

Menu 841

Chapter 841: Madman's Babble (2)

Laughter!

Boisterous, mad, laughter erupted from the mouth of the 'Losa Family's' first-in-line to inheritance.

It was so similar to Losa the Eleventh.

No!

It was, in fact, identical!

"Ha, hahaha!"

"Worthy of being my brother!"

"Fantastic!"

"Exactly!"

"Parasites wasting oxygen, truly an apt description!"

Losa the First was laughing so hard in his chair that he doubled over.

Happy, excited, content, approved.

All these emotions mixed within his laughter, then, one after another, requests to communicate came through.

Losa the First didn't reject any.

Moreover, he turned them all on.

He put everyone into a chat interface.

To Losa the First's maneuver, members of the 'Hundred Major Families', the representatives, seemed to be aware and weren't surprised or panicked, they just quietly watched Losa the First.

"Surprised? Shocked?"

Losa the First, sitting in the chair, spread out his hands and asked with interest.

Then, still, no one spoke.

Answering the questions of a madman isn't a wise plan.

But similarly, not answering would irritate the madman too.

As Losa the First began to contain his smile, the Kehardi Family's fifth-in-line to inheritance stood out.

"Is what just happened real?"

Kehardi the Fifth asked tentatively.

"Of course."

"Worthy of being my brother."

"Though he is stupid."

Losa the First nodded assuredly.

"Can he represent the 'Losa Family'?"

Kehardi the Fifth inquired what everyone was concerned about.

"Represent the Losa Family?"

"Aside from me and my father, no one else can represent the 'Losa Family'!"

"Even if he is my brother."

Losa the First said gravely.

Upon hearing this remark, those present from the 'Hundred Major Families' on the same chat interface were startled, then a mysterious gleam appeared in their eyes.

It was the thrill of spotting prey.

The F District, while not as bustling as districts A, B, and C, was still a large zone.

If they could take it into their hands, it would be quite beneficial for the growth of their family.

Of course, before there was no justification.

The 'Losa Family,' 'Send Family,' 'Gibson Family,' 'Hera Family,' 'Amiel Family' were all members of the 'Hundred Major Families,' adhering to agreements amongst themselves, which other families couldn't interfere with.

But now?

Losa the Eleventh had caused such an incident.

It was indeed wonderful!

Naturally, Losa the Eleventh was also truly foolish!

To have done such a thing.

Most people thought so in their hearts.

Then, unable to contain himself, Kehardi the Fifth muttered.

"If that's the case, your brother is really stupid!"

Although the comment was muttered, the loudspeakers made it quite clear.

The 'Hundred Major Families' members heard it.

So did Losa the First.

The previously solemn Losa the First squinted his eyes, his gaze turning icy.

"Are you saying my brother is stupid?"

He asked coldly.

"It's you... no, don't misunderstand!"

Kehardi the Fifth almost instinctively said, realizing his error as soon as his words escaped him.

Right then, Kehardi the Fifth began to explain.

But Losa the First didn't give him a chance.

He raised his right hand, extended his index finger, and with his thumb, middle finger, ring finger, and pinky curled towards the palm, he shaped a 'gun' gesture.

Then—

"Bang!"

Losa the First mimicked the sound of gunfire.

On the screen, a bloody hole immediately appeared on Kehardi the Fifth's forehead, his body collapsing backward.

Almost in that instant, all the connected video feeds were cut off, leaving only the one showing Kehardi the Fifth's body.

"A bunch of cowards!"

Losa the First remarked, then his gaze fell on the body of Kehardi the Fifth.

"Losa the Eleventh is my brother, even if he's useless, even if he's stupid, only I have the right to say that, even though I may end up flaying him to make a lantern, it's my affair."

"You? What are you worth."

Having said that, Losa the First disconnected the video call.

Laughing cheerfully, then without hesitation committing murder.

No consideration.

Not even a moment of hesitance.

And then there was the bizarre ability.

This was Losa the First.

The 'madman' of the 'Losa Family'.

Even after the video call was disconnected, Hera the Tenth still felt her heart 'thump, thump, thump,' frantic, overwhelmed by a flood of anxiety and fear.

She didn't remember the last time she felt this way.

It made her uncomfortable.

Then came the dissatisfaction and anger with herself.

"What's the point of all that training?"

"Isn't it exactly for facing everything?"

"Now even Losa the First makes you afraid, what if you were to face someone from the older generation?"

"What would you become then?"

"Like Kehardi the Fifth, not able to control your own power and then dying abruptly?"

Hera the Tenth interrogated herself.

Then, she picked up the spear beside her and began thrusting.

This was the training she had received from a young age.

Every 'Hera Family' girl needs to train with spears, longbows, and crossbow arrows.

And then choose what they were best at.

She chose the spear.

Not for any other reason, but because longbows and crossbow arrows were just too effeminate.

Only the effeminate would fight from afar!

The clash of close combat is what a warrior should experience!

An hour!

Without any break!

Thrust, retract!

Hera the Tenth executed it perfectly, a good thousand times.

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The speed wasn't fast, three seconds for a turn—many could achieve this.

But Hera 10's thrusts were full of strength.

Every time, it was like a howling gale.

And that had become her signature.

When the sound of the howling wind stopped, the long-waiting Butler stepped in.

He handed over a towel and warm water.

"How is it?"

Wiping off sweat and drinking water, Hera 10 asked.

"No response."

"None of the 'Hundred Major Families' members have made a move."

"Even the original governors of Zone F, the 'Send Family,' 'Gibson Family,' and 'Amiel Family,' these three have taken no action, they must be waiting for another family to make the first move."

The Butler reported truthfully.

"A bunch of cowards!"

"They are scared of Losa 11."

"A Losa 11 that challenges the 'Hundred Major Families' can't possibly be without backing, even if there's no 'Losa Family.' But who can ensure there is no one else? Remember the previous events? 'They' showed up in those. It's too risky to act now, better to wait and see—probably what these guys are thinking, right?"

Hera 10 assessed dismissively.

Then, in the eyes of the 'Hera Family's' tenth in line to succeed, determination and ambition appeared.

"But I am different!"

"Since the family has entrusted this mission to me!"

"Then I will surely succeed!"

The old Butler clearly guessed Hera 10's intentions early on.

But still, the necessary dissuasion was there.

