

The man's heart had been pulled out of his body. Similarly, his clothes were drenched in blood.

Although he had passed on, a vicious look remained on his face, as his eyes were wide open. Evidently, he had been through a tormenting experience prior to his death.

John exclaimed, "Zeke Williams is indeed a brutal one! I can't believe he'd possessed the guts to kill one of the Sullivans in such a barbaric manner! Honestly, it doesn't surprise me that he's taken out the Lewis family. Hurry up and retrieve Harry's body."

John's underling immediately rushed over in an attempt to retrieve Harry's corpse.

Unfortunately, as soon as they approached his corpse, a car began to ram all the way through, making its way in their direction.

Shocked, everyone tried their best to avoid the car in the nick of time. Nonetheless, both of them failed to escape, seeing that they had been sent flying as a result.

One of them had their legs broken in the middle of the air. Consequently, blood spewed out from the man's wound. It was literally raining blood everywhere.

Zeke alighted the car with a cigarette in his mouth. He made his way over to their side nonchalantly.

Suddenly, John shuddered, as a shiver ran down his spine.

He's a monster! He's killing those who have defied him without any hesitation!

Suddenly, John yelled, "You arrogant fool! How dare you kill Theodore's underlings? Aren't you afraid he's gonna come after you?"

In return, Zeke replied with a bright smile on his face, "Should I be afraid? Ha! It seems like you're the fool instead. I have killed one of the Sullivans. Do you think I'll be afraid of Theodore?"

John's expression changed, as he had found his own reasoning to be absurd. He could not believe that he had attempted to threaten Zeke, using Theodore.

Zeke asked, "Does this mean that all of you are Theodore's underlings? Why on earth is Theodore cleaning the mess on behalf of the Sullivan family? He can't possibly be related to those from the Sullivan family, right? Get out of my sight immediately! Get him over, to show up before me if he wants to retrieve Harry's corpse. Otherwise, I'll kill everyone he has sent

my way.”

It was evident that John was aware that it would be impossible for him to retrieve Harry's corpse on Theodore's behalf.

He took a deep breath and collected his thoughts. It seemed like he had no choice but to get Theodore over, as per Zeke's demand.

Ultimately, John beckoned towards his underlings and instructed, “Let's go! It's time to retreat!”

In all actuality, John was afraid that more of his underlings would be sacrificed should they remain any longer.

Once he made his way back to the Luna Manor, he exaggerated Zeke's arrogant behavior in an attempt to mislead Theodore.

Theodore frowned and murmured to himself, “It's impossible for Zeke to hold on to a corpse. I'm afraid he has something else in mind. Perhaps he's coming after me. Maybe he wants to lure me out and get rid of me once and for all. He's an extremely cunning man. I have no idea what's in store for me if I give in to his demand, showing up before him.”

“Erm... What should we do next, Sir? Please enlighten this humble servant of yours,” John

asked cautiously in return.

“Bring a regiment of infantry with you. Make sure you have the cameras on throughout the journey. If he has the audacity to take the soldiers out, get in touch with those from the military court immediately. We’ll get them to deal with him. If that’s the case, we’ll be able to sort things out easily,” Theodore instructed.

John’s eyes gleamed as he assured Theodore, “Yes, Sir. Although I’m certain that the soldiers will be able to intimidate Zeke, I’m afraid that Zeke will hesitate to take the soldiers out.”

The Luna family from Atheville had always served as government officials. In fact, a few of the family members used to be generals back in the day.

Theodore was once an admiral as well. Even though he had retired from his position, he was, undeniably, an influential military figure.

Therefore, it would be a piece of cake for him to get the aids of a regiment of soldiers.

Ten minutes later, a regiment had been dispatched. They made their way over to the Williams Manor under the guidance of John.

Many passersby surrounded the scene as they had been drawn to the commotion.

Eventually, the onlookers engaged themselves in a heated discussion, in an attempt to figure out why the rationale, the regiment, had been dispatched.

By the time they returned to the scene, Harry's corpse was nowhere to be seen. Presumably, Zeke had hidden it.

John looked at Zeke and warned him, "You're pretty confident of yourself, huh, Zeke? Ha! Why don't you show me what you're capable of again? I'm sure you'll be taken out the moment you try to lay a finger on me!"



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Slap!

Without hesitation, Zeke slapped John in the face, in front of others. He told him, "Sure! I'll grant you your wish since that's what you've wanted all along."

"How dare you slap me in the face? D*** it! Who gave you the audacity to resort to such a reckless action when you're merely a step away from hell!" John held on to his swollen face and looked at Zeke in disbelief.

Instantly, he turned around and reached out to the commander of the regiment. "Mr. Blackwood, I'm sure you have witnessed the brutality of this man, right? He has the audacity to beat an ordinary citizen in front of you. It seems like he isn't taking you and the soldiers seriously. You have to avenge, me, Sir."

In return, Mr. Blackwood looked at Nathan with a vicious smile on his face and warned him, "Well... Indeed, you're quite an arrogant brat. In fact, you are far more arrogant than I'd thought. However, allow me to advise you. You should be aware of who you're picking on because you have no idea of who's in front of you."

Once he finished his sentence, he turned around and ordered the soldiers, "Surround him and take him into custody immediately!"

The soldiers rushed over immediately and rendered Zeke incapable of motion as they suppressed him.

Nonetheless, Zeke appeared calm and collected as he asked, “Does that mean you’re trying to defend him?”

Mr. Blackwood scoffed, “That’s right! After all, John is a close acquaintance of mine. Did you think I would leave him alone? You must be kidding, right?”

Unexpectedly, Zeke reprimanded them, “Do I look like I’m kidding? The government officials and the citizens of the country have spent countless resources to nurture your talents because you have been tasked with the role of defending the country. In short, all of you are civil servants who are serving the people. However, you have decided to be the servants of the wealthy ones, accepting requests from them. Are you sure that you deserve the government officials’ and the citizens’ trust? All of you bring nothing but disgrace to the military!”

Finally, the onlookers managed to grasp the situation once they heard Zeke’s speech.

They were infuriated as well. Consequently, Mr. Blackwood and John became the target of the onlooker’s witch-hunt session.

“What? Does that mean that they’ve neglected the role of defending the nation that they have been mandated? Have they turned into the wealthy ones’ servants instead?”

“If that’s the case, they don’t deserve to proclaim themselves as part of the military at all!”

“We have to get rid of the black sheep once and for all!”

“Let’s take note of their identity numbers and report them collectively!”

As time flew by, an increasing amount of onlookers rushed over and surrounded the scene. Many of them had taken photos of Mr. Blackwood and John using their phones.

Meanwhile, John and Mr. Blackwood’s faces turned pale all of a sudden. They had not expected Zeke to leverage the emotions of the onlookers.

It was obvious that Zeke was going up against them through the power of the citizens.

John whispered and requested, “Mr. Blackwood, please take Zeke into custody immediately. We have to get rid of him as soon as possible. Otherwise, things may spin out of control once the onlookers have gathered

around.”

However, Mr. Blackwood grew cautious and rebuked him, “No! There are a lot of reporters hiding amongst the onlookers. I’m sure that they have taken plenty of photos by now. If we take Zeke into custody, we’ll be doomed, once the news has made it to the headlines!”

“Huh? Does that mean that I’d been slapped in the face for nothing?” John was upset.

“Nope! You haven’t been slapped in the face for nothing! Although we can’t get to him this round, I’m sure we’ll eventually get him once he runs out of luck. It’s impossible for him to constantly run into the reporters!” Mr. Blackwood gritted his teeth and assured John.

Zeke heaved a sigh and told them, “If you’re not going to take me out this time, I’m afraid you won’t get to lay a finger on me in the future because you’re about to lose your title, Mr. Blackwood.”

“Zeke, you’re the one behind the reporters’ presence, right? I’m sure that’s the case! It seems like you’re trying to make use of the public to come after us, huh? Do you really think that you can win the public over? I won’t allow such a thing to happen! Ha! You know what? I can easily get them fired through a call!” John replied scornfully.

“Really? If that’s the case, I can’t wait to see what else you’re capable of,” Zeke replied sarcastically.

“Hmph! It seems like you have no idea what’s in store for you! I’ll see you soon, Zeke!” John rolled his eyes and glared at Zeke as he finished his sentence.

Eventually, John and Mr. Blackwood left, along with the regiment they had brought along with them.

Upon their departure, Zeke reached for his phone and called the General Cosmopolis, Wolf’s Greed, immediately. He instructed him, “Wolf’s Greed, in the name of the Great Marshal, I want you to expel Mr. Blackwood along with his party immediately because they have offended me. They are a disgrace to the military. We have to get rid of every single black sheep in the military!”

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed replied.

In the meantime, John and Mr. Blackwood finally made their way back to the Luna Manor. As of current, they were telling Theodore of what had ensued.

Almost abruptly, Mr. Blackwood received a call from General North, the man in charge of the military in Atheville.



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Mr. Blackwood was surprised because he had never once received a call from General Cosmopolis.

He answered the call promptly and replied politely.

However, the moment he hung up, he shuddered and collapsed to the ground, in front of John and Theodore.

He dropped his phone as a dejected look crossed his face.

“What’s wrong?” Theodore and John asked anxiously because they could no longer hold back their curiosity.

They could not wait to figure out what had happened.

In return, Mr. Blackwood uttered in a quivering voice, “I... I have received an order from the Great Marshal. I... It seems as though I’d been expelled from the military.”

What!

Theodore and John were dumbfounded by Mr. Blackwood’s words.

However, Theodore calmed himself as he assured Mr. Blackwood, “That’s impossible!

You're nothing but a trivial commander! The Great Marshal can't possibly be aware of your presence!"

Gradually, John returned to his senses as well. He reassured the dejected man, "He's right, Mr. Blackwood. Unless Zeke is affiliated with the Great Marshal, it's impossible for the Great Marshal to have been aware of such a trivial incident! If he truly were acquainted with such a noble figure, he wouldn't have had such a hard time dealing with those from the Lewis family and the Williams family. I'm certain that you've been deceived, Mr. Blackwood!"

"That would be impossible because the General Cosmopolis was the one who had made the call personally," Mr. Blackwood responded.

What!

Unmistakably, Theodore and John were shocked. Their faces paled all of a sudden. If that was the case, Zeke might have been a close acquaintance of the Great Marshal as they had suspected.

Theodore took a seat in his chair because he felt light-headed all of a sudden.

If Zeke is a close acquaintance of the Great Marshall, doesn't that mean that I'd been playing with fire all along, since I'd picked on

him repeatedly?

John recalled something when they were about to fall into a vicious cycle of despair. He told everyone, "I saw something previously! It's impossible for Zeke to be a close acquaintance of the Great Marshal. Previously, when we were there to take Zeke into custody, I saw a government official's ride passing by on the street. I'm certain that the Great Marshall was the one who was inside the car. Perhaps he had delivered the instructions because he was aware of what had happened."

Since John's statement appeared to be logical and trustworthy, the dejected Mr. Blackwood and Theodore finally felt a sense of relief.

Not before long, Theodore heaved a sigh of relief and replied, "That must be the case! It must have been a coincidence. I can't believe that I'd almost bought into the idea that Zeke was a close acquaintance of the Great Marshall. I must have lost my mind! Forget about it. If that's the case, I'll personally drop by since the Sullivan family is backing me up. Although my identity as the mastermind of the incident that had occurred in Black Pentagon might have been exposed, they'd be able to easily get rid of the potential consequences on my behalf. I shouldn't have been afraid of Zeke, since he's nothing but an ordinary citizen!"

John suggested, "Sir, Harry was but a slave of the Sullivan family, right? Is it really necessary for you to show up to retrieve the corpse? I mean, it's not worthy of your time and energy, right? Perhaps we should forget about it as well."

"You're wrong, John. This is the mission assigned to me by the Sullivan family. If I can't complete the mission, I can't possibly prove myself worthy. If that's the case, they won't place great emphasis on me anymore in the future," Theodore replied, explaining the rationale behind his actions.

Ultimately, John nodded and expressed his acknowledgment.

Suddenly, Mr. Blackwood broke the silence and asked, "Theodore, w... What should I do next? Since I have been expelled by the Great Marshal, it's over for me!"

Theodore peeked over at Mr. Blackwood. His eyes glinted with strong, murderous intent. Mr. Blackwood could no longer be of use to him since he had been expelled.

In fact, if the Great Marshal were to come after the mastermind behind it, he might eventually discover that Theodore was the one behind everything. Therefore, Theodore knew that he had to take Mr. Blackwood out as well.

He took a deep breath and replied, "Allow me to introduce you to another friend of mine. For the time being, you should take cover at his place."

"Alright!" Mr. Blackwood answered immediately. He did not even bother to hesitate at all.

Soon, Theodore brought Mr. Blackwood into a confined space.

After a mere minute, Theodore was the only one who made his way out of the confined space.

His hands were drenched in blood the moment he returned.



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John's pupils constricted the moment he detected the blood on Theodore's hands.

Theodore had shown no mercy to Mr. Blackwood at all. He had evidently gotten rid of Mr. Blackwood, sending him straight to hell.

Deep down, John was upset and horrified because he feared that he would likely end up in a similar situation, should he fail to prove himself worthy in the future.

Once Theodore washed his hands, he headed over and prayed to atone for his sins. He murmured to himself, "Oh, God! Please forgive me for I have sinned against you..."

Once he had everything sorted out, he rushed over to Zeke's place with John by his side.

As he was concerned about his own safety, he had a few hitmen tagging along, hiding in the dark, to protect him.

Once they reached Zeke's place, Zeke was going through a stack of reports in a serious manner. Therefore, he paid no heed to them at all.

At long last, the superior ones had crossed paths in life.

A period of unusual tranquility could be

detected, as though it was the calm before the storm. However, it was likely to presage difficult times soon.

Theodore asked with an irritated expression, “Zeke... Harry, whom you have killed, is a close acquaintance of mine. I’ll let you off the hook for killing him, but please return his corpse to me. That Isn’t much to ask for, right?”

Nevertheless, Zeke had never once raised his head throughout their conversation. Instead, his eyes glinted wrathfully as he asked in a callous tone, “Aren’t you curious about what I’m reading?”

“Am I supposed to know what you’re reading? I believe that it has nothing to do with me because I’m merely here to retrieve the corpse of a close acquaintance of mine!” Theodore chimed.

“It has nothing to do with you? Are you sure? Why don’t you take a look and tell me if you have anything to do with this!” Zeke cast the stack of reports he had been reading in Theodore’s direction.

Theodore took a peek at it and realized that it was the name list of the personnel who had been sacrificed in order to take those from the Black Pentagon out.

I knew it! It seems like Zeke has been suspecting me for quite some time!

Although taken aback, Theodore tried his best to put on a calm front, as he replied indifferently, "I'm sorry, but I don't get it. Does that mean you're suspecting that I'm the leader of the Black Pentagon?"

Zeke chided, "Are you trying to play dumb in front of me? I'm sure that you're aware of the truth as much as I am, aren't you? I'm advising you to turn yourself in and bear the consequences of your actions. Otherwise, once I get my hands on the evidence, I shall massacre those who are involved mercilessly!"

"Hmph! Stop wasting my time! Where the hell is Harry's corpse?" Theodore confronted Zeke.

"I'm sure he has reached your place by now," Zeke told Theodore.

"What do you mean?" Theodore was confused by Zeke's words.

"I'd said what I'd meant," Zeke answered sarcastically.

He was about to leave once he finished his sentence, but Theodore placed his hand on Zeke's shoulder and stopped him.

“Hold it right there. I’m afraid that you’re not allowed to leave unless you hand over Harry’s corpse to me.”

Instantaneously, Zeke whipped around and slapped Theodore in the face.

Slap!

Everyone present heard the slap loud and clear, as it echoed throughout the confined space.

Soon, silence befell, as everyone was dumbfounded because Zeke had slapped Theodore, the most reputable figure of Atheville, in the face.

What the hell! Does Zeke have a death wish?

Meanwhile, Zeke was on the verge of losing control over his emotions. In fact, he had never been as infuriated before in his life.

Subconsciously, he slapped Theodore in the face because he was engulfed by wrath, the moment he had recalled the thousands of young victims that had died in vain during the Black Pentagon incident.

The hitmen Theodore had brought along with him finally returned to their senses after a few seconds.

They came out of hiding, sprinting over to Zeke's side immediately because they had wanted to teach him a lesson.

As soon as Zeke detected the presence of the hitmen, he turned his arms around. All of a sudden, he held a dagger in his hand.

He placed the dagger on Theodore's neck and warned them, "Stay away from me! Otherwise, I'm afraid that he'll have to spend the night underground for the rest of his life."

Almost immediately, Theodore waved and beckoned the bunch of hitmen he had brought along with him to stay put for the time being.

"Ha! Zeke, I know you're reluctant to kill me because I'm aware of secrets that you're interested in. If you send me to hell, to hell the secrets will go with me!"

"I'm reluctant to kill you? Actually, it's because you're not a worthy opponent. I have no intention to stain my hands with your filthy blood. I'll give you another chance to come after me within ten days. You should pull every single connection of yours and come after me with everything you have. Otherwise, I'll torture you to death if you're not able to take me out within the stipulated period," Zeke replied, a vicious grin upon his face.



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Once Zeke turned around and left, Theodore took a deep breath and clenched his fists with all his might.

Similarly, Theodore was infuriated like never before. After all, he had never been slapped in the face because no one had ever had the audacity to do so.

As a matter of fact, not even his parents nor his foes on the battlefield had the guts to slap him in the face.

Therefore, Theodore was determined to get Zeke back for the humiliation the latter had brought upon him.

Death would be insufficient, to rid of the grudge he had held against Zeke. He would torture Zeke to death in a similar way that Zeke had warned him about.

Promptly, Theodore received a call from the butler of his mansion.

He tried his best to collect his thoughts, before answering the call.

Once the call got through, the butler's anxious voice could be heard coming from the other end of the line, "Sir, something's wrong! We're not sure when, but a corpse has been placed on your bed. The corpse was completely drenched

in blood. In fact, his heart has been removed as well. It seems like he's Mr. Sullivan, the one whom you've been searching for all along."

What! D*** it!

Theodore's heart pounded furiously because Zeke had not lied to him. Harry had, indeed, made his way over to his place.

He could not figure out how Zeke had sent a corpse over to the Luna Manor because his place was heavily guarded by security personnel that he had stationed everywhere.

In actual fact, it would be impossible for others to enter the compound without his consent.

Since Zeke had achieved a seemingly impossible feat, Theodore was certain that there was a mastermind behind Zeke's back.

"Let's return immediately!" Theodore stared at John and instructed.

On their way back, John told Theodore in a cautious manner, "Sir, I have a hunch that Zeke is far more capable than we'd perceived him to be. Perhaps we're not a match for him."

In return, Theodore took a deep breath and replied, "Mhm. Undeniably, he's a formidable foe. However, I'm certain that he has a soft spot

as well. As long as we're able to get our hands on his soft spot, he'll have to surrender himself."

John was shocked. He asked confusedly, "Oh? Please enlighten this humble servant of yours, Sir."

Theodore told John, "According to reliable sources, Zeke has a great relationship with his wife, Lacey. In fact, he prioritizes Lacey's wellbeing over his life. If we're able to abduct Lacey, I'm sure that Zeke will come to us, begging for mercy, down on his knees! Hahaha!"

Not before long, Theodore whispered something to John.

Consequently, John's eyes gleamed in astonishment. "That's a brilliant idea, Sir! I'll get everything ready as soon as possible."

Meanwhile, Zeke headed over to a public washroom to wash his hands once he departed.

As a matter of fact, he had made use of Harry's corpse to lure Theodore out because he wanted to place a curse on him.

He had placed a vicious curse on it, one that would devour the man's abdomen, inside out,

within ten days.

It would be impossible for an ordinary man to withstand the pain.

Therefore, Zeke was certain that Theodore would tell him every secret he had been longing for, within ten days.

However, the curse had a strong aftereffect. Thus, he would have to cleanse his hands thoroughly before heading home.

...

In the meantime, John had reached the Williams family's place to look for Mdm. Williams.

Although Mdm. Williams was unaware of John's true identity, she welcomed him enthusiastically the moment she figured out that he was there to help her take Zeke out.

She served John a cup of tea and asked, "I'm afraid that we can't take Zeke out through ordinary means due to the odd capability he possesses. I'm sure you're aware that he has taken out the Lewis family, almost getting the better of the Williams family, right?"

In short, Mdm. Williams was warning John to stay away from Zeke if his party was not as

capable as the coalition formed between the Lewis family and the Williams family.

Naturally, John was aware of the meaning behind Mdm. Williams' words.

He reassured her, "Please pardon my discourtesy. To be frank, the Lewis family and the Williams family hold nothing but a trivial existence before Mr. Luna. Do you know how Ryker had climbed his way up the ranks all the way to a general? The Lewis family had set up their business, years after the Williams family had dominated the market, but over the past few years, the Lewis family has taken over the position of the market leader, right? Truthfully, Mr. Luna was the one behind their success because they had been granted a few resources that Mr. Luna had deemed inessential to him."



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The news was shocking, in a way.

When the Williamses finally heard about it, the rush of excitement they felt was almost too much for them to contain.

It was almost beyond the realm of possibility to think that John's mysterious boss was the big shot behind the Lewis family.

It was a well-known fact by now that whoever was backing the Lewis family had eyes and ears throughout Atheville. The law bent itself backwards and sideways for this mysterious person. It was even rumored that if he so desired, a flick of his fingers and a nudge of his considerable resources would see an instant promotion of some lucky soul to General.

And now, the Williamses had caught the attention of this mysterious big shot.

The day that the Williams family would rise again was coming soon. Very soon.

It went without saying that the Williamses started treating John with even more warmth and enthusiasm than they ever did before.

Lucille, the matriarch of the Williams family, asked carefully, "John, how are you going to confront Zeke?"

“To be honest,” John said somberly, “the mutual hatred between my boss and Zeke goes beyond normal human comprehension. I’m afraid that even Zeke’s death won’t be enough to satisfy my boss’ hatred of him.”

John exhaled a lingering sigh. “My boss is going to make his life a living hell.”

Lucille seemed almost too eager for details. “Pray, tell me more about it.”

“According to our information, Zeke’s only priority is his wife, Lacey Hinton. He cares for her deeply.”

The sudden smile on John’s face was unpleasant. “Suppose his wife is unfortunately involved in a fatal accident. I think we can both agree that Zeke would literally die of heartbreak, wouldn’t he?”

“That’s very true.” Lucille nodded her agreement immediately. “He’s besotted with that woman. He would do anything for her and if one of them must die, Zeke would sacrifice himself without a second thought.”

John nodded slowly. “In any case, I’ll still need the Williamses’ help if we’re going to handle Lacey.”

Lucille was quick to voice her opinion. “If killing

Zeke can restore the Williams family's freedom, we'll gladly do anything, even if it means going through hell or high water."

John snorted. "It's nothing so complicated. I just need your family to invite Lacey over for dinner, alone. Leave the rest to me."

Lucille smiled. "That won't be a problem. I can handle it."

At this moment, in the headquarters of Trust Media, Lacey was busy weathering a seemingly endless mountain of work.

Linton Group's plans to move their company headquarters to Atheville were fast coming to fruition, and she had been actively engaged with the endeavor for the past two days straight.

The new head of the Williams family had generously donated one of their buildings to Linton Group for them to use as their new headquarters.

Lacey had to go to the new building for the handover process and settle all the relevant application documents.

Just as she arrived at the Williams family building, she saw Lucille leading the rest of the Williamses out of the building.

Her heart jumped into her throat.

She knew about the tangled and complicated mess between her husband and his own family. One thing was for sure, the Williams family wanted nothing to do with both Zeke and her.

Considering the company owned by her family had now occupied a Williams family building, she was certain that the Williamses hated her more than ever.

However, Lacey was not prepared for the Williamses' warm reception when they approached her.

Even Lucille greeted her warmly without any prompting, "Lacey, dear, you're here to oversee the handover process of this building, aren't you?"

Lacey nodded mutely. Seeing her agreement, Lucille continued, "Great! I've prepared all the relevant documents and agreements relating to the process, so how about we go to a nearby hotel and discuss it over lunch?"

Still processing the sudden warmth shown by the Williamses, Lacey wondered if this was how it felt to have a normal grandmother-in-law. She was not too naive to just accept that her husband's family would suddenly treat her like this without another motive.

In fact, the Williamses had been cold toward her whenever they met in the past two days.

It would be impolite for her to refuse their hospitality, even if their kind offer came at a price. That being said, she still had to settle the terms of agreement for Linton Group's use of the Williams family building.

Warily, she accepted their offer of lunch.

The Williams family had already made arrangements for a meal at a nearby five-star hotel. As a lavish feast was laid out on the table, they discussed the terms of agreement for the handover, and Lacey braced herself for round after round of bargaining.

Much to her surprise, both parties signed the agreement after barely ten minutes.

Concluded with the negotiations, the atmosphere of the room quickly cooled to sub-zero. Lacey expected nothing less—there were no words between the Williamses and her outside of business, after all.

She decided to take her leave before the situation could get any more uncomfortable. Rising from her seat, she thanked the Williams family, "Thank you for the warm welcome and the splendid meal. I am very grateful we could agree on the terms as well. If there's nothing

else to attend to, I need to return to my company. Zeke and I will treat you all to dinner next time.”

However, the Williams family insisted that she stay.

Lacey felt inexplicably suspicious.

As she stayed, she wondered why the Williams family wanted her to wait here.

What are they waiting for?



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Not too long after that, one attendant entered. He was wearing a strange combination of a dark cap and a mask that concealed his face. He placed a bottle of expensive whiskey beside an unsuspecting Lacey.

Unseen by anyone, he flicked his thumb.

A tiny black dot zoomed out from under his fingernail and landed squarely on the artfully arranged salad in front of Lacey.

His work done, the attendant left.

This was no random attendant, but John in disguise.

The tiny black dot he had flicked into Lacey's salad was the product of his unceasing efforts in cultivation—a venomous little insect.

This particular insect had venom so terrifyingly potent that no one in the world could make an antidote for it, including John himself.

Inside the private dining room, Lucille was pouring a glass of wine for Lacey. "I ordered this whiskey especially for you, dear. Drink a glass with me. Consider it our welcome to Linton Group for finally expanding into Atheville."

Lacey politely declined the wine, saying, "Sorry,

Grandma, but I'm an awful lightweight. I've also been feeling under the weather these days, and my doctor told me I shouldn't be drinking."

Lucille did not make a scene. "That's fine, dear. If you can't drink, try this dish. It's the hotel's signature dish. You should really try it out."

Everyone around the table watched in varying degrees of shock as Lucille personally served Lacey some of the salad.

Feeling that she had no choice to refuse such a generous and kind gesture, Lacey ate the salad.

The Williamses breathed a collective size of relief when she finished every bit of the salad. Now all they had to do was wait.

Suddenly appearing apologetic, Lucille said, "Dear, I seem to have forgotten an important meeting. If you'll excuse, I have to go immediately."

The rest of the Williamses promptly made their excuses as well, hurriedly leaving one by one.

At this point, Lacey was debating whether to laugh or cry. When she had wanted to leave earlier, they dug their heels in and insisted she stay, but now they were all gone in the blink of an eye.

Putting the matter out of her mind, Lacey turned and left the hotel too.

The afternoon soon arrived, bringing with it the first new batch of workers that would be working at Linton Group's new building in Atheville.

In line with Atheville commercial business legislations, a complete employee health exam was compulsory for new companies that just started operations in Atheville. Naturally, Lacey was not exempt from the health exam.

After having her blood drawn, Lacey made her way to the new building to oversee all the final renovations. It was a tiring job that lasted the entire day.

When she finally finished all of her tasks, the sun was already setting. Her head spun wearily after such a long day. Before she could leave the office, however, the director in charge of the health exam approached her.

"Ms. Hinton," he said in a grave voice, "There is some bad news that I need to give you."

Lacey felt her face fall into a solemn frown. "Did one of our employees fail the health check?"

Director Kingston sighed, "Ms. Hinton, it's your

report. When we tested your blood sample, it revealed that you had developed a rare form of cancer. The scientific name of the disease is signet ring cell carcinoma.”

His voice grew grim. “This cancer is very rare, so rare that in fact, the chances of developing it are one in a billion. Unfortunately, there’s no cure for this disease or any recorded survivors.”

Lacey felt her pulse thunder loudly in her ears. Director Kingston was still speaking, but she could absorb none of his words.

She was sure she had misheard him. “Cancer? But that’s impossible. I’ve always been healthy. You must be wrong.”

Once again, Director Kingston sighed heavily. He handed over a health report file to Lacey.

Snatching the file, Lacey tore it open. Lines and lines of extreme data, printed in dizzying red ink, met her eyes as she scanned through the report. A wave of nausea washed over her.

The conclusion of the report stared back at her unblinkingly: Signet Ring Cell Carcinoma.

Director Kingston continued, “This disease causes the body’s cell to age and die at an accelerated rate. The most obvious symptoms are accelerated ageing, of course. Patients

have reported hair loss, teeth loss, and even both fingernails and toenails falling out. Other patients have also reported alarmingly wrinkled skin, while some of the worst cases have had skin ecdysis. The disease is rather intimidating.”

He handed a picture to a numb Lacey. “This is a picture of the condition of a late-stage patient. Please have a look at it.”

Lacey felt thunder strike all her numbness away as she looked at the photograph.

The patient in the picture was a shriveled remnant of a human, aged beyond imagination. His skin hung off his stick-thin body in wrinkled sheets and Lacey found herself reminded hysterically of a meatball. He had no hair or teeth left. The patient resembled an empty shell of a human—not human, not dead, but stuck somewhere in between.

No, she shrieked in her mind. No, no, no!

Beyond the depths of her hysteria, she could feel herself crumbling under the knowledge of her new reality.

With a chilling certainty, she knew she would rather die than let herself shrivel to this caricature of human life.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Director Kingston continued on doggedly, “Unlike other cancers, this disease is contagious. Physical touch, bodily fluids and can transmit it even through air.”

As if he finally realized what he was saying, he shrunk away from Lacey rather belatedly, as if she was already contagious.

Lost in her rising despair, Lacey put her head in her hands. The same wild thought tumbled through her head repeatedly, screaming internally that Director Kingston was lying to her about cancer.

Lacey’s voice was edged with hysteria. “I’m going to another doctor immediately. I-If you misdiagnosed me, my husband will never forgive you!”

Director Kingston heaved the heaviest sigh since he had met Lacey. “I think you should stop living in denial, Ms. Hinton.”

Lacey clutched the report tightly as she ran out of the building like a madwoman.

A cold smile spread across the doctor’s face as she fled. He exited the building as well, ducking into a black sedan parked nearby.

Inside the car, smoke curled in clouds around John as he smoked cigarette after cigarette. He

exhaled slowly, making another long trail of smoke drift into the cramped interior of the car.

