

She had lost her husband early on and had lived with her son. Now that her son was about to die, she saw no point in living as well.

She halted them, "Stop! Stop now!"

Zeke kicked a pebble and sent it flying.

It struck her knee with the velocity of a bullet.

Snap!

His mother's kneecap was broken. She collapsed onto the floor with a devastating scream.

At this point, Xander was almost completely buried underground with only his face above the soil.

He continued squealing in fear, "Zeke, please let me off! I can't die! I still have to participate in your buddy's reburial. Please, give me a chance to participate in the reburial!"

The crowd burst into laughter. Zeke has successfully forced Xander to beg to carry the coffin for his buddy's reburial.

Zeke was lost in thought. "That's right. If you're dead, it makes it difficult for three people to carry a casket."

Sole Wolf laughed bitterly, "What are you

thinking, boss? This guy's legs are maimed. Even if we don't kill him today, he won't be able to carry the coffin during the reburial."

Zeke concluded, "You're right. Bury him!"

Sole Wolf buried him alive despite him continuously begging for mercy.

His screams were gradually drowned out as soil slowly covered Xander's body.

"No!" Xander's mother screamed.

My only son is dead. I'm better off dead as well!

Zeke glanced at Xander's mother and spat, "Alright, you'll be the representative of the Moore family for the reburial. You might have lost one leg, but I guess you can hop."

Zeke picked Lacey up and left after he spoke.

Long after he left, the venue was filled with deafening silence, with only the howling of the chilly wind lamenting this tragedy.

It was one thing for Zeke to defile the corpse and unearth it, but he had even buried Xander alive!

That was the work of a demon. Perhaps even a demon would find him too cruel!

Looks like there will be a storm brewing in Atheville.

Zeke rushed Lacey to the hospital to get her stomach pumped. He only left after ensuring that Lacey's life was no longer in danger.

Since he was after the four major households in Atheville, they would surely try to retaliate. If he acted close to Lacey, they would set their sights on her. Hence, for her safety, it would be better for him to distance himself from her for the time being.

Before leaving the place, Zeke gave a tip of ten thousand to each of the hospital staffs, asking them to keep quiet about his identity.

With such a large sum given, the hospital staff naturally agreed.

Shortly after Zeke left, Lacey regained consciousness.

After three or four seconds of confusion, she finally recalled that she had been kidnapped.

She panicked as she got up and huddled in a corner of the bed. She hurriedly demanded, "Who are you? Why did you kidnap me?"

The doctors and nurses assured her, "Relax, Ms. Hinton. This is a hospital. You're safe here."

After confirming that it was indeed a hospital, Lacey heaved a sigh of relief.

“Why am I in a hospital? Who saved me?”

The doctor replied, “An anonymous hero sent you here, footed your hospital bills, and left.”

“Anonymous hero?” Lacey asked curiously.

“Who is he? Did he leave any means of contacting him? I need to thank him personally and return him the hospital bills.”

They shook their heads in unison. “I’m sorry, Ms. Hinton. He did not leave any contact information behind.”

“Oh,” Lacey said dejectedly. “You don’t even have a photograph?”

The hospital staff shook their heads once more.

Oh well.

Lacey laughed bitterly. It looks like I owe someone I don’t even know a favor.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Once the doctors left, a nurse told Lacey secretively, “Ms. Hinton, the anonymous hero who saved you was so handsome!”

Lacey burst out in laughter. So what if he’s handsome? I already love that blockhead at home with all my heart. I don’t have room in there for anyone else.

She asked out of curiosity, “Did you get a photograph?”

The nurse replied, “Of course.”

She continued, “It’s a shame I only got a photo of him from the back.”

He told us not to reveal his identity, but showing a picture of him from behind should be alright.

Lacey egged her on, “Let me have a look. I might know him. I’ll have to repay this debt after all.”

The nurse carefully passed the phone to Lacey.

When she saw the image, she was taken aback.

This figure looks so familiar. The clothing and presence... There’s no doubt about it. He’s definitely the man who appeared in front of the grave today! What a coincidence.

She straightened out her feelings, fished her phone out from her pocket, and dialed Zeke’s number. “Zeke, where are you? I have

something interesting to share with you.”

Zeke inquired, “Oh, what is it?”

Lacey told him everything about the person at the grave and the anonymous hero.

Zeke was at a loss for words. Nothing is interesting about that. Both the people you’re talking about are me!

Zeke instructed, “Lacey if there’s nothing important you need to stay here for, you should leave Atheville as soon as possible. It’s a dangerous place. I’m worried about your safety.”

Lacey chuckled. “Zeke, don’t tell me you’re jealous. Don’t worry. I’ll only ever love you. No one else.”

Zeke did not know whether he should laugh or cry. Why should I be jealous of myself?

No matter what Zeke said, Lacey refused to leave and insisted on finishing the advertisement.

Zeke had no choice but to agree and instruct Wolf’s Greed to keep Lacey safe in secret.

...

With Xander buried alive, the Unbreakable Eight broken into pieces, and the Moore family facing an unprecedented crisis, Mrs. Moore no longer

had the confidence to protect the Moore family.

She immediately contacted the other three heads of household to discuss the matter.

Helen Zelly, Damian Count, and Wilford Jenkins had arrived.

Mrs. Moore sobbed in front of them, making them extremely impatient.

Helen tapped her finger impatiently and snapped, "Alright, alright. We're all busy people. We don't have time to listen to your mourning. Cut to the chase."

Mrs. Moore kept her feelings in check as she explained, "I believe all of you here have heard about what happened to the Moore family."

Helen nodded, "I don't know the details. All I've heard was that a foreigner named Zeke Williams is seeking revenge on the Moore family. How did you offend him, anyway?"

Mrs. Moore shook her head. "You're wrong. You couldn't be further off the mark. The Moore family didn't offend him. The four major households did."

Helen and the others exclaimed, "Oh? We don't have any ties with this foreigner. How did we even offend him?"

Mrs. Moore explained, "He's a friend of the soldier who fled from battle. He's here to seek

revenge for him. He declared that he will get us to carry his buddy's casket for his reburial before we are to commit suicide in front of his grave."

Damian roared, "How dare he insult the four major households like that! What an insolent brat!"

Helen chuckled, "I didn't expect that wimp to have such a powerful friend. Perhaps he might succeed if he aimed for any other person, but in front of the four major families, he is nothing."

Mrs. Moore reminded her, "Don't belittle him! He dared bury my child alive, so he's sure to have an ace up his sleeve."



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“Tch,” Helen scoffed. “However powerful that brat might be, he’s no match for the boss. Don’t forget that we have the emergency contact that allows us to ask the boss for help if things get rough!”

