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What?

Benjamin and Mr. Collins were dumbfounded.

After going through all the trouble to capture Rowan, the Great Marshal wants to let him go even before questioning him?

What is going on in the Great Marshal's mind?

Mr. Collins said in an unsatisfied tone, "Great Marshal, thousands of our comrades from the Seal Mercenary have died at his hands. Why are you acquitting him so easily?"

Zeke responded, "Hold on, let me explain first. I found out that it was Connor from the Prince's Residence who transferred Benjamin from Northern Xinjiang to Atheville. So the sniper who attacked me the other day was most likely sent by him."

"Also, Connor is the main reason why Rowan managed to rise through the ranks from a small mercenary. As it turns out, Rowan is just his mere puppet. Back then, Connor had instructed him to massacre the Seal Mercenary. Since Rowan has told us everything, he should be released without charges," he added.

Rowan interjected angrily, "I don't know anyone named Connor. Also, when did I tell you everything? You're just rambling nonsense! You actually believe what was said?"

Zeke then said, "Of course we don't believe it. Nevertheless, your boss Connor would think you

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betrayed him once we let you go! If you didn't, why would we release you? Tell me, what consequences would you face for betraying Connor?"

Mr. Collins and Benjamin looked at each other, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

The Great Marshal is such a devious rascal.

He is intentionally sowing discord.

Rowan almost blew his top.

You are the Great Marshal. How could do such a despicable thing!

Mr. Collins released Rowan and said, "You can leave now. I'm glad that you finally submitted to the Great Marshal!"

Nevertheless, Rowan refused to leave.

If he left Cygnus Room in one piece, Connor would suspect that he exchanged confidential information for his freedom, and his family would not be safe at that point.

What should I do?

Zeke took out Rowan's confiscated phone and gave it to him, saying, "Oh right, a young girl called to look for you just now. I've sent some men to protect her."

When Rowan saw the phone number, a cold shiver ran down his spine.

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It was his daughter's number.

He looked up at Zeke and said fiercely, "What are you trying to do to my daughter?"

Zeke replied, "Nothing. I just made sure she has undercover security. If you come clean, I promise your family will be safe. If not, my men will just stand aside and watch Connor attack your family."

Rowan sank into deep thought, weighing the pros and cons of each option.

After a long while, he finally raised his head and said, "I just want my family to be safe. Please ask your men to send them to this place."

"What place?" Zeke asked.

"An apartment in Fortland Sanctuary," Rowan answered.

He then wrote the full address on a piece of paper and passed it to Zeke.

"Sure," Zeke agreed.

Immediately after, he made a phone call, "Send Rowan's family to Fortland. I'll send the address to you in a while."

Rowan had arranged Fortland Sanctuary as a safe house for his family before this in case he had to deal with such situations.

Safe houses were extremely common in the political realm of Eurasia.

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After Zeke sent the address to his men, he said, "Alright, speak now."

But Rowan shook his head, saying, "Not yet. I will only tell you everything after my family arrives at the destination safely."

Zeke snapped as his patience wore out, "Are you questioning my credibility? What makes you think you have the right to bargain with me now?"



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Rowan knew the Great Marshal would not go back on his word once he made a promise.

Moreover, he did not have the right to negotiate terms with Zeke at this point.

So he sighed and said, "Alright, I'll speak."

He started explaining, "Five years ago, when I was still the commander of Legends Mercenary, the group wasn't very big. Nevertheless, our reputation was solid, second only to Seal Mercenary. Because we were losing out to Seal Mercenary, we wanted to get rid of them. During that time, a mysterious man approached me and said that he wanted to join forces with me to annihilate Seal Mercenary. He put forward a safe and feasible plan, so I agreed to collaborate with him. His plan was to loot Seal Mercenary's weapons and lure them into the imperial mausoleum while we lay there in ambush. Once they got into the mausoleum, we would be able to ambush and kill them easily since they would not have any weapons. In less than ten minutes, almost ten thousand Seal Mercenary members were slaughtered by us. After we wiped out Seal Mercenary, Legends Mercenary became the top group in Eurasia."

He continued, "Unfortunately, the good times did not last long. Not long after that, Eurasia banned the existence of mercenary groups, and our group was forced to disband. With nowhere to go, I contacted the mysterious man out of desperation, hoping that he would lead me to a bright path, and it was then that he introduced me to Connor. Under Connor's care, I successfully enlisted in the

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army and climbed to the position that I am in today. I don't know the identity of that mysterious man, but he must have good relations with Connor."

Zeke pondered for a moment then said, "Could it be that the mysterious man who hired you was Connor himself?"

Rowan shook his head and answered, "It's not possible. The person who hired us was an old man. Connor, on the other hand, is rather young. Their ages do not match up."

Zeke thought about it further, then he suspected it was Connor's father, Chris.

Chris and the mysterious man were about the same age.

Moreover, he and Connor were father and son, so it made sense that he would refer Rowan to his son.

When Zeke was still a little-known soldier, he was already the backbone of Eurasia, and his reputation was on par with Ares's.

Zeke used to idolize Chris, and he saw Chris as his mentor.

Never did he expect that his idol would be capable of such unethical actions.

He voiced out his thoughts to the few people around him.

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“Chris Black! I knew he wasn’t a good person since a long time ago. I will kill him and avenge my brother today!” Mr. Collins yelled at the top of his voice.

Just like that, he stormed out furiously.

“Wait!” Zeke yelled to him. “Where are you going?”

“To kill Chris Black!” said Mr. Collins.

Zeke then said, “Look, my conclusion was based on pure speculation. There is no concrete evidence at this point to prove that it was indeed Chris who slaughtered Seal Mercenary. If you go looking for him now, you might raise suspicions and make him destroy any evidence there might be. Moreover, the Prince’s Residence is a 100-year-old establishment. Do you think you will be able to fight him single-handedly?”

Looking dissatisfied, Mr. Collins replied, “I can’t wait any longer for revenge.”

But Zeke consoled him, “Don’t worry. I’ve already said I will return the favor, so rest assured that I will investigate this matter thoroughly. I won’t wrong a good person, and I won’t let go of any evil doer either.”



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Mr. Collins clenched his teeth and looked at Rowan as he said, “Now we have evidence that Rowan is implicated in this matter. He’s no innocent man. I will deal with him personally.”

Zeke nodded and said, “Okay, but don’t kill him. I still have use for him.”

Meanwhile, Rowan broke down.

Knowing that hatred had now filled Mr. Collins’s heart, he knew that every bit of his life would be miserable if Mr. Collins took action.

He’d rather die instead.

“Great Marshal, how could you go back on your word? You said you would spare me,” he said angrily.

Zeke reprimanded him, “You deserve to die for killing thousands of lives! Sparing your family is already a kind enough gesture, and you still dare to ask me to spare your life? I wouldn’t be living up to my name as the Great Marshal if I let you go!”

Mr. Collins walked up to Rowan with a sinister smile on his face and said, “Rowan, don’t worry. I will definitely let you live, but I will torture you everyday until the end of your life!”

Rowan felt goosebumps all over his body when he heard this.

It turned out that Mr. Collins was more terrifying than Hades!

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At the Prince's Residence, Connor flew into a rage after he heard about the latest development on Rowan.

That idiot! He actually took action against Zeke without authorization.

Even he had been defeated by Zeke before, so he didn't dare to act impulsively.

How could a small fry like Rowan handle him?

Now things were a big mess.

Rowan was caught, and he had lost the Third Military Factory.

On paper, the person in charge of the Third Military Factory was Rowan, but in reality, he was merely Connor's representative.

The real person behind the Third Military Factory was Connor Black.

The factory was a cash cow for Prince's Residence, but now that it was gone, Prince's Residence would have to tighten its budget.

"No, we have to get our cash cow back," Connor muttered unhappily.

He then summoned his adjutant and asked, "What is the status of the Third Military Factory right now?"

The adjutant replied, "The factory is under the military's direct control at the moment, and the

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military has announced that it will organize an open auction in seven days. Anyone who has received the government's approval and has sufficient funds is welcome to participate in the auction."

Connor asked, "Will the Linton Group be joining the auction?"

The adjutant nodded and said, "Yes, and the group is the most promising bidder so far."

Connor heaved a sigh with a disappointed look on his face.

If the Linton Group also participated in the auction, his probability of gaining back his control on the Third Military Factory was less than thirty percent.

The Great Marshal life force had been damaged, but he was still powerful in the military.

He would only need to rely on his influence in the military to gain control of the Third Military Factory.

He wouldn't even need to attend the auction to be able to do so.

"It won't be possible to get rid of the Great Marshal in such a short period of time. The best option we have is to make him lose his military power or to expel him," said Connor.

The adjutant listened attentively then said very softly, "Mr. Black, it wouldn't be difficult to expel

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the Great Marshal.”

Connor’s eyes lit up as he looked at the adjutant with great interest. “Do you have a plan in mind?” he asked.

The adjutant nodded in response, “Yes, that’s right.”

He then leaned in and whispered his plan into Connor’s ears.

Connor was thrilled when he heard the plan. “Haha, that’s a great idea! You’ve done well this time. Don’t worry, I will reward you well,” he exclaimed.

“Thank you, Mr. Black,” the adjutant replied gratefully.

“Carry out what you have just told me, and spread the word immediately. Say that the Spirit Stone Mine is actually a hoax created by the Great Marshal, and that he is using the mine to lure foreign warriors into Eurasia so he can kill them. Once the other countries find out that the mine is a trap, there will definitely be an international outcry. Eurasia will not be able to withstand the pressure for long, and the government will very likely expel him from the country then,” Connor instructed.



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Without Zeke's backing, the Linton Group wouldn't be able to compete with the Third Military Factory anymore.

This would also give Connor an excuse to get a spirit stone from Clyde.

What a perfect plan, the adjutant thought to himself.

He immediately agreed and left.

Right after he left, Chris called, "Connor, have you done what I told you to do?"

Connor quickly answered, "Relax, Father. I have struck an agreement with Clyde. I will help him take revenge on Zeke Williams, and he will reward me with a spirit stone. I have already come up with a perfect plan that would destroy Zeke."

There was a moment of silence before Chris said, "Dealing with Zeke is not that easy. You must be extra careful and vigilant. If you need any help, just let me know."

Connor responded, "Leave it to me, Father. I guarantee that my plan won't fail."

That same day, a shocking piece of news erupted, stirring up intense discussions internationally.

It appeared that the Spirit Stone Mine in Eurasia was merely a hoax created by the Great Marshal so he could lure foreign warriors in and kill them.

Suddenly, countries all over the world started

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persecuting Zeke, demanding an explanation from Eurasia's government.

If not, they would resort to violence to resolve the dispute.

After all, invading Eurasia and being punished under Eurasia's law was different from getting lured into the country and killed.

Zeke heard about this piece of news as soon as it surfaced.

Very quickly, he made a phone call to the Colonel to ask for his opinion on this matter.

The Colonel consoled him, "Zeke, don't worry too much. You are the hero and backbone of Eurasia. This country will not mistreat you. You once protected Eurasia from enemies, so this time, we will return the favor and provide you protection."

However, Zeke replied, "Colonel, I don't think this is right. This is considered a huge opportunity for us. How can we give it up?"

"Huh? What opportunity are you talking about?" the Colonel asked with confusion.

Zeke explained, "All this while, I have not had the opportunity to kill my enemies since they are scattered all over the world. If I am expelled from Eurasia, they will gather together to take revenge against me. After all, the whole world now sees me as a degenerate. They definitely wouldn't miss this chance to finish me off."

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Looking a little worried, the Colonel said, “Zeke, are you sure you want to do this? Even though you are a King Class warrior, there are also many other reputable warriors overseas, and they would probably be as powerful as a King Class warrior if they joined forces.”

Zeke said, “Colonel, it will be alright. Even if I can’t kill them all, I still have the ability to protect myself at the very least.”

After a moment of silence, the Colonel said, “Alright, let’s go with what you say then. I will crown you king myself when you return victoriously. King Knight of our nation!”

‘Marshal’ and ‘King Knight’ were two different titles.

The title “knight” alone was already representative of Zeke’s service to the country.

The word ‘king’ added another level of honor to the title.

In order to protect the nation, Eurasia had to swiftly create an uproar internationally about the Great Marshal’s expulsion.

Major superpowers around the world were delighted when they heard of the news.

If Zeke William’s life force is destroyed and he gets expelled from Eurasia, he would be stripped of his protection.

That would make him a mere paper tiger, unable

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to withstand challenges.

Wouldn't he be vulnerable to the attacks of others?

Major forces from all over the world began to monitor Eurasia's borders vigilantly.

As soon as Zeke crossed the border, they would be ready to pounce on him!

The news of the Great Marshal's expulsion was only promulgated within the warriors' circle.

Eurasia did not announce this to ordinary citizens.

The Great Marshal was also the nation's hero. If the public knew that he was expelled, they would be deeply hurt.

So, Lacey and her family still didn't know about this matter.

In line with his plan, Zeke drove alone to the west gate of Eurasia.



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Initially, the Alpha Suicide Squad wanted to send Zeke off at the border, but he refused.

His life force had been damaged, and small nations bordering Eurasia were already watching him closely.

If the Alpha Suicide Squad crossed the border without authorization, enemies of other nations would not hold their peace.

For this reason, the Alpha Suicide Squad did not insist after Zeke stopped them.

Our brother is a King Class warrior.

No one in this world can hurt him.

We should trust him.

At noon, Zeke crossed the western border alone by car.

Without an entourage to send him off, his departure looked rather sorrowful.

It seemed like a tragic scene, as though the hero was not going to come back alive.

To intensify his situation, the area surrounding the western border was an endless desert.

Just as he left Eurasia's border, there was movement in a nearby sand dune.

Suddenly, a head popped out from the sand dune.

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The man looked at Zeke's silhouette from the back and smirked, "Even the glorious Great Marshal has his downfalls. His glory days are long gone, and he is a lot worse off now than before."

He took out a communication device and said, "General Wilson, the target has crossed the border and is heading towards your direction. Get ready."

Twenty kilometers ahead, there was a group of people looking zealously in Eurasia's direction.

These people were elite fighters sent by different countries to kill Zeke.

Before this, the foreigners who had flocked to Eurasia's Spirit Stone Mine were mostly members of the underworld.

On the other hand, this wave of Spirit Stone seekers were mostly government officials with strong influence.

They were absolutely determined to end Zeke's life.

The leader of the team was Zeke's top enemy, General Wilson of the United States.

Five years ago, when Zeke led the Alpha Suicide Squad in their battle against the nine countries, he had defeated General Wilson.

General Wilson was deeply humiliated by his defeat, and he had been brooding over this

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incident since then.

Now that he had the chance to kill Zeke, he definitely wouldn't let it pass.

Since the day of his defeat, his eyes had always been set on the east where Eurasia was situated.

Finally, his expectations were turning into a reality.

A small black spot in his line of sight was getting bigger and bigger.

It was a jeep from Eurasia speeding towards his direction.

Adrenaline rushed through General Wilson's veins as he exclaimed, "The target is approaching. Everyone, listen up. The prey is mine, so don't you dare snatch it from me. If you do, you would be offending America."

Although the team looked displeased, they didn't dare to voice out their dissatisfactions.

America was a global superpower, and they weren't able to handle any retaliation from a country that powerful.

Zeke kept driving his jeep until the group of elite fighters were within his line of sight, then stopped.

He stepped down from his jeep and gave the team of fighters a death stare.

After a few moments, he nodded his head and

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thought to himself, Alright, just a few of my long-term enemies. It's time to balance the scales of justice today.

Immediately, the group of fighters surrounded Zeke.

Then General Wilson said mockingly, "Zeke Williams, no matter how big a hero you are, you have no alternative route to escape now. Don't worry, I will let you have an unforgettable experience later."

Zeke smirked in response, "Why would I need an alternative route? Do you know how difficult it was for me to gather all of you in one place?"

"Hahaha!" the crowd exploded into a fit of laughter.

Is he trying to say that he intentionally gathered us together to fight against him?

What a joke!

Everyone thought that Zeke was fooling around to preserve his last bit of dignity.

General Wilson walked towards Zeke and said, "Great Marshal, I've almost lost my mind waiting for this day to come. Now, it is finally here. It is time to settle the grudge between us."

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With an apologetic look on his face, Zeke said, "I'm sorry. It's my fault for not killing you back then. It must be torturing having to wait for so long. Let me make up for my past mistakes by killing you right now so you don't have to keep suffering."

How arrogant!

Zeke's words angered General Wilson. "Are you still treating me as the weakling I was five years ago? I am now a Platinum Archduke, and my powers are comparable to yours when you were at your peak. On the flip side, you are now a useless scum. What right do you have to act all high and mighty?" he said furiously.

Zeke scanned General Wilson up and down, then said, "No matter the past, present, or future, you will always be a small weakling to me!"

Ahhhhhhhh!

General Wilson gnashed his teeth and snarled, "You bastard! You will pay for your arrogance today!"

Right after that, he charged towards Zeke.

He picked up speed swiftly like a cheetah hunting its prey, and the air displaced by his lightning speed blew up grains of sand from the ground.

That same moment, Zeke made his move.

He stomped his right foot on the ground, kicking up grains of sand and pebbles until a sand barrier

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formed in front of him.

Then, with great force, he punched the sand barrier, and a big ball of sand flew in General Wilson's direction.

Looking disdainful, General Wilson did not even try to dodge the ball of sand.

How powerful can a handful of sand be?

A split second later, the pile of sand hit him head-on.

His whole body froze as if he had been turned to stone.

Then he collapsed onto the ground.

There was a hole the size of a fist on his chest, and his heart was almost visible.

Blood mixed with sand squirted out of his chest!

There was dead silence, and everyone's eyes almost popped out after witnessing what just happened.

Flying sand piercing through a human body was simply incomprehensible!

Damn, which fool said the Great Marshal's life force is depleted and that he is now an ordinary human?!

He is not damaged at all and is actually much stronger than before.

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In just one move, he killed a Platinum Archduke!

To be precise, it was only half a move since the two parties did not have physical contact with each other at all.

Zeke shifted his gaze from General Wilson to the crowd present at the scene.

“Now it’s time for us to settle our scores,” he said.

Zeke’s death stare sent a cold shiver running down everyone’s spines.

His stare was like a powerful drug that drew out the deepest fears in their hearts.

As the group of fighters backed away from Zeke subconsciously, someone suddenly shouted loudly, “My brothers, do not be afraid. Together, we should not fear anyone, not even the Platinum Archduke. There is no way this guy can be stronger than the Platinum Archduke. General Wilson merely underestimated his opponent just now.”

The man’s battle cry had an instant effect.

The fighters pushed their fears aside and regained their courage.

“You’re right. As long as he is not a King Class warrior, we should not be afraid of him. So far, it is still not confirmed whether the King Class level actually exists, so he is certainly not a King Class warrior! Kill the Great Marshal and avenge General Wilson. America will definitely reward us well,”

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one of them cried out.

Their hatred towards the Great Marshal and the desire for rewards from the America pushed them to take a risk in battling Zeke. So, they surrounded him in preparation to fight.

Zeke said coldly, "You idiots! You're making the stupidest decision of your lives!"

Clenching his fists tightly, he took a deep breath and accumulated strength quickly.

Then, his arm started expanding so quickly that one could easily see the changes in the size of his arm.

His arm expanded to the point where it ruptured his clothes.

This meant that he had achieved great strength.



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He smashed both his fists on the ground.

Boom!

There was a deafening crash that was as loud as a thunderstorm.

The ground trembled violently, and a crack appeared on the ground.

Sand and rocks started spurting and spinning up from the ground, forming a small tornado.

For a moment, the scene was covered in a blanket of sand and stones. Nothing else was visible.

The sound of two fists punching the ground still echoed in everyone's minds.

Five to six minutes later, the fiery scene finally came to an end.

The fighters who were surrounding Zeke were still in the same position.

The only difference was that they had collapsed on the ground.

There was a slit on each of their necks, and blood mixed with sand was gushing out.

Even though they were dead, their eyes were still wide open.

They didn't even know how they had died.

All they felt was sand and stone, then their necks

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suddenly turned cold before they lost consciousness.

Zeke let out a huge sigh, then he turned his back and walked away.

However, there was a rustling movement behind him that caught his attention.

He turned his head to looked towards the direction of the sound.

A survivor was crawling out from under the sand.

Looking horrified, he whimpered, "You...you are a King Class warrior?"

Zeke nodded his head and said calmly, "Yes."

The person's eyes widened in terror, then he lay still on the ground.

He was literally shocked to death.

A tornado swept over quickly from a distance.

Yellow sand covered the corpses on the ground, and they were suddenly out of sight.

Next to the huge tornado, Zeke looked as small as an ant.

But his strength was great enough to move the tornado.

Zeke walked in the heart of the tornado steadily with a calm face.

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Very soon, the tornado dispersed, as if it knew that it was no match for Zeke Williams.

Suddenly, Zeke's phone rang. It was a call from Wolf's Greed.

"Zeke, how are things?" he asked.

Zeke replied, "Can't you guess?"

Hehe.

Wolf's Greed chuckled, "What about the spoils of your battle? Those men were big shots from all over the world. They must have carried a lot of valuable items."

"I didn't take anything," said Zeke.

Looking disappointed, Wolf's Greed said, "Why didn't you take anything? What a waste."

Zeke responded, "There are definitely tracking devices planted on them. If it is discovered that their belongings appear in Eurasia, people will suspect that their death is related to Eurasia. By then, we will have another problem to deal with. Even though I am not afraid of him, it is not necessary to fight over some small items."

Alright then.

Wolf's Greed then said, "How will we announce the cause of their death to the public then?"

Zeke answered, "Say that they were killed by a tornado."

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Understood!

Obviously, this explanation was rather stupid.

Ordinary people might be swept away and buried alive by a tornado.

But elite fighters like them would at least be able to escape from a tornado even if they can't fight it.

No one in the right mind would be convinced, but Zeke didn't care.

You guys sent people to kill me, but I didn't kill them back. Instead, I give you an explanation for their cause of death. That is kind enough already.

If you don't believe me, come after me then.

I will kill everyone who comes against my way.

At Eurasia's official auction, the items up for auction were all state-owned assets or special items.

One of the things up for auction today was the Third Military Factory.

The factory was a huge cash cow.

Whoever could bid for it successfully would be swimming in wealth.

After all, the factory was backed by the military.

By right, auctioning the Third Military Factory

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would attract a huge crowd of bidders.

However, the auction venue was rather empty. Not many people had come to join the auction.



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As Connor had spread the word that he was hell-bent on getting the Third Military Factory, anyone who joined in the bid was akin to opposing him.

Connor was the leader of the Firewall Unit mercenaries, and his father was a high-ranking prince. Nobody dared to offend this prominent pair of father and son, other than Lacey Hinton, who intended to bid for the military factory too.

With Zeke as her backer, Lacey was confident of winning the auction.

But where is Zeke now when the auction is about to start?

She could not get him on his phone.

Left with no choice, Lacey entered the auction house alone, and the auction started shortly upon her arrival.

Lacey was puzzled.

There are still over 30 more minutes to go before the auction is scheduled to start. Many bidders have not arrived yet. Why is the auction starting now? The auction is obviously rigged!

After the auctioneer gave a brief introduction of the Third Military Factory, he started with a low bid price, '50 billion'.

Connor offered unhesitatingly, '55 billion'.

An awkward silence followed as no one dared to bid.

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The Third Military Factory was worth well over 100 billion. It would not be lacking bidders even if the bid started at 90 billion. But no one dared to compete with Connor.

Furthermore, the auctioneer seemed to be in cahoots with Connor. He started counting down before the time was up, "55 billion once, 55 billion twice, 55 billion..."

Before he could finish his countdown, Lacey shouted out frantically, "60 billion!"

Everyone turned their gaze to her in astonishment.

Who is this girl? How dare she outbid Connor for the military factory? Does she have a death wish? She will be in for it today.

Glaring at her furiously, Connor upped his bid, "62 billion."

Lacey counter-offered, "65 billion."

Everyone gasped in surprise.

It seems like this girl intends to win the bid. Well, her bravery is commendable. I wonder how Connor will deal with her later.

Connor did not continue as he was well aware that Lacey would continue to bid against him.

65 billion was over his budget already.

Taking a deep breath, he signaled to the

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auctioneer, "I'm not feeling well now and want to suspend the auction temporarily."

The auctioneer agreed readily since he was in Connor's pocket already, "The auction shall be suspended temporarily for 30 minutes as the bidder is not feeling well now."

Connor rose and sat down beside Lacey.

Lacey was a bundle of nerves at this moment.

Without Zeke, she did not dare to stand up to a prominent figure such as Connor.

Connor put on a false smile, "Lacey Hinton, your husband is dead. Why are you here instead of attending his funeral?"

"Shut up! Don't curse my husband!"

They had threatened her with Zeke's death multiple times previously. But Zeke had returned home safely each time.

Thus, Lacey had grown numb to such threats by now.

Connor lifted a brow, "Don't you know that Zeke has been evicted and killed by his enemies outside of the nation already?"

"Humph! Of course I won't know lies like this."

News of the Great Marshal's eviction from Eurasia had spread among the warriors' circle only. Lacey was a mere commoner hence she did not hear

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about the news.

“That’s pitiful. You don’t even know your husband has died. Forget it. I shall not talk about this for now. Let me ask you, is it time to pick Missy up from school yet?”

Lacey’s heart skipped a beat.

Why does he ask about Missy suddenly?



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Is he planning to hurt Missy?

Lacey went into a panic and called her parents immediately.

Fortunately, the call was picked up rather promptly.

“Mum, Dad, where are you guys now? Have you picked Missy up?”

Hannah chided, “You are always so worrisome. Rest assured, I’m with Missy in the car now.”

“That’s great.” Lacey heaved a deep sigh of relief.

Hannah continued grumbling, “I don’t know why the usually empty road is filled with cars today. Furthermore, I’m surrounded by dump trucks now. It will be disastrous if one of them falls on me.”

What!

Lacey’s heart leapt into her throat.

Intuition was telling her that the dump trucks were Conner’s doing.

She glanced at Connor meekly, who smiled sinisterly in return, “Let me tell you the truth. The dump trucks are from my engineering team indeed. They haven’t been maintained for a long time and are in a pretty dilapidated condition now. One may overturn anytime. If a small saloon car happens to be beside it, it will definitely be squashed flat.”

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Lacey's face turned ghastly pale, "What... what do you want!"

"My next course of action will depend on you. Rest assured that the dump trucks will not overturn without my order. I don't think I'll need to tell you what to do next."

With a guffaw, Connor returned to his seat.

It was a thinly veiled threat. Although it was illegal to disrupt an ongoing auction in such a brazen way, no one dared to stop him.

The auction continued.

The auctioneer began his countdown, "65 billion once, 65 billion twice..."

Conner shouted out, "66 billion."

Everyone looked at Lacey expectantly.

But she was looking a tad embarrassed with an ashen face and did not continue with her bid.

Connor had really hit her sore spot.

"66 billion once, 66 billion twice, 66 billion trice. Done deal!"

The auctioneer hit the gravel.

Everyone looked at Lacey with mockery in their eyes.

Haha, don't you want to go against Connor? Why

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are you backing down now? How dare you cross such a prominent figure. You don't know your own limits indeed.

Lacey ran out of the auction house guiltily while cursing Zeke in her heart.

Why didn't you appear? How could you let a woman like me go against such a powerful man like Connor alone? How could you bear to do this to me!

She whipped out her phone to call Zeke. But the call could not get through.

Her heart thumped furiously.

Is Connor speaking the truth? Is Zeke really in trouble? No, it can't be! I must have been imagining things.

Shaking her head, she gathered herself together before calling her parents on the phone again. Upon knowing that the dump trucks had left and her parents were safe, Lacey felt relieved finally.

Suddenly, her phone rang again. It was Clyde Thisleton.

"Lacey, hurry up and come to the Thisleton Manor. The Thisleton family is selecting a leader today. You are a descendant of the family, so you are eligible to be in the running for the position."

The Thisleton family was established on 15 October. Thus, everyone in the Thisleton family was supposed to return to the manor on that day

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every year to celebrate their family's anniversary. Also, they would take the opportunity to select a new leader of the family on that joyous occasion.

Everyone, who was capable, could compete for the esteemed position, regardless of their age, status or seniority.

Despondent and upset over losing the auction, Lacey headed to the Thisleton Manor.

At the west gate of Eurasia.

Wolf's Greed led his men to meet Zeke upon his arrival at the gate.

"Congratulations to the Great Marshal for your triumphant return."

"Get up. I have asked you to get some stuff done. How are they progressing so far?"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Don’t worry, Zeke. You can count on me to carry out your instructions perfectly. Oh yes, this is your phone.”

Before leaving the nation, Zeke had handed all his personal belongings, including his phone, to Wolf’s Greed for safekeeping. He could not risk bringing any personal belongings, which might leak confidential information, out of the nation.

Zeke took the phone, “Who tried to contact me just now?”

“The colonel gave you a call to congratulate you on your victorious return just now. He will announce to the whole world to crown you as the King Class warrior tomorrow .”

“Mm.” Zeke nodded his head calmly.

To be crowned as a King Class warrior might be a tremendous honor to most people, but Zeke did not care for the title.

“Oh yes, Zeke. Lacey called you just now. But I did not pick up the call to keep your whereabouts confidential.”

Zeke sighed, “She must be looking for me to attend the auction. I’m so sorry I have let her down this time. Wolf’s Greed, how did the auction of the Third Military Factory go?”

“I just received news that Connor had won the bid for the Third Military Factory.”

He proceeded to tell Zeke about what had

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transpired during the auction.

After a moment of silence, Zeke replied, "Okay, that's fine. I will force him to return the factory to me eventually. In this way, I will save a lot of money too. Let's go to Atheville now."

In the Thisleton Manor in Atheville.

The hall of the Thisleton Manor was packed with over a hundred core members of the Thisleton family.

On normal days, they were scattered throughout the nation, and some were even sent abroad to manage various family businesses.

But all of them had made time to attend the family's celebration today.

Lacey was assigned to a seat in an isolated corner upon her arrival.

But she did not mind. After all, she was not interested in the celebration, thus she was more than glad to sit in an isolated area where no one would disturb her.

Once everyone was seated, the acting leader of the Thisleton family, Clyde Thisleton, went on the stage. Clyde was put in charge of all Thisleton family matters before a new leader was selected.

Although his hands were maimed by Zeke, he was still highly regarded among the family members.

Everyone fell silent the moment he appeared on

NH

the stage.

“Great, everyone’s here. Let us begin the competition for a new leader. The rules are the same: Regardless of your age and seniority, you are eligible to be the leader if you have made tremendous contributions to the family. Now, let me recount my contributions.”

Clyde started to recount the contributions he made last year to everyone.

Lastly, he said, “Next, I will acquire the Linton Group and the Third Military Factory. They will become one of our family businesses.”

An audible gasp was heard among the rest of the family members.

Setting the Linton Group aside, acquiring the Third Military Factory itself was a significant contribution. Clyde could ride on it to be the family leader for a few consecutive years.

There were quite a few military officers in the family, thus they knew the significance of owning a military factory.

Just when everyone was in a state of agitation, Lacey stood up and voiced her objection loudly, “I don’t agree.”

All eyes fell on her.

Clyde retorted in a cold tone, “You are a member of the Thisleton family. Your property belongs to the Thisleton family. What rights do you have to

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object?”

“The Linton Group is set up by Zeke and I. Zeke owns the majority of the company shares. Furthermore, the Thisleton family has never helped us before. What rights do you have to acquire the Linton Group?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Humph. Who are you, a mere commoner, to object if the Thisleton family wants to acquire the Linton Group?”