Feeling like he would suffocate soon, Director Kingston cleared his throat. His voice was excessively deferential as he said, “John, I’ve done the job like you asked. You promised a... ah, payment?”

It was more than obvious that Director Kingston had no qualms about selling his moral integrity for other benefits.

Shrouded in clouds of smoke, John smiled contentedly. He produced a locked briefcase and tossed it over to Director Kingston. “Count it.”

The naked satisfaction on the latter’s face was palpable.

He opened the briefcase, seeing the thick and orderly stacks of money inside. Glittering eyes watching carefully, he counted each one of them.

With the money in the briefcase, he was set for life. He thought briefly about all the life savings he had worked and slaved for. All of them combined still could not hold a candle to even a tenth of the briefcase’s contents.

As Director Kingston was still losing himself in

his euphoria, a hammer hit him unceremoniously in the back of his head.

His eyes rolled, and he fainted immediately.

John tossed the hammer aside casually, wiping the blood on his hands. He regarded Director Kingston's limp form. "Sorry, old chap, but Zeke Williams has an annoying habit of finding loose ends to follow. You're going to be taking a long nap to make sure he doesn't find us."

On the other hand, Lacey soon arrived at the best hospital Atheville had to offer, her health report still clutched tightly in her hand.

Not even half an hour later, she exited the hospital again, despair and helplessness written on her face.

The hospital doctor gave her the same diagnosis as Director Kingston did. She was afflicted with a form of cancer so rare that nobody else in the world currently had it.

In a short time, Lacy would age at an accelerated rate, shriveling into a withered husk that hovered somewhere between human and inhuman.

The tears flowed down her cheeks. Soon, she was going to die of old age despite her youth.

She was crumbling under the impact of this news, in a way she had never fallen apart before.

Burying her hands in her hair, she fought the urge to yank them all out. Her grip tightened. What do I do? What can I do?

Her tight grip left her staring incoherently at a bunch of hair she had inadvertently pulled from her head.

Her knees gave way, and she fell helplessly onto the ground.

If my hair is already falling out, how much longer do I have before I turn into... that?

I can't let Mum and Dad—I can't let Zeke see me like that—no, I have to leave them with the nicest memory of me, not what I'll become.

I can't risk spreading this disease to them if I go home.

I've got to get out of here and then wait for death to come for me. Alone.

Zeke, I just want to thank you for being by my side all along.

The days spent with you were the happiest time I can remember in my entire life.

Thank you for giving me so many treasured memories I can remember fondly. That alone makes me content for the rest of my life.

This is goodbye, I guess.

If there is a next life, I'd still want to be your wife, if you'll have me.

No. I'd still marry you even three lifetimes later.

Lacey sent a message to Zeke before hurling the phone into a river. Waving down a taxi, she got in and left with a face full of tears.

Just as Lacey left, John appeared again.

He was holding a very familiar briefcase as he stole into the hospital.

Half a city away, Zeke was also busy with the relocation of Linton Group's headquarters to Atheville. The hour was late when he finished working.

He was about to find Lacey to celebrate their success when he received her text.

Zeke, thank you for being by my side all along and creating so many beautiful memories with me.

But I'm tired, and I think it's time I have some

time to myself. It's not your fault. I'm leaving.
Please don't come after me.

I love you. If there's a life after this one, I still
want to be your wife. I truly hope that you'll still
have me, even then.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Rereading his wife's texts repeatedly, Zeke felt all his blood drain from his face.

He hurriedly dialed Lacey's number, praying desperately in his mind.

Stop it, Lacey, I know you're just joking with me.

We are the perfect couple. How could you just leave me like this?

Please, just answer your phone—stop fooling around, please?

The only reply Zeke received was the dreaded female automated voice coolly informing that he had gone to voicemail. Lacey was not answering his calls.

"I'm sorry, but the number you have dialed is currently unavailable. Please leave a message after the beep."

Beep!

Thunderstruck, Zeke ended the call.

He knew deep within his bones that Lacey was in trouble.

She had truly left. His wife was gone.

Despair coursed through him. He began a

frenzied madman's search throughout the buildings of Trust Media and Linton Group.

It was futile.

Zeke immediately contacted Alfred Booth, ordering him to lead search parties for Lacey all over the city while he sifted through the security camera recordings of the past day, tracking Lacey's movements throughout the last few hours.

For the most part of the day, Lacey's movements were exceedingly normal as she busied herself with managing the various affairs of Linton Group. Zeke felt pain stab through his heart every time he saw her smile.

He put the recordings on fast-forward. Time zoomed by until it was evening. He frowned when he noticed the director in charge of the health evaluations approach Lacey.

It had barely been ten minutes since Lacey started speaking with him when she tore out of the exit, a look of sheer despair on her face.

Hitting the pause button furiously, Zeke quickly contacted the traffic police, requesting footage from the traffic cameras positioned in the streets.

The new footage he had acquired showed that

Lacey had traveled to Atheville Affiliate Hospital. He watched in mounting horror as she exited the hospital, walking lethargically with pain written across her features. She collapsed in the middle of the street, the discovery she made in the hospital evidently sapping any remaining energy she had.

In the end, she stepped into a taxi and vanished from the range of the traffic cameras.

Zeke frantically watched each of the footage. All gave him the same conclusion. Lacey did not appear in Atheville anymore after she took that taxi.

Fear gave his feet wings as he went to track down Director Kingston and the doctor Lacey had consulted with at the Atheville Affiliate Hospital.

He found neither of them. Both men had vanished.

A troubling sixth sense told Zeke that everything connected to his wife's disappearance was too coincidental to be an accident.

This is a conspiracy!

His hand curled into a fist. Theodore Luna had to be behind it. They had been at odds for quite

some time now, and this underhanded trick was exactly how his foe operated.

Zeke brought down his clenched fist on the table beside him. The impact shattered the table into tiny bits.

Lacey, I promise you, even if you run to the ends of the world, I'll still find you and bring you home.

And as for you, Theodore Luna, I'm going to break you into pieces when I find you.

I promise you, they'll never find your body.

At this time, Zeke's phone rang with a call from Alfred.

He promptly informed Zeke that his search for Lacey in the surrounding streets had not yielded a single trace of where she might have gone.

"Okay." Zeke forced himself to swallow a sudden surge of panic.

Lacey's life depended on him now. He could not afford the luxury of panic.

He inhaled deeply, then exhaled slowly, steeling himself. Without any hesitation, his fingers typed out the number to contact Bloodthirsty

Wolf, leader of the Tulle.

“Bloodthirsty Wolf, I want you to lead all the members of Tulle to Eurasia now. All of them.”

Bloodthirsty Wolf was a professional, but even he was shocked at the statement.

On a scale of one to incredulous disbelief, Zeke’s order ranked somewhere near ‘aliens invading Earth with UFOs’.

For a moment, he wondered if his hearing had finally failed him. The Great Marshal was actually actively ordering the Tulle to enter Eurasia in full force.

A thought flashed across his mind. The Great Marshal was revolting. There was no other explanation for it.

However, when Bloodthirsty Wolf realized that the Tulle was being summoned to Eurasia just to search for a mere girl, he was flabbergasted.

What fresh hell is this? What kind of girl could move the Great Marshal to these extremes, to the point of rousing the entire Tulle to arms?

Bloodthirsty Wolf snickered lecherously, a sudden thought occurring to him. He wagered that it had to be a girl with the looks of at least seven fairies descending from heaven.

Of course, getting the Tulle into the borders of Eurasia was not an easy endeavor.

At the very least, permission had to be granted by the notoriously finicky Colonel.

But five minutes and a single phone call was all it took for Zeke to settle the matter.

And so, the infamous Tulle, an elite mercenary group to end all mercenary groups, descended upon Eurasia.

Eurasia—and by extension the rest of the globe—was, for the lack of a better word, dumbfounded.

It was common knowledge that Eurasia banned all mercenary groups.

And now, with the Tulle entering Eurasia in full force, rumors started to spread.

However, those rumors were promptly strangled when the real reason for the Tulle's appearance in Eurasia was announced. The population's shocked reaction to the fact that the Tulle was summoned to aid in the search of a mere girl exceeded even that of Bloodthirsty Wolf's.

It was both unseen and unheard of.

This girl quickly became the talk of the globe, the target of both admiration and jealousy.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The Tulle's reputation as the number one global organized mercenary group was not unearned. Their efficiency in search and rescue operations were unparalleled.

It took them barely three days to unearth Lacey's trail after she disappeared.

On the far outskirts of Atheville, there was a tiny town so remote that it only had one village. The village was Ascot. Three days ago, a fairy had descended there.

The girl who arrived could truly pass for a fairy from the heavens, that much was true. She had a graceful figure, a face that could move the very heavens itself, and an ethereal aura unique only to her.

She arrived quietly, spending an impressive amount of money to rent one of the holiday villas in the tiny town.

By night, she rested in the villa.

But by day, she perched daintily on a large rock by the mouth of the village, admiring the lush mountain scenery quietly.

The sight of her distant beauty as she admired the scenery easily surpassed any other exquisite scenery the world offered.

It was not much of a surprise then, that the young lads in the village would clamor to watch the “scenery” of the fairy admiring the actual scenery whenever they had any free time.

Ever since he laid eyes on a photograph of the “fairy”, Zeke knew with aching certainty that Lacey was the fairy.

The photograph they had given him was just a side profile, and not a very good one at that, but her aura and quiet sense of ethereality were unmistakable. It was Lacey.

Without wasting another second, Zeke jumped into his car, gunning it straight toward the tiny village of Ascot.

In Ascot, Lacey went about her usual routine, hiking to the entrance of the village to admire the wide expanse of scenery before her.

She was well-aware of a couple of village boys ogling her in the distance, enchanted by her.

Resisting the urge to sigh, she returned her attention to the scenery. Even the elderly population of the village were abuzz by her arrival, claiming that she was definitely a fairy stricken by a disaster in the heavens, escaping to the earth.

After all, there was no other explanation for a

girl with such unearthly beauty appearing in their tiny village.

Truthfully, Lacey could not find it in her to be interested in the view. The scenery was beautiful, but she was very much alone and that leeched any possible contentment she would have felt, leaving only a numb feeling of tasteless repetition.

If only Zeke was beside her. She imagined the joy of being able to share in the stunning view with him.

Just one day would be enough.

Even if the cost were the rest of her life, she would still gladly trade it for that one day.

It did not change the fact that she was acutely aware that her thoughts were just a dream and nothing more.

Her decision was made. She would never reveal her whereabouts to Zeke. She could not bear to put him through the same pain she had already suffered.

She would rather endure it all alone.

The sound of her phone vibrating startled her out of her reverie.

It was a new phone, the one she was using to alleviate the boredom of the short remainder of her life.

Pulling the phone out of her pocket, she realized it was a news alert. The headline was from Penguin Media.

The Great Marshal Summons the Tulle to Eurasia in Search for His Beloved.

Lacey felt her heart twist painfully.

Zeke must be looking for me all over the world now by now.

She blew out a breath frustratedly, thinking about the shitty nature of the world.

Where was the happy ending for the two destined lovers where they grew old together, hand in hand to the end of their days?

Just as she was lost in her thoughts, a wretched voice sounded by her ear.

“Hey, sweetie,” the voice leered. “Aren’t you lonely, standing there? How about some company, huh?”

Lacey jerked her head around to see Yael Allwine, the village gangster.

He was not just notorious in Ascot, but in all the nearby towns as well. Lecherous to a fault, Lacey knew that many young women from upstanding families had fallen victim to his assault. He was the worst kind of man there was.

Lacey knew she was beautiful. She was also very aware of the fact that she was alone and Yael was staring at her like a piece of meat.

“Get out of here and leave me alone.”

Yael did not leave. Instead, he seemed to take her rejection as an encouragement, moving toward her and trying to grab her arm.

Lacey ducked aside quickly, feeling a rising sense of disgust.

Yael was not a good-looking fellow. He had practically no hair left on his head, a face full of warts in odd places, and yellowish crooked teeth to complement it all. In fact, just looking at him made her stomach turn.

“Why are you hiding, baby girl? It’s obvious that you just stand here all day just to hook up with someone who can show you a good time, huh? Come with me to the fields over there. I planted them especially for you, sweetie.”

“Son of a—” Lacey felt her anger surge

dangerously. “Stop talking to me, or I’ll call the police.”

“I’d like to see you try, huh?” Yael lapsed into peals of his ugly snorting laughter. “The police ain’t coming anytime soon, baby girl. Earliest that they show up is tomorrow morning. By tonight, I’ll already have my sweet way with you.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Laughing lecherously, Yael lunged at Lacey.

Stumbling away, Lacey paled, screaming at the villagers in the distance for help.

The band of villagers were angry. They were not about to let such a dirty bastard defile their goddess.

Yelling loudly, the villagers rushed forward to help a struggling Lacey out of her dilemma.

But in the next second, Yael had pulled out a large paring knife, laughing as he flailed it at the villagers.

One of the villagers did not get out of the way in time, and Yael's paring knife drew a long cut along his abdomen. Blood spurted from the wound as the villager groaned in agony. The others looked at him in horror.

“Who else wants a taste of this, huh? Anyone else wants to defend this bitch, I'll gut him—then his f***** family!”

With bright red blood soaking his clothes, the injured villager was still groaning loudly. The rest of them, shocked into submission, did not dare to step forward to help Lacey anymore.

Despairing, she turned to run.

Unfortunately, she did not get the chance to. Yael yanked the edge of her sleeve, causing her to stumble and fall against him. “You don’t get to run, bitch.”

His breath was slick against her ear. “If you do a good job tonight, I’ll reward you. But I’ll effing gut you if you resist.”

Something exploded inside Lacey.

“I’d rather die than let you take me,” she howled, struggling furiously.

Yael laughed again, pinning her against him easily. “It ain’t a choice, sugar. You’re coming with me.”

Yael turned to leave, fully intending to drag Lacey screaming if he needed to.

At this unbearably tense moment, a flash of silver darted past the faces of the gathered crowd and sank into Yael’s leg.

Crashing heavily onto the ground, he grabbed his injured leg and spat streams of profanity. “What the hell happened, huh? Which of you bastards pierced my leg?”

Lacey froze, stunned for a moment.

Yael was pricked in the leg.

She only knew one source of such deadly accuracy and precise injuries—silver needles.

Zeke's favorite weapon was silver needles.

Zeke is here?

A complicated rush of emotions tore through Lacey's mind.

She had hoped beyond hope for Zeke to save her, but at the same time, she was terrified that he would track her down.

What should she do? She agonized over the decision. Should she just leave the village as soon as she could?

In the precious few moments she spent debating with herself, a familiar figure stepped into Lacey's field of vision.

Her tears refused to be restrained any longer, coursing down her cheeks freely. Lacey let them, feeling elation and sheer relief blossom in her chest despite all her reservations.

Zeke is really here!

The man she had yearned for in her dreams and spent every waking moment missing had appeared before her.

From personal experience, Lacey knew that the mountain roads that led to this remote village were narrow and treacherous. The long journey could only be made on foot.

Zeke had walked here.

His face was scratched and bloodied in a way that made Lacey's heart pang painfully. The clothes he wore were in a similar condition, ripped and torn in various places. Sweat dripped from his forehead and he almost looked no better than Yael. Even as scruffy and beaten down as he looked, he was still the most handsome man that Lacey had ever laid eyes on.

She thought of the twisting roads he had to walk through just to get here. And he had done all that, just to find her.

Zeke had an astonishing reserve of inner strength and will, but he would freely admit that his heart still fluttered with waves of untold emotion when he finally saw his wife.

A few long strides were all it took to reach Lacey's side and Zeke bundled her into his arms, hugging her desperately.

"Idiot."

Lacey melted against him. The reproachful

words that he had wanted to say to her faded away, left unsaid.

Wordlessly, Zeke knew that Lacey now probably felt worse than he did. He hugged her closer.

Feeling a thousand churning emotions finally catch up with her, Lacey finally let go and broke down, crying.

Her heart ached for her husband and his bedraggled look.

“Let’s go home,” Zeke said thickly. There were a hundred and a thousand things he had wanted to tell his wife when he saw her again, but that simple sentence was all that became of them.

Home.

Lacey’s heart pounded at the thought.

She missed it more than air itself, that warm and cozy home where Zeke was.

But she just could not go back.

She shrank away, breaking free from him.

“Zeke, I-I can’t go home with you! Please, just leave now. If you stay, I’m afraid I won’t be able to resist going home with you.”

“Lacey.” Zeke frowned, and it hurt just to see him like that. “Lacey, please, just tell me what’s wrong?”

Lacey sobbed even more furiously. “Zeke, just leave! Forget about me. If you bring me home, it’ll just be dangerous for all of us.”

“But why...”

Yael cut Zeke off with a profane bellow, “Go home, huh? You f***** wish! You’re the one who bashed up my leg? I’ll break your leg, bastard, or my name isn’t Allwine!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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A single glance at Yael and his perverted leer at Lacey told Zeke exactly what he needed to know about the lowlife gangster he was dealing with. A fit of different anger was boiling in his chest.

Yael did not get to touch any woman, much less his woman. Zeke's thoughts were coldly calculating, despite his seething anger. Yael was looking for death.

Without saying another word, Zeke planted his foot into Yael's stomach with all the force of a spine-shattering kick.

Cursing and swearing loudly, Yael was flung backward. His pathetic threats resounded in the mountains long after he vanished out of sight.

"You effing wait, huh? You ain't walking out of these mountains alive no more..."

Ignoring Yael, Zeke just took Lacey's hands in his own, staring into her eyes. Lacey struggled, but it was a futile effort.

"Zeke, let go of me. I don't want to spread the sickness to you."

Zeke sucked in a surprised breath. "Lacey, what sickness?"

Lacey stopped struggling. Sighing quietly, she looked out to the vast expanse of the mountains sprawled before them. “Watch the scenery with me, Zeke.”

Soundlessly, Zeke agreed.

Side by side, they sat on the large stone that had been Lacey’s frequent haunt over the past three days.

The early twilight cast their figures into long shadows, stretching forward endlessly. Before them, the sunset turned the towering mountain into a burnished shade of gold. High up here, the wild scenery was chillingly beautiful, a little slice of heaven on earth.

It was in the face of such jagged beauty that Lacey confessed the secret that had been slowly consuming her. “I have cancer, Zeke. The doctor told me it was signet ring cell carcinoma and... and it causes accelerated aging. I’ll be dead in a matter of months.”

She breathed a melancholy sigh. “It’s contagious too. I didn’t want you to get it, or see me dying and wasting away. So, I ran away.”

The gears in Zeke’s mind whirred soundlessly, thinking about what Lacey had said. He was well-aware about signet ring cell carcinoma, but something else troubled him.

“But that’s impossible.” Zeke was stunned. “That particular type of cancer has been extinct since the eighties. Lacey, you look healthy. You don’t have any symptoms either, have you noticed?”

He grabbed Lacey’s wrist gently, quickly carrying out a pulse diagnosis.

A moment later, Zeke asked seriously, “Lacey, do you trust my medical skills?”

“Absolutely.” Lacey nodded.

She had personally witnessed Zeke cure brain-dead patients who were deemed permanently vegetative. His top-notch medical skills were nothing else but short of miraculous.

Zeke broke into a relieved smile. “Believe me, you’re very healthy. Forget about cancer, you don’t even have a hint of a cold.”

Zeke left something unsaid, however.

Lacey actually appeared to have been poisoned. It had all the typical witchcraft-like marks of venomous insect poisoning. The mystery, in this case, was that it was a poison that Zeke had never seen before, despite his broad experience.

It was also yet another mystery how Lacey

remained unaffected by the venom. Her body had naturally neutralized the toxins in the venom, leaving only traces of it remaining in her system that posed zero threat to her health.

Lacey looked incredibly confused. “How is that even possible?”

She looked aside, lost in thought. “Director Kingston—he was the director in charge of the employee health exams—and the attending physician at the Atheville Affiliate Hospital all confirmed that I had signet ring cell carcinoma!”

“It was very likely that it was a trap, Lacey,” Zeke said gravely. “Both Director Kingston and the attending physician who diagnosed you vanished mysteriously after you left. Someone must have paid them to mislead you so you would leave me.”

It was almost too much for Lacey.

“A true physician has the heart of a parent,” Lacey said angrily. Her face was pale with the force of her outrage. “How could they use abuse their position to torture other people like this? They’re disgracing the entire medical industry!”

“Don’t worry, Lacey. I swear I’ll help you get justice for this, even if it’s the last thing I do.”

He hastily drew Lacey into his arms when she started looking teary-eyed again. Lacey's sobs rattled against his chest as she said, "You know, I thought I was never going to see you again, Zeke. You really are the best thing that's ever happened to me."

He stroked her hair tenderly. "Come on, let's go home."

Soundlessly, Lacey agreed.

The two of them were holding each other's hands tightly, deathly afraid that the other would disappear into thin air if they let go.

However, just as they were about to leave, Yael appeared to block their path, leading a gang of grizzled villagers that looked as seedy as he did. They quickly surrounded Zeke and Lacey.

Yael's snorting laughter grated on their ears. "I told you I'd be back, huh? You won't be escaping this time! I want payback for the leg you ruined."

"But I'm a considerate man." Yael smiled cruelly. "Leave me ten million for my medical fees and the bitch to accompany me for a night. Then I'll consider letting you go, huh?"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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How annoying!

Zeke lost his patience and swung his arms. A flood of silver needles came shooting out of his fingers!

“Ow!” The excruciating wails echoed through the mountain.

The villagers looked on with shock. None of them saw what happened. The needles were so tiny and everything happened in a blink of an eye.

All they saw was a man swinging his arms, and Yael fell to the ground, howling in pain.

This man must have cast a spell on Yael. That little girl who appeared from nowhere is indeed a fairy, and her man is a God too!

The last few days had been rough for Lacey. She was so exhausted that she fell asleep in the car with her hands wrapped around Zeke’s arm.

Minutes later, Zeke’s phone rang. It was Bloodthirsty Wolf of Tulle.

Upon picking up the call, Bloodthirsty Wolf said, “Zekky, I found the two doctors. What should we do with them now?”

“Keep an eye on them. I’ll be right there.”

“All right!” answered Bloodthirsty Wolf.

When they were finally home, Zeke carried Lacey to the room and tucked her into bed. Once she was fast asleep, he retreated from the room quietly to meet up with his disciple.

They met in an abandoned air-raid shelter.

Unlike Lone Wolf and Sole Wolf, Bloodthirsty Wolf had soft and supple skin. He was also blessed with good looks that were more exquisite than women!

When Bloodthirsty Wolf saw Zeke, he burst into excitement, “Gosh, how I missed you, Zekky! It has been so many years and you never once came back to see me.”

Disgusted, Zeke huffed, “Stop this behavior or you can forget about seeing me for the rest of your life.”

Bloodthirsty Wolf giggled, “All right, all right. I’ll try to be as masculine as you are when I see you the next time!”

“Quit talking rubbish. Where are the doctors?”

Bloodthirsty Wolf pointed at the air-raid shelter and told Zeke that they were inside it.

As they walked deeper into the shelter, they saw the two doctors.

Bruised and battered, the two were curled up in a corner shaking in fear.

When they saw Zeke, a sheer look of terror wiped across their faces.

“So, tell me, who instructed you to make a misdiagnosis of my wife’s condition?”

One doctor stuttered, “I-I did not misdiagnose her... I was only telling the truth based on the test report.”

Zeke ran out of patience. He took the gun out from Bloodthirsty Wolf’s waist and aimed for the doctor’s head.

Bang!

The doctor fell to the ground after the gunshot.

Blood started oozing out from his head, turning the floor into a pool of blood.

Aargh!

Horrified, Director Kingston’s face was as pale as death.

Oh my gosh, this guy is crazy. He’s a lunatic

who shoots at anyone without giving them a chance to open their mouth! It's the 21st century now, how can someone behave so inhumanly to others!

Zeke turned to Director Kingston and pointed the gun at his head. "Each of you has one chance. He threw his away. So, how about you?"

"I'll say it, I'll say it!" cried Director Kingston. He literally broke down and confessed everything to Zeke.

"It was John Connor's idea. He planted a poisonous worm in her, which led to a misdiagnosis of Signet Ring Cell Carcinoma. He wanted her out of your life so that you would be devastated," he recounted.

Upon hearing that, Zeke kept the gun with a chilling look on his face.

So it was John Connor, the man who serves Theodore Luna! He is behind all this!

Director Kingston pleaded, "Mr. Williams, I've told you everything I know. I beg you, please don't kill me. I still have my parents and my family to take care of. I don't want to die so soon."



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Zeke chided, "I will spare your life, but you must pay for what you did. As a doctor, you were supposed to save lives, but you chose to lie and instill fear in your patient. Your tongue is a deadly weapon, and something must be done with it."

Then Zeke turned to Bloodthirsty Wolf and commanded, "Cut it off now."

"Yes!"

A cry broke out, and the director's tongue was severed. The dead doctor's, too.

Taking a deep breath, Zeke uttered, "Follow me to Luna Manor now."

An eye for an eye, John Connor must die!

Back at Luna Manor in Atheville.

Theodore asked John, "How's everything with Lacey Hinton?"

"Everything is well taken care of," replied John. "Not wanting to implicate Zeke Williams, she ran away to the backcountry waiting for her death to come."

Theodore nodded his head and questioned again, "So, you're absolutely sure that she'd die from the poison that you had planted in her?"

John smiled and responded, "Not to worry because nobody in the world has the antidote for the poison, not even myself."

Theodore nodded his head again, looking pleased. "That's good. Even if Zeke finds her, he can only watch her die."

"It would definitely shatter him into pieces for the rest of his life," John smirked. "How dare you hit me! This is a lesson you'll never forget."

Right then, a commotion broke out outside Luna Manor.

In just seconds, two guards who were stationed at the door flew across the room, knocking over a sandalwood table that broke into pieces.

Enraged, Theodore shouted, "Who is that? How dare you barge into Luna Manor?"

Zeke walked in slowly, with a terrifying, murderous look on his face.

Theodore spoke in a crisp voice, "Williams, you must be insane to walk in like this. For years, Luna Manor has been our military home, not a place for an inferior like you to cause trouble at."

Zeke sneered, "Are you even worthy of being a military man? You are a disgrace to the military

regime for all your evil doings!”

“Nonsense. Evil doings? What proof do you have? Don’t talk without any proof or you’d be sued for defaming a retired general!”

Zeke took a quick look at John and said, “Well, if I’m not wrong, this wretch planted the worms in Lacey. He also instructed the doctors to make a misdiagnosis of Signet Ring Cell Carcinoma.”

John was infuriated, especially when the Zeke regarded him as ‘the wretch’!

Hmph! This pompous brat is about to die!

Theodore refuted, “I have no idea what you’re saying.”

Zeke scorned, “You are as stubborn as a mule.” Then, he took out a wooden box and chucked it at Theodore.

Baffled, the latter opened the wooden box and saw two bloody tongues. His hands started shaking.

How barbaric of him to cut off the doctors’ tongues just because they had misdiagnosed Lacey?

Theodore knew he couldn’t deny it anymore, so

he decided to let the cat out of the bag.

“So what, if I was involved? Other than watching her die, what else can you do?”

“Well, I’m sorry to disappoint you, but your plan has backfired. Lacey is as alive as ever. I’m here today to watch somebody else die.”

“Come and kill this wretch now!” Zeke roared.

Outraged by the insult, John could no longer suppress his anger. He fumed, “Stop lying. The worm that I planted in your wife was the most poisonous worm in the world. Nobody in the world has the antidote, not even myself!”

Feeling disdainful, Zeke smirked, “The most poisonous worm? Lacey’s body could break down the worms on its own. Are you sure that was the most poisonous worm? What a joke!”

He continued, “Don’t you feel embarrassed calling yourself the master of poisonous worms?”

“You jerk!” John thundered. “How dare you insult my skills!”



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Zeke quipped, “Forget about it. Let’s not waste our time discussing your skills. I came here to cut off your head today. I’ve told you not to hurt my loved ones, and so you must pay for what you did.”

Zeke walked toward John with an intent to take his life.

The latter stood aghast and exclaimed, “You’d better consider. If you kill me, your wife will not live. I planted the worms in her body, and nobody in the entire world has the antidote for it!”

John continued, “But if I perform a thorough study on this, who knows, I might discover a cure for her.”

Zeke was speechless.

Why is this man so full of himself? How many times must he be told that the poison has disintegrated in her body? Why does he still have the cheek to pride himself on his amateur skills?

Zeke was not convinced and continued walking toward John, who finally realized that the former had no intention of letting him off the hook.

Then he turned to Theodore for help. “Boss,

please help me!”

Theodore was also fuming with indignation and yelled, “How dare you barge into Luna Manor thinking that you can do whatever you want? Don’t even think about killing anyone here!”

Theodore then called out to his hitmen, “Come and kill this rogue now. He’s threatening to take our lives. Killing him is just an act of self-defense. We needn’t be responsible for his death!”

Theodore had actually expected Zeke to turn up at Luna Manor. He stationed his hitmen all around the house, but something was amiss when he did not get a response from the men.

Frowning, he raised his voice again. “Men, reveal yourselves now and get rid of this rascal!”

Again, nothing happened.

Theodore and John panicked.

What is going on? Where are the hitmen? Did something tragic happen to them?

But that’s impossible! Even if Zeke had something to do with their disappearance, it is impossible for him to wipe them out in such a short period of time without alarming anyone.

Zeke smirked, “Want to see your hitmen? Very well, as you wish.”

“Bring them in now,” he ordered.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Dozens of bodies were thrown into the house, and they landed right at the feet of Theodore.

The ground shook as the bodies piled up.

These were all Theodore’s hitmen. Every single one of them had a deep slit in their throat. They were obviously dead.

Theodore and John could not stop trembling.

Zeke had killed all of them in a short time with such ease!

Goodness, gracious! Are demons working for him? How did they do it right under everyone’s nose?

Zeke Williams must be a demon from hell!

“Now that you have seen all your hitmen, it’s time for you to join them,” Zeke sneered as he walked closer to John.

The latter was devastated and backed away hastily.

“Help me, boss! Help me!”

Theodore was at a loss for words. He wanted to reprimand Zeke but held his tongue.

Without the hitmen, he was left defenseless against Zeke and his people. He did not have the power to save John.

Fearing for his life, John tried to escape through the window, but Zeke was one step ahead of him.

In just seconds, Zeke appeared right before John and kicked him in the knee.

Crack! John’s knee broke, and he fell to the ground.

“Aargh!” John howled in pain. “I’m begging you. Please, please don’t kill me...”

Fuming with bloodshot eyes, Zeke hissed, “You punk, you just don’t get it, do you? I have not once, but many times, made myself clear to you. If you have any grudge against me, come after me as much as you want, but leave my family alone. You’ve crossed the line this time, and you’ve left me with no choice but to kill you.”



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Immediately after that, Zeke stepped on his other leg.