Mrs. Moore exclaimed, “That’s right! How could I forget about our trump card? If it comes down to it, we can get the boss to help us.”

Wilford shook his head. “That’s a bad idea. That emergency contact is our greatest trump card. We’ll surely have a use for it in the future. It’ll be a waste to use it to deal with a foreigner.”

Helen nodded in agreement. “That’s true. Alright then, leave that foreigner to me. I’ll make sure to wipe him off the face of the earth. Just carry on with your daily lives.”

The other three smiled. With Helen on the case, that foreigner is toast!

Zeke lit some incense on Hunting Wolf’s grave and said, “Buddy, Xander is dead. Seven days later, I’ll have to get his mother to participate in your reburial instead. It’s not the ideal situation, but you’ll have to make do with it. Next, I’ll deal with your fiancé, Helen! To be honest, that woman doesn’t deserve to be your fiancé. She barely passes as a servant! I’ll make sure to send her where you are so you can order her around as you like.”

Zeke then got into the car and headed to the Zelly residence.

The moment he got on the car, Sage called him to inquire, "Mr. Williams, where are you?"

Zeke replied, "I came to talk to your brother. What's up?"

Sage requested, "Mr. Williams, can you come over to my place? Something cropped up."

Zeke agreed readily, "Sure, I'll be here right this instant!"

When he headed to the Walters residence, he saw an E class Benz parked outside the door.

Did the Walters family come to visit? Looks like this relative is pretty well-off.

As he strode into the yard, he noticed a young man and woman there.

They sat at the host's seat arrogantly while the entire family tried to appease them.

The young lady rushed them, "Alright, time is tight. Let's shift your brother's altar to the ancestral home. Don't delay our date. My boyfriend and I can't wait any longer."

The man nodded in agreement. "That's right. We'll be late at this rate. I booked a Michelin star restaurant for noon. It's already past eleven now."

As the man grew impatient, the woman reached out for Hunting Wolf's altar.

Sage panicked. “Cousin, please wait. Mr. Williams will be here soon.”

“I don’t care about your Mr. Williams,” The young woman complained impatiently. “Why bother waiting for a foot soldier? My boyfriend has booked a meal worth tens of thousands. If we waste it, that foot soldier will never be able to compensate us.”

Zeke flew into a rage. How dare she call a general a foot soldier!

Sage noticed Zeke and pulled him over. “Mr. Williams, you’re here! Let me introduce you. This is my cousin, Natalie, and her boyfriend, Joseph Zelly.”

Oh? Zeke gave Joseph a curious look. Zelly? Does that mean he’s related to the Zelly family? That saves me a lot of trouble. I was just about to look for them myself.

Zeke took the memorial tablet from Natalie’s hand and cleaned it gently. He queried, “Sage, where do you want to put Frederick’s memorial tablet?”



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Sage hurriedly explained the situation. The Walters family was a branch family, and their ancestral home was at the Walters residence in the city.

In the past, the main family had refused to shift his tablet to the ancestral home for fear of disrespecting their ancestors because Hunting Wolf had fled from battle. Now that Hunting Wolf had been revealed to be a brave warrior who had died in battle, Sage's family pleaded with the main family to let Hunting Wolf's memorial tablet be placed in the ancestral home. The main family agreed to this and sent Natalie to pick his tablet up.

Zeke was enraged when he heard this. "My buddy is a warrior! It's an honor to the Walters family for him to be put to rest at the Walters residence. How dare the Walters family send a young lass to do the job? That's an insult to all warriors and the military!"

Natalie scoffed, "So what if I insult them? Even if Hunting Wolf was a warrior, he's dead now. He's no longer of any value to the Walters family. He brought shame to the family for five years. Only men who have contributed to the Walters family have the right to be put to rest at the ancestral home. We're already being generous by allowing him a place there. Don't push your luck."

Zeke clenched his fists as he began exuding a murderous intent.

Natalie and Joseph took a step back in fear.

However, Natalie brushed it off and spat, "What? Are you going to hit me? If you so much as touch me, I can guarantee Frederick Walters will never be brought into the ancestral home."

Zeke scorned, "You don't have the right to be hit by me. Someone else will punish you for insulting a warrior!"

Zeke decided to let Wolf's Greed make a trip to the main family and confer the rank of general upon Hunting Wolf.

It was a capital sentence to insult a general.

"Hahaha! I knew you wouldn't have the balls to do such a thing," Natalie sneered. "Stop flattering yourself. I don't have the right to be hit by you? You're but a lowly foot soldier! Who do you think you are?"

She turned to Sage and scoffed, "Sage, do you know why your family is so poor? Look at your friends! All of them are useless! They only know how to brag! Look at me! My boyfriend is probably the richest man you've ever seen, right?"

Joseph smiled. "Natalie, don't say that. I may be richer and more powerful than him, but he's definitely more physically fit. They must be feeding you like pigs in the army. How else can you be so well-built?"

Zeke shook his head. "We don't raise pigs there. We raise wolves."

I've brought up Wolf's Greed, Lone Wolf, Sole Wolf, and Hunting Wolf myself.

Pfft!

Joseph and Natalie burst into laughter. "Wolves? You mean dogs! I've heard that military people love eating dogs, but I haven't heard of you guys eating wolves."

Zeke chuckled. You guys are finished. Lone Wolf, Wolf's Greed, and the others won't let you off for calling them dogs.

Sage and her family were soon sandwiched between them.

Zeke did not want to make life difficult for them, so he ignored Natalie.

Natalie decided, "Alright, it's getting late. Let's bring your brother's tablet back."

She attempted to place the tablet into a black plastic bag.

Sage stopped her in her tracks and questioned, "Cousin, what are you doing? It's inauspicious to place my brother's tablet into a plastic bag."

Natalie replied, "What would you know? Joseph just bought this car. If you bring the tablet onto the car like that, what if your brother's ghost

stalls the engine? I'm putting it in a plastic bag so he can't escape."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“No!” Sage refused to comply. “That’s disrespecting my brother!”

Natalie grew impatient. “No? Well, have fun walking to the ancestral home then!”

Zeke suddenly spoke, “The class E Benz by the door is yours, isn’t it?”

Joseph sneered, “I didn’t think a dog-rearing foot soldier like you would recognize this car. It looks like even a lowly man like you can recognize it. I guess I picked the right car.”

Zeke spat, “Your lousy car isn’t fit for my buddy’s tablet. Sage, pass it to me. I’ll bring him to the ancestral home myself.”

“Sure, do as you like,” Natalie agreed. “You won’t fit in the car, anyway. You can walk there yourself. Sage, get in the car. My mission is complete once I send you guys to the ancestral home.”

She then dragged Sage and her family off.

Sage whined, “But...”

