

Menu 831

Chapter 831: Hide and Seek

After her subordinate Torres had left, Donna's eyes never left the clock in front of her.

At this moment, the most crucial part of her plan was underway.

Even though she had gone over it hundreds of times in her mind, Donna still felt some unease.

"Jason, Jason."

Donna murmured the name softly to herself.

In her mind emerged the image of Jason, imposing and strong yet bizarre.

Imposing and strong was his physique.

Bizarre was the hockey mask.

She had never encountered someone so strange, with a hockey mask that seemed to be their true face.

Being the true self with glasses, she had heard of that.

But a hockey mask?

Such a strange person!

Donna couldn't help but think.

Then, the lady leaned back in her high-backed chair, eyes fixed on the clock, while the folding fan in her right hand tapped gently against the palm of her left hand.

Those familiar with Donna knew this was her habit when contemplating.

And anything that made her contemplate like this was trouble.

Was Jason trouble?

Yes!

And not just trouble—he was a big problem!

In Donna's eyes, such a peculiar person like Jason must be treated with utmost caution.

Therefore, Donna would not underestimate Jason.

In fact, she never underestimated anyone.

But she had to admit, she really had underestimated Jason.

She had never imagined that someone who seemed to be a brute could be so smart.

No!

It was not merely being smart!

It was some kind of terrifying potential!

Their patience and that way of operating...

Involuntarily, Donna thought of tigers, then of venomous snakes, and also of foxes.

She didn't know where Jason had lived before or what he had experienced to turn into what he was now, but she was clear on one thing—Jason was very difficult to handle.

More importantly!

How much did Jason know!

"Did you also discover something, is that why you purposefully approached us by becoming 'Brutalizer'?"

"I must say, it's a bold plan."

Donna naturally thought to herself.

This was the only reasonable explanation for now.

If Jason had not discovered some 'truth,' such a big transformation would have been impossible.

But how much had Jason discovered?

Donna pondered.

If it was just a hint, it was naturally nothing to worry about.

But if it was a bit more...

Her entire plan!

At the thought, Donna's tapping of her folding fan on her palm paused, her heart instantly tightening.

Because, from the current situation, the latter seemed inevitable.

And it was enough to affect her entire plan.

She would not allow any accidents to happen to the plan.

Nor would she allow herself to fail.

Because she no longer represented just herself but the whole organization and... everyone's hope.

"Success is the only option!"

"Failure is not!"

Donna was resolutely determined in her heart.

Tick tock, tick tock.

The second hand moved bit by bit, and after the minute hand had jumped fifteen times, Donna picked up the phone, dialing the number she had memorized by heart.

Beep... Beep...

After two electronic tones, the phone was picked up.

"Hello?"

Losa's slightly puzzled voice came through.

Such puzzlement was normal.

Anyone facing a call from a hidden number displaying asterisks would sound like this.

But, Rosa was different.

Donna knew just how smart Rosa was beneath the facade of a good-for-nothing.

Such a person might be puzzled at first.

But after they had clashed twice, by now it should not be the case.

So—

Another test?

Donna thought to herself, yet again using that sweet voice to speak.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Losa."

"Good afternoon?"

"It was quite fine initially, but not anymore."

Losa, recognizing the voice on the other end, spoke without any niceties.

As the phone had rung, he had been considering what tone to use.

Even if he had identified the caller, he could not just say so outright.

Because that would not suit his character or his current precarious situation.

His character was to be cautious, and his situation was fraught with danger.

So even with confirmation, feigning ignorance while probing was the most suitable approach.

Of course, one could not overdo the act; otherwise, it would backfire, additionally, he had to show reluctance—his current circumstances allowed for such a mood, and even provided grounds for grievance.

In fact, Losa's choice was very astute.

Listening to the 'emotion' in Losa's words, Donna subconsciously covered her mouth with the black folding fan.

"Mr. Losa, I have brought you some good news."

"Dorse and Klinck, two people who wouldn't listen, I've already sent someone to deal with them."

"I believe you will receive news soon."

Donna spoke sweetly.

Despite Jason's warning, and its confirmation when the caller phoned, the moment she actually heard Losa speak, her heart still skipped a beat.

Silence!

Losa used this stance to signal his shock at receiving the information.

Then, he took two quick breaths.

"You're not running a charity; what do I have to give in return?"

Losa asked in a deep voice.

"Cooperation!"

"Of course, cooperation!"

"We need someone on stage to attract attention, and you need someone you can truly use."

Donna laughed lightly.

"Agreed."

"What should I do?"

Losa agreed immediately, appearing very straightforward.

And on the other end of the phone, Donna gently snapped the folding fan closed and rested it against her chin.

Chapter 832: Hide and Seek_2

"Indeed, a smart person,"

Donna said.

"Smart person?"

"I was just flailing in the river, clutching at straws!"

"I have nothing left, naturally I would grasp at anything I can!"

Losa 11 said with self-mockery.

"No, no, no."

"Trust me."

"You will soon have everything."

"Now, I need you to immediately announce that everything that happened before was your doing."

"The reason?"

"Make one up yourself."

Donna said, smiling gleefully.

"As you wish."

"You're the boss."

Losa 11 said indifferently.

"Good."

"As for the next step, wait until you've made your announcement, then I'll tell you."

"Remember, I'll be watching the live stream."

After Donna finished speaking, she hung up the phone.

Looking at the receiver emitting a busy tone, Losa 11 frowned slightly.

He wanted to delay things further, but the other party didn't give him the chance.

Will it be discovered?

It should have been concealed, right?

Losa 11 wasn't so sure.

Then, the eleventh heir of the 'Losa Family' began the live stream as Donna had instructed.

If possible, he really didn't want to do this.

But even a slight delay would invite suspicion from the other party.

More importantly, up to now, Jason hadn't sent back any message.

Did something unexpected happen?

With such unease, Losa 11 sat behind the desk.

He straightened his posture, recalling the demeanor of his eldest brother and father, faced the camera, and revealed a wicked, maniacal smile.

"You all suspect that the previous incidents were my doing?"

"Yes, it was me."

"I am

...

Donna watched Losa 11 on the screen, her face as cold as ice.

The moment she hung up the phone, not a single trace of a smile remained on her face.

Because she knew that Losa 11 was lying to her.

Not that she had realized it herself.

It was 'that thing.'

'That thing' had been sending her signals of danger ever since she had hung up the phone with Losa 11.

This was another function of 'that thing' besides misdirection.

Warning!

Although the range of the warning was broad, making Donna unsure of where the real danger lay, she immediately began 'simulating' possibilities in her mind.

This was her own Talent.

Then, using the last ability of ‘that thing,’ she pushed this Talent to the extreme.

One second!

That was hundreds of drills!

Ordinarily, she wouldn’t do this, preferring to rely on time to accumulate experience.

But at this moment, she couldn’t care less.

The next moment—

"So that’s it!"

Donna took a deep breath.

Her nostrils were filled with the stench of blood; she brushed her hand across.

