

NH

Suddenly, Zeke stood up but his lower torso remained on the bed.

Zeke smirked, "Are you surprised? It's time for you to witness a miracle."

He turned over the blanket that was covering his body and revealed the body of a mannequin.

All this while, Zeke had only revealed his head. He hid his body underneath the bed.

On top of that, he looked pretty normal and did not look sick at all!

Damn it! The Great Marshal is well-prepared!

Does this mean he knew this would happen? Has he found out that I have betrayed the Cygnus Room and is sent to assassinate him?

He abruptly remembered how he suspected someone was monitoring him when he was at the Bloodworth Syndicate's headquarters. He also recalled the short circuit incident there.

Did the Great Marshal infiltrated the Bloodsworth Syndicate's headquarters?

It was very likely.

Zeke sighed continuously, "The Cygnus Room was the most advanced technological research center in Eurasia, yet its second-in-command chose to support the enemy. We've indeed chosen the wrong person for the job."

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Zoda Wood was utterly devastated. The best solution he could think of was to end his own life.

The Great Marshal would surely torture him and make his life a living hell.

He ran and tried to smash his head into a wall without any warning.

Zeke shouted, "Have you ever thought of your newborn twins?"

With that, Zoda stopped running. He knew the Great Marshal was threatening him with his sons.

He dropped to his knees before Zeke. "It's my fault. It's all my fault. Please be kind and punish me. I'm willing to pay the price for my crimes, but please leave my family alone."

Zeke exclaimed, "What you've committed was a grave crime, and your family deserves to be punished too! If you want me to pardon your family, tell me everything you know about the Bloodsworth Syndicate."

Zoda hesitated, he clenched his teeth and agreed, "Alright, I'll cooperate with you."

Zeke asked, "What did the Bloodsworth Syndicate offer you in exchange for your allegiance and my assassination?"

Zoda answered, "They'll give me the Sierra island and promise me that I can build a country there."

What?

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Zeke knitted his brows.

The Bloodsworth Syndicate owns the Sierra island and can simply offer it to someone as a reward?

It looks like their influence is expanding fast. Their headquarters under the Golden Voda Lake could be one of their many bases. Their actual headquarters might be ten or even a hundred times larger than that.

Zeke continued, "Why did you make a mold of my face earlier?"

He answered, "Bloodsworth is a master of disguise. Once you're dead, he wants to take over your position as the Great Marshal to run the Cygnus Room."

"He wants to take over the Cygnus Room?" Zeke asked, "But why? Is he planning to steal all the research data?"

"No." Zoda shook his head, "They're eyeing on the DNA sequence of Eurasian. They wanted to steal this information, find out the flaws in the genes, and design a virus that can cause a pandemic in the region."

What?

Zeke gritted his teeth, and his eyes reddened.

If Bloodsworth's plan was successful, billions of Eurasians would die, and this could destroy the entire nation!

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Bloodsworth's plan is a crime against humanity!

As for Zoda, he was willing to sacrifice his nation to fulfill his self-interest even though he was born and raised a Eurasian.

His ambition turned him into a more horrible person than Bloodsworth.

Zeke could not take it anymore and kicked him to the ground.

Zoda was shocked to death. He knew Zeke was capable of killing all his other family members out of anger.

He immediately kneeled before him, "Great Marshal, please give me a chance to redeem myself. I can help you destroy Bloodsworth. I don't dare to ask for your forgiveness, but please spare my family."



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Zeke held back his anger, "What do you have in mind?"

Zoda explained, "Bloodsworth's headquarters beneath the lake has tight security and many emergency exits. If you launch an attack on them, you can only wipe out one-third of the syndicate. The others could escape using the water channel. I think it'll be more efficient if we could lure them out of the lake and destroy them at one go."

Zeke asked, "What's your idea?"

Zoda replied, "Since he wants the DNA sequence of Eurasian, let's use this as the bait."

Zeke responded, "Alright. Let's do it then. Don't you dare pull any tricks, or else, you will put your family in danger."

Nope, I definitely won't!

After Zoda left, Zeke took out his phone and called Sole Wolf.

"Bring your men over. I have a task for you."

Zoda made his way back to the Bloodsworth Syndicate's headquarters and found Bloodsworth.

"Good news!" Zoda could not hide his excitement.

Bloodsworth was all smiles. "Zeke is dead?"

Zoda replied, "Not only that. I have another better news for you."

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“Oh? Do enlighten me.” Bloodsworth looked forward to hearing what he was about to say.

Zoda continued, “Zeke is now brain dead, and Cygnus Room is merely sustaining his life using their advanced technologies. The Cygnus Room’s management wants us to study the DNA sequence of Eurasian, so they could develop the medicine that can activate his brain. They’re delivering the DNA sequence to us right now. We must seize this opportunity!”

That’s great!

Bloodsworth was overjoyed, “Master Zoda, you’ve indeed contributed so much to the Bloodsworth Syndicate.”

Zoda cautiously checked, “About the reward you promised earlier...”

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll never go back on my word. Once I’ve obtained the DNA sequence, I’ll give you the Sierra island right away,” he assured.

“Now, Bloodsworth Syndicate, assemble!” Bloodsworth ordered, and tens of thousands of men emerged from all over the headquarters and gathered before him.

Bloodsworth scanned the crowd and finally turned his attention to Team Jack.

Team Jack was the unit that was poisoned by Zeke when they failed to assassinate him.

Bloodsworth ordered, “We’ve received a

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confidential update that the Cygnus Room is sending the DNA sequence of Eurasian over to Atheville. Take a few men with you to keep track of their movement and report their location to me from time to time.”

“Yes, sir.” Team Jack accepted the task right away.

Bloodsworth continued, “As for the rest, prepare yourself for a battle. There’s no room for failure. We must succeed this time!”

“Yes, sir!” Their voices were so loud that they caused ripples on the lake.

Team Jack left the base, but they did not keep track of the delivery. Instead, they contacted Zeke, told him about it, and waited for his instruction.

Since Zeke knew their Achille’s heels, they had no choice but to surrender themselves to him.

Zeke responded, “Okay. I’ll give you the GPS coordinates of the delivery team so you can track them. Also, convince Bloodsworth that many people are involved in this operation and get him to deploy all his men if possible.”

“Noted,” Team Jack answered.

Based on the coordinates given, they managed to track down the delivery team and monitored them in secret.

At the same time, Jack informed Bloodsworth about the route the delivery team was using.

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In the headquarters, Bloodsworth looked at the message, and his brows furrowed.

Cygnus Room sent a brigade of soldiers to deliver the DNA sequence.

In order to succeed, Bloodsworth Syndicate had to deploy all its men, but if they failed, their base here would be wiped out completely.

It was a huge risk.

Bloodsworth thought about it over and over again and finally decided to take the risk.

He was tempted by the promising outcome and was willing to go all out to ensure they succeed in their operation.



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He gathered his thinktank and started working on the details.

At the end, they decided to launch their attack near a primary school.

The delivery team must be well-armed and equipped with heavy weapons.

If Bloodsworth's men launched an attack around the primary school, their opponent would not dare to activate their heavy weapons.

In just a short while, Zoda alerted Zeke about Bloodsworth's plan.

Zeke was infuriated, "A bunch of scoundrels! How could they use the pupils in a primary school as a shield?"

Children were the nation's future. Zeke would definitely not put them in danger.

He thought about it and called Sole Wolf over, "Follow me. Let's make a trip to the Brighton Primary School."

Sole Wolf looked confused, "What are we going to do in a primary school? You're not going to ask me to enroll in the school, are you?"

Whenever Sole Wolf made any knowledge-based mistakes, Zeke would joke about it and threatened to send him back to school.

Zeke shook his head. "Of course not. Bloodsworth is planning to turn Brighton Primary School into

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his battlefield. We have to be there early to disperse the crowd.”

What?

A towering rage started blazing in Sole Wolf’s eyes, “They don’t even let children off? They’re really animals!”

Brighton Primary School was a boarding school. Hence, it was located in a remote area.

It was about 10 pm now, and the children were all sleeping in the hostel.

Darkness loomed over the school, and at the northern part of its field, a few people flipped over the wall as swift as apparitions and stationed themselves at different locations.

In the blink of an eye, the entire school field was occupied by these apparitions.

These so-called apparitions were men from the Bloodsworth Syndicate, and Bloodsworth himself led the operation.

Based on the intel received, the delivery team would pass by the road outside the school field in half an hour.

Just as they thought, half an hour later, the delivery team headed towards the direction.

Bloodsworth gently whistled, and his men were all going into battle mode.

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Three armored jeeps led the delivery team, followed by the armored truck in the middle and two large army trucks behind. The vehicles were filled with fully armed soldiers.

The person-in-charge of this delivery was General Cosmopolis Wolf's Greed, who sat on the very front in the first jeep.

Just when they passed by the road behind the school field, they heard a tire exploded.

Screech!

The driver hit the brakes immediately.

Since the jeep in front came to a halt, the rest of the vehicles behind had to stop as well.

"Get down and take a look," Wolf's Greed ordered.

"Yes, Sir!"

The driver hopped down the jeep and checked the tires. "Sir, some glass pieces punctured the jeep's tire."

Wolf's Greed glared at him impatiently, "Replace the punctured tire right now. We don't want to be late."

"Yes, Sir!"

The driver hurriedly changed the flat tire.

At the school field, Bloodsworth ordered, "Sniper, go!"

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Bang!

Right after hearing a loud gunshot, the soldier who was changing the tire was found lying in a pool of blood.

What's going on?

A few soldiers became alert and hopped down the truck right away.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bloodsworth Syndicate started firing shots at them, and in just a short while, more than ten soldiers collapsed into a pool of blood.


“The enemy is at 10 o'clock!” a soldier roared, “Start shooting!”

“Gunners, fire at those mother f\*\*kers at 10 o'clock!”

While the soldiers fought back, Lone Wolf suddenly gave another instruction, “Stop. It's a school, stop firing! I repeat, stop firing. We cannot harm the pupils. Get back to your vehicles and take shelter.”

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The delivery team was dissatisfied with the decision, but they, too, did not wish to harm the pupils. The team suppressed their anger as they retreated, and took shelter in the trucks.

Fortunately, their trucks were all bulletproof, and there was nothing the opponent could do about it.

At the school field, Bloodsworth was pleased with the progress.

Since they were off with a good start, they could almost have a glimpse of the fruit of success.

Bloodsworth instructed the men near him, "Suicide squad, go and install two ticking bombs beneath those two trucks at the back. The rest of you go and cover them!"

Most of the leaders in the delivery team were travelling in the first two trucks.

If they managed to blow the trucks up, they could then take them down in no time.

The five-member squad nodded, flipped over the wall, crept along the ground, and headed towards the road.

Between the field and the road was a deserted land. The land was covered with tall grass, which allowed them to take cover as they made their way to the other side.

It took them about 20 minutes to creep across the 500-meter distance, and they eventually approached the road.

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More than a dozen soldiers, who were shot dead during the exchange, were found lying on the road.

The five-member squad ignored the bodies, took out the ticking bombs, and placed them under the vehicles.

They then turned around and were ready to leave.

Just when they were about to go, those dead bodies that were lying on the road began to move all of a sudden.

Each of them took out a dagger, flipped over, and pinned the five-member squad down.

They covered their mouths with one hand and slit their throats with the other. In just five seconds, every single member of the squad suffered a silent death.

Then, the five soldiers put on their uniform to impersonate the suicide squad and returned to Bloodsworth's camp.

They had their faces covered, so Bloodsworth could not recognize them.

"How was it?" asked Bloodsworth.

One of them gestured an OK sign with his fingers.

Great!

Bloodsworth smirked, "Now, it's time for us to beat the crap out of them."

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He continued to monitor the movement on the road.

The five soldiers then went separate ways and occupied different spots of the camp as they placed a few bombs around the area.

“Five, four, three...” Bloodsworth looked at his watch.

Just when he finished counting down, he heard a loud boom and the two trucks exploded before his eyes.

The explosion was so powerful that it was unlikely for anyone to survive.

Bloodsworth was overjoyed. Now that they had gotten rid of the leaders of the delivery team, it was time to take the soldiers down.

He immediately gave an order, “Attack and snatch...”

Before he could finish his sentence, he heard a few loud booms in his camp too.

Bloodsworth’s team experienced a few explosions too!

The effect was so great that half of his men were blown into the air, and broken limbs and blood started raining down on the field.

Bloodsworth even lost his ability to hear for a few minutes because the explosion was so loud and deafening.

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He looked at the casualties in his team and was utterly stunned.

What's going on? Why are there explosions on our side?

We've yet to begin our battle, and we've already lost half of our men?

Before he could react, he heard a commotion behind the wall.

Bloodworth raised his head, looked over the wall, and was absolutely shocked.

He had no idea when and how did the several hundreds of armed soldiers ambush the deserted land.

The soldiers closest to them were just a wall away, and they fired gunshots incessantly at Bloodworth's men, forcing them to keep their heads down.

Bloodworth lowered his head downwards, and he was lucky enough to have dodged a bullet that flew across his head.

At that moment, he somewhat understood what was going on.



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Without a doubt, the opponent must have discovered the five-member suicide squad and had them killed. They even got their own men to infiltrate his camp.

Members of the delivery team might have escaped and hid in the bush when the ticking bombs blew the trucks into pieces.

The five impersonators, who returned to Bloodsworth's camp, were the ones who initiated the explosions here!

Indeed, Cygnus Room lives up to its reputation!

They're just as merciless!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The sound of gunshots filled the air, and the powerful impact of the flying bullets that hit the wall caused the concrete to crack.

Bloodsworth and his men could no longer take shelter behind the wall, and one by one, they collapsed and were all bathed in their own blood.

Before the battle even began, Bloodsworth had already lost two-thirds of his men.

He was absolutely devastated. Looking at this turn of events, he knew it would be an impossible task for them to hijack the DNA sequence since they had way too many casualties.

It would be a blessing if they managed to make an escape.

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Instead of continuing this fight, Bloodworth roared, "Listen to me! Barge into the hostel and hold the pupils hostage."

All his men then gave up defending themselves and ran towards the hostel like lunatics.

Some of them were killed when they made their way to the hostel, and only a small number of them managed to reach the building.

Bloodworth exclaimed, "Stop the fire, or I'll kill all the pupils here!"

With that, the sound of gunshots diminished, members of the Cygnus Room stopped firing.

The pupils woke up from the sleep and looked confused.

Bloodworth roared, "Wake up right now and stand in front of the doors and windows. You're the human shield now!"

The pupils looked startled and crawled out of their beds.

One of the pupils, who lay on a bed near Bloodworth, stood up and was a head taller than him.

Bloodworth was dumbfounded.

How could a primary school pupil be this tall?

He raised his head and was shocked to see the person.

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Its Sole Wolf! General North!

He turned around to look at all the other pupils and realized they were all soldiers.

The soldiers raised their guns at the Bloodsworth Syndicate and surrounded them.

After a round of firing, all his men collapsed and lay in a pool of their own blood.

Yet, a few surviving members of the syndicate managed to cover Bloodsworth and help him escape.

F\*\*k!

Sole Wolf panicked and immediately ran after them.

If Bloodsworth had escaped, their plan would not be a success.

In the meantime, Zeke made his way to the Bloodsworth Syndicate's base in the lake once again.

But this time, he entered the base as Bloodsworth after putting on his mask.

While Bloodsworth Syndicate was skilled in the art of disguise, Necro Group's Rosie White was also a master in making masks using human skin.

Each of them had its strengths and weaknesses, so they were on par with each other.

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In Bloodsworth's base, there were only a few researchers and mercenaries hired to safeguard the place.

Zeke made his way to the waste room where Bloodworth imprisoned the real Ares.

Upon seeing Bloodsworth, the real Ares started cursing, "You shameless piece of shit! Let me go and fight with me, so both of us would have a chance to fight fair and square! You're just a bastard who ambushed and imprisoned me here. You don't deserve to show your face before me!"

Zeke said in a cold voice, "Shut the hell up. I'll tear you up if you continue to curse."

The real God of War was dumbfounded, "Zeke Williams? Why did you become Bloodsworth? You're disgusting."

"Get lost!"

Zeke grunted harshly, "I've destroyed Bloodsworth Syndicate. I'm here to get you out, so you'd better cooperate with me."

The God of War was delighted, "Yes, of course. I will. Once I'm out of here, I'll definitely want to have a fight with you. I've been studying all your moves over the last few years, and I've finally figured out a way to defeat you!"

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Zeke could not be bothered to waste his energy paying attention to Ares.

He was more aggressive than Sole Wolf.

Zeke called for the researchers of the Cygnus Room with his com unit.

