

Menu 881

Chapter 881: True Brotherly Love!

Losa walked shoulder to shoulder with Losa1.

The path ahead was too dim to discern the direction.

The ground underfoot was wet and slippery, hard to traverse.

The river roared ceaselessly in their ears.

The scent of mud and rot assailed Losa and Losa1's nostrils incessantly.

A cold sneer played on the faces of both father and son.

The world beyond the door?

Both of them had come to understand it.

Or rather, those characters had been too mysterious here, leaving far too many flaws.

Just like at this very moment.

The gray-white fog seemed to roll in slowly, but in reality, it surged forward rapidly, like a breached flood, silent but oppressive.

As the distance closed, Losa1 could clearly see the semi-transparent figures within the gray-white mist.

Or rather, it was as if the fog was entirely composed of these semi-transparent apparitions.

"Why?"

"Why wasn't I given a proper burial?"

"Why must I suffer like this?"

...

Accusation after accusation, along with the charge of these translucent bodies, seemed to press down on Losa and Losa1 like a mountain.

Losa surveyed around, apparently completely blind to the vast number of semi-transparent bodies.

Losa1, however, lifted his right hand.

Thumb extended outward, index and middle fingers straight, ring and pinky fingers curled.

The gesture of a gun.

Similar to what he had seen on a personal computer before, but that time Losa1 hadn't kept his middle finger straight.

"Boom!"

Losa1 mouthed the sound of gunfire.

A formless Strength converged at his index and middle fingers.

Then, it burst forth.

If the multitude of translucent bodies were a river, then the force erupting from Losa1's fingers at this moment was the sea.

The sea that raised a huge wave instantly submerged the oncoming river.

Silently, the numerous semi-transparent bodies that should've been countless, at this moment, perished.

"Why?"

"Why?"

"Why?"

Before their demise, they continued to question Losa1.

Losa1's gaze swept over them disdainfully, a scornful smile beginning to form.

"Why don't you ask yourselves, why did no one bury you?"

"And

"Lingering here for hundreds of years, yet still in the same state, with not a single change, you truly deserve to die!"

"A bunch of losers!"

Losa1 disregarded the final question.

Just as he said, those souls wandering beside this River of Lament were nothing but losers.

A bunch of people who couldn't even manage a proper burial in life, how miserable they were.

And after death, a hundred or hundreds of years passed, still unable to find a way to leave, just lingering here, that's an even greater failure!

As for whether there were any innocents among them?

That was not what Losa1 was contemplating.

He didn't care about these losers at all.

"Found it."

Losa, who had been searching for something, spoke.

The patriarch of the 'Losa Family' took a step forward and lightly tapped the void in front of him.

Thump!

As if knocking at a door.

Ripples spread out like waves.

Then, Losa stepped forward and entered.

Losa1 followed close behind.

Whoosh, whoosh!

The sound of waves arose.

A river stretched beyond sight appeared under Losa1's feet, the color of the water indiscernible. Although there was the sound of waves, the river seemed still.

He and his father stood on thin air.

But the spirits that appeared around were different.

As soon as they arrived here, they fell into the waters.

Reluctance, sorrow.

Fury, ferocity.

Longing, loathing.

Every soul that appeared above this river bore such expressions, but as they fell into the river, everything turned... vague!

They looked around blankly, at all that was unfamiliar.

They forgot everything.

Then, a mysterious guidance began to emerge.

This guidance led them to where they were meant to go.

"Follow."

Losa said.

In reality, Losa1 had already stepped forward without needing his father's instructions.

The river water that made one forget everything approached them.

But,

Useless!

The river water was repelled by the force emanating from them before it could even touch the two.

Almost immediately, more water surged towards them.

And when it was repelled again, even more water followed.

Momentarily, the water, carrying the weight of a myriad, struck at Losa and Losa1 again and again.

Annoyance rose in Losa1's heart, then showed on his face.

"Get lost!"

Losa1 barked lowly.

Rumble!

Thunderous roars echoed in response to his call, reverberating throughout the river.

The surging river waters directly shattered!

Transforming into tiny droplets, they radiated outwards from where Losa1 stood as the center.

Within a breath, a vacuum of a hundred-meter radius formed around Losa1.

The river water was gone.

A stairway leading downwards naturally appeared before Losa1.

Losa1 looked to his father.

The patriarch of the 'Losa Family' smiled and went up.

"Easier than you thought?"

Losa inquired.

Losa1 didn't reply, but his facial expression had already said everything.

"Because

"It's no longer the 'Age of Myth.'"

"All we see is merely struggling to survive."

Losa sighed deeply, a hint of mockery appearing in his eyes.

"Yet some fools are accustomed to enslavement, to having their lives controlled. Thus, they desperately seek to restore their so-called 'glory,' wanting to revive their 'masters.'"

Chapter 882: True Brotherly Love!_2

Losa1's eyes narrowed slightly.

This was the first time he clearly heard about the "Mythical Era" from his father.

Previously, everything was vague.

Not like now, explicitly informing him that the "Mythical Era" had already ended.

Is it because of this special place?

Losa1 turned his head and looked around carefully.

Seeing his son's actions, Losa grinned again.

Losa1 was the perfect heir to the talents of both his father and mother.

Powerful, intelligent.

And just like his mother, slightly rebellious.

This might be seen as heretical by others.

But to him, it was so endearing.

Just like his wife.

Regrettably, back then he was too naive, really thinking that relying on the family's "tradition" could save his wife, not realizing that such "tradition" was nothing but...

A scam!

A complete and utter scam!

It wasn't just him who was deceived.

There were so many others.

What those guys wanted to do, he didn't know.

All he knew was that he needed to find the source.

And then, bit by bit, crush that bastard to pieces.

Losa¹ knew what his father was thinking at this moment.

Because he thought the same thing.

However, he was also curious right now.

"How did those guys die?"

"After all, according to the records, they were immortal and indestructible."

"The 'bodies' are proving this as well."

"Heh."

Losa chuckled softly.

"A perfect scam naturally needs its traps."

The patriarch of the "Losa Family" stated.

Then, he walked down briskly.

A scam?

Traps?

Losa's eyes suddenly lit up.

He guessed something.

At that moment, the corner of his mouth curled slightly.

However, at this time, something in the depths of Losa1's heart stirred.

A 'seed' he had planted in his younger brother Xin's heart had suddenly been triggered.

Instantly, the smiling Losa1's face darkened.

After the 'seed' was activated, not only could it rapidly mature Losa11, but it could also protect Losa11 from one absolute danger.

Naturally, after fending off the danger, the 'seed' would disappear and never again provide the power for rapid growth to Losa11.

