

Menu 811

Chapter 811: Everything has just begun!_3

Donna couldn't help but think.

Then, Donna shook her head.

It shouldn't be possible!

I've prepared for so long!

I've run through everything over a hundred times!

It can't just be seen through!

Donna told herself in her heart, but inexplicably, the image of Jason's indifferent and cold eyes emerged in her mind, and then, a thought abruptly appeared in her mind.

What would Jason look like under the mask?

Not the stiff photo in the files.

Not the expressionless face in videos either.

What she wanted to see was Jason's face when he was normal, without the mask.

The emergence of this thought surprised Donna herself.

Afterward, the Deputy Leader chuckled softly.

The man standing beside her looked at his Deputy Leader in astonishment.

Although the Deputy Leader didn't say anything, the laughter was something he rarely heard.

The last time he heard it was when they were devising this plan.

That was when the Deputy Leader had laughed like this.

A mix of anticipation and interest.

"Deputy Leader, is there something amusing?"

The man asked.

What intrigued the Deputy Leader was bound to be very interesting, so naturally, he was eager to hear it.

"I've found an interesting person,"

Donna replied.

In response to her subordinate's question, Donna didn't hide anything.

She thought there was no need to.

After all, it was not something shameful.

"An interesting person?"

"Is it that young master from the Losa family, Losa 11?"

The man came to this conclusion after some thought.

It wasn't hard, in this event, the one who usually acted like a 'good-for-nothing' and a 'salted fish,' the so-called 'eleventh inheritor of the Losa Family,' had truly given him a fright.

The kind of cleverness he displayed, he had only seen in the Deputy Leader.

Of course, Losa 11 certainly couldn't compare with the Deputy Leader.

Even so, it was indeed remarkable.

You need to understand, what kind of person is the Deputy Leader?

No!

She is a god!

In their eyes, she was a deity who seemed omniscient and incapable of failure.

The fact that Losa 11 could do something nearly as well as the Deputy Leader was truly shocking.

Second to none!

Hearing her subordinate's guess, Donna shook her head slightly.

"Losa 11?"

"Hmm, he's quite good."

"But compared to that person, it's nothing significant,"

Donna gave a very objective evaluation.

At least, being able to deceive her and disarm the bomb, just for that, Losa 11 deserved caution.

"Who is that person?"

The man grew more curious.

"Jason,"

Donna had no habit of keeping people in suspense and gave the answer straight away.

"Jason?"

"The 'Brutalizer'?"

The man was startled, finding it hard to believe this answer.

"Torres!"

Donna called her subordinate by name, and though her face was veiled, her voice was filled with indescribable seriousness.

This is what she said—

"Remember one thing: Beware of Jason!"

"If Losa 11 is like a little wolf pup that has snuck into a group of Huskies, then Jason is a fierce tiger, and moreover... he has the tail of a venomous snake."

"If you are to confront him, you must be prepared to the point of three hundred percent, ready to deliver a fatal blow because with someone like him, you just don't know what kind of trump card he might be hiding."

Listening to the Deputy Leader's earnest words, Torres committed them to heart.

"Understood."

The man replied respectfully.

Then, the man asked again.

"What should we do now?"

"What to do?"

"Of course, we carry on because, after all

"The real deal is just beginning."

Donna chuckled again.

She then gave the 'Game Mansion' in the distance another look, her playful gaze gleaming brightly under the night sky.

The next moment, Donna turned and headed downstairs.

Torres followed closely behind.

Quickly, the two of them vanished into the night.

All that remained was the constant whistle of the nocturnal wind.

Before long, a streak of light appeared on the horizon.

A new day began.

And with it, a real upheaval commenced.

Chapter 812: Losa, Unfazed by a Thousand Cups 11

Solid wooden dining table, chairs.

On the white tablecloth, two silver dinner plates contained fried eggs, bacon, and a vegetable salad respectively.

Then...

It was wine!

A wine jug the size of a fat otaku's water bottle emitted a faint aroma.

Losa 11 sat in the chair.

He nearly couldn't wait to pick up the jug and poured a drink into his mouth.

Gulp.

"Ha!"

"Comfortable!"

"Without this drink, I'm afraid I wouldn't even be able to sleep."

A refreshed Losa 11 looked towards Jason inside the 'door,' saying with a smile.

That's right, inside the 'door.'

This dining table was set up in the corridor of 'Brutalizer's Home,' and inside 'Brutalizer's Home,' Jason's mask tilted slightly, his mouth opening a bit wider, as he was tearing into a roasted leg of beef.

In front of him, a steady stream of exquisite food was being delivered.

Losa 11 had kept the agreement.

Not just the original agreement, he also made some changes to the 'apartment' Jason lived in.

The most direct change was the size!

Three times bigger than before!

Then, it was the furniture!

Various kinds of furniture appeared in the room.

Lastly, and most importantly,

A 'fitness room' emerged in a corner of the apartment, a room that accommodated an entire set of special exercise equipment.

In the price tags Jason had seen, such a set of special exercise equipment required 100 Points.

"Come on, let's drink!"

"To celebrate our survival!"

Losa 11 picked up his wine glass and raised it towards Jason from afar.

The wine glass was also a massive goblet, not made of glass, but of metal.

Before Jason could say a word, Losa 11 began to talk to himself.

"I often drink too much, and glass can be dangerous when broken, so I switched to metal."

"There's a bit of difference in taste, but not much."

"The feeling of being tipsy is just too good."

Losa 11, his cheeks flushed red, once again raised his glass.

"Come on, cheers."

The eleventh heir of the Losa Family clamored.

Under the influence of alcohol, this cautious eleventh heir seemed a bit dissolute.

Or rather, a bit drunk.

A lover of alcohol, but not great at holding his liquor?

Jason glanced at the other party and, after chewing the bone of the beef leg in his hand, picked up a roast goose, bit off almost half of it, and began to chew thoughtfully.

