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What?

Benjamin and Mr. Collins were dumbfounded.

After going through all the trouble to capture Rowan, the Great Marshal wants to let him go even before questioning him?

What is going on in the Great Marshal's mind?

Mr. Collins said in an unsatisfied tone, "Great Marshal, thousands of our comrades from the Seal Mercenary have died at his hands. Why are you acquitting him so easily?"

Zeke responded, "Hold on, let me explain first. I found out that it was Connor from the Prince's Residence who transferred Benjamin from Northern Xinjiang to Atheville. So the sniper who attacked me the other day was most likely sent by him."

"Also, Connor is the main reason why Rowan managed to rise through the ranks from a small mercenary. As it turns out, Rowan is just his mere puppet. Back then, Connor had instructed him to massacre the Seal Mercenary. Since Rowan has told us everything, he should be released without charges," he added.

Rowan interjected angrily, "I don't know anyone named Connor. Also, when did I tell you everything? You're just rambling nonsense! You actually believe what was said?"

Zeke then said, "Of course we don't believe it. Nevertheless, your boss Connor would think you

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betrayed him once we let you go! If you didn't, why would we release you? Tell me, what consequences would you face for betraying Connor?"

Mr. Collins and Benjamin looked at each other, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

The Great Marshal is such a devious rascal.

He is intentionally sowing discord.

Rowan almost blew his top.

You are the Great Marshal. How could do such a despicable thing!

Mr. Collins released Rowan and said, "You can leave now. I'm glad that you finally submitted to the Great Marshal!"

Nevertheless, Rowan refused to leave.

If he left Cygnus Room in one piece, Connor would suspect that he exchanged confidential information for his freedom, and his family would not be safe at that point.

What should I do?

Zeke took out Rowan's confiscated phone and gave it to him, saying, "Oh right, a young girl called to look for you just now. I've sent some men to protect her."

When Rowan saw the phone number, a cold shiver ran down his spine.

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It was his daughter's number.

He looked up at Zeke and said fiercely, "What are you trying to do to my daughter?"

Zeke replied, "Nothing. I just made sure she has undercover security. If you come clean, I promise your family will be safe. If not, my men will just stand aside and watch Connor attack your family."

Rowan sank into deep thought, weighing the pros and cons of each option.

After a long while, he finally raised his head and said, "I just want my family to be safe. Please ask your men to send them to this place."

"What place?" Zeke asked.

"An apartment in Fortland Sanctuary," Rowan answered.

He then wrote the full address on a piece of paper and passed it to Zeke.

"Sure," Zeke agreed.

Immediately after, he made a phone call, "Send Rowan's family to Fortland. I'll send the address to you in a while."

Rowan had arranged Fortland Sanctuary as a safe house for his family before this in case he had to deal with such situations.

Safe houses were extremely common in the political realm of Eurasia.

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After Zeke sent the address to his men, he said, “Alright, speak now.”

But Rowan shook his head, saying, “Not yet. I will only tell you everything after my family arrives at the destination safely.”

Zeke snapped as his patience wore out, “Are you questioning my credibility? What makes you think you have the right to bargain with me now?”



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Rowan knew the Great Marshal would not go back on his word once he made a promise.

Moreover, he did not have the right to negotiate terms with Zeke at this point.

So he sighed and said, "Alright, I'll speak."

He started explaining, "Five years ago, when I was still the commander of Legends Mercenary, the group wasn't very big. Nevertheless, our reputation was solid, second only to Seal Mercenary. Because we were losing out to Seal Mercenary, we wanted to get rid of them. During that time, a mysterious man approached me and said that he wanted to join forces with me to annihilate Seal Mercenary. He put forward a safe and feasible plan, so I agreed to collaborate with him. His plan was to loot Seal Mercenary's weapons and lure them into the imperial mausoleum while we lay there in ambush. Once they got into the mausoleum, we would be able to ambush and kill them easily since they would not have any weapons. In less than ten minutes, almost ten thousand Seal Mercenary members were slaughtered by us. After we wiped out Seal Mercenary, Legends Mercenary became the top group in Eurasia."

He continued, "Unfortunately, the good times did not last long. Not long after that, Eurasia banned the existence of mercenary groups, and our group was forced to disband. With nowhere to go, I contacted the mysterious man out of desperation, hoping that he would lead me to a bright path, and it was then that he introduced me to Connor. Under Connor's care, I successfully enlisted in the

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army and climbed to the position that I am in today. I don't know the identity of that mysterious man, but he must have good relations with Connor."

Zeke pondered for a moment then said, "Could it be that the mysterious man who hired you was Connor himself?"

Rowan shook his head and answered, "It's not possible. The person who hired us was an old man. Connor, on the other hand, is rather young. Their ages do not match up."

Zeke thought about it further, then he suspected it was Connor's father, Chris.

Chris and the mysterious man were about the same age.

Moreover, he and Connor were father and son, so it made sense that he would refer Rowan to his son.

When Zeke was still a little-known soldier, he was already the backbone of Eurasia, and his reputation was on par with Ares's.

Zeke used to idolize Chris, and he saw Chris as his mentor.

Never did he expect that his idol would be capable of such unethical actions.

He voiced out his thoughts to the few people around him.

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“Chris Black! I knew he wasn’t a good person since a long time ago. I will kill him and avenge my brother today!” Mr. Collins yelled at the top of his voice.

Just like that, he stormed out furiously.

“Wait!” Zeke yelled to him. “Where are you going?”

“To kill Chris Black!” said Mr. Collins.

Zeke then said, “Look, my conclusion was based on pure speculation. There is no concrete evidence at this point to prove that it was indeed Chris who slaughtered Seal Mercenary. If you go looking for him now, you might raise suspicions and make him destroy any evidence there might be. Moreover, the Prince’s Residence is a 100-year-old establishment. Do you think you will be able to fight him single-handedly?”

Looking dissatisfied, Mr. Collins replied, “I can’t wait any longer for revenge.”

But Zeke consoled him, “Don’t worry. I’ve already said I will return the favor, so rest assured that I will investigate this matter thoroughly. I won’t wrong a good person, and I won’t let go of any evil doer either.”



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Mr. Collins clenched his teeth and looked at Rowan as he said, “Now we have evidence that Rowan is implicated in this matter. He’s no innocent man. I will deal with him personally.”

Zeke nodded and said, “Okay, but don’t kill him. I still have use for him.”

Meanwhile, Rowan broke down.

Knowing that hatred had now filled Mr. Collins’s heart, he knew that every bit of his life would be miserable if Mr. Collins took action.

He’d rather die instead.

“Great Marshal, how could you go back on your word? You said you would spare me,” he said angrily.

Zeke reprimanded him, “You deserve to die for killing thousands of lives! Sparing your family is already a kind enough gesture, and you still dare to ask me to spare your life? I wouldn’t be living up to my name as the Great Marshal if I let you go!”

Mr. Collins walked up to Rowan with a sinister smile on his face and said, “Rowan, don’t worry. I will definitely let you live, but I will torture you everyday until the end of your life!”

Rowan felt goosebumps all over his body when he heard this.

It turned out that Mr. Collins was more terrifying than Hades!

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At the Prince's Residence, Connor flew into a rage after he heard about the latest development on Rowan.

That idiot! He actually took action against Zeke without authorization.

Even he had been defeated by Zeke before, so he didn't dare to act impulsively.

How could a small fry like Rowan handle him?

Now things were a big mess.

Rowan was caught, and he had lost the Third Military Factory.

On paper, the person in charge of the Third Military Factory was Rowan, but in reality, he was merely Connor's representative.

The real person behind the Third Military Factory was Connor Black.

The factory was a cash cow for Prince's Residence, but now that it was gone, Prince's Residence would have to tighten its budget.

"No, we have to get our cash cow back," Connor muttered unhappily.

He then summoned his adjutant and asked, "What is the status of the Third Military Factory right now?"

The adjutant replied, "The factory is under the military's direct control at the moment, and the

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military has announced that it will organize an open auction in seven days. Anyone who has received the government's approval and has sufficient funds is welcome to participate in the auction."

Connor asked, "Will the Linton Group be joining the auction?"

The adjutant nodded and said, "Yes, and the group is the most promising bidder so far."

Connor heaved a sigh with a disappointed look on his face.

If the Linton Group also participated in the auction, his probability of gaining back his control on the Third Military Factory was less than thirty percent.

The Great Marshal's life force had been damaged, but he was still powerful in the military.

He would only need to rely on his influence in the military to gain control of the Third Military Factory.

He wouldn't even need to attend the auction to be able to do so.

"It won't be possible to get rid of the Great Marshal in such a short period of time. The best option we have is to make him lose his military power or to expel him," said Connor.

The adjutant listened attentively then said very softly, "Mr. Black, it wouldn't be difficult to expel

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the Great Marshal.”

Connor’s eyes lit up as he looked at the adjutant with great interest. “Do you have a plan in mind?” he asked.

The adjutant nodded in response, “Yes, that’s right.”

He then leaned in and whispered his plan into Connor’s ears.

Connor was thrilled when he heard the plan. “Haha, that’s a great idea! You’ve done well this time. Don’t worry, I will reward you well,” he exclaimed.

“Thank you, Mr. Black,” the adjutant replied gratefully.

“Carry out what you have just told me, and spread the word immediately. Say that the Spirit Stone Mine is actually a hoax created by the Great Marshal, and that he is using the mine to lure foreign warriors into Eurasia so he can kill them. Once the other countries find out that the mine is a trap, there will definitely be an international outcry. Eurasia will not be able to withstand the pressure for long, and the government will very likely expel him from the country then,” Connor instructed.



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Without Zeke's backing, the Linton Group wouldn't be able to compete with the Third Military Factory anymore.

This would also give Connor an excuse to get a spirit stone from Clyde.

What a perfect plan, the adjutant thought to himself.

He immediately agreed and left.

Right after he left, Chris called, "Connor, have you done what I told you to do?"

Connor quickly answered, "Relax, Father. I have struck an agreement with Clyde. I will help him take revenge on Zeke Williams, and he will reward me with a spirit stone. I have already come up with a perfect plan that would destroy Zeke."

There was a moment of silence before Chris said, "Dealing with Zeke is not that easy. You must be extra careful and vigilant. If you need any help, just let me know."

Connor responded, "Leave it to me, Father. I guarantee that my plan won't fail."

That same day, a shocking piece of news erupted, stirring up intense discussions internationally.

It appeared that the Spirit Stone Mine in Eurasia was merely a hoax created by the Great Marshal so he could lure foreign warriors in and kill them.

Suddenly, countries all over the world started

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persecuting Zeke, demanding an explanation from Eurasia's government.

If not, they would resort to violence to resolve the dispute.

After all, invading Eurasia and being punished under Eurasia's law was different from getting lured into the country and killed.

Zeke heard about this piece of news as soon as it surfaced.

Very quickly, he made a phone call to the Colonel to ask for his opinion on this matter.

The Colonel consoled him, "Zeke, don't worry too much. You are the hero and backbone of Eurasia. This country will not mistreat you. You once protected Eurasia from enemies, so this time, we will return the favor and provide you protection."

However, Zeke replied, "Colonel, I don't think this is right. This is considered a huge opportunity for us. How can we give it up?"

"Huh? What opportunity are you talking about?" the Colonel asked with confusion.

Zeke explained, "All this while, I have not had the opportunity to kill my enemies since they are scattered all over the world. If I am expelled from Eurasia, they will gather together to take revenge against me. After all, the whole world now sees me as a degenerate. They definitely wouldn't miss this chance to finish me off."

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Looking a little worried, the Colonel said, “Zeke, are you sure you want to do this? Even though you are a King Class warrior, there are also many other reputable warriors overseas, and they would probably be as powerful as a King Class warrior if they joined forces.”

Zeke said, “Colonel, it will be alright. Even if I can’t kill them all, I still have the ability to protect myself at the very least.”

After a moment of silence, the Colonel said, “Alright, let’s go with what you say then. I will crown you king myself when you return victoriously. King Knight of our nation!”

‘Marshal’ and ‘King Knight’ were two different titles.

The title “knight” alone was already representative of Zeke’s service to the country.

The word ‘king’ added another level of honor to the title.

In order to protect the nation, Eurasia had to swiftly create an uproar internationally about the Great Marshal’s expulsion.

Major superpowers around the world were delighted when they heard of the news.

If Zeke William’s life force is destroyed and he gets expelled from Eurasia, he would be stripped of his protection.

That would make him a mere paper tiger, unable

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to withstand challenges.

Wouldn't he be vulnerable to the attacks of others?

Major forces from all over the world began to monitor Eurasia's borders vigilantly.

As soon as Zeke crossed the border, they would be ready to pounce on him!

The news of the Great Marshal's expulsion was only promulgated within the warriors' circle.

Eurasia did not announce this to ordinary citizens.

The Great Marshal was also the nation's hero. If the public knew that he was expelled, they would be deeply hurt.

So, Lacey and her family still didn't know about this matter.

In line with his plan, Zeke drove alone to the west gate of Eurasia.



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Initially, the Alpha Suicide Squad wanted to send Zeke off at the border, but he refused.

His life force had been damaged, and small nations bordering Eurasia were already watching him closely.

If the Alpha Suicide Squad crossed the border without authorization, enemies of other nations would not hold their peace.

For this reason, the Alpha Suicide Squad did not insist after Zeke stopped them.

Our brother is a King Class warrior.

No one in this world can hurt him.

We should trust him.

At noon, Zeke crossed the western border alone by car.

Without an entourage to send him off, his departure looked rather sorrowful.

It seemed like a tragic scene, as though the hero was not going to come back alive.

To intensify his situation, the area surrounding the western border was an endless desert.

Just as he left Eurasia's border, there was movement in a nearby sand dune.

Suddenly, a head popped out from the sand dune.

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The man looked at Zeke's silhouette from the back and smirked, "Even the glorious Great Marshal has his downfalls. His glory days are long gone, and he is a lot worse off now than before."

He took out a communication device and said, "General Wilson, the target has crossed the border and is heading towards your direction. Get ready."

Twenty kilometers ahead, there was a group of people looking zealously in Eurasia's direction.

These people were elite fighters sent by different countries to kill Zeke.

Before this, the foreigners who had flocked to Eurasia's Spirit Stone Mine were mostly members of the underworld.

On the other hand, this wave of Spirit Stone seekers were mostly government officials with strong influence.

They were absolutely determined to end Zeke's life.

The leader of the team was Zeke's top enemy, General Wilson of the United States.

Five years ago, when Zeke led the Alpha Suicide Squad in their battle against the nine countries, he had defeated General Wilson.

General Wilson was deeply humiliated by his defeat, and he had been brooding over this

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incident since then.

Now that he had the chance to kill Zeke, he definitely wouldn't let it pass.

Since the day of his defeat, his eyes had always been set on the east where Eurasia was situated.

Finally, his expectations were turning into a reality.

A small black spot in his line of sight was getting bigger and bigger.

It was a jeep from Eurasia speeding towards his direction.

Adrenaline rushed through General Wilson's veins as he exclaimed, "The target is approaching. Everyone, listen up. The prey is mine, so don't you dare snatch it from me. If you do, you would be offending America."

Although the team looked displeased, they didn't dare to voice out their dissatisfactions.

America was a global superpower, and they weren't able to handle any retaliation from a country that powerful.

Zeke kept driving his jeep until the group of elite fighters were within his line of sight, then stopped.

He stepped down from his jeep and gave the team of fighters a death stare.

After a few moments, he nodded his head and

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thought to himself, Alright, just a few of my long-term enemies. It's time to balance the scales of justice today.

Immediately, the group of fighters surrounded Zeke.

