

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."

"But I felt empty."

"Thankfully! There's this 'game,' it gave me a reason to continue."

Whew!

The 'Heartseeker' took a deep breath and greeted Jason with a fist and palm salute.

"Todd, please enlighten me."

As his voice fell, the 'Heartseeker' raised his hand again.

Swish!

The longsword hanging in the distance on the wall flew into his hand.

Clang!

The longsword was unsheathed, its scabbard shooting out straight towards Jason.

Bang!

The blade swung, the scabbard scattering away, but at that moment, a flash of light followed it.

Jason couldn't help but close his eyes.

The sword in the 'Heartseeker's hand!

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!"

"What cunning?"

"This is the art of deception in warfare!"

"A bunch of people raised in a greenhouse, with no idea what cruelty is!"

Heartseeker' is sure to win!"

...

Naturally, another round of verbal confrontation began.

Their eyes were glued to the screen, their fingers tapping away on the keyboard.

Tap, tap, tap.

Ding!

The sound of the keyboard was suppressed by a long howl.

The silent longsword did not touch Jason's neck; it was cut by Jason's short-handled Broad Blade Cleaver as if it were a snake struck at its vital points, and the longsword was instantly deflected.

However, this time the 'Heartseeker' did not retreat as he had before.

The one whose sword had been deflected crouched low, squared his shoulders, and charged at Jason.

Whoosh!

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! Hissssss!

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.

His eyes were still bright.

But they held disbelief.

He had lost the head-on collision!

Combining two secret techniques for a more powerful 'Shoulder Smash. Steam Hammer,' he had still lost.

Struggling to lift his head, 'The Heart Extractor' looked at Jason, standing unscathed at his original position and couldn't help but open his mouth.

"What kind of secret technique is this?"

He was certain it was a secret technique!

The fighters' secret technique!

His eyes involuntarily became fervent.

Jason did not have the habit of replying to an enemy's words. He simply remained silent and walked toward 'The Heart Extractor.'

Watching Jason's movements, 'The Heart Extractor' laughed again.

"Nice personality!"

"I like it!"

"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.

Then, he began to speak slowly—

"Yi!"

Chapter 802: Crunch!

In the low murmur of the Dufol Language, a special force field belonging to Protection Against Evil enveloped the flesh and blood flying towards them.

Hiss!

It was like butter placed on a red-hot frying pan.

Almost the moment it came into contact with the special force field of Protection Against Evil, those pieces of flesh began to melt away.

The speed was incredibly fast!

And there was no reversing it!

"Aaaaah!"

The miserable cries came from the remnants of flesh.

Vaporized blood steam began to gather.

They enveloped the remaining flesh.

They clung to the remaining flesh.

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.

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

‘Heart Extractor’ seemed to ask, as if talking to himself.

Then, he nodded.

"Yes, I must be dead."

After answering himself, ‘Heart Extractor’ looked up at Jason and said,

By this time, ‘Heart Extractor’ had lost his bewilderment; on his flimsy face, there was only a sense of release and relief. Looking at Jason, ‘Heart Extractor’ couldn’t help saying, “Thank you.”

After saying this, ‘Heart Extractor’s flimsy body turned into a picture—

"Todd, why do you want to become a fighter?"

An adult asked the child in front of him.

The body shrank, but the face was similar, making Jason certain, this child was the future ‘Heart Extractor.’

"I, I want to be brave, and then, then

"Protect everyone."

The young Todd was far from the strange air of an ‘Extractor of Hearts’ in his adulthood; at this time, he was not only shy but also a bit timid, speaking with a bowed head and a face flushed red.

He was just like any ordinary child.

"Protect everyone, huh?"

"That's very good."

"However, the more important goal for a fighter is: to break through!"

"To shatter the existing and peek beyond the limits!"

The middle-aged man didn't deny it but shared his own thoughts instead.

Then, the middle-aged man looked down at the somewhat confused young Todd, couldn't help but smile, and raised his hand to touch the top of Todd's head.

"Of course, this is too far away for you."

"You just need to remember that."

"Remember your goal, and then remember the goal of being a fighter."

"They are not in conflict."

Having said that, the fluctuating image shifted.

The young Todd had grown up quite a bit and was practicing against a wooden dummy in a place similar to a martial arts school, surrounded by many people, each sweating profusely.

A playful-looking little girl stood holding a towel, stealthily watching Todd from a distance.

When Todd stopped, the girl immediately rushed over.

"Brother, wipe off your sweat."

The girl said smilingly.

"Oh, okay."

The teenage Todd accepted the towel, looking a bit dazed.

