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The crowd was stunned.

Why is there such a high-tech mechanism in the imperial mausoleum? It's at least a thousand years old!

Zeke scrutinized the door and the mechanism and concluded, "The lock isn't the only thing that's new. Even this door is new. It was probably installed just a few years ago."

Wolf's Greed scratched his head, "Darn, who would be so free to install a lock and a door here?"

Zeke explained, "Someone probably found the Spirit Stone mine before us, but it had not matured yet. Hence, they set up this stone door and password to protect the Spirit Stone mine. When the Spirit Stone mine matured, they would be able to reclaim it."

Wolf's Greed's fists tightened, "It's treason not to report the discovery of a Spirit Stone mine! That person had better pray hard that I didn't find him. Otherwise, he'd be a dead man."

If they had found the Spirit Stone mine earlier, Zeke could have attained King Class with the help of the Spirit Stone.

And they would not have ended up in this state.

Zeke inhaled sharply, "The fact that this man could identify this as a Spirit Stone mine and set up this mechanism without being found out shows that he's a force to be reckoned with."

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Wolf's Greed suggested, "Zeke, can you try to hack the password?"

He knew that Zeke's hacking skills were top in the nation.

Yet Zeke shook his head, "This door is protected by the most advanced Wilson Security System. If we forcibly break it or attempt to hack it, it will automatically self-destruct. When that happens, the Spirit Stone mine, or even the entire mountain, would be destroyed."

So, what now?

Wolf's Greed concluded dejectedly, "Since we can't break it or open it, we can only watch as the Spirit Stone mine is right in front of us."

Zeke took a deep breath and replied, "If we can't open it, the enemy can't either. Perhaps this is the best way to protect the Spirit Stone mine. Let's preserve the current state. You guys surround the perimeter and don't let any suspicious person come close. In addition, announce to the world that the Great Marshal will be protecting the Spirit Stone mine himself. I will not be taking prisoners. Hopefully, word hasn't gotten out about my life force being damaged beyond repair."

Wolf's Greed suggested, "Zeke, why don't we sneak you back into the Cygnus Room to restore your life force? Since we're making an empty threat, it shouldn't matter whether you're physically here or not."

Zeke sighed. My life force has been irreversibly

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destroyed. Even the Cygnus Room won't be able to save me, unless... unless a miracle were to happen.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

The Great Marshal shall cease to exist as of today. If and only if I managed to find a successor before this!

Wolf's Greed led his men to patrol the perimeter.

Meanwhile, Zeke meditated near the stone door in an attempt to absorb the energy and repair his life force.

Moments later, he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

His life force had been damaged so severely that he could not even take in a small fraction of the universal energy.

He nearly got overwhelmed by it and died on the spot.

Power-wise, he was back to square one.

Even if he found the Spirit Stone mine, there was nothing he could do.

...

Meanwhile, at the Prince's Residence, Atheville.

The Prince's Residence was in the central district of Atheville, a stone's throw away from Glasbury, showing how important the owner was.

The owner of Prince's Residence was Chris Black.

He was a hero of the older generation who achieved many feats in war. His power level was

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not King class, but the people still hailed him as a king either way!

His reputation and influence were on par with the Great Marshal.

However, he had long since retired and chose not to meddle with politics, and his favorite pastime was fishing in his pond.

On that day, while Chris was fishing, a man dressed in black rushed forward and bowed down to him.

He greeted him, “Good day, sir. This is code 003.”

Upon closer inspection, it was not difficult to notice that this man was the one who witnessed the Great Marshal coughing up blood.

Back then, Zeke was fighting off the Four Great Ninjas at a department store while expanding his life force.

After saving Missy Williams, he bolted to the washroom to cough up blood.

This scene happened in full view of Code 003.

Chris glanced at him and nodded, “Rise and state your business.”

Code 003 got up and reported, “Sir, I’ve noticed that the Great Marshal coughed up blood after a major battle. He was staggering and was obviously pale. I suspect that his life force has been damaged.”

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What?

Chris' hand trembled and stared at Code 003 in shock. He queried, "Is this true?"

Code 003 reported, "I witnessed it myself."

Good! Chris finally smiled, "Zeke Williams, now that your life force is damaged, you're no match for me. I'd like to see you try to snatch the Spirit Stone mine from me."

The Spirit Stone mine was discovered by Chris a few years back. However, the mine had not matured yet, so he sealed it with a stone door and a lock.

He had intended to absorb the energy for himself and attain King class.

When that happened, he would truly be invincible.

Even the Great Marshal would have no choice but to admit defeat.

Yet to his dismay, just as the mine was about to mature, Zeke discovered it.

Even so, he had not attempted to seize control of it knowing that he was no match for the legendary Great Marshal.

However, now that he had received news of the Great Marshal's life force being damaged, he was confident that he could win.

The King class was within his grasp.

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Chris inquired, “What’s the status of the Spirit Stone mine at the moment?”

Code 003 reported, “It is currently being guarded by General Cosmopolis and the military. They prohibit all unauthorized personnel from approaching it.”

Chris frowned. If I attack General Cosmopolis, I’ll be loathed by the public if they find out who I am. I can’t be sure that General Cosmopolis won’t be able to recognize me.

Code 003 continued, “Sir, I still have something to report.”

“Carry on,” Chris replied.

Code 003 stated, “Pike, who had gone to seize the Spirit Stone mine, has died under the Great Marshal’s hands. Before he died, he sent the news regarding the Spirit Stone mine all over the Dark Web. Now, all major international organizations know that there is a Spirit Stone mine in Eurasia and are itching to make a move.”

When Code 003 said this, a glint appeared in Chris’ eyes.



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“Looks like the fool, Pike, helped me to accomplish something before he died. If all major international Organizations start to attack Eurasia in order to seize the Spirit Stone mine, I can slip in during the chaos and steal the Spirit Stone. They will never suspect me since they’ll naturally think that an overseas organization did it! Have they made a move yet?”

Code 003 replied, “They have not. As of now, foreign forces have not received news that the Great Marshal’s life force has been damaged. They would not dare to make a move for fear of the Great Marshal’s power.”

Chris instructed, “Let the word out that the Great Marshal’s life force has been damaged, and his skills are no better than an ordinary man. Let them be daring enough to steal the Spirit Stone.”

Code 003 was stunned and looked up at Chris.

He could not believe his ears. Chris is openly attracting our enemies to attack Eurasia just for personal gain? Chris is the guardian of Eurasia! How could he do something like that?

After Code 003 confirmed that he had not misunderstood Chris’ intentions, he carried out the instructions and spread the word that the Great Marshal’s life force had been damaged.

...

The news of the discovery of a Spirit Stone mine in Eurasia shook the world.

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Many major international forces, and even countries, started to keep an eye on Eurasia.

What did the Spirit Stone mine mean to a warrior?

It meant that they had a chance to attain King Class and dominate the globe.

They would be invincible!

This was tempting to most people, but at the same time, they did not dare to attack.

With the Great Marshal in Eurasia, they did not stand a chance.

They could only lament their bad luck.

However, another piece of news shocked the world once again.

The Great Marshal's life force had been damaged and was now an ordinary man.

Eurasia without the Great Marshal was akin to a bee without its stinger.

It was not a threat at all!

Suddenly, there was a major shift in international focus.

Countless forces congregated at Eurasia's borders, ready to invade at any time.

Wolf's Greed reported this to Zeke the moment he received the news.

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Zeke sighed, “Looks like we didn’t manage to keep it under wraps after all. The person who spread this had better not let me find out who he is. Otherwise, I’ll massacre his entire family! How’s the situation at the border?”

Wolf’s Greed replied, “It’s not going well.” We’re surrounded by countless foreign forces poised to strike at any moment. If they all attack at once, our current troops are no match for them.”

Zeke decided, “Shift all our manpower to the borders. Hopefully, we can contain the threat. Otherwise, I’ll destroy the Spirit Stone mine. If the Spirit Stone mine falls into the hands of the enemy, a disaster will befall Eurasia.”

Wolf’s Greed nodded, “Got it.”

Suddenly, there was a series of gunshots from outside the cave.

Zeke and Wolf’s Greed’s face fell. Damn it, that was fast! There are already enemies attacking the Spirit Stone mine?

Wolf’s Greed’s second-in-command rushed over and reported, “Sir, the top mercenaries of Tartaglia, Blacksnake Squad, have invaded. They ignored our warnings and continued approaching the mine. We had no choice but to shoot.”

Wolf’s Greed muttered, “Blacksnake Squad, huh? That’s the twentieth-ranked mercenary organization. Their leader, Cobra, is Gold Archduke class. I heard that they had snuck into Eurasia sometime back. Looks like our intel is

NH

correct. When news of the Spirit Stone mine was leaked, they were still in Eurasia, so they had a chance to strike.”



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Zeke patted Wolf's Greed on the shoulder, "Annihilate them to deter any other invaders. You should be able to take care of the Blacksnake Squad on your own, right?"

Wolf's Greed got up and saluted, "Rest assured, Great Marshal. I, Wolf's Greed, will make sure not a single man returns alive."

Wolf's Greed rushed off.

Soon, the sounds of firing became even more intense.

Zeke closed his eyes in a last-ditch attempt to absorb the energy with the remainder of his life force...

More accurately, the empty shell that his life force had left behind.

However, the results were disappointing.

His life force was too weak to withstand the spiritual energy.

Sigh!

Zeke headed outside. Looks like there's no hope of recovering my life force. In that case, I might as well make a final burst and use the remainder of my life force to kill the enemy. It's an honor to die protecting my country.

Zeke took a seat outside the cave.

The fighting outside the cave was especially

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intense.

Wolf's Greed did not lack the firepower and soon overwhelmed the enemy.

However, Wolf's Greed's men had suddenly stopped shooting.

"What's going on?" Zeke inquired.

Wolf's Greed spat, "Darn it! The Blacksnake group used a bunch of old civilians as a shield. If we shoot, we'd be killing civilians."

Darn it! Zeke cursed under his breath. By dragging civilians into this, the Blacksnake group has violated the Greeneva Convention! Well, that's to be expected, given that the Spirit Stone mine is at stake here.

Cobra, the leader of the Blacksnake Squad, yelled, "People of Eurasia, listen up! I give you one minute to clear a path for us to enter. For every minute you wait, I'll kill one civilian. Do as you see fit."

Zeke and Wolf's Greed scowled. If we made way, the Spirit Stone mine would be lost. However, if we didn't... Are we just going to watch as they kill civilians?

Zeke instructed, "Clear a path."

Wolf's Greed panicked, "But, the Spirit Stone mine..."

Zeke assured him, "Don't worry. If we can't open

NH

the Spirit Stone mine, then neither can they. If they force their way in, the Spirit Stone mine will self-destruct, and they won't be able to obtain it either."

"Alright," Wolf's Greed relented and made the command.

Soon, the Blacksnake Squad walked in with a bunch of civilians held hostage.

They were all the old and weak, so they were particularly frail.

With the shock from being held hostage, they had turned pale and started trembling. A few of the elderly had difficulty breathing and would even collapse at any moment.

The one leading them was Cobra.

He was a dark-skinned, bearded, middle-aged man.

He had a domineering presence befitting of a Silver Archduke class.

At this moment, Zeke was still seated by the cave.

Cobra snapped, "Who are you? Get out now, or I'll kill the civilians!"

Zeke smirked and took out the Great Marshal's Seal.

"Great Marshal!" Cobra's face fell and shrieked. "You're the Great Marshal!"

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When they heard the words ‘Great Marshal’, the civilians had their hopes up.

To them, the Great Marshal was the pillar of the nation and could definitely protect their lives.

They immediately knelt down and begged, “Great Marshal, please save us!”

Yet, at that moment, Zeke was frustrated at his own incompetence.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Cobra soon regained his composure, “Hah, I heard that the Great Marshal’s life force was damaged. He’s now no more than a mere ordinary man. Looks like that really is the case. Your heart rate is in a mess, your face is pale, and your breathing is irregular. Even a commoner can beat you, so get lost before I kill you.”

Zeke smiled, “Even with my life force damaged and all my skills gone, I can still crush you with a single finger.”

How outrageous!

Cobra yelled, “I’ll teach you a lesson today then. I, Cobra, will kill the Great Marshal today. The name Cobra shall be known all over the world!”

Cobra had always been obsessed with killing the Great Marshal. Now that he had the chance, he would not let it go.

The Spirit Stone mine can wait. It’s not going anywhere. As long as I have these civilians hostage, taking the Spirit Stone will be a piece of cake.

With that, Cobra approached Zeke with killing intent, crushing every rock he stepped on to dust.

At the same time, Zeke got up but with much difficulty. He gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and attempted to burn up the remainder of his life force.

“No!” Wolf’s Greed yelled.

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If the Great Marshal didn't do that, then he can still live a normal life. However, if he burned up the remainder of his life force, he'd end up as a cripple or might even die on the spot! He's already sacrificed so much for Eurasia. There's no reason for him to give up his life as well!

However, it was too late.

Zeke had converted all of his life force into power.

His power level now was that of the Silver Archduke Class.

Cobra bolted towards Zeke and punched him.

Zeke intercepted the attack with both hands.

Bam!

Zeke was sent flying.

He was now a Silver Archduke class, but Cobra was Gold Archduke class.

Although they were only one level apart, the difference in power was overwhelming.

"Hahaha, is this all the Great Marshal is capable of? Get up!" Cobra taunted and hit Zeke again.

Zeke was sent flying and shattered a boulder into pieces.

"Hey, cripple, let's go again!" Cobra laughed and threw a rock at Zeke.

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He had stricken the point where Zeke's life force converged.

The rock shattered into pieces, but Zeke was pummeled into the ground as well.

After that, he was unable to move.

The prisoners that the Blacksnake Squad held trembled in fear. How could the Great Marshal be such a pushover? We're dead!

Wolf's Greed knelt down in sorrow.

The other warriors went on their knees as well.

It was a sign of respect and awe to mark the passing of the Great Marshal.

Zeke felt his mind slowly going blank.

His life force was gone without a trace.

He could almost feel his soul leaving his empty shell of a body.

Is this death? I failed to protect Eurasia! I didn't even manage to protect these elderly!

Just as he was about to give up, Cobra taunted, "Is that really the Great Marshal, the guardian of Eurasia? I'll kill civilians right in front of your eyes! What can you do about that?"

A ear-piercing scream filled the air.

With this strong stimulus, Zeke, who was about to

NH

die, forced his eyes open.

His eyes were filled with blood.

He opened his eyes and saw Cobra killing an elderly man.

The man lay onto the ground, and his eyes stared at Zeke. Those were eyes filled with spite and disbelief.

He did not understand why the Great Marshal could not even protect a single old man.

Cobra was surprised, “I didn’t expect you to survive that. Perfect timing. I’ll let you watch as I massacre them!”



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NH

Cobra pointed his knife at another civilian.

“Stop it!” Wolf’s Greed roared.

He pointed his gun at Cobra, “I’ll kill you!”

