

## 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.

He hoped this would alleviate his headache.

Tap, tap tap.

Clear footsteps approached, forcing Losa 11 to open his eyes and look towards his personal bodyguard Bildler.

However, upon seeing Bildler clearly, Losa 11 sat up abruptly.

Because Bildler's face was swollen and bruised.

"What happened, Bildler?"

Losa 11 asked directly.

Then, the eleventh in line to the Losa inheritance saw a very strange emotion on his bodyguard's bruised face: confusion, bewilderment, and deep frustration.

That expression was not new to Losa 11.

Whenever he had drunk too much and woken up, he was quite likely to see such an expression.

It's just that before, it was someone else.

Now it was Bildler's turn.

"Did I do something excessive?"

"Walk the bird under the moon? Or was it a group activity?"

"It couldn't possibly be that the bruise on your face was caused by me, right?"

At the end, Losa 11 exclaimed incredulously.

Though after drinking too much he had done many unreliable things, he certainly never had any violent tendencies.

"No."

Billder replied with certainty.

That definitive answer let Losa 11 breathe a sigh of relief.

Then, he saw his personal bodyguard's expression become even more helpless.

"So what actually happened?"

Losa 11 pressed for an answer.

After a moment of thought, Billder didn't give a subjective narrative but instead turned and gestured for Pers to replay the previous recording.

Losa 11 watched Send 8 appear in the video.

Watched as the figure appeared.

Watched as the figure died.

Then, shock filled Losa 11's eyes as they widened.

Who am I?

Where am I?

What happened?

Am I still not sober from the drink?

Am I still dreaming right now?

"Bildler, why are you appearing in my dreams at will?"

"That's not very gentlemanly of you."

While saying this, Losa 11 shrank back into the sofa as if escaping from reality.

"Master Losa 11, please come to your senses!"

"Face reality!"

Bildler spoke gravely.

Once a security consultant for the Send Family, no one knew better than Bildler what the death of Send 8 represented.

Unlike Send 9, whose death had been unclear and confusing.

The death of Send 8 was clear-cut.

The 'Send Family' would never let any 'murderer' get away.

Put simply, everyone present, count yourself in, couldn't escape.

All would suffer the retaliation of the 'Send Family.'

Billder understood.

Losa 11 naturally understood.

Even if he didn't want to face it, wanted to run away, it made no difference.

After approximately five seconds of slumping on the couch, Losa 11 sat up with a mournful expression.

"Why did things turn out this way, just because I drank too much once?"

Losa 11 rubbed his face, his voice filled with doubt.

"Please make sure you abstain from alcohol in the future," Billder said.

"Abstaining is impossible," Losa 11 retorted.

"I could never give up alcohol in this lifetime."

"The feeling of alcohol is just too wonderful, it helps people forget their worries and also lets people appreciate the true beauty of life—come on, let's think about how to deal with the soon-to-arrive Send Family members."

Losa 11 stated confidently.

However, on seeing the serious expressions of Billeder, 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.

Billeder's brow furrowed deeply.

Pers and Roslor looked panicked.

Galen had already clenched his fists.



All four knew full well what would become of them once the 'Send Family' members arrived.

Unlike 'Losa 11.'

They would most likely be executed on the spot.

No excuses.

It didn't matter that they weren't the ones who had directly acted, but their being here and Send 8's death here were reasons enough.

Billder thought about countermeasures.

Pers and Roslor felt death impending.

And Galen?

The 'Golden Lamb' was ready for a fight.

He wouldn't surrender without a fight, nor would he sit idly by.

He was ready to resist!

"Don't worry," Losa 11 assured them.

"I won't let that guy get away with this."

Losa 11 looked at the four of them, making a promise.

He cherished the 'comrades' who had been through battle and death with him.

He wouldn't abandon them so easily.

Even if by doing so, things could be made a bit easier.

But that's not what he wanted.

Why?

Probably because he was human.

He had unrealistic dreams and obsessions.

Taking a deep breath, this eleventh in line to the Losa Family turned to Jason, who was completely engrossed in his culinary delights.