Shocking scarlet.

But she smiled.

Unconcerned.

Because in the end, victory was still hers, theirs.

With that thought, Donna sent a retreat message to her subordinate.

...

Utilizing the Deputy Leader's 'thing,' Torres entered the 'Game Mansion' as if no one else were present.

This wasn't his first time here.

Moreover, he had the complete design of the 'Game Mansion' imprinted in his mind.

Thus, he easily found the first target: Dorse.

Dorse, the security chief of the 'Game Mansion.'

Outwardly independent, without any family backing, but secretly, he had the full support of both the 'Send Family' and 'Hera Family.'

Indeed, he was originally from the 'Send Family.'

It was precisely because of such support that he could become the security chief of the 'Game Mansion.'

As for a true self-made person?

Perhaps there were some, but Torres never saw any.

Pushing open the office door hidden in a corner of the first floor, Torres walked in.

Click!

The faint sound of the door closing alerted Dorse, engrossed in his thoughts, to snap back to reality.

Raising his head and seeing the empty office, Dorse was taken aback.

Was he so nervous that he was hallucinating?

Or was it the wind?

Damn wind!

Why do I, one of the heads of this mansion, have to be in this corner on the first floor?

Dorse could not help but think to himself.

Discontent became increasingly evident on his face.

Then, his thoughts involuntarily drifted back to the recent message from Losa 11.

Did the other party really think he could be easily intimidated?

With just a few words, they expected him to obey?

Ridiculous!

Dorse thought to himself while he discreetly dialed the secretary of the young Send 3 heir using a secure phone to confirm and report certain matters.

As for the young Send 3 heir being dead?

Impossible!

Young Send 3 was in the Send Family's 'safe house,' which was not only heavily fortified and strictly guarded but also possessed many secrets that were not publicly known. It simply wasn't...

Wait a second!

Secrets that were not publicly known!

As though he had realized something, and perhaps sensed something, Dorse looked up.

His hand involuntarily reached for the gun in the drawer.

But a dagger had already swept across his neck.

Splash!

Blood sprayed out like a geyser.

The desk in front of him, the carpet, and even the office door were dyed red.

Dorse's eyes were wide open.

Until his death, he never saw where his assailant was.

And Torres was standing right behind him all along.

After confirming Dorse was dead, Torres finally moved around the desk, ready to leave.

There are many ways to kill a person.

Slitting the throat is certainly the most direct.

However, such a 'sloppy' throat-slitting was not Torres's preference.

He preferred it to be more clean-cut.

But recalling the Deputy Leader's emphasis on 'deterrence,' he chose this unnecessarily gruesome method.

Chapter 833: Hide and Seek_3

On tiptoes, Torres avoided the blood on the ground, opened the door, and stepped out.

Dorse was just the first target.

He had a second one: Klinck.

As the person in charge of the 'Game Mansion' mobile squad, Klinck's office was located on the third sublevel, separate from the outer parking lot.

Compared to other places in 'some mansion'.

It was even more heavily guarded there.

However, for Torres, there was no difference between now and just moments ago.

No one would 'see' him.

Not invisible.

Just 'concealed'.

In a way that was beyond his understanding, very bizarre.

If it were not for the significant cost the Deputy Leader had to pay every time this power was used, they would have long since achieved victories beyond ordinary people's imaginations.

But even so, the 'thing' in the Deputy Leader's hands was instrumental to 'their' existence.

Step, step step!

Through the distinct sound of footsteps, Torres brushed past teams of patrolling guards.

At one checkpoint, there was a clear touch.

But not one of these guards noticed anything amiss.

Or rather, their sense of touch was 'obscured' at that moment.

Making them think they had only brushed against air.

First level, second level, third level underground.

Torres quickly made his way to the third sublevel.

Without any hesitation, he headed straight for Klinck's office.

At this moment, the man from the Amiel Family in charge of the mobile squad was staring wide-eyed at the live broadcast on his handheld computer.

A triumphant and wicked image of Losa 11 entered his sight.

"How is this possible?"

"How can he admit it so openly?"

"Does he truly have a secret force in the shadows?"

Unable to help himself, Klinck picked up the phone he had set aside earlier, looked at the message on the screen, and pondered.

Then, the mobile squad leader raised his hand to press the alarm button on his desk.

Although he did not know the specific situation, as the leader of the mobile squad, he had to take control of Losa 11 right now.

To control a villain as notorious as Losa 11 obviously required a gathering of personnel.

Of course, once people gathered, because of Losa 11's status, actions would naturally be slower, and if they could encounter the returning 'Losa Family' guards who hadn't yet gone far, that would be perfect.

The 'Losa Family' guards who had just handled a riot at the 'Game Mansion' would surely return at top speed.

After that, it would be out of his hands.

With the entire plan formulated in his mind, Klinck's lips curled in a reluctant smile.

But immediately, that smile froze.

A short sword pierced his heart.

Entering from the back and emerging from the chest.

Spurt!

As the short sword was withdrawn, blood gushed out.

Klinck's body convulsed and fell over the desk.

After shaking the blood off the short sword, Torres sheathed it.

He had not used a dagger, nor the same technique.

All to make the 'force' attributed to Losa 11 appear a bit more formidable.

It was also a reminder from the Deputy Leader.

Thinking of the Deputy Leader awaiting his return, Torres no longer wanted to stay here another moment.

Staying any longer was a burden to the Deputy Leader.

Jason quickened his pace, sprinting to the office door in almost a single step.

He raised his hand and opened the door.

Then, he saw a burly man, nearly as tall as the doorframe, completely blocking the passage. The hockey mask on the man's face was emitting a strange glow under the corridor lights.

Jason!

In an instant, Torres recognized Jason's identity.

That hockey mask was just too obvious.

At the same time, Torres instinctively took two steps back.

A sense of terror unconsciously rose from the depths of Torres' heart.

How is Jason here?

This thought appeared alongside the feeling of terror.

Jason can't see me, right?

This was Torres' second thought.

Soon, this thought turned into certainty.

Jason definitely can't see me!

It wasn't blind confidence on Torres' part; too many experiments had shown him how powerful the 'thing' belonging to the Deputy Leader was.

Suddenly, Torres regained his confidence.

The next moment, Torres strode boldly onwards.

He was going to push past Jason.

To walk away with his head held high.

As always.

Then, a broad blade cleaver was thrust into his chest.

How, how can this be?

Startled and puzzled, Torres was just like Dorse and Klinck before him.

Dorse and Klinck couldn't understand why they couldn't see Torres.

Torres couldn't understand why Jason could see him.

"You, you

Torres wanted to say something, but Jason simply withdrew the knife and walked away.

Watching Jason's retreating back, Torres fell to his knees.

At that moment, his phone began to vibrate.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

It was a text message.

With great effort, Torres opened it. It read: Danger, retreat.

Looking at the Deputy Leader's message, Torres didn't hesitate to press the reply button.

Danger, retreat.

The same message.

But as Torres' finger touched the send button, everything came to a standstill.

