

Chapter 2412

Judging from Sheldon's tone, it seemed he was not joking. Jared began to get a clearer picture of the truth.

"Zeke Williams!" Jared gritted his teeth. "He's the culprit. He must be the one behind this! He wants to wipe me out!"

Sheldon pleaded with him, "Mr. Jared, what are we going to do? Without the money, Intercontinental Group could at most last for a couple of days."

Jared replied, "What are we going to do? Use your f*cking brain and think of a solution! I can't even protect myself anymore. Zeke, you're dead!"

All of a sudden, Siete gave Jared a tight slap.

"How dare you speak the Great Marshal's name!"

Jared felt utterly humiliated. Never in his life had he been slapped by someone in front of his friends.

His eyes turned red, and he clenched his teeth. How he wished he could fight to the death with Siete.

Yet, Jared knew he was no match for the latter.

Moreover, the entire Mitxel family, including his wife and children, would be exterminated if he died.

Jared did not let his emotions get the better of him because he understood the burden he had to shoulder.

Upon realizing the cruel reality, he could only swallow his pride and give in.

Though the humiliation was unbearable and utterly degrading, Jared still gritted his teeth and called Zeke.

The call went through, and Zeke answered in a nonchalant voice, "Who is this?"

Jared wished he could kill Zeke, but he contained his anger and clenched his teeth. "Zeke, or perhaps I should call you the Great Marshal instead? I'm Jared Mitxel from the Mitxel family."

Zeke responded, "Jared Mixtel. I've heard a lot about you. Why did you call me since I don't know you?"

Jared took a deep breath and replied, "Great Marshal, let's not beat around the bush anymore. I believe you know I'm the culprit behind the attacks on Linton Group. I've learned my mistake and want to apologize for my stupid actions. I'm sorry, Great Marshal, and I hope you can forgive me. Let's not dwell on our past anymore, shall we? It's not going to do us any good."

Zeke sighed. "I've given you a chance before this, but you didn't appreciate it..."

Jared said, "Great Marshal, I know you still hold a grudge against me, and I don't expect you to forgive me. How about this? I'll pay you one hundred billion to compensate all your losses."

"Jared, did Rhett not tell you my terms and conditions?" Zeke replied with a cold snort.

Jared knitted his brows. "Nope. Could you tell me how much you asked for? I believe one hundred billion is more than enough to cover all the damages I've caused."

"Nope. It's far from enough," Zeke replied.

Jared said, "All right. Tell me your terms and conditions. Let's have a discussion together."

Zeke explained, "I told Rhett that I want three hundred billion from you in addition to half of Mixtel Group's fixed assets."

Jared bounced up from his seat. What?

"No way. Don't even think about it! Three hundred million is all of Mixtel Group's cash flow. Our company will not be able to operate if we give you all the money. If you take half of our fixed assets away, the Mitxel family will collapse in two days!" he exclaimed.

Zeke let out a mirthless laugh. "Think about it before giving me an answer. The Mitxel family could still live a considerably comfortable life even if I've taken three hundred billion and half of the fixed assets away from your company. Don't give me a reason to exterminate the entire family. I don't want my actions to give me a bad name either,"

"However, if you refuse to fulfill my requirements, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid the Mitxel family will vanish from the face of the earth by midnight. I guess I don't mind tarnishing my reputation, after all."

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Jared expressed his dismay. "Great Marshal, you've gone overboard! Even if I agree to give you three hundred billion and half of Mixtel's fixed assets, my family members will not agree to your terms and conditions.

"How about this-two hundred billion. I'll give you two hundred billion. This amount is the limit of what the Mitxel family can offer. If you still refuse to accept this offer, I have no choice but to fight you to the death."

Zeke burst into laughter but did not reply to his offer.

Jared could not help but panic since he did not get a response from Zeke.

He increased the amount from two hundred billion to two hundred and fifty billion. He even upped the sum to three hundred billion, but Zeke continued giving him the cold shoulder.

Jared was at a loss for words and did not know what else to say. In the end, he had no choice but to concede defeat as he could not bear to see Zeke destroy the Mitxel family. "All right, Great Marshal, you win. You can have the three hundred billion from Intercontinental Group, and I'll transfer half of the Mitxel family's fixed assets to your name by tonight. Since I've agreed to your terms and conditions, you can let us off now, right?"

Zeke answered, "Sorry, no can do."

Jared shrieked, "What do you mean by no can do? I've given you everything you asked for! What else do you want? You're the reputable Great Marshal. How can you not keep your promise?"

Zeke replied, "You misunderstood what I said. Had you heeded Rhett's advice, I would have honored those terms and conditions and not found fault with the Mitxel family. However, you refused to listen to him, and I had no choice but to intervene. Do you think the same terms and conditions will still apply?"

Jared froze for a moment.

He was so stunned that he had no idea what else to say. "Y-You... What do you want from me then? You just want to destroy the Mitxel family?"

Zeke responded with a wicked laugh. "Yup. That's right."

Beep! Beep! Beep!

He then hung up on Jared.

Jared felt his head spinning. He collapsed to the ground the moment his legs gave out on him.

He took a sidelong glance at the crowd and was at a loss for words.

Eurasia's Great Marshal was indeed not a pushover.

The Genesis Chamber of Commerce, too, was a terrifying organization.

In half an hour, they had driven the Mitxels into a corner. In other words, they could destroy the indomitable family in the blink of an eye!

Jared's phone rang once again. This time, it was another call from Logan, who urged him to save the family.

All of a sudden, Jared looked into the sky and burst into deranged laughter. "Very well, Genesis Chamber of Commerce! Congratulations on forcing the Mitxel family into a corner! But do you think we

have run out of tricks up our sleeves? Wrong! You're wrong!"

"Looks like it's time for me to show you what the Mitxels are capable of!" he added.

He cast a creepy glance at Siete and said, "Mr. Siete, you're a Eurasian. I'm sure you've heard of the Eurasian Peace Medal, right?"

When Siete heard the three words "Eurasian Peace Medal," his expression changed. Did Jared just hint that the Mitxel family has the Eurasian Peace Medal?

The Eurasian Peace Medal was an award given to individuals or teams that had made significant contributions to Eurasia.

Since its independence, Eurasia had only awarded the medal to less than ten recipients.

The medal recipients could talk directly to the president of Eurasia and make a request.

The Mitxel family would be able to survive the ordeal should they really own a Peace Medal.

With a grim expression, Siete said, "Jared, you mean the Mitxel family is a recipient of the Eurasian Peace Medal?"

"You might not believe it, but that's the truth! The former patriarch of the Mitxel family was reluctant to exercise his privilege, but I guess we have no choice but to use it now," Jared answered.

The arrogant Jared laughed hysterically before strutting away.

Siete took a deep breath and called a mysterious person. "Find out how the Mitxel family got their hands on the Eurasian Peace Medal."

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"Got it!"

Meanwhile, the Mitxel family was residing in the Mitxel estate.

The Mitxel estate was built upon a large piece of land and consisted of luxurious buildings and facilities like a golf course, swimming pool, and sports complex.

The buildings were elaborately decorated, and their grandeur was comparable to palaces.

Jared was fond of animals. That was why he built a separate building to house a variety of beasts like lions and tigers for his enjoyment.

The usually bustling estate was particularly quiet today. Not a single soul was roaming outside the buildings.

Almost all the core members of the Mitxel family were gathered in the meeting room. Like cats on hot bricks, they began to murmur among themselves.

The man sitting in the middle was the former patriarch of the family, Logan Mitxel. He was also Jared's and Rhett's father.

Though he had already stepped down from the position, he still had a say over certain family matters.

Logan had always been opinionated, but at this point, he could only keep mum as he was just as lost as the other family members.

Upon seeing Jared enter the meeting room, Logan grabbed hold of him as if he was a drowning man grasping at a life ring. "Quickly, take your seat."

Jared walked up and sat beside Logan. "Dad, don't worry. I've found a solution."

Logan heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing what Jared said.

He asked, "Jared, tell me what happened. Who and why did they mark the Mitxel family as their target?"

