Menu 801

Chapter 801: Jason: A Sense of Familiarity!_2
"However, even without any suspicion, Master only began teaching me the secret technique after he and I had been hunted for three days, and I had suffered serious injuries."
"I can't forget the look on his face when I mastered the secret technique and killed Master completely."
"I also can't forget the shock on the faces of my senior brothers who thought they knew everything and believed I couldn't master the secret technique in such a short time when they died."
The 'Heartseeker' paused here.
His words were not finished.
"I killed Junior Sister."
"I killed Master, too."
"And I killed my senior brothers."
"Then, I obtained this secret technique, but how could this be enough?" "I wasn't strong enough!"
"So, I continued to search for secret techniques that suited me, and I killed 11 fighters in succession, filling in my weaknesses."
"My strength, speed, dodging skills, and attacking skills were all enhanced."
"I got what I wanted."



It was the sword reflecting the bright light!
And the moment Jason closed his eyes, the sword thrust forward swiftly.
Just like the 'Heartseeker's palm.
The sword was silent as well.
Like a venomous snake, it coiled towards Jason's neck.
"Be careful!"
"Danger!"
The 'audience' in Jason's live stream shouted out once again.
They hadn't expected the 'Heartseeker' to be so cunning.
Not only did he attack with the scabbard, but he also used the blade's reflection.
And, that long speech just now was it also to distract Jason?
Many speculated, and then began to vent their dissatisfaction through barrage comments.
"So cunning!"
"Such a cunning guy!"



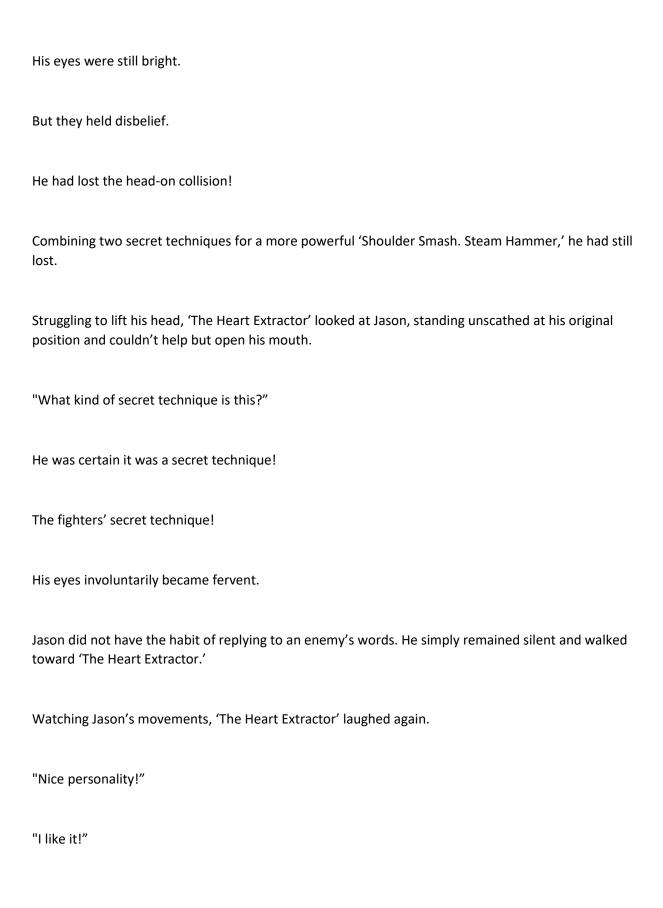
Invisible force started to burst forth from inside the 'Heartseeker.'
The 'Heartseeker,' who already had a tall stature and even muscles, suddenly bulged a whole size bigger.
Especially the raised shoulders, where the muscles underwent subtle changes.
Even more solid!
Even more of a sharp edge!
Yes!
It was a sensation of sharpness!
A kind of sharpness similar to his palms, yet slightly different.
It was a 'sharpness' that changed shape through the bulging of muscles.
Not an overt sharpness!
But a contained sharpness!
Like a 'war hammer.'
Even under the 'Heartseeker's' charge, this 'war hammer' emitted a spine-tingling sound.
And then, the 'Heartseeker' slammed heavily onto Jason's chest.

Boom!
The 'war hammer'-like shoulder, fierce in momentum, smashed onto Jason's chest, but Jason didn't retreat a step; it was the 'Heartseeker' who changed color and staggered back three steps.
Hard!
Too hard!
The 'Heartseeker' had known about Jason's strong defenses when his palm hadn't been able to pierce Jason's skin.
It was a defense even stronger than what he had seen in the videos!
'The Heart Extractor' had noticed Jason right after the moment he performed his piercing strike for the third time.
Especially the 'defensive strength' Jason had shown on his second piercing strike had drawn 'The Heart Extractor's' side glance.
However, 'The Heart Extractor' did not care.
Because he too could withstand the 'Beast Trap' with ease.
And he could do it very effortlessly at that.
Or rather, anyone who could be called a 'fighter' was able to do so.
But most fighters could not withstand the puncturing force of his palm strikes.

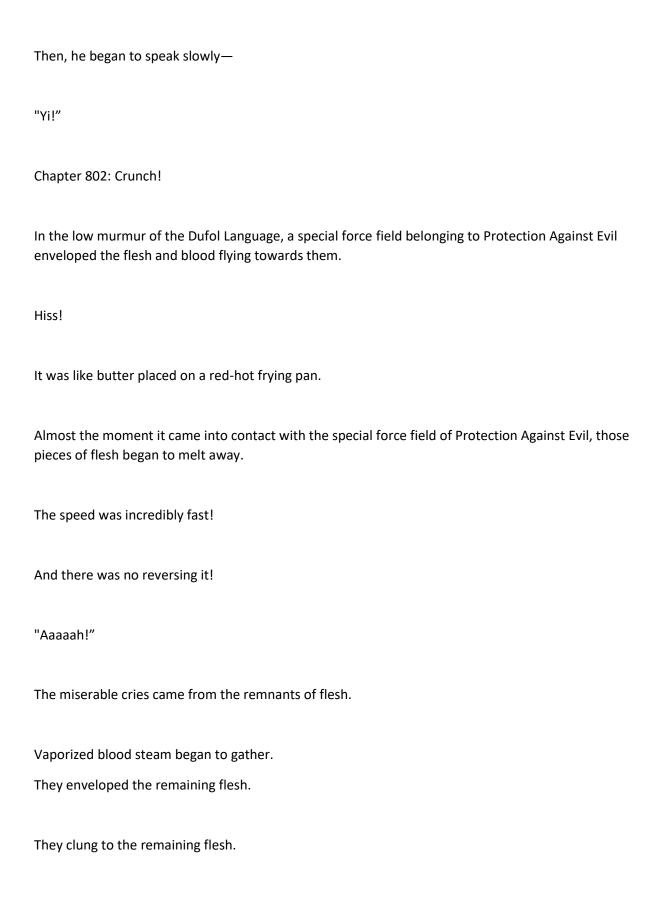
So, after experiencing the puncturing palm strike just now, he used an even more powerful attack!
A secret technique that followed the same principle as the palm sword thrust: the Shoulder Smash!
It was designed specifically to counter people like Jason with strong physical defenses.
But!
It was still useless!
Jason had taken 'The Shoulder Smash' without a flinch, completely unharmed!
'The Heart Extractor' suppressed the shock in his heart, and once again lowered his body, braced his shoulder, and launched himself forward in a body slam.
Shoulder Smash!
Another Shoulder Smash!
However, this 'Shoulder Smash' was different from the previous ones!
This time, 'The Heart Extractor's speed had increased!
And moreover, the pores of his skin had slightly opened up!
Streams of crimson began to appear.
Then, they turned into steam!

