

## Menu 871

Chapter 871: The Prelude Has Sounded

Create diversions!

Jason was almost instantaneously certain of another possibility he had previously considered.

No!

It was already a certainty!

‘They’ could withdraw from Zone F ‘without leaving a trace’, so naturally, they could also withdraw from the ‘Hera Family’s’ defended territory ‘without a trace’, rather than wait for Hera Family people to come before ‘hurriedly’ making a resistance.

With ‘Donna’s presence, such a reaction would be totally unreasonable.

As for ‘them’ not considering this?

That was also impossible.

If even this wasn’t anticipated, then the series of events that occurred before would have been impossible.

‘They’ also wouldn’t have stayed untraceable after being pursued for so many years.

Therefore, only one possibility remained!

After the Hera Family’s mole, the high-ranking Steward was discovered, everything was a trap set by the other side.

The moment members of the Hera Family started to pursue, they would fall into the opposition's trap.

Naturally, the 'Hera Family' would be in considerable trouble.

And this is precisely what the opposition wanted!

They wanted everyone to believe that 'they' started operating in the Hera Family's station.

They wanted everyone's attention focused there.

Then what?

Return to Zone F!

Because, this is where everything started!

Donna?

She was merely a 'smokescreen' used by the other side.

To make everyone believe that 'they' had targeted the Hera Family after 'Donna's' exposure!

If 'Donna' had not 'assisted' Losa 11 further, Jason would have believed this.

But with this premise, Jason believed that 'their' true objective was still Zone F!

Then...

"What exactly is here?"

Jason couldn't help wondering.

Thinking to himself, Jason didn't stop his stride and marched right into the 'Game Mansion'.

Hera 10 was one step behind, watching Jason's back, her eyes filled with amazement.

She was surprised by Jason's magnanimity.

For a warrior as powerful as Jason to remain unangered by the words and tone of his elder sister, this spoke volumes of his forgiving nature.

A person of narrow-mindedness, no matter how powerful, has limited strength!

A person of broad-mindedness, no matter how weak, has limitless potential!

Recalling the famous saying passed down in her family, Hera 10 couldn't help but smile.

In the heart of this female warrior corrupted by the sour stench of romance, Jason began to appear increasingly perfect.

This is the process experienced by everyone who falls into the trap called 'love'.

Sooner or later.

Quickly or slowly.

Ultimately, there's no change.

The result is already destined.

"Lord Jason."

In the lobby on the first floor, outside the elevator, Galen immediately greeted Jason as he approached.

"Master Losa 11 has rearranged your room

"It's now in the top floor conference room."

'Jing the Little Golden Lamb' spoke respectfully.

Top floor conference room?

Jason was taken aback.

Was it for security and privacy?

Jason guessed.

After Losa 11 accepted that he was only a sub-personality, everything became focused on the primary personality, and being able to communicate with the primary personality became particularly important for him.

So, safety and privacy became essential.

Hera 10, on the other hand, was not surprised at all.

Or rather, in Hera 10's heart, no matter how high the treatment, Jason deserved it.

The three of them stepped into the elevator, heading straight to the top floor.

As the elevator approached the top floor, Jason's perception, seven times that of a normal person, allowed him to clearly hear the conversation within the conference room—

"Master Losa 11, as per your orders, all soldiers have entered their positions, and under the protection of the Mechanical Guard Squad and heavy artillery, I can guarantee that the core of Zone F will not suffer any attacks. Within a two hundred kilometer radius from the core as the center, there won't be any issues. For farther areas, we can only temporarily rely on existing military camps and outposts to respond."

Simpson 2, now fully serving as Losa 11's right hand, began his report.

"Don't worry, Simpson 2, the war will happen and end quicker than we think, whether it comes to its occurrence or conclusion."

Losa 11 sat in his chair, very calmly speaking.

Although the primary personality didn't reveal much, but from what Losa 11 had analyzed based on his usual knowledge, under the 'manipulation' of the primary personality, those members of the 'Hundred Major Families' wouldn't endure for too long.

Nor was that their style.

Greater benefits!

That's what they pursued.

Of course, they also pursued dignity.

Therefore, the primary personality's 'proposal' became their 'fig leaf'.

In order to maintain that 'fig leaf' long-term, they would consciously choose to forget.

However, Losa 11 was well aware that profit sways people's hearts, hence, he had not given up on 'defense'.

Otherwise, who knows if a greed-blinded individual might turn Zone F into a 'hunting ground'.

"Of course, everything will happen as you say!"

Simpson 2 had no objections.

In the face of 'the wise' Losa 11, he would only choose to comply.

Behind him, Amiel 3 and Boldy 7 felt the same.

Faced with the adoring gaze of the three, Losa 11 felt a headache coming on.

He very much wanted to end the current meeting, but he also felt that under such scrutiny, he had to do something.

Although he wanted to seek guidance from the primary personality, Jason also mentioned that aside from the 'major issues', the primary personality simply wouldn't care about these 'trivial matters'.

Chapter 872: The Prelude Has Sounded\_2

Even if necessary, the destruction of the entire F area will not cause a flutter in the main personality.

Losa 11, who has long compared herself with her eldest brother, once again unconsciously slips into that comparison.

And such a substitution is naturally disastrous.

He must ensure that 'trivial matters' are handled perfectly.

Otherwise, his fate would not be swift.

It's highly likely that he would be 'erased' by the main personality.

Subsequently, another 'problem-solving' sub-personality would be created.

He does not wish to face such an outcome.

Although he is a sub-personality, he wants to live a long life.

"Boss, rest assured, I will handle it perfectly."

After making a promise to the main personality in his heart, Losa 11 begins to use his brain.

Soon, he comes up with a method.

"Our ordinary military force is insufficient, but we have 'helpers'."

Losa 11 said this.

"Helpers?"

"Them?"

Simpson 2 was startled.

Simpson 2 had speculated about 'them' possibly being their 'helpers', but this speculation had never turned into a fact, and now, as soon as Losa 11 spoke, Simpson 2 almost immediately thought of it.

Not only Simpson 2, Amiel 3, and Boldy 7 thought the same.

However...

The identity of 'them' is a big problem.

In everyone's eyes, 'they' are fugitives, utterly detestable scoundrels.

If it is indeed confirmed that their side is allied with 'them', trouble will inevitably arise.

Those with ulterior motives would certainly not miss this chance.

