Menu 821

| Chapter 821: Desperate Losa 11_2 |
|--|
| I clearly didn't drink much, did I? |
| When Losa 11's consciousness had just recovered, he felt as if his head was about to split open. He groaned while holding his head, and then, he lifted his hand subconsciously to reach for the honey water at his bedside. |
| This was his habit. |
| After sobering up from drunkenness, he would always drink honey water. |
| The servants had even prepared it early on. |
| But this time was different. |
| He touched nothing. |
| Not to mention honey water, there wasn't even a nightstand. |
| Huh? |
| Losa 11 was stunned. |
| Subconsciously, he opened his eyes. |
| Strange ceiling. |
| Strange bed no, it was a sofa. |

| And there's more! |
|--|
| A back that seemed vaguely familiar. |
| Shaking his head, Losa 11 finally recognized who the figure was as the sound of chewing reached his ears. |
| "Morning, Jason." |
| Losa 11 greeted with a smile. |
| Seeing Jason keep on eating, completely ignoring him, Losa 11 was not at all surprised. |
| Jason seemed interested in nothing but eating. |
| Including having a conversation with him. |
| As for being afraid of Jason? |
| Nonexistent. |
| Losa 11 was very clear that if Jason had wanted to harm him, under the stupor he had just experienced, he would have died many times over already. |
| Since Jason did not strike while he was unconscious, |
| There was even less likelihood after he had woken up. |

| Because, there was no need. |
|--|
| Who would strike against someone like him, a useless good-for-nothing, a salted fish? |
| Especially when he still held the identity of the eleventh in line to the Losa Family inheritance. |
| It was simply a thankless task. |
| Despite his reluctant feelings towards this identity, Losa 11 knew what it brought him. |
| A life so lavish it bordered on extravagance. |
| A status unattainable by ordinary people. |
| With such premises, he couldn't possibly say "This isn't what I want." |
| To say such words would be utterly shameless. |
| Losa 11 couldn't do that. |
| Hiss! |
| Losa 11 took another sharp breath. |
| No matter how noble the 'Losa Family' identity was, he was sure that this status did nothing to help his hangover. |
| Lying on the sofa, Losa 11 started to rub his temples. |





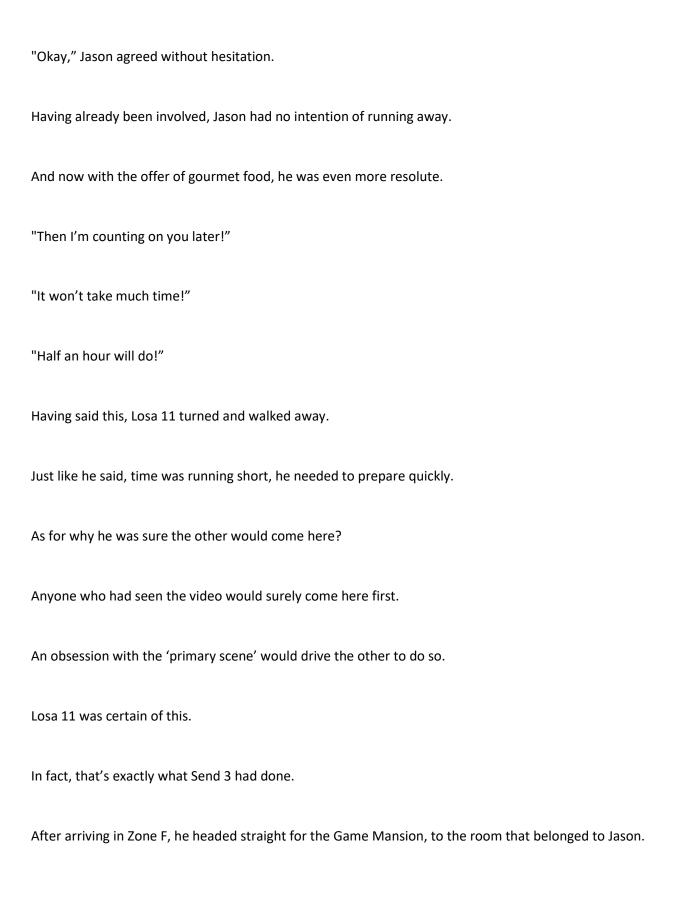




| Losa 11 stated confidently. |
|---|
| However, on seeing the serious expressions of Billder, Pers, Roslor, and Galen, at the end, this eleventh in line to the Losa Family got serious as well. |
| At times like this, even the 'Golden Lamb' understood the gravity of the situation. |
| Not to mention Losa 11. |
| "We don't have much time left." |
| "I knew Send 8," he confessed. |
| "Despite the previous 'incident,' his being here must have been at the behest of one of his older brothers or sisters." |
| "That means, when Send 8 set off for Zone F, the others were close behind him!" |
| "So, members of the 'Send Family' will arrive quicker than we imagined." |
| Losa 11 explained. |
| Billder's brow furrowed deeply. |
| Pers and Roslor looked panicked. |
| Galen had already clenched his fists. |
| |







| Send 3, step by step, approached, eyes scanning the corridor, comparing it to the images in his mind, and finally, his gaze locked onto Jason, who sat cross-legged, continuously chewing and swallowing food. |
|---|
| He didn't speak immediately but scrutinized. |
| After a full ten seconds, the other finally spoke— |
| "Do you want to truly live?" |
| Chapter 822: The Real Losa 11? |
| When Send 3 spoke these words, he deliberately adjusted his stance to appear less condescending. His gaze softened, and gentleness seeped into his voice unintentionally, his face carrying a trace of a smile. |
| Such a posture was full of friendliness, more akin to a friend's. |
| Jason, on the other hand, didn't even lift his head, continuing to sit cross-legged there, eating a roast lamb leg. |
| You're talking about roast goose? |
| That's in the past. |
| 10 roast geese, already finished. |
| Now it's 100 roast lamb legs. |
| The crispy exterior and tender inside of the roasted lamb legs, paired with cumin, chili powder, sesame, and other dipping sauces, truly made Jason feel a sense of bliss. |