The light that should have remained in Torres' eyes dimmed all at once.

More importantly, at that moment, his body visibly shriveled at an alarming rate.

In just a few breaths, the once robust Torres became a dried-up corpse.

Then, a breeze came from nowhere.

The corpse crumbled, turning into ashes.

Carried away by the wind.

Jason, who had been striding forward, was already on the upper floor, seemingly oblivious to the oddity.

His pace unchanged.

His gaze still indifferent.

But beneath that hockey mask, his mouth involuntarily curled into a smile, revealing his sharp teeth as he grinned—

Found you!

Chapter 834: Finally Waiting for You!

From the first time he smelled the scent of ‘food’ on the ‘uninvited guest,’ Jason had been searching for the whereabouts of this ‘food.’

Now!

He had found it!

On Torres, he smelled an even clearer scent of ‘food.’

With the Talent [Enhanced Sense of Smell], such clarity was already sufficient for him to locate the source of this ‘food.’

A tall, strong figure moved through darkness and shadow.

Similar yet different from Torres's special power of 'concealment.'

Jason's was stronger!

The darkness and shadows seemed to blend into him.

His figure was shrouded by darkness.

His presence was covered by the shadows.

There was only the silent advance.

There was only the pursuit of 'food.'

With agile, light steps that belied his large, muscular frame, he moved through corridors, stairwells, out of Game Mansion.

Eventually, Jason stopped at a location a block away from Game Mansion.

This was a gap between tall buildings.

The high rises on either side were like towering mountains, and the alleyway between them was like a valley.

The taller the buildings, the narrower and more oppressive the alleyway seemed.

Lids of garbage cans were carelessly thrown on the ground, and a foul stench ran rampant.

Dirty water flowed across the ground, the papers sticking to it swiftly losing their original color.

A few cans were moved by the wind.

It should have been a rather bright afternoon, but the light was blocked by the high rises on either side, leaving behind darkness.

At the end of the corridor, a slender figure stood in silence.

The darkness made the red deeper.

Donna, wearing a veil and seeing Jason appear at the entrance of the alley, couldn't help but unfold her fan.

"Jason?"

The lady's words were filled with confusion and speculation, seemingly questioning whether the newcomer was indeed Jason, or confirming something else. However, soon this confusion was replaced by a light chuckle.

"You're faster than I expected."

"What?"

"So eager?"

Donna inquired.

Jason did not respond, nor did he step forward. He simply stood at the mouth of the alley, sizing up Donna.

Donna used her black fan to shield her already veiled face.

Even with perception seven times that of an ordinary person, Jason could not see Donna's face.

But Jason could feel that Donna was... smiling!

A smiling, beaming smile.

A joyous one.

Bubbling with happiness from the bottom of her heart.

This caused Jason's eyes to narrow slightly.

He did not understand why his opponent would be joyful.

Logically, at this moment, he could understand if the other party was angry or dejected.

After all, he had found her.

This signified not only her doom but also the complete destruction of her plans.

Unless, she had a backup plan!

Jason's gaze swept to the sides.

In his previous perception, there had been no sign of any living creature's presence.

That left only inanimate objects!

Bombs!

Jason instantly made a guess.

It was not difficult.

Under the current conditions, of the inanimate objects she could utilize, bombs were undoubtedly the most powerful. Moreover, in her previous schemes, bombs had been included.

They did not appear merely as decorations.

Rather, they had been carefully and thoughtfully employed.

"Huh!"

"You actually guessed it?"

"As expected of a clever guy!"

Seeing Jason's hesitation, Donna immediately expressed 'astonished surprise,' and then the lady clicked her tongue in wonder: "It's really hard to imagine someone like you, Jason, who behaves like a brute, could be so intelligent. I'm now very curious about what kind of environment could have made you turn out this way."

"As strong as a tiger."

"As cunning as a fox."

"As vicious as a serpent when necessary."

"I really am too curious."

Donna paused briefly, signifying surprise, and then continued.

"As you can see, I have already placed bombs around this area."

"The explosives are powerful enough to level the entire block."

"This block has roughly two thousand people, so... "

"Let's use these two thousand people as a bargaining chip to make a deal, what do you say?"

As she spoke, Donna raised her hand.

In her left hand, she held a detonator.

In the shadows, the red button was particularly conspicuous, especially as Donna's thumb gently caressed it.

After circling around the red button with the pad of her thumb once, Donna then spoke again.

However, before speaking, the lady, as usual, let out a coquettish laugh.

Looking at Jason, she laughed girlishly.

In the darkness and shadow, such laughter did not seem out of place at all. Instead, it perfectly blended in.

As if what she said next was to follow naturally.

"Let me go!"

"If you let me leave, I'll tell you the location of the bombs."

"And also, I'll reveal a big secret to you."

Donna said so.

Then, she laughed again.

Unlike her previous flirtatious laugh.

Previously, it was habit.

This time it was confident assurance.

As if Jason had already agreed to her terms.

However, in reality, Jason did not speak a word, and there was no sign of agreement in his actions.

What was even more astonishing was that Donna pressed the red button the next moment.

Boom!

A flash of light swallowed Donna's figure.

Then came a massive roar.

The rolling dust, blotting out the sky.

Rumble rumble!

The sound of shattering glass was completely drowned out by the twisting, fracturing noise of concrete and steel.

Chapter 835: Finally Waiting for You!_2

Only to see, one side of the skyscraper rapidly tilted and fell.

Boom!

It crashed against another skyscraper.

Instantly, another earth-shattering hammering sound erupted.

At this moment, the world seemed to fall silent.

As if frozen in time.

Only when the screams and wails emerged did such stillness break.

It was like the apocalypse.

The panicked crowd scattered in all directions.

No one paid attention to the people around them.

Run!

Run!

Run!

This had become the only thought in the minds of the people here.

They failed to notice a woman in a bright red dress carrying a black folding fan, wearing a black veil, her steps unhurried as she approached a car that was still intact.

They didn't see the seemingly graceful lady lift her fan and slit the throat of the car owner, toss the body out casually, sit in the driver's seat, and drive away.

Nor did they notice that a tall, strong figure, like a tiger from the jungle, leaped out amid thick smoke, yet landed on the roof of that car as softly as a bird, without making the slightest sound.

Whirr!

Under the full-speed rotation of the engine, the car shot out like an arrow.

Huff, huff.

Donna gasped heavily.

Blood dripped from behind the black veil.

Not just from her nose, the corners of her mouth, her ears, her eyes—the blood just dripped.

Even though she had survived again thanks to 'that thing,' Donna knew all too well what it had cost her.

Life!

But it was worth it!

As long as the plan could succeed!

It was all worth it!

Driven by an obsession deep within her, Donna took the phone she had already dialed.

"Miss Hera 10, this is Donna."

"Beware of Losa 11."

After two sentences, Donna hung up the phone.

No need for explanations, no need for more words.

She knew this was enough.

What next?

Naturally, while completing the plan, she would indulge in a little caprice.

