

Alfred scoffed, "Brat, looks like you're itching for a beating, just like in the past. I taught you everything you know, so you're no match for me. I'll give you a handicap and use only one hand, or others will say that I'm bullying you."

Zeke smiled, "I'll give a handicap, too. I won't use my hands."

Insolent! Alfred flew into a rage and punched Zeke.

At the same time, Zeke raised his leg to kick Alfred.

That kick was as fast as lightning. Before Alfred could react, Zeke had landed a blow on his stomach.

Bam!

Alfred flew across the office and landed hard against his Range Rover.

The Range Rover was knocked back several meters before it stopped.

The tires had started to emit white smoke from the friction.

Oof!

Alfred's face turned pale as he coughed up

mouthfuls of blood. He struggled to get up, but to no avail.

The crowd was stunned.

This champion street fighter had taken on hundreds of gangsters at once, but he lost with one hit from the new boss.

Oh my goodness, this foreigner is too overpowering! If Alfred could take on a hundred men at once, Zeke could take at least a thousand!

The employees who insulted Zeke felt like running for their lives.

Fatso was shaking with fear as well. He finally started to regret offending this man.

He did not dare to help Alfred up lest he became implicated in this mess. After listening to their conversation earlier, it was clear that there was a grudge between them.

Lacey pinched Zeke's thigh in disbelief. Yep, it's made of flesh and blood, not titanium. How could he have such an explosive force?

Zeke strode towards Alfred calmly, striking fear into the latter's heart with every step.

How did the youngest chap, who was bullied all

the time in the Williams family, end up so powerful?

Alfred felt that he would not be able to beat this man even if there were ten of him.

Zeke scorned, "You made one mistake. I didn't learn a single move from you. I trained like hell to end up like this."

Alfred shuddered. Trained like hell... Of course, he's progressing like a demon!

He tried to find a way to protect his life.

He took a deep breath and declared, "I'm no match for you, but you cannot afford to offend me, either."

Zeke started laughing hysterically. Oh, when they get desperate, they love to start scaring me with their backers.

Zeke continued, "Go on then, tell me who on earth is backing you."

Alfred explained, "Surely you've heard of Master Williams. He's actually a part of the Williams family. Since I've worked for the Williams for such a long time, I've naturally gotten acquainted with him. We even had tea a while ago!"

Pfft!

Zeke burst out into laughter again.

Nice try. Since when have I had tea with the likes of you?

Just as Zeke was about to call him out, his phone rang. It was Hades from Rivermouth.

Zeke picked up the call out of curiosity and inquired, "What's up?"

Hades laughed bitterly, "Mr. Williams, looks like you've created quite a bit of trouble in Atheville again. Wayde Jenkins of the four major households has come looking for us."

Zeke frowned, "What's he doing in Rivermouth?"

Hades replied, "Wayde wants to get Master Williams to deal with you. I haven't disclosed your identity yet. What do you want to do?"

Zeke mulled over it and replied, "I'll get back to you in an hour."

Hades answered, "No problem."

Zeke hung up his call and glanced at Alfred. "Are you sure you know Master Williams?"



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Alfred boasted, "Of course."

Zeke ordered, "Follow me."

Alfred became alert and questioned, "What are you going to do?"

Zeke threatened him, "If you don't come, I'll break your legs."

...

In order to preserve his legs, he followed Zeke to a secluded corner.

Zeke scoffed, "You know Master Williams?"

Alfred nodded, "Of course."

Zeke queried, "I heard that Master Williams loves to remain low-key and the only people who know his true identity are Hades and Eclipse. How did you get to know Master Williams?"

Alfred replied guiltily, "I know the two of them, so they introduced me to him."

"Aha." Zeke chuckled. "So you know Hades and Eclipse very well, then. Call Hades now to prove yourself."

Alfred knew that he would be unable to do so.

After all, his turf was in Atheville, and he had no reason to know Hades, who was so far away.

He argued, "Why should I listen to you? Both of them are busy people. They don't have time to deal with the likes of you."

Zeke replied, "I'll just break your legs if you refuse."

...

After some thought, he lied, "I just changed to a new phone, so I don't have his contact saved. I'll call up a friend who has his number."

Alfred then called up his friend. Within ten minutes, he managed to obtain Hades' number.

Zeke took a glance and saw that it was indeed Hades. He instructed, "Give him a call, or I'll break your legs."

Alfred was frustrated. Can he talk about something other than breaking my legs?

He dialed the number, hoping that he could establish friendly terms with Hades.

However, after redialing multiple times, Hades did not pick up the call.

Ordinary people would not be able to contact

Hades. He had a filter activated on his phone such that only specific contacts could call him.

Alfred continued to lie through his teeth, "I just remembered. I changed my phone number, so he won't recognize this new number. He doesn't pick up calls from an unknown caller."

Zeke was speechless at this man's shamelessness.

He tossed his phone over and demanded, "Use my phone, then."

Alfred scowled, "Didn't you hear me? Hades won't pick up if he sees an unknown number."

Zeke smiled, "It's bold of you to assume that I don't know him."

Alfred gave a skeptical glance at Zeke and had a bad feeling about this. Don't tell me this guy knows Hades?

He dialed Hades' number with Zeke's phone and sure enough, the call connected.

In fact, it connected almost immediately.

Hades greeted him, "Hello, Mr. Williams."

Alfred trembled with fear. Damn it! This guy really knows Hades. Hades even calls him "Mr.



Williams”. Looks like he’s on equal standing with Hades, or has an even higher status than he. I messed up.

Zeke inquired, “Hades, do you know someone called Alfred Booth?”

Hades replied in confusion, “No, I don’t. Should I?”

Zeke chuckled, “This guy told me that you’re his pal and introduced him to Master Williams. A few days back, he even had tea with the Master.”

Hades burst out into laughter, “Mr. Williams, you are Master Williams. Surely you didn’t have to call me to know that he was lying!”



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What?

Alfred started to shiver uncontrollably.

Zeke is the legendary Master Williams who rose in fame and crippled the third strongest martial arts master in Eurasia, Barnaby, with one punch! He even broke through a siege of ten thousand men with Eclipse and other nameless heroes! Oh my gosh, that frail boy from back then has grown into such a powerful figure! The worst part is, he's still so young! He's a monster!

Zeke glanced at Alfred.

Alfred knelt down; he bowed at Zeke and apologized, "Master Williams, I was a fool! Please forgive me! I was in the wrong! Please, spare me!"

Zeke scoffed, "You want me to let you off? Sure. On one condition."

Alfred replied, "Master Williams, I'll do anything. You can name a hundred conditions if you want to!"

Zeke commanded, "Act as my middleman and strike a deal with Wayde Jenkins."

Alfred inquired, "You mean the head of the Jenkins household, Wayde Jenkins?"

Zeke nodded.

Alfred replied, "Sure, of course."

It was a blessing for him to be the middleman for Master Williams. Only a fool would reject this offer.

Zeke told Hades, "Hades, tell Jenkins that Master Williams has agreed to help, but he demands compensation. He can talk to Alfred Booth, who will be my middleman this time."

Hades nodded, "Sure."

After hanging up, Zeke explained his plan to Alfred in detail.

Alfred's eyes lit up when he heard this. Master Williams is not just strong. He's also a master at sabotaging others! No wonder Fatso was in trouble when he tried to deal with him.

The two of them quickly returned to Trust Media.

When Fatso saw that Alfred was alright, he heaved a sigh of relief. Zeke must be afraid of Master Williams. That's why he didn't touch Alfred!

Fatso sneered, "Oi, Williams, apologize to me. Otherwise, I'll tell my cousin to get Master

Williams to finish you off!”

Alfred broke out in a cold sweat and punched the living daylight out of Fatso. He bellowed, “Scram! If I see you disrespect Mr. Williams again, I’ll kill you! Apologize to Mr. Williams and pay him twenty million. Now!”

Fatso was stunned. What on earth? That’s completely different from what I imagined. Don’t tell me this guy isn’t afraid of even Master Williams!

While Fatso stood there in shock, Alfred kicked him twice, bringing him to his knees. Fatso apologized and left with Alfred in confusion as he prepared his twenty million.

Zeke turned to the employees who jeered at him and ordered, “Pack your things and get going. Your pay this month will be forfeited.”

The employees were scared out of their wits and begged Zeke to let them stay.

They were in the middle of an economic downturn, so it would be difficult to find a job. If they were fired, they would not be able to support their families.

Zeke turned to Lacey, “Lacey, what do you think?”

He wanted to let Lacey play the good guy so that she could manage the company more easily.

Lacey decided, "Let's... keep them for now. However, the next time I catch any of you flaunting your authority or bullying others, I'll make sure to fire you!"

All of them were extremely grateful.

Lacey glanced at Zeke and told him, "Zeke, follow me."

Zeke followed Lacey into the studio.

She interrogated him sternly, "Zeke, tell me how you managed to take over this company."

Zeke replied, "The Moore family gave this to us as compensation. They ordered bandits to kidnap me and nearly buried you alive. I'd say that we let them off too easily."

Lacey was lost in thought and replied, "That's right. Life can't be replaced. They got off easy. What's your relationship with Alfred? You've never been to Atheville, so how do you know him?"

Zeke had mixed feelings when she brought up the past.



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“Lacey, actually I’m from Atheville. Alfred Booth was my teacher back in those days but he used to look down on me and bullied me,” Zeke explained.

Lacey was surprised to hear his explanation. “Zeke, I didn’t expect that you came from Atheville. I’ve seen your ID and thought you’re from Oakheart City.”

“I moved to Oakheart City afterward,” Zeke added.

Lacey nodded, “I see. Zeke, are your parents at Atheville? I think we should pay them a visit sometime.”

Zeke thought for a moment and sighed, “They’ve passed away.”

Lacey was taken aback. “What a pity. Then we should pay our respects at their graves.”

“Sure.”

On the other hand, when Hades told Wayde that Master Williams was willing to do him justice, he was overjoyed.

The poor souls of the Jenkins would finally be able to rest in peace!

Zeke Williams is definitely going to die if

Master Williams is making a move!

Wayde informed Helen Zelly and Mrs. Moore right away.

At that moment, the two of them had just been released from the prison after being remanded for over a year.

However, they were not at all happy to be released.

They paid a hefty price of 5 billion, after all.

Mrs. Moore had even lost one of her hands.

The two of them wished they could skin Zeke Williams alive.

Naturally, they were overjoyed upon hearing the good news from Wayde.

Helen added, "Quick, go and see Master Williams's spokesperson. We have to get him to make a move no matter the cost this time."

Mrs. Moore asked, "Is Alfred Booth the spokesperson of Master Williams? I know this Booth guy. Hm, I didn't expect him to have a connection with Master Williams."

Helen was overjoyed, "You know the spokesperson of Master Williams? We are



going to stand a better chance at getting Master Williams's help if you know him personally."

Ten minutes later, Wayde, Helen, and Mrs. Moore gathered at the meeting room of the Zelly residence to wait for Alfred Booth.

The head of the Counts, Damian, went to the Northwest to seek Drake's help. However, when he knew that they had a good chance of getting Master Williams's help, Damian gave up on his course to seek Drake's aid and rushed back to Atheville instead.

Alfred Booth reached in no time.

The three heads of their respective households rushed to welcome him.

Mrs. Moore was fawning on Alfred, "Mr. Booth, it is such an honor to have you here today. Please, have a seat."

Alfred sat down, indifferent to Mrs. Moore's ingratiation.

This woman used to not acknowledge me at all. Now that I'm associated with Master Williams, suddenly she's addressing me as Mr. Booth.

It feels good, though.

