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What?

Julian was extremely astonished.

I have a chance at becoming a King Class! This is such a blessing!

“Please teach me the skill then, father,” he stated excitedly.

Ares stood up. “Everything I’m about to tell you is extremely confidential. If you dare leak even one word, even I as your father won’t be able to spare you any mercy.”

“Rest assured, father. This is the Thisleton family’s secret. I definitely won’t leak it,” Julian immediately swore.

Hearing that, Ares nodded in satisfaction. “I’m going to teach you the King’s Combat Skill, known as Seven Stars of the Tiger. This skill has four forms in total. I’m going to teach you the first form now, which is The Tiger Pounce. This form alone will be enough for you to defeat General Maples.”

Ares had learned this skill from The Four Divinities of Eurasia.

However, he couldn’t show this skill to the outside world casually lest people suspected the relationship he had with The Four Divinities. If suspicions rose, it will spell doom for Ares.

After giving his explanation, Ares unreservedly taught Julian the first form of Seven Stars of the

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Tiger.

The latter poured all his concentration into this private session. He carved every detailed movement made by Ares in his mind.

For the next few days, he practiced this skill all alone to prepare for the battle that would take place in three days.

Meanwhile, Zeke had not been idle either. He was also considerably busy.

For one, he was investigating the fake Ares's true identity. He had long since suspected that he was a fake.

Secondly, he was busy sending his men to track down Master Pietro's whereabouts. As of now, there was still no news about the latter.

Thirdly, he was working hard to improve his strength in an attempt to enter the Ultimate Class. But he knew that he still had a long way to go, though.

No matter how much effort he put in, the Ultimate Class still seemed too far away.

He had a hunch that if he could learn all four forms of Seven Stars of the Tiger, he might be able to reach the Ultimate Class.

So far, he had only learned the first three forms of the skill from The Four Divinities.

However, now that The Four Divinities had been

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completely wiped out, it seemed impossible for him to learn the fourth form.

He felt devastated by this thought as he got up and paced around.

“Maybe Master Pietro had already reached the Ultimate Class. If I could reach the Ultimate Class, I might be able to consciously communicate with him in astral to find him. But where can I learn the fourth form of the skill?”

Just as Zeke sighed dejectedly, little did he know that Connor, the recent Ares, had already acquired all four forms of Seven Stars of the Tiger from The Four Divinities.

Time flew by a blink of an eye and just like that, three days had passed.

Today was a big day for Eurasia and Lundr.

Lundr’s General Ragnar Maples was going to have a battle with Eurasia’s new Great Marshal, Julian Thisleton.

This battle would determine the glory of the two countries, so naturally, the people of both Eurasia and Lundr were very concerned about it.

It would even be broadcasted live all around the world.

However, because the Southern Archipelago was too small, there weren’t that many tickets. Most were sold internally while only a few were sold to the public. And because of the rarity of the

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tickets, any tickets that were left unsold had a sky-high price.

Just as Zeke was still trying to figure out the fourth form of Seven Stars of the Tiger, someone suddenly pounded the door.

It was Nancy and Dawn.

“Zeke, did you get the tickets for us?” Dawn asked as soon as they walked in.

“Of course I did.” He nodded. “Where’s Lacey? Why isn’t she here?”

“She’s busy working,” Nancy replied.



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Zeke's lips twitched at her answer. "You plan to go to the Southern Archipelago to watch the battle and leave your boss behind with all the work? Don't you have any conscience?"

"Sheesh," Nancy mocked. "Aren't you pampering your wife too much? Besides, you know full well that she's a workaholic."

"All right. Lacey will come along. Let's pick her up at the company."

With that, Zeke drove to Linton Group with Nancy and Dawn in the backseat to pick up Lacey first before rushing to the airport. There, they boarded a military helicopter to the Southern Archipelago.

As usual, Sole Wolf was the one guarding the island today, and Zeke got four VIP tickets just by making a phone call.

In the helicopter, the two other women were enjoying the scenery while Lacey was still busy with work.

Zeke glanced at Lacey and found that she was busy handling a cooperation project with Alvin Massimo, the richest man in Eurasia. She sighed when she ended the call. "Who would've thought that a mere workshop owner like me would sit on a military helicopter while discussing business with the richest man in Eurasia."

"This is nothing compared to your other achievements," Dawn said with a grin.

"Look at this, Lacey."

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“Look at what?” Lacey approached her when she saw Dawn pointing down.

“What’s that?” Dawn asked.

“That’s Eurasia.”

Dawn nodded. “I never expected that Zeke was the protector of the whole of Eurasia. That Alvin guy couldn’t even be compared to him.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Nancy nodded. “If Zeke is still the Great Marshal, our status will be the highest of all.”