Simpson 2 subconsciously started to dissuade Losa 11.

But before he could open his mouth, Simpson 2 closed it again.

It was not about giving up.

Nor was it cowardice.

Instead, Simpson 2 suddenly remembered who the current Losa 11 was.

A person who almost single-handedly stirred up the 'Hundred Major Families'.

A person known for his 'wisdom'.



Couldn't such a person have foreseen this problem?

Impossible!

There must be a solution.

Simpson 2 fell silent, expectantly looking at Losa 11.

Seeing the expression of his friend, Amiel 3 also swallowed back the words of persuasion.

And Boldy 7?

Having confirmed that he was here to learn, Boldy 7 was even less likely to speak out.

His confidence was shattered and then, under the influence of Losa 11, rebuilt. Boldy 7 trusted Losa 11 even more than the other two; even if Losa 11 wanted to 'expose them', Boldy 7 would do so.

Because he believed that Losa 11 had profound reasons for his actions.

"Of course not 'them'!"

"Don't forget, we have prisoners!"

"A great battle is about to erupt. We lack security forces. Isn't it appropriate to request a certain number of Family Guards from these families to guard outposts and depots outside the core area of F zone?"

Losa 11 shook his head as if it were only natural.

Instantly, Simpson 2's eyes lit up.

Yes!

Why had they forgotten those prisoners?

These prisoners are not ordinary people; aside from their own families, they themselves possess considerable power.

If this power could be utilized by them, the defense of the F zone need not be a concern.

Of course, it must be done as Losa 11 commanded, controlling the numbers and keeping them away from the core area of F zone.

Only by doing so would it be safe!

Wait!

Safe?

We need to be safe!

But why would they be safe?

How could they be safe coming here?

Those families opposing Lord Losa 11's proposal and unwilling to sit at the negotiation table, why couldn't they be attacked?

Repeated unexpected attacks, devastating losses for these Family Guards.

The hatred between both sides intensifies, irreconcilable!

As independent outsiders, we could profit from their misfortune.

Moreover, this would attract all possible attention to us, making us more secure.

This...

That must be what Lord Losa 11 wants!

Thinking this, Simpson 2 looked at Losa 11 with even greater admiration.

"I understand."

"I'll handle it immediately."

"I won't let your real plan fail."

Simpson 2 assured.

Amiel 3 and Boldy 7, however, did not understand the 'real plan' mentioned by Simpson 2. Both looked at Simpson 2 with eyes full of questions, but Simpson 2 did not explain here.

After bowing to Losa 11 and leaving the conference room, this former second heir of the 'Simpson Family' finally started explaining.

Suddenly, Amiel 3's eyes lit up.

Boldy 7 had an epiphany.

"So that was it."

"I never thought of that."

Boldy 7 murmured softly.

"If you could have thought of this, you wouldn't be following us to learn."

"In fact, even we, compared to the Lord's 'wisdom', are not much."

Amiel 3 jeered.

Boldy 7 was indifferent.

He had seen the other just as puzzled as himself.

What pretense?

Aren't you also of mere mortal wisdom?

Boldy 7 conveyed this thought with his eyes.

Amiel 3 narrowed his eyes, squeezing his fists together.

The message couldn't be clearer.

But Boldy 7 stared back undeterred.

If the other dared to throw a punch, he would dare to lie down.

Let's see how the other explains when Lord Losa 11 finds out.

"Enough!"

"Move out immediately. Don't delay the Lord's plan."

Simpson 2 interrupted their confrontation.

"Yes."

Boldy 7 bowed immediately in response.

Even though Simpson 2 was not the planner, being able to understand Lord Losa 11's true intentions in such a short time made him a person of extraordinary wisdom, and Boldy 7 believed he must respect such a person.

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Looking at Boldy 7's appearance, Amiel 3 snorted coldly, but did not persist further.

Although somewhat jealous of his friend's intelligence, Amiel 3 knew what his strengths were.

Moreover, he could be put to use very soon.

After all, a properly scheduled 'attacker' is essential.

The real plan?

Losa 11, seeing his three subordinates leaving, stood there dumbfounded.

Did I not make myself clear?

He questioned himself.

Then, he immediately confirmed he had indeed made himself clear.

It was Simpson 2 who misunderstood.

Losa 11 wanted to call Simpson 2 back to explain right away.

But in the end, he gave up.

As it didn't match the Master's typical style of acting.

What should I do?

Will the Master 'erase' me?

I didn't do it on purpose!

Right when Losa 11 was on the verge of tears, he saw Jason, Hera 10, and Galen—Simpson 2 and his group went down the adjacent elevator, while Jason's group came out from the elevator next to it; the two groups did not meet, but the conversation of Simpson 2's group outside was clearly audible to Jason.

And seeing Losa 11's eyes, Jason roughly guessed what Losa 11 was worried about.

"Could you give me and Jason a moment alone?"

Losa 11 asked Hera 10 with a smile.

Although Hera 10 was essentially a captive, by the time Losa 11 sobered up from his hangover, he felt something different from Hera 10 toward Jason— based on instincts honed since he was fifteen, wandering through various scenarios.

The 'confession' after breakfast on the rooftop further confirmed this for Losa 11.

Therefore, Losa 11 was quite polite to Hera 10.

Even, one could say, treated her as one of his own.

"Sure!"

Hera 10 was as decisive as ever, nodding before walking outside.

Hera 10 was aware of her own status.

Losa 11's politeness was for Jason.

And she would definitely not let Jason feel embarrassed.

Being a female warrior, she must always protect her lover's dignity.

This is also a motto of the 'Hera Family.'

Her mother has led by example.

So did she.

Galen also consciously stepped out.

Once sure that no one else was around, Losa 11 immediately rushed over and hugged Jason's legs.

"Save me!"

Losa 11 said.

"Don't worry, it's all within his expectation, it's fine."

Jason calmly responded.

"Is this also in his expectation?"

"Indeed, the Master!"

Losa 11 was stunned for a moment but soon accepted the reality that the Master knew 'everything.'

He patted his knees and stood up when suddenly—

Boom!

Boom boom boom!

Explosions echoed from the night sky overhead.



Very distant.

But exceedingly clear.

The sound was like fireworks.

Looking up, it resembled falling meteors.

Or as if stars had suddenly lost their glow, plunging into silence.

A star had been extinguished.

But many more stars appeared.