Logan had washed his hands of family matters for years as his age was catching up to him. If it were not because of the survival of the Mitxels, he would not have made an appearance.

Jared explained with a sigh, "It's all because of Eurasia's Great Marshal."

Upon hearing that, Logan gasped and dropped his walking stick. "W-What did you say? What has this got to do with the Great Marshall? How? Tell me everything. Explain in detail."

Since the family crisis involved the Great Marshal, Logan could not turn a blind eye to it.

Jared explained in a serious voice, "It all started with Rhett. Rhett made a trip to Eurasia to study the country's investment environment but didn't pay tribute to the Great Marshal. The Great Marshal was offended and, in a fit of anger, killed Rhett."

He continued, "After learning about my brother's death, I wanted to settle scores with the Great Marshal. But that man is a killing machine. He even tried to behead me. Fortunately, I was able to escape to the Eurasian borders in time when I sensed danger around me."

"But the Great Marshal refused to give up. He ordered the Genesis Chamber of Commerce to hunt the Mitxels down and vowed to destroy our family. He's a ruthless monster! He doesn't deserve the Great Marshal title!" Jared exclaimed.

After Logan heard Jared's story, a suspicious look flashed across his face. "Are you sure you're telling the truth? As far as I know, the Great Marshal is not a cruel, murderous man."

Despite feeling a little guilty, Jared still put on a steady front. "Dad, have you had encounters with the Great Marshal?"

Logan shook his head. "No. I've only heard stories about him from the people I met."

"There are a thousand ways to interpret a person's personality. What you heard from others about the Great Marshal is not true." Jared manipulated his father to his advantage.

Logan eventually bought his story. He knocked on the floor with his walking stick and snorted. "The Great Marshal is too much! Are we dead to him? How dare he challenge the Mitxel family!"

Jared said, "Calm down, Dad. Take care of your health, and don't get too worked up over this matter. It's not worth it to get upset over something so trivial."

Logan sighed repeatedly. "This is not something trivial. He can exterminate our family if we make a wrong move. It won't be easy for us to deal with the Great Marshal."

Chapter 2415

Jared said, "Dad, I have a way to take on the Great Marshal."

"Let's hear it."

Logan looked at Jared hopefully.

"Dad, it's time we use the Eurasian Peace Medal. It's the only thing that can solve our current crisis."

The moment Logan heard that, his face fell. "The Eurasian Peace Medal... Are we really at the point of using it?"

"Dad, after considering various factors, this is the only viable option we have left."

Logan shook his head and sighed. "To think I'm about to expend the Eurasian Peace Medal that even our ancestors weren't willing to use. I'm such a failure."

Jared comforted, "Dad, don't blame yourself. If we don't use the Peace Medal, the Mitxel family will most likely be annihilated by the Great Marshal. "If the Mitxel family is gone, we won't know whose hands the Eurasian Peace Medal will fall into. I'm sure our ancestors will understand if you use it."

"Let's go," Logan said with another heavy sigh. "Let's fetch the Peace Medal."

Logan staggered as he walked, as if he had suddenly aged a dozen years.

Jared helped him back to his room and delicately removed the medal from the safe.

Although the medal was old, it was wellpreserved and looked new.

As he carefully hung the medal around his neck, Logan's tears began to flow.

"Our ancestors obtained this medal by shedding blood and sweat, and we're about to lose it under my lead. I'm such an incompetent descendant."

As he spoke, he got down to his knees and bowed twice to atone for his sins.

Jared had long grown impatient. D*mn it! This old geezer won't stop rambling. Why is he even bowing at this time? Our ancestors are long dead and have turned into ashes long ago. They can't even see or hear us. If he wastes any more time, our entire family will soon join our ancestors!

After finally boarding the plane to Eurasia, Jared said, "Dad, I think you should inform the president in advance, so they'll know that we're coming and be prepared."

If it were any other day, Logan wouldn't need to inform the president of Eurasia about his visit to the country.

However, things were different this time. The Peace Medal on him made him a VIP of Eurasia, which meant they would have to welcome and treat him with utmost importance.

It was the equivalent of an ambassador visit.

Logan took out the designated communication device and contacted the president of Eurasia.

The communication device rang seven to eight times before the line was finally picked up.

Logan greeted differentially, "Sir, it's been a while."

"Mr. Logan, is that you? Long time no see." The Colonel's voice was gentle yet assertive.

Logan smiled slightly. "Yes. We haven't seen each since we parted ten years ago. I missed you a lot."

"Well, if you have some spare time, come visit Eurasia. My doors are always open to you."

Logan chuckled bitterly as he replied, "Sir, to be honest, I'm currently on a plane to Eurasia. It seems I might have to bother you this time."

"Oh?" The Colonel paused before he added, "This visit of yours seems pretty sudden and hurried. Is something going on?"

Logan sighed. "Yes, I do need help with something. I even brought the Eurasian Peace Medal passed down by my ancestors with me."

Truthfully, the Peace Medal was the only reason for the Colonel's willingness to engage in polite greetings and chatter with Logan.

Now that Logan had also brought the Peace Medal, it seemed like things were serious.

"I see. May I ask what's troubling you?" The Colonel couldn't help but sound solemn.

Chapter 2416

"Well, it's all because of the Great Marshal." Logan told the Colonel about how Zeke bullied the Mitxel family and even wanted to kill them.

Needless to say, Logan was repeating what Jared had told him, not the truth.

"Mr. Logan, there must be some form of misunderstanding here." After hearing Logan's story, the Colonel couldn't help but doubt him. "Nobody knows the Great Marshal better than me. He's not the arrogant kind and would never do such horrible things."

"Sir, but we're telling the truth. I am one of the witnesses. I would never deceive you," Jared chimed in.

"Is that so?" the Colonel questioned him doubtfully.

"Certainly," Jared replied in a hesitant tone.

"So, the purpose of using the Peace Medal is "

"Well, all I ask is for Eurasia to seek justice for the Mitxel family."

"Very well. I will get in touch with the Great Marshal. I will notify you as soon as I have an answer."

After the funds of Intercontinental Group were frozen, they stopped causing any more trouble.

On the contrary, Linton Group was thriving without further harassment from Intercontinental Group. It wouldn't be long before they could return to their former glory.

The gap between the two companies became more evident.

Although Linton Group's situation was much stabler now, Zeke still refused to leave.

The Progenitor of the White Muraco Clan had foreseen an impending calamity that would befall Lacey in the next few days. Hence, Zeke didn't dare to leave her side as he had to protect her.

He was pondering over the factors that could threaten Lacey when his phone rang.

It was a call from the Colonel.

The Colonel rarely contacted him personally through the phone. Hence, he knew it must be a matter of utmost importance and confidence.

Before answering the call, he released a burst of energy, forming a transparent barrier around him that would prevent anyone from eavesdropping on his conversation with the Colonel.

After taking the necessary precautions, he answered the call.

"Sir, what can I do for you?"

"Well, I'm calling you regarding the Mitxel family issue."

"So the Mitxel family was able to contact you. I seem to have underestimated their power." Zeke was a little surprised.

"Their ancestors received a Eurasian Peace Medal that was passed on through the generations. I only spoke to them because of it."

What?

Zeke frowned. "The Mitxel family actually has a Peace Medal? How could I not know about this? Sir, are you sure that the Peace Medal belongs to the Mitxels?"

The Colonel replied, "Yes. Of course. Back when Eurasia was at war, resources were scarce. Also, our weapons were inferior, especially the air force equipment, which was utter garbage. At that time, the air force equipment

hindered Eurasia's combat capabilities. The only way to increase our firepower was to obtain a few helicopters and regain dominion of the skies. Hence, our army sent out a distress signal overseas requesting help. Ultimately, the ancestors of the Mitxel family donated five helicopters to help Eurasia overcome the dreadful situation. Their contribution wasn't small, and they had all the rights to receive the Peace Medal."

Realization dawned on Zeke. "I see. So you're calling to plead mercy for the Mitxel family?"