Crack! The leg broke too.

Shrieks of anguish filled the air again. John cried in a frail voice, "I can't die, I can't die... If I die, there won't be anyone to save your wife, and she will eventually die too."

Crack! Zeke broke his right arm without a warning.

"Just like any medical practice, the planting of poisonous worms is a skill that can treat the sick or the dying ones. But people like you chose to harm others with these poisonous worms and causing fear in them. You are a disgrace to this witchcraft!"

John cried and pleaded, "I'm so sorry, please forgive me."

Crack! This time, Zeke went straight for his neck.

"Well, it's good that you are sorry for what you did. Now, go to Hades and repent," Zeke sniggered.

After killing John, Zeke turned to look at Theodore.

The latter was immensely terrified. He clearly knew that Zeke would not hesitate to take his life as well.

Zeke scoffed at him, “Here is my advice to you. Surrender yourself as the mastermind of the Black Pentagon, and face punishment from the law. For all you know, I might just spare your life because of the sacrifice that you have made for the country. But remember, if you do not surrender yourself in six days, I will assure you that you would dread every single minute until the moment you die!”

Then, Zeke planted a poisonous worm that would trigger anxiety attacks in Theodore within ten days.

Now, he was only left with six days to fulfil what Zeke had asked him to do.

Theodore took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

“This... this is slander! I have nothing to do with the Black Pentagon/”

With a disappointed look on his face, Zeke uttered, “It’s a pity that you’ve chosen to die from agony. Not to worry much though, for I will come to see you off on the day you take your last breath.”

With that, Zeke gave John's head a kick, and it flew right out of the door like a ball.

Zeke left Luna Manor.

Shuddering and perspiring with fear, Theodore dropped into his chair, feeling meek and weak.

For a very long time, he was overwhelmed with fear. It felt like he had just gone to hell.

Meanwhile, when Bloodthirsty Wolf saw Zeke coming out of the house, he hurriedly presented a wooden box to the latter and said, "Zekky, here's John's head."

"Okay."

"Zekky, why didn't you end Theodore's life?"

Zeke felt melancholy and sighed, "If we kill him now, there's nothing we can do to crumble the Black Pentagon. We need Theodore to spill everything in order for us to eliminate the Black Pentagon."

"The question is, will he do it?" Bloodthirsty Wolf asked.

"Oh yes, he definitely will," Zeke replied with complete certainty.

"Come with me now to see the Williamses.

They have a hand in this whole incident too," said Zeke.

"Okay!"

Back at the Williams Manor in Atheville.

The Williamses were rejoicing in celebration, thinking that Theodore would take care of Zeke once and for all.

Knowing that Theodore's plan worked, and with Lacey gone for good, they couldn't help but wondered how agonized Zeke would feel.

The thought of Zeke suffering in grief tickled them.

However, they were not aware that Lacey had returned home safely.

As they were rejoicing, Zeke stormed into the house.

A silence fell the minute Zeke walked in.

Thinking that they had Theodore to protect them, they were not afraid of someone who was going to die.

Zeke headed to the seat of the head of the family and sat right down. He smirked, "You all seem thrilled. What is the occasion today?"

What are you celebrating?”

None of them answered, and they continued with the feast.



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Zeke could no longer take their cold attitude.

He flung the wooden box on the table.

The heavy box smashed numerous plates on the table with a thud. Soup splattered everywhere.

The commotion spurred everyone into high alert. They instinctively moved away from the table.

Mdm. Williams burst into anger. "Don't you think you have gone overboard? We can't even eat in peace! Do you enjoy seeing us suffer?"

Zeke looked at her nonchalantly. "I'm not bothering anyone. I just thought it'd be nice to add an extra dish for you all. The more the merrier, don't you think?"

It went without saying that none of them took his words seriously.

"Open the box," Zeke ordered.

"What are you up to?" Mdm. Williams questioned angrily.

"I asked you to open the box," he replied curtly.

There was nothing she could do but obey him.

Horror seized the Williams family.

It was a decapitated head.

A head drenched in blood.

Judging from the looks of it, it was John's.

No one could believe that Zeke Williams actually killed someone from the Luna family.

Zeke's rage explained everything. He must have found out about the plot they concocted with John, along with their plan to get rid of Lacey.

"Don't you all have anything to say?" Zeke's icy voice spelled a question.

Silence pervaded the room.

"Kneel down!" His voice thundered.

The air froze. A chill went down everyone's spine. It was as if time stopped so that his rage and severity could seep through their bones.

The Williams family was stunned. Their legs gave way and they collapsed on their knees.

But Mdm. Williams was relentless. She tried to appear calm and collected as she forced her back straight, though for a moment, her body shook with an involuntary shudder.

“You thankless brat!” The old lady cried, “I am your grandmother! How could a grandchild ever ask his grandmother to kneel before him? You have no regard for your elders! Aren’t you even afraid of karma?”

Zeke sneered, “Did you say I have no regard for my elders? You should be thankful your head is still intact after everything you’ve done to me! Asking you to simply get on your knees is already mercy! On the ground, now!”

His pent-up bitterness bellowed through the air, compelling the old lady to succumb.

Mdm. Williams could not help but fall on her knees.

“Kneel here for three days and three nights. Short-change me and you will end up like John.”

Zeke turned and left without a sign of hesitation.

He stopped right at the door, as if something suddenly came to his mind. He glared at them out of the corner of his eyes. “Do you really think I will spare all of you? If you’re dying to know, try me.”

Their hearts skipped a beat.

It was as if a century had passed since Zeke

left. Nobody dared to move until someone finally regained their senses.

“Can you believe it? How dare he order us to kneel before him? Who does he think he is? Even if we can’t do anything to him, his parents definitely have a way to get to him!” someone from the family complained.

“Get his parents! Let them know what a monster their son has become!” Another readily agreed.

Immediately, Mdm. Williams reached for her phone and dialed Zeke’s biological father, Diego Williams’ number.

But no one picked up.

She had no choice but to try Faith Sullivan, Zeke’s biological mother.

This time around, the call got through almost immediately.

But before Faith could say anything, Mdm. Williams began her litany of complaints. “Faith Sullivan, you actually have the guts to pick up my call! Look at what your son has done! He even asked his family to get down on their knees before him! Does he have no respect for his elders?”

Silence followed before a scoff came from the other side.

“He brought the Williams family to their knees? He is my son indeed! I told you my son would return one day and all of you would regret it. The Williams family is no match for him and you can never take him down! You guys have finally paid the price! Your family is incomparable to him!”



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“You!” Mdm. Williams’ anger was breaking through her skull. She hurled the phone onto the floor.

“Like mother like son! Is this heartless lot even one of us? We shall see. Now that Theodore Luna and the Sullivans are after him, it won’t be long before he sees his grave! Did she say our family can never compare to that brat? What a joke!”

Over on the other side, Faith contently hung up the phone.

Of course. He is my son. He is so much more than just an abandoned child the Williamses take him for. Well done, my son! You’ve finally avenged all my years of suffering and shame. At least I made the right decision defending and saving you.

Faith Sullivan was incarcerated in the Sullivans’ dungeon.

She spent her days in loneliness, not knowing day and night. Her only companion was a little window that connected her to the outside world.

But her predicament did not diminish her joy.

The Sullivans wanted to take Zeke’s life. They were afraid that Faith and Diego would frustrate

their plan, so they had them both in chains.

She came to the narrow window, eager to share her joy with her husband. “Diego! Zeke just made the Williams family go down on their knees!” She shouted at the cell opposite hers. “Our son is still standing strong. He did it!” Faith could not conceal the excitement in her voice.

“Our son... He did it!” A distant and frail voice echoed in relief. “He has brought the family honor.”

But Faith’s joy was short-lived. Reality reminded her of the imminent threat her son was facing—the Sullivans wanted him dead.

“I’m afraid Zeke would lose his life to the Sullivans,” she mumbled. “I’m so sorry I can’t be there to protect you.” The worried mother thought of her son.

“Don’t beat yourself up, Faith,” the exhausted voice from the distant cell replied, “Don’t you remember that I still have something on them? I will use it against them, even if it means I’ll lose my life!”

But before he could continue, Diego coughed up a mouthful of blood.

The overwhelming emotion was not doing his body good.

Faith's heart wrenched as she listened. "Diego, I'm so sorry you have to go through this."

"I don't care if I die, as long as my son can live on and take them down!" Diego said. He felt more blood gush up into his mouth, but it did not bother him. His son was all that mattered.

.....

Theodore had been keeping a close eye on Lacey for the past few days.

Lacey would not survive John's curse. Even if she did not die of aging because of the curse, she would be old and wrinkly, living her whole life in misery.

But much to Theodore's surprise, everything was unexpectedly quiet over on Zeke's end, as if everything were okay.

It was only after he did some digging that he found out that not only was Lacey alive and well—she was as beautiful as ever.

Her complexion had even improved!

What on earth is going on?

Don't tell me Zeke Williams found her a cure.

No, that's impossible. This poison has no

antidote to it, not in the entire world.

Even the best toxicologist in the world would need years to figure out a cure for this poison.

Seven days? That's not even possible.

Unless what Zeke said was true.

Did Lacey Hinton's body really neutralize the poison on its own?

Does she have superpowers?

None of his speculations satisfied his curiosity. The question bugged him so much he lost his appetite and could only take a bowl of porridge.

But before he could even finish it, he felt an unbearable pain in his stomach.

He groaned and grappled with the pain, but it overcame him. He fell to the ground with a thump.

The pain intensified by the second.

In less than five minutes, he felt as if the pain was mercilessly ripping his intestines apart inch by inch.

What is going on?

It suddenly dawned upon Theodore. Yes, everything makes sense now.

It occurred to him that Harry's corpse was just a bait to lure him out.

When Zeke was confronting him, Zeke had touched him several times without even him noticing.

Don't tell me that darn devil used the curse on me!



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F***, that must be it! How did I forget he is also an expert in using poisonous worms? My carelessness is making me suffer a huge loss.

John is the only person he knew who was an expert in using and expelling poisonous worms.

Unfortunately, John was dead.

He had no choice but to call the Sullivans for help.

The family specialized in poisonous worms, and even John learned everything he knew from them

He gritted his teeth. With his last shred of sanity left, he called the Sullivans' heir, Lennon.

"Mr. Sullivan, it's urgent. Please save me!"

"Huh? What's up with you?" asked Lennon Sullivan curiously.

"Zeke Williams p-poisoned me with a worm," answered Theodore Luna after taking a deep breath.

"I feel like my intestines are being torn apart, and I am being tortured. P-please help me, Mr. Sullivan."

Lennon gasped, "Huh... that bastard knows how

to breed and use poisonous worms?
Interesting. Damn, you are useless. You can't even defend yourself against a bastard. What is the point of keeping you around? By the way, how are things with Lacey Hinton? Is she dead yet?"

Theodore replied guiltily, "I-I just received the news. We don't know why, but she shows no signs of being poisoned."

What?

"No signs of being poisoned? That is impossible," blurted Lennon in astonishment.

"Even my family couldn't expel that particular species of worm that John had bred. How could a bastard have done it?"

"But Lacey Hinton is fine, and that is confirmed. Zeke Williams once claimed that she is naturally resistant to poisonous worms and can kill them on its own," informed Theodore.

What?

Lennon Sullivan was genuinely surprised and excited to hear the news.

"It seems there is only one possibility. Being able to naturally kill that species of poisonous worm... Could it be... Lacey Hinton has the

physical property to cure all poison? That must be it. That must be it! Haha, my family has been searching for someone like this for over a hundred years, and we finally find one! I will personally head to Atheville. Wait for my arrival!”

Lennon hung up afterwards.

Theodore was stunned.

The Sullivan family members had not left the island for over a hundred years, but their heir was personally making a trip to get to Lacey Hinton.

Was Lacey Hinton’s ability to naturally cure poison really that important to the Sullivans?

They were ecstatic when Lennon told them the news he had located one such person.

The family had been searching for over a hundred years, and they finally had a chance of meeting one.

Thank the heavens!

That physical property was a hundred, no, thousand times more important than the King Worm.

Compared to Lacey’s body, Zeke’s heart was

nothing.

If they could get their hands on her, their power and skill would grow exponentially. They wouldn't just be able to hold on to their noble titles. They might actually become royalties themselves!

Lady Sullivan was the most excited one, and her face glowed with glee.

“Lennon, make a personal trip to Atheville. I don't care what the cost is. You must take Lacey Hinton to us.”

“Understood. I will head over right away,” said Lennon as he nodded.

Lady Sullivan then added, “When it comes down to it, Zeke Williams ended up helping a lot in our quest to locate the person with the physical property to cure poison naturally. The kid knows how to use poisonous worms. Let him return to the family as our servant.”

Lennon nodded, “Don't worry, Grandma. I believe he would bring Lacey Hinton to us once we let him know that we'll allow him to return to the family as a servant.”

“Good.”

Lennon didn't spend much time talking. He

immediately got into the family's private jet and flew to Atheville.



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Lennon didn't go to Theodore after he got off the plane. Instead, he went straight to the Williams Manor to ask for Lacey.

Theodore was just a representative of the Sullivans, and Lennon couldn't care less about that man's survival.

The Williamses were utterly stunned when the latter introduced himself.

The heir of the Sullivans had left the island and was at their doorstep!

That was such an honor.

The Sullivan's servant, Harry, dropped by the last time, and the Williamses were eager to appease him.

An actual member of the Sullivan family was there, so the Williams family were even more appeasing.

Lennon cut to the chase. "Where are Zeke Williams and Lacey Hinton? Have them come to see me. The Sullivans are interested in Lacey's physical properties and want her. As for Zeke Williams, well, our family plans to take him in as our servant."

The Williams family was so excited that they could cry.

If Zeke actually became the Sullivans' servant, the Williamses of Atheville would also become more powerful.

Their influence would grow beyond Atheville and spread all over Eurasia!

Mdm. Williams immediately said, "Please wait for a moment, Mr. Sullivan. I will call them right away."

Lucille didn't hesitate to call Zeke's number.

Unfortunately, no one picked up, so Lucille had to call Lacey instead.

"Lacey, please come to the Williams Manor. We have great news for you. Oh, and remember to dress up formally."

Mdm. Williams thought that Lennon was into Lacey.

It didn't matter, even if Lennon actually was interested in Lacey. Hell, it wouldn't matter if the Williams had a female heir, and Lennon was interested in her. The Williamses would've served their own family up, too.

Lennon sat on the most honorable seat as he thought about the situation.

In a way, Zeke was his cousin.

I am the heir of the Sullivans, yet I have a bastard as a cousin. Dang, that has got to be the most humiliating mark of my life.

When Lacey received the call from the Williamses, she knew that something bad must've happened.

She would not head to the Williams Manor on her own, so she got Zeke to go with her.

He frowned deeply when he heard the news from Lacey.

What the hell is wrong with the Williams family? Was it not enough for them to kneel for three days?

“Let's go. I'll come with you,” said Zeke.

The two of them reached the Williams Manor soon after, and Zeke saw Lennon as soon as he walked in.

The Sullivans had excellent genes. Even though Zeke and Lennon were just cousins, they still looked alike.

That upset Lennon even more.

How can that bastard look somewhat like me? I have to force that man to get plastic surgery after he becomes the family's servant.

“Why did you call us over?” asked Zeke coolly as he stared at the Williamses.

Mdm. Williams scolded, “Zeke, go on your knees and greet Mr. Sullivan right away.”

Mr. Sullivan?

Zeke scanned Lennon from head to toe before saying, “You’re a member of the Sullivan family?”

“That’s right. I am Lennon, the direct heir of the Sullivan family.”

Zeke remained unfazed. “So my parents are locked up in your house?”

Lennon nodded. “That’s right.”

Zeke said, “I advise you to let my parents go. If so, I’ll consider letting your family live. Otherwise, I will annihilate your family.”

Hmm... Wait, what?

Lennon thought he had misheard Zeke.

“What did you just say? I didn’t catch what you said.”



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Zeke repeated his words.

“Hahahaha!”

Lennon laughed aloud. “That has got to be the funniest joke I have ever heard. You are just a bastard, and you think you can destroy the Sullivans? Are you f***** dreaming?”

The Williamses were scared witless.

“Zeke, you shut your mouth! Look at your sad state in the mirror! You are not worthy enough to be rude to the Sullivans.”

“You are such an idiot. Apologize to Mr. Sullivan right away!”

“Mr. Sullivan, please ignore that guy. He’s mentally retarded and often speaks weirdly.”

Lennon murmured, “Oh, he’s retarded. No matter then. I won’t stoop to your level or get mad at you. Zeke Williams, the Sullivans come with a decree. Go on your knee to receive the message.”

Zeke didn’t move a muscle. “Just spew your bullshit already.”

You f*****

Lennon was so angry that he turned pale. “My

gosh, you are on a different level of retardation. Nah, forget about it. I won't complain to a lunatic. The Sullivans have sent the orders. You know how to use poisonous worms, so we will allow you to return to the Sullivan family. You will be a servant. Naturally, that comes at a price."

What the hell?

Zeke was furious; he almost laughed out loud.

Lennon spoke as if being the Sullivan's servant was a gift.

And one that came with conditions!

Just how arrogant are the Sullivans to even say something like that.

Freaking hell. You won't dare to accept me as your servant, even if I am stupid enough to accept it.

Zeke didn't act up instantly. Instead, he instinctively asked, "What are the conditions?"

Lennon didn't realize there was a hidden meaning behind Zeke's grin.

He simply thought the latter was genuinely happy about the Sullivans' proposal.

That made Lennon look down on Zeke even more.

“Lacey has the physical features that we have been looking for. Her body can naturally cure herself of any poison, and we want to use her as our test subject. Hand her over to us, and you may return to the Sullivans.”

Those assholes!

Zeke was livid.

The Sullivans had set their eyes on Lacey?! They are practically digging their own graves!

“I’m warning you. I will annihilate anyone who dares to touch a strand of Lacey’s hair!”

Lennon Sullivan was taken aback.

“You crazy idiot! You’re going to let go of the opportunity to go back to the Sullivans for the sake of a woman? You really are a retard. I am your cousin, so I will give you some advice. Once you return to the Sullivans, you can have as many women as you want. You don’t need to sacrifice an ocean of fish for just one.”

Zeke replied, “To be honest, I would find the position as the head of the Sullivans as a position unworthy of me. Being your servant is definitely out of the question.”

“I’m warning you. Leave my wife alone or you’ll pay for the consequences!”

The Williamses were furious.

That idiot is giving up the opportunity to be Sullivan’s servant for the sake of a woman?

What an idiot!

The Williamses started reprimanding Zeke.

“Zeke, apologize to Mr. Sullivan right away and beg for his forgiveness.”

“For generations, our family has tried everything to get the Sullivans’ attention, but you have reversed all our efforts! Is that how you honor your ancestors’ wishes? Are you trying to make them roll in their graves?”

“What freaking drug did that seductress feed you to get you so crazy?”

“Darn it. That seductress is our family’s enemy too!”



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Zeke was furious.

His figure moved. Suddenly, he was standing in front of younger Williams. Zeke slapped that man who flew back and smashed against the wall.

The latter fell to the floor and vomited blood.

After that, the guy stopped moving. There was no saying if he was still alive.

“My gosh, the Williamses have terrible memories. How many times have I said that the next person who insults my wife will die? It seems that mere words are not enough. You won’t believe me unless I make a move.”

The Williamses shut up immediately and turned pale.

Zeke’s words meant he had slapped the younger member of their family to death.

Killing one’s own family was an act of sin!

“Let’s go, Lacey,” said Zeke as he held Lacey’s hand and prepared to leave.

Lennon scoffed, “Hold it right there.”

“The Sullivans are nobles and cannot be insulted. You have humiliated us. Do you really

think we would let you live?”

“I’m going to be honest with you. I planted a poisonous worm by the front door, and you were poisoned the second you walked in. Only my family can expel this worm. I want you to claw your own eyes out as an apology right now. If you don’t, you will die.”

Lacey was a little nervous when she heard that, but Zeke squeezed her hand to calm her down.

He grinned amusingly. “Then I’ll be honest with you too. I planted a poisonous worm on the most honorable seat of the Williams family. At first, I did that to warn them, but you took that seat and ended up being poisoned. I am the only person who can expel that worm. If you get down on your knees and apologize right away, I might just feel merciful and save your life.”

Hah!

Lennon scoffed discriminatorily, “I have been learning about poisonous worms since I was a kid and am an expert in the field. If you had actually planted a poisonous worm there, then I would’ve noticed it. You are such a clown...”

Lennon hadn’t even had the chance to finish speaking. He suddenly paused and turned pale.

After that, he coughed and spat blood.

That is the effect of having a poisonous worm in the body!

He poisoned me!

Lennon's eyes bulged with fear as he glared at Zeke.

He actually managed to poison me without me realizing it!

That proved that Zeke was even more skilled than Lennon was.

I underestimated him.

The most important matter to tend to at that moment was to expel the worm. If he waited, his life would be in jeopardy.

Lennon gritted his teeth and stood up shakily. "Just you wait, Williams. You have hurt an heir of the Sullivan family, and that is as grave as hurting the Emperor. You will die a horrible death!"

Lennon staggered away as he vomited blood.

Zeke then left with Lacey too.

She looked worried when she turned to her

husband. “Zeke, h-how do you feel now?”

Zeke smiled and reassured, “Don’t worry, Lacey, his skills are nothing to me. I will make myself some medicine later, and I will be fine. Trust my medical skills.”

Lacey still looked worried.

Zeke sent her to Linton Group’s headquarters before he rushed to Reinz Pharmaceutical.

The Sullivans was a family of experts in poisonous worms, so Lennon’s worms were pretty powerful.

It took Zeke three hours to figure out how to expel that worm, and he had to sacrifice two *Rhodiola Roseas*.

After curing himself, Zeke got lost in his thoughts.

Who would’ve thought that Lacey has the unique and rare physical ability to cure herself of all poison?



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That physical attribution was crucial to a family that specialized in creating poisonous worms. It was almost as important as the Great Marshal was to Eurasia.

The Sullivans would definitely spare no expenses to go after Lacey.

Looks like things have gotten to the point where I have to annihilate them.

Also, only royalties would have physical attributes like that. There was no way for commoners to develop such a trait.

Could it be that Lacey isn't a commoner? Are her parents not her biological parents?

Zeke would look into the matter when he had the chance.

He then thought about how Lennon would need the *Rhodiola Rosea* to expel the poisonous worm.

Zeke held the global supply of the plant, so the latter's survival depended on him.

He called Reinz Pharmaceutical's person in charge, Xavier Brown, immediately.

"Xavier, lock down all *Rhodiola Rosea*. Do not release even a single one of them to the

market. Also, give me one. I need to use it.”

Lennon suppressed his pain and dragged himself to Luna Manor.

Theodore had fainted from the pain and was lying on the floor.

He couldn't care less about Theodore's survival. He started working on expelling the poisonous worm in him.

Lennon didn't expect the poison to be that complicated and involved the venom of seven or eight different types of worms.

He spent three to four hours on it, but he still hadn't gotten anywhere near to cure himself.

That asshole!

Lennon was furious as he protested through his gritted teeth. “Where did that bastard learn all this from? If I find out who taught him, I will skin that person alive!”

Lennon didn't plan on asking his family to help him.

He would be utterly embarrassed if his family found out that a darn bastard poisoned him.

The only thing that could save him was one of

the ten rare plants.

However, those plants were extremely expensive, and the military had a limited supply.

It would be difficult to source those plants.

Lennon tapped into the Sullivans' military network. But the response he got was disappointing.

For some reason, the Great Marshal had personally taken over the task of monitoring the supply of those plants.

It'd be impossible to get the plant from the Great Marshal.

The Sullivans might be powerful, but they were not influential enough to be close to the Great Marshal.

What do I do? What do I do?

It seemed that God left a window open for Lennon.

Just as he felt lost, an old friend of his told him splendid news.

Tulle planned on auctioning off a *Rhodiola Rosea*, and the one who paid the most could buy it.

It was one of the ten rare plants and could definitely cure his poison.

“The one who pays the most will get it? The Sullivans have tons of money! That plant is as good as mine!”

Theodore slowly regained his consciousness.

The pain had passed, but Theodore knew that was just the beginning.

From that day onwards, he would be tormented by the pain whenever the poisonous worm in him acted up.

He would rather die than to suffer through that again.

When Theodore woke up, he realized Lennon was right there.

The Sullivan was the only one who could rescue him from that agony.

Theodore ignored his pride and went down on his knees to beg, “Mr. Sullivan, p-please save me.”

Lennon suppressed his pain. He didn't want Theodore to learn that he was poisoned as well.

“Why are you so nervous? I’ve checked your body while you were unconscious and curing the poison is just a minor task for me.”

Whew!

Theodore sighed a breath of relief. He didn’t need to die of pain.

“Thank you, Mr. Sullivan.”

Lennon then added, “However, we need a rare plant to cure your poison, and the Sullivans do not have it in our storage. You will have to look for it yourself.”



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Theodore asked immediately, "Please tell me what plant it is. I will have my people go search for it right away."

"*Rhodiola rosea*," answered Lennon.

Gasp!

Theodore couldn't help but gasp.

"I've heard of that plant before. It is one of the ten rarest plants. Only four herb plantations produce them in small quantities. Moreover, every single one of them was kept by the military. To make matters worse, the Great Marshal recently took over the task of keeping all ten rarest plants safe. I cannot get one with my current level of influence."

Lennon said, "Calm down. I've already looked around, and Tulle plans on selling one via the black market. The one who pays the most will get the plant. Do everything you can to get your hands on it if you don't want to die."

Theodore was ecstatic. "Thank you, Mr. Sullivan. I am eternally grateful."

"Also, I've poisoned Zeke Williams, and he will need the plant to cure his poison too. He might go into the bidding war with you. If you can get your hands on that last available *Rhodiola Rosea*, you will live, and Zeke will die because

this is a crucial ingredient for his medicine. You mustn't lose to him," added Lennon.

Theodore was thrilled to hear that. "Okay! I will spend all my money and sell off all my assets to get that plant. Emptying my estate to kill Zeke Williams. Hah! Now that is a bargain."

Lennon's lips curved into an undetectable, evil grin.

He planned on using that plant to cure his own poison.

As for Theodore... Well, he can die or whatever. I don't care.

The auction would take place in a marketplace in Atheville.

Theodore and Lennon showed up early in the morning.

The poisonous worms inside their bodies would act up every afternoon. The sooner they get the plant, the sooner they'd be able to cure themselves. If they were lucky, they might actually avoid suffering the pain that very afternoon.

As predicted, Zeke showed up at the marketplace to bid for the plant too.

Lennon scoffed, “You’re strong, Williams. You didn’t even die of agonizing pain yesterday.”

Zeke chuckled playfully. “Sorry, but I have already cured myself of your puny poison. You... I poisoned you yesterday, and you didn’t die of pain, but it seems that you will not survive today.”

“Mr. Sullivan, you were poisoned as well?” blurted Theodore curiously.

“His impotent poison can’t do anything to me. I’ve already rid myself of that worm. Let’s head in. I don’t want to waste my time with him,” said Lennon.

Both men walked into the auction house.

Zeke spoke meaningfully, “Theodore, did a certain someone tell you to bid for the *Rhodiola Rosea* to cure your poison? Aw, you might end up spending all your effort to get the plant that will never be used on yourself.”

Theodore frowned.

What does Zeke mean by that? Is he hinting that Lennon wants me to bid on the plant to cure himself instead of helping me? Could it be that Lennon never rid himself of Zeke’s poison?

Theodore then thought about how Lennon had

personally come to the auction house and seemed to value the plant a lot.

In other words, he acted as if he truly cared about Theodore's life...

Why would a member of the Sullivan family care if a random representative lives or dies?

An uneasiness crept up on Theodore.

Lennon realized Theodore was acting weirdly, so the former scolded, "Do you really think I can't see the doubt in your eyes? When have you ever seen me groaning in pain? I've rid myself of that worm and have no use for the plant. Williams is obviously trying to drive a wedge between us, and you bought his lie just like that. No wonder he defeated you."



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Theodore apologized quickly, "Sorry, sorry, I was being dumb. Please forgive me, Mr. Sullivan."

The auction house was empty.

It wasn't because the *Rhodiola Rosea* couldn't attract the crowd. The fact was that few were qualified for the auction.

Moreover, Theodore had spread the word about how he had his eyes on the plant. No one dared to bid against him so, only a handful of people were there.

The auction started soon after.

The auctioneer was a masked man who called himself the General of Tulle. His real name, however, was Danny Wheeler.

Danny scanned the room, and the temperature felt like it suddenly dropped. Everyone turned quiet.

The people in Tulle were all like heavenly warriors. No one dared to offend them.

Danny announced, "The auction will now begin. I will first introduce the product. The *Rhodiola Rosea* has always been expensive, even in the black market. Now that the Great Marshal has taken over and monitor the production of the

ten rare plants, the supply for the plants in the market has gone dry. The Rhodiola Rosea we have here today might be the last one available. The starting bid is ten billion!”

Everyone gasped.

Ten billion for a stock? They might as well just freaking rob the bank!

The people started wondering if there were idiots who would pay that price.

“A hundred billion!” To everyone’s surprise, someone raised the cost by tenfold as soon as Danny finished speaking.

The crowd traced the voice and learned that the bidder was Theodore.

He knew just what that plant meant.

This plant would determine if Zeke or I survive!

Theodore thought Zeke would spare no expense to bid on Rhodiola rosea, so he raised the cost by tenfold to try to scare him away.

Zeke refused to back down. “Two hundred billion.”

“Three hundred billion.”

“Four hundred billion.”

In the blink of an eye, the Rhodiola Rosea reached the value of five hundred billion.

Everyone was shivering.

Is this an actual bidding war? Or maybe... Yeah, they must be there just to show off their wealth!

Only two people on site had the net worth of five hundred billion, yet Theodore and Zeke planned on spending that much money on a single plant.

Those two either lost their minds or they somehow have something against money!

That was when Zeke and Theodore started being cautious.

Five hundred billion.

Even a powerful corporation would hesitate spending that much money.

Theodore went quiet for a moment. In the end, he gritted his teeth and bid for six hundred billion.

His heart was broken.

Six hundred billion was equivalent to half of the

Luna estate.

Theodore honestly didn't know whether he had the willpower to keep going if Zeke were to bid even higher.

Still, Zeke probably won't bid higher. He might have the Hintons and the Williamses with him, but their combined net worth was only about six hundred billion.

As expected, Zeke turned quiet and stopped bidding.

Everyone thought it was because he didn't have more money to bid on it.

However, Zeke thought it was enough to con Theodore out of six hundred billion.

He thought the latter might stop bidding if the price went any higher.

"Six hundred billion going once... Six hundred billion going twice... Sold!"

Danny hit the table with a gavel.

Everyone felt excited because they had just witnessed two powerful figures going against each other.

Those two bid in hundred billions!

That was true power and money.

