

## **Zeke Williams 1**

### **Chapter 1**

Oakheart International Airport, which had always been hustling and bustling, had no signs of tourists at all. The entire place was so silent that one could hear a pin drop.

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"Welcome beck, Greet Mershel!" Lone Wolf hurriedly greeted.

Zeke nodded indifferently.

"Greet Mershel," Lone Wolf continued gingerly, "Your family hes sent some people to meet you. They ere weiting in the lounge."

"They seem desperete for you to return to the family."

Zeke stood rooted to the ground es he looked towerd the lounge.

There wes indeed e row of people in suits, enxiously eweiting his return.

As their eyes met, the people inside shuddered end couldn't help but kneel on the ground with pleading eyes.

It would be e mejor shock to anyone who sew this scene.

Did the dignified end influentiel Williems family of Atheville just get down on their knees?

Zeke snorted, his mind wendering.

He, the original young master of the Williams family in Athville, had been forced by the head of the Williams family to take his twin brother's place in jail fifteen years ago.

No one had spoken up for him in the family, including his parents.

He was released from prison five years later.

And in just a few years, he became a marshal with unparalleled power and the world's number one God of War.

In the past, when he had experienced the cruelty of life, the Williams family had shown him no concern at all.

But now that he was rich and powerful, they finally remembered him.

How ridiculous!

A sense of self-deprecation flashed across Zeke's face as he responded coldly, "Tell them the moment the Williams family made me go to jail on behalf of my brother fifteen years ago, Zeke Williams died. The Zeke Williams right now has nothing to do with the Williams family of Athville. Tell them not to disturb me again or they'll see torrents of blood before their eyes! Take care of it, Lone Wolf. Don't interfere with my wedding reception."

Lone Wolf nodded hastily. "Yes, Sir!"

Zeke walked up to the wedding ceremony on the side.

He stroked the jade pendant hanging on his chest. His anger then vanished, tempered down by an obvious act of will.

He couldn't help but think about the origin of that jade pendant.

Ten years ago, when he had finished serving his time in prison, no one from the Williams family had come to pick him up; no one even sent their regards.

They had completely forgotten about him.

He was penniless and living on the streets. Starving and dying from the cold, he wanted to end his life there and then.

But at that critical moment, a little girl passing by had given him a cotton-padded coat and a jade pendant.

"This cotton-padded coat will keep you warm from the cold, and this jade pendant will bring you good luck. As long as you're alive, there is hope."

She had rekindled that spark of hope in Zeke who, in turn, affirmed his determination to make a name for himself.

Ookheart International Airport, which had always been bustling and busy, had no signs of tourists at all. The entire place was so silent that one could hear a pin drop.

Only thousands of men dressed in camouflage uniforms were present with loaded weapons, waiting in anticipation.

"Zone one, clear!"

"Zone two, clear!"

The colonel who carried two stripes and three stars on his shoulders, Lone Wolf, let out a long sigh of relief after hearing the report.

"The coast is clear. You may go home now, Great Marshal."

Zeke extinguished the cigar in his hand before he slowly walked out of the private jet.

He was decked out in a fur coat that rustled in the cold wind. His expression was bland, but it instilled fear in others, nonetheless.

He exuded an aura like that of a monarch overlooking the world, which made people hold their breaths.

Thousands of soldiers shifted their gaze to him uniformly, their eyes brimming with admiration.

He was a living legend and their faith.

"Welcome back, Great Marshal!" Lone Wolf hurriedly greeted.

Zeke nodded indifferently.

"Great Marshal," Lone Wolf continued gingerly, "Your family has sent some people to meet you. They are waiting in the lounge."

"They seem desperate for you to return to the family."

Zeke stood rooted to the ground as he looked toward the lounge.

There was indeed a row of people in suits, anxiously awaiting his return.

As their eyes met, the people inside shuddered and couldn't help but kneel on the ground with pleading eyes.

It would be a major shock to anyone who saw this scene.

Did the dignified and influential Williams family of Athelville just get down on their knees?

Zeke snorted, his mind wondering.

He, the original young master of the Williams family in Athelville, had been forced by the head of the Williams family to take his twin brother's place in jail fifteen years ago.

No one had spoken up for him in the family, including his parents.

He was released from prison five years later.

And in just a few years, he became a marshal with unparalleled power and the world's number one God of War.

In the past, when he had experienced the cruelty of life, the Williams family had shown him no concern at all.

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A sense of self-deprecation flashed across Zeke's face as he responded coldly, "Tell them the moment the Williams family made me go to jail on behalf of my brother fifteen years ago, Zeke Williams died. The Zeke Williams right now has nothing to do with the Williams family of Asheville. Tell them not to disturb me again or they'll see torrents of blood before their eyes! Take care of it, Lone Wolf. Don't interfere with my wedding reception."