The explosions were continuous.

Losa 11 looked up at the night sky, which seemed close yet unimaginably far, watching these appearing and falling stars, well aware that these seemingly stars were actually war fleets of the 'Hundred Major Families', their shimmer was the energy shields of the warships flashing as they bombarded each other.

The shining ones survive.

The extinguished, die.

The most direct and also the cruelest method.

Victors gain everything.

Losers lose everything.

Under the barrage, everything turns to ashes.

Just in that moment, probably more than ten thousand people died!

And in the coming days, more will follow suit!

Thinking this, this eleventh in line of the 'Losa Family' couldn't help but softly mutter.

"May you rest in peace."

Chapter 874: Sonata Rising

Jason watched Losa11 whisper softly, such scrutiny undisguised, and quickly noticed by Losa11.

He turned his head and scratched the back of his head.

"Am I really pathetic?"

Saying that, Losa11 let out a bitter laugh.

"I'm a coward."

"Afraid of my father, my eldest brother, and of death."

"Or rather, I'm afraid of all unknowns."

"And then I thought, are those who have experienced death afraid, too?"

"So, I hope to bless them, let them rest in peace, at least... not be afraid."

Losa11 said this very seriously.

After he finished speaking, the eleventh in line to the Losa Family inheritance embarrassingly lowered his head.

But the words continued.

"Isn't this hypocritical of me?"

"After all, I started everything."

"Now I'm pretending to be merciful... I'm truly the epitome of hypocrisy."

Losa11's voice became even more somber.

Jason's gaze didn't waver.

He saw Losa11 quietly reach up to touch the corner of his eye.

Undeterred, a Losa11 who would cry on his thigh showed he clearly didn't want anyone to see him like this.

"I'm hungry."

No comforting.

No persuasion.

And no complaining.

Jason said so.

Losa11, who was hanging his head, was startled and then laughed.

"That's very much your style, Jason."

As Losa11 spoke, he waved a hand.

Immediately, the furniture in the boardroom disappeared.

In their place appeared a double sofa and a small round table.

On the table, there were a jar and a plate.

In the jar, alcohol.

In the plate, meat.

The alcohol was strong.

The meat was roasted.

Losa11 walked past the round table and sat on the sofa, while Jason sat directly on the floor.

Losa11 lifted the alcohol jar slightly above his head, gesturing to the twinkling, brilliant 'stars,' to the dark, deep night sky, and then, he gestured to Jason.

After that, he drank it all in one go.

Jason doesn't drink; he picked up the roast meat and chewed heartily.

Quickly, the alcohol and meat on the table were swept clean by the two of them.

Then came the second serving.

Losa11 again lifted the jar above his head.

The next time was the same.

After three times, Losa11's straight back collapsed, he leaned on the sofa like a slug stuck there.

Losa11's face was no longer somber.

What remained was discomfort and... avoidance.

He was nothing but trash.

Trash that couldn't change anything.

What else could he do but escape?

Better off drinking.

Drunk, you don't know anything.

Everything passes.

And when you're sober?

We'll talk about that then.

If he really doesn't know what to do, then just keep getting drunk.

This is how Losa11 had lived all these years.

He's prepared to continue living this way.

Another pot of strong alcohol to drink.

A burning pain.

Even though it wasn't the first mouthful, it still choked Losa11.

Cough, cough cough!

Losa11 turned his head away, coughing loudly

He naturally knew basic table manners.

But Jason was faster, shielding the roast meat in his arms, turning his body, his back toward Losa11.

This scene made Losa11 utterly helpless.

"At this moment, shouldn't you be concerned about me?"

"I'm choking here!"

"Do I matter less than a plate of roast meat?"

Losa11 emphasized.

"No."

Jason replied without hesitation, immediately causing Losa11 to roll his eyes.

Then, Jason explained gravely.

"You are alive, you can move, and you are conscious."

"And it?"

"It's at its final moment in this world. As food, its ultimate mission is to be eaten, and as someone who helps it fulfill this mission, I should treat it with care."

Jason said, examining the roast meat in the plate closely before swallowing it.

Watching Jason chew, and hearing the crunch, Losa11 blinked.

He thought Jason made a lot of sense, but wanted to object to something.

After careful thought, he didn't know what to object to.

In the end, he could only pour the alcohol in his hand into his mouth.

"Your food has a mission, my alcohol does too."

While drinking, Losa11 spoke.

Then, this time, Losa11 didn't drink it all.

When there was half left in the jar, he paused, his head still held high, just staring blankly at the night sky.

The sky that was previously dark, with only a few 'stars' twinkling, was now completely lit up.

Sheets upon sheets of blue and white glow.

Like the blue sky and white clouds of daytime.

Many more had passed away.

At a rate far exceeding Losa11's expectations.

And far beyond the number Losa11 expected.

Tears uncontrollably began to flow.

He quickly wiped them away, hung his head, and started drinking again.

This time, he didn't gulp it all in one go.

But just hung his head, taking small sips.



When half of the alcohol in the jar had disappeared again, Losa11 couldn't help but ask Jason, who had started eating the twelfth portion of roast meat: "Is there really no way to change it?"

"Yes."

"If you are strong enough."

"When you're the one making the rules, you can then."

Jason chewed on the meat in his mouth, giving a mumbled 'standard answer'.

"It's difficult, right?"

Losa11 curled up on the sofa again.

"Then just watch."

Jason said crisply.

"But I feel a bit uncomfortable... not content? Not exactly... Compassion? It doesn't seem like that either... I don't know what it is, I just feel very uncomfortable right now."

Chapter 875: Sonata Arising\_2

Losa 11 stammered on, subconsciously about to look up, but before he could raise his head, he buried it back into the couch as if he were an ostrich.

"You don't even know, how could I possibly know?"

Jason ordered the thirteenth serving of barbecue.

"Yeah, I don't even know, how could you possibly know."

Losa 11 murmured, a bitter smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

Did he really not know?

He knew.

He was just pretending not to.

Otherwise, what could he do?

He had just sought the primary personality, but the primary had completely ignored him.

It makes sense, with the primary's 'strength', how could it pay attention to such trivial matters—it's only a created secondary personality like him that would be so timid.

I want to do something too.

But I really can't!

What if I'm despised by the primary personality, I'll get erased...

Boom!

While Losa 11 was still thinking, there came a loud noise above his head.

