

The man's heart had been pulled out of his body. Similarly, his clothes were drenched in blood.

Although he had passed on, a vicious look remained on his face, as his eyes were wide open. Evidently, he had been through a tormenting experience prior to his death.

John exclaimed, "Zeke Williams is indeed a brutal one! I can't believe he'd possessed the guts to kill one of the Sullivans in such a barbaric manner! Honestly, it doesn't surprise me that he's taken out the Lewis family. Hurry up and retrieve Harry's body."

John's underling immediately rushed over in an attempt to retrieve Harry's corpse.

Unfortunately, as soon as they approached his corpse, a car began to ram all the way through, making its way in their direction.

Shocked, everyone tried their best to avoid the car in the nick of time. Nonetheless, both of them failed to escape, seeing that they had been sent flying as a result.

One of them had their legs broken in the middle of the air. Consequently, blood spewed out from the man's wound. It was literally raining blood everywhere.

Zeke alighted the car with a cigarette in his mouth. He made his way over to their side nonchalantly.

Suddenly, John shuddered, as a shiver ran down his spine.

He's a monster! He's killing those who have defied him without any hesitation!

Suddenly, John yelled, "You arrogant fool! How dare you kill Theodore's underlings? Aren't you afraid he's gonna come after you?"

In return, Zeke replied with a bright smile on his face, "Should I be afraid? Ha! It seems like you're the fool instead. I have killed one of the Sullivans. Do you think I'll be afraid of Theodore?"

John's expression changed, as he had found his own reasoning to be absurd. He could not believe that he had attempted to threaten Zeke, using Theodore.

Zeke asked, "Does this mean that all of you are Theodore's underlings? Why on earth is Theodore cleaning the mess on behalf of the Sullivan family? He can't possibly be related to those from the Sullivan family, right? Get out of my sight immediately! Get him over, to show up before me if he wants to retrieve Harry's corpse. Otherwise, I'll kill everyone he has sent

my way.”

It was evident that John was aware that it would be impossible for him to retrieve Harry’s corpse on Theodore’s behalf.

He took a deep breath and collected his thoughts. It seemed like he had no choice but to get Theodore over, as per Zeke’s demand.

Ultimately, John beckoned towards his underlings and instructed, “Let’s go! It’s time to retreat!”

In all actuality, John was afraid that more of his underlings would be sacrificed should they remain any longer.

Once he made his way back to the Luna Manor, he exaggerated Zeke’s arrogant behavior in an attempt to mislead Theodore.

Theodore frowned and murmured to himself, “It’s impossible for Zeke to hold on to a corpse. I’m afraid he has something else in mind. Perhaps he’s coming after me. Maybe he wants to lure me out and get rid of me once and for all. He’s an extremely cunning man. I have no idea what’s in store for me if I give in to his demand, showing up before him.”

“Erm... What should we do next, Sir? Please enlighten this humble servant of yours,” John

asked cautiously in return.

“Bring a regiment of infantry with you. Make sure you have the cameras on throughout the journey. If he has the audacity to take the soldiers out, get in touch with those from the military court immediately. We’ll get them to deal with him. If that’s the case, we’ll be able to sort things out easily,” Theodore instructed.

John’s eyes gleamed as he assured Theodore, “Yes, Sir. Although I’m certain that the soldiers will be able to intimidate Zeke, I’m afraid that Zeke will hesitate to take the soldiers out.”

The Luna family from Atheville had always served as government officials. In fact, a few of the family members used to be generals back in the day.

Theodore was once an admiral as well. Even though he had retired from his position, he was, undeniably, an influential military figure.

Therefore, it would be a piece of cake for him to get the aids of a regiment of soldiers.

Ten minutes later, a regiment had been dispatched. They made their way over to the Williams Manor under the guidance of John.

Many passersby surrounded the scene as they had been drawn to the commotion.

Eventually, the onlookers engaged themselves in a heated discussion, in an attempt to figure out why the rationale, the regiment, had been dispatched.

By the time they returned to the scene, Harry's corpse was nowhere to be seen. Presumably, Zeke had hidden it.

John looked at Zeke and warned him, "You're pretty confident of yourself, huh, Zeke? Ha! Why don't you show me what you're capable of again? I'm sure you'll be taken out the moment you try to lay a finger on me!"



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Slap!

Without hesitation, Zeke slapped John in the face, in front of others. He told him, "Sure! I'll grant you your wish since that's what you've wanted all along."

"How dare you slap me in the face? D*** it! Who gave you the audacity to resort to such a reckless action when you're merely a step away from hell!" John held on to his swollen face and looked at Zeke in disbelief.

Instantly, he turned around and reached out to the commander of the regiment. "Mr. Blackwood, I'm sure you have witnessed the brutality of this man, right? He has the audacity to beat an ordinary citizen in front of you. It seems like he isn't taking you and the soldiers seriously. You have to avenge, me, Sir."

In return, Mr. Blackwood looked at Nathan with a vicious smile on his face and warned him, "Well... Indeed, you're quite an arrogant brat. In fact, you are far more arrogant than I'd thought. However, allow me to advise you. You should be aware of who you're picking on because you have no idea of who's in front of you."

Once he finished his sentence, he turned around and ordered the soldiers, "Surround him and take him into custody immediately!"

The soldiers rushed over immediately and rendered Zeke incapable of motion as they suppressed him.

Nonetheless, Zeke appeared calm and collected as he asked, “Does that mean you’re trying to defend him?”

Mr. Blackwood scoffed, “That’s right! After all, John is a close acquaintance of mine. Did you think I would leave him alone? You must be kidding, right?”

Unexpectedly, Zeke reprimanded them, “Do I look like I’m kidding? The government officials and the citizens of the country have spent countless resources to nurture your talents because you have been tasked with the role of defending the country. In short, all of you are civil servants who are serving the people. However, you have decided to be the servants of the wealthy ones, accepting requests from them. Are you sure that you deserve the government officials’ and the citizens’ trust? All of you bring nothing but disgrace to the military!”

Finally, the onlookers managed to grasp the situation once they heard Zeke’s speech.

They were infuriated as well. Consequently, Mr. Blackwood and John became the target of the onlooker’s witch-hunt session.

“What? Does that mean that they’ve neglected the role of defending the nation that they have been mandated? Have they turned into the wealthy ones’ servants instead?”

“If that’s the case, they don’t deserve to proclaim themselves as part of the military at all!”

“We have to get rid of the black sheep once and for all!”

“Let’s take note of their identity numbers and report them collectively!”

As time flew by, an increasing amount of onlookers rushed over and surrounded the scene. Many of them had taken photos of Mr. Blackwood and John using their phones.

Meanwhile, John and Mr. Blackwood’s faces turned pale all of a sudden. They had not expected Zeke to leverage the emotions of the onlookers.

It was obvious that Zeke was going up against them through the power of the citizens.

John whispered and requested, “Mr. Blackwood, please take Zeke into custody immediately. We have to get rid of him as soon as possible. Otherwise, things may spin out of control once the onlookers have gathered

around.”

However, Mr. Blackwood grew cautious and rebuked him, “No! There are a lot of reporters hiding amongst the onlookers. I’m sure that they have taken plenty of photos by now. If we take Zeke into custody, we’ll be doomed, once the news has made it to the headlines!”

“Huh? Does that mean that I’d been slapped in the face for nothing?” John was upset.

“Nope! You haven’t been slapped in the face for nothing! Although we can’t get to him this round, I’m sure we’ll eventually get him once he runs out of luck. It’s impossible for him to constantly run into the reporters!” Mr. Blackwood gritted his teeth and assured John.

Zeke heaved a sigh and told them, “If you’re not going to take me out this time, I’m afraid you won’t get to lay a finger on me in the future because you’re about to lose your title, Mr. Blackwood.”

“Zeke, you’re the one behind the reporters’ presence, right? I’m sure that’s the case! It seems like you’re trying to make use of the public to come after us, huh? Do you really think that you can win the public over? I won’t allow such a thing to happen! Ha! You know what? I can easily get them fired through a call!” John replied scornfully.

“Really? If that’s the case, I can’t wait to see what else you’re capable of,” Zeke replied sarcastically.

“Hmph! It seems like you have no idea what’s in store for you! I’ll see you soon, Zeke!” John rolled his eyes and glared at Zeke as he finished his sentence.

Eventually, John and Mr. Blackwood left, along with the regiment they had brought along with them.

Upon their departure, Zeke reached for his phone and called the General Cosmopolis, Wolf’s Greed, immediately. He instructed him, “Wolf’s Greed, in the name of the Great Marshal, I want you to expel Mr. Blackwood along with his party immediately because they have offended me. They are a disgrace to the military. We have to get rid of every single black sheep in the military!”

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed replied.

In the meantime, John and Mr. Blackwood finally made their way back to the Luna Manor. As of current, they were telling Theodore of what had ensued.

Almost abruptly, Mr. Blackwood received a call from General North, the man in charge of the military in Atheville.



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Mr. Blackwood was surprised because he had never once received a call from General Cosmopolis.

He answered the call promptly and replied politely.

However, the moment he hung up, he shuddered and collapsed to the ground, in front of John and Theodore.

He dropped his phone as a dejected look crossed his face.

“What’s wrong?” Theodore and John asked anxiously because they could no longer hold back their curiosity.

They could not wait to figure out what had happened.

In return, Mr. Blackwood uttered in a quivering voice, “I... I have received an order from the Great Marshal. I... It seems as though I’d been expelled from the military.”

What!

Theodore and John were dumbfounded by Mr. Blackwood’s words.

However, Theodore calmed himself as he assured Mr. Blackwood, “That’s impossible!

You're nothing but a trivial commander! The Great Marshal can't possibly be aware of your presence!"

Gradually, John returned to his senses as well. He reassured the dejected man, "He's right, Mr. Blackwood. Unless Zeke is affiliated with the Great Marshal, it's impossible for the Great Marshal to have been aware of such a trivial incident! If he truly were acquainted with such a noble figure, he wouldn't have had such a hard time dealing with those from the Lewis family and the Williams family. I'm certain that you've been deceived, Mr. Blackwood!"

"That would be impossible because the General Cosmopolis was the one who had made the call personally," Mr. Blackwood responded.

What!

Unmistakably, Theodore and John were shocked. Their faces paled all of a sudden. If that was the case, Zeke might have been a close acquaintance of the Great Marshal as they had suspected.

Theodore took a seat in his chair because he felt light-headed all of a sudden.

If Zeke is a close acquaintance of the Great Marshall, doesn't that mean that I'd been playing with fire all along, since I'd picked on

him repeatedly?

John recalled something when they were about to fall into a vicious cycle of despair. He told everyone, "I saw something previously! It's impossible for Zeke to be a close acquaintance of the Great Marshal. Previously, when we were there to take Zeke into custody, I saw a government official's ride passing by on the street. I'm certain that the Great Marshall was the one who was inside the car. Perhaps he had delivered the instructions because he was aware of what had happened."

Since John's statement appeared to be logical and trustworthy, the dejected Mr. Blackwood and Theodore finally felt a sense of relief.

Not before long, Theodore heaved a sigh of relief and replied, "That must be the case! It must have been a coincidence. I can't believe that I'd almost bought into the idea that Zeke was a close acquaintance of the Great Marshall. I must have lost my mind! Forget about it. If that's the case, I'll personally drop by since the Sullivan family is backing me up. Although my identity as the mastermind of the incident that had occurred in Black Pentagon might have been exposed, they'd be able to easily get rid of the potential consequences on my behalf. I shouldn't have been afraid of Zeke, since he's nothing but an ordinary citizen!"

John suggested, "Sir, Harry was but a slave of the Sullivan family, right? Is it really necessary for you to show up to retrieve the corpse? I mean, it's not worthy of your time and energy, right? Perhaps we should forget about it as well."

"You're wrong, John. This is the mission assigned to me by the Sullivan family. If I can't complete the mission, I can't possibly prove myself worthy. If that's the case, they won't place great emphasis on me anymore in the future," Theodore replied, explaining the rationale behind his actions.

Ultimately, John nodded and expressed his acknowledgment.

Suddenly, Mr. Blackwood broke the silence and asked, "Theodore, w... What should I do next? Since I have been expelled by the Great Marshal, it's over for me!"

Theodore peeked over at Mr. Blackwood. His eyes glinted with strong, murderous intent. Mr. Blackwood could no longer be of use to him since he had been expelled.

In fact, if the Great Marshal were to come after the mastermind behind it, he might eventually discover that Theodore was the one behind everything. Therefore, Theodore knew that he had to take Mr. Blackwood out as well.

He took a deep breath and replied, “Allow me to introduce you to another friend of mine. For the time being, you should take cover at his place.”

“Alright!” Mr. Blackwood answered immediately. He did not even bother to hesitate at all.

Soon, Theodore brought Mr. Blackwood into a confined space.

After a mere minute, Theodore was the only one who made his way out of the confined space.

His hands were drenched in blood the moment he returned.



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John's pupils constricted the moment he detected the blood on Theodore's hands.

Theodore had shown no mercy to Mr. Blackwood at all. He had evidently gotten rid of Mr. Blackwood, sending him straight to hell.

Deep down, John was upset and horrified because he feared that he would likely end up in a similar situation, should he fail to prove himself worthy in the future.

Once Theodore washed his hands, he headed over and prayed to atone for his sins. He murmured to himself, "Oh, God! Please forgive me for I have sinned against you..."

Once he had everything sorted out, he rushed over to Zeke's place with John by his side.

As he was concerned about his own safety, he had a few hitmen tagging along, hiding in the dark, to protect him.

Once they reached Zeke's place, Zeke was going through a stack of reports in a serious manner. Therefore, he paid no heed to them at all.

At long last, the superior ones had crossed paths in life.

A period of unusual tranquility could be

detected, as though it was the calm before the storm. However, it was likely to presage difficult times soon.

Theodore asked with an irritated expression, “Zeke... Harry, whom you have killed, is a close acquaintance of mine. I’ll let you off the hook for killing him, but please return his corpse to me. That Isn’t much to ask for, right?”

Nevertheless, Zeke had never once raised his head throughout their conversation. Instead, his eyes glinted wrathfully as he asked in a callous tone, “Aren’t you curious about what I’m reading?”

“Am I supposed to know what you’re reading? I believe that it has nothing to do with me because I’m merely here to retrieve the corpse of a close acquaintance of mine!” Theodore chimed.

