

## Menu 851

Chapter 851: Perseverance: Hera 10

Jason walked back, the taste of cocoa still lingering in his mouth.

The words before his eyes brought him some delight.

[Devouring Aelons Spear (Sub-level—221)]

[High recovery of physical strength, energy, and injuries!]

[Satiety +9]

[Satiety: 344]

...

Compared to the previous [Core of Deception] and [Rugged Core], the satiety gained from [Aelons Spear] wasn't much, and to be honest, it was quite rare, not even one-tenth of that from the [Rugged Core].

But what caught Jason's eye was the content in the brackets.

Sub-level-221!

Is it a number?

Or a level?

Jason guessed, unable to stop the corners of his mouth from turning up.

Whether it was a number or a level, it meant that Hera 10 was more valuable than he had imagined.

Indeed, patience is a virtue.

While Jason was grateful that he hadn't impulsively killed her, he once again had a clearer understanding of the 'Hundred Major Families'.

The current copy world did have a 'Mystical Side'.

But it was different from those he had encountered in previous copy worlds.

This time, the 'Mystical Side' was no longer hidden among the 'civilians' but had truly integrated into the 'official' sense.

Somewhat astonishing.

But also natural.

When one side becomes powerful to a certain extent, everything starts to seem self-evident.

Not to mention, the 'Hundred Major Families' were supposedly founded on the 'Mystical Side'.

Gods!

Descendants of gods!

And—

The Divine's Body!

Considering this 'food', Jason couldn't help but swallow.

However, at this moment, Jason had already developed considerable restraint.

Despite his hunger and cravings, his reason remained.

He calmly thought and recalled the performances of Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 just now.

"Simpson 2's ability to control shadows can attack and restrain, and also grant himself effects similar to 'invisibility.' When it comes to assassination, it's imperceptible."

"Amiel 3's power comes from his muscles, that kind of instant burst of strength, enough to strangle an adult male instantly."

"Are these powers all from their bloodline?"

"Relying not on acquired training, but on innate bloodline as the main source, perhaps there will be supplementary training, but the essence is still the bloodline... Truly winning at the starting line?"

Jason couldn't help but think of the 'Heart-Taker'.

The man came from a fighter background, had gone through considerable rigorous training, and was quite talented among ordinary people.

But without the existence of the [Core of Deception], the 'Heart-Taker' would have stood no chance against Simpson 2 or Amiel 3.

It was a qualitative gap.

Just like a mortal challenging a god.

The difference was too great!

Even with the [Core of Deception], 'Heart-Taker' was still on a different level from Simpson 2 and Amiel 3.

Not just in talent.

But also in resources!

The backgrounds of Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 ensured that both had access to resources and education that 'Heart-Taker' did not.

This included the application of the Divine's Body.

If 'Heart-Taker' was relying on instinct, even to say bluntly being used by the Divine's Body,

Then Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 systematically learned how to utilize the Divine's Body.

There really was no comparison between the two.

Of course, Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 were not without flaws.

At least, Simpson 2 thought too much.

If it had been 'Heart-Taker', he would have acted the instant he saw Losa 11, how could he stand in the shadows enacting an internal drama?

Amiel 3?

Perhaps because of the abundance of muscles, he didn't think as much as Simpson 2, but the family education clearly turned a 'qualified berserker' into a 'defective Lord warrior'.

However, aside from being inadvertently 'played' by Losa 11 and having left a deeper impression on him, the two performed commendably.

Not to mention their strength, just the daring to 'venture deep alone' wasn't something ordinary people could do.

If they had been a little luckier, they might have succeeded by now.

And now?

They're still quite alright.

At least they're still alive, right?

And, Losa 11 certainly wouldn't mistreat his own people.

Even if Losa 11 didn't know when he acquired these people of his own.

In fact, when Jason returned to the Game Mansion, Losa 11 was still in a state of intoxication, lying on his couch with one hand and one leg draped over the backrest, the other hand curled in front of his

neck, his legs kicked out of the couch's domain, his head half-raised, his mouth slightly open, snoring loudly, occasionally interrupted by a loud smack of his lips.

Hera 10 was tied up nearby.

Galen was executing Jason's commands quite well.

"Mr. Jason."

Seeing Jason return, 'Golden Lamb' bowed in greeting.

When Jason nodded, 'Golden Lamb' turned and walked out.

'Golden Lamb' certainly hadn't forgotten his duties.

After 'Golden Lamb' left, Jason looked towards Hera 10 with an indifferent gaze.

1 second.

2 seconds.



3 seconds.

Jason's patience was quite good, but Hera 10 couldn't help herself.

She had woken up the moment Jason entered the room.

But she didn't dare open her eyes.

The foolishly large man had, the moment she opened her eyes, struck her right on the neck with a cudgel. That posture, that strength, it was like chopping wood, and if her bones hadn't been tough enough,

Her neck would have been broken by now.

Therefore, she began to miss Jason.

At least Jason was gentle and skilled.

Of course, such nostalgia was only before the moment Jason walked in.

When Jason truly came in, all Hera 10 felt was annoyance.

Chapter 852: Perseverance Hera 10 (2)

It was just pure annoyance!

Hatred?

Non-existent!

Having lost on the front lines, not a single true member of the 'Hera Family' would harbor such emotions.

Warriors!

They never harbor resentment against the enemy who defeated them fair and square.

If you're outmatched and lose, then you've lost.

They would never resort to underhanded methods to cope.

This was the conviction of Hera 10, and likewise the conviction of the 'Hera Family.'

Ridiculous, isn't it?

Most people think so.

But it was precisely because of such convictions that every member of the 'Hera Family' was incredibly strong.

Just like Hera 10 at this moment.

During the time she feigned unconsciousness, she could clearly feel herself getting stronger by the minute.

