

NH

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

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

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

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

Now, we know we were right.

A wave of warmth washed over Zeke Williams.

I actually have people who believe in me

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

“With pleasure.”

The two ladies left with broad smiles on their faces.

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

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

What happened just now?

NH

My body temperature suddenly dropped.

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

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

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

Why did this happen?

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

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

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

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

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

Despite this, he was a boiling pot of rage.

I am the prince of Japanio.

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

NH

This is utterly insulting!

I'm completely humiliated!

And so is Japanio!

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

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

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

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

Ichiro Yamano was stunned.

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

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

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

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He never wanted to relive the memory ever again.

What... What?

Ichiro Yamano was stupefied.

Zeke Williams is the Great Marshal?

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

I might as well have bought a ticket to hell.

Clyde Thisleton almost ended me!

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

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

What?

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

They had never had any interaction with Pike.

Why did he want to meet out of the blue?

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

It seems he always has something up his sleeve.

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“Let him enter.” Lord Yamano instructed.

Pike was quickly ushered in.

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



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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

He was nothing, compared to Lord Yamano.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Please leave if you have nothing else to say.”

“Wait!” Pike exclaimed. “Who told you that he’d defeated me in the last battle?”

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

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

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

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

The Frostbite Poison!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lord Yamano sank into deep thought.

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

It’ll be the end of Japanio!

Pike knew that his plan would be met with skepticism.

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

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

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

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

He's speaking the truth!



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

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

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

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

"Understood!" Ichiro Yamano answered, excited.

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

Lacey Hinton, you belong to me.

You can't run from me!

Pike gazed into the horizon proudly.

Just you wait, Zeke Williams!

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

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

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

Crossing the ocean, he advanced towards the Eurasian border.

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

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

He had already come up with a battle plan.

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

Meanwhile, in Atheville...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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It was a call from Wolf's Greed.

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

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

The grave tone of his voice made Zeke frown.

What's wrong?

He's definitely upset about something...

Zeke put on his clothes and rushed downstairs.

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

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

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

Zeke began to panic.

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

"What's wrong?" he asked.

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

Huh?

Zeke looked up, eyes wide in shock.

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

He had never seen the Great Marshal so angry before.

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

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

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

The events of the past flashed before his eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

Just like that, his entire family was gone.

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



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

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

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed saluted.

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

Black Wolf lived undercover at the eastern edge of Eurasia.

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

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

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

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

Zeke saluted at the flag and stuck three cigarettes

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into the gap between the tiles on the floor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hiss!

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

NH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed saluted.

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

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

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

Zeke, on the other hand, began preparations for a

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proper burial of Black Wolf and his family.

Wolf's Greed contacted him again in the afternoon.

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



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

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

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

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

Zeke knew that Tyrant would be no match for him.

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

"Yes, Sir!"

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

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

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

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order to secure a membership.

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

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

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

Underground boxing matches were different from the official ones.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They walked over to the receptionist’s counter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She licked her lips as she said that.

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

The manager shivered at her words.



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

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

The manager kept his distance from her at all times.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Without further ado, please welcome the

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challenger to the arena!” the manager announced.

Zeke strode into the arena calmly.

The crowd was shocked at the sight of him.

“Look at him! He’s so thin!”

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

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

Zeke grinned coldly.

How ignorant!

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

Simple-minded fools...

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

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

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

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

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

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

What?

The fighter flew into a rage.

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

Is he looking down on me?

What an insult!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What’s going on?”

“Why did he just collapse?”

“What happened to his nose?”

“Did he even do anything?”

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

“Did he punch him just now?”

“What kind of lightning speed was that?”

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

“He’s strong...”

“Haha! Finally, something entertaining!”

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

“Three... Two... One...”

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

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



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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

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

The crowd gasped in unison.

Nobody has ever surrendered without a fight!

Zeke had intimidated his opponents into conceding.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hiss!

NH

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

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

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

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

You're definitely belittling us!

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

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

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

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

Hiss!

Whoa!

The members of the audience jumped in shock.

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

NH

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

The crowd roared in excitement.

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

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

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

He could tell that he was no match against Zeke.

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

“Of course,” Zeke replied.

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

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

The manager was rather worried as well.

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

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

NH

people just to defeat one person!

Is this Zeke Williams here to take over the place?

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

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

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

Soon, the remaining fighters gathered in the ring.

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

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

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



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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

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

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

Donkey Kong gave him a nasty grin. “Apologies. You don’t deserve...”

Slap!

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

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

“What about now?” Zeke threatened.

Donkey Kong froze, and so did the audience.

Hiss! The crowd gasped.

“Did he just slap Donkey Kong?”

“He’s going to die for sure...”

“He may be strong, but Donkey Kong hasn’t lost a single match, even up till now!”

NH

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

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

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

The crowd fell into a frightened silence.

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

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

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

Everyone observed the match with widened eyes and quickened breaths.

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

Suddenly, Zeke began to move.

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

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

Crash!

NH

A deafening thud echoed around the arena.

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

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

Whoa!

The crowd went crazy.

Everyone stood up and stared at Zeke in utter disbelief.

“Did he just defeat Donkey Kong?”

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

“We’ve truly underestimated him...”

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

They simply stared at him, mouths agape in shock.

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

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

They would not stand a chance before Zeke.

“We admit defeat!” they muttered hurriedly.

NH

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

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

However, his announcement was met with dead silence.

They struggled to register the situation.

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

The manager nodded. “Of course, sir.”

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

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

The manager approached Zeke and handed him a bank card.

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

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

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

NH

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



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

However, Zeke was unwilling to give up so easily. “No need, I’m not tired at all.”

The manager felt desperate.

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

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

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

The manager walked over to the slender man immediately. “Boss, he’s the one who wants to challenge you.”

“Alright,” the slender man answered, before sending the manager away.

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

Zeke simply stared at him with a deep frown.

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

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

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Unless...

He's not the real Tyrant!

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

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

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

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

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

What in the world?

The crowd roared in shock.

Only Archdukes could achieve such feats!

That scrawny man was an archduke?

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

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

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

NH

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

He was no match for a Platinum Archduke like Zeke.

The man fell to the ground, unable to move.

Hiss!

Whoa!

“Am I blind?”

“How could this be?”

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

“He didn’t even touch him!”

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

“Did he cast a spell or something?”

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

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

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

There could only be one man who could throw

NH

needles like daggers...

Could he be the Great Marshal?

Why is he here, of all places?

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

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

That b*****!

Zeke clenched his fists angrily.

He caught wind of my visit and ran off!

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



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NH

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, Sir!” Wolf’s Greed saluted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NH

marks, that led to the beaches.

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

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

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

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

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

Zeke frowned.

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

Even so, he decided to press on.

I must take revenge for Black Wolf!

So what if I break a few rules?

What can they do about it anyway?

They continued their race into the international waters.

After a while more, ripples began to appear on the

NH

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

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

A submarine?

Tyrant approached the submarine without much hesitation.

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

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

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

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

Without haste, Zeke boarded the submarine too.

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

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

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

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Tyrant ran over to him and announced, “Sir, he’s here.”