“It has nothing to do with you? Are you sure? Why don’t you take a look and tell me if you have anything to do with this!” Zeke cast the stack of reports he had been reading in Theodore’s direction.

Theodore took a peek at it and realized that it was the name list of the personnel who had been sacrificed in order to take those from the Black Pentagon out.

I knew it! It seems like Zeke has been suspecting me for quite some time!

Although taken aback, Theodore tried his best to put on a calm front, as he replied indifferently, “I’m sorry, but I don’t get it. Does that mean you’re suspecting that I’m the leader of the Black Pentagon?”

Zeke chided, “Are you trying to play dumb in front of me? I’m sure that you’re aware of the truth as much as I am, aren’t you? I’m advising you to turn yourself in and bear the consequences of your actions. Otherwise, once I get my hands on the evidence, I shall massacre those who are involved mercilessly!”

“Hmph! Stop wasting my time! Where the hell is Harry’s corpse?” Theodore confronted Zeke.

“I’m sure he has reached your place by now,” Zeke told Theodore.

“What do you mean?” Theodore was confused by Zeke’s words.

“I’d said what I’d meant,” Zeke answered sarcastically.

He was about to leave once he finished his sentence, but Theodore placed his hand on Zeke’s shoulder and stopped him.

“Hold it right there. I’m afraid that you’re not allowed to leave unless you hand over Harry’s corpse to me.”

Instantaneously, Zeke whipped around and slapped Theodore in the face.

Slap!

Everyone present heard the slap loud and clear, as it echoed throughout the confined space.

Soon, silence befell, as everyone was dumbfounded because Zeke had slapped Theodore, the most reputable figure of Atheville, in the face.

What the hell! Does Zeke have a death wish?

Meanwhile, Zeke was on the verge of losing control over his emotions. In fact, he had never been as infuriated before in his life.

Subconsciously, he slapped Theodore in the face because he was engulfed by wrath, the moment he had recalled the thousands of young victims that had died in vain during the Black Pentagon incident.

The hitmen Theodore had brought along with him finally returned to their senses after a few seconds.

They came out of hiding, sprinting over to Zeke's side immediately because they had wanted to teach him a lesson.

As soon as Zeke detected the presence of the hitmen, he turned his arms around. All of a sudden, he held a dagger in his hand.

He placed the dagger on Theodore's neck and warned them, "Stay away from me! Otherwise, I'm afraid that he'll have to spend the night underground for the rest of his life."

Almost immediately, Theodore waved and beckoned the bunch of hitmen he had brought along with him to stay put for the time being.

"Ha! Zeke, I know you're reluctant to kill me because I'm aware of secrets that you're interested in. If you send me to hell, to hell the secrets will go with me!"

"I'm reluctant to kill you? Actually, it's because you're not a worthy opponent. I have no intention to stain my hands with your filthy blood. I'll give you another chance to come after me within ten days. You should pull every single connection of yours and come after me with everything you have. Otherwise, I'll torture you to death if you're not able to take me out within the stipulated period," Zeke replied, a vicious grin upon his face.



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Once Zeke turned around and left, Theodore took a deep breath and clenched his fists with all his might.

Similarly, Theodore was infuriated like never before. After all, he had never been slapped in the face because no one had ever had the audacity to do so.

As a matter of fact, not even his parents nor his foes on the battlefield had the guts to slap him in the face.

Therefore, Theodore was determined to get Zeke back for the humiliation the latter had brought upon him.

Death would be insufficient, to rid of the grudge he had held against Zeke. He would torture Zeke to death in a similar way that Zeke had warned him about.

Promptly, Theodore received a call from the butler of his mansion.

He tried his best to collect his thoughts, before answering the call.

Once the call got through, the butler's anxious voice could be heard coming from the other end of the line, "Sir, something's wrong! We're not sure when, but a corpse has been placed on your bed. The corpse was completely drenched

in blood. In fact, his heart has been removed as well. It seems like he's Mr. Sullivan, the one whom you've been searching for all along."

What! D*** it!

Theodore's heart pounded furiously because Zeke had not lied to him. Harry had, indeed, made his way over to his place.

He could not figure out how Zeke had sent a corpse over to the Luna Manor because his place was heavily guarded by security personnel that he had stationed everywhere.

In actual fact, it would be impossible for others to enter the compound without his consent.

Since Zeke had achieved a seemingly impossible feat, Theodore was certain that there was a mastermind behind Zeke's back.

"Let's return immediately!" Theodore stared at John and instructed.

On their way back, John told Theodore in a cautious manner, "Sir, I have a hunch that Zeke is far more capable than we'd perceived him to be. Perhaps we're not a match for him."

In return, Theodore took a deep breath and replied, "Mhm. Undeniably, he's a formidable foe. However, I'm certain that he has a soft spot

as well. As long as we're able to get our hands on his soft spot, he'll have to surrender himself."

John was shocked. He asked confusedly, "Oh? Please enlighten this humble servant of yours, Sir."

Theodore told John, "According to reliable sources, Zeke has a great relationship with his wife, Lacey. In fact, he prioritizes Lacey's wellbeing over his life. If we're able to abduct Lacey, I'm sure that Zeke will come to us, begging for mercy, down on his knees! Hahaha!"

Not before long, Theodore whispered something to John.

Consequently, John's eyes gleamed in astonishment. "That's a brilliant idea, Sir! I'll get everything ready as soon as possible."

Meanwhile, Zeke headed over to a public washroom to wash his hands once he departed.

As a matter of fact, he had made use of Harry's corpse to lure Theodore out because he wanted to place a curse on him.

He had placed a vicious curse on it, one that would devour the man's abdomen, inside out,

within ten days.

It would be impossible for an ordinary man to withstand the pain.

Therefore, Zeke was certain that Theodore would tell him every secret he had been longing for, within ten days.

However, the curse had a strong aftereffect. Thus, he would have to cleanse his hands thoroughly before heading home.

...

In the meantime, John had reached the Williams family's place to look for Mdm. Williams.

Although Mdm. Williams was unaware of John's true identity, she welcomed him enthusiastically the moment she figured out that he was there to help her take Zeke out.

She served John a cup of tea and asked, "I'm afraid that we can't take Zeke out through ordinary means due to the odd capability he possesses. I'm sure you're aware that he has taken out the Lewis family, almost getting the better of the Williams family, right?"

In short, Mdm. Williams was warning John to stay away from Zeke if his party was not as

capable as the coalition formed between the Lewis family and the Williams family.

Naturally, John was aware of the meaning behind Mdm. Williams' words.

He reassured her, "Please pardon my discourtesy. To be frank, the Lewis family and the Williams family hold nothing but a trivial existence before Mr. Luna. Do you know how Ryker had climbed his way up the ranks all the way to a general? The Lewis family had set up their business, years after the Williams family had dominated the market, but over the past few years, the Lewis family has taken over the position of the market leader, right? Truthfully, Mr. Luna was the one behind their success because they had been granted a few resources that Mr. Luna had deemed inessential to him."



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The news was shocking, in a way.

When the Williamses finally heard about it, the rush of excitement they felt was almost too much for them to contain.

It was almost beyond the realm of possibility to think that John's mysterious boss was the big shot behind the Lewis family.

It was a well-known fact by now that whoever was backing the Lewis family had eyes and ears throughout Atheville. The law bent itself backwards and sideways for this mysterious person. It was even rumored that if he so desired, a flick of his fingers and a nudge of his considerable resources would see an instant promotion of some lucky soul to General.

And now, the Williamses had caught the attention of this mysterious big shot.

The day that the Williams family would rise again was coming soon. Very soon.

It went without saying that the Williamses started treating John with even more warmth and enthusiasm than they ever did before.

Lucille, the matriarch of the Williams family, asked carefully, "John, how are you going to confront Zeke?"

“To be honest,” John said somberly, “the mutual hatred between my boss and Zeke goes beyond normal human comprehension. I’m afraid that even Zeke’s death won’t be enough to satisfy my boss’ hatred of him.”

John exhaled a lingering sigh. “My boss is going to make his life a living hell.”

Lucille seemed almost too eager for details. “Pray, tell me more about it.”

“According to our information, Zeke’s only priority is his wife, Lacey Hinton. He cares for her deeply.”

The sudden smile on John’s face was unpleasant. “Suppose his wife is unfortunately involved in a fatal accident. I think we can both agree that Zeke would literally die of heartbreak, wouldn’t he?”

“That’s very true.” Lucille nodded her agreement immediately. “He’s besotted with that woman. He would do anything for her and if one of them must die, Zeke would sacrifice himself without a second thought.”

John nodded slowly. “In any case, I’ll still need the Williamses’ help if we’re going to handle Lacey.”

Lucille was quick to voice her opinion. “If killing

Zeke can restore the Williams family's freedom, we'll gladly do anything, even if it means going through hell or high water."

John snorted. "It's nothing so complicated. I just need your family to invite Lacey over for dinner, alone. Leave the rest to me."

Lucille smiled. "That won't be a problem. I can handle it."

At this moment, in the headquarters of Trust Media, Lacey was busy weathering a seemingly endless mountain of work.

Linton Group's plans to move their company headquarters to Atheville were fast coming to fruition, and she had been actively engaged with the endeavor for the past two days straight.

The new head of the Williams family had generously donated one of their buildings to Linton Group for them to use as their new headquarters.

Lacey had to go to the new building for the handover process and settle all the relevant application documents.

Just as she arrived at the Williams family building, she saw Lucille leading the rest of the Williamses out of the building.

Her heart jumped into her throat.

She knew about the tangled and complicated mess between her husband and his own family. One thing was for sure, the Williams family wanted nothing to do with both Zeke and her.

Considering the company owned by her family had now occupied a Williams family building, she was certain that the Williamses hated her more than ever.

However, Lacey was not prepared for the Williamses' warm reception when they approached her.

Even Lucille greeted her warmly without any prompting, "Lacey, dear, you're here to oversee the handover process of this building, aren't you?"

Lacey nodded mutely. Seeing her agreement, Lucille continued, "Great! I've prepared all the relevant documents and agreements relating to the process, so how about we go to a nearby hotel and discuss it over lunch?"

Still processing the sudden warmth shown by the Williamses, Lacey wondered if this was how it felt to have a normal grandmother-in-law. She was not too naive to just accept that her husband's family would suddenly treat her like this without another motive.

In fact, the Williamses had been cold toward her whenever they met in the past two days.

It would be impolite for her to refuse their hospitality, even if their kind offer came at a price. That being said, she still had to settle the terms of agreement for Linton Group's use of the Williams family building.

Warily, she accepted their offer of lunch.

The Williams family had already made arrangements for a meal at a nearby five-star hotel. As a lavish feast was laid out on the table, they discussed the terms of agreement for the handover, and Lacey braced herself for round after round of bargaining.

Much to her surprise, both parties signed the agreement after barely ten minutes.

Concluded with the negotiations, the atmosphere of the room quickly cooled to sub-zero. Lacey expected nothing less—there were no words between the Williamses and her outside of business, after all.

She decided to take her leave before the situation could get any more uncomfortable. Rising from her seat, she thanked the Williams family, "Thank you for the warm welcome and the splendid meal. I am very grateful we could agree on the terms as well. If there's nothing

else to attend to, I need to return to my company. Zeke and I will treat you all to dinner next time.”

However, the Williams family insisted that she stay.

Lacey felt inexplicably suspicious.

As she stayed, she wondered why the Williams family wanted her to wait here.

What are they waiting for?



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Not too long after that, one attendant entered. He was wearing a strange combination of a dark cap and a mask that concealed his face. He placed a bottle of expensive whiskey beside an unsuspecting Lacey.

Unseen by anyone, he flicked his thumb.

A tiny black dot zoomed out from under his fingernail and landed squarely on the artfully arranged salad in front of Lacey.

His work done, the attendant left.

This was no random attendant, but John in disguise.

The tiny black dot he had flicked into Lacey's salad was the product of his unceasing efforts in cultivation—a venomous little insect.

This particular insect had venom so terrifyingly potent that no one in the world could make an antidote for it, including John himself.

Inside the private dining room, Lucille was pouring a glass of wine for Lacey. "I ordered this whiskey especially for you, dear. Drink a glass with me. Consider it our welcome to Linton Group for finally expanding into Atheville."

Lacey politely declined the wine, saying, "Sorry,

Grandma, but I'm an awful lightweight. I've also been feeling under the weather these days, and my doctor told me I shouldn't be drinking."

Lucille did not make a scene. "That's fine, dear. If you can't drink, try this dish. It's the hotel's signature dish. You should really try it out."

Everyone around the table watched in varying degrees of shock as Lucille personally served Lacey some of the salad.

Feeling that she had no choice to refuse such a generous and kind gesture, Lacey ate the salad.

The Williamses breathed a collective sigh of relief when she finished every bit of the salad. Now all they had to do was wait.

Suddenly appearing apologetic, Lucille said, "Dear, I seem to have forgotten an important meeting. If you'll excuse, I have to go immediately."

The rest of the Williamses promptly made their excuses as well, hurriedly leaving one by one.

At this point, Lacey was debating whether to laugh or cry. When she had wanted to leave earlier, they dug their heels in and insisted she stay, but now they were all gone in the blink of an eye.

Putting the matter out of her mind, Lacey turned and left the hotel too.

The afternoon soon arrived, bringing with it the first new batch of workers that would be working at Linton Group's new building in Atheville.

In line with Atheville commercial business legislations, a complete employee health exam was compulsory for new companies that just started operations in Atheville. Naturally, Lacey was not exempt from the health exam.

After having her blood drawn, Lacey made her way to the new building to oversee all the final renovations. It was a tiring job that lasted the entire day.

When she finally finished all of her tasks, the sun was already setting. Her head spun wearily after such a long day. Before she could leave the office, however, the director in charge of the health exam approached her.

"Ms. Hinton," he said in a grave voice, "There is some bad news that I need to give you."

Lacey felt her face fall into a solemn frown. "Did one of our employees fail the health check?"

Director Kingston sighed, "Ms. Hinton, it's your

report. When we tested your blood sample, it revealed that you had developed a rare form of cancer. The scientific name of the disease is signet ring cell carcinoma.”

His voice grew grim. “This cancer is very rare, so rare that in fact, the chances of developing it are one in a billion. Unfortunately, there’s no cure for this disease or any recorded survivors.”