Strength originating from bloodline!

And from self-awareness!

She was confident that if she faced Jason again, she definitely wouldn't lose so miserably.

With that thought, Hera 10 couldn't pretend any longer.

She opened her eyes, looking at the tall, robust, hockey-masked Jason in front of her.

"Don't knock me out!"

As soon as she opened her eyes, Hera 10 said.

When she noticed that Jason hadn't made a move, Hera 10 immediately continued, "Fight me again!"

Jason kept looking at Hera 10, silent.

His perception, seven times that of an ordinary person, allowed him to clearly confirm that Hera 10 in front of him had become stronger than before.

Her heart was beating more powerfully.

Her breaths had become deeper.

Muscles in her arms, back, and legs had become more solid.

Not to mention the former two, just the latter was enough for Jason to judge.

"Considering Hera 10's muscle tone before, for professional athletes or fitness enthusiasts to make further progress, it would take at least half a year, or even longer, with diet control, or the addition of certain drugs to achieve such results. Hera 10 did it in an instant... Strength from the bloodline... more astonishing than one could imagine," Jason thought.

Any achievement or performance, in the eyes of ordinary people, is a step-by-step struggle attained through hardship.

What about someone like Hera 10?

It seems like she's cheating.

Truly enviable.

And him?

He was different.

All he needed to do was eat and eat and eat.

Eating was a skill everyone possessed, and he happened to be slightly better at it, just a bit better digestion, nothing more; beyond that, he was just an ordinary person.

His greatest wish was to return to his original world and live a stable life as an office worker, working nine to five, with weekends off, and earning about 5000 a month.

Then, at the end of each month, go and collect the rent from two buildings.

A simple life, how nice.

Unfortunately, the moment he opened his eyes, he was in 'Nightless City.'

'Nightless City', a place that inspires disgust, joy, fear, and fervent love!

Unconsciously, Jason's thoughts drifted far away.

As a result, his gaze never shifted from Hera 10.

Immediately, this ranked tenth successor of the 'Hera Family' felt somewhat uncomfortable.

She had never been looked at by someone, or rather, by a man like this before.

Normally, a young girl would feel shy.

A mature lady would handle it with ease.

But Hera 10 was different.

She was a warrior.

"What are you looking at?"

"Be a man and just do it!"

"Either fight me again or kill me!"

Hera 10 said bluntly.

Jason pulled his thoughts back and looked down at Hera 10, brimming with a fighting spirit.

For some reason, he thought of Aras.

Hera 10 in front of him was a bit like Aras in certain ways; their personalities were both so straightforward.

However, she was nowhere as strong as Aras.

Nor did she have Aras's skills.

He wondered how Aras was doing?

Probably still honing himself, pursuing the goal of 'peace.'

Jason pondered as he then spoke out.

"What if you lose?"

He didn't mind having a fight with Hera 10.



Provided there was 'profit' in it for him.

"You can just kill me," Hera 10 said without the slightest hesitation, but Jason shook his head.

"I don't kill without reason," Jason stated and after some thought, added, "Unless absolutely necessary."

Indeed!

Someone like him truly wouldn't strike without cause!

But some people would always push him.

'Nightless City' was such a place.

So were the worlds within the instances.

"What do you want?" Hera 10 asked with a frown.

"Your spear from before. If you lose, give me another one," Jason proposed.

"Ailong Spear?"

"Yes!"

Hera 10 blinked, not understanding why Jason would want the Ailong Spear since a secondary Ailong Spear didn't really count for much, not being a true Ailong Spear.

She had three spare ones in her storage.

It was no big deal to give one to Jason.

After Hera 10 agreed, Jason tore off the ropes binding her in one swift motion.

"Here?"

"Or outside?"

"Unarmed?"

"Or with weapons?" Jason asked.

Hera 10 stood up, stretching her wrists and ankles, feeling Jason's tone, which seemed no different from before, oddly higher.

And his gaze now held a fervent intensity.

What's going on?

Did his eyes look hungry?

Was he about to eat her?

While thinking to herself, Hera 10 quickly said.

"Here!"

"Unarmed!"

From the recent fight, Hera 10 realized the gap between herself and Jason in terms of weaponry, and using weapons again, even though she'd gotten stronger, would not lead to victory.

Therefore, it was better to choose unarmed combat.

Plus, the cramped room evidently favored her 'petite' stature.

"Okay."

"Shall we start?" Jason asked.

"Start!"

As soon as Hera 10 spoke, she charged towards Jason.

Chapter 853: Perseverance Hera 10 (3)

The Hera Family not only possessed skills with spears, bows, and crossbow arrows.

Their barehanded combat abilities were also extraordinarily outstanding.

Even ruthless!

In the instant rushing towards Jason, Hera 10's hands targeted Jason's eyes and throat.

But just as she arrived in front of Jason, Hera 10's hands didn't strike out; instead, she pushed against the ground, and instantly, the forward-pouncing Hera 10 inverted her body, the force of the charge and the strength of her core condensed at that moment and transferred to her left leg.

Woosh!

The heel of that leg swung like a battle-ax, directly chopping towards Jason's head.

Then, this 'Hera Family' tenth in line successor felt a tightness in her foot.

Followed by pain in her lower back.

Before she could react, she was thrown against the wall.

Bang!

The muffled sound by her ear, Hera 10 couldn't hear at all, she felt as if all her bones were going to fall apart.

Her muscles ached incessantly.

And the ringing from the impact made her keep shaking her head.

What happened?

Accompanied by the ringing in her mind, Hera 10 kept asking herself.

When everything went back to normal, Hera 10 clenched her teeth and stood up.

She failed!

Failed again!

Although she was stronger than before, she was far too inferior to Jason.