"Jason, I need your help," he said.

"Help me delay that 'Send Family' member's footsteps a bit."

"I need just a little time to prepare."

Losa 11 stood up and walked over to Jason, looking at him earnestly.

Then, he added,

"If you agree, I can have the chef make you some top-notch delicacies," he added.

"Okay," Jason agreed without hesitation.

Having already been involved, Jason had no intention of running away.

And now with the offer of gourmet food, he was even more resolute.

"Then I'm counting on you later!"

"It won't take much time!"

"Half an hour will do!"

Having said this, Losa 11 turned and walked away.

Just like he said, time was running short, he needed to prepare quickly.

As for why he was sure the other would come here?

Anyone who had seen the video would surely come here first.

An obsession with the 'primary scene' would drive the other to do so.

Losa 11 was certain of this.

In fact, that's exactly what Send 3 had done.

After arriving in Zone F, he headed straight for the Game Mansion, to the room that belonged to Jason.

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.

Jason was pretending.

Why?

The answer was obvious!

The coercion of Losa 11.

Besides that, there were no other possibilities!

At the same time, Send 3 thought of something else.

Did Losa 11 know he was coming?

He must have known!

If all this was the opponent's setup, then Losa 11 would have expected his arrival and would have guessed he would come to Jason.

Because of this, Jason was being so difficult.

Chapter 823: The Real Losa 11?\_2

It was clear that Losa had given Jason guidance.

However, the more this was the case, the more reassured Galen became.

Because he had caught the opponent's biggest oversight!

Jason!

Yes, Jason!

Jason, who had already won the finals in District F and would soon head to District A to participate in this year's grand finals!

According to the rules, at this time, Jason was someone no one could touch.

In other words, even if Losa wanted to kill to silence him, it was too late.

Unless Losa wanted to be expelled from the "Losa Family".

And this?

It was simply impossible!

None of the heirs of the Hundred Major Families wanted to be expelled.

He didn't want it.

The other heirs didn't want it.

Needless to say, Losa didn't want it either.

Of course, at this time, Galen had gained an "unexpected harvest"!

"Revealing Jason, who cannot be silenced by murder, must be part of your plan. Your real intention is to shift my focus away from Bildler, Roslor, Pers, and Galen by your side!"

"Heh."

"You underestimate me."

Galen thought, his smile growing broader by a fraction.

The third heir of the Send Family spoke up once again.

"I know why you dared to do so."

"And I am well aware of why you did it."

"I am even clearer that if you had a choice, you would definitely not do it."

Galen, like a true friend, began to talk to Jason.

Although Galen already had his harvest, he did not mind having more.

However, Jason was disdainful of this.

He didn't know what had happened, but he knew that the task Losa had entrusted to him turned out to be easier than he had imagined.

The Galen in front of him must have deviated at some point!

Causing the whole plan to run into trouble!

Was it when he killed Send 8?

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.

It was hard to escape the fate of being killed.

"If you don't ask, how will you know I can't provide it?"

"Perhaps I forgot to introduce myself."

"Let's get acquainted again; I am the third heir of the Send Family, Galen."

As Galen introduced himself, he stood tall with a hint of pride in his tone.

Galen had reason to be proud.

Or rather, every heir among the top three of the Hundred Major Families had such pride.

Because they were the elites among the heirs.

Because they were the ones most likely to inherit their respective families.

Every time Galen introduced himself, he received looks of envy and astonishment.

He had already grown accustomed to such looks.

And he had grown accustomed to the conveniences that his status brought.

So, he purposely left his introduction until now.

It was a negotiation tactic.



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.

"Losa 11?!"

Send 3's eyes were even wider than before.

It was Losa 11?!

The Losa 11 who looked so much like Losa 1!

Why hadn't I noticed at all before?

A huge wave surged within Send 3's heart.

If there had been any remaining doubts before, at this moment they completely vanished, leaving only one thought: how to escape!

Yes, escape!

The sight of Losa 11, who resembled Losa 1 so closely, involuntarily brought Losa 1's style to Send 3's mind.