Natalie said, “No buts. Let’s go now. Don’t make my boyfriend and I late.”

Zeke consoled Sage, “Don’t worry, Sage. Go on ahead. The tablet will be safe with me.”

“Alright.” Sage nodded reluctantly.

After their departure, Zeke dialed Wolf's Greed's number and ordered, "Wolf's Greed, come to Sage's home. I want to bring Hunting Wolf's tablet back to the ancestral home myself. Also, I'm appointing Hunting Wolf with the rank of a general. I want his position to be the highest in the ancestral home."

Wolf's Greed replied, "I'll be right there!"

Wolf's Greed arrived within ten minutes in a Hongqi L5.

A Hongqi L5 was worth only ten million, but it was not a car anyone could buy. You had to go through many rounds of government approval, so the people who could drive this car were few and far between.

In the car, Wolf's Greed quipped, "Where's Sole Wolf? Isn't he following you today?"

Zeke replied, "He's looking after a corpse for me."

Wolf's Greed grew curious upon hearing such an answer. "What man could be so important for General North to take care of him personally?"

Zeke spat out, "Hunting Wolf's enemy!"

Wolf's Greed cursed, "Darn it! We should've torn his corpse into shreds!"

Zeke laughed, "I didn't order him to do it, but he

probably has already done so.”

He then dialed Sole Wolf’s number. “Sole Wolf, I told you to guard the corpse, not rip it to shreds. Who told you to do so?”

“What the f***? How did you know? Are you clairvoyant?”

The two of them exchanged looks and smiled.

Soon, Natalie brought Sage and her family to the Walters main residence.

Although the Walters family was not particularly influential, the fact that they could buy a villa in the city center was enough to show their immense wealth.

At this moment, the Walters family was having lunch in the hall. They all ignored Sage’s arrival.

Natalie reported, “Grandpa, I’ve brought Sage’s family over. My boyfriend will be bringing me out for lunch now. Bye.”

“Boyfriend?” The Walters family took a look at the man out of curiosity.

The head of the Walters family, Peter, took one look at Joseph and grew excited.

He asked, “Hold on, are you... Mr. Zelly? Are you a part of the four major households in Atheville?”

Joseph nodded in reply. “Yes.”

The entire Walters family was excited and welcomed him passionately. The Zelly family! They’re the top of the four major households! They’re insanely powerful and rich. The Walters family’s progress has stagnated because we don’t have a good network. With the Zelly family as our in-laws, the Walters family reputation will skyrocket. We may even become the fifth major household! Joseph is our greatest hope!



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Peter offered Joseph a deep bow and greeted him, "Mr. Zelly, I'm sorry for not welcoming you earlier for making this trip here."

Joseph replied, "Don't say that, sir. I'm Natalie's boyfriend, so you're my elder. I can't possibly let you bow to me."

Although the words sounded humble, his tone was arrogant.

The Walters family finally knew Natalie's boyfriend was Mr. Zelly and jumped with joy.

At the start, they were worried about how to curry favor with Mr. Zelly, but it soon dawned upon them that since he was Natalie's boyfriend, there was no need for that.

Natalie became a major contributor to the future success of the Walters family. Everyone praised her.

Peter commended her, "Not bad, Natalie. It's the fortune of the Walters family for you to be Mr. Zelly's girlfriend. Mr. Zelly, please, enter."

Natalie protested, "But grandpa, Mr. Zelly has invited me for a meal. We've already booked a restaurant."

Huh?

Peter was at a loss. "It's the first time Mr. Zelly's visiting our home. We have to at least offer him a cup of tea before he leaves."

The other members of the Walters family persuaded him to stay as well.

Joseph smiled. "I'll stay for a cup of tea, then. What do you think, Natalie?"

Natalie chuckled, "If you don't mind, I have no reason to say no."

The Walters hurriedly ushered Joseph into the living room.

Meanwhile, Sage's family was ignored.

They were in an awkward position where they could neither leave nor stay.

Eventually, Sage took a deep breath and suggested, "Mum, Dad, let's have a seat and wait for brother's tablet to arrive."

"Sure!"

The main table was already filled, so they took a seat at a nearby bench.

Before the bench was warm, a lady exclaimed, "Get off! You guys aren't fit to sit there!"

Sage and her family were shocked and got up.

The lady nudged a golden retriever that lunged towards Sage. Sage hurriedly stepped aside.

Fortunately, the golden retriever had not meant to attack them. It simply wanted to lay on the

bench.

The lady snapped, “That’s the high-class dog resting bench I imported from Belgium! You guys aren’t fit to sit there! What if you contaminate it?”

Sage was on the verge of tears. What do you mean by that? Are we less important than that dog?

Peter glared at Sage and apologized to Joseph, “Sorry you had to see that, Mr. Zelly. Those are distant relatives of ours. We’re barely related. They’re a bunch of lazy people who are struggling to make ends meet. They came over to see if we can provide for them.”

Joseph smiled. “I understand. Even if you’re rich, it’s inevitable if you have street rats as relatives.”

“Hahaha!” The Walters family burst out into laughter.

Peter then said, “Mr. Zelly, ignore them. Let’s continue talking about business.”

“Sure!”

Joshua was on the verge of breaking down.

These people are ingrates!

When Joshua’s family was doing well in Atheville five years ago, Peter’s family were but

a bunch of poor farmers from the countryside. They had brought their family to Atheville to seek help from Joshua, who gave them a few assets out of pity even though they were not closely related.

Those were the businesses Peter was running now, including this villa.

After that, when the four major households seized all of Joshua's assets, Peter broke all ties with them to avoid the scourge.

Now that Joshua was in trouble, they did not offer them aid, humiliating them instead.

How cruel!



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If it were not for the fact that he wanted his son to rest in the ancestral home, Joshua would have left long ago.

At that point in time, Zeke arrived at the Walters residence.

He told Wolf's Greed, "Wait here. I'll take a look at Natalie's family. I want to see what kind of a family brought up such a rude individual."

Wolf's Greed nodded. "Tell me if you need anything. The troops will be here to confer the rank upon Hunting Wolf soon."

"Got it," Zeke replied as he brought the tablet into the Walters family.

The moment he entered, Zeke was livid.

Natalie's family was seated at the main table and cozying up to Joseph and having a lively chat.

Meanwhile, Sage and her family were given the cold shoulder at a random corner of the house. They did not even have seats!

How dare the Walters family treat the family members of a warrior poorly?

Zeke was about to burst out in rage when Sage rushed over and greeted him, "Mr. Williams, you're here."

Zeke passed Hunting Wolf's tablet to Sage and

instructed, "Sage, hold your brother's tablet for now."

"Sure." Sage took the tablet and wiped it gently.