Cobra placed a hostage in front of him and threatened, “Shoot! I dare you! Are you capable of killing one of your own?”

F***!

Wolf’s Greed could not possibly fire, and his heart wrenched.

“Hahaha!” Cobra’s laughter filled the entire cave.

A drop of blood seeped into Zeke’s eyes.

This stained Zeke’s entire vision red and blurred his eyesight.

He could vaguely see countless of enemies attacking Eurasia’s borders.

He saw the Alpha Suicide Squad annihilated during war.

Countless enemies invaded Eurasia and committed unspeakable war crimes.

Young men were forced into labor.

Young women were forced into prostitution.

Elderly and children were killed in cold blood.

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As the corpses piled up to the height of mountains and the rivers were stained red with blood, Eurasia would end up as a wasteland where dogs fed on the flesh of corpses.

It was a living hell!

A living hell where Missy and Lacey would live in!

No, I can't fall. Not now! Even if I die, I'll die in the battlefield, contributing to the defense of the nation!

The strong will to live made him take a deep breath.

What happened next was nothing short of a miracle.

With that deep breath, he absorbed a faint trace of the energy coming out from the other side of the door.

It flowed into his organs, relieving his pain by a lot.

This told Zeke that he would be able to survive by breathing alone.

Zeke breathed heavily without restraint, and the energy flowed into his body, nourishing him.

Gradually, the pain slowly dissipated, and his body started to recover.

When his body was fully restored, the spiritual energy no longer spread across his physical body

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but accumulated in the center where his life force once was.

The energy accumulated caused Zeke's abdomen to hurt, but he ignored the pain and continued absorbing the goodness in.

Just as the energy had accumulated to the point of bursting, there was a change in the quality of energy. It was now condensed into a solid state and formed a round object.

This is... Life force? Life force created by compressing energy!

The moment his life force was restored, it rapidly reconstructed Zeke's physical body!

Zeke's physical body was undergoing a transformation at an insane speed.

From a commoner to a warrior, to an expert, to a top fighter.

Finally, he leapt into the Bronze Archduke class, Silver Archduke class, Gold Archduke class, Platinum Archduke class, and finally broke through the Archduke class, attaining a level he had never reached before

At the same time, Zeke's mental state underwent an overwhelming change.

After he attained a new power level, he no longer cared solely about Eurasia, but the entire world.

He saw all enemies of Eurasia turning into dust

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and warriors all over the world worshipping himself as a king.

King!

King class!

Zeke knew that with that metamorphosis, he had attained King class.

He was the first man in three thousand years to accomplish this.

In that moment, Zeke finally understood.

In order to attain King class, he had to destroy his physical life force and replace it with a life force generated purely by this energy!

At the same time, he had to ascend his thinking.

Instead of protecting his nation, he had to protect all humans!

At that point of time, every single cell in his body was overflowing with energy.

He felt like he was bursting with power.

It was as though his punches could warp space and time itself!

Soon after that, he opened his eyes gently and fixated his gaze on Cobra.

“Impossible!” Cobra exclaimed when he met Zeke’s eyes and fell back in shock.

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The moment he met eyes with Zeke, he thought he had met a true god who killed ruthlessly.

One glance struck immense fear to the bottom of his heart.

What's going on? Isn't this guy on the brink of death? How did he revive so quickly? His gaze is horrifying!

Zeke spat, "Let's continue."

Cobra feigned composure and yelled, "Bastard, why won't you just stay down? This time, I'll break every bone in your body!"

I'll kill you!

Cobra charged towards Zeke with a knife in his hand.

When he entered the one-meter radius of Zeke, Zeke yelled, "Kneel before me!"

Zeke had not exerted much force, but the breath that he exhaled turned into a merciless vortex that ripped Cobra's clothes apart.

The pressure exuded by Zeke weighed down on Cobra like a mountain.

Unable to withstand it, Cobra fell onto his knees.

Although it was not directed at them, everyone present took some splash damage as well and knelt down, including the Blacksnake Squad.

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He managed to make thousands of men kneel before him with a single sentence.

This presence was akin to the birth of a new King!

Zeke, had been reborn as a king.

He broke through his limits and ascended to King class from being a cripple!

Wolf's Greed exclaimed, "Great Marshal, congratulations on attaining King class!"

The other soldiers echoed, "Congratulations on attaining King class!"

The sound echoed across the mountains.

Cobra and the Blacksnake Squad knelt before Zeke, "The Blacksnake Squad surrenders to the Great Marshal. We're willing to do anything to mend our ways!"

The Blacksnake Squad had been scared into surrendering when faced with a King class.

Zeke picked up a single pebble from the ground.

He yelled, "You killed a civilian from Eurasia. You deserve death!"

He then flicked the pebble at Cobra and penetrated his skull. After that, the pebble continued in its trajectory and pierced a boulder as well.

Cobra fell in a pool of his own blood.

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When the rest of them saw what happened, the entire Blacksnake Squad was trembling in fear. They did not dare to move or even think about fighting back.

Wolf's Greed inquired, "What should we do about the rest of the Blacksnake Squad?"

Zeke mulled over it and beckoned Wolf's Greed over, "Follow me."

Zeke then brought Wolf's Greed into the cave.

He queried, "Wolf's Greed, who do you think benefits the most from leaking intel that I've been injured and letting foreigners invade?"

Wolf's Greed was lost in thought.

"It shouldn't be a foreigner. If they knew you were injured, they'd surely keep it to themselves. They're just inviting competition for the Spirit Stone mine."

Zeke nodded, "I suspect that a local did it as well. It's highly likely that it was the man who set up this mechanism and the door. They would attract foreign enemies to cause chaos and unlock the passcode to access the Spirit Stone mine."

Wolf's Greed nodded, "That's highly likely."

Zeke decided, "Let's set some bait for this mastermind then."

"Alright."

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After that, Wolf's Greed and Zeke exited the cave.

The crowd bowed to Zeke once again.

Zeke asked the Blacksnake Squad, "Do you want to live, or die?"

"We want to live!" the Blacksnake Squad replied in fear.

Zeke announced, "Very well then, I'll let you go. However, there is one condition. Spread the word that the Great Marshal was injured severely and can no longer battle. Also, do mention that the Blacksnake Squad managed to obtain fifty kilograms of the Spirit Stone and left."

"Alright, got it!" the Blacksnake Squad nodded.



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Zeke said, “Get lost.”

The Blacksnake Squad beat a hasty retreat.

Zeke wasn’t worried that they would go back on their word as they wouldn’t have the guts to stand a strong fighter up.

He wanted to bring the foreign enemies in and lure the culprit to steal from the Spirit Stone mine.

Because if he attempted to steal, he would be caught.

Zeke looked at the group of civilians. “I’m sorry, everyone, I’ve failed to protect you and put you in such a frightening situation. There are even casualties.”

He then said to Wolf’s Greed, “Wolf’s Greed, compensate them according to the highest standards.”

Wolf’s Greed replied, “Roger that.”

The commoners knelt down before Zeke again with a pious attitude, as if they were worshipping a god.

For them, the Great Marshal was God.

A little boy, with determination in his clear eyes, clenched his fists and secretly swore. Sooner or later, I’ll also become a strong man like the Great Marshal!

Zeke turned around and instructed Wolf’s Greed,

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“Tell the Alpha Suicide Squad to feign defeat and let the enemy in.”

Understood!

On the same day, a piece of breaking news quickly swept across the world.

A lesser-known mercenary group, Blacksnake Squad, took the lead in stealing from the Spirit Stone mine.

However, they didn’t encounter any resistance during the whole process and left with dozens of kilograms of Spirit Stone smoothly.

As for the Great Marshal, whose life force was damaged and abilities were all lost, he could only watch from the side and did nothing!

People around the world were excited.

It seemed that the Great Marshal had really been crippled.

The fact that even an incompetent mercenary group like the Blacksnake Squad could get the Spirit Stone and return with a good haul made those who were stronger than the Blacksnake Squad believe that they could also get the Spirit Stone.

As a result, all the forces lurking on the border were unable to withstand the temptation anymore. Soon after, they made their moves one after another to attack the border of Eurasia.

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To their surprise, the border of Eurasia was much weaker than they thought.

Without many sacrifices, they broke through the border smoothly.

These groups of forces had only one goal in mind, which was the imperial mausoleum in Devonville!

They did not go elsewhere to create havoc but rushed all the way to the imperial mausoleum in Devonville instead.

Fortunately, the higher-ups of Eurasia had made preparations early and evacuated all the villages that would be on their way.

Thousands or even more hostile and powerful forces broke into the territory of Eurasia, causing intense panic among the civilians.

As the Great Marshal had had his life force being damaged and became an average man, the people wondered if Eurasia was able to stop this wave of enemies.

If not, will we be put at the mercy of others?

Some people were happy, while some were worried. But the happiest among them was none other than Chris Black, the Prince of Prince's Residence.

So far, his plan was progressing smoothly.

The area around Devonville was now in chaos, so he could take advantage of the chaos to go and

NH

get the Spirit Stone.

He was not in a hurry to get to Devonville and first went to a well-hidden underground secret base instead.

This secret base was built by Chris on his own.

There were a lot of good fighters in it - with five being on par with an Archduke.

He led these five Archduke-level powerhouses towards the imperial mausoleum in Devonville.

The previously desolated Devonville saw the huge influx of countless hostile powerhouses overnight.

In order to deal with these enemies and defend the Spirit Stone mine, Eurasia mobilized all the forces available to be stationed here.

Even so, its defense was still overstretched because the enemies were too powerful.

It was rumored that dozens of them were of the Archduke class, and one was even a Platinum Archduke.

Meanwhile, there was no more Platinum Archduke in Eurasia after the Great Marshal had had his life force damaged.

In a temporary command base, Zeke glanced at the battlefield and said indifferently, “The overall situation is in chaos now. The culprit should show up soon to steal the Spirit Stone amid the

NH

commotion. I'll go and wait at the mausoleum while you continue to hold back the enemy. Remember, safety first, so don't put your life in danger while fighting. If you really can't handle it, just let the enemy in, and I will kill them with my own hands."



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“Roger that!” Wolf’s Greed nodded his head.

Now that the Great Marshal was at the King class, he wasn’t bothered by these enemies at all.

From the moment this group of people broke into the territory of Eurasia, they were destined to see the end for them.

Meanwhile, a speedboat was speeding along a river far from the war zone.

There were six people on the speedboat, all of whom were masked men in diving gear.

These six people were Chris and the five men he brought along.

The speedboat stopped when it was about one kilometer away from the war zone.

Chris said, “There’s a natural underground karst cave under this river, which leads to the tunnel towards the imperial mausoleum. Let’s enter the imperial mausoleum through the cave. If there are guards, you’ll be responsible for holding off the enemy while I get the Spirit Stone. If no one is guarding, we’ll take the Spirit Stone together. Is there any objection?”

The five men quickly shook their heads.

“Alright then.” Chris nodded his head. “Let’s go.”

The five men immediately jumped into the water, headed towards the imperial mausoleum through the underground cave.

NH

Of course, they didn't forget to blow up the speedboat before leaving so as not to be found out by other people.

As the underground cave was rugged and narrow, they only reached the end after wandering for about half an hour.

Located at the end of the cave was the entrance of the imperial mausoleum.

They were in the tunnel, and yet they could hear the incessant gunfire from outside.

With that, they believed that there was most likely no one here as the defense was concentrated on guarding against foreign enemies out there.

Chris led the group to go deep into the tunnel.

They really did not run into any obstacles along the way.

Because of that, Chris was delighted, as he was one step away from achieving the King class.

Soon, they came to the end of the cave, where there was a stone door with a passcode lock.

The stone door was also left unguarded.

After Chris had confirmed that there was nothing unusual, he walked to the stone door and inputted a series of complicated codes.

Whoosh whoosh!

NH

A dull and loud grating sound was heard as the two sides of the stone door slowly opened up from the middle.

Following that, a strong rush of spiritual energy immediately greeted them.

Chris was so excited that tears welled up in his eyes.

This stone door is my gateway to achieving the King class!

“Let’s go inside.” Chris led his men to walk inside.

“What took you so long?” Suddenly, they heard someone sighing in the narrow cave!

Buzz!

Chris and his men instantly flew into a state of panic.

There’s someone else here!

But the six of us are actually unaware of it.

No way. The fact that even six Archdukes can’t detect the existence of him means that he should at least be at a class higher than an Archduke!

King class?

But none has achieved King class in this world!

A dark silhouette slowly walked out from the shadow.

NH

Dressed in black with black gauze covering his face, the man was light on his feet and produced no sound when he walked.

The most terrifying thing was that he exuded no presence at all, like he was a dead man!

Yes, only dead people can go beneath our radar!

But then again, he can walk and move, so how is it possible that he's a dead man?

Besides, he has just said, "What took you so long?", so is this a trap?

Did he purposely lure us here?

Chris's heart sank.

At this time, he had made up his mind to escape.

He must run away and keep his identity a secret, even if it meant giving up on the Spirit Stone.

"Who are you?" Chris asked solemnly.

"Someone who wants you dead," Zeke said indifferently. "Raise your hands to surrender, or face your death!"

Of course, Chris wouldn't surrender himself without putting up a fight.

He immediately instructed his men, "Go get him!"

The six of them charged at Zeke.

NH

While approaching Zeke, Chris suddenly turned around and tried to escape.

Although he didn't know the opponent's ability, he felt threatened.

He couldn't risk exposing his identity.



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NH

Therefore, the most sensible choice at the moment was to sacrifice five of his companions and escape by himself.

Zeke remained calm in the face of the five Archdukes.

He only let out a sudden shout when the five men came near him, “Kneel!”

His angry roar, laced with a powerfully intimidating pressure, thundered through the air from all directions.

The five Archdukes who were about to attack Zeke were startled and involuntarily kneeled.

Even Chris, who had escaped more than ten meters away, felt a crushing pressure on his body as his legs turned to jelly, and he could not help but stop dead in his tracks.

He is... too powerful!

With merely an angry roar, he actually makes the five Archdukes kneel and stopped me, a Platinum Archduke!

King class!

The man in front of me has actually achieved King class!

Oh god, since when did Eurasia have a King class warrior?

An unprecedented despair and fear crept over

NH

Chris.

However, his strong desire to survive quickly calmed him down.

“Use your life force and stop him.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the five Archdukes raised their hands and slapped their lower abdomen.

They wanted to damage their life force and forcefully increase their strength.

They were actually a group of loyal fighters kept by Chris. In fact, they could sacrifice their lives for him at critical moments, let alone damaging their life force.

After the five Archdukes damaged their life forces, their strengths were instantly boosted to the strength of a Platinum Archduke.

It was conceivable how powerful the five Platinum Archdukes were in a fight.

Even Zeke, who had achieved King class, felt a lot of pressure.

“You’ll die!” Zeke gritted his teeth and went after Chris.

He’s the culprit, so I must catch him.