Lacey tugged on the corner of Nancy’s shirt to signal her to stop talking lest Zeke got sad.

However, Zeke merely remained silent.

If only they knew that my status now is even higher than the Great Marshal. I’m now the strongest of the King Class and even protecting the country single-handedly would be no problem for me. It’s such a shame that I can’t reveal my true identity to them yet because knowing too much will not benefit them.

After three hours, they finally reached the Southern Archipelago.

They looked down from the helicopter to see that the Southern Archipelago was already overcrowded to the point that half of the island was barely visible.

Evidently, with the mass of people about, they

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couldn't land the helicopter on the island.

Fortunately, the technology for water landing had drastically improved in Eurasia. As such, they were able to land the helicopter on the water and arrived on the island by boat.

The venue of the battle would be held on the twentieth island of the Southern Archipelago.

The nineteen islands before that were filled with Eurasian, while the twenty-first island to the thirty-sixth island was filled with the people of Lundr.

With the twentieth island in between them, it could be said that the Eurasian and the people of Lundr were facing opposite each other.

It was said that the nearer one was to the twentieth island, the more noble one's status was.

Sole Wolf got Zeke and the others the top positions on the nineteenth island, which happened to have a panoramic view of the arena.

What they didn't expect was that Emily Clemons's seat was near them.

They immediately knew that it must have been Ares and Julian who had arranged for her to sit there. Besides Emily, Mary, the Linton Group's traitor, was also present.

Of course, the latter was not qualified to sit down, so she stood beside Emily with her head down like a servant.

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Even so, she was still filled with arrogance as she would take selfies from time to time.

For a mere employee like her, being able to attend such an event was something to be proud of, even if she came as a servant.

“Who would’ve thought that you’d still be able to get the VIP tickets even after being completely stripped of your title?” Emily sneered when she spotted Zeke and the others.

Dawn’s lips twitched at her words. “Lacey, isn’t it forbidden to bring a dog to the island? I swear I heard some dog barking just now.”



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Nancy and Lacey couldn't help but burst out laughing at Dawn's comment.

Emily's face reddened in anger. "Hmph! Brace yourselves. This is the last time you'll be able to mock me. When my husband defeats General Maples later, Zeke will become our loyal follower. When the time comes, I'll make you slap yourselves first before apologizing to me. Then you'll surrender Linton Group to me."

"Hah. You should pray that Julian will not be beaten to death instead," Dawn uttered.

"Shut your mouth," Mary cut in. "Mr. Thisleton has defeated General Maples once. He can do it again. I believe that he'll win and bring glory to Eurasia."

"Who do you think you are?" Dawn asked. "You're just a bootlicker who's not even qualified to speak with us."

"So what if I am?" Mary laughed. "Ms. Clemons has a respectable status. It's an honor to be licking her boot. Do you want to know what's the proudest decision I ever made in my life? It's leaving Linton Group to join Ms. Clemons. If I were still in Linton Group, I'd still only be an employee there with no progress. I wouldn't be right here on the island."

"You're still unqualified to be here right now." A rough voice sounded from behind Mary.

She turned to look at the person and didn't expect to see Sole Wolf, the General North.

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Mary's heart palpitated fearfully as she started to regret everything she said.

During the days of Linton Group's crisis, she had witnessed how Sole Wolf unhesitatingly killed three law enforcement personnel.

His unreasonable insolence had haunted her ever since.

"What are you waiting for? Get lost," Sole Wolf coldly uttered.

"I'm the Great Marshal's attendant. I need to be here to serve his wife," Mary tried to reason with him as she was unhappy with how things had turned out. "Driving me away automatically means that you're going against the Great Marshal's wife."

Sole Wolf got even angrier when he heard that. In his mind, there was only one person who was worthy of the title of the Great Marshal, and that person was Zeke.

He refused to acknowledge everything Mary said about the Great Marshal and his wife.

"I don't give a f*** about the sh*tty Great Marshal's stupid wife." His reddened eyes glared at Emily. "I'll kick her out too if she dares to raise a fuss."

Emily initially intended to defend Mary, but she swallowed her words back when she saw how decisive Sole Wolf was.

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If this b*astard really drives me out, it'll be embarrassing.

Mary froze for a moment. Seems like I've overstayed my welcome.

She sighed helplessly and turned to leave.

"Stop right there!" Sole Wolf stopped her.

"Is there something else?" Mary carefully asked.

"I suddenly remembered something. You're the one who took the lead in betraying Linton Group, right?"

