

Zeke shook his head. "Of course not. I'm simply saying that we should observe the situation for half a month first."

The Prime Minister replied begrudgingly, "Alright then. Half a month it is."

Not only was Zeke the strongest of the King Class, but the Spirit Stones were also in his possession. Thus, if he did not want to give them out, there was nothing else they could do but wait.

Ares protested, "Sir, how could you listen to his gibberish?"

The Prime Minister interrupted him and said, "That's enough. Just do as I say."

Ares glared at Zeke with bewilderment. Even when he has lost his life force, this brat is still stirring up trouble for me! Damn it!

The Prime Minister announced, "Everyone, please stay alert. I will continue to assign bodyguards to ensure your safety."

"There's no need for that!" one of them yelled. "We believe in Ares. He's already killed the Demon slayers!"

"We're safe now, so we don't need protection!"

More and more people chimed in, "That's right, we don't need protection either!"

Even Tim declared that he believed Ares and did

not require protection.

The Prime Minister brushed it off and replied, "Very well. That's all for today. We will meet again in half a month."

He too believed that Ares had exterminated the Demon slayers, so he saw no need in assigning bodyguards.

As the crowd dispersed, Ares searched frantically for the strongest of the King Class. To his dismay, he knew everyone present.

Darn! Zeke must have upset the strongest of the King Class, so he left a long time ago! Damn it!

He walked over to Zeke and clenched his fists. "Williams, I'll make sure to settle the score with you! You're finished!"

Zeke glared at Ares as well. "If I find out that you hired someone to act as the Demon slayers in order to obtain the Spirit Stone, I'll kill you!"

Ares felt guilty. This man is sharp. He managed to guess the truth!

However, he put on a calm front and declared, "You're just jealous! I can't be bothered with you. We'll see in fifteen days! Julian, let's go!"

Having said that, Ares stormed off.

When Julian passed by Zeke, he cursed, "Zeke, I'll get you for this! You are going to regret it."

Then Julian left as well.

As Zeke watched Julian's distant figure, he was taken aback.

He could sense a special kind of energy in Julian. It was the precursor to King Class energy!

Julian actually managed to restore his strength. In fact, he was close to achieving King Class as well!

All he required was a Spirit Stone!

Zeke finally understood why Ares spent so much effort trying to obtain a Spirit Stone—he wanted to help Julian achieve King Class!

Normally, it would be great for Eurasia to have another King Class warrior, but Julian was a born rebel. If he achieved the King Class rank, not only would it not benefit Eurasia, but it might even threaten the safety of the country.

After consideration, Zeke was even more resolved not to give them the Spirit Stone.

Meanwhile, Ares and Julian headed back to their car.

Julian got behind the wheel.



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He anxiously asked, "Sir, what are we supposed to do? If the demon team really does rise in revolt within these fifteen days, then wouldn't we be falling into a trap?"

Ares heaved a sigh, "I have no idea either. Only God can save us now. Damn that Zeke Williams! Time and time again, he foiled our plans. Just for that, he should be beheaded."

Julian Thisleton immediately concurred, "I completely agree. Sir, do quickly find a chance to get rid of that Zeke. This way, without any opposition, we would be able to swiftly obtain the Spirit Stone."

Ares shook his head. "For now, this plan would not do. At least, not during these fifteen days. Right now, it's public knowledge that Zeke had brazenly picked a quarrel during the ritual and is now in conflict with us. If Zeke were to die, we would become prime suspects. After these fifteen days, we will grab the Spirit Stone, then kill Zeke. By then, who cares if they come to realize that we were his killers? Eurasia is definitely too powerless to oppose two King Class warriors."

Julian's face was full of yearning. He longed for the day he could become a King Class warrior himself.

On the other side, Zeke had just reached his dwellings when he realized both the Justice Warrior and Mr. Collins were in the residence as well.

Both of them were playing cards. When they

caught sight of Zeke, they immediately greeted him. “Zeke, come play cards with us. Loser treats everyone to a meal.”

Zeke grimly said, “Who allowed you two in? I ordered both of you to protect top-drawer tycoons. If something goes wrong while you are playing hooky, are you two able to bear the consequences?”

