## **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!

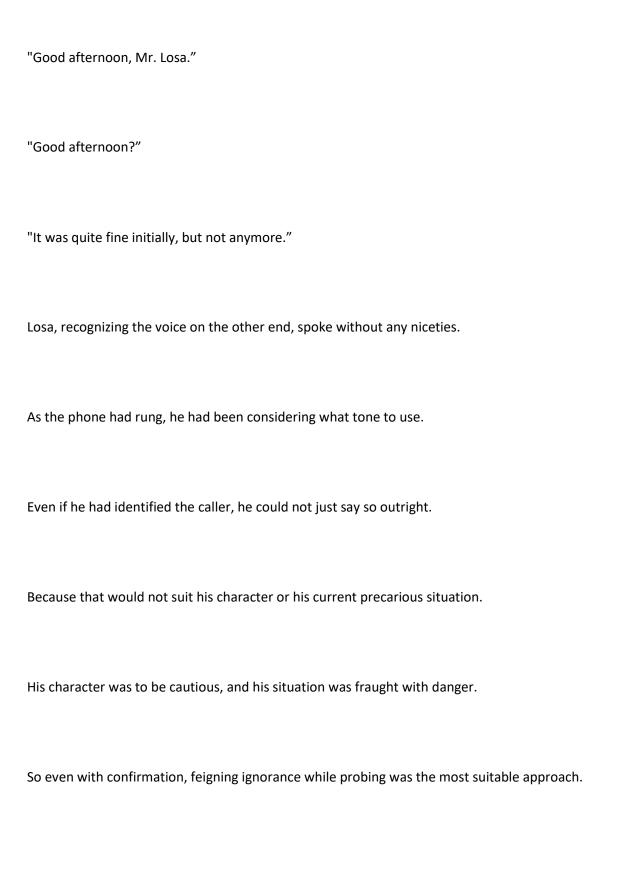
In Donna's eyes, such a peculiar person like Jason must be treated with utmost caution.
Therefore, Donna would not underestimate Jason.
In fact, she never underestimated anyone.
But she had to admit, she really had underestimated Jason.
She had never imagined that someone who seemed to be a brute could 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
Beep Beep

Such puzzlement was normal.
Anyone facing a call from a hidden number displaying asterisks would sound like this.
But, Losa was different.
Donna knew just how smart Losa 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.

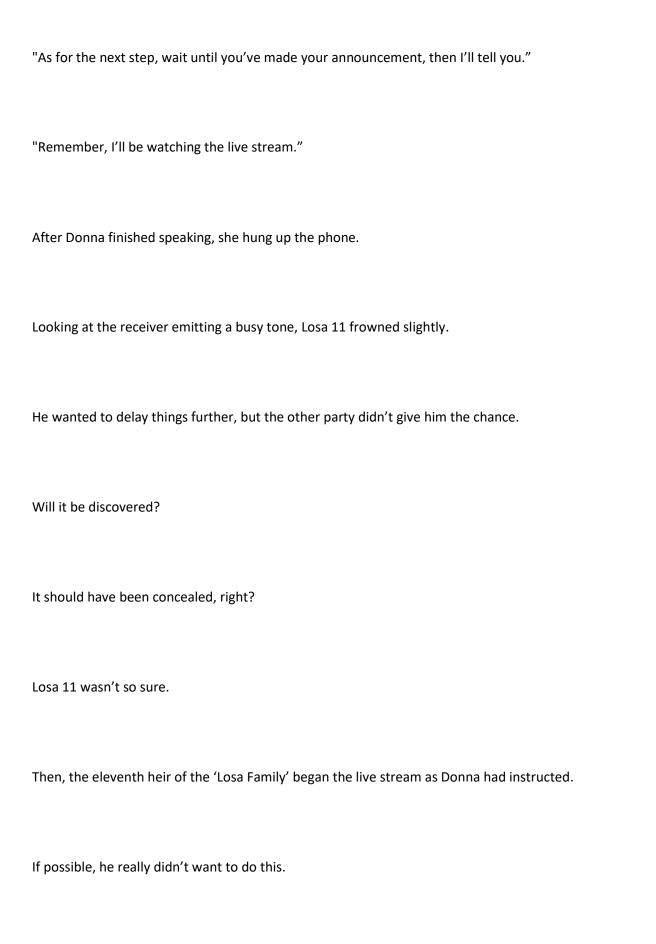


Of course, one could not overdo the act; otherwise, it would backfire, additionally, he had to show reluctance—his current circumstances allowed for such a mood, and even provided grounds for grievance.
In fact, Losa's choice was very astute.
Listening to the 'emotion' in Losa's words, Donna subconsciously 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?"