"I

Right then, Hera 10 was about to admit defeat.

A warrior is not about persisting against all reason.

Losing is losing.

Hera 10 possessed such awareness.

But before Hera 10 could finish speaking, Jason spoke up again.

"Want to go another round?"

"Another Ailong Spear."

"Or, are you scared?"

Jason's voice was extremely calm as he spoke, but the joy was impossible to conceal.

A very simple taunt.

Anyone could see through it.

A regular person wouldn't fall for it, but for Hera 10, she too clearly took the bait.

She wouldn't allow anyone to call her a coward!

"Warrior!"

"Fearless!"

Growling lowly, Hera 10 charged at Jason again.

This time, she was even faster than the last.

Hera 10's muscles visibly grew, and her heartbeat grew even more forceful.

She was stronger.

But still it was of no use.



After her soft abdomen received a punch from Jason, Hera 10 doubled over like a shrimp, then her back got hit by another punch from Jason.

Plop!

Hera 10 fell to the ground.

"Is that all?"

"Where is your real strength?"

"Another Ailong Spear, I'll give you another chance."

Jason said once more.

At this time, Jason's gaze at Hera 10 had already changed.

Milk is delicious, but how can it compare to a cow that can provide an endless supply of milk?

Hera 10 didn't notice any of this.

She only knew, she couldn't admit defeat!

Once you admit defeat, you've become a coward!

Warriors are never cowards!

"Hyah!"

"Arg!"

Plop.

A shout, a cry of pain, a sound of falling.

Hera 10 was knocked down yet again.

But she immediately got back up.

The fight was still ongoing.

At the same time, other things were continuing as well.

In the night sky of Zone F.

One by one, dark spots began to appear.

Billder, on his way back, noticed these dark spots, and the former security consultant's face changed instantly, with a near moaning voice, he muttered in pain—

"This is bad! Those are—bombers!"

"Bombers?!"

Roslor was stunned.

Looking up, he watched as those dark spots grew closer and closer.

Meanwhile, Pers was weeping bitterly.

"Dead! Dead again!"

This 'contactee' said while kneeling on the ground.

It was a completely subconscious act.

But the 'contactee' quickly looked astonished at the ground.

He wiped his face, pressing it against the ground.

This time, he could clearly feel the ground had...

Shaking?

Chapter 854: The Quickest War to End

Trembling?

Pers once again lay flat on the ground, pressing his cheek tightly against the surface, to confirm that the quivering he felt on his face was not an illusion.

Immediately, his gaze became somewhat bewildered.

He did not know what had happened.

Nor did he know what it meant.

Roslor was the same.

Billder, who had a background as a security consultant, however, changed his expression.

He thought of a possibility.

"Run!"

Right away, Billder yelled and grabbed Roslor, sprinting forward.

Without hesitation, Pers instinctively followed and ran forward.

Two to three seconds after the three of them left their spot, the ground where they had been standing collapsed.

Creak! Creak!

Amidst the sound of mechanical chains and turning gears, the road that was supposed to be tarmac cracked open straight through.

Slits as large as the palm of a hand quickly spread in every direction.

Crack!

Accompanied by the distinctive boom of metal, a three-hundred-meter-long fissure suddenly appeared on the ground.

Dark, profound.

Massive streams of air gushed out from beneath the ground.

Woo!

The fierce wind that was created blew the fleeing Bildler, Roslor, and Pers off their feet.

But, the three of them felt nothing of it.

They stared wide-eyed at the massive object rising from beneath the ground!

A cannon!

A giant cannon!

Just the caliber was big enough to fit three adults, with a hundred-meter-long barrel and a base so exaggeratively large it was bigger than a football field, all part of this massive cannon.

And many electronic components were twinkling on its base, indicating that the giant cannon was already activated.

At the sight of this massive cannon, no one would doubt its power.

Just as no one would doubt the purpose of this giant cannon.

It was not meant to face mere warplanes or tanks.

But to destroy the enemy's bastion in one strike!

Or...

Warships!

"This, this...?"

Pers was completely lost for words.

His thoughts were nearly at a standstill.

He could not fathom that such a massive cannon had been under his feet just moments before.

Yet, what astonished the 'Contactee' even more continued to unfold.

Ding, ding ding!

As the electronic components on the base of the giant cannon lit up one after another, a series of clear tones sounded.



Beneath the base, a hatch suddenly opened.

A three-meter-tall robot with twin shoulder cannons, a mechanical claw for its left arm, and a gatling gun for its right arm, painted in black and red, appeared.

Clank, clank.

With a distinctively resounding step, the robot quickly moved to one side.

Following it was another just like it.

At a speed beyond human capacity, a full hundred robots lined up in two rows.

Then, jets of flame burst forth from underneath their feet, propelling them into the sky.

A hundred brilliant trails of fire charged towards the sudden invaders.

The dozens of bombers were utterly unprepared for such an interception!

Both in terms of number and firepower, they were at a disadvantage at that very moment.

The outcome, naturally, was predestined!

In ten seconds, the entire night sky lit up with brilliant flames.

The bombers, all annihilated!

Not a single one dropped its payload successfully!

Indeed, not one even truly approached the main district of Area F.

After completing their interception orders, the robots did not return but instead formed groups of four and started patrolling in formation, according to their instructions, fortifying the entirety of Area F.

Meanwhile, the massive cannon began adjusting its muzzle the moment the robot troops leaped into the sky.

After the robot troops obliterated the formation of bombers, it finished its adjustments and loading.

Or to put it another way—charging!

Bright blue light ascended from the base up to the cannon's muzzle.

Energy was converging.

Creating a phase change.

The next moment—

Boom!

The sound of the cannon fire echoed through the night.