The five Archdukes took action to stop Zeke, but Zeke didn’t have time to face them head-on, lest the culprit escaped.

NH

He kicked a big rock into pieces, and innumerable gravel was sent flying towards the five Archdukes like a meteor shower.

The five Archdukes immediately went up to parry the 'meteor shower' of gravel.

Taking this opportunity, Zeke forced his way out of their encirclement successfully.

One of the Archdukes was even knocked over by Zeke, who then chased after Chris.

The initial distance of hundred meters between the two of them was shortened to fifty meters by Zeke in the blink of an eye.

Seeing that he was about to be caught, Chris threw a bomb behind him without hesitation.

Boom!

After a deafening sound of the explosion, the cave collapsed, and the debris blocked Zeke's path.

Clouds of dust wafted in the air, causing Zeke unable to see anything.

Damn it!

Zeke frantically threw punches to smash the debris that was blocking his way.

After he had punched his way through the debris to go after Chris, Chris was long gone.

NH

Alas!

Zeke sighed, feeling dejected that he still failed to catch the man.

That guy is really desperate. Wasn't he worried that the bomb would make this cave collapse completely?

Zeke headed back.

Under the stone door, the five Archdukes were laying limb on the ground, with a look of despair and fear on their faces.

Their strength could only last for three minutes after they damaged their life force.

After three minutes, they would be crippled and would not even be able to stand.

Zeke walked up to them and took off their veils.

When lifted, the veils revealed five unfamiliar faces.

Zeke was confused.

He knew all of the Archdukes in Eurasia.

Yet, he did not know any of these men before him.

Are they being trained privately?

The man must be so powerful that he's able to secretly train five Archdukes.

NH

However, Zeke didn't have time to dwell on it.

After knocking out the five Archdukes, he walked towards the opening of the cave.

The top priority now was to get rid of the thousands of invading foreign enemies.

As time went by, more soldiers might die.

Zeke arrived at the opening of the cave and saw that the battle was raging outside.

The enemy was too powerful, forcing the soldiers of Eurasia to keep falling back.

Therefore, the enemy was now less than two kilometers away from the opening of the cave.



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NH

Zeke got Wolf's Greed to see him. "Wolf's Greed, get everyone to retreat and let the enemy in."

"Zeke, the enemy is very powerful, and there's even a Platinum Archduke. Can you..." Wolf's Greed trailed off, looking worried.

He was worried that Zeke could not keep the enemy at bay due to their large number.

"It's okay," Zeke assured him.

Seeing that Zeke was full of confidence, Wolf's Greed felt a sense of relief.

After all, he believed in Zeke.

Hence, he immediately ordered the soldiers to retreat.

The soldiers feigned defeat and fell back.

The big troop of enemies soon came to the cave opening.

The overwhelming team of powerful fighters, exuding a strong murderous intent, was immensely intimidating.

If an average person were to face them, they would already be scared to death.

Meanwhile, Zeke waited at the opening of the cave alone, looking like a one-man wrecking crew.

The leader of the enemy team was the king of mercenaries of the United States, a Platinum

NH

Archduke, Bill.

Bill looked at Zeke with an indifferent look on his face. “Hey, kid, your comrades have retreated. Why are you still holding on?”

“I’m upholding justice and sovereignty,” replied Zeke.

Pfft!

Everyone burst into laughter.

“Who gave you the courage to talk about justice in front of me?” Bill mocked.

“I know him. He’s the Great Marshal of Eurasia,” someone shouted.

The crowd was thrown into uproar.

“So he’s the Great Marshal. No wonder he dared to be so arrogant.”

“If he was in his heyday, he might be able to threaten us. But he’s now crippled, so we don’t need to be afraid of him.”

Bill sneered. “You know, Great Marshal, it’s always been my dream to kill you with my own hands. My dream will come true now. Thank you for giving me this opportunity. Haha. The Great Marshal is mine. None of you should take him away from me.”

As soon as Bill finished speaking, he rushed up to Zeke.

NH

He was as fast as a car as he stirred up a strong gust of wind.

Standing at the cave opening, Zeke remained still and indifferent, without even the slightest change in his expression.

It was not until Bill was inches away from him that he finally moved.

He raised his hand and gave Bill a slap on the cheek in a seemingly casual manner.

Smack!

The clear and loud sound of slapping filled the air.

Then, Bill, who was sprinting all the way, fell to the ground, head-first.

At the same time, Zeke raised his right foot and stepped on Bill's head.

Bill's skull was crushed on the spot while the brain matter and blood splattered all over the place. The two of his eyeballs were even being thrust out of their sockets. They were flung onto the branch nearby, swaying in the wind.

The noisy crowd abruptly quieted down.

Everyone widened their eyes as they gaped at the scene in disbelief.

The king of mercenaries of the United States, a Platinum Archduke, was actually defeated by Zeke in one move and had his head crushed by

NH

the latter.

F*ck, this is so unbelievable!

Has the Great Marshal really been crippled like what the rumor said?

No, even at his peak, the Great Marshal isn't as strong as he is now!

They then thought of the imposing aura that Zeke exuded when he made his move, which far surpassed that of an Archduke.

A horrifying and bold idea popped into everyone's head.

The Great Marshal has achieved the King class!

Thud! Thud!

One enemy after another kneeled before Zeke.

For them, a person at the King class was a God!

Thus, it was only natural to kneel before a God.

Of course, only a few got down on their knees.

More enemies were still standing tall and discussing the matter enthusiastically, with the belief in strength in numbers.

"It only took a day for the Great Marshal to achieve King class as a cripple."

"The Spirit Stone mine is so powerful."

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“Since a cripple can even achieve King class, we definitely can too if we get the Spirit Stone mine.”

“Zeke Williams, the Spirit Stone mine belongs to all warriors, so you can’t keep it to yourself.”

“That’s right. Hand over the Spirit Stone mine.”



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NH

Zeke sneered. “What if I refuse to?”

“Then we’ll kill you and seize the Spirit Stone mine,” the crowd yelled. “So what if you’re in the King class? You’re also a human. With so many powerful warriors here, we can wear you out. Now that you have reached the King class, the Spirit Stone mine is of no use to you anymore. Don’t force us to get tough with you!”

Zeke chuckled. “Tough? I’d like to see how tough you can get today.”

“F*ck. You’re stubborn as a mule. Kill him!”

The Spirit Stone mine made this group of warriors see red as they rushed up to kill Zeke regardless of the consequences.

Clutching the Dragon King Sword, Zeke stood tall at the cave opening with a look of determination.

Soon, they clashed and engaged in a fierce battle.

Amid the flashing swords and clinking blades, blood was spilling everywhere.

The battle subsided in just ten minutes.

At this moment, a four-meter-high mountain of corpses had piled up at the opening of the cave, completely blocking the entrance.

Blood gathered into a small stream that was gurgling gently.

Even the survivors were covered in wounds, and

NH

none made it in one piece.

Meanwhile, Zeke was still standing tall and proud, without a wound on his body, his breathing stable. But the blade of the Dragon King Sword in his hand was already dented.

The hellish scene made the survivors shudder and drove them to the verge of breaking down!

A person in the King Class was so much stronger than they thought.

Earlier on, Zeke effortlessly got rid of the thousands of experts.

They didn't even have the chance to get near him, as they were all hurt by the blade of his sword.

Zeke slowly shifted his gaze from the dead to them.

They were all so frightened that they backed away and made a run for it.

After they turned around, they discovered that the army of Eurasia had surrounded them without them noticing.

The soldiers were aiming their guns at them.

With such a huge number of guns pointed at them, it was impossible for them to break through the encirclement.

Thud! Thud!

NH

One after another, the surviving enemy knelt before Zeke.

“Great Marshal, we’d like to surrender to you.”

“We’ll do anything for you, even die.”

“Please let us join you, Great Marshal.”

“We await your decision, Great Marshal,” Wolf’s Greed roared.

“Those who invade my nation will be punished no matter how far away they are!” replied Zeke.

“Kill them!”

“Kill them!”

The thunderous roar shook the earth.

The sound of unceasing gunshots, accompanied by screams and wails, filled the air.

The survivors were like losing their minds as they ran towards the guns, trying to escape.

They would rather face the bullet than the Great Marshal.

The gunfire lasted more than half an hour before it finally stopped.

Tens of thousands of enemies fell to the ground, dead.

Blood dyed everything red while the coppery smell

NH

of blood filled the air.

Wolf's Greed raised the flag slowly.

"Great Marshal, all the enemies that invade Eurasia have been wiped out completely."

"Alright." Zeke nodded his head slightly. "Come with me, Wolf's Greed."

"Yes, Sir!"

Wolf's Greed followed Zeke into the cave.

The five Archdukes were still unconscious.

Wolf's Greed gasped. "Zeke, how did they get in? I'm sorry that I've failed to secure the cave opening."

Zeke shook his head. "It's not your fault. There should be a hidden passageway in this cave, through which they might have entered. In fact, there were originally six Archdukes. But, the leader, a Platinum Archduke, successfully escaped."

"Oh, there is still a Platinum Archduke?" Wolf's Greed asked, "Do you know who is it?"

"I can't be sure right now. However, there are only a few Platinum Archdukes in Eurasia, so I will find him sooner or later." Zeke added, "By the way, the life forces of these five Archdukes are damaged. Take them to Cygnus Room and interrogate them."

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NH

“Roger that!”

Wolf’s Greed immediately got his subordinates to drag away the five Archdukes.

The stone door had been opened by the Platinum Archduke who had escaped, so the two of them entered the mausoleum smoothly.

As soon as they stepped into it, a strong rush of spiritual energy immediately greeted them.

The deeper they went in, the stronger the spiritual energy was.

They could not help but walk faster.

However, they found two bodies halfway.

Both bodies had become mummified.

They were wearing the military uniforms of Eurasia with Eurasia’s old-fashioned rifles slung across their shoulders.

The expressions on the faces of Zeke and Wolf’s Greed turned grim.

It was bizarre to find two mummified bodies of Eurasian soldiers inside this imperial mausoleum, which had been sealed for thousands of years.

After Wolf’s Greed studied the bodies for a while, he whispered, “Zeke, have you noticed that this body looks like he was running out of the cave before he died?”

NH

“Yes, you’re right.” Zeke nodded his head.

He glanced deep into the cave. “There’s Spirit Stone mine in the depth of the cave. It stands to reason that they should run towards the mine. So why did they want to run out of the cave? Wolf’s Greed, check the cause of their death.”

Wolf’s Greed squatted down and began to inspect the bodies.

Soon, he found a bullet on the back of the body.

“Zeke, he was shot in the back and died. Also, this bullet was a bullet specially used by the Eurasian military.”

Huh?

Zeke took a deep breath.

Eurasian soldiers being killed by Eurasian bullets. What exactly had happened here?

“Let’s go!”

Zeke continued to go deeper into the cave with Wolf’s Greed.

The deeper they went in, the more bodies they saw.

Moreover, the bodies looked exactly the same as the bodies they had just seen earlier, as they were all wearing the military uniforms of Eurasia, and were shot in the back by the same bullets.

NH

When they came to the end of the cave, where the underground palace of the imperial mausoleum was, both of them were dumbfounded.

Mountain of bodies that were about five or six meters high was actually piled up in the spacious and flat underground palace!

These mummified bodies were all Eurasian soldiers.

Following an inspection, they realized that the soldiers were all shot and killed by Eurasian bullets.

There were at least tens of thousands of them!

Zeke and Wolf's Greed felt a sharp pain in their chest.

Damn it.

Why did tens of thousands of Eurasian soldiers die in this place for no reason?

They even got shot by the bullets of Eurasia.

What exactly had happened here?

Wolf's Greed couldn't bear such a sight, so he turned around and slammed his fist on the rock wall.

"Shit. I must find out the truth here at all costs."

"Could it be..." Gasping, Zeke suddenly thought of something and quickly moved a few bodies away

NH

to clear out a piece of ground.

Half-hidden in the soil was a few pieces of mature Spirit Stones.

This was the Spirit Stone mine.

Zeke gasped. “I understand now.”

Wolf’s Greed asked eagerly, “Do you know who did this, Zeke?”

“It must be the first person who discovered this Spirit Stone mine,” Zeke stated.

“What makes you think so?” Wolf’s Greed asked.

“The first person who discovered this place saw that the Spirit Stone mine wasn’t mature yet, so he set on killing tens of thousands of Eurasian soldiers and used their blood and flesh to nourish this mine,” Zeke explained. “In order not to be discovered by outsiders, he also used a passcode lock and stone door to seal off this place.”

“What a wicked person.”

Bastard!

Wolf’s Greed gritted his teeth, his eyes all red.

The fact that someone actually killed Eurasian soldiers for a Spirit Stone mine is simply outrageous!

“Attention, General Cosmopolis,” ordered Zeke.

NH

Wolf's Greed stood to attention. "General Cosmopolis, Wolf's Greed, at your service, Sir."

"You're now appointed as the person in charge of this case. Find out the identity of these soldiers at all costs. You're granted the highest authority to find out the real culprit and can make any decision before informing me!" Zeke declared.

"Yes, Sir!" replied Wolf's Greed.

Suddenly, there was a sound coming from the walkie-talkie of Wolf's Greed.

"What's the matter?" Wolf's Greed asked.

"General, there's an old man trying to break into the imperial mausoleum," the man replied.



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NH

“Get him out of here,” Wolf’s Greed ordered.

“General, the man refused to cooperate and even attacked us. This man is a little unusual, so we can’t take him away by force,” replied the man on the walkie-talkie.

Huh?

Wolf’s Greed immediately became alert.

“Unusual? Is he friend or foe?”

“He looked like an ordinary Eurasian old man. However, he’s good at military boxing, and his level is that of a master. He should be a senior, so we...” the man trailed off.

Wolf’s Greed regained his composure. “I’m going out now. Keep him there.”

Then, he looked up at Zeke. “I’m going out to have a look, Zeke. With his master-level military boxing, he’s comparable with an Archduke. He should be a veteran soldier.”

Zeke was also curious, so he said, “Let’s go and take a look together.”

It’s rare to see someone who can reach the strength of an Archduke by merely practicing military boxing.

An ordinary expert needed to practice at least three types of moves before they could reach the Archduke class.

Zeke only knew one person who reached the

NH

Archduke class by merely practicing one type of moves, and that was Ares, who was practicing Ares Magical Arts.

The pair soon came to the opening of the cave.

A bedraggled, scruffy old man was kneeling at the cave opening, praying with a candle in his hands.

There was a pile of offerings and candles in front of him while he was mumbling something.

A few soldiers were standing vigilantly beside the scruffy old man, who turned a blind eye to them.

Wolf's Greed went up to him. "Sir, to whom are you paying homage?"

The old man ignored Wolf's Greed, as he continued to mutter under his breath with the candle in his hand.

Wolf's Greed pricked up his ears and listened carefully, but he didn't understand what the old man said at all.

Whereas Zeke became excited.

He was in the King class, and his five senses were much more sensitive than that of ordinary people. Hence, he understood the eulogy the old man was muttering.