Hissss! Hisssss!
Among the dense, buzzing sounds, most of 'The Heart Extractor's upper body turned a deep red.
The crimson steam bursting forth became raging air currents that carried his body forward with increased speed.
Whoosh!
'The Heart Extractor's' speed had already been very fast before, but now it was even faster.
Not only faster!
But also stronger!
"Shoulder Smash. Steam Hammer!"
'The Heart Extractor' roared as if he was a steam hammer swung by an invisible giant, charging towards Jason.
Jason still did not dodge!
Facing the incoming 'The Heart Extractor,' Jason launched himself in a charge!
Thump, thump-thump!
As his heart throbbed violently, Jason went from a standstill to a sprint in an instant.

One of his core skills that he constantly improved and incorporated began to accelerate: [War Pattern. Prussian. Griffin. Shadow Blend Body Forging Technique].
Stomp, stomp-stomp!
The running Jason was like a charging griffin.
But after only two steps, he became a glowing giant.
And then a moment later, the giant transformed into a chariot!
A chariot shimmering with a golden glow, as if it had burst forth from the sun, racing across the battlefield!
The next moment—
Boom!
Jason collided with 'The Heart Extractor.'
In an explosion-like sound, the two were locked in a standstill for less than a second.
Crack, crack-crack.
The continuous sounds of snapping bones and tearing muscles began to echo.
'The Heart Extractor' was sent flying backward, crashing heavily onto the ground.
Half his body splayed out on the ground like smashed meat, and blood spurted out like it cost nothing.



"So, hand over your 'secret technique' to me, and I will cherish it in my heart!"
'The Heart Extractor' laughed uproariously, and his entire body just exploded.
Bang!
The shockwave from the explosion charged straight toward Jason and also shattered the surveillance cameras all around.
The immense impact made Jason's body shake continuously.
And the flesh and blood belonging to 'The Heart Extractor' that scattered in the explosion flew towards Jason.
Malevolent.
Malicious intents.
Deviousness.
All sorts of negative emotions that Jason was familiar with began to emerge.
He glanced up.
His vision was filled with crimson.
Whispering, sly voices echoed in his ears.
Jason's lips, hidden behind the hockey mask, couldn't help but curl up slightly.



The next moment, 'Heart Extractor' appeared before Jason, in a 'steam' mixed with flesh and blood.
The facial features were already a blur, leaving only holes and dripping blood.
The limbs were gone, the torso was also incomplete.
Most of the organs had disappeared, the only thing relatively intact was the heart.
Ugly.
Disgusting.
Ferocious.
Anyone who saw 'Heart Extractor' at this time would have this feeling.
Jason was no exception.
So—
"Yi!"
Once again, Protection Against Evil.
After Protection Against Evil reached Master level, not only had its power increased to above that of a chariot, but the special effects brought by Glyph Replication also allowed Jason to store two instances of

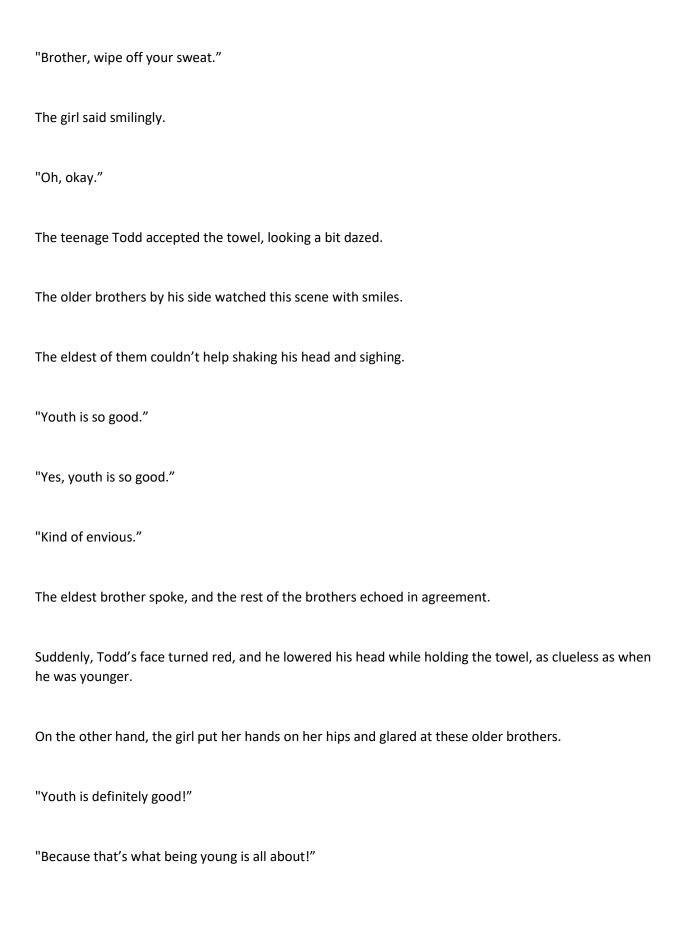
Protection Against Evil.

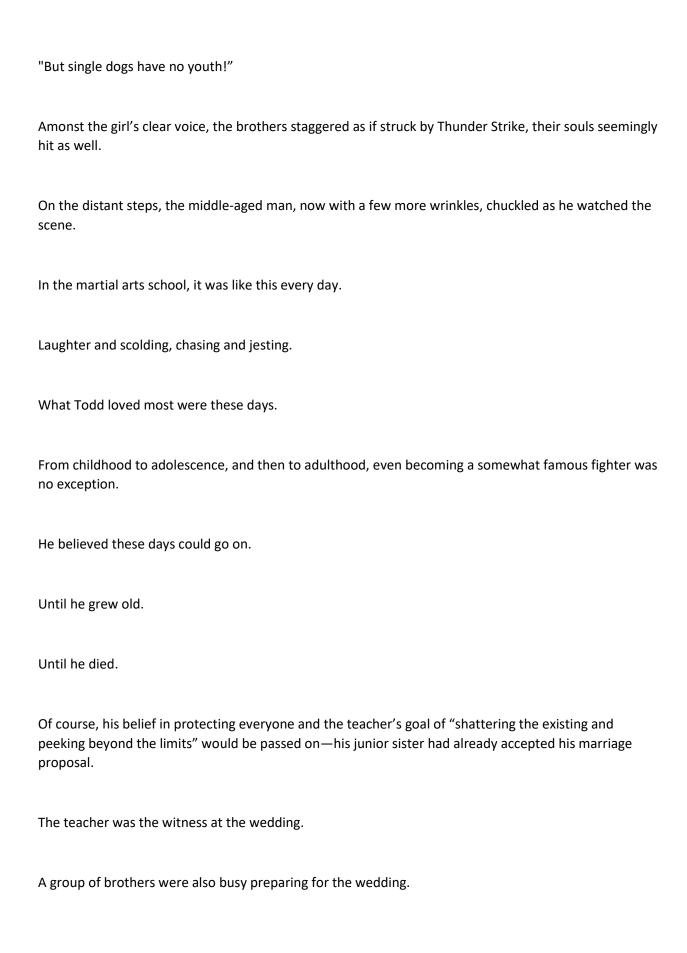
Against Evil, the benefit to Jason was naturally self-evident.
Just like at this moment!
Hiss!
"Aaaaah!"
The distinctive sound of evaporation continued.
Along with it, cries of agony.
It went on for about two seconds.
When the flesh had completely melted, the screams disappeared.
However, the blood-colored 'steam' was still there.
And moreover, it gradually gathered into the shape of a person.
Not abstract, but a tangible figure.
It resembled the images inside an old-fashioned camera, flimsy and black-and-white.
The black-and-white 'Heart Extractor' looked bewildered.
"Am I dead?"