Mr. Collins retorted, “Don’t blame us. The clients hurried us away, saying they were very safe and did not require our protection.”

Justice Warrior also chimed in, “Zeke, I witnessed all that had happened during Ares’ ritual. Since they refused our protection, why on earth should we shamelessly cling to them? Just wait until they are murdered by the Demon slayers; they can regret in hell then.”

Zeke heaved a long sigh, “Ah, you cannot allow your emotions to color your decisions when it comes to such important matters. Those people are not warriors themselves, so their ignorance regarding this field is excusable. We are warriors; we shouldn’t lower ourselves to their level. Right now, the most pressing matter is still the safety of Eurasia.”

Justice Warrior replied, “Even so, I still can’t tolerate this insult.”

“Alright.” Zeke waved it away. “I have made up my mind, so let’s not talk about it further. Both of you will have to quash your indignancy for a few more days. When the truth is revealed, I shall then

demand a personal apology from them to you. However, if you are unable to bear even the slightest bit of insult, you are not worthy to be called a respectable warrior.”

“Alright!” Mr. Collins and Justice Warrior nodded in agreement.

Zeke continued, “Mr. Collins, relay these orders to the Alpha Suicide Squad: Dispatch soldiers to secretly guard Eurasia’s core leaders. The Demon slayers are bound to receive news of their lack of defense by now, so it won’t be long before they lash out to attack.”

“Understood!”

Mr. Collins promptly followed said orders.

Zeke didn’t dawdle for a single moment. He immediately dispatched a number of undercover spies tasked with investigating the Demon slayers’ tracks.

His sixth sense told him quite strongly the Demon slayers were not actually exterminated but were crouching menacingly in some corner in Eurasia, waiting for the right time to strike in retaliation.

.....

In Eurasia was the consulate general of the United States.

Inside the secret underground room of the consulate general were ten figures cloaked in black. They huddled together and spoke in

hushed whispers, appearing to be in a secret meeting.

This group of people were Eurasia's most wanted fugitives, the Demon slayers.



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They usually lay low in that isolated underground room. Apart from executing missions, they never stepped out of the room.

In their bunker was an abundance of goods, sufficient to sustain them for an entire year.

Hence, up until now, Eurasia was unable to track down the criminals.

This troop's headman was an old man, his face half-concealed with a devil mask.

His underlings addressed him as Leader of the Demon slayers, not only because he always disguised himself with a demon mask, but also because he had the extraordinary strength of a demon.

Up until now, his squad members were still uncertain of where the limitations of his strength lay, or if he even had any.

Whenever they assumed their leader had exhibited his maximum powers, he would reveal powers that exceeded all limitations, erasing their preconceptions.

The Leader of the Demon slayers cleared his throat before announcing in a deep voice, "I just received some news from a reliable source. Currently, the people of Eurasia believe that we are all killed by Ares. This means they are at their most lax right now, which provides us with the most opportune chance to strike out."

The squad members' response poured out



rowdily, "Agreed."

"We will obey your commands without hesitation."

"I suggest we start tomorrow, I'm dying to exterminate those pigs once and for all."

"Alright, seeing as nobody disagrees, we shall get down to business tomorrow," Leader of the Demon slayers decided.

"Wait for a second," a member suddenly spoke up. "Leader, I think it would be best if we wait for a few days before attacking."

Why so?

Everybody gazed at him in bewilderment.

He continued, "It's not completely true to say that everybody in Eurasia believes we are dead. Zeke Williams, for one, is still suspicious of our existence. Although Zeke's powers may be incapacitated, he still has the formidable Alpha Suicide Squad under his control. I reckon Zeke will order the Alpha Suicide Squad to guard Eurasia's key figures. I suggest we attack after fifteen days. By then, Zeke's patience will have grown thin, and he will finally concede we have been killed by Ares. Then, he will finally let down his defenses."

After deliberating for a moment, the Leader of the Demon slayers nodded in agreement, "Yes, what you said is sensible. Alright then, we shall attack after fifteen days. The second Zeke lowers his defenses, our chance of success is bound to

increase exponentially.”