Crunch, crunch.

Skin, flesh, and bone completely merged in Jason's mouth.

Then, they entered his stomach.

Instantly digested.

In fact, if it weren't for the sake of disguise, such roast geese would really be a mouthful each for Jason.

Moreover, a more important point: the chefs at 'Game Mansion' were quite skilled.

Although not on par with Hannibal and the like, they were better than the average person.

Especially for Jason, who had been eating 'nutritional paste' for several days in a row, the food was increasingly delicious.

Jason decided to eat ten more.

Then, he would eat others.

Jason, having made up his mind, savored the delicacy in his hands even more attentively.

However, Losa 11 did not give up.

Thud, thud, thud!

Losa 11 knocked forcefully on the glass door.

"Have a drink!"

"Come on!"

"Have a drink!"

Losa 11's entire face was practically against the glass door, mumbling at Jason.

Jason, however, still did not pay any attention.

What to do with a drunkard?

The best method is to ignore him.

Everything would wait until the other party sobered up.

This was something Jason understood deeply in his 'hometown.'

As for 'Nightless City'?

Getting drunk in 'Nightless City' could be deadly.

It wasn't the drunk person who would lose their life.

It was the person encountering the drunk who could lose theirs.

The former was careless and became prey to others.

But between prey and hunters, who said it was forever unchanging?

Roles could be swapped at any time.

And once swapped, it was fatal.

Or perhaps, it was a trap that had been disguised for a long time.

Who knows?

In his 'hometown,' Jason always kept his distance every time he encountered a drunk.

In 'Nightless City,' even more so.

It was no different here.

So, with the roast goose in his hands, Jason turned his body away from Losa 11.

Even though the other party was handsome and came from a distinguished family, in Jason's view, they were nowhere near as adorable as the roast goose in his hands.

And such a turn caused Losa 11 to become anxious.

"Jason, don't ignore me!"

"We are comrades-in-arms!"

"The kind that fight side by side, sharing life and death!"

Losa 11 banged on the 'door' even harder.

Standing at the other end of the corridor, Pers looked helplessly at Bildler and Roslor.

Bilder also wore a look of helplessness.

"I think we should try to convince Master Losa 11 to drink less."

Roslor spoke earnestly.

Chapter 813: The Uninebriated Losa 11_2

Billder did not reject this status.

Given the choice not to flee, who would want to venture into those perilous places?

However, this didn't stop Billder from rejecting Roslor's suggestion.

He was a personal guard, ensuring Losa11's safety, but he wouldn't stop Losa11 from drinking.

Roslor's gaze instinctively turned to Pers.

"Sorry, I'm just a 'toucher'."

Pers smiled helplessly.

His 'stains' had already been cleared away by Losa11's authority, and now he had no worries, everything had reverted to how it was originally; he could water the plants and stroke the cats whenever he wanted.

Days like this were really nice.

He cherished them.

So, he wouldn't go looking for trouble.

"But you are now the supervisor of the 'touchers'!"

Roslor emphasized.

Undoubtedly, Losa11 was very generous.

Not only had he cleared Pers' 'stains', but he had also given him a promotion.

Normally, with a position like this, him being a 'semi-newbie' with less than ten years on the job, it was completely unthinkable to reach it.

Even with outstanding performance, he would need to consider such things only after the second decade was over.

But with Losa11's 'care', everything naturally fell into place.

Nevertheless, this did not hinder Pers from sticking to his guns.

"A 'toucher' supervisor is still a 'toucher'."

Pers replied with a smile.

This only made Roslor even more helpless.

A character flaw made Roslor subconsciously want to pull people together to persuade.

Just like how boys would arrange to go to the bathroom together during a break.

Not doing it together somehow felt like something was missing.

Thud, thud, thud.

The slightly heavy footsteps came from behind, and Roslor quickly brightened up as he turned around.

"Galen, young master Losa11 has had too much to drink, I think he shouldn't drink anymore, it will affect his health... Hm? What's that in your hand?"

Roslor spoke as if he had seen a savior, but his words stopped halfway as he could no longer continue.

Because Roslor saw the barrel in Galen's hand.

Or, more accurately, a keg.

"Young Master Losa11 asked me to fetch some wine."

Galen showed a naive and straightforward smile.

Just like Bildder.

Galen too had become a personal guard to Losa11.

The title of Brutalizer was long exempted.

However, unlike the others, this time Losa11 had exerted a considerable effort.

Brutalizer was different from the others.

This was a matter concerning the 'game' rules; therefore, even with Losa11 stepping in, it had cost quite the price before others relented.

Of course, it was also because the 'Golden Lamb' Brutalizer was of little importance.

Unaware of this, the 'Golden Lamb' wasn't foolish; he knew Losa11 had put in a lot of effort to help him, so the 'Golden Lamb's heart was filled with gratitude. He thought that after his mother's death, aside from Jason, Losa11 was the second person to treat him well.

So he felt he should repay Losa11.

Galen did not refuse to become a personal guard.

After all, there wasn't much difference between lumbering and guarding.

To be able to repay Losa11, Galen thought it was well worth it.

"Young Master Losa11 can't drink anymore!"

"It's morning now!"

"He has already drunk at least 400ml of fruit wine!"

"This has exceeded the daily limit for alcohol intake for the human body!"

Roslor spoke from a doctor's perspective.

And the 'Golden Lamb' just showed his simple smile, then carried the keg over to Losa11, leaving Roslor standing there gaping.

"Galen?"

"Come on, have a drink, huh?"

"My treat!"

Seeing Galen coming with the wine, Losa11 turned his head and asked.

"No, thank you, young master Losa11."

"I can't drink while I'm working."

"It's written in the bodyguard protocol you gave me."

Galen answered seriously.

"Bodyguard protocol?"