Instinctively, Losa 11 lifted his head.

If the previous night sky was 'blue skies and white clouds', now the night had turned into 'midday Fierce Sun'.

Before, it was fleets vanishing under the artillery fire, but now, within the area of the night sky visible to Losa 11, all the warships had been obliterated.

How many people died?

Losa 11 didn't know.

He didn't even dare to think about it.

Drip, drip.

Suddenly, the sound of liquid hitting came from the skylight above.

Not much, just two or three drops.

Every drop was crimson.

Losa 11's eyes widened, his cheeks twitching slightly.

His hand holding the liquor jug trembled violently.

The liquor in the jug swayed unceasingly, with the distinctive glugging sound, Losa 11 once again fiercely lifted the jug and downed it in one go.

Gently placing the jug on the round table, Losa 11 stood up straight.

He forced himself to look at the night sky, which was now strange.

Staring at the blood spots that were gradually multiplying.

After a full three minutes, the night sky returned to black.

The profound night covered the crimson on the skylight, one could only see the trace of liquid there, but its color was completely gone.

However, the light rising in Losa 11's eyes was something even the night could not conceal.

"Jason, I want to change."

Losa 11 said so.

"Okay."

Jason, eating his twentieth serving of barbecue, answered without even raising his head.

Losa 11, who had been prepared to speak some impassioned words, choked on this tepid response.

"Is that all?"

He looked at Jason, full of helplessness.

"How else should it be?"

Jason retorted.

"Shouldn't you feel some gratification or surprise at my change?"

Losa 11 reminded.

"It's your change, not mine, why should I react like that?"

Jason put down his empty plate, picked up the twenty-first serving of barbecue, and said quite naturally.

Such an attitude left Losa 11 even more helpless.

Sigh!

He sighed.

He felt a bit heart-tired.

Why was he telling Jason all this?

It would be better to just silently do it.

"To live for the dead, to fight for the living, this is all that I stand for!"

"If you, the boss, want to erase me, then be quick about it."

"Otherwise

"Fight alongside me!"

Losa 11 stood in place, whispering to himself.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

Nothing happened.

Losa 11 clenched his fists.

The primary personality hadn't erased him, which meant that the primary also acknowledged his thoughts.

Then—

"Let's fight side by side!"

"I'll work hard to help you win everything!"

"You give me the world I want!"

"We've made a pact!"

The clenched fist relaxed and extended into the air as if shaking hands.

Jason just glanced at Losa 11, performing his 'solo act', and then looked away.

Deep down, he had already made up his mind, yet the ceaseless questioning was truly annoying.

Had it not been for the barbecue that the other party treated him to, Jason would have left long ago.

An agreement had been reached with the dominant personality.

Losa 11 took a deep breath.

Exhaling heavily!

A strong scent of alcohol was expelled, but Losa 11's eyes were clear as he activated his personal communicator.

"Simpson 2, bring me the data from the recent battle."

"Okay."

"I'll wait for you."

After the conversation, Losa 11 readied to walk back to the sofa but stumbled after only two steps.

Dizziness.

It felt like walking on cotton.

The effects of alcohol surged up.

Losa 11 frowned.

In the past, he didn't mind this feeling, but now it was no longer acceptable.

He endured the vertigo, leaning on the wall, and staggered step by step to the bathroom, where he abruptly triggered his gag reflex—

Vomiting!

The alcohol he had just drunk splattered out rapidly.

Once, twice.

Until he began to vomit sour water, Losa 11 finally stopped.

He rinsed himself off.

Patting his face with his hands.

Droplets slid down his cheeks. Looking into the mirror, Losa 11 saw a stranger in his reflection, but he was still handsome.

You can do it!

Losa 11 whispered to himself silently.

Then, he turned and left the restroom.

When a person becomes goal-oriented, they become decisive, full of energy, and positive—that's... growth.

A metamorphosis from chrysalis to butterfly.

Indeed, it exists.



There on that sofa, Losa 11 began to look through various pieces of information and data.

His hands tapped swiftly, his eyes scanned like a scanner, recording all the information he saw, and his brain, like a computer's CPU, started to analyze each piece.

Even when Jason, who had finished his late-night snack, spoke to him, he responded absent-mindedly.

"Is this the real Losa 11?"

Hera 10 asked softly.

Beside her, Bildder and Roslor appeared unsurprised.

"Of course."

"This is the real Master Losa 11."

"His usual drunkenness and wastefulness are just a disguise."

Bildder said with a smile.

Hera 10 nodded in agreement with Bildder's words but also added her thoughts.

"Sly fellow, nowhere near as handsome as Jason."

After speaking, Hera 10 didn't give Bildder or Roslor a chance to rebut and walked towards Jason.

Billder, glaring at Hera 10 as she moved closer to Jason, instinctively wanted to flip her off, mocking the woman who understood nothing, but after some thought, chose to let it go.

He couldn't beat Hera 10.

Such a feeling was extremely distressing for Billder.

"I'll leave Galen in your hands; I'm going to the training room."

After speaking, Billder headed toward the training room.

Roslor signaled to the 'Golden Lamb', then followed suit.

After all, there was a friend there who needed his protection.

The 'Golden Lamb' watched his colleagues depart, then devoted himself wholeheartedly to his duties as a bodyguard.

As for what would happen inside?

The 'Golden Lamb' trusted that Jason and Losa 11 would handle it well.

"Are you looking into the history of Zone F?"

Hera 10 approached Jason without saying a word, but when he paused briefly, she handed him the tea she had prepared for a while and then spoke.

"Yes."

Jason took a sip of tea and nodded.

"Just as you anticipated, 'they' set an ambush."

"But, the eldest sister was prepared in advance; the losses were minimal—although she spoke harshly, thanks to your reminder, Jason, she took it to heart. She just asked me to express her gratitude."

"It's not just verbal—she has also prepared a little gift for you, Jason. It will be sent along with the 'Ailong Spears'."

"Also, the eldest sister invites you to

"Ha ha ha!"

"Found it!"

As Hera 10 was getting to the crux of her speech, becoming increasingly nervous, she struggled to keep her tone calm to convey the invitation to Jason.

But before she could get to it, Losa 11, who had been quiet, suddenly laughed, interrupting her.

Hera 10 glared at Losa 11 with a murderous look.

But this eleventh-in-line heir to the Losa Family paid no mind to such a glare.