“Very good!” the old man muttered, smiling.

He turned around slowly and glanced at Zeke.

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

The old man was none other than Pike!

Pike flew into a rage. “You reckless b*****! You’re the one dying today, not me!”

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

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

Whoosh!

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

All of them were bloodthirsty Archdukes who savored every kill.

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

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Zeke recognized a few of them, at first glance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Kill him!”

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

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

NH

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

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

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

This was how a real battlefield looked like!

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

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

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

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

His eyes widened immediately.

It was Tyrant's severed head!

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

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

NH

Useless imbeciles!

Suddenly, another head came hurtling towards him.

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

It had been the head of Jack the Ripper.

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

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

Unless...

He shivered, as a terrifying realization dawned upon him.

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

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

"Could he be part of the king class?"

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

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

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

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

Die!

The battle raged on.

Their conversations sent shivers down Pike’s spine.

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



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NH

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

No one would be a match for him!

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

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

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

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

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

Boom!

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

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

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

It took half an hour for the seas to settle.

By the time the smoke cleared, all that was left

NH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His strength was way beyond that of the Archdukes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What could that be?

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

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

It's a man!

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

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

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

The man was much larger and heavier than she

NH

was, and every step she took was labored.

That man was none other than Zeke Williams.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Where am I?” he repeated.



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NH

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

The lady passed Zeke a bowl of hot soup.

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

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

“Thanks, young lady,” Zeke said graciously.

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

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

Hmm?

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

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

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

NH

What a coincidence.

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

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

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

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

Brad Horan?

That's Black Wolf's pseudonym!

She really is his descendant.

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

He asked, "How did you escape?"

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

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

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

NH

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

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

“Why do you think so?”

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

Zeke was lost in thought for a while.

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

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

Unless... He couldn’t contact me?

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

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

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Realization dawned on Zeke.

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

Such unwavering loyalty!

Zeke patted the young woman on the shoulder.
“What’s your name, young lady?”



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NH

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

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

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

A man with a goatee walked in with a group.

May quickly got up and stared at them anxiously.

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

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

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

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

“Okay,” May answered quietly.

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

May nodded. “Yes.”

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

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

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

May fell silent at that moment.

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

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

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

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

Several burly men began to close in on May.

May jumped in fright and stepped back.

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

At that moment, Zeke was overwhelmed with

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emotions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus, Zeke was determined to uncover this mystery.

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

The tunic-wearing man finally noticed Zeke.

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

"I'm just passing by."

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

NH

“Yes, Sir!” his guards responded.

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

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

Such insolence!

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

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

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



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NH

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

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

The men fell to the floor crying out in pain.

“S***! What are these?”

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

“Help... Quick! Get a doctor!”

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

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

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

The tunic-wearing man looked up grimly.

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

Zeke smirked.

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

NH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The village leader was jumped in terror.

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

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

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

After that, he subconsciously ran off.

NH

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

“North 3, South 7, West 10, East 6.”

These look like directions.

Unfortunately, Zeke couldn't understand anything else.

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

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

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

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

Huh?

Zeke frowned.

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

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

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

NH

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

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

Upon hearing that, May gazed at Zeke skeptically.

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

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

How could National Security mean nothing to him?

Who on earth is he?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Suddenly, the door flung open.

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

They immediately began to chastise May.

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

“I order you to kneel and apologize.”

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

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

May felt so aggrieved that her eyes brimmed with tears.

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

Zeke heaved a loud sigh.

Her father was part of the army and a martyr.

Yet, they’re picking on her like this.

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

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

Now that all these were happening in front of

NH

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

He got off the bed and walked toward the villagers. “Don’t worry, May. You have me.”

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

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

The villagers instantly became worked up.

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

This was their chance to alter their fates.

Hence, they began heading toward Zeke.

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

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

Thud! Thud! Thud!

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

NH

The shadow remained standing among them.

It was none other than Zeke.

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

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

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

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

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

Damn it!

Zeke's complexion looked horrid.

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

Zeke's strength was long gone.

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

NH

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

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

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

Mr. Seaton and his men were silently elated.

This man is indeed strong.

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

He's probably even injured his life force.

This is the perfect time to get rid of him.

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

Time would never wait for any man.

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

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



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Yet, she had gotten someone to beat them up.

Well, God forbid!

The villagers became even more enraged.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With their arrival, the narrow room was instantly

NH

packed, and the atmosphere became tense.

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

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

Mr. Seaton quickly pointed at Zeke. “It was him.”

“Take him,” Tim ordered with a wave of a hand.

His subordinates immediately walked toward Zeke and grabbed him.

“There’ll be a huge price to pay for laying your hands on me,” Zeke said casually.

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

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

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

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

His subordinates also grunted, begging to receive

NH

treatment.

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

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

The doctor quickly knelt down and examined the injured men.

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

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

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

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

“What do you mean?” Tim looked confused.

Suddenly, the doctor screamed and jumped.

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

His eyes were filled with terror.

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

What’s wrong?

NH

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

He was mind-blown the very next moment.

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

It could only been seen through a magnifying glass.

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

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

Tim gazed at Zeke in shock.

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

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



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Tim had more questions to ask.

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

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

Blood poured out from between their fingers.

Bullets!

They've been shot!

But from where?

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

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

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

The lasers actually shone through the wall cracks from outside.

Suddenly, the door flew open once again.

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

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

NH

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

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

No one had ever spoken to them so rudely.

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

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

What the hell?

The crowd instantly paled.

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

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

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

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

Slap!

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

NH

to hurt you too!”

You a*****!

Tim was about to go insane.

No one’s ever dared hit me!

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

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

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

“Yes, Sir!”

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

No one tried to escape.

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

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

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

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

NH

We're in deep s*** now!

At this point, they just wanted to die.

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

Great Marshal!

I just saved the Great Marshal's life!

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Bring it to me," Zeke instructed.

NH

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

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

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

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

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



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

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

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

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

Zeke opened the box.

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

What's this?

Zeke frowned as he picked it up.

The rock was light and felt slightly warm.

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

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

A Spirit Stone!

This is a Spirit Stone!

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

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

This Spirit Stone was an item one needed to

NH

attain King Class.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why didn't he report it?

Did he plan to keep it for himself?

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

NH

There has to be a powerful figure behind him.

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

Tim broke down. “I-I do.”

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

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

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

Tim broke down even more.

He had heard of the infamous Cygnus Room.

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

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

“Spill!”

Zeke glared at him.

“It was... It was...”

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

NH

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

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

S***!

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

This is horrible.

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

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

Yes, Sir!" Wolf's Greed replied.

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

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

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

NH

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



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

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

A Spirit Stone would never exist on its own.

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

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

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

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

Black Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad!

May’s eyes welled up with tears.

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

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

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

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

NH

ordered.

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

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

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

The villagers began to panic.

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

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

Yet, they bullied her relentlessly.

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

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

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

The villagers sighed with relief and expressed

NH

their gratitude.

After that, Zeke departed with his men.

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

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

Zeke took a deep breath, clearly looking concerned.

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

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

And it looks like I’m right.

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

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

That’s why he tried to kill me first.