Killing Send 8 was just the bait!

It was to lure me out!

Almost instantly, Send 3 had this speculation.

Especially when Losa 11 opposite him smiled.

It was a very standard smile.

The corners of his mouth turned up, displaying shiny teeth.

But for some reason, under this radiance, the whiteness turned ghastly, and under such a ghastly contrast, the smile appeared even more sinister, like a vicious wolf choosing its prey to Devour.

The figure of Losa 11 merged with that of Losa 1 at this moment.

Unconsciously, Send 3 stepped back.

"What were you just talking about?"

Losa 11 said.

It wasn't the usual clear and bright voice but rather a heavy, husky one.

This voice also sounded very much like Losa 1.

This made Send 3 think of nothing else but departure.

"Sorry, I'm feeling a bit unwell,"

Leaving behind these words, Send 3 hurriedly ran off.

Jason watched in astonishment as the other party's retreating figure appeared almost disgraceful.

This scene was truly unexpected.

Subconsciously, Jason glanced over at Losa 11 at that moment.

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!

Losa 11 let out a long breath.

And then, the Losa Family's eleventh in line heir slumped onto Jason's sofa.

"Scared me to death."

"I thought I was finished."

"Good thing my elder brother's reputation is so frightening, it scared Send 3 away."

Losa 11 leaned his neck against the sofa, his body relaxed in an extremely comfortable position, mumbling as if speaking to himself, yet seeming to explain to Jason.

Jason didn't respond and picked up a handheld computer to start ordering food.

In the face of Jason's silence, Losa 11 continued speaking.

"You know, I never really had any dreams."

"I'm just a good-for-nothing heir, living the high life on family resources. In a decade or so, I'll faithfully marry a woman selected by the family, father a whole bunch of kids, at least 11 to start, because I'm Losa 11, right?"

"Then, when my sons are able to stand on their own and my daughters are married, I'll start living my retirement life, which the family allows. I'll have a bit of freedom within limits, like drinking, hitting the bars, and occasionally hopping to a disco, with no one to supervise me. Live like that for a few decades, and I can die, buried in the family's cemetery."

"Of course, on the edge, since a good-for-nothing like me doesn't qualify for the central area. My future wife will share the same fate; given she married a good-for-nothing like me, she's probably the same sort. Our graves should be side by side, after all, we were spouses for so many years – that last bit of



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,"

"Let's run away!"

"We've looted the wealth of the Game Mansion in Zone F, let's run to the 'Wasteland Territories.' With your martial prowess, Jason, and the cooperation of Billder, Roslor, Pers, and Galen, it can surely be done easily!"

Losa 11 pleaded, looking at Jason with anticipation.

Jason frowned.

Things didn't seem to be as he had expected.

Losa 11 didn't seem to have discovered anything unusual.

Just pure fear of his older brother?

"Jason, you don't know how terrifying that guy is!"

"If he finds out about this, I'm sure to be skinned alive, and moreover... my past worthless life will be seen by him as deception; he hates being deceived."

"So, after I'm skinned, I'll definitely be coated with honey, and then thrown into an ant nest."

While saying this, Losa 11 started crying uncontrollably again out of fear.

Watching a grown man cry, Jason maintained his silence once again.

He really didn't know what to say.

So, he just added an order for a portion of roast lamb chops to his wrist computer (Note: extra cumin, extra spicy).

The lamb shank was crispy and tender.

The chops were marbled with fat and lean.

Two kinds of food from the same creature, yet with completely different textures, truly made Jason marvel at the wonders of creation.

After crying for a few minutes and hearing the chewing sounds, Losa 11 looked up again.

Seeing Jason big bites of lamb shank, he was stunned, and his crying involuntarily stopped.

"Jason, now's not the time to eat!"

"We need to plan our escape!"

Losa 11 said with a mournful face to Jason.

"Too late,"

Jason replied without looking up.

Too late?

Losa 11 blinked, and then the "Losa Family" eleventh-in-line heir, who had styled himself as a good-for-nothing, thought of something and immediately ran outside like a madman.