The earth trembled repeatedly.

The nearby ground shook as if a 4-5 magnitude earthquake had struck.

A dazzling beam of light, like a kilometer-long sword, split the night sky.

The previously empty night sky was cut wide open.

Three five-hundred-meter-long warships, merging with the darkness of night, were severed in half.

Shields, outer armor, all were useless.

Upon coming into contact with that 'special cannon shell,' they were split into two segments.

The three warships began to fall, trailed by thick smoke.

The alarm sounded wailing continuously.

One after another, the escape pods were ejected.

The robot squads that had been ready quickly swarmed them.

The war was over the instant it began.

Before anyone could regain their senses, it was over.

Finished.

Hiss!

The cannon's barrel was red-hot, the water-cooling system began spraying a special coolant, a mist rising up and enveloping the surroundings.

Billder, Roslor, and Pers were engulfed in the dense water vapor.

But the three of them made no move.

They simply stared dumbfounded at the giant cannon in front of them.

Watching those three rapidly falling warships.

They were well aware that those three warships and the bombers were from the 'Hundred Major Families,' all sent to teach them a lesson, but what was the story with the giant cannon in front of them?

And those robots!

Where did they come from?

The questions kept mounting.

The answer was gradually coming to mind.

As the dense water vapor surrounded them, the three of them looked at each other's increasingly faint faces, almost saying in unison.

"Losa 11!"

Besides Losa 11, they could think of no other.

"Could it really be Young Master Losa 11?"

Pers whispered softly.

He had never been optimistic about Losa 11, not just because of the rumors, but also from their subsequent interactions.

Pers never believed Losa 11 to be a person capable of achieving great things.

Chapter 855: The Quickest War to End!\_2

A person who numbs himself with alcohol every day, living in a drunken stupor, acting without self-discipline, and simply getting by, how could he possibly achieve something grand?

Even though Losa XI would occasionally do something utterly unexpected, Pers also believed it was simply the behavior of a drunkard, who would surely regret it once sober,

Therefore, Pers was convinced that Losa XI would surely fail.

So, he ran away.

But the scene before him was telling Pers that he had been far too naive.

He had been deceived.

Deceived by the mask worn by Losa XI.

The worthlessness, the debauchery was just a disguise; the reality was that of a person who controlled everything, a strategist.

Indeed, the real good-for-nothing was me.

I, someone of common birth, actually dared to doubt an heir of the 'Hundred Major Families'.

How could someone who has been tempered in such a grand family be a failure?

Even if they were a failure, it was probably just a disguise.

Just waiting for an opportunity to tear off the facade.

And now?

The opportunity for Losa XI had come.

Pers stood there, whispering slowly.

"Is this the fireworks you set off as you tear off your mask of incompetence and officially take the stage?"



"You are declaring your arrival."

"You are telling everyone of your extraordinariness."

Billder and Roslor, standing beside Pers, nodded in agreement.

They accepted such words.

Although initially it was out of gratitude, Losa XI's various actions thereafter told them of his extraordinariness.

Now, all it did was prove this point.

They had not made the wrong choice.

Billder took a deep breath.

This is what he said.

"Now is the time for everyone to witness the greatness of Master Losa XI!"

Roslor and Pers quietly nodded, offering no objection.

Then, they quickly sprang into action.

But some people were exclaiming in disbelief.

"What happened?"

"Where are my three warships? My fifty bombers?"

"They were just there a moment ago!"

Kolhardy VIII stared at the blazing sky, shaking all over.

His trembling wasn't just because of the horrifying scene in front of him but also because of his losses.

After all, those warships and bombers weren't entirely his.

They were the strength of his family.

They were borrowed.

Under the pretext of securing 'Zone F' and taking 'revenge for Kolhardy V'.

Of course, everyone knew that 'revenge for Kolhardy V' was merely a pretense, but it gave him a just cause and made some of his actions smoother.

After all, the older generation was quite angry about the death of Kolhardy V.

Yet they were constrained by the contract to not get involved.

When he conveniently stepped forward, naturally he gained support.

Just a few hours ago, he was still pleased and smug about the support he gained.

But now?

He felt as if he had fallen into an ice cellar.

Shivering all over, cold sweat pouring out.

The older generation could offer support,

But could also come to despise him.

And the destruction of the warship and dozens of bombers could completely alienate him from the older generation's affection.

No!

It cannot be like this!

The ambitious Kolhardy VIII roared inside, his gaze turning to the three people behind him with anger.

Lenk X, Defenel IX, and Boldy VII.

The three were his longstanding allies.

Also the collaborators in this operation.

And the ones who confidently told him a few hours ago that this was an opportunity.

"Is this the opportunity you spoke of?"

"Is this the easy task you described as grabbing something from a bag?"

"Is this the Losa XI you called a waste?"

One question after another, his voice growing louder with each, Kolhardy VIII interrogated his allies.

Facing the questioning from Kolhardy VIII, the three couldn't help but lower their heads.

In fact, they were all confused right now.

They simply couldn't understand what had happened.

How could Losa XI, who was like waste, have such preparation now?

Especially Boldy VII!

He was well-acquainted with Losa XI.

They had previously spent time in the same salon club in Zone A, where they drank and caroused together.

He could assert what kind of person Losa XI was.

Because it was for this mission that he had approached the man.

For a whole five months!

He was certain that Losa XI was not dangerous, lacked ambition, and was content with depravity.

And because of this, when a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity came to light, Boldy VII immediately began to contact 'his own people'!

After Losa XI had declared war on the 'Hundred Major Families', Zone F was no longer the exclusive domain of the 'Send Family', 'Hera Family', 'Amiel Family', 'Simpson Family', and 'Losa Family'.

At least, not the 'Losa Family' anyway!