"Of course not. I did a brief investigation earlier and found out that the Mitxel family were the ones who first humiliated you and Eurasia, and you're simply returning the favor," the Colonel answered. "The Peace Medal will only work if mutual respect exists. Since they insulted you and Eurasia, they're not entitled to use it. Great Marshal, you may deal with this matter however you - see fit."

"That's very thoughtful of you." Zeke nodded.

Chapter 2417

"No problem!"

Hanging up the phone, Zeke then walked out of his office and stood at the entrance of Linton Group for some air while waiting for Logan and Jared to arrive.

After being entangled with Mitxel Group for so long, he figured it was time to end it.

Moreover, he wanted to see if the Mitxel family was the calamity that Lacey was about to encounter.

If that turned out to be true, the Mitxel family was as good as extinct.

At Intercontinental Group, which was only a block from Linton Group, Sheldon sighed profusely in his new office.

The funds worth three hundred billion were frozen, and Intercontinental Group was in a powerless predicament and on the brink of collapse.

At his wit's end, Sheldon cursed the Mitxel family for their incompetence and blamed them for Intercontinental Group's downfall.

If Mitxel Group can't solve their funding problem, Intercontinental Group might not be able to last another day. It was stupid of me to trust Jared.

He looked out the window and subconsciously noticed Zeke at the entrance of the building opposite him. Utterly terrified, he quickly closed the curtains.

Zeke had left an indelible trauma within him, and he would be afraid whenever he saw Zeke.

What should I do now?

Sheldon refused to accept the fall of Intercontinental Group.

At this time, only the Master could save him.

The Master was the conscious entity of the Kush Clan, and it has always been with Sheldon's father.

Ever since Zeke seriously injured it, it had been hiding in the dark to recuperate.

The Kush Clan had also agreed to Sheldon obeying the Mitxel family to oppose Zeke, as this would distract Zeke from paying attention to them and hindering its recovery.

I haven't seen it in such a long time. I wonder how it's doing. Maybe the Master has a way to help me.

After making up his mind, Sheldon put on a cap and a face mask before running out with his head down.

He didn't even have the courage to look his employees in the eyes because he was afraid they would demand their salary.

A powerful-looking jeep stopped at the entrance of Linton Group.

Two men came down from the vehicle with four bodyguards.

They were none other than Jared and Logan from the Mitxel family. Logan was a legend in the business world of the previous decade. As soon as he appeared, people immediately recognized him.

In an instant, the employees of Linton Group went into an uproar and murmured among themselves.

"Oh my. Isn't that the myth of the business world in the last century, Logan Mitxel?"

"Yeah. He was also the previous century's wealthiest man in the world."

"Psst! What is a legendary man like him doing here?"

"Shush! The potential of Linton Group must have caught his eye, and he wants to cooperate with us."

"It's such an honor to work with Mr. Logan. I can now die in peace."

The employees of Linton Group were still under the impression that Intercontinental Group were the ones going against them and didn't know that the Mitxel family was the culprit behind it. Hence, they still revered Logan highly.

Zeke smiled. He didn't expect Logan to be such a prominent individual in the corporate world and that many of Linton Group's employees would be fans of his.

He wondered if they would be shocked if he were to take down Logan later.

Jared pointed carefully at Zeke. "Dad, that's him. He's Zeke Williams."

Logan looked at Zeke and couldn't help but feel a little anxious.

Although the younger man was calm and composed and had a gentle smile, he gave Logan a great sense of intimidation.

Zeke's presence was simply too strong. Logan had never panicked this much even when he faced the president in the past.

Regardless, Logan was highly experienced on the corporate battlefield, so he regained his composure soon enough.

Chapter 2418

He walked up to Zeke nonchalantly, took a deep breath, and said, "Are you Zeke Williams?"

Zeke nodded slightly. "That's right. Are you the previous head of the Mitxel family?"

Logan replied, "Yes."

Only then did Zeke look up lazily and glance at Logan. "How can I help you?"

Zeke's indifference and blatant disregard for Logan's presence prompted the latter to feel insulted.

Logan's temper rose. "I believe you should know better than anyone else why I'm here."

Zeke shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I really don't know why you're here. If you're not going to be frank, please leave and do not distract my employees from focusing on their work."

All the employees in the company exchanged glances as astonished expressions spread across their faces.

They were well aware of Logan's status in the business world as he was one of the most influential figures of his time.

Zeke's staff thought their boss was simply incredible for dismissing Logan so casually.

Logan gritted his teeth and said, "Great. I see you are adept at feigning ignorance. Very well. In that case, I shall make myself clear. Let me ask you. Why did you kill my son, Rhett, and try to harm my eldest son, Jared? You even encouraged the Genesis Chamber of Commerce to work together to bring down Mitxel Group, forcing our company into a corner."

Zeke smiled impassively. "First of all, I did not kill your son, Rhett. Secondly, Jared has repeatedly provoked me, so his death is inevitable. Third, Mitxel Group had a lapse in judgment and made a poor choice by attempting to destroy Linton Group. I am merely letting you all have a taste of your medicine."

Logan was infuriated. "Nonsense! What a load of crap! Do you really think I don't know the truth? You were angered because Rhett did not pay tribute to you when he arrived in Eurasia, so you murdered him!"

Zeke laughed. "You're turning senile. Why should Rhett pay tribute to me? Why should I kill him for not paying tribute to me? These obvious lies are only effective to deceive an old fool like you."

Logan suddenly realized that seemed to be the case after listening to Zeke's reminder.

Why should Rhett pay tribute to the Great Marshal? I've never heard of such a custom previously. Moreover, everyone knows the Great Marshal's wealth is greater than the nation's treasury. There's no way he would set his eyes on such petty riches. It seems like there's something suspicious about this motive.

Still, Logan could not back down now by going against his own statement, so he retorted righteously, "Even if the tribute is not the reason behind the murder, there's no doubt you killed Rhett."

Zeke sneered. "Hah!"

Logan pressed the matter further. "Not only did you do away with my son, but you are also trying to put an end to Mitxel Group. Don't you think you're going over the line?"

"Going over the line? No. I'm just returning Mitxel Group the favor by doing this."

"Returning the favor? Haha! What a joke. Are you saying that Mitxel Group made an effort to drive you to the brink of desperation too?"

"Oh my. It seems like you are truly clueless about the whole incident. Don't you know that Mitxel Group tried to exterminate my Linton Group? Fortunately, Linton Group survived after receiving help from Redwood Capital."

Logan was shocked. "When did that happen? Why am I not aware of this?"

Zeke elaborated, "Are you oblivious toward the investment of the Mitxel family's three hundred billion into Eurasia's Intercontinental Group? This three hundred billion was the capital used to suppress Linton Group."

Logan looked at Jared. "Jared, tell me. Is that the case? Didn't you say the three hundred billion was invested in the research and development for an effective treatment for AIDS?"

Jared hurriedly explained, "Dad, as Zeke said, the three hundred billion was indeed channeled into Eurasia's Intercontinental Group and was also used to target Linton Group. My heart ached deeply because he killed Rhett. I wanted to avenge Rhett, so I did all I could to repress Linton Group. I did not tell you the truth because I was worried you would not agree with my plans..."

Chapter 2419

Logan's eyes glazed over as the matter became more mystifying than ever.

No one understood Jared and Rhett's relationship more than he did. Although the two were biological brothers, they had never gotten along well and hated each other's guts.

If Zeke indeed killed Rhett, Jared should be overjoyed instead of wanting to avenge his brother. Even if Jared wished to take revenge for Rhett, why was there a need to target Linton Group? This is an entirely futile strategy.

Logan regarded Jared with a doubtful gaze.

When he noticed Jared avoiding meeting his eyes, Logan grew certain something fishy was happening.

Unfortunately, Logan had no choice but to hold on to his belief since he could not back down at that point.

"Judging by the expressions on your faces, I suppose you two do not believe me. Will you two trust me if I produce evidence that I did not kill Rhett?"

Jared nodded. "Yes. This incident arose because of Rhett. If you can prove that you are not the murderer, not only will we acknowledge your innocence, but we will also apologize to you."