"I... W-what I did was simply changing jobs. That's not betrayal," she stuttered.

But Sole Wolf couldn't be bothered about her reasons as he grabbed her by the collar and threw her out. Mary flew all the way into the ocean from the top of the island.

Sole Wolf despised traitors the most.

The periphery spectators were confused and wondered what happened when they saw someone 'flew' from the VIP area straight into the ocean.

"Attaboy, Wolf!" Dawn complimented him triumphantly. "It's so peaceful now that one of the dogs is gone. It'd be better if you could do the same to the other dog."

Sole Wolf's gaze landed on Emily once again,

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making the latter tremble in shock at the sudden eye contact.

However, it was at this moment that the Eurasia faction suddenly cheered loudly.



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They turned their heads to look at the arrival of the Great Marshal, Julian Thisleton.

His current strength had reached the very top of the Platinum Archduke and he could fly up to hundreds of meters in one leap.

He lightly flew across the crowd as people stared at him in admiration.

He stopped right in front of Emily, which made Sole Wolf halted his actions.

By now, the people in the crowd started cheering for him one after another.

“Great Marshal, you’re the backbone of Eurasia and our idol!”

“Go defeat the enemy and make Eurasia proud!”

“The Great Marshal is unrivalled once he attacks!”

What they didn’t know was that Julian and Emily had joined hands to frame the previous Great Marshal. In their eyes, Julian was still mighty and fair.

Julian looked at Zeke with disdain. “Zeke, are you prepared to bow before me?”

The latter shrugged. “What? Did you suddenly you gained some strength that you’re this confident of defeating General Maples when he had beaten both you and your father so bad that you had to sneak away like rats last time?”

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His words caused a wave of guilt to crashed through Julian but he forced out a calm front. “Hmph! Stop babbling nonsense! When I defeat General Maples later, the first thing I want you to do is to kneel and apologize to me!”

Zeke frowned when he saw how composed and confident the other man was.

Did he really prepare a killer skill to take down General Maples?

At this moment, Ares had also arrived.

He cast a quick glance at Zeke with a trace of contempt before turning to Julian. “It’s time to go to the battlefield,” he uttered earnestly. “You must return with victory. If you bring disgrace to Eurasia, don’t blame me for not showing you any mercy.”

Julian clenched his fists. “Don’t worry, father. I promise I will not humiliate you.”

He jumped to cross the strait and directly landed in the arena on the twentieth island.

When Ares saw that his son had safely landed, he sat down next to Zeke.

“Zeke, come here for a second. I need to tell you something.” Sole Wolf lowered his voice.

Zeke got up and followed the latter to his personal lounge.

“Zeke, it doesn’t matter if Julian wins or loses this

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time. Both outcomes are bad for us,” Sole Wolf began. “If he loses, it will ruin Eurasia’s reputation. But if he wins, doesn’t that mean you actually have to bow before him?”

“Don’t worry. Everything is under my control,” replied Zeke with a smile. “Today is the day where Eurasia gains its fame without me being humiliated, of course. You only need to do as I instructed.”

“Okay.” Sole Wolf nodded. “I’m at ease now that I heard this from you.”

With that, Zeke returned to his seat.

As soon as he sat down, the people from the Lundr faction burst into cheers when they saw a figure flew over. It was General Ragnar Maples!

The prestige status of General Maples in Lundr was equivalent to that of the Great Marshal during his heyday.

The cheers he got were so loud it could have shaken the heavens as he flew all the way to the twentieth island and landed right in front of Julian.

Once the enemies met, the atmosphere became tense.

This marked the official confrontation between Eurasia and Lundr.

General Maples glared at Julian disdainfully. “We meet again, deserter.”


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“Shut up,” Julian angrily rebuked. “I’ll defeat you in no time so stop the big talk. I let you escape last time. But I’ll make sure to go for your head this time.”


“Haha. Eurasians are really good at deceiving themselves I see, especially you. You seem so confident that you can defeat me,” General Maples mocked.

Julian spat, “Enough nonsense. Let’s begin. You’re not even qualified to waste my time.”

“Now hold on for a minute,” General Maples said. “Are we going to fight just like this? How boring.”

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“Then how do you propose we fight?” Julian asked.

“Why don’t we make a bet. That way, I believe both parties will go all out.”

“No problem,” Julian said. “How do you want to bet then?”

“If you lose, the Southern Archipelago will belong to Lundr. If I lose, I’ll immediately retreat and declare to the whole world that I shall not step into Eurasia for the rest of my life.”

Julian hesitated when he heard the bet. It was about the ownership of the Southern Archipelago, after all. He was not in a position where he could agree just like that.