Two instances that didn't consume Physical Strength, and were almost instantly castable Protection









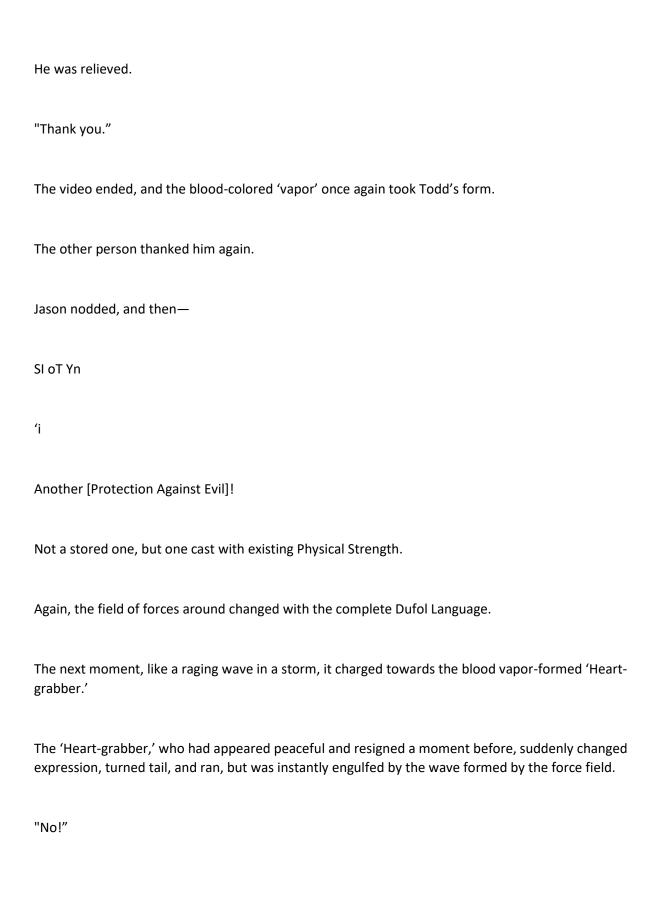
And him?
He needed to have a bout with the successor of another martial arts family.
Though called a bout, it was actually a friendly exchange.
Every year, these twelve martial arts families would hold such an exchange; all were conducted privately, away from public knowledge.
Chapter 803: Crunch! _2
Only during the grand competition held every five years do the twelve martial arts schools become ceremonious.
And the last competition was attended by his eldest martial brother on behalf of their own school, securing the sixth place, not too high, not too low, a ranking that their teacher was very satisfied with.
As the teacher said, "A fighter hones themselves, rather than seeking to outdo others."
He thought it was very true.
Because the eldest martial brother obviously held back.
Otherwise, even if he didn't get first, he should have at least gotten second.
So, he too held back in the sparring matches.
He didn't lose.

It was a draw.
The teacher would definitely be very happy!
At that moment, this was what he thought, and then, he quickly returned to the martial arts school.
After he returned, he was to be married.
The mere thought of his junior sister in martial arts wearing her wedding dress made him even more impatient.
And then!
Blood!
A crimson red like a wedding dress filled the entire martial arts school!
His future wife, his childhood sweetheart who grew up with him, his junior sister in martial arts, had her chest cavity torn open.
The playful and frolicking senior brothers had their heads roll to the ground, one by one.
The master who had raised him since childhood and taught him martial arts and secret techniques appeared to have been sliced by a thousand knives.
Dead!
All dead!
Not a single one alive!

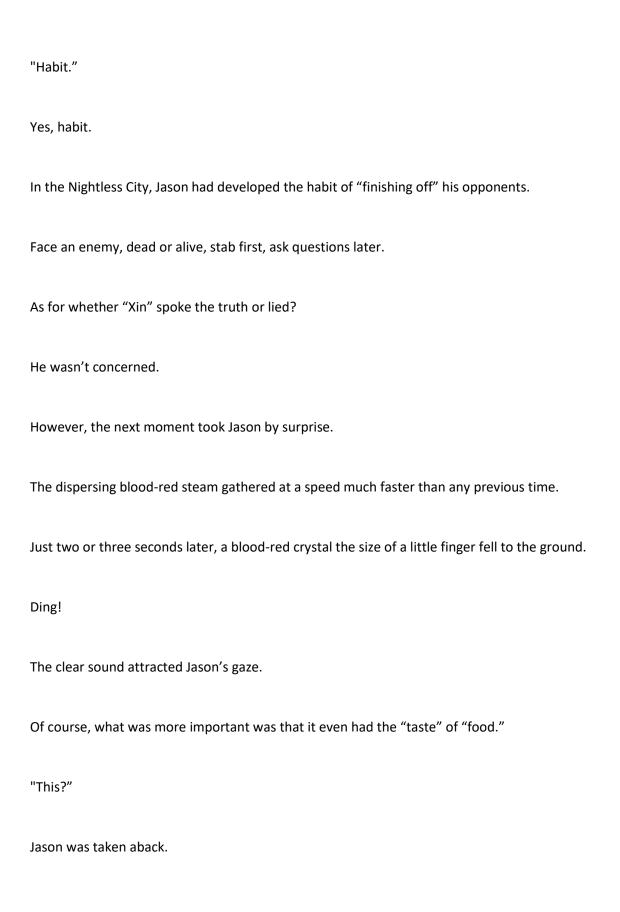
When Todd saw this scene, he went insane, completely numb with shock.
He stood dazed within the school for an entire day.
Not until the next day, at dawn, was a sealed parchment bag handed to him.
He couldn't clearly remember the face of the person who gave it to him, he only remembered they wore a mask, a hat, and their exposed eyes carried kindness and a smile.
He opened the parchment bag.
The information inside woke him up.
The information wasn't extensive, just a snippet of video.
A secret meeting among the remaining eleven homes of the Martial Arts Alliance in Zone F.
"The Iron Flag School's special secret technique, we must obtain it, it is a technique that can peer beyond 'limits.'
"Yes, using this sparring session, we lure Todd away, and then, we strike."
"He is stronger than his eldest martial brother."
"What about the rest?"
"We poison them, ambush them, it's easy to handle."

The video continued, but Todd no longer watched.
The corners of his eyes were already splitting, and blood seeped from where he clenched his teeth tightly.
Revenge!
This was Todd's sole thought!
But he knew very well; although he could defeat everyone of the younger generation, he wasn't fully confident against the older generation of fighters.
That special secret technique!
Naturally, Todd's attention was drawn to it.
Then, he went in search of this technique.
It wasn't difficult.
Because his teacher had already told him where the technique was.
"It's completely different from the secret techniques as we know them."
"Even though it's also one of Iron Flag's heritages."
"But I hope you don't have to use it."

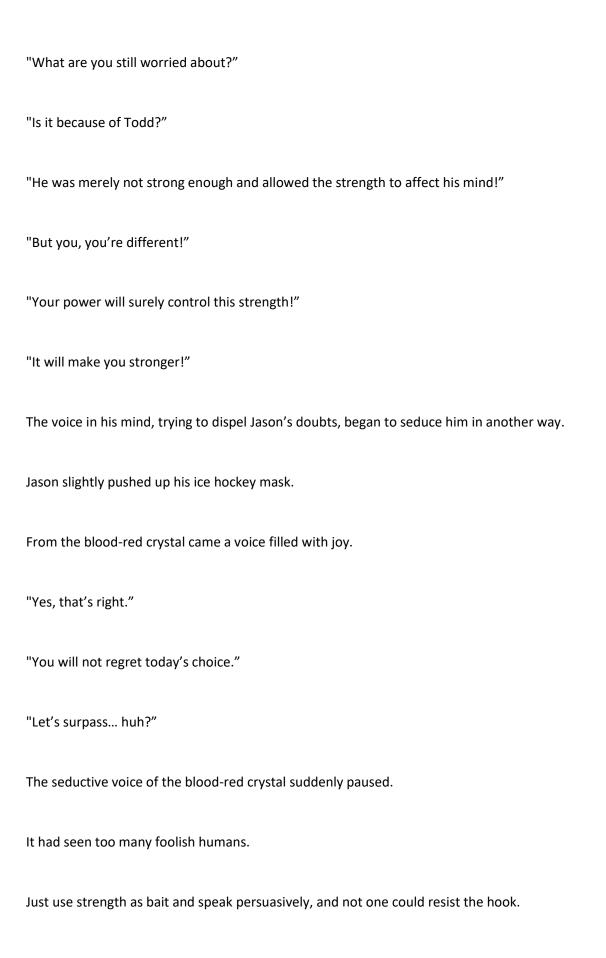
Todd clearly remembered his teacher's admonishment, but at this time, he could no longer care about that.
After burying his teacher, senior brothers, and junior sister, Todd directly headed for the 'secret chamber' housing the technique; not within the school, but in a hidden location a day's journey from the school.
Then, he saw the news; he was labeled the murderer of his teacher, senior brothers, and junior sister.
This made him hate even more!
Hate down to the depths of his soul!
He wanted to kill!
Kill all those people!
Thinking this in his heart, he did exactly that!
After obtaining the crystal that stored the 'secret technique,' Todd began his slaughter.
None of the remaining eleven schools of the Martial Arts Alliance escaped.
And the same went for the 'special task force' that pursued him.
Or rather, he didn't even think of fleeing.
Then, like a walking corpse, he played the role of the 'Brutalizer' in the 'game.'
Fortunately, it all came to an end.



