

# NH

Ares let out a sigh before saying, “General Maples, you should know why I’m here. If you are keen on keeping our friendship intact, then you’d better leave the archipelago.”

Ragnar answered, “I’m absolutely fine with that, but now is not the time to do so. A subordinate of mine who has entered the archipelago by accident is missing. I am only here to track him down. I’ll leave here once he is found.”

His excuse was ridiculous and there was no way Ares would have agreed to it. “If that is case then you leave me no choice but to attack you.”

Ragnar gave him a faint smile. “The men of Lundr will never cower from a fight. If you wish to fight, then let’s fight.”

Ares roared, “Bring it on!”

He took a leap forward and the jump was so forceful that it made the ten-thousand-ton ship sway vigorously.

“Charge!” Julian thundered.

The elite soldiers he brought with him swiftly set off the speedboats as they invaded the first island.

The battle broke out.

Like a cannon ball, Ares landed him on the first island with a giant leap.

The moment he landed, he crushed a large rock.

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The fragments of the rock flew everywhere and even crushed ten soldiers.

“Die!” Ragnar charged toward Ares.

Ares sneered as he lifted his palms to face the enemy. “Scram!”

Like a King Class Warrior, a powerful force unleashed from within Ares and charged directly at Ragnar.

Being a mere Platinum Archduke Class Warrior, the poor Ragnar was sent flying by the intensity before he could even reach Ares.

He vigorously retched up blood after he landed on the ground.

He was trembling with his face pale as ghost. “You have the aura of a King Class Warrior! How can this be? It’s impossible!”

“Charge!” Instead of responding to his question, Ares struck while the iron was hot as he assaulted Ragnar further.

Knowing that he did not stand a chance against Ares whose capabilities was way above him, he immediately bellowed, “Retreat! Men, retreat! There is a King Class Warrior among the enemy!”

King Class Warrior! These two words struck terror into them.

The Lundrian soldiers who were ferocious just a moment ago instantly lost their fighting spirits as

they swiftly retreated.

Both Ares and Julian were quick to go after them.

The two men were secretly overjoyed in their hearts. Their plans were unexpectedly smoother than they had imagined.

Julian thought that the title of the Great Marshal was bound to be his after the battle.

Yet, he wasn't aware of the blind spots in the battle.

Zeke, who had been observing the battle in a secluded corner, noticed something amiss.

Lundrians was known to be courageous and unafraid of death. It is unusual for them to surrender without a fight. Knowing their mannerisms, Zeke felt like it was a trap to lure them in.

However, Zeke paid not much attention to it. No matter what kind of traps you have, they're useless in the face of true power.

Ares and Julian easily chased the Lundrian army out of Island 1.

After leaving behind a team of elite soldiers to guard Island 1, they continued with the battle.

Soon, Island 2 was recaptured.

Their battle was smooth sailing without any obstacles.

Then it was Island 3, Island 4 and Island 5...


In a blink of an eye, Ares and his men had recaptured thirty-five islands.

By now, the Lundrian army was chased to Island 36.

They were only one step away from victory.

With a confident attitude, Ares ordered Ragnar, “General Maples, I’ll give you a chance considering our former friendship. Retreat now and I’ll spare your life.”

However, Ragnar, who was backed into a corner just a moment ago, answered confidently, “Is that so?”

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“It’s uncertain as to who will die and who will live now.”

Ares furrowed his brows. “What do you mean?”

Ragnar continued, “Do you know that our aim was to lure the first King Class Warrior out of Eurasia and kill him? However, I didn’t expect you to be here. Anyway, it doesn’t matter now. Since you are one of the King Class Warriors, I’ll have to kill you then.”

Ares scoffed, “What makes you think you can threaten a King Class Warrior? Looks like you have a death wish!”

Ragnar muttered, “Who told you that I’m only an Archduke Class Warrior? Come on out.”

With that said, six muscular Lundrian soldiers jumped out of their hiding spot and stood in line with Ragnar.

Ares focused his senses to get a feel of their auras.

They were all Archduke Class Warriors and the weakest one was a Silver Archduke Class Warrior.

Ares mocked, “General Maples, I’m afraid you have some misunderstanding about King Class Warriors. Did you think that by having several Archduke Class Warriors, you can stand a chance against a King Class Warrior? You clearly do not know the superiority of a King Class Warrior over others. Even if you gather a hundred Archduke Class Warriors, they might not be a match for me

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still. However, as far as I know, there are no more than eighty Archduke Class Warriors in the world. In other words, other than the Ultimate, there is no one in this world who is my match.”

Ragnar shook his head as he laughed. “You’re being too optimistic. We live in scientific times. We can enhance the human body with technology.”

What does that mean?

Right then, Ragnar and the six Archduke Class Warriors beside him each took out a syringe with red liquid swirling inside.

Then, they injected the red liquid into their veins.

In the next instant, their muscles bulged visibly.

At the same time, Ares could sense that their energy were getting stronger and their areas of influence were getting wider.

Within seconds, they had become King Class Warriors.

For a moment, Ares thought that he was faced with seven King Class Warriors.

The aura of the seven King Class Warriors was suffocating as they instilled terror into him.

“What did you inject into your blood?” Ares pretended to stay calm, but his voice was trembling. “I-It can increase your levels to that of King Class Warrior within seconds?”

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With a look of pride, Ragnar answered, "This is Lunder's latest research. It can increase bodily strength by ten times within seconds. Although it only lasts for half an hour, but I believe that time is enough for us to kill you. Now, die!"

Ragnar and the six King Class Warriors charged toward Ares instantly.

Indeed, their speed had increased by ten times and they were as swift as lightning.

The surging power that came from the King Class Warriors made Ares' heart skipped a beat.

However, the elite soldiers of Eurasia were watching the battle. There was no way he could retreat; he had no other options but to brace himself.

He rushed toward the seven King Class Warriors.

With his palms facing his enemies, he roared.

A tremendous force released within him and surged toward the seven King Class Warriors like a hurricane.

Ares was daunted by what happened next. His enemies were not the least bit hurt by his power. In fact, they were completely unaffected by him.

His enemies easily broke through his protective barrier and rushed toward Ares.

It took only one punch from each of the King Class Warriors to send Ares flying.



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He could not stop vomiting blood. The pain that wrecked him made him feel as if his internal organs were ruptured.

They were right; their capabilities had increased by ten times in terms of speed and strength.

Ares clambered to his feet with a depressed look.

He knew that he would die here if he continued to fight against them.

He had no other choice but to escape.

Yet, his speed was no match to theirs. He had barely taken a few steps before they caught up to him and captured him.

He glanced at the thousands of Eurasian soldiers from the corner of his eyes.

The only way now was to sacrifice the Eurasian soldiers to buy time for his escape.

He bellowed, "Listen up, soldiers. This is the time for us to give back to our country. We shall die protecting our nation. We will build a wall with our bodies!"

The soldiers present were prepared to face death.

They did not hesitate in laying down their lives for their country.

"Kill the enemies and protect Eurasia!"

"Charge!"

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Ares' speech triggered the Eurasian soldiers' adrenaline rush as they dashed toward the Lundrian soldiers.

Even if they knew that they were no match for them; even if they knew that death awaited them, they did not hesitate even for a second.

Julian was about to brace himself and charge in when Ares gave him a look and stopped him.

The younger man's heart skipped a beat. Oh no. He can't stop Ragnar, can he?

Indeed, Ares rushed toward Julian and grabbed his arm before dragging him toward Eurasia instead.

What? Our general is ordering us to fight for the nation, but he's escaping? He's only using our lives to buy time for his escape. He's sacrificing us to save himself. The Eurasian soldiers were dumbfounded.

At that moment, their fighting spirits fled them and their morale instantly plummeted.

The seven King Class Warriors, including the Lundrian soldiers, killed hundreds of Eurasian soldiers in a blink of an eye.

By now, only a little more than a hundred Eurasian soldiers were trying their best to fight against their enemies.

Zeke, who had been watching the battle in a corner, was now clenching his fists in fury.

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The fury within him was emanated in the form of a force so tremendous that it crushed the surrounding rocks.

It's one thing for Ares to escape from a fight, but it's another for him to sacrifice thousands just to buy time for his escape.

Just as the soldiers were about to be wiped out, Zeke joined in the battle.

Now that Ares had lured out their strongest foes, it was time for him to show himself.

He leaped more than hundreds of meters far and he landed steadily right in the middle of the battlefield.

Like a fiery meteorite crashing into the ground, the impact from his landing instantly sent dozens of Lundrian soldiers flying.

Even the island was quaking under his feet.

Zeke's grand entrance stupefied everyone at the scene.

All Lundrian and Eurasian soldiers could not help but halt their movements as they looked in Zeke's direction in terror.

Even the escaping Ares and Julian, as well as the seven King Class Warriors who were chasing the duo, stopped in their tracks and turned toward Zeke.

All they saw was a masked man in black attire.

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They could not see his face and they did not know his name.

However, they were sure of one thing.

With the aura he was exuding, this man was a King Class Warrior.

Not only that, but he must also be someone stronger than Ares.

Both Ares and Julian exchanged a look.



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“Father, he must be that mysterious man from earlier. The one who moves faster than sound.”

“Yes. I never thought that he’s real.”

“Father, do you think that he’s the first King Class Warrior of Eurasia?”

“Very likely. We’ll seek for an opportunity to build a relationship with him later and get more Spirit Stones.”

“Understood.”

Ragnar took in a deep breath and collected himself. “Who are you? This is a war between Lundr and Eurasia and you shouldn’t intervene.”

Zeke answered coldly, “I am an Eurasian. The prosperity of Eurasia is the responsibility of its’ citizens. So, it is my duty to protect my nation from harm.”

Instantly, cold disappointment gripped Ragnar’s heart.

He’s from Eurasia. He must be the strongest King Class Warrior of Eurasia considering his powers.

The seven fake King Class Warriors can go against one King Class Warrior, but to face two at once will be almost impossible.

My years of plotting against Eurasia are going down the drain.

Ragnar nodded. “If so, I apologize for the

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disruption. I will leave this place immediately. Retreat!”

Ragnar waved his hands as he commanded his army to retreat.

However, Zeke uttered, “You’ve killed almost a thousand of my people. Do you think you can just leave like that? That would be humiliating for Eurasia. Since you’re here, I’ll make you pay with your lives.”

The Lundrian soldiers’ hearts skipped a beat.

For both countries, stopping the war was the best option to reduce the casualties as much as possible.

If the war continued, both parties would suffer tremendous losses and the armies might even be completely wiped out.

Why is the cowardly Eurasia acting so tough today?

The remaining elite soldiers of Eurasia roared, “Charge! We have to kill all the intruders of Eurasia!”

“Shut up!”

A sudden roar came from Ares as the man swiftly went to Zeke’s side. He whispered, “Mister, you’ll have to think twice. If we continue the fight, they’ll lose, but so will we. If you really want to start a battle, I have a flawless plan for it.”

“Speak.”

“There’s no point for us to fight against them when they’re at their prime state.”

He paused before continuing, “We’ll ask for a temporary truce. After half an hour, they’ll return to normal when their drug effect is over. When that happens, we’ll declare war again. By then, we won’t need much effort to wipe them out. This is a great way to minimize our losses.”

“Hmph!”

Zeke slammed his palm on Ares’ shoulder.

Instantly, he flew backward and when he landed, a crater formed behind his back.

“How can a man from Eurasia take advantage of others? You’re a disgrace to Eurasian soldiers!”

Ragnar was stunned by the scene.

The mysterious man was a King Class Warrior like Ares, but all he needed was one punch to send Ares flying.

How strong is he? Do we stand a chance against him?

Terror overwhelmed Ragnar as the urge to call for a truce grew stronger.

“Think before you make your decision. If you insist on declaring war, you might not win. Even if we die, Lundr will use all of their resources to

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settle the scores with Eurasia. Eurasia will face annihilation.”

Zeke answered, “The land of Eurasia is sacred. All intruders will have to pay the price with their lives. You are no exemption. Enough with your nonsense. Die now!”

After his speech, Zeke made his move against Ragnar.



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When Ragnar realized that truce was no longer an option, he braced himself and led his men into the battle.

Zeke had already surpassed the level of King Class Warrior and he was a step away from attaining the Ultimate Class.

Ragnar had 7 King Class Warriors under him. Hence, the fight between Zeke and Ragnar was akin to a world war.

The ground was shaking as the dark clouds had shrouded the land. Raging tension and aggression permeated the air.

The clash between the King Class Warriors was definitely a grand sight to behold.

While those on the sidelines were terrified, they were also excited by the sight.

Now that they had the chance to witness the fight between Gods, they could die without regrets.

The battle only went on for five minutes before Zeke won with barely any scratches on him.

Ragnar and his six men were all sent flying by Zeke.

On the other hand, Zeke remained standing.

He strode over to Ragnar; ready to end his life.

When he walked past one of the fake King Class Warriors, he blasted a fit of energy that killed the

latter on the spot.

“Ah!” Shocked by the sight, Ragnar howled.

The man whom Zeke had killed was his brother.

Revenge. I have to take revenge! Ragnar struggled to his feet despite the pain.

“Men, execute Plan B. We’ll avenge our families and soldiers today!”

The remaining five fake King Class Warriors, too, struggled to their feet to attack Zeke at the same time.

Zeke’s stopped in his tracks and stood still.

He clenched his fists tightly as he prepared to destroy the men.

That was the only way he could vent his hatred and anger.

As they approached Zeke, Ragnar and the others abruptly tore off their upper clothes and revealed their top.

Dozens of explosives were strapped onto them.

The total explosives they had on them were enough to kill everyone on the scene!

Oh no! Zeke’s heart sank and he readied himself to escape.

However, it was too late.

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Ragnar and the other five had detonated their bombs.

Boom!

The thunderous noise echoed in the air.

The shockwave from the explosion surged in all directions like a tsunami wave.

Everything that stood above ground, including the people and the trees were all wiped out.

The dust and smoke rose into the air in a fast swirling motion.

As a result of the shock waves, the sea waves rose 10 over meters high.

On Island 35, half of the island had already sunken into the sea.

As for Zeke, Ragnar and the rest; They, too, sunk into the sea.

It was not known whether any of them was still alive.

The commotion lasted for half an hour before returning to peace.

The scenic island from an hour ago was now a living hell.

There were no signs of greenery and corpses were strewn across the island.

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There were no traces of any living souls left on the island.

Both Ares and Julian was distance away from ground zero prior to the explosion, so they managed to survive.

When they climbed to their feet and looked at the scene, they were dumbfounded.

The remaining soldiers stared at the land that had sunken into the sea as similar looks of terror crawled onto their faces.

Ares was the first to come back to his senses.

He pointed to one of the Lundrian survivors and ordered, "Julian, kill the intruders!"

The remaining soldiers were all ordinary men.

An Archduke like Julian could easily destroy them.

Julian replied, "Understood."

Then, he charged right into the crowd of enemies.

Once again, wails of agony and roars of anger echoed on the island.

In less than ten minutes, Julian had wiped out the remaining Lundrian soldiers.

Ares bellowed, "Congratulations, my son. You have defeated the intruders and protected Eurasia. Congratulations, Julian. Congratulations,

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Eurasia.”



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None of the remaining Eurasian soldiers cheered.