“Unlock Ares’ chains,” he commanded.

The researchers started looking at each other in confusion.

Ares’ release would severely threaten their headquarters.

What’s Bloodsworth trying to do?

“Are you disobeying me now?” Zeke reprimanded.

Hurriedly, the researchers shook their heads. “No, Bloodsworth. It’s not that we don’t want to let him out. It’s because the chains have been forged with black iron, which makes them impossible to break.”

Zeke commanded once more, “Open them or die trying.”

His terrifying aura struck fear into the researchers, and they quickly agreed. “Don’t worry, Bloodsworth. We’ve recently invented a new corrosive agent that will definitely get through these chains. However, it will take a few days.”

Zeke nodded. “Okay. Use that to aid you.”

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The researchers hurried off to make preparations.

Zeke turned to Ares, saying, “Looks like you’ll have to stick around here for a little longer.”

Ares sighed. “You don’t have to save me, you know. You’re the only threat to me in all of Eurasia. If you leave me here, you’d become the strongest man in Eurasia.”

Zeke turned to leave, but not before stating, “I can’t leave my wife’s father behind.”

Ares was Lacey’s biological father, after all. Strictly speaking, that made him Zeke’s father-in-law.

He couldn’t just leave him to die.

Besides, Ares was the main protector of Eurasia. Zeke couldn’t leave him to die for his own selfish reasons.

Ares was taken aback by his answer. What does my death have to do with your wife’s father?

Suddenly, he thought of a horrifying possibility. Is Zeke Williams dating one of my daughters?

In a rage, he yelled, “Zeke! If you lay even a hand on one of my daughters, I will kill you!”

Zeke, however, had long disappeared.

Ares didn’t know that Lacey, Zeke’s wife, was his very own biological daughter that he had lost all those years ago.

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Though Ares wasn't aware of that, the news had quickly spread like wildfire across Thistleton Manor.

All the Thistletons were talking about Lacey Hinton.

Julian was the most interested in this juicy piece of gossip.

He had always been known as the firstborn to Ares and Lilith. Because of that, he had always been the heir to the role of the head of the family.

However, Lacey was in the picture now, and she was older than him.

She would be a definite threat to his heir position if she returned to their family. In fact, she might even try to take the position from him.

"We have to keep this news under lock and key no matter what. Chase Lacey out of Atheville."

"I heard that her husband is the student of the Great Marshal. Are you sure that's a good idea?"

"Who cares? I'm Ares' firstborn. Do you think I'd be beneath one of the Great Marshal's little pups?"

He hurriedly made his way to Linton Group.

In the Linton Group building, Lacey was holding onto a pregnancy test with tears in her eyes.

The two red lines shown on the little plastic stick



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was enough to send her emotions into overdrive.

There was now a small, new life growing inside her belly.

She was about to become a mother.

If Zeke knew he was about to become a father, Lacey knew he would be overjoyed.

Just as she was thinking about their happy future with their child, the door to her office swung open violently.

Julian walked in cockily with his head held high.

Lacey grew infuriated. “Who are you? Who let you barge in here?”



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Julian chuckled darkly. “Stop with the act. Do you really not know who I am? Should I call you sis, or should I just call you Lacey?”

Lacey was confused. “Sis? What do you mean?”

Julian looked at Lacey suspiciously.

Her confusion seemed genuine.

Could it be that she hasn't heard of her true identity yet?

That made things much easier for Julian.

He asked carefully, “Lacey, do you know who the Thistleton family is?”

Lacey was starting to lose her temper. “Who are you? Quit with the nonsense. I don't know who the Thistleton family is, and I'm not your sister, either. Please leave.”

Julian was overjoyed.

So Lacey really doesn't know who she is.

“You and the Linton Group are the ones who have to leave,” Julian stated as a matter of fact.

“What for?”

“The Linton Group is a threat to both the Great Marshal and Ares. Both of them have demanded all of you move out of Atheville,” Julian said.

How can that be?

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Lacey found what he had just told her hard to believe. “The new Linton Group has no way of catching neither the Great Marshal nor Ares’ attention, much less be a threat to them. You’re making things up.”

Julian sighed. “You want me to pull out the big guns? Fine. I’m the firstborn of Ares and an apprentice to the Great Marshal. The Linton Group is not only a threat to them but to me as well. I was the one who asked Ares and the Great Marshal to make such a demand. You should know what to do.”

Lacey instantly flew into a panic.

If everything he had just said was true, the Linton Group wouldn’t be able to survive much longer.

Zeke was also a student of the Great Marshal, but the man in front of her had Ares’ additional support backing him.

His position of double privilege was enough to run Zeke to the ground.

However, the Linton Group had just moved here from Rivermouth.

It might not survive having to move everything back.

Right as she was stressing over what to do, Julian’s eyes fell upon the pregnancy test in her hand.

His expression turned stony. “What’s that you’re

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holding on to?”

Lacey obviously wasn't about to show this stranger something so private.

She hurriedly tucked the pregnancy test away.  
“Nothing.”

Julian grew suspicious and stalked toward Lacey.  
“Is that a pregnancy test? Are you pregnant?  
Show it to me.”

Lacey was already enough of a threat to his position in the Thistleton family.

If she were to give birth to a child, that would be an even bigger threat.

It was common knowledge that Ares was fond of children. If Lacey gave birth, Ares would definitely give that child everything he had.

“Screw off!” Lacey yelled. “This is a personal matter. You have no right to know about such things.”

However, Julian ignored her words and suddenly stepped forward, snatching the pregnancy test away.

When he saw the two lines on the small stick, his eyes glinted with anger.

Die!

The baby in Lacey's stomach has to die.

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Julian acted as if he was walking out before he suddenly closed the door and locked it. He then pulled out a dagger.

“You have three choices. One, you jump off this building, Two, I bring you to the hospital, and you get an abortion. Three, I give you an abortion right here and now, but it’ll be much more violent.”

What?

Lacey’s face paled rapidly.

How sick can the man in front of me be?

He just talked about harming the baby in my belly!



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Lacey obviously didn't want any of the above. She slowly took a step back. "You monster! Leave immediately before I call the police."

Julian only stepped closer to her. "My apologies, but either you or your baby is going to die today."

Lacey flew into full-on panic mode. "I'll leave Atheville. I promise I'll leave Atheville. I'll never come here ever again. Please, don't hurt my baby."

Julian shook his head. "It's too late for that. It looks like you've chosen option three. Alright, then. I'll be able to get rid of both you and your baby."

Julian leapt toward Lacey and raised his dagger high, the cold glint of his blade flashing in the light.

Right at that moment, Zeke returned.

He pushed the door open casually, only to find that it had been locked from the inside.

He then heard Lacey's scream.

Lacey's in danger!

Zeke immediately kicked the door open forcefully.

The door, which had been kicked off its hinges, landed heavily on Julian.

The latter collapsed under the door's weight and the dagger in his hand fell to the ground, clanging loudly.

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The moment he laid his eyes on the dagger, a surge of anger rushed to Zeke's brain.

That man had tried to kill Lacey, and for that, he could not walk out of the office alive.

The other man didn't seem like he could actually escape from Zeke at the moment, so Zeke directed his attention to Lacey.

Lacey was curled up in the corner with her hands laid over her stomach. Tears were pouring from her eyes.

Zeke rushed forward and instinctively laid a hand on Lacey's stomach. "Lacey, what happened? Did he hit your stomach?"

Lacey held onto Zeke with one arm as the other hand remained on her stomach, still protecting the life inside her belly. "Zeke, thank God you're here. He didn't manage to hurt me."

Zeke didn't believe Lacey.

Why else would she be holding onto her belly? That man has to have punched her in the stomach.

He gritted his teeth in anger.

"Lacey, go to the break room and rest. I need to have a little chat with this guy."

Lacey nodded. "Okay. Please be careful."

Zeke closed the door to the break room and

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started walking toward Julian, his aura almost red with murderous intent.

Julian was still stuck on the ground. He hadn't been able to lift himself.

Based on the sheer force Zeke had used to slam the door toward him, Julian felt as if he had at least broken a couple of ribs.

Zeke bent down to pick up the dagger and started twirling it around.

"I'll give you two choices. One, you jump off this building. Two, I kill you and throw you off this building myself."

Julian's heart began thumping loudly.

The sheer murderousness emanating off of Zeke made it clear that he wasn't just trying to scare Julian; he actually meant his words.

Hurriedly, Julian squeaked, "You can't kill me! You have no right to lay even a hand on me."

Zeke raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Why is that so?"

Julian replied, "I'm Ares' son! I'm also a student of the Great Marshal. If you lay a finger on me, the two of them will surely come looking for you."

Zeke blinked in realization.

So this guy is Ares' son.

He was probably afraid that Lacey would return to



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the Thistleton family and threaten his position of power. That was probably why he had tried to kill her.

But Lacey's his sister, for crying out loud. How could he have been able to make a killing blow?

How has Ares managed to create such a horrible monster for a child? What an embarrassment.

Based on that piece of information, Zeke actually couldn't bring himself to kill him.

He was Lacey's biological brother, after all.

Lacey would have to return to the Thistleton family eventually. If he killed Julian, Lacey would be shunned by the other Thistletons when she went back.



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Zeke said coldly, "Since you're Ares' son, I'll let you go. However, I still need to make you pay for what you did. You punched my wife in the stomach, didn't you? An eye for an eye."

"Stop!" Julian yelled. "You probably didn't hear what I just said. Not only am I the firstborn of Ares, but I'm also the Great Marshal's apprentice. I know you're one of his students, but you're in no way as close to him as I am. I also have Ares behind me. If you dare lay a finger on me, you're dead meat!"

"I don't remember having an apprentice like you," Zeke scoffed before aiming a kick at Julian's stomach.

Crash!

Julian flew out of the glass window.

After he landed, he couldn't control a warm yellow liquid from darkening the front of his pants.

His stomach was in indescribable pain.

Zeke had managed to burst his bladder with that one kick.

The bodyguards outside the door ran over at the commotion.

The sight before them left them speechless.

Why would our boss need us when he was this adept at fighting?

NH

“Throw him out and put him on the blacklist. He shall never step foot in this company again.”

“Yes, Boss!”

The two bodyguards quickly brought Julian downstairs.

His urine left a trail after him, causing the workers to burst out laughing at the sight.

Zeke then opened the door of the break room and walked in.

Lacey was still holding onto her stomach.

Zeke asked tenderly, “Lacey, does your stomach still hurt? Do you want me to call an ambulance?”

Lacey smiled mysteriously. “Follow me.”

She brought Zeke back to the office and handed him the pregnancy test. “Zeke, look!”

The latter looked at the small plastic device and asked, confused, “Did he use this thingy to hit you just now?”

Lacey was surprised. “Thingy? You really can be dumb sometimes.”

Zeke frowned. “What’re you scolding me for?”

Lacey shook her head. “Never mind. I’ll just tell you what happened first. That guy was really weird. He called me ‘sis’. Can you help me figure out what’s going on? Mom and dad did mention

NH

that they had a son after having me, but he got stolen. Could he be that little boy? I actually kind of see a slight resemblance.”

Zeke felt an oncoming headache.

He didn't know where to start with Lacey's backstory.

Oh, well. I can just ask Hannah to reveal it to her some other day, bit by bit.

Julian's driver sped toward the hospital.

The injury Zeke had caused him was putting Julian's life in danger.

Julian himself was incredibly enraged.

Who was that guy?

He still couldn't believe that he, the offspring of Ares and the possible heir to the title, had gotten his bladder burst by someone and even wet himself in front of so many people.

When he thought about the way the workers of the Linton Group had laughed at him, he felt like dying.

His rage couldn't numb the pain he was feeling in his stomach.

He could only try to sit up slowly with his teeth gritted and use the Ares Magical Arts to try and relieve some of the pain.

# NH

After half an hour, Julian opened his eyes.

His pain had disappeared only to be replaced by glee.

His Ares Magical Arts had finally reached the seventh level!

Julian's Ares Magical Arts had always been stuck at the sixth level for the past five years. No matter how hard he tried to level himself up, it hadn't improved.

Weirdly, Zeke's kick had somehow managed to force one of his meridians open. It allowed for Julian to reach the seventh level of Ares Magical Arts.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

## NH

What did the seventh level of the Ares Magical Arts entail?

Even Ares himself had only reached the eighth level of Ares Magical Arts. Julian was now only a little ways away from Ares' own power.

More importantly, he was still so young. He had infinite chances for growth; he might even take over the Great Marshal himself one day.

I'm truly a genius!

Julian's driver was taken aback by Julian's sudden bout of crazed laughter.

He hurriedly asked what was happening.

The driver's mouth dropped open when he heard that Julian had managed to reach the seventh level of Ares Magical Arts.

"Good job, Sir! It's unheard of to reach the seventh level of Ares Magical Arts at such a young age."

Julian smiled. "I wonder if the Great Marshal will finally be willing to take me in as his apprentice."

Julian had tried to become the Great Marshal's student once.

However, the Great Marshal had turned him down and called him 'too weak'.

Now, as someone who had reached the seventh level of Ares Magical Arts, he was much more powerful than before.

## NH

The Great Marshal would definitely accept him now.

If that happened, he would surely rule over Eurasia as a son of Ares and an apprentice of the Great Marshal.

Right as he was reveling in his glory, his stomach started burning up. It felt as if he had swallowed lava.

Julian almost passed out on the spot from the pain.

He was well aware that it was the Ares Magical Arts in him trying to take over.

If he didn't want to die, he would have to control it.

There were two ways to hold on for the time being.

The first one was to grit his teeth and hold on through sheer willpower.

The second was to look for any woman who could satiate the fire burning in him.

Julian had horrible willpower. He knew there was no way for him to hold out through the pain.

That meant that he only had the second option left.

However, all his lovers were kept in a brothel. There was no way for him to rush back there now.

## NH

He had to find a random woman to deal with it for now.

Right then and there, a seductive lady dressed in stockings and high heels walked past their car.

Julian opened the car door and pulled her in, his heart and body in overdrive.

The lady was terrified. She was taken aback for a couple of seconds before starting to scream and struggle all she could.

However, as a weak, slim woman, she had no way of beating a warrior like Julian.

After an hour, the lady had passed out after all Julian had done. She was barely breathing.

Her downstairs area was raw and bloody after the amount of friction; blood dripped down her thighs.

Julian was finally satiated.

He sat up and put his clothes back on before kicking the woman out of the car.

The moment the naked girl landed on the road beneath her, she grabbed the attention of all the passersby.

With her last few breaths, she tried to yell, "H...help! He raped me!"

The crowd instantly realized what had happened and were enraged.



## NH

Who dared to commit such a horrible act? Under broad daylight, no less!

Anyone would be furious at such a scene.

The crowd surrounded Julian's car, not allowing him to leave.

A kind passerby took off his coat and laid it over the lady.

Someone quickly called the police.

Even more passersby began yelling at Julian.

"What a monster! How could you do such a thing?"

"Hmph! You really can't judge a book by its cover."

"You have to pay for what you did!"

Julian was growing more and more impatient.

How dare this bunch of lowly civilians block my way?

He got off the car and roared, "Screw off! All of you are in no place to dictate what I do!"

The crowd grew even more enraged upon hearing his words.

This ass\*\*\*\* not only failed to realize his mistakes, but he was also even cursing at us passersby!

# NH

He has to be one of those rich young masters who thought money gave him the leeway to do anything he wanted.

They couldn't just let him go.

“Who are you? Give us your full name!” A reporter, who had been passing by, held up a camcorder, pointing it at Julian.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Julian said coldly, “You’d be surprised if I told you-”

“That I am the Great Marshal’s last disciple!”

“I’d advise all of you to scam immediately, or I might make my move now.”

“The Great Marshal’s apprentice has the privilege of making the first move!”

The crowd was bewildered.

The Great Marshal’s Apprentice!

The Great Marshal was a symbol of faith and hope for them. Naturally, his apprentice radiated the same holy aura.

The crowd was at a loss for a moment.

Idiot!

Julian huffed as he jumped onto the car and sped away.

Of course, things did not end there.

Word of this eventually started to spread.

‘The Great Marshal’ was already a frequent character of interest in the news. Like wildfire, it quickly reached every corner of Eurasia.

Now it seemed that everyone knew of the news that ‘The Great Marshal’s Apprentice Harassed A Lady On The Streets!’

## NH

Though it could not be confirmed if the perpetrator were indeed the Great Marshal's Apprentice, the news had indeed tainted the Great Marshal's image.

Now, everyone could only eagerly wait for the Great Marshal to step up and say something about this.

Was the perpetrator related to him?

If he were, would he start a massacre just to get justice for the victimized girl?