What the old man said was, "Enjoy the offerings, buddies. Rest in peace."

He's paying homage to his buddies here!

NH

Could his buddies be the tens of thousands of soldiers whose bodies are found in the imperial mausoleum?

The old man knows the identities of those soldiers, and maybe he knows who killed them too!

Going up to the old man, Zeke squatted down beside him.

“Sir, can you tell me if you’re paying homage to the souls of the tens of thousands of soldiers? Why did they die here? Who killed them?”

Yet, the old man remained indifferent and continued to lit the candles.

Seeing his indifferent attitude, Wolf’s Greed became angry and wanted to use force, but Zeke gave him a look to stop him. He knew that this old man was not an ordinary man.

Therefore, the two of them simply stood on the side and quietly watched the old man pay homage to his friends.

Soon, the old man was done and slowly rose to his feet

He glanced at the cave meaningfully and said earnestly, “Buddies, our enemy has come to me. Just wait. I’ll be offering his head to you guys here and now!”

Then the old man cast his gaze on Zeke and said, “It’s either I kill you, or you kill me today! Show me

NH

your moves.”

Zeke was perplexed at once.

Judging from what the old man said - I was the murderer?

Tens of thousands of soldiers in the imperial mausoleum died at my hands?

Are you kidding me?

Wolf’s Greed got irritated as well. “Have you gone senile, old man? He’s famous for being a protective leader. It’s impossible that he’ll hurt his own people.”

“I’ve seen it with my own eyes. How could I be wrong?” said the old man angrily. “Time for you to die!”

The old man pounced on Zeke to attack.



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NH

Wolf's Greed quickly stepped forward to block the old man, but Zeke gave him a look to stop him.

Zeke wanted to know whether this old man was really at the master level in military boxing.

The two of them quickly engaged in a fight.

In order to test the strength of the old man, Zeke only used ten percent of his strength and was evenly matched with the old man.

His military boxing was indeed at the master level.

What a talented man. Zeke had the idea of recruiting him.

He reaches the master level merely by practicing military boxing. Coupled with my guidance, he's likely to become the second King Class warrior in Eurasia or even in the world.

Just then, Zeke exerted half of his strength and sent the old man flying.

In the end, the old man was embedded into the crack between the rocks, unable to move.

"Tell me, who are those mummified bodies in the mausoleum? Why do you suspect that I'm the one who killed them?" asked Zeke.

"Stop playing dumb!" the old man roared angrily. "I only have my lack of skill to blame for the inability to avenge my comrades! I lost, so just kill me."

NH

Zeke knitted his brows, feeling troubled.

He could see that this old man wanted death.

The latter would rather die than tell the truth if Zeke were to interrogate him.

This is one tough nut to crack!

The old man was still struggling, but he couldn't move.

Seeing him like this, Wolf's Greed and countless soldiers laughed scornfully.

The old man was extremely mortified.

I've never been so humiliated in my life.

He bellowed, "B*****d, just kill me if you dare. I'd rather die than be humiliated!"

Then, Zeke gave Wolf's Greed a look.

Getting the message, Wolf's Greed hurriedly pulled the old man out of the crack between the stones.

Once the old man regained his freedom, he rushed towards Zeke again, who then smiled contemptuously and casually raised his hand to give the old man a slap.

Smack!

His palm landed on the old man's left cheek.

NH

The old man was knocked over to the ground and rolled around.

After his body stopped rolling, he spat out a mouthful of blood and broken teeth.

Arghhhh!

I'm really going to lose my mind.

This is humiliating!

This is utterly humiliating!

I, an old and dignified Archduke, have actually been slapped in the face by a young man.

This is downright embarrassing.

Unfortunately, I can't beat him...

Feeling furious, the old man turned around to leave. "Don't regret for not killing me now! Sooner or later, I'll kill you myself!"

"Stop right there! Do you think you can just leave like this after challenging my leader's authority? Do you know who he is?" Wolf's Greed yelled to stop him from leaving.

"He's nothing but the Great Marshal. What's so great about that?" retorted the old man.

Oh?

He still has the audacity to attack Zeke despite knowing his identity. What a gutsy old man.

NH

“Since you know his identity, answer his question now,” said Wolf’s Greed.

“Bah, kill me if you have the guts. I can’t believe you have the nerve to ask me the truth. You’re just playing the fool, aren’t you? Don’t you have any idea what you’ve done?” the old man scolded before walking away.

Wolf’s Greed was at his wit’s end. “Zeke, this old man is a stubborn old fool that never listens. It’s not easy to make him talk.”

Zeke took a deep breath. “Everyone has a weak spot. Find out his, and he will yield. Come on, let’s follow him.”

Wolf’s Greed immediately stopped him. “Why do we wander around with an old man instead of watching over the Spirit Stone mine, Zeke?”

“Find his weak spot, and get something on him. Let’s go,” replied Zeke.

The two of them followed the old man.



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NH

The old man was furious, but he couldn't drive the two of them away, so he could only curse.

Zeke did not bother to respond.

But Wolf's Greed did not back down and kept trading insults with the old man.

Wolf's Greed was exceptionally good at swearing. It proved to be true, especially when the old man became livid and flared his nostrils after a while.

Seeing that he could not even get the better of Wolf's Greed in a shouting match, the old man had no choice but to shut up.

In the end, Zeke and Wolf's Greed followed the old man all the way back to a village called 'Fort Lisk'.

Located deep in the mountains, this village was hard to reach and isolated from the world.

At best, the scenery here was spectacular and beautiful, like a paradise; at worst, this place was synonymous with poverty and backwardness.

It was obvious that the old man was very prestigious in this village.

The children, who had been fooling around, stopped frolicking when they saw the old man, and respectfully called him 'Grandpa Collins'.

Whereas the adults bowed and greeted, "Mr. Collins".

The old man also took care of his own image.

NH

Before entering the village, he deliberately tidied up his clothes and washed his face.

He did not smile, yet only remained stern and upright along the way.

The old man eventually entered the grandest stone house in the village.

The furnishings in the house were extremely minimalist, but everything was neatly arranged and organized.

The most conspicuous thing in the room was a large altar located directly across the door.

There were tens of thousands of memorial tablets placed on the altar.

Amos Lisk.

Bobby Berry.

Payton Boyle.

These were most likely the memorial tablets of the soldiers who died unjustly in the imperial mausoleum.

The sight tugged at Wolf's Greed and Zeke's heartstrings.

The two of them lit candles, wanting to pay homage to them.

The old man, however, suddenly rushed up to them, grabbed and threw the candles to the

NH

ground to stamp them to pieces.

“Get out of here! You’re murderers, and you don’t deserve to pay homage to my comrades.”

F**k!

Wolf’s Greed was furious. “I told you. The deaths of your comrades have nothing to do with him!”

“I’m not gonna trust you again,” replied the old man.

Zeke frowned.

Judging from what the old man said, does it mean he trusted me before but was betrayed by me?

Are the deaths of these people related to the ‘trust’ of the old man back then?

Zeke couldn’t wait to find out the truth.

After thinking about it for a while, Zeke quickly came up with a plan.

He leaned in and carefully whispered his plan into Wolf’s Greed’s ears.

Upon hearing his plan, Wolf’s Greed looked reluctant as he said, “Isn’t this like a scam, Zeke? Haven’t you heard the saying that goes, don’t do unto others what you don’t want to be done unto you?”

“This is an order,” Zeke insisted.

NH

“Alright, then,” replied Wolf’s Greed sadly.

After taking a deep breath and adjusting his emotions, Wolf’s Greed abruptly thumped a table, pointed at the old man, and cursed, “How dare you old fart hook up with my wife? I’m gonna ruin you today.”

Pffft!

The old man spat out all the mouthful of tea he had just drunk.

“What f*cking nonsense are you talking about? When did I hook up with your wife? I’ve never even seen her.”

“I don’t care. I saw it with my own eyes anyway. I’m gonna ruin your reputation today,” Wolf’s Greed said.

Next, Wolf’s Greed walked to the door and yelled at the top of his lungs, “Guys, please do me justice. This old fart has been doing some nasty things and going around flirting with women. I’m gonna expose his facade today.”



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NH

Of course, Zeke ordered all these.

He noticed that the old man cared a great deal about his own reputation and image.

This was the old man's weak spot as well.

It enraged him to the point of almost vomiting blood. "Bastard, shut the hell up! This is slander, and you will suffer a horrible death!"

Wolf's Greed was quite smug. "You're right, I'm slandering you. But those villagers will never think the same."

He was about to shout again when the old man burst into a sob, "Shut your damn mouth! You're really a shameless hooligan! Alright, I'll tell you."

Wolf's Greed hurriedly closed the door and turned around.

It was quite embarrassing for him to announce that this old man was seducing his wife right in his house, anyway.

"Say it. Who were those soldiers that died?"

The old man was puzzled. "Do you really not know? Or are you just messing around with me?"

Zeke replied curtly, "Say it."

The old man replied, "They were the whole crew of the Seal Mercenary Team."

The Seal Mercenary Team!

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Zeke and Wolf's Greed's excitement were apparent when they heard the name.

The Seal Mercenary Team was very well-known back in those days.

Their leader was Tyler Collins, the master who coexisted with Ares.

One guarded the north while the other the south. They were known as the Taichi Duo. Like the Taichi symbol, the duo each represented the symbolic white and black characters.

Ares represented the white teardrop of the Taichi symbol, and the military appointed him as the Defense Minister.

On the other hand, Tyler represented the other half black teardrop of the Taichi symbol. His Seal Mercenary Team was an underground and illegal organization, not recognized by the military.

However, they committed no heinous wrongdoings and even assisted the military in annihilating their common enemies. The Seal Mercenary Team had achieved many impressive feats in the era of raging wars.

Hence, the military turned a blind eye to them.

“The Seal Mercenary Team was dismissed in the prime of their glory and disappeared before the public. Why did their bodies appear in the imperial mausoleum?”

The old man seemed to be agitated at the

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mention of it.

He cast a murderous gaze at Zeke and gritted through his teeth. “Dismissed? Disappeared? Hahaha! What a joke! When the Seal Mercenary Team was at the prime of our glory, you as the Great Marshal wanted to enlist us through amnesty by making an irresistible offer to us. We accepted the amnesty to keep Eurasia’s peace. However, we did not expect it to be a plot. After accepting the amnesty, you led us into the imperial mausoleum and massacred us. All 10,035 members of the Seal Mercenary Team were murdered, except for me.”

Zeke and Wolf’s Greed were horrified at the revelation.

The truth was stranger and dubious than they had imagined.

Zeke solemnly replied, “Then you must be Tyler Collins, the other half of the Taichi Duo, on par with Ares the Archduke.”

The old man nodded, “Yes, I am Tyler Collins.”

He seemed to be in a turmoil of emotions at the mention of his former glory.

He stood before the thousands of memorial tablets and paid his respects to his ten thousand elites.

He was still the Tyler Collins who wielded great influence back then.

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“Collins, I will swear by the Great Marshal’s name that I did not know a thing about the massacre of the Seal Mercenary Team back then. Of course, it was not me who ordered the massacre.” Zeke said earnestly.



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NH

The old man replied, “But I witnessed you aiming your gun at my brothers.”

“Someone could have disguised as me. I think someone impersonated me and lied to you guys,” Zeke added.

The old man’s face sank, and he let out a heavy sigh.

“Truth to be told, after knowing you for all these years, I don’t think that you would have done something like this either. I concealed the truth because I wanted to observe your reaction and your personality. Based on your previous reaction, it seemed like you were really unaware. I think someone was impersonating you. However, who had the audacity to do so? Moreover, what was their intention in murdering all Seal Mercenary Team brothers?”

Zeke replied, “The impersonator’s intention in leading the Seal Mercenary Team to the mausoleum was clear as day. The purpose was to use the flesh and blood of the soldiers to nourish the Spirit Stone mine. The culprit would be the one who first discovered the mine. Don’t worry, I’ll get to the bottom of this and do the Seal Mercenary Team justice. Mr. Collins, would you like to follow me back and avenge for your brothers personally?”

Tyler walked toward the door and let out a few heavy sighs.

“This village is full of my brothers’ family and kin. I have been the one to safeguard them all these

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years. Certain parties might target them if I were to leave.”

Zeke replied, “This would be easy to solve.”

“The Seal Mercenary Team has contributed to the peace of Eurasia. They will be honored as martyrs posthumously. All their family members would enjoy the protection and benefits as befits the family members of martyrs. All their kin who are keen to enroll in the military will be admitted.”

Tyler widened his eyes in pleasant surprise. “Is this for real?”

“I would never lie,” Zeke replied.

Tyler was psyched to hear the offer and nodded his head repeatedly. “I accept the amnesty, and I will follow you back.”

Zeke was preparing to head back, accompanied by Wolf’s Greed and Tyler

At the same time, an innocent little girl barged in.

“Grandpa, Samantha’s wedding is about to begin. Uncle and Aunt want you to send her off.”

“Sure, sure. I will get there now,” Tyler smiled and replied amiably.

He turned around to face Zeke and Wolf’s Greed. “Gentlemen, would you like a drink?”

Zeke nodded. “I’d love to attend wedding receptions.”

NH

He knew exactly what Tyler was up to.

He's not actually asking me to attend the wedding reception. It's just that my presence, as the Great Marshal, would honor the bride and groom and make the reception merrier.

Zeke decided to do the Collins a favor.

They arrived at one of the villager's house.

All the villagers were family members of the Seal Mercenary Team.

Their men had sacrificed for duty. They were more united in view of this fact.

Their close-knit relationship made them seem like a family.

The whole village was there to witness Samantha getting married. The reception was bustling with people.

All of them came to greet Tyler as soon as he arrived.

Samantha's parents even gave out their seats for him.

Wolf's Greed was amazed. "This old man is quite reputable among the villagers. If I really were to accuse him of seducing my wife, he would have felt like death was more merciful for him."

Zeke felt guilty for having the intention to frame Tyler too.

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Am I going over the line?

Tyler contemplated for a bit and ordered for another two chairs in the end.

He arranged for Zeke to sit right at the center, with Wolf's Greed and himself by his two sides.

The villagers were puzzled and dissatisfied with the seating arrangements.

Who are those two fellas?

Why are they at the VIP seats?

One of the guys is even occupying the center seat in place of Mr. Collins.

Samantha's father was visibly annoyed. "Mr. Collins, the groom is going to be here soon. So, the wedding reception is about to begin. You'd better take the center seat for us to proceed with the reception. As for these two... Mr. Collins, how should Samantha address them later?"

Tyler was well aware that the bride's father had grievances about the seating arrangements.

He consoled him, "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. Consider this my wedding gift to Samantha."

The others were speechless.

What kind of wedding gift is this?

The sounds of an engine roaring could be heard

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approaching the house, accompanied by deafening firecrackers.

A villager closed the door. “The groom is here to fetch the bride. Bridesmaids, don’t forget to ask for a red envelope.”