They knew that they owed their victory to the nameless hero. It had nothing to do with Julian.

These two were trying to take credit for the nameless hero's efforts.

With a look of displeasure, Ares glared at the remaining soldiers. "Men, listen up now. Be good and obey to my orders. Otherwise, you'll be executed. Remember this, my men! Taking back the Southern Archipelago was Julian and your efforts. There was no mysterious man and General Maples did not use any drugs to increase his strength to that of a King Class Warrior."

A burly man stepped out from the crowd. "No."

The crowd turned to realize that it was the leader of the elite team speaking.

"The mysterious man had laid down his life to protect the Southern Archipelago and our lives. If not for him, we would've lost the islands and died. He is the true hero. How can we forget about him after his death?"

Ares fumed, "Are you disobeying my order?"

"I'm just telling the truth."

"Very well." Ares grinned. "I admire your honesty and courage."

Abruptly, he kicked the stone by his foot.

Like a bullet, it shot out and struck the team leader's head.

In an instant, a bloody hole appeared and the man collapsed onto the ground, unmoving.

Ares shouted, "Anyone else?"

"Us, too." Two soldiers came forward.

"Ares, you tried to escape earlier and you sacrificed us to buy time for your escape. Our family and friends died by your hands! You're a coward and a traitor! A man like you has no right to be put on the pedestal like a hero."

Damn it!

With a swing of his hand, two daggers shot out from Ares' sleeve and struck at the two men's hearts.

Both died on the spot.

"Anyone else?" The murderous look in Ares' eyes would have seared holes in one's body if it could.

Now, the crowd had fallen silent as chills ran down their spines.

Ares was a ruthless man whom they could not afford to cross.

Ares smiled in satisfaction. "I see that the rest of you are smart. I appreciate that. Don't worry. I'll be good to you as long as you work for me. Let's go! We shall return to our country with pride!"

Before they returned to Atheville, the news of Julian reclaiming the Southern Archipelago had spread across Eurasia.

It had been Julian's doing; he had instructed the media to report the news.

The media had even misled the citizens of Eurasia to strip Zeke of his title as the Great Marshal and give it to Julian.

Now, Zeke's reputation as a douchebag was imprinted into the citizens' minds.

As Julian had contributed greatly to the country, the call for Julian to replace Zeke as the Great Marshal was unprecedentedly overwhelming.

Tension was boiling as the crowd's call for Zeke's removal became stronger.

Although the colonel was suspicious of the incident, he dared not to go against the citizens' wishes.

In the end, he agreed to let Julian takeover the post of the Great Marshal.

However, he did not plan to rest at that.

He would send his man to investigate the truth of the incident.

The moment he got his title, Julian called Emily, "Now that I've become the Great Marshal, you're naturally the wife of the Great Marshal. We've taken our revenge."



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Emily shed tears of joy as she beamed. “Thank you, Julian.”

After ending the call, Ares looked at Julian intently. “Are you in love with her?”

Julian was unsure of how to react. “Father, what are you thinking about?”

“She’s a mere commoner. Besides, she is a divorcee. So what makes you think I will like her? She’s just a toy to me.”



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# NH

Ares nodded. “I hope it stays that way. We are destined for great things. We can’t waste our time and efforts on women.”

Julian answered, “Don’t worry, Father. I know what to do.”

Emily could sense that she had made the right bet.

She was only from the working class but she had become the wife of the Great Marshal overnight.

On the other hand, Zeke had been stripped of his title as the Great Marshal and he was now an ordinary person just like Lacey.

I’m the one with the last laugh. I, Emily Clemons, am the true queen of the world. You’re nothing but ants before me.

There was only one thought in Emily’s mind at this time— Revenge.

She wanted to return Zeke and Lacey the humiliation that they had given her.

She stood up and walked to Linton Group.

To ensure her safety, she even asked Julian to assign her a troop of soldiers as her personal bodyguards.

Soon, she arrived at the Linton Group with the soldiers.

She brought the team leader into the building with

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her while the rest of the soldiers were instructed to wait for her outside.

The moment she stepped into the building, the supervisor spotted her.

Instantly, she marched toward her in fury. “Emily Clemons, where the hell have you been? You don’t turn up for work and ignored every calls and messages. Who is the supervisor here? Your wage will be deducted for this month and you won’t be getting any bonuses.”

However, Emily had a nonchalant look on her face.

She strode toward the supervisor’s seat and sat down with crossed legs. “Cut your crap!”

What? The supervisor nearly exploded in rage.

Not only was this woman ignoring her words, but she even sat in her seat and asked her to shut up.

Just where did she get the guts to behave this way? The supervisor raged, “Emily, get the f\*ck down from the chair. That’s not your seat.”

Emily muttered, “Sorry. You have no right to speak to me like that. Get Lacey here. I have things to tell her.”

“What?” The supervisor fumed, “Lacey? Which Lacey?”

“Don’t pretend to be a fool. You know who I’m talking about. I’m talking about the president of

Linton Group.”

The supervisor scoffed, “Don’t you feel shameless to look for Ms. Hinton? It’s all because of you that Mr. Williams’ reputation was ruined. I... I can barely stand to see your disgusting face.”

With that said, the supervisor swung her palm toward Emily to slap her.

However, before her palm could reach the latter, Emily’s bodyguard stepped in.

He slapped the supervisor straight to the ground. “You must have a death wish to think of hurting the Great Marshal’s wife.”

With a hand on her sore cheek, the supervisor stared at Emily, bewildered. “The Great Marshal’s wife? What do you mean?”

Emily muttered, “I said, I want to see Lacey. Get her here.”

The supervisor took in a deep breath to calm herself before going to look for Lacey. Judging by Emily’s attitude and the presence of bodyguards, she must be speaking the truth. I’d better do as she say for now.

After Lacey, Dawn and Nancy found out that Emily was in the building, they immediately halted their work and rushed downstairs.

Emily had been ruining Zeke’s reputation by claiming that he had an affair and subsequently abandoned his devoted wife.

Today, Lacey was going to teach her a lesson.

The three women surrounded Emily and started questioning her.

“Emily, where is your conscience?”

“We kept you here despite of what you did, but is this how you repay our kindness?”

“You were the one who left Zeke because he wasn’t rich enough for you, but now you’re saying that he’s the one who abandoned you?”

“You’re a disgrace to human race!”



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Emily listened to their curses calmly.

Once they stopped, Emily uttered, “Are you done? It’s my turn now.”

She slammed her hand onto the table and shouted, “Now I’m the wife of the Great Marshal and I’m the mother of the nation. How dare commoners like you humiliate me? Do you know that you’re committing a crime?”

The other three women were confused by her words.

They knew that Zeke’s title as the Great Marshal had been stolen by Julian, but that had nothing to do with Emily.

Dawn mocked, “Stop with your nonsense. You’re just a whore. Stop dreaming about being the mother of the nation, not unless every single woman in Eurasia dies. Are you delusional?”

Emily scoffed, “So you don’t believe in me? Now you watch.”

Looking at the team leader, she instructed, “Let them in.”

The team leader shouted, “Enter!”

Suddenly, sounds of marching came from the outside.

Even the ground was shaking slightly.

In the next second, a platoon of fully-armed

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soldiers marched in and ran toward Emily.

They went down on one knee and shouted in unison, “The third legion of Atheville is awaiting the wife of the Great Marshal’s orders.”

The color drained from the other three women’s faces. What? Emily is really the wife of the Great Marshal! Oh my god! How can it be? How did she come into contact with Julian? She just went from rags to riches!

Jealousy, envy and hatred snaked around their hearts like a vine.

Abruptly, Lacey gasped in realization. “Now I get it! Emily, you’ve been working together with Julian. You intentionally slandered Zeke to help Julian get the title of the Great Marshal! A-Aren’t you afraid that karma will come for you?”

Emily had a sly smile on her lips.

“Don’t worry about that. The end result is what I want. I, Emily Clemons, is the one with the last laugh! To me, even houseflies are better than Zeke and you. You’re not even worthy of licking my shoes now.”

“You-”

Regret was killing her from inside.

She had been too kind to have kept Emily around.

Now, Emily was returning her kindness by attacking Zeke and her. Worse still, they did not

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have a way to counterattack.

Emily continued, "I've been acting as a spy in Linton Group and I've found a major flaw in your system. Shut down the Linton Group and begin the restructuring process. We'll open up when I said so."

"Understood!" The team leader replied.

Emily looked at the Linton Group's staff. "Now that the Linton Group is shut down, it's unlikely that it'll open up any time soon. You're all unemployed. Do you think that that's the end? No. I'm going to launch an investigation into the company. If I spot any financial issues, I'll hold you accountable. What awaits you is endless jail time."

By now, everyone's faces had ashen.

They all fell into despair as they were defenseless against the wife of the Great Marshal. What do we do now?

Then, Emily said, "However, since we were colleagues, I can give you a chance. I'm planning to start a company. It will be involved in every industry that Linton Group is in. If you come with me, not only will you avoid jail time, but you will also have a bright future."



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Nancy snapped, “Emily, stop trying to turn us against each other. The Linton Group has nothing to be afraid of. What reasons do you have to shut us down? Our staff members are all hardworking. I’m sure they don’t have any financial issues. Don’t be afraid, people. Although Mr. Williams is no longer the Great Marshal, he’s still influential in the army. He can protect the Linton Group.”

Emily laughed. “My father-in-law is a King Class Warrior and my husband is the Great Marshal. Do you really think Mr. Williams can protect you people against me?”

Nancy hissed, “Shut up. The Linton Group will never bow to you...”

Before she could finish her words, a glamorously-dressed woman jogged toward Emily.

In an attempt to flatter Emily, she said, “Ms. Clemons, I’ll do anything you ask for. From now on, I’ll follow you to the end of the world.”

This woman was one of the human resources executives in the company.

Emily laughed. “Good. After coming to my company, you’ll have a promotion of three ranks above your current position.”

The promotion of three ranks was a temptation too great to resist.

Soon, more and more staff members went to Emily’s side.

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“Ms. Clemons, we’ll work for you.”

“Ms. Clemons, we’ll contribute to your new company.”

“Ms. Clemons, I’ve been thinking of leaving the Linton Group since forever.”

Lacey and Dawn were purple in rage.

These people were heartless.

Linton Group had always treated them fairly.

What they were doing now was basically adding insult to injury.

In the end, none of the old staff members of Linton Group left, but more than half of the new staff members did.

Dawn gritted out, “You’re all traitors! Just you wait. Karma will be right around the corner.”

The traitors sneered, “You’re powerless now and they’ll investigate your assets soon. In a blink of an eye, you’ll be living on the streets. We’d rather face karma than to live on the streets and die from the cold with you.”

Emily ordered, “Shut down Linton Group immediately for restructuring. We’ll reopen it when the time is right.”

“Yes, Ma’am!” The team leader immediately started working on it.

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Dawn panicked and hurriedly stopped the man. “Since when did we violate the law? Show me the evidence. Otherwise, you’re abusing your authority and I’m going to report you to your superiors.”

The team leader pushed Dawn aside. “The Great Marshal’s wife’s orders are indisputable. Disobeying her orders means going against the military. I have the right to arrest all of you.”

“You-” Dawn could not find the right words in the midst of her anger.

Fearing that Dawn would be implicated, Lacey quickly stopped her.

At that, Emily smugly left with the soldiers and her new employees.

Meanwhile, Linton Group was shut down and the employees in the company were all dismissed.

Dawn was furious and anxious at the same time. “Lacey, hurry up and call Zeke. I’m sure he can find a way to solve this.”

Instantly, Lacey took out her phone to call him.

However, no matter how many times she tried, the call would not get through.

Dawn and Nancy tried to call him as well, but it was to no avail.

“That’s strange. Why isn’t Zeke picking up the call?” Dawn inquired.

NH

Lacey sighed, “Zeke told me that he was going for a mission a few days ago. It seems like his mission is confidential. That must be why he’s not picking up the call.”

Dawn sighed. “We’ll have to wait for Zeke to come home before we can do anything else.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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# NH

Nancy's head was throbbing with pain. "But we can't afford to stand idly by until Zeke returns. We're losing tens of billions every day."

Lacey muttered, "That is the only way for us. Worse comes to worst, I'll give up on Linton Group. After all, Zeke isn't the Great Marshal anymore. When he's done with his mission, we will retire together. We will lead an ordinary life as a farmer. Nothing else matters as long as we're together."

.....

At the Thisleton Manor.

Connor, the fake Ares, was in a good mood.

So far, his plan had been going smoothly.

He had successfully made Julian his pawn.

Now, his pawn was seated on the throne of the Great Marshal.

The next thing he was going to do was to make Julian leave the Thisleton family and set up a new force in Eurasia.

This new-found domination was going to be the foundation for the new Prince's Residence.

Then, he would gradually move the Thisleton family's assets into the new force to strengthen it.

The rebuilding of Prince's Residence could come sooner than expected.

He ordered for Julian to come see him.

“Father, is there anything I can help you with?”  
Julian lowered his head respectfully before Ares.

Everything Julian had now was all thanks to Ares.

To him, Ares was like a God and he was the latter’s faithful follower.

Ares nodded. “You’ve achieved great things now. It’s time for you to leave the Thisleton family.”

Huh? Julian was dumbfounded. “Father, are you chasing me out of the Thisleton family?”

Ares shook his head. “Silly boy, of course not. Now that I’ve achieved King Class and you’re the Great Marshal, the Thisleton family seems all-powerful to the public. However, we’re barely close to the richest nor the most powerful in reality. We’re wasting our talents by staying in a small family. That’s why I want you to become independent and build a family much stronger than the Thisleton family.”

Julian nodded. “Father, you’re right. I’ll heed your words. However, it’s not that easy to simply create a powerful force. It’ll take at least ten years.”

Ares shook his head. “Julian, do you remember Prince’s Residence?”

Julian nodded. “Of course. Its assets were seized a while back. Why are you asking about it, Father?”

## NH

Ares answered, “The Prince’s Residence’s assets have all been seized and auctioned to the public. I want you to get them and use them as your foundation. As for the name, you should call it Emperor’s Residence.”

The last two letters of the Emperor’s Residence were a subtle hint to Connor’s name and it was a much more impressive name than Prince’s Residence.

Julian nodded. “Alright, I’ll get on it immediately.”

With that said, Julian left.

The moment he stepped out of Thisleton Manor, Emily called.

“Julian, where are you?” Her voice was gentle.

Julian answered, “At Thisleton Manor. Did you take your revenge against the Linton Group?”

Emily chuckled, “You have given me such a perfect opportunity. It’d be a waste to miss it. Of course I did.”

Julian inquired in anticipation. “Oh? What reactions did Zeke and Lacey have?”

Emily hesitated before replying, “Julian, come to Room 405 at Hotel Vienna. I’ll tell you personally. Also, I’ve prepared a tiny surprise for you.”

Initially, Julian wanted to reject her, but when he thought about Emily’s stunning appearance, he could not resist the temptation. “Okay. I’ll be right

there.”

Half an hour later, Julian arrived at Hotel Vienna.

Just as he stepped foot into the room, he saw Emily lying in a suggestive position while clad in sexy lingerie.



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NH

Her exposed shoulders, legs and chest would make any man lose his mind.