The older brothers by his side watched this scene with smiles.

The eldest of them couldn't help shaking his head and sighing.

"Youth is so good."

"Yes, youth is so good."

"Kind of envious."

The eldest brother spoke, and the rest of the brothers echoed in agreement.

Suddenly, Todd's face turned red, and he lowered his head while holding the towel, as clueless as when he was younger.

On the other hand, the girl put her hands on her hips and glared at these older brothers.

"Youth is definitely good!"

"Because that's what being young is all about!"

"But single dogs have no youth!"

Amont the girl's clear voice, the brothers staggered as if struck by Thunder Strike, their souls seemingly hit as well.

On the distant steps, the middle-aged man, now with a few more wrinkles, chuckled as he watched the scene.

In the martial arts school, it was like this every day.

Laughter and scolding, chasing and jesting.

What Todd loved most were these days.

From childhood to adolescence, and then to adulthood, even becoming a somewhat famous fighter was no exception.

He believed these days could go on.

Until he grew old.

Until he died.

Of course, his belief in protecting everyone and the teacher's goal of "shattering the existing and peeking beyond the limits" would be passed on—his junior sister had already accepted his marriage proposal.

The teacher was the witness at the wedding.

A group of brothers were also busy preparing for the wedding.

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 was relieved.

"Thank you."

The video ended, and the blood-colored 'vapor' once again took Todd's form.

The other person thanked him again.

Jason nodded, and then—

SI oT Yn

'i

Another [Protection Against Evil]!

Not a stored one, but one cast with existing Physical Strength.

Again, the field of forces around changed with the complete Dufol Language.

The next moment, like a raging wave in a storm, it charged towards the blood vapor-formed 'Heart-grabber.'

The 'Heart-grabber,' who had appeared peaceful and resigned a moment before, suddenly changed expression, turned tail, and ran, but was instantly engulfed by the wave formed by the force field.

"No!"

In a loud shout, the blood vapor-formed 'Heart-grabber' was directly shattered, crushed, and torn asunder.

"How did you know I was deceiving you?"

As the entity dissipated, the 'Heart-grabber' shouted.

The majority of the recent video was true.

From Todd's youth all the way to his vengeance, it was all real.

Apart from the "secret technique," there had been some "modifications."

Everything else was real.

Unless witnessed with their own eyes, "Xin" didn't believe anyone could spot the trickery involved.

But Jason's hesitation-free move puzzled "Xin."

Could Jason know about this?

"Xin" couldn't help but wonder.

Jason didn't answer.

He watched closely as "Xin" disintegrated.

Only after the blood-red steam completely dissipated and no danger appeared in his perception did he slowly say a word.

"Habit."

Yes, habit.

In the Nightless City, Jason had developed the habit of "finishing off" his opponents.

Face an enemy, dead or alive, stab first, ask questions later.

As for whether "Xin" spoke the truth or lied?

He wasn't concerned.

However, the next moment took Jason by surprise.

The dispersing blood-red steam gathered at a speed much faster than any previous time.

Just two or three seconds later, a blood-red crystal the size of a little finger fell to the ground.

Ding!

The clear sound attracted Jason's gaze.

Of course, what was more important was that it even had the "taste" of "food."

"This?"

Jason was taken aback.

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.

"What are you still worried about?"

"Is it because of Todd?"

"He was merely not strong enough and allowed the strength to affect his mind!"

"But you, you're different!"

"Your power will surely control this strength!"

"It will make you stronger!"

The voice in his mind, trying to dispel Jason's doubts, began to seduce him in another way.

Jason slightly pushed up his ice hockey mask.

From the blood-red crystal came a voice filled with joy.

"Yes, that's right."

"You will not regret today's choice."

"Let's surpass... huh?"

The seductive voice of the blood-red crystal suddenly paused.

It had seen too many foolish humans.

Just use strength as bait and speak persuasively, and not one could resist the hook.

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?"

"Stop it!"

"You're mocking the greatness of

Finally catching on, the blood-red crystal began yelling loudly, but it couldn't stop Jason.

After one complete lick, the blood-red crystal saw Jason open his mouth.

Sharp teeth, a crimson tongue.

And that pitch-black, bottomless throat.

"Wait!"

"Let's talk some more!"

"I know hundreds of secret techniques!"

"We can cooperate!"

The blood-red crystal panicked.

But the outcome couldn't be changed.

Once its taste was noticed by Jason, everything was already doomed.

Finally, the blood-red crystal heard the clearest sound it had ever heard since its birth—

Crunch.

Chapter 804: Guessing. Identity. Clue

After the crisp sound, the voices in Jason's mind came to a complete halt.