“Zeke will never allow you to get away with it.”

Desperate, she had to drop Zeke’s name to strike fear in them.

“Zeke?!” Clyde scoffed.

“He is dead already. Well, he can object in hell for all he wants.”

Lacey’s heart skipped a beat.

Connor had told me that Zeke was dead just now. Now, Clyde is saying the same thing. Has Zeke really run into some trouble?

In a trembling voice, she replied, “It’s impossible. You are lying to me. I just saw Zeke yesterday, and he was looking fine. How can he be dead today!”

“He has been evicted from Eurasia, and his countless enemies are waiting to kill him outside the nation. He may not be able to beat everyone even when he is at his peak, much less now when he is disabled.”

With that, Clyde passed a confidential military document to Lacey.

After looking through the document, Lacey felt a chill rising from her feet to her head.

That confidential document is authentic. Zeke has

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really been evicted from the nation. He has made countless enemies when he is in his best form. Now that he is injured and is only a mere commoner, that bunch of foreign fighters will definitely grab the opportunity to kill him!

Many Thisletons were seeing Lacey for the first time, and they started to mock her.

“So she is the wife of the Great Marshal? She’s quite pretty indeed.”

“The Great Marshal must have fallen for her because of her looks and have been toying with her feelings only. Otherwise, why doesn’t he go public with their relationship and merely put her in charge of a small company?”

“So what if she is his wife? The Great Marshal is dead now. She is back to being a commoner now.”

Lacey’s eyes turned red, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she stood up to leave.

“It’s impossible. How can Zeke die? He has made great contributions to Eurasia. Eurasia won’t send him to his death. I will go and find him now...”

But Clyde would not let her off so easily.

He signaled the security guards at the door to stop her from leaving.

“You can only leave after signing this transfer agreement.”

Clyde’s assistant passed Lacey a document

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immediately.

Without reading the document, she rejected flatly, “No way! Zeke has built the Linton Group painstakingly. I will never give it to you.”

“That is not up to you. Security, force her to sign on it.”

“Yes!”

Two security guards closed in on Lacey and grabbed her hands in a bid to force her to sign the document.

Suddenly, at the most critical moment, a voice rang out from the entrance, “Stop that right now!”

The voice was booming and sent shock waves across everyone in the room.

Instinctively, they turned to look at the doorway and could only catch a glimpse of two shiny daggers flying towards the two security guards.

“Ah!”

Cries of pain rang out from the security guards.

The daggers had pierced through their hands, which were grabbing Lacey, effectively nailing them on the table.

The document was stained red by the blood oozing from their hands.

Gosh!

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Everyone stood up in shock.

Oh gosh, what is going on? Hasn't Zeke been evicted and ambushed by his foreign enemies? Why is he back alive?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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And from the looks of it, he is not even injured!
What is going on!

Lacey went to Zeke's side hurriedly and scrutinized him from head to toe.

Finally, she heaved a deep sigh of relief, "I know that they are lying to me. You have made so many contributions to the nation. Eurasia will not evict you simply because you are injured now."

Zeke burst out laughing.

Silly girl, You are right. I am indeed evicted from the nation, but that is only because I have requested it.

Nonetheless, Zeke did not intend to reveal the truth to Lacey for fear of worrying her.

Patting Lacey on her head, he assured her, "Lacey, always remember this: You just need to trust me and me alone in this world. As for the others, you can just ignore them."

Lacey nodded, "I get it."

At the sight of Zeke, Clyde could not help but felt fearful. He was simply too traumatized by Zeke.

He asked in a trembling voice, "How can you still be alive? You are nothing but a disabled man now. How can you escape alive from the hands of so many strong warriors?"

Zeke did not wish to delve into the matter as he did not want to worry Lacey.

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Changing the subject, he asked, “Are you selecting the new leader of the Thisleton family? I will settle scores with you in the future. Now, I want my wife, Lacey Hinton, to be the new Thisleton family leader. Does anyone have an objection?”

Everyone was stunned for a moment before bursting into laughter.

Are our ears playing tricks on us? Zeke is an outsider. How dare he appoint his wife to be our new leader? He may have a say in this matter if he is still the former Great Marshal, but he is disabled now. We do not need to fear him anymore.

Lacey bowed her head in embarrassment.

Suppressing his laughter, Clyde explained, “There are rules for the selection of our family leader. It depends on the contributions the member makes towards the Thisleton family. May I ask what Lacey has done for the family? With me around, there is no way she can be the new leader. Do note that I am capable of acquiring the Third Military Factory.”

Zeke asked doubtfully, “The Third Military Factory? Hasn’t it been bought by Connor Black?”

“That is right. I share a close relationship with him, so he has promised to gift it to me.”

Huh?

Zeke stared at Clyde with a piercing gaze.

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No matter how close their relationship is, Conner will never gift him the military factory. After all, the military factory is so valuable that one can form an empire with it. Conner and Clyde must have agreed on an under-the-table deal. The former has something to do with the destruction of the Leopard Unit. Maybe Clyde is involved in this matter too?

Speaking of the devil.

Connor had rushed over after settling the paperwork for the purchase of the military factory.

He caught sight of Zeke the moment he entered the hall and turned flustered immediately.

Gosh! What the hell! Wasn't he evicted and killed by his enemies already? Why is he still alive? Furthermore, why is he in Eurasia?

He darted an inquiring gaze at Clyde.

But Clyde only shook his head. He had no idea as well.

Nonetheless, Connor gathered himself quickly.

So what if Zeke is still alive? Last time, I was only worried about Zeke abusing his authority as the Great Marshal to snatch the Third Military Factory from me. But now that the military factory is in my hands, it doesn't matter whether Zeke is dead or alive. I can still use the factory to exchange for the Spirit Stone with Clyde.

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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Clyde ignored Zeke and welcomed Conner enthusiastically, “Hi Mr. Black, please take a seat.”

Conner guffawed, “I will surely support you to win the competition for the position of the Thisleton family leader today. To show my sincerity, I have prepared a gift for you. I hope you will like it.”

Of course, Clyde knew what gift Connor was planning to give him. It must be the Third Military Factory.

Grinning, he replied, “I will be pleased with whatever gift you have prepared for me, even if it is just a feather. So, may I know what are you planning to gift me?”

“The Third Military Factory.”

Everyone in the hall gasped.

Although they had guessed as much, they were still shocked by Conner’s answer. A question ran through their minds.

Clyde and Conner are merely friends. Why will Conner give such a valuable gift to Clyde?

Clyde guffawed, “Thank you for such a valuable gift, Mr. Black. I shall gladly accept the gift then. When shall we sign the transfer agreement?”

“No hurry. I intend to give the factory as a congratulations gift to Ares on his crowning during the grand ceremony. It will also be the icing on the cake for the Thisleton family on that day.”

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What?!

Again, everyone gasped and started throwing questions at Clyde.

“Grand ceremony? What grand ceremony is he talking about?”

“Also, why is it related to the Thisleton family and Ares?”

Clyde explained patiently, “Let me be honest with all of you. Actually, my father, Ares, has achieved the ‘King Class’ rank. So, Eurasia wants to hold a grand ceremony to crown him as the King Class warrior.”

The entire Thisleton family was bustling with excitement upon hearing Clyde’s explanation.

The Thisleton family has produced the strongest King Class warrior in Eurasia! The Thisleton family will achieve greater heights now! After the grand ceremony, we will be the most prominent family in Eurasia! No one will dare to hinder our activities in Eurasia again!

Amidst the bustling excitement, some members voiced their objections loudly.

“So, Mr. Black has given us the Third Military Factory because of Ares.”

“That’s right. This has nothing to do with you, Clyde. You cannot consider this as your contribution.”

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“That’s right. This is a contribution made by the entire family.”

“We are as qualified as you to the new leader.”

Clyde replied coldly, “Mr. Black will not give such a valuable gift to me if I don’t know him. Although I can’t claim the entire credit for acquiring the Third Military Factory, you cannot deny my contribution in driving this matter.”

Everyone nodded, seemingly absorbed in their own thoughts.

Clyde is right.

Actually, the Thisleton family is a rank lower than the Prince’s Residence.

We are not even fit to befriend Connor Black. Indeed, Clyde is rather capable to be able to become friends with him.

Everyone fell silent, acknowledging Clyde’s contributions in this matter.

Clyde turned to Lacey again, “What contributions have you made which can measure up to the fact that I have acquired the Third Military Factory? If not, then I will assume the position of the leader.”

Lacey was silent, her eyes downcast.

I have never contributed to the Thisleton family, much less a significant contribution equivalent to acquiring the Third Military Factory.

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She was about to give up when Zeke cut her off.

“Do you mean that whoever acquires the Third Military Factory will be the leader of the Thisleton family?”

Actually, I am the one who will be crowned as the King Class warrior instead of Ares. If Conner really gifts me the military factory during the grand ceremony, then the person helping the Thisleton family to acquire the factory will be Lacey.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Connor nodded, “You can put it this way.”

“In this case, the Thisleton family leader should be Lacey.”

Huh?

Everyone was dumbfounded.

“Why don’t you get it after we make ourselves so clear to you already?”

“Clyde has contributed towards this achievement. What has it got to do with Lacey?”

“Is your brain damaged as well?”

Clyde waved his hand, signaling everyone to sit down.

“Zeke, what exactly do you mean? There is no use pestering us incessantly.”

“I’m only speaking the truth. Acquiring the Third Military Factory is Lacey’s contribution. It is only right for her to be the family leader.”

Huh?

Hahhahahaha!

Everyone burst out laughing.

“Mr. Black has made it clear that he wants to gift the military factory to me! It has nothing to do with Lacey Hinton! Mr. Black, am I correct?”

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Connor nodded, "That's right."

Zeke shook his head, "No, you did not say this just now. You said that you would give the military factory to the King Class warrior as a congratulations gift."

"The King Class warrior is my father, Ares. It has nothing to do with Lacey!"

"When has Eurasia announced to the world that Ares is the King Class warrior?"

"Although there is no official announcement yet, my father stands the highest chance. Wait, do you mean that you are the King Class warrior, and Mr. Black will gift the military factory to you?"

Zeke only smiled in return without saying a word.

Hahaha!

The laughter in the room rose to a deafening volume.

"You are disabled now and can't even retain your title as the Great Marshal. How can you even dream of being the King Class warrior?"

"It's obvious. His brain is damaged along with his body."

"What is the use of arguing with him? Just drag him out. Don't let him insult our intelligence."

Clyde replied, "I will make you eat your words. Why don't we decide on the leader after the grand

NH

ceremony? Zeke Williams, if my father, Ares, is crowned as the King Class warrior, I want you to kowtow to me publicly and break your arms yourself! Conversely, I will also kneel before you and stay away from you in the future.”

“Deal.”

With that, the celebration in the Thisleton family ended.

Zeke held Lacey’s hands, and they left the manor together.

Lacey chided, “Zeke, you don’t need to bluff and bet with him to save me from embarrassment. The chances of you losing is too high. Although you are injured, you are still the Great Marshal. How can you kowtow to Clyde Thisleton? Furthermore, I’m not interested in the position of the Thisleton family’s leader.”

Zeke was dumbfounded.

I’m only speaking the truth. I’m not bluffing.

Shaking her head, Lacey continued, “Forget it, let’s go home now. At most, I will plead with Ares to let you go when the time comes. I will not allow you to kowtow to him. Oh yes, I wonder if Missy and my parents are injured.”

Injured?

A deep crease formed between Zeke’s brows. “Lacey, why will they be injured for no reason?”

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Lacey recounted how Connor had threatened to kill her family.

Zeke clenched his fists tightly upon hearing Lacey's words.

“Connor Black, you asshole. You must have had a death wish! I will get rid of you even if you have nothing to do with the murder of the Devoville troops!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Both of them felt assured when they confirmed that no harm had come to Lacey's parents and Missy after they returned home.

"Daddy, hug me. You haven't hug Missy for the last three days." Missy requested immediately when she saw Zeke.

Zeke carried her up dotingly, "Missy is such a good girl. Have you been listening to Mommy?"

"Mommy scolds Missy. Daddy must stand up for me."

Hahaha!

The whole family burst into laughter.

While Hannah and Lacey were preparing dinner in the kitchen, Daniel asked Zeke to head out to the balcony for a chat.

He passed a cigarette to Zeke, "Zeke, we were stuck in a traffic jam on a broad and spacious road today. It was a group of dump trucks that caused the jam. I guess the dump trucks were targeting us?"

Daniel was used to such politics when he was still working in his former workplace.

Thus, he could tell at a glance that the dump trucks had approached them with ill intentions.

Zeke was apologetic, "I'm sorry. I have not thought things through properly. I will arrange for someone to protect you secretly."

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Sigh...

Daniel sighed, “Zeke, I heard that you are injured and are now no different from a commoner now?”

Although there was no official announcement from Eurasia yet, rumors were flying. Hence, it was no surprise that Daniel had caught wind of the news.

Zeke fell silent. He could not reveal the truth to Daniel. Knowing the truth would not do him good.

Daniel mistook Zeke’s silence as his tacit admission and that he was too embarrassed to confess.

“Zeke, this may be a good thing for you. Since you are reduced to a mere commoner now and can’t contribute to the nation any longer, you can retire peacefully now. Isn’t it good for us to live as a normal family instead of fretting over occasional death threats?”

Zeke replied solemnly, “I will take your advice into consideration.”

How nice will it be if I can retire peacefully, just as Daniel has just said? But now that I am about to be the King Class warrior and a core member of Eurasia, I will have to bear much heavier responsibilities now.

No one received any news from the warriors, who had been sent to kill Zeke.

As the disappearance of these warriors was of

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the utmost concern to their nations, they had sent several teams to search for them. Finally, with the help of the search-and-rescue dogs and advanced technology, they found the corpses of those warriors buried deep in the sand.

The nations were infuriated and demanded an explanation from Eurasia, as they deduced that Eurasia had killed their warriors, given that the bodies were discovered near its borders.

But Eurasia had only provided a simple explanation: These warriors had run into a sandstorm, thus were buried alive in the sand.

Needless to say, the other nations did not believe its explanation.

Their warriors were more than capable of surviving a sandstorm. Furthermore, it was too much of a coincidence for so many warriors to die in a sandstorm together.

Thus, they continued to demand a logical explanation from Eurasia.

But Eurasia ignored them and presented the same explanation to them each time when they asked: Their warriors had died in a sandstorm.

Though infuriated, the other nations dared not act against Eurasia. Intuition was telling them that other than the Great Marshal, a mysterious force was protecting Eurasia. Otherwise, their warriors would not have died at the same time.

Indeed, their hunch was right.

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Few days after their warriors died, Eurasia made a sudden announcement. It wanted to crown a warrior as the King Class warrior! The newly-crowned King Class warrior was bound to shock the world!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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In the past, they all had their own misgivings about whether the King Class truly existed.

They had read about warriors of the King Class in history books. Those people were legends among legends.

Yet, to their surprise, there was one living in Eurasia at this very moment!

This man was probably the best at his craft in the entire world.

Numerous countries had sent in their military troops to invade Eurasia. However, fearing the wrath of a member of the King Class, they had quickly withdrawn their troops and declared a ceasefire.

They didn't dare to go up against a member of the King Class.

A warrior of the King Class had the power of ten Great Marshals combined!

At the same time, everyone couldn't help but try to guess who this mysterious man was. What was his name, and where did he hail from?

In the past, their first guess would've been the Great Marshal.

However, the Great Marshal had been seriously injured in his fight against Frank Sullivan. Now, he was a cripple who could barely sit up from his bed. There was no way this obscenely powerful man was him.

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Eventually, rumors started flying about the King Class warrior's identity.

Word got around that the man was actually Ares, a warrior of the older generation who had suffered torture and humiliation while he was locked up by Bloodsworth. After enduring all of that, the archduke had returned to avenge himself as a member of the King Class.

Now, everyone in the martial artist circle was quite convinced that this mysterious man was actually Ares.

Hence, it was with great anticipation that they all filed to the coronation ceremony.

The coronation ceremony was being held as planned—on the properly scheduled day, and at the Great Hall of the People. It was going to be broadcasted across the entire world.

The night before the Grand Ceremony, hordes of people and reporters had already gathered outside the Great Hall of the People, all eager to catch a glimpse of the proceedings.

In fact, it was so crowded that it resembled the crowds on Independence Day.

Getting a ticket into the hall proved almost impossible for most people. As important as they were, even the Thisleton family had only gotten two tickets to the ceremony.

Connor Black and Clyde Thisleton arrived at the ceremony together.

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On their way there, Clyde kept turning to Connor to ask repeatedly, “Mr. Black, are you very, very sure that the ownership transfer documents for the Third Military Factory have been drawn up perfectly?”

“I’m counting on that factory for my appointment as the new head of the Thisleton family.”

Connor replied smoothly, “Clyde, don’t worry. Everything is going well on the factory’s side.”

“The factory will be yours soon. Now, if only you’ll stay true to your word, and bring me the Spirit Stone you’ve promised me.”

“Of course.” Clyde replied.

“Us Thisletons are known to be very honest people. How could I go back on my words?”

“As for Zeke Williams, woe be upon him! How dare he challenge my birthright to be the next leader of the Thisleton clan?”

“I’ve forbidden him from going to the Grand Ceremony. And if he has any designs on the Third Military Factory, he can dream on! After this, I wonder if he’ll still have anything left to challenge me with. Ha!”

Connor felt a little shocked. “Clyde, this ceremony, including its guest list, was planned by the colonel himself. Are you trying to override his decision to invite Zeke?”

However, Clyde shook his head. “I can’t possibly

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do that. However, there's something I do have control over, and that's the head of the security detail."

"As luck would have it, he happens to be a member of the Thisleton family."

"Connor, go in without me first. I'd like to have a word with our security head here."

With that, Clyde turned and stalked towards the head of the security detail, Henry Thisleton.

As he watched Clyde leave, Connor gave a quiet sigh.

Clyde was being way too reckless. Putting his scheme into action right under the nose of the colonel himself required both bravery and a great deal of foolishness.

Someday soon, Clyde was going to suffer the consequences of his actions.

Connor decided that it would be best to lay low until Clyde brought him the Spirit Stone. After that, however, he would break off all ties with that madman.

Seeing Clyde approach, Henry gave a deep bow in his direction.

"Sir, you're here."

"Let me take you to the hall through the VIP passageway."

NH

Clyde demurred. “Henry, let’s drop by your resting room for a while. I have a few things to speak with you about.”

“Alright.” Henry nodded and brought Clyde up to his personal resting room.

As soon as the door shut after them, Clyde got straight to the point. “Henry, do you happen to know the true identity of the King Class warrior?”

Henry shook his head. “No, I don’t.”

Henry hadn’t been born into the Thisleton clan. In fact, he had been brought in as a disciple of the Thisletons when he was still a child.

The last time the Thisletons had celebrated the happy news, Henry hadn’t been able to join them.

Hence, he had no idea that the mysterious King Class warrior was actually the patriarch of the Thisleton family, Ares.

Clyde finally revealed the truth to him. “Henry, the King Class warrior that is about to be crowned today is my own father, Ares, the God of War.”

What?

Henry was so shocked that he could barely speak. In an agitated voice, he stammered, “Is Ares really the first King Class Warrior the world has ever seen?”

“What a great honor for our family! And what a blessing for the whole of Eurasia!”

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“I offer my sincerest congratulations to Ares, the God of War.”



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Impatiently, Clyde snapped, “For goodness’s sake, if you want to be a sycophant, you have to do better than that. Your flattery skills leave a lot to be desired.”

Henry looked rather awkward.

Clyde continued, “Let me ask you this. Do you want to become an official member of our clan and work for Ares?”

Henry nodded ferociously. “Why, yes, of course.”

Clyde smiled. “Good. But there’s something you should help me with first.”

“After this, I’ll personally make you an official clan member, and arrange for you to be Ares’s assistant.”

“When you become an official member of the Thisleton clan, many more opportunities will be open to you. You won’t be working here as a security guard for much longer.”

Gratefully, Henry said, “Sir, what shall I do?”

Clyde replied, “In a few moments, the Great Marshal, Zeke Williams, will be arriving at the Grand Ceremony.”

“I want you to prevent him from entering.”

Huh?

Henry’s face had gone entirely pale. He seemed as though he was going to start foaming at the

NH

mouth any minute.

“Um...Sir, I’m afraid I can’t do that.”

“The people who have personally been invited to this ceremony by the colonel are very powerful people. I can’t afford to offend them.”

“Besides, Zeke Williams is the Great Marshal for a reason.”

“I’m afraid he might kill me on the spot.”

Clyde sneered in reply. “Zeke Williams is nothing more than a useless cripple! What’s there to be afraid of?”

“Besides, I promise you won’t have to shoulder the blame. I’ll make sure this never gets traced back to you.”

Under the pressure of Clyde’s thinly-veiled threats, Henry reluctantly agreed to the task.

Half an hour before the Grand Ceremony was slated to begin, Zeke Williams finally showed up.

He had come alone.

At first, he had debated whether or not to bring Lacey along. He desperately wanted to let her know that her husband wasn’t a cripple, and was in fact capable of being the world’s greatest warrior.

Unfortunately, Lacey had no interest in this sort of ceremonies.

NH

She announced that she preferred to stay at home and take care of company matters, and had no wish to join the raucous crowds at the ceremony.

It was too bad. Zeke Williams could only hurry to the coronation by himself.

Thankfully, Lacey was watching the live broadcast at home.

She would still be able to watch as her husband took over the world.

When Zeke arrived at the entrance of the Great Hall of the People, the head of the security detail accosted him.

“Good morning, Sir. Please come along with me.”

“We’ve made special arrangements for you.”

With no reason to suspect him, Zeke followed him away from the entrance.

He was the main character today. Since he was the one who was going to be crowned, it was quite reasonable that there would be special arrangements made for him.

For instance, they could be pulling him aside to do his makeup, or run him through a rehearsal.

After a great deal of walking, Henry finally led him into his personal waiting room.

“Sir, please wait here until the ceremony starts.”

NH

Alright.

Zeke sat down on a chair, leaned back and shut his eyes to nap.

Twenty minutes passed. The ceremony was about to begin, but Henry wasn't back yet, and he hadn't told him where to go.

Unable to wait any longer, Zeke stood up to leave.

At that moment, however, Henry sprinted back into the room and stopped him from leaving.

"Sir, please halt."

"You can't leave yet."

By now, Zeke was starting to feel rather frustrated. "What arrangements have been made for me?"

Henry replied, "We just received a tip-off that you're carrying dangerous explosives on you. Please cooperate as we carry out a thorough body search on you."

Huh?

It was then that Zeke finally realized something was amiss.

I'm going to be crowned as the King Class Warrior today. Why would I carry explosives to my own coronation ceremony?

Evidently, Henry is just looking for an excuse to

NH

bully me.

Looking at Henry, Zeke felt a little contemptuous. This man is just the head of the security detail. Where did he find the courage to pick on the Great Marshal himself?

It seemed as though someone more powerful had organized this ambush ahead of time.

Zeke smiled coldly at Henry. “What if I refuse to cooperate?”

He was the Great Marshal and the world’s first King Class warrior! How could he tolerate being searched by a security guard?

Warningly, Henry replied, “If you don’t cooperate, I’m afraid we might have to use force on you.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Zeke Williams sighed silently to himself.

Was this what people meant when they said 'hares could pull dead lions by the beard'?

Henry here must have taken him for a powerless cripple. Otherwise, how would a mere security guard like him summon the guts to bully the Great Marshal himself?

Henry walked slowly towards him. "Sir, please don't make this difficult for me."

With an amused look on his face, Zeke said, "So, tell me. Who ordered you to hold me hostage in this room?"

Henry shook his head, refusing to answer him. "Great Marshal, I have no idea what you're talking about."

He walked next to Zeke and reached for his arm.

At that very moment, a tremor ran through Zeke's body, and a strong gust of wind roared through the room.

In an instant, Henry had been lifted off his feet and whisked out of the room by the astral wind conjured up by Zeke.

He landed on the floor with a loud thud, and started coughing up blood.

Henry turned to look at Zeke with widened eyes, fear written all over his face.

NH

Damn it, Henry thought.

Hadn't the Great Marshal's life force been damaged during his fight with Frank Sullivan? Everyone believes he's just a useless cripple now!

But if that were true, how could he still be so powerful now?

The entire situation felt very suspicious to Henry. The Great Marshal, an apparent cripple, had just demonstrated abilities far more powerful than he possessed during his peak!

However, that wasn't important now. For now, Henry had to make sure Zeke Williams didn't make it to the Grand Ceremony.

Clyde Thisleton had instructed him to buy time for as long as he could, in an attempt to prevent Zeke from attending the coronation ceremony.

With a loud roar from Henry, eight security guards came dashing into the room from outside.

All of them were decked out in full military attire, the barrels of their guns trained on Zeke's head.

Coldly, Henry said, "Sir, by attacking one of the security guards, you have proved yourself to be a terrorist."

"I'm asking you again to cooperate with our search. Otherwise, we won't hesitate to open fire on you."

At that moment, Zeke's phone rang.

NH

The colonel's personal bodyguard, George, was calling him.

Ignoring the guns pointed at him, Zeke picked up the phone, completely non-plussed.

George was in a huge panic. "Sir, where are you?"

"The Grand Ceremony is about to begin. You're the main character today! How are we supposed to start without you?"

Zeke laughed bitterly. "I arrived here ahead of time. Unfortunately, I've been accosted by your men and am now being held hostage in the guards' resting room."

What the hell?

With a yell, George exclaimed, "What a bunch of fools!"

"Please wait a while, Sir. I'll run over right now and skin those idiots alive!"

Zeke hung up and put his phone away.

With some difficulty, Henry scrambled up from the floor. "There's no point in calling anyone, Sir."

"By putting everyone's lives in danger with your attempted terrorism, you've committed a grave crime. Nobody will be able to save you."

"You lot, take him down and lock him away! Anyone who protests will be killed immediately."

NH

Suddenly, an enraged roar sounded from the doorway. “Stop right there, you punks!”

A man of stocky build rushed into the room. It was George, the personal bodyguard of the colonel.

Seeing him, Henry’s heart skipped a beat.

What is this old fogey doing here?

Did Zeke Williams give him a call?

No way, Henry thought.

In his heyday, the Great Marshal could have tried to rub elbows with George.

However, now that the Great Marshal was a cripple, why would the colonel bother to give him the time of day?

Henry hobbled up to him and said courteously, “Sir, what brings you here?”

Gritting his teeth in anger, George said, “What the hell is going on over here?”

“How dare you accost the Great Marshal and stop him from leaving?”

“If you don’t tell me right-away, I’m going to beat you lot to death.”

Quickly, Henry replied, “We’ve received a tip-off that the Great Marshal is carrying some explosives on him.”

NH

“We tried to get him to cooperate with our search, but he refused to do so. In fact, he even struck me.”

“Sir, he poses a great danger to the safety of the people here at the ceremony. It’s my responsibility to arrest him and ensure that he isn’t carrying any explosives!”

George didn’t back down. “A tip-off? Tell me, who exactly tipped you off?”

“They informed you over the phone, no? Hand me the recording of the phone call.”

Due to the nature of his work, Henry’s every move had to be monitored, and every phone call he made was recorded.

Henry felt as though he had dug himself into a hole.

He didn’t have a phone recording to provide.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

He hadn't expected that George would ask him for a phone recording of the tip-off.

Henry stood there, dumb as a doorknob.

Cursing quietly, George snapped, "God damn it, I knew it! Someone has paid off the whole bunch of you!"

Without hesitating, George pulled out his gun and started shooting at the security guards.

Several loud gunshots later, the room was full of screams of pain.

However, insulting a King Class warrior warranted a penalty worse than death!

Henry was about to collapse in agony.

Even if we did wrong, did you really have to open fire on us?

Why is George protecting a cripple like Zeke Williams?

George walked over to Zeke. "Sir, I offer my sincerest apologies for the inconvenience we've caused you. My underlings have made a mistake."

Zeke nodded his head coldly before turning to Henry again. "Whose orders are you acting on? Tell me!"

Henry shook his head frantically. "Nobody's! I'm acting according to the safety procedures."

NH

Zeke reached for the gun in George's hand. The next moment, he had fired a bullet into Henry's thigh.

Henry screamed in pain.

"Maybe that'll loosen your mouth. Tell me whose orders you're acting on now."

This was insanity!

Henry was going crazy.

Zeke Williams had shot him right in front of George. How much bravado did he have?

Henry turned towards George and looked at him with pleading eyes. "Sir, please save me!"

However, George only shook his head. "I'm sorry, I don't have any say in this."

"Even if the Great Marshal here wanted to kill all of you, I won't be able to stop him."

Henry felt completely blindsided. "But you're the colonel's personal bodyguard! Surely you'll be able to take down a cripple like him?"

Huh?

Immediately, George's faces clouded over with rage.

Without hesitating, he slapped Henry across the face.

NH

“Shut up! His Majesty here is the pride of Eurasia!”

“How dare you insult the king like this? Do you know the severity of the consequences you’re going to face?”

What does he mean?

Looking up at George bewilderedly, Henry and the other security guards asked, “King?”

“When did we ever insult the king?”

“Unless...”

A horrible realization dawned on all of them.

Henry looked questioningly at George, who returned his gaze with an almost imperceptible nod.

Henry and the security guards look as though they had been struck by lightning. All thoughts had vanished from their mind, except for one glaring one.

The Great Marshal was the King Class Warrior!

He wasn’t crippled at all! In fact, he had gone on to become the first King Class warrior the world had ever seen.

We’ve accidentally insulted the king!

Damn it. Clyde Thisleton, you’ve ruined me!

Ignoring their excruciating pain, a few security

NH

guards crawled up from the floor and started begging for Zeke's forgiveness.

Icily, Zeke said, "Now, can you lot finally tell me who's the real mastermind behind this?"

"We'll say it, we'll say it!" The security guard had no choice but to confess.

They would much rather offend the entire Thisleton family than anger the King Class warrior himself!

"We're acting on Clyde Thisleton's orders! He doesn't want you to attend the Grand Ceremony."

"Oh, right! He also lied to us that the King Class warrior is his father, Ares!"

"Clyde Thisleton is tired of living!" George said, his eyes flashing with rage. "He nearly disrupted the coronation ceremony!"

"Great Marshal, should I lock him up for you now?"

Zeke shook his head. "Actually, I've already had a hunch that it was him."

"However, don't do anything to him. He still hasn't served his purpose yet."

Clyde was bosom friends with Connor Black. Zeke highly suspected that Connor Black had something to do with the Devonville army assassination.

NH

Through Clyde, Zeke realized that he could find out a lot more about the incident from Connor.

“Let’s go to the ceremony.” Zeke said.

George escorted him backstage, where a private waiting room had been arranged for him.

“Sir, the colonel wishes for you to wear a mask during the ceremony later. He doesn’t want you to expose your identity.”

Why not? Zeke felt a little confused.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

George replied, “The colonel has his suspicions that America has been training a team of assassins.”

“This team of assassins poses a great deal of danger to the heads of all the countries in Eurasia.”

“If they continue to think of you as the crippled Great Marshal, the assassins will view you as an easy game and come for you. When that happens, you can ambush them instead and kill them.”

“On the other hand, if you expose your identity as the King Class warrior, they will be too afraid of you to kill you. That means they’ll turn their attention to weaker and more vulnerable targets.”

Zeke nodded. “The colonel has thought this through very well. I will follow his advice.”

The Grand Ceremony began.

Seated in the hall, Clyde turned to look at Zeke’s empty seat and laughed quietly to himself.

Haha, some Great Marshal you are!

Look how you’re dancing in the palm of my hand now. Since I don’t want you to be here, nobody is going to let you in.