"Consider it interest!"

Donna whispered to herself, pressing the gas pedal to the floor.

After the explosion, the crowd was already in disarray.

Facing the sudden approach of the car, people had no time to react properly.

One, two, three!

Person after person was knocked down in succession.

Soon, the frantic crowd noticed the car.

They tried to dodge it in even more frantic ways.

They didn't care about the people around them.

Whether these people were standing or lying down.

They only wanted to get away quickly.

Even if it meant stepping over those lying on the ground.

"Hahaha!"

"That's right!"

"You ungrateful wretches!"

"You lot that deserved to die ten thousand times over!"

Watching the bloody scene before her, hearing the screams that even the car engine couldn't drown out, Donna abandoned her usual composure, began to laugh loudly, bending forward and back, laughing so hard that tears flowed.

Then, she pressed the gas pedal even harder.

The car continued straight ahead.

Not enough!

Still not enough!

All of this was not enough!

She wanted to make them pay!

A ferocious, merciless look appeared in Donna's eyes.

She lifted her right hand.

Opened her palm.

In the center, a triangular tattoo appeared.

The pitch-black tattoo had no other color, but it flowed like water.

Furthermore, with Donna's breaths, the triangular tattoo began to 'emerge' from her palm.

Like a submarine surfacing from the water.

But when a submarine surfaces, it brings up waves.

When the tattoo emerged from Donna's palm, it brought up flesh and blood.

The skin tore, the flesh stretched into strips, and between them, the sound of splintering bones could be heard.

Did it hurt?

It hurt!

But Donna didn't care!

What was this little pain compared to the endless agony she suffered day and night?

What was this little pain compared to the lost lives of the innocent?

What was this little pain compared to that of her parents, her brothers, her sisters?

It counted for nothing!

Nothing at all!

Hatred!

The long-suppressed hatred was finally released in its entirety.

Donna's left hand left the steering wheel, her left hand directly grabbed onto the object that had emerged in the palm of her right hand, and then, she pulled with all her might.

Rip!

Most of her right palm was torn apart.

But Donna didn't care.

She grasped tightly the triangular object with her left hand, flicking one of its sides with her left index finger.

Bright light appeared!

But before the brilliance could fully blossom, a strange noise was heard coming from the roof of the car.

Thud!

Screech!

A section of a blade had just pierced through the roof.

Accompanying the piercing of the blade was Donna's crown.

Afterward, the blade twisted!

The roof was completely twisted open a gap, and together with it, Donna's crown was also lifted.

Donna's eyes became vacant the instant her crown was pierced.

But as the blade twisted, this vacancy somehow turned to lucidity.

As if such pain had snapped her back to consciousness.

Just for an instant.

But it was enough for Donna to make the correct decision.

She turned the steering wheel sharply, avoiding the crowd, and crashed into a wall on one side.

Bang!

Boom!

The car's front end crashed directly into the solid concrete wall, without any swerve.

Instantly, the front of the car was crumpled, and the engine began to smoke.

Donna, who had not been wearing a seatbelt, was thrown through the windshield, and with the reaction force, the Broad Blade Cleaver brought up a clump of her brain matter from behind her head.

Jason stabilized himself with the hilt of the knife in his hands, looking at Donna who had suffered a second collision with the wall.

By then Donna's head was already incomplete, her body fractured in several places, like a torn-up doll.

Yet, even so.

Donna still wasn't dead.

There was still a hint of life in her eyes.

She stared at Jason, who stood atop the car, and mumbled.

"We will definitely succeed!"

"We will

Her voice gradually grew fainter.

The hint of life in her eyes quickly dimmed.

Donna tilted her head and breathed no more.

Click.

The triangular object Donna had been clasping in her left hand just fell to the ground.

It was then that Jason could clearly see what this triangular object was.

A four-sided Rubik's Cube!

Red, blue, white, black—four colors!

Even after rolling on the ground for a couple of turns, it still appeared as clean as new.

In fact, Donna's blood and flesh had never truly stained it; it was only because of the "hindrance" that it got "attached" to it.

Jason raised his hand to pick up the four-sided cube.

But just as he was a finger's length away from the cube—

Yi!

Following the deep sound of the Dufol Language, a “Protection Against Evil” force field suddenly enveloped the entire four-sided cube the next moment.

Hisss!

It was like pouring cold water into boiling oil.

The four-sided cube that had been sitting calmly on the ground, at that moment, began to show tiny bubbles on its surface, which burst continually, and furthermore, the cube itself started to roll.

"Aaaah!"

"You ant!"

"How dare you do this!"

An evil, outrageous voice roared within Jason’s heart like thunder.

In almost an instant, the flame of Jason’s life was extinguished.

That evil presence seemed to have anticipated this outcome.

Therefore, it was quite confident,

After issuing a cold laugh, it began to speak in its actual voice, while withdrawing its attention, talking to itself.

"Ant, this is the fate you deserve!"

"If not for the inconvenience, I would have made you taste the most dreadful punishment of mankind!"

"Be grateful!"

"You ant!"

As it said this, the entity soon grew angry again.

"The strength I've painstakingly accumulated!"

"Damn it! Damn it all!"

"I will tear you into ten thousand pieces!"

In the midst of its infuriated cursing, the four-sided cube shifted its body slightly, just as a person might turn their head.

Then, it saw Jason behind it, standing as before.

But...

His eyes, which should have lost the glow of life, were brightly fixed on it.

That gaze made it uneasy.

The unease spread, and a sense of fear followed!

Ridiculously, an unfounded fear had emerged within it!

But what concerned it even more was that Jason's Adam's apple began to move up and down.

Gulp!

That was the sound of swallowing saliva!

That was...

Hunger!

Chapter 836: The Curtain Rises

Hunger!

The Cube Creature also felt something similar.

After being injured, it felt an extraordinary need for food.

Therefore, it had no choice but to change its original principles of action, relying on its own Strength to bewitch the woman bent on revenge, and then, it was obtaining the Strength needed for recovery.

This was normal!

But, it had never imagined that hunger could reach such an intense level!

The rumbling in its stomach was like thunder.

The hunger in its eyes was almost tangible.

It was as if it wanted to devour the entire universe!

Under the gaze of these eyes, any existence would feel the illusion of being food!

But that wasn't really what surprised it!

What really surprised it was: the person emitting such a strong sense of hunger should have been dead, but now they were alive again, and moreover, the hunger in the other's eyes was growing more intense.

If previously feeling like one would become food was an illusion, at this moment, it had become a real sensation!

Trembling!

Unease!

Fear!

All sorts of negative emotions filled the Cube Creature's Xin, under such conditions, even though it was a 'Bizarre' being, it still felt a persistent sense of the Bizarre.

In the last moment, it still saw Jason as a human.

But now?

After hearing the sounds of hungry swallowing near its ear, it began to see Jason as something like its own kind.

And this was definitely not good news.

For beings like them, the highest cause of death was: in-fighting!

And now, it had not recovered.

