

Menu 353

Chapter 353: I digest... No, I contain! (2)

"No!"

"I have no memory of such a program!"

Jason wasn't surprised by this answer.

That bizarre television program obviously exceeded the bounds of normality.

His inquiry was merely out of caution, a routine question.

What if the person before him did know something?

"Where does the TV program's broadcast signal come from?"

Jason asked.

"It's from Ang City Television Station, have you seen that signal tower?"

"It's broadcast from here, then transmitted through other signal towers before entering everyone's TVs."

Bob pointed in the direction of Ang City Television Station.

Even in the alleyway, the TV tower was conspicuous, and Jason could see it at a glance.

"Can you get inside there?"

Jason continued to ask.

"Yes."

"I am a maintenance worker."

"Maintaining the signal tower is part of my job."

Bob spoke honestly.

"Can you take me inside?"

Jason asked again.

"Yes."

"You just need to pretend to be delivering repair parts and follow behind me to get in."

Almost the instant Jason asked, Bob had thought of a plan, articulating it with clarity.

Moreover, Bob didn't ask why Jason wanted to enter the TV station.

He just knew to cooperate.

He wanted to survive.

As for more?

He couldn't concern himself with that much.

Such words from Jason relieved Bob.

He stood up, supporting himself with his hands, and conscientiously turned his head to look, then nearly knelt down again.

What did he see?

He saw a mouth.

A huge mouth that, when opened, revealed sharp teeth gleaming coldly in the sunlight. The five hamburgers thrown into it didn't seem crowded at all, merely chewed a few times before being swallowed.

Monster, monster!

Bob trembled all over, his eyes filled with fear.

Jason, on the other hand, wiped his mouth.

"Indeed, food is better hot," he said.

Jason said this as he tossed the wrapper in his hand into a nearby trash can.

This action made Bob, who was in the throes of fear, pause.

Monsters know not to litter?

He thought subconsciously.

But when Jason's gaze swept over, Bob immediately stopped his wild thoughts, standing there quietly, more submissive than before.

Strong people are terrifying.

Strong monsters, even more so.

Bob knew what he had to do.

"Lead the way."

Jason said.

Bob immediately sprang into action.

Just as Bob had said, with his guidance and the excuse of 'delivering parts,' Jason made his way unimpeded into the TV station.

It was Jason's first time inside a TV station.

From the outside, it looked high-end and classy.

But upon entering the lobby, it was a hive of activity. He watched the people coming and going, bustling about, and was somewhat surprised.

In his mind, TV station work should be laid-back.

After all, the hosts always sat there speaking calmly and collectedly.

"Ants have their hierarchies."

"What more of people?"

"No hierarchy?"

"That's just well-concealed."

Bob said in a low voice.

Then, as the repairman was about to lead the way forward, the image on the giant screen in the hall twisted, and a cartoon clown appeared on it.

"Hehehe, we meet again!"

The cartoon clown said.

The bustling people around, one by one, thumped to the ground.

Bob by Jason's side was no exception.

In fact, he was the first to faint.

In the span of a breath, once more only Jason was left standing.

The clown's program continued.

This time, the small town turned into a city. Although it was animated, seeing the distinctive signal tower, Jason immediately confirmed that the animation depicted Ang City Television Station.

"Look, what have we found?"

"A TV station!"

"It's too cold!"

"It needs passion!"

"The passion of a blazing fire!"

The cartoon clown performed a comical act on the screen. He first brought out a lit mosquito coil.

"Come, come, come."

"Let's ignite it!"

"Let's give it passion!"

Saying this, the clown placed the mosquito coil upon the building.

But the flame of the mosquito coil was utterly incapable of harming the building; instead, the lit end of the coil was knocked off.

This scene caused an uproar of laughter.

The laughter also came from within the program.

Accompanying the clown's frustrated expression, it really made people unable to stop laughing.

But Jason didn't laugh.

In fact, he didn't show any hint of amusement.

He coldly watched the clown's performance.

And the clown's frustration vanished from its face.

Only a bizarre indifference remained.

"Isn't it funny?"

It asked Jason.

Then, without waiting for Jason's response, the clown began to shout loudly.

"Isn't it funny?"

"Why aren't you laughing?"

"Laugh! Laugh!"

"Laugh quickly!"

The clown yelled, and all at once, it began to laugh again.

Laughing so hard it fell backwards and forwards, rolling on the ground.

And just as the laughter had appeared suddenly, it disappeared just as abruptly. The rolling cartoon clown stood up, a torch and gasoline appearing in its hands.

"Passion!"

"Laughter!"

"Celebration!"

The clown shouted and poured gasoline over the Ang City Television Station building in the animation, then tossed the torch onto it.

Whoosh!

The flames leapt up instantly.

As the blaze soared and the heat spread, screams and wails rang out nonstop from inside Ang City Television Station in the animation.