A surge of adrenaline rushed up Julian's brain.

Subconsciously, he pounced toward her and started kissing her.

After a fiery intimate session, Julian leaned back on the bed's headrest as he smoked.

On the other hand, Emily was leaning into his arms as she continuously panted.

Julian slapped her buttocks and muttered, "Now, tell me, how did you humiliate Zeke and Lacey?"

Emily mumbled, "Julian, Zeke wasn't there. But I humiliated Lacey and Zeke's family so bad that they wished they could dig a hole in the ground and hide in it."

She then told Julian what happened earlier.

Julian laughed boisterously after hearing her story, "Haha! You've done a great job. Who doesn't know that Zeke is a man who is protective of his loved ones? With you humiliating his lover and family is a far greater blow than humiliating him. That's exactly what I want for him; a life that's worse than death. I'll give you a task. From now on, you will drop by and humiliate his friends and family on a regular basis. One day, I'll make him get on his knees to plead for mercy."

Emily smiled. "Okay. I'll listen to whatever you say. Julian, I have something else that I need your help

NH

with. I said to Lacey and the Linton Group's employees that I'm going to build a company opposite Linton Group to compete with her. Could you please grant me my wish and let me start up a company?"

Upon listening to her words, Julian's eyes glinted.

He had just been pondering about this matter.

His father wanted him to get Prince's Residence's assets, but he had no clue about the operations of a corporation. How would he be able to take his first step?

Now that Emily was asking for a company, he could just hand the task to her instead. Emily is presenting me with the perfect opportunity!

With a smile, Julian shook his head with a smile. "Sorry, I can't."

"Huh? Why?" A disappointed frown climbed onto Emily's face.

Julian continued, "I don't care about a small company. If we're doing this, we're doing this big. Why don't we create a force that's as strong as the Thisleton family?"

What?

Emily was stupefied. "Julian, a-are you pulling my leg?"

Julian uttered, "I'm the Great Marshal. Why would the Great Marshal lie to you? I've already come up

NH

with a plan. I'll be getting all of the Prince's Residence's assets from the auction and giving them to you to manage them."

"Thank you, Julian!" With tears in her eyes, Emily gave her thanks to Julian as she trembled. Julian is so nice to me! The title of the Great Marshal's wife will forever be mine.

After their talk, the two went separate ways to carry out their respective tasks.

As the Great Marshal, Julian managed to buy the Prince's Residence's assets at the lowest price possible and gave them to Emily.

As the assets were strewn across many industries, she would have to build a headquarters before she could start on her task.

Her first thought was to build the headquarters right across Linton Group.

However, the businesses that Julian had attained were too many for one office building.

Her gaze then landed on the Linton Group's office building.

"Why don't I buy the Linton Group's office and use it as well?"

However, the results of her investigation told her that it was impossible.

The building belonged to Zeke and even if she wanted to buy it, he would not sell.

NH

However, this posed no difficulty for Emily.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

She checked the deed of the building and found that the deed of the land on which the building stood had expired last year.

According to the law of Eurasia, if there were no special circumstances at the expiry of the land lease, the contract would be automatically renewed for twenty years.

Emily decided to set up some “special circumstance” for that piece of land in order to drive New Linton Group away; that would pave the way for her to claim that land.

After much consideration, she thought that “military requisition” was a good excuse.

After drawing up a detailed plan, Emily set off immediately and hurried over to New Linton Group.

She even borrowed a troop from Julian for her own use.

The troop arrived at New Linton Group with great pomp and splendor.

As of now, the New Linton Group was still in sequestration; the place was deserted.

“Break the door open for me,” Emily ordered.

The soldiers acted immediately, smashing the door open and rushing inside.

Actually, the building wasn't totally empty.

## NH

Dawn and Nancy had been staying here temporarily to organize some top-secret documents.

Just as they were madly working away, a troop with live ammunition rushed in and scared the wits out of them.

“What are you doing? How did you get in here?”

Emily stepped forward from the crowd. “Dawn Castaneda, Nancy Hinton, this building has been seized by the military. But you’re still working in the building. This is a violation of military orders. Believe it or not, I could hand you over to the military court and have you punished by military law!”

Dawn gritted her teeth. “What the hell are you doing, Emily?”

“Nothing much,” Emily smirked and continued, “The deed for this plot of land has expired and the military wants to expropriate it. Please relocate this building or lease it to the military, or else we’ll have no choice but to destroy it here and now.”

What?

Dawn and Nancy exploded on the spot.

It’s not enough that they seized the company, they even wanted to demolish the building? This is preposterous!

Of course, the two protested. They tried to stop

## NH

the soldiers from making their move.

However, with Emily's order, the soldiers started wreaking havoc in the office.

How could two ladies stop a bunch of soldiers?

In desperation, they were forced to call Lacey and have her come over quickly.

Upon learning the news, Lacey's first reaction was to ask the girls to leave the building at once, lest they get injured accidentally.

Thereafter, she contacted Zeke urgently again, but his phone couldn't be reached at all, as before.

Lacey was in despair.

Looks like Zeke is unlikely to return anytime soon.

If the building of New Linton Group really gets demolished, Linton Group will also see its end.

Despite arriving at New Linton Group at top speed, she was still a step too late.

The building had been smashed out of shape by the soldiers.

Fortunately, Dawn and Nancy weren't harmed.

Emily looked at the trio triumphantly and handed out three invitation cards.

"Emperor's Residence will be formally established three days later. The three of you can come as

NH

special guests by then and scrounge some food and drinks. Also, this piece of land is to be expropriated by the military. You now have two choices. Either you sell me the building for twenty million, or I'll demolish the building for you. You have three days to consider."

Emily then proudly led the troop away. "Let's go."

"This is too much!" Nancy gnashed her teeth in anger. "If a villain gets his way, he will be punished sooner or later. The only person who can turn things around now is Zeke. You should contact him quickly, Lacey."

Lacey sighed. "I tried many times, but I just couldn't reach him."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

“Seriously?” Nancy scrunched up her face. “Why is he going off-grid at this critical moment? Where did he go?”

Dawn snorted, “Even if we are to demolish the building, I won’t sell it to her.”

“Twenty million? What are we? Beggars?”

The Linton Group was Zeke and Lacey’s hard work, after all. She would not want to tear it down just like that.

“We’ll see in three days,” Lacey sighed. “It’s best if we could get in touch with Zeke. If we still can’t reach him by then, we’ll have no other choice.”

Southern Archipelago.

Now that the Southern Archipelago had been reclaimed, thousands of soldiers were sent to guard this island.

Near Island 35, a big bubble was suddenly seen rising from the sea.

This attracted the attention of the Island Guardians as they stared at the bubble alertly.

Shortly after, a person suddenly emerged from beneath the surface of the water.

The Island Guardians were alarmed. “Freeze! Raise your hand and surrender!”

They rightfully assumed that the other party was a remnant of Lundr but, in fact, this person was

Zeke.

Although he had survived the suicide bombing of General Maples, he was severely injured.

By the time he struggled to the surface, he had gone into shock and fainted.

The Island Guardians fished him out from the sea and sent him to the prison cell, where Zeke awoke from his coma after an unknown period of time.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself imprisoned in a cell. Beside him were captured soldiers from Lundr.

“Which part of Lundr are you from?” one of the Lundr soldiers asked.

“I’m a Eurasian,” Zeke said curtly.

Eurasian!

Shocked, the Lundr war captives shot up to their feet and eyed him vigilantly.

Judging by his appearance and physique, he was indeed a Eurasian.

The eyes of the war captives were full of hostility.

“Hmph, the damned Eurasians imprisoned us here. They’re all equally guilty and therefore must die!”

“Brothers, attack!”

## NH

The Lundr war captives attacked in groups.

Even though Zeke was seriously injured, he was still formidable.

He didn't give a damn about this bunch of Lundr war captives.

With a slight tremor, he released his powerful King-class energy, sending the war captives flying before they could get close to him.

His energy was of such force that it smashed through the wall and bent the thick iron gate.

Naturally, the Island Guardians were alarmed by the deafening roar.

“What’s going on?” The team of prison guards who rushed in upon hearing the news gawked at the scene unfolding before them.

The Lundr war captives were inlaid on the walls and iron gate, which appeared to have been blown open by a bomb.

But that dying captive they had just imprisoned was standing proudly in the middle of the cell with an intimidating and majestic aura.

Is this all his doing?

How could he explode with such power when he was near death just now?

Zeke glanced at the epaulets on the Island Guardians' shoulders. “Elites of Sole?”

NH

“You people are Sole Wolf’s men? Bring him to me.”

“Who are you?” one Island Guardian interrogated, “What right do you have to meet our leader?”

“If I’m not mistaken,” Zeke replied, “Solo brought you here to find me, didn’t he?”

The Island Guardians stood aghast in fear.

The Great Marshal is the only man in the world who dares to call Sole Wolf “Solo”.

Could it be...

A terrifying and bold idea crept into the minds of the Island Guardians as one of them took out a walkie-talkie and contacted Sole Wolf.

“Sir, someone wants to see you, and he addresses you as Solo...”

Upon receiving that news, Sole Wolf, who was on Island 36 of the Southern Archipelago in search of Zeke, immediately rushed to the prison.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

He was the only person apart from the old colonel who knew Zeke had come here to reclaim the islands.

He had his doubts when Ares released the news earlier on that it was Julian who had reclaimed the islands.

Later, when he couldn't get in touch with Zeke, he realized that something was amiss, so he led a team over in search of him.

And when he discovered that a massive explosion near Island 35 had sunk half of the island just now, he felt a little dispirited.

The Great Marshal didn't get blown up by the enemy, did he?

It was then that a soldier sent a message saying that someone wanted to see him and that someone was addressing him as "Solo".

Only one person in the world dared to call him by that name—the Great Marshal.

Could the Great Marshal be imprisoned as a war captive?

Damn it.

Sole Wolf trotted all the way into the prison cell.

The moment he saw Zeke, tears started pouring like rain. He rushed up, gave Zeke a bear hug, and burst into loud sobs.

NH

“Zeke, thank God you’re alive! I was almost scared to death just now.”

Zeke didn’t know how to react. “How decent is it for a seven-foot man to weep? Get off me.”

Only then did Sole Wolf realize his gaffe; he hurriedly let go of Zeke.

The Lundr captives were dumbstruck.

We all witnessed the explosion that sank half of the island.

But the Great Marshal actually survived?

His vitality is more tenacious than that of the island.

The Eurasian soldiers guarding the cell were stupefied as well.

Are you kidding me?

Is Sole Wolf, the leader who fears nothing and no one, actually crying in the Great Marshal’s arms?

This is f\*\*king unbelievable!

Coming back to their senses, they all went down on their knees.

“Great Marshal, Sir. Please forgive me if I’ve offended you before.”

In a fit of rage, Sole Wolf booted a soldier.

“F\*\*king idiots! How dare you put my brother in a

NH

cell as a war captive? F\*\*king lock yourselves up for six months and we'll see about it later!"

"Yes, Sir!" the soldiers complied timidly.

Zeke gave a bitter smile. "Drop it, you. They're just doing their jobs. Don't give them a hard time."

"Hmph," Sole Wolf snorted, "If it isn't for my brother's magnanimity, I would have skinned all of you alive! Come on, Zeke. I'll send you to the Cygnus Room to recuperate."

Feeling his physical condition deteriorating, Zeke nodded in agreement.

On the way, Sole Wolf hesitated to speak.

Noticing Sole Wolf had something on his mind, Zeke started, "If you have something to say, just say it."

Only then did Sole Wolf whisper, "Zeke, you will no longer assume the name of Great Marshal."

"Oh, why?" Zeke asked.

Sole Wolf sighed. "Julian Thisleton said that he reclaimed the Southern Archipelago with his own strength, so and only he is worthy of the Great Marshal title."

Jerk!

Zeke's temper sparked. "Everyone in this world is worthy to be called the Great Marshal, except for him. I reclaimed the Southern Archipelago alone.

NH

It has nothing to do with him. Besides, Thisleton chickened out of the battlefield; he's a deserter. He has sacrificed the lives of thousands of soldiers to buy himself time to escape."

"What?" Sole Wolf flew off the handle. "The nerve of that son of a b\*tch to do such a shameless thing! He's a disgrace to the soldiers of Eurasia. How dare he assume the title of Great Marshal? That f\*\*king audacity! I'm gonna crush him! I'm gonna mobilize an army to expose his ugly side to the world!"

"Hold it!" Zeke stopped him. "Don't take a shot at him now. We don't want to startle him."

"Thisleton still has his use."

"But I can't stomach this anger," Sole Wolf declared.

"You have to, even if you can't," Zeke said. "A little impatience spoils great plans."

"Alright," Sole Wolf agreed grumpily.

"How's the situation with Lacey?" Zeke's tone softened.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

“She’s not doing so well,” Sole Wolf reported. “Emily Clemons is now in power, and she calls herself the Lady of the Great Marshal. She had shut down New Linton Group and even seized the land on which its building sits. I’ve been following your orders by keeping watch from a distance; I didn’t help her at all on my own accord.”

A fresh swell of rage rose in Zeke.

“That woman sure is nasty as always! We shall take this opportunity to eradicate this threat once and for all. Solo, you did the right thing by not stepping in to help.”

Zeke wasn’t preparing to beat them at their own game. Until he managed to lure out the hidden sects of Mount Final through the fake Ares and Julian, he wouldn’t stand in the way of their plans.

“What are you going to do next?” Sole Wolf asked.

“Recuperate in the Cygnus Room first,” Zeke said briefly. “The King shall return in three days!”

“Got it!” Sole Wolf said.

Three days later, the building opposite New Linton Group was gay with lanterns and decorations, and the beating of gongs and drums rang up to the skies. It was a festive occasion.

The building across the street had been taken over by Emily to serve as the headquarters of Emperor’s Residence.

Compared to the opposite side, New Linton Group

was deserted.

There was not a single person in sight in that monumental building; rather, countless excavators and demolition machines had surrounded it.

If Lacey refused to sell the building to Emily for twenty million, Emily would mobilize these machines to demolish the building.

Lacey, Dawn, and Nancy stood at the door of New Linton Group observing the fiery festivities across the street. They were disheartened.

A strong sense of defeat made them look up.

“Lacey, haven’t you been able to get in touch with Zeke?” Dawn asked.

Lacey shook her head.

“Are you really set on tearing down this building?” Nancy asked, “We won’t get a single cent if the building is demolished. But if we sell it to Emily, we can still get twenty million... Why do we have to make things even more difficult for ourselves?”

Lacey smiled bitterly. “You’re too naïve, Nancy. Do you think Emily would gladly give us twenty million? She will definitely find ways to bail out.”

Nancy nodded thoughtfully. “I guess I’ve overestimated Emily.”

“Let’s just tear it down and forget about it, then. If we can’t keep this building, Emily mustn’t lay a

finger on it, either.”

“Lacey, what’s going on here?” a breathy voice of an elderly person sounded.

Lacey’s parents, Daniel and Hannah, came by.

“Oh, it’s nothing,” Lacey explained sheepishly with a light blush on her face. “Mom, Dad, what brings you here?”

“An unfamiliar caller called us and said that something had happened to New Linton Group, so we came over to have a look,” Daniel said.

Lacey’s expression changed.