It could even be said to be covered in wounds.

Under such circumstances, to encounter a 'hidden' member of its own kind...

Run!

The Cube Creature made a decision without hesitation.

It used its stored Strength without regard for the cost, and instantly, the base of the Cube Creature began to rotate wildly, just like the rotor blades of a helicopter.

But Jason was faster!

Yi!

Sl oT Yn!

Before the Cube Creature could really start up, Jason cast "Protection Against Evil" again.

And moreover, it was continuous,

After the replicated "Protection Against Evil" was activated, there was a direct use of "Protection Against Evil".

The two instances of "Protection Against Evil" created a special force field that directly knocked the Cube Creature to the ground, just like before, screams of agony and cries of pain began to sound.

"Aaaaah!"

Moreover, at this time, it wasn't just the base that was rapidly spinning, but the whole body of the Cube Creature.

The noise of cold water pouring into hot oil rose again.

Louder than before!

The counterattack was even more ferocious!

"Die!"

The thunderous voice exploded again at the bottom of Jason's heart.

Death came as expected.

Resurrection?

It followed like a shadow.

Even in the midst of the most severe pain, the Cube Creature noticed this.

"Is this your ability?"

"Why is there no limit?"

It cried out incredulously.

Death, then resurrection, as a 'Bizarre' being, it was not unfamiliar with this.

Many of its kind specialized in such tricks.

But, most of these tricks were 'smoke and mirrors'.

The rest required a lot of setup to achieve resurrection, and moreover, each resurrection would lead to an uncontrollable weakening, nowhere near as lively and bouncing back as Jason.

The astonishment in its heart did not stop its attack.

On the contrary, its attack became more ruthless.

If before it was just a tremor of the spirit, this time, it was an explosion of the spirit!

Bang!

Jason's heart was blown to bits under such an attack, the gas that burst forth tore through his other organs, and even a terrifying wound appeared on Jason's chest.

All the way through, front to back.

Blood and flesh were blurred into one.

Any person with such injuries would lose their life.

Jason was no exception.

But the next moment, Jason had regenerated again.

Not only did his heart and organs grow back, but the wound on his chest also completely healed.

And as soon as he recovered, Jason cast another “Protection Against Evil”.

SI oT Yn!

The scorching force field energy, like magma, caused the Cube Creature to roll around in agony.

What was more terrifying was that its core was also beginning to be eroded.

This unique energy eroded its core like maggots on a bone, gradually dissolving the Creature’s own Strength.

It had never seen such Strength before.

It had not even heard of it.

It did not know where this Strength came from.

But it knew that if it did not break free, it was as good as dead.

"Aaaaah!"

The Cube Creature howled miserably as pain swept through its body.

Under such cries, Jason exploded once more.

This time, it wasn't just the chest, but the entire upper body that was blown away.

But it was useless.

In less than a breath, Jason was back to normal again.

"Monster!"

"You monster!"

The Cube Creature exclaimed.

But it was soon interrupted by the pain from its exclamation.

Jason cast another "Protection Against Evil".

And in the dozen or so seconds that followed, the Cube Creature never stopped attacking, each of its attacks resulted in Jason's death, but Jason would immediately resurrect and then retaliate.

Then, under its attacks, Jason died once more.

Resurrection and death.

Death and resurrection.

After just two times, Jason grasped how to cast "Protection Against Evil" while enduring the other's death attack.

Simply put, two deaths for one expenditure.

This wasn't a difficult task.

After all, the instant-death attacks of the Cube Creature in front of him weren't truly 'instant', but had a certain time delay.

Perhaps it would be difficult for others to grasp such a timing, but for Jason, it was effortless.

Chapter 837: The Curtain Opens. Start (2)

You should know, the 'Satiety' spent comes from 'Food'.

For Jason, an unnecessary consumption of 'Satiety' equates to wasting 'Food'.

This he absolutely did not permit!

Wasting is shameful!

Following this principle, Jason pushed his potential to its utmost limit.

However, even so, Jason still died six times.

After six deaths, the aura of the Rubik's Cube had been completely depleted.

"Monster, monster!"

"Monster!"

All that was left of it were its faint whispers, resembling the confessions of a lost lamb trapped in despair.

Out of caution, Jason spent 'Satiety' to cast [Protection Against Evil] again, and even those whispers ceased.

This wasn't a waste of 'Satiety'.

It was necessary caution!

In Nightless City, Jason had long learned the correct way to 'search for loot'.

Finishing off the enemy was essential.

If time allowed, one should finish off 2-5 times.

At this moment, that's exactly what Jason did.

After the whispers stopped, Jason cast another [Protection Against Evil] and finally confirmed that the 'Food' was truly safe.

Then, Jason bent down and picked up the Rubik's Cube.

The Rubik's Cube was cold to the touch and heavier than he had imagined.

It looked like plastic, but it felt like metal.

Jason flared his nostrils a little.

The unique scent of 'Food' made him involuntarily open his mouth, but he refrained from licking or swallowing.

Disinfecting before eating was a habit of Jason's.

Most of the time, he preferred to disinfect with strong spirits.

And when he couldn't find any strong spirits?

Whoosh!

A flame appeared in the palm of Jason's hand.

The high temperature from the expert-level [Charles Burning Technique] brought him much comfort.

After toasting it with the flame for 10 seconds, Jason raised his hand and threw the Rubik's Cube into his mouth.

Salty fragrance.

Soft with a hint of chewiness.

And that sensation as if chewing on tendons attached to bones.

Pork trotter?!

Jason's eyes lit up and he started chewing voraciously.

Crunch, crunch.

[Consumed Cracked Core of Ruggedness]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Injuries substantially recovered!]

[Satiety +99]

[Satiety: 335]

...

Looking at the increased 'Satiety', Jason wasn't surprised.

This was a value he had calculated after evaluating the 'scent', almost the exact number expected.

Along with the previous explosion, he spent a total of nine lives, using 27 points of Satiety, but with the 'Food' ingested, not only had he recouped the spent 'Satiety', he had even a surplus.

The current 'Satiety' value was enough for him to have 111+ more lives.

This made Jason breathe a sigh of relief from the bottom of his heart.

Somehow, without 100+ lives, Jason always felt uneasy.

Thinking back to the initial three lives, then thirty lives, and now 100+ lives, Jason couldn't help but sigh.

It is easy to adapt to luxury but hard to return to frugality!

Of course, what was more important was the Excitement of Feast!

It was still so rare.

However, looking at the name of the 'Food', Jason had more speculation in his mind.

The previous [Core of Seduction] was incomplete.

The now-consumed [Core of Ruggedness] was shattered.

The latter provided far more Satiety than the former.

So, if it were complete, would there be Excitement of Feast?

There likely would be!

Coming to this conclusion, Jason couldn't help but get excited.

Because he knew that complete 'Food' would appear.

He glanced over at the still panicked crowd, then his gaze settled on Donna.

At this moment, Donna was devoid of any sign of life, her twisted body leaning against the wall, with blood still flowing ceaselessly.