I've already killed Rhett and gotten rid of his body anyway. There's no way Zeke can produce any solid evidence.

Zeke uttered, "All right. I'll prove my innocence then. Not only am I going to prove that I'm not the murderer, but I will also identify the real culprit."

Jared snickered inwardly. I am the real culprit! I have already destroyed all the evidence and witnesses. Regardless of Zeke's capability, he will not be able to bring out any evidence.

Zeke snapped his fingers. "Come on out."

Come on out?

Jared was puzzled.

Who is Zeke asking to come out? Is that person a witness? But I've already hired an assassin to target those in the know.

Under everyone's watchful gazes, an overweight man exited Zeke's office.

Everybody was shocked to their cores when they saw that man's face clearly.

He was none other than Rhett Mitxel!

As far as everyone knew, Rhett was dead, so how was he revived?

The one with the most agitated response at the scene was none other than Jared. Terror filled his chest and overwhelmed him at that moment.

After all, he had personally ended Rhett's life and ensured the latter was no longer showing signs of being alive before ordering his subordinates to get rid of Rhett's body.

However, at that instant, Rhett appeared healthy and strong, without a single scratch on him. What the hell? Am I seeing a ghost?

Logan stared at Rhett and said with a trembling voice, "Rhett, my son, you're still alive! Haha! Thank the Gods! I can't believe you're still alive!"

Rhett replied, "Dad, I'm terribly sorry for making you worried all this while."

He walked toward his father as he spoke, planning to give Logan a big hug.

Logan quickly added, "Wait a moment. How are you still alive? Your brother already sent your ashes home to be buried. Let me ask you. When your brother succeeded as the head of the family, what did I secretly tell you?"

Rhett answered, "You told me if my brother is incapable and unable to lead the Mitxel family to greater glory, I can replace him as the head of the family."

That's right! That's right!

Tears streamed down Logan's face. "You are indeed my son. Only the two of us know about this secret. But if you are still alive, how do you explain the ashes we buried. back home?"

"We will have to question my dear brother on that to clarify this matter."

Everyone shifted their gazes onto Jared.

Jared was lost in a daze. He could not fathom how Rhett was alive and standing before him in good health, regardless of how hard his mind raced. Could it be that I merely dreamed of murdering Rhett that day, and everything is just a self-deception?

Logan called out Jared's name twice before the latter finally regained his senses.

Chapter 2420

"Jared, explain what's the deal with the ashes," Logan instructed.

"This is what happened, Dad," Jared began hastily. "Back then, it was already confirmed that someone had killed Rhett, but I just couldn't find his body no matter how hard I tried. I know his death affected you greatly, but there was no telling how much more upset you'd be if we couldn't even recover his body. That's why I had no choice but to bring you some ashes and pretend that they were Rhett's."

Rhett curled his lips insidiously. "Is that what really happened, my dear brother?"

His smirk made Jared tense up for a brief moment. "Of course it is! Why would I lie to you guys?"

"You look so disgusting when you lie, Jared," Rhett commented with a sigh. "It's true that you initially thought I'd died, but when I went looking for you, not only were you upset to see me alive, but you even tried to kill me. How do you explain that? Wouldn't bringing me home alive have made Dad far more relieved rather than presenting him a jar of ashes?"

Logan's gaze darkened as he heard that. "What do you mean by that, Rhett? You're saying you went to see Jared, but he tried to kill you?"

"I meant exactly what I said, Dad. I'll let you in on the truth. I was persecuted to the point that I nearly died, but Mr. Williams saved me. He's the only reason I'm still alive now. When I had fully recovered, I went looking for Jared, hoping to clear up the misunderstanding between him and Mr. Williams, only for him to attack me like a madman. He even said I was better off dead."

"Such insolence!" Logan exploded instantly. "Jared! Is that the truth? You actually tried to kill your own brother?"

Jared began to panic. "N-Not at all, Dad. Let me explain. Rhett's my own brother! How could I ever do such a thing to him? He's just working with Zeke to drag me down!"

Rhett let out a sigh. "So, you're going to keep defending yourself? Fine. I'll prove what happened."

He then took a USB drive out of his pocket and connected it to the large screen.

The device contained only one video, which then began to play.

Rhett was shown to approach Jared, advising the latter to stop being at odds with Zeke.

Appearing hesitant, Jared dashed into his office before coming back out shortly.

Then, a horrifying scene unfolded: while nearing Rhett in what seemed to be an attempt to whisper something in his ear. Jared suddenly thrust a dagger toward the latter.

Yet, for some reason, the knife stopped several inches away from Rhett's body as though something transparent and solid was preventing the weapon from going any further.

Even so, Jared appeared unaware and continued to attack Rhett, thinking the dagger had pierced the latter's body.

Rhett was completely unharmed, of course.

In spite of that, he fell to the ground motionless, and the video clearly showed the rage in his eyes.

Then, not realizing it was all an act, Jared uttered something along the lines of "only one of us gets to live" before getting his subordinates to take care of Rhett's body.

The clip showed Jared's clear intentions to murder Rhett, but the dagger never seemed to penetrate the latter.

Furthermore, despite being completely uninjured, Rhett lay on the floor acting as though he had died.

Most importantly, Jared truly thought his brother had died.

At present, everyone grew bewildered as they watched the video, but Jared was visibly the most shocked. I know I stabbed his heart. I even felt his blood splatter, and he turned limp!

Chapter 2421

How did my dagger not touch him at all? But never mind that. What matters most now is to clear my name.

"Dad, Rhett, it's not what you think," Jared quickly insisted. "I wasn't trying to kill you, Rhett. It was just a prank. How else would you still be here standing in front of all of us?"

Rhett scoffed. "Do you really think you can fool any of us? I'll tell you what really happened. Do you know why you couldn't hurt me with your knife?"

"It's because I was just joking around! I deliberately made sure not to stab you for real."

"Shut your mouth! You disgust me. The truth is Mr. Williams was there too. He's the one who filmed the incident. Not just that, but he also used an illusion to trick you into thinking that you actually stabbed me. Again, it was Mr. Williams who saved my life."

"I..."

With the truth laid bare, Jared didn't know how to respond.

Meanwhile, Logan was about to lose his mind.

While he despised internal conflict the most, he would usually turn a blind eye to all the strife between Jared and Rhett.

Alas, Jared had gone too far this time. He actually tried to kill Rhett? Unacceptable!

With that, Logan began to strike Jared with his cane.

"You... You scoundrel! He's your own brother! How could you try to kill him? I should have never brought you into this world! I'm going to beat you to death!"

"I'm sorry, Dad! I was wrong! It's all my fault!" Jared cried out as he knelt on the floor in tears. "Let me make it up to you. I'll bow before everyone. Please, let me off this once!"

Zeke waved impatiently. "It's no use trying to act all miserable now. You messed with Eurasia and insulted its Great Marshal, and for that, you'll die today."

Jared's face instantly paled. "Please, Mr. Williams, let me off just this once. I'm begging you," he pleaded, prostrating himself before Zeke. "I should never have coveted the Linton Group. I'm sorry!"

Zeke smirked. "Let you off? That's never going to happen."

Upon receiving such a woeful response, Jared spewed a mouthful of blood.

It was clear that there was no other way out -he had to die.

Logan lowered his head before Zeke. "I'm terribly sorry for having misunderstood you, Mr. Williams. Please give me a chance to make things up to you. I hope you won't hold this matter against the Mitxel family."

"Sorry, but I'm not that kind or forgiving. Your family insulted my country. Do you really think a mere apology will ever be enough to restore Eurasia's honor?"

"Then name your price, Mr. Williams. I'll do whatever I can to make it up to Eurasia," Logan proposed carefully.

"I want the entire Mitxel family's assets, and also Jared's life."

What?

Logan couldn't help but shudder.

All of our family's assets? He's asking for too much! Our wealth is beyond imaginable; even if we were to give him all our assets, how could he ever manage everything?

The older man naturally disagreed.

"I believe Eurasia has this saying: don't burn all your bridges. There's no need for you to go this far, is there, Great Marshal?"