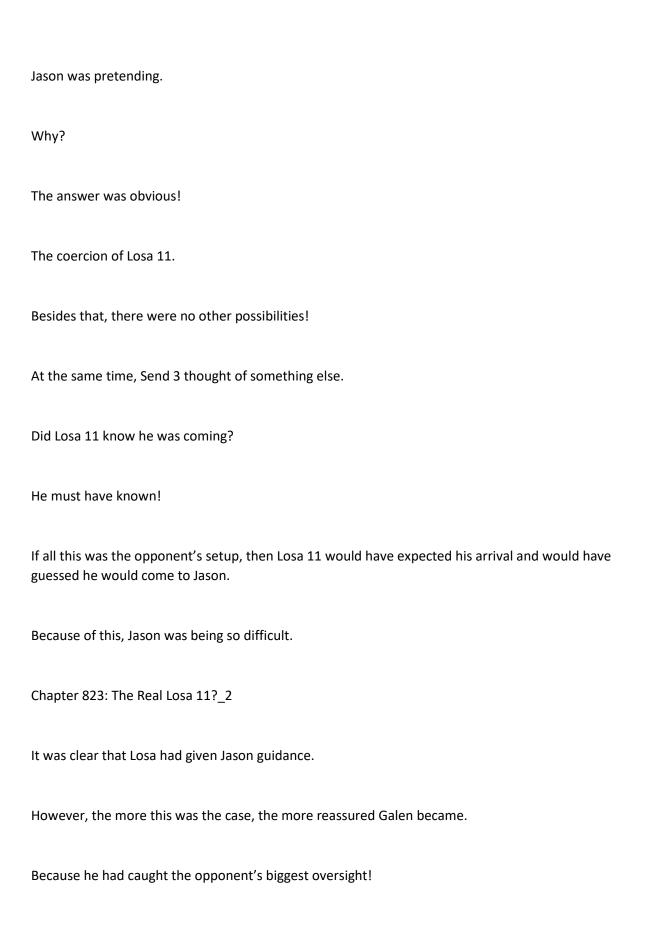
| The taste is good! |
|---|
| Once again, Jason praised the chefs of the 'Game Mansion.' |
| Watching Jason being fully engaged, Send 3 slightly furrowed his brows. |
| His recent words had been carefully prepared. |
| Long before entering the 'Game Mansion,' Send 3 had put himself in someone else's shoes. |
| As a 'Brutalizer,' trapped and with a cunning collaborator like Losa 11, what did Jason need? |
| Freedom, that was the first thing. |
| But considering the identity of 'Brutalizer,' deriving pleasure from 'torturing' became the second thing. |
| This was not any secret information. |
| Some seasoned 'audience members' could guess this. |
| Not to mention him, the third in line to the Send Family's succession. |
| Of course, there might be things he didn't know about. |
| The first two things were traceable. |
| The latter, he couldn't speculate for the time being. |
| Therefore, he must use some words in their stead. |

| What could be a more natural, more suitable vague word than 'living'? |
|---|
| It would naturally be to prepend 'truly' to 'living.' |
| Send 3 was quite confident that anyone in Jason's situation would surely react upon hearing this. |
| Whether it was mockery, refutation, or recognition, empathy. |
| There would be a reaction. |
| And as long as there was a reaction, he could naturally continue speaking, using words to break through the other's inner defenses, thereby obtaining everything he wanted. |
| He was confident he could do so. |
| But, something seemed amiss. |
| Jason's current behavior made him feel as if, in Jason's heart, the roast lamb leg in his hands was more attractive than he was. |
| A pretense? |
| Send 3 couldn't help but ponder inwardly. |
| His spoken words, however, did not stop. |
| "I am not a person of great tolerance, but I am willing to give you, Jason, a chance—a chance you've earned for yourself. In the previous two contests, as well as the 'riot incident,' you've exhibited extraordinary performance. You are already the victor of the F Section Finals, and soon you will represent F Section in the A Section for the grand finale." |