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

NH

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

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

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

Wolf’s Greed inhaled sharply.

The Great Marshal is Eurasia’s pillar of support.

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



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

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

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

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

...

Meanwhile, in Japanio.

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

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

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

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

This gave them a bad feeling.

NH

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

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

But now, he had no other choice.

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

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

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

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

The Great Marshal's gone!

Lord Yamano and Ichiro were clearly delighted.

We've finally gotten our revenge.

Most importantly, Japanio no longer has to fear Eurasia.

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

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

NH

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

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

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

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

“I understand,” Ichiro replied with a nod.

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

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

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

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

NH

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

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

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

Missy Williams means everything to her.

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

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



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

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

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

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

...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NH

In just a split second, the cars collided violently.

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

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

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

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

The elderly couple got down.

Two men exited the Mercedes-Benz as well.

They were Third Shinobi and Fourth Shinobi.

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

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

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

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

NH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Five million," Third Shinobi answered.

What?

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

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

NH

remarked cynically.

Daniel certainly couldn't come up with five million.

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

"Alright."

Hannah took out her phone.

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

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

Daniel knitted his brows.

Something doesn't seem right.

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



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

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

Are they targeting the both of us?

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

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

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

However, Third Shinobi insisted, “We don’t have a phone.”

Daniel’s heart sank like a rock.

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

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

Oh, wait! Missy!

They’re here for Missy!

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

Missy is in danger.

The Wisdom Isle Kindergarten was a famous elite

NH

school in Atheville.

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

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

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

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

Ring! Ring!

Class was finally dismissed.

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

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

Under his anticipating gaze, Missy finally walked out.

Ichiro instantly rushed forward. “Missy, follow me.”

However, Missy stared at Ichiro warily. “Who are you? I don’t know you.”

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

NH

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

Liar!

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

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

The knowledge had finally come to use now.

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

Damn it!

A cross expression appeared on Ichiro’s face.

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

She’s not an easy target to lie to.

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

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

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

NH

understand.”

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

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

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

Sh*t!

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

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

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

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

Her shout attracted everyone’s attention.

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

“You fool!”

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

NH

Huh?

He is from Japanio!

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



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

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

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

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

Ichiro smirked viciously.

He had two of the Four Great Ninjas protecting him.

No way would he be scared of these mortals!

Hence, he instructed, “Attack them.”

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

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

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

Carrying Missy, Ichiro ran away.

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

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

NH

harshly.

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

At the Linton Group, Lacey was extremely busy.

Suddenly, she received a call from the kindergarten teacher.

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

Missy was everything to her.

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

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

However, at that moment, Clyde called her.

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

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

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

NH

He hung up the phone immediately after.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NH

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

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

Meanwhile, Lacey hurried to the Thisleton Manor quickly.

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

What the heck are the Thisletons doing?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NH



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Clyde nodded. “That’s right!”

Lacey then gaped in realization.

Undoubtedly, Clyde and Ichiro planned this together.

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

Clyde and Ichiro were complete scoundrels!

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

Lacey glared at Clyde, fury raging in her eyes.

However, Clyde tossed a contract to Lacey casually.

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

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

A servitude contract!

She had underestimated how shameless both of them were.

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

At the same time, Zeke was healing his injuries

NH

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

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

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

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

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

Nodding, Zeke replied, "Yeah."

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

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

Wolf's Greed's eyes lit up.

Zeke actually has a way to heal his injuries!

Indeed, the Great Marshal lives up to his name.

At that moment, Zeke's phone suddenly rang.

It was Julian Thisleton, calling from the Thisleton Manor.

NH

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

Immediately, Zeke answered the call.

Julian said, “Are you okay, Great Marshal?”

Zeke replied, “Of course.”

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

Zeke asked, “Did something happen?”

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

What?

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

Lacey and Missy were his bottom line.

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

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

“Wolf’s Greed, prepare yourself. I might give the

NH

After thinking about it, Clyde nodded. “Fine.”

Then, he dialed Ichiro’s number. “Tell Missy Williams to get the phone.”

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

“Mom, I don’t like this evil uncle. I want to go home!”

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

Tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

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

“Okay,” muttered Missy. “I’ll be obedient and stop crying. Come quickly, Mom...”

The phone hung up without any hesitation.

Lacey picked up the servitude contract carefully.

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

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

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

NH

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clyde’s words did sounded logical.

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

At that moment, she made a resolution.

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

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

NH

pierced through the air.

“Who said that I’m dead?”

Zeke!

Both of them turned towards the source of the voice.

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

At that moment, Lacey felt immensely relieved and safe.

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

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

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

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

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

It was impossible for Ichiro to be mistaken!

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

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

NH

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

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

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



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

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

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

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

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

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

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

What a complete madman!

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

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

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

Clyde was stunned for a moment.

Yeah, why did Dad spare this guy when he

NH

severed Julian's limbs?

Wait, this is not the point!

The point is that if this guy dares to touch Julian, he'll definitely dare to torture me too!

Just as he thought, Zeke walked towards him with a dagger and slashed his right arm unhesitatingly the next second.

Clyde's arm had been cut off as well.

F***!

His mind was in a frenzy.

Julian, the first heir of the Thisleton family, and Clyde, the second heir of the Thisleton family, had been crippled by the same person.

The Thisletons had been utterly humiliated!

How could they hold their heads high in the future?

This was a complete disgrace to them!

Zeke said, "I'll give you one last chance. Tell me where Missy is."

At that point of time, Clyde was already starting to froth in the mouth. Thus, he struggled to utter words out from his lips, "I-I don't know... I really don't know. Ichiro planned to kidnap Missy, escape Atheville, and return to Japanio. However, once he escapes Atheville, only I can contact him

NH

and save Missy. Send me to the hospital now! If I die, Missy will definitely die too.”

Lacey’s face drained from color as she asked worriedly, “What... What should we do, Zeke? If Ichiro really brings Missy back to Japanio, it’ll be difficult for us to get her back.”

However, Zeke assured her, “Don’t worry, Lacey. I’ll shut the borders of Atheville right away and prevent anyone from escaping.”

Clyde laughed mockingly. “You want to shut the borders? You want to impose a lockdown on Eurasia’s economic and political hub, Atheville? Who gave you the courage to make such an audacious claim?”

Ignoring Clyde’s mockery, Zeke whipped out his phone and called Wolf’s Greed.

“Wolf’s Greed, issue the Ultimate Command right away and shut down the borders of Atheville. No one is allowed to get out!”

Wolf’s Greed replied, “Yes, sir!”

Clyde and Lacey looked at Zeke in utter shock.

Did we hear him right?

He just gave the ‘Ultimate Command’!

The Ultimate Command has the authority to decide national policies!

Only the Great Marshal and the Colonel had the

NH

authority to announce it.

How dare he say something like that?

Having lost a lot of blood, Clyde could pass out any time.

However, he gritted his teeth and insisted on staying conscious.

He knew that if he passed out while losing blood rapidly, he would die.

Clyde spat, “Zeke, cut the crap. Who are you to make the sacred Ultimate Command? I’m the only one who can save Missy now. Send me to the hospital right away. If I, the middle-man, die, Missy will definitely die too.”