As soon as word of this reached the ears of Zeke, he instantly boiled with rage.

Having others carrying out any deed in his name was something he despised the most.

Especially dirty deeds like this.

He had to get to the bottom of this incident!

He asked Sole Wolf who was beside him, "Have you found out who that hooligan who calls himself my apprentice is?"

"Yes. He is Julian, the son of Ares!" Sole Wolf answered hastily.

So it was him!

Zeke angrily smashed his fists against the walls, leaving a hole in it.

"Letting him leave the Linton Group alive back

NH

then was a grave mistake!”

“This scoundrel has to be dealt with for the sake of appeasing the people!”

Sole Wolf’s phone had suddenly rung. He picked up the call as he took a couple of steps backwards.

Not even a moment later, Sole Wolf ended the call and said, “Zekky, it’s from Julian, he sent someone to contact me,”

“He wanted me to introduce him to the Great Marshal; he wants to become his apprentice.”

“He even claimed that his training in the Ares Magical Arts has reached the seventh level and that he is able to achieve the title of ‘Archduke.’”

Zeke laughed mirthlessly.

He had to admit he was amused at the fact that Julian had the guts to think that the Great Marshal would accept him as an apprentice.

“Sole Wolf, send the press a message immediately, tell them that Julian is no apprentice of mine. I had nothing to do with him,” Zeke ordered.

“On the other hand, he has greatly disrespected the name of the Great Marshal by using his name to commit such atrocities,”

“The Great Marshal shall personally reprimand Julian for this.”

## NH

“Alright.”

The whole of Eurasia was shaken by the news.

It was impossible for the Great Marshal to have a hooligan like that as an apprentice.

To think the Great Marshal himself would personally confront Julian!

The perpetrator should be punished!

Julian flew into a rage upon seeing the news.

“Damn, to think I took the trouble and sent someone to contact him. Never mind a reply, he’s gone ahead and announced that he will reprimand me.”

“He may not have given me any respect, but he dared forgot my father, Ares?”

“What an arrogant bastard. Just because he became the Great Marshal?”

“I have already trained and reached the seventh level of the Ares Magical Arts. My powers rival that of the Archduke class now. My father and I are both more than enough to defeat him!”

“Alas, father has been out of reach for a few days now. There’s no way of knowing where he’s gone to.”

Bloodsworth, who previously impersonated Ares - had long returned to his country.

## NH

The real Ares was now still imprisoned at the base, unable to escape.

Obviously, there was no way he could have contacted Ares.

After a brief thought, Julian huffed, “Hmph, even if I cannot kill you now, I can till ruin your reputation.”

“Once your name has been ruined, I will watch you lose the trust of the people and your title as the Great Marshal!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

He was a man of his word.

He immediately summoned his friend, Kelsey Barker.

Like himself, Kelsey was of royal descent.

However, Kelsey's family was just slightly weaker than the Thisleton Family.

Being birds of a feather and having grown up together, the two were as thick as thieves

"Zekky, you called?" Kelsey grinned, "Could it be you have a couple of new ladies to introduce to me?"

"Do me a small favor. I need you to play along with me for a bit."

"Oh, how so?" Kelsey asked.

"It just so happened I started dating this girl from some film academy, so I picked up some acting skills along the way."

"This time, I need you to act like you're the Great Marshal!" Julian said.

What?

Kelsey thought he had heard him wrongly, "You want me to impersonate the Great Marshal?"

"But, impersonating the Great Marshal is a criminal offence."



NH

“There’s nothing to be afraid of.” Julian impatiently said.

“I am currently on the seventh level of the Ares Magical Arts, and my strength has reached the Archduke level.”

“My father and I are both Archdukes, surely we will not lose to the Great Marshal in terms of strength.”

“At this rate, the entire of Eurasia will soon be in the hands of the Thisleton family.”

What?

Kelsey was stunned.

Julian’s strength had reached the Archduke level at such a young age.

Now the Thisleton family had two Archdukes, it was no mere exaggeration now to say they were the most powerful royal family in all of Eurasia.

With the power of two Archdukes working together, why was there a need to fear the Great Marshal!

He was determined to ride the coattails of the Thisleton family from now on.

“Sure, no problem,” Kelsey hurriedly agreed.

“My life will be in your hands then, Haha!”

An hour later, Julian had arrived at Havel Hall

# NH

Hotel.

Haven Hall Hotel was the best five-star hotel in Atheville.

Only the elite and successful people of society were able to dine here.

Now, it was packed with people for the lunch hour.

The luxurious dining rooms were already fully booked, and the main hall was already filled with guests.

Julian silently found an obscure spot, took a seat and glanced outside the window.

Very soon, a fleet of military vehicles arrived at the entrance of the hotel.

Kelsey alighted one of the vehicles. Heavily guarded by armed military personnel, he marched towards the hotel.

But as he reached the doors, the security guard halted them.

"We're sorry, sir. Weapons are not allowed inside, especially automatic class weapons."

"Please put away your weapons before entering."

Kelsey slapped the guard without hesitation, "What did you say? I couldn't hear it clearly."

The guard cupped his face, but he bit his lips and

NH

repeated himself.

“Sir, please put away your weapons.”

Slap!

Kelsey had slapped him again. The strong impact caused the guard to fall to the floor.

“Hmph, in all my years of conquest, no one has ever dared to get in my way before.”

Followed by his henchmen, he stormed into the hotel in search of a seat.

The commotion caught the attention of the hotel guests.

They were utterly disgusted by the ruckus.

Just where did this army ruffian come from?

Was he not worried of tarnishing the image of the military?

A beautiful waitress stepped forward towards Kelsey, “Good day, sir. What would you like to order today?”

Kelsey coldly ordered, “Bring me every one of your signature dishes.”

Yes.

The waitress nodded and turned away, intending to leave.

# NH

However Kelsey had reached out and grabbed the waitress's hand. He forcefully grabbed her arm, causing the waitress to stagger and stumble into his arms.

"Tsk tsk, lady. You have such a dainty pretty face, and a beautiful figure to match." Kelsey's hands were all over the waitress, touching her inappropriately.

"What a pity for you to stay a mere waitress here."

"How about you come with me? Become my thirteenth concubine, and I guarantee you an easy life."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

The waitress's face had gone white with shock, wanting nothing but to get out of his arms.

But as Kelsey was a martial artist, she was unable to free herself from him.

"Sir, please mind your manners." She was on the verge of tears.

"I am already married and pregnant with a child. So please, let me go."

Kelsey huffed, "Damn, what a downer."

"No big deal, abort that child of yours and you will still have a chance to be my concubine."

Kelsey gave his henchmen a pointed look, who hurriedly grabbed the waitress, intending to force her to abort her baby.

The waitress was beyond horrified. She knelt on her knees, begging for mercy for herself and her child.

But, her efforts were to no avail.

The crowd could only glare and watch them.

Bastard!

How could there be such a twisted person like this?

For the sake of having the girl for himself, he was willing to sacrifice an unborn life!

# NH

It was unacceptable!

The crowd began to hurl threats at Kelsey and his men.

Suddenly, Kelsey whipped his gun and slammed it on the table.

“If anyone intends to stand up for her, show yourself! Let us see if your head can withstand my bullets!”

The crowd fell silent with terror and uttered a word no more.

This army ruffian had no mercy!

But finally, a silver haired elderly man stepped out of the crowd.

He removed his coat, revealing the military uniform he wore inside.

On his shoulders, two stars shimmered.

General!

This old man was a general!

These army ruffians were in for a bad time now!

“Which faction are you lot from?” The elderly man bellowed.

“Now, get on your knees and beg for forgiveness, and then we’ll drag you to the military court and have them judge you.”

# NH

However, Kelsey did not budge at all.

Kelsey casually took out a jade token and flung it onto the table, “Open your eyes and take a good look at who I am.”

“You don’t have the right to give me orders!”

The crowd took a closer look at the jade token.

Everyone was blown at the sight of the token!

It was the Great Marshal’s Seal!

Unbelievable, it was the Great Marshal’s very own Seal!

Only The Great Marshal had the rights to possess a jade token as such!

That meant that this army ruffian right here was the true Great Marshal!

“On your knees!”

Kelsey barked angrily as he fired a shot into the air, “Not kneeling before the Great Marshal is an offence punishable by death!”

The crowd fell to their knees in terror.

“Take this waitress away, abort her child. I want her delivered to my bedroom tonight.”

Understood!

Kelsey’s henchmen were going to drag the

NH

waitress out after all.

Everyone felt a chill in their hearts, it was tragic.

It was unbelievable, the Great Marshal they highly respected was such a scumbag!

Taking the girl by force, with no concern or respect for anyone else! Shameless!

The heroic image of the Great Marshal shattered in an instant.

From now on, Eurasia shall have no Great Marshal again!

That very moment, a loud and deep voice came.

“Stop!”

The crowd turned towards the voice.

From the corner, a young man stood up and steadily paced towards the Great Marshal.

Someone recognized him.

“Is this not Julian, the son of Ares?”

“Yeah, a few days ago he had claimed himself to be the Great Marshal’s apprentice, and made the headlines for harassing a girl in the streets!”

“But after that the Great Marshal clarified that this Julian is not his apprentice.”

“What does Julian intend to do here?”



NH

Ares glared at Julian in disdain, “Son of Ares, Julian Thistleton?”

“Are you trying to butt in?”

“I’d suggest you scram. I haven’t reprimanded you for pretending to be my apprentice the last time. This time if you piss me off, I won’t have any mercy on you.”

Julian sighed, “Too bad then, but this time I must say something.”

“Everyone, I am here to clarify what really happened a few days ago.”

“Actually, I already knew for a fact that the Great Marshal was a pervert who assaulted a great number of women!”

“Last time when I was pretending to be his apprentice and harassed a lady on the streets, it was all an act! My purpose was to lure out the Great Marshal himself, and show everyone his true colors!”

“And now, the Great Marshal has been lured out by me!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

The people in the crowd remained unconvinced. Incredulous glances and looks of suspicion were exchanged. They could only wonder whether he was telling the truth.

The Great Marshal laughed coldly. “Even if you lured me here successfully—now what? Even Ares was no match for me, so what could you even hope to accomplish?”

Even as he spoke, the Great Marshal was already leaping into action, seizing the opportunity to attack first.

Julian just laughed loudly, like the notion was unthinkable. “I have already trained myself to the seventh level of the Ares Magical Arts.

Unwilling to show any weakness, Julian charged forwards to intercept his attack.

The people in the crowd parted hurriedly as Julian tore by, diving aside in their haste to get out of the way.

Both Julian and the Great Marshal were renowned as Gods of War in their own right.

And now with the two of them locked in a furious battle, someone was going to end up bringing down the roof in a very literal sense.

However, the unexpected soon happened.

The battle was over as quickly as it had begun. In the blink of an eye, the two warriors had exchanged blows and the winner was determined.

## NH

It took only one blow from Julian to send the Great Marshal flying. Blood bubbled from his mouth continuously as he coughed.

Julian remained unscathed, with not even a single hair out of place.

Stunned and dumbfounded in equal measure, the crowd stared in disbelief.

The Great Marshal, who was the best warrior that Eurasia had to offer, had lost to Julian in less than three moves!

No one could fathom the strength that Julian must have in order to achieve such a feat.

The entire situation was unbelievable to the point of being ludicrous!

It was becoming more than likely that Julian was well on his way to replacing the Great Marshal as the number one warrior in Eurasia.

Julian walked towards the servant girl who had been harassed, gallantly helping her up from the ground. He asked, "Are you okay, Miss?"

Moved to grateful tears, the servant girl sniffled. "Thank you, young master Julian! Thank you for saving me."

"No problem," Julian said, waving a hand casually. "It's what I should have done."

Holding onto the table for support, the old general who had his kneecaps smashed in stood up

# NH

gingerly.

“Young master Julian truly deserves the title of God of War,” he said slowly, “He is powerful, does not fear evil, and fights only for justice.”

“Truly your prowess is equal to that of heaven,” the old general continued, “You should be honored as Tyr, Heaven’s Equal.”

Within the depths of the crowd, a lone voice shouted, “Long live Tyr!”

The crowd roared their assent, repeating the man’s cry. Soon, the name Tyr resounded across the clouds, shaking the very skies.

Under the generous encouragement of the Thisleton family, the news of Julian’s achievement spread like wildfire through Eurasia.

Soon enough, the Eurasian public descended into an uproar.

The Great Marshal—he who had been venerated as the pride of Eurasia, he who inspired belief in the hearts and minds of all of Eurasia’s citizens—had been witnessed harassing a woman who was one of their own, forcing her to abort her unborn child just so he could have her all to himself.

Unable to stand by and watch this injustice happen, an old general had spoken up to defend the woman. Unthinkably, the Great Marshal had then cruelly broken both of the old man’s legs in retribution.

## NH

In the end, it was ‘Tyr’ who had stopped the Great Marshal and brought him to justice for his crimes.

The story had spread overnight. It had taken even less time for fear to seed itself into the hearts of the Eurasian population. Their morale crumbled, just as the Great Marshal’s reputation crumbled.

But even then, Tyr’s reputation had been solidly ingrained into their minds.

And Tyr, the hero who had vanquished the disgraced Great Marshal, was all set to replace him and take his place on top of the pedestal.

...

Dawn had barely broken when Lacey woke Zeke hurriedly.

“Zeke—Zeke, wake up! There’s been huge news.”

Her voice was outraged. “Can you believe it? I had no idea that the Great Marshal was such a scumbag. Why didn’t you tell me about him earlier? I literally worshipped him as my hero, Zeke!”

Zeke rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. He was fairly sure his hearing was not functioning as well as it should be. “Lacey, I have absolutely no idea what you’re talking about.”

Still outraged, Lacey showed him the large headline displayed on her phone.

Zeke’s sleepiness vanished instantly, replaced

## NH

with boiling anger.

That bastard, Julian Thistleton, was slandering his reputation again.

This time, he had even gone to the lengths of finding someone to impersonate as the Great Marshal. Fuming, Zeke thought that alone was a good enough reason to make him pay ten times over.

Zeke's first thought was to kill Julian. There was no other alternative.

With murder in his mind, Zeke was interrupted by the arrival of Sole Wolf, the General North.

He had seen the news as well and had come to ask Zeke if they should proceed to eliminate Julian.

After thinking deeply, in the end, Zeke only shook his head.

"Let it go," he said finally, "for now, we're not going to take any action against this. I don't want Julian harmed either."

Disbelief flooded Sole Wolf's mind. He remained puzzled, even after turning Zeke's decision over in his mind more than a few times.

Zeke saw his visible confusion and answered, "Bloodsworth and his syndicate are still on the run. He's also under the impression that I'm still lying crippled on a hospital bed."

## NH

“If we go after Julian now, wouldn’t we just expose ourselves?” he grinned slyly. “Julian also wouldn’t fall for our trap then. So, we have to remain under the radar by not doing anything. If Bloodsworth truly thinks that I’ve been crippled, he’ll make a comeback very soon and we can defeat him once and for all.”

Sole Wolf sighed. “If you say so.”

Zeke’s grin grew wider. “Of course, I may not be going after Julian, but I expect a discreet capture of all the actors that he’s been working with. Bring them here after you’ve captured them. They’re going to help me clear my name in the future.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

## NH

“That won’t be a problem,” Sole Wolf said, leaving immediately.

Not too long later, the criminals were all brought before Zeke.

Sole Wolf had not just managed to capture the man who had been impersonating as the Great Marshal, Kelsey Barker, but also the servant girl whom he had allegedly harassed, as well as the ‘old general’ who had nobly acted as the good Samaritan.

Impressively, Sole Wolf had even managed to round up the background extras who had played the part of the gathered crowd witnessing the incident.

Zeke smiled grudgingly. He had to hand it to Julian, the man had truly pulled out all the stops just to take him down this time.

Now faced with Zeke, the background extras were terrified out of their wits.

Even Kelsey’s voice trembled as he demanded, “W-who are you people? Why did you capture us?”

“So, you’re the Great Marshal?” Zeke asked with a faint smile. “You certainly look different from the one I met.”

Overwhelmed and caught flat-footed, Kelsey’s entire body was practically shaking. “I don’t know who you are but if you know what’s good for you, you’ll let us go immediately.”



## NH

“I’m good friends with Tyr,” he threatened, “if anything happens to me, you’re all going to pay the price.”

Zeke shrugged, utterly unconcerned. “Tyr? I’m sorry, but as long as I—the Great Marshal—remain standing, Julian Thistleton’s day will never come.”

The words hit Kelsey like a thunderstorm.

The other ‘actors’ lifted their heads to look at Zeke with a mounting sense of terror. “Great Marshal? You... you’re the Great Marshal?”