As Alfred sipped the cup of tea he had been served, Helen hurriedly asked, "Mr. Booth, do you find this tea to your liking? Eurasia only produces a few hundred grams of this Big Red Robe a year."

Alfred nodded, "Hmm, not bad."

Helen asked the butler immediately, "How much Big Red Robe do we have now?"

The butler replied, "Madam, we have about 700 grams left."

Helen then ordered, "Okay. Pack them all for Mr. Booth."

"Okay, Madam," the butler replied and off he went.

Alfred Booth was pleasantly surprised, as he was not used to such treatment from Helen.

She used to be high-and-mighty, and he did not even have the right to speak to Helen.

Now they were the ones trying to lick his shoes.

Master Williams is indeed a legend.

Alfred did not beat around the bush and went straight to the point. "You guys know that Master Williams would not make a move lightly.

Whether or not he would do anything this time depends solely on your sincerity.”

Mrs. Moore articulated her words carefully, “How much is Master Williams asking for...?”

Alfred held out five fingers.



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Mrs. Moore asked, "Five billion?"

Alfred was infuriated at her guess, "Five billion? Who do you take Master Williams for? A beggar? Since you guys are taking him so lightly, let's forget about this deal."

Alfred got up to leave right after.

Zeke ordered for him to play hard to get.

The three household heads were shocked to see his reaction and hurriedly asked Alfred to stay.

"Mr. Booth, you've misunderstood us. It's not that we're taking Master Williams lightly. We just think that the person we are trying to deal with is only worth five billion."

"Perhaps Mr. Booth meant 50 billion?"

Alfred stopped in his tracks and nodded.

The three household heads exchanged glances with each other, torn at the confirmation.

Truth be told, all their wealth combined only amounted to 50 billion.

Master Williams was essentially squeezing them dry for asking for such a price.

However, if they did not deal with Zeke, they might have gone bankrupt and their legacy would be eradicated instead.

In the end, Helen made the call. "Okay, 50 billion it is!"

"Okay, then you guys had better be prepared," Alfred replied.

"I will arrange for Master Williams to meet up with all of you to discuss the details after he has gotten his pay."

Alfred left without asking who they wanted Master Williams to deal with.

This was part of Zeke's plan as well.

The three of them were still unhappy after sending Alfred off.

Mrs. Moore sighed, "50 billion? Our cash flow does not even amount to 1 billion right now."

Helen gritted her teeth, "Since Master Williams is asking for 50 billion, he must have the confidence to wipe that Zeke Williams out with that amount of money. I think we could make it if we sell off some assets. Not only will we be able to eradicate Zeke, but we could also get to know Master Williams. Why worry about the 50 billion when we could earn it back with Master

Williams's network?"

Alfred left and informed Zeke of the good news.

Zeke nodded. "Great work. Now we'll just have to wait for the four major households to raise the fund."

The four major households started to sell off their assets to raise the 50 billion.

The major moves garnered the public's attention.

The four major households were essentially selling off geese that were laying golden eggs for them. Hence, the public could not help but feel curious about it.

After some digging around, the public finally got to know that the four major households were actually raising funds to ask Master Williams to deal with their common enemy.

This poor enemy would definitely suffer at the hands of Master Williams, and the four major households would be the winner in the end.

It took them just less than two days to amass 50 billion.

Mrs. Moore contacted Alfred in no time and

requested him to bring Master Williams along to discuss the details of their plan.

Alfred replied, "Transfer the money to my account. I'll bring Master Williams after verification on my end."

Mrs. Moore did not give it a second thought and wired the 50 billion to the said account.

Since Master Williams was a legendary warrior, they expected him to uphold his good name.

After verifying that the money was in, "Okay, now try getting Zeke to go to your place. Master Williams is really busy and has no time to go looking for Zeke Williams."

"No problem," Mrs. Moore agreed.

The four major households then decided to hold a banquet and invite Zeke Williams.

Their excuse was to apologize for their wrongdoings toward Frederick back then.

It was actually a trap.

As Zeke did not hesitate and agreed to attend the banquet after receiving the invitation, the four families were overjoyed.

He really believed that we would bow down to

him.

How absurd!



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Zeke was fashionably late to the banquet; he chose to arrive in the late afternoon.

The heads of the four major households had been waiting.

Zeke took his seat but nobody took heed of him.

He's about to die anyway.

Zeke looked at the empty table. "There aren't any offerings or headstones for my deceased brother. This is the way you're apologizing?"

Helen replied impassively, "We've prepared the offerings."

She snapped her fingers.

The Zelly household servants quickly laid out the offerings and headstones on the table.

However, it was not the headstone for Frederick. They were the headstones of the relatives of the four households whom Zeke had murdered. There were ten of them in total.

Zeke admired the headstones laid out before him and commented, "I'll forgive their wrongdoings toward me since they're dead. There's no need to arrange their headstones to apologize to me."

“Preposterous!” Helen slammed the table and stood up. “Williams, aren’t you too full of yourself? Do you really think we are going to apologize to you? How ridiculous!”

She shot a glance at her subordinates.

Her subordinates proceeded to block the entrance from the inside, leaving no room for Zeke to escape.

Zeke furrowed his brows, “Are you guys looking down on me? Trying to finish me off with these menial men?”

Helen sneered, “As you wish, we’ve brought someone who would be able to take you down.”

This piqued Zeke’s interest. “Oh, who is it?”

Helen replied, “The renowned Master Williams; I believe you’ve heard of him.”

Zeke snorted, “You’re appointing me to eradicate myself? How absurd.”

The heads of the four households exchanged glances with each other and burst into laughter, especially Wayde.

“Hahaha! Do you mean you’re the Master of Eurasia, Master Williams himself? Why don’t you take a good look at yourself in the mirror?”

“I admit that you’re quite capable. But those are just peanuts in front of Master Williams! You’re practically insulting Master Williams. If you could even talk to Master Williams, I would eat sh\*t in front of you.”

Zeke replied, “Sure. I actually haven’t witnessed someone eating shit before.”

Alfred rushed to the scene at the same time.

The four heads rose to welcome him.

“Mr. Booth, please have a seat. Where is Master Williams? Why are you here alone? Do you need me to send for a car?”

“Master Williams is already here,” Alfred replied.

“I’ve asked you guys to get your enemy here. Is he here yet?”

Mrs. Moore pointed at Zeke. “There he is.”

Alfred glanced at Zeke and pretended to be infuriated. “B\*stards! What are you getting at?”

The four heads were stumped. “What do you mean?”

Alfred replied, “You’re asking Master Williams to kill himself? You guys are trying to buy Master Williams’s life for 50 billion? Why don’t

you guys commit suicide instead?”

All colors drained from their faces as soon as they heard those words. “Mr. Booth, what exactly do you mean?”

Alfred bellowed, “Nonsense! Zeke Williams is Master Williams!”

The four of them felt as if they were just struck by lightning and froze on the ground.

Zeke Williams... is Master Williams!

Sh\*t. We've appointed our enemy to take down himself. How ridiculous!

How does a loser like Frederick have such an awesome friend?

There was a time when they wanted to appoint the Unbreakable Eight and the Four Divinities to destroy Master Williams.

It was a suicidal move.

Wait a minute, something's wrong here.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zeke Williams knew they were appointing Master Williams to destroy himself but he agreed to it anyway and even accepted the 50-billion remuneration...

Damn it, it's a trap!

He just scammed 50 billion from us! 50 billion is no joke!

Mrs. Moore coughed up blood at the revelation.

Alfred walked to Zeke's side. "Master Williams, I apologize for my oversight on this matter. I did not do the proper due diligence before accepting this mission. I deserve to be punished for it."

Zeke waved his hands to dismiss him. "It's alright, we did not suffer any loss anyway."

The four households' heads wanted to spit blood at Zeke's face.

Not only he did not suffer any loss, but he also made a handsome fortune out of it!

Zeke looked the four of them and commanded, "Continue."

The four of them were stumped. Continue what?

Zeke added, "Aren't you guys apologizing to my friend? Continue."

They could only oblige.

They would suffer great repercussions if Master Williams were indeed displeased with them.

The four of them could only move their relatives' headstones to the bottom and make a new one for Frederick, placing it at the very top.

Zeke got up and added impassively, "You guys had better prepare for my buddy's reburial. Don't even for a second think of escaping from your responsibilities. Of course, if you'd really like to experience my wrath, I could let you guys have a taste of it. However, there would be huge repercussions."

All the four households indeed suffered a huge blow.

50 billion was undoubtedly a huge price to pay.

After Zeke left with Alfred, Mrs. Moore punched the table so hard that her fist was bleeding.

"Alfred Booth was too much! He definitely teamed up with Williams to toy with us!"

Helen gritted through her teeth. "It's far from

over. I'll be sure to make him pay for it."

Wayde slumped on the chair, "He's Master Williams, after all, the second master of Eurasia. What do we have to put up a fight against him?"

Helen replied, "He's only the second master. Don't forget that there's someone above him—Drake."

The other three were rejoiced and cast a hopeful glance at Damian.

"Mr. Count, how's the progress in asking for Drake's help?"

Damian smiled. "Good news. Drake rejected us."

The rest of them were perplexed. "How is this good news?"

"Let me finish," Damian added. "Drake rejected us because our opponent was a nobody, and it was not worth his consideration. However, if Drake knew that our opponent was Master Williams, don't you think he would change his mind?"

The others were ecstatic to hear him. "Yes, I think we stand a good chance."



“Quick, get Drake to help us. Take my private jet.”

“Drake is a veteran. Surely he could fight against Zeke Williams.”

“I want him to give back everything that he took from us.”

“I want Zeke to be buried alive to avenge for my son!”

The last remark was of course uttered by Mrs. Moore.

She was obsessed with burning Zeke alive.

After leaving the Zelly Family, Alfred took out a card, “Mr. Williams, here’s 50 billion from the four households.”

Zeke took over the card and asked, “Do you think they will learn their lesson after this experience?”

Alfred breathed in deeply, “Hmm. I heard that they’re trying to get Drake to fight against you.”

A private jet flew by when they were talking.



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Alfred glanced at the jet flying above them, "It's the Zelly private jet heading northwest. I think they're going to get Drake."

Zeke replied, "Great. I've been wanting to meet the grand master of Eurasia anyway."

However, Alfred was worried, "Mr. Williams, Drake is a veteran and has quite an influence over in the Northwest. How confident are you in defeating him?"

Zeke replied, "I think Drake is not even worthy of mentioning."

Alfred was stumped.

Zeke tells good jokes.

"Actually, I don't really care about my Master Williams identity at all," Zeke replied.

He took his leave afterward.

Alfred felt chills down his spine and gazed at Zeke's silhouette.

The second master of Eurasia is nothing to him?

How much more powerful could his real identity be?

Could it be... General?

In the northwest.

On the vast green pastures roamed herds of livestock.

The people here were nomads living peaceful and undisturbed lives.

They did not believe in gods nor ghosts. Their only faith was Drake.

Drake was the one protecting the vast lands of the northwest, shielding the people there from foreigners' attacks and bringing them prosperity and peace.

He was a living legend.

Drake's chambers were known as the Helios Palace.

His residence undoubtedly reflected the class of an imperial palace.

Damian entered the Helios Palace after multiple rounds of checking, and he finally met the legendary Drake.

Drake was a man in his prime and looked like a hunter.

However, his ruthlessness could not be compared to that of any other hunters.

He was toying with his favorite bow at the moment.

Damian bowed to him in respect. "Sir Drake, I apologize for troubling you once again."

It was apparent that Drake was annoyed at the sight of Damian. "Why are you here again?"

