## **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



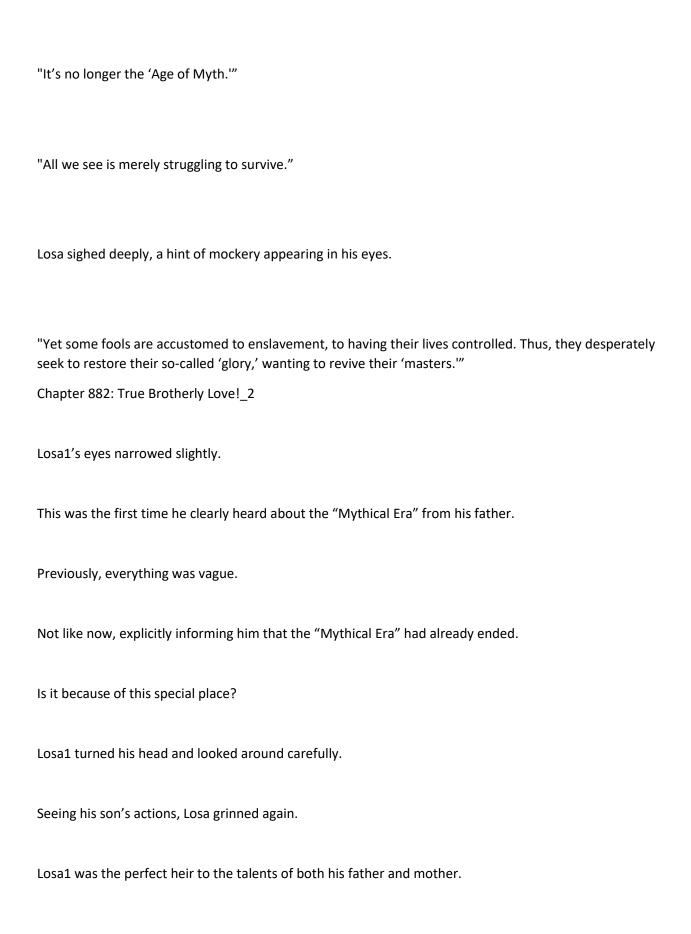
"Found it."
Losa, who had been searching for something, spoke.
The patriarch of the 'Losa Family' took a step forward and lightly tapped the void in front of him.
Thump!
As if knocking at a door.
Ripples spread out like waves.
Then, Losa stepped forward and entered.
Losa1 followed close behind.
Whoosh, whoosh!
The sound of waves arose.

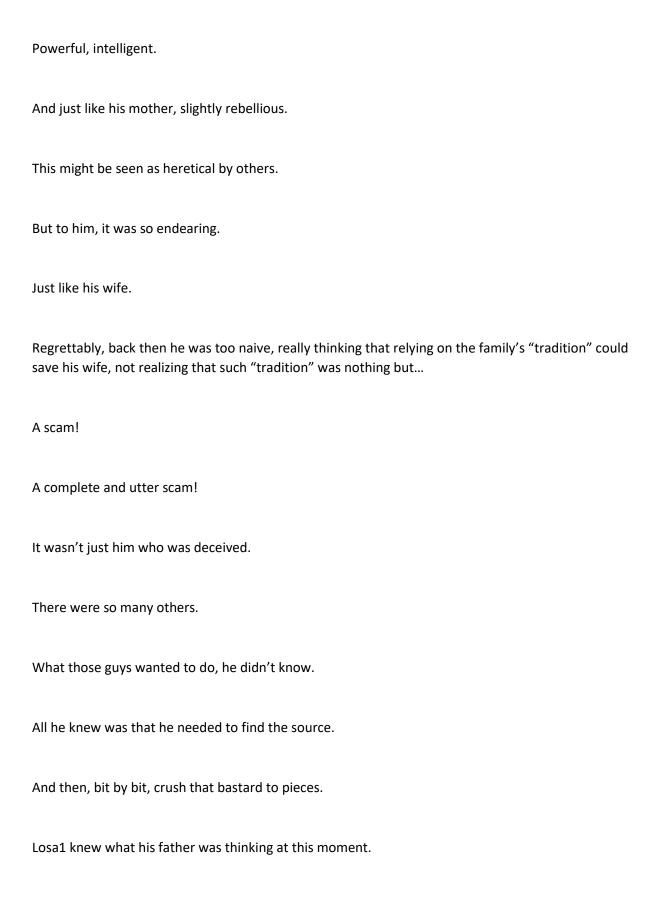
A river stretched beyond sight appeared under Losa1's feet, the color of the water indiscernible. Although there was the sound of waves, the river seemed still.
He and his father stood on thin air.
But the spirits that appeared around were different.
As soon as they arrived here, they fell into the waters.
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.

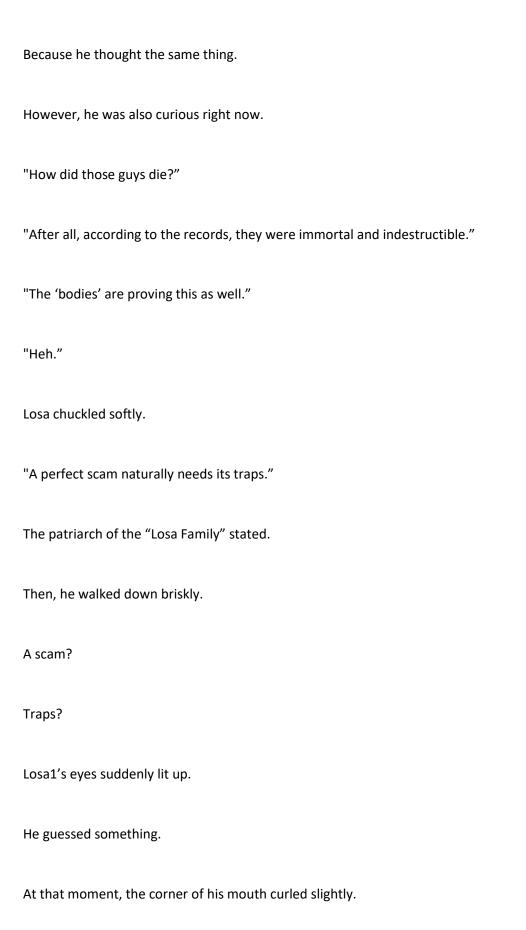
They forgot everything.
Then, a mysterious guidance began to emerge.
This guidance led them to where they were meant to go.
"Follow."
Losa said.
In reality, Losa1 had already stepped forward without needing his father's instructions.
The river water that made one forget everything approached them.
But,
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