.....

Time flew by quickly. In a blink of an eye, fifteen days had passed by.

Despite Zeke's thorough efforts to track down the Demon slayers, they were to no avail.

This made Zeke fall into a gulf of self-doubt; he started to suspect that the Demon slayers had, in fact, been killed by Ares.

One morning, Zeke's phone rang incessantly.

The first call was from the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister said, “Great Marshal, the fifteen days are up and the Demon slayers are nowhere to be found. I believe this is enough proof enough that the men Ares killed were the Demon slayers. Are you willing to provide us with the Spirit Stone to award Ares now?”

Zeke exhaled and replied, “That is still unverified. However, I did promise to offer the Spirit Stone after fifteen days, and I will honor my word.”

“Good,” the Prime Minister ended the call, smiling.

His smile held a trace of mockery.

Just as the Prime Minister hung up the phone, Ares came calling as well.

“Zeke Williams, as reality has proven, you have

falsely accused me. If you dare obstruct the ritual once again, you won't like what happens next, that I promise you."

Zeke laughed coldly, "Today isn't over yet. I wouldn't be so quick to judge the winner or loser. However, if the enemy doesn't appear before daybreak, I will oppose you no longer. "

"You better," Ares sneered. "Otherwise, even the Prime Minister won't be able to save you."



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It was not long before the Justice Warrior's call came in again.

"Zeke, the Demon slayers have yet to take any action. Looking at the current situation, even if they have not been killed, they should have already left the country. Should we retreat, too?"

Zeke ordered, "No, we shall stay behind to keep guard. The final moments of this mission are imminent. If anything, we should be even more careful. Who knows, maybe our enemies are just waiting for us to make a move so they could strategize."

Alright.

The Justice Warrior had no choice but to follow Zeke's orders.

Today, the Prime Minister was going to impart his powers to Ares in a ceremony.

However, it would not happen until long after sunset, as Zeke would only be able to retrieve the Spirit Stone after midnight.

Soon, it was already evening.

All of the country's leaders set off to attend the ceremony.

Ares had annihilated the Demon slayers and saved their lives, so they thought it would only be appropriate for them to cheer for him in person.

The Prime Minister made sure to leave his house

early. After all, he was the chairman of the event, so he could not possibly be late.

When he reached the hall where the ceremony would take place, he noticed that not one guest had arrived yet.

There were only a few servants at the venue, all of which were busy with setting up the place for the ceremony later.

Since it was still early, the Prime Minister headed to his designated resting room.

However, not long after he sank his body into the welcoming couch, someone knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” The elderly Prime Minister asked.

“Mr. Minister, I am here to inform you of the schedule,” the servant at the door answered.

“Come in,” The Prime Minister responded.

The young servant walked in and delivered a form to the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister put on his reading glasses and began to scan through the document.

He made sure there was no problem with it and was about to return the form to the servant when he realized that he was the only person in the room.

The servant who had brought the form to him just moments ago was long gone.

All of a sudden, he felt a cool breeze coming from behind.

The Prime Minister immediately sensed that something was wrong in the room.

He squatted down instantly and instinctively leaped forward.

Before he even made his landing, a dagger had flown above his head and sheared a few strands of his hair; it was only half an inch away from hitting his scalp!

Had he reacted just half a beat slower, his head might not be whole by now.

The Prime Minister, who was now three meters from his original position, turned around to look at his attacker.

He was petrified by what he saw.

The young servant was no longer to be found; instead, he had been replaced by an assassin with a painted mask.

From the pattern of the mask, the Prime Minister assumed that the assassin was from the United States.

The assassin wielded a deadly dagger on his left hand, while a mask made from human skin dangled from his right hand.

The Prime Minister squinted at the mask in his hand. It turned out to be the face of the servant he

had seen just now.

The Prime Minister's first reaction was to run.

However, just as he was about to make a sprint to the doorway of the room, the door creaked open.

Two servants, a male and a female, walked in and obstructed the entrance from the inside.

There was no doubt that those two were in cahoots with the assassin in the painted mask.

The Prime Minister was starting to panic.

