

Menu 901

Chapter 901: Jason's Way

Barrage?

No!

It's the 'audience'!

After a slight startle, Hera 10 immediately understood Losa 11's idea, but at the same time, her heart was full of doubts.

"They are too weak."

"They are unarmed."

"They are a disorganized mob."

Hera 10 said.

"Weak, but numerous."

"The change in quantity is enough to cause a qualitative change!"

Losa 11 took a deep breath and spoke very seriously, his pacing neither hurried nor slow, conveying a convincing sense.

His subsequent words were even more logical and well-founded.

"Weapons are controlled for them, but we still have 'partners,' to 'them,' it's no problem at all!"

"And beliefs?"

"When facing life and death, people will naturally stand together."

"Of course!"

"And there's the most important point

Losa 11's words began to attract the attention of everyone around.

People unconsciously turned their eyes toward him, and under everyone's gaze, Losa 11 became even more composed. Imitating his elder brother, he sat leisurely in the captain's chair, raised a finger, and with a slight smile on his lips as he looked around, he said, "We were once like them, we too came from them."

Simpson 2, Amiel 3, Boldy 7, these members of the Hundred Major Families looked somewhat bewildered.

They had yet to understand the meaning in Losa 11's words.

But Hera 10 experienced a flash of 'inspiration.'

She saw scene after scene.

Blurry and indistinct.

Crowded with people.

Shouting loudly.

And...

Resistance!

Her gaze subconsciously settled on the most crimson scene of all.

This scene was more obscured than the previous ones.

But unlike the previous images, it started to become clearer.

It gradually split into two parts.

From the overall layout, this scene could be seen as top and bottom, the top occupying about one-fourth, showing the serious-faced Losa 11 with an inscrutable look in his eyes, standing upright, with his hands as if holding everything, yet the indistinctness made it seem like a wine glass.

However, he was bathed in brilliance, the light too dazzling, so that Hera 10 couldn't discern whether it was really a wine glass.

But with the brilliance as backdrop, there was profound darkness.

Darkness and shadow intertwined.

Crimson dots adorned it, like eyes.

After that...

An open, bloodied maw, roaring to the sky.

A tall and muscular figure standing there, one hand holding a Broad Blade Cleaver, the other reaching to slowly remove his mask.

Just at that moment, the scene flipped.

Losa 11 disappeared.

Jason was bathed in the light.

The black, gaping creature proudly basked in the light alongside Jason.

Beneath?

Corpses!

Corpses of all sorts of bizarre creatures.

There were beings with tentacles like whales, creatures entirely covered in eyes that could not be described, and glowing giants which were probably giants—Hera 10 couldn't describe them, just like the various things in the darkness, it seemed she saw them, yet she felt she hadn't, everything around her was indescribable.

But one thing was certain.

Jason seemed to have completed some incredible feat.

Then the scene vanished.

What she saw next was a city shrouded in mist.

Hera 10 strained to open her eyes wide.

Her 'inspiration' was telling her this place was extremely important.

Ultimately, after exerting all her strength, she saw some hints—

Both prosperity and decay.

Wars constantly breaking out.

Depravity, ruthlessness, deception, malice filled the city.

She saw that tall, muscular figure strolling among it.

Without any discomfort.

Without any grievances.

And without any fear.

As if walking in his own garden.

Hometown?!

Hera 10 instinctively thought, her instincts urging her to see more, but the rapid drain of her Strength made her falter, even after facing Jason a hundred times, relying on the special bloodline, she gained a hundredfold increase in strength, but this hundredfold increase, after the first time, diminished with each occurrence, by the hundredth time, the increase in strength was hardly noticeable.

At this moment, Hera 10 had reached her limit.

But she still clenched her teeth and persevered.

Until—

"Nightless City, welcome you!"

The words emerged in Hera 10's mind.

It was Jason's voice.

Upon hearing this sentence, Hera 10's eyes rolled back, and she completely fainted.

"Hera 10?"

Faced with the suddenly unconscious Hera 10, Losa 11 almost slipped up.

Pretending to be his elder brother wasn't as easy as it looked, always feeling like walking on thin ice, and because of this, Losa 11 needed Hera 10's judgment.

He hoped to determine from Hera 10's 'inspiration' whether his own actions could succeed—despite his outward confidence.

But, it was all a facade.

He was feigning confidence.

In reality?

He felt so apprehensive that if he wasn't seated, he would have collapsed on the spot.

But now, what was this situation?

Not a single suggestion, just like that, she fainted.

At least say something, give me a clue!

Watching Hera 10 being carried away by the medics on the mother ship, Losa 11 felt completely unnerved.

Yet, he had to continue acting.

His gaze turned to Pers and with an indifferent tone said, "Connect the signal, enter Jason's room."

"Yes!"

Pers nodded in response.

This 'contactee' didn't understand at all what had just transpired.

Chapter 902: Jason's Way_2

He was simply following orders.

And once the signal connected, he focused entirely on Jason in the video; he hoped Jason was safe and sound.

Obviously, everyone present more or less felt the same way.

Seeing the expressions around him, Losa 11 let out a sigh of relief.

The plan was a go!

He had bluffed his way through!

Thank you, Jason!

Thinking this, Losa 11's gaze also settled on the video.

Although he exploited Jason's status in everyone's hearts, he was genuinely worried for Jason.

And Jason in the video was as quiet as ever.

Wearing a mask, with the Broad Blade Cleaver by his side, he sat cross-legged against the wall. The five grenades given by Pers and the two briefcases from Hera 10 were placed in a corner—out of the camera's reach.

This was naturally Jason's privilege.

In fact, it wasn't just this kind of privilege.

The constraints from 'Brutalizer' had long since vanished.

Moreover, Jason had learned the map of this 'game' in advance.

Mandelin Town!

A 'game map' exclusive to Sector F, almost as notorious as 'Gerhard Mental Asylum.'

The difference is, 'Gerhard Mental Asylum' has been used more than ten times and still occasionally makes a 'guest appearance.' To a large extent of the 'game's' regular 'audience,' it is well-known.

'Mandelin Town' is different.

In official 'games,' it has only been used once.

It has never made a 'guest appearance.'

And even that one official 'appearance' was very vague.

Because the 'game' was stopped halfway through.

'Brutalizers' killed each other, all dead.

'Escapees' killed each other as well, all dead.

There were no winners.

Only losers.

It was declared to be a coincidence.

While a 'tie' of all losers wasn't very common, it wasn't unheard of. With the bombardment of mixed messages, soon the 'audience' forgot about the incident.

But the internal investigation of the Hundred Major Families uncovered a more realistic aspect.

Both 'Brutalizers' and 'Escapees' were influenced by something.