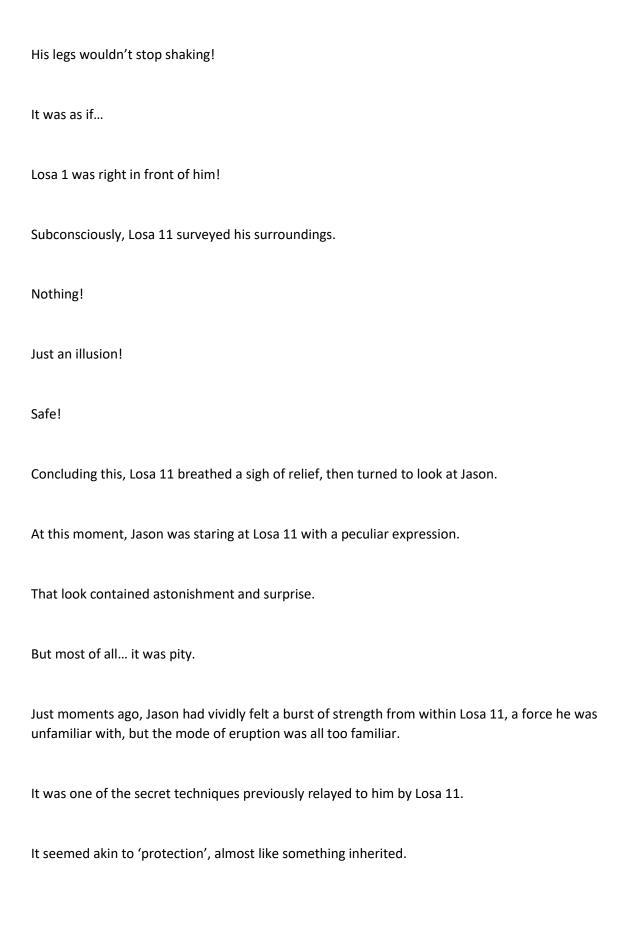


However, at this time, something in the depths of Losa1's heart stirred.
A 'seed' he had planted in his younger brother Xin's heart had suddenly been triggered.
Instantly, the smiling Losa1's face darkened.
After the 'seed' was activated, not only could it rapidly mature Losa11, but it could also protect 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.



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!

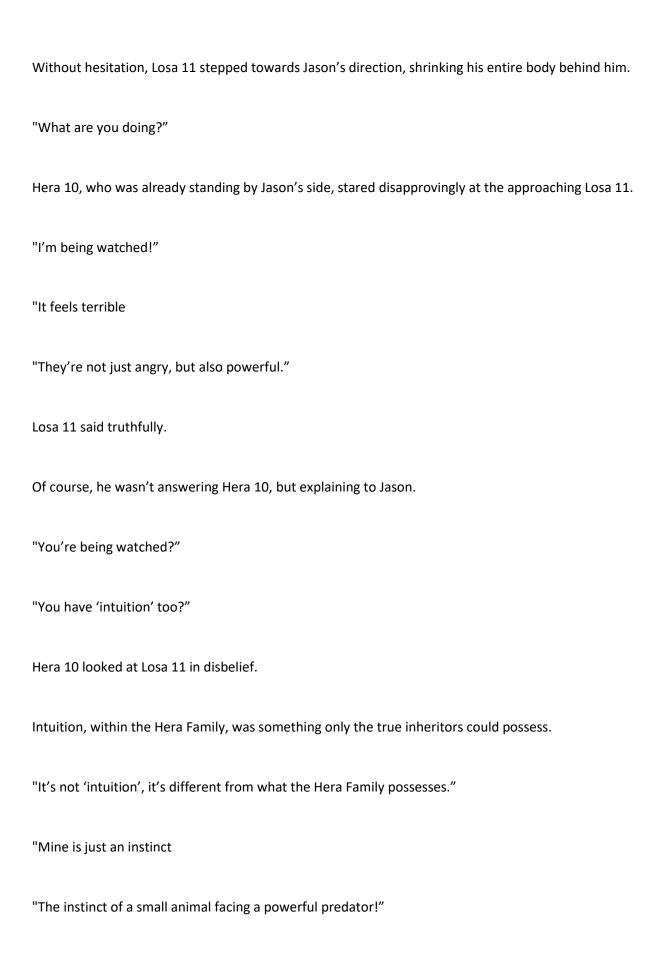


Each use came with a great cost, similar to [Protection Against Evil] but quite effective; hence, a he only glanced over it quickly, Jason was sure he hadn't seen it wrong.	lthough
Who else could use such a technique, other than Losa 11's elder brother?	
Did his elder brother intervene during his younger 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 secr now.	et for
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!	