"All right, all right."

Losa11 smacked his lips, thought for a moment, and it seemed that he really had thrown the family guard training manual at Galen; he couldn't blame Galen, it was his own mistake.

Look, even if I've had too much to drink, I still make sense!

Losa11 couldn't resist praising himself.

Then...

"Jason, come have a drink~"

Losa11 looked at Jason again.

His face was now completely pressed against the glass door.

But under the influence of alcohol, Losa11 couldn't stand straight.

With wobbly steps, he began to slide down.

The tip of his nose pressed against the glass immediately turned up.

Immediately, two nostrils appeared.

The lips also kept flipping up.

"Blurgle!"

Among the odd noises, a trail of snot and spit slid straight down. In moments, two viscous fluids appeared on the originally clean glass door.

The one who started it all, Losa11, was now on the ground.

And Jason still remained unmoved.

Not even spare Losa11 a glance.

This made Losa11 even more despondent.

Then, he made a bold decision.

He opened the 'door'!

If he were sober, Losa11's reason would never allow him to do so, but under the influence of alcohol, reason had already disappeared, leaving behind the impulse to do whatever came to mind.

Click!

The glass 'door' of Brutalizer's Home slowly moved to the sides.

Such a commotion naturally caught the attention of Pers, Bildler, and Roslor at the end of the corridor.

Their expressions changed drastically as they rushed towards the scene.

Chapter 814: The Uninebriated Losa 11_3

"Galen!"

Bilder even more loudly reminded the 'Golden Lamb'.

The 'Golden Lamb' was startled, then smiled and indicated to everyone not to worry.

In the 'Golden Lamb's simple heart, Jason was the first person he trusted and was grateful to, while Losa 11 was the second, so naturally, he assumed the two would become good partners and have a great relationship.

There was absolutely no need to intervene.

Seeing this scene, Bildler's face was full of despair.

He was always vigilant when it came to Jason.

It was due to Jason's usual indifference and even more so to Jason's identity as 'Brutalizer.'

Unlike the 'Golden Lamb,' who was falsely accused.

Jason's identity as 'Brutalizer' was the real deal.

He had investigated more than once.

Another person in despair was Pers.

As a 'Contactee,' although he felt that Jason was different from the other 'Brutalizers,' who could guarantee that it would always be so?

Being temperamental was a characteristic of 'Brutalizers.'

Jason, sitting there, turned his head in slight surprise.

He raised an eyebrow at the opened 'door.'

Then, looking at the drunken Losa 11 who was giving him a silly smile,

He turned back and continued eating roast goose.

The moment Jason turned his head, Bilder and Pers mentally screamed together, it's over.

If something happened to Losa 11, they were sure to be in trouble as well.

However, Jason just glanced and turned his head away, which relieved Bilder and Pers.

But the next moment, that relief got stuck in their throats, suffocating them and widening their eyes.

Because Losa 11, staggering, was walking towards Jason.

"Jason, come on, have a drink,"

Said Losa 11 as he sat down in front of Jason.

Moreover, he extended his wine jug towards Jason.

Jason did not take the wine jug.

In fact, he couldn't even bother to glance at Losa 11.

But that did not stop the eleventh heir to the Losa Family.

All Losa 11 did was tap the roast goose in Jason's hands with his wine jug and say with a smile,

"I'll drink first in honor!"

After saying that, he lifted the jug and began to gulp, gulp.

Jason frowned.

He looked disdainfully at the leg of roast goose that Losa 11's wine jug had touched.

Could it be dirty?

Maybe throw it away?

No, that's not right.

Food shouldn't be wasted.

In the end, the thought of not wasting food prevailed, and Jason continued to eat the roast goose, holding it close.

And watching this, Losa 11 laughed even more joyously, and the wine in his hefty jug was drunk ever faster.

"Hah!"

When the last drop of wine from the jug was drunk, Losa 11 let out a long breath.

"Delicious~ Delicious~ So delicious~"

Losa 11 laughed out loud.

But as he laughed, Losa 11 began to cry.

"Jason, I'm sorry!"

"It's all my fault!"

"You should have left this place, but the previous broadcast was designated as the 'F Zone final,' a family decision, I can't change it, I'm sorry!"

Losa 11 sobbed as he spoke.

Tears and snot began to stream down.

Then, Losa 11 attempted to embrace Jason.

He hoped to express his apology through such an action.

But Jason dodged with a turn of his body.

A roast goose touched by a wine jug might still be edible, but one smeared with snot definitely would not be.

Losa 11, failing to hug Jason, just collapsed headfirst.

Luckily, there was a sofa behind Jason, so Losa 11 wasn't injured.

Then—

Huff huff huff!

Completely drunk, Losa 11 fell soundly asleep.

Jason, once again expressing disgust, looked at the young man, then turned and continued to eat.

Such chances to indulge in food were rare, and he naturally wanted to cherish it.

However, at this time, the door of the corridor opened.

A particularly grating voice followed—

"Losa 11, I didn't expect such a waste like you to have such luck!"

Chapter 815: Humility and Caution Send 8

Accompanying the harsh words was a flurry of footsteps,

Neat but with a hint of chaos.

Escorted by a team of black-suited bodyguards, a young man walked in.

He resembled the former 'Send 9' a lot,

But he was a bit older.

Yet, the arrogance on his face far exceeded that of 'Send 9' by an unknown multiple.

When Bildler saw the young man, a chill ran through his heart.

Why had he come?

Bilder, who was once an advisor for the Send Family's security, recognized the person in front of him.

Send 8!

An outcast in the Send Family, he had no abilities compared to his siblings and only caused trouble under the family name.

If not for the Send Family, Send 8 would have died countless times over.

That was the common perception.

But he was Send 8.

So, he lived a good life, better than 99% of people.

Bildder, watching Send 8 approaching, took a deep breath, ready to step forward and stop him.

