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Nancy spoke with traces of sorrow in her voice, “I knew you wouldn’t abandon Lacey. The only reason you would leave suddenly was to serve the country. We were right about you.”

Dawn and Nancy knew about his identity as a Great Marshal.

For the past three years, neither of them believed he chose glory and riches over Lacey.

The entire time, they asserted he was called away by duty.

Now, we know we were right.

A wave of warmth washed over Zeke Williams.

I actually have people who believe in me

He beamed at them. “Go back to work. Tonight’s dinner is on me. A celebration feast.”

“With pleasure.”

The two ladies left with broad smiles on their faces.

Once the door closed, Zeke’s complexion soured, and he collapsed into a chair.

His chest heaved laboriously, and his skin took on a waxy sheen. Cold sweat cascaded down his back.

What happened just now?

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My body temperature suddenly dropped.

It felt as though someone dunked me in freezing liquid nitrogen. My blood vessels were close to freezing over.

Luckily, the feeling passed as quickly as it set in. Otherwise, even my enormous supply of determination would have run out.

The weak-willed would have definitely succumbed to the cold.

Why did this happen?

Why did I suddenly turn into a virtual block of ice?

Damn it. Could I have been poisoned by Pike's Frostbite Poison?

The entertainment of such a possibility struck terror into Zeke's heart.

Ichiro Yamano, the prince of Japanio, was sent home after undergoing hard labor and posting his enormous bail.

His crime was attempting to ruin a military wedding. Nonetheless, it was not being a serious crime, and his sentence reflected so.

Despite this, he was a boiling pot of rage.

I am the prince of Japanio.

How could they have imprisoned me in Eurasia and made me go through labor reform?

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This is utterly insulting!

I'm completely humiliated!

And so is Japanio!

As long as Zeke Williams lives, I'll never live this shame down!

Once Ichiro Yamano returned home, he approached his father, Lord Yamano, and informed him of his plan for revenge.

Lord Yamano did not reply. Instead, he struck his son with a scathing slap across the face.

"You wretch. Haven't you caused enough trouble for me? I'm warning you, you better forget about getting revenge. Else, you might put the country in danger."

Ichiro Yamano was stunned.

"Isn't Zeke Williams just some subordinate of the Great Marshal? How could he be a threat to Japanio? Father, your cowering undercuts your formidability."

Lord Yamano hissed, "Who told you Zeke Williams was just some subordinate of the Great Marshal? He is the Great Marshal!"

Lord Yamano still felt trepidation at the memory of the Grand Marshal commandeering the Alpha Suicide Squad to invade Japanio, forcing him to sign the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance.

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He never wanted to relive the memory ever again.

What... What?

Ichiro Yamano was stupefied.

Zeke Williams is the Great Marshal?

And I tried to steal the Great Marshal's woman!

I might as well have bought a ticket to hell.

Clyde Thisleton almost ended me!

Ichiro Yamano was suddenly seized by fright. He nervously gulped down his tea in an attempt to quell his nerves.

At this moment, the guard rushed in with an urgent report, "Your majesty, Pike seeks an audience with you."

What?

Alarm bells rang in the minds of Lord Yamano and Ichiro Yamano.

They had never had any interaction with Pike.

Why did he want to meet out of the blue?

Moreover, shouldn't he be hiding out and recuperating after being almost destroyed by the Great Marshal?

It seems he always has something up his sleeve.

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“Let him enter.” Lord Yamano instructed.

Pike was quickly ushered in.

At one time, the Bloodsworth Syndicate used to hold as much power as an entire county, and Pike was comparable to a king.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Following the wipeout of the Bloodsworth Syndicate, Pike became a general without an army.

He was nothing, compared to Lord Yamano.

Pike bowed before Lord Yamano. "It is my honor to meet you, Lord Yamano."

"Sit down," Lord Yamano said, gesturing to a seat beside him. "May I ask why you are here?"

Pike glanced at Ichiro Yamano and answered, "I heard that Prince Yamano has been sentenced to house arrest and forced labor by the Eurasian courts?"

"Are you here to laugh at me?" Ichiro Yamano bellowed out.

"Of course not, my Prince," Pike denied his statement hurriedly. "As the prince, you are the face of Japanio, so Zeke Williams' actions against you would be an insult to the whole of Japanio. You have to fight back!"

"Are you instigating violence?" Lord Yamano asked. "The Great Marshal is the one and only God of War, and not even you can beat him. What makes you think that Japanio would have the power to defeat him?"

"Please leave if you have nothing else to say."

"Wait!" Pike exclaimed. "Who told you that he'd defeated me in the last battle?"

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“Isn’t it true?” Lord Yamano asked. “Not only did he defeat you, rather, but he’d also gotten rid of the entire Bloodsworth Syndicate, along with the ten other Gods of War. If that’s not a total defeat, I don’t know what is!”

“Well, it’s true that I didn’t win anything from that battle,” Pike confessed. “However, I think that it’s worthy to note that Zeke suffered quite a big loss as well.”

“Oh?” Lord Yamano posed the question forward. “What loss?”

“Have you heard of the Frostbite Poison?” Pike asked. “I’d managed to poison Zeke Williams with it!”

The Frostbite Poison!

Lord Yamano and Ichiro Yamano glanced at each other in shock.

Pike had created the Frostbite Poison, which was recognized as one of the three most toxic poisons of the world.

Anyone poisoned by it would die a horribly slow death, as their blood would turn to ice.

Pike had once used it to poison an entire army, wiping the unfortunate army out, overnight.

They suffered terribly throughout the night, the poison freezing the blood in their veins into icicles before killing them.

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“He’s going to die for sure!” Lord Yamano exclaimed. “What do you want us to do?”

“No ordinary person can survive the effects of the Frostbite Poison,” Pike surmised. “Zeke Williams isn’t one of them, so he might be able to pull through. Even so, he won’t be at his best for a while. It’s the perfect opportunity to kill him!”

“Besides, I’m handicapped without the Bloodsworth Syndicate, so I’ll need you to send out two of your best warriors to assist me, Lord Yamano!”

Lord Yamano sank into deep thought.

That sounds risky... What if we fail, and Zeke Williams fights back?

It’ll be the end of Japanio!

Pike knew that his plan would be met with skepticism.

“Are you fearful that I wouldn’t be able to get rid of Zeke Williams?” he asked. “The truth is, the other seven countries involved in the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance have agreed to send two of their strongest warriors each to help me out. Japanio is the only nation that has yet to agree to it. It would be a shame if even the strongest warriors from the nine nations failed to get rid of Zeke Williams, even when he wasn’t at his best.”

“Really?” Lord Yamano asked, still skeptical of Pike’s words.

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Pike smiled and took out a pile of documents for the Lord to take a look at.

Lord Yamano heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing the signatures of the leaders of the other seven nations.

He's speaking the truth!



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A few years in the past, Zeke and the Alpha Suicide Squad had swept through the nine nations, leaving much destruction in their wake.

Fast forward to the present, the nine countries had been making preparations for revenge.

Zeke Williams won't be able to get away this time!

"Ichiro! Summon the two strongest warriors of Japanio to assist Mr. Pike immediately!" Lord Yamano ordered.

"Understood!" Ichiro Yamano answered, excited.

Finally, a chance for me to get back at Zeke!

Lacey Hinton, you belong to me.

You can't run from me!

Pike gazed into the horizon proudly.

Just you wait, Zeke Williams!

The countless members of the Bloodsworth Syndicate that died at his hands can finally be laid to rest...

Soon, Ichiro Yamano returned with the two strongest warriors of Japanio.

Pike took his departure with the two warriors soon after their arrival.

Crossing the ocean, he advanced towards the Eurasian border.

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If he charged in with every warrior from the nine countries all at once, it would definitely alert the military, defeating the purpose of their attack.

As such, Pike decided to lure Zeke out to the border before attacking him.

He had already come up with a battle plan.

He pulled out his phone and dialed a number.
“Let’s go!”

Meanwhile, in Atheville...

Dawn and Nancy booked a private room in a five-star hotel to welcome Zeke home.

They were having a whale of a time in the room.

However, at one point in time, Nancy and Dawn started a drinking competition for some reason.

By the end of the celebration, both of them were out like a light.

Lacey was slightly tipsy as well, after being forced to drink two glasses of beer.

Zeke had no choice but to send Dawn and Nancy home first, before driving home with Lacey.

At home, Lacey passed out the moment her head hit the pillow.

Zeke was about to get into bed with her when his phone rang all of a sudden.

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It was a call from Wolf's Greed.

Zeke picked up his phone. "What's up?"

Wolf's Greed took a deep breath. "Zeke, I'll wait for you downstairs."

The grave tone of his voice made Zeke frown.

What's wrong?

He's definitely upset about something...

Zeke put on his clothes and rushed downstairs.

Wolf's Greed stood next to the lamppost with tears stains on his cheeks.

He looked away to rub his face clean the moment he saw Zeke emerge from the shadows.

Even so, fresh tears continued to spill from his eyes.

Zeke began to panic.

He isn't the type to break down so easily...

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Black Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad has lost his entire family," Wolf's Greed answered. "All thirteen of them!"

Huh?

Zeke looked up, eyes wide in shock.

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His sharp gaze made Wolf's Greed recoil a little.

He had never seen the Great Marshal so angry before.

"When did it happen?" Zeke asked, his voice shaking uncontrollably.

"Just half an hour ago. I came to find you the moment I heard of it," Wolf's Greed answered.

Zeke's mind was a mess. He whipped out a cigarette and stared into the horizon.

The events of the past flashed before his eyes.

Black Wolf had been the youngest member of the Alpha Suicide Squad.

He was a nocturnal fighter who specialized in camouflaging, espionage and collecting intel.

He was an ordinary worker in the day, but once night fell, he would transform into one of Zeke's best spies who strived to maintain peace in Eurasia.

He had never complained about the grueling tasks he had to complete, no matter how tired he got.

For years, Zeke had held back from getting in contact with him to protect his identity, but it seemed that his efforts had been wasted.

Just like that, his entire family was gone.

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“Investigate this!” Zeke ordered, gritting his teeth.
“Find the murderer and make him die a horrible death!”



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“I have already ordered an investigation, sir,” Wolf’s Greed relayed. “However, the murderer seems to be playing an elaborate game of hide-and-seek with us. We don’t have any leads as of now. Don’t worry, Zeke. Black Wolf is like a brother to me, so I’ll make sure to take revenge for Black Wolf, even if it’s the only thing I could do for the rest of my life!”

Zeke sighed, “Let me do it. I don’t think the murderer is going to leave a trail of breadcrumbs for us to follow. Tell your team to cordon off the place and preserve all the evidence.”

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed saluted.

Zeke boarded a military helicopter and headed straight for the eastern border.

Black Wolf lived undercover at the eastern edge of Eurasia.

He called himself Clyde Horan and spent most of his time in a little cottage by the border.

His day job was to toil beneath the hot sun at the ports, and all thirteen of his family members lived crammed together, in a run-down house.

They were by no means rich, but they kept their living quarters clean.

A red flag stood in the middle of the living room, and it was the sole motivation for Black Wolf to press on.

Zeke saluted at the flag and stuck three cigarettes

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into the gap between the tiles on the floor.

“This is all I can give you, for now, bro,” he announced. “I’ll bring you the head of the murderer once I catch him.”

Thereafter, he walked over to the scene of the crime.

He was no stranger to death and bloodshed, but the scene before him shocked him nonetheless.

He berated himself for not realizing that something was wrong earlier.

However, he told himself to stop after a while, since there was a lot of work that needed to be done.

The longer he waited, the less evidence there would be, for him to salvage.

He emerged from the scene of the crime just five minutes after he had entered.

“What did you find, Zeke?” Wolf’s Greed asked eagerly.

“Judging from the methods the killer used to murder the family, I think I can figure out who the killer is,” Zeke replied. “Do you remember the Muay Thai master who called himself Tyrant?”

Hiss!

Wolf’s Greed sucked in a sharp breath. “It’s him?”

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The Muay Thai master, Tyrant, had been an instructor of the Eurasian army at one point in time.

However, he became the most wanted person in Eurasia overnight, after it was exposed that he had sold top-secret intel to the Bloodsworth Syndicate.

He killed dozens, including many soldiers, in his desperate attempt to escape the country.

The military lost track of him after he had reached the eastern borders of Eurasia, and no one had ever seen him since.

Everyone speculated that Tyrant had either died or escaped to another country.

Zeke, however, figured that Tyrant was still lurking around the eastern borders.

“Make sure that you find him,” Zeke ordered.

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed saluted.

“Tyrant has connections to the people of the Bloodsworth Syndicate, who are masters of coming up with disguises,” Zeke continued.

“Tyrant might have disguised himself to escape from us. Anyone on the streets could be him, so you need to be thorough in your investigation.”

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed repeated, before leaving with his men.

Zeke, on the other hand, began preparations for a

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proper burial of Black Wolf and his family.

Wolf's Greed contacted him again in the afternoon.

“Zeke, I have a lead. There’s a massive underground arena in another seaside town, and its boss seems to be very strong. Even so, he doesn’t make public appearances, and the last time anyone saw him was during the arena’s opening day. We’d managed to find videos of him as well. From what I’ve observed, his fighting style seems to have traces of Muay Thai in it.”



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Wolf's Greed showed Zeke the videos taken of the arena's boss.

Zeke nodded. "You're right. He tried his best to hide it, but I can still tell that he was trained in Muay Thai. Besides, he was from the Silver Archduke class, so it's entirely possible that he's the boss of this arena. Shall we go and meet him?"

Archdukes were categorized into four levels, namely Bronze, Silver, Gold, and Platinum Archdukes.

Zeke belonged to the Platinum Archdukes, Ares was a Gold Archduke, while Tyrant was a Silver Archduke, the lowest out of the three.

Zeke knew that Tyrant would be no match for him.

Before he stepped out of the house, Zeke turned around and told his subordinates, "I don't want to make too much noise and scare Tyrant off, so stay put and guard the place instead.

"Yes, Sir!"

Soon, Zeke and Wolf's Greed arrived at the underground arena.

Not only was it huge, rather, it had possessed a mysterious air to it as well, and the only way people could access it was by becoming a member.

In fact, a person needed to have received invitations from at least two existing members in

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order to secure a membership.

Otherwise, one would be barred from entering, no matter how much money they could offer.

Wolf's Greed managed to get them a free pass beforehand, and they stepped into the arena soon after arriving.

The arena was noisy and crowded due to an ongoing match.

Underground boxing matches were different from the official ones.

There were no safety measures or even rules in general, and the competing parties had to sign a life and death agreement prior to the match.

Every match would end with puddles of blood on the ground and a few broken bones at best, and a corpse at worst.

"We need to lure Tyrant out first," Zeke murmured, looking at the arena. "Why don't we challenge him directly?"

"I don't think he'll agree to this, Zeke," Wolf's Greed professed. "However, I know of an S-grade challenge where you'll have to fight your way from Rank 10 to Rank 1. If you get to the top, you'll get a chance to fight Tyrant himself, as well as gain a huge sum of money as a prize."

The members of the arena were divided into ten ranks according to their abilities.

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The weakest were put into Rank 10, while the strongest were put into Rank 1.

“Alright then. Let’s do it,” Zeke agreed.

They walked over to the receptionist’s counter.

“We’ll like to take on the S-grade challenge, please,” Wolf’s Greed requested.

The receptionist was a beautiful young woman, and she studied Zeke from head-to-toe before saying, “I won’t recommend it, boy. Almost everyone who took on this challenge has died. If you really need the money, just say it aloud. Maybe I’ll lend you some for a price.”

She glanced flirtatiously at Zeke as she spoke, mesmerized by his manly aura.

“Shut up!” Wolf’s Greed growled. “We’re taking on the challenge, and that’s final.”

“Why are you being so rude?” the young woman asked, looking hurt. “Don’t worry, I’ll take your dead body home in exchange for money. Dead or alive, you’re still the same to me.”

“What a pervert!” Wolf’s Greed yelled.

The young woman entered their particulars into the system and announced, “Head backstage and get ready. We’ll prep the arena for you.”

Zeke and Wolf’s Greed retreated backstage as they were told.

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The young woman approached the manager of the arena and told him about Zeke's upcoming challenge.

She gave him a seductive look and uttered, "Let him live. I like the scent of his heart."

She licked her lips as she said that.

I can't wait to take a bite out of his heart...

The manager shivered at her words.



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The young woman was beautiful on the outside but vile on the inside. She had a fetish for eating the hearts of men.

She would use her looks to attract men and get into bed with them, before carving a hole in their chests and feasting on their hearts.

The manager kept his distance from her at all times.

After the scheduled match was over, the audience began to make their way out, but the manager called out to them suddenly, "Everyone, may I have your attention, please! Someone wants to take on our S-grade challenge, and you're cordially invited to spectate!"

The members of the audience turned back immediately, looking excited.

The last time someone had taken on an S-grade challenge was half a year ago, and it had been much more entertaining than the regular scheduled matches.

It would be foolish of them to pass on this opportunity!

Every S-grade challenge would always end with someone dying, be it one of the fighters in the club, or the challenger.

They were eager to find out who would be the victim of death, that day.

"Without further ado, please welcome the

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challenger to the arena!” the manager announced.

Zeke strode into the arena calmly.

The crowd was shocked at the sight of him.

“Look at him! He’s so thin!”

“Even the heaviest and strongest fighters had died, halfway through the challenge. I don’t think he’s going to get past Rank 8!”

“I should have just left after the scheduled match...”

Zeke grinned coldly.

How ignorant!

Judging someone’s strength using their height and weight is an outdated method!

Simple-minded fools...

“Please welcome the Rank 10 fighter!” the manager continued.

Rank 10 fighters were the weakest ones in the club, though they were by no means objectively weak.

They could easily win a fight against a group of mobs outside of the club.

Even the weakest fighters in the club were much bigger and heavier than Zeke.

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He clasped his hands together to greet Zeke, “Hope we have a good fight.”

“I’ll spare your life if you surrender right now,” Zeke announced.

What?

The fighter flew into a rage.

Why is he telling me to give up without a fight?

Is he looking down on me?

What an insult!

“Just you wait, you little rascal!” he bellowed as he charged towards Zeke at full speed.

Zeke simply stood, rooted to the spot, with his hands behind his back.

It was as though he had no intention of fighting back.

The audience sighed, as the fighter closed in on Zeke.

“He’s going to get knocked out of the arena for sure!”

“The fight has barely started! Is it going to end already?”

However, the next few seconds shook the spectators to their cores.

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The fighter screeched to a halt, merely inches away from Zeke as he slowly fell to the ground, his nose and chin a bloody mess.

Zeke, however, was unscathed and still standing, as though nothing had happened.

“What’s going on?”

“Why did he just collapse?”

“What happened to his nose?”

“Did he even do anything?”

“Wait... Something’s wrong... Did you see his hands? They were behind his back earlier, but now, his right hand’s by his side!”

“Did he punch him just now?”

“What kind of lightning speed was that?”

“How is that even humanly possible? I didn’t even see anything!”

“He’s strong...”

“Haha! Finally, something entertaining!”

The referee took a deep breath to calm himself down before walking over to the fighter’s side.

“Three... Two... One...”

“Zeke Williams wins this round. The match continues.”

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The Rank 10 fighter was carried out of the ring, and the Rank 9 fighter walked in, trembling all over.



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“Did you hear what I’d said to the Rank 10 fighter earlier?” Zeke asked. “That applies to you too.”

The Rank 9 fighter bowed to him and conceded, “I admit defeat.”

The crowd gasped in unison.

Nobody has ever surrendered without a fight!

Zeke had intimidated his opponents into conceding.

Thereafter, the Rank 8, Rank 7, and Rank 6 fighters all backed down without a fight.

The Rank 5 fighter, however, decided to end the humiliation.

“Zeke Williams, you deserve to witness my true power,” he announced.

Zeke frowned. “You’re not going to surrender?”

“Apologies,” the Rank 5 fighter answered. “The word surrender doesn’t exist in my dictionary! Besides, you don’t have the right to tell me to surrender. You may be stronger than the rookies, but you’re nothing compared to the true masters. There’s a huge gap between the abilities of the Rank 6 and Rank 5 fighters, you know.”

“Enough,” Zeke snapped. “I don’t have time for this. Tell everyone to come out. I’ll deal with all of you at one go.”

Hiss!

NH

The Rank 5 fighter snarled at him, his nostrils flaring.

Didn't you hear what I was saying? Ranks matter here!

You can't simply brush it aside, just because you don't have the time!

Why are you telling the others to come out as well?

You're definitely belittling us!

"Die, b*****!" the Rank 5 fighter bellowed, bolting forward.

However, Zeke continued to stand still in the middle of the arena.

The Rank 5 fighter froze just inches before Zeke and fell to the ground like a rock, his nose broken and spurting blood.

He had suffered the same fate as the Rank 10 fighter before him.

Hiss!

Whoa!

The members of the audience jumped in shock.

Rank 5 fighters were amongst the most reliable fighters in the club, yet the one that had faced off against Zeke fell within seconds, as though he were a flimsy piece of paper.

NH

It was clear that Zeke was a force to be reckoned with.

The crowd roared in excitement.

That was the most entertaining fight that they had come across in ages.

The referee sighed, "Rank 5, down. Please welcome the contestant from Rank 4!"

The Rank 4 fighter stepped into the ring with a grim expression.

He could tell that he was no match against Zeke.

"Sir, were you serious about your statement earlier?" he asked Zeke. "The one about getting the rest of the fighters to face you all at once?"

"Of course," Zeke replied.

"Referee! I'd like to request for the Rank 3, Rank 2, and Rank 1 fighters to join me in the arena against Mr. Williams," the Rank 4 fighter hollered.

"Approved," the referee replied. "Please welcome the Rank 3, Rank 2, and Rank 1 fighters into the arena!"

The manager was rather worried as well.

The arena had never seen such humiliation, ever since its establishment.

We're going to become the joke of the century if anyone gets news that we had to send out three

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people just to defeat one person!

Is this Zeke Williams here to take over the place?

The young woman at the receptionist's counter pursed her lips tightly.

He's much better than I'd expected! That can only mean that his heart is going to be delicious. I'm digging it out, even if it means getting the boss involved!

She took a deep breath and walked towards the office, looking for the boss of the arena.

Soon, the remaining fighters gathered in the ring.

"The four of you will be facing off against Zeke Williams together," the referee stated. "Any objections?"

"I object!" the Rank 1 fighter Donkey Kong yelled. "Outnumbering and overpowering isn't something that I'll agree to do. I won't be participating in the team fight!"

He turned to the other three fighters. "You three can go ahead. It'll be great if you can win this, but if you don't, I'll deal with him personally!"



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Donkey Kong was the treasure of the arena and the strongest fighter around.

He had never lost a single fight ever since he had joined the club, making him a legend of some sort.

Zeke, however, did not seem impressed. "I really don't have the time for this. Let's just get this over and done with so that I can face off against your boss."

Donkey Kong gave him a nasty grin. "Apologies. You don't deserve..."

Slap!

Zeke swung his hand across Donkey Kong's face without warning.

The crisp sound of his palm connecting with Donkey Kong's face reverberated around the walls of the arena.

"What about now?" Zeke threatened.

Donkey Kong froze, and so did the audience.

Hiss! The crowd gasped.

"Did he just slap Donkey Kong?"

"He's going to die for sure..."

"He may be strong, but Donkey Kong hasn't lost a single match, even up till now!"

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After a few moments of confusion, Donkey Kong began to seethe with anger.

“How dare you! I’ll chop you into pieces!” he yelled as he barreled towards Zeke as if he were a feral beast.

His giant body resembled that of a chimpanzee, and every step he took shook the stage.

The crowd fell into a frightened silence.

However, Zeke remained completely unfazed, even appearing as though he was slightly bored.

After he got close enough, Donkey Kong leaped into the air as he prepared to pounce onto Zeke.

The tension in the air doubled, making it difficult to breathe.

Everyone observed the match with widened eyes and quickened breaths.

His gigantic body might have been more than enough to squash Zeke into a meat pie...

Suddenly, Zeke began to move.

He lifted his right leg and positioned it above Donkey Kong’s head, before slamming it down hard.

Unable to parry Zeke’s attack, Donkey Kong was drilled into the ground like a screw.

Crash!

NH

A deafening thud echoed around the arena.

A large hole with spiderweb cracks around it appeared in the center of the ring.

Donkey Kong spit out a mouthful of blood and went out like a light.

Whoa!

The crowd went crazy.

Everyone stood up and stared at Zeke in utter disbelief.

“Did he just defeat Donkey Kong?”

“He knocked Donkey Kong out with just one move!”

“We’ve truly underestimated him...”

Zeke glanced at the three other fighters. “Why don’t you three attack me all at once?”

They simply stared at him, mouths agape in shock.

They had all faced off against Donkey Kong, and none of them could defeat him.

Zeke Williams, however, drove Donkey Kong through the floor with one leg!

They would not stand a chance before Zeke.

“We admit defeat!” they muttered hurriedly.

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Zeke glanced at the referee. “Does this mean I’ve won?”

The referee nodded. “Zeke Williams has successfully cleared the S-grade challenge!” he announced to the crowd.

However, his announcement was met with dead silence.

They struggled to register the situation.

Zeke turned to the arena manager. “Am I entitled to a fight with the boss now?”

The manager nodded. “Of course, sir.”

“Call Boss out now,” the manager told the referee.

“Understood!” the referee replied before scampering off in the direction of the office.

The manager approached Zeke and handed him a bank card.

“There’s twenty million in here, Sir,” he explained.

“Huh? Wasn’t I supposed to receive only ten million? Why was it doubled?” Zeke asked.

“I’m sure you’re very tired after providing the audience with such a spectacular performance,” the manager answered. “Please use the extra ten million to treat yourself. Shall I bring you over, to try out the finest delicacies we have around here, Mr. Williams?”

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Zeke put two-and-two together and almost gasped in realization.



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They did not want the boss of the arena to face Zeke directly, so the extra ten million was to appease him, in an effort to hopefully drive him away.

However, Zeke was unwilling to give up so easily. "No need, I'm not tired at all."

The manager felt desperate.

How could this be? How is he still standing after all of that?

After a while, a slender man walked into the ring.

The man was thin and short, yet the bloodlust in his eyes could make anyone recoil in fear.

The manager walked over to the slender man immediately. "Boss, he's the one who wants to challenge you."

"Alright," the slender man answered, before sending the manager away.

He walked over to Zeke's side. "I'd witnessed your excellent fighting skills through the CCTV earlier, and I have to admit that you're pretty good."

Zeke simply stared at him with a deep frown.

He looks completely different from the Tyrant I'd had in mind.

I don't think that he would be able to change his entire body, even with the best disguises in the world...

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Unless...

He's not the real Tyrant!

The real Tyrant might have already escaped, leaving this scrawny man behind to stall for time.

"Who are you? Where is Tyrant?" Zeke asked coldly.

The slender man shook his head. "Apologies. I have no idea what you're talking about. In fact, aren't you here to challenge me? Let's go."

The slender man's body trembled, and his muscles began to inflate like balloons.

His body increased to twice its size within seconds, tearing his shirt into shreds.

What in the world?

The crowd roared in shock.

Only Archdukes could achieve such feats!

That scrawny man was an archduke?

Archdukes were the strongest of warriors, meaning that Zeke was definitely in danger.

"Take this!" the once-scrawny man yelled, stepping forward menacingly.

Zeke swung his hand, sending four needles flying into the air.

NH

The man was merely a Bronze Archduke, the lowest level in the hierarchy.

He was no match for a Platinum Archduke like Zeke.

The man fell to the ground, unable to move.

Hiss!

Whoa!

“Am I blind?”

“How could this be?”

The members of the crowd began to chatter amongst themselves in shock.

“He didn’t even touch him!”

“All he did was wave his hand, and that guy’s already pleading for his mercy?”

“Did he cast a spell or something?”

“Even if he had, how did he defeat that guy without even touching him?”

None of them had noticed the needles that Zeke had thrown, since they were way too small, to begin with.

The once-scrawny man was scared out of his wits too.

There could only be one man who could throw

NH

needles like daggers...

Could he be the Great Marshal?

Why is he here, of all places?

Zeke crouched down and glared at him. "Do you know Tyrant? Where is he?"


The scrawny man trembled as he spoke, "I... I confess! I'm one of Tyrant's disciples. He informed me that there would be an esteemed guest coming in this afternoon. Is he referring to you? My master left after giving his orders, and I don't know where he is now."

That b*****!


Zeke clenched his fists angrily.

He caught wind of my visit and ran off!

Zeke glared at the scrawny man. "I'm giving you one last chance to tell me where he is, or you'll be dead meat!"

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NH

“Tell me where Tyrant is, or you’ll be dead meat!”

The scrawny man shook his head vehemently. “I really don’t know!”

Wolf’s Greed whipped out his gun and pointed it at the man’s head.

“Alright, alright! I’ll say it!” he screamed, while his final line of defense crumbled, upon the sight of the gun. “He’s at the Eastern port right now, trying to escape the country.”

Zeke got up. “Wolf’s Greed, clean this place up for me. I’m going to the Eastern ports to look for Tyrant.”

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed saluted.

Zeke boarded his car and headed straight towards the Eastern ports.

I’ll hunt you down and kill you, for my brothers-in-arms’ sake!

The Eastern ports sat on the easternmost area of Eurasia and were the oldest ports in the country.

Due to wear and tear as well as a general decrease in traffic, it was gradually abandoned and left to rot.

As a result, it became a haven for the illegal migrants.

Zeke kept his eyes peeled for any tracks left behind by Tyrant, and he soon discovered skid

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marks, that led to the beaches.

A boat had just left the shore and was speeding off, into the distance.

Upon closer inspection, the person steering the boat resembled Tyrant.

There were several run-down boats by the shore that looked like former fishing boats, and Zeke decided to hop into one of them, conducting a chase.

He managed to keep Tyrant's boat within sight as he sped along.

After about an hour of chasing, they arrived at the edge of Eurasia's territorial waters.

Zeke frowned.

As the Great Marshal, he was forbidden from leaving Eurasia, unless it was approved by the United Nations.

Even so, he decided to press on.

I must take revenge for Black Wolf!

So what if I break a few rules?

What can they do about it anyway?

They continued their race into the international waters.

After a while more, ripples began to appear on the

NH

calm surface of the water, which later evolved into huge waves that almost knocked their boats over.

A colossal object emerged from below the surface of the water, and Zeke squinted to see what it was.

A submarine?