Then General Wilson said mockingly, "Zeke Williams, no matter how big a hero you are, you have no alternative route to escape now. Don't worry, I will let you have an unforgettable experience later."

Zeke smirked in response, "Why would I need an alternative route? Do you know how difficult it was for me to gather all of you in one place?"

"Hahaha!" the crowd exploded into a fit of laughter.

Is he trying to say that he intentionally gathered us together to fight against him?

What a joke!

Everyone thought that Zeke was fooling around to preserve his last bit of dignity.

General Wilson walked towards Zeke and said, "Great Marshal, I've almost lost my mind waiting for this day to come. Now, it is finally here. It is time to settle the grudge between us."

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With an apologetic look on his face, Zeke said, “I’m sorry. It’s my fault for not killing you back then. It must be torturing having to wait for so long. Let me make up for my past mistakes by killing you right now so you don’t have to keep suffering.”

How arrogant!

Zeke’s words angered General Wilson. “Are you still treating me as the weakling I was five years ago? I am now a Platinum Archduke, and my powers are comparable to yours when you were at your peak. On the flip side, you are now a useless scum. What right do you have to act all high and mighty?” he said furiously.

Zeke scanned General Wilson up and down, then said, “No matter the past, present, or future, you will always be a small weakling to me!”

Ahhhhhhhhh!

General Wilson gnashed his teeth and snarled, “You bastard! You will pay for your arrogance today!”

Right after that, he charged towards Zeke.

He picked up speed swiftly like a cheetah hunting its prey, and the air displaced by his lightning speed blew up grains of sand from the ground.

That same moment, Zeke made his move.

He stomped his right foot on the ground, kicking up grains of sand and pebbles until a sand barrier

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formed in front of him.

Then, with great force, he punched the sand barrier, and a big ball of sand flew in General Wilson's direction.

Looking disdainful, General Wilson did not even try to dodge the ball of sand.

How powerful can a handful of sand be?

A split second later, the pile of sand hit him head-on.

His whole body froze as if he had been turned to stone.

Then he collapsed onto the ground.

There was a hole the size of a fist on his chest, and his heart was almost visible.

Blood mixed with sand squirted out of his chest!

There was dead silence, and everyone's eyes almost popped out after witnessing what just happened.

Flying sand piercing through a human body was simply incomprehensible!

Damn, which fool said the Great Marshal's life force is depleted and that he is now an ordinary human?!

He is not damaged at all and is actually much stronger than before.

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In just one move, he killed a Platinum Archduke!

To be precise, it was only half a move since the two parties did not have physical contact with each other at all.

Zeke shifted his gaze from General Wilson to the crowd present at the scene.

“Now it’s time for us to settle our scores,” he said.

Zeke’s death stare sent a cold shiver running down everyone’s spines.

His stare was like a powerful drug that drew out the deepest fears in their hearts.

As the group of fighters backed away from Zeke subconsciously, someone suddenly shouted loudly, “My brothers, do not be afraid. Together, we should not fear anyone, not even the Platinum Archduke. There is no way this guy can be stronger than the Platinum Archduke. General Wilson merely underestimated his opponent just now.”

The man’s battle cry had an instant effect.

The fighters pushed their fears aside and regained their courage.

“You’re right. As long as he is not a King Class warrior, we should not be afraid of him. So far, it is still not confirmed whether the King Class level actually exists, so he is certainly not a King Class warrior! Kill the Great Marshal and avenge General Wilson. America will definitely reward us well,”

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one of them cried out.

Their hatred towards the Great Marshal and the desire for rewards from the America pushed them to take a risk in battling Zeke. So, they surrounded him in preparation to fight.

Zeke said coldly, “You idiots! You’re making the stupidest decision of your lives!”

Clenching his fists tightly, he took a deep breath and accumulated strength quickly.

Then, his arm started expanding so quickly that one could easily see the changes in the size of his arm.

His arm expanded to the point where it ruptured his clothes.

This meant that he had achieved great strength.



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He smashed both his fists on the ground.

Boom!

There was a deafening crash that was as loud as a thunderstorm.

The ground trembled violently, and a crack appeared on the ground.

Sand and rocks started spurting and spinning up from the ground, forming a small tornado.

For a moment, the scene was covered in a blanket of sand and stones. Nothing else was visible.

The sound of two fists punching the ground still echoed in everyone's minds.

Five to six minutes later, the fiery scene finally came to an end.

The fighters who were surrounding Zeke were still in the same position.

The only difference was that they had collapsed on the ground.

There was a slit on each of their necks, and blood mixed with sand was gushing out.

Even though they were dead, their eyes were still wide open.

They didn't even know how they had died.

All they felt was sand and stone, then their necks

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suddenly turned cold before they lost consciousness.

Zeke let out a huge sigh, then he turned his back and walked away.

However, there was a rustling movement behind him that caught his attention.

He turned his head to looked towards the direction of the sound.

A survivor was crawling out from under the sand.

Looking horrified, he whimpered, “You...you are a King Class warrior?”

Zeke nodded his head and said calmly, “Yes.”

The person’s eyes widened in terror, then he lay still on the ground.

He was literally shocked to death.

A tornado swept over quickly from a distance.

Yellow sand covered the corpses on the ground, and they were suddenly out of sight.

Next to the huge tornado, Zeke looked as small as an ant.

But his strength was great enough to move the tornado.

Zeke walked in the heart of the tornado steadily with a calm face.

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Very soon, the tornado dispersed, as if it knew that it was no match for Zeke Williams.

Suddenly, Zeke's phone rang. It was a call from Wolf's Greed.

"Zeke, how are things?" he asked.

Zeke replied, "Can't you guess?"

Hehe.

Wolf's Greed chuckled, "What about the spoils of your battle? Those men were big shots from all over the world. They must have carried a lot of valuable items."

"I didn't take anything," said Zeke.

Looking disappointed, Wolf's Greed said, "Why didn't you take anything? What a waste."

Zeke responded, "There are definitely tracking devices planted on them. If it is discovered that their belongings appear in Eurasia, people will suspect that their death is related to Eurasia. By then, we will have another problem to deal with. Even though I am not afraid of him, it is not necessary to fight over some small items."

Alright then.

Wolf's Greed then said, "How will we announce the cause of their death to the public then?"

Zeke answered, "Say that they were killed by a tornado."

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Understood!

Obviously, this explanation was rather stupid.

Ordinary people might be swept away and buried alive by a tornado.

But elite fighters like them would at least be able to escape from a tornado even if they can't fight it.

No one in the right mind would be convinced, but Zeke didn't care.

You guys sent people to kill me, but I didn't kill them back. Instead, I give you an explanation for their cause of death. That is kind enough already.

If you don't believe me, come after me then.

I will kill everyone who comes against my way.

At Eurasia's official auction, the items up for auction were all state-owned assets or special items.

One of the things up for auction today was the Third Military Factory.

The factory was a huge cash cow.

Whoever could bid for it successfully would be swimming in wealth.

After all, the factory was backed by the military.

By right, auctioning the Third Military Factory

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would attract a huge crowd of bidders.

However, the auction venue was rather empty. Not many people had come to join the auction.



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As Connor had spread the word that he was hell-bent on getting the Third Military Factory, anyone who joined in the bid was akin to opposing him.

Connor was the leader of the Firewall Unit mercenaries, and his father was a high-ranking prince. Nobody dared to offend this prominent pair of father and son, other than Lacey Hinton, who intended to bid for the military factory too.

With Zeke as her backer, Lacey was confident of winning the auction.

But where is Zeke now when the auction is about to start?

She could not get him on his phone.

Left with no choice, Lacey entered the auction house alone, and the auction started shortly upon her arrival.

Lacey was puzzled.

There are still over 30 more minutes to go before the auction is scheduled to start. Many bidders have not arrived yet. Why is the auction starting now? The auction is obviously rigged!

After the auctioneer gave a brief introduction of the Third Military Factory, he started with a low bid price, '50 billion'.

Connor offered unhesitatingly, '55 billion'.

An awkward silence followed as no one dared to bid.

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The Third Military Factory was worth well over 100 billion. It would not be lacking bidders even if the bid started at 90 billion. But no one dared to compete with Connor.

Furthermore, the auctioneer seemed to be in cahoots with Connor. He started counting down before the time was up, “55 billion once, 55 billion twice, 55 billion...”

Before he could finish his countdown, Lacey shouted out frantically, “60 billion!”

Everyone turned their gaze to her in astonishment.

Who is this girl? How dare she outbid Connor for the military factory? Does she have a death wish? She will be in for it today.

Glaring at her furiously, Connor upped his bid, “62 billion.”

Lacey counter-offered, “65 billion.”

Everyone gasped in surprise.

It seems like this girl intends to win the bid. Well, her bravery is commendable. I wonder how Connor will deal with her later.

Connor did not continue as he was well aware that Lacey would continue to bid against him.

65 billion was over his budget already.

Taking a deep breath, he signaled to the

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auctioneer, “I’m not feeling well now and want to suspend the auction temporarily.”

The auctioneer agreed readily since he was in Connor’s pocket already, “The auction shall be suspended temporarily for 30 minutes as the bidder is not feeling well now.”

Connor rose and sat down beside Lacey.

Lacey was a bundle of nerves at this moment.

Without Zeke, she did not dare to stand up to a prominent figure such as Connor.

Connor put on a false smile, “Lacey Hinton, your husband is dead. Why are you here instead of attending his funeral?”

“Shut up! Don’t curse my husband!”

They had threatened her with Zeke’s death multiple times previously. But Zeke had returned home safely each time.

Thus, Lacey had grown numb to such threats by now.

Connor lifted a brow, “Don’t you know that Zeke has been evicted and killed by his enemies outside of the nation already?”

“Humph! Of course I won’t know lies like this.”

News of the Great Marshal’s eviction from Eurasia had spread among the warriors’ circle only. Lacey was a mere commoner hence she did not hear

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about the news.

“That’s pitiful. You don’t even know your husband has died. Forget it. I shall not talk about this for now. Let me ask you, is it time to pick Missy up from school yet?”

Lacey’s heart skipped a beat.

Why does he ask about Missy suddenly?



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Is he planning to hurt Missy?

Lacey went into a panic and called her parents immediately.

Fortunately, the call was picked up rather promptly.

“Mum, Dad, where are you guys now? Have you picked Missy up?”

Hannah chided, “You are always so worrisome. Rest assured, I’m with Missy in the car now.”

“That’s great.” Lacey heaved a deep sigh of relief.

Hannah continued grumbling, “I don’t know why the usually empty road is filled with cars today. Furthermore, I’m surrounded by dump trucks now. It will be disastrous if one of them falls on me.”

What!

Lacey’s heart leapt into her throat.

Intuition was telling her that the dump trucks were Conner’s doing.

She glanced at Connor meekly, who smiled sinisterly in return, “Let me tell you the truth. The dump trucks are from my engineering team indeed. They haven’t been maintained for a long time and are in a pretty dilapidated condition now. One may overturn anytime. If a small saloon car happens to be beside it, it will definitely be squashed flat.”

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Lacey's face turned ghastly pale, "What... what do you want!"

"My next course of action will depend on you. Rest assured that the dump trucks will not overturn without my order. I don't think I'll need to tell you what to do next."

With a guffaw, Connor returned to his seat.

It was a thinly veiled threat. Although it was illegal to disrupt an ongoing auction in such a brazen way, no one dared to stop him.

The auction continued.

The auctioneer began his countdown, "65 billion once, 65 billion twice..."

Conner shouted out, "66 billion."

Everyone looked at Lacey expectantly.

But she was looking a tad embarrassed with an ashen face and did not continue with her bid.

Connor had really hit her sore spot.

"66 billion once, 66 billion twice, 66 billion trice. Done deal!"

The auctioneer hit the gravel.

Everyone looked at Lacey with mockery in their eyes.

Haha, don't you want to go against Connor? Why

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are you backing down now? How dare you cross such a prominent figure. You don't know your own limits indeed.

Lacey ran out of the auction house guiltily while cursing Zeke in her heart.

Why didn't you appear? How could you let a woman like me go against such a powerful man like Connor alone? How could you bear to do this to me!

She whipped out her phone to call Zeke. But the call could not get through.

Her heart thumped furiously.

Is Connor speaking the truth? Is Zeke really in trouble? No, it can't be! I must have been imagining things.

Shaking her head, she gathered herself together before calling her parents on the phone again. Upon knowing that the dump trucks had left and her parents were safe, Lacey felt relieved finally.

Suddenly, her phone rang again. It was Clyde Thisleton.

"Lacey, hurry up and come to the Thisleton Manor. The Thisleton family is selecting a leader today. You are a descendant of the family, so you are eligible to be in the running for the position."

The Thisleton family was established on 15 October. Thus, everyone in the Thisleton family was supposed to return to the manor on that day

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every year to celebrate their family’s anniversary. Also, they would take the opportunity to select a new leader of the family on that joyous occasion.

Everyone, who was capable, could compete for the esteemed position, regardless of their age, status or seniority.

Despondent and upset over losing the auction, Lacey headed to the Thisleton Manor.

At the west gate of Eurasia.

Wolf’s Greed led his men to meet Zeke upon his arrival at the gate.

“Congratulations to the Great Marshal for your triumphant return.”

“Get up. I have asked you to get some stuff done. How are they progressing so far?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

“Don’t worry, Zeke. You can count on me to carry out your instructions perfectly. Oh yes, this is your phone.”

Before leaving the nation, Zeke had handed all his personal belongings, including his phone, to Wolf’s Greed for safekeeping. He could not risk bringing any personal belongings, which might leak confidential information, out of the nation.

Zeke took the phone, “Who tried to contact me just now?”

“The colonel gave you a call to congratulate you on your victorious return just now. He will announce to the whole world to crown you as the King Class warrior tomorrow .”

“Mm.” Zeke nodded his head calmly.

To be crowned as a King Class warrior might be a tremendous honor to most people, but Zeke did not care for the title.

“Oh yes, Zeke. Lacey called you just now. But I did not pick up the call to keep your whereabouts confidential.”

Zeke sighed, “She must be looking for me to attend the auction. I’m so sorry I have let her down this time. Wolf’s Greed, how did the auction of the Third Military Factory go?”

“I just received news that Connor had won the bid for the Third Military Factory.”

He proceeded to tell Zeke about what had

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transpired during the auction.

After a moment of silence, Zeke replied, “Okay, that’s fine. I will force him to return the factory to me eventually. In this way, I will save a lot of money too. Let’s go to Atheville now.”

In the Thisleton Manor in Atheville.

The hall of the Thisleton Manor was packed with over a hundred core members of the Thisleton family.

On normal days, they were scattered throughout the nation, and some were even sent abroad to manage various family businesses.

But all of them had made time to attend the family’s celebration today.

Lacey was assigned to a seat in an isolated corner upon her arrival.

But she did not mind. After all, she was not interested in the celebration, thus she was more than glad to sit in an isolated area where no one would disturb her.

Once everyone was seated, the acting leader of the Thisleton family, Clyde Thisleton, went on the stage. Clyde was put in charge of all Thisleton family matters before a new leader was selected.

Although his hands were maimed by Zeke, he was still highly regarded among the family members.

Everyone fell silent the moment he appeared on

NH

the stage.

“Great, everyone’s here. Let us begin the competition for a new leader. The rules are the same: Regardless of your age and seniority, you are eligible to be the leader if you have made tremendous contributions to the family. Now, let me recount my contributions.”

Clyde started to recount the contributions he made last year to everyone.

Lastly, he said, “Next, I will acquire the Linton Group and the Third Military Factory. They will become one of our family businesses.”

An audible gasp was heard among the rest of the family members.

Setting the Linton Group aside, acquiring the Third Military Factory itself was a significant contribution. Clyde could ride on it to be the family leader for a few consecutive years.

