

Chapter 2718 Nothing Much Can Be Done

Alfred swung his arm at the Northern King. A blast of energy sent the Northern King flying into the air, then slamming back against the ground. Blood spewed from his mouth at the impact.

Alfred cursed, “F*ck you! Who're you calling a liar? Did I f*cking lied to you? Am I not fighting for Legion now?”

The Northern King yelled, “Why didn't you guys tell me you were with Zeke, then? You guys are just messing with me!”

“Well, you didn't ask us either. Why should we tell you? Besides, we didn't know Mr. Williams was your enemy.”

“I'm canceling your employment! Return the rations now!”

Alfred spat, “Too late. I already fought on your behalf. You want to go back on the deal? You don't call the shots here!”

Noticing Tyler's incoming assault, Alfred swung his arm at him. “Tyler, take this!”

The reality of the situation sunk in, and despair filled the Northern King. He knew it was a loss he had to bear.

He had served Legion to the enemy on a silver platter.

He was even worse than the Southern King. Even though the Southern King was a loser and surrendered to Zeke, he didn't drag his Legion to their death's door, at least.

He, the Northern King, had become a sinner.

The battle between Alfred and Tyler got more intense by the minute, but everyone knew the two were merely sparring.

The Northern King had traded over seventy tons of rations for a spar between Alfred and Tyler. There was nothing more humiliating than that.

Zeke shook his head and laughed at the fierce battle between Alfred and Tyler. He muttered the word “childish” under his breath, then turned around and left.

Right then, eleven men walked out from the Centuria camp toward him.

These eleven weren't some nobodies. They were the Southern King's most competent subordinates—the Ten Ruthless Warriors and Johnny.

After the war, the Ten Ruthless Warriors and Johnny sustained severe injuries that rendered them so weak they couldn't flee.

As they watched the Southern King abandoning them, disappointment welled within them, and they decided to join Zeke's camp instead.

Since joining Zeke's camp, they hadn't contributed anything, so the others would always badmouth and exclude them.

The eleven men decided to do something then.

Approaching Zeke, they asked softly, “Mr. Williams, what's your plan for dealing with these people? Maybe we can be of help.”

Zeke replied, “I'll give them the choice of whether to surrender. If they don't, death awaits them.”

“Got it!” Johnny said.

Johnny strode over to the stage and yelled, “Everyone, silent! Listen to me—”

Johnny had just started speaking when a shout from Legion interrupted him. “I'm willing to join Mr. Williams' camp. I hope Mr. Williams will grant my wish.”

The one who shouted was the Southern King.

The Southern King realized the new Camp Master the Northern King was referring to was Zeke.

He figured they would get a good life if they joined Zeke's camp.

The probability was much better than staying in Legion, where they would die from hunger a month later.

Even an idiot knew which side to choose.

Johnny answered, “Sure, no problem. Anyone else wants to join Centuria?”

Suddenly, murmurs erupted.

“Me! I want to join!”

“Count me in! I'm willing to join Centuria!”

“Mr. Williams is a virtuous man. I'm willing to be at his service and even die for him!”

Not only did the Southern King realize Zeke was the new Camp Master the Northern King was referring to, but the others also realized it.

Even an idiot would know the obvious choice.

Naturally, Zeke welcomed anyone.

He needed to enlist Legion's help with forging divine weapons so that they could destroy the dimension.

In the blink of an eye, two-thirds of the Legion members had surrendered.

The Northern King sighed. Nothing much can be done about it now. Only death awaits me if I don't submit to Zeke.

He didn't have any intention of dying at that moment.

Moreover, there weren't any cons to submitting to Zeke. Zeke would be the new Camp Master, so they would be taken to the Camp Master's district if they surrendered.