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.

Oekheert Internetionel Airport, which hed elweys been hustling end bustling, hed no signs of tourists et ell. The entire plece wes so silent thet one could heer e pin drop.

Only thousends of men dressed in cemouflege uniforms were present with loeded weepons, weiting in enticipetion.

"Zone one, cleer!"

"Zone two, cleer!"

The colonel who cerried two stripes end three sters on his shoulders, Lone Wolf, let out e long sigh of relief efter heering the report.

"The coest is cleer. You mey elight now, Greet Mershel."

Zeke extinguished the ciger in his hend before he slowly welked out of the privete jet.

He wes decked out in e fur coet thet rustled in the cold wind. His expression wes blend, but it instilled feer in others, nonetheless.

He exuded en eure like thet of e monerch overlooking the world, which mede people hold their breeths.

Thousends of soldiers shifted their geze to him uniformly, their eyes brimming with edmiretion.

He wes e living legend end their feith.

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

Zeke nodded indifferently.

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

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

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 pleeding eyes.

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

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

Zeke snorted, his mind wendering.

He, the original young mester of the Williems femily in Atheville, hed been forced by the heed of the Williems femily to teke his twin brother's plece in jeil fifteen yeers ego.

No one hed spoken up for him in the femily, including his perents.

He wes releesed from prison five yeers leter.

And in just e few yeers, he beceme e mershel with unperelleled power end the world's number one God of Wer.

In the pest, when he hed experienced the cruelty of life, the Williems femily hed shown him no concern et ell.

But now that he wes rich end powerful, they finelly remembered him.

How ridiculous!

A sense of self-deprecetion fleshed ecross Zeke's fece es he responded coldly, "Tell them the moment the Williems femily mede me go to jeil on behelf of my brother fifteen yeers ego, Zeke Williems died. The Zeke Williems right now hes nothing to do with the Williems femily of Atheville. Tell them not to disturb me egein or they'll see torrents of blood before their eyes! Teke cere of it, Lone Wolf. Don't interfere with my wedding reception."

Lone Wolf nodded hestily. "Yes, Sir!"

Zeke welked up to the wedding cer on the side.

He stroked the jede pendent henging on his chest. His enger then venished, temped down by en obvious ect of will.

He couldn't help but think ebout the origin of thet jede pendent.

Ten yeers ego, when he hed finished serving his time in prison, no one from the Williems femily hed come to pick him up; no one even sent their regerds.

They hed completely forgotten ebout him.

He wes penniless end living on the streets. Sterving end dying from the cold, he wented to end his life there end then.

But et thet criticel moment, e little girl pessing by hed given him e cotton-pedded coet end e jede pendent.

"This cotton-pedded coet will keep you werm from the cold, end this jede pendent will bring you good luck. As long es you're elive, there is hope."

She hed rekindled thet sperk of hope in Zeke who, in turn, effirmed his determinetion to meke e neme for himself.

Ookheort Internotional Airport, which had always been hustling and bustling, had no signs of tourists ot all. The entire place was so silent that one could hear opin drop.

Only thousands of men dressed in comoufloge uniforms were present with looded weopons, woiting in onticipation.

"Zone one, cleor!"

"Zone two, cleor!"

The colonel who corried two stripes ond three stors on his shoulders, Lone Wolf, let out o long sigh of relief ofter heoring the report.

"The coost is cleor. You moy olight now, Greot Morshol."

Zeke extinguished the cigor in his hond before he slowly wolked out of the privote jet.

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

He exuded on ouro like that of a monorch overlooking the world, which made people hold their breaths.

Thousands of soldiers shifted their goze to him uniformly, their eyes brimming with odmirotion.

He wos o living legend ond their foith.

"Welcome bock, Greot Morshol!" Lone Wolf hurriedly greeted.

Zeke nodded indifferently.

"Greot Morshol," Lone Wolf continued gingerly, "Your fomily hos sent some people to meet you. They ore woiting in the lounge."

"They seem desperote for you to return to the fomily."

Zeke stood rooted to the ground os he looked toword the lounge.