There were quite a few military officers in the family, thus they knew the significance of owning a military factory.

Just when everyone was in a state of agitation, Lacey stood up and voiced her objection loudly, “I don’t agree.”

All eyes fell on her.

Clyde retorted in a cold tone, “You are a member of the Thisleton family. Your property belongs to the Thisleton family. What rights do you have to

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object?”

“The Linton Group is set up by Zeke and I. Zeke owns the majority of the company shares. Furthermore, the Thisleton family has never helped us before. What rights do you have to acquire the Linton Group?”



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“Humph. Who are you, a mere commoner, to object if the Thisleton family wants to acquire the Linton Group?”

“Zeke will never allow you to get away with it.”

Desperate, she had to drop Zeke’s name to strike fear in them.

“Zeke?!” Clyde scoffed.

“He is dead already. Well, he can object in hell for all he wants.”

Lacey’s heart skipped a beat.

Connor had told me that Zeke was dead just now. Now, Clyde is saying the same thing. Has Zeke really run into some trouble?

In a trembling voice, she replied, “It’s impossible. You are lying to me. I just saw Zeke yesterday, and he was looking fine. How can he be dead today!”

“He has been evicted from Eurasia, and his countless enemies are waiting to kill him outside the nation. He may not be able to beat everyone even when he is at his peak, much less now when he is disabled.”

With that, Clyde passed a confidential military document to Lacey.

After looking through the document, Lacey felt a chill rising from her feet to her head.

That confidential document is authentic. Zeke has

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really been evicted from the nation. He has made countless enemies when he is in his best form. Now that he is injured and is only a mere commoner, that bunch of foreign fighters will definitely grab the opportunity to kill him!

Many Thisletons were seeing Lacey for the first time, and they started to mock her.

“So she is the wife of the Great Marshal? She’s quite pretty indeed.”

“The Great Marshal must have fallen for her because of her looks and have been toying with her feelings only. Otherwise, why doesn’t he go public with their relationship and merely put her in charge of a small company?”

“So what if she is his wife? The Great Marshal is dead now. She is back to being a commoner now.”

Lacey’s eyes turned red, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she stood up to leave.

“It’s impossible. How can Zeke die? He has made great contributions to Eurasia. Eurasia won’t send him to his death. I will go and find him now...”

But Clyde would not let her off so easily.

He signaled the security guards at the door to stop her from leaving.

“You can only leave after signing this transfer agreement.”

Clyde’s assistant passed Lacey a document

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immediately.

Without reading the document, she rejected flatly, “No way! Zeke has built the Linton Group painstakingly. I will never give it to you.”

“That is not up to you. Security, force her to sign on it.”

“Yes!”

Two security guards closed in on Lacey and grabbed her hands in a bid to force her to sign the document.

Suddenly, at the most critical moment, a voice rang out from the entrance, “Stop that right now!”

The voice was booming and sent shock waves across everyone in the room.

Instinctively, they turned to look at the doorway and could only catch a glimpse of two shiny daggers flying towards the two security guards.

“Ah!”

Cries of pain rang out from the security guards.

The daggers had pierced through their hands, which were grabbing Lacey, effectively nailing them on the table.

The document was stained red by the blood oozing from their hands.

Gosh!

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Everyone stood up in shock.

Oh gosh, what is going on? Hasn't Zeke been evicted and ambushed by his foreign enemies? Why is he back alive?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

And from the looks of it, he is not even injured!
What is going on!

Lacey went to Zeke's side hurriedly and scrutinized him from head to toe.

Finally, she heaved a deep sigh of relief, "I know that they are lying to me. You have made so many contributions to the nation. Eurasia will not evict you simply because you are injured now."

Zeke burst out laughing.

Silly girl, You are right. I am indeed evicted from the nation, but that is only because I have requested it.

Nonetheless, Zeke did not intend to reveal the truth to Lacey for fear of worrying her.

Patting Lacey on her head, he assured her, "Lacey, always remember this: You just need to trust me and me alone in this world. As for the others, you can just ignore them."

Lacey nodded, "I get it."

At the sight of Zeke, Clyde could not help but felt fearful. He was simply too traumatized by Zeke.

He asked in a trembling voice, "How can you still be alive? You are nothing but a disabled man now. How can you escape alive from the hands of so many strong warriors?"

Zeke did not wish to delve into the matter as he did not want to worry Lacey.

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Changing the subject, he asked, “Are you selecting the new leader of the Thisleton family? I will settle scores with you in the future. Now, I want my wife, Lacey Hinton, to be the new Thisleton family leader. Does anyone have an objection?”

Everyone was stunned for a moment before bursting into laughter.

Are our ears playing tricks on us? Zeke is an outsider. How dare he appoint his wife to be our new leader? He may have a say in this matter if he is still the former Great Marshal, but he is disabled now. We do not need to fear him anymore.

Lacey bowed her head in embarrassment.

Suppressing his laughter, Clyde explained, “There are rules for the selection of our family leader. It depends on the contributions the member makes towards the Thisleton family. May I ask what Lacey has done for the family? With me around, there is no way she can be the new leader. Do note that I am capable of acquiring the Third Military Factory.”

Zeke asked doubtfully, “The Third Military Factory? Hasn’t it been bought by Connor Black?”

“That is right. I share a close relationship with him, so he has promised to gift it to me.”

Huh?

Zeke stared at Clyde with a piercing gaze.

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No matter how close their relationship is, Conner will never gift him the military factory. After all, the military factory is so valuable that one can form an empire with it. Conner and Clyde must have agreed on an under-the-table deal. The former has something to do with the destruction of the Leopard Unit. Maybe Clyde is involved in this matter too?

Speaking of the devil.

Connor had rushed over after settling the paperwork for the purchase of the military factory.

He caught sight of Zeke the moment he entered the hall and turned flustered immediately.

Gosh! What the hell! Wasn't he evicted and killed by his enemies already? Why is he still alive? Furthermore, why is he in Eurasia?

He darted an inquiring gaze at Clyde.

But Clyde only shook his head. He had no idea as well.

Nonetheless, Connor gathered himself quickly.

So what if Zeke is still alive? Last time, I was only worried about Zeke abusing his authority as the Great Marshal to snatch the Third Military Factory from me. But now that the military factory is in my hands, it doesn't matter whether Zeke is dead or alive. I can still use the factory to exchange for the Spirit Stone with Clyde.

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Clyde ignored Zeke and welcomed Conner enthusiastically, “Hi Mr. Black, please take a seat.”

Conner guffawed, “I will surely support you to win the competition for the position of the Thisleton family leader today. To show my sincerity, I have prepared a gift for you. I hope you will like it.”

Of course, Clyde knew what gift Connor was planning to give him. It must be the Third Military Factory.

Grinning, he replied, “I will be pleased with whatever gift you have prepared for me, even if it is just a feather. So, may I know what are you planning to gift me?”

“The Third Military Factory.”

Everyone in the hall gasped.

Although they had guessed as much, they were still shocked by Conner’s answer. A question ran through their minds.

Clyde and Conner are merely friends. Why will Conner give such a valuable gift to Clyde?

Clyde guffawed, “Thank you for such a valuable gift, Mr. Black. I shall gladly accept the gift then. When shall we sign the transfer agreement?”

“No hurry. I intend to give the factory as a congratulations gift to Ares on his crowning during the grand ceremony. It will also be the icing on the cake for the Thisleton family on that day.”

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What?!

Again, everyone gasped and started throwing questions at Clyde.

“Grand ceremony? What grand ceremony is he talking about?”

“Also, why is it related to the Thisleton family and Ares?”

Clyde explained patiently, “Let me be honest with all of you. Actually, my father, Ares, has achieved the ‘King Class’ rank. So, Eurasia wants to hold a grand ceremony to crown him as the King Class warrior.”

The entire Thisleton family was bustling with excitement upon hearing Clyde’s explanation.

The Thisleton family has produced the strongest King Class warrior in Eurasia! The Thisleton family will achieve greater heights now! After the grand ceremony, we will be the most prominent family in Eurasia! No one will dare to hinder our activities in Eurasia again!

Amidst the bustling excitement, some members voiced their objections loudly.

“So, Mr. Black has given us the Third Military Factory because of Ares.”

“That’s right. This has nothing to do with you, Clyde. You cannot consider this as your contribution.”

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“That’s right. This is a contribution made by the entire family.”

“We are as qualified as you to the new leader.”

Clyde replied coldly, “Mr. Black will not give such a valuable gift to me if I don’t know him. Although I can’t claim the entire credit for acquiring the Third Military Factory, you cannot deny my contribution in driving this matter.”

Everyone nodded, seemingly absorbed in their own thoughts.

Clyde is right.

Actually, the Thisleton family is a rank lower than the Prince’s Residence.

We are not even fit to befriend Connor Black. Indeed, Clyde is rather capable to be able to become friends with him.

Everyone fell silent, acknowledging Clyde’s contributions in this matter.

Clyde turned to Lacey again, “What contributions have you made which can measure up to the fact that I have acquired the Third Military Factory? If not, then I will assume the position of the leader.”

Lacey was silent, her eyes downcast.

I have never contributed to the Thisleton family, much less a significant contribution equivalent to acquiring the Third Military Factory.

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She was about to give up when Zeke cut her off.

“Do you mean that whoever acquires the Third Military Factory will be the leader of the Thisleton family?”

Actually, I am the one who will be crowned as the King Class warrior instead of Ares. If Conner really gifts me the military factory during the grand ceremony, then the person helping the Thisleton family to acquire the factory will be Lacey.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Connor nodded, “You can put it this way.”

“In this case, the Thisleton family leader should be Lacey.”

Huh?

Everyone was dumbfounded.

“Why don’t you get it after we make ourselves so clear to you already?”

“Clyde has contributed towards this achievement. What has it got to do with Lacey?”

“Is your brain damaged as well?”

Clyde waved his hand, signaling everyone to sit down.

“Zeke, what exactly do you mean? There is no use pestering us incessantly.”

“I’m only speaking the truth. Acquiring the Third Military Factory is Lacey’s contribution. It is only right for her to be the family leader.”

Huh?

Hahhahahaha!

Everyone burst out laughing.

“Mr. Black has made it clear that he wants to gift the military factory to me! It has nothing to do with Lacey Hinton! Mr. Black, am I correct?”

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Connor nodded, “That’s right.”

Zeke shook his head, “No, you did not say this just now. You said that you would give the military factory to the King Class warrior as a congratulations gift.”

“The King Class warrior is my father, Ares. It has nothing to do with Lacey!”

“When has Eurasia announced to the world that Ares is the King Class warrior?”

“Although there is no official announcement yet, my father stands the highest chance. Wait, do you mean that you are the King Class warrior, and Mr. Black will gift the military factory to you?”

Zeke only smiled in return without saying a word.

Hahaha!

The laughter in the room rose to a deafening volume.

“You are disabled now and can’t even retain your title as the Great Marshal. How can you even dream of being the King Class warrior?”

“It’s obvious. His brain is damaged along with his body.”

“What is the use of arguing with him? Just drag him out. Don’t let him insult our intelligence.”

Clyde replied, “I will make you eat your words. Why don’t we decide on the leader after the grand

NH

ceremony? Zeke Williams, if my father, Ares, is crowned as the King Class warrior, I want you to kowtow to me publicly and break your arms yourself! Conversely, I will also kneel before you and stay away from you in the future.”

“Deal.”

With that, the celebration in the Thisleton family ended.

Zeke held Lacey’s hands, and they left the manor together.

Lacey chided, “Zeke, you don’t need to bluff and bet with him to save me from embarrassment. The chances of you losing is too high. Although you are injured, you are still the Great Marshal. How can you kowtow to Clyde Thisleton? Furthermore, I’m not interested in the position of the Thisleton family’s leader.”

Zeke was dumbfounded.

I’m only speaking the truth. I’m not bluffing.

Shaking her head, Lacey continued, “Forget it, let’s go home now. At most, I will plead with Ares to let you go when the time comes. I will not allow you to kowtow to him. Oh yes, I wonder if Missy and my parents are injured.”

Injured?

A deep crease formed between Zeke’s brows. “Lacey, why will they be injured for no reason?”

NH

Lacey recounted how Connor had threatened to kill her family.

Zeke clenched his fists tightly upon hearing Lacey’s words.

“Connor Black, you asshole. You must have had a death wish! I will get rid of you even if you have nothing to do with the murder of the Devonville troops!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Both of them felt assured when they confirmed that no harm had come to Lacey's parents and Missy after they returned home.

"Daddy, hug me. You haven't hug Missy for the last three days." Missy requested immediately when she saw Zeke.

Zeke carried her up dotingly, "Missy is such a good girl. Have you been listening to Mommy?"

"Mommy scolds Missy. Daddy must stand up for me."

Hahaha!

The whole family burst into laughter.

While Hannah and Lacey were preparing dinner in the kitchen, Daniel asked Zeke to head out to the balcony for a chat.

He passed a cigarette to Zeke, "Zeke, we were stuck in a traffic jam on a broad and spacious road today. It was a group of dump trucks that caused the jam. I guess the dump trucks were targeting us?"

Daniel was used to such politics when he was still working in his former workplace.

Thus, he could tell at a glance that the dump trucks had approached them with ill intentions.

Zeke was apologetic, "I'm sorry. I have not thought things through properly. I will arrange for someone to protect you secretly."

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Sigh...

Daniel sighed, “Zeke, I heard that you are injured and are now no different from a commoner now?”

Although there was no official announcement from Eurasia yet, rumors were flying. Hence, it was no surprise that Daniel had caught wind of the news.

Zeke fell silent. He could not reveal the truth to Daniel. Knowing the truth would not do him good.

Daniel mistook Zeke’s silence as his tacit admission and that he was too embarrassed to confess.

“Zeke, this may be a good thing for you. Since you are reduced to a mere commoner now and can’t contribute to the nation any longer, you can retire peacefully now. Isn’t it good for us to live as a normal family instead of fretting over occasional death threats?”

Zeke replied solemnly, “I will take your advice into consideration.”

How nice will it be if I can retire peacefully, just as Daniel has just said? But now that I am about to be the King Class warrior and a core member of Eurasia, I will have to bear much heavier responsibilities now.

No one received any news from the warriors, who had been sent to kill Zeke.

As the disappearance of these warriors was of

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the utmost concern to their nations, they had sent several teams to search for them. Finally, with the help of the search-and-rescue dogs and advanced technology, they found the corpses of those warriors buried deep in the sand.

The nations were infuriated and demanded an explanation from Eurasia, as they deduced that Eurasia had killed their warriors, given that the bodies were discovered near its borders.

But Eurasia had only provided a simple explanation: These warriors had run into a sandstorm, thus were buried alive in the sand.

Needless to say, the other nations did not believe its explanation.

Their warriors were more than capable of surviving a sandstorm. Furthermore, it was too much of a coincidence for so many warriors to die in a sandstorm together.

Thus, they continued to demand a logical explanation from Eurasia.

But Eurasia ignored them and presented the same explanation to them each time when they asked: Their warriors had died in a sandstorm.

Though infuriated, the other nations dared not act against Eurasia. Intuition was telling them that other than the Great Marshal, a mysterious force was protecting Eurasia. Otherwise, their warriors would not have died at the same time.

Indeed, their hunch was right.

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Few days after their warriors died, Eurasia made a sudden announcement. It wanted to crown a warrior as the King Class warrior! The newly-crowned King Class warrior was bound to shock the world!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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In the past, they all had their own misgivings about whether the King Class truly existed.

They had read about warriors of the King Class in history books. Those people were legends among legends.

Yet, to their surprise, there was one living in Eurasia at this very moment!