Although Bildder didn't know why the other had come to Zone F,

He remembered his current role: the personal bodyguard of Losa 11.

He was not only supposed to ensure Losa 11's safety but also to prevent him from being hurt in other ways.

At this moment, letting Send 8 get close to the drunken Losa 11 was definitely not a good thing.

But someone was already a step ahead.

Pers.

This 'Interacter,' wearing a polite yet awkward smile, walked up to Send 8.

"Master Send 8,"

"Please, wait. This place

Slap!

Before Pers could finish, Send 8 raised his hand and delivered a slap.

Fast and fierce.

Pers didn't see it coming and was knocked to the ground.

Surprised, stunned!

Pers had not expected Send 8 to strike outright.

He had heard rumors about Send 8,

But Pers hadn't expected him to be more arrogant and despotic than the rumors suggested.

"What do you think you are, daring to block my path?"

Send 8 stood there, looking down on Pers.

His tone was derogatory and mocking.

Then, the eighth in line to the Send Family turned to his bodyguards and waved his hand, saying, "Break three legs, throw him out of 'Game Mansion'."

Immediately, four of the bodyguards sprang into action,

But were stopped by Bildler.

"Bildler, are you obstructing me?"

"You ungrateful cur, are you prepared to stand in my way?"

Send 8 looked at Bildler, his face growing dark.

But then, suddenly, the young man started laughing.

"You, him, and those two as well,"

"Very good, very good."

"It seems this Losa 11 waste still has some ability, not only gaining enough benefits for the Losa Family in this 'event' but also learning how to win people's hearts."

"Are you all now deeply grateful to Losa 11?"

"Are you prepared to die for him?"

"Excellent!"

"I'll give you that chance right now!"

Send 8 pointed at Bildler, Pers, Roslor, and Galen, laughing louder and louder.

However, amid such laughter, the young man's face began to contort.

It was malice.

The very pure kind.

When such malice reached a climax—

"Take them down!"

Send 8 commanded.

Instantly, the surrounding bodyguards charged at Bildder, Pers, Roslor, and Galen.

Among them, Roslor had almost no combat ability.

Pers had a little, but after being struck down, his combat ability was almost negligible.

So at that moment, only Bildder and Galen remained.

Compared to Galen, Bildder's strength was greater due to an 'unexpected mutation.'

Therefore, Bildder faced the attack of most of the bodyguards.

These elite from the Send Family possessed strength well beyond ordinary people; each one was chosen and rigorously trained, and more importantly, among them was someone very special.

Bang!

As Bildder knocked down a bodyguard with a forceful punch, a sudden fist appeared before him.

Concealed and swift.

Bildder barely managed to assume a defensive posture before being thrown back.

Bang!

Bildder's body slammed hard against the corridor wall.

He looked around in astonishment for his attacker.

Nothing!

In his field of vision, there was no sign of the one who had punched him.

But the next moment, while he was still dumbfounded, another punch hit him in the face.

Bang!

Just like before,

Bilder was slammed against the wall again.

Amidst the impact, Send 8 kept walking forward arrogantly.

Yet in the eyes of the eighth in line to the Send Family, there was an unmistakable clarity.

Everyone has their disguises,

And everyone uses them to accomplish different aims.

He was no exception.

He had been in disguise for twenty years!

Finally, it was time for the harvest!

He had taken notice of the movements in Zone F the moment that waste Send 9 died.

Then, he investigated everything in detail.

Billder! Pers! Roslor! Galen!

He hadn't spared any of them,

Especially Billder!

He was of particular interest, as Send 8 didn't want to repeat Xilin's mistake.

Of course, he felt no pity for Xilin's demise.

How could he rise if Xilin didn't fall?

"Enjoy this!"

"So what if you've undergone an 'anomaly'? Do you really think you're invincible now?"

Chapter 816: Modest and Prudent Send 8_2

"Idiot!"

Send 8 thought with disdain as he continued to stride forward.

In front of him, Galen was engaged in a mix-up with four of the Send Family's guards in front of the "Brutalizer Apartment's" "door".

Although he had never learned any real fighting skills, the “Golden Lamb” seemed to have outstanding innate fighting abilities, plus a strong body tempered from years of timber felling, he was still holding his own against the four guards of the Send Family.

"Send 9's eye for talent isn't bad,"

"He really is good material for becoming a 'Brutalizer'."

"Unfortunately

"Good eye for talent, just a bit stupid!"

Send 8 snorted coldly in his heart.

He had absolutely no fondness for his brother, Send 8.

Just like his feelings for Xilin.

What he had was only resentment!

Resentment for these people stealing what should have been his!

"Send"!

The honor, wealth, and power that this surname brought!

It was all his!

That's how it should have been!

The rest of them!

Should all die!

Anyone who contested for these with him, must die!

Thinking this, the look of arrogance on Send 8's face became even thicker, and a murky heat could be seen in his eyes.

He waved his hand dismissively.

"Send a few more!"

Immediately, the number of people attacking Galen increased to eight.

When facing four of the Send Family's guards, Galen could stand his ground, but as the number turned to eight, the situation was completely dominated at once.

Galen was cornered, receiving a barrage of punches and kicks.

"Heh."

Send 8 chuckled and moved on.

See, this is the power that "Send" brings!

Four isn't enough!

Then eight!

Eight not enough?

Make it sixteen!

Always, there would be a time when numbers alone could completely overwhelm any opponent.

Send 8 believed this firmly.

And he took pleasure in it.

So—

"I won't let you pass!"

With this cry, Galen, cornered, suddenly burst forth.

The "Golden Lamb" once again stood in front of Send 8.

Blood streaming from his forehead, his face swollen, yet the "Golden Lamb" had a determined look in his eyes.

For the "Golden Lamb", Jason and Losa 11 were inside; he wouldn't allow anyone to enter without their consent.