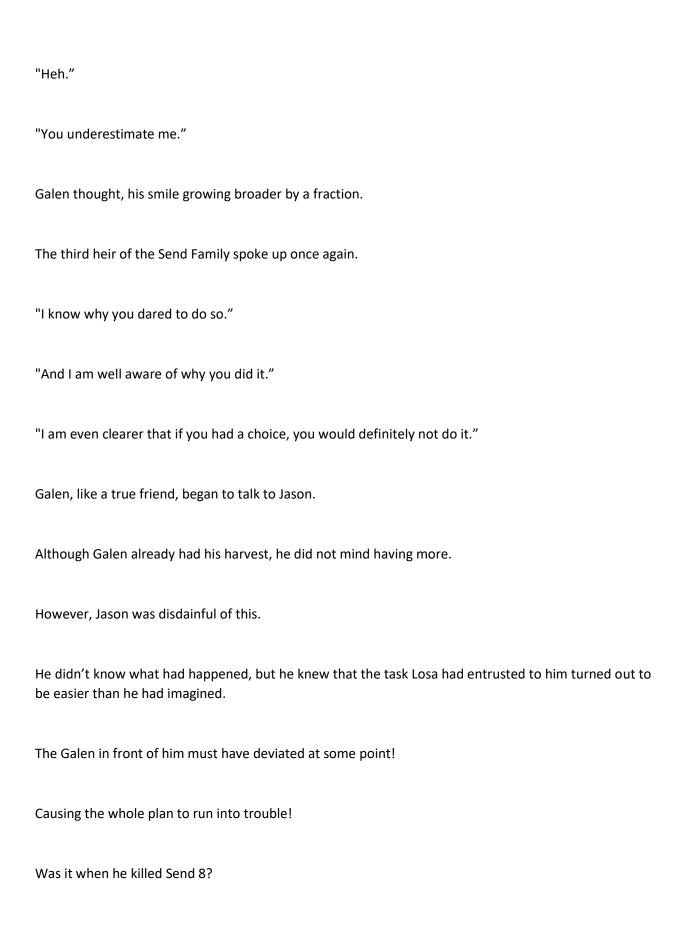
| "Compared to the F Section contests, the grand finale in A Section is the stage people pay attention to, and the true battlefield where everything changes in an instant. One misstep can lead to utter destruction, so, Jason, would you like an extra bit of assistance?" |
|---|
| "An assistance that goes well beyond what Losa 11 could offer." |
| "With this assistance, you could have a much greater chance of securing the final victory." |
| "And then |
| "Truly live!" |
| Send 3 continued to probe. |
| His words flowed naturally, devoid of bluff. |
| He had already reviewed Jason's data. |
| He knew very well that the seemingly brute big guy in front of him had a rather delicate heart. |
| So, he chose to be truthful. |
| In areas where he couldn't give an accurate answer, he also used descriptions like 'a much greater chance.' |
| Jason picked up a pinch of cumin and sprinkled it onto the lamb leg. |
| Send 3's eyes were fixed, waiting for Jason's reply. |

| Jason bit into the remaining lamb leg with restrained openness, only slightly parting his lips. |
|---|
| Crack! |
| The crispy skin made a light sound, juices splattering everywhere. |
| Eventually, the whole lamb leg bone was also put into that mouth. |
| Crunch, crunch. |
| Amidst the chewing sounds of teeth and bone, Jason picked up a napkin next to him to wipe his mouth, pulled down his mask, turned, and looked at Send 3 outside the 'door.' |
| Seeing Jason's actions, Send 3 smiled. |
| He believed he had moved Jason. |
| But immediately, that smile froze. |
| "No one understands truly living better than I do!" |
| "Or perhaps |
| "You want a true eternal rest?" |
| Jason answered. |
| His voice wasn't loud or low but maintained an even pace. |

| Both were indicative of Jason's resolute attitude. |
|--|
| This response wasn't what Send 3 wanted. |
| Ignoring the disrespect in Jason's words, he quickly adjusted his frozen smile to a more amicable gesture and knocked on the 'door.' |
| "Even so?" |
| "Or say |
| "Like this?" |
| Send 3 gestured toward the dish next to Jason, his face displaying an appropriate amount of regret. |
| Jason looked squarely at him. |
| Though his face under the mask was unclear, Jason's emotionless eyes made Send 3 briefly think that Jason might mean what he said. |
| But how could that be possible? |
| What kind of person could stay calmly in a cage? |
| Just because of food? |
| For Send 3, this was inconceivable. |
| So, he confirmed his previous hypothesis. |







| Or earlier? |
|---|
| Or some other time? |
| Jason couldn't be sure, but there was one thing he could be certain of—the Galen before him was even more despicable than the Send 8 he had killed. |
| Just now, Jason had sensed genuine malice from him. |
| If Send 8 was a foolish fox pretending to have a tiger's might, |
| Then Galen was a venomous snake with honeyed words and a hidden blade. |
| The other used smiles and words to numb his prey. |
| And then? |
| Swallow them whole. |
| "What Losa can offer you," |
| "I can offer too." |
| "Even more," |
| "Far beyond your imagination," |
| Galen emphasized. |

| This wasn't the first time he emphasized this, but it was the most direct, and such words made Jason sure that the other party must have misunderstood something, considering all that had happened before. |
|---|
| It seemed like a misunderstanding was to be expected! |
| If he hadn't seen Losa with his own eyes, he too would have been misled by Losa, thinking it was all intentional, an act. |
| Otherwise, how could there be so many coincidences? |
| When Send 8 arrived here, it just so happened that Losa was with him. |
| Then, a conflict erupted. |
| And after that, Send 8 died. |
| The timing, the location, all too coincidental! |
| He could tell from Losa's breathing and heartbeat that Losa wasn't acting, but other people couldn't. What they saw from the recording was just superficial appearances. |
| And appearances are the easiest to deceive with. |
| Since that was the case, then— |
| "What I want, you cannot give." |
| Jason said indifferently. |

| His task was to buy time, so just going along with the other's words would be enough. |
|---|
| As for more? |
| That was for Losa to handle. |
| Indeed! |
| Upon hearing Jason's words, realization flashed in Galen's eyes. |
| Just as he had expected. |
| Everything was Losa's doing. |
| "Such a terrifying person!" |
| "Had it not been for this incident, probably everyone would still be kept in the dark by you." |
| "However, now that you've exposed yourself, afterwards heh." |
| Galen sneered inwardly. |
| A venomous snake hidden in the underbrush is the most dangerous. Once it leaves the underbrush and comes into people's sight, the danger is halved. |
| The other half? |
| It's hardly a concern. |



