

## **Menu 911**

Chapter 911: Finally on Stage!\_2

How could he not feel envious?

Anger followed by envy.

Just like a snake that has grown two heads, it began to gnaw at Fedok 3's rationality.

His breathing became unavoidably heavy.

Then, he raised his voice—

"Losa 11, do you not realize what you are facing?"

"It's the 'Hundred Major Families'!"

"It's all of us!"

"Do you think your opposition will be effective? Do you think this 'negotiation' is just a 'negotiation'?"

"This is a 'notification'!"

"A notification, understand?"

Fedok 3's final words were almost a roar.

The loud voice echoed throughout the entire conference room, bringing with it waves of echoes.

And after shouting out everything, Fedok 3 felt relieved.

The remaining heirs of the 'Hundred Major Families' felt relieved as well.

They were here to notify, after all.

Why should they fear the man before them?

Thinking of this, the heirs, who were just curled up a bit, straightened their backs one by one.

They turned their gaze toward Losa 11.

They wanted to see Losa 11's expression at this moment.

Especially Fedok 3.

He hoped to see fear, helplessness, and a series of such expressions.

But to their disappointment, Losa 11 was still smiling.

This made them angry.

Why aren't you afraid?

Why aren't you helpless?

If it were them, by this time, they would have been utterly afraid and helpless, so why should you be any different?

Under such a premise, their annoyance grew even more.

Their faces became more ferocious.

Especially against the backdrop of Losa 11's smile, it was even more so.

"The notification is your business."

"Whether to accept it or not is my business."

"Why be so angry?"

"Impotent?"

Losa 11 asked again.

Hera 10 was sitting next to Losa 11. At the mention of these words, her muscles tensed up as she prepared to react at any moment—her 'intuition' had just flared up, warning her of what was about to happen.

Everything was as her 'intuition' had predicted.

Including many of the 'Hundred Major Families' young heirs like Fedok 3, who one by one rose from their seats and charged toward Losa 11.

They wanted to teach Losa 11 a lesson.

Make Losa 11 understand what it means to accept!

Hera 10 was about to stand in front of Losa 11 immediately.

In her mind, even though Losa 11 might have excellent wits, his physical strength?

Sorry.

A weakling!

This was a very direct and objective assessment.

Look at those slender arms, lacking any muscular definition.

Look at those deep dark circles, a look of indulging in wine and women to excess.

To her, such a man could only be called a weakling, nothing else came to mind.

But since he was a friend of Jason, since he was a fellow traveler, of course, she had to save him.

The next moment, Hera 10's battle cry was about to erupt.

But at that moment—

"Sit down, don't move."

Losa 11's indifferent voice interrupted Hera 10's battle cry.

Hera 10 looked back in surprise.

And saw Losa 11 lift his right hand, shaping his palm into a gun gesture.

What is this?!

Hera 10 was shocked.

Her mind immediately recalled another renowned figure within the Losa Family, someone who demanded reverence from her generation.

Losa 1!

Not only did Hera 10 think of this, but the others rushing forward did as well.

Fedok 3 pressed his lips together, his gloomy face wearing hesitance, yet he shouted, “He’s just bluffing and posturing. The Finger Gun belongs only to Losa 1; even Losa 2 never learned it, how could Losa 11 possibly know it?”

The words made sense.

But still, the crowd that had gathered did not move.

Everyone here was no fool; how could they be so easily provoked to charge forward?

As for those who had just stood up?

They were merely going along with the momentum to give Losa 11 a lesson.

Now?

They might as well sit back down.

Embarrassment?

Out of the question.

Most of the time, face was more important than life.

But in critical moments, life naturally took precedence over all.

Feeling the others' propriety and imminent compromise, Fedok 3 could no longer concern himself with so much.

Could the others act as if nothing had happened?

Him?



Absolutely not.

Because he was the one who had instigated it.

If he were to back down now, sit back down after raising a storm, his reputation would plummet when he returned to his family.

Don't even mention retaining the position of Family Head in his heart; even his current position might not be secure.

This is something he absolutely does not want to see.

So, he continues to charge forward.

"Stop putting on airs! I don't believe you would really use the Finger Gun!"

Bang!

The loud roar, along with a simulated gunshot sound, comes to an abrupt halt.

Fedok 3 falls to the ground, rolling over.

A bullet hole in the center of his forehead, blood pouring out profusely.

Life is ebbing away from the other man.

On his stiff face, disbelief is plastered all over.

Seemingly asking, how could this be? How is this possible?

Losa 11 looks at this face and silently says sorry in his heart.

This is not what he wanted.

He hoped for peace.

He wished everything could be friendly.

But some things are destined to require intense negotiations to achieve that peace.

With an increasingly resolute heart, Losa 11 raises his head to look around.

Whoosh!

The people who had just been eager to act dispersed in an instant, each returning to their seats.

Hera 10 is still somewhat confused.

Then, she realizes.

She finally understands the solution Losa 11 had spoken of before.

The heirs of the Hundred Major Families, once captured, would surely be fully prepared.

Indeed, that was the case.

Not only with a large number of guards accompanying them just outside the conference room.

But also many warships following, just outside their main ship.

But!

They had overlooked Losa 11 himself!

This would be a key point!

Indeed, Jason's friend is not as simple as he appears to be.

Truly worthy of Jason!

With this thought silently in her heart, Losa 11 adjusts his position, suppressing the discomfort inside, and speaks again.

"I think, now we can talk again!"

...

In the deep crater of artillery fire.

The housing transformed from an escape pod is already deformed, but mostly intact.

In front of this deformed escape pod, 'their' Leader's body is utterly mutilated.

Whether it's shadow, water, or wind.

At this moment, all become insubstantial and dissolve.

Just a moment ago they formed a human shape.

The next moment, they disintegrate.

The only thing relatively intact is the head.

Of course, that's just relatively.

Compared to a body that's completely lost its human form.

Roughly a quarter of the skull is gone, leaving only one eye, half a nose, and a quivering mouth.

"Trap?"

"Did you deliberately let me find it just now?"

'Their' Leader asks with a trembling voice.

But Jason doesn't answer.

As if everything has vanished in the artillery fire.

Yet 'their' Leader doesn't believe it.

Jason, is the most troublesome person he has encountered in nearly a hundred years.

Powerful and cunning.

Moreover, his abilities are bizarre.

That sense of 'immortality' is even more bizarre than the powers he acquired through various means.

With such a premise, 'their' Leader does not believe that Jason would die.

So...

What have I overlooked?

The Leader of 'them,' with half his brain gone, is obviously slow to think.

It takes a good four to five seconds to come to a realization.

Yes!

The Leader, coming to a revelation, immediately turns to flee.

But it's too late!

Unknown when, on the edge of the deep crater, a group of people appears.

Their clothing is diverse, but all extraordinarily opulent.

Their ages differ, but all have astonishing presences.

They stand at the edge of the crater, quietly observing below.

Despite being thousands of meters apart, their gazes firmly lock onto the Leader.

They are...

The Hundred Major Families!

No, not the proxies of the Hundred Major Families.