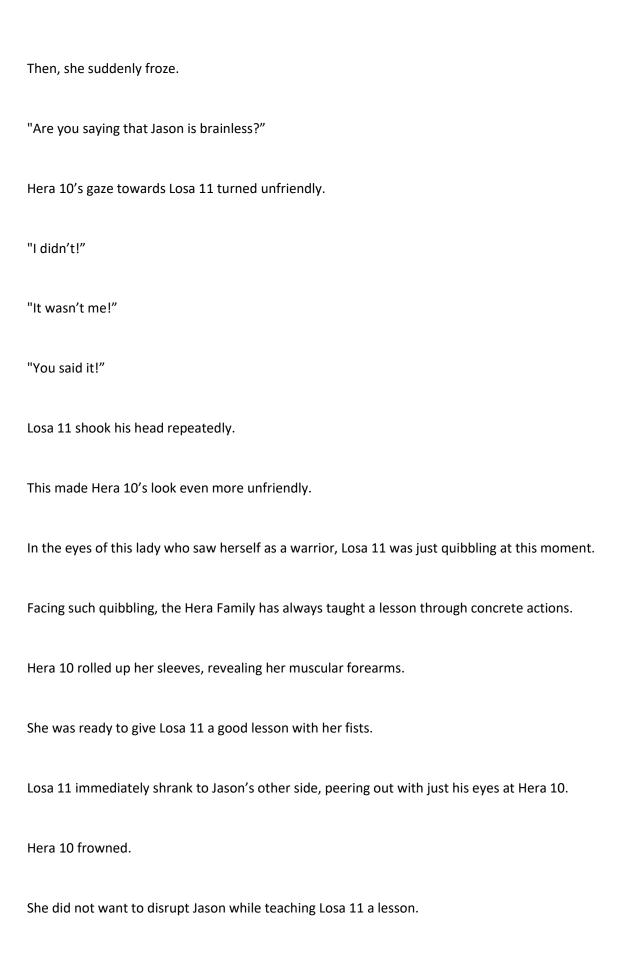
Everything was an illusion!
Haha.
Losa 11 comforted himself.
"Should we open this door?"
Hera 10's attention was on the door leading to the hall.
Just now, she had checked her surroundings, but aside from this door, she came up empty-handed; the knowledge taught by her family was not very helpful in 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 thems 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.



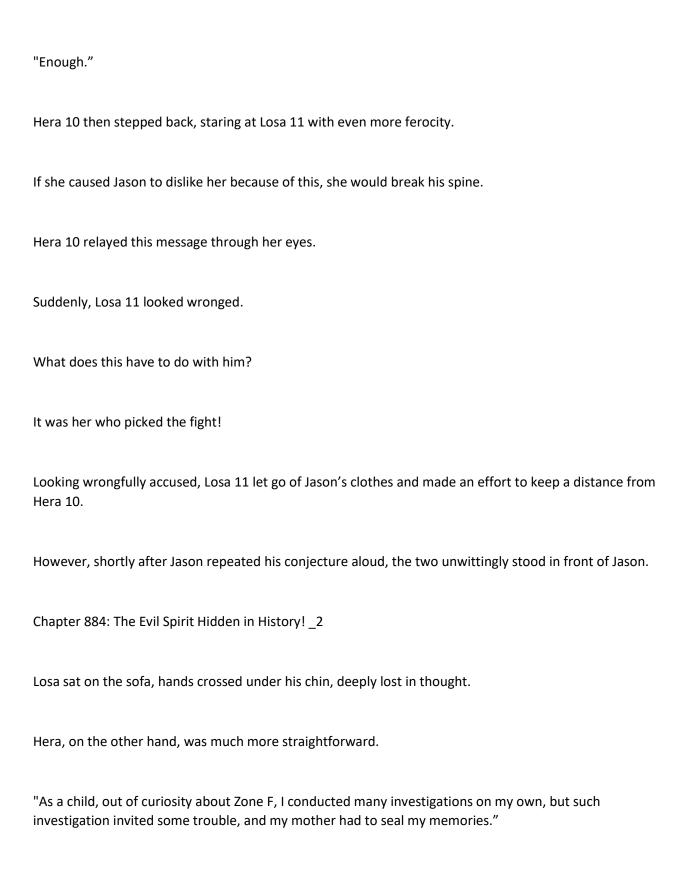
Losa 11 said.
Then, he saw the contemptuous look in Hera 10's eyes.
Small animal?
To the tenth in line for the Hera Family, the Losa 11 who had manipulated everything and caused a big incident seemed far from a small animal. He was more like a venomous snake lurking in the bushes, or perhaps a crocodile 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.









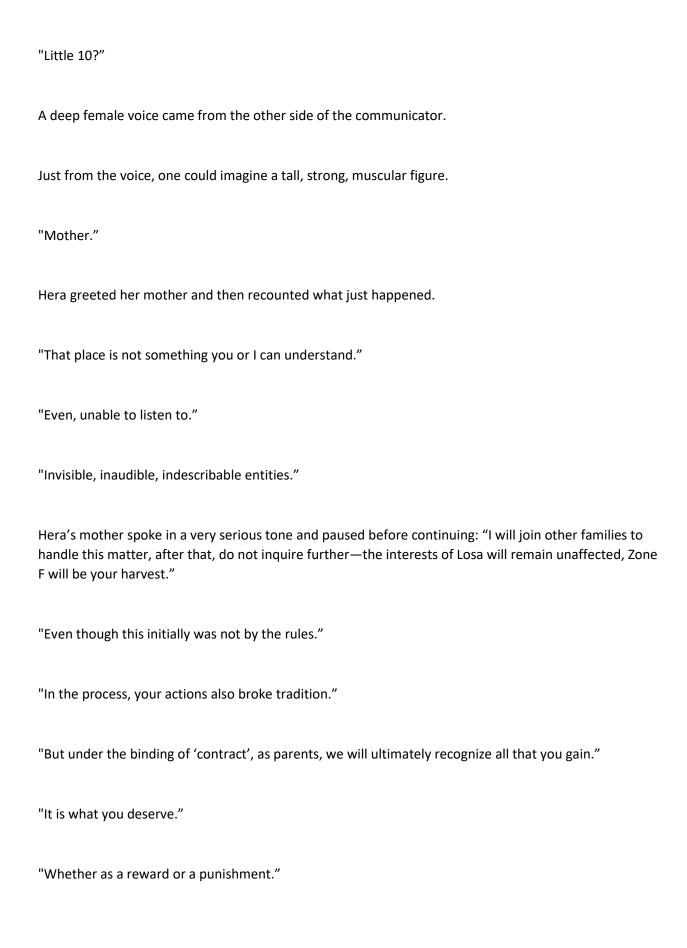


"But just now, when I again encountered the 'history' of Zone F, these memories were loosened."
"And the 'truth' hidden in that 'history' sought me out."
Hera spoke truthfully.
"What 'truth in history'?"
"In my view, it's like 'evil spirits hidden in history'!"
After snorting softly, Losa commented and 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!"