“The one and only.” Zeke smiled at them pleasantly, but there was something about his smile that raised the hairs on the back of their necks.

“Take them away,” Zeke said. “Wait for my order to sentence them.”

Waves of desperation crashed over the actors.

The Great Marshal should have been hunting down the mastermind behind the entire scheme for payback first. Instead, they could only wonder why he had gone after them first instead of Julian.

Julian had promised that he would protect them. But the actors were bitter, knowing that he was probably not even aware that they had been captured.

The actors were not wrong. At this moment, Julian was still blissfully unaware of the fact that

## NH

Kelsey Barker and his friends had been captured by Zeke.

In fact, Julian was well and truly puzzled as to why Kelsey had failed to show up for their little duels over the past few days.

In the meantime, Julian had been focusing all of his efforts on finding the real Great Marshal.

And yet, days had passed without even a single peep from the Great Marshal. It was almost as if the Great Marshal was content to let the entire incident slide, without even the slightest sign that he was looking for payback, or even leave Julian a warning.

It made Julian's blood boil.

Julian had rationalized it neatly, determining that the Great Marshal was afraid to face him and so continued to cower in whatever hole he was hiding in.

After all, a single mountain had no room for two tigers. Having two Gods of War under the same auspices was unprecedented, unheard of in history.

It would be normal for the Great Marshal to be wary.

And now, with even the Grand Marshal treading carefully around him, Julian decided that he had absolutely nothing to fear about Zeke Williams, who was but a useless lackey of the Great Marshal.

## NH

Even now, the thought of the humiliation he had suffered at Linton Group made his blood boil.

The grudge had to be repaid in full.

Of course, solidifying the glorious name of 'Tyr, God of War' in the records was just an added bonus.

With thoughts of revenge driving him, Julian cleaved a path towards Linton Group purposefully.

At this moment, Zeke had his own little troubles to worry about.

For the past few days, he had been acting like a cripple to draw out Bloodsworth from hiding.

That meant swallowing his pride and not dealing with Julian, as well as shouldering the weight of his tarnished reputation.

But Bloodsworth had not appeared. In fact, there was not even a single whisper of his existence.

Zeke was both speechless and exasperated, knowing he had allowed his reputation to be tarnished for nothing.

It was probably better if he set things straight as soon as possible. He did not want the Great Marshal's currently stained reputation to settle permanently in the public impression.

Just as Zeke was still mulling it over, he heard the door of Lacey's office next door being forcefully

## NH

kicked open.

Julian's raised voice followed, yelling strings upon strings of profanity.

A pleased grin spread across Zeke's face. He had just been thinking about teaching Julian a lesson and the man had promptly offered himself up on a silver platter. That saved Zeke the time and energy needed to hunt him down.

Cracking his knuckles in anticipation, Zeke stood up and walked next door.

Entering the office after kicking down the door, Julian was currently threatening Lacey. "Where is Zeke Williams? Tell him to come out and face me like a man!"

Knowing that Zeke was just next door, Lacey was not afraid of Julian's threats. But she was annoyed and decided to ignore him.

Seeing Lacey's apathetic treatment of himself, Julian swore to himself furiously.

"Apparently, I've been too nice to you," he bellowed. "Brothers, trash this place! Let's see if that coward Zeke still wants to hide then!"

Julian's henchmen acknowledged his orders, preparing to demolish Lacey's office.

But before they could do that, a pair of large feet planted themselves into the small of Julian's back, sending him flying forwards unceremoniously.

# NH


The owner of that pair of feet looked pleased with himself. Unquestionably, it was Zeke.


He walked to Lacey's side. "Lacey, are you okay?"


Covering her stomach with her hand unconsciously, Lacey said, "I'm fine. But—ugh—I think I might have gotten a scare. I'm going next door for a glass of water."

She retched as she left.

Unbeknownst to Zeke, Lacey was starting to suffer from morning sickness.

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NH

Zeke was slightly confused.

He was still unaware that Lacey was pregnant and wondered how much of a scare Julian had given her to prompt her to vomit spontaneously.

Or, maybe Julian was just that disgusting.

At this moment, Julian, who was still lying on the ground, was about to explode from the raw anger that shot through him.

He was now Tyr, Eurasia's no.1 warrior that was set to replace the God of War. And yet this man had the guts to land a sneak attack on him. If word of this situation ever got out, he would never be able to live it down.

Damn it, Julian cursed inwardly. Zeke must die today.

The last time they had faced off against each other, he was truly not as powerful as Zeke, leading to his humiliating defeat at the other man's hands.

Now, however, he had mastered the seventh level of the Ares Magical Arts. He had attained the full-fledged rank as a God of War in his own right. There was nothing he had to fear from Zeke.

Glaring at Zeke, Julian ground his teeth. "Getting cocky are we, Williams? Your own master wouldn't even face me head-on, and yet a brat like you still dares to ambush me?"

Up until now, Julian still had no idea that Zeke

NH

was actually the Great Marshal, thinking that Zeke was just a follower of his.

“Afraid to face you?” Zeke asked incredulously, not sure whether he should laugh or cry. “No, he just can’t be bothered to deal with you.”

Julian’s anger flared to new heights.

He snarled, “I’m not the man I used to be anymore. Now, I’ve already mastered the seventh level of the Ares Magical Arts. I’m as powerful as any God of War. I’ll crush you just like any other bug!”

Zeke smiled beatifically. “Just the seventh level of the Ares Magical Arts? Are you seriously going to brag about that?”

“You shameless bastard!” Julian shouted angrily. Zeke’s taunting remark had gone too far.

He roared, charging at Zeke.

With his feet planted firmly on the ground, Zeke tucked a hand behind his back and braced his other hand to intercept Julian’s attack.

The move infuriated Julian to no end. Judging by his stance, Zeke meant to use just one hand to fight him. Does he really think so little of my abilities?

Julian’s seething anger boiled over. He swore to himself that he was going to at least break Zeke’s arms and legs today and cripple him. It was either that or his name was not Thistleton.

NH

The two warriors collided with each other, marking the start of their battle.

The fight had barely even begun before four successive loud cracks could be heard.

The disturbing sound echoed loudly in the office where they had been fighting.

After that, the battle was over.

For one long second, nothing happened. In the next, however, Julian suddenly toppled onto the ground, paralyzed.

Zeke on the other hand remained standing, with his feet still planted firmly on the ground. He had not moved at all.

Julian lowered his head to look at his arms and legs.

Disturbingly, they were bent and twisted at odd angles and when he tried to move them, he could not exert any force on them at all.

Then, the pain hit him. It was white-hot, burrowing deep into his brain and heart with every tiny movement.

Suddenly, Julian knew with agonizing certainty that Zeke had broken all of his limbs.

He had no choice but to believe it.

The pain was unbearable.



## NH

It manifested itself in the strangled scream that tore from Julian's throat, echoing in the office long after it started. The all-consuming pain was not the only thing Julian felt. A cold sense of fear was also creeping up on the parts of his mind that were not yet numb with pain.

In one encounter, with just one hand, Zeke had crippled Tyr's limbs.

It was impossible and yet, it had happened.

How did he do it? Julian wondered numbly. I'm Tyr, a God of War who mastered the seventh form of the Ares Magical Arts. How could I lose to him so badly? Was I just too weak?

No, it was Zeke who was too powerful.

And if a mere follower of the Great Marshal could be so strong, what about the Great Marshal himself?

Zeke was right. The realization struck Julian with a mounting sense of horror. The Great Marshal was not afraid of a fight with me. Rather, he probably views me as only a waste of his time.

Upon hearing the commotion, the security guards had arrived, only to find themselves staring tongue-tied at the scene before them.

They had a seriously growing sense that their presence in the company was quickly becoming unnecessary. Considering how good of a fighter their boss was, it was probably time for them to consider a career change.

NH

Zeke ordered, "Bring up the prisoners that we captured a few days ago."

"Yes, sir." The security guards quickly scrambled into action, escorting Kelsey Barker and the others into the office.

Upon seeing a pitifully crippled Julian, Kelsey gawped in shock.

He inhaled in surprise. When he had last seen Julian, the man was on the same level as the God of War, powerful and unstoppable. But now, he had been reduced to a useless cripple.

What fresh hell happened to him?

Julian was supposed to protect them. That was their agreement.

Looking at the situation now, that would only happen when hell froze over.

Julian was equally frustrated when he saw Kelsey and the other actors. There was little wonder now as to why he had not seen them around for the past few days. Evidently, they had been captured by Zeke long ago.

Too late to do anything about it, Julian finally understood that he was well and truly doomed.

He was certain that Kelsey and the others would definitely expose the truth of his entire scheme if only to save their own skins.

# NH



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## NH

Over the past few days, Julian had painstakingly built his valiant reputation as 'Tyr'. Now, it seemed like it was all going to crumble around him.

With a look of satisfaction on his face, Zeke ordered, "Toss them out of the building."

The security guards quickly acknowledged the order.

In no time at all, they had unceremoniously evicted Julian and his actors onto the cold, hard ground outside of the building, where they lay in an undignified heap.

A swarm of busybody passersby immediately descended upon them, looking at them curiously. Someone in the crowd immediately recognized Julian as Tyr, the God of War.

"Hey," the person shouted, "isn't that Julian Thisleton, the new legendary God of War? Is he crippled? Damn, who did that to him?"

Another voice chimed in. "I'll say, Julian was the one who defeated the Great Marshal. But if someone could still cripple him... Damn, how strong could that person possibly be?"

"Hold on," the first voice said, "the one beside him... isn't that the Great Marshal himself?"

"Yeah, it is," someone else replied, sounding appalled. "Huh, I wonder what happened here... why is the Great Marshal kneeling here as well?"

In a bid to save his own skin, Kelsey had no

## NH

choice but to spill the beans. “Okay, okay. I’ll come clean!”

“I’m not actually the Great Marshal,” Kelsey said. He took a deep breath. “I was impersonating him.”

He poured the entire nefarious story out, leaving nothing unsaid.

The crowd was stunned.

However, their shock promptly turned to anger as they hurled strings of insults at the cringing actors. It had all been a plot by Tyr to discredit the Great Marshal after all.

Tyr had enlisted the help of an actor to impersonate the Great Marshal, painting a convincing picture of the Great Marshal harassing an innocent woman in order to stain his reputation. Then, Tyr had stepped out to stop the Great Marshal, solidifying his own hero’s reputation as a God of War keen to upholding justice.

Tyr—God of War, Heaven’s Equal—was nothing more than a jealous man who used underhanded tricks to curry favor and was no better than any lowlife gangster.

With his name cleared and his reputation restored, the Great Marshal turned out to be the actual hero that the people should have believed in all along.

Once again, the news spread across Eurasia like wildfire.

## NH

Just as quickly as he had built his reputation, Tyr had now become the target of scorn and ridicule by the general population. As the crowd hurled insults at him, Julian felt anger thrummed through his veins. At the same time, the pain from his broken limbs still gnawed at him.

The two combined were too much for him. His vision darkened and he slid out of consciousness.

Julian had to spend two full days in the Intensive Care Unit before he could be returned to Thisleton Manor.

Even then, Julian could not seem to bring himself to care. In fact, the thought of just dying and letting everything end seemed very appealing to him now.

The Thisleton family was a respected royal family who prized strength in battle above anything else. And now, Julian was a cripple who had no place in the family except as a target of scorn and ridicule.

To anyone, the fall from being the pride of the family to a useless cripple would leave a mental scar beyond imagination. To Julian, it was downright unacceptable. His spirit had been broken.

Just as he was spiraling deeper into depression, a commotion at the door caught his attention.

At the door, the herald's voice was loud, shaking the entire Thisleton Manor. "Hear ye, let us welcome home Ares!"

## NH

The Thisletons quickly gathered in the great hall to welcome Ares home.

For the past few days, they had lost contact with Ares, who had seemingly fallen off the grid.

Ares was the beating heart of the Thisleton family. When he had gone missing, the Thisleton family had been left without a leader. Morale had been low as they lived in fear of what the next day would bring.

But today, Ares had finally returned. Naturally, the Thisletons were going to welcome him personally.

In reality, the truth was that Bloodsworth, who had been impersonating Ares had suffered a crushing defeat earlier and retreated from Eurasia.

The real Ares had been held captive in an underwater base all along. Until today, he had finally broken free from his prison and rejoined his family.

Obviously, Ares was not keen on telling that particular humiliating story.

He was Ares, one of Eurasia's top aces. If the humiliating news of his two-year capture by the enemy forces were made public, it would be a disgrace to his title and a disgrace to Eurasia.

Upon knowing that his father had returned, Julian felt the stirrings of hope for the first time since his defeat.

True, he had been crippled, but his father was

# NH

Ares, and he was more than capable to avenge him.

“Quick, push me to see my father,” Julian ordered his servant.

Obediently, his servant started pushing the wheelchair Julian had been forced to use, weaving through the gathered Thisletons to approach Ares.

“Father, your heir and son, Julian Thisleton, welcomes you!” Julian raised his voice proudly.

Ares had been making small talk with the other Thisletons, but the gleam in his eyes upon hearing his son’s voice betrayed the joy he felt.

He loved his son Julian like he loved nobody else. For the past two years that he had been imprisoned, Julian had always been in his thoughts constantly.

Today, he could finally see his son again.

Ares turned around excitedly. “Julian, son, did you practice your forms as I told you to? Did you slack off... “

His words trailed off abruptly when he finally got a good look at his son.



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Ares could not believe his eyes.

His beloved son was sitting in a wheelchair.

Detachedly, Ares could only wonder what wretched thing had befallen his son.

Julian smiled sadly, saying, "Father, I did as you asked. I was diligent in studying the Ares Magical Arts, practicing daily and not slacking off in the least. Finally, as a result of my hard work, I mastered the seventh level of the Ares Magical Arts."

The news shocked Ares, who felt a sudden joy bloom within his chest. When he had been Julian's age, he had barely mastered the fifth level. But his boy had already managed to master the seventh level. He knew with certainty that his son's achievements would outrank his own in the future.

Perhaps someday, Julian would even exceed the Great Marshal.

The future of the Thisleton family was secure.

Ares let loose a hearty laugh. "That's my boy, always making me proud. Did you suffer a backlash when mastering the seventh level and injured your legs, Julian? It's fine, you'll be standing and walking again in less than a month."

Shaking his head slowly, Julian let out a sigh. "Father, I actually controlled the backlash when I mastered the seventh level."

## NH

Ares felt a stab of cold shock. His expression grew grim. “Then why are you still sitting on that wheelchair, my son?”

Wretchedly, Julian sighed again. “Father, I was permanently crippled by an opponent greater than me. All my mastery of the arts means nothing but ash now.”

He bowed as low as the wheelchair would allow him to. “I am sorry, father, for being such a disappointment.”

The cold lance of shock within Ares’ heart melted into boiling anger. His expression was twisted by the force of his rage and disbelief.

Just as the Thisleton family had been given the hope of having an heir whose abilities had the potential to exceed that of the Great Marshal’s, someone had the audacity to break the boy’s wings.

The loss suffered by the Thisleton family was unbelievable. If Ares did not avenge this injustice, he would be dishonoring generations upon generations of Thisletons.

“Who hurt you?” Ares growled as veins popped on his neck and forehead. “Bring me to him.”

“It was a boss of one of the listed companies,” Julian said, “he’s very powerful. I wasn’t his opponent at all.”

Ares scoffed. “A mere businessman? A lowly businessman dared to injure my son? I’ll demand

## NH

the lives of his entire family as compensation. Come, we're going to meet with this businessman."

Julian did not dare to tell his father that Zeke was actually his long-lost daughter, Lacey's husband. He was worried that Ares would hesitate and show mercy if that was the case.

But in reality, Ares was still unaware that his long-lost daughter was alive, much less the fact that she was now the wife of the Great Marshal.

Two hours later, Ares was pushing Julian on his wheelchair towards the entrance of Linton Group. They were about to enter the building when they were stopped by the security guards at the door.

"Hold it, you've been blacklisted," the security guard said sternly. "Entry denied."

Julian sneered. "Who's going to stop me? You?"

The security guard looked faintly exasperated. "Aren't you tired of getting beat up, young master Thisleton? The first time you were here, you had your bladder kicked until it burst. The second time, your limbs were crippled. This time, you might not even be able to leave alive."

The security guard's impudence remarks struck a nerve within Julian. He was beyond furious at him for bringing up the past humiliations he had suffered here. His teeth made an odd sound as they ground loudly against each other.

Ares sighed, "Imagine two mere security

## NH

watchdogs being so insolent. I must conclude that their master is even worse. Truly, I'd like to see what kind of man he is."

