

## Menu 332

Chapter 332: Killing the King (3)

"No, no, no."

"This is just a roundabout rescue."

"I am just saving the world in my way, which you narrow-minded people will never understand, so... you might as well be the 'sacrifice's' 'sacrifice'."

The 'minister' smiled, his face betraying an air of 'the mistake isn't mine, but yours.'

"Do you think you will succeed?"

Edward asked sharply.

"Of course I will!"

"Or do you think it was my oversight that your subordinate left?"

"One person becoming the 'sacrifice's' 'sacrifice' naturally isn't enough, there should be others."

"For example: that Jason?"

No sooner had the 'minister' finished speaking than an angry Edward pounced again.

But the next moment, he was kicked away again.

Watching Edward roll into the corner of the tent once more, Motuo Wus didn't pay him any further attention.

Because, at that time, a clap of winter thunder exploded in the sky.

Boom!

The sudden winter thunder made Motuo Wus look up.

"Did you hear that?"

"Even the heavens are sounding a salute for me."

"I am destined to create a 'new world'."

"And you?"

"Are destined to be recorded in the history books, nailed to the pillar of historical shame."

Motuo Wus raised his arms high, shouting loudly, his eyes slightly squinting as if savoring the moment, his smile turning sickly.

After a good ten seconds, Motuo Wus finally lowered his arms.

He looked again at Edward who was struggling to rise from the corner of the tent, only to stagger and fall once more.

Ptui!

Edward, unable to speak, spat at Motuo Wus to show his anger.

But it was easily dodged by Motuo Wus.

And at that time, the Crystal Ball on the table lit up.

Inside the Crystal Ball appeared Chen Xi, the elder of the Prus Family, Tedi.

This middle-aged man was setting up an intricate secret technique with about 30 people.

Seeing this scene, Motuo Wus could not contain himself any longer, he burst out laughing.

Everything was going as he had anticipated.

Just as he was preparing to wait patiently, suddenly—

Bang, bang, bang!

Boom, boom, boom!

Loud gunshots and explosions sounded.

"What's happening?"

Motuo Wus frowned and asked.

"Reporting to the General, sir, we are under attack at the camp!"

"But, they have been repelled!"

"We've also captured a prisoner!"

The Messenger answered.

Then, a tightly bound Griffin was pushed in.

When Edward heard the sound of gunfire and explosions, his heart leapt into his throat, instinctively thinking of young Bansey.

With Bansey's impulsiveness, he could certainly commit such a reckless act.

Moreover, Bansey's usual collection gave him the courage to do so.

Therefore, when he saw Griffin, Edward was a bit surprised, but then moved and annoyed.

He was touched that Griffin would actually come to rescue him.

He was annoyed that Griffin would actually come to rescue him.

"What are you doing?"

Edward yelled at Griffin, but his eyes were red.

He knew what fate awaited a captured Griffin.

"I sprained my foot during the retreat."

Griffin showed an apologetic look, remaining unreliable as ever.

"You, you..."

"Consider it a debt I owe you."

Edward glared at Griffin, and finally, a multitude of thoughts condensed into a single apology.

He was truly sorry.

He didn't think he could ever repay Griffin for saving his life.

This filled Edward with even more regret.

Watching this scene, Motuo Wus couldn't help but burst into loud laughter again.

"Hahaha!"

"Foolish Edward."

"Foolishness is indeed contagious."

"You are a fool, and so are your friends!"

This laughter made Griffin raise an eyebrow.

"Yes, the friends of a fool are fools."

"What about the enemies of a fool, then?"

"Are they fools as well?"

"They must be!"

"Moreover, you new fool, you will surely be brought down to the same starting line by us, and then, beaten with our abundant experience!"

Griffin nodded repeatedly, speaking provocatively.

"Defeat me?"

Motuo Wus, with a cold expression, walked towards Griffin and kicked him to the ground.

Then, standing on Griffin's cheek, he asked, word by word.

"How can you defeat me now?"

"Let him go!"

Edward, seeing Griffin's cheek being stepped on, immediately rushed headlong at Motuo Wus.

Unfortunately, such an impact was futile.

Motuo Wus dodged the attack with a side-step and then kicked Edward down again.

Moreover, he did it with finesse.

He intentionally let Edward fall onto Griffin's body.

Then?

He stepped on both of them.

Edward, being stepped on the back, felt suffocated and his vision darkened.

The same pressure spread over Griffin's body.

But, Edward noticed that Griffin was actually smiling.

Yes.

Griffin was smiling.

That smile was relaxed.

Motuo Wus couldn't see such a smile.

He only saw two wretches crushed under his feet.

He only saw his victory.

He only envisioned his future.

Boom!

Another roll of winter thunder.

Amidst this thunder, the spirited Motuo Wus looked up and bellowed.

"I am King of the world!"

His shrill and excited voice echoed within the tent.

But the thunder continued, one roll after another.

Boom!

Boom!

This made Motuo Wus increasingly excited.

He reveled in the celebratory cannonade that the heavens seemed to offer him.

After an elegant turn, the excited Motuo Wus failed to notice a bulge forming at the back of the tent.

The next moment—

The bulge burst!

The towering figure, wielding a broad blade and short handle, had already surged into the tent.

The sharp blade plunged directly into Motuo Wus's back.

Thud!