The bridesmaids giggled and stood by the door.

The wedding was simple, but some formalities still had to be observed.

Not long after, they knocked on the door.

A slightly croaky voice could be heard.

“Samantha, open the door. I’m here.”

The bridesmaids chuckled and blocked the door. “Congratulations, but you’ve got to offer us some token to pass through.”

The croaky voice replied, “Open the door, there’s no token. I’m going to break open the door if you guys keep up with this.”

The bridesmaids thought the groom was joking and continued to block the door while asking for the token.

However, the door was kicked down the next moment.

The bridesmaids fell to the ground.

One of the bridesmaid’s head bled from the fall.

The groom led his groomsmen and dashed into

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the house like a bunch of hooligans.

The bride's family members frowned upon this reckless behavior.

These people are so uncultured.

However, the groomsmen did not display any hint of regret over their impetuous behavior. They even chuckled as they surrounded the bride and teased her.

Justin, the groom, handed Samantha her bridal bouquet and smiled. "Samantha, follow me home. You're my woman from this day on."

Samantha did not take the bouquet.

Instead, she was worried about her bridesmaids.

She grumbled, "You guys are so thoughtless. You hurt my sisters."

The bridesmaids got up with much difficulty and were indignant.

However, they did not dare to complain.

Justin's family was very influential and wealthy. His father was even the second-in-command of the Bureau of Land Planning.

This piece of land they called home was actually a piece of conserved land, and they were not supposed to live here.

However, Justin's father overlooked this and they

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could stay here.

If they were to rub Justin the wrong way, his father might really chase them out of here.

Justin was discontent about Samantha's grumbles.

However, he took out a few red envelopes and put a hundred in each one of them.

"You guys just want money. Here, take it."

He threw the red envelopes on the floor.

Nobody went to pick it up.

They were incensed at the groom's degrading gesture.

He is looking down on us.

The bride was enraged. "Justin, what are you getting at?"



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Justin said with contempt, “What do you mean? I gave you guys red envelopes like you asked. Don’t try to go over the line.”

Samantha was furious. “I’m not getting married.”

Justin was impassive, “You’d better think this through. My guests are waiting for me at home right now. They are all reputable people from the Public Security Bureau, the City Council, and even the Bureau of Land Planning. Do you think you guys can still live here if you stood them up?”

Justin was essentially showing off the influence of his family and threatening the bride’s family members at the same time.

Prepare to pack your bags and leave this place if you are not marrying me.

The villagers paled from Justin’s threat.

The bride’s mother let out a heavy sigh.

She pulled Samantha to the side and tried to advise her.

Samantha nodded her head indignantly. “Okay, Mother. I’ll listen to you. I’ll bear with this for our village.”

Tyler kept mum as he observed it all.

He was waiting for the Great Marshal to speak up.

So what if he could settle Justin today?

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There would be other Justin in the future.

However, it would be different if the Great Marshal were to intervene in this matter.

The Great Marshal's name itself would be their amulet of protection.

Nobody would dare to disturb the villagers anymore.

Zeke had no plans to interfere in this matter.

He was waiting for the right moment.

The wedding continued.

“We would like to ask the bride and groom to pay respect to the elders, to thank them for raising her all these years.”

Samantha approached her elders and prepared to pay her respects.

However, Justin stood his ground and did not seem like he was going to do the same.

Samantha was perplexed. “Justin, what are you waiting for? Come and pay your respects.”

He waved his hands to dismiss her, “I'm not doing it. You do it.”

Why?

Samantha was curious.

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Justin snorted, “My father is the second-in-command of the Bureau of Land. We are public servants. Do you think it’s appropriate for us to pay respects to hooligans?”

Hooligans!

The word drove a dagger through the villagers’ heart.

They were pained by the accusation.

Justin was badmouthing their sons, husbands, and even fathers.

Even though the Seal Mercenary Team was not officially acknowledged, they did not commit any crimes.

On the contrary, they contributed to the country’s peace.

Even the country tacitly consented to their existence.

However, they were now being accused of being hooligans.

Their family members certainly could not live with this incrimination.

The villagers glared at Justin.

Even Tyler was fuming and could not wait to slap Justin across the face.

However, he held it in.

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He believed that the Great Marshal had his plans.

Samantha breathed in deeply and enunciated her every word, “Justin, retract your words and apologize to the villagers.”

“I will never apologize to hooligans.”

Bastard!

Samantha could not take it anymore. “I’m not marrying you.”

Justin threatened her further, “You’d better think twice. All of you had better prepare to get the hell out of here if you refuse to marry me. Stop with this nonsense and follow me home.”

Samantha cast a glance at her mother.

She could only wipe tears off her face and sigh repeatedly at their unfortunate fate.

“I wanted you to marry Justin so that we could clear the fallen soldiers’ names. But even he is accusing them of being hooligans. Any hope of him helping us would only be wishful thinking. It’s fine if you don’t want to marry him.”



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The groom was incensed. “You guys better think of the consequences of your own actions...”

He did not get to finish. The villagers chased him away.

Justin hurled the bridal bouquet on the floor and stepped on it. “I swear that you guys will come crawling back and beg me.”

He dashed out of the house.

A cold voice spoke, “Did I say you can go?”

The villagers were taken aback and glanced in the direction of the voice.

They noticed it was the young man who took the center seat.

Justin stopped in his tracks and looked at Zeke in disbelief.

“Who the hell are you? Why haven’t I seen you before?”

Zeke replied, “Because you were not qualified to meet me.”

Arrogant bastard!

Justin spat at Zeke, “My father is the second-in-command of the Bureau of Land Planning, and I’m going to succeed him soon. Who do you think you are, the governor?”

Zeke chuckled, “A governor is nothing to me.”

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The crowd was abuzz at his remark.

This young man is so cocky that he even dares to belittle the governor!

He would suffer in the hands of governor if he knew about this.

Justin was gob smacked. “You’re really one of a kind, brother. I think we could get along quite well if you’re not trying to speak up for them today.”

Wolf’s Greed got up suddenly and dashed toward Justin. He slapped him across the face, hard.

“You’re not worthy of calling him ‘brother’. You’re humiliating him.”

Justin cupped his cheek as he fell to the floor from the momentum of the slap.

He widened his eyes at Wolf’s Greed.

A peasant just slapped me!

I can’t take this!

The villagers were dumbfounded.

This young man is being too rash. If Justin avenges himself, the two of them are going to suffer his wrath.

“Just wait! You’re going to pay for this!” Justin roared at Wolf’s Greed.

Zeke turned to Wolf’s Greed and asked, “How are

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the arrangements coming up?”

Wolf’s Greed looked at the time. “I think they’re going to be here soon.”

The crowd was bewildered.

What are they talking about?

What arrangements? Arriving soon?

A grieving music could be heard coming from afar.

It was apparent that the music was heading their way.

The villagers exchanged curious glances with each other and walked out to have a look.

Zeke smiled at Tyler. “Mr. Collins, let’s see if you’re satisfied with my arrangements.”

Tyler smiled.

The Great Marshal’s arrangements will never disappoint.

The three of them headed outside and they could see an army convoy approaching them.

The road would only lead to Fort Lisk.

There was no doubt the army convoy was headed their way.

Fort Lisk had been isolated for several years.

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Why is an army convoy here?

The villagers thought the convoy was here to trouble them.

Justin retorted, “You think the army can’t reach here? How delusional. They are definitely here to get rid of the rest of you hooligans. Kneel and apologize to me right now. Let Samantha marry me and become my servant. I will consider asking my father to plead for you.”

The villagers looked at Samantha as their expressions stiffened.

She felt indignant at her own unfortunate fate, and her first reaction was to beg at Justin.

However, Zeke patted her on the shoulders. “Don’t worry, Samantha. I’ve got your back.”



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Samantha could not bring herself to believe Zeke's words.

She cast a glance at Tyler and tried to ask for his opinion.

The old man merely smiled and nodded. "Don't worry. You can listen to him."

The villagers were more curious about Zeke's identity now.

Who is this man? Why does he have Mr. Collins' trust?

The army convoy's grieving music could be heard approaching closer and closer.

The villagers were in an uproar upon seeing the army convoy band.

They had seen this band on the TV before.

The band would appear whenever there was an Eight Treasures Mountain funeral.

Only treasured officials had the honor of being buried at the Eight Treasures Mountain.

Having the band as a funeral march alone was a symbol of esteemed status and high honor.

Why would they be here today?

The band came to a stop in front of Samantha's house.

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The villagers' glanced in the band's direction.

However, they had the looks of dread and shock on their faces.

The army convoy stretched beyond their vision.

It seemed like there were at least thousands of military vehicles.

Coffins were placed on top of every military vehicle.

Ten soldiers would guard every vehicle.

At least a hundred thousand soldiers were guarding the ten thousand coffins.

Why did the army bring coffins here?

Are they here to kill us all?

However, Fort Lisk does not have a population of over ten thousand.

Justin broke into a hysterical laugh. "You see this? The army has brought coffins for you guys! You'd better surrender and kill yourselves. I don't think you'd have a complete body if they were to make their moves."

Justin's words made them all shudder.

They were devastated.

However, Tyler bellowed, "Why the hurry? I've got your backs!"

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He was well aware that the coffins were not for the villagers.

The fallen heroes of the Seal Mercenary Team might have been lying in those coffins.

The grieving music came to a stop.

The soldiers guarding the coffins came down from the military vehicles and formed two lines.

The leader asked aloud, “Are you the family members of the Seal Mercenary Team?”

The villagers’ face sank.

So they’re really here because of the Seal Mercenary Team.

Nobody answered the convoy leader out of fear.

In the end, Tyler answered him, “That’s right. We are the family members of the Seal Mercenary Team.”

The leader’s face was somber. “Family members of the Seal Mercenary Team, please receive orders.”

Tyler replied aloud, “I’m Tyler Collins, the leader of the Seal Mercenary Team. I represent all the family members of the Seal Mercenary Team to receive orders.”

The leader of the convoy announced, “The Seal Mercenary Team has contributed greatly to Eurasia’s peace. They are each honored as S-

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Class Martyr and the Peace Badge.”

What?

The villagers were abuzz with excitement.

Even Tyler was taken aback by the posthumous honor.

Setting aside the Peace Badge, being honored as S-Class Martyr alone was unheard of.

This high honor was way beyond Tyler’s expectations.

While the villagers were astonished beyond comprehension, the convoy leader took out a red flag and approached Tyler.

“After careful consideration and investigation by the higher-ups, it had been decided that the Seal Mercenary Team will be honored a state funeral posthumously. Mr. Collins, kindly receive this flag.”

Tyler’s tears fell on the red flag as he accepted it with shaky hands.

Brothers, you may now rest in peace!

He walked over to the coffins and put the red flag over one coffin as he knelt and paid his respects.

“Brothers, rest in peace. Our name has finally been cleared.”

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The villagers of Fort Lisk had only realized then their relatives were inside the coffins.

They're finally back.

Their names have finally been cleared, and even honored posthumously, which they deserved.

They can finally rest in peace.

Fort Lisk's villagers knelt down and paid their respects as they wailed.

Only a good cry could relieve them of the indignation they suffered all these years from the unfair treatment.

Justin's face paled from the turn of events.

He could not bring himself to accept the fact.

The people whom he despised were now equal to him, or maybe even higher on the totem pole than himself.

He walked over to the leader and questioned him, "Where are you from? Honoring over ten thousand people as S-Class Martyr in one go is unheard of. Who authorized this?"

The leader was impassive. "Why? Are you doubting us?"

Justin was taken aback by the convoy leader's sharp gaze and hurriedly explained himself, "N-No... I'm just asking."

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The convoy leader's gaze fell on Zeke.

“He is the one honoring them as S-Class Martyr and arranged for the state funeral.”

What?

Justin was even more mad.

“Who the hell is he to honor people as S-Class Martyr and to arrange a state funeral?”

The leader smiled. “Please open your eyes to see for yourself.”

Then the leader approached Zeke and knelt before him.

“Unit 301, reporting for mission completion. Please instruct our next move, Great Marshal.”

Zeke replied, “You guys stay to repair houses and build amenities for the family members of the Seal Mercenary Team.”

“Yes, Great Marshal!”

The crying stopped as the air went still.

All eyes were on Zeke.

The Great Marshal!

He... he is the Great Marshal!

The Great Marshal himself cleared the names of the Seal Mercenary Team and awarded them

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posthumous honor of S-Class Martyr.

The high honor held incredible merit.

The villagers who were kneeling at the coffins turned to kneel in the direction of Zeke instead.

Their voices addressing him as the Great Marshal echoed.

Zeke glanced at Justin.

The latter was now shivering in fear as his legs turned into jelly and slumped to the floor.

It was beyond his imagination that the Great Marshal would make his presence at Samantha and his very own wedding.

He would have knelt to marry Samantha if he knew a bigshot like Zeke was their guest.

He might be able to have connections with the Great Marshal in that case.

Being even remotely related to the Great Marshal would be a guarantee for his family to have a bright future ahead.

He missed a great opportunity today.

Zeke announced, “He abused his authority and even forced marriage on people. Take him away and investigate thoroughly for stern punishment.”

The leader of the convoy took Justin away personally.

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Justin was shaken to his core and begged Zeke.

“Please spare my life, Great Marshal. I’ve learned my mistake! Samantha, please save me. We’ve been together for such a long time. You cannot turn a blind eye to this.”

However, he was only greeted by the leader’s punch.

Justin was knocked out by the punch.

Tyler walked over to Samantha and helped her up.

“Samantha, are you satisfied with my wedding gift?”

The villagers had only realized that this was the wedding gift that Tyler was talking about.

It was indeed a grand present.

Samantha felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude. “Mr. Collins, I cannot express how thankful I am for the gift. This would be the biggest gift that I will ever receive in my life.”

Zeke said to Samantha, “I apologize for only realizing your existence now. All of you have suffered indignation for years. I will make sure to repay in double what the nation owes you. Samantha, do you have any other wishes? I will try my best to fulfil them.”

Samantha was slightly abashed in the presence of Zeke.

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She lowered her head and whispered, “I want to become a soldier and protect the peace of the country, just like my father.”



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“Us too!” responded the group of bridesmaids.

Zeke smiled. “It looks like the descendants of the Seal Mercenary have remained strong. Wolf’s Greed, you’ll be training them from now forth. I want them to become the first group of female generals in Eurasia!”

“Your wish is my command!” Wolf’s Greed saluted.

When Collins left with Zeke and Wolf’s Greed, the old man could not help but turn back, to look at the faraway Bart Fort, sighing, “I’d never thought that I’d actually live to see Bart Fort regain its glory.”

“It’s not perfect yet,” Zeke replied. “Not until I find out who’d massacred the Seal Mercenary. I need to avenge them.”

“I’ll leave it to you then.”

...

Chris Black was meditating to heal himself in his manor.

Unfortunately, what pained him the most was not his physical injury, but rather, his mental one.