Contrarily, Losa 11 moved around the round table to Jason's side, squeezing Hera 10 aside, and sat next to Jason, saying—

"Jason, look at this!"

Chapter 876: Gradually Emerging!

Losa11 handed over a set of organized documents.

The densely packed handwriting with numerous annotations shows how meticulously Losa11 had worked on it.

Moket Family.

Jason's gaze swept over the beginning of the documents, the bold notes indicate their importance, and then, Jason continued to read, the brows hidden behind the mask gradually furrowing.

The Moket Family, active in Zone H, ranking towards the end among the Hundred Major Families, rose up as a 'new family' thirty years ago.

Normally low-key in their dealings, apart from decisions that must be made jointly by the 'Hundred Major Families' or those involving their own interests, this family generally keeps out of sight.

Even in the annual 'game's 'recommended quotas', they only maintain the minimum number, never exceeding it.

Keeping a low profile!

Anyone who knows about the Moket Family would comment thus.

And this is to be expected of a newly risen family.

The 'Hundred Major Families' is not immutable.

Every once in a while, old families fall, and new ones emerge.

It's just that this transition takes a long time.

So long that ordinary people cannot effectively remember it.

Who remembers what happened ten years ago?

Even if it was a very sensational event at that time, if no one brings it up again, or if a similar event doesn't occur, no one would remember it.

What if this time period is extended?

Extended to twenty years, thirty years?

Even those who experienced it firsthand may have a vague and uncertain feeling.

However, those associated with the 'Hundred Major Families' keep clear records.

Now, Jason was looking at the internal documents of the 'Hundred Major Families'.

It detailed everything about the Mocket Family.

From the head of the family, to his twelve descendants, and some stewards of the family.

And...

The recent war!

The Mocket Family achieved a sweeping victory!

An ambush that caused heavy losses to the 'Hundred Major Families' gathered just outside the atmosphere of Zone F, in space.

The main battleships were destroyed by the hundreds.

Tens of thousands of auxiliary ships.

The number of deaths, already over a million, is recorded in this document.

At any time, this number would be terrifying.

But it was different in ancient times—it was bloody.

Modern times?

Not the same.

Because, modern warfare doesn't need bloodshed from every sword strike, just pressing a button can kill hundreds of thousands.

The executors bear no psychological burden.

The ones who give the orders knew this from the start.

Only the dead are truly real.

Only the relatives of these deceased experience the pain.

The rest?

Just numbers.

Jason had never felt this way before, but life in Nightless City had already taught him what to do.

Don't pity too much, because it will kill you and those around you.

Don't be genuinely heartless, because you need to live like a human being.

Live following the lines of my heart.

Live for yourself.

Just don't be too miserable.



This is the philosophy Jason learned in Nightless City.

He is also acting on it now.

Therefore, he could calmly see the hidden information between the lines of Losa11's writing.

"Was the Mocket Family prepared in advance?"

Jason asked, lifting his head.

"Yes."

"That's the most important reason they became the big winners of this war!"

Losa11 nodded.

So that's it!

Realization immediately dawned in Jason's eyes.

Some questions that had been troubling him suddenly cleared up.

"Is there something wrong with that?"

"Since the war started, it's only natural to set up an ambush in advance, right?"

"Isn't our warfare always like this?"

Though sidelined, Hera10 also saw these documents. As a warrior woman, she didn't see anything wrong with the Mocket Family's actions.

In fact, this warrior woman thought the Mocket Family ought to act just so.

After thirty years of laying low, it's only natural to show some claws.

Otherwise, it would only invite unnecessary trouble.

With such a premise, even if it's a bit excessive, it is understandable.

"They want people to think this way!"

Losa11 sighed softly.

Then, looking at Hera10's furrowed brows, he continued: "How long do you think it would take for the Mocket Family, rooted in Zone H, to set up an ambush in Zone F with hundreds of main battleships and tens of thousands of auxiliary ships? Or rather, how many people would it take to organize such an ambush? And how could such personnel movements be concealed from others?"

"You should know we're talking about moving from Zone H to Zone F. Even if the main battleships of our families travel at full speed, it takes 10 hours! And how much time has passed since I announced the 'conditions for exchanging prisoners' until just now?"

Saying this, Losa11 couldn't help but sigh again.

Although straightforward, Hera10 was not foolish. With Losa11's reminder, she immediately reacted.

"Are you saying the Mocket Family had premeditated this?"

"Yes."

"They had made preparations in advance."

Losa11 nodded.

"But that's impossible, isn't it?"

"How could they possibly achieve that?"

"Even the family's secret techniques or even the current abilities of 'Divine's Body' don't include divination, right?"

"Has the Mocket Family made some new discovery recently?"

Hera10 furrowed her brow again.

She was guessing kindly.

Losa11 looked at the straightforward Hera10 and couldn't help but laugh.

He recalled some rumors concerning the Hera Family.

## Chapter 877: Gradually Emerging!\_2

It's not just that their brains are full of muscles.

Rumors have it that certain inheritors of the 'Hera Family' possess unique abilities.

When faced with certain dangers, they become aware.

This is akin to a language-like ability derived from the bloodline of the 'Hera Family', and it is the most direct and least consuming prophecy-like ability known to him.

"Even if it exists, it is beyond their control—they can't afford such consumption to win this war."

"Believe me, 'foreseeing the future' is more resource-intensive than one might think."

With knowledge imparted by the main personality, Losa 11 said with certainty.

"How do they do it?"

Hera 10 asked, puzzled.

It is characteristic of the 'Hera Family' to ask when unsure; these female warriors would never feign understanding.

This time, Losa 11 did not answer directly but looked towards Jason.

Upon realizing that Jason had no intention of speaking, he then said:

"Because they are 'participants' in this war."

"So, they can 'foretell' the exact timing of this war."

"Isn't this war initiated by you?"

Hera 10 gazed at Losa 11.

It's the main personality!

I'm just a scapegoat alter!

Losa 11 rubbed his nose and thought to himself, but he could not say this aloud; after a light cough, he said, "I was also a 'partner' in the early stages."

A partner?

Hera 10 was startled, her eyes instinctively turned to Jason.

In the heart of this female warrior, Losa 11's partner would naturally be a powerful man like Jason.

No one else but Jason could be.

Right!

Also!

Suddenly, Hera 10 thought of something.

They'!"