Damn it! It must be Emily who called them.

“Lacey, how come there are so many excavators and bulldozers here?” another familiar voice drifted to Lacey’s ears.

They were Zeke’s parents, Faith and Diego.

“Mom, Dad, what are you guys doing here?” Lacey asked in a fluster.

“The senior executive in charge of human resources told us that something has cropped up with Linton Group, so we came to see what’s going on,” Faith answered.

The senior executive in charge of human resources has long since jumped ship to Emperor’s Residence.

NH


Emily is indeed behind all this!


Lacey had intended to hide it from the elders, lest they worry.


But little did she expect Emily to alarm them.

Just as Lacey was racking her brain about how to explain to them, Emily was seen walking out from the opposite building, running all the way to Lacey.

“You’re all here. Where’s Zeke? How come I didn’t see him?”

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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NH

“Emily?” Daniel and Hannah were stunned on the spot. “How come it’s you? Why are you here?”

“Duh, I was the one who invited you guys,” Emily said. “Why do you think I’m here?”

Daniel could tell that Emily was up to no good. “Why did you call us here?” he asked coldly.

“Oh, I’m about to demolish New Linton Group. As elders, don’t you guys want to take a last look at Linton Group?” Emily scoffed.

What?

Emily’s words floored the Hintons and the Williams.

The New Linton Group building is about to be demolished? Why?

Daniel looked at Lacey. “Lacey, is this true? Why didn’t you tell us earlier?”

Lacey sighed and nodded. “Mom, Dad, you don’t have to worry about this. I can handle it myself.”

“No, I firmly disagree,” Daniel said, “This building is the private property of Zeke and Lacey. No one can demolish it without their consent.”

“I am the Great Marshal’s wife now. My thoughts represent the will of the military,” Emily said, “I want this building. If you dare to protest, you’re going against the military and this constitutes an act of treason! Do you believe that I can arrest you right now?”

NH

“You...” Daniel was so angry that he stuttered.

“Don’t worry,” Diego comforted him, “Lacey, give Zeke a call, quickly. He has served the military for decades. He should be given credit for his hard work, if not merit. He may be able to save the building if he steps in.”

Lacey looked embarrassed. “Zeke went on an urgent mission and has been out of contact for several days. I can’t reach him.”

Despair washed over everyone.

“So, Lacey, have you decided?” Emily taunted, “Will you take twenty million and scam, or will you not get a penny and be banished from Atheville?”

Lacey gritted her teeth. “Even if I were to tear the building down, you won’t get anything from this.”

“Oh, really?” Emily replied, “That’s not up to you to decide. I’ve suddenly changed my mind now. Not only do I want this building, but I also want you to present it to me in public at the opening ceremony of Emperor’s Residence.”

“You f\*\*king wish!” Dawn couldn’t stand her anymore and cursed. “How about I present you with your mother’s ashes?”

“Haha, I’d love to see how long you can keep that up,” Emily snickered. “As far as I know, Zeke didn’t leave to carry out any emergency orders; he has absconded from his crime.”

NH

“That’s sheer bull,” Nancy snarled, “This is slander. If you can’t produce any evidence, I’ll sue you for slander right now. You must be a fool to think that no one can deal with you just because you’re the Great Marshal’s wife. If I were to mobilize the power of the masses, not just you, but even the new Great Marshal will see his downfall.”

Instead of getting riled up, Emily simply sneered, “Easy there. I’m not finished yet. My man, that is the Great Marshal, has sufficient evidence to prove that Zeke has colluded with foreign countries and disclosed state secrets. He’s about to issue a nationwide arrest warrant against Zeke.”

“Shut up,” Diego rebuked. “My son is loyal to the country and he will never do anything against Eurasia.”

“My father-in-law is a King Class warrior and my husband is the Great Marshal,” countered Emily, “Whose words carry greater weight? Yours? Or those of the King Class warrior and the Great Marshal?”


Emily’s words rendered everyone speechless.

If Ares and Julian have joined forces to slander Zeke, there will be no other way to remove the stigma from his name.

“If you don’t want Zeke to be reduced to a traitor, you’d better transfer this building to me in public at our opening ceremony,” Emily said. “This is your last chance. I hope you will consider it carefully.”

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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With that, Emily turned and left, leaving Lacey and her family looking at each other in a torn state.

“Forget it. It doesn’t matter if we give up on Linton Group.” It was Lacey who spoke first.

“Zeke cares about his reputation. His lifelong reputation is more important than his life. It’s a good deal to exchange Linton Group for Zeke’s chastity, isn’t it?”

Everyone was silent.

Although they were reluctant to give up the building, they didn’t have a choice.

Finally, Lacey sighed. “Emily is targeting me alone. I’ll just go by myself. Don’t follow me and get humiliated.”

“No,” Dawn refused resolutely. “We’re sisters. We stay together for better or for worse. How could I let you bear the responsibility all by yourself?”

Nancy also stood beside Lacey. “Alright, Lacey, enough with the foolish talks. Let’s weather this storm together.

Knowing that she couldn’t persuade the two women, Lacey stopped trying.

But she remained adamant that both parents go home first.

Emily will definitely humiliate us to death.

It’s better the elders don’t follow, lest they get

angry and wind up collapsing.

The four elderly parents were originally worried about the youngsters and insisted on following them, but with Lacey not taking no for an answer, they had no choice but to wait outside.

Lacey, Dawn, and Nancy walked across the street.

Emily's new company was called Emperor Group, but insiders were accustomed to calling it Emperor's Residence.

They all knew that Julian wasn't just going to build a business empire, but a powerhouse like Prince's Residence.

It wasn't an understatement that the power of a King Class warrior and the Great Marshal was significant.

Before the ceremony started, the auditorium was already overcrowded with guests.

And those who came were all big shots, the ultra-rich and powerful.

Once Lacey, Dawn, and Nancy entered the venue, they were arranged to be seated in a position in the far corner.

The auditorium was bustling with noise and excitement, but the three ladies were drowning in misery.

They lowered their heads without saying a word. They felt so awkward that they wished the ground

could swallow them whole.

Right then, a familiar voice blared in their ears, “Who let you in? Get out of here.”

The three women looked up and saw that it was Mary, the former head of human resources of Linton Group, chasing them out.

She was the first to turn against Linton Group and submit to Emily three days ago.

“Get lost, you traitor!” Dawn refuted, “You have no right to talk to us.”

Mary sneered. “Jeez, Director Castaneda. You gotta learn to watch your mouth. This is not a place for you to behave like a barbarian. I’m an executive under Ms. Clemons now, and I am in charge of this grand opening ceremony. You showing up here is my responsibility. I didn’t invite you, so get the hell out now before I call security.”

“Linton Group is ashamed to have hired you!” Nancy snapped, “I was even the one who interviewed you at that time. It’s because you told me that both your parents have died and you were too poor to afford the funeral expenses that I hired you. Who would have thought that you would turn out to be a despicable opportunist?”

Nancy did not stop there. “And who would have thought that you’re the b\*\*ch who seduces everyone from the company’s executives to security guards? If your employees find out that their head is a whore... Jeez, I wonder...” Mary was hit right at her sore spot; She was

incandescent with rage.

“Shut the hell up! Security, take them away!”

The commotion alarmed many guests, who looked over kept wagging their tongues.

Emily, who had also heard the noise, quickly came forward. “What’s going on?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

“Ms. Clemons, we didn’t invite them but they somehow got in,” Mary explained hurriedly, “I want to chase them out, but they just won’t leave.”

“Oh,” Emily uttered with a sudden realization, “There’s no need to chase them out. I allowed them to stay.”

“Why did you let them in, Ms. Clemons?” Mary asked, bemused.

“Oh, they actually came to me to apologize and repent,” Emily said, “Well, I don’t like to hold grudges, so I forgave them.”

“Apologize? Ms. Clemons, have they done something bad to you?” Mary asked, feigning curiosity.

Sighing, Emily said, “You guys don’t know her yet, do you? She used to be my best friend, actually. We were like sisters. We talked about everything and kept no secrets from each other. But then she flirted with my then-fiancé, Zeke Williams, and stole him from me. This time, she’s reflected on her mistakes, so she came to me to confess and atone for her sins.”

Lacey’s face flushed red. “Emily, you...”

“You’d better shut up if you don’t want Zeke to be wanted nationwide,” Emily threatened in a low voice.

Lacey was flabbergasted, but she dared not defend herself.

NH

Meanwhile, the crowd went wild.

“Damn! So she’s the woman who snatched the Great Marshal away from Ms. Clemons back then.”

“Haha, I didn’t think she would have the brass neck to come ‘round here to apologize.”

“Apologize? You actually believe that? Obviously, she’s here to suck up to Ms. Clemons seeing that Ms. Clemons has made it big.”

Lacey was so embarrassed; she felt as if she was standing naked in front of everyone.

Emily put on a smug face, enjoying the spectacle.

The more Lacey suffered, the happier she felt.

Emily waved her hand, signaling everyone to be quiet.

“Alright, all guests have arrived. Let the ceremony officially begin.”

Emily then left with Mary.

Nancy stomped her foot in rage. “That b\*\*ch! The two of them clearly colluded long ago to humiliate Lacey.”

Dawn clenched her fists. “F\*\*k! Better not give me the chance to turn things around. Otherwise, I’ll hammer these two b\*tches to death!”

“Sit down.” Lacey pulled them down to their seats.

NH

“I don’t mind suffering if that’s what it takes to save Zeke.”

The ceremony officially began.

The first person to speak was naturally Emily, the legal representative of Emperor’s Residence.

The guests present knew that Emily was just a working woman before—a puppet of Julian—and they despised her from the bottom of their hearts.

But for the sake of Julian’s reputation, they cheered for her, so much so that they interrupted her speech several times with hearty rounds of applause.

After Emily, it was Julian who spoke, and his few words beat a thousand words.

Emily had also arranged for Mary to speak on stage as an employee representative.

Mary’s speech was filled with disparaging words about her former company, Linton Group, and praises that elevate Emperor’s Residence.

To put it bluntly, her speech was a collection of flattery.

After Emily ended her speech, it was the representative of business partners who spoke.

To Lacey’s surprise, the representative was an old acquaintance of theirs.

NH

He was Linton Group's biggest business partner.

There was no doubt that this partner had betrayed Linton Group and turned over to Emily.

After showering Emperor's Residence with the most ingratiating language, the partner suddenly pointed fingers at Linton Group.


He looked at Lacey impishly and said, "Ms. Hinton, I heard that Linton Group will soon go into liquidation. Even the headquarters building is at risk. We can't continue our cooperation. Consider this a unilateral breach of contract on your part. How do you think the penalties should be calculated, Ms. Hinton?"

Undoubtedly, this was also arranged by Emily in advance to condemn Lacey.

Everyone zeroed in on Lacey.

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## NH

For a moment, Lacey was at a loss for words.

We can't even keep the headquarters building of Linton Group and bankruptcy is imminent.

I'm about to owe an extensive amount of foreign debt. Where do I get the money to pay the penalty?

Amid her dilemma, Emily stood up. "Excuse me, Sir. How much does Lacey owe you for the breach of contract?"

"Two billion," the business partner said.

"Lacey is facing some difficulties now, and she can't afford so much money," Emily said, "Never mind. Seeing that she was once my best friend, I'll help her this time."

Emily's generosity was greeted with rapturous applause.

"Ms. Clemons sure is righteous."

"And because of your righteousness, I've decided to make you our business partner."

"It's our honor to work with you, Ms. Clemons."

Mary sneered. "Ms. Hinton, aren't you gonna thank Ms. Clemons for helping you?"

Lacey endured the humiliation and said, "Thank you."

"That's it?" Mary asked.

NH

“Hey, Mary, that’s where you’re wrong,” Emily corrected Mary, “I’m helping her for old time’s sake, not for her gratitude.”

“You’ve misinterpreted me, Ms. Clemons,” Mary said, “They told me that they have prepared a big gift for you just now. I know you don’t like receiving rewards for your work, and you will certainly not accept this big gift that they’re giving you for no reason. So, why don’t you let them present you with this gift as a token of their appreciation?”

The realization dawned on Emily. “Ah, I see. I sure won’t accept their gift out of the blue. But since it’s a token of appreciation, that’s a different story. If I don’t accept it, I’m afraid they will think I’m looking down on them.”

“Well, aren’t you going to bring out your big gift?” Mary prompted Lacey.

Dawn balled her fist. “They’re so f\*\*king good at blowing their own trumpet.”

Lacey knew that no matter what, she couldn’t possibly run away today.

Despite the reluctance in her heart, she put on a calm face and said, “I would like to give you the New Linton Group building.”

The crowd was instantly stirred.

That building is worth at least one billion.

To hand over that building to Emily Clemons, their

NH

“sisterhood” sure is as solid as a rock.

Of course, everyone could guess the inside story, suspecting that it was Emily who forced Lacey to do this.

However, no one pointed it out.

“Alright then, I shall gladly accept this gift,” Emily grinned with satisfaction.

Mary took out a contract and handed it to Lacey.

“This is the transferal agreement that you entrusted me to prepare. Please sign here.”

Lacey picked up the pen with her trembling hand, feeling as though a knife was piercing her heart.

However, as she was about to sign her name on the contract, a voice suddenly sounded at the door, “I object!”

Lacey, Dawn, and Nancy trembled at that familiar voice.

It’s Zeke!

Zeke is back!

However, the euphoria didn’t last long.

Even if Zeke has come back, so what?

Not only has his power been abolished, but he has also been stripped of his title as the Great Marshal.

He's a commoner now.

He has no ability to turn things around.

The three of them turned back, looking at Zeke at the door.

Lacey's eyes reddened. "Zeke, you're back!"

Zeke smiled. "Lacey, I didn't come back too late, did I?"

Lacey nodded.

"You must speak up for us, Zeke..." Dawn grumbled.

Zeke waved his hand at Dawn. "Don't worry. I know all about it."



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NH

Zeke grabbed the transferal agreement and tore it into pieces right where he was.

After that, Dawn gave Zeke a thumbs up and said, "Good job, Zeke!"

A smile appeared on Nancy's face. "You're amazing."

The guests went into an uproar.

How dare Zeke be so proud and presumptuous when he's reduced to an ordinary man now?

Is he not afraid of being targeted?

Zeke is no match for his rival, even when he is in his prime.

After all, he is facing off a King Class expert and a Great Marshal with unparalleled power.

Sure enough, Emily was enraged at his action. "Zeke, what are you trying to do? How dare you mess up my grand ceremony!"

Zeke sneered at Emily, "Some people just never learn their lessons. Let me teach you another lesson today."

Emily replied, "Hmph! There's no place for monkey business here. You'd better apologize to me right now and come up with another transferal agreement; otherwise, you'll certainly regret it."

Lacey seemed to have thought of something. She swiftly tugged at Zeke's arms and whispered to

NH

him, "Forget it, Zeke. She'll sue you for treason if we don't agree with her."

Zeke patted Lacey's shoulder. "Don't worry, Lacey. I'll take care of this."

Lacey was stunned when she met Zeke's confident gaze.

Zeke made her feel that he was still the Great Marshal and that he had yet to pass his peak.

For a fleeting moment, she could not decide whether she should trust him.