This man was probably the best at his craft in the entire world.

Numerous countries had sent in their military troops to invade Eurasia. However, fearing the wrath of a member of the King Class, they had quickly withdrawn their troops and declared a ceasefire.

They didn't dare to go up against a member of the King Class.

A warrior of the King Class had the power of ten Great Marshals combined!

At the same time, everyone couldn't help but try to guess who this mysterious man was. What was his name, and where did he hail from?

In the past, their first guess would've been the Great Marshal.

However, the Great Marshal had been seriously injured in his fight against Frank Sullivan. Now, he was a cripple who could barely sit up from his bed. There was no way this obscenely powerful man was him.

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Eventually, rumors started flying about the King Class warrior's identity.

Word got around that the man was actually Ares, a warrior of the older generation who had suffered torture and humiliation while he was locked up by Bloodsworth. After enduring all of that, the archduke had returned to avenge himself as a member of the King Class.

Now, everyone in the martial artist circle was quite convinced that this mysterious man was actually Ares.

Hence, it was with great anticipation that they all filed to the coronation ceremony.

The coronation ceremony was being held as planned—on the properly scheduled day, and at the Great Hall of the People. It was going to be broadcasted across the entire world.

The night before the Grand Ceremony, hordes of people and reporters had already gathered outside the Great Hall of the People, all eager to catch a glimpse of the proceedings.

In fact, it was so crowded that it resembled the crowds on Independence Day.

Getting a ticket into the hall proved almost impossible for most people. As important as they were, even the Thisleton family had only gotten two tickets to the ceremony.

Connor Black and Clyde Thisleton arrived at the ceremony together.

NH

On their way there, Clyde kept turning to Connor to ask repeatedly, “Mr. Black, are you very, very sure that the ownership transfer documents for the Third Military Factory have been drawn up perfectly?”

“I’m counting on that factory for my appointment as the new head of the Thisleton family.”

Connor replied smoothly, “Clyde, don’t worry. Everything is going well on the factory’s side.”

“The factory will be yours soon. Now, if only you’ll stay true to your word, and bring me the Spirit Stone you’ve promised me.”

“Of course.” Clyde replied.

“Us Thisletons are known to be very honest people. How could I go back on my words?”

“As for Zeke Williams, woe be upon him! How dare he challenge my birthright to be the next leader of the Thisleton clan?”

“I’ve forbidden him from going to the Grand Ceremony. And if he has any designs on the Third Military Factory, he can dream on! After this, I wonder if he’ll still have anything left to challenge me with. Ha!”

Connor felt a little shocked. “Clyde, this ceremony, including its guest list, was planned by the colonel himself. Are you trying to override his decision to invite Zeke?”

However, Clyde shook his head. “I can’t possibly

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do that. However, there's something I do have control over, and that's the head of the security detail."

"As luck would have it, he happens to be a member of the Thisleton family."

"Connor, go in without me first. I'd like to have a word with our security head here."

With that, Clyde turned and stalked towards the head of the security detail, Henry Thisleton.

As he watched Clyde leave, Connor gave a quiet sigh.

Clyde was being way too reckless. Putting his scheme into action right under the nose of the colonel himself required both bravery and a great deal of foolishness.

Someday soon, Clyde was going to suffer the consequences of his actions.

Connor decided that it would be best to lay low until Clyde brought him the Spirit Stone. After that, however, he would break off all ties with that madman.

Seeing Clyde approach, Henry gave a deep bow in his direction.

"Sir, you're here."

"Let me take you to the hall through the VIP passageway."

NH

Clyde demurred. “Henry, let’s drop by your resting room for a while. I have a few things to speak with you about.”

“Alright.” Henry nodded and brought Clyde up to his personal resting room.

As soon as the door shut after them, Clyde got straight to the point. “Henry, do you happen to know the true identity of the King Class warrior?”

Henry shook his head. “No, I don’t.”

Henry hadn’t been born into the Thisleton clan. In fact, he had been brought in as a disciple of the Thisletons when he was still a child.

The last time the Thisletons had celebrated the happy news, Henry hadn’t been able to join them.

Hence, he had no idea that the mysterious King Class warrior was actually the patriarch of the Thisleton family, Ares.

Clyde finally revealed the truth to him. “Henry, the King Class warrior that is about to be crowned today is my own father, Ares, the God of War.”

What?

Henry was so shocked that he could barely speak. In an agitated voice, he stammered, “Is Ares really the first King Class Warrior the world has ever seen?”

“What a great honor for our family! And what a blessing for the whole of Eurasia!”

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“I offer my sincerest congratulations to Ares, the God of War.”



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NH

Impatiently, Clyde snapped, “For goodness’s sake, if you want to be a sycophant, you have to do better than that. Your flattery skills leave a lot to be desired.”

Henry looked rather awkward.

Clyde continued, “Let me ask you this. Do you want to become an official member of our clan and work for Ares?”

Henry nodded ferociously. “Why, yes, of course.”

Clyde smiled. “Good. But there’s something you should help me with first.”

“After this, I’ll personally make you an official clan member, and arrange for you to be Ares’s assistant.”

“When you become an official member of the Thisleton clan, many more opportunities will be open to you. You won’t be working here as a security guard for much longer.”

Gratefully, Henry said, “Sir, what shall I do?”

Clyde replied, “In a few moments, the Great Marshal, Zeke Williams, will be arriving at the Grand Ceremony.”

“I want you to prevent him from entering.”

Huh?

Henry’s face had gone entirely pale. He seemed as though he was going to start foaming at the

NH

mouth any minute.

“Um...Sir, I’m afraid I can’t do that.”

“The people who have personally been invited to this ceremony by the colonel are very powerful people. I can’t afford to offend them.”

“Besides, Zeke Williams is the Great Marshal for a reason.”

“I’m afraid he might kill me on the spot.”

Clyde sneered in reply. “Zeke Williams is nothing more than a useless cripple! What’s there to be afraid of?”

“Besides, I promise you won’t have to shoulder the blame. I’ll make sure this never gets traced back to you.”

Under the pressure of Clyde’s thinly-veiled threats, Henry reluctantly agreed to the task.

Half an hour before the Grand Ceremony was slated to begin, Zeke Williams finally showed up.

He had come alone.

At first, he had debated whether or not to bring Lacey along. He desperately wanted to let her know that her husband wasn’t a cripple, and was in fact capable of being the world’s greatest warrior.

Unfortunately, Lacey had no interest in this sort of ceremonies.

NH

She announced that she preferred to stay at home and take care of company matters, and had no wish to join the raucous crowds at the ceremony.

It was too bad. Zeke Williams could only hurry to the coronation by himself.

Thankfully, Lacey was watching the live broadcast at home.

She would still be able to watch as her husband took over the world.

When Zeke arrived at the entrance of the Great Hall of the People, the head of the security detail accosted him.

“Good morning, Sir. Please come along with me.”

“We’ve made special arrangements for you.”

With no reason to suspect him, Zeke followed him away from the entrance.

He was the main character today. Since he was the one who was going to be crowned, it was quite reasonable that there would be special arrangements made for him.

For instance, they could be pulling him aside to do his makeup, or run him through a rehearsal.

After a great deal of walking, Henry finally led him into his personal waiting room.

“Sir, please wait here until the ceremony starts.”

NH

Alright.

Zeke sat down on a chair, leaned back and shut his eyes to nap.

Twenty minutes passed. The ceremony was about to begin, but Henry wasn't back yet, and he hadn't told him where to go.

Unable to wait any longer, Zeke stood up to leave.

At that moment, however, Henry sprinted back into the room and stopped him from leaving.

"Sir, please halt."

"You can't leave yet."

By now, Zeke was starting to feel rather frustrated. "What arrangements have been made for me?"

Henry replied, "We just received a tip-off that you're carrying dangerous explosives on you. Please cooperate as we carry out a thorough body search on you."

Huh?

It was then that Zeke finally realized something was amiss.

I'm going to be crowned as the King Class Warrior today. Why would I carry explosives to my own coronation ceremony?

Evidently, Henry is just looking for an excuse to

NH

bully me.

Looking at Henry, Zeke felt a little contemptuous. This man is just the head of the security detail. Where did he find the courage to pick on the Great Marshal himself?

It seemed as though someone more powerful had organized this ambush ahead of time.

Zeke smiled coldly at Henry. “What if I refuse to cooperate?”

He was the Great Marshal and the world’s first King Class warrior! How could he tolerate being searched by a security guard?

Warningly, Henry replied, “If you don’t cooperate, I’m afraid we might have to use force on you.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Zeke Williams sighed silently to himself.

Was this what people meant when they said ‘hares could pull dead lions by the beard’?

Henry here must have taken him for a powerless cripple. Otherwise, how would a mere security guard like him summon the guts to bully the Great Marshal himself?

Henry walked slowly towards him. “Sir, please don’t make this difficult for me.”

With an amused look on his face, Zeke said, “So, tell me. Who ordered you to hold me hostage in this room?”

Henry shook his head, refusing to answer him. “Great Marshal, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

He walked next to Zeke and reached for his arm.

At that very moment, a tremor ran through Zeke’s body, and a strong gust of wind roared through the room.

In an instant, Henry had been lifted off his feet and whisked out of the room by the astral wind conjured up by Zeke.

He landed on the floor with a loud thud, and started coughing up blood.

Henry turned to look at Zeke with widened eyes, fear written all over his face.

NH

Damn it, Henry thought.

Hadn't the Great Marshal's life force been damaged during his fight with Frank Sullivan? Everyone believes he's just a useless cripple now!

But if that were true, how could he still be so powerful now?

The entire situation felt very suspicious to Henry. The Great Marshal, an apparent cripple, had just demonstrated abilities far more powerful than he possessed during his peak!

However, that wasn't important now. For now, Henry had to make sure Zeke Williams didn't make it to the Grand Ceremony.

Clyde Thisleton had instructed him to buy time for as long as he could, in an attempt to prevent Zeke from attending the coronation ceremony.

With a loud roar from Henry, eight security guards came dashing into the room from outside.

All of them were decked out in full military attire, the barrels of their guns trained on Zeke's head.

Coldly, Henry said, "Sir, by attacking one of the security guards, you have proved yourself to be a terrorist."

"I'm asking you again to cooperate with our search. Otherwise, we won't hesitate to open fire on you."

At that moment, Zeke's phone rang.

NH

The colonel's personal bodyguard, George, was calling him.

Ignoring the guns pointed at him, Zeke picked up the phone, completely non-plussed.

George was in a huge panic. "Sir, where are you?"

"The Grand Ceremony is about to begin. You're the main character today! How are we supposed to start without you?"

Zeke laughed bitterly. "I arrived here ahead of time. Unfortunately, I've been accosted by your men and am now being held hostage in the guards' resting room."

What the hell?

With a yell, George exclaimed, "What a bunch of fools!"

"Please wait a while, Sir. I'll run over right now and skin those idiots alive!"

Zeke hung up and put his phone away.

With some difficulty, Henry scrambled up from the floor. "There's no point in calling anyone, Sir."

"By putting everyone's lives in danger with your attempted terrorism, you've committed a grave crime. Nobody will be able to save you."

"You lot, take him down and lock him away! Anyone who protests will be killed immediately."

NH

Suddenly, an enraged roar sounded from the doorway. “Stop right there, you punks!”

A man of stocky build rushed into the room. It was George, the personal bodyguard of the colonel.

Seeing him, Henry’s heart skipped a beat.

What is this old fogey doing here?

Did Zeke Williams give him a call?

No way, Henry thought.

In his heyday, the Great Marshal could have tried to rub elbows with George.

However, now that the Great Marshal was a cripple, why would the colonel bother to give him the time of day?

Henry hobbled up to him and said courteously, “Sir, what brings you here?”

Gritting his teeth in anger, George said, “What the hell is going on over here?”

“How dare you accost the Great Marshal and stop him from leaving?”

“If you don’t tell me right-away, I’m going to beat you lot to death.”

Quickly, Henry replied, “We’ve received a tip-off that the Great Marshal is carrying some explosives on him.”

NH

“We tried to get him to cooperate with our search, but he refused to do so. In fact, he even struck me.”

“Sir, he poses a great danger to the safety of the people here at the ceremony. It’s my responsibility to arrest him and ensure that he isn’t carrying any explosives!”

George didn’t back down. “A tip-off? Tell me, who exactly tipped you off?”

“They informed you over the phone, no? Hand me the recording of the phone call.”

Due to the nature of his work, Henry’s every move had to be monitored, and every phone call he made was recorded.

Henry felt as though he had dug himself into a hole.

He didn’t have a phone recording to provide.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

He hadn't expected that George would ask him for a phone recording of the tip-off.

Henry stood there, dumb as a doorknob.

Cursing quietly, George snapped, "God damn it, I knew it! Someone has paid off the whole bunch of you!"

Without hesitating, George pulled out his gun and started shooting at the security guards.

Several loud gunshots later, the room was full of screams of pain.

However, insulting a King Class warrior warranted a penalty worse than death!

Henry was about to collapse in agony.

Even if we did wrong, did you really have to open fire on us?

Why is George protecting a cripple like Zeke Williams?

George walked over to Zeke. "Sir, I offer my sincerest apologies for the inconvenience we've caused you. My underlings have made a mistake."

Zeke nodded his head coldly before turning to Henry again. "Whose orders are you acting on? Tell me!"

Henry shook his head frantically. "Nobody's! I'm acting according to the safety procedures."

NH

Zeke reached for the gun in George's hand. The next moment, he had fired a bullet into Henry's thigh.

Henry screamed in pain.

"Maybe that'll loosen your mouth. Tell me whose orders you're acting on now."

This was insanity!

Henry was going crazy.

Zeke Williams had shot him right in front of George. How much bravado did he have?

Henry turned towards George and looked at him with pleading eyes. "Sir, please save me!"

However, George only shook his head. "I'm sorry, I don't have any say in this."

"Even if the Great Marshal here wanted to kill all of you, I won't be able to stop him."

Henry felt completely blindsided. "But you're the colonel's personal bodyguard! Surely you'll be able to take down a cripple like him?"

Huh?

Immediately, George's faces clouded over with rage.

Without hesitating, he slapped Henry across the face.

NH

“Shut up! His Majesty here is the pride of Eurasia!”

“How dare you insult the king like this? Do you know the severity of the consequences you’re going to face?”

What does he mean?

Looking up at George bewilderedly, Henry and the other security guards asked, “King?”

“When did we ever insult the king?”

“Unless...”

A horrible realization dawned on all of them.

Henry looked questioningly at George, who returned his gaze with an almost imperceptible nod.

Henry and the security guards look as though they had been struck by lightning. All thoughts had vanished from their mind, except for one glaring one.

The Great Marshal was the King Class Warrior!

He wasn’t crippled at all! In fact, he had gone on to become the first King Class warrior the world had ever seen.

We’ve accidentally insulted the king!

Damn it. Clyde Thisleton, you’ve ruined me!

Ignoring their excruciating pain, a few security

NH

guards crawled up from the floor and started begging for Zeke's forgiveness.

Icily, Zeke said, "Now, can you lot finally tell me who's the real mastermind behind this?"

"We'll say it, we'll say it!" The security guard had no choice but to confess.

They would much rather offend the entire Thisleton family than anger the King Class warrior himself!

"We're acting on Clyde Thisleton's orders! He doesn't want you to attend the Grand Ceremony."

"Oh, right! He also lied to us that the King Class warrior is his father, Ares!"

"Clyde Thisleton is tired of living!" George said, his eyes flashing with rage. "He nearly disrupted the coronation ceremony!"

"Great Marshal, should I lock him up for you now?"

Zeke shook his head. "Actually, I've already had a hunch that it was him."

"However, don't do anything to him. He still hasn't served his purpose yet."