Zeke strode to the main table and glared at Peter. "Are you the head of the Walters family?"

Peter scowled, "And who may you be?"

Natalie explained, "Grandpa, he's Frederick's buddy in the forces."

Joseph added, "The one who rears dogs in the forces."

Peter scoffed, "How dare a person who deals with dogs everyday disrespect the head of the Walters family like that? Get out. This isn't somewhere fit for you."

Zeke sneered, "Looks like the Walters family is more shameless than I expected. You mistreated the family of a warrior, but you treat a man who may have killed a soldier so well. I have no intention of staying in such a low place."

The head of the Zelly family, Helen, might be the person who caused Hunting Wolf's death. It was not too much to say that Joseph was responsible for the death of a soldier.

Pfft!

The entire family burst out into

laughter. Someone who trains dogs in the army said the Walters family isn't worth staying at! How brazen.

Peter Walters burst out in rage, "Insolence! The Walters family has a few important operations we need Mr. Murphy to settle. Since Mr. Zelly can help us with this, it's only natural for us to welcome him. You want them to be given a proper welcome? Get them to settle our problems with the operations then!"

Joseph laughed, "Sir, you might be thinking too much. This dog owner wouldn't possibly know Mr. Murphy. That's an insult to him!"

Peter chuckled, "It was just a joke."

Joseph continued, "Sir, I've already contacted Mr. Murphy. He should be here any moment. Let's go welcome him, shall we?"

Peter nodded eagerly. "Ah yes, of course."

The Walters ignored Zeke and headed to the door to welcome Mr. Murphy.

Sage told Zeke with a pained expression, "Sorry you had to go through that, Mr. Williams."

Zeke stroked her hair and smiled. "Sage, do you still remember what I promised you before?"

"Even if the sky falls, you'll hold it back up for us!"

“I’ll fulfil that promise now. I’ll make sure Frederick has a spot in the ancestral home. He will get the top spot there. Come on, let’s go take a look.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Sage and her family exchanged glances, looking completely nonplussed.

Zeke was boasting yet again.

The Walters family had never once recognized martyr certificates. They only recognized the contributions made to their family.

Could he possibly still offer any notable contributions to the Walters family?

Outside the doors of the Walters' residence, Peter repeatedly reminded Joseph, "Mr. Zelly, the application documents are very important. They have the power to decide the fate of the Walters. Please make sure to get the mayor's approval. As for the funds, name a price below a million."

One million was the Walters' limit.

Peter was still slightly uncertain.

Truth be told, he and Mr. Murphy only had a few brief exchanges in the past; they weren't very well acquainted with each other.

Mr. Murphy had only accepted his invitation out of respect for his sister, Helen.

That was why Peter wasn't sure if the man would agree to this request.

However, certain things are better kept to himself.

He patted his chest as a gesture of guarantee. “Mr. Walters, don’t worry. Just leave everything to me, I’ll cover the funds. One million is only my pocket money of half a month.”

Peter was delighted. “I’m relieved to hear that. Once this matter is over and done with, we can officially start discussing your marriage to Natalie.”

Natalie shyly lowered her head. “Grandpa, what are you talking about? Mr. Zelly and I have only known each other for a short while.”

Upon seeing Natalie’s blushing appearance, the Walters burst into laughter.

Before long, an Audi A6L drove towards them.

Sitting in the car was none other than the mayor, Mr. Murphy.

Joseph didn’t actually have the power to invite him over.

However, Joseph’s sister, Helen, was quite influential in the business world.

Besides, he just happened to be passing by the area, so he thought he might as well do Joseph a favor.

Of course, he knew Joseph inviting him over to the Walters’ residence had something to do with the application documents.

However, he would never slacken on the review criteria of the application for the sake of Joseph.

Joseph Zelly wasn't worthy enough.

Right before the Audi came to a halt, Mr. Murphy noticed a Hongqi L5 limousine parked by the gates of the Walters' residence.

Huh? What's going on?

Is there some big shot here to visit the Walters?

Only individuals of at least a colonel ranking were qualified to travel in a vehicle like this. Even Mr. Murphy himself wasn't qualified to ride in one.

He glanced towards the small crowd gathered outside but didn't notice any prominent figures.

Joseph Zelly was the only one who could possibly be qualified enough.

Thus, he was a hundred percent sure Joseph was the one who rode in it.

It seems like I have greatly underestimated Joseph Zelly.

He must be powerful beyond imagination. Otherwise, he wouldn't be qualified to ride in this kind of vehicle.

I must try to get on his good side.

The moment the car stopped, the Walters instantly came up to welcome him with enthusiastic smiles plastered on their faces.

Peter personally opened the car door for him, wearing the broadest smile of them all.

“Welcome, Mr. Murphy! We are honored to have you as our guest!”

He turned to his granddaughter and ordered, “Natalie, hurry up and make the preparations. Let’s offer Mr. Murphy the best hospitality possible.”

“Oh, yes. I’ll get right to it,” Natalie swiftly replied.

Unexpectedly, Mr. Murphy ignored Peter and enthusiastically shook Joseph’s hand.

“Mr. Zelly, it’s been a long time. Haha!” He continued, “You look even better than you did before; sophisticated and steady.”

The Walters were shocked.

Mr. Zelly is too humble.

He doesn’t just know Mr. Murphy personally. In fact, he’s so familiar with him that they’re practically brothers.

Faced with Mr. Murphy’s overly warm greeting, Joseph was slightly dazed.

What’s going on? Mr. Murphy has always

ignored me in the past, so why's he so friendly to me all of a sudden?

He's giving me way too much respect.



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Joseph was very flattered. “You’re too kind, Mr. Murphy. Please, come in, come in. Have a drink. You must be thirsty.”

Mr. Murphy waved his hand and said, “No, I won’t be going in. I have an important meeting later, so I’m in quite a hurry.”

Everyone’s faces fell when they heard his words.

Mr. Murphy curiously queried, “Mr. Zelly, if I may ask, what’s your relationship with the Walters?”

“Oh, Natalie Walters is my fiancée,” Mr. Zelly quickly answered.

Natalie’s heart galloped in her chest. Mr. Zelly is the best. He just acknowledged me as his future wife.

The Walters glanced at Mr. Zelly with gratitude shining in their eyes. They knew he had said that to help their cause.

Mr. Murphy’s eyes widened in realization. “Oh, I never knew you were related to the Walters in that way.”

Then, as if he just remembered something, he said, “By the way, if I’m not mistaken, the Walters still have some unprocessed application documents with me. If there aren’t any major problems, I’ll approve it when I head back later on.”

The Walters could barely hold back their excitement.

