

Menu 208

Chapter 208: Unrivaled Glutton

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The explosion occurred high in the sky.

A huge airship was shrouded by no less than ten layers of high-intensity forcefield protection.

But it was useless!

In the face of the meteorite falling from the sky, these high-intensity forcefield shields were as if made of paper, effortlessly pierced through.

When the meteorite struck the airship's gasbag, torrents of high-voltage electricity began to surge.

But still, it was in vain!

The meteorite, unimpeded by the high-voltage current, pierced through the entire gasbag.

The scorching air shimmered with sparks.

The inflammable gas within the gasbag was instantly ignited—
Boom!

The massive airship turned into a huge fireball.

The powerful shockwave engulfed the remaining airships.

Ripples cascaded across the layered forcefield shields.

The airships, spinning as they fell, began to plummet.

Thud, thud thud.

With ground-shaking booms, these airships crashed into the port.

Many buildings were damaged.

Fortunately, civilians had already been evacuated.

However, that wasn't the most important thing.

The most important thing was that the meteorite, having penetrated the huge airship, was now dragging the wreckage towards the port as it fell.

"Quick!"

"Get into the 'refuge' fast!"

Little Reed shouted to the remaining people.

Shocked by the scene before them, the people quickly snapped out of it and began to swarm inside.

Dennise had been taken into the refuge by a plump aunt, her arm firmly grasped.

Little Reed and Bofute were the last to enter the refuge.

Their gazes followed the falling meteorite.

They watched the firelight that was even more dazzling than the sun.

They watched the smoke-billowing port, already a scene of utter devastation.

They watched...

That area enveloped in smoke.

"Sir,"

Little Reed's voice couldn't help trembling.

Jason had chosen the most glorious death.

But that didn't mean he should be left without a trace.

Perhaps after the bombardment, some remains could be found for burial.

And now?

Under the meteorite's assault...

Everything would turn to ashes.

Bofute, the Chief of Security at Hans Port.

His eyes stared steadfastly at it all.

The middle-aged man's eyes were already red.

But he held back his emotions.

He said word by word,

"Watch all this."

"Remember all this."

Little Reed nodded silently.

In the end, the walls of the refuge slowly closed.

Seven super massive shields from the Blud Defense Technique instantly took shape.

And just as these seven super massive shields formed, they merged into one, creating an immense defense formation.

This was a super defense crafted from a century's savings by the Hans Family.

Its purpose was to guard against apocalyptic catastrophes.

And now?

It had served its purpose.

...

Baptized by cannon fire, Jason felt invigorated.

The pain from the shock, the crushing, the smashing, made his hair stand on end.

So much so that when he came back to life again, he had to take a couple more breaths.

And then—

The wind blew, slightly chilly.

Unscathed by the bombardment, Jason was intact.

But his clothes were completely gone.

Along with all his firearms.

However, the specially made short broadsword knife remained unharmed.

Clutching his knife, Jason prepared to search for some clothes under the cover of the smoke.

But before he could take any action,

a strange sensation came from above.

Jason looked up.

Instantly, his pupils shrank.

A meteorite!

The meteorite, which had destroyed the massive airship, was bringing the wreckage down towards him.

Instinctively, Jason made to dodge.

But!

A glint of emerald green on the meteorite caught Jason's eye.

With nearly four times the perception of an ordinary person, Jason immediately recognized it as the 'Flute of Cerelex,' the flute held by 'The Piper.'

Except now, the flute was broken.

Only a piece of it remained, embedded in the surface of the meteorite.

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The rest had already vanished without a trace.

Without a doubt, the previous meteor impact had caused severe damage to this flute.

And if it were to wait until the meteor hits the ground...

The flute would cease to exist.

Jason's mind quickly reacted, his eyes instantly resolute.

Food!

Can't waste it!

He used all his strength to throw the broad-bladed, short-handled machete in his hand in one direction.

Being able to withstand bombardment didn't mean it could withstand a meteor strike.

Not all objects were like him.

I, Jason, shall not die!

With firm belief, Jason began to adjust his breathing, moving his feet.

What would normally be an exceedingly simple action had now become incredibly difficult.

Wind pressure!

The scorching wind pressure that came with the falling meteor!

It made Jason's lungs feel as if they were on fire when he breathed.

It made all the bones in Jason's body crackle as he moved.

With every step, Jason's muscles would tear and the fresh blood that emerged would quickly evaporate.

Jason's entire body had already turned a bright red.

Giving off a scent akin to barbecued meat.

But Jason had not died.

Deadly injuries were continuously repaired by his fullness.

The optimal position Jason was searching for also gradually grew nearer.

When he stood in that position, the meteor was just a few dozen meters from the ground.

The patch of emerald green was also getting closer and closer.

The rich aroma stirred the high-temperature roasted and dazed Jason to lift his head.

His eyes, like overcooked sunny-side-up eggs, were murky and unclear.

Whoo, whoo!

The forlorn horn sounded once more in Jason's ears as he was about to be completely roasted.

On the vast and boundless land, monsters roamed.

With every stride, the earth trembled.

With every spread of their wings, the sky was obscured.

With every roll, they stirred up towering waves.

Each one of them was countless times more terrifying than the meteor before his eyes.

But,

Chased by that group of people clad in beast skins, shouting and cheering, they still fled in embarrassment.

Because that group of people charged forward.

Because that group of people knew no fear.

Because that group of people never compromised.

For survival!

They had to do this.

For living on,

They had to...

Eat!

Only by consuming food could they continue to live!

If the food was ferocious, defeat it.

If the food was massive, share it.

If the food was tough, roast it.

Thump, thump thump!

Jason's heartbeat intensified over and over again.

Just like the war drums on that ancient battlefield.

The determined voice rose again—

Charge!

Charge!

Charge!

And then, that voice turned back into the original desire—

Eat!

Eat!

Eat!

Jason's murky eyes once again shone with spirit.

His bent body straightened up again.

He raised his head, lifting his arms.

Then—

He bent his legs.

And leapt.

Jason, who had been pushed down by the wind, unable to move, genuinely jumped up at this moment.

And it was not just any jump.

He jumped higher than his own limits should have allowed.

The meteor plummeted down.

Jason jumped up.

What plummeted was immense beyond measure.

What jumped was insignificant.

In such an extreme contrast, the two collided in an instant.

Boom!

In that moment, Jason was about to be shattered to pieces.

But,

He opened his mouth and bit into that emerald green.