Nor the heirs of the Hundred Major Families.

But the 'parents' who truly forged the Hundred Major Families.

Suddenly, 'their' Leader becomes infuriated.



He roars—

"You think you have won

Boom!

Chapter 912: Backstab!

A fireball over 30 meters in diameter fell from the sky before 'their' Leader had finished speaking, smashing into the bottom of the pit.

Boom!

The enormous fireball burst open.

The shockwave, mixed with flames rising up to 3 meters high, surged in all directions.

Instantly, it plowed through the already shattered ground once more.

Turning the bottom of the pit into actual scorched earth.

The surviving 'parents' from the 'Hundred Major Families' at the edge of the pit leapt down.

Of course, not all of them.

Hera looked around with a solemn expression.

Her 'insight' was warning her.

Danger!

But where was the danger?

She couldn't see it.

If Hera 10 were here, she would definitely be able to find something.

Hera thought to herself.

She knew her tenth daughter's Talent well, and therefore sent Hera 10 to attend the meeting of the younger generation, not just because Hera 10 was nearby but because she believed her daughter would make the right choices there.

Although the official reason announced was because Hera 10 was nearby.

But that was just for the public.

Internally?

All direct members of the 'Hera Family' knew why.

Because, 'insight' does not deceive.

Hera 10 was the best choice.

"What's wrong?"

Pondor asked in a low voice.

As the Leader of the 'Pondor Family', which ranked high among the 'Hundred Major Families', Pondor believed in being careful and cautious.

He thought that the reason why the 'Pondor Family' had achieved its current status was precisely because of being careful and cautious.

Thus, faced with Hera who possessed such a capability as 'insight', Pondor always showed respect and accorded her the appropriate honors from start to finish.

The goal was to get some hints at critical moments.

"There is danger!"

"But I can't find where it is!"

"It should be

"Obstructed."

Hera spoke honestly, voicing her own guess.

"Obstructed?"

Pondor frowned.

That wasn't good news!

By now, everything should be clear.

Right here!

In 'Mandelin Town'!

Possessing a truly complete 'Divine's Body'!

Not the traditional meaning of 'core' completeness!

But complete both inside and out!

Truly complete!

Therefore, the Leaders of the 'Hundred Major Families' had become so proactive.

Because everyone knew what it meant to possess such a truly complete 'Divine's Body'.

No one understood the meaning behind it better than these 'Hundred Major Families' that owned a 'Divine's Body' and resonated with it.

Could it be that 'their' Leader had come for this truly complete 'Divine's Body'?

Impossible!

He must have come for it.

But...

Could they still resist?

Pondor looked down at the bottom of the pit.

Dorco, also frowning, shared his concern.

As the most exalted family among the 'Hundred Major Families', Dorco believed that real strength could shatter any scheme.

He had always believed so!

But this time it concerned the 'bystander'!

Thinking about the millennia-old creature's past actions, Dorco, who believed in strength, did not think the opponent was ineffective now.

A main ship cannon shot?

Others might have already been dissipated.

But the opponent?

At most, wounded.

And, very likely, only slightly wounded.

As for why the display was so miserable?

Most likely because... it lured them out?

Dorco thought to himself.

This made him hesitate.

If it were anyone else, Dorco would definitely rush down and shred the opponent at this moment.

Because he is strong.

But facing the 'bystander', Dorco didn't consider himself strong.

So, he hesitated.

However, not everyone was as hesitant as Dorco, Pondor, and Hera.

The Leader of the 'Cook Family' charged down first.



Whoosh!

Flames surrounded the opponent.

The roaring flames obscured the opponent's face and body.

Flames spewed four to five meters high.

Making the opponent appear like a giant made of fire.

And upon landing, the opponent swung his arms continuously.

Whoosh!

Flames spread like a tide, covering the entire bottom of the pit.

The other 'parents' from the 'Hundred Major Families' frowned slightly but said nothing more.

Because that was just Cook's personality.

As for the scorching flames?

Non-existent.

Though it seemed like the flames covered the entire ground, they actually already avoided the feet of every 'parent' from the 'Hundred Major Families'.

"Heh, you think you can escape?"

Cook scoffed, raising a palm.

The flames reconsolidated!

Within a breath, a fireball with a diameter of 10 meters appeared in the air.

And this was just the beginning!

As time passed, the fireball quickly grew larger.

After three breaths, it reached the previous size of 30 meters in diameter.

And it was still growing.

When the diameter exceeded 50 meters, Cook finally stopped, his face obscured by the flames, his cold laughter audible.

"Do you really think I haven't found you?"

As he spoke, Cook waved his hand.

Whoo!

The fireball, now over 50 meters in diameter, hurtled directly towards Jason in the twisted 'room' impacted by external forces.

There was nothing wrong with this scene.

Chapter 913: Backstab! \_2

From the pit created by the main ship's main cannon, there was nowhere to hide.

Except for the 'room' where Jason was.

And that 'room' had an excellent defense.

Perfect for avoiding the previous fireball attack.

Everyone thought so.

Even Hera and a few others standing on the edge of the pit did not differ.

Thus, they watched as the massive fireball swallowed up Jason's 'room'.

Scorching!

Blaze!

Crackling sounds!

Surrounded by fierce flames burning.

But, there was no sign of 'their' Leader.

Hera frowned.

A sense of danger resurfaced in her heart.

"Be careful!"

Hera shouted loudly.

But, it was too late!

Everyone's attention was on Jason's 'room', neglecting the dark edges of the pit.

Dragging a tattered body, 'their' Leader, like a shadow, pounced on one of the 'Hundred Major Families' 'patriarchs'.

Sizzle, sizzle!

In the unceasing sound of corrosion, came the pitiful scream.

"Ahhh!"

"Get off me!"

But it was all in vain.

As if leeches had latched onto flesh.

'Their' Leader clung to the other's body, voraciously feeding.

In an instant, the tattered body was whole again.

Seeing this, apart from the initial surprise, the remaining patriarchs of the 'Hundred Major Families' showed no panic.

Their position had exposed them to far too many secret techniques.

The secret technique before them, although bizarre, was not unacceptable.

And most importantly!

One crucial point!

‘Their’ Leader had appeared!

In their line of sight!

That was enough!

"The outcome is decided!"

Cook bellowed this thought.

The patriarch of the ‘Cook Family’ voiced everyone’s inner thoughts.

As more fireballs appeared above his head, the other ‘Hundred Major Families’ clan heads also launched their secret techniques.

They all targeted 'their' Leader.

As for the comrade that this Leader had latched onto.

Sorry!

They chose the fastest way to end the battle.

As for sacrifices?

Well, it wasn't them!

What's more, having one less comrade was actually beneficial.

The fruit of victory would be shared among fewer people.

Of course, they would also divide the fallen comrade's family fortunes equally.

The camaraderie of the 'Hundred Major Families'?



Certainly, that existed.

Thus, they would spare the last-ranked, who knew no family secret techniques, a temporary 'Hundred Major Families' title—just temporary.

Very brief, that is.

The other heirs?

Naturally, they must go where they belonged.

And new 'Hundred Major Families' members?