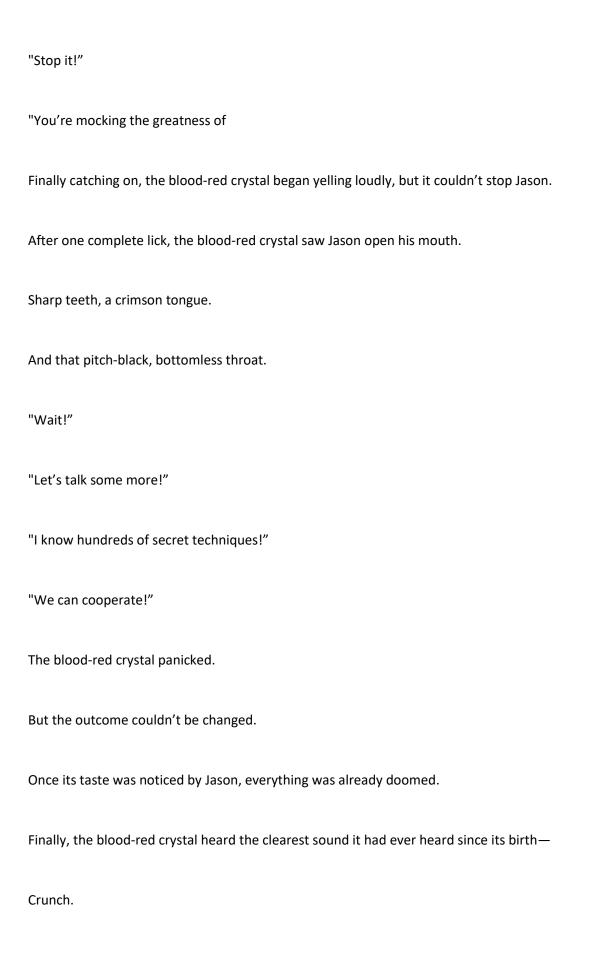




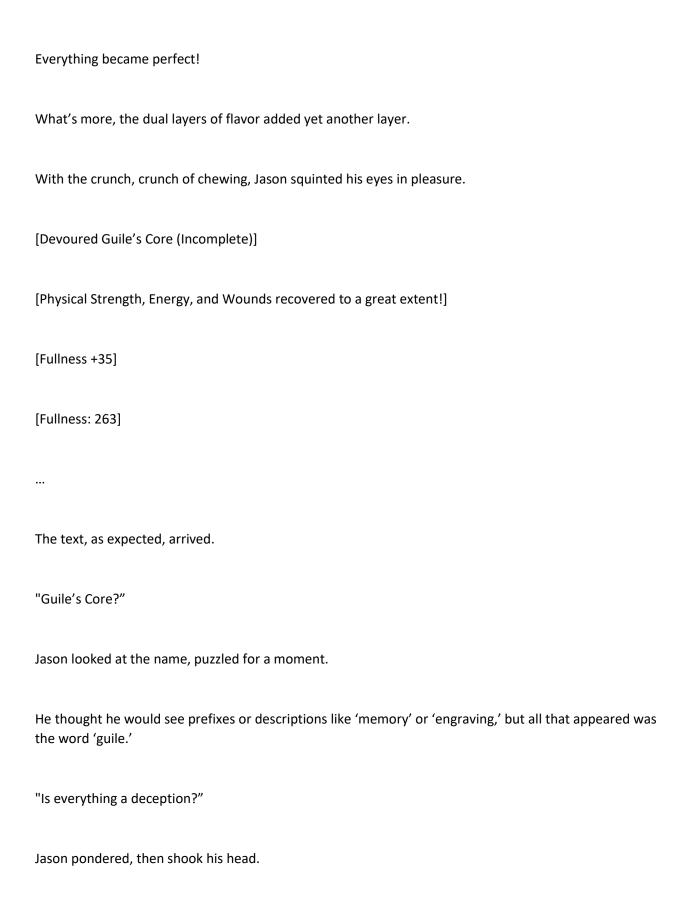
He had seen plenty of "food" and tasted even more "food."
But this manner of appearance was a first for him.
And as Jason picked up the blood-red crystal, a voice emerged in his mind.
"Do you desire strength?"
"Open your heart!"
"Let us become one!"
"You as the main, me assisting!"
"You will become unstoppable!"
"You will surpass all that exists!"
Tempting words echoed in Jason's mind.
Jason's lips curved upwards.
He seemed to understand where "Xin's" schizophrenic aura and that bizarre strength came from.
All originating from this blood-red crystal.
Moreover, it was very likely that this blood-red crystal was the so-called secret technique of the Iron Flag Martial Arts.



Even if they briefly refused, they would eventually embrace it and become its nourishment.
Previously, there were no exceptions.
Jason was no exception.
That's what it believed.
Quite firmly, at that.
But
Why did Jason stick out his tongue?
Was this a prelude to opening his heart?
As the blood-red crystal was pondering, Jason's tongue had already licked the blood-red crystal.
Slightly sweet.
Cool to the touch.
Reminiscent of a popsicle.
Unable to resist, Jason licked it again.
"What are you doing?"







A good lie is nine parts truth to one part falsehood.
Given the importance that 'Iron Flag Martial Arts' had placed on this 'secret technique' at the time, it was indeed a secret technique, at least in the eyes of 'Iron Flag Martial Arts.'
But what if 'Iron Flag Martial Arts' had been wrong from the very beginning?
What if it was all false from the get-go?
There would be no nine parts truth to one part falsehood!
It would all be ten parts falsehood, zero truth!
Everything I've shown you is a fabrication!
Having been the victim of imaginary enhancements multiple times, Jason naturally came to this conclusion.
Then, a question arose.
How did this so-called 'Guile's Core' come into being?
Was it man-made?
Or a 'natural' product?
Or perhaps it came from those places?

Those places, existing both independently of and yet integrated into the world, where indescribable entities that can hardly be seen lurk, whispering in your ear from time to time if you find the 'right way.'
In a previous instance of the replica world, such 'bizarre' things existed.
Would this incarnation of the replica world be any exception?
The answer is, probably not.
Following this trail of thought, Jason focused on the 'Incomplete' attributed to [Guile's Core (Incomplete)].
Why was it 'Incomplete'?
Based on his experience 'cooking food,' this 'incompleteness' could only occur under one circumstance: combat!
Only after part of the 'food' was damaged in battle would it garner such a description of being 'incomplete.'
Taking that as a starting point, a rough sequence of events formed in Jason's mind—
'In some distant age, a fighter from Iron Flag Martial Arts encountered the entity [Guile's Core], engaged in battle, and then obtained the [Guile's Core (Incomplete)], subsequently getting 'beguiled' by it, leading to some astonishing events that were misunderstood by those at the time, while the fighter, in the final moments of life, became 'enlightened,' sealed the [Guile's Core (Incomplete)], but maybe as life drew to an end, and having been influenced by the [Guile's Core (Incomplete)], the words spoken were not clear, or perhaps later generations 'misunderstood' them, leading to the current situation.'
Of course, this was just Jason's speculation.
There might be other events involved.