| He needed a decisive chip. |
|--|
| The identity of the third heir of the Send Family was such a chip. |
| But unexpectedly, when he revealed his identity, Jason did not show the envy or astonishment common to those learning of his status. Instead, Jason looked past him. |
| Behind him? |
| Galen was startled. |
| Almost instinctively, Galen turned his head to look. |
| And when he clearly saw the person behind, his body trembled, and words spilled out. |
| "Losa, what are you doing here!" |
| Seeing the young man in a white suit with his hair slicked back, revealing a broad forehead and eyes as sharp as blades, Galen's eyes widened and his breathing quickened. |
| Chapter 824: The Real Losa 11?_3 |
| Losa 1! |
| An esteemed figure among the youth of the Hundred Major Families. |
| Ever since he took over part of the 'Losa Family' industries, every move he made was cruel and merciless. |
| Even, cruelty and mercilessness had become his label. |

| But what drew more attention was his strategizing! |
|---|
| Every move was so flawless! |
| Every move was so insane! |
| Madman! |
| That was the majority's assessment of this young man! |
| And at this moment, Send 3's fingers trembled slightly. |
| Could all this be Losa 1's layout? |
| Had I already walked into his trap? |
| The color drained from Send 3's face slightly. |
| He knew all too well there was only one outcome of falling into Losa 1's trap: death. |
| But then, he noticed something was off. |
| The Losa 1 before him was tall and straight, but there was something different from his memory, the shoulders not quite broad enough, the complexion somewhat pale. |
| This anomaly made Send 3 take another look. |
| 3, 4 seconds later, Send 3 exclaimed in surprise. |





| Despite the similar face, the change in hairstyle and clothes had somehow dramatically altered his demeanor? |
|---|
| This seemed unbelievable to Jason. |
| After all, a person's demeanor isn't something that can just change at will—it is a characteristic that forms over time, representing the inner self. |
| An extraordinary talent for imitation? |
| The most genuine record of the body? |
| Or |
| Was this his true appearance? |
| Jason wondered. |
| Losa 11 was starting to lose his composure. |
| "Has he gone?" |
| The 11th in line for succession of the 'Losa Family' quietly asked his personal bodyguard. |
| "He has." |
| Billder answered. |

| Immediately, Losa 11 sat down against the wall, his legs shaking uncontrollably. |
|---|
| About three or four seconds later, Losa 11 struggled to stand up. |
| "Pers, where is the bathroom?" |
| "My pants are a bit wet." |
| Chapter 825: Midfield Interlude! |
| Losa 11 reappeared before Jason ten minutes later. |
| The white suit of the eleventh in line to the Losa Family's inheritance had been completely removed, and now he wore blue jeans and a white T-shirt, with his hair returned to its usual style in a slicked-back fashion. |
| What also returned was his harmless demeanor. |
| Jason gazed at the completely nonthreatening Losa 11, his eyes filled with contemplation. |
| Was it truly fear branded deep into the bone that enabled such a high degree of imitation? |
| Humans are contradictory creatures. |
| Though we wish to forget some terrifying scenes, they tend to stick with us. |
| It's not just the scenes themselves, but even our memories and personalities can be influenced. |
| Is the Losa 11 before me such a person? |

| Jason wondered. |
|---|
| Losa 11, however, wasn't thinking so much. The eleventh in line to the Losa Family's inheritance walked right through the door and into Jason's room. |
| "Master Losa 11?" |
| Billder's and Pers' expressions changed. |
| "I have some things to say to Jason." |
| "Could you give us some privacy?" |
| Losa 11 smiled at the two of them as he spoke. |
| Facing such a request, Billder and Pers, although worried about Losa 11's safety, complied. |
| Roslor and Galen, on the other hand, didn't worry at all. |
| Roslor didn't believe Jason would harm Losa 11. |
| As for Galen? |
| He completely idolized Jason above all else. |
| Quickly, the four people in the corridor left the "Brutalizer Apartment," with Pers going so far as to turn off all surveillance. |
| Phew! |



| dignity is needed, even though we likely did our own things while alive. But in the end, we should be together, and surely 'love' will be inscribed on our tombstones – probably the only epitaph we could have." |
|---|
| "Although, it's fake." |
| "But |
| "I don't hate that kind of life! It's what I want! Why does it have to be shattered!" |
| The more Losa 11 spoke, the more worked up he became. |
| Then, Jason heard sobbing. |
| Yes! |
| Sobbing! |
| As he turned his head, Jason saw Losa 11's body twitching as he wiped away tears. |
| Despite the tears blurring the other's eyes, Jason could still see the fear in Losa 11's eyes. |
| So, you've also noticed that something's wrong! |
| Jason thought to himself. |
| All of the recent events seemed too coincidental. If they said this wasn't planned, Jason wouldn't believe it for a second. |
| And the most suspicious, naturally, was Losa 11. |