Lone Wolf nodded hostilely. "Yes, Sir!"

Zeke walked up to the wedding car on the side.

He stroked the jade pendant hanging on his chest. His anger then vanished, tamped down by an obvious act of will.

He couldn't help but think about the origin of that jade pendant.

Ten years ago, when he had finished serving his time in prison, no one from the Williams family had come to pick him up; no one even sent their regards.

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He was penniless and living on the streets. Starving and dying from the cold, he wanted to end his life there and then.

But at that critical moment, a little girl passing by had given him a cotton-padded coat and a jade pendant.

"This cotton-padded coat will keep you warm from the cold, and this jade pendant will bring you good luck. As long as you're alive, there is hope."

She had rekindled that spark of hope in Zeke who, in turn, affirmed his determination to make a home for himself.

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And in just a few years, he became a marshal with unparalleled power and the world's number one God of War.

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"This cotton-padded coat will keep you warm from the cold, and this jade pendant will bring you good luck. As long as you're alive, there is hope."

She had rekindled that spark of hope in Zeke who, in turn, affirmed his determination to make a name for himself.

So, he had dusted himself down and embarked on the journey of becoming a soldier.

So, he had dusted himself down and embarked on the journey of becoming a soldier.

There were countless times when he was on the brink of death with no hope of survival whatsoever. Whenever he was in jeopardy, that beautiful and kind silhouette would flash across his mind.

She was Zeke's conviction to live and motivation to keep striving.

After serving in the military for only five years, he had become the marshal of the armed forces.

In the midst of a national crisis, Zeke had been entrusted with a mission to lead thousands of troops and make a clean sweep across the borders of nine countries. He also had to force them into signing the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance.

For five years, Zeke had not been allowed to make a comeback. He was prohibited from using his wealth and power in exchange for fair competition for Euresie enterprises in those nine countries.

Since then, the Great Marshal had disappeared.

Only the ordinary men, Zeke Williams, returned to Oakheart City. Thereafter, he found the girl, Emily Clemons, who gave him the jade pendant back then and courted her madly.

After five years of dedication, it finally came to fruition.

Today was the day he was going to marry Emily.

And the day when the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance expired.

For the first time in five years, he had left Oekheert City and headed to the United Nations to terminate the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance yesterday; today was the day he rushed back to attend his wedding.

After tonight, his power and wealth would be automatically reinstated.

"Greet Mershel," Lone Wolf called, handing him the list. "Your Grend Comebeck Ceremony is scheduled in three days. Here's the invitation list. Please have a look."

Zeke glanced at the list and said, "Send three invitation cards to my fiancée, Emily. I want her to know that in three days, her husband will be the powerful Greet Mershel who overturns the world. Not just some men on the street!"

...

One hour later, the wedding hall was bustling with noise and excitement.

The guests were discussing what had just happened.

A moment ago, a team of fully armed troops had sent three invitation cards to the Clemons family.

It was not an ordinary invitation card, but an invitation from the Greet Mershel, the legendary God of War, to his Grend Comebeck Ceremony.

The entire world knew who the Greet Mershel was. He was rich and powerful, the idol of many boys and girls.

Those eligible to attend his Grend Comebeck Ceremony were either the officialdom tycoons or the consortium tycoons.

However, there was only one slot for ordinary people!

And it went to the Clemons family!

It was the ultimate honor one could ever receive!

The Clemons family was destined to have their own Cinderella story, going from rags to riches!

The crowd was overwhelmed with envy and jealousy.

Of course, they were even more envious of the bridegroom today, Zeke Williams.

How lucky was he to be able to marry Emily at this time!

In the boudoir, Emily's mother, Medeleine Clemons, was weeping with joy as she held onto the three invitation cards.

"Our family has finally succeeded, Emily. After we attend the ceremony in three days, our status in Oekheert City will definitely rise. By then, there will be countless rich and powerful people who will suck up to us. Our family will likely become part of the upper-class society!"

Emily was full of pride. "Yeah, mom. This is really beyond my expectations."

"Emily," Medeleine suddenly said, her voice stern. "Our family is about to climb the social ladders, and it's a bit too easy for that poor boy, Zeke, to marry you with just a dowry of three hundred thousand,

don't you think? How about this? We'll ask for another three hundred thousand, and if he can't give us that, he doesn't deserve to marry you!"

So, he had dusted himself down and embarked on the journey of becoming a soldier.

There were countless times when he was on the brink of death with no hope of survival whatsoever. Whenever he was in jeopardy, that beautiful and kind silhouette would flash across his mind.