Lacey felt her pulse thunder loudly in her ears. Director Kingston was still speaking, but she could absorb none of his words.

She was sure she had misheard him. “Cancer? But that’s impossible. I’ve always been healthy. You must be wrong.”

Once again, Director Kingston sighed heavily. He handed over a health report file to Lacey.

Snatching the file, Lacey tore it open. Lines and lines of extreme data, printed in dizzying red ink, met her eyes as she scanned through the report. A wave of nausea washed over her.

The conclusion of the report stared back at her unblinkingly: Signet Ring Cell Carcinoma.

Director Kingston continued, “This disease causes the body’s cell to age and die at an accelerated rate. The most obvious symptoms are accelerated ageing, of course. Patients

have reported hair loss, teeth loss, and even both fingernails and toenails falling out. Other patients have also reported alarmingly wrinkled skin, while some of the worst cases have had skin ecdysis. The disease is rather intimidating.”

He handed a picture to a numb Lacey. “This is a picture of the condition of a late-stage patient. Please have a look at it.”

Lacey felt thunder strike all her numbness away as she looked at the photograph.

The patient in the picture was a shriveled remnant of a human, aged beyond imagination. His skin hung off his stick-thin body in wrinkled sheets and Lacey found herself reminded hysterically of a meatball. He had no hair or teeth left. The patient resembled an empty shell of a human—not human, not dead, but stuck somewhere in between.

No, she shrilled in her mind. No, no, no!

Beyond the depths of her hysteria, she could feel herself crumbling under the knowledge of her new reality.

With a chilling certainty, she knew she would rather die than let herself shrivel to this caricature of human life.

Chapter 1007 A Series of Unfortunate Events



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Director Kingston continued on doggedly, “Unlike other cancers, this disease is contagious. Physical touch, bodily fluids and can transmit it even through air.”

As if he finally realized what he was saying, he shrunk away from Lacey rather belatedly, as if she was already contagious.

Lost in her rising despair, Lacey put her head in her hands. The same wild thought tumbled through her head repeatedly, screaming internally that Director Kingston was lying to her about cancer.

Lacey’s voice was edged with hysteria. “I’m going to another doctor immediately. I-If you misdiagnosed me, my husband will never forgive you!”

Director Kingston heaved the heaviest sigh since he had met Lacey. “I think you should stop living in denial, Ms. Hinton.”

Lacey clutched the report tightly as she ran out of the building like a madwoman.

A cold smile spread across the doctor’s face as she fled. He exited the building as well, ducking into a black sedan parked nearby.

Inside the car, smoke curled in clouds around John as he smoked cigarette after cigarette. He

exhaled slowly, making another long trail of smoke drift into the cramped interior of the car.

Feeling like he would suffocate soon, Director Kingston cleared his throat. His voice was excessively deferential as he said, “John, I’ve done the job like you asked. You promised a... ah, payment?”

It was more than obvious that Director Kingston had no qualms about selling his moral integrity for other benefits.

Shrouded in clouds of smoke, John smiled contentedly. He produced a locked briefcase and tossed it over to Director Kingston. “Count it.”

The naked satisfaction on the latter’s face was palpable.

He opened the briefcase, seeing the thick and orderly stacks of money inside. Glittering eyes watching carefully, he counted each one of them.

With the money in the briefcase, he was set for life. He thought briefly about all the life savings he had worked and slaved for. All of them combined still could not hold a candle to even a tenth of the briefcase’s contents.

As Director Kingston was still losing himself in

his euphoria, a hammer hit him unceremoniously in the back of his head.

His eyes rolled, and he fainted immediately.

John tossed the hammer aside casually, wiping the blood on his hands. He regarded Director Kingston's limp form. "Sorry, old chap, but Zeke Williams has an annoying habit of finding loose ends to follow. You're going to be taking a long nap to make sure he doesn't find us."

On the other hand, Lacey soon arrived at the best hospital Atheville had to offer, her health report still clutched tightly in her hand.

Not even half an hour later, she exited the hospital again, despair and helplessness written on her face.

The hospital doctor gave her the same diagnosis as Director Kingston did. She was afflicted with a form of cancer so rare that nobody else in the world currently had it.

In a short time, Lacy would age at an accelerated rate, shriveling into a withered husk that hovered somewhere between human and inhuman.

The tears flowed down her cheeks. Soon, she was going to die of old age despite her youth.

She was crumbling under the impact of this news, in a way she had never fallen apart before.

Burying her hands in her hair, she fought the urge to yank them all out. Her grip tightened. What do I do? What can I do?

Her tight grip left her staring incoherently at a bunch of hair she had inadvertently pulled from her head.

Her knees gave way, and she fell helplessly onto the ground.

If my hair is already falling out, how much longer do I have before I turn into... that?

I can't let Mum and Dad—I can't let Zeke see me like that—no, I have to leave them with the nicest memory of me, not what I'll become.

I can't risk spreading this disease to them if I go home.

I've got to get out of here and then wait for death to come for me. Alone.

Zeke, I just want to thank you for being by my side all along.

The days spent with you were the happiest time I can remember in my entire life.

Thank you for giving me so many treasured memories I can remember fondly. That alone makes me content for the rest of my life.

This is goodbye, I guess.

If there is a next life, I'd still want to be your wife, if you'll have me.

No. I'd still marry you even three lifetimes later.

Lacey sent a message to Zeke before hurling the phone into a river. Waving down a taxi, she got in and left with a face full of tears.

Just as Lacey left, John appeared again.

He was holding a very familiar briefcase as he stole into the hospital.

Half a city away, Zeke was also busy with the relocation of Linton Group's headquarters to Atheville. The hour was late when he finished working.

He was about to find Lacey to celebrate their success when he received her text.

Zeke, thank you for being by my side all along and creating so many beautiful memories with me.

But I'm tired, and I think it's time I have some

time to myself. It's not your fault. I'm leaving.
Please don't come after me.

I love you. If there's a life after this one, I still
want to be your wife. I truly hope that you'll still
have me, even then.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Rereading his wife's texts repeatedly, Zeke felt all his blood drain from his face.

He hurriedly dialed Lacey's number, praying desperately in his mind.

Stop it, Lacey, I know you're just joking with me.

We are the perfect couple. How could you just leave me like this?

Please, just answer your phone—stop fooling around, please?

The only reply Zeke received was the dreaded female automated voice coolly informing that he had gone to voicemail. Lacey was not answering his calls.

"I'm sorry, but the number you have dialed is currently unavailable. Please leave a message after the beep."

Beep!

Thunderstruck, Zeke ended the call.

He knew deep within his bones that Lacey was in trouble.

She had truly left. His wife was gone.

Despair coursed through him. He began a

frenzied madman's search throughout the buildings of Trust Media and Linton Group.

It was futile.

Zeke immediately contacted Alfred Booth, ordering him to lead search parties for Lacey all over the city while he sifted through the security camera recordings of the past day, tracking Lacey's movements throughout the last few hours.

For the most part of the day, Lacey's movements were exceedingly normal as she busied herself with managing the various affairs of Linton Group. Zeke felt pain stab through his heart every time he saw her smile.

He put the recordings on fast-forward. Time zoomed by until it was evening. He frowned when he noticed the director in charge of the health evaluations approach Lacey.

It had barely been ten minutes since Lacey started speaking with him when she tore out of the exit, a look of sheer despair on her face.

Hitting the pause button furiously, Zeke quickly contacted the traffic police, requesting footage from the traffic cameras positioned in the streets.

The new footage he had acquired showed that

Lacey had traveled to Atheville Affiliate Hospital. He watched in mounting horror as she exited the hospital, walking lethargically with pain written across her features. She collapsed in the middle of the street, the discovery she made in the hospital evidently sapping any remaining energy she had.

In the end, she stepped into a taxi and vanished from the range of the traffic cameras.

Zeke frantically watched each of the footage. All gave him the same conclusion. Lacey did not appear in Atheville anymore after she took that taxi.

Fear gave his feet wings as he went to track down Director Kingston and the doctor Lacey had consulted with at the Atheville Affiliate Hospital.

He found neither of them. Both men had vanished.

A troubling sixth sense told Zeke that everything connected to his wife's disappearance was too coincidental to be an accident.

This is a conspiracy!

His hand curled into a fist. Theodore Luna had to be behind it. They had been at odds for quite

some time now, and this underhanded trick was exactly how his foe operated.

Zeke brought down his clenched fist on the table beside him. The impact shattered the table into tiny bits.

Lacey, I promise you, even if you run to the ends of the world, I'll still find you and bring you home.

And as for you, Theodore Luna, I'm going to break you into pieces when I find you.

I promise you, they'll never find your body.

At this time, Zeke's phone rang with a call from Alfred.

He promptly informed Zeke that his search for Lacey in the surrounding streets had not yielded a single trace of where she might have gone.

"Okay." Zeke forced himself to swallow a sudden surge of panic.

Lacey's life depended on him now. He could not afford the luxury of panic.

He inhaled deeply, then exhaled slowly, steeling himself. Without any hesitation, his fingers typed out the number to contact Bloodthirsty

Wolf, leader of the Tulle.

“Bloodthirsty Wolf, I want you to lead all the members of Tulle to Eurasia now. All of them.”

Bloodthirsty Wolf was a professional, but even he was shocked at the statement.

On a scale of one to incredulous disbelief, Zeke’s order ranked somewhere near ‘aliens invading Earth with UFOs’.

For a moment, he wondered if his hearing had finally failed him. The Great Marshal was actually actively ordering the Tulle to enter Eurasia in full force.

A thought flashed across his mind. The Great Marshal was revolting. There was no other explanation for it.

However, when Bloodthirsty Wolf realized that the Tulle was being summoned to Eurasia just to search for a mere girl, he was flabbergasted.

What fresh hell is this? What kind of girl could move the Great Marshal to these extremes, to the point of rousing the entire Tulle to arms?

Bloodthirsty Wolf snickered lecherously, a sudden thought occurring to him. He wagered that it had to be a girl with the looks of at least seven fairies descending from heaven.

Of course, getting the Tulle into the borders of Eurasia was not an easy endeavor.

At the very least, permission had to be granted by the notoriously finicky Colonel.

But five minutes and a single phone call was all it took for Zeke to settle the matter.

And so, the infamous Tulle, an elite mercenary group to end all mercenary groups, descended upon Eurasia.

Eurasia—and by extension the rest of the globe—was, for the lack of a better word, dumbfounded.

It was common knowledge that Eurasia banned all mercenary groups.

And now, with the Tulle entering Eurasia in full force, rumors started to spread.

However, those rumors were promptly strangled when the real reason for the Tulle's appearance in Eurasia was announced. The population's shocked reaction to the fact that the Tulle was summoned to aid in the search of a mere girl exceeded even that of Bloodthirsty Wolf's.

It was both unseen and unheard of.

This girl quickly became the talk of the globe, the target of both admiration and jealousy.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The Tulle's reputation as the number one global organized mercenary group was not unearned. Their efficiency in search and rescue operations were unparalleled.

It took them barely three days to unearth Lacey's trail after she disappeared.

On the far outskirts of Atheville, there was a tiny town so remote that it only had one village. The village was Ascot. Three days ago, a fairy had descended there.

The girl who arrived could truly pass for a fairy from the heavens, that much was true. She had a graceful figure, a face that could move the very heavens itself, and an ethereal aura unique only to her.

She arrived quietly, spending an impressive amount of money to rent one of the holiday villas in the tiny town.

By night, she rested in the villa.

But by day, she perched daintily on a large rock by the mouth of the village, admiring the lush mountain scenery quietly.

The sight of her distant beauty as she admired the scenery easily surpassed any other exquisite scenery the world offered.

It was not much of a surprise then, that the young lads in the village would clamor to watch the “scenery” of the fairy admiring the actual scenery whenever they had any free time.

Ever since he laid eyes on a photograph of the “fairy”, Zeke knew with aching certainty that Lacey was the fairy.

The photograph they had given him was just a side profile, and not a very good one at that, but her aura and quiet sense of ethereality were unmistakable. It was Lacey.

Without wasting another second, Zeke jumped into his car, gunning it straight toward the tiny village of Ascot.

In Ascot, Lacey went about her usual routine, hiking to the entrance of the village to admire the wide expanse of scenery before her.

She was well-aware of a couple of village boys ogling her in the distance, enchanted by her.

Resisting the urge to sigh, she returned her attention to the scenery. Even the elderly population of the village were abuzz by her arrival, claiming that she was definitely a fairy stricken by a disaster in the heavens, escaping to the earth.

After all, there was no other explanation for a

girl with such unearthly beauty appearing in their tiny village.

Truthfully, Lacey could not find it in her to be interested in the view. The scenery was beautiful, but she was very much alone and that leeched any possible contentment she would have felt, leaving only a numb feeling of tasteless repetition.

If only Zeke was beside her. She imagined the joy of being able to share in the stunning view with him.

Just one day would be enough.

Even if the cost were the rest of her life, she would still gladly trade it for that one day.

It did not change the fact that she was acutely aware that her thoughts were just a dream and nothing more.

Her decision was made. She would never reveal her whereabouts to Zeke. She could not bear to put him through the same pain she had already suffered.

She would rather endure it all alone.

The sound of her phone vibrating startled her out of her reverie.

It was a new phone, the one she was using to alleviate the boredom of the short remainder of her life.

Pulling the phone out of her pocket, she realized it was a news alert. The headline was from Penguin Media.

The Great Marshal Summons the Tulle to Eurasia in Search for His Beloved.

Lacey felt her heart twist painfully.

Zeke must be looking for me all over the world now by now.

She blew out a breath frustratedly, thinking about the shitty nature of the world.

Where was the happy ending for the two destined lovers where they grew old together, hand in hand to the end of their days?

Just as she was lost in her thoughts, a wretched voice sounded by her ear.

“Hey, sweetie,” the voice leered. “Aren’t you lonely, standing there? How about some company, huh?”

Lacey jerked her head around to see Yael Allwine, the village gangster.

He was not just notorious in Ascot, but in all the nearby towns as well. Lecherous to a fault, Lacey knew that many young women from upstanding families had fallen victim to his assault. He was the worst kind of man there was.

Lacey knew she was beautiful. She was also very aware of the fact that she was alone and Yael was staring at her like a piece of meat.

“Get out of here and leave me alone.”

Yael did not leave. Instead, he seemed to take her rejection as an encouragement, moving toward her and trying to grab her arm.