Jason glanced at his retreating figure and shook his head slightly.

He wasn't trying to fool Losa 11 just now.

It was indeed too late!

Once Send 3 had left this place, everything was destined.

But this had nothing to do with Jason.

In fact, to some extent, everything that had happened was very beneficial to him.

Murky waters are the best for fishing.

Not to mention that he currently had a roast lamb shank in hand.

Isn't the roast lamb shank delicious?

Or are the chops that will be served shortly not tasty enough?

Just wait quietly.

...

Send 3 returned to his car with a pale face.

It was a trap!

Everything was a trap!

Leave!

Leave immediately!

Otherwise, his life was at risk!

With such thoughts flooding his brain, Send 3 immediately instructed his secretary.

"Edel, to the family shelter in Zone F!"

The middle-aged secretary was a bit startled but quickly made arrangements.

As the hovercar began its swift movement and no pursuers emerged from the "Game Mansion," Send 3 finally felt somewhat relieved.

"Young master, what happened?"

The middle-aged secretary couldn't hold back his question.

"We fell into a trap,"

"Losa 11's target was never Send 8!"

"It was me!"

Send 3 quickly recounted everything that had just occurred.

Instantly, the middle-aged secretary was shocked.



Even somewhat at a loss.

Is the entire “Losa Family” mad?

The father is like this.

The eldest brother is like this.

Even the youngest, who had always pretended to be a waste, is like this.

How could one person plan something that implicates the “Send Family,” the “Gibson Family,” the “Hera Family,” and the “Amiel Family?”

Chapter 827: Midfield Interlude!\_3

Didn't he know the consequences?

Madman!

Truly a madman!

The only thought left in the middle-aged secretary's mind was this evaluation.

Even while confronted with the disguised Losa 11, Send 3 was still gasping for breath at this moment.

"So alike!!"

"Edel, do you know?"

"When Losa 11 came out, I thought I was going to face that terrifying guy, Losa 1."

Send 3 tried to control his breathing.

He hoped to calm himself down.

But it was useless.

The icy, deranged gaze of Losa 11 always filled his mind.

It was like ice and fire.

But more like an explosion!

Blowing the enemy to pieces.

And blowing himself to pieces as well.

"Losa 1!"

Send 3 murmured under his breath.

At this moment, the middle-aged secretary, who had always been composed, was playing an important role.

He used his handheld computer to inform the family of everything that happened here, and at the same time, he began to mobilize the family's covert forces in Zone F to come and protect Send 3.

"Just need to delay for time, once the family's support arrives, we'll be safe!"

Edel said.

Send 3 nodded his head.

However, this 'Send Family' third in line to the inheritance didn't really breathe a sigh of relief until he saw the 'Send Family's' safehouse.

From the outside, it looked like an unremarkable six-story building.

But inside was a 'safehouse' that extended a thousand meters underground.

Not only was it well-stocked with supplies, but its defenses were astonishing.

Once inside, even if facing the full fire from a medium-sized warship, it could withstand it three times.

Moreover, the permanently stationed hundred-man squad was well-equipped, and had three armored vehicles at their disposal.

Of course, for the 'Send Family' with its strength, this was nothing, to truly arrange a defense would be effortless, to increase the defense power by a hundredfold would be easy, but it wouldn't be stealthy.

The 'safehouse' must first and foremost be concealed.

But Send 3 couldn't care about that now.

His arrival had already exposed the location, thanks to the hovering car.

And now, as the hovering car stopped, Send 3 hopped out and hurried towards the inside.

Edel quickly followed him.

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, 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.

As for provoking a war between the Losa Family and the Send Family?

Even less likely.

His eldest brother, his father would never start a war with the 'Send Family' because of him.

If the 'Send Family' pursued the matter, he would surely be handed over.

After all, he was only the eleventh in line in his family; the family would not bear any more for him.

Tears began to flow involuntarily again.

He was afraid.

He was terrified.

He was somewhat unable to face the consequences of making this decision.