"But Miss Hera 10, this is what the other families would like to see."

"We become the scapegoat."

"In the end, the gain may be for another family."

Facing the old Butler's words, Hera 10 nodded in agreement.

"So, we have to use a method more suitable for us!"

"Conveniently, I have a good plan!"

Hera 10 declared confidently.

...

Achoo!

Pers, sitting in the back seat of the car, couldn't help but sneeze.

But he had no intention of wiping his nose.

This 'Contact' was staring dumbfounded at the live broadcast in his hands.

"Losa 11, this, this... it's too crazy, isn't it?"

Pers stammered.

"How else could you be called a 'Losa Family' member if not crazy?"

Billder, driving the car, said so.

"Indeed."

Roslor, sitting in the passenger seat, nodded.

Pers found the two men's reaction a bit strange, but didn't think much of it, only asking subconsciously, "Roslor, where is your home? Why haven't we arrived after such a long time?"

As soon as he spoke, Pers saw Billder giving him a strange look through the rearview mirror.

"You really want to drag Roslor's family into this?"

"The three of us are enough!"

Billder asserted.

What does that mean?

What's this 'the three of us are enough'?

Pers was taken aback.

Roslor, seated in the passenger seat, spoke up again.

"Billder and I want to repay Lord Losa 11's kindness by willingly becoming bait to lure out Lord Losa 11's enemies. We obviously know that Lord Losa 11 would not agree, so we had to make an excuse."

"But unexpectedly, Pers, you're also willing to take such a big risk to become bait."

Were we not fleeing?

Why become bait?

Pers looked confused and bewildered.

"To repay a favor, one naturally must be ready to lay down their life, Pers, you think the same, don't you?"

Roslor continued.

I think your damn egg!

I just want to go somewhere safe to stroke a cat!

Damn it!

Stop the car!

I want to go home!

Pers roared inwardly, then facing Bildler's scrutinizing gaze and Roslor's gazes of expectation—especially when the former's gaze turned dangerous and the latter began to show doubt and disappointment—he slightly nodded his head and adopted a voice as if it were only natural to say—

"Of course!"

Chapter 843: I Predicted Your Prediction

My name is Pers, and I'm the middle son from a common family in the remote countryside.

Unlike my older brother, who received a lot of attention, and my younger brother, who was showered with love, as the middle child, I found myself in an awkward position.

I wore the clothes my brother cast off, used his hand-me-down stationery, and even my bed had been slept in by him before.

As for my younger brother?

By the time I was done with things, they were nearly worn out, so he got new ones.

I had no complaints.

At least my parents were loving towards each other, and they didn't abuse me or demand too much. They did their best with what they had.

So, I was grateful.

Of course, I still sought change.

Maybe it was what young people called a dream.

I believed I deserved a better life.

And to see those things I'd heard about.

I longed to see them for myself.

So, I studied hard to get away from my rural home as much as possible.

After putting in several times more effort than the average person, I finally made it to the big city, reaching the same starting line that city kids were born into.

The experience was unpleasant, but the result was joyful.

I was happy.

Maybe when people are happy, when they smile, luck comes their way.

I was no exception.

A job interview I had no hope for somehow saw me through.

Although it wasn't the position I desired, I wasn't thinking much about that at the time.

I became a 'contact.'

I had my own 'apartment,' a decent salary, and lengthy vacations. Except for not being allowed to keep a cat, everything was beautiful.

At least it was before I met that special 'Brutalizer.'

Jason.

This man shattered my understanding of 'Brutalizers.'

Before then, I always thought 'Brutalizers' were terrifying.

But after meeting Jason, I realized the 'Brutalizers' I had seen before were just kindergarten level.

In my hometown's slang: they weren't worth a bean.

Strong! Calm!

And strangely frightening!

Especially the latter, every time I saw Jason wearing that mask, I would feel panic from the bottom of my heart.

It was like walking alone at night and suddenly hearing a noise behind me.

But for a hefty paycheck, I could endure it.

It's just...

Why has it turned out this way!

Murder!

Riot!

Conspiracy!

All these things came one after another!

I knew I couldn't stay any longer.

I had to run!

Even though that Mr. Losa 11 was a nice man and even promoted me, I could see he was living on borrowed time.

More than one heir to the 'Hundred Major Families' had already died.

What's one more?

Everything is like Pandora's box.

Once opened, it can't be closed again.

Therefore, I decided to leave.

Although it may seem disloyal, and I feel sorry for young Master Losa 11, I don't want to die without knowing why.

I'm thankful that Bildler and Roslor felt the same way.

They were much closer to young Master Losa 11.

After all, it was a life-saving grace.

This made me feel a lot better, and the guilt lessened.

We embarked on our journey to leave together.

But just moments ago, they told me they were willing to act as bait, all in return for a favor.

Why didn't you say so sooner!

I seriously wanted to leave!

Mr. Losa 11 didn't save my life!

I want to return to the countryside and spend my days raising a cat!

And my little Xin!

How could it survive without me?

After uttering 'Of course,' Pers's life seemed to flash before his eyes like a kaleidoscope, reviewing his past.

Before meeting Jason, it was quite mundane; he was just an ordinary person.

Maybe just luckier than most.

After meeting Jason?

Emmmm...

Dramatic?

Not quite.

Every time their eyes met, Jason's calm gaze had clearly conveyed to him what became routine.

So, he couldn't call it dramatic.

It was more like constant terror.

For him, it was fitting.

If there was a lesson to be learned?

It was to never 'put on a tough front and suffer.'

If given a chance to do it over?

He would have stayed in the countryside, going nowhere.

And now?

He watched as two cars rapidly approached them, holding back tears.

These two cars had been following them ever since Mr. Losa 11 declared war on the 'Hundred Major Families.'

Though he didn't know which family they belonged to, he was well aware of their purpose.

Having followed them for so long, were they finally unable to restrain themselves from taking action?

Is it too late to surrender now?

Pers wondered frantically in his mind.

One of those cars had already caught up to the rear of the vehicle he was in.

Bang!

Following a solid impact, Pers's head hit the desk and chairs in front of him.

Instantly, he felt dizzy.

But even so, this 'contact' saw the other car overtake theirs.

Pincer attack!

Without a doubt, they wanted to force them to a stop.