Lacey looked at Zeke worriedly. “Zeke, don’t let him die.”

However, Zeke smiled. “If he doesn’t know my true identity yet, I will not let him die.”

It was time for Lacey to know that her husband was the legendary Great Marshal!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

At the same time, he would intimidate the Thisletons with his identity as the Great Marshal to not mess around with Lacey anymore.

Suddenly, the butler rushed in. “Young Master Clyde, something bad...”

When he entered, his words paused mid-sentence after seeing the bloody scene in front of him.

Clyde, the head of the family, had his limbs cut off!

Lying pathetically in a pool of blood, he was on the verge of dying.

Feeling chills run down his spine, the butler yelled, “Who dares to be so vicious to Young Master Clyde?”

When Clyde saw the butler, a hopeful look appeared in his eyes.

“Save me... Send me to the hospital quickly.”

“Yes, Young Master!” The butler walked towards Clyde briskly.

“Who dares to do so?” bellowed Zeke furiously.

His voice was so deafeningly loud that the butler felt a sharp ringing in his ears as blood shot up to his brain.

It was as if he were about to faint.

Forcing himself to stop mid-way, the butler dared

NH

not to move a step.

Zeke continued, “Tell your boss about what happened.”

The butler glanced at Clyde hesitatingly.

“Tell me,” mumbled Clyde with much difficulty.

Hence, the butler said, “The Great Marshal suddenly issued an Ultimate Command. Now, all the borders of Atheville have been sealed!”

What?

Clyde shuddered, feeling like this was all too surreal.

No. It can't be! The Great Marshal issued an Ultimate Command and sealed Atheville?

Is everything merely a coincidence?

Impossible! How can there be such a huge coincidence in this world?

Unless... Zeke is really the Great Marshall!

No wonder the Thisleton family did not do anything to Zeke after he crippled Julian.

It's because he is the Great Marshal!

I've been opposing the Great Marshal all this while, even bullying his wife.

Oh God... I've been digging my own grave!

NH

The sheer terror was too much for Clyde, causing him to faint right then.

Even Lacey was paralyzed in shock as she stared at Zeke, her mouth agape.

With an apologetic look, Zeke said, “I’m sorry for hiding it from you for so long, Lacey. I concealed my identity because I was too worried about losing you.”

Taking a deep breath, Lacey exclaimed, “So, you’re the one whom I’ve proposed to during the Great Marshal’s ceremony.”

Zeke nodded his head solemnly.

Lacey continued, “The beggar whom I saved in the past was you too?”

Again, Zeke nodded.

Suddenly, tears gushed out of Lacey’s eyes as she stroked Zeke’s head tenderly.

“From a miserable beggar, you became the mighty Great Marshal. What have you experienced over all these years? You must have been living a hellish life.”

Zeke heaved a sigh of relief.

It seemed like Lacey was not resenting him for now.

At that moment, Zeke’s phone rang.

NH

Seeing that it was a call from Wolf's Greed, Zeke accepted it.

Wolf's Greed said, "Sir, I've managed to track Ichiro Yamano down and cornered him to the rooftop of a shopping mall. He is guarded by the Four Great Ninjas, so I cannot defeat them alone. Hence, I've contacted Lone Wolf and Sole Wolf. They'll come and back me up soon."

Zeke said, "Never mind. Tell Sole Wolf and Lone Wolf to stay at their posts. I'll act personally. Since they've held my daughter hostage, I can only guarantee her safety by taking action myself."

With a hesitant tone, Wolf's Greed warned, "Sir, you're still severely injured. If you fight them, your injuries might worsen..."

But Zeke replied, "It doesn't matter. Just do what I say and stall him. I'll arrive shortly."

"Yes, sir!"

After hanging up the call, Zeke assured Lacey, "I'm going to save Missy now. Stay here and don't go anywhere."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Lacey said worriedly, “Zeke, you’re the protector of the entire country, so you must not fall. If you do, the entire of Eurasia will collapse. If things turned out for the worst, please save yourself first. The safety of the nation is paramount. After all, it is what gives everyone a safe home.”

Smiling, Zeke consoled her, “Don’t worry, Lacey. Missy and I will be safe today.”

At the same time, news of the Great Marshal issuing an Ultimate Command created a huge commotion in Eurasia.

It even created a buzz globally.

After all, this was the first time that the Great Marshal issued an Ultimate Command.

Who was so important that the Great Marshal would issue an Ultimate Command for the person?

The answer would be revealed soon.

Meanwhile, the Great Marshal’s enemies were trapped on top of a shopping mall.

There were five people in total, including the Four Great Ninjas, who had held a little girl hostage.

According to reliable intel, the Great Marshal would go to the shopping mall personally to deal with the enemies.

At that moment, everyone surged towards the shopping mall, filling it up completely. All of them

NH

wanted to witness the mighty Great Marshal in action.

At that moment, Ichiro Yamano and the Four Great Ninjas were standing at the top of the shopping mall.

Ichiro was enraged, not expecting that the Great Marshal would still be alive, and even issued an Ultimate Command.

The top assassin, Pike, lied to me!

Luckily, I have a hostage.

As long as the Great Marshal is not a merciless man, I can still survive.

Suddenly, the deafening sounds of a helicopter could be heard from the sky.

Soon, a helicopter flew towards them quickly and paused mid-air above the shopping mall's rooftop.

When the helicopter door opened, a man leaped down from a height of thirty meters.

With a muscular figure, his long hair was blown back despite the still air. He crossed his arms behind his back elegantly, while his brooding eyes gave him an aura akin to the ruler of the world.

In fact, his aura was so imposing that the crowd could barely breathe.

With a passionate gaze and a fervent look on their faces, the crowd watched on.

NH

Our idol, the Great Marshal!

When Missy saw Zeke, she wailed, “Dad, hug me. I want you to hug me! I don’t like these evil uncles. Hug me, Dad!”

Shut up!

Ichiro clapped his hand over Missy’s mouth immediately. “If you dare to shout again, I’ll slit your throat.”

Although Zeke felt furious and heartbroken, he could not show it to the public.

After all, he represented Eurasia now.

Hence, he must stabilize his emotions and calm down.

Pretending to be composed, he said, “Don’t throw a tantrum, Missy. I’ll bring you to eat your favorite ice cream later, okay?”

Missy nodded gloomily. “Okay, I’ll listen to you, Dad.”

Then, Zeke’s gaze fell onto Ichiro. “Let her go, and I’ll spare you. Otherwise, death is your only outcome.”

Shut up!

With blood-shot eyes, Ichiro demanded through gritted teeth, “Arrange a flight back to Japanio for us, right now! Otherwise, I’ll throw her off the building.”

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Zeke sighed. “Your foolishness and stubbornness are astoundingly pathetic.”

Ichiro yelled, “Cut the crap! Either you let us go, or your daughter will accompany us to our graves. Choose quickly!”

Zeke shook his head. “I’m sorry, but you no right to threaten me.”

With a slight move of his hand, a sword slipped from under his sleeve into his hand. He gripped the handle tightly.