Clyde was bosom friends with Connor Black. Zeke highly suspected that Connor Black had something to do with the Devonville army assassination.

NH

Through Clyde, Zeke realized that he could find out a lot more about the incident from Connor.

“Let’s go to the ceremony.” Zeke said.

George escorted him backstage, where a private waiting room had been arranged for him.

“Sir, the colonel wishes for you to wear a mask during the ceremony later. He doesn’t want you to expose your identity.”

Why not? Zeke felt a little confused.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

George replied, “The colonel has his suspicions that America has been training a team of assassins.”

“This team of assassins poses a great deal of danger to the heads of all the countries in Eurasia.”

“If they continue to think of you as the crippled Great Marshal, the assassins will view you as an easy game and come for you. When that happens, you can ambush them instead and kill them.”

“On the other hand, if you expose your identity as the King Class warrior, they will be too afraid of you to kill you. That means they’ll turn their attention to weaker and more vulnerable targets.”

Zeke nodded. “The colonel has thought this through very well. I will follow his advice.”

The Grand Ceremony began.

Seated in the hall, Clyde turned to look at Zeke’s empty seat and laughed quietly to himself.

Haha, some Great Marshal you are!

Look how you’re dancing in the palm of my hand now. Since I don’t want you to be here, nobody is going to let you in.

The first person who came onstage was George.

After a short preamble, he launched into the main topic.

NH

“In honor of this joyous occasion, the colonel himself has recorded a congratulatory video for His Majesty.”

“Let’s all watch it together.”

The projector screen lit up with the colonel’s video.

Everyone looked at the screen, respect, and awe written all over their faces.

By recording a congratulatory video for the King Class warrior, the colonel was announcing to the world that he had much faith in him.

After the video, the real highlight of the ceremony came.

The King Class warrior was going to appear before everyone for the first time!

Everyone looked at the stage without blinking, as though they were afraid they might miss his entrance if they did.

Just then, George announced loudly, “Everyone, please rise for the King!”

“A round of applause, please, to welcome the King Class warrior onstage!”

The hall filled with the melodious strains of the national anthem as everyone clapped loudly.

Their eyes were fixed on the stage as they waited with bated breaths for the entrance of the King

NH

Class warrior.

Just about everyone in Eurasia had their eyes glued to their television screens as they awaited the magical moment.

Of course, Lacey, Dawn and Nancy were watching at home, too.

As the world looked on, the curtains at the entrance were pulled back slowly to reveal a tall, enigmatic figure of a man.

The man strode purposefully towards the stage. He was attired in his military uniform, which rustled about as he walked and gave him a distinct air of importance.

The mask on his face kept his identity a secret, but even it couldn't hide the charisma that seemed to radiate from him.

As soon as he appeared, a murmur ran through the crowd.

Evidently, they were all stunned by his powerful aura.

However, Connor was frowning.

"Clyde, that's doesn't look like Archduke Ares to me."

"If I remember correctly, your father isn't that skinny."

Clyde was panicking silently too. He felt so

NH

disappointed he could barely speak.

Deep inside, he knew that his worst fear had come true: his father, Archduke Ares, was not the King Class warrior.

However, there was no way he could admit this to Connor now.

If he did, he could kiss his ownership of the Third Military Factory goodbye.

Trying to stay calm, Clyde said, “Connor, how long has it been since you last saw my father?”

Connor replied, “It’s been about two or three years, I believe.”

“Then,” Clyde said slowly, “I believe you don’t know that my father has been living in seclusion these past few years, refining his abilities. That’s how he managed to become a King Class warrior, you know.”

“That’s why he’s so much skinnier now. I believe that’s a very reasonable explanation.”

Comprehension dawned on Connor’s face. “Ah, yes, that’s quite reasonable.”

With a wave of George’s hand, the masters of the ceremony came marching onto the stage, carrying a fairly large box.

George opened the box. Inside it was a pair of epaulets that had the words ‘Crowned King’ engraved on them.

NH

Holding the pair of epaulets in his hands, George walked up to Zeke and said, “By the authority the colonel has vested in me, I hereby crown you a King Class warrior.”

“May you bring everlasting peace upon Eurasia.”

Zeke saluted him in response.

Carefully, George helped to attach the epaulets to his shoulders.

In an instant, Zeke felt that his shoulders had gotten much heavier.

These pair of epaulets represented the hope of everlasting peace in Eurasia, as well as the faith of the people in him.

George turned to him and handed him a scroll of calligraphy. “The colonel has gifted you a scroll of his own calligraphy. Please accept this humble gift from him.”

Zeke nodded and accepted it with both hands.

Taking their cue from George, the attendees of the ceremony filed into a line and started presenting their gifts to him too.

“From the Northwest Region— twin stalks of Middlemist camellias!”

“From the Southeast Region— ten bags of frankincense!”

“ ... ”

NH

However, Zeke had no interest in gifts.

To everyone’s immense disappointment, George rose to usher him off the stage.

At that moment, Connor called out, “Connor Black from the Prince’s Residence! I present my gift—a military factory belonging to my own family!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

To everyone's surprise, Connor's words immediately made Zeke stop in his tracks.

He glanced at Connor before turning to whisper something into George's ear.

Smiling, George turned to Connor and said, "The King Class warrior is extremely delighted with your gift, Mr. Black. He accepts it with thanks!"

"As for the other gifts, please take them back."

Overjoyed, Connor rushed forward and handed George the ownership transfer documents.

Connor had already finished signing everything he had to. Once the King Class warrior signed his name on the document, the ownership of the Third Military Factory would immediately be transferred over to him.

Actually, Connor had hoped for the King Class warrior to sign the documents on the spot. He would then be able to tell from his handwriting if the King Class warrior was truly his father, Archduke Ares.

However, George had stepped forward to accept the documents on behalf of the King Class warrior instead. Before Connor could get any closer to the King Class warrior, George led him out of the hall.

Connor felt a little disappointed.

However, it was no big deal.

NH

Whatever it was, the King Class warrior had accepted his gift.

That meant he had accepted Connor's offer of acquaintanceship.

The King Class warrior had better be Archduke Ares, as Clyde had promised.

But even if it wasn't Archduke Ares, Connor felt rather self-assured now that the King Class warrior had accepted his gift. It wouldn't be so difficult now to ask him for a few Spirit Stones.

Everyone around him turned to look at him with awe and respect.

A few even ventured to ask Connor if he knew the King Class warrior personally. Why else would the man accept his gift when he had rejected everyone else's?

Connor maintained a mysterious smile. "I happened to be lucky, that's all."

"Since the King Class warrior was probably born into a military family, I guessed that he might be interested in military weapons and the like. That's why I decided to gift him one of my family's military factories."

Everyone looked at him, utterly convinced.

Connor Black had made a very good deduction!

After the banquet, Clyde snuck off in search of Henry to reward him for his hard work.

NH

It must have taken him a great deal of effort to accost Zeke Williams. Clyde felt compelled to make good on his word to accept Henry as a family member of the Thisleton clan.

However, despite searching for him everywhere, Clyde couldn't find Henry.

Feeling rather sorry for him, Clyde mumbled to himself, "That boy has missed a great opportunity to make something of himself!"

Little did Clyde know that Henry had taken off after his confrontation with the King Class warrior, still bleeding from his injuries?

Henry knew that the Thisletons had greatly offended the King Class warrior due to Clyde's recklessness today. The penalty for that was execution for the entire clan.

Henry had promptly decided to make a run for it. Even if he had to roam the streets as a vagabond, there was no way he was going back to the Thisleton family.

At Lacey Hinton's home, Lacey, Dawn, and Nancy were trying to soothe the crying Missy.

Sobbing loudly, Missy cried, "Daddy's in the TV! I want to go find him!"

She was referring to Zeke, who had just been crowned as the King Class warrior. Children had better recognition ability than adults, and Missy had been able to tell at a glance that the King Class warrior in the mask was her father.

NH

Sighing, Dawn said, “If Zeke’s life force hadn’t been damaged back then, he could have been crowned as a King Class warrior a long time ago.”

Nancy nodded. “Now that you mention it...don’t you think the King Class Warrior bears a slight resemblance to Zeke?”

However, Lacey shook her head. “You’re letting your imagination run wild again.”

“Actually, I’d much rather Zeke be a normal person.”

“Now that we have the King Class warrior to protect Eurasia, it’s time that Zeke retires from his position as the Great Marshal.”

“As long as he’s happy and safe, I’ll be satisfied.”

...

The first thing Clyde did when he got home was to gather everyone in the Thisleton family around him. He even invited Zeke and Lacey’s parents to the melee.

Today, he was going to make everyone watch as Zeke returned to make good on their bet.

He was going to make them watch as Zeke knelt down to him in apology and cut off both his arms as promised.

Although he wasn’t completely sure that the King Class warrior was his own father, Archduke Ares, or that the King Class warrior had truly accepted

NH

his gift of the Third Military Factory, Clyde didn't care.

It did not matter.

He only had to make everyone else believe that the King Class warrior was his father.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

If Zeke voiced his doubts, Clyde would just redirect him to ask the King Class Warrior himself.

The Hintons and Williamses were driven over to the Thisleton manor by the Thisleton family's private car.

They all felt a little confused. Why had they been summoned by the Thisleton family?

When they tried to ask the other Thisletons about this, they only received determined silence in response.

A short while later, Lacey arrived at the Thisleton manor too.

Upon seeing her daughter, Hannah dashed forward to greet her. "Lacey, do you have any idea why they brought us all here?"

Lacey's face was white with anger.

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, she said, "Clyde wants to break Zeke's arms."

What?

The Williamses and the Hintons became enraged.

Faith protested, "What right do they have to lynch Zeke like this? I absolutely won't allow it!"

"If they dare to use force on him, I'll expose the Thisleton family on social media!"

NH

The Thisleton family was a very powerful one. There was no way the Hintons and Williamsses could go up against them without fear of retaliation.

The only method to stop them would be to galvanize the public and turn them against the Thisleton family.

However, Diego tried to keep a cool head.

“Let’s not panic yet.”

“Lacey, tell us why Clyde Thisleton wants to break Zeke’s arms.”

Lacey replied, “In the past, Zeke and Clyde made a bet with each other.”

“If Zeke takes ownership of the Third Military Factory, Clyde will have to kneel in apology to him, and stay out of Zeke’s sight for the rest of his life.”

“However, if Clyde gets ahold of the Third Military Factory, Zeke promised to kneel in apology and break both of his arms to boot.”

This new piece of information made everyone suck in a deep breath.

They had watched the live broadcast of the Grand Ceremony.

The ownership of the Third Military Factory had been handed over to the King Class warrior.

Had Clyde somehow managed to take it back

NH

from him?

Faith took a deep breath. “Okay, we mustn’t panic.”

“Zeke was way too reckless this time.”

“Lacey, give Zeke a call and warn him not to come. Tell him to find a place to hide for a time being.”

“With me around, they won’t dare to do anything to us.”

Nodding, Lacey snuck off to a quiet corner to call Zeke.

However, Clyde had seen everything.

Coldly, he snapped suspiciously, “Why are the whole lot of you behaving so sneakily?”

Oh dear, the Williamses and Hintons thought in despair, our plan has been foiled by Clyde.

A terrified hush fell over the entire room.

Stalking up to Lacey, Clyde snatched the phone away from her. “Are you trying to warn Zeke?”

“Isn’t he the Great Marshal? Don’t tell me he doesn’t even have the guts to show up in front of me today.”

“If he doesn’t show up to make good on our bet today, I’ll expose him to the entire world.”

NH

“I’ll make sure to tear his reputation to shreds.”

Everyone’s hearts sank.

Just as they were all panicking, an icy voice sounded at the door. “Did I hear wrongly? Who wants to tear my reputation to shreds?”

Everyone turned to look at the latest arrival.

It was Zeke.

Lacey’s face turned ashen. Zeke right now was like a helpless lamb walking straight into the lion’s den.

Things were not looking good.

Walking towards Zeke, Lacey stammered, “Zeke, you...”

Zeke caressed her hair softly. “Lacey, don’t worry. Everything’s alright.”

Clyde laughed coldly. “Why, Zeke, I do admire you for being so brave.”

“Let’s skip the pleasantries, shall we? I see you’ve come to make good on our bet.”

Zeke nodded. “Yes, it’s time for you to keep your promise.”

Enraged, Clyde spat, “You’re the one who should be keeping your promise!”

“As far as I know, you didn’t even manage to

NH

attend the Grand Ceremony. Am I supposed to believe that you managed to get your hands on the Third Military Factory?”

The tension was palpable. It was true—no one had seen Zeke on television during the coronation ceremony.

To fall from grace was such an awful thing.

Even the once-revered Great Marshal had been stripped of his right to attend the coronation ceremony after losing his powers.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Zeke looked amused. With a twinkle in his eye, he asked, “How sure are you that I wasn’t at the ceremony?”

“Stop spouting rubbish,” Clyde chortled. “I was there at the ceremony. If you were there, as you claim to be, wouldn’t I have spotted you?”

“Men, break his arms!”

Immediately, five stocky men lumbered up to Zeke. Each of them had an ax in their hands.

Clyde had borrowed these men from Connor. They were ruthless and cold-blooded and had been specifically trained for killing.

Connor’s Firewall Unit was one of the best in Eurasia. These killers were experts.

Smiling wickedly, Clyde said, “Zeke, I’ll give you a choice. You can break your arms by yourself, or I’ll have my men here do it for you.”

Everyone was silent, waiting for an intervention.

Suddenly, Diego jumped forward and shouted, “Stop right there!”

Turning to look at him with a rather displeased expression, Clyde said, “What’s that I’m hearing? Are you refusing to uphold your son’s end of the bet?”

Diego took a deep breath. “Of course not.”

“However, I’m Zeke’s father. I wish to suffer the

NH

punishment in his place.”

“I’ll break both my arms and make good on my son’s promise to you.”

Immediately, Daniel interrupted him. “Diego, don’t be reckless.”

Turning to Clyde, he continued, “I know that your family has always been interested in taking over Linton Group.”

“We’re willing to hand over the ownership of Linton Group to you if you promise to spare Zeke’s arms.”

“Zeke’s life force has already been damaged beyond repair. He no longer poses any threat to you. Please let him go.”

Zeke felt a rush of warmth in his heart.

No matter what, blood would always be thicker than water.

However, Clyde turned down their offers coldly. “My apologies. This opportunity for me to break Clyde’s arms is a priceless one, and I’m not going to pass it up.”

“Don’t bother trying to compromise.”

“Still aren’t going to do it yourself, Zeke? Maybe you’d like the help of my men.”

Clyde shot a look at the five stocky men, and they started lumbering towards Zeke, axes in hand.

NH

Their steely gazes were fixed on his arms.

Watching this, the Hintons and Williamsses trembled with terror.

However, Zeke remained perfectly calm. “Clyde, you say you’ve won the bet. Tell me, then, to whom did you transfer the Third Military Factory?”

Clyde replied instantly, “The Third Military Factory is now under the ownership of my father, of course.”

“Oh, really?” Zeke felt very amused.

“Stop it with this nonsense!” Clyde thundered.

“Although you weren’t present at the scene, you must have watched the Grand Ceremony on TV! Connor handed over the ownership transfer documents to the King Class warrior.”

“And the King Class Warrior happens to be my father, Archduke Ares!”

“I gave a call to my father just now, and he promised to hand over the management of the factory to me.”

Zeke was non-plussed. “Let me confirm what you just said.”

“You said you transferred the ownership of the Third Military Factory to your father, right?”

Arrogantly, Clyde replied, “Of course.”

NH

However, Zeke shook his head. “My apologies. I don’t have a loser son like you.”