But, he wanted to live!

Thinking this, he pressed the button on his wristwatch.

The next moment, Bildler and the other three entered the corridor.

"Losa11 Young Master?"

Bilder and the others looked at Losa11 kneeling there in surprise.

"My knees are a bit stiff, the doctor suggested I do more deep squat exercises."

With those words, Losa11 used the wall to stand up.

Deep squats?

Billder, Pers, Roslor, and Galen looked at each other in bewilderment.

They knew what deep squats were, and Losa11's just now had nothing to do with deep squats.

However, they didn't ask further.

Not just because they were tactful, but also because Losa11's face was very serious at the moment.

Rarely serious.

That was the kind of seriousness that only comes with life-or-death situations.

"We are about to be in grave danger!"

"There is still a chance for you to leave now!"

"Don't rashly agree because of my status or our friendship; this really is about life and death!"

"Even more dangerous than before?"

Billder asked.

"Yes, more dangerous than before."

"You can say that compared to the previous riot, this danger is child's play."

"So, if you want to leave, I'll arrange for someone to let you go at once."

Losa11 told the four of them.

He cherished the four who had fought alongside him.

He didn't want this matter to draw them in as well.

After all, that bastard had been after him from the beginning.

He had dragged the four of them into this once before.

This time, he didn't want to do that.

Everybody should have their own choices, shouldn't they?

The four were taken aback.

Of course, they didn't think Losa11 was joking.

But that's exactly why they hesitated.

Death?

Who can face it calmly?

## 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."

Bilder 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 I'm not as lucky as you guys."

Losa the 11th sighed.

Then, the heir, eleventh in line of the 'Losa Family,' watched as the three men left.

Turning his head, his gaze fell on Galen.

Although he had said many objective things before, Losa the 11th was still moved by someone who truly wanted to stay.

"Galen, thank you

"I stay because of Lord Jason."

Without waiting for Losa the 11th to finish speaking, 'Golden Lamb' emphasized.

Then, he walked towards the end of the hallway, to the 'Brutalizer Apartment.'

Losa the 11th's moved expression froze on his face.

"Galen, I think you could have told me later, or simply not told me at all, it would have made me feel a bit better."

Losa the 11th said as he went after him.

"My mother told me to be an honest person."

'Golden Lamb' answered like this, stopping in front of the 'door' to Jason's room.

"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'!"



"At a time when the family is very likely to hand me over for peace

"Who would dare to help me?"

Losa the 11th chuckled bitterly, then raised his hand and placed an order with the room's handheld computer.

He ordered more alcohol again.

At this moment, he wanted nothing except for alcohol.

Gulp, gulp.

The strong liquor hit the throat, the sadness weighed on the heart.

Losa the 11th couldn't help but ramble on.

He spoke again about his dreams, his daily life, about being smacked in the face by a 'pot' of reality.

"Who says I'm that powerful?"

"If I were that powerful, I would have arranged everything by now!"

"Would I still need to borrow the power from the 'Game Mansion' then?"

"Moreover

"I was even rejected!"

"Indeed, I'm just a waste!"

Losa the 11th said, as tears streamed down again.

Then, he looked at Jason's back and said apologetically, "Sorry Jason, I'm afraid I won't be able to provide the food I promised you."

He was about to die.

Although he valued promises, he really couldn't do it anymore.

Jason, who was chewing on the lamb chop, frowned.

Free nutritional meals, although high in nutrients, were not something he wanted to keep consuming in the days ahead; he much preferred natural food like the lamb chop in his hand.

Thinking this, Jason spoke up.

"You really are that powerful."

Jason said indifferently.

"Don't joke."

"Others don't know, but don't you know?"

"I'm just a good-for-nothing."

Losa the 11th shrugged helplessly.

"Yes, others don't know."

Jason emphasized his point.

Others don't know!

Losa the 11th was startled, then a bold idea dawned on him.

"You, you mean?"

Losa the 11th looked at Jason, who had turned around, with a stutter in his voice.

"The others don't know that you're pretending."

"So you are real."