“You’re claiming yourself as the Great Marshal when you don’t even have the right in this?” General Maples ridiculed. “In my opinion, you should return to civilian life.”

With my newly learned skill, I’m confident that I can win!

“Fine. I accept the bet,” Julian agreed without the slightest hesitation.

In the spectator section, Zeke had wanted to stop Julian from agreeing to the bet but it was too late.

“This b*astard,” Sole Wolf raged. “What rights does he have to take the Southern Archipelago as a bet? I’ll kill him if he loses.”

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“You don’t have to worry, General North,” Ares chimed in. “The men in the Thisleton family never do things that they are uncertain of.”

Zeke stared at Ares with suspicion as he tried to figure out where he got such confidence.

The battle between General Maples and Julian Thisleton could happen at any moment.

Both of them were the top members of Platinum Archduke. Their battle was surely going to be ground-shaking due to their incredible strengths.

The moment their battle began, everyone gasps in amazement.

However, they could already predict the outcome of the battle.

Although both were Platinum Archduke, General Maples took the time to build his strength step by step, whereas Julian only relied on the Spirit Stone to boost his. The latter was naturally beneath the former in this aspect.

As such, it was a battle between a war master and a first-timer. In the end, Julian was thrown into the air by a punch from General Maples.

Gasps of shock were heard at the sight of Julian being blown away. The Eurasians started to panic as their heartbeat increased wildly.

They never expected that the new Great Marshal that they had placed their faith in would be so easily defeated.

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If he lost, the Southern Archipelago would be handed over to the enemy, wherein their country would be beyond humiliated.

Sole Wolf clenched his fist. “That b*astard has ruined Eurasia’s reputation just like that.”

Ares rolled his eyes at him. “It’s not the end of the battle yet. Don’t make such conclusions.”

Zeke patted Sole Wolf’s shoulder to calm him.

Ares is still calm and confident. Julian probably has a skill he hasn’t used yet.

In the meantime, in the arena, General Maples walked towards Julian arrogantly. “Is this the Great Marshal of Eurasia? You’re not so powerful after all!”

His words of insults angered all the Eurasians. But they dared not speak up, for they felt inferior now that they saw how their newly appointed Great Marshal had fared against the general.

At the same time, doubts started to rise within their hearts.

Julian had defeated Ragnar Maples from the island last time. So why couldn’t he do the same this time?

Did the general’s strength really improve this much? Or was Julian lying about the general’s defeat?

Suspicious started to gnaw at their hearts.

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“I’ll give you a chance, Julian. I’ll spare your life if you admit defeat. Otherwise, not only will I own the Southern Archipelago, but you’ll also have to pay with your life.”

At that, Julian merely puffed up his chest and stood unyielding. “There is no such words as ‘admit defeat’ in Eurasia, as long as I still have a breath in me, I will never yield!”

Now is the right time for me to use The King’s Combat Skill!



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He could tell General Maples' strength was only slightly above his own.

If I were to unleash The King's Seven Star Tiger Punch, he wouldn't stand a chance.

General Maples sighed. "Since you're looking forward to dying, I'll grant your wish."

He charged straight toward Julian right after he spoke.

"Kill him! Kill him!" the Lundrians roared.

Eurasia's men, on the other hand, were anxious. Some of them subconsciously stood up and held their breaths.

The competition over the Southern Islands was about to draw to a close.

Suddenly, Julian struck his own abdomen.

His life force instantly shattered.

It flowed through his veins and circulated all over his body, transforming into power and strengthening all his limbs.

His body grew so much that was visible to the eye.

At that very moment, Julian had achieved King Class strength.

With a slight tremor of his body, he began exuding the energy of a King Class.

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With his new found willpower, he compressed his newfound energy as it took the physical form of a vicious tiger.

“Charge!” Julian bellowed as he thrust both his palms forward.

Roar!

Huge, tiger-shaped energy surged in General Maples’ direction with a thunderous roar.

General Maples’ pupils dilated as he trembled in fear.

Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!

How did he even attain King Class?

In the face of such powerful energy, General Maples could hardly move, let alone try to run!

The wave of energy collided with him before he could even think.

General Maples instantly felt as though he had been hit by a speeding train.

His body flew backwards, crashing into multiple rocks.

Soon, he fell silent, looking like a mass of bleeding flesh.

Yet, the energy tiger didn’t stop there.

It headed straight into the Lundrian audience.

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Despite now being extremely weak, the wave of energy still managed to send dozens of people flying, leaving their fates unknown.

Dead silence ensued.

The crowd was on the verge of madness at this sight.

That was one crazy move. It's like he's immortal!