There were no screams.

No resistance whatsoever.

Just deliciousness.

The outer crust was as crispy as a deep-fried twisted dough stick, and then came the filling, bursting out like salty cream.

When it first entered the mouth, it was crisp, followed by stickiness.

It was at this moment, when the sticky salty cream wrapped around the crispy shell in reverse, that a different texture immediately became prominent.

It felt like a case where $1+1>2$.

Not to mention at the very core, there was a hint of coolness.

It was like a tiny piece of ice.

But upon close tasting, it was more akin to ice cream.

The crispy shell had a fatty feel, and although the salty cream filling neutralized some of that fatness, a trace remained, mixing into the sticky texture and becoming even more pronounced.

But with the emergence of that hint of coolness, the jarring part vanished into thin air.

Everything became perfect!

What's more, the dual layers of flavor added yet another layer.

With the crunch, crunch of chewing, Jason squinted his eyes in pleasure.

[Devoured Guile's Core (Incomplete)]

[Physical Strength, Energy, and Wounds recovered to a great extent!]

[Fullness +35]

[Fullness: 263]

...

The text, as expected, arrived.

"Guile's Core?"

Jason looked at the name, puzzled for a moment.

He thought he would see prefixes or descriptions like 'memory' or 'engraving,' but all that appeared was the word 'guile.'

"Is everything a deception?"

Jason pondered, then shook his head.

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?

A man who “uncovered” the “selection plan” of several controlling families of Zone F and then started a frantic revenge?

It’s possible!

However, escaping from the identity of a “Brutalizer” is not easy!

Not to mention starting to plan after having shed the identity of a “Brutalizer.”

Because, according to the “Game” rules, to exit the “Game” with the identity of a “Brutalizer,” one can only do so by winning the championship of the “Game” finals!

Moreover, even if one became the “champion” and left the “Game,” one still needed to be under strict supervision in real life.

Therefore, it’s extremely difficult!

So...

"Escapee"!

Jason’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Compared to “Brutalizers,” “Escapees” were treated with much more leniency.

Even if one exhibited a terrifying side during the “Game,” one would be generously forgiven.

After all, it’s just a “Game,” isn’t it?

Of course, there was another possibility!

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.

And even more disgracefully so.

Especially Donna!

In the information photo, she was a graceful and elegant lady whose beauty and elegance shone through even in the pictures.

Although more often than not, she would wear a veil.

Wittes, on the other hand, had always been known for his reliability.

His robust frame and reticent nature made people trust him.

It's a pity that now he was riddled with wounds and bereft of the breath of life.

And Luodeni, the old man who should have been here, was not here.

Undoubtedly, he was supposed to be the "collaborator" of "The Planner."

At least, that's what Luodeni would have thought.

But in reality?

He was still merely a pawn.

Just one at a slightly higher level.

And the outcome?

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.

Among them, Donna must have been in close contact with “The Planner.”

"Interesting!"

An unusual light flashed in Jason’s narrowed eyes.

A hint of speculation surfaced at the bottom of his heart.

And at that moment—

"Lord Jason? Lord Jason, can you hear me?"

The voice of Losa XI echoed in the room.

The sound came from a hidden speaker, and Jason looked up, his gaze locking onto its location.

This conspicuous action allowed Losa XI, who was observing everything through a monitor, to breathe a sigh of relief.

Then, the eleventh heir of the Losa family began to speak in as calm a tone as possible.

"Lord Jason, I am grateful for everything you’ve done for me. My promise to you will certainly be honored."

"Also, the Family Guard will soon arrive at the ‘Game Mansion’."

"Please return to your ‘Brutalizer Apartment’."

"Once again, thank you for everything you have done for me."

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 ✕ 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 Unrivalled 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?

It was because he was afraid.

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.

The laughter was full of mockery.

And...

Joy!

Why would the other party make this call?

Losa 11 knew it all too well.

Therefore, faced with such laughter, Losa 11 felt no anger.

The other party wanted to see him go from hope to despair.

Any anger of his would only make the other party happier.

So, he needed to stay calm to achieve his own goal: buying time.

To buy time for Roslor and Pers.

"Who, who are you?"

Losa 11 asked.

Despite telling himself to be calm, his quivering voice still betrayed Losa 11's nervousness.

What's wrong with being a little nervous facing such a 'The Planner'?

For a loser, a bystander, you've done very well already.

Losa 11 comforted himself.

However, the louder laughter that erupted from the other end still made Losa 11 uncomfortable.

No problem!

I'm just buying time!

Laugh a little longer!

Losa 11 began to rationalize to himself.