As expected of Mr. Zelly, who achieved success at a young age due to his competence. He didn't even need to mention the application documents; Mr. Murphy had brought it up all on his own.

There was hope still for the Walters family.

"Haha! How generous of you, Mr. Murphy," A voice sounded all of a sudden. "You've agreed to approve the application documents just because the Walters are related to Joseph Zelly."

"Are personal connections now the criteria for document approvals?"

The Walters immediately flew into a rage.

F***! Mr. Murphy has already agreed to do it. What bone do you have to pick on now?

He's going to get it from us for messing things up.

Mr. Murphy looked at Zeke with dubiety. "And you are..."

Peter hurriedly answered, "Don't mind him, Mr. Murphy. He's just someone who raises a bunch of dogs in the military. He wasn't satisfied with the hospitality we offered him, so he's intentionally seeking revenge."

Wolf's Greed, who was in the Hongqi vehicle, grew instantly enraged.

F***! He said the Great Marshal raises dogs in the military? Doesn't that mean everyone in the Alpha Suicide Squad are dogs?

If it weren't for Zeke specifically ordering him not to do anything rash, he would have killed Peter Walters by now.

Mr. Murphy wasn't offended. Instead, he patiently explained, "You're mistaken, young man."

"I refused to approve the Walters' application documents before this because I was worried they weren't capable of supporting such a large project and that they would consequently cause a waste of resources."

"But now, since Mr. Zelly is about to become the Walters' son-in-law, I believe he is more than capable. So, my approval of their application documents is considered reasonable."

Zeke chuckled softly. "I wonder what made you think he's more than capable."

Mr. Murphy replied calmly, "The fact that Mr. Zelly rides in this Hongqi is enough to prove it."

Zeke smiled without mirth as he glanced at Joseph. "Oh. Well then, Joseph, why don't you tell us whether this car belongs to you or not?"

Everyone in the Walters family cast Joseph doubtful looks.

They soon realized Mr. Murphy was being generous to Joseph solely because of that car.

Was this his car or not?

In truth, upon seeing that car, Joseph had already wondered which big shot had parked it here.

However, in their current situation, if he didn't admit that this was indeed his car, wouldn't he be making a fool out of himself?

He steeled himself and blurted, "Of course, the car belongs to me."

"Is that so?" Zeke raised his brows slightly.

"In that case, why don't you prove it to us?"

Joseph tried to get himself out of this predicament by going on the defensive. "Why do I have to prove myself just because you ask me to? Who do you think you are?"

Natalie, who was the only person who knew he was bluffing, instantly became a bundle of nerves. She hurriedly backed him up, "Yeah, I came here in this car earlier. What's there to prove?"

"Alright, let's all head inside now. Ignore this lunatic."



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However, Mr. Murphy grew suspicious, sensing something amiss regarding the matter of the car owner.

Hence, he insisted, "Mr. Zelly, I think it's best if you prove it to him, lest he continues arguing unnecessarily or spreads false rumors about you."

Since Mr. Murphy himself was insisting, Joseph had no choice but to do it.

"Alright," He gritted out through clenched teeth.

He made his way towards the Hongqi. As he got closer, he realized someone was sitting in the driver's seat.

He was overjoyed, swiftly circling to the passenger seat to open the door and slide in.

He took out some banknotes from his wallet that was of a significant amount and handed them to the driver. "Bro, help me out a little. Say that this is my car later. After that, I'll give you as much money as you want."

Wolf's Greed grinned as he raised his fist. "Do you know what this is?"

Joseph wore a mystified look on his face as he answered, "A hand?"

Wolf's Greed shook his head and growled, "Wrong. This is my iron fist."

Bam!

Wolf's Greed sent Joseph flying out of the car with a punch.

Everyone at the scene gasped in shock as the same thought flashed through their minds.

That isn't Joseph Zelly's car after all.

Things aren't going well. Will Mr. Murphy still show Joseph the respect he did just a while ago?

Just as they feared, Mr. Murphy's face darkened.

F***ing hell! That isn't Joseph Zelly's car. He's still the same ignorant and incompetent, spoiled rich kid.

I even went out of my way to butter this spoiled dandy up. Thinking about it makes me nauseous.

But if this isn't his car, whose is it?

Could it be...

Everyone's eyes fell on Zeke as the same question gnawed on their minds.

Impossible.

It's absolutely impossible.

How could someone who raises dogs afford to own a Hongqi L5?

Zeke sent a small smile towards Sage. "Sage, where's your ancestral shrine?"

Sage answered truthfully, "It's right inside our ancestral home, about two kilometers ahead."

"Get in. I'll bring you there," Zeke offered.

With that, Zeke opened the door to the backseat of the Hongqi.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

What's happening now?

Does this car really belong to Zeke Williams?

This... This... This is impossible.

Everyone wondered if Zeke would be shooting himself in the foot just like Joseph had.

Once Sage gets into the car, she'd probably be kicked out too, wouldn't she?

Under Zeke's encouragement, Sage decided to trust him and boarded the car.

She, however, was not kicked out.

Zeke glanced at Joshua and Eleanor, urging them, "Mr. and Mrs. Frederick, let's go."

Oh! Yes, yes!

Joshua and Eleanor snapped back to their senses and hurriedly got into the car, taking their leave.

Silence blanketed those who were left behind.

A chilly breeze blew past, causing the atmosphere around them to grow even more awkward.

What in the world just happened?

That Hongqi L5 really belongs to Zeke Williams!

Is he really just a mere soldier?

This must be some kind of sick joke.

Mr. Murphy's face turned ashen.

I was such an idiot just now.

He could see that Zeke and Joseph held grudges against each other.

I flattered the Hongqi car owner's enemy and ignored the car owner himself.

If he decides to pursue this matter, I might even lose my job.

Thank goodness I didn't do anything too extreme, so there should be a chance to make up for it.

He shot Joseph a furious glare. “B*****! How dare you fabricate military affiliation? Lying about being the Hongqi car owner is a crime.”

“I’ll arrange for someone to investigate you.” He adjusted his collar and added, “Also, the Walters’ application documents don’t qualify at all. I’ll be rejecting everything.”

He turned to get into his car after speaking.

The Walters were thrown into despair, quickly rushing up to beg Mr. Murphy to reconsider.

Unfortunately, Mr. Murphy left without looking back once.

All the Walters glared at Joseph with hatred burning bright in their eyes.

F***! It’s all this guy’s fault for messing around.

If he had not lied about being the car owner, he would not have gotten on the mayor’s bad side, and the application might have passed.

But now, because of him, they had greatly offended Mr. Murphy. There was no chance of getting his approval anymore.

Sadly, there was nothing they could do; he had doomed them.

Moreover, because he was a Zelly, they could not afford to cross him.