Zeke's gaze turned icy as he turned to glance at Emily. "You're so vicious, and you have no regard for human life."

Emily promptly denied, "What nonsense are you talking about? Lacey gave it to me willingly as a token of appreciation."

Zeke scoffed, "A token of appreciation? You've forced Lacey into a dead-end. Why should she thank you for this? This is ridiculous!"

Emily shouted at him, "You should cut the nonsense instead! Everybody witnessed how I helped Lacy. She owed her business partner liquidated damages of two billion, but she could not afford it and was at risk of imprisonment. I was the one who paid the liquidated damages so she didn't have to go to jail. It's only fair that she repays my kindness."

Zeke laughed at her. "Haha. Do you think everyone

NH

here is that dumb? You've obviously plotted this together with her business partner to set her up. Linton Group has yet to go into bankruptcy, so we can still collaborate with her business partner. Given that scenario, why should we pay liquidated damages? It's her business partner who first refused to collaborate with Linton Group. Hence, he's the one who should pay us the liquidated damages.

The business partner turned pale and was at a loss for words.

Zeke was right.

Linton Group had not gone bankrupt yet. If the business partner terminated the contract, he would have to compensate Linton Group accordingly.

Zeke added, "Even if Linton Group declares bankruptcy, we'll file for bankruptcy protection from the government, in which case we won't have to pay liquidated damages, either."

Emily's face flushed red immediately and became tongue-tied.

After a moment, she quickly retorted, "Even if she doesn't owe me a token of appreciation, I'll take it as an apology from her. To be honest, this small amount of money is insufficient to make up for the hurt that she has caused me."

Zeke's expression turned frigid as he sniggered at her, "Oh? Tell me, why does she owe you an apology?"

NH

Emily answered, “Stop playing a fool. Everyone knows that Lacey was the mistress who broke our relationship.”

Zeke refuted her immediately, “You’re lying. You dumped me because I was a poor guy.”



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Emily sneered, “Don’t bluff as if we’re all fools. I was only a working woman—how could I think that the Great Marshal is poor? Don’t you pull tricks on us.”

“Is that so?” As he spoke, Zeke took out a thumb drive. “Fine, you can see the evidence for yourself.”

Zeke reached for his phone and handed it to Dawn. “Dawnie, please show everyone the video and voice recording on the projector.”

“Sure!” Dawn answered with excitement as she knew that there must be solid proof in the thumb drive.

In the meantime, Emily was getting anxious.

Zeke seems so certain and confident. Is there any evidence in the thumb drive?

No, I can’t let him play the video in public.

Emily commanded the security guards, “Security, stop her! She’s here to cause trouble on purpose.”

“Yes!” Ten security guards surrounded Dawn and stopped her in her tracks.

A sense of frustration welled up within Zeke.

It’s too bad that I can’t reveal the truth that I’m not injured, so I can’t fight them personally.

Next, he shot a glance at the entrance. “Come on out.”

Whoosh!

A figure darted in through the entrance. In the blink of an eye, he had approached the security guards and knocked down all ten of them.

The figure was none other than Mr. Collins.

Since Zeke himself could not fight for a period of time, Mr. Collins was his bodyguard and henchman for the time being.

Mr. Collins sent the ten security guards flying toward the guests and crashing against a few tables.

The venue became chaotic.

Pieces of broken plates shattered around and cut the guests' faces.

There was no way to carry on with the Grand Ceremony.

Everyone gaped at Mr. Collins in astonishment.

Despite his old age, his fighting skills are exceptional. He can take down ten burly men at the same time!

Is he not worried about getting himself hurt?

Mr. Collins patted Dawn's shoulder in encouragement. "Go ahead, girl. I'll kill anyone who blocks you."

"Thank you, Sir," Dawn replied sweetly before

walking toward the projector.

Agitated, Emily shrieked, “Bodyguards, seize him!”

Emily’s bodyguards were much more skilled compared to the security guards.

These bodyguards were the elites whom Julian had handpicked from the army. They completely outmatch the security guards, who were only here to maintain order.

However, they still could not stand against Mr. Collins, who again defeated all of them effortlessly .

Zeke had taught Mr. Collins the Skill of Berserk, which was one of the Eight Supreme Skills.

Therefore, Mr. Collins now had the strength of a Platinum Archduke.

Even if Julian himself came, he still could not compete with Mr. Collins.

In the meantime, Dawn had made it to the projector. She started to play the thumb drive’s video on the projector.

All guests stared curiously at the screen and could not wait to find out the secret in the thumb drive.

Soon, a video appeared on the screen.

It was a recording of Zeke and Emily’s wedding day.

During the wedding ceremony, Emily openly declared that she wanted to break up with Zeke because he was poor.

She utterly humiliated Zeke and trampled on his dignity.

As a result, Zeke had to marry her bridesmaid, Lacey Hinton.

The crowd became baffled and all worked up.

But that was not the end.

After the video, Dawn played a voice recording of a conversation between Julian and Emily.

Julian instructed Emily to accuse Zeke of abandoning his first wife and marrying her best friend. He attempted to ruin Zeke's reputation and portray him as a womanizer.

Emily agreed without a second thought.

This revelation caused an outcry among the crowd.

Now everyone knew that this was a conspiracy.

Zeke was not a womanizer, but Emily was a hypocrite.



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Even the new Great Marshal himself was the mastermind behind this conspiracy.

This news would definitely be the headline of the day.

Many reporters present already started writing the news articles, wishing to be the first to broadcast this breaking news in order to get the highest viewership.

At the same time, Emily's face was full of embarrassment.

B\*stard!

I'm not surprised that Zeke has the video of the wedding ceremony.

But how did he get the voice recording of my conversation with Julian?

Sh\*t! He must have planted a bug on me!

She immediately looked down to check on herself, and she noticed that the third button on her shirt seemed strange.

After that, she promptly pulled the button off her clothes, and sure enough, there was an electronic device on it.

She became hysterical and shrieked furiously at Zeke, "B\*stard! You bugged me!"

Zeke shrugged nonchalantly. "If not, how am I going to get the proof that you have accused

me?”

“I...” Emily was rendered speechless.

When she glanced around and saw the reporters writing news articles, she panicked and screamed, “Stop! Stop it now! This is a misunderstanding! You can’t spread this news!”

Quite a number of the reporters paused their work, but some righteous ones continued to work on the news.

Emily felt troubled and broke out in a cold sweat, not knowing what to do.

Lacey said matter-of-factly, “Let me remind you, Emily. Justice may come late, but it will always prevail. I hope you’ll learn from this lesson, or else you’re only continuing to dig your own grave.”

Dawn said to Lacey, “Sis, it’s pointless to tell her these. A dog returns to his own vomit as a fool repeats his folly.”

The crowd fell silent.

This girl has a way with words! She’s spot on about Emily’s behavior.

Mr. Collins laughed out loud genuinely as he grew fond of this little girl.

If my granddaughter is still alive, she’d be around the same age as Dawn...

Bam!

NH

Suddenly, a gunshot went off in the auditorium and startled everyone present.

The crowd lifted their heads and saw Julian walk out from backstage.

He was giving off a domineering and murderous vibe, bringing fear to everyone's heart.

Holding a handgun, he marched over to the reporters from Eurasia and said coldly, "Get rid of your phones now. If you dare say a word about this matter, I'll kill you."

A righteous reporter spoke up, "As a reporter, it's my role and responsibility to uncover the truth to the public..."

Bam!

Before the reporter finished speaking, Julian pulled the trigger and fired a bullet straight through the reporter's forehead.

The reporter's head exploded into a huge, bloody wound; it was awful.

"Ah!"

The guests were scared out of their wits and scuttled away to take cover.

Julian then walked over to another reporter who was still typing and said, "How about you? Are you willing to take a bullet for the truth?"

The reporter trembled at his words, then he

NH

smashed his own phone and camera onto the floor into pieces.

Julian glanced around at the other reporters; all of them threw their cameras onto the floor without hesitation.

They dared not and could not afford to mess with this beast who would murder anybody who did not obey him.

Julian's frigid gaze swept across the auditorium. He declared, "As the Great Marshal, I'm here to announce a military order. Today's incident is classified information on a national level. Anyone who discloses this information shall be charged with treason."


His voice was loud and firm, intimidating everyone.

Despite knowing that Julian was abusing his power, no one dared to rebuke him.

Because Julian was the Great Marshal, and he could easily finish them off as he wished.

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NH

Zeke said coldly, “Julian, who do you think you are? Who gives you the power to twist and conceal the truth?”

Julian answered, “I’m the Great Marshal, the backbone and protector of the nation. I’ve contributed to Eurasia more than anyone else, and no one can ever surpass me. It’s justifiable that I use my authority for certain benefits.”

Pfft!

Zeke sniggered at him. “And what exactly did you contribute to the nation?”

Julian responded, “The Lundrian Army took over the thirty-six islands of the Southern Archipelago. I defeated the enemy and reclaimed the land on my own. Isn’t my contribution significant enough?”

Zeke laughed in amusement. “As far as I know, you deserted the army on the battlefield. You even wanted to sacrifice the lives of Eurasian soldiers only to buy time to run away. Let me tell you, a mysterious man reclaimed the Southern Archipelago single-handedly, and it has nothing to do with you.”

Julian’s heart was pounding rapidly; even his face twitched.

Damn it! How on earth does Zeke know about this?

Little did Julian know that Zeke was actually that “mysterious man”.

NH

Julian soon regained his composure in dismissal. "Bullsh\*t! I don't understand what you're talking about. That mysterious man as well as me being a deserter are fabricated."

Zeke remained calm and turned to gaze at an army sitting in a corner of the auditorium.

These warriors were the survivors of the Southern Archipelago battle who had witnessed everything that happened on those islands.

Zeke asked them, "All of you took part in the Southern Archipelago battle and saw everything with your own eyes. Let me ask you this. Is Julian a deserter or a hero? Remember that your every word and action represents the Eurasian military. You'd better be honest if you don't want to humiliate the military.""

The warriors lowered their heads apologetically, their faces turned red in shame.

We know the truth and the fact that Julian is a hypocrite who has taken someone else's credit, but we dare not say a word.

Julian has detained our families and kept us by his side, so that he can restrain us from revealing the truth.

If we ever give him away, our family's lives will be at stake.

What should we do now?

When the army kept silent, a slender and tall man

NH

stood up all of a sudden. “I’ll talk. I’ll tell you everything.”

“I’m not afraid of getting my head chopped off...”

Before he could finish his sentence, however, Julian had raised his gun and shot the soldier in the head.

Instantly, his brain splattered all over the place while he fell to the floor, lying dead in his own blood.

Immediately, there was a great hue and cry in the auditorium.

Why did Julian kill the Eurasian soldier in public?

Is he feeling guilty?

Perhaps Zeke is telling the truth.

There’s something fishy regarding the Southern Archipelago incident.

Is Julian a deserter?

Many questions and doubts popped into everyone’s head.

Oh no!

Mr. Collins’ eyes turned red-rimmed with rage and frustration.


He blamed himself for not acting fast enough to save the soldier’s life.

NH


Rage rushed through Zeke as he saw the soldier being murdered for no reason.

He glared at Julian and said, “Julian Thisleton, you shot a Eurasian soldier to death and violated military orders! I’ll send you to the military court for judgment.”

Julian merely replied Zeke calmly, “Recently, I’ve been suspecting that there’s a traitor in this troop, but I have no idea who he is. When the soldier stood up to give false testimony to frame me, I knew immediately that he must be the traitor. I have the right to execute a traitor on the spot.”

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NH

The remaining warriors were shaken to the core. Under Julian's death threat, none of them had the guts to testify against him.

They knew they would be dead before they could utter a word.

Zeke's heart was filled with resentment.

He felt exasperated that he could not use his King Class strength to rip Julian into pieces with his own hands.

Julian stretched his body and said, "Alright. Let's get down to business. The military wants to expropriate the land belonging to Linton Group. You have two options regarding the Linton Group's tower. The first option is to demolish the office tower right away, and you won't get a single cent out of it. Or you can choose to sell the building to us for twenty million."

This is absurd!

Zeke was resolute.

The Linton Group was the testimony of the love between him and Lacey.

Anyone who tried to mess with the Linton Group was treading on his toes.

Julian added, "This is a military order, and it's not up to you to decide."

He strutted out of the auditorium with an army behind him.

NH

Meanwhile, a convoy of excavators and tractors had gathered around the Linton Group tower.

Julian waved his hand and said, “The military officially shall now expropriate the Linton Group’s land. Accordingly, the office tower built on this land shall be demolished. Anyone who tries to stop this is considered to have violated the military order and can be executed at once.”

“Demolish the place now.”

Boom!

The deafening sounds of the excavators and tractors filled the air as they prepared for the demolition.

Dawn and Nancy felt anxious and broke down. “What should we do now?”

“We can’t save the tower this time.”

“All our hard work has gone to waste.”

Lacey comforted them. “Don’t cry, girls. The tower is nothing as long as Zeke is safe.”

Zeke then assured them, “Dawnie, Nancy, don’t worry. No one can pull down the tower in my presence today.

Lacey swiftly grabbed Zeke’s arm and warned, “Zeke, don’t do anything reckless. Julian is out of his mind, and he’ll really kill you on the spot.”

Zeke patted her shoulder. “Relax. I have yet to

NH

play my trump card.”

Zeke walked to higher ground and shouted in rage, “Stop right there! Here is the Dragon King Sword, which represents the Supreme Leader himself. Bow and kneel down before it, or else I will show no mercy.

The moment the Dragon King Sword showed up, the sky turned gloomy with dark clouds, as if a storm were coming.

The crowd went pale and gaped in shock, then they knelt down simultaneously, including Julian.

The Supreme Leader had personally bestowed the Dragon King Sword upon Zeke.

He could use it to take anyone’s life aside from that of the Supreme Leader, and would not be convicted of murder.

The Dragon King Sword was a symbol of the highest authority and the Supreme Leader himself, and one must kneel whenever they saw the sword.

Dawn and Nancy shed tears of joy.

How could I have forgotten Zeke’s Dragon King Sword?

With the Dragon King Sword, we don’t have to be afraid of Julian, or even his dad, Ares.

However, Julian did not display any hint of fear; his eyes were riveted on the Dragon King Sword

fervently.

He had coveted the Dragon King Sword for a long time, as it was the trademark of the Great Marshal.

Without the Dragon King Sword, his title as the Great Marshal was only superficial.

He even told his dad his worry that Zeke would use the Dragon King Sword against him.


Ares then said that he could take the Dragon King Sword from Zeke and give it to Julian.


Now that the Dragon King Sword had appeared, it's time for Ares to make his move.

Julian instantly called Ares to tell him of the current situation.

"I'll be there soon," Ares said, "No worries, everything is under my control."

Julian was relieved at his reply.

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After hanging up the phone, Ares dialed another number straight away.

“Director Payne, I’m counting on you to take down Zeke this time.”

A croaky voice came from the other side of the phone. “Don’t worry. Consider it done.”

That’s great.

Ares ended the call and immediately rushed to the Linton Group.

Meanwhile, at the Linton Group.

Everyone present was on their knees with reverence.

Even the new Great Marshal, Julian, surrendered himself to the majestic Dragon King Sword.

At the same time, Zeke stood among the crowd with the Dragon King Sword, giving off a sovereign and elegant air that overwhelmed everybody.