In addition to losing his Spirit Stone mine, Chris lost all five of his Archduke warriors, whom of which he had wasted a lot of effort on.

Unfortunately, all five of the trained warriors had perished, at the imperial mausoleum.

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Chris himself was also injured. He had suffered a double loss, and it was the first time he had been humiliated in such a manner.

Nonetheless, Chris did not possess the guts to take his revenge. This was because a King Class warrior was assigned to guard the mine. He was someone who Chris could not defeat.

Unable to face the King Class warrior head-on, Chris had even thought of allying with the warrior to get his hands on some Spirit Stones.

However, it was unfortunate for Chris, as the King Class warrior had kept his face hidden the entire time.

Chris had once suspected that the warrior was the Great Marshal, but he quickly dismissed the idea because the Great Marshal had completely depleted his life force. Even the Spirit Stones could not help the marshal recover, let alone, assist him in becoming a King Class Warrior.

Chris concluded that there was only one other person who had fit the criteria. Ares from the Thisleton family in Eurasia, whose strength was just a tad lacking, behind the Great Marshal.

Ever since the Great Marshal had lost his power, Ares became the strongest in Eurasia. Also, Ares was nowhere to be seen recently, which only made Chris feel certain, that Ares was the King Class warrior.

Such a thought caused excitement to course through Chris. Now, only one obstacle remains;

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getting close to Ares and getting my hands on the Spirit Stones.

Chris pondered over this matter for a long time before he finally came up with a plan. Since his son, Connor Black, had trained with Ares's second son, Clyde Thisleton, in the army school, Chris had thought that they could help bridge the two families together.

Chris immediately summoned his son.

Connor was Chris's youngest son and the one whom he had loved the most. Connor had inherited all of his father's traits and was a battle-maniac from a young age.

Five years after joining the military, Connor managed to become a general, as he soon developed one of the most efficient special forces in Eurasia, the Firewall Team.

The Firewall Team would always score top three, in the yearly military games.

This success had led Chris to hold high hopes for his youngest son.

Upon listening to what his father had to say, Connor sighed, "The Great Marshal used to triumph over Ares. Heck, he'd even paralyzed the first two heirs of the Thisletons. Everyone thought that the Thisletons would fall after that. Who knew that they would actually make a comeback! With Ares advancing to the King Class and the Great Marshal losing all of his powers, Eurasia will now be Ares's!"

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“I need you to befriend Clyde to get some Spirit Stones from them. Do you think that it’s doable?”

“Leave it to me, father,” Connor assured. “I’d helped Clyde once back in military school. Indeed, we haven’t gotten in touch for quite a long time, but he still owes me that favor. I believe that he’s still thankful for my help.”



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Chris was glad to hear his son's words.

...

Green Channel Bar.

Clyde's emotions were as bad as they could get.

He did not have the strength to take his revenge on Zeke for paralyzing both of his arms. Hence, he spent most of his days drunk.

Clyde had no idea how to live on, if not for the alcohol. Even though he had gotten a set of artificial limbs, he was still unaccustomed to it. He was yet to be able, to pick his own glass up. Thus, he was fed by his girlfriend, most of the time.

While Clyde was drowning himself in alcohol, a group of thugs sat down beside them and began to tease his girlfriend.

The thugs even pretended to accidentally touch Clyde's girlfriend, which enraged him even more. Even if he was paralyzed, he was still the second heir to the Thisleton family; a position that a group of small-time thugs should still be afraid of.

"Hey! What the f*** do you think you're doing? F*** off or I'll bury you alive in your grandparents' grave myself!" Clyde roared.

"You? A cripple? You sure have some guts to say that!" The thugs immediately laughed at Clyde and turned to his girlfriend. "Hey, babe, your beauty is wasted on someone like him. Why don't

NH

you come along with us? We'll make you feel like you're in heaven every day."

With that, the thugs began to move their hands over Clyde's girlfriend's body.

Clyde's girlfriend tried to get away, but one of the thugs had pulled her back down, into his arms.

Clyde could only observe in anger, as his woman was passed around as though she were a plaything.

He tried to kick one of the thugs, but his opponent was faster. The thug took hold of a beer bottle and smashed it on Clyde's head.

Clyde felt a sharp pain on his skull, as a warm fluid dripped down his head, masking his sight.

I'm so useless! I can't even fight a few small-time thugs! I can't even protect my own girlfriend! Clyde yelled in his head as he began to think of taking his own life.

In the midst of his desperation, a bottle flew out from nowhere, striking the thug who was hugging Clyde's girlfriend.

The thug yelled as he released the lady in his arms. Clyde's girlfriend quickly ran to his side as she sobbed, "Honey, let's go..."

Swiftly, Clyde pulled his girlfriend behind him subconsciously, wiping the blood off his eyes. He then turned to look towards the direction where the bottle flew out from. He soon caught sight of

NH

a man who was around his age walking towards them.

The man had one of the coldest smiles Clyde had ever seen. He walked to Clyde and handed him his handkerchief. “Clyde, remember me?”

Clyde looked at the man standing before him and felt safe, for the first time. “You are...”

“Are you that forgetful?” the man laughed. “It’s me, Connor! From Northville Military Academy!

“Connor! I remember you! How long has it been?” Clyde greeted excitedly.

“Too long, brother,” Connor smiled. “Let’s catch up later. I’ll help you take care of some bugs first.”

Just as they were conversing, the thugs began to have them surrounded. They were the thugs who had controlled the street that they were in. Even the bar owner was afraid of them.

“You b*****! You dare do this to our brother!” One of the thugs scolded, “You’d better chop your hands off and beg for forgiveness, or we’ll make you disappear from the face of this earth!”



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Connor ignored the thugs and turned to glance at Clyde. “Clyde, what do you want me to do with them?”

“They harassed my girlfriend and called me a cripple! You know what to do.”

“Very well,” Connor replied. He soon took hold of his gun, all before shooting at the five thugs.

After ten shots were fired, the hands of the thugs were now bleeding. One of the thugs’ hands was on the verge of falling off from his arm as well.

Even the loud music failed to mask their screams.

Everyone was stunned, unable to believe that someone would actually shoot at another person, especially during such a peaceful time.

The people began to scream in fear as they ran out of the bar.

Connor reloaded his gun and pointed at the thugs’ legs, but Clyde stopped him.

“Wait, spare their legs. I want them to run back to their friends before we take their group out in one go.”

“Good!” Connor laughed and kicked the thugs out of the bar. “Tell your boss to find me! I’m going to make all of you disappear! Don’t even think about running. You won’t make it out of this city!”

The thugs struggled to get up and continued, with their tough act.

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“F***! This ain’t finished! You’re all dead!”

Connor fired his gun again, scaring the thugs away.

Connor sat across Clyde and let out a short sigh, “You’ve had it hard, huh?”

Clyde smiled bitterly. When he and Connor were in the academy, he was the better one, whether it be scores or achievements.

Yet, now, Clyde was paralyzed in both of his arms, while Connor thrived. Clyde had no idea of how to face Connor in his current shape.

“Clyde, have you ever thought of taking revenge?” Connor asked.

“Connor, are you mocking me?” Clyde laughed sorrowfully. “You should know that the one who’d done this to me was Zeke, the Great Marshal. How am I supposed to take my revenge?”

“Aren’t you aware that the Great Marshal has lost his strength? He’s merely a regular person now. How hard could it be?”

“Nonetheless, he’s also the son-in-law of the Thisletons. His wife is my father’s favorite daughter, Lacey. There’s just no way that my father would agree to it.”

“I’ll be frank with you. I came here today to help you take your revenge.”

Clyde raised an eyebrow and looked at Connor,

NH

with curiosity. He was suspicious, as a classmate whom he had not met for the past decade had suddenly offered to help him.

“Connor, tell me. You need something from me, right?”

“You’re right. I need your help as well.”

“What is it? I’ll do what I can to help.”

“I need some Spirit Stones.”

“Connor, are you joking right now? Aren’t you aware of the situation with the mine? The first King Class Warrior is guarding it. What makes you think that I’ll be able to retrieve it when even you can’t?”



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Connor smiled. “You’re too humble. That mine is your family’s now. How hard would it be for you to get something that you’d owned?”

Clyde was perplexed now. “That mine is my family’s? You shouldn’t joke about something like this.”

“I’m not joking. The King Class who’s guarding the mine? That’s your father, Ares.”

Clyde immediately raised his head. “Are you sure?”

“The possibility is high. One, after the fall of the Great Marshal, the person who was the closest to becoming a King Class Warrior was your father. Two, don’t you find it suspicious that your father has been gone for quite some time? He must’ve been protecting the mine in secret.”

Clyde immediately laughed like a maniac at the news, as he was led to believe that his father was the first King Class Warrior of Eurasia. If Connor was right, then the Spirit Stone mine belonged to his family, which meant that his family had now controlled Eurasia’s military.

Clyde could even regain the strength, in his arms.

The Thisleton family would thrive.

“Hey, don’t get all excited on your own,” Connor laughed. “What about our deal?”

“It’s a deal!” Clyde responded without any hesitation. “I’ll give you a few Spirit Stones if you

NH

help take Zeke out.”

“Pleasure working with you,” Connor smiled.

Momentarily, a group of men in black suits and sunglasses appeared outside the bar. They were all carrying blunt weapons in their hands.

These people were the thugs, whom of which Connor had just chased away. They were being led by a bald man.

The leader of the thugs gawked at Clyde’s girlfriend with a cigar in his mouth and smiled. “She’s pretty cute. I’ll take her. As for these two men, make sure they’ll regret messing with us.”

The thugs cheered and were about to move towards Clyde and Connor when Connor stopped them. “I have a present for everyone. Why don’t we see what gift I’d arrived with before we start this?”

Connor then pointed towards the door.

The thugs all looked outside the bar, as two spotlights shone through the door.

The lights were so bright that the thugs had to squint their eyes.

The next thing they heard, was an engine being started, as its lights sped towards them.

The thugs quickly reacted, as the lights came from a car. that was about to ram into them.

NH

They tried to run, but it was too late. The military truck had crushed at least twenty thugs beneath it, almost instantly.

A troop of armed soldiers jumped down from the truck, surrounding the bar.

“This is a military exercise!” the leader of the troop announced.

The thugs could feel their hearts sink. Military exercise? In the middle of the city? F***! You guys have just killed a dozen people!

Some of the thugs immediately turned to look at Connor and Clyde, speculating that they had brought the military over.

After the scene was controlled by the troop, the leader of the troop knelt before Connor.

“Commander Black, Firewall Team, reporting for duty! Your order, Sir!”

“Kill them,” Connor replied.

The thugs felt as though their heads had exploded as they recognized the troop as one of the top three special forces in Eurasia, the Firewall Team.



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To their misfortune, the man that they had tried to kill was the commander of the Firewall Team.

The thugs could not believe that Connor would actually call in the whole special force to take care of a few small-time mobs, like them.

“Sir!” all the soldiers responded.

The thugs tried to beg for their lives, but before they could even speak, gunshots echoed throughout the bar, As of now, all the thugs were now lying in their own blood.

Connor and Clyde walked out of the bar after that.

“Clyde, allow my men to take you back.”

“Thanks,” Clyde nodded. “Right, one more thing. Zeke has to be recovering in the Cygnus Room now. It’s not a place where you can force your way in. You’ll have to think of a way to lure him out. Any idea of how you’d do that?”

“Don’t worry, I’ve already planned everything out,” Connor smiled. “You just have to sit tight and wait for my good news.”

Clyde was happy with the response, as a wide grin remained on his face.

Connor returned to the military vehicle, and his deputy commander handed him a file. “Sir, this is the information on Zeke’s connections.”

Connor took the file, as he read through the whole thing thoroughly.

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Minutes had soon passed, while Connor pointed at Benjamin Castaneda's name and ordered, "Transfer this person to Atheville."

Benjamin was Dawn's older brother, who served in the Northern Xinjiang military district as a colonel.

Connor thought of luring Zeke out from Cygnus with Benjamin since he knew that Zeke had always thought of Dawn as his own younger sister.

If anything happened to Benjamin, Zeke would definitely come to help.

Connor did not target Lacey and Missy because he always believed in his principle of not harming any family members of his targets.

Since Dawn was unrelated to Zeke by blood, Connor decided to target her.

Connor was oblivious to the fact that Zeke was unfazed. He had left the Cygnus Room before he had the Great Marshal had achieved the status of a King Class. As a matter of fact, Zeke was now looking into the Seal Mercenary's incident, in the nation's secret archive.

...

"Lacey, stop eating. Let's go out and have something good tonight!" Dawn exclaimed as she charged into Lacey's house.

Lacey was feeding Missy and stopped her abruptly, "Dawn? What's the occasion?"

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“You know I’ve gotten a brother who’s serving in the north, right? He was transferred to Atheville. He wants to buy you a meal, to thank you, for taking care of me.”

“That’s great news!” Lacey smiled. “You won’t be alone now that your brother is here.”

Dawn then picked Missy up and smiled. “Missy, look what I’ve got here. It’s your favorite fruit pudding! Do you remember my name?”

“Dawn! But I want fried chicken...” Missy replied.

“What a smart kid! Alright, I’ll get you a whole bucket of fried chicken!” Dawn smiled.

Lacey, Missy, and Dawn soon arrived at Athvik Grand Hotel.

Benjamin had already booked the most luxurious VIP room in the hotel’s restaurant, as he waited patiently for them.

Dawn’s brother was not much older than her, as he had tan skin.

As soon as Benjamin saw Lacey, he immediately knelt, “It’s an honor to meet you, Madam Marshal.”

To the billions of soldiers in Eurasia, the Great Marshal and his family were all important people worth their lives to protect.

Kneeling to any one of them was a must.

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“Please, get up!” Lacey quickly stopped Benjamin. “Dawn and I are like family. You don’t have to do this.”

“She’s right, Ben,” Dawn agreed. “Lacey is like a sister to me.”

Yet, Benjamin still addressed Lacey in a respectful manner, This was all because it was the principle of being a soldier.

Since Dawn and Lacey could not do anything about it, they decided to let it be.

As they were all seated, Benjamin began to try to comfort Lacey. “Ma’am, you don’t have to worry even if the marshal has lost his life force. So, be it. Billions of Eurasian soldiers will protect him and your safety.”

Both Lacey and Dawn were shocked by the revelation.

“Wait, are you saying that Zeke has lost his power? Are you sure?” Lacey asked.

“Could it be that you have no idea about it?” Benjamin sounded surprised.

Since the government had yet to announce of the incident to the public yet, news about the Great Marshal losing his life force was limited to the military circle. Most citizens had no idea about it.

Lacey took a deep breath and sighed, “Maybe, this isn’t a bad thing for both Zeke and I. He has been shouldering the weight of maintaining the peace

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alone for a long time. It's time for him to rest. He'll have more time to spend with his daughter now."

Dawn felt a sense of relief upon hearing Lacey's response since she was worried that Lacey would feel down by the news.