The word ‘dragon’ was engraved on the handle, catching the light and attracting everyone’s eyes.

The Dragon King Sword was the Great Marshal’s personal sword.

Legend had it that the sword was forged from Iridium, which was the rarest metal in the world. Indestructible and extremely sharp, it was hailed as the best sword in the world.

However, the Great Marshal would only use the sword on the battlefield.

No one else had witnessed the Great Marshal wield the sword before.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Finally able to witness the full glory of the Great Marshal's sword today, they felt like they could die with no regrets.

At that moment, Zeke strode towards Ichiro.

His sword dragged across the ground, letting out a menacing grinding clang as sparks flew in the air.

Ichiro, on the other hand, was nervous to the core. "Stop right there! Don't you dare take a single step forward. If not, I'll really throw your daughter off the building."

Yet, Zeke did not slow down at all.

F***!

At the verge of total breakdown, Ichiro spat, "You forced me to do this. Don't blame me for being merciless."

As he threatened, he scurried towards the edge of the rooftop and was about to throw Missy off.

At that moment, Zeke moved, and he appeared in front of Ichiro in the blink of an eye.

Raising his sword high up into the air, he slashed it downwards forcefully.

Pfft!

With a loud thud, Ichiro's arms had been cut off at the elbows.

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His severed limbs dropped onto the ground as blood spurted uncontrollably the cut ends.

Pulling Missy into his arms, Zeke blocked her field of vision with his broad chest.

“Close your eyes, Missy.”

Missy shut her eyes tightly, pressing her face against Zeke’s chest.

After glancing left and right at his severed limbs, he finally realized what had happened.

My arms have been cut off!

I’m completely disabled now!

“Arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

A miserable wail of agony cut through the air, echoing in the void.

“Kill him! Kill him for me!” Squatting in a pool of blood, Ichiro yelled in fury over and over again.

The Four Great Ninjas’ expressions turned ugly.

However, the Great Marshal moved extremely quickly, almost as fast as a flash of lightning.

Not only was he quick, but he was also ruthless and vicious, not showing any mercy to his enemies.

Indeed, the Great Marshal lived up to his name.

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The four of them felt very conflicted now.

Although they knew very well that they were not as strong as the Great Marshal, they could not admit defeat without even putting on a fight.

This defied the way of the Ninja.

Furthermore, Japanio would definitely not spare their families. All of them would be killed.

Although the Four Great Ninjas knew that they were considerably weaker than the enemy, they still charged at Zeke.

However, Zeke responded calmly and steadily.

Not moving from his spot, he hugged Missy with one arm and swept the Dragon King Sword in a circular motion with his other arm.

The Dragon King Sword was so quick that it became a blinding arc in the air.

It brushed past the Four Great Ninjas' necks, leaving a faint scar behind on their necks.

Forcing themselves to pause mid-way, a terrified look appeared on their faces as their eyes widened in shock.

Then, the faint scar on their necks expanded quickly, and blood spurted out.

The Four Great Ninjas collapsed in a pool of blood, no longer breathing.

NH

Carrying Missy in his arms, Zeke walked down the stairs from the rooftop.

After a brief moment of silence, deafening cheers erupted in the crowd.

How powerful!

The Great Marshal is way too strong!

He defeated the Four Great Ninjas within one move.

Indeed, he's the living legend of Eurasia, a deity-like figure for the citizens.

When Zeke walked down the stairs, Wolf's Greed rushed towards him. "How are you feeling?"

Zeke was about to speak when he felt nauseous in his stomach.

Passing Missy to Wolf's Greed quickly, he dashed into the toilet.

He spat a mouthful of blood in the sink, while the color drained from his face.

Although the earlier battle looked like a simple feat for Zeke, he had mustered a lot of energy to reach the peak of his strength.

Now, his injuries had worsened severely, and his current strength was only half of his full strength.

Or worse, his injuries might not even heal for the rest of his life.

NH

Just then, at a building across the road, a man in black was observing Zeke through a pair of binoculars.

When he saw Zeke running into the toilet and vomiting blood, he was over the moon.

The Great Marshal is severely injured!

Now, this is the best opportunity to attack Eurasia.

Fishing out his phone quickly, he dialed a number. “Prime Minister, I’ve got good news.”

After getting his body under control, Zeke walked out of the toilet, looking as normal as before.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

He must not show his injured and pathetic side to the public.

Otherwise, once the enemies discover that he was severely injured, they would launch a barrage of attacks on Eurasia.

With that thought in mind, Zeke stretched his arms out and took Missy back into his arms.

Wolf's Greed was filled with worry.

He knew that beneath Zeke's mighty appearance, the Great Marshal was actually ridden with injuries.

Hence, he said carefully, "Sir, do you want to go to the Cygnus Room?"

Shut up!

Zeke glared at Wolf's Greed. "The walls have ears."

Thus, Wolf's Greed had no choice but to stay silent.

Carrying Missy, Zeke headed to McDonald's and ordered a Happy Meal.

As Missy was famished, she gobbled down her food quickly.

Seeing how satisfied Missy looked, Zeke burst out laughing.

As long as you and your mother are happy, I don't

NH

mind sacrificing my life!

A while after, Lacey rushed over after hearing the news.

Seeing the harmonious scene of Zeke and Missy sharing a meal at McDonald's, Lacey felt a deep feeling of happiness.

She walked towards them and took a seat.

Holding Missy's and Zeke's hands, she said tenderly, "Zeke, promise me that you'll protect yourself for our sakes."

Now, Lacey was starting to accept Zeke's identity as the Great Marshal.

The Great Marshal shouldered the heavy responsibilities of safeguarding Eurasia while fending off the threats from the enemies.

Therefore, it was obvious that his life was at risk all the time.

Lacey could not bear to imagine what would happen to her and Missy if something bad happened to Zeke one day.

Smiling, Zeke comforted her, "Don't worry, Lacey. There's no one in the world who can threaten my life."

Of course, these words were just meant to reassure Lacey.

In reality, he was severely injured, with his powers

NH

falling from Platinum Archduke to the Silver Archduke Class.

There were thousands of people in the world who could kill him now.

However, Lacey believed Zeke's reassurances.

Hugging his arm, she said affectionately, "My husband is the Great Marshal! Missy and I are both proud of you."

Jealous, Missy stretched out her arms. "I want Daddy to hug me too!"

Laughing, Zeke carried Missy and placed her onto his lap.

Flicking Missy's nose, Lacey said, "Everyone says that fathers are a daughter's first love. Looks like it's true!"

A server at the side glanced at his phone, then back at Zeke again. Then, his expression changed drastically.

His phone was playing a video of the Great Marshal appearing at the shopping mall's rooftop.

Suddenly, he dropped to his knees before Zeke.

"You're the Great Marshal... My warmest welcome, Great Marshal!"

Never in his wildest dreams had he expected himself to see the Great Marshal from such a close distance.

NH

The server's reaction alerted the rest of the customers.

Gradually, as more and more people discovered the Great Marshal, they started to kneel to him.

There were a few occasions where the citizens of Eurasia would kneel—to Heaven, to their parents, and to the Great Marshal!

Their parents were the ones who gave birth to them.