Hearing this rather ridiculous declaration, everyone fell silent with shock.

Was the revered Great Marshal deliberately making a fool of Clyde Thisleton?

That couldn’t be it.

In an instant, Clyde’s face had clouded over with embarrassment and rage. Shaking with anger, he roared, “Zeke Williams, what do you mean by that?”

Zeke Williams reached into his coat pocket and took out a stack of documents. Flinging it carelessly onto the table, he said, “I’m sorry to break it to you, but the ownership transfer documents are with me.”

“Since you said you handed them over to your father, I suppose I’m your father now.”

What?

Thunderstruck, everyone stared at the documents on the table in awe.

Was this really the ownership transfer documents of the Third Military Factory?

How did Zeke manage to get his hands on them?

Everyone had seen it for themselves when the King Class warrior accepted them from Connor

NH

Black.

A damning realization suddenly dawned on them.

“That’s impossible!” Clyde snatched up the documents and started scanning through them frantically.

A moment later, a cruel smile spread across his face. “These ownership transfer documents are fake.”

“How dare you make a counterfeit copy of them! Do you know how severe of a crime that is?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Zeke remained unbothered. “Are you accusing me of forgery now? I could sue you for libel.”

At that moment, someone else timidly sounded out an idea. “Well, there’s one way to sort this out. Why don’t we just call the legal department of the Third Military Factory, and have them verify if these documents are real?”

Everyone expressed agreement to this idea.

Clyde quickly took out his phone and called the legal department of the Third Military Factory.

The person at the other end picked up almost immediately. Clyde turned on the speaker so everyone could listen to their conversation.

Clyde’s voice rang across the silent room. “May I know if Zeke Williams is the legal representation of your company?”

The office worker replied, “Zeke Williams? I’m afraid not.”

Everyone burst into laughter.

Those documents were fake, after all.

Zeke Williams was quite brave to have pulled a stunt like this.

The Hintons and the Williamses were red with embarrassment.

What was Zeke thinking? He had underestimated Clyde’s intelligence by stooping to such a childish

NH

trick.

However, Zeke was undeterred. Raising his voice so the person on the other end of the line could hear him, he said, “Then, may I know who the legal representative is?”

The person replied, “It’s Ms. Lacey Hinton, Sir.”

A murmur ran through the people gathered in the room.

The Third Military Factory was under the ownership of Lacey Hinton!

Without a doubt, it was Zeke who had transferred the ownership over to her.

Thus, he had indeed gotten his hands on the Third Military Factory!

How had he managed to cop the ownership documents from the King Class warrior?

Was he perhaps the King Class Warrior himself?

Realizing this, everyone felt petrified.

The Williamsses and the Hintonss let out a sigh of relief and collapsed into their chairs, wiping away the sweat on their brows.

They didn’t care if Zeke was the King Class warrior or not. At least his hands had been saved.

Zeke turned to look tauntingly at Clyde. “Clyde, it’s time for you to uphold your end of the bet.”

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Clyde finally snapped out of his terrified daze. Looking at Zeke in disbelief, he blubbered, “How—how’s that possible?”

“Connor handed over the ownership documents to the King Class warrior in front of everyone. How did you get your hands on it?”

Zeke laughed. “That’s none of your business. Right now, it’s time for you to make good on your promise.”

“Kneel down now and apologize to me. After today, I hope to never see you in Atheville again.”

His face red with humiliation, Clyde tried to argue. “What right do you have to throw me out of Atheville?”

“Our agreement was that I would keep my distance from you for the rest of my life!”

Getting thrown out of Atheville was synonymous with him getting thrown out of the Thisleton family.

That meant he was going to be homeless, and possibly die of exposure and starvation on the streets.

Zeke replied, “I live in Atheville. If you really want to keep your distance from me, you’ll have to leave Atheville forever.”

Zeke gritted his teeth. “Damn it!”

“This is nothing but a clever play on words. You’ve

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tricked me!”

Zeke replied coldly, “Be quiet. Either you make good on your promise to me today, or I’ll kill you!”

Clyde Thisleton refused to leave. He had no skills to speak of. Without the backing of his powerful family and Atheville, he would die of starvation on the streets.

The matter reached a stalemate, with neither side willing to give way.

At that moment, the housekeeper received a phone call.

After listening intently for a while, he hung up and turned to the others.

Sighing deeply, he revealed the contents of the conversation to everyone. “That phone call,” he said, “was from Archduke Ares.”

“He asked if the new head of the Thisleton clan has been elected during the recent family celebrations.”

“If a decision hasn’t been made, he wants Lacey Hinton to head the Thisleton clan.”

“He believes that under her leadership, the clan will soar to greater heights.”

In agony, Clyde cried, “I get it now!”

“My father has favored Lacey Hinton as the new head of the clan since the beginning. That’s why

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he transferred the ownership of the Third Military Factory over to her!”

Comprehension dawned on everyone. Clyde’s logic was unassailable.

They had nearly mistaken Zeke for the King Class warrior.

How preposterous! How could a cripple like him be the King Class warrior?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Clyde let out a long sigh. Struggling to keep calm, he said, “Alright, Lacey, I’ll admit that you’ve been very clever indeed to win over my father.”

“I’ll hand over the position as head of the clan to you, as long as you get your husband to call off this bet.”

Zeke immediately interrupted, “It’s only fair that Lacey becomes the new head of the Thisleton clan. It has nothing to do with our bet.”

“Today, I’ll make sure you make good on your promise.”

As he spoke, he started walking slowly towards Clyde.

With his bloodshot eyes, Clyde looked like an animal gone mad. “You bastard! You’re nothing but a bully!”

“Williams, I’m warning you now—don’t force my hand.”

“Otherwise, I might do something both of us might regret later.”

Zeke laughed. “I’d like to see what you’ll do to me when I break both of your arms.”

Clyde turned to the five stocky men and hollered, “Listen up, all of you!”

“If he dares to harm me, kill him instantly!”

Immediately, the five of them shot forward and

NH

built a human chain around Clyde.

Zeke's life force had been damaged, and he was now a cripple. Everyone knew that he was no match for the five men.

Zeke felt a little sorry.

It would be the easiest thing in the world for him to kill these men on the spot.

However, he had promised the colonel to keep his identity a secret. For now, he couldn't kill them by himself.

Stopping in his tracks, Zeke called, "What are you waiting for? It's time to act."

As soon as he spoke, there was a loud crash as one of the windows shattered into pieces.

A black shadow swooped in through the broken window and hurtled towards the five men.

Alarmed, the five men immediately raised their axes to protect themselves.

A series of loud clangs followed as knife met axe. Following that, all five men froze in their spots, standing perfectly still.

However, the axes in their hands fell to the floor with a series of dull thuds.

They were bleeding profusely from a neat cut that had been made in their necks.

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Half a minute later, the five men collapse onto the floor, where they lay completely still.

The black shadow swooped over to Clyde. Grabbing hold of him, it used its sword to pierce a shallow cut on his neck.

The black shadow, as it turned out, was Mr. Collins.

Everyone was shocked.

Advanced as his age was, this man was quite a fighter! He had been able to take down five bulky men at one go, and had even killed all of them without a single injury to himself.

Where did Zeke find a warrior like this?

Clyde was so terrified that his face had gone white.

This old man had murdered five men at one go. If he wanted to, he could kill Clyde too.

Under the threat of death, Clyde finally relented.

His voice shaking, he stuttered, "I'll leave Atheville...I'll leave!"

"Don't kill me, I'll go right now!"

Mr. Collins laughed coldly. "Let's go, then. I'll send you off."

With his sword still pressed to Clyde's neck, Mr. Collins escorted Clyde out of the Thisleton manor

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and out of Atheville.

A dead silence had fallen over the entire room.

The distinct smell of blood filled the room, making everyone feel rather sick with terror.

Zeke walked over to Lacey and took her hand.
“Lacey, come with me.”

He brought her over to the seat of the Thisleton clan head, and made her sit down in it.

“From now on, Lacey is the new head of the Thisleton clan.”

“Whoever dares to go against her will meet their untimely death!”

“And mark my words—I’ll be able to kill you. These five bodies here are testament to that!”

Nobody dared to protest. Bowing their heads, they murmured, “We pledge allegiance to our new family head, and will be her loyal servants for as long as we live.”

Lacey felt pleasantly surprised.

Just now, she had been attacked on all sides by everyone, most of all by the Thisleton family.

Now, she had suddenly become the head of the Thisleton family, and could make anyone do her bidding.

Oh, how the tables had turned!

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NH

“Lacey, clean this mess up,” Zeke patted Lacey’s shoulders.

“I have something else to attend to.”

Alright.

Lacey nodded, “Take care.”

As Zeke walked past Diego, he momentarily stopped and took away the cigarette Diego was smoking,

“You should smoke less. It’s bad for your body.”

Saying so, he coolly walked away; cigarette still in hand.

“That cheeky bastard.” Diego smiled knowingly.

After this incident, the gap between them was no more.

This time, Zeke sincerely cared for him.

He hadn’t recovered ever since that year when he was imprisoned underground and poisoned by the Sullivan family.

Smoking would have worsened his health greatly.

...

Collins was driving Clyde and came to a stop in the middle of the wilderness.

Clyde was so terrified he nearly peed his pants.

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This was in the middle of nowhere.

If Collins were to kill him and bury him here, nobody would find him for at least a decade.

He had to pull some strings for himself.

Clyde pleaded, “Sir, please spare my life. I beg you.”

“I have money; I’ll give you all the money that I have.”

At that moment, Clyde no longer had any remaining pride as the young master of the Thisleton family.

He had absolutely nothing left.

Collins questioned skeptically, “You have already been expelled from Thisleton Manor. How would you still have any money?”

“I had money stored in many major banks overseas; all of it has nothing to do with my family,” Clyde said.

As he said so, Clyde whipped out a bunch of bank cards.

At a glance, it seemed there were millions or, at most billions there.

When the elderly man finished counting all of it, it was a whopping twenty billion in total.

“Even a fallen aristocrat such as yourself would

NH

still be richer than any average man.” Collins sighed deeply. “Even when the Seal Mercenary was at its peak, we never had that many funds.”

Clyde cautiously asked, “Now you can spare my life, right?”

“I never did want to take your life in the first place, you know,” Collins said.

Ah!

Clyde was dumbfounded.

Did I just gave away twenty billion for nothing?

That was money to save my own life!

That very moment, another car stopped beside their own.

The door swung open, and someone came down from the car.

It was Zeke.

Clyde once again tensed in fear.

“Zeke... you... what do you want.”

“I can honor my end of the bet and leave Atheville.”

Zeke lit his cigarette, “Oh Clyde, are you curious? About how I managed to get a hold of the third military factory.”

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“Let me tell you now.”

Clyde looked confused, “What? Didn’t my father Ares gave it to Lacey to support her as the new head of the family?”

Zeke smirked, “Of course not.”

“Then, how did you get it?” Clyde asked.

Zeke sent him a cold laugh, and took off his coat.

The sight of the badges on his shoulders caught Clyde’s attention.

The King’s badge!

That’s the King’s badge!

Zeke was a King Class Expert!

Crap!

My opponent never lost his powers!

Instead, he had become a King Class Expert!

No wonder I never saw him at the Coronation!

He was on the podium, coronated as King!

At that moment, Clyde wanted nothing more than to die.

A chill ran down his spine and he descended into despair.

NH

He couldn't be bothered to beg for mercy anymore.

That is, if begging for mercy was of any use.

So many experts from foreign lands had already died at the hands of the King Class Experts.

Zeke spoke up, "Clyde, let me ask you. Do you want to live or die?"

What?

"Do I still have a chance to live?"



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NH

Clyde felt a sense of hope sparked inside him, “I wish to live. Please, I beg you, spare my life.

“Sure, only if you help me with something.” Zeke replied.

“Alright, what do you wish for me to help you with?” Clyde nodded hurriedly.

“Let me ask you this. You and Connor made a deal, right?” Zeke questioned.

“Yes, that’s correct.” Clyde nodded.

“Connor had misunderstood that the Spirit Stone mine was guarded by Ares, my father.”

“He had intended to give the third military factory to me in exchange for some Spirit Stones from my father.”

Zeke suddenly seemed to remember something. He coldly laughed, “Was that all?”

“Using Benjamin as bait that time to lure me out to the crossroads to be assassinated by a sniper? Were you behind it?”

Clyde’s face had turned white in an instant hearing that.

“I will be frank. I know I may have said this before—that if Connor managed to kill you, I would give him the Spirit Stone.”

“But that attack was solely Connor’s idea. I had no part in it.”

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No wonder Connor failed.

His opponent was a King Class Expert. Not even ten Connors would be able to match him.

“For that incident, I’ll make you pay another time.”

“Now, you will help me with something. Once you’re done, I will spare your life.”

“I promise. I’ll do anything.” Clyde pleaded.

“I heard that Connor’s henchmen have acquired a group of weapon experts who can produce all kinds of automatic weapons,” Zeke stated.

“You will have him produce a batch of titanium bullets for me, and they’d best be of the millimeter grade.”

Clyde shot an uneasy look at him, “This... I can only try my best.”

“The truth is, Connor had been coaxing me to give him the Spirit Stones.”

“If I don’t give him the Spirit Stones, Connor will surely get suspicious and doubt that my father is really a King Class Expert.”

“It’d be unlikely that he would help me to produce weapons.”

Zeke mused, “Here, I’ll give you a few Spirit Stones. Tell him your father Ares gave them to him.”

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“Once he produces those millimeter grade Titanium bullets, Ares will add more Spirit Stones.”

“Alright.” Clyde replied and took his leave.

Collins looked at Zeke curiously, “What are you trying to do by asking Connor to produce titanium bullets?”

“Haven’t you guessed it?” Zeke returned the question.

Collins pressed on, “Did you think it through? Whether the titanium bullets have anything to do with Connor, or if Connor is really the culprit?”

“The bullets that killed the Seal Mercenary, they were millimeter grade bullets that are untraceable.”

“And only a sparse number of black-market arms dealers were able to produce these types of titanium bullets.”

“Even so, the bullets they produced had different details.”

“In the case that Connor actually produces titanium bullets that are exactly the same as the ones that killed the Seal Mercenary, that is enough to convict him.”

“Smart of you to have it figured out just like that.” Zeke nodded.

Collins clenched both his fists and said, “If I can

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avenge my fallen boys, I no longer have any regrets in this life.”

Zeke glanced at the bank cards that scattered inside Collins’ car, “Why not just donate all this money?”

“It’s too dirty. Best you don’t touch it.”

Unexpectedly Collins hurriedly picked up the bank cards, “Don’t worry, I will donate them.”

“To the families of the Seal Mercenary?” Zeke presumed.

Collins grinned in response.

...

Clyde had arrived at the Green Channel Bar.

Some time ago, Clyde and his girlfriend were harassed by a few hooligans while they were drinking here.

It was at a key moment that Connor came to the rescue.

This moment held a special meaning for Clyde.



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So he had called for Connor to come here.

If Connor hadn't helped him here, then he would have remained the prim young master of the Thisleton Manor, and not exiled from Atheville!

Half an hour later, Connor arrived.

He seemed displeased.

He already gave the third military factory away, but Clyde did not keep his promise to buck up the Spirit Stones.

Now he seriously doubted if that King Class Expert was really Ares after all.

"Clyde, what do you need me for?" Connor asked impatiently as he sat down and poured himself a glass of cocktail.

Clyde frowned, "What's the matter, Connor? Bad day?"

Connor gave him a sharp glare, "I think you of all people should know better why I'm in a bad mood."

"Oh, if that's the case, then just forget about it." Connor sighed.

"I came here thinking I would follow up on my promise to you and give you the Spirit Stones."