Then rely on their numerical advantage to completely subdue them.

Fighting the dizziness, Pers reached for his gun.

At this point, giving up without a fight was not an option.

The 'contact' was ready to take a stand.

Then—

Bang!

He hit the front seat again, followed by several more relentless collisions.

This time, he was utterly disoriented.

Braking?

Why did Bilder start braking?

Chapter 844: I Predicted Your Prediction (2)

Even if at the start they could catch the two pursuing cars off guard,

They would soon find themselves in a more passive situation!

He was almost subconsciously thinking when he saw Roslor, who had been sitting honestly in the passenger seat, suddenly lean out with a submachine gun that had appeared out of nowhere in his hands.

Dadada!

The muzzle spat out flames.

Hot cartridges scattered in the backseat.

Several shells even landed on his face.

Searing.

Pain.

This was not a dream.

Pers was almost dazed, watching Roslor, the man who claimed to be a 'doctor,' going crazy pulling the trigger at this moment.

Before this, he had no doubts about Roslor's identity as a 'doctor.'

But now?

"Fxxk!"

"Son of a bitch, taste this!"

"Bastards, come to daddy!"

Hearing such words, Pers put a question mark in his heart.

What kind of doctor talks like this?

Aren't doctors supposed to be gentle and courteous?

A doctor crazily spraying with a submachine gun, who are you kidding?

But then, something even more astonishing happened to Pers.

While Roslor was pulling the trigger, he picked up a bag from the backseat and handed it to Billder.

This bag was next to Pers' feet, placed together with his luggage.

Pers simply thought it was Bildler's or Roslor's luggage.

Then, Pers saw a grenade launcher being taken out of the 'luggage.'

Thwack!

The car's tough windshield was smashed by Bildler with a punch.

The barrel of the grenade launcher aimed at the oncoming vehicle in front.

The other party obviously saw the grenade launcher and immediately swerved the steering wheel, but it was too late.

Bang!

Boom!

Following a black arc, flames roared into existence.

The swerving car caught fire and tumbled to the side.

Whirr!

Billder floored the accelerator, and the car started again, pushing Pers into the backseat. He looked back.

Next to the burning car, a vehicle riddled with bullet holes was slowly coming to a stop.

Crimson filled the inside of the car.

Only two people managed to stagger out.

But they soon fell to the ground, motionless.

"Is that how we escape?"

Pers was stunned.

Happiness came so suddenly that Pers couldn't quite believe it.

"This is just the beginning."

"These were just probes; the real attack hasn't come yet."

"We are the bait."

"They are too."

Roslor, maintaining the posture of leaning out, quickly said this after seeing Pers' expression.

"How do you know?"

"Aren't you just a doctor?"

Pers asked almost subconsciously.

"Who says a doctor can't know these things?"

"Isn't everything obvious?"

"We serve as bait to attract those with ill intentions, and naturally, they would send corresponding manpower to attract young master Losa of Block F, or to be precise: to probe!"

"They can't be sure of the extent of young master Losa's strength in Block F!"

"And our arrival gives them the perfect opportunity!"

"They will keep probing!"

Roslor spoke very rapidly.

"Then, what about us?"

Pers asked stutteringly, an ominous premonition emerging in his heart.

"We are to repel these probes!"

"Don't give them a chance to probe!"

"Or rather, give them the wrong information, to secure the best opportunity for young master Losa! It's like two Swordsmen in a duel; whoever shows a flaw first will have no place to be buried."

Pers looked at Roslor's determined face, his eyes even gleaming, and he felt like crying.

He understood what Roslor was saying.

But precisely because he understood, he was even more worried about his future.

No!

There was no future left!

Only a dead end lay ahead!

Pers thought despairingly.

But within the despair, Pers was still a bit curious.

"Roslor, are you really a doctor?"

"Why do I feel like you're a man prepared to die?"

Pers asked.

Roslor didn't answer; it was Bildler who replied.

"Of course Roslor is a doctor."

"I was saved by him."

"But in the incident before, we were both targeted for assassination at least five times. Perhaps he's not as good as you in combat and shooting, but in other aspects, he has grown a lot. But don't worry, I'm sure that after this incident, you will grow too," Bildler said, consoling Pers through the rearview mirror.

Thank you for your consolation!

Growth?

Only if you don't die can you grow!

If you die, it's eternal sleep!

Poor me, I've never actually raised a cat!

Pers silently looked at the car ceiling, then hugged the most important part of his luggage, the cat nest, in his arms.

In this cold, cruel society, only this cat nest could provide a bit of warmth.

But before Pers could feel the warmth of the cat nest for long, several heavy objects were tossed into his arms.

A shotgun.

An ammo belt.

Two grenades.

Pers looked up in astonishment.

Just as his eyes met Roslor's serious gaze.

"The fight is not over."

The 'doctor' said, then looked back.

Behind their car, more vehicles appeared.

And unlike the previous way of stopping them, this time, the others opened fire beforehand.

Bang, bang bang!

Dadada!

The bulletproof body of the car kept trembling, emitting moans as if it could hardly bear it anymore.

Chapter 845: I Predicted Your Prediction (3)

Pers almost instantly crawled into the back seat.

"What do we do?"

The 'contact' yelled loudly.

"Fire back!"

It was only natural for Roslor to say this as he pulled the trigger again.

Pers was stunned.

He did not know where Roslor's natural assumption came from.

Was he not afraid?

Did he not fear death?

His heart was full of doubts, but at this moment, he could not ask.

All he could do was pick up a grenade, pull the pin, and throw it.

Boom!

Pers was throwing blindly.

But luck was on his side.

The shrapnel from the exploding grenade completely covered two cars, causing them to tilt and fall over, one of which even triggered a chain collision with the vehicle behind it.

"Nicely done!"

Roslor cheered loudly for Pers.

In this doctor's view, although Pers often seemed cowardly, he was reliable in critical moments.

Look, this is the proof.

Pers had no idea what had happened.

He carefully peered out and looked back.

Seeing the pursuers thwarted once again, the 'contact' tried to speak in a nonchalant tone.

"Of course, I am a professional."

After saying this, Pers immediately began to regret it again.

Why did I say that?

Hadn't we agreed that seeking vain glory only leads to suffering?

Why am I doing this again?

As Pers was immersed in his regret, he gripped his shotgun tightly.