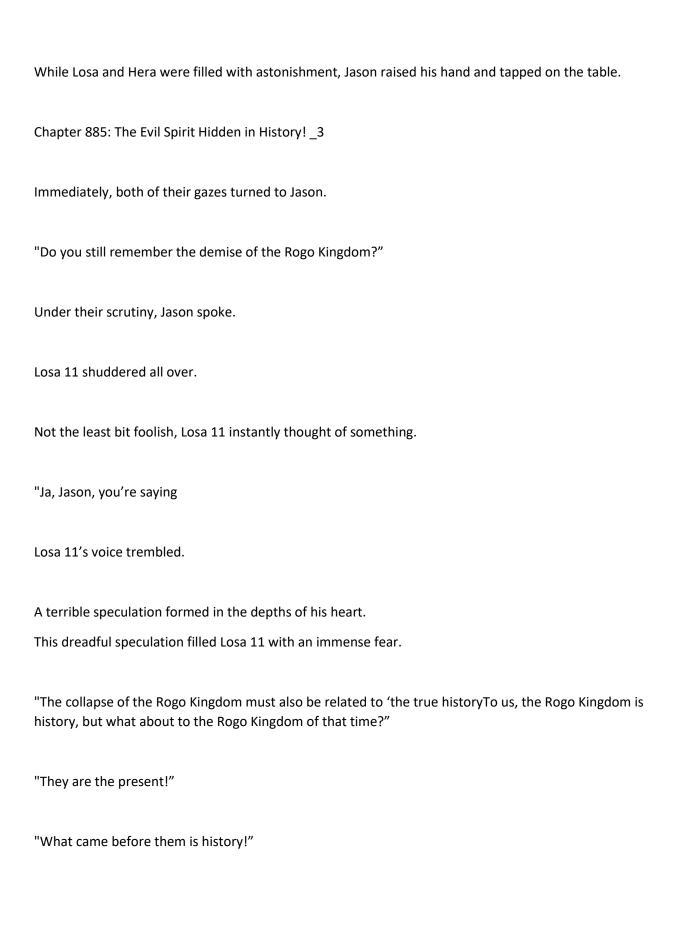
Losa took a deep breath, his eyes revealing solemnity. Just a few hours ago, he was lamenting the depths of 'their' integration, even into the Moket Family of the Hundred Major Families, attempting to bring everything back to the negotiation table. It was only natural! Though the Moket Family gained a temporary victory, other families of the Hundred Major Families just lost their vanguard and weren't fundamentally weakened. If the fight continued, the Moket 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 Moket Family didn't need to wait that long. On the frontal battlefield, the Moket Family won. On the secret battlefield, the Moket Family aimed to win too. If it weren't for Jason and the dominant personality, the Moket Family might truly have already won, may even be popping the champagne now.