The first person who came onstage was George.

After a short preamble, he launched into the main topic.

NH

“In honor of this joyous occasion, the colonel himself has recorded a congratulatory video for His Majesty.”

“Let’s all watch it together.”

The projector screen lit up with the colonel’s video.

Everyone looked at the screen, respect, and awe written all over their faces.

By recording a congratulatory video for the King Class warrior, the colonel was announcing to the world that he had much faith in him.

After the video, the real highlight of the ceremony came.

The King Class warrior was going to appear before everyone for the first time!

Everyone looked at the stage without blinking, as though they were afraid they might miss his entrance if they did.

Just then, George announced loudly, “Everyone, please rise for the King!”

“A round of applause, please, to welcome the King Class warrior onstage!”

The hall filled with the melodious strains of the national anthem as everyone clapped loudly.

Their eyes were fixed on the stage as they waited with bated breaths for the entrance of the King

NH

Class warrior.

Just about everyone in Eurasia had their eyes glued to their television screens as they awaited the magical moment.

Of course, Lacey, Dawn and Nancy were watching at home, too.

As the world looked on, the curtains at the entrance were pulled back slowly to reveal a tall, enigmatic figure of a man.

The man strode purposefully towards the stage. He was attired in his military uniform, which rustled about as he walked and gave him a distinct air of importance.

The mask on his face kept his identity a secret, but even it couldn't hide the charisma that seemed to radiate from him.

As soon as he appeared, a murmur ran through the crowd.

Evidently, they were all stunned by his powerful aura.

However, Connor was frowning.

"Clyde, that's doesn't look like Archduke Ares to me."

"If I remember correctly, your father isn't that skinny."

Clyde was panicking silently too. He felt so

NH

disappointed he could barely speak.

Deep inside, he knew that his worst fear had come true: his father, Archduke Ares, was not the King Class warrior.

However, there was no way he could admit this to Connor now.

If he did, he could kiss his ownership of the Third Military Factory goodbye.

Trying to stay calm, Clyde said, “Connor, how long has it been since you last saw my father?”

Connor replied, “It’s been about two or three years, I believe.”

“Then,” Clyde said slowly, “I believe you don’t know that my father has been living in seclusion these past few years, refining his abilities. That’s how he managed to become a King Class warrior, you know.”

“That’s why he’s so much skinnier now. I believe that’s a very reasonable explanation.”

Comprehension dawned on Connor’s face. “Ah, yes, that’s quite reasonable.”

With a wave of George’s hand, the masters of the ceremony came marching onto the stage, carrying a fairly large box.

George opened the box. Inside it was a pair of epaulets that had the words ‘Crowned King’ engraved on them.

NH

Holding the pair of epaulets in his hands, George walked up to Zeke and said, “By the authority the colonel has vested in me, I hereby crown you a King Class warrior.”

“May you bring everlasting peace upon Eurasia.”

Zeke saluted him in response.

Carefully, George helped to attach the epaulets to his shoulders.

In an instant, Zeke felt that his shoulders had gotten much heavier.

These pair of epaulets represented the hope of everlasting peace in Eurasia, as well as the faith of the people in him.

George turned to him and handed him a scroll of calligraphy. “The colonel has gifted you a scroll of his own calligraphy. Please accept this humble gift from him.”

Zeke nodded and accepted it with both hands.

Taking their cue from George, the attendees of the ceremony filed into a line and started presenting their gifts to him too.

“From the Northwest Region— twin stalks of Middlemist camellias!”

“From the Southeast Region— ten bags of frankincense!”

“ ... ”

NH

However, Zeke had no interest in gifts.

To everyone's immense disappointment, George rose to usher him off the stage.

At that moment, Connor called out, "Connor Black from the Prince's Residence! I present my gift—a military factory belonging to my own family!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

To everyone's surprise, Connor's words immediately made Zeke stop in his tracks.

He glanced at Connor before turning to whisper something into George's ear.

Smiling, George turned to Connor and said, "The King Class warrior is extremely delighted with your gift, Mr. Black. He accepts it with thanks!"

"As for the other gifts, please take them back."

Overjoyed, Connor rushed forward and handed George the ownership transfer documents.

Connor had already finished signing everything he had to. Once the King Class warrior signed his name on the document, the ownership of the Third Military Factory would immediately be transferred over to him.

Actually, Connor had hoped for the King Class warrior to sign the documents on the spot. He would then be able to tell from his handwriting if the King Class warrior was truly his father, Archduke Ares.

However, George had stepped forward to accept the documents on behalf of the King Class warrior instead. Before Connor could get any closer to the King Class warrior, George led him out of the hall.

Connor felt a little disappointed.

However, it was no big deal.

NH

Whatever it was, the King Class warrior had accepted his gift.

That meant he had accepted Connor's offer of acquaintanceship.

The King Class warrior had better be Archduke Ares, as Clyde had promised.

But even if it wasn't Archduke Ares, Connor felt rather self-assured now that the King Class warrior had accepted his gift. It wouldn't be so difficult now to ask him for a few Spirit Stones.

Everyone around him turned to look at him with awe and respect.

A few even ventured to ask Connor if he knew the King Class warrior personally. Why else would the man accept his gift when he had rejected everyone else's?

Connor maintained a mysterious smile. "I happened to be lucky, that's all."

"Since the King Class warrior was probably born into a military family, I guessed that he might be interested in military weapons and the like. That's why I decided to gift him one of my family's military factories."

Everyone looked at him, utterly convinced.

Connor Black had made a very good deduction!

After the banquet, Clyde snuck off in search of Henry to reward him for his hard work.

NH

It must have taken him a great deal of effort to accost Zeke Williams. Clyde felt compelled to make good on his word to accept Henry as a family member of the Thisleton clan.

However, despite searching for him everywhere, Clyde couldn't find Henry.

Feeling rather sorry for him, Clyde mumbled to himself, "That boy has missed a great opportunity to make something of himself!"

Little did Clyde know that Henry had taken off after his confrontation with the King Class warrior, still bleeding from his injuries?

Henry knew that the Thisletons had greatly offended the King Class warrior due to Clyde's recklessness today. The penalty for that was execution for the entire clan.

Henry had promptly decided to make a run for it. Even if he had to roam the streets as a vagabond, there was no way he was going back to the Thisleton family.

At Lacey Hinton's home, Lacey, Dawn, and Nancy were trying to soothe the crying Missy.

Sobbing loudly, Missy cried, "Daddy's in the TV! I want to go find him!"

She was referring to Zeke, who had just been crowned as the King Class warrior. Children had better recognition ability than adults, and Missy had been able to tell at a glance that the King Class warrior in the mask was her father.

NH

Sighing, Dawn said, “If Zeke’s life force hadn’t been damaged back then, he could have been crowned as a King Class warrior a long time ago.”

Nancy nodded. “Now that you mention it...don’t you think the King Class Warrior bears a slight resemblance to Zeke?”

However, Lacey shook her head. “You’re letting your imagination run wild again.”

“Actually, I’d much rather Zeke be a normal person.”

“Now that we have the King Class warrior to protect Eurasia, it’s time that Zeke retires from his position as the Great Marshal.”

“As long as he’s happy and safe, I’ll be satisfied.”

...

The first thing Clyde did when he got home was to gather everyone in the Thisleton family around him. He even invited Zeke and Lacey’s parents to the melee.

Today, he was going to make everyone watch as Zeke returned to make good on their bet.

He was going to make them watch as Zeke knelt down to him in apology and cut off both his arms as promised.

Although he wasn’t completely sure that the King Class warrior was his own father, Archduke Ares, or that the King Class warrior had truly accepted

NH

his gift of the Third Military Factory, Clyde didn't care.

It did not matter.

He only had to make everyone else believe that the King Class warrior was his father.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

If Zeke voiced his doubts, Clyde would just redirect him to ask the King Class Warrior himself.

The Hintons and Williamses were driven over to the Thisleton manor by the Thisleton family's private car.

They all felt a little confused. Why had they been summoned by the Thisleton family?

When they tried to ask the other Thisletons about this, they only received determined silence in response.

A short while later, Lacey arrived at the Thisleton manor too.

Upon seeing her daughter, Hannah dashed forward to greet her. "Lacey, do you have any idea why they brought us all here?"

Lacey's face was white with anger.

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, she said, "Clyde wants to break Zeke's arms."

What?

The Williamses and the Hintons became enraged.

Faith protested, "What right do they have to lynch Zeke like this? I absolutely won't allow it!"

"If they dare to use force on him, I'll expose the Thisleton family on social media!"

NH

The Thisleton family was a very powerful one. There was no way the Hintons and Williamsses could go up against them without fear of retaliation.

The only method to stop them would be to galvanize the public and turn them against the Thisleton family.

However, Diego tried to keep a cool head.

“Let’s not panic yet.”

“Lacey, tell us why Clyde Thisleton wants to break Zeke’s arms.”

Lacey replied, “In the past, Zeke and Clyde made a bet with each other.”

“If Zeke takes ownership of the Third Military Factory, Clyde will have to kneel in apology to him, and stay out of Zeke’s sight for the rest of his life.”

“However, if Clyde gets ahold of the Third Military Factory, Zeke promised to kneel in apology and break both of his arms to boot.”

This new piece of information made everyone suck in a deep breath.

They had watched the live broadcast of the Grand Ceremony.

The ownership of the Third Military Factory had been handed over to the King Class warrior.

Had Clyde somehow managed to take it back

NH

from him?

Faith took a deep breath. “Okay, we mustn’t panic.”

“Zeke was way too reckless this time.”

“Lacey, give Zeke a call and warn him not to come. Tell him to find a place to hide for a time being.”

“With me around, they won’t dare to do anything to us.”

Nodding, Lacey snuck off to a quiet corner to call Zeke.

However, Clyde had seen everything.

Coldly, he snapped suspiciously, “Why are the whole lot of you behaving so sneakily?”

Oh dear, the Williamses and Hintons thought in despair, our plan has been foiled by Clyde.

A terrified hush fell over the entire room.

Stalking up to Lacey, Clyde snatched the phone away from her. “Are you trying to warn Zeke?”

“Isn’t he the Great Marshal? Don’t tell me he doesn’t even have the guts to show up in front of me today.”

“If he doesn’t show up to make good on our bet today, I’ll expose him to the entire world.”

NH

“I’ll make sure to tear his reputation to shreds.”

Everyone’s hearts sank.

Just as they were all panicking, an icy voice sounded at the door. “Did I hear wrongly? Who wants to tear my reputation to shreds?”

Everyone turned to look at the latest arrival.

It was Zeke.

Lacey’s face turned ashen. Zeke right now was like a helpless lamb walking straight into the lion’s den.

Things were not looking good.

Walking towards Zeke, Lacey stammered, “Zeke, you...”

Zeke caressed her hair softly. “Lacey, don’t worry. Everything’s alright.”

Clyde laughed coldly. “Why, Zeke, I do admire you for being so brave.”

“Let’s skip the pleasantries, shall we? I see you’ve come to make good on our bet.”

Zeke nodded. “Yes, it’s time for you to keep your promise.”

Enraged, Clyde spat, “You’re the one who should be keeping your promise!”

“As far as I know, you didn’t even manage to

NH

attend the Grand Ceremony. Am I supposed to believe that you managed to get your hands on the Third Military Factory?”

The tension was palpable. It was true—no one had seen Zeke on television during the coronation ceremony.

To fall from grace was such an awful thing.

Even the once-revered Great Marshal had been stripped of his right to attend the coronation ceremony after losing his powers.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Zeke looked amused. With a twinkle in his eye, he asked, “How sure are you that I wasn’t at the ceremony?”

“Stop spouting rubbish,” Clyde chortled. “I was there at the ceremony. If you were there, as you claim to be, wouldn’t I have spotted you?”

“Men, break his arms!”

Immediately, five stocky men lumbered up to Zeke. Each of them had an ax in their hands.

Clyde had borrowed these men from Connor. They were ruthless and cold-blooded and had been specifically trained for killing.

Connor’s Firewall Unit was one of the best in Eurasia. These killers were experts.

Smiling wickedly, Clyde said, “Zeke, I’ll give you a choice. You can break your arms by yourself, or I’ll have my men here do it for you.”

Everyone was silent, waiting for an intervention.

Suddenly, Diego jumped forward and shouted, “Stop right there!”

Turning to look at him with a rather displeased expression, Clyde said, “What’s that I’m hearing? Are you refusing to uphold your son’s end of the bet?”

Diego took a deep breath. “Of course not.”

“However, I’m Zeke’s father. I wish to suffer the

NH

punishment in his place.”

“I’ll break both my arms and make good on my son’s promise to you.”

Immediately, Daniel interrupted him. “Diego, don’t be reckless.”

Turning to Clyde, he continued, “I know that your family has always been interested in taking over Linton Group.”

“We’re willing to hand over the ownership of Linton Group to you if you promise to spare Zeke’s arms.”

“Zeke’s life force has already been damaged beyond repair. He no longer poses any threat to you. Please let him go.”

Zeke felt a rush of warmth in his heart.

No matter what, blood would always be thicker than water.

However, Clyde turned down their offers coldly. “My apologies. This opportunity for me to break Clyde’s arms is a priceless one, and I’m not going to pass it up.”

“Don’t bother trying to compromise.”

“Still aren’t going to do it yourself, Zeke? Maybe you’d like the help of my men.”

Clyde shot a look at the five stocky men, and they started lumbering towards Zeke, axes in hand.

NH

Their steely gazes were fixed on his arms.

Watching this, the Hintons and Williamses trembled with terror.

However, Zeke remained perfectly calm. “Clyde, you say you’ve won the bet. Tell me, then, to whom did you transfer the Third Military Factory?”

Clyde replied instantly, “The Third Military Factory is now under the ownership of my father, of course.”

“Oh, really?” Zeke felt very amused.

“Stop it with this nonsense!” Clyde thundered.

“Although you weren’t present at the scene, you must have watched the Grand Ceremony on TV! Connor handed over the ownership transfer documents to the King Class warrior.”

“And the King Class Warrior happens to be my father, Archduke Ares!”

“I gave a call to my father just now, and he promised to hand over the management of the factory to me.”

Zeke was non-plussed. “Let me confirm what you just said.”

“You said you transferred the ownership of the Third Military Factory to your father, right?”

Arrogantly, Clyde replied, “Of course.”

NH

However, Zeke shook his head. “My apologies. I don’t have a loser son like you.”

Hearing this rather ridiculous declaration, everyone fell silent with shock.

Was the revered Great Marshal deliberately making a fool of Clyde Thisleton?

That couldn’t be it.

In an instant, Clyde’s face had clouded over with embarrassment and rage. Shaking with anger, he roared, “Zeke Williams, what do you mean by that?”

Zeke Williams reached into his coat pocket and took out a stack of documents. Flinging it carelessly onto the table, he said, “I’m sorry to break it to you, but the ownership transfer documents are with me.”

“Since you said you handed them over to your father, I suppose I’m your father now.”

What?

Thunderstruck, everyone stared at the documents on the table in awe.

Was this really the ownership transfer documents of the Third Military Factory?

How did Zeke manage to get his hands on them?

Everyone had seen it for themselves when the King Class warrior accepted them from Connor

NH


Black.


A damning realization suddenly dawned on them.


“That’s impossible!” Clyde snatched up the documents and started scanning through them frantically.

A moment later, a cruel smile spread across his face. “These ownership transfer documents are fake.”

“How dare you make a counterfeit copy of them! Do you know how severe of a crime that is?”

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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NH

Zeke remained unbothered. “Are you accusing me of forgery now? I could sue you for libel.”

At that moment, someone else timidly sounded out an idea. “Well, there’s one way to sort this out. Why don’t we just call the legal department of the Third Military Factory, and have them verify if these documents are real?”

Everyone expressed agreement to this idea.

Clyde quickly took out his phone and called the legal department of the Third Military Factory.

The person at the other end picked up almost immediately. Clyde turned on the speaker so everyone could listen to their conversation.

Clyde’s voice rang across the silent room. “May I know if Zeke Williams is the legal representation of your company?”

The office worker replied, “Zeke Williams? I’m afraid not.”

Everyone burst into laughter.

Those documents were fake, after all.

Zeke Williams was quite brave to have pulled a stunt like this.

The Hintons and the Williamses were red with embarrassment.

What was Zeke thinking? He had underestimated Clyde’s intelligence by stooping to such a childish

NH

trick.

However, Zeke was undeterred. Raising his voice so the person on the other end of the line could hear him, he said, "Then, may I know who the legal representative is?"

The person replied, "It's Ms. Lacey Hinton, Sir."

A murmur ran through the people gathered in the room.

The Third Military Factory was under the ownership of Lacey Hinton!

Without a doubt, it was Zeke who had transferred the ownership over to her.

Thus, he had indeed gotten his hands on the Third Military Factory!

How had he managed to cop the ownership documents from the King Class warrior?

Was he perhaps the King Class Warrior himself?

Realizing this, everyone felt petrified.

The Williamses and the Hintons let out a sigh of relief and collapsed into their chairs, wiping away the sweat on their brows.

They didn't care if Zeke was the King Class warrior or not. At least his hands had been saved.

Zeke turned to look tauntingly at Clyde. "Clyde, it's time for you to uphold your end of the bet."

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Clyde finally snapped out of his terrified daze. Looking at Zeke in disbelief, he blubbered, “How—how’s that possible?”

“Connor handed over the ownership documents to the King Class warrior in front of everyone. How did you get your hands on it?”

Zeke laughed. “That’s none of your business. Right now, it’s time for you to make good on your promise.”

“Kneel down now and apologize to me. After today, I hope to never see you in Atheville again.”

His face red with humiliation, Clyde tried to argue. “What right do you have to throw me out of Atheville?”

“Our agreement was that I would keep my distance from you for the rest of my life!”

Getting thrown out of Atheville was synonymous with him getting thrown out of the Thisleton family.

That meant he was going to be homeless, and possibly die of exposure and starvation on the streets.

Zeke replied, “I live in Atheville. If you really want to keep your distance from me, you’ll have to leave Atheville forever.”

Zeke gritted his teeth. “Damn it!”

“This is nothing but a clever play on words. You’ve

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tricked me!”

Zeke replied coldly, “Be quiet. Either you make good on your promise to me today, or I’ll kill you!”

Clyde Thisleton refused to leave. He had no skills to speak of. Without the backing of his powerful family and Atheville, he would die of starvation on the streets.

The matter reached a stalemate, with neither side willing to give way.

At that moment, the housekeeper received a phone call.

After listening intently for a while, he hung up and turned to the others.

Sighing deeply, he revealed the contents of the conversation to everyone. “That phone call,” he said, “was from Archduke Ares.”

“He asked if the new head of the Thisleton clan has been elected during the recent family celebrations.”

“If a decision hasn’t been made, he wants Lacey Hinton to head the Thisleton clan.”

“He believes that under her leadership, the clan will soar to greater heights.”

In agony, Clyde cried, “I get it now!”

“My father has favored Lacey Hinton as the new head of the clan since the beginning. That’s why

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he transferred the ownership of the Third Military Factory over to her!”

Comprehension dawned on everyone. Clyde’s logic was unassailable.

They had nearly mistaken Zeke for the King Class warrior.

How preposterous! How could a cripple like him be the King Class warrior?



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Clyde let out a long sigh. Struggling to keep calm, he said, “Alright, Lacey, I’ll admit that you’ve been very clever indeed to win over my father.”

“I’ll hand over the position as head of the clan to you, as long as you get your husband to call off this bet.”

Zeke immediately interrupted, “It’s only fair that Lacey becomes the new head of the Thisleton clan. It has nothing to do with our bet.”

“Today, I’ll make sure you make good on your promise.”

As he spoke, he started walking slowly towards Clyde.

With his bloodshot eyes, Clyde looked like an animal gone mad. “You bastard! You’re nothing but a bully!”

“Williams, I’m warning you now—don’t force my hand.”

“Otherwise, I might do something both of us might regret later.”

Zeke laughed. “I’d like to see what you’ll do to me when I break both of your arms.”

Clyde turned to the five stocky men and hollered, “Listen up, all of you!”

“If he dares to harm me, kill him instantly!”

Immediately, the five of them shot forward and

NH

built a human chain around Clyde.

Zeke's life force had been damaged, and he was now a cripple. Everyone knew that he was no match for the five men.

Zeke felt a little sorry.

It would be the easiest thing in the world for him to kill these men on the spot.

However, he had promised the colonel to keep his identity a secret. For now, he couldn't kill them by himself.

Stopping in his tracks, Zeke called, "What are you waiting for? It's time to act."

As soon as he spoke, there was a loud crash as one of the windows shattered into pieces.

A black shadow swooped in through the broken window and hurtled towards the five men.

Alarmed, the five men immediately raised their axes to protect themselves.

A series of loud clangs followed as knife met axe. Following that, all five men froze in their spots, standing perfectly still.

However, the axes in their hands fell to the floor with a series of dull thuds.

They were bleeding profusely from a neat cut that had been made in their necks.

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Half a minute later, the five men collapse onto the floor, where they lay completely still.

The black shadow swooped over to Clyde. Grabbing hold of him, it used its sword to pierce a shallow cut on his neck.

The black shadow, as it turned out, was Mr. Collins.

Everyone was shocked.

Advanced as his age was, this man was quite a fighter! He had been able to take down five bulky men at one go, and had even killed all of them without a single injury to himself.

Where did Zeke find a warrior like this?

Clyde was so terrified that his face had gone white.

This old man had murdered five men at one go. If he wanted to, he could kill Clyde too.

Under the threat of death, Clyde finally relented.

His voice shaking, he stuttered, "I'll leave Atheville...I'll leave!"

"Don't kill me, I'll go right now!"

Mr. Collins laughed coldly. "Let's go, then. I'll send you off."

With his sword still pressed to Clyde's neck, Mr. Collins escorted Clyde out of the Thisleton manor

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and out of Atheville.

A dead silence had fallen over the entire room.

The distinct smell of blood filled the room, making everyone feel rather sick with terror.

Zeke walked over to Lacey and took her hand. “Lacey, come with me.”

He brought her over to the seat of the Thisleton clan head, and made her sit down in it.

“From now on, Lacey is the new head of the Thisleton clan.”

“Whoever dares to go against her will meet their untimely death!”

“And mark my words—I’ll be able to kill you. These five bodies here are testament to that!”

Nobody dared to protest. Bowing their heads, they murmured, “We pledge allegiance to our new family head, and will be her loyal servants for as long as we live.”

Lacey felt pleasantly surprised.

Just now, she had been attacked on all sides by everyone, most of all by the Thisleton family.

Now, she had suddenly become the head of the Thisleton family, and could make anyone do her bidding.

Oh, how the tables had turned!

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“Lacey, clean this mess up,” Zeke patted Lacey’s shoulders.

“I have something else to attend to.”

Alright.

Lacey nodded, “Take care.”

As Zeke walked past Diego, he momentarily stopped and took away the cigarette Diego was smoking,

“You should smoke less. It’s bad for your body.”

Saying so, he coolly walked away; cigarette still in hand.

“That cheeky bastard.” Diego smiled knowingly.

After this incident, the gap between them was no more.

This time, Zeke sincerely cared for him.

He hadn’t recovered ever since that year when he was imprisoned underground and poisoned by the Sullivan family.

Smoking would have worsened his health greatly.

...

Collins was driving Clyde and came to a stop in the middle of the wilderness.

Clyde was so terrified he nearly peed his pants.

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This was in the middle of nowhere.

If Collins were to kill him and bury him here, nobody would find him for at least a decade.

He had to pull some strings for himself.

Clyde pleaded, "Sir, please spare my life. I beg you."

"I have money; I'll give you all the money that I have."

At that moment, Clyde no longer had any remaining pride as the young master of the Thisleton family.

He had absolutely nothing left.

Collins questioned skeptically, "You have already been expelled from Thisleton Manor. How would you still have any money?"

"I had money stored in many major banks overseas; all of it has nothing to do with my family," Clyde said.

As he said so, Clyde whipped out a bunch of bank cards.

At a glance, it seemed there were millions or, at most billions there.

When the elderly man finished counting all of it, it was a whopping twenty billion in total.

"Even a fallen aristocrat such as yourself would

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still be richer than any average man.” Collins sighed deeply. “Even when the Seal Mercenary was at its peak, we never had that many funds.”

Clyde cautiously asked, “Now you can spare my life, right?”

“I never did want to take your life in the first place, you know,” Collins said.

Ah!

Clyde was dumbfounded.

Did I just gave away twenty billion for nothing?

That was money to save my own life!

That very moment, another car stopped beside their own.

The door swung open, and someone came down from the car.

It was Zeke.

Clyde once again tensed in fear.

“Zeke... you... what do you want.”

“I can honor my end of the bet and leave Atheville.”

Zeke lit his cigarette, “Oh Clyde, are you curious? About how I managed to get a hold of the third military factory.”

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“Let me tell you now.”

Clyde looked confused, “What? Didn’t my father Ares gave it to Lacey to support her as the new head of the family?”

Zeke smirked, “Of course not.”

“Then, how did you get it?” Clyde asked.

Zeke sent him a cold laugh, and took off his coat.

The sight of the badges on his shoulders caught Clyde’s attention.

The King’s badge!

That’s the King’s badge!

Zeke was a King Class Expert!

Crap!

My opponent never lost his powers!

Instead, he had become a King Class Expert!

No wonder I never saw him at the Coronation!

He was on the podium, coronated as King!

At that moment, Clyde wanted nothing more than to die.

A chill ran down his spine and he descended into despair.

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He couldn't be bothered to beg for mercy anymore.


That is, if begging for mercy was of any use.


So many experts from foreign lands had already died at the hands of the King Class Experts.


Zeke spoke up, "Clyde, let me ask you. Do you want to live or die?"

What?

"Do I still have a chance to live?"

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NH

Clyde felt a sense of hope sparked inside him, “I wish to live. Please, I beg you, spare my life.

“Sure, only if you help me with something.” Zeke replied.

“Alright, what do you wish for me to help you with?” Clyde nodded hurriedly.

“Let me ask you this. You and Connor made a deal, right?” Zeke questioned.

“Yes, that’s correct.” Clyde nodded.

“Connor had misunderstood that the Spirit Stone mine was guarded by Ares, my father.”

“He had intended to give the third military factory to me in exchange for some Spirit Stones from my father.”

Zeke suddenly seemed to remember something. He coldly laughed, “Was that all?”

“Using Benjamin as bait that time to lure me out to the crossroads to be assassinated by a sniper? Were you behind it?”

Clyde’s face had turned white in an instant hearing that.

“I will be frank. I know I may have said this before—that if Connor managed to kill you, I would give him the Spirit Stone.”

“But that attack was solely Connor’s idea. I had no part in it.”

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No wonder Connor failed.

His opponent was a King Class Expert. Not even ten Connors would be able to match him.

“For that incident, I’ll make you pay another time.”

“Now, you will help me with something. Once you’re done, I will spare your life.”

“I promise. I’ll do anything.” Clyde pleaded.

“I heard that Connor’s henchmen have acquired a group of weapon experts who can produce all kinds of automatic weapons,” Zeke stated.

“You will have him produce a batch of titanium bullets for me, and they’d best be of the millimeter grade.”

Clyde shot an uneasy look at him, “This... I can only try my best.”

“The truth is, Connor had been coaxing me to give him the Spirit Stones.”

“If I don’t give him the Spirit Stones, Connor will surely get suspicious and doubt that my father is really a King Class Expert.”

“It’d be unlikely that he would help me to produce weapons.”

Zeke mused, “Here, I’ll give you a few Spirit Stones. Tell him your father Ares gave them to him.”

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“Once he produces those millimeter grade Titanium bullets, Ares will add more Spirit Stones.”

“Alright.” Clyde replied and took his leave.

Collins looked at Zeke curiously, “What are you trying to do by asking Connor to produce titanium bullets?”

“Haven’t you guessed it?” Zeke returned the question.

Collins pressed on, “Did you think it through? Whether the titanium bullets have anything to do with Connor, or if Connor is really the culprit?”

“The bullets that killed the Seal Mercenary, they were millimeter grade bullets that are untraceable.”

“And only a sparse number of black-market arms dealers were able to produce these types of titanium bullets.”

“Even so, the bullets they produced had different details.”

“In the case that Connor actually produces titanium bullets that are exactly the same as the ones that killed the Seal Mercenary, that is enough to convict him.”

“Smart of you to have it figured out just like that.” Zeke nodded.

Collins clenched both his fists and said, “If I can

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avenge my fallen boys, I no longer have any regrets in this life.”

Zeke glanced at the bank cards that scattered inside Collins’ car, “Why not just donate all this money?”

“It’s too dirty. Best you don’t touch it.”

Unexpectedly Collins hurriedly picked up the bank cards, “Don’t worry, I will donate them.”

“To the families of the Seal Mercenary?” Zeke presumed.

Collins grinned in response.

...

Clyde had arrived at the Green Channel Bar.

Some time ago, Clyde and his girlfriend were harassed by a few hooligans while they were drinking here.

It was at a key moment that Connor came to the rescue.

This moment held a special meaning for Clyde.



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So he had called for Connor to come here.

If Connor hadn't helped him here, then he would have remained the prim young master of the Thisleton Manor, and not exiled from Atheville!

Half an hour later, Connor arrived.

He seemed displeased.

He already gave the third military factory away, but Clyde did not keep his promise to buck up the Spirit Stones.

Now he seriously doubted if that King Class Expert was really Ares after all.

"Clyde, what do you need me for?" Connor asked impatiently as he sat down and poured himself a glass of cocktail.

Clyde frowned, "What's the matter, Connor? Bad day?"

Connor gave him a sharp glare, "I think you of all people should know better why I'm in a bad mood."

"Oh, if that's the case, then just forget about it." Connor sighed.

"I came here thinking I would follow up on my promise to you and give you the Spirit Stones."

"But since you aren't interested, let's do this another day then."

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What?

Spirit Stones!

Connor instantly beamed, “Oh Clyde, please stay.”

“Sit down, sit down. Do pardon me, I lost control of my emotions just now.”

With that, Clyde’s face then softened. He took out the Spirit Stones and handed them over to Connor, who examined the stones closely.

Connor felt more at ease to find that they were confirmed to be real Spirit Stones after all.

So, it was just his own misjudgment.

His father Ares, was indeed a true King Class expert.

Clyde spoke, “But in exchange for taking these Spirit Stones, my father has a small favor he wishes to ask of you.”

“If you can accomplish it, my father will give you more Spirit Stones.”

“Go ahead and ask me for anything. It is a great honor for me to do something for Ares,” Connor replied gladly.

“I heard that you recently acquired a group of weapon experts, no?” Clyde continued.

“My father wants you to help to produce a batch of millimeter grade bullets for him. He has a great

NH

purpose for them.”

“Not a problem.” Connor readily agreed.

Every year, countless clients came to him asking him to produce custom weapons; it was nothing out of the ordinary for him, so he did not put too much thought into it.

Once the deal was done, Connor drove off in his car.

Outside the bar, an ordinary small looking car followed behind Connor’s.

Inside the car was Zeke and Collins.

Collins stared as Clyde walked out from the bar and said, “Great Marshal, what do with do with Clyde then?”

“Now it looks like Clyde really had nothing to do with the killing of the Seal Mercenary.” Zeke pondered.

“We will leave him alone for a while. We don’t want to alert Connor or cause a stir.”

Understood!

At last, Connor arrived at the backdoor of the third military factory.

A moment later, a person walked out of the backdoor.

Zeke recognized who it was in an instant.

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It was the third military factory's Chief weapon expert, Winston.

Winston was also from the Prince's Residence.

However, he was an outsider, and his social standing was much lower than Connor's.

Winston snuck onto Connor's car.