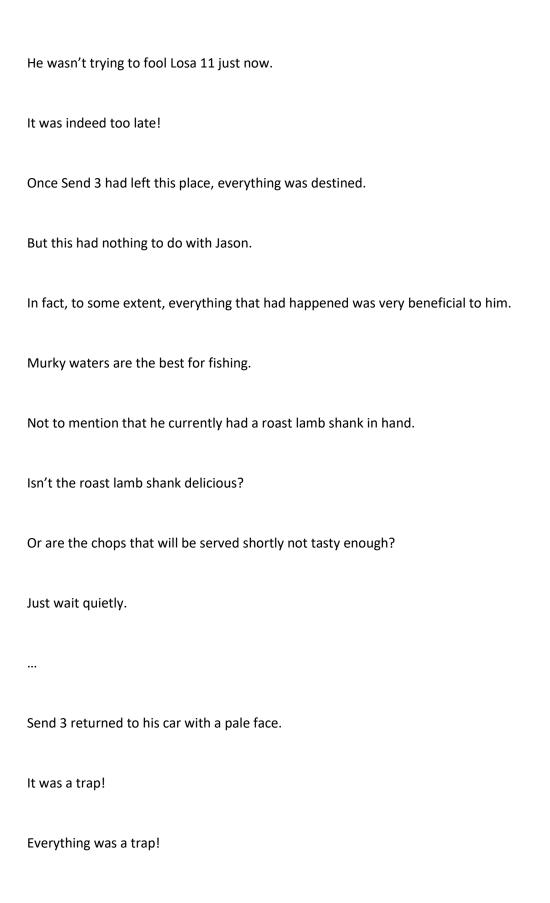
| But could a man scared to the point of wetting his pants and crying really have set up something like this? |
|--|
| Jason remained skeptical. |
| Meanwhile, the suspicion surrounding another individual increased. |
| Even more so, from a certain point of view, this person was more worthy of suspicion. |
| After all, from the beginning, this had all been their "layout"! |
| The Planner who orchestrated the death of Send 9 and triggered the entire Game Mansion Uprising! |
| Although their last scheme didn't succeed, who's to say they didn't have a backup plan? |
| At least, Jason was certain that what the Planner wanted wasn't simply the 'Game Mansion Uprising' everyone saw. |
| Even though it seemed serious to everyone. |
| But don't forget! |
| Chapter 826: Intermezzo in the Middle!_2 |
| As for the internal strife that arose within the Wittes and Luodeni at the time? |
| There was simply no need for it. |

| There were far too many ways to achieve that, and Donna's death as a representative of the "Hera Family" was not necessary at all. |
|--|
| To put it simply, it wasn't worth it. |
| The investment and the return were completely disproportionate. |
| Therefore, in Jason's speculation, there was only one possibility left: the "escape by faking one's own death" tactic! |
| And afterward, the information Jason collected about the other party also confirmed that they seemed to have been prepared for a long time. |
| Starting two years ago, wearing a veil and claiming it was due to a skin disease, although most people accepted this, Jason believed it was the start of the other party's plan. |
| After planning for two years, even daring to infiltrate the "Game Mansion," how could it end so simply? Infiltration! |
| With the collected information about Donna, Jason was fairly certain that Donna was very likely "The Planner" behind the scenes. |
| Of course, whether this Donna was the real Donna, Jason couldn't judge. |
| But he hoped she was. |
| Otherwise, he would have even bigger problems. |
| Imagine for a moment, someone suddenly taking the place of another without being discovered, how strong must this person's learning and imitation abilities be? |

| Moreover, the person being replaced was not just any minor figure but a 'semi-public figure' with the backing of the Hundred Major Families. |
|--|
| This can't simply be explained by strong learning and imitation skills alone. |
| The person must have an extremely secretive and powerful team around them. |
| An even more important point, the person must have mastered some kind of secret technique! |
| Or perhaps |
| A ritual! |
| These thoughts unconsciously surfaced in Jason's mind. |
| Then, he was about to ask Losa 11. |
| Jason wanted to know more. |
| And the Losa 11 before him was a good person to talk to. |
| What could be more suitable than exchanging information with someone who knows the ins and outs of the matter? |
| Especially if this interlocutor is also smart. |
| However, just as Jason was about to speak, Losa 11 raised his head, looking at Jason with tearful eyes. |
| "Losa 1 knows I'm impersonating him; he'll never let me go," |



