

Everybody believed that a mysterious and powerful organization had begun targeting Eastend!

Nobody even suspected Zeke in the slightest bit.

This was because in their opinion, Zeke simply wasn't capable of exterminating the Thirteen Guardians overnight!

All of a sudden, Eastend's underworld flew into a panic.

More than ten thousand thugs signed a petition requesting Reuben Mack to come out and give a statement.

However, there was no response on Reuben's side.

In fact, nobody could even get in touch with him. It was as though he had just vanished from the face of the earth.

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At that moment, Hadley discreetly brought a lanky masked man to Grand Empire Group.

Upon setting eyes on the masked man, Zeke grinned. "I knew Rosie would help me."

“Well, the Leader told me to ask you this,” Hadley said, “Why did you leave without a word back at the Heavenly Water District?”

“I had a duty to protect my country,” Zeke explained.

“Haha, you sure do know how to blow your own horn,” Hadley scoffed.

“Alright, I’ll leave the two of you for a chat now.”

Zeke then turned to the masked man and instructed, “Take off the veil.”

The man did as he said!

In truth, Zeke felt his heart skip a beat after he saw the man’s face.

If he hadn’t personally ended Reuben yesterday, he would have thought that the man standing before him was truly Reuben Mack.

He’s the spitting image of Reuben! And he’s even got Reuben’s aura as well!

Rosie’s disguising techniques have truly lived up to its name.

Alas, Rosie had no intentions on passing down her techniques. They’re most probably going to be lost to history.

“Do you know who you’re supposed to be?”
Zeke ventured.

“One of Mr. Quin’s right-hand men, Reuben Mack. Everybody addresses him as T-Rex, but he just calls himself Reuben in the presence of Mr. Quin.”

“He seems to be on good terms with Gavin Zachary, but in truth, both of them are at loggerheads with each other. On the contrary, he’s quite close with Sim Owens...”

Satisfied, Zeke nodded his head. “Good. Then do you know why you were sent here today?”

‘Reuben’ replied, “The Thirteen Guardians have committed all kinds of atrocities and have provided aid to some really nasty people. For the sake of the people in Eastend, I killed all thirteen of them.”

“Now I have come to awakening so I have decided to give up on this dark path I am on and join you in the light. I will help eradicate all villains at Eastend.”

“I’m glad that you’ve turned over a new leaf. Good for you!”

“Thank you for your compliment, Boss,” fake Reuben replied.

Zeke was rather satisfied with how fake Reuben had addressed him. "Alright, now get to work," Zeke instructed.

"After this, you'll become the real Reuben Mack. I'll put you in charge of the underworld forces here."

"Thank you so much, Boss," fake Reuben cried, "I will do anything you ask of me!"

That same day, another piece of news shocked Eastend.

The true leader of Eastend's underworld, Reuben Mack, came forward to claim that he was the one who killed the Thirteen Guardians.

Furthermore, he announced that he would no longer serve Mr. Quin and would join Zeke Williams instead.

His announcement immediately unleashed complete mayhem within Eastend's underworld.

In the past, Eastend's underworld forces had been split into two factions. One of them was led by Reuben, while the other was under the care of the Thirteen Guardians.

After the Thirteen Guardians' subordinates learned about this, they immediately retaliated

against the other faction.

As a result of the clashes, much blood was spilled and many lives were lost.

Furthermore, there were quite a few large-scale gunfights between both factions.

As a result, all of Eastend's underworld forces were in ruins. It certainly looked like the end for the underworld.

After that, the usually calm and composed Mr. Quin finally lost his cool.

First, Zeke had swindled Gavin out of 10 billion.

Now, Zeke had killed the Thirteen Guardians, won over Reuben Mack and caused him to lose his control over the underworld forces.

His status in Eastend was now hanging in a very precarious position.

Gnashing his teeth together, he snarled, "Damn you, Williams!"

"I'm going to tear you apart myself this time."



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However, Draco who had always advised him to personally deal with Zeke stopped him suddenly. “Mr. Quin, we can’t act rashly. We have to keep our cool.”

“Have you not smelled something fishy about this?”

Mr. Quin gave him a baffled look. “What’s so fishy about this?”

“Please think about it,” Draco explained, “Most of Zeke’s resources are in Rivermouth. Why would he suddenly come here to Eastend?”

“Isn’t he here because the Martial Arts Association gifted him the Grand Empire Group in Eastend?”

Draco nodded his head. “That’s right. it was gifted to him by the Martial Arts Association. So why did they do so? That’s the first question.”

“Second, we aren’t business competitors of any sort with the Grand Empire Group. So how did all these conflicts come about?”

“He signed a contract with the celebrity I had put a hit on.”

“You are right,” Draco replied, “But of all the people, why did Mia Young seek Zeke’s help?”

After all, he isn't really that powerful here in the Eastend."

"Please bear in mind that she had previously been rejected by the Martial Arts Association. She knew very well that Williams would be even less of a match against you!"

"That's true," Mr. Quin mused, "So why did she do it?"

"That's because the President of the Martial Arts Association recommended that she should get help from Zeke."

Mr. Quin gasped, "The Martial Arts Association was the one who got Zeke to come here to the Eastend. And they were the ones who brought about this conflict between both of us..."

"F**k! The Martial Arts Association is using us to deal with Williams!"

"Dylan, you son of a b**th! How dare you use these tricks against me? I'm going to tear you apart!"

"Calm down!" Draco said hastily, "Mr. Quin, that isn't what happened."

"From my knowledge, there are no grievances between the Martial Arts Association and Williams. Thus, Dylan has no reason to try and

harm Williams.”

“What the f*** are you trying to say?” Mr. Quin snapped, “All the evidence points to the fact that the Martial Arts Association is trying to use us to get rid of Williams!”

“Yet, you’re telling me now that this isn’t the case. So what on earth is happening?”

“Calm down, Mr. Quin. Just listen to me.”

“Do you still remember that siege not too long ago? Well, that siege had actually been targeted at Linton Group and Williams.”

“And the person behind that siege is none other than Dylan’s boss!”

“The boss of Dylan’s has an enormous grudge against Williams. He was definitely the one who instructed Dylan to do that.”

No wonder Draco was Mr. Quin’s advisor. As someone deeply involved in the matter, he was still able to see through everything and glean what was really happening!

Gasp!

Mr. Quin drew in a shaky breath after Draco had finished.

He knew very well who Dylan's boss was.

In fact, he had crossed paths with this person before.

Dylan's boss was an extremely powerful man. Back in the olden days, he would have been akin to a prince.

In a show of respect, everybody addressed him as 'Boss'.

He was someone that Mr. Quin couldn't afford to offend.

Mr. Quin certainly hadn't expected him to be involved in this matter at all.

This train of events had completely caught him by surprise.

All of a sudden, he was actually at a loss for what to do next.

"Mr. Quin," Draco asked cautiously, "Do you know who Dylan works for?"

Mr. Quin nodded his head. "Yes, I do. And he's so powerful that... Well, let me put it this way, I can't even dream of holding a candle to him."

Draco's face immediately turned as pale as a sheet.

Someone who Mr. Quin couldn't even dream of holding a candle to? How powerful is this man then?



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Upon learning how high the stakes actually were, Draco didn't have the guts to make anymore suggestions. "Er...Mr. Quin, I think it's best if you had a talk with that guy."

"If there isn't anything else, I'll take my leave first."

Draco was a very smart man. He knew that it was best if he was kept in the dark about who that person was.

Otherwise, he might bring a whole lot of trouble upon himself.

After Draco left, Mr. Quin picked up his phone with shaky hands and made a call.

It wasn't long before the call went through. "How have you been, Boss?" Mr. Quin fawned.

The Boss' voice was cold and icy. "Hmph, I've been waiting for this call for quite some time now, Quin."

Mr. Quin could feel his heart starting to beat wildly. "You know why I'm calling you, Boss?"

"If I'm right, you're calling about Zeke Williams, aren't you?"

"In that case, everything has been arranged by you?" Mr. Quin asked.

“That’s right,” the Boss replied.

“That’s very kind of you,” Mr. Quin said respectfully.

“Quin,” the Boss said, “Tell me the truth. Did you think that I was using you to take on Williams?”

“No, of course not!” Mr. Quin denied hastily.

Even though deep down, he was cursing the Boss and his family, he certainly didn’t have the guts to let it show.

After all, his head was on the line and he had no intentions of offending the Boss.

“That’s good,” the Boss replied.

“To tell you the truth, Quin, I’m doing this for your own good as well.”

What f***ing good has this done me? Mr Quin cursed silently.

I lost 10 billion and my control over the underworld forces! Was that for my own good?

“Thank you so much for looking out for me, Boss,” he said ‘gratuitously’.

“But Boss, could you indicate to me as to how this is good for me?”

“Do you still remember Paul Hunt from Queenstown?”

“Of course I do. He’s your arch enemy.”

“He dug up some dirt on both of us back then in Queenstown.”

“In order to stop him from telling anyone what he had found, you instructed John to cast a curse on him and turn him into a vegetable.”

“Why did you bring him up again all of a sudden?”

“Well, Williams is well versed in the practice of voodoo. There’s a very high chance that he has save Paul Hunt.”

“What?” Mr. Quin exclaimed as a shiver crept down his spine. “There’s a chance that Paul Hunt can be saved?”

“Damn it! If he really wakes up and reveals the results of the investigation all those years ago, you and I will be in hot soup.”

“That’s why I wanted you to help eliminate Williams. In a way, it’s for your own good.”

Mr. Quin nodded his head profusely. “Thank you for educating me, Boss.”

“You can rest assured. I’ll see to it that Williams doesn’t live for long.”

“Ugh,” Boss sighed, “Judging by how things look, I’m afraid that even you might not prove to be a match for Williams.”

“Remember this, even if you can’t eliminate Williams, you must make sure that Eastend doesn’t fall into his hands.”

“After all, Eastend connects both Rivermouth and Atheville. If Eastend were to fall into his hands as well, he might become a threat to Atheville!”

“Atheville is my home turf. If he were to set foot here, getting rid of him will not be an easy feat.”

“You won’t have to worry about a thing, Boss,” Mr. Quin assured him, “I will do everything I can to eliminate him.”

“Hmph. I’ve already sent John to assassinate Paul Hunt. I hope he won’t disappoint me.”

After hanging up, Mr. Quin hastily made another call to Sim Owens.

Sim Owens was the leader amongst the three of Mr. Quin’s most trusted subordinates. His status was even higher than Gavin Zachary’s and Reuben Mack’s. Thus, he was the one who

decided who got to live and who didn't.

His team consisted of the most skilled assassins throughout Eurasia. Some of them were just a step away from becoming a Master.

The funds required to keep this team going were more than 10 million every year.



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Ever since this little squad of assassins had been assembled, they had not been sent on any mission.

This was because there wasn't any target worthy of being assassinated by them.

Thus, Zeke was going to be the squad's very first assassination!

The call went through really quickly.

"Good morning, Mr. Quin," Sim greeted him.

"Owens, how many people in your assassin squad are in Eastend?" Mr. Quin asked.

"The captain, Haros, and the vice-captain, Charon, are both in Eastend," Sim replied.

"All the other members are scattered over the country helping you expand your territory."

Mr. Quin felt much more at ease all of a sudden.

The Ferrymen of the Dead were the two strongest assassins in the squad.

A combined attack from both of them would be more than enough to take out Zeke.

"Tell the Ferrymen of the Dead to come and

look for me," Mr. Quin instructed, "I've got an important mission for them."

Sim gasped, "You want the two of them on the same mission? Who on earth is the target?"

"Even a Master wouldn't be able to take on the both of them together."

"The target isn't a Master," Mr. Quin grimaced, "Unfortunately, he poses a bigger threat to us than a Master."

"Understood," Sim replied, "I'll make the necessary arrangements right now."

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After news that the Ferrymen of the Dead were going after Zeke Williams broke out, Eastend's underworld forces calmed down significantly.

All the mayhem and chaos here in Eastend had been singlehandedly caused by Zeke.

If he were killed by the Ferrymen of the Dead, things would naturally go back to the way they were before.

However, whether the Ferrymen of the Dead could perform their duty and kill Zeke was never a question that had even crossed their minds.

The Ferrymen of the Dead's reputation was certainly no less illustrious than Mr. Quin's.

This was because their prowess rivalled that of a Master's.

In fact, a major media outlet even described them as 'Eurasia's 11th Master' and 'Unparalleled Among All Beneath The Master Rank'.

Unless Zeke was a Master himself or he would be dead meat.

And was Zeke a Master? He most certainly wasn't!

Otherwise, why was his name not among the ranking for Master?

The streets and open areas around the Grand Empire Group were packed like sardines.

All the people here wanted to witness for themselves this historic moment where the Ferrymen of the Dead killed Zeke.

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Hadley brought a team of assassins along with her and camped outside Grand Empire Group.

Nevertheless, this had up Zeke. "Hey, are you

out of your mind? This is a legitimate business I'm running. How would it look if a bunch of shady people camped at my doorstep all day?"

Hadley rolled her eyes at him. "Classic example of biting the hand that feeds you!"

"Since when did you bite my hand? And I'm not feeding you either," Zeke replied.

"I'll f***ing..." Hadley nearly had a fit.

Not only did he tie the knot with a gorgeous woman, but he's got such a sharp tongue as well! I haven't even won any of our arguments yet! This is so unfair!

"Well, don't you know why we're camping out here?" Hadley huffed.

"The Ferrymen of the Dead are out there to get you."

"The Leader has said that you are not to die at the hands of the Ferrymen of the Dead. Only by killing you herself will she be able to fulfill her urge for revenge."

"Why didn't she come to see me?" Zeke sighed exasperatedly.

A dejected expression flashed across her face all of a sudden. "She has missed you over the

years. And it's taken quite a toll on her mental state."

"She said that she needed some time to get back in the right frame of mind. That way, it'll be much easier when she kills you."

"But I think she wants you to see her at her best... It's the first time you two have met again in a really long time. She wants to leave a good impression."

"And that is what baffles me. What's so great about men? They're filthy and they smell. Now, look at women! They smell good, they're soft and their voices sound really nice..."

"Haha," Zeke scoffed, "If everybody were to think like you, humans would have gone into extinction a long time ago."

"Alright, you guys can go back now. The Ferrymen of the Dead certainly are no match for me! I don't need you guys to protect me!"



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“The Ferrymen of the Dead have been described as ‘Unparalleled Among All Beneath The Master Rank,’” Hadley said, “Are you trying to tell me that you’re already a Master?”

“Are you Master Williams? The patron saint of Rivermouth?”

Zeke nodded his head. “That’s right.”

“Haha!” Hadley burst out laughing, “You’re hilarious! I am laughing my guts out.”

“.....”

All of a sudden, the door opened, Caleb Nolan from Chase Banks walked in.

Upon seeing him, Hadley and her group of assassins immediately went into high alert.

Not too long ago, Chase Bank had joined forces with Gavin Zachary and nearly destroyed Zeke and his family. It was safe to say that they were enemies.

Why did he come here at such a sensitive time? Is he planning to harm Zeke?

Hadley and the gang immediately went into battle mode. “Caleb, what are you doing here?”

“I didn’t think you would be here, Ms. Murphy,”

Caleb replied politely.

“I’m here on Sir’s orders to protect Mr. William.”

“What?” Hadley exclaimed, “Aren’t you two enemies? Have you lost your mind?”

“Watch your tongue, Ms. Murphy,” Caleb corrected her hastily. “Chase Bank and I are loyal supporters of Mr. Williams. We’ll do anything he asks of us! How could we be enemies?”

As he spoke, he walked over to Zeke and bowed. “I hope you’ve been well, Mr. Williams.”

Zeke had the Bauhinia Royal Card. He was literally just a phone call away from getting his hands on a trillion.

Right now, Chase Bank really suspected that Zeke was the king of some country.

Thus, they would naturally try to get in his good books.

Holy f***!

Hadley and company’s eyes widened with shock.

What on earth is happening? Are we seeing things?

Chase Bank has actually bowed to Zeke!

How did he pull that off?

How powerful is he?

As expected, the man that caught the eye of the Leader is no ordinary person.

“What are you doing here again?” Zeke said impatiently.

“We received words that the Ferrymen of the Dead are coming after you,” Caleb explained.

“I’m here under the order of the Boss of Chase Bank to protect you, Mr. Williams.”)

“Oh, so you’re a good fighter?” Zeke asked.

Caleb shook his head. “I’m not a good fighter. But our bank has the money. Don’t ever underestimate the power of money, Mr. Williams.”

As he spoke, he unlocked the box he had brought along and opened it up. Inside laid a device that closely resembled a laptop.

“Mr. Williams,” Caleb explained, “This device can be connected to all the banks in Eurasia. And it can also be connected to 546 foreign banks, including the Swedish Bank...”

“Money might not be able to kill a person, but it can certainly buy over one.”

“Ugh,” Zeke sighed, “They’re nothing but two irksome insects. I can defeat them with a wave of my hand. Why are both of you getting so worked up?”

Caleb and Hadley were both speechless.

Mr. Williams has gotten too full of himself.

Just then, the assistant director of Grand Empire Group, Jessie Diaz, burst into the room and cried, “We’ve got a problem, Mr. Williams.”

“We’ve just received news that Sim Owens is rushing here with the Ferrymen of the Dead to make a move on you.”

“Should we close for the day so you can go somewhere to hide this out?”

“You mustn’t panic when you encounter any problem,” Zeke told her, “You should take out your phone and post them on your Moments.”

Everybody was rendered speechless.

“Mr. Williams,” Jessie asked timidly, “I...don’t think I catch your drift. Are you trying to hint to me that I should call the police?”

“There is no pun intended,” Zeke said, “I meant exactly what I said.”

“Everybody, when I crush those two insects under my feet later on. Please feel free to take a photo and post it on your Moments.”

“Come on, I shall take on the role of security guard for today.”

He then proceeded to stride out the room.

Everyone smiled wryly then followed suit.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Meanwhile, Sim was leading the Ferrymen of the Dead over.

He was in fact rather displeased with Mr. Quin's decision.

They were only dealing with an outsider; hence, they did not need to assign both Charon and Haros to this.

All they needed was one of them to get rid of their opponent.

It was a waste of resources to send both of them out at the same time.

Soon, he reached Grand Empire Group's building.

There were thousands of men nearby the Grand Empire Group's building, they swiftly crowded around the building and Sim's car upon his arrival.

The sight was grand with the number of people around.

And they were all staring at Sim's car.

Inside the car were the Ferrymen of the Dead, Charon and Haros.

It was an honor to all of them to be able to

witness the Ferrymen of the Dead working together.

Sim murmured to the two, "Please wait for me here. I'll get down from the car to take a look at the situation.

Both of them nodded. "Okay."

He only dared to come out of the car after gaining their approval.

Instead of being the leader of the Ferrymen of the Dead, he was more like their manager.

He could only assign them to the tasks that they approved of, and he had to pay them enough money for their missions.

After getting down from the car, he looked at Zeke.

Zeke got himself a chair, and he was on his phone with a calm and collected look.

He did not even spare a glance at Sim's arrival.

Hadley and Caleb were standing on both of his sides, and their palms were clammy with sweat.

Hadley swallowed and whispered, "Zeke, listen to my words carefully. My boss has instructed

me to clear an escape path for you even if we die. So don't let our lives go to waste."

Zeke said, "I have good news and bad news. Which do you want to listen to first?"

Hadley replied, "The bad news."

Zeke continued, "You can't fight against them. The moment you make a move, you're dead."

Hadley did not refute his words.

She knew that Zeke was probably right.

"What about the good news?" Hadley asked.

Zeke replied, "You won't need to make a move. I can finish them off myself. All you need to do is to record the moment when I finish them off and post it up on your social media."

Ha!

Sim had a cold look in his eyes as he stared at Zeke. "You're Zeke Williams?"

"Mm." Zeke did not even raise his head.

Sim announced, "Do you know that I didn't want to assign the Ferrymen of the Dead because you don't deserve them? However, Mr. Quin has overestimated you. That's why he had sent the

two of them to take your pathetic life. I can give you a chance now. Confess your wrongdoings and beg for your life from Mr. Quin, and I'll keep the Ferrymen of the Dead at bay. That way, you'll retain your body in one piece."

Zeke remained silent as he continued to play on his phone.

Sim declared, "You may consider my offer. I'll only give you five minutes."

Suddenly, Zeke laughed, "Hadley, look. I've gotten several coins!"

"F*ck!" Sim thundered.

He's not even thinking about my offer. Instead, he's busy collecting coins in a game!

This is ridiculous! He's gone way overboard!

"You're dead meat!" He walked back to his car and uttered, "Time to make a move."

In an instant, the crowd became excited as they stared at the car without blinking.

Are the Ferrymen of the Dead finally showing themselves?

The door slowly opened, and two figures came down from the car.

One was fat; the other was skinny. One was tall; the other was short. They looked ordinary; they did not look any different from a bystander.

However, the murderous aura they exuded sent shivers down everyone's spines.

The moment they stepped out of the car, it was as if the surrounding temperature had dropped.

Some cowardly people had retreated themselves to far corners.

These were the true fighters.

Zeke was doomed.

Hmm?

At that moment, Zeke raised his head.

The aura that the Ferrymen of the Dead had successfully caught Zeke's attention.

When he saw their faces, his hands could not help but tremble. His eyes widened, and his jaw went slack.