If someone stood up at this point, eliminated or captured Losa XI, then the share belonging to the 'Losa Family' in Zone F would belong entirely to that person.

Even the shares of the other families could possibly be obtained.

As long as one played their cards right, that person was assured a bright and grand future.

Such an opportunity could tempt anyone.

And as an heir of the 'Hundred Major Families', Boldy VII was no exception.

He, too, made his move.

And put his plans into action.

Following behind that Hera X, he intended to pick up an easy prize.

But who could have known that the man confirmed as a waste all those years ago had laid such a grand scheme?

"From ten years ago, did you start planning everything?"

"What a terrifying person."

Chapter 856: The Quickest War to End! 3

Boldy 7 muttered to himself.

Lunk 10 and Defner 9, after hearing this, were filled with horror.

Because they had both heard from the lips of Boldy 7 about the things Losa 11 had done in Zone A years ago.

A person who had been planning since ten years ago was not someone they could afford to provoke.

Looking down at Zone F, darkness and light intertwined.

The colorful lights were a testament to the wealth and allure of this place.



But the occasional passing of combat robots reminded them that this place was not undefended.

And that gigantic cannon, hidden in the shadows like a mountain, sent chills down their spine.

"I don't care about all that!"

"Losses!"

"My losses!"

Kehardi 8 ignored the expressions of his business partners and roared loudly.

He really couldn't bother with much else now.

Although the Alliance had been maintained for many years, when compared to his recent losses, it really didn't amount to much.

Once he lost the support of his forebears, what would he count for?

Or rather, once he had lost everything, how could the long-standing Alliance before him possibly exist?

It might still exist.

But certainly not with a place for him.

Therefore, Kehardi 8 needed to obtain some tangible benefits before that.

While he still had a bit of bargaining power left.

Boldy 7, looking at Kehardi 8 who seemed to be blinded by his losses, was full of disdain.

When there was a benefit, he only thought of swallowing it alone.

After troubles arose, he wanted to share them.

Where in the world does it work out so nicely?

After all, before setting off, he, Lunk 10, and Defner 9 had repeatedly attempted to offer a part of their own strength.

It was Kehardi 8 who sternly refused for the sake of post-war benefits.

Now?

Boldy 7, Lunk 10, and Defner 9 almost chuckled coldly as they stood together.

Boldy 7, acting as the spokesperson, said.

"Losses?"

"You're still thinking about losses now?"

"You'd better be thinking about how we're going to survive!"

The words of Boldy 7 made Kehardi 8 pause.

Then, the heir of the 'Kehardi Family' finally remembered something as he adjusted the commander's view.

Suddenly, the muzzle of a huge cannon was aimed directly at them.

The cooling was completed.

The charging had begun.

Seeing the blue light in the night, Kehardi 8 broke out in a cold sweat.

The previous firing had already made it clear to him that he simply could not withstand such an attack.

Or rather, the previous firing was a warning.

The real intention of the other party...

Instinctively, Kehardi 8 turned to look at Lunk 10, Defner 9, and Boldy 7.

Their eyes were full of helplessness and sorrow.

Clearly, they were all thinking the same thing.

"Surrender.

"That's the only way to survive."

Boldy 7 said.

Kehardi 8 opened his mouth but ended up sitting despondently in the chair.

...

"A bunch of fools who don't know the height of the sky, daring to take advantage of the situation in Zone F!"

Sitting in the 'Simpson Family' warship's conference room, Simpson 2 watched all this and sneered inwardly before turning his attention away.

He looked at the 'Hundred Major Families' members before him.

Unlike heirs like Kehardi 8 who were relegated to the back row, those here were all heirs within the top five of their families.

Each of them bore the distinct characteristics of their own family.

Some with an imposing presence.

Some with a bizarre aura.

Some even looked beyond the scope of humanity.

At least, human faces didn't have fine scales.

Of course, not all of the 'Hundred Major Families' were included here.

About a quarter of the members of the 'Hundred Major Families' were present.

All interested in Zone F.

Although not all were present, it was enough.

Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 looked at each other, stood up together, and after bowing slightly to the heirs present at the meeting, Simpson 2, acting as the spokesperson, said.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to inform you

"You have been captured!"

Chapter 857: Win by Lying Down!

Losa 11 woke from his drunken stupor to find the day already bright. Clutching his head, he felt a throbbing at his temples and a stabbing pain in his stomach.

The feeling of a hangover was far from pleasant.

Even though he often experienced it, Losa 11 found it hard to accept.

Might I die from some stomach disease?

With one hand on his head, Losa 11 pressed his other hand tightly against his abdomen.

Then, he began to prepare some hot water to drink.

Warm water could alleviate the pain in his stomach.

He had first chosen milk, but milk only added more burden to his stomach, far less comforting than water.

However, the moment he picked up the remote control, he froze in place.

He saw Jason.

The apartment before him belonged to Jason.

It was only natural for Jason to be here.

But why was Hera 10 here?

Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 were also here.

And Boldy 7 as well.

Losa 11 looked at these people.

They were looking back at Losa 11.



Especially Simpson 2 and Amiel 3, who couldn't help but show a look of admiration on their faces upon seeing Losa 11 wake up drunk.

Indeed!

As expected from someone who had devised such a "grand plan," even at the most critical juncture, he could treat all pressure and tension as trivial—what confidence!

Boldy 7 paused for a moment.

When he saw the admiring looks on Simpson 2 and Amiel 3's faces, realization dawned on him.

Has he disguised himself so naturally?

Even among his own people, he maintained such a cowardly posture, making others unconsciously let down their guard!

Losa 11, you're... truly terrifying!

As Boldy 7 reminisced about everything that had just happened, his complexion turned slightly pale.