Compared to those two, the others were just puny foot soldiers.



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That day, the crowd learned to be humble because there would always be someone out there who was more powerful and talented than they were.

Danny gestured. "Mr. Luna, Mr. Sullivan, please follow me to the backstage to sign the agreements."

Great!

Theodore and Lennon got up to go to the backstage.

To their surprise, Zeke got up as well.

Theodore had his guard up. "Yo, Williams, why are you going to the backstage? Are you trying to steal the plant? You lost. You should just accept your defeat and stop thinking about getting the *Rhodiola Rosea*!"

Theodore knew how strong Zeke was, and it was likely that the latter would win if a fight broke out.

Zeke grinned. "Sorry, but I am not interested in the plant. I am simply going to the backstage to get my stuffs."

"Your stuff? What stuff?" asked Theodore curiously.

Lennon scoffed, “Why do you care? Honestly though, I kinda wish that you would fight and try to steal the plant, Williams. This is an auction hosted by the Tulle. If you steal their products, the organization will go after you. They’d skin you alive or maybe whip you. Am I right, Mr. Wheeler?”

Danny stared meaningfully at Zeke, but the former said nothing. He simply turned around and walked to the backstage.

The three men followed along.

Theodore and Danny signed the agreement soon after, and Danny handed the plant to him.

Theodore, however, used his assets as guarantees for loans and handed those documents to Danny.

Naturally, he couldn’t get six hundred billion in cash, so he could only use his assets to pay for the plant.

When Theodore held the plant in his hands, he felt assured. I can live.

Theodore then bowed to Danny and said, “Thank you, Mr. Wheeler. I will treat you to dinner someday.”

Danny replied, “That’s too kind.”

Theodore and Lennon turned around to leave, but Danny did something that surprised everyone and got everyone's jaw to drop.

He took the documents and assets that Theodore had just given away and handed it to Zeke.

"This is for you, Mr. Williams."

Zeke accepted it with a smile. "Thank you."

"I've calculated the commission. It is about ten billion. Will you be paying via cash or card, Mr. Williams?"

"Just deduct it directly from the sales of the plant."

Theodore and Lennon were instantly petrified.

Theodore's voice was trembling when he asked, "Mr. Wheeler, what are you doing? Why are you handing the money from the auction off to Zeke Williams?"

He had guessed the reason, but he couldn't believe it. Or rather, he didn't want to believe it.

Danny answered, "Oh, it's simple. Mr. Williams is the one who asked us to auction off the plant. Naturally, we have to give him the earnings from the sales."

What the f***?

Both Theodore and Lennon almost spat blood from high blood pressure after confirming their suspicion.

That plant belonged to Zeke Williams?

That ass**** came to the auction house just to drive the price up!

That was six hundred billion!

Williams conned me out of six hundred billion!

Theodore gritted his teeth. "Zeke Williams, you c***! You tricked me. Your behavior has violated the unspoken rules of the street. Aren't you worried the others would discriminate against and hate you?"

"Trick? Now, that is just plain rude. I know you are dying and need the plant to save your life. That is why I sacrificed mine and sell it to save your life. If it hadn't been for me, you would be dead by now. Yet, you said that I tricked you. Dang, you are mean."



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F*** off!

The vein on Theodore's head was popping when he growled, "You poisoned me, so it is your responsibility to save me..."

Zeke interrupted, "Is that so? Then shouldn't you be responsible for the countless innocent lives that the Black Pentagon had killed?"

Theodore couldn't refute. He simply gritted his teeth and warned, "Just you wait, Zeke Williams. You will pay for your shamelessness."

"Okay. I will wait patiently."

Zeke ignored Theodore and turned to Danny. "Mr. Wheeler, can you do me another favor?"

"Ask away, Mr. Williams."

Zeke got another *Rhodiola Rosea* out of his possession and said, "Please auction this for me, too."

F***!

Theodore and Lennon were so angry that they almost vomited blood.

That jerk has another one?

Zeke was practically conning all the money out

of Theodore and Lennon.

Are you even human? What you do is freaking inhumane!

Theodore gritted his teeth. "You jerk!"

"Do you want this plant too? I will sell it to you at six hundred billion right away. Treasure this opportunity. If you don't, the price will go higher the next time you buy it."

"Zeke Williams, your biggest mistake is saving my life by selling the plant! I swear you will not know peace as long as I am alive!"

"Let's go!"

Theodore and Lennon left angrily.

Zeke shrugged. "You will come beg me to sell you this Rhodiola Rosea at an insanely high price."

When they returned to Luna Manor, Lennon took the plant and went into the emergency laboratory to make the medicine.

Theodore was worried and wanted to monitor Lennon.

However, the latter chased him away. "I need complete silence to focus and make the

medicine. Only then can I ensure that everything is done right. If you stand beside me, you will distract me and will affect the remedy. You might not survive if that happens.”

Lennon never gave Theodore the chance to refute. He simply rushed into the laboratory, closed the door, and locked it from the inside.

Theodore was exasperated. All he could do was pray that Lennon was not interested in the *Rhodiola Rosea*.

Lennon quickly used the plant to create a cure for his own poison.

After that, he grabbed a few random herbs and made a fake remedy before handing it to Theodore.

The man never suspected anything. He grabbed the medicine and gulped it.

Unfortunately, he had only finished half of the fake remedy when his stomach ached like his intestines were being torn apart.

The poisonous worm had acted up once more.

Theodore instinctively bent down and fell onto the floor as he howled in agony.

He looked terrible.

Half of the fake remedy spilt onto the floor.

“T-The cure. Why isn’t the cure working?” demanded Theodore as he glared at Lennon.

The latter sighed, “It will only work if you finish every drop, but you only drank half of it. Naturally, it didn’t work.”

After that, Lennon turned around to leave.

Argh!

Theodore was like a furious monster as he roared endlessly.

Even an idiot would’ve figured out that Lennon had conned him.

He used the *Rhodiola Rosea* to cure his own poison. Zeke Williams guessed right!

Theodore passed out from the intense pain and rage.

It was already dark when he came around once more.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Theodore was unconscious for an entire day.

The poisonous worm had stopped bothering him, but he was still terrified when he thought about how much it hurt earlier.

Darn it. I have to pay Zeke Williams again to buy his Rhodiola Rosea.

Theodore had no time to waste. He called Zeke immediately to set up a meeting.

“Give me the Rhodiola Rosea. I will transfer six hundred billion to you right away,” he said when they met up.

Zeke shook his head. “Theodore, your memory is terrible. I said that it would cost six hundred billion if you had bought the plant at the auction house right then and there. I also said the price will go up if you miss that opportunity.”

Theodore went nuts with anger. “The plant is rare, but it is ranked as a normal luxurious item in the market. Six hundred billion is already a ridiculously high price! What more do you want?”

“I want everything that the Luna family holds.”

What?

Theodore shivered.

This assh*** wants to swallow the Luna family whole?

“Y-You are too freaking greedy. Would you really be able to handle it even if I hand everything over to you? You would be too stuffed if you swallow the Luna family whole!”

Zeke grinned. “You underestimated me. Your estate is nothing but mere appetizer to me. I want to swallow the Black Pentagon in its entirety!”

Sure, okay!

Theodore laughed like he had gone insane. “I can’t wait to see the day you die because you bite off more than you can chew.”

A deal was struck!

Zeke added, “Change the emblem on the Luna Manor before sunrise tomorrow.”

Theodore left angrily.

An important news swept over Atheville like a tornado, and it threatened to reach the whole of Eurasia.

The emblem of the Luna Manor was taken down.

A king had gifted the family that emblem. For generations, the Lunas were proud of it. However, it had been taken down!

That meant that the Luna family, that had stayed strong for hundreds of years, had fallen.

Everyone started wondering who had taken the Luna family down.

The news later spread about how the one who defeated them was the new head of the Williamses.

The public didn't know that Zeke was the new head of the Williams family, so they kept guessing the mysterious man's identity.

The public might be unaware of it, but the Williamses knew the truth.

Zeke did that!

The Williamses were worried because Zeke had surprised them again.

That abandoned kid has crushed Theodore, the most powerful man in Atheville!

What did he go through all those years, and how strong has he grown?

However, the Williams family weren't

completely out of hope.

So what if he defeated Theodore Luna? The Sullivans has their eyes on him. They are a hundred, if not a thousand, times more powerful than Theodore.

Lacey gasped when she heard the news.

“The new head of the Williams family has crushed the most powerful man in Atheville. Zeke, be careful not to offend that guy, okay? He can crush the Linton Group with a sneeze.”

Zeke was exasperated.

I am the new head of the Williams family, and the Linton Group is a corporation that you and I build together. Why would I let something that important to me get destroyed?

Still, now that I have taken over the Luna estate, all Theodore has left is the Black Pentagon. He would probably use that to attack me. Once the Black Pentagon comes after me, I will annihilate that organization!



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Zeke took the Luna estate away to force Theodore to use the power of the Black Pentagon.

After Theodore handed the Luna estate to him, Zeke honored his deal and gave the man the Rhodiola Rosea.

Theodore immediately got Lennon to make the cure.

After taking that medicine, Theodore's poison was cured.

That saved his life, but the fury burning in him rose.

"Damn you, Williams. Do you think I can't fight you without the Luna estate? That estate is just a fraction of the power and wealth I truly hold. You are the one who forced me to use the Black Pentagon's power. Don't blame me for being heartless!"

Theodore shared his thoughts with Lennon.

"Do whatever you want to Zeke Williams. If he dies, I will grant you the last name of Sullivan. Also, you may ask for any help you need."

Theodore replied, "As you know, the Black Pentagon is located at the border of the nation. I hired two commanders from the neighboring

country to protect it. Unfortunately, it's a little difficult to get those two commanders into the country."

Lennon replied, "That's not an issue. I will call the military and have them make way for the boys."

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Sullivan," said Theodore appreciatively. "Are you free? I would like to invite you to witness the fall of Zeke Williams with me."

Lennon waved his hand dismissively. "I am busy. I need to con Lacey Hinton to Sullivan's Island. She has the unique physical ability to cure all poison naturally, and that is much more important than Zeke Williams. I don't have the time to deal with him."

Theodore suggested, "May I know how you plan to do that?"

Lennon grinned evilly. "I heard Zeke has a twin brother, Zach. Lacey will come quietly if Zach impersonates him and ask her to go to the island with him."

Lennon laughed as he left.

Theodore didn't waste any time either. He quickly fished his phone out and called two numbers.

“Commander Wagner, I have a business proposal for you. Are you interested?”

“Commander Daaz, didn’t you say that you’d like to visit Eurasia? The opportunity is here.”

“Remember to bring enough firepower.”

Zeke had already sent Serpent to monitor the Black Pentagon.

Serpent was the former master of Eurasia, previously known as Drake.

He reported to Zeke when the Black Pentagon made even the slightest movement.

“Great Marshal, the Black Pentagon has started working. The two commanders who have been protecting the Black Pentagon suddenly called their people and headed toward Eurasia. The Black Pentagon’s defense is weakened. Should we attack?”

Zeke grinned and exclaimed, “Good! Don’t make a move just yet. Wait for my command.”

The Black Pentagon was located at the infamous lawless border.

The two neighboring commanders used to protect the Black Pentagon. If they attacked carelessly, the politicians of both countries

would be at each other's throats. That would not be good for Eurasia.

However, they had left the Black Pentagon, so Eurasia no longer needed to worry about anything and can attack as they please.

The two commanders were crossing the border illegally. All that was waiting for them was the death penalty.

Serpent got curious. "This is a rare opportunity to destroy the Black Pentagon. Why aren't we attacking?"



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“I want to trap the big fishes,” answered Zeke.

“The two commanders haven’t crossed the border and walk into my trap yet. If you attack, you will alert them. Wait until those two are in position, then you may attack.”

Serpent replied, “Understood.”

After ending his call with Serpent, Zeke called his wolves.

“Gather at Atheville, Alpha Suicide Squad.”

Lone Wolf, Sole Wolf, Wolf’s Greed, the Ferrymen of the Dead, and the newest member of the Alpha Suicide Squad, Hudson, headed to Atheville.

The Alpha Suicide Squad gathered quickly.

Everyone was strangely excited.

They didn’t know why the Great Marshal had called them mobilized, but it must be for something big!

“Hell, yeah! We can finally fight side-by-side once more.”

“Nothing can stop us!”

With Lennon’s people in the military helping

them, Commander Wagner and Commander Daaz successfully slipped past the border with their men and weapons.

They didn't want to raise any red flags, so Theodore had them settled in a secluded mountain.

The cave in Mount Phoenix became their temporary base.

Commander Wagner and Commander Daaz studied the map of Atheville to strategize.

The two commanders were heads of the neighboring country's military units and controlled half of the army in their country.

Unfortunately, corruption was terrible in their country, so their pay was pitifully low.

That was why they accepted the offer to protect the Black Pentagon.

Theodore paid them a hundred times more than what their country paid them.

He was, in theory, the employer, but he was respectful to the two commanders.

After all, the two men were murderers who had killed mountains of men.

They might kill him in a fit of anger.

Theodore spoke politely, "Here are the files about the target and his photo. Please do take a look."

The two commanders accepted the folders and read them.

"Zeke Williams' movement centers around Linton Group. Please focus your firepower there and keep the casualties of innocent bystanders to a minimum. If you got Eurasia mad, I will be in big trouble."

Commander Wagner scoffed, "So what if Eurasia is mad? Only the Great Marshal himself is a match against us. No one else could hurt us."

Commander Daaz nodded in agreement. "It's true. We crossed the border illegally a few times, but Eurasia only gave us verbal warnings. They won't declare war on us simply because we kill a few of their citizens."

"By the way, how many people did you bring? Zeke Williams is quite strong, and you might not defeat him with just a few men," said Theodore.

Commander Wagner grinned. "Come on. Let's go check outside the cave."

The cave was in the middle of the mountain. It was easy to defend but difficult to breakthrough.

The three men walked out of the cave and looked down.

All they saw was trees. Not a single soul was in sight.

Theodore frowned. "Where are your men?"

Commander Daaz chuckled and got his walkie-talkie out. "Boys, show yourselves to Mr. Theodore and let him see your power."

Swish! Swish!

The jungle under them rustled, and soldiers showed up one by one. Their numbers seemed to be endless.

There were at least ten thousand men there.



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Theodore was agitated as he spoke, "Hah! Zeke may be invincible, but I doubt he can defeat tens of thousands of elite soldiers at one go."

"It takes a lot of effort to gather that great mass of soldiers you know." General Hilton was hinting at compensation for Theodore's request.

Theodore smiled. "Don't worry. Didn't I promise you ten percent of Black Pentagon's share? I'll keep my end of the deal."

The commanders laughed. "Good! I enjoy working with a straightforward person like you!"

They finally decided to move out at two after midnight when the streets were quiet.

To ensure the success of the mission, they had prepared two different plans.

The first was to surround the Linton Group building with soldiers and fired from all angles.

The second was a contingency plan which was to blast the whole building with explosives.

They would then escape to Mauracia through the Atheville border.

In order to defend against the pursuers from Eurasia, Commander Wagner and Hilton had

already contacted the authority in Mauracia beforehand to deploy armies to guard the border.

...

Three kilometers away from Mount Phoenix, there stood an abandoned village.

The village had been abandoned for at least a decade. Not a single sign of life could be seen in the village.

When nightfall came, the scene appeared scarier as the eerie silver moonlight shrouded the entire village.

A group of people in dark clothing sneaked into the village and into a house.

They finally took off their masks and revealed themselves to be none other than Zeke and the Alpha Suicide Squad.

The leader of the squad was Rosie from Necromancer Assassin Organization.

Even though every member of Alpha Suicide Squad was strong enough to fight a thousand opponents alone, they lacked the experience in assassination.

On the other hand, Rosie was adept at it. So

this was the reason why Zeke specifically invited her to lead the squad and launched an infiltration to take the enemy's leaders first.

"Rosie, thank you for coming," Zeke said. "If things go south, make sure to prioritize your safety and escape first."

"Don't worry. Victory shall be ours now that I'm looped in on this," Rosie said coldly.

"Zekky, is this really necessary?" Lone Wolf asked. "Wolf's Greed and I have deployed all 50,000 of our heavily-armed soldiers surrounding Mount Phoenix. We could easily blast their base to nothingness."

"No." Zeke shook his head. "The enemy's troop has killed countless of our brethren at Black Pentagon. We want to catch them alive and take them to the international martial court. Not only will they be sentenced to death, but their country would also have to pay a hefty amount for our losses. Plus, if we really fight them head-on, we might lose some of our men. Since we can solve the matter without harming our people's life, why do we have to take the risk?"

"You're right," Lone Wolf nodded.

"Rosie, can you lead us to a safe path?" Zeke asked.

“Sure,” Rosie replied. “But, how are you going to recompense me for risking my own life to help you?”

“Well... I’ll thank you on behalf of all 1.3 billion citizen of Eurasia.”

“Just a simple thank you?” Rosie raised an eyebrow.

“Zekky, I think you should devote yourself to her in the name of peace,” Lone Wolf joked as he knew the history between Zeke and Rosie.

Zeke’s face darkened instantly as he kicked Lone Wolf. Rosie, on the other hand, was blushing at Lone Wolf’s remark.



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Heck, what the hell are you talking about? Zeke scolded Lone Wolf in his head.

Rosie ignored Lone Wolf's comment and swiftly disappeared into the night.

Zeke and the rest had their attention fixed to Mount Phoenix. If they noticed something amiss, they would rush straight in along with the 50,000 soldiers standing by to save Rosie.

Luckily, things went smoothly and Rosie returned not long after.

"I got us a route. The enemy has set up base in a cave on the hillside." Rosie showed Zeke a hand-drawn map.

Zeke took a quick look at the map and handed it to the Alpha Suicide Squad. "Memorize the route. There are watchtowers here, here, and here. Make sure to avoid these places."

Everyone in the squad nodded.

"I have to say, the enemy has the stupidest army ever," Rosie scoffed. "Two of their commanders are actually staying in the same tent. Their soldiers' fighting prowess is pretty weak as well. They aren't guarding their base well and some of them are even sleeping."

"This is pretty much within my expectation,"

Zeke nodded. “These people have been attacking our borders lately, but we never fought back. They thought we were afraid of them, and they were proud of it. As a matter of fact, their attacks weren’t even worth our attention. Think about it, would you take your revenge on an ant if it bit you?”

The Alpha Suicide Squad quickly remembered the route.

“Good. Move out. I pray for your success. Capture the enemy’s leaders alive if possible. If not, kill them. Remember, safety first,” Zeke commanded.

“Don’t worry, Zekky, I’ll make sure to capture their leaders alive,” Lone Wolf replied.

With Rosie in the lead, the Alpha Suicide Squad infiltrated into the enemy’s base.

Zeke stood at the village’s entrance as he gazed at Mount Phoenix.

If anything happened, Zeke would lead the whole army into the mountain himself.

He wasn’t really worried about Alpha Suicide Squad as they possessed the ability to survive gunfights.

Zeke was more worried about Rosie since she

was adept in assassination, not head-on fights.

It appeared that Zeke's worst fears had come true. He could hear a commotion coming from the enemy's base half an hour after Rosie snuck into their base.

What's more, gunshots could be heard.

"Hey you! Who are you people?" one of the soldiers demanded.

Zeke took a deep breath and strode towards the base.

We just can't fight the inevitable, can we? Zeke cursed.

After taking a few steps, he heard another voice, "I'm General Hilton! At ease, soldier!"

The mountain returned to its peaceful state.

Zeke let out a sigh of relief.

Based on the earlier incident, the Alpha Suicide Squad had managed to capture the enemy's leaders.

Rosie and the Alpha Suicide Squad returned not long after with two new faces among them.

Zeke guessed they were the enemy's

commander, Wagner and Hilton.

“Gentlemen, it’s been long time since we last met,” Zeke greeted coldly.

Both commanders had a look of disdain as they stared at Zeke.

“Who are you? Have we ever met? To be precise, would you even get the chance to approach us to begin with? Do you have any idea who are you talking to right now?”



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Zeke smiled. "I've heard that you people are arrogant and I didn't believe it. But, I guess I was wrong about that. Also, did you just imply that you are a grade above me?"

"Wait..." Commander Wagner seemed to have realize something. "Why do you look so familiar? A-Are you Zeke Williams? From Linton Group?"

"That's me," Zeke nodded.

After knowing who he was dealing with, Wagner got even more fearless. "You are but an abandoned child! How dare you go against us? Do you know who we are?"

"You two are the commanders of Lunaria which is a neighbor to Eurasia. Half of the Lunaria's military is under your control," Zeke smiled.

The two commanders looked at each other in disbelief. Both of them came to the same conclusion that the details of their operation was leaked so Zeke managed to take advantage of it.

"And you still dare to capture us?" Wagner scolded, "You sure have the balls. Let us go and we might let you live!"

"Are you serious? What makes you think that I would let you go after going to great lengths to

capture you?" Zeke laughed.

"Drop the act. Everyone knows that Eurasians are mere cowards! You people do not walk the walk!"

Zeke was speechless and turned to signal Sole Wolf.

Without any hesitation, Solf Wolf took his knife out and held it against Wagner's throat.

The next second, Wagner's head dropped to the floor with blood gushing out from his severed neck.

What the! Hilton's eyes widened at his now headless companion.

He couldn't believe what he'd just witnessed. Zeke actually took Wagner out!

"H-how dare you!" Hilton roared. "This will only bring our countries to war! Eurasia will turn into a bloodshed because of your action!"

"I admit that I do have to take responsibility for my actions," Zeke sighed. "Looks like my kindness to Lunaria has made you people believe that our military strength is weak. Well, I can assure you that if a war breaks out, you won't even have the chance to step foot in our country. Heck, I can make your country

surrender with just 10 people.”

“What a joke! Do you think you’re the Great Marshal? Only he has the ability to do that!” Hilton mocked. “He’s the only one who can create such miracles! Heed my warning that if I die, the Great Marshal will personally end your life. For I am a friend of the Great Marshal!”

Everyone looked at Zeke cluelessly as Sole Wolf asked, “Zekky, are you friends with this guy?”

“Are you stupid?” Zeke scoffed. “Won’t he recognize me if we were acquainted?”

“True...”

Both Hilton and Rosie were stunned by the exchange as it sounded like Zeke was the Great Marshal himself.

They would rather believe in spirits and the afterworld rather than such bullshit.

“Well, whatever,” Zeke sighed and turned to Hilton. “I’ll give you a chance to live. Order your men to gather all the heavy artilleries to this village or I’ll make you and your troop disappear from the face of the earth.”



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Zeke's warning immediately made Hilton laugh. "Hah! You are planning to take out my troop? With this number? I have 10,000 elite soldiers with me! Only the Great Marshal and his Alpha Suicide Squad can pull through such a feat!"

Zeke was rendered speechless after listening to Hilton's claims. So he actually thinks that his troop stands a chance against the Alpha Suicide Squad?

In the midst of their conversation, Bloodthirsty Wolf, head of the Tulle, appeared.

Bloodthirsty Wolf knelt on one knee and reported, "Great Marshal, I've arranged the Special Forces of Tulle to help Serpent take down the Black Pentagon just as you've ordered. Please give your next order."

"Good work. Tell everyone to standby."

"Yes sir!" Bloodthirsty Wolf replied and stood next to Zeke.

Hilton's tongue tied the moment he saw Bloodthirsty Wolf. Isn't this the head of Tulle? Why is he here? Why is he kneeling to Zeke? Is it possible that Zeke really is the Great Marshal?

"Y-you're Bloodthirsty Wolf, head of Tulle, right?" Hilton stammered. "W-why are you

kneeling to Zeke?”

“Hilton?” Bloodthirsty Wolf was shocked. “Why are you here? Wait, you’re the one who’s trying to assassinate the Great Marshal?”

Sole Wolf nodded. “That’s right. Bloodthirsty Wolf, do you know this guy?”

“Yeah. We’ve met a few times.” Bloodthirsty Wolf nodded before walking up to Hilton and slapped the commander. “How dare you assassinate the Great Marshal? Sir, this person has committed an unforgivable sin! Should I take him out now?”

“Hold on. I still have use for him,” Zeke replied.

The discovery of Zeke being the Great Marshal was a huge slap in the face for Hilton. I-I tried to assassinate the Great Marshal? What was I thinking? Theodore! You f**king bastard! You used me!

Rosie covered her mouth with her hands as she stared at Zeke with teary eyes.

So the man who had saved my life back then was the Great Marshal! What’s more, we were even close to being in a relationship before! I have fulfilled my life’s mission and I shall die with no regrets now...

Zeke glared at Hilton. "I don't have to tell you what to do next, right?"

Hilton was filled with despair as he snatched the blade off Lone Wolf's hands and attempted to slash it across his own neck.

He would rather face the devil instead of the Great Marshal himself. Falling in Zeke's hands only meant a life of endless torture.

Lone Wolf reacted swiftly. He pulled his knife back and slapped Hilton. "You f**ker! Do you think you can choose whether to die or not?"

Even Bloodthirsty Wolf joined Lone Wolf in scolding Hilton when he had no idea what was happening. "F**k! You dare ignore the Great Marshal's order? I'll make you regret for even coming into this world!"

Hilton was completely petrified and quickly took out his walkie-talkie. "Listen up! This is General Hilton! Bring all of our heavy artilleries to an abandoned village just outside the mountain now! This is an order!"

Not one of the Lunaria's soldiers dared to defy Hilton's order as they carried all their heavy artilleries to the village.

"Set them down here and return to base!" Hilton commanded.

Some of the soldiers began to question Hilton's order, "General, isn't this too risky? I thought you ordered us to guard these weapons with our lives?"



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“Cut the crap and move!” Hilton roared.

The soldiers quickly shut their mouths and left the weapons in the village before returning to their base.

Zeke finally let out a sigh of relief. With their heavy artilleries gone, the enemies no longer posed any threats.

“Move out!” Zeke ordered Lone Wolf and Wolf’s Greed.

“Yes sir!”

Lone Wolf and Wolf’s Greed took out their walkie-talkies and commanded their own troop.

“Soldiers of Rivermouth, advance!”

“Soldiers of Atheville, advance!”

Marching sounds began to echoed all around Mount Phoenix as a dozen of helicopters surrounded it.

“Troops from Lunaria, you all have been surrounded! Surrender immediately!”

50,000 soldiers marched into Mount Phoenix, and the fight broke out immediately.

Unfortunately for the Lunarian, the fight ended

in no more than 15 minutes.

The Eurasia troop had taken all of its enemies alive.

The defeat only added to Hilton's desperation.

Zeke then smiled at the desperate looking commander, "Do you want to take your revenge on Theodore?"

"Take my revenge? What do you mean by that?"

"Are you really that stupid? Theodore and I actually planned this attack together to take you out. It was all Theodore's idea, but he didn't have the manpower to do so. Thus, he asked for my help."

"That sly old fart!" Hilton roared in anger, vowing to take Theodore's life in his head.

"To tell you the truth, I've never liked Theodore from the beginning," Zeke explained. "The Black Pentagon, which he controls, has taken the lives of countless Eurasians. He's a vermin that we have to take out. If you hand me the defense layout plan of Black Pentagon, I can take both the place and Theodore out for you."

With the immense hatred for Theodore raging in him, Hilton handed the plan to Zeke without any hesitation. He even confessed the crimes

that Theodore had committed.

Zeke swiftly handed the plan to Serpent. “It’s time to take Theodore out.”

“Roger that!” Serpent replied.

Rosie walked up to Zeke and carefully asked, “Great Marshal...”

“You don’t have to call me that. I’m still Zeke Williams to you,” Zeke smiled.

“Okay,” Rosie nodded. “Can we still stay the same as before?”

“Of course.”

Rosie gripped her fists as she declared, “Thank God. I’ll never stop until I make you mine. I don’t even mind if I had to be your mistress.”

Zeke was surprised that these words actually came out of the mouth of a world-class assassin.

After getting their hands on the layout plan of the Black Pentagon, the Serpent and the special forces from Tulle launched their attacks.

Without the protection of Commander Wagner and Hilton, the Black Pentagon was basically an empty shell.

The Black Pentagon still had some forces defending it, but they were nothing compared to Serpent and Tulle, who took over Black Pentagon without breaking a sweat.

After taking over the Black Pentagon, Serpent headed to the data storage room right away to dig up everything about Theodore and sent them to Zeke.

When Zeke read the files that were sent to him, he couldn't help but gasp in awe.



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The Black Pentagon had profited trillions in just half a year. Zeke couldn't help but wonder how much the Black Pentagon had profited from their people in the past century by selling drugs.

Those were proofs that the Black Pentagon had committed a lot of crimes.

Zeke put his phone away as he ordered, "Alpha Suicide Squad!"

All members of the squad knelt on one knee as they responded, "Sir!"

"It's time. Let's head to the Luna Manor to arrest the traitor!"

Even though it was already late at night and the streets were quiet, the lights in the Luna Old Manor were still on.

Theodore had exchanged the Luna Manor for the Rhodiola rosea.

This was why his whole family had moved to the dilapidated Luna Old Manor.

Theodore couldn't fall asleep as he was waiting for Zeke to be blasted to pieces when the clock struck two.

He was ready to bury Zeke himself.

Theodore waited impatiently until the hour hand pointed at two.

He stood up and looked out the window at the direction where Linton Group was with his hands crossed behind his back.

If everything went according to plan, the Linton Group would be bombarded by heavy artilleries by now.

Unexpectedly, the sky remained peaceful even after 15 minutes had passed.

The outside was so quiet that Theodore could even hear his own breath. What's happening? Why are Commander Hilton and Wagner not moving in?

Bang!

Suddenly, the door of the manor was kicked open.

Theodore swung around as his heart skipped a beat. In front of him stood Zeke.

Realizing that their plan must have gone wrong, Theodore became anxious but pretended to be calm.

"Zeke! How dare you trespass my house without my permission!" Theodore scolded.

Zeke ignored Theodore and continued to walk towards the old man, "Aren't you waiting for me?"

Theodore was now fully sure that his plan was leaked and cursed the two commanders of Lunaria. Those two useless bastards! They couldn't even execute something this easy?

"What are you talking about? Get the hell out, or else I'll have you arrested!" Theodore threatened.

Instead of showing fear as Theodore expected, Zeke kicked the older man on his ankle and made him kneel.

F**k! Theodore cursed in his head. "Zeke! You dare..."

"Aren't you the brazen one?" Zeke threw a stack of papers in front of Theodore. "You have a lot of guts."

Theodore took a glance at the documents and instantly, he felt as if his world had collapsed.

The documents were actually top-secret information of Black Pentagon. Every one of them was enough to sentence Theodore to death. Mixed within the documents was also a confession from Commander Hilton, proving that Theodore had colluded with the higher-ups

of an enemy country which jeopardized the safety of Eurasia.

Theodore could be charged with treason for that and that alone was enough for all of his family to go down with him.