"You seemed completely prepared to burn all bridges when you were up against Linton Group, though."

Sighing, Logan could only resort to his trump card. "I guess I have no choice but to make use of this."

He then unpinned the Peace Medal from his shirt and held it out toward Zeke with quivering hands. "Please, Mr. Williams, will you show us some mercy out of respect for this Peace Medal?"

Chapter 2422

Zeke's eyes immediately filled with wrath. "The Mitxels would have never survived this long if it weren't for the Peace Medal! All I'm asking for right now is your family's assets, so consider this my last act of benevolence! If you push me any further, I'll have all your lives taken too! Your ancestors were heroes who fought so hard for world peace, only to give birth to such worthless offspring like you! You don't deserve to own the Peace Medal!"

Logan trembled at those words.

He knew Zeke was certainly capable of wiping out the entire Mitxel family if he wanted to.

I guess there's nothing I can do now.

Rhett hurriedly stepped forward. "Dad, am I now the head of the Mitxel family?"

Given that Jared's death was certain, Rhett was naturally the next best candidate to lead the household.

Logan nodded.

"All right. In that case, as the patriarch of the Mitxel family, I hereby present all of our assets to Mr. Zeke Williams. Please accept them as a token of my gratitude, Mr. Williams."

Zeke shot him a glance. At least you know your place.

Rhett continued, "It won't be easy managing my family's assets considering the amount we have, Mr. Williams. Even if you were to hire a genius to take charge, I believe there'd be no way of understanding how the family business works anytime soon, let alone manage it well. That's why I'd like to volunteer myself. Let me serve you and help you manage the businesses. As for my wages, all I ask is that I earn enough to meet my basic needs."

"Very well," Zeke replied with a glance.

"Thank you, Great Marshal!"

Logan looked visibly reluctant.

"Trust me on this, Dad. If we don't do as he asks, it's over for our family. You have no idea about all the things Jared's done to Mr. Williams. Besides, I'd say it's a great privilege to be able to remain connected to the Great Marshal."

Realization quickly dawned on Logan as he heard that.

Linton Group doesn't have much of a global presence, as far as I know. Hence, if they acquire us, that means Mitxel Group will be their only international business. And if Rhett's the one managing all of Linton Group's overseas affairs, that'd make him the Great Marshal's international spokesperson. You can never put a price on such a role! In fact, with a position like that alone, it wouldn't take much to rebuild Mitxel Group. This is a huge boon for us!

"Since you've taken an interest in Mitxel Group, I'd be more than happy to let you have it, Mr. Williams," he offered immediately.

Then, Zeke's fiery gaze fell on Jared once more, causing the latter to shiver in fright.

"You'll atone for what you've done to Eurasia with your life."

The smell of urine filled the air as Jared gave an intense shudder.

"Please forgive me, Great Marshal. I don't want to die!" he begged. "I'll do whatever you ask. Just don't kill me!"

"This is what you get for insulting my country. You have no right to ask for forgiveness," Zeke declared before turning to Rhett. "Rhett Mitxel, I leave this to you. When you're done, toss his body down into Unholy Valley. You may retrieve his bones and bring them back to the country after ten years."

Giving the Mitxel family such an order and having them dispose of their own kin was one of Zeke's ways of punishing them.

Chapter 2423

Although Rhett despised Jared very much, he didn't want to kill his own brother and be labeled as a person who murdered one's own family member.

Still, he dared not defy Zeke's orders and could only nod. "Yes, sir."

"Now scram."

Rhett turned to Jared with a glare. "Well, what are you waiting for? Come with me."

"Rhett, my dear brother, please," Jared began pleading again. "I'm your sibling! You can't do this to me. Help me beg for the Great Marshal's mercy. You want to become the head of the family, don't you? I'll support you from now on. You can make me do whatever you want."

"You're a disgrace to the Mitxel family! Come with me right now!" Rhett bellowed.

Just as Jared was about to beg for mercy again, Logan began to strike him with the cane. "Look at you crying and whining in public like that! You're making such a fool out of yourself! I hereby announce that you're no longer a member of the Mitxel household. From now on, you have nothing to do with our family!"

Those words were meant for Zeke.

He wanted to let Zeke know that Jared's prior actions had nothing to do with the rest of the Mitxels, so it was unnecessary to lump the whole family together with him.

In truth, there was no way Logan would ever cut off his own son.

Yet, Jared had taken his father's announcement seriously.

"You dare kick me out of the family, you geezer? How dare you exile me?" he roared. "You're no human! You don't deserve to be my father! I'll kill you!"

Then, he suddenly lunged forward, tackled Logan to the ground, and began punching the latter's face.

Chaos erupted at the sight of a father being struck by his own son, and a number of Linton Group's employees as well as passersby started to gather at the scene.

Many recognized both Logan and Jared.

"Holy crap. Am I seeing things? Isn't that Logan Mitxel?"

"Logan Mitxel? You mean the Logan Mitxel? The one who was named the world's richest man of last century?"

"Who else would I be talking about? I used to work for him, so I recognize him."

"So, who is the world's richest man getting into a fight with, and why is he doing the fighting himself?"

"It might seem hard to believe, but the person beating him up is his own son, Jared."

"What the hell? Are you kidding me? The world's richest man is getting clobbered by his own son? That's a first."

"Should we go help him out? Who knows, he might just give us a couple hundred million for saving his life!"

"Oh, please. Logan Mitxel retired ages ago. His son's currently leading the family. We can't afford to get on his bad side."

"Then let's hurry up and film them! This is going to trend for sure!"

If there were a thousand people at the scene, nine hundred and ninety-nine of them would have whipped out their phones.

This was an extraordinarily rare sight that had to be captured no matter what.

With that, the man once regarded as the world's wealthiest individual, along with the rest of his family, immediately became a trending topic far and wide.

Rhett could no longer contain his anger.

Once again, the family name was being disgraced, thanks to Jared.

Why didn't I ever realize how much of an idiot he is?

At the thought of that, Rhett charged forward and began beating Jared to a pulp.

With the help of some bodyguards, the latter was eventually restrained by the limbs and carried into a car.

Chapter 2424

"We're going to Unholy Valley now," Rhett demanded.

"Yes, sir!"

The mention of that place quickly returned Jared to his senses.

"Rhett, my brother, please let me off," he begged, kneeling before the new head of the family in tears. "I haven't even gotten married or had children yet. I can't die right now. I'm begging you!"

Rhett scoffed in response. "Sorry, but I can't go against the Great Marshal's orders."

"No, I can explain! The truth is I have a substitute who looks just like me, but the Great Marshal can't tell the difference between us since he's barely met me. You can summon my substitute and have him die in my place, Rhett. This is my final wish. Get someone to bring my substitute here!"

Hearing that, Rhett turned to his father, seeking the latter's opinion. Yet, Logan kept his gaze out the window, ignoring Rhett.

From that, the younger man knew that his father had given up on Jared.

What a pity, Jared. Dad would've probably still tried to help you if you hadn't hit him. That's what you get for being such an ingrate. There's no point keeping you alive now.

Discerning his father's resolve, Rhett gave Jared a pat on the shoulder. "Bow to me, Jared, so that I can forgive you. That way, I'll feel better."

"Of course! Right away!"

Jared couldn't contain his joy. So, he'll forgive me as long as I bow down to him?

Who would be concerned with one's own dignity in the face of death?

Yet, as soon as Jared fell to his knees and placed his head on the ground, Rhett took out a gun and fired a bullet at the former's head.

Following a loud bang, Jared fell into a pool of his own blood.

The bullet had penetrated his skull and embedded itself into the car. As he took his last breath, Jared glared at his brother in fury.

He had been tricked.

Yet, there was nothing else that could be done, for his fate had been decided the moment he invoked the Great Marshal's wrath.

Linton Group remained dead silent long after Rhett and Logan had left.

All the staff members were still reeling from the shock of what had just happened and couldn't believe it was real.

At that very moment, Zeke let out a cough. "What are you guys still standing around for? Get back to work."

Hearing that, everyone jolted back to reality and returned to their tasks. Even so, they couldn't settle down, still processing what Zeke had just done.

