

Menu 165

Chapter 165: Clinging to the 'Flute' Without Letting Go

After biting the “flute,” Jason instinctively took a sip.

Immediately, a refreshing, sweet taste filled his mouth.

Jason then instinctively bit down.

But...

He couldn't bite through it!

His teeth, which easily crunched through bones, couldn't bite through the flute!

Jason was taken aback.

But this didn't stop him from continuing to suck hard, his tongue circling the mouth of the flute.

An even sweeter taste emerged.

It was only at this point that the 'Pied Piper' realized what was happening.

He yanked the 'flute' fiercely, trying to pull it out.

But Jason bit down on the flute firmly; despite being dragged onto the table by the 'Pied Piper's' force, his mouth, still clamped on the flute, didn't budge.

"Let go!"

The 'Pied Piper' shouted.

Then, he began to swing forcefully.

Jason's body swayed up and down with the motion of the flute, like seaweed in the waves.

But there was not the slightest intention to let go.

What a joke!

Expect me to let go after it's entered my mouth?

Death won't make me let go!

"You're asking for it!"

The 'Pied Piper' yanked the 'flute' again, pulling Jason right up to his face, and as he looked down at Jason biting unwaveringly on the 'flute,' his eyes were filled with a vicious light.

He raised his fist and punched Jason's head.

Bang!

Jason's head was smashed.

Just like a watermelon run over by a truck.

"You brought this on yourself!"

The 'Pied Piper' sneered coldly.

And then, he started to think about how he would deal with Gerard.

He knew full well what Gerard's temper was like.

Killing Gerard's cousin would leave no room for turning back.

It was a fight to the death.

For him, this was somewhat disadvantageous.

However, what he didn't notice was that, although Jason's skull had been shattered, the part of his jaw, or rather... the teeth, were still clinging to the 'flute,' and his tongue was still wrapped around the 'flute' like a snake.

Then, as the 'Pied Piper' was pondering, he suddenly felt the 'flute' in his hand become heavy.

He instinctively looked down.

He saw that Jason, whose head had just shattered, was now fully restored.

And still biting on the 'flute.'

An aberration influenced by 'Bizarre'?

The 'Pied Piper' instantly thought of that.

Then, with lightning-fast moves, he struck Jason's chest.

Bang!

A huge hole appeared in the chest.

The heart was shattered.

Jason convulsed a couple of times, then was still.

Aside from still biting down on the 'flute' firmly, there was nothing unusual.

The 'Pied Piper' didn't think too much about it.

In the agony of death, it's normal for muscles to tense up, and for the 'flute' to be bitten like this.

But...

In a breath's time.

That huge hole in the chest healed back to normal.

The deathly aura dissipated from Jason's body.

Jason once again became full of life and energy.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but the 'Pied Piper' felt that Jason seemed even more vigorous than before.

'He' instinctively thought of Taor.

He thought of Jason's peculiar reaction when facing the 'Melody.'

But he failed to accept it.

Caught in extreme rage, he began to pummel Jason.

Bang bang bang!

Not just the head, the heart.

The throat, kidneys, spleen, and other vital parts—if it could be called a weak spot, it was punched through by the ‘Pied Piper’s’ fists.

But it was no use!

Jason, killed one moment, came back to life the next.

As if he really was ‘indestructible.’

Towards the end, the ‘Pied Piper’ gave up traditional attacks, starting to use ‘secret techniques’ to kill Jason.

Burning, poison, frost, and even lightning!

But still, it was no use!

Jason was killed more than 20 times.

But he would come back to life in the next moment.

As if he truly was 'undying.'

The "Piper" went through several changes of expression as he looked at Jason as if he was "grown" on the "flute".

Feeling the dissipation of the Strength on the flute, the "Piper" roared in anger.

"Remember this!"

"I will come back!"

After a loud roar, the "Piper" vanished into thin air like a burst bubble, along with the flute.

Crack!

Jason's upper teeth brutally clacked against his lower ones.

The immense force made his whole brain feel like it had been jolted.

Then,

he came to his senses.

What had happened?

After seriously recalling for a dozen seconds, Jason concluded—

It wasn't his fault!

The flute came at him first!

Once Jason confirmed this, accompanied by a gust of wind, Gerard appeared inside the "Octopus Tavern".

His gaze swept around the room.

First, he made sure that his cousin was safe.

Then, he began to look for the “Piper”.

But there was not a trace of him.

No hint of his presence remained.

“Did he leave?”

Gerard asked, uncertain.

Based on his understanding of the “Piper”, the man was not one to give up easily. Just like his despicable nature, which made people all the more wary of him.

“Hmm.”

Jason nodded his head.

But he didn't offer any more explanations.

Because he simply couldn't explain.

How could he tell Gerard that he had bitten onto the Piper's "flute", and then, because the Piper couldn't shake him off, he chose to leave in order to withdraw the flute?

Let alone whether Gerard would believe it or not.

He himself found it all very strange.

It made him sound insatiable, as if he had an uncontrollable appetite.

Hmm...

Although that was the case at times.

It wasn't always like that.

It was just occasionally.

Watching Jason nod and then fall silent, Gerard didn't ask any more questions.

To the overseer of Hans Port, all that mattered was that Jason was unharmed.

As for the rest?

He didn't care.

"Let's head back to Duron Street."

Gerard said.

Jason nodded again and followed behind Gerard, walking out of the "Octopus Tavern".

At the entrance, a carriage awaited.

Reed and the Harbor Guards stood by the carriage, bowing respectfully as Jason and Gerard emerged.

“My lord, Lord Jason.”

Every single one of them exhaled in relief as if a great weight had been lifted.

Joy was evident on their faces.

Lord Gerard was unharmed.

Lord Jason was unharmed as well.

It really couldn't get any better than this.

Reed thought to himself.

He truly didn't dare to imagine what Hans Port would have become if something had happened to either Lord Gerard or Lord Jason.

It would have been a disaster!

But now things were different!

Even though the reason for the “Piper’s” departure was unknown, the situation had reverted to its previous state.

A delicate balance!

With more room for maneuvering.

What should be done to gain more advantage?

Reed pondered this.

Crack!

The snap of a whip sounded.

The carriage started slowly, moving smoothly down the road.

The Harbor Guards followed on either side of the carriage.

Sitting inside, Gerard also contemplated this matter.

Jason, however, paid no attention to these concerns.

His attention was already captivated by the text in front of him.