The seemingly peaceful lunch was actually filled with danger, as a sniper was aiming at Benjamin, from the building across the hotel.

"Sir, I've locked the target, my guy, from going to Colonel Castaneda. Permission to take the shot?" the sniper asked over his intercom``.

After a moment of silence, Connor finally responded. "Hold your position. Zeke's wife and daughter are there as well, and they may get caught in the crossfire. We must never bring harm to our target's family members."

"Sir!"

Lacey and the Castanedas finished their lunch in an hour.

Lacey took Missy back to Linton Group, while Dawn took her brother back to his accommodation. Since Benjamin was slightly drunk, he could not drive.

As their car stopped at a crossroad, two bullets suddenly struck its engine.

Smoke immediately escaped from the bonnet and Benjamin immediately recognized that they were in danger. He swiftly shielded his sister as he

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opened the door, rolling the both of them out of the car.

Benjamin's experience told him that they had to move away from the car as far as possible, in case the car exploded.

Dawn was completely petrified and yelled, "Ben, what's happening?"

Realizing that they had to run, Benjamin opened the manhole cover beside them, pushing Dawn down into the sewer.

Just as Benjamin was about to jump down, a bullet struck his leg. The excruciating pain made him yell.

"Ben!" Dawn cried out. "Hurry up and get down here!"

Benjamin tried to take a step forward, but a bullet landed right before him.

Left with no other option, Benjamin tried to duck into a nearby building.

Yet, another bullet had landed right beside him, telling him not to move.

The passersby had now all took cover in buildings. The usually crowded street was now empty.

Only Benjamin remained on the street, lying on the floor and breathing heavily.

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“Ben! Hold on! I... I’ll call Zeke right away! He’ll come and save you!” Dawn sobbed.



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Dawn took her phone out and quickly called Zeke. Her subconscious was telling her that Zeke was the only one who could save her brother now.

The call went through immediately. “Zeke! Please, come and save us! My brother is dying!”

Zeke jumped at Dawn’s crying voice. “How dare they try and kill our soldier out in daylight? This is intolerable! Dawn, I’ll be there right away! Try and find some cover!”

“Please... You have to hurry.”

When Benjamin heard Dawn talking to the Great Marshal, he realized what was going on, and also the reason why he was still alive.

He was being used as bait to lure Zeke out. It was a scheme against the Great Marshal!

Benjamin quickly yelled at Dawn, “Dawn! Tell the Great Marshal that he must not come!”

Since Benjamin believed that Zeke had lost his power, the Great Marshal would be risking his life if he came.

“But, Ben...” Dawn sobbed.

“I can’t put the Great Marshal at risk, because of me! There’s nothing he can do, even if he comes!”

Dawn had no choice, other than to call Zeke once again. “Zeke... Don’t come... The enemy’s target is you... You’ll die...”

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“Hey, Dawn, don’t cry,” Zeke consoled her. “Tell me, do you trust me?”

“I do... But...”

“That’ll be enough. Just make sure you’re well-hidden and wait for me.”

Zeke and Collins were sitting anxiously in a military plane, over the sky of Atheville.

“It’s clear to me that the enemy had targeted Dawn and her brother to lure me out. Who do you think is behind this?” Zeke asked.

“Great Marshal, you’ve got thousands of enemies over the globe,” Collins laughed bitterly. “Now that everyone has learned that you have lost your life force, they’ll certainly grab this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to take their revenge. How am I supposed to know which one, out of the thousands, is targeting you?”

Zeke nodded in agreement. “Collins, how accurate are you with a gun?”

“Are you kidding me? Aren’t you aware that my nickname is ‘One-shot Collins’? I never had to fire a second shot at my enemy.”

“Very good,” Zeke murmured. “I’ll act as the bait later to lure the sniper out. I’m sure that you can take the sniper out, once his position is revealed?”

Collins rubbed his palms, as he was eager to fire the shot. “It has been years since I’d last fired a shot. I can finally satisfy my hunger.”

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Benjamin laid on the crossroad, gasping for his last breath. His face was as pale as a ghost. He would not last for another twenty minutes.

He was unable to move to the building that was merely three meters away from him, in order to find cover. If he had attempted to do so, the sniper would fire a shot, at a few inches away from him.

Some tried to help Benjamin too, but anyone who even approached him was shot immediately. Two police officers were shot dead as they attempted to do so.

Benjamin realized that this day was the last day that he would live.

“Dawn...” Benjamin called out weakly. “Go down the sewer and find a way out. You... You have to live on, for our family.”

“Ben! Just hold on! You’ll be fine! Zeke will definitely come to save us!”

Suddenly, a commotion could be heard. It was amongst the people hiding in the buildings. A figure, wearing a black shirt and mask, was walking towards the crossroad.

The person was pacing towards Benjamin.



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With heavy and purposeful footsteps, he moved toward Benjamin.

The man in black was Zeke.

He was wearing a mask to conceal his identity.

The world had assumed that the Great Marshal had lost his powers and was reduced to an ordinary man.

No one knew he had achieved the powers of King Class instead.

For various reasons, he wasn't ready to reveal his powers yet.

Meanwhile, the crowd tried to dissuade him.

"Young man, stop. You can't go over there, it's dangerous."

"There's a sniper lying in ambush. Four to five men have died."

"Even the police is no match for them, let alone you. So stay where you are."

However, the mysterious man in black didn't stop. In fact, he picked up his pace.

Benjamin too didn't want to involve innocents and advised the man to stop, but to no avail.

Bang!

From the top floor of the east wing, a gunshot

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rang out.

Everyone closed their eyes in despair, thinking that another innocent life was lost.

However, when they opened their eyes, they were stunned.

The bullet missed its target.

Meanwhile, the mysterious man had appeared more than ten meters from where he initially stood.

The crowd regretted closing their eyes as they missed what had just happened.

They were bewildered as to how the man in black could move such a huge distance in an instant.

Did he teleport?

Nonsense, only a God would have that kind of power.

Amidst their doubt, a gunshot suddenly rang out from ground level.

A bullet headed toward the top floor of the east wing.

“Argh!”

Along with an agonizing scream, a figure fell down from the top floor.

Without a doubt, it was the sniper at the top of the

NH

east wing.

The crowd then realized that there was also a sniper on ground level, but he was likely an accomplice of the man in black.

The man acted as bait to expose the sniper's position at the top of the building so that the sniper on the ground could take him out.

The sniper on the ground was an exceptional marksman to pinpoint the enemy's location from just one shot.

With that, Benjamin's eyes sparkled when he saw he had a chance to survive.

He reminded the man in black, "There are snipers lying in ambush upstairs in all four wings. Now that the one on the east wing has been taken out, watch out for the other three."

Just as he spoke, a gunshot rang out from the south wing.

A bright red bullet headed in Zeke's direction.

Having realized their earlier folly, the crowd kept their eyes opened this time.

They wanted to see how the man in black was going to dodge the bullet.

Underneath their watchful eye, a flaming bullet flew toward the man.

As the bullet was inches away from piercing the

NH

man's head, he vanished.

The bullet missed its target and ricocheted off the floor.

Meanwhile, the crowd was stunned and looked all over in search of the man in black.

They were astounded to find that he had moved more than ten meters away again.

To them, he seemed to have superpowers that enabled him to teleport such a distance.

There was no other rational explanation.

He had challenged their understanding of the world they lived in.

At that same moment, another bullet was fired from ground level toward the building's southern wing.

After that, a sniper rifle fell from the top floor to the ground. A bloody severed hand was clinging to it.

The sniper on the south wing was done for.

At that moment, the snipers hiding in the west and north wings wavered as they wondered who was their fearsome enemy.

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To move more than meters in a blink of an eye, is he still human?

Even a Platinum Archduke can't do that.

Also, the sniper at ground level was so accurate that they were no match for him.

There was no way they could win this battle.

Therefore, they were left with only two choices.

One was to fight to the death, but they would be the ones who would be dead.

The second option was to give up and flee.

However, their family members were being held hostage by Connor Black. If they flee, their families would die.

Finally, after a difficult internal struggle, they decided to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their families.

Given the current situation, pinpoint sniping would not work against the enemy anymore.

They sprayed a barrage of bullets at the enemy instead.

However, the result was the same.

Every time a bullet was about to hit the man in black, he would disappear.

Not being able to lock onto his position, the

NH

snipers had no choice but to fire indiscriminately.

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins could locate the snipers' position easily and sent two bullets to finish them.

Zeke instructed, "Preserve their bodies. We want to find out who they are and what their objective is."

"Yes, Sir!"

Mr. Collins got to work immediately.

At the same time, Zeke rushed to Benjamin and used his Ammo Needles to help him stop the bleeding.

The latter said with gratitude, "Thanks for your help. You're a good man. May I know who you are?"

Zeke didn't answer as he still had to keep his identity a secret.

Instead, he questioned, "Who transferred you to Atheville?"

Benjamin's transfer to his post in Atheville was definitely part of the plot.

Benjamin shook his head. "The order came from the highest ranks of the military leadership. I am not aware who gave the order."

Zeke nodded. "Mmm, don't worry. I'll investigate the matter and seek justice for you."

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Suddenly, Benjamin seemed to recall something and asked, “My good man, can you help me with something?”

“Tell me.”

Benjamin continued, “Prior to this, I had lunch with Mrs. Lang. After we went our separate ways, I was attacked.”

“Therefore, I’m worried that she is also being targeted.”

Damn it!

Zeke’s heart sank.

If the enemy’s objective was to lure out the Great Marshal, then their real target could be Lacey.

After helping Benjamin to stop his bleeding, Zeke ordered Mr. Collins to send the former to the hospital. Then he rushed toward the Thisleton Manor.

It was the weekend and the Thisletons would have their usual gathering.

As a member of the Thisletons, Lacey would definitely be there.

The speed of a King Class was faster than that of a car.

Therefore, Zeke reached the Thisleton manor in less than half an hour.

NH

When he arrived, he took off his black clothes and mask before entering.

He was relieved to see Lacey and Missy unharmed.

“Daddy, carry me, carry me.” Missy reached out when she saw Zeke.

His heart melted as he picked his daughter up. Pecking her on her cheeks, he asked, “Missy, did you miss Daddy?”

She buried her head in Zeke’s chest. “I did.”

“How did you miss me?”

Missy replied, “With my tummy!”

Zeke burst into a hearty laughter.

After observing her husband for a while, Lacey realized that the life force damage he sustained didn’t seem to affect him in any way.

Only then did she let out a sigh of relief and reassured him, “Zeke, don’t worry. I’ll take care of you for life even if you end up a cripple, let alone an ordinary person.”

He was stunned at her remark that came out of nowhere.

But he quickly understood why.

NH



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NH

Without a doubt, Lacey knew now that his life force was damaged, and he had lost his powers.

However, that was already in the past.

I am a King Class warrior, the most powerful man on earth!

Just when Zeke was about to explain, the room door flung open.

Clyde Thisleton barged in angrily.

“Lacey, don’t you know you’re already late for the family meeting? Today, I will punish you based on the family’s rules...”

Suddenly, he stopped mid-sentence as he stared at Zeke in shock.

What’s going on? Why is he still alive?

Isn’t he supposed to be dead?

Damn it, Connor’s plan must have failed.

He had initially planned to use this opportunity to take revenge on Lacey.

Now, it would not happen.

Connor, you b*****, you can’t even kill this piece of shit. You’re even shittier than him!

Meanwhile, Zeke stared at him coldly. “Get out. From now on, you’re forbidden to step into this room.”

NH

“Says who?” Clyde protested, “This is the Thisleton Manor and I am the head of the Thisleton family. This whole manor is mine. What gives you the right to stop me?”

Zeke retorted, “Because I’m the Great Marshal!”

“Great Marshal? Haha, your life force has been damaged and you’re just a cripple. How dare you call yourself the Great Marshal still?”

Zeke countered, “Even if I were crippled, killing you would still be child’s play. After you were arrested for disrupting the military wedding, you were let out shortly. I’m sure you must have greased some hands for it. Apologize now or I will have the higher-ups investigate. When that happens, they will throw you back into prison.”

At that moment, Clyde’s face flushed red in anger.

Although Zeke had lost his powers, he still had his authority and could easily crush Clyde.

Desperate for survival, the latter forced himself to agree. “I... am sorry. Please forgive me.”

“Get out!”

With that, Clyde left as fast as he could.

Furious, he called Connor without any hesitation. “Connor, look at the mess you made! Didn’t I tell you that Zeke had to die?”

Connor was at a loss. His plan was to lure Zeke out. Instead, a mysterious but powerful man in

NH

black appeared in his place.

Until now, he had no idea who the man was.

From the strength that he exhibited, Connor suspected the man to be a King Class warrior and was possibly Ares.

Also, after saving Benjamin, the man headed toward the Thisleton Manor too.

There was a high chance he was Ares.

Trying to assassinate Ares in public was a capital offence, hence no one must trace the incident to him.

Looking through his phone contacts, he found Rowan Arms Dealer, and made a call.

“Rowan, are you sure the guns and ammunition you provided to the snipers can’t be traced back to us?”

Rowan reassured him, “Boss, don’t worry. I specially made all of them myself. So there are no markings and definitely can’t be linked to us.”

“That’s good.” Connor heaved a sigh of relief.

Rowan continued, “By the way, Boss, I remember you told me your plan was to destroy the President of Linton Group. Do you bear them a grudge?”

Connor gave a perfunctory reply, “Yea, something like that.”

NH



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NH

With that, he ended the call.

Rowan's innocent question gave himself a diabolical idea.

Linton Group was expanding really quickly and was now among the top five largest companies in Atheville. It was a rare find.

If he seized Linton Group, not only would he make a fortune but also please his boss.

He could kill two birds with one stone.

There was no reason for him not to carry out such a profitable plan.

Without any delay, Rowan started planning his strategy to take over Linton Group.

Meanwhile, Lacey was in the kitchen cooking up a storm.

She was glad that the three of them had the rare opportunity to share a meal together.

When they were almost finished, Zeke received a call from Mr. Collins.

The latter sounded grave. "Great Marshal, please come down to the Military District Hospital."

"Benjamin may know who is behind the ambush of the Seal Mercenary Team."

What?

NH

Zeke was shocked.

It was a serious revelation. Hence, he quickly bid Lacey and Missy goodbye before rushing off to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins was pacing anxiously outside the entrance of Benjamin's ward.

When he saw Zeke, he quickly approached. "Great Marshal, you're here."

Zeke asked sternly, "What's going on?"

Mr. Collins replied, "When I revealed the identity of the leader of the Seal Mercenary Team, Benjamin remembered something. He said that he may know who killed the team. As it was a grave matter, he was unwilling to share it with me and only wanted to report it directly to you."

Taking a deep breath, Zeke replied, "Let's go find out then."

Both of them entered the ward.

After treatment, Benjamin's life was no longer in danger.

However, he was still weak.

By now, he knew Zeke was the man in black who saved him.

Hence, he wanted to get out of bed to personally thank the latter.