At this point, Jason was still unable to ascertain her true purpose.

But one thing he could be certain of.

Her next plan had already been set in motion.

Through the car, on the roof, Jason heard the phone call she'd made.

"Hera 10, is it?"

Thinking of this name, Jason turned and walked toward the Game Mansion.

Soon, his figure disappeared into the chaotic crowd.

When Jason appeared before the Brutalizer's apartment, Losa 11 let out a long sigh of relief.

This eleventh heir of the Losa Family wasn't worried about Jason running away, he was worried that Jason might have encountered trouble.

He had felt the explosion outside the 'Game Mansion' just moments ago.

He even took a fall.

Although there was no evidence at the time to prove that Jason was connected to the explosion, Losa 11 believed his intuition which told him there was a close relationship.

"Are you okay?"

Losa 11 asked.

"I'm fine, just now

Jason shook his head, recounting everything that had happened before.

This time, Jason did not hide anything and spoke about the entire process in great detail.

"Donna?!"

Upon hearing Jason's account, Losa 11 exclaimed in shock.

Suddenly, some parts that he had not understood before clicked into place.

And because of this, his face became even uglier.

"We're in big trouble."

"The Hera Family

Losa 11 muttered under his breath.

The Hera Family, a clan completely dominated by women in its leadership, in contrast to other families led mostly by men but not lacking in female members, was even more thorough.

In this family, there was not a single male!

From the leader to the guards to the aides.

All were women!

Even if a male baby was born, he would be cast directly into the 'Poison Marsh,' left to fend for himself.

Only female offspring were allowed to be nurtured and trained.

Without a doubt, this was an extremely extreme family.

Far more so than any of the Hundred Major Families.

And the fact that Donna did not forget to make a call to a member of the Hera Family while fleeing spoke volumes.

Perhaps Donna had other identities.

But Donna was still serving the Hera Family.

Soon, Losa 11's suspicion was confirmed.

Ding~

A notification resounded on the computer on Losa 11's wrist.

Seeing the name displayed on the incoming call, Losa 11's knees buckled.

In front of Jason's gaze, this eleventh in line heir to the 'Losa Family' knelt down, and most importantly, Losa 11's crotch was wet.

He had peed himself?

Jason was taken aback.

He never thought that a phone call could scare someone to that extent.

Out of curiosity, Jason glanced at the name on the caller ID.

Losa 1.

"What should I do, Jason, save me!"

"The call from my eldest brother!"

"He's going to flay me!"

Losa 11, in a state of total panic, crawled towards Jason and then attempted to cling to Jason's legs.

Jason subtly dodged.

"Calm down."

Jason's voice was firm.

"I, I, I

Losa 11 couldn't even articulate a complete sentence, huddled in the corner like a quail, shivering.

Whack!

The crisp sound echoed as the back of the Broad Blade Cleaver smacked across Losa 11's face.

Pain has a way of bringing clarity.

The effect is far greater than sipping cold water.

This was something Jason had learned firsthand in the Nightless City.

He had initially relied on pain to help him relax during various first experiences.

And such a practice clearly worked.

Although Losa 11's face still held some panic, he was no longer shivering and could speak normally again.

"What should I do?"

Losa 11 asked Jason.

"First, go change your clothes."

Jason replied.

"Okay!"

"And this call, can you take it for me just for the moment.

"I will come back as soon as I've changed my clothes!"

"I swear, I won't run away!"

Losa 11 promised.

Jason nodded.

Losa 11 instantly passed the wrist computer to Jason, but Jason didn't take it, signaling for him to place it on the ground instead.

Losa 11 had no objections.

At this point, Losa 11 already saw Jason as his savior, and wouldn't hesitate to do anything Jason asked, even if it was as absurd as walking a bird under the moon.

Losa 11 stepped out, leaving behind a trail of wet footprints.

Jason, frowning and fighting back the strong discomfort, used the tip of the Broad Blade Cleaver to lightly touch the answer button.

The next moment, a clear and forceful voice came through—

"Oh, my foolish brother!"

Chapter 838: Appetite Soaring, Fearless!

When Jason heard the words coming from his handheld computer, his eyebrows inevitably furrowed.

Although the words were clear and forceful, they always gave Jason a sense of "blur."

It was like trying to see people through a pane of frosted glass.

Of course, more importantly, Jason did not know how to respond to this "brother."

Fortunately, the other party did not require Jason to reply and started talking on his own.

"You must be very unhappy to be called stupid by me?"

"Taking down Send 9 and triggering the first riot in Zone F, then killing Send 8 and Send 3 to further gain control over Zone F — all these were fine."

"Had I been in your shoes, given the chance, I would have done the same!"

"But you shouldn't have chosen 'them' as your partners!"

"Even if you chose 'them' for partnership, you should have cleaned up afterwards!"

"You should have pinned all the blame on them, not left any survivors to bite back at you!"

"You foolish little brother!"

Losa 1 spoke indifferently.

Without a doubt, the organization that Donna belonged to had completely misled the outside world.

About this, Jason had guessed as much and was not surprised.

What he cared about was this call from Losa 1.

Why would the other party call at this time?

Out of love for Losa 11?

Jason thought about the wet trousers of Losa 11 and slowly shook his head.

Although Losa 1's words sounded a bit like he was defending Losa 11, from Losa 11's reaction just now, it was clear that Losa 11 was extremely afraid of Losa 1, to the bone.

This did not count as caring.

And then, Losa 1 confirmed this point.

"However, despite your overall stupidity, you did one thing right."

"You've got that 'thing.'

'It' has become your lifeline, giving you a margin of choice."

At this point, Losa 1 paused for a moment.

Then Jason clearly heard a malicious chuckle.

"Hand that 'thing' over to the family, and you can continue to live the life you want."

"Or don't—and then

"You'll need to face the encirclement of the 'Send Family,' 'Gibson Family,' 'Hera Family,' 'Amiel Family! hope you choose this."

"Although you are likely to die, I can enjoy a good show."

"Of course, as a personal matter, I'll call back the 'Family Guard,' and you'll have to use your own people to confront this 'encirclement.'

If the malicious chuckle before still had a hint of concealment, this time, it was blatant.

It was full of anticipatory malice.

Just like a child throwing a banana peel on the ground.

He was looking forward to someone slipping on it and taking a fall.

No other thoughts.

Just pure malice.

At most, sprinkle some glass shards on the ground.

To make the fall more painful.

To make someone fall and bleed.

As an insider, Jason naturally understood the importance of the 'Family Guard' to Losa 11.

With extensive training and powerful weaponry, their capabilities far exceeded those of the 'Game Mansion's' mobile squad.

One could even say that after the 'Family Guard' were withdrawn, the power in Losa 11's hands would be directly reduced by seventy percent.

Jason knew it.

Losa 11 knew it, too.

This 'Losa Family' heir, ranked eleventh in line, stood at the door, his complexion deathly pale, having just changed into a fresh set of clothes.

He opened his mouth, subconsciously about to say something.