Therefore, Losa1 planted 100 'seeds' in the depths of his brother Xin's heart.

He was worried that he might neglect his brother and an accident would occur.

If it were up to him, he would naturally want to plant 999 'seeds' in his own heart, but his brother's endurance had limits; if it exceeded 100 'seeds', the whole body would burst.

He had experimented this on thousands of prisoners.

Those prisoners, the most powerful could bear 10 of his 'seeds.'

The weak ones?

Couldn't bear even one.

Losa11 could bear 100 'seeds,' and apart from the fact that their bloodlines were the same, it was of course because of his exceptional Talent.

"As expected of my brother."

Unconsciously, Losa1 praised his younger brother.

Then, he used the 'seed' within his brother's body to project his 'gaze' over.

Seeing the 'environment' his younger brother was in, the first heir of the "Losa Family" had a cold gleam in his eyes.

"You dare to harm Losa11?"

"How bold!"

"Hmph! Except for me, no one is allowed to bully Losa11."

Losa1 said in his heart, utilizing the power of the 'seed' within Losa11's body to counterattack.

The remaining 99 'seeds' burst forth at this moment.

Instantly, that thing was gone.

Then, when Losa1 withdrew his 'gaze', he raised his hand to replenish Losa11's 'seeds.'

If it were not for compensating for the flaws of this 'seed' secret technique created by his father, why would he experiment with thousands of prisoners?

"Losa11?"

The advancing Losa stopped in his tracks.

"It's fine now."

"Just a piece of trash."

Losa¹ replied in this way.

Losa continued to move forward, since the eldest son said there was no problem, then the younger son must be fine.

Although he did not give his younger son more affection to keep him hidden, based on the information at hand, he was quite satisfied with the younger son's growth, especially the elder son's guidance on the younger one—he was very pleased.

Too harsh?

Nonexistent.

What he sensed was full of love.

"Los's strength still has some flaws, you should teach him more."

Thinking of this, Losa added a comment.

"We no longer need to hide... Yes, after this trip, we don't have to hide anymore."

"Rest assured, Father."

"I will teach Losa 11 well."

Losa 1's eyes were full of excitement.

Thinking that he could tutor his own younger brother, his steps involuntarily quickened.

"Ah!"

After letting out a loud shout, Losa 11 came to his senses.

He was drenched in sweat, clutching his chest, and gasping for air.

"Are you alright, Losa 11?"

Hera 10 asked Losa 11.

Although they didn't get along in private, at this moment, they were comrades-in-arms and naturally cared for one another.

"It's nothing, nothing."

Losa 11 kept waving his hands.

At this time, he also realized that he had just been in an Illusion Realm, but for some reason, even though he had escaped the Illusion Realm, there was a feeling of an impending disaster looming, even more real than in the Illusion Realm.

Palpitations!

Violent palpitations!

His legs wouldn't stop shaking!

It was as if...

Losa 1 was right in front of him!

Subconsciously, Losa 11 surveyed his surroundings.

Nothing!

Just an illusion!

Safe!

Concluding this, Losa 11 breathed a sigh of relief, then turned to look at Jason.

At this moment, Jason was staring at Losa 11 with a peculiar expression.

That look contained astonishment and surprise.

But most of all... it was pity.

Just moments ago, Jason had vividly felt a burst of strength from within Losa 11, a force he was unfamiliar with, but the mode of eruption was all too familiar.

It was one of the secret techniques previously relayed to him by Losa 11.

It seemed akin to 'protection', almost like something inherited.

Each use came with a great cost, similar to [Protection Against Evil] but quite effective; hence, although he only glanced over it quickly, Jason was sure he hadn't seen it wrong.

Who else could use such a technique, other than Losa 11's elder brother?

Did his elder brother intervene during his younger brother's moment of crisis?

Jason thought.

"What's wrong?"

Faced with Jason's slightly strange gaze, Losa 11 couldn't help but ask.

"Nothing."

Thinking about Losa 11's treatment of Losa 1, Jason shook his head, deciding to keep it all a secret for now.

Otherwise, at this time, Losa 11 might get scared enough to pee himself again.

Jason's odd demeanor made Losa 11 scratch his head.

But he didn't think much of it.

As for thinking of Losa 1?

Impossible!

It was all an illusion!

Everything was an illusion!

Haha.

Losa 11 comforted himself.

"Should we open this door?"

Hera 10's attention was on the door leading to the hall.

Just now, she had checked her surroundings, but aside from this door, she came up empty-handed; the knowledge taught by her family was not very helpful in the current situation.

"No need."

Jason said.

This response immediately attracted the attention of both Hera 10 and Losa 11.

And as their gazes turned towards him, darkness enveloped their vision once more.

When the light appeared again, the three of them had returned to the top floor of the Game Mansion.

Ding!

A crisp sound.

A dark green gemstone the size of a fingertip fell to the ground.

As it bounced up, Jason caught the gemstone, his face showing uncontrollable delight, and his nostrils flared slightly.

A nice smell!

Jason appraised.

At the same time—

In a dark place.

A figure wearing a hooded robe suddenly began to tremble.

The body swayed from side to side, suddenly expanding.

Boom!

With a muffled sound, the figure exploded.

Flesh was scattered all around.

But quickly, a brand-new body was reborn from these remains.

The resurrected figure was filled with anger.

Unexpected!

Another unexpected event!

In the presence of that man, another accident had occurred!

Even with deep scheming, he couldn't contain himself at this moment.

In a low voice, he roared angrily.

"Losa 11!"

Chapter 883: The Evil Spirits Hidden in History!

Just as Losa 11 had relaxed from escaping the Illusion Realm and was about to say something to Jason, a sudden cold dread rose from the depths of his heart.

It was the feeling of being targeted by something sinister.

Sweat overflowed from his forehead.

A chilly sensation appeared on his back.

Cold, and slimy.

As if a snake was slithering over his body.

In an instant, Losa 11 shivered.

He was being watched!

Losa 11 was certain of it.

Without hesitation, Losa 11 stepped towards Jason's direction, shrinking his entire body behind him.

"What are you doing?"

Hera 10, who was already standing by Jason's side, stared disapprovingly at the approaching Losa 11.

"I'm being watched!"

"It feels terrible

"They're not just angry, but also powerful."

Losa 11 said truthfully.

Of course, he wasn't answering Hera 10, but explaining to Jason.

"You're being watched?"

"You have 'intuition' too?"

Hera 10 looked at Losa 11 in disbelief.

Intuition, within the Hera Family, was something only the true inheritors could possess.

"It's not 'intuition', it's different from what the Hera Family possesses."

"Mine is just an instinct

"The instinct of a small animal facing a powerful predator!"

Losa 11 said.