Investigators had experimented, under normal conditions, entering 'Mandelin Town' would not lead to anomalies, at most causing irritability, but if entered under the pretext of a 'game,' any participant would kill all contestants, whether they were adversaries in the 'game' or allies, only ending with a massacre.

At the end, when everyone was dead.

Or when only one person was left, that influence would end.

Why did this happen?

The investigator did not specify.

This was the routine investigation report from the Hundred Major Families.

And in deeper inquiries, like those in the Losa Family's report, it was clearly marked: 'Mandelin Town' seemed to have been a gathering place for a certain 'cult.'

The residents here were all cult members.

They lured outsiders here for vacations, only to perform blood sacrifices.

Due to their secretive actions and the remoteness of 'Mandelin Town,' their deeds went unnoticed for a long time.

It was only after a group of college students driving here on summer vacation that the secrets of 'Mandelin Town' were discovered.

Of course, out of the six students, only one survived.

But even that one didn't live long, as they were killed at home by an escaped 'cult' fanatic.

At that time, it was breakfast, and the gentleman's head was placed in a white porcelain dish, the stark contrast of crimson blood against the white china, and the ferocious severed head, all scared the man's girlfriend to paralysis on the floor.

The choice of 'Mandelin Town' this time was naturally not Losa 11's idea.

It was demanded by the 'elders' of the Hundred Major Families.

They specifically requested that the final 'game' be held in 'Mandelin Town.'

Jason, sitting crossed-legged, recalled the information in his head.

Certainly, the 'elders' of the Hundred Major Families had ill intentions.

Was it against 'them?'

Or against the entire Sector F?

Or did they want to use the remnant of the 'Evil God' here to combat the 'ghosts of history?'

Buzz!

With the sound of an engine, the entire room began to shake.

To enable Jason to compete more 'comfortably,' Losa 11 ordered his subordinates to transport Jason's entire room to 'Mandelin Town.'

If it were any other sector, Losa 11 naturally couldn't do such a thing.

But in Sector F, it was too simple for Losa 11 to do so.

Just as simple was changing the 'room's' material.

For example: using a battleship escape pod, slightly modified to serve as Jason's room.

And giving Jason a friendly hint, if he felt tired, just to close the door, rest well inside the room, and incidentally press that red button, then wait for justice to descend from the sky.

As everyone knows, Losa 11 is a drinker.

'When a drunk person has had too much, a shaky hand could trigger the battleship's main cannon. An accidental blast falling on Mandelin Town, that would be normal, right?'

Touching the alloy floor, Jason remembered when Losa 11 said this sentence and winked at him. Underneath his mask, his mouth couldn't help but curl into a smirk.

Yes, that's very normal.

A friend's assistance.

"Cough, cough!"

"Hello, everyone."

"We meet again."

Chapter 903: Jason's Way_3

The TV screen in the room lit up, and the silhouette appeared on the screen once more, accompanied by the characteristic entry sound of a comedic actor and the sound of applause it had triggered, the host's voice gradually rose.

"Welcome to the final competition of this season!"

"This is the first time our F Zone is hosting the final competition."

"It's also my first time hosting such an important contest."

"I'm very excited!"

"I won't mention the new rules, I believe everyone is clearer about them than I am."

"Now, let's get straight to the most important part before the competition

The host said as he started to switch screens.

"This is 'Beast Fury' Siluk from E Zone!"

"Let's take a look at his profile... Ssss! This 'Beast Fury's' record is truly astonishing. He has actually defeated all contestants, advancing to the finals! Every single round!"

"Every round!"

"Whether it's 'Brutalizer' or 'Escaper'."

"He took them all down!"

"It's truly amazing!"

As the host's exaggerated words sounded, the camera showed a giant, nearly 3 meters tall, muscles twisted and knotted, with wild, disheveled hair.

His face was ferocious, eyes gleaming with a bloodthirsty light, he roared fiercely at the camera and yanked the camera down with one hand.

"It seems our 'Beast Fury' is really quite ferocious. Next, let's look at the second contestant, the 'Shadow Assassin' from G Zone—according to the information I have, this one is a professional assassin by trade, who once killed a hundred fully-armed elite soldiers with his bare hands. For 'Shadow Assassin', advancing to the finals was really easy, as he did so in the shortest time."

On the screen, a blurry shadow flickered in and out of visibility.

Clearly focused by the camera, but it seemed as if it couldn't focus properly.

Immediately, such a contestant drew people's attention.

Jason was no exception.

Because the other party displayed stealth skills of at least an expert level.

Assassin?

More like an assassin!

Jason thought silently.

Of course, only "like."

Not a true assassin in the real sense.

A true assassin fights for 'righteousness.'

They forsake their lives and forget their deaths!

But the 'Shadow Assassin' before him was a killer driven by 'profit', albeit somewhat resembling an assassin.

Therefore, Jason's gaze quickly moved on to the next 'Brutalizer.'

"Our third 'Brutalizer' is somewhat special."

"He comes from H Zone, was once a lawyer for the Mocket Family but disregarded his own profession, choosing to personally execute his clients, and after causing a death, became the new 'Brutalizer—Death Lawyer'!"

"He knows some close combat techniques, can use some weapons, and has decent shooting skills, but what allowed him to advance to the finals was due to the infighting among three other 'Brutalizers' during the semi-finals, which gave him an easy break, truly a lucky fellow."

The host introduced.

Jason's gaze was fixed on that spot.

Not for no reason, but simply because coming from H Zone was enough to warrant attention.

The Mocket Family also came from there.

Their façade.

So, was this 'Death Lawyer' also from 'them'?

The probability was quite high!

Of course, this must be just the surface.

With the tactics of 'their' Leader, in the current environment, they definitely wouldn't make it so easy for others to find their pawn.

So...

A sacrificial piece?

Jason mused.

The host's introduction continued.

"Now let's take a look at the last contestant, also the one I am most familiar with—the contestant known as the 'True Brutalizer,' Jason."

With such an introduction, the host began talking about Jason.

Compared to the previous exaggeration, it was now even more exaggerated.

And it was all praise.

Clearly, the host chose to 'live with heart' and 'positively.'

"Does contestant Jason have anything he wants to say to everyone?"

After such a question, there was silence.

However, the host who had interacted with Jason was obviously used to it.

After the allotted time was up, the host went straight to the point—

"Now I declare, the competition begins!"

After the announcement.

Click!

The large door outside opened directly.

Followed by Jason's door.

According to the old rules, Jason should have been the last to go out, but the new rules stated that the most popular contestant would be the first to go out—this was one of Losa 11's changes.

Naturally, it was to facilitate Jason's actions.

Jason stood up.

Huff, huff!

His breathing quickened.

As soon as the host announced the start of the competition, a mysterious force suddenly descended here.

This force was powerful and filled with a sense of oppression.

Just like when Jason encountered it on 'Lorde' Pea Street.

But unlike before where he was completely defenseless.