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

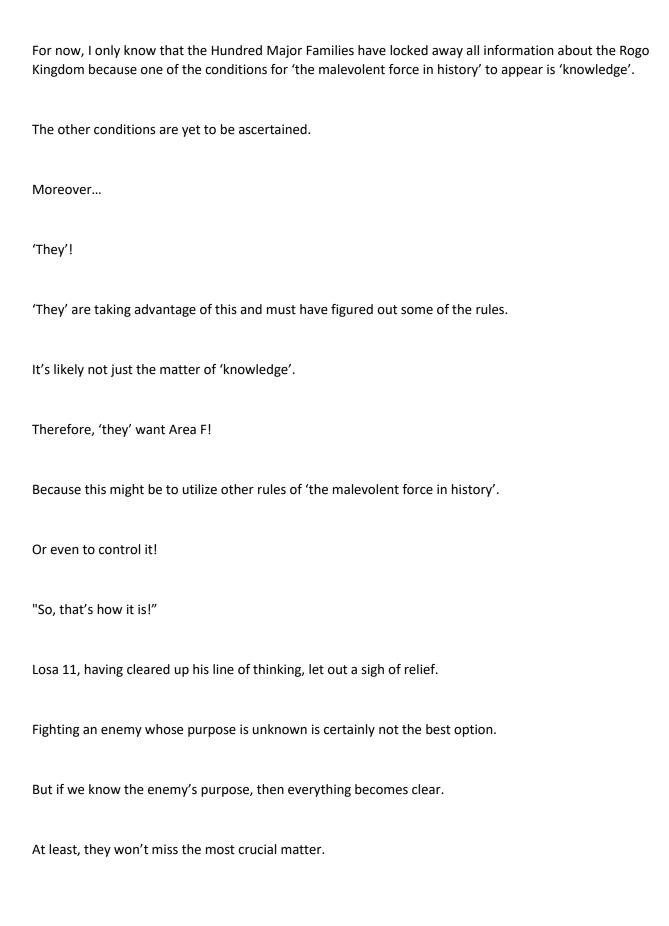


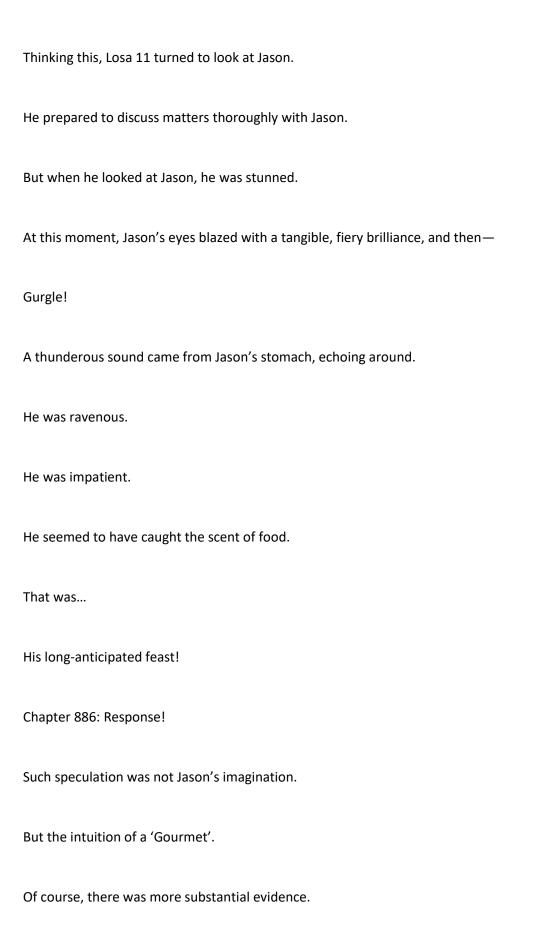






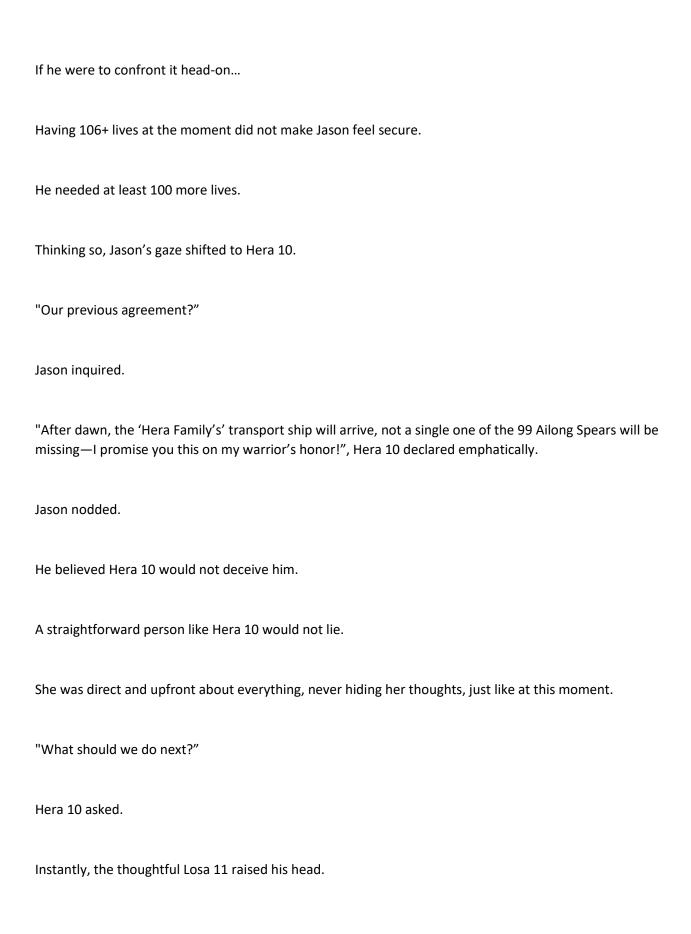
This was completely beyond her imagination.
Not only could it hide within history.
It could also spread throughout 'history'!
Is this not a deed that even 'gods' can't do?
Caught in shock, Hera 10's brain went blank.
Losa 11 was almost the same.
However, he thought more about whether his primary self 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!





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.