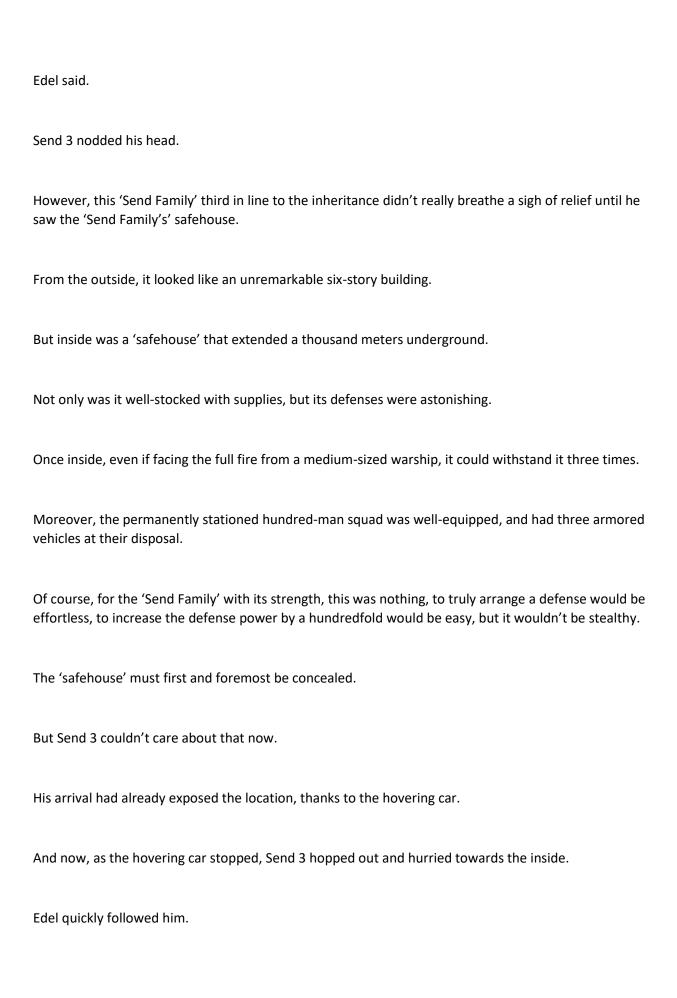












| The entrance was a door controlled by a computer, and as Send 3 placed his palm upon it, a mechanical voice immediately sounded. |
|--|
| Ding! |
| "Authentication successful!" |
| "Welcome, Young Master Send 3!" |
| After the mechanical voice, the iron door opened. |
| Send 3 walked in eagerly. |
| Behind him, the iron door slowly closed. |
| Click! |
| With the metallic clash sound, Send 3 quickened his pace. |
| Only within the actual 'safehouse' could he let down his guard. |
| Therefore, he didn't want to stay put for a moment. |
| But as he walked, his steps halted. |
| A familiar, faint scent wafted into his nose. |
| The smell of blood! |

| Send 3's face changed, and he turned to run. |
|---|
| But, it was too late! |
| The man who had waited for a long time burst out from the shadows, his figure flitted past Send 3 and his secretary. |
| Send 3 fell to the ground. |
| His chest was punctured with a large hole. |
| The beating heart had already vanished. |
| Yet, Send 3 didn't die right away, first, he looked down at his split-open chest, then at the man who had struck him, and finally, his gaze turned towards the woman who was coming slowly from afar. |
| He recognized this woman. |
| It was Donna! |
| Donna, who should have been dead! |
| In a flash, Send 3 thought of many things. |
| "This, this |
| Bang! |

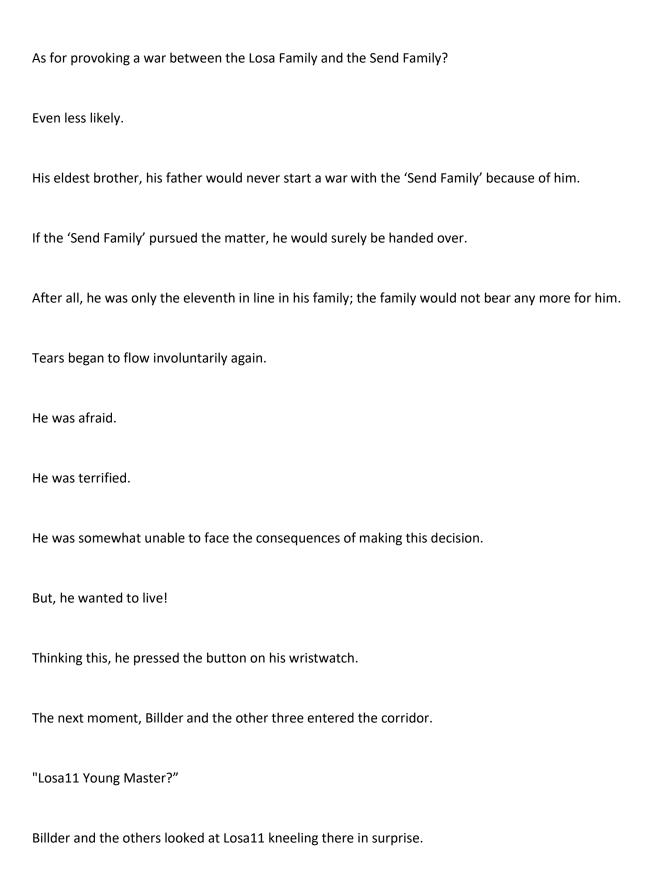
| Struggling, he attempted to speak, but Donna interrupted him with a shot. |
|---|
| With a bullet in his forehead, Send 3 died completely. |
| At this moment, Send 3's phone rang. |
| Ding-a-ling-ling! |
| Seeing the caller ID marked 'Losa 11', Donna's mouth curled into a smile. |
| Then, she cleared her throat twice before answering the call. |
| Without waiting for Losa 11 to speak, she said in a sweet voice filled with overt adoration— |
| "Young master, it's all taken care of!" |
| Chapter 828: Second Cooperation! |
| After speaking in that disguised tone, Donna still didn't wait for Losa11 to speak and hung up the phone. |
| "I hope this young master doesn't start crying." |
| "After all, he is one of the very few good people among those guys." |
| After evaluating Losa11 in such terms, the lady who had planned everything suddenly staggered, and although she steadied herself the next moment, it still alarmed the warrior following her. |
| "Deputy Leader?" |

| Torres asked with concern, his voice full of worry. |
|--|
| He knew very well why they had been able to carry out these seemingly coincidental plans so smoothly. |
| Apart from the Deputy Leader's flawless planning, it was the power of 'that thing' they had borrowed. |
| Otherwise, there was no way they could have deceived those hidden existences among the Hundred Major Families. |
| Of course, such 'borrowing' was not without cost. |
| Yes, there was a price to pay. |
| "It's nothing." |
| "It's still within control." |
| "Cough, cough," |
| Before she could finish her reassuring words, Donna began to cough violently. |
| Scarlet appeared in her palm as she covered her mouth. |
| Donna looked at the crimson, her eyes filled with resignation. |
| The backlash was fiercer than she had imagined. |
| She didn't have much time left. |
| "Torres, we need to speed things up." |