Tyrant approached the submarine without much hesitation.

Zeke simply stared at the submarine, still in deep thought.

It looks like he'd come prepared... They might be leading me into a trap!

Whatever. They won't be able to defeat me anyway.

Their little tricks won't knock someone as powerful as me down!

Without haste, Zeke boarded the submarine too.

Tyrant scurried down the corridors of the submarine, drenched from head-to-toe.

Zeke chased him, and the two of them continued running until they had reached the tail of the submarine.

An old man with a white mustache sat by the tail, with a fishing rod in his hand, completely ignoring the two people behind him.

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Tyrant ran over to him and announced, "Sir, he's here."

"Very good!" the old man muttered, smiling.

He turned around slowly and glanced at Zeke.

Zeke returned his smile. "I know you. You're the one who escaped death by chance, the last time we'd met. Did you get Tyrant to lead me here just to kill yourself for your crimes?"

The old man was none other than Pike!

Pike flew into a rage. "You reckless b*****! You're the one dying today, not me!"

"Fine then," Zeke drawled. "Show me what you've got. I'll kill every last one of them and avenge my brother-in-arms!"

"Hah! Good luck then!" Pike mocked as he stood up, slowly. "Everyone! Show yourselves!"

Whoosh!

His goons began to emerge from the shadows, filling the deck.

All of them were bloodthirsty Archdukes who savored every kill.

Unfortunately for Zeke, he was outnumbered, fifteen-to-one.

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Zeke recognized a few of them, at first glance.

“You’re Jack the Ripper from the United States,” he proclaimed, pointing to one of them.

“You’re the taekwondo master Jose from the UK,” he continued, turning to another one.

“And you’re that Indian monk Ghanche,” he added, gesturing to the third person. “Really, Pike? Is that all you’ve got? Don’t you know how badly they’d lost to me back then?”

Zeke had faced off against the fifteen archdukes, back when he had conquered the nine nations with the Alpha Suicide Squad, and all fifteen of them had fallen at his feet, pleading for his mercy.

“You won that battle only because the Alpha Suicide Squad had been by your side,” Pike spat out. “Now that you’ve been separated from them, you’re nothing against us.”

“Have you forgotten how strong I truly am?” Zeke asked. “Come at me! I’ll show you what it means to be a warrior and a defender!”

“Kill him!”

Pike gave his command, and the fifteen Archdukes charged towards him, followed closely by Tyrant.

The stronger ones belonged to the Gold Archduke level, while the weakest one was a Silver Archduke.

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With the fifteen of them working together, they were a force to be reckoned with.

Their fight with Zeke was almost like a spar between two top-tier Platinum Archdukes.

The shockwaves from each hit almost tore the submarine apart from the inside, some of which sending huge waves crashing down upon them.

This was how a real battlefield looked like!

At one point in time, Tyrant's fist connected with a pipe in the submarine, shattering it, filling the entire submarine with a misty gas.

Pike's vision was obscured by the mist, and he had no choice but to climb to the highest point on the submarine to continue watching the fight.

He chose to stay out of the battle because of his injuries.

The moment he settled down, a dark object came flying at his face. He reached out to catch it by instinct.

His eyes widened immediately.

It was Tyrant's severed head!

"You b*****!" Pike growled.

Not only did the fifteen Archdukes fail to take Zeke down, rather, they had also lost one of their strongest fighters as well.

NH

Useless imbeciles!

Suddenly, another head came hurtling towards him.

Pike grabbed the head and took a closer look, before flying off into a rage.

It had been the head of Jack the Ripper.

Were my men too weak, or was Zeke Williams simply too strong?

Wasn't he merely a Platinum Archduke? How could he take down my Archdukes so quickly?

Unless...

He shivered, as a terrifying realization dawned upon him.

"Pike! You're a liar!" someone shouted through the mist. "Are you sure he's just a Platinum Archduke?"

"This doesn't make sense? He shouldn't be striking down our teammates so effortlessly!"

"Could he be part of the king class?"

"No way! We don't even know if it exists or not!"

"No matter what, he's definitely stronger than the average Platinum Archduke!"

"We're no match for him! Retreat!"

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Zeke chuckled coldly, “Think you can get away with killing my friends?”

Die!

The battle raged on.

Their conversations sent shivers down Pike’s spine.

Zeke might already have been one step away, from reaching the king class.



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NH

If Zeke had truly come from the king class, he would have essentially become undefeatable.

No one would be a match for him!

As for Pike, he would definitely get abandoned by the world.

No! I won't allow that to happen! I'll kill him before anyone finds out about this!

Upon seeing how incompetent the fifteen archdukes were, he decided to activate Plan B.

“Goodbye, Archdukes!” Pike sighed, as he clambered into a speedboat, rowing off.

Taking a remote controller out of his pocket, he pointed it at the submarine, pressing a button on it.

Boom!

A deafening explosion blasted through the air, followed by a flaming tornado that headed straight for the sky.

A mushroom cloud ensued, blocking out the sunlight, plunging the area into darkness.

Huge waves appeared and barreled into the distance, almost flipping over Pike's boat, every few minutes.

It took half an hour for the seas to settle.

By the time the smoke cleared, all that was left

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were large amounts of debris from the submarine, as well as dead fish, floating on the surface of the sea.

Pike snickered, "He's dead for sure! It's too bad he couldn't meet the people of the king class. Who knows how strong they truly are?"

He revved up the engines on his speedboat and sped off in the direction of Eurasia with a greedy glint in his eyes.

He had unfinished business in Eurasia, and Zeke's scrutiny was the sole reason why he had delayed completing it.

With Zeke presumably dead, he was free to do whatever he pleased.

However, the moment Pike left, a small ripple appeared on the surface of the sea.

A person emerged from the water, and it was none other than Zeke Williams.

His strength was way beyond that of the Archdukes.

Sensing that something was wrong, he jumped into the water just seconds before the blast.

Even so, the impact of the blast shook his innards painfully.

The freezing water activated the Frostbite Poison in his body, and he could feel the frostiness take hold of him, from the inside out.

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The pain was immense, and he was swiftly losing control.

With his last sliver of strength, he managed to heave himself onto a plank before he passed out.

Meanwhile, as the sun peeked out from the horizon, a little girl with a bamboo basket walked onto the beaches barefoot.

She picked up the sea creatures that were washed up by the waves overnight.

Along her hunting trip, she caught sight of a dark shadow floating towards the shore.

What could that be?

The little girl ran up to it to take a closer look.

She gasped when she got close enough to see what the shadow was.

It's a man!

The man's face was ashen, and he was sprawled out on the plank that he was on, completely motionless.

She reached out to check his pulse and breathing and was relieved to discover that he was still alive.

She threw her bamboo basket down and slowly dragged the man home.

The man was much larger and heavier than she

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was, and every step she took was labored.

That man was none other than Zeke Williams.

He awoke, after half an hour, blinking the sleep out of his eyes.

Looking around, he realized that he was in a dilapidated cottage that barely had any furniture.

The wind whistled as it came through a crack in one of the walls, carrying the salty sea breeze with it.

“Where... Am I?” he murmured, trying to sit up.

A pounding headache pushed him back down, making him groan.

Luckily, the Frostbite Poison was already out of his system, so his life was no longer in danger.

Suddenly, a little girl’s clear voice rang. “You’re awake?”

Zeke looked up to see a beautiful, pure-hearted girl, staring at him with a smile.

“Where am I?” he repeated.



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NH

“This is Fisher Village,” said the young lady. “It looks like you’ve caught a cold. Here, have some of this seaweed soup.”

The lady passed Zeke a bowl of hot soup.

Zeke was cold and hungry, so he quickly finished the entire bowl.

As expected, the soup warmed him up, and he began to feel much better.

“Thanks, young lady,” Zeke said graciously.

“It’s no problem at all,” the lady replied. “By the way, what happened to you? How did you drift over here from the ocean?”

Zeke sighed. “It’s a long story. My friend and his family were wiped out. Hence I chased after our enemies to the depths of the sea to avenge him, but I ended up falling for one of the enemy’s tricks. My ship was destroyed, so here I am.”

Hmm?

The young lady furrowed her brows. She clearly looked hurt as tears seemed to well up in her eyes.

Zeke froze for a moment. “What’s wrong, young lady?”

“Your friend’s unfortunate situation reminded me of my family,” she answered with red eyes. “My family was wiped out a few days ago too, and I was the only survivor.”

NH

What a coincidence.

Could this young lady be part of Black Wolf's family?

Zeke glanced at the young woman and noticed that she did resemble Black Wolf.

"What's your father's name, young lady?" he couldn't help but ask.

"Brad Horan. Oh, my father said never to reveal his name, so don't tell anyone else about it."

Brad Horan?

That's Black Wolf's pseudonym!

She really is his descendant.

Zeke suddenly felt consoled. At least it wasn't the end of Black Wolf's family line.

He asked, "How did you escape?"

"My father secretly brought me here when I was ten, so I've been getting by on my own ever since. At that time, he told everyone at home that I was dead, so they didn't know that I'm still alive. That's how I managed to escape from the death trap."

"You were forced to live on your own since you were ten? Do you hate your father for that?"

The lady shook her head. "I don't. Let me tell you a secret, but don't share it with anyone else."

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“Don’t worry. I won’t spill,” Zeke responded, nodding.

“I suspect that my father used to be an undercover agent and that his job was to gather information for the country.”

“Why do you think so?”

“The truth is - my father put me here because he wanted me to guard something. When my father’s master shows up, I’ll hand it over to him, and my task will be accomplished. In doing so, I’d be considered a hero for carrying out an important duty for the country. Don’t all of these mean that my dad was an undercover agent?”

Zeke was lost in thought for a while.

What on earth did Black Wolf ask her to watch over?

Why didn’t he hand it over to me directly?

Unless... He couldn’t contact me?

Zeke asked, “Why didn’t your father hand the item over to his master directly? Why did he ask you to protect it instead?”

The young woman sighed. “My father said someone was secretly keeping track of his communications with his master. He was worried that he’d end up getting his master into trouble. That’s why he could only wait for his master to approach him instead.”

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Realization dawned on Zeke.

It was just as I thought - Black Wolf sacrificed his entire family's lives just so he could protect mine.

Such unwavering loyalty!

Zeke patted the young woman on the shoulder.
"What's your name, young lady?"



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NH

“My name is May Horan,” the lady answered.

“That’s good to know.” Zeke smiled with relief.

Just as he was about to reveal himself as her father’s master, the door was suddenly pushed open.

A man with a goatee walked in with a group.

May quickly got up and stared at them anxiously.

“She’s the one you’re looking for, Mr. Seaton,” the man with the goatee said to a middle-aged bloke in a tunic suit.

The tunic-wearing man nodded. “She looks so much like him.”

“Who are they, Chief?” May cautiously asked the man with the goatee, who was the village leader. “I don’t know any of them, and why are they looking for me?”

“They’re from the Marine Police Force, May. They have some questions for you, so be sure to cooperate with them.”

“Okay,” May answered quietly.

“You moved here eight years ago?” the tunic-wearing man asked.

May nodded. “Yes.”

“Is your father Brad Horan? He sent you here, didn’t he?”

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May hastily shook her head. “I’ve never heard of him. My family died long ago. I moved to Fisher Village so I could make ends meet.”

The man smirked. “Do you think you can fool us? You look very much like Brad Horan. In fact, we’ve compared your DNA to his. We can confirm you’re his daughter.”

May fell silent at that moment.

If they already had a DNA report, it was pointless of her to say anything more.

“I suggest you cooperate with our investigations to make things easier,” the man continued. “Did your father, Brad Horan, tell you to keep watch over something here? Hand it over, and you’ll be promised a lifetime of wealth.”

However, May remained resolute. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The tunic-wearing man sighed. “You sure are stubborn. Boys, let’s show her what we’re capable of! I’ll make her life a living hell as long as she doesn’t hand over what she’s guarding.”

Several burly men began to close in on May.

May jumped in fright and stepped back.

Eventually, she arrived next to Zeke and carefully shoved a piece of paper into his hand while giving him a profound glance.

At that moment, Zeke was overwhelmed with

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emotions.

She's ready to give up her life just to protect this secret.

She's even sharing it with me so that it will never be lost in case she dies.

If I'm not mistaken, the note she just gave me has to be what this tunic guy is after.

Zeke was now extremely curious as to what Black Wolf had told May to protect.

The fact that he risked his entire family's lives to safeguard it shows how important it is. It has to be a national secret.

On top of that, this guy came all the way here just to get it.

Thus, Zeke was determined to uncover this mystery.

"Stop it right there! Who are you?" he demanded coldly.

The tunic-wearing man finally noticed Zeke.

"And who are you? What are you doing in such a place?"

"I'm just passing by."

"Passing by? Interesting. Capture both of them! This man might know about the secret too."

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“Yes, Sir!” his guards responded.

May began to panic. “He’s really just a passerby. Don’t give him any trouble.”

But Zeke gently patted May’s shoulder. “Don’t be afraid, kid. No one’s going to hurt you with me standing here.”

Such insolence!

The tunic-wearing man snickered. “A cripple trying to act like a hero? What a joke. Seize them!”

He had thought Zeke was disabled since the latter was lying in bed the whole time.

Just then, Zeke pulled May over with one hand. With a swing of his other hand, a few silver needles came flying out.



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NH

Zeke was heavily injured, but taking care of a few small fries was no big deal.

In just a few seconds, his silver needles stabbed the bodyguards in their vital points.

The men fell to the floor crying out in pain.

“S***! What are these?”

“It hurts... My legs - I think they’re going to break.”

“Help... Quick! Get a doctor!”

The tunic-wearing man stilled for a moment before getting someone to examine his men.

However, the silver needles had completely entered the men’s bodies.

The severity of their injuries couldn’t be determined by the naked eye, so rescuing them was impossible.

The tunic-wearing man looked up grimly.

“It’s no wonder you seem to have no fear at all. You’re both working together. Still, I suggest you quietly surrender instead of trying to fight back. Your abilities mean nothing to the powerful figures behind us.”

Zeke smirked.

How he wished they’d summon the ‘powerful figure’ behind them so he could beat him up too.

NH

“Don’t say I didn’t give you a chance. Bring out your trump card,” he said.

Then, with another swinging motion of his hand, more silver needles flew directly toward the tunic-wearing man.

The needles stabbed him in his vital points, causing him to wail on the ground in pain.

Worried that the man would run away, Zeke kept him here and made him call for reinforcements.

“You a*****! How dare you attack me? I’m going to make you regret being alive!” the man shouted.

While speaking, he whipped out his phone and dialed a number.

“Change of plans, Mr. Hoffmann. We need backup. Hurry over, or the enemy might escape!”

The village leader was jumped in terror.

“Look what you’ve done, May! These guys are from the Marine Police Force; do you think a nobody like you can ignore them? Get on your knees and apologize to Mr. Seaton.”

Zeke glared at the village leader menacingly. “Piss off!”

His tone and eyes were so terrifying that they weighed down on the village leader, causing the latter to nearly fall to the ground on his knees.

After that, he subconsciously ran off.

NH

Then, Zeke took out the note that May had shoved in his hand.

“North 3, South 7, West 10, East 6.”

These look like directions.

Unfortunately, Zeke couldn't understand anything else.

Are these directions to the treasure May's been safeguarding?

Just as Zeke was about to inquire, May exclaimed, “Let's run before their reinforcements get here! Hopefully, we'll make it in time.”

Yet, Zeke assured her, “Don't worry, young lady. Even if the sky falls, I'll hold it up for you.”

May sighed. “You can't. The ones after us are National Security.”

Huh?

Zeke frowned.

He didn't expect this matter to involve the National Security Organization.

“How did you know the tunic guy's part of National Security?” he asked.

“Before my father died, he told me to look out for these guys from National Security,” May explained. “And the moment he passed away, I knew they would eventually come for me. That's

NH

why I revealed the secret to you, hoping you can be the one to safeguard it in case I die too, but I didn't expect them to show up so quickly."

"You're a smart one, kid," Zeke replied. "You've done the right thing. But there's one thing you need to know. The National Security Organization is like nothing but a speck of dust in my eyes."

Upon hearing that, May gazed at Zeke skeptically.

Judging from his expression, he doesn't seem like he's bragging.

Still, he looks like a regular guy. Nothing about him looks extraordinary.

How could National Security mean nothing to him?

Who on earth is he?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Suddenly, the door flung open.

The village chief barged in with an angry group of villagers.

They immediately began to chastise May.

“You sure have guts to attack Mr. Seaton, May.”

“I order you to kneel and apologize.”

“If you end up getting our village into trouble because of your actions, I’m going to dig up your family’s graves.”

The villagers’ words were full of reverence for the tunic-wearing man and admonishment for May.

May felt so aggrieved that her eyes brimmed with tears.

Nevertheless, she kept her head held high and refused to apologize.

Zeke heaved a loud sigh.

Her father was part of the army and a martyr.

Yet, they’re picking on her like this.

They’re even threatening to dig up her family’s graves.

It’s my fault for not taking good care of the families of my men. I’ve been negligent.

Now that all these were happening in front of

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Zeke, he was certainly going to bring justice to May.

He got off the bed and walked toward the villagers. "Don't worry, May. You have me."

The villagers gazed at him in puzzlement. "Who are you? This has nothing to do with you. You should get the hell out as soon as you can."

"This is the man whom May had called over for help, my fellow villagers," the village chief announced. "He's the one who attacked Mr. Seaton. Beat this guy up and avenge Mr. Seaton! I'm sure Mr. Seaton will reward us well."

The villagers instantly became worked up.

If they could help Mr. Seaton in any way, even the smallest reward he gave them would be enough for them to enjoy a life of glory and splendor.

This was their chance to alter their fates.

Hence, they began heading toward Zeke.

May subconsciously dragged behind her. "This has nothing to do with him. Just come after me -"

But before she finished speaking, a shadow flew past her and zoomed straight into the crowd.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The villagers fell to the ground following the sounds of punches.

NH

The shadow remained standing among them.

It was none other than Zeke.

As a saying went, even if the mighty were to fall, they would continue to hold more power over the ordinary.

Even if Zeke only had one last breath left, he was still far stronger than these commoners.

However, after moving, Zeke's body suddenly turned cold. His limbs lost all their strengths, and his head spun.

Then, he coughed a mouthful of blood as he began to slump to the floor.

Fortunately, he managed to grab hold of a chair before falling.

Damn it!

Zeke's complexion looked horrid.

While fighting the fifteen Archdukes, he had encountered an explosion from a bomb and was attacked by Pike's Frostbite Poison. On top of that, he remained floating in the sea for an entire day and night.

Zeke's strength was long gone.

Now that he had just used his abilities again, he could have possibly hurt his life force, causing his strength to fall sharply.

NH

I may not stand a chance when National Security's reinforcements get here.

May was mortified to see Zeke cough blood. "Are you okay?" she asked, rushing over to him.

"I'm fine," Zeke answered stubbornly, despite looking pale and weak.

Mr. Seaton and his men were silently elated.

This man is indeed strong.

But judging from how he's coughing blood just after dealing with a few henchmen, it looks like he's past his limit.

He's probably even injured his life force.

This is the perfect time to get rid of him.

Mr. Seaton immediately gave National Security another call, urging them to hurry.

Time would never wait for any man.

The villagers who were beaten to the ground boiled in anger.

To them, it was only natural to pick on a girl who had no parents.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Yet, she had gotten someone to beat them up.

Well, God forbid!

The villagers became even more enraged.

“How dare you act out against your elders, you brat!”

“Hmph! She has no parents, so of course, she doesn’t have any manners.”

“Get the hell out of Fisher Village! You have no right to stay here.”

The villagers rebuked May for being an orphan not long after her whole family perished.

Tears trickled down her face. Their words hit her where it hurt most.

Just when Zeke was about to comfort her, an engine roared from afar as a van made its way over.

The van finally stopped in front of the door, and a team of guards emerged out from the van like flood.

Their weapons knocked against each other, constantly making loud clinking noises.

The leader of the troop was the ‘Mr. Hoffmann’ whom the tunic-wearing man had summoned - Tim Hoffmann.

With their arrival, the narrow room was instantly

NH

packed, and the atmosphere became tense.

It was as though one wrong move could set a bomb off.

Tim scanned his surroundings and declared, "Who did this? Step forward."

Mr. Seaton quickly pointed at Zeke. "It was him."

"Take him," Tim ordered with a wave of a hand.

His subordinates immediately walked toward Zeke and grabbed him.

"There'll be a huge price to pay for laying your hands on me," Zeke said casually.

"Haha, are you threatening me?" Tim responded while staring at Zeke with disdain. "I'm the captain of the National Security Organization's Evil Eradication Brigade. Threatening a public official is a crime."

Zeke shrugged. "The Evil Eradication Brigade is headed by an evil force. Oh, the irony."

"Go ahead and slander me. Anything you say can and will be used against you," Tim responded.

Mr. Seaton chimed in, "Forget about him, Mr. Hoffmann. This guy's going to die sooner or later anyway. Did you bring the military doctor like I asked you to? I'm... I'm in so much pain that I'm about to faint."

His subordinates also grunted, begging to receive

NH

treatment.

Some had even passed out; the pain must have been unbearable.

“Trash!” Tim yelled before giving the military doctor a glance, telling him to treat them.

The doctor quickly knelt down and examined the injured men.

He quickly found the root of their suffering—they had all been stabbed deeply in their vital points.

It took the doctor much effort to remove the silver needles.

Mr. Seaton and Tim frowned as they saw the needles. “Concealed needles? This guy must be an expert in using secret weapons. I happen to be in need of a few assassins. Would you be interested in joining my team, punk?”

Zeke smirked. “You wouldn’t dare take me in.”

“What do you mean?” Tim looked confused.

Suddenly, the doctor screamed and jumped.

His eyes widened as he glanced at the silver needles with a magnifying glass.

His eyes were filled with terror.

“Holy... I... I’m not mistaken, am I? Is this for real?”

What’s wrong?

NH

Sensing there was something unusual about the silver needles, Tim quickly picked one of them up.

He was mind-blown the very next moment.

There was an image of a Kirin—a mythical hooved chimerical creature known in East Asian mythology—carved on the needle.

It could only been seen through a magnifying glass.

A silver needle that had a carving of a Kirin indicated that it belonged to the Great Marshal!

Normally, only the Cygnus Room had the ability to carve such intricate images on a silver needle.

Tim gazed at Zeke in shock.

“Who... Who the hell are you? Why do you have the Great Marshal’s silver needles?”

“I’m a force you can’t afford to go against,” Zeke replied with a smile.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Tim had more questions to ask.

However, two loud noises rang out in the air and interrupted him.

The two men holding onto Zeke suddenly yelped and collapsed on the floor while clutching their arms.

Blood poured out from between their fingers.

Bullets!

They've been shot!

But from where?

Tim's guards immediately tensed up and lifted their guns.

"Hold it!" Tim roared. "Don't move. We're being aimed at!"

It was only now everyone noticed the red lasers on the bodies of Tim and his men.

The lasers actually shone through the wall cracks from outside.

Suddenly, the door flew open once again.

A majestic figure charged in along with a few other strong men.

Leading the team was General Cosmopolis, Wolf's Greed.

NH

Armed with a gun, Wolf's Greed shot at the ceiling and declared, "Get on your knees with your hands on your heads, or we'll shoot without any mercy."

Tim and his guards glared at Wolf's Greed with fury.

No one had ever spoken to them so rudely.

Suddenly, Wolf's Greed shot one of Tim's subordinates without warning.

Following the loud bang, the man fell into a pool of his own blood and died after having a seizure.

What the hell?

The crowd instantly paled.

These guys are crazy! They shot right after the first warning.

According to standard practices, they should've at least given us three warnings!

No longer caring about their own pride, Tim and his men quickly got down on their knees, looking utterly pathetic.

"Who... Who are you!?" Tim demanded, gritting his teeth. "I'm the captain of National Security. How dare you attack my men—"

Slap!

Wolf's Greed struck Tim in the face without any warning. "I'm not just hurting your men. I'm going

NH

to hurt you too!”

You a*****!

Tim was about to go insane.

No one’s ever dared hit me!

Wolf’s Greed walked over to Zeke and got down on one knee.

“General Cosmopolis Wolf’s Greed at your service, Great Marshal. My apologies for taking so long. I accept whatever punishment awaits me.”

Zeke nodded calmly. “Get up and seize every single one of them.”

“Yes, Sir!”

Wolf’s Greed’s subordinates immediately surrounded Tim and his men.

No one tried to escape.

In fact, no one even thought about doing so because their minds were completely blank.

Only two words remained stuck in their heads - Great Marshal!

The man standing before us is the national treasure - the Great Marshal?

Oh, God. What is the mighty Great Marshal doing here in such a far corner with a village girl?

NH

We're in deep s*** now!

At this point, they just wanted to die.

May gazed at Zeke as tears spilled over the sides of her eyes.

Great Marshal!

I just saved the Great Marshal's life!

The Great Marshal is the protector of our nation. The fact that I saved him means I've just made an indelible contribution to Eurasia.

On top of that, the Great Marshal is also Dad's master.

I've finally met him. My mission is finally complete.

May walked over to Zeke to bow down to him, but the man stopped her.

"You've just done Eurasia a huge favor, kid. You don't have to kneel."

May wiped her tears and reported, "I've been instructed by my father to safeguard a secret here, Great Marshal. My father told me that this secret is of utmost importance and determines the fate of Eurasia, so I have to personally hand it over to you. Now that you're here, I can finally show you what it is."

"Bring it to me," Zeke instructed.

NH

What sort of secret is this, that it would decide the fate of Eurasia?

I mean, even Tim Hoffmann of the National Security Organization coveted it.


May picked up a sledgehammer and began to strike the wall.

Zeke finally understood what was written on the note May had secretly handed over to him.

The directions were referring to the location of the mysterious item behind this wall.

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

It didn't take long for May to create a hole in the wall.

Hidden inside the wall was a wooden box that was sealed with a padlock.

May entered the password and handed the box over to Zeke. "Please have a look, Great Marshal."

Zeke opened the box.

Inside it was a plain and rather hideous-looking rock.

What's this?

Zeke frowned as he picked it up.

The rock was light and felt slightly warm.

Yet, Zeke could feel a strange energy coursing out of the rock, subtly but infinitely.

A term crossed Zeke's mind, causing him to stand up in excitement.

A Spirit Stone!

This is a Spirit Stone!

The Spirit Stone was a rock that had the power to strengthen a person.

It came from outer space, so it was extremely rare.

This Spirit Stone was an item one needed to

NH

attain King Class.

It was exceptionally scarce in the olden days, and that was why there were only two to three King Class warriors during that era.

Society had lost all traces of the Spirit Stone a long time ago, so there hadn't been a King Class warrior for the past five hundred years.

There was a saying in the martial arts circle - Any country that possessed a Spirit Stone and produced a King Class warrior was destined to rule the earth.

That was why the Spirit Stone greatly determined Eurasia's fate.

According to the law, anyone who came across a Spirit Stone was to report to the authorities at once.

Black Wolf was unable to contact Zeke, so he could only temporarily remain hush about the stone.

However, Tim Hoffmann of the National Security knew about the Stone too.

Why didn't he report it?

Did he plan to keep it for himself?

But he's just a small captain of the National Security. He has no reason or courage to pocket it.

NH

There has to be a powerful figure behind him.

Zeke glared at Tim. “Tim Hoffmann, you were aware of the existence of the Spirit Stone, but why didn’t you report to your superiors about it? You even wanted to pocket it. Do you admit to your crimes?”

Tim broke down. “I-I do.”

“The Spirit Stone greatly concerns Eurasia’s fate! Someone like you would never dare meddle with it. Tell me, who asked you to do to this?” Zeke ordered.

“No one did! I was just too greedy...”

However, Zeke wasn’t buying it. “Take him to the Cygnus Room. Make him reveal everything.”

Tim broke down even more.

He had heard of the infamous Cygnus Room.

Being sent to that place was no different from reporting at the gates of hell.

“I’ll talk! I’ll talk...” Tim hurriedly pleaded.

“Spill!”

Zeke glared at him.

“It was... It was...”

Suddenly, Tim gnashed his teeth so intensely that it was suspicious.

NH

At that moment, Zeke knew something was up, so he quickly tried to stop him.

But alas, it was too late; Tim had already killed himself with poison.

S***!

Tim had intentionally relented a moment ago just to let Zeke's guard down before biting on a suicide pill.

This is horrible.

"Tim Hoffmann may be dead now, but we have to keep investigating this matter," Zeke ordered.

"Whoever's after the Spirit Stone clearly has no regard for Eurasia's safety. Such a parasite is an absolute threat to the nation and must be captured."

Yes, Sir!" Wolf's Greed replied.

"Keep Tim Hoffmann's death a secret for now. Make it known that he's been handed over to the Cygnus Room for interrogation. I believe the person behind Tim definitely isn't going to sit still. He'll go on a killing spree for Tim. Thus, every person from the National Security Organization has to be captured!

"Don't worry, Great Marshal," Wolf's Greed responded. "I'll be sure to fulfill this mission."

Then, Zeke turned to May. "Do you know where this Spirit Stone was found, May?"

NH

“My dad only briefly mentioned that it was found at Quint River, in front of Mt. Schultz. He never told me the exact location.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

“Based on what she says, secure the location and define its scope. We have to find the Spirit Stone mine.”

A Spirit Stone would never exist on its own.

Hence, Zeke knew that there had to be a Spirit Stone mine nearby.

“You’ve just made a huge contribution to Eurasia, May. Is there anything you wish for?”

May remained deep in thought for a while. “I’d like to join the army, Great Marshal. I want to serve the nation.”

Zeke was pleased. “Alright, then you shall take your father’s place as Black Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad. You’ll carry on his duties of gathering intel.”

Black Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad!

May’s eyes welled up with tears.

She had never thought that her own father was Black Wolf, one of the Great Marshal’s ten greatest disciples!

To May, there was no greater desire than to be part of the Alpha Suicide Squad.

Yet all of a sudden, she was about to live the life she had yearned for.

“Refer May to the Cygnus Room and prepare her for systematic training, Wolf’s Greed,” Zeke

NH

ordered.

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed responded with a salute.

Then, Zeke turned to the mess on the floor. “Take care of Tim and his men according to the law. As for these villagers... You can decide what to do about them, May.”

May lowered her head, feeling complex as she gazed at the villagers.

The villagers began to panic.

They had never expected this orphan girl to be so closely related to the Great Marshal.

It was their honor to have her live a commoner’s life with them in this village!