It didn't matter who it was!

All the same!

Send 8 looked at the 'Golden' lamb, his eyes that had been filled with chaos and heat now surged with fury.

Even his veins bulged with malice on his forehead.

He had been disturbed during his enjoyment.

He wouldn't allow it.

This was what he despised the most.

Golden Lamb'?"

"Good."

"Today at noon, I'll have roasted lamb!"

Send 8 sneered before turning to the stunned guards, his words deliberate, "Of course, if I feel like eating something else, that too is possible."

The shocked guards all shivered.

They all knew Send 8 wasn't joking.

Something else?

There was no such thing.

Send 8 wanted to eat them.

Or the 'Golden Lamb'!

Death or survival, was there even a choice?

The eight guards, whom the 'Golden Lamb' had just broken through, all charged at the 'Golden Lamb' with shouts, frenzied.

They didn't want to die!

Nor did they want to be eaten!

So, they had to make sure the 'Golden Lamb' died!

The 'Golden Lamb' was once again cornered, and this time, the punches and kicks were even more intense. Even with the 'Golden Lamb' roaring continually, he couldn't break through.

But Send 8 didn't even spare them a glance.

He had already made his decision.

In addition to eating "roast lamb" at noon, there would be several "side dishes".

For now, let them move about vigorously.

Only then would the meat quality be better.

Of course, it also made it easier to remove the acidity.

Send 8 took another step forward.

This time, finally, no one was stopping him anymore.

He walked into the 'Brutalizer Apartment' unhindered. He first glanced at Jason, who was eating, then turned his attention to the drunken Losa 11.

Without any hesitation, he kicked Losa 11 with the tip of his foot.

"Get up."

"Stop pretending."

"Such a disguise is useless against me."

Send 8 confidently declared.

But all he got in return was the sound of Losa 11 snoring.

Loud and uninterrupted snores.

Send 8 raised an eyebrow and increased the force of his kick.

"Get up already."

"Stop faking it."

Unfortunately, Losa 11 continued to snore thunderously.

Anger flashed across Send 8's face momentarily.

He felt that Losa 11 was making a fool of him and almost subconsciously raised his foot to stomp hard on Losa 11's head, but as his foot was about to come crashing down, Send 8 suddenly stopped.

He looked at Losa 11 and laughed.

"I almost fell for your trick!"

"You're trying to provoke me into acting, so that the Losa Family Guard still in the Game Mansion can take action, right?"

"Wrong!"

"Not just the Losa Family's Family Guard, but also the Game Mansion's emergency guard!"

"The latter is even more important!"

"And just what you would like to see!"

"After all, you're currently in temporary control of the entire Zone F."

As Send 8 spoke, his gaze at Losa 11 took on an unprecedented intensity.

A formidable enemy!

Before heading to Zone F, his investigation naturally included Losa 11, a beneficiary who had gained a lot from this 'incident'.

In that family dossier, Send 8 could confirm that Losa 11 was a man like himself.

He masked himself with arrogance and presumption.

Losa 11?

With uselessness, with an appearance of indifference to the world.

The difference is, the other party had good luck.

Luck that made him envious to the point of hatred.

To unexpectedly make a profit out of thin air!

Of course!

That was his previous thought!

Now?

All this was part of Losa 11's plan!

Send 8 was certain of it!

Look at this bastard's tactics. The henchmen he'd just paid a good price for, he could ignore completely, making his probing totally ineffective, and then, he dared use himself as 'bait' to lure him into action.

A ruthless person!

But he underestimated Send 8 too much.

He wasn't a fool like Send 9.

"Losa 11, I know you can hear me."

"Do you still want to keep up this pretense?"

"After this incident, who will still believe your act?"

Send 8 sneered.

Even though Losa 11 was still snoring, it didn't prevent Send 8 from continuing.

"Once a disguise is exposed, it's of no use."

"On the contrary, those who previously scorned you will only become more vigilant."

"The more they scorned you before, the more wary they are now!"

"You don't want to face so many enemies, do you?"

"Especially when you're isolated and without support!"

"So

"We can cooperate!"

"We can carve out more living space in Zone F our way!"

"Even, Zone F might become our personal territory!"

"The manpower and funds I've accumulated over the years are enough to help you achieve this, and then, I want forty percent of it!"

As Send 8 spoke, he looked expectantly at Losa 11.

But the snoring continued.

This sight made Send 8's eyes twitch.

What he had just said was, of course, a lie.

The manpower and funds he had amassed over the years were real, but not that plentiful, and moreover, he didn't just want forty percent, he wanted it all!

He wanted the whole of Zone F!

As he spoke those words, he had of course considered how Losa 11 might refute them.

He had also thought about how to engage in a tug-of-war-like conversation with Losa 11.

But he had not anticipated that Losa 11 would simply ignore him.

This made Send 8 feel like punching cotton.

However, the conversation had to go on.

But just carrying on this conversation made Send 8 very uncomfortable, awkward, and uneasy.

So, Send 8 subconsciously looked over at Jason, who was completely indifferent, continuously eating.

Here, aside from Losa 11, there was only Jason left.

Since Losa 11 couldn't be moved,

He decided to prod Jason a bit.

After all, it wouldn't be fatal, would it?

Chapter 817: A Pot Falls from the Sky

Jason was non-lethal.

The Send Family's 8th heir truly thought so.

To the average person, every "Brutalizer" was terrifying, chilling to the bone, but for Send 8, born into the "Send Family," a "Brutalizer" was nothing more than a tool person.

A tool that made the family even more stable, more powerful!

It was also one of the family's assets.

That was in the past.

After the “incident” before, Jason had already clearly aligned with the “Losa Family.”

But what did that matter?

A tool, was still a tool.

It just shifted from one family to another.

Essentially, it was still a tool.

So why should he be afraid?

Moreover, Send 8 had come prepared.