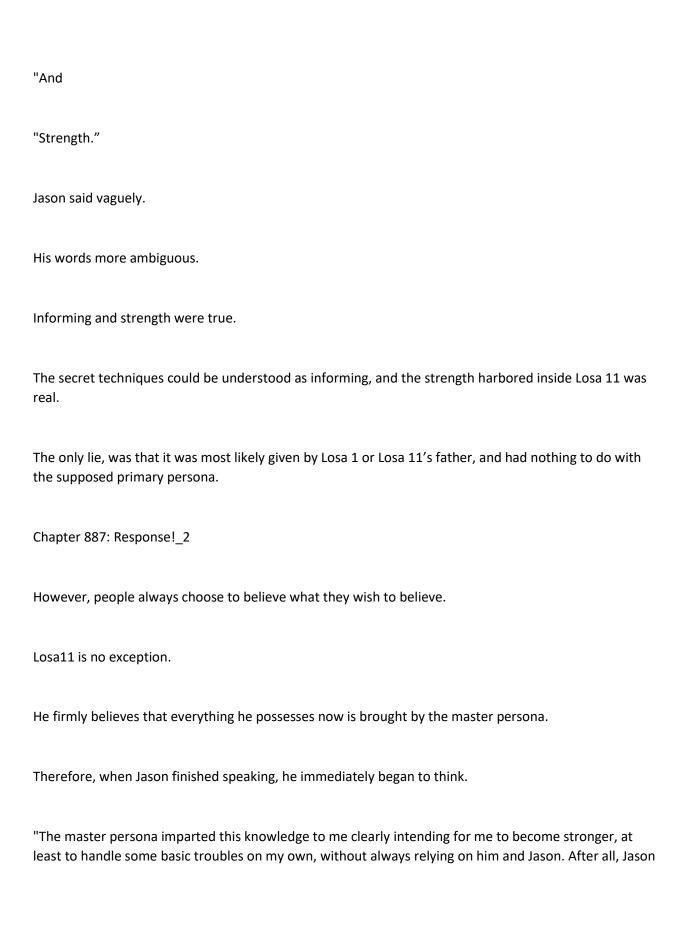


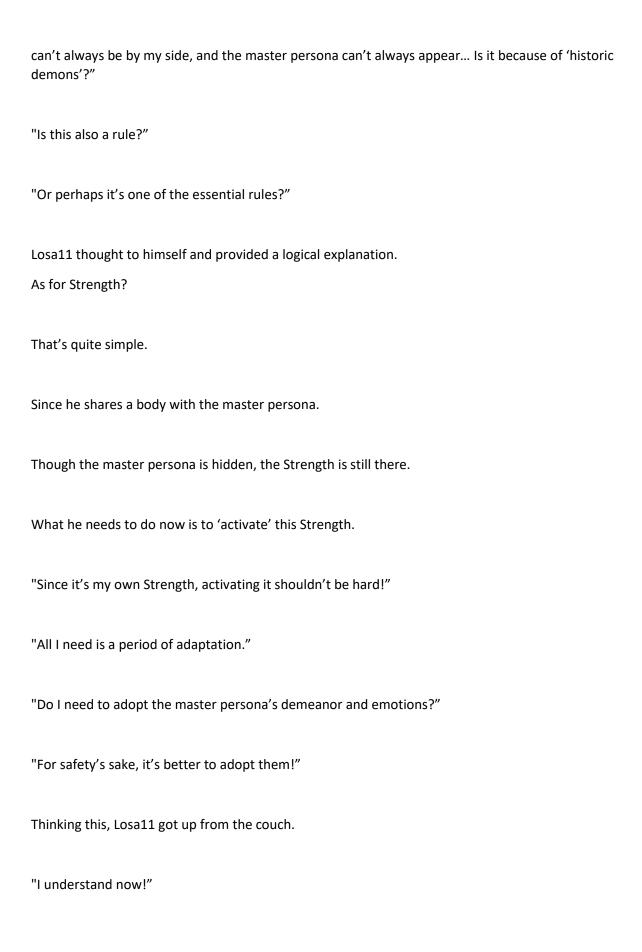




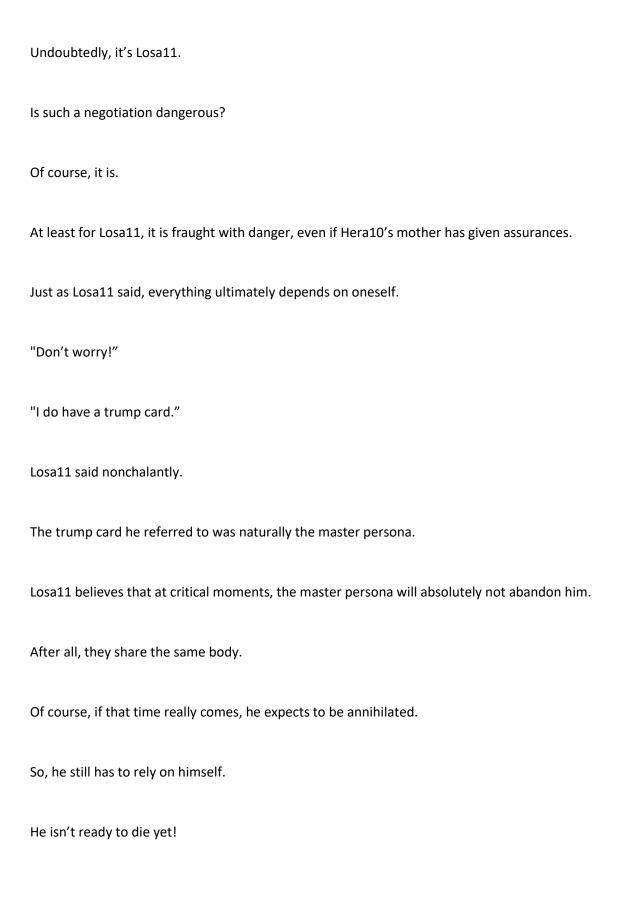


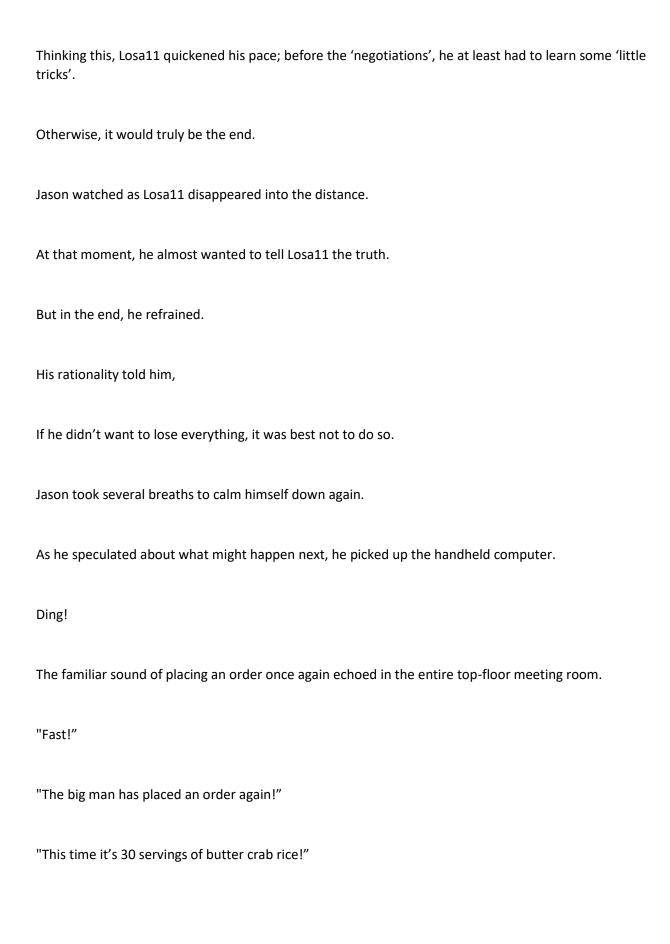
Or rather, if the primary persona still acted the same way even after learning about the 'Historical Evil Spirit',
Why would the primary persona do that?
Could it be that the primary persona had already learned more about the 'Historical Evil Spirit'?
Or even mastered some deeper rules?
He couldn't be 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."