When he suggested surrendering, Kole Hardy 8 hadn't truly objected.

In the face of life and death, what did dignity count for?

It was but a leftover sesame seed on the plate, one that you could pick up and pop into your mouth when you wanted to eat; and when you didn't, it was casually discarded.

The master wasn't the sesame seed.

It was the person picking it up.

When they became like sesame seeds, and Losa 11 became the person picking them up, there was no choice left for them.

This was the case for him.

And Kole Hardy 8 was no exception, only feigning dignity for two seconds before making the most correct decision at the moment just before the cannon was fully charged.

Renk 10 and Defner 9 had obediently raised their hands early.

They too had 'calmly' accepted their fates.

But what shocked them was what they saw afterward.

They saw Simpson 2!

They saw Amiel 3!

They saw the two escorting a group of 'Hundred Major Families' members into the Game Mansion.

Unlike these heirs with lower rankings.

These people were from the more highly-ranked 'Hundred Major Families.'

More importantly, the number!

A full quarter!

Seeing these escorted 'Hundred Major Families' members, a terrifying thought arose in the four of them.

Soon after, this thought was confirmed!

Prisoners!

A quarter of the top-ranked members of the 'Hundred Major Families' became prisoners of Losa 11.

Simpson 2 and Amiel 3, whom they had seen, carried out this action.

The four didn't know why Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 would serve Losa 11.

All they knew was that this Losa 11 was far beyond what they could provoke.

The only anger in Kole Hardy 8's heart dissipated instantly.

Renk 10 and Defner 9 thought about how Losa 11, someone whose familial succession ranking was even lower than theirs, had managed to do what they wouldn't even dare to dream of doing.

Whether declaring war on the 'Hundred Major Families' or commanding prominent figures like Simpson 2 and Amiel 3, both actions left them shocked and incredulous.

Then they looked back at themselves.

Useless, right?

Upon this realization, a strange hint of worship surfaced in the eyes of Renk 10 and Defner 9.

There was wonder,

But more so was respect for the powerful.

Especially the latter.

Like a seed planted in the hearts of Renk 10 and Defner 9.

Their feelings were complicated,

But the truly complicated one was Boldy 7.

He was the only one who had truly interacted with Losa 11, and for a prolonged period.

But the result?

Defeat!

Seeing the scene before him, an unparalleled sense of defeat overwhelmed the seventh in line to the Boldy Family, so much so that when Kole Hardy 8, Renk 10, and Defner 9 were imprisoned with those 'Hundred Major Families' prisoners, and he was chosen to meet with Losa 11 because of his previous experience, he actually felt a sense of honor.

However, Boldy 7 was well aware of his place.

So immediately, the seventh in line to the Boldy Family assumed his role.

"Master Losa 11, thank you for seeing me on such a beautiful morning,"

"It is an honor for me, for Kole Hardy 8, Renk 10, and Defner 9."

"I represent them in offering our apologies to you."

"We ignorantly committed the offense of provoking you."

"No matter how you choose to punish us, we will accept it with resignation."

Having spoken, Boldy 7 knelt on one knee, bowing his head.

Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 glanced at Boldy 7, nodding slightly in their hearts.

Though he was a lower-ranking heir, his response on the spot wasn't bad.

No wonder the Boldy Family sent him to test Master Losa 11.

But still...

He was too inexperienced.

Both he and his family were far too green.

Chapter 858: Win by Lying Down!\_2

It was simply impossible to know the wisdom and greatness of Losa the 11th Young Master.

Just like now, there wasn't a hint of smugness on the face of Losa the 11th Young Master. Clearly, he had not taken the past test to heart at all, there was absolutely no thought of comparing the current and former self, nor would he use harsher words to strike at Boldy the 7th before him.

Because, in the eyes of Losa the 11th Young Master, all this was normal.

To him, Boldy the 7th and the family to which he belonged were no different from other people.

They all needed to be 'deceived'.

None could remove the mask.

Even now, it was the same.

Looking at the bewildered face of Losa the 11th, Simpson the 2nd and Amiel the 3rd grew increasingly admiring.

No wonder Losa the 11th Young Master was able to achieve such a level.

This kind of composure was something ordinary people could hardly match.

If it were them, even with all their attempts at disguise, at this moment, they would definitely reveal a trace of pride.



Ah!

Such was the disparity!

Thinking in their hearts, Simpson the 2nd and Amiel the 3rd exchanged glances.

Then, as Simpson the 2nd took a step forward.

As someone who had interaction with Losa the 11th Young Master, Simpson the 2nd was obviously more suitable to communicate with him.

"Losa the 11th Young Master, as per your orders, we have captured the heirs of the 25 leading families of the 'Hundred Major Families.' They are now in the 'Game Mansion.' Would you like to meet them?"

Simpson the 2nd asked.

And with that question, Losa the 11th fell entirely into self-inquiry.

Who am I?

Where am I?

What am I to do?

After this series of life's basic questions, Losa the 11th began to answer his own questions.

I am Losa the 11th, a good-for-nothing.

I am in Zone F, at the Game Mansion.

I drank what's left of my life's alcohol, and then, prepared to wait for death.

Wait a minute!

Wait for death?

Losa the 11th finally snapped back to reality.

He remembered what had happened while he was drunk.

The I who was already waiting for death, directly declared war on the 'Hundred Major Families'?

And then...

At this stage, it seems I actually won?

What happened?

I was clearly just too drunk, lying there, so how did I win?

Questions kept rising from the depths of his heart, but fortunately, Losa the 11th wasn't really an idiot. Although he had resolved to be a salted fish, his mind wasn't dull and his reactions were quick.

"Leave it to you,"

Losa the 11th told Simpson the 2nd and Amiel the 3rd.