Damian replied, "Sir Drake, my intel proved to be incorrect last time. Actually, the person that we wanted to deal with is not a nobody. It is the renowned Master Williams."

"Oh." This piece of information seemed to have piqued Drake's interest, "Is this the Master Williams who prevailed over a ten-thousand strong ambush?"

Damian nodded his head, "Correct."

Drake snorted, "Those below me do not deserve the master title."

Damian was disappointed in his reaction.

Seems like even Master Williams is unworthy to Drake.

However, Drake suddenly announced, "Hmm,

since he is honored as a master by the others, I think he could amount to something. I'd like to meet him."

Damian was overjoyed at the news.

"Cobra, come in," Drake ordered.

A one-eyed man walked in, "Greetings, Sir."

Drake ordered, "Lead your Asclepius team to Atheville and get me someone who calls himself Master Williams. Just extend a hunting invitation on my behalf."

Cobra then crossed his hands before his chest. "Yes, sir."

Damian was thrilled at the order.

Cobra's Asclepius Team was famous for being the team that was cultivated by Drake himself.

They were well known for beating two masters, who ended up losing their lives right at the scene. In comparison, the team only suffered minor injuries.

Master Williams could never match up to two masters. What a joke!

When Cobra reached Atheville along with the Asclepius Team, it was already the wee hours

in the morning.

Cobra smiled sinisterly at the sight of the grand Trust Media building.

“Brothers, let’s keep ourselves busy tonight and tear this place down to teach the Williams guy a lesson. I’ll treat you all to the club later.”

Under Cobra’s command, around a hundred members of the Asclepius team dashed into the building, destroying everything that came into their sight all the way up to the tenth floor.



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In under half an hour, the interior of the building turned into piles of rubble.

Fortunately, there was no one in the building, and there were no casualties resulting from this attack.

Cobra was satisfied with his team's work. "Damian, arrange for the best clubs in Atheville for my brothers."

Damian was displeased with Cobra's demand.

Are you guys here to carry out a mission or to play?

However, he did not make his thoughts vocal and arranged them to go to the Eastern Star Night Club.

The next day.

Zeke took Lacey and Mia to enjoy the local breakfast delights at Atheville—fermented soybean milk and donuts.

However, it seemed like only the locals enjoyed the fermented soybean milk. Lacey and Mia both found it hard to swallow.

Zeke proceeded to order two servings of waffles for them and finished their remaining fermented soybean milk.



He drank it all in one go, in true Atheville style.

Alfred gave him a call when he was enjoying the drink.

“Mr. Williams, Trust Media has been ransacked yesterday.”

What!

Zeke was infuriated and rushed to the Trust Media building together with Lacey and Mia.

The two ladies were devastated to hear the news.

“Seems like Atheville might not be ideal for starting a business.”

“Hmm, the building has been ruined twice in two days.”

The ladies were thinking about retreating from Atheville altogether.

When the three of them reached the Trust Media building, it was already surrounded by onlookers through and through.

The glass was all shattered and covered the ground outside the building.

One could see through the windows that the

interior of the building was pillaged.

Computers, photocopiers, and stationery were all ruined; some items were even thrown out of the building.

Documents were burned and the walls were charred.

Staff reached the office early in the morning, shivering as they stood outside the ruined building.

Lacey was exasperated and waved her hands at some staff, "Quick, follow me into the office to save some important documents."

The staff only dared to head inside when Lacey led them in.

Zeke cast a glance at Alfred.

Alfred understood his boss's intention and followed Lacey into the building.

He wanted me to protect Lacey from any potential lurking danger inside the building.

The onlookers were abuzz with speculation.

"Didn't the four families appoint Master Williams to deal with Zeke Williams? Is this Master Williams's doing?"

“Who do you take Master Williams for? He would do no such thing.”

“I heard that Master Williams did not help them out but the exact reasons were unclear.”

“Seems like the four families had appointed another force to deal with Zeke Williams.”

Zeke’s face darkened as he heard the murmurs.

As expected, this was done by Drake’s people.

He would not stop at this. Drake would definitely come looking for me.

Zeke was in no rush to meet Drake at all. Instead, he decided that he would wait for Drake to come knocking.

At the Eastern Star Night Club.

Damian knocked on Cobra’s door anxiously.

Cobra opened the door with sleepy eyes.

He was still half dazed when he heard the knocking. So, he simply put on woman’s panties and answered the door.

“What?” Cobra was obviously pissed off.

Damian asked, “It’s getting late. Should we go

get Williams now?”

Cobra looked at the time, “Hmm, yes.”

“Let’s go look for Williams.”

Damian was stumped, “Are you going alone?”

Cobra replied, “I’m more than enough. Let my brothers sleep for a while longer.”

Damian was starting to doubt that he heard Cobra wrongly. “Williams is a master; could you handle him alone...?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Cobra glared at Damian. “Are you thinking that I want to catch Zeke Williams single-handedly? I only need to quote Drake’s name. Do you think Williams will resist our invitation when we ask him to meet Drake? The move yesterday should have taught him a lesson; he wouldn’t dare to make futile attempts.”

Damian still felt quite uneasy but he did not say anything further.

It’s going to be okay. Even if Cobra fails, his Asclepius Team will back him up.

After ten minutes, the two of them reached the Trust Media building.

Onlookers still gathered around the building. The two of them could only get to the building after a considerable effort squeezing into the crowd.

Zeke’s sharp eyes caught the sight of them in the crowd.

Since Count is here, this definitely has something to do with the four households.

Damian and Cobra approached Zeke. The chattering crowd went silent at the sight of them.

These two must be the culprits.

The crowd was curious about the force that the four households had engaged to deal with Zeke Williams.

Cobra spat rudely, "You're Zeke Williams?"

Zeke replied, "That's right. Are you the one who ruined my building yesterday?"

Cobra snorted, "Take it as my welcome gift for you. Do you like it?"

"As long as you admit to it. It seems like the four major households are still oblivious to their mistakes. Hey, Count, you guys have to compensate me another 50 billion," Zeke replied.

"As for you, apologize to me by kneeling down," Zeke instructed Cobra.

Cobra felt an inexplicable chill down his spine when Zeke glared at him.

However, he kept a composed face, "I don't kneel down that easily. I'm Cobra, Drake's henchman."

The crowd was shocked to hear Drake's name.

"My goodness, he's Drake's people."

"The four major households are really

something. They have connections with Drake!”

“Drake’s reputation is well-established. I think even Master Williams has to concede defeat this time.”

“This young man is quite unlucky to be targeted by Drake.”

But Zeke felt no fear. “Cobra?”

“Do cobras only have one eye?”

Sh\*t!

Cobra was incensed at Zeke’s mocking. He loathed it when others ridiculed him for having only one eye.

“Williams, you listen to me carefully. Drake has invited you to the northwest. You’d better shut up and follow us there. Otherwise, you’re going to suffer the repercussions.”

The way Cobra stressed the word “invited” incited heated discussions among the crowd.

Zeke smiled thinly. “You’d better listen up, too. I want you to kneel and atone for your mistake here for one full day.”

“God damn it, Williams!”

Zeke lost his patience and made his move. He was as fast as lightning.

The next second, Zeke appeared before Cobra and gave him a kick across his legs.

Crack, crack!

Two crisp cracking sounds could be heard as Cobra's kneecaps shattered from Zeke's kick.

With a plop, he collapsed onto the ground.

F\*ck!

The crowd gasped in shock.

The guy just announced that he was Drake's crew, and this young man still dared to make a move against him!

He's definitely trying to provoke Drake.

He really doesn't know who he's dealing with.

Damian paled at the turn of events. He took a few steps back and blended into the crowd.

This guy has the guts to beat up Drake's people. There's no doubt he will beat me up, too. But the ruder he is to Drake's people, the better. He's just going to die a more tragic death.





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Cobra felt an excruciating pain emanating from his knees and spreading to his whole body.

However, he held it in and did not make a sound.

He gave Zeke a menacing look. "You're as good as dead."

Zeke merely replied, "The Asclepius Team? What is that? Your backup is miles away, am I right? They're of no help to you now."

Cobra cursed at him, "My team is at the Eastern Star Night Club. They could arrive in under ten minutes."

"So you still have ten minutes to apologize; otherwise, you're going to die."

So they're at Eastern Star.

Zeke smiled sinisterly and took out his phone. He called Rosie from the Necromancer Assassin Organization.

"Rosie, please help me get rid of a bunch of people at Eastern Star."

Rosie replied, "Look at your watch."

"Why?" Zeke was perplexed.

“I’ll settle it within five minutes. I’m just around the corner of Eastern Star,” Rosie replied.

Great!

Cobra’s face paled in an instant.

Why did I let him know my brothers’ whereabouts? Ahh! I’ve been tricked!

They’re all tuckered out from last night. I think they’re still sound asleep. What if they’re ambushed?

Cobra took out his phone and wanted to call his team members.

Zeke kicked the phone away from Cobra’s hands, shattering it into pieces.

Cobra felt so helpless that he actually wanted to cry.

Sh\*t, I screwed up big time.

Wait a minute, I should be fine.

Williams just came to Atheville, so he shouldn’t have many connections here.

Alfred should be his backbone. But he is just a thug who can easily be defeated by my team, so he’s nothing to worry about.

He regained his confidence upon some pondering. “Hah! You’d better start preparing for the funeral for the people you sent to Eastern Star!”

Zeke did not take heed of him and cast a glance at Damian instead, “Get your ass here.”

Damian knew there was nowhere to hide; he shuddered as he approached Zeke.

Zeke bellowed, “You have to compensate me 50 billion for the damages you’ve done to my building. Get your ass off to raise the funds. I’ll set fire to the Count family house if you can’t get the money within a day.”

Damian tried to bargain. “Trust Media is only worth about 30 billion, why did you ask for 50 billion compensation...”

“You’d better get started. I’ll break your legs if you say another word,” Zeke shouted.

Damian trembled and quickly fled the scene.

This guy will really break my legs.

First things first. I need to inform the Asclepius Team instead of trying to raise the 50 billion.

Damian did not have the contact of the Asclepius Team, so he could only go to Eastern

Star in person.

I hope I could make it in time.

Damn it, Cobra! You've dragged me into this mess!

The Eastern Star Night Club only operated at night.

The doors of Eastern Star were all locked. It was eerily quiet.

The members of the Asclepius Team were sound asleep, cuddling with their lady partners from the night before.

The escorts were so good that they were practically drained from a night of strenuous exercise.

The team was unaware of the fact that Cobra confronted Zeke all by himself.

At that moment, a group of people dressed in black came into the club unannounced, via the ventilation pipes.

They were Rosie's associates from the Necro Group.

She had asked a few of her members to come here to collect information about the

distribution of the Asclepius Team members.

Within one minute's time, one to two members of her team had already stationed themselves outside the room of each Asclepius Team member.

When Rosie gave them all a signal, they broke into the rooms simultaneously, driving their daggers multiple times into the hearts of the men who were still in bed.

Most of the members died in their sleep.

The assassins also knocked out ladies so quickly that there was no time for them to let out a shriek.

However, an accident still happened.



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One of the Asclepius Team members had gotten into a scuffle with an assassin on the way to the bathroom in the middle of the night.

Luckily, Rosie White had arrived just in time to end the fight with a quick slash of her knife.

The scuffle ended in just five minutes.

“Retreat!” Rosie ordered before sending a message to Zeke. They’re all dead.

Meanwhile, at Trust Media...

Zeke read the message from Rosie and turned to Cobra. “Stay on your knees for the next twenty-four hours.”

At that, he turned around and disappeared into the Trust Media office.

The moment Zeke disappeared from his sight, Cobra pulled out a spare phone. He quickly dialed the number of one of the members of the Asclepius Team.