F**k! F**k! F**k! Theodore cursed repeatedly. Why did Hilton betray me? How did Zeke get his hands on these?

Zeke gritted his teeth. “You have been manufacturing and selling drugs through the Black Pentagon, which you owned. You even worked with our enemies to harm our country! You’re a traitor!”

“B-bullshit!” Theodore roared with his shaky voice. “Even if these were real, who are you to punish me?”

“If I can’t punish you, then there’s probably no one in this country that can do that,” Zeke snickered.



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Theodore did not understand what Zeke meant.

Out of nowhere, a group of people barged into the room. Among them were Hilton and Theodore's family members, who were all being held by the Alpha Suicide Squad.

One look at Hilton's devastating state was enough to make Theodore desperate.

The older man could not believe that Hilton, who commanded ten thousand elite soldiers, would fall to the like of Zeke. He was also stunned as his family members were also caught without him knowing anything about it.

Theodore suddenly realized that the group of people who took out the elites that he'd hired was also the same people who were holding his family captive now.

Just as Theodore was wondering who they were, Lone Wolf spoke up while kneeling with the rest of the Alpha Suicide Squad, "Great Marshal, the Alpha Suicide Squad has captured the important members of the Luna just as you've ordered."

The Alpha Suicide Squad! Great Marshal! These two names hit Theodore hard.

My God! I was fighting the Great Marshal this whole time? I-I'm doomed...

Theodore's eyes rolled back and he fainted.

"Hand them over to the international military court!" Zeke ordered.

"Yes sir!"

...

Immediately after Lennon Sullivan woke up the next day, he reached for his phone to check the news.

He was expecting to see 'Linton Group bombed!' on the headline. But, after swiping through the news, he could not find anything about Linton Group.

Lennon immediately realized something was off and called his subordinate to investigate.

Lennon soon got his answer. "Sir, Mr. Luna and the reinforcements he hired were all captured."

Lennon immediately jumped at the report. He could understand if Theodore were caught, but Commander Wagner and Hilton were protected by 10,000 elite soldiers. So, it was almost impossible for the both of them to fail.

"Who caught them?" Lenno asked anxiously.

"We have no idea. I believe it's the military. Only

they have the power to capture the two Lunarian commanders.”

“Find out what happened! Now!” Lennon roared.

Half an hour passed and Lennon’s subordinate called him back, “Based on what I’ve gathered, Commander Wagner and Hilton were caught by the Great Marshal and the Alpha Suicide Squad for trespassing into Eurasia.”

Upon the mention of the Great Marshal and Alpha Suicide Squad, Lennon lost all of his strength as his phone fell to the floor.

He could not believe that the Great Marshal would take care of the situation personally. This would only mean the end for the Black Pentagon.

The truth was that the Sullivan’s had a part in the Black Pentagon’s operations as well, and 3% of the family’s profit came from it.

It would be a waste to lose such a profiting land, but Lennon regained his confidence quickly.

He believed that as long as they could get their hands on Lacey, the Sullivan’s could rebuild their empire again.

That was something that money could never

buy.

Just as Lennon was thinking of his next step, there came a knock on his door.

“Come in.”

A servant walked in with Zach William and bowed, “Sir, I’ve bailed Mr. Williams from prison just as you’ve ordered.”

“Good. You may leave now,” Lennon nodded.

Once the servant left, Zach stared at Lenno curiously. “Who are you? Why did you bail me?”



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The last time Zach Williams was framed by the Lewis family, his title as the head of the Williams family snatched away from him. He had also ended up behind the bars.

Never would he have thought that he would be rescued by a bunch of strangers, especially when he had already made mental preparations to spend the rest of his life in jail.

Zach scanned Lennon Sullivan from head to toe, but he still couldn't remember where he had seen this guy before.

Why do you want to save me?

While Zach was lost in his thought, Lennon introduced himself, "I'm Lennon Sullivan, a direct descendent of the Sullivans."

What?

Zach could not be more startled by that piece of information he had just learnt.

The Sullivans? Aren't they true nobles who have descended from the royal bloodline?

The Williams might be the richest and the most powerful of all aristocrats, yet they were still nothing in front of the Sullivans.

Even with a status as high as his, Zach was not

privileged enough to visit the Sullivans.

Yet, a Sullivan had just rescued him from spending an eternity in jail.

Have I, Zach Williams, finally met the savior of my life whom I will serve until the day I die?

In front of the member of the royal bloodline, Zach's legs failed to garner strength. He helplessly fell, kneeling on the ground. "Your Grace, I am Zach Williams from the Williams family. Pleased to make your acquaintance."

Lennon was as nonchalant as ever even though he was receiving such a deferential greeting.

After all, he was from a noble family; such a greeting was what he deserved.

Lennon responded, "Hmm, so you are the elder brother of Zeke Williams. Zeke is my nemesis. I have long tried to get rid of him. As his brother, are you on his side or my side? Will you place loyalty above kinship and assist me in taking down your brother?"

Zach did not even pause to think about his suggestion before giving Lennon an answer, "Of course I will serve you, my Grace. My brother is not to be forgiven for making you his enemy! Moreover, Zeke has already been emancipated from our family. He is no brother to me

anymore.”

Very well.

Lennon nodded. “Help me with something. After you are done, I will bestow upon you the great surname of Sullivan and allow you to work as a manservant in my household. I have once said the same thing to Zeke Williams, but he did not have the insight to accept it. Now, will you accept my offer?”

Zach was already trembling in tears.

He could not believe he was just offered such an opportunity.

My time has finally arrived!

Hahaha! I, Zach Williams, am finally making my comeback!

Lennon quickly explained his plans to Zach, and the latter nodded his head a few times in agreement with everything.

“Sir Lennon, please rest assured. I will definitely finish the mission without fail.”

Zach bid farewell to his new master and immediately set off to the Linton Group to meet Lacey.

Out of his expectations, Zach bumped into Mdm. Williams of all people on his way to the Linton Group.

Mdm. Williams was shocked for a second as she had also expected to meet Zach here of all places. She blabbered in resentment, “You heartless creature! Since when have you gotten out of jail?”

A long time ago, Zach was once Mdm. Williams’ most beloved grandson. Of all of her grandchildren, she had coddled him the most.

However, Zach had sent Mdm. Williams to jail in his attempt to take over the then-incumbent head of the Williams family as the new head. Since then, she had held a deep grudge against him.

Even when Zach was incarcerated, she did not even bother to learn of his situation.

So, Zach was also frustrated to see her. “Ah, you old hag! You’re still alive? Where were the lot of you when I was suffering in the jail? Talk about heartless!”

He continued harshly, “Since you guys have decided to cast me aside, I will also not be kind to all of you too. Just wait for the day to come! The day where I become the head of the Williams family! I swear I will chase every of

you out of the family once I have the Williams under my control!”

Zach took his leave after cursing at the old lady.

Mdm. Williams was flabbergasted. Yet, Zach’s words were stuck in her mind. Perhaps, he wasn’t lying when he said he would have the Williams under his control.

Could it be that Zach has gotten a powerful ally? If not, how can he be so confident?

Mdm. Williams immediately beckoned for her servant and whispered, “Go and investigate how Zach got out of the jail. It’s urgent!”

Zach Williams had reached Linton Group after a nonstop journey all the way from the jail.

To pass off as his brother, Zeke Williams, Zach had worn the same outfit as his brother and even gotten his haircut.

It proved to be effective as Lacey wasn’t able to notice that the man in front of her wasn’t Zeke at all.



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“Zeke, where have you been all night last night?”

Zeke had spent the entire night trying to settle the Black Pentagon’s incident and had yet to return.

Zach Williams, who was well-disguised as his brother Zeke, hurried on to answer, “Lacey, I have finally found my parents! I spent the entirety of last night having a conversation with them. They say they want to meet you right away!”

Lacey was both surprised and in glee. “You’ve found your parents? That’s amazing!”

“Wait, let me put something nice on. It’s my first time meeting them, after all.”

Zach did not want to delay for even a second as he didn’t want to leave any opening for his plan to go wrong. So, he said to Lacey in an anxious tone, “I don’t think we have enough time for that, honey. My parents are about to leave soon. Just touch up on your makeup in the car.”

Lacey had no choice but to agree upon seeing how important it was for her to meet Zeke’s parents.

The two of them got onto the car, and it took off in a rush.

Zach had brought Lacey to a private airport, and they boarded a private jet.

Lacey was curious. "Zeke, where are your parents at? Why do we have to take a plane?"

Zach answered, "They're staying at a place not far from us, but we have to rush there."

Lacey did not have any suspicions against Zach's reply, so she simply nodded.

The plane took off in a matter of a few seconds.

Once the wheels of the plane left the runway, Zach let out a breath in relief.

At that point in time, the operation had basically succeeded, unless Lacey jumped out of the plane in midair.

Zach finally let down his pretense now that his plan was going well. "Lacey Hinton, I need a feet massage."

What? Did I hear wrongly?

Lacey suspected her ears were not working at this altitude.

Zeke has always called me by Lacey, not my full name Lacey Hinton!

Why did he call me by my full name?

Did he just ask me to massage his legs?

Lacey sensed that something was wrong, and she was totally right.

But still, she had to make sure that it wasn't just her overthinking. She quickly responded with a giggle, "Zeke, cut the crap! It's not funny!"

Zach was slightly agitated by her response, "I said, I need a foot massage, and it's coming from you in case you haven't noticed it's only the two of us here."

Lacey's heart skipped a beat.

What she had just heard was definitely not something that would come out of Zeke's mouth.

Zeke would never ask her to massage his legs, and he would definitely never speak to her in such a demanding tone.

A terrifying theory materialized in her mind.

The man in front of her was not Zeke Williams.

It was his evil twin, Zach Williams.

He must be Zach!

Dang it! Isn't he still in jail? Since when has he gotten out?

Lacey took a few steps back. "Y-you... are not Zeke. You are Zach Williams."

Zach broke into a burst of heinous laughter. "I have never said I was Zeke Williams in the first place. It's you who has taken me as him."

Boom!

After confirming her guesses, Lacey's mind flew into chaos.

Hit by a dire sense of danger, she rushed to the cockpit and slapped its doors out of her subconscious. "Sir! Turn the plane around, I beg you! Turn it around!"

Hiss!

The doors to the cockpit opened. Behind it stood a tall and sturdy figure.

It was Lennon Sullivan.

Lacey had crossed paths with Lennon before.

It had happened at the Williams Manor. Zeke and Lennon had poisoned each other in a bet, but the latter had lost as he could not withstand the poison's effect.

Lennon was Zeke's nemesis, and Lacey was very well aware of that.

Now that Zeke's evil twin had teamed up with Zeke's nemesis, Lacey was in utter devastation.

She backed away from the both of them until she found herself curled up in a corner. "You bastard! How dare you lie to me! Zeke will never let you go for what you have done."

Lennon guffawed, "You think Zeke Williams is coming to save you? Hahaha! He will if he can fly up here, but too bad, he isn't Superman!"

Upon hearing that, Lacey fell into a bottomless pit of despair.

...

After settling the incident with Black Pentagon, it was already late in noon.

Zach was completely exhausted as he had not slept for the past twenty-four hours.

Not only was his brain running, but he also had to move around a lot.

If it were the same for any ordinary person, they would have collapsed in an instant.

But Zeke had inhumane vigor, which prevented

all that work from taking a serious toll on his body.

Once he set foot in the Linton Group's building, he had immediately headed to Lacey's room to invite her for lunch.

He wanted to celebrate his victory in the fight against the Black Pentagon with his beloved one.

However, Lacey was nowhere to be found.

Zeke looked everywhere in the building, but he still could not catch a glimpse of Lacey's shadow.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zach immediately got ahold of Lacey's personal bodyguard. Hadley Murphy, "Hadley, where is Lacey?"

Hadley was puzzled. "Didn't you just come by this afternoon to take Lacey to meet your parents?"

What?

Zeke suddenly lost his mind.

He had been dealing with Black Pentagon all night long and had never left the Military District.

How could I have dropped by to fetch Lacey?

Also, his parents were being held captive by the Sullivans. There was no way he could bring her to meet them.

It only took a few seconds for Zeke to fully grasp the situation at hand.

He was very certain his twin Zach had pretended to be him and took Lacey away earlier.

Damn it! Isn't he still in jail?

When did he get out of that miserable place?

Everything must be a mistake.

Zach immediately got through to General Cosmopolis on the phone, “Wolf’s Greed, track down Zach Williams’ movements for the past twenty-four hours. Get everyone on it this instant, you hear me? I want the results sent to me as soon as possible.”

“Understood.”

In five minutes, Wolf’s Greed had informed Zeke about Zach’s whereabouts for the past day.

“Zekky, I have got everything here. Zach was bailed out of jail this morning by an anonymous person. That person has connections with the Sullivans. Then, Zach brought Lacey to a private airport before taking off with her on an aircraft.”

“The enemy’s flight was not reported to the air traffic control center, and hence it’s probably illegal. Their destination is currently unknown.”

Zeke clenched his jaw. “Connections with the Sullivans? It must be Lennon Sullivan’s doing. Get me a private jet. We’re setting off to rescue someone. Ah, forget about it. Private jets are too slow. I don’t think we can catch up with them in time. How many fighter-jets does the Military District currently hold?”

Wolf’s Greed replied, “Around fifty.”

Zeke responded without any hesitation, “Mobilize all of them. We’re rescuing Lacey from that hell hole.”

Zeke rushed downstairs right after ending his call with Wolf’s Greed. He leapt onto his car and set off for Military District once again.

In Lennon’s aircraft, Lacey was cowering in one corner. Her body was trembling in fear, and her face was full of nothing but despair.

She thought Zeke would certainly have no means to track her location now that they were high up in the air, much less come to her rescue.

Where the hell are they taking me? What’s their purpose?

Lacey wanted to burst into tears at that moment.

As for Zach and Lennon, they were having their own wine-tasting session in the lounge as they chat away in peace of mind, knowing that their mission was almost over.

Zach spoke in a careful tone, “Sir Lennon, about the reward you promised to give me after we’re done with the mission...”

Lennon uttered, “Relax. Once we’re back, I will

ask our butler to officially take you under our household and have your surname changed to Sullivan.”

Zach was happy to hear Lennon’s reply. “Thank you, sir. Another thing, sir. I want to become the new head of the Williams family. Could you...could you help me to threaten them?”

Lennon had a color of annoyance on his face. “You think the great name of Sullivan isn’t powerful enough for you to take your place as the head of the Williams? Do I have to set out to threaten the Williams myself?”

Zach came to a realization. “Oh right! Now that I’m the servant of the Sullivan family, all the Williamses have to bow down to me. It will be an honor of the Williams to have me as the head of the family. What do I have to fight for? Hahaha!”

He then suddenly asked, “Then sir, how are you going to take care of Zeke Williams?”

Lennon sighed. “Ah, I had also wanted to make Zeke my family’s servant, but he had rejected me in the blink of an eye. What a brazen brat! If I can’t get him, then I will destroy him. I will dig out his heart with my own hands and feed it to the King Worm.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Lacey's heart pounded hard at Lennon's words.

Lennon sure is a beast! He wants to dig out Zeke's heart?

Is he even human?

Lacey was all crouched up in a corner, and Lennon had sensed her worry for Zach. He teased her, "Lacey, are you worried for Zeke's life? I will give you one chance to save him. If you agree to be a tester for the Sullivan family's drugs and poisons, I will spare Zach's life. What do you think of this offer?"

Lacey was tempted.

She only had to suffer for a bit to save Zeke's life, so why shouldn't she?

If a fight were to take place, Zeke wouldn't be able to win against the Sullivans, right?

As Lacey was caught in contemplation, there was a deafening buzz coming from outside the aircraft.

From the sound of it, it was heading towards them.

What's that sound?

The three of them looked out of the window.

What came into their sight was a horde of over fifty fighter-jets arranged into a triangular formation. It was speeding towards them.

It was truly a magnificent sight.

All three of them were completely stupefied.

Even Lennon, who was from a background of power and influence, was at a loss for words.

He had never seen a troop as big as this.

What happened next plunged the three of them into greater stupefaction.

After catching up with their aircraft, all of the fighter-jets slowed down, aligning themselves with the private jet.

They were everywhere; in front, behind, to the left and the right. They had surrounded the private jet in all directions.

The hope in Lacey's eyes rekindled.

Are these fighter-jets sent by Zeke to save me?

It isn't possible, right?

How could Zeke have the power to control over fifty fighter-jets?

“Great Marshal, we’ve noticed a lady near the left-wing of the private jet. She resembles Ms. Lacey Hinton.” A helicopter pilot sent a message to Zeke at the other end through the wireless communication channel.

Zeke gave them an order, “Step aside. I want to confirm it myself.”

“Understood.”

Zeke flew his jet to the left side of the private jet and looked out its window.

With just one glance, he had recognized Lacey’s face.

Lacey was sorrowful, and she had dried tears on her cheeks. It hurt Zeke to see her like that.

Lacey, please forgive me. It’s all my fault that you are suffering.

Lacey noticed Zeke in the fighter jet that was hovering outside. She was taken aback before tears rolled down her fair cheeks.

Zeke!

Zeke has actually come to my rescue!

Wow, I didn’t know he can fly a jet!

Is there anything he can't do?

Wait, this isn't the point.

The point now is, Zeke has come all the way to save me on a fighter jet!

She had just wanted to shout for help when Zeke made a hand sign for her to remain silent.

They were high among the clouds. If any fights broke out, Lacey's life would be at risk.

Also, if Sullivan were to realize the fighter jets outside were Zeke's, he might do something to Lacey.

Thus, the best option they had now is to snoop around and not let Sullivan learn about Zeke's presence.

Lacey was smart, so she could immediately understand Zeke's intentions.

She calmed herself down to prevent Lennon and Zach from picking up anything from her.

Through the wireless channel, Zeke got hold of the other fighter jets.

"The target is safe, I repeat. The target is safe. Everyone is to stay on course."

The leading pilot of the fighter jet sent a message to Lennon's private jet through the wireless broadcasting system.

"Aircraft 8798, aircraft 8798. Please respond if this message has reached you."

Lennon responded in a hurry, "Aircraft 8798 received. What's your identity, and what's your purpose?"

The leading pilot replied, "We noticed your current flight is not registered with the air traffic control center and is therefore illegal. Please land your jet immediately. You are to accept the legal consequences for your current flight. I repeat, please land your aircraft at the nearest airport."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Lennon let out a breath in relief.

Thank God these jets are from the air traffic control center!

Lennon thought these fighter jets had been sent by Zeke to hijack his aircraft.

Lennon responded, "I'm Lennon Sullivan of the Sullivan family. All my family's aircraft have gotten permission to take off before reporting. I will immediately contact the center to inform them about my itinerary."

The leader then responded, "Please declare to air traffic your current itinerary immediately. I repeat, please declare to air traffic your current itinerary immediately."

Lennon contacted the air traffic control center and declared to them his itinerary.

In the meantime, Zach got on the phone with the other fighter jets, "The target jet's place of departure is in Atheville. They are landing on the island of Southville."

He then added, "All jets, listen! We're landing on the rock isle next to the island of Southville! Once the target has been evacuated, we are nuking the island!"

The Sullivans had brought wrath upon

themselves for kidnapping Lacey.

They would never stop harassing Zeke and his family if they were never taught a lesson, which in this case, came in the form of several missiles that would destroy the Sullivans' household in a matter of a few seconds.

On Zeke's command, the fighter-jets all turned to fly in the direction of Southville and eventually make their landing on the rocky isle next to it.

Zeke sent a message to Lacey on his phone to assure her everything was smooth sailing according to plan. She shouldn't worry too much.

I'm coming to you once the jets land. Wait for me!

Lacey felt a sense of relief wash over her.

But at the same time, Lacey had made a mental note to herself to find out from Zeke later how was he able to command over fifty jets to rescue her.

Lennon's private jet soon made its landing on the parking designated for aircrafts belonging to the Sullivan family.

Zack's face was full of joy as the jet touched

the ground. "Sir Lennon, the mission is over! I am free to go now, no?"

Lennon tossed a silver badge to Zach. "This is a badge that will identify you as a servant of our family. From now on, your surname is Sullivan, and you are a servant of the Sullivan family."

Zach's eyes almost teared up when he heard his new master's words. "Thank you, your Grace! I will definitely not let the Sullivans down!"

Zach returned to the private jet and muttered to the pilot, "Send me back."

The pilot confirmed, "Mr. Williams, is Atheville your destination?"

Zach burst into anger in an instant. "Shut your pie hole! Address me as Mr. Sullivan! I am now Zach Sullivan!"

The pilot was trembling in fear. "M-Mr. Sullivan, is Atheville our destination?"

Zach's anger finally toned down, and he nodded in satisfaction, "Yes, we're going to Atheville."

Back on the island of Southville, Lennon was bringing Lacey back to the Sullivan manor.

When the inhabitants of the Sullivan manor

heard about the arrival of the guest, who was immune to all poisons, all of them gathered in the main lobby to catch a glimpse at their new muse.

There was a big crowd surrounding Lacey, and from where she stood, she could see the glimmer in all of their eyes.

It was as if they were predatory animals who had chanced upon a prey.

“Immune to all poisons? It turns out the rumor was not fake after all! Look at the shine on her skin! She must have been immune to the toxins produced by her own body as well, for no ordinary being could have that much glow!”

“Hahaha! I cannot wait at all to test out my most recent invention on her. Hopefully, she’s actually what the rumor claims to be. What a beautiful nymph! Too bad she is immune to poison, for I would like to see that pretty little face contort in pain to my poison.”

“Grandma, I strongly recommend you to test out the poison we have made from the toxins of a thousand species of scorpions! Let’s see what effects would it have on that girl.”

Lady Sullivan turned to Sullivan and gave her a satisfactory grin. “Well done, my child. Lennon, you have outdone yourself! You’re the pride of

our family!”

Lennon responded humbly, “Grandma, thank you so much for your compliment. I will work harder and live up to the name of our family.”

Lady Sullivan then responded, “I think everyone has given some useful suggestions. Lennon, go and try our latest poison on her. Everyone here has been waiting eagerly for that moment.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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No problem!

To Lennon, this was an amazing opportunity for him to display his skills. He would not let it pass by.

Lennon scurried over to Lacey in a rush.

Lacey's blood drained out of her face as soon as she saw the person coming for her. She was starting to tremble.

"Y-you... stay away from me! My husband will never forgive you!"

Hahahaha!

Everyone in the lobby burst into laughter.

"Isn't his husband the b*****d Zeke Williams?"

"Hehe! Is she really trying to taunt us with the name of a ba*****d? How foolish is she?"

"I can promise you, if the ba*****d ever sets foot in our household, he will immediately be shot down."

"Lennon, why have you not brought along that ba*****d? His heart will surely make really good nutrients for the King Worm!"

Lennon responded coyly, "Ah, we were tight on

time, and hence we didn't have time to track him down. But rest assured, I will spread the news that Lacey is held hostage in the Sullivan manor. I'm sure the ba*****d will soon show up to rescue her...no, let me rephrase myself. He will show up to lock himself in our dungeon. Hahaha!"

As he was still speaking, Lennon made his way to Lacey and grabbed her by her wrist in one swoosh.

Lacey was terrified as she struggled to break free of her captor.

But how could a soft and meek maiden overcome the strength of a burly young man?

Lacey was unable to get Lennon's hand off of her wrist at all.

Lennon raised his left arm, prepared to force-feed Lacey the poison on his hand.

At that moment, Lennon suddenly broke down into spasms. He loosened his grip on Lacey subconsciously and immediately pressed down tight on a spot on his left arm with his other hand. He let out a ghastly wail.

As he turned his head to look at his left arm, he was shocked. His left arm had been punctured by a silver needle.

What's more, the puncture was at the meridian point of pain on his left arm.

The pain was excruciating; Lennon could not hold back the tears in his eyes.

Where the hell did this silver needle come from?

Lacey sprung away right away.

Zeke is finally here!

All the Sullivans were caught in a trance.

They could not believe Zeke had stopped Lennon with just the blow of one silver needle.

What on Earth is happening?

The silver needle was so thin and fast that the Sullivans had been unable to detect it at all.

All they had seen was a haughty Lennon trying to force poison down Lacey's throat, and in the next second, he was on the ground twisting in pain helplessly.

As everyone's heads were still spinning, a red object was flung into the main lobby of the Sullivan manor. It landed at Lady Sullivan's feet.

The floorboard cracked as the object hit the

ground.

Everyone shifted their attention to that red ball of mess and was horrified. They exploded into a chaotic uproar.

It was a human head covered in blood.

And from the looks of it, the head belonged to a guard from the Sullivan family.

Oh Lord, someone has intruded the manor!

They have even murdered one of our servants!

How dare he commit such a sin? He shall be punished severely!

The crowd quickly turned to look towards the entrance of the manor.

A mighty silhouette was taking big strides towards the lobby.

His torso was marred with blood that was either from his own body or the Sullivan guards.

Everyone was frozen.

They had not expected to only see one person.

To get through the entrance of the Sullivan manor, one would have to take down all of the

Sullivan guards, all of which were well-trained combat specialists. That was a feat only possible if the enemy had sent a troop.

Yet, the person in front had taken down all of the Sullivan guards by himself.

This guy is pretty strong!

The person who had just set foot in the Sullivan household was none other than Zeke Williams.

Lacey immediately collapsed into tears and ran into her husband's embrace.

"Zeke, they were going to feed me poison! I was so scared!"

Zeke felt sorry. "I'm sorry, Lacey. It's all my fault. But you don't have anything to worry about anything now. I will soon bring you justice!"

Only then did everyone in the Sullivan family that the terrifying man in front of them was Zeke Williams.

He had caught all of them off guard by showing up at the Sullivan manor so early.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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All of the Sullivans began to throw threats and vile comments at Zeke.

“Wow, you’re even more reckless than I thought!”

“How dare you intrude our manor and even slaughter our servants? You and all of your people shall pay for this!”

“Never mind! Let’s not burden ourselves to take down his entire family. Doesn’t he have Sullivan blood in his veins too? Let’s just cut out his heart for the King Worm!”

“This is your only option! If not, the Sullivan will make you suffer for an eternity!”

Zeke began laughing in ridicule.

Seems like no one in the Sullivans has been taught manners. What a joke!

Zeke’s unintentional chuckle infuriated Lennon.

The latter bellowed in rage, “Are you the one who hurt me with the silver needle?”

Zeke responded wryly, “Oh, I’m so sorry. My hand slipped. I had wanted to send the needle through your skull, but it missed and hit your arm. Damn it! If only I wasn’t distracted by one of your guards. My aim has always been

impeccable, mind you. Anyway, at least I've taken care of your useless guard!"

Lennon shuddered as fear welled up in his heart.

He did not question any part of Zeke's speech just now.

He would have actually died if the guard had not thrown himself at Zeke.

What a monster! He must be taken down!

Lennon yelled angrily, "Zeke, I have underestimated your capabilities. I didn't think you will have the guts to act so brazenly on our lands! You should have stayed put at Atheville! Grandma, this b*****d cannot be tolerated anymore! What will everyone think of the Sullivans if we let him go?"

Lady Sullivan was also boiling in anger.

A human head had just been hurled directly at her.

Had she not slapped away the projectile at the last moment, it would have landed on body.

This brat! He shall die here!

Lady Sullivan sneered in an icy tone, "It's time

we teach this fella a lesson. Or else, he will think the world owes him everything! The four bodyguards, please show yourselves!”

She had just finished her command when four people stepped out from all four corners of the lobby.

All four of them were clad in full armor, and they all wield long sabers in their hands. There was an ominous air hanging around them.

Their domineering presence had driven down the temperature of the room by a few degrees. It sent chills down the crowd’s spines.

Lennon cackled disparagingly, “Zeke, let me tell you something. The four of them have served the Tulle before. You still have time to change your mind now. If not, I will not dare to imagine how battered your corpse will be after they made their moves. Oh my! Just the thought of it is terrifying!”

The Tulle, huh?

Zeke eyed the four of the warriors with a spark of interest in his eyes, “The four of you are the shame of the Tulle for aiding and abetting the devil. Today, I will punish you in the name of the Tulle!”

Pfft!

Hahaha!

Everyone burst into a fit of laughter.

Did this brat really think he can defeat four members from the Tulle?

Does he not have any self-awareness?

Zeke's words had also angered the four bodyguards.

The four of them had been on the battlefield for years. Every time their names were mentioned, their opponents would escape right away with their tails tucked between their legs.

Zeke's shameless claim to finish off the four of them had totally humiliated the lot of them.

It's time!

All four of the Sullivan bodyguards let out a battle cry and charged towards Zeke in all directions.

Lacey was in so much trepidation that she shut her eyes.

The killing intent that emanated from the four of them was so impactful that it crushed Lacey's composure.

Can Zeke even survive a blow from any of these guys?

If I die here, at least I will fall next to my most beloved man in the world.

Even the Sullivans had backed away from the violent clash that was about to happen in front of them.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The Sullivans had witnessed one of their mighty bodyguards in action before. The scene had been absolutely bloody; the opponent had instantly melted down in the hands of the bodyguard.

There was an increase in power now that the four of the bodyguards were together. The fight would definitely be exponential.

Even the recoil from any of their strikes would be able to crush a man.

Zeke stood motionless in the middle of the hall like a statue. One of his arms was raised in front of Lacey's chest, trying to block any incoming attacks from her, while the fingers on his other hand pinched onto a silver needle.

Seeing that Zeke was as still as a statue, the Sullivans immediately thought he was stupefied and were overjoyed.

Only when the four bodyguards had come within inches of Zeke did he made his first move.

He flicked his right hand, and the silver needle darted across the air to hit one of the bodyguard's arm.

The bodyguard let out a painful wail and loosened his grip on the handle of his saber.

Zeke took the chance to snatch the saber off the ground and made a 360-degree swirl.

His move seemed simple, but in reality, it was more than what could be seen on the surface.

Zeke had a very thorough knowledge of the attack pattern of the Tulle; he knew where their points of weakness were.

The circular path of Zeke's move with the saber had gone through all of the weak points of the four bodyguards.

After he had finished his spin, he tossed the saber to the ground. It made a metallic clang as it hit the ground.

Four of the bodyguards came to an abrupt stop. All of them had their eyes peeled as they stared at Zeke.

Disbelief glimmered in their pupils.

The Sullivans were also in deep puzzlement.

What has happened?

Why aren't the bodyguards continuing with a series of slashes, but instead are frozen to their current spots?

Even at that point in time, they could not see

that Zeke had hit all of their critical points.

They thought the saber Zeke was holding onto just a few seconds ago didn't manage to touch any of the four bodyguards.

After a moment, the bellies of the four bodyguards furrowed into themselves, and out came a river of hot blood.

The guts of two bodyguards even began pouring out of their abdomen.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

All four of them fell on their faces. They were as dead as a corpse could be.

All their eyes widened. They had not died in peace.

Hmm?