Yet, they bullied her relentlessly.

The villagers now shivered in fear as though they were meeting Hades in person.

Eventually, May let out a sigh. “Please forgive them, Great Marshal. I would’ve starved to death long ago had they not helped me when I first came to this village.”

“Sure. Whatever you say,” Zeke replied. “But you all had better listen up. Keep the news of Tim Hoffmann’s death to yourselves. Anyone who reveals what happened here will pay with their lives.”

The villagers sighed with relief and expressed

NH

their gratitude.

After that, Zeke departed with his men.

“How are the investigations on the submarine explosion going, Wolf’s Greed?” Zeke asked as they walked out the door.

“We’ve found the bodies of Tyrant, the Muay Thai master, and the fifteen Archdukes. We never found Pike’s body, but we found a yacht by the beach that contained his belongings. I suspect that he’s snuck into Eurasia’s borders once again.”

Zeke took a deep breath, clearly looking concerned.

He didn’t do all these to kill me so that he can avenge Bloodsworth.

No, I’m sure he has an ulterior motive.

And it looks like I’m right.

Pike must have found out about the Spirit Stone mine long ago and taken an interest in it.

It’s just that he’s been wary of me and doesn’t dare enter Eurasia as long as I’m alive.

That’s why he tried to kill me first.

“Secure the possible location of the Spirit Stone mine as quickly as possible and seal it completely. Not even a fly shall be allowed to enter. Be especially careful of Pike; don’t let him infiltrate the place no matter what. He’ll attain

NH

King Class if he ever finds the mine and become a huge threat to our nation.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be sure to find the Spirit Stone mine before Pike does,” Wolf’s Greed replied. “By the way, Sir, I’ve noticed that you are a lot weaker than usual. Are you... Injured?”


Zeke nodded. “Yeah. The Frostbite Poison damaged my life force.”


Wolf’s Greed inhaled sharply.

The Great Marshal is Eurasia’s pillar of support.

Now that his life force has been damaged, Eurasia’s in for a series of disastrous consequences.

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

“You should head to the Cygnus Room to recuperate, Sir,” said Wolf’s Greed. “Don’t worry about Pike and the Spirit Stone mine. Leave everything to me.”

Zeke sighed. “I can’t step into the Cygnus Room just yet. Word about the Spirit Stone mine will eventually spread, and when that happens, every country will yearn for it. No one will dare come for the mine if they think I’m doing alright. But if I were to remain in the Cygnus Room, our enemies will realize I’m injured and attack us head-on. The Spirit Stone mine and even Eurasia will be in grave danger then. I’ll stay in the Cygnus Room when this is all over.”

Wolf’s Greed nodded solemnly. “Take care, Sir. I’m off to look for the mine.”

...

Meanwhile, in Japanio.

Lord Yamano and his son, Ichiro Yamano, eagerly awaited Pike’s news.

Pike had gathered fifteen Archdukes from the nine countries just to defeat Zeke.

Thus, there was no way Zeke wouldn’t die, even if he had ten lives.

Yet, the father-and-son duo waited the entire day and night, only to not receive any news from Pike.

This gave them a bad feeling.

NH

After much hesitation, Lord Yamano finally decided to give Pike a call.

He wouldn't have wanted to contact the man, lest Eurasia suspected him of being involved with the Great Marshal's death.

But now, he had no other choice.

Pike finally picked up the phone after Lord Yamano dialed his number three times.

Their calls were specially encrypted, so there was no need to worry about Eurasia hacking into their communications.

"How are things progressing, Mr. Pike? Lord Yamano asked.

"Don't worry. Zeke Williams is now dead. The Great Marshal has been annihilated!"

The Great Marshal's gone!

Lord Yamano and Ichiro were clearly delighted.

We've finally gotten our revenge.

Most importantly, Japanio no longer has to fear Eurasia.

The two parties made a few more brief exchanges before disconnecting the call.

Pike didn't tell Lord Yamano about the Spirit Stone mine that existed in Eurasia.

NH

Rather than share it with anyone else, he wanted to keep the entire mine to himself.

Ichiro Yamano clenched his fists. “Hmph! This is what you get for going against me, Zeke Williams.”

Then, he turned to Lord Yamano. “I’m making another trip to Eurasia as an emissary, Dad. I’m going to take Lacey Hinton as a concubine too. Only by making the Great Marshal’s woman mine can I wash away all the humiliation Eurasia has caused me!”

Lord Yamano nodded. “Alright. Now that the Great Marshal is dead, we no longer need to be wary of Eurasia. It’s about time to pay them for all they’ve done. Go. Bring Japanio’s strongest fighters with you. Eurasia is full of unnamed champions. The Great Marshal may be dead, but there are plenty of other prominent fighters there.”

“I understand,” Ichiro replied with a nod.

Then, he immediately headed to Eurasia with four of Japanio’s Archduke class fighters.

These four Archdukes were Japanio’s most brilliant ninja warriors and were referred to as the Four Great Ninjas.

With their powers combined, no one could defeat them except for the Great Marshal.

Now that the Great Marshal was gone, Ichiro believed that his four men could easily take over Eurasia.

NH

Hence, throughout the trip, Ichiro couldn't stop mulling over how to get Lacey to willingly serve him.


Lacey is deeply in love with Zeke. If I force her to marry me, she might even take her own life for him.

After much thought, he decided to make use of Lacey's daughter, Missy Williams.


Missy Williams means everything to her.

If I were to threaten Lacey with her daughter, she would definitely do anything I ask.

With that, a near-perfect plan quickly formed in his head.

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

He turned to Third Shinobi and Fourth Shinobi of the Four Great Ninjas. “I need your help in holding off two people...”

He leaned forward and carefully whispered his plan into their ears.

Then, they split up to carry out their respective tasks.

...

Linton Group’s shares continued to soar after it was revealed that the military was now a major shareholder of the company.

Lacey was swamped with so much work that she didn’t even have the time to eat well, let alone send her child to school.

Hence, the role naturally fell to Lacey’s parents, Daniel and Hannah.

To the elderly couple, there was nothing more joyful and rewarding than sending Missy to school and picking her up afterward.

They headed towards Missy’s school almost one hour before classes ended.

While on the road, a Mercedes-Benz emerged from behind, overtook them, and suddenly hit the brakes.

The two vehicles were so near to each other that Daniel couldn’t hold their brake in time.

NH

In just a split second, the cars collided violently.

Hannah instantly turned pale. “Oh no, we’re done for. That’s a Mercedes-Benz. It’s going to cost a lot.”

Even if their daughter was now rich, they had lived their entire lives in hardship, so their old mindsets remained.

The thought of having to fork out a large sum of money made their hearts ache.

“Don’t worry. They’re the ones at fault,” Daniel hurriedly assured his wife. “We don’t have to pay them; in fact, they’ll have to pay us.”

The elderly couple got down.

Two men exited the Mercedes-Benz as well.

They were Third Shinobi and Fourth Shinobi.

The men were so big and tall that they glanced down at Daniel and Hannah from above, causing the elderly woman’s heart to pound furiously.

“Are you blind, old man? Don’t you know how to drive? Pay up!” Third Shinobi yelled.

Daniel pretended to remain calm. “You deliberately swerved in front of us and hit the brakes all of a sudden, so you’re responsible for the accident. You’re the ones who should be compensating us.”

“Piss off, old geezer! Are you trying to argue after

NH

crashing into us? You'd better pay up!"

Daniel was furious. "You're not making any sense! But that's fine. I have a dashcam. Let's get the police to take care of this."

As soon as Daniel said that, he whipped out his phone to call the police.

Suddenly, Fourth Shinobi grabbed the phone and tossed it on the ground. "We don't have time to wait for the cops. Hand the money over now."

Just as Daniel was about to go ballistic, Hannah tugged onto his shirt. "Forget it, Daniel. It's better to lose some money than to get into more trouble. Let's not be late to pick Missy up."

Daniel could only suppress his anger at the thought of Missy.

He couldn't wait to see his precious little granddaughter.

"So, how much do you want?" he asked grimly.

"Five million," Third Shinobi answered.

What?

Daniel and Hannah couldn't take it anymore. "Why are you asking for such an amount? Your car's not even worth that much!"

"This is a limited edition car. Five million isn't a lot at all, considering how troublesome the maintenance is going to be," Third Shinobi

NH

remarked cynically.

Daniel certainly couldn't come up with five million.

Just then, Hannah turned to Daniel. "Let's give Zeke a call and have him take over this matter. We have to go get Missy."

"Alright."

Hannah took out her phone.


But just as she was about to dial Zeke's number, Third Shinobi did the same to her phone as he did to Daniel's.

"Don't even think about leaving without the five million we asked for."


Daniel knitted his brows.

Something doesn't seem right.

These guys don't seem to be truly after the money.

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Are they trying to stop us from contacting our family by insisting to destroy our phones?

Are they targeting the both of us?

Daniel asked tentatively, "It's impossible for us to bring five million along when we go out. Why don't you follow us home? I'll take the money for you."

Third Shinobi replied, "Follow you home? What if you slip away mid-journey? Cut the crap and give me the five million instantly. Don't think that you can escape!"

Daniel replied, "Lend us your phone. We'll call our family and ask them to send the money here."

However, Third Shinobi insisted, "We don't have a phone."

Daniel's heart sank like a rock.

He was now certain that they were trying to target both of them.

But we did not offend anyone in the past...

Oh, wait! Missy!

They're here for Missy!

They must be blocking them on purpose so they cannot pick Missy up!

Missy is in danger.

The Wisdom Isle Kindergarten was a famous elite

NH

school in Atheville.

Students studying there came from families with a net worth of at least one hundred million.

Even before class was over, there were countless luxury cars crowding at the gates - Rolls Royces, Lamborghinis, and so on.

Those who were picking the students up were mostly their butlers and bodyguards.

It was plainly because their parents had no time to pick their children up personally.

Ring! Ring!

Class was finally dismissed.

Soon after, the children exited the school in an orderly queue.

Ichiro stared fixedly at the queue, afraid that he would miss Missy.

Under his anticipating gaze, Missy finally walked out.

Ichiro instantly rushed forward. "Missy, follow me."

However, Missy stared at Ichiro warily. "Who are you? I don't know you."

The kindergarten teacher looked at Ichiro suspiciously as well, her face filled with alert.

NH

Ichiro replied, "I'm your Dad's friend. As your Dad is a bit busy, he doesn't have time to pick you up. Hence, he told me to pick you up instead."

Liar!

Missy said quickly, "My Dad has never picked me up before. It's always my grandpa and grandma picking me up. You're lying."

Ever since Missy was young, Lacey had taught her how to ward against suspicious people and stay safe.

The knowledge had finally come to use now.

Right then, the kindergarten teacher pulled Missy back and instructed Ichiro, "Sir, please leave now. Otherwise, I'll call the police."

Damn it!

A cross expression appeared on Ichiro's face.

This brat is barely over two years old but is as mature as a five-year-old.

She's not an easy target to lie to.

Hence, Ichiro had to use his back-up plan.

Whipping out a credit card, he passed it to the teacher secretly.

"To be honest, this girl's father got into a car accident and died. I'm bringing her to see her father for the last time. I hope that you can

NH

understand.”

When the teacher saw the credit card, she was even surer that he had ill intentions.

Hence, she yelled strictly, “If you don’t leave, I’ll really call the police!”

As she spoke, she whipped out her phone and prepared to call the police.

Sh*t!

Ichiro spat, “So you want to do things the hard way, huh?”

Glancing at First Shinobi and Second Shinobi of the Four Great Ninjas, he instructed, “Get her.”

They dashed forward unhesitatingly and snatched Missy away from the teacher’s hands.

The teacher instantly panicked and yelled furiously, “Help! Please help! Someone is kidnapping a child!”

Her shout attracted everyone’s attention.

When the teacher saw that Ichiro was about to escape, she pounced on him and grabbed his legs.

“You fool!”

In his haste, Ichiro cursed and slapped the teacher, while his accent blew the disguise.

NH

Huh?

He is from Japanio!

Everyone was enraged. Crowding around Ichiro and his two subordinates, they launched a verbal attack on them.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

“Ha! How dare someone from Japanio create trouble in Eurasia?”

“If you don’t put the child down, kowtow to us and apologize, I’ll beat the crap out of you.”

“Stop wasting time talking to them. Let’s beat them up right away. If we don’t teach them a good lesson, they’ll become worse in the future.”

Ichiro smirked viciously.

He had two of the Four Great Ninjas protecting him.

No way would he be scared of these mortals!

Hence, he instructed, “Attack them.”

First Shinobi and Second Shinobi charged at the crowd and started attacking them.

With the two great fighters joining forces, they crushed everyone else.

Within three minutes, everyone else had all collapsed on the ground, sorely defeated.

Carrying Missy, Ichiro ran away.

The teacher was on the verge of total breakdown as families who could afford to send their children to this kindergarten were all very influential.

If any of the children were kidnapped at the kindergarten, the teachers would be punished

NH

harshly.

Hence, she fumbled as she fished out her phone to call Lacey and inform her of what had happened.

At the Linton Group, Lacey was extremely busy.

Suddenly, she received a call from the kindergarten teacher.

After hearing about how Missy had been kidnapped, her blood ran cold, and she felt extremely dizzy, almost collapsing onto the ground.

Missy was everything to her.

Thus, if anything happened to her, Lacey would rather die.

“Call the police! Call the police right away!” After hanging up the call, Lacey rushed to call the police.

However, at that moment, Clyde called her.

He said, “Lacey, if you don’t want anything to happen to Missy, come to me instantly.”

“What?” Lacey was shocked. “You know where Missy is?”

Clyde replied, “I don’t know where she is. But my friend might. Also, you better not call the police. Otherwise, my friend will kill the hostage, and you’ll bear its consequences.”

NH

He hung up the phone immediately after.

Not caring about anything else, Lacey rushed to the Thisleton Manor instantly.

A troubling sixth sense told her that Missy's kidnapping must have something to do with Clyde!

You're a scoundrel, Clyde! Missy is your niece! How can you bear to do this to her?

On the other side, Daniel and Hannah had been trapped there by Third Shinobi and Fourth Shinobi for an hour.

The two men refused to let them leave or call someone else.

Seeing that they were going to be late to pick Missy up, the old couple was so anxious that they were on the verge of breaking down.

Just when they were extremely flustered, Third Shinobi and Fourth Shinobi suddenly received a mysterious call.

Soon after that, both of them left and stopped disturbing Daniel and Hannah.

Although the old couple felt everything was too suspicious, the priority was to pick Missy up.

But when they rushed over quickly to Wisdom Isle Kindergarten, they discovered that it was chaos over there.

NH

After asking the staff, they realized that Missy had been kidnapped by someone from Japanio!

Agitated, Daniel and Hannah fainted on the spot upon hearing that.

Meanwhile, Lacey hurried to the Thisleton Manor quickly.

The manor was decorated with colorful lights and wedding-like refurbishments.

What the heck are the Thisletons doing?

However, Lacey was not in the mind to care about that. She walked into the living room briskly.

In the living room, Clyde was sitting at the main seat, sipping tea.

As soon as she arrived, she asked him, "Clyde, where's my daughter, Missy? Can you ask your friends who took her?"

Chuckling, Clyde said, "Fret not. Missy's fine. My friend just wants to bring Missy out to play and forge a closer bond."

Lacey frowned. "Forge a closer bond? What do you mean?"

Clyde replied, "Well, my friend likes Missy a lot. He wants to be her father and take care of her forever. I don't need to explain further, right?"

Upon hearing that, Lacey gasped. "Is your friend Ichiro Yamano?"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Clyde nodded. "That's right!"

Lacey then gaped in realization.

Undoubtedly, Clyde and Ichiro planned this together.

Ichiro wanted to threaten her with Missy and force her to marry him.

Clyde and Ichiro were complete scoundrels!

How could they bear to be so cruel towards a child?

Lacey glared at Clyde, fury raging in her eyes.

However, Clyde tossed a contract to Lacey casually.

"I'd advise you to sign this servitude contract. If you do so, I'll guarantee Missy's safety. Otherwise, I'm not sure what kind of horrible acts Ichiro would do."

Lacey's heart ached so badly that she felt like it was bleeding.

A servitude contract!

She had underestimated how shameless both of them were.

Not only did they want her to marry Ichiro, but they were also forcing her to be his slave!

At the same time, Zeke was healing his injuries

NH

secretly, while General Cosmopolis, Wolf's Greed, guarded him at the side.

Zeke sat there for more than an hour, but it was futile.

He could not even force the Frostbite Poison out of his body.

With that, Zeke let out a helpless exclaim, "The Frostbite Poison, indeed, lived up to its name."

Wolf's Greed's heart skipped a beat. "Is it impossible to heal your injuries?"

Nodding, Zeke replied, "Yeah."

A serious expression crossed Wolf's Greed's face. "Don't worry. No matter the cost, I'll definitely help you find a way to heal properly... Even if I have to sacrifice my own life."

However, Zeke said, "Don't worry. I still have a trump card that can help me. It's just not the time to use it now."

Wolf's Greed's eyes lit up.

Zeke actually has a way to heal his injuries!

Indeed, the Great Marshal lives up to his name.

At that moment, Zeke's phone suddenly rang.

It was Julian Thisleton, calling from the Thisleton Manor.

NH

Zeke had recruited Julian to keep an eye on the Thisletons, especially Clyde, to prevent them from bullying Lacey.

Immediately, Zeke answered the call.

Julian said, "Are you okay, Great Marshal?"

Zeke replied, "Of course."

Heaving a sigh of relief, Julian said, "I know that you won't be defeated so easily. When Ichiro told Clyde that you're dead, I didn't believe him."

Zeke asked, "Did something happen?"

Julian said, "Yes. Your daughter, Missy, has been kidnapped by Ichiro. He's holding her hostage to force Lacey to sign a servitude contract. Your wife is now being coerced by Clyde. Please come quickly!"

What?

Enraged, Zeke clenched his fists tightly and crushed the phone into dust.

Lacey and Missy were his bottom line.

Now that someone was threatening their safety, even death would be too light of a punishment.

Zeke strode out, with Wolf's Greed following him closely behind. "Where are you going? What happened?"

"Wolf's Greed, prepare yourself. I might give the

NH

After thinking about it, Clyde nodded. "Fine."

Then, he dialed Ichiro's number. "Tell Missy Williams to get the phone."

Soon, they could hear Missy's crying through the phone.

"Mom, I don't like this evil uncle. I want to go home!"

After hearing Missy's sobs, Lacey felt like she was on the verge of breaking down.

Tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

However, Lacey quickly consoled, "Be obedient, Missy. I promise that I'll pick you up soon, okay? I'll even buy you your favorite ice cream. You can eat it to your heart's content!"

"Okay," muttered Missy. "I'll be obedient and stop crying. Come quickly, Mom..."

The phone hung up without any hesitation.

Lacey picked up the servitude contract carefully.

I'm sorry, Zeke. It seems like we won't be growing old together anymore.

But, don't worry. I'll never do anything to betray you.

If he forces me to do something that I don't like, I'll commit suicide.

NH

Clyde said coldly, “Lacey, are you still hoping that Zeke will come and save you? It’s about time you forget about it. To be honest, he’s already dead.”

When Lacey heard that, she looked up instantly. “You... You’re lying! How is it possible that he’s dead?”

Clyde replied, “There’s no use being in denial. Haven’t you notice that Zeke hasn’t contacted you for a few days already?”

Lacey retorted, “Zeke is the Great Marshal’s disciple, who often carries out top-secret missions. It’s normal to lose contact with him for a few days.”

Clyde laughed. “Stop consoling yourself. Zeke offended Prince Yamano. It’s natural that he would want to take Zeke’s life. In fact, he killed Zeke first before daring to coerce you and Missy.”

Lacey’s body trembled as she thought of the possibility.

Clyde’s words did sounded logical.

Only then did she realize that something bad might have happened to Zeke.

At that moment, she made a resolution.

After saving Missy and confirming that Zeke had really died, she would commit suicide and accompany him to the grave.

In the midst of her despair, a loud and clear voice

NH

pierced through the air.

“Who said that I’m dead?”

Zeke!

Both of them turned towards the source of the voice.

Zeke was striding into the living room steadily in large steps.

At that moment, Lacey felt immensely relieved and safe.

Sobbing, she pleaded, “Zeke, I knew that you’re fine! Please save our daughter!”

Wiping Lacey’s tears away tenderly, Zeke assured her, “Don’t worry, Lacey. With me here, nothing will happen to Missy.”

Lacey nodded. “We don’t have much time.”

After patting Lacey’s shoulder, Zeke walked towards Clyde, who stared at him in disbelief.

“How is this possible? How can you still be alive?”

It was impossible for Ichiro to be mistaken!

Zeke smirked coldly. “The person who’s going to die today, is you. I swear that if you don’t tell me where Missy is, I’ll kill you personally.”

Clyde yelled furiously, “How outrageous! We are the Thisletons, a family of noble soldiers

NH

protected by military law. If you dare to touch me, you'll be court-martialed and punished!"

Smiling, Zeke replied, "I wrote the military laws myself. It's ridiculous that you're trying to punish me with the laws I made."

This infuriated Clyde further. "B*****d! Everyone knows that the Great Marshal wrote the military laws himself. By claiming that you're the one who drafted the laws, you're insulting the Great Marshal! I'll tell this to the Great Marshal and request him to punish you personally..."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

“Cut the crap.” At that moment, Zeke had already walked to the front of Clyde. He whipped out his dagger unhesitatingly and slashed it towards Clyde’s wrist.

With a loud thud, Clyde’s hand had been severed cleanly as blood spurted out from them.

“Argh!” Clutching his injury, Clyde collapsed on the floor and yelled in agonizing pain.

Blood flowed out continuously through his fingers, and Clyde was about to lose his mind.

This b*****d attacked me without saying anything!

How could he just sever my hand the moment he looks at me?

What a complete madman!

Zeke said coldly, “Tell me where Missy is.”

However, Clyde gritted his teeth and spat, “You’re insane. F*cking insane! Since you’ve cut my wrist, the Thisleton family and my father, Ares, will definitely not spare you!”

Sneering coldly, Zeke said, “You’re overthinking. If the Thisleton family can put me into trouble, why didn’t they do anything to me when I cut off Julian’s limbs?”

Clyde was stunned for a moment.

Yeah, why did Dad spare this guy when he

NH

severed Julian's limbs?

Wait, this is not the point!

The point is that if this guy dares to touch Julian, he'll definitely dare to torture me too!

Just as he thought, Zeke walked towards him with a dagger and slashed his right arm unhesitatingly the next second.

Clyde's arm had been cut off as well.

F***!

His mind was in a frenzy.

Julian, the first heir of the Thisleton family, and Clyde, the second heir of the Thisleton family, had been crippled by the same person.

The Thisletons had been utterly humiliated!

How could they hold their heads high in the future?

This was a complete disgrace to them!

Zeke said, "I'll give you one last chance. Tell me where Missy is."

At that point of time, Clyde was already starting to froth in the mouth. Thus, he struggled to utter words out from his lips, "I-I don't know... I really don't know. Ichiro planned to kidnap Missy, escape Atheville, and return to Japanio. However, once he escapes Atheville, only I can contact him

NH

and save Missy. Send me to the hospital now! If I die, Missy will definitely die too.”

Lacey’s face drained from color as she asked worriedly, “What... What should we do, Zeke? If Ichiro really brings Missy back to Japanio, it’ll be difficult for us to get her back.”

However, Zeke assured her, “Don’t worry, Lacey. I’ll shut the borders of Atheville right away and prevent anyone from escaping.”

Clyde laughed mockingly. “You want to shut the borders? You want to impose a lockdown on Eurasia’s economic and political hub, Atheville? Who gave you the courage to make such an audacious claim?”

Ignoring Clyde’s mockery, Zeke whipped out his phone and called Wolf’s Greed.

“Wolf’s Greed, issue the Ultimate Command right away and shut down the borders of Atheville. No one is allowed to get out!”

Wolf’s Greed replied, “Yes, sir!”

Clyde and Lacey looked at Zeke in utter shock.

Did we hear him right?

He just gave the ‘Ultimate Command’!

The Ultimate Command has the authority to decide national policies!

Only the Great Marshal and the Colonel had the

NH

authority to announce it.

How dare he say something like that?

Having lost a lot of blood, Clyde could pass out any time.

However, he gritted his teeth and insisted on staying conscious.

He knew that if he passed out while losing blood rapidly, he would die.

Clyde spat, “Zeke, cut the crap. Who are you to make the sacred Ultimate Command? I’m the only one who can save Missy now. Send me to the hospital right away. If I, the middle-man, die, Missy will definitely die too.”

Lacey looked at Zeke worriedly. “Zeke, don’t let him die.”

However, Zeke smiled. “If he doesn’t know my true identity yet, I will not let him die.”

It was time for Lacey to know that her husband was the legendary Great Marshal!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

At the same time, he would intimidate the Thisletons with his identity as the Great Marshal to not mess around with Lacey anymore.

Suddenly, the butler rushed in. “Young Master Clyde, something bad...”

When he entered, his words paused mid-sentence after seeing the bloody scene in front of him.

Clyde, the head of the family, had his limbs cut off!

Lying pathetically in a pool of blood, he was on the verge of dying.

Feeling chills run down his spine, the butler yelled, “Who dares to be so vicious to Young Master Clyde?”

When Clyde saw the butler, a hopeful look appeared in his eyes.

“Save me... Send me to the hospital quickly.”

“Yes, Young Master!” The butler walked towards Clyde briskly.

“Who dares to do so?” bellowed Zeke furiously.

His voice was so deafeningly loud that the butler felt a sharp ringing in his ears as blood shot up to his brain.

It was as if he were about to faint.

Forcing himself to stop mid-way, the butler dared

NH

not to move a step.

Zeke continued, "Tell your boss about what happened."

The butler glanced at Clyde hesitatingly.

"Tell me," mumbled Clyde with much difficulty.

Hence, the butler said, "The Great Marshal suddenly issued an Ultimate Command. Now, all the borders of Atheville have been sealed!"

What?

Clyde shuddered, feeling like this was all too surreal.

No. It can't be! The Great Marshal issued an Ultimate Command and sealed Atheville?

Is everything merely a coincidence?

Impossible! How can there be such a huge coincidence in this world?

Unless... Zeke is really the Great Marshall!

No wonder the Thisleton family did not do anything to Zeke after he crippled Julian.

It's because he is the Great Marshal!

I've been opposing the Great Marshal all this while, even bullying his wife.

Oh God... I've been digging my own grave!

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The sheer terror was too much for Clyde, causing him to faint right then.

Even Lacey was paralyzed in shock as she stared at Zeke, her mouth agape.

With an apologetic look, Zeke said, "I'm sorry for hiding it from you for so long, Lacey. I concealed my identity because I was too worried about losing you."

Taking a deep breath, Lacey exclaimed, "So, you're the one whom I've proposed to during the Great Marshal's ceremony."

Zeke nodded his head solemnly.

Lacey continued, "The beggar whom I saved in the past was you too?"

Again, Zeke nodded.

Suddenly, tears gushed out of Lacey's eyes as she stroked Zeke's head tenderly.

"From a miserable beggar, you became the mighty Great Marshal. What have you experienced over all these years? You must have been living a hellish life."

Zeke heaved a sigh of relief.

It seemed like Lacey was not resenting him for now.

At that moment, Zeke's phone rang.

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Seeing that it was a call from Wolf's Greed, Zeke accepted it.

Wolf's Greed said, "Sir, I've managed to track Ichiro Yamano down and cornered him to the rooftop of a shopping mall. He is guarded by the Four Great Ninjas, so I cannot defeat them alone. Hence, I've contacted Lone Wolf and Sole Wolf. They'll come and back me up soon."


Zeke said, "Never mind. Tell Sole Wolf and Lone Wolf to stay at their posts. I'll act personally. Since they've held my daughter hostage, I can only guarantee her safety by taking action myself."

With a hesitant tone, Wolf's Greed warned, "Sir, you're still severely injured. If you fight them, your injuries might worsen..."


But Zeke replied, "It doesn't matter. Just do what I say and stall him. I'll arrive shortly."

"Yes, sir!"

After hanging up the call, Zeke assured Lacey, "I'm going to save Missy now. Stay here and don't go anywhere."

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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NH

Lacey said worriedly, "Zeke, you're the protector of the entire country, so you must not fall. If you do, the entire of Eurasia will collapse. If things turned out for the worst, please save yourself first. The safety of the nation is paramount. After all, it is what gives everyone a safe home."

Smiling, Zeke consoled her, "Don't worry, Lacey. Missy and I will be safe today."

At the same time, news of the Great Marshal issuing an Ultimate Command created a huge commotion in Eurasia.

It even created a buzz globally.

After all, this was the first time that the Great Marshal issued an Ultimate Command.

Who was so important that the Great Marshal would issue an Ultimate Command for the person?

The answer would be revealed soon.

Meanwhile, the Great Marshal's enemies were trapped on top of a shopping mall.

There were five people in total, including the Four Great Ninjas, who had held a little girl hostage.

According to reliable intel, the Great Marshal would go to the shopping mall personally to deal with the enemies.

At that moment, everyone surged towards the shopping mall, filling it up completely. All of them

NH

wanted to witness the mighty Great Marshal in action.

At that moment, Ichiro Yamano and the Four Great Ninjas were standing at the top of the shopping mall.

Ichiro was enraged, not expecting that the Great Marshal would still be alive, and even issued an Ultimate Command.

The top assassin, Pike, lied to me!

Luckily, I have a hostage.

As long as the Great Marshal is not a merciless man, I can still survive.

Suddenly, the deafening sounds of a helicopter could be heard from the sky.

Soon, a helicopter flew towards them quickly and paused mid-air above the shopping mall's rooftop.

When the helicopter door opened, a man leaped down from a height of thirty meters.

With a muscular figure, his long hair was blown back despite the still air. He crossed his arms behind his back elegantly, while his brooding eyes gave him an aura akin to the ruler of the world.

In fact, his aura was so imposing that the crowd could barely breathe.

With a passionate gaze and a fervent look on their faces, the crowd watched on.

NH

Our idol, the Great Marshal!

When Missy saw Zeke, she wailed, "Dad, hug me. I want you to hug me! I don't like these evil uncles. Hug me, Dad!"

Shut up!

Ichiro clapped his hand over Missy's mouth immediately. "If you dare to shout again, I'll slit your throat."

Although Zeke felt furious and heartbroken, he could not show it to the public.

After all, he represented Eurasia now.