Then, he saw the contemptuous look in Hera 10's eyes.

Small animal?

To the tenth in line for the Hera Family, the Losa 11 who had manipulated everything and caused a big incident seemed far from a small animal. He was more like a venomous snake lurking in the bushes, or perhaps a crocodile beneath the swamp.

Losa 11 felt Hera 10's gaze and subconsciously wanted to give a bitter smile.

But remembering his role as the alter ego, he refrained.

"Jason and I are partners."

"I use my brain."

"Jason uses brute force."

Losa 11 reframed his statement.

This claim immediately received Hera 10's approval.

She wholly acknowledged Jason's personal valor.

Instinctively, the lady nodded.

Then, she suddenly froze.

"Are you saying that Jason is brainless?"

Hera 10's gaze towards Losa 11 turned unfriendly.

"I didn't!"

"It wasn't me!"

"You said it!"

Losa 11 shook his head repeatedly.

This made Hera 10's look even more unfriendly.

In the eyes of this lady who saw herself as a warrior, Losa 11 was just quibbling at this moment.

Facing such quibbling, the Hera Family has always taught a lesson through concrete actions.

Hera 10 rolled up her sleeves, revealing her muscular forearms.

She was ready to give Losa 11 a good lesson with her fists.

Losa 11 immediately shrank to Jason's other side, peering out with just his eyes at Hera 10.

Hera 10 frowned.

She did not want to disrupt Jason while teaching Losa 11 a lesson.

"Come out!"

Hera 10 said naturally.

"You come over here if you're so brave!"

Losa 11 retorted naturally.

With Jason as an amulet, only a fool would step out.

"You come out!"

"You come over!"

The two stared each other down, eyes wide against narrow.

They looked like two children, yet also like close friends.

Jason?

Standing still in the middle, he believed Losa 11 when he said someone was watching them.

Because, that scene just now was enough for Jason to realize there was something wrong with the 'history' of Zone F.

Or rather, Zone F was hiding something.

What it was, Jason couldn't yet say, but for Losa 11, the temporary 'master' of Zone F, being watched was a very natural thing.

Even the appearance of Hera 10 here might be the other party's doing.

Think back on that scene.

Wasn't everything initiated because Hera 10 started perusing the history of Zone F?

And Hera 10's presence in Zone F?

It was also logical.

Not just because the Hera Family was one of the controllers of Zone F.

But also because of Hera 10 herself.

Jason has not forgotten how Hera 10 candidly expressed her reluctance to 'compete' to him.

This must be known by someone else too.

Perhaps a secret to many.

But not to 'them'.

Don't forget, among their undercover agents were 'Donna' and the big steward.

Then, Jason thought further.

"It seems all the strength is put into the battle within the Hera Family, misleading people that 'they're' there, but the real move is 'Hera 10'?"

The corners of Jason's lips lifted slightly.

Imagine if the three of them had encountered an accident just now.

What would the situation in Zone F be?

Chaos!

Without leadership!

Whether it is Simpson 2, Amiel 3, or Boldy 7, all would fall into disarray.

What would the Mocket Family, who just gained an absolute advantage on the frontline, do?

They would take the opportunity to seize the entire Zone F!

No negotiations, no hesitation.

They would simply crush through.

And then, take everything.

"That must be 'their' true plan, right?"

As Jason came to that conclusion, he immediately lowered his head to look at Losa 11 and Hera 10 by his side, and he murmured softly,

"Enough."

Hera 10 then stepped back, staring at Losa 11 with even more ferocity.

If she caused Jason to dislike her because of this, she would break his spine.

Hera 10 relayed this message through her eyes.

Suddenly, Losa 11 looked wronged.

What does this have to do with him?

It was her who picked the fight!

Looking wrongfully accused, Losa 11 let go of Jason's clothes and made an effort to keep a distance from Hera 10.

However, shortly after Jason repeated his conjecture aloud, the two unwittingly stood in front of Jason.

Chapter 884: The Evil Spirit Hidden in History! _2

Losa sat on the sofa, hands crossed under his chin, deeply lost in thought.

Hera, on the other hand, was much more straightforward.

"As a child, out of curiosity about Zone F, I conducted many investigations on my own, but such investigation invited some trouble, and my mother had to seal my memories."

"But just now, when I again encountered the 'history' of Zone F, these memories were loosened."

"And the 'truth' hidden in that 'history' sought me out."

Hera spoke truthfully.

"What 'truth in history'?"

"In my view, it's like 'evil spirits hidden in history'!"

After snorting softly, Losa commented and then continued, as the eleventh successor of the Losa Family,
"I'm just curious about one thing, who else knows about this?"

"Not many, but not few either."

"Apart from my mother, my sisters as well."

"And some stewards from back then."

Hera replied.

"So, it's basically not traceable, right?"

Losa asked.

"Yeah."

Hera nodded.

"Exactly 'their' style!"

Losa took a deep breath, his eyes revealing solemnity.

Just a few hours ago, he was lamenting the depths of 'their' integration, even into the Mocket Family of the Hundred Major Families, attempting to bring everything back to the negotiation table.

It was only natural!

Though the Mocket Family gained a temporary victory, other families of the Hundred Major Families just lost their vanguard and weren't fundamentally weakened.

If the fight continued, the Mocket Family would inevitably find themselves at a disadvantage.

Moreover, they could be collectively attacked and pushed into a desperate situation.

Therefore, returning to the negotiation table was inevitable.

This was Losa's thinking.

It was also the thoughts of other families.

But nobody anticipated that the Mocket Family didn't need to wait that long.

On the frontal battlefield, the Mocket Family won.

On the secret battlefield, the Mocket Family aimed to win too.

If it weren't for Jason and the dominant personality, the Mocket Family might truly have already won, may even be popping the champagne now.

"From the beginning, we misunderstood 'them'!"

"Although 'they' are the Mocket Family, 'they' are not just the Mocket Family."

"Their way of doing things still belongs to them."

Losa sighed.

"More importantly, what exactly is in Zone F that 'they' care so much about?"

Hera frowned.

She was very concerned about this.

Her mother sealed her memories instead of thoroughly resolving the issues of Zone F.

That alone implies that the 'evil spirits' hidden in the history of Zone F are more terrifying than imagined.

At least unsurmountable for the Hera Family.

As for compromise?

Hera knew her mother's character well.

No such thing as compromise existed.

Only matters that truly concerned the life and death of the Hera Family would make her mother yield.

Other issues?

No discussion.

"Probably only 'they' would know."

"Or perhaps your mother might know a bit."

"I recommend asking your mother; as for us?"

"I advise against further investigation."

Losa spoke.

This was not about being cowardly but being prudent.