Lacey ducked aside quickly, feeling a rising sense of disgust.

Yael was not a good-looking fellow. He had practically no hair left on his head, a face full of warts in odd places, and yellowish crooked teeth to complement it all. In fact, just looking at him made her stomach turn.

“Why are you hiding, baby girl? It’s obvious that you just stand here all day just to hook up with someone who can show you a good time, huh? Come with me to the fields over there. I planted them especially for you, sweetie.”

“Son of a—” Lacey felt her anger surge

dangerously. “Stop talking to me, or I’ll call the police.”

“I’d like to see you try, huh?” Yael lapsed into peals of his ugly snorting laughter. “The police ain’t coming anytime soon, baby girl. Earliest that they show up is tomorrow morning. By tonight, I’ll already have my sweet way with you.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Laughing lecherously, Yael lunged at Lacey.

Stumbling away, Lacey paled, screaming at the villagers in the distance for help.

The band of villagers were angry. They were not about to let such a dirty bastard defile their goddess.

Yelling loudly, the villagers rushed forward to help a struggling Lacey out of her dilemma.

But in the next second, Yael had pulled out a large paring knife, laughing as he flailed it at the villagers.

One of the villagers did not get out of the way in time, and Yael's paring knife drew a long cut along his abdomen. Blood spurted from the wound as the villager groaned in agony. The others looked at him in horror.

"Who else wants a taste of this, huh? Anyone else wants to defend this bitch, I'll gut him—then his f***** family!"

With bright red blood soaking his clothes, the injured villager was still groaning loudly. The rest of them, shocked into submission, did not dare to step forward to help Lacey anymore.

Despairing, she turned to run.

Unfortunately, she did not get the chance to. Yael yanked the edge of her sleeve, causing her to stumble and fall against him. “You don’t get to run, bitch.”

His breath was slick against her ear. “If you do a good job tonight, I’ll reward you. But I’ll effing gut you if you resist.”

Something exploded inside Lacey.

“I’d rather die than let you take me,” she howled, struggling furiously.

Yael laughed again, pinning her against him easily. “It ain’t a choice, sugar. You’re coming with me.”

Yael turned to leave, fully intending to drag Lacey screaming if he needed to.

At this unbearably tense moment, a flash of silver darted past the faces of the gathered crowd and sank into Yael’s leg.

Crashing heavily onto the ground, he grabbed his injured leg and spat streams of profanity. “What the hell happened, huh? Which of you bastards pierced my leg?”

Lacey froze, stunned for a moment.

Yael was pricked in the leg.

She only knew one source of such deadly accuracy and precise injuries—silver needles.

Zeke's favorite weapon was silver needles.

Zeke is here?

A complicated rush of emotions tore through Lacey's mind.

She had hoped beyond hope for Zeke to save her, but at the same time, she was terrified that he would track her down.

What should she do? She agonized over the decision. Should she just leave the village as soon as she could?

In the precious few moments she spent debating with herself, a familiar figure stepped into Lacey's field of vision.

Her tears refused to be restrained any longer, coursing down her cheeks freely. Lacey let them, feeling elation and sheer relief blossom in her chest despite all her reservations.

Zeke is really here!

The man she had yearned for in her dreams and spent every waking moment missing had appeared before her.

From personal experience, Lacey knew that the mountain roads that led to this remote village were narrow and treacherous. The long journey could only be made on foot.

Zeke had walked here.

His face was scratched and bloodied in a way that made Lacey's heart pang painfully. The clothes he wore were in a similar condition, ripped and torn in various places. Sweat dripped from his forehead and he almost looked no better than Yael. Even as scruffy and beaten down as he looked, he was still the most handsome man that Lacey had ever laid eyes on.

She thought of the twisting roads he had to walk through just to get here. And he had done all that, just to find her.

Zeke had an astonishing reserve of inner strength and will, but he would freely admit that his heart still fluttered with waves of untold emotion when he finally saw his wife.

A few long strides were all it took to reach Lacey's side and Zeke bundled her into his arms, hugging her desperately.

"Idiot."

Lacey melted against him. The reproachful

words that he had wanted to say to her faded away, left unsaid.

Wordlessly, Zeke knew that Lacey now probably felt worse than he did. He hugged her closer.

Feeling a thousand churning emotions finally catch up with her, Lacey finally let go and broke down, crying.

Her heart ached for her husband and his bedraggled look.

“Let’s go home,” Zeke said thickly. There were a hundred and a thousand things he had wanted to tell his wife when he saw her again, but that simple sentence was all that became of them.

Home.

Lacey’s heart pounded at the thought.

She missed it more than air itself, that warm and cozy home where Zeke was.

But she just could not go back.

She shrank away, breaking free from him.

“Zeke, I-I can’t go home with you! Please, just leave now. If you stay, I’m afraid I won’t be able to resist going home with you.”

“Lacey.” Zeke frowned, and it hurt just to see him like that. “Lacey, please, just tell me what’s wrong?”

Lacey sobbed even more furiously. “Zeke, just leave! Forget about me. If you bring me home, it’ll just be dangerous for all of us.”

“But why...”

Yael cut Zeke off with a profane bellow, “Go home, huh? You f***** wish! You’re the one who bashed up my leg? I’ll break your leg, bastard, or my name isn’t Allwine!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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A single glance at Yael and his perverted leer at Lacey told Zeke exactly what he needed to know about the lowlife gangster he was dealing with. A fit of different anger was boiling in his chest.

Yael did not get to touch any woman, much less his woman. Zeke's thoughts were coldly calculating, despite his seething anger. Yael was looking for death.

Without saying another word, Zeke planted his foot into Yael's stomach with all the force of a spine-shattering kick.

Cursing and swearing loudly, Yael was flung backward. His pathetic threats resounded in the mountains long after he vanished out of sight.

"You effing wait, huh? You ain't walking out of these mountains alive no more..."

Ignoring Yael, Zeke just took Lacey's hands in his own, staring into her eyes. Lacey struggled, but it was a futile effort.

"Zeke, let go of me. I don't want to spread the sickness to you."

Zeke sucked in a surprised breath. "Lacey, what sickness?"

Lacey stopped struggling. Sighing quietly, she looked out to the vast expanse of the mountains sprawled before them. “Watch the scenery with me, Zeke.”

Soundlessly, Zeke agreed.

Side by side, they sat on the large stone that had been Lacey’s frequent haunt over the past three days.

The early twilight cast their figures into long shadows, stretching forward endlessly. Before them, the sunset turned the towering mountain into a burnished shade of gold. High up here, the wild scenery was chillingly beautiful, a little slice of heaven on earth.

It was in the face of such jagged beauty that Lacey confessed the secret that had been slowly consuming her. “I have cancer, Zeke. The doctor told me it was signet ring cell carcinoma and... and it causes accelerated aging. I’ll be dead in a matter of months.”

She breathed a melancholy sigh. “It’s contagious too. I didn’t want you to get it, or see me dying and wasting away. So, I ran away.”

The gears in Zeke’s mind whirled soundlessly, thinking about what Lacey had said. He was well-aware about signet ring cell carcinoma, but something else troubled him.

“But that’s impossible.” Zeke was stunned.
“That particular type of cancer has been extinct since the eighties. Lacey, you look healthy. You don’t have any symptoms either, have you noticed?”

He grabbed Lacey’s wrist gently, quickly carrying out a pulse diagnosis.

A moment later, Zeke asked seriously, “Lacey, do you trust my medical skills?”

“Absolutely.” Lacey nodded.

She had personally witnessed Zeke cure brain-dead patients who were deemed permanently vegetative. His top-notch medical skills were nothing else but short of miraculous.

Zeke broke into a relieved smile. “Believe me, you’re very healthy. Forget about cancer, you don’t even have a hint of a cold.”

Zeke left something unsaid, however.

Lacey actually appeared to have been poisoned. It had all the typical witchcraft-like marks of venomous insect poisoning. The mystery, in this case, was that it was a poison that Zeke had never seen before, despite his broad experience.

It was also yet another mystery how Lacey

remained unaffected by the venom. Her body had naturally neutralized the toxins in the venom, leaving only traces of it remaining in her system that posed zero threat to her health.

Lacey looked incredibly confused. “How is that even possible?”

She looked aside, lost in thought. “Director Kingston—he was the director in charge of the employee health exams—and the attending physician at the Atheville Affiliate Hospital all confirmed that I had signet ring cell carcinoma!”

“It was very likely that it was a trap, Lacey,” Zeke said gravely. “Both Director Kingston and the attending physician who diagnosed you vanished mysteriously after you left. Someone must have paid them to mislead you so you would leave me.”

It was almost too much for Lacey.

“A true physician has the heart of a parent,” Lacey said angrily. Her face was pale with the force of her outrage. “How could they use abuse their position to torture other people like this? They’re disgracing the entire medical industry!”

“Don’t worry, Lacey. I swear I’ll help you get justice for this, even if it’s the last thing I do.”

He hastily drew Lacey into his arms when she started looking teary-eyed again. Lacey's sobs rattled against his chest as she said, "You know, I thought I was never going to see you again, Zeke. You really are the best thing that's ever happened to me."

He stroked her hair tenderly. "Come on, let's go home."

Soundlessly, Lacey agreed.

The two of them were holding each other's hands tightly, deathly afraid that the other would disappear into thin air if they let go.

However, just as they were about to leave, Yael appeared to block their path, leading a gang of grizzled villagers that looked as seedy as he did. They quickly surrounded Zeke and Lacey.

Yael's snorting laughter grated on their ears. "I told you I'd be back, huh? You won't be escaping this time! I want payback for the leg you ruined."

"But I'm a considerate man." Yael smiled cruelly. "Leave me ten million for my medical fees and the bitch to accompany me for a night. Then I'll consider letting you go, huh?"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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How annoying!

Zeke lost his patience and swung his arms. A flood of silver needles came shooting out of his fingers!

“Ow!” The excruciating wails echoed through the mountain.

The villagers looked on with shock. None of them saw what happened. The needles were so tiny and everything happened in a blink of an eye.

All they saw was a man swinging his arms, and Yael fell to the ground, howling in pain.

This man must have cast a spell on Yael. That little girl who appeared from nowhere is indeed a fairy, and her man is a God too!

The last few days had been rough for Lacey. She was so exhausted that she fell asleep in the car with her hands wrapped around Zeke’s arm.

Minutes later, Zeke’s phone rang. It was Bloodthirsty Wolf of Tulle.

Upon picking up the call, Bloodthirsty Wolf said, “Zekky, I found the two doctors. What should we do with them now?”

“Keep an eye on them. I’ll be right there.”

“All right!” answered Bloodthirsty Wolf.

When they were finally home, Zeke carried Lacey to the room and tucked her into bed. Once she was fast asleep, he retreated from the room quietly to meet up with his disciple.

They met in an abandoned air-raid shelter.

Unlike Lone Wolf and Sole Wolf, Bloodthirsty Wolf had soft and supple skin. He was also blessed with good looks that were more exquisite than women!

When Bloodthirsty Wolf saw Zeke, he burst into excitement, “Gosh, how I missed you, Zekky! It has been so many years and you never once came back to see me.”

Disgusted, Zeke huffed, “Stop this behavior or you can forget about seeing me for the rest of your life.”

Bloodthirsty Wolf giggled, “All right, all right. I’ll try to be as masculine as you are when I see you the next time!”

“Quit talking rubbish. Where are the doctors?”

Bloodthirsty Wolf pointed at the air-raid shelter and told Zeke that they were inside it.

As they walked deeper into the shelter, they saw the two doctors.

Bruised and battered, the two were curled up in a corner shaking in fear.

When they saw Zeke, a sheer look of terror wiped across their faces.

“So, tell me, who instructed you to make a misdiagnosis of my wife’s condition?”

One doctor stuttered, “I-I did not misdiagnose her... I was only telling the truth based on the test report.”

Zeke ran out of patience. He took the gun out from Bloodthirsty Wolf’s waist and aimed for the doctor’s head.

Bang!

The doctor fell to the ground after the gunshot.

Blood started oozing out from his head, turning the floor into a pool of blood.

Aargh!

Horried, Director Kingston’s face was as pale as death.

Oh my gosh, this guy is crazy. He’s a lunatic

who shoots at anyone without giving them a chance to open their mouth! It's the 21st century now, how can someone behave so inhumanly to others!

Zeke turned to Director Kingston and pointed the gun at his head. "Each of you has one chance. He threw his away. So, how about you?"

"I'll say it, I'll say it!" cried Director Kingston. He literally broke down and confessed everything to Zeke.

"It was John Connor's idea. He planted a poisonous worm in her, which led to a misdiagnosis of Signet Ring Cell Carcinoma. He wanted her out of your life so that you would be devastated," he recounted.

Upon hearing that, Zeke kept the gun with a chilling look on his face.

So it was John Connor, the man who serves Theodore Luna! He is behind all this!

Director Kingston pleaded, "Mr. Williams, I've told you everything I know. I beg you, please don't kill me. I still have my parents and my family to take care of. I don't want to die so soon."

Chapter 1013 Trapped In The Mountain



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Zeke chided, "I will spare your life, but you must pay for what you did. As a doctor, you were supposed to save lives, but you chose to lie and instill fear in your patient. Your tongue is a deadly weapon, and something must be done with it."

Then Zeke turned to Bloodthirsty Wolf and commanded, "Cut it off now."

"Yes!"

A cry broke out, and the director's tongue was severed. The dead doctor's, too.

Taking a deep breath, Zeke uttered, "Follow me to Luna Manor now."

An eye for an eye, John Connor must die!

Back at Luna Manor in Atheville.

Theodore asked John, "How's everything with Lacey Hinton?"

"Everything is well taken care of," replied John. "Not wanting to implicate Zeke Williams, she ran away to the backcountry waiting for her death to come."

Theodore nodded his head and questioned again, "So, you're absolutely sure that she'd die from the poison that you had planted in her?"

John smiled and responded, “Not to worry because nobody in the world has the antidote for the poison, not even myself.”

Theodore nodded his head again, looking pleased. “That’s good. Even if Zeke finds her, he can only watch her die.”

“It would definitely shatter him into pieces for the rest of his life,” John smirked. “How dare you hit me! This is a lesson you’ll never forget.”

Right then, a commotion broke out outside Luna Manor.

In just seconds, two guards who were stationed at the door flew across the room, knocking over a sandalwood table that broke into pieces.