This time, Jason had a bit of resistance.

And his eightfold heightened perception allowed him to clearly sense the existence's power.

Just its aura was suffocating.

At the same time, Jason could feel his emotions changing.

Violence!

Slaughter!

He wanted to kill everything around him!

Anything alive must be killed!

Huff! Huff!

Jason's breathing became even heavier.

He knew that if he continued like this, he would become like those people.

He bit his tongue hard.

Pain momentarily brought clarity.

Then—

Yi!

The force field of [Protection Against Evil] enveloped his entire body.

Giving him temporary safety.

But it was only temporary.

In the next moment, such a force field started to wobble.

Yi!

Yi!

Jason did not hesitate to use the two remaining uses of [Protection Against Evil] he had stored in advance.

He needed time!

Time to turn the tide!

Supported by the force field of [Protection Against Evil], Jason turned and picked up the two boxes given by Hera 10 and threw them out of the door.

Then, he closed the door and pressed the remote.

Boom!

The night sky lit up.

Chapter 904: Plans Can't Keep Up with Changes!

Time moved slightly forward.

Siluk, called 'Brutalizer,' paced around the room restlessly.

He not only detested the cramped, oppressive room but loathed the mission even more.

Kill everyone!

That was his mission this time.

To accomplish this mission, he needed not just to play the fool but to distort his rugged features, which he couldn't accept.

Yet, the one who assigned the mission was someone he could not refuse.

He owed him too many favors.

Hence, he could only hide his identity and become 'Brutalizer.'

Starting from Zone E, advancing step by step.

However, it was almost complete.

After this favor, I will return home, find a woman who truly appreciates me, then marry and have children.

Thinking so, a ferocious expression appeared on Siluk's face.

Then, he began to inject himself with 'Potion' while using his body to shield the action.

The special nature of 'Mandelin Town,' his employer had informed him prior.

This 'Potion' would allow him to maintain the necessary clarity.

The Potion quickly assimilated into Brutalizer Siluk's bloodstream.

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds—

Roar!

A roar several times more fierce and shrill than before erupted from Brutalizer Siluk.

His already bloodthirsty gaze turned savage.

Veins visibly filled his eyeballs.

More dramatically, his already 3-meter-tall body began to grow again, his muscles and bones expanding like inflating a balloon, and finally, when everything ceased, Brutalizer Siluk had reached a height of 4 meters.

His whole body was muscular, even his wrists were thicker than a normal person's thighs by two turns.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

He knocked on the door.

Roaring continuously.

He, had completely lost his mind.

...

Standing in the shadows, 'Assassin' was calm and composed.

For him, a professional assassin, he didn't hate 'games.'

Because it made his mission more direct.

Of course, the increase in the target number did not reduce the difficulty of the mission.

If anything, it had become a bit more challenging.

However, the pay was tempting.

After this job, the money earned would be enough for him to retire.

He wanted to find a place with eternal spring to leisurely spend the rest of his life.

Of course, the seaside was also fine.

Sunshine, beaches, bikinis.

He would never have to hide in the shadows again.

A wonderful life was already beckoning him.

At this moment, 'Assassin' wasn't careless; he began to adjust himself using the secret technique—He was aware of the anomaly in Mandelin Town, but he was quite confident in his secret technique.

Or rather, he was quite confident in himself.

He believed that, with his willpower, it was impossible to be influenced.

Not to mention he was reinforced by the secret technique.

He would definitely be unharmed.

...

'Death Lawyer' looked up at the low ceiling, his eyes listless.

As a former lawyer for the Mocket Family, 'Death Lawyer' originally had a very promising future with wealth and power within reach, but everything changed after that accident.

He didn't even know why he had done such a thing.

It wasn't his style at all.

He would never attack a client.

Even if that client truly deserved to die, he would have defended them with everything he had.

That in itself was his duty as a lawyer.

And his reason for existence!

Justice?

Sorry, his 'justice' was to defend the interests of his clients.

Just as the 'justice' of the law should be decided by the judge.

Maintaining the 'justice' of the majority of the citizens is the job of the police.

Of course, 'vigilante justice' might be a bit purer.

But much less regulated.

So, wasn't it justified that his client beat him to death?

Why would he attack such a 'righteous' person?

What exactly happened?

'Death Lawyer' had a mess in his mind.

He felt like he had lost some extremely important memories.

But at this moment, he couldn't care less about that.

He needed to survive.

If he couldn't survive, nothing else mattered.

It started!

The voice of the host was already reaching his ears.

'Death Lawyer' stood up; his door had already opened, thanks to previous experiences, one of the few 'benefits'; he could temporarily leave or lay an ambush, ultimately having multiple choices.

Without hesitation, 'Death Lawyer' walked out.

But just as he took a step.

His expression changed.

It turned dark and bizarre.

"Hmph!"

With a cold snort, 'Death Lawyer' twisted his neck.

Crack, crack!

Amid the crisp sounds of his joints, 'Death Lawyer' muttered to himself.

"What a lousy body."

"Every use is so uncomfortable."

"But, for... it is enough."

'Death Lawyer' muttered to himself.

Then, already outside, he looked towards the room where Jason was located.

It wasn't hard to find.

Each room had a nameplate outside.

"Partner, I hope you aren't shocked to see me."

"Of course

"You need to still have some sanity."

With such mocking words, 'Death Lawyer' walked out.

He could appear here, which proved his plan had already succeeded halfway.

The rest?

Naturally, it would proceed as planned.

...

Survivors' starting point.

Unlike previous 'survivors,' this time the 'survivors' were much more composed in both expression and speech.

Chapter 905: Plans Can't Keep Up with Changes!_2

In fact, as heirs of the 'Hundred Major Families', every one of the hundred people present is elite.

Their knowledge and martial prowess are unmatched by ordinary people.

However, the reason they appear here is the same.

Losers!

Either previously captured or having made too many mistakes within their families.

These are the reasons they are gathered here.

Of course, just because they have failed once, does not mean they will give up.

These people scrutinized each other.

Then, an heir from the 'Cook Family' took the lead and stepped forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

The person raised his voice to draw the attention of ordinary people, scanned the surroundings with a habitual gesture, and then slowly said, "Alliance will be our only way out, listen to me

Pfff!

Before he could finish his sentence, the head of this heir from the 'Cook Family' flew up.

A tall, thin man with a narrow face stood behind him, sneering.

"Such a lot of nonsense."

"We're not those stupid commoners."

Saying this, the tall thin man looked at the surrounding crowd.

A small part of the crowd was stunned.

The majority wore cold smiles.

"See, they think the same as me."

After spitting on the severed head, the tall, thin man walked back to his original position.

"Siluk 12, it really puts people in a difficult position when you do that."

"You should have let this fool give everyone more hope before stepping in."

A silky voice arose from the crowd.