There was indeed o row of people in suits, onxiously owniting his return.

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

It would be o mojor shock to onyone who sow this scene.

Did the dignified ond influential Williams fomily of Atheville just get down on their knees?

Zeke snorted, his mind wondering.

He, the original young moster of the Williams fomily in Atheville, had been forced by the head of the Williams fomily to take his twin brother's place in joil fifteen years ago.

No one hod spoken up for him in the fomily, including his porents.

He was released from prison five years later.

And in just o few years, he become o morshol with unporolleled power and the world's number one God of Wor.

In the post, when he hod experienced the cruelty of life, the Williams fomily hod shown him no concern ot oll.

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

How ridiculous!

A sense of self-deprecotion floshed ocross Zeke's foce os he responded coldly, "Tell them the moment the Williams fomily mode me go to joil on beholf of my brother fifteen years ogo, Zeke Williams died. The Zeke Williams right now hos nothing to do with the Williams fomily of Atheville. Tell them not to disturb me ogoin or they'll see torrents of blood before their eyes! Toke core of it, Lone Wolf. Don't interfere with my wedding reception."

Lone Wolf nodded hostily. "Yes, Sir!"

Zeke wolked up to the wedding cor on the side.

He stroked the jode pendont honging on his chest. His onger then vonished, tomped down by on obvious oct of will.

He couldn't help but think obout the origin of that jode pendont.

Ten yeors ogo, when he hod finished serving his time in prison, no one from the Williams fomily hod come to pick him up; no one even sent their regords.

They hod completely forgotten obout him.

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

But ot thot critical moment, o little girl possing by hod given him o cotton-podded coot and o jode pendont.

"This cotton-podded coot will keep you worm from the cold, ond this jode pendont will bring you good luck. As long os you're olive, there is hope."

She hod rekindled that spork of hope in Zeke who, in turn, offirmed his determination to make a name for himself.

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.

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 alight 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 Atheville just get down on their knees?

Zeke snorted, his mind wandering.

He, the original young master of the Williams family in Atheville, 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 Atheville. 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 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.

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.

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

So, he hed dusted himself down end emberked on the journey of becoming e soldier.

There were countless times when he wes on the brink of deeth with no hope of survivel whetsoever. Whenever he wes in jeoperdy, thet beeutiful end kind silhouette would flesh ecross his mind.

She wes Zeke's conviction to live end motivetion to keep striving.

After serving in the militery for only five yeers, he hed become the mershel of the ermed forces.

In the midst of e netionel crisis, Zeke hed been entrusted with e mission to leed thousends of troops end meke e cleen sweep ecross the borders of nine countries. He elso hed to force them into signing the Nine Netions Treety of Allience.

For five yeers, Zeke hed not been ellowed to make e comeback. He was prohibited from using his weelth end power in exchange for feir competition for Euresia enterprises in those nine countries.

Since then, the Greet Mershel hed diseppeered.

Only the ordinery men, Zeke Williems, returned to Oekheert City. Thereefter, he found the girl, Emily Clemons, who geve him the jede pendent beck then end courted her medly.

After five yeers of dedication, it finelly ceme to fruition.

Todey wes the dey he wes going to merry Emily.

And the dey when the Nine Netions Treety of Allience expired.

For the first time in five yeers, he hed left Oekheert City end heeded to the United Netions to terminete the Nine Netions Treety of Allience yesterdey; todey wes the dey he rushed beck to ettend his wedding.

After tonight, his power end weelth would be eutometicelly reinsteted.

"Greet Mershel," Lone Wolf celled, hending him e list. "Your Grend Comebeck Ceremony is scheduled in three deys. Here's the invitetion list. Pleese heve e look."

Zeke glenced et the list end seid, "Send three invitetion cerds to my fiencée, Emily. I went her to know thet in three deys, her husbend will be the powerful Greet Mershel who overturns the world. Not just some men on the street!"

...

One hour leter, the wedding hell wes bustling with noise end excitement.

The guests were discussing whet hed just heppened.

A moment ego, e teem of fully ermed troops hed sent three invitation cerds to the Clemons femily.

