

Menu 333

Chapter 333: One Sword, One Thought

The Sharpness of the blade pierced through Mobius's back heart, protruding from the chest.

The 'Imperial Envoy' was taken aback.

His neck stiffened as he lowered his head to look at the blood-stained blade in front of his chest.

The pain of the blade cutting through the heart swiftly stripped away the trance-like euphoria brought on by excitement.

"How dare you harm your sovereign!"

The heart-pierced Mobius exhibited no signs of weakened breath; on the contrary, he roared with a voice more forceful than before.

And, roaring, he turned around.

Yes!

He turned around!

He turned in a way that defied human anatomy!

Mobius, disregarding the slicing of the blade, in the next moment, became oriented with both face and buttocks facing the same direction.

"That's disgusting!"

"Is this about eating first, and then spraying?"

Griffin curled his lips, his face full of disgust.

Edward felt the same, but Edward was looking for a weapon.

He was ready to help.

However, before Edward could act, Jason, who was within arm's reach of Mobius, had already launched an attack.

Bang!

His foot kicked in Mobius's lower back, and he retreated with a leap.

Griffin grabbed Edward and retreated as well.

Because the sharp-eyed Griffin had seen that, as Mobius finished 'turning around', Jason had stuffed a grenade with its pin pulled into the enemy's gaping wound.

Boom!

An explosion occurred as the three of them left the tent.

Flames flickered.

Giblets from Mobius's body were splattering everywhere.

But these pieces of flesh did not lose their activity.

Instead, they kept clustering together.

Towards the direction of the head!

At that round table, the bloodied head of Mobius was floating above the Crystal Ball, a layer of invisible force spewing from the Crystal Ball, protecting the entire round table and Mobius's head.

The now head-only Mobius revealed a hideous smile, and, looking at Jason with a mask, he shouted with an inexplicable sense of pride:

"Do you think I am still mortal?"

"Having received 'that one's blessing', I have long become something beyond your comprehension."

"I am..."

"'Corrupted food'."

Jason coldly interrupted Mobius's words.

Smelling the familiar scent of decay emanating from the opponent's body, Jason's eyes grew colder.

To dare waste food!

Curse it!

Without any hesitation, Jason charged forward once again.

"I am the king of the world!"

Mobius roared.

Then, immediately, the 'Imperial Envoy' left with only a head, showed an expression of disdain toward the nearby Jason.

"Do you think you can break through this defense?"

"It was built by a secret technique granted by 'that one', a mere mortal should not even dream of breaking it!"

"Unless you come with a chariot!"

"And you don't have one!"

Upon saying this, Mobius let out another abnormal laugh.

Clearly, upon obtaining some powers, those powers had also eroded Mobius's brain.

They not only made him mad and twisted but also gave him an exhibitionism that ordinary people lacked.

Jason looked at the other party and raised the broad-bladed, short-handled machete in his hand high.

A chariot?

Of course, he didn't have one.

But he did have abilities of chariot-level!

Moreover, they were specially prepared for the scene before him!

"Come on!"

"Come and chop me!"

"Come and chop me!"

Mobius, seeing Jason raising the blade in his hand, couldn't help but raise his voice louder. He wanted to provoke Jason, he wanted Jason to chop down, and then, when Jason returned unsuccessfully, he would mock him severely.

Whoosh!

The blade cut through the air.

Mobius couldn't wait to speak.

"Hahaha, didn't I say, you chop..."

Yi!

A low chant in Dufol Language.

Crack!

The force field that seemed as solid as a rock shattered instantly.

The broad-bladed, short-handled machete in Jason's hand chopped down.

Splash!

Like a watermelon, Mobius's head split in two.

"How, how is that possible?"

The bisected Mobius was not dead yet, but his breath was getting weaker and weaker.

The two halves of the head, so close to each other, did not immediately regenerate.

Only a sense of sticking together was present.

The voice became more and more garbled.

"I cannot fail!"

"Once I complete the 'sacrifice', I will still be the sovereign of this world!"

Mobius murmured to himself.

Then, his eyes were fixed on the Crystal Ball.

Inside the Crystal Ball, the complex ritual was reaching its final moments.

Presided over by old Tedi, he dropped blood onto the ground.

And then...

Along with old Tedi, thirty members of the Prus Family from Chen Xi began to wither.

As if life and soul were being drained away.

Horror and fear solidified on old Tedi's face, and following that, thirty members of the Prus Family from Chen Xi turned into dry corpses.

"Hahaha!"

"I've succeeded!"

"I have succeeded!"

"'Masked Man', wait for death!"

Mobius looked at this scene and laughed loudly.

But his laughter was getting weaker and weaker.

And finally, it stopped abruptly.

Mobius had not died.

He still had a breath left in him.