It was a man completely cloaked in a cape.

"Dorco 9, are you ordering me?"

Siluk 12 stared coldly at the man in the cape.

"Of course not."

"I simply want to eliminate some trash, then find the right collaborators Brutalizer', 'Shadow Killer', and the real 'Brutalizer' are not easy to deal with. I don't want to die, and most likely the people around feel the same. So, we need a complete plan."

"Moreover

"The mission our family gave us is not just to simply finish the game, but to complete it 'beautifully', so we might regain our original status."

Dorco 9 cloaked in the cape said this.

Immediately, the 'escapees' from the 'Hundred Major Families' around nodded slightly.

They did not object.

Because what Dorco 9 said was the truth.

Completing the basic task won't allow them to return.

Only by completing it 'beautifully' can they return.

And what counts as 'beautifully'?

At least the 'Brutalizers' must be completely annihilated!

Then, the majority of the 'escapees' must die.

The remaining will be the victors.

"So, what do you plan to do?"

Siluk 12 asked.

"Let's draw lots!"

"Drawing lots to decide who will attack first."

"I think this is fair."

Dorco 9 stated.

"I don't trust you."

Siluk 12 said.

The surrounding people nodded simultaneously, clearly distrusting Dorco 9 who had proposed this idea.

"It's simple."

"Everyone picks someone they can all trust."

"And it should be by a show of hands."

Dorco 9 shrugged.

"So, who should start first?"

With these words, those present began to look at the few openly confused people.

These few who looked not very smart made them quite trustworthy.

And as everyone was looking at these few, Siluk 12 and Dorco 9 exchanged a glance.

Clearly, everything was a deception!

The two had already formed an alliance.

No!

In fact, the number of people in the alliance was more than that.

The recently deceased member of the 'Cook Family' was also one of their allies.

Of course, those few members of the 'Hundred Major Families' looking dumbstruck were also the same.

Siluk 12 and Dorco 9 had contacted these people individually, informing them of 'their' plans.

These people did not know this.

They only knew that they were allies with Siluk 12 and Dorco 9.

It was for the final victory.

And truly?

The alliance had always just been between Siluk 12 and Dorco 9.

Watching everything proceed as they had anticipated, both of them sneered inwardly.

Victory belongs to me!

Both thought to themselves.

...

Time continued forward for several hours.

"I don't think it's necessary to destroy the entire Area F."

As the 'parent' of this time, Hera herself expressed her thoughts.

"Destruction is necessary."

"Only by doing so can we solve the problem once and for all."

Dorco also expressed his own thoughts.

Compared to Hera's kindness, Dorco's straightforwardness undoubtedly received more approval from the 'fathers' of the 'Hundred Major Families' present; they nodded one by one and spoke up.

"We've invested too much in Zone F."

"The income does not justify the expenses."

"It's no longer worth continuing."

"Moreover, 'they' are also there."

"It's really a rare opportunity."

...

"Do you really think this is an opportunity?"

Hera asked in a deep voice.

"Is it not?"

Cook retorted, his face full of mockery.

Hera really wanted to punch this smug person in the face.

This guy simply didn't understand what the 'Leader' of 'them' represented.

Nor did he understand how dangerous the current situation was for them.

"If this is a planned move... I'm out."

Hera said resolutely.

Such firmness finally made the people around her sit up straight.

"Hera, did you have a premonition?"

"Please explain it fully to me."

"You don't want us to collapse due to incorrect information, do you?"

Pondor asked Hera seriously.

Their' Leader is 'The Bystander'!"

Hera said.

The Bystander?!

Suddenly, everyone was alarmed.

Even the indifferent Cook and Dorco became serious at this moment.

"Is it the 'Bystander' I'm thinking of?"

Dorco asked.

"Yes."

Hera nodded.

"Do you have a plan?"

"I will fully cooperate."

Cook, who had been indifferent just moments before, now became very obedient.

The 'Hundred Major Families' often squabble among themselves, but when faced with enough threat, they set aside their prejudices and unite.

Because they clearly know why they exist.

And 'The Bystander' is such an existence.

A figure that has lurked in the shadows since the end of the 'age of myths'.

And at one time, had driven them to a tight corner.

If not for that madman, Losa, half of the people sitting here would disappear.

As a result, Losa became exceptional.

"You all know the history of Zone F, right?"

"I am quite confident that 'Rogo Kingdom's' overnight destruction is related to 'The Bystander'."

"He is seeking

The following words were masked by Hera.

But the people present understood.

Immediately, they looked at each other.

Everyone's gaze changed.

It was fiery.

Dangerous.

Also an opportunity.

How do you know if it will succeed if you don't take risks?

...

Everyone acted according to their own plan, or someone else's plan.

But plans always fall behind changes.

When that bright light appeared, everyone was stunned.

'The survivors' from the 'Hundred Major Families,' who were discussing, gaped at the giant mushroom cloud rising from a distance, followed by complete darkness.

Their eyes went blind at the moment of contact with the bright light.

Then their bodies vaporized under high temperatures.

Cracks like glass appeared on the ground.

'Brutalizer' Siluk, who stood 4 meters tall, became completely a glass statue.

Crystal clear, with ferocity and confusion coexisting in its eyes.

The 'shadow assassin's' shadow was forever branded on the ground.

To his death, he never understood what happened.

'The Death Lawyer' did not die.

One of his eyes, most of his face, both arms, a part of his torso, and a leg were permanently gone.

He dragged his broken body and stood on a pile of ruins.

His one eye stared at the only remaining structure on the ruins.

'Jason's room.'

The next moment—

Creak!

The door opened.

Jason stepped out.

Looking at the 'Death Lawyer' in front of him, he raised his hand and cast a [Protection Against Evil].

Yi!

Chapter 906: Showdown!

As the Dufol Language resounded, the special force field of Protection Against Evil enveloped the 'Death Lawyer.'

With no arms, most of his face, and part of his body gone, standing on one leg, the 'Death Lawyer' let out a miserable scream.

It seemed that the pain at this moment was more agonizing than losing both arms, most of his face, and part of his body.

"Ah ah ah ah!"

In the midst of the screams, the 'Death Lawyer' began to falter.

The only remaining eye glared at Jason with fierce and venomous hatred.

And Jason?

Yi!

Again, a Protection Against Evil.

And then, the third Protection Against Evil followed immediately.

This time the 'Death Lawyer' fell to the ground.

And his entire body began to melt.

Just like a candle that had been lit.

Huff, huff!

Jason gasped heavily.

His physical strength had reached its limit.

Earlier, as the 'game' began and that inexplicable 'will' began to influence him, he had used up all the preemptively stored Protection Against Evil.

The current Protection Against Evils were freshly stored.

Relying on the Unmatched level Body Forging Technique of [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment]!