I’m skinning you alive once I have backup!

However, no one picked up his call, no matter how many times he dialed the number.

“Why are you still sleeping?” He growled to himself.

He tried another number, but it was to no avail.

Cobra began to panic.

What's going on?

They should have woken up by now because of all the ringing...

Suddenly, Zeke's deep gaze popped into his mind.

Wait a moment... does that mean...

How could it be? It's only been five minutes!

Even Drake would not have been able to wipe out the entire Asclepius Team in just five minutes!

He tried calling another team member only to be ignored once again.

Oh, for goodness' sake!

Cobra could feel the hairs on his body stand on their ends.

The Asclepius Team might be long gone.

How did he do it?

Cobra tried to escape but could only do so on



all fours because of his broken kneecaps.

Suddenly, a glass shard came flying from the window of the office, lodging itself into Cobra's chest.

"If you go any further than that, I'm throwing another one into your skull," Zeke threatened from inside the office.

Cobra had no choice but to give up.

The only person who could save him was Drake.

With shaky hands, he dialed Drake's number.

However, Zeke Williams was not very high on Drake's hit list, to begin with.

He continued to clean his favorite bow.

The bow's name was Bloodstained Shadow, as it had been splattered with the blood of many people who had fallen before it.

Cobra's call jolted him out of his trance.

He grinned. I'm sure he has good news for me.

He's getting better at this!

He picked up the call.

“Drake, I have bad news,” Cobra said gravely.

“The Asclepius Team has fallen. They broke my legs and forced me to kneel before their office. He... he thinks you’re no match for him! Drake, you have to take revenge for us!”

What?

Drake’s heart skipped a beat. “Williams... wiped out the entire Asclepius Team by himself?”

“No,” Cobra replied immediately.

“He sent someone to drug the members before killing them in their sleep.”

He decided to tell a lie in hopes of covering up the fact that he had been partying with the members at the bar for the whole night.

Drake heaved a sigh of relief. “I knew it. He wouldn’t have been able to pull it off all by himself! He used sleeping drugs? I thought he was better than that! I’ll be there in a while.”

“See you soon, Drake!” Cobra said, delighted.

The people of Atheville were shocked to hear that Drake was going to pay a visit.

That man had always kept himself away from the public radar.

He almost never made public appearances outside of his lair.

No one knew how he looked like since there had not been a single picture of him circulating in the community.

However, things were different this time. Not only was he going to make a public appearance, but he was also going to show just how powerful he was.

Such an opportunity was hard to come by, and everyone wanted a glimpse of him.

They began to snatch up hotel rooms near Trust Media to get as close as possible to Drake when he arrives.

Meanwhile, Cobra glanced at his broken kneecaps as he clenched his jaws tightly. “Just you wait, Zeke Williams! I’m going to break every single bone in your body when the time comes!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Meanwhile, Damian Count hurried to the Eastern Star Night Club to get backup.

He was still in the dark about the fall of the Asclepius Team.

He barged through the front door of the night club and ran up three flights of stairs without stopping.

The Asclepius Team had reserved the entire third floor of the bar for themselves.

The corridor was dark and quiet; nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

Damian heaved a sigh of relief.

He knocked on one of the doors loudly.

To his surprise, no one answered.

He tried knocking again, only to be met with dead silence.

He frowned. Shouldn't they be on high alert at all times? Why are they still sleeping?

He pushed the door lightly.

Creak!

The door gave way immediately.

The unmistakable, metallic smell of blood filled his nostrils.

The room was pitch black.

Blood?

Why's there blood?

He turned on the lights without hesitation.

The scene that appeared before him made his scalp go numb.

A member of the Team was lying on the bed with blood pouring from the several stab wounds on his body, dyeing the bedsheets a shocking red.

A naked woman laid motionless next to him. Damian could not tell if she was dead or just unconscious.

I've come too late...

With a heavy heart, he forced himself to open the doors of the other members.

All of them were dead as well, just like the first one.

Damian could feel despair taking over his mind.

How could all of Drake's best assassins be wiped out so quickly?

How could that Zeke Williams be so powerful?

They had grossly underestimated Zeke's power.

Damian dragged himself to the front door of the bar with his hand on the wall.

He took a few deep breaths before exiting the door to calm his churning stomach.

He hopped onto the car. "Take me to the Zellys family home," He instructed the driver.

Meanwhile, at the Zelly family's residence...

The three masters flew into a rage upon hearing the news.

"Useless! What an imbecile!"

"He went to challenge Zeke Williams by himself despite knowing how strong he was? Look at the price he paid!"

"He ruined all our plans!"

Damian sighed. "Cut the whining. We need to gather fifty billion as soon as possible."

Mrs. Moore hung her head in defeat. "Not

another fifty billion!”

“The last fifty billion was already a huge blow to my family’s finances. Another fifty billion would be devastating!”

The other masters nodded in agreement.

Even mountains made out of gold might not be worth a hundred billion, let alone wealthy families like them.

However, Helen Zelly seemed unfazed. “He wants money? Ridiculous!”

“Williams said he would murder us all if we don’t give him the money,” Damian said. “I really think he’s serious about it.”

“Haha! Why are you being so stubborn?” Helen asked.

“We’re more than capable of crushing him! We were just too ignorant of the forces available to us...”

Damian frowned. “Forces’? Do you mean Drake? I don’t think he will be able to make it to Atheville before the deadline Zeke gave us.”

“I’m not talking about Drake,” Helen said, shaking her head. “Think about it. Zeke Williams culled half our family and murdered

hundreds of people in one go. It's an absolute crime! Justice needs to be served!"

"Do you really think he's above the law?"



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Everyone gasped in realization upon hearing that.

“We were so stupid! Why didn’t we think of this earlier?”

“Murder is a crime that needs to be reported! Why were we so blind earlier on?”

“Wayde, isn’t your cousin Brent the director of the police station here? Why don’t you get him to help?”

Wayde Jenkins nodded. “Alright, I’ll contact him now.”

He took out his phone and dialed Brent Jenkins’ number. “Hey, Brent? Could you help me out?”

...

At the police station, Brent Jenkins slammed his hand onto his desk and stood up upon hearing his cousin’s story. “Scumbag!”

“What era does he think he’s living in? How dare he disrespect the rule of law?” Brent yelled, grinding his teeth together. “Rest assured. I’ll deal with this.”

“Round up the riot police! We’re going to arrest him!”

Over at Trust Media, Lacey and Zeke were in the middle of tidying up their office.

Lacey had a sorrowful expression on her face. “We’ve only been here for a couple of days, yet we’ve been trashed two times already. Maybe Trust Media was never meant to be...”

“Don’t worry, Lacey. As long as I’m here, the whole of Eurasia will belong to us,” Zeke said in an attempt to comfort her.

Suddenly, a hoard of men came rushing in.

It was Brent Jenkins and his army of riot police.

Lacey stood rooted to the ground, a little confused.

Why’s the police here? It’s not like I called them or anything...

More importantly, why are there police officers in bulletproof vests?

“You are...” She asked apprehensively.

Brent glanced at the two of them. “Which one of you is Zeke Williams?”

“That would be me.”

Zeke answered Brent’s question without even

looking up from sweeping the floor.

Brent huffed before he continued, “Zeke Williams, you’re under arrest for your suspected connections to a murder case.”

Lacey began to panic. “Y-you’ve gotten the wrong person!”

“Zeke is just an employee at my company! He didn’t kill anyone!”

“All our evidence points towards him,” Brent said. “We’ll be the ones deciding if he’s guilty or not.”

That was when Zeke finally looked up.

He did not blame Brent for this; the latter was just executing his duties as a police officer.

The only person to blame would be himself, as he had neglected to inform the higher-ups of his actions beforehand.

“Why don’t you go back and take a good look at my particulars before arresting me?” He asked.

“I don’t need you to tell me that,” Brent snarled.

“Let’s go! Don’t you dare try and resist arrest! We’ll only be nice to you if you cooperate.”

Zeke decided to give in to their request as he had no other options.

He needed to talk to Brent anyway.

Lacey grew more anxious when she saw Zeke being led away by the police officers. "Zeke! You're innocent, right?"

Zeke smiled at her. "Do you trust me, Lacey?"

"Yes, of course!" Lacey replied, nodding.

"Alright then. Wait for me."

Lacey took a deep breath and said with much determination, "Don't worry, Zeke. If anyone dares frame you for this, I'll go after them myself."

"Alright," Zeke replied before he was whisked away by the riot police.

Cobra could see Zeke being led away by the police from his spot outside the office.

Damian must have alerted the police.

There are a hundred lost lives Zeke Williams must be punished for!

He's definitely going down this time around!

However, that would mean he would not get a chance to break Zeke's bones anymore.

Cobra grinned as he crawled over to one of the officers. "Sir, I would like to lodge a report against Zeke Williams."

"He broke my legs through violent means, and he must be punished for that!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zeke simply chuckled. “Cobra, stop talking. Save your energy. If you don’t shut up, I’ll add another day to your sentence.”

“You’re going to jail! Stop acting like you’re the boss!” Cobra retorted. “Just you wait! I’ll send someone to haunt you once you get your sentence.”

Brent glanced at Cobra before turning to his subordinates. “Bring him to the station too. We need a statement from him.”

Soon, they arrived at the station.

The masters of the four families had been waiting by the doors for a long time.

They roared in excitement upon seeing Zeke being led in by a bunch of police officers, though there was still a hint of regret in their eyes.

If they had known that Zeke would surrender himself so easily, they would not have needed to fork out that previous fifty billion.

They decided to find ways to reclaim the fifty billion once Zeke died.

The four masters began to scoff at Zeke as he walked into the station.

“Haha! Why don’t you show us more of your tricks, Zeke Williams?”

“I thought you weren’t the type to give up easily?”

“Won’t it be such an embarrassment for you to die in prison?”

“Son, here’s the revenge you deserved. I will give you a proper burial once he gets his death sentence!”

Zeke glanced at the four people and asked, “How’re the preparations going for that fifty billion I asked for?”

What the hell?

Helen Zelly flew into a rage. “You’re going to die! Stop fantasizing about that fifty billion!”

“I don’t think you’re going to live that long!”

Zeke shook his head and sighed. “Well, I changed my mind.”

“Considering how rude you’ve been to me, I think fifty billion is no longer sufficient.”

“How about a hundred billion?”

The four masters scoffed in unison.

Does he actually think he's going to survive this?

"Let's head to the interrogation room," Brent said.

"Can we go in too?" Wayde asked.

"We're the victims here. We'll be able to counter his lies if he dares to tell any!"

Brent agreed without much thought.

They made their way to the interrogation room.

"Your name, gender and age, please," Brent said.

"Why don't you just check my archives?" Zeke asked.

"Stop trying to fool us!" Brent growled, before turning to his assistant Larry and saying, "Go and check his archives."

Larry nodded and hurried off to the archives room.

Brent decided to stop beating around the bush. "Tell me. Were you the one behind the murder of all those people from the four most prominent families?"



“That’s right, I am,” Zeke said.

“Was the Eastern Star massacre also your doing?”

“Yes.”

“My leg...” Cobra began.

“I broke it,” Zeke said, cutting him off with a glance.

The four masters were all delighted by his answers.

They had thought Zeke would at least try and spin some kind of tall tale to defend himself. They had even prepared their counterarguments.

Little did they know, Zeke had admitted to the accusations immediately.

He’s asking for it!

“Alright. I will present your statement to the court as evidence,” Brent said. “Detain him until the verdict is made.”

The four masters were jittery with excitement.

Haha! He’s finally going to get what he deserves!

Their long wait for justice was finally over.