Practically everyone stood up to watch the ordeal with widened eyes.

They thought their eyes were playing tricks on them.

However, no one was as worked up as Zeke.

The latter had realized that Julian had just unleashed the first form of the Seven Star Tiger Punch—the Tiger Lunge.

How does he know the Seven Star Tiger Punch?

Didn't Master Pietro only pass it down to the Four Divinities?

Even I didn't get to learn it.

Who did Julian learn it from?

His gaze fell on Ares.

There's no doubt about it. I'm sure Ares is the one who taught Julian the Seven Star Tiger Punch.

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Then, who did Ares learn it from?

Could he have learned it from the Four Divinities?

Ares must be closely connected to the Four Divinities.

Bold speculation surfaced in Zeke's mind.

Connor Black may be masquerading as the fake Ares.

Connor gets along well with the Four Divinities of Eurasia, so he most likely learned the Seven Star Tiger Punch from them.

A lot of things make sense if I think about it this way.

The Northern Xinjiang warriors still haven't found Connor's body.

There's a high chance that he surpassed his own limits, attained King Class and fled from the avalanche.

Not only that, but this fake Ares also used his authority to put all of the Emperor's Residence's assets up for bidding and set up the Prince's Residence.

He wants to rebuild the Prince's Residence!

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Does Connor know all four forms of the Seven Star Tiger Punch?

If I could learn them all from him, I may be able to attain Ultimate Class. I'll have to talk to Master Pietro about this.

The thought of this excited him greatly.

He stared at Ares with blazing eyes.

Ares smiled triumphantly. "Are you surprised? Let me tell you this. What my son just unleashed is the King's Technique. I researched this skill on my own. A cripple like you probably will never get to experience its wonders."

"The King's Technique Julian unleashed isn't its full form. I can tell," Zeke responded. "Your research isn't complete."

Ares shook his head. "That's where you're wrong. I've already researched the King Class technique as a whole."

He really has!

Zeke became even more exhilarated.

He's really in control of all forms of the Seven Star Tiger Punch.

I'll have to learn the fourth form from him no matter what.

Ares continued, "If my son defeats General Maples, he'll be guaranteed the Great Marshal's

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spot. I hope you'll keep your promise and serve him."

Zeke heaved a long sigh. "Julian hasn't won yet."

"What's wrong with you? Is it that hard for you to admit someone else's talents?" Ares sneered.

"I'm just stating the truth. Julian managed to unleash the King's Technique only by damaging his life force. He's now at his limit and is completely defenseless. If General Maples doesn't die, he's going to kill Julian."

"General Maples has been severely injured by the King's Technique. Even if he doesn't die, he'll be crippled for life."

Everyone's gazes fell on the battlefield once again.

General Maples lay on the ground motionless, dyeing it red with his blood.

The Lundrians broke down in despair.

General Maples has actually lost!

They were utterly humiliated.

At that moment, they began yelling strings of curses at General Maples.

The Eurasians, on the other hand, cheered with joy.

The new Great Marshal has won.

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Not only has he helped us secure the Southern Archipelago, but he's also completely humiliated Lunder.

He's the pride of Eurasia!

However, just a minute later, someone suddenly shouted, "Wait! Look! General Maples is moving."

Countless eyes instantly fell on the supposedly dead man.

General Maples, who had supposedly 'died', began to squirm.

His movements grew more noticeable.

Finally, he stood up.

Despite being covered in blood, he had managed to get on his two feet.

General Maples hasn't lost yet!

The Lundrians now saw a glimpse of hope and were enlivened once again.

Still, the Eurasian army didn't seem too affected.

Most of the Eurasians watching the fight weren't warriors, so they had no idea that Julian had ruined his life force.

If Julian could send General Maples flying once, he surely can do the same again!

Ares lowered his gaze in desolation.

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It's over. Julian has lost.

All the effort he had spent on creating his puppet was now in vain.

However, the one in the most anguish was Julian.

He had never expected General Maples to be able to resist such a powerful attack.

He has actually managed to hold his own against the King's Technique...

It may be an embarrassment for me, but losing the Southern Archipelago is a far greater crime.

What should I do?

How he wished he could crawl into a hole and run away from the harsh truth.

General Maples got closer to Julian with each step.

The warrior energy he radiated caused Julian to fall apart.



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“Looks like I’ve really underestimated you, Julian Thisleton,” said General Maples with a snicker. “But no matter. No accident is worth mentioning in the face of absolute power.”

Julian refused to accept the truth. “How... How could you have withstood the King’s Technique? That’s impossible unless you’re King Class. But... But you’re not much stronger than I am. You’re not King Class!”