Then, this eleventh in line heir of the 'Losa Family' stood up and walked outside.

"Jason, may I invite you to breakfast together?"

"This place is somewhat inappropriate."

"I think the view from the rooftop is not bad."

Losa the 11th said as he walked out.

Although he didn't know what had happened, Losa the 11th instinctively felt that Jason might know something.

He needed to ask.

Of course, it couldn't be here.

Changing locations for a private inquiry was the best approach.

As for the invitation to breakfast, Jason naturally wouldn't refuse.

He followed along quite naturally.

As Losa the 11th passed by Boldy the 7th, his step paused slightly.

"Long time no see, Boldy the 7th."

A greeting as ordinary as any other, yet it made Boldy the 7th bury his head even further, his body trembling slightly.

Clearly, this seventh in line heir of the 'Boldy Family' was frightened.

"No, I wouldn't dare, my lord."

"I, I

Boldy the 7th's speech was stammering, and Losa the 11th directly interjected.

"I give you one chance."

"Follow Simpson the 2nd and learn from him."

"There's only one chance!"

Losa the 11th mimicked the speaking style of Losa the 1st and his own father that he remembered.

He thought it was the most appropriate tone.

Indeed, it was.

Boldy the 7th lifted his head, and on that face filled with despair, boundless joy appeared.

It was the joy of one who had narrowly escaped death.

Such joy quickly transformed into gratitude and motivation.

He kneeled on the ground, looking at the receding figure of Losa the 11th and shouted loudly, "I will not let you down!"

Simpson the 2nd and Amiel the 3rd also watched that figure.

In their eyes was shock.

Because just now, they seemed to have seen their own forefathers.

Was this the true face of Losa the 11th Young Master?

As both dove into the same thought, they then exchanged a glance, both setting their eyes on Boldy the 7th.

Clearly, Losa the 11th Young Master highly valued talent.

Otherwise, he wouldn't give Boldy the 7th a chance.

Otherwise, he wouldn't completely delegate authority to them.

This relieved the two who were previously worried whether Losa the 11th would dispose of them after using them; they instantly breathed easier and were full of motivation.

"Boldy the 7th, I hope you understand the intentions of Losa the 11th Young Master,"

Simpson the 2nd said indifferently.

"Understood."

"I am just to learn from the two lords."

"Without the right to even question the affairs of the two lords."

Boldy the 7th spoke immediately with utmost respect.

Simpson the 2nd and Amiel the 3rd nodded in satisfaction and started walking out.

Since Losa the 11th Young Master had entrusted the task to them, they naturally had to do it well, not to fail Losa the 11th Young Master's trust.

And in their wake, a peculiar gleam darted through Boldy the 7th's eyes.

How could he not understand the instructions of Losa the 11th Young Master?



Learning from the two was indeed a genuine task.

But it surely came with other responsibilities.

Such as: surveillance!

You'd better not have any other ideas, otherwise, I will definitely make sure you regret it.

Boldy the 7th thought silently to himself as he stepped forward to follow.

Chapter 859 Winning by Lying Down!\_3

Hearing the footsteps behind them, Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 couldn't help but smile unconsciously.

Of course, they knew Master Losa 11's real thoughts.

But what of it?

Or rather, this was normal.

In the family, they had long grown accustomed to it.

This way of doing things was already quite mild.

Even, in some respects, it was a form of trust.

However, Boldy 7 was still too naive.

And precisely because of this, Master Losa 11 must have wanted him to follow us and learn, right?

Certainly.

Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 communicated with their eyes.

With the departure of Losa 11, the people inside the apartment left one after another, leaving only Hera 10 standing there.

This tenth in line heir to the 'Hera Family' paid no attention to the drama that had just unfolded; she was completely caught in her own 'debt'.

"Lost 99 times."

"Owe Jason 99 Ailong Spears."

"Excluding the 3 in the warehouse that I reserved, I still owe 96

Hera 10 came up with this figure and was dumbfounded.

Had she lost that many times?

That was the first thought.

How to pay it back?

That was the second thought.

Reneging on the debt?

Out of the question.

A warrior's promise is above all else.

Yet, she truly had no way to produce 96 Ailong Spears.

Even if they were lesser imitations, Ailong Spears were distributed equitably.

To put it simply, she could only be allotted two per year; if she made great achievements, she could also exchange for them—this was the practice of most families, and the Hera Family was no exception.

But now she owed 96 Spears...

She would need 48 years to pay it all back.

What if it was for an achievement?

It had to be a huge achievement.

Such an achievement would be enough to enter the 'Ancestors' Hall of Valor.'

What to do?

What to do?

Hera 10 thought and thought, then suddenly gritted her teeth.

She made a decision.

...

Game Mansion, top floor.

When it was known that Losa 11 would have breakfast here, the entire Game Mansion sprang into action.

Hundreds of servants buzzed around.

Each face bore an unmistakable look of shock and respect.

Not a single one dared to be negligent.

They brought out two hundred percent of their enthusiasm to welcome their 'new master'.

From yesterday to today, though it had only been a day.

But the world had already turned upside down.

Many messages had already told these people who the true master of the Game Mansion was, who was the ruler of District F.

When Losa 11 arrived at the top floor, a movable glass room had already been set up.

It blocked the wind and allowed sunlight to shine through.

On the solid wood dining table, laid with a striped tablecloth to Losa 11's liking, a green plant sat in the middle with high-backed chairs on either side.

Ceramic plates and silverware were already in place.

When Losa 11 saw the surrounding people looking at him with fervent and worshipful eyes, his head throbbed again.

Nevertheless, he maintained his composure, and after sitting down, he said in an even tone,

"Oppelin eggs, bacon, milk, and a vegetable salad. Add some croutons to the salad."

"Yes, my lord."