Five minutes later, Winston exited the car and returned to the factory.

Without a doubt, Connor had commissioned Winston to produce that batch of titanium bullets.

"Wait here," Zeke said. "I will go inside and investigate."

Understood!

Zeke followed along the courtyard walls and infiltrated the factory, keeping his eyes on Winston.

Winston finally retreated into his office, and there was no other movement out of the ordinary after that.

Zeke couldn't possibly stay to keep watching him. So, he asked Collins to take his place and keep an eye on Winston.

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Collins was naturally concerned over this matter, as he needed to avenge his fallen Seal Mercenary members.

He hid in the dark corners, without eating or drinking for one day and one night.

Until the next evening, Winston started to show signs of suspicious activity.

Collins immediately reported this to Zeke.

“Great Marshal, Winston has a secret compartment in his office. He just squeezed himself into it a while ago.”

“If I’m not mistaken, that secret compartment leads to his private weapons workshop.”

“Good, keep watching him.” Zeke said.

“We can’t make any rash decisions now. We will wait until he had finished the first batch of titanium bullets, then we will make our move.”

“That way, he’d be caught red-handed.”

Understood!

Collins continued to spy on Winston over the next three days and three nights.

Every night, Winston always went inside his secret compartment and stayed inside it for the entire night.

Zeke estimated that once the first batch of the

NH

titanium bullets was completed, it was probably time to strike.

The night was silent.

Zeke and Collins both snuck into Winston's office.

The office was empty, and not a soul was seen inside.

Winston must have long gone into his secret compartment.

Zeke shot a look at Collins.

Collins understood the signal immediately.

He walked over to the bookshelf, and began to take out a few books in order.

Whoosh!

The bookshelf and the wall behind started to shift apart slowly, revealing a secret passageway.

When Collins was in hiding, he had long memorized the order of books required to be taken out of the shelf.

The passageway seemed to only lead downwards endlessly.

Zeke and Collins squeezed themselves into the passageway and managed to reach the bottom just after walking for about 10 meters.

At the bottom, there was a large iron door.

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The weapons workshop was surely behind this door.

Zeke signaled Collins.

Collins immediately understood and backed away from the door.

There were surely plenty of automatic weapons just behind that iron door.

If the opponent were to start using the weapons in an assault, Collins definitely stood no chance in avoiding any attacks.

Zeke kicked the large iron door with a loud bang.

The sound of the door being kicked open shook the room.

Zeke had kicked open the large iron door almost effortlessly.

Collins gasped.

Just how strong were King Class Experts?

Only machinery was able to open this large iron door.

Yet, it took the Great Marshal only one kick to open it.

Unexpectedly, there was only silence behind the large iron doors.

No weapons were fired.

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In the space behind the large iron door, there were large piles of various automatic weapons and materials needed for their production.

There was even a test bench for the research of chemical explosives.

The weapons here had Eurasia's latest technologies and were enough to equip an army.

At one of the test benches facing the door, Winston picked up his AK-47 and aimed it towards Zeke.

He was calm and fearless.

Zeke was nothing but a Great Marshal with damaged life force.

He couldn't possibly resist any attacks from automatic weapons, right?

Even in his peak condition, he couldn't possibly resist them very long.

Winston signed, "Oh Great Marshal, I'm sorry. I had great respect for you at first and did not wish to go against you."

"But since you've found this place, I cannot allow you to walk away alive."

Zeke's gaze fell on Winston.

"Well, if that's the case, then you shall die."

Winston laughed bitterly, "Great Marshal, are you

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still dreaming?”

“Your life is in my hands now.”

“I can end your life anytime.”

“Oh, really?” Zeke scorned at him.

“I should take your advice then.”



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NH

Alright.

Winston decided to stop their bantering. It was better to end this quickly to avoid further complications.

He pulled the trigger!

Bam! Bam!

Two bullets were heading towards Zeke's forehead and heart simultaneously.

Let alone if the Great Marshal's life force were still intact, even in his peak condition, he couldn't possibly dodge two bullets at the same time.

To Winston's surprise, Zeke did not make any move to dodge the bullets.

He stood straight in place; his right arm made a sweeping motion.

Clang! Clang!

The sound echoed in the narrow enclosed space for a long time.

Winston's eyes widened as he broke out in cold sweat.

Zeke had remained where he stood, unscathed and unharmed.

That crisp sound earlier was the sound of bullets hitting the ground.

NH

With a swipe of his hand, he easily knocked away two bullets?

My God, is he even human?

The Great Marshal this strong in his prime?

A strong sense of danger dawned on him.

Winston dared not to underestimate his opponent anymore; he fired a barrage of shots at Zeke.

However, at the moment he pulled the trigger, Zeke had disappeared.

Winston continued to shoot uncontrollably despite losing his target.

He did not know what else he could do to protect himself other than firing his gun continuously.

“Don’t all these bullets cost you money to make?”
A cold voice rang behind Winston.

He was instantly chilled to the bone; stunned for a moment.

Damn it!

When had Zeke appeared behind him?

He was able to change his location so quickly!

How could I have gotten myself involved with such a monster?

He instinctively tried to dodge, but it was too late.

NH

Zeke's punch had connected with the back of Winston's head.

Winston fell to the floor with a loud bang, unable to muster any strength in his body.

It's over!

In the face of such great power, he did not stand a chance.

"Great Marshal, you... your life force was never damaged!"

"You had everyone fooled!"

He yelled in defiance.

"Great Marshal?" Collins walked in from the entrance.

"You should start calling him the Dragon King now."

"What? What Dragon King?" Winston was dumbfounded.

"King Class? You're a King Class! You... you've been crowned!"

He subconsciously looked towards Zeke's shoulders.

Under the coat, he could faintly see a badge.

'King' was written on it!

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He really was a King Class Expert!

Crap, I've gone and started a fight to the death with a King Class Expert!

How foolish!

"No, no!" Winston suddenly remembered something.

"Connor had previously told me a King Class Expert wanted me to make a batch of titanium bullets for him."

"You are a King Class Expert... did you ask for those bullets?"

"Great Marshal, I... I am willing to serve you. I will not refuse you."

Zeke ignored him.

He snapped up one of the titanium bullets made by Winston and compared it to a bullet found in the skeletons of the fallen Seal Mercenary.

Having examined both of the bullets, Zeke was able to now confirm that both bullets were one and the same!

Crap!

Collins seethed, "Tell me. Autumn four years ago, who did you make these titanium bullets for?"

Winston shakily looked at Collins.

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Why was he so angry?

“Autumn, four years ago... It was Chris.”

“Yes, I remember now. Chris had asked me to make a batch of these titanium bullets for him.”

Chris!

“So it was you!” Collins slammed both fists on the table.

“I’ll never forgive myself if I don’t kill you!”



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Once the infuriated man reached for the firearms on the table, he turned around and was about to leave the place.

“Hold it right there! Where are you going?” Zeke yelled.

“I shall go after Chris to get revenge!” Mr. Collins replied.

“No! You’re not allowed to go after Chris for the time being because, as of now, we don’t have enough evidence to prove that he’s the one who has murdered them. If he’s killed, he’ll die an honorable death as the messiah of Eurasia, whereas you’ll be the target of a witch-hunt. Perhaps they’ll consider you as a traitor of Eurasia.”

“Does that mean we’re going to let the murderer off the hook?” -Mr. Collins was on the verge of losing his cool- “I... I can’t possibly allow my fellow comrades to die in vain!”

“Since I have promised you to avenge you and your comrades, I will never go against my words. I won’t give up and will personally follow up with the investigation from now onwards,” Zeke reassured Mr. Collins.

Finally, Mr. Collins returned to his usual calm and collected self. “Alright. I have faith in you. What are you going to do next?”

Zeke shared his upcoming plan with Mr. Collins. “Since the target has shown themselves, I’ll verify if Chris paid a visit to Devonville during Autumn

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four years ago. I'll try to figure out the purpose of his visit back then."

In the meantime, Connor finally found Chris and handed the few Spirit Stones he had collected over to him.

Chris was delighted and praised Connor, "Great! You have done a splendid job and lived up to my expectations. With that being said, the amount of Spirit Stones just ain't quite sufficient."

Immediately, Connor assured Chris, "Please rest assured, father. Clyde has promised to give me more Spirit Stones as soon as I finish the batch of titanium bullets he requested for."

"Huh?" Chris frowned in confusion and asked the moment he heard Connor's words. "What exactly is Clyde up to with the titanium bullets?"

"Father, Clyde's father is the one behind the order," Connor replied respectfully.

A foreboding thought emerged in Chris' mind out of the blue because he was certain Ares, Clyde's father, the God of War, must have had found the corpses of the mercenaries hidden underneath the mine since the latter had been stationed to guard the Spirit Stone mine.

As a matter of fact, Chris was the one who had taken out the mercenaries using the titanium bullets back in the day.

Does that mean Ares is trying to figure out the mastermind behind the incident by comparing the

NH

titanium bullets? I can't possibly let my guard down, we must exercise caution from now onwards.

"Who's in charge of the production of the batch of titanium bullets ordered by Ares?" Chris asked Connor.

"I have had Winston in charge of the production," Connor answered Chris' queries.

"Get in touch with Winston immediately. Tell him to produce a second-rate version of titanium bullets and alter the shapes of the bullets, so it varies from the ones that have been produced back in the day. I want to confuse others and deceive them that the bullets have been produced by two different producers," Chris instructed Connor.

"Why?" Connor asked because he was utterly confused.

Naturally, Chris wouldn't enlighten Connor with the rationale behind his actions.

In return, he instructed callously, "That's none of your business. Your only task is to get in touch with him immediately."

"Yes, father." Connor immediately got in touch with Winston as he was instructed.

...

Meanwhile, Zeke was about to leave with Mr. Collins, but all of a sudden, Winston received a

NH

call from Connor.

“Pick it up and pretend as though we aren’t by your side,” Zeke paused and instructed Winston in a serious tone.

As a countermeasure, Mr. Collins took aim at Winston with the gun he had with him.

Winston took a deep breath and tried his best to pull himself together before picking up the call.

Once the call got through, Connor asked, “Winston, what’s the progress of the production of the new batch of bullets?”

“Currently, one-third of the order has been completed,” Winston replied.

Immediately, Connor instructed, “Destroy the completed bullets and reproduce them. You have to alter the shapes of the bullet and produce a different version of titanium bullets. We can’t allow others to realize you’re the one who has been producing the bullets all along.”



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“Why?” Winston asked curiously.

“That’s none of your business,” Connor replied indifferently and hung up the call since he had delivered the orders as instructed.

Suddenly, Zeke and Mr. Collins exchanged glances as though they had come to a unanimous agreement.

It seems like Chris is being extremely cautious. I’m sure he’s aware we’re investigating him.

To prevent Chris from getting suspicious, Zeke instructed Winston to stay put for the time being and had him produce the titanium bullets as requested.

Unequivocally, Winston gave in to Zeke’s instructions because he dared not to defy the instruction of a King Class warrior. In fact, he couldn’t possibly defy it due to the differences in their capabilities.

Eventually, Zeke brought Mr. Collins over to the confidential archive room to verify Chris’ information.

The archive indicated Chris had indeed made a trip to Devonville during Autumn four years ago. He was dispatched to a place called Lake Thewilsa to execute a classified mission.

Since it was a classified mission, the details and information regarding the mission had been omitted.

NH

Zeke and Mr. Collins couldn't help but doubt the objective of Chris' visit. In the end, Zeke suggested, "I guess we have to make a trip to Lake Thewilsa."

Finally, they made their way to Lake Thewilsa once they had made up their minds to figure out the truth.

Lake Thewilsa was similar to the villages in Eurasia, it was vastly underdeveloped with rampant poverty.

For the sake of convenience, Zeke and Mr. Collins disguised themselves as census enumerators.

Since the village was vastly underdeveloped, the villagers were relatively undereducated. The chief of the village couldn't tell them apart from an actual census enumerator as well.

He addressed Zeke and Mr. Collins respectfully the moment he saw them. Eventually, he welcomed both of them and brought them to his home.

Once they reached the chief's place, they conducted an interview to disguise the actual purpose of their visit.

"How many villagers are there in total?" Zeke asked casually because he didn't want to raise any suspicion.

"There are a total of three hundred villagers, but there are only two hundred and ninety-six mortal villagers."

NH

“Huh? What do you mean? Where are the other four villagers?” Zeke and Mr. Collins were equally confused.

“The other four villagers aren’t mortal,” The chief replied.

Instead of the deceased ones, the chief addressed the four villagers as immortals. Therefore, Zeke and Mr. Collins were intrigued by the rationale behind it.

“If they aren’t mortal, what exactly are they?” Zeke asked in return.

Suddenly, the chief’s expression turned gloomy, and he rushed over to close the window immediately.

Once he returned to his seat, he lowered his volume and told Zeke and Mr. Collins, “I’m aware those from the city deem us as being superstitious, but we ain’t lying because the remaining four are immortals. Immortals ain’t merely beings of myths!”

Mr. Collins burst into laughter because he found the chief’s words hilarious.

After all, there were only a mere few who would believe the existence of immortals nowadays.

Immortals are the beings that possessed the capabilities to travel through realms. They had been tasked to be the intermediaries amongst mortals and beings of different realms.

NH

The chief got anxious due to Mr. Collins' response. He warned them immediately, "You have to believe me! The immortals of the village are extremely capable! They have the ability to summon the soldiers of other realms upon the village! We have witnessed the descent of the soldiers back in the day. The four immortals were the ones leading the said soldiers."

The descent of soldiers of other realms?

All of a sudden, Zeke asked because he recalled something, "Do you remember the direction the soldiers from the other realms have headed over to back then?"

"They headed Southeast."

The chief shared his experience with Zeke and Mr. Collins. "Back then, it was around one o'clock in the evening. It was an extremely foggy and breezy night. There were over ten thousand soldiers that marched over from Northwest and headed Southeast. I saw it with my own eyes; the leaders of the soldiers were the immortals of the village. In fact, they saw me and greeted me with a smile. On the next morning after the incident, they finally returned to the village. Once they made their way back, they warned me not to tell anyone about the incident..."

He went on and on for quite some time, but Zeke stopped paying attention to the chief's words.

The soldiers from the other realms headed over in the southeast direction.

NH

That was the only thing Zeke had in his mind because the imperial mausoleum that had a great amount of Spirit Stone was in the southeast direction of Lake Thewilsa.

Could it be the so-called soldiers from the other realm were the ones Chris had employed to take out the ones from the Seal Mercenary?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Chris would have to procure the aid of tomb raiders and get them to secure the entrance before he could make his way into the imperial mausoleum.

Perhaps the immortals the chief told Zeke and Mr. Collins about were the tomb raiders Chris had gotten in touch with.

In the end, Zeke asked, “Chief, do the immortals have the capability to raid a tomb?”

As soon as the chief heard Zeke’s words, his expression changed as the veins on his forehead bulged because he got worked up abruptly.

“Yes! Those four bastards are extremely skillful tomb raiders! They have always euphemized their actions and told us they were there on behalf of the villagers who had passed on. Since they’re immortals, we dared not offend them either.”

Finally, Zeke could be certain the so-called immortals were the tomb raiders who had secured the entrance to the imperial mausoleum on Chris’ behalf.

“Chief, can you please bring us to their place immediately?” Zeke’s words sounded as though it was more of an order instead of a request.

“Why don’t we drop by their place once we finish the meals? After all, I have prepared all sorts of delicacies to treat both of you!” The chief counter-offered.

“We need to get going immediately,” Mr. Collins

NH

urged because he was aware the so-called immortals the chief had been talking about might be involved in the murder of the Seal Mercenary.

In the end, the chief gave in to their request and brought them over to the so-called immortals' place.

They ended up in front of a poorly maintained straw-bale house. Even though the place wasn't equipped with any windows or doors, the party of three could detect the stench coming from inside of the place.

Once they entered the straw-bale house, they were greeted by an extremely messy scene.

There were four men lying on top of a tattered wooden bed. They were sleeping soundly by the time the party of three made their way into their place.

The chief explained, "They are always asleep during the day because they spend most of their time working in the night. I'll wake them up immediately."

Once the chief finished his sentence, he rushed over to wake them up from their sleep. "Tourneau, Duneau, wake up."

Zeke surveyed the surrounding of the so-called immortals' place and had his gaze fixated on the dustbin because he detected some antiques hidden underneath the pile of rubbish.

As a matter of fact, the antiques ranged from

NH

collectables to cultural artefacts from different nations.

It was evident the few tomb raiders had been busy over the past few years. They must have had generated a fortune through trading the stolen relics.

Tourneau and his comrades were roused from sleep due to the chief's summon.

He was enraged and yelled at the chief, "What the hell do you want? I'm having a drink with the reapers! You shouldn't have woken me up because we were talking about how long you would live!"

"D-Did the reapers tell you how long I would live?" The chief asked in a quivering voice as though he was afraid of Tourneau.

In return, Tourneau said, "They were about to tell me, but before they could spill the beans, you had dragged us back to the mortal realm."

Finally, Tourneau noticed the presence of Zeke and Mr. Collins. He asked, "Huh? Who the hell are they?"

"They are the census enumerators and are dropping by the village to verify the members of the village." The chief replied and explained the purpose of Zeke and Mr. Collins' visit.

Tourneau's eyes gleamed all of a sudden as he exclaimed, "Oh! The reapers told us two annoying figures would drop by and pay us a visit soon.

NH

They must be the annoying ones the reapers were talking about previously.”

He coughed vigorously and warned Zeke and Mr. Collins as he reached for a cigarette, “Both of you are about to die soon. Do you want to prolong your lifespan?”

Mr. Collins asked with a superficial smile, “Oh? What should we do to prolong our lives?”

In return, Tourneau replied in a contemptuous manner, “Give me a hundred thousand, and I’ll bribe the reapers on your behalf. I’ll get them to turn a blind eye on both of you and leave your souls alone for the time being.”

“Oh? Does that mean we’re able to purchase our lives using money? If that’s the case, how much does it cost to take the lives of every one of you here? I can’t wait to do that!” Mr. Collins’ eyes glinted wrathfully as he replied in a sarcastic manner.

Strong murderous intent could be detected from the infuriated man because he could no longer suppress his anger.

He was certain the so-called immortals were related to the death of the Seal Mercenary.

In short, Mr. Collins was ready to take them out and get them to bear the consequences of their actions with their lives.

“Hmph! You insolent fool! How dare you insult us? I’ll complain about you in front of the reapers!

NH

“We’ll get them to drag you to hell!” In return, Tourneau yelled hysterically as he was enraged.

“You know what? I’ll send you to hell immediately! Why don’t you catch up with Hades in hell instead?” Mr. Collins gritted his teeth and warned the impudent fools.

“Hold it right there!” Zeke broke the silence and stopped Mr. Collins immediately because the latter was about to go berserk.

In return, he reminded Mr. Collins, “Have you forgotten the objective of our visit? We have to stay put and lie low for the time being. I’m afraid we will never get our hands on the mastermind if we take out his subordinates now.”

In the end, Mr. Collins clenched his fists and tried his best to suppress his anger.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Zeke queried, “We’d love to pay, but we don’t need to prolong any of our lifespans. Instead, can you please tell us if there’s any imperial mausoleum nearby?”

The greedy bunch’s expressions changed the moment they heard Zeke’s query. Suddenly, they got serious and shook their heads in sync.

Tourneau tried to chase them away immediately. “What sort of imperial mausoleum are you talking about? We have never heard about anything of that sort! Please leave immediately! We don’t want our fates to be jinxed by the sorts of you!”

What the heck!

Mr. Collins was about to lose his cool again. He yelled, “You better tell us the truth! Otherwise, don’t blame me for what’s in store for you...”

“Stop!” -Zeke got in Mr. Collins’ way and stopped him once again- “We’re merely here to enumerate the villagers in this village. Since we have achieved the objective of our visit, I believe it’s time for us to leave.”

Huh?

Mr. Collins was utterly perplexed because they had yet to gain any useful intel, but Zeke instructed them to retreat.

He turned around and looked at Zeke in confusion. Similarly, Zeke was trying to signal Mr. Collins to leave because they had been caught up in the middle of something.

NH

Consequently, Mr. Collins' heart skipped a beat. Finally, he gave in to Zeke's instruction and left with Zeke.

Tourneau and his comrades thought Zeke must have been intimidated by their warning. They went all out and had a great time teasing Zeke and Mr. Collins.

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins couldn't hold back his curiosity anymore once they departed from Tourneau's place. He asked Zeke anxiously, "What's wrong, marshal?"

Zeke took a deep breath and told Mr. Collins the truth, "There are a bunch of hitmen hiding in the forest behind Tourneau's place. Most probably, they're coming after Tourneau and his comrades."

Hiss!

Mr. Collins gasped and asked in return, "Did Chris send them to kill Tourneau and his comrades? It seems like he wants them to take his secret to their graves, huh?"

Zeke nodded. "That's very likely the case. If we were to stay around any longer, the hitmen would get suspicious. Perhaps they would abort their mission and return to Chris. It's the end for us if they report what they have come across to Chris. If that's the case, our identity will be exposed. Everything we have done thus far will be in vain!"

Similarly, Collins nodded and suggested in a serious tone, "If that's the case, we have to take the hitmen into custody as well. We'll be able to

NH

prove Chris guilty if we're able to get the hitmen and Tourneau and his comrades to testify against him!"

"You're right! I want you to sneak up behind the hitmen discreetly and chase them over here! I'll get in their way and intercept them!" Zeke instructed.

"Sure!" Once Mr. Collins took note of Zeke's instructions, he turned around and flipped over the wall. He hesitated no more and sprinted over to the hitmen's direction in the forest.

On the other hand, Zeke stood right where he was and lit a cigarette nonchalantly because the location he was stationed at was the only escape route for the hitmen.

Therefore, he would merely have to wait patiently since the hitmen would eventually show up in front of him.

Finally, Mr. Collins took the longer route and managed to sneak up behind the hitmen as instructed.

He surveyed the surroundings and realized a total of four hitmen were hiding in the dark. They were scattered all over the forest in different locations.

The hitmen remained static since Mr. Collins showed up. It was evident they were professionals because they were able to control their breathing.

Nevertheless, Mr. Collins wasn't afraid of them at

NH

all. After all, he used to be the commander of the best mercenary group in Eurasia, the Seal Mercenary.

He was on par with Ares in terms of combat skills. Thus, it would be impossible for him to be intimidated by the presence of four hitmen.

Mr. Collins quietly drew the sword he had with him and held it firmly in his hand.

Once he made up his mind, he catapulted over to one of the hitmen's side with all his might.

The hitmen detected the presence of Mr. Collins halfway through his journey to their side.

"Run!" Four of them were shocked and brought themselves up immediately to flee.

"I'm afraid that's impossible!" Mr. Collins yelled hysterically and cast the sword he had with him in the direction of one of the hitmen.

Consequently, he managed to take one of them out as the sword had pierced the chest of said hitman.

The hitman stood right where he was and glared at Mr. Collins with a wrathful look. He was frustrated since he was supposed to be the one assassinating others. However, he had been assassinated before he could accomplish the mission.

The third-party became the sole beneficiary of the hitmen's mission because the hitmen had done

NH

them a huge favor.

Since the rest of the hitman had yet to be taken out, Mr. Collins sprinted over and drew his sword out of the hitman's chest.

Once he retrieved his sword, he went after the remaining three hitmen who had fled and dashed all the way out of the forest.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Due to the rough terrain, Mr. Collins could barely fully utilize his capability because there were thorns, spines, and prickles all along the bumpy trail.

Hence, he couldn't catch up with the hitmen as he was no match for their speed.

However, the hitmen couldn't shrug him off for the time being because the man was extremely persistent.

This whole time, the hitmen attempted to disperse and flee in different directions. However, Mr. Collins would never allow it. Hence, he threw his sword at them and forced them back to their original escape route.

It was a race against time because the one who managed to outrun the other party would win the match.

By the time, the three hitmen passed by the straw-bale house, their eyes glinted frustratingly because their initial plan was to assassinate Tourneau and his comrades in the middle of the night.

Once they completed the assigned mission, they would flee with the promised bounty. However, it seemed like their plan had been brought to a halt abruptly.

They finally got out of the forest. As soon as they made it out of the woods, they followed the only available route and rushed over to the river nearby.

NH

The hitmen had always been excellent swimmers. Thus, they were certain they would be able to shrug Mr. Collins off once they made it to the river.

Never would they have thought things would take another drastic turn because a man showed up out of nowhere in front of them and got in their way.

Once again, their journey had been brought to a halt.

“Who are you?” -The leader of the hitmen took a deep breath and pulled himself together- “Please allow us to leave. We’ll definitely return the favor to you in the near future.”

In return, Zeke replied indifferently, “I’m afraid that’s impossible because I’m here to kill all of you!”

“Does that mean you’re the accomplice of the one who has ambushed us previously? I don’t think we have offended you previously. Why on earth are you coming after us?” The leader of the hitmen asked as he was utterly confused.

“You guys have never offended me? It seems like you have no idea what sort of grudges I hold against all of you, huh?” Zeke replied.

“Hey! Let’s cut the small talk!” -One of the hitmen urged- “His friend will catch up with us soon! We have to take him out immediately! Otherwise, we won’t make it out unscathed if we’re trapped in between them once his friend joins him!”

NH

“You’re right! Let’s get him!” The leader of the hitmen stopped hesitating and instructed.

Immediately, they reached for their daggers and dashed towards Zeke.

In spite of the upcoming threat, Zeke held his ground and stood right where he was in anticipation of their arrival.

All of a sudden, Zeke thundered, “Get down on your knees!”

The man’s deafening voice laced with an overbearing pressure.

It echoed throughout the forest and caused chaotic changes in the flow of air nearby.

Consequently, a strong rush of wind gusted through the trees in the forest and the stream. Within a few seconds, the temperature of the surrounding environment dropped.

The hitmen could no longer pull themselves together because they detected an intimidating presence that had completely crushed their minds and soul.

Subconsciously, they cast their weapons aside and got down on their knees as instructed.

What a powerful man!

He’s nothing like any of the targets we have come across in our lives!

NH

No! He ain't a human, right? A human can't possibly exude such a horrifying presence.

He must be a divine being.

On the other hand, Mr. Collins finally caught up with them. He panted and warned, "Damn it! Run from me if you can! Why don't you guys take me on all at once, cowards?"

In return, Zeke asked as he frowned, "There should be four hitmen, right? Why are there only three as of now?"

"One of them has been taken out by me," Mr. Collins told Zeke the truth.

Damn it!

All of a sudden, Zeke's expression changed. He removed one of the hitmen's top immediately and noticed the chip the hitman had attached nearby his heart.

"What's wrong?" -Mr. Collins asked in a serious note- "What on earth is this miniature device?"

"It's a heart rate monitor chest strap." -Zeke explained- "Once you take out any one of them, the device will transmit a signal to the one who has engaged their service. Perhaps the mastermind is aware something bad has befallen them by now."

Damn it!

"If that's the case, what should we do?" Mr.

NH

Collins got anxious all of a sudden.

“Don’t worry! We’ll lure the mastermind out and take him out altogether with them!” Zeke reassured Mr. Collins.

As soon as he had everything sorted out, he turned around and cast a stern gaze at the hitmen.

Currently, the remaining three hitmen were engulfed by horror and despair. They had yet to return to their usual self.



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NH

“Tell me! Who the hell is the mastermind?” Zeke asked in a callous tone.

The moment they heard Zeke’s words, they shuddered in fear.

The leader of the hitmen asked in return, “W-Who the hell are you! You’re insanely strong!”

“Are you sure you have no idea of my actual identity?” Zeke asked.

The hitmen were equally confused. In the end, the leader of the hitmen replied in a cautious manner, “We have taken on Ares before, but he ain’t capable of such things as well! Perhaps the only one who possess such insane capability is the Great Marshal, but he has been rendered handicapped by others. You can’t be the Great Marshal either! Does that mean you’re a King Class warrior?”

Zeke remained silent throughout the session, but he smiled in return. Indirectly, he had affirmed their thoughts.

Bam!

The three hitmen felt light-headed and almost passed out the moment they figured out their opponent was the top-notch King Class warrior of Eurasia.

They were about to commit suicide by biting their tongues because they found themselves foolish once they verified Zeke’s actual identity.

NH

Initially, they thought they would stand a chance against Zeke because they had no idea they were going up against a King Class warrior.

However, since Zeke had revealed his actual identity as a King Class warrior, they were certain death would be the only outcome awaiting them.

Hence, they had made up their mind to end their own miserable lives instead of being tortured to their death.

However, Zeke would never allow them to take their lives just like that.

In a flash, a slap landed on each of the hitmen's faces.

Within seconds, the hitmen's jaws were dislocated.

Zeke warned the hitmen, "You're not allowed to die! If you attempt another suicide, you'll be charged with treason. If that's the case, your entire family shall be exterminated. In fact, the graves of your family members shall be removed as well!"

The hitmen were left helpless because death seemed to be a luxury they couldn't afford either.

They could only give in to the orders of the superior one and surrender their lives to Zeke.

"Don't you think I'm Chris? After all, he possesses the same capability as me. Could it be he was the one who had sent you?" Zeke asked rhetorically.

NH

The hitmen's expression changed once they heard Zeke's words.

Their leader broke the silence and offered, "Superior one, we're willing to confess everything on one condition. Once we tell you everything, please grant us death. Please leave our family members out of this."

"Very well!" Zeke replied.

Finally, the leader of the hitmen confessed, "You're right. Chris was the one who had sent us to Lake Thewilsa because he wanted us to take Tourneau and his comrades out."

In return, Zeke asked, "Why the hell would he pick on thugs of sorts when he's such a noble one?"

"We are not sure either, but we suspect the four of them are aware of certain secrets that will pose a threat to Chris," The leader of the hitmen voiced out his hypothesis.

"Great! You're being pretty frank as you have promised! Let's go! It's time to meet Tourneau and his comrades," Zeke instructed.

Eventually, they made their way over to Tourneau's place once again.

By the time they reached Tourneau's place, Tourneau and his comrades were sleeping soundly yet again.

Mr. Collins rushed over and destroyed their bed with a kick.

NH

Damn it!

Subsequently, Tourneau and his comrades got enraged. They yelled the moment they were roused from their sleep, “Who the hell is it? How dare you interrupt us when we’re sleeping? We’ll complain about you in front of Hades!”

“I’m back, boys! You should get down on your knees and express your gratitude because I have saved your petty lives, scumbags!” Mr. Collins asserted.

“What the heck? How dare you get so full of yourself? You have saved us? If you don’t get down on your knees in front of us, we’ll get Hades to send reapers to come after you tomorrow...”

Suddenly, Borneau held on to Tourneau and told him, “Hey, the three of them seem kinda familiar!”

He pointed at the hitmen as he finished his sentence.

Tourneau sized the hitmen up and shuddered all of a sudden. “Y-You guys are the soldiers from the other realms, right?”

Although they could barely recognize the hitmen due to their appearance, Torneau and his comrades found that they resembled the so-called soldiers from the other realms back in the day due to their overawing emanation.

Tourneau regretted exposing the hitmen’s identity. Immediately, he shut his mouth and acted as though nothing had happened.

NH



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Actually, he could barely pull himself together because he was extremely anxious deep down.

All signs indicated things that had occurred thus far were far more complicated than he could ever imagine.

The leader of the hitmen warned Torneau callously, “Since you’re aware of our actual identity, you should listen to their instructions. Otherwise, all of you will die soon.”

Tourneau and his comrades exchanged glances because they felt clueless.