Pushing Julian ahead, Ares entered the building.

"Stop!" the security guard yelled. The father and son duo were immediately surrounded by more security guards. "You are not allowed to enter the building!"

Ares smiled coolly. With a single shake of his great frame, five or six of the security guards were immediately sent flying. The downed security guards spat blood, having sustained serious internal injuries.

They stared at Ares with wide eyes, wondering what sort of hotshot he could be if he was more powerful than Julian.

Could it be... he's a God of War as well?

The realization dawned on them. He must be Julian's father, Ares!

The security guards were on the verge of panicking when they realized that another one of Eurasia's greatest warriors, Ares had arrived. He was second only to the Great Marshal. For a moment, they were worried about their boss' abilities as they wondered if he could stand against Ares and live to tell the tale.

At this moment, Zeke was just about to leave Linton Group with the intention of heading towards the underwater base. He had done the

NH

calculations. Today was the day Ares broke free from imprisonment and he wanted to welcome him back personally.

At the same time, he wanted to take the opportunity to talk to Ares about the truth of Lacey's parentage.

Funnily enough, it was in a corridor on the second floor that he suddenly encountered Ares and his son, Julian.



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When Ares saw Zeke, he was confused.

What is the mighty Great Marshal doing in such a small company?

On the other hand, Zeke did not seem surprised by Ares' arrival at all. If Julian had not sought Ares' help to avenge him, well, then Zeke would actually be surprised.

Before Ares had a chance to even exchange greetings with Zeke, Julian had already opened his mouth.

He pointed an accusing finger at Zeke, angrily saying, "Father, this is the bastard who crippled me. Please, you must avenge me!"

Zeke merely snorted contemptuously. "We'll see if he's brave enough to do that."

Julian felt his anger spiked. He shouted, "Do you know who my father is? He's the greatest warrior in all of Eurasia, second only to the Great Marshal!"

"I'll tell you what," Julian continued angrily, "my father's power might even exceed that of the Great Marshal now! And you have the audacity to say that my father's scared of killing you? What a joke."

The earnest smile that spread across Zeke's face now was too bright to be anything but fake. "Come now, Ares, do tell him whether you think it's a joke or not."

## NH

Ares flushed an unpleasant shade of brick red. He had not anticipated Julian's enemy to be the Great Marshal himself.

He fought the urge to sigh as he wondered what had his brat of a son gotten himself into, to the point of offending the Great Marshal.

Without any hesitation, he backhanded his son. "Boy, shut up now."

Julian was stunned by the sudden blow. "Father, what was that for? This man is just a follower of the Great Marshal. Besides, even the Great Marshal would have to give you some respect if he met you, so why are you afraid of just one of his followers?"

"Silence, Julian!" Ares bellowed. "You're talking to the Great Marshal himself, boy!"

Julian was thunderstruck.

He stared wide-eyed at Zeke, his mouth dropping open in surprise. For the first time, there was a healthy amount of fear in his eyes.

Zeke isn't just a follower of the Great Marshal, he is the Great Marshal!

I had been clashing with the Great Marshal the whole time.

Suddenly, the fate of having all four of his limbs crippled did not seem so bad after all. He had somehow come out of the entire ordeal with his life still intact, which was probably the biggest

## NH

blessing he was ever going to receive in this lifetime.

Julian knew it was far too late for regret, but he still silently cursed the Great Marshal for keeping such a low profile.

If only he had known that Zeke was the Great Marshal earlier, then there would be absolutely no way that Julian was going to provoke him.

At this moment, Julian could feel that his entire being was filled with regret.

Ares asked carefully, "Great Marshal, would you mind telling me how my son managed to offend you to the point where you had to cripple all four of his limbs?"

Zeke's expression was stone-carven. "He is guilty of exactly three crimes. First, he tried to kill my pregnant wife. Second, he had someone impersonate me and harass an innocent woman to stain my reputation. Third, he tried to kill me multiple times!"

For the second time that day, Ares was utterly gob smacked. His gaze betrayed his exact surprise.

Any one of those three crimes alone would be enough for the Great Marshal to sentence the entire Thisleton family to death along with Julian. And yet, Julian had still managed to commit all three of those crimes and remain breathing.

Zeke had only crippled him, leaving his life intact. Shamefully, Ares knew that all this was only



## NH

possible because of the respect the Great Marshal had for him.

Ares hit his son on the back of his head once more, the force he had used was enough to send Julian sprawling from his wheelchair.

“Bastard child,” Ares hissed, “hurry up and thank the Great Marshal for his mercy.”

Now that he knew Zeke was the Great Marshal, Julian realized that he was already very lucky to still be breathing at the moment. He immediately bowed at Zeke’s feet, lowering his body so that his head brushed the ground as he apologized fervently.

At this moment, Lacey had walked out from her office to see the source of all the commotion. “Zeke, what’s wrong?”

Upon seeing Lacey, Ares shuddered unwillingly as his eyes lit up in recognition.

Yvette!

My beloved first wife, Yvette! She... she’s alive?

Ares checked himself before he could do something regrettable. The girl before him was barely in her early twenties, she was much too young to be Yvette. His wife should have been more than forty years old now.

Now that he had a closer look at the girl, he could see that she looked slightly different from Yvette. She was as beautiful as his wife, but the shape of

## NH

her eyes reminded him of someone familiar.

Unless.. could this girl be the daughter that I had with Yvette?

It had to be. She have my eyes, after all.

The lance of sudden emotions that struck Ares made him want to cry. For years, he had slaved and poured all of his efforts into finding his lost daughter.

He was about to open his mouth to say something when Zeke shook his head and shot him a look. It was a look that brooked no room for argument.

“Lacey, this is an old friend of mine,” he told her. “It’s nothing to worry about. You can go back to work. I’ll be back in a bit.”

“If you say so.” Lacey smiled at her husband. “See you soon.”

She was busy anyway, so she turned to leave without any hesitation.

The moment Lacey had left out of earshot, Ares turned to Zeke and demanded, “Is that girl my long-lost daughter?”

Zeke sighed. “Come with me.”

He led Ares into a nearby break room. Zeke said, “It’s true. Lacey Hinton is your daughter.”

“I finally found her.” Ares laughed wildly. “After all

# NH

these years, I finally found her! For so long, I've been digging wells hoping for a trickle of water, but now the ocean appears before me. Take me to her, now!"

Zeke's expression cooled abruptly. "Sorry, but I don't think you have any right to meet her."

Stunned, Ares was momentarily frozen in surprise. "What do you mean?"



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“All those years ago, did you really think that Lacey and her mother just got lost in a mountain and never found their way out?” Zeke asked. “Have you never even considered that they were set up by someone else?”

Ares’ emotions suddenly churned turbulently. “Tell me then, what actually happened? Was there another deeper conspiracy to them getting lost in the mountain?”

Zeke nodded. “All of this happened because of your second wife, Lilith. She was jealous of Lacey’s mother and wanted Yvette’s status for herself. So, she sent someone to kill both of them.”

“Fortunately, Lacey’s mother caught wind of the plot just in time and managed to escape with a baby Lacey,” Zeke continued, “but Lilith was relentless, she ordered her people to continue hunting them down. To protect Lacey, Yvette used herself as bait to lure the assassins away. It’s unknown whether she’s still alive currently. Lacey would have died too if she weren’t adopted by a kind-hearted couple who happened to pass by.”

For the umpteenth time that day, Ares found himself shocked.

“I knew there was something suspicious about that case, even all those years ago.” The glass in Ares’ hand shattered as his bloodthirsty urges reared its ugly head. “Well, I’m glad you proved me right then. Lilith’s actions in inciting internal strife in the Thisleton family to the point of causing death is a crime punishable by death.”

## NH

“Exactly. As such, I’ll only let Lacey return to the Thisleton family if and only if you finish eliminating all the threats to her safety,” Zeke said.

Ares gave an unpleasant laugh. “I can assure you, that won’t be a problem. Now, why don’t you tell me about you and her? What is your relationship with my daughter?”

“We got married a short time ago,” Zeke said.

Zeke could almost see the expression in Ares’ eyes that read, ‘Get a divorce. Immediately.’

“You cannot be together with my daughter,” Ares said without any hesitation.

Zeke was not surprised in the least by the answer, having expected Ares to give that reply.

“Why?” Zeke asked, knowing full well the reason behind it already.

“Do you really need me to spell it out?” Ares said in a pitying voice. “You are the Great Marshal, representative of all fourteen billion of the Eurasian population. You have enemies all over the world that’s out for your blood, with all of them being extremely dangerous in one way or another. Yes, you are powerful and your enemies may not be able to defeat you, but Lacey isn’t invulnerable. If you continue to stay by her side, she’s going to become your weakness. All of your enemies will come after her to get you. I don’t want my daughter to live the rest of her life with that kind of fear hanging over her.”

## NH

Zeke inhaled deeply. “You know I can protect her. I promise that no harm will come to her with me around.”

“And what will you promise me with?” Ares said unyieldingly. He then sighed. “But if you truly want to be with my daughter, there is an alternative. Retire and go into hiding. Give up the title of the Great Marshal.”

“You know I can’t do that,” Zeke said quietly. “I’ve been maintaining the peace of Eurasia. If I retire from the world, Eurasia will descend into chaos. I can’t run away from my duties to Eurasia just for the sake of my self-interests. Unless—unless there was someone stronger than me. Someone who could take on the mantle of the Great Marshal.”

Ares snorted. “How hard would that be? My current abilities have long exceeded yours, Zeke. I know I’m worthy of being the Great Marshal.”

“I’m afraid not.” Zeke swept a dismissive gaze over him. “In fact, I think you still have a long way to go.”

Ares slammed his hands onto the table. “Is it really that hard for you to admit that there’s someone more skilled than you? The Great Marshal truly is nothing more than a narrow-minded fool.”

“Just you wait,” Ares said bitterly. “Once I’ve recuperated for a few days to return to my prime, I’ll challenge you for the rank of Great Marshal. And I swear, I will replace you.”

# NH

He left in a huff.

Zeke massaged his temples.

Truth be told, he truly hoped that Ares could win his challenge and become the next Great Marshal. However, attaining the rank of Great Marshal was not just about the glittering facade of glory and honor, but rather a deep understanding of the duty and responsibilities that came with it.

Honestly, Zeke was tired of the shadow of the Great Marshal hanging over him too.

It was a pity then, that judging from what he sensed from Ares' released energy, the gap of power between the both of them was still considerable.

The first thing Ares did after returning to the Thisleton Manor was to summon all the members, old and young alike, of the Thisleton family.

Seeing Ares' enraged expression, the Thisletons knew at once that things had not gone well for him. They fidgeted uncomfortably in their seats, not daring to breathe a single word.


Ares scanned the gathered crowd with his withering gaze, unable to find any sign of Lilith.

He demanded, "Where is Lilith?"

# NH

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# NH

Everyone shook their heads.

The butler answered, “Mrs. Thisleton hasn’t returned home ever since she got into the helicopter that day. I’ve been trying to get in touch with her, but to no avail.”

Ares frowned. “She left via helicopter? Does anyone know where she went? Or why she left?”

The butler froze. “Sir, you were the one who arranged for Mrs. Thisleton to leave. You should be the clearest on where she went or why she left.”

Previously, it was Bloodsworth who had been masquerading as Ares that sent Lilith to the maximum-security prison.

The point was to lure Zeke there so he could be killed.

It was there that Lilith finally realized that the ‘Ares’ who had slept next to her for the past two years was nothing but a fraud.

She figured that the real Ares would be making his victorious return very soon.

By then, news of her assassinating Lacey Hinton’s mother would’ve gotten to him, and her life would be in jeopardy.

Thus, she decided to pack up and return to her parents’ home, never planning to return again.

After giving it some thought, Ares was able to

## NH

deduce more or less all that had happened.

Lilith clearly ran because she's afraid of getting caught.

"Find her! Search the whole world if you must, just find Lilith!" Ares commanded.

"Yes, Sir!" the butler hurriedly answered.

Ares then glanced at Julian. "Come with me."

He led Julian to his office.

"Your mother has gotten in touch with you, hasn't she? I'm sure you know where she is."

Lilith Goldace was none other than Julian Thisleton's mother.

Julian shook his head. "I really don't know, father. I've tried contacting her, but I can never get through."

Really?

Ares was very doubtful of his son's words. He took Julian's phone from him and used it to call Lilith.

But just like Julian said, the call couldn't get through.

Only then did Ares trust his words a little more. "If Lilith contacts you, tell me right away. Otherwise, don't blame me for being coldblooded when I kick you out of the Thisleton family."

NH

Julian hurriedly nodded. “Yes, father. I will heed your words.”

“Also, just how did you piss off Zeke Williams?” asked Ares.

Julian opened and closed his mouth a few times, but was unable to give any proper explanation.

Ares snorted. “Hmph, I can see that you’re worried that Lacey Hinton will threaten your own interests when she returns to the Thisleton family, aren’t you?”

Hearing Ares bluntly pointing out his most inner thoughts made Julian blush red.

“No, that’s not it, father. I... I’m not...” he stammered, trying to defend himself.

“Enough.” Ares waved his hand dismissively. “Take this as a lesson. In the future, anyone who dares go against our house rules will face dire punishment.”

Julian gave Ares a quick nod, then hurriedly backed out of the room.

Ares looked up at the moon and felt all sorts of emotions running through him.

The Harvest Festival was right around the corner.

It was a day where families would get together in celebration.

He wanted nothing more than to bring Lacey back

## NH

to the Thistleton family, and for the whole family to dine together at one table and as one family.

It was unfortunate, however, that Yvette was likely long lost to him.

Meanwhile, at Linton Group, Lacey Hinton was still in the dark about the truth of her own birth.

Zeke knew that Ares would want Lacey to return to the Thisleton family soon.

He had intended to break this news to her beforehand.

However, each time he tried to broach the subject, he just couldn't figure where to start.

Lacey had sensed Zeke's odd behavior. "Zeke, what's going on? Is there something that you want to tell me?"

Zeke nodded, then he took a deep breath. "Lacey, do you remember how the Sullivan family said that you were impervious to any and all poisons?"

"Of course I do," nodded Lacey. "What about it?"

"Lacey, there's something you should know. This immunity you have is very, very rare. It's not something that any average person can possess. At the very least, the person has to be from a noble family with a lineage that would date back to maybe a century ago. Do you understand what I'm getting at here?"

# NH



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

“What you’re saying is, I don’t have this kind of immunity?” asked Lacey, puzzlement visible on her face.

Zeke was at a loss for words at that.

“No, you misunderstood me.”

“Alright, alright. I don’t care about this immunity thingy. All I want is to be able to be with you and that’s enough for me.”

“Oh! And I have something to tell you too.”

Zeke looked at her curiously. “What is it?”

Lacey unconsciously put her hand on her belly as her face flushed red.

She felt rather shy to bring up the pregnancy herself.

Right at that very moment, the sound of things being smashed could be heard coming from downstairs.

Dawn’s screams soon followed.

“What are you doing? Stop! Stop it!”

What’s happening?

A look of alarm crossed both Zeke and Lacey’s faces, and they hurried downstairs.

The floor below them held the office space for the construction division of Linton Group.

## NH

The person in charge of this division was none other than Dawn Castaneda.

Eight bulky-looking men were violently trashing the office at that very moment.

The area looked like a tornado had hit it. There were even multiple staff members who had gotten hurt.

Dawn's head had also been smashed and blood was pouring out of the wound.

Despite that, she was still desperately trying to stop the brutes from doing any more damage.

When Lacey laid eyes on the destruction, her face instantly turned pale. She ran to Dawn and dragged her to a safe corner.

"Dawnie, are you okay?"

Dawn broke down in tears. "Lacey, Zeke! Quick, stop them!"

"How could they do all this?"

Zeke looked at the men and roared, "Stop! All of you, stop!"

But the eight men barely even glanced at Zeke as they continued to pummel everything in sight.

Damn it!

Zeke could no longer hold in his fury. He aimed his foot at the row of stools next to him and

NH

kicked hard.

The stools flew out like missiles and headed straight for the eight brutes.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The men flew backwards from the impact.

All of them were heavily bloodied and bruised, and one of them even had his head hit so hard that he went into shock right on the spot.

F\*\*\*!

The seven other men flew into a rage. “How dare you assault us? You must have gotten tired of living! Do you even know who we work for?”

“Shut it!” hissed Zeke. “It’s not your turn to speak.”

F\*\*\*ing hell!

The men raged, “You need to be a taught lesson, you bloody imbecile!”

They pushed themselves off the floor.

Zeke’s body tensed as he stared at them with reddened eyes. His whole body was emitting a deadly aura.