Hence, the Walters could only seethe in silence.

Joseph was made to be a fool, and his resentment towards Zeke only intensified.

He clenched his jaw and gritted out, "I don't believe that the Hongqi is yours, Williams. Not even for one second."

"I'm sure he stole it from whoever it belongs to and secretly took it out for a drive."



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Natalie quickly went to his aid. “Yes, yes. I think so too.”

“I mean, just think about it. If Zeke Williams is so great, he would have been escorted by at least two teams whenever he travels. But he didn’t even have bodyguards around him, only a driver.”

“Besides, he himself admitted he raises dogs in the military.”

The Walters had thoughtful looks on their faces as they nodded.

“Mm. This seems very likely.”

“Williams has more guts than we give him credit for, going as far as stealing a Hongqi.”

“If his military unit finds out about it, he’d definitely be sent to the military court. After all, not just anyone is qualified to ride in that kind of car.”

Peter heaved a sigh. “That isn’t the point!”

“The point is, Mr. Murphy believes the car belongs to Zeke Williams, and he’s going to reject the application documents we submitted.”

Joseph suddenly scoffed. “What’s so difficult about getting Mr. Murphy’s approval for the application documents?”

Everyone looked at him with curiosity. “Mr. Zelly, do you have any good ideas?”

“The one who started this mess should be the one to end it,” Joseph casually stated.

“Since Mr. Murphy trusts Zeke so much, we should get him to speak to Mr. Murphy on our behalf so that he’ll give the application documents the green light.”

“But...” Peter expressed his concern, “That guy hates our guts. Will he agree to help us?”

Joseph reminded, “Don’t forget, Zeke Williams needs a favor from the Walters.”

“Doesn’t he want Frederick’s memorial tablet to be returned to the ancestral shrine? You can threaten him with this.”

Everyone’s eyes lit up instantly.

The Walters seemed to be greatly enlightened as they concurred, “Yeah. We still have leverage over him. What’s there to worry about?”

“Come on! Let’s head over to the ancestral shrine now.”

The Walters hopped into their cars and headed towards their ancestral shrine.

In the Hongqi L5.

Sage recognized Wolf’s Greed at first glance.

“Hey, aren’t you the general who brought over my brother’s martyr certificate the other day?”

A crease formed between her brows. “Why... Why are you chauffeuring Zeke around?”

Zeke smiled when he saw realization dawn on her. “Yes, the truth is what you’re thinking.”

Sage gasped in shock. “Are you... Are you also one of the ten soldiers under the Great Marshal’s command?”

She then proceeded to mumble to herself, “That makes sense. You and my brother were comrades, so that’s definitely it.”

Zeke was speechless.

I can command Wolf’s Greed, and my surname is Williams. Isn’t it obvious I’m the Great Marshal?

How did you come to the conclusion that I’m the Great Marshal’s subordinate?

Sage gasped in surprise again. “Does that mean you’ve met the Great Marshal in person before?”

She leaned closer with excitement in her eyes. “Zeke, tell me. What does the Great Marshal look like?”

“What do you think the Great Marshal looks like?” Wolf’s Greed’s teased.

Sage spoke animatedly, “He’s rumored to be more handsome than David Beckham. Also, they say he’s gentle and refined, even more so compared to a woman. If he weren’t a general, he would probably be the perfect boy toy.”

Zeke’s face darkened further.

What does she mean by ‘boy toy’?

Wolf’s Greed threw his head back in laughter but was cut off midway when Zeke whacked him on the shoulder. “Ouch! What was that for?”

They soon arrived at the Walters’ ancestral shrine.

The ancestral shrine was grand and enormous. The Walters family alone had over a hundred memorial tablets resting there.

Nearly a hundred tablets lay on the small tables arranged on both sides of the Walters’ altar, all of which belonged to their family servants who had served them over the years.

Sage and her family knelt before their ancestors, burned incense, and mourned for the dead.

Tears pooled in their eyes.

They had waited five years for this day.

Their dreams had finally come true, so it was

only logical that they got emotional.

Zeke stood tall by the side and didn't kneel.

The Great Marshal was the pride of the country, and hence, did not bow easily.

When they were done paying their respects, Sage carefully placed the tablet on the Walters family altar.

"Fred, you're home now." She sobbed in between words, "Fred, you can finally rest in peace..."

"Stop right there!" Sage had just placed the tablet on the altar when an angry roar came from just beyond the door.



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Peter and his family had arrived.

His loud roar made everyone jump in fright.

Joshua looked at Peter with confusion. “What’s wrong?”

Peter strode forward and took Frederick’s tablet down from the altar.

“Who said you could put Frederick’s tablet on our altar?”

Joshua countered, “Frederick is a Walters. Of course, his place is on that altar with all the other Walters.”

“Those on the altar earned their place there by making great contributions to the family,” Peter stated in a matter-of-fact manner.

“What has Frederick done for the Walters family?”

Sage rose to her brother’s defense. “My brother is a martyr. He has brought honor and glory to the family. How can you say he hasn’t contributed?”

“Haha! Honor and glory are insubstantial. What we acknowledge as contributions come in the form of cold, hard cash,” Peter sneered.

With that, he placed Frederick’s tablet on the table meant for servants.

What!

Sage and her parents' eyes burned with rage.

Frederick was a legitimate and direct descendant of the Walters family.

Whereas Peter and his family were merely lineal descendants.

A lineal descendant disregarding the direct descendant by placing his tablet on the servant's altar was simply going too far!

Joshua grew infuriated. "Peter Walters, you're stepping out of line!"

Peter scoffed derisively. "These are the rules set by our ancestors. Aren't you accusing our ancestors of being unreasonable by saying I'm stepping out of line?"

"If you really want Frederick to be placed on the ancestral altar, I can allow it, but on one condition."

"Name it," Joshua spat angrily.

Peter gleefully said, "Put in a good word to Mr. Murphy on our behalf and get him to approve our application documents. I'll consider this as your contribution to the Walters family, so of course, Frederick's tablet would be worthy of a place on the altar."

Sage let out a humorless laugh. "Isn't your son-

in-law, Joseph Zelly, oh-so-awesome? Go ask him for help.”

Joseph’s face turned red with embarrassment.

What the f***? Why bring me into this all of a sudden?

“Enough nonsense!” Peter snapped.

“Either help the Walters family or let Frederick’s tablet remain on the servant’s altar. Your choice.”

Sage and her family looked towards Zeke with troubled expressions.

Only Zeke had the power to persuade Mr. Murphy.

Zeke spoke in an impassive tone, “Hah! You Walters sure have some balls of steel, placing a general’s tablet on the servant’s altar. Your ancestors don’t deserve to be graced by a general’s presence.”

Pfft!