Yet, the Great Marshal was the one who protected them.

Hence, he was deemed worthy enough for the rest to kneel to.

However, Zeke frowned, not wanting other people to disturb his time with his family.

Carrying Missy, he grabbed Lacey's hand and left.

Lacey suggested, "Let's visit Mom and Dad in the hospital. They suddenly fainted because of what happened to Missy. I've just received news from the hospital that they've already regained consciousness."

"Let's go." Zeke drove to the hospital quickly.

However, when they arrived at the hospital and got off the car, a nurse also instantly recognized that Zeke was the Great Marshal.

The incident that morning at the shopping mall

NH

had made huge rounds in the community.

By that time, almost everyone knew who the Great Marshal was.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Hence, everyone - from the director of the hospital to the nurses and patients - came to 'pay their respects' to Zeke.

The row of people kneeling to him stretched from the hospital's entrance to the waiting room.

Ignoring them, Zeke pulled Lacey's hand and headed to the top floor.

In a general ward, Hannah and Daniel had just regained consciousness and needed some rest.

However, an old female patient beside them kept chattering away.

There were three young men, who were her sons-in-law, accompanying her.

When visiting the old lady, they even brought a lot of expensive gifts along with them.

Their gifts included expensive herbs, exotic fruits, and lush flowers.

The old lady asked Hannah proudly, "Hey, why are the both of you alone here? Didn't your family members accompany you here?"

Although Hannah desired to ignore her, she replied out of courtesy, "As my daughter is very busy, we don't want to disturb her over this minor illness."

"Yeah." The old lady felt the same way too. "My daughters are high-ranking officials in their companies. They are so busy that they don't even

NH

have time to accompany me. Luckily, my three sons-in-law are very filial. As they cannot bear to see me ill, they stay by my side all day long to take care of me. I'm much luckier than both of you."

Hannah frowned.

She could tell that the old lady was trying to brag.

However, she could not be bothered to deal with her.

To her, her own son-in-law, Zeke, was a hundred times better than her three sons-in-law.

Yet, the old lady did not stop talking and continued chattering away.

"As parents, we must be careful when we choose a husband for our daughters. If we chose an unsuitable husband, not only would we ruin our daughter's life, but the guy would also leech onto us like a parasite until our deaths. What do you think?"

"Mhm," grunted Hannah in response, getting a bit annoyed.

Your sons-in-law are nothing compared to mine.

How audacious of you to brag to me and try to best me?

It's a pity that Zeke isn't here. Everything I say will be useless.

NH

Hence, she had no choice but to stay silent.

The old lady continued bragging, “You, the oldest one, pour a glass of water for me. I’m thirsty.”

“My leg feels a bit sore. You, rub it for me.”

“Oh dear, my head hurts. You over there, massage my head.”

“Okay.”

The three sons-in-law started busying themselves, catering to the old lady’s needs.

During the whole time, her cheerful laughter sounded across the room.

As she laughed, she even snuck glances at Hannah’s expression.

The angrier Hannah was, the more accomplished she felt.

At that moment, the door of the hospital ward opened.

When Hannah and Daniel saw Lacey and Zeke entering, they were so excited that they almost got off the bed.

Zeke quickly passed Missy to them while reassuring them.

“Dad, Mom, don’t move. You should rest well.”

Missy also stretched out her chubby hands to

NH

stroke their faces.

“Grandpa, Grandma, you must get well soon. I still need you to pick me up from school!”

“Okay! Okay!” Hannah and Daniel laughed. “When we recover, we’ll definitely pick you up from school every day.”

Their laughter sounded extremely piercing to the old lady’s ears, causing her expression to turn uglier.

Who do they think they are to show me up like that?

Hence, she mocked, “Oh, did your daughter and son-in-law come to visit you empty-handed? Look at my sons-in-law. They brought so many gifts that they are filling up the entire room.”

Lacey and Zeke frowned as they glanced at her.

Is the old lady bragging?

What a joke!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Both of them ignored the old lady.

However, she went a step further. “You over there, where’s that exotic velvet antler that you brought? Take some out for me as a snack.”

“Hey, you, where’s your wild ginseng? I want to drink some ginseng water.”

“Okay!” Her sons-in-law started busying themselves again.

When Zeke saw those so-called deer velvet extract and wild ginseng, he burst out laughing.

Those items were so obviously fake.

These could only fool an ignorant old lady like her.

Her face darkened instantly. “What are you laughing at, young man?”

Zeke answered, “Nothing. Well, I’d advise you to eat none of that.”

The old lady’s expression turned gloomier. “Why’s that?”

Zeke replied, “Because these deer velvet extract and ginseng are made from chemical compounds. If you eat too much of them, it’ll be bad for your body.”

The old lady was enraged.

“Shut up! You’re just accusing my gifts of being fake because you cannot afford them! I’ve seen a

NH

lot of jealous and disgraceful people like you.”

Her sons-in-law also mocked Zeke, “You’ve never seen these items in your life. That’s why you think that everything’s fake!”

After exchanging an incredulous glance, Zeke and Lacey burst out laughing.

Is there something in the world that I, the Great Marshal, cannot buy?

At that moment, the director of the hospital and a few staff walked in.

The director walked to the old lady and ordered, “Pack up quickly. I’m moving you to the general ward over there.”

When the old lady heard him, she became unhappy instantly. “Why should we move?”

The director replied, “This hospital ward can only accommodate two patients. Now that there’s an additional patient, we need to move one patient out.”

The old lady pointed at Hannah. “Let one of them leave. Anyway, I refuse to budge.”

The director scolded, “Shut up! They are the Great Marshal’s father and mother-in-law. As the Great Marshal is the protector of the nation, it’s my honor that his family members can stay in my hospital. How can I let them move?”

What?

NH

The old lady looked at Zeke suspiciously. “Are you saying that he’s the Great Marshal? Are you kidding me?”

Zeke scoffed coldly. “Why? Are you questioning me?”

When the director saw that Zeke had been angered, his mind went into a frenzy.

His legs suddenly turned weak, and he collapsed on his knees. “I’m sorry for troubling you, Great Marshal. Don’t worry. I’ll evict them out right away.”

The old lady and her three sons-in-law stared at Zeke fixedly.

The more they looked at him, the more they realized that he looked like the Great Marshal.

As it was better to be safe than sorry, the three of them fell onto their knees simultaneously.

“My deepest apologies, Great Marshal. We are fools for not realizing who you are and offending you. We’ll leave right away!”

At that moment, the old lady’s limbs kept trembling as cold sweat dripped down her forehead.

In fact, her face was completely pale now.

If her sons-in-law were certain that Zeke was the Great Marshal, they must be right.

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She was so terrified that her heart beat rapidly.

I actually dared to compare to the Great Marshal.

How idiotic of me!

Hannah and Daniel's faces were also filled with surprise.

They only knew that Zeke was the Great Marshal's disciple.

Never in a million years did they think that he was the Great Marshal himself!

And how did it feel like to have the Great Marshal as their son-in-law?

Well, Hannah and Daniel were utterly overjoyed.