Meanwhile, a Hongqi L5 slowly made its way into the station.

It belonged to General Cosmopolis, Wolf's Greed.

He walked into the archives room with a top-secret archive in his hands.

Larry sat by the desk in the archives room, trying his best to dig out any information regarding Zeke Williams from their systems.

However, the results almost made him fall off his chair in shock.

Zeke's archives were of 'SSS' level confidentiality, which meant that he had no right to read them.



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That was the first time he had come across such an archive.

He shivered violently as his heartbeat sped up. Zeke Williams isn't an ordinary person.

The director is in trouble!

He stood up to inform the director but was blocked at the door by Wolf's Greed.

He glanced at the computer and sneered. "Who do you think you are? His archives aren't something you can just read like a book from the library."

Larry glanced at him tentatively. "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"I am General Cosmopolis."

General Cosmopolis!

Larry yelped. Why is he here of all places?

Their station was hardly a place someone like General Cosmopolis would bother to visit.

Wolf's Greed tossed the archives in his hands to Larry. "Isn't this what you're looking for? Why don't you take a look?"

Larry took out the stack of documents from the

folder and almost fainted after glancing through its contents.

'Zeke Williams, Five-Star General. Also known as the Great Marshal.' was written in big block letters at the top of the first document.

The Great Marshal!

Brent captured the Great Marshal!

Larry felt dread wash over him like a bucket of cold water.

All he could think about was how much trouble they were in.

Within a span of one day, two war gods have 'graced' their station.

It's the end!

"So, what do you think you should be doing next?" Wolf's Greed asked coldly.

Larry nodded profusely. "I-I'll tell the director about this right now!"

Wolf's Greed nodded and left.

Larry jogged all the way to the interrogation room.

Brent had just finished collating the voice statement and was about to send Zeke to the detention rooms personally.

Suddenly, Larry rushed up to him and yelled, "Mr. Jenkins! Please stop!"

Brent frowned.

Wasn't this guy supposed to be a really polite person?

Why's he telling me to stop?

"What the hell are you yelling about?" He growled.

Larry ignored him and turned to Zeke, giving the latter a sincere bow. "Mr. Williams, I apologize for our earlier misgivings. Please forgive us!"

Zeke simply nodded in silence.

"What are you talking about, Larry?" Brent demanded. "He confessed to his crimes! Why are you acting like that?"

The four masters began to berate Larry as well, calling him all sorts of nasty names.

Left with no other option, Larry practically dragged Brent to the archives room while saying, "I need to show you something, Mr.

Jenkins. Mr. Williams is innocent.”

Brent was vexed. “Hey! If you don’t give me a good explanation for all this nonsense, get ready to lose your job!”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Jenkins. You’ll be glad I showed you this,” Larry said.

Once they arrived at the archives room, Larry pointed at the screen of the computer and said, “Mr. Jenkins, Zeke Williams’ archives are under the triple ‘S’ level of protection. His archives are in this folder. Please take a look.”

What?

Brent shivered. Triple ‘S’? How’s this possible?

He picked up the folder on the table to have a look.

When he finished, he almost collapsed onto the ground in utter shock.

The Great Marshal!

Zeke Williams is the Great Marshal!

Did I really detain the Great Marshal himself?  
This is the end of me...

“Wait, something’s wrong,” Brent said suddenly,

snapping out of his devastated trance. “Wasn’t he defending the borders? Why would he be in Atheville? Are you sure these archives are even real?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Larry took a deep breath. “Well, Mr. Jenkins, you might not believe me when I say this, but... General Cosmopolis sent this over himself. Didn’t you see his Hongqi L5 just now?”

“Besides, even if these documents were fake, the ones in the computer wouldn’t be! This is triple ‘S’ confidentiality we’re talking about!”

Oh my goodness!

Brent collapsed onto the sofa, utterly devastated.

Those four bastards! What made them think they could stir up trouble with the Great Marshal and get away with it?

Why did I even let myself get dragged into this mess?

“What are you waiting for, Mr. Jenkins? You should go and apologize to Mr. Williams!” Larry reminded him.

Oh, right!

Brent immediately took off running.

“Remember to keep his status a secret!” Larry yelled after him.

“Understood!” Brent hollered back.



Meanwhile, the four masters had Zeke surrounded, stopping him from making a run for it.

Zeke simply snickered.

What makes you think you can stop me?

Stop being so delusional!

At that moment, Brent barged into the room again, huffing and puffing.

Wayde spoke up before he could. "This guy tried to make a run for it, but we managed to stop him before he could do so. You should add another charge to his list!"

However, Brent simply slapped Wayde across the face and yelled, "Shut up!"

Everyone froze, their smug grins wiped off their faces.

What's going on?

Why did he just do that?

However, Brent's next move shook everyone to the core.

He turned to Zeke and bowed low. "Apologies, Mr. Williams!"

“We arrested you without a thorough investigation, so my subordinates and I are to blame for this situation. Please forgive us, Sir!”

“What’s the point of having laws in place when you can just solve everything with a simple apology?” Zeke asked coldly.

Brent bit his lip. “Mr. Williams, I am willing to resign over this matter.”

Compared to wealth and status, he would rather keep himself alive.

“That’s not necessary. You’re just doing your job,” Zeke stated. “However, my wife got a shock of her life when you arrested me. You’ll have to find a way to make it up to her.”

Brent heaved a huge sigh of relief and said, “Yes, Sir! I’ll send you home right now and apologize to Mrs. Williams!”

“Alright, let’s go.”

Wayde and the other masters were utterly confused.

What’s going on? Weren’t they going to send him to the detention barracks?

Why did their attitude change all of a sudden?

What in the world just happened?

“Brent! He’s confessed to his crimes!” Wayde exclaimed.

“They deserved it!” Brent snapped, his face a beet red. “As for the four of you, I’ll be detaining you on charges of defamation! The court will hear about this!”

“Oh, and don’t forget that hundred billion I asked for,” Zeke reminded them.

“Why are you still standing there? Go and get that hundred billion ready now!” Brent barked.

Zeke glanced at Cobra. “I’m sure you know what to do.”

“If you dare resist charges, get ready to suffer even more. I’m sure I’ve said that before.”

Cobra shivered violently.

Zeke and Brent left soon after.

The four masters exchanged confused looks.

“What happened back there? Why did Brent change sides so quickly?”

“Did he come across some kind of evidence that proved Zeke’s innocence?”

“Even if he was indeed innocent, I don’t think there’s a need for such a dramatic show of loyalty...”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Remember? Zeke Williams was also known as ‘Master Williams’,” Helen reminded them.

“Many people of the nobility yearned to establish ties with Master Williams, so it makes sense for him to know a few of them. I bet he got someone to bail him out!”

Everyone drew in a sharp gasp.

“Yeah, that sounds reasonable. We shouldn’t have tried...”

“What about the money? He’s asking for a hundred billion now...”

“This might be the end of my family... it’s all his fault!”

“Don’t worry. I’m sure we can get past this hurdle united as one.”

“He’s dead meat once Drake arrives!”

Cobra, who had been silent all along, suddenly spoke up. “Send me to Trust Media first.”

“Why?” Helen asked, ignorant of the fact that Cobra had been forced to kneel before the doors of Trust Media just hours before.

“I... I want to haunt him like a ghost!” Cobra growled, his face a beet red. He was too embarrassed to speak the truth.

“Nice!” Helen said, giving him a thumbs-up.

Meanwhile, at Trust Media...

Lacey sat at her desk, looking utterly defeated.

She did not have the energy to clean up the mess before her anymore.

All she could do was rack her brains and try to come up with a way to rescue Zeke.

Suddenly, Zeke and Brent burst into the office.

Pleasantly surprised, Lacey rushed up to Zeke and asked, “Is everything alright?”

“Apologies, Ms. Hinton. We arrested your husband without proper investigation,” Brent said hurriedly. “Mr. Williams is innocent, and we sincerely apologize for the trouble we have caused for both of you.”

Lacey heaved a huge sigh of relief as happy tears spilled from her eyes.

“I was so scared, Zeke! I couldn’t imagine how I was going to live without you...”

“I’m fine, Lacey! No need to worry,” Zeke cooed, wiping her tears away with his fingers. “Let’s clean up the office first.”

Lacey nodded. "Okay."

Brent looked at the mess in the office and asked curiously, "Ms. Hinton, did someone trash the office?"

Lacey nodded again.

"Leave it to us. I promise this kind of nonsense won't happen ever again!" Brent said confidently. "Just drop us a call whenever someone intrudes upon your property!"

Brent took out a copy of his name card from his pocket and handed it to Lacey with both hands.

Lacey was delighted by his gesture.

There's no need to fear when the director of the police station is on our side!

Brent exited the office only after seeking approval from Zeke.

He ran into Cobra, who had been kneeling at the door with an anguished expression, the moment he stepped out of the building.

"I'll let you off this time, Zeke Williams! Once Drake arrives tomorrow, I'll break every bone in your body with my bare hands!" He snarled.

That night, the four most prominent families

managed to put together a hundred billion for Zeke just barely ahead of his deadline.

After losing a total of a hundred and fifty billion, their finances had taken a massive blow.

It was not an exaggeration to say that they have essentially been sucked dry.

The public was once again shocked by this unbelievable series of events.

Not only did Zeke get rid of half their family members, but they also even had to pay him a hundred and fifty billion with no strings attached.

The four most prominent families? More like the four most pitiful losers!

Never have they been so thoroughly defeated before...

Drake is coming tomorrow! Maybe he can turn everything around...

Everyone looked forward to the showdown.

The next morning, the roads outside Trust Media were crammed with curious people eager to catch a glimpse of Drake when he arrived that evening.



However, a rumbling sound shook the ground at around ten o'clock in the morning, which was way ahead of the time that Drake was supposed to arrive.

A helicopter had emerged from the clouds, and it hovered just above the crowds of people standing outside.



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Everyone recognized it as Drake's private helicopter, and they began to grow excited.

Drake is finally here!

Cobra, who had been kneeling before the doors of Trust Media for the past twenty-four hours, was going to collapse from fatigue.

Drake's arrival gave him the strength to press on.

Haha! It's my time to shine!

Inside the office, Zeke stood up from his seat and walked towards the door. "I'm going to out to take a look. Stay here," He told Lacey.

"Be careful, Zeke! I heard Drake is a really powerful man..." Lacey yelled after him.

Zeke nodded. "Don't worry."

Lacey sighed.

Why are the Moores so cruel? All Zeke did was to crash a wedding of yours, and you're already roping in Drake to go after him?

She did not know Zeke had singlehandedly murdered half the members of the four most prominent families.

Meanwhile, outside the building, the crowd looked on with much anticipation.

They could not see Drake's face, but his silhouette looked strong and sturdy.

Cobra waved his hand at the helicopter and hollered, "Drake, help me! Zeke is being an unreasonable bastard!"

Suddenly, Drake took out his bow and pointed it downwards.

Everyone held their breaths as they prepared to see an arrow pierce through Zeke's body.

However, the reality turned out to be drastically different.

The arrow Drake shot made contact with the spot between Cobra's eyebrows and went straight through his head.

Blood and other grisly fluids spilled out of the wound and onto the streets.

With his eyes wide and mouth agape, Cobra fell onto the ground like a rock.

"Useless piece of trash! All you do is create more trouble for me!" Drake spat.

Did Drake just kill one of his own men?

The crowd fell silent in shock.

Despite the strong winds from the helicopter's propellers and the distance between him and Cobra, Drake had still managed to shoot an arrow into the dead center of Cobra's forehead.

His archery skills are indeed admirable!

After that, Drake pulled out another arrow and aimed it at Zeke.