The cigarette in his mouth fell onto his floor without his notice.

How... How can it be them?



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When the Ferrymen of the Dead saw Zeke, they were dumbfounded.

Then, their bodies trembled as their brows lifted, and their eyes widened.

In fact, tears were brimming in their eyes.

It's him! It's really him!

He was the one they had been searching fruitlessly for decades!

It was their god and their guide in life, Alpha!

Memories started flashing before Zeke and the Ferrymen of the Dead.

Five years ago, Zeke had led thousands to sweep the borders of the nine countries. His troop was named Wolf Pack, and Zeke was their leader, Alpha.

He had chosen the strongest ten among the members and created Commando, a sub-unit.

Lone Wolf of Rivermouth Military District, Sole Wolf, and the Ferrymen of the Dead were once part of Commando.

However, in the past, they were called Black Wolf and White Wolf instead of Ferrymen of the Dead.

These ten people were the front-line soldiers of every battle. They were invincible, and they had never failed.

Finally, Zeke successfully forced the nine countries to sign the Nine Nations Treaty of Alliance.

In return, Commando had paid a devastating price.

Five of the team had lost contact with the main troop, and they were classified as missing in action, including the Ferrymen of the Dead.

Four of the remaining five survivors had followed Zeke back to Eurasia, and they were now peacekeepers.

Lone Wolf and Sole Wolf were part of those four.

Another had claimed an island as territory for himself overseas. He had created the largest mercenary organization, Tulle, that collected overseas information for Zeke.

Earlier, the one trillion that Zeke had transferred to Chase Bank was provided by Tulle.

All these years, Zeke had never stopped searching for the five missing members, but it was to no avail.

He had not expected the two of them to have returned to Eurasia.

If Zeke was looking for them, so were they for Zeke.

The two had suffered greatly in their search for Zeke. They had slept under the bridge, lay on restroom floors, ate dog food, and hid from the cold in pig-sties.

In the end, their hard work was paid off.

A myriad of feelings was swarming into the two men's hearts as they slowly took heavy steps toward Zeke.

Zeke had also stood up to welcome his brother-in-arms.

When Sim saw Zeke's look and the way he stood up nervously, he was overjoyed.

He thought that Zeke was standing up out of fear.

"Williams, before the two make their moves, you still have a chance to confess your sins to Mr. Quin. You can choose to either die in pieces or given a proper funeral."

The thousands of men started hollering.

“Haha! Williams, aren’t you an impressive man? Keep it up then!”

“Sit back down and continue playing with your phone. You’ll have a more comfortable death!”

“Don’t bother defending yourself. There’s still time for you to beg for mercy.”

Caleb and Hadley held their breaths as they tensed up.

The aura that the Ferrymen of the Dead exuded was too terrifying, and it stunned them.

If not for their boss’ command, they would have escaped.

The Ferrymen of the Dead soon came close to Hadley.

The crowd bellowed, “Kill her! Kill her!”

Hadley reached behind her back for her weapon. She was prepared to fight to her death.

However, Zeke placed his hand over Hadley’s firmly. He shook his head at her, signaling her not to make a move.

A confrontation was about to happen any moment.

In the next action, the Ferrymen of the Dead put the cheering crowd silent.

Both of them got on their knees in front of Zeke and lowered their heads to bow at him.

“Zeke!”

A simple call of his name that carried thousands of emotions in it could only be understood by those who were involved.



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With a gentle smile, Zeke patted their heads.

“I’ve finally found the two of you.”

Both of them replied, “Zeke, we’ve been looking for you too.”

Zeke just said calmly, “I know. Get up now.”

“Okay.” Both stood up and quietly took their spots beside Zeke.

A breeze swept through, and it made everyone’s heart shudder.

The crowd was going bonkers.

What?

Are we seeing things?

Did the eleventh master of Eurasia just got on their knees in front of Zeke and called out his name?

And Zeke even patted their heads!

What the f*ck? Who the hell is Zeke Williams? Even the Ferrymen of the Dead are behaving humbly in front of him.

Now, everything was getting interesting.

The Ferrymen of the Dead had been assigned to go against Zeke, but they ended up having a reunion.

Where the hell is the confrontation?

Zeke looked at Sim with gratitude and said, "Mr. Owens, thank you for reuniting me and my brother-in-arms. I owe you a favor."

"Pft!"

Sim coughed out blood at his words.

He could not accept this cruel fact. To make things worse, Zeke was actually thanking him.

Are you making a dig at me?

All that had happened before him was way too much for him to handle. As a result, he started coughing blood.

He had never suffered a blow like this in his life.

Charon glared at Sim. "You bastard, how dare you pit us against Zeke? I'm going to crush you like you're a peanut!"

Haros suggested, "Why not throw him into a pot of boiling oil instead? I like fries."

Zeke hurriedly stopped the two of them.

“That’s enough! Mr. Owens is our benefactor. How can you say such atrocious things to him?”

Zeke was genuinely grateful to Sim.

His score with Mr. Quin was nothing in the face of reuniting with his brother-in-arms.

Sim was left with no other choices, so he hurriedly got back to his car and sped off.

The Ferrymen of the Dead shouted at the crowd, “You’re all blocking the door. If you end up disrupting Zeke’s business, we’ll never let you off easily.”

The crowd scattered in despair.

We’re doomed. The Eastend is doomed.

Gavin Zachary was defeated, the Thirteen Guardians were killed, and Reuben Mack had turned into a traitor.

Now, even the Ferrymen of the Dead seemed to be friendly with the enemy.

It seemed like Mr. Quin had no one left by his side.

The Quin family that had been established in Eastend for more than a century would be

doomed very soon.

Zeke glanced at Caleb and Hadley. “If you have no other business here, you can leave. We won’t serve lunch.”

It was then Hadley and Caleb returned to their senses.

Oh my god. Can someone tell me what are the limits of Zeke?

Despite knowing that Zeke was a powerful man, they had still underestimated his power.

He ignored Caleb and Hadley, then went into the car with the Ferrymen of the Dead.

Charon sighed, “Zeke, there are so many things I want to talk to you about.”

Haros agreed, “Same here.”

“Go on,” Zeke said.

Charon continued, “There are simply too many things. I don’t know where to start.”

Haros repeated, “Same here.”

Zeke answered, “Then keep it to yourself. I’ll be making a call to Lone Wolf and Sole Wolf later. I’m sure they’ll be overjoyed to hear this.”

Charon laughed, “Haha! we’ll drink till we drop tonight!”

Haros exclaimed, “Me too!”

Zeke stared at Haros, at a loss for words.

This man has not changed. He’s still repeating ‘same’ here’ to every conversation we have. How is he going to find a wife like this?

I’ll have to trouble Lacey to look for a good woman for him.

Zeke then called Lone Wolf and Sole Wolf to inform them about their reunion.

As expected, when the two heard that their brothers-in-arms were back, they went mad in excitement. Immediately, they flew over in a helicopter to meet up with them.



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When the four met, they crushed each other in hugs.

“F*ck, where the hell have you been? I miss you so much.”

“Is hell bloody?”

“Why are you asking about this?”

“You said bloody hell.”

“You’re an idiot.”

“Come, tell me what you’ve been through all these years. Why are you so skinny now?”

“It’s a long story.”

“Let’s drink. Let’s chat as we drink.”

“Waiter, five cartons please.”

The waiter walked over and asked, “Mister, do you want stout or lager?”

Lone Wolf replied, “Not beer. I want five cartons of white wine. One box for each of us.”

The waiter was speechless.

Hence, the five had one carton of white wine each.

Even if their alcohol tolerance was good, after the amount they had drunk, they were starting to stumble on their words with reddened faces.

After they had enough of catching up, they started arguing amongst themselves. None of them was willing to admit that they were weaker than the other.

In the end, Lone Wolf suggested, "What are we doing? Let's exchange blows. We'll know who's the real deal."

"Haha! I agree," the rest of them laughed.

Zeke got a little irritated. "Alright. Just sit down."

When Zeke spoke, the rest fell silent and waited patiently. "Zeke, what do you need from us?"

Zeke continued, "We've found seven out of the ten from Commando. I'm hoping to look for three more strong fighters, so we'll have ten people. Then, we'll get ourselves involved in something big."

His words piqued the interests of the others.

"How big?"

Zeke explained, "One of the nations has been acting up recently. They've been trying their

luck at the borders. I want to take you there for some fun. Make our enemies quake in their boots.”

Their eyes lit up. “Haha! That sounds great! We’ll screw them over!”

Lone Wolf slapped his head and said, “I was so preoccupied with drinking that I’ve forgotten about this one important thing. Zeke, I want to introduce someone to Commando.”

Zeke queried, “Who is that?”

Lone Wolf looked at the time and muttered, “You should know him, and he should be here any time.”

Right then, the whirring sounds of a helicopter sounded from outside.

Lone Wolf explained, “He’s here. Let’s go out and welcome him.”

The group went out of the hotel.

The helicopter slowly landed. The door opened, and a buff man came down from the helicopter.

When Zeke saw that man, his eyes lit up.

Hudson!

It was his high school classmate, his best friend, and Sharon's biological father, Hudson Callum!

Back then, Hudson was set up by his ex-wife and had his leg broken by someone.

Zeke had been the one to seek justice for him and sent him to Cygnus Room to get treatment for his broken leg.

Hudson's treatment had been delayed for too long, so traditional treatments did not work for him.

Hence, Cygnus Room had used cutting-edge technology to insert nanotech into his bones.

The expert from Cygnus Room had told him that once Hudson's leg had fully recovered, he could easily kill an elephant with a kick.

Zeke observed the leg he had broken.

He was walking in light and steady footsteps; he did not seem like a cripple at all.

Indeed, Cygnus Room was Eurasia's best research institution.

Hudson rushed up to Zeke and gave him a hug. "Haha! I'm back."

After simple greetings, Zeke smiled and said, "How's your kick with that leg now, Hudson?"

Hudson shook his head. "I'm not sure. I went for a stroll yesterday, then I accidentally kicked the fire hydrant and it broke in half."

"Is that so?" Lone Wolf stared at Hudson's leg enthusiastically. "Is Cygnus Room's technology so advanced? I can't wait to find out."

Hudson laughed, "Lone Wolf, I'm ready when you are."

"Come!"

Both kicked.

Bang!

A loud soundwave resulted from their kicks, and the dust flew up from the ground.

Lone Wolf grabbed his leg and howled, "F*ck, it hurts. Did you replace your bones with steel?"



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“Hahaha!”

Zeke smiled.

Lone Wolf had strong arms, but his legs were his weakness.

He would naturally lose when he used his weakness to compete with someone else’s strong point.

Zeke muttered, “Come. Let’s go back and continue drinking.”

Haros laughed, “Haha! Let’s drink until we cross that bridge!”

Charon replied, “Shut up. Don’t use idioms if you don’t know how to use them properly.”

.....

In the luxurious Imperial Palace, Mr. Quin was training his Siberian wolves.

He was satisfied with this pack of wolves. They were ruthless and cruel, and they would even kill each other just for a taste of meat.

They were more ferocious than any dogs he had had in the past.

Feeling tired from the training, Mr. Quin sat

down and sipped from his cup. “Draco, any news from Sim?”

Draco smiled. “Not yet. Maybe Sim’s on the way because he wants to tell you the good news in person.”

Mr. Quin nodded with a smile in return. “Yes. Sim has assigned the Ferrymen of the Dead to this. There shouldn’t be any problem this time. I’ve seen their capabilities. They’re bound to win even if they’re going up against normal masters. Even a top master like me can’t guarantee that I’ll be able to take both of them down in ten moves.”

Draco murmured, “Mr. Quin, they’re incomparable to you. After all, they work as a team. If they’re separated, I’m sure they would be much weaker.”

Mr. Quin took in a deep breath. “That’s impossible because I’ve never seen them separated.”

Right then, Draco’s phone rang.

Draco reported, “It’s from Sim.”

Mr. Quin instructed, “Put him on speakers.”

Draco did as instructed.

Sim panted, “Mr. Quin, I have bad news.”

Mr. Quin’s heart skipped a beat. “What’s wrong?”

Sim explained, “Ferrymen of the Dead know Zeke, and he used to be their leader. The mission failed before it even started.”

What?

Mr. Quin’s hand shuddered, and he dropped his cup and it shattered into pieces on the floor.

Ferrymen of the Dead know Zeke, and he’s their leader?

Who the hell is Zeke to make the Ferrymen of the Dead lower themselves in front of him?

Just a businessman from Rivermouth?

That must be a joke!

What kind of enemy has my damn boss assigned me to?

In an instant, Mr. Quin looked as if he had aged ten years. He lay slump on the chair, huffing.

Gavin Zachary was defeated, the Thirteen Guardians were killed, Reuben Mack had turned into a traitor, and the underworld forces had

gotten out of hand.

Even the Ferrymen of the Dead had joined the side of the enemy.

Now, Mr. Quin was left with no one.

The danger alarm in his mind was wailing.

Draco's phone rang again.

He carefully glanced at Mr. Quin before stepping out of the room to take the call.

A moment later, he returned with a solemn look.

"Who was it?" Mr. Quin realized something amiss about the call when he saw Draco's change of expression.

Draco carefully explained, "The businessmen, politicians, and underworld forces on your side have called to ask how your preparations against this catastrophe are going. It sounds like they think that you're at your wit's end. They sound like they're going to leave your side for Zeke instead."

Mr. Quin sneered, "At my wit's end? Haha, the ace up my sleeve is me!"

He rotated his wrist. "It's been a while since I've

made a move. My fists are itching to collide with something. Draco, you're right. I should've been the one to go up against Zeke from the start."

Draco beamed, "Mr. Quin, you're number two in Eurasia's ranking. If you make a move, I'm sure you'll turn the table around."



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Mr. Quin nodded. "Alright. Spread the news. I'm officially challenging Zeke Williams to a duel. If he refuses, he has to get his sorry ass out of Eastend and never to return again."

The fighting prowess of a master was too great that they were technically not allowed to make a move easily. They could not do things like what Reuben Mack had done; they were not allowed to play underhand tricks.

The only way they could fight someone else was to challenge that person to a duel. Only when the other party had agreed to it, then they could make a move.

Draco nodded swiftly. "Of course. I'll arrange the time and place for you."

"Okay." Mr. Quin nodded. "Also, let those who are about to change sides watch the battle. I'm going to make this battle a show for them. Let me see who will dare to think of changing sides ever again."

Suddenly, Mr. Quin's personal phone rang.

It was from the boss.

Without a doubt, the boss was calling to reprimand him.

After collecting himself, Mr. Quin accepted the

call.

“Boss, are you looking for me?”

Boss answered coldly, “Quin, you’ve disappointed me. From the way I see the situation, are you planning to hand over Eastend?”

Mr. Quin quickly explained, “Boss, I have underestimated my enemy, and it worsened the situation. But don’t worry. I’ll be dealing with him myself this time.”

The boss hummed, “Good. That’ll take a weight off my mind. Remember, even if you can’t kill Zeke, you have to keep him in Eastend. You can’t let him go back to Rivermouth. I’ve sent John to Rivermouth. He’s going to activate the poison in Paul’s body and kill him.

Mr. Quin brightened up. “Haha! Great. This time, we’ll be able to uproot him once and for all.”

The boss then said, “I heard that you’re training a pack of wolves recently, aren’t you?”

Mr. Quin was confused as to why his boss was concerned with his wolves.

He answered, “Yes. They are pure-bred Siberian wolves.”

The boss said, "Paul lives in a military base, and the security there is tight. I'm afraid John will not be able to go near the target. I want to borrow your wolves to let them into the base to create some chaos. Only then will John have the chance to sneak in."

Mr. Quin answered very quickly, "No problem."

The boss continued, "The one who sends the wolves has to be someone you trust. No information must get out of this place to avoid Zeke looking for help to stop John."

"I understand."

.....

In an hour, news of Mr. Quin challenging Zeke to a duel had spread across the entire Eastend.

Mr. Quin was a top master, and he was the second in the Eurasia ranking.

In other words, the Ferrymen of the Dead was incomparable to him.

If he was going to go against Zeke, Zeke was certainly dead meat.

Ever since Mr. Quin had established his reputation, it was rare for anyone to witness him fighting.

Now that they had a chance to do that, they could die without any regrets.

Those who were thinking of changing sides dismissed their thoughts as they mocked themselves.

They thought that Mr. Quin would be at the end of his road when his three most capable men were down.

Yet, they had forgotten that Mr. Quin's ace up his sleeve was himself.

Within a short period of time, the tickets to watch the battle were selling like hot cakes. As if the tickets were made of diamonds, it was nearly impossible to get one.

After all, the top master of Eastend had his influence all over the country and not only Eastend.

Henry, the godson of Gavin Zachary, was the one who personally sent the duel invitation to Zeke.

To avoid getting beaten up, he brought dozens of bodyguards with him.

Henry was worried that Zeke would not take up the challenge, so he was prepared to provoke him into accepting it.

To his surprise, Zeke agreed to it easily.

That excited Henry. “Haha! Williams, it doesn’t matter if you’re someone capable. You can’t be better than the number two of Eurasia! You’re dead meat this time. It’s such a pity for Lacey. She’ll be a young widow.”

He sighed, “Unfortunately, I’m born with kindness. I’ll be a scrap picker and take good care of Lacey for you. Lacey, wait for me. I’m coming!”



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With that said, Henry returned to his car with his bodyguards and drove toward Rivermouth.

The moment he left, Hadley crawled out from a corner.

She rolled her eyes in the direction that Henry left and seethed, "F*ck you, Lacey's mine. How dare you think of laying a finger on her? You can dream on!"

Then, she went to Zeke's office to report the matter to him.

Zeke sneered, "What a bastard. He's a persistent fool. Please go and protect Lacey now."

Hadley gave a rather mean look to Zeke. "Zeke, don't worry. Just focus on sending Mr. Quin to hell. I'll be by Lacey's side, and I'll take good care of her for you."

Zeke was frustrated.

Marrying a pretty wife is troublesome. There are all sorts of people interested in her.

After conquering Eastend, I'm definitely not going to leave my wife's side anymore.

Time passed swiftly. Soon, it was the day of the duel.

The duel was held in the largest underground boxing arena in Eastend.

This boxing arena once belonged to the Sixth Guardian, and it was a lucrative business.

After his death, many were fighting to gain ownership of the boxing arena.

Fights constantly broke out here. In seven days, there were already six transfers of ownership.

Just yesterday, Draco finally came to calm the situation in the boxing arena and took over the place.

Early in the morning, many from noble families rushed in.

They were the only ones who had gotten tickets to enter the arena.

Many from wealthy families were willing to take up the roles as guards in maintaining order just to get a glimpse of Mr. Quin's fight.

The two main characters had yet to arrive, but the place was already crowded and lively.

Some had even started betting.

In the morning, Zeke took a shower.

Today, he was going to show off his true powers and lay Mr. Quin to waste as flashy as he could.

Once everything was ready, he drove to the underground boxing arena.

He was halfway there when he suddenly noticed a Land Rover trailing behind him slowly.

Zeke frowned. Who's following me?

He carefully drove his car toward the quieter areas, planning to flip the other car with a crash to find out what was going on.

Right then, Zeke's phone rang.

When he glanced at the caller ID and he got emotional.

It was the Leader of the Necromancer Assassin Organization, Rosie White.

Is she willing to forgive me now?

Zeke instantly picked up the call. "Rosie, you're finally calling me."

Rosie coldly said, "Keep driving. Don't stop."

Zeke froze. "Rosie, are you the one behind me?"

Rosie replied, "Yes."

Subconsciously, Zeke was about to step on the brakes.

Rosie repeated, "Keep driving. Don't stop. You have no right to see me now. You can only meet me when you walk out of the boxing arena alive."

Zeke smiled. It seemed like Rosie was worried that he would be killed by Mr. Quin.

He reassured, "Don't worry. Mr. Quin isn't a threat to me yet."

Rosie huffed, "I've already sent someone to poison Mr. Quin. As long as you can last two of his moves on the ring, he will die from the poison."

Zeke frowned. "You want to poison Mr. Quin? He's such a careful person. I don't think it'll be easy to do that."

Rosie explained, "He's wary of outsiders but not the ones by his side. I've arranged for his advisor, Draco, to poison him."

"Draco!" Zeke exclaimed, "Draco is one of your men?"



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Rosie uttered, "Do you think I'll let Mr. Quin and his men dominate the place without planting a few spies by his side?"

"As expected of Rosie White. No average person can think as good as you. However, don't bother with poisoning him. I want to take him down the proper way."

Rosie scoffed.

She did not believe that Zeke was capable of taking down Mr. Quin.

She had limited knowledge of Zeke; she only knew that he had some capability in the medical field. Although he seemed like someone unique with some capabilities, he was not one who could achieve great things.

Rosie did not know that Zeke was the Great Marshal.

She continued, "Also, Draco has told me a secret. Mr. Quin is planning to help John sneak into the military base that Paul Hunt is in. He's planning to activate the poison in John and kill him."

Zeke furrowed his brows. "Why is Mr. Quin in a team with John? Could it be that Quin is also one of the boss' men? This sounds plausible. Thank you, Rosie. This information is very

important to me.”

Rosie reminded, “Remember. If you die at the arena, I’ll shred your corpse and feed it to the dogs.”

Click!

Rosie ended the call.

Zeke fell deep into his thoughts.