All of a sudden, it felt like the temperature around them had dropped a few degrees.

The brutes inhaled sharply. Zeke’s deadly aura had completely stunned them.



## NH

That was when they realized they were standing in front of a very powerful person that they most probably shouldn't cross.

The brutes quickly shut their mouths, not daring to say anything else.

Zeke walked up to Dawn and said, "Dawnie, tell me what happened."

Dawn sobbed, "They're thugs sent by Starburst Constructions."

"Linton Group and Starburst Constructions were bidding for the same project a few days ago. In the end, we won the bid because we were obviously the better choice."

"But Starburst Constructions refused to accept their defeat. They've been going around causing all kinds of trouble for us, and they want to force us into handing this project over to them at a low price."

"Naturally, I wasn't going to give them what they wanted, so they've only gotten worse since then. They've sent people to create all sorts of trouble at our construction sites, and now they've even come right onto our doorsteps!"

Zeke frowned after hearing Dawn's account.

This was something that was commonly seen in the construction industry.

However, for Starburst Constructions to be so flagrant about it undoubtedly meant that they had

# NH

powerful connections.

But to Zeke, it really didn't matter just how powerful those connections were. They were all equally insignificant in his eyes.

Zeke looked at the brutes and ordered, "Give your boss a call. Tell him he needs to pay for all these damages!"

"Let's see. I estimate about one billion worth of property damage and another ten billion for Dawnie's medical bills. So that's eleven billion in total."

Pffft!

The brutes sniggered.

They had seen their share of arrogant men, but never one as arrogant as Zeke.

They had only broken a few office furniture and roughed Dawn up a little, and yet the man had the nerve to demand eleven billion from them!

Absolutely ridiculous!

Everyone knew how stingy their boss was.

He was someone who wouldn't pay anyone even one extra nickel, much less eleven billion!

# NH



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

“Listen here, boy. It’s in your best interest to hand the project over to us and let us leave. Then maybe we can pretend that none of this happened. Otherwise, not only will you not get even one nickel from us, but you’ll find yourself in a mess so deep that you’ll never be able to find your way out. My boss isn’t someone you can just mess around with.”

With his interest piqued, Zeke raised his eyebrow. “Oh really? And just who may your boss be?”

“They call him ‘Top Dog.’ He’s not only the top dog in Atheville, but the whole of Eurasia too. Even those in Glasbury need to be respectful of him.”

“So your boss is some big shot from the military circle? But as far as I know, military personnel aren’t allowed to do business,” stated Zeke.

“Our boss isn’t part of the military circle. However, he is related to one of the most powerful figures in it.”

“Who?” asked Zeke.

“Ares of the Thistleton family! My boss is his nephew!”

“Why have I never heard of Ares having a nephew? Besides, it doesn’t really matter to me that Ares is your boss’ uncle as even Ares himself needs to kneel before me when he sees me.”

The brutes were stunned for a second before bursting into laughter.

NH

“Am I hearing this right? Is this idiot saying that he knows Ares?”

“You’re saying that Ares needs to kneel before you? Who do you think you are? The bloody Great Marshal?”

“If you are the Great Marshal, then I’m the bloody King of England!”

“What are you trying to do exactly? Kill us with your jokes? Hahaha!”

Zeke remained expressionless. “I’ll give you ten minutes. If your boss doesn’t pay up by then, you all can consider yourself done for.”

One of the men, who happened to be bald, whipped out his phone and called his boss.

“Boss? We ran into a bit of trouble. Some obnoxious dude assaulted us.”

Top Dog roared through the phone, “Imbeciles! Bunch of useless trash! Why can’t you handle something as simple as this? Who assaulted you exactly? The people from Linton Group?”

The bald guy affirmed, “Yes, Sir. The people from Linton Group assaulted us.”

“Didn’t you tell them who I was?”

“We did, Sir. But that guy said that even Ares himself needs to kneel before him.”

What the hell?

## NH

Top Dog flew into a rage. “How dare he insults my uncle! Bloody hell! Wait right there! I’m on my way.”

The bald guy continued in a derisive tone, “Oh, and Sir, he also asked you to bring eleven billion to pay for the damages, or he will make you suffer.”

“Eleven billion? What is he? Nuts? Tell him to go rob a bank! Or better yet, tell him I’ll give him a quarter. That’s all his life is worth to me!”

The bald guy hung up the call and looked at Zeke smugly.

“I suggest you be a good little boy and beg for forgiveness now, Williams. And pay us one million in compensation for psychological damages. Perhaps then, we’ll consider sparing your life. How does that sound?”

Zeke shook his head slowly. “That’s actually the exact same thing I wanted to say to you.”

“Get on your knees and apologize to Dawnie right now, or... No, actually, I won’t spare you your lives. But I will be swift about it so you won’t suffer as much.”

knowing full well that they had Top Dog backing them, the brutes had nothing to fear, and thus they continued to behave obnoxiously and impudently.

Not long after, a man with a huge beer belly walked in, and following closely behind him were

NH

multiple men in black suits.

The man with the beer belly was none other than the brutes' boss, Top Dog.

Zeke could easily tell that the suit-wearing bodyguards had military training.

If his deduction was correct, then they were most probably retired special forces.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

When the brutes saw Top Dog, they all rushed to his side.

“Boss, you’re here! You’ve got to avenge us!”

“Who was the one that assaulted you?” asked Top Dog.

The brutes pointed to Zeke.

A look of disgust flashed across Top Dog’s face. “What the heck? The eight of you can’t even take down a scrawny man like him? How useless are you?”

The brutes lowered their heads in shame, unable to refute their boss’ admonishing.

Top Dog walked up to Zeke. “So you’re the one who assaulted my men?” he asked icily.

“Did you bring the money?” asked Zeke instead.

Top Dog put his hand into his pocket and dug out a quarter. “Here, as I said on the phone earlier, your life is only worth a quarter, so I’ll be buying it with this. Now, are you going to make things easier and end things yourself, or would you rather I torture you to death?”

Zeke took the quarter from Top Dog, then unhesitatingly threw a slap right across his face.

“Thanks for the quarter. I’ll use it to pay for your coffin.”

Zeke’s slap was very strong. It was so strong in



NH

fact that the momentum from it actually caused Top Dog to spin around a few times before collapsing onto the ground.

The brutes stood rooted to their spot and gawped in shock.

Despite having prepared themselves for a confrontation of sorts, they still hadn't expected Zeke to be that abhorrent.

How dare he attack our boss so recklessly?

"Truthfully, I don't have much time to waste on you lot. Who's the mastermind behind you all? Get him here so that I can take care of everything in one go."

F\*\*\*!

The vein on Top Dog's temple popped. "Get him! Beat him up into a bloody pulp!"

"No, wait! Spare him his last breath. I want to have my fun slowly torturing him."

"Yes, Sir!"

The bodyguards immediately surrounded themselves around Zeke and closed in on him.

Zeke sniggered before absentmindedly waving his arm in front of him.

Silver needles flew out from his fingers and pierced right into the bodyguards' legs.

## NH

One by one, the bodyguards grabbed their legs in pain and crumpled onto the ground howling.

“What the hell?”

“My leg! It feels like there are millions of ants gnawing at my leg!”

“What’s happening? My leg is killing me! Make it stop!”

Everyone’s jaw fell open again.

Those eight bodyguards were all highly-trained special forces, and yet they were so easily neutralized before even reaching Zeke.

Just how powerful is he? Does he have some kind of superpower? How did he neutralize them without even touching them?

The fact was, no one had seen the needles fly out because they were so small and swift.

Top Dog started to tremble. Realization dawned on him that he had come across a very tough opponent this time.

The man in front of him was an extraordinary man.

The moment this realization crossed his mind, Top Dog was immediately filled with the desire to recruit him.

He took a deep breath before speaking his next words. “I can see now why you’re so arrogant.

## NH

With your talents, I'd say it's understandable. How about you come and join me instead? I'll not only ignore your past transgressions, but I'll also make sure you become bigger and better. Who knows? You might even get a chance to serve Ares personally."

Zeke shook his head. "I'm afraid he's not worthy."

Top Dog answered, "That's fine. I know you think you're not up to the task now, but I'll train you well. Besides, given my relationship with Ares, it'll be a very easy thing for me to give you a position that's close to him."

Obviously, Top Dog had misheard what Zeke said.

Zeke frowned deeply. "Listen carefully this time."

"I said, Ares is not worthy of having me serve him."

Such insolence!

Top Dog shuddered involuntarily. "How dare you be so dismissive towards Ares? You sure got a set of steel balls on you! If Ares finds out..."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

Zeke rolled his eyes at him impatiently. “Are you done yet? Just call the mastermind or whatever trump card you guys have and ask them to come over here. Otherwise, I’ll just finish you off right here and now,” he growled before stalking towards Top Dog.

Top Dog hurriedly backed up a few steps then dug out his phone and dialed a number.

“Uncle Killian! Someone is trying to kill me! Help!”

At the same time, an intimidating-looking troop of guards had just departed from the Thisleton Manor and were headed towards Linton Group.

Ares had decided that today was the day that he was going to bring Lacey Hinton home; she was finally going to be inducted back into the Thisleton family.

In order to show his sincerity, he had specifically dispatched his guards to seal off the streets and clear the area.

Then, he was going to board his private helicopter and welcome Lacey home himself.

On the way to Linton Group, the phone of the captain of the guards rang.

The caller ID showed that the call was from ‘Nephew.’

It turned out that the captain of the guards was none other than Top Dog’s uncle, Killian Chene.

## NH

Killian could feel a headache building the moment he saw who was calling him.

This nephew of his often went around causing trouble and always expected him to clean up his messes for him. Honestly, he had gotten quite sick of it.

Seeing the call, he easily surmised that his nephew had gotten himself into some kind of trouble again.

He answered the call and instantly heard Top Dog wailing on the other end.

“Uncle Killian! Someone is trying to kill me! Help!”

This immediately caught Killian’s attention.

“What? Who’s trying to kill you? Where are you right now?” he asked anxiously.

“I’m at Linton Group. Come quickly, Uncle Killian!”

What!

Killian’s head started to throb painfully.

This idiot is stirring up trouble at Linton Group?

Ares is going to Linton Group today so he can finally meet with his long-lost daughter.

If whatever this brat has done throws a spanner in the works, then Ares will surely want my head! Or worse!

Damn it! I need to get there ASAP so I can clear

NH

whatever mess that dumb nephew of mine had gotten into!

“I’ll be there soon! Stay there, you brat!” huffed Killian.

Killian hung up the call and picked up the pace.

He needed to get to Linton Group and remove all the unnecessary people before Ares arrived.

Top Dog looked extremely smug after his call with Killian.

“Just you wait, Williams!” he sneered.

“My uncle is on his way right now. And when he arrives, you’ll be done for.”

Zeke raised an eyebrow as he studied him. “Is Ares really your uncle? Did you actually asked him to come here?”

Top Dog chuckled coldly. “You’re too small a fish for me to summon Uncle Ares, so I only asked for one of his guards. He’ll be more than enough to finish you off.”

Zeke rolled his eyes in exasperation. “Even Ares himself is no match for me, much less a guard of his.”

“Whatever you say, man! Go ahead and keep bluffing, you nut job! Bluff your way to your own grave!”

Not long after, a loud ruckus could be heard

NH

coming from downstairs.

Top Dog ran over to the window and peered out.

What he saw astonished him greatly. There was a motorcade of luxury cars parked right in front of Linton Group.

Car after luxury car filled the streets with no end in sight.

The car doors opened and out came hundreds and thousands of guards.

They automatically split themselves up into two teams.

One was in charge of sealing off the streets and making sure no one else could enter, while the other followed their team leader Killian into Linton Group.

Top Dog couldn't be more delighted to see this.

Uncle Killian is damn amazing for doing all this!

I can't believe he rounded up so many men and dispatched so many awesome-looking cars!

And he's even sealing off the streets too!

It sure looks like he's out for blood today!

Oh my gosh! This is so amazing! I can brag about this day for the rest of my life!

# NH



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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## NH

“Williams! Come and have a look at what’s in store for you!” gloated Top Dog.

“With so many skilled fighters around, you’re practically dead already! Heck, I’ll get on my knees and lick your shoes if you make it out of here alive today.”

Zeke chuckled. “I’ll look forward to it then.”

Lacey took a peek at the intimidating crowd of men downstairs and her heart fluttered nervously.

With an ashen face, she turned to look at Zeke. “Zeke, will... will you be okay? Maybe we should just hide. There’s too many of them!”

Zeke assured her with a smile. “Do you still not trust your husband’s abilities?”

In response, Lacey’s forehead remained furrowed.

She knew that Zeke was the Great Marshal’s disciple. But he was still just one person. How was he supposed to fight through so many enemies?

While Lacey was feeling anxious, Killian and his men arrived.

In an instant, the whole space was packed with hundreds of men dressed in black suits.

Top Dog immediately ran up to Killian in excitement. “Uncle Killian, you’re finally here! If you took any longer, I might have already died!”

## NH

“Enough with the nonsense! Hurry up and tell me who’s the one causing trouble here,” snarled Killian frantically.

There wasn’t much time left for him to clear the building.

Top Dog pointed straight at Zeke. “It’s him!”

Without a second thought, Killian waved his hand and ordered, “Grab him!”

Killian didn’t recognize Zeke. He didn’t know that the man he had just ordered to take down was Ares’ daughter’s husband.

From how Zeke was dressed, Killian had assumed that he was just another average office worker.

The guards immediately swarmed up to Zeke and pinned him to the ground.

Killian breathed a sigh of relief before turning around. He was about to head back downstairs to await Ares’ arrival when he heard a loud bang behind him.

Immediately following the loud bang were sounds of things hitting the ground, peppered with painful moaning.

Huh?

Killian spun around.

What he saw froze him to the spot.

## NH

His team of men was strewn all over the floor in a radial pattern as if they had been hit by an explosion.

They were groaning and twitching in pain, struggling to stand up yet finding themselves completely unable to do so.

What the hell? What on earth happened?

How did my men turn out like this in just a matter of seconds?

Did Zeke alone throw them all onto the ground?

But... that's impossible! How can one man have such an explosive power?

Zeke shook his head in disappointment. "What a bunch of useless trash," he sighed.

"Alright then, now it's your turn. Are you going to finish yourself off, or are you going to force me to do it myself?"

Killian's heart started thumping erratically. "You... How dare you! Do you even know who we are?"

"Of course. You're Ares' guards. But from what I just saw, you lot should be ashamed to call yourselves as such."

Killian retorted, "So you know that we're with Ares, and yet you still dare assault us? Are you that eager to die?"

"Why wouldn't I dare? I would hit even Ares

NH

himself, much less his men.”

F\*\*\*!

Killian clenched his jaw in anger. “Very well. You got a set of balls on you. I’ll relay everything you just said to Ares, and we’ll see what he’ll do with you.”

He had just finished speaking when the whirring sounds of a helicopter interrupted them.

Following that, a very expensive-looking private helicopter descended onto the roof of the building.

Killian’s eyes shone brightly. “Ares is here! Just you wait. Your life is his now!”

Top Dog and his brutes were so ecstatic they were practically buzzing.

I can’t believe Uncle Killian actually asked Ares to come here. All just to avenge little ol’ me!

Bloody heck! This is such a huge honor! I can die without any regrets now!

On the other hand, Lacey and Dawn’s expression had paled considerably.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

“Zeke, even Ares is here. Are you sure you can still manage? There’s no way we can escape now, so maybe... maybe you should give the Great Marshal a call and ask for his help.”

Zeke gave her a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry. Ares is here to help us.”

Ha!

“What a load of crap!” snorted Killian.

“If it weren’t for me, you wouldn’t even be worth one second of his time. If he’s here to help you, then... then I’ll eat poop!”

Zeke chuckled. “Very well. Then you’ll eat poop, and Top Dog will lick my shoes.”

The arrogance!

Ding!

The elevator doors opened.

Ares stepped into the office with his servants in tow.

Each of the servants had a gift in their hands, including a pearl-encrusted tiara, a robe woven with gold thread, a jade pendant, and plenty of other extravagant pieces of jewelry.

Any of the items alone would be enough to fund a whole army.

Killian anxiously ran up to Ares.

## NH

He hadn't been able to clear the building in time, so he knew he was in trouble.

However, he had a plan. He was going to use Zeke as a scapegoat.

Ares would then focus all his anger on Zeke, and he himself would likely be able to get away with just a minor disciplining.

Killian knelt on the ground and bellowed, "Welcome, Ares!"

Top Dog and everyone else immediately followed suit and got on their knees to show their reverence too.

Ares' eyes swept across the room. What he saw caused anger to boil inside him.