Hence, he must stabilize his emotions and calm down.

Pretending to be composed, he said, "Don't throw a tantrum, Missy. I'll bring you to eat your favorite ice cream later, okay?"

Missy nodded gloomily. "Okay, I'll listen to you, Dad."

Then, Zeke's gaze fell onto Ichiro. "Let her go, and I'll spare you. Otherwise, death is your only outcome."

Shut up!

With blood-shot eyes, Ichiro demanded through gritted teeth, "Arrange a flight back to Japanio for us, right now! Otherwise, I'll throw her off the building."

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Zeke sighed. "Your foolishness and stubbornness are astoundingly pathetic."

Ichiro yelled, "Cut the crap! Either you let us go, or your daughter will accompany us to our graves. Choose quickly!"

Zeke shook his head. "I'm sorry, but you no right to threaten me."

With a slight move of his hand, a sword slipped from under his sleeve into his hand. He gripped the handle tightly.

The word 'dragon' was engraved on the handle, catching the light and attracting everyone's eyes.

The Dragon King Sword was the Great Marshal's personal sword.

Legend had it that the sword was forged from Iridium, which was the rarest metal in the world. Indestructible and extremely sharp, it was hailed as the best sword in the world.

However, the Great Marshal would only use the sword on the battlefield.

No one else had witnessed the Great Marshal wield the sword before.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Finally able to witness the full glory of the Great Marshal's sword today, they felt like they could die with no regrets.

At that moment, Zeke strode towards Ichiro.

His sword dragged across the ground, letting out a menacing grinding clang as sparks flew in the air.

Ichiro, on the other hand, was nervous to the core. "Stop right there! Don't you dare take a single step forward. If not, I'll really throw your daughter off the building."

Yet, Zeke did not slow down at all.

F***!

At the verge of total breakdown, Ichiro spat, "You forced me to do this. Don't blame me for being merciless."

As he threatened, he scurried towards the edge of the rooftop and was about to throw Missy off.

At that moment, Zeke moved, and he appeared in front of Ichiro in the blink of an eye.

Raising his sword high up into the air, he slashed it downwards forcefully.

Pfft!

With a loud thud, Ichiro's arms had been cut off at the elbows.

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His severed limbs dropped onto the ground as blood spurted uncontrollably the cut ends.

Pulling Missy into his arms, Zeke blocked her field of vision with his broad chest.

“Close your eyes, Missy.”

Missy shut her eyes tightly, pressing her face against Zeke’s chest.

After glancing left and right at his severed limbs, he finally realized what had happened.

My arms have been cut off!

I’m completely disabled now!

“Arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

A miserable wail of agony cut through the air, echoing in the void.

“Kill him! Kill him for me!” Squatting in a pool of blood, Ichiro yelled in fury over and over again.

The Four Great Ninjas’ expressions turned ugly.

However, the Great Marshal moved extremely quickly, almost as fast as a flash of lightning.

Not only was he quick, but he was also ruthless and vicious, not showing any mercy to his enemies.

Indeed, the Great Marshal lived up to his name.

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The four of them felt very conflicted now.

Although they knew very well that they were not as strong as the Great Marshal, they could not admit defeat without even putting on a fight.

This defied the way of the Ninja.

Furthermore, Japanio would definitely not spare their families. All of them would be killed.

Although the Four Great Ninjas knew that they were considerably weaker than the enemy, they still charged at Zeke.

However, Zeke responded calmly and steadily.

Not moving from his spot, he hugged Missy with one arm and swept the Dragon King Sword in a circular motion with his other arm.

The Dragon King Sword was so quick that it became a blinding arc in the air.

It brushed past the Four Great Ninjas' necks, leaving a faint scar behind on their necks.

Forcing themselves to pause mid-way, a terrified look appeared on their faces as their eyes widened in shock.

Then, the faint scar on their necks expanded quickly, and blood spurted out.

The Four Great Ninjas collapsed in a pool of blood, no longer breathing.

NH

Carrying Missy in his arms, Zeke walked down the stairs from the rooftop.

After a brief moment of silence, deafening cheers erupted in the crowd.

How powerful!

The Great Marshal is way too strong!

He defeated the Four Great Ninjas within one move.

Indeed, he's the living legend of Eurasia, a deity-like figure for the citizens.

When Zeke walked down the stairs, Wolf's Greed rushed towards him. "How are you feeling?"

Zeke was about to speak when he felt nauseous in his stomach.

Passing Missy to Wolf's Greed quickly, he dashed into the toilet.

He spat a mouthful of blood in the sink, while the color drained from his face.

Although the earlier battle looked like a simple feat for Zeke, he had mustered a lot of energy to reach the peak of his strength.

Now, his injuries had worsened severely, and his current strength was only half of his full strength.

Or worse, his injuries might not even heal for the rest of his life.

NH

Just then, at a building across the road, a man in black was observing Zeke through a pair of binoculars.

When he saw Zeke running into the toilet and vomiting blood, he was over the moon.

The Great Marshal is severely injured!

Now, this is the best opportunity to attack Eurasia.

Fishing out his phone quickly, he dialed a number. "Prime Minister, I've got good news."

After getting his body under control, Zeke walked out of the toilet, looking as normal as before.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

He must not show his injured and pathetic side to the public.

Otherwise, once the enemies discover that he was severely injured, they would launch a barrage of attacks on Eurasia.

With that thought in mind, Zeke stretched his arms out and took Missy back into his arms.

Wolf's Greed was filled with worry.

He knew that beneath Zeke's mighty appearance, the Great Marshal was actually ridden with injuries.

Hence, he said carefully, "Sir, do you want to go to the Cygnus Room?"

Shut up!

Zeke glared at Wolf's Greed. "The walls have ears."

Thus, Wolf's Greed had no choice but to stay silent.

Carrying Missy, Zeke headed to McDonald's and ordered a Happy Meal.

As Missy was famished, she gobbled down her food quickly.

Seeing how satisfied Missy looked, Zeke burst out laughing.

As long as you and your mother are happy, I don't

NH

mind sacrificing my life!

A while after, Lacey rushed over after hearing the news.

Seeing the harmonious scene of Zeke and Missy sharing a meal at McDonald's, Lacey felt a deep feeling of happiness.

She walked towards them and took a seat.

Holding Missy's and Zeke's hands, she said tenderly, "Zeke, promise me that you'll protect yourself for our sakes."

Now, Lacey was starting to accept Zeke's identity as the Great Marshal.

The Great Marshal shouldered the heavy responsibilities of safeguarding Eurasia while fending off the threats from the enemies.

Therefore, it was obvious that his life was at risk all the time.

Lacey could not bear to imagine what would happen to her and Missy if something bad happened to Zeke one day.

Smiling, Zeke comforted her, "Don't worry, Lacey. There's no one in the world who can threaten my life."

Of course, these words were just meant to reassure Lacey.

In reality, he was severely injured, with his powers

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falling from Platinum Archduke to the Silver Archduke Class.

There were thousands of people in the world who could kill him now.

However, Lacey believed Zeke's reassurances.

Hugging his arm, she said affectionately, "My husband is the Great Marshal! Missy and I are both proud of you."

Jealous, Missy stretched out her arms. "I want Daddy to hug me too!"

Laughing, Zeke carried Missy and placed her onto his lap.

Flicking Missy's nose, Lacey said, "Everyone says that fathers are a daughter's first love. Looks like it's true!"

A server at the side glanced at his phone, then back at Zeke again. Then, his expression changed drastically.

His phone was playing a video of the Great Marshal appearing at the shopping mall's rooftop.

Suddenly, he dropped to his knees before Zeke.

"You're the Great Marshal... My warmest welcome, Great Marshal!"

Never in his wildest dreams had he expected himself to see the Great Marshal from such a close distance.

NH

The server's reaction alerted the rest of the customers.

Gradually, as more and more people discovered the Great Marshal, they started to kneel to him.

There were a few occasions where the citizens of Eurasia would kneel—to Heaven, to their parents, and to the Great Marshal!

Their parents were the ones who gave birth to them.

Yet, the Great Marshal was the one who protected them.

Hence, he was deemed worthy enough for the rest to kneel to.

However, Zeke frowned, not wanting other people to disturb his time with his family.

Carrying Missy, he grabbed Lacey's hand and left.

Lacey suggested, "Let's visit Mom and Dad in the hospital. They suddenly fainted because of what happened to Missy. I've just received news from the hospital that they've already regained consciousness."

"Let's go." Zeke drove to the hospital quickly.

However, when they arrived at the hospital and got off the car, a nurse also instantly recognized that Zeke was the Great Marshal.

The incident that morning at the shopping mall

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had made huge rounds in the community.

By that time, almost everyone knew who the Great Marshal was.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Hence, everyone - from the director of the hospital to the nurses and patients - came to 'pay their respects' to Zeke.

The row of people kneeling to him stretched from the hospital's entrance to the waiting room.

Ignoring them, Zeke pulled Lacey's hand and headed to the top floor.

In a general ward, Hannah and Daniel had just regained consciousness and needed some rest.

However, an old female patient beside them kept chattering away.

There were three young men, who were her sons-in-law, accompanying her.

When visiting the old lady, they even brought a lot of expensive gifts along with them.

Their gifts included expensive herbs, exotic fruits, and lush flowers.

The old lady asked Hannah proudly, "Hey, why are the both of you alone here? Didn't your family members accompany you here?"

Although Hannah desired to ignore her, she replied out of courtesy, "As my daughter is very busy, we don't want to disturb her over this minor illness."

"Yeah." The old lady felt the same way too. "My daughters are high-ranking officials in their companies. They are so busy that they don't even

NH

have time to accompany me. Luckily, my three sons-in-law are very filial. As they cannot bear to see me ill, they stay by my side all day long to take care of me. I'm much luckier than both of you."

Hannah frowned.

She could tell that the old lady was trying to brag.

However, she could not be bothered to deal with her.

To her, her own son-in-law, Zeke, was a hundred times better than her three sons-in-law.

Yet, the old lady did not stop talking and continued chattering away.

"As parents, we must be careful when we choose a husband for our daughters. If we chose an unsuitable husband, not only would we ruin our daughter's life, but the guy would also leech onto us like a parasite until our deaths. What do you think?"

"Mhm," grunted Hannah in response, getting a bit annoyed.

Your sons-in-law are nothing compared to mine.

How audacious of you to brag to me and try to best me?

It's a pity that Zeke isn't here. Everything I say will be useless.

NH

Hence, she had no choice but to stay silent.

The old lady continued bragging, “You, the oldest one, pour a glass of water for me. I’m thirsty.”

“My leg feels a bit sore. You, rub it for me.”

“Oh dear, my head hurts. You over there, massage my head.”

“Okay.”

The three sons-in-law started busying themselves, catering to the old lady’s needs.

During the whole time, her cheerful laughter sounded across the room.

As she laughed, she even snuck glances at Hannah’s expression.

The angrier Hannah was, the more accomplished she felt.

At that moment, the door of the hospital ward opened.

When Hannah and Daniel saw Lacey and Zeke entering, they were so excited that they almost got off the bed.

Zeke quickly passed Missy to them while reassuring them.

“Dad, Mom, don’t move. You should rest well.”

Missy also stretched out her chubby hands to

NH

stroke their faces.

“Grandpa, Grandma, you must get well soon. I still need you to pick me up from school!”

“Okay! Okay!” Hannah and Daniel laughed. “When we recover, we’ll definitely pick you up from school every day.”

Their laughter sounded extremely piercing to the old lady’s ears, causing her expression to turn uglier.

Who do they think they are to show me up like that?


Hence, she mocked, “Oh, did your daughter and son-in-law come to visit you empty-handed? Look at my sons-in-law. They brought so many gifts that they are filling up the entire room.”


Lacey and Zeke frowned as they glanced at her.

Is the old lady bragging?

What a joke!

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Both of them ignored the old lady.

However, she went a step further. “You over there, where’s that exotic velvet antler that you brought? Take some out for me as a snack.”

“Hey, you, where’s your wild ginseng? I want to drink some ginseng water.”

“Okay!” Her sons-in-law started busying themselves again.

When Zeke saw those so-called deer velvet extract and wild ginseng, he burst out laughing.

Those items were so obviously fake.

These could only fool an ignorant old lady like her.

Her face darkened instantly. “What are you laughing at, young man?”

Zeke answered, “Nothing. Well, I’d advise you to eat none of that.”

The old lady’s expression turned gloomier. “Why’s that?”

Zeke replied, “Because these deer velvet extract and ginseng are made from chemical compounds. If you eat too much of them, it’ll be bad for your body.”

The old lady was enraged.

“Shut up! You’re just accusing my gifts of being fake because you cannot afford them! I’ve seen a

NH

lot of jealous and disgraceful people like you.”

Her sons-in-law also mocked Zeke, “You’ve never seen these items in your life. That’s why you think that everything’s fake!”

After exchanging an incredulous glance, Zeke and Lacey burst out laughing.

Is there something in the world that I, the Great Marshal, cannot buy?

At that moment, the director of the hospital and a few staff walked in.

The director walked to the old lady and ordered, “Pack up quickly. I’m moving you to the general ward over there.”

When the old lady heard him, she became unhappy instantly. “Why should we move?”

The director replied, “This hospital ward can only accommodate two patients. Now that there’s an additional patient, we need to move one patient out.”

The old lady pointed at Hannah. “Let one of them leave. Anyway, I refuse to budge.”

The director scolded, “Shut up! They are the Great Marshal’s father and mother-in-law. As the Great Marshal is the protector of the nation, it’s my honor that his family members can stay in my hospital. How can I let them move?”

What?

NH

The old lady looked at Zeke suspiciously. “Are you saying that he’s the Great Marshal? Are you kidding me?”

Zeke scoffed coldly. “Why? Are you questioning me?”

When the director saw that Zeke had been angered, his mind went into a frenzy.

His legs suddenly turned weak, and he collapsed on his knees. “I’m sorry for troubling you, Great Marshal. Don’t worry. I’ll evict them out right away.”

The old lady and her three sons-in-law stared at Zeke fixedly.

The more they looked at him, the more they realized that he looked like the Great Marshal.

As it was better to be safe than sorry, the three of them fell onto their knees simultaneously.

“My deepest apologies, Great Marshal. We are fools for not realizing who you are and offending you. We’ll leave right away!”

At that moment, the old lady’s limbs kept trembling as cold sweat dripped down her forehead.

In fact, her face was completely pale now.

If her sons-in-law were certain that Zeke was the Great Marshal, they must be right.

NH

She was so terrified that her heart beat rapidly.

I actually dared to compare to the Great Marshal.

How idiotic of me!

Hannah and Daniel's faces were also filled with surprise.

They only knew that Zeke was the Great Marshal's disciple.

Never in a million years did they think that he was the Great Marshal himself!

And how did it feel like to have the Great Marshal as their son-in-law?

Well, Hannah and Daniel were utterly overjoyed.

However, Hannah adjusted her emotions quickly and said, "Zeke, I would like to have some deer velvet extract and ginseng."

As she spoke, she even glanced at the old lady.

Naturally, Zeke could tell what Hannah was thinking about.

Hence, he replied, "Sure! I'll bring them to you right away."

Whipping out his phone, he dialed a number.

"Reserve fifty kilograms of the highest-quality deer velvet extract imported this year. If it's not enough, replenish the stock later."

NH



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NH

The old lady felt like crying.

I've never seen such valuable imported tonics before, but he managed to get so much of it in one go! Argh, I'm so embarrassed.

Eventually, the old lady was shifted elsewhere.

Just then, Hannah inquired, "Zeke, tell me the truth. Since you're the great marshal, why would you fall for someone like Lacey?"

Hannah was worried that Zeke had ulterior motives for getting close to Lacey.

Zeke pulled out a jade pendant from his pocket and inquired, "Hannah, do you recognize this?"

Hannah replied, "Of course. I gave this pendant to Lacey as a protective charm, but she gave the other half to a beggar. Don't tell me..."

Zeke chuckled, "That's right. I was that beggar. If Lacey hadn't saved me, I'd be a goner. I came here to repay my debt."

Hannah and Daniel were stunned and were moved to tears.

Zeke started out as a penniless beggar and became the powerful great marshal. Just how much hardship must he have endured to reach this stage?

After that, Lacey and her family accepted Zeke's identity as the great marshal and treated him like they usually did.

NH

Their life went on as normal.

However, Zeke knew that the peace was only on the surface, and there was a lot of strife that he was unable to see.

First and foremost, he publicly crippled the prince of Japanio, Ichiro Yamano. Thus, Japanio would definitely not let him off so easily.

Second, the Pike had not been caught yet, and that was his greatest fear to date.

Third, Wolf's Greed had been focusing manpower on locating the Spirit Stone mine, but he had not received any news yet.

After a stressful week, Zeke finally received a call from Wolf's Greed.

Wolf's Greed reported weakly, "Great Marshal, we've located the Spirit Stone mine."

Zeke frowned, "Wolf's Greed, you sound weak, and your breathing is irregular. Are you injured?"

Wolf's Greed replied, "Great Marshal, I have failed you. Pike managed to enter the Spirit Stone mine ahead of us. I tried to force him out, but I was not his match and got severely injured. I-I've disgraced your name."

Zeke chided, "How many times must I tell you to report to me when you see Pike and not take action! You'll end up alerting him of our presence."

NH

Wolf's Greed replied, "I'm just worried that if you confronted him yourself, it would damage your life force even further. If it went to a state beyond repair, it would be a great loss to Eurasia. I simply wanted to shoulder a part of your burden."

Zeke explained, "If the Spirit Stone mine falls into Pike's hands, Eurasia would be in danger. If Eurasia is gone, what's the point if I can restore my life force? Secure the Spirit Stone mine for now. I'll head over immediately. Send me your coordinates."

"Roger!"

After Zeke received the coordinates, he activated a fighter jet and headed to the location.

After a one-hour flight, the jet landed at Devonville.

Zeke ran along the mountain path for over two hours before successfully arriving at the location Wolf's Greed sent him.

It was a forest deep in the mountains where people rarely passed by.

The entire mountain was covered by trees and shrubs.

However, near the foot of the mountain, there was an area that had been bombed, revealing some rock outcrops.

In the middle of that was a cave so deep that one could not see the end of it.

NH

This cave was clearly man-made, or at the very least, expanded by men.

The more Zeke looked at it, the more he felt that it looked like an imperial mausoleum by the mountains.



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NH

He even felt a faint spiritual energy coming from deep within the cave.

Meanwhile, the base of the mountain had been completely surrounded by Wolf's Greed's men.

Wolf's Greed was sitting at the entrance of the cave, closing his eyes to rest.

His face was drained of all color, and his body had turned rigid. It was clear as day that he had been poisoned.

Right at that moment, one of the medics was attending to Wolf's Greed.

When Wolf's Greed saw Zeke, he tried to get up, but Zeke placed a hand on his shoulder and instructed, "Don't move. How's your injury?"

Wolf's Greed forced himself to smile, "It's nothing but a few scratches. Nothing to be worried about."

Zeke took Wolf's Greed's pulse and ascertained that he was not in danger. He felt relieved and queried, "How many moves did Pike take to beat you?"

Wolf's Greed sighed, "I've failed you. I lost within three moves."

Three moves? Zeke was taken aback.

Wolf's Greed is a Gold Archduke class fighter. After I've injured Pike, he should've dropped to Silver Archduke class. He shouldn't have been Wolf's Greed's match. However, he managed to

NH

beat Wolf's Greed in three moves. There's only one explanation -- he's already restored his strength by absorbing some sort of universal energy. In fact, he may even have improved. It's highly likely that he's now of the Platinum Archduke class.

Zeke ordered, "Lead the men to barricade the cave. It's time Pike and I had a rematch."

Wolf's Greed called out to Zeke, "Wait! I've already called the Alpha Suicide Squad to assemble here. Let's regroup before annihilating Pike."

Zeke's life force has been damaged, so he's surely no match for Pike in his current state! The only way he could beat him is to draw out the full extent of his life force and unleash it in one battle! However, that would mean that the Great Marshal would no longer be able to fight in the future.

Zeke shook his head solemnly, "We can't wait. The longer we wait, the higher the chances that Pike will become King class. When that happens, the entire Eurasia would be at his mercy. As a great marshal, I'd have failed in my duty. So what if I survive this?"

Wolf's Greed fell silent.

He knew that Zeke was telling the truth.

The best option Eurasia could take was to sacrifice the Great Marshal to kill Pike.

Thus, today could very well be the day the Great Marshal ceased to exist.

NH

This fact crushed Wolf's Greed's heart.

Zeke picked up his phone and strode into the cave.

Wolf's Greed's eyes turned red. After all, it was highly likely that Zeke would not be able to come out of this cave alive.

He got up and saluted Zeke, "Don't worry! To secure your safety and Eurasia's future, I'll guard this place with my life!"

There was a strong rotting stench coming from the pitch-black cave.

Countless precious jewels and treasures were along the corridor and inside the cave, but none of them caught Zeke's attention.

He only had one thought in his mind - Find and kill Pike.

After walking for over half an hour, Zeke finally reached the end of the cave.

What greeted Zeke was not a Spirit Stone mine as expected, but a large and heavy door.

A figure dressed in white was meditating by the door with his eyes closed.

That man was Pike.

There was an endless flow of energy from the closed doors, and Pike was absorbing it all in.

NH

Zeke could feel it as well.

The invisible aura Pike was exuding was much stronger than it was before.

That meant that he had not only restored his original strength but also improved it.

Right then, Pike's eyes opened slowly.

"I didn't expect you to be able to survive the explosion after taking my Frostbite Poison. Very well then. I was itching to kill you myself!"



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NH

Zeke sneered, "You've trespassed into Eurasia and abused the Spirit Stone mine. You already have the death penalty on your head. As the Great Marshal, I'll kill you today!"

"Hahaha," Pike started laughing maniacally. "I'm now a Platinum Archduke class fighter. Even if you were in your prime, you wouldn't be my match. Now, you're but a Silver Archduke class fighter. You're just a pushover to me!"

Zeke drew the Dragon King sword and declared, "Even a Silver Archduke Class would be enough to kill you!"

Insolent fool!

Pike burst into a rage, "I'd like to see you try!"

He kicked back against the ground and caused a miniature crater where he was standing.

Just like that, he used the recoiling force to charge towards Zeke like a missile.

His speed was so fast that it caused the air to form a wind current around him.

Zeke's eyes widened at the sight of Pike's speed.

The current state Pike is in is comparable to me when I was in my prime. Can I really kill him?

The next moment, Pike had struck Zeke's abdomen.

Zeke was sent flying and crashed onto a stone

NH

wall.

The wall cracked from the impact and caused debris to fall all over the place.

Soon after that, Zeke coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“Haha! I haven’t had enough yet!” Pike yelled excitedly and started to tackle Zeke once more.

Instantly, Zeke was kicked around like a soccer ball, and it left human-sized marks all around the walls.

From the beginning till the end, Zeke was unable to fight back at all.

More accurately, he chose not to fight back.

Four to five minutes later, Pike stopped to catch his breath.

Meanwhile, Zeke was bleeding profusely, and his hair was in a mess.

Pike laughed maniacally, “Great Marshal, what’s so great about you? In front of me, you’re nothing but trash! You can’t even land a single hit on me!”

Zeke burst into laughter, “I can’t land a hit on you? Are you sure it wasn’t because I choose not to strike back?”

Pike was stunned and demanded, “What on earth do you mean? You’re telling me that you chose not to fight back? Damn it, were you baiting me to

NH

injure you so that you could awaken your true potential?"

Zeke smirked but did not respond.

Pike roared, "How dare you make a fool of me? I'll kill you now! You can bring your true potential to hell!"

Saying that, Pike then drew a dagger and slashed towards Zeke.

Zeke scoffed, "Too late."

He struck himself in the chest so hard that he coughed up even more blood.

Now, he was in a precarious situation.

It was precisely at this moment that his full potential would be unleashed.

He was trading in the remainder of his life for power!

Just as he expected, his life force went into overdrive, and he was temporarily restored to his peak form.

Just then, a gust of wind started swirling around Zeke.

Pike had already charged towards him, but Zeke simply punched him head-on.

Boom!

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With a deafening crash, their fists collided.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Pike was forced back three steps, while Zeke did not shift from his position.

After all, Zeke's power at his peak was still slightly stronger than Pike was currently.

Pike spat, "The Great Marshal lives up to his name after all. However, by running your life force into overdrive, you won't be able to last. Even if I stall you, you'll die on your own."

As he said that, Pike charged towards Zeke once more.

Zeke bolted towards him as well.

Crash!

The two of them collided once more.



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NH

This time, Pike was sent flying by Zeke and crashed into a crack in the wall.

Ack!

Pike coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Before he could react, Zeke had thrust his Dragon King Sword into Pike's heart.

"Argh!" Pike's screams echoed along the entire cave.

Now that his heart had been pierced, he had no chance of survival.

At the same time, Zeke had drained all of his life force.

His strength had deteriorated, and he was drenched in cold sweat. Not only that, but his breathing became difficult, and he eventually did not even have enough energy to stand.

He collapsed onto the ground.

"Why? I refuse to admit defeat!" Pike roared with the remainder of his strength.

In less than three seconds, Zeke had collapsed from exhaustion.

In other words, if he had lasted three seconds longer, he would have been the victor.

Yet, he lost by those crucial three seconds.

NH

Zeke sneered, “We can have a rematch... if you’d like!”

Pike bit his lip so hard that it started to bleed.

“Zeke Williams, did you think that when I die, the Spirit Stone mine and Eurasia will be safe? No way in hell! Even if I’m dead, I won’t let the Spirit Stone mine fall into Eurasia’s hands. I’ll even make it a threat to Eurasia!”

Zeke demanded, “What do you mean by that?”

Pike whipped out a communications device and hollered into it, “Eurasia, Devonville, Spirit Stone mine!”

Sh*t!

Zeke’s face fell. Although he did not know who Pike had called, the Spirit Stone mine’s existence is top secret in Eurasia. He could not afford it to be leaked to other countries.

He tried to stop him, but the backlash of using his life force in overdrive had left him immobile.

Just then, there was a shuffle of footsteps approaching them.

It was Wolf’s Greed’s men.

Pike roared with the remainder of his strength, “Great Marshal, your life force has been damaged beyond repair. You’re nothing but a cripple! Your enemies from all over the world will send you coming my way! I’ll be waiting for you, in Hell!”

NH

As he said that, Pike forced the Dragon King Sword deeper into his heart and died on the spot.

He would rather die than be captured by Eurasia.

Wolf's Greed's men quickly surrounded the place.

When they saw Pike's dying moments, they felt respect welling up for Zeke from within their hearts.

Even though the Great Marshal's life force has been damaged so severely, he still managed to kill Pike at his peak. As expected of a man worthy of the title Great Marshal!

Wolf's Greed knelt before Zeke and asked, "Are you alright?"

However, Zeke was not concerned about his own physical state and ordered, "Quick, check who Pike was contacting earlier!"

"Sure," Wolf's Greed replied and grabbed the communications device.

After taking a look, Wolf's Greed's expression darkened, "Damn it. He contacted the Dark Web."

The Dark Web was an internet platform established by the underworld and used internationally.

Its main function was to put up requests for various major organizations to accept, as well as shared intel.

NH

Wolf's Greed inhaled sharply, "Don't tell me he spread information about the Spirit Stone mine to the Dark Web..."

Zeke nodded.

F***!

Wolf's Greed burst into a rage and slapped Pike's corpse.


The Spirit Stone mine was something all major organizations and nations longed for.

If the world got to know that there was a Spirit Stone mine in Eurasia, they would be in trouble!


Eurasia will be the next big target of all international organizations!

They might even resort to force to get their way.

Pike was right - the Spirit Stone mine would bring disaster upon Eurasia.

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NH

Wolf's Greed suggested, "Zeke, let's get the Alpha Suicide Squad to protect the Spirit Stone mine."

Zeke shook his head, "No. The enemy is probably finding a way to enter Eurasia to steal the Spirit Stone. The Alpha Suicide Squad is to guard the borders and protect our sovereignty. Kill all illegal immigrants. In the meantime, I'll come up with another way to protect the Spirit Stone mine."

"Alright," Wolf's Greed responded. He then arranged for his second-in-command to contact the Alpha Suicide Squad.

Zeke explained, "The Spirit Stone mine should be behind this door. Open it."

"Roger!" Wolf's Greed replied and got to work.

However, this door was made of stone and could not be opened by human force alone.

Even normal explosives could not damage it in the slightest.

If they used heavy-duty explosives, it might cause the cave to cave in.

Thus, the only way to open the door was to activate the mechanism linked to it.

After a brief search, an amusing conclusion was reached.

At the center of the door, there was a modern password-activated lock.

NH

The crowd was stunned.

Why is there such a high-tech mechanism in the imperial mausoleum? It's at least a thousand years old!

Zeke scrutinized the door and the mechanism and concluded, "The lock isn't the only thing that's new. Even this door is new. It was probably installed just a few years ago."

Wolf's Greed scratched his head, "Darn, who would be so free to install a lock and a door here?"

Zeke explained, "Someone probably found the Spirit Stone mine before us, but it had not matured yet. Hence, they set up this stone door and password to protect the Spirit Stone mine. When the Spirit Stone mine matured, they would be able to reclaim it."

Wolf's Greed's fists tightened, "It's treason not to report the discovery of a Spirit Stone mine! That person had better pray hard that I didn't find him. Otherwise, he'd be a dead man."

If they had found the Spirit Stone mine earlier, Zeke could have attained King Class with the help of the Spirit Stone.

And they would not have ended up in this state.

Zeke inhaled sharply, "The fact that this man could identify this as a Spirit Stone mine and set up this mechanism without being found out shows that he's a force to be reckoned with."

NH

Wolf's Greed suggested, "Zeke, can you try to hack the password?"

He knew that Zeke's hacking skills were top in the nation.

Yet Zeke shook his head, "This door is protected by the most advanced Wilson Security System. If we forcibly break it or attempt to hack it, it will automatically self-destruct. When that happens, the Spirit Stone mine, or even the entire mountain, would be destroyed."

So, what now?

Wolf's Greed concluded dejectedly, "Since we can't break it or open it, we can only watch as the Spirit Stone mine is right in front of us."

Zeke took a deep breath and replied, "If we can't open it, the enemy can't either. Perhaps this is the best way to protect the Spirit Stone mine. Let's preserve the current state. You guys surround the perimeter and don't let any suspicious person come close. In addition, announce to the world that the Great Marshal will be protecting the Spirit Stone mine himself. I will not be taking prisoners. Hopefully, word hasn't gotten out about my life force being damaged beyond repair."