"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."



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.

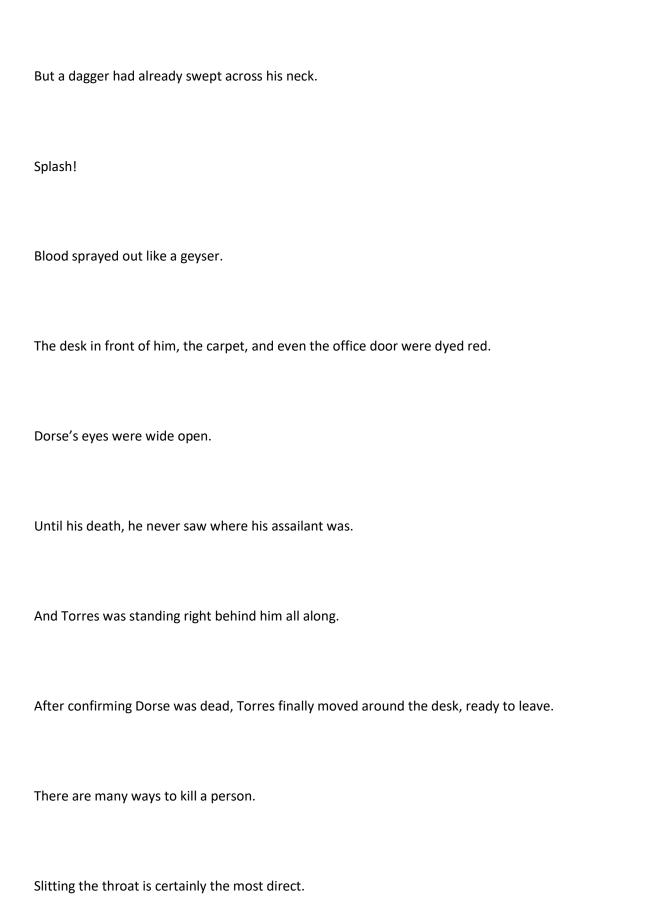
Then, using the last ability of 'that thing,' she pushed this Talent to the extreme.
One second!
That was hundreds of drills!
Ordinarily, she wouldn't do this, preferring to rely on time to accumulate experience.
But at this moment, she couldn't care less.
The next moment—
"So that's it!"
Donna took 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.



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.



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?"