Enraged, Theodore shouted, “Who is that? How dare you barge into Luna Manor?”

Zeke walked in slowly, with a terrifying, murderous look on his face.

Theodore spoke in a crisp voice, “Williams, you must be insane to walk in like this. For years, Luna Manor has been our military home, not a place for an inferior like you to cause trouble at.”

Zeke sneered, “Are you even worthy of being a military man? You are a disgrace to the military

regime for all your evil doings!”

“Nonsense. Evil doings? What proof do you have? Don’t talk without any proof or you’d be sued for defaming a retired general!”

Zeke took a quick look at John and said, “Well, if I’m not wrong, this wretch planted the worms in Lacey. He also instructed the doctors to make a misdiagnosis of Signet Ring Cell Carcinoma.”

John was infuriated, especially when the Zeke regarded him as ‘the wretch’!

Hmph! This pompous brat is about to die!

Theodore refuted, “I have no idea what you’re saying.”

Zeke scorned, “You are as stubborn as a mule.” Then, he took out a wooden box and chucked it at Theodore.

Baffled, the latter opened the wooden box and saw two bloody tongues. His hands started shaking.

How barbaric of him to cut off the doctors’ tongues just because they had misdiagnosed Lacey?

Theodore knew he couldn’t deny it anymore, so

he decided to let the cat out of the bag.

“So what, if I was involved? Other than watching her die, what else can you do?”

“Well, I’m sorry to disappoint you, but your plan has backfired. Lacey is as alive as ever. I’m here today to watch somebody else die.”

“Come and kill this wretch now!” Zeke roared.

Outraged by the insult, John could no longer suppress his anger. He fumed, “Stop lying. The worm that I planted in your wife was the most poisonous worm in the world. Nobody in the world has the antidote, not even myself!”

Feeling disdainful, Zeke smirked, “The most poisonous worm? Lacey’s body could break down the worms on its own. Are you sure that was the most poisonous worm? What a joke!”

He continued, “Don’t you feel embarrassed calling yourself the master of poisonous worms?”

“You jerk!” John thundered. “How dare you insult my skills!”



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Zeke quipped, “Forget about it. Let’s not waste our time discussing your skills. I came here to cut off your head today. I’ve told you not to hurt my loved ones, and so you must pay for what you did.”

Zeke walked toward John with an intent to take his life.

The latter stood aghast and exclaimed, “You’d better consider. If you kill me, your wife will not live. I planted the worms in her body, and nobody in the entire world has the antidote for it!”

John continued, “But if I perform a thorough study on this, who knows, I might discover a cure for her.”

Zeke was speechless.

Why is this man so full of himself? How many times must he be told that the poison has disintegrated in her body? Why does he still have the cheek to pride himself on his amateur skills?

Zeke was not convinced and continued walking toward John, who finally realized that the former had no intention of letting him off the hook.

Then he turned to Theodore for help. “Boss,

please help me!”

Theodore was also fuming with indignation and yelled, “How dare you barge into Luna Manor thinking that you can do whatever you want? Don’t even think about killing anyone here!”

Theodore then called out to his hitmen, “Come and kill this rogue now. He’s threatening to take our lives. Killing him is just an act of self-defense. We needn’t be responsible for his death!”

Theodore had actually expected Zeke to turn up at Luna Manor. He stationed his hitmen all around the house, but something was amiss when he did not get a response from the men.

Frowning, he raised his voice again. “Men, reveal yourselves now and get rid of this rascal!”

Again, nothing happened.

Theodore and John panicked.

What is going on? Where are the hitmen? Did something tragic happen to them?

But that’s impossible! Even if Zeke had something to do with their disappearance, it is impossible for him to wipe them out in such a short period of time without alarming anyone.

Zeke smirked, “Want to see your hitmen? Very well, as you wish.”

“Bring them in now,” he ordered.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Dozens of bodies were thrown into the house, and they landed right at the feet of Theodore.

The ground shook as the bodies piled up.

These were all Theodore’s hitmen. Every single one of them had a deep slit in their throat. They were obviously dead.

Theodore and John could not stop trembling.

Zeke had killed all of them in a short time with such ease!

Goodness, gracious! Are demons working for him? How did they do it right under everyone’s nose?

Zeke Williams must be a demon from hell!

“Now that you have seen all your hitmen, it’s time for you to join them,” Zeke sneered as he walked closer to John.

The latter was devastated and backed away hastily.

“Help me, boss! Help me!”

Theodore was at a loss for words. He wanted to reprimand Zeke but held his tongue.

Without the hitmen, he was left defenseless against Zeke and his people. He did not have the power to save John.

Fearing for his life, John tried to escape through the window, but Zeke was one step ahead of him.

In just seconds, Zeke appeared right before John and kicked him in the knee.

Crack! John’s knee broke, and he fell to the ground.

“Aargh!” John howled in pain. “I’m begging you. Please, please don’t kill me...”

Fuming with bloodshot eyes, Zeke hissed, “You punk, you just don’t get it, do you? I have not once, but many times, made myself clear to you. If you have any grudge against me, come after me as much as you want, but leave my family alone. You’ve crossed the line this time, and you’ve left me with no choice but to kill you.”



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Immediately after that, Zeke stepped on his other leg.

Crack! The leg broke too.

Shrieks of anguish filled the air again. John cried in a frail voice, “I can’t die, I can’t die... If I die, there won’t be anyone to save your wife, and she will eventually die too.”

Crack! Zeke broke his right arm without a warning.

“Just like any medical practice, the planting of poisonous worms is a skill that can treat the sick or the dying ones. But people like you chose to harm others with these poisonous worms and causing fear in them. You are a disgrace to this witchcraft!”

John cried and pleaded, “I’m so sorry, please forgive me.”

Crack! This time, Zeke went straight for his neck.

“Well, it’s good that you are sorry for what you did. Now, go to Hades and repent,” Zeke sniggered.

After killing John, Zeke turned to look at Theodore.

The latter was immensely terrified. He clearly knew that Zeke would not hesitate to take his life as well.

Zeke scoffed at him, “Here is my advice to you. Surrender yourself as the mastermind of the Black Pentagon, and face punishment from the law. For all you know, I might just spare your life because of the sacrifice that you have made for the country. But remember, if you do not surrender yourself in six days, I will assure you that you would dread every single minute until the moment you die!”

Then, Zeke planted a poisonous worm that would trigger anxiety attacks in Theodore within ten days.

Now, he was only left with six days to fulfil what Zeke had asked him to do.

Theodore took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

“This... this is slander! I have nothing to do with the Black Pentagon/”

With a disappointed look on his face, Zeke uttered, “It’s a pity that you’ve chosen to die from agony. Not to worry much though, for I will come to see you off on the day you take your last breath.”

With that, Zeke gave John's head a kick, and it flew right out of the door like a ball.

Zeke left Luna Manor.

Shuddering and perspiring with fear, Theodore dropped into his chair, feeling meek and weak.

For a very long time, he was overwhelmed with fear. It felt like he had just gone to hell.

Meanwhile, when Bloodthirsty Wolf saw Zeke coming out of the house, he hurriedly presented a wooden box to the latter and said, "Zekky, here's John's head."

"Okay."

"Zekky, why didn't you end Theodore's life?"

Zeke felt melancholy and sighed, "If we kill him now, there's nothing we can do to crumble the Black Pentagon. We need Theodore to spill everything in order for us to eliminate the Black Pentagon."

"The question is, will he do it?" Bloodthirsty Wolf asked.

"Oh yes, he definitely will," Zeke replied with complete certainty.

"Come with me now to see the Williamses.

They have a hand in this whole incident too,” said Zeke.

“Okay!”

Back at the Williams Manor in Atheville.

The Williamses were rejoicing in celebration, thinking that Theodore would take care of Zeke once and for all.

Knowing that Theodore’s plan worked, and with Lacey gone for good, they couldn’t help but wondered how agonized Zeke would feel.

The thought of Zeke suffering in grief tickled them.

However, they were not aware that Lacey had returned home safely.

As they were rejoicing, Zeke stormed into the house.

A silence fell the minute Zeke walked in.

Thinking that they had Theodore to protect them, they were not afraid of someone who was going to die.

Zeke headed to the seat of the head of the family and sat right down. He smirked, “You all seem thrilled. What is the occasion today?

What are you celebrating?”

None of them answered, and they continued with the feast.



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Zeke could no longer take their cold attitude.

He flung the wooden box on the table.

The heavy box smashed numerous plates on the table with a thud. Soup splattered everywhere.

The commotion spurred everyone into high alert. They instinctively moved away from the table.

Mdm. Williams burst into anger. “Don’t you think you have gone overboard? We can’t even eat in peace! Do you enjoy seeing us suffer?”

Zeke looked at her nonchalantly. “I’m not bothering anyone. I just thought it’d be nice to add an extra dish for you all. The more the merrier, don’t you think?”

It went without saying that none of them took his words seriously.

“Open the box,” Zeke ordered.

“What are you up to?” Mdm. Williams questioned angrily.

“I asked you to open the box,” he replied curtly.

There was nothing she could do but obey him.

Horror seized the Williams family.

It was a decapitated head.

A head drenched in blood.

Judging from the looks of it, it was John's.

No one could believe that Zeke Williams actually killed someone from the Luna family.

Zeke's rage explained everything. He must have found out about the plot they concocted with John, along with their plan to get rid of Lacey.

"Don't you all have anything to say?" Zeke's icy voice spelled a question.

Silence pervaded the room.

"Kneel down!" His voice thundered.

The air froze. A chill went down everyone's spine. It was as if time stopped so that his rage and severity could seep through their bones.

The Williams family was stunned. Their legs gave way and they collapsed on their knees.

But Mdm. Williams was relentless. She tried to appear calm and collected as she forced her back straight, though for a moment, her body shook with an involuntary shudder.

“You thankless brat!” The old lady cried, “I am your grandmother! How could a grandchild ever ask his grandmother to kneel before him? You have no regard for your elders! Aren’t you even afraid of karma?”

Zeke sneered, “Did you say I have no regard for my elders? You should be thankful your head is still intact after everything you’ve done to me! Asking you to simply get on your knees is already mercy! On the ground, now!”

His pent-up bitterness bellowed through the air, compelling the old lady to succumb.

Mdm. Williams could not help but fall on her knees.

“Kneel here for three days and three nights. Short-change me and you will end up like John.”

Zeke turned and left without a sign of hesitation.

He stopped right at the door, as if something suddenly came to his mind. He glared at them out of the corner of his eyes. “Do you really think I will spare all of you? If you’re dying to know, try me.”

Their hearts skipped a beat.

It was as if a century had passed since Zeke

left. Nobody dared to move until someone finally regained their senses.

“Can you believe it? How dare he order us to kneel before him? Who does he think he is? Even if we can’t do anything to him, his parents definitely have a way to get to him!” someone from the family complained.

“Get his parents! Let them know what a monster their son has become!” Another readily agreed.

Immediately, Mdm. Williams reached for her phone and dialed Zeke’s biological father, Diego Williams’ number.

But no one picked up.

She had no choice but to try Faith Sullivan, Zeke’s biological mother.

This time around, the call got through almost immediately.

But before Faith could say anything, Mdm. Williams began her litany of complaints. “Faith Sullivan, you actually have the guts to pick up my call! Look at what your son has done! He even asked his family to get down on their knees before him! Does he have no respect for his elders?”

Silence followed before a scoff came from the other side.

“He brought the Williams family to their knees? He is my son indeed! I told you my son would return one day and all of you would regret it. The Williams family is no match for him and you can never take him down! You guys have finally paid the price! Your family is incomparable to him!”



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“You!” Mdm. Williams’ anger was breaking through her skull. She hurled the phone onto the floor.

“Like mother like son! Is this heartless lot even one of us? We shall see. Now that Theodore Luna and the Sullivans are after him, it won’t be long before he sees his grave! Did she say our family can never compare to that brat? What a joke!”

Over on the other side, Faith contently hung up the phone.

Of course. He is my son. He is so much more than just an abandoned child the Williamses take him for. Well done, my son! You’ve finally avenged all my years of suffering and shame. At least I made the right decision defending and saving you.

Faith Sullivan was incarcerated in the Sullivans’ dungeon.

She spent her days in loneliness, not knowing day and night. Her only companion was a little window that connected her to the outside world.

But her predicament did not diminish her joy.

The Sullivans wanted to take Zeke’s life. They were afraid that Faith and Diego would frustrate

their plan, so they had them both in chains.

She came to the narrow window, eager to share her joy with her husband. “Diego! Zeke just made the Williams family go down on their knees!” She shouted at the cell opposite hers. “Our son is still standing strong. He did it!” Faith could not conceal the excitement in her voice.

“Our son... He did it!” A distant and frail voice echoed in relief. “He has brought the family honor.”

But Faith’s joy was short-lived. Reality reminded her of the imminent threat her son was facing—the Sullivans wanted him dead.

“I’m afraid Zeke would lose his life to the Sullivans,” she mumbled. “I’m so sorry I can’t be there to protect you.” The worried mother thought of her son.

“Don’t beat yourself up, Faith,” the exhausted voice from the distant cell replied, “Don’t you remember that I still have something on them? I will use it against them, even if it means I’ll lose my life!”

But before he could continue, Diego coughed up a mouthful of blood.

The overwhelming emotion was not doing his body good.

Faith's heart wrenched as she listened. "Diego, I'm so sorry you have to go through this."

"I don't care if I die, as long as my son can live on and take them down!" Diego said. He felt more blood gush up into his mouth, but it did not bother him. His son was all that mattered.

.....

Theodore had been keeping a close eye on Lacey for the past few days.

Lacey would not survive John's curse. Even if she did not die of aging because of the curse, she would be old and wrinkly, living her whole life in misery.

But much to Theodore's surprise, everything was unexpectedly quiet over on Zeke's end, as if everything were okay.

It was only after he did some digging that he found out that not only was Lacey alive and well—she was as beautiful as ever.

Her complexion had even improved!

What on earth is going on?

Don't tell me Zeke Williams found her a cure.

No, that's impossible. This poison has no

antidote to it, not in the entire world.

Even the best toxicologist in the world would need years to figure out a cure for this poison.

Seven days? That's not even possible.

Unless what Zeke said was true.

Did Lacey Hinton's body really neutralize the poison on its own?

Does she have superpowers?

None of his speculations satisfied his curiosity. The question bugged him so much he lost his appetite and could only take a bowl of porridge.