With a smirk, General Maples gave his own body a shake.

His coat crumbled and fell to the ground in pieces.

Surrounding his body was shiny armor.

“This is Lundr’s latest bulletproof armor. If it can stop bullets, what more can I say about physical attacks? It shielded me against most of yours.”

“Arghhhh!”

Julian let out a cry of rage.

He had lost to Lundr’s technology once again.

“Alright. Enough nonsense,” General Maples said. “Your time has come.”

“Wait!” Julian hurriedly yelled. “I give up! I surrender!”

General Maples might have been injured, but he was still a warrior.

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Julian, however, was now crippled.

It would be a piece of cake for General Maples to kill him.

Giving up was the only way Julian could save himself.

The people of Eurasia were mind-blown by Julian's declaration.

Many of them stood up and stared at him in disbelief, refusing to accept such an outcome.

To them, Julian still had the strength to fight, but was instead choosing to give up.

It was too humiliating.

On top of that, they would have to hand the Southern Archipelago over to General Maples.

They're robbing us of our rights!

Julian Thisleton is a traitor!

They began to hurl insults at the man.

The Lundrian army now behaved completely differently.

They were initially on the brink of defeat, but the tides had now turned.

Words couldn't describe their excitement.

Many Lundrians were even so stirred up that they

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began to cry.

They screamed General Maples' name loud and far, their voices resonating across the Southern Archipelago.

General Maples waved his hand towards his men.

The army instantly quieted down.

"You've lost, Julian Thisleton. It's time for you to deliver what has been promised," General Maples declared. "Hand the Southern Archipelago over to Lundr. Eurasia's always taken pride in their honesty and integrity; you're not thinking of walking out on the deal, are you?"

The Eurasian army fell silent.

They were truly out of options now.

If they chose not to hand the islands over, Eurasia's reputation would be severely damaged. The country would be scorned across the globe, and its future would be at stake.

However, if they were to give up the islands, Eurasia's sovereignty would be incomplete.

In fact, more enemies would eventually split the nation apart.

Emily gritted her teeth in anger. "What a loser. You can't even beat a foreigner. Why would I want you?"

She had initially thought of using Julian to

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humiliate Zeke and Lacey.

But now, that no longer seemed possible.

Lacey subconsciously turned to Zeke. “Do you have any ways to keep the islands, Zeke? We can’t let them fall in Lundr’s hands no matter what.”

Zeke nodded with a smile. “Don’t worry. I’ve figured out a plan long ago.”

“Heh! What can a cripple like him do? Bow at our enemies’ feet?” Emily scoffed. “Our only option is to have Ares fight for our sake now. Who knows? They might just give in and no longer try to obtain the islands because Ares is King Class.”



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so everyone subconsciously gazed at him in reverence.

The Eurasians instantly felt more at ease.

Now that Mr. Minister has shown up, he'll be able to take care of this.

The Minister landed on the ground and glared at Julian.

The latter lowered in head in shame, remaining silent.

Even if Mr. Minister manages to secure the Southern Archipelago, Eurasia will never forgive me. They might even sentence me to death.

Hopefully, his father would be able to protect him.

The Minister and General Maples were long-time acquaintances.

Hence, General Maples was naturally more respectful toward the Minister.

“Long time no see, Mr. Minister,” General Maples greeted with warrior’s greeting.

“Indeed,” the Minister responded with a smile.

“We haven’t seen each other in three years. I didn’t think we’d meet again this way.”

“Why are you here, if I may ask?”

“Don’t be silly, General Maples. I’m sure you know what I’m here for. The Southern Archipelago is an

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“We haven’t seen each other in three years. I didn’t think we’d meet again this way.”

“Why are you here, if I may ask?”

“Don’t be silly, General Maples. I’m sure you know what I’m here for. The Southern Archipelago is an

NH

inseparable part of Eurasia. It plays a major role in our nation's sovereignty, so we can't afford to give it away."

"What? Are you backing out on the deal?" General Maples sneered. "Whatever happened to all that talk about integrity and honesty?"

From the looks of it, General Maples was about to fall out with Eurasia.

The Minister looked displeased. "Julian Thisleton single-handedly conjured this challenge. As the Supreme Leader, I had no idea what was happening. His word alone does not represent Eurasia's will. Of course, we're partly responsible too, so we'll gladly reimburse you financially."

General Maples sighed. "Well, Mr. Minister, my decision alone doesn't represent the will of the Lundrians. I'll have to hear their thoughts on this matter."

He turned to the Lundrians. "What do you all think?"

The people of Lundr disagreed in unison.

"He lost the bet! He has to hand over the islands."