All this time, John had been an irritating presence to Zeke because he was the only one who could activate the poison in Paul.

This was an opportunity for him to get rid of a threat like John.

But who should I send to get rid of him?

Lone Wolf and Sole Wolf had important roles in the military. They were busy, and Zeke could not possibly waste their time.

The Ferrymen of the Dead were in limelight now, so it would be too eye-catching to send them there.

Hudson.

Hudson is the best candidate.

Hudson was an average man. No one knew his relationship with him, and no one would pay attention to him.

At that, Zeke immediately called Hudson and explained the situation to him.

Hudson answered without a second thought, "No problem. This is my first mission, so I guarantee that I'll deal with it meticulously."

"I'll wait for your good news," Zeke laughed.

Soon, he reached the underground boxing arena.

The arena was crowded, hazy with cigarette smoke, and noisy with the sounds from the loudspeakers.

Zeke's attention was attracted by a table.

The crowd was surrounding the table as they made their bets.

Zeke walked over to take a peek, and he realized that everyone was betting on Mr. Quin winning. There was only one person who had bet on him with a hundred thousand.

Zeke smiled. It's rare for someone to place their bet on me. Whoever it is will be a millionaire today.

He asked curiously, "I wonder who's the one who placed their bet on me."

Everyone's gazes turned toward Zeke, and they started mocking.

"Haha. Mr. Williams is here. Did you hire someone to bet on you?"

"Mr. Williams, please take my advice. Place your bet on Mr. Quin. That way, you get to earn a fortune before you die."

"Mr. Williams, you're too reckless. How can you accept Mr. Quin's challenge? Did you think his title of being number two in Eurasia is a joke?"

"This young man is too arrogant for his own good, and he should be taught a lesson. However, this lesson is too harsh. He'll have to pay with his life."

Ignoring the crowd, Zeke took out a credit card and slapped it onto the table. "I'm placing a bet on myself. One hundred million."

The crowd was at a loss for words.

This young man's too confident.

No. He's just too arrogant!

Do you think you have too much money? Why

are you trying to lose them even before you die?

Zeke walked away and started sweeping his gaze across the crowd. Soon, he found Draco.

If he got it right, the one who had placed a bet on him was Draco.

He shot a look at Draco, signaling him to follow him.



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Draco smiled bitterly and followed him in a distance.

He had only found out that Zeke and his true boss, Rosie, were acquaintances.

Moreover, Rosie had asked him to poison Mr. Quin in order to protect him.

This young man is rather sophisticated.

Zeke led him to the restroom. After making sure no one was around, he asked, "Have you poisoned Mr. Quin yet?"

Draco shook his head. "There isn't an opportunity yet. There'll only be one when Mr. Quin goes into the ring."

Zeke nodded then looked at the spot behind him in surprise. "Rosie, why are you here?"

Draco hurriedly turned to look, but there was no one behind him.

Without hesitation, Zeke chopped him in the neck.

Draco's eyes rolled and he passed out.

Zeke dumped Draco into a utility room and locked it. He sneered, "Why do I need to poison a minor nuisance? You're all looking down on

me.”

He then walked to the basin to wash his hands.

Yet, he did not expect to encounter Mia there.

When Mia saw Zeke, she panicked. Her eyes were looking everywhere but at him.

Zeke knitted his brows. “Mia, why are you here?”

She mumbled, “I- I’m here to see what’s going on.”

Zeke questioned, “That’s all?”

Mia swiftly nodded. “Yes.”

Zeke looked at her from head to toe. Then, he quickly took out a piece of paper from her pocket.

“What is this?”

The color drained from Mia’s face as she tried to snatch the paper back. “Give it back to me now.”

With one hand stopping Mia, Zeke unfolded the paper with his other hand. It was a servitude contract.

On the contract, it was written, If Mr. Quin spares Zeke Williams' life, I will serve Mr. Quin until the end of my life.

It was evident what Mia was trying to do. Later, when Zeke was on the verge of death, she was going to use this contract to save his life.

Instantly, Zeke took out his lighter and burned the contract. "You silly girl, aren't you a little too dumb? Don't worry about me. The one dying today will be Mr. Quin, not me. Go back to your seat. Take a photo of my cool pose later as a souvenir."

Zeke had just left when Mia took out another servitude contract from her pocket.

Knowing that Zeke would not approve of her plan, she had prepared two copies of the same contract.

Her eyes reddened as she looked at Zeke's retreating figure. "Mr. Williams, I can't be your wife in this life, but I'll make sure that you'll be safe and I will keep myself intact for you."

She had made a decision. After selling herself to Mr. Quin, she would take her own life. She would never let him lay a finger on her.

By now, the Ferrymen of the Dead had arrived, and they found him. "Zeke, go and get some

rest at the backstage.”

“Okay.”

With that, the three of them went backstage.

With apologetic looks, the two said to him, “Zeke, we were too weak. That’s why you have to deal with Mr. Quin personally. We are feeling guilty about this.”

Zeke patted their shoulders. “There is no need to blame yourselves. You guys are already very impressive to be this capable at such a young age. I’m sure when you’re around Mr. Quin’s age, you’ll be even stronger than him.”

The two nodded solemnly. “Zeke, don’t worry, we’ll do our best.”

Right then, cheers came from the outside. “Welcome, Mr. Quin!”

Soon, Mr. Quin entered the room with Zachary and Sim.

This was the first time the two had met.

It was a meeting of two strong men, and the atmosphere was tense.



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Mr. Quin looked at Zeke from head to toe before uttering, “Young man, it is an honor for you to die by my hands. Of course, you earn this with your capability, and that itself won my respect. That’s why, after you die, I’ll give you an honorable funeral.”

Zeke replied in a placid tone, “I’m sorry. I’m a petty man. When you die, I won’t be giving you an honorable funeral.”

Mr. Quin was furious after hearing that. “What atrocious words! You’ll learn what are the consequences of crossing a master soon!”

Then, he left to rest in his personal lounge.

Zachary threatened, “Williams, return me that ten billion now. If you do so, perhaps I’ll ask Mr. Quin to leave your body in one piece.”

Sim was glaring at the Charon and Haros.

“Ferryman of the Dead, I’m warning you now. You’ll be next in line after Mr. Quin gets rid of Zeke. I’ll give you one last chance. Kill Zeke now, and you won’t be punished for your mistakes.”

The two raged as a murderous aura exuded from them, “How dare you say such nonsense in front of Zeke? You must have a death wish!”

Zachary and Sim rolled their eyes at the other three men. "What stubborn fools. If that's the case, enjoy your last moments then."

At last, the duel began under the witness of the audience.

The host of the battle was Sim.

He stepped up onto the ring and shouted, "Let me explain the rules of this duel. There are no rules. Both parties can make any moves. This is a fight to the death! I announce that the duel has begun. Both the participant, please enter the ring."

Zeke and Mr. Quin both stepped onto the stage.

The crowd was going wild at the bottom as they cheered for Mr. Quin loudly.

Their volume was loud, and it was as if it would break through the ceilings.

No one present thought that Zeke would win, so no one was cheering for him.

Zeke had lost to Mr. Quin in terms of presence.

Mr. Quin waved his hand, and the crowd fell silent.

With both hands behind his back, he said,

“Young man, make a move. I’ll let you make three moves ahead of me.”

Zeke muttered, “But I’ll take you down in one. How will I be able to make three moves?”

“You are ridiculous!” Mr. Quin was infuriated after his provocation. “Die now, brat!”

With that said, Mr. Quin charged toward Zeke.

Zeke was as still as a statue. His hands remained behind his back, and he made no move to dodge the incoming blow.

The crowd held their breaths.

The number two of Eurasia was finally making a move!

This one move was enough to destroy Zeke!

When the crowd looked at Zeke, they realized that he was not planning to defend himself.

He must know that he’s dead meat. That’s why he’s not defending himself. He must want to die more comfortably!

Right then, Mia, who was in the crowd started shouting, “Stop! Stop right there!”

She had not expected Mr. Quin to deal a fatal

blow right at the start.

The fact is she did not even know if he would stop at her request.

And of course, he did not.

The moment Zeke was dead, Mia would be a helpless animal waiting to be slaughtered.

She had no right to even negotiate with him.

Soon, his fist was very close to come contact with Zeke's chest, but Zeke remained still.

His lack of reaction made Mr. Quin upset. He had wanted to mess around with Zeke to show off his moves, but it seemed like the young man was going to die in the next second.

What a waste

Zeke only made a move when Mr. Quin's fist touched his clothes.

He tilted his body to the side, and Mr. Quin's fist went past him by a bare millimeter.

The older man paled. What a quick reaction and a nimble move! I've underestimated him.

He quickly retracted his arm, planning to throw the second attack.

The last thing he had expected was for Zeke's fist to strike at his lower jaw.

Without any time to dodge it, the fist swung upwards and smashed onto his jaw.



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Bang!

A low muffled noise sounded out as Mr. Quin's head flew off.

Like a ball, it spun mid-air and finally landed in the crowd.

At the spot where his head used to be, the blood spurted out like a fountain.

His body swayed before it crashed onto the floor, bleeding profusely.

The once-noisy crowd had fallen silent in an instant.

If someone were to drop a pin now, everyone would be able to hear it.

Their eyes were fleeting between Zeke and Mr. Quin's corpse.

We're dreaming. We must be dreaming!

Did Mr. Quin's head fly off with just a single punch?

This is unrealistic!

However, the bright and pungent blood kept reminding the crowd that it was real.

Oh my god. Someone, tell me how strong this man is.

He killed the number two master in Eurasia with one hit. Is he stronger than the top master?

No, no. He's no man but a devil!

The crowd went berserk, and they screamed as they ran out of the arena.

"He's the devil!"

"Run! The devil is among us!"

Zeke glanced at Charon and Haros.

The two swiftly blocked the exits.

Zeke said in a very cold tone, "Stay right there. None of you are allowed to leave without my permission."

Nobody dared to disobey the words spoken by the devil. So they all stopped right where they were.

The ones who were less courageous had even started crying. However, their sobs were silent as they feared attracting the attention of the devil.

Why is the devil keeping us here? Is he going to

kill us all?

Everyone had no doubt that he would do that.

Zeke looked at the betting table. “Before you leave, please organize the bets. Can I know how much I’ve earned?”

Silence ensued.

Even the devil is obsessed with money?

The staff’s voice was trembling. “T- Three hundred million.”

“Very good,” Zeke laughed, “You lay in the bed you make. I won’t take more than what I’ve won; but of course, you can’t take back what you’ve lost.”

Would anyone dare to owe the devil?

It was impossible.

The crowd scrambled to change their cash in the bets.

Both Zachary and Sim were devastated.

Mr. Quin, who was their shield, was dead.

They were most likely next in line as targets.

Zachary was the first to come back to his senses. He rushed up the ring and got onto his knees in front of Zeke. "Mr. Williams, I, Gavin Zachary, will serve you well without a word of complaint."

Sim was quick to follow for he too rushed up the stage to get on his knees. "Mr. Williams, I, Sim Owens, am willing to follow you through thick and thin."

It was then the rest came back to their senses.

Now that Mr. Quin was dead, there was no leading figure in Eastend.

The three main generals under Mr. Quin had sworn loyalty to Zeke.

Now, Zeke was the one who had control over Eastend's wealth, power, and lives.

He was the next Mr. Quin but he was even stronger than Mr. Quin.

He was capable of becoming the next king of Eastend.

The crowd got on their knees and declared, "Mr. Williams, please lead us from now on."

Zeke glanced at the crowd and scoffed, "I'm not interested in a small state like Eastend."

Everyone froze.

Eastend was the largest state, and it was located in the best spot and it was close to the capital of Eurasia, Atheville.

Eastend was the second largest state for trade and politics.

How greedy is Zeke if he's not interested in a huge state like this?

Zeke uttered, "Do whatever you're supposed to do. It has nothing to do with me. However, if you try to pick a bone with me again, don't blame me for my ruthless actions."

Shivers went down their spines. We won't dare to.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zeke continued, "I like to be low-key. I don't want others to know that I'm the one who killed Mr. Quin. If anyone were to ask you, you'll say that he died from poisoning, and I won the fight without making a move."

The crowd promised, "Sure."

Zeke did not want the boss to know his true capabilities.

Otherwise, that person would not come after him.

If that happens, he would not be able to truly uproot all of them.

In the utility room, Draco finally awoke.

He was in a daze for a long while before he collected himself.

"Sh*t!" He cursed under his breath and he stood up and about to escape.

Unfortunately, the door was too strong so there was no way he could get out of there.

He quickly took out his phone to look at the time. When he saw it, he lost all hope.

It had been ten minutes since the duel had begun. By now, Zeke must be dead.

His plan had failed.

With trembling hands, he called Rosie. "Leader, I've failed the mission. Zeke had locked me up in the utility room, and I didn't get the chance to poison Mr. Quin. Zeke is dead."

What?

When Rosie, who was outside the arena, heard the news, she dropped her phone as her hands went slack in shock.

She had waited seven years for Zeke. Just when she had finally found him, he died before she could even meet him

Bastard! Asshole!

Quin, how dare you kill the man I love. I'll kill you even if the entire Necromancer Assassin Organization collapses!

With that, she sped off in her car.

Rosie was planning to gather the members of the Necromancer Assassin Organization to take revenge for Zeke.

While driving, the corners of her eyes felt damp. She reached up to wipe her eyes and realized that they were tears.

“What’s this? Are these... tears? I’m crying!”

Her mentor had once warned her that an assassin should never have any emotions.

The moment an assassin cried, that was the end of the assassin’s career.

That was why she had never cried in her entire life.

She had not expected her tears to fall for Zeke today.

It was then she realized that she really cared too much for Zeke.

.....

Zeke did not waste more of his time at the boxing arena so he left with Zachary.

Henry had gone to look for trouble with Lacey. Although Lacey had Hadley looking out for her, Zeke was still worried.

Hence, he had decided to take Zachary along. He was going to let the latter break his godson’s leg with his own hands. This would make sure that Henry would not try anything funny in the future.

After walking out of the arena, Zeke looked

around but did not see Rosie's car.

He sighed, "What happen to meeting with me when I come out of the arena alive? Women are all liars. And I was thinking of telling her that I have a wife to stop her from pining. It seems like I'll have to do it the next time. I'll go to Rivermouth to look for Lacey first."

.....

On the way to Rivermouth, Henry found out something that excited him, Lacey and Zeke were yet to register!

Now, things would be easier for him.

As long as he got his hands on Lacey's household register, he could force her to marry him. That way, Lacey would be his.

When that happens, he could do anything he liked, and the law would be on his side.

Zeke would be the third wheel.

The thought of it excited him greatly.

He would go to Lacey's parents' house to steal her household register first.

Then, he would ask for a favor from the staff at the city hall to go to the Linton Group's office to

register the marriage on the spot.

This was their first marriage, so he had to make it grand. He would invite some of her relatives to witness the registration.

Daniel and Hannah were not good choices for they loved Zeke, and they would not approve of Lacey marrying him.

It took him great effort to investigate Lacey's other family members. Finally, he found out that the Hinton family in Rivermouth was Lacey's main family.



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The patriarch of The Riverdale Hintons, Aaron Hinton, was Lacey Hinton's grand-uncle.

And so, Henry Jones invited him to be a witness for the marriage as an elder and promised that after the successful marriage registration, he would be given a large sum of money or an order worth tens of billions.

When Aaron heard the news, he was overwhelmed with joy.

Henry Jones!

His godfather, Gavin Zachary, controlled the economic lifeline of Eastend and is worth hundreds of billions!

Now the Riverdale Hintons' business had plummeted because of Zeke and was even on the verge of bankruptcy.

If they could strike up a good relationship with Gavin Zachary, the Hinton family would stand to benefit.

Immediately Aaron got his favorite grandson, Michael, to drive him all the way to the Linton Group headquarters.

Half an hour later, they met with Henry at the Linton Group headquarters office.

Aaron greeted him with a smile, "You are certainly blest with good looks."

"Lacey is really fortunate that you are interested in her."

Henry rubbed his forehead as if he were having a headache. "Oh, unfortunately, Lacey was beguiled by Zeke's flattery, and I'm not sure if she will accept my proposal."

Michael immediately expressed his support, "Mr. Jones, I mean, Henry, if Lacey can marry you, that will bring utmost honor to the Hinton family.

"If she is unwilling, our family will disown her and even ask her to drop her surname."

"If she doesn't even value our ancestor's surname, she is forsaking her true origin and her bloodline. And when news of her being rebellious and unruly gets out, the reputation of Linton Group will be damaged, and the consequences will be devastating!"

Henry was taken aback.

The Riverdale Hinton's actions can be cruel and vicious.

For such a measly benefit, they were willing sacrifice their granddaughter's marital

happiness and even deprive her of her surname.

At this exact moment, the staff of the Civil Affairs Bureau arrived.

Henry immediately brought everyone into Lacey's office.

When Lacey saw Henry coming together with the Riverdale Hintons' family members, immediately, she knew something was wrong.

She pretended to be calm and said, "Henry, you are not welcome here, so please leave."

Before Henry could reply, Aaron scolded, "How dare you? Is this how you speak to your future husband?"

"Future husband?" Lacey was dumbfounded: "What do you mean."

Henry smiled wryly: "Lacey, I just went to propose to your parents, and your parents agreed."

"Furthermore, your Grand-uncle will personally act as the officiant."

"And since everyone is present, we shall register the marriage today."

In annoyance, Lacey replied, "You are talking nonsense!"

My parents would never let me marry this beast!

Besides, these Riverdale Hintons are vicious. Obviously, they are selling me to Henry in exchange for benefits.

Angrily, she told him, "Get out of my sight! I would rather die today than marry you."

Henry gave her a creepy smile, saying, "Hehe, that's not your decision to make."

With that, he threw his and Lacey's Identity Registration Book to the staff of the Civil Affairs Bureau, "Please register our marriage."

Lacey felt a splitting headache as if she had been hit by lightning!

This darn Henry has stolen my Identity Registration Book and brought it here!

If this marriage is successfully registered, I will legally be his wife.

No, it must not happen...

Furiously, she rushed forward to snatch her Identity Registration.

Unfortunately, Michael moved forward faster than she could and, without hesitation, gave her a slap across her face.

“B**ch, you dare protest!”

“You are lucky beyond compare that Mr. Jones wants to marry you. Don’t you dare be so undiscerning!”



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The force of the slap was so strong that it knocked Lacey to the ground.

Lacey's head buzzed. At that moment, she felt the sky spinning and the earth beneath her move. Right then, blood oozed from the corners of her mouth.

She glared at Michael in fury while cursing him, "Michael, you scoundrel!"

Aren't we family? No, even enemies would not go to such an extent!

However, Michael replied triumphantly, "Go ahead, swear and curse. The day will come when you realize that what we do is for your own good."

Within two minutes, the staff had done their job, and they said respectfully, "Mr. Jones and Ms. Hinton, please stand in front of the camera to have your picture taken."

"Once we upload the photos, the case is complete, and you are formally a married couple."

Henry looked at Lacey lustfully and said, "Lacey, come here and let's take a photo together."

Lacey instantly retreated, grabbed a pile of papers and threw them at Henry, yelling, "Go

away, and get out of my sight.”

“I will never marry you!”

“I’m Zeke’s woman, and no one can take me away. You stay away from me.”

Henry sneered, “Zeke? Oh, you’d better forget about him. I presume he’s just a pile of ashes now.”

For a moment, Lacey was stumped. Then she asked, “What do you mean?”

Henry replied, “Don’t tell me you are still in the dark.”

“Zeke has accepted the challenge to a duel with Mr. Quin of Eastend. They will duel to the death.

“Mr. Quin is the second master in Eurasia, and his power is above that of Master Williams.

“Do you think your useless husband can measure up to Mr. Quin!”

What?

Lacey’s whole body shook.

Zeke and Mr. Quin will fight a duel to the death!

Although she did not know how powerful Mr.

Quin was, Henry had clearly said that Mr. Quin was more powerful than Master Williams!

Thus, no matter how skillful Zeke was, he could not possibly be a match for Mr. Quin.

Lacey was close to an emotional collapse as she said frantically, "I... I'm going to look for him."

"Even in death, I must be with him."

"Darn," Henry was furious, "What kind of love potion did Williams give you that made you crazy enough to die with him?"

"Today, you will marry me, and you are not going anywhere."

With that, he caught Lacey by her hair and pulled her towards him, "Pose for a photo with me!"

"Go away." Lacey refused to pose and struggled furiously to get away.

Her scalp was injured by the pull on her hair and started to bleed. The pain seared through her heart...

At this point, Hadley arrived, almost too late!

The scene that greeted her eyes filled her heart

with the flame of fury, "Damn, how dare you touch my girl? You have a death wish."

In an instant, she rushed forward, and her punch landed on Henry's eye.

Henry gave out a terrible cry, let go of Lacey, and fell to the ground.

Hadley looked at Lacey with distress, "Lacey, are you alright?"

"Hadley, please tell me the truth. Is Zeke fighting a duel to the death with Mr. Quin?" Lacey asked in a rush.

Her sudden question made Hadley quiet.

She was afraid to tell the truth as she did not want Lacey to worry.

In fact, she was not sure, now, whether the Leader's plan would work and whether Zeke would survive.

When Hadley refused to reply, Lacey knew that what they said was true.

