

Menu 330

Chapter 330: Slaying the King

The moment Edward awoke, he felt an unbearable pain in his neck.

As his consciousness gradually cleared, Edward began to recall everything that had just happened.

"The imperial envoy" had arrived at the police station.

Then, under the pretense of assisting with the investigation, he had been taken to the military barracks.

Edward was not surprised.

There had been rumors before that "the imperial envoy" was dissatisfied with how Edward had handled things.

So, the so-called assistance in the investigation was naturally a sham.

The real intention was to make him take the blame!

Edward was well aware of this.

And he had prepared for it.

In the worst-case scenario, he would simply take off his uniform and go home to take over his father's factory.

However, contrary to Edward's expectations, as soon as he got into "the imperial envoy's" car, he was tasered into unconsciousness.

The sensation of being hit in the neck with a military stun gun was certainly not something most people would willingly experience.

It was not only painful but could easily be lethal if mishandled.

Even someone highly familiar with it would have difficulty controlling it.

This also signaled "the imperial envoy's" true attitude!

He had no regard for Edward's life or death!

He harbored killing intent!

Almost instantaneously, Edward, whose consciousness had returned, understood all of this.

Then, he began to move his hands and feet slightly.

He wanted to test whether he was bound.

Unexpectedly, Edward discovered that his limbs were not bound, and there were no ropes on his body at all.

"Awake, are you?"

A familiar voice spoke.

That "imperial envoy"!

Realizing he was caught, Edward stopped pretending, opened his eyes, and, moving his sore neck, he rapidly adjusted his state of being. However, the scene before him was somewhat unexpected.

This was a tent.

To be precise, an army tent.

Coming from a military background, Edward was all too familiar with this setting.

However, compared to the army tents Edward was accustomed to, this one was much more luxurious.

Not only was the floor covered with thick carpets, but there was also solid wood-carved furniture around, and on a round table, there were fruits rarely seen in winter and something covered with black silk cloth, whose contents were unknown.

And there sat "the imperial envoy" by the round table, right across from him.

In his hand was a cup of coffee, which he stirred slowly with a spoon. As the aromatic steam rose, it enshrouded his face.

It was unclear, yet seemed to carry a twisted semblance.

Sigh!

"The imperial envoy" blew on his coffee, and the rising steam scattered instantly, revealing the individual in a red suit, golden hair flowing down his face and over his shoulders. His narrow blue eyes looked at Edward with a hint of a smile. A white coat hung nearby, and a rapier with a handguard stood sheathed beneath the coat rack.

"You have quite impressive physical qualities,"

"With proper training, you could perhaps become one of the official members of the 'Ghost Squad.'"

"I'm somewhat regretting choosing you now," the other said with a teasing tone.

Choosing me?

What does that mean?

Edward frowned.

The "imperial envoy" continued to maintain his smile as he began to explain to Edward.

"What do you think made you the leader of the Newdeth City special action team?"

"Why you and not someone else?"

"Just because Mika was your former instructor?"

"Isn't it?"

Edward asked back, his neck stiff.

This movement caused the spot on his neck that had been struck to hurt even more, but Edward endured the pain and kept silent.

"Of course not,"

"I did need someone connected to Mika, that's true,"

"But I also needed someone who exhibited integrity and fairness in their actions."

The smile at the corner of the other's mouth suddenly brightened.

Unlike before.

This time, the smile came from deep within.

And because of that, Edward's hair stood on end.

Malice!

Unconcealed malice!

Just like a venomous snake emerging from a thicket, not only hideously menacing but also extremely lethal.

Seeing Edward's rigid expression, the "imperial envoy" laughed even more radiantly.

He continued to speak:

"People are always like this,"

"They worship the noble yet relish seeing the noble fall to their level or lower,"

"It's human nature,"

"And I am simply indulging their nature, letting them see what they wish to see—a fair and just person who becomes corrupted, blindly leading the heroic 'Ghost Squad' into committing countless crimes."

At this point, the "imperial envoy" took a sip of his coffee.

"Nonsense!"

"You're spouting complete and utter nonsense!"

"No one will believe it," Edward couldn't hold back anymore and shouted angrily.

"Shh!"

The imperial envoy, still holding his coffee with his left hand, used his right hand to scoop up the little spoon with his thumb and index finger and then raised his index finger to his lips in a silencing gesture.

"Judge not such matters yourself,"

"Leave that to others, to the simple-minded masses,"

"They will show you what 'justice' really is,"

With that, the imperial envoy set down his coffee cup, placing the spoon upside down in the saucer, the convex side facing up.

He slightly adjusted his red suit, calmly spoke again.

"I had some regrets about choosing you before,"

"Now?"

"No more regrets,"

"Because you're too foolish,"

"I've told you enough, yet you dwell on trivial matters. Aren't you curious why I had the power to make you the leader of the special action team?"