He was nothing like an ordinary man whose life force had been destroyed.

He appeared so glorious as if he were still in his prime.

The crowd stared at him in awe.

Zeke totally deserves to be the Great Marshal.

NH

Though he lost his position as the Great Marshal, he is still superior and dominant.

Perhaps it is doomsday for Julian.

Suddenly, a deep and intimidating voice came to them.

“Zeke Williams, who do you think you are?”

His tone gave off a King Class energy, giving a headache to everyone who heard his words.

Some of the weaker ones even fainted right away.

Everyone heard his voice before his arrival—he was Ares.

Zeke glanced at Ares with a sneer. “Meeting the Dragon King Sword is equal to meeting the Supreme Leader himself. It’s mutiny if you don’t kneel before the Supreme Leader”

“It’s rebellion if you don’t kneel before the Supreme Leader.”

Ares answered, “Don’t you threaten me with the Supreme Leader. Since the Dragon King Sword symbolizes the Supreme Leader, it should only appear during a perilous time. But now you are using the Dragon King Sword to your advantage. Hence, you don’t deserve the Dragon King Sword.”

Zeke responded, “There’s a rebel here who uses his power for personal gain and takes merit that doesn’t belong to him. Therefore, the Dragon King Sword is here to strike that rebel.”

NH

Ares mocked him, “Are you the rebel you’re talking about? I have solid evidence that you have committed treason and leaked classified information.”

Ares continued, “Julian, rise to your feet. You’ll soon be the new owner of the Dragon King Sword. Use it to kill rebels as you see fit.”

Julian stood up with much excitement.

From his dad’s tone of voice, Julian knew that the former was certain about taking over the Dragon King Sword.

Zeke reprimanded Ares, “The Supreme Leader personally bestowed the Dragon King Sword upon me.”

“You try to reassign the Dragon King Sword to another person with only one statement. You have gone against the will of the Supreme Leader and deserve to be slaughtered.”

Ares shook his head. “Surely I have no right to reassign the Dragon King Sword, but someone else has.”

Zeke asked, “Who is that?”

“Director of the Department of Law Enforcement, Adrian Payne.”

The Department of Law Enforcement?

Zeke raised his brows. He never thought that the Department of Law Enforcement would get

involved in this.

As the highest-ranking law-enforcement authority in Eurasia, the Department of Law Enforcement could execute anyone, including the king, using whatever method the Department desired.

Did Ares ask for help from the Department of Law Enforcement?

Just as Zeke was still deep in thought, a troop of about a hundred men marched in and promptly surrounded Zeke and the Dragon King Sword.

The head of the troop was Adrian, Director of the Department of Law Enforcement.

Zeke asked in an icy tone, "Director Payne, what brings you here?"

Adrian laughed. "Great Marshal... Oh no, I should call you Zeke Williams. I come for two purposes today. Firstly, I would like to catch up with you and see whether you're enjoying your retired life. Secondly, I'm here to sort out the ownership of the Dragon King Sword."

Zeke replied, "We've never worked with one another before, so there's no need for catching up."

Adrian shook his head at him. "Mr. Williams, that's not true. I was a soldier under you, so I have worked with you before. Unfortunately, you did not even notice me. I'm now the director of the Department of Law Enforcement, but you've become an ordinary man. Life is so

NH

unpredictable.”



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Years ago, Adrian was a soldier serving under Zeke. He was a military genius, with untold potential ahead of him.

But beneath the tactical genius, Zeke had found Adrian's true personality to be unsavory and banished him from his forces.

Ever since then, Adrian had nursed a grudge against Zeke for banishing him.

Somewhere along the way, Adrian had fallen in with Chris Black of the Prince's staff. Working together, Chris did everything in his power to ensure Adrian managed to sit on the position of the Director of Law Enforcement.

And now, with a disheartened Zeke having fallen from grace and lost everything, a thriving Adrian decided it was more than time to gloat about his success.

Seeing Adrian's arrival, Zeke snapped an impatient word. "Let's cut straight to the point. The Dragon King Sword was bestowed upon me by the Supreme Leader. If you're questioning about who's the legitimate owner of the Dragon King Sword is, you're questioning the decision of the Supreme Leader."

Adrian shook his head. "You misunderstand me, Great Marshal. According to the laws enforced by our department, the Dragon King Sword is the symbol of the Great Marshal. Now that you've been stripped of the title, it wouldn't be appropriate for you to carry the sword any longer. Please cooperate with us and hand over the

sword.”

Zeke smiled coldly, dignified as ever. “My stance remains the same. Julian Thisleton is not worthy of the title of Great Marshal.”

“And that’s none of my concern,” Adrian shot back. “All I know is that Julian is now the acting Great Marshal and that the law is on his side. Zeke Williams, you will hand over the Dragon King Sword immediately or face the consequences.”

Zeke sighed. “Tell me, how many benefits did Julian have to offer you to make you cover for him so unconditionally?”

Clenching his fists, Adrian spat. “That’s a load of bullshit.”

He narrowed his eyes. “I’m warning you, if you insist on being recalcitrant, you have only yourself to blame for the result.”

There was a chilling hiss of metal on leather as Adrian unsheathed his sword. Glittering coldly under the lights, the shining blade inspired both fear and awe in the people who saw it.

Instantly, the tension in the atmosphere tightened tenfold.

The gathered crowd murmured in nervous voices, all of their worries were focused on Zeke, who was but an ordinary citizen like any of them, he was a normal man, and yet here he was, dead set on going toe to toe with both the new Great Marshal and Adrian Payne.

NH

They wondered what could have given him such limitless courage?

It was at this moment that the air was suddenly split by a low rumble.

The deep sound grew louder and louder until it shook the ground with the force of its vibrations, making the ears of everyone present ring painfully.

Unable to withstand the quake, an ancient electric pole nearby toppled under the onslaught. As it broke into pieces, large plumes of gray dust were kicked into the air.

Coughing and wiping away dust from their faces, the crowd turned to look upwards.

Tens of sonic fighter jets spontaneously appeared, circling in the air above the crowd at high speed. Their exhaust formed long trails as they flew by.

Whispers of confusion raced through the crowd like wildfire. Why are the fighter jets here? Who are the fighter jets after?

There were more than ten sonic fighter jets here. Whoever was masterminding this operation not only had deep pockets but extensive power as well.

Wary of the sudden situation, Julian exchanged a questioning glance with Adrian, who shook his head curtly. The answer was clear. None of them had a hand in this fighter jet business.



NH

Before the crowd could truly recover from the shock of the fighter jets, the ground beneath their feet started to pitch and shake vigorously again.

The loud, low rumble of high-powered engines could be heard coming from the direction of the eastern street.

It caught the crowd's attention immediately and they saw rows upon rows of military trucks roaring down the street at speeds beyond a hundred miles an hour. The trucks stopped before the crowd, arranged in orderly formations.

There were too many trucks to count. They spread as far as the eye could see, leaving one to imagine the sheer scale of this military.

Once the trucks had stopped completely, swarms of soldiers flooded out of them, locking down the eastern street with unbelievable speed.

The eastern street was now completely dominated by the soldiers. There were truly too many of them, a veritable sea of people as far as the eye could see. At the very least, a hundred thousand soldiers had just appeared out of nowhere.

Standing tall and unafraid at the front of all the soldiers was their leader, Lone Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad.

He jumped onto a nearby truck, languidly surveying the scene below him.

"Lone Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad reporting

NH

for duty,” he declared. “The Lone Elites are here to protect the Dragon King Sword!”

The crowd rioted loudly in response, but the action was far from over.

From the west, the sound of a thousand engines and numerous feet marching in sync could be heard.

Once again, the crowd turned to look westwards as one.

A hundred thousand soldiers had once again appeared at the western street, locking down as quickly as the eastern street had been.

As imposing as a storm cloud blotting out a sunny sky, their momentum as they advanced forwards easily intimidated everyone present.

Sole Wolf, the General North, was leading the charge.



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NH

Sole Wolf leaped onto the top of another nearby truck, snapping off a crisply precise salute.

“Sole Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad reporting for duty,” he shouted clearly. “The Elites of Sole stand ready to protect the Dragon King Sword!”

Shortly after that, two successive disturbances could be heard from the north and the south. Two other armies, both of them a hundred thousand men strong, swiftly barricaded the other two streets.

“Killer Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad reporting for duty! The Killer Elites are ready to protect the Dragon King Sword.”

“The Alpha Suicide Squad...”

In the blink of an eye, the formerly empty place had completely transformed into a living sea of people, securely surrounding Zeke, Adrian, and the others.

Combined, the might of the four armies were as formidable as any seen in a battle between countries.

Only a fool would be unafraid, given the circumstances. Such as it was, all the surrounded people felt a healthy sense of fear at the sight of so many soldiers.

Truly, the Great Marshal would always be the Great Marshal. Even depowered and stripped unfairly of his titles, he still wielded considerable influence, staying at least three steps ahead in the

NH

game. He was not to be underestimated.

Just the gathered might of the four armies here alone would be enough to wage an international war.

And yet, this was just a mere portion of his actual forces.

If all ten Alphas of the Alpha Suicide Squad were present with their forces, the combined might of all the Wolves would likely be enough to uproot the entire Atheville and send it tumbling.

Adrian swallowed nervously. “Zeke... what—what do you think you’re doing? Gathering four hundred thousand soldiers in Atheville—are you trying to revolt?”

Forcing out a tough front, Adrian pressed on. “Mobilizing four hundred thousand soldiers without direct orders, wasting money and manpower... I shall be charging you with an offense!”

“What a load of crap!”

The other three Alphas also gathered around Adrian, snarling as they surrounded him.

Adrian’s heart felt like it would almost pound free of his chest.

He was well aware that the Alphas of the Alpha Suicide Squad were seasoned stone-cold killers, fanatically loyal to a fault. And the recipient of those loyalties was unquestionably Zeke.

NH

These wolves would tear his throat out and eat him alive if Zeke wanted them to.

Sole Wolf stalked a slow circle around Adrian. “We didn’t come here because Zeke asked us to. We came because we wanted to.”

Pretending that the situation had not just gone wildly out of control, Adrian steeled himself with a fortifying breath. “If all of you aren’t here because of Zeke, then why have you gathered your forces in Atheville? ”

Sole Wolf barked a laugh. “We are known as the Alpha Suicide Squad, yes, but we also have another duty as the Protectors of the Dragon King Sword.”

Narrowing his eyes, Sole Wolf continued, “Whoever touches the Dragon King Sword without permission will be killed unless they have the authorization of the Supreme Leader.”

Sole Wolf stopped directly in front of Adrian and glared at him. “Do you have the Supreme Leader’s authorization, Director Payne?”

Adrian swallowed nervously again. “No. But I can assure you in full confidence that we’re working within the law.”

He tried to sound confident. “The Eurasian Law itself is the will of the Supreme Leader. Enforcing the law means that I’m carrying out the will of the Supreme Leader. It makes no difference whether I have his personal authorization or not.”

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“Enforcing the law is a funny word for what I see,” Sole Wolf said drily. “May I ask which law are you enforcing, Director? Or which article of our Constitution applies to the current situation?”

“The Dragon King Sword has to be wielded by the Great Marshal,” Adrian replied, striving to sound as official as he could. “Now that Julian has replaced Zeke as the new Great Marshal, the Dragon King Sword should be passed on to Julian.”

Casually pulling out his sword as well, Killer Wolf made a deliberate show of polishing the sharp blade with a rag. He smiled darkly. “Adrian, why don’t you tell me which exact law of Eurasia says that the Dragon King Sword has to be wielded by the Great Marshal?”

In a flash, the tip of his sword landed under Adrian’s chin. Killer Wolf bared his teeth. “If you can’t tell me, well, leaving your head behind can be a form of answer as well.”

Breathing slowly, Adrian was painfully aware of the tensed energy coiled within the sword. He could still remember how the metal had sung brightly when Killer Wolf had swung the sword earlier. Fear sat in a frozen ball within the pit of his stomach.

He did not dare to move.

The Dragon King Sword was a symbol of the Great Marshal. It was more than reasonable that the sword should be entrusted to the current Great Marshal.

It was not a written law of Eurasia, but rather an unspoken agreement of the Eurasian people as a whole. The tradition was law, even if it was not recorded in black and white.

If his opponent was dead set on exploiting that particular loophole, he might as well be invulnerable for all intents and purposes. Adrian wanted to grind his teeth so very badly.


“Well?” Killer Wolf demanded.


The tip of the sword dug deeper into his neck. It was not enough to draw blood yet, but enough to make Adrian wince.


Adrian hurriedly spoke, “It’s a collective agreement by the people of Eurasia. Even though this law has never been formally recognized in writing, it’s as binding as any other law.”

“To hell with your collective agreement.” Killer Wolf prodded the sword at Adrian’s throat. “I sure as hell didn’t agree.”

He turned to face the other Alphas, asking, “Sole Wolf, Lone Wolf, Wolf’s Greed—what say you?”

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## NH

The other Alphas smiled, collectively shaking their heads.

“Well, Adrian,” Killer Wolf said pleasantly, “there you have it. If you can’t produce a law to back you up, you’re committing treason. And the sentence for all traitors is being beheaded!”

Adrian’s face paled immediately and he stumbled backward. “You... you’re nothing but a bunch of rabble-rousers—I’m the Director of Law Enforcement, the highest authority over the law in Eurasia! It doesn’t matter if I broke the law. Even if I did break the law, none of you have the authority to sentence me either!”

Sole Wolf spoke up. “No authority? We don’t mind. A life for a life works for us as well.”

His savage smile promised Adrian that they were capable of delivering on that promise. Upon seeing it, Adrian’s thoughts dissolved into an incoherent buzz.

The bastard really is serious about it. They would kill me without any hesitation.

Adrian yelled at one of his aides, “Take him down now! He’s trying to revolt!”

Immediately, Adrian’s subordinates charged forwards to surround Sole Wolf and the other Alphas.

“Get out of our way,” Sole Wolf snarled. “You don’t have the right to interfere in this matter.”



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All seven of Adrian's guards stood their ground, shaking their heads. They said, "Director Payne is our leader, and protecting him is our duty. If the four of you are intent on harming him, don't expect any restraint from us."

Sole Wolf cursed loudly. "Are all seven of you blind? You're all accessories to his crimes now, and will be sentenced just like him!"

As such, the two forces were forced into a tense stalemate where the slightest trigger will set off a devastating battle.

The Department of Law Enforcement was the highest-ranking authority on law enforcement in Eurasia, often dealing with lawbreakers that required forceful enforcement of the law.

That was why all of the personnel working in the Department of Law Enforcement were highly skilled experts trained to be the best of their class.

For the seven guards before them, the fact held especially true, considering all of them held the rank of Archduke.

Sole Wolf and Wolf's Greed were Archdukes themselves, but they knew clearly that their numbers put them at a disadvantage.

But they still had an advantage remaining. Sole Wolf and the other Alphas were absolute lunatics who did not fear death in battle, only knowing that they had to defeat their opponents by any means necessary.

## NH

The battle was fierce, raging on as the evenly-matched opponents attempted to pummel each other into pieces.

But it was all just a show.