It had come to this...

I have no way back!

I must hold on!

I will survive to the end!

Pers gritted his teeth and thought.

Then, the 'contact' raised his gun and aimed at the vehicles that were pursuing them once more.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The distinctive sound of the shotgun reverberated through the night streets.

Firing in wide arcs, the shotgun, which hardly needed to be aimed, and the incessantly pursuing vehicles desperate to close in allowed Pers to repeatedly achieve hits.

And the occasional grenades thrown out were a constant headache for the pursuers behind them.

However, as time progressed, the number of pursuing vehicles from behind seemed to only increase.

They even felt overwhelmingly numerous.

"Did they bring every car in the entire city?"

Pers couldn't help but say.

Then, he pulled the trigger again.

Click! Click!

The sound of the hammer striking nothing made Pers's face change, and when he realized the magazine was empty as well, his complexion turned extremely grim.

He turned his head to look at Roslor.

"I'm out of bullets too!"

Roslor answered.

This is the end!

Pers lamented internally.

But Bildder remained calm.

"Don't panic when things happen!"

"Because

"Heaven never seals off all exits!"

This is what Bildder said as he began to floor the accelerator.

He aimed straight for a warehouse ahead and charged at it.

Whirr!

The car, like a wild horse breaking free, smashed into the warehouse.

Crash!

Amidst the sound of the warehouse door flying open, the car disappeared into the shadows inside the warehouse.

The pursuing cars arrived one after another.

They stopped at the entrance of the warehouse and got out of their vehicles.

Then—

Rumble!

The deep, powerful sound of an engine, like the roar of a wild beast, could be heard.

The ground even trembled slightly.

The pursuers looked at each other, confused.

As they stood unsure of what to do, a colossal object burst out of the warehouse.

Steel body, rolling tracks, and a turret with dual gun barrels.

An armored fighting vehicle!

Bang, bang!

Boom! Boom!

The artillery fired in unison, two shells falling among the pursuers, immediately resulting in a fiery surge of flames.

"Bildler, how could there be armored vehicles here?"

Having just fired, Pers asked Bildler with excitement etched on his face.

"I used to be a security consultant for the 'Send Family.'

Bilder mumbled his explanation.

Pers didn't press for details.

At that moment, inside the armored vehicle, he felt a complete sense of security.

He adjusted the cannon's aim, targeting those in pursuit, incessantly pressing the fire button.

The automatic loading system allowed Pers to fire at will, unrestrainedly.

Suddenly, the pursuers turned from hunters into prey.

Bodies were thrown about chaotically.

Screams of agonizing pain echoed incessantly.

The situation had almost reversed in an instant.

Roslor breathed a sigh of relief.

Pers shouted out loud, venting the pressure that had built up until just moments ago.

Only Bildler, who was driving, had a serious expression.

His physicality had incredibly surpassed that of an average person due to the previous anomaly and his perception had undergone an extraordinary change; otherwise, he would have been unable to evade Xilin's multiple ambushes.

This time, he sensed a level of danger far surpassing any he had felt before.

"Get out of the car!"

Bilder made the decisive command.

Roslor didn't hesitate to comply.

Having survived life and death together on numerous occasions, he completely trusted Bildler.

Although Pers hesitated initially, once he saw Roslor exit the vehicle, he quickly followed suit.

And as the three men left the armored vehicle

Sss, sss!

The sound of intense corrosion emerged!

The trio turned their heads toward the armored vehicle.

What had seemed an incredibly sturdy vehicle to the average person was now melting away.

A mass of dark green liquid clinging to the vehicle caused it to melt like a burning candle.

More importantly, an invisible force had bound them, firmly anchoring them in place.

Even Billeder, whose physical strength was extraordinary, was no exception.

Step, step step!

Amid the crisp sounds of footsteps, a tall woman with a high ponytail emerged.

She wore no complex gown, only leather armor and a long spear.

Her streamlined muscles made her appear like a female leopard.

Behind her, two figures cloaked in capes stood quietly, their faces obscured.

One of them raised a hand toward the battlefield.

The other pointed at them.

Bildder, Roslor, and Pers were no fools and immediately understood what was happening.

Secret abilities!

The true foundation of the great family clans!

Hera 10 looked at the three captives, barely able to suppress her laughter.

"You served as bait, drawing my attention while slowly increasing this lure, ensnaring me in a tactic from which I cannot escape," she said.

"Quite a good plan," she remarked.

"Alas, I predicted your predictions!"

"I'm not going to gradually increase my power; I threw in all my strength from the start!"

"So

"I've won!"

Hera 10 declared.

Her gaze swept over Bildler, Roslor, and Pers.

At that moment in Hera 10's heart, she was already contemplating how to pry open their mouths to learn more about Losa 11.

Of course, once she knew everything, she intended to use the three men and Losa 11 for some kind of deal.

Maximizing benefits, why not enjoy it?

However, the looks in their eyes were a bit strange.

Why do they keep staring behind me?

Is that...

The smell of blood!

Hera 10 was initially puzzled, but upon smelling the blood, she reacted extremely swiftly. Instead of turning around immediately, she dashed forward two steps before turning, and at the moment of turning, she aimed her spear behind her.

But!

When Hera 10 saw what lay behind her, she trembled, nearly dropping her spear.

Under the moonlight, a mask of ice emerged from the shadows.

The enigmatic figure had penetrated the chest of one of the 'Hera Family's' 'Secret Keepers' with a knife and was strangling the neck of another.

Crack.

The clear sound of breaking bones resounded.

Jason's gaze turned towards Hera 10.

Instantly, Hera 10 felt as if she had been targeted by a mythical beast.

She felt it.

Suffocation.

Chapter 846: When you get close to 'destiny!

Every family has their "Secret Keepers".

Unlike the direct descendants nurtured by the family, these "Secret Keepers" possess more complicated, bizarre abilities, but without a doubt, all who earn the title of "Secret Keeper" are powerful.

Especially the two “Secret Keepers” handpicked by Hera 10.

They also hold considerable fame within the Hera Family.

One mastered “Corrosion”.

One mastered “Binding”.

Together, their cooperation could give any adversary a migraine.

But what about now?

One had a sword piercing through his chest.

One had a broken neck.

Neither of their defensive methods were of any use, let alone identifying how their opponent even appeared.