However, Hannah adjusted her emotions quickly and said, "Zeke, I would like to have some deer velvet extract and ginseng."

As she spoke, she even glanced at the old lady.

Naturally, Zeke could tell what Hannah was thinking about.

Hence, he replied, "Sure! I'll bring them to you right away."

Whipping out his phone, he dialed a number.

"Reserve fifty kilograms of the highest-quality deer velvet extract imported this year. If it's not enough, replenish the stock later."

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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

The old lady felt like crying.

I've never seen such valuable imported tonics before, but he managed to get so much of it in one go! Argh, I'm so embarrassed.

Eventually, the old lady was shifted elsewhere.

Just then, Hannah inquired, "Zeke, tell me the truth. Since you're the great marshal, why would you fall for someone like Lacey?"

Hannah was worried that Zeke had ulterior motives for getting close to Lacey.

Zeke pulled out a jade pendant from his pocket and inquired, "Hannah, do you recognize this?"

Hannah replied, "Of course. I gave this pendant to Lacey as a protective charm, but she gave the other half to a beggar. Don't tell me..."

Zeke chuckled, "That's right. I was that beggar. If Lacey hadn't saved me, I'd be a goner. I came here to repay my debt."

Hannah and Daniel were stunned and were moved to tears.

Zeke started out as a penniless beggar and became the powerful great marshal. Just how much hardship must he have endured to reach this stage?

After that, Lacey and her family accepted Zeke's identity as the great marshal and treated him like they usually did.

NH

Their life went on as normal.

However, Zeke knew that the peace was only on the surface, and there was a lot of strife that he was unable to see.

First and foremost, he publicly crippled the prince of Japanio, Ichiro Yamano. Thus, Japanio would definitely not let him off so easily.

Second, the Pike had not been caught yet, and that was his greatest fear to date.

Third, Wolf's Greed had been focusing manpower on locating the Spirit Stone mine, but he had not received any news yet.

After a stressful week, Zeke finally received a call from Wolf's Greed.

Wolf's Greed reported weakly, "Great Marshal, we've located the Spirit Stone mine."

Zeke frowned, "Wolf's Greed, you sound weak, and your breathing is irregular. Are you injured?"

Wolf's Greed replied, "Great Marshal, I have failed you. Pike managed to enter the Spirit Stone mine ahead of us. I tried to force him out, but I was not his match and got severely injured. I-I've disgraced your name."

Zeke chided, "How many times must I tell you to report to me when you see Pike and not take action! You'll end up alerting him of our presence."

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Wolf's Greed replied, "I'm just worried that if you confronted him yourself, it would damage your life force even further. If it went to a state beyond repair, it would be a great loss to Eurasia. I simply wanted to shoulder a part of your burden."

Zeke explained, "If the Spirit Stone mine falls into Pike's hands, Eurasia would be in danger. If Eurasia is gone, what's the point if I can restore my life force? Secure the Spirit Stone mine for now. I'll head over immediately. Send me your coordinates."

"Roger!"

After Zeke received the coordinates, he activated a fighter jet and headed to the location.

After a one-hour flight, the jet landed at Devonville.

Zeke ran along the mountain path for over two hours before successfully arriving at the location Wolf's Greed sent him.

It was a forest deep in the mountains where people rarely passed by.

The entire mountain was covered by trees and shrubs.

However, near the foot of the mountain, there was an area that had been bombed, revealing some rock outcrops.

In the middle of that was a cave so deep that one could not see the end of it.

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This cave was clearly man-made, or at the very least, expanded by men.

The more Zeke looked at it, the more he felt that it looked like an imperial mausoleum by the mountains.



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NH

He even felt a faint spiritual energy coming from deep within the cave.

Meanwhile, the base of the mountain had been completely surrounded by Wolf's Greed's men.

Wolf's Greed was sitting at the entrance of the cave, closing his eyes to rest.

His face was drained of all color, and his body had turned rigid. It was clear as day that he had been poisoned.

Right at that moment, one of the medics was attending to Wolf's Greed.

When Wolf's Greed saw Zeke, he tried to get up, but Zeke placed a hand on his shoulder and instructed, "Don't move. How's your injury?"

Wolf's Greed forced himself to smile, "It's nothing but a few scratches. Nothing to be worried about."

Zeke took Wolf's Greed's pulse and ascertained that he was not in danger. He felt relieved and queried, "How many moves did Pike take to beat you?"

Wolf's Greed sighed, "I've failed you. I lost within three moves."

Three moves? Zeke was taken aback.

Wolf's Greed is a Gold Archduke class fighter. After I've injured Pike, he should've dropped to Silver Archduke class. He shouldn't have been Wolf's Greed's match. However, he managed to

NH

beat Wolf's Greed in three moves. There's only one explanation -- he's already restored his strength by absorbing some sort of universal energy. In fact, he may even have improved. It's highly likely that he's now of the Platinum Archduke class.

Zeke ordered, "Lead the men to barricade the cave. It's time Pike and I had a rematch."

Wolf's Greed called out to Zeke, "Wait! I've already called the Alpha Suicide Squad to assemble here. Let's regroup before annihilating Pike."

Zeke's life force has been damaged, so he's surely no match for Pike in his current state! The only way he could beat him is to draw out the full extent of his life force and unleash it in one battle! However, that would mean that the Great Marshal would no longer be able to fight in the future.

Zeke shook his head solemnly, "We can't wait. The longer we wait, the higher the chances that Pike will become King class. When that happens, the entire Eurasia would be at his mercy. As a great marshal, I'd have failed in my duty. So what if I survive this?"

Wolf's Greed fell silent.

He knew that Zeke was telling the truth.

The best option Eurasia could take was to sacrifice the Great Marshal to kill Pike.

Thus, today could very well be the day the Great Marshal ceased to exist.

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This fact crushed Wolf's Greed's heart.

Zeke picked up his phone and strode into the cave.

Wolf's Greed's eyes turned red. After all, it was highly likely that Zeke would not be able to come out of this cave alive.

He got up and saluted Zeke, "Don't worry! To secure your safety and Eurasia's future, I'll guard this place with my life!"

There was a strong rotting stench coming from the pitch-black cave.

Countless precious jewels and treasures were along the corridor and inside the cave, but none of them caught Zeke's attention.

He only had one thought in his mind - Find and kill Pike.

After walking for over half an hour, Zeke finally reached the end of the cave.

What greeted Zeke was not a Spirit Stone mine as expected, but a large and heavy door.

A figure dressed in white was meditating by the door with his eyes closed.

That man was Pike.

There was an endless flow of energy from the closed doors, and Pike was absorbing it all in.

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Zeke could feel it as well.

The invisible aura Pike was exuding was much stronger than it was before.

That meant that he had not only restored his original strength but also improved it.

Right then, Pike’s eyes opened slowly.

“I didn’t expect you to be able to survive the explosion after taking my Frostbite Poison. Very well then. I was itching to kill you myself!”



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NH

Zeke sneered, “You’ve trespassed into Eurasia and abused the Spirit Stone mine. You already have the death penalty on your head. As the Great Marshal, I’ll kill you today!”