Upon reaching the Unmatched level, [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment] normally provided a +70% increase to recovery rate of physical strength, vigor, and injuries.

And under the night sky, the activated Embrace of the Night: Basic Form added another +20%.

The accelerated recovery rate of 90% was enough to astonish ordinary people.

Not to mention Jason, a Transcendent whose physique was 6.7 times that of an ordinary human.

It could be said that by simply resting quietly and breathing a few more times, Jason could recover the strength of an ordinary person.

Relying on sensation and overall calculation, Jason began to replenish Protection Against Evil right at the start of the explosion.

Although it was difficult, Jason managed it in a 'completely safe' environment.

However, achieving this was a state of extremity.

At this moment, Jason was utterly exhausted.

He had also entered an overdrawn state.

It was only by sheer willpower that he kept himself from falling.

Yet, in this time of recovery, even with a physique 6.7 times that of an ordinary person and a +90% recovery rate, Jason felt extreme fatigue.

Even his lungs were painfully burning.

Under normal circumstances, if ordinary people jogged uniformly for 200-300 meters, they would feel tired, but with a little rest, they could quickly recover.

But when ordinary people start running 3000 meters, even if they stop, they would be exhausted, unable to recover without a good night's sleep.

At this moment, that was Jason's state.

He wanted to collapse on the ground.

But he couldn't.

He knew that not everything was over.

It seemed like the whole Mandelin Town had vanished.

That inexplicable 'will' had also left.

But Jason did not believe that 'their' Leader had failed.

It was simple, what was happening right now, the Hundred Major Families could also do.

The opponent would not be unprepared.

And with preparations, what was happening now was nothing.

At most, it was a minor trouble created for the opponent.

Indeed, it was so.

While Jason was rapidly regaining his strength in the manner of the Unmatched level [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Technique], shadows began converging in the ruined remnants in front of him.

Like fish in clear lake water, the shadows swiftly swam.

In a breath, they converged together.

Forming a human shape.

Cloaked in a black cape, covering his face, even with Jason's perception, he could not clearly see the opponent's real face, only vaguely making out a hooked nose.

"Jason! Do you know what you've done?!"

The opponent roared as soon as he appeared.

Frantic, that was the opponent's attitude now.

This scene gave Jason a surprise.

Not in a bad way.

In a good way.

A delightful surprise!

It seemed that the current situation was more troublesome for the opponent than expected.

Was it because...

It happened earlier than planned?

Was the opponent caught off guard?

Jason speculated.

Why had the 'elders' of the Hundred Major Families chosen Mandelin Town?

Clearly, there was a significant connection here with that 'historical fiend'.

Even, that inexplicable 'will' might have been the 'historical fiend'.

Although Jason still couldn't determine if that inexplicable 'will' was a part of the 'historical fiend' or if the 'historical fiend' originated from that inexplicable 'will', or whether the two were symbiotic.

But one thing Jason could be sure of: the Leader of 'them,' after many years of effort, was aiming for the scene just now!

Massive mutual slaughter!

Blood, sacrifice!

Then, to complete a certain ritual!

Yes!

The ritual!

Besides this point, Jason could think of nothing else.

And now, the Leader of 'them' didn't allow Jason to continue thinking.

After a frantic roar, the opponent flicked his hand toward Jason.

Immediately, more fish-like shadows appeared on the ground.

These shadows turned into a volley of arrows shooting at Jason.

Dense and fast.

Leaving no room for Jason to dodge!

Then—

Ding ding ding!

Amidst a series of crisp metallic clinks, sparks flew around Jason.

The arrows formed by shadows, Jason did not dodge.

Chapter 907: The Showdown!_2

But these arrows could not penetrate Jason's defense.

You see, with the level of [War Pattern. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Body Forging Technique] reaching the unparalleled level, Jason's whole body defense had reached 'War Machine level', which is a grade higher than that of 'War Chariot' made entirely of steel.

This scene undoubtedly caught 'their' Leader off guard.

The opposite party was uncontrollably startled.

Although they quickly came to their senses, it gave Jason a chance.

Thump, thump, thump!

The heart's violent pulsing, sounding like war drums!

Jason launched straight into a [Charge]!

Whoosh!

Carrying a gale, Jason appeared in front of the opponent.

The broad-bladed short-handle machete in his hand hacked out with the skill [Stab].

Woo!

If the previous Charge by Jason brought forth a gale, then at this moment, the broad-bladed short-handle machete wielded by Jason was like an evil wind born from the gale.

Fast!

Fierce!

And accurate!

Relying on hundreds and thousands of times of honing at the edge of death, Jason's blade precisely grazed 'their' Leader's neck.

Splurt!

Amidst the sound of flesh being cut, the opponent's head fell off.

However, it was caught by their hand in the instant it fell.

Then, it was put back on.

A touch of the hand, and not even a wound was left.

Splurt!

Just as the opponent put their head back, Jason slashed backhand with his knife.

The blade entered from the back and protruded from the chest.

Then, Jason lifted it with force.

Spurt!

Half of 'their' Leader's body was sliced open.

But there was no splashing of fresh blood.

What existed was only a dense burst of shadow spikes.

Ting ting ting!

Sparks again surged from Jason's body, each shadow power precisely striking Jason's body, then repelled, just as Jason's every slash fell upon 'their' Leader's body, and then, as they ran their hands over it, it 'healed' as if stitched together.

Both hands?

Jason narrowed his eyes.

Intuition honed from countless battles made him subconsciously look at the opponent's hands.

Then, the next slash aimed directly at the opponent's hands.

However, 'their' Leader did not dodge.

In fact, thousands of years had given 'their' Leader combat experience even richer than Jason's. As Jason looked at his hands, 'their' Leader was staring at Jason's eyes.

Woo!

The broad-bladed short-handle machete once again brought forth an evil wind, slashing towards the opponent's hands.

'Their' Leader did not dodge.

Or more accurately, the opponent directly reached out with their left hand to grab Jason's blade.

Sizzle!

The flesh-made palm touched the blade and was cut in half, but the opponent felt nothing, using the remaining half of their palm to continue 'fending off' Jason's blade.

Instantly, the remaining half of the opponent's palm and the front of their forearm were sliced open.

At this time, Jason and the opponent became 'at close quarters'.

The opponent's right hand, like a venomous snake poised to strike, leaped up, the index and middle fingers like the most venomous fangs of a snake, aiming for Jason's eyes.

But they were caught by Jason's left hand before getting close.

Master-level [Barehanded Combat] gave Jason extremely outstanding barehanded close combat abilities, and the additional [Apprehension Master] even more so endowed Jason with special barehanded skills.

In the instant he grabbed the opponent's wrist, Jason's fingers forcefully dislocated the wrist joint.

But—

Sizzle!

Two invisible winds shot out from the opponent's fingertips as Jason dislocated the wrist, piercing Jason's eyes.