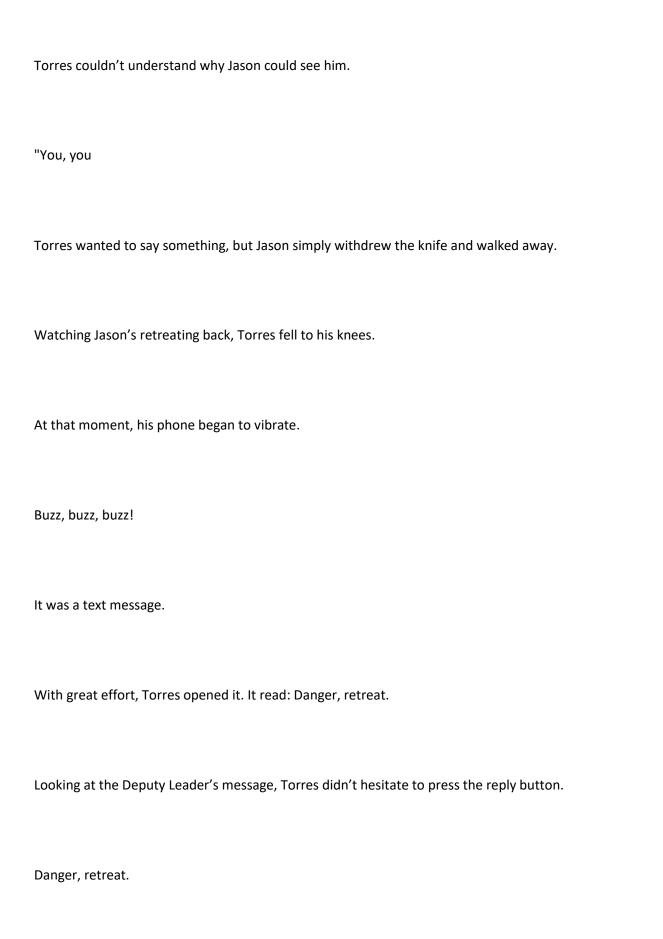


With the entire plan formulated in his mind, Klinck's lips curled in a reluctant smile.
But immediately, that smile froze.
A short sword pierced his heart.
Entering from the back and emerging from the chest.
Spurt!
As the short sword was withdrawn, blood gushed out.
Klinck's body convulsed and fell over 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.





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."
Illustration 27
"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.

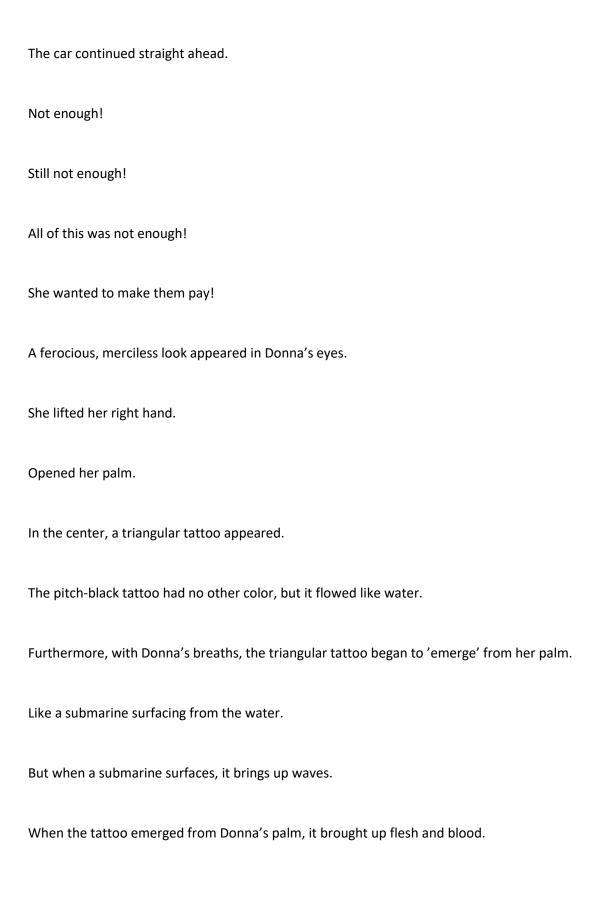
Previously, it was habit.
This time it was confident assurance.
As if Jason had already agreed to her terms.
However, in reality, Jason did not speak a word, and there was no sign of agreement in his actions.
What was even more astonishing was that Donna pressed the red button the next moment.
Boom!
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!