Since it worked like a charm, the leader of the hitmen went on and told them, “I’m sure all of you are aware of the purpose of our visit, right? We have been sent by the superior one to assassinate four of you. You should be grateful because they were the ones who had gotten in our way in the nick of time and saved all of you. Otherwise, you would be on your way to meet Hades as of now. Since you have been targeted by the superior one, there’s only one way out. You should seek protection from the ones beside us.”

It was evident the leader of the hitmen was trying his best to please Zeke to atone for his sins. In fact, he was hopeful and secretly wished Zeke would set him free at the end of the day.

Torneau and his comrades murmured amongst themselves for quite some time. In the end, Tourneau asked in a serious tone, “Why does the superior one want us dead?”

NH

“All of you are aware of secrets that he doesn’t want anyone to find out,” The leader of the hitmen asserted.

Finally, Tourneau clenched his teeth and made up his mind. “Fine! We’ll confess everything we’re aware of, but we want you to ensure our safety in return!”

Zeke replied, “Sure! It’s time for you to tell me the truth of the incident that had occurred back then!”

Tourneau finally confessed the truth, “Four years ago, we’re merely ordinary tomb raiders. However, we found an imperial mausoleum situated in the southeast direction one day. It was a grand imperial mausoleum that encompasses a large area. Obviously, the mausoleum was a treasure trove. We were attracted by the potential gains and were about to raid the imperial mausoleum, but we were surrounded by a bunch of soldiers before we could access the mausoleum.”

Halfway through his speech, Tourneau paused for quite some time before finishing the timeline of the incident. “Naturally, we were trapped as a result. The leader of the soldiers proclaimed himself as Hades, and he told us those he had brought with him were soldiers from another realm. Three of them resemble the soldiers we have run into previously. We’re certain they’re the soldiers of the other realm working under Hades!”

In return, the hitmen nodded and acknowledged Torneau’s confession.

That wasn’t the end. Tourneau went on and told

NH

them everything they were aware of, “The self-proclaimed Hades threatened us to secure the entrance to the imperial mausoleum on his behalf. Otherwise, he would kill us. Since the soldiers were fully armed, we had no choice but to give in to his demand. In the end, we secured the entrance to the imperial mausoleum. Ever since then, we had never once gotten our hands on the relics from the mausoleum because he had taken over the control of the mausoleum.”

Suddenly, Zeke showed them the photo of Chris and asked, “Is this the one who has proclaimed himself as Hades?”

“Yes! He’s the one!” Tourneau’s eyes widened in disbelief.

Zeke and Mr. Collins exchanged glances, and each of them had a bright smile on their faces because they were certain they would be able to testify against Chris since they had won the hitmen and Tourneau and his subordinates over.

In the end, Zeke asked, “Are you guys willing to be our witness and testify against Chris, who calls himself Hades? We need your help to verify he was the one who had requested your aid to raid the imperial mausoleum.”

“Hades is extremely influential. If we offend him, I’m afraid...” Tourneau expressed his concerns.

“Fret not because I’ll be able to ensure the safety of each and every one of you!” Zeke assured them.

NH

“Do you really think you’re capable of protecting us?” Tourneau asked sincerely.

In return, Zeke showed them the badge owned by those from the King Class and told them, “Actually, I’m a King Class warrior.”

“King Class warrior? Are we supposed to be impressed? Is it something great?” Tourneau and his comrades were confused because they had no idea what a King Class warrior would be capable of.

Since they had been living in the outskirts of town, they had no idea what sort of commotion the Grand Ceremony had caused.

Mr. Collins explained, “King Class warriors are the most powerful ones on earth.”

“Stop lying to us! The most powerful man on earth is the Great Marshall!” Tourneau rebuked Mr. Collins’ statement.

Once again, Zeke smiled and showed them the Great Marshal’s Seal he had with him.

“Actually, I have another identity. Coincidentally, I’m the Great Marshal!”

Torneau and his comrades were baffled and stared at the Great Marshal’s Seal in awe because they were aware the seal was exclusive to the Great Marshal.

In short, Zeke, the man who was in front of them, was the almighty Great Marshal.

NH



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NH

They had always looked up to the Great Marshal. In fact, they adored and worshipped him because he was an honorable figure.

Naturally, they couldn't believe the almighty Great Marshall had graced the village with his presence.

Tourneau and his comrades got down on their knees and bowed respectfully. "It's a great honor to make your acquaintance, Marshall!"

...

In the meantime, Chris, who was in his manor, was on the verge of losing his cool because one of the hitmen he had sent to go after Tourneau and his comrades had been taken out.

It was evident something went wrong with the assassination plan.

Pondering over the facts given to him, Chris had a really bad feeling about this.

Since Ares has ordered a customized batch of titanium bullets, it seems like he is going after the truth behind the incident that occurred at the imperial mausoleum of Devonville a few years back.

Perhaps Ares has gotten his hands on Tourneau and his comrades' actual identity. Maybe he has taken out one of the hitmen since he ran into the hitmen I have sent to take Tourneau and his comrades out.

Currently, Chris was drenched in cold sweat as he

NH

dared not get in touch with the remaining hitmen to figure out the current situation.

Once he calmed himself down, he got in touch with the men he had stationed in Cygnus Room instead.

“Is Ares present in the Cygnus Room?”

His subordinates replied almost instantly, “Sire, Ares is currently present in the Cygnus Room.”

Phew!

Finally, Chris heaved a sigh of relief because it seemed like Ares had sent his subordinates to investigate Tourneau and his comrades instead.

It would be fine as long as Ares, a King Class warrior, wasn't involved in the investigation personally.

Immediately, he reached for his phone and called Connor.

“Connor, I need your help. Please get that Firewall Unit of yours to do me a favor.”

“Sure!” Connor agreed without any hesitation. He didn't bother to figure out the intention behind Chris' action either.

The Firewall Unit had been formed with the aid of Chris. Therefore, Chris could be considered as the co-founder of the Firewall Unit.

Soon, Chris departed with the Firewall Unit and

NH

made their way over to Devonville because he was determined to take Tourneau and his comrades out on his own.

Apart from that, he would get rid of the subordinates Ares had dispatched to investigate the incident.

However, Chris wasn't aware Zeke was the one who was investigating the truth behind the incident.

On the other hand, Zeke stayed back in Lake Thewilsa in order to figure out the details behind the murder of the Seal Mercenary.

All of a sudden, the chief of the village brought along a dozen of villagers with him and dropped by Tourneau's place.

"Tourneau, something's wrong! H-Hurry up over and check out the situation!" The chief panted and tried his best to finish his sentence.

Tourneau asked in return, "What's wrong?"

"T-The soldiers from the other realm have returned. They have surrounded the village!" The chief told Tourneau the truth.

The soldiers from the other realm!

Tourneau's mind was in a blur the moment he heard the chief's words because he was certain Chris had shown up at their doorstep along with his underlings.

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Since they had turned their backs against him, Chris must have come there to get his revenge.

All of a sudden, Tourneau felt lost because he was unsure if Zeke could turn things around when he had to go against that many soldiers.

Nevertheless, Zeke assured them nonchalantly, "Calm down, everyone. Please stay put in the village for the time being. I'll get rid of the rebels soon."

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins, who was on Zeke's side, stretched his body and got up from his seat.

His eyes gleamed because he couldn't wait to avenge his comrades. After all, the so-called soldiers from the other realm were the ones who had taken part in the annihilation of the Seal Mercenary back in the day.

Finally, they made their way out of Tourneau's place. Once they departed, Zeke got in touch with Greedy Wolf through the phone.

He instructed, "Greedy Wolf, bring along the Elites of Greed with you and head over to Devonville immediately. It's time to teach our foes a lesson!"

"Yes, sir!" Greedy Wolf, who was on the other end of the call, couldn't hold back his excitement any longer.

The Alpha Suicide Squad consisted of ten members. Each of them had their own personal troops that would amount to a total of fifty thousand personnel.

NH

Usually, they would stay away from the public's eyes and spend most of their time training.

They could only be dispatched during war or summoned by the Great Marshal.

Finally, the Elites of Greed were dispatched for the first time.

In the meantime, Zeke and Mr. Collins showed up at the entrance of the village. They noticed the soldiers had secured the perimeter for a radius of three kilometers.

The soldiers were scattered everywhere as they could be found all around the village. There were at least a hundred thousand soldiers present in the village.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

No one could possibly leave the village without the consent of the person in charge of the soldiers.

Immediately, Zeke recognized the troop as the famous Firewall Unit that would make it to the top three on a yearly basis whenever a drill was carried out.

However, Zeke was aware of the truth going on behind the scenes because the results had been altered manually.

In actual fact, if all ten troops of the Alpha Suicide Squad took part in the drill, the Firewall Unit definitely wouldn't make the top ten.

An elder with an ethereal demeanor stood in front of the Firewall Unit's soldiers. He stood upright and looked down at the village. The one leading the troop was none other than Chris.

The moment Mr. Collins detected Chris' presence, he got worked up and exclaimed, "He's the one! Although I have never seen his face before, judging by his appearance, I'm certain he's the mastermind who has taken my comrades out back in the day! Finally, I have found him! To hell you go, you fool!"

Once Mr. Collins finished his sentence, he was about to rush over to Chris' side for a showdown with him, but Zeke got in Mr. Collins' way and stopped him. "Please remain calm for the time being."

"I can't possibly suppress my emotions anymore!

NH

The humiliation I had to go through over the years..." Mr. Collins clenched his teeth.

"Don't worry! I shall avenge you and your men today!" Zeke asserted in a serious tone.

"Mmm!" Finally, Mr. Collins gave in to Zeke's instruction.

Actually, it took Mr. Collins great determination and courage because he had to suppress his anger and give in to Zeke.

Oh the other hand, Chris was confused the moment he detected the presence of them both because he didn't expect the leader of Seal Mercenary, Tyler Collins, otherwise known as Mr. Collins, to be alive.

He was even more surprised because the person who was investigating the incident back then was the Great Marshal.

It seemed as though the Great Marshal had submitted himself to Ares and was carrying out the latter's command.

Nevertheless, he decided to pay no heed to them both because one of them was a marshal who had been rendered handicapped while the other one was but the leader of a troop that had been wiped out.

Chris was certain they wouldn't be a threat to him. Therefore, he decided to make the first move and warned them, "Ever since the discovery of Spirit Stone mine, the village has been off-limits to

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unauthorized personnel. Marshal, as part of the military, you have shown up without any authorization. Hence, you are found guilty of trespassing and embezzlement of the Spirit Stone mine. You should turn yourself in, Marshall. Otherwise, I'll have to take you into custody by force."

In return, Zeke scoffed, "Chris, I can't think of a better word to describe you other than a hypocrite. You know what? In order to lure out the mastermind behind the incident, I have spent so much effort and pulled all sorts of strings behind the scenes. Are you the one behind the annihilation of the Seal Mercenary back in the day?"

"Huh? I have no idea what you're talking about. You should stop resisting and turn yourself in obediently," Chris suggested.

Zeke let out a sigh of despair because he couldn't take the traitor out himself. He had to lie low and keep his identity confidential for the time being. Therefore, he would have to hand over the task to Mr. Collins.

He thought about it and realized it was a great chance for Mr. Collins to avenge his comrades.

Thus, he turned around and looked at Mr. Collins as he instructed, "Mr. Collins, the stage is yours. It's time for you to pacify the souls of your fallen comrades."

By then, Mr. Collins couldn't hold back his excitement anymore. He drew the long sword he

NH

had brought along and dragged it over to Chris' side determinedly.

As the man marched towards Chris, sparks could be seen scintillating due to the friction between the sword and the ground.

“Chris, I have been waiting for this moment since forever! I shall avenge my comrades whom you have murdered years ago today with your blood!”

In spite of the vengeful threat from Mr. Collins, Chris cast a contemptuous gaze at him and replied scornfully, “I can't believe it! Tyler, the one leading the rebels, is still alive and kicking! I guess today I'll just have to destroy them once and for all!”

To hell you go!

Suddenly, Mr. Collins sped up and lunged at Chris with his sword.

He couldn't stand it whenever someone mentioned the rebels. Since Chris hit his sore spot, Mr. Collins was determined to drag the former down to hell with him.

Before long, an intense fight broke out between two veteran Archdukes. It was a breathtaking scene due to the vehemence of the fight.

The ordinary villagers and soldiers couldn't detect their figures at all due to the intensity of the aftermath of their fight.

Strong gusts of winds had been produced once

NH

they clashed against one another. Similarly, trees fell one after another as rocks were shattered into pieces. It was a catastrophic scene, as though the end of the world was closing in.

Judging by the intensity of their fight, Zeke was certain Chris was the one who had the upper hand of the battle.



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After all, Chris was the strategist of the nation. He could easily utilize the resources of the country for his own sake.

Hence, it wouldn't be much of a surprise even if he were far more capable than Mr. Collins in terms of combat capability.

Five minutes later, a muffled buzz could be heard as though the fight had been brought to an end.

Consequently, a figure could be seen sent flying out of the forest, where the fight had taken place, all over to Zeke's side.

Bam!

The man who had been sent flying was Mr. Collins. A piece of rock had been crushed into debris the moment he fell to the ground. Consequently, blood gushed out of his mouth because he had been injured.

Damn it!

Nevertheless, Mr. Collins gritted his teeth and forced himself to get up in spite of the injuries he had sustained. He didn't even hesitate and made his way over to Chris' side once again.

Despite his determination, due to the injuries he had sustained, he could barely stand properly, let alone bringing himself over to Chris' side.

Chris scoffed, "Do you really consider yourself one of the Taichi Duo? I'll give you another chance to prove yourself worthy! Take the Great Marshal

NH

out on my behalf, and I shall allow you to live! In fact, I may consider turning you into one of my bodyguards!”

To hell you go, traitor!

Mr. Collins’ eyes glinted wrathfully in return because he would never submit himself to his foe.

As part of the Seal Mercenary, he would never tolerate such great humiliation.

In the end, Mr. Collins mustered every single bit of strength he had left and sprinted over to Chris’ side once again.

Once again, another intense fight broke out. However, it merely lasted for a minute this time before Mr. Collins was sent flying for yet another time.

Similarly, he fell to the ground and puked another mouthful of blood. By then, the pale and haggard-looking man could barely catch his breath.

In spite of quivering, Mr. Collins brought himself up once again because he was determined to fight until his last breath.

Chris teased, “Why don’t you guys stop wasting my time? Come at me all at once!”

Mr. Collins held on to his sword and limped over to Chris once more. He refused to surrender just yet since he still had the capability to fight.

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Suddenly, Zeke tapped on Mr. Collins' shoulder and said, "It's time for you to stop. You're gonna lose your life if you keep going on."

"It's an honor to be able to sacrifice my life on the battlefield!" Mr. Collins replied with a determined look on his face.

"Mr. Collins, I'll teach you the Skill of Berserk, one of the Eight Supreme Skills, right away! You mustn't let me down!" Zeke instructed.

The Eight Supreme Skills was a set of skills developed by Zeke once he had been crowned as a King Class warrior.

The newly developed set of skills would allow the users to tap into their potential capability and fully utilize their talent. Hence, they would be multiple folds stronger than they usually would be.

Pfft!

In return, Chris burst into laughter and yelled, "What kind of joke is this? A loser teaching another loser some skills possessed by a bunch of losers?"

Despite the brutal remarks from Chris, Mr. Collins' eyes gleamed passionately because he was aware of Zeke's actual identity as one of the King Class warriors.

Therefore, he was certain the skills possessed by Zeke would be out of this world as well.

Zeke told Mr. Collins, "Listen to me carefully! One

NH

of the Eight Supreme Skills, Skill of Berserk focuses on the synchronization between the user and its physical capability. The functions of the sensory organs will replace the capability of sight of the eyes. Eventually, the weapon will become part of your body...”

As Zeke went on, Mr. Collins was utterly confused, which showed on his face.

However, he soon grasped the concept behind the skill developed by Zeke. He was overjoyed because he could leverage on his new skill to get his revenge.

Immediately, he tore a piece of fabric from his shirt and turned it into a blindfold to cover his eyes. He pointed his sword at Chris and yelled, “Come on!”

Chris could no longer hold back his laughter anymore. He teased in return, “Zeke, what kind of joke is this? Are these the Eight Supreme Skills you have been talking about? Are you sending a blind man to come after me? Ha! He’s no match for me in his prime! Do you really think he’ll be able to defeat me when he has his eyes blindfolded? It’s time to put an end to this! Here I come!”

As soon as Chris finished his sentence, he dashed over to Mr. Collins’ side, but Mr. Collins stood right where he was in a casual manner.

Although he couldn’t detect his foe visually, he was focusing intently as he had tapped into the potential of his sensory organs.

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Mr. Collins took aim at Chris' heart using his sword and launched it in Chris' direction the moment the latter approached him.

"Are you kidding me?" Chris yelled hysterically and stopped Mr. Collins' sword with his hands easily.

He gradually tightened his grip and broke the sword into pieces.

Zeke's heart sank to the bottom of his stomach all of a sudden because the weapon had a huge role in applying the Skill of Berserk.

If the weapon had been destroyed, the Skill of Berserk wouldn't be much different as compared to an ordinary combat skill. It wouldn't be as powerful and could barely harm the enemy.

Since Mr. Collins seemed as though he would be defeated soon, Zeke would have to take the matters into his own hands.

He couldn't conceal his identity as a King Class warrior anymore.



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The upcoming scene would surprise Zeke because Mr. Collins didn't stop attacking in spite of his broken sword. In contrast, he reached for Chris' chest using his bare palms.

Chris didn't bother to stop Mr. Collins' attack. He was going after Mr. Collins' temples instead because he thought Mr. Collins' punch wouldn't be able to harm him. Therefore, he made up his mind to go on the offensive and wanted to take Mr. Collins out as soon as possible.

However, he heard the sound of something splashing almost instantly.

Consequently, he felt an excruciating sensation coming from his chest. He couldn't draw any strength from his body at all.

Eventually, he collapsed to the floor and almost passed out due to the racking sensation he felt coming from his chest.

He mustered all his strength and lifted his head to check out what was going on with his chest.

The upcoming scene he witnessed would become a scene that would haunt Chris for the rest of his life should he make it out alive because he actually saw his heart beating in front of him.

Initially, it was pounding frantically, but as time flew by it started to slow down.

Bam!

Chris' mind was all over the place because he

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found it unbelievable.

He couldn't believe Mr. Collins had the capability to rip his flesh off him in such a brutal manner that it exposed his heart.

Mr. Collins behaved as though he was one of the almighty divine soldiers because he possessed tremendous strength beyond an ordinary human.

Actually, they had no idea Mr. Collins had been practicing martial arts ever since he was young. Therefore, his palms could be considered as his weapons since they were as sturdy as weapons forged of steel.

The Skill of Berserk of the Eight Supreme Skills placed great emphasis on weapons.

Since Mr. Collins' sword had been shattered into pieces, he had turned his fists into his weapons instead.

It seemed as though the Skill of Berserk had been specially developed to match Mr. Collins' needs.

Once Mr. Collins tightened his fist, the flesh he had ripped off Chris' body turned into a pulp immediately and oozed out of his fingers.

In the end, Mr. Collins approached Chris with strong murderous intent, "My fellow comrades, Chris will join all of you in hell soon! I'll get him to atone for his sins, and all of you shall finally get to rest in peace! To hell with you, Chris!"

Chris was utterly horrified. He mustered his

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strength and yelled with all his might, "Soldiers of the Firewall Unit! Kill them immediately!"

As of now, the soldiers of the Firewall Unit could barely pull themselves together because they had always perceived Chris as the superior one. No one could possibly profane such a noble being.

However, Chris had been taken out by Mr. Collins easily. To be exact, he had been taken out by Mr. Collins under the Great Marshal's instruction and guidance.

It was evident the Great Marshal had always been the almighty figure they were familiar with.

Even though he had been rendered handicapped, he could easily turn his subordinates into exceptional warriors through his guidance.

Chris yelled hysterically over and over again. Finally, the soldiers from the Firewall Unit returned to their senses.

"Kill the Great Marshal and protect Chris!"

Immediately, the soldiers hurried their way over to Chris' rescue.

Suddenly, the sound of countless consecutive shots being fired could be heard coming from the rear of the troop.

Within a few seconds, numerous soldiers of the Firewall Unit had been murdered mercilessly.

Everyone turned around in shock as they noticed

NH

the presence of another party. They had been ambushed by another troop of soldiers who had been hiding and waiting for the right time to take them by surprise.

Boom!

A military aircraft whizzed past the Firearm Team, and an infuriated man yelled at them, "I shall kill those who have the guts to hurt the Great Marshal!"

The man was none other than General Cosmopolis, Greedy Wolf. In short, the soldiers who had been hiding in the dark were the Elites of Greed led by him.

All along, the Great Marshal had been the person whom the Elites of Greed respected the most. Hence, they couldn't possibly allow anyone to hurt him. They would crush those who tried to pick on Zeke and get in his way.

In the end, the Elites of Greed fought as if they had gone berserk. They neglected their safety and charged towards the Firewall Unit.

Eventually, an increasing amount of soldiers of the Firewall Unit collapsed to the ground and were drenched in blood.

The Elites of Greed were greatly outnumbered because the soldiers of the Firewall Unit were twice that the amount of the Elites of Greed.

In spite of the upper hand, the soldiers from the Firewall Unit were the ones who had been

NH

intimidated by the Elites of Greed's presence. They felt as if their lives were at stake.

They had to forsake Chris' and turn around to take on the Elites of Greed because they weren't given a choice.


On the other hand, Chris could no longer deliver any instructions because he was on the verge of death due to excessive bleeding.

He glared at Mr. Collins wrathfully with an aggrieved look. "Let me go! I-I'll give in to whatever demands you have..."

Mr. Collins replied callously, "That's impossible because I want my comrades back! I don't think you have the capability to revive them!"

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His hands clutched tightly on the crown of Chris' head like tiger claws before he tightened his grips.

Immediately, Chris' skull imploded into a thousand pieces, and brain matter splattered all over the place.

This marked the downfall of the renowned Imperial Teacher.

However, Collins' fury had yet to subside.

He dashed towards the Firewall Unit once more and showed no mercy to his enemies.

Gunshots, loud screams and the roaring of the tanks filled the air.

The small village which had isolated itself from the rest of the world for decades instantly turned into a bloodshed battlefield.

Zeke Williams lit up three cigarettes and placed them upright on the ground.

"Seal Mercenary Team, I have avenged your deaths. I hope you can rest in peace now."

"In our next lives, I welcome all of you to continue to be the strong pillars supporting Eurasia."

The war continued on for another ten minutes.

Alas, the Firewall Unit were defeated thoroughly.

Many of them were injured or dead. The rest were

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taken as prisoners.

At that moment, all of the generals and soldiers from the Firewall Unit were in shock.

Where did such a powerful team come from?

They are too ferocious and aggressive!

The Firewall Unit has always made it to the top three in the annual military exercise.

However, they were defeated and could not even fight back even though they had twice the number of soldiers.

Is this the military that was trained personally by the Great Marshal?

Wolf's Greed took the parachute and jumped off the combat aircraft.

He watched the war unfold and directed his men from the air earlier.

The moment he landed, he saw Chris' motionless body and gasped instinctively.

A chunk of flesh from the center of Chris' heart had been dug out and two of his ribs were broken. His entire body was covered in blood and it was a rather grotesque sight.

He knelt down in front of Zeke, "General, I hope I am not late."

Zeke replied, "No, you are not."

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Wolf's Greed asked, "What should we do now? Please give me your orders."

What he meant was, should he kill or imprison those prisoners of war.

Zeke's eyes swept past the remaining Firewall Unit.

As he did that, all of them started to tremble in fear.

Needless to say, they were afraid of getting killed.

Luckily, Zeke did not execute them immediately.

"Let's head back to the village first."

Zeke, Wolf's Greed, and Collins headed back to Lake Thewilsa.

All the villagers gathered in front of their ancestral shrine as they trembled in fear.

They never thought that one day, the Great Marshal would turn up at their village.

He even brought with him thousands of soldiers and launched an attack that shook the earth.

To the villagers of Lake Thewilsa, the scene before their eyes was akin to judgment day.

They knelt in front of Zeke in a devout manner the moment he stepped foot into the village.

Their devotion was not just towards the Great

NH

Marshal, but also to every soldier who worked under him. These people were omnipotent!

Zeke pointed at the three assassins and the four brothers of Tourneau as he said, "Take these people with us."

"Chris abused his authority and tried to take over the Spirit Stone mine. He even killed more than ten thousand men from the Seal Mercenary Team and caused great losses to Eurasia. His evil deeds are unforgivable!"

"These few people are the key witnesses and they must be protected well. We will soon file a prosecution against Chris Black later."

Wolf's Greed nodded, "Yes, sir."

Zeke continued, "Also, find out those from the Firewall Unit who took part in the mass murder of the Seal Mercenary Team and kill them. all"

Wolf's Greed replied, "Yes, sir."

The man brought the witnesses with him and left.

Zeke turned towards Collins and asked, "We have gotten our revenge. What are your plans now?"

Suddenly, Tyler knelt on one knee and said, "Sir, I'll go wherever you assign me. I will be at your beck and call and come to your aid whenever required."

Zeke replied, "Very well. Then, I will make an exception and let you join the Alpha Suicide Squad."

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“From now on, you shall be known as...Leopard!”


Collins replied, “Yes, sir.”


Zeke continued, “Let’s go to Chris’ place and search the premises.”


At that moment, in the Prince’s Residence.

Connor was in great despair.

He never thought that the Firewall Unit would fail in its mission under the leadership of his father, Chris.

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Furthermore, they were defeated by the Great Marshal, who sustained injuries on his life force, as well as by Tyler Collins, the outdated captain.

Connor was discontented and angry.

But, what could he do?

The Firewall Unit was taken prisoner, and now, he was a general without an army. It was impossible for him to fight the Great Marshal head-on.

“Bastard,” Connor sent his fists into the coffee table and it shattered into pieces. “I will not be Connor if I don’t take revenge for this!” he muttered under his breath.

Just at that moment, the butler rushed into the room and said, “Sir, I have some news.”

“General Cosmopolis, Wolf’s Greed is heading here with his men! And in a very aggressive manner!”

“It looks like they are going to search the residence!”

What!

Connor’s eyes swept past his home as a sorrowful look appeared on his face.

Would this place vanish forever then?

Would this imperial family disappear from the history of Eurasia?

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This is all because of the Great Marshal!

Zeke Williams, I will not let this go! We are blood enemies from now on!

I will make it my mission to destroy you personally!

At that moment, he made a difficult decision.

He rushed into his father's room and started a search for something.

Shortly after, he managed to find a few Spirit Stones.

"It took me a lot of effort to get these stones for my father. However, he left the world without having the opportunity to make use of them!"

"What a pity!"

The anger in his eyes was burning greater.

He took the Spirit Stone with him and scurried out of the back door.

After Wolf's Greed arrived with the Elites of Greed, the first thing he did was to form a blockade and seal off the residence so that he could gain control over the premises and its people.

Which included the Thisleton family, its extended family, and their helpers.

Some of them were also involved in the mass murder of the Seal Mercenary Team.

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After taking a head count, Wolf's Greed realized that Connor was not in the list.

No doubt, he fled.

Wolf's Greed immediately sent out a warrant to nab the man.

After a while, Zeke arrived too.

He wanted to search Chris' room personally.

Chris was known as the Imperial Teacher and any item in his room could possibly be classified information.

Hence, no soldier had the right to search his room, not even Wolf's Greed.

Zeke sorted out the classified files he found in Chris' room.

However, he did not find any Spirit Stones in the room.

Needless to say, Connor brought them with him.

On this, Zeke was rather perplexed.

If the Spirit Stone ended up overseas, it could help to form a rather formidable enemy and that would be detrimental to Eurasia.

After everything was sorted, Zeke got ready to leave.

However, a picture on the wall caught his

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attention.

He quickly strode over and examined the picture closely.

It was the picture of Chris together with an old man.

There was a snow mountain in the background.

As he looked on, tears filled the corners of his eyes. He was rather emotional and almost lost control of himself.

The old man in the picture was no stranger to him.

It was the Master whom he had been looking for.

Back then, Zeke was sent to war as a criminal and served the country. He was stationed at the North Zone.

Every battle was a fight for his life.

Once, Zeke accidentally fell off and rolled down a snow mountain. He broke his leg and was trapped there for many days.

He thought that he would die there.

However, an elderly man passed by unexpectedly.

He saved Zeke's life, treated his wounds and even taught him martial arts.

He ended up spending a year with the elderly in

NH

the mountains.

A year later, Zeke's skills were on par with an Archduke due to the teachings of the elderly.

One day, the man suddenly disappeared.

Zeke went searching for him for many years but to no avail. With that, he had no choice but to return to the battlefield.

With the martial arts skills that the elderly taught him, Zeke won many battles.

He rose from an insignificant soldier to the Great Marshal he was known as today.



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All these years, Zeke never stopped the search for his teacher.

However, the man had no name, no nationality, and no fixed residence. It was difficult to even start a search.

Zeke was very close to giving up.

Nevertheless, much to his surprise, he saw the picture of the Master with Chris!

It looks like Chris knows the teacher!

Unfortunately, he is dead.

I wonder if anyone from the Thisleton family would know the origins of this picture.

Immediately, Zeke took down the picture from the wall and went to the Thisletons.

At that time, everyone in the residence was taken captive and gathered in the courtyard.

Unfortunately, the Thisleton family was confused at the picture too. None of them knew the origins of the picture.

Finally, someone raised his hand.

“I...I heard Sir talk about this picture before.”

Zeke instructed, “Please continue.”

The person said, “Sir said that the elderly in the picture was his Master.”

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“His Master!” Zeke exclaimed in shock.

Chris was an expert from the older generation and was quite old.

He did not expect the old man to be Chris’ Master too.

How old was this man?

He must be over a hundred years old!

No wonder Chris’ skills and moves looked so familiar!

We are both disciples of the same the Master!

Zeke asked, “Do you know where he lives?”

The person shook his head, “No.”

“Sir said that the man travels around the world and has no fixed residence. The world is his home.”

“Sir could not find him even after searching for decades.”

Zeke nodded his head while he went deep in thought.

This old man is getting more and more mysterious.

But, I will find you no matter what it takes.

He passed the picture to Wolf’s Greed and told

NH

him, “Wolf’s Greed, I don’t care what it takes but find this man at all cost. .”

Yes, sir!

Wolf’s Greed obeyed his orders unconditionally.

...

On the other hand, Connor had connections all over Eurasia.

Hence, it was easy for him to get in contact with them for his escape route.

Finally, he left Eurasia without any obstacles and arrived in the United States on a ferry through an illegal channel.

Prior to his arrival, he had already contacted his friend there.

His African-American contact in the United States, Jeffrey, was there to pick him up.

In his earlier years, Jeffrey was a talented man but was never given an opportunity to prove himself. It was Connor who made use of his connections to get him the best training, and now, he was an excellent sniper and a huge asset to the country.

It had been a long time since the two last met and they hugged each other tightly.

“Connor, my dear Connor! I missed you!” Jeffrey greeted sincerely.

NH

Connor replied courteously, “Jeffrey, how have you been?”

Jeffrey told him, “I have my own team now. The income we make is enough to keep us going for a lifetime.”

“Connor, I prepared a feast for you. Let’s chat over dinner.”

Jeffrey brought Connor to an upscale hotel for dinner.

During dinner, Connor told Jeffrey everything that happened to him.

After listening to his story, Jeffrey expressed his indignance.

“Hmph. The Great Marshal is such a nasty bully.”

“He must be punished!”

Connor sighed, “Forget it. Let’s move to the main point.”

“Jeffrey, I’m here in the United States to look for the Satan Forces.”

“Can you link me up with them?”

Jeffrey pondered for a moment before asking, “Why do you want to look for them?”