The eyeballs burst.

And the brains that followed were completely scrambled.

Jason suddenly lost all signs of life.

"Heh, my secret technique isn't just 'Shadow's Secret Cache' and 'Healing Hand'!"

'Their' Leader sneered, the dislocated wrist joint on the right shoulder regained its position with a shake, then the opponent raised their hand to pick up their severed left hand.

And just at this moment, Jason, who had no signs of life, once again showed signs of life.

The brain that had been scrambled and the burst eyeballs were restored to normal at this moment.

The resurrected Jason raised his hand and slashed again.

The suddenness of the attack caught 'their' Leader off guard.

Splurt!

The right hand was cut off.

But this was just the beginning, following this slash, Jason started to spin like a top, one slash after another, the gleam of the blades intense, the shadows of blades pervasive.

In just a few breaths, he had slashed out tens or hundreds of times.

Hu Hu!

On Jason's heart, the Dufol Language symbolizing Whirlwind Dance radiated its own glow, making Jason's speed faster and his strength more robust.

Under such a swift slash, 'they' had their 'Leader' cut down as easily as chopping carrots, directly 'shaved' away.

But as soon as the 'body' hit the ground, it turned into a pool of water that surrounded and closed in on Jason, who was in the middle, as his slashing came to a stop.

The next moment—

Jason was enveloped by a large mass of water.

Subconsciously, he tried to break free from the clutches of the water, but as he struggled with his limbs, the water moved in tandem with him.

"Feel the pain of suffocation!"

"And then

"Die!"

The words of 'their' Leader echoed in his ears.

Then, the water transformed.

Sticky!

Heavy!

If before it was as if he was soaked in clean water, now it was as if he was trapped in 'glue'!

That was Jason's most direct sensation.

What's worse, Jason found that the harder he tried to move his limbs, the more difficult it became to budge!

Furthermore, the feeling of suffocation came on faster than one could imagine!

As if sensing the change in Jason, 'their' Leader laughed once again.

"Thousands of years are long, I always have to find ways to relieve my loneliness."

"Learning secret techniques is a good choice."

"But

"I prefer to modify secret techniques."

"This is a secret technique I've modified from what I learned from those fools, it has no name—because a nobody like you deserves to die under such a nameless secret technique!"

"In a painful and prolonged way!"

This 'their' Leader obviously harbored extreme hatred towards Jason.

Not only did he want Jason to die.

He wanted Jason to die painfully.

What could be more agonizing than death by suffocation?

Feeling bit by bit the inability to breathe, bit by bit the approach of death, it's enough to shatter a normal person.

But Jason was different.

He didn't feel shattered.

Even, there was no fluctuation in his heart, just a sense of familiarity.

He was all too familiar with death.

As familiar as eating and sleeping.

He had grown accustomed to everything about death.

Under the name of death, he could still do anything.

For example, he could unleash a secret technique that required neither gestures nor chanting of the Dufol Language.

Whoosh!

An orange glow flashed in Jason's hands.

The next moment—

Boom!

Two 15-meter-long conical flames burst forth from Jason's palms.

As soon as the War Machine level flames appeared, they broke through the 'glue's' encirclement.

‘Their’ Leader, feeling the agony of being burned by the fierce fire, let out a fierce scream.

"Do you think you can escape the binds like this?"

"Dream on!"

Boom boom boom!

Amidst the sounds like tidal waves, the mass of water engulfing Jason began to multiply rapidly.

And Jason continued to initiate the Charles Burning Technique!

Instantly—

Jason was engulfed in roaring flames!

‘Their’ Leader was met with raging waves!

Water and fire are merciless!

Water and fire are boundless!

When the two collided, they gave birth to... steam!

Thick steam filled the surroundings, spreading rapidly.

In no time, the entire ruins were shrouded in steam.

‘Their’ Leader transformed back into human form.

He did not continue to clash head-on with Jason.

Because he knew that wasn't enough to kill Jason.

He must use a more swift and decisive method to slay Jason.

Before dawn!

But...

At this moment, Jason's figure had vanished from his field of vision.

Left behind was—

Only mist!

Chapter 908: A Move Descending from the Heavens...

Mist was pervasive.

The scalding heat permeated within.

The roll in of moisture made the leader of 'them' feel an inexplicable discomfort.

He had lost track of Jason!

It was as if a soup spoon placed on the dining table had disappeared without a trace.

Just a moment ago, he was using it to drink his soup.

But in this moment, it vanished.

Vanished from his own hands without a trace.

Bizarre, surreal.

It made him feel uncomfortable.

As if his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth had completely lost their function—

His eyes lost their sight.

His ears lost their hearing.

His nose lost its sense of smell.

Even more terrifying, even the intuition that he took pride in, honed over time, was now useless.

He couldn't find him!

He couldn't find Jason!

Jason had completely disappeared from his world.

How did he do it?!

Smog of Concealment?

Aephenta Invisibility Technique?

Or the 'True. Shadow Hide and Seek'?

Thoughts raced in the leader of 'them's' mind, while his hands were continuously casting secret techniques.

Echo-locating Technique!

Reflection of Reality!

Malice Persistence Form!

He used the three most effective secret techniques he had without regard to the cost.

But!

Nothing!

He still hadn't found where Jason was!

Merely two seconds later, a fierce wind suddenly raged—

Whoo!

The raging wind dispersed the fog that enveloped the entire ruins.

Under the bright moonlight, the leader of 'them' stood among it.

Jason?

Still without a trace.

Creak!

The leader of 'them' clenched his teeth.

Teeth grinding against teeth.

It was anger, it was excitement, and a bit... fear.

Jason, hidden on the sideline, caught such a fleeting sense of fear.

He immediately speculated in his heart.

The other party chose this place.

Chose 'Mandelin Town'.

Indeed, because of its special nature!

Although there must be some twists and turns that he didn't know about, the other party surely set up the 'ritual' here, and one of the contents of the 'ritual' must be: within a stipulated time, only one contestant is left alive!

If completed, naturally, everything would be as the other party wished.

But if not?

Everything would become quite terrible.

At least, it was something the leader of 'them' couldn't bear.

Therefore, the other party was afraid.

So...

What about the 'elders' of the 'Hundred Major Families'?

Or rather, what do they want?

Jason stood silently about a hundred meters away from the leader of 'them,' looking up at the night sky.

He wasn't worried about being discovered in the slightest.

Because right now, he was at his strongest.

What was Jason's strongest?

Immortality?

No, that's Talent, the source of his strength, but not the strongest point.

Slash? Secret techniques?

Different from the Talent of immortality, but also not the strongest.

Jason's strongest was: Stealth!