Wolf's Greed suggested, "Zeke, why don't we sneak you back into the Cygnus Room to restore your life force? Since we're making an empty threat, it shouldn't matter whether you're physically here or not."

Zeke sighed. My life force has been irreversibly

NH

destroyed. Even the Cygnus Room won't be able to save me, unless... unless a miracle were to happen.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

The Great Marshal shall cease to exist as of today. If and only if I managed to find a successor before this!

Wolf's Greed led his men to patrol the perimeter.

Meanwhile, Zeke meditated near the stone door in an attempt to absorb the energy and repair his life force.

Moments later, he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

His life force had been damaged so severely that he could not even take in a small fraction of the universal energy.

He nearly got overwhelmed by it and died on the spot.

Power-wise, he was back to square one.

Even if he found the Spirit Stone mine, there was nothing he could do.

...

Meanwhile, at the Prince's Residence, Atheville.

The Prince's Residence was in the central district of Atheville, a stone's throw away from Glasbury, showing how important the owner was.

The owner of Prince's Residence was Chris Black.

He was a hero of the older generation who achieved many feats in war. His power level was

NH

not King class, but the people still hailed him as a king either way!

His reputation and influence were on par with the Great Marshal.

However, he had long since retired and chose not to meddle with politics, and his favorite pastime was fishing in his pond.

On that day, while Chris was fishing, a man dressed in black rushed forward and bowed down to him.

He greeted him, "Good day, sir. This is code 003."

Upon closer inspection, it was not difficult to notice that this man was the one who witnessed the Great Marshal coughing up blood.

Back then, Zeke was fighting off the Four Great Ninjas at a department store while expanding his life force.

After saving Missy Williams, he bolted to the washroom to cough up blood.

This scene happened in full view of Code 003.

Chris glanced at him and nodded, "Rise and state your business."

Code 003 got up and reported, "Sir, I've noticed that the Great Marshal coughed up blood after a major battle. He was staggering and was obviously pale. I suspect that his life force has been damaged."

NH

What?

Chris' hand trembled and stared at Code 003 in shock. He queried, "Is this true?"

Code 003 reported, "I witnessed it myself."

Good! Chris finally smiled, "Zeke Williams, now that your life force is damaged, you're no match for me. I'd like to see you try to snatch the Spirit Stone mine from me."

The Spirit Stone mine was discovered by Chris a few years back. However, the mine had not matured yet, so he sealed it with a stone door and a lock.

He had intended to absorb the energy for himself and attain King class.

When that happened, he would truly be invincible.

Even the Great Marshal would have no choice but to admit defeat.

Yet to his dismay, just as the mine was about to mature, Zeke discovered it.

Even so, he had not attempted to seize control of it knowing that he was no match for the legendary Great Marshal.

However, now that he had received news of the Great Marshal's life force being damaged, he was confident that he could win.

The King class was within his grasp.

NH

Chris inquired, “What’s the status of the Spirit Stone mine at the moment?”

Code 003 reported, “It is currently being guarded by General Cosmopolis and the military. They prohibit all unauthorized personnel from approaching it.”

Chris frowned. If I attack General Cosmopolis, I’ll be loathed by the public if they find out who I am. I can’t be sure that General Cosmopolis won’t be able to recognize me.

Code 003 continued, “Sir, I still have something to report.”

“Carry on,” Chris replied.

Code 003 stated, “Pike, who had gone to seize the Spirit Stone mine, has died under the Great Marshal’s hands. Before he died, he sent the news regarding the Spirit Stone mine all over the Dark Web. Now, all major international organizations know that there is a Spirit Stone mine in Eurasia and are itching to make a move.”

When Code 003 said this, a glint appeared in Chris’ eyes.



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NH

“Looks like the fool, Pike, helped me to accomplish something before he died. If all major international Organizations start to attack Eurasia in order to seize the Spirit Stone mine, I can slip in during the chaos and steal the Spirit Stone. They will never suspect me since they’ll naturally think that an overseas organization did it! Have they made a move yet?”

Code 003 replied, “They have not. As of now, foreign forces have not received news that the Great Marshal’s life force has been damaged. They would not dare to make a move for fear of the Great Marshal’s power.”

Chris instructed, “Let the word out that the Great Marshal’s life force has been damaged, and his skills are no better than an ordinary man. Let them be daring enough to steal the Spirit Stone.”

Code 003 was stunned and looked up at Chris.

He could not believe his ears. Chris is openly attracting our enemies to attack Eurasia just for personal gain? Chris is the guardian of Eurasia! How could he do something like that?

After Code 003 confirmed that he had not misunderstood Chris’ intentions, he carried out the instructions and spread the word that the Great Marshal’s life force had been damaged.

...

The news of the discovery of a Spirit Stone mine in Eurasia shook the world.

NH

Many major international forces, and even countries, started to keep an eye on Eurasia.

What did the Spirit Stone mine mean to a warrior?

It meant that they had a chance to attain King Class and dominate the globe.

They would be invincible!

This was tempting to most people, but at the same time, they did not dare to attack.

With the Great Marshal in Eurasia, they did not stand a chance.

They could only lament their bad luck.

However, another piece of news shocked the world once again.

The Great Marshal's life force had been damaged and was now an ordinary man.

Eurasia without the Great Marshal was akin to a bee without its stinger.

It was not a threat at all!

Suddenly, there was a major shift in international focus.

Countless forces congregated at Eurasia's borders, ready to invade at any time.

Wolf's Greed reported this to Zeke the moment he received the news.

NH

Zeke sighed, “Looks like we didn’t manage to keep it under wraps after all. The person who spread this had better not let me find out who he is. Otherwise, I’ll massacre his entire family! How’s the situation at the border?”

Wolf’s Greed replied, “It’s not going well.” We’re surrounded by countless foreign forces poised to strike at any moment. If they all attack at once, our current troops are no match for them.”

Zeke decided, “Shift all our manpower to the borders. Hopefully, we can contain the threat. Otherwise, I’ll destroy the Spirit Stone mine. If the Spirit Stone mine falls into the hands of the enemy, a disaster will befall Eurasia.”

Wolf’s Greed nodded, “Got it.”

Suddenly, there was a series of gunshots from outside the cave.

Zeke and Wolf’s Greed’s face fell. Damn it, that was fast! There are already enemies attacking the Spirit Stone mine?

Wolf’s Greed’s second-in-command rushed over and reported, “Sir, the top mercenaries of Tartaglia, Blacksnake Squad, have invaded. They ignored our warnings and continued approaching the mine. We had no choice but to shoot.”

Wolf’s Greed muttered, “Blacksnake Squad, huh? That’s the twentieth-ranked mercenary organization. Their leader, Cobra, is Gold Archduke class. I heard that they had snuck into Eurasia sometime back. Looks like our intel is

NH

correct. When news of the Spirit Stone mine was leaked, they were still in Eurasia, so they had a chance to strike.”



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NH

Zeke patted Wolf's Greed on the shoulder, "Annihilate them to deter any other invaders. You should be able to take care of the Blacksnake Squad on your own, right?"

Wolf's Greed got up and saluted, "Rest assured, Great Marshal. I, Wolf's Greed, will make sure not a single man returns alive."

Wolf's Greed rushed off.

Soon, the sounds of firing became even more intense.

Zeke closed his eyes in a last-ditch attempt to absorb the energy with the remainder of his life force...

More accurately, the empty shell that his life force had left behind.

However, the results were disappointing.

His life force was too weak to withstand the spiritual energy.

Sigh!

Zeke headed outside. Looks like there's no hope of recovering my life force. In that case, I might as well make a final burst and use the remainder of my life force to kill the enemy. It's an honor to die protecting my country.

Zeke took a seat outside the cave.

The fighting outside the cave was especially

NH

intense.

Wolf's Greed did not lack the firepower and soon overwhelmed the enemy.

However, Wolf's Greed's men had suddenly stopped shooting.

"What's going on?" Zeke inquired.

Wolf's Greed spat, "Darn it! The Blacksnake group used a bunch of old civilians as a shield. If we shoot, we'd be killing civilians."

Darn it! Zeke cursed under his breath. By dragging civilians into this, the Blacksnake group has violated the Greeneva Convention! Well, that's to be expected, given that the Spirit Stone mine is at stake here.

Cobra, the leader of the Blacksnake Squad, yelled, "People of Eurasia, listen up! I give you one minute to clear a path for us to enter. For every minute you wait, I'll kill one civilian. Do as you see fit."

Zeke and Wolf's Greed scowled. If we made way, the Spirit Stone mine would be lost. However, if we didn't... Are we just going to watch as they kill civilians?

Zeke instructed, "Clear a path."

Wolf's Greed panicked, "But, the Spirit Stone mine..."

Zeke assured him, "Don't worry. If we can't open

NH

the Spirit Stone mine, then neither can they. If they force their way in, the Spirit Stone mine will self-destruct, and they won't be able to obtain it either."

"Alright," Wolf's Greed relented and made the command.

Soon, the Blacksnake Squad walked in with a bunch of civilians held hostage.

They were all the old and weak, so they were particularly frail.

With the shock from being held hostage, they had turned pale and started trembling. A few of the elderly had difficulty breathing and would even collapse at any moment.

The one leading them was Cobra.

He was a dark-skinned, bearded, middle-aged man.

He had a domineering presence befitting of a Silver Archduke class.

At this moment, Zeke was still seated by the cave.

Cobra snapped, "Who are you? Get out now, or I'll kill the civilians!"

Zeke smirked and took out the Great Marshal's Seal.

"Great Marshal!" Cobra's face fell and shrieked. "You're the Great Marshal!"

NH

When they heard the words ‘Great Marshal’, the civilians had their hopes up.

To them, the Great Marshal was the pillar of the nation and could definitely protect their lives.

They immediately knelt down and begged, “Great Marshal, please save us!”

Yet, at that moment, Zeke was frustrated at his own incompetence.



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NH

Cobra soon regained his composure, “Hah, I heard that the Great Marshal’s life force was damaged. He’s now no more than a mere ordinary man. Looks like that really is the case. Your heart rate is in a mess, your face is pale, and your breathing is irregular. Even a commoner can beat you, so get lost before I kill you.”

Zeke smiled, “Even with my life force damaged and all my skills gone, I can still crush you with a single finger.”

How outrageous!

Cobra yelled, “I’ll teach you a lesson today then. I, Cobra, will kill the Great Marshal today. The name Cobra shall be known all over the world!”

Cobra had always been obsessed with killing the Great Marshal. Now that he had the chance, he would not let it go.

The Spirit Stone mine can wait. It’s not going anywhere. As long as I have these civilians hostage, taking the Spirit Stone will be a piece of cake.

With that, Cobra approached Zeke with killing intent, crushing every rock he stepped on to dust.

At the same time, Zeke got up but with much difficulty. He gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and attempted to burn up the remainder of his life force.

“No!” Wolf’s Greed yelled.

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If the Great Marshal didn't do that, then he can still live a normal life. However, if he burned up the remainder of his life force, he'd end up as a cripple or might even die on the spot! He's already sacrificed so much for Eurasia. There's no reason for him to give up his life as well!

However, it was too late.

Zeke had converted all of his life force into power.

His power level now was that of the Silver Archduke Class.

Cobra bolted towards Zeke and punched him.

Zeke intercepted the attack with both hands.

Bam!

Zeke was sent flying.

He was now a Silver Archduke class, but Cobra was Gold Archduke class.

Although they were only one level apart, the difference in power was overwhelming.

"Hahaha, is this all the Great Marshal is capable of? Get up!" Cobra taunted and hit Zeke again.

Zeke was sent flying and shattered a boulder into pieces.

"Hey, cripple, let's go again!" Cobra laughed and threw a rock at Zeke.

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He had stricken the point where Zeke's life force converged.

The rock shattered into pieces, but Zeke was pummeled into the ground as well.

After that, he was unable to move.

The prisoners that the Blacksnake Squad held trembled in fear. How could the Great Marshal be such a pushover? We're dead!

Wolf's Greed knelt down in sorrow.

The other warriors went on their knees as well.

It was a sign of respect and awe to mark the passing of the Great Marshal.

Zeke felt his mind slowly going blank.

His life force was gone without a trace.

He could almost feel his soul leaving his empty shell of a body.

Is this death? I failed to protect Eurasia! I didn't even manage to protect these elderly!

Just as he was about to give up, Cobra taunted, "Is that really the Great Marshal, the guardian of Eurasia? I'll kill civilians right in front of your eyes! What can you do about that?"

A ear-piercing scream filled the air.

With this strong stimulus, Zeke, who was about to

NH

die, forced his eyes open.

His eyes were filled with blood.

He opened his eyes and saw Cobra killing an elderly man.

The man lay onto the ground, and his eyes stared at Zeke. Those were eyes filled with spite and disbelief.

He did not understand why the Great Marshal could not even protect a single old man.

Cobra was surprised, "I didn't expect you to survive that. Perfect timing. I'll let you watch as I massacre them!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Cobra pointed his knife at another civilian.

“Stop it!” Wolf’s Greed roared.

He pointed his gun at Cobra, “I’ll kill you!”

Cobra placed a hostage in front of him and threatened, “Shoot! I dare you! Are you capable of killing one of your own?”

F***!

Wolf’s Greed could not possibly fire, and his heart wrenched.

“Hahaha!” Cobra’s laughter filled the entire cave.

A drop of blood seeped into Zeke’s eyes.

This stained Zeke’s entire vision red and blurred his eyesight.

He could vaguely see countless of enemies attacking Eurasia’s borders.

He saw the Alpha Suicide Squad annihilated during war.

Countless enemies invaded Eurasia and committed unspeakable war crimes.

Young men were forced into labor.

Young women were forced into prostitution.

Elderly and children were killed in cold blood.

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As the corpses piled up to the height of mountains and the rivers were stained red with blood, Eurasia would end up as a wasteland where dogs fed on the flesh of corpses.

It was a living hell!

A living hell where Missy and Lacey would live in!

No, I can't fall. Not now! Even if I die, I'll die in the battlefield, contributing to the defense of the nation!

The strong will to live made him take a deep breath.

What happened next was nothing short of a miracle.

With that deep breath, he absorbed a faint trace of the energy coming out from the other side of the door.

It flowed into his organs, relieving his pain by a lot.

This told Zeke that he would be able to survive by breathing alone.

Zeke breathed heavily without restraint, and the energy flowed into his body, nourishing him.

Gradually, the pain slowly dissipated, and his body started to recover.

When his body was fully restored, the spiritual energy no longer spread across his physical body

NH

but accumulated in the center where his life force once was.

The energy accumulated caused Zeke's abdomen to hurt, but he ignored the pain and continued absorbing the goodness in.

Just as the energy had accumulated to the point of bursting, there was a change in the quality of energy. It was now condensed into a solid state and formed a round object.

This is... Life force? Life force created by compressing energy!

The moment his life force was restored, it rapidly reconstructed Zeke's physical body!

Zeke's physical body was undergoing a transformation at an insane speed.

From a commoner to a warrior, to an expert, to a top fighter.

Finally, he leapt into the Bronze Archduke class, Silver Archduke class, Gold Archduke class, Platinum Archduke class, and finally broke through the Archduke class, attaining a level he had never reached before

At the same time, Zeke's mental state underwent an overwhelming change.

After he attained a new power level, he no longer cared solely about Eurasia, but the entire world.

He saw all enemies of Eurasia turning into dust

NH

and warriors all over the world worshipping himself as a king.

King!

King class!

Zeke knew that with that metamorphosis, he had attained King class.

He was the first man in three thousand years to accomplish this.

In that moment, Zeke finally understood.

In order to attain King class, he had to destroy his physical life force and replace it with a life force generated purely by this energy!

At the same time, he had to ascend his thinking.

Instead of protecting his nation, he had to protect all humans!

At that point of time, every single cell in his body was overflowing with energy.

He felt like he was bursting with power.

It was as though his punches could warp space and time itself!

Soon after that, he opened his eyes gently and fixated his gaze on Cobra.

“Impossible!” Cobra exclaimed when he met Zeke’s eyes and fell back in shock.



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NH

The moment he met eyes with Zeke, he thought he had met a true god who killed ruthlessly.

One glance struck immense fear to the bottom of his heart.

What's going on? Isn't this guy on the brink of death? How did he revive so quickly? His gaze is horrifying!

Zeke spat, "Let's continue."

Cobra feigned composure and yelled, "Bastard, why won't you just stay down? This time, I'll break every bone in your body!"

I'll kill you!

Cobra charged towards Zeke with a knife in his hand.

When he entered the one-meter radius of Zeke, Zeke yelled, "Kneel before me!"

Zeke had not exerted much force, but the breath that he exhaled turned into a merciless vortex that ripped Cobra's clothes apart.

The pressure exuded by Zeke weighed down on Cobra like a mountain.

Unable to withstand it, Cobra fell onto his knees.

Although it was not directed at them, everyone present took some splash damage as well and knelt down, including the Blacksnake Squad.

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He managed to make thousands of men kneel before him with a single sentence.

This presence was akin to the birth of a new King!

Zeke, had been reborn as a king.

He broke through his limits and ascended to King class from being a cripple!

Wolf's Greed exclaimed, "Great Marshal, congratulations on attaining King class!"

The other soldiers echoed, "Congratulations on attaining King class!"

The sound echoed across the mountains.

Cobra and the Blacksnake Squad knelt before Zeke, "The Blacksnake Squad surrenders to the Great Marshal. We're willing to do anything to mend our ways!"

The Blacksnake Squad had been scared into surrendering when faced with a King class.

Zeke picked up a single pebble from the ground.

He yelled, "You killed a civilian from Eurasia. You deserve death!"

He then flicked the pebble at Cobra and penetrated his skull. After that, the pebble continued in its trajectory and pierced a boulder as well.

Cobra fell in a pool of his own blood.

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When the rest of them saw what happened, the entire Blacksnake Squad was trembling in fear. They did not dare to move or even think about fighting back.

Wolf's Greed inquired, "What should we do about the rest of the Blacksnake Squad?"

Zeke mulled over it and beckoned Wolf's Greed over, "Follow me."

Zeke then brought Wolf's Greed into the cave.

He queried, "Wolf's Greed, who do you think benefits the most from leaking intel that I've been injured and letting foreigners invade?"

Wolf's Greed was lost in thought.

"It shouldn't be a foreigner. If they knew you were injured, they'd surely keep it to themselves. They're just inviting competition for the Spirit Stone mine."

Zeke nodded, "I suspect that a local did it as well. It's highly likely that it was the man who set up this mechanism and the door. They would attract foreign enemies to cause chaos and unlock the passcode to access the Spirit Stone mine."

Wolf's Greed nodded, "That's highly likely."

Zeke decided, "Let's set some bait for this mastermind then."

"Alright."

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After that, Wolf's Greed and Zeke exited the cave.

The crowd bowed to Zeke once again.

Zeke asked the Blacksnake Squad, "Do you want to live, or die?"

"We want to live!" the Blacksnake Squad replied in fear.

Zeke announced, "Very well then, I'll let you go. However, there is one condition. Spread the word that the Great Marshal was injured severely and can no longer battle. Also, do mention that the Blacksnake Squad managed to obtain fifty kilograms of the Spirit Stone and left."

"Alright, got it!" the Blacksnake Squad nodded.



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NH

Zeke said, "Get lost."

The Blacksnake Squad beat a hasty retreat.

Zeke wasn't worried that they would go back on their word as they wouldn't have the guts to stand a strong fighter up.

He wanted to bring the foreign enemies in and lure the culprit to steal from the Spirit Stone mine.

Because if he attempted to steal, he would be caught.

Zeke looked at the group of civilians. "I'm sorry, everyone, I've failed to protect you and put you in such a frightening situation. There are even casualties."

He then said to Wolf's Greed, "Wolf's Greed, compensate them according to the highest standards."

Wolf's Greed replied, "Roger that."

The commoners knelt down before Zeke again with a pious attitude, as if they were worshipping a god.

For them, the Great Marshal was God.

A little boy, with determination in his clear eyes, clenched his fists and secretly swore. Sooner or later, I'll also become a strong man like the Great Marshal!

Zeke turned around and instructed Wolf's Greed,

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“Tell the Alpha Suicide Squad to feign defeat and let the enemy in.”

Understood!

On the same day, a piece of breaking news quickly swept across the world.

A lesser-known mercenary group, Blacksnake Squad, took the lead in stealing from the Spirit Stone mine.

However, they didn't encounter any resistance during the whole process and left with dozens of kilograms of Spirit Stone smoothly.

As for the Great Marshal, whose life force was damaged and abilities were all lost, he could only watch from the side and did nothing!

People around the world were excited.

It seemed that the Great Marshal had really been crippled.

The fact that even an incompetent mercenary group like the Blacksnake Squad could get the Spirit Stone and return with a good haul made those who were stronger than the Blacksnake Squad believe that they could also get the Spirit Stone.

As a result, all the forces lurking on the border were unable to withstand the temptation anymore. Soon after, they made their moves one after another to attack the border of Eurasia.

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To their surprise, the border of Eurasia was much weaker than they thought.

Without many sacrifices, they broke through the border smoothly.

These groups of forces had only one goal in mind, which was the imperial mausoleum in Devonville!

They did not go elsewhere to create havoc but rushed all the way to the imperial mausoleum in Devonville instead.

Fortunately, the higher-ups of Eurasia had made preparations early and evacuated all the villages that would be on their way.

Thousands or even more hostile and powerful forces broke into the territory of Eurasia, causing intense panic among the civilians.

As the Great Marshal had had his life force being damaged and became an average man, the people wondered if Eurasia was able to stop this wave of enemies.

If not, will we be put at the mercy of others?

Some people were happy, while some were worried. But the happiest among them was none other than Chris Black, the Prince of Prince's Residence.

So far, his plan was progressing smoothly.

The area around Devonville was now in chaos, so he could take advantage of the chaos to go and

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get the Spirit Stone.

He was not in a hurry to get to Devonville and first went to a well-hidden underground secret base instead.

This secret base was built by Chris on his own.

There were a lot of good fighters in it - with five being on par with an Archduke.

He led these five Archduke-level powerhouses towards the imperial mausoleum in Devonville.

The previously desolated Devonville saw the huge influx of countless hostile powerhouses overnight.

In order to deal with these enemies and defend the Spirit Stone mine, Eurasia mobilized all the forces available to be stationed here.

Even so, its defense was still overstretched because the enemies were too powerful.

It was rumored that dozens of them were of the Archduke class, and one was even a Platinum Archduke.

Meanwhile, there was no more Platinum Archduke in Eurasia after the Great Marshal had had his life force damaged.

In a temporary command base, Zeke glanced at the battlefield and said indifferently, "The overall situation is in chaos now. The culprit should show up soon to steal the Spirit Stone amid the

NH

commotion. I'll go and wait at the mausoleum while you continue to hold back the enemy. Remember, safety first, so don't put your life in danger while fighting. If you really can't handle it, just let the enemy in, and I will kill them with my own hands."



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NH

“Roger that!” Wolf’s Greed nodded his head.

Now that the Great Marshal was at the King class, he wasn’t bothered by these enemies at all.

From the moment this group of people broke into the territory of Eurasia, they were destined to see the end for them.

Meanwhile, a speedboat was speeding along a river far from the war zone.

There were six people on the speedboat, all of whom were masked men in diving gear.

These six people were Chris and the five men he brought along.

The speedboat stopped when it was about one kilometer away from the war zone.

Chris said, “There’s a natural underground karst cave under this river, which leads to the tunnel towards the imperial mausoleum. Let’s enter the imperial mausoleum through the cave. If there are guards, you’ll be responsible for holding off the enemy while I get the Spirit Stone. If no one is guarding, we’ll take the Spirit Stone together. Is there any objection?”

The five men quickly shook their heads.

“Alright then.” Chris nodded his head. “Let’s go.”

The five men immediately jumped into the water, headed towards the imperial mausoleum through the underground cave.

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Of course, they didn't forget to blow up the speedboat before leaving so as not to be found out by other people.

As the underground cave was rugged and narrow, they only reached the end after wandering for about half an hour.

Located at the end of the cave was the entrance of the imperial mausoleum.

They were in the tunnel, and yet they could hear the incessant gunfire from outside.

With that, they believed that there was most likely no one here as the defense was concentrated on guarding against foreign enemies out there.

Chris led the group to go deep into the tunnel.

They really did not run into any obstacles along the way.

Because of that, Chris was delighted, as he was one step away from achieving the King class.

Soon, they came to the end of the cave, where there was a stone door with a passcode lock.

The stone door was also left unguarded.

After Chris had confirmed that there was nothing unusual, he walked to the stone door and inputted a series of complicated codes.

Whoosh whoosh!

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A dull and loud grating sound was heard as the two sides of the stone door slowly opened up from the middle.

Following that, a strong rush of spiritual energy immediately greeted them.

Chris was so excited that tears welled up in his eyes.

This stone door is my gateway to achieving the King class!

“Let’s go inside.” Chris led his men to walk inside.

“What took you so long?” Suddenly, they heard someone sighing in the narrow cave!

Buzz!

Chris and his men instantly flew into a state of panic.

There’s someone else here!

But the six of us are actually unaware of it.

No way. The fact that even six Archdukes can’t detect the existence of him means that he should at least be at a class higher than an Archduke!

King class?

But none has achieved King class in this world!

A dark silhouette slowly walked out from the shadow.

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Dressed in black with black gauze covering his face, the man was light on his feet and produced no sound when he walked.

The most terrifying thing was that he exuded no presence at all, like he was a dead man!

Yes, only dead people can go beneath our radar!

But then again, he can walk and move, so how is it possible that he's a dead man?

Besides, he has just said, "What took you so long?", so is this a trap?

Did he purposely lure us here?

Chris's heart sank.

At this time, he had made up his mind to escape.

He must run away and keep his identity a secret, even if it meant giving up on the Spirit Stone.

"Who are you?" Chris asked solemnly.

"Someone who wants you dead," Zeke said indifferently. "Raise your hands to surrender, or face your death!"

Of course, Chris wouldn't surrender himself without putting up a fight.

He immediately instructed his men, "Go get him!"

The six of them charged at Zeke.

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While approaching Zeke, Chris suddenly turned around and tried to escape.

Although he didn't know the opponent's ability, he felt threatened.

He couldn't risk exposing his identity.



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NH

Therefore, the most sensible choice at the moment was to sacrifice five of his companions and escape by himself.

Zeke remained calm in the face of the five Archdukes.

He only let out a sudden shout when the five men came near him, "Kneel!"

His angry roar, laced with a powerfully intimidating pressure, thundered through the air from all directions.

The five Archdukes who were about to attack Zeke were startled and involuntarily kneeled.

Even Chris, who had escaped more than ten meters away, felt a crushing pressure on his body as his legs turned to jelly, and he could not help but stop dead in his tracks.

He is... too powerful!

With merely an angry roar, he actually makes the five Archdukes kneel and stopped me, a Platinum Archduke!

King class!

The man in front of me has actually achieved King class!

Oh god, since when did Eurasia have a King class warrior?

An unprecedented despair and fear crept over

NH

Chris.

However, his strong desire to survive quickly calmed him down.

“Use your life force and stop him.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the five Archdukes raised their hands and slapped their lower abdomen.

They wanted to damage their life force and forcefully increase their strength.

They were actually a group of loyal fighters kept by Chris. In fact, they could sacrifice their lives for him at critical moments, let alone damaging their life force.

After the five Archdukes damaged their life forces, their strengths were instantly boosted to the strength of a Platinum Archduke.

It was conceivable how powerful the five Platinum Archdukes were in a fight.

Even Zeke, who had achieved King class, felt a lot of pressure.

“You’ll die!” Zeke gritted his teeth and went after Chris.

He’s the culprit, so I must catch him.

The five Archdukes took action to stop Zeke, but Zeke didn’t have time to face them head-on, lest the culprit escaped.

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He kicked a big rock into pieces, and innumerable gravel was sent flying towards the five Archdukes like a meteor shower.

The five Archdukes immediately went up to parry the 'meteor shower' of gravel.

Taking this opportunity, Zeke forced his way out of their encirclement successfully.

One of the Archdukes was even knocked over by Zeke, who then chased after Chris.

The initial distance of hundred meters between the two of them was shortened to fifty meters by Zeke in the blink of an eye.

Seeing that he was about to be caught, Chris threw a bomb behind him without hesitation.

Boom!

After a deafening sound of the explosion, the cave collapsed, and the debris blocked Zeke's path.

Clouds of dust wafted in the air, causing Zeke unable to see anything.

Damn it!

Zeke frantically threw punches to smash the debris that was blocking his way.

After he had punched his way through the debris to go after Chris, Chris was long gone.

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Alas!

Zeke sighed, feeling dejected that he still failed to catch the man.

That guy is really desperate. Wasn't he worried that the bomb would make this cave collapse completely?

Zeke headed back.

Under the stone door, the five Archdukes were laying limb on the ground, with a look of despair and fear on their faces.

Their strength could only last for three minutes after they damaged their life force.

After three minutes, they would be crippled and would not even be able to stand.

Zeke walked up to them and took off their veils.

When lifted, the veils revealed five unfamiliar faces.

Zeke was confused.

He knew all of the Archdukes in Eurasia.

Yet, he did not know any of these men before him.

Are they being trained privately?

The man must be so powerful that he's able to secretly train five Archdukes.

NH

However, Zeke didn't have time to dwell on it.

After knocking out the five Archdukes, he walked towards the opening of the cave.

The top priority now was to get rid of the thousands of invading foreign enemies.

As time went by, more soldiers might die.

Zeke arrived at the opening of the cave and saw that the battle was raging outside.

The enemy was too powerful, forcing the soldiers of Eurasia to keep falling back.

Therefore, the enemy was now less than two kilometers away from the opening of the cave.



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NH

Zeke got Wolf's Greed to see him. "Wolf's Greed, get everyone to retreat and let the enemy in."

"Zeke, the enemy is very powerful, and there's even a Platinum Archduke. Can you..." Wolf's Greed trailed off, looking worried.

He was worried that Zeke could not keep the enemy at bay due to their large number.

"It's okay," Zeke assured him.

Seeing that Zeke was full of confidence, Wolf's Greed felt a sense of relief.

After all, he believed in Zeke.

Hence, he immediately ordered the soldiers to retreat.

The soldiers feigned defeat and fell back.

The big troop of enemies soon came to the cave opening.