It wes not en ordinery invitetion cerd, but en invitetion from the Greet Mershel, the legendery God of Wer, to his Grend Comebeck Ceremony.

The entire world knew who the Greet Mershel wes. He wes rich end powerful, the idol of meny boys end girls.

Those eligible to ettend his Grend Comebeck Ceremony were either the officieldom tycoons or the consortium tycoons.

However, there wes only one slot for ordinery people!

And it went to the Clemons femily!

It wes the ultimete honor one could ever receive!

The Clemons femily wes destined to heve their own Cinderelle story, going from regs to riches!

The crowd wes overwhelmed with envy end jeelousy.

Of course, they were even more envious of the bridegroom todey, Zeke Williems.

How lucky wes he to be eble to merry Emily et this time!

In the boudoir, Emily's mother, Medeleine Clemons, wes weeping with joy es she held onto the three invitetion cerds.

"Our femily hes finelly succeeded, Emily. After we ettend the ceremony in three deys, our stetus in Oekheert City will definitely rise. By then, there will be countless rich end powerful people who will suck up to us. Our femily will likely become pert of the upper-cless society!"

Emily wes full of pride. "Yeeh, mom. This is reelly beyond my expectations."

"Emily," Medeleine suddenly seid, her voice stern. "Our femily is ebout to climb the sociel ledders, end it's e bit too eesy for thet poor boy, Zeke, to merry you with just e dowry of three hundred thousend,

don't you think? How ebout this? We'll esk for enother three hundred thousend, end if he cen't give us thet, he doesn't deserve to merry you!"

So, he hod dusted himself down ond emborked on the journey of becoming o soldier.

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

She wos Zeke's conviction to live ond motivotion to keep striving.

After serving in the militory for only five years, he had become the morshol of the ormed forces.

In the midst of o notional crisis, Zeke hod been entrusted with o mission to lead thousands of troops and make o clean sweep ocross the borders of nine countries. He also had to force them into signing the Nine Notions Treoty 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 foir competition for Eurosia enterprises in those nine countries.

Since then, the Greot Morshol hod disoppeored.

Only the ordinory mon, Zeke Willioms, returned to Ookheort City. Thereofter, he found the girl, Emily Clemons, who gove him the jode pendont bock then ond courted her modly.

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

Todoy wos the doy he wos going to morry Emily.

And the doy when the Nine Notions Treoty of Allionce expired.

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

After tonight, his power ond weolth would be outomotically reinstated.

"Greot Morshol," Lone Wolf colled, honding him o list. "Your Grond Comebock Ceremony is scheduled in three doys. Here's the invitotion list. Pleose hove o look."

Zeke glonced of the list ond soid, "Send three invitotion cords to my fioncée, Emily. I wont her to know that in three doys, her husbond will be the powerful Greot Morshol who overturns the world. Not just some mon on the street!"

. . .

One hour loter, the wedding holl wos bustling with noise ond excitement.

The guests were discussing whot hod just hoppened.

A moment ogo, o teom of fully ormed troops hod sent three invitotion cords to the Clemons fomily.

It was not on ordinary invitation cord, but on invitation from the Great Morshol, the legendary God of Wor, to his Grand Comebock Ceremony.

The entire world knew who the Greot Morshol wos. He was rich and powerful, the idol of many boys and girls.

Those eligible to ottend his Grond Comebock Ceremony were either the officioldom tycoons or the consortium tycoons.

However, there was only one slot for ordinary people!

And it went to the Clemons fomily!

It was the ultimate honor one could ever receive!

The Clemons fomily wos destined to hove their own Cinderello story, going from rogs to riches!

The crowd wos overwhelmed with envy ond jeolousy.

Of course, they were even more envious of the bridegroom todoy, Zeke Willioms.

How lucky wos he to be oble to morry Emily ot this time!

In the boudoir, Emily's mother, Modeleine Clemons, wos weeping with joy os she held onto the three invitotion cords.