Immediately, she wanted to run outside, "I'm going to look for him, and I want to die together with him!"

"Damn, you are not going anywhere." Henry

covered his eye and roared, "Guys, catch this woman and thrash her."

"Today, I will show you what price you will pay for assaulting me."

Ten bodyguards obeyed the order and rushed towards Hadley at once.

Hadley quickly pushed Lacey behind her away from danger. With swift and skillful moves, she took out a dagger from her waist and attacked the group.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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After a flurry of glinting dagger and flashing weapons, blood was spilling everywhere. The ten bodyguards lay on the ground, each with at least one stab wound and unwilling to fight anymore.

In just a few moments, cries and screams could be heard throughout the building.

Henry's face turned pale.

Damn, how could this female fight so well?

Even ten big men are no match for her.

Hadley looked at Henry with a crafty smile and said, "A villain like you should have no offspring lest other little girls suffer because of you."

Her gaze fell on Henry's crotch.

As she was about to take action, Henry suddenly took a gun out of his pocket, aimed at Hadley's legs, and fired.

Following the sound of a gunshot, blood-splattered and stained Hadley's pants red!

"F***!"

In pain, Hadley cursed, and spontaneously her knees gave way to a kneeling position.

Just on time, she held on to the table next to her and stopped herself from falling onto the floor.

She sat on a chair with difficulty and covered her wound with her hand. Her face was twisted in pain as she spoke, "Henry, you have violated the martial arts rules by using a firearm. You will be severely punished by the Martial Arts Association."

Henry arrogantly blew the smoke from his gun and sneered, "Rules of martial arts? Hah! Sorry, but I'm not into martial arts!"

"Anyway, what if I've broken the rules? You will be dead today, and no one will know about this!"

As he spoke, he pointed his gun towards Hadley again.

"No," Lacey's face turned pale with fright, and she instinctively moved in front of Hadley, putting herself in the line of fire, "Don't fire."

Aaron and Michael were both shocked.

They did not expect Henry to be such a desperado who would kill in public.

At that moment, Aaron scolded, "Lacey, why are you hesitating? Quickly agree to marry Mr.

Jones.”

“Do you want blood splattered all over here? Don't you want to continue running your Linton Group?”

Lacey knew that if she did not agree to marry him today, he might kill Hadley.

Biting her lips, she spoke in desperation, “Alright, if you don't kill her. I will marry you.”

If worse came to worst, after registering the marriage, she would find an opportunity to kill herself for Zeke.

Henry was overjoyed, “If you had agreed earlier, this wouldn't have happened. Why do you agree only after all these?”

On the other end of the room, Hadley was so touched that she cried.

No woman had ever willingly sacrificed her own happiness for Hadley's sake.

She held Lacey's arm and pleaded, “Lacey, do not agree to marry him. Even if I die, I will not let his evil plans succeed.”

“Shut up.” Henry scolded, “One more word from you, and I'll shoot your other leg.”

As he spoke, he pulled Lacey over to himself, getting ready to pose for the marriage certificate photo.

At the very same moment, Zeke had arrived at the Linton Group office building.

Zeke looked at Gavin indifferently, saying, “Now, move, with a kowtow for every three steps you take, go to the President’s office and apologize.

Huh?

Gavin was shocked at Zeke’s demands. He could imagine how exhausted he would be when his frail body took a kowtow at every third step from the ground floor to the tenth.

However, Zeke’s gaze was merciless, “What? Do you have any objections?”

Gavin quickly shook his head, “No, no objections. I’ll start climbing now.”

With that, he knelt on the floor and bowed his head to hit the ground with a ‘thud’ and continued crawling forward.

Satisfied, Zeke went upstairs.

In no time, he was at the president’s office.

The scene in the office made him furious,

almost mad.

Lacey was being forced by Henry to pose for a photo.

Her face was red and swollen, and there was blood at the corners of her mouth. Not only that, but even her hair was messy with blood trickling down her forehead.

Scoundrels!

I can't bear to even hurt a strand of her hair, and you guys dare to abuse her!

You shall face my wrath!

When Henry, Lacey, and the others realized that Zeke was back, they froze for a moment.

F***, how is Zeke Williams still alive?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Could it be that Mr. Quin showed kindness and spared his life!

Mr. Quin, you bastard. How dare you spoil my plans! Couldn't you have kept him a bit longer?

Lacey rushed into Zeke's arms and cried loudly, "Zeke, you are still alive! Thank god, you are still alive."

With compassion, Zeke held Lacey in his arms, "Honey, I'm sorry I made you worry."

Lacey punched Zeke on the chest, "You jerk! Why did you accept Mr. Quin's challenge?"

"If anything happened to you, how do I go on living? Do you know I nearly died worrying about you?" Lacey bawled.

Zeke comforted her, "Lacey, do not worry. For your sake, I will live and won't casually take risks."

Henry gritted his teeth.

Live?

F*** your life.

Mr. Quin might've spared you but I won't.

He took out his gun again, ready to shoot Zeke.

But before he could take aim, Zeke moved, and in the blink of an eye, he was in front of Henry, snatching his gun away.

Then, without hesitation, he fired one shot at Henry's leg.

Argh!

With a scream, Henry fell down on his knees.

Blood quickly spread over his pants, turning them red!

"F***, f***, f***, f***!" Henry's pain was unbearable, "Zeke, you dare commit crimes in broad daylight! I will ask my Godpa to kill you."

But Zeke ignored Henry and helped Lacey back to her seat, "Lacey, sit down, let me take a look at your injuries."

Lacey, on the other hand, was not unduly concerned about her own slight injuries. Looking at the pools of blood on the floor, she stammered, "Zeke, what should we do now?"

Just then, Aaron scolded angrily, "What do you think? What else?"

"It wasn't easy for the Hinton family to get this opportunity to prosper. You have just destroyed it."

“Why are you still standing there doing nothing? Go on, apologize to Mr. Jones and agree to marry him.”

“Otherwise, he will get his Godpa Gavin Zachary to come for us. Not only will the Linton Group be destroyed, but our Hinton family will also be pulled up by the roots.”

Zeke will cause the destruction of Riverdale Hintons.

In the past, we have shown him mercy because he was Lacey’s family member.

Nevertheless he did not repent but became worse.

What is past is past. I was too kind, then. This time, let their family be destroyed.

Henry knew that for today, the opportunity to force Lacey into marriage was gone.

He threatened them, “Just you wait. You will regret your decisions. My Godpa will show you no mercy. Let’s go...”

“Stand still,” Zeke ordered them, “Did I give you permission to leave?”

“I have brought a guest for you. Before you leave, do wait till you meet the guest.”

Henry was surprised, "Guest? What guest?"

There was a commotion in the corridor outside the door, and many employees gathered there, whispering to each other.

"Huh? What's the matter with this old man? He's moving upwards with a kowtow at every third step. Look, his forehead is injured."

"Hey, I recognize him. Didn't he bring his godson here to cause trouble some time ago and was driven away by our boss?"

"Yes, that's him. This time, has he repented and has come here to show respect and apologize?"

"This is a very serious show of repentance. He has been kowtowing from the ground floor right up to the tenth floor..."

Initially, Henry did not associate this guest with his Godpa... It just did not make sense.

Nevertheless, Zeke informed him that a 'guest' was coming.

Thus, Henry sensed that something was amiss. He then ran to the door and looked outside.

After just one glance, Henry felt as if his whole world had shattered!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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F***, what's happening?

Isn't that old man who's kowtowing every three steps until his head had injured Godpa - Gavin Zachary?

Godpa, what is happening? Why are you kowtowing down here?

He had never seen his Godpa so humiliated in his entire life!

Aaron and Michael, too, were instantly shocked when they recognized that the man was indeed Gavin Zachary.

The figure that they had looked up to in the past was now kowtowing to the Linton Group to apologize...

The Linton Group of the present had become so powerful.

"Godpa! What are you doing, Godpa?" Henry yelled anxiously, "Why do you kowtow to them?"

When Gavin lifted his head and saw Henry, he was too furious for words.

F***, no wonder Zeke brought me here.

The reason must be because Henry was causing trouble here.

The reason behind all this was because Henry had wanted to get Lacey to marry him. If Henry had not instigated him to take on Zeke, then he, Gavin Zachary, would not have ended up this way.

Henry was the cause of this catastrophe!

With that thought in mind, Gavin could no longer be bothered about kowtowing, instead, he raced upstairs like a crazy man, and with one kick, send Henry tumbling on the floor. "F***, you son-of-a-b****, you have caused me immense misery."

Earlier, Henry was shot in the leg, and now Gavin had kicked him with ferocity. Because of that, his body rolled on the ground a few times before hitting the wall and finally stopped.

Henry then spoke with bloodshot eyes, "Godpa, why are you beating me up? Zeke is our enemy."

His godfather, Gavin, scolded, "Damn you, Mr. Williams is my boss, not my enemy!"

"If you dare offend my boss, I'll thrash you."

Gavin Zachary moved forward and kicked him again and again.

What?

All sorts of thoughts stormed through the minds of Henry and the Hinton family.

Gavin Zachary, the man who controlled the lifeline of Eastend's wealth and prosperity, actually referred to Zeke as his boss.

In other words, Zeke was now the one controlling the economic lifeline of Eastend!

How long had it been since they last saw him that he had progressed to such heights?

Sh**, we have taken on the wrong man.

Zeke was displeased, "Are you inflicting your own Godson to gain my sympathy? If so, the infliction is insufficient."

Nevertheless, Gavin was not trying to gain Zeke's sympathy. He had really wanted to thrash Henry.

But since Zeke had indicated that the infliction was not serious enough, Gavin decided to inflict more pain.

Therefore, he got hold of the chair nearby and rammed it violently against Henry's leg.

Crack!

Henry's leg broke, and it was so painful that he

screamed frantically, "My leg... My leg..."

Yet Gavin did not relent, and he crushed the chair down again on the other leg.

Crack!

The other leg was broken as well.

At that moment, Henry was in such pain that he lost his voice, and his eyes rolled upwards. A gurgling sound came from his throat as if he might go into shock at any moment.

After all that, Gavin turned towards Zeke cautiously, asking, "Mr... Mr. Williams, are you satisfied?"

Zeke replied, "Scram."

"Ah, ok." Gavin crawled out of the room.

"What joy!" Hadley, who was at one corner, laughed aloud.

Zeke glanced at the bullet wound on Hadley's leg and asked, "Hadley, when did you become so merciful?"

"He shot at you, and you are not going to avenge yourself?"

It was then when Hadley came to her senses.

Dragging her injured leg, she went towards Henry, step by step.

The dagger in her hand swirled around in circles like a dancer.

“This dog looks fair and tender. He must have seduced many girls before.”

“Today, I shall mete out heaven’s punishment to him on behalf of my gender.

Soon, the dagger in her hand moved deftly over Henry’s face as if in a crazy dance.

After three minutes...

Henry’s face was no longer recognizable. It was a mess of blood and flesh, totally marred and different from what it was. Even after recovering from the injuries, his face would be full of scars.

“NO! ARGGHHHHHHHHH!”

Henry let out a blood-curdling scream, and then he fainted.

His livelihood depended on his looks, so if his face were disfigured, he would not be able to make a living.

For him, to be disfigured was literally worse

than death.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Both Aaron and Michael were completely frightened, and they trembled like mad when they saw it.

How cruel of Zeke Williams and Hadley Murphy!

This was no place to stay, so the two of them prepared for their escape.

“Stop right there!” Zeke shouted.

With wildly thumping hearts, Aaron and Michael said, “Wh-what do you want?”

Zeke glared coldly at the two of them. “Tell me. Who hit my wife?”

Michael attempted to explain himself, “I...I was doing this for Lacey...”

Bang!

Zeke dashed forward and gave Michael a huge slap.

It was a slap so strong that it sent Michael’s body flying through the air. He somersaulted halfway before he landed heavily on the ground.

He was nearly rendered unconscious as a few bloodied teeth flew out from his mouth.

Even though Aaron loved his grandchild, he was stunned by Zeke's cruel tactics and was too frightened to protest.

Feigning calmness, he said, "Since you've hit Michael, we can call it even. Michael, let's go."

"Who says we're calling it even?" Zeke sniggered coldly. "Michael's life is as lowly as a dog's, while my wife is a precious jewel. How can we equate them?"

Aaron gritted his teeth. "Williams, what else do you want? Don't go too far."

Zeke snarled, "I would have initially destroyed your entire family since you've touched my wife, but considering that you all share my wife's surname, we won't need your family to die. We will just need to break all of you up."

Aaron shouted at him angrily, "How dare you, you arrogant bastard! The Riverdale Hintons have been an established family for over a hundred years! Our roots are deep. It is not up to you to break us up!"

Zeke smiled as he took out his phone to call the Ocean's Chamber of Commerce. "In ten minutes, I want the Riverdale Hintons to disappear from the face of this earth."

The Ocean's Chamber of Commerce comprised

of members from the upper echelons of Rivermouth's business world. Hence, it would not be far-fetched to say that they wielded the economy of Rivermouth in their hands.

It was simply too easy for him to get rid of the Riverdale Hintons.

Aaron laughed maniacally. "Ten minutes? Hoho! You wouldn't be able to do it even if I gave you ten years!"

Aaron's phone suddenly rang, and he quickly picked it up.

"Aaron Hinton, the goods are not of standard, and we want to send them back. Please return all the payment and compensation to us."

Huh?

Aaron was dumbfounded. "Sir, how could this be? I'm sure there's been a mistake somewhere..."

However, the other party had hung up before Aaron had a chance to explain himself.

A few other phone calls came back to back after that.

"Aaron Hinton, there's been some problems with our materials. We won't be able to supply

to your company in time. I'm sorry, but our collaboration ends here."

"Aaron Clinton, I heard that the supplier isn't supplying you with the goods anymore? Does that mean the production is stalled for the goods that I need? I'll see you in court!"

"Hello Mr. Hinton, this is Eurasia bank calling. Based on your current situation, your credit score has been reduced to zero. Please clear all your loans in three days."

"Hello, Mr. Hinton, this is Oakheart City Civil Court. You have been sued for not paying your loan, and all your accounts have now been frozen. Please be notified."

Aaron was speechless.

This series of phone calls were like bloodsuckers that were practically taking his life.

Aaron grew limp and fell onto the sofa in disbelief.

A century-old family business was destroyed overnight?

Not only will we be bankrupted, but we will also have to bear a mountain load of debts.

If our house were to be seized, would we then be rendered homeless and reduced to begging?

No, no, no!

Aaron broke down and immediately pleaded with Lacey, "Lacey, I - I'm your grand-uncle. You can't do this to me. The Hinton family assets are our family roots. We can't allow them to be seized! Lacey, please retract that order. Do it quick please, we can't hold on any longer. I'll let you be the head of the Riverdale Hintons."



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Honestly, this was really too severe a punishment on the Riverdale Hintons, and Lacey began to feel a little softhearted.

After all, the Riverdale Hintons were the core of the family. How could they just dissolve it like this?

She turned to Zeke with pleading eyes.

Zeke smiled. "Lacey, I respect your opinion. However, even if I were to protect the Hintons, I cannot allow them to continue managing it. You must assume the head position of the family.

Lacey then looked at Aaron.

Aaron would agree to anything as long as they could protect the Riverdale Hintons' family roots.

He quickly said, "That's not a problem, Lacey. From now onwards, you will be the head of the Hintons."

Zeke called the emergency hotline for an ambulance for Hadley's gunshot.

After that, he called up T-Rex, who was carrying out the task assigned in Oakheart City. Zeke told T-Rex to get rid of Aaron and supervise Henry handing over the position to Lacey.

He was worried Aaron would sabotage the process of handing over the family leadership to Lacey.

It was only after he arranged everything that Zeke left the Linton Group and finally headed to East Skuld.

The East Skuld was where Paul Hunt's military compound was.

Mr. Quin had sent people to work with John in an attempt to break into the military compound. The plan was to activate the poison in Paul Hunt's body and kill him.

He was worried Hudson alone would not be enough to stop John, so he decided to go and take a look for himself.

....

At East Skuld, in Paul Hunt's military compound.

John had arrived very early. He had successfully walked around the military compound twice while pretending to be part of the crowd.

He only relaxed after confirming that there were no suspicious characters nor special setups within the vicinity.

After he found a quiet corner, he dialed a mysterious number. "Everything is normal. Clear. Get ready for action."

A little beggar squatted at the entrance of the military compound.

That little beggar was actually Hudson in disguise.

Worried about attracting John's attention, he appeared in that getup to protect the military compound.

Of course, the security guards did not know any better, so they tried to chase Hudson away. "Get out of here! This is not a place for you to beg."

Angered, Hudson said, "Who are you to tell me to get out of here?"

The security scolded, "Who am I? I'm the owner of this place, all right?"

Hudson sniggered, "Hoh! You're but a guard dog, yet you call yourself the owner? This is too funny."

"You..." The insult from a mere beggar made the guard fly into a fury. He drew his gun out and aimed it at Hudson. "One minute. Get out of my face. Otherwise, I'll make you disappear from the face of the earth."

Hudson remained calm. "Who are you bulls***ting? There are no bullets in that gun!"

Hudson had been in the Cygnus Room for a while; he was familiar with these standard practices.

Oh?

The guard's heart thumped.

How did this bastard beggar know there are no bullets in this gun? It's supposed to be top-secret!

Unless... there's something suspicious about this beggar?

The commotion soon disturbed Shannon Hans, Paul's granddaughter.

The interesting thing about Shannon was that she was a typical asexual. Someone who was not interested in either men or women.

She came out and reprimanded them, "What's all this noise about? You're disturbing grandpa's rest. Are you sure you can be responsible for that?"

The guard immediately whispered to her, "Ms. Hans, he knows the secret about our guns not containing bullets, and he's been squatting at

our entrance for more than half an hour. I'm worried that there is something wrong with this beggar here."

Oh?

Shannon tensed up involuntarily and immediately glanced at the security guard meaningfully.

Understanding her meaning, the guard quickly slipped into the grounds to grab some bullets as a backup.



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Worried she might wrongly blame someone, she decided to test the beggar.

She brought the oatmeal she had intended to give her grandfather and handed it to the beggar. "Hey, this is for you. Leave quickly after you eat this."

Hudson was hungry, so he wolfed down the entire bowl of oatmeal in a blink of an eye.

Indeed, he eats like a beggar. Shannon felt more assured.

However, Hudson showed no sign of leaving after finishing the food.

Shannon then asked him coldly, "You're done eating. Why aren't you leaving?"

Hudson smiled. "I shouldn't just eat your food for free. How about this. I'll save your lives today."

What?

Shannon's defenses came back up again right after she had just relaxed them.

This little beggar was proclaiming that he was going to save some soldiers? Of course, there was something fishy about him.

“What do you mean by that?”

At that moment, the guard reappeared with the bullets.

Shannon immediately sent him a meaningful look for him to load the bullets.

Hudson took a look at both ends of the alley and muttered to himself, “It should be time.”

Shannon’s first reaction was that there was an ambush, so she immediately gripped the pistol at her waist.

John, who was hidden at a dark corner, noticed the commotion too.

However, he ignored it upon the realization that it was just about a little beggar whining for food.

In fact, it was the perfect time for him to slip into the grounds to carry out his theft operation.

He immediately pressed his communication device. Action!

The sound of thundering footsteps could be heard echoing throughout the alley in the next second.

Two packs of wolves appeared from both ends of the alley and were all dashing towards the center.

Shannon's hands could not stop shivering. She began to feel shortness of breath.

F***, why would there be wild wolves in the Central Plains?

Moreover, these wild wolves are as huge as calves! They're definitely ferocious and ready to kill...

The menacing sheen from their eyes induced fear in whoever dared lay eyes on them.

They did not look like the wolves in Eurasia.

"There's been an ambush!" Shannon was flustered for a while before she finally calmed herself down. "Guard the door!"

Shannon and the guard immediately guarded the entrance against both sides while continuously shooting the wolves.

The gunshots immediately attracted the attention of the two guards inside the grounds. They quickly dashed to the entrance and began shooting the wolves as well.

That was all the defense available within this

military compound.

Amidst the chaos, Hudson saw his opportunity. With merely one roll into the grounds, he slipped into the military compound and stood guard outside Paul Hunt's house.

Zeke's order to him was to protect Paul Hunt. He wanted to protect this final defense line.

There were many wolves who were extremely fast with their actions. It was too difficult for Shannon and the rest of the team to aim their shots at them properly.

The wolves continued to attack as their weak spots had not been hit.

The weapons seemed to have little to no effect on them at all.

In just one minute, the wolves had pounced on them and were biting away maniacally.

Indeed, these were wild Siberian wolves that were cruel beyond reason; they could aim perfectly at human beings' vital points.

After one of the guards had his neck bitten, bright red blood spurted everywhere, making him lose his ability to fight.

They had also run out of bullets.

After all, Paul Hunt had left the army. He couldn't provide a large number of bullets for them.

Worried, Shannon tossed her gun aside and began fighting with her Swiss Army blade.

She was the best in close combat. Every attack she delivered was a fatal move. She managed to kill off three wild wolves in a split second.

However, she was already seriously injured, with wounds all over her body.

The defense finally fell at the entrance, and a few of the wild wolves rushed in.

Oh no!

Shannon's brain buzzed.

The wolves are probably targeting Grandpa!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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She could no longer fight off the wolves at the entrance, so she turned to dash into the house.