They would emerge.

However, that was a long way off.

At least, it wouldn't affect their current gains.

In fact, there might even be unexpected windfalls later.

Thinking of such 'unexpected windfalls', these clan heads of the 'Hundred Major Families' fought with greater fervor.

Purple, green, white.

The bottom of the pit began to fill with almost a rainbow of light.

Some caused direct damage that could flay flesh from bones.

Some bound others in place, with indirect effects.

Others were so bizarre they could severely damage the soul, turning a person into a walking corpse.

A normal person, facing any one of these attacks, would die without a place to be buried.

Even the well-known martial artists from the civilian dojos would be at a loss.

Because these were attacks from the patriarchs of the 'Hundred Major Families'.

The 'Hundred Major Families' could rule the world because

Strength was the foundation.

Power?

Merely an extension of strength.

In the 'Hundred Major Families', every clan head represented the strongest fighting force of their family.

Each and every one of them could be considered a true powerhouse.

And now, they had come together.

Their attacks all focused on one target.

What would the result be?

"It's over!"

Pondor sighed deeply.

He didn't believe 'their' Leader could survive such an attack.

Even if a Deity was to be reborn, it would fall under such an onslaught.

Dorco thought so too.

Being a man of superior strength, he could better discern what the situation was like.

Certain death!

'Their' leader was doomed!

Only...

Hera's frown deepened.

Something was off!

Her intuition was alerting her.

Her gaze swept across the entire battlefield.

She hoped to find that hint her intuition was signaling.

But she found nothing.

Until—

When her gaze fell on Cook, the 'intuition' sparked again.

"Be careful of Co

Before Hera could finish saying the word, a huge change occurred on the battlefield.

The fireballs suspended in midair plummeted straight down.

Only, their target wasn't 'their' Leader.

It was Cook's companions.

The flames spreading on the ground were like chains, restraining the actions of the companions.

Of course, selectively!

Not everyone!

Cook intentionally chose targets with 'weaker bodies' and 'poor defenses.'

Thus, a direct hit!

Boom!

Boom boom boom!

Three or four chieftains from the Hundred Major Families hadn't even the chance to scream before they were reduced to ashes.

But this was not the most direct impact!

The most direct impact was: Cook's act of betrayal had caused the surrounding chieftains of the Hundred Major Families to scatter the secret techniques they were deploying against 'their' Leader.

One after another, they retreated, looking at Cook with eyes full of shock and uncertainty.

"Heh, surprised?"

'Their' Leader had completely devoured that chieftain of the Hundred Major Families.

All that was left of the opponent's body was a husk.

The battered body of this Leader, however, had returned to normal.

He stood there, surveying the surrounding chieftains of the Hundred Major Families with a light chuckle.

"After all these years, how could I possibly have 'created' only the Mocket Family?"

"The Cook Family also belongs to me!"

"And

"Guess, do I have more of my people among you?"

Their Leader's face showed unmistakeable malice.

Then, the opponent removed the shadowy cover, fully revealing his true countenance.

Middle-aged, with graying temples, dense hair swept back to reveal a polished forehead, his features were utterly ordinary, the kind one would pass by unnoticed on the streets.

But at this moment, as the chieftains of the Hundred Major Families exchanged glances, such ordinariness had already become extraordinary.

Any chieftain from the Hundred Major Families felt terror-stricken under the gaze of this figure, worried if there were more moles among them.



Almost subconsciously, these chieftains of the Hundred Major Families increased the distance between themselves.

They watched each other warily.

Seeing this scene, their Leader laughed.

"Just kidding."

"How could there possibly be more?"

He said so.

Yet the people around him did not relax their vigilance; on the contrary, they grew even more tense.

Seeing this, Cook also laughed.

Worthy of being the Leader!

Simple words had turned these fools paranoid and suspicious.

Thinking this, Cook stepped forward to his Leader.

"Leader!"

Cook bowed respectfully.

His demeanor was utterly reverent, his voice filled with adoration, even though he'd just completed the most crucial part, he showed not a trace of arrogance.

Watching this rare scene with Cook, the surrounding chieftains of the Hundred Major Families gritted their teeth in hatred.

They had been deceived!

Utterly deceived!

Anger and resentment brewed within these chieftains. As they contemplated how they would torture Cook if they captured him, a shocking scene unfolded.

Their Leader waved his hand.

Puff!

Cook's head fell to the ground.

His face showed shock and disbelief, his eyes wide open, dying with his eyes unclosed.

While the Leader said indifferently,

"Become the sacrifice!"

"That is your true purpose!"

As the words ended.

Suddenly—

The ground shook!

An inexplicable, great terror descended!

Chapter 914: Words cut like knives and swords, killing without drawing blood!

Stones flew about, and the ground cracked open.

The earth trembled beneath them.

None of the “Fathers” of the Hundred Major Families could maintain their pride at this moment.

Panic was written all over their faces.

They looked at their Leader.

And behind the Leader, slowly emerging from underneath the ground... an altar.

Yes!

An altar!

Completely built from white jade, the structure was round with stairs leading up to a platform.

As the platform appeared, every one of the “Fathers” from the Hundred Major Families could see the intricate Dufol Language inscribed upon it.

The complex Dufol Language formed an indecipherable “ritual.”

Parts of its meaning, however, were understood by everyone.

"Sacrifice"!

Almost subconsciously, these “Fathers” of the Hundred Major Families turned their gazes towards Cook’s body on the ground.

For betrayal!

Everyone hates it!

No one will tolerate a traitor!

The “Fathers” of the Hundred Major Families were no exception.

But they all clearly remembered what their Leader had said before.

"Become the offering!"

"This is your true purpose!"

Cook was to be the offering.

Once sacrificed, something terrible was bound to happen!

Upon deducing this, several of the "Fathers" from the Hundred Major Families stealthily drew closer.

"Hahaha!"

"You all are still so hypocritical!"

"Trying to test the waters?"

"Or... trying to prevent it?"

The Leader, with bloodstained hands, laughed uproariously at the scene.

Then, suddenly, the laughter ceased, and he looked somberly at the surrounding “Fathers” of the Hundred Major Families.

"Too late, unfortunately!"

He spoke in a suddenly heightened pitch.

"Offering up the life I've delivered, heal my wounds!"

Buzz!

Following the loud proclamation, the white jade altar lit up.

Consequently, the scorched ground of the pit also lit up.

The radiance of the white jade altar was dazzling.

The radiance from the scorched ground, on the other hand, was faint.

Yet it was this faint light that caused the faces of all the “Fathers” from the Hundred Major Families present to change dramatically.

They could sense the flow of an unusual strength distinctly.

"Is the whole bottom of this pit within the altar's range?"

This they pondered.

Cook's body vanished within the faint glow.

Meanwhile, the Leader's own body glittered with light.

A breath later, the Leader reappeared.

He appeared no different than before.

But his expression was entirely different!



It was one of confidence!

The kind of confidence that regarded everyone present as insignificant!

"Despite a little mishap, the end result remains unchanged—welcome to my 'trap'."

The Leader clenched his fist lightly, speaking indifferently.