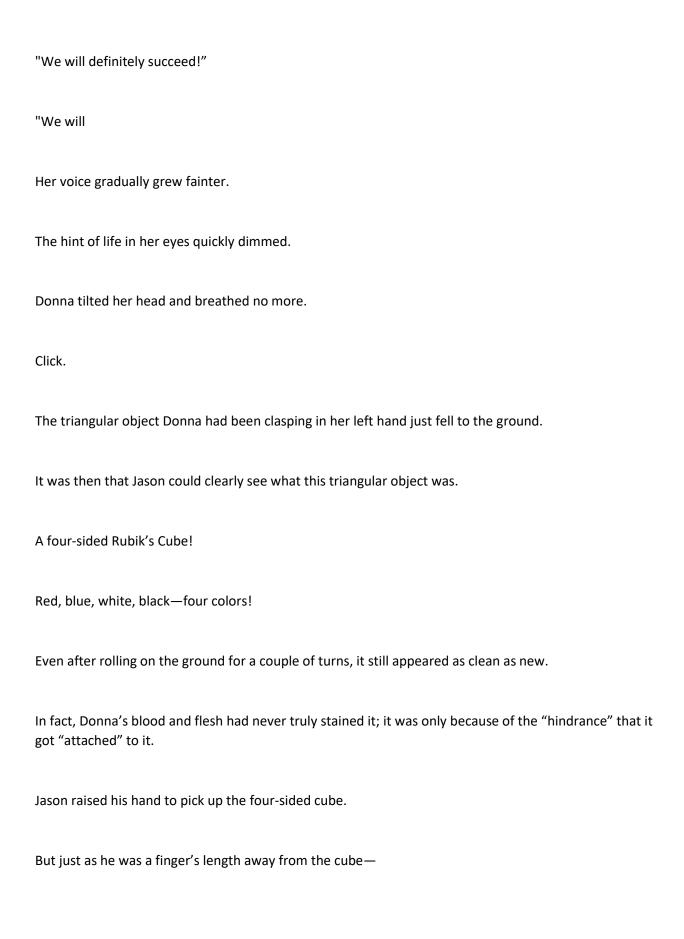




The skin tore, the flesh stretched into strips, and between them, the sound of splintering bones could be heard.
Did it hurt?
It hurt!
But Donna didn't care!
What was this little pain compared to the endless agony she suffered day and night?
What was this little pain compared to the lost lives of the 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.



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!
SI 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.



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.

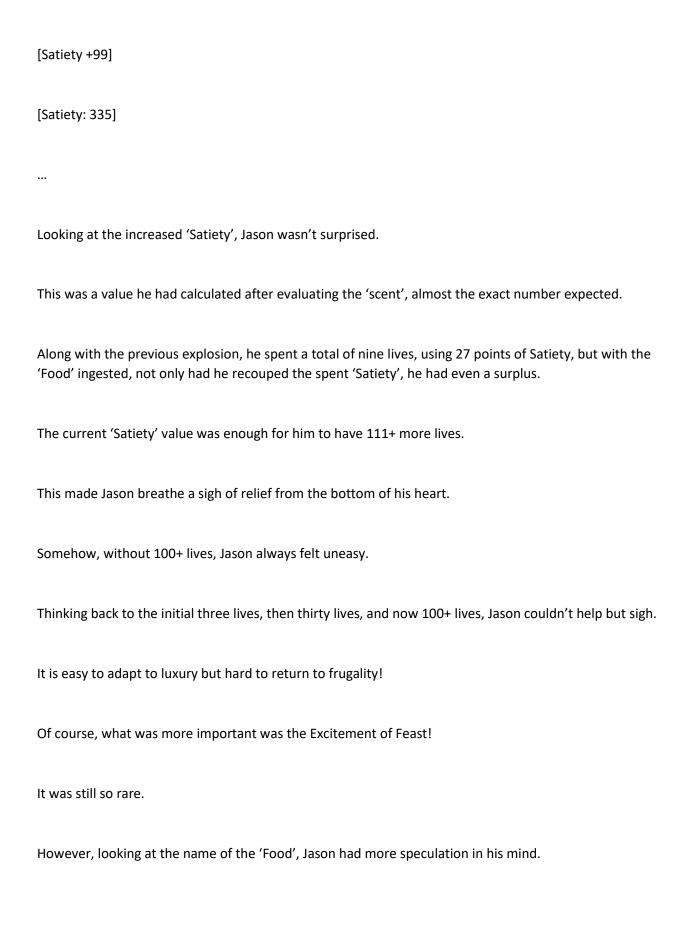
But the next moment, Jason had regenerated again.
Not only did his heart and organs grow back, but the wound on his chest also completely healed.
And as soon as he recovered, Jason cast another "Protection Against Evil".
SI oT Yn!
The scorching force field energy, like magma, caused the Cube Creature 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.