The waiter bowed deeply, his gaze shifting to the seated Jason opposite.

"Roast lamb, 10 of them."

Jason ordered a simple and unadorned breakfast.

The waiter showed no surprise, nodded, and then went downstairs.

Jason's appetite was no secret in the 'Game Mansion'; every kitchen staff member knew there had to be a cooking team of 30 people working nonstop to satisfy the appetite of the 'Brutalizer'.

The waiter departed.

Billder and his group also temporarily left.

Confirming there was no one else around, Losa 11 could no longer maintain the expression on his face.

He first let out a sigh of relief.

Then, his face became full of conflict and fear.

Sweat even covered his forehead.

After hesitating for about four or five seconds, he stood up, walked unsteadily toward Jason, and with a very nervous demeanor, he lowered his voice and asked, "Jason, please tell me the truth... I don't have split personality, do I?"

Chapter 860 Arrogance? It's All Deep Love!

I couldn't have a split personality, could I?

When Losa 11 asked this question, his voice was trembling, and his hands shook along with it.

This was the conclusion he arrived at after a long period of contemplation since sobering up from his drunken state.

Although it was somewhat unexpected, what else could explain it?



Once is a coincidence!

Twice is a coincidence!

But what about a third time?

And a fourth?

It can't just be coincidence every time, can it?

This is inevitable!

There must be someone he couldn't see manipulating everything, and he ended up as the biggest winner.

So...

That person must be himself.

And the reason he didn't know?

That would be because there exists another him, one he is unaware of.

Thus, a split personality seems to be the best answer!

Involuntarily, nuggets of knowledge he had come across began to surface unbidden in Losa 11's mind.

For instance, in a novel he once read, there was a prime example: the alter ego was so strong it devoured the primary personality, taking over and assuming all its possessions.

In a movie he had seen, there was another instance: to evade and manage different risks, a person split into 24 personalities, but in the end a demon was born.

Without exception, these individuals were all 'protagonists'.

But that's not what he wanted!

He didn't want to be replaced by someone else!

Though he's a waste, he wanted to be a living one!

He didn't want to die!

Helplessly, Losa 11 began to cry.

His entire body collapsed to the ground once more, sobbing uncontrollably.

I don't want this!

I'm just a salted fish!

Does it have to be this dramatic?

Wait!

Why must I surely be the primary personality?

Why can't I be the secondary personality?

Suddenly, Losa 11 thought of something, pausing his sobs.

He couldn't help but speculate.

Perhaps I am just a relaxed alter ego created because the primary personality was too tense!

This would fit with my good-for-nothing, salted fish character!

If that's the case...

Primary personality?

No, that's not right!

Big brother?

Boss?

Are you there?

If you are, say something.

I'm your little brother!

I awakened unconsciously!

Please don't annihilate me!

I'll be good and obedient, and do my work diligently!

In just three seconds, Losa 11 had enacted a rich internal drama in front of Jason.

Jason couldn't penetrate the depths of Losa 11's heart, but Losa 11's facial expressions and behaviors were telling Jason exactly what the eleventh in line to the Losa family's succession was thinking.

It wasn't difficult to guess.

After all, running away might be shameful, but it does work.

If you fall, don't rush to get up. Lie there, and you might find it quite comfortable.

This philosophy is unacceptable to most people.

But still, it's endorsed by many.

People are too complicated.

The same rice feeds a hundred different kinds of people.

Can you be sure that what you think is good is also seen as good by others?

Not necessarily.

That's why some people like to climb mountains.

While others prefer to swim.

Some strive ceaselessly, others are content being wastrels.

Losa 11 is the latter.

Moreover, a classic example.

What can you expect from someone who aspires to be a wastrel?

After giving it some thought, Jason replied crisply.

"No."

This was the truth, and Jason didn't see the need to deceive Losa 11.

"Really? No?"

Losa 11 gawked in disbelief, still somewhat distrusting.

Jason nodded affirmatively.

At that moment, Losa 11 breathed a sigh of relief.

He suddenly stood up, spread his arms wide, and basked in the sunshine's warmth, unable to contain his laughter.

"Life is beautiful."

Losa 11 sighed.

Devouring, nonexistent.

I am still me.

The me who can freely eat, drink, and frolic.

All of this is really...

So wonderful!

Before the blinding sunlight, Losa 11's eyes filled with tears.



Well, he was just dazzled.

Seeing Losa 11 overjoyed by his narrow escape, Jason believed it was necessary to remind the important collaborator before him.

"You have already declared war on the 'Hundred Major Families'."

"You've also captured about a quarter of the 'Hundred Major Families' heirs."

"Just now you sent Simpson 2 and Amiel 3 to interrogate them."

Stiff!

Stupefied!

In the moment Jason's words fell, Losa 11 stood as if turned to stone, the face of the eleventh in line to the Losa Family's succession completely petrified.

This lasted for about one second.

After one second, the joyous smile turned into tears streaming down his face.

Losa 11 turned his head with a pitiful look at Jason.

"I didn't want this to happen!"

"I just wanted to leave there for a while, to talk to you in private."

"Jason, what should we do?"

As he spoke, Losa 11, as if by instinct, collapsed to the ground again.

"Drink."

Jason stated simply in two words.

"Drink?"

Losa 11 was puzzled.

"Yes, just keep drinking."

"Maybe by the time you're sober next, you'll have become the king of the world?"

Jason said.

"Jason... that joke isn't funny at all."

Losa 11 said with a forced smile, looking at Jason.

But Jason's face was serious.

Even though his features were obscured by a mask, the seriousness in Jason's eyes was visible to Losa 11. The eleventh heir to the Losa family sat cross-legged on the ground, pondering seriously.

"Could drinking really change everything?"