"Lundr is a prosperous country; we don't care about some small amount of financial compensation."

"If Eurasia backs out on their promise, I'll gladly wage war against them."

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“Sorry, Mr. Minister. I can’t go against the will of my people,” General Maples remarked with a sorry look on his face.

Having no choice, the Minister could only play the guilt card. “Do you not intend to spare me an ounce of pride, General Maples? Don’t forget that my nation once helped you when you were under attack. I’ve also personally saved your leader’s life in the past.”

General Maples pondered for a moment. “You have a point. How about this, then? To spare you some pride, I’ll let Eurasia compensate us with money instead of the islands.”



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NH

The moment his words fell, the Lundrians flew into an uproar.

“We want the Southern Archipelago—not money!”

General Maples tried to persuade his people.

“Calm down, everyone. Listen to me. Our nation is indebted to Eurasia and the Minister. We can’t be ungrateful. Letting them off this time means we’ll be repaying what we owe.”

However, the Lundrians continued to protest.

General Maples could no longer be bothered with them.

Instead, he asked the Minister solemnly, “How much are you willing to offer, Mr. Minister?”

The Minister answered after some thought, “I’m estimating an amount of ten trillion. How about this? I’ll get the Thisleton family to fork out an additional five trillion, so that’ll be fifteen trillion in total. What do you think?”

Pfft!

General Maples laughed. “Fifteen trillion? You can’t even buy me with that amount.”

The Minister frowned.

“Then tell me how much you want.”

“Not a lot; maybe a quadrillion.”

What?

NH

The Minister and all the Eurasians exploded into a frenzy.

One quadrillion?

That's worth one-third of Eurasia's GDP!

Offering one-third of our GDP is like a child giving his parents money out of gratitude.

These guys are insulting us! They're treating us like a country that's dependent on them!

They're robbing us of our rights!

General Maples isn't even relenting! He's just using this opportunity to humiliate us.

The Minister's gaze darkened in fury.

The Lundrians, on the other hand, all cheered for General Maples.

The tension in the atmosphere was now at its peak.

With one wrong move, a war between the two nations could break out.

Zeke sighed in disappointment.

You're too weak, Mr. Minister.

There's no point trying to reason with people like them.

They're too childish.

NH

We're the butt of their jokes now.

He got up and attempted to make his way over.

However, Dawn and Nancy quickly held him back together.

"Where are you going, Zeke?"

Zeke smiled. "To teach Lundr a lesson."

Lacey was shocked. "Don't, Zeke. What can you do if the Minister can't do anything about it?"

Dawn and Nancy nodded in agreement.

If he were still the Great Marshal of old, he would probably still have the right to speak.

Zeke was no longer capable of fighting now. Having been stripped of his title as the Great Marshal, he was now nothing but a commoner.

Could a commoner even have a dialogue with a noble?

Certainly not.

"Don't worry. I know what I'm doing," Zeke assured them with a smile.

Emily was full of mockery. "Let him go. He may be crippled, but he's still got some spunk left in him. Maybe they'll even agree to let everything go, thanks to the fact that he used to be the Great Marshal."

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In truth, Emily had hoped Zeke would head over.

By then, he'd be humiliated to no end or even killed by their opponents, which was exactly the outcomes she wanted.

Zeke glared at Emily. "Well, I sure hope so."

Lacey and the other two girls stopped trying to hold Zeke back.

The man then strode toward the arena.

Dawn was filled with worry.

Meanwhile, Lacey sighed while trying to assure herself, "I hope they won't dare to hurt him, considering that he's the Dragon's King."

Ares was feeling rather muddled.

He couldn't understand how Zeke was confident enough to deal with this matter head-on.

Even he didn't dare to intervene.

The Eurasians were just as puzzled.

Even the Minister can't do anything about this.

That just goes to show how resolute Lundr is.

What good would a commoner like him do?

NH



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Zeke walked past Julian.

“Get out of here, Williams,” Julian protested immediately. “The Minister can take care of this on his own. You can’t interfere. Don’t think I don’t know what you’re up to. You’re clearly trying to cause a bigger stir and get me into even more trouble.”

Zeke sighed. “You’re the biggest humiliation to Eurasia. You’re not worthy of being called a Eurasian at all. In other words, you have no right to interfere with my plans.”

You little...

Julian was infuriated.

Meanwhile, the Minister appeared, looking slightly animated.

If Zeke were to reveal himself as Eurasia’s top King Class warrior, he could create fear in his enemies.

But we’re the ones at fault here, so it can’t be helped if General Maples chooses not to spare us any pride.

Besides, revealing one’s identity was against the will of the Minister.