The crowd drew in a collective gasp and backed away from Zeke.

Zeke, however, seemed unfazed. He raised his head to make direct eye contact with Drake.

His gaze seemed...provocative.

"I really hate that look you have on your face," Drake said. "Why don't we start by gouging out your eyes?"

Whoosh!

The arrow whizzed through the air and headed straight for Zeke's eyes.

Zeke kept his hands behind his back and stared at the incoming arrows calmly.

The crowd sighed in exasperation. He's asking

for it!

However, what happened next came as a massive shock.

The arrow came to a stop just inches in front of Zeke's face.

Everyone's eyes widened when they saw Zeke clamping the arrow between his fingers.

He moved so fast!

With that single movement, the winner of this duel was decided.

Zeke was in the lead for the moment.

After all, stopping an arrow with one's bare hands was a million times harder than shooting it.

Everyone had known Zeke was strong, but no one had seen that coming.

He's declaring war on Drake, of all people!

Drake grinned. "Not bad. You seem like a worthy opponent. Why don't we have more duels like this? Maybe I'll let you off alive."

Zeke tossed the arrow onto the ground with so much force that its tip burrowed into the

concrete.

“Apologies. I don’t see you as a worthy opponent.”



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“Interesting,” Drake sneered. “You’ll come to me soon enough.”

After having said that, the helicopter slowly retreated from the scene.

Zeke simply glanced at the helicopter and spat, “Conceited bastard!”

He then turned around and disappeared into the building.

Lacey stood in the main lobby, looking pale and shaky.

He almost got skewered by an arrow!

The moment she saw Zeke, she rushed up to him and sunk her teeth into his arm.

“Ouch! Why did you bite me?” Zeke hissed.

“You...you idiot!” Lacey cried, tears spilling out of her eyes. “Why did you do that? How am I going to live if something happened to you? You’re being irresponsible to both yourself and our entire family!”

Zeke pulled Lacey into a tight hug and smiled. “Relax, Lacey. I have nine lives, just like a cat does. I won’t be able to die so easily.”

Meanwhile, Drake moved into the Zellys’

residence for the time being.

To show their respect for him, the masters of the four most prominent families, as well as their family members, gathered at the Zellys' to welcome him.

They lowered their heads and bowed low before him as though they were his slaves.

They did not even dare sit down without his permission.

Only when Drake gestured for them to take a seat did they carefully lower themselves onto the chairs around the table.

Taking a sip of tea, Drake asked, "Do you think Williams will come and look for me?"

"He's arrogant and self-centered. No one seems to matter to him," Helen said. "I highly doubt he would bother to come."

Drake sighed in exasperation. "He's strong, but it would be rather humiliating if I had to hunt him down personally. There has to be something that could be the bait..."

Before he could finish his sentence, his phone rang.

It was a call from his informant in Atheville.



He hurriedly answered the call and held his phone to his ear.

“Mr. Drake, we’ve finished investigating the murder of the Asclepius Team,” The informant said. “They’ve been killed by a team of hitmen called the Necromancer Assassin Organization.”

“Necromancer Assassin Organization? That sounds familiar,” Drake said.

“Necromancer had been one of the three most powerful forces in Eastend. It’s unclear as to why they’re in Atheville at the moment,” The informant continued. “I heard a rumor that the leader Rosie White has some kind of connection to Zeke Williams. They’ve come to Atheville precisely because of him.”

“Interesting,” Drake muttered in surprise. “Did Zeke Williams just seduce the leader of the White cult?”

He pondered over it for a few moments as a plan began to formulate in his mind.

“Looks like even the most powerful heroes can’t resist being around beautiful women...”

“Where are you going, Mr. Drake?” Helen asked as Drake stood up from his seat.

“I’m going to invite one of my old friends over for tea,” Drake said. “She’ll be the perfect bait.”

“Is there anything we can do to help you?” Helen offered enthusiastically.

“Hmm...do you happen to have katanas in your collection?” Drake asked. “I want to see him disembowel himself. That’s what he deserves.”

“I’ll get that arranged for you!” Helen said happily.

She could tell that Drake had a plan to finally rid of Zeke.

Drake soon arrived at an abandoned warehouse in the suburbs, where the Necromancers had set up camp.

He took out a pen and a piece of paper from his pocket. He then wrote ‘ZEKE WILLIAMS HAS DIED!’ in big block letters.

He tied the paper to an arrow and sent it flying into the warehouse through a small crack in the window.

Meanwhile, Rosie White sat inside the warehouse with her eyes closed, taking a well-needed break.

However, the moment she saw the words

written on the paper that came flying through the window, she began to panic.



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Zeke Williams is dead?

How could this be?

Who even shot this arrow?

She decided to go out and take a look.

The other Necromancers offered to tag along, but she told them to stay put. "It might be dangerous outside. Stay here and wait for me. Be on high alert."

"Yes, Ma'am!"

Rosie crept out of the warehouse and surveyed the surroundings carefully.

There was very little cover around the place, yet she could not see anyone skulking around the place.

However, she was not going to let down her guard so easily.

The quieter it seemed, the more dangerous it was.

Whoosh!

Something cut through the air with a sharp hiss.

An arrow flew out from nowhere and headed straight for her forehead.

Crap!

Rosie's heart skipped a beat as she ducked out of the way.

However, there was more to the arrow than what meets the eye.

The arrow split into three just inches from her body.

She had managed to evade the topmost arrow and grab the one heading for her heart, but the last one lodged itself into her abdomen before she could react.

Pfft!

Blood spurted from Rosie's mouth as she fell to the ground like a ragdoll.

She could feel the fatigue in her bones as she collapsed, head spinning and vision fading.

That arrow is poisoned!

Meanwhile, the four masters were having a heated debate regarding the 'old friend' Drake was inviting over for tea.

As they continued to argue, Drake burst into the house, carrying an unconscious woman in his arms.

The four masters did not recognize the woman.

“Who might this be, Mr. Drake?” Helen asked.

“Tell Zeke Williams to come. His mistress is in my hands,” Drake said.

The four masters rejoiced at this comment.

She’s his mistress!

They knew Zeke was someone who took relationships seriously, so there was no way he would abandon his mistress if he heard about what happened.

He’ll be falling straight into our trap!

“I’ll contact him now,” Damian said gleefully.

Meanwhile, at Trust Media...

Zeke suddenly received a call from Hadley Murphy.

“Zeke! Our leader got kidnapped by a stranger!” Hadley said anxiously.

What?

Zeke tensed up immediately.

Was Drake behind this?

“Tell me everything you know.”

After hearing about the mysterious arrows, Zeke could confirm it had been Drake’s doing.

He clenched his fists tightly. “I’m going to beat that guy into a pulp!”

“Zeke Williams, you’d better save our leader!” Hadley growled. “If something happens to her, I...I’ll kill you and get in bed with your wife!”

“Don’t worry. I’ll save her,” Zeke said in an attempt to comfort Hadley.

He got into his car after hanging up, though he hesitated for just a moment.

Where even is Drake?

Suddenly, Damian Count’s car appeared before him.

He alighted his car and strode over to the front of Zeke’s car. “Williams! Drake wants to see you. If you refuse his invite, your mistress will be dead by tonight.”

“Where is he?” Zeke asked.

“At the Zellys’,” Damian answered.

Alright!

Zeke stomped on the gas and headed straight for Damian.

Unable to dodge in time, Damian ended up being thrown against the hood of the car.

“You...you’re crazy!” Damian screeched.

Ignoring him completely, Zeke picked up speed and hurtled along.

His speed went up to a hundred and fifty miles an hour at one point in time.



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Damian screamed at the top of his lungs the whole time, even wetting his pants at one point in time.

He could not hold on any longer after some time and was thrown off the hood onto the road. Zeke did not bother stopping to check if he was still alive.

After arriving at the Zellys', Zeke kicked open the front door and burst into the house.

Drake sat by the table, sipping on his tea as though nothing had happened.

The other three masters stood by him, looking as though they were his servants.

Rosie was bound to a chair, looking pale and limp.

Her eyes were unfocused, and there was a dark patch between her eyebrows.

She has been poisoned!

Rosie's eyes widened when she saw Zeke enter the house.

"Go...go away!" She rasped. "I don't need you to save me..."

Zeke sighed. "Rosie, I've thought of a million

ways I could run into you. This was something I would never have imagined. Don't worry. I'll make them pay for this."

"Just... go!" Rosie wheezed. "You're no match for him!"

"He's just a worm. I'm not scared of him," Zeke replied, smiling.

How rude!

Drake slapped the table and stood up abruptly.

How dare he call me a worm!

Zeke glanced at him. "What kind of man gambles with a woman's life?"

"Shut up! I don't need you to lecture me!" Drake growled. "I'll give you a choice now."

"Helen! Bring me the katana!"

Helen threw the katana in her hand onto the floor by Zeke's feet.

"End your life now, or suffer later," Drake said smugly.

Zeke slapped his forehead. "Something has been bothering me these few days. I was wondering how the four of you should commit

suicide after we give my fallen brothers-in-arms a proper burial. Now that you've mentioned it, disembowelment is a pretty good idea. Thanks for the katana! I'll be keeping it."

"You're crazy!" Helen growled. "Mr. Drake, just get rid of him! There's no need to waste any more time on him."

Drake sneered coldly. "You're really talkative for someone who's going to die soon. Fine then. I guess you're not going to take the easy way out."

Zeke glanced at the bow slung behind Drake's back. "I heard you're into archery, and that you call yourself the best archer of Eurasia. I'm going to prove you wrong today."

What?

He's crazy!

Such a lunatic!

Drake pulled out his bow and an arrow from his quiver with a cold grin on his face. "I've seen hundreds of archers in my life. None of them could ever compare to me. I'm the best! You would be insulting every archer in Eurasia if you dare insult me!"

Zeke sneered. "Who gave you the right to

declare yourself the best archer of Eurasia?"

Drake glanced at Helen Zelly. "Give him a bow and some arrows."

Helen retrieved a bow and a quiver before tossing them to Zeke.

Zeke, however, put on a pair of white gloves and produced a needle from between his fingers.

"I don't need a bow or arrows. Just a needle will do!"

This bastard!

Drake flew into a rage.

He's messing with me!

I have to punish him for this!

Rosie could feel the hope drain out of her.

What the hell is he doing?

Why's he challenging Drake with a needle?

Does he have a death wish?



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Drake nocked an arrow on the bow and aimed it at Zeke's head.

Zeke put his hands behind his back and stood with his eyes closed.

The speed of the arrow would exceed what he could see with his naked eye.

He would have to rely on his hearing to track the movement of the arrow.

Everyone scoffed at him.

Did he just close his eyes?

He's not going to survive this for sure!

Whoosh!

The arrow was shot and it hurtled towards Zeke like a streak of lightning.

It whizzed past the eyes of the other three masters, as though it had merged into the shadows.

At the same time, Zeke began to move.

With a light, a soundless flick of his hand, the needle between his fingers glinted for a split second.

A crisp clink followed, and the arrow was neatly split into two halves.

The two parts of the arrow fell to the ground; Zeke was unscathed.

What?

Everyone gawked at him in shock.

He parried an arrow using a needle without even looking at it?

Is... is he a god?

Even a god couldn't be so powerful.

Rosie froze for a moment before a grin appeared on her face.

The men I'm interested in always have tricks up their sleeves!

Drake's hands began to tremble out of fear.

His archery was supposed to be unparalleled across Eurasia, yet Zeke had deflected it with a simple flick of his wrist.

He's too powerful!

However, Drake's eyes filled with passion once again after he felt a few seconds of despair.

Finally, someone strong enough to challenge me!