Haha!

Peter and his family erupted into laughter.

This guy must be nuts. Frederick was, at most, a martyr who barely had any power.

But he said he was a general? What a joke.

Even Sage and her family wore incredulous looks on their faces. What is Zeke going on about this time?

Wolf's Greed suddenly got down from the car and announced, "Zeke, they're here."

Everyone was baffled. Who's here?

In the next second, sounds of roaring engines came from a distance, approaching them swiftly.

Military trucks gradually came into view, one after another.

When the vehicles finally came to a halt, it could be seen that their numbers totaled up to almost a hundred. They occupied the entire street, barely leaving any space in between.

Heavily armed soldiers jumped out of the vehicles, unit after unit, completely surrounding the ancestral shrine.

Two soldiers stood before the entrance to the shrine with the flags rustling proudly in the wind.

The sight of it was grand and majestic.

A lieutenant marched up to Wolf's Greed and gave a standard military salute. "General, the team has been assembled. Awaiting further orders!"

Wolf's Greed spoke with authority, "At ease!"

Swish!

All the soldiers' movements were neat and uniform, seemingly completely effortless.

Everyone present was struck dumb.

What's the meaning of this?

Someone explain what's going on!

Why are there so many soldiers gathered at the Walters' family ancestral shrine?

Did that soldier just address that muscular guy as 'general'?

Isn't... Isn't he just Zeke Williams' chauffeur?
How did he turn out to be a general?

If the general had personally chauffeured Zeke Williams, doesn't that mean...



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The Walters let out a collective gasp.

Everyone was too afraid to entertain the idea of Zeke being more than met the eye.

The lieutenant handed Wolf's Greed a military shoulder badge, which Wolf's Greed carefully received before walking toward the shrine.

"Attention, Hunting Wolf!" Wolf's Greed's voice boomed through space.

Hunting Wolf?

Who's Hunting Wolf?

Zeke offered a warm smile towards Sage.

"Sage, what are you waiting for? Come on over with your brother's tablet."

"My brother is Hunting Wolf!" Sage exclaimed in surprise before quickly picking up the tablet from the servant's altar.

Wolf's Greed's voice was commanding and powerful as he spoke, "Hunting Wolf has fought bravely to protect the country. The Great Marshal has decided to confer the rank of general upon Hunting Wolf."

"My fellow comrade, Hunting Wolf, please accept your badge."

Wolf's Greed carefully hung the badge on Hunting Wolf's tablet.

On the badge were three dazzling stars that shone brightly.

Outside, thousands of soldiers began chanting in unison, "For Eurasia! For General Hunting Wolf!"

Their voices were so loud that even the ground shook beneath their feet.

The Walters family were more shaken than anyone or anything else.

Thunderbolts struck them one after another, leaving their minds in shambles.

General.

That deserter, is now a general.

One who carries three stars!

The title of general was countless grades higher than that of a martyr and held much more merit.

Generals were the pride of the country; insulting them would be like insulting God Himself!

However, they had actually intended to place a general's memorial tablet on a servant's altar. This act was punishable by death!

They could be beheaded!

Wolf's Greed admonished all of the Walters,

“Don’t you know you should kneel before a general?”

Thud! Thud!

Every single one of the Walters’ legs went limp, and they fell to their knees.

The deserter back then was now someone completely beyond their reach.

Kneeling before him was an honor!

Wolf’s Greed saluted Hunting Wolf, then uttered, “General, rest in peace.”

Sage had already teared up, and those tears were now rolling freely down her cheeks.

She was holding a general in her arms. It was too huge an honor.

Her hands were trembling slightly, and she had almost dropped the tablet a few times.

Sage finally snapped out of her daze when Zeke called out to her once more.

She instinctively wanted to place the memorial tablet back to its original spot at the servant’s altar.

“Wait a minute,” Wolf’s Greed stopped Sage. “Hunting Wolf is a general. His place shouldn’t be with the servants.”

“My... My uncle was the one who arranged this spot for my brother,” Sage blurted out.

Wolf’s Greed’s pupils contracted with rage. “Who is this uncle of yours? Tell him to come out.”

Peter became frantic.

He had disrespected a general, and it was an unforgivable sin.

He shot up into a standing position and pleaded, “General, please, let me explain...”

Smack!

Without a word, Wolf’s Greed backhanded Peter.

The force of it sent Peter falling to the ground. “Insulting a general is punishable by death!”

“Yes, yes. I deserve to die!”

Peter started slapping himself until his face became red and swollen. He then knelt on the ground and kowtowed to his ancestors.

“Ancestors, Fred is the pride of the Walters. He has brought honor to the family!”

“Fred has the rank of a general. He’s the Walters greatest treasure. His accomplishments are unprecedented. Fred deserves to be laid to rest at the most

respected spot!”

With that, he carefully took Hunting Wolf’s tablet and placed it on the highest spot.

Peter then knelt again and kowtowed repeatedly.

Every Walters family member followed his lead. It was hard to tell if they were atoning for their sins or paying their respects from the bottom of their hearts.

Zeke glanced at Wolf’s Greed with a hint of amusement lining his eyes. “General Wolf’s Greed, someone called you and Hunting Wolf dogs just now. What are you going to do about it?”

What!

Wolf’s Greed was beside himself with rage. “Who dared insult us?”

Zeke cast his gaze at Joseph.

Joseph was already beyond petrified, almost soiling his pants from the fear coursing through him.

Before this, he had intended to put General Hunting Wolf’s tablet into a black plastic bag.

He had also encouraged the Walters to use the matter with Hunting Wolf’s tablet to threaten Zeke Williams.

He had literally signed his own death warrant.



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He hurriedly kowtowed and begged for mercy. "General, I... I didn't."

His voice shook as he spoke, "Don't listen to him. He's talking nonsense."

"I'm not. You were the one who said I raised dogs in the military," Zeke countered.

Joseph racked his brains for a reply. "Yes, I did say that, but this has nothing to do with the general!"

"F***! We are the ones the Great Marshal raises in the military. And we are wolves!" Wolf's Greed spat at him.

"If you said he raises dogs, aren't you insinuating we're dogs?"

Joseph was bewildered. "General Wolf's Greed, I... I don't understand what you mean."

Then, he went on to explain, "I was referring to Zeke Williams, not the Great Marshal."

Wolf's Greed growled, "Insolent fool! Zeke Williams is the Great Marshal!"

Ah?

Joseph's whole body shuddered, and he wet his pants right then and there. Consequently, the smell of urine permeated the air.

Zeke Williams...

Is the Great Marshal!

The Great Marshal turns out to be Zeke Williams!

What the hell? How could the Great Marshal be this low-profile?

Provoking the Great Marshal was equivalent to provoking God Himself!