The moment she turned, she noticed the little beggar guarding the house without her knowledge.

She shouted out loud, "Hey! You beggar, what are you doing?"

Hudson broke out into a smile. "Didn't I say I shouldn't just eat your things for free? Today, I will save your lives."

Shannon shouted angrily, "Quick! Get into the house and close the door! You are no match for these wild wolves... They're probably Siberian wild wolves!"

Hudson sneered, "Are you looking down on me? Get ready for my Invincible Nano Thunderbolt Kick!"

Shannon asked, "What kick?"

F***, we are all about to become the wild wolves' next meal, and here you are trying to act cool?

When she saw a wolf lunge towards the beggar, Shannon threw herself forward to protect him.

At the very same time, the beggar made a move

too.

His knee slammed into the wild wolf who was leaping toward him.

Ka-boom!

With a dull bang, the wolf's head was broken by his knee!

With a perfect arc in the air, the wolf fell out of the yard.

The headless wolf began spurting out large amounts of blood from his neck, rendering the little beggar completely red.

The beggar's legs straightened again before he kicked another wild wolf.

This time, he created a bloodied hole in this wolf's stomach, and the world lay unmoving after two moans.

The beggar never stopped moving. His right leg was like a death whip as it whipped each of the wild wolves endlessly.

In merely a few minutes, there were piles of wild wolves by the beggar's side. He was completely immersed in blood.

He could kick an elephant weighing a few tons

to death, so these wolves were nothing to him.

Oh s***, oh s***....

Shannon was stupefied. All she could say was "Oh s***".

Does this guy have a robotic leg or something?
Does he have a motor inside his leg?

No, he definitely has quite a few motors inside his leg!

John carefully came in through the backdoor amidst the commotion and made his way to the front porch, getting ready to get into the house to kill Paul.

However, the scene at the front porch petrified him.

From twenty over wolves in the original pack, there were only a few left alive.

The rest had become dead bodies piled up next to the beggar.

The beggar stood towering and tall amidst the bodies, completely covered in blood. With his blazing eyes, he looked like a killing god.

John's heart thumped wildly. This virtually perfect plan still had a loophole!

Who would have thought that this beggar would appear out of the blue?

That beggar must have hidden undercover here earlier. He must have been arranged by Zeke Williams.

Who would have thought Zeke had this kind of fighter in his team?

This project must have been exposed, or else Zeke Williams wouldn't have arranged to have someone lay here in advance!

There must be a spy near Mr. Quin!

There was no way he could enter the house, so he could only activate the poison in Paul's body from where he was.

However, the distance was too far. He could not guarantee that he could activate the poison in his body to kill him off.

He quickly fished out a flute and began playing it.

The unrhythmic tune flowed through the grounds.

In the house, Paul, who was in a vegetated state, began convulsing with his eyes wide open and a painfully contorted face when he

heard the tune of the flute.

A closer look would reveal that there were worms squirming inside his pupils!

Shannon discovered John immediately.

Something seemed to tell her that that old man was the culprit.

She roared at him, "You old man, I will kill you today!"

She charged towards John.



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John immediately turned pale when he saw this. He dropped his flute and began to run.

This mission was Mr. Quin's, but his life was his. Nothing was more important than saving his own life now.

Shannon had only managed to give chase for a few steps before two wild wolves caught up to her. She had no choice but to stop and fight with the wolves instead.

Hudson was so ferocious that he had stunned the wolves. They did not dare to attack him, only Shannon.

Hudson could only close the door to the house and dash up to help Shannon get rid of the wolves.

With both their combined skills or more precisely, with Hudson's Invincible Nano Thunderbolt Kick, the remaining few wolves were killed off.

At that very moment, the yard was covered with piles of dead wolves and bloody streams. It was a sea of red, and even the greenery had been covered with blood.

This was indeed The Eternal War Grounds!

Shannon squatted on the floor while panting

heavily in pain and fatigue.

“You little beggar, you... are... really quite amazing!”

Hudson took off his shirt and wrung out the blood and perspiration. “Eh, this is nothing. If it were my brother, he would have settled these wolves in no time, with not even a drop of blood on himself. He would not look as wretched as I do now.”

Shannon widened her eyes. “That’s not possible. How could there be a god like this in this world? You might as well say your brother is the God of War.”

Hudson shook his head. “Please, he’s nothing compared to my brother.”

Shannon grew curious; she really wanted to see what his brother was like.

At that moment, a fifty-man rescue team finally came, albeit too late.

They were completely shocked by the scene before them. All their faces were pale while their eyes popped, and their jaws dropped. They did not know what to do.

In fact, two weaker little soldiers had even turned around and begun throwing up.

Was this still the earthly world?

No, it has to be the depths of hell, the nineteenth level of hell!

Shannon forced herself to stand up. "What are you still standing there for? Quick! There are still lives to be saved!"

The medical team immediately rushed towards the seriously injured guards to check on their wounds.

Shannon was very worried. Please let no one die, please let no one die...

After the medical team ran a few checks, they said, "Don't worry. It's just surface wounds with no internal injuries. They will all be fine."

Phew!

Shannon heaved a long sigh.

The medical team wanted to bring a few people away for treatment.

The guards who had conflicted with Hudson initially suddenly stood up and swayed before they fell on their knees before him.

"M... Master... please allow us to salute you."

Hudson was speechless.

Everyone was busy cleaning up the yard when Shannon's phone suddenly rang.

It was from Zeke Williams.

Shannon hurriedly picked it up.

"Hans the Fool, I hope you are all right," Zeke said.

She began to flare up in annoyance when she heard his nickname for her.

What the f***? Are we still not done with this?

Do you have to keep calling me a fool because I lost a silly bet?

"Shut up!" She screamed at him. "You are the fool! But hang on, why are you suddenly asking me if I'm all right?"

Unless... He knew about the ambush earlier on?

Shannon still did not know Zeke had sent Hudson to come and protect them.

Zeke chuckled. "Wasn't there someone attacking your home? Based on your tone, you should have survived it."

“You idiot!” Shannon roared hysterically. “Why didn’t you tell me beforehand if you already knew that there was someone about to ambush us? Didn’t you know we all nearly died?”



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Upon hearing what he had said, Zeke was utterly confused.

F*** you! I sent someone to come and protect you!

How dare you speak to me like that, you ingrate!

However, he was too lazy to dwell on that. Instead, he asked, "So how's your grandfather? Is he alright?"

"The enemy didn't even make it into the main hall," Shannon replied, "He's fine."

"Thanks a lot for your late concern."

"You can't be too sure," Zeke warned her, "Voodoo assassinations can be performed from afar!"

Upon hearing that, Shannon flew into a panic.

She suddenly remembered how the enemy had mysteriously played a melody on the flute just now.

Could that melody have been some sort of Voodoo technique?

She immediately made a mad dash into the house to check on her grandfather.

Inside the main halls, Paul Hunt was still lying on his bed. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with him.

Only after seeing that did Shannon calm down.

In the next moment, however, she suddenly noticed how the veins on her grandfather's arms had started to bulge. And before this, her grandfather's eyes had been closed shut. Now, they were slightly open!

Dashing over, she pulled up his eyelids and checked his eyes.

The sight that greeted her immediately sent a shiver down her spine. Countless worms were wriggling about in her grandfather's eyes.

Shannon immediately yelled into the phone, "My grandfather's veins have started bulging, and there are worms in his eyes... What should I do? What should I do?"

In truth, Zeke had begun panicking slightly as well.

All the signs pointed to the fact that the poison inside Paul Hunt had been activated... or at the very least, some of it had been activated.

This had certainly complicated the treatment process... to the extent where the treatment

might even fail!

However, he forced himself to act calm so as not to worry Shannon. "Apply the sulfur on him first. We'll talk further after I've reached and taken a look and your grandfather."

"Alright." Shannon calmed down significantly upon hearing Zeke's tone of voice. She then proceeded to cautiously apply sulfur on Paul.

"Who called?" Hudson asked curiously.

"A b*****," Shannon replied, "Can you do me another favor?"

Hudson nodded. "Sure, what do you want me to help you with."

"Alright, when that b***** comes later, I want you to kick him like how you kicked those wolves."

"He clearly knew someone was going to spring an attack on us. Yet, he kept that information to himself and nearly got our entire family killed. He has got to be punished."

Hudson got quite angry as well after hearing this. "How could he have done that? There are so many lives at stake!"

"Sure, I'll help you give him a kick later."

That fight with the wolves had left him craving more anyways.

Unbeknownst to him, the person Shannon wanted him to kick was none other than his friend - Zeke Williams.

Not long after that, Zeke finally arrived.

As soon as he stepped into the house, Hudson immediately aimed a swift kick at him.

Hmph?

Zeke immediately sensed danger and kicked out his leg.

With a loud thump, both legs collided midair, and a cloud of dust exploded around them.

In the very next moment, Hudson's body went flying backwards and smashed into the wall behind him.

What...the...f***...

Shannon covered her mouth in disbelief.

She had originally thought Hudson's kicks were unparalleled.

Yet, Williams managed to send him flying with a single kick.

To put it into perspective, if Hudson had a few motors installed in his legs, Zeke must have had at least a couple dozen motors installed in his.

She had only known him to be a really good doctor in the past. She certainly hadn't expected him to be such a good fighter as well.

As he lay on the floor, Hudson groaned, "Oh, that hurt! Zeke, what are you doing here?"

"You little rascal! Why did you spring an attack on me?" Zeke snapped.

"If I hadn't noticed it was you and pulled back my punches in time, your leg would have been broken," He added.

A mournful expression flashed across Hudson's face. "Had I known it was you, I wouldn't have even dared to make a move at all."

What?

Hudson could feel her scalp start to crawl. "You're the friend Hudson was talking about? You were the one who sent Little Beggar here to protect us? And you were actually pulling your punches with that kick just now? Wouldn't you have killed him if you hadn't held back?"



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Only then did Shannon realize she had misunderstood Zeke.

He hadn't left them to fend for themselves. In fact, he had sent someone here to protect them.

Confused, Zeke asked, "Who's Little Beggar?"

Hudson hastily explained, "It's a long story. Oh, that's right, there's a b***** who's coming over soon. You better make some room. I'm going to give him a lesson that he'll never forget."

"B*****? What b*****?"

Feeling very awkward, Shannon hastily changed the subject, "Er...let's forget about that. Mr. Williams, come take a look at my grandfather."

Unbeknownst to her, she had unconsciously started addressing him as 'Mr. Williams' instead of just 'Williams'.

Upon hearing that, Zeke hastily rushed forward to take a look at Paul.

Once he was done, the expression on his face grew serious.

"Part of the poison in your grandfather's body has been activated," Zeke concluded gravely, "It's now attacking his brain, veins and many

other vital organs. If we don't do anything and allow his mind to remain dormant, he might be able to last a few more days."

"But if I were to commence treatment now, he might come around. However, he'll probably only last a couple of minutes, maybe even only a couple of seconds. That's because once there is more activity in his brain, the poison will attack his brain even more ferociously and cause him to die faster," Zeke added,

What?

Shannon looked as though she had just been struck by lightning. She slumped into her chair.

An apologetic look flashed across Hudson's face. "I'm really sorry, Zeke. It's my fault that this happened. I had originally thought that the enemy wouldn't be able to hurt him as long as they stayed outside. Little did I know..."

Patting Hudson on the shoulders, Zeke assured him, "It's not your fault. I was the one who didn't tell you about that."

He then turned towards Shannon and said gently, "Shannon, before you make your decision, I have to tell you something."

"John was the one who Voodooed your grandfather. And the man he's working for is

this scoundrel that I've been investigating. The only reason that he would go to such lengths to kill your grandfather would be that your grandfather had dug up something that he didn't want anybody to know about. If your grandfather were to die just like that, that secret is going to follow him to his grave."

"But if we can get him to come around, even for just a few minutes, he will be able to tell us this secret. Then, we would be able to incriminate that scoundrel and undo the damage he's done! Whether your grandfather lives for a few more days or comes around just for another few minutes is entirely up to you," He added.

After a moment's hesitation, Shannon steeled her heart and said, "Grandpa has always been incredibly loyal to his country. He would do anything to protect this land and the people on it. If he were to really bring this secret to his grave, I think that his soul will never truly be put to rest."

"Wake him up, even if it is just for a few seconds," Shannon said decidedly.

Great!

Zeke proceeded to give Paul and Shannon a salute before he pulled out his needles and started performing acupuncture on Paul.

After a nerve-wracking procedure, Paul suddenly spat out some blood, and his body started convulsing. His eyes shot open as he made an effort to sit up.

Zeke hastily stopped him. “Mr. Hunt, your body is still too weak. You shouldn’t move about too much.”

“Do you have something to say?”

Paul mustered every last bit of his strength and croaked, “The Black Pentagon... Drugs... Firearms...”

Hmph?

Zeke’s brows furrowed.

Has Paul been investigating the Black Pentagon back when he went to Queenstown?

The Black Pentagon was this place in Queenstown that was known all over the world for its lawlessness.

Nearly 70% of drugs and firearms within Eurasia’s borders came from that place.

Furthermore, more than 50% of the world’s grey goods came from there.

However, the mysterious master of the Black

Pentagon was a very powerful person. That master even had his or her own private army.

That was why the Black Pentagon problem had been unresolved for so many years!

“Mr. Hunt,” Zeke reminded him, “Please keep it simple. You only have a few minutes, maybe even only a few seconds.”



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After taking a sweeping glance at the people before him, he pulled Shannon to his side and said urgently, "Shannon...go...go to Octagon Row in Atheville and find a retired soldier named Hunting Wolf."

"Back when...when I was investigating the Black Pentagon, I intercepted a letter..."

"That letter was meant for the master of the Black Pentagon."

"Alas, I...I was discovered before I could see who the receiver was."

"Before I passed out, a guy named Hunting Wolf saved me... I handed him that letter..."

"You'll be able to get the letter once you find him. The receiver of that letter would be the master of the Black Pentagon..."

"Quick..."

Before Paul could finish his sentence, his eyes rolled back into his head. His entire body went limp, and he stopped breathing.

"Grandpa!"

Shannon leapt onto her grandfather and started sobbing.

Zeke, on the other hand, became rather emotional as well.

Hunting Wolf! Hunting Wolf!

What a familiar name!

He was a member of the Alpha Suicide Squad back in the day!

After the war had ended, Hunting Wolf, along with the Ferrymen of the Dead, had fallen out of touch with the rest of the squad.

I certainly hadn't expected him to go to the Black Pentagon after he left.

He must have been trying to return to his country via the Black Pentagon. He had probably bumped into Paul as a result.

Paul told us to go to Octagon Row in Atheville to look for him.

He's staying in Atheville now? Who knows? He might already have made a family for himself.

But of course, the most exciting part wasn't that he had found the location of Hunting Wolf. Rather, it was the fact that they might uncover the true identity of the Black Pentagon's master.

It had been rumored that the Black Pentagon's master was a really powerful man working with the government.

However, no one knew what his true identity was.

This was also precisely why it had been so difficult to resolve the situation in the Black Pentagon.

If they were able to figure who he was and capture him, taking down the Black Pentagon would be a piece of cake!

Zeke turned to glance at the red flag that was flying high in the garden. He walked towards it to lower the flag.

After removing it from the pole it was on, Zeke walked back into the house and draped it over Paul's body.

"May you rest in peace, Mr. Hunt," Zeke said as he gave Paul a salute.

"What are you doing!" Shannon spluttered as she tried to remove the flag, "The deceased is only draped with a flag when he or she is given a state funeral. My grandfather...isn't worthy of that."

"This goes against military law. We'll be

punished for it.”

Zeke stopped her before she could remove the flag. “If Mr. Hunt is not worthy of it, no one else is.”

Fishing out his phone, he rang up the highest-ranking military agency. “Paul Hunt from the Hunt family in East Skuld, Rivermouth has served his nation well. He deserves a state funeral.”

“Roger!” After hearing the reply from the other end, Zeke promptly hung up the phone.

Stunned, Shannon stared at him with her mouth agape.

Who...who on earth is he?

How did he arrange a state funeral for Grandpa over a single phone call?

Patting her on the shoulder, Zeke said, “I’m sorry for your loss.”

“I’ll personally attend the funeral tomorrow.”

Zeke then proceeded to leave in a car with Hudson at the wheel.

During their journey, Hudson noticed the pensive look on Zeke’s face and asked, “What

are you thinking about?”

“I’m wondering if the receiver of that letter Paul intercepted is really John’s boss,” Zeke replied.

“Otherwise, he wouldn’t have ordered John to voodoo Paul and turn Paul into a vegetable. He wouldn’t have sent John here today to attempt Paul’s life either.”

Hudson nodded. “That sounds very plausible.”

“The letter Paul gave Hunting Wolf is our only clue now,” Zeke said, “We have to follow that lead.”

“And once we find that letter, not only will we be able to identify John’s boss, but we would also be able to figure who is really in charge of the Black Pentagon. That’s two birds with one stone.”

We have to find Hunting Wolf!

Extinguishing the cigarette in his hands, Zeke then rang up Lone Wolf. “Lone Wolf, I think I may have found Hunting Wolf.”



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“What?”

“Haha!” Lone Wolf exclaimed, “That little rascal told me back then that he would introduce me to his younger sister! I’m going to make sure he honors his bet.”

“Don’t get too excited yet,” Zeke said gravely, “Right now, I’m still unsure if he’s alive... After all, he hasn’t contacted us in so many years.”

“I want you to go dig up on all the residents living in Octagon Row, Atheville. See if any of their details match those of Hunting Wolf’s.”

“No problem!” Lone Wolf replied, “I’ll get to work immediately.”

Right after Zeke hung up, Lacey rang him up yet again.

Zeke hastily picked up the call.

Lacey, however, sounded quite glum. “Where are you right now, Zeke?”

“I’m on the way home,” Zeke replied, “What’s wrong?”

She sighed, “I think you should come over to the Riverdale Hintons’ ancestral tomb.”

Zeke could vaguely make out the sounds of

people crying in the background.

This immediately sent him into a rage.

Damn it! Don't tell me the Riverdale Hinton Family has refused to pass on the position of family head to Lacey and has made things difficult for Lacey and her family!

Those b*****s!

"I'll be right there!" Zeke hung up the phone and turned to Hudson. "Hudson, we're going to the Riverdale Hintons' ancestral tomb."

"Alright!" Hudson replied as he floored the accelerator.

After half an hour, both of them reached the Riverdale Hintons' ancestral tomb.

The Riverdale and Oakheart Hinton families were both present. Everybody had extremely solemn looks on their faces.

Lacey's grandfather, Adam, was bawling his eyes out.

Zeke didn't really have a good impression of him.

In the past, the man had always been biased towards his older son's family and neglected

Daniel's family as a result. Furthermore, he had made things difficult for Daniel on behalf of his older son on countless occasions.

It was only till he discovered that his older son, Jeremy, was plotting to kill him to inherit his fortunes did he slowly become more biased towards Daniel's family.

However, he was still Lacey's grandfather, after all.

At a time like this, Zeke had no choice but to stand up for him.

"Who made Grandpa cry?" He demanded, "I'll forgive you if you own up now and break one of your own legs."

Lacey hastily walked up to him. "That's enough, Zeke. Nobody made Grandpa cry."

Zeke's brows furrowed. "Then why's he crying?"

All of a sudden, Adam walked up to Zeke and promptly sunk to his knees.

"Zeke, I... Ugh, I have no idea how thank you."

Zeke was dumbfounded.

What's gotten into the old man?

Flabbergasted, Lacey and Daniel hastily ran forward to help the old man get back on his feet.

“Grandpa, why are you kneeling before Zeke? He’s your grandson-in-law.”

“Come on, Dad, get up. We’re a family. If you really want to thank him, you just have to say the words. There’s no need to kneel in front of him.”

This, however, didn’t quite fly with Hannah.

“My son-in-law’s the one who helped him take back the Riverdale Hintons. Should he not be thanking Zeke on his knees? What are you two stopping him for?”

Zeke gave Adam a half-hearted tug to help him up as well. “Grandpa, why are you kowtowing to me all of a sudden?”

Lacey proceeded to explain to him what had happened.

Back when Aaron and Adam were young, the Riverdale Hintons was in its prime and the power struggle between the both of them had never ceased.

Eventually, Adam had lost the role of family head to Aaron. Aaron subsequently ridded him

of the Riverdale Hintons.

Ever since then, Adam essentially became the Riverdale Hintons' slave and did all kinds of things for them with a smile on his face. Alas, they despised him and deliberately distanced themselves from him in return.

Now, not only had Zeke helped them join the Riverdale Hintons once again, but he had also helped pry the position of family head out of Aaron's hands. Adam was certainly very grateful for that.



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Realization dawned on Zeke. “Oh, that was nothing. You don’t have to thank me for that.”

Upon hearing this, everybody was dumbfounded.

This might have been a piece of cake to you, but it certainly meant a great deal to us.

As her grandfather and father were still alive, Lacey dared not assume the role of the family head.

Thus, she decided to let her grandfather assume the role of the family head instead. She allowed him to fulfil the dream he had had since he was young.

Adam was absolutely thrilled with this idea. He then proceeded to kowtow before the ancestral tomb, to a point where his forehead even started to bleed!

Nancy walked over to Zeke and smiled sarcastically. “One really mustn’t judge a book by its cover. I certainly hadn’t expected you would one day pry the position of family head out of their hands.”