As his voice fell, the Leader disappeared.

"Be careful!"

The surrounding "Fathers" of the Hundred Major Families shouted in unison.

But it was futile.

The head of one of them was simply plucked off.

The only thing everyone noticed was a shadow flashing by, and then one of them was headless.

Blood sprayed from the headless body, which then knelt to the ground.

The Leader held the head in his hand before casually tossing it to the ground.

"The life I have offered up in sacrifice, empowers me!"

The Leader spoke thus.

No sooner had he finished than everyone felt his aura strengthen.

Such empowerment was unmistakable!

This!

The "Fathers" of the Hundred Major Families exchanged glances.

Just like that, he grew stronger?

Having reached their levels, a mere fraction of strength required decades as its threshold, not merely time but also absolute effort and a bit of luck.

Therefore, every fraction of strength gained was exciting, a surprise.

Yet, the strength of their Leader before them was achieved in a mere breath.

Huffing and puffing!

Many of the “Fathers” of the Hundred Major Families began to breathe more rapidly.

A similar thought arose in their minds—

Can I use this “altar”?

"Do not be deceived by his words!"

"This is all part of his scheme!"

Standing on the edge of the pit, Hera shouted loudly.

His voice traveled from high to low until it reached the bottom of the pit.

These “Fathers” of the Hundred Major Families naturally heard it.

Hesitation flickered in their eyes.

Their Leader heard it too.

This ordinary-looking Leader looked up.

"I never expected the inheritor of the Hera Family to be so 'naive'!"

"Why not finish what you were saying?"

"You should tell them, I'm inducing them into killing each other, why didn't you finish?"

"Is it because you're worried that tearing off the last shred of dignity will make the situation irretrievable!"

"Because

"You know, I'm telling the truth."

Their Leader laughed while staring at Hera.

From the pit's top to the bottom, a distance unfathomable to ordinary people, but for these powerful beings, it seemed right before their eyes.

Their Leader could clearly see the concern on Hera's face.

Hera could also see the smugness on the Leader's face.

Is it true?

Or false?

Hera truly couldn't tell.

Her “intuition” had no response.

But one thing she was sure of—their Leader before her, the “bystander” hidden in history, harbored malintent.

Chapter 915: Words Like Knives and Swords, Killing Without Spilling Blood!\_2

This point is precise and indisputable!

But...

Looking at the expressions of the “fathers” of the “Hundred Major Families” at the bottom of the pit, Hera sighed in her heart.

She had already seen the eagerness in the faces of these companions.

Even the breathing of those by her side, like Pondor and Dorco, became rapid.

They were tempted, too.

Indeed!

How could they not be tempted!

At their level, there were few things that could arouse their interest anymore.

But power is definitely one of them.

Even their original purpose in coming here was to increase their power.

However, what's different now is that in their original plan, the benefits were to be shared equally.

And now?

The words of "their" Leader completely shattered all of that.

What's more, such words continued.

"Do you all naively think that there's a wholly intact 'Divine's Body' here?"

"Stop joking!"

"If there were... do you think it would be your turn?"

"It would have been mine long ago!"

"Their" Leader let out a cold laugh.

Such words left no room for rebuttal.

The Leader's other identity: a "bystander" of history.

An old monster who had lived for a thousand years.

Unquestionably, it was the oldest presence among those gathered.

Even the eldest of the "fathers" from the "Hundred Major Families" was more than eight hundred years younger than this Leader.

What does that signify?



Simply put, long before the “Hundred Major Families” even began to take shape, this being was already in existence, active in the world under various identities.

Therefore, if there were indeed a truly complete ‘Divine’s Body’ in this world, this Leader would be the first to know.

And once aware, naturally, the Leader would not let it slip away.

So!

Is this all a trap?

A trap to lure us here, to become ‘sacrifices’?

This thought rose in everyone’s minds.

But there was another question!

Then, Hera posed this doubt on behalf of everyone.

"Do you really think you can defeat all of us by yourself?"

Hera loudly challenged.

This was the only point of contention she could think of.

"Hahaha!"

The Leader laughed heartily at Hera's challenge.

His laughter drew everyone's attention, and then the Leader disappeared once again.

"Be cau

Hera tried to warn everyone, but before she could finish, two more of the "fathers" from the "Hundred Major Families" were struck by the Leader's attack, as fast as a shadow, as swift as the wind.

Moreover, the attacks were not only silent but also ignored the defenses of the "Hundred Major Families' fathers."

Whether it was defensive secret techniques or the defenses provided by artifacts, in the face of the Leader's assault, they were as flimsy as paper.

Under the horrified gaze of all, two bodies fell, and the Leader's voice rang out again.

"Sacrifice the lives I have offered by my own hand, suppress the strength of all here within the sacrificial range, except for me!"

Following these words, the altar lit up once more.

Then, all of the "fathers" from the "Hundred Major Families" within the pit felt a weight upon them.

Their power was being suppressed!

Though just a tiny bit!

But it truly was suppressed!

Instantly, the complexions of these "fathers" from the "Hundred Major Families" changed.

"Their" Leader laughed once more.

"You ask

"Why can't I defeat all of you alone?"

"Because, I can grow stronger every moment!"

"Because, I can suppress you all at every moment!"

"Their" Leader, looking toward Hera at the edge of the pit, drew out his words.

Then, the Leader struck once more.

Pfft!

The shadow, like the wind, swept over the target.

Blood was spilled.

Bodies fell to the ground.

"Sacrifice the lives I have offered by my own hand, suppress the strength of all here within the sacrificial range, except for me!"

These words echoed once again.

The bodies of the "fathers" from the "Hundred Major Families" felt even heavier.

The suppression was enforced again.

This time, it was more severe than before.

And the shadow of death followed close behind.

In almost an instant, these mighty figures who were once lofty and powerful in this world fell into a vicious, deadly cycle.

Resist?

They couldn't resist.

The gap was too vast.

Not resist?

To wait for death was unacceptable.

Too unwilling.

Involuntarily, their gazes once again fell upon each other.

Not with the wary questioning of before.

This time, it was naked, ferocious.

And murderous intent surfaced repeatedly.

Waiting meant death.

Resistance, too, was death.

Might as well try to send those around you to their demise, acquiring even greater strength, to survive.

Such a thought surfaced.

And could no longer be suppressed.

The 'elders' of the 'Hundred Major Families' subtly distanced themselves from 'their' Leader the next moment, they struck at their fellow companions around them.

Various secret techniques reemerged.

The scorching heat of Flame.

The biting cold of frost.

The fatal poison gas.

The formidable presence of tangible Strength.

The silent, deadly nature of intangible power.

They completely forwent probing and defense, almost fighting with their lives on the line.

"It's over!"

Hera watched the battle at the bottom of the pit, her face deathly pale.

She almost witnessed the complete disintegration and collapse of the 'Hundred Major Families'.

In the past, no matter what happened, when faced with powerful external enemies, the 'Hundred Major Families' could unite.

Because they had never truly turned against each other.

But now?



Mortal enemies, how could there be uninhibited cooperation?