NH

However, Zeke stopped him. “Don’t move, it might make your injuries worse.”

“Great Marshal, have you achieved the power of the King Class?”

Zeke nodded.

Benjamin’s expression was filled with pride. “For the Great Marshal to achieve King Class, it’s an honor for Eurasia.”

Mr. Collins grew impatient. “Stop the bullshit and cut to the chase.”

“Who ambushed my Seal Mercenary Team last time?”

Benjamin gave Mr. Collins a wary look.

However, Zeke reassured him, “You can speak with confidence, he can be trusted.”

Benjamin explained, “Five years ago when I was serving in the northern regions, there was an enemy called Rowan Krate. Rowan used to be a mercenary but was recruited by the military in the end. He used to boast that he slaughtered the Seal Mercenaries. But, the military’s official line was that the mercenaries disbanded themselves, hence no one believed what he said. Mr. Collins just told me that they were indeed killed in an ambush. That’s when I suspected Rowan’s words were not an idle boast.”

Rowan Krate!

NH

Clenching his teeth, Mr. Collins declared, “I’m going to look for him now.”

With that, he turned to leave.

“Stop!” Zeke called out to Mr. Collins. “You don’t even know who Rowan is, how are you going to find him? Besides, he couldn’t have done it alone. He must have accomplices. If you seek him out for revenge, you might warn off his companions instead.”

Despite being unconvinced, Mr. Collins stopped in his tracks. “Tell me, where is Rowan now?”

Benjamin replied, “He has retired from the army and runs a factory producing military supplies, including guns and ammunition.”

Zeke frowned. “Rowan started out as a mercenary. So, how can he manufacture weapons? If he sells the weapons back to his former mercenary employers, it would be a disaster for Eurasia.”



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NH

Whipping out his phone, Zeke called Wolf's Greed. "Wolf's Greed, please help me investigate this guy called Rowan Krate."

"Yes, Sir!"

After ending the call, Zeke patted Benjamin on his shoulder and said, "The information you shared with us is extremely important, and is of great service to Eurasia. What do you want as a reward?"

Benjamin gave Zeke a military salute. "Great Marshal, let me work for you by your side."

To work for the Great Marshal was a soldier's greatest honor.

Zeke nodded in agreement. "Very well."

Benjamin was so emotional that he almost cried.

Just when Zeke investigated Rowan, the latter began to target Linton Group, which was now a well-known conglomerate in Eurasia.

It had established subsidiaries all over Eurasia's cities, while its headquarters was located in the central business district of Atheville.

One fine working day, a group of soldiers in military fatigues gathered in front of the group's headquarters.

The leader of the group was none other than Rowan Krate.

NH

With a wave of his hand, he ordered, “Secure the whole building!”

“Yes, Sir!”

The thousand-odd soldiers barged into the building and secured the whole tower in a short time as no one dared to stand in their way.

At the sight of the heavily armed soldiers, all the employees fled the building. They gathered at the entrance, speculating about what was going on.

Meanwhile, Lacey was the last to know about the commotion as she was on the top floor.

When she opened the door and looked out, she was stunned.

There were about thirty soldiers who had taken over the top floor.

Just when she was wondering what was going on, her cellphone rang.

It was Dawn.

“Lacey, soldiers have taken the whole tower over and they have chased all the employees out. What’s going on? What are we going to do?”

Lacey then realized it wasn’t only the top floor that was occupied. In fact, the whole building had been taken over.

Trying her best to stay calm, she reassured Dawn, “Don’t panic, let me see what’s going on.”

NH

At that moment, someone that looked like a leader approached her and questioned, “Are you the president of the company, Lacey Hinton?”

Lacey nodded. “That’s right. Who are you?”

“We are not allowed to divulge our identity. Please leave this place. We are requisitioning this building.”

“Huh?” Lacey asked in curiosity, “Who ordered this? Where is your documentation?”

The leader replied, “I’m not allowed to say. Our leader is downstairs. If you have questions, you can speak directly with him.”

With no time to waste, Lacey hurried downstairs.

“Who is responsible for this operation?” Lacey questioned the soldiers at the entrance.

Smoking at the entrance a moment ago, Rowan approached. “I am.”

Lacey demanded, “What gives you the right to take over my building? Who are you?”

Rowan replied, “I’m from Eurasia’s Third Army Factory. Based on Eurasia’s law, I have the right to requisite civilian buildings for our use.”

Lacey looked at Dawn. “Dawn, does Eurasia have such a law?”

Dawn was the legal advisor for Linton Group.

NH

She nodded. “There is, but military factories usually take over car or component manufacturers and their employees. I have never heard of an office building being requisitioned before. What do you need our building for?”

Rowan sneered, “This is a state secret. What you’re doing is inquiring about a national secret.”

“No, we aren’t.” Lacey denied immediately to prevent Rowan from trying to falsely accuse Dawn of breaking the law.

“If you want to requisition it, then fine. We will just rent another office building. Please allow us to go back in to collect our company documents and personal belongings.”



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NH

“I’m sorry.” Rowan shook his head. “From now on, the tower has been sealed. No one is allowed to enter or exit without permission. Everything inside is also considered a state secret and is forbidden to be removed.”

What?

Lacey was enraged.

It was bad enough that the building was requisitioned. But the military had sealed all their belongings and company documents along with it.

The soldiers were making things difficult on purpose.

If Lacey couldn’t retrieve the company’s documents, Linton Group could not function as usual and the company could collapse.

Deep down, Lacey had the feeling that Rowan was targeting them on purpose.

Trying to pry further, she asked, “How long do you need to requisition the building for?”

Rowan smirked, “There’s no time limit.”

With that, Lacey confirmed her suspicions that the Linton Group was being deliberately targeted.

However, she didn’t know who Rowan was or why he was acting against the group?

Lowering her voice, she asked, “We don’t seem to

NH

know each other and have no quarrel. Why are you targeting us?”

Rowan shot a glance at the tower. “Let’s speak somewhere private?”

She followed him back into the building.

Rowan explained coldly, “There is no bad blood between you and me. But, you have offended someone really powerful. That man wants to destroy you.”

Lacey inquired, “Who is that?”

Rowan replied, “He is someone you don’t even deserve to know about. However, I must warn you that once he takes action, Linton Group will collapse and you will not receive any compensation. I’ll give you a chance now to mitigate your losses.”

Rowan passed Lacey a contract.

“What is this?”

Holding the contract in her hands, Lacey went through it in detail.

She was infuriated when she finally finished reading it.

Rowan wanted to buy over the Linton Group for two hundred million, while the market value of the group was more than a hundred billion.

It was pure banditry.

NH

Outraged, Lacey slammed the contract on the table. “Hmph, this is daylight robbery. I will never agree.”

“Very well.” Rowan sneered repeatedly, “In that case, let me see how long you can hold out for. All the company’s documents, data, and accounts have been sealed. Even the building itself is lost. Can you last ten days? If I can’t get my hands on the group, I’ll destroy it.”

Lacey walked out of the building feeling dejected.

She knew what Rowan said was true. They wouldn’t last ten days.

Meanwhile, Dawn ran up to her and asked, “Lacey, what did you discuss?”

“He wants to buy over the company for two hundred million.”

Dawn was outraged. “Linton Group is worth at least a hundred billion! Buying it for two hundred million is daylight robbery! Lacey, don’t worry, I’ll give my brother a call. He is a field officer in the army, perhaps he can be of some help.”

Lacey sighed as she gave Zeke a call.

Now that his life force was destroyed, he was no longer the same Great Marshal as he used to be.

Would he be able to turn the tables on the enemy again?

At that same moment, Zeke was listening to

NH

Wolf's Greed's report, together with Mr. Collins, who gave it his full attention.

It was because Wolf's Greed's report had something to do with the massacre of the Seal Mercenaries.

Wolf's Greed explained, "Rowan Krate, is responsible for Eurasia's Third Military Factory. This factory specializes in the development and production of new weapons. Now, we have gotten our hands on evidence that proves Rowan was smuggling weapons and selling state secrets. Zeke, should we dispose of him immediately?"



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Zeke waved his hand. “Of course. But, he is not the only one. Rowan’s rank is not high enough for him to risk arms smuggling and sell state secrets. There must be someone supporting him. Or a rank-and-file soldier like him could not take charge of a military factory. We must follow his tracks and find out who the mastermind behind him is.”

“

Wolf’s Greed replied, “Understood.”

Zeke then turned to Mr. Collins. “Have we found the source of the guns and ammunition?”

The latter shook his head. “There were no markings on the weapons. Someone has made privately them.”

Zeke nodded. “Rowan is our most likely suspect. He controls a military factory. To privately manufacture a batch of weapons would be very easy. He’s our only lead for now, so we can’t waste it.”

At that moment, Zeke’s phone rang.

It was Lacey.

After Zeke picked up, Lacey related everything about Rowan taking over Linton Group building in a choking voice.

After she finished, Zeke burst out laughing.

“The enemy has delivered himself to our

NH

doorstep. Just when we wanted to look for Rowan, he found us instead. Let's go. It's time we head to Linton Group to meet him."

At Linton Group Tower, the company's computers were thrown out of the building one by one.

Every time one of them crashed onto the ground, Lacey's heart would shatter along with it.

The computers were not worth much, but the data they contained were very valuable.

Finally, the company's main server was brought up to the roof and would be pushed off anytime.

Lacey was so nervous that she felt like suffocating.

The main server contained all the company's data.

If the server were destroyed, Linton Group would lose half its market value in the best-case scenario.

In the worst case, it would be bankrupt.

In other words, the server was critical to the company's existence.

As he looked at the server on the top floor, Rowan threatened, "I'll give you one last chance. Either the company goes bust and you swim in debt, or receive two hundred million and enjoy yourselves. Your choice."

NH

Lacey was trapped between a rock and a hard place.

She didn't want the company to go bust, but neither did she want to sell it to the enemy for virtually nothing.

She was speechless.

Rowan sighed, "You're so stubborn you don't know what's good for you."

As he waved toward the roof, the server which weighed half a ton came crashing down.

Lacey closed her eyes in despair as she couldn't bring herself to see the server be destroyed.

However, after a long time, she heard nothing.

When she opened her eyes out of curiosity, she was stunned.

An old man was holding up the server by himself with both hands.

My God!

The force from a half a ton object dropping from the top of a building was simply unimaginable. It could kill ten elephants with ease.

And yet, the old man was fine. In fact, he was holding the server with steady hands.

Is he Hercules?

NH

In truth, Mr. Collins’ specialty was military boxing. His strength was at Archduke level.

In military boxing, raw strength was the most important criteria.

At Archduke level, the raw power generated would even put Hercules to shame.

Without a doubt, the old man was Mr. Collins.

After he gently put down the server, Zeke emerged.

Lacey ran up to him anxiously “Zeke, you’re finally here.”

Scrutinizing her from head to toe, he smiled. “It’s good to see you’re alright. Don’t worry, leave it to me.”

Lacey nodded. Turning toward the old man, she smiled. “Sir, thank you for your help.”



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NH

When Mr. Collins saw Lacey, he was intrigued. “You look really familiar. What is your relationship with Ares?”

Mr. Collins used to be just as well-known as Ares back in the day. They were known as the Taichi Duo.

He was extremely familiar with Ares.

Lacey replied, “Ares is my father.”

Mr. Collins lamented, “I can’t believe given how fat and ugly Ares is, he can father such a beauty. By the way, what’s your relationship with the Great Marshal?”

When he realized that Lacey and Zeke appear to be close, he couldn’t help but ask out of curiosity.

“He is my husband.”

Hearing that, Mr. Collins didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry.

“Great Marshal, you have gone overboard. First, you defeated Ares and took away his glory. Then, you took his daughter and made her your wife. Can’t you give that guy a break?”

Zeke rolled his eyes at Mr. Collins. “Don’t be an ass, buzz off!”

The latter burst into hearty laughter.

Meanwhile, Zeke walked toward Rowan.

NH

“Rowan Krate, are you in charge of the Third Military Factory?”

Rowan looked at him with disdain. “Are you the Great Marshal? I’ve seen you before.”

If it were the Great Marshal of old, Rowan would have dropped to his knees.

But now that the Great Marshal had lost his powers and sidelined, his influence in Eurasia was also greatly reduced.

With Connor backing him up, Rowan wasn’t afraid of the Great Marshal.

In the face of Rowan’s arrogance, Zeke remained calm and wasn’t bothered by it.

“Now, I have two orders for you.”

“First, get your men out of the building and compensate Linton Group double for the damage you have caused. Then, apologize to Lacey on your knees...”

Rowan interrupted Zeke, “I’m sorry, I can’t do that.”

“I’m just following orders. There’s a protocol I have to adhere to. Besides, what gives you the right to order me to retreat and apologize? Just because you’re the Great Marshal? Are you above the law?”

Zeke replied, “Don’t be hasty, let me finish.”

“The second order is that if you complete the first

NH

order, I will allow you to surrender yourself to the military court, and also get your sentence reduced. Or don't blame me for executing you."

Rowan retorted, "What law have I broken?"

Zeke explained, "Selling state secrets and smuggling weapons. These are very serious crimes."

Rowan threatened, "Please show some respect when you speak. Without any evidence, I'll sue you for libel."

Zeke smiled. "It appears you're unwilling to repent. Men, arrest him."

Wolf's Greed and Benjamin stepped up and seized Rowan.

The man was infuriated. "Great Marshal, you're going overboard. You're breaking the country's law for your own selfish interest. Disregarding the law means you disrespect Eurasia. Are you trying to rebel?"

When he finished, the soldiers that came with him seemed to have gotten a signal.

As they scrambled out every nook and cranny of the building, they pointed their guns at Zeke.

At that moment, Rowan smirked as everything was going according to plan.

His real objective was to kill Zeke.

NH

Just mentioning the word ‘rebel’ was enough for him to execute the marshal on the spot.

Even if he had jumped the gun, Connor would protect him.

Rowan was aware that Connor had wanted Zeke dead for a long time. It was just that his plans failed repeatedly.

If he managed to dispose of Zeke with his plot, Connor would not only protect him but also reward him handsomely.

Furthermore, he would also get his hands on Linton Group.

It was killing two birds with one stone.



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NH

Rowan bellowed to his soldiers upstairs, “Open fire. Kill the rebel.”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gunshots rang out everywhere.

However, the ones shooting weren’t Rowan’s men.

Bullets were fired from a building opposite and hit all of Rowan’s subordinates.

One by one, they fell into a pool of their own blood.

What’s going on?

Alarm bells were ringing in Rowan’s head as he looked at the building opposite.

Coming out of nowhere, there were dozens of snipers shooting at his men.

Without a doubt, they belonged to Zeke.

F***!

He came prepared.

Meanwhile, Rowan was shaken, “Zeke, y-you killed soldiers on active duty. Your crimes will be doubled. Y-You will be given a slow and painful execution.”

Zeke replied. “They are your accomplices in selling out to the enemy and smuggling weapons. They don’t deserve to be our nation’s soldiers.”