The overwhelming team of powerful fighters, exuding a strong murderous intent, was immensely intimidating.

If an average person were to face them, they would already be scared to death.

Meanwhile, Zeke waited at the opening of the cave alone, looking like a one-man wrecking crew.

The leader of the enemy team was the king of mercenaries of the United States, a Platinum

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Archduke, Bill.

Bill looked at Zeke with an indifferent look on his face. “Hey, kid, your comrades have retreated. Why are you still holding on?”

“I’m upholding justice and sovereignty,” replied Zeke.

Pfft!

Everyone burst into laughter.

“Who gave you the courage to talk about justice in front of me?” Bill mocked.

“I know him. He’s the Great Marshal of Eurasia,” someone shouted.

The crowd was thrown into uproar.

“So he’s the Great Marshal. No wonder he dared to be so arrogant.”

“If he was in his heyday, he might be able to threaten us. But he’s now crippled, so we don’t need to be afraid of him.”

Bill sneered. “You know, Great Marshal, it’s always been my dream to kill you with my own hands. My dream will come true now. Thank you for giving me this opportunity. Haha. The Great Marshal is mine. None of you should take him away from me.”

As soon as Bill finished speaking, he rushed up to Zeke.

NH

He was as fast as a car as he stirred up a strong gust of wind.

Standing at the cave opening, Zeke remained still and indifferent, without even the slightest change in his expression.

It was not until Bill was inches away from him that he finally moved.

He raised his hand and gave Bill a slap on the cheek in a seemingly casual manner.

Smack!

The clear and loud sound of slapping filled the air.

Then, Bill, who was sprinting all the way, fell to the ground, head-first.

At the same time, Zeke raised his right foot and stepped on Bill's head.

Bill's skull was crushed on the spot while the brain matter and blood splattered all over the place. The two of his eyeballs were even being thrust out of their sockets. They were flung onto the branch nearby, swaying in the wind.

The noisy crowd abruptly quieted down.

Everyone widened their eyes as they gaped at the scene in disbelief.

The king of mercenaries of the United States, a Platinum Archduke, was actually defeated by Zeke in one move and had his head crushed by

NH

the latter.

F*ck, this is so unbelievable!

Has the Great Marshal really been crippled like what the rumor said?

No, even at his peak, the Great Marshal isn't as strong as he is now!

They then thought of the imposing aura that Zeke exuded when he made his move, which far surpassed that of an Archduke.

A horrifying and bold idea popped into everyone's head.

The Great Marshal has achieved the King class!

Thud! Thud!

One enemy after another kneeled before Zeke.

For them, a person at the King class was a God!

Thus, it was only natural to kneel before a God.

Of course, only a few got down on their knees.

More enemies were still standing tall and discussing the matter enthusiastically, with the belief in strength in numbers.

"It only took a day for the Great Marshal to achieve King class as a cripple."

"The Spirit Stone mine is so powerful."

NH

“Since a cripple can even achieve King class, we definitely can too if we get the Spirit Stone mine.”

“Zeke Williams, the Spirit Stone mine belongs to all warriors, so you can’t keep it to yourself.”

“That’s right. Hand over the Spirit Stone mine.”



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NH

Zeke sneered. “What if I refuse to?”

“Then we’ll kill you and seize the Spirit Stone mine,” the crowd yelled. “So what if you’re in the King class? You’re also a human. With so many powerful warriors here, we can wear you out. Now that you have reached the King class, the Spirit Stone mine is of no use to you anymore. Don’t force us to get tough with you!”

Zeke chuckled. “Tough? I’d like to see how tough you can get today.”

“F*ck. You’re stubborn as a mule. Kill him!”

The Spirit Stone mine made this group of warriors see red as they rushed up to kill Zeke regardless of the consequences.

Clutching the Dragon King Sword, Zeke stood tall at the cave opening with a look of determination.

Soon, they clashed and engaged in a fierce battle.

Amid the flashing swords and clinking blades, blood was spilling everywhere.

The battle subsided in just ten minutes.

At this moment, a four-meter-high mountain of corpses had piled up at the opening of the cave, completely blocking the entrance.

Blood gathered into a small stream that was gurgling gently.

Even the survivors were covered in wounds, and

NH

none made it in one piece.

Meanwhile, Zeke was still standing tall and proud, without a wound on his body, his breathing stable. But the blade of the Dragon King Sword in his hand was already dented.

The hellish scene made the survivors shudder and drove them to the verge of breaking down!

A person in the King Class was so much stronger than they thought.

Earlier on, Zeke effortlessly got rid of the thousands of experts.

They didn't even have the chance to get near him, as they were all hurt by the blade of his sword.

Zeke slowly shifted his gaze from the dead to them.

They were all so frightened that they backed away and made a run for it.

After they turned around, they discovered that the army of Eurasia had surrounded them without them noticing.

The soldiers were aiming their guns at them.

With such a huge number of guns pointed at them, it was impossible for them to break through the encirclement.

Thud! Thud!

NH

One after another, the surviving enemy knelt before Zeke.

“Great Marshal, we’d like to surrender to you.”

“We’ll do anything for you, even die.”

“Please let us join you, Great Marshal.”

“We await your decision, Great Marshal,” Wolf’s Greed roared.

“Those who invade my nation will be punished no matter how far away they are!” replied Zeke.

“Kill them!”

“Kill them!”

The thunderous roar shook the earth.

The sound of unceasing gunshots, accompanied by screams and wails, filled the air.

The survivors were like losing their minds as they ran towards the guns, trying to escape.

They would rather face the bullet than the Great Marshal.

The gunfire lasted more than half an hour before it finally stopped.

Tens of thousands of enemies fell to the ground, dead.

Blood dyed everything red while the coppery smell

NH

of blood filled the air.

Wolf's Greed raised the flag slowly.

"Great Marshal, all the enemies that invade Eurasia have been wiped out completely."

"Alright." Zeke nodded his head slightly. "Come with me, Wolf's Greed."

"Yes, Sir!"

Wolf's Greed followed Zeke into the cave.

The five Archdukes were still unconscious.

Wolf's Greed gasped. "Zeke, how did they get in? I'm sorry that I've failed to secure the cave opening."

Zeke shook his head. "It's not your fault. There should be a hidden passageway in this cave, through which they might have entered. In fact, there were originally six Archdukes. But, the leader, a Platinum Archduke, successfully escaped."

"Oh, there is still a Platinum Archduke?" Wolf's Greed asked, "Do you know who is it?"

"I can't be sure right now. However, there are only a few Platinum Archdukes in Eurasia, so I will find him sooner or later." Zeke added, "By the way, the life forces of these five Archdukes are damaged. Take them to Cygnus Room and interrogate them."

NH



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NH

“Roger that!”

Wolf’s Greed immediately got his subordinates to drag away the five Archdukes.

The stone door had been opened by the Platinum Archduke who had escaped, so the two of them entered the mausoleum smoothly.

As soon as they stepped into it, a strong rush of spiritual energy immediately greeted them.

The deeper they went in, the stronger the spiritual energy was.

They could not help but walk faster.

However, they found two bodies halfway.

Both bodies had become mummified.

They were wearing the military uniforms of Eurasia with Eurasia’s old-fashioned rifles slung across their shoulders.

The expressions on the faces of Zeke and Wolf’s Greed turned grim.

It was bizarre to find two mummified bodies of Eurasian soldiers inside this imperial mausoleum, which had been sealed for thousands of years.

After Wolf’s Greed studied the bodies for a while, he whispered, “Zeke, have you noticed that this body looks like he was running out of the cave before he died?”

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“Yes, you’re right.” Zeke nodded his head.

He glanced deep into the cave. “There’s Spirit Stone mine in the depth of the cave. It stands to reason that they should run towards the mine. So why did they want to run out of the cave? Wolf’s Greed, check the cause of their death.”

Wolf’s Greed squatted down and began to inspect the bodies.

Soon, he found a bullet on the back of the body.

“Zeke, he was shot in the back and died. Also, this bullet was a bullet specially used by the Eurasian military.”

Huh?

Zeke took a deep breath.

Eurasian soldiers being killed by Eurasian bullets. What exactly had happened here?

“Let’s go!”

Zeke continued to go deeper into the cave with Wolf’s Greed.

The deeper they went in, the more bodies they saw.

Moreover, the bodies looked exactly the same as the bodies they had just seen earlier, as they were all wearing the military uniforms of Eurasia, and were shot in the back by the same bullets.

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When they came to the end of the cave, where the underground palace of the imperial mausoleum was, both of them were dumbfounded.

Mountain of bodies that were about five or six meters high was actually piled up in the spacious and flat underground palace!

These mummified bodies were all Eurasian soldiers.

Following an inspection, they realized that the soldiers were all shot and killed by Eurasian bullets.

There were at least tens of thousands of them!

Zeke and Wolf's Greed felt a sharp pain in their chest.

Damn it.

Why did tens of thousands of Eurasian soldiers die in this place for no reason?

They even got shot by the bullets of Eurasia.

What exactly had happened here?

Wolf's Greed couldn't bear such a sight, so he turned around and slammed his fist on the rock wall.

"Shit. I must find out the truth here at all costs."

"Could it be..." Gasping, Zeke suddenly thought of something and quickly moved a few bodies away

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to clear out a piece of ground.

Half-hidden in the soil was a few pieces of mature Spirit Stones.

This was the Spirit Stone mine.

Zeke gasped. "I understand now."

Wolf's Greed asked eagerly, "Do you know who did this, Zeke?"

"It must be the first person who discovered this Spirit Stone mine," Zeke stated.

"What makes you think so?" Wolf's Greed asked.

"The first person who discovered this place saw that the Spirit Stone mine wasn't mature yet, so he set on killing tens of thousands of Eurasian soldiers and used their blood and flesh to nourish this mine," Zeke explained. "In order not to be discovered by outsiders, he also used a passcode lock and stone door to seal off this place."

"What a wicked person."

Bastard!

Wolf's Greed gritted his teeth, his eyes all red.

The fact that someone actually killed Eurasian soldiers for a Spirit Stone mine is simply outrageous!

"Attention, General Cosmopolis," ordered Zeke.

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Wolf's Greed stood to attention. "General Cosmopolis, Wolf's Greed, at your service, Sir."

"You're now appointed as the person in charge of this case. Find out the identity of these soldiers at all costs. You're granted the highest authority to find out the real culprit and can make any decision before informing me!" Zeke declared.

"Yes, Sir!" replied Wolf's Greed.

Suddenly, there was a sound coming from the walkie-talkie of Wolf's Greed.

"What's the matter?" Wolf's Greed asked.

"General, there's an old man trying to break into the imperial mausoleum," the man replied.



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“Get him out of here,” Wolf’s Greed ordered.

“General, the man refused to cooperate and even attacked us. This man is a little unusual, so we can’t take him away by force,” replied the man on the walkie-talkie.

Huh?

Wolf’s Greed immediately became alert.

“Unusual? Is he friend or foe?”

“He looked like an ordinary Eurasian old man. However, he’s good at military boxing, and his level is that of a master. He should be a senior, so we...” the man trailed off.

Wolf’s Greed regained his composure. “I’m going out now. Keep him there.”

Then, he looked up at Zeke. “I’m going out to have a look, Zeke. With his master-level military boxing, he’s comparable with an Archduke. He should be a veteran soldier.”

Zeke was also curious, so he said, “Let’s go and take a look together.”

It’s rare to see someone who can reach the strength of an Archduke by merely practicing military boxing.

An ordinary expert needed to practice at least three types of moves before they could reach the Archduke class.

Zeke only knew one person who reached the

NH

Archduke class by merely practicing one type of moves, and that was Ares, who was practicing Ares Magical Arts.

The pair soon came to the opening of the cave.

A bedraggled, scruffy old man was kneeling at the cave opening, praying with a candle in his hands.

There was a pile of offerings and candles in front of him while he was mumbling something.

A few soldiers were standing vigilantly beside the scruffy old man, who turned a blind eye to them.

Wolf's Greed went up to him. "Sir, to whom are you paying homage?"

The old man ignored Wolf's Greed, as he continued to mutter under his breath with the candle in his hand.

Wolf's Greed pricked up his ears and listened carefully, but he didn't understand what the old man said at all.

Whereas Zeke became excited.

He was in the King class, and his five senses were much more sensitive than that of ordinary people. Hence, he understood the eulogy the old man was muttering.

What the old man said was, "Enjoy the offerings, buddies. Rest in peace."

He's paying homage to his buddies here!

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Could his buddies be the tens of thousands of soldiers whose bodies are found in the imperial mausoleum?

The old man knows the identities of those soldiers, and maybe he knows who killed them too!

Going up to the old man, Zeke squatted down beside him.

“Sir, can you tell me if you’re paying homage to the souls of the tens of thousands of soldiers? Why did they die here? Who killed them?”

Yet, the old man remained indifferent and continued to lit the candles.

Seeing his indifferent attitude, Wolf’s Greed became angry and wanted to use force, but Zeke gave him a look to stop him. He knew that this old man was not an ordinary man.

Therefore, the two of them simply stood on the side and quietly watched the old man pay homage to his friends.

Soon, the old man was done and slowly rose to his feet

He glanced at the cave meaningfully and said earnestly, “Buddies, our enemy has come to me. Just wait. I’ll be offering his head to you guys here and now!”

Then the old man cast his gaze on Zeke and said, “It’s either I kill you, or you kill me today! Show me

NH

your moves.”

Zeke was perplexed at once.

Judging from what the old man said - I was the murderer?

Tens of thousands of soldiers in the imperial mausoleum died at my hands?

Are you kidding me?

Wolf's Greed got irritated as well. “Have you gone senile, old man? He's famous for being a protective leader. It's impossible that he'll hurt his own people.”

“I've seen it with my own eyes. How could I be wrong?” said the old man angrily. “Time for you to die!”

The old man pounced on Zeke to attack.



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Wolf's Greed quickly stepped forward to block the old man, but Zeke gave him a look to stop him.

Zeke wanted to know whether this old man was really at the master level in military boxing.

The two of them quickly engaged in a fight.

In order to test the strength of the old man, Zeke only used ten percent of his strength and was evenly matched with the old man.

His military boxing was indeed at the master level.

What a talented man. Zeke had the idea of recruiting him.

He reaches the master level merely by practicing military boxing. Coupled with my guidance, he's likely to become the second King Class warrior in Eurasia or even in the world.

Just then, Zeke exerted half of his strength and sent the old man flying.

In the end, the old man was embedded into the crack between the rocks, unable to move.

"Tell me, who are those mummified bodies in the mausoleum? Why do you suspect that I'm the one who killed them?" asked Zeke.

"Stop playing dumb!" the old man roared angrily. "I only have my lack of skill to blame for the inability to avenge my comrades! I lost, so just kill me."

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Zeke knitted his brows, feeling troubled.

He could see that this old man wanted death.

The latter would rather die than tell the truth if Zeke were to interrogate him.

This is one tough nut to crack!

The old man was still struggling, but he couldn't move.

Seeing him like this, Wolf's Greed and countless soldiers laughed scornfully.

The old man was extremely mortified.

I've never been so humiliated in my life.

He bellowed, "B*****d, just kill me if you dare. I'd rather die than be humiliated!"

Then, Zeke gave Wolf's Greed a look.

Getting the message, Wolf's Greed hurriedly pulled the old man out of the crack between the stones.

Once the old man regained his freedom, he rushed towards Zeke again, who then smiled contemptuously and casually raised his hand to give the old man a slap.

Smack!

His palm landed on the old man's left cheek.

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The old man was knocked over to the ground and rolled around.

After his body stopped rolling, he spat out a mouthful of blood and broken teeth.

Arghhhh!

I'm really going to lose my mind.

This is humiliating!

This is utterly humiliating!

I, an old and dignified Archduke, have actually been slapped in the face by a young man.

This is downright embarrassing.

Unfortunately, I can't beat him...

Feeling furious, the old man turned around to leave. "Don't regret for not killing me now! Sooner or later, I'll kill you myself!"

"Stop right there! Do you think you can just leave like this after challenging my leader's authority? Do you know who he is?" Wolf's Greed yelled to stop him from leaving.

"He's nothing but the Great Marshal. What's so great about that?" retorted the old man.

Oh?

He still has the audacity to attack Zeke despite knowing his identity. What a gutsy old man.

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“Since you know his identity, answer his question now,” said Wolf’s Greed.

“Bah, kill me if you have the guts. I can’t believe you have the nerve to ask me the truth. You’re just playing the fool, aren’t you? Don’t you have any idea what you’ve done?” the old man scolded before walking away.

Wolf’s Greed was at his wit’s end. “Zeke, this old man is a stubborn old fool that never listens. It’s not easy to make him talk.”

Zeke took a deep breath. “Everyone has a weak spot. Find out his, and he will yield. Come on, let’s follow him.”

Wolf’s Greed immediately stopped him. “Why do we wander around with an old man instead of watching over the Spirit Stone mine, Zeke?”

“Find his weak spot, and get something on him. Let’s go,” replied Zeke.

The two of them followed the old man.



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The old man was furious, but he couldn't drive the two of them away, so he could only curse.

Zeke did not bother to respond.

But Wolf's Greed did not back down and kept trading insults with the old man.

Wolf's Greed was exceptionally good at swearing. It proved to be true, especially when the old man became livid and flared his nostrils after a while.

Seeing that he could not even get the better of Wolf's Greed in a shouting match, the old man had no choice but to shut up.

In the end, Zeke and Wolf's Greed followed the old man all the way back to a village called 'Fort Lisk'.

Located deep in the mountains, this village was hard to reach and isolated from the world.

At best, the scenery here was spectacular and beautiful, like a paradise; at worst, this place was synonymous with poverty and backwardness.

It was obvious that the old man was very prestigious in this village.

The children, who had been fooling around, stopped frolicking when they saw the old man, and respectfully called him 'Grandpa Collins'.

Whereas the adults bowed and greeted, "Mr. Collins".

The old man also took care of his own image.

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Before entering the village, he deliberately tidied up his clothes and washed his face.

He did not smile, yet only remained stern and upright along the way.

The old man eventually entered the grandest stone house in the village.

The furnishings in the house were extremely minimalist, but everything was neatly arranged and organized.

The most conspicuous thing in the room was a large altar located directly across the door.

There were tens of thousands of memorial tablets placed on the altar.

Amos Lisk.

Bobby Berry.

Payton Boyle.

These were most likely the memorial tablets of the soldiers who died unjustly in the imperial mausoleum.

The sight tugged at Wolf's Greed and Zeke's heartstrings.

The two of them lit candles, wanting to pay homage to them.

The old man, however, suddenly rushed up to them, grabbed and threw the candles to the

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ground to stamp them to pieces.

“Get out of here! You’re murderers, and you don’t deserve to pay homage to my comrades.”

F**k!

Wolf’s Greed was furious. “I told you. The deaths of your comrades have nothing to do with him!”

“I’m not gonna trust you again,” replied the old man.

Zeke frowned.

Judging from what the old man said, does it mean he trusted me before but was betrayed by me?

Are the deaths of these people related to the ‘trust’ of the old man back then?

Zeke couldn’t wait to find out the truth.

After thinking about it for a while, Zeke quickly came up with a plan.

He leaned in and carefully whispered his plan into Wolf’s Greed’s ears.

Upon hearing his plan, Wolf’s Greed looked reluctant as he said, “Isn’t this like a scam, Zeke? Haven’t you heard the saying that goes, don’t do unto others what you don’t want to be done unto you?”

“This is an order,” Zeke insisted.

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“Alright, then,” replied Wolf’s Greed sadly.

After taking a deep breath and adjusting his emotions, Wolf’s Greed abruptly thumped a table, pointed at the old man, and cursed, “How dare you old fart hook up with my wife? I’m gonna ruin you today.”

Pffft!

The old man spat out all the mouthful of tea he had just drunk.

“What f*cking nonsense are you talking about? When did I hook up with your wife? I’ve never even seen her.”

“I don’t care. I saw it with my own eyes anyway. I’m gonna ruin your reputation today,” Wolf’s Greed said.

Next, Wolf’s Greed walked to the door and yelled at the top of his lungs, “Guys, please do me justice. This old fart has been doing some nasty things and going around flirting with women. I’m gonna expose his facade today.”



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NH

Of course, Zeke ordered all these.

He noticed that the old man cared a great deal about his own reputation and image.

This was the old man's weak spot as well.

It enraged him to the point of almost vomiting blood. "Bastard, shut the hell up! This is slander, and you will suffer a horrible death!"

Wolf's Greed was quite smug. "You're right, I'm slandering you. But those villagers will never think the same."

He was about to shout again when the old man burst into a sob, "Shut your damn mouth! You're really a shameless hooligan! Alright, I'll tell you."

Wolf's Greed hurriedly closed the door and turned around.

It was quite embarrassing for him to announce that this old man was seducing his wife right in his house, anyway.

"Say it. Who were those soldiers that died?"

The old man was puzzled. "Do you really not know? Or are you just messing around with me?"

Zeke replied curtly, "Say it."

The old man replied, "They were the whole crew of the Seal Mercenary Team."

The Seal Mercenary Team!

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Zeke and Wolf's Greed's excitement were apparent when they heard the name.

The Seal Mercenary Team was very well-known back in those days.

Their leader was Tyler Collins, the master who coexisted with Ares.

One guarded the north while the other the south. They were known as the Taichi Duo. Like the Taichi symbol, the duo each represented the symbolic white and black characters.

Ares represented the white teardrop of the Taichi symbol, and the military appointed him as the Defense Minister.

On the other hand, Tyler represented the other half black teardrop of the Taichi symbol. His Seal Mercenary Team was an underground and illegal organization, not recognized by the military.

However, they committed no heinous wrongdoings and even assisted the military in annihilating their common enemies. The Seal Mercenary Team had achieved many impressive feats in the era of raging wars.

Hence, the military turned a blind eye to them.

“The Seal Mercenary Team was dismissed in the prime of their glory and disappeared before the public. Why did their bodies appear in the imperial mausoleum?”

The old man seemed to be agitated at the

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mention of it.

He cast a murderous gaze at Zeke and gritted through his teeth. “Dismissed? Disappeared? Hahaha! What a joke! When the Seal Mercenary Team was at the prime of our glory, you as the Great Marshal wanted to enlist us through amnesty by making an irresistible offer to us. We accepted the amnesty to keep Eurasia’s peace. However, we did not expect it to be a plot. After accepting the amnesty, you led us into the imperial mausoleum and massacred us. All 10,035 members of the Seal Mercenary Team were murdered, except for me.”

Zeke and Wolf’s Greed were horrified at the revelation.

The truth was stranger and dubious than they had imagined.

Zeke solemnly replied, “Then you must be Tyler Collins, the other half of the Taichi Duo, on par with Ares the Archduke.”

The old man nodded, “Yes, I am Tyler Collins.”

He seemed to be in a turmoil of emotions at the mention of his former glory.

He stood before the thousands of memorial tablets and paid his respects to his ten thousand elites.

He was still the Tyler Collins who wielded great influence back then.

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“Collins, I will swear by the Great Marshal’s name that I did not know a thing about the massacre of the Seal Mercenary Team back then. Of course, it was not me who ordered the massacre.” Zeke said earnestly.



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The old man replied, "But I witnessed you aiming your gun at my brothers."

"Someone could have disguised as me. I think someone impersonated me and lied to you guys," Zeke added.

The old man's face sank, and he let out a heavy sigh.

"Truth to be told, after knowing you for all these years, I don't think that you would have done something like this either. I concealed the truth because I wanted to observe your reaction and your personality. Based on your previous reaction, it seemed like you were really unaware. I think someone was impersonating you. However, who had the audacity to do so? Moreover, what was their intention in murdering all Seal Mercenary Team brothers?"

Zeke replied, "The impersonator's intention in leading the Seal Mercenary Team to the mausoleum was clear as day. The purpose was to use the flesh and blood of the soldiers to nourish the Spirit Stone mine. The culprit would be the one who first discovered the mine. Don't worry, I'll get to the bottom of this and do the Seal Mercenary Team justice. Mr. Collins, would you like to follow me back and avenge for your brothers personally?"

Tyler walked toward the door and let out a few heavy sighs.

"This village is full of my brothers' family and kin. I have been the one to safeguard them all these

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years. Certain parties might target them if I were to leave.”

Zeke replied, “This would be easy to solve.”

“The Seal Mercenary Team has contributed to the peace of Eurasia. They will be honored as martyrs posthumously. All their family members would enjoy the protection and benefits as befits the family members of martyrs. All their kin who are keen to enroll in the military will be admitted.”

Tyler widened his eyes in pleasant surprise. “Is this for real?”

“I would never lie,” Zeke replied.

Tyler was psyched to hear the offer and nodded his head repeatedly. “I accept the amnesty, and I will follow you back.”

Zeke was preparing to head back, accompanied by Wolf’s Greed and Tyler

At the same time, an innocent little girl barged in.

“Grandpa, Samantha’s wedding is about to begin. Uncle and Aunt want you to send her off.”

“Sure, sure. I will get there now,” Tyler smiled and replied amiably.

He turned around to face Zeke and Wolf’s Greed. “Gentlemen, would you like a drink?”

Zeke nodded. “I’d love to attend wedding receptions.”

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He knew exactly what Tyler was up to.

He's not actually asking me to attend the wedding reception. It's just that my presence, as the Great Marshal, would honor the bride and groom and make the reception merrier.

Zeke decided to do the Collins a favor.

They arrived at one of the villager's house.

All the villagers were family members of the Seal Mercenary Team.

Their men had sacrificed for duty. They were more united in view of this fact.

Their close-knit relationship made them seem like a family.

The whole village was there to witness Samantha getting married. The reception was bustling with people.

All of them came to greet Tyler as soon as he arrived.

Samantha's parents even gave out their seats for him.

Wolf's Greed was amazed. "This old man is quite reputable among the villagers. If I really were to accuse him of seducing my wife, he would have felt like death was more merciful for him."

Zeke felt guilty for having the intention to frame Tyler too.



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Am I going over the line?

Tyler contemplated for a bit and ordered for another two chairs in the end.

He arranged for Zeke to sit right at the center, with Wolf's Greed and himself by his two sides.

The villagers were puzzled and dissatisfied with the seating arrangements.

Who are those two fellas?

Why are they at the VIP seats?

One of the guys is even occupying the center seat in place of Mr. Collins.

Samantha's father was visibly annoyed. "Mr. Collins, the groom is going to be here soon. So, the wedding reception is about to begin. You'd better take the center seat for us to proceed with the reception. As for these two... Mr. Collins, how should Samantha address them later?"

Tyler was well aware that the bride's father had grievances about the seating arrangements.

He consoled him, "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. Consider this my wedding gift to Samantha."

The others were speechless.

What kind of wedding gift is this?

The sounds of an engine roaring could be heard

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approaching the house, accompanied by deafening firecrackers.

A villager closed the door. “The groom is here to fetch the bride. Bridesmaids, don’t forget to ask for a red envelope.”

The bridesmaids giggled and stood by the door.

The wedding was simple, but some formalities still had to be observed.

Not long after, they knocked on the door.

A slightly croaky voice could be heard.

“Samantha, open the door. I’m here.”

The bridesmaids chuckled and blocked the door. “Congratulations, but you’ve got to offer us some token to pass through.”

The croaky voice replied, “Open the door, there’s no token. I’m going to break open the door if you guys keep up with this.”

The bridesmaids thought the groom was joking and continued to block the door while asking for the token.

However, the door was kicked down the next moment.

The bridesmaids fell to the ground.

One of the bridesmaid’s head bled from the fall.

The groom led his groomsmen and dashed into

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the house like a bunch of hooligans.

The bride's family members frowned upon this reckless behavior.

These people are so uncultured.

However, the groomsmen did not display any hint of regret over their impetuous behavior. They even chuckled as they surrounded the bride and teased her.

Justin, the groom, handed Samantha her bridal bouquet and smiled. "Samantha, follow me home. You're my woman from this day on."

Samantha did not take the bouquet.

Instead, she was worried about her bridesmaids.

She grumbled, "You guys are so thoughtless. You hurt my sisters."

The bridesmaids got up with much difficulty and were indignant.

However, they did not dare to complain.

Justin's family was very influential and wealthy. His father was even the second-in-command of the Bureau of Land Planning.

This piece of land they called home was actually a piece of conserved land, and they were not supposed to live here.

However, Justin's father overlooked this and they

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could stay here.

If they were to rub Justin the wrong way, his father might really chase them out of here.

Justin was discontent about Samantha's grumbles.

However, he took out a few red envelopes and put a hundred in each one of them.

"You guys just want money. Here, take it."

He threw the red envelopes on the floor.

Nobody went to pick it up.


They were incensed at the groom's degrading gesture.

He is looking down on us.

The bride was enraged. "Justin, what are you getting at?"

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Justin said with contempt, “What do you mean? I gave you guys red envelopes like you asked. Don’t try to go over the line.”

Samantha was furious. “I’m not getting married.”

Justin was impassive, “You’d better think this through. My guests are waiting for me at home right now. They are all reputable people from the Public Security Bureau, the City Council, and even the Bureau of Land Planning. Do you think you guys can still live here if you stood them up?”

Justin was essentially showing off the influence of his family and threatening the bride’s family members at the same time.

Prepare to pack your bags and leave this place if you are not marrying me.

The villagers paled from Justin’s threat.

The bride’s mother let out a heavy sigh.

She pulled Samantha to the side and tried to advise her.

Samantha nodded her head indignantly. “Okay, Mother. I’ll listen to you. I’ll bear with this for our village.”

Tyler kept mum as he observed it all.

He was waiting for the Great Marshal to speak up.

So what if he could settle Justin today?

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There would be other Justin in the future.

However, it would be different if the Great Marshal were to intervene in this matter.

The Great Marshal's name itself would be their amulet of protection.

Nobody would dare to disturb the villagers anymore.

Zeke had no plans to interfere in this matter.

He was waiting for the right moment.

The wedding continued.

"We would like to ask the bride and groom to pay respect to the elders, to thank them for raising her all these years."

Samantha approached her elders and prepared to pay her respects.

However, Justin stood his ground and did not seem like he was going to do the same.

Samantha was perplexed. "Justin, what are you waiting for? Come and pay your respects."

He waved his hands to dismiss her, "I'm not doing it. You do it."

Why?

Samantha was curious.

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Justin snorted, “My father is the second-in-command of the Bureau of Land. We are public servants. Do you think it’s appropriate for us to pay respects to hooligans?”

Hooligans!

The word drove a dagger through the villagers’ heart.

They were pained by the accusation.