Pondor, Dorco, and the surrounding 'elders' of the 'Hundred Major Families' who hadn't descended into the pit clearly thought the same.

Then, they thought of more things.

For example: Could these families who had not joined the battle form a new Alliance and annihilate all those who were killing each other below, who were once allies?

Such a thought caused Pondor, Dorco, and others' eyes to flicker with possibility.

But they had not yet acted.

They were waiting for a result.

And such waiting did not need to be long.

A few breaths later, several battles had already determined their victors.

"Sacrifice the lives I've taken by my own hands, to heal my wounds!"

"Sacrifice the lives I've taken by my own hands, to heal my wounds!"

Almost at the moment the battles had their outcomes, these people shouted loudly.

They didn't choose to increase their might.

Because every one of them was almost fatally wounded.

The consequence of a reckless fighting method.

Then, radiance flickered.

Their wounds healed.

Truly healed.

The kind from the inside out.

Slightly stunned, then, ecstatic!

Each victor's face showed ecstatic joy.

Then... with even more crazed looks, they turned towards the people around them.

The next moment!

They lunged out!

Attacking those around them with an even more frenzied posture than before.

As long as they won!

Even if only a breath remained!

They could still live!

As long as one lives, they can find the opportunity to grow stronger rapidly!

Everyone thought this way!

Such thoughts drove everyone at the bottom of the pit to madness.

The 'elders' of the 'Hundred Major Families' on the rim hesitated.

Could it really be true?

Then...

Those looking down from above, the 'elders' of the 'Hundred Major Families' started to seek targets almost instinctively, their gazes wandering.

As members of the 'Hundred Major Families,' they were all too familiar with each other.

Their strength was also not much different.

Therefore, the priority was to find someone whose weakness they could exploit.

However, soon, their gazes locked on to one particular spot—

A ‘room’ that was severely distorted by an external force.

It was Jason’s ‘room’.

Instantly, their eyes lit up.

The strength of other ‘Hundred Major Families’ members wasn’t much different; it was difficult to make a move.

But Jason was different!

A ‘Brutalizer’ from within their manufactured ‘game,’ although he had some strength, it was just a bit, after all.

A perfect target!

Instantly, a few ‘elder members’ of the ‘Hundred Major Families’ standing at the top of the pit were about to act.

But someone was faster!

One of the 'elders' from the 'Hundred Major Families' at the 'bottom of the pit' had already dashed towards the twisted 'room' like an arrow released from a bow.

The person arrived at the door and kicked up a foot.

Bang!

With a loud sound, the door was kicked open, and the intruder rushed straight in.

And then...

Chapter 916: On the Importance of Small Accounts!

Dead silence!

All the "elders" from the "Hundred Major Families" who had noticed this place were waiting for their previous companions to come out.

As for Jason?

They certainly didn't think Jason stood any chance.

Only "their" "Leader's" gaze flickered.

But this "Leader" would absolutely not say anything more.

He would only seize the time to slaughter!

Pfft!

Like a shadow, like the wind, another figure whisked past the throat of an "elder" of the "Hundred Major Families", and he spoke with an even louder voice, "I sacrifice the lives I offer personally, to increase my strength!"

Suddenly, the "Leader's" aura became even more powerful.

This caused the already fighting "elders" of the "Hundred Major Families" to have even redder eyes.

Before, they had fought with their lives on the line.

Now?

They were even more stimulated to lose their senses.

They even withdrew their gazes that had been fixed on the room where Jason was.

The few figures at the top of the pit did not withdraw their gazes, but a sudden fog obscured their view.

This?

The few “elders” of the “Hundred Major Families” looked at each other perplexed.

Eventually, their gazes turned to Hera.

"My 'Inspiration' did not inform me of any danger."

Hera genuinely said.

And after such words were spoken, those restless “elders” from the “Hundred Major Families” could no longer contain themselves, and they leaped down, one after another.



However, before their feet even hit the ground, they were attacked.

First was “their” “Leader”.

Next were those “elders” from the “Hundred Major Families” who had arrived first.

Compared to the “Leader’s” clean and efficient reaping of lives, these “elders” from the “Hundred Major Families” were roaring continuously.

"Get back!"

"This is ours!"

Facing such roars, the “elders” of the “Hundred Major Families” who jumped down later responded with cold laughter.

"You guys?"

"Stop dreaming!"

"This is ours!"

Amid the responses, they each activated their secret techniques.

Before even landing, the fierce battle began.

Chaos!

Utter chaos!

Complete pandemonium!

"I sacrifice the lives I offer personally to heal my wounds!"

"I sacrifice the lives I offer personally to heal my wounds!"

"I sacrifice the lives I offer personally to heal my wounds!"

...

Voices like these came from the mouths of various “elders” of the “Hundred Major Families.”

In the end, when an “elder” from the “Hundred Major Families” who was less injured secured victory—

"I sacrifice the lives I offer personally to increase my strength!"

The aura subsequently strengthened!

Real!

Undeniably!

Pondor and Dorco, standing at the top of the pit, could no longer hold back after seeing this scene.

They too leapt down.

The remaining “elders” of the “Hundred Major Families” followed closely.

Only Hera remained standing alone at the top of the pit.

It wasn't that she didn't want to go down.

But as soon as the notion crossed her mind, her "Inspiration" continuously warned her.

Danger!

To a degree surpassing any she had ever experienced before.

In her life, she had encountered life-threatening situations no fewer than 10 times.

Each time, she had survived.

But now, the level of danger far exceeded those life-threatening situations.

So... certain death?

Hera thought to herself.

Then,

What about the people down there?

Had the “Hundred Major Families” begun to fall apart?

The tumultuous thoughts clouded Hera’s thinking.

Caught up in such a state, Hera entirely missed a glance that flashed by from the bottom of the pit.

It was from “their” “Leader”!

This “Leader” scanned over Hera with a heavy look of regret.

Just one short!

But... with his compensation, it should be enough!

The “Leader” thought as he turned his gaze towards the fog.

Then, this “Leader” stepped into the dense fog.

Just as he entered the fog, the “Leader” frowned.

The fog was toxic!

Of course, what’s more important is...

He couldn’t find Jason’s trace!

That damned Stealth skill again!

How did a guy over 2 meters tall with a build like a wrestler ever develop such powerful “Stealth” skills, unless some secret technique inherently came with it?

But what kind of secret technique would possess such ability, and yet I am unaware of it?

The “Leader” cursed inwardly.

As an old monster who had lived for a thousand years, one of this “Leader’s” greatest interests was collecting secret techniques.

Perhaps he could not practice them all, but even the collective “Hundred Major Families” might not surpass him in the secret techniques he has collected.

After all, he had started doing this before the prototype of the “Hundred Major Families” appeared.

So, he could be certain, none of the secret techniques he knew had such ability.

Was it a secret technique created by Jason?

What a joke!

He acknowledges Jason is strong, but Jason is also very young.

He used a secret technique to confirm Jason’s age.

Certainly not more than 30.

Maybe even only 20.

Or even younger.

Therefore, even with immense power and Talent, without the Baptism of years or the wandering between life and death, it is impossible to create a secret technique.