Lacey heard the sound of something dropping onto the ground and hurriedly opened her eyes.

What greeted her was the sight of four bodyguards lying face down in a puddle of blood.

Phew! Thank God they were just scary on the outside!

They didn't give Zeke a hard time, did they?

Lacey did not know what the four of those bodyguards were capable of, but the Sullivans knew very well.

At that moment, the entire Sullivan family had sunken into an abyss of despair.

God save our souls! The guardians of the Sullivans can't even survive one strike from Zeke?

What's this brat made of? How did he come to possess such strength?

All the Sullivans were starting to run off in all directions.

Now that they have lost their bodyguards, they had all become livestock at a slaughterhouse, waiting for their throats to be slit open mercilessly.

There was not enough time for them to request for assistance from outside.

Lady Sullivan stood from her seat out of horror, her face as white as a sheet of paper.

Zeke left Lacey's side and made his way to Lennon.

“I have two aims for my current excursion. The first is to take down Lennon Sullivan for kidnapping my wife. He must die for his mistake. The second is to save my parents out of this hell hole!”

Lennon had completely lost his mind. He knew Zeke was not lying when he said to take his life.

He fell at the knees of Lady Sullivan and pleaded with his grandma to save him.

Lady Sullivan finally blurted, “Zeke, that’s enough!”

“Everything is a misunderstanding. Previously, the Sullivan wanted to take you out because we thought you were a useless nobody. You were bringing shame upon the great name of Sullivan. But today’s events have changed our impressions of you. You have shown us what you are actually capable of, but most importantly, you have proven yourself to be someone worthy of the name Sullivan and someone who can contribute to our family. Now, I hereby grant you the right to call yourself a Sullivan and compete for the position of the family head!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Lennon shouted, “Zeke, get on your knees and express your gratitude. You’re blessed with the honor of becoming part of the Sullivan family. Do realize that many noble families have been trying for generations to build a relationship with the Sullivan family. This is a rare opportunity that my grandmother allows you to enter the Sullivan family.”

However, Zeke scoffed, “I’m sorry. To me, the Sullivans are nothing but a disgrace. They’re unworthy of being associated with me.”

What?

The Sullivans flew into a rage.

How dare he say that the Sullivan family is a disgrace?

The Sullivan family had never been humiliated in this way.

Even Esme was furiously slamming her cane onto the ground.

“Hmph! A bastard will always be a bastard! You’ll always live under a rock! Let me tell you where the Sullivan family stands. Since ancient times, the Sullivan family has the same authority and influence as the family of a vassal king. Even now, we’re equivalent to the royals of a small country.”

“How dare you say that the Sullivan family is a disgrace? This is a crime against a king-”

However, Zeke answered Esme’s accusations with violence.

Zeke stepped on Lennon’s thigh and broke the latter’s leg with one loud crack.

His agonizing wail echoed in the hall and buzzed in everybody’s ears.

No one had dared to cause a ruckus here since the establishment of the Sullivans, not to mention breaking the leg of one of its members.

This man had created a new record.

The veins of Esme’s temple throbbed. “Guards! Come in! Kill this man!”

Naturally, the Sullivan did not only have four major guards of Tulle; they also had four entire teams of security guards.

Although the capabilities of these teams were not a match for the four guards of Tulle, the Tulle guards could not win them in terms of number.

They could simply kill Zeke by tiring him out.

With the command of Esme, the four teams of almost a hundred guards rushed into the hall.

Immediately, the hall was crowded with people.

“Kill him!”

The leader of the teams shouted, and the rest swarmed toward Zeke.

A grin grew upon Zeke’s lips as he grabbed Lennon’s arm and swung him toward the teams.

Crack!

Lennon’s arm broke off with skin and flesh, and his blood spurted a foot away.

At the same time, Lennon’s body was thrown toward the guards, and he collided with dozens of them.

Without any hint of hesitation, Zeke charged into the crowd.

Every opponent he came across was defeated in seconds; he was like a killing machine.

After rushing up to Lennon, he grabbed his remaining other arm and started swinging him like a whip.

Once again, a large number of guards fell onto the ground, defeated.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

After many loud thuds, the guards were all on the ground, wailing in pain and unable to crawl back onto their feet.

Lennon's other arm had broken off as well.

His blood was splattered across the entire hall.

When he lost too much blood, he passed out.

The hall had become a battlefield.

Cruel, ruthless and without mercy!

The Sullivans were frightened out of their wits.

They were all born with a golden spoon, and they had lived a comfortable life. The battlefield was something they had never witnessed in their lives.

All the Sullivan family members were fleeing from the scene.

Esme's heart skipped a beat as she looked at the unfolding scene in despair.

The defenses of the Sullivan family had been

destroyed by Zeke within ten minutes.

How did this bastard become so powerful without the Sullivan family's support?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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At the start, she thought that her grandson, Lennon, was the best among his peers.

However, it seemed like he was still a world away from true capability.

It was the Sullivan family's loss not to write Zeke's name into the family records.

No wonder he looks down on the Sullivans. He's a capable man himself.

Zeke took off his glove to wipe the blood of his enemy from his face.

"That's all the defenses you Sullivans have? Yet, you actually have the audacity to call yourselves nobles? How funny!"

He raised his leg and was about to end Lennon's life.

"Stop!"

Esme roared, "Zeke Williams, stop right now! Lacey, why aren't you stopping Zeke? Do you really want to stand there and watch him murder a man? I'm warning you. If he dares to kill my grandson, not only will he be facing the law, but the Sullivans will also employ every resource we have to go after him!"

Meanwhile, Lacey was frozen to her spot.

She had never thought that Zeke, who had always been mild-mannered and humble, had such a violent side to him.

However, Lacey did not blame him for it.

He was violent because he was protecting her.

Regardless, that did not mean that she would allow him to kill recklessly.

That was her bottom line.

She hurriedly uttered, "Zeke, all you need to do is to teach them a lesson. Don't kill them."

After a moment of hesitation, Zeke listened to her and spared his life.

He walked back to her and ran his fingers through her long hair. "I like the kindness you have."

He then turned his cold gaze at Esme. "I'll spare Lennon's life this time. I'll be pursuing my second goal now."

Esme drew in a deep breath. "Okay. You wanted to see your parents, right? I'll fulfill your request. Lead Zeke to the dungeon to meet his parents."

Immediately, one of the Sullivans stepped forward to lead Zeke and Lacey to the

underground dungeon.

The moment Zeke left, Lennon opened his eyes.

He had been faking his unconsciousness to prevent Zeke from using him as a weapon again.

He was close to exploding in rage.

Both of his arms were broken and his left leg was fractured; he had become a cripple!

He gritted out, "Grandma, how could you let Zeke off so easily? I- I can't accept this!"

Esme sneered, "Let him off? Ha. If I really did, the Sullivan family would become a laughingstock! Once Zeke goes to the dungeon, he can never come back out."

Lennon's eyes lit up. "Grandma, are you planning to use the two men locked up in the dungeon to deal with Zeke?"

Esme nodded. "Yes. Now that our defenses have been broken through, we'll have to let Phobos and Deimos step in. Butler, inform the dungeon to unlock the doors for Phobos and Deimos."

The butler instantly took out his phone to call

the dungeon supervisor to unlock Phobos and Deimos' doors.

The supervisor could barely believe his ears. Only after repeatedly making sure that he was supposed to unlock the doors, then did he agree to it.

Esme said, "Send Lennon to the hospital first. Lennon, don't worry. Even if I have to send you to the Cygnus Room, I'll put in all effort to reattach your arms."

However, Lennon shook his head. "No, Grandma, I'm not going to the hospital now. I want to witness the death of Zeke in Phobos and Deimos' hands. I want to watch even if they eat him alive!"



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After a moment of hesitation, Esme agreed to his request.

In the dark and gloomy dungeon, Zeke's parents, Faith, and Diego, were looking at each other.

Diego had been poisoned by the Sullivan family, and he suffered through unimaginable pains every day.

Diego had been tortured beyond recognition. If not for his astounding willpower, he would have died a long time ago.

The sight of him broke Faith's heart, but they were separated into different cells.

There was nothing she could do.

She would have given anything to carry half of Diego's burden and pain, but she knew it was just a mere wish.

The Sullivans wanted Diego to die from the excruciating pain.

Despite his situation, Diego was consoling Faith; he did not want her to worry about him.

Abruptly, a loud and clear crack sounded out in the quiet dungeon.

The two whipped their heads towards the direction of the sound suspiciously.

In the next second, they tensed up as the hairs stood up at the back of their necks.

The electronic locks on Phobos and Deimos' dungeon cells had been unlocked.

What's going on?

Are the Sullivans planning to release Phobos and Deimos?

Aren't they afraid that Phobos and Deimos will turn Eurasia upside down?

No one knew Phobos and Deimos better than Faith did.

These two used to be part of the Sullivan family.

In their younger days, they were accomplished generals that had fought on the battlefields.

However, when they were fighting against the invaders, they fell into the enemy's trap and was trapped on an isolated island.

They had no food, no ammunition, and no communication with the outside world. They were helpless.

The thousands of soldiers they had with them eventually died from starvation.

They were the only survivors, and they managed to live on the island for two years. Only after the enemies retreated were they saved from their perils.

During those two years, they survived by eating their subordinates' flesh, even if the flesh had rot by then.

The consumption of raw human meat not only brought them physical sickness but also mental torture.

By the time they escaped from the island, the two had gone mad. Unlike the heroic generals they used to be, they now murdered and robbed people and they feasted on human meat.

It was as if they had become two demons.

The military had sent soldiers to restrain them, but they were too powerful, and they escaped despite the great number of soldiers that were after them.

In the end, they were only successfully restrained after the Great Marshal came to deal with them personally.

In the beginning, the military wanted to lock

them up in a secret prison in the Gobi Desert, but the Sullivan family insisted on taking them in instead.

In the end, they were locked in Sullivans' dungeon, and they had not been released for dozens of years.

Now that the Sullivans had released them, chaos would soon arrive.

Light footsteps came from Phobos and Deimos' dungeon cells.

Then, two dark figures appeared in Faith and Diego's line of sight.

All they needed was a glance before Diego and Faith's faces turned ghostly pale as they retreated a few paces back into their cell.

Good God, are they humans or ghosts?

They had human bodies, but they were covered in hair.

Their eyes were red like the bloodthirsty eyes of wolves.

The two men were naked, and Faith and Diego could see scars littering every inch of their skin.

Many of their wounds were infected by their

feces and urine, and the wounds were festering.

The pungent scent from the two men made the other two gag in disgust.

The colors had drained from Faith and Diego's faces.

We're dead meat if they target us.

Diego swiftly shot a look at Faith, signaling her to retreat to the corner of her cell and distance herself away from the door.

However, it was too late.

Phobos and Deimos took a sniff and caught a whiff of human scent.

Instantly, a glint emerged in their dim eyes.



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The two pounced towards Faith and Diego's cells and started shaking the steel doors vigorously.

As they shook the doors, excited roars came from their throats.

They had lost their ability to speak, and the only sounds they could make now were animalistic growls.

Phobos and Deimos were extremely strong, and the steel door started to sway under their continuous shaking. It seemed like it was going to come off any time soon.

Diego grabbed a steel rod by the side and smashed it on the door.

"B*stard, come and eat me! My meat is fresh and delicious. Come here!"

As he spoke, he cut his own arm, and blood started to flow from the open wound.

The scent of fresh blood managed to attract the man in front of Faith's cell.

He instantly abandoned Faith and rushed towards Diego's cell before shaking the door vigorously again.

Crack!

The corner of the steel door now had a tiny gap.

Both Phobos and Deimos could barge in any time now.

Faith yelled as despair overwhelmed her, "B*stard! Come here! Come eat me! Don't you dare lay a finger on my husband, or else I'll shred you alive!"

However, Phobos and Deimos were no longer humans, and they could not understand Faith's words.

Their attention was fully attracted by the sweet scent of Diego's blood.

Diego laughed, "Faith, be quiet. They should be full after they eat me. They won't come after you. Don't forget that I'm poisoned, and I don't have long to live anyway. I'm glad that I can save you before I die."

Tears were streaming down Faith's cheek as she sobbed silently.

Just as Diego's cell door was about to be broken through, the dungeon's main door was abruptly swung open.

Two figures walked in.

It was Zeke and Lacey.

The moment Faith and Diego saw them, their minds went blank.

Within a second, they realized why the Sullivans had released Phobos and Deimos.

Without a doubt, they were using these two to kill Zeke.

During the time they were held captive, they had fantasized countless times about the reunion with their son.

They had never thought that this would be how they reunite.

Are we going to be separated by life and death the moment we meet?

The Sullivans are cruel!

Faith shrieked, "Zeke, get out now! It's dangerous in here!"

At the same time, Zeke and Lacey's entrance had caught Phobos and Deimos' attention.

They became even more excited.

Both Zeke and Lacey emitted a scent more delicious than the two in the cells.

They must be tastier!

In an instant, they left Diego alone as they pounced towards Zeke.

The moment Zeke stepped foot into the dungeon, he sensed an intense murderous aura rushing towards him.

It was even more intense than what the head of Tulle and Bloodthirsty Wolf had exuded.

What are they?

Before he could consider further, the two were already right in front of him.

Their sharp claws were a hair's breadth away from reaching Lacey and him.

So quick!

“Be careful!”

Zeke wrapped his arms around Lacey and pulled her down to dodge the two men's attack. They then swiftly ran toward his parents' cells.

By now, Faith's cheeks were damp with tears. “Zeke, you have to surrender to the Sullivan family and plead for them to spare the two of you. You can't win Phobos and Deimos!”

Zeke glanced at Faith and felt a swirl of complicated emotions welling up.

Is she my mother?

Despite being locked up in a cell for days, the noble aura she exuded remained the same.

Meanwhile, Diego was trying his best to kick open his cell door so that he could rush out to protect his son.

“Zeke, quick, help me open the door. I’ll stop these two while you escape this place.”

Zeke then turned to look at his father.

One glance, and he realized that Diego had been poisoned and was on the verge of death.

He must be in pain, but he’s still thinking of protecting me...



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A swell of emotions surged in his heart.

Am I touched? Is this affection?

Maybe this is what familial love feels like.

Zeke tapped on the door and muttered, "Rest well if you're sick. Don't get too agitated. Leave them to me."

Diego froze.

It was a dire situation, but his son was still as calm as ever.

As expected of my son!

Phobos and Deimos rushed towards Zeke with renewed vigor.

As they ran towards him, they left a trail of drool behind them.

"Lacey, stand back," Zeke ordered.

Lacey was already so petrified that her mind was in chaos.

What are they?

Are they humans or animals?

No, they must be demons!

No ordinary person could withstand the horror of being in the same room as those two.

If not for Zeke by her side, she would have broken down.

Subconsciously, she took several steps back.

Once the two beast-like men were close enough to Zeke, they jumped and swung their claws, wanting to sink them into Zeke's body.

Remaining calm and collected, Zeke forcefully tore down Diego's cell door and blocked their blows.

After a series of metallic scratching noises, claw marks were left on the steel doors by Phobos and Deimos.

At the same time, Phobos and Deimos had taken dozens of steps back while Zeke had only moved one step backwards.

Both Faith and Diego were dumbfounded.

My son's so strong. He actually blocked the attacks of Phobos and Deimos.

Diego hesitated for a second before running out of his cell and shielding Zeke with his body.

"Son, you didn't let me down. I'll hold off

Phobos and Deimos for a while. Run out of here and surrender to the Sullivan family. Remember, I can only stop them for around two minutes. You only have two minutes to escape.”

Zeke sighed, “If you’re old and sick, stop doing vigorous exercises. Get back into your cell and rest. I’ll take you away from this place later to recover properly.”

Both Faith and Diego were speechless after hearing their son.

Who did Zeke take after for his bad habit of boasting?

Right then, Phobos and Deimos attacked again.

When they realized that they had previously underestimated Zeke, they put in more effort in their next attack.

Even the entire dungeon was quaking under their footsteps.

Diego immediately spread his arms to protect the two behind him.

However, Zeke went under his arm and stood in front of his father before charging towards Phobos and Deimos.

Oh no!

Faith and Diego shut their eyes in despair.

Their son was going to be shredded by Phobos and Deimos.

Soon, Zeke and the two cannibals were a few steps away from each other.

The two swiftly swung their claws and bared their teeth at Zeke.

Yet, Zeke was quicker than them.

Before their claws could reach him, Zeke's fists had already landed on their stomachs.

Bang!

A muffled thump as the two flew backward and crashed onto the ground.

Like two meteors, a big crater appeared on the floor due to the impact of their landing.

However, that was not the end. After they landed, they kept rolling until they hit the wall. It was only then they stopped.

Behind them, the wall had cracked into a spiderweb.

Unable to withstand the pain, they wailed bitterly.

However, fear was still something they did not feel.

A mindless beast knew no fear; the more they fight, the more ferocious they became.

Soon, the two had crawled to their feet in preparation for the next attack.

On the other hand, Zeke swung his hands casually with a look of disdain.

The two men were too dirty; feces and rotten flesh had stained his hands when he punched them.

Slowly, he took out his white gloves to wear them.

As everything had happened in the blink of an eye earlier, he did not have the time to wear his gloves.

What happened next was an odd scene.



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Phobos and Deimos, who had been watching him with bloodthirsty eyes earlier, started trembling after they saw Zeke's actions. Terror crept onto their faces.

His white gloves reminded them of an old memory.

Back then, they had killed everyone who stood in their way. Even the military stood no chance against them.

A while later, a man appeared—Great Marshal.

With less than five moves, the Great Marshal had made them wish fervently for a quick death.

The memory was still fresh in their minds. Before the Great Marshal made his move, he had put on a pair of white gloves with all calmness.

In front of them, the man, regardless of the way he wore his gloves or the way he looked at them, was exactly like the Great Marshal.

Is he the Great Marshal?

In this world, only the Great Marshal was capable of ending them with one punch.

The white gloves was their nightmare.

Despite losing their minds, they remembered that their worst enemy wore white gloves!

It would be impossible for them to not feel afraid.

When Faith and Diego saw Phobos and Deimos trembling on their knees, they were dumbfounded.

My son's too amazing!

All he needed was one punch to make Phobos and Deimos powerless!

They're even trembling on their knees now.

How strong is he?

He's young, but he's already so capable even without the support of the Sullivan family.

What has he gone through to become what he is now?

With tears still streaming down her face, Faith said, "Son, you must have it difficult all these years."

Diego had a similar upset look on his face. "Son, I'm sorry. I'm not a good father. I wasn't capable enough to protect you."

Upon hearing their words, Zeke felt comforted in his heart.

It was true. Everyone would be concerned about how great your achievements were, but parents would be the only ones concerned about how tired you were.

Lacey ran up to him and gently touched his knuckles. "Does it hurt?"

Zeke smiled at her. "It's not like you don't know I've added steel into my fists."

Lacey used to joke that Zeke had steel in his arms.

"Hush." When Lacey realized that Zeke was fine, she breathed out a sigh of relief. "Zeke, you stunned them with one punch? Does that mean they're still rational?"

It was only after Lacey's reminder that Zeke realized something was wrong.

These two were like beasts; they would not have any rationality left.

They shouldn't be afraid of violence.

They should be getting more and more ferocious over time instead.

Wait. I think they only started feeling afraid after they saw me wear my white gloves.

Wearing white gloves is the Great Marshal's usual habit before attacking.

Did they recognize me as the Great Marshal and started fearing instinctively?

Zeke swiftly strode over to push their hair away from their face before taking a good look at them.

Phobos and Deimos remained trembling. They did not dare to resist Zeke at all.

Although they were disfigured, Zeke recognized their faces.

These two used to be renowned generals of the country— General Phobos and General Deimos.

Both were from the Sullivan family, and their names were often mentioned together.

When they were younger, they were generals with great achievements on the battlefield.

However, they later lost their minds and started a murder rampage. They even began consuming human meat.

Zeke was the one who defeated them and

locked them up in the top-security prison.

Why are they in the Sullivan family's private dungeon?

This must be the Sullivans' doings!

Although they had committed serious crimes, they also had done great achievements and honorable deeds. They did not deserve to die.

Therefore, Zeke decided there and then to spare them.



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If he sent them to the Cygnus Room, they might be able to recover their rationality and continue upholding the peace in Eurasia.

If they could not, he would send them to live in a special nursing home for the rest of their lives.

Zeke muttered, "Follow me. I won't kill you."

The two remained on their knees, unmoving.

With one arm around Diego's, Faith walked over to Zeke.

She took out her handkerchief and gently wiped the dirt and sweat off Zeke's forehead.

"Zeke, you must have suffered much all these years. All this time, we ignored you and even sent you to prison, but it was for your sake..."

Zeke interrupted, "Don't worry. I've found out the truth. If it wasn't for you, I might not be alive now. I don't blame you for it."

Somehow, he could not force the words 'Mom' and 'Dad' out of his throat.

They were words too sacred for him.

For now, he could not yet accept the reality.

What he said made Faith and Diego even more upset.

There was nothing more terrible in this world than a child who could not receive the love of his parents.

Sorrow and tension filled the atmosphere.

In the end, Lacey was the one to break the silence.

She introduced herself, "Hello, I'm Zeke's fiancée, Lacey Hinton. I don't know what happened, but I have to thank you. Thank you for giving birth to Zeke. Thank you for letting him be by my side."

Both Faith and Diego looked at Lacey with joyous expressions.

They were satisfied with her, regardless of her appearance, temperament, or attitude.

Then, Faith carefully took off her gemstone bracelet and slide it into Lacey's wrist.

"Lacey, this is the Sullivan family's bracelet that was passed down to me. Now, I give it to you."

In other words, she saw Lacey as her daughter-in-law.

At the start, Lacey was shocked and embarrassed to take it, but she accepted it after seeing Zeke nod.

“Let’s go,” Zeke muttered, “Let’s go home first.”

“Okay.”

And so, they walked out of the dungeon.

As Diego insisted on holding Faith’s hand, the two ended up at the back of the group.

He whispered, “Faith, don’t you find that the girl looks familiar?”

Faith warily looked at Diego. “Yes, she does.”

“The more I look at her, the more she looks like that person from the royal family...”

“Diego, do you mean that she’s...”

Diego interrupted, “Let’s not jump to conclusions first. We’ll have to investigate Lacey’s history.”

“Alright.”

.....

Outside the dungeon, Esme and the other Sullivans were waiting in anticipation.

Earlier, there were loud fighting noises and roars of Phobos and Deimos coming from the dungeon.

They could imagine the intense fight that was ongoing in there.

Zeke was finished this time.

Lennon sneered, "Grandma, the dungeon is quiet now. We didn't even hear a scream from Zeke and Lacey. These two must have been killed by Phobos and Deimos the moment they stepped into the dungeon."

Esme nodded. "Yes, that's for sure. Phobos and Deimos are invincible. Dealing with Zeke is a piece of cake for them."

Suddenly, Lennon sighed, "I wanted to chop Zeke into pieces to feed the dogs. But it seems like there's no hope for me to fulfil that wish. Phobos and Deimos must have devoured him whole."



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“It doesn’t matter,” Esme consoled, “I’ll give you his bones so that you can crush them and scatter the ashes everywhere.”

Lennon beamed, “Thank you, Grandma.”

The other Sullivans were somewhat disappointed.

They suffered a loss now that their enemy was dead.

They had lost a rare body that could resist all forms of poison.

However, even if those two were alive, it would be tough for them to get their hands on Lacey.

If they could not get it, they would destroy it.

Just then, the doors to the dungeon opened.

Phobos and Deimos slowly walked out.

The often irritable and angry Phobos and Deimos were surprisingly quiet.

When they came out, they turned and bow their heads in the direction of the dungeon. Their actions confused the Sullivans.

Why are they doing that?

Lennon smiled. “Phobos and Deimos are only quiet when they’re full. It seems like Zeke and Lacey were a meal they enjoyed. I hope Zeke’s bones weren’t eaten-”

Before he finished his sentence, a commotion broke out among the Sullivans.

“W-What’s going on? Why are they still alive? In fact, they look completely unharmed!”

“Oh my god, what happened? How can they be alive after Phobos and Deimos’ attacks?”

Huh?

Lennon turned to look at the dungeon’s doorway and in that next instant, he had a mental breakdown.

Lacey, Zeke, and his parents were walking out of the dungeon, unharmed.

There were no traces of injury on them.

Yet, that was not the worst.

The most terrifying sight was that Phobos and Deimos were each on one side of Zeke as they lowered their heads subserviently.

It was as if they were his servants!

It was then the Sullivans realized that Phobos and Deimos' actions earlier was a respectful gesture to welcome Zeke out of the dungeon.

At that moment, the Sullivans were stupefied.

Some even started wondering if they were hallucinating.

Did Zeke conquer the hearts of Phobos and Deimos?

How can that be possible?

He's just a bastard!

Esme stuttered, "W-What's going on? Zeke, what did you do to Phobos and Deimos?"

Zeke turned to look at her and let out a sudden sigh.

"I gave you a chance to come out of this alive. Not only did you not cherish it, but you even tried to kill us using Phobos and Deimos. Forget it. Since you're adamant to die, I'll fulfill your wish."

Naturally, Zeke would not be the one to make the move.

He was going to let the fighter jet that was parked nearby blow up the entire Sullivan

family.

“Let’s go.”

With Zeke in the lead, they left.

Esme shouted, “Stop right there! I can let you go, but Phobos and Deimos have to stay here.”

Phobos and Deimos were the guardians of the Sullivan family, and they were their weapons for emergencies.

If they were taken away, the Sullivan family would suffer a tremendous loss as they were their safety insurance and last line of defense.

However, the moment she mentioned their names, the fury in Zeke was ignited.

He gritted, “Phobos and Deimos were accomplished generals back in the days. They’re honorable soldiers of Eurasia. Yet, you tortured them inhumanely and locked them up in a dungeon. Your actions are unforgivable! Just wait for your death.”

Now, he could barely wait for the fighter jet to blast the Sullivans to hell.

When Esme realized that she could not convince Zeke, she turned to Faith instead.

“Faith Sullivan, if Phobos and Deimos take a step out of this house, I will disown you and remove you from the Sullivan family records. You will be disgraced. Think this through.”

Faith hesitated.



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Getting disowned and removed from the family records was a sin too heavy for her shoulders.

She looked at her son then back at the Sullivans. Finally, she gritted her teeth and made her decision.

“Zeke is your grandson, but you want to kill him. I don’t want to stay in a heartless family like this.”

Her son had been humiliated for years.

It would not matter if she bore sins for him.

“Y-You unfilial child!” The veins on Esme’s temples popped. “You’re the disgrace of the Sullivan family. You’re a traitor!”

Diego suddenly sneered, “Esme, I wonder who’s the actual traitor. Did you think that I don’t know about the imprisonment of Phobos and Deimos back then?”

Diego’s words made several expressions fleet across Esme’s pale face as she fell silent.

With that said, Zeke and the others left.

Once they were out of the house, the other Sullivans asked Esme, “Grandma, why did Diego say that? Is there something about the imprisonment of Phobos and Deimos?”

Esme reprimanded, "Don't ask what you shouldn't know. Nothing good will come to you if you learn things that you shouldn't."

When Zeke and the others were a safe distance away from the Sullivan family's house, he took out a walkie-talkie and ordered, "Listen up. Take off immediately and blow up the Sullivan family's house. I repeat, blow up the Sullivan family's house immediately."

In the next second, loud engine noises came from all directions.

They watched as more than fifty jets rose into the air and flew towards the Sullivans' house.

The ear-piercing noise from the engines echoed in the air and shook the ground.

Both Faith and Diego were stunned and overjoyed.

Our son isn't just a good fighter.

He has power too!

He mobilized more than fifty jets with just a simple order.

However, Faith's face quickly paled as she asked, "Zeke, are you planning to wipe out the entire Sullivan family?"

Zeke nodded. "That's right. What's wrong? The Sullivan family has committed great sins, and their victims will not rest until they're completely destroyed."

Faith exclaimed, "Zeke, stop them. You can't wipe out the entire Sullivan family! There are enemies in there, but there are benefactors too. If not for the latter, you would never have survived until adulthood. We can't kill our benefactors while exacting revenge."

Zeke muttered, "I'm sorry. I was too rash. I shouldn't have assumed that everyone in the Sullivan family was the same."

He then swiftly notified the team leader of the fighter jets to stop their attack.

Lacey asked curiously, "Zeke, can you tell me who you are? Why can you mobilize fifty fighter jets with just an order?"

Both Faith and Diego were also looking curiously at Zeke.

They knew that Zeke was a field officer, but a field officer would not have the power to mobilize fifty fighter jets.

A mysterious smile curled on Zeke's lips. "Lacey, do you really want to know? Don't worry. I'll tell you my true identity at our wedding."

By now, Lacey was already one of the top billionaires.

She should be able to accept my identity as the Great Marshal.

With an upset look, Lacey huffed, “Being mysterious again.”

Faith and Diego shared a smile.

It was obvious that these two were very much in love.

Zeke asked, “Lacey, do you know why I haven’t married you after so long?”

Lacey looked at Zeke, baffled. “Why?”



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Zeke answered, "I wanted to give you the perfect wedding. At the very least, we'll have to have blessings from your parents and mine. I found out that there was a reason why my parents made me my brother's scapegoat. I was thinking of finding out the truth before inviting them to our wedding."

Lacey gaped in realization upon hearing his explanation.

At the same time, Faith and Diego nodded with a smile.

However, they were anxious.

If their guesses were correct about Lacey's birthright, it might not be easy for them to marry.

Zeke continued, "Lacey, let your parents come to Atheville and discuss our marriage with... my parents."

Although the Linton Group had moved to Atheville, Lacey's parents refused to leave their family home; they remained at Oakheart City.

They would have to come to Atheville this time to meet his parents.

"Okay."

Lacey immediately called Daniel and Hannah.

By now, hot tears were welling up in Faith and Diego's eyes in their excitement.

Just a moment earlier, Zeke had finally acknowledged them as his parents.

Although it was indirect, they were satisfied with what they had.

"Let's go home to the Williams Manor."

.....

At Williams Manor in Atheville.

After returning from the Sullivan family's house, Zach strode his way into the Williams Manor.

The moment he stepped foot into the house, members of the Williams family started cursing at him and chasing him out.

To gain the position of the head of the family, he had set Lucille up and sent her to jail.

Furthermore, he had given the position of the head of the family to Robin, an outsider. In the end, Zeke became the head of the family.

He was the dishonorable traitor of the Williams family.

However, despite their cursing, Zach was unfazed.

He leisurely poured a cup of tea for himself and sipped on it.

Once they were tired of cursing at him, Zach muttered, "A bunch of brainless idiots. How dare you cross me? Even death will not be enough as punishment. Apologize to me right now, or else I'll let you wander the streets until you die from hypothermia and starvation!"

What?

The members of the Williams family nearly exploded in rage.