“I’ll admit you’re now worthy of Lacey. But only by the skin of your teeth.”

An annoyed expression crept across Zeke’s

face. What do you mean by that?

What's wrong with my 'cover'? What's wrong with the way I look?

After settling everything, Zeke sent Lacey and Nancy back to the Linton Group.

On their journey there, Lacey said, "Zeke, Mia's going out of town tomorrow to film the promotional video on location. This location is the very essence of the promotional video. That's why I must tag along and watch over everything personally."

"If you haven't got anything else to do, why don't you come along with me?"

Zeke's eyes furrowed. "I'm sorry, Lacey. I don't think I'll be able to make it. I've found a really good friend of mine whom I haven't met in a long time. I have to go pay him a visit."

Crestfallen, Lacey said, "Then forget it. It's more important that you meet that friend of yours. But if you still have time on your hands after meeting this friend, you have to come and look for me."

"Of course," Zeke replied.

"Haha! Are you going to meet a long-lost friend or an old flame of yours?" Nancy chuckled.

“I’m warning you. You better don’t try any funny business behind Lacey’s back. Otherwise, don’t blame me for turning you into Eurasia’s last eunuch.”

As she spoke, she stuck out two slender white fingers and mimed a pair of scissors.

Zeke immediately hit the roof.

Nancy Hinton, how much money do I owe you? Just give me a f***ing number, and I’ll cough it up.

Must you go against everything I f***ing say and do?

After sending both of them back to Linton Group, Zeke drove off in his car.

“Nancy, have you booked the tickets to Atheville tomorrow?” Lacey asked.

“Of course,” Nancy nodded her head, “You know you can trust me.”

Lacey grinned. “That’s good.”

That’s right! Lacey’s going to Atheville too!

If she had said so earlier, Zeke would definitely have agreed to accompany them.

Alas, they had missed this perfect opportunity.

.....

The next morning, Zeke sent Lacey and company to the Oakheart International Airport.

Afterwards, he started to make his way to Paul's funeral.

Sole Wolf had already led the fleet of military vehicles into position. He was awaiting to personally escort Zeke to the funeral.

The moment Zeke got into the car, he received a mysterious phone call.

After seeing the number of the caller, Zeke immediately corrected his posture and sat upright.

The call was from the colonel's personal line in the Central Office.

Zeke hastily picked up the call.

Much to his surprise, it was the colonel's guard, Woods, on the other end. "Good morning, Great Marshal."

"Why are you on the phone, Woods?" Zeke asked curiously, "Where's the colonel?"

Woods grinned. “The colonel’s busy entertaining some foreign guests. He specially instructed me to make you this call.”

“Oh? So what’s this call about?”

“Word on the street is that you’re going to attend Paul Hunt’s state funeral.”

“The colonel would rather you not attend.”

“Why not?” Zeke asked.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Well,” Woods explained, “Things haven’t been exactly peaceful at the border lately. Those b*****s have been testing the waters repeatedly, and they’ve been getting increasingly brazen with their attempts.”

“However, they dare not go too far because they’re afraid of you. But if you were to attend Paul Hunt’s funeral and they were to learn that you weren’t at the border, they would definitely put together a much larger assault.”

Zeke was rather dismayed by this turn of events. “If that’s the case, it looks like I really can’t attend the funeral.”

“Forget it. Tell the old man the Alpha suicide squad has nearly reassembled. When the time comes, we’ll charge into the enemy’s stronghold and launch an attack.”

“Haha!” Woods laughed, “I hope you keep your word, Great Marshal. I’ve been recording the entire call.”

The corners of Zeke’s mouth twitched. “You’ve been getting increasingly crafty of late, haven’t you?”

“Why don’t you consider joining our Alpha suicide squad? When the time comes, I’ll even teach you how to brew the Alpha wine we always have before a mission.”

“Do you really mean that, Williams?” Woods asked in a voice choked with emotion.

“Haha! To be frank, I’ve grown tired of this desk job. I’ve wanted to operate out on the field and fight the bad guys like you for a long time now. You’ve got to put in a good word for me with the colonel and convince him to transfer me to your squad.”

Zeke wasn’t sure if he should laugh or cry. “I was just joking around with you! Don’t take it too seriously!”

“A true man keeps his word,” Woods protested, “How could you joke around like that?”

“I don’t care! I want to join your squad.”

“Nonsense, it’s too dangerous,” Zeke objected.

“Let me ask you this. If you were to follow me on missions, how many enemies can you kill? Ten, twenty, thirty, forty or maybe fifty?”

“On the other hand, you’re able to strategically deploy troops and influence the outcomes of battles in your current position. You would be saving tens of thousands of soldiers, maybe even more.”

“Now, you tell me. Whose role is more important?”

“Alright! Alright!” Woods sighed, “Enough with the lecture on politics. The colonel has already given me way too many lessons on the topic.”

“You can just tell me I’m too weak to join your team to my face. Hmph, you’re a terrible sport. Goodbye.”

Zeke was dumbfounded.

You little rascal! You’ve already landed yourself such a high position in the military. How are you still prone to throwing these petty tantrums?

“Thank god you didn’t allow Woods to tag along with us,” Sole Wolf chuckled, “Otherwise, he’ll be hounding me all day to settle our debt.”

“Oh?” Zeke asked, “And what exactly do you owe him?”

“Ugh,” Sole Wolf sighed, “I boasted to him that I would get him a jar of Alpha wine brewed by you the other time. There isn’t even enough for me! How could I possibly give him any?”

“The reason it was so difficult to brew Alpha wine in the past was the fact that a *Rhodiola rosea* needed to be added for every ten jars brewed,” Zeke reminisced.

“But recently, I’ve found a herb plantation that’s

filled with *Rhodiola rosea*. This time, I'll make enough to go around."

Sole Wolf's was almost drooling after hearing what Zeke had said. "Haha! I'm going to down ten jars in one go."

Stretching his back, Zeke instructed, "Alright, let's go to East Skuld to attend Paul's funeral. Even if I can't turn up, I can at least gift a banner commending him for his heroics."

When news broke out that the Great Marshal had bestowed Paul Hunt a banner during his funeral, a huge commotion erupted within the entire city.

Just like they were during Master Williams' battles, the streets of Rivermouth were emptied once again. Nearly the entire city had come down to Paul Hunt's funeral to admire the words the Great Marshal had written in his honor.

Although they knew they wouldn't be able to see the Great Marshal, they were more than happy to simply admire something he had written.

When the military handed Shannon a banner with the words 'National Treasure' written on it, the woman immediately burst into tears.

Grandpa, you can rest in peace now. Your death has not been in vain.



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The onlooking crowd began chanting the words that had been written on the banner. Their voice was so loud that it shook the very earth beneath their feet.

Heartened by what they were chanting, Zeke observed, "Who said that the people of Eurasia have gotten so obsessed with celebrities that they've forgotten about their heroes? I've got quite a few fans as well."

Sole Wolf replied glumly, "I don't know if you've noticed, but most of your fans are young girls. So why are all my fans guys?"

Zeke took a look at Sole Wolf. "It's high time you shaved."

"Judging by the way you look right now, you're going to even have trouble looking for a wife, let alone creating a more feminine fan base."

"Well, I thought I would look more macho with a beard," Sole Wolf lamented.

"Alright, that's enough chit chat," Zeke said, "I'll get Lacey to introduce you to a nice girl another day. Now, it's time for us to head to Atheville and look for Hunting Wolf!"

Lone Wolf had a rather heavy workload as he was in charge of running the entire Military District. Thus, he couldn't leave as and when he

liked.

That was why Zeke decided to bring Sole Wolf along instead.

The exuberance on his Sole Wolf's face was unmistakable. "Haha! Let's go locate Hunting Wolf!"

"That little rascal told me he would betroth his younger sister to me. If he dares to go back on his word, I'll kidnap his sister."

Zeke opened his mouth to speak but thankfully caught himself in time. An awkward expression flashed across his face.

Lone Wolf had said the exact same thing.

Did Hunting Wolf really promise to betroth his sister to both of them? Is he not afraid of getting beaten up?

.....

John fled all the way to Eastend.

His original plan had been to look for Mr. Quin. Alas, not long after he had reached Eastend, he learnt that Mr. Quin had died.

Rumor had it that Mr. Quin's advisor, Draco, was the one who had betrayed and poisoned him.

The poison had taken effect while he was in the arena, and he ended up losing the battle before it had even started.

Thus, John had no choice but to settle for two of Mr. Quin's old subordinates -- Gavin Zachary and Sim Owens.

But on his way to seek refuge, he had learnt that both of them had also betrayed Mr. Quin. They both then joined Zeke's side.

Although he refused to admit it, Zeke now ruled Eastend.

And now that the whole of Eastend was the enemy's turf, where could he hide?

John felt absolutely devastated.

Almost all of the Boss' subordinates were either dead, captured or on the other side.

He was the only one still fighting.

A wave of uneasiness suddenly washed over him, and he flew into a panic.

Now at the end of his road, he had no choice but to seek the Boss' protection.

As his hands shook uncontrollably, he fished out his phone and gave the Boss a call.

What if the Boss decides to kill me in a fit of anger after learning that the missions had failed one after another?

It wasn't long before the call went through.

"John," The Boss asked, "How's the plan going?"

"Boss," John replied timidly, "I didn't manage to get close to Hunt. I could only activate the poison from outside the house."

"I...I can't guarantee he's dead."

John then proceeded to recount what had happened.

As expected, the Boss flew into a rage. "You useless good-for-nothing! How could you have botched up such a perfect plan? What's the point in having you around at all?"

"I'm warning you, if Hunt isn't dead and he reveals my secret, you're a dead man!"

"I'm so sorry," John apologized profusely, "This is all my fault..."

"And what about Quin?" the Boss continued, "He's taken care of Williams, right?"

"Mr. Quin...Mr. Quin's failed as well," John

stammered.

“Rumor has it that Mr. Quin was betrayed and poisoned by his advisor, Draco. The poison took effect while he was in the arena, and he lost before the battle had started.”

“What?” The Boss yelped.

What followed after that was an incredibly long stretch of silence.

This rapid succession of bad news had left him at a loss for what to do!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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John was so nervous that he felt as though he was about to explode.

Whenever the Boss fell silent, it meant that he was truly furious!

That tended to yield some terrible consequences.

After a long pause, the Boss' voice came from the other end again.

In a weary voice, he asked, "Where's Williams right now?"

"I just received some information from my informant in Rivermouth," John replied cautiously, "Zeke was last seen driving off in the direction of Atheville. It's unclear if he's really on his way to Atheville."

"B*****!" The Boss cursed as he lost his cool.

That was his home turf!

This out of the blue visit is likely targeted at me.

Damn that blabbermouth, Paul Hunt! He must have revealed the top-secret information he had acquired back then to Williams!

Williams might have even dug up on me and learnt that I'm the master of the Black

Pentagon!

He promptly made his decision and ordered, "I want you to look for the president of the Martial Arts Association - Dylan."

"Tell him to bring the Deicide to Atheville and station themselves here."

If he were to lose his home turf to Zeke, he would then really be at the end of his road.

"The Deicide?" John asked.

"For ten years," The Boss replied coldly, "I've paid Dylan 10 billion annually so that he could put together a team of people who are willing to die to meet the mission objective. Now, it's time they made my money's worth."

A solemn look flashed across John's face.

With 100 billion invested in them and all of the Martial Arts Association's resources at their disposal, how could the Deicide be any ordinary force?

The Boss certainly has quite a few tricks up his sleeve.

.....

The Necromancer Assassin Organization was

quite literally vacant today with the exception of three or four assassins keeping watch over the place.

Rosie and the other assassins were on their way to assassinate Mr. Quin and avenge Zeke.

At that moment, Rosie wasn't aware Zeke was still alive.

This was because back in the arena, Zeke had told everyone he wanted to keep a low profile. He didn't wish for what had happened to spread. Thus, all those who had witnessed what had happened held their tongue and dared not speak about it.

As a result, not many people knew that Zeke had actually 'won' the fight against Mr. Quin.

Rosie and the assassins launched a spring attack on Mr. Quin's home turf. However, they didn't see the man they were looking for at all.

Rosie then went to check the places he frequented. Yet, she still failed to find him.

Thus, she naturally assumed he had gotten wind of the assassination and had holed up elsewhere.

In the end, she decided to directly question one of Mr. Quin's old subordinates - Gavin Zachary -

about his whereabouts.

Gavin had only reached home at about two in the morning.

He had kowtowed about more than a thousand times back at Linton Group. His forehead had even started bleeding. Only after a trip to the hospital did the pain start to subside.

However, just as he laid on his bed, prepared to have a good night's rest, a cold blade was pressed against his neck.

Gavin was close to tears. Is there no f***ing end to these disasters?

However, he had had enough experience with such situations before. He forced himself to sound calm as he asked, "May I know who you are?"

"Cut the crap," Rosie snapped, "Tell me where Mr. Quin is."

"You're looking for Mr. Quin?" Gavin murmured, "He's underground."

Of course, what he meant was that Mr. Quin was in hell.

However, Rosie instinctively thought he was referring to the basement.

“Bring me to him,” She ordered.

What?

Gavin’s face immediately became as pale as a sheet.

She wants to kill me!

After all, the only way he could see Mr. Quin was if he died as well.

Slightly panicking, he pleaded, “Please have mercy on me. As long as you spare my life, I’ll do anything.”

“What are you talking about?” Rosie snapped, “Who said anything about killing you? All I want is for you to bring me to Mr. Quin.”

Gavin was speechless.

“Mr. Quin’s already in hell. How do you plan on finding him?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Rosie exclaimed, "Mr. Quin is dead? How is that possible? How did he die?"

Zachary replied solemnly, "He died from poisoning on stage. He lost the fight before it even began."

What?

Rosie was dumbfounded.

The one who died was Mr. Quin and not Zeke?

But that wasn't what Draco told me.

Draco failed in poisoning Mr. Quin, and the latter killed Zeke...

Zeke must not have trusted Draco. That must have been why he knocked him out and poisoned Mr. Quin himself instead.

Rosie gritted her teeth as she asked, "Is it true?"

Zachary uttered, "I swear I'm telling the truth."

Whack!

Rosie knocked Zachary out with a chop to his neck.

She then took out her phone to call Zeke.

After a few seconds of anxious waiting, the call went through.

Rosie finally drew in a breath.

“Williams, you’re still f*****g alive!”

Zeke was baffled. “Of course, I am. Rosie, you still have such a short temper. That isn’t good. You should do something about it.”

“Damn you! If you’re still alive, why didn’t you come and see me?”

Zeke huffed, “Don’t mess up your facts. I came out looking for you after the duel, but you were already gone by then. You’re the one who broke your promise.”

Rosie muttered, “Stop with your nonsense. Come and meet me at once.”

“Sorry, I’m taking a trip to Atheville now. I can’t meet you just yet.”

“Atheville, right?” Rosie sneered, “No matter which part of the world you go, I’ll find you. When I do, I’ll break your legs. Let’s see how you’ll escape from me then.”

Rosie thought Zeke was avoiding her by going to Atheville.

She ended the call and told her assassin, "Let's go. We're moving to Atheville."

You've escaped once, but I won't let you do it twice.

In your dreams!

The large-scale Necromancer Assassin Organization had packed up and left their headquarters in Eastend overnight.

Their intended destination was Atheville.

Within a short period of time, various forces, including Lacey's party, were heading toward Atheville.

Soon, Atheville was going to turn lively.

.....

Zeke had finally reached the borders of Atheville when the sun came up.

"Stop the car," He ordered.

Sole Wolf hurriedly slammed on the brakes.

Zeke got down from the car and stood at the side of the river around the city. He sighed when he saw the luxurious city of Atheville.

Atheville was where Zeke came from.

The Williams family he belonged to was one of the wealthy families in Atheville.

Back then, when his family had decided to make him the scapegoat for his twin brother, Zach, Zeke had cut off his feelings for the Williams family.

He thought he would never return to the place that had made him miserable for the rest of his life.

However, it was impossible to predict the future. He was eventually back here after all those events.

“I hope I won’t meet anyone from the Williams family. I don’t want to soften my heart again.”

Zeke was about to return to the car when his phone rang.

It was a call from Lone Wolf.

Zeke accepted the call and hurriedly queried, “Have you found Hunting Wolf’s whereabouts?”

Lone Wolf sounded depressed as he replied, “I did. He has most likely been living under the name of Frederick Walters. He lives in the fourth house in Trey Alley. It’s in Octagon Row

at Atheville. Also, I have some unconfirmed news. Hunting Wolf... He's likely been killed."

What?

Zeke shuddered as sorrow entered his eyes. Fury soon took over.

"How dare that person kill my friend? I'll slaughter them!"

He took out a bottle of wine from the car. After drinking half of it, he poured the rest into the raging river.

"Hunting Wolf, rest in peace. I'll deal with the rest for you."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Lone Wolf consoled him, "Zeke, this piece of news hasn't been confirmed. I'm not sure how true it is."

"Take good care of Hunting Wolf's sister for me. I'll protect her for the rest of my life," He added.

Sole Wolf panicked, "Lone Wolf, how can you steal the one I love from me? Hunting Wolf has approved of me to be his sister's husband!"

A faint bitter smile was on Lone Wolf's face. "I knew he wasn't going to hand his sister to me easily. We'll have to have a fair fight over her."

Sole Wolf agreed, "A fair fight."

Lone Wolf responded, "Deal."

Sole Wolf nodded in the direction of the river. "Hunting Wolf, rest in peace. I will never forgive the ones that had a hand in your death. Don't worry. I'll take good care of your sister."

He turned and returned to the car, not wanting Zeke to see the tears in his eyes.

Zeke had told him in the past that only women cried.

Yet, he did not realize that even the Great Marshal's eyes were damp.

Octagon Row used to be a popular red-light district in Atheville.

After a revolution, however, the place had ended up becoming a slum.

Trey Alley in Octagon Row was only three inches wide; it was the worst area within the slum.

Zeke felt guilty. How could a brave soldier live in a place like this with his family? It's my fault.

He soon found the fourth house in Trey Alley.

The house was in disrepair. It looked as if it could collapse at any time.

Sole Wolf gently knocked on the door.

"Is anyone home?"

There came no reply.

Sole Wolf knocked again, but there was still no reply.

"Who are you?" A middle-aged woman who was passing by asked.

Zeke answered her, "We're Frederick's battle comrades. We've come to visit his family."

The woman scoffed in disdain, "I didn't know deserters had friends. How funny."

What?

Both Zeke and Sole Wolf froze.

Deserters?

Someone was calling the man who had bathed in the blood of the enemies as he bravely fought the battles for his people a deserter.

It was a sentences that was humiliating him.

Sole Wolf fumed, "Preposterous! My friend protected his nation! He's a good soldier. How can you accuse him of being a deserter? You must be seeking death!"

The woman sneered, "Everyone in Octagon Row knows that Frederick is an infamous deserter. I won't believe any words of yours."

Asshole!

Anger was shooting out of Sole Wolf's eyes, and if looks could kill, the woman would have already been dead.

Fortunately, Zeke hurriedly stopped Sole Wolf. "Where's his family? Why isn't there anyone at home?"

The woman answered, "Sage is having her wedding at Paradise Hotel today. If you hurry, you might be able to attend it."

The light in Sole Wolf's eyes dimmed.

I'm too late. Sage is marrying someone else.

"Let's go." Zeke led Sole Wolf away from the house.

"Sole Wolf," He repeated.

"Okay."

"She's marrying. We should be happy for her."

"Yes, of course. As long as she's happy, I'm happy... But Lone Wolf might be crying under his blankets if he learns about this."

"Yes. Give the Central Military District a call, and get them to prepare a wedding gift. We have to make sure not to embarrass her with a cheap gift."

"Of course."

"Also, will you take the fact that our brother-in-arms is called a deserter by others silently?"

"As if. I'll punch whoever calls him a deserter," Sole Wolf snarled.

“Let’s clear his name on the day of his sister’s wedding.”

“We have to!”

Soon, the two reached Paradise Hotel.

Paradise Hotel was a five-star hotel with a luxurious interior. It looked as if it was a palace.

Zeke smiled, feeling at ease.

It seemed like Sage’s husband was from a prestigious family. Otherwise, they would not hold their wedding here.

He was somewhat worthy of Sage.

The two walked up to the door when they noticed the guards chasing an old married couple out.

“Get lost. This isn’t the place for you to come. Scram! You stink!”

The old married couple was begging them, almost in tears. “Young man, let us in, please.”

The guard fumed as he took out his baton. “Are you getting lost now? If not, I’ll hit you with this.”

The couple paled at the sight of the baton, but

they still courageously said, “Young man, we’re the bride’s parents. Our daughter is marrying today. How can we not attend her wedding and give her our blessings?”



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The guard sneered, "You're the bride's parents, and that's exactly why we won't allow you to enter."

"Why?" The two questioned.

The guard answered, "Who do you think the groom is? He's the son of the Moore family. They're a wealthy family. All the guests today are important figures. If the guests were to find out that the groom's wife was from a poor family and that her parents were recyclables collectors, Mr. Moore will be embarrassed. He'll be laughed at! Even if you're not doing this for Mr. Moore, think about your daughter. The two of you will do nothing but embarrass the bride and groom if you enter."

"But..." The two were reluctant to admit defeat.