In truth, Sole Wolf had not even unleashed the full brunt of his power yet. As he fought, he was strategizing, wanting to numb his opponents to his moves first before delivering them the most devastating surprise they would ever receive.

The ace that Sole Wolf had hidden up his sleeve was none other than the king's technique Zeke had passed onto him—the power of unparalleled fury.

Exploiting this technique would boost his current power to match that of a Platinum Archduke, or perhaps even greater than the Great Marshal in his prime.

The stalemate persisted as both forces struggled to get the upper hand.

Knowing the time was now or never, Sole Wolf let out a mighty roar, throwing himself into the king's technique of unparalleled fury. He felt power suffuse him, transforming him into an unstoppable force.

He plowed through the raging battle, uncaring about anything else. He was a great stone—a giant meteorite falling from the sky, trailing fire and death. The devastation he left in his wake was a chilling testament to the unknowable power he wielded.

## NH

The roar of the battle grew louder. Seven simultaneous crashes were heard as the seven Archdukes were knocked out of the battlefield, flying through the air limply.

Three of them died immediately when they landed with a sickening crunch on the ground. Grievously injured, the remaining four Archdukes were on the verge of death as well, being unable to resist such raw power.

Even Wolf's Greed had been accidentally injured by the aftershocks of Sole Wolf's mindless rampage. Blood flowed from his mouth continuously. He spat on the ground beside him before shouting at Sole Wolf. "Did your mother give you eyes on your ass? You almost broke my bones, genius. When did you get so strong anyway?"

Having ended his fury, Sole Wolf just smiled impishly and said nothing.

It was Zeke who had taught him this King's technique, but since Zeke still wanted to keep his identity a secret, Sole Wolf would ensure his lips were sealed.

He changed the subject, returning his glare to Adrian.

"We came to protect the Dragon King Sword in the name of the Supreme Leader, Payne," Sole Wolf said grimly, "But you sent assassins after us while we were carrying out our mission. With all the crimes you committed, you won't be making it out of today alive."

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The four Alphas approached Adrian slowly, step by step. Adrian felt like his head was going to explode.

The four crazy bastards had already killed three of the Department of Law Enforcement's Archdukes. Seems like they are truly determined to take my life now.

Adrian forced himself to think about what he should do—what he could do.

The four Alphas were advancing on him. As he retreated backward, he hurriedly pulled out his phone from his pocket. "Save me, Prime Minister. Someone is trying to kill me!"



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A swing of Sole Wolf's sword was all it took to send Adrian's phone clattering across the ground. At the same time, he also 'accidentally' drew a cut across Adrian's wrist.

"Forget about calling the Prime Minister," Sole Wolf threatened. "Even the Supreme Leader couldn't save you if he came personally."

The murderous aura of the four Alphas pressed down on Adrian, suffocating him.

Ares' expression was thunderously black. The sheer audacity of these four animals was insulting to the extreme. They had already ensured their graves were dug by killing the Department of Law Enforcement's personnel.

He could not just stand by idly and watch those four kill Adrian. The man was here by his invitation. If he died here, Ares would not be able to escape the responsibility of it.

"Stop what you're doing now!" Ares bellowed, clearing the meters of distance between Adrian and him with a single leap.

Landing by Adrian's side, he expelled the gathered energy in his body in a crushing wave called the King's aura, suffocating everyone in the radius and forcing them down.

Sole Wolf, who was standing the closest to Ares, struggled to breathe. But still, the four Alphas remained standing defiantly, showing no hint of fear on their faces and refusing to back down.

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Even as he struggled for air, Sole Wolf nevertheless managed to hurl an insult at Ares. “You think you can protect Adrian, you old sot?”

“Mindless animal,” Ares snapped, “My abilities are King Class, far beyond what you’re allowed to insult. Let this be a warning to you. Adrian Payne is the Director of the Department of Law Enforcement. He is the highest authority on Eurasian law. He represents the iron-clad sanctity of the laws of our country. If you kill him, your crimes will be unpardonable.”

“We were carrying out the Supreme Leader’s orders to protect the Dragon King Sword when he sent assassins after us. If anything, he’s defying the Supreme Leader.” Sole Wolf spat at Ares’ feet. “He should be killed.”

“You’re twisting the facts unreasonably,” Ares said coolly. “Adrian did what he had to do to protect himself.”

“No,” Sole Wolf said loudly. “He was trying to stop us from carrying out our mission. We all saw it anyway, didn’t we?”

Killer Wolf, Wolf’s Greed, and the others quickly nodded their agreement.

Ares felt a muscle in his cheek twitch worryingly. It was no use trying to reason with these animals. They will never bow to logic or facts.

Ares glared at Zeke. “These brutes are the best soldiers you can train? A gang of mindless animals?”

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Zeke looked improbably pleased, perhaps even proud.

Of course, he had trained them. Their bravery in battle far surpassed any living soldier.

Forget about Adrian, even if the gods themselves descended from the heavens to hurt his Alphas, Zeke would kill them all in retribution.

But of course, Zeke would not actually let them kill Adrian for now. For one, Sole Wolf and the others were no match for Ares. Zeke could save them if he tried, but that would mean exposing his identity as a King Class warrior. He would lose more than he gained.

That aside, however much Zeke hated to admit it, Ares did have a good point. From a certain point of view, Adrian did represent the iron-clad sanctity of the Eurasian law. Sentencing him to death so casually would make a mockery of their law system.

Once again, the situation descended into a stalemate.

However, there was a sudden commotion among the ranks of the Elites of Sole. The sea of troops promptly parted neatly to allow passage.

Sole Wolf frowned. "Who dares to intrude my Elites?"

In answer, an expensively luxurious red sedan passed slowly through the parted soldiers, easing into view.

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The car pulled to a stop directly in front of them. The door opened and an elderly man stepped out. He was dressed in traditional robes, commanding a scholar's aura of respect. Despite his age, his eyes were piercingly bright.

Seeing the new arrival, Adrian's face showed an overwhelming sense of relief. He was saved. Reinforcements had arrived.

The common people who had been forced into kneeling earlier when Ares had unleashed his rage bowed even lower to the old man, proclaiming their utter respect.

The old man was in fact, the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister was the Supreme Leader's mentor, revered and respected above all in Eurasia. He might not have held any ranking positions in the current government, but his reputation in Atheville was untouchable.

His opinions and suggestions, whenever he deigned to offer them, had to be taken into consideration seriously, even by the Supreme Leader.

Adrian almost stumbled over himself to welcome the venerable old man. "Prime Minister, I'm so grateful you're here. Please, you must help me get justice for all that has happened today."

All those years ago, the Prime Minister had personally established the Department of Law Enforcement to safeguard Eurasia. As the Director of Law Enforcement, Adrian knew he



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could consider himself as a disciple of the Prime Minister.



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Adrian believed firmly that the Prime Minister would stand on his side.

Frowning, the Prime Minister regarded the masses of Alpha soldiers present.

“Who ordered this to happen?” The authority in his commanding voice was absolute.

Adrian pointed an accusing finger at Sole Wolf and the other Alphas. “They did.”

The tilt of Sole Wolf’s head was almost blatantly insolent. “Yes, I did it. What are you going to do about it?”

Zeke dragged a hand across his face, smiling through the pain. Oh, Sole Wolf, even I have to treat the Prime Minister with a healthy amount of respect.

You truly deserve your nickname, you hot-headed idiot.

“Sole Wolf,” Adrian shouted angrily. “This is the Prime Minister you’re speaking to. How dare you speak to him in such a way? You should show him respect!”

“So what if it’s the Prime Minister?” Sole Wolf was as defiant as ever. “Even the Prime Minister needs to bow to reason, no? Well, I have reason on my side. I won’t be afraid even if the gods themselves come down to pass judgment.”

“You—” Adrian’s words died in his throat as his face flushed an unpleasant shade of brick red.

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The Prime Minister exchanged a certain look with Zeke where the latter merely shrugged helplessly.

The Prime Minister had heard of the infamous 'Hothead' Sole Wolf before and was finally able to witness in person today how exactly the reckless man had earned that nickname.

As such, he was not angry. He asked calmly, "Sole Wolf, why did you kill those men?"

Sole Wolf's sudden surprise was almost visible, but his usual cockiness reasserted itself soon enough. "We were acting on the orders of the Supreme Leader to protect the Dragon King Sword. But Adrian sent his assassins to kill us. The deaths of the Department of Law Enforcement's personnel are nothing to be regretted."

Evidently, no matter what happened, Sole Wolf was going to hang doggedly on the fact that they were acting on the instructions of the Supreme Leader.

With the name of the Supreme Leader backing them up, he was eager to see what they could do to him.

Adrian's face was pale with outrage. "That's bullshit. You wanted to kill me, so I asked my guards to block you and protect me. All you're doing is just making up problems and wild stories."

The insolent tilt of Sole Wolf's head had returned in full force. "Oh, so you're saying that our actions

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on the Supreme Leader's orders are making problems? I swear, I'll kill you if you insult the Supreme Leader again."

Sole Wolf flicked his sword meaningfully, letting the light glint coldly off the silver blade and strike fear into the hearts of his opponents.

Adrian hastily stumbled to hide behind the Prime Minister.

Hovering on the border somewhere between exasperation and annoyance, the Prime Minister reflected ruefully that this fellow was not just impulsive and straightforward, but also a master at the art of talking about absolute nonsense with earnest seriousness.

Ares made his presence known, greeting, "It's been a long time, Prime Minister."

"An unexpected pleasure, Ares." The Prime Minister smiled politely.

Ares nodded. "My son is the source for today's incident, so I have to be here. I can testify that it was true that Sole Wolf attempted to kill Adrian. And as such, Adrian was forced to order his subordinates to protect him."

"However," Ares said coldly, "no one would have expected Sole Wolf to have the audacity to kill three of the Department of Law Enforcement's warriors on the spot."

"You're on Adrian's side, Ares," Wolf's Greed spoke up. "Of course you'd defend him. If that's how you

NH

want to do it, my brothers and I can testify as well and we swear that what Sole Wolf said is the truth.”

Ares was about to retort when the Prime Minister raised a hand for silence. “Fear not, I hear you. But I have my own counsel to keep.”

He glanced at Zeke and said, “I trust you were at the scene just now as well, Mr. Williams. Who among them is telling the truth?”

“That isn’t the point,” Zeke said heavily. “The point is that someone is trying to take the Dragon King Sword from me.”

The Prime Minister showed an almost imperceptible expression of shock. He was privy to the fact that Zeke was still Eurasia’s number one warrior, a master of the King Class.

The Dragon King Sword was bestowed upon him by the Supreme Leader years ago.

And now that Zeke had truly mastered the King Class, him wielding the Dragon King Sword was nothing but reasonable. It was the will of the Supreme Leader, after all.

If the Prime Minister were being ungracious, he would have said that trying to take the Dragon King Sword from Zeke was tantamount to treason.

Adrian was foolish. That much the Prime Minister could ascertain. He was foolish, but not at fault.

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Now that the rest of the world lived under the impression that Zeke was stripped of his abilities and was nothing more than a normal man, them clamoring to take the Dragon King Sword away from him was nothing but reasonable as well.



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Adrian was still doggedly trying to soldier on with his arguments. “The Dragon King Sword belongs with the Great Marshal. Now that Zeke is just an ordinary man, the sword should be handed over to the new Great Marshal.”

Ares asserted his support, saying, “It’s an unspoken tradition that the Dragon King Sword goes wherever the Great Marshal goes. Without the Dragon King Sword, the Great Marshal cannot be accounted the true Great Marshal.”

He raised his voice compellingly. “My son was trusted with this sacred duty by the people of Eurasia. Undoubtedly, the Dragon King Sword belongs with him, so that he can officially carry out his responsibilities as the Great Marshal.”

“If not, my son might as well step down from the position of Great Marshal.” Ares shrugged.

Both Adrian and Ares’ arguments were logical and based on fact. Ares had not even hesitated to dangle the position of the Great Marshal over their heads as a threat. The tides were turning in their favor.

Adrian glanced smugly at Sole Wolf, sure of winning the outcome.

Feeling a bit anxious now, Sole Wolf hurriedly stuck out his neck and said, “I’ll say it again, we’re protecting the Dragon King Sword on orders from the Supreme Leader. Whoever tries to take it is going down, even if we have to die to stop him.”

Those gathered here were unsurprised. It was still

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the same old line of reasoning.

Zeke suddenly spoke up. “What do you think, Prime Minister? If it’s your decision, I’ll accept it without any objections.”

“Zeke, no!” Sole Wolf hissed anxiously. “We can’t bend the knee...”

Zeke shot a withering glare at Sole Wolf. Unwillingly, he shut his mouth with a click, bleeding frustration into the air.

On the other hand, Adrian and Ares were celebrating their triumph. From their point of view, Zeke’s words were equal to an admission that he would give up the Dragon King Sword.

However, the Prime Minister’s decision left everyone shocked.

There was a thread of fear in his quaver voice. “You can rest assured, Mr. Williams. The Dragon King Sword was given to you personally by the Supreme Leader and thus, it remains as one of your personal possessions. Whoever tries to take it from you will be branded as an enemy of Eurasia.”

The Prime Minister had his reasons for that answer. Zeke Williams was the number one King Class warrior of Eurasia, the one and only true guardian spirit of their land.

If he had ruled in favor of passing on the Dragon King Sword, it might have incited Zeke’s wrath. And if Zeke’s wrath meant him turning his back on



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Eurasia, it would be a disaster, nay, it will be a calamity to end all calamities.

The crowd was stunned into silence by Prime Minister's words. It had never occurred to them that the Prime Minister would favor Zeke so openly.

Besides, Zeke himself had already spoken, agreeing that he would hand over the Dragon King Sword. They wondered why the Prime Minister would give it back to him so hurriedly.

Unwilling to admit defeat, Adrian faced the Prime Minister with a burning face. "Prime Minister, I refuse to accept—"

"Silence," the Prime Minister said curtly. "This matter is settled. Let no one speak of it ever again."

He turned to face Zeke. "Mr. Williams, are you satisfied with the decision?"

Zeke shook his head sadly. "No, I am not."

"What other requests do you still have then, Mr. Williams?" The Prime Minister asked.

"Just two," Zeke said. He flicked a glance in Ares and Adrian's direction. "The first request is for Adrian to kneel and apologize, as well as remove his position as Director of Law Enforcement. He tried to take the Dragon King Sword from me by twisting the laws of our country and abusing his position, even going as far as to injure my men."

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“Secondly, I request that Julian resign his position as the Great Marshal. He just isn’t worthy of the title,” Zeke said.

At this point, Ares and Adrian were fairly apoplectic with rage. This entire matter was going too far. Zeke was going too far.

Adrian fumed impotently. Zeke, you bastard. You already got to keep the Dragon King Sword, killed three of my Law Enforcement Archdukes, and then humiliated me publicly.

And now you want me to grovel at your feet and resign my position? You want Julian to resign his post as the Great Marshal? How big is your ego for you to take pleasure in kicking a downed man?

Adrian remained silent. If the Prime Minister had a shred of decency, he would not rule in Zeke’s favor.

Once again, the results were beyond their expectations.

After spending some time considering, the Prime Minister said gravely, “Adrian will kneel and apologize to Zeke. The termination of his employment will be arranged.”