Apart from the visible bodyguards, he had an invisible bodyguard; that individual truly was the one protecting his safety.

"Brutalizer"?

Ha.

In the eyes of his protector, it was just a slightly stronger ordinary person.

Therefore, Send 8 confidently used Jason as a step for easing the atmosphere.

He walked around from beside the sofa to face Jason.

He intended to “use” Jason in a condescending manner.

However, even though Jason was sitting cross-legged, munching on roast goose, Jason’s own physique was much taller and more robust than an ordinary person, whereas Send 8 was just average height.

Thus, the condescending posture did not materialize.

This made Send 8 frown.

He felt dissatisfied.

Then, he lifted his foot and kicked away the empty plate by Jason’s side.

Smack!

The empty plate, once holding roast goose, hit the wall and shattered.

Fragments scattered.

Crisp noise.

It caused Jason, who was indulging in the delicacy in his hand, to lift his head.

The hockey mask slightly pushed up, revealing his mouth, jaw, and the eyes nearly obscured, leaving only a sliver – the original eye positions on the hockey mask appeared empty.

Such hollowness was discomfoting.

Or rather, the mask itself was terrorizing.

Everyone felt that way.

Send 8 was no exception.

An inexplicable sense of fear made Send 8 involuntarily take a step back.

It was instinctive.

But the next moment, anger appeared on Send 8's face.

Was he actually afraid of a tool?

This made Send 8 feel ashamed.

Instantly, Send 8 stepped forward again and shouted in a high-pitched voice.

"You really are useless!"

"I've already kicked your plate, and you don't even know how to fight back?"

"Those videos before, they were edited, right?"

Send 8 spoke in a provocative tone.

Like fear,

This too was instinctive.

He used this provocation to cover up the fear that belonged to him.

This was nothing new.

He had always done so.

And it had always been effective.

Because he was the 8th in line to the Send Family.

Even if people looked down on him, they would still fear the “Send Family” and understand what they should do.

And Send 8 believed Jason would be the same.

So when he saw Jason grip the handle of his knife, he was not worried or afraid, but instead said with a chuckle.

"What? Want to kill me?"

"Come on!"

Send 8 had seen others who wanted to act to maintain their "dignity," but without exception, they all ended up throwing away even more "dignity."

No matter how much blustering, it was fake.

It couldn't become real.

It couldn't...

Gurgle!

Send 8 was still thinking when his disdainful gaze caught a fleeting Cold light.

Blood-red filled his vision in an instant.

It wasn't his.

It was his true bodyguard's.

The one ordinary people couldn't see, laid there in a pool of blood, body severed.

Send 8 was stunned.

He had never thought someone could detect his bodyguard; at least in his understanding, no one in the Game Mansion, District F, should have been able to.

So how did Jason find out?

Send 8 thought, but quickly threw the thought out of his mind.

Because—

Jason turned his head towards him.

Panic-stricken.

Filled with fear.

A surge of negative emotions burst forth from the bottom of Send 8's heart in that instant.

"Wait, we can discuss

Gurgle!

The Broad Blade Cleaver cut through the target's neck as reliably as ever.

Send 8's following words never left his lips as he fell backward, looking at the sky.

His head flew off.

Blood sprayed out.

The entire “Brutalizer Apartment” fell into a deathly silence.

Whether it was Send 8’s bodyguards, Bildler, Pers, Roslor, Galen, they were all in shock.

They looked at Jason holding the knife, mouths agape, voices dead in their throats, utterly inexpressible.

After four or five seconds, one of the bodyguards finally shouted shrilly.

"You’ve killed His Excellency Send 8!"

That cry woke everyone up.

The “Send Family” bodyguards, turning pale as if grieving, then became fierce, rushing madly towards Jason.

They knew they were dead.

If Send 8 suffered the slightest injury, they could not live, not to mention his direct death.

But they still had families.

To ensure their families could survive.

They had to kill Jason.

"Kill him!"

The bodyguards shouting loudly swarmed in.

But, to Jason, it didn't matter.

These meticulously selected, well-trained bodyguards, to the current Jason, still resulted in one strike each.

Chapter 818: A Pot Falls from the Sky_2

No exceptions.

And no surprises.

It only took a dozen seconds for the bodies to cover the floor of 'Brutalizer Apartment'.

"Clean up."

Jason picked up a controller and pressed the corresponding button.

After Losa 11 upgraded his privileges, the functions on this controller became more numerous, and moreover, all the functions were free, including some special entertainment activities.

However, Jason didn't even give them a glance.

He already had food, other entertainment activities?

Jason had no interest in them whatsoever.

Several cleaning robots emerged from a space beneath the floor.

Then, they each began to take care of the bodies.

In less than ten minutes, the entire 'Brutalizer Apartment' was as good as new.

Not only the bodies but not a single trace of blood was left behind.

The air was still fragrant with the scent of barbecued meat—this was the air freshener Jason had specifically requested.

Then, Jason placed another order.

He had not yet fulfilled his desire to eat ten roasted geese in a row due to Send 8's interruption, so he naturally wanted to continue where he left off.

And the drunken Losa 11 just turned over on the sofa, settling into a more comfortable position.

Everything seemed unchanged before his very eyes.

Just like before.

The only change was the absence of Send 8.

But Bilder, with a swollen nose and face, knew that things were far from simple.

He looked at Pers, then at Roslor, and then at Galen.

A deep concern could be seen in the eyes of all four men.

They knew they were in deep trouble.

And in reality?

The trouble was even greater than they had imagined.

...

Send 8 was dead!

Such news spread like a gale throughout the entire 'Game Mansion' in Zone F.

It's not that they didn't want to hide it.

But without prior arrangement, the surveillance had clearly recorded it.

The person in charge of surveillance reported this news as it was, reporting it higher.

He had not hidden it.