"But since you aren't interested, let's do this another day then."

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What?

Spirit Stones!

Connor instantly beamed, “Oh Clyde, please stay.”

“Sit down, sit down. Do pardon me, I lost control of my emotions just now.”

With that, Clyde’s face then softened. He took out the Spirit Stones and handed them over to Connor, who examined the stones closely.

Connor felt more at ease to find that they were confirmed to be real Spirit Stones after all.

So, it was just his own misjudgment.

His father Ares, was indeed a true King Class expert.

Clyde spoke, “But in exchange for taking these Spirit Stones, my father has a small favor he wishes to ask of you.”

“If you can accomplish it, my father will give you more Spirit Stones.”

“Go ahead and ask me for anything. It is a great honor for me to do something for Ares,” Connor replied gladly.

“I heard that you recently acquired a group of weapon experts, no?” Clyde continued.

“My father wants you to help to produce a batch of millimeter grade bullets for him. He has a great

NH

purpose for them.”

“Not a problem.” Connor readily agreed.

Every year, countless clients came to him asking him to produce custom weapons; it was nothing out of the ordinary for him, so he did not put too much thought into it.

Once the deal was done, Connor drove off in his car.

Outside the bar, an ordinary small looking car followed behind Connor’s.

Inside the car was Zeke and Collins.

Collins stared as Clyde walked out from the bar and said, “Great Marshal, what do with do with Clyde then?”

“Now it looks like Clyde really had nothing to do with the killing of the Seal Mercenary.” Zeke pondered.

“We will leave him alone for a while. We don’t want to alert Connor or cause a stir.”

Understood!

At last, Connor arrived at the backdoor of the third military factory.

A moment later, a person walked out of the backdoor.

Zeke recognized who it was in an instant.

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It was the third military factory's Chief weapon expert, Winston.

Winston was also from the Prince's Residence.

However, he was an outsider, and his social standing was much lower than Connor's.

Winston snuck onto Connor's car.

Five minutes later, Winston exited the car and returned to the factory.

Without a doubt, Connor had commissioned Winston to produce that batch of titanium bullets.

"Wait here," Zeke said. "I will go inside and investigate."

Understood!

Zeke followed along the courtyard walls and infiltrated the factory, keeping his eyes on Winston.

Winston finally retreated into his office, and there was no other movement out of the ordinary after that.

Zeke couldn't possibly stay to keep watching him. So, he asked Collins to take his place and keep an eye on Winston.

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NH

Collins was naturally concerned over this matter, as he needed to avenge his fallen Seal Mercenary members.

He hid in the dark corners, without eating or drinking for one day and one night.

Until the next evening, Winston started to show signs of suspicious activity.

Collins immediately reported this to Zeke.

“Great Marshal, Winston has a secret compartment in his office. He just squeezed himself into it a while ago.”

“If I’m not mistaken, that secret compartment leads to his private weapons workshop.”

“Good, keep watching him.” Zeke said.

“We can’t make any rash decisions now. We will wait until he had finished the first batch of titanium bullets, then we will make our move.”

“That way, he’d be caught red-handed.”

Understood!

Collins continued to spy on Winston over the next three days and three nights.

Every night, Winston always went inside his secret compartment and stayed inside it for the entire night.

Zeke estimated that once the first batch of the

NH

titanium bullets was completed, it was probably time to strike.

The night was silent.

Zeke and Collins both snuck into Winston's office.

The office was empty, and not a soul was seen inside.

Winston must have long gone into his secret compartment.

Zeke shot a look at Collins.

Collins understood the signal immediately.

He walked over to the bookshelf, and began to take out a few books in order.

Whoosh!

The bookshelf and the wall behind started to shift apart slowly, revealing a secret passageway.

When Collins was in hiding, he had long memorized the order of books required to be taken out of the shelf.

The passageway seemed to only lead downwards endlessly.

Zeke and Collins squeezed themselves into the passageway and managed to reach the bottom just after walking for about 10 meters.

At the bottom, there was a large iron door.

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The weapons workshop was surely behind this door.

Zeke signaled Collins.

Collins immediately understood and backed away from the door.

There were surely plenty of automatic weapons just behind that iron door.

If the opponent were to start using the weapons in an assault, Collins definitely stood no chance in avoiding any attacks.

Zeke kicked the large iron door with a loud bang.

The sound of the door being kicked open shook the room.

Zeke had kicked open the large iron door almost effortlessly.

Collins gasped.

Just how strong were King Class Experts?

Only machinery was able to open this large iron door.

Yet, it took the Great Marshal only one kick to open it.

Unexpectedly, there was only silence behind the large iron doors.

No weapons were fired.

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In the space behind the large iron door, there were large piles of various automatic weapons and materials needed for their production.

There was even a test bench for the research of chemical explosives.

The weapons here had Eurasia's latest technologies and were enough to equip an army.

At one of the test benches facing the door, Winston picked up his AK-47 and aimed it towards Zeke.

He was calm and fearless.

Zeke was nothing but a Great Marshal with damaged life force.

He couldn't possibly resist any attacks from automatic weapons, right?

Even in his peak condition, he couldn't possibly resist them very long.

Winston signed, "Oh Great Marshal, I'm sorry. I had great respect for you at first and did not wish to go against you."

"But since you've found this place, I cannot allow you to walk away alive."

Zeke's gaze fell on Winston.

"Well, if that's the case, then you shall die."

Winston laughed bitterly, "Great Marshal, are you

NH

still dreaming?”

“Your life is in my hands now.”

“I can end your life anytime.”

“Oh, really?” Zeke scorned at him.

“I should take your advice then.”



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NH

Alright.

Winston decided to stop their bantering. It was better to end this quickly to avoid further complications.

He pulled the trigger!

Bam! Bam!

Two bullets were heading towards Zeke's forehead and heart simultaneously.

Let alone if the Great Marshal's life force were still intact, even in his peak condition, he couldn't possibly dodge two bullets at the same time.

To Winston's surprise, Zeke did not make any move to dodge the bullets.

He stood straight in place; his right arm made a sweeping motion.

Clang! Clang!

The sound echoed in the narrow enclosed space for a long time.

Winston's eyes widened as he broke out in cold sweat.

Zeke had remained where he stood, unscathed and unharmed.

That crisp sound earlier was the sound of bullets hitting the ground.

NH

With a swipe of his hand, he easily knocked away two bullets?

My God, is he even human?

The Great Marshal this strong in his prime?

A strong sense of danger dawned on him.

Winston dared not to underestimate his opponent anymore; he fired a barrage of shots at Zeke.

However, at the moment he pulled the trigger, Zeke had disappeared.

Winston continued to shoot uncontrollably despite losing his target.

He did not know what else he could do to protect himself other than firing his gun continuously.

“Don’t all these bullets cost you money to make?”
A cold voice rang behind Winston.

He was instantly chilled to the bone; stunned for a moment.

Damn it!

When had Zeke appeared behind him?

He was able to change his location so quickly!

How could I have gotten myself involved with such a monster?

He instinctively tried to dodge, but it was too late.

NH

Zeke's punch had connected with the back of Winston's head.

Winston fell to the floor with a loud bang, unable to muster any strength in his body.

It's over!

In the face of such great power, he did not stand a chance.

"Great Marshal, you... your life force was never damaged!"

"You had everyone fooled!"

He yelled in defiance.

"Great Marshal?" Collins walked in from the entrance.

"You should start calling him the Dragon King now."

"What? What Dragon King?" Winston was dumbfounded.

"King Class? You're a King Class! You... you've been crowned!"

He subconsciously looked towards Zeke's shoulders.

Under the coat, he could faintly see a badge.

'King' was written on it!

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He really was a King Class Expert!

Crap, I've gone and started a fight to the death with a King Class Expert!

How foolish!

"No, no!" Winston suddenly remembered something.

"Connor had previously told me a King Class Expert wanted me to make a batch of titanium bullets for him."

"You are a King Class Expert... did you ask for those bullets?"

"Great Marshal, I... I am willing to serve you. I will not refuse you."

Zeke ignored him.

He snapped up one of the titanium bullets made by Winston and compared it to a bullet found in the skeletons of the fallen Seal Mercenary.

Having examined both of the bullets, Zeke was able to now confirm that both bullets were one and the same!

Crap!

Collins seethed, "Tell me. Autumn four years ago, who did you make these titanium bullets for?"

Winston shakily looked at Collins.

NH

Why was he so angry?

“Autumn, four years ago... It was Chris.”

“Yes, I remember now. Chris had asked me to make a batch of these titanium bullets for him.”

Chris!

“So it was you!” Collins slammed both fists on the table.

“I’ll never forgive myself if I don’t kill you!”



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Once the infuriated man reached for the firearms on the table, he turned around and was about to leave the place.

“Hold it right there! Where are you going?” Zeke yelled.

“I shall go after Chris to get revenge!” Mr. Collins replied.

“No! You’re not allowed to go after Chris for the time being because, as of now, we don’t have enough evidence to prove that he’s the one who has murdered them. If he’s killed, he’ll die an honorable death as the messiah of Eurasia, whereas you’ll be the target of a witch-hunt. Perhaps they’ll consider you as a traitor of Eurasia.”

“Does that mean we’re going to let the murderer off the hook?” -Mr. Collins was on the verge of losing his cool- “I... I can’t possibly allow my fellow comrades to die in vain!”

“Since I have promised you to avenge you and your comrades, I will never go against my words. I won’t give up and will personally follow up with the investigation from now onwards,” Zeke reassured Mr. Collins.

Finally, Mr. Collins returned to his usual calm and collected self. “Alright. I have faith in you. What are you going to do next?”

Zeke shared his upcoming plan with Mr. Collins. “Since the target has shown themselves, I’ll verify if Chris paid a visit to Devonville during Autumn

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four years ago. I'll try to figure out the purpose of his visit back then."

In the meantime, Connor finally found Chris and handed the few Spirit Stones he had collected over to him.

Chris was delighted and praised Connor, "Great! You have done a splendid job and lived up to my expectations. With that being said, the amount of Spirit Stones just ain't quite sufficient."

Immediately, Connor assured Chris, "Please rest assured, father. Clyde has promised to give me more Spirit Stones as soon as I finish the batch of titanium bullets he requested for."

"Huh?" Chris frowned in confusion and asked the moment he heard Connor's words. "What exactly is Clyde up to with the titanium bullets?"

"Father, Clyde's father is the one behind the order," Connor replied respectfully.

A foreboding thought emerged in Chris' mind out of the blue because he was certain Ares, Clyde's father, the God of War, must have had found the corpses of the mercenaries hidden underneath the mine since the latter had been stationed to guard the Spirit Stone mine.

As a matter of fact, Chris was the one who had taken out the mercenaries using the titanium bullets back in the day.

Does that mean Ares is trying to figure out the mastermind behind the incident by comparing the

NH

titanium bullets? I can't possibly let my guard down, we must exercise caution from now onwards.

"Who's in charge of the production of the batch of titanium bullets ordered by Ares?" Chris asked Connor.

"I have had Winston in charge of the production," Connor answered Chris' queries.

"Get in touch with Winston immediately. Tell him to produce a second-rate version of titanium bullets and alter the shapes of the bullets, so it varies from the ones that have been produced back in the day. I want to confuse others and deceive them that the bullets have been produced by two different producers," Chris instructed Connor.

"Why?" Connor asked because he was utterly confused.

Naturally, Chris wouldn't enlighten Connor with the rationale behind his actions.

In return, he instructed callously, "That's none of your business. Your only task is to get in touch with him immediately."

"Yes, father." Connor immediately got in touch with Winston as he was instructed.

...

Meanwhile, Zeke was about to leave with Mr. Collins, but all of a sudden, Winston received a

NH

call from Connor.

“Pick it up and pretend as though we aren’t by your side,” Zeke paused and instructed Winston in a serious tone.

As a countermeasure, Mr. Collins took aim at Winston with the gun he had with him.

Winston took a deep breath and tried his best to pull himself together before picking up the call.

Once the call got through, Connor asked, “Winston, what’s the progress of the production of the new batch of bullets?”

“Currently, one-third of the order has been completed,” Winston replied.

Immediately, Connor instructed, “Destroy the completed bullets and reproduce them. You have to alter the shapes of the bullet and produce a different version of titanium bullets. We can’t allow others to realize you’re the one who has been producing the bullets all along.”



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“Why?” Winston asked curiously.

“That’s none of your business,” Connor replied indifferently and hung up the call since he had delivered the orders as instructed.

Suddenly, Zeke and Mr. Collins exchanged glances as though they had come to a unanimous agreement.

It seems like Chris is being extremely cautious. I’m sure he’s aware we’re investigating him.

To prevent Chris from getting suspicious, Zeke instructed Winston to stay put for the time being and had him produce the titanium bullets as requested.

Unequivocally, Winston gave in to Zeke’s instructions because he dared not to defy the instruction of a King Class warrior. In fact, he couldn’t possibly defy it due to the differences in their capabilities.

Eventually, Zeke brought Mr. Collins over to the confidential archive room to verify Chris’ information.

The archive indicated Chris had indeed made a trip to Devonville during Autumn four years ago. He was dispatched to a place called Lake Thewilsa to execute a classified mission.

Since it was a classified mission, the details and information regarding the mission had been omitted.

NH

Zeke and Mr. Collins couldn't help but doubt the objective of Chris' visit. In the end, Zeke suggested, "I guess we have to make a trip to Lake Thewilsa."

Finally, they made their way to Lake Thewilsa once they had made up their minds to figure out the truth.

Lake Thewilsa was similar to the villages in Eurasia, it was vastly underdeveloped with rampant poverty.

For the sake of convenience, Zeke and Mr. Collins disguised themselves as census enumerators.

Since the village was vastly underdeveloped, the villagers were relatively undereducated. The chief of the village couldn't tell them apart from an actual census enumerator as well.

He addressed Zeke and Mr. Collins respectfully the moment he saw them. Eventually, he welcomed both of them and brought them to his home.

Once they reached the chief's place, they conducted an interview to disguise the actual purpose of their visit.

"How many villagers are there in total?" Zeke asked casually because he didn't want to raise any suspicion.

"There are a total of three hundred villagers, but there are only two hundred and ninety-six mortal villagers."

NH

“Huh? What do you mean? Where are the other four villagers?” Zeke and Mr. Collins were equally confused.

“The other four villagers aren’t mortal,” The chief replied.

Instead of the deceased ones, the chief addressed the four villagers as immortals. Therefore, Zeke and Mr. Collins were intrigued by the rationale behind it.

“If they aren’t mortal, what exactly are they?” Zeke asked in return.

Suddenly, the chief’s expression turned gloomy, and he rushed over to close the window immediately.

Once he returned to his seat, he lowered his volume and told Zeke and Mr. Collins, “I’m aware those from the city deem us as being superstitious, but we ain’t lying because the remaining four are immortals. Immortals ain’t merely beings of myths!”

Mr. Collins burst into laughter because he found the chief’s words hilarious.

After all, there were only a mere few who would believe the existence of immortals nowadays.

Immortals are the beings that possessed the capabilities to travel through realms. They had been tasked to be the intermediaries amongst mortals and beings of different realms.

NH

The chief got anxious due to Mr. Collins' response. He warned them immediately, "You have to believe me! The immortals of the village are extremely capable! They have the ability to summon the soldiers of other realms upon the village! We have witnessed the descent of the soldiers back in the day. The four immortals were the ones leading the said soldiers."

The descent of soldiers of other realms?

All of a sudden, Zeke asked because he recalled something, "Do you remember the direction the soldiers from the other realms have headed over to back then?"

"They headed Southeast."