"This is Mr. Moore's order!" The guard was impatient now. "Get lost before I really hit you."

With tears streaming down their cheeks, the old married couple sighed before turning to leave.

What?

Both Zeke and Sole Wolf were stunned upon hearing the conversation.

The couple in front of them was Hunting Wolf and Sage's parents.

On the day of their daughter's wedding, fearing that his parents-in-law would embarrass him, the groom had refused to let them two enter.

This is preposterous!

This is absurd!

It's the joke of the century!

"Zeke, I'm itching to kill someone right now," Sole Wolf gritted out.

"Restrain yourself a little more." Zeke was also doing his best in calming himself down.

"Observe well how badly they've been treated. That way, you'll know what to do when you take your revenge. We have to give them a taste of their own medicine. We can't spill a single drop."

F*ck!

Sole Wolf clenched his teeth and forced his hands to stay by his side.

Just then, a server walked over.

She had a trash can in one hand and two biscuits in the other.

"Hey, are you going to eat your daughter's

wedding biscuits?" She asked.

The tradition in Octagon Row was that the bride had to bake wedding biscuits for her family.

The myth was that she would only have a good married life if her family ate the biscuits.

If they did not, she would not have a good life.

The two nodded quickly. "Of course we will."

As the server handed them the biscuits, she 'accidentally' dropped them into the trash can, causing the biscuits to be soaked in the murky water.

With a smile, the server took out the biscuits and said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I dropped it into the bin. Are you still going to eat it? If not, I'll throw them away."

"You-" The two were speechless at the humiliating question.

Even a fool would realize that the server had intentionally thrown them into the bin.

The server questioned, "What? Are you going to eat them? If you don't, the bride's going to have a terrible married life."

For their daughter's sake, the couple gritted their teeth and took the biscuits.

Just as they were about to bite into it, Zeke, unable to hold himself back any longer, ran forward and stopped them.

“Sir, Ma’am, you can’t eat these. They’ve been dropped into the bin.”

The two gratefully looked at Zeke, “Young man, thank you for your kind actions. We’re only going to take a bite so our daughter will have a good life. We won’t finish it.”

“No.” Zeke forcefully took away the biscuits and threw them aside.

“If you’re going to eat the biscuits, we’re going in to eat them.”

The server raged, “Bastard! Who in the hell are you? Why are you poking your nose in someone else’s business? Get lost!”

Zeke shot a deadly glare at her.

A shiver instantly ran down her spine, and she took a few steps back.

“Is this how you treat the bride’s parents? You might as well shut down your hotel.”

The server scoffed, “Which rock do you live under? This hotel is under the Moore family, one of the four most powerful families of

Atheville. Do you think a civilian like you have any control over how the hotel runs? What a joke!”

The guard stomped over as he slapped his baton on his hand noisily. “F*****g scram! If you don’t, I’m going to kill you right here-”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Slap!

Before the guard finished his words, Zeke had slapped him.

The man spun from the force before falling onto the ground, unconscious.

The server's face paled.

Sh*t! This guy's a madman. He just slapped someone unconscious!

She nervously walked backwards as she threatened, "Y- You're doomed. I can't believe you have the guts to stir trouble during Mr. Moore's wedding. He's going to kill you."

Zeke was about to take another step closer to her when Sole Wolf panicked, "Zeke, I can't hold myself back any longer. Give me a chance!"

Zeke nodded.

Whoosh!

At that action, Sole Wolf rushed forward like a speeding rhinoceros and slammed himself into the server.

With a scream, the server flew backwards and flew more than ten meters back before laying on the floor, unmoving.

The old couple's faces turned ashen.

"Young man, you... leave now. You've hurt the people from the Moore family. They're not going to let you off easily."

Zeke reassured, "Sir, Ma'am, it'll be fine. Let's go. I'll take you in to attend the wedding."

The two hurriedly shook their heads. "No, we can't. We'll embarrass our daughter. Young man, leave us be. You should hurry and leave now."

Sole Wolf explained, "Sir, Ma'am, we're comrades of Frederick. Don't worry, Zeke and I will speak on your behalf. No one will dare to look down on you or your daughter."

"Frederick's comrades!" The dim eyes of the couple lit up.

Eleanor held Zeke's hands and asked, "Young man, tell me, is Frederick really a deserter?"

Zeke answered, "Ma'am, Frederick has been a brave soldier on the battlefield. He's a hero."

Joshua laughed as tears rolled down his cheeks. "Haha! I knew that brat wouldn't embarrass his father. Frederick, you're my pride."

Supporting the elderly couple, Zeke muttered, "Sir, Ma'am, let's go in for the wedding."

"But..." The couple was still worried.

Zeke reassured them once more, "No 'but's. Today, Sole Wolf and I will be your sons. We'll keep you safe even if the sky collapses. Let's go."

As the guard had been indisposed, they entered the wedding hall without any problems.

The lively hall was crowded with guests, and no one noticed their sudden appearance.

Zeke asked, "Sir, Ma'am, where's the table for your family's relatives?"

Joshua sighed, "Mr. Moore felt that our family's too poor and that we would be an embarrassment to him. That's why he didn't inform any of our relatives. Moreover, our relatives think Frederick's a deserter, so they're all unwilling to talk to us."

Zeke sighed.

Marriage was between two people, but the bride's family was not even present.

What kind of wedding is this?

Instead of drawing attention to themselves, they sat down in an obscure corner.

If the bride's parents were being treated this badly, the bride must not be having a great time either.

He wanted to see for himself just how badly would Moore family treat Sage.

He would then be able to treat them the same way they did to Sage and her family.

Just as they sat down, Zeke murmured into Sole Wolf's ears, "Get ready to steal the bride."

Sole Wolf brightened up. "Don't worry, Zeke. As long as I'm here, no one gets to make Sage upset!"

The two swept their gazes in search of the bride and groom. They soon found them in the waiting area.

Although Sage had been born into a poor family, she was a natural beauty. Despite the minimum makeup she had on, she was an enchanting woman with a good figure. Her presence outshone every socialite in the wedding.

On the other hand, although the groom was in an expensive suit, he had a wrinkly face and an

unshaven chin.

He was old; he could have been Sage's father.

Most importantly, one of his legs was a prosthesis.

I thought Mr. Moore was a young man. I can't believe my eyes!

He should call himself Old Man Moore instead.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

A beauty paired with an old disabled man. Zeke was sure no love was involved in the wedding.

Eleanor sighed, "Sage looks the prettiest she's ever had today."

Joshua agreed, "Yes. What a pity... Forget it. As long as our daughter is happy, I'm alright with it."

Sage could be seen glancing at the door every once in a while with an anticipating look on her face.

However, the more she hoped, the more disappointed she was.

"Why aren't Mom and Dad here yet?" Sage frowned.

Xander replied, "It's about time for us to begin the wedding."

"Let's wait for a while longer," Sage said, "My parents aren't here yet."

"Why should we wait?" Xander huffed impatiently, "If they're not here by now, it means the wedding isn't that important to them. If we delay this any longer, we'll cross the guests."

"But..." Sage was reluctant to move.

“No ‘but’s,” Xander threatened, “Do you still want to treat your father of his illness?”

Fear flashed past Sage’s eyes, and she relented.

Happy music played on Xander’s order, and the host made his way up the stage.

After an introduction, the host shouted, “Now, let us welcome the bride and groom!”

Swish!

The spotlights turned toward the bride and groom.

The crowd turned to look at them.

The two were about to step on stage when Xander looked at Sage’s hair. He was upset. “Why are you still wearing this damn clip? I’ve told you to take it off so many times.”

Sage quickly explained, “This is our family’s heirloom. It’s a tradition. My grandmother handed this to my mother, and my mother handed it to me. I have to wear it on my wedding day.”

“I told you to take it off.” Anger flashed across Xander’s eyes.

However, this time, Sage refused to give in to

his orders.

In the end, she only infuriated Xander. In front of the entire crowd, he grabbed her hair and yanked the clip off before throwing it onto the ground.

“Ah!”

Xander’s actions had been too rough. He had hurt her.

F**k!

Sole Wolf subconsciously jumped to his feet and was about to grab his gun from its holster.

Sage’s parents had widened their eyes at the sight. Their tears began to fall.

Zeke swiftly placed his hand over Sole Wolf’s and commanded, “Sit down. Remember what I’ve told you. Remember what’s going on.”

Sole Wolf sat back down with reddened eyes and gritted teeth.

Xander and Sage walked onto the stage together.

Upon seeing them, everyone engaged in a discussion about the odd couple. They were either mocking the duo or expressing their pity.

“It’s a real-life version of Beauty and the Beast.”

“It’s such a waste for a beautiful woman like her to marry a useless man like Xander.”

“If I knew a woman as pretty as she existed, I would’ve gone for her long ago.”

“We really can’t underestimate the power of money.”

The host continued, “Now, let us welcome the groom’s mother onto the stage.”

“The bride will serve the wine to the mother.”

Xander’s father had passed away when he was younger. He now only had a mother, Hollie.

A woman dressed glamorously walked up the stage with a proud look.

She sat on the chair but did not even look at Sage in the eye. She was only side-eyeing her.

Sage served the wine glass and lowered her head. “Mom, here.”

However, the older woman seemed unsatisfied. “What? You don’t even know the procedures. Do I have to teach you this too? Get on your knees.”

“Whoa!”

A commotion broke out amongst the crowd.

This is too much!

Xander's mother is crossing the line.

No one asks their daughter-in-law to get on her knees on the day of her wedding.

She's obviously looking down and picking on her!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Sage was in a dilemma.

She would have willingly got on her knees for her god and her parents, but not for someone like the woman in front of her.

Xander threatened, “Are you still keen on treating your father?”

“Okay. I’ll kneel.” Sage bit her lips before she slowly bent her knees.

“Don’t kneel!”

A loud voice echoed in the hall.

The crowd was shocked, and they all turned in the direction of the voice.

Who’s the one who dares to shout like this in the middle of a wedding?

Aren’t they afraid of crossing the Moore family? They might chop them into pieces!

Naturally, the one who had shouted was Zeke.

No one in the crowd could recognize him; everyone launched themselves into a heated discussion.

“Who is this young man? I don’t recognize his face.”

“He doesn’t look like a relative from the groom’s side. Hm? Aren’t those two old people beside him the bride’s parents?”

“Sh*t. Really? The bride’s parents are beggars? Didn’t they say the bride came from a prestigious family?”

“You idiot. Mr. Moore’s obviously lying because he didn’t want anyone to know he’s marrying a poor woman.”

“Haha! I can’t believe Mr. Moore is marrying a beggar’s daughter. This is hilarious!”

“The young man that shouted must be the son. He must be the bride’s brother.”

“You’re thinking too much. The bride’s brother is a deserter. He’s long dead. This young man must be one of the poor relatives of the bride.”

“Pft!”

“Haha!”

Laughter filled the air.

Xander was slowly losing his mind.

He had spent so much effort in concealing the fact that Sage came from a poor family.

However, this one man had ruined all his efforts.

At that moment, he wished he could skin Zeke alive and tear his spine apart!

Zeke walked up the stage.

His footsteps were steady, and his back was straight. The way he carried himself was an invisible pressure that weighed down on the guests below.

Is he really just a poor relative from the bride's family?

Xander gritted his teeth as he looked at Zeke. "Who are you? It's my wedding today. I don't want to have a bloodbath here. Leave immediately."

Zeke ignored him; it would be a waste of time for him to answer the other man.

He walked to Sage's side and gently tidied up her messy hair. "I'm sorry. I'm late."

All of a sudden, Sage, who had been unconfident the entire time, had found a sense of safety from the unfamiliar young man.

She whispered, "Who are you?"

Zeke smiled. "I'm your brother's comrade."

"My brother's comrade!" Sage grew excited.

Her brother had left her for too long that his face was starting to fade even in her dreams.

She had never thought of a day where she could meet an old friend of her brother.

Xander laughed, "And here I thought you were someone important. It turns out you're just that deserter's comrade! Does that mean you're a deserter too?"

Hm?

A dangerous glint flashed in Zeke's eyes. Without any hesitation, he gave Xander a hard slap.

"You have no right to insult me, and you have no right to insult a brave soldier."

Hiss!

The crowd drew in their breaths.

This young man sure is daring!

He's just a deserter, but he has the guts to slap Xander in public.

After all, Xander belonged to one of the four main families in Atheville.

Does he not know the Moore family can easily have him killed just by lifting their finger?

Xander held onto his cheek as he looked at Zeke in disbelief. "D- Did you just hit me? Did you?"

Zeke kicked him without hesitation again.

"Not only did I just hit you, but I kicked you too."

His kick had sent Xander's prosthetic leg flying.

The sight of Xander without a leg was a hilarious one.

Some started laughing despite the tense atmosphere.

F*ck!

Xander's face flushed red.

This is so embarrassing! This is so embarrassing for the Moore family!

"Die! You have to die!"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Hollie sighed as she stood, "Xander, I told you a woman like her will be a terrible wife. You refused to listen to me. Forget it, let's just cancel the wedding. Security! Break their legs and throw them into the river outside the city. As for those two garbage collectors, throw them in the waste treatment plant in the Western Pacific Ocean."

The trained security team soon swarmed over to surround Zeke.

Sage was stunned.

Oh no. He's doomed!

This man could end up killing us and my parents!

She hurriedly begged Hollie, "I- I'll kneel to serve you. You can make me do anything. Please. Please let my brother's comrade and my parents off. I'll do anything you want."

Hollie sneered, "Sorry. You're filthy, and I can't bear to drink the wine you just held."

What do I do now? Sage was in despair.

Even Joshua and Eleanor were anxious and at a loss.

Hollie sneered, "Why are you standing there?"

Move now!”

The security was about to make a move when Zeke shouted, “Hold on!”

Xander put on his prosthetics and stood up. He sneered, “What’s wrong? Are you afraid of us now? Get on your knees, break your legs, and beg for mercy. Maybe then I’ll spare your life.”

Zeke ignored Xander as he turned to Sage and said, “Sage, I prepared a gift for you today, but it seems like I won’t be giving it to you. Forget it. I’ll gift it to you as a present then.”

He glanced at the time. “It should be here any moment now.”

The crowd was speechless.

You’re about to die, but yet you’re still thinking about a gift.

What an idiot.

Xander cursed, “F*ck! An insolent fool. Kill him!”

The security guard took a step before a loud engine sounded outside.

A fleet of military cars was parked in front of the hotel.

The door swung open, and a troop of armed soldiers in camouflage gear stepped out to form into two lines.

“The general has arrived!”

The voices of the soldiers were louder than thunder.

Soon after, a military officer with a large build led the troops into the hall.

When the crowd saw the officer, their faces paled.

It was the general of Atheville’s military, Paul Hunt!

Why is Hunt here?

It couldn’t be Xander who invited him here, could it?

The power the Moore family had was terrifying.

When Paul stood, the guests did not dare sit either. They hurriedly stood up to welcome him.

Both Xander and Hollie were curious.

Why is Hunt here?

Is he here for the wedding?

The Moore family wasn't worthy of inviting him.

The two hurried over. "General, you're gracing us with your presence. Please, take a seat."

Paul ignored the two as he led the troops over to Sage.

"May I ask if you're Frederick Walters' sister, Sage Walters?"

The crowd held their breaths.

Paul must be here to investigate Sage's brother, the deserter.

Xander and Hollie were overjoyed.

Great! We don't need to do anything. Hunt will deal with them himself.

Sage nodded as she trembled. "I... I'm his sister."

Abruptly, Paul shouted, "Salute!"

He and his troops immediately stood to attention and saluted.

Their actions were in unison, and their voices were loud and clear.

The crowd froze. What's going on? It's nothing

like what we thought it'd be.

Even Sage was stunned by their actions.

“M- Mr. Hunt, w- what are you doing?”

Paul swiftly took out a red certificate and handed it to her with both hands.

“Mr. Frederick Walters has defended the country and was brave to charge in the front-lines. He died for the country. He's a martyr.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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What?

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Frederick had been dead for five years, but he was now titled a martyr.

No one would assume that a martyr was not honorable.

Moreover, Paul Hunt of the Atheville military had come personally to officialize his martyrdom.

No one would dare say Frederick was a deserter from now on.

They did not expect Frederick to bring honor to his family even from beyond the grave.

We've underestimated the Walters family!

Sage looked at the picture of her brother on the certificate as her tears fell and dampened the paper.

Both Joshua and Eleanor were already sobbing as they covered their faces with trembling hands.

It had been five years.

They had been accused as the deserter's family

and humiliated for five years.

Everyone had been mocking them all these years.

In those five years, everything they ate tasted bland, and every moment of sleep they got was restless. There was only one word in their minds—deserter.

Only God knew how they had survived these five years.

Now, they finally witnessed the day Frederick's name was cleared.

They did not dare to even imagine it.

Zeke's cold look landed on Hollie and Xander.

Their hearts skipped a beat as a foreboding thought emerged in their minds.

Zeke said to Paul, "Mr. Hunt, if Frederick is a martyr, then is Sage a member of the martyr's family?"

Paul nodded. "Of course."

Zeke continued, "Someone has just forced a member of the martyr's family to get on their knees. I'm not sure what crime that is."

What?

Paul fumed, “Who’s the one who dared humiliate the martyr’s family? Confess!”

Knowing she could not escape the situation, Hollie came forward to explain, “Sir, don’t listen to his nonsense. Actually, I-”

Slap!

Without another word, Paul had slapped her. “Apologize to the family of the martyr right now!”

Hollie refused to accept it.

She was a woman from a wealthy family. She could not possibly apologize to a woman from a poor family in front of her guests.

It was humiliating!

She tried to reason with Paul again, “Sir, I’m the head of the Moore family-”

Slap!

Paul was not giving her a chance to reason with him; he gave her another slap.

Hollie’s head was buzzing from the force of the blow. Unable to balance herself, she fell to the

ground.

Paul raged, "Men, slap her a hundred times. This is an order! Anyone who dares to miss once will be punished by the law."

Immediately, two soldiers stepped forward. One restrained the woman, and the other began slapping her.

The loud slaps and her terrifying shrieks echoed in the hall.

Zeke had yet to feel satisfied. He said, "Sir, the one beside you pulled the martyr's family member's hair earlier too."

Bastard!

Paul glared at Xander, who immediately broke down.

"Sir, I- I was just joking with Sage."

Paul gritted out, "The martyrs have exchanged their lives for your peaceful and happy times. Not only are you ungrateful for them, but you're also bullying their families. This is unbelievable!"

Without any hesitation, Paul took out his gun and shot Xander's leg.

Bang!

After a gunshot sounded, Xander's remaining good leg had its kneecap shattered.

Now that the kneecap was shattered, his leg was useless.

Xander would be stuck in a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

"Ow!"

With a scream, Xander fainted.

The blood seeped from his wound slowly puddled into the shape of a rose in full bloom.

However, the rose was a horrifying sight to look at.

A while later, the soldiers were done slapping Hollie.

By then, her face was already swollen; she looked as if she had been stung by bees. Her eyes were visible as slits, and her hair was in a mess. In other words, she looked like a madwoman.

She stared at Xander, who was in a puddle of blood and nearly went into shock.

She did not only feel pain. She felt a surge of anger as well.

Everything had been brought upon them by that young woman.

Sage and her parents had to die!



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Paul did not stay for long. After exchanging simple greetings with Joshua and Eleanor, he left.

After he left, Zeke led Sage and her family away from the mess and the stunned crowd.

Hollie wiped the blood by the corner of her lips and grunted, "Sage, you're dead! The whole Walters family will have to die! That young man beside them has to die too!"

Shock struck the crowd again.

The Moore family of Atheville had gone mad.

It was the end of the Walters family.

A martyr's certificate was not a guarantee of their safety.

Soon, Zeke and the group returned to the house in Trey Alley.

Sage's house was in disrepair. They barely had any functioning electronics; even their furniture was centuries-old.

After asking Zeke and Sole Wolf to take a seat, the family of three stared at Frederick's certificate in a daze. They mumbled to themselves, feeling an assortment of complicated emotions swirling within them.

Upon realizing that they were neglecting Zeke and Sole Wolf, Sage said to Hollie, "Mom, cook some good dishes for my brother's comrades."

"Sure, sure." Eleanor smiled as she nodded. "We have two bottles of good wine at home too. Let my husband accompany you for a drink later. Frederick would be glad if he knew you were here to visit."

"Thanks, Ma'am." Zeke smiled politely.

To please his possible mother-in-law, Sole Wolf followed Zeke and politely muttered, "Thanks, Ma'am."

Zeke looked at Sage and asked, "Sage, tell me, why were you marrying Xander? Did he force you to do so?"

Sage sighed and shook her head.

"No. I was marrying him willingly."

"Huh?" Zeke frowned. "Why do you want to marry him? He's not worthy of you."

Sage had a bitter smile on her lips.

"It's a long story. Xander used to cling to me a long time ago, but I never said agreed to anything involving him. However, my dad's ascites are getting worse, and it's endangering

his life. If he doesn't get an operation, my dad might... With my family's situation, we can't afford the operation fees. Left without any other choices, I compromised."

Huh?

Abruptly, Joshua shouted in agitation, "You silly girl, w- why didn't you tell me this earlier? If I messed up the rest of your life, I'd rather die. Silly girl, I'll disown you if you come up with plans like this in the future."

Sage's frown remained. "But, Dad, your illness..."