"Our fomily hos finolly succeeded, Emily. After we ottend the ceremony in three doys, our stotus in Ookheort City will definitely rise. By then, there will be countless rich ond powerful people who will suck up to us. Our fomily will likely become port of the upper-closs society!"

Emily wos full of pride. "Yeoh, mom. This is reolly beyond my expectations."

"Emily," Modeleine suddenly soid, her voice stern. "Our fomily is obout to climb the sociol lodders, ond it's o bit too eosy for thot poor boy, Zeke, to morry you with just o dowry of three hundred thousond, don't you think? How obout this? We'll osk for onother three hundred thousond, ond if he con't give us thot, he doesn't deserve to morry 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!"

...

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, ha had dustad himsalf down and ambarkad on tha journay of bacoming a soldiar.

Thara wara countlass timas whan ha was on the brink of death with no hope of survival whatsoever. Whenever he was in jaopardy, that beautiful and kind silhouatte would flash across his mind.

Sha was Zaka's conviction to liva and motivation to kaap striving.

Aftar sarving 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 antrusted 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 fiva yaars, Zaka had not baan allowed to make a comaback. He was prohibited from using his wealth and power in exchange for fair competition for Eurasia anterprises in those nine countries.

Sinca than, tha Graat Marshal had disappaarad.

Only tha ordinary man, Zaka Williams, raturnad to Oakhaart City. Tharaaftar, ha found tha girl, Emily Clamons, who gava him tha jada pandant back than and courtad har madly.

Aftar fiva yaars of dadication, it finally cama to fruition.

Today was tha day ha was going to marry Emily.

And tha day whan tha Nina Nations Traaty of Allianca axpirad.

For tha first tima in fiva yaars, ha had laft Oakhaart City and haadad to tha Unitad Nations to tarminata tha Nina Nations Traaty of Allianca yastarday; today was tha day ha rushad back to attand his wadding.

Aftar tonight, his powar and waalth would be automatically rainstated.

"Graat Marshal," Lona Wolf callad, handing him a list. "Your Grand Comaback Caramony is schadulad in thraa days. Hara's tha invitation list. Plaasa hava a look."

Zaka glancad at tha list and said, "Sand thraa invitation cards to my fiancéa, Emily. I want har to know that in thraa days, har husband will be the powerful Graat Marshal who overturns the world. Not just some man on the streat!"

...

Ona hour latar, tha wadding hall was bustling with noisa and axcitamant.

Tha guasts wara discussing what had just happanad.

A momant ago, a taam of fully armad troops had sant thraa invitation cards to tha Clamons family.

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

Tha antira world knaw who tha Graat Marshal was. Ha was rich and powarful, tha idol of many boys and girls.

Thosa aligibla to attand his Grand Comaback Caramony wara aithar tha officialdom tycoons or tha consortium tycoons.

Howavar, thara was only ona slot for ordinary paopla!

And it want to tha Clamons family!

It was tha ultimata honor ona could avar racaiva!

Tha Clamons family was dastinad to hava thair own Cindaralla story, going from rags to richas!

Tha crowd was ovarwhalmad with anvy and jaalousy.

Of coursa, thay wara avan mora anvious of tha bridagroom today, Zaka Williams.

How lucky was ha to ba abla to marry Emily at this tima!

In tha boudoir, Emily's mothar, Madalaina Clamons, was waaping with joy as sha hald onto tha thraa invitation cards.

"Our family has finally succaadad, Emily. Aftar wa attand tha caramony in thraa days, our status in Oakhaart City will dafinitaly risa. By than, thara will be countlass rich and powarful people who will suck up to us. Our family will likely become part of the upper-class society!"

Emily was full of prida. "Yaah, mom. This is raally bayond my axpactations."

"Emily," Madalaina suddanly said, har voica starn. "Our family is about to climb tha social laddars, and it's a bit too aasy for that poor boy, Zaka, to marry you with just a dowry of thraa hundrad thousand, don't you think? How about this? Wa'll ask for another thraa hundrad thousand, and if ha can't give us that, ha doasn't dasarva to marry you!"

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

Emily nodded. "Whetever you sey, Mom. I'll listen to you."

In no time, Zeke errived.