For this, Hera 10 would bear no grudges.

Who would blame the dead?

Especially when she herself was on the brink of death!

"Jason!"

Hera 10 roared loudly.

Not only because the person before her eyes surprised her, but also because she needed to dispel her fear.

Fear!

Under the threat of death!

The fear was tangible!

Hera 10 could feel it clearly, as she was about to suffocate.

Without hesitation, she activated her own strength.

If she hesitated any longer, she feared she wouldn't have another chance.

Amidst her roaring, an unusual wave of energy appeared around her.

The invisible wind, centered on Hera 10, blew in all directions.

It also dispersed the fear that was as tangible as reality.

Phew!

The spear in Hera 10's hands thrust forward, with force as heavy as if it were a warhammer rather than a spear.

Then—

Clang!

A Broad Blade Cleaver blocked the tip of the spear.

Under the fierce clash, the shaft of the spear uncontrollably bent, and then, quickly straightened out.

Crack!

The air vibrated, and a crisp sound echoed.

The spear flew out of Hera 10's grasp.

Before the spear hit the ground, Jason caught it in his hands.

Hera 10, whose palms were split open, was struck in the back of the head by the handle of Jason's blade in a backhanded stroke.

Thump!

After a muffled sound, Hera 10's eyes rolled back and she fell straight to the ground.

Jason glanced at the unconscious Hera 10 and then fondly caressed the spear in his hand.

It tasted of chocolate!

Food!

This was the first time he had discovered an artifact from the Mystical Side on an heir of the Hundred Major Families.

And also, the first time he found a Mystical Side ability on an heir of the Hundred Major Families.

The uniqueness of the situation kept Hera 10 alive.

"The Hera Family, huh?"

Jason murmured to himself in his heart.

This family, composed entirely of females, was inherently special.

And now?

It was even more so.

But to Jason, it made no difference.

As he turned his head to look at the ordinary members of this family, the “fear” affixed to his hockey mask once again spread out.

Two powerful ‘Hidden Ones’ corpses lay at their feet.

This made the ‘fear’ reach an extreme.

Almost instantaneously, they felt the suffocation that Hera10 had just experienced.

But unlike Hera10, they didn’t have the means to dispel the fear immediately.

Therefore, the outcome was inevitable.

"Ahhh!"

"Don't kill me, please!"

"Spare me!"

In an instant, the chasers dispersed like birds and beasts.

Billder watched the scene in a daze, unable to comprehend this power an 'accident' had bestowed upon him, even though he had heard of it and even experienced it.

Roslor, on the other hand, breathed a sigh of relief and smiled as if a heavy burden had been lifted.

Although prepared for death, who would truly wish to die if they could avoid it?

The doctor turned his head to look at the 'Contactee.'

Pers, reborn from a close brush with death, knelt there, tears streaming down his face.

"Wuu wuu wuu, to live, it's wonderful!"

"Look at this beautiful night scene!"

"Feel this cool night breeze!"

"I can even smell the fragrance of the soil!"

"To be alive, is truly wonderful!"

Pers kept muttering over and over again.

Seeing this, Roslor gently patted Pers's shoulder as a consolation.

Scoff?

It was non-existent.

At that time, even he was worse off than Pers.

So weak-kneed that he had to rely on Bilders's support to stand.

"Are we even close to the end?"

"Everything has just begun!"

Compared to Roslor's 'gentleness' as a doctor, Bildler was much more direct.

"What?"

"It's just beginning?"

Pers's face changed color.

Subconsciously, Pers turned to look at Roslor.

Compared to the fierce-looking Bildler, he trusted the gentle Roslor more.

"Yes."

"Hera10 was merely a 'scout piece' pushed out by others; the real enemies are those behind."

"You're right, aren't you, Lord Jason...hmm? Lord Jason?"

Roslor was speaking while turning to look at Jason.

However, when the doctor turned his head, he found that Jason, who clearly had been standing right there, had disappeared.

The unconscious Hera10 on the ground was also nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Lord Jason?"

Pers looked bewilderedly at Bildler.

He'd been so preoccupied with savoring the joy of surviving catastrophe that he hadn't even noticed when Jason had left.

Bilder shook his head with a grave expression.

The former security consultant had been vigilant all around.

Yet, he still hadn't noticed when Jason had left.

Just like he hadn't noticed when Jason had arrived.

If he truly had to face an attack from Jason...

Shivers ran down the former security consultant's spine as he subconsciously thought about this possibility.

Then came an overwhelming sense of relief.

"Such a terrifying disparity!"

Billder murmured to himself.

The last trace of pride from the 'mutation' vanished without a trace from the depths of his heart.

Chapter 847: When You Approach 'Destiny! (2)

Who doesn't dream of being extraordinary!

And once such a dream is realized, who could help but feel proud?

Others are like this.

So naturally was Bildder.

Fortunately, Bildder had met Jason.

A person who quickly made him come to his senses.

With a lift of his hand, he pulled Pers, who was kneeling on the ground, to his feet.

"Let's go, the battles ahead will still take a long time."

Pers stared blankly at Bildder.

He was surprised by Bildder's sudden change.

Although Bildder had said nothing explicitly, Pers could clearly feel how proudly and arrogantly the former security consultant had once behaved, especially his contempt towards him.

However, Pers didn't care.

He was always someone who feared death and clung to life, what was contempt to him? As long as no one did anything too excessive, he could tolerate it.

But just now, he keenly sensed that Bildler seemed different.

Yet he wasn't quite sure.

A hand clapped on his shoulder.

Pers turned his head; it was Roslor.

"Bildler is a good man."

"It's just that his personality is a bit difficult, but you'll get used to it after spending some time with him."

"Just now?"

"After experiencing the battle, he has begun to see you as a comrade."

"Just like me."

Roslor said with a smile on his face.

"Really?"

Pers was still somewhat doubtful.

"Of course!"

Roslor said with certainty.

"Hurry up!"

"Don't dilly-dally!"

Ahead, Bildler began to call out loudly, urging them to move faster.

Roslor laughed and waved at Pers, striding forward.

Watching their backs, Pers scratched his head.

This was the moment he should have turned and run.

But...

Wouldn't that be dishonorable?

Moreover, I've already been targeted by those guys.

They will definitely go to great lengths to chase after me.