But before he could even finish it, he felt an unbearable pain in his stomach.

He groaned and grappled with the pain, but it overcame him. He fell to the ground with a thump.

The pain intensified by the second.

In less than five minutes, he felt as if the pain was mercilessly ripping his intestines apart inch by inch.

What is going on?

It suddenly dawned upon Theodore. Yes, everything makes sense now.

It occurred to him that Harry's corpse was just a bait to lure him out.

When Zeke was confronting him, Zeke had touched him several times without even him noticing.

Don't tell me that darn devil used the curse on me!



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F***, that must be it! How did I forget he is also an expert in using poisonous worms? My carelessness is making me suffer a huge loss.

John is the only person he knew who was an expert in using and expelling poisonous worms.

Unfortunately, John was dead.

He had no choice but to call the Sullivans for help.

The family specialized in poisonous worms, and even John learned everything he knew from them

He gritted his teeth. With his last shred of sanity left, he called the Sullivans' heir, Lennon.

"Mr. Sullivan, it's urgent. Please save me!"

"Huh? What's up with you?" asked Lennon Sullivan curiously.

"Zeke Williams p-poisoned me with a worm," answered Theodore Luna after taking a deep breath.

"I feel like my intestines are being torn apart, and I am being tortured. P-please help me, Mr. Sullivan."

Lennon gasped, "Huh... that bastard knows how

to breed and use poisonous worms?

Interesting. Damn, you are useless. You can't even defend yourself against a bastard. What is the point of keeping you around? By the way, how are things with Lacey Hinton? Is she dead yet?"

Theodore replied guiltily, "I-I just received the news. We don't know why, but she shows no signs of being poisoned."

What?

"No signs of being poisoned? That is impossible," blurted Lennon in astonishment.

"Even my family couldn't expel that particular species of worm that John had bred. How could a bastard have done it?"

"But Lacey Hinton is fine, and that is confirmed. Zeke Williams once claimed that she is naturally resistant to poisonous worms and can kill them on its own," informed Theodore.

What?

Lennon Sullivan was genuinely surprised and excited to hear the news.

"It seems there is only one possibility. Being able to naturally kill that species of poisonous worm... Could it be... Lacey Hinton has the

physical property to cure all poison? That must be it. That must be it! Haha, my family has been searching for someone like this for over a hundred years, and we finally find one! I will personally head to Atheville. Wait for my arrival!”

Lennon hung up afterwards.

Theodore was stunned.

The Sullivan family members had not left the island for over a hundred years, but their heir was personally making a trip to get to Lacey Hinton.

Was Lacey Hinton’s ability to naturally cure poison really that important to the Sullivans?

They were ecstatic when Lennon told them the news he had located one such person.

The family had been searching for over a hundred years, and they finally had a chance of meeting one.

Thank the heavens!

That physical property was a hundred, no, thousand times more important than the King Worm.

Compared to Lacey’s body, Zeke’s heart was

nothing.

If they could get their hands on her, their power and skill would grow exponentially. They wouldn't just be able to hold on to their noble titles. They might actually become royalties themselves!

Lady Sullivan was the most excited one, and her face glowed with glee.

“Lennon, make a personal trip to Atheville. I don't care what the cost is. You must take Lacey Hinton to us.”

“Understood. I will head over right away,” said Lennon as he nodded.

Lady Sullivan then added, “When it comes down to it, Zeke Williams ended up helping a lot in our quest to locate the person with the physical property to cure poison naturally. The kid knows how to use poisonous worms. Let him return to the family as our servant.”

Lennon nodded, “Don't worry, Grandma. I believe he would bring Lacey Hinton to us once we let him know that we'll allow him to return to the family as a servant.”

“Good.”

Lennon didn't spend much time talking. He

immediately got into the family's private jet and flew to Atheville.



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Lennon didn't go to Theodore after he got off the plane. Instead, he went straight to the Williams Manor to ask for Lacey.

Theodore was just a representative of the Sullivans, and Lennon couldn't care less about that man's survival.

The Williamses were utterly stunned when the latter introduced himself.

The heir of the Sullivans had left the island and was at their doorstep!

That was such an honor.

The Sullivan's servant, Harry, dropped by the last time, and the Williamses were eager to appease him.

An actual member of the Sullivan family was there, so the Williams family were even more appeasing.

Lennon cut to the chase. "Where are Zeke Williams and Lacey Hinton? Have them come to see me. The Sullivans are interested in Lacey's physical properties and want her. As for Zeke Williams, well, our family plans to take him in as our servant."

The Williams family was so excited that they could cry.

If Zeke actually became the Sullivans' servant, the Williamses of Atheville would also become more powerful.

Their influence would grow beyond Atheville and spread all over Eurasia!

Mdm. Williams immediately said, "Please wait for a moment, Mr. Sullivan. I will call them right away."

Lucille didn't hesitate to call Zeke's number.

Unfortunately, no one picked up, so Lucille had to call Lacey instead.

"Lacey, please come to the Williams Manor. We have great news for you. Oh, and remember to dress up formally."

Mdm. Williams thought that Lennon was into Lacey.

It didn't matter, even if Lennon actually was interested in Lacey. Hell, it wouldn't matter if the Williams had a female heir, and Lennon was interested in her. The Williamses would've served their own family up, too.

Lennon sat on the most honorable seat as he thought about the situation.

In a way, Zeke was his cousin.

I am the heir of the Sullivans, yet I have a bastard as a cousin. Dang, that has got to be the most humiliating mark of my life.

When Lacey received the call from the Williamses, she knew that something bad must've happened.

She would not head to the Williams Manor on her own, so she got Zeke to go with her.

He frowned deeply when he heard the news from Lacey.

What the hell is wrong with the Williams family? Was it not enough for them to kneel for three days?

“Let's go. I'll come with you,” said Zeke.

The two of them reached the Williams Manor soon after, and Zeke saw Lennon as soon as he walked in.

The Sullivans had excellent genes. Even though Zeke and Lennon were just cousins, they still looked alike.

That upset Lennon even more.

How can that bastard look somewhat like me? I have to force that man to get plastic surgery after he becomes the family's servant.

“Why did you call us over?” asked Zeke coolly as he stared at the Williamses.

Mdm. Williams scolded, “Zeke, go on your knees and greet Mr. Sullivan right away.”

Mr. Sullivan?

Zeke scanned Lennon from head to toe before saying, “You’re a member of the Sullivan family?”

“That’s right. I am Lennon, the direct heir of the Sullivan family.”

Zeke remained unfazed. “So my parents are locked up in your house?”

Lennon nodded. “That’s right.”

Zeke said, “I advise you to let my parents go. If so, I’ll consider letting your family live. Otherwise, I will annihilate your family.”

Hmm... Wait, what?

Lennon thought he had misheard Zeke.

“What did you just say? I didn’t catch what you said.”



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Zeke repeated his words.

“Hahahaha!”

Lennon laughed aloud. “That has got to be the funniest joke I have ever heard. You are just a bastard, and you think you can destroy the Sullivans? Are you f***** dreaming?”

The Williamses were scared witless.

“Zeke, you shut your mouth! Look at your sad state in the mirror! You are not worthy enough to rude to the Sullivans.”

“You are such an idiot. Apologize to Mr. Sullivan right away!”

“Mr. Sullivan, please ignore that guy. He’s mentally retarded and often speaks weirdly.”

Lennon murmured, “Oh, he’s retarded. No matter then. I won’t stoop to your level or get mad at you. Zeke Williams, the Sullivans come with a decree. Go on your knee to receive the message.”

Zeke didn’t move a muscle. “Just spew your bullshit already.”

You f*****

Lennon was so angry that he turned pale. “My

gosh, you are on a different level of retardation. Nah, forget about it. I won't complain to a lunatic. The Sullivans have sent the orders. You know how to use poisonous worms, so we will allow you to return to the Sullivan family. You will be a servant. Naturally, that comes at a price."

What the hell?

Zeke was furious; he almost laughed out loud.

Lennon spoke as if being the Sullivan's servant was a gift.

And one that came with conditions!

Just how arrogant are the Sullivans to even say something like that.

Freaking hell. You won't dare to accept me as your servant, even if I am stupid enough to accept it.

Zeke didn't act up instantly. Instead, he instinctively asked, "What are the conditions?"

Lennon didn't realize there was a hidden meaning behind Zeke's grin.

He simply thought the latter was genuinely happy about the Sullivans' proposal.

That made Lennon look down on Zeke even more.

“Lacey has the physical features that we have been looking for. Her body can naturally cure herself of any poison, and we want to use her as our test subject. Hand her over to us, and you may return to the Sullivans.”

Those assholes!

Zeke was livid.

The Sullivans had set their eyes on Lacey?! They are practically digging their own graves!

“I’m warning you. I will annihilate anyone who dares to touch a strand of Lacey’s hair!”

Lennon Sullivan was taken aback.

“You crazy idiot! You’re going to let go of the opportunity to go back to the Sullivans for the sake of a woman? You really are a retard. I am your cousin, so I will give you some advice. Once you return to the Sullivans, you can have as many women as you want. You don’t need to sacrifice an ocean of fish for just one.”

Zeke replied, “To be honest, I would find the position as the head of the Sullivans as a position unworthy of me. Being your servant is definitely out of the question.”

“I’m warning you. Leave my wife alone or you’ll pay for the consequences!”

The Williamses were furious.

That idiot is giving up the opportunity to be Sullivan’s servant for the sake of a woman?

What an idiot!

The Williamses started reprimanding Zeke.

“Zeke, apologize to Mr. Sullivan right away and beg for his forgiveness.”

“For generations, our family has tried everything to get the Sullivans’ attention, but you have reversed all our efforts! Is that how you honor your ancestors’ wishes? Are you trying to make them roll in their graves?”

“What freaking drug did that seductress feed you to get you so crazy?”

“Darn it. That seductress is our family’s enemy too!”



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Zeke was furious.

His figure moved. Suddenly, he was standing in front of younger Williams. Zeke slapped that man who flew back and smashed against the wall.

The latter fell to the floor and vomited blood.

After that, the guy stopped moving. There was no saying if he was still alive.

“My gosh, the Williamses have terrible memories. How many times have I said that the next person who insults my wife will die? It seems that mere words are not enough. You won’t believe me unless I make a move.”

The Williamses shut up immediately and turned pale.

Zeke’s words meant he had slapped the younger member of their family to death.

Killing one’s own family was an act of sin!

“Let’s go, Lacey,” said Zeke as he held Lacey’s hand and prepared to leave.

Lennon scoffed, “Hold it right there.”

“The Sullivans are nobles and cannot be insulted. You have humiliated us. Do you really

think we would let you live?”

“I’m going to be honest with you. I planted a poisonous worm by the front door, and you were poisoned the second you walked in. Only my family can expel this worm. I want you to claw your own eyes out as an apology right now. If you don’t, you will die.”

Lacey was a little nervous when she heard that, but Zeke squeezed her hand to calm her down.

He grinned amusingly. “Then I’ll be honest with you too. I planted a poisonous worm on the most honorable seat of the Williams family. At first, I did that to warn them, but you took that seat and ended up being poisoned. I am the only person who can expel that worm. If you get down on your knees and apologize right away, I might just feel merciful and save your life.”

Hah!

Lennon scoffed discriminatorily, “I have been learning about poisonous worms since I was a kid and am an expert in the field. If you had actually planted a poisonous worm there, then I would’ve noticed it. You are such a clown...”

Lennon hadn’t even had the chance to finish speaking. He suddenly paused and turned pale.

After that, he coughed and spat blood.

That is the effect of having a poisonous worm in the body!

He poisoned me!

Lennon's eyes bulged with fear as he glared at Zeke.

He actually managed to poison me without me realizing it!

That proved that Zeke was even more skilled than Lennon was.

I underestimated him.

The most important matter to tend to at that moment was to expel the worm. If he waited, his life would be in jeopardy.

Lennon gritted his teeth and stood up shakily. "Just you wait, Williams. You have hurt an heir of the Sullivan family, and that is as grave as hurting the Emperor. You will die a horrible death!"

Lennon staggered away as he vomited blood.

Zeke then left with Lacey too.

She looked worried when she turned to her

husband. “Zeke, h-how do you feel now?”

Zeke smiled and reassured, “Don’t worry, Lacey, his skills are nothing to me. I will make myself some medicine later, and I will be fine. Trust my medical skills.”

Lacey still looked worried.

Zeke sent her to Linton Group’s headquarters before he rushed to Reinz Pharmaceutical.

The Sullivans was a family of experts in poisonous worms, so Lennon’s worms were pretty powerful.

It took Zeke three hours to figure out how to expel that worm, and he had to sacrifice two *Rhodiola Roseas*.

After curing himself, Zeke got lost in his thoughts.

Who would’ve thought that Lacey has the unique and rare physical ability to cure herself of all poison?



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That physical attribution was crucial to a family that specialized in creating poisonous worms. It was almost as important as the Great Marshal was to Eurasia.

The Sullivans would definitely spare no expenses to go after Lacey.

Looks like things have gotten to the point where I have to annihilate them.

Also, only royalties would have physical attributes like that. There was no way for commoners to develop such a trait.

Could it be that Lacey isn't a commoner? Are her parents not her biological parents?

Zeke would look into the matter when he had the chance.

He then thought about how Lennon would need the *Rhodiola Rosea* to expel the poisonous worm.

Zeke held the global supply of the plant, so the latter's survival depended on him.

He called Reinz Pharmaceutical's person in charge, Xavier Brown, immediately.

"Xavier, lock down all *Rhodiola Rosea*. Do not release even a single one of them to the

market. Also, give me one. I need to use it.”

Lennon suppressed his pain and dragged himself to Luna Manor.

Theodore had fainted from the pain and was lying on the floor.

He couldn't care less about Theodore's survival. He started working on expelling the poisonous worm in him.

Lennon didn't expect the poison to be that complicated and involved the venom of seven or eight different types of worms.

He spent three to four hours on it, but he still hadn't gotten anywhere near to cure himself.

That asshole!

Lennon was furious as he protested through his gritted teeth. “Where did that bastard learn all this from? If I find out who taught him, I will skin that person alive!”

Lennon didn't plan on asking his family to help him.

He would be utterly embarrassed if his family found out that a darn bastard poisoned him.

The only thing that could save him was one of

the ten rare plants.

However, those plants were extremely expensive, and the military had a limited supply.