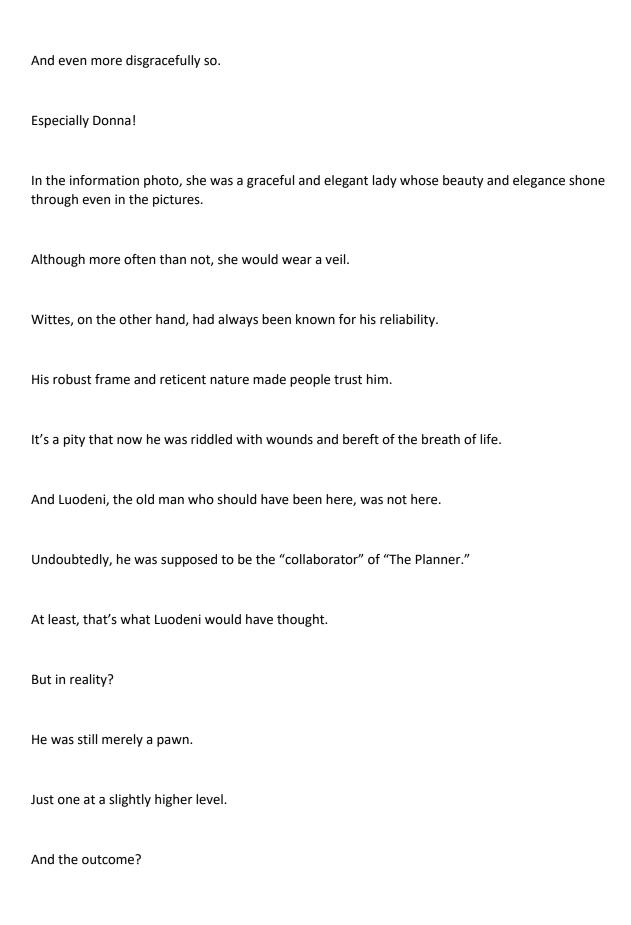
But that's not what Jason was concerned about.
In fact, if it wasn't for the deliciousness of [Guile's Core (Incomplete)], he wouldn't have bothered to think about all this.
Moreover, the more important point was: are there more 'foods' like [Guile's Core]?
If there is one, there is likely a second.
That is what Jason believed.
Since one [Guile's Core] had appeared, there should be a second one.
Although the Martial Arts Alliance had been annihilated, Jason believed there should still be similar organizations in Sector F.
If there aren't any?
Don't forget the largest power in the current replica world: the Hundred Major Families.
Other organizations might be gone.
But as controllers of this world, the Hundred Major Families must have something similar.
With that thought, Jason quickly began to clean up the battlefield.
There was nothing noteworthy.

The 'Heart Taker's' apartment, compared to his own, was strikingly similar.
Aside from the necessities of life, there were no items for enjoyment at all, a complete depiction of an ascetic existence.
"If it weren't for an accident, Todd would have been a true fighter, wouldn't he?"
Jason thought this as he moved to the upper floors.
He felt sympathy for the 'Heart Taker's' plight.
A person who is used as a 'pawn' yet is unaware, believing he has it all, is worthy of sympathy.
Betrayal? Revenge?
Jason had seen such drama not too long ago.
In 'Golden Lamb' Galen.
'Heart Taker' Todd?
It was just done more covertly.
Or rather, the means were more clever.
And
He wasn't noticed by the 'Planner' behind the scenes.

Otherwise, how could an alliance that had existed for a very long time and had close relations suddenly turn on its own people without someone instigating it?
Chapter 805: Guessing. Identity. Clue_2
How could there possibly still be a most powerful, crazed "Avenger" left behind?
Normal people wouldn't do this.
It must have been someone's arrangement.
Make everything seem like a "coincidence," yet appear "reasonable and justifiable."
Although not absolutely certain, Jason had at least a sixty percent confidence that what "Heart-Taker" Todd experienced was related to one of the several controlling families of Zone F.
As for which one?
Jason was momentarily unclear.
Thump!
Suddenly, Jason's steps halted.
"Golden Lamb" Galen was like this.
"Heart-Taker" Todd was like this.
Could "The Planner" behind the scenes also be like this?



The relative of a "Brutalizer"!
Someone innocently framed to be a "Brutalizer" and died in the "Game," a relative seeking revenge for their loved one and thus initiating a series of actions.
Compared to the first two guesses, Jason favored the third even more.
But what was it exactly?
Jason did not make a rash conclusion.
Everything depended on further developments.
He believed more information would come soon.
In fact, the information came even faster than Jason had anticipated.
The conference hall at the top floor of "Game Mansion."
Jason saw the bodies of Donna and Wittes.
They respectively represented the "Hera Family" and the "Amiel Family," which Jason knew; their basic information was public in previous documents.
However, compared to their prim and proper image in the public information, at that moment, they were no different from ordinary people.
Dead was dead.



It was already predetermined.
Losa 11 was no fool; naturally, he knew what to do.
After scanning the conference hall at the top floor, Jason's gaze once again landed on the body of Ms. Donna.
Not because she was headless.
And not because she was a woman.
But because there was a faint, soon-to-be-dissipated scent of "food" on her body.
Moreover, this "food" scent was exactly the same as the residual "food" scent on the uninvited guest he had previously encountered.
At the same time, there was none on Wittes!
Immediately, Jason examined the bodies of Donna and Wittes.
With his perception seven times greater than that of an average person, Jason easily determined that Donna had died before Wittes based on the viscosity of their blood.
Donna died first.
Wittes followed in death.
Luodeni, treated as a pawn and sent against Losa 11, was basically confirmed to die too, even if he had certain means up his sleeve.



After saying this, Losa XI turned off the speaker.
But still, his eyes were fixed on Jason.
Although it was not a direct stare, Jason was still aware of it.
Without any change in expression, he glanced at the surveillance probe and then walked over to the windows of the conference hall, looking down.
Below the night sky, the entire city was not engulfed in darkness.
The colorful neon lights splintered beautifully.
Traffic flowed ceaselessly, creating a mesmerizing ribbon of light.
This was the first time Jason took in the world beyond the 'game' before him.
What a splendid night scene!
Jason appraised silently in his mind.
It also gave him an accurate assessment of the technological level of this parallel world.
It was set to exceed those of the other parallel worlds he had experienced before,
At least, the cars here could levitate.

Of course, the approaching convoy in the distance further affirmed to Jason the level of technology here.
Armored shells, massive gun barrels, spiral chambers akin to electric coils.
This was the Family Guard Losa XI referred to.
Seeing this, Jason turned and left.
The reminder from Losa XI couldn't have been clearer.
The other party didn't want him to make any irrational moves.
That was the apparent meaning.
And what about behind the scenes?
It was a signal to him that the other party had already grasped the 'Planner's' next move.
It was a sign that he didn't need to worry.
He could return safely.
Jason had no objections to this and turned to head towards the stairs.
As long as the main mission remained the same, his identity as the 'Brutalizer' would not change, given not by others but by his own volition.
What he was willing to accept, he would recognize.

What he was unwilling to, nobody could impose on him.
Even if currently he was powerless to resist,
He would silently continue to gather strength, waiting for the moment to counterstrike.
In the Nightless City, it was like this.
Here, it was the same.
Unconsciously, Jason glanced at his main mission.
The 'notebook' provided the same.
Silently, Jason added a phrase in his heart.
On the 4th floor, inside the 'Contactor's' apartment, Losa XI watched as Jason descended the stairs with neither anomaly nor excess in his actions. Losa XI couldn't help but let out a breath of relief.
For Losa XI, he didn't wish for a friend who had just fought side by side to be at each other's throats at this moment.
And even more so, a clash where there was no chance of victory.
The strength of his Family Guard was something he was well aware of.
And the tactics of his father, his eldest brother, as well as his other elder brothers and sisters, he knew even more clearly.