Not only did this man not feel remorseful for his actions, but he even said that they were brainless idiots.

What an arrogant man!

Lucille clenched her fists. "Guards! Kick this traitor out of the house. He's never allowed in here for the rest of his life!"

Immediately, several guards came forward to chase Zach out.

Abruptly, Zach sneered as he took a silver medal out of his pocket and threw it at Lucille.

“Open your damned eyes. I’m someone you can’t afford to cross now. How dare you chase me out of here? You must have a death wish!”

The members of the Williams family all stared at the silver medal, bewildered. What is this?

Lucille ordered her butler to pick up the silver medal. When she finally realized what it was, she gaped like a goldfish.

This medal was a symbol of the bearer’s identity as the servant of the Sullivan family.

Zach was now a servant of the Sullivans!

Oh my god! How did he manage to come into contact with the Sullivan family and become their servant?

The Sullivan family were superior, and so were their servants.

The place of the servants was much higher than the members of the Williams family in society.

One of the members of the Williams family asked, “Zach, are... are you really the servant of the Sullivans now? How did you come into contact with them?”

“What’s wrong? Do you think that there’s

anyone who dares to pretend to be their servant? Let me tell you the truth. I pretended to be Zeke and fooled Lacey to go to Sullivans' house. After contributing to the Sullivans, they took me into the family. Now, my name is Zach Sullivan. The surname of Williams is no longer fitting for me."



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The news made the members of the Williams family go into a frenzy from excitement.

The Williams family finally had a relationship with the Sullivan family.

The efforts of the previous generations of the Williams family had finally paid off.

Everyone was quick to change their attitudes towards Zach.

Even Lucille was smiling and welcoming him as if he was an honored guest.

However, the way they treated him in the past was seared into his mind, and he barely paid them any attention.

“Mdm. Williams, I’m thirsty. Take out the Big Red Robe in your tea collection and serve me.”

He did not even address her as his grandmother anymore.

“Of course!”

Lucille immediately agreed to his request and ordered the maids to prepare the tea.

Zach huffed, “What I meant was for you to prepare and serve it yourself. It’s your honor to serve one of the Sullivans.”

What...

Lucille hesitated.

She was his grandmother, and it would be humiliating for her to serve her grandson in front of the rest of the family.

However, she gritted her teeth and agreed to it in the end.

Zach continued ordering, "Uncle Briggs, Uncle Spencer, help me move. I'm moving into the master bedroom."

"Mackenzie, come over and massage my feet. They're feeling sore."

Although the Williams family did not like his arrogance, they did not dare to disobey his orders.

Meanwhile, Lucille was trying her best to suppress the fury in her.

She had no one to blame but herself for spoiling Zach in the past.

He was nothing but an ungrateful boy.

Right then, a group of people entered.

It was Zeke and the others.

When Zeke saw Zach and the busy actions of the other members of the Williams family, he immediately realized what was going on.

Zach must have returned to show off his new identity.

However, he had counted his chickens before they hatched.

The Sullivans had suffered a great loss, and Lennon had been crippled.

Without a doubt, the Sullivans would come after Zach to settle the scores.

It was unlikely for him to survive to see tomorrow's sunrise.

When Zach saw Lacey, he widened his eyes and slackened his jaw. "Lacey, why are you here?"

Did Zeke save her?

Impossible!

They're the Sullivans! Their residence is a dangerous place for Zeke.

How can he possibly rescue someone from there?

This must be a joke.

Zeke stepped forward and gave Zach a hard slap. The force was so strong that it slapped Zach out of his seat.

“Get lost. This isn’t your seat.”

Zach gritted his teeth. “B*stard! I’m now part of the Sullivan family, and I’m their servant! If you hit me, you’re hitting them! The Sullivans will never let you off, not unless you get on your knees and apologize right now. Otherwise, I’ll never forgive you!”

Zeke uttered, “I’m sorry. The Sullivan family isn’t a threat to me. Moreover, I’m sure the Sullivans are wishing that a bolt of lightning will kill you on the spot right now. Why would they help you?”

Zach scoffed, “You’re just jealous. All members of the Williams family, listen up- in the name of the Sullivan family, tie this guy up and hand him to the Sullivan family.”

Nobody moved an inch.

All of them knew how powerful Zeke was, and they knew they were no match for him, not to mention tie him up.

When he realized that no one was listening to him, Zach raged.

He picked up a cup and threw it at Lucille. “Old woman, are you deaf? Didn’t you hear what I said?”

The cup landed right on Lucille’s neck, and as it shattered, its fragments scratched her neck.

At the same time, the boiling water scalded her skin.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Lucille let out a miserable cry.

She was so angry that she could almost explode on the spot!

B****d! What a b****d!

He insulted me and even tried to hurt me.

Calling him an unworthy grandson is an understatement. He's a brute!

She regretted supporting Zach now and was even more regretful for abandoning Zeke in the cold.

Zeke was stronger than Zach in all aspects.

Perhaps the Williams family wouldn't have ended up in its current state if she had supported Zeke in the past.

But despite her anger, she dared not offend Zach, for he was now a servant of the Sullivan family.

Just as she was in a quandary, her phone rang.

It was a call from the Sullivans.

Why are the Sullivans calling me?

"Mrs. Williams," A commanding voice sounded

from the other end of the line. "I am the family head of the royal Sullivan family. I am officially stripping Zach Williams off his Sullivan surname and sentencing him to death."

He continued, "I'll have to trouble the Williams family to execute Zach on the Sullivans' behalf. If he doesn't die, the Williams family shall be destroyed."

The Sullivan family had suffered significant losses and were greatly humiliated solely because Zach had brought Lacey to the Sullivan residence.

Although he had done that on Lennon's order, would the Sullivans hold their heir accountable for that?

Of course not.

Therefore, Zach naturally became the scapegoat.

Lucille's spirits brightened upon hearing that.

Zach had pushed them too far.

Now that he was denuded of the Sullivan family's protection, how could the Williams family not get their revenge?

Lucille quickly put her phone aside and

regarded Zach with a dark look. She bellowed, "Men, seize him!"

The other members of the Williams family had a nasty shock as they hadn't heard their conversation on the phone just now.

"Grandma, Zach's a servant of the Sullivan family. W-We can't afford to mess with him."

Exasperated, Zach cursed, "Have you taken leave of your senses, you old fool? Do you know what the f**k you just said?"

Lucille smirked. "It was the head of the Sullivan family who called me just now. She's deprived Zach of his Sullivan surname and sentenced him to death. She wants the Williams family to carry out the execution."

What?!

It was good news to the Williams family.

They would rather suck up to the Sullivan family than suffer the fraudulent oppression of Zach.

If given a choice, they would prefer the latter.

Without the Sullivan family's protection, Zach was like a fish on a chopping board, waiting to be gutted.

To Zach, this news couldn't get any worse.

How could the Sullivans take back what they've just given me and sentence me to death?

It must be Zeke's doing!

"It's fake. It must be fake," He argued.

"Don't be fooled, you old hag! Haven't you heard about scammers? It definitely wasn't the Sullivans who called just now."

Lucille struck the ground with her cane furiously.

How dare you call me an old hag when you're close to death?

That's it! I won't take it lying down anymore!

"Security, take him away!"

In fact, before the securities could react, the Williams family had already swarmed around him, knocking him to the ground from every direction.

Zach's miserable screams echoed for a long time in the Williams Manor's courtyard until he started begging, "I was wrong, Grandma. It's all my fault. Please spare my life. Please... I was your favorite grandson. You can't do this to

me...”



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Lucille hobbled forward with mixed emotions. "Move aside. I want to kill this ba***d myself! You ungrateful wretch, why did I even support you back then? It's my fault. I shall root out this mistake today!"

The Williams family quickly moved out of the way as Lucille grabbed her cane and started hitting Zach.

But to their surprise, Zach suddenly jumped up, holding Lucille hostage with a dagger against her neck.

"F**k! Stand back! All of you! Or I'll kill her right away!"

The Williams family gasped in astonishment.

This punk is worse than a dog!

The nerve to hold his own grandmother hostage.

Outrageous!

Lucille began to weep.

Zach had once again renewed her understanding of the word 'brute'.

Faith and Diego sighed.

Zeke and Zach are twins.

How can they be so different from each other?

It's like heaven and hell.

Upon watching his own son holding his own mother hostage, Diego was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

“Stop it, Zach!” Diego stepped forward. “Let go of your Grandma. It's not too late to repent before it gets worse. Trust me. I mean well; I'm doing this for your own good.”

“Shut up!” Zach roared. “You think I can't tell you've been thinking about Zeke all the time? You only seem nice to me on the outside! Zeke's a bas***d! Who the hell is he to share your resources with me?”

He then snarled, “For my own good? Who are you kidding? You're only doing this simply to pave the way for that ba****d!”

Diego balled his fist.

How did I give birth to such an asshole?

Faith was also very upset.

It's our fault for spoiling Zach.

He doesn't even have the basic cognitive ability to distinguish right from wrong now.

But he's my own flesh and blood. How can I watch as he takes the wrong path?

She looked at Zeke with a pleading gaze.

Only Zeke has the power to stop Zach now.

Zeke, who immediately understood the meaning behind her gaze, nodded and took a step forward. "Zach, I am ordering you to stop now!"

"F**k off!" Zach became more emotional.

"You're just an abandoned son. You don't have the right to talk to me! It's all your fault, you piece of sh*t! You've ruined me over and over! You made me do this!"

Zeke sighed, "How stubborn."

"Shut up!" Zach growled. "I don't need you to lecture me—"

Zeke suddenly stepped forward before Zach could finish his sentence and appeared in front of his eyes in a flash, sending him flying with a slap.

Zach didn't even have time to react, much less

stab Lucille.

However, the dagger 'accidentally' slashed Lucille's throat.

It wasn't fatal, but there was a lot of blood flowing out from her injury.

Truth be told, that was what Zeke intended.

He had wanted to teach Lucille a lesson long ago. But she was his grandmother, after all, and he couldn't do it so openly, so he took his shot with this opportunity.

Lucille's face was colorless, and her emotions were conflicted.

She never thought that her most beloved grandson would want to take her life, and it was her abandoned grandson whom she had expelled who came to her rescue at the most critical moment.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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What a great irony.

The Williams family's security guards immediately rushed up and tied Zach's hands behind his back.

"Madam, how should we deal with him?"

"We can't disobey the Sullivan family's orders," Lucille said through clenched teeth.

"Kill him."

Zach's face became a chalky white.

"Wait!" Zeke piped up. "Such a nobody often comes in handy. Put him under house arrest. Sooner or later, we will need him."

Faith and Diego gazed at Zeke gratefully.

They knew he had saved Zach's life for their sake.

Zach was their biological son, after all. How could they let him die?

The security guards were in a bit of a pickle, not knowing who to listen to.

Eventually, it was Lucille who gave them a look to follow Zeke's instructions.

Zeke was the patriarch of the Williams family now; he had the final say.

Zeke took his parents and Lacey inside.

“Lacey, give Mom and Dad a call and ask them when they’ll be arriving in Atheville. I’ll pick them up myself,” Zeke said.

“Sure!” Lacey immediately fished for her phone and dialed her parents’ number.

However, the call wasn’t answered.

Hmm?

What’s going on?

“Give Dawnie a call and see what’s going on?” Zeke suggested.

“Okay.” Lacey immediately dialed Dawn’s number.

“Mom and Dad have already left for Atheville. I sent them to the airport in person,” Dawn answered.

“They probably left their phones on flight mode, and that’s why you can’t reach them.”

Lacey heaved a sigh of relief. “I supposed so. I guess I can only call them once they get off the

plane.”

Lacey suddenly said, “Right, you two must be hungry, Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Let me go get you guys something to eat.”

Faith and Diego smiled in thanks.

As Faith and Lacey got busy in the kitchen, Faith whispered to Lacey while Zeke wasn't paying attention, “Look at my son, Lacey. He's corrected himself by calling his in-laws Mom and Dad. Don't you think it's a little inappropriate that you're still calling us Mr. and Mrs. Williams?”

Lacey flushed a beet red. In a low voice, she called, “Mom.”

Faith uttered a response in delight, her face full of bliss and sweetness.

I've endured many hardships and humiliation for Zeke over the years. Thank heavens it didn't go to waste.

Evening came, but Lacey still couldn't get in touch with her parents.

She became a little anxious because logically speaking, her parents should have already gotten off the plane by now.

Just then, Dawn called, “Lacey, did you manage to pick up Mom and Dad? Their flight has already landed in Atheville.”

“I still can’t reach them,” Lacey sighed.

“Dawnie, send me the details of my Mom and Dad’s flight. I’ll go to the airport and check it out.”

“Okay.”

Dawn quickly sent the details of Daniel and Hannah’s flight to Lacey via text message.

Lacey called Zeke, and they headed to the airport together.

The flight had indeed landed, but Daniel and Hannah were nowhere to be found.

Lacey grew flustered. “Oh no, Mom and Dad didn’t get lost, did they? It’s their first time coming to Atheville. What if they end up on the streets?”

Zeke was thinking a little deeper than Lacey.

They shouldn’t have gotten lost.

Otherwise, they would have called us for help.

Did the Sullivan family take them hostage?



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Yes, that should be it.

The Sullivan family knows they are no match for me. It's likely for them to set their eyes on Mom and Dad.

As the matter was urgent, Zeke contacted Wolf's Greed and had him search the entire city for the old couple.

In less than ten minutes, Wolf's Greed had picked up some clues.

"Zeke, I've found out that a man wearing a suit picked them up as soon as they landed. They didn't resist the entire time, voluntarily leaving with him. I suspect that the man lied, saying he was acting on your orders."

Zeke's heart skipped a beat.

Sure enough, something has happened.

"Did you manage to find out the man's identity?" Zeke asked in a fluster.

"We couldn't find anything about him. He's probably an unregistered resident," Wolf's Greed replied.

Zeke's head throbbed.

If the other party has no record, he's equivalent

to a ghost. Just imagine the difficulty of finding a ghost, a non-existent person.

“Find him at all costs,” Zeke ordered.

“Roger that,” Wolf’s Greed replied, “I’ve already assigned someone to track him down. But that man is really good in counter-reconnaissance. He avoided most surveillance footages. We still can’t find him as of now.”

Hmm?

Zeke’s forehead puckered.

To successfully avoid the many surveillance cameras on the streets, this man is definitely no ordinary person. He must have been planning this for a long time.

The graveness of this matter was far beyond Zeke’s imagination.

“Mobilize all the resources you can and keep searching.”

“Got it!”

After hanging up, Zeke made another call to Rosie White from the Necromancer Assassin Organization and requested her to investigate this matter discreetly.

Since there was no record of that Man in Black, Zeke was sure he was from the Underworld.

As the Assassin Organization also belonged to the Underworld, it would be better and more convenient to leave the investigation to the experts.

Zeke didn't tell Lacey that her parents might have been kidnapped by the Sullivan family, lest she worry.

Instead, he said, "I've already sent people all across the city to look for Mom and Dad. I'm sure we'll hear about them soon. You don't have to worry, Lacey."

Lacey looked glum. "We must find them before sundown. They're getting old. Their body can't take it if they end up on the streets."

Zeke nodded. "Don't worry. We'll find them before the crack of dawn. By the way, Lacey, do you know this person?"

Zeke showed her the picture of the man in black that Wolf's Greed had sent to him.

Lacey took a look and said in surprise, "Why do you have a picture of Uncle Hunt?"

Uncle Hunt?

The perpetrator is actually an acquaintance of Lacey?

This is getting more confusing.

“This is a picture of a wanted criminal on the Internet. I found it by accident,” Zeke said casually.

“Lacey, you’re saying you know him?”

Lacey nodded. “Yeah.”

“Who knew Uncle Hunt would end up as a criminal. Uncle Hunt is a distant relative of my father. How distant, you ask? Hmm... Let’s put it this way. I’ve seen him no more than ten times since I was young.”

She then added, “He’s a little peculiar. He’s always in his own world and often whispers to my parents every time he comes to my house. And there was something about his eyes whenever he looked at me. I was quite afraid of him.”

“Ohhh,” Zeke uttered thoughtfully.

Dad’s relative has kidnapped both of them.

Is this just an ordinary kidnapping and extortion, or is it a conspiracy conspired by the Sullivans?



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The former is unlikely.

If it's just an ordinary kidnapping and extortion, he would have contacted us by now to ask for ransom.

But he has yet to make a sound.

The Sullivan family must have bribed Uncle Hunt and instigated him to make a move on Mom and Dad.

It wasn't until eleven o'clock at night that Rosie finally called Zeke.

"Zeke, we've got our eyes on the man in black. He drove into a scenic spot at Gretlodge Highland after he left the airport and has yet to come out.

She added, "My men detected a fire and the sound of people talking in a cave at the scenic spot of Gretlodge Highland. There can't be any staff in the scenic cave at this point. So we suspect he is hiding in the scenic cave."

Zeke nodded. "Okay, I'm on my way."

The Gretlodge Highland scenic spot wasn't far away from Linton Group.

It took only half an hour for Zeke to arrive.

“I just went to scout around the cave and discovered that there are at least three people inside,” said Rosie, who was already waiting at the entrance.

“One of them is the man in black you wanted me to investigate. His counter-reconnaissance ability is superb. He almost spotted me at one point.”

Damn!

Zeke mentally cursed.

Rosie’s been in the assassin’s circle since she was a child. Her detective ability is extremely strong; she’s recognized for ranking in the top three in Eurasia.

But that man almost noticed her...

I can imagine how strong the other party really is.

Besides, there are three people in the cave. One of them is definitely the man in black and the other two should be Mom and Dad.

Let’s just hope they’re all right.

“Let’s go,” Zeke said solemnly. “Watch your steps. We don’t wanna startle them.”

Rosie sighed. "I should wait for you outside. I don't want to ruin your plan if the other side finds out about me."

"Okay."

Zeke strode into the scenic spot and soon became one with the night.

Rosie couldn't hear his footsteps and breathing. She couldn't even feel the other party's breath at the slightest.

"This counter-reconnaissance skill is simply unbelievable. He's the figure we all look up to. This man is going down. No matter how powerful his counter-reconnaissance ability is, it's a little insignificant as compared to Zeke."

Soon, Zeke arrived at the entrance of the cave.

He pressed his ear to the cave stone wall to listen for any odd sounds.

He heard the sound of running water, glass clinking, and slight footsteps.

Other than that, there was no other sound.

Zeke was a little puzzled.

Where did the sound of the glass clinking come from?

He walked into the cave with greater caution, holding his breath, making no sound like a ghost.

After walking for about thirty meters, he finally saw a glimmer of light when he reached a bend.

He probed and looked into the light.

The man in black was half-kneeling on the ground. There were dozens of test tubes placed in front of him.

He was holding a test tube and was blending a solution with gentle, skilled movements.

Daniel and Hannah were tied with their hands behind their back and had fainted.

They seem fine. They shouldn't be injured.

Zeke stayed low. He wanted to see what the man was going to do.

Very quickly, the man finished mixing the solution.

He took out two syringes and sucked the solution into the syringe, preparing to inject them into Daniel and Hannah's brains.

Shocked, Zeke finally put a stop to it. "Hey!"



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The man in black shuddered. He turned toward the direction of the sound and went white in fear upon noticing Zeke.

Damn it! When did he come into the cave?

Why didn't I notice anything?

There are only a few people who can get close to me without getting themselves noticed.

This man has done it. He must be strong!

I'm no match for him!

Coming to a conclusion, the man in black ran toward the other end of the cave without hesitation, leaving the syringes and test tubes behind.

That speed!

Zeke was caught off guard.

He couldn't guarantee he could catch up with him. After all, he didn't know the terrain in this cave, and the man must have scouted the terrain beforehand.

So, he simply kicked a stone under his feet, hitting the man right in the back of the head.

With a loud cry, the man collapsed to the

ground and lay unmoving.

Zeke quickly ran up to him, stepping on his back. “Stop playing dead! What’s your name, and who are you?”

The man didn’t reply.

A frown creased Zeke’s forehead.

That was a powerful kick, but it’s definitely not lethal.

Zeke turned the man’s body over carefully.

Shit!

The man’s face had turned green in the blink of an eye, his face was greatly distorted, and he was spitting blood from his mouth.

There was no doubt that the man had taken poison in order not to fall into Zeke’s hands.

The man in black must be a top assassin.

For one, there was a unique aura about him that only an assassin could possess.

And two, only a top assassin would have the courage to make up their minds to take poison and kill themselves in a matter of seconds to save themselves from getting tortured.

Zeke didn't waste any more time on the man. He quickly went to check on Daniel and Hannah.

All the physiological signs of the old couple were normal; they had been most probably knocked out by ordinary ecstasy.

Zeke woke them up using the Ammo Needle.

They first looked around in confusion, and only after a long time did they come back to their senses with a look of horror.

Hannah was even screaming, "P-Please don't do this. W-We won't say a word about this."

Zeke hurriedly squatted down and comforted, "Mom, Dad, it's okay."

"I've taken care of the assassin. You're safe now."

What?

Only then did the old couple recognize Zeke.

"Zeke!" Daniel exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to rescue you. Right. Mom, Dad, what did you mean when you said you won't say a word about this?"

Cold sweat broke out on Daniel and Hannah's forehead. "N-Nothing. It's nothing important. My mind was fuzzy. I didn't know what I was saying."

"Oh? So you don't know the assassin?" Zeke asked suspiciously.

The two shook their head without the slightest hesitation. "We don't. We've never seen him before."

They're lying.

Lacey clearly told me the man in black is their distant relative, Uncle Hunt.

How could they not know him?

Besides, 'we won't say a word about this'?

So they knew all along why they were kidnapped, but why won't they tell me?

What are they hiding?

Zeke was just about to ask further when Daniel said, "Come on, Zeke. Let's get going."

Fine. There's no point pushing it if they refuse to talk.



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“Zeke.” Daniel asked, “Is the kidnapper dead?”

Zeke nodded. “Yeah, he’s dead.”

Good to know.

Relief washed over the old couple.

Are they worried that I’ll force the truth out of the kidnapper if he’s still alive? Zeke mused.

After exiting the cave, Zeke gave Rosie a call, asking her to take care of the man’s body and study the solution he had concocted.

“Don’t tell Lacey we were kidnapped, Zeke,” Daniel urged Zeke on the way back. “We don’t want her to worry.”

“Okay!”

It was already past midnight when they arrived at the Williams Manor.

Lacey was waiting in agony at the door.

Upon seeing her parents, she jogged up to them. “Mom, Dad, where have you guys been? We’ve been worried sick today.”

Hannah stroked Lacey’s cheek lovingly.

“Atheville is too big. We got lost. We’re sorry to worry you. We truly are.”

Lacey chided, “Mom, Dad, you must inform me the next you go out. I’ll send someone to escort you.”

“Of course!” Hannah smiled in agreement.

“Oh yeah,” Lacey uttered. “Zeke’s parents want to meet you. They’re waiting inside. Come on.”

“Okay.”

Faith and Diego greeted the Hinton couple warmly as soon as they entered the house.

Faith and Diego were of noble birth. They had an extraordinary elegance; their speech and manner were refined.

As Hannah and Daniel were simply commoners, they were rather reserved in front of them.

But Faith and Diego were considerate. Most of their conversations revolved around daily topics.

With Lacey’s occasional gags to regulate the atmosphere, Hannah and Daniel slowly loosened up and started talking with eloquence.

Seeing that the timing was almost right, Faith cut to the chase as she served the Hinton

couple tea and said, “Zeke and Lacey are not getting any younger. It’s time to talk about their marriage. How about we set the date now so we can get ready for the wedding?”

Hannah and Daniel flinched at the word ‘wedding’.

They exchanged a glance that only the both of them could read. It was as if they had something difficult to voice.

“Marriage is no child’s play. We shouldn’t take this lightly,” Daniel spoke up.

“It’s getting late now, and we’re actually a little exhausted from wandering around all day. How about we pick a time some another day to discuss this properly?”

Faith and Diego didn’t think much about it and nodded in response.

Zeke and Lacey, however, couldn’t wrap their heads around it.

Mom and Dad used to be very passionate when it came to the topic of our marriage. But why are they avoiding the topic actively now? Something isn’t right.

After settling down the Hinton couple at the Williams Manor’s guest room, Zeke left,

slipping on a pair of in-ear monitors.

He had planted a bug on Daniel and Hannah as he wanted to listen to the sore subject that the old couple was hiding.

As expected, their voice sounded over the monitor not long after, with Hannah sighing, “Who knew he would come straight at us after so many years.”

Naturally, she was referring to the man in black who had kidnapped them today.



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Daniel looked extremely worried. “We need to be prepared for the possibility that the other party might not back down. If we marry Lacey to Zeke Williams now, we might incriminate Zeke too.”

Hannah burst into tears. “Oh, my poor daughter! She’s had such a horrible life. If I could exchange my life for her happiness, I would happily die for her.”

Daniel sighed. “Let’s try our best to put off the wedding for as long as we can. For the time being, let’s lay low until there’s a chance for us to act.”

Zeke had a frown on his face. How many terrible secrets are these two hiding that I can’t even marry their daughter in peace?

Just as he was pondering over the matter, his phone started ringing. It was Rosie White from Necro Group.

As soon as he picked up, the woman said, “We tested the solution we found on the bodies of the Men in Black. The lab results are out.”

She continued, “It’s Polytrimethylamine, and it’s a type of poison. When it comes into contact with the human body, it can cause great damage to the person’s hippocampus. The hippocampus is responsible for storing our

memories, so this sort of poison can be used to erase a person's memory."

Erase a person's memory?

Did the Man in Black kidnap the elderly couple in order to erase their memories?

The situation was getting more and more confusing to Zeke.

The kidnapping incident no longer seemed like the work of the Sullivan family.

What the Sullivan family wanted was Lacey's Hundred Poisons Immunity as well as Zeke's own heart.

Erasing the memories of the elderly couple would be of no use to them!

As the thought of Lacey's Hundred Poisons Immunity entered his head, realization dawned on Zeke.

It was common knowledge that not anyone could possess the Hundred Poisons Immunity. Only someone of noble birth could possess it, and even then, a person like that only appeared once in a thousand years.

However, Lacey was from a very average family. Both her parents were of the working class;

nobody would associate their family with nobility.

The only explanation for such a linkage was that Hannah was not Lacey's biological mother despite her being Daniel's legal wife.

Lacey could be the long-lost heiress of some noble family.

Perhaps that was why Hannah was so reticent about the matter.

Zeke decided to wait for his chance to strike.

He needed to find the hidden enemy first before seeking out Mr. and Mrs. Hinton again. When he captured the fiend, he would finally be able to question them on the truth about Lacey's birth.

Zeke quickly called Wolf's Greed over the phone and told him to send some people over to keep the Hinton family safe from harm.

The Hinton's were openly feuding with the Sullivan family while trying to ward off an unknown enemy at the same time.

Difficult times were ahead of them.

...

At the Sullivan family home in the Southern Islands, the wheelchair-bound Lennon Sullivan turned to his grandmother, saying, “Grandma, I’ve finally understood how Zeke Williams managed to force Phobos and Deimos into submission.”

Calmly, Lady Sullivan asked, “Oh? Do tell.”

Lennon hurriedly launched into his explanation. “We all know that Phobos and Deimos were defeated by the Great Marshal. He’s the only one they’re afraid of. It’s common knowledge that when the Great Marshal attacks, his signature move is to put on his white gloves.”

He continued, “On the day Zeke confronted Phobos and Deimos, I noticed that he was wearing a pair of white gloves. In a state of panic, Phobos and Deimos might have mistaken the glove-wearing Zeke Williams for the Great Marshal. The prison guards have actually informed me about this before. Whenever they put on white gloves, Phobos and Deimos would start shaking in terror.”

Lady Sullivan drew a long breath. “I see.”

“Ha, I knew it! Zeke Williams would never have the ability to defeat Phobos and Deimos. I bet he’s just throwing his weight around in disguise.”

Lennon then asked, “Grandma, how are we to defeat Zeke then? If we don’t get rid of him, there’s no way we’ll be able to get our hands on Lacey.”

Lady Sullivan said slyly, “Now that things have come to a head, we can only invite Francis Sullivan out of seclusion to help us.”

Lennon was overjoyed. Francis Sullivan was the Sullivan family’s ultimate weapon.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Even the matriarch of the Sullivan family, Lady Sullivan, had to defer to his wishes.

Unfortunately, Francis had been in seclusion for decades. No one knew if he would agree to return to help the family bring down Zeke.

However, one thing was for certain. If Francis agrees to come out of seclusion, Zeke would surely be soundly defeated.

Lady Sullivan soon arrived at Francis Sullivan's lair, accompanied by the numerous sons and daughters of the Sullivan family.

When they arrived, they saw a chateau built in the style of Baroque architecture.

That was where Francis had been living since he entered seclusion.

Out of respect for Francis, the Sullivan family banned outsiders from loitering around the area. Nobody was usually allowed to step foot into the chateau.

All the delegates from the Sullivan family, including Lady Sullivan herself, knelt at the entrance of the chateau.

The latter related the whole matter to Francis and pleaded with him to aid them in the fight against their enemies.

However, even after Lady Sullivan had finished narrating the events to him, Francis refused to step out of the chateau. Not a sound could be heard from within the house.

This made the entire Sullivan family feel extremely disappointed.

However, when Lady Sullivan mentioned Lacey possessing the Hundred Poisons Immunity, Francis finally stirred.

“Are you sure it’s the Hundred Poisons Immunity she possess?”

Lady Sullivan immediately replied, “I’m completely certain of it.”

Francis barked in laughter. “The Hundred Poisons Immunity! What a splendid gift the gods have bestowed upon our Sullivan family! We must capture her. Tell me more about this girl.”

Lady Sullivan hurriedly explained, “She was born of working-class parents. However, with the help of that ba****d Zeke Williams, she managed to establish Linton Group later on. She has been running the Linton Group for the past few years; the company has just begun to take shape.”

Huh?

Francis felt a little perplexed. “How could she have been born of a working-class family? That’s quite impossible. Only those of noble birth can possess the Hundred Poisons Immunity. Besides, this sort of person only appears once every few hundred years, after generations of powerful energy finally converge in the body of a single descendent.”

He contemplated, “There must be more to this girl’s family background than what meets the eye.”

Lady Sullivan concurred. “Francis, you’re absolutely right. We’re quite sure that Lacey’s parents aren’t her biological parents.”

In the end, Francis agreed, “Alright. I’ll help you all get rid of Zeke Williams. We must capture this Lacey Hinton you’ve mentioned at all costs.”

Lady Sullivan cautioned him, “Francis, Zeke is a man of some ability. We cannot afford to underestimate him...”

However, Francis sneered, rebuking her as he said, “Do you think I’ve been doing nothing during these years of seclusion? Aside from the Great Marshal, there’s nobody else in this world who is my match.”

Yes, yes!

The hearts of the Sullivan family members leapt with joy.

