

## Menu 205

Chapter 205: Fall from the Sky

In the afternoon, Hans Port was scorching hot.

The sun was fiercely blazing, and not a single person wanted to feel such sunlight.

But as the roar of propellers grew from a whisper to a deafening sound,

the people of Hans Port subconsciously stepped out of their houses, looked up, and gazed at the sky.

Then...

Several enormous shadows appeared.

Oval-shaped bodies, just like fish.

In fact, on one side of the oval-shaped heads were painted sharp teeth and fins at the top!

Especially those cold eyes depicted on them, making the scorching noon sun lose its heat.

Sharks!

Every person in Hans Port was familiar with this type of fish.

But!

They had never seen sharks hundreds or even thousands of meters long!

Let alone flying in the sky!

Shock!

Fear!

Bewilderment!

Every citizen of the port stood frozen in place.

Including those in the Defense Army.

They let the fierce sunlight shine on them, let the sweat slide down their foreheads and cheeks, simply staring at the enormous shadows overhead.

These shadows moved slowly.

Gradually, they blocked out the sun.

The shadows enveloped the people of the port.

The soldiers of the Defense Army instinctively clenched their swords tightly, and some veterans even raised their muskets.

Then, under the watchful eyes of the townsfolk, several black barrels aimed at the city walls of the port and were thrown down.

Screech!

They trailed a sharp, piercing whistle through the air.

At the moment they hit the ground—

Boom!

Boom! Boom!

Massive explosions occurred.

The half-man-tall black barrels not only contained explosives but also shrapnel.

In the instant of the flash,

shrapnel flew.

The Defense Army soldiers on the city walls collapsed in droves.

More importantly, a section of the wall collapsed with a thunderous crash.

The people of the port watched this scene in a daze.

To this moment, they had not yet reacted.

Not until the groans from around the explosion began to sound.

Not until more of the port's Defense Army appeared.

Only then did the people of the port begin to scream in terror.

"Take cover!"

"Everyone to the shelters!"

"Everyone to the shelters!"

Bofute shouted loudly.

This Security Chief of Hans Port rode his horse down the streets of the port, calling out loudly.

"All of you!"

"To the shelters!"

Behind him, the Guard Army dispersed into small groups to begin evacuating the civilians of the port.

Fear was evident even on the faces of these guards.

They had never encountered an enemy capable of flight.

They had seen flying creatures.

Griffins!

Those were the trump cards of their lord, their commander.

Everyone knew.

But even the griffins summoned by their lord, their commander Gerard, were not hundreds of meters long, let alone having a creature above a thousand meters in size.

Fear, uncontrollably, arose.

But,

they still followed their orders.

Because they believed in their lord.

They believed in their commander.

They believed Gerard would surely be able to deal with the gigantic monsters in the sky.

It wasn't just the Guard Army of the port that believed.

The Defense Army.

The Guard Army.

The civilians of the port also had faith.

This kept them from panic, though they were frightened.

This allowed them to enter ‘the shelter’—111 Duron Street—in an orderly fashion.

Reed, with a longsword in hand, had already taken position on the rooftop of 111 Duron Street, and this personal attendant looked up at the enemies above, raised his musket, and fired.

Bang!

The finely-made flintlock musket fired a bullet that traveled over a hundred meters.

But,

the airship was at a height of three hundred meters.

The biggest one was even higher.

Muskets...

Useless!



A look of despair crossed the attendant's face.

The flintlock musket he possessed was already one of the finest in the port.

If his could not reach,

“

The rest surely can't be hit either.

Cannons?

The distance is theoretically high.

But how can the cannon's mouth be adjusted?

Could someone actually carry such a cannon?

Huh!

There really is someone!

Lord Gerard often charges with a cannon in tow.

But Lord Gerard is still in a coma.

The current Lord Gerard is Lord Jason.

It's over.

Everything is over.

The personal manservant thought in despair.

Jason and Dennise appeared beside the personal manservant.

Dennise's eyes widened as she gazed at the monster in the sky.

She had never seen a 'fish' that could fly.

There was no shock in her eyes, more of novelty.

In Jason's eyes, though, there was an unmistakable surprise.

Airships!

He had never thought that such things as airships would appear in this alternative world.

Then, Jason narrowed his eyes, beginning to contemplate how to deal with the airships before him.

Jason was very clear, regardless of how 'Aymodun the Third' had managed to create such things, if he didn't deal with these airships, what awaited him was the destruction of the entire Hans Port.

But at this distance...

Jason frowned.

If the UZ and Mark M1 hadn't dropped in power, this distance could be worth a shot.

But the UZ and Mark M1, with their power reduced by 60%, were helpless against such a distance.

The long-range attack of the [Charles Burning Technique]?

The fireball attack from [Flame Transformation] indeed is a long-range attack, but the shooting speed and distance are related to one's own strength.

Jason possessed strength twice that of a regular person.

But he did not believe that the strength of a regular person doubled could shoot a fireball to a height of 500 meters.

What to do?

Jason's brain was rapidly spinning.

And at this moment—

“Hahaha!”

A hearty laugh came from the largest airship in the sky.

It was 'Aymodun the Third'.

At this moment, he stood in a room under the airship, in front of a loudspeaker.

His eyes overlooked the entire Hans Port.

In his gaze was an indescribable pride.

He had waited for this moment for too long.

So long that he had almost 'forgotten himself'.

And now?

No need anymore.

Leaning forward slightly, 'Aymodun the Third's face almost pressed against the loudspeaker as he took a breath and bellowed with the loudest voice—

"Gerard!"

"'Golden Griffon,' Gerard!"

"I'm back!"

"I, Dilcos, am back!"

"I've come back with my flute from hell!"

"You didn't expect that, did you?"

"This poor guy, whom you and 'Aymodun the Third' fooled completely, was able to climb back from hell."

"Moreover, I've brought 'harvest' beyond your wildest imagination!"

“Right here!”

“I’m going to show you my success!”

No more concealment.

There was no need to hide anymore.

The ‘Pied Piper’ revealed his identity.

The emerald flute appeared in his hands, the face that belonged to ‘Aymodun’ the Third was fleeting, leaving only a narrow face, snake-like in feature.

The people around were oblivious to this scene.

Or more accurately, they had long been controlled.

The ‘Pied Piper’ was adept at control.

Controlling these people was scarcely more difficult than beguiling ‘Aymodun the Third’.

Dilcos's mouth split into a grin, his slender tongue flicking out.

His snake-like eyes searched for his target.

Soon,

He found it!

He saw Gerard standing on the rooftop.

Then, dense malice surfaced on his face.

"Gerard, summon your Griffin."

"Come before me."

"I give you a chance for a 'fair fight'!"



The master from the once 'Snake Pit', also the only master in nearly a hundred years, his voice spread throughout the whole of Hans Port.

All eyes at the harbor turned towards Jason.

Not one or two.

All of them!

Jason, acting in Gerard's stead, looked up at the airship with a slight frown.

I,

What should I do?