Connor told him, “Everyone knows that the Satan Forces are archenemies of the Great Marshal.”

NH


“I want to contact them so that we can work together to defeat the Great Marshal.”


Jeffrey let out a meaningful smile, “Connor, my dear Connor. I shall not keep this from you. In fact, I am the leader of the Satan Forces.”


What!

Connor was dumbfounded.

“So you are telling me that the team that is ranked number one in the United States, top three in the world and the biggest threat to the Great Marshal, is actually led by you?”

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NH

Jeffrey nodded, “Yes, indeed. Every single one of my team, including me, has a deep-rooted hatred against the Great Marshal.”

“Hence, our mission and vision is to defeat him.”

“But....ah, it’s hard to express my difficulties in words.”

Connor probed impatiently, “What is it?”

Jeffrey replied, “The Great Marshal was at his peak, and the Satan Forces were not his match.”

“Now, the Great Marshal has suffered severe injuries on his life force and is almost useless. However, there is another King Class warrior who is guarding Eurasia. now.”

“We don’t even have the ability to invade Eurasia, lest defeat the Great Marshal.”

Connor scoffed, “As far as I am concerned, this is not a problem at all.”

“I have plenty of connections in Eurasia. It will be easy for you to enter Eurasia.”

“Also, I can give you the guarantee that the King Class warrior will not interfere when you attack the Great Marshal.”

What?

Jeffrey’s eyes lit up, “Connor, are you for real?”

Connor nodded, “As the old saying goes in

NH

Eurasia, a man never goes back on his words.”

Alright then!

Jeffrey was elated, “I will make the arrangement for you to meet my Satan Forces now. We can start discussing our plan to attack the Great Marshal.”

He quickly made a call and shortly after, two males and two females entered the private room.

Connor became more astonished as he saw the people who arrived.

“How...How could it be you four!”

“The Four Divinities of Eurasia.”

Connor was extremely familiar with the four of them.

The Four Divinities were once very capable right-hand men of his father, Chris.

In the early years, they conquered battlegrounds and made their names throughout Eurasia.

It could be said that the Four Divinities laid the path for his father to become an Imperial Teacher.

However, after all their achievements, the Four Divinities vanished into thin air and there was no sign of them ever since.

Nobody expected them to come to the United States and even treated the Great Marshal as

NH

their primary target!

Connor was rather confused about what happened in between?

The Four Divinities sat opposite him.

The leader, Phoenix, looked at him with pitiful eyes.

“Connor, we heard about what happened to you and your father.”

“We are extremely sorry for what happened.”

The rest also comforted him and assured him that they would fight against the Great Marshal.

Connor recollected his senses after a while and asked, “May I know why did you guys disappear from Eurasia at your peak and come to the United States using a different identity?”

Phoenix sighed, “It’s all because of the Great Marshal, Zeke Williams.”

Zeke Williams.

So it is Zeke Williams again!

Connor asked again, “May I know what did he actually do to you?”

Phoenix replied, “Why don’t I say it this way. We learned from the same teacher as Zeke Williams. We are in fact disciples under the same teacher.”

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“Of course, one of his disciples includes your father, Chris.”

Gasp!

Connor inhaled sharply upon hearing this.

Phoenix’s words threw him into disbelief.

Sir, the Four Divinities, and Zeke Williams are not from the same generation.

But all of them actually learnt from the same Master.

What kind of a man was this Master? How could he produce so many experts?

All of them were the cream of the crop in Eurasia and were extremely influential too.

Connor asked, “Who is this divine teacher of yours?”

“I am sure he must be a phenomenal and influential hero.”

Sigh.

Phoenix sighed continuously, “That old man is extremely mysterious. Nobody knows his name and there is nothing about him written in the history of Eurasia either.”

“Even Zeke Williams does not know that the old man has other disciples like us.”

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“Oh? Then why did Zeke Williams kick you out of Eurasia?” Connor became even more curious.



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Phoenix replied, “We were not kicked out of Eurasia by Zeke Williams.”

“However, it still had something to do with him.”

“Back when our teacher taught us, he wanted us to become the pillars of support for Eurasia, so that we could protect the country.”

“In other words, he wanted us to become the Great Marshals.”

“However, our master took in Zeke Williams as his disciple in a coincidence.”

“Zeke had a talent that was way beyond us. He only learned under our Master for a year but his ability has surpassed us.”

“After a year, our teacher went to explore the world and left us.”

“Before he left, he reminded us repeatedly that we have to assist Zeke so he could become the Great Marshal.”

“At that time, your father and us were already quite well-known.”

“Your father was an Imperial Teacher, and we were The Four Divinities. Zeke Williams was only an insignificant military captain then. Of course, we were discontented that we have to give everything up to assist him.”

“We felt rather helpless so we wanted to challenge him.”

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“If he won, we would be subordinates to him. If he lost, we would kill him and take over his position to become the leading man of Eurasia.”

“One night, we masked up and attacked Zeke Williams’ camp. We fought him for three hundred rounds.”

“The result was..., the Great Marshal is indeed the Great Marshal. He singlehandedly destroyed the four of us, so we had no choice but to leave the country.”

“Of course, Zeke also paid dearly for the battle. There were many who died or were injured in his camp.”

“The deputy commander, who was like his godfather, died in our hands too.”

Connor asked, “What about my father? Was he involved in that attack?”

Phoenix shook his head as he replied, “No.”

“Your father has great respect for our Master. He listened to his teachings.”

“He was already an Imperial Teacher then. However, he stepped down from his position and assisted Zeke Williams in order to make him the Great Marshal.”

Connor remarked, “Oh yes, I remember something now. There is a picture of him and an elderly in his room.”

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“The background is a snow peak in the North Zone.”

“Is the old man your Master?”

Phoenix nodded, “Yes, indeed. It is the only picture of him when he was around.”

Connor gritted his teeth. “Zeke killed my father and destroyed my entire family.”

“Even you guys were destroyed by him and had no choice but to leave Eurasia.”

“We have to take our revenge!”

Phoenix nodded, “The Four Divinities combined forces with Jeffrey to form the Satan Forces. Apart from keeping a stronghold in the United States, our main aim is to destroy the Great Marshal with our own hands and to take our revenge.”

“Unfortunately, the Great Marshal is extremely strong and we were not his match then.”

“Now, even though his life force is injured, he took in the Captain of the Seal Mercenary Team, Tyler Collins, as his subordinate.”

“Tyler Collins killed Chris in one shot. I can’t imagine how powerful he must be.”

“If we were at our peak, perhaps we might stand a chance of killing him.”

“However, our life force was partially destructed

NH

by the Great Marshal and have not been able to fully recover...”

Connor was deep in thought and asked, “So in other words, does it mean that as long as you recover fully, you would be able to kill the Great Marshal?”

Phoenix nodded, “Yes, that’s possible.”

Connor smiled, “It is not difficult to recover your life force.”

“As long as your condition is not like the case of Zeke Williams, who had his life force utterly damaged, I can help you with it.”

Oh?

The Four Divinities looked excited as they stared at him, “What plans do you have?”



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Connor said, "I am sure you have heard of a Spirit Stone mine that was discovered in Eurasia."

The Four Divinities became even more excited, "Don't tell me that you have the Spirit Stone."

"If you really do have it, not only will we recover our life forces, but our abilities will also improve vastly too!"

"Perhaps even the King Class warrior would not be our match."

Connor nodded, "Indeed, I have the Spirit Stone with me."

That's amazing!

The Four Divinities were ecstatic.

They had dreamt of recovering their life forces all the time.

Now, not only would that happen, but their abilities would also surpass their previous levels too.

Connor handed over the Spirit Stone to the Four Divinities in a very generous manner.

"All of you have to recover quickly. I just can't wait to destroy Zeke Williams."

"While you guys recuperate, I will come up with a foolproof plan."

Phoenix suddenly said, "You don't have to come

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up with the plan. You just be there to collect his body after we kill him.”

“We already have a plan in place.”

Connor asked curiously, “Oh? What plan is this?”

Phoenix told him, “As I have said earlier, we killed one of the deputy commanders in Zeke’s camp when we ambushed him.”

“Zeke treats that man like his father. After he died, Zeke kept the man’s son by his side and treated him like a brother.”

“That orphan has now grown up and is known as General North, Sole Wolf.”

“It will be the deputy commander’s death anniversary in a week’s time. Sole Wolf will definitely head down for prayers.”

“We just have to take him hostage and trick Zeke to come here. After which....snap!”

Good!

Connor was extremely happy, “Let’s do it your way then.”

...

The Prince’s Residence was well established in Eurasia and was involved in many affairs.

General Cosmopolis, Wolf’s Greed, searched the premises for an entire week before they were

NH

done.

However, they could not find any trace of Connor.

With that, Wolf's Greed reported the matter to Zeke Williams.

"Damn it," Zeke muttered angrily when he heard this. "Connor has probably fled Eurasia by now."

"If the Spirit Stone landed in the hands of our enemy, it will be an imminent threat to Eurasia."

Wolf's Greed did not understand, "Zeke, we have an entire Spirit Stone mine here with us."

"Those are only a few stones. I'm sure you don't have to worry that much."

Zeke chided, "What rubbish are you talking about!"

"These Spirit Stones originated from our land and belongs to us. No other persons or country should have possession of them."

"Furthermore, the Spirit Stone is a highly-treasured item in the martial arts world."

Wolf's Greed nodded, "Zekky, don't worry. I will definitely find those Spirit Stones by hook or crook."

"Alright, go ahead," Zeke said.

So Wolf's Greed left the scene.

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In the meantime, Sole Wolf, the General North, arrived.

“Zeke, I heard from the North that you searched the Prince’s Residence. That’s so dope,” he raised a thumbs-up at Zeke.

Zeke said, “Stop boot-licking me, alright? Why are you here?”

Sole Wolf said, “Zeke, I would like to request for leave so that I can go back to the North.”

General North was originally in charge of guarding the North.

However, there was peace for the past few decades.

Coincidentally, the Northwest was met with trouble, and the Serpent, who was in charge of guarding the region, could not handle the chaos.

Hence, Zeke assigned Sole Wolf to help with the trouble in the Northwest.

This went on for several months until now.

Zeke said, “The Northwest troubles have not been settled yet and the North remains peaceful. Why are you requesting for leave now?”

Sole Wolf turned slightly depressed as he asked, “Zeke, have you forgotten?”

“It’s my father’s death anniversary tomorrow. I have to go back for the prayers. Otherwise, he will

NH

scold me in my dreams.”

Zeke slapped his own head, “Damn it, there have been too many things going on lately. I almost forgot about his death anniversary.”

“Alright then, you can head back first. I will be there by tomorrow evening to pay respect at the prayer.”

“Alright.”

And Sole Wolf left.

Zeke experienced mixed emotions within him as he gazed towards the moonlight outside.

Instantly, his thoughts flashed back to the mustached man, nicknamed Big Mustache.



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The man taught Zeke his first punch and first martial art skills.

However, beyond martial arts, Big Mustache cared about his personal life too.

They were like father and son.

Later on, Zeke went to live with the old man in the mountains for a year before returning to the military.

His skills surpassed that of Big Mustache and he went on to achieve much more.

Big Mustache chose to give up his role as a captain in the military to let Zeke take over his place.

He willingly became the deputy in commander.

Zeke Williams would never become the Great Marshal if it were not for the generosity of Big Mustache.

A few days after Zeke became the captain, four masked men ambushed his camp.

Big Mustache sacrificed his own life in order to protect Zeke.

All this while, Zeke had been trying to find out the identities of the four masked men.

However, there was no information about them up till today.

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The four masked men were extremely good at avoiding any investigations on them and did not leave any clues behind.

After Big Mustache's death, Zeke found his only son.

He became his teacher and father and trained him into the man he was today.

This man was none other than Sole Wolf, the General North.

While Sole Wolf addressed Zeke as his brother, he actually treated Zeke as his teacher and father.

It would be Big Mustache's death anniversary tomorrow, so Zeke would definitely be there.

In the United States.

The Four Divinities isolated themselves for an entire week before making an appearance again.

"Haha, the Spirit Stone is indeed very strong!"

"Not only have our life forces been revitalized, but we are also much stronger than before too!"

"I think that just one of us would be more than enough to defeat the Great Marshal."

"If we combined forces, we probably would be able to defeat a King Class warrior."

"By then, we will be the rulers of the world!"

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Jeffrey, the leader of the Satan forces, laughed, "Congratulations, the Four Divinities!"

"We will finally accomplish our goal of destroying the Great Marshal!"

Phoenix said, "I have asked you guys to monitor the situation in Eurasia. Are there any new findings?"

Jeffrey said, "It's the same as what we thought things would be."

"The General North, Wolf's Greed, has returned to the North. He will visit his father's grave tomorrow."

"Good. We will enter Eurasia tonight then," Phoenix told everyone with excitement.

"We will nab Sole Wolf tomorrow and use him to threaten the Great Marshal."

Jeffrey looked rather helpless as he told them, "Eurasia's borders are monitored very tightly nowadays. It's going to be difficult for us to enter."

Connor said, "Don't worry. Let me handle this matter and make arrangements."

"I have many connections in the North. It will be easy for us to enter Eurasia."

"Alright then. Are you sure that the King Class warrior will not interfere in this?" he asked.

Connor nodded, "Don't worry about that."

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“Right now, the whole world is looking for the Spirit Stone. The King Class warriors just want to protect the stones, and will not be bothered if the General North is dead or alive.”

Jeffrey guffawed loudly, “Well, all is ready then. If we cannot kill Zeke Williams this time, there will be no need for the Satan Forces to be around anymore.”

“Let’s go!”

Stealthily, the six of them headed in the direction of Eurasia’s borders.

...

There was a phrase that described the North perfectly, ‘a trace of smoke hangs over a lonely fire and the sun sets over the long river’.

The place was indeed very deserted and desolated. The living conditions were tough and very few chose to live there.

However, in the extreme North, where living conditions were the toughest, an army of more than ten thousand soldiers were stationed there long-term!

They were the greatest assets to the North and protected an important part of Eurasia.

Meanwhile, the army of soldiers lined up in their formation and stood guard in front of a small burial mound.

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They bowed their heads low as they mourned in silence.

All of them knew that underneath this mound buried an extraordinary man, Big Mustache.



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Nobody knew his real name, and he was affectionately known as Big Mustache because of the large sideburns on his face.

He was the Great Marshal's godfather, and he was the man who first spotted the Great Marshal's talent.

He also sacrificed himself in order to save the Great Marshal's life.

When he died, he was awarded a state funeral.

However, Big Mustache always thought of the North, and even when he died, he never wanted to leave this land which he guarded all his life with a fiery passion.

Hence, he was not buried at the Eight Treasures Mountain along with the other sages but rather in the North. Therefore, his body became part of the land of the North.

Big Mustache's only son, Sole Wolf, poured a glass of wine and placed it in front of his graveyard. He bowed his head down in silence after that.

The ceremony was over in a short while.

"It's done. You can all leave now."

Sole Wolf waved his hand at the formation in front of him.

However, none of them stepped away.

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A short five-minute ceremony was not enough for this hero.

Sole Wolf was slightly angered by this, “Get back to your stations and protect the borders.”

“He’s just an old man. There’s nothing for you to stay here any longer!”

“This is an order! Anyone who disobeys will be killed!”

Upon hearing this, the soldiers had no choice so they left one by one in a very reluctant manner.

Within the blink of an eye, Sole Wolf was left alone at the site.

He poured another glass of wine for himself and took a sip.

Suddenly, his eyes reddened.

“Geez. Old man, I’ve never seen much of you since I was born.”

“You always said you were busy and had to protect the country. You even promised to keep me company every day after you retired from the military.”

“However, you died before you could even retire. I didn’t even have a chance to say goodbye to you.”

“Old man, you owe me too much.”

“But well, you still have a conscience and

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managed to train my brother, Zeke. If not for him who took care of me like a teacher and father, I would probably have been in the ground like you too.”

“Forget it, let’s not talk nonsense anymore. The wind is getting stronger and I’m tearing up.”

“I will enjoy this wine with you. Didn’t you say that I would only have the right to offer you a toast after I became a general?”

“I’m a general now.”

Meanwhile, a few people peered in his direction from a small hill behind.

They were none other than Connor and the Satan Forces.

Connor studied the situation using his binoculars and said, “All is clear. Let’s move according to our plan.”

The six headed for Sole Wolf in a murderous manner.

Just as they appeared from the hill, Sole Wolf noticed them too.

He furrowed his brows instinctively.

Who are these six people?

They can’t be soldiers.

Those who patrol the borders would be in teams

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and would have more than six people.

They can't be tourists too for no foreigners are allowed here.

Well, there's only one possibility then, they must be illegal immigrants.

Sole Wolf got up slowly and blocked their way as he prepared to nab them.

As they approached him, Sole Wolf became even more surprised.

He did not expect to see a familiar figure amidst the group, Connor Black.

This man was on the wanted list of the Great Marshal all over the world.

How dare this man appear in the North! He is too daring for his own good.

Sole Wolf bellowed, "Connor Black, you are the number one wanted man in Eurasia!"

"Put your hands behind your head now and cooperate with our investigation. Otherwise, I will kill you."

Connor burst into laughter. "Well, guess what? I wanted to say the same thing to you."

"I suggest you surrender now. Or else, I cannot guarantee that my companions will not take your life."

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The leader of the Satan Forces, Jeffrey, showed himself, “I heard that this man is stupid. Let’s not waste our time on him.”

“I will fight him.”

“You guys are digging your own grave.” Sole Wolf bent forward, sending the sand around his feet flying in a circular motion around him as he said, “Don’t even think about escaping today.”



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“Tsk tsk,” Phoenix scoffed. “Not only does this man look like Big Mustache but he has the same personality as him too.”

Oh?

Sole Wolf looked at them suspiciously, “You guys knew my father?”

Phoenix told him, “We don’t just know him.”

“In fact, your father died in our hands.”

What!

Sole Wolf was shocked to the core.

So these are the people who ambushed the Great Marshal and Big Mustache then.

They killed my father! My arch enemies!

The people who left me orphaned without any parents!

There will be no end to this hatred and this grudge.

They must all die!

“Bastards, I will take your lives today!” Sole Wolf yelled at the top of his lungs. He lunged forward in the direction of the Satan Forces like an enraged beast.

He moved at great speed and disturbed the sand around him.

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Jeffrey stepped forward and offered, "I will teach this fellow a lesson."

"Make it quick. Don't waste too much time on him," Phoenix ordered.

"Yes, sir."

Just as he said that Sole Wolf had gotten to him and the two embroiled in a fierce fight.

Jeffrey and the Sole Wolf were both Archduke warriors.

However, Jeffrey was at the top of the Archduke class of warriors and Sole Wolf was slightly at the bottom and ranked lower than him.

However, even though he was one rank below, their capabilities were on par.

After a few rounds of battle, Sole Wolf was sent flying in the air by Jeffrey's kick.

Jeffrey scoffed, "What sort of a General is he? He is just a wimp."

"Young man, are you interested in joining us? I can consider making you one of my soldiers."

"F*** you!" Right after Sole Wolf landed on the ground, he jumped up again and charged in Jeffrey's direction again.

Sole Wolf's high tolerance for defeat was his unique trait.

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It could be said that he grew up being beaten by Zeke; therefore, he had extremely thick skin.

There was even a myth that Sole Wolf could not feel pain at all.

Hence, Jeffrey's kick earlier did not do much harm to him.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey lunged forward without hesitation too.

To them, Sole Wolf was just a tool that would help them defeat the Great Marshal. There was no need to waste much time on him.

It was best to deal with Sole Wolf quickly so that there were no loose ends.

The two Archduke warriors ran at full speed and collided heavily into each other.

Bang!

The low bang of the collision created sound waves that traveled through the air.

The vibration was sufficient to damage anyone's eardrums.

The volume of the collision was akin to a car accident.

Sole Wolf felt dizzy after that.

However, Jeffrey left him no chance and sent another kick in his direction.

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Upon the impact, Sole Wolf flew in the air.

This time, he landed on Big Mustache's burial mound, and the mound flattened immediately.

As a result, Sole Wolf spat blood too.

Connor Black mocked, "Hehe, is that all you can come up with?"

"You said you wanted to kill us earlier. Who gave you the courage to say so?"

Hatred!

At that moment, all Sole Wolf could feel was the brewing hatred in him.

The people who killed his father were right in front of him.

However, he was helpless! How did it feel to get mocked and kicked by his arch enemies?

He would rather die than to suffer like this!

I will make sure you guys go down with me, even if I die!

Roar!

Sole Wolf roared like a beast and attacked once more.

"Damn it, this guy really has thick skin. Normally, people will die if I kick them twice," Jeffrey exclaimed in surprise.

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“He is not only alive but even continues to attack.”

“Well, I am going to make sure that I skin you alive. I want to see how thick your skin is.”

Jeffrey welcomed Sole Wolf’s attack. He performed his signature move and raised a powerful kick in Sole Wolf’s direction.

This time, he mustered all of his strength.

Many years back, he did an experiment and could kick through a small sedan car with this move.

Surely this man will not be as strong as metal?



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Bang!

Jeffrey's kick landed flat on Sole Wolf's body.

Unexpectedly, the latter's skin was torn upon the impact.

It was just the outer layer of his skin that was broken and the kick did not tear him apart.

Sole Wolf's skin was indeed more sturdy than metal!

Even Jeffrey was shocked at this.

How can a man's skin be this sturdy?

Is this man Sole Wolf or Wolverine?

This time, Sole Wolf learnt his lesson.

He knew that it was pointless to fight head-on with him. Hence, he could only demonstrate his "clingy" fighting methods.

He wrapped his arms around Jeffrey's legs and clung to them tightly. This move prevented him from being sent flying in the air again.

Jeffrey was infuriated and stomped his legs angrily on the ground.

Snap!

One of Sole Wolf's ribs was broken by Jeffrey.

He could feel a sensation in his chest as blood

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started to flow out of his nostrils and mouth and his eyes reddened.

However, Sole Wolf could not care about the pain and was only focused on his attack.

He sunk his teeth deep into Jeffrey's knees...

Jeffrey's right kneecap was bitten hard by Sole Wolf!

Ouch!

Jeffrey screamed in agony and collapsed onto the ground.

Sole Wolf took this opportunity and bit the muscles on his thigh. He tore a big chunk of flesh off his leg!

To relieve his hatred, he even chewed on the raw flesh a few times before spitting it out.

By now, Sole Wolf's face was stained with blood, especially his mouth which was still chewing on a piece of flesh.

A sly smile crept onto his face and he looked even scarier than a ghost!

Even Connor and the Satan Forces, who have met with warriors before, were extremely frightened and terrorized by Sole Wolf's look.

What a demon.

This man is a bloody demon!

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Jeffrey was on the verge of losing his mind by now.

He was always proud of his signature kick. Now that his right leg was gone, he would no longer be able to demonstrate this move anymore for the rest of his life.

He was entirely incapacitated!

He used his left leg and continued to stomp on Sole Wolf and all he wanted was for this pest to release him!

Sole Wolf continued to wrap his arms tightly around his right leg and it was impossible for him to retaliate. However, his face was swollen like a pig after taking all the kicks from Jeffrey.

Finally, Sole Wolf found his opportunity.

He stretched his right arm upwards and went for the gap in between Jeffrey's thighs.

He grabbed onto what was in the middle and tore it down.

Jeffrey's manhood was immediately torn off by Sole Wolf.

Blood splattered everywhere.

Jeffrey let out a blood-curdling scream upon this.

Stupid bastard! Shameless bastard!

He almost lost consciousness from the agonizing

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pain.

Sole Wolf continued his attack with another quick move. He used his hand as a weapon and jabbed it into Jeffrey's stomach.

Snap!

Sole Wolf's palm was embedded through Jeffrey's stomach.

In the next moment, he pulled out a three to four meter long pile of the intestine which was covered in blood.

Under the sunlight, the intestine was shining in crimson red.

Jeffrey's screams stopped there and then.

He shivered uncontrollably in pain and took in large gasps of breath. A gurgling noise could be heard in his throat and his eyes rolled backward.

However, despite his dire situation, he maintained a strong determination to live.

His gaze instinctively moved towards The Four Divinities, begging for their help.

Meanwhile, The Four Divinities were dumbfounded.

As the Divinities, they thought they were absolutely violent and ruthless.

However, their cold-blooded acts were nothing

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compared to Sole Wolf.

He bit off someone's kneecap, tore off his flesh, ripped off his manhood, and even pulled out his intestines with his bare hands.

Even horror movies would not show such scenes!

This man is a total demon!

They only managed to recover their senses after Jeffrey took in his last breath.

Connor was infuriated and agitated.

Jeffrey was his best friend. Needless to say, he was extremely upset that he died such a horrible death.

The veins on his neck popped as he shouted, "Phoenix, kill him! Seek revenge for the Captain!"

Phoenix approached Sole Wolf step by step.

"Oh, Captain Jeffrey, you have underestimated our opponent."

"This man might not be very good, but he is extremely vicious."

"If we do not kill him today, he will become a threat to us in the future."

"Don't worry, I will avenge your death. Rest in peace."

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As Sole Wolf stood up, he stumbled slightly. Blood and bits of flesh dripped from the corners of his mouth.

“Come on, bring it on!”

“One is good, but if I kill two, I stand to gain!”

Sole Wolf was extremely determined.

However, Phoenix maintained her distance from him.

From afar, a bullet shot at full speed.

Phoenix quickly ducked and dodged the bullet.

It turned out that a patrol team discovered the ensuing battle and was on their way over.

Phoenix scoffed, “Yet more have come to dig their graves.”

“I will send all of you to your deaths at the same time then. At least, you will have company.”

When one is at Archduke level, one does not fear any weapons.

Hence, those soldiers who were here to rescue Sole Wolf were merely prey to Phoenix.

Within the blink of an eye, the patrol team rushed over.

One of them lunged at Phoenix in an attempt to protect Sole Wolf.

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However, Sole Wolf knew very well that these soldiers were not her match. So he chided, “Just leave us alone.”

“I’m dealing with my family affairs. You guys do not have the right to interfere.”

“Leave now!”

However, the soldier flashed a smile at Sole Wolf and said, “General, I’m sorry. We will have to disobey your orders this time.”

“There will be many more soldiers in the North even if I die.”

“However, if you die, the thousands of soldiers in the North will lose their leader and soul!”

Sole Wolf scolded, “How dare you disobey my orders! I will...I will..”

Before he could finish, the soldier already collided with Phoenix.

The latter grabbed onto the soldier’s arm and ripped it apart.

Snap!

The soldier did not even manage to retaliate and his left arm was ripped off his body.

He yelled in agony, but it did not affect the movements in his right hand.

In an adept manner, he pulled at a thin string at

NH

his waist.

Noticing this move, Phoenix's heart skipped a beat. Shit.

Boom!

Just as the thought flashed past her mind, the soldier's body imploded into a thousand pieces on the spot.

His flesh and blood splattered all around as the light from the fire pierced through the air. His body was blown off far away.

At the same time, Phoenix, who was standing beside the soldier, also "vanished" into thin air.

To be specific, she was blown into pieces.

Damn it!

Connor and the Four Divinities looked at the scene in a daze.

Was everyone from the North this crazy and ruthless?

In fact, these soldiers carried grenades with them whenever they went on patrol.

If they could not defeat their enemies, they would die along with them!

Indeed, a demon such as Sole Wolf was capable of training these soldiers into a bunch of madmen they were today.

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Even after a long time, the sound of the explosion from the grenade continued to ring in their ears.

Run!

Connor suddenly shouted and sprinted on his feet.

This was because the rest of the patrol team was heading in their direction and their outfits were rather bulky.

No doubt, they had strapped large amounts of explosives onto their bodies and these soldiers were ready to die with them!

There were only three out of the Four Divinities left. So they immediately turned on their heels and ran for their lives.

They were not afraid of these patrol soldiers and did not have any respect for them.

However, they were extremely terrified of the explosives!

Even if they were strong, it was impossible to survive these explosives.

The patrol soldiers saw that their General was severely injured. Hence, they were determined to take revenge and were even willing to die for him. They chased after the Four Divinities in hot pursuit.

There were many who went after Connor too.

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This was because one of them recognized that he was the man on the wanted list of the Great Marshal. Thus, there was no way they would let him escape!

At this moment, Connor was in a state of despair.

He thought that the plan would go well even if Jeffrey died. Nonetheless, he did not expect the overall plan to go awry.

The last thing he expected was so many madmen running after him!

“Don’t run after me anymore. I will give you money!” Connor was out of breath by then and he offered those soldiers monetary in exchange for his escape.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

The North soldiers simply replied angrily, “Those who invade Eurasia shall die!”

“We will capture the fugitive that Great Marshal wants!”

Damn it...

Connor was on the verge of vomiting blood.

This bunch of very poor numbskull! They deserve to live in poverty for their whole lives!

Finally, Connor ran up to the peak of a snowcapped mountain. By then, he was thoroughly exhausted.

As he watched the murderous soldiers coming closer, he let out a helpless sigh and jumped off the mountain.

Perhaps he would stand a chance to live if he jumped down.

Otherwise, the only way out was death if he were captured.

Finally, the soldiers stopped their pursuit and looked at each other.

“Do you think he’s dead?”

“I’d say there is a 70% chance that he’s dead.”

“No, we can’t give him any chance to live.”

“Take off the explosives and throw them down.”

NH

After that, these soldiers quickly unstrapped the explosives from their chests and tossed them down the peak.

In the meantime, the remaining three Divinities were rather strong and ran at full speed.

They finally managed to outrun the soldiers and enter the borders of Eurasia.

“Report, Sir.”

“We had one fatality from our side. On the enemies’ side, Jeffrey and Phoenix are dead; Connor jumped off the cliff and we managed to disband the Satan Forces. It is a victory.”

Indeed, this was a huge victory.

They sacrificed very little in exchange for a huge success.

However, nobody rejoiced at this victory.

This was because every single soldier was like family to them.

Even the killing of a hundred enemies could never pay for the life of one soldier.

Sole Wolf inhaled sharply and asked, “What’s the name of the soldier who died?”

“Sir,” someone yelled. “His name is James Hewitt. He was from the Eight Ridges in the North.”

“He was a private. Achieved a Level One Mission

NH

once, a Level Two Mission twice, and numerous Level Three Missions.”

Sole Wolf nodded, “What about his family?”

The soldier replied, “He has an elder brother and a younger brother. His father and brothers are all soldiers in the North. His elderly mother takes care of their home alone.”

Sole Wolf announced, “Private James Hewitt sacrificed his life to protect the General. He killed Phoenix and disbanded the Satan Forces. I hereby award him an S-Class Martyr.”

“Private James Hewitt will be promoted to a Special Martyr. His brothers and father will be promoted to three ranks upward. These awards will take immediate effect.”

The soldier cringed slightly, “General...”

Sole Wolf asked coldly, “Why? Do you think that he is not deserving of this reward?”

The person shook his head, “No, Sir. It’s not that.”

“His brothers and father all died on the battlefield. They were all martyrs.”

“His mother is the only person left in his family.”

What!

Sole Wolf and the rest of the soldiers were shocked and all of them looked saddened.

NH

After which, all of them had tears running down their faces.

Four martyrs and a surviving elderly mother...

Was there anything sadder than this?

Sole Wolf did not speak. He merely picked up a bottle of alcohol and walked towards the place where James imploded himself.

Quietly, he poured some alcohol on the ground. His Adam's apple moved slightly but no sound came out of his mouth.

Thousands of soldiers from the North heard about this and gathered at the spot.

Sole Wolf tossed the bottle on the ground and yelled, "Attention, soldiers!"

All of them stood up straight and replied in unison, "Yes, Sir!"