After they took their leave, the gates of the chateau finally swung open.

A deeply wrinkled, elderly man with an entire head of white hair slowly walked out of the chateau.

He was Francis Sullivan.

From a glance, anyone could tell that he was already very advanced in age.

However, the dangerous aura he radiated still sent shivers of fear down many people's spines.

Francis gazed up at the sky, sighing with deep emotion.

"Atheville, it's been a long time."

He boarded the pre-arranged family jet and flew to the Williams Manor in Atheville.

When the Williams family caught wind of the fact that Francis Sullivan had arrived at their family home, the entire manor exploded into chaos.

Francis Sullivan was a legendary, almost

mythical, figure! He had been living in seclusion for decades, yet the first place he headed for after coming out of seclusion was the Williams Manor.

This was quite like a visit from the king in ancient times.

All the members of the Williams family quickly assembled and knelt before the imposing figure of Francis Sullivan.

Their deferential attitudes made one feel rather ill at ease.

However, the Williams family had no choice. Before Francis, all of them were tiny ants that could be ruthlessly crushed to dust under his feet at any moment.

Faith and Diego were cowering in fear.

If their guesses were right, Francis was probably here to duel with Zeke.

No one else understood the real extent of Francis's abilities better than them.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Before Francis had gone into seclusion, he had been regarded as a God-tier warrior within Eurasia.

After so many years of sharpening his skills in seclusion, nobody else in Eurasia was his match.

If Francis were looking for a fight with Zeke, the odds would not be in the latter's favor.

Francis spoke first, "I've heard that my junior, Zeke Williams, has superb fighting abilities. I'd quite like to see them for myself. Tell him to come here right now."

The Williams family could have jumped for joy right there and then.

Haha! Francis is actually here for Zeke.

Having to go up against Francis Sullivan practically meant death for the boy.

Haha! Zeke would be better off dead! Without him around, we'll finally have a chance to take over as the new head of the Williams family.

Mdm. Williams discreetly ordered one of the family members to fetch Zeke.

Upon hearing her order, Diego planned to sneak away quietly and warn Zeke not to come.

However, Francis stopped him from leaving. He thundered, "Stop right there. Kneel!"

"If anyone dares warn Zeke about my arrival, I'll show no mercy towards them!"

Diego stopped dead in his tracks upon hearing his words.

There was no way to prevent this confrontation now. They could only face the problem when it comes and cross the bridge when they got to it.

Even if it meant sacrificing his own life, Diego was determined to protect the life of his own son!

At the office of Linton Group, Zeke was suffering from a massive headache.

It had been nearly four days. However, the hidden enemy had not reappeared to attack Daniel and Hannah again.

Without them reappearing, Zeke had no way of investigating the truth of the matter.

"I bet they're so scared of me that they won't strike again," he sighed helplessly. "This bunch of people are really on their toes."

"As long as I'm still alive, they probably won't launch an attack again."

Just as he was mulling over this difficult situation, one member of the Williams family showed up at his door. He informed Zeke that Francis was demanding to meet him back at the Williams Manor.

Zeke's eyes glittered brightly at this news.

Francis Sullivan has delivered himself to my doorstep!

By using Francis, Zeke would be able to lure the invisible enemy out of hiding again.

As for the details, Zeke had already planned them out carefully.

He immediately made haste towards Williams Manor.

Zeke had heard of this Francis Sullivan before. He knew that the man had routinely used poisons to defeat his enemies and was rather proficient in using them.

In fact, Francis Sullivan had a nickname, The Great Marshal's Only Worthy Opponent.

Everything else aside, it was quite astounding that the Great Marshal knew Francis's name. This meant that Francis was truly a very powerful person indeed.

When Zeke arrived at Williams Manor, he found the entire family kneeling at Francis's feet.

Zeke gave the latter a once-over.

The man looked insultingly normal; the benevolent look on his face made him look like your average neighborly grandfather.

However, Zeke could detect a strange smell coming from his body.

It was the potent stench of a dead person.

Francis had rather gone overboard in experimenting with poisons. Somehow, he had ingested so many elixirs that he was now part of the walking dead.

Zeke ignored him. Upon seeing his parents prostrating themselves on the floor, he rushed forward and helped them up immediately.

"Mum, Dad, get up. There's no need to kneel before him."

Faith quickly said, "Zeke, my dear, you must kneel too. He's Francis Sullivan. As his juniors in age, there's nothing wrong with us kneeling before him."

If Zeke swallows his pride and kneels in deference to Francis, perhaps the man will

spare him.

However, Zeke shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I cannot kneel to him."

As Francis's junior, he was supposed to kneel to him.

However, Zeke Williams had another identity, the Great Marshal.

The Great Marshal was the protector of the entire country. Nobody, no matter how old, had the right to demand a kneel from him.

Haha! What an interesting chap! Francis Sullivan thought in amusement.

Instead of blowing his top as everyone feared, Francis's lips curled into a smile.

After lighting a cigarette and drawing a deep breath from it, he mused, "Kid, you're much more strong-willed than I had imagined. Unfortunately, this doesn't give you the right to be so arrogant."

"You caused a great ruckus at our Sullivan family home the other day and even broke the limbs of one of our family members. How will we be able to command respect from the populace again? The Sullivan family has decreed that in-fighting between clan members

from the same generation is prohibited. You knew this but went ahead and broke the rule anyway. Do you admit this?"



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Zeke returned his smile. “What a bunch of hypocrites you are! Your clan members go around terrorizing other clans, and yet you have the audacity to tell me off today? The Sullivan family has nearly managed to kill me a few times. This time, they managed to trick my fiancée into going to the Sullivan family home, where they had made up their mind to kill her.”

He continued harshly, “All I did was break the limbs of Lennon Sullivan. A small price to pay for such an awful deed. Was that so unreasonable of me?”

Shut up!

Francis exploded, “You ba***rd child, you dare compare yourself to my mighty Sullivan family! My family wishes to test our newest poisons on your fiancée. That should be an honor for her! Yet, you remain so ungrateful and even stabbed us in the back! With the number of sins stacked up against you, don’t you think you deserve to die?”

Upon hearing such words, Zeke burst into laughter.

“Are all members of the Sullivan family as self-assured and arrogant as you are? You only care about the lives of your own clansmen and regard the lives of everyone else like how one might regard grass by a roadside! Do you think

you can just step over all of us?"

Zeke then sighed. "I see what the problem is now. When the upper beam is twisted, the lower beam will naturally be crooked as well. Francis Sullivan, since you think like this, I won't condescend to think very highly of your descendants either. What a miracle it is that the Sullivan family has managed to survive till now!"

Everyone was aghast.

Zeke just insulted Francis to his face for being arrogant and a bad influence on his junior family members. He even wondered aloud as to how the Sullivan family had managed to survive till now...

Zeke's really pushing the limits of Francis's tolerance!

Isn't he afraid Francis will crush him into pieces?

Shivers of fright ran down Faith and Diego's spines.

They believed Zeke had been way too reckless this time.

Perhaps his victory over Phobos and Deimos had gotten to his head.

What can we do now?

How can we salvage the situation...

Just as they were about to speak up for Zeke and beg Francis to spare their son, something horrible happened.

All of a sudden, one of the juniors of the Williams family heaved greatly. He began throwing up blood.

He collapsed onto the floor, where he continued to twitch uncontrollably. Within ten seconds, he had stopped moving altogether.

What's going on?

The other family members dashed over immediately, intending to save him.

However, when they reached him, he was already dead.

Mdm. Williams looked devastated.

Watching one of the younger members of the household go before his time was a terrible feeling.

“What's going on? Does he have some sort of acute disease?”

The other family members quickly replied, “No, he doesn’t, or at least he didn’t. He went for a health check-up a few days ago, and he appeared perfectly healthy.”

Coldly, Francis interrupted them. “By any chance, is he a chain-smoker?”

The Williams family members nodded in bewilderment. Why’s Francis inquiring about this?

What does his death have to do with his smoking habits?

Francis put his cigarette out with a flick. “I won’t lie to you. The smoke my cigarette produces contains a large amount of poisonous gas. This sort of poisonous gas is only harmful to people who smoke. This boy of yours here was probably poisoned to death.”

What?

The Williamses’ hairs stood on end.

Francis had managed to take a life simply by smoking. This was truly the work of a terrifying monster.

In a shaky voice, Mdm. Williams said, “Francis Sullivan, has—has this grandson of mine offended you before?”

Francis shook his head. “Nope.”

Mdm. Williams then asked, “Then why did you poison him to death?”

Francis sneered. “Haha! If I really wanted to kill him, would I have needed to go to such lengths? The boy wasn’t important enough for me to waste my poison on.”

He continued, “That poison was intended for Zeke Williams. Your grandson was simply too unlucky to be in the wrong place at the wrong time when I released the poisonous gas. Well, that’s too bad, isn’t it? Nobody forced him to smoke.”

The Williamses looked on in shock.

What sort of logic was this?

You tried to poison Zeke, but you accidentally murdered one of our family members instead.

Rather than apologizing, you turned around and blamed the boy for smoking?

If everyone in the Williams household smoked and died as a result of your poison, are we to blame for our own deaths?

Zeke’s right.

The Sullivan family are all arrogant snobs who have no compunctions about taking the lives of innocent individuals.

However, the Williamses didn't dare to voice their anger.

Their grandson had just died in vain.

Francis turned to look at Zeke with a steely glint in his eyes. "It's a miracle that you have managed to survive until now."

Cough!

As soon as Francis spoke, Zeke heaved and threw up blood all over the floor.



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He stumbled two steps backwards, nearly collapsing onto the floor.

Thankfully, he managed to land himself into a chair just in time.

Zeke!

Faith and Diego dashed up to their son. "Are you okay?"

Zeke shook his head with slight difficulty. "I'm fine."

Francis burst into laughter. "You have a strong physique, as expected of a Sullivan descendant. No wonder you managed to withstand that instead of dying on the spot. What a pity that this spectacular body of yours has not been put into the service of my Sullivan family. Since I can't make you work for my family, I must destroy you. Your heart can nurture the King Worm, so I'll kindly accept it as a tribute once I'm done with you."

Unsheathing his sword, Francis lunged at Zeke.

"Stop right there!"

With a yell of fury, Diego tore off his top to reveal the detonator tied at his waist.

"If you dare harm Zeke, I'll make sure you die

with me.”

Faith quickly darted forward and shielded Zeke with her body.

Zeke felt touched.

It was hard to find someone on this earth who would give up their lives to protect you. Besides his fiercely loyal band of brothers and his wife, Lacey, Zeke realized that perhaps only his parents would do that for him.

Francis glanced at the detonator around Diego's waist, a slight hint of fear flickering across his face.

He knew the extent of devotion that Diego had towards his son. The man was quite willing to blow himself up if it meant protecting Zeke from harm.

Sighing mockingly, Francis said, “Oh dear. I was originally planning to spare your lives because your hearts can nurture the King Worm. I hadn't realized that you lot were such a bunch of traitors! How dare you defy those that who come before you?”

He sighed. “It's just too bad. Today, I'll let the three of you go so you can have your little family reunion. I'll give you one week to settle your earthly affairs. Within the next seven days,

my Sullivan clan will return to seek our revenge and take your lives.”

With some difficulty, Zeke Williams said, “For the sake of your own life, I caution you against it.”

Francis looked puzzled. “Why not?”

Zeke then replied, “Do you think you’re the only person in the world who knows how to use poison against your enemies? You have actually been poisoned by me, too. Within seven days, the effects of the poison will start to show. I must warn you that I’m the only person who has the antidote to this poison.”

“If I die, you’ll die with me,” He snarled.

However, Francis merely scoffed. “Are you talking about the one you set up at the front of the house? Haha! I’ve already gotten rid of that! You want to use poison against me? Your little schemes are just cheap tricks to me!”

With that, Francis left the premises.

Zeke’s lips curled into a frosty smile.

The poison he had actually been talking about was not the one at the front of the house.

When he spat out blood onto the floor just now,

some poisonous toxins had spewed out of his mouth along with it.

A single drop of blood had made its way into a corner of Francis's eye. That was why he had been infected with the poison.

Zeke knew how adept Francis was in the use of poisons. How could he have shown up to confront him without a single bit of preparation?

"Zeke, let's head back to your room." Diego bent down, hoisting his son onto his back. "I know a few top doctors. They will definitely be able to save your life."

Faith added, "I'll give the doctors a call right away."

The three of them soon returned to Zeke's room.

Outside, the Williams family were in an uproar.

"Grandma, now that Zeke has been poisoned, he won't be able to fight back. Since he's injured now, shall we take the opportunity to kill him? This may be our only chance."

However, Mdm. Williams shook her head. "No."

"Didn't you hear what Francis Sullivan said just

now? The Sullivan family is after Zeke's heart. If he dies at our hands, the Sullivan family might choose to investigate the matter. Besides, Diego has the detonator right now. If we try to kill his son now, he will have no qualms about blowing up this entire manor."

However, the younger members weren't satisfied with her explanation.

"But one of our brothers died because of him! If we don't go after his killer, how can we allow his soul to rest in peace?"

Mdm. Williams smiled cruelly. "We can't kill Zeke, but we sure can torture him. We'll throw their entire family out of the Williams manor without a cent to their name. In addition to that, send word to the hospitals that they are not to take him in or treat him. Let them roam the streets in sickness and despair. They will die of starvation in the cold!"



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Yes!

The members of the Williams family nodded in agreement.

Faith and Diego helped Zeke to his bed. Afterwards, they went out of the room and called the doctors, pleading with them to treat their injured son.

Left alone in his bed, Zeke Williams dug around his pockets for a small stalk of Rhodiola Rosea and swallowed it. Then, using the Ammo Needle, he started the process of forcing the poison out of his system.

After ten minutes, he finally threw up a mouthful of blood.

His complexion immediately changed for the better.

Standing up from his bed, Zeke stretched and felt his returning energy pulse within his veins.

However, he still felt a little dizzy.

By his rough calculations, it would take another hour before he returned to his peak condition.

Taking a deep breath, Zeke mused, "That old geezer! As expected, he uses poisons in the most unusual of ways. If I hadn't administered

the Life Prolonging Needle to myself beforehand, I would have probably died. How wonderful! Everybody knows that I've been poisoned and reduced to a cripple now."

"The enemy hiding in the shadows will not be so cautious of me anymore. He should be returning to assassinate Lacey's parents any moment now," he mused.

Everything was going according to Zeke's plans.

Upon hearing the nearing footsteps of Faith and Diego, Zeke shot back under his blankets immediately.

He had no wish to let anyone know that he had already detoxified himself of the poison, including his own loving parents.

This was to prevent the possibility of unsavory characters catching wind of that information.

Faith and Diego soon entered the room with guilt written all over their faces.

"Zeke, we've just contacted all the doctors we know. However, the Sullivan family acted too quickly. Before we could even get in touch with the doctors, the Sullivans had already called them to warn against treating you."

“Don’t worry. Even if we have to kneel before them, we’ll get one of them to treat you eventually,” they promised determinedly.

To their surprise, Zeke said, “There’s no need for that. My life is already out of danger. Unfortunately, the poison has caused irreversible damage to my nervous system. I’m afraid I’ll be a cripple condemned to his bed for the rest of my life.”

His parents looked taken aback. “How is that possible? How were you able to survive a poison attack launched by Francis Sullivan himself? But you do look much better already, Zeke.”

Diego quickly checked his son’s breathing and heart rate. They didn’t seem like that of a person who had taken a stroll by death’s door just an hour ago.

His parents were bewildered by the revelation. “Zeke, how did you do it?”

Zeke replied, “I’m actually well-versed in medical knowledge. I also have a few medical accomplishments of my own. I have no trouble keeping myself alive.”

Upon hearing that, Faith and Diego heaved a long sigh of relief.

Everything was alright as long as their son could live on.

Even if he were to be condemned to his bed for the rest of his life, they would look after him.

Just then, the door flew open.

The rest of the Williams family barged into the room.

As soon as she entered, Mdm. Williams got straight to the point. “Zeke Williams, one of our innocent family members has died at the hands of Francis Sullivan because of you. You have committed a sin against your own family! You’re now crippled and barely clinging on to life. Hence, after some discussion, our entire family has decided to carry out an appropriate punishment. We’re stripping you of your position as the head of the Williams family. You are to leave the Williams Manor immediately. From now on, I’ll be the new head of the Williams family.”

Zeke laughed quietly to himself.

He had already guessed that the Williams would fall for this ploy, but he hadn’t expected them to act so quickly.

They hadn’t even given him time to breathe.

How cruel.

Diego was beside himself with anger as he argued, “Mother, Zeke is your grandson! He’s sick and injured now. If you throw him out of the house right now, he won’t be able to survive! Besides, Zeke once saved you from being murdered by Zach. How could you treat him so harshly?”

Shut up!

Mdm. Williams spat bitterly, “This decision was made by everyone. I can’t alter it as I please. Leave Williams Manor now, or we’ll get people to throw you out!”

Alright, we’ll go!

Gritting his teeth, Diego hoisted Zeke onto his back again and prepared to leave.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zeke sighed. "Oh my, you're all playing with fire here. Have you lot forgotten how you begged me to allow you to stay on in Williams Manor back then? But it's no matter. When I finally make my return, I'll return the favor and throw all of you out of the house."

Haha!

The Williamses burst into raucous laughter.

A cripple who can barely move his limbs is threatening to return and throw us out of the house in the future!

How preposterous!

Diego and Faith brought Zeke to the Linton Group office.

Lacey burst into tears as soon as she saw her crippled fiancé.

"Zeke, don't worry. No matter what happens, I'll always remain beside you. If you can't walk, I'll be your legs. If you can't lift your hands or grab onto anything with your fingers, I'll be your arms."

Upon seeing Lacey sob her eyes out, Zeke felt terribly sorry. He wanted nothing more than to tell her the truth about his condition right there and then.

However, there were too many people around.

With the big picture in mind, Zeke managed to hold himself back from divulging the truth to his beloved wife.

He said in an attempt to reassure her, “Lacey, don’t worry. I’m perfectly fine. Go back to work. Linton Group won’t thrive without you at its helm.”

No!

Lacey struck down his proposal almost immediately. “No matter how big my business grows, and no matter how much money I earn, my life will be meaningless without you! I’ve already handed the reins of the company over to my personal assistant. I’ll stay here with you until your life is out of danger.”

Zeke felt rather hapless. He had to find a way to distract Lacey so that she would leave him for the time being.

“Lacey, I’m quite famished. I want a bowl of your handmade beef stew. Could you make some for me?”

Lacey nodded immediately. “Okay, I’ll go make it for you now.”

With that, she sped off to the market to buy the

ingredients for the soup.

With the excuse that he 'wanted some peace by himself', Zeke managed to get everyone else to leave the room.

When he was finally alone by himself in the room, Zeke took out his phone and called Rosie White.

"Rosie, I need your help with something. I need you to sneak into Williams Manor and find a way to get the imprisoned Zach Williams out of there. I want to see him."

Thank goodness he hadn't killed his twin brother back then.

He had finally found a use for Zach today.

When Rosie finally spoke, her voice was rather hoarse; she sounded as though she had just finished crying.

Undoubtedly, she had already heard about Zeke's condition.

She said, "Zeke, I've already heard about what happened to you. Don't worry. Even if it means I have to sacrifice the whole of Necro Group, I'll find a way to avenge you somehow."

Quickly, Zeke said, "Rosie, don't act rashly. I

want to take revenge on him myself. That's much more meaningful, don't you think? Don't try going up against Francis Sullivan, Rosie."

Rosie White wasn't Francis Sullivan's match at all.

Before she could even launch an attack on him, it was quite probable that she would have already died from one of Francis's insidious poisons.

Rosie White felt rather confused. "But... but you're a cripple now! How are you going to avenge yourself?"

Zeke hurriedly replied, "You only have to act according to my instructions. You'll know how I plan to revenge myself after tonight."

After a short pause, Rosie said, "Alright. I'll sneak Zach Williams back to the warehouse I'm hiding out in tonight. Do you want me to send someone over to get you?"

Zeke quickly replied, "No, it's alright. I'll find a way there by myself."

"Okay."

Lacey stayed by Zeke's bed throughout the night. Right before dawn broke, she finally fell asleep.

Although she had fallen asleep, she continued holding tightly on to Zeke's arm.

She did so just in case Zeke happened to wake up in the middle of the night and needed her help for something. She would be able to respond quickly in that case.

Zeke gently removed his arm from her grip. He quietly climbed out of bed and covered Lacey with his blanket.

"Gosh, it's so hard pretending to be a cripple. I'm so sorry for worrying you, Lacey. Don't worry. When I finally manage to lure our secret enemy out of hiding, I'll tell you everything."



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After saying that, he strode off.

Right then, he had fully recovered and was in the pink of health.

He rushed all the way and finally arrived at the stronghold of the Necromancer Assassin Organization, which was an abandoned warehouse located in the suburbs.

Zeke slipped into the warehouse without being noticed by anyone, his movements as silent as a ghost.

In the warehouse, Zach was kneeling on the ground, desperately begging Rosie to spare his life.

“Alas, to have a duffer like you look identical to Zeke is such a scathing insult to him. Why is Zeke crippled and not you?” Rosie berated Zach.

Zach was stunned for a second and asked, “You know Zeke?”

Rosie scoffed, “Of course.”

Zach profusely begged for forgiveness, “Please spare me. I beg you to let me go. I know a divine doctor who can definitely cure Zeke.”

Oh?

“Tell me more,” Rosie commanded. He had piqued her curiosity.

Zach quickly explained, “My friend is a divine doctor who has been living at Rivermouth. He has cured people in vegetative states as well as cerebral infarction. He will be able to cure Zeke too.”

Pfft! There came a faint sound in the distance.

Zeke, who had blended into the shadows, couldn't help but laugh at their conversation.

If I'm not mistaken, the divine doctor that Zach mentioned is actually me. After all, I'm the only one who can heal patients in vegetative states and cerebral infarction in the whole Rivermouth Province. Now, Zach wants me to heal myself. This absurdity to the utmost degree!

Startled, Rosie jumped to her feet when she heard the mocking laughter come out from nowhere.

“Who is laughing? Show yourself now!”

I never thought someone would manage to sneak into the warehouse right under my nose. This person must be the cream of the crop!

Don't be flustered. It's just me!

Zeke stepped out of the dark and revealed himself.

It's you!

Both of them were stunned when they saw Zeke appear before them.

What just happened?

Word on the street is that Zeke was completely paralyzed, and only his brain was left functioning.

How can the present Zeke stride across powerfully in an upright position with the vigor and vitality of a tiger?

He looked far from a paralytic.

In fact, he looked healthier than the average Joe.

“W-What on earth is going on here?” Rosie rushed over immediately and pinched Zeke’s hand. “Aren’t you supposed to be crippled?” She asked in a perplexed tone.

Zeke responded with disdain, “Nah, I can’t be bothered by just an old man. I was only playing along with him by pretending to be crippled.”

Zach felt his scalp prickle when he overheard

Zeke's response.

In his eyes, even the legendary Francis Sullivan is nothing to speak of. Just how far has my younger twin brother come?

While Rosie was relieved to see Zeke again, at the same time, she let out a little sigh of disappointment.

She thought that Lacey would eventually leave Zeke after he became crippled. This way, she would have a chance to be with him.

Now, her dream had been shattered to pieces.

Zeke was astonished by Rosie's expression.

She should be happy that I have fully recovered. Why is she sighing in despair?

Regardless, Zeke couldn't be bothered by these insignificant matters. He turned to interrogate, "Tell me, would you rather be dead or alive?"

Zach hurriedly answered, "Alive. I want to stay alive, for sure. Oh, my dear little brother, I beg you to spare my life."

"Keep your mouth shut!" Zeke lashed out with immense loathing for the person who claimed to be his brother.

He yelled furiously, "I swear, I will kill you now if you ever utter the words 'little brother' again."

Zach immediately bit his tongue upon hearing Zeke's threats.

Zeke continued, "Right now, I will give you another chance to redeem yourself. I bet you've heard of a saying that goes 'rise like a phoenix from the ashes'. So, you will take my place and pretend to be dead this time. Then, I shall let you live eternally and give a large sum of money for pension."

Zach looked at Zeke, baffled, "What do you mean by 'feigning death for you'?"



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Zeke moved closer towards Zach and whispered in his ear, telling him his entire plan.

After listening to Zeke's explanation, Zach became dubious.

If I do exactly as Zeke says, there is a chance that I might lose my life.

Zeke continued, "You better think it through. If you cooperate with me, you will have at least a 70% chance of surviving, and if you do, you can live comfortably for the rest of your life. Otherwise, you will die for sure. You are well aware that the Williams want your head on a platter. Now that Madam Williams has become the head of the family once again, do you think she will let you live?"

Zach couldn't stop trembling with fear at the mention of Madam Williams.

When he held her hostage previously, he almost took her life.

She must be overwhelmed with resentment. I bet she wants to skin me alive. I doubt I can escape death if I stay confined in the Williams' house.

After battling with his own thoughts for a long while, Zach gritted his teeth and answered unwillingly, "Alright, I'll do it."

“Okay,” Zeke murmured.

Suddenly, Rosie called out to Zeke just as he turned around, intending to leave the place.

“Just for a moment,” she said.

Zeke stopped and asked, “Is there anything else, Rosie?”

Rosie gazed affectionately at Zeke and confessed, “Zeke, if one day, you really become crippled, I would still be willing to spend the rest of my life with you.”

Zeke was taken aback by Rosie’s profession of love.

Love is such a complicated topic. What is love, and why does it transcend life and death?

On the other hand, the Sullivan family members gathered happily in the assembly hall. The atmosphere was very joyful, as though they were celebrating the new year.

Francis had finally managed to incapacitate Zeke successfully.

This was the greatest piece of news they had received recently.

Francis cautioned, “Although Zeke has been

debilitated, his heart is contaminated by poison. Don't dig his heart out for now, as it is useless at the moment. After a week, the poison in his heart will flow to his brain. That will be the prime time to acquire it."

A resounding "yes" rang through the room.

Every member of the Williams made their promise to Francis, respectively.

Francis then left the hall to continue his meditation in seclusion.

However, unlike the others, Lennon was feeling a little impatient.

He wanted to instantly rip Zeke apart so badly that he could not wait a minute more.

He asked cautiously, "Grandmother, I think I should see Zeke now. You, too, know that Zeke is well-versed in witchcraft. What if he is able to neutralize the poison? So, I want to check on his condition and sever all his tendons while he is still weak and ill. It is much safer this way."

Lady Sullivan could see right through Lennon's mind. She knew that he couldn't wait any longer to get his revenge on Zeke.

Upon hearing that, she nodded and agreed, "You are right. This is indeed a good idea.

Nevertheless, you must remember that you are only allowed to sever his tendons without killing him because his heart is still useful to us.”

Got it! Lennon nodded with a straight face.

With that thought driving him, he led the Chief of Sullivan Bodyguard and set out to Atheville in high spirits.

The sun shone brightly during noon in Atheville.

Lacey was feeding Zeke a hearty breakfast with care. After taking an afternoon nap, she quickly rushed to Linton Group.

The Linton Group had a few important documents that needed to be approved by her.

She had to seize the moment to finish her business in the office so she could return to Zeke as soon as possible before he regained consciousness.

For the past few days, she had to juggle between her work and taking care of Zeke. She had so much burden to shoulder that she hardly had time to breathe.

Zeke’s phone rang just as she left for the office.

It was a call from Rosie.

Rosie informed urgently, "Lennon seems to be up to something. He is leading his men and heading towards you in haste."

Zeke ordered, "Alright, bring Zach over to me immediately."

Not long after, Rosie brought in Zach, as instructed by Zeke.

Zeke exhorted Zach, "Remember, you are me now, a useless person who can't move his limbs and has lost his voice."



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Zach said, "Alright, alright."

He then moved to lie down on the bed.

Zeke waited until Zach was not paying attention before he stabbed two silver needles into the latter's spine.

Surprised, Zach tried to struggle, only to find that he was immobile. He opened his mouth to shout but no sound came out, either.

All he could do was stare at Zeke in terror.

Zeke quickly comforted him, "Don't panic. I've only temporarily sealed your acupuncture points so you won't be able to move or speak later. We don't want the game to be up before it even starts, do we? Besides, I already said I wouldn't kill you and I'll keep my promise."

At that, the fear in Zach receded.

Right then, from outside the room came the sound of footsteps.

There was no doubt that Lennon had arrived with his men.

Zeke dove for the closet nearby, hiding himself inside just as the room door was kicked open.

Lennon entered the room in a wheelchair with

seven burly men behind him. When he spotted Zach lying prone on the bed, he burst into laughter.

“Williams, we meet again!”

Zach did not reply as he was unable to speak.

Lennon continued, “Hey Williams, you’re not so cocky now, are you? Hmph! I’ve already told you that choosing to go against me is a death sentence for you. But did you listen?”

Still no answer.

“Hmm? Did you lose your ability to speak as well? Ken, slap him!”

One of the men he brought with him, Ken, stepped forward and began to slap Zach harshly.

By the time he stopped, Zach’s face was so swollen that he could hardly be recognized.

Through all this, Zach did not utter a single peep, nor did he resist at all.

Lennon threw his head back and laughed hysterically. “Seems like your arms and legs really are useless now! There’s no way you would just lay there and take a beating otherwise! Who’s having the last laugh now?”

Since you can't move your limbs, there's no point in leaving them intact. Sever all his tendons!"

Pulling out a dagger, Ken grinned menacingly as he approached Zach.

In an instant, the color drained from Zach's face.

Just the thought of having his tendons severed while he was still alive and fully conscious had him mentally cringing. That would be most agonizing!

Once more, he tried to struggle and beg for mercy, but it was no use as he had been rendered mute and completely immobile.

Squelch! Squelch!

After several quick motions, the tendons in Zach's limbs were sliced open and blood stained the bedding crimson.

The pain was too much to bear and Zach fell into a coma.

Even so, Lennon did not seem satisfied. "You f**ker, I'm not done with you just yet! Ken, smack him awake for me!"

This time, no matter how hard Ken slapped him,

Zach still did not awaken.

“Damn it. Don’t think I can’t wake you up, you piece of sh*t! Stab him in the guts!” Lennon snarled.

Ken finally spoke up, his tone careful as he warned, “Sir, maybe you should give up on trying to wake him. Given his current condition, stabbing him might end up killing him. The Elder specifically said we can’t kill him yet. You can wait till seven days later, when you have to extract his heart, to torture him then.”

Lennon clenched his teeth. “Fine. You get to live for several more days.”

Turning to his men, he ordered, “Contact Lacey immediately so she can come back to save this b*stard’s life. I don’t want the Elder to come after me for killing him now.”

“Got it, Sir!”

After Lennon and his men left, Zeke hastily emerged from his hiding spot to rescue Zach.

That Sullivan really is brutal!

Soon, Zach slowly regained consciousness.

“M-my legs... My a-arms...”



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