If these people had managed to pass through all of the security measures and mixed in with the servants, they must be skilled assassins.

The Prime Minister was certain that the deck was stacked against him if he were to fight them.

In front of these outlanders, he represented Eurasia so he forced himself to put on a calm and steady front. After all, how would people speak of his country if they knew its leader could not stay composed in times of danger?

The Prime Minister stared at the two servants who had just entered the room; he ordered, "Take off your masks, you two. Let us make each other's acquaintance in our own skins."

The two of the servants smiled vaguely and took off their masks made of human skin.

Instantly, the Prime Minister realized the two

assassins were also from the United States.

When he saw their faces, his heart skipped a beat while an unknown sense of dread hit him.

The Prime Minister questioned them, “Where are the three of you from? What is your purpose?”

The man in a painted mask cackled, “Mr. Minister, do you know? I am quite upset with your behavior.”

The Prime Minister was confused. “Why are you upset with my behavior?”

The man answered, “You already know we have our eyes on you but still you did not arrange to have more bodyguards by your side. Are you looking down on us?”



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What?

The Prime Minister began to tremble. “Y-you guys are the Demon slayers?”

The leader laughed and answered, “You are right!”

But I thought...

The Prime Minister immediately felt his head lighten.

The Demon slayers are still alive?

Turns out Zeke Williams was right all along.

All of the leaders of Eurasia, including myself, have been mistaken!

The Prime Minister felt like he had aged a couple more years as he was hit with an intense sense of regret and self-criticism.

All of a sudden, the Prime Minister seemed to think of something else.

His blood began to boil.

Warily, he asked the three of them, “So there are only the three of you in the Demon slayers? Hmph, you think you can wreak havoc in Eurasia with just three people? How delusional!”

The leader of the trio chuckled in mockery, “Who says there are only the three of us? Sorry to disappoint you, but we have twenty members in total.”

“The rest are just occupied with their own missions at the moment.”

In a flash, a look of terror dawned on the Prime Minister’s face.

The rest are occupied with their own missions? Does it mean they are off to assassinate the other leaders of Eurasia?

The government would easily be overthrown and the country would go into a state of paralysis even if just ten of its leaders were taken down, let alone all of them.

Eurasia is heading into an apocalypse!

Right off the bat, the Prime Minister’s reaction was to take out his phone and inform the Secret Service to protect the other leaders.

However, the Demon slayers were not so kind as to give him the opportunity to do so.

At their leader’s order, all three Demon slayers in the room charged toward the Prime Minister.

Violence broke out in the room.

At that exact moment, Tim Gunn was just about to leave his house for the ceremony.

His driver, Arnold, raised a question to his master, “Mr. Gunn, I have requested protection at the SSS level and it has been approved. Do you want to activate it now?”

Tim Gunn waved his hand dismissively. "Nah, it's fine. No need to waste taxpayers' money on this. Level S protection should be enough for our current trip. Other than the Demon slayers, no one can actually come close to hurting us. In my opinion, Level S is more than enough."

Arnold believed every word his master had said. "That makes sense. Okay, then I will arrange for Level S protection."

The two of them then set off.

Level S protection called for three top-rank bodyguards to lead the way in front of Tim's car.

As Tim had spent the whole day dealing with official matters and was exhausted, he fell asleep in the back seat not long after the car went on its way.

Suddenly, a boom came from outside. Tim jolted awake at the deafening noise.

The waves resulting from the explosion outside the vehicle were so strong that they made him feel dizzy.

He opened his eyes wide and saw the world around him spinning.

"What's the matter?" Tim exclaimed.

Arnold turned his head around.

To Tim's horror, there was blood coming out of Arnold's eyes, nostrils, and mouth. His face was

as pale as paper as he gaped in complete terror.

“Sir, the car in front was blown off!”

What?

Tim’s body involuntarily shuddered as he looked ahead.

The vehicle driven by the bodyguards had vanished into thin air.

Where their car should have been, a two-meter-deep hole had formed and the surrounding ground was scorched and charred.

It was unmistakable that a huge explosion had just occurred moments ago.

Boom!