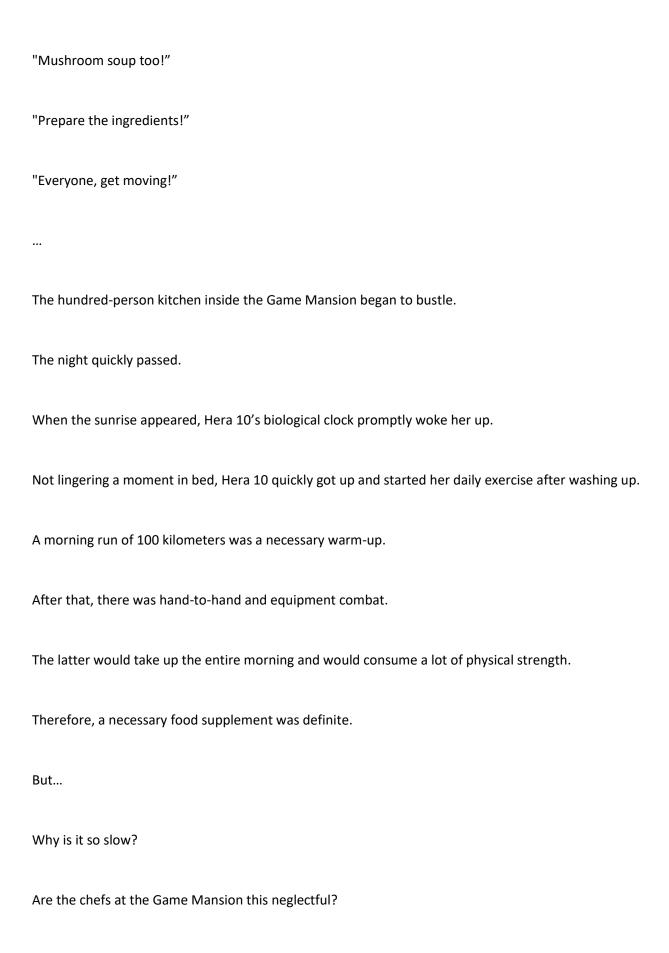




Without any disdain.
Without any dissatisfaction.
Perhaps the Jason who lived in Nightless City can no longer truly become a 'kind-hearted person', but he does not mock the kind, just as he does not mock heroes.
The world's affairs are inherently murky and dark.
Suddenly, a pool of clear water appears.
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?







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?



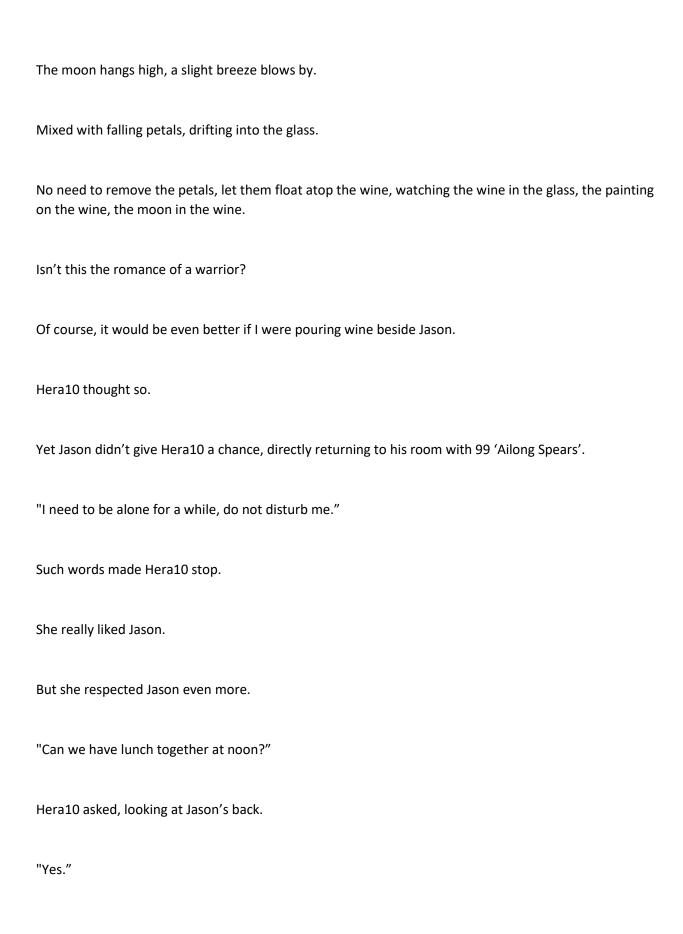
"The older generation's peace talks are at another negotiation table, discussing another matter, while we younger ones discuss the incident previously caused by Losa 11."
Hera 1 explained.
"Is that so?"
"I understand."
Two negotiations?
Hera 10 felt something odd in her heart, but she did not think more 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.