He chuckled out loud. "Mr. Williams! You're pretty strong, so you deserve to witness my true strength."

The fact that he went from calling Zeke by his last name to addressing him as 'Mr. Williams' went unnoticed.

He whipped out three arrows from his quiver and loaded them on his bow.

"Get ready to die, Mr. Williams."

Zeke closed his eyes again, still looking as calm as ever.

Another three needles appeared between his fingers with a light flick of his hand.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Three more arrows tore through the air and headed straight for Zeke.

Zeke thrust out his arm again, throwing the needles in his hand towards the arrows.

The needles collided with the arrows in midair.

Three loud clinks ensued, and the three arrows



fell to the ground once again, broken into pieces.

Drake's eyes widened.

He's much stronger than I thought!

Controlling one needle was difficult enough, let alone three!

"Again!" Drake yelled, pulling out six arrows at once.

"About time we end this nonsense," Zeke said, making seven needles materialize in his hand.

Whoosh!

Clink!

The six arrows fell to the ground in pieces like their four predecessors.

The extra needle lodged itself into Drake's chest, making him stagger backwards with a pained expression on his face.

The needle had pierced through his skin, and even though it did not hurt as much as he had thought, it meant he had lost.

A single needle was enough to counter his arrows.

He had lost to Zeke, and there was no way he could turn things around.

“Ahhh!”

Drake raised his head and let out a loud roar.

How did I lose to a young scumbag like him!

How was I defeated by a single needle?

He felt as though he had been abandoned by the god he worshipped.

Rosie chuckled.

She gazed at Zeke both lovingly and in awe.

“Zeke Williams, I knew you wouldn’t disappoint me.”

Zeke walked up to her and untied the ropes for her before pulling a small bottle from his pocket. “Drink this.”

The liquid inside was Alpha wine, something that could eradicate most poisons from a person’s body.

Rosie downed it in one gulp and smacked her lips in satisfaction. “Nice.”



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“You should go first. I’m going to clean this place up,” said Zeke.

“No,” insisted Rosie. “We’ll leave together.”

However, Rosie finally left after Zeke’s constant persuasion.

Then, Zeke’s gaze fell on Helen and the rest.  
“Kneel!”

Ba-thump!

In a panic, the few of them immediately got down on their knees.

He... He has defeated Drake easily.

He’s the true master of Eurasia!

But he’s so young... Oh God.

Imagine the feats he could achieve if he is given more time to improve himself!

It was out of their imagination.

Zeke said to them coldly, “It’ll be my friend’s death anniversary in two days. In other words, you have one more day to defeat me. If you fail to kill me, you can await your deaths.”

The few of them trembled in fear and remained

silent.

If the master of Eurasia lost to him, how could they even stand a chance to defeat him?

Zeke kicked the katana toward Helen. "Keep the sword. You'll need it when my friend's death anniversary comes."

Helen regretted her action deeply.

She was going to be killed with the same katana she got herself.

What a joke.

"Let's go out for a walk," Zeke said to Drake.

Drake got up and followed Zeke in a daze.

The winner takes it all.

I have lost so I have no qualms if he wants to kill me.

After leaving the Zelly family home, Drake carefully asked, "Who are you, if I may ask? I've never heard anything about you."

Zeke smiled. "Surely you have."

Drake was stunned. "What do you mean?"

Zeke gazed into the distance. “You’ll find out soon.”

Not long after, a Hongqi L5 limousine made its way over.

Wolf’s Greed exited the car and saluted Zeke. “I hope I made it in time, Great Marshal.”

What?

Drake’s pupils dilated as chills ran down his spine.

Great Marshal?

So he’s the Great Marshal?

No wonder I lost to him.

Drake began to laugh maniacally.

It’s only fair that I lost to the Great Marshal.

It’s not that I’m weak but my opponent was just too strong.

His confidence was restored.

Apart from the Great Marshal, I’m still the master of Eurasia!

“Have you ever heard of the Alpha Suicide

Squad?" asked Zeke.

Drake immediately answered with respect, "I certainly have. The Great Marshal's invincible Alpha Suicide Squad has never lost a single battle. Its name is enough to make its enemies cower in fear and surrender without a fight."

"That's right," Zeke responded. "Would you be interested in joining the team?"

Drake's eyes were instantly set ablaze. "It'd be an honor to serve the Great Marshal."

Zeke nodded. "I give you my order, Drake."

Drake immediately got down on his knee. "Yes, Sir."

"You are now part of the Alpha Suicide Squad. Your code name is Serpent. I'll order the army to craft you a bow as a gift. In return, you'll go to the frontier and bring back the heads of a thousand men."

"Yes, Sir."

Drake left while roaring with laughter.

"This is practically a suicide mission. There's no point of return. From now on, the border is my home. I won't come back until there is peace."

Wolf's Greed smiled. "I used to think that fellow was pretty cold and aloof, but he behaves like a little brat in front of you."

Zeke patted Wolf's Greed on the head. "To me, you're all my little brats."

As Zeke returned to Trust Media, Lacey was just about to leave in a hurry.

Noticing that Zeke had come back, she rushed over and glanced at him from head to toe. "Zeke, are you okay?"



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“Of course, I’m okay,” replied Zeke.

Lacey breathed a long sigh of relief. “You have scared me. I thought you went looking for Drake.”

“I was just about to go and save you.”

The man smiled and stroked Lacey’s long hair.

This silly girl. How can you save me from an enemy that even I could not defeat?

“I’m afraid it won’t be easy to see Drake anymore,” Zeke remarked.

“Why?” asked Lacey as she was curious.

“He accepted an offer to join the army. He’s now on a killing spree at the frontier.”

Lacey nodded. “A pro like him is best suited to be a soldier. No matter how strong a man is, he’s not a real man if he picks on his own people.”

“Exactly,” agreed Zeke.

“If Drake has come to such a realization, why hasn’t Master Williams? He’s not a real man then.”

Zeke was speechless.

But I'm Master Williams.

I've killed more enemies than you can ever imagine.

Just as the crowd awaited the news of Drake defeating Zeke, some news began to spread like wildfire.

Drake has accepted the government's offer to join the army and is now heading for the frontier.

The crowd was dumbstruck.

Zeke Williams has the luck of the devil. He has just managed to escape death.

But it's not bad for someone like Drake to protect the borders.

Now, we have one more powerful man defending the border of Eurasia.

.....

Damian Count, who had been thrown out of the car by Zeke, dragged his wounded body to the Zelly family home.

He really looked forward to the sight of Zeke being chopped into pieces by Drake.

Yet, what he was about to see was completely out of his expectations.

The courtyard was desolate with only a few arrows left on the ground.

There were no signs of battle at all.

Drake and Zeke were nowhere to be seen.

Only Helen and the other leaders of the Atheville's major households sat in their chairs looking completely dejected and devoid of spirit.

Damian's heart thumped as he started getting a bad feeling.

"What happened? Where are Drake and Zeke Williams?"

"Drake lost," replied a dispirited Helen.

What?

Damian jumped from the shocking news.

His surprise was no lesser than how the three household masters felt when they witnessed how Drake lost the battle with their own eyes.

The master of Eurasia lost to Zeke Williams? Is... Is this some kind of joke?

Before Damian could snap out of it, Mrs. Moore began to weep.

“It’s over. The four major households are done for. Who else can defeat Zeke Williams when Drake failed to do that?”

“Why are you crying?” Helen said impatiently. “Don’t forget that I still have the trump card.”

Helen’s words woke everyone up.

Their gazes fell on her. “We have no other way out, Helen. Only the letter you took from Frederick Walters can save us. Hurry up and take it out.”

With a nod, Helen locked the front door and took everyone into her bedroom.

It took the four of them all their strength to crack open a huge hole in the wall.

Behind the wall was a secret compartment containing a safe.

The four of them opened it up after all of them verified their identities.

Inside the safe was nothing but a document that had already turned yellow over time.

This was the letter Helen had stolen from

Frederick Walters back then.



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The letter contained the identity of the head of the Black Pentagon, Theodore Luna of Atheville.

Theodore Luna was such a powerful man that the four major households were nothing but ants before him.

Helen carefully took the letter out, as though it weighed a ton.

The fates of the four major households depended on this very document.

“Do you think Theodore Luna would be furious if we were to threaten him with this letter?” asked Wayde.

Damian sighed. “What I worry about most is that he’ll kill all of us for the sake of keeping this information secret.”

Mrs. Moore gritted her teeth. “We’ll have to give it a try no matter what. If we sit here and do nothing, we’ll end up offering our heads to Zeke Williams.”

“But how are we going to show Theodore this letter? We don’t even have a chance to meet him,” said Wayde.

They were very disappointed.

He's right. How are we going to ask Theodore for help if we can't even contact him?

Helen suggested, "Do you guys still remember John Connor? The man who voluntarily helped us deal with Zeke. John has a wide connection and holds some power in Atheville. Maybe he can help us talk to Theodore."

The rest of them slapped their own foreheads. "You're right! Let's get John then."

They hastily invited John Connor over to the Zelly family home.

John arrived half an hour later and asked. "I heard that you guys have requested Drake to deal with Zeke Williams. How did it go?"

Helen hesitated for a moment before answering, "Drake suddenly received an offer to join the army before getting the chance to fight Zeke, so he went to carry out his duties right away."

If she were to tell John the truth, Theodore would realize just how powerful Zeke was and would not dare to go against him.

John sighed. "I've heard that Drake's been wanting to join the army for a long time, but I didn't expect him to do so at such a critical time. He is really incompetent and couldn't be

relied on. Anyway, what have you called me over for?"

"If I may ask, do you happen to know who Theodore Luna is?" Helen asked with caution.

John immediately tensed up.

He had never told them that his master was. In fact, he was Theodore Luna.

Why are they suddenly asking about him?

John maintained a calm demeanor and asked, "Yes, I do. Why are you asking about him?"

The rest of them were elated. They quickly handed the letter over and explained the whole situation to him in detail.

John felt like his mind could explode.

Oh my God. The letter Paul Hunt had stolen back then is now in the hands of the four major households.

No wonder Zeke Williams is constantly after them.

It's not that he wants to avenge his friend, Frederick. He wants to obtain this letter and find out the true identity of boss.



If this letter were to fall into the hands of Zeke, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“Have you shown anyone else this letter?” he asked hurriedly.

The four of them shook their heads.

Thank God for that.

John took the letter and burned it.

The four household leaders became frantic when they saw what he did. “What are you doing, John?”

“Don’t panic,” assured John. “Let me explain. The truth is, my boss, happens to be Theodore Luna.”

What?

The four leaders were dumbstruck.

So John really is a somebody.

He’s actually Theodore Luna’s disciple. In that case, it’ll be even easier to get Theodore’s help.

John continued, “To be honest, Zeke Williams has been constantly trying to find out my master’s identity. This makes Master Theodore furious, and that was why he sent me to help

you get rid of Zeke.”



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The four household leaders were filled with remorse. “We’re sorry, John. We weren’t capable enough to take Zeke down. Please have Mr. Theodore make a move on his own and defeat Zeke.”

“Yeah,” John replied. “I’ll let Master Theodore know about this. Wait for my news. By the way, are you sure you’ve never let anyone see this letter?”

Helen and the others immediately nodded. “I swear on my life that no one else apart from the four of us has seen this letter. If we’re lying, may we be struck by lightning.”

John nodded. “Okay. That’s good to know.”

Then, he quickly left.

Yet, what he didn’t realize was that ever since he stepped inside Helen’s place, a shadow had been following him.

John moved quickly and arrived at the center of a busy street.

Then, after scanning the place and making sure no one was paying attention to him, he made his way into a mansion known as the Luna Manor.

