

Menu 206

Chapter 206: Attraction

While Jason was deep in thought, the quick-witted little Reed grabbed Jason's arm.

"My lord!"

"Be calm!"

"His so-called 'fair fight' must be a trap!"

"'The Piper' Dilcos has never had any credibility!"

The personal servant spoke loudly.

These words were directed at Jason.

And to those around him.

This was the only solution little Reed could come up with in such a short time.

It was not that Lord Gerard did not summon the Griffin for a fight but that the enemy had set a trap, waiting for Lord Gerard to summon the Griffin to deal him a greater blow.

Gerard was brave, not foolish.

Therefore, at this moment, he could not summon the Griffin.

The people around, hearing the words of the personal servant, quickly came to their senses.

“Lord Gerard, don’t fall for it.”

“Yes, Lord Gerard.”

“We will fight in other ways.”

Generals of the Defense Army, the Guard Army, and the Guard Army spoke one after another.

Standing on the rooftop of 111 Duron Street, Jason’s gaze swept over the faces below, each of which bore expressions of tension and fear, but also of trust.

Jason had never been looked at with such trusting eyes by so many people.

This feeling was utterly foreign to him.

But,

oddly, it was stirring.

It was a sense of honor raised by trust.

It was a sense of duty born from recognition.

Although these people's trust and recognition were for Gerard.

But,

now I,

am Gerard!

Then I, should not let such trust collapse, should not let such recognition turn into doubt!

What's more,

I seem to really have a method!

Although it should not be used repeatedly.

But at a time like this...

how could I not use it?

The corners of Jason's mouth turned up.

He gently shook his arm, breaking away from little Reed's hold.

Then, raising his head, he said loudly:

"Fair fight?"

“We don’t need it.”

“The fact you’ve created this opportunity is your advantage.”

“Naturally, you can use such an advantage to attack me.”

“All your attacks, I shall take.”

As he spoke, Jason turned to look at little Reed.

“Activate the defenses of 111 Duron Street.”

“Let everyone in.”

“Then...”

“Plug your ears and close your eyes.”

Having said that, Jason leaped down.

Little Reed wanted to stop Jason again, but Jason's speed was extremely fast. Upon landing, he immediately walked toward the exterior of 111 Duron Street.

All the people on the road automatically stepped aside, bowing respectfully to Jason.

Towards their Lord.

Towards their Commander.

Bowing, saluting.

They did not know what method their Lord and Commander had.

But once again, they saw that heart-subduing fearlessness and courage.

"Everyone!"

"Enter the 111 Duron Street 'shelter'!"

“Quick!”

“Do not linger!”

“Do not become a burden to Lord Gerard!”

Little Reed shouted loudly.

His voice was tinged with a hint of a sob.

Because, in the eyes of the personal servant, Jason was fighting for time for everyone to escape with his life.

Bofute heard the unusual tone in the personal servant’s voice.

The Chief of Public Security did not ask further questions.

Instead, he ordered his subordinates to evacuate the crowd even more quickly.

“Faster pace!”

“Faster pace!”

“Quick! Quick!”

“A little faster!”

Bofute hollered, his gaze fixed on the figure that had reached the edge of 111 Duron Street.

That towering figure.

So very familiar.

Just like the first time they met outside the harbor.

Snap!

Bofute dismounted his war horse.

Taking off his hat and placing it over his heart, he bowed deeply to that figure.

Wishing you a safe return!

After praying silently in his heart, the Chief of Public Security remounted his horse and rode out of 111 Duron Street to make a final check of the evacuation.

Meanwhile, at 111 Duron Street, a large underground passage leading downward behind the main building opened up.

The people started entering in an orderly fashion.

111 Duron Street.

Is never just as it appears on the surface.

More civilians began flooding into 111 Duron Street.

High in the sky.

The “Piper” saw clearly what was happening.

A malicious gleam grew ever more intense on the face of this Master of the Snake Sect.

He split his mouth in a grin, his long tongue unable to resist licking his lips.

“Let’s liven things up for them.”

The “Piper” said.

Suddenly—

Squeak!

Squeak!

With a piercing sound, more barrels were thrown down.

These barrels targeted the crowd that was gathering on Duron Street.

The “Piper” waited to see the flash of fire he was expecting.

Bang, bang!

The gunfire!

Bullets fired from UZs and Mark M1s pierced through those ‘barrel bombs’ falling from the sky.

They hadn’t truly hit the ground.

At a hundred meters above the surface, these ‘barrel bombs’ were detonated.

Boom, boom, boom!

One ‘barrel bomb’ exploded.

The remaining ‘barrel bombs’ exploded one after another.

Because of their dense arrangement, the ‘barrel bombs’ thrown were too concentrated.

“Gerard!”

Not seeing the inferno he had anticipated,

The “Piper” angrily shouted aloud.

But then, he sneered again.

“Did you think I would only prepare one kind of weapon?”

With those words, gunports on the underside of the airship opened.

Cannons were pushed out from within.

After adjusting the barrels slightly, they aimed at Jason.

Compared to the civilians, the “Piper” was more eager to see Gerard blown to smithereens.

“Fire the cannons!”

‘The Piper’ gave the order.