"But 'they' have concentrated all their main forces on my family's stronghold

Before she could finish her sentence, Hera 10 looked at Jason with immense admiration.

"Jason, when you warned me earlier, had you already deduced this?"

Looking at the hopeful Hera 10, Jason simply nodded.

"Yes."

He had already figured out that 'they' would feint to the east but attack to the west.

But how exactly they operated, he was unclear.

When the 'Moket Family' appeared, everything became crystal clear.

Why 'they' appeared out of nowhere.

Why 'they' could always entangle with the 'Hundred Major Families'.



Because they' were within the 'Hundred Major Families'!

Seeing Jason nod, Hera 10 felt an immense joy inside, happier than when she figured it out herself.

"You really are the man I admire."

Hera 10 expressed her affections directly.

Yet no sooner had she spoken than she once again felt a headache.

Woof woof woof!

Meow!

Dog barks and cat howls once again filled her brain, causing her to subconsciously rub her temples.

Losa 11 glanced at Hera 10 and then disregarded it.

Although she seemed a bit uncomfortable, her huge biceps were thicker than his thighs; those beautifully toned muscles ensured she was healthy. Under such circumstances, caring for her was less a priority than caring for oneself.

After all, the 'Moket Family's' warship was just above zone F.

"What should we do?"

Losa 11 asked.

Without any detailed explanation, but he believed Jason would understand his meaning.

After all, before the 'Moket Family' was exposed, Jason had already sensed something.

Or maybe...

Was it the main personality who informed Jason?

Why does the main personality contact Jason, but not me?

Is it because, as an alter, I have no rights?

Weirdly, Losa 11 felt a bit sour at this moment.

Definitely not jealous.

Just a bit uncomfortable.

Probably drank too much, it's stomach acid.

Losa 11 consoled himself, quietly waiting for Jason's response.

"Business as usual!"

That was Jason's reply.

Losa 11 blinked, immediately understanding.

Since the 'Moket Family' and 'they' were inseparably linked, after ambushing the 'Hundred Major Families' fleet, they wouldn't make a move on zone F.

If they were to strike, they wouldn't have waited until now.

Right after ambushing the 'Hundred Major Families' fleet, they would've just bombarded directly.

So...

Is zone F special?

'They' are very concerned about this place!

Even almost disrupted the main personality's plan!

Wait!

Did 'they' really disrupt the main personality's plan?

He clearly remembered that it was he who initially requested to move to zone F, a territory with less influence from the 'Losa Family'.

At that time, he deemed it a decent lazy choice.

But, when the main personality emerged...

I chose this place, probably influenced by the main personality!

Losa 11 thought so.

What exactly is in zone F?

Why are both the main personality and 'they' so concerned about this place?

Losa 11 pondered.

After a moment, he began using his authority to access data about zone F.

Meanwhile, Jason had already been doing this earlier.

When Hera 10 regained her composure, she saw Jason and Losa 11 earnestly flipping through data. Although she sat beside Jason, at this moment, Hera 10 felt as if she was excluded by the two.

No!

It cannot continue like this!

Unable to endure this situation, Hera 10's gaze towards Losa 11 turned icy.

Chapter 878: Gradually Emerging!\_3

The 'Hera Family' faces problems with a simple first response: directly eliminate the person who caused the problem.

The problem is difficult to solve.

But not necessarily the person causing the trouble.

It's just...

Jason and Losa 11 have a good relationship, and if I make a move, it surely will affect my relationship with Jason.

So, do I need to use a tactful way to handle it?

Hera 10 thought to herself, as she slowly worked her way to Jason's side, subtly edging Losa 11 out without drawing attention.

The disturbed Losa 11 looked visibly disgruntled.

Hera 10 raised her right hand, clenched her fist in front of Losa 11.

Seeing the fist the size of a sandbag, Losa 11's displeasure instantly vanished. He revealed a spring breeze-like smile, stood up consciously, and shrank back into the sofa to continue flipping through his materials.

This isn't cowardice.

It's living by one's heart.

That's how he's always done it.

Now it has become second nature.

Observing the tactful Losa 11, Hera 10 nodded in satisfaction.

Then, without bothering Jason, she started looking into the documents about Section F.

Hera 10 had a general idea about Section F.

Its predecessor was 'Rogo Kingdom'.

A kingdom where the Mystical Side was thriving and the technology facet was only showing some signs of emergence. Yet, even so, in the face of the 'Hundred Major Families' that hadn't reached their pinnacle, Rogo Kingdom not only maintained its sovereignty but also had a considerable advantage.

'That was also a remarkable kingdom!'

Hera 10 had heard her mother say this more than once.

But such a kingdom vanished overnight.

Out of curiosity, Hera 10 had looked into some data in the past.

The rough process was no different from what was introduced in the book "Kingdom Built on the Ruins of Section F," and the 'Hera Family' was also in Section F at the time, just on the other side of the planet.



When an accident struck Rogo Kingdom, they sent Scouts to investigate, but to no avail as all Scouts never returned.

The last wave of Scouts only managed to see the kingdom shrouded in thick fog from afar.

It lasted a full year.

A year later, when the fog dispersed,

Only an apocalyptic scene remained.

Everyone was dead.

Not just people, but livestock, animals, plants as well.

No sign of life.

The once bustling high-rises all collapsed.

The fertile land became cracked and parched.

Water existed but was filled with deadly poison.

Even the air contained such toxins.

But poison was not the primary cause of the kingdom's demise.

What was it?

Nothing was mentioned in the data.

Nor had Hera 10 found any.

Her mother even forbade her from delving further into the matter.

Gradually, Hera 10 'forgot' about it.

But now, as she began to review the information, memories of the past resurfaced.

Along with them, bits and pieces of fragmented memories appeared.

They formed no complete or discernible picture.

Like thoroughly ripping apart dozens, perhaps hundreds of pictures, then trying to piece them back together.

Bizarre and shattered.

Yet, throughout, a voice lingered.

As Hera 10's memories returned, so did the voice.

Just like the images, the voice was also enigmatic and incomprehensible.

However, listening to such a voice, Hera 10 began to transform subtly, with fine scales appearing on the back of her hand, and between the cracks, thin black hairs started to grow wildly.

A sense of brutality surged from the depths of Hera's heart.

She wanted to rip out the intestines of those around her,

Then she glanced at Jason, locking her gaze onto Losa 11.