Losa knew well that facing an unknown opponent, even if the dominant personality, Jason is powerful, things could still go awry.

Previously it was the Illusion Realm.

What about next time?

If an accident were to occur, that would truly be disastrous.

"Okay!"

Hera did not refuse; in front of Jason and Losa, she began contacting her mother.

"Little 10?"

A deep female voice came from the other side of the communicator.

Just from the voice, one could imagine a tall, strong, muscular figure.

"Mother."

Hera greeted her mother and then recounted what just happened.

"That place is not something you or I can understand."

"Even, unable to listen to."

"Invisible, inaudible, indescribable entities."

Hera's mother spoke in a very serious tone and paused before continuing: "I will join other families to handle this matter, after that, do not inquire further—the interests of Losa will remain unaffected, Zone F will be your harvest."

"Even though this initially was not by the rules."

"In the process, your actions also broke tradition."

"But under the binding of 'contract', as parents, we will ultimately recognize all that you gain."

"It is what you deserve."

"Whether as a reward or a punishment."

Hera promised.

Then, the call ended.

Losa stroked his chin.

"I have a bad feeling about this."

This successor of the Losa Family remarked.

Hera paid no attention.

She was still in shock.

It was the first time she had seen such seriousness in her mother, from her birth until now.

Having been already nervous about the 'evil spirits' hidden in Zone F, now Hera's faint sense of fear rose.

Uniting other families!

She didn't forget that phrase.

Similarly, Losa also heard those words.

And therefore, Losa had the so-called 'bad feeling'.

Knock, knock, knock!

While Losa and Hera were filled with astonishment, Jason raised his hand and tapped on the table.

Chapter 885: The Evil Spirit Hidden in History! _3

Immediately, both of their gazes turned to Jason.

"Do you still remember the demise of the Rogo Kingdom?"

Under their scrutiny, Jason spoke.

Losa 11 shuddered all over.

Not the least bit foolish, Losa 11 instantly thought of something.

"Ja, Jason, you're saying

Losa 11's voice trembled.

A terrible speculation formed in the depths of his heart.

This dreadful speculation filled Losa 11 with an immense fear.

"The collapse of the Rogo Kingdom must also be related to 'the true history' To us, the Rogo Kingdom is history, but what about to the Rogo Kingdom of that time?"

"They are the present!"

"What came before them is history!"

"Suppose!"

"After the 'King-Supporter' eliminated that 'King-Slayer', as the brother and now Rogo the Fourteenth, who ascended to the throne, what would he do?"

Jason said slowly.

"Investigate!"

"Investigate everything related to the death of Rogo the Thirteenth!"

"Whether as the brother of Rogo the Thirteenth or as Rogo the Fourteenth himself, this was an imperative. And then, this new King accidentally encountered 'the malignant force in history'!"

"Next, the entire kingdom was wiped out."

Losa 11 inhaled deeply and said.

"But what we just looked over was just bits and pieces about the Rogo Kingdom, not the earlier times, right?"

Hera 10 was still a bit slow to catch on.

"Jason already said, to us, the Rogo Kingdom is history, but to the Rogo Kingdom of that time, what came before is history—Or to put it simply, after that 'malevolent force in history' devoured the Rogo Kingdom, It spread along 'history' to our present."

Losa 11 explained.

Hera 10 gasped sharply.

This was completely beyond her imagination.

Not only could it hide within history.

It could also spread throughout 'history'!

Is this not a deed that even 'gods' can't do?

Caught in shock, Hera 10's brain went blank.

Losa 11 was almost the same.

However, he thought more about whether his primary self knew this, so why did they still come to this dangerous Area F?

Is there something I don't know?

Or could it be that this 'malevolent force in history' isn't as strong as imagined?

Gradually, Losa 11 calmed down.

He began to think carefully.

From the information available, 'the malevolent force in history' cannot appear without reason!

It must abide by rules!

For now, I only know that the Hundred Major Families have locked away all information about the Rogo Kingdom because one of the conditions for 'the malevolent force in history' to appear is 'knowledge'.

The other conditions are yet to be ascertained.

Moreover...

'They'!

'They' are taking advantage of this and must have figured out some of the rules.

It's likely not just the matter of 'knowledge'.

Therefore, 'they' want Area F!

Because this might be to utilize other rules of 'the malevolent force in history'.

Or even to control it!

"So, that's how it is!"

Losa 11, having cleared up his line of thinking, let out a sigh of relief.

Fighting an enemy whose purpose is unknown is certainly not the best option.

But if we know the enemy's purpose, then everything becomes clear.

At least, they won't miss the most crucial matter.

Thinking this, Losa 11 turned to look at Jason.

He prepared to discuss matters thoroughly with Jason.

But when he looked at Jason, he was stunned.

At this moment, Jason's eyes blazed with a tangible, fiery brilliance, and then—

Gurgle!

A thunderous sound came from Jason's stomach, echoing around.

He was ravenous.

He was impatient.

He seemed to have caught the scent of food.

That was...

His long-anticipated feast!

Chapter 886: Response!

Such speculation was not Jason's imagination.

But the intuition of a 'Gourmet'.

Of course, there was more substantial evidence.

Jason pinched the dark green gem between his thumb and forefinger.

The gem, the size of a fingertip, was long-shaped and emitted a scent like that of grains. When chewed in the mouth, the outer shell was quite crisp, yet the inside tasted like cream.

It was somewhat like a cream wafer.

[Devouring Unknown Remains (Fragment)]

[Physical Strength, Energy, Moderate Injury Recovery!]

[Satiety +5]

[Satiety: 319]

...

Satiety was not much, but this was just the remains of the 'Historical Evil Spirit' recently harvested in the Illusion Realm.

Just remains, and yet they formed 'food'.

What would it be if it was the main body?

Thus, Jason's saliva began to secrete swiftly.

He was getting a bit anxious.

He believed it would be a feast.

A feast in every sense of the word.

However, Jason was not taking things lightly.

Hunter and prey, the roles are never fixed.

Eater and food, the roles could change at any moment.

"Losa 11 and Hera 10 encountered the Illusion Realm, while I directly faced death."

"Is it because the two have what's called the 'Hundred Major Families' bloodline?"

Jason speculated.

The 'Historical Evil Spirit' had rules.

It could not only spread but also target those who investigate 'history'.

Besides, preferential treatment based on bloodline might be one of the opponent's rules.

Was it because of the 'Divine's Body'?

Jason couldn't be sure about the latter, but one thing he was certain of.

To devour this feast, he needed to eat more appetizers to supplement his satiety and deal with potential crises.

As he knew, just a momentary contact had killed him ten times.

If he were to confront it head-on...