Bang bang bang!

Rows of gun muzzles flashed with fire.

6-pound solid cannonballs, raining down from the sky.

Jason looked up, his expression indifferent as he watched the cannonballs fall.

Then—

Boom boom boom!

Roaring, exploding, shock waves.

Dust filled the air.

Wood chips flew everywhere.

Blocking everyone's view.

Peters, Hume, Leon, and Allen, Newt, Tigor all witnessed this scene.

The little kitten who knew Jason was temporarily taking Gerard's place had eyes that suddenly turned red.

"Facing such a monster, he still holds on?"

"What a fool!"

"You're just Jason, not the real Gerard!"

The little kitten muttered softly while sniffing.

Peters, the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman, pressed down on his hat with one hand, the other patting his junior brother's shoulder, softly saying, "Lord Jason is not Gerard, he is just Lord Jason."

The surrounding Leon, Allen, Newt, and Tigor who didn't know the inside story all looked shocked.

"Peters, are you saying?"

The hefty Tigor asked with a deep voice.

"Hmm."

"Jason is my employer."

"Gerard is Jason's cousin."

"There was a little accident with Gerard, so, the current Gerard is being replaced by Jason."

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman nodded in confirmation.

"Then he still..."

Leon started to speak but couldn't continue as soon as he opened his mouth.

In the sky, even more unrestrained, manic laughter erupted.

“Fire!”

“Fire!”

“I want to obliterate him!”

Boom boom boom!

More cannonballs plunged down from the sky.

Crashing into the spot where Jason had previously stood.

The earth trembled repeatedly, and the few surviving members of the already saddened faction all changed their expressions.

The scene before them reminded them of their ‘home’ that had vanished amid cannon roars.

“Hehe.”

“I’m not helping Gerard, nor am I helping Jason.”

“It’s just that this bastard in front of me, makes me feel uncomfortable.”

“I want to pull off a big one.”

“Does anyone want to join me?”

Newt, with his long hair cascading down his shoulders, asked with a cold laugh.

“Me!”

“Me!”

“And me!”

Hume, Leon, Allen, Tigor all spoke up.

“Allen and Tigor are too heavy, I can’t carry them.”

“Hume, Leon, who’s coming?”

Newt asked.

“I...”

Snap!

The kitten instinctively opened his mouth, but before he could say ‘I’ll come,’ Leon knocked him out with a chop of the hand.

Leon held the kitten and whispered softly,

“I am the senior brother after all.”

“Naturally, it should be me.”

As he spoke, Leon handed the kitten over to Peters. They exchanged a glance, and as Peters was about to speak, Leon turned and walked towards Newt.

Leon waved his hand without looking back.

Some things,

It must be him.

Peters is the last hope of 'Cat Hole.'

He is not.

So he went.

Screech!

The cry of an eagle.

Newt, with his long hair cascading down, began to sprint.

Then,

He shot up into the sky!

Amid the rolling air currents, the dust on the ground was swept up.

The grey dust should have dispersed into nothingness.

Under the force of the air currents, however, it formed an... eagle!

An enormous grey eagle, about to soar into the heavens, reaching for the ninth heaven.

Just as the eagle soared high, a figure agilely leaped onto its back.

The grey eagle, with this figure on its back, soared into the sky, heading straight for the airship.

“Eagle Cliff?”

“Cat Hole?”

“You remnants are also here?”

“Good, I’ll clear you all out at once.”

‘The Piper’ sneered coldly.

More gun ports appeared on the airship, and a number of flintlock rifles began to target the grey eagle.

Bang bang bang!

Dense bullets rained down!

The grey eagle tumbled, dodging the bullets and closing in on the airship.

Fast and incredibly agile.

It not only dodged shots time after time but also closed the distance again and again.

To Newt, who came from 'Eagle Cliff,' the height of 500 meters, which was unachievable for ordinary people, was reached within a dozen breaths.

After dodging another volley, Leon, the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman, shot out from the eagle and went straight for the nearest airship.

And just as Leon set foot on the airship,

Electricity flickered!

A huge electric shock made Leon lose consciousness in an instant, sliding off the airship.

"Leon!"

Newt shouted, catching the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman but was affected by the residual electricity, unable to fly properly, and glided off into the distance.

"Hahahahaha!"

'The Piper' laughed again with self-satisfaction.

How could he not be pleased?

All of this was according to his plan.

If someone stepped onto it,

Naturally, it would be great.

And the hearts of the people on the ground sank ceaselessly.

When that grey eagle shot to the sky, there was hope in their hearts.

But with that burst of electricity, it was all shattered.

“Gerard, are you watching?”

“This is the knowledge I learned in ‘Hell!’”

“This knowledge was my only motivation to survive in ‘Hell!’”

“I want you to feel my pain!”

“No!”

“Multiplied! Tenfold! A hundredfold the pain!”

‘The Piper’ laughed and laughed until he became hysterical.

He looked at the main building on the rooftop of Duron Street number 111.

After Jason and Reed left, Dennise became extremely conspicuous.

‘The Piper’ spotted Dennise at a glance.

“She’s someone important to you, isn’t she?”

“Then,”

“I will make her shatter to pieces!”