Instantly, Losa 11 felt such a stare.

Looking up, the eleventh in line heir of the 'Losa Family' exclaimed—

"Hera 10, you... have lost control!"

Chapter 879: Strange!

Loss of control!

The most powerful strength, foundation, and heritage of the 'Hundred Major Families' all come from 'Divine's Body.'

Compared to ordinary secret techniques, the strength that comes from 'Divine's Body' is several times more powerful and magical.

However, this type of secret technique does have its drawbacks.

Apart from requiring the Talent and bloodline of oneself, it also requires a tenacious will; otherwise, the so-called 'resonance' will only turn into 'Assimilation.' In the end, the person will become nourishment for the 'Divine's Body.'

And the beginning of 'Assimilation' is 'disappearance!'

Losa 11 initially didn't know about this so-called 'loss of control.'

But after receiving the 'knowledge transfer' from his elder brother 'Losa 1,' he learned everything. He didn't know that it was taught by 'Losa 1.'

Until now, Losa 11 believes it was the main personality's teaching.

Likewise, within this knowledge, there are also solutions to 'loss of control.'

The simplest, most direct, and most effective method is to make the one losing control unconscious.

But seeing the tall Hera 10 approaching him, especially the scales on the hands and the wildly growing black hair, Losa 11 wisely gave up this simplest and most direct method.

He opted for 'delaying' as a lesser alternative.

"Using it for the first time!"

"Main personality, you better not deceive me!"

Thinking this in his heart, Losa 11 formed a seal with his hands, uttering several syllables of the ancient Dufol Language.

Instantly, Hera 10's body trembled, the spread of scales on his hands ceased, the crazily growing black hair instantly stopped growing, and the entire person froze on the spot, with a bewildered look in his eyes.

"Interrupt the other's 'resonance'!"

"If the bloodline grade is high enough, you can completely suppress the other."

"However, for me, this interference is enough."

Losa 11 thought to himself, his eyes then turning towards Jason not far away.

It wasn't just him and Hera 10 here; there was also Jason, a very reliable ally.

Straightaway, Losa 11 was about to speak.

But just at that moment, Hera 10 moved again.

Crack!

A noise like glass shattering echoed through the air, then the scales on Hera 10's hands rebounded like touching the ground, not only swiftly covering the entire back of his hand but also spreading to his wrists. A sharp sensation came from his fingernails, which had been normal nails before but now turned into hooked talons.

Especially the black slender hairs now enveloped half of Hera 10's body.

Roar!

A low, beast-like roar emerged from Hera 10's throat.

The next moment, Hera 10 lunged towards Losa 11.

It's over!

Watching Hera 10 pounce, Losa 11 sighed deeply in his heart.

He lamented his own hard fate and even more lamented his own worthlessness.

He had spent several hours learning the secret technique from the main personality but had not fully mastered it, now risking losing his life.

As for the possibility of a flaw in the main personality's secret technique?

Losa 11 never thought that way.

Remember, they share the same body.

Harming him meant harming oneself.

With the main personality's style, he absolutely wouldn't do something so foolish.

Wait!



Since I share a body with the main personality...

Could I still be in danger?

Impossible!

Losa 11 understood.

He instantly relaxed.

He calmly watched the nearing Hera 10.

A trace of sympathy appeared in his eyes.

With the main personality's methods, wouldn't Hera 10 likely be reduced to ashes at this rate?

Hera 10 hesitated.

Even though she lost her sense of reason in the state of 'loss of control,' she retained instincts. She could distinguish whether a person was dangerous or filled with fear.

Therefore, between Jason and Losa 11, she chose the latter.

Now, the person who just now was indeed fearful, but now?

What was this calm composure leaning back on the couch all about?

And...

Why did she also feel a faint sense of danger?

Just as Hera 10 hesitated, she felt pain at the back of her neck.

Thump!

With a muffled sound, Hera 10's eyes rolled back, and she fainted on the ground.

Jason's large and sturdy figure appeared behind Hera 10, his eyes behind the mask looked thoughtful.

When Hera 10 'lost control,' Jason noticed immediately.

He didn't stop her right away.

Because...

He smelled a faint scent of food.

Very faint!

If not for the Talent [Enhanced Sense of Smell] and a perception seven times beyond ordinary, Jason was sure he wouldn't have detected this 'food' scent.

And now, having noticed it, he naturally intended to observe carefully.

After all, this was the birth process of 'food.'

Jason initially focused his attention on the scales and black hair.

But the scent was not on them.

It was deeper.

The skin?

No.

The flesh?

Even deeper.

The bone marrow?

Not that either, deeper still.

The...

Soul?

Following the scent and relying on his strong perception, Jason arrived at this somewhat absurd conclusion.

The change in the soul?

Resulting in the birth of 'food'?

Jason contemplated, his brow slightly furrowed, his actions quick and precise.

Hera 10 fell to the ground, scales, claw tips, and black hair all fell and turned into ashes upon touching the ground, revealing her original strong, slender hands.

Previously, Losa 11 had openly taught Jason the knowledge from his mind, naturally, Jason knew how to handle loss of control.

"Do we need to tie her up?"

Losa 11 asked.

Once loss of control occurs, even if stopped at the moment, it will recur frequently afterwards.

Chapter 880: Abnormal!\_2

To thoroughly resolve this, one must rely on their own will.

However, human will is quite contradictory.

When strong, it rivals steel.

When fragile, it's worse than tofu.

"Um."

Jason nodded.

For the situation in front of him, unfamiliar as it was, Jason thought it best to listen to the experts.

Losa 11 was not an expert.

But the one who taught Losa 11, Losa 1, was definitely not an expert either.

As Losa 11 began to issue commands through a handheld computer, Jason turned his attention to the ash on the ground.

This ash, which once separated from Hera 10's body, changed rapidly and was indistinguishable from ordinary dust, both visually and tactilely.

Not having direct contact, Jason used a pair of chopsticks to touch these ashes.

He brought them closer to his nose and smelled them.

The smell was slightly different.

It seemed...

To carry a faintly sweet scent of blood.

Very faint!

Just like the scent of 'food' that Hera 10 had emitted earlier.

Does the nourishment from 'food' enter these ashes and normalize Hera 10's soul?"

Jason speculated.

But then he frowned again.

The soul, undoubtedly complex, loaded with many unknowns, was even more fragile than the brain.