Having 106+ lives at the moment did not make Jason feel secure.

He needed at least 100 more lives.

Thinking so, Jason's gaze shifted to Hera 10.

"Our previous agreement?"

Jason inquired.

"After dawn, the 'Hera Family's' transport ship will arrive, not a single one of the 99 Ailong Spears will be missing—I promise you this on my warrior's honor!", Hera 10 declared emphatically.

Jason nodded.

He believed Hera 10 would not deceive him.

A straightforward person like Hera 10 would not lie.

She was direct and upfront about everything, never hiding her thoughts, just like at this moment.

"What should we do next?"

Hera 10 asked.

Instantly, the thoughtful Losa 11 raised his head.

"Cooperate."

"And then

The eleventh heir of the 'Losa Family' first expressed his view, then suddenly realized he was merely a secondary persona and it was not good to take too much on himself.

Hence, he immediately added an 'and then'.

But he did not complete his thought.

Because he did not know the true intentions of the primary persona.

Thus, he could only say so much.

But to Hera 10, this kind of cryptic and evasive manner was awkward and uncomfortable.

"Such a mysterious character!"

After dropping such a remark, Hera 10 nodded at Jason and walked out.

Although she was somewhat reluctant to leave Jason, Hera 10 knew she had not slept for over 40 hours and needed to rest for safety reasons.

Watching Hera 10 walk away, Losa 11 breathed a sigh of relief.

"I thought she would hit me."

Losa 11 said to Jason with a smile.

Then, with no outsiders present, Losa 11 relaxed even more.

He took off his coat and tossed it aside.

His shoes and socks were also swiftly removed, and he reclined on the couch, his neck conveniently resting right above the back of the couch in an extremely comfortable position facing Jason.

"Don't worry, I don't have smelly feet."

"I change my socks daily."

Losa 11 explained verbally.

After a slight pause, he suddenly asked,

"What do we do next?"

Asking the same question as Hera 10.

But unlike her, Losa 11 was implying something.

The words of Hera 10's mother couldn't have been clearer; the 'Hundred Major Families' would join forces to handle this matter, and Area F would become his 'harvest'. If it were before knowing about the 'Historical Evil Spirit', Losa 11 would be very satisfied with this outcome, and even think this is what the primary persona wanted. But after learning about the 'Historical Evil Spirit', Losa 11 was uncertain.

He wasn't sure what the primary persona was thinking now.

Or rather, if the primary persona still acted the same way even after learning about the 'Historical Evil Spirit',

Why would the primary persona do that?

Could it be that the primary persona had already learned more about the 'Historical Evil Spirit'?

Or even mastered some deeper rules?

He couldn't be sure.

So, he needed to ask Jason.

In Losa 11's view, collaborating with Jason, who worked with the primary persona, was undoubtedly the best person to ask.

Jason could somewhat guess what was going on in Losa 11's mind.

Because at this moment, Losa 11 was not hiding his thoughts.

His eyes wide open, filled with curiosity and thirst for knowledge.

Unfortunately, there was no so-called primary persona in this world.

There was only Losa 11.

"He has already told you everything."

"It's in your mind."

"And

"Strength."

Jason said vaguely.

His words more ambiguous.

Informing and strength were true.

The secret techniques could be understood as informing, and the strength harbored inside Losa 11 was real.

The only lie, was that it was most likely given by Losa 1 or Losa 11's father, and had nothing to do with the supposed primary persona.

Chapter 887: Response!_2

However, people always choose to believe what they wish to believe.

Losa11 is no exception.

He firmly believes that everything he possesses now is brought by the master persona.

Therefore, when Jason finished speaking, he immediately began to think.

"The master persona imparted this knowledge to me clearly intending for me to become stronger, at least to handle some basic troubles on my own, without always relying on him and Jason. After all, Jason

can't always be by my side, and the master persona can't always appear... Is it because of 'historic demons'?"

"Is this also a rule?"

"Or perhaps it's one of the essential rules?"

Losa11 thought to himself and provided a logical explanation.

As for Strength?

That's quite simple.

Since he shares a body with the master persona.

Though the master persona is hidden, the Strength is still there.

What he needs to do now is to 'activate' this Strength.

"Since it's my own Strength, activating it shouldn't be hard!"

"All I need is a period of adaptation."

"Do I need to adopt the master persona's demeanor and emotions?"

"For safety's sake, it's better to adopt them!"

Thinking this, Losa11 got up from the couch.

"I understand now!"

With those words, Losa11 didn't bother with his coat, socks, or shoes and just marched outside.

When he reached the door, Losa11 suddenly stopped.

"According to what Hera10's mother said, we still have about 1-3 days left. Don't harbor too many 'expectations' towards their words. They will give some, but most of the time, we have to rely on ourselves."

"The master persona's suggestion of 'playing a game' to solve this matter clearly anticipated these points."

"So, Jason, you need to adjust your state of mind."

Losa11 said this.

Then, dragging his feet, he continued outward.

In a very low voice, he said,

"Be very careful!"

"Don't lose your life."

The voice was as light as a mosquito's buzz; had Jason's perception not been exceptional, he wouldn't have heard it.

Jason glanced at Losa11's back and said in a voice only he could hear,

"Kind-hearted guy."

Without any disdain.

Without any dissatisfaction.

Perhaps the Jason who lived in Nightless City can no longer truly become a 'kind-hearted person', but he does not mock the kind, just as he does not mock heroes.

The world's affairs are inherently murky and dark.

Suddenly, a pool of clear water appears.

Suddenly, a beam of sunlight shines through.

It truly is wonderful.

Perhaps it can't change everything.

But these small moments of happiness and surprises make life colorful and save it from being devoured by darkness.

"Take care of yourself!"

Jason raised his voice.

Everything must return to the negotiation table.

In their camp, who will negotiate?

Undoubtedly, it's Losa11.

Is such a negotiation dangerous?

Of course, it is.

At least for Losa11, it is fraught with danger, even if Hera10's mother has given assurances.

Just as Losa11 said, everything ultimately depends on oneself.

"Don't worry!"

"I do have a trump card."

Losa11 said nonchalantly.

The trump card he referred to was naturally the master persona.

Losa11 believes that at critical moments, the master persona will absolutely not abandon him.

After all, they share the same body.

Of course, if that time really comes, he expects to be annihilated.

So, he still has to rely on himself.

He isn't ready to die yet!

Thinking this, Losa11 quickened his pace; before the 'negotiations', he at least had to learn some 'little tricks'.

Otherwise, it would truly be the end.

Jason watched as Losa11 disappeared into the distance.

At that moment, he almost wanted to tell Losa11 the truth.

But in the end, he refrained.