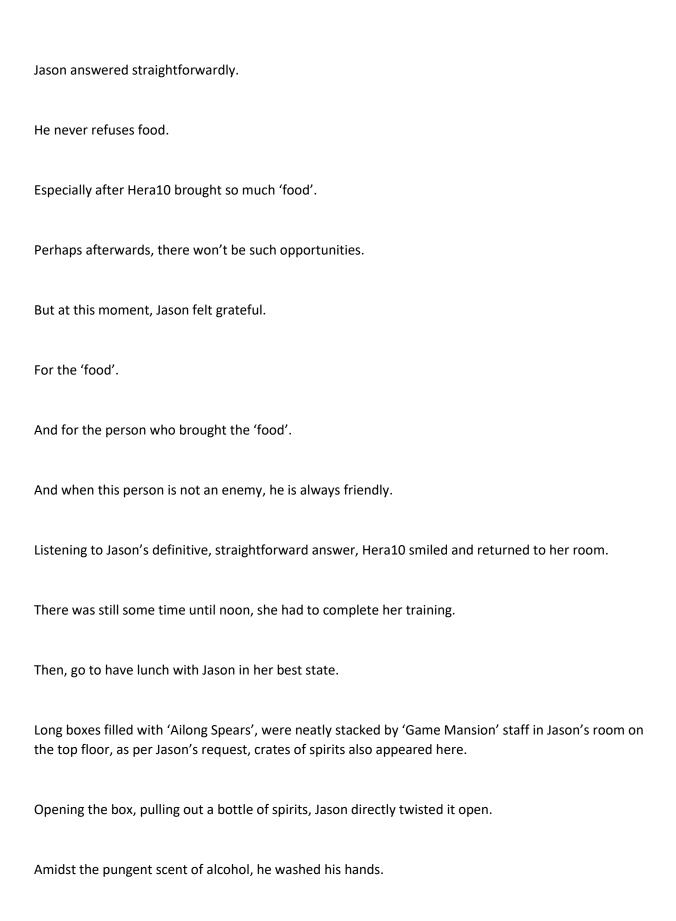


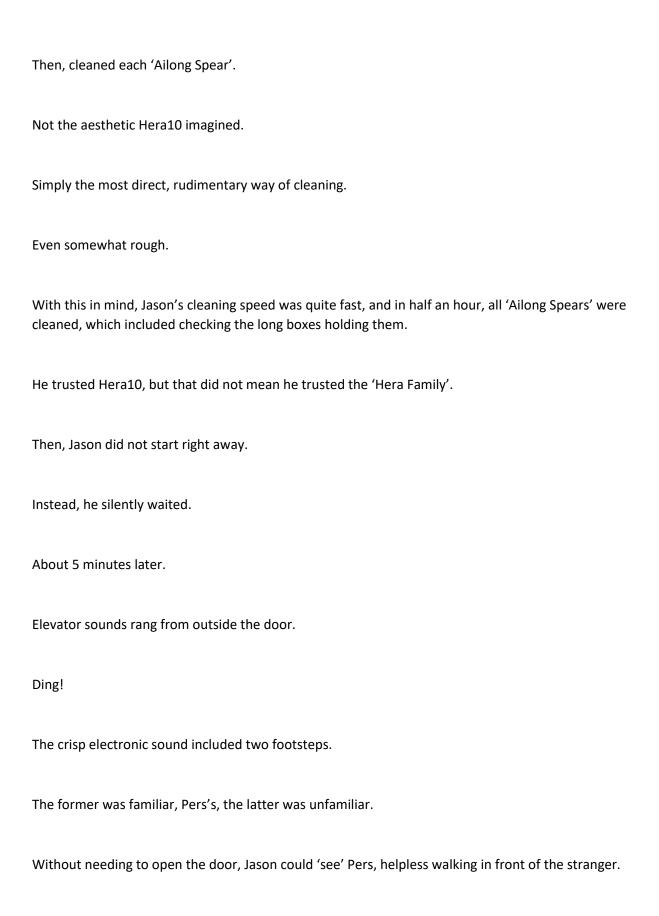
At this moment, he knew what the parents of the Hundred Major Families intended to do.
Everything was so obvious, wasn't it?
Chapter 888: Extortion!
The winner, gains everything.
The loser, loses everything.
Everything is really everything.
It is not a description.
It is actually everything.
Because, 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.







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.
Chapter 889: Extorting Money! _2

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 areuh!"
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'.
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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.





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.

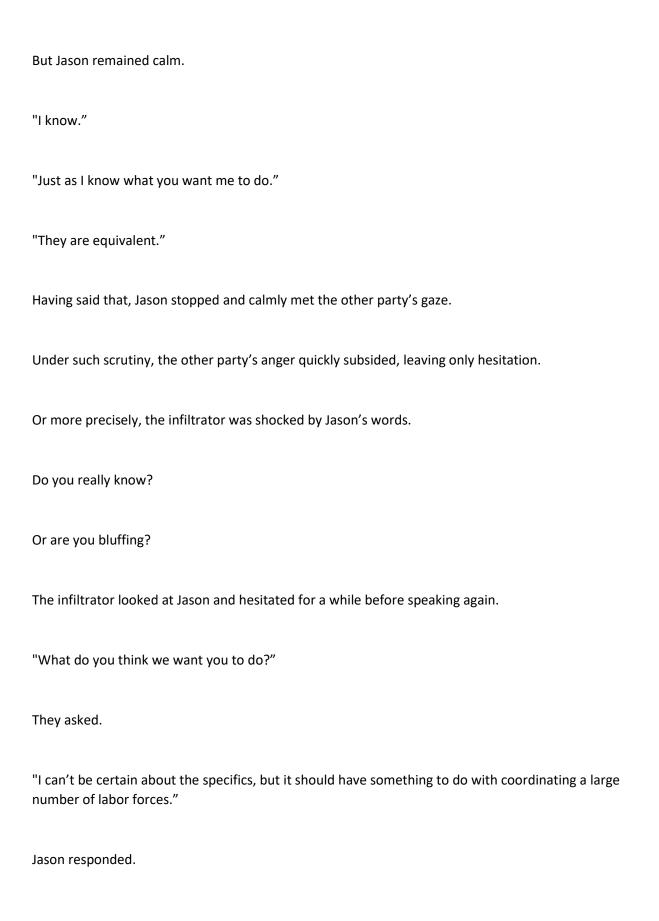
The existence of Hera10 is a fact.
'They' are very familiar with the 'Hera Family'.
Naturally, they know the personality and style of this family's members.
This family's members would genuinely help friends they recognized.
So when the 'Hundred Major Families' parents began the meeting, even if only 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'!



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."





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'.