It would be difficult to source those plants.

Lennon tapped into the Sullivans' military network. But the response he got was disappointing.

For some reason, the Great Marshal had personally taken over the task of monitoring the supply of those plants.

It'd be impossible to get the plant from the Great Marshal.

The Sullivans might be powerful, but they were not influential enough to be close to the Great Marshal.

What do I do? What do I do?

It seemed that God left a window open for Lennon.

Just as he felt lost, an old friend of his told him splendid news.

Tulle planned on auctioning off a *Rhodiola Rosea*, and the one who paid the most could buy it.

It was one of the ten rare plants and could definitely cure his poison.

“The one who pays the most will get it? The Sullivans have tons of money! That plant is as good as mine!”

Theodore slowly regained his consciousness.

The pain had passed, but Theodore knew that was just the beginning.

From that day onwards, he would be tormented by the pain whenever the poisonous worm in him acted up.

He would rather die than to suffer through that again.

When Theodore woke up, he realized Lennon was right there.

The Sullivan was the only one who could rescue him from that agony.

Theodore ignored his pride and went down on his knees to beg, “Mr. Sullivan, p-please save me.”

Lennon suppressed his pain. He didn’t want Theodore to learn that he was poisoned as well.

“Why are you so nervous? I’ve checked your body while you were unconscious and curing the poison is just a minor task for me.”

Whew!

Theodore sighed a breath of relief. He didn’t need to die of pain.

“Thank you, Mr. Sullivan.”

Lennon then added, “However, we need a rare plant to cure your poison, and the Sullivans do not have it in our storage. You will have to look for it yourself.”



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Theodore asked immediately, "Please tell me what plant it is. I will have my people go search for it right away."

"*Rhodiola rosea*," answered Lennon.

Gasp!

Theodore couldn't help but gasp.

"I've heard of that plant before. It is one of the ten rarest plants. Only four herb plantations produce them in small quantities. Moreover, every single one of them was kept by the military. To make matters worse, the Great Marshal recently took over the task of keeping all ten rarest plants safe. I cannot get one with my current level of influence."

Lennon said, "Calm down. I've already looked around, and Tulle plans on selling one via the black market. The one who pays the most will get the plant. Do everything you can to get your hands on it if you don't want to die."

Theodore was ecstatic. "Thank you, Mr. Sullivan. I am eternally grateful."

"Also, I've poisoned Zeke Williams, and he will need the plant to cure his poison too. He might go into the bidding war with you. If you can get your hands on that last available *Rhodiola Rosea*, you will live, and Zeke will die because

this is a crucial ingredient for his medicine. You mustn't lose to him," added Lennon.

Theodore was thrilled to hear that. "Okay! I will spend all my money and sell off all my assets to get that plant. Emptying my estate to kill Zeke Williams. Hah! Now that is a bargain."

Lennon's lips curved into an undetectable, evil grin.

He planned on using that plant to cure his own poison.

As for Theodore... Well, he can die or whatever. I don't care.

The auction would take place in a marketplace in Atheville.

Theodore and Lennon showed up early in the morning.

The poisonous worms inside their bodies would act up every afternoon. The sooner they get the plant, the sooner they'd be able to cure themselves. If they were lucky, they might actually avoid suffering the pain that very afternoon.

As predicted, Zeke showed up at the marketplace to bid for the plant too.

Lennon scoffed, “You’re strong, Williams. You didn’t even die of agonizing pain yesterday.”

Zeke chuckled playfully. “Sorry, but I have already cured myself of your puny poison. You... I poisoned you yesterday, and you didn’t die of pain, but it seems that you will not survive today.”

“Mr. Sullivan, you were poisoned as well?” blurted Theodore curiously.

“His impotent poison can’t do anything to me. I’ve already rid myself of that worm. Let’s head in. I don’t want to waste my time with him,” said Lennon.

Both men walked into the auction house.

Zeke spoke meaningfully, “Theodore, did a certain someone tell you to bid for the Rhodiola Rosea to cure your poison? Aw, you might end up spending all your effort to get the plant that will never be used on yourself.”

Theodore frowned.

What does Zeke mean by that? Is he hinting that Lennon wants me to bid on the plant to cure himself instead of helping me? Could it be that Lennon never rid himself of Zeke’s poison?

Theodore then thought about how Lennon had

personally come to the auction house and seemed to value the plant a lot.

In other words, he acted as if he truly cared about Theodore's life...

Why would a member of the Sullivan family care if a random representative lives or dies?

An uneasiness crept up on Theodore.

Lennon realized Theodore was acting weirdly, so the former scolded, "Do you really think I can't see the doubt in your eyes? When have you ever seen me groaning in pain? I've rid myself of that worm and have no use for the plant. Williams is obviously trying to drive a wedge between us, and you bought his lie just like that. No wonder he defeated you."



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Theodore apologized quickly, “Sorry, sorry, I was being dumb. Please forgive me, Mr. Sullivan.”

The auction house was empty.

It wasn’t because the *Rhodiola Rosea* couldn’t attract the crowd. The fact was that few were qualified for the auction.

Moreover, Theodore had spread the word about how he had his eyes on the plant. No one dared to bid against him so, only a handful of people were there.

The auction started soon after.

The auctioneer was a masked man who called himself the General of Tulle. His real name, however, was Danny Wheeler.

Danny scanned the room, and the temperature felt like it suddenly dropped. Everyone turned quiet.

The people in Tulle were all like heavenly warriors. No one dared to offend them.

Danny announced, “The auction will now begin. I will first introduce the product. The *Rhodiola Rosea* has always been expensive, even in the black market. Now that the Great Marshal has taken over and monitor the production of the

ten rare plants, the supply for the plants in the market has gone dry. The Rhodiola Rosea we have here today might be the last one available. The starting bid is ten billion!”

Everyone gasped.

Ten billion for a stock? They might as well just freaking rob the bank!

The people started wondering if there were idiots who would pay that price.

“A hundred billion!” To everyone’s surprise, someone raised the cost by tenfold as soon as Danny finished speaking.

The crowd traced the voice and learned that the bidder was Theodore.

He knew just what that plant meant.

This plant would determine if Zeke or I survive!

Theodore thought Zeke would spare no expense to bid on Rhodiola rosea, so he raised the cost by tenfold to try to scare him away.

Zeke refused to back down. “Two hundred billion.”

“Three hundred billion.”

“Four hundred billion.”

In the blink of an eye, the Rhodiola Rosea reached the value of five hundred billion.

Everyone was shivering.

Is this an actual bidding war? Or maybe... Yeah, they must be there just to show off their wealth!

Only two people on site had the net worth of five hundred billion, yet Theodore and Zeke planned on spending that much money on a single plant.

Those two either lost their minds or they somehow have something against money!

That was when Zeke and Theodore started being cautious.

Five hundred billion.

Even a powerful corporation would hesitate spending that much money.

Theodore went quiet for a moment. In the end, he gritted his teeth and bid for six hundred billion.

His heart was broken.

Six hundred billion was equivalent to half of the

Luna estate.

Theodore honestly didn't know whether he had the willpower to keep going if Zeke were to bid even higher.

Still, Zeke probably won't bid higher. He might have the Hintons and the Williamses with him, but their combined net worth was only about six hundred billion.

As expected, Zeke turned quiet and stopped bidding.

Everyone thought it was because he didn't have more money to bid on it.

However, Zeke thought it was enough to con Theodore out of six hundred billion.

He thought the latter might stop bidding if the price went any higher.

"Six hundred billion going once... Six hundred billion going twice... Sold!"

Danny hit the table with a gavel.

Everyone felt excited because they had just witnessed two powerful figures going against each other.

Those two bid in hundred billions!

That was true power and money.

Compared to those two, the others were just puny foot soldiers.



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That day, the crowd learned to be humble because there would always be someone out there who was more powerful and talented than they were.

Danny gestured. “Mr. Luna, Mr. Sullivan, please follow me to the backstage to sign the agreements.”

Great!

Theodore and Lennon got up to go to the backstage.

To their surprise, Zeke got up as well.

Theodore had his guard up. “Yo, Williams, why are you going to the backstage? Are you trying to steal the plant? You lost. You should just accept your defeat and stop thinking about getting the *Rhodiola Rosea*!”

Theodore knew how strong Zeke was, and it was likely that the latter would win if a fight broke out.

Zeke grinned. “Sorry, but I am not interested in the plant. I am simply going to the backstage to get my stuffs.”

“Your stuff? What stuff?” asked Theodore curiously.

Lennon scoffed, “Why do you care? Honestly though, I kinda wish that you would fight and try to steal the plant, Williams. This is an auction hosted by the Tulle. If you steal their products, the organization will go after you. They’d skin you alive or maybe whip you. Am I right, Mr. Wheeler?”

Danny stared meaningfully at Zeke, but the former said nothing. He simply turned around and walked to the backstage.

The three men followed along.

Theodore and Danny signed the agreement soon after, and Danny handed the plant to him.

Theodore, however, used his assets as guarantees for loans and handed those documents to Danny.

Naturally, he couldn’t get six hundred billion in cash, so he could only use his assets to pay for the plant.

When Theodore held the plant in his hands, he felt assured. I can live.

Theodore then bowed to Danny and said, “Thank you, Mr. Wheeler. I will treat you to dinner someday.”

Danny replied, “That’s too kind.”

Theodore and Lennon turned around to leave, but Danny did something that surprised everyone and got everyone's jaw to drop.

He took the documents and assets that Theodore had just given away and handed it to Zeke.

"This is for you, Mr. Williams."

Zeke accepted it with a smile. "Thank you."

"I've calculated the commission. It is about ten billion. Will you be paying via cash or card, Mr. Williams?"

"Just deduct it directly from the sales of the plant."

Theodore and Lennon were instantly petrified.

Theodore's voice was trembling when he asked, "Mr. Wheeler, what are you doing? Why are you handing the money from the auction off to Zeke Williams?"

He had guessed the reason, but he couldn't believe it. Or rather, he didn't want to believe it.

Danny answered, "Oh, it's simple. Mr. Williams is the one who asked us to auction off the plant. Naturally, we have to give him the earnings from the sales."

What the f***?

Both Theodore and Lennon almost spat blood from high blood pressure after confirming their suspicion.

That plant belonged to Zeke Williams?

That ass**** came to the auction house just to drive the price up!

That was six hundred billion!

Williams conned me out of six hundred billion!

Theodore gritted his teeth. “Zeke Williams, you c***! You tricked me. Your behavior has violated the unspoken rules of the street. Aren’t you worried the others would discriminate against and hate you?”

“Trick? Now, that is just plain rude. I know you are dying and need the plant to save your life. That is why I sacrificed mine and sell it to save your life. If it hadn’t been for me, you would be dead by now. Yet, you said that I tricked you. Dang, you are mean.”



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F*** off!

The vein on Theodore's head was popping when he growled, "You poisoned me, so it is your responsibility to save me..."

Zeke interrupted, "Is that so? Then shouldn't you be responsible for the countless innocent lives that the Black Pentagon had killed?"

Theodore couldn't refute. He simply gritted his teeth and warned, "Just you wait, Zeke Williams. You will pay for your shamelessness."

"Okay. I will wait patiently."

Zeke ignored Theodore and turned to Danny. "Mr. Wheeler, can you do me another favor?"

"Ask away, Mr. Williams."

Zeke got another Rhodiola Rosea out of his possession and said, "Please auction this for me, too."

F***!

Theodore and Lennon were so angry that they almost vomited blood.

That jerk has another one?

Zeke was practically conning all the money out

of Theodore and Lennon.

Are you even human? What you do is freaking inhumane!

Theodore gritted his teeth. “You jerk!”

“Do you want this plant too? I will sell it to you at six hundred billion right away. Treasure this opportunity. If you don’t, the price will go higher the next time you buy it.”

“Zeke Williams, your biggest mistake is saving my life by selling the plant! I swear you will not know peace as long as I am alive!”

“Let’s go!”

Theodore and Lennon left angrily.

Zeke shrugged. “You will come beg me to sell you this Rhodiola Rosea at an insanely high price.”

When they returned to Luna Manor, Lennon took the plant and went into the emergency laboratory to make the medicine.

Theodore was worried and wanted to monitor Lennon.

However, the latter chased him away. “I need complete silence to focus and make the

medicine. Only then can I ensure that everything is done right. If you stand beside me, you will distract me and will affect the remedy. You might not survive if that happens.”

Lennon never gave Theodore the chance to refute. He simply rushed into the laboratory, closed the door, and locked it from the inside.

Theodore was exasperated. All he could do was pray that Lennon was not interested in the *Rhodiola Rosea*.

Lennon quickly used the plant to create a cure for his own poison.

After that, he grabbed a few random herbs and made a fake remedy before handing it to Theodore.

The man never suspected anything. He grabbed the medicine and gulped it.

Unfortunately, he had only finished half of the fake remedy when his stomach ached like his intestines were being torn apart.

The poisonous worm had acted up once more.

Theodore instinctively bent down and fell onto the floor as he howled in agony.

He looked terrible.

Half of the fake remedy spilt onto the floor.

“T-The cure. Why isn’t the cure working?” demanded Theodore as he glared at Lennon.

The latter sighed, “It will only work if you finish every drop, but you only drank half of it. Naturally, it didn’t work.”

After that, Lennon turned around to leave.

Argh!

Theodore was like a furious monster as he roared endlessly.

Even an idiot would’ve figured out that Lennon had conned him.

He used the *Rhodiola Rosea* to cure his own poison. Zeke Williams guessed right!

Theodore passed out from the intense pain and rage.

It was already dark when he came around once more.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Theodore was unconscious for an entire day.

The poisonous worm had stopped bothering him, but he was still terrified when he thought about how much it hurt earlier.

Darn it. I have to pay Zeke Williams again to buy his Rhodiola Rosea.

Theodore had no time to waste. He called Zeke immediately to set up a meeting.

“Give me the Rhodiola Rosea. I will transfer six hundred billion to you right away,” he said when they met up.

Zeke shook his head. “Theodore, your memory is terrible. I said that it would cost six hundred billion if you had bought the plant at the auction house right then and there. I also said the price will go up if you miss that opportunity.”

Theodore went nuts with anger. “The plant is rare, but it is ranked as a normal luxurious item in the market. Six hundred billion is already a ridiculously high price! What more do you want?”

“I want everything that the Luna family holds.”

What?