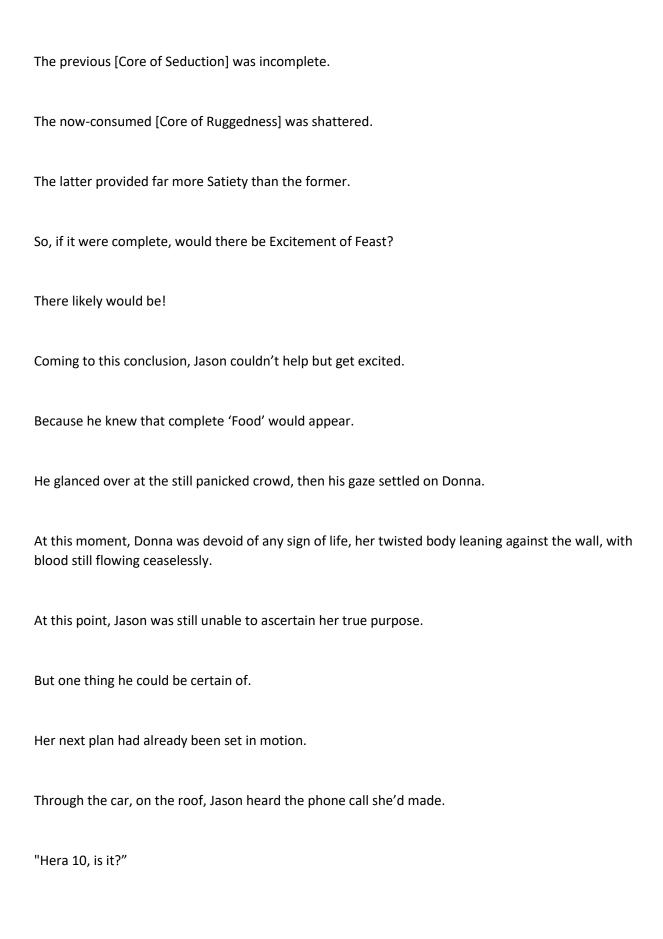
This time, it wasn't just the chest, but the entire upper body that was blown away.
But it was useless.
In less than a breath, Jason was back to normal again.
"Monster!"
"You monster!"
The Cube Creature exclaimed.
But it was soon interrupted by the pain from its exclamation.
Jason cast another "Protection 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.



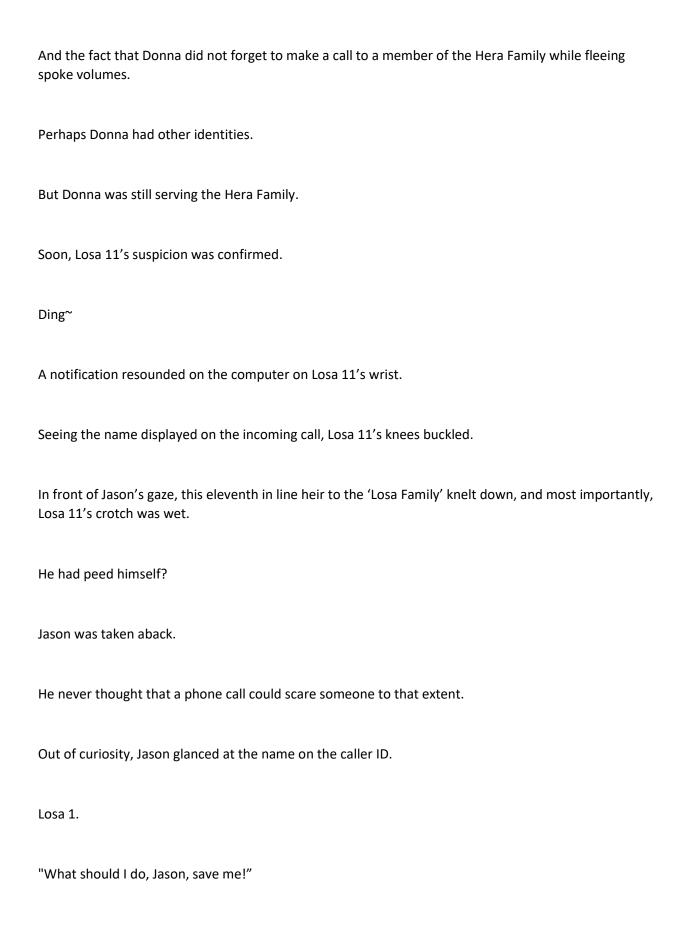
Most of the time, he preferred to disinfect with strong spirits.
And when he couldn't find any strong spirits?
Whoosh!
A flame appeared in the palm of Jason's hand.
The high temperature from the expert-level [Charles Burning Technique] brought him much comfort.
After toasting it with the flame for 10 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!]