The chief shared his experience with Zeke and Mr. Collins. "Back then, it was around one o'clock in the evening. It was an extremely foggy and breezy night. There were over ten thousand soldiers that marched over from Northwest and headed Southeast. I saw it with my own eyes; the leaders of the soldiers were the immortals of the village. In fact, they saw me and greeted me with a smile. On the next morning after the incident, they finally returned to the village. Once they made their way back, they warned me not to tell anyone about the incident..."

He went on and on for quite some time, but Zeke stopped paying attention to the chief's words.

The soldiers from the other realms headed over in the southeast direction.

NH

That was the only thing Zeke had in his mind because the imperial mausoleum that had a great amount of Spirit Stone was in the southeast direction of Lake Thewilsa.

Could it be the so-called soldiers from the other realm were the ones Chris had employed to take out the ones from the Seal Mercenary?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Chris would have to procure the aid of tomb raiders and get them to secure the entrance before he could make his way into the imperial mausoleum.

Perhaps the immortals the chief told Zeke and Mr. Collins about were the tomb raiders Chris had gotten in touch with.

In the end, Zeke asked, “Chief, do the immortals have the capability to raid a tomb?”

As soon as the chief heard Zeke’s words, his expression changed as the veins on his forehead bulged because he got worked up abruptly.

“Yes! Those four bastards are extremely skillful tomb raiders! They have always euphemized their actions and told us they were there on behalf of the villagers who had passed on. Since they’re immortals, we dared not offend them either.”

Finally, Zeke could be certain the so-called immortals were the tomb raiders who had secured the entrance to the imperial mausoleum on Chris’ behalf.

“Chief, can you please bring us to their place immediately?” Zeke’s words sounded as though it was more of an order instead of a request.

“Why don’t we drop by their place once we finish the meals? After all, I have prepared all sorts of delicacies to treat both of you!” The chief counter-offered.

“We need to get going immediately,” Mr. Collins

NH

urged because he was aware the so-called immortals the chief had been talking about might be involved in the murder of the Seal Mercenary.

In the end, the chief gave in to their request and brought them over to the so-called immortals' place.

They ended up in front of a poorly maintained straw-bale house. Even though the place wasn't equipped with any windows or doors, the party of three could detect the stench coming from inside of the place.

Once they entered the straw-bale house, they were greeted by an extremely messy scene.

There were four men lying on top of a tattered wooden bed. They were sleeping soundly by the time the party of three made their way into their place.

The chief explained, "They are always asleep during the day because they spend most of their time working in the night. I'll wake them up immediately."

Once the chief finished his sentence, he rushed over to wake them up from their sleep. "Tourneau, Duneau, wake up."

Zeke surveyed the surrounding of the so-called immortals' place and had his gaze fixated on the dustbin because he detected some antiques hidden underneath the pile of rubbish.

As a matter of fact, the antiques ranged from

NH

collectables to cultural artefacts from different nations.

It was evident the few tomb raiders had been busy over the past few years. They must have had generated a fortune through trading the stolen relics.

Tourneau and his comrades were roused from sleep due to the chief's summon.

He was enraged and yelled at the chief, "What the hell do you want? I'm having a drink with the reapers! You shouldn't have woken me up because we were talking about how long you would live!"

"D-Did the reapers tell you how long I would live?" The chief asked in a quivering voice as though he was afraid of Tourneau.

In return, Tourneau said, "They were about to tell me, but before they could spill the beans, you had dragged us back to the mortal realm."

Finally, Tourneau noticed the presence of Zeke and Mr. Collins. He asked, "Huh? Who the hell are they?"

"They are the census enumerators and are dropping by the village to verify the members of the village." The chief replied and explained the purpose of Zeke and Mr. Collins' visit.

Tourneau's eyes gleamed all of a sudden as he exclaimed, "Oh! The reapers told us two annoying figures would drop by and pay us a visit soon.

NH

They must be the annoying ones the reapers were talking about previously.”

He coughed vigorously and warned Zeke and Mr. Collins as he reached for a cigarette, “Both of you are about to die soon. Do you want to prolong your lifespan?”

Mr. Collins asked with a superficial smile, “Oh? What should we do to prolong our lives?”

In return, Tourneau replied in a contemptuous manner, “Give me a hundred thousand, and I’ll bribe the reapers on your behalf. I’ll get them to turn a blind eye on both of you and leave your souls alone for the time being.”

“Oh? Does that mean we’re able to purchase our lives using money? If that’s the case, how much does it cost to take the lives of every one of you here? I can’t wait to do that!” Mr. Collins’ eyes glinted wrathfully as he replied in a sarcastic manner.

Strong murderous intent could be detected from the infuriated man because he could no longer suppress his anger.

He was certain the so-called immortals were related to the death of the Seal Mercenary.

In short, Mr. Collins was ready to take them out and get them to bear the consequences of their actions with their lives.

“Hmph! You insolent fool! How dare you insult us? I’ll complain about you in front of the reapers!

NH

We'll get them to drag you to hell!" In return, Tourneau yelled hysterically as he was enraged.

"You know what? I'll send you to hell immediately! Why don't you catch up with Hades in hell instead?" Mr. Collins gritted his teeth and warned the impudent fools.

"Hold it right there!" Zeke broke the silence and stopped Mr. Collins immediately because the latter was about to go berserk.

In return, he reminded Mr. Collins, "Have you forgotten the objective of our visit? We have to stay put and lie low for the time being. I'm afraid we will never get our hands on the mastermind if we take out his subordinates now."

In the end, Mr. Collins clenched his fists and tried his best to suppress his anger.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Zeke queried, “We’d love to pay, but we don’t need to prolong any of our lifespans. Instead, can you please tell us if there’s any imperial mausoleum nearby?”

The greedy bunch’s expressions changed the moment they heard Zeke’s query. Suddenly, they got serious and shook their heads in sync.

Tourneau tried to chase them away immediately. “What sort of imperial mausoleum are you talking about? We have never heard about anything of that sort! Please leave immediately! We don’t want our fates to be jinxed by the sorts of you!”

What the heck!

Mr. Collins was about to lose his cool again. He yelled, “You better tell us the truth! Otherwise, don’t blame me for what’s in store for you...”

“Stop!” -Zeke got in Mr. Collins’ way and stopped him once again- “We’re merely here to enumerate the villagers in this village. Since we have achieved the objective of our visit, I believe it’s time for us to leave.”

Huh?

Mr. Collins was utterly perplexed because they had yet to gain any useful intel, but Zeke instructed them to retreat.

He turned around and looked at Zeke in confusion. Similarly, Zeke was trying to signal Mr. Collins to leave because they had been caught up in the middle of something.

NH

Consequently, Mr. Collins' heart skipped a beat. Finally, he gave in to Zeke's instruction and left with Zeke.

Tourneau and his comrades thought Zeke must have been intimidated by their warning. They went all out and had a great time teasing Zeke and Mr. Collins.

Meanwhile, Mr. Collins couldn't hold back his curiosity anymore once they departed from Tourneau's place. He asked Zeke anxiously, "What's wrong, marshal?"

Zeke took a deep breath and told Mr. Collins the truth, "There are a bunch of hitmen hiding in the forest behind Tourneau's place. Most probably, they're coming after Tourneau and his comrades."

Hiss!

Mr. Collins gasped and asked in return, "Did Chris send them to kill Tourneau and his comrades? It seems like he wants them to take his secret to their graves, huh?"

Zeke nodded. "That's very likely the case. If we were to stay around any longer, the hitmen would get suspicious. Perhaps they would abort their mission and return to Chris. It's the end for us if they report what they have come across to Chris. If that's the case, our identity will be exposed. Everything we have done thus far will be in vain!"

Similarly, Collins nodded and suggested in a serious tone, "If that's the case, we have to take the hitmen into custody as well. We'll be able to

NH

prove Chris guilty if we're able to get the hitmen and Tourneau and his comrades to testify against him!"

"You're right! I want you to sneak up behind the hitmen discreetly and chase them over here! I'll get in their way and intercept them!" Zeke instructed.

"Sure!" Once Mr. Collins took note of Zeke's instructions, he turned around and flipped over the wall. He hesitated no more and sprinted over to the hitmen's direction in the forest.

On the other hand, Zeke stood right where he was and lit a cigarette nonchalantly because the location he was stationed at was the only escape route for the hitmen.

Therefore, he would merely have to wait patiently since the hitmen would eventually show up in front of him.

Finally, Mr. Collins took the longer route and managed to sneak up behind the hitmen as instructed.

He surveyed the surroundings and realized a total of four hitmen were hiding in the dark. They were scattered all over the forest in different locations.

The hitmen remained static since Mr. Collins showed up. It was evident they were professionals because they were able to control their breathing.

Nevertheless, Mr. Collins wasn't afraid of them at

NH

all. After all, he used to be the commander of the best mercenary group in Eurasia, the Seal Mercenary.

He was on par with Ares in terms of combat skills. Thus, it would be impossible for him to be intimidated by the presence of four hitmen.

Mr. Collins quietly drew the sword he had with him and held it firmly in his hand.

Once he made up his mind, he catapulted over to one of the hitmen's side with all his might.

The hitmen detected the presence of Mr. Collins halfway through his journey to their side.

"Run!" Four of them were shocked and brought themselves up immediately to flee.

"I'm afraid that's impossible!" Mr. Collins yelled hysterically and cast the sword he had with him in the direction of one of the hitmen.

Consequently, he managed to take one of them out as the sword had pierced the chest of said hitman.

The hitman stood right where he was and glared at Mr. Collins with a wrathful look. He was frustrated since he was supposed to be the one assassinating others. However, he had been assassinated before he could accomplish the mission.

The third-party became the sole beneficiary of the hitmen's mission because the hitmen had done

NH

them a huge favor.

Since the rest of the hitman had yet to be taken out, Mr. Collins sprinted over and drew his sword out of the hitman's chest.

Once he retrieved his sword, he went after the remaining three hitmen who had fled and dashed all the way out of the forest.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Due to the rough terrain, Mr. Collins could barely fully utilize his capability because there were thorns, spines, and prickles all along the bumpy trail.

Hence, he couldn't catch up with the hitmen as he was no match for their speed.

However, the hitmen couldn't shrug him off for the time being because the man was extremely persistent.

This whole time, the hitmen attempted to disperse and flee in different directions. However, Mr. Collins would never allow it. Hence, he threw his sword at them and forced them back to their original escape route.

It was a race against time because the one who managed to outrun the other party would win the match.

By the time, the three hitmen passed by the straw-bale house, their eyes glinted frustratingly because their initial plan was to assassinate Tourneau and his comrades in the middle of the night.

Once they completed the assigned mission, they would flee with the promised bounty. However, it seemed like their plan had been brought to a halt abruptly.

They finally got out of the forest. As soon as they made it out of the woods, they followed the only available route and rushed over to the river nearby.

NH

The hitmen had always been excellent swimmers. Thus, they were certain they would be able to shrug Mr. Collins off once they made it to the river.

Never would they have thought things would take another drastic turn because a man showed up out of nowhere in front of them and got in their way.

Once again, their journey had been brought to a halt.

“Who are you?” -The leader of the hitmen took a deep breath and pulled himself together- “Please allow us to leave. We’ll definitely return the favor to you in the near future.”

In return, Zeke replied indifferently, “I’m afraid that’s impossible because I’m here to kill all of you!”

“Does that mean you’re the accomplice of the one who has ambushed us previously? I don’t think we have offended you previously. Why on earth are you coming after us?” The leader of the hitmen asked as he was utterly confused.

“You guys have never offended me? It seems like you have no idea what sort of grudges I hold against all of you, huh?” Zeke replied.

“Hey! Let’s cut the small talk!” -One of the hitmen urged- “His friend will catch up with us soon! We have to take him out immediately! Otherwise, we won’t make it out unscathed if we’re trapped in between them once his friend joins him!”

NH

“You’re right! Let’s get him!” The leader of the hitmen stopped hesitating and instructed.

Immediately, they reached for their daggers and dashed towards Zeke.

In spite of the upcoming threat, Zeke held his ground and stood right where he was in anticipation of their arrival.

All of a sudden, Zeke thundered, “Get down on your knees!”

The man’s deafening voice laced with an overbearing pressure.

It echoed throughout the forest and caused chaotic changes in the flow of air nearby.

Consequently, a strong rush of wind gusted through the trees in the forest and the stream. Within a few seconds, the temperature of the surrounding environment dropped.

The hitmen could no longer pull themselves together because they detected an intimidating presence that had completely crushed their minds and soul.

Subconsciously, they cast their weapons aside and got down on their knees as instructed.

What a powerful man!

He’s nothing like any of the targets we have come across in our lives!

NH

No! He ain't a human, right? A human can't possibly exude such a horrifying presence.

He must be a divine being.

On the other hand, Mr. Collins finally caught up with them. He panted and warned, "Damn it! Run from me if you can! Why don't you guys take me on all at once, cowards?"

In return, Zeke asked as he frowned, "There should be four hitmen, right? Why are there only three as of now?"

"One of them has been taken out by me," Mr. Collins told Zeke the truth.

Damn it!

All of a sudden, Zeke's expression changed. He removed one of the hitmen's top immediately and noticed the chip the hitman had attached nearby his heart.

"What's wrong?" -Mr. Collins asked in a serious note- "What on earth is this miniature device?"

"It's a heart rate monitor chest strap." -Zeke explained- "Once you take out any one of them, the device will transmit a signal to the one who has engaged their service. Perhaps the mastermind is aware something bad has befallen them by now."

Damn it!

"If that's the case, what should we do?" Mr.

NH

Collins got anxious all of a sudden.

“Don’t worry! We’ll lure the mastermind out and take him out altogether with them!” Zeke reassured Mr. Collins.

As soon as he had everything sorted out, he turned around and cast a stern gaze at the hitmen.

Currently, the remaining three hitmen were engulfed by horror and despair. They had yet to return to their usual self.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

“Tell me! Who the hell is the mastermind?” Zeke asked in a callous tone.

The moment they heard Zeke’s words, they shuddered in fear.

The leader of the hitmen asked in return, “W-Who the hell are you! You’re insanely strong!”

“Are you sure you have no idea of my actual identity?” Zeke asked.

The hitmen were equally confused. In the end, the leader of the hitmen replied in a cautious manner, “We have taken on Ares before, but he ain’t capable of such things as well! Perhaps the only one who possess such insane capability is the Great Marshal, but he has been rendered handicapped by others. You can’t be the Great Marshal either! Does that mean you’re a King Class warrior?”

Zeke remained silent throughout the session, but he smiled in return. Indirectly, he had affirmed their thoughts.

Bam!

The three hitmen felt light-headed and almost passed out the moment they figured out their opponent was the top-notch King Class warrior of Eurasia.

They were about to commit suicide by biting their tongues because they found themselves foolish once they verified Zeke’s actual identity.

NH

Initially, they thought they would stand a chance against Zeke because they had no idea they were going up against a King Class warrior.

However, since Zeke had revealed his actual identity as a King Class warrior, they were certain death would be the only outcome awaiting them.

Hence, they had made up their mind to end their own miserable lives instead of being torture to their death.

However, Zeke would never allow them to take their lives just like that.

In a flash, a slap landed on each of the hitmen's faces.

Within seconds, the hitmen's jaws were dislocated.

Zeke warned the hitmen, "You're not allowed to die! If you attempt another suicide, you'll be charged with treason. If that's the case, your entire family shall be exterminated. In fact, the graves of your family members shall be removed as well!"

The hitmen were left helpless because death seemed to be a luxury they couldn't afford either.

They could only give in to the orders of the superior one and surrender their lives to Zeke.

"Don't you think I'm Chris? After all, he possesses the same capability as me. Could it be he was the one who had sent you?" Zeke asked rhetorically.