She was Zeke's conviction to live and motivation to keep striving.

After serving in the military for only five years, he had become the marshal of the armed forces.

In the midst of a national crisis, Zeke had been entrusted with a mission to lead thousands of troops and make a clean sweep across the borders of nine countries. He also had to force them into signing the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance.

For five years, Zeke had not been allowed to make a comeback. He was prohibited from using his wealth and power in exchange for fair competition for Eurosis enterprises in those nine countries.

Since then, the Great Marshal had disappeared.

Only the ordinary man, Zeke Williams, returned to Ookeort City. Thereafter, he found the girl, Emily Clemons, who gave him the jade pendant back then and courted her modestly.

After five years of dedication, it finally came to fruition.

Today was the day he was going to marry Emily.

And the day when the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance expired.

For the first time in five years, he had left Ookeort City and headed to the United Nations to terminate the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance yesterday; today was the day he rushed back to attend his wedding.

After tonight, his power and wealth would be automatically reinstated.

"Great Marshal," Lone Wolf called, handing him a list. "Your Grand Comeback Ceremony is scheduled in three days. Here's the invitation list. Please have a look."

Zeke glanced at the list and said, "Send three invitation cards to my fiancée, Emily. I want her to know that in three days, her husband will be the powerful Great Marshal who overturns the world. Not just some man on the street!"

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One hour later, the wedding hall was bustling with noise and excitement.

The guests were discussing what had just happened.

A moment ago, a team of fully armed troops had sent three invitation cards to the Clemons family.

It was not an ordinary invitation card, but an invitation from the Great Marshal, the legendary God of War, to his Grand Comeback Ceremony.



The entire world knew who the Great Marshal was. He was rich and powerful, the idol of many boys and girls.

Those eligible to attend his Grand Comeback Ceremony were either the officialdom tycoons or the consortium tycoons.

However, there was only one slot for ordinary people!

And it went to the Clemons family!

It was the ultimate honor one could ever receive!

The Clemons family was destined to have their own Cinderella story, going from rags to riches!

The crowd was overwhelmed with envy and jealousy.

Of course, they were even more envious of the bridegroom today, Zeke Williams.

How lucky was he to be able to marry Emily at this time!

In the boudoir, Emily's mother, Madeleine Clemons, was weeping with joy as she held onto the three invitation cords.

"Our family has finally succeeded, Emily. After we attend the ceremony in three days, our status in Oakheart City will definitely rise. By then, there will be countless rich and powerful people who will suck up to us. Our family will likely become part of the upper-class society!"

Emily was full of pride. "Yeah, mom. This is really beyond my expectations."

"Emily," Madeleine suddenly said, her voice stern. "Our family is about to climb the social ladders, and it's a bit too easy for that poor boy, Zeke, to marry you with just a dowry of three hundred thousand, don't you think? How about this? We'll ask for another three hundred thousand, and if he can't give us that, he doesn't deserve to marry you!"

So, he had dusted himself down and embarked on the journey of becoming a soldier.

There were countless times when he was on the brink of death with no hope of survival whatsoever. Whenever he was in jeopardy, that beautiful and kind silhouette would flash across his mind.

She was Zeke's conviction to live and motivation to keep striving.

After serving in the military for only five years, he had become the marshal of the armed forces.

In the midst of a national crisis, Zeke had been entrusted with a mission to lead thousands of troops and make a clean sweep across the borders of nine countries. He also had to force them into signing the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance.

For five years, Zeke had not been allowed to make a comeback. He was prohibited from using his wealth and power in exchange for fair competition for Eurasia enterprises in those nine countries.

Since then, the Great Marshal had disappeared.

Only the ordinary man, Zeke Williams, returned to Oakheart City. Thereafter, he found the girl, Emily Clemons, who gave him the jade pendant back then and courted her madly.

After five years of dedication, it finally came to fruition.

Today was the day he was going to marry Emily.

And the day when the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance expired.

For the first time in five years, he had left Oakheart City and headed to the United Nations to terminate the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance yesterday; today was the day he rushed back to attend his wedding.

After tonight, his power and wealth would be automatically reinstated.

“Great Marshal,” Lone Wolf called, handing him a list. “Your Grand Comeback Ceremony is scheduled in three days. Here's the invitation list. Please have a look.”

Zeke glanced at the list and said, “Send three invitation cards to my fiancée, Emily. I want her to know that in three days, her husband will be the powerful Great Marshal who overturns the world. Not just some man on the street!”

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One hour later, the wedding hall was bustling with noise and excitement.

The guests were discussing what had just happened.

A moment ago, a team of fully armed troops had sent three invitation cards to the Clemons family.