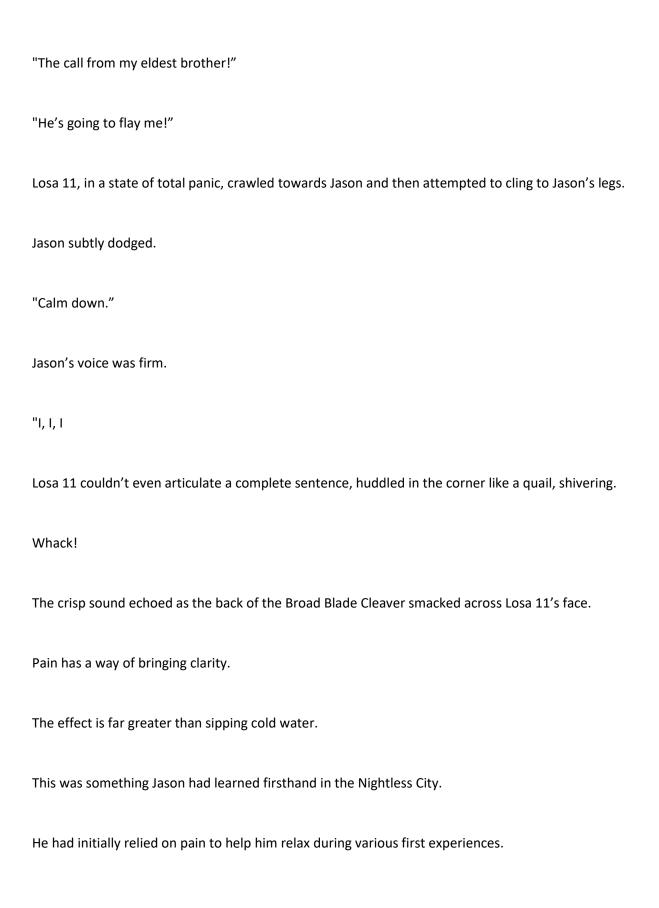




Thinking of this name, Jason turned and walked toward the Game Mansion.
Soon, his figure disappeared into the chaotic crowd.
When Jason appeared before the Brutalizer's apartment, Losa 11 let out a long sigh of relief.
This eleventh heir of the Losa Family wasn't worried about Jason running away, he 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 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.

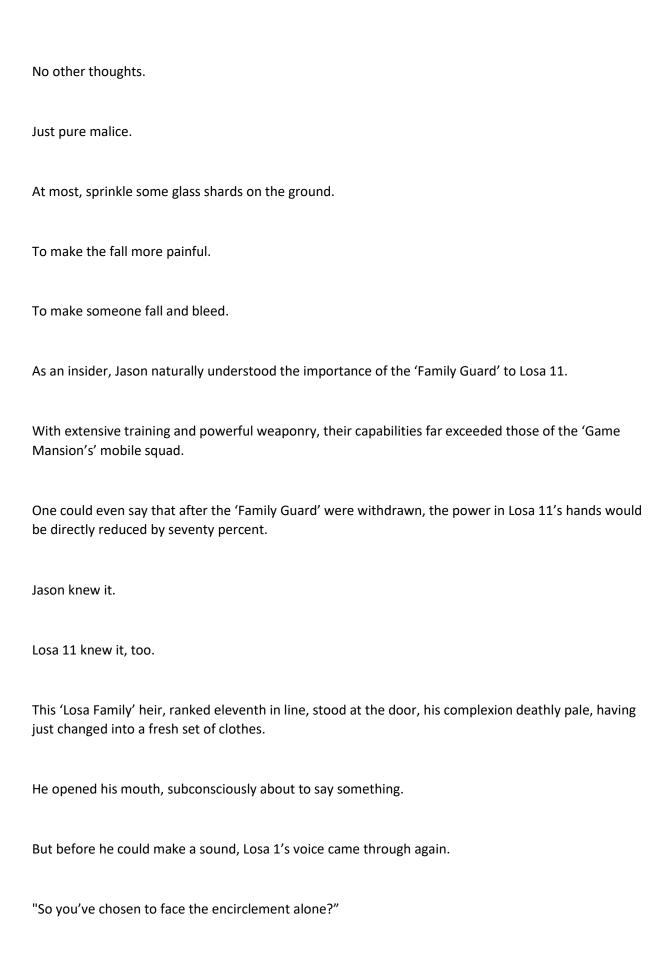
"You must be very unhappy to be called stupid by me?"

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





"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!"



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'?"