Jason stood not the slightest chance.
Thankfully, Jason made the right choice.
And he understood the hidden message.
After noticing that Jason's eyes remained undisturbed, Losa XI was confident that Jason had understood his covert message.
Do brawlers possess great wisdom?
Losa XI watched Jason making his way back slowly, wondering to himself.
And just then—
Ring!
The communicator of Losa XI began to ring.
Seeing a string of \divideontimes on the communicator, Losa XI's heart relaxed slightly.
It had arrived!
This call was something Losa XI had expected.
Although he had never met the 'Planner,' the latter had set such a grand stage to harvest his life; how could they miss hearing his 'despair' at the very end?
Especially the despair that came after seeing hope?

The other party must be eager.
While thinking so, Losa XI displayed a look of shock and uncertainty on his face.
After the phone had rung three more times, he picked it up.
"Hello?"
Chapter 806 Unrivaled Tenacity, Pers!
Losa 11's voice trembled slightly.
It wasn't fake.
Although before he spoke, he told himself to try to feign hesitation, worry, and fear, after he began to talk, Losa 11 realized it was completely unnecessary.
He was truly afraid.
Facing such a meticulously arranged, interlinked 'The Planner', Losa 11 instinctively felt as if he were facing his own father or elder brother; that ingrained fear surged into his mind in an instant.
Why did he willingly come to Zone F?
To this place where the 'Losa Family's' influence was weakest?
To be a nominal 'game' leader here?

From a young age, Losa 11 had received the 'elite education' of the 'Losa Family': only the fittest survive.
And after seeing his fifteen-year-old elder brother coldly manipulate two of the Hundred Major Families, casting all their kin and members, a full four thousand people, into the steel furnace, Losa 11 resolved to be useless, a mere bystander.
What's wrong with being fattened up by the family like a pig?
I can still carry on the family line!
Losa 11 was very proud of being a healthy male.
And he embodied this belief in his actions.
Only
Why were there so many people like his father and brother in this world?
Were 'ruthless winners' all the same?
Unconsciously, such a thought emerged in Losa 11's mind.
"Young Master Losa 11, are you afraid?"
The synthetic electronic voice rang in his ear.
Immediately, the emotionless synthetic voice erupted into laughter.

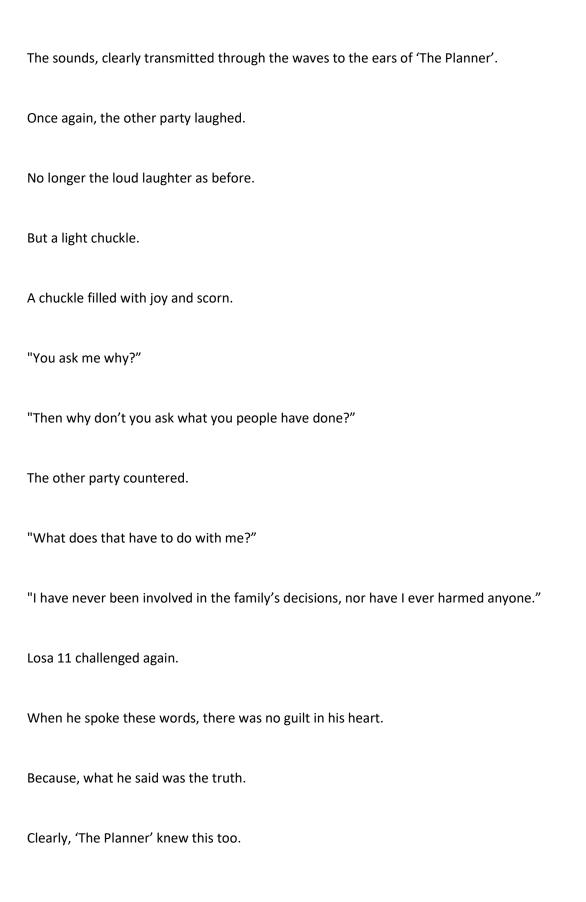
It was because he was afraid.













It must be a success!
If successful, I won't eat meat for a year, I won't eat fish for a year, I won't eat sweets for a year
Losa 11 began making vows.
Meanwhile, at some location, "The Planner" pulled out a remote and pressed it slowly.
Bang!
Clang!
Pers kicked the door in front of him with force. The untenable wooden door directly hit the wall inside the room and rebounded back, with Roslor quickly steadying it.
"I think we should be a little quieter."
Roslor, the doctor, said tactfully.
"If I could, I'd be tactful too,"
"But we're short on time."
Pers said as he rushed into the room.
On seeing the ventilation duct above his head, he sighed with relief.
The first step was a success!
Next was to go through the exhaust duct into the place where the bomb was!



Then, as he watched Pers turn the screws, Roslor couldn't help but ask, "What exactly does a 'Contact' do?"
Without doubt, this was clearly a case of making small talk.
To put it simply, Roslor was a bit nervous himself.
"Long holidays, high salary, apart from being a bit dangerous and not being able to keep cats, it's a job I really like,"
Pers said honestly.
When it came to not being able to keep cats, Pers emphasized his words.
"You like cats?"
Roslor asked with surprise.
"I do."
"My first dream was to have my own small apartment, with both a cat and a dog."
"And now that's one-fourth achieved,"
Pers said with certainty.
"One-fourth?"

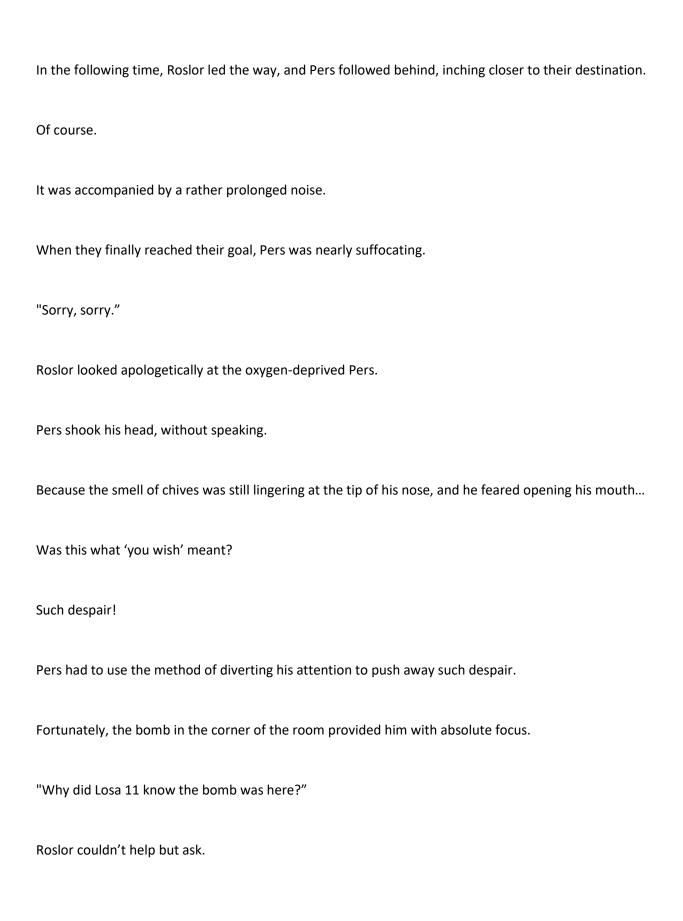
Roslor was a bit confused by what Pers meant.
Even with a cat or a dog, wouldn't that be half?
"I have a cat nest."
Pers replied.
A cat nest?
Cats and dogs, cat nests and dog houses?
Roslor was stunned.
Then, inexplicably, he felt like laughing.
However, being of a medical background, Roslor didn't voice it out loud.
Instead, he sincerely thanked him.
"Thank you."
Roslor said.
Pers: ?
"I know you're trying to distract me from my nervousness by telling a cold joke, even though you indeed have a cat nest, that's from when you used to keep a cat, right?"