This was his boss’ headquarters.

Being able to own a mansion in a prime location like this was proof of how powerful the man was.

Of course, this place still paled out in comparison to the entire building.

The Luna Manor was an old building equivalent to an antique. Any one of the pillars made of Phoebe zhennan cost a fortune as they are invaluable.

As John walked in, the shadow that had been secretly following him finally stepped out and stretched lazily.

“This son of a b\*tch sure is rich. When I take your house apart, I’m going to grab one of these Phoebe zhennan pillars and make some good money.”

The shadow belonged to none other than Wolf’s Greed.

He had been ordered by Zeke to watch every move of the four major households.

The man whipped out his phone and gave Zeke an update.

“Well done. Continue as planned,” said Zeke.

In fact, Zeke had long been aware that if he

were to confront the four major households about the letter, they would either refuse to hand it over or even give him a forged one.

After all, that letter was the only thing that could save their lives.

Handing it over to him was equal to signing their death warrant.

That was why Zeke tried to beat them at their own game, making them seek help from the owner of the letter.

Now, things were playing according to Zeke's plans.

If there was no mistake, Theodore Luna of the Luna Manor had to be person in charge of the Black Pentagon and John's boss.

After playing the long game, the fish had finally taken the bait.

.....

After being examined thoroughly, John entered the inner court of the Luna Manor and met his boss, Theodore Luna.

The slightly chubby old man spent the remaining half of his life as a vegetarian who mediated all day.

Even so, he exuded an intimidating presence, sending chills down others' spines.

John stood before him, not daring to bother him.

Theodore Luna finally glanced at him after he was done meditating. "What's the matter?"

John immediately knelt and gave his boss a deep bow which was part of a ritual in greeting him.

Theodore Luna came from a royal family that still upheld its old traditions and regulations.

After John was done with the ritual, he proceeded to tell him everything that had happened.

Theodore, who was always as steady as a mountain, could no longer remain calm upon hearing the full account of what happened. His arms began to tremble slightly.

He had never expected that missing letter to end up in the hands of the four major households.

This security loophole had been around all these years without him knowing.

The old man couldn't imagine what would

happen to himself and the entire Luna clan if this letter were to be exposed.

“Where’s the letter now?” Theodore asked impatiently.

“I’ve burned it.” reassured John.

“Did the four major households leak the contents of the letter?”

“No.”

Theodore felt slightly relieved.

My long-standing reputation was nearly tarnished.

John spoke softly, “Master, the four major households are requesting that you get rid of Zeke with your own hands. What are your thoughts?”



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Theodore sighed. “Zeke definitely has his eyes on the letter now. He’ll be suspicious of me if I were to make a move at this time, so I can’t do anything for now. How about this, tell the four leaders to make their escape tonight and I’ll dispatch my men to help them. We have to send them away. No living person can ever know about this secret.”

John’s heart sank.

He knew what Theodore meant by sending them away—they were about to be sent to their deaths.

This is too cruel.

The four leaders will have to run away, only to end up being murdered. They’re going to be so hopeless.

Does Master Theodore have any reservations to act against Zeke Williams?

Sigh... There goes all our years of effort.

Forget it. Being able to stay alive is good enough.

We’ll have plenty of opportunities for revenge.

That night, the four major households quickly took care of all their businesses before leaving



Atheville with their respective families and valuable belongings.

To prevent causing a stir that would capture Zeke's attention, each of the clans made their escape in separate directions.

The Zelly family was the first to arrive at the border in the east.

Helen reluctantly looked back at the lively city of Atheville.

Will I ever get the chance to come back?

She suppressed her feelings and continued driving.

Suddenly, a loud voice came from in front of them. "Stop! Who are you!?"

Helen quickly hit the brakes in fright.

Sh\*t! Why are there still people at the borders now?

The next scene made her entire body feel numb.

With a rustle, shadows began to appear among the grass fields like dark clouds.

There were at least two to three thousand men

dressed in camouflage and equipped with rifles.

They looked especially intimidating.

Why are there this many soldiers hiding here by the remote borders at this hour?

The captain of the troop walked over and opened Helen's car door. "Get out."

Helen exited her car while trembling in fear. "Hello, w-we're moving house."

The captain scoffed, "In the middle of the night?"

"Yeah, w-we're in a bit of a rush. Could you please make an exception?" explained Helen.

Then, the woman took out a bank card and carefully placed it inside the captain's pocket.

Unexpectedly, the captain instantly slapped Helen in the face. "Bribing a sergeant in broad daylight? This is unforgivable! Take them!"

The troops quickly rushed over to restrain Helen and her family.

Helen began to break down. "I-I'm sorry. I won't do it again. Please... Please let me off. I'm from the Zelly family. We have a family member

who's in the army..."

The captain smirked. "Helen Zelly of the Zelly family?"

Helen nodded. "That's right. She is from one of the four major households of Atheville."

The captain's smile turned even colder. "In that case, I have even more reason not to let you off. Helen Zelly, you're being suspected of murdering a general and embezzling his properties. Please cooperate with our investigations."

What?

The Zelly family was mortified.

Murdering a general?

This is too grave of a sin.

"No... We didn't do it!" Helen tried to protest. "You have no evidence."

"You want evidence? Alright. I'll show you the evidence. Take them away!"

Helen and her family were blindfolded and taken away in an army jeep.

About ten minutes later, the jeep stopped.

The Zelly family's blindfolds were removed.

But with one glance outside the jeep, all the family members were instantly petrified by the sight before them.

They had been taken to Frederick Walter's grave.



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However, this wasn't the worst sight.

What was even more frightening was that Frederick's casket had been dug out and draped with a flag.

About ten thousand soldiers surrounded the grave, covering a distance of over a ten square kilometer. It was a magnificent sight.

The three other major household leaders were already there, kneeling before Frederick's grave in utmost fear and regret.

W-What's going on?

Frederick certainly used to be a soldier, but why would there be a need to drape a flag over his coffin or have over ten thousand men send him off?

Wait. The captain who captured us said we murdered a general.

Frederick was a general!?

The Zelly family broke down.

"We've been waiting for you."

A cold voice rang out from behind the Zelly family, causing them to shudder.

They turned around and saw Zeke striding over to them.

The man's face looked vicious and horrifying under the moonlight.

"You planned all this?" Helen asked as she was terrified.

Zeke smiled. "Is it to your liking?"

"Who... Who on earth are you? H-How are you able to mobilize over ten thousand soldiers and carry out a state funeral for Frederick?"

At that very moment, Wolf's Greed walked up to Zeke. "Everything's ready, Great Marshal. Shall we start the ceremony?"

Zeke nodded. "Yeah."

What?

A chill ran down Helen's spine.

Great Marshal!?

This man here is the God of War—the almighty Great Marshal?

Oh God... Why? How could we have messed with the Great Marshal?

This is even worse than provoking Hades.

That piece of trash, Frederick, was a soldier of the Great Marshal!?

Helen was filled with terror, regret and turmoil.

Why did I betray Frederick?

Had I married him instead, I would've become more than just a part of the 'four major households'.

I have been an idiot!

I'm such an idiot!

Helen began to weep like a crazy woman.

"Shut up!" Zeke roared. "You're bothering Frederick."

Helen immediately fell silent as she dared not defy Zeke's order.

"Go carry the coffin."

Helen walked toward the coffin in a daze.

Zeke stood in front of Frederick's grave, took out a bottle of Alpha wine and poured it next to the casket.

“We’re moving, my friend,” said Zeke, his eyes reddening. “I’ve found you a better place this time. You can rest in peace now.”

Then, he shouted, “Lift the coffin!”

“For the general!” the soldiers roared.

With that, Helen, Damian, Henry, and Mrs. Moore carried Frederick’s casket with much difficulty.

It was very heavy, but not as heavy as their hearts.

If they guessed it right, sending Frederick off meant their time had come to an end too.

After about an hour, they finally arrived at the Imperial Cemetery.

The four major household leaders were completely exhausted.

Zeke lit a candle. “Farewell, my friend. I’ll make sure these sinners join you. Helen Zelly isn’t worthy of you, so she can be your slave. The other three can be your pets.”

Then, Zeke turned to the four leaders.

The four of them burst into sobs, no longer possessing any dignity they once had as clan



leaders.

“Kill yourselves and join my friend, or I’ll wipe out your entire clan and not leave a single member behind.”



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Wipe everyone out...

For the sake of saving their families, the four leaders had no choice but to sacrifice themselves.

So, they lowered their heads as they picked up a katana each and aimed it at their bellies...

It was a tragic, blood-stained night.

“Put them into their coffins! Rest in peace, my friend.”

“Rest in peace, General!”

.....

Back at the Luna Manor in Atheville.

Theodore Luna received words that the men he had sent to ‘help’ the four major households never got to meet them.

He immediately called John over to find out what was going on.

“I’ve just received the news too,” John answered truthfully. “Zeke Williams urgently organized a grave-moving ceremony for Frederick Walters last night. The four major household leaders were forced to kill themselves as retribution.”

Theodore sighed. "I didn't think that fellow would be one step ahead of us. By the way, did the four leaders expose my identity?"

John shook his head. "I don't know."

Theodore was in a bind. "Hmm... In that case, I have even more reason not to go against Zeke now. If I were to plot something against him when the four leaders never even exposed me, I'd only end up giving myself away and make him suspicious of me. However, Zeke must not gain a foothold in Atheville. He's a huge safety hazard. I can't sleep well as long as he's around. By the way, I've heard that Zeke is related to the Williams family of Atheville. Have you looked into this?"

John hurriedly nodded. "Yes, I have. Zeke is indeed a member of the most powerful of the three aristocratic clans. He's the abandoned son of the Williams family. His fiancée is Robin Lewis. Their union had been arranged since before they were born. Robin Lewis is a direct descendant of the Lewis family, another aristocratic clan of Atheville."

"As expected of a descendant of an aristocratic family. His genes are so brilliant that he is where he is today, even without the support of his family. Still, his achievements mean nothing in the face of the three aristocratic families in Atheville. Say, if we were to announce that Zeke

Williams is publicly breaking off his engagement with Robin Lewis because the Lewis family isn't good enough for him; would the Lewis family kick him out of Atheville?"

"I know what to do now, Master," said John with a nod.

"Go. Get him out of Atheville as soon as possible. I'll send the Williams family a greeting and tell them not to help him."

John left with a wicked smile on his face.

The Lewis family was one of the three aristocratic families of Atheville.

Their power was only second to that of Theodore Luna.

The four major households were scum compared to these aristocratic families.

Was Zeke Williams a worthy opponent of the aristocratic families just because he had managed to get rid of the four major households?

Certainly not.

John released the news that very night.

Abandoned son of the Williams family publicly

renounces engagement to Robin Lewis of the Lewis family, declaring that the Lewis family is unworthy of him.

The news instantly caused an uproar across the city.

How arrogant could Zeke Williams be?

Did he think he was invincible after getting rid of the four major households?

Was he not aware that there would always be others who were better than him?

The four major households were nothing compared to the Lewis family.

Put aside the wealth of the Lewis family, just the fact that someone in the family held the rank of a general was enough to drive Zeke into a corner.

Moreover, Robin Lewis was renowned as one of the four beauties of Atheville.

The fact that Zeke took the initiative to call off the engagement made him the butt of everyone's jokes.

Meanwhile, at the Lewis household.

The Lewis family happened to be having a good

time over lunch when they received the news.

An infuriated Robin slammed her cutlery on the table and got up.

“That abandoned son is nothing but trash, Dad. He’s not even worthy of holding my shoes. How dare he call off the engagement? I’m... I’m going to make him pay for this insult.”



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