

NH

“Bullshit, these are wild accusations.”

Raising his phone, Zeke showed Rowan a secretly filmed video.

In the video, Rowan passed General Wilson, Eurasia’s top enemy, a bunch of documents together with the nation’s latest weapons.

His crimes of selling information to the enemy and weapons smuggling were now clearly established.

Feeling as if he was struck by lightning, Rowan trembled.

F***!

Which a***** filmed him secretly, and how did it end up in Zeke’s hands?

The first thing came to his mind was that there was a spy close to him.

Meanwhile, Zeke coldly said, “Now, I’ll give you a chance to survive. Call your boss and tell him to save you.”

Rowan was too lowly ranked to contact General Wilson, therefore there must be someone else who arranged the meeting.

That person was Rowan’s boss.

He would also likely be the mastermind behind the massacre of the Seal Mercenary Team.

NH

Hesitant, Rowan remained silent.

Should I expose Connor?

So what if I did?

My crimes are too grave for him to protect me.

Besides, betraying Connor would only result in his entire family being killed.

Finally, he decided to sacrifice himself for the sake of his family.

Clenching his teeth, he prepared to kill himself by biting his own tongue.

However, Mr. Collins beat him to it.

Holding a dagger, he hit Rowan on the back of his head.

As the latter's eyes went white, he fainted to the ground.

Zeke instructed, "Send him to the Cygnus Room and watch him carefully. We must find out who his boss is."

"Understood!"

Wolf's Greed sent Rowan to the Cygnus Room right away.

When Zeke saw the surrounding devastation, he sighed.

NH

It seemed it was about time for him to announce that he had achieved the power of a King Class.

Or everyone would attack Linton Group, assuming the Great Marshal had lost his powers.

The temptation was simply too powerful to ignore.

Lacey approached him with a pale face as she was traumatized. “Zeke, it scared the wits out of me. When all those guns were pointed at you, I thought we were...”

As she spoke, her eyes turned red.

Zeke reassured her, “Lacey, don’t worry. For you or Missy’s sake, I would definitely not die.”

Lacey nodded. “It’s a deal!”

“By the way, now that Rowan is disposed of, the Third Military Factory would be tendered out again. You should prepare to bid in the tender. Once we win the rights to operate the Third Military Factory, we can treat it as compensation. Furthermore, the military factory would act as a protective shield for Linton Group.”



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Lacey was stunned. “Tender for a military factory? Linton Group isn’t ready to take on a military factory from either a financial or technical capability standpoint. How is it even possible for us to win the bid for the Third Military Factory?”

If Zeke were still in his Great Marshal heyday, they could still win the bid based on his reputation alone.

However, now that the Great Marshal was just an ordinary man, the influence was no longer the same.

Zeke encouraged her, “You won’t know until you try. I believe you and Linton Group can definitely do it.”

As the military factory was considered the most lucrative business in the world, it was something Lacey found hard to resist.

She nodded. “Don’t worry, I’ll try my best to win the bid.”

After resolving matters at the group, Zeke rushed back to Cygnus Room.

He wanted to extract as much information from Rowan as possible.

He was their only clue to the massacre of the Seal Mercenary Team.

They can’t let him escape.

Inside the Cygnus Room, Mr. Collins was

NH

interrogating Rowan.

Holding a long whip, he lashed it forcefully on the latter's body.

Rowan was bleeding so much that his clothes were soaked in blood.

However, he gritted his teeth and was adamant about not revealing anything.

“Speak!” Mr. Collins roared like an angry leopard as his eyes were both bloodshot. “Who ordered you to massacre the Seal Mercenary Team?”

The thought of how his brothers-in-arms were tragically killed drove him close to madness.

“Pfft!” Rowan spat out a mouthful of blood. “I... I know nothing about a Seal Mercenary Team. You... You should just give me a quick...”

F***!

Before he could finish, Mr. Collins cracked his whip on Rowan's back again.

Benjamin sighed, “Rowan, your lips are a lot tighter now than they used to be. Last time, you couldn't stop boasting that the Seal Mercenary Team died by your hands.”

Hearing that, Rowan's eyes widened as he glared at Benjamin.

“You are?”

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“What’s wrong? How could you have forgotten me so quickly? When we were in the army, we used to be enemies. Now that you have achieved power and are running a military factory, you have forgotten this old enemy of yours?”

Finally, Rowan recognized him.

“It’s you. Haha, someone I have defeated. I never expected to lose at the hands of someone I have beaten before. Benjamin, if you’re a man, you should just give me a quick death.”

Benjamin replied, “I’m sorry. Your life doesn’t belong to me. I have no say over it. I suggest you tell the truth or I’m worried that Mr. Collins would make you regret you were ever born. By the way, I forgot to tell you he used to be the captain of Seal Mercenary Team. He was also one of Taichi Duo.”

Rowans bloodshot eyes shifted toward Mr. Collins. “The captain of the Seal Mercenary Team is still alive? F***, it was my careless mistake that allowed you to survive. I admit I killed the Seal Mercenary Team. Both of you were defeated by me before, Haha. Two defeated enemies combined do not make a victorious one. I won’t tell you anything. You should just give me a quick death.”

B*****!

When he saw how arrogant Rowan was, Mr. Collins clenched his teeth in fury. He wished he could kill the man at once.

At that moment, Zeke entered.

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Benjamin reported with a sigh, “Great Marshal, he has yet to talk. Why don’t we let Cygnus Room take over the interrogation?”

Zeke shook his head. “There’s no need. Just let him go.”



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