Theodore shivered.

This assh*** wants to swallow the Luna family whole?

“Y-You are too freaking greedy. Would you really be able to handle it even if I hand everything over to you? You would be too stuffed if you swallow the Luna family whole!”

Zeke grinned. “You underestimated me. Your estate is nothing but mere appetizer to me. I want to swallow the Black Pentagon in its entirety!”

Sure, okay!

Theodore laughed like he had gone insane. “I can’t wait to see the day you die because you bite off more than you can chew.”

A deal was struck!

Zeke added, “Change the emblem on the Luna Manor before sunrise tomorrow.”

Theodore left angrily.

An important news swept over Atheville like a tornado, and it threatened to reach the whole of Eurasia.

The emblem of the Luna Manor was taken down.

A king had gifted the family that emblem. For generations, the Lunas were proud of it. However, it had been taken down!

That meant that the Luna family, that had stayed strong for hundreds of years, had fallen.

Everyone started wondering who had taken the Luna family down.

The news later spread about how the one who defeated them was the new head of the Williamses.

The public didn't know that Zeke was the new head of the Williams family, so they kept guessing the mysterious man's identity.

The public might be unaware of it, but the Williamses knew the truth.

Zeke did that!

The Williamses were worried because Zeke had surprised them again.

That abandoned kid has crushed Theodore, the most powerful man in Atheville!

What did he go through all those years, and how strong has he grown?

However, the Williams family weren't

completely out of hope.

So what if he defeated Theodore Luna? The Sullivans has their eyes on him. They are a hundred, if not a thousand, times more powerful than Theodore.

Lacey gasped when she heard the news.

“The new head of the Williams family has crushed the most powerful man in Atheville. Zeke, be careful not to offend that guy, okay? He can crush the Linton Group with a sneeze.”

Zeke was exasperated.

I am the new head of the Williams family, and the Linton Group is a corporation that you and I build together. Why would I let something that important to me get destroyed?

Still, now that I have taken over the Luna estate, all Theodore has left is the Black Pentagon. He would probably use that to attack me. Once the Black Pentagon comes after me, I will annihilate that organization!



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Zeke took the Luna estate away to force Theodore to use the power of the Black Pentagon.

After Theodore handed the Luna estate to him, Zeke honored his deal and gave the man the Rhodiola Rosea.

Theodore immediately got Lennon to make the cure.

After taking that medicine, Theodore's poison was cured.

That saved his life, but the fury burning in him rose.

"Damn you, Williams. Do you think I can't fight you without the Luna estate? That estate is just a fraction of the power and wealth I truly hold. You are the one who forced me to use the Black Pentagon's power. Don't blame me for being heartless!"

Theodore shared his thoughts with Lennon.

"Do whatever you want to Zeke Williams. If he dies, I will grant you the last name of Sullivan. Also, you may ask for any help you need."

Theodore replied, "As you know, the Black Pentagon is located at the border of the nation. I hired two commanders from the neighboring

country to protect it. Unfortunately, it's a little difficult to get those two commanders into the country."

Lennon replied, "That's not an issue. I will call the military and have them make way for the boys."

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Sullivan," said Theodore appreciatively. "Are you free? I would like to invite you to witness the fall of Zeke Williams with me."

Lennon waved his hand dismissively. "I am busy. I need to con Lacey Hinton to Sullivan's Island. She has the unique physical ability to cure all poison naturally, and that is much more important than Zeke Williams. I don't have the time to deal with him."

Theodore suggested, "May I know how you plan to do that?"

Lennon grinned evilly. "I heard Zeke has a twin brother, Zach. Lacey will come quietly if Zach impersonates him and ask her to go to the island with him."

Lennon laughed as he left.

Theodore didn't waste any time either. He quickly fished his phone out and called two numbers.

“Commander Wagner, I have a business proposal for you. Are you interested?”

“Commander Daaz, didn’t you say that you’d like to visit Eurasia? The opportunity is here.”

“Remember to bring enough firepower.”

Zeke had already sent Serpent to monitor the Black Pentagon.

Serpent was the former master of Eurasia, previously known as Drake.

He reported to Zeke when the Black Pentagon made even the slightest movement.

“Great Marshal, the Black Pentagon has started working. The two commanders who have been protecting the Black Pentagon suddenly called their people and headed toward Eurasia. The Black Pentagon’s defense is weakened. Should we attack?”

Zeke grinned and exclaimed, “Good! Don’t make a move just yet. Wait for my command.”

The Black Pentagon was located at the infamous lawless border.

The two neighboring commanders used to protect the Black Pentagon. If they attacked carelessly, the politicians of both countries

would be at each other's throats. That would not be good for Eurasia.

However, they had left the Black Pentagon, so Eurasia no longer needed to worry about anything and can attack as they please.

The two commanders were crossing the border illegally. All that was waiting for them was the death penalty.

Serpent got curious. "This is a rare opportunity to destroy the Black Pentagon. Why aren't we attacking?"



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“I want to trap the big fishes,” answered Zeke.

“The two commanders haven’t crossed the border and walk into my trap yet. If you attack, you will alert them. Wait until those two are in position, then you may attack.”

Serpent replied, “Understood.”

After ending his call with Serpent, Zeke called his wolves.

“Gather at Atheville, Alpha Suicide Squad.”

Lone Wolf, Sole Wolf, Wolf’s Greed, the Ferrymen of the Dead, and the newest member of the Alpha Suicide Squad, Hudson, headed to Atheville.

The Alpha Suicide Squad gathered quickly.

Everyone was strangely excited.

They didn’t know why the Great Marshal had called them mobilized, but it must be for something big!

“Hell, yeah! We can finally fight side-by-side once more.”

“Nothing can stop us!”

With Lennon’s people in the military helping

them, Commander Wagner and Commander Daaz successfully slipped past the border with their men and weapons.

They didn't want to raise any red flags, so Theodore had them settled in a secluded mountain.

The cave in Mount Phoenix became their temporary base.

Commander Wagner and Commander Daaz studied the map of Atheville to strategize.

The two commanders were heads of the neighboring country's military units and controlled half of the army in their country.

Unfortunately, corruption was terrible in their country, so their pay was pitifully low.

That was why they accepted the offer to protect the Black Pentagon.

Theodore paid them a hundred times more than what their country paid them.

He was, in theory, the employer, but he was respectful to the two commanders.

After all, the two men were murderers who had killed mountains of men.

They might kill him in a fit of anger.

Theodore spoke politely, “Here are the files about the target and his photo. Please do take a look.”

The two commanders accepted the folders and read them.

“Zeke Williams’ movement centers around Linton Group. Please focus your firepower there and keep the casualties of innocent bystanders to a minimum. If you got Eurasia mad, I will be in big trouble.”

Commander Wagner scoffed, “So what if Eurasia is mad? Only the Great Marshal himself is a match against us. No one else could hurt us.”

Commander Daaz nodded in agreement. “It’s true. We crossed the border illegally a few times, but Eurasia only gave us verbal warnings. They won’t declare war on us simply because we kill a few of their citizens.”

“By the way, how many people did you bring? Zeke Williams is quite strong, and you might not defeat him with just a few men,” said Theodore.

Commander Wagner grinned. “Come on. Let’s go check outside the cave.”

The cave was in the middle of the mountain. It was easy to defend but difficult to breakthrough.

The three men walked out of the cave and looked down.

All they saw was trees. Not a single soul was in sight.

Theodore frowned. “Where are your men?”

Commander Daaz chuckled and got his walkie-talkie out. “Boys, show yourselves to Mr. Theodore and let him see your power.”

Swish! Swish!

The jungle under them rustled, and soldiers showed up one by one. Their numbers seemed to be endless.

There were at least ten thousand men there.



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Theodore was agitated as he spoke, “Hah! Zeke may be invincible, but I doubt he can defeat tens of thousands of elite soldiers at one go.”

“It takes a lot of effort to gather that great mass of soldiers you know.” General Hilton was hinting at compensation for Theodore’s request.

Theodore smiled. “Don’t worry. Didn’t I promise you ten percent of Black Pentagon’s share? I’ll keep my end of the deal.”

The commanders laughed. “Good! I enjoy working with a straightforward person like you!”

They finally decided to move out at two after midnight when the streets were quiet.

To ensure the success of the mission, they had prepared two different plans.

The first was to surround the Linton Group building with soldiers and fired from all angles.

The second was a contingency plan which was to blast the whole building with explosives.

They would then escape to Mauracia through the Atheville border.

In order to defend against the pursuers from Eurasia, Commander Wagner and Hilton had

already contacted the authority in Mauracia beforehand to deploy armies to guard the border.

...

Three kilometers away from Mount Phoenix, there stood an abandoned village.

The village had been abandoned for at least a decade. Not a single sign of life could be seen in the village.

When nightfall came, the scene appeared scarier as the eerie silver moonlight shrouded the entire village.

A group of people in dark clothing sneaked into the village and into a house.

They finally took off their masks and revealed themselves to be none other than Zeke and the Alpha Suicide Squad.

The leader of the squad was Rosie from Necromancer Assassin Organization.

Even though every member of Alpha Suicide Squad was strong enough to fight a thousand opponents alone, they lacked the experience in assassination.

On the other hand, Rosie was adept at it. So

this was the reason why Zeke specifically invited her to lead the squad and launched an infiltration to take the enemy's leaders first.

"Rosie, thank you for coming," Zeke said. "If things go south, make sure to prioritize your safety and escape first."

"Don't worry. Victory shall be ours now that I'm looped in on this," Rosie said coldly.

"Zekky, is this really necessary?" Lone Wolf asked. "Wolf's Greed and I have deployed all 50,000 of our heavily-armed soldiers surrounding Mount Phoenix. We could easily blast their base to nothingness."

"No." Zeke shook his head. "The enemy's troop has killed countless of our brethren at Black Pentagon. We want to catch them alive and take them to the international martial court. Not only will they be sentenced to death, but their country would also have to pay a hefty amount for our losses. Plus, if we really fight them head-on, we might lose some of our men. Since we can solve the matter without harming our people's life, why do we have to take the risk?"

"You're right," Lone Wolf nodded.

"Rosie, can you lead us to a safe path?" Zeke asked.

“Sure,” Rosie replied. “But, how are you going to recompense me for risking my own life to help you?”

“Well... I’ll thank you on behalf of all 1.3 billion citizen of Eurasia.”

“Just a simple thank you?” Rosie raised an eyebrow.

“Zekky, I think you should devote yourself to her in the name of peace,” Lone Wolf joked as he knew the history between Zeke and Rosie.

Zeke’s face darkened instantly as he kicked Lone Wolf. Rosie, on the other hand, was blushing at Lone Wolf’s remark.



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Heck, what the hell are you talking about? Zeke scolded Lone Wolf in his head.

Rosie ignored Lone Wolf's comment and swiftly disappeared into the night.

Zeke and the rest had their attention fixed to Mount Phoenix. If they noticed something amiss, they would rush straight in along with the 50,000 soldiers standing by to save Rosie.

Luckily, things went smoothly and Rosie returned not long after.

"I got us a route. The enemy has set up base in a cave on the hillside." Rosie showed Zeke a hand-drawn map.

Zeke took a quick look at the map and handed it to the Alpha Suicide Squad. "Memorize the route. There are watchtowers here, here, and here. Make sure to avoid these places."

Everyone in the squad nodded.

"I have to say, the enemy has the stupidest army ever," Rosie scoffed. "Two of their commanders are actually staying in the same tent. Their soldiers' fighting prowess is pretty weak as well. They aren't guarding their base well and some of them are even sleeping."

"This is pretty much within my expectation,"

Zeke nodded. “These people have been attacking our borders lately, but we never fought back. They thought we were afraid of them, and they were proud of it. As a matter of fact, their attacks weren’t even worth our attention. Think about it, would you take your revenge on an ant if it bit you?”

The Alpha Suicide Squad quickly remembered the route.

“Good. Move out. I pray for your success. Capture the enemy’s leaders alive if possible. If not, kill them. Remember, safety first,” Zeke commanded.

“Don’t worry, Zekky, I’ll make sure to capture their leaders alive,” Lone Wolf replied.

With Rosie in the lead, the Alpha Suicide Squad infiltrated into the enemy’s base.

Zeke stood at the village’s entrance as he gazed at Mount Phoenix.

If anything happened, Zeke would lead the whole army into the mountain himself.

He wasn’t really worried about Alpha Suicide Squad as they possessed the ability to survive gunfights.

Zeke was more worried about Rosie since she

was adept in assassination, not head-on fights.

It appeared that Zeke's worst fears had come true. He could hear a commotion coming from the enemy's base half an hour after Rosie snuck into their base.

What's more, gunshots could be heard.

"Hey you! Who are you people?" one of the soldiers demanded.

Zeke took a deep breath and strode towards the base.

We just can't fight the inevitable, can we? Zeke cursed.

After taking a few steps, he heard another voice, "I'm General Hilton! At ease, soldier!"

The mountain returned to its peaceful state.

Zeke let out a sigh of relief.

Based on the earlier incident, the Alpha Suicide Squad had managed to capture the enemy's leaders.

Rosie and the Alpha Suicide Squad returned not long after with two new faces among them.

Zeke guessed they were the enemy's

commander, Wagner and Hilton.

“Gentlemen, it’s been long time since we last met,” Zeke greeted coldly.

Both commanders had a look of disdain as they stared at Zeke.

“Who are you? Have we ever met? To be precise, would you even get the chance to approach us to begin with? Do you have any idea who are you talking to right now?”



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Zeke smiled. "I've heard that you people are arrogant and I didn't believe it. But, I guess I was wrong about that. Also, did you just imply that you are a grade above me?"

"Wait..." Commander Wagner seemed to have realize something. "Why do you look so familiar? A-Are you Zeke Williams? From Linton Group?"

"That's me," Zeke nodded.

After knowing who he was dealing with, Wagner got even more fearless. "You are but an abandoned child! How dare you go against us? Do you know who we are?"

"You two are the commanders of Lunaria which is a neighbor to Eurasia. Half of the Lunaria's military is under your control," Zeke smiled.

The two commanders looked at each other in disbelief. Both of them came to the same conclusion that the details of their operation was leaked so Zeke managed to take advantage of it.

"And you still dare to capture us?" Wagner scolded, "You sure have the balls. Let us go and we might let you live!"

"Are you serious? What makes you think that I would let you go after going to great lengths to