Their voices echoed loudly.

Sole Wolf ordered, "Team Alpha, find Connor Black for me. I want to see his body!"

"Team Beta, find the remaining bastards for me. Kill them when necessary and report to me later!"

"Team Charlie, follow me to James Hewitt's home."

"Team Delta, protect the borders as always!"

NH

Yes!

The soldiers went into action according to Sole Wolf's orders.

Carefully, Sole Wolf gathered what was left of James Hewitt.

“Oh dear, this silly man. Why did he not tell me about his family?”

“If I knew that you were the only surviving son in your family, I would rather break your legs than let you sign on with the military.”

“Well, there's no one to continue your family's legacy now...”

“No. all the soldiers from the North will be your brothers. Our descendants will be your descendants too. There will always be someone to continue your legacy.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

After taking care of Wallace Walters's remains, Sole Wolf called Zeke and told him what happened.

On the other side of the phone, Zeke fell silent for a long while.

Sole Wolf's heart raced because he knew that the Great Marshal was angry.

Sure enough, he got scolded, "Ten days of confinement. Any problem with that?"

"Zeke, I'm willing to face any punishment."

"I told you. Run background checks on all recruits. Only if there's more than one son in their family are they allowed to go to the battlefield, lest their family line dies out. Wallace's father and brothers were martyrs, so how did he manage to join the army?"

Sole Wolf replied, "Zeke, don't worry. I will give you a proper explanation regarding this issue. Reminders were given to the recruitment department all the times, yet this still happened. We will reflect on our mistakes heavily."

Zeke responded, "Fine. By the way, Connor stole the Eurasia's Spirit Stone. We need to locate him before he flees the country."

"Alright."

"Besides, are you sure that four people were the ones who killed your father back then?"

NH

Sole Wolf answered, "That's what they said."

In a thoughtful manner, Zeke replied, "Did you keep their photos? They look like Eurasians. Perhaps we can look them up in the Eurasia database."

Sole Wolf answered, "No. But Connor was calling one of them Phoenix."

"Phoenix?!" Shocked, Zeke repeated that name.

Sole Wolf asked out of curiosity, "Do you know him?"

Zeke replied ruefully, "Do you remember about The Four Divinities from back then?"

Sole Wolf asked, "Are you talking about The Four Divinities under Chris Black's rule? Right! One of them is named Phoenix as well!"

Zeke analyzed, "Not long after the masked men tried to assassinate me back then, The Four Divinities retired and we lost all trace of them. In hindsight, it was probably because they were scared that I would hunt them down."

Crap!

Sole Wolf became irate. "Bast***! Serves the Thistleton family right for being exterminated."

Zeke suggested, "You should recuperate first. We can talk about the confinement after you recover. I'm going to pay tribute to my stepfather now."

NH

Shortly, he took a fighter jet and traveled to the North.

It was already evening when he arrived.

Under the setting sun, the sky was illuminated red, and a lone grave sat stoically in the scene.

Zeke stood by the grave as he put down a few glasses of alcohol and lit up three cigarettes.

He then exclaimed sorrowfully, "I'm sorry, father. I didn't protect Sole Wolf well, and he almost... Sigh. In short, he's far beyond great now. But don't worry, I have come up with a set of unique combat skill. When he manages to master it, no one in the King Class will be his match."

Rumble!

A motorcade from the Military District approached him.

They stopped in front of Zeke, and shortly after, a few hundred soldiers stepped out and paid Zeke their respects.

Even though they knew the Great Marshal had lost all he had, it didn't affect his position as a role model in their hearts.

The leader of the platoon was the General North, Sole Wolf himself.

He took a jacket from the car and wrapped it around Zeke.

NH

“Zeke, it’s getting chilly here. Don’t catch a cold.”

Zeke asked, “Do we have news about Connor and The Four Divinities yet?”



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NH

Sole Wolf looked down. "I'm sorry, Zeke. An avalanche struck the place where Connor jumped off. Our soldiers are searching hard, but we still haven't found him yet. Meanwhile, with Phoenix dead, only three of them are left. But since they went their separate ways and infiltrated into Eurasia, it'll take us some time to find them."

Zeke instructed, "Deploy more men into the search party. They are just like ticking time bombs that might detonate and bring chaos to Eurasia anytime. Find them, kill them."

"Got it." Sole Wolf saluted.

Zeke boarded one of the vehicles and ordered, "Let's go."

Sole Wolf was stunned. "Zeke, we plan to attend Wallace's memorial service now. Where are you going?"

The marshal replied, "The Wallace family has four fallen soldiers. The Eurasia army owes the mother an apology. I will deem Wallace Walters worthy of a state funeral and apologize to her on behalf of the military."

However, this was only one of the reasons for the visit.

The other reason was that Zeke wanted to track Black Dragon, one of The Four Divinities.

It was known that Black Dragon and Phoenix had a very close relationship. Though not officially registered, they were just like a married couple.

NH

Since Phoenix was killed by Wallace, Black Dragon would definitely avenge her death by targeting his family.

Even if they couldn't manage to apprehend Black Dragon during their visit, they could still offer some protection to the poor lady.

In the car, Sole Wolf said cautiously, "Zeke, I asked the recruitment department to run through Walters family's background and we discovered something."

"Speak."

"They can only retrieve basic information of Wallace's brothers and father, and they aren't listed as dead yet. That was why the recruitment department allowed Wallace to join the army. I wanted to investigate them further, but... their files are classified as SSSSS, and that's beyond my authority."

Huh?

Zeke was utterly befuddled.

How can the files of the seemingly ordinary soldier be of the SSSSS level of confidentiality?

Something fishy must be going on here.

Sole Wolf suggested, "Zeke, perhaps you should use your authority to take a look at their files."

Zeke nodded.

NH

He was one of the few in Eurasia who had the access.

The man then called Lewis, the colonel, and told him about Wallace's incident.

Lewis replied, "Great Marshal, please give me a moment. I'll make the inquiry right away."

In less than five minutes, Zeke got a call back.

"Great Marshal, I tried to check, but their files were destroyed."

Huh?

Zeke was dumbfounded. "Destroyed?"

Strange...

What kind of secrets do they hold?

Zeke was utterly perplexed as he asked, "Lewis, any idea about it?"

The man replied, "The previous colonel said the files were already burnt since he assumed his position. He has no idea what happened as well. Perhaps his ex-boss might have a clue to what's going on, but he had already passed on. I'm afraid these files would be lost in oblivion forever."

Zeke sighed softly, and it was evident that he was disappointed.

These files are just as mysterious as that Pietro White who taught me how to fight.

NH

When that thought came up, he suddenly had a flash of inspiration.

Could Pietro White has something to do with those files?

At that thought, Zeke looked forward to meeting Wallace's mother even more.

Perhaps she will have more information about her late husband and sons.



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NH

Half a day on the road later, they arrived at a small town.

Mountains blocked their way ahead, so they had to continue their journey on foot.

Fortunately for Sole Wolf and Zeke, their arrival alerted the local authorities, so a helicopter was sent to bring the two directly to the village.

The other soldiers, on the other hand, were forced to continue on foot.

After a while, the two finally reached their ultimate destination: a shabby old hut.

Sole Wolf sighed. “They are a family of four fallen warriors, yet they live with such austerity. I really am sorry to our soldiers. Zeke, I’m willing to be confined for half a year when we get back.”

Zeke replied, “Let’s find out what happened first.”

Entering the house, there was an old and wrinkly lady in the yard.

She was wizened, yet she was still weaving a bamboo basket with her hands covered in scars.

Undoubtedly, she was doing it to fend for herself.

The elderly slowly looked up and squinted at her visitors when she heard a ruffling.

It didn’t took her long to figure out who they were. Her hands trembled and tears started to well in her eyes.

NH

It was as if she knew why they were visiting her.

The old lady quickly regained her composure and stood up with difficulty before greeting them.

“Colonel, nice to meet you. Please, come in and take a seat.”

“Alright.”

She lead them into a room, and Zeke helped her along because she was unsteady on her feet.

The house was decrepit and shabby, yet it was cleaned meticulously.

Just as the two men stepped into the room, their gazes were attracted by an altar.

Even though the old lady lived a simple life, the offerings on the altar were very generous.

Fruits, snacks, and charcuterie decorated the table along with four memorial tablets.

It was then did Zeke and Sole Wolf realize that the old lady’s father was a fallen soldier as well.

The latter felt even more guilty now, and he was too ashamed to speak.

He wanted to ask Zeke to pass the old lady Wallace’s ashes, but the man didn’t respond despite calling him a few times.

Looking up, he saw that Zeke was in a daze as he stared at the memorial tablets with an indecipherable gaze.

NH

Zeke asked, “Madam, may I ask who wrote these memorial tablets?”

With a sigh, the old lady wiped the tablets carefully and answered, “A white-haired old man sent these to me.”

The words ‘white-haired old man’ excited Zeke, so he questioned further, “Madam, do you know who he is? Perhaps you have some information about him?”

The old lady shook her head. “I don’t.”

After some thought, Zeke said, “The fact that he sent these to you probably means that he was quite close to them. Madam, may I ask which platoon your husband served in and what was his duties?”

The elderly shook her head once more. “I don’t know. They never told me anything.”

Zeke took out a picture of his master and Chris, and showed her. “Madam, is he the old man back then?”

It took only one look for the old lady to answer, “That’s right. It’s him.”



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NH

Zeke took a deep breath as he thought. Something really fishy is going on in this family.

The old lady made an empty space on the table before taking the urn from Sole Wolf and placing it there. Indeed, she knew it was her son.

Sole Wolf asked cautiously, “Zeke, why are you so fixated on the tablets all of a sudden?”

Zeke pondered for a brief moment before instructing, “Touch the words on the tablets.”

Huh?

Sole Wolf was very confused, but he still followed Zeke’s instructions.

As soon as he touched them he immediately removed his hand as if he touched something very hot.

“What happened? My mind went blank and I felt myself losing consciousness. These words... they are controlling my mind somehow.”

Zeke nodded. “That’s right. The remnants of a powerful person’s strong resolve is embedded in those words. Strong enough to influence our thinking, which is a testament to how strong their resolve is.”

Huh?

Sole Wolf was dumbstruck. “Zeke, you’re someone of the King Class caliber. Don’t tell me

NH

you're affected by that too?"

Zeke nodded.

Sole Wolf gaped in shock. "Gosh! How strong is that person? Could he be one of the fabled Ultimate Class!"

Zeke took a deep breath. "I don't know. No one ever verified the existence of the Ultimate Class. However, judging by my master, Pietro's abilities, he is at least at the top of King Class. Never mind about that. We can figure things out slowly. Our main priority right now is to pay our final respects to the fallen warriors."

"Alright."

Sole Wolf recollected his feelings and bowed deeply at the old lady.

"Madam, I am Wallace's leader. I didn't protect him well enough, causing you to lose another family member. Besides, we overlooked and mistakenly allowed your last son to go on the battlefield..."

The elderly sighed. "Sigh... Young man, I don't blame you. I insisted Wallace to go to the battlefield."

"Why?" Sole Wolf asked in confusion. "He was your only son left."

Bloodline is an important concept in Eurasia.

What the Madam did is extremely illogical!

NH

The old lady explained, “Wallace’s grandfather, father, and brothers went missing for the past decades. I asked him to look for them and bring them back. I need to know how could these men be so ruthless to leave us two!”

Sole Wolf was confused, “But their memorial tablets are here. You know that they have already sacrificed, don’t you?”

The old lady rebuked firmly, “No! I’m certain that they’re still alive, hiding somewhere because they don’t want to see me. If they really lost their lives, why do I only see their tablets but not their remains?”

Just when Sole Wolf was about to say something, he was stopped by Zeke.

The old lady made some sense.

Pietro is a very mysterious person, so the people close to him are definitely very obscure as well.

Indeed, we can’t tell if those men are dead or not.

Even though the old lady believed that her father and husband were not dead yet, Wallace did indeed pass on, and that devastated her.



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NH

Kneeling down, her voice wavered. “Wallace, I’m so sorry... I shouldn’t have sent you to look for those heartless people. You devils, you killed Wallace! I curse you!”

Zeke stared at the old lady with mixed feelings. “I finally understand why she has such a strong belief that her family is still alive.”

“Why?” Sole Wolf asked out of curiosity.

“These remnants on the tablets have been influencing her thinking. Besides, I picked up something from that sense of resolve.”

“What?” Sole Wolf asked.

Zeke explained, “Pietro knew I’ll come, so he left me a message. He reminds me to search for these men at all cost because there’s a shocking secret hidden within them. This message probably influenced the old lady as well, so she insisted on sending her last son to the battlefield.”

Damn.

Sole Wolf gaped in shock. “Is your master some sort of deity?”

Zeke rubbed his temples. “Things are more complicated than I thought.”

At that moment, the house’s door was suddenly opened, and an emaciated, buck-toothed youngster barged inside.

Seeing who had arrived, the old lady’s expression

NH

changed instantly and she rushed outside.

As soon as the youngster stepped into the backyard, he took the bamboo basket that the old lady weaved and tried to escape with it.

However, the elderly grabbed onto the basket and protested, "Hold it right there! This is mine. How dare you steal it from me!"

Furiously, the youngster yelled back, "Old lady, let go! I'll sell this and give you the money later."

However, the old lady maintained her tight grip. "Let go of it right now. You thief!"

"Senile old fart." The agitated guy tugged on the basket and snatched it away.

"I'm the only one you can count on now, so what's the issue in me taking one basket from you?"

With a sudden push, the buck-tooth youngster sent the old lady reeling to the ground.

F***!

Sole Wolf's eyes were bloodshot.

How dare he hurt someone from such noble family!

Absolutely preposterous!

With a huge stride, Sole Wolf rushed forwards and broke the old lady's fall.

NH

At the same time, he gave the youngster a kick.

The latter was sent flying, and he spat out mouthfuls of blood when he landed.

Meanwhile, the elderly sighed in despair when she saw the ruined basket.

“Sigh. It’s all damaged now...”

Her livelihood depended on the basket, so it was no surprise that she was devastated by it.

Sole Wolf asked, “Madam, who’s that? Why was he snatching your basket?”

The old lady replied, “He’s my nephew. That bas**** sold most of the bamboo baskets I weaved and wasted all the money away.”

Damn it!

Sole Wolf’s eyes glinted murderously.

He could work to feed himself. Yet, he chose to become a parasite of a poor old lady!

Sole Wolf despised people like him the most, so he made up his mind to teach the guy a lesson.

He helped the old lady up and left the yard.



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NH

A lot of villagers gathered outside the house because they heard a commotion.

Looking at the youngster on the ground, the crowd started to speculate.

The young man struggled to get up as he yelled at Sole Wolf furiously.

“Who the f*** are you?! Mind your own damn business. Fork over a hundred thousand for my medical fees. Or else, you won’t be able to leave this place!”

The old lady started to panic. She wanted to defend Sole Wolf.

However, Zeke stopped her before she could do so. “Madam, don’t worry. We can handle this.”

She stared at Zeke, clearly doubting him.

This young man has no idea how powerful my nephew’s family is. Can they really handle them?

Meanwhile, Sole Wolf smiled menacingly as he walked toward the youngster. “Forgive me for being rude, but a hundred thousand is way too little for me. I don’t have any change with me right now. How about this. I’ll pay you one million for the price of your life!”

F***er!

Buck-tooth was enraged, so he took out a dagger from his waist and threatened, “You’re asking for trouble, so don’t blame me if I don’t show you any

NH

mercy!”

Finished speaking, he launched himself toward Sole Wolf.

However, the latter seemed unfazed as he stood motionless with a sardonic smile on his face.

The moment the young guy got near him, Sole Wolf executed a swift uppercut.

Thwack!

With a resounding clap, buck-tooth was sent flying.

As he landed, he spat out mouthfuls of blood once again along with two teeth.

He curled up on the ground in pain as his face turned deathly pallid.

Everyone watching gaped in shock.

Even though buck-tooth is skinny, he weights at least sixty kilograms.

How powerful is that man to be able to send him flying with just one punch?

There is no one of his caliber in our vicinity.

The old lady was utterly shocked, so she urgently told Zeke and Sole Wolf, “Youngsters, just move along. Buck-tooth’s family is very powerful. They would never forgive you for beating him up. Furthermore, I’m a senior in the family, they

NH

wouldn't dare hurt me. You don't have to worry about me!"

The crowd joined in advising them to leave as well.

However, Zeke chuckled nonchalantly and said, "It's alright. I'm not scared even if his father is the emperor."

The crowd burst into laughter.

Boastful.

Who does he think he is?

Suddenly, two agitated voices could be heard from beyond the crowd.

"Move aside."

"Where's my son? I heard someone beat him up?"

"I'll have that fu*ker's entire family killed!"

An old couple barged inside, and they were none other than buck-tooth's parents.

Seeing how miserable their son was, the parents were so angry that their face turned crimson red.

"Speak up. Who the f*** did this!"

"Come forward and break both of your legs. That way, we might consider sparing your life."

The villagers trembled in fear as they felt anxious

NH

for Zeke and Sole Wolf.

That youngster is doomed.

Wallace's mother begged for mercy, "We have a misunderstanding here. Please listen to me. Frederick was the one who snatched the bamboo basket from me..."

The father retorted, "Nonsense! Helena Loris, you really are an ignorant fool. All men from your family are deserters who abandoned you, and you have to count on my son to take care of you at your old age! There's nothing wrong with him taking your basket, yet you get someone to beat him up! Do you not feel sorry for him at all?"

The old lady tried to explain herself, "No, they are not deserters! They have ineffable difficulties..."



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“Shut the hell up!” Her brother yelled, “I’ll settle things with you later.”

He took a look at the crowd before casting his gaze on Sole Wolf.

“You’re not local. Were you the one who beat my son up?”

At the moment, Sole Wolf almost exploded in rage.

How dare this man addresses the fallen warriors as deserters?

With his fists clenched, he shuffled toward the old man slowly, “Get your knees down before the memorial tablets. If not, I’ll punish you on the charge of treason.”

Deriding the fallen warriors is no different than treason!

Pfft!

Buck-tooth’s father burst into laughter. “Are you a general? Do you even have the power to charge me with treason? Let me see... I’ll charge you with death sentence!”

Seeing that Sole Wolf wouldn’t relent, he decided to resort to violence.

With an angry roar, he pounced toward Sole Wolf.

However, just as before, the latter stood still with a look of ridicule on his face.

NH

Anxious, the onlookers were shaking. They whispered softly, reminding him to dodge the attack.

Wallace's mother, on the other hand, tried to shield Sole Wolf with her own body.

Not only was his brother skilled in combat, but he was also the chief coach of the village's military forces.

Not many was his match.

Meanwhile, Sole Wolf was unfazed despite all the warnings.

Only when the old man reached him did he make his move.

He swung a fist directly toward the father's face. The speed of the punch was so great it conjured up a gust of wind.

Buck-tooth's father couldn't even react when the punch hit him.

After a sharp and resounding clap, he was sent flying and landed right on his son.

Both of them spat out blood and reeled in pain at the same time.

Holy s***!

The villagers gaped in shock.

This youngster is f***ing cool!

NH

Even the chief coach couldn't withstand his punch.

Is his fist made of steel?

Buck-tooth's mother was in a slight daze when she saw her husband and son writhing in pain.

Her husband commanded fear and respect in the village with his title as chief coach, so they have never been humiliated like this before.

That brat must pay with his life!

She took out her phone without hesitation and made a call to the Armed Forces.

"Hey guys, someone beat your coach up. Come here this instant! The criminals are about to make their escape!"

Helena's expression darkened once again.

Things are much more complicated now that the Armed Forces are involved.

Not only will it affect these two soldier's careers, but they might also lose their lives too!

The old lady started to plead pitifully, "Sis-in-law, you don't have to call the Armed Forces. These two men are still young. Their futures will be ruined if the Armed Forces show up. I'll give you all the compensation I received from the military. Please don't ask the Armed Forces to punish them."


NH


Buck-tooth's mother yelled furiously, "Are you finally scared now? Compensation? Haha, all your family's men are deserters. Why would you have the military compensation?"


The old lady's cheeks puffed up as she tried to defend herself, "They're not deserters..."

"Stop acting. My husband found out that they have long gone to our enemy country and started a new family there. Traitors!"

The crowd gasped in shock. Is she telling the truth?

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NH

The old lady wept in anger. “Stop slandering them! Don’t you dare insult my husband and sons...”

Zeke couldn’t take it anymore.

How dare someone insult my soldiers like this.

With a light kick, a pebble flew toward buck-tooth’s mother at lightning speed.

It struck her mouth directly.

Crack!

The pebble shattered and fell to the ground along with three of her bloody teeth.

What the f***!

Buck-tooth’s mother was absolutely irate.

This man is courting for death!

Cursing incessantly, Frederick’s mother pestered the Armed Forces again and asked them to arm themselves.

“Youngsters, just leave. You won’t get the chance to leave if the Armed Forces arrives.”

The villagers all advised them softly to leave as well.

However, Zeke merely flashed a slight smile and said, “The Armed Forces are soldiers, and anything that has to do with the military is under my jurisdiction. I’m staying no matter what. I

NH

won't allow garbage like them to humiliate our soldiers.”

Everyone present was speechless at his absurd words.

“This youngster really knows how to boast. Is he really in charge of the military? Does he think he's the Great Marshal himself?”

“Pfft. The Great Marshal is so occupied with national affairs. Why would he come to such shabby place?”

Meanwhile, Zeke didn't try to defend himself even when the crowd distrusted him.

The truth will be revealed soon enough.

A moment later, a loud rumbling could be heard from afar as a convoy of a hundred motorcycles raced toward them.

With two riders on each motorcycle, there were about two hundred young soldiers, all armed with weapons. The scene seemed majestic and triumphant.

To the villagers, they were the most powerful and formidable presence; But to Zeke and Sole Wolf, they were nothing.

The convoy surrounded the entire village, and the soldiers quickly gathered around them.

The crowd hurriedly dispersed to make space for the Armed Forces.

NH

When the vice-captain of the Armed Forces took a look at buck-tooth and his father, he gasped aloud.

“Which b*stard did this?!”

The father’s face was completely swollen, his words were hard to understand.

“Thaz (that) guy. Keel (Kill) him.”

Speaking, he pointed at Zeke and Sole Wolf.

The vice-captain waved his arms and commanded, “Charge on my command. Break their limbs.”

All soldiers rushed toward the two with steel pipes and batons.

The ground shook violently, and the deafening roars of the soldiers permeated through the air.

Zeke placed an arm around the old lady and guided her a few steps backward so that she would not get hurt.

After all, Sole Wolf alone was enough to deal with the group.

His eyes glistened with excitement.

Besides his title as General North, he had another nickname - Devil at the battlefield.

Usually, he kept that side of him concealed because of his position. But now, he had no

NH

reservations.

Therefore, it was no wonder that he was excited at the onslaught.

The two sides quickly clashed into each other as they fought ferociously.

In an instant, Sole Wolf was completely enveloped by the soldiers, and the villagers closed their eyes at the horrifying sight.

Two hundred men against one. Undoubtedly, this will be a gory scene.

The fracas only stopped after a few grueling moments of uproar, and everyone opened their eyes cautiously.

Did that young man get dismembered?

However, the crowd was taken aback.

The scene was indeed gruesome.



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However, the Armed Forces were the ones covered in blood instead of the young man who took the beating.

Two hundred over soldiers from the Armed Forces had collapsed to the ground. They were all bruised and battered.

There were even some with broken limbs.

It was a truly horrifying scene.

In contrast, the young man who was previously cornered still stood tall among the pile of bodies, without moving an inch from the spot he was in earlier.

He is really outstanding!

The villagers trembled in fear as they witnessed the scene unfold.

Who the hell is he?

He must be a deity!

Only a deity will have the power to defeat over two hundred soldiers in such a short time.

Even so, Sole Wolf was not satisfied.

He snorted, "What the hell is this? All of you are so weak. I still want to continue fighting! Come on, stand up and continue the fight. I will cover all of your medical bills."

No one responded.

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Everyone turned their attention to Sole Wolf.

Suddenly, a defeated soldier not far from the old lady sprang to his feet and charged towards her at lightning speed.

By the time everyone realized what was happening, he was already in front of the old lady.

However, a silver needle flew towards him before he could attack.

The soldier was alarmed, he retreated and managed to dodge it.

However, it also meant that he missed his best chance to target the old lady.

Zeke smiled coldly and sneered, "I have been waiting for you. I did not expect Black Dragon, one of the Four Divinities of Eurasia, to mix with a bunch of hooligans. You are making a fool of yourself."

This soldier was no ordinary soldier.

indeed, he was Black Dragon, an outlaw, who was here to avenge Phoenix by assassinating Wallace's mother.

He never thought that the Great Marshall and the General North, Sole Wolf, would be here too.

With no other choice, he tried to conceal his identity by blending in with the Armed Forces and planned to make a sneak attack instead.

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Although the Great Marshal had a weakened life force, his silver needle skills were still superb, and it managed to stop his sneak attack.

Black Dragon's face was filled with excitement as he responded, "I have only planned to attack this old lady, but I did not expect to see both of you here too. Well, that works too since I won't have to make another trip to get my revenge on both of you. Today, I will kill all three of you."

Zeke shrugged. "That will depend on how capable you are in doing so."

Black Dragon said, "You are nothing more than an average person since you have a weakened life force. On top of that, Sole Wolf is only Gold Archduke Class, while I am in the Platinum Archduke Class. With that said, both of you pose no threat to me. Which means killing the three of you will be a piece of cake to me."

"Screw you!" Sole Wolf cursed before he continued, "You managed to escape the last time. Thus, you shall receive the punishment you deserve this time. I will make you pay tenfold for murdering my father!"

Black Dragon replied, "Sure, then I shall kill you first before I take care of the other two bastards. I will send you to hell and let you reunite with your father."

He then kicked the ground with his right foot and left a hole there.

Using the momentum, he raced towards Sole Wolf

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like an enraged bull.

Sole Wolf did not back away. He grabbed hold of Black Dragon and tackled him.

The fight between the two Archdukes was so intense that it had the power to destroy anything around them, and even the villagers could end up being dragged into collateral damage.

Zeke immediately yelled, "Retreat quickly! It is dangerous here!"

At that moment, the villagers were confused and did not understand what was going on.

Zeke yelled a few times but did not manage to catch their attention.

The villagers only sensed danger and started to flee when Sole Wolf and Black Dragon crashed into a house and caused it to collapse.

This must be a fight between the deities.



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The fight between the Archdukes slowly shifted into the residential area.

Not long after, houses started to collapse, one after another.

That resulted in a large amount of dust floating to form a mushroom-like cloud in the sky, blocking the sunlight.

It looked like doomsday.

The young lad, Buck-tooth felt like crying.

All he wanted to do was to steal the old lady's bamboo baskets and sell them for some pocket money. However, he had created a huge problem by attracting these deity-like men.

He knew that he was in deep trouble.

Within five minutes, the fight caused all the houses to crumble and none was spared.

Bang!

A man flew from the pile of ruins and landed heavily before Zeke.

It was Sole Wolf.

He was covered in blood and dirt while his chest was sunken, probably because of broken ribs.

After he got trashed, he started coughing out blood and attempted to get back on his feet. Despite that, he could only rise halfway before

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falling back down to the ground.

The injuries he sustained were too severe.

Although he was tough and could withstand all forms of beatings; no one would be able to endure crashing into so many buildings consecutively. Not even a rhinoceros.

Thud!

Another figure emerged from the ruins and landed three meters away from Zeke, creating a half-meter wide pit around his feet.

Well, he was Black Dragon.

Although he was also covered in grime and blood, his physical condition seemed much better than Sole Wolf's.

Black Dragon slowly walked towards Zeke with a murderous smile.

"It is now your turn, you bastard. Die now!"

With that, he picked up his speed and charged in Zeke's direction.

Sole Wolf did not jump to Zeke's defense and he merely spat.

Black Dragon is a nobody to Zeke since he has attained King Class.

If I try to protect him, I will just be humiliating him.

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The Platinum Archduke broke into a full sprint, almost on par with the speed of a speeding sports car, as though he was out to kill everyone that came his way.

In contrast, Zeke did not flinch but stood still. He just maintained an emotionless expression.

He began to shake his body only when Black Dragon was about half a meter away from him.

As he was shaking his body, he emitted an invisible aura that quickly expanded, creating a protective bubble around him.

With a thud, Black Dragon knocked into the protective bubble.

Within the next second, he was flung backwards by it, and he too spat out a mouthful of blood before he landed.

Zeke's aura was as strong as ever and it expanded speedily, stirring up a strong gust of wind as he exercised his power.

Holy crap!

Exclaims could be heard from the crowd.

A few villages even ran to Zeke and knelt in front of him, worshipping him like a god.

He must be a deity!

Only a deity would be able to exercise such powers.

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As the saying goes, 'a dilettante only recognizes the bustle, but a connoisseur knows the artistry'.

Black Dragon could tell that Zeke's aura belonged to the King Class because that was the only way he could turn his energy into strength.

At that moment, he was overwhelmed with fear and stuttered, "Your life force is not injured and you have even attained King Class. You have deceived everyone!"

The weakening of the Great Marshal's life force must be the biggest lie in the universe!

Zeke sneered, "I have never admitted to a weaker life force. They were all simply speculations."

After hearing that, Black Dragon was in despair.

Zeke turned his gaze to Sole Wolf.

"Get up, Sole Wolf."

Sole Wolf struggled to stand on his feet.

Zeke said, "You should avenge your father with your own hands."

Sole Wolf glanced at him uneasily but still nodded. "Don't worry, Zeke. No matter what, I will kill this bastard personally."

However, earlier events showed that Black Dragon was more powerful than he was. Even if he gave it his all, it still might not be enough to kill Black Dragon.

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Hopefully, Zeke will help me out at the most crucial moment.

Zeke said, “ Sole Wolf, listen to me. I will teach you the King’s Ferocious Word Technique, so try to grasp it well. Take your elbow as a soldier and your bone as a weapon. Use distance to gain momentum, and with all your power, a miracle is bound to happen.”

Sole Wolf looked puzzled at first, but not long after, he suddenly understood Zeke’s words, and his expression turned into a delighted one.

With bloodshot eyes, he glared at Black Dragon. “Black Dragon, you shall die! Today, I shall avenge my father by taking your life.”

At that point, Black Dragon had given up.

He had been targeted by a King Class warrior, he knew that he had no other escape but to face death.

He felt defeated as he looked at Sole Wolf, who was heading in his direction and he sighed, “Forget it. I’ll die happy if I get to kill you before my last breath. Die now!”

With that, Black Dragon charged towards Sole Wolf too.

Bang!

An explosive sound erupted from the collision between them.

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Both of them were thrown back from the impact.

Sole Wolf exclaimed, "Let's go again!"

He could tell that his combat skills had improved rapidly.

Previously, whenever he went head-on with Black Dragon, he would be the only one thrown off from the impact. Yet, both of them were affected this time.

Boom!

Then, both of them collided again.

This time, while Sole Dragon retreated backwards by five steps, Black Dragon retreated backwards by ten steps.

Black Dragon was shocked with that.

"How is this possible? The King's Combat Skill can raise a person's battle skills by a class in such a short amount of time? Based on Sole Wolf's present skills, he fights like a Platinum Archduke!"

Haha, let's go again!

Sole Wolf was gaining strength, and he excitedly charged towards Black Dragon again.

Bang!

Now, only Black Dragon was thrown off by Sole Wolf.

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Finally, Black Dragon landed on a pile of ruins and was buried under, out of plain sight.

On the other hand, Sole Wolf was still standing on the same spot, he was really excited about his new powers.

Naturally, he was overjoyed since his revenge seemed possible now.