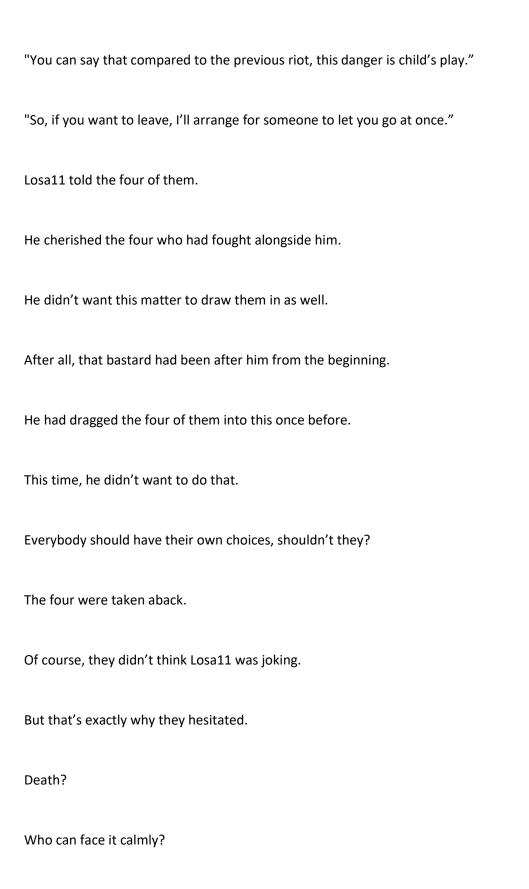
| With those words, Donna quickly walked outside. |
|--|
| Torres looked at the Deputy Leader's retreating figure, his mouth slightly open, wanting to say something, but unable to utter a word. |
| In the end, he pulled out his gun and fired three more shots each at Send3 and the middle-aged secretary before hurriedly following her. |
| Clang! |
| The iron door closed again. |
| Everything returned to silence. |
| And Losa11, holding the phone, stood there in a daze. |
| Who am I? |
| Where am I? |
| What am I doing? |
| What does 'Young master, it's all taken care of' mean? |
| Did I instruct you to do anything? |
| And who are you anyway? |
| |

| Losa11 felt weak all over, leaning against the wall as he knelt down in the corridor. |
|---|
| It seemed to him as though a huge pot had descended from the sky and landed on him. |
| He couldn't explain it! |
| The other party wouldn't give him a chance to explain! |
| Or rather |
| The people around him wouldn't give him the chance to explain either! |
| What to do? |
| What to do? |
| What to do? |
| This question kept rolling over in Losa11's mind. |
| In fact, the answer was already in his heart. |
| To survive, he could only grab the 'Strength' he currently possessed! |
| Then, make himself known. |
| Eventually, compromise. |
| Only then could he survive. |

| But! |
|---|
| Losa11 was certain, if he really did that, he would fall into their trap. |
| And if he didn't? |
| He would just have to wait for death. |
| Caught between a rock and a hard place! |
| "What really is your purpose?" |
| Losa11 murmured to himself. |
| Even now, Losa11 still couldn't see clearly what their aim was. |
| He even lacked a reliable guess. |
| Create another 'riot' within the Game Mansion? |
| No way! |
| The first time, it was unexpected, unguarded, with the enemy having all the advantages, the result of a long-term plot. |
| Now! |
| The entire Game Mansion was already on high alert; such a thing couldn't happen again. |







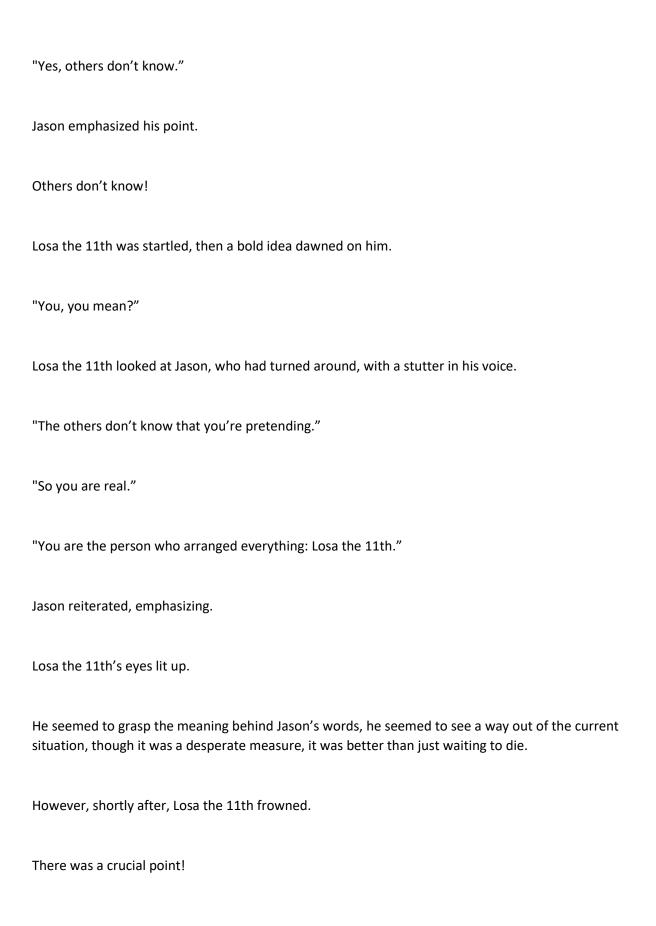
Chapter 829: Second Cooperation!_2 About half a minute later, Roslor was the first to stand out. "Sorry, Losa the 11th Young Master, I have a wife and daughter." Roslor's face was full of shame. "It's okay." "You are the most innocent, you were just dragged into this, don't take it to heart." Losa the 11th said with a smile as he patted the doctor's shoulder. "I hope to accompany Roslor." "I'm somewhat tired of my current life." Billder was the second to speak up. "I don't want this life either, not even a cat." Pers was third. "Hmm." "I understand." "I don't want this life either."