A vehicle descended from the sky and landed into the large hole; it immediately burst into flames and the remnants burnt on.

That must be the bodyguards’ car!

Crap, it’s an ambush!

A deafening hum rang inside Tim’s head.

Yet, he managed to get ahold of his senses in a couple of seconds. He shouted to Arnold, “Arnold, hurry up and reverse the car! We have got to run!”

Okay!

Arnold began to reverse.

However, before the car could move, a muscular arm had punched through the bulletproof window and clasped Arnold's neck.

Tim hadn't had time to react when the man snapped Arnold's neck with just one flick of his hand.



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The car doors opened.

A citizen of the United States poked his head in and said to Tim, “Mr. Gunn, please get out of the car. We have something to talk about.”

Tim was engulfed in a sea of despair.

His voice was obviously shaking as he questioned the citizen from the United States, “W-who are you guys?”

The man before him smiled in return. “We didn’t have a name, but then you guys gave us a pretty catchy name. And to be honest, I quite like it.”

Tim shuddered; his eyes shone in a sudden realization before horror returned to his eyes. “The Demon slayers! You guys are the Demon slayers!”

The enemy chortled, “Clever boy! You’re certainly fit to be the financial head of your nation.”

Impossible!

This cannot be happening!

Tim shrieked at the top of his lungs, “Don’t fool me! Didn’t Ares take down all of the Demon slayers? How can you guys possibly be still around?”

The enemy had belittling look on his face. “Heh, heh. Let me be honest: Ares ain’t nothing but a fly to us. Alright, we are done talking. It’s time you die.”

The enemy then pulled out his metal claws and aimed them at Tim's heart.

Tim closed his eyes in complete despair; he did not resist at all.

He was just an ordinary man, after all. What chances did he have against a trained assassin?

If he resisted, he might die an even more painful death.

A few seconds later, however, Tim realized that his heart was still inside him.

He had not sensed any pain at all.

Instead, he heard a loud boom nearby.

When he opened his eyes, he was stunned by what he saw.

The Demon slayers were nowhere to be seen.

In the place of the person who had confronted him just now was the Justice Warrior.

The Demon slayer had been tossed away together with one of the vehicle's doors. Ten meters away from the car, the Demon slayer was seen on the ground coughing blood.

The Justice Warrior has come to my rescue!

A few days ago, Zeke sent Justice Warrior to protect Tim, but Tim sent him away.

Not only was Zeke not upset with Tim's refusal of the Justice Warrior's services, but Zeke even continued to covertly keep his eyes on Tim's safety.

What a true hero!

In Tim's opinion, there was a world of difference between himself and Zeke.

Instantly, he felt intense sensations of remorse and self-ridicule. He did not know what to say to his savior.

The Justice Warrior glared at Tim bitterly, making the latter incredibly awkward. "I am so sorry, Justice Warrior. I have mistaken you!" Tim remarked.

The Justice Warrior did not even bat an eye at Tim's response.

Tim added, "Please kill that man! I want to avenge my driver as well as the bodyguards who have sacrificed their lives for me!"

The Justice Warrior guffawed, "Ha! Just a few days ago, weren't you the one who said you do not need protection from me? Why are you begging me to kill someone for you now?"

Tim's face became twisted. "Zeke deserves an apology from me. I will do anything to atone for my mistakes. But what is important now is that you take down the Demon slayers at once! It is a duty to our country!"



Justice Warrior replied, "Remember what you said. I want to see you apologize to Zeke with my own eyes."

Having said his words, the Justice Warrior turned and walked towards the injured Demon slayer who was lying on the ground with murderous intent.

The Justice Warrior fought with nothing but his mortal flesh; the power he released as he summoned every ounce of energy in his body was comparable to that of a bullet train.

The Demon slayer was unfortunate enough to have experienced the deadly impact brought upon him by the Justice Warrior a few moments ago. He was now motionless on the ground, having coughed out a copious amount of blood due to the collision.

What the hell is this guy made of?

There is a chance I might die today!

The Demon slayer sat upright with much difficulty and clenched his teeth. "You are sure good at hiding. Even my sharp senses did not manage to detect your presence just now!"