A slight misstep could cause irreversible damage.

The initial stage of losing control obviously had not reached this extent, but continuing on, naturally, something would happen that no one wanted to see, and the reason Jason frowned was that such changes were caused by just some 'corpses'!

The corpses of some gods!

Although the 'Hundred Major Families' glorified these bodies, calling them 'Divine's Body'.

Essentially, they were still corpses.

This point had never changed.

"Even in death, to be able to change the strength of others, is this what it means to be a 'god'?"



"Or rather

"Are these so-called 'gods' really dead?"

Thinking this, Jason suddenly felt an alarm.

He stamped his feet, and his whole body flew backward.

Whoosh!

The wind gently blew.

The ashes immediately swirled and dispersed in all directions.

Instantly, they filled the entire meeting hall.

The unconscious Hera 10, Losa 11 who was using the computer, and Jason who was swiftly retreating were enveloped in an instant.

Jason's vision went dark.

He began to hear that disjointed, incomprehensible low chant in his ears.

Almost as soon as he heard this low chant, death descended.

Without any warning, Jason's whole body turned into a pile of ashes.

These ashes were about to dance with the wind, but at this moment, resurrection came as expected.

Life was born from the ashes.

Jason reappeared.

His nearly numb pain sensors, at this moment, were completely ineffective.

Pain!

Hurt!

Jason gritted his teeth, not letting himself make a sound.

And the wind that struck Jason, immediately scattered upon contact, began to whirl around Jason, causing a characteristic noise of the wind.

It seemed, even the wind found it strange that Jason had come back to life.

The low chanting continued.

Jason wanted not to listen to such sounds, but it was futile.

These sounds seemed to be transmitted through the air, but actually, they were resonating at the bottom of his heart.

Jason died again.

Just like before.

Jason once again turned into flying ash.

The wind surged up, intending to sweep away such ash.

Yet, Jason revived once again.

The wind struck Jason again.

Time and again.

After ten times, the wind had long since moved away from there.

Only Jason remained in the darkness, resurrected from the tenth death.

This time, death did not descend again.

Because, those shattered low chants had disappeared.

Not with the wind.

Nor had it given up.

Rather, Jason had understood those fragmented low chants.

With each death, Jason gained a new understanding of that chant, and after ten deaths, Jason unexpectedly discovered that he completely understood the meaning of that chant.

‘Treasure!’

A complex, lengthy discourse, ultimately meant ‘Treasure’.

The darkness gradually faded.

A light appeared before Jason’s eyes.

A small hall appeared in his view.

This small hall is an annex of the main hall, which cannot be seen from the main hall due to two large doors; however, the small hall had no such barriers.

Above, several arm-thick candles were tastefully placed on a three-tiered iron rack, illuminating the surroundings with their light, and the rocky walls were exceptionally solid.

The table was a square wooden one.

There was nothing on the table surface.

Around the table were seven chairs.

Four chairs were empty; he sat in one, with the remaining two occupied by Losa 11 and Hera 10.

Both were in a state of unconsciousness.

Yet, beneath their eyelids, their eyeballs moved rapidly.

The next moment—

"Warriors never fear!"

With such a roar, Hera 10 woke up.

Her forehead veins popped, her face abnormally flushed, breathing heavily, her hands even mimed stabbing motions with a spear.

"Jason?"

"You're alright, that's great!"

"I just saw a vicious dragon snatch you away, I barely caught up to it, it actually claimed it had true feelings for you, that it never hurt you

The exhausted Hera 10 recounted.

Jason's frown deepened as he listened.

"Maybe read fewer biographies in the future."

At last, Jason said.

"I never read those things."

"The hallucination just now must have been a true reflection of my inner self."

Hera 10 said, turning to look at Losa 11 next to her.

She didn't know what kind of hallucination Losa 11 might encounter.

Then, almost subconsciously, Hera 10 asked,

"Jason, what did you encounter?"

"Death."

Jason answered truthfully.

"Death?"

"Typical of Jason!"



"To be able to glimpse into death!"

Hera 10 clearly misunderstood something.

Jason didn't explain, his gaze also turned to Losa 11.

Although he didn't know why he and Hera 10 had different experiences, Jason was certain that the situation Losa 11 faced was the same as Hera 10's, as their reactions had been consistent.

But it was exactly because of this that there was trouble.

Others didn't know what was up with Losa 11, but he knew clearly.

"Don't worry, the hallucination just now was dangerous, but if it's Losa 11, there will definitely be no problems."

Hera 10 said.

Jason nodded slightly.

Both of their gazes were locked onto Losa 11.

And what about Losa 11?

After the event in Zone F, he began to wage war across the entire ocean of stars.

There were victories, there were defeats.

There were surrenders, there were betrayals.

However, ultimately, he became the true 'king,'

With the aid of the dominant personality.

He became the only king under this starry sky.

Then, the dominant personality vanished.

Vanished mysteriously, after he called out countless times, tried everything he could... he let go.

Even, he felt some happiness!

There was no longer any danger of being erased.

He started to indulge in alcohol like his early years, living wild every day.

"Your majesty, please wake up."

These words came from his loyal subject.

The subject advised him not to get lost in pleasures.

To this, he didn't care at all.

"I've fought wars all my life, can't I enjoy myself now?"

He questioned his subject.

Without even allowing the subject to respond, he kicked him aside.

Then?

He told the musicians and dancers,

"Continue the music, continue the dance."

Falling deeper and deeper into decay but always happy.

Until death arrived.

The happy times were too brief.

At some unknown point, Losa 11 realized he had grown old.

He even struggled to sit up.

Then, he was locked in a dilapidated chamber.

No food, no water.

Those flatterers who had crowded around him had long since disappeared.

Not a single musician or dancer remained.

Only hunger remained.

Only intermittent battles could be heard from afar.

Have I lost the kingdom I fought for?

Losa 11's cloudy eyes suddenly brightened.

His body still weak, but he recalled a memory long forgotten.

It was back in Zone F.

He and Jason were reading about Zone F.

Then?

Then?

Hera 10 lost control and was pulled into the hallucination.

Hallucination?

It's all fake!

Fake!

It's all fake!

The dominant personality hasn't vanished, I'm still that alternate personality.

I must remember my identity.

With this realization, everything became clear.

Losa 11 laughed.

He woke up.

He shouted—

"Never forget the original intention, always remember the mission!"