Nor did he dare to do so.

Even, when reporting, his voice trembled.

And after further confirmation of the report, the news of Send 8's death started to spread beyond Zone F.

In a swiftly moving hovercar, Send 3 sat with his eyes closed, listening to the soft music, seemingly half-asleep or deep in sleep.

However, the flickering movement beneath his eyelids proved that the third heir of the 'Send Family' was far from asleep, but rather deep in thought.

Across from Send 3, an average-looking middle-aged man sat, flipping through documents with great care.

Losa 11?

Looking at the information about the eleventh heir of the 'Losa Family,' the middle-aged man could be sure that this person was like Master Send 8, someone disguising their true self.

No!

He was even better at it than Master Send 8.

After all, Master Send 8's disguise had been discovered before.

But Losa 11?

Never!

Everyone had taken this heir of the 'Losa Family' for a useless, good-for-nothing person.

Had it not been for this 'incident,' the other party would have certainly continued hiding their true self.

Until the day they had amassed enough strength to reveal their sharp edges!

Just...

This 'incident,' was Losa 11 being 'exposed' truly an accident?

Or could it be infighting within the 'Losa Family'?

Or perhaps the intervention of other families?

Compared to the latter, Edel, as the secretary of Send 3, preferred to believe the former.

After all, it was very much like those two's style to do such a thing.

And moreover, it was all too coincidental.

The thought that this 'incident' could be yet another 'screening' by the 'Losa Family' caused the middle-aged secretary to involuntarily rub his temples.

The affairs of the 'Losa Family,' he didn't want to touch them at all.

The head of that family, and the first heir...

Just thinking about those two made his back go cold.

But he had no choice.

Ever since becoming the secretary of Send 3, some things had already changed.

His status, wealth, and power had all increased.

Accordingly, sacrifice was also necessary.

After all, there is no such thing as a free lunch in this world.

"Edel, are you afraid?"

Send 3, who had been keeping his eyes closed, opened them and looked at his secretary.

The middle-aged secretary didn't hide it and nodded.

"Yes, after all, it's very likely we'll be facing those two!"

"You worry too much."

"I can assure you, it's not them."

"But... them!"

Send 3 first smiled at his secretary, then sat up straight and lengthened his tone.

They?

The middle-aged secretary was startled, then realization dawned on his face.

"So, young master, you 'encouraged' Send 8 to go to Zone F?"

Although Edel had guessed the reason and effect, he still showed uncertainty and confusion.

As a competent secretary, he not only had to handle various tasks for his boss but also needed to complement his boss and help highlight his boss's wisdom when necessary.

This was a must for a qualified secretary.

Undoubtedly, Edel was such a secretary.

Upon hearing his secretary's doubts, Send 3's smile became even more natural.

Although Edel was competent, he was still a bit off when it came to the big picture.

Wanting Edel to be more helpful to him, Send 3 was not stingy with his explanation at this time.

"Correct."

"It was I who 'encouraged' him to go."

"But such 'encouragement' was simply going with the flow."

"That guy was becoming restless—like a hungry wolf. If we didn't let him out, he would have started devouring those around him, which Father wouldn't want to see."

Chapter 819: A Pot Falls from the Sky_3

"So, I need to help Father deal with this."

Send 3 spoke slowly.

"Young Master is wise."

Edel's face showed admiration, followed by a suitably expressed concern.

"Won't Young Master Send 8 encounter any trouble?"

The middle-aged secretary continued to inquire.

"Of course not."

"Although that guy is arrogant and domineering on the surface, he's actually very shrewd behind the scenes. He wouldn't provoke those he can't afford to provoke. His target must be the useless Losa 11."

"There should be some disputes between them, but it will definitely be within a controllable range."

"Then

"We just wait for my dear brother to 'fish them out'."

Send 3 said confidently.

The middle-aged secretary's face showed even more admiration.

As for using one's own brother as bait?

It's all too normal.

Not only does the 'Send Family' do it, but so do the Hundred Major Families.

However, even with such practices, compared to the 'Losa Family', it's still much more benevolent.

Fighting without breaking is the philosophy of these families.

And the 'Losa Family'?

It's normal for them that either you die or I perish.

Such disregard for kin and ruthlessness also led many to call them the 'Madman Family'.

They' have really made a big move this time!"

"Almost turned the whole F area into chaos."

"If it weren't for that useless Losa 11's good luck, we might have really sparked a so-called 'war'."

"Before I left, Father had even already prepared the family's army."

Facing his personal secretary, Send 3 didn't hold back and shared some sensitive information.

"Has it become that serious?"

Edel looked shocked.

Although Edel had always been cautious about ‘them,’ he never believed that ‘they’ could affect any one of the Hundred Major Families, let alone mobilize an army.

After all, no matter how deep a fierce mouse hides, it can’t face the hunt of a group of cats.

"Of course not."

"They are just an excuse."

"It must be because of Butler Xilin’s affair."

"Hmph, ‘Gibson Family’, ‘Hera Family’, ‘Amiel Family’."

Send 3 sneered coldly.

Edel’s face turned serious. He nodded slightly, paying silent tribute to the butler with his actions.

And in his lowered eyes, there was full of shock.

Edel certainly knew about the three families, 'Gibson Family', 'Hera Family', 'Amiel Family', driving the butler to his death, but he couldn't understand why the Family Head would deploy the army for a butler.

Did Xilin have some secret?

Edel couldn't help but speculate.

As for it being because of sentiment?

Edel wouldn't believe it for a second.

His Family Head was not the kind to be deeply emotional and righteous.

Even if he was, once he became the head of the 'Send Family', he was not anymore.

"When Xilin left the family estate, he reported to my father that he had discovered 'their' traces, and also, left a secret signal—that there seemed to be something extraordinary in 'their' secret base."

"However, the information sent by Butler Xilin was 'hijacked'."