Joshua sighed, "I should've died five years ago. I'm already glad to have lived this long."

Zeke winked at Sole Wolf. Sole Wolf, it's your chance now! Don't let it slip by you.

If Sole Wolf were to beg Zeke to treat Joshua, he would leave a good impression on the Walters family.

The gears in his mind turning slower than usual, Sole Wolf stared at Zeke, confused.

It was only when Zeke sneakily revealed his silver needle when Sole Wolf realized what he meant.

He quickly requested, "Zeke, Joshua's like my father. Please save him."

Joshua and Sage turned to stare at Zeke, shocked. "Are you a doctor?"

Zeke nodded. "Yes, I used to be an army doctor. I've saved more than thousands of soldiers."

Sage began to beg, "Mr. Williams, please save my father."

Zeke shot her a gentle smile. "Sage, just call me Zeke from now on."

She shyly nodded. "Zeke."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zeke sat beside Joshua as he took his pulse and checked his abdomen.

A moment later, he frowned.

Joshua's ascites was not as serious as he thought it would be, but there were other issues.

Those issues had been caused by external infection, as ascites would not cause symptoms like what he had observed.

Damn it. The TCM practitioner who treated Joshua must have been a careless one. Not only did he not stabilize his ascites, but he also created more issues for the man.

The reputation of many TCM practitioners will be ruined by useless TCM practitioners like these.

I have to get rid of every useless TCM practitioners that I meet. Otherwise, the reputation of TCM practitioners will be ruined by them.

He showed none of his thoughts on his face to avoid the Walters family from worrying.

He asked, "Sage, who's the doctor that treated your father?"

Sage answered, "It's Dr. Quincy Lang. He's also living in Octagon Row, and he comes for acupuncture sessions every night. He should be here for the session soon."

Zeke nodded.

He would soon be able to meet with this so-called TCM practitioner, Quincy Lang.

At that time, in a clinic that was a house away from Sage's.

Two figures were talking, and once in a while, they would mention Sage's family.

One of them was Xander, whose kneecap had been shattered.

The other was Quincy, Joshua's doctor.

The pain in Xander's leg came in waves, and his hatred toward Sage's family and Zeke never ceased.

Gritting his teeth, Xander grunted, "Dr. Lang, I'll give you a hundred thousand if you kill Sage's father tonight."

Quincy was frightened by his words.

"Mr. Moore, you're putting me in a tight spot. This is intentional murder. I'll be executed if

someone finds out about it.”

Xander uttered, “It’ll be medical malpractice. Don’t worry. The Moore family will protect you.”

Quincy stuttered, “B- But it’s someone’s life. H- How could I...”

The other man hissed, “A hundred thousand!”

Quincy mumbled, “Mr. Moore, this isn’t about the money...”

Xander offered, “Ten million!”

Ten million!

Quincy’s heart skipped a beat.

Ten million.

I’ve been working as a doctor for my whole life, and I’ve only managed to obtain two hundred thousand.

Ten million is a number I can never earn even if I lived until two-hundred-years old.

Money could make the Devil turn millstones, and he was tempted.

He gritted out, “Okay, Mr. Moore. Deal.”

Xander laughed, "A man who knows what's good for him. Now you're talking! I'll give you five million first and pay you the rest after you're done."

Quincy glanced at the time; it was time for him to go to Joshua's house.

He took his medical bag and left the clinic.

Although he was terrified by the thought of killing, he managed to convince himself to calm down when he looked at the notification of transfer in his bank account.

That miserable life of Joshua is worth this five million.

Soon, he reached Sage's house.

Sage enthusiastically welcomed him.

"Dr. Lang, you're here. Please, take a seat."

Joshua had stood up as well. "Lang, I'm sorry to trouble you to come to my place every day."

Quincy could barely conceal the guilt in his smile. "It's my job. I'm a doctor, after all."

"Dr. Lang, please, have some water." Sage hurriedly poured a cup of water for Quincy.

However, Quincy waved his hands.

“No need. Moore, let me treat you first.”

Joshua nodded as he took off his shirt and lay on the bed.

At that, Zeke whispered to Sole Wolf. “Sole Wolf, film how he’s administering the treatment later.”

The latter nodded. “Don’t worry.”

He then took out his phone, pretending to browse for something online as he filmed the procedure.

Quincy took out a silver needle and a bottle of vodka. He then used the vodka to sterilize the silver needle.

In an instant, Zeke was burning in rage.

This bastard isn’t using proper alcohol to sterilize. He’s using vodka!

No wonder there’s an infection in the liver.

Moreover, the way he’s holding the needle is wrong.

Calling him a useless TCM practitioner is an overstatement. He doesn’t know anything

about TCM!

If a man like him isn't revoked of his medical license, he will end up hurting many.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Zeke walked out of the room to call Shawn, the president of the TCM Association.

The call was swiftly picked up. “Haha! Dr. Williams, I didn’t think you’d call me! I was just about to ask you for a favor.”

Zeke uttered, “Let’s not talk about other matters first. Let me ask you this. Is there a branch of TCM Association in Atheville?”

Shawn nodded. “Yes, we do. I’m in Atheville as well. What’s wrong?”

Zeke explained, “There’s someone who doesn’t know anything about TCM, but he’s pretending to be a TCM practitioner. He’s a murderer and a thief. I want you to send someone here to revoke his medical license and punish him. He’ll serve an example for the rest.”

What?

Shawn fumed, “I’d kill every one of these people I come across. They are the ones responsible for ruining the reputation of TCM practitioners. I’m going over now. Dr. Williams, please gather evidence of his actions.”

Zeke hummed, “Yes. I’m already doing it.”

When he returned to his room, Quincy was already in the middle of the acupuncture

session.

There was a total of seven silver needles at the location of Joshua's liver, but only two were at the right spot.

The rest had all been inserted in the wrong places.

With a trembling hand, Quincy stabbed the silver needle toward the center of Joshua's body.

Damn it!

The center of the body was a forbidden place for acupuncture; piercing a silver needle there meant death.

Quincy was trying to take Joshua's life!

Zeke roared for him to stop as he slammed his palm at Quincy. The latter immediately flew backwards.

"Ah!"

The rest were taken aback by the sudden outburst.

Zeke hit Quincy.

W- What is he trying to do?

Sage looked at Zeke anxiously. “Zeke, w- why did you hit Dr. Lang?”

Zeke hurriedly explained as he removed the silver needles from Joshua. “Sage, Quincy’s trying to take your father’s life.”

“Huh?” Joshua frowned. “Zeke, that... That’s not possible. Dr. Lang is a kind and talented man. He has a good reputation. He can’t possibly think about hurting others and ruining his own reputation.”

Zeke asked, “Sir, he’s been treating you for so long. Did your condition improve or worsen?”

Joshua replied honestly, “It became worse. However, Dr. Lang said it’s normal for ascites to worsen. If he hasn’t been treating me with acupuncture, I’d be dead by now.”

Zeke sighed.

This was the result of a lack of education.

He explained, “Sir, ascites only brings pain, not death. Furthermore, as long as you keep a specific routine in your life, your body will heal itself from ascites without treatment.”

Joshua and Sage had similar looks of confusion.

How can this be? Isn't ascites a form of cancer?

Even surgery doesn't guarantee recovery, not to mention the body healing by itself.

Zeke doesn't know anything about medical science, does he?

By then, Quincy had recovered from the immense pain.

He ground out, "B*****d! Asshole! Walters, I've been kind to treat a deserter's family. Not only are you ungrateful, but you also hired someone to hit me."

"Just you f*****g wait. I'm going to get Mr. Simpson to chase you out of Octagon Row. Get ready to live on the streets and freeze to death!" He snarled.

He stood up and left, furious.

That young man made me lose ten million. I have to teach him a lesson.

Sage panicked, and she made a move to run after Quincy. "Dr. Lang, let me explain-"

However, Zeke stopped her. "Sage, don't panic. I'll be standing up for you today. No one will dare lay a finger on all of you."

Sole Wolf hurriedly added, "Me too."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Sage's tears were falling as she mumbled, "Mr. Simpson from the management office at Octagon Row is also Dr. Lang's patient. A word from Dr. Lang and Mr. Simpson will definitely chase us out from this place. Don't argue with Mr. Simpson later. We'll talk to him nicely. Maybe he'll let us off this time."

Joshua and Sage exchanged a look of despair.

These young men aren't here to help us...
They're here to make things worse...

This place is our house. We'll have nowhere to go if we leave this place.

What if the ghost of Frederick comes back?
Where will he find us?

Amongst their feelings of anxiety, they started feeling hatred for Zeke.

Not long after, a group of people entered the house.

They were all dressed in black, and they had a cuff on their arms with the words 'law enforcement. They surged in after kicking the door open.

These people were the men from the management office in Octagon Row.

Naturally, the leader was none other than the director of the management office, Weston Simpson.

Beside Weston was Quincy, who had a gleeful smile on his face.

The commotion had attracted the attention of the residents in Octagon Row. They all gathered outside as they whispered to each other.

“Why did Mr. Simpson bring the law enforcement team to the deserter’s house?”

“It’s tarnishing to his reputation for a man as honorable as Mr. Simpson to come to the deserter’s house in person.”

“I’ve heard some news. It seems like Moore’s guests hit Dr. Lang and accused him of murder and theft.”

“What? Dr. Lang has been kind to them by treating them. How can they be so ungrateful? They even hit him!”

“Ungrateful idiots like them should be severely punished!”

Zeke felt even guiltier when he heard the neighbors accusing Frederick of being a deserter.

He wondered how badly Sage's family had suffered all these years when the people accused them of being the deserter's family.

Quincy uttered, "Mr. Simpson, you have to help me. I- I'm still hurt quite badly."

As Weston walked into the room, he shouted at Joshua, "Old man, you sure are daring. You're the family of a deserter. We were kind to let you stay in Octagon Row. It was out of kindness that made Dr. Lang treat you himself. But you're all ungrateful people. How can you possibly hit him? This is unforgivable! I order you to move out of Octagon Row right now. Don't tarnish our reputation further!"

Sage quickly explained, "My brother's been wronged. He's not a deserter; he's a martyr. This is the certificate. Look!"

Sage quickly handed the certificate to Weston.

Weston glanced at it and was stunned.

"He's a martyr? Your brother's a martyr?"

A collective gasp could be heard from the crowd.

They had not thought of a day when the Walters family could walk in the sun. Frederick had been officialized as a martyr.

Now, he was the pride of Octagon Row.

However, before the crowd could start to feel excited, Quincy sneered, "This must be a fake. Frederick's been dead for five years. If he's really a martyr, how could he only be officialized now? Also, don't you remember how he died? The way he died has nothing to do with martyrdom. Also, I saw Sage suspiciously meeting with a fraud who does fake certificates today. I was wondering what was going on back then, but now it's clear that she must have hired him to make this fake certificate."



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What!?

The crowd was instantly filled with rage.

They dare they fabricate a martyr's certificate?
They deserve the death penalty!

Weston furiously tore the martyr's certificate's into pieces. "Such insolence! I thought you were an honest man, Joshua. I didn't think you'd be so full of tricks! You and your family have ten minutes to get the hell out of Octagon Row, or I'll personally help you guys move out."

Sage wanted to break down at the sight of the martyr's certificate being torn.

That's the only thing that can prove Frederick's innocence!

Sage ran to carefully pick up the pieces of the certificate. "This is real! It's not fake," She insisted, crying. "My brother really is a martyr. Boohoo... You're all a bunch of bullies!"

Zeke sighed helplessly.

Even Paul Hunt of the Atheville military couldn't erase these neighbors' prejudices.

Looks like I'll have to use my trump card.

He was going to get Wolf's Greed to come over

and stand before all these neighbors to prove that Frederick was indeed a part of the Great Marshal's army!

Surely someone from the Great Marshal's army would be able to remove all their doubts.

Wolf's Greed, a member of the Alpha Suicide Squad, was on par with Sole Wolf in terms of abilities.

After dominating the nine countries, Wolf's Greed had returned to Eurasia and was now watching over Atheville.

Zeke dialed Wolf's Greed's number in front of everyone.

The call was quickly picked up.

"You've finally called me, Zeke. What can I do for you?" Wolf's Greed's voice trembled with excitement.

Zeke answered, "I've found Hunting Wolf."

Hmm?

Hunting Wolf turned even more worked up. "Damn! Where is he? That punk promised to introduce his sister to me. I've been searching for him for five whole years!"

Zeke was speechless for a moment.

“Number 4, Trey Alley, Octagon Row in Atheville. That’s where his home is.”

“Sh*t!” Wolf’s Greed’s cursed. “So that punk’s been right there all along? Why didn’t he ever come to me? Is he that worried I’d marry his sister?”

Zeke sighed. “He’s dead. Everyone thinks he deserted. I want you to come over right now and prove that he was a martyr as well as one of the ten right-hand men of the Great Marshal!”

Wolf’s Greed fell silent for a long while before finally taking a deep breath.

“I’ll be there right away!”

Sole Wolf’s eyes lit up.

Wolf’s Greed really is full of greed. His desire to kill is insatiable. He gets rid of every enemy he comes across.

Now that he’s making his way here, Weston and Quincy are as good as dead.

Zeke hung up on the call soon after.

The crowd stared at him peculiarly before they

all burst into laughter.

“Pffft... Hahah! I’m about to die laughing!”

“Did he really just call Wolf’s Greed, the general of Atheville, to personally drop by and prove that Frederick was one of the Great Marshal’s elite soldiers?”

“Haha! If Frederick really were part of the Great Marshal’s troops, he would have risen through the ranks five years ago. Why did he end up being killed instead?”

“This guy here needs to be more realistic with his lies.”

From the crowd’s conversation, a perceptive Zeke received an important piece of information. Frederick had been murdered!

The killer will pay!

Weston looked full of disdain. “If I’m not mistaken, you’re the one who hit Quincy.”

“That’s right. It was him,” Quincy remarked.

Weston took a steel pipe from his subordinate and handed it to Quincy. “Hit him as much as you want, Dr. Lang. If he dares fight back, I will take his life on the spot.”

Quincy was elated. “Thank you for the opportunity, Mr. Simpson.”

He walked toward Zeke with a cold smile.

Sage began to panic. “D-Don’t hit him,” She pleaded while rushing in front of Zeke. “It’s no big deal... We can move out right away. You should go, Mr. Williams. We’ll come and look for you later.”

With a smile, Zeke shoved Sage behind him. “Don’t be afraid, Sage. Have you forgotten what I’ve told you? If the sky falls, I’ll hold it up for you.”



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“But—” Sage looked frantic.

Zeke cut her off. “Trust me.”

He then turned to Weston and sighed. “I thought such betrayals only existed on TV. I didn’t think I’d get to witness an idiot who’d actually fall for it. This is hilarious!”

“What are you talking about!? What do you mean by betrayal?” Weston raged.

Zeke responded, “If I’m not mistaken, Quincy Lang has been treating your kidney problems. But not only are you not getting better, but your kidneys are also actually deteriorating and on the verge of failure. You’re about to die, yet you’re still defending him. That’s how much of an idiot you are!”

“Bullsh*t!” Quincy yelled. “My treatments are highly effective. Mr. Simpson’s kidneys are much stronger than before. They’re not on the verge of failure!”

“Is that so?” Zeke smiled in amusement.

“Are you trying to sabotage my relationship with Dr. Lang? You can dream on,” said Weston. “Dr. Lang is practically the reincarnation of a great wizard. His medical skills are impeccable. My kidneys are stronger than ever and last half an hour each day. The failure you speak of doesn’t

exist at all.”

“You’re still defending him? You really are an idiot,” Zeke remarked. “Dr. Lang is just extracting energy from other parts of your body and using them to strengthen your kidneys. Your kidneys are only strong because they’re now in their final stages of life. He condensed half a year’s worth of energy—maybe even one year’s worth—into just half an hour. You’re almost completely out of life! Who knows? You might just kick the bucket in two days.”

“How dare you slander me!?” Quincy yelled. “All you do is lie to people! Show me your proof.”

“You want proof? Sure. I’ll grant your wish. The kidney meridian is linked to a point below your navel. By applying some pressure on it, you’ll be able to tell how strong or weak your kidneys are. Give your lower dan tian a light squeeze to stimulate your kidney meridian. It’s a few fingers below your navel. Let’s see if you can even remain standing.”

Upon hearing how knowledgeable Zeke sounded, Weston began to feel skeptical.

He carefully gave his lower dan tian area a squeeze.

Suddenly, his limbs lost all their strength, and his head began to spin, causing him to fall to

the ground.

He looked like a limp piece of noodle.

Sh*t! What's going on?

Weston was terrified.

He also realized how weird his voice sounded now. He couldn't seem to speak well.

The crowd gazed at Weston in shock. Could that guy be telling the truth? Does he know about TCM too?

Quincy turned red in embarrassment. "He's just putting on a show. Anyone will end up like this if they touch their lower dan tian."

Weston eyed one of his subordinates.

Understanding what his boss wanted, the man gave his lower dan tian a squeeze.

Yet, nothing unusual happened, what more to say falling to the ground.

"How... How do you feel?" Weston began to feel anxious.

"My limbs actually feel stronger than before."

Sh*t!

In a panic, Weston glanced at his other subordinates.

They, too, did the same and squeezed their lower dan tian.

None of them fell.

Weston tried to get up, but his limbs were completely jelly-like!

“What the hell is going on, Quincy Lang!?”
Weston bellowed.

Quincy began to sweat profusely. “I... I’m not sure either. Zeke Williams! You secretly did something to Mr. Simpson, didn’t you?”

Zeke chuckled emotionlessly. “Did you ever see me go near him?”

In the face of the truth, Quincy didn’t know how to explain himself.

Weston could now confirm that Quincy had wrecked his health.

But just as he was about to go into a fit of rage, he saw a group of men in suits walking over.

These men weren’t ordinary folk. Judging from their presence alone, it was clear that they were all high-ranking individuals.



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Those men were from the Atheville TCM Association, and the one leading them was its president, Shawn Thompson.

The crowd couldn't recognize him. Who are these big shots? What are they doing in a slum area like Octagon Row?

They're here at the home of the Walters family too—the poorest among us all.

However, Weston was much more worldly and immediately knew who Shawn was.

At this very moment, he was rather taken aback. Shawn Thompson's always been so high on a pedestal that even I'm not qualified to meet him.

What's he doing here today?

This is the greatest honor Octagon Row could ever receive! I have to treat him with the utmost respect.

It took all his strength to stand up.

Yet, just as the man took a step forward, his legs softened, and he fell to his knees.

Shawn was startled.

I think I know him, and I know he only needs to

bow at most.

There's no need for him to kneel at my feet to welcome me!

Weston could no longer stand up, so he continued to kneel on the ground and declare, "Haha! It's such an honor to have you here, Mr. Shawn Thompson. I'm truly sorry for not accompanying you throughout your long journey here."

The crowd immediately went wild.

"Holy smokes! Shawn Thompson? The Shawn Thompson of the TCM Association?"

"Damn. He's a real big shot! What's he doing in a place like this?"

"Mr. Thompson isn't just a high-profile guy. His medical skills are god-like! I heard he's even brought someone back to life."

"Make way, everyone! Give Mr. Thompson lots of space."

Shawn's arrival was akin to that of an emperor's from the olden days.

Quincy was beyond excited too.

He had long wanted to join the TCM

Association. His future would be endlessly bright if he managed to do so.

Unfortunately, he had never met anyone who could connect him with the Association.

Now that the president himself was here, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for him.

He hurriedly went up to Shawn. "Hello, Mr. Thompson. I'm Quincy Lang from Octagon Row's infirmary..."

Shawn proceeded to walk into the Walters' residence without even sparing a glance at Quincy.

Sage's voice trembled. "It's Mr. Thompson. It's actually the mythical doctor, Mr. Thompson. I've always dreamt of asking him to treat my dad. With his abilities, my dad will surely get better. It's just too bad..."

Zeke intentionally created an opportunity for Sole Wolf. "Aren't you acquainted with Mr. Thompson, Sole Wolf?" He asked with a faint smile. "You can get him to treat Sage's father."

Sage turned to Sole Wolf in astonishment. "You... You really know him, Wolf?"

Sole Wolf nodded while smiling. "Of course."

Sage looked rather doubtful.

Under everyone's gaze, Shawn walked over to Zeke and bowed before him.

"I hope I'm not too late, Divine Doctor."

What?

Everyone's eyes widened.

The mighty Shawn Thompson is bowing down to this young man with respect?

He even called him 'Divine Doctor'!

Could this young man actually be more superior than Mr. Thompson—even in terms of medical knowledge?

Why else would Mr. Thompson refer to him as the 'Divine Doctor'?

This has to be a joke. Who could actually be better than Mr. Thompson when it comes to TCM?

Zeke stepped aside and introduced Sole Wolf. "My buddy, Sam West, is here too."

In truth, Shawn and Sole Wolf didn't know each other at all.

But if Zeke voluntarily introduced Sole Wolf, it would be enough to solve all their problems.

Shawn looked at Zeke with gratitude.

Anyone who's good friends with Dr. Williams must be as legendary as he is.

Dr. Williams sure is helping me expand my network.

He enthusiastically shook Sole Wolf's hand. "Hello, Mr. West."

Sole Wolf smiled in satisfaction. "Long time no see."

Saying 'long time no see' was the only way he could indicate that his friendship with Shawn went way back.



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