| "But sometimes, white lies are also acceptable." |
|--|
| Once again, Losa the 11th opened the 'door' to Jason's room, walked in shoulder to shoulder with 'Golden Lamb,' without any courtesy, made himself comfortable on the sofa as if it were his own, watched Jason who had already picked up a roast lamb chop, his hands continuously entering commands on his wrist — if he wanted to survive, then he had to fight hard. |
| Galen consciously moved aside. |
| He watched Jason, Losa the 11th, with an irrepressible smile on his face. |
| What could be better than being with Jason? |
| Naturally, having Losa the 11th there as well. |
| Being with his two saviors was just too good to be true. |
| Simple-minded Galen thought this. |
| But Losa the 11th's complexion grew worse and worse. |
| Because none of the commands he issued were answered. |
| Simply put, he was being ignored. |
| Or rather, no one had faith in him. |
| "That's to be expected, after all, I'm just a good-for-nothing living off the 'Losa Family'!" |

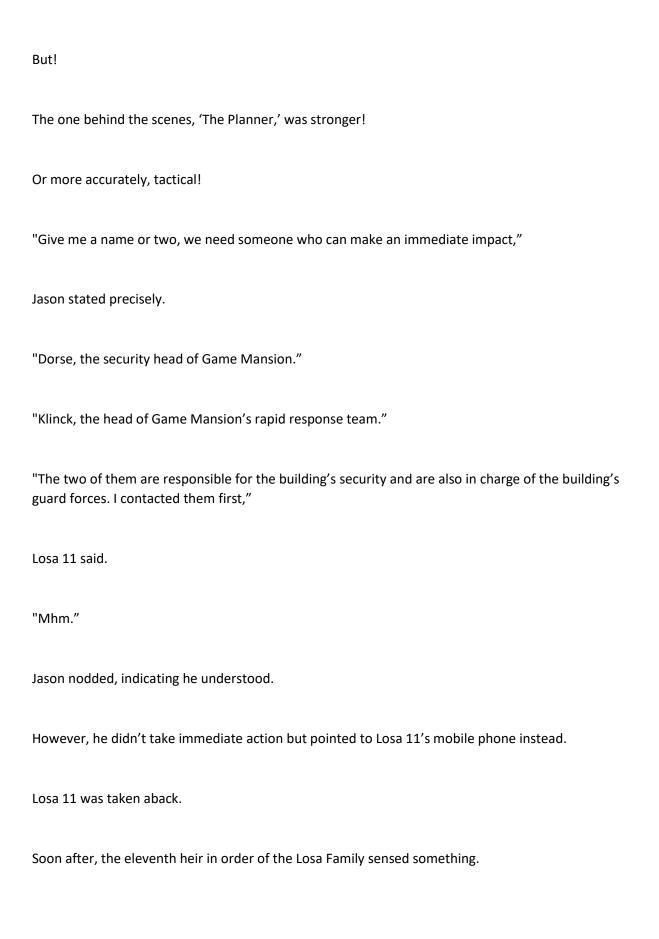


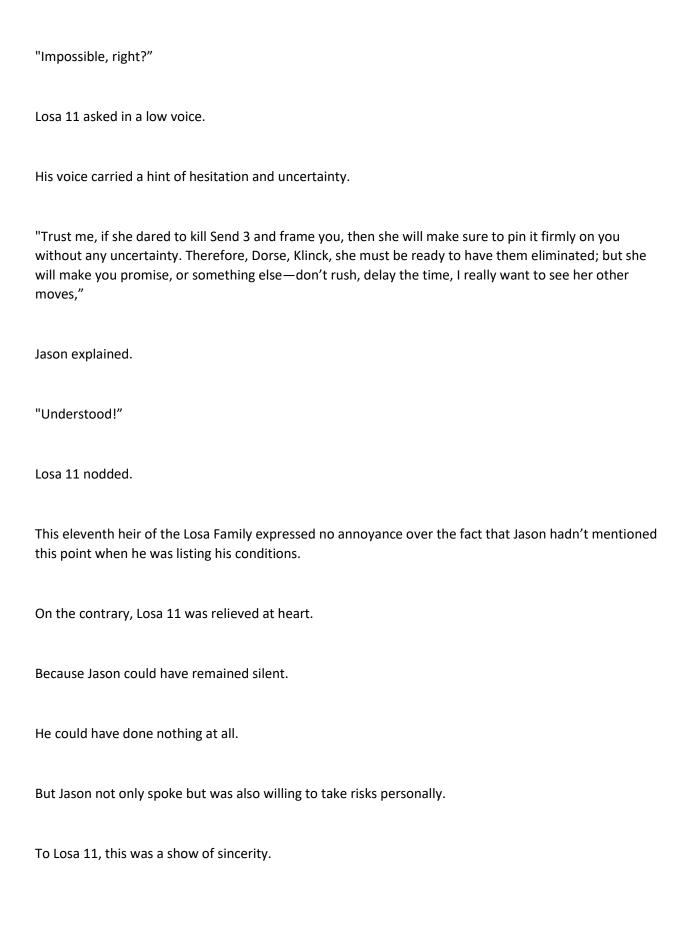














| And eventually, even the ripples would disappear. |
|---|
| The river would return to normal. |
| As if nothing at all had changed. |
| But, was that really the case? |
| Probably not. |
| To the common eye, it might appear the same, but the subtlest details were starkly different. |
| Especially when this river is called— |
| Fate! |
| |