The Justice Warrior responded, "Cut the crap and show me your moves!"

"Only one of us can walk out of this place alive today!"

The Demon slayer blurted, "You will be sorry!"

With that said, he picked himself up and charged at the Justice Warrior with all his might.

He knew there was no way he could defeat the Justice Warrior with the severity of injuries he sustained.

In order to have a chance at winning, he had to make use of a dirty trick.



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The Demon slayer had a few kilograms of explosives tied to his body beforehand. That was his trump card, although it would spell the end of his life, too.

Very soon, he was already within a few inches away from the Justice Warrior.

The Justice Warrior flung his fist at the Demon slayer.

As the punch made its way through the air, a strong current of wind simultaneously came roaring in the direction of the punch.

It was at this moment that the Demon slayer knew he would stand absolutely no chance against the Justice Warrior, especially now when he was way past his prime.

He clenched his teeth and triggered the explosives hidden on his body.

Damn you!

The Justice Warrior was quick to notice what his opponent was trying to do.

What a cheater!

Immediately, the Justice Warrior retracted his fist and turned around to run.

However, it was all too late.

He had made just one stride when the explosives fired off.

A ground-shaking BOOM came from behind him as another huge hole instantaneously formed in the ground.

The Demon slayer was shredded into pieces.

The recoil of the impact sent Justice Warrior flying several meters high in the air. He eventually landed at a spot about a hundred meters away.

The same impact caused Tim's car to rattle nonstop.

The Justice Warrior had his scalp burnt off. His clothes were torn into rags and through the holes in his outfit, one could see the numerous wounds that had bloodied his body.

Tim lost all of his strength; his body slumped onto the ground.

He had single-handedly caused the deaths of so many people, all because of his own carelessness and distrust toward Zeke Williams.

The bloody sight of the Justice Warrior convinced Tim that he had not survived the blow just now.

How should I explain everything to Zeke?

As he was still dwelling in despair, he suddenly noticed something in the distance.

The Justice Warrior's body budged slightly.

Slowly, Tim stood up to take a better look at what he had glimpsed.

Oh, my goodness!

Tim covered his mouth with his palms.

Even an elephant would have been shredded into pieces if it were standing half a meter away from the center of the explosion.

Yet, the amazing Justice Warrior made it out alive!

How thick is this man's skin?

It is probably thicker than an elephant's!

No, I shouldn't be thinking of this right now.

Tim ran over to the Justice Warrior. "Justice Warrior, please contact Zeke Williams right away. Ask him to send assistance to the other leaders of our nation. The rest of them must also have the Demon slayers on their tails."

The Justice Warrior did not even return a glance at Tim. He wiped away the blood by his lips and dialed Mr. Collins' number right away.

"Mr. Collins, inform your teammates. Let them be aware of the Demon slayers. These terrorists have explosives tied to their bodies."

Mr. Collins could be heard scolding away on the phone. "Screw you, Justice Warrior! Why didn't you say so earlier?"

"The bomb has taken away several years of my lifespan..."

Tim was finally relieved.

Thankfully, Zeke had also ordered his people to keep an eye out for the other leaders!

Tim's heart was now full of remorse and self-blame.

At the People's Hall.

A few rounds of battle had broken out between the Prime Minister and the three Demon slayers. The entire building was already in shambles.

The servants in the hall had long made their escape from that hell hole, and the hall was now eerily deserted.

The Prime Minister might be strong, but he was no match to the three Demon slayers.

He was sent flying backward by a punch from the leader of the Demon slayers and crashed into a wall, vomiting blood in the process.

Even though the Prime Minister was ranked as a Platinum Archduke, his age had caught up with him.

Besides, the leader of the Demon slayers was of King Class, while his two subordinates were also Platinum Archdukes.

The Prime Minister knew from the start that he could never defeat his opponents.

The leader of the Demon slayers had a heinous

grin on his face as he walked towards the fallen Prime Minister. “Now, everything will end.”

The Prime Minister spat out a mouthful of blood and smiled bitterly. “Who could have thought that even the United States has nurtured their own King Class fighter? To attain the level of King Class, one must be blessed by the Spirit Stone. Enlighten me, please. Does the United States have a Spirit Stone mine of their own?”