If I get separated, I won't even have someone to watch my back!

Right!

I need someone to watch my back!

Thinking this, Pers immediately started to follow, calling out loudly.

"Wait for me!"

...

Jason's room.

Losa XI was sound asleep, snoring.

Under the influence of alcohol, this eleventh-in-line successor of the Losa Family had long since forgotten about his dire situation and paid no more attention to those annoying matters.

There's no trouble that a drink can't fix.

If there is?

Then have two!

If two won't do, try two tons.

As long as you drink enough, troubles will never find you.

Losa XI lived by the saying of some old drunkard.

In his view, he was just a good-for-nothing.

In a time like this, when death was certain, of course, he needed a drink, both out of habit and as a farewell before his end—he hoped it wouldn't take too long, as he was a bit afraid of pain.

It would be best if it ended in an instant!

Death can sometimes be terrifying.

But compared to a fate worse than death, it's really nothing!

Losa XI had seen with his own eyes how his eldest brother dealt with those who offended him.

Playing was just the beginning.

To not die after being flayed, and then covered with honey and thrown into an anthill was also just routine.

What horrified him the most was the complete desecration of human dignity.

Men lost the capital to hold their heads high.

A single cut.

A chill in the groin.

And then fried and forced to eat it.

Every time he imagined this scene, Losa XI felt cramps in his lower abdomen.

As for women?

He thought it was better not to know.

He never looked.

And to resist this kind of fear, he chose 'alcohol'!

That was the case before.

And it's the same now.

Alcohol made him fall asleep quickly, it made his mind unclear, and it made him babble.

"Don't think I don't know!"

Losa XI suddenly spoke up, lying on the sofa.

At this moment, he thought back to how he felt after his eldest brother 'accidentally' intimidated him, and how his other siblings feigned concern for him.

Every time he thought of those phony smiles, he felt like punching them hard.

After all, compared to his full brother, the eldest,

He knew exactly what his half brothers and sisters wanted to do.

But he had his own delusion of being a wastrel.

So he kept silent.

Yet at this moment, under the influence of alcohol, Losa XI couldn't help himself anymore.

But it was this drunken muttering.

A shadow in the corner of the wall began to tremble.

A hidden figure, uncertain and startled, was looking at Losa XI.

Discovered?

No way!

How could a Losa XI without 'inherited strength' possibly notice me?

The hidden figure was hesitant,

Because he remembered Losa XI's disguise.

If it had not been for 'their' accidental exposure, Losa XI would have remained a nobody.

Dismissed by everyone as worthless.

But with everything that had happened, who could still see Losa XI as worthless?

The bodies of Send 3, Send 8, and Send 9 hadn't even gone cold yet.

The riot at Game Mansion had yet to settle down.

Losa XI's brazenness and madness during the live broadcast were still fresh in memory.

Considering these things, the hidden figure slowly withdrew his already extended foot.

I was being impulsive!

The hidden figure thought to himself and then suddenly remembered 'Korlahadi 5,' who had been killed by a bullet from Losa I.

How the other died, he was well aware.

Unable to control the 'inherited strength,' directly overwhelmed by the strength, he couldn't control his mouth.

It was his own doing, asking for death.

What about me?

I can be sure my 'strength' is fine, stable, and there's no backlash.

So why did I take the risk to come here?

Why had I acted so differently from my usual cautious character?

Chapter 848: When You Approach 'Destiny! (3)

For the honor of the Gibson Family?

As the second in line to inherit the 'Gibson Family,' it was entirely reasonable for him to say so, but what about in reality?

Merits!

For merits far beyond those of his elder brother!

That's why he had taken the risk!

But...

Was it too risky?

The contradictory thoughts furrowed the brow of this 'Gibson Family's' second heir.

Something felt off!

But he couldn't pinpoint what!

Suddenly!

A flash of insight struck the 'Gibson Family's' second heir.

He thought again of that Korhal V.

Korhal V met his end because he could not control his 'Strength' and caused a disaster.

What about him?

He had complete control over his 'Strength,' that was certain.

But what if it was influenced by someone else?

For instance, his elder brother!

The man was always eying him with envy.

So—

Could all this be a trap?

Could this be a trap set by Gibson I to remove him in a collaboration with Losa XI?

The more Gibson II thought about it, the more it made sense.

Otherwise, how could he, who was normally so cautious, act so recklessly?

At this thought, Gibson II breathed a sigh of relief.

Thank goodness!

Thank goodness!

It hadn't reached an irreparable point!

Looking at what seemed like a soundly sleeping Losa XI, Gibson II walked directly out of the shadows.

Since Losa XI had spoken to warn him but hadn't made a killing move, that proved there was room for negotiation.

As long as there was room to talk, it proved things hadn't reached their worst.

And at times like this, one needed to demonstrate their value.

Already standing in the brightly lit center of the room, Gibson II quickly understood.

He couldn't die!

Nor could he just conform to Gibson I's wishes.

So!

He would have to cooperate with Losa XI!

"Losa XI, indeed, you lived up to your reputation!"

"You must have known I would come back long ago, hadn't you?"

"Perhaps you hadn't discussed it with my brother, but the two of you had such an understanding. However, my stingy brother wanted to use you to eliminate me and didn't offer you enough benefits, so now you intend to change collaborators, right?"

Gibson II said, looking towards Losa XI.

The drunken Losa XI continued to snore, paying no mind to Gibson II.

But the more Losa XI ignored him, the more convinced Gibson II became that Losa XI was holding the winning cards.

Otherwise, how could he be so composed?

Could he really have passed out just from a bit of alcohol?

Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

Even with all his predictions, Gibson II still felt nervous.

After all, this concerned his life or death.

He couldn't bluff!

He had to be sincere!

"The 'Simpson Family' has a fully semi-mechanized unit in Zone F, similar to Luodeni, yet with one hundred percent loyalty. They're loyal to me, and I can transfer my authority to you," Gibson II said.

Losa XI: ZZZzzz

"I can also form an alliance with you!"

"To be your most reliable ally!"

Gibson II continued.

Losa XI: ZZZzzz

"I've already gathered quite a few heirs in similar circumstances within the 'Hundred Major Families.' I can represent them and join your ranks!"

Gibson II declared through gritted teeth.

This was his last card to play.

If this didn't work?