"Until his death, it went unnoticed. If it wasn't for the family implementing a triple-check system and the third check being personally overseen by Father, the message might never have been discovered,"

Send 3 clarified the doubts for his secretary.

"So, is that the real reason why the 'Gibson Family', 'Hera Family', 'Amiel Family' forced Butler Xilin to his death? For that extraordinary thing?"

Edel echoed with a question.

"Definitely!"

"They

Send 3 nodded his head, ready to continue speaking, but at that moment, his phone rang.

Without any hesitation, Send 3 answered the call.

Edel quickly adjusted his stance.

Because he knew very well that the ringing of the phone meant something big had occurred.

Edel wasn't wrong.

He watched as Send 3's expression, which had held a smile just a moment before, darkened.

This made the middle-aged secretary afraid to even breathe.

About a dozen seconds later, the third in line to inherit the 'Send Family' hung up the phone and with a tone that was somber, angry, and incredulous, said, "Send 8 is dead."

Then, pausing, Send 3 spoke again—

"It was done by Losa 11."

Chapter 820: Desperate Losa 11

Losa 11 did what?!

Edel was stunned.

Isn't Losa 11 supposed to be a deadbeat?

How could he possibly take down Send 8?

Although Send 8 had always been arrogant and overbearing in the 'Send Family,' giving the impression of being another sort of 'deadbeat,' even so, a 'deadbeat' was still the eighth in line to inherit in the 'Send Family.'

How could Losa 11 dare?

Was he not concerned about igniting a war between two major families?

Or could it be...

Was this the intention of the 'Losa Family'?

Suddenly, a chill ran through the middle-aged secretary's heart.

He thought of the two frightening figures within the 'Losa Family.'

And sitting across from him, Send 3 was also deep in thought.

"Bring me Losa 11's information."

"Especially his performance within the 'Losa Family' and his relationship with those two, I want the most detailed information."

Send 3 instructed.

Clearly, this third-in-line heir to the 'Send Family' had arrived at a conjecture similar to that of his secretary.

Before long, the information was in Send 3's hands.

It was not just data about Losa 11, but also video footage from the incident at the 'Game Mansion' in District F was brought before Send 3.

As he browsed through Losa 11's information and watched the footage, Send 3's brows furrowed slightly.

The information was normal, just as he knew.

But the footage?

Abnormal!

Far too abnormal!

How could an heir of the Hundred Major Families casually open the 'Brutalizer Apartment's' 'door,' not to mention drunkenly collapse in front of the other person.

Without any guard?

Impossible!

There must have been precautions, but ones that outsiders could hardly detect.

Send 3 scrutinized the footage closely.

When he saw Jason kill Send 8's bodyguard and Send 8, he suddenly paused the footage.

In this still image, a crimson hue dominated most of the screen, yet Losa 11's face was serene, comfortably turning over.

Such movements are natural when someone is deep asleep.

But amidst blood and corpses, it seemed out of place.

As if nothing could threaten him.

As if everything was...

Under his control!

A cold light flashed in Send 3's eyes.

"Losa 11," he murmured the name softly, then, bowing his head, he began to review the 'incident' documents once more.

However, unlike before, he read more meticulously and pondered more deeply.

Therefore, some details he had previously overlooked started to 'surface.'

"Edel, have you noticed that the methods of the 'Planner' seem familiar?"

As he spoke, Send 3 looked up and handed the documents in his hand to his secretary.

After receiving the documents, the middle-aged secretary began to examine them closely.

Like Send 3, Edel had seen these documents before.

However, he hadn't connected the key points to Losa 11.

Now, as the links came together, a 'truth' he never imagined flashed before his eyes.

Shock!

Disbelief!

Such emotions started to appear on Edel's face.

After going through the documents once more, Edel finally looked up.

He looked at Send 3 and took a deep breath.

"We underestimated this Losa 11," said the middle-aged secretary.

"Indeed," replied Send 3.

"Who would have thought that he was behind all of this?"

"What a terrifying individual!"

Send 3 nodded and sighed softly.

Edel nodded in agreement.

Starting with the 'Send Family,' then the 'Gibson Family,' 'Hera Family,' and 'Amiel Family' as the outcome, using 'them' to conceal his moves.

Innocently presenting himself, he relished the final fruits of victory.

Such a person could naturally be termed fearsome.

Particularly since until just now, he had still been looking down on the other party.

Had it not been for the death of Send 8, he might have continued to do so indefinitely.

Thinking of this, the middle-aged secretary shuddered.

"What about the death of young master Send 8?" he asked.

He had an inkling of the gist but at this moment, following the 'Secretary's Creed,' he naturally turned the opportunity over to Send 3.

"Of course it's 'them'!"

"Butler Xilin discovered something extraordinary in 'their' secret base, and Losa 11 did too, even before Butler Xilin — and this sealed Butler Xilin's fate."

"Losa 11 wouldn't let anyone get hold of that item, thus he commenced this 'setup.'"

"And Send 8?"

"He must have uncovered something extremely important, which is why Losa 11 would 'expose' himself rather than let him live."

Send 3 slowly reached his conclusion.

Then, the third-in-line heir to the 'Send Family' once again asked thoughtfully.

"What could that item be?"

Edel maintained an appropriate silence.

Not only because he didn't know what the item was, but also because he knew that Send 3 had made a decision.

Send 8 was dead.

As his older brother, Send 3 couldn't just sit idly by.

Moreover, Send 3 bore some responsibility for Send 8's death.

Even if just for the family's 'score,' Send 3 was bound for District F.

And that had been their original itinerary all along.

Only Losa 11...

A formidable adversary!

Edel thought to himself, swiftly composing his thoughts.

Facing such a fearsome foe, he dared not let his guard down.

Whew!

The floating car sped up still more.

District F drew ever closer!

...

Hiss!

My head aches so much!