"Pets aren't allowed inside 'Game Mansion,' so you left your cat with relatives or friends."
"Your relatives or friends must also love cats a lot, so they have a full set of cat stuff."
"So you kept this cat nest, right?"
Roslor held his head high, looking at Pers, who was turning the screwdriver, with full confidence.
Your reading comprehension is truly perfect!
You're too talented to be a doctor.
Why don't you write novels?
Pers looked down at Roslor and didn't say anything.
"Am I right?"
Roslor continued to ask.
"Yes, that's what I was thinking."
Pers nodded, removed the air vent cover, handed it to Roslor, then with both arms grabbed the edges of the air vent, pushed hard, and crawled inside.
Then it was Roslor's turn.
Roslor, imitating Pers, took a small jump, grabbing the edges of the air vent, then pushed with force, but he didn't manage to pull himself up.

After several tries, Pers, who had climbed into the ventilation duct, finally realized something was wrong.
He poked his head out, looking at Roslor, who was red-faced with effort but still unable to pull himself up.
"I'll pull you up."
Roslor said, extending his hand.
"Thank you."
Pers reached out his hand.
Then
Roslor, upon exerting force, couldn't pull him up.
He tried harder, but still couldn't budge him.
"Sorry, I've been eating well lately, my weight has increased."
Roslor apologized, embarrassed.
"Step aside, I'll go down and push you."
Pers said.



Roslor's apologetic voice came through.
Pers just pursed his lips in despair.
Yes, despair.
Not just because the smell in the air duct hadn't dispersed.
Chapter 808 Unrivaled Tenacity, Pers!_3
It was also because of the smell that might appear next.
More importantly, he had to go inside.
As for letting Roslor stay behind while he led the way?
He had already tried that, but with the narrow confines of the ventilation duct, he couldn't move properly, and with just his arm strength, he couldn't pull Roslor at all.
So, he had no choice but to stay behind.
Then
What would he encounter?
The despair on Pers' face became increasingly evident.
At that moment, he even entertained the thought of just dying.
But in the end, he still crawled into the ventilation duct.



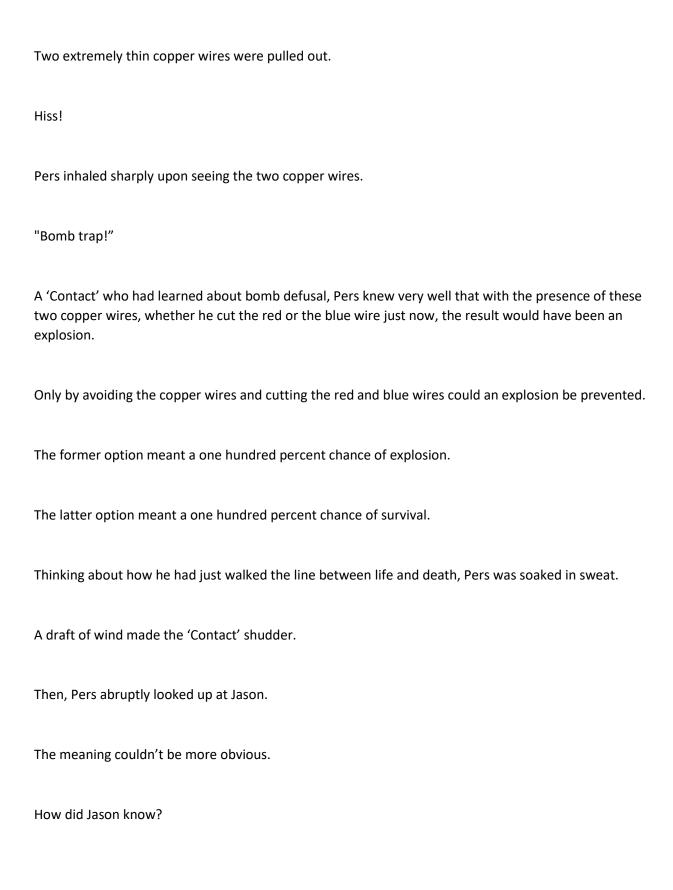
"Because this is the room with the load-bearing wall, if you want to destroy the 'Game Mansion', there's no better place to plant a bomb than here."
Pers replied.
Then, without waiting for Roslor to ask another question, Pers urged him.
"Toolbox."
Roslor didn't talk nonsense and handed over the toolbox.
Pers skillfully began to disassemble the bomb.
As a qualified 'Contact', Pers knew how to dismantle a bomb, a course that 'Contacts' had to learn, just like shooting and driving.
However, when he opened the bomb's casing, Pers' hand started to shake involuntarily.
Two wires.
A red wire.
A blue wire.
They just appeared before Pers' eyes.
This was completely different from what Pers had envisaged.
Shouldn't there be just one wire to cut?

Why were there two?
Roslor quickly noticed Pers' abnormality.
"What's wrong?"
Roslor asked.
"There's a complication."
"Blue wire, red wire."
"Cut the right one, and the bomb will stop; cut the wrong one, and the bomb will explode."
"Fifty percent probability."
Pers said seriously.
"Shall we contact Losa 11?"
Roslor immediately suggested.
"There's no time for that."
"By the time you get a response, this place will have already exploded."
"And we didn't bring radios to avoid surveillance."

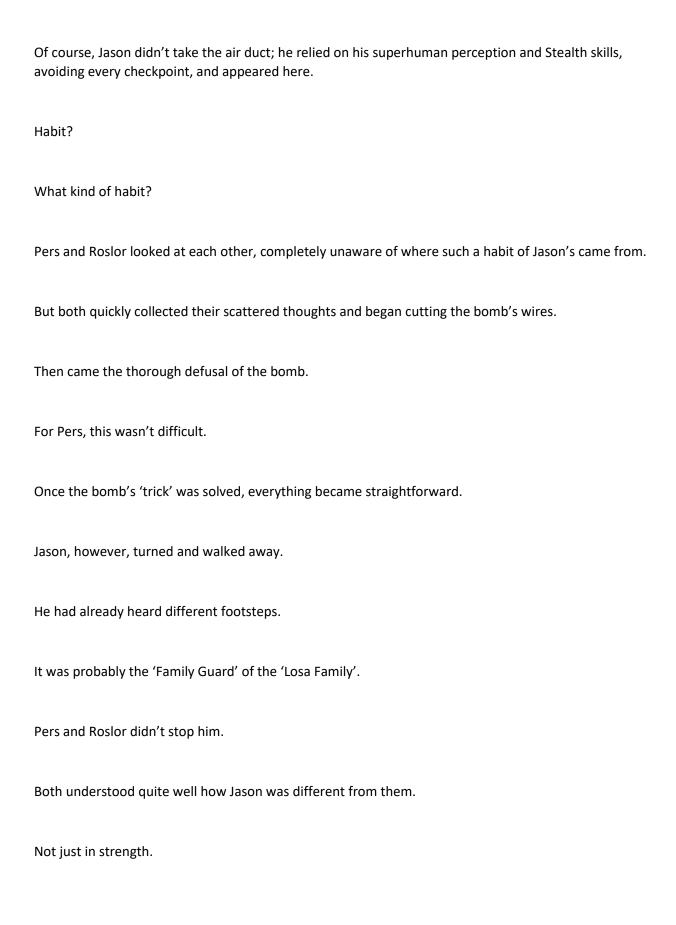


Pers patted Roslor on the shoulder forcefully and stepped back.
Roslor opened his mouth, but ultimately, with Pers' 'encouraging gaze', he extended the pliers.
Just as Pers said, Roslor's hands as a doctor were steady.
Not a tremor.
The pliers slowly approached the red wire.
Just as the pliers touched the red wire and were about to cut
"Wait!"
Chapter 809: Everything has just begun!
Upon hearing the noise, he turned his head.
Pers and Roslor saw a figure, tall, burly, and wearing a hockey mask.
"Jason?!"
Both exclaimed in shock.
However, the same cry meant different things.
Pers's cry carried a hint of fear.