In fact, the emergence of every secret technique is the effort of a lifetime, or even the effort of generations.

Thus, no matter what, he would never believe that this secret technique was created by Jason.

If not a secret technique.

Then there was only one possibility.

"Heh, Jason, there's no need to play such tricks!"

"You are undoubtedly lucky."

Chapter 917: On the Importance of the Trumpet!\_2



"You found a 'Divine's Body' that none of us noticed, but do you truly understand what the 'Divine's Body' is?"

This 'Leader' questioned.

It's not a secret technique.

Nor could it possibly be a prop.

Just like a secret technique, he had never heard of such a prop.

So, it must be the 'Divine's Body'.

Coincidentally, Jason had previously asked him for the 'Divine's Body'.

Naturally, this 'Leader' misinterpreted it.

And such a misinterpretation proved to be fatal—

"Let me teach you now!"

Their leader said this.

Raising his right hand, a mark appeared in the palm.

A mark completely composed of the Dufol Language.

The next moment, the mark lit up.

The mist then dissipated.

A masked figure appeared at the end of the mist.

"Found you!"

Their leader flashed towards him.

The glow in his palm firmly locked onto Jason.

Then, his hand pierced through the chest.

But at that moment, the face of their leader changed.

The muscle's density was wrong.

The blood's temperature was wrong.

Even the height was somewhat different.

It was the 'Father' from the Hundred Major Families who had just entered the room!

It wasn't Jason!

It was a decoy created by Jason!

The mist hadn't dissipated due to his interference.

It was Jason who actively dispelled it.

This...

It's another trap!

In an instant, these thoughts appeared in the leader's mind.

Proud as he was, his shame and rage mixed.

He was once again schemed by this seemingly straightforward fellow.

Whoosh!

A sound of cutting air came from behind.

The leader tried his best to dodge, but still got hit in the neck by the Broad Blade Cleaver.

Spurt!

With one slice, the leader's head soared high.

His face filled with astonishment, then a smirk.

"Useless!"

"I am...ugh!"

The leader tried to say something else.

But Jason lifted up the leader's body and ran.

While running, flames lit up in his hand.

[Charles Burning Technique]!

From the previous battle, Jason had fully realized what kind of opponent he was dealing with.

An individual who, relying on time, had integrated many secret techniques into his own body.

Even the body had been transformed into a monster.

To deal with such a creature, conventional methods were naturally ineffective.

So, he had to try unconventional ones.

Like: preventing the opponent's body from reassembling, and continuously inflicting damage to one part.

Why not choose the head?

Compared to the head that had clearly undergone numerous enhancements from secret techniques, the opponent's body was easier to control.

"I can always receive healing here!"

"As long as I sacrifice enough!"

The opponent's head levitated from the ground.

Those eyes on the head stared at Jason.

Though his words sounded noble, as if he didn't care about anything, the hatred in his eyes was almost tangible.

"Then you keep sacrificing!"

Jason said while running and setting the opponent's body on fire.

Instantly, the hatred in the leader's eyes intensified.

Almost bursting forth.

"You'll never understand the greatness of this place!"

The leader said as the head flew towards a 'Father' from the Hundred Major Families.

Caught in fierce battle, the other party completely missed this sneak attack.

It directly caught the opponent's neck in his bite.

In an instant, only a skin was left of that 'Father' from the Hundred Major Families.

And when the combatant from the Hundred Major Families saw it was their leader, they chose to flee, deterring from engaging, lacking even the courage to fight.

"Sacrificing the lives I personally delivered to recover from injuries!"

Their leader said this.

As soon as the words fell, the remaining head began to regenerate.

Visible to the naked eye, a body grew from beneath the neck.

"See?"

"This place is a land of miracles!"

The leader laughed.



Those around him, seeing this scene, fought even more desperately.

And Jason?

He ran even faster.

The body in his hands was continuously pushing its limits, showing signs of being ignited under the expert-level Charles Burning Technique flames.

You must know, the flames emitted by the Charles Burning Technique had reached the level of military vehicles.

Only under continuous burning were there signs of ignition.

Undoubtedly, the strength of this body had already surpassed that of military vehicles.

In the recent battle, Jason had already felt the opponent's body was special.

It was even tougher than his own body.

If the opponent hadn't transformed into a shadow or wind, which affected their bodily strength, simply clashing directly with such a body, he would have found it hard to penetrate the opponent's defense.

However, the opponent didn't do so.

To show off their strength, the opponent chose a more bizarre and unpredictable method.

This was the opponent's habit.

Jason had no comment on that.

He knew that hitting someone with a punch was not as good as breaking someone's finger.

Now that he had the opportunity, he would properly deal with the opponent.

As for the opponent's words?

Jason wouldn't believe a single punctuation mark of them.

Firstly, having lived in Nightless City, he never had the habit of believing an enemy's words.

Especially with an enemy who had lived for a thousand years.

Of course, another important point is that the 'sacrifice' in front of him was completely fake.

According to the mystical knowledge Jason understood, to complete such a trap, not only the process is needed but also a 'perfect altar'.

Naturally, a 'perfect altar' must inevitably be appealing.

That is unquestionable.

But the 'altar' in front of him?

It is far from perfect.

It can't even be considered a defective product!

Because this 'altar' had no taste of 'food' whatsoever.

Even though it completely fits the appearance of a mystical altar.

And, it looks quite extraordinary.

But it is absolutely fake.

From this inference, the scene just now was nothing more than the Leader's performance.

And achieving that scene was not difficult.

Self-directed and self-performed body recovery.

Then, unleashing some hidden strength.

Creating an illusion of self-recovery and appearing powerful.

As for the 'fathers' of the Hundred Major Families recovering and becoming stronger?

For an opponent who had lived for a thousand years, finding some secret techniques that heal others and temporarily increase their strength should not be difficult.

Even the altar, Jason guessed, was made by the opponent in a short time.

After being bombarded and knowing that their original plan was completely disrupted, the opponent used a secret technique to quickly create this altar and came up with that plan.

It can be said the opponent indeed lived up to being a thousand-year-old monster accustomed to hiding behind the scenes.

As for why the opponent did this?

The issue comes back to the beginning: the 'bizarre' Mandelin Town!

The opponent's intention was to activate them and then control them.

And this process required blood!

The blood of the powerful!

A lot of powerful blood!

According to the opponent's original plan, they should have infiltrated amongst the Brutalizers and while beginning to massacre the young heirs of the Hundred Major Families, setting up the space.

For example: making this altar more perfect, making it genuinely effective.

Then, by unveiling the 'magical' nature of the altar, luring the 'fathers' of the Hundred Major Families into the trap.

It was inevitable!

Don't forget the opponent also has moles within the Hundred Major Families.

Even if others are hesitant, once that mole gains power in front of the 'magical' altar, how could other members of the Hundred Major Families resist?

They inevitably would still step into the trap.

Leading to the current situation.

And now, what he needed to do was demolish all of it!

Starting from the opponent's body!

Thinking of this, the flames in Jason's hands surged out even more fiercely.

While from behind, the Leader with the 'new body' was gritting his teeth.