Although Jason hadn't truly learned Stealth, with the enhancement of the peerless [Battle Mark. Prussian. Griffin. Shadow Concealment Body Forging Technique] and [Embrace of the Night: Basic Form] activated at night, Jason's Stealth foundation had already gained +10 levels, which already surpassed the 'Transcendent' rank.

Not to mention, with the enhancement by the Mist Concealment Technique.

After his Stealth level reached +11, Jason didn't know what level that was.

After all, at present, he only knew that after the peerless rank was the 'Transcendent' rank.

According to numerics, Transcendent rank was also only the 8th level.

The 11th level?

Sorry, he didn't know.

But he knew it was really useful.

Perhaps there was no 'Extraordinary Power' as during the Transcendent level, but the most basic and simple level suppression was enough for Jason.

Feeling the intimacy with the shadows.

Feeling the embrace of the shadows.

Feeling the concealment of the shadows.

Jason slightly narrowed his eyes and looked at the leader of 'them' a hundred meters away.

He didn't choose to keep staring.

Because directly staring, even with the shelter of 'shadows', Jason couldn't guarantee he wouldn't be discovered.

He only briefly scanned over.

And this was undetectable by the other party.

Even if the mist had been dispersed.

But still, Jason, endowed with +10 levels of Stealth, remained nonexistent in this world.

Yet such a state couldn't effectively ensure his victory.

He had to take the initiative to attack.

The leader of 'them' was far more troublesome than he had imagined.

Not only strong but also resourceful.

And with the trait of 'immortality'.

Most people would frown at this.

But Jason did not.

He still had an ace up his sleeve.

No!

Still no!

The leader of 'them' had not given up searching for Jason, but to no avail.

The other party had tried another 10 secret techniques.

But there was no difference from before.

This made the leader of 'them' even more anxious.

Even his expression became somewhat uncontrollable.

For an old monster who had lived a thousand years, this was incredible, but indeed, such an expression really appeared on the other party's face, beyond his control.

The other party was very aware of his current look.

If it were usual times, he would cover it up a bit.

But at this time, he thought it unnecessary.

Jason was someone even more clever and crafty than he had imagined.

The current stalling tactics sufficiently explained everything.

Chapter 909: A Move Descending from the Heavens..._2

Thinking of this, their 'Leader' spoke.

"Jason, I think we need to talk."

"I think there's been a bit of a misunderstanding between us."

"We can both win from this."

Their 'Leader' said so.

Jason did not speak, nor did he answer.

The other party continued.

"Do you want to know the whole story?"

"Do you want to know why I did this?"

"I can tell you everything—I used to be a 'poet', a poet who sang praises to the Deity in the 'Divine City,' and due to my excellent Talent, I was bestowed with abilities uncommon to ordinary people, including... 'life span.'"

"Can you imagine the joy I felt when I, a mere mortal, not even a member of the Black Iron Level races, became at least a Silver Level longevity species?"

"You must be able to imagine it."

"People around me cast envious glances."

"Under such gazes, I grew more joyful, and more tremblingly sang praises to the 'Deity.'"

"Time was passing."

"The people who once envied me have either aged or turned to dust, but I remained young and vigorous."

"Even more youthful and lively than before."

"Because, during this time, I was granted 'Strength' by two crowns."

"One crown made my 'words' clearer."

"Another crown made my 'words' more enchanting."

"This made me very fearful."

"I tried even harder."

"In my mind, I was likely to enter a palace of one crown in 100 or 200 years, assuming the role of their exclusive poet, but then

"He appeared!"

"With the constant passage of the ages!"

"With the undying radiance of the sun!"

"With the deafening roar of a dragon!"

"With the brilliance of fierce flames!"

"Can you imagine?"

"When that ash-gray dragon, as if forged by time itself, carrying the fire of the sun appeared in the 'Divine City', what did we go through?"

"The palaces collapsed, the statues shattered, Deity fell, and we fled in panic."

"That's right, we could only flee for our lives!"

"He was simply a Demon, a terrible Demon, but how could the real Demon be him?"

"After fleeing the 'Divine City', we wandered outside."

"Time gradually elapsed, many people around me died on the journey, and many more chose to give up, abandon their faith in their hearts, opting to fall."

"But those who remained, held on."

"Held onto the original purpose."

"To rebuild the 'Divine City'!"

"We did it!"

"There... we built a new city, where dual moons hung in the sky, very beautiful, although everything was just beginning, everyone became full of life, just needing 100... no, 50 years, to restore the glory of the 'Divine City.'"

"But!"

"The real Demon appeared!"

"With a body full of magma, wielding a flaming greatsword, burst after burst of fiery shockwaves split the entire city, a terrifying, ferocious, twisted, gigantic monster descended from the sky with his arrival, thousands of malevolent rays killed one crown after another, the strongest among them died first, and afterward... it all crumbled."

"Everything fell apart."

"Continuous destruction completely made us lose faith."

"Even I, who considered myself steadfast, became like those who fell."

"I left there, coming to a strange place."

"I planned to live a secluded life there, but as fate would have it, I met a wonderful woman; beautiful, Tenacious yet gentle, I hoped to live together with her, but she was already devoted to someone else, someone who theoretically should have died at this time, yet revived at another time, appearing again and again, like a lone 'wolf'."

"I withdrew."

"He might not be like those two, but he was definitely the most terrifying one."

"Even, I dared not look at that woman again."

"Because, I am well aware, this would make him and me never rest in peace."

"Sometimes I am also grateful that the woman's existence gave this 'lone wolf' something to hold onto, otherwise, the whole world would be destroyed by that 'lone wolf'."

She died, why does the world still exist?' This is the message I saw in that guy's eyes after using Great Prophecy."

"So, I withdrew."

"I came here."

"I plan to rise again."

"Because, here

Their 'Leader' unconsciously elongated his tone.

Then, a smirk of successful scheming emerged on his face.

"I've found you!"

With those words, the other party disappeared on the spot.

The next moment, he appeared right in front of Jason.

'They', the Leader, had turned into a blade shimmering with metallic glow.

The blade pointed directly at Jason!

By this time, Jason was no longer a hundred meters away.

He was standing outside the door of his 'room'.

Jason crossed his arms in front of his chest!

Ding!

Amidst the crisp metallic sound, there was the noise of bones breaking.

The bones in Jason's arms broke under the pressure at the moment of contact.

And Jason himself was knocked back into that 'room' by the tremendous force.

Bang!

In the dull sound, 'they', the Leader, began to laugh.

"A nice 'room'!"

"Must have been modified from Losa 11's main ship's escape pod, right?"

"He really cares about you!"

"But, did he ever consider that by doing so, he was crafting you a tomb—a sturdy one?"

'They', the Leader, morphed back into his normal human form, but as he raised his hands, an invisible wind encircled the entire 'room', he didn't want to lose track of Jason again.

That previous time, he could still attract Jason with some hidden stories.

What if it happened again?