Did our boss acquire the entire Mitxel family, the richest family in the world—just like that? Without even having to pay a single cent? You're insane, Mr. Williams, but that's exactly why you're the best. We'll stay with you for the rest of our lives!

It wasn't long until Lacey returned.

Given it was Linton Group's first day resuming operations, she had busied herself with dropping by every factory to give all its staff members a morale boost.

"What's going on here, Zeke? Something doesn't seem right," the woman questioned upon seeing her husband.

Zeke smiled at her. "What do you mean something doesn't seem right?"

"We're supposed to be doing our best to defend ourselves against Intercontinental Group during this time, but why do they seem so quiet now? Also, there's something I kept hearing from those passing by the entrance. People are saying that Linton Group's about to become the richest corporation in the world. What's going on?"

The man chuckled in response. "Let me answer your first question. Intercontinental Group's gone broke now. They can't afford to fight us anymore."

Chapter 2425

Hmm?

Lacey questioned, "Didn't Intercontinental Group receive over three hundred billion recently? How is it possible that they have no money?"

Zeke explained, "Oh, the three hundred billion is now ours. It's their compensation to us."

She was still not convinced. Glaring at Zeke, Lacey said, "Hah! As if I would believe you. I doubt Intercontinental Group is so kind to give us the money."

Zeke replied, "Well, I can return the lump sum to them anytime if you don't trust me."

Lacey was unswerving. "Go ahead and give them the money back. I wonder when you can change this annoying habit of yours and stop boasting."

Zeke was rendered speechless as he felt an impending headache coming up.

I suppose Lacey won't believe that I've taken over the entire Mixtel family since she thinks that I lied to her about the three hundred billion.

He tried testing the water. "Lacey, what do you think if I said the Mitxel family is part of us now? Would you believe my words?"

"Of course I would!" Lacey replied at once.

"Huh? You'd believe this wholeheartedly and not the fact that Intercontinental Group has compensated us three hundred billion?" Zeke was puzzled.

Lacey shook her head in response. "It looks like you'll never stop boasting for as long as you live."

Zeke was so frustrated. He did not know what to do with her.

Faced with a livid Great Marshal, the consequences would probably be grave.

Shortly after, Dawn stepped forward from the crowd and posed a question to Lacey. "Are you sure you don't want the three hundred billion as well as Mitxel Group, Lacey? Can I have them instead?"

Her words sent a shudder through Lacey. She stared at Dawn and asked, "What do you mean by that, Dawnie?"

"Nothing much. I heard you ask Zeke to

return the money and even said that Mitxel Group can't be ours. Hence, I thought you could hand me the money and gift me the company too. You know, it's better to benefit me than an outsider."

"Hang on a second and tell me straight to my face. Both Mitxel Group and the three hundred billion are for real?" Lacey immediately grabbed Dawn's shoulders and clarified her doubts, word by word.

Dawn smiled and nodded. "Absolutely! Why would I lie to you?"

Hearing that, Lacey dashed to her office.

Zeke yelled, "Where are you going, Lacey?"

"Isn't it obvious? To count the money, of course!" she answered.

The crowd fell silent and let her be.

Meanwhile, in the top-floor bedroom of Sheldon's luxury mansion.

The room was completely sealed off, without a single gap for any light to shine through.

Sheldon cautiously knelt before his father,

or to be more accurate, his master.

The consciousness of the Kush Clan had long since taken over Sheldon's father's body.

Sheldon had no idea about the true identity of his master. He was only aware that the latter referred to himself as the Guardian of Mount Kush.

Right then, the Guardian of Mount Kush remained silent with his eyes closed. Nobody knew if he was resting or meditating.

Sheldon would not dare to open his mouth and speak for as long as the Guardian was quiet. After more than an hour, the Guardian finally moved.

He slowly opened his eyes and looked at Sheldon, who was on his knees. "Why are you here?"

Sheldon quickly answered, "Master, Intercontinental Group is in trouble. It's being acquired by Zeke. I beg you to please lend a hand and help me save

Intercontinental Group!"

The Guardian of Mount Kush laughed disdainfully. "Haha! Zeke is truly something to be regarded as an enemy of the Kush Clan. Hmph! They are all

mere ordinary men who think too highly of themselves by dreaming about fighting me! It's already a miracle that you are still alive, so how dare you still covet your material wealth? What a joke!"

Sheldon's face flushed red in that instant.

Intercontinental Group is my bread and butter. How can I not be worried about losing it? Is the Guardian implying that he's not going to offer any help?

"Master, once Zeke's Linton Group is back on track, he will surely run an investigation about you and attack you accordingly. What's your plan?" Sheldon prompted.

The Guardian of Mount Kush took a deep breath and reflected. "I made a careless mistake the last time and was severely hurt by him. Now that I've recovered enough to be back in peak condition, it's time for war. There's no need for him to look for me this time, for I'll make the first move!"

Chapter 2426

As he spoke, the Guardian of Mount Kush walked toward the window and pulled open the curtains.

The pale sunshine shone in and brightened up the room.

Sheldon gazed at him, and a cold chill ran down his spine.

Formerly, his master could not bear the sight of any light source, Even the dimmest light would torture him and make him howl in agony.

Yet, to Sheldon's surprise, his master was looking straight into the sun currently.

What does this mean? This clearly shows that Master has improved in his strength and power. He's the real deal now! The Mitxel family? Hmph! They are no longer his match.

The Guardian of Mount Kush then looked in the distance and said, "The purple light is rising from the east! Haha!"

Utterly baffled, Sheldon asked carefully, "What do you mean, Master?"

The Guardian of Mount Kush explained, "The bright ray of purple light represents the energy of Fortuna. It forms Fortuna when enough of it has

gathered. Zeke's Linton Group is expanding tremendously, resulting in a favorable impact on the lives of the Eurasians. Additionally, the Eurasians benefited the most from all the wars and battles previously. With Eurasia entering a glorious age, the people are delighted, making them far more united and motivated. In turn, the rays of purple light are unleashed to maximize the potential of Fortuna. If I'm not mistaken, this stream of Fortuna will descend on Linton Group this time."

Yet another stream of Fortuna is yet to come.

Sheldon was still confused. Hence, he asked, "Master, is Fortuna very important to immortals like you?"

The Guardian of Mount Kush nodded in response. "Of course. Mere mortals like you can never understand the greatness of Fortuna. Let me tell you an example of what it can do at the very least. If you have the chance to absorb the energy from Fortuna, you will gain the ability to control the nation's fate." What?

Sheldon was extremely astounded.

To control the entire nation? Only the president has such power! And this is only the least of what it can possibly do?

The new-found information had Sheldon's heart racing.

The Guardian of Mount Kush glanced at him and remarked contemptuously, "Don't even bother getting any ideas about Fortuna. Your frail and feeble physique can never withstand its power. Your body might even explode if you get close to it."

Upon hearing so, Sheldon was deeply disappointed.

"Let me ask you something, Sheldon. Do the people from Linton Group know your father?" the Guardian asked out of the blue.

Sheldon found it strange for him to ask such a question.

Anyhow, he still answered patiently, "My father was a legend in his era. However, Linton Group consists mostly of the younger generations. Therefore, I doubt many of them recognize him."

"What about Zeke and Lacey? Would they recognize your father?" the Guardian of Mount Kush continued.

Sheldon shook his head. "I don't think so because they haven't met each other before."

"I see. Good," commented the Guardian with a nod.

Sheldon was curious. "Master, why do you ask? Do you have a plan in mind?"

The Guardian of Mount Kush hesitated for a moment before replying, "I might as well tell you. I plan to pay Linton Group a visit."

Huh?

Surprised, Sheldon asked, "I have a strong suspicion that Zeke is searching high and low for you. Why are you putting yourself in danger instead of hiding? Aren't you scared of being discovered?"

His words enraged the Guardian, who instantly thrust his palm out. Though he did not physically touch Sheldon, the force of his strike was so strong that the displaced air sent Sheldon flying a few meters away.