He could only fight back to the death.

But just at that moment, the snoring of Losa XI abruptly stopped.

"Hmm!"

The muffled voice rang out just like that.

Gibson II instantly felt relieved.

"I swear on the name of 'Simpson'!"

"I'll deliver on my promise!"

After speaking, Gibson II bent forward slightly and then retreated back into the shadows and disappeared.

It was right after Gibson II had truly left, that muffled voice of Losa XI spoke up again—

"Water, water, I need water."

Chapter 849: Missing something?

Galen heard Losa 11's words and immediately came over with a cup of warm water.

The 'Golden Lamb' helped the drunken Losa 11 sit up and slowly fed him water.

After drinking about half a cup, Losa 11 fell back into a deep sleep.

The 'Golden Lamb' also left with the water cup.

Both of them had failed to notice the previously mentioned Simpson 2.

Nor could they comprehend what the scene just now signified.

Jason noticed.

Carrying the captive Hera 10, Jason quickly became aware of the anomaly but why would he intervene when things were progressing in a favorable direction?

"What good fortune,"

The Jason who emerged from the shadows couldn't help but comment as he watched Losa 11 sleeping soundly.

Everyone has their moments of good and bad luck, and it's hard to tell.

It's just that for someone like Losa 11, such 'good fortune'!

Jason truly saw it for the first time!

If he had not been involved firsthand and confirmed that it wasn't a scheme by Losa 11, he would definitely think the Losa 11 in front of him belonged to those deeply calculating and viciously cruel persons.

Just like what Simpson 2 had assumed.

"Maybe this is fate?"

Jason thought, as his gaze shifted to the captive in his hands.

At this moment, Hera 10's eyelids trembled slightly, clearly about to wake up.

Jason raised his hand and delivered another karate chop.

Smack!

Immediately, Hera 10 was knocked out again.

This was the sixth time Jason had knocked out Hera 10. Although he wanted to ask for more information, the situation was the same as before: unsuitable.

"Galen, keep an eye on her,"

"If she wakes up, knock her out,"

Jason instructed Galen.

Not until Jason spoke up did the 'Golden Lamb' realize that Jason had returned.

To this, the 'Golden Lamb' showed no surprise.

For one, he was used to Jason's sudden disappearances and reappearances.

Secondly, he completely trusted Jason.

"Understood, Lord Jason,"

The 'Golden Lamb' nodded head seriously.

Then, Jason disappeared once more.

The recent event was far from perfect.

He wanted to strive for perfection.

He also wanted to make Losa 11's image in the eyes of others 'flawlessly perfect'.

With the help of 'scent,' Jason easily found the trail of Simpson 2.

By this time, the latter had left the 'Game Mansion' and was walking into a side alley.

Jason followed discreetly, gingerly opening his mouth to place the spear belonging to Hera 10 inside.

Instantly, a rich cocoa aroma began to spread.

No need to chew.

Once tainted by Jason's saliva, the 'food' that was the spear started to soften on its own, just a slight press with the tongue against the palate was enough to release the delicious flavors.

Is there anything more joyful than 'eating'?

Apart from eating more, it's the combination of eating while 'watching a drama'.

Hidden in the shadows, Jason ate and watched the distant alley.

There, Simpson 2 and a man stood face to face.

Like Simpson 2, the man wore a black coat and shoes.

The coat resembled a trench coat, but with different lines that deepened when light hit them, causing 'light' to appear distorted in normal vision.

The shoes seemed thick-soled, yet moved with an agile silence.

However, unlike Simpson 2's visage, the man before him was slightly younger and more robust.

His large aquiline nose and sturdy build were particularly eye-catching.

"Is it done?"

The man asked Simpson 2, his gaze shifting to his hands.

Simpson 2's task was not merely to eliminate Losa 11; he was also supposed to bring back a token.

Now, Simpson 2's hands were empty.

This caused the man's brows to furrow slightly.

"I failed,"

Simpson 2 replied, then took a long breath as if he had completely let go of something.

The man's frown deepened at this attitude.

"What happened?"

He pressed for details.

"Our plan was seen through by Losa 11!"

Simpson 2 declared.

Then, without waiting for his associate to ask further, he continued.

"I barely managed to swear an oath on my family and leave safely!"

As he spoke, Simpson 2 recounted everything that had just transpired.

Hearing Simpson 2's account, the man's brows tighten even more.

"Your power didn't go out of control, did it?"

Once Simpson 2 finished, the man directly asked, simultaneously taking a step back without making a sound.

Such a gesture made Simpson 2 feel humiliated.

"What do you mean, Amiel 3?"

"My control over my power is absolute!"

"There's no backlash!"

"And certainly no loss of control!"

Simpson 2 roared, looking at his collaborator with a hostile gaze.

Their relationship was merely that of regular collaborators.

They shared an acquaintance under normal circumstances but nothing more, and had it not been for the matter concerning Losa 11, they would not have allied.

Naturally, there was no real friendship.

Amiel 3 was obviously aware of this.

Upon seeing Simpson 2's hostile look, Amiel 3 immediately went on guard.

At the next moment, Amiel 3 took a quick step back, retreating a full 5 meters.

As the 'Amiel Family's' third in line retreated, the exact spot where he had stood a shadow suddenly swept past.

Shadows should be insubstantial, but at this moment, they became incredibly sharp.

As if a massive Horse-Cleaving Saber had just swept through.

Chapter 850: Missing Something? (2)

But what was bizarre was that such a sweep was completely silent.

Even when it skimmed past a wall, it was the same.

The wall, made entirely of concrete, silently developed a fine crack, deep and narrow.

Moreover, the cutting strike of the shadow continued unabated toward Amiel 3.

Like a shadow!

Relentless!

Even more bizarre was that beneath Amiel 3's feet, his own shadow began to move as well.

It wasn't a cut!

But a bind!

Feeling the force on his ankles, Amiel 3 narrowed his eyes.

He knew Simpson 2's strength.

That was also why he chose to share a place with the other.

But what he didn't expect was that Simpson 2 was so powerful that he could even manipulate another person's shadow.

It was somewhat beyond expectation, but still under control!

"Ha!"

With a low shout, Amiel 3's muscles tensed, and his entire body swelled.

The shadow that had been binding his feet suddenly dissipated, returning to its normal appearance.