Ruined again!

It's always this guy!

Losa and this guy should die!

Thinking this, the Leader no longer hesitated.

He steeled his heart and played another ace.

"Pierce through the Night Spear!"

"Imbued with Divine Blood!"

"The Moon Falls for It!"

"The Stars Destroyed for It!"

"In the name of your existence... grant this person before me—true name Jason—an eternal slumber!"

A spoken spirit spell!

Or one might call it a curse!

And it was the deadliest kind!

The Leader glared at Jason.

He wanted to see Jason succumb.

Even if Jason possessed the 'undying' trait, it was in vain.



Know that under this curse, even deities would be cursed to death!

But...

One second, two seconds, three seconds passed.

Not only was Jason unscathed, he ran even faster!

Chapter 918: Please choose the right target... and then work hard!

What... what's going on?!

Standing still, the leader of 'them', who had been expecting Jason's death, watched Jason running further and further, becoming more and more spirited, and was completely dumbfounded.

Was the curse wrong?

He thought subconsciously.

Then, he shook his head immediately.

Impossible!

This curse, as one of his trump cards, could not possibly be wrong!

Moreover, it was not his first time casting this so-called deity-slaying 'curse'.

About 300 years ago, he had used this curse to kill a character who was known as a 'demigod' at that time.

The victim was the person of that era who had discovered his traces and treated him as a malevolent spirit.

Naturally, his strength was not bad.

But his brain was not very good.

Despite his sincere invitation to rule that era together, the other kept ranting about how his sense of honor would not allow himself to be tainted with him, and other naive utterances.

Then, after he feigned surrender and secretly cast the curse on that fool, the victim immediately trembled, propping up his body with a sword to avoid falling down, but in the end, still disintegrated into blood foam and disappeared into the air.

He had witnessed the whole process of casting the curse.

He also remembered the changes within his own body.

And at this moment, the changes within his body were no different from before.

But... why isn't Jason dead?!

Could it be?!

A false name?!

The leader of 'them' thought of the only possibility.

But he had already used the organization's strength to investigate Jason's background thoroughly; Jason should indeed be named Jason, as guessed.

Unless...

Someone had forged it!

Someone had arranged all of this!

That person is...

"Losa 11!"

The leader of 'them' growled between clenched teeth.

Exactly!

It was Losa 11!

Other than this person, no one among those acquainted with Jason had the ability to perform such actions!

Losa 11 must have already known all about 'Mandelin Town', which is why he had come here years ago and began to disguise and carefully plan.

Waiting for the moment of my appearance!

Cold sweat!

Dense and numerous beads appeared on the forehead of 'their' leader.

A chilly night breeze blew.

Cold, carrying a hint of coldness.

The leader of 'them' had seen too many people over a millennium.

But none so sinister in thought, so bizarre, and... so good at disguising as Losa 11.

He had observed Losa 11 more than once with various means.

The other appeared to be a wastrel with no great ambition, idly dissipating his life.

But the situation at hand made his cheeks burn with pain.

Perhaps during the time he was observing the other, he had already discovered it all.

Then, he turned the tables on him.

To think that when he was observing the other, he was completely under the other's 'observation'.

The leader of 'them' started to breathe heavily.

But soon, he calmed down.

Indeed...

Isn't he the son of Losa, after all?

Thinking of that person who gave him chills, the leader felt somewhat relieved.

It seemed everything was to be expected.

But that did not mean he would stop.

Or rather, by now, he could not stop.

Once the plan started, everything was beyond his control.

It could only be success or failure.

If successful, he would truly seize control.

If he failed, everything would turn to dust.

No!

I will succeed!

I must succeed!

The leader of 'them' nearly hypnotized himself with this affirmation.

In the distance, Jason, who was still releasing flames at 'their' leader, suddenly felt a lightness in his hand.

He saw a headless, complete arm and leg just vanish.

As if eroding over thousands of years.

With a slight touch, they turned to dust.

The cost of the curse!

A curse is not cast out of thin air.

Not only do you need to know the incantation, the process, and complete the ritual, but you must also pay a price.

Ordinary curses use other objects as a substitute.

Most are the flesh and blood of animals, but to complete such a vicious curse, one certainly needs to use one's own flesh and blood, and even, it may affect one's own bloodline.



As for what exactly would happen, with the mystical knowledge that Jason possessed, he could not tell.

But one thing he was sure of.

Strike while the enemy is sick, take their life!

This was one of the most important pieces of knowledge he learned in 'Nightless City'.

Perhaps unacceptable to knights.

But he is a 'postman'!

Yi!

Another brief incantation in the Dufol Language.

The force field of [Protection Against Evil] was directly triggered, affecting the body he held in his hands.

Just returning to the 'room' again a moment ago, Jason had once again used his limited time to replenish two instances of [Protection Against Evil].

He didn't want to fill up completely.

Rather, time did not allow for it.

Even if he used the time to the limit, he was still unable.

Buzz!

The air vibrated, and Jason could clearly feel the body he was carrying tremble.

Effective!

Without hesitation, Jason struck again.

This time the effect was even more outstanding.

Jason could clearly hear the sound of slight rupturing of some internal organs within the body he held.

Immediately, Jason prepared to release the third strike of [Protection Against Evil].

But at that moment

"Pierce the Spear of Night!"

"Dripping with the Blood of Deity!"

"The moon falls for it!"

"The stars perish for it!"

"In the name of your existence... Grant the one I know—named 'Losa 11', eternal rest!"

The vicious curse appeared again.

Chapter 919: Please choose the right target... and then work hard!\_2

However, this time, 'they' chose Losa 11 as their Leader!

Jason paused in his steps.

He turned around.

A piercing coldness flickered behind his mask.

The coldness was like frost.

The piercing intensity like a blade, like a sword.

Losa 11 was a kind fellow.

With no ambitions.

And certainly no ill intentions.

Just someone who wanted to live a steady and peaceful life until old age.

Extremely friendly, without any ulterior motives, simply someone looking for a person to share the burdens of life with.

Like... a friend.

Yes!

Friend!

Whenever he was alone, Jason couldn't help but recall the friends back in his hometown on summer nights, chatting and grilling at roadside stalls, nibbling on skewers, and drinking beer while standing on boxes.

Their conversation topics were never fixed, either joys or worries, sharing their deepest feelings.

The skewers they would order were always the same, twenty lamb skewers, ten garlic meat skewers, ten Wangjing small intestines, two chicken wings, along with grilled eggplant and sautéed clams.

The best beer to drink while standing on the boxes was Wusu, but Snow Beer was fine too, naturally, it had to be chilled.

Within the summer night breeze, the cooling sensation of the cold beer going down, mixed with the aroma of cumin and chili from the grilled meat, was truly an enjoyment.

But wasn't the greatest enjoyment the heart-to-heart talks with the friend before him?

But Jason knew all too well that he could not go back.

Even if he returned to his hometown.

Such days could never return.

It wasn't the so-called estrangement from friends that resulted from a change in strength and a subsequent shift in mindset.

Bullshit!

Such things would never happen.