His rationality told him,

If he didn't want to lose everything, it was best not to do so.

Jason took several breaths to calm himself down again.

As he speculated about what might happen next, he picked up the handheld computer.

Ding!

The familiar sound of placing an order once again echoed in the entire top-floor meeting room.

"Fast!"

"The big man has placed an order again!"

"This time it's 30 servings of butter crab rice!"

"Mushroom soup too!"

"Prepare the ingredients!"

"Everyone, get moving!"

...

The hundred-person kitchen inside the Game Mansion began to bustle.

The night quickly passed.

When the sunrise appeared, Hera 10's biological clock promptly woke her up.

Not lingering a moment in bed, Hera 10 quickly got up and started her daily exercise after washing up.

A morning run of 100 kilometers was a necessary warm-up.

After that, there was hand-to-hand and equipment combat.

The latter would take up the entire morning and would consume a lot of physical strength.

Therefore, a necessary food supplement was definite.

But...

Why is it so slow?

Are the chefs at the Game Mansion this neglectful?

After completing the necessary warm-ups and having waited for a long time, Hera 10 still hadn't received her breakfast, which made this 10th successor of the Hera Family frown.

Just as she was about to directly inquire with Losa 11, her personal terminal beeped with a message.

Seeing the notification that the 'goods' had arrived, Hera 10 couldn't help but feel delighted.

This was her and Jason's promise, naturally, it was something to be mindful of.

Compared to this, breakfast was nothing.

Immediately, Hera 10 prepared to retrieve the goods.

At that moment, her personal terminal rang again.

It was Hera 1.

"Good morning, big sister."

Hera 10 politely greeted her older sister.

Although her sister was somewhat biased, she never made things difficult for her, she had everything that she should have, without any deficiency, and without any underhand suppression.

This was the same with the rest of her sisters.

Their mother?

Even more so a role model.

Therefore, Hera 10 did not make the worst choice.

She chose what she believed was the most correct.

Because she truly loved this family.

"Good morning, little 10."

"The 99 Ailong Spears you needed have arrived."

"Remember to sign for them."

Hera 1 reminded her.

"I saw the message."

Hera 10 said, her voice filled with joy.

"This afternoon, all family representatives will go to the 'negotiation table'. Little 10, you will represent the Hera Family—mother said everything is up to you to decide."

Hera 1 said, delivering a surprising piece of news.

"Aren't the mothers involved in the 'peace talks'?"

Hera 10 asked curiously.

"The older generation's peace talks are at another negotiation table, discussing another matter, while we younger ones discuss the incident previously caused by Losa 11."

Hera 1 explained.

"Is that so?"

"I understand."

Two negotiations?

Hera 10 felt something odd in her heart, but she did not think more about it and simply agreed.

Then, she headed towards the top floor.

"Good morning, Jason!"

Hera 10 waved and greeted Jason.

At the same time, her nose twitched.

Delicious smells!

The meeting hall was filled with various kinds of food aromas: fish, shrimp, crab, pork, lamb, beef, and residues of frying, grilling, and soup-making were particularly enticing.

How much did Jason eat?

Hera 10, looking at Jason seated cross-legged without any change in his belly, her eyes sparkled.

Being able to eat doesn't necessarily mean strong!

The strong definitely eat a lot!

This is a motto of the Hera Family.

"Jason never disappoints!"

At this moment, Hera 10 finally understood why breakfast was so slow.

"Jason, the Ailong Spears have arrived, you need

"Where are they?"

Jason interrupted Hera 10's words, standing up.

"Come with me."

Hera 10 said with a smile.

Then, as they walked, she shared the instructions from her older sister with Jason.

In Hera 10's view, there was nothing to hide.

After all, Losa 11 would also participate.

A mask concealed Jason's face, and in a place that Hera 10 couldn't see, Jason's expression changed.

At this moment, he knew what the parents of the Hundred Major Families intended to do.

Everything was so obvious, wasn't it?

Chapter 888: Extortion!

The winner, gains everything.

The loser, loses everything.

Everything is really everything.

It is not a description.

It is actually everything.

Because, history is written by the victors.

Upon hearing Hera10's transcript, the two words Jason thought of were:

Pawns.

Trap.

Pawns, all the people in Zone F, including those captured 'Hundred Major Families' members.

Trap, 'Hundred Major Families' are setting a trap for 'them'.

'They' know now, possess the power they should not have known about, possess.

Why 'they' initially came to know, possess such power is no longer important.

What's important is...

'They' must die!

And all the people in Zone F are their funeral companions.

Does it hurt?

Are you angry?

A bit of both.

But Jason remained calm.

In 'Nightless City', he had long learned to 'calmly observe' everything.

Including staying calm even when he himself is involved.

Any anger or discomfort would only impact his own chances of ultimate survival, just like now, as Jason walks beside Hera10, starting to receive his 'food' as usual.

'Ailong Spear' filled a container.

Each spear individually stored in a box.

As he approached, Jason couldn't help but take a deep breath.

Rich chocolate scent!

Perhaps each 'Ailong Spear' had a faint 'flavor', but when 99 'Ailong Spears' were put together, the change in quantity finally caused a qualitative change.

"Lord Jason, do you need me to move them to your room?"

A 'Game Mansion' staff member asked.

"Yes."

"I also need some spirits."

Jason nodded and added.

Spirits?

Does Jason also drink?

He usually doesn't like it, only enjoys it in the presence of weapons?

Truly a man I admire!

Hera¹⁰ thought with joy.

In the eyes of the tenth heir of the 'Hera Family', a true warrior never refuses weapons and alcohol, especially when both are present, it's indeed something to rejoice over.

Raising his glass to the weapon before him.

The moon hangs high, a slight breeze blows by.

Mixed with falling petals, drifting into the glass.

No need to remove the petals, let them float atop the wine, watching the wine in the glass, the painting on the wine, the moon in the wine.

Isn't this the romance of a warrior?

Of course, it would be even better if I were pouring wine beside Jason.

Hera10 thought so.

Yet Jason didn't give Hera10 a chance, directly returning to his room with 99 'Ailong Spears'.

"I need to be alone for a while, do not disturb me."

Such words made Hera10 stop.

She really liked Jason.

But she respected Jason even more.

"Can we have lunch together at noon?"

Hera10 asked, looking at Jason's back.

"Yes."

Jason answered straightforwardly.

He never refuses food.

Especially after Hera10 brought so much 'food'.

Perhaps afterwards, there won't be such opportunities.

But at this moment, Jason felt grateful.

For the 'food'.

And for the person who brought the 'food'.

And when this person is not an enemy, he is always friendly.

Listening to Jason's definitive, straightforward answer, Hera10 smiled and returned to her room.