"What on earth is going on here?"

"Sir, he was causing trouble. We tried to stop him, but he assaulted our men. As it turns out, he's too powerful for us. Please forgive us, Ares."

Top Dog hurriedly chimed in. "That girl standing beside him, Lacey Hinton. She's an accomplice too!"

Lacey stumbled backwards in fright.

What?

Ares nearly blew a fuse right then and there.

He had put so much effort into planning all this so

NH

he could welcome Lacey back to the Thisleton family with grandeur.

He even carved time out of his busy schedule just so he could personally bring her back.

Yet, his own men had attempted to hurt not only her, but the Great Marshal himself!

These imbeciles are going to ruin everything!

In a fit of rage, Ares kicked Killian in the stomach hard.

Killian flew backward like a bullet, whammed into the wall, and became firmly embedded in it.

A few of his ribs were broken from the impact and blood continuously spewed from his mouth.

He stared at Ares with his eyes wide with horror and confusion.

Why... Why did he kick me?

Top Dog and the others were having a semi-meltdown as well.

They were beginning to realize that maybe there was a reason as to why Zeke had been so obnoxious earlier...

Was he actually being truthful?

Is he really unafraid of Ares?

Is he actually worthy of being in Ares' presence?

# NH

Ares glared at all the men who were still strewn across the floor and yelled, "Move!"

The men immediately crawled to the sides, opening a path for him.

With all sorts of emotions running through him, Ares strode right up to Lacey.

"You and your mother Yvette look so very much alike. It's like you're two peas in a pod. I'm really sorry for what happened all those years ago. It was my fault that I wasn't able to protect you and your mother. All I ask is for you to give me a chance to make it up to you. I'll give you everything you deserve and more. Follow me, your father, back home. Okay?"

W-what?

Hearing Ares' proclamation, Killian and the other men began to tremble as cold sweat broke out across their bodies.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

So... So Lacey Hinton is the daughter that Ares was planning on bringing home?

And I was going to give her trouble...

Oh crap! If I had actually taken Lacey away, then I'd have way more than a few broken ribs right now.

Argh! Top Dog, you bloody imbecile! You nearly got me killed!

The sheer terror of it all was too much for Killian, and it caused him to pass out right then.

Lacey stared at Ares with her mouth slightly agape.

Who am I?

Where am I?

What is happening?

What did Ares just say to me?

Feeling extremely flustered, she instinctively reached for Zeke's hand. "Zeke, what... what is he saying?"

Zeke took a deep breath. "Lacey, do you remember what I told you about having the immunity to poisons?"

Lacey furrowed her brows in thought. "You said that the average person couldn't have such an immunity. The person would have to be a

## NH

descendant of a century-old noble family...”

Lacey’s eyes widened in shock as she inhaled sharply. “Zeke, are you saying... Are you saying that I’m... I’m from the Thisleton family?”

Zeke nodded his head solemnly.

No! No! No!

Shock and disbelief flashed across Lacey’s face as she stumbled backward. “No, you’re mistaken! I know who my parents are! My dad is Daniel Hinton and my mom is Hannah Lawson. You’re all terribly mistaken! Zeke, come on. Let’s go. I don’t feel like working today.”

It was only natural for Lacey to be unable to accept this bombshell of a truth right away.

Zeke gave a little sigh. “Lacey, this is all true. I’m sorry, but you can’t run away from this. You have no need to worry though as I only wanted you to know the truth. As for whether you’ll return to the Thisleton family or not, you have complete say over the matter. No one can force you otherwise.”

“Lacey!”

Daniel and Hannah’s voices suddenly cut through the tension.

Zeke had notified them earlier and asked them to come and help soothe Lacey.

At this point, it really did seem as if the elderly couple were the only ones who were able to calm

# NH

her down.

When Lacey saw her parents, she immediately ran over to them and threw herself into Hannah's arms.

"Mom! Zeke is being mean! He conspired with others to trick me! You have to teach him a lesson!" sobbed Lacey.

Hannah hugged Lacey tightly, and she too started tearing up. "My poor sweetie."

Daniel himself was trying to ease his frustrations through smoking. He had just finished one and immediately lit another.

"Lacey, listen to me. Zeke isn't lying to you. You are indeed a Thisleton. Me and your mom... we raised you but we didn't give birth to you."

No!

Lacey covered her ears, refusing to listen to anything else. "Stop talking, Dad! I'm not going to believe anything you say! You're my parents! And you'll be my only parents until the day I die!"

Zeke could feel his heart breaking for Lacey.

If he knew she was going to react so strongly, he wouldn't have told her anything.

He walked up to her and tried to console her.

With all the evidence in front of her, Lacey ultimately had no choice but to accept this cruel

# NH

truth.

Ares waved his hand and ordered, “Don the tiara and robe on her! Let’s bring my daughter home!”

The servants immediately stepped forward to place the pearl-encrusted tiara on her head and drape the robe woven with gold thread around her shoulders.

But Lacey quickly shrunk backward. “Don’t touch me! I’m a Hinton! I’ll always be a Hinton until the day I die! No, even as a ghost, I’ll still be a Hinton! I will never go back with you to the Thisletons!”

The servants looked at Ares awkwardly, not knowing how to proceed.

Ares sighed.

He understood that Lacey needed time to process all of this. It would be a while before she could accept and forgive him.

“It’s alright. I’ll let Lacey take a few days so she can come to terms with this news.”

“But Lacey, it’ll be the Harvest Festival in a few days. I really hope that you’ll go with me to the Thisleton Manor so everyone can meet you. Please? Even... even if it’s just as a guest?”



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## NH

Lacey was about to refuse when Daniel hurriedly jumped in. “We’ll go with Lacey to visit your home then, Mr. Thisleton.”

At the end of the day, the blood running through Lacey’s veins belonged to that of a Thisleton. So it was only right for her to go and pay respects to her elders. It wouldn’t be right if she continued to refuse.

“Alright then!” Ares nodded before turning to leave.

“Wait!” Zeke called out.

“No one can leave yet. We still have a score to settle. Who was the one who said that they would lick my shoes if I weren’t on my knees begging for my life?”

An alarm went off in Top Dog’s head. He immediately crawled over to Zeke and started lapping hungrily at his shoes like a dog.

Zeke then glanced over to Killian, the one who said that he would eat poop if Ares didn’t pummel him to death.

However, with the state that Killian was in — broken ribs and all — it was likely he was too crippled to do much else.

Thus, Zeke decided to ignore him. Instead, he turned to ask Ares, “Is this your nephew, Ares? Is this how you teach your youngsters?”

Ares’ face contorted in disdain. “Rubbish! Who

NH

told you that this useless piece of trash was my nephew?”

“He said so himself,” answered Zeke.

Ares exploded with anger. “What? How dare you use my name in vain! I’m going to kill you!”

“No! No, I didn’t!” trembled Top Dog. “I’ve said nothing but the truth! Uncle Killian is my uncle. And since he’s a brother to you, aren’t you technically my uncle too?”

Ares shot daggers at Killian. “A puny guard dares claim to be a brother to his boss and master? Take him home! We’ll deal with him according to our house rules.”

Killian broke down and wailed. “Sir, I’ve only been telling the truth too. You were the one who said that we were brothers. We even made a blood oath! Have you forgotten?”

Ares froze for a little, then a light bulb went off in his head.

Clearly, it had been when Bloodsworth was pretending to be him. Killian had made a pact with the fake Ares, who presumably needed Killian to do something unspeakable.

Otherwise, there was no other explanation as to why he would pay any attention to a small fry like Killian.

More often than not, insignificant characters like Killian had the ability to do big things. And also

NH

cause tremendous damage.

Ares decided to bring Killian back with him for further interrogation. He wanted to see if the latter was colluding with the fake Ares.

Ares gathered all the men and departed the building.

After he left, Lacey sought solace in Zeke's embrace. One of her arms was placed protectively in front of her tummy.

"Zeke, promise me that no matter what happens, you'll all stay with me."

"Of course," Zeke assured as he stroked her hair.

Later, when the mother and daughter were by themselves, Hannah leaned in to whisper to Lacey. "Lacey, I've noticed that you've been protective of your belly. Tell me, do you have a mini-Zeke in the oven?"

Lacey's face blushed pink as she nodded shyly.

A big grin broke across Hannah's face. "Silly girl. This is great news! Why didn't you tell us earlier? Zeke too! It's one thing for you to be irresponsible, but how can he not tell us either?"

Lacey hurriedly interjected. "Mom, you can't blame Zeke. He doesn't know either."

What?

Hannah was rendered speechless! "You... I can't

NH

believe you! How can you not tell the father himself?”

“I’m embarrassed to tell him,” pouted Lacey.

“Forget it. Leave it to me. I’ll tell him myself,” said Hannah.

Hannah immediately went and sought Zeke out.

“Zeke, are you busy? If you’re not, go and buy two trays of eggs. From tomorrow onwards, boil two eggs for Lacey every breakfast. In addition, you should quit smoking immediately. It’s bad for the child.”



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## NH

Hannah thought that Zeke would catch her hint since she had made it so obvious.

Hence, she left after saying those words.

On the other hand, Zeke was left in great puzzlement as he tried to decipher her words.

“Did mom ask for two extra eggs for Lacey because she thought there wasn’t enough nutrition in Lacey’s breakfast? But Lacey has been having a great appetite lately. So much so that her stomach is starting to swell. Also, Mom didn’t mind my smoking in the past. Why did she tell me to quit suddenly? Bad for the child? So it seems no matter how old Lacey is right now, she’s still a child in her parents’ eyes.”

At the Thisleton Manor.

Julian, who was crippled, lay on his bed with the help of his servants.

No matter how hard he tried, he just could not fall asleep.

Now that he was a cripple, he no longer had a place in the Thisleton family.

If Lacey were to return to the family, then where would he stand?

What should I do? He heaved a heavy sigh.

Creak!

In the dark and silent night, a creaking noise

# NH

sounded.

It sounded like someone opening a wardrobe.

Instantly, Julian tensed up.

The first thought that came into his mind was that an assassin had broken into the house.

Just as he was about to shout, a warm hand covered his mouth abruptly.

“Hush, Julian. It’s me.”

Julian shuddered.

It was the voice of his mother, Lilith Goldace.

Didn’t she escape in fear of punishment when the earlier incident was uncovered? Why is she here?

After recollecting himself, Julian asked, “Mom, why are you here?”

Lilith whispered, “Don’t speak, Julian. I’ll bring you somewhere.”

Julian asked again, “Where to?”

Lilith answered, “You’ll find out when you’re there. You can’t walk, so I’ll carry you.”

Pretending to be one of the servants, Lilith sneaked out of the Thisleton Manor with Julian on her back.

Outside the Thisleton Manor, a car was waiting

## NH

for them.

After they boarded the car, it drove off.

Half an hour later, the car stopped in a small village.

Julian instantly recognized that this village was the one relying on the Thisleton family for its survival.

The villagers here made a living by selling their agricultural products to the Thisleton family.

After getting down from the car, Lilith carried Julian into a shabby house.

In the house, a towering man was fully focused on his book.

It seemed like he did not notice their arrival.

Julian looked at the man, baffled. "Who is he?"

After placing Julian on the chair, Lilith stepped forward to pat the man's shoulder. "Sir, I've brought him here."

"Good," the man answered as he turned around.

A shudder ran through Julian's body, and he nearly fell off from his chair.

Bloodsworth was the head of the Bloodsworth Syndicate and the archenemy of Eurasia.

Oh my god. Bloodsworth is in Eurasia, and he's

NH

hiding so close to Ares!

What was more shocking to him was that it seemed like his mother had pledged loyalty to Bloodsworth.

There were too much information to digest at one go and it took Julian some time to recover his shock.

In fact, Julian was still unaware of the fact that Bloodsworth had assumed the identity of his father, Ares, two years back.

It was purely coincidental for Lilith to pledge loyalty to Bloodsworth.

After she escaped from the Thisleton Manor, she encountered Bloodsworth.

Bloodsworth then captured her and gave her two choices.

She could choose to pledge loyalty to him, or he would send her back to the Thisleton family.

Lilith knew that she would be doomed if she returned to the Thisleton family.



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## NH

Other than that, Lilith was conquered by Bloodsworth's sexual prowess when the latter impersonated Ares in those two years. She had relived the good times over and over again in her mind.

Hence, Lilith agreed to become Bloodsworth's mistress.

When Julian saw Bloodsworth slowly approaching him, he panicked. "D-Don't come any closer! Mom, send me back now!"

He had often heard of the cruel deeds of Bloodsworth, and he was traumatized by the stories.

Lilith hurriedly consoled, "Don't move, Julian. Sir is trying to treat your leg."

What?

Julian whipped his head upward to look at Bloodsworth.

It was already a miracle for him to survive after Zeke severed his arm and leg tendons.

He did not have any hopes in recovering the functionality of his limbs.

However, Bloodsworth was now telling him otherwise.

Is this real? Julian did not mind living a short life if it meant that he could recover the use of his arms and legs.

NH

His voice trembled from excitement. “C-Can I really recover from this?”

After checking Julian’s limbs, Bloodsworth nodded. “Yes. It’s nothing major. If everything goes well, you’ll recover in half years’ time.”

Julian could barely believe his ears. “W-Why should I believe in your words?”

Bloodsworth replied, “You should know what the Bloodsworth Syndicate specializes in.”

“The Bloodsworth Syndicate specializes in poison.”

Bloodsworth nodded. “That’s right. Medicine is in fact poison in essence, isn’t it? Since we have already mastered the skill of poison, I don’t see a problem in concocting an antidote for you.”

Julian sobbed after listening to his words.

Bloodsworth’s remark sounded logical.

He hurriedly uttered, “Sir, thank you so much for your help. If I’m able to recover from this, I will do anything you ask for.”

As long as he could regain the use of his limbs, he would submit himself to the benefactor regardless of the latter’s identity as the archenemy of Eurasia.

Bloodsworth then sighed, “You know, even the best chef would need the right ingredient to cook a scrumptious meal. I’m lacking one vital

NH

ingredient for your medicine. Without it, even Hippocrates can't save you."

"What is it? I'll get it for you no matter the cost!"

Bloodsworth answered, "Gentiana scabra."

Julian was disappointed. "Gentiana scabra? One of the rarest plants in Eurasia? It's so rare that you can barely find it in the market. Only the Cygnus Room has a small amount of it. I... I'm not even capable of entering the Cygnus Room, not to mention getting my hands on it."

Bloodsworth chuckled, "Not just you. Even your father, Ares, could not get Gentiana scabra. But, if you will do me a favor, I'll get it for you."

Julian swiftly replied, "Please tell me what it is. I will give you my best."

"You should know that Zeke is the Great Marshal by now. Find a way to lure him out of Atheville. Meanwhile, I'll pretend to be the Great Marshal and get Gentiana scabra from the Cygnus Room."

Huh? Julian looked at Bloodsworth with doubtful eyes. "You're going to pretend to be the Great Marshal? Everyone who enters the Cygnus Room will have to go through a thorough examination, including the Great Marshal. Aren't you afraid of being exposed?"

Bloodsworth sneered, "Let me ask you, I pretended to be your father for two years. But have you ever noticed it?"

# NH

What does that mean? Julian became even more confused. “What do you mean by you pretended to be my father for two years?”

Lilith muttered, “Julian, I’ll be honest with you. The Ares you have seen in the past two years was actually Bloodsworth in disguise. The real Ares was locked up by him at that time and had only returned recently.”

Julian widened his eyes in disbelief.



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For the past two years, he had been living with the enemy who had imprisoned his father.

Moreover, he had called that man his father the entire time.

For a moment, he could not accept the cruel fact.

However, soon, he found relief.

Who cares if he's the enemy? So what if Bloodsworth killed my father? As long as he treats my legs, he's my benefactor.

Julian answered, "Okay, I'll do it."

Lilith worriedly asked, "Julian, can you really lure Zeke out of Atheville? You have to be extremely careful. This man is terrifying. If he finds out about the plan, he might kill you on the spot."

Julian reassured his mother, "Don't worry. I know what to do. It'll be the Harvest Festival in a few days. On that day, Lacey will return to Thisleton Manor and that is a God-given opportunity for me."

.....

Ares called Zeke, "Great Marshal, I've interrogated the captain of my family's guards, Killian Chene, and I've managed to get some information from him. But I'm not sure if they'll be useful or not."

Zeke answered, "Speak."

Ares continued, "The fake Ares, Bloodsworth, was

## NH

sworn brothers with Killian. He wanted Killian to help him look for *Gentiana scabra* without raising anyone's attention."

Zeke asked, "Gentiana scabra? One of the rarest plants in Eurasia? What does he need it for?"