He jumped up and launched himself forward by a few meters, landing beside the spot where Black Dragon was buried under.

“Black Dragon, get out of there. Let’s go for a few more rounds.”

As he spoke, he picked up a large rock and threw it towards where Black Dragon was.

Boom!

An explosion occurred where Black Dragon was buried under.

Bricks and dust flew everywhere.

At the same time, a figure emerged from the wreckage and headed for Sole Wolf.

He was Black Dragon.

Gasp!

Seeing that it was Black Dragon, Zeke could not help but gasp in surprise.

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He noticed that there was an aura that surrounded Black Dragon as well.

His aura seemed to form the figure of a ferocious tiger.

Then, it transformed into a Tiger Pounce filled with murderous intent, which flew towards Sole Wolf.

To use the air around him as a strength was a symbol of the King Class.

What the hell? How did Black Dragon achieve King Class all of a sudden?

Is he a King Class warrior?

That's impossible!

Zeke could clearly tell that Black Dragon's life force was quickly weakening.

At that moment, he realized that Black Dragon must have used his life force in exchange for a King Class-like technique.

It would be difficult for Sole Wolf to stop any attack by a King Class warrior.

In a flash, Zeke "teleported" to where Black Dragon was and landed a punch on his stomach.

Thus, Black Dragon was slapped away by Zeke before he could attack Sole Wolf.

From afar, his figure diminished into a small black

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dot after flying for about a hundred meters in the sky before he started falling down.

It took almost a minute for him to touch the ground and land into a pile of mud.

There was a pungent stench of blood that filled the air.

Sole Wolf's face already turned pale with his heart still pounding.

“Zeke...what just happened? Did he use a King's Combat Skill?”

Zeke did not reply and was deep in thought as he glanced at where Black Dragon's corpse was.

When Black Dragon displayed the King's Combat Skill, it looked like a familiar scene.


He must have seen it somewhere before.

Zeke tried to rack his brain, and an image flashed across his mind.

He recalled that this technique had been used by his teacher, Pietro, in the past.

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Years ago, Zeke was attacked by Samuel on the ice-capped mountains.

At the most crucial moment, his teacher, Pietro, unleashed the Seven Stars of the Tiger and immediately knocked Samuel out.

In the past, Zeke was still a novice in martial arts and was not aware of the King Class. He only knew his teacher was powerful.

From the looks of it now, his teacher must have already achieved King Class then.

However, why did Black Dragon use his teacher's technique?

Unless he was a disciple of Pietro as well?

Pietro was active in the North, and in that year, Black Dragon was a soldier there too.

Chris was confirmed as a disciple of Pietro, while Black Dragon was Chris' trusted aide.

All of this information points to the fact that Black Dragon and possibly the rest of the Four Divinities were also Pietro's disciples.

Well, I guess we all learnt under the same master.

If so, why did they try to assassinate me in the past?

Also, did Master Pietro die in their hands too?

Zeke was worried.

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However, it did not take long for him to push his worry aside.

His Master was already a King Class warrior, so even if Chris and the Four Divinities formed an alliance to defeat Pietro, he would have defeated them easily.

Having said that, the Seven Stars of the Tiger seemed to suit him well.

After all, Zeke's self-created King's Combat Skill was not a mature technique.

On the other hand, the Seven Stars of the Tiger was passed down through many generations and deemed more developed.

Relative to its attacking force or explosive strength, his own King's Combat Skill would pale in comparison. It could be clearly seen by how much power Black Dragon unleashed from using it alone.

If I master the Seven Stars of the Tiger, my attacks would definitely be more powerful.

Zeke etched the combat technique in his mind.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Suddenly, the ground began to shake as though a small earthquake was erupting

Everyone looked down at the base of the mountain instinctively.

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Their expressions changed when they saw what was below.

A platoon of heavily armed army hurriedly began to encircle them.

There were thousands of them and they were the ones who caused the mini earthquake with their footsteps.

The soldiers charged up the mountain and surrounded them.

There was guilt on their faces as they saw the mess before them.

In unison, they knelt and bowed to Zeke. “We have arrived too late. Great Marshal, please let us atone for our mistakes.”

When the villagers heard “Great Marshal” being mentioned, it caused a buzz in the crowd.

This unassuming young man before them was actually the legendary Great Marshal?

Oh my gosh, the Great Marshal was not a human and was a god with extraordinary combat skills.

The villagers naturally got on their knees and bowed at him too.

Buck-tooth’s family and the Armed Forces were in shock and wished they were dead then.

Previously, they even thought of harming the Great Marshal.

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That was no different from digging their own graves.

Wallace's mother began to cry.

She trembled and sobbed, "Great Marshal, we are honored by your presence at my son's funeral. My son is not a deserter but a loyal soldier!"

Buck-tooth and his family guiltily lowered their heads in silence.

The old lady trembled and wanted to kneel down.

However, Zeke hurriedly ran forward to stop her. "Madam, there is no need for such courtesy. Your son tried to protect the country and died as a result. I will grant him a state funeral."

He shot Sole Wolf a look.

Sole Wolf understood his message and hurriedly tried to retrieve Wallace's memorial tablet and his pot of ashes from the ruins.

Then, Zeke wrapped the red national flag over the pot of ashes.

The old lady could not help but cry with joy, "Finally! Long live Eurasia! Son, we can now hold our head high."



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Zeke consoled her, “Don’t worry, Madam. If your other male family members are still alive, I will definitely find them and let all of you reunite. If they have sacrificed their lives for the country, I will not let them die in vain.”

The old lady kept bowing her head to thank him. “Great Marshal, thank you. They are still alive, and I can feel it in my bones. Hopefully, you will be able to find them so that my family can be reunited again.”

Hmm.

Zeke then glanced at the Armed Forces.

“As soldiers, it is your responsibility to protect the country and fight for it. However, all of you fought for a personal vengeance today. As such, you’re not worthy enough to be a soldier. Sole Wolf, revoke their positions.”

Sole Wolf replied, “Understood.”

No one from the Armed Forces dared to fight back.

After offending the Great Marshal, they were considered lucky to be able to stay alive, and there was nothing more they could ask for.

Then, Zeke turned his gaze to the Buck-tooth and his family.

They all broke into a cold sweat and trembled in fear as they knelt on the ground.

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Their fates were left in the hands of the Great Marshal.

At that moment, Buck-tooth's parents wished that they could teach their son a lesson.

You could have targeted anyone else, yet you have decided to mess with the Great Marshal.

I really want to kill you!

Zeke said, "They insulted a martyr and his family. Their behavior and actions were outrageous and very similar to committing treason. For that, they should be charged for treason."

"Yes, Sir!"

Buck-tooth's vision turned dark, and he fainted.

He could not bear the thought of being charged with treason.

Subsequently, Zeke left the mess to his subordinates to handle while he headed back with Sole Wolf.

He gave an order to Sole Wolf. "You have to find the remaining members of the Wallace family who are still serving the army no matter what it takes. They definitely have the clue about Pietro's whereabouts."

Sole Wolf nodded, "Zeke, don't worry. Even if I have to sacrifice my life, I will do everything I can to find them."

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Zeke continued, “Other than that, I want you to mobilize all available forces to locate the remaining two people from The Four Divinities of Eurasia. The Seven Stars of the Tiger that Black Dragon unleashed earlier was not a completed version. I assume the other two may have mastered the complete version. If I manage to master it, it can enhance my skills for sure.”

Sole Wolf was confused and asked, “Zeke, how can that technique be stronger than the King’s Combat Skill that you’ve invented on your own?”

Zeke smiled bitterly.

To everyone in the Alpha Suicide Squad, Zeke was the nation’s best fighter. In their eyes, whatever he created was the best, and no one could surpass him.

He explained, “The technique that I casually created has yet to be polished and perfected. As for the Seven Stars of the Tiger, it has been practiced for many generations, and it has constantly been refined and improved upon. With that said, the two techniques are incomparable.”

Sole Wolf was still doubtful. “Zeke, you are just complimenting others while putting yourself down.”

Zeke did not know what else to say.

Sole Wolf had unbelievably high respect and admiration for Zeke.

Suddenly, he clenched his fists and shook,

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emitting an invisible aura around him.

The King Class energy!

Zeke tried to use all his willpower to transform the aura into the shape of a ferocious tiger that he saw earlier.

The tiger he released was a few times stronger than the one Black Dragon had unleashed.

Sole Wolf was overwhelmed by the invisible force he felt from the tiger.

Next, Zeke thrust his palms forward and yelled, "Kill!"

The tiger roared and charged forward.

It was so fast that it looked like it was moving at supersonic speeds while releasing an explosive sound.

A gust of strong wind swept the clouds away while it caused the mountain and the ground to shake too before everything finally returned to a peaceful state.

A shiver ran down Sole Wolf's spine as he witnessed what had happened.

Earlier, they were standing before a forest filled with overgrown weeds and countless trees.



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Now, there were two kilometers of flat land ahead of them, with everything burned to the ground.

Even the bigger rocks were turned into ashes.

It looked like the aftermath of an explosion.

Zeke said, "The King's Combat Skill that I created can only affect one person as I did earlier to Black Dragon. When I use the Seven Stars of the Tiger, I can reduce a two-kilometer piece of land to nothing. Which skill do you think is stronger?"

Sole Wolf gulped. "Zeke, can I ask you something?"

Zeke responded, "Speak your mind."

Sole Wolf asked, "Is there any other power level above the King Class?"

Zeke took a deep breath before he answered, "According to the ancient records, there is an Ultimate Class. However, no one has confirmed its existence so far."

Sole Wolf praised, "Zekky, based on what I can see in your powers, I think you have already reached the Ultimate Class."

Zeke shook his head and disagreed, "From my hunch, with the Seven Stars of the Tiger, I have just achieved the maximum I can as a King Class warrior. I still face an obstacle before achieving a higher class. Besides, I don't even know if there is an Ultimate Class above the King Class."

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Sole Wolf argued, “Who cares whether there is an Ultimate Class. You have already achieved everything you can with King Class, and even if someone else attains King Class, they will still be no match for you. You are the top master of the martial arts circle.”

Zeke laughed.

Even though Sole Wolf was exaggerating some parts of what he just said, he was not entirely wrong.

He could probably maintain his position at the top for a long time.

At a canyon in the North, an avalanche broke out a few days ago.

A large amount of snow buried half the canyon.

Under two hundred meters of that thick snow, there was a deep cave at the bottom of the canyon.

There was a figure moving in the cave.

That was Connor, who had leapt off the cliff to escape from the North’s soldiers.

After he jumped off the cliff, the soldiers threw a large number of bombs down causing an avalanche.

Right then, Connor crawled into the cave and barely escaped death.

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Nevertheless, he was rather tortured by the freezing temperature and the injuries he had sustained from the jump. All these made him feel like his death was fast approaching.

“No, I can’t die! The Prince’s Residence was destroyed, and my father was killed. I can’t face my ancestors if I die before taking my revenge. I must live on!”

Connor’s eyes burned with the will to survive.

He endured the excruciating pain all over his body and crawled towards the opening of the cave.

The nearer he was to the exit, the colder it became.

By the time he reached the opening, he was completely exhausted and could not even stand on his feet, let alone crawl out from the pile of heavy snow.

Hence, he took a deep breath to calm himself down.

Then, he made a bold decision to escape by using his life force.

If he did so, he would become crippled.

However, if he did not do that, he would die here.

Between the two choices, it was clear which one he would pick.

Instantly, he used his life force, and it transformed

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into an energy that flowed through his limbs.

He was fully charged with energy. Even though it was not as strong as it could be at its peak, it was still very strong at this moment.

Next, he tried to dig his way out through the snow with all his might.

Unfortunately, the snow was not compact and was very soft.

Therefore, every time he dug a hole, the snow surrounding it would collapse and block his way again.

Ten minutes later, he had used up his life force, and his energy level deteriorated again.

Yet, no progress was made.

He collapsed onto the ground and cried in despair.

Now, he knew he was done for as there was nothing else he could do.

He was both hungry and cold, his vision gradually grew dark and he lost consciousness slowly.

In the state of semi-consciousness, he incidentally touched a warm stone-like object on his body.

He then stuffed it into his mouth and swallowed it.

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Roar!

After it reached his stomach, Connor's eyes widened, and he roared in pain.



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The stone that he swallowed earlier turned into magma.

It flowed into his blood and circulated throughout his body.

All the pores on his body felt like they were on fire, and his organs felt like they were being cooked.

The pain was so excruciating that he wanted to cry.

Can't I just die in peace?

Why did I even bother to swallow that stone?

What the hell is it? Why did it morph into magma after I swallowed it?

The Spirit Stone!

That stone he swallowed must be the Spirit Stone!

Previously, he took a few Spirit Stones from Eurasia and gave some to the Four Divinities.

However, was left with one more.

He did not expect himself to swallow it by accident.

Finally, he passed out from the pain.

After some time, he woke up and he felt more comfortable than before. It felt as if he had just taken a warm bath.

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He could no longer feel the cold nor the pain, and his body felt as light as a feather.

Am I dead? Am I in heaven?

He glanced around and found himself inside the same cave.

He widened his eyes. "What just happened?"

He got up immediately. As a result, his head knocked against the roof of the cave.

He felt no pain, but the rock he knocked against, was smashed into ashes.

Damn!

Connor was shocked by what he had done.

What's wrong with my head?

Is it made of iron?

That's impossible.

As he was unsure, he punched the cave wall again.

Boom!

A thunderous sound rang through the cave, and it began to shake violently like there was an earthquake.

Then, the middle of the cave collapsed.

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All he did was punched once, and that caused the cave to collapse.

It was like a miracle to possess such power.

Connor laughed happily like a maniac.

“With this strength, I am the strongest amongst all the warriors I know. With my power, I have far exceeded Archduke and attained King Class. Haha! As a King Class warrior, I am already a legend who stood above all the others.

Father, can you see this? I have finally fulfilled the goal that you never got to achieve.

Zeke, thank you! This is a blessing in disguise. If it weren't for you, I would still have been a fugitive.

Overjoyed, he punched the pile of snow that blocked the cave opening.

The power released from that punch drilled a hole through the two hundred-meter thick snow.

Connor leapt up with joy.

He flew through the thick snow like an arrow released from a bow and soon landed on top of the mountain.

He was over the moon to see daylight again.

At that moment, a ferocious snow leopard passed by.

With one glance at Connor, it became fearful and

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turned to flee for its life.

The murderous aura that the man emitted made the snow leopard feel threatened.

However, Connor was hungry and was not going to let it off.

With one punch, he released an immense force. It chased after the snow leopard and created a hole in its stomach.

Then, Connor picked up the snow leopard and began to drink its blood.

The blood tasted sweet, and he satisfied his hunger.

“Eurasia, I’m back.” He said as he walked towards Eurasia.

“I have two motives for my return. First, I will avenge my father by killing the Great Marshal. Second, I will rebuild the Prince’s Residence and retake the title of Imperial Teacher.”

As far as Connor was concerned, Zeke posed no threat to him since he had a weakened life force.

Knowing that he could kill Zeke anytime, there was no hurry to do that.

Right now, his top priority was to rebuild the Prince’s Residence.

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Starting the construction of the Prince's Residence from scratch would consume too much time and energy.

Pausing to ponder, he immediately conceived a brilliant idea.

Why don't I create my own residence using Ares' Thisleton Manor as a foundation?

He decided to pretend to be Ares, control the Thisleton family, and gradually transform the Thisleton Manor into his own residence.

For after this chain of events, Connor was sure that Ares was not the King Class Warrior he used to be.

The title of the King Class warrior belonged to another.

As for who that was, for now, it was not known.

He galloped hastily towards Eurasia, reaching the speed of 100 meter per second.

Connor believed that as long as he trained fervently, exceeding the speed of sound was a mere matter of time.

In the evening, he successfully reached his destination: the Cygnus Room headquarters.

Ares was recuperating at the Cygnus Room headquarters.

The compound and the whole area were heavily

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guarded, with posted patrols and covert observers, as well as advanced anti-intruder equipment.

However, all these were insignificant before the might of the King Class warrior.

Connor effortlessly infiltrated the Cygnus Room and reached Ares' resting room.

After Ares' last battle against the Great Marshal in which the former nearly died, he had been recuperating in the Cygnus Room.

Currently, his sustained wounds had almost healed, and his strength was almost completely restored.

Just a few more days and he would be able to rejoin the Thisleton family.

"Not sure how Thisleton family is doing now. With Lacey being the head of the Thisleton family, the Thisleton Manor force should be stronger than ever," Ares mused as he prepared to rest.

However, when he laid on his bed, he realized something was amiss.

His sixth sense warned that there was another in the room, perhaps an intruder.

He scanned the room suspiciously.

As his gaze fell upon the window, his whole body shuddered uncontrollably.

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Beside the window was the silhouette of a mysterious person.

Alas, the most terrifying thing was that he did not even sense the presence of this other person.

Goodness gracious! As a dignified warrior, I did not even notice the intruder, nor did I know who he is.

However, Ares sensed that the intruder's abilities were way above his own.

"Who are you?" Ares exclaimed as he reached out for his spear beside him.

However, before he could grab his spear, the intruder moved.

With speed akin to a flash of lightning, the intruder appeared in front of Ares. In a blink of an eye, the former's hand jabbed towards the latter's temple, hitting a meridian point.

Ares did not even have a chance to retaliate before he was knocked unconscious.

This was what a King Class warrior was capable of; Ares had no chance to fight back.

Connor carried the unconscious man and escaped the Cygnus Room without anyone noticing.

He ran continuously the whole way and arrived at Mount Coda by night time.

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In the depths of Mount Final a hidden sect lived in seclusion.

This secret sect was isolated from the world. They did not get involved with the outside world, nor were they curious about the happenings.

In fact, only a few people were privy to the existence of this sect.

This sect was known to be experts in the art of face-changing.

Connor decided to ask the members of the sect to help him transform his appearance to that of Ares'.

In this way, he will assume the Ares' identity and conquer the Thisleton Manor before transforming it into his own residence.

Years ago, his father had dealt with this mysterious sect, and they owed his father a favor.

He believed that this hermit sect would assist him.

Carrying Ares, he disappeared into the thick fog of Mount Final.

Three days later, in the vicinity of Mount Final, a silhouette emerged from the depth of the mountains.

This man was indeed Ares.

However, this "Ares" was not actually Ares, but the

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imposter Connor.



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The hermit sect's renowned art of face-changing was indeed awesome to behold.

Even the people closest to Ares would have a tough time recognizing him as an imposter.

Connor could not hide the excitement blazing in his eyes. "Zeke Williams, just you wait. I'll show you what I am made of! It's time to meet your punisher! I heard that your wife, Lacey, is the head of the Thisleton family. Hmph! I will make her my slave!"

.....

On this day, the Thisleton family was lively as usual.

The entire Thisleton family, together with the disciples, gathered in the courtyard of the Thisleton Manor.

As the head of the Thisleton family, Lacey was naturally present as well.

Having received the news that Ares was on his way back, the nervousness was palpable amongst the members of the family.

They knew that Ares was fond of Lacey, and if he knew that they had gone against Lacey on many occasions, he would surely punish them.

Fortunately, the culprit, Clyde Thisleton, had been expelled from the family, hence they could shift all the blames and wrongdoings on Clyde.

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As everyone waited anxiously, a brawny figure appeared at the main gateway.

It was Ares himself.

Never in a million years would they have guessed that this Ares was the imposter Connor.

Everyone in the family immediately noticed the imperial aura he emanated, which was much more imposing than before.

This showed that not only had he recovered completely from his injuries, but his abilities had also tremendously.

One by one, the members of the Thisleton family hastily kneeled down and proclaimed, "We welcome the return of the King!"

As the congregation bowed their heads in submission and respect, Ares felt pleased.

Raising his hand, he boomed, "You may all rise."

The congregation rose.

Ares' gaze scanned the whole congregation before asking, "Where is my beloved son, Clyde?"

The Thisleton family's eldest son, Julian, eagerly replied, "Sir, Clyde Thisleton has been sentenced to the maiming of both hands, and has been expelled from this esteemed Thisleton family."

Huh?

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Ares frowned as flaring fury blazed in his glaring eyes.

“Who dared to expel Clyde from my family?” He roared.

Lacey quickly justified, “Clyde and Zeke Williams made a bet that whoever loses would voluntarily leave the family.”

“Preposterous!”

Ares was clearly livid. “Zeke Williams is a mere outsider! What authority does he have to expel someone from my family? Lacey, Zeke being your husband, were you involved in this as well?”

Lacey cautiously replied, “Zeke did this all for my sake...”

Ares became more enraged. “As a part of the Thisletons, you have committed the unforgivable sin of colluding with outsiders against your own family! You have blasphemed against our forefathers! From this moment onward, you are relieved from your position as the head of this esteemed family!”

The whole congregation was in an uproar.

What on earth is going on?

Everyone knew that Ares had pampered Lacey out of guilt.

But now, he was showing deliberate distrust towards her and even stripped her of her position

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as the head of the family.

Everyone present was puzzled and confused.

Lacey, the epicenter of it all, was even more perplexed by the turn of events and could not gather her senses in time.

Ares suddenly asked, "Who is currently in charge of the Third Military Factory?"

Lacey nervously responded, "I-it is I."

Ares angrily retorted, "The Third Military Factory is the Thisleton family's core business - our life and blood! How can it be handed over to a female successor? From this day onwards, you are no longer in charge of the military factory."

This statement stunned everyone.

Ares was clearly attacking Lacey.

His countenance and attitude towards her had changed drastically.

Ares continued, "Julian, you are the eldest son of this family. It is now your duty to manage the military factory."

Julian was so thrilled that he almost cried.



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When all his limbs were crippled by the Great Marshal, he thought to himself that he would become a useless person and would have to beg for food for the rest of his life.

What he didn't expect was that today, Ares wanted his service again.

Ares even let him be in charge of the military factory.

This was his second chance!

However, he remained calm and said, "Sir, I-I am a cripple."

"Many people would not be convinced of my abilities if I were to manage the military factory."

Ares replied, "Do not worry, for I will restore your limbs."

What?

Julian was so excited that he almost burst into tears. "Sir, will my body be able to recover?"

Ares nodded and answered, "Of course."

"I am a King Class warrior. As long as I can get my hands on some Spirit Stones, it is within my capability to restore your limbs to normal."

Everyone was overjoyed and gave their congratulations.

Clyde once told them that Ares was the number

NH

one King Class warrior in Eurasia.

However, as time passed, all sorts of evidence showed that he was not the first King Class warrior.

They once doubted his abilities, but there was nothing to argue about now as Ares himself admitted that he was a King Class warrior.

Julian said, "Sir, as we all know, the Spirit Stone mine is guarded by King Class warriors."

"Since you're the one guarding it, it would be presumably easy to get your hands on the Spirit Stone."

Ares shook his head instead and said, "Incorrect."

"The number one King Class warrior guarding the Spirit Stone mine that you are referring to is not me. '

"I just became a King Class warrior, and only all of you here and I know about this matter. Eurasia hasn't officially crowned me the title."

The crowd was shocked.

Julian then asked, "What you were saying is that there are two King Class warriors in Eurasia?"

Ares nodded.

The crowd was surprised but unperturbed.

It didn't matter who came first or second - what

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mattered was that he was a King Class warrior.

In their minds, all King Class warriors possessed the same capabilities.

Ares said, "I believe nobody has any opinion on my decision earlier, is that right?"

"Let's end this meeting if there are no objections."

"Wait," Lacey anxiously piped up, "Sir, the Third Military Factory and Linton Group are currently merging, and it's going smoothly."

"It would be a hassle if there were a sudden change to the person in charge of the Third Military Factory. Moreover, it increases the risk for accidents to happen."

Ares nodded, as if deep in thought, and responded, "What you just said is right."

"Let's do it this way, then. Julian, you'll be in charge of Linton Group as well. Things would be much easier if the same person were to manage both enterprises."

Oh!

Lacey turned pale.

Ares didn't just want to seize the military factory, but he also planned to take over Linton Group.

She couldn't let that happen.

She immediately opposed, "Sir, I object!"

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“Shut up,” Ares snapped angrily, “I’m now the leader of the Thisleton family, and I have the final say on everything.”

“You would be punished for disobeying your leader if you don’t agree to this.”

The crowd was elated.

Haha, Sir made a wise choice, well done!

Lacey, the mixed-breed, is not worthy of being part of the Thisleton family.

But what they didn’t know was that Ares was planning to turn the Thisleton Manor into the Prince’s Residence and take over everything, including them.

Connor wanted to make the Thisletons slaves of the Prince’s Residence for centuries to come.

Lacey went home feeling depressed as she had a terrible day.

She not only lost her place as the leader of the Thisleton family, but Ares also had his eye on the military factory and the Linton Group.

She felt wronged and she didn’t understand why had Ares changed so much after only leaving for a year.

Now, she just wanted to rest and not think of anything.

She was exhausted from all the work in the

NH

company lately.

She fell asleep unknowingly.

Just as she fell asleep, Zeke came back.

He too had just finished his work.



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Just as he stepped into the house, he noticed tears at the corners of Lacey's eyes.

Zeke frowned and thought to himself, Did someone bully Lacey?

He didn't wake Lacey as he could tell that she was tired and wanted her to have a good rest.

But not too long after, Lacey woke up.

The moment she saw Zeke, she couldn't contain her indignancy, and it all showed in her eyes.

"Zeke, you're back." Lacey greeted Zeke as she choked back tears.

Zeke quickly asked, "What happened, Lacey?"

"You sound unhappy."

Lacey sighed and told Zeke the whole story of how she had been mistreated when she was in Thisleton Manor.

He frowned after listening to her story.

This was not good!

Even if Zeke put aside Ares' sudden change in attitude towards Lacey, the fact that Ares became a King Class warrior out of the blue was just unrealistic.

Previously, Zeke and Ares had joined forces to battle against their enemy.

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Ares had been badly injured and almost lost his life.

It was a miracle that he could keep himself alive back then.

It's impossible for him to be a King Class warrior!

Zeke instantly called the headquarters of Cygnus Room to get a better understanding of the incident.

The reply he got was exactly what he expected.

It was already a miracle that Ares could regain 80-90% of his capability.

Hence, it was impossible that he was a King Class warrior.

Zeke was puzzled.

He wondered if Ares had a fortuitous encounter that made a King Class warrior.

It hadn't crossed his mind that someone was impersonating Ares.

The truth was, a King Class warrior was impersonating a warrior of a lower class.

At this moment, Lacey's phone rang.

It was Dawn who called.

Lacey quickly picked up the call.

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Dawn asked, "Where are you, Lacey? You need to come to the company at once."

"The scum from the Thisleton family demanded us to hand over our authority. It seems like he wants to take over Linton Group!"

"Oh no," Lacey whispered.

The scum from the Thisleton family was undoubtedly Julian.

She never thought he would act so fast and go to the company so soon.

Together with Zeke, Lacey raced to Linton Group.

The highest floor of the Linton Group company building was the office for the company's higher management.

At this moment, Julian lead a group of people and occupied the highest floor.

The managements were all cornered and shaking in fear.

Dawn was still stubbornly arguing with Julian, "Linton Group is the fruit of our blood, sweat, and tears. Who are you to say that you're taking over?"

"Even if we were to surrender our authority, we'll surrender it to my sister and Zeke, and not to you."

Julian sneered, "Who am I to take over? This is an order from the King Class warrior. What do you have to say?"

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“Take this girl away and hand her over to Sir to be dealt with.”

“Anyone who doesn’t obey the orders will be seen as committing treason and will be punished accordingly.”

“Stop!” Lacey shouted angrily and ran towards Dawn to protect her just as Julian’s men were about to take her down. Lacey said, “Julian, you do not have the right to touch my people.”

Julian scoffed, “Your people? They’re mine now.”

“Lacey, do you intend to disobey the leader’s order?”

Lacey argued, “Linton Group is not a property of the Thisleton family, and it has no connection to the Thisleton family.”

“The leader of the Thisleton family has no rights to deal with Linton Group.”

“Please leave now.”

Julian lashed out, “Shut up.”

“Sir is a King Class warrior, and his orders are equivalent to the King’s order. Putting aside the Linton Group, even if sir were to demand your life, you would have no choice but to surrender yourself to him.”

Zeke, who was standing in the crowd, suddenly sighed and said, “Julian, do you know what my greatest regret is?”

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Julian was puzzled by this strange question.

Why did he suddenly ask such a question at this time?

Zeke said in a cold voice, "My biggest regret was that I only crippled you instead of killing you."

Julian was furious upon hearing this.

The event had always been a humiliation to him, just like an open wound within him.

Now that Zeke had mentioned it before everyone, Julian was in a rage.

"Williams, I can't believe you have the audacity to insult me!" Julian yelled. "You're the so-called Great Marshal, but you have no life force left, so tell me, what differentiates you from a cripple?"

Slap!

Zeke slapped Julian's face without hesitation.

Julian fell out of the wheelchair right away, and there was a red slap mark on his face.

"Cripple? Even a cripple can still humiliate you," Zeke sneered.

Argh!

Julian was about to go crazy.

Nowadays, his father was a King Class warrior, and Julian was the most highly regarded

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descendant in his father's eyes.

But now, he had been publicly humiliated by a cripple.

What a disgrace!

Even if he could let this incident slide, his father would see this as a dishonor as well!

Julian yelled, "Everyone, kill him! This is an order!"

Yes, sir!

Hundreds of Julian's men occupying the top floor were dispatched in full force and surrounded Zeke in the blink of an eye.

Seeing this made Lacey so worried that her face turned red.

Zeke has no more life force and is now an ordinary person. How can he fight off so many people?

She quickly shouted, "Julian, ask your men to stop!"

"We can talk about Linton Group's matters later."

Julian said, "You have no right to negotiate with me. I want Zeke to be eliminated, and I also want Linton Group. for myself."

"Do it!"

Zeke sneered, "Your abilities do not require me to

NH

engage in battle personally.”

“Come out.”

Whoosh!

In a flash, a figure rushed to stand in front of Zeke to protect them.

The person was none other than Mr. Collins.

Before Zeke announced his identity as a King Class warrior, Mr. Collins had stayed by his side as his bodyguard and protected him.

When Zeke was required to fight but could not do so, Mr. Collins would do it on his behalf.

Julian’s men gasped in shock when they saw Mr. Collins.

They could tell that he was an expert merely judging from his speed.

Even if there were so many of them, they were no match for him.

However, they were unable to draw back now.

The Thisletons would not forgive them if they dared retreat.

Clyde shouted, “Kill them!”

A roar reverberated in the space.

The men braced themselves and ran towards Mr.

NH

Collins.

Their footsteps caused the whole building to tremble.

Mr. Collins, with a look of disdain, was ready to fight them off.

He demonstrated the King's combat skill by using his bare hands as his weapon.

Using The King's combat skill against a mob was just like using an anti-aircraft missile against mosquitoes.

Those who touched Mr. Collins' arms would either fly away if lightly hit or have their arms broken or fractured if they got the brunt of the attack.

For a moment, the whole top floor looked like a disaster scene, with dead bodies scattered everywhere. It was a tragic sight to behold.

There were even people getting stuck in the wall and the ceiling.

Looking at this made Julian feel dispirited.

He already guessed this would happen.

All this was actually arranged by his father, Ares.

Julian had expressed his doubts, saying that there must be experts protecting Zeke. Hence, his men would not be able to hurt Zeke.

His men would even be bashed left, right, and

NH

center, just like sandbags.


Nevertheless, Ares had insisted that Julian should do as he told, and he had even said that he had another trick up his sleeve.

Now, it was evident that Julian's guess was right, as his men were indeed being pummeled and obliterated by Mr. Collins.

What about Ares' arrangement, then?

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