Then, he bellowed in rage, "You seem to be implying that I'm not as powerful as Zeke and that I should avoid him. Is that it?"

Sheldon was terrified to the core. Ignoring the pain from his body, he quickly pleaded with the Guardian of Mount Kush, "That's not what I meant, Master! Please trust me, for I didn't mean it that way. You've misunderstood my intention."

In actual fact, that was exactly what he was thinking.

If you're better than Zeke, why would you need to hide in a corner? Would you not have initiated a battle to fight Zeke long ago?

The Guardian of Mount Kush scoffed. "I'm determined to have the Fortuna this time. No matter what, I won't let Zeke snatch it away! If he devours the Fortuna once again to nurture Ossa Dei, it will eventually turn into Dragon's Vein. When the Dragon's Vein matures in time, the Kush Clan will..."

Chapter 2427

He gazed in the direction of Mount Kush while speaking.

I wonder if the Kush Clan has defeated Pietro and destroyed the Dragon's Vein yet. If they succeed, Eurasia will fall into the hands of the Kush Clan. We don't have much time left. Once Zeke's new Dragon's Vein is formed, our efforts to wipe out the old one will be in vain.

With his eyes fixed on the faraway purple light, the Guardian of Mount Kush clenched his fists tightly in anger. "I must have this stream of Fortuna, even if I have to sacrifice my life!"

Unholy Valley was a deep valley nestled between the cliffs and lofty mountains. It had a complicated terrain with winding roads.

Rumor had it that the road leading to Unholy Valley was, by far, the most challenging route on earth.

It was a known forbidden area to all men. Everyone was aware that no one would come out of the valley alive.

It was the same for any flying creatures. Any birds that entered the valley would lose their sense of direction, get trapped inside, and eventually starve to death.

Dead bodies littered the valley. Most of them belonged to wicked men who used to live vicious lives. After they died, their sadistic and violent nature before death left a hostile feeling in the air.

At the very bottom of the valley was a layer of dark mist formed by the malice and hatred of the dead, proof of how strong these negative emotions were.

The rotting bodies had been dead for some time, and it had been a long while since there was a new addition.

With Eurasia developing into a prosperous and safe nation, its citizens started living in harmony, and the standards of living increased significantly too. In other words, there were not many sinful men.

Nevertheless, a fresh corpse arrived yesterday, and it was none other than Jared's.

When his body was thrown down, it fell on a sharp piece of rock that pierced through his chest. It was a gory sight, indeed.

There was total silence in the valley that one could hear a pin drop. It was horrifying to the core when the wind blew through the gaps of the rocks and created an eerie sound like a ghost howling.

Swoosh!

Suddenly, a series of rustling noises broke the silence, and a silhouette approached from afar at a rapid pace..

Finally, the shadow stopped beside Jared's body.

It was Warren from Netherworld.

He stared at Jared intently, his face contorted into an ugly scowl.

Seething, he clenched his jaw tightly and roared, "What a useless piece of trash who wasted all of my resources! In the end, you could not even obliterate Linton Group. Did you know that you've ruined my plans? If only you'd taken over Linton Group and acquired it, this new Fortuna would have been mine! You piece of sh*t! Death was the easy way out for you!"

Then, Warren released his anger on Jared.

After Warren exerted a little force, Jared's head exploded into a bloody mist from the excess negative energy the former pumped into him.

As though that was not enough to diffuse Warren's deep-rooted resentment, he proceeded to tear off all of Jared's limbs and blow up his remains with negative energy.

Alas, the poor Jared died a horrendous death, not even given the dignity of having an intact corpse.

Finally, Warren's anger gradually dissipated.

He scanned the surroundings and stated placidly, "Anyhow, I must thank you for helping me to locate this eerie place. The negative energy that lingers here is so strong, which makes it the perfect place for me to cultivate."

Without further ado, Warren sat down and started his cultivation process.

However, he noticed something was off just several minutes into his cultivation.

Yet, he could not put a finger on it despite having a strange gut feeling bugging him.

Immediately, he opened his eyes and checked everywhere, but he failed to sense anything unusual.

This is so peculiar! he thought before shutting his eyes again.

Then, the strange feeling crept up on him once more.

Something doesn't add up!

Warren then became wary and put his guard up. He unleashed a concentrated wave of negative energy to fill the air with the hope that he could feel the place thoroughly. Even then, he could not discover anything out of place.

Chapter 2428

Warren started feeling fearful because he felt that the place was too strange.

Right when he was debating if he should continue cultivating, waves of scornful laughter chimed from a nearby corner.

Someone is here!

At that instant, he broke out in a cold sweat. He swiftly dashed toward the corner to examine it, only to realize that there were pits everywhere.

Suddenly, he caught sight of a shadow sitting quietly like a statue in one of the pits.

He was so sure that it was a shadow and not a person because it had no body!

This is so creepy! What on earth is going on? Warren's bafflement intensified.

As far as he knew, the technique of separating a shadow from its body was only practiced in Netherworld.

Why is there a lonely shadow without the body here? Is it from the Netherlands too?

Warren questioned fiercely, "Who are you? Why did you show up in this place?"

The other party replied, "I should be the one asking you these questions. Who are you? Why did you step foot into my territory?"

Your territory?

Confused, Warren stared at him dubiously. "Are you able to show proof that this place belongs to you?"

The shadow burst out laughing before stating, "I've been cultivating here for more than two hundred years, and I control all of the dead bodies in this place. Tell me, is it not my territory?"

"Really? Do you mean to say that you're over two hundred years old? Where's your body? Bring it out and enlighten me, please." Warren tried to provoke it.

"You're staring at my body." The shadow chuckled.

"Hah! You've got to be kidding me! Are you treating me like a fool?" Warren continued, . "I'm from Netherworld, where people are

known to be experts in separating the shadows from their bodies. A being and his shadow are one. If the body is dead, the shadow will vanish. It's absolutely absurd to think that either one of them can survive without the other. You're scared to show me your true form, aren't you?"

The shadow retorted, "Is that so? You think I don't dare to reveal myself before you? Fine. I shall do just that and see if you have anything more to say!"

With that, the shadow snapped its fingers. and it was surprisingly loud!

Thereafter, a cacophony of rustling sounds filled the entire Unholy Valley.

Warren began to feel uncomfortable as he heard those spooky noises all around him.

Panic-stricken, his eyes darted everywhere. Just then, the putrid corpses started moving. They slowly propped themselves. up and rose to their feet, staring blankly at Warren from empty eye sockets.

Within moments, an army of walking dead stood upright and stared intently into his eyes with a penetrating gaze that stirred up. a sense of fear within his soul.

At that point, Warren nearly had a mental breakdown.

Oh my goodness! Am I seeing ghosts?

The shadow was able to control tens of thousands of dead bodies at the same time. Clearly, Warren was not his match.

I bet these zombies won't hesitate to pounce on me and devour me alive at his command.

When faced with a quandary as such, Warren was left with no choice but to forgo his dignity and pride. He pleaded, "Sir, please forgive me for offending and failing to respect you. Please don't take my words to heart."

The other party scoffed. "You weren't wrong to say that the shadow and its body are one, and neither one can live without the other. As a matter of fact, all of the corpses here are my body. It's just that my shadow has gone through tremendous cultivation and is now more powerful than my physique. Hence, my shadow is my body."

After hearing his explanation, a wave of emotions stirred within Warren. Still, he was reeling from the shock.

All the tens of thousands of corpses in Unholy Valley belong to him!
Additionally, his shadow is more impressive than his body! How invincible
exactly is this person?

Warren dared not speculate further.

One thing was for sure-the other party was certainly beyond what he could
handle. The shadow had a combat prowess of possibly a hundred times
mightier than Warren's, or even much mightier!

Thus, Warren tried to be in the shadow's good books. "May I have the honor to
know. Your great name? I see that the technique you used is very similar to
those performed in Netherworld. I wonder if you're related to Netherworld in
one way or another."

"You may drop the formalities. I have a question for you. Do you know
Daemonium from the Netherworld?" asked Erebus.