He had no more stories to concoct.

Yes, concoct!

The story just now was found from bits and pieces of history.

He obviously hadn't experienced those.

The Divine City does exist, but whether the destruction of the Divine City was due to the existence that seemed like 'Time' combined with 'Solar Fire'?

He was not sure.

But deep down, he didn't believe it.

You see, living at the end of the Mythical Era, he had seen real 'Deities'.

Each of these 'Deities' was immensely majestic and radiant.

Yet even these 'Deities' couldn't achieve what those fragments of history recorded.

Of course, another important point was: when he discovered these fragments, it was already the Mythical Era, and those texts engraved on 'black basalt' were already eroded beyond recognition.

How long would it take to reach such a state?

1000 years?

2000 years?

Or even longer?

Keep in mind, the 'Mythical Era' he was in had only lasted for 1000 years.

What about earlier?

Impossible!

There weren't even writings back then!

How could there be any records?

Thus, he believed this was just someone's joke.

Among the gods, such beings were not few.

What about the Demons, the Lone Wolf?

The same.

All jokes!

He usually took it as a joke, but at critical moments, it became the words that turned the tide.

This was unexpected.

But, it didn't prevent him from achieving the ultimate 'victory'!

Whoosh!

The howling wind enveloped the whole 'room'.

The wind gradually condensed into 'solid'!

Rampant energy filled it.

Bang!

The door of the room was slammed shut.

Watching this scene, 'they', the Leader, smiled.

Although this room was sturdy, and he couldn't open it with one strike, what about ten times, a hundred times?

He had plenty of time to 'open it'!

"A cornered beast still fights, but that's not the wise way."

"But I appreciate your tenacity."

"So, I will tell you what happened when I achieve the real victory... Of course, that will be after your death."

'They', the Leader, sneered maliciously.

And at this moment, a calm voice came from inside the room—

"Have you ever seen an... artillery strike falling from the sky?"

Chapter 910: Finally Appears!

Artillery fire?

The Leader of 'them' was startled and instinctively looked up.

In the ink-black night sky, for a fleeting moment.

A starlight kept twinkling.

And then...

Blindingly brilliant!

In the next moment, 'light' crossed the night sky, falling vertically.

Like a sword unsheathed.

At this moment, the wind stopped.

At this moment, the clouds dispersed.

At this moment, there was only that dazzling light!

Roar!

The ground, already in ruins, burst open once again.

The earth began to collapse incessantly.

Ten meters!

A hundred meters!

A kilometer!

In the span of a breath, a bottomless pit appeared where 'Mandelin Town', already known as a ruin and desolate land, once stood.

The silence persisted!

Then, like a soap bubble bursting!

Pop!

After the crisp sound, came endless noises, cacophony.

"You, you, you!"

Hera 10, who had just woken up, stared wide-eyed at Losa 11 sitting opposite her.

Even while sitting in this conference room, she knew what this man had just done.

And the other young heirs from the 'Hundred Major Families' in the conference room were utterly speechless; one by one, their eyes bulged and their bodies trembled.

Madman?

Truly a madman!

How dare he? How could he?

Everyone was staring at Losa 11.

Everyone was recalling the scene just now-

'Hold on a moment.'

Losa 11 with a smile on his face had said this, and then, he pulled out a button and pressed it.

It was as natural as grabbing a spoonful of sugar and adding it to a bowl of soy milk at breakfast.

But the result?

Artillery fire!

The tremor of that moment was enough to inform these heirs from the 'Hundred Major Families' what had happened.

Cold sweat appeared on their foreheads.

Sweat dripped down, into their eyes.

Stinging!

But not a single person dared to blink.

They looked at the smiling Losa 11; they could distinctly feel that at this moment, Losa 11 seemed even happier.

Indeed, happy!

Losa 11 was truly happy!

Because he had helped Jason!

He had made a decision with Jason earlier, for this very moment.

He was fighting side by side with Jason.

He was certain of that.

It never changed!

Losa 11 slightly leaned back, resting in the chair, surveying the young 'Hundred Major Families' members he was 'negotiating' with, his smile unchanged.

He said indifferently.

"It slipped."

It slipped?

Are you fooling ghosts?

Do you think the ghosts would believe that?

You clearly took it out and pressed it directly.

The conference room fell into a bizarre silence.

Finally-

Cough, Cough.

A light cough, Cook 2 broke the silence.

He looked at Losa 11 and revealed an awkward but polite smile.

"Can we continue our talk now?"

The second heir of the 'Cook Family' asked.

"Of course."

Losa 11 nodded.

Talk?

Of course, they needed to talk!

That was his purpose for coming here today, but what he wanted to discuss was not what these people wanted, or more precisely, not what the 'families' these heirs represented wanted.

Zone F, he wanted to save it.

Those innocent people, he hoped they would continue to live.

Also, also...

He wanted to live too.

So, he spoke directly.

"Zone F won't disappear."

This statement made Cook 2, who had prepared so many words, choke up.

Cough cough cough!

Another bout of severe coughing.

The first was feigned, meant to break the silence.

This time was genuine.

Cook 2's face went red.

But around him, no one paid any attention to Cook 2; they were all in a similar state, with disbelief in their eyes as they looked towards Losa 11.

Their expressions far surpassed their reactions to the previous artillery strike.

"Losa 11... Your Highness, do you know what you're saying?"

Fedok 3 spoke instinctively.

After the words came out, this third heir of the 'Fedok Family' suddenly remembered the young man's distinguished identity and the family's instructions before he left, immediately adding a title of respect.

But the words that followed were still filled with anger.

Due to Losa 11's outrageous claims and also because of his departure from his usual behavior.

Ordinarily, a 10+ heir of a family should have paid their respects to him when meeting.

But now it was reversed.

Fedok 3 was very uncomfortable.

And also very unhappy.

And quickly, this unhappiness expanded when he saw the smile on Losa 11's face.

"This is a matter agreed upon by all families, definitely not for you alone to defy."

Fedok 3 asked with a tone that was usually arrogant and condescending.

"All?"

"Including Losa?"

Losa 11 counter-questioned.

"No, not."

"But there must be a communication failure, we can soon get a precise reply."

Fedok 3 stumbled over his words, then immediately said something he himself didn't believe.

With the current technology, what communication failure could there be?

The only answer was that the 'Losa Family' had ignored the 'Hundred Major Families' meeting once again.

Or rather...

The 'Losa Family' had tacitly approved Losa 11's actions.

Madman!

A bunch of madmen!

Thinking this, Fedok 3 couldn't help but judge the notorious 'Losa Family', yet envy uncontrollably rose within him.

He, the third heir of the 'Fedok Family,' could not possibly receive such support from his family under such circumstances.

In fact, not just him, even his older brother wouldn't be able to.

But Losa 11, a 10+ ranked heir, had received it.