“Hahaha,” Pike started laughing maniacally. “I’m now a Platinum Archduke class fighter. Even if you were in your prime, you wouldn’t be my match. Now, you’re but a Silver Archduke class fighter. You’re just a pushover to me!”

Zeke drew the Dragon King sword and declared, “Even a Silver Archduke Class would be enough to kill you!”

Insolent fool!

Pike burst into a rage, “I’d like to see you try!”

He kicked back against the ground and caused a miniature crater where he was standing.

Just like that, he used the recoiling force to charge towards Zeke like a missile.

His speed was so fast that it caused the air to form a wind current around him.

Zeke’s eyes widened at the sight of Pike’s speed.

The current state Pike is in is comparable to me when I was in my prime. Can I really kill him?

The next moment, Pike had struck Zeke’s abdomen.

Zeke was sent flying and crashed onto a stone

NH

wall.

The wall cracked from the impact and caused debris to fall all over the place.

Soon after that, Zeke coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“Haha! I haven’t had enough yet!” Pike yelled excitedly and started to tackle Zeke once more.

Instantly, Zeke was kicked around like a soccer ball, and it left human-sized marks all around the walls.

From the beginning till the end, Zeke was unable to fight back at all.

More accurately, he chose not to fight back.

Four to five minutes later, Pike stopped to catch his breath.

Meanwhile, Zeke was bleeding profusely, and his hair was in a mess.

Pike laughed maniacally, “Great Marshal, what’s so great about you? In front of me, you’re nothing but trash! You can’t even land a single hit on me!”

Zeke burst into laughter, “I can’t land a hit on you? Are you sure it wasn’t because I choose not to strike back?”

Pike was stunned and demanded, “What on earth do you mean? You’re telling me that you chose not to fight back? Damn it, were you baiting me to

NH

injure you so that you could awaken your true potential?”

Zeke smirked but did not respond.

Pike roared, “How dare you make a fool of me? I’ll kill you now! You can bring your true potential to hell!”

Saying that, Pike then drew a dagger and slashed towards Zeke.

Zeke scoffed, “Too late.”

He struck himself in the chest so hard that he coughed up even more blood.

Now, he was in a precarious situation.

It was precisely at this moment that his full potential would be unleashed.

He was trading in the remainder of his life for power!

Just as he expected, his life force went into overdrive, and he was temporarily restored to his peak form.

Just then, a gust of wind started swirling around Zeke.

Pike had already charged towards him, but Zeke simply punched him head-on.

Boom!

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With a deafening crash, their fists collided.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Pike was forced back three steps, while Zeke did not shift from his position.

After all, Zeke's power at his peak was still slightly stronger than Pike was currently.

Pike spat, "The Great Marshal lives up to his name after all. However, by running your life force into overdrive, you won't be able to last. Even if I stall you, you'll die on your own."

As he said that, Pike charged towards Zeke once more.

Zeke bolted towards him as well.

Crash!

The two of them collided once more.



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NH

This time, Pike was sent flying by Zeke and crashed into a crack in the wall.

Ack!

Pike coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Before he could react, Zeke had thrust his Dragon King Sword into Pike's heart.

"Argh!" Pike's screams echoed along the entire cave.

Now that his heart had been pierced, he had no chance of survival.

At the same time, Zeke had drained all of his life force.

His strength had deteriorated, and he was drenched in cold sweat. Not only that, but his breathing became difficult, and he eventually did not even have enough energy to stand.

He collapsed onto the ground.

"Why? I refuse to admit defeat!" Pike roared with the remainder of his strength.

In less than three seconds, Zeke had collapsed from exhaustion.

In other words, if he had lasted three seconds longer, he would have been the victor.

Yet, he lost by those crucial three seconds.

NH

Zeke sneered, “We can have a rematch... if you’d like!”

Pike bit his lip so hard that it started to bleed.

“Zeke Williams, did you think that when I die, the Spirit Stone mine and Eurasia will be safe? No way in hell! Even if I’m dead, I won’t let the Spirit Stone mine fall into Eurasia’s hands. I’ll even make it a threat to Eurasia!”

Zeke demanded, “What do you mean by that?”

Pike whipped out a communications device and hollered into it, “Eurasia, Devonville, Spirit Stone mine!”

Sh*t!

Zeke’s face fell. Although he did not know who Pike had called, the Spirit Stone mine’s existence is top secret in Eurasia. He could not afford it to be leaked to other countries.

He tried to stop him, but the backlash of using his life force in overdrive had left him immobile.

Just then, there was a shuffle of footsteps approaching them.

It was Wolf’s Greed’s men.

Pike roared with the remainder of his strength, “Great Marshal, your life force has been damaged beyond repair. You’re nothing but a cripple! Your enemies from all over the world will send you coming my way! I’ll be waiting for you, in Hell!”

NH

As he said that, Pike forced the Dragon King Sword deeper into his heart and died on the spot.

He would rather die than be captured by Eurasia.

Wolf's Greed's men quickly surrounded the place.

When they saw Pike's dying moments, they felt respect welling up for Zeke from within their hearts.

Even though the Great Marshal's life force has been damaged so severely, he still managed to kill Pike at his peak. As expected of a man worthy of the title Great Marshal!

Wolf's Greed knelt before Zeke and asked, "Are you alright?"

However, Zeke was not concerned about his own physical state and ordered, "Quick, check who Pike was contacting earlier!"

"Sure," Wolf's Greed replied and grabbed the communications device.

After taking a look, Wolf's Greed's expression darkened, "Damn it. He contacted the Dark Web."

The Dark Web was an internet platform established by the underworld and used internationally.

Its main function was to put up requests for various major organizations to accept, as well as shared intel.

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Wolf's Greed inhaled sharply, "Don't tell me he spread information about the Spirit Stone mine to the Dark Web..."

Zeke nodded.

F***!

Wolf's Greed burst into a rage and slapped Pike's corpse.

The Spirit Stone mine was something all major organizations and nations longed for.

If the world got to know that there was a Spirit Stone mine in Eurasia, they would be in trouble!

Eurasia will be the next big target of all international organizations!

They might even resort to force to get their way.

Pike was right - the Spirit Stone mine would bring disaster upon Eurasia.



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NH

Wolf's Greed suggested, "Zeke, let's get the Alpha Suicide Squad to protect the Spirit Stone mine."

Zeke shook his head, "No. The enemy is probably finding a way to enter Eurasia to steal the Spirit Stone. The Alpha Suicide Squad is to guard the borders and protect our sovereignty. Kill all illegal immigrants. In the meantime, I'll come up with another way to protect the Spirit Stone mine."

"Alright," Wolf's Greed responded. He then arranged for his second-in-command to contact the Alpha Suicide Squad.

Zeke explained, "The Spirit Stone mine should be behind this door. Open it."

"Roger!" Wolf's Greed replied and got to work.

However, this door was made of stone and could not be opened by human force alone.

Even normal explosives could not damage it in the slightest.

If they used heavy-duty explosives, it might cause the cave to cave in.

Thus, the only way to open the door was to activate the mechanism linked to it.

After a brief search, an amusing conclusion was reached.

At the center of the door, there was a modern password-activated lock.