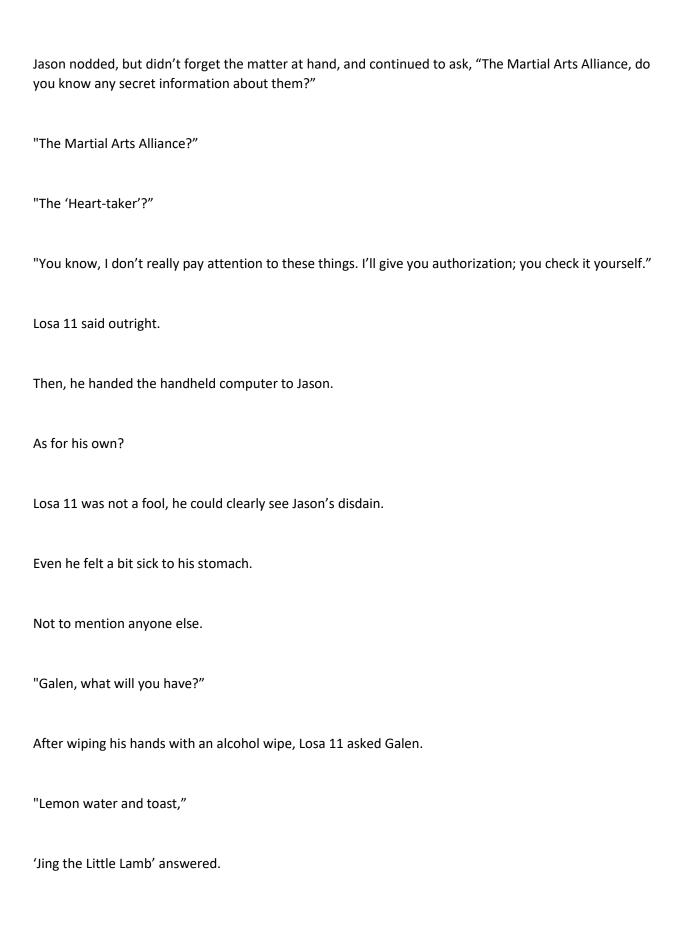
"I haven't seen the records of other families, but they should have them too!"
"Even, we ourselves are descendants of 'gods'."
As he spoke these words, Losa 11 puffed out his chest, trying to look like a 'divine descendant', at least to appear a bit dignified and solemn.
Unfortunately, his face smeared 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."

