

Menu 209

Chapter 209: Swallowing Stars?

The sweetness spread on the tip of his tongue.

Jason instinctively sucked.

A familiar taste of refreshment and sweetness instantly filled his mouth.

The nearly depleted satiety rapidly increased.

Wounds on his body were healing at a speed visible to the naked eye.

At the same time, the enormous meteorite seemed to have shrunk a size.

In a breath, Jason awoke.

With the segment of the green flute in his mouth, Jason pulled instinctively.

Immediately, the 'Flute of Celereks' was pulled out.

Cracks started to spread from the point of extraction.

Crack, crack-crack!

In the clear sounds of something brittle breaking, the noticeably shrunken meteorite crumbled apart.

Jason, with the 'Flute of Celereks' in his mouth, was taken aback.

He had already braced himself to endure the crushing weight of the meteorite, ready to be shattered to pieces once again.

But,

how did the meteorite shatter?

Jason was puzzled.

But he was soon distracted by the allure of the delightful food.

It tasted so good!

And unlike before, now he could actually chew the 'Flute of Celereks'.

It was crisp and refreshing, somewhat like salted pineapple.

But it also had a hint of mint.

Crunch, crunch.

Jason chewed contentedly, eyes closed, savoring the experience.

Engrossed in the joy of good food, he didn't see the people climbing out of the smaller airships, staring at him in shock.

These people were from the New Federation.

They were not unfamiliar with Gerard.

In fact, most of them had once fought under Gerard's command.

Just a moment ago, having been released from the control of the 'Pied Piper,' they had all come to their senses.

Although they couldn't change the inevitable crash of their airships, they all survived thanks to the safety equipment on board.

But as they climbed out of their airships, the meteorite—slightly obstructed by the 'Pied Piper's' massive vehicle—smashed down upon them.

To escape one disaster only to face obliteration was a truly desperate situation.

You can imagine their despair.

But then, at that very moment!

They saw Jason.

They saw the man who stood up to the meteorite, who didn't flinch, who leaped up to 'collide' with it.

From their perspective, Jason appeared to tackle the meteorite head-on.

They respected him for that moment.

'Golden Griffon' Gerard!

Especially those who had been warriors under Gerard's leadership, they recalled how fearlessly he charged at the powerful Old Federation.

But this was different!

This time it was a meteorite!

But...

To die alongside such a figure was certainly better than dying a senseless death under control.

These former warriors prepared themselves for death.

The rest exchanged looks and, resigned to their fate, made their choice.

They didn't want to die.

But who could reverse all this?

They watched the man who charged towards the meteorite without any hope.

And then?

The meteorite shattered.

In a series of crisp sounds, the massive meteorite broke apart as if it were a watermelon plummeting from the sky.

The fragmented meteorite still caused damage to the harbor.

But it wasn't catastrophic.

In fact, from a certain point of view, it was far less severe than what the smaller falling airships had inflicted.

The people watched the man in disbelief.

The shock in their eyes almost solidified into substance.

The horror within them made it feel like their breathing was about to stop.

After a while, Karl, who had once served under Gerard, sprang into action.

This former warrior dashed towards his commander.

Standing three meters in front of Jason, he gave a military salute:

“‘Death Squad’ Captain Karl, reporting to the commander!”

A military salute.

A call for the commander.

Suddenly, it awakened the others.

They automatically formed a line and ran toward Jason in unison.

“Lieutenant Wakat of the ‘Dare to Die Squad’ reports to the commander!”

“Lieutenant Jals of the ‘Dare to Die Squad’ reports to the commander!”

“Second Lieutenant Orleans of the ‘Dare to Die Squad’ reports to the commander!”

...

A series of reports sounded throughout the ruins of the city.

Those warriors who were not under Gerard’s command were slightly startled at first, but then they immediately joined in.

“Lieutenant Colonel Priffin of ‘The First Cavalry’ reports to the General!”

“Major Emod of ‘The Third Infantry’ reports to the General!”

“Colonel Hill of ‘The New Federation Research Institute’ reports to the General!”

...

These people chose to refer to Gerard by the military rank he had held in the New Federation.

The kittens watched all of this with their eyes wide and mouths agape.

On a mission to rescue Leon, the kitten, Allen, and Tegor charged directly toward the place where Newt had fallen.

Fortunately, Leon was gravely injured, but it was not fatal.

Newt, meanwhile, had fainted from exhaustion.

Then, as they were carrying the two of them, the comet fell.

Because of the spot where Newt had landed, they were at a great distance, watching the spectacle of the comet's fall.

They also saw the way Jason leaped up.

They saw even more clearly how Jason smashed the comet with his head.

They even saw the look of enjoyment on Jason's face after he shattered the comet.

"Madman!"

"Terrifying madman!"

The portly Tigor couldn't help but mutter to himself.

The tall and slender Allen remained silent.

As one of the heirs to Wolf Fortress, he was famous for his madness.

But compared to the man who had head-butted a comet, he was far from par.

"Jason, eh?"

“What a spine-chilling name.”

The heir to Wolf Fortress said softly.

The most astonished of all was the kitten.

He had never understood why Peters was so willing to be Jason’s chauffeur.

But having seen that scene just now, the kitten seemed to understand.

Then,

The kitten realized Peters had disappeared.

Peters, who had just been by his side, had vanished without a trace.

“Where’s Peters?”

The kitten asked.

“Over there.”

The heir to Wolf Fortress pointed into the distance.

Over there, the Swordsman from Cat Hole was holding a cloak, which he draped over Jason.

Just in time, Jason came to.

If Peters had not brought the cloak, Jason had no idea how he would have faced the gaze of several hundred onlookers.

“Thank you.”

Jason thanked the Swordsman from Cat Hole.

“It is my honor to serve you.”

Peters responded.

It was not flattery.

It came from the heart.

When he had witnessed Jason confronting the comet, the Swordsman from Cat Hole felt a shock beyond words.

Just as he had watched Jason's back as he charged forward time and again, watched him face death head-on.

Every time was shocking.

When such shock accumulated,

Adoration emerged uncontrollably.

The Swordsman from Cat Hole believed Jason possessed all the qualities he lacked, qualities worth learning from.

Thus, the next moment, the Swordsman from Cat Hole took a step back, bowed slightly in a sign of respect, and then silently stood behind Jason.

Jason paid no mind to Peters.

He also ignored these soldiers from the New Federation who had returned to their senses.

He had only one question.

How did the comet shatter?