Just like always.

Living in the shadow of his father and elder brother, if he hadn't learned to 'comfort' himself, he would have succumbed to despair long ago.

Just as Losa 11 hoped the caller would laugh for a bit longer, the synthetic voice's laughter abruptly stopped.

"Young Master Losa 11, do you think your little tricks are useful?"

The caller's words caused a tightness in Losa 11's chest.

Had he been discovered?

Did they find Roslor and Pers?

Sweat instantly broke out on his forehead.

If Roslor and Pers had been discovered, they would certainly be dead.

And next, it would be him and the others.

Suddenly, Losa 11 turned pale, and his lips began to tremble.

Even his teeth were chattering non-stop.

Laughter!

Again, there was laughter!

The sounds emitted by Losa 11 had provoked such laughter.

Clearly, the other party had deduced Losa 11's appearance from his voice.

"Your Family Guard won't save you!"

"No one will save you!"

"Your fate is only death!"

The synthesized voice said.

Losa 11's heart eased.

It wasn't that Roslor and Pers had been discovered, but the supposed 'Family Guard' in the other party's original plan.

Almost subconsciously, as Losa 11's heart eased, he was about to sigh in relief.

He was really too tense!

As a weakling, a bystander, he had never experienced such a spectacle.

But, in the moment of that sigh, Losa 11 knew something was wrong.

The other party would definitely notice his slip if they heard it.

So—

"Why?! Cough cough, why?!"

"Why would you do this?"

"I have never offended you!"

"Why do you want to kill me?"

Forcing that breath into a roar, Losa 11 immediately started coughing, but he couldn't care less about that, questioning the other party in utter exhaustion.

By the time he shouted the last word, Losa 11 was gasping for breath.

Panting, panting.

The sounds, clearly transmitted through the waves to the ears of 'The Planner'.

Once again, the other party laughed.

No longer the loud laughter as before.

But a light chuckle.

A chuckle filled with joy and scorn.

"You ask me why?"

"Then why don't you ask what you people have done?"

The other party countered.

"What does that have to do with me?"

"I have never been involved in the family's decisions, nor have I ever harmed anyone."

Losa 11 challenged again.

When he spoke these words, there was no guilt in his heart.

Because, what he said was the truth.

Clearly, 'The Planner' knew this too.

The other party fell into a rare silence.

It lasted about two or three seconds.

Then, the other party spoke again.

"Who asked you to be a 'Losa'?"

After saying that, the other party hung up the call.

There was no further entanglement.

The other party had achieved their goal.

They had felt Losa 11's despair.

Next?

Of course, it was time to welcome the 'little surprise' of the first phase.

Chapter 807 Unrivaled Tenacity, Pers!_2

Losa 11 naturally knew all of this.

As the other party hung up the phone, the eleventh-in-line heir to the Losa Family knelt to the ground and began to pray.

He was praying for success for Roslor and Pers.

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!

The bomb!

Thinking about what Losa 11 had told him just now, Pers felt terrible.

He always felt that his life for the past 20 years was far less thrilling than today.

Or rather...

It was terrifying!

Scared enough to make his legs shake right now.

He had to mask it with some behaviors.

Like the door kicking just now.

"Give me a hand."

Pers, now much calmer, began to move the chairs in the room, then he stepped on them and started dismantling the air vent cover.

Upon leaving, he had brought a toolbox from his apartment.

At this moment, the toolbox was in the hands of Roslor.

"Here you go."

Roslor passed him a Phillips screwdriver.

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.

"Okay."

Roslor nodded.

Then, Pers lifted Roslor's legs, propped them on his shoulders, lifted him up, and stuffed him forcibly into the air vent.

After making sure Roslor was completely inside, Pers pushed himself up again and entered the air duct.

However, he immediately regretted it.

Pfft!

Amidst the loud and lingering sound, a pungent odor filled the air in front of Pers.

Pers, having just crawled into the air duct, was hit with a wave of dizziness.

The 'Contact' jumped down even quicker than he had climbed up.

"Damn it, what did you eat!"

Pers yelled furiously.

"Sorry, I had leek and egg for lunch."

"I usually have a very strong stomach."

"Today it's because of that stinky river, I got a chill in my stomach."

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 Unrivalled 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.

In the following time, Roslor led the way, and Pers followed behind, inching closer to their destination.

Of course.

It was accompanied by a rather prolonged noise.

When they finally reached their goal, Pers was nearly suffocating.

"Sorry, sorry."

Roslor looked apologetically at the oxygen-deprived Pers.

Pers shook his head, without speaking.