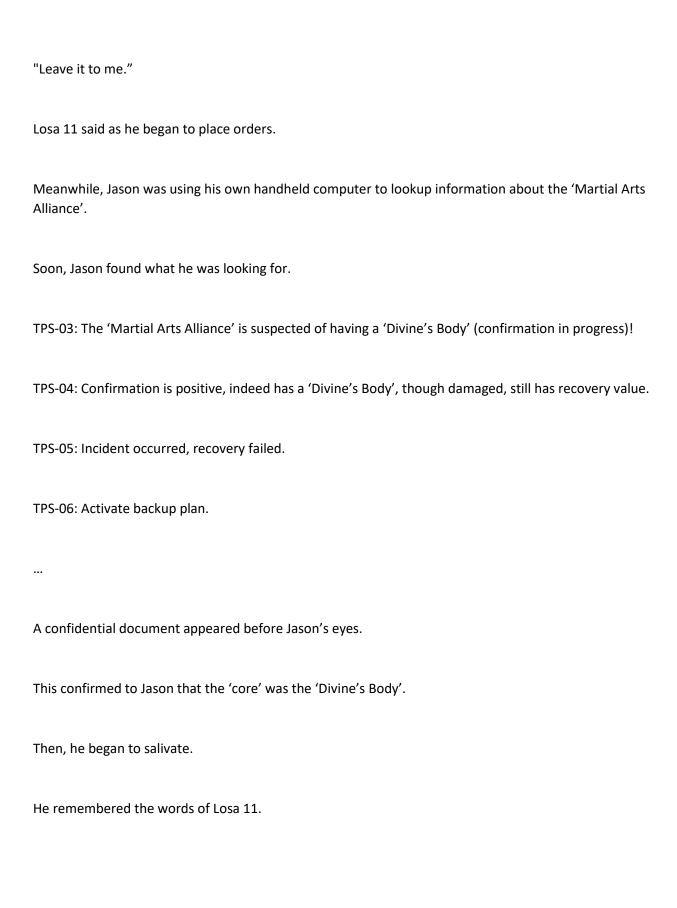


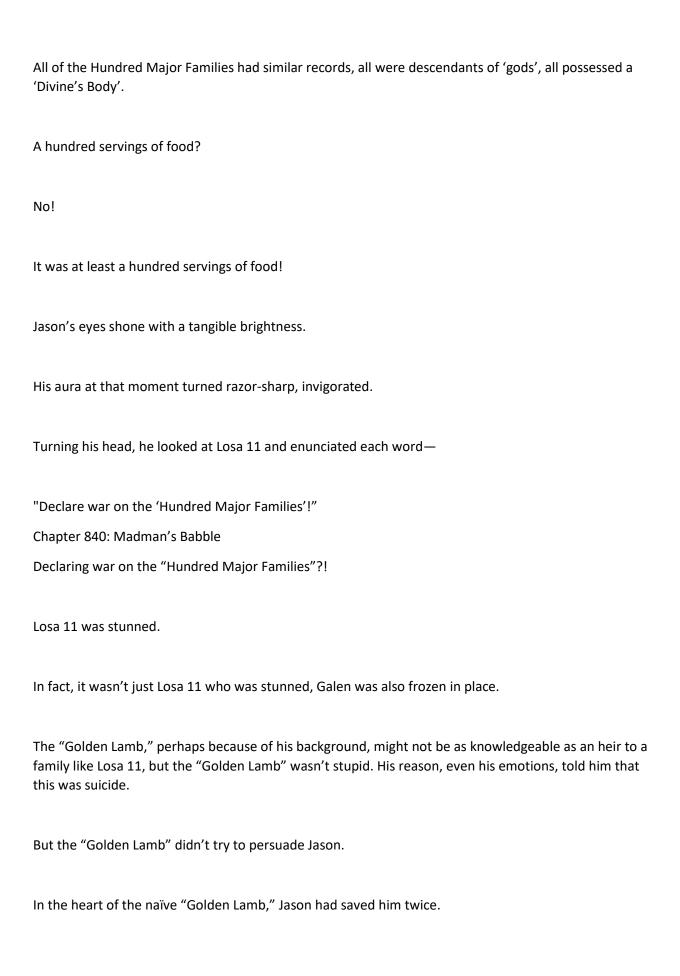


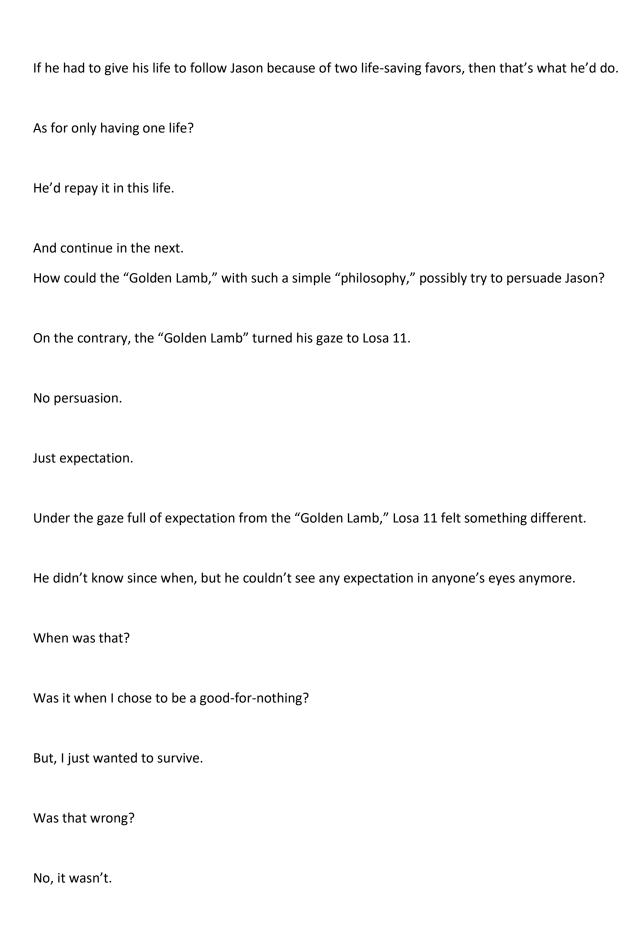
"The former 'Rogo Kingdom', you know of it, right? It's what's now Area F!"
"The 'Rogo Kingdom' of the past had a 'Divine's Body' too!"
"Rogo XIII's brother, in seeking revenge for his brother, excessively used the 'Divine's Body' of the 'Rogo Kingdom', and then, the entire kingdom became a funeral offering."
"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)].















"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.
"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.