And facing the slicing strike of the shadow, Amiel 3's fists came together and thrust straight out.

Bang!

In the dull sound, like a sack being thrown to the ground, Amiel 3 was forced back 5 meters, this time not by choice, but because he couldn't withstand the cutting strike of the shadow.

And Amiel 3's fists were left bloody and mangled.

"Wait!"

"I apologize!"

Looking at Simpson 2 gathering strength in the distance, Amiel 3 raised his hands and said.

To give up resistance was not a bad situation for Amiel 3.

The fight before him wasn't a matter of life and death.

A timely surrender was appropriate.

Continue fighting?

He was confident he could leave.

But was it necessary?

He was still Simpson 2's collaborator.

And he hoped that relationship could continue.

Not to come to a sudden halt at this moment.

"I apologize for my previous words."

"Trust me, Simpson 2, I meant no harm."

"It's just

"Some things are hard to believe."

Amiel 3 explained again.

Simpson 2 similarly withdrew his aggressive stance.

He had only intended to show he was not to be trifled with, not to actually eliminate Amiel 3.

Now, with Amiel 3's hands bloodied, it seemed he had learned his lesson.

That was enough.

They needed to cooperate further.

Without saying a word, the two men once again drew together.

"I find it hard to believe too."

"But think about Losa 11's arrangements, before he truly bared his fangs, could you have guessed that all of it was his plot?"

"And with such arrangements, directly challenging the entire 'Hundred Major Families,' do you think he wouldn't be prepared?"

Simpson 2 shared his speculation.

Amiel 3 nodded.

He didn't argue.

It was the truth; naturally, he wouldn't dispute it.

But doubts still lingered in his heart.

"Could he be bluffing?"

"I just received information that he's only sent out a few subordinates as a decoy, nothing grand.

"Apart from Hera 10, that woman with muscles for brains, no one else would be fooled."

Amiel 3 said.

"That's enough!"

"What more do you need?"

"He's already 'located' the factors unfavorable to him—the F zone is jointly managed by our families, the Send Family, the Hera Family, and his own Losa Family.

"No one can guarantee we wouldn't plant something here."

"Therefore, he needed a 'fishing' expedition."

"And he succeeded!"

"Not just Hera 10, didn't he lure both you and me out as well?"

Simpson 2 looked as if it were a matter of course.

And just then, both their communicators vibrated slightly, delivering a message.

The Hera Family's forces in F zone have collapsed, Hera 10 is captured.

A brief message, but it made both Simpson 2 and Amiel 3's eyes widen in shock.

"I knew it would be so."

"My reasoning wasn't wrong."

Simpson 2 said, relieved beyond measure.

At the same time, a shiver of fear made his breathing a little more hurried.

During Amiel 3's questioning, he too had wavered a little.

Had he been deceived?

This thought had crossed his mind.

But now, he knew he had not been deceived.

Everything was a setup by Losa 11.

He was lucky he hadn't made a move.

If he really wanted to make a move, he'd already be dead by now.

While Simpson was feeling relieved, shock filled the wide eyes of Amiel.

He knew of Hera from the muscle woman of the Hera Family.

Her strength was remarkable, and although her position in the line of successors wasn't high, her control over the "Family Strength" was quite substantial; the Hera Family, different from the others, allowed her room to grow.

She was especially adept at fighting!

And there were sure to be a number of the family's "Secret Keepers" accompanying her!

Under such circumstances, the Hera Family had been defeated?

What was more, Hera had been captured!

This was even more unbelievable than the family's downfall in the region!

He understood the muscle woman that was Hera.

With her pride, she would rather die in battle than be captured.

Unless...

She was rendered powerless in an instant!

Amiel's breath caught in his throat.

If Hera could lose her power in an instant, then how much resistance would he have against such a method?

Two seconds?

One second?

Or the same instant?

Is this your trump card, Losa?

Amiel thought.

But!

Something still wasn't right!

He couldn't pinpoint what it was exactly, but he felt that something was missing.

And at that moment—

Thud, thud, thud!

Heavy, powerful footsteps came from the mouth of the alley.

A tall, strong figure appeared indistinctly in the night.

Musing, Simpson didn't hesitate to strike.

A more solid shadow slash flew straight toward the figure.

Amiel followed closely, his swelling body brimming with power, charging like a wild bull, with his raised palms like the horns of the bull.

Sharp and deadly!

This was different from earlier friendly scuffles.

Now the two didn't hold back at all.

As they moved, they were intent on making a kill.

Both knew the events they conspired in couldn't be revealed.

If exposed, they would face a great crisis.

Not from the outside.

But from within the family.

So, both were filled with a murderous intent.

Jason felt this killing intent.

He fought down the desire to smash their heads and reminded himself that this was for making Losa “perfect.” Only when Losa was “flawless” could the whole plan proceed smoothly.

Thinking this, Jason faced the shadow slash without dodging.

Thus, he collided head-on with his chest against the shadow slash.

Seeing this, Simpson and Amiel felt a surge of joy in their hearts.

They knew the power of this slash!

Unless it was made of steel, death was certain!

But soon, horror appeared on their faces—

Clang!

The shadow slash hit Jason's chest without any fanfare.

But the sound that came was of metal clashing.

There was no splattering blood, no body cleaved in two.

What there was, was just the dispersion of shadows.

Like a puff of smoke, it dissipated.

With a snap, it vanished without a trace.

Facing this, Amiel, who was charging, lost the fierce momentum he had earlier. He quickly adjusted his stance, attempting to halt the charge and retreat from Jason.

The charge stopped.

Barely.

Then, Jason's foot stamped onto Amiel's chest.

Boom!

Amiel was sent flying back faster than before.

He crashed heavily beside Simpson, who was preparing to flee.

If he didn't escape now, there would be no chance later!

Simpson knew this well.

But the next moment, he stopped in his tracks.

Because—

"Young Master Losa dislikes those who dawdle."

Jason said.

After speaking, Jason turned and walked away.

Simpson watched Jason's retreating figure, his mouth opening and closing before finally turning to Amiel.

"Do you still insist that Losa is just bluffing?"

Simpson asked.

Amiel shook his head blankly.

He had just felt that something was missing, but now, nothing was missing.

It was, rather, a bit painful.

His chest hurt.

And...

His face hurt too.