Because the smell of chives was still lingering at the tip of his nose, and he feared opening his mouth...

Was this what 'you wish' meant?

Such despair!

Pers had to use the method of diverting his attention to push away such despair.

Fortunately, the bomb in the corner of the room provided him with absolute focus.

"Why did Losa 11 know the bomb was here?"

Roslor couldn't help but ask.

"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 shook his head.

"So what do we do?"

Roslor panicked.

"We gamble!"

Pers said as he extended the pliers towards the red wire.

However, the pliers kept trembling and couldn't target accurately.

Clearly, Pers was nervous again.

After several tries, Pers wiped the sweat from his forehead and turned to pass the pliers to Roslor.

"You're a doctor, your hands are steady, you can do this."

Pers said.

"I can perform surgery, but I don't know how to defuse bombs!"

Roslor stuttered as he took the pliers.

"The principle is the same."

"Just target and cut."

"Remember, a doctor who can't defuse a bomb is not a good doctor."

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—

Two extremely thin copper wires were pulled out.

Hiss!

Pers inhaled sharply upon seeing the two copper wires.

"Bomb trap!"

A 'Contact' who had learned about bomb defusal, Pers knew very well that with the presence of these two copper wires, whether he cut the red or the blue wire just now, the result would have been an explosion.

Only by avoiding the copper wires and cutting the red and blue wires could an explosion be prevented.

The former option meant a one hundred percent chance of explosion.

The latter option meant a one hundred percent chance of survival.

Thinking about how he had just walked the line between life and death, Pers was soaked in sweat.

A draft of wind made the 'Contact' shudder.

Then, Pers abruptly looked up at Jason.

The meaning couldn't be more obvious.

How did Jason know?

Not just Pers, Roslor thought the same.

The doctor had a face full of curiosity.

"Habit."

That was Jason's answer.

He surely wouldn't admit that back in his hometown, a character called 'Doctor' in a particular film had given him a reminder.

As for why he was here?

He couldn't be sure!

Jason was very clear that the closer to success one gets, the more one has to worry about failure.

Given 'The Planner's' behavioral pattern, it was certainly like that.

Would the opponent place a 'safety measure' at the last critical moment?

The answer was almost yes.

That's why, after descending four levels, Jason immediately shifted his focus.

How to find Roslor, Pers?

The strong scent on the former, Jason could smell from a street away.

Of course, Jason didn't take the air duct; he relied on his superhuman perception and Stealth skills, avoiding every checkpoint, and appeared here.

Habit?

What kind of habit?

Pers and Roslor looked at each other, completely unaware of where such a habit of Jason's came from.

But both quickly collected their scattered thoughts and began cutting the bomb's wires.

Then came the thorough defusal of the bomb.

For Pers, this wasn't difficult.

Once the bomb's 'trick' was solved, everything became straightforward.

Jason, however, turned and walked away.

He had already heard different footsteps.

It was probably the 'Family Guard' of the 'Losa Family'.

Pers and Roslor didn't stop him.

Both understood quite well how Jason was different from them.

Not just in strength.

But also in identity.

The identity of 'Brutalizer', except when in games, was mostly shunned and subject to harsh treatment most of the time.

However, this didn't prevent them from watching Jason leave with grateful eyes.

"I think Mr. Jason is a good man,"

After Jason's figure had completely vanished from sight, Roslor turned his head and said to Pers.

"Maybe,"

Pers was stunned for a moment.

If someone had told him before that 'Brutalizer' was a good person, he would have scoffed.

As a 'Contact', Pers had access to too much information about 'Brutalizer'.

Hooligan and villain were compliments for these 'Brutalizers'.

They were usually psychopaths and madmen.

Moreover, they were extremely bloodthirsty and murderous.

The kind that was completely irrational and needed to be killed on sight.

But Jason seemed different.

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.

"In this terrible, dark, and dirty world, only alcohol is my last comfort," Losa 11 thought silently, the corners of his mouth curling up slightly.

As for 'The Planner'?

He wasn't thinking about that at all.

The one who had committed such an act couldn't escape.

At first, the 'Hundred Major Families' were caught off guard.

But when the 'Hundred Major Families' caught on?

Everything had already settled down.

Regarding this, Losa 11 was quite confident.

Similarly, 'The Planner' knew this as well.

So, they chose a method that would never be found out!

Slim, fair, yet elongated fingers pressed on the remote control. The anticipated explosion did not occur, causing Donna to pause.

But it was only for a second; the lady in the big red dress with the black veil started to chuckle.

"Little surprise is gone," Donna murmured to herself.

This left the man standing by Donna's side somewhat puzzled.

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?