As a 'Contact', Pers remembered Jason's identity as 'Brutalizer'.
Even though they were supposed to be on the same side now.
But deep down, Pers was still guessing.
Why would Jason be here?
Was Jason trying to flee?
Or was Jason also part of 'The Planner's' arrangement?
The jumbled thoughts made Pers unconsciously take a step back.
But Roslor didn't think that much.
As a doctor, Roslor first was surprised, then pleased; he stood up with pliers in hand, looking expectantly at Jason and asked, "Mr. Jason, do you know how to defuse bombs?"
As a doctor, steady hands were but defusing bombs was really too much to ask.
Now that someone had appeared to take over, Roslor was truly overjoyed.
Especially after Jason proved to be quite reliable, Roslor breathed a sigh of relief.
Jason came over without saying a word.
Then, he bent down and stretched out his hands, fidgeting over the red and blue wires.
The next moment—





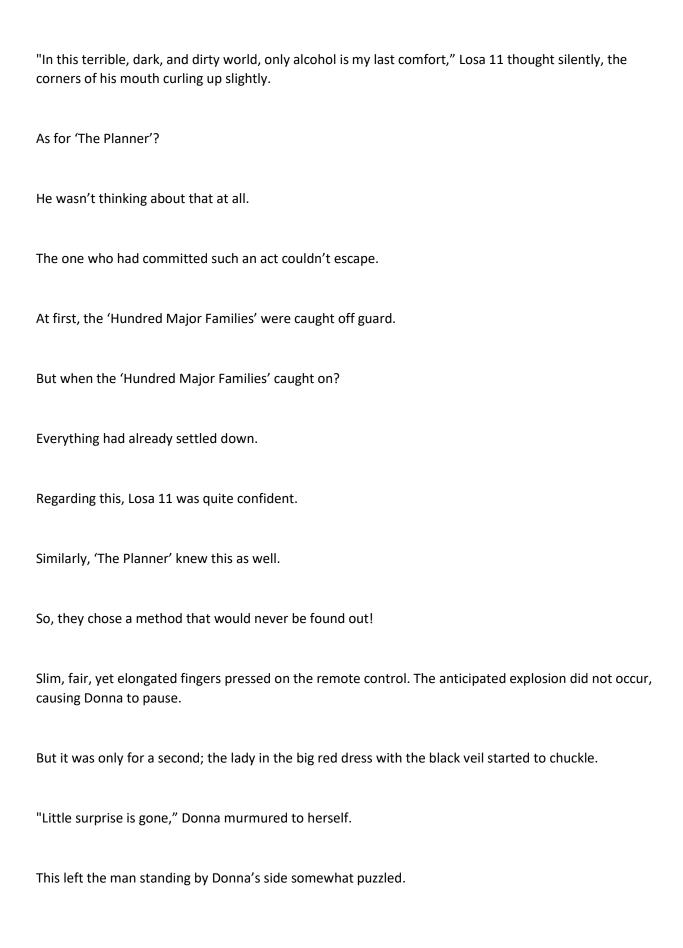




Remembering various interactions with Jason since their meeting, eventually, the 'Contact' shrugged his shoulders.
"Who knows?"
He said uncertainly.
Then he just stood up, raising his hands high.
He had seen the 'Family Guard' of the 'Losa Family'.
They, all of them, were saved.
At this critical moment, he didn't want any of his movements to cause any unnecessary misunderstandings.
So did Roslor.
Although in some ways he was an intruder,
He believed in the promise of that 11th young master of the Losa family.
At least, he seemed like a good person.
Different from Jason, a good person in a different, more amiable way.
Achoo!

Sitting in the 'Contact' apartment, Losa sneezed twice in succession.
It came upon him so suddenly that Losa had no defenses against it.
Naturally, there was no longer any pretense of grace.
It was simply straightforward and unguarded.
Chapter 810: Everything has just begun!_2
But there was an inexplicable sense of relief.
Looking at the snot smeared across the screen in front of him, Losa 11 didn't care about anything else; he just lifted his hand to wipe it off and then fixated his gaze on the screen.
When he saw the members of the Family Guard entering the mansion and confirmed that this was not a fake video, the eleventh in line to the 'Losa Family' finally breathed a long sigh of relief.
He had survived!
There was no explosion!
Pers, Roslor, they had succeeded!
Wonderful!
How great it was to be alive!

Losa 11 almost burst into tears.
Who would have thought that a guy like him, determined to be a 'good-for-nothing', a 'salted fish', would encounter such a terrifying situation.
Still, he had survived!
Losa 11 had never felt that the air in the 'Game Mansion' was this comfortable, nor had he ever thought he could feel so relaxed.
Keep in mind, before today, what he hated most was the oppressive atmosphere in the 'Game Mansion'.
For today's breakfast, I'll have ten more pre-dinner drinks!
After a catastrophe, people always reward themselves with goods.
Losa 11 was no exception.
He leaned back in his chair, already imagining the deliciousness of the pre-dinner drinks.
Of course, the fleeting sensation that came with it was also what he sought after.
A day of hangover starting from the morning!
Don't let the brain be too clear!
This was his pursuit.
If he became too sober, he truly feared seeing something he couldn't accept.



The most important part of the plan had failed, but the Deputy Leader didn't seem angry at all? Nor was there any sign of discouragement?
The man couldn't help but look again at the distant 'Game Mansion'.
The 'Losa Family's' 'Family Guard' had already surrounded the place.
Such efficiency was enviable for the man.
Their equipment made the man even more covetous.
If their organization had such weaponry, would they really need to resort to such 'sneaky tricks'?
Head-on confrontation was what they should be capable of.
When would they be able to truly fight a battle?
The man wondered in his heart, then looked up and saw Donna looking at him.
Her eyes were clear and gentle. Like water.
Or like honey.
It caused one to sink into them unconsciously.

It took the well-trained warrior three full seconds to snap out of it, and his face immediately turned red with embarrassment.
"Deputy Leader?" he asked uncertainly.
"Torres, a true warrior isn't someone who charges in headlessly," Donna said.
"A true warrior also needs to use their brain," she added, tapping the temple of her head with a black folding fan.
"Yes, Deputy Leader," the man nodded in agreement.
Though he did not understand the meaning of the Deputy Leader's words, he believed she must be right, and so he simply agreed.
As for more?
He would think it over seriously when he got back.
If he couldn't figure it out?
Then he wouldn't think about it.
After all, whatever the Deputy Leader said was right; all he had to do was execute the orders.
Donna looked at the state of her subordinate and couldn't help shaking her head and sighing.
She never doubted the loyalty of her subordinates.
Neither did she doubt their combat effectiveness.

At least, in that mansion, except for a few individuals, the 'Brutalizer' could be crushed single-handedly by her subordinate.
But her subordinate wasn't without flaws.
At the very least, not very bright.
Their brain was filled with muscles as well.
In a situation without her orders, they would act recklessly.
Although sometimes reckless actions could yield good results, more often, it was like killing a thousand enemies and self-harming eight hundred.
This was something their organization could not afford.
If one could be both powerful and clever, how wonderful that would be.
Donna thought to herself, and involuntarily, the image of a man wearing an ice hockey mask, tall, robust, and reticent, came to mind.
Jason!
The 'opening move' she had chosen.
A person who had appeared before her but had been thoroughly ignored.
Thinking of Jason's performance in the 'Game Mansion' just a while ago, Donna's brows could not help but furrow.

That strength was terrifying.
But what worried her more were some other qualities Jason had displayed.
Calmness!
She had carefully observed the videos of Jason.
Even in the battle with the 'Xin', Jason's eyes were indifferent.
Or even cold.
A sense of detachment.
As if the one fighting wasn't himself.
Such an attitude made Donna uneasy.
Had her plans been discovered?
Had her schemes been seen through?