Those are but the groans of the pretentious.

If one's own mood is not even within one's control, how could one be considered powerful? At best, they're just a drifting corpse following the current.

What Jason was worried about was...

Time!

He didn't know how much time he had lost once he returned.

Whether his friends were still... alive.

Or perhaps a hundred years had passed.

Therefore, he treasured each person he considered a friend very much.

Although he was accustomed to being cool and silent, it did not mean he was indifferent to the friends he recognized.

Infrequently, anger stirred in the depths of Jason's heart.

Even though it was suppressed the very next moment.

But the Leader of 'them' had caught on to it.

"Angry, are you?"

"Feeling powerless?"

"Brace for the bad news!"

The other mocked and jeered at Jason.

The other wanted to infuriate Jason.

The other hoped Jason would let go of the body he was holding and rush over.

But Jason did not.

Sl oT Yn!

The deep Dufol Language chanted, and [Protection Against Evil] was cast upon the body.

Then came the second, third, fourth casting...



Starting with the third, death occurred with every casting.

But Jason had no thoughts of stopping.

He now had about 600 lives.

Enough to kill the bastard before him!

And indeed, that was the case.

While Jason continuously cast [Protection Against Evil], the Leader's face changed, and he charged at Jason like a madman. But as soon as he took a step, the Leader froze in place.

With a pop!

The newly formed body shattered just like that.

Like a soap bubble.

Only the head remained floating in mid-air, with wide eyes, a fierce expression, and twitching skin.

Jason didn't know what had happened.

He just watched the other and kept on casting [Protection Against Evil] over and over again.

...

On a still river.

A small boat moved steadily forward.

Losa sat at the bow of the boat; Losa 1 was paddling, and under the feet of this young man lay a skeleton draped in a brown hemp robe.

Different from the usual paleness of skeletons,

The bones of this one had a jade color.

But it was still fierce looking.

Especially the Soul Fire in its eye sockets was billowing as if it wanted to scorch the feet of Losa 1.

But Losa 1 merely fortifies his foot slightly, and the skeleton lay still again, the Soul Fire in its eye sockets dimming as if it would extinguish at any moment.

"Blasphemer!"

"Blasphemer!"

"You are beyond redemption!"

Even being stepped on, the skeleton still ranted.

Then, Losa 1 crushed its ribs.

At once, the skeleton went quiet.

And when Losa 1 crushed another one of its ribs, the skeleton began to plead.

"Don't do this!"

"I'm just a pitiful Ferryman."

"I'm just following orders."

The skeleton cried out.

"People who are 'just following orders' wouldn't set such a spiteful trap!"

"A Ferryman wouldn't cherish wealth above all else!"

Losa 1 said with a smile.

"Rules!"

"That's all rules!"

"I have to follow them!"

The skeleton argued.

"You... hmm?"

Losa 1 was about to say something when his expression suddenly turned serious, making the skeleton under his feet shiver with Cold.

If the smiling Losa 11 resembled a butcher sharpening his knife, then at this moment, the solemn-faced Losa 1 became like a volcano on the verge of erupting.

"Huh!"

"Such audacity!"

"Dare to target my brother!"

Losa 1 said with a chuckle.

But this laugh was devoid of any mirth.

Only a bone-chilling Cold remained.

Then he grabbed the skeleton beneath his feet.

"Your time for atonement has come!"

"Die in place of my brother!"

"It's your honor!"

Having said that, Losa 1 quickly arranged the hundreds of seeds inside Losa 11's body in a particular order, completing a not-so-simple ritual.

Transfer!

The curse that was beginning to manifest on Losa 11's body was transferred onto the skeleton in Losa 1's hand.

Chapter 920: Please choose the right target... and then work hard!\_3

Suddenly, the skull as smooth as jade became dull and lusterless.

Black spots appeared all over its body.

"Godslayer! Godslayer! Godslayer!"

It kept shouting repeatedly.

A certain power hidden within its body began to counterattack against this curse.

And following the power of the curse, it spread towards the source of the curse.

However, this skull was doomed.

Snap!

After a crisp sound, it turned into ordinary decayed bones and scattered with the wind.

"Eh?"

Losa keenly sensed such a change, somewhat astonished.

"They are called Deities for a reason—they simply have more time than us to learn and accumulate more knowledge."

Sitting at the bow of the ship, Losa said lightly without turning back.

"Understood, Father."

Losa replied.

He knew this was a reminder from his father.

Afterwards, Losa closed his eyes to rest again.

Not saying another word.

As for Losa's younger son,

Losa believed that his eldest son would definitely take good care of his brother.

...



Cough, cough!

Losa suddenly felt an itch in his throat.

Unable to help it, he coughed lightly several times.

Then, a thick phlegm appeared in his mouth.

Taking out a tissue, he spat the phlegm into it, looking at the yellowish mucus, Losa couldn't help but lament that he was getting heated up, reminding himself to sleep less, drink more water, and drink less alcohol.

Casually, he threw the tissue into the trash can.

Losa tapped on the table.

"Continue."

He said so.

He was completely unaware of what had happened.

He just thought it was time to take care of his body.

At least he ought to start using a thermos with goji berries in the future.

...

The tenth Protective Against Evil!

With the spread of a special force field, the body of 'their' Leader, which had been held in Jason's hand, completely shattered.

Directly breaking into pieces.

But, the moment it hit the ground, it turned into dust.

"Ah ah ah!"

At that moment, 'their' Leader let out an unprecedented scream.

Pain.

Misery.

Anyone who heard this scream could feel the agony in it.

Moreover, more importantly, the distant 'altar' began to collapse.

Crack!

In the midst of clear sounds, a crack appeared on the 'altar'.

Involuntarily, all the 'elders' from the Hundred Major Families involved in the fight stopped.

They stared at the cracked altar.

Their eyes widened.

"This?!"

Their eyes filled with disbelief.

But, the crack continued to enlarge.

Crack, crack, crack!

Eventually, the altar collapsed thunderously.

"How could this be?"

"How is this possible?"

The 'elders' from the Hundred Major Families who had just been fighting fiercely became utterly disheartened.

However, it only lasted a few seconds.

Everyone's gaze turned fiercely to the still screaming Leader of 'them'.

"You are the culprit!"

One of the 'elders' from the Hundred Major Families rebuked him.

"It was you who made us slaughter each other!"

The others spoke up.

Then, once again, they encircled.

While 'their' Leader was still wailing.

"Ah ah ah ah!"

"Divine, divine punishment?!"

"Why would it be divine punishment?!"

He screamed incredulously.

He was looking for a solution.

But that overwhelming power made it impossible for him to change anything.

No!

Still!

Thinking of something, he stopped wailing.

Although all the arrangements had been disrupted, better to fight desperately than to wait passively!

With that thought, he initiated the last step of the ritual.

On top of the pit, Hera, 'inspiration' kept ringing.

Danger!

Danger!

Waves of warnings made her tremble all over.

"Hurry away from th

But before she could finish the sentence, Hera's voice abruptly stopped.

Because—

The bottom of the pit was already empty.

Everyone disappeared without a trace right under her eyes.