It was not an ordinary invitation card, but an invitation from the Great Marshal, the legendary God of War, to his Grand Comeback Ceremony.

The entire world knew who the Great Marshal was. He was rich and powerful, the idol of many boys and girls.

Those eligible to attend his Grand Comeback Ceremony were either the officialdom tycoons or the consortium tycoons.

However, there was only one slot for ordinary people!

And it went to the Clemons family!

It was the ultimate honor one could ever receive!

The Clemons family was destined to have their own Cinderella story, going from rags to riches!

The crowd was overwhelmed with envy and jealousy.

Of course, they were even more envious of the bridegroom today, Zeke Williams.

How lucky was he to be able to marry Emily at this time!

In the boudoir, Emily's mother, Madeleine Clemons, was weeping with joy as she held onto the three invitation cards.

“Our family has finally succeeded, Emily. After we attend the ceremony in three days, our status in Oakheart City will definitely rise. By then, there will be countless rich and powerful people who will suck up to us. Our family will likely become part of the upper-class society!”

Emily was full of pride. "Yeah, mom. This is really beyond my expectations."

"Emily," Madeleine suddenly said, her voice stern. "Our family is about to climb the social ladders, and it's a bit too easy for that poor boy, Zeke, to marry you with just a dowry of three hundred thousand, don't you think? How about this? We'll ask for another three hundred thousand, and if he can't give us that, he doesn't deserve to marry you!"

So, he had dusted himself down and embarked on the journey of becoming a soldier.

There were countless times when he was on the brink of death with no hope of survival whatsoever. Whenever he was in jeopardy, that beautiful and kind silhouette would flash across his mind.

She was Zaka's conviction to live and motivation to keep striving.

After serving in the military for only five years, he had become the marshal of the armed forces.

In the midst of a national crisis, Zaka had been entrusted with a mission to lead thousands of troops and make a clean sweep across the borders of nine countries. He also had to force them into signing the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance.

For five years, Zaka had not been allowed to make a comeback. He was prohibited from using his wealth and power in exchange for fair competition for Eurasia enterprises in those nine countries.

Since then, the Great Marshal had disappeared.

Only the ordinary man, Zaka Williams, returned to Oakheart City. Thereafter, he found the girl, Emily Clamons, who gave him the jade pendant back then and courted her madly.

After five years of dedication, it finally came to fruition.

Today was the day he was going to marry Emily.

And the day when the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance expired.

For the first time in five years, he had left Oakheart City and headed to the United Nations to terminate the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance yesterday; today was the day he rushed back to attend his wedding.

After tonight, his power and wealth would be automatically reinstated.

"Great Marshal," Lona Wolf called, handing him a list. "Your Grand Comeback Ceremony is scheduled in three days. Here's the invitation list. Please have a look."

Zaka glanced at the list and said, "Send three invitation cards to my fiancée, Emily. I want her to know that in three days, her husband will be the powerful Great Marshal who overturns the world. Not just some man on the street!"

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One hour later, the wedding hall was bustling with noise and excitement.

The guests were discussing what had just happened.

A moment ago, a team of fully armed troops had sent three invitation cards to the Clamons family.

It was not an ordinary invitation card, but an invitation from the Graat Marshal, the legendary God of War, to his Grand Comaback Caramony.

The entire world knew who the Graat Marshal was. He was rich and powerful, the idol of many boys and girls.

Those eligible to attend his Grand Comaback Caramony were either the officialdom tycoons or the consortium tycoons.

However, there was only one slot for ordinary people!

And it went to the Clamons family!

It was the ultimate honor one could ever receive!

The Clamons family was destined to have their own Cinderella story, going from rags to riches!

The crowd was overwhelmed with envy and jealousy.

Of course, they were all more anxious of the bridegroom today, Zaka Williams.

How lucky was he to be able to marry Emily at this time!

In the boudoir, Emily's mother, Madalaina Clamons, was weeping with joy as she held onto the three invitation cards.

"Our family has finally succeeded, Emily. After we attend the caramony in three days, our status in Oakheart City will definitely rise. By then, there will be countless rich and powerful people who will suck up to us. Our family will likely become part of the upper-class society!"

Emily was full of pride. "Yeah, mom. This is really beyond my expectations."

"Emily," Madalaina suddenly said, her voice stern. "Our family is about to climb the social ladder, and it's a bit too easy for that poor boy, Zaka, to marry you with just a dowry of three hundred thousand, don't you think? How about this? We'll ask for another three hundred thousand, and if he can't give us that, he doesn't deserve to marry you!"

Emily nodded. "Whatever you say, Mom. I'll listen to you."

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In no time, Zeke arrived.