But before he could make a sound, Losa 1's voice came through again.

"So you've chosen to face the encirclement alone?"

"Good."

"I've always thought you were picked up by Father, but this time you've proven yourself to be truly of the 'Losa Family' blood."

"I'm looking forward to your performance."

"As your elder brother, I'll be waiting for your news."

"Alive or dead."

After speaking, Losa 1 ended the call.

And Losa 11 desperately lunged at the handheld computer.

"Wait, big brother!"

"I choose option 1!"

"Option 1!"

Losa 11 held the handheld computer and shouted loudly, but the call had already ended, with absolutely no response.

Suddenly, tears streamed down Losa 11's face.

"Don't do this! I'm just worthless!"

"Facing the encirclement of four families, how is that possible?"

"I don't need to prove my bloodline, I really am adopted—can't you just let me go home safely?"

The tearful Losa 11 cried out in heart-wrenching despair.

Galen wanted to comfort Losa 11.

Thinking so, he acted on it, true to the 'Golden Lamb's' style.

"Why don't you call back and explain?"

The 'Golden Lamb' suggested.

"It's no use."

"If I had a chance while my big brother was choosing, now I have none—my brother hates indecisive people the most. If I call back now saying I regret it, I don't even need to wait for the four families to send their people, he'll personally lead a team to kill me, skin me, and make my hide into a lantern to hang in the study."

Losa 11, who was already in tears, burst into full-blown sobs after hearing the 'Golden Lamb's' suggestion.

The 'Golden Lamb' was stunned, blinking.

"But you never had a chance to begin with!"

"You don't have that 'thing'!"

The 'Golden Lamb' said frankly.

As a participant in the events, and later as Losa 11's personal bodyguard, the 'Golden Lamb' was well aware that Losa 11 did not have the 'thing' that Losa 1 was talking about.

Chapter 839: Rising Appetite, Fearless! (2)

Although he didn't really know what that 'thing' was.

But in the whole 'event', he could be certain that nothing had appeared that could be considered significant enough to turn the current situation around.

The sobbing Losa 11 was stunned.

Right!

I don't actually have that 'thing' at all!

This is all Donna's trap!

It was Donna who made everyone believe I had that 'thing'!

And now it's not just my older brother, others think so too.

After his momentary daze, Losa 11 finally came to his senses.

He stopped crying and began to think.

Looking at the now-composed Losa 11, Jason, standing beside him, spoke up.

"What is that 'thing'?"

Asked Jason.

"That 'thing' is

Losa 11 was about to reply subconsciously, but as soon as the words left his mouth, he got up and walked towards 'Contact's Apartment', checking again that all the monitors on this floor were turned off, before returning and saying, "Jason, do you believe in 'gods' in this world?"

He replied with another question, rather than a direct answer.

Jason did not like this manner of questioning.

He preferred to get answers directly and straightforwardly.

"Speak,"

Thus Jason said coldly.

"I get it, I get it."

"A little quiz can make things more memorable, right?"

Losa 11 immediately shrank back.

Then, the eleventh heir to the Losa Family said seriously,

"There are 'gods' in this world!"

"At least, they exist in the records of my family!"

"I haven't seen the records of other families, but they should have them too!"

"Even, we ourselves are descendants of 'gods'."

As he spoke these words, Losa 11 puffed out his chest, trying to look like a 'divine descendant', at least to appear a bit dignified and solemn.

Unfortunately, his face smeared with tear stains made him look utterly ridiculous.

Without needing a reminder from Jason, Galen, Losa 11 quickly realized how ridiculous he looked.

He scratched his head and smiled awkwardly.

"Of course, I might be an exception."

"After all, the concentration of descendants' bloodlines varies, not to mention after so many generations."

"So, it's only natural that a descendant like me would appear."

Losa 11 was rationalizing for himself.

Jason remained unmoved; he wanted to hear what that 'thing' was.

And Galen thought he should comfort Losa 11 a bit.

"I've seen other people's Huskies give birth to puppies. At first, they were normal, but later, perhaps due to a lack of 'ink', the puppies turned to caramel, gray, white."

"So, young master Losa 11, please don't take it to heart."

'Golden Lamb' tried to comfort Losa 11 with his words.

Losa 11 looked up and gazed silently at 'Golden Lamb'.

Although the analogy was apt, he felt there was something odd about it.

But as to what was odd, Losa 11 couldn't specify.

Ultimately—

"Galen, I truly thank you."

Losa 11 squeezed these words through gritted teeth.

"Thank you."

'Golden Lamb' wore a face full of benevolent smile.

Seeing such a smile, Losa 11 felt a pang in his chest, and then he wisely chose to ignore 'Golden Lamb' for the time being.

"In the records of my family, 'gods' do exist."

"But because of something, all the 'gods' disappeared."

"And some

"Died!"

Losa 11 emphasized, and looked at Jason.

He hoped to see surprise in Jason's eyes.

But to his disappointment, Jason's eyes were calm, without a ripple.

As for 'Golden Lamb'?

Forget it, Losa 11 didn't want to look at the other.

The attitude of Jason made Losa 11 quite unfulfilled and completely lost his interest in storytelling.

Gods' may have died! But the deceased 'gods' left behind 'Divine's Body'!"

"These 'Divine's Body' have various incredible functions, and every family is more or less using these 'Divine's Body' to become stronger, more special."

"However, I do not know the methods to use these 'Divine's Body'."

"I am just the eleventh heir of the family, with no chance to access that knowledge."

"But they are dangerous!"

Losa 11 spoke, fear once again flashed across his face.

After taking two deep breaths, he continued to speak.

"The former 'Rogo Kingdom', you know of it, right? It's what's now Area F!"

"The 'Rogo Kingdom' of the past had a 'Divine's Body' too!"

"Rogo XIII's brother, in seeking revenge for his brother, excessively used the 'Divine's Body' of the 'Rogo Kingdom', and then, the entire kingdom became a funeral offering."

"Everyone perished, no one was spared!"

Jason had an impression of the 'Rogo Kingdom'.

While reading the book "Area F—A Nation Built Upon Ruins", Jason had been curious about how the entire kingdom had been destroyed.

He did not completely believe what the book said about plagues, ceremonies, and so on.

Plagues can't be that accurate.

Ceremonies can't be that grand.

Now, Jason finally knew the answer.

Divine's Body'?"

"Core?"

"Are the two the same?"

Naturally, Jason thought of the two 'food' items, [Bewitching Core (Incomplete)] and [Rugged Core (Damaged)].

"Any more news?"

Jason continued to ask.

"That's pretty much everything!"

"Even this information is top secret to the outside world."

"If we weren't all about to be doomed, I wouldn't have spoken of it."

Losa 11 spread his hands.

Clearly, this eleventh heir in line of the Losa Family had wholly resigned to his fate.

He tore open the collar of his shirt and stood up, walking into Jason's room, picked up the handheld computer, and began to order drinks.

"On this upcoming cold night, only... no, only strong liquor can warm my heart."