"That's what I'm confused about. While the plant is rare, Bloodsworth wouldn't be interested in a plant like that."

Zeke nodded. "Yes. Although it's rare, it's only useful for people with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis. Only those with ALS would be interested in it... Hold on. ALS. Does that mean..."

Ares queried, "Great Marshal, do you mean that Bloodsworth might have ALS?"

Zeke answered, "Very likely. I've exchanged blows with Bloodsworth back at the high-security prison. Back then, I sensed that his agility and strength had greatly decreased, and his movements were stiff. From this I can conclude that he has ALS. However, he's still in his early stages, so it's not that obvious."

Ares beamed, "God must know where evil is. As long as we keep the *Gentiana scabra* from him, he'll die from ALS eventually. It'll save us the trouble."

However, Zeke shook his head. "I'm afraid you might be too optimistic about it. If he has ALS, it's unlikely that he's able to get out of this place. Hence, I think he's still in Atheville. The thing is, he's good at disguising himself. So, he might

NH

disguise himself as Cygnus Room's staff to steal *Gentiana scabra* from there."

Ares muttered, "You must strengthen your defenses for now. We can't let him have his way. He's the archenemy of Eurasia. We'll have to deal with him with caution."

Zeke replied, "I know. Are you trying to tell me how to handle things? Don't forget that I'm the commander of three armies, and you're my subordinate. Know where you stand and think before you speak."

Ares scoffed, "My capabilities are above yours now. When I return to my peak state, I'll challenge you for the title of Great Marshal."

Zeke responded, "Very well. I look forward to teaching you a lesson."

"Ha. I hope you'll do as well as you speak now when that day comes. Right. It'll be Harvest Festival soon. I hope you won't go back on your words and bring Lacey back to Thisleton Manor to be inducted back into the Thisleton family."

.....

The night of Harvest Festival was a night where families would get together in celebration.

Every house in Atheville was merry as laughter echoed the streets.

However, there was not even a tinge of happiness in Lacey.

## NH

Today, she would be celebrating the night with a group of family members she barely knew.

She was overwhelmed by an array of inexplicable emotions.

Initially, she wanted Daniel and Hannah to keep her company, but they rejected.



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## NH

Hannah uttered, “Lacey, you’re all grown up now. We can’t possibly be there for you on every single occasion. There are times when you’ll have to face those events yourself. Furthermore, we’ve been spending all of the previous Harvest Festival nights together. It’s time for you to go to Thisleton Manor. After all, that’s where your real home is.”

Lacey relented with reddened eyes.

Soon, Zeke and Lacey reached the Thisleton Manor.

It was a lively and merry atmosphere in the Thisleton Manor.

All of the members were busy setting up for the family dinner.

Zeke could see that their cheeriness was merely an act.

In fact, they were upset.

They knew that the main character of the dinner tonight would be an outsider—Lacey.

None liked that an outsider was going to outshine them, especially during a family dinner.

The most grudging one was Clyde Thisleton.

In the Thisleton family, Clyde had always been behind Julian, regardless of age or status.

As Julian was crippled, Clyde was technically the next-in-line for the head of the family.

## NH

However, Lacey appeared in a turn of events.

As the eldest daughter of the Thisleton's, she posed an imminent threat to Clyde's plans.

In fact, she might end up taking his position as the head of the family.

After all, the capability of the individual was the only factor for selecting the head of the Thisleton family; gender was irrelevant.

Therefore, Clyde had decided to seek an opportunity to strike at Lacey so that she would know not to compete with him.

When Ares realized that Zeke and Lacey had arrived, a joyous expression emerged on his face as he hurriedly came out to welcome them.

His actions upset the Thisleton's even more.

Ares had never expressed such enthusiasm toward them.

"Lacey, what took you so long? I've been waiting for ages. Come, take a seat. The dinner begins now."

The Thisleton's and the guests then took their seats.

Zeke had been taken to his seat at the table where Ares and the other elders of the Thisleton family were seated.

Although Ares was not convinced that Zeke was

## NH

worthy of his title as the Great Marshal, and he did not like the latter being in a relationship with his daughter, but Zeke was now the face of the nation, so Ares did not wish to embarrass him in public.

As for Lacey, she sat with the younger generations of the Thisleton family.

Despite Ares' love for her, he could not go against the family rules and let her sit at the table with the elders.

Lacey knew no one from the Thisleton family, so she was reserved. The entire time, she hung her head in silence and quietly ate her food.

Her peers in the Thisleton family were all chatting merrily, and they intentionally left her out of their conversations.

After Clyde drank two glasses of wine, he felt courage thrumming in his veins, and he walked up to Lacey.

“Hello, I’m Clyde Thisleton. You are an elder sister to me. Lacey, it’s nice to meet you. Let me toast you.”

Before Lacey could reply, Clyde had finished the wine in one go.

Then, he filled it up again. “Lacey, the family rules state that you’ll have to drink with me for the second glass.”

Lacey quickly explained, “I’m sorry, Clyde. I can’t


# NH


drink. Why don't down this glass of water instead?"


A displeased look crawled onto Clyde's face. "Lacey, are you looking down on me? I know it's an amazing feat to have built the Linton Group from scratch. But that doesn't mean you can look down on the Thisleton's."

Clyde was trying to ruin her reputation. He was insinuating that her claim of being unable to drink was a mere show of contempt for him.

In that instant, all the Thisleton's turned to look at Lacey.

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Lacey's face was flushed as she nervously fidgeted.

Should I drink it or not? But I can't drink. I'll be drunk after a glass of white wine. It'll be embarrassing for me to be drunk in such a formal occasion, right? But if I don't drink, Clyde won't let me off. The Thisleton's might even think that I'm insulting them. How can I salvage the situation if that happens?

Zeke knew that Clyde was putting Lacey in a tight spot on purpose.

Fury coursed through his veins.

Just as he was about to say something, Julian's voice sounded from behind, "That's enough, Clyde. It's just a minor matter. Did you have to exaggerate it in this way? Since Lacey can't drink, don't force her to. I'll drink on her behalf. I'm sure that's fine, right? Come, Clyde, let's drink."

Lacey looked at Julian in disbelief.

She somewhat had a hand in causing him crippled.

He had been hoping for her to die all along.

Why is he suddenly helping me today?

Since Julian had spoken up, Clyde could not do anything but to let Lacey off.

She sighed in relief at her escape.

## NH

Ares laughed, “It seems like Julian has learned his lesson. It’s good that he learns from his mistake.”

Zeke mumbled, “I’m afraid he has other plans in mind. A leopard can’t change its spots.”

Ares sighed, “I can’t believe the Great Marshal is so petty and unforgiving. Can’t you see that he has turned over a new leaf?”

With that, The Great Marshal and Ares were engaged in a war of words again.

The dinner ended after all the dishes were served.

Ares stood up and said, “Alright, return to your rooms and rest early. Don’t miss tomorrow’s ancestral-praying ceremony. Those who are absent or late without reason will be kicked out of the family.”

It was obvious in Ares’ speech that he prioritized the family’s praying ceremony.

Soon, the crowd dispersed.

Ares walked up to Lacey and said, “Lacey, stay over at the Thisleton Manor tonight. Tomorrow will be your first prayer, and you’ll have to rest well before it. It’ll be less tiring for you to stay here for the night instead of coming back here tomorrow morning.”

“Okay.” Lacey nodded in agreement.

After all, it was only for one night. It would be over soon before she knew it.

## NH

“Come. I’ll show you to your room.” Ares led Zeke and Lacey toward the guest rooms

On their way there, Zeke received a call from Cygnus Room.

After ending the call, Zeke hurriedly said to Lacey, “Lacey, I’m sorry. I have some important things to deal with right now. I’m afraid I won’t be able to keep you company tonight.”

“Huh?”

Lacey was disappointed to hear his words. “Can’t you deal with it a little later?”

Zeke shook his head. “No, I can’t. This matter concerns the safety of Eurasia.”

Lacey gasped. “It concerns the safety of Eurasia? Hurry up and go. You don’t need to be worried about me.”

“Okay.” Zeke rushed off.

Finally, Ares led Lacey to the most luxurious suite at the Thisleton Manor.

When Ares pushed open the door and looked at the surrounding, he sighed as nostalgia rushed into his heart.

“Lacey, did you know? Back then, your mother, Yvette Lexton, gave birth to you here. She had lived here for a year. What a pity that things have changed since then. I’m glad that God has brought you back here.”

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Lacey looked at the unfamiliar interior as a myriad of emotions swirled in her.

My birth mother once lived here?



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I was born here? If that accident had not happened back then, I would have been a beloved princess now, wouldn't I? But that means I wouldn't have met Zeke.

Ares lovingly patted Lacey's hair.

Subconsciously, she avoided his hand.

Her action was like a knife stabbing in his heart.

His own daughter was wary of him as if he was her enemy.

He could not find the words for the emotion he was feeling.

Forcing a smile onto his face, he mumbled, "Lacey, rest early. Don't miss tomorrow's ceremony."

"Okay."

Ares left after that, leaving Lacey alone in the suite.

She found herself wide awake in the foreign environment.

Every corner of her mind was filled with the image of Zeke as she rubbed her belly gently. If only he was here with me. But it's alright. I have Little Williams here with me. My mother has given birth to me here, and I'll give birth to my child here. This is the circle of life, isn't it?

She got lost in her train of thoughts as

## NH

drowsiness began to kick in gradually.

Just as she was about to fall asleep, a loud knocking sound woke her up.

Lacey warily looked at the door and asked, “Who is it?”

Julian’s voice came from behind the door. “Lacey, it’s me. Open up.”

Julian? What is he doing here in the middle of the night?

Lacey did not want to open the door for him at first, but when she thought about the way he helped her today, she gritted her teeth and opened the door.

Julian, who was in his wheelchair, was looking at Lacey with a sincere expression.

“Lacey, the ceremony is about to begin. Let’s go now. It’ll be terrible if we’re late.”

Huh? Lacey was bewildered. “It’s only two in the morning. We’re leaving this early?”

Julian explained, “This is the best time for us to pray to our ancestors. It’s been our family practice for decades.”

“Okay.” Lacey believed in Julian’s words and followed him to the praying ceremony.

It was dead silent in the Thisleton Manor, and there was not a single living soul around.

## NH

Lacey queried, “Where are the rest? Why aren’t they preparing themselves for the ceremony yet?”

Julian answered, “They’ve already left for the ceremony. They didn’t wake you. They wanted you to be late so that you’ll be punished.”

Lacey sighed.

She knew that the Thisleton’s did not like her, and so they intentionally excluded her out of their circle.

Luckily, Julian had been stunned by Zeke’s prowess, and the former was friendly to her.

After both of them entered the car, they left the compounds of the Thisleton Manor.

However, Lacey realized something amiss on their way there.

It had been more than an hour, but it seemed like they were nowhere close to their destination.

In fact, the car was on the expressway, driving toward the direction of Atheville.

She had overheard the Thisleton’s mentioning that their ancestral grave was not far from the Thisleton Manor.

It was impossible for it to be located out of the province.

She carefully asked, “Julian, this isn’t the way to the Thisleton ancestral grave, is it?”

## NH

Julian sneered, “Who told you that we’re heading to the Thisleton ancestral grave?”

Huh? Lacey was baffled. “Didn’t you say we are going to the praying ceremony? W-Where are we heading to?”

Julian laughed, “Where else could we be heading to? I’m personally sending you to hell to meet our ancestors!”

Oh no! Instantly, Lacey felt a chill enveloping her body.

She should have known that Julian would not help her.

It turned out he had only helped her to make Lacey lower her guard against him.

Lacey furiously pounded on the car windows, trying to escape, but the car doors were locked, and she could not open them.

She hurriedly dug out her phone to call Zeke.



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“Zeke, come and save me! I-I’ve been kidnapped.”

“Lacey, where are you?”

Before she could reply to him, Julian had snatched the phone away from her.

Lacey shouted, “I’m on Highway 405! Save me!”

The alarm in her mind were screeching.

Her life was no longer just hers alone.

She had another life in her stomach!

Lacey was not even sure if Zeke had heard the location she shouted.

Throwing Lacey’s phone out of the window, Julian took out his own to call Bloodsworth.

“Everything is going according to plan. Zeke has been lured out of Atheville. Act now.”

What? Lacey raised her head in terror as she stared at Julian.

Did he say that he has successfully lured Zeke out of Atheville? This... This is a trap! He meant to lure Zeke! Zeke is in danger!

However, her phone was now lying somewhere along the expressway, and there was no way for her to warn Zeke.

Despair overwhelmed her senses, and at that moment, she felt like dying.

## NH

Cygnus Room was located at its temporary base in Atheville.

It was the best scientific research lab in Eurasia.

Every piece of information in the room was a national top secret.

They also had the best defenses, and it would be impossible for even a fly to enter the compounds without alerting the guards.

The Great Marshal was hurrying into Cygnus Room.

However, this man was not the real Great Marshal.

It was Bloodsworth.

When he reached the doorway, the guard called out, "Great Marshal, please stop."

Bloodsworth halted and shot a glare at the guard. "I'm the founder of Cygnus Room. Am I not allowed into the room now?"

The guard answered respectfully, "Great Marshal, you've misinterpreted my words. Didn't you receive an urgent call and leave just now? Why are you back so soon?"

The fake Great Marshal replied, "I have found out that the urgent call was fake. I suspect that someone is trying to lure me away from this place so that they can infiltrate the Cygnus Room. Heighten the defenses at the entrance. I'll be

## NH

defending Cygnus Room from the inside. We'll work together just so the enemy don't get their way."

"Yes, Sir!" The guard answered with a somber expression on his face.

Hence, the fake Great Marshal managed to infiltrate into the Cygnus Room's treasury.

On the shelves of the treasury were various custom-made safes.

In these safes were the rare plants of Eurasia.

Bloodsworth knew what the market price for these plants were.

If he took them out to sell, the profits would be more than enough to take over a small country.

However, he knew that it was unrealistic for him to take out all of these plants.

Therefore, he wasted no time in commencing his search for the plant he needed—*Gentiana scabra*.

When he opened the safe closest to him, he found out that it was empty!

What's going on? Bloodsworth hurriedly opened another.

Similarly, it was empty.

So was the third, fourth, fifth...

## NH

By the time he opened the sixth, he was not surprised to find it empty as well.

A foreboding thought emerged in his heart. This can't be a trap, can it?

From the corner of his eye, he could see an unnaturally shaped darkness behind the shelf.

It looked like... a person!

Buzz!

Bloodsworth was dumbfounded. There's someone in here? And they didn't stop me when I was looking for the plant. It's a trap and I've stepped right into it!

Without a moment of hesitation, he turned to escape.

However, he only took a step before the world spun around him, and he could feel his legs turn to jelly.



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# NH

Thud!

He fell onto the ground as he thought to himself, F\*ck! What's going on? Why can't I gather any strength? I feel so dizzy.

Right then, the figure behind the shelf slowly emerged from the darkness.

It was none other than the Great Marshal!

The sneer on his face sent chills down Bloodsworth's spine.

He said nonchalantly, "I heard that Bloodsworth is dubbed the King of Poisons. Isn't it ironic that the King of Poison himself has been poisoned?"

"I've been poisoned? That's impossible!" The vein in Bloodsworth's temples bulged. "There are no poisons in this world that I can't pick up."

Zeke hummed, "Well then, stand up and fight with me now. If you're not poisoned, then explain why you are feeling weak now?"

"I-"

Bloodsworth could not summon any strength to stand no matter how hard he tried.

Thus, he had no choice but to accept the fact that he had been poisoned.

"I underestimated Cygnus Room. I never thought that they're a level above Bloodsworth Syndicate in terms of poisons. I've heard that Cygnus Room

## NH

had come up with the most deadly poison recently. If my guess isn't wrong, this should be it."

Zeke shook his head. "You've underestimated Cygnus Room. This poison isn't even comparable to the top three in Eurasia."

"W-What?" Bloodsworth stared at Zeke in disbelief.

This poison was already something the Bloodsworth Syndicate could never attain.

Yet, it was not even comparable to the top three in Eurasia.

In other words, the Bloodsworth Syndicate did not even have a place in Eurasia's ranking.

In that moment, Bloodsworth was completely humiliated.

Zeke continued, "Alright. I won't waste any more breath on you. The intruders of Cygnus Room have to die and there are no exemptions to it."

"Wait!" Bloodsworth shouted, "You can't kill me. Your wife has been abducted by the Bloodsworth Syndicate. If you spare me then you can use my life in exchange for your wife's. If I die, your wife dies as well!"

Zeke sneered, "Well, you can rest assured."

Bloodsworth froze.