Warren nodded vigorously. "Yes! Actually, Daemonium is my godfather."

Erebus got all worked up as he gazed at Warren emotionally. "What? You're
the godson of Daemonium? Tell me, how many godsons does he have?"

"I'm the only one," replied Warren.

"What's your name?" Erebus pursued further.

"Warren Williams," he answered.

Warren Williams... Warren Williams... Haha!

What followed after was a loud guffaw from Erebus. "You're the one, Warren!
It's you! Indeed, when there's a will, there's a way."

Warren had no idea what Erebus was talking about, let alone the reason
behind his ecstatic expression.

asked softly, "Erebus, may I know what you're laughing at?"

"Warren Williams and Zeke Williams. If I guessed it right, you must be the
shadow that your godfather, Daemonium, stripped off Zeke," stated Erebus.

Warren did not deny it. He nodded and admitted, "Yes."

It was not a secret in the Netherworld that Warren was a reflection carved out
of Zeke's body.

Subsequently, Erebus posed him a question. "Then, do you know who I am?"

Warren was baffled. "Aren't you one of the Eight Great Protectors of Netherworld, Erebus?"

Erebus explained calmly, "I do wear multiple hats. My other identity is Daemonium's master." Huh? He's the master of my master? That means he's my elder! There's no wonder why his name sounded so familiar to me. Godfather has mentioned him numerous times! Oh, this is splendid news! I must hang on to him, no matter what happens.

Ever since the death of Daemonium, Warren had lost his precious backing, and his status in Netherworld had taken a major hit.

If I could get the support of Erebus, it would make my life so much better in the Netherworld.

Once again, Warren bowed his head reverently. "Please receive my utmost respect, Elder Erebus."

Erebus replied, "You may get up now. It's great timing to meet you here! Had you come a second later, I would have lost my mind."

"Elder Erebus, Godfather, told me that you went missing mysteriously. Were you here all this while? Since it's torture for you to be here, why didn't you return to Netherworld?" Warren inquired. Erebus elaborated, "That's a long story to tell. I have to begin with Zeke's master, Pietro. Back then, he and I fought for seven days and seven nights. Yet, there was still no winner. In the end, the cunning Pietro pulled a trick and ambushed me with a secret weapon. As a result, I lost. However, Pietro wasn't able to kill me. All he could do was to set up the Soul Pinion Formation and trap me here. It's the apex of all formations. I've been studying it for centuries, but I still can't thoroughly understand it and find myself an escape route."

Hearing so, Warren felt disappointed.

He had wished to return to Netherworld with Erebus and start a new life with the latter as his strong backing. Who would have known that he was trapped inside a mighty formation?

Moments later, Erebus said, "Anyway, things will get better now that you're here."

"Huh? Elder Erebus, what is it that I could possibly do for you?" Warren was bewildered.

Chapter 2429



"Oh, so you're from Netherworld?" The other party was curious.

Warren nodded. "That's right. However, I'm just a nobody in Netherworld."

The shadow nodded satisfactorily. "What a pleasant surprise! I didn't expect there to be a second person from Netherworld to have found this scary place filled with strong negative energy. I'm from Netherworld too, but I can't remember my name. It's been long forgotten. The people from Netherworld used to call me Erebus."

Erebus?

Warren furrowed his brows and muttered, "The name sounds so familiar. I might have heard it somewhere."

Erebus declared, "Of course! I was one of the Eight Great Protectors of Netherworld in the past generation. I'm sure you've heard my name before."

Warren quickly kowtowed to him in deference. "It's my utmost honor to meet you, Great Protector."

"You may drop the formalities. I have a question for you. Do you know Daemonium from the Netherworld?" asked Erebus.

Warren nodded vigorously. "Yes! Actually, Daemonium is my godfather."

Erebus got all worked up as he gazed at Warren emotionally. "What? You're the godson of Daemonium? Tell me, how many godsons does he have?"

"I'm the only one," replied Warren.

"What's your name?" Erebus pursued further.

"Warren Williams," he answered.

Warren Williams... Warren Williams... Haha!

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"Huh? Elder Erebus, what is it that I could possibly do for you?" Warren was bewildered.

Chapter 2430



Erebus regarded Warren with a rapacious look in his eyes. "The nexus of the Soul Pinion Formation set up by Pietro is a single drop of blood composed of pure negative energy. In order to disrupt this formation, the energy makeup of the nexus must first be counteracted. That would require blood that is brimming with pure positive energy."

He continued, "Blood of that type is difficult to procure because it is such a rarity that one may not even come across it once in a hundred years. It is thus fortunate that I have managed to discover that Zeke Williams' blood is precisely what we seek. It is, however, a near impossible task to lure him in to draw blood off of him. But things are different now that you are here. Being one of Zeke's shadows, you have that same blood running in your veins. That means that your blood also possesses the same sort of positive energy attribute that we could use to neutralize the nexus."

What?

The pupils in Warren's eyes constricted while they fixated upon Erebus.

"You... You want to draw my blood?"

"Let's face it, boy. The ultimate purpose for your creation by your master is to bring about my liberation, so you have no choice in this. Come to me," Erebus said with a laugh.

No! No way! How could I, Warren Williams, possibly let myself become anyone else's sacrificial lamb?

Even though he knew well that he was no match for Erebus, he became driven by instinct to resist when it was his own life on the line.

He turned and tried to make a break for it, but there was no chance Erebus would allow for that. A surge of negative energy from the latter ensnared Warren, instantly rendering him unconscious.

After an indeterminate length of time, Warren slowly came around.

Opening his eyes groggily, he found himself assailed by a dazzling array of lights that were so blinding that he was unable to keep his eyes open.

Noticing a silhouette to the side, he then turned to look in that direction. There, he saw a wizened white-bearded elder seated in meditation.

The man, who was shrouded in a jet-black robe, came across as being very enigmatic.

At that moment, there was a void in Warren's memories, and it took him quite a while to recall the events that transpired prior to his passing out.

I ought to be dead from having my blood completely drained, so does this mean that I am in hell right now? Don't tell me that this old man in front of me is Hades himself.

Warren regarded the one before him cautiously. "Who are you? What is this place?"

The old man's voice sounded awfully familiar to him. "Have you forgotten about me already? Your Elder?"

That was the voice of Erebus.

If shades don't have physical forms, how did he manage to acquire one? I suppose that this blackclad old man must be his true form then. Does that mean that I am still alive?

Thus, he regarded Erebus warily. "Could you tell me whether I am alive or dead, Elder?"

"What sort of question is that? You are certainly very much alive," Erebus replied with a scoff.

"But didn't you draw upon my blood to destroy the Soul Pinion Formation? How could I have survived that?" Warren said.

"Whoever told you that your blood has to be completely drained in order to neutralize the formation? One drop of blood was all that was needed," Erebus replied.

Phew!

Feeling invigorated, Warren exhaled in relief.

So Elder Erebus was not going to kill me after all.

"Are we now to attempt escaping from Unholy Valley, Elder Erebus?" he continued to ask.

Erebus affirmed that with a nod. "That's right."

"Didn't you say that you don't have a physical form? Then how..."

"I told you that previously because my true form was trapped inside the Soul Pinion Formation. With the formation now destroyed, my true form has naturally been freed. Reuniting my physical and shadow form has now elevated my powers exponentially and beyond measure, Erebus explained.

Warren became buoyant upon hearing that.

Since Elder Erebus' powers were considerable even before this, he ought to be able to trounce Zeke easily now that his strength has increased more than twofold. Glorious days await me. Haha!

Straightening up, Erebus then cast his gaze out into the distance. "That purple light is an auspicious sign, a very auspicious sign indeed! The manifestation of Fortuna must be nigh."

The mere mention of Fortuna got Warren even more excited.

For the longest time, he had coveted a stream of Fortuna, but unfortunately, he lacked the means by which he could wrest any of them away from Zeke.

With Elder Erebus' help, I should be able to snag one for myself.

Warren thus promptly addressed Erebus. "Elder Erebus, I know the place where this stream of Fortuna will take form and can take you to it, as well as help you lay claim to it for yourself."