But although he had completed the sacrifice, the power that should have appeared, did not. He should have obtained what he deserved, right?

Why didn't it come?

'That one' deceived him?

This thought appeared in his mind, but he cast it out of his mind in an instant.

Impossible!

How could such a towering presence possibly deceive him?

Special Strength, accompanied by vitality, began to drain from his body.

Without this force's erosion, Mobius finally calmed down.

He thought of a key figure!

His most loyal subordinate!

The one who knew most of his plans!

Leader of the Ghost Squad: Mika!

"Mika!"

"Mika, is that you?!"

Mobius shouted with the last of his strength.

This voice traveled far through the camp, which should have been vigilant and responsive, but was instead oddly quiet.

Then, a figure emerged from the shadows in the distance.

Before this figure appeared, neither Edward nor Griffin had noticed their approach.

Only Jason perceived something just before the figure emerged.

The figure was dressed in army-green trousers, a red shirt, and a leather mid-length trench coat, under a white wide-brimmed hat was straw-like yellow hair, unwashed, so much so that it really looked like wild grass, and a thick mustache shaped like the number eight, also stained with some dirt.

The very moment Edward saw him, his body tensed up, and he began breathing quickly and uncontrollably.

Mika!

His former instructor, Mika!

With the same face as in his memories!

But!

He had grown even more powerful!

He used to be able to look him in the eye!

But now, merely gazing at him caused his eyes to sting!

Trembling!

Slight trembling appeared on Edward.

Griffin, although not sure if the figure was Mika, felt an unprecedented sense of danger, causing this resident of Fishbone Street to shrug off his bindings instantly, a folding knife appearing in his hand, watching Mika, who advanced step by step, his own steps retreating as well.

Mika saw the two men but completely ignored them.

He strode forward.

As he brushed past Jason, he removed his hat with his right hand.

"Long time no see, Jason," he said.

Then, without waiting for Jason to answer, he turned toward Mobius on the Crystal Ball.

By this time, Mobius was already breathing faintly.

"It's me, sir," Mika replied.

And hearing this answer, Mobius breathed his last.

However, this 'imperial envoy' died with his eyes wide open.

Clearly, he died with a feeling of injustice!

He had never imagined that all his years of hard work had been for Mika's benefit.

Mika stepped forward and closed Mobius' eyes with his hand.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Your plan was too grand!"

"So grand that I couldn't help but take it for myself!"

Mika said with an apologetic face.

Then, he murmured in an even lower voice.

"King of the World, what a tempting title."

"Who doesn't want to become the King of the World?"

"You did, sir."

"And so do I."

The corners of Mika's mouth kept rising with his speech, but his eyes were still filled with sorrow, even tears, instantly creating a bizarre expression of a crying smile.

Mika turned his head and stared at Jason with that expression.

"Jason, come and be my right-hand man."

"I once invited you to join the Ghost Squad, and you declined."

"You said you preferred to go it alone."

"Now I invite you again!"

"As the 'King of the World,' I invi..."

Bang!

The muzzle flash from the shotgun flickered, and as the pellets flew, Mika's body was knocked away.

Mika got up immediately after hitting the ground.

He brushed the dirt off himself and picked up his fallen hat.

"Jason, is that your answer?"

"What a pity!"

"I truly thought you were a clever man who could see reality."

"Pity..."

"You're still a lone wolf!"

"A lone wolf abandoned by the pack!"

The figure stared at Jason with a sad and laughing expression, speaking in a tone full of regret.

And just as his words ended, the figure turned into a mass of black liquid.

The liquid almost instantly seeped into the ground.

Then, about three or four seconds later—

Rumble rumble!

The roar of an engine started up.

Not a car, but something much louder than a car—dozens of times louder.

A huge war machine, three meters high, came from the far side of the camp.

"A lone wolf abandoned by the pack, death is the best choice!"

"Now, let me show you real Strength!"

"And then..."

"Let me crush you!"

Mika's voice came from inside the war machine.

Different from before, his voice was now deeper and stronger, as if fused with the engine of the war machine.

Edward and Griffin began to tremble.

They watched the war machine approach from afar.

The closer it got, the more oppressive it felt!

Man cannot defeat a war machine!

This concept was deeply ingrained in their hearts.

Looking at Jason standing on the path of the advancing war machine, both shouted in unison:

"Get out of the way, Jason!"

"Dodge, Jason!"

But Jason was deaf to their cries.

He bent down to place his broad-bladed hatchet and shotgun on the ground, and as he straightened up, he charged at the war machine.

Under the dark night sky, Jason moved fearlessly forward.

The depths of the night sky lit up brightly at that moment.

The dawn was breaking—

Chen Xi had arrived!

The sword unsheathed!

Ten meters!

Slash!