“However,” he hesitated, “the title of the Great Marshal is bestowed personally by the Supreme Leader. I’m afraid I can’t make any decisions for him.”

Zeke dipped his head in acceptance. “Please fulfill just the first request then.”

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The Prime Minister nodded, glancing at Adrian.  
“Adrian, you were in the wrong first. Apologize to Mr. Williams immediately.”

Adrian felt his life crumbling around him.



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Adrian heard nothing but the roar of blood in his ears. The Prime Minister was being more than obviously biased towards Zeke. How could he favor Zeke so openly when it was blatantly obvious that Zeke was nothing but a thug and a pushover?

Did Ares and him combined weigh so little in his eyes? How could they be less important than a useless man stripped of all of his abilities?

“Prime Minister, I refuse to apologize.” Adrian tasted blood in his mouth, seeping from the cracks between his teeth as he gritted them tightly.

The Prime Minister finally lost his temper. “You’ll do as I say! I am the founder of the Department of Law Enforcement. As departmental personnel, if you disobey my instructions, you’re committing mutiny!”

“Kneel and apologize,” the Prime Minister said with a sense of finality. “Otherwise, I’ll have you tried for mutiny charges.”

Something had broken inside of Adrian. He no longer felt any anger, just a blanketing sense of numbness. Quietly, he kneeled and apologized to Zeke.

Sole Wolf had a canary-eating grin on his face as he watched Adrian apologize, giving Zeke a thumbs up. “That was awesome.”

At this moment, an ignored Emily Clemons had practically been petrified at the scene.

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She had no idea what was going on. Zeke was already depowered, no better than any ordinary man. What terrifying power did he still have, to the point where even the Prime Minister had to treat him so graciously?

She snorted contemptuously. If Julian could not even restrain a piece of trash like Zeke, then he was even more useless than trash.

On the other end of the spectrum, Dawn, Nancy, and Lacey were laughing as they celebrated.

Their brother-in-law was a badass. Even as skinny as he was now, Zeke had still managed to get the upper hand on Julian.

Finished bowing at Zeke's feet, Adrian stood up sullenly. He announced that he would be resigning his post as the Director of Law Enforcement effective immediately before slinking away with his tail between his legs.

There were tears prickling in his eyes. He had begged for the Prime Minister to come and help him get justice for the grievances he had suffered.

But in the end, his supposed savior had ended up blatantly favoring Zeke for some reason or another.

Rude as anything, Zeke had demanded him to kneel and apologize, going so far as to demand his resignation. Through it all, the Prime Minister had indulged him. Adrian had to laugh bitterly at that. He had inadvertently summoned

reinforcements for Zeke instead.

The sheer injustice of it simmered in his chest.

Seeing the sudden loss of their advantage, Ares and Julian prepared to leave as well. Today, they had been utterly shamed and humiliated.

Even now, they could not wrap their heads around the reason why the Prime Minister had been resolutely letting Zeke have his way with everything.

They had barely taken one step when Zeke called, "Hold it, I didn't let you leave yet."

Ares' anger exploded in a spectacular display. "Zeke, you've gone too far! Don't forget that you're now just an ordinary man. You don't have the right to order me about anymore."

"Oh, I wasn't ordering you," Zeke said casually. "As I've said, Julian isn't worthy of being the Great Marshal. I just want him to step down from the post before he manages to disgrace the Great Marshal's name."

Unable to control himself any longer, Julian growled. "The title of Great Marshal was given to me by the Supreme Leader. The fact that you're trying to take the title away means you're defying the Supreme Leader's orders."

"Prime Minister, I formally request to bring the criminal Zeke Williams in to face justice so that he can be made an example of," Julian said, turning to face the Prime Minister respectfully.

NH

“Silence, all of you.” The Prime Minister massaged his forehead ruefully. He was now stuck between a rock and a hard place. If he had known earlier that the situation would escalate to such a scale, he would not have agreed to show up in the first place.

With Zeke and Ares both unwilling to back down, the situation was now frozen in a stalemate once again.

At the same time, a series of other events were unfolding in Lundr.

General Ragnar Maples was currently receiving treatment from the best doctors Lundr had to offer.

Contrary to popular belief, General Maples had not died in the battle in Southern Archipelago. During the day of the battle, he had not detonated the explosives he was carrying, slipping away in the chaos of battle with his life by the skin of his teeth.

Barely after he had returned to Lundr, more news from Eurasia reached his ears, stating that the great General Maples had been defeated by the newcomer Julian.

That had earned General Maples’ ire. In Lundr, he was renowned as a great warrior. His name was almost a synonym for bravery and strength among their people.

If he had fallen to Eurasia’s top King Class warrior, he would not have complained and would accept

his defeat gracefully.

But losing to that rat Julian? That was an insult neither he nor Lundr as a whole could stomach.

General Maples loathed his defeat with his entire being. Turning the thought in his head over and over again, he came to the conclusion that there was only one way to restore the honor of Lundr. He would challenge Julian to a duel.

Of course, that was just a part of the plan.



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NH

Secondly, he wanted to sound out whether Eurasia's number one King Class warrior was killed.

He could basically confirm that the mysterious person who showed up that day was Eurasia's top King Class warrior.

Because no one else could have such strength as him.

In that kind of explosion, even the King Class warrior shouldn't have survived.

Once he could affirm that the King Class warrior was dead for real, Lundr wouldn't have anything to fear anymore. They could insult Eurasia as they pleased.

Without further ado, Ragnar Maples immediately ordered his men to go to Eurasia to challenge Julian Thisleton.

Meanwhile, back at Linton Group, the situation remained frozen in a stalemate.

If this continued, the Prime Minister felt like he would have a major headache coming his way.

He was really tempted to just throw in the towel and leave everything alone.

But if he did that, all hell would definitely break loose.

Even without all the troublemakers present, the fact that Sole Wolf the Warlike Demon was here

NH

already meant that there would be no peace should the situation persisted.

Just as the Prime Minister was racking his brain trying to find an out of the dire impasse, several of Lundr's attendants suddenly arrived.

The Prime Minister composed himself and asked, "What are you doing here in Eurasia?"

"Hello, Prime Minister," one of the attendants greeted the old man respectfully.

"As per General Maple's order, we're here to deliver this challenge note."

Hearing that, everyone in the room froze.

General Maples? Didn't Julian Thisleton, the new Great Marshal, killed him in the Southern Archipelago? How is it possible that we're receiving a challenge note from him? Could he... still be alive?

"The last time that General Maples asked me for tea, I was too busy so I declined." The Prime Minister was trying to fish out information about the general by beating around the bush. "But now that I finally have some time to myself. Tell him that I would like to invite him here for tea. I hope he can do me the honor of accepting my invite."

The Lundr's attendant nodded. "Rest assured. We'll pass your message on to the general."

So he's indeed still alive.

NH

“Excellent. Let’s go back to the main reason you’re here then. So, who is the general trying to challenge?” the Prime Minister asked.

The Lundr attendant scanned the room before his eyes landed on Julian.

He held the challenge note and approached the latter. “May I ask if you’re Julian Thisleton?”

Julian’s heart skipped a beat as he nodded. “That’s right.”

“General Ragnar Maples wishes to have an exchange of knowledge with you that is based on martial skills. We hope you’ll accept this challenge.”

Julian was anxious when he heard this. The thing he didn’t want to happen actually happened.

General Ragnar Maples had injected an unknown drug in himself so that his strength reached that of the King Class.

Julian was no competition to him at all.

Even without the said mysterious drug, Julian knew full well that his strength still couldn’t be compared to that of the general.

He may beat me to death. But if I don’t accept the challenge, people will definitely start to doubt me. Should the people ever find out what really happened in the Southern Archipelago, I’ll lose my reputation, or worse, my life!

NH

As Julian was lost in his thoughts, Zeke Williams suddenly spoke up.

“Julian, if you accept this challenge and defeat General Maples, I will not take the title of Great Marshal from you. Instead, I’ll be your follower for the rest of my life. Since you’re able to kill him once, you can definitely do it the second time. If you decline this challenge, it’ll be deemed as a cowardly act. Then I’ll have to doubt whether you’re the one who killed General Maples and recovered the Southern Archipelago.”

Julian remained silent as he was still pondering on whether to accept the challenge or not. Because once he did, he’d possibly die in General Maples’ hands.

The crowd began to urge him.

“Great Marshal, hurry and accept the challenge.”

“Whoever invades Eurasia should be punished.”

“General Maples killed someone last time. Now, the chance has finally come for him to pay with his life.”

“We should let General Maples see that Eurasia is filled with talented people. That even though the previous Great Marshal is abolished, the new one can also hold us up.”



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NH

“Mr. Williams, if Julian accepts the challenge, are you really not going to object to him having the Great Marshal’s title?” the Prime Minister questioned.

Zeke nodded. “Of course.”

The Prime Minister then turned to Julian and said, “Okay, then. Julian, I’ll be your guarantor. I’ll make sure that Mr. Williams will stop giving you a hard time if you accept the challenge right now.”

Julian anxiously looked at his father, Ares, and the latter merely nodded at him.

Forced into a corner, Julian had no other choice but to accept the challenge.

As for how to deal with the actual day of said challenge, he’d figured he would take one step at a time and try to find a solution out of his predicament.

Julian braced himself and accepted the challenge.

“The battle will be held on the twentieth island of the Southern Archipelago. We hope you’ll be there on time,” said the Lundr attendant. “We’ll stop bothering you now. If you’ll excuse us.”

With that, the attendants took their leave.

The Prime Minister added, “Julian, this battle will affect Eurasia’s reputation and image. You must not lose.”

NH

"I..." Julian spoke but then stopped himself.

My success rate is probably lower than 0.1 percent.

Naturally, he couldn't admit that out loud.

"Go home, Julian," said Ares. "Go into retreat for three days so you can do this challenge with the best mental state."

Julian nodded before leaving as per Ares's order.

As for Emily Clemons, they had long forgotten about her existence.

The Prime Minister gazed at Julian before approaching Zeke. "Mr. Williams, I noticed how horrified Julian was about the challenge. Could it be that he's not the one who defeated General Maples?"

Zeke smiled faintly. "You'll know when the time comes."

"Okay, then." The Prime Minister smiled bleakly. "Don't worry, Mr. Williams. I'll personally investigate this issue and make things clear. We will not disappoint a hero and definitely won't let the enemy take advantage of this opportunity."

The Prime Minister left after that.

Sole Wolf and the others stepped forward and surrounded Zeke.

"Zeke, please provide instruction."

NH

“You can go home,” Zeke uttered. “Next time, don’t randomly mobilize the army and waste the country’s resources.”

“Zeke, a little wastage of resources is nothing in order to protect you. We’ll even sacrifice our lives for you,” Sole Wolf stated.

To that, Zeke said flatly, “Do I look like I need your protection?”

His reply rendered everyone speechless as they were torn between laughter and tears.

That’s right. Zeke’s the number one King Class warrior in Eurasia, perhaps he’s even the top King Class warrior in the whole world. Nobody can threaten him.

They didn’t need to worry about him that much.

A while later, Sole Wolf and the others also took their leave.

Meanwhile, Emily Clemons who had been watching the whole scene unfold before her eyes had a face filled with loathing.

She didn’t dare to mess with Linton Group now that Ares and Julian had left.

Putting on a tough front, she gritted her teeth and spat, “Hmph! Linton Group! I’ll allow all of you to live for a few more days. Once Julian defeats General Maples and secures the Great Marshal’s title, Zeke will have to keep his promise and serve us as our slave! I’ll conquer Linton Group when



that time comes!”

Consequently, Zeke approached Lacey. “Lacey, let’s open for business. You don’t have to worry. Nobody will dare mess with our company anymore.”


“Okay.” Lacey nodded.

“You’re awesome, Zeke.” Dawn Castaneda grinned.


“Who would’ve thought even the Prime Minister respects you this much? He’s partial to you even when you’ve offended him.”

“It’s not a big deal.” Zeke smiled. “When I was still the Great Marshal, I helped him a lot and even saved his life once. He ought to be partial to me.”

Though that was what he said, he knew that the reason why the Prime Minister was partial to him was that he was the number one King Class warrior.

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The Prime Minister wouldn't even pay any attention to Zeke if he weren't beneficial to him any longer.

After all, the Prime Minister had a strong sense of 'respecting the strong.'

"Is that really the case?" Lacey questioned doubtfully. "Based on his actions around you, why do I feel like he's a bit afraid of you?"

The wise Lacey, whose IQ was higher than those of Nancy Hinton and Dawn Castaneda, could put two and two together just by a glance.

However, Zeke couldn't tell her the truth as per the colonel's order to protect the King Class's identity.

"You're thinking too much. Even in my heyday, the Prime Minister was still not frightened of me," he answered half-heartedly. "What he has for me is respect, not fear."

Lacey thought for a moment. "I guess."

Nancy piped up, "Is Julian's strength greater than General Maples? He's the one that drove him off from Southern Archipelago, after all. I think he has a high chance of winning the battle. Zeke, are you really going to be his loyal follower if he wins? Are you going to surrender Linton Group if he asks for it?"

"Don't worry. He won't win. It was someone else who had defeated the general at that time. Julian merely falsely claimed the merit for himself," assured Zeke.

NH

“Really?” Nancy was still a bit doubtful. “How are you so sure about this?”

Zeke said, “I have an internal connection that I can use to inquire just about anything.”

“Then, can you use this connection of yours to arrange for us to go to the Southern Archipelago?” Dawn pleaded. “I also want to watch the battle.”

Zeke hesitated. He initially planned to do something during the battle because he knew Julian couldn’t win. If that happened, Eurasia would lose its reputation.

By that time, he would have to challenge General Maples as an ordinary person and take him down to recover Eurasia’s reputation.

His identity would be exposed if Lacey and the others followed along.

However, after thinking for a moment, he still agreed to their request.

I’ll think of some other ways.

Meanwhile, Ares and Julian had returned to the Thisleton Manor.

“Father, what do you think about the battle? It’ll happen in three days,” Julian said anxiously.

“Let me ask you something. If General Maples doesn’t inject that unknown drug in him to forcibly raise his strength, how sure are you to defeat

him?”

“Maybe only fifty percent,” Julian replied.

Ares nodded. “That should be enough. When the time comes, I’ll personally monitor him and prevent him from injecting the drug so you both can fight according to your initial abilities. It’d be best if you win. But just in case you can’t beat the general, I’ll teach you a killer skill that can turn the tide at a critical moment.”

“Oh?” That piqued Julian’s interest. “What kind of skill, father?”

“The King’s Combat Skill!”

“But father, that skill can only be used by experts that have reached King Class,” Julian said, puzzled. “I’m just an Archduke. I won’t be able to use that skill at all.”

“Actually, Archduke can also use this skill, but only once,” Ares replied. “You’ll need to sacrifice the foundation you’ve built to use the King’s Combat Skill, but it will be worth it as it’ll increase your strength to that of the King Class in a short period of time.”

Julian’s expression changed. “Doesn’t that mean I’ll become a wasted person then? What good will that do if I still were to become the Great Marshal?”

Ares smiled. “No. Not only will you not be wasted, but you might also be able to become a King Class permanently after the breakthrough!”

NH

The reason he said that was because he, the fake Ares, also known as Connor Black, did just that before.



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