There was still some time until noon, she had to complete her training.

Then, go to have lunch with Jason in her best state.

Long boxes filled with 'Ailong Spears', were neatly stacked by 'Game Mansion' staff in Jason's room on the top floor, as per Jason's request, crates of spirits also appeared here.

Opening the box, pulling out a bottle of spirits, Jason directly twisted it open.

Amidst the pungent scent of alcohol, he washed his hands.

Then, cleaned each 'Ailong Spear'.

Not the aesthetic Hera10 imagined.

Simply the most direct, rudimentary way of cleaning.

Even somewhat rough.

With this in mind, Jason's cleaning speed was quite fast, and in half an hour, all 'Ailong Spears' were cleaned, which included checking the long boxes holding them.

He trusted Hera10, but that did not mean he trusted the 'Hera Family'.

Then, Jason did not start right away.

Instead, he silently waited.

About 5 minutes later.

Elevator sounds rang from outside the door.

Ding!

The crisp electronic sound included two footsteps.

The former was familiar, Pers's, the latter was unfamiliar.

Without needing to open the door, Jason could 'see' Pers, helpless walking in front of the stranger.

Indeed, that was the case.

Feeling the hard gun barrel on his back, Pers really had a helpless expression.

He was originally practicing his shooting skills in the training room.

This was Builder's suggestion.

To quickly gain self-protection ability, relying on firearms was the best way.

Since both Martial Arts and secret techniques are difficult to obtain, especially the latter, with even more difficult ways of accessing, and even if obtained, required a lot of time for practice, unlike firearms which were more efficient.

So, Pers totally threw himself into the targeting range of the training room.

Eating, drinking, toileting, all were done here.

And beside Pers was Roslor the doctor.

Like Pers, this doctor was also practicing shooting.

Builder?

Having 'mutated', gained different talents, and initially being a 'security consultant' with quite good shooting skills, Builder naturally didn't practice shooting skills again, but rather allowed his body to open up more.

The three had been spending their days like this recently.

But today, Pers had no choice but to leave.

Because there was a meeting of 'contact managers' inside the 'Game Mansion'.

As a newly promoted manager, he had to attend.

However, what Pers did not expect was that this turned out to be a trap.

When he arrived at the manager's meeting room, all he encountered was the cold barrel of a gun pointed at him.

"I think we can talk."

"You know, you are...uh!"

Having experienced numerous incidents, Pers, who had become composed in emergencies, politely spoke to the gunman in front of him, whom he recognized as also a 'contact manager'.

Unfortunately, the other party did not give Pers a chance to continue speaking.

A knee strike hit Pers in the abdomen.

As Pers bent over clutching his stomach, the other party pressed the gun against the back of Pers's head.

"Slowly stand up, don't play tricks."

"And

"Hand over your service pistol and personal terminal."

While speaking, the other party harshly jabbed the gun against the back of Pers's head.

The great force made Pers stagger.

Then, Pers complied.

With a gun pointed at him, he was just an ordinary person; what else could he do?

"Go to the top floor!"

After the service pistol and personal terminal were removed, Pers headed for the top floor following the orders of the gunman behind him.

The top floor?

Looking for Jason?

Jason again...

Sigh!

Since Jason moved to the top floor, as Jason's nominally 'contact manager', Pers naturally knew.

Then, this 'contact manager's' mood became complex again.

Sure enough, I've been dragged into this mess again!

Why did I say sure enough and again?

Because I was already mentally prepared!

This isn't the first time!

Pers couldn't help but complain internally.

And with such complaints, the last bit of tension that Pers had while being held at gunpoint evaporated instantly.

This was Bildler's method of calling him.

Now, it seems pretty good.

The two 'contact managers' heading to the top floor were somewhat conspicuous, but nobody questioned Pers when they saw him.

As Losa became the controller of Zone F, those around Losa have changed a lot, not just Pers, but Roslor, Bildler, and Galen as well.

As for Jason?

Even more special.

Everyone knows that compared to the four including Pers, Jason is truly special.

After all, not everyone can dine with Losa, on the same table.

So, is this the reason why the guy behind him targeted Jason?

To intimidate Losa?

Or to use Jason to threaten Losa?

Are these 'Hundred Major Families' a bit too naive?

Is Jason that easy to threaten?

Pers guessed in his heart with an obvious misunderstanding.

And under the indication of the other party's gun, he immediately obediently knocked on the door.

Thud, thud!

"Come in."

Jason said succinctly.

Then the door was pushed open.

Considering his life, Pers raised his hands high as he felt the gun pressed even harder into his back as he entered.

The person behind was very tense.

Although Pers wanted to say a few words of comfort, he ultimately chose the safest approach.

Then, Pers innocently looked at Jason.

Jason returned a glance to Pers and then looked past him.

The figure behind Pers was someone Jason hadn't seen before.

But presumably, he should be a mid-level employee of the 'Game Mansion', otherwise, it wouldn't have been so easy to capture Pers.

And it meant nothing else in the 'Game Mansion'.

"I understand your intention."

"Can you let go of Pers first?"

Jason said.

The figure did not release Pers because of Jason's words, but instead, entirely hid behind Pers.

"Or you can knock Pers out."

Jason suggested again.

Bang!

This time, the opponent did not hesitate and made a move directly.

The butt of the gun skillfully hit Pers on the back of the neck.

Pers had no reaction at all, just like that his eyes rolled back and he collapsed on the ground.

"Sorry, Mr. Jason, to meet you in such a way."

The other party said so.

"Yes, it's also quite a surprise to me that we meet in this waythey'."

Jason nodded.

'They'!

These were the people Jason had been waiting for.

To be precise, an organization.

The trap was set, and the Hunter was in place.

Did the prey sense anything?

Yes!

Before, he and Losa had inadvertently acted against the opponent's 'arrangement', which was enough to alert them, and then, would they inform the 'Hundred Major Families' of such 'anomalies'?

Whether it is a real notification or as a question.

Most likely they would.

The existence of Hera10 is a fact.

‘They’ are very familiar with the ‘Hera Family’.

Naturally, they know the personality and style of this family’s members.

This family’s members would genuinely help friends they recognized.

So when the ‘Hundred Major Families’ parents began the meeting, even if only a few families are involved, but when the ‘Hera Family’ appeared, ‘they’ should have known what’s happening.

As for how they knew?

Jason believes that the opponent’s insider within the ‘Hera Family’ is not only Donna and that senior Steward.

There is likely one even more concealed.

Just like the ‘contact’ manager right in front of him.

Jason sized up the opponent.