"You are the person who arranged everything: Losa the 11th."

Jason reiterated, emphasizing.

Losa the 11th's eyes lit up.

He seemed to grasp the meaning behind Jason's words, he seemed to see a way out of the current situation, though it was a desperate measure, it was better than just waiting to die.

However, shortly after, Losa the 11th frowned.

There was a crucial point!

"Bluffing is bound to be false, even if we're just trying to get through the immediate crisis, but these guys will definitely not fall for my simplest 'bluff.'

"At least

"At least one or two people are needed to 'prove' that I'm the one who arranged everything."

Losa the 11th paused, then looked at Jason.

Among those present, only Jason had the capability.

Jason did not decline.

Because a chaotic situation was exactly what he wanted.

And what could be better for him than knocking off one or two people who needed to 'prove' Losa the 11th?

Naturally, it was getting more accurate 'benefits.'

Under Losa the 11th's watchful eye, he stated his conditions.

Chapter 830: Second Cooperation!\_3

"On top of cherishing ordinary food, I need something special—items imbued with special powers."

"Items with special powers?"

"Yes!"

"But I can't guarantee that I will find them!"

"For someone like me, an heir in order of succession, such items are incredibly rare, especially within my family where my father and older brother strictly forbid me and my other brothers and sisters from contacting these things,"

Losa 11 confessed candidly.

"What rank in the succession would have access to such items?"

Jason asked, following up.

"At least those ranked 5-6 would!"

"For those ranked within the top 3, they would definitely have them!"

"Even if they didn't, there would be someone with similar powers to protect them!"

Losa 11 answered.

Jason nodded subtly.

He always had his suspicions about the death of Send 3.

If the world they lived in possessed the power of the 'Mystical Side,' it was impossible for the Hundred Major Families not to endow their heirs with such powers or make arrangements for them.

And now, it was obvious that Send 3 had a 'Mystical Side' bodyguard by his side.

But!

The one behind the scenes, 'The Planner,' was stronger!

Or more accurately, tactical!

"Give me a name or two, we need someone who can make an immediate impact,"

Jason stated precisely.

"Dorse, the security head of Game Mansion."

"Klinck, the head of Game Mansion's rapid response team."

"The two of them are responsible for the building's security and are also in charge of the building's guard forces. I contacted them first,"

Losa 11 said.

"Mhm."

Jason nodded, indicating he understood.

However, he didn't take immediate action but pointed to Losa 11's mobile phone instead.

Losa 11 was taken aback.

Soon after, the eleventh heir in order of the Losa Family sensed something.

"Impossible, right?"

Losa 11 asked in a low voice.

His voice carried a hint of hesitation and uncertainty.

"Trust me, if she dared to kill Send 3 and frame you, then she will make sure to pin it firmly on you without any uncertainty. Therefore, Dorse, Klinck, she must be ready to have them eliminated; but she will make you promise, or something else—don't rush, delay the time, I really want to see her other moves,"

Jason explained.

"Understood!"

Losa 11 nodded.

This eleventh heir of the Losa Family expressed no annoyance over the fact that Jason hadn't mentioned this point when he was listing his conditions.

On the contrary, Losa 11 was relieved at heart.

Because Jason could have remained silent.

He could have done nothing at all.

But Jason not only spoke but was also willing to take risks personally.

To Losa 11, this was a show of sincerity.

At that moment, what Losa 11 needed most was such sincerity.

What could be more precious than a helping hand when surrounded on all sides by enemies?

That would be the one offering help without deceit.

Losa 11 extended his right hand.

He looked expectantly at Jason.

After a moment's hesitation, Jason reached out his own right hand as well.

After a firm handshake, Losa 11 began to smile.

"Pleasure doing business with you!"

Following Losa 11's declaration of partnership, Jason turned and strode away with big steps.

Thud, thud, thud!

His steps began firm and strong.

But after just a few, they lightened, almost fluttering.

Jason's figure also disappeared from sight.

Like a stone tossed into a river.

Although it caused ripples to spread, the stone itself vanished without a trace.



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!