As Losa 11 spoke, he looked towards Jason.

"Jason, would you like anything?"

"The crispy roast suckling pig is pretty good."

Losa 11 inquired.

"Hmm, I'll take ten servings."

Jason nodded, but didn't forget the matter at hand, and continued to ask, "The Martial Arts Alliance, do you know any secret information about them?"

"The Martial Arts Alliance?"

"The 'Heart-taker'?"

"You know, I don't really pay attention to these things. I'll give you authorization; you check it yourself."

Losa 11 said outright.

Then, he handed the handheld computer to Jason.

As for his own?

Losa 11 was not a fool, he could clearly see Jason's disdain.

Even he felt a bit sick to his stomach.

Not to mention anyone else.

"Galen, what will you have?"

After wiping his hands with an alcohol wipe, Losa 11 asked Galen.

"Lemon water and toast,"

'Jing the Little Lamb' answered.

"Leave it to me."

Losa 11 said as he began to place orders.

Meanwhile, Jason was using his own handheld computer to lookup information about the 'Martial Arts Alliance'.

Soon, Jason found what he was looking for.

TPS-03: The 'Martial Arts Alliance' is suspected of having a 'Divine's Body' (confirmation in progress)!

TPS-04: Confirmation is positive, indeed has a 'Divine's Body', though damaged, still has recovery value.

TPS-05: Incident occurred, recovery failed.

TPS-06: Activate backup plan.

...

A confidential document appeared before Jason's eyes.

This confirmed to Jason that the 'core' was the 'Divine's Body'.

Then, he began to salivate.

He remembered the words of Losa 11.

All of the Hundred Major Families had similar records, all were descendants of 'gods', all possessed a 'Divine's Body'.

A hundred servings of food?

No!

It was at least a hundred servings of food!

Jason's eyes shone with a tangible brightness.

His aura at that moment turned razor-sharp, invigorated.

Turning his head, he looked at Losa 11 and enunciated each word—

"Declare war on the 'Hundred Major Families'!"

Chapter 840: Madman's Babble

Declaring war on the "Hundred Major Families"?!

Losa 11 was stunned.

In fact, it wasn't just Losa 11 who was stunned, Galen was also frozen in place.

The "Golden Lamb," perhaps because of his background, might not be as knowledgeable as an heir to a family like Losa 11, but the "Golden Lamb" wasn't stupid. His reason, even his emotions, told him that this was suicide.

But the "Golden Lamb" didn't try to persuade Jason.

In the heart of the naïve "Golden Lamb," Jason had saved him twice.

If he had to give his life to follow Jason because of two life-saving favors, then that's what he'd do.

As for only having one life?

He'd repay it in this life.

And continue in the next.

How could the "Golden Lamb," with such a simple "philosophy," possibly try to persuade Jason?

On the contrary, the "Golden Lamb" turned his gaze to Losa 11.

No persuasion.

Just expectation.

Under the gaze full of expectation from the "Golden Lamb," Losa 11 felt something different.

He didn't know since when, but he couldn't see any expectation in anyone's eyes anymore.

When was that?

Was it when I chose to be a good-for-nothing?

But, I just wanted to survive.

Was that wrong?

No, it wasn't.

But why do I feel like there's a hole in my heart?

Indeed, humans are complicated.

So complicated that they don't even know what they want anymore.

Losa 11 cracked a grin, which then turned into a loud laugh.

"Hahaha!"

While laughing, Losa 11 grabbed the strong liquor and gulped it down.

The icy liquid passed through his throat and turned scorching hot.

In one breath, half the bottle was gone.

Losa 11 leaped to his feet.

The alcohol went to his head, making his steps a bit wobbly, but the shine in his eyes was frighteningly bright.

He kept laughing.

"Come on, come on, come on!"

"Death awaits us either way!"

"Let's play a big one!"

As he spoke, Losa 11 picked up his handheld computer and started operating it.

Soon, a virtual screen appeared.

Losa 11 switched it to live broadcast mode.

"Hi, we meet again."

"Seeing me so soon, are you surprised?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm surprised myself. After all, you're tired of seeing me, I'm sick of seeing you. Mutual disdain truly makes not seeing each other preferable, but there are things I must announce."

The drunk Losa 11 spoke somewhat jumbled excited words.

However, his entire speech was exceptionally clear.

Still, inevitably affected by alcohol, Losa 11 started to do things he wouldn't dare do on an ordinary day.

Seated in the sofa, the eleventh in line to the Losa Family succession, grinning and showing his white teeth, could not help but lean forward as he spoke what came after in an oppressive posture.

"That 'thing' is in my hands."

"Those who want it, come to Zone F!"

"It doesn't matter if you are from the 'Send Family,' the 'Gibson Family,' the 'Hera Family,' the 'Amiel Family,' or anyone from the other families. You sons of bitches, douchebags, FxxK, ***** wretches, come on, I've been waiting for you for a long time!"

"This time, I'm gonna send you all off for good!"

"This world is so beautiful, keeping you maggots who just waste air is just too regrettable."

"I'll clean you all up!"

"Oh, and one more thing

Losa 11 was about to end the conversation, but suddenly, he remembered something.

Straightaway, the eleventh in line to the Losa Family stood up from the sofa, unfastened his belt, and started peeing on camera.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh.

"Hahaha!"

"Taste mine, yellow and sugar-free!"

In the midst of the sound of water, there was Losa 11's unrestrained laughter.

Without a doubt, at this moment, Losa 11 had completely let loose.

Jason was unmoved; he was already immersed in planning how to devour the "hundred portions of food."

The "Golden Lamb" was startled at first but immediately started clapping.

The simple “Golden Lamb” was cheering for Losa 11’s performance.

Losa 11 had always been cheerful, but the “Golden Lamb” always felt Losa 11 was somewhat restraining himself.

But now, he felt Losa 11 had finally let go, finally revealing his true self.

Isn’t that something to be happy about?

Though the last action was a bit saucy.

Compared to Jason’s indifference and the “Golden Lamb’s” applause, those watching the live broadcast had a variety of reactions.

Some were puzzled.

Some were angry.

Many even cursed loudly.

But the majority wore grim expressions.

Without exception, these grim faces all belonged to the “Hundred Major Families”!

They were furious with Losa 11’s brazen boldness, wishing they could just kill him. However, their experience was telling them that Losa 11 must have come prepared.

Otherwise, what gave Losa 11 such courage?

Just because he comes from that crazy family?

Wait a second!

Maybe this is exactly what that crazy family would do!

Yes!

Only that crazy family could do something like this!

With this thought, members of the “Hundred Major Families” began to contact members of the Losa Family simultaneously.

Sitting in a dim study, Losa 1 watched Losa 11’s broadcast with slight surprise.

Truth be told, he had not expected his foolish brother to pull off such a stunt.

To actually declare war on the “Hundred Major Families.”

But, inexplicably, the corners of Losa 1’s mouth twitched.

Then, involuntarily, his lips spread into a wider grin.