In the same ‘Game Mansion’ staff uniform as Pers, but with a different color trim which signifies a managerial level, he appeared to be in his 40s, with wrinkles beginning to show at the corners of his eyes, thinning hair yet with a well-maintained physique, and particularly steady hands, especially the hand that held the gun, still quite agile, at least the spinning gun retracting move just now, ordinary people couldn’t achieve.

Because it was not merely a flourish, but also with combat technique.

Jason could confirm that amidst the flipping of the gun, the opponent could shoot at any time without having to flip the wrist.

Jason sized up his opponent, and the opponent sized up Jason too.

"Indeed, Mr. Jason."

"The Leader said you would know everything."

"Indeed, you are right."

The other party said while bowing again, although very respectfully and meticulously, Jason could detect the impatience and reluctance fleeting across the person's face.

Impatience is inevitable.

The 'meeting' would start in the afternoon.

That would also be the beginning of the 'hunt'.

And as for willingness?

How could 'they' be willing!

After planning for many years, investing I don't know how much energy and money, now getting nothing and being destroyed instead.

It's human to be unwilling!

Not to mention 'they'!

Their resistance was inevitable.

Even at any cost.

Even if it means 'joining hands' with former enemies, it doesn't matter.

"What did you find out?"

Jason asked.

"Basically, everything."

"Once the meeting starts, the Mocket Family will be eradicated by other member families of the 'Hundred Major Families'."

"And along with it, Zone F will also be erased."

The other party said, clenching their teeth.

The reason 'they' were able to live so prosperously under the deterrence of the 'Hundred Major Families' was because they blended into the 'herd', making the 'Hundred Major Families' incapacitated.

But now, the 'Hundred Major Families' don't want the 'herd' anymore.

'They' immediately became helpless.

Although some remnants will survive, but having lost most members and base, what power would they have left?

Completely a mere name!

"What will you do then?"

Jason continued to ask.

"Counterattack!"

"Connect all possible forces to counterattack!"

"You are a crucial one we must win over!"

The other party spoke resonantly, bowing to Jason once again.

Jason sat there, just watching the other person, tapping his right index finger on the armrest of the sofa twice, then said—

"What can you offer?"

Chapter 890: A Meal Causes a Sudden Increase!

There is no love without reason.

Nor is there unfounded hatred.

Likewise, there's no such thing as groundless 'cooperation'.

At the moment Jason's voice fell, the mid-level manager lurking in Game Mansion immediately said, "We can inform you of some special knowledge, the kind you have experienced before."

The other party alluded to 'historical evil spirits' quite subtly.

Jason shook his head decisively.

The other party looked at Jason in surprise.

"You still don't understand it?"

They couldn't help but ask.

"It is strong and very good, but I just don't like it."

Jason replied and then, without giving the other party a chance to question further, he directly said, "I need Divine's Body, whether it's complete or a remnant, I need it, as many as possible!"

Jason made his demand clear.

This demand shocked the infiltrator.

"Do you realize what you're talking about?"

The other party stared intently into Jason's eyes, their gaze filled with anger.

It was the anger against unreasonable demands.

And the fury at being taken advantage of in desperate times.

The infiltrator's hand even involuntarily rested on the gun handle.

But Jason remained calm.

"I know."

"Just as I know what you want me to do."

"They are equivalent."

Having said that, Jason stopped and calmly met the other party's gaze.

Under such scrutiny, the other party's anger quickly subsided, leaving only hesitation.

Or more precisely, the infiltrator was shocked by Jason's words.

Do you really know?

Or are you bluffing?

The infiltrator looked at Jason and hesitated for a while before speaking again.

"What do you think we want you to do?"

They asked.

"I can't be certain about the specifics, but it should have something to do with coordinating a large number of labor forces."

Jason responded.

Hearing Jason's answer, surprise was unmistakable in the other party's eyes.

Jason had guessed correctly.

The task given by their Leader was to persuade Jason as quickly as possible to help 'them' build something in Zone F.

For this, 'they' were willing to spare no expense.

Yet, Jason's recent outrageous demand instinctively prompted their rebuttal.

Even now, they held the same notion.

How rare is a Divine's Body?

Nobody knew better than they did.

A complete Divine's Body could mark the birth of a Hundred Major Families.

Even a remnant of Divine's Body was enough to forge an organization like the Martial Arts Alliance.

Therefore, they had to argue with reason.

As a 'negotiator', they believed this was their duty.

At least, that's what they thought.

"You've guessed correctly."

"We need to establish 13 special buildings in 13 locations in Zone F before this afternoon, and we need your help, but

"The value of Divine's Body is just too high. I can't accept your outrageous demand. We can only offer you one remnant of Divine's Body at most."

The infiltrator dragged out their words.

"Three or more complete Divine's Bodies and at least ten remnants of Divine's Bodies."

Jason named his price.

Instantly, the infiltrator jumped up.

Literally 'jumped'.

Their sparse hair seemed to stand on end, and, flushed with rage, they glared at Jason.

"Are you joking?"

They restrained their anger, trying to keep their tone steady as if just speaking, but it still sounded like a roar.

This time, Jason did not speak again; he just raised his hand and pointed outside the door.

The meaning couldn't be clearer.

Seeing Jason's gesture, the infiltrator instantly calmed down.

"This is beyond my authority; I need to consult the Leader."

They said so.

Although the Leader had granted them full responsibility, three or more complete Divine's Bodies and at least ten remnants of Divine's Bodies were not within their power to decide.

They believed that themselves.

Jason nodded his head, watching the other party leave the room for the time being.

The infiltrator did not contact their Leader through a call but used a more secretive means, preventing Jason's superhuman perception from picking up on it.

Approximately two minutes later, the infiltrator returned.

Their face looked ugly.

Even uglier than when they first heard Jason's demand.

Although Jason did not know what had transpired, he had his speculations.

The infiltrator's Leader must have reprimanded them.

It was simple; at a critical moment of survival, their 'nickel-and-diming' was particularly displeasing.

Or better put, presumptuous.

At this time, that the infiltrator showed up here meant they naturally had the authority to make full decisions.

But they were still guessing at their Leader's thoughts, something the Leader, who had strategically planned everything, couldn't forgive, especially after those strategies inadvertently prepared a bridal gown for 'Losa 11'.

Their Leader urgently needed a victory.

This victory not only had to help 'them' through this crisis but also had to restore morale.

Therefore, they chose him as the negotiator, and not 'Losa 11'.

Not only because 'Losa 11' was the beneficiary after their failure, but also because of 'Losa 11's' identity.

A member of the Hundred Major Families, the eleventh heir to the Losa Family.

This status was enough to make them wary and distrustful.

Or perhaps...

Jason thought back to when facing 'historical evil spirits', how he, along with Losa 11 and Hera 10, received 'differential treatment'.