Justin was badmouthing their sons, husbands, and even fathers.

Even though the Seal Mercenary Team was not officially acknowledged, they did not commit any crimes.

On the contrary, they contributed to the country’s peace.

Even the country tacitly consented to their existence.

However, they were now being accused of being hooligans.

Their family members certainly could not live with this incrimination.

The villagers glared at Justin.

Even Tyler was fuming and could not wait to slap Justin across the face.

However, he held it in.

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He believed that the Great Marshal had his plans.

Samantha breathed in deeply and enunciated her every word, “Justin, retract your words and apologize to the villagers.”

“I will never apologize to hooligans.”

Bastard!

Samantha could not take it anymore. “I’m not marrying you.”

Justin threatened her further, “You’d better think twice. All of you had better prepare to get the hell out of here if you refuse to marry me. Stop with this nonsense and follow me home.”

Samantha cast a glance at her mother.

She could only wipe tears off her face and sigh repeatedly at their unfortunate fate.

“I wanted you to marry Justin so that we could clear the fallen soldiers’ names. But even he is accusing them of being hooligans. Any hope of him helping us would only be wishful thinking. It’s fine if you don’t want to marry him.”



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The groom was incensed. “You guys better think of the consequences of your own actions...”

He did not get to finish. The villagers chased him away.

Justin hurled the bridal bouquet on the floor and stepped on it. “I swear that you guys will come crawling back and beg me.”

He dashed out of the house.

A cold voice spoke, “Did I say you can go?”

The villagers were taken aback and glanced in the direction of the voice.

They noticed it was the young man who took the center seat.

Justin stopped in his tracks and looked at Zeke in disbelief.

“Who the hell are you? Why haven’t I seen you before?”

Zeke replied, “Because you were not qualified to meet me.”

Arrogant bastard!

Justin spat at Zeke, “My father is the second-in-command of the Bureau of Land Planning, and I’m going to succeed him soon. Who do you think you are, the governor?”

Zeke chuckled, “A governor is nothing to me.”

NH

The crowd was abuzz at his remark.

This young man is so cocky that he even dares to belittle the governor!

He would suffer in the hands of governor if he knew about this.

Justin was gob smacked. “You’re really one of a kind, brother. I think we could get along quite well if you’re not trying to speak up for them today.”

Wolf’s Greed got up suddenly and dashed toward Justin. He slapped him across the face, hard.

“You’re not worthy of calling him ‘brother’. You’re humiliating him.”

Justin cupped his cheek as he fell to the floor from the momentum of the slap.

He widened his eyes at Wolf’s Greed.

A peasant just slapped me!

I can’t take this!

The villagers were dumbfounded.

This young man is being too rash. If Justin avenges himself, the two of them are going to suffer his wrath.

“Just wait! You’re going to pay for this!” Justin roared at Wolf’s Greed.

Zeke turned to Wolf’s Greed and asked, “How are

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the arrangements coming up?”

Wolf's Greed looked at the time. “I think they're going to be here soon.”

The crowd was bewildered.

What are they talking about?

What arrangements? Arriving soon?

A grieving music could be heard coming from afar.

It was apparent that the music was heading their way.

The villagers exchanged curious glances with each other and walked out to have a look.

Zeke smiled at Tyler. “Mr. Collins, let's see if you're satisfied with my arrangements.”

Tyler smiled.

The Great Marshal's arrangements will never disappoint.

The three of them headed outside and they could see an army convoy approaching them.

The road would only lead to Fort Lisk.

There was no doubt the army convoy was headed their way.

Fort Lisk had been isolated for several years.

NH

Why is an army convoy here?

The villagers thought the convoy was here to trouble them.

Justin retorted, “You think the army can’t reach here? How delusional. They are definitely here to get rid of the rest of you hooligans. Kneel and apologize to me right now. Let Samantha marry me and become my servant. I will consider asking my father to plead for you.”

The villagers looked at Samantha as their expressions stiffened.

She felt indignant at her own unfortunate fate, and her first reaction was to beg at Justin.

However, Zeke patted her on the shoulders. “Don’t worry, Samantha. I’ve got your back.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Samantha could not bring herself to believe Zeke's words.

She cast a glance at Tyler and tried to ask for his opinion.

The old man merely smiled and nodded. "Don't worry. You can listen to him."

The villagers were more curious about Zeke's identity now.

Who is this man? Why does he have Mr. Collins' trust?

The army convoy's grieving music could be heard approaching closer and closer.

The villagers were in an uproar upon seeing the army convoy band.

They had seen this band on the TV before.

The band would appear whenever there was an Eight Treasures Mountain funeral.

Only treasured officials had the honor of being buried at the Eight Treasures Mountain.

Having the band as a funeral march alone was a symbol of esteemed status and high honor.

Why would they be here today?

The band came to a stop in front of Samantha's house.

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The villagers' glanced in the band's direction.

However, they had the looks of dread and shock on their faces.

The army convoy stretched beyond their vision.

It seemed like there were at least thousands of military vehicles.

Coffins were placed on top of every military vehicle.

Ten soldiers would guard every vehicle.

At least a hundred thousand soldiers were guarding the ten thousand coffins.

Why did the army bring coffins here?

Are they here to kill us all?

However, Fort Lisk does not have a population of over ten thousand.

Justin broke into a hysterical laugh. "You see this? The army has brought coffins for you guys! You'd better surrender and kill yourselves. I don't think you'd have a complete body if they were to make their moves."

Justin's words made them all shudder.

They were devastated.

However, Tyler bellowed, "Why the hurry? I've got your backs!"

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He was well aware that the coffins were not for the villagers.

The fallen heroes of the Seal Mercenary Team might have been lying in those coffins.

The grieving music came to a stop.

The soldiers guarding the coffins came down from the military vehicles and formed two lines.

The leader asked aloud, “Are you the family members of the Seal Mercenary Team?”

The villagers’ face sank.

So they’re really here because of the Seal Mercenary Team.

Nobody answered the convoy leader out of fear.

In the end, Tyler answered him, “That’s right. We are the family members of the Seal Mercenary Team.”

The leader’s face was somber. “Family members of the Seal Mercenary Team, please receive orders.”

Tyler replied aloud, “I’m Tyler Collins, the leader of the Seal Mercenary Team. I represent all the family members of the Seal Mercenary Team to receive orders.”

The leader of the convoy announced, “The Seal Mercenary Team has contributed greatly to Eurasia’s peace. They are each honored as S-

NH

Class Martyr and the Peace Badge.”

What?

The villagers were abuzz with excitement.

Even Tyler was taken aback by the posthumous honor.

Setting aside the Peace Badge, being honored as S-Class Martyr alone was unheard of.

This high honor was way beyond Tyler’s expectations.

While the villagers were astonished beyond comprehension, the convoy leader took out a red flag and approached Tyler.

“After careful consideration and investigation by the higher-ups, it had been decided that the Seal Mercenary Team will be honored a state funeral posthumously. Mr. Collins, kindly receive this flag.”

Tyler’s tears fell on the red flag as he accepted it with shaky hands.

Brothers, you may now rest in peace!

He walked over to the coffins and put the red flag over one coffin as he knelt and paid his respects.

“Brothers, rest in peace. Our name has finally been cleared.”

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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

The villagers of Fort Lisk had only realized then their relatives were inside the coffins.

They're finally back.

Their names have finally been cleared, and even honored posthumously, which they deserved.

They can finally rest in peace.

Fort Lisk's villagers knelt down and paid their respects as they wailed.

Only a good cry could relieve them of the indignation they suffered all these years from the unfair treatment.

Justin's face paled from the turn of events.

He could not bring himself to accept the fact.

The people whom he despised were now equal to him, or maybe even higher on the totem pole than himself.

He walked over to the leader and questioned him, "Where are you from? Honoring over ten thousand people as S-Class Martyr in one go is unheard of. Who authorized this?"

The leader was impassive. "Why? Are you doubting us?"

Justin was taken aback by the convoy leader's sharp gaze and hurriedly explained himself, "N-No... I'm just asking."

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The convoy leader's gaze fell on Zeke.

"He is the one honoring them as S-Class Martyr and arranged for the state funeral."

What?

Justin was even more mad.

"Who the hell is he to honor people as S-Class Martyr and to arrange a state funeral?"

The leader smiled. "Please open your eyes to see for yourself."

Then the leader approached Zeke and knelt before him.

"Unit 301, reporting for mission completion. Please instruct our next move, Great Marshal."

Zeke replied, "You guys stay to repair houses and build amenities for the family members of the Seal Mercenary Team."

"Yes, Great Marshal!"

The crying stopped as the air went still.

All eyes were on Zeke.

The Great Marshal!

He... he is the Great Marshal!

The Great Marshal himself cleared the names of the Seal Mercenary Team and awarded them

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posthumous honor of S-Class Martyr.

The high honor held incredible merit.

The villagers who were kneeling at the coffins turned to kneel in the direction of Zeke instead.

Their voices addressing him as the Great Marshal echoed.

Zeke glanced at Justin.

The latter was now shivering in fear as his legs turned into jelly and slumped to the floor.

It was beyond his imagination that the Great Marshal would make his presence at Samantha and his very own wedding.

He would have knelt to marry Samantha if he knew a bigshot like Zeke was their guest.

He might be able to have connections with the Great Marshal in that case.

Being even remotely related to the Great Marshal would be a guarantee for his family to have a bright future ahead.

He missed a great opportunity today.

Zeke announced, "He abused his authority and even forced marriage on people. Take him away and investigate thoroughly for stern punishment."

The leader of the convoy took Justin away personally.

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Justin was shaken to his core and begged Zeke.

“Please spare my life, Great Marshal. I’ve learned my mistake! Samantha, please save me. We’ve been together for such a long time. You cannot turn a blind eye to this.”

However, he was only greeted by the leader’s punch.

Justin was knocked out by the punch.

Tyler walked over to Samantha and helped her up.

“Samantha, are you satisfied with my wedding gift?”

The villagers had only realized that this was the wedding gift that Tyler was talking about.

It was indeed a grand present.

Samantha felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude. “Mr. Collins, I cannot express how thankful I am for the gift. This would be the biggest gift that I will ever receive in my life.”

Zeke said to Samantha, “I apologize for only realizing your existence now. All of you have suffered indignation for years. I will make sure to repay in double what the nation owes you. Samantha, do you have any other wishes? I will try my best to fulfil them.”

Samantha was slightly abashed in the presence of Zeke.

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She lowered her head and whispered, “I want to become a soldier and protect the peace of the country, just like my father.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Us too!” responded the group of bridesmaids.

Zeke smiled. “It looks like the descendants of the Seal Mercenary have remained strong. Wolf’s Greed, you’ll be training them from now forth. I want them to become the first group of female generals in Eurasia!”

“Your wish is my command!” Wolf’s Greed saluted.

When Collins left with Zeke and Wolf’s Greed, the old man could not help but turn back, to look at the faraway Bart Fort, sighing, “I’d never thought that I’d actually live to see Bart Fort regain its glory.”

“It’s not perfect yet,” Zeke replied. “Not until I find out who’d massacred the Seal Mercenary. I need to avenge them.”

“I’ll leave it to you then.”

...

Chris Black was meditating to heal himself in his manor.

Unfortunately, what pained him the most was not his physical injury, but rather, his mental one.

In addition to losing his Spirit Stone mine, Chris lost all five of his Archduke warriors, whom of which he had wasted a lot of effort on.

Unfortunately, all five of the trained warriors had perished, at the imperial mausoleum.

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Chris himself was also injured. He had suffered a double loss, and it was the first time he had been humiliated in such a manner.

Nonetheless, Chris did not possess the guts to take his revenge. This was because a King Class warrior was assigned to guard the mine. He was someone who Chris could not defeat.

Unable to face the King Class warrior head-on, Chris had even thought of allying with the warrior to get his hands on some Spirit Stones.

However, it was unfortunate for Chris, as the King Class warrior had kept his face hidden the entire time.

Chris had once suspected that the warrior was the Great Marshal, but he quickly dismissed the idea because the Great Marshal had completely depleted his life force. Even the Spirit Stones could not help the marshal recover, let alone, assist him in becoming a King Class Warrior.

Chris concluded that there was only one other person who had fit the criteria. Ares from the Thisleton family in Eurasia, whose strength was just a tad lacking, behind the Great Marshal.

Ever since the Great Marshal had lost his power, Ares became the strongest in Eurasia. Also, Ares was nowhere to be seen recently, which only made Chris feel certain, that Ares was the King Class warrior.

Such a thought caused excitement to course through Chris. Now, only one obstacle remains;

NH

getting close to Ares and getting my hands on the Spirit Stones.

Chris pondered over this matter for a long time before he finally came up with a plan. Since his son, Connor Black, had trained with Ares's second son, Clyde Thisleton, in the army school, Chris had thought that they could help bridge the two families together.

Chris immediately summoned his son.

Connor was Chris's youngest son and the one whom he had loved the most. Connor had inherited all of his father's traits and was a battle-maniac from a young age.

Five years after joining the military, Connor managed to become a general, as he soon developed one of the most efficient special forces in Eurasia, the Firewall Team.

The Firewall Team would always score top three, in the yearly military games.

This success had led Chris to hold high hopes for his youngest son.

Upon listening to what his father had to say, Connor sighed, "The Great Marshal used to triumph over Ares. Heck, he'd even paralyzed the first two heirs of the Thisletons. Everyone thought that the Thisletons would fall after that. Who knew that they would actually make a comeback! With Ares advancing to the King Class and the Great Marshal losing all of his powers, Eurasia will now be Ares's!"

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“I need you to befriend Clyde to get some Spirit Stones from them. Do you think that it’s doable?”

“Leave it to me, father,” Connor assured. “I’d helped Clyde once back in military school. Indeed, we haven’t gotten in touch for quite a long time, but he still owes me that favor. I believe that he’s still thankful for my help.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Chris was glad to hear his son's words.

...

Green Channel Bar.

Clyde's emotions were as bad as they could get.

He did not have the strength to take his revenge on Zeke for paralyzing both of his arms. Hence, he spent most of his days drunk.

Clyde had no idea how to live on, if not for the alcohol. Even though he had gotten a set of artificial limbs, he was still unaccustomed to it. He was yet to be able, to pick his own glass up. Thus, he was fed by his girlfriend, most of the time.

While Clyde was drowning himself in alcohol, a group of thugs sat down beside them and began to tease his girlfriend.

The thugs even pretended to accidentally touch Clyde's girlfriend, which enraged him even more. Even if he was paralyzed, he was still the second heir to the Thisleton family; a position that a group of small-time thugs should still be afraid of.

"Hey! What the f*** do you think you're doing? F*** off or I'll bury you alive in your grandparents' grave myself!" Clyde roared.

"You? A cripple? You sure have some guts to say that!" The thugs immediately laughed at Clyde and turned to his girlfriend. "Hey, babe, your beauty is wasted on someone like him. Why don't

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you come along with us? We'll make you feel like you're in heaven every day."

With that, the thugs began to move their hands over Clyde's girlfriend's body.

Clyde's girlfriend tried to get away, but one of the thugs had pulled her back down, into his arms.

Clyde could only observe in anger, as his woman was passed around as though she were a plaything.

He tried to kick one of the thugs, but his opponent was faster. The thug took hold of a beer bottle and smashed it on Clyde's head.

Clyde felt a sharp pain on his skull, as a warm fluid dripped down his head, masking his sight.

I'm so useless! I can't even fight a few small-time thugs! I can't even protect my own girlfriend! Clyde yelled in his head as he began to think of taking his own life.

In the midst of his desperation, a bottle flew out from nowhere, striking the thug who was hugging Clyde's girlfriend.

The thug yelled as he released the lady in his arms. Clyde's girlfriend quickly ran to his side as she sobbed, "Honey, let's go..."

Swiftly, Clyde pulled his girlfriend behind him subconsciously, wiping the blood off his eyes. He then turned to look towards the direction where the bottle flew out from. He soon caught sight of

NH

a man who was around his age walking towards them.

The man had one of the coldest smiles Clyde had ever seen. He walked to Clyde and handed him his handkerchief. "Clyde, remember me?"

Clyde looked at the man standing before him and felt safe, for the first time. "You are..."

"Are you that forgetful?" the man laughed. "It's me, Connor! From Northville Military Academy!"

"Connor! I remember you! How long has it been?" Clyde greeted excitedly.

"Too long, brother," Connor smiled. "Let's catch up later. I'll help you take care of some bugs first."

Just as they were conversing, the thugs began to have them surrounded. They were the thugs who had controlled the street that they were in. Even the bar owner was afraid of them.

"You b*****! You dare do this to our brother!" One of the thugs scolded, "You'd better chop your hands off and beg for forgiveness, or we'll make you disappear from the face of this earth!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Connor ignored the thugs and turned to glance at Clyde. “Clyde, what do you want me to do with them?”

“They harassed my girlfriend and called me a cripple! You know what to do.”

“Very well,” Connor replied. He soon took hold of his gun, all before shooting at the five thugs.

After ten shots were fired, the hands of the thugs were now bleeding. One of the thugs’ hands was on the verge of falling off from his arm as well.

Even the loud music failed to mask their screams.

Everyone was stunned, unable to believe that someone would actually shoot at another person, especially during such a peaceful time.

The people began to scream in fear as they ran out of the bar.

Connor reloaded his gun and pointed at the thugs’ legs, but Clyde stopped him.

“Wait, spare their legs. I want them to run back to their friends before we take their group out in one go.”

“Good!” Connor laughed and kicked the thugs out of the bar. “Tell your boss to find me! I’m going to make all of you disappear! Don’t even think about running. You won’t make it out of this city!”

The thugs struggled to get up and continued, with their tough act.

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“F***! This ain’t finished! You’re all dead!”

Connor fired his gun again, scaring the thugs away.

Connor sat across Clyde and let out a short sigh, “You’ve had it hard, huh?”

Clyde smiled bitterly. When he and Connor were in the academy, he was the better one, whether it be scores or achievements.

Yet, now, Clyde was paralyzed in both of his arms, while Connor thrived. Clyde had no idea of how to face Connor in his current shape.

“Clyde, have you ever thought of taking revenge?” Connor asked.

“Connor, are you mocking me?” Clyde laughed sorrowfully. “You should know that the one who’d done this to me was Zeke, the Great Marshal. How am I supposed to take my revenge?”

“Aren’t you aware that the Great Marshal has lost his strength? He’s merely a regular person now. How hard could it be?”

“Nonetheless, he’s also the son-in-law of the Thisletons. His wife is my father’s favorite daughter, Lacey. There’s just no way that my father would agree to it.”

“I’ll be frank with you. I came here today to help you take your revenge.”

Clyde raised an eyebrow and looked at Connor,

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with curiosity. He was suspicious, as a classmate whom he had not met for the past decade had suddenly offered to help him.

“Connor, tell me. You need something from me, right?”

“You’re right. I need your help as well.”


“What is it? I’ll do what I can to help.”

“I need some Spirit Stones.”

“Connor, are you joking right now? Aren’t you aware of the situation with the mine? The first King Class Warrior is guarding it. What makes you think that I’ll be able to retrieve it when even you can’t?”

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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Connor smiled. “You’re too humble. That mine is your family’s now. How hard would it be for you to get something that you’d owned?”

Clyde was perplexed now. “That mine is my family’s? You shouldn’t joke about something like this.”

“I’m not joking. The King Class who’s guarding the mine? That’s your father, Ares.”

Clyde immediately raised his head. “Are you sure?”

“The possibility is high. One, after the fall of the Great Marshal, the person who was the closest to becoming a King Class Warrior was your father. Two, don’t you find it suspicious that your father has been gone for quite some time? He must’ve been protecting the mine in secret.”

Clyde immediately laughed like a maniac at the news, as he was led to believe that his father was the first King Class Warrior of Eurasia. If Connor was right, then the Spirit Stone mine belonged to his family, which meant that his family had now controlled Eurasia’s military.

Clyde could even regain the strength, in his arms.

The Thisleton family would thrive.

“Hey, don’t get all excited on your own,” Connor laughed. “What about our deal?”

“It’s a deal!” Clyde responded without any hesitation. “I’ll give you a few Spirit Stones if you

NH

help take Zeke out.”

“Pleasure working with you,” Connor smiled.

Momentarily, a group of men in black suits and sunglasses appeared outside the bar. They were all carrying blunt weapons in their hands.

These people were the thugs, whom of which Connor had just chased away. They were being led by a bald man.

The leader of the thugs gawked at Clyde’s girlfriend with a cigar in his mouth and smiled. “She’s pretty cute. I’ll take her. As for these two men, make sure they’ll regret messing with us.”

The thugs cheered and were about to move towards Clyde and Connor when Connor stopped them. “I have a present for everyone. Why don’t we see what gift I’d arrived with before we start this?”

Connor then pointed towards the door.

The thugs all looked outside the bar, as two spotlights shone through the door.

The lights were so bright that the thugs had to squint their eyes.

The next thing they heard, was an engine being started, as its lights sped towards them.

The thugs quickly reacted, as the lights came from a car. that was about to ram into them.

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They tried to run, but it was too late. The military truck had crushed at least twenty thugs beneath it, almost instantly.

A troop of armed soldiers jumped down from the truck, surrounding the bar.

“This is a military exercise!” the leader of the troop announced.

The thugs could feel their hearts sink. Military exercise? In the middle of the city? F***! You guys have just killed a dozen people!

Some of the thugs immediately turned to look at Connor and Clyde, speculating that they had brought the military over.

After the scene was controlled by the troop, the leader of the troop knelt before Connor.

“Commander Black, Firewall Team, reporting for duty! Your order, Sir!”

“Kill them,” Connor replied.

The thugs felt as though their heads had exploded as they recognized the troop as one of the top three special forces in Eurasia, the Firewall Team.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

To their misfortune, the man that they had tried to kill was the commander of the Firewall Team.

The thugs could not believe that Connor would actually call in the whole special force to take care of a few small-time mobs, like them.

“Sir!” all the soldiers responded.

The thugs tried to beg for their lives, but before they could even speak, gunshots echoed throughout the bar, As of now, all the thugs were now lying in their own blood.

Connor and Clyde walked out of the bar after that.

“Clyde, allow my men to take you back.”

“Thanks,” Clyde nodded. “Right, one more thing. Zeke has to be recovering in the Cygnus Room now. It’s not a place where you can force your way in. You’ll have to think of a way to lure him out. Any idea of how you’d do that?”

“Don’t worry, I’ve already planned everything out,” Connor smiled. “You just have to sit tight and wait for my good news.”

Clyde was happy with the response, as a wide grin remained on his face.

Connor returned to the military vehicle, and his deputy commander handed him a file. “Sir, this is the information on Zeke’s connections.”

Connor took the file, as he read through the whole thing thoroughly.

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Minutes had soon passed, while Connor pointed at Benjamin Castaneda's name and ordered, "Transfer this person to Atheville."

Benjamin was Dawn's older brother, who served in the Northern Xinjiang military district as a colonel.

Connor thought of luring Zeke out from Cygnus with Benjamin since he knew that Zeke had always thought of Dawn as his own younger sister.

If anything happened to Benjamin, Zeke would definitely come to help.

Connor did not target Lacey and Missy because he always believed in his principle of not harming any family members of his targets.

Since Dawn was unrelated to Zeke by blood, Connor decided to target her.

Connor was oblivious to the fact that Zeke was unfazed. He had left the Cygnus Room before he had the Great Marshal had achieved the status of a King Class. As a matter of fact, Zeke was now looking into the Seal Mercenary's incident, in the nation's secret archive.

...

"Lacey, stop eating. Let's go out and have something good tonight!" Dawn exclaimed as she charged into Lacey's house.

Lacey was feeding Missy and stopped her abruptly, "Dawn? What's the occasion?"

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“You know I’ve gotten a brother who’s serving in the north, right? He was transferred to Atheville. He wants to buy you a meal, to thank you, for taking care of me.”

“That’s great news!” Lacey smiled. “You won’t be alone now that your brother is here.”

Dawn then picked Missy up and smiled. “Missy, look what I’ve got here. It’s your favorite fruit pudding! Do you remember my name?”

“Dawn! But I want fried chicken...” Missy replied.

“What a smart kid! Alright, I’ll get you a whole bucket of fried chicken!” Dawn smiled.

Lacey, Missy, and Dawn soon arrived at Athvik Grand Hotel.

Benjamin had already booked the most luxurious VIP room in the hotel’s restaurant, as he waited patiently for them.

Dawn’s brother was not much older than her, as he had tan skin.

As soon as Benjamin saw Lacey, he immediately knelt, “It’s an honor to meet you, Madam Marshal.”

To the billions of soldiers in Eurasia, the Great Marshal and his family were all important people worth their lives to protect.

Kneeling to any one of them was a must.

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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Please, get up!” Lacey quickly stopped Benjamin. “Dawn and I are like family. You don’t have to do this.”

“She’s right, Ben,” Dawn agreed. “Lacey is like a sister to me.”

Yet, Benjamin still addressed Lacey in a respectful manner, This was all because it was the principle of being a soldier.

Since Dawn and Lacey could not do anything about it, they decided to let it be.

As they were all seated, Benjamin began to try to comfort Lacey. “Ma’am, you don’t have to worry even if the marshal has lost his life force. So, be it. Billions of Eurasian soldiers will protect him and your safety.”

Both Lacey and Dawn were shocked by the revelation.

“Wait, are you saying that Zeke has lost his power? Are you sure?” Lacey asked.

“Could it be that you have no idea about it?” Benjamin sounded surprised.

Since the government had yet to announce of the incident to the public yet, news about the Great Marshal losing his life force was limited to the military circle. Most citizens had no idea about it.

Lacey took a deep breath and sighed, “Maybe, this isn’t a bad thing for both Zeke and I. He has been shouldering the weight of maintaining the peace

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alone for a long time. It's time for him to rest. He'll have more time to spend with his daughter now."

Dawn felt a sense of relief upon hearing Lacey's response since she was worried that Lacey would feel down by the news.

The seemingly peaceful lunch was actually filled with danger, as a sniper was aiming at Benjamin, from the building across the hotel.

"Sir, I've locked the target, my guy, from going to Colonel Castaneda. Permission to take the shot?" the sniper asked over his intercom``.

After a moment of silence, Connor finally responded. "Hold your position. Zeke's wife and daughter are there as well, and they may get caught in the crossfire. We must never bring harm to our target's family members."

"Sir!"

Lacey and the Castanedas finished their lunch in an hour.

Lacey took Missy back to Linton Group, while Dawn took her brother back to his accommodation. Since Benjamin was slightly drunk, he could not drive.

As their car stopped at a crossroad, two bullets suddenly struck its engine.

Smoke immediately escaped from the bonnet and Benjamin immediately recognized that they were in danger. He swiftly shielded his sister as he

NH

opened the door, rolling the both of them out of the car.

Benjamin's experience told him that they had to move away from the car as far as possible, in case the car exploded.

Dawn was completely petrified and yelled, "Ben, what's happening?"

Realizing that they had to run, Benjamin opened the manhole cover beside them, pushing Dawn down into the sewer.

Just as Benjamin was about to jump down, a bullet struck his leg. The excruciating pain made him yell.

"Ben!" Dawn cried out. "Hurry up and get down here!"

Benjamin tried to take a step forward, but a bullet landed right before him.

Left with no other option, Benjamin tried to duck into a nearby building.

Yet, another bullet had landed right beside him, telling him not to move.

The passersby had now all took cover in buildings. The usually crowded street was now empty.

Only Benjamin remained on the street, lying on the floor and breathing heavily.

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“Ben! Hold on! I... I’ll call Zeke right away! He’ll come and save you!” Dawn sobbed.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Dawn took her phone out and quickly called Zeke. Her subconscious was telling her that Zeke was the only one who could save her brother now.

The call went through immediately. “Zeke! Please, come and save us! My brother is dying!”

Zeke jumped at Dawn’s crying voice. “How dare they try and kill our soldier out in daylight? This is intolerable! Dawn, I’ll be there right away! Try and find some cover!”

“Please... You have to hurry.”

When Benjamin heard Dawn talking to the Great Marshal, he realized what was going on, and also the reason why he was still alive.

He was being used as bait to lure Zeke out. It was a scheme against the Great Marshal!

Benjamin quickly yelled at Dawn, “Dawn! Tell the Great Marshal that he must not come!”

Since Benjamin believed that Zeke had lost his power, the Great Marshal would be risking his life if he came.

“But, Ben...” Dawn sobbed.

“I can’t put the Great Marshal at risk, because of me! There’s nothing he can do, even if he comes!”

Dawn had no choice, other than to call Zeke once again. “Zeke... Don’t come... The enemy’s target is you... You’ll die...”

NH

“Hey, Dawn, don’t cry,” Zeke consoled her. “Tell me, do you trust me?”

“I do... But...”

“That’ll be enough. Just make sure you’re well-hidden and wait for me.”

Zeke and Collins were sitting anxiously in a military plane, over the sky of Atheville.

“It’s clear to me that the enemy had targeted Dawn and her brother to lure me out. Who do you think is behind this?” Zeke asked.

“Great Marshal, you’ve got thousands of enemies over the globe,” Collins laughed bitterly. “Now that everyone has learned that you have lost your life force, they’ll certainly grab this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to take their revenge. How am I supposed to know which one, out of the thousands, is targeting you?”

Zeke nodded in agreement. “Collins, how accurate are you with a gun?”

“Are you kidding me? Aren’t you aware that my nickname is ‘One-shot Collins’? I never had to fire a second shot at my enemy.”

“Very good,” Zeke murmured. “I’ll act as the bait later to lure the sniper out. I’m sure that you can take the sniper out, once his position is revealed?”

Collins rubbed his palms, as he was eager to fire the shot. “It has been years since I’d last fired a shot. I can finally satisfy my hunger.”

NH

Benjamin laid on the crossroad, gasping for his last breath. His face was as pale as a ghost. He would not last for another twenty minutes.

He was unable to move to the building that was merely three meters away from him, in order to find cover. If he had attempted to do so, the sniper would fire a shot, at a few inches away from him.

Some tried to help Benjamin too, but anyone who even approached him was shot immediately. Two police officers were shot dead as they attempted to do so.

Benjamin realized that this day was the last day that he would live.

“Dawn...” Benjamin called out weakly. “Go down the sewer and find a way out. You... You have to live on, for our family.”

“Ben! Just hold on! You’ll be fine! Zeke will definitely come to save us!”

Suddenly, a commotion could be heard. It was amongst the people hiding in the buildings. A figure, wearing a black shirt and mask, was walking towards the crossroad.