It was over. We're all doomed!

Joseph struggled to draw air into his lungs due to the pure terror gripping his heart. His eyes rolled back, and he lost consciousness.

Zeke could barely stifle his laughter. "A coward like him thought he could go up against me? How embarrassing."

The Walters were all frozen in their spots.

Never in a million years had they expected that an insignificant family like theirs would get the attention of a god-like figure such as the Great Marshal.

Whether they lived or died all depended on Zeke now.

Zeke sent Peter a cursory glance and questioned, "What's Joseph Zelly's background story? Does he have anything to do with Helen Zelly from Atheville?"

“Joseph is from the Zelly family in Atheville. Helen Zelly is his biological sister,” Peter quickly answered.

Zeke wore an indifferent look as he spoke, “Helen Zelly might have been the cause of my buddy’s death.”

“Not only did you fail to avenge one of your own, but you also even fraternized with the enemy’s brother. The most ridiculous part is you allying with his family through marriage!”

Peter and his family blanched in horror, slapping themselves again as they begged for Zeke’s forgiveness.

“We deserve to die. We were ignorant fools. We... We are even worse than animals...”

Zeke glared at Joseph again and stated, “Since he’s the enemy, bury him alive.”

“Wait, wait, wait!”

Joseph, who had passed out just a while ago, abruptly regained consciousness and shouted, “Don’t kill me! Please, let me make amends!”

He calmed his breathing and explained, “I have some top-secret information that would benefit you.”

Joseph had actually pretended to pass out earlier.

He hadn't seen any other option besides that because he didn't know how to face the Great Marshal's punishment.

"Speak," Zeke uttered.

Joseph stammered, "If... If I tell you, will you spare me?"

Zeke curled his lips in disdain. "Do you think you're in any position to negotiate with me now?"

He seemed to tower over Joseph when he spoke, "But, if your information is useful, I might grant you a painless death."

Joseph spiraled into despair.

Yes. I'm indeed in no position to negotiate with the Great Marshal.

Left without a choice, he spoke in a shaky voice, "Do you still remember the day Frederick returned? He was covered with injuries, and his life had hung by a thread."

Sage nodded solemnly. "I will never forget that day. If not for my brother's strong physical fitness, perhaps... he wouldn't have been able to return home."

Joseph continued, "When Frederick first returned to Atheville, his injuries weren't severe... They were all just external wounds. But as soon as he arrived at Atheville, he met

his former enemy, Patrick Count.”

“It was Patrick Count who led a team to attack Frederick and leave him on the brink of death. Patrick Count had wanted Frederick’s life, but he managed to escape,” He added.

Zeke and Wolf’s Greed’s eyes grew cold.

Frederick was a skilled and powerful fighter. He must have suffered a fatal wound. Otherwise, he could not have died at the hands of Helen Zelly, who was only an ordinary woman.

It turned out that this guy, Patrick Count, was also one of the culprits!

“Who is Patrick Count?” Zeke questioned with a dangerous glint in his eyes.



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Joseph answered, "Patrick Count comes from one of the four most prominent families there. He's the Count family's heir."

"The Count family!" Zeke's voice was cold as ice.

"Very well. I'll be paying the Count's a visit next."

He turned to the side and ordered, "Wolf's Greed, get the car ready."

"Yes, sir!"

Zeke shot Peter and his family a murderous glare. "None of you are allowed to say a word about what has happened today!"

He seemed to emanate an oppressing aura when he threatened, "Or else, don't blame me for being ruthless when I behead the whole lot of you!"

The Walters nodded profusely and stumbled over their words. "Yes, yes, yes."

Zeke then said to Sage, "Sage, I heard that all of the properties under the Walters were a gift from you and your family. Take back what belongs to you. Let's see if any of them refuse to cooperate."

Sage nodded. "Mm, I got it."

Zeke's eyes darted to Joseph again as he instructed, "Have someone take him away."

The words 'take him away' certainly provided food for thought.

The two of them then left.

Peter and his family were utterly devastated, agonizing over the fact that they had to give all the family properties back to Sage and her family.

They shuddered at the thought that they would have to return to their remote village and live as poor farmers again.

The world was unpredictable, and its erratic patterns could cause changes in a person's life, be it minuscule or colossal.

Peter looked at Sage and her family with wary eyes. "So, the family properties..."

Joshua sighed wearily. "I want my son to be exonerated, and allowed to rest in peace. That is all I could hope for. As for the Walters properties, I'm not interested in them. However, I'd still prefer if you returned this ancestral shrine to us."

Peter was over the moon. He and his family were safe.

He quickly expressed his gratitude towards them.

Joshua turned to his daughter with a soft smile. "Sweetheart, come. Let's clean up this

place for our ancestors and your brother so they can rest more comfortably.”

Sage nodded obediently with a smile of her own. “Okay, Dad.”

She immediately started wiping the memorial tablets of her ancestors.

Those tablets had been left unattended for a long time. They had gathered dust.

Guilt washed over Peter and his family, and they helped clean up the place as well.

Inside a large villa in the suburbs of Atheville.

After Eastend fell, John had followed the president of the Eastend Martial Arts Association, Dylan Norris. The latter had brought along the Deicide comprising of a hundred men to permanently stay at the villa.

They had sworn to be the last line of defense if Zeke ever made a move against the ‘boss’.

However, ever since they had settled down in Atheville, Zeke had been very silent. He hadn’t done anything to antagonize the boss.

John and the rest were rarely this relaxed and stress-free.

As usual, after John had his breakfast, he went to the martial arts arena to observe the Deicide’s daily training session.

The Deicide was ruthless and powerful.

John believed that even if Drake, who ranked first among the masters in Eurasia, teamed up with Master Williams, who ranked third, it would be difficult for them to crush this army of men.

However, now that Mr. Quin, who ranked second among the masters was dead, Master Williams had probably taken his place.

John had just entered the martial arts arena when his phone rang.

It was the boss calling.

John swiftly answered it and spoke tentatively, "Boss, what can I help you with?"

"Has there been any news about Zeke Williams openly making a move against me?" The boss' tone was impassive.

John replied, "No. He didn't even dig around for your personal information."

"Huh?" The boss dubiously asked, "Didn't he come to Atheville to confront me? Why hasn't he done anything after arriving here? Could it be... that he didn't dig around because he still hasn't discovered me?"

John took a moment to ponder before responding, "That seems very likely."

The boss took a deep breath and stated, "It

seems like Paul Hunt lost his life the other day because of you, but he didn't reveal the secret about what happened back in the days."

A frown formed between the boss' brows. "But if Williams didn't find out about me, why did he come to Atheville, my turf? Just what exactly has he been up to recently?"



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