The leader of the Demon slayers shrugged his shoulders. “You think I will feed you intel on our country? I’m sorry, but what you have asked for is strictly confidential. I will not reveal anything to you. Now, it’s time for you to meet your end.”



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The leader of the Demon slayers suddenly picked up speed as he made his move. He seemed to have turned into a bolt of lightning amidst a hurricane.

Die!

The Prime Minister was also enraged.

Even if I die today, I must bring you down with me!

He mustered all the energy he had and charged towards the Demon slayers' leader.

He wanted to implode the life force within his opponent and take down the Demon slayers' leader with him.

However, just as they were a hair's breadth away from each other, and as the Prime Minister was about to detonate himself, a force of King Class came pressing down on him.

His life force was suppressed in an instant and he lost the momentum to blow himself up.

At the same time, the force also threw the Demon slayer ten meters away from the spot he was standing at seconds ago.

The two of them were stupefied.

Where did that King Class energy come from?

A silhouette dropped from the sky. Upon its landing, a two-meter-deep crater formed.



Zeke Williams!

Zeke Williams is here!

Undoubtedly, the King Class energy came from Zeke Williams.

The Prime Minister was both overjoyed and remorseful to see Zeke.

It was all his fault that Eurasia was almost met with a catastrophe. If only he had believed in Zeke right from the start!

Despite his lack of confidence in Zeke, Zeke still looked out for his safety.

The Minister realized with guilt he was the one who had been mistaken.

The leader of the Demon slayer was also astounded.

I can't be wrong!

Zeke Williams was the one who unleashed King Class force upon us!

Damn it! Hasn't he depleted his life force? By right, he should be nothing more than an ordinary man.

Why does he have the ability to command King Class energy?

It must be a lie!

The fact that Zeke has no life force remaining in him must be a lie!

In reality, he has already attained King Class standing.

From the impact he has caused just now, he is definitely not below me in terms of crude strength!

The Demon slayers' leader felt pins and needles.

The Prime Minister sighed. "I am so sorry, the Great Marshal. We have all wronged you! What can I do to atone for my mistakes?"

Zeke Williams waved his hand dismissively. "It is fine. All of these are actually in my plan. I have intentionally spread the news that the Demon slayers have been killed by Ares, so that all of you will not arrange for any extra defenses. Only then will the Demon slayers take this window of opportunity and assume they can easily kill all of you."

The Prime Minister didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

He had never imagined himself as bait in Zeke's plot.

Of course, he knew that Zeke had meant well.

Now that the Prime Minister was saved from self-explosion, Zeke moved on to his next target, the Demon slayers' leader.

“Regardless of who you are, anyone who has tried to undermine Eurasia’s stability will be slaughtered in cold blood! I’ll let you all have an option between suicide and death in my hands. Let me tell you the pros and cons. If you choose to kill yourself, you can end your life without suffering. Otherwise, I will torture you with a slow and painful death!”

The leader of the Demon slayers clenched his teeth. “The Great Marshal of Eurasia, you sure have hidden well all these years! If my hunch is correct, you have already attained King Class, haven’t you? So you are actually Eurasia’s first King Class fighter?”

Zeke nodded briefly. “You are correct.”

“Do you know why I have not revealed my identity all this while? I just wanted to lure the lot of you out in the open!”

The leader of the Demon slayers sighed, “The lengths Eurasia goes to take us out. How touching! It is our pride and glory!”

Zeke responded, “If I am not mistaken, you have also unleashed King Class strength just now. That means you are of King Class, too, right?”

The enemy nodded; he knew he could not hide the truth anymore so he just gave Zeke an affirmatory answer right away.

Zeke continued, “To attain King Class status, one must possess a Spirit Stone. Since when has the United States also discovered the Spirit Stone?”

The leader of the Demon slayers laughed bitterly, “I apologize. The matter of your concern is confidential and I will not reveal anything.”

Zeke fell deep into thought.

If the United States really has their own Spirit Stone mine, why does he have to keep the mine a secret?



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