The person was pacing towards Benjamin.



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NH

With heavy and purposeful footsteps, he moved toward Benjamin.

The man in black was Zeke.

He was wearing a mask to conceal his identity.

The world had assumed that the Great Marshal had lost his powers and was reduced to an ordinary man.

No one knew he had achieved the powers of King Class instead.

For various reasons, he wasn't ready to reveal his powers yet.

Meanwhile, the crowd tried to dissuade him.

"Young man, stop. You can't go over there, it's dangerous."

"There's a sniper lying in ambush. Four to five men have died."

"Even the police is no match for them, let alone you. So stay where you are."

However, the mysterious man in black didn't stop. In fact, he picked up his pace.

Benjamin too didn't want to involve innocents and advised the man to stop, but to no avail.

Bang!

From the top floor of the east wing, a gunshot

NH

rang out.

Everyone closed their eyes in despair, thinking that another innocent life was lost.

However, when they opened their eyes, they were stunned.

The bullet missed its target.

Meanwhile, the mysterious man had appeared more than ten meters from where he initially stood.

The crowd regretted closing their eyes as they missed what had just happened.

They were bewildered as to how the man in black could move such a huge distance in an instant.

Did he teleport?

Nonsense, only a God would have that kind of power.

Amidst their doubt, a gunshot suddenly rang out from ground level.

A bullet headed toward the top floor of the east wing.

“Argh!”

Along with an agonizing scream, a figure fell down from the top floor.

Without a doubt, it was the sniper at the top of the

NH

east wing.

The crowd then realized that there was also a sniper on ground level, but he was likely an accomplice of the man in black.

The man acted as bait to expose the sniper's position at the top of the building so that the sniper on the ground could take him out.

The sniper on the ground was an exceptional marksman to pinpoint the enemy's location from just one shot.

With that, Benjamin's eyes sparkled when he saw he had a chance to survive.

He reminded the man in black, "There are snipers lying in ambush upstairs in all four wings. Now that the one on the east wing has been taken out, watch out for the other three."

Just as he spoke, a gunshot rang out from the south wing.

A bright red bullet headed in Zeke's direction.

Having realized their earlier folly, the crowd kept their eyes opened this time.

They wanted to see how the man in black was going to dodge the bullet.

Underneath their watchful eye, a flaming bullet flew toward the man.

As the bullet was inches away from piercing the

NH

man's head, he vanished.

The bullet missed its target and ricocheted off the floor.

Meanwhile, the crowd was stunned and looked all over in search of the man in black.

They were astounded to find that he had moved more than ten meters away again.

To them, he seemed to have superpowers that enabled him to teleport such a distance.

There was no other rational explanation.

He had challenged their understanding of the world they lived in.

At that same moment, another bullet was fired from ground level toward the building's southern wing.

After that, a sniper rifle fell from the top floor to the ground. A bloody severed hand was clinging to it.

The sniper on the south wing was done for.

At that moment, the snipers hiding in the west and north wings wavered as they wondered who was their fearsome enemy.

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NH

To move more than meters in a blink of an eye, is he still human?

Even a Platinum Archduke can't do that.

Also, the sniper at ground level was so accurate that they were no match for him.

There was no way they could win this battle.

Therefore, they were left with only two choices.

One was to fight to the death, but they would be the ones who would be dead.

The second option was to give up and flee.

However, their family members were being held hostage by Connor Black. If they flee, their families would die.

Finally, after a difficult internal struggle, they decided to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their families.

Given the current situation, pinpoint sniping would not work against the enemy anymore.

They sprayed a barrage of bullets at the enemy instead.

However, the result was the same.

Every time a bullet was about to hit the man in black, he would disappear.

Not being able to lock onto his position, the

NH

snipers had no choice but to fire indiscriminately.

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins could locate the snipers' position easily and sent two bullets to finish them.

Zeke instructed, "Preserve their bodies. We want to find out who they are and what their objective is."

"Yes, Sir!"

Mr. Collins got to work immediately.

At the same time, Zeke rushed to Benjamin and used his Ammo Needles to help him stop the bleeding.

The latter said with gratitude, "Thanks for your help. You're a good man. May I know who you are?"

Zeke didn't answer as he still had to keep his identity a secret.

Instead, he questioned, "Who transferred you to Atheville?"

Benjamin's transfer to his post in Atheville was definitely part of the plot.

Benjamin shook his head. "The order came from the highest ranks of the military leadership. I am not aware who gave the order."

Zeke nodded. "Mmm, don't worry. I'll investigate the matter and seek justice for you."

NH

Suddenly, Benjamin seemed to recall something and asked, “My good man, can you help me with something?”

“Tell me.”

Benjamin continued, “Prior to this, I had lunch with Mrs. Lang. After we went our separate ways, I was attacked.”

“Therefore, I’m worried that she is also being targeted.”

Damn it!

Zeke’s heart sank.

If the enemy’s objective was to lure out the Great Marshal, then their real target could be Lacey.

After helping Benjamin to stop his bleeding, Zeke ordered Mr. Collins to send the former to the hospital. Then he rushed toward the Thisleton Manor.

It was the weekend and the Thisletons would have their usual gathering.

As a member of the Thisletons, Lacey would definitely be there.

The speed of a King Class was faster than that of a car.

Therefore, Zeke reached the Thisleton manor in less than half an hour.

NH

When he arrived, he took off his black clothes and mask before entering.

He was relieved to see Lacey and Missy unharmed.

“Daddy, carry me, carry me.” Missy reached out when she saw Zeke.

His heart melted as he picked his daughter up. Pecking her on her cheeks, he asked, “Missy, did you miss Daddy?”

She buried her head in Zeke’s chest. “I did.”

“How did you miss me?”

Missy replied, “With my tummy!”

Zeke burst into a hearty laughter.

After observing her husband for a while, Lacey realized that the life force damage he sustained didn’t seem to affect him in any way.

Only then did she let out a sigh of relief and reassured him, “Zeke, don’t worry. I’ll take care of you for life even if you end up a cripple, let alone an ordinary person.”

He was stunned at her remark that came out of nowhere.

But he quickly understood why.

NH



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NH

Without a doubt, Lacey knew now that his life force was damaged, and he had lost his powers.

However, that was already in the past.

I am a King Class warrior, the most powerful man on earth!

Just when Zeke was about to explain, the room door flung open.

Clyde Thisleton barged in angrily.

“Lacey, don’t you know you’re already late for the family meeting? Today, I will punish you based on the family’s rules...”

Suddenly, he stopped mid-sentence as he stared at Zeke in shock.

What’s going on? Why is he still alive?

Isn’t he supposed to be dead?

Damn it, Connor’s plan must have failed.

He had initially planned to use this opportunity to take revenge on Lacey.

Now, it would not happen.

Connor, you b*****, you can’t even kill this piece of shit. You’re even shittier than him!

Meanwhile, Zeke stared at him coldly. “Get out. From now on, you’re forbidden to step into this room.”

NH

“Says who?” Clyde protested, “This is the Thisleton Manor and I am the head of the Thisleton family. This whole manor is mine. What gives you the right to stop me?”

Zeke retorted, “Because I’m the Great Marshal!”

“Great Marshal? Haha, your life force has been damaged and you’re just a cripple. How dare you call yourself the Great Marshal still?”

Zeke countered, “Even if I were crippled, killing you would still be child’s play. After you were arrested for disrupting the military wedding, you were let out shortly. I’m sure you must have greased some hands for it. Apologize now or I will have the higher-ups investigate. When that happens, they will throw you back into prison.”

At that moment, Clyde’s face flushed red in anger.

Although Zeke had lost his powers, he still had his authority and could easily crush Clyde.

Desperate for survival, the latter forced himself to agree. “I... am sorry. Please forgive me.”

“Get out!”

With that, Clyde left as fast as he could.

Furious, he called Connor without any hesitation. “Connor, look at the mess you made! Didn’t I tell you that Zeke had to die?”

Connor was at a loss. His plan was to lure Zeke out. Instead, a mysterious but powerful man in

NH

black appeared in his place.

Until now, he had no idea who the man was.

From the strength that he exhibited, Connor suspected the man to be a King Class warrior and was possibly Ares.

Also, after saving Benjamin, the man headed toward the Thisleton Manor too.

There was a high chance he was Ares.

Trying to assassinate Ares in public was a capital offence, hence no one must trace the incident to him.

Looking through his phone contacts, he found Rowan Arms Dealer, and made a call.

“Rowan, are you sure the guns and ammunition you provided to the snipers can’t be traced back to us?”

Rowan reassured him, “Boss, don’t worry. I specially made all of them myself. So there are no markings and definitely can’t be linked to us.”

“That’s good.” Connor heaved a sigh of relief.

Rowan continued, “By the way, Boss, I remember you told me your plan was to destroy the President of Linton Group. Do you bear them a grudge?”

Connor gave a perfunctory reply, “Yea, something like that.”

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NH

With that, he ended the call.

Rowan's innocent question gave himself a diabolical idea.

Linton Group was expanding really quickly and was now among the top five largest companies in Atheville. It was a rare find.

If he seized Linton Group, not only would he make a fortune but also please his boss.

He could kill two birds with one stone.

There was no reason for him not to carry out such a profitable plan.

Without any delay, Rowan started planning his strategy to take over Linton Group.

Meanwhile, Lacey was in the kitchen cooking up a storm.

She was glad that the three of them had the rare opportunity to share a meal together.

When they were almost finished, Zeke received a call from Mr. Collins.

The latter sounded grave. "Great Marshal, please come down to the Military District Hospital."

"Benjamin may know who is behind the ambush of the Seal Mercenary Team."

What?

NH

Zeke was shocked.

It was a serious revelation. Hence, he quickly bid Lacey and Missy goodbye before rushing off to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins was pacing anxiously outside the entrance of Benjamin's ward.

When he saw Zeke, he quickly approached. "Great Marshal, you're here."

Zeke asked sternly, "What's going on?"

Mr. Collins replied, "When I revealed the identity of the leader of the Seal Mercenary Team, Benjamin remembered something. He said that he may know who killed the team. As it was a grave matter, he was unwilling to share it with me and only wanted to report it directly to you."

Taking a deep breath, Zeke replied, "Let's go find out then."

Both of them entered the ward.

After treatment, Benjamin's life was no longer in danger.

However, he was still weak.

By now, he knew Zeke was the man in black who saved him.

Hence, he wanted to get out of bed to personally thank the latter.

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However, Zeke stopped him. “Don’t move, it might make your injuries worse.”

“Great Marshal, have you achieved the power of the King Class?”

Zeke nodded.

Benjamin’s expression was filled with pride. “For the Great Marshal to achieve King Class, it’s an honor for Eurasia.”

Mr. Collins grew impatient. “Stop the bullshit and cut to the chase.”

“Who ambushed my Seal Mercenary Team last time?”

Benjamin gave Mr. Collins a wary look.

However, Zeke reassured him, “You can speak with confidence, he can be trusted.”

Benjamin explained, “Five years ago when I was serving in the northern regions, there was an enemy called Rowan Krate. Rowan used to be a mercenary but was recruited by the military in the end. He used to boast that he slaughtered the Seal Mercenaries. But, the military’s official line was that the mercenaries disbanded themselves, hence no one believed what he said. Mr. Collins just told me that they were indeed killed in an ambush. That’s when I suspected Rowan’s words were not an idle boast.”

Rowan Krate!

NH

Clenching his teeth, Mr. Collins declared, “I’m going to look for him now.”


With that, he turned to leave.

“Stop!” Zeke called out to Mr. Collins. “You don’t even know who Rowan is, how are you going to find him? Besides, he couldn’t have done it alone. He must have accomplices. If you seek him out for revenge, you might warn off his companions instead.”


Despite being unconvinced, Mr. Collins stopped in his tracks. “Tell me, where is Rowan now?”

Benjamin replied, “He has retired from the army and runs a factory producing military supplies, including guns and ammunition.”

Zeke frowned. “Rowan started out as a mercenary. So, how can he manufacture weapons? If he sells the weapons back to his former mercenary employers, it would be a disaster for Eurasia.”

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NH

Whipping out his phone, Zeke called Wolf's Greed. "Wolf's Greed, please help me investigate this guy called Rowan Krate."

"Yes, Sir!"

After ending the call, Zeke patted Benjamin on his shoulder and said, "The information you shared with us is extremely important, and is of great service to Eurasia. What do you want as a reward?"

Benjamin gave Zeke a military salute. "Great Marshal, let me work for you by your side."

To work for the Great Marshal was a soldier's greatest honor.

Zeke nodded in agreement. "Very well."

Benjamin was so emotional that he almost cried.

Just when Zeke investigated Rowan, the latter began to target Linton Group, which was now a well-known conglomerate in Eurasia.

It had established subsidiaries all over Eurasia's cities, while its headquarters was located in the central business district of Atheville.

One fine working day, a group of soldiers in military fatigues gathered in front of the group's headquarters.

The leader of the group was none other than Rowan Krate.

NH

With a wave of his hand, he ordered, "Secure the whole building!"

"Yes, Sir!"

The thousand-odd soldiers barged into the building and secured the whole tower in a short time as no one dared to stand in their way.

At the sight of the heavily armed soldiers, all the employees fled the building. They gathered at the entrance, speculating about what was going on.

Meanwhile, Lacey was the last to know about the commotion as she was on the top floor.

When she opened the door and looked out, she was stunned.

There were about thirty soldiers who had taken over the top floor.

Just when she was wondering what was going on, her cellphone rang.

It was Dawn.

"Lacey, soldiers have taken the whole tower over and they have chased all the employees out. What's going on? What are we going to do?"

Lacey then realized it wasn't only the top floor that was occupied. In fact, the whole building had been taken over.

Trying her best to stay calm, she reassured Dawn, "Don't panic, let me see what's going on."

NH

At that moment, someone that looked like a leader approached her and questioned, “Are you the president of the company, Lacey Hinton?”

Lacey nodded. “That’s right. Who are you?”

“We are not allowed to divulge our identity. Please leave this place. We are requisitioning this building.”

“Huh?” Lacey asked in curiosity, “Who ordered this? Where is your documentation?”

The leader replied, “I’m not allowed to say. Our leader is downstairs. If you have questions, you can speak directly with him.”

With no time to waste, Lacey hurried downstairs.

“Who is responsible for this operation?” Lacey questioned the soldiers at the entrance.

Smoking at the entrance a moment ago, Rowan approached. “I am.”

Lacey demanded, “What gives you the right to take over my building? Who are you?”

Rowan replied, “I’m from Eurasia’s Third Army Factory. Based on Eurasia’s law, I have the right to requisite civilian buildings for our use.”

Lacey looked at Dawn. “Dawn, does Eurasia have such a law?”

Dawn was the legal advisor for Linton Group.

NH

She nodded. “There is, but military factories usually take over car or component manufacturers and their employees. I have never heard of an office building being requisitioned before. What do you need our building for?”

Rowan sneered, “This is a state secret. What you’re doing is inquiring about a national secret.”

“No, we aren’t.” Lacey denied immediately to prevent Rowan from trying to falsely accuse Dawn of breaking the law.

“If you want to requisition it, then fine. We will just rent another office building. Please allow us to go back in to collect our company documents and personal belongings.”



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NH

“I’m sorry.” Rowan shook his head. “From now on, the tower has been sealed. No one is allowed to enter or exit without permission. Everything inside is also considered a state secret and is forbidden to be removed.”

What?

Lacey was enraged.

It was bad enough that the building was requisitioned. But the military had sealed all their belongings and company documents along with it.

The soldiers were making things difficult on purpose.

If Lacey couldn’t retrieve the company’s documents, Linton Group could not function as usual and the company could collapse.

Deep down, Lacey had the feeling that Rowan was targeting them on purpose.

Trying to pry further, she asked, “How long do you need to requisition the building for?”

Rowan smirked, “There’s no time limit.”

With that, Lacey confirmed her suspicions that the Linton Group was being deliberately targeted.

However, she didn’t know who Rowan was or why he was acting against the group?

Lowering her voice, she asked, “We don’t seem to

NH

know each other and have no quarrel. Why are you targeting us?”

Rowan shot a glance at the tower. “Let’s speak somewhere private?”

She followed him back into the building.

Rowan explained coldly, “There is no bad blood between you and me. But, you have offended someone really powerful. That man wants to destroy you.”

Lacey inquired, “Who is that?”

Rowan replied, “He is someone you don’t even deserve to know about. However, I must warn you that once he takes action, Linton Group will collapse and you will not receive any compensation. I’ll give you a chance now to mitigate your losses.”

Rowan passed Lacey a contract.

“What is this?”

Holding the contract in her hands, Lacey went through it in detail.

She was infuriated when she finally finished reading it.

Rowan wanted to buy over the Linton Group for two hundred million, while the market value of the group was more than a hundred billion.

It was pure banditry.

NH

Outraged, Lacey slammed the contract on the table. “Hmph, this is daylight robbery. I will never agree.”

“Very well.” Rowan sneered repeatedly, “In that case, let me see how long you can hold out for. All the company’s documents, data, and accounts have been sealed. Even the building itself is lost. Can you last ten days? If I can’t get my hands on the group, I’ll destroy it.”

Lacey walked out of the building feeling dejected.

She knew what Rowan said was true. They wouldn’t last ten days.

Meanwhile, Dawn ran up to her and asked, “Lacey, what did you discuss?”

“He wants to buy over the company for two hundred million.”

Dawn was outraged. “Linton Group is worth at least a hundred billion! Buying it for two hundred million is daylight robbery! Lacey, don’t worry, I’ll give my brother a call. He is a field officer in the army, perhaps he can be of some help.”

Lacey sighed as she gave Zeke a call.

Now that his life force was destroyed, he was no longer the same Great Marshal as he used to be.

Would he be able to turn the tables on the enemy again?


At that same moment, Zeke was listening to


NH


Wolf's Greed's report, together with Mr. Collins, who gave it his full attention.

It was because Wolf's Greed's report had something to do with the massacre of the Seal Mercenaries.

Wolf's Greed explained, "Rowan Krate, is responsible for Eurasia's Third Military Factory. This factory specializes in the development and production of new weapons. Now, we have gotten our hands on evidence that proves Rowan was smuggling weapons and selling state secrets. Zeke, should we dispose of him immediately?"

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NH

Zeke waved his hand. “Of course. But, he is not the only one. Rowan’s rank is not high enough for him to risk arms smuggling and sell state secrets. There must be someone supporting him. Or a rank-and-file soldier like him could not take charge of a military factory. We must follow his tracks and find out who the mastermind behind him is.”

“

Wolf’s Greed replied, “Understood.”

Zeke then turned to Mr. Collins. “Have we found the source of the guns and ammunition?”

The latter shook his head. “There were no markings on the weapons. Someone has made privately them.”

Zeke nodded. “Rowan is our most likely suspect. He controls a military factory. To privately manufacture a batch of weapons would be very easy. He’s our only lead for now, so we can’t waste it.”

At that moment, Zeke’s phone rang.

It was Lacey.

After Zeke picked up, Lacey related everything about Rowan taking over Linton Group building in a choking voice.

After she finished, Zeke burst out laughing.

“The enemy has delivered himself to our

NH

doorstep. Just when we wanted to look for Rowan, he found us instead. Let's go. It's time we head to Linton Group to meet him."

At Linton Group Tower, the company's computers were thrown out of the building one by one.

Every time one of them crashed onto the ground, Lacey's heart would shatter along with it.

The computers were not worth much, but the data they contained were very valuable.

Finally, the company's main server was brought up to the roof and would be pushed off anytime.

Lacey was so nervous that she felt like suffocating.

The main server contained all the company's data.

If the server were destroyed, Linton Group would lose half its market value in the best-case scenario.

In the worst case, it would be bankrupt.

In other words, the server was critical to the company's existence.

As he looked at the server on the top floor, Rowan threatened, "I'll give you one last chance. Either the company goes bust and you swim in debt, or receive two hundred million and enjoy yourselves. Your choice."

NH

Lacey was trapped between a rock and a hard place.

She didn't want the company to go bust, but neither did she want to sell it to the enemy for virtually nothing.

She was speechless.

Rowan sighed, "You're so stubborn you don't know what's good for you."

As he waved toward the roof, the server which weighed half a ton came crashing down.

Lacey closed her eyes in despair as she couldn't bring herself to see the server be destroyed.

However, after a long time, she heard nothing.

When she opened her eyes out of curiosity, she was stunned.

An old man was holding up the server by himself with both hands.

My God!

The force from a half a ton object dropping from the top of a building was simply unimaginable. It could kill ten elephants with ease.

And yet, the old man was fine. In fact, he was holding the server with steady hands.

Is he Hercules?

NH

In truth, Mr. Collins' specialty was military boxing. His strength was at Archduke level.

In military boxing, raw strength was the most important criteria.

At Archduke level, the raw power generated would even put Hercules to shame.

Without a doubt, the old man was Mr. Collins.

After he gently put down the server, Zeke emerged.

Lacey ran up to him anxiously "Zeke, you're finally here."

Scrutinizing her from head to toe, he smiled. "It's good to see you're alright. Don't worry, leave it to me."

Lacey nodded. Turning toward the old man, she smiled. "Sir, thank you for your help."



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NH

When Mr. Collins saw Lacey, he was intrigued. “You look really familiar. What is your relationship with Ares?”

Mr. Collins used to be just as well-known as Ares back in the day. They were known as the Taichi Duo.

He was extremely familiar with Ares.

Lacey replied, “Ares is my father.”

Mr. Collins lamented, “I can’t believe given how fat and ugly Ares is, he can father such a beauty. By the way, what’s your relationship with the Great Marshal?”

When he realized that Lacey and Zeke appear to be close, he couldn’t help but ask out of curiosity.

“He is my husband.”

Hearing that, Mr. Collins didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry.

“Great Marshal, you have gone overboard. First, you defeated Ares and took away his glory. Then, you took his daughter and made her your wife. Can’t you give that guy a break?”

Zeke rolled his eyes at Mr. Collins. “Don’t be an ass, buzz off!”

The latter burst into hearty laughter.

Meanwhile, Zeke walked toward Rowan.

NH

“Rowan Krate, are you in charge of the Third Military Factory?”

Rowan looked at him with disdain. “Are you the Great Marshal? I’ve seen you before.”

If it were the Great Marshal of old, Rowan would have dropped to his knees.

But now that the Great Marshal had lost his powers and sidelined, his influence in Eurasia was also greatly reduced.

With Connor backing him up, Rowan wasn’t afraid of the Great Marshal.

In the face of Rowan’s arrogance, Zeke remained calm and wasn’t bothered by it.

“Now, I have two orders for you.”

“First, get your men out of the building and compensate Linton Group double for the damage you have caused. Then, apologize to Lacey on your knees...”

Rowan interrupted Zeke, “I’m sorry, I can’t do that.”

“I’m just following orders. There’s a protocol I have to adhere to. Besides, what gives you the right to order me to retreat and apologize? Just because you’re the Great Marshal? Are you above the law?”

Zeke replied, “Don’t be hasty, let me finish.”

“The second order is that if you complete the first

NH

order, I will allow you to surrender yourself to the military court, and also get your sentence reduced. Or don't blame me for executing you."

Rowan retorted, "What law have I broken?"

Zeke explained, "Selling state secrets and smuggling weapons. These are very serious crimes."

Rowan threatened, "Please show some respect when you speak. Without any evidence, I'll sue you for libel."

Zeke smiled. "It appears you're unwilling to repent. Men, arrest him."

Wolf's Greed and Benjamin stepped up and seized Rowan.

The man was infuriated. "Great Marshal, you're going overboard. You're breaking the country's law for your own selfish interest. Disregarding the law means you disrespect Eurasia. Are you trying to rebel?"

When he finished, the soldiers that came with him seemed to have gotten a signal.

As they scrambled out every nook and cranny of the building, they pointed their guns at Zeke.

At that moment, Rowan smirked as everything was going according to plan.

His real objective was to kill Zeke.

NH

Just mentioning the word 'rebel' was enough for him to execute the marshal on the spot.

Even if he had jumped the gun, Connor would protect him.

Rowan was aware that Connor had wanted Zeke dead for a long time. It was just that his plans failed repeatedly.

If he managed to dispose of Zeke with his plot, Connor would not only protect him but also reward him handsomely.

Furthermore, he would also get his hands on Linton Group.

It was killing two birds with one stone.



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NH

Rowan bellowed to his soldiers upstairs, "Open fire. Kill the rebel."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gunshots rang out everywhere.

However, the ones shooting weren't Rowan's men.

Bullets were fired from a building opposite and hit all of Rowan's subordinates.

One by one, they fell into a pool of their own blood.

What's going on?

Alarm bells were ringing in Rowan's head as he looked at the building opposite.

Coming out of nowhere, there were dozens of snipers shooting at his men.

Without a doubt, they belonged to Zeke.

F***!

He came prepared.

Meanwhile, Rowan was shaken, "Zeke, y-you killed soldiers on active duty. Your crimes will be doubled. Y-You will be given a slow and painful execution."

Zeke replied. "They are your accomplices in selling out to the enemy and smuggling weapons. They don't deserve to be our nation's soldiers."

NH

“Bullshit, these are wild accusations.”

Raising his phone, Zeke showed Rowan a secretly filmed video.

In the video, Rowan passed General Wilson, Eurasia’s top enemy, a bunch of documents together with the nation’s latest weapons.

His crimes of selling information to the enemy and weapons smuggling were now clearly established.

Feeling as if he was struck by lightning, Rowan trembled.

F***!

Which a***** filmed him secretly, and how did it end up in Zeke’s hands?

The first thing came to his mind was that there was a spy close to him.

Meanwhile, Zeke coldly said, “Now, I’ll give you a chance to survive. Call your boss and tell him to save you.”

Rowan was too lowly ranked to contact General Wilson, therefore there must be someone else who arranged the meeting.

That person was Rowan’s boss.

He would also likely be the mastermind behind the massacre of the Seal Mercenary Team.

NH

Hesitant, Rowan remained silent.

Should I expose Connor?

So what if I did?

My crimes are too grave for him to protect me.

Besides, betraying Connor would only result in his entire family being killed.

Finally, he decided to sacrifice himself for the sake of his family.

Clenching his teeth, he prepared to kill himself by biting his own tongue.

However, Mr. Collins beat him to it.

Holding a dagger, he hit Rowan on the back of his head.

As the latter's eyes went white, he fainted to the ground.

Zeke instructed, "Send him to the Cygnus Room and watch him carefully. We must find out who his boss is."

"Understood!"

Wolf's Greed sent Rowan to the Cygnus Room right away.

When Zeke saw the surrounding devastation, he sighed.

NH

It seemed it was about time for him to announce that he had achieved the power of a King Class.

Or everyone would attack Linton Group, assuming the Great Marshal had lost his powers.

The temptation was simply too powerful to ignore.

Lacey approached him with a pale face as she was traumatized. “Zeke, it scared the wits out of me. When all those guns were pointed at you, I thought we were...”

As she spoke, her eyes turned red.

Zeke reassured her, “Lacey, don’t worry. For you or Missy’s sake, I would definitely not die.”

Lacey nodded. “It’s a deal!”

“By the way, now that Rowan is disposed of, the Third Military Factory would be tendered out again. You should prepare to bid in the tender. Once we win the rights to operate the Third Military Factory, we can treat it as compensation. Furthermore, the military factory would act as a protective shield for Linton Group.”



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NH

Lacey was stunned. “Tender for a military factory? Linton Group isn’t ready to take on a military factory from either a financial or technical capability standpoint. How is it even possible for us to win the bid for the Third Military Factory?”

If Zeke were still in his Great Marshal heyday, they could still win the bid based on his reputation alone.

However, now that the Great Marshal was just an ordinary man, the influence was no longer the same.

Zeke encouraged her, “You won’t know until you try. I believe you and Linton Group can definitely do it.”

As the military factory was considered the most lucrative business in the world, it was something Lacey found hard to resist.

She nodded. “Don’t worry, I’ll try my best to win the bid.”

After resolving matters at the group, Zeke rushed back to Cygnus Room.

He wanted to extract as much information from Rowan as possible.

He was their only clue to the massacre of the Seal Mercenary Team.

They can’t let him escape.

Inside the Cygnus Room, Mr. Collins was

NH

interrogating Rowan.

Holding a long whip, he lashed it forcefully on the latter's body.

Rowan was bleeding so much that his clothes were soaked in blood.

However, he gritted his teeth and was adamant about not revealing anything.

“Speak!” Mr. Collins roared like an angry leopard as his eyes were both bloodshot. “Who ordered you to massacre the Seal Mercenary Team?”

The thought of how his brothers-in-arms were tragically killed drove him close to madness.

“Pfft!” Rowan spat out a mouthful of blood. “I... I know nothing about a Seal Mercenary Team. You... You should just give me a quick...”

F***!

Before he could finish, Mr. Collins cracked his whip on Rowan's back again.

Benjamin sighed, “Rowan, your lips are a lot tighter now than they used to be. Last time, you couldn't stop boasting that the Seal Mercenary Team died by your hands.”

Hearing that, Rowan's eyes widened as he glared at Benjamin.

“You are?”

NH

“What’s wrong? How could you have forgotten me so quickly? When we were in the army, we used to be enemies. Now that you have achieved power and are running a military factory, you have forgotten this old enemy of yours?”

Finally, Rowan recognized him.

“It’s you. Haha, someone I have defeated. I never expected to lose at the hands of someone I have beaten before. Benjamin, if you’re a man, you should just give me a quick death.”

Benjamin replied, “I’m sorry. Your life doesn’t belong to me. I have no say over it. I suggest you tell the truth or I’m worried that Mr. Collins would make you regret you were ever born. By the way, I forgot to tell you he used to be the captain of Seal Mercenary Team. He was also one of Taichi Duo.”

Rowan’s bloodshot eyes shifted toward Mr. Collins. “The captain of the Seal Mercenary Team is still alive? F***, it was my careless mistake that allowed you to survive. I admit I killed the Seal Mercenary Team. Both of you were defeated by me before, Haha. Two defeated enemies combined do not make a victorious one. I won’t tell you anything. You should just give me a quick death.”

B*****!

When he saw how arrogant Rowan was, Mr. Collins clenched his teeth in fury. He wished he could kill the man at once.

At that moment, Zeke entered.

NH

Benjamin reported with a sigh, “Great Marshal, he has yet to talk. Why don’t we let Cygnus Room take over the interrogation?”

Zeke shook his head. “There’s no need. Just let him go.”



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