If Zeke couldn’t reveal his identity, he had no chance of succeeding.

In conclusion, the Minister didn’t have much hope in Zeke.

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“My negotiation will be treated as a national secret, Mr. Minister,” said Zeke. “I don’t want any outsiders around.”

The Minister nodded. “I understand.”

With that, he sent Julian flying with a kick.

In fact, he would even kill the man if he could.

Eurasia was now in big trouble because of Julian.

General Maples gazed at Zeke, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. “You must be the renowned Great Marshal from back then. To be honest, you probably would’ve had the privilege of negotiating with me during your prime. But now, your life force’s been destroyed. You’re just a commoner, so you don’t have the right to try and bargain with me anymore. Eurasia shall either hand over a quadrillion or give up the Southern Archipelago today. If not, Lundr isn’t afraid of starting a war.”

Zeke smiled. “I’m not just going to give you the money. I’ll also hand over the islands—if you dare take them, that is.”

His words hit everyone like a ton of bricks.

They were dumbfounded.

The Eurasians proceeded to glare at Zeke in fury.

What the hell is he talking about?

The Minister has already said it’s either the money

NH

or the islands.

Yet, this guy's offering our enemies everything?

There goes the pride of Eurasia!

He's a true disgrace of our nation!

They began yelling at Zeke, telling him to back out.

Emily was the most enthusiastic out of everyone.

She couldn't care less about losing the money or the islands.

All she wanted was for Zeke to be humiliated. So what if the entire nation was at stake?

Lacey, Dawn and Nancy exchanged worried glances.

They couldn't understand why Zeke was doing this.

"I've misunderstood you, Mr. Williams," General Maples said delightedly. "You're offering me such an extravagant gift. Are you thinking of seeking refuge with Lundr? We don't accept trash, but considering how much you're offering us, we'll willingly take you in."

The Eurasians cursed even more loudly.

They believed in General Maples' words; they thought Zeke was actually selling out his own nation to appease Lundr.

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However, the Minister refused to believe that Zeke would do such a thing.

“What are you planning, Mr. Williams?” he asked cautiously.

“I said the money and islands are all right here. They can take them if they have the guts to, but of course, there’ll be a price to pay.”

“Oh? And what price will that be?” General Maples asked casually.



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NH

“You and every Lundrian here on the Southern Islands will die. Even the leader of your country won’t be spared,” Zeke answered.

Pfft!

General Maples and the rest of his people burst into laughter.

“Who gave you the courage to spout such nonsense?”

“No one did. I have more than enough courage of my own,” Zeke boldly stated.

General Maples laughed even more boisterously. “Haha! I get it now! You’re trying to make us Lundrians die from laughing at your jokes. Even my leader won’t be spared, huh? You’re remarkable, Mr. Williams.”

Zeke suddenly lowered his voice. “Don’t laugh too soon, General Maples. Let me ask you, do you have any idea who the mysterious man in black who took you down is?”

General Maples was stunned for a moment.

Huh?

How does Zeke Williams know about the man in black?

Julian Thisleton and Ares had already prevented that incident from being released outside Eurasia.

They had taken all the credit.

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“If my guess is correct, that man was Eurasia’s number one King Class warrior,” said General Maples cautiously.

“That’s right,” Zeke replied. “Your country used firearms against martial artists. That’s against the law of martial arts. If word about this gets out, Lundr will be scorned by every martial arts circle worldwide. Eurasia’s number one King Class warrior will certainly have the right to eradicate you and your leader.”

Zeke continued, “On top of that, you instigated a subordinate to kill your enemies via suicide bombing while you ran off yourself. Such behavior is an act of treason. You killed your comrade. That’s cowardly of you. If everyone finds out about this, you’ll be labeled a traitor and imprisoned for life.”

General Maples instantly tensed up.

D*** it!

How is this b***** so clear about the truth?

Only Julian Thisleton and I should be aware of the incidents about the man in black and the suicide bombing. We’ve kept this a secret from everyone else.

No one else should know about this.

Williams is right. I’d be in big trouble if word about these incidents come to light.

General Maples tried relentlessly to defend

NH

himself.

“You’re talking rubbish! This is pure slander unless you can get Eurasia’s number one King Class warrior to show up and testify.”

Zeke smiled in amusement, as though he had already seen through General Maples’s lies. “You think Eurasia’s number one King Class warrior is dead, don’t you? You’re wrong. In fact, he’s alive, and standing right here.”

General Maples froze for a moment before scanning his surroundings. “Where is he?”

“You don’t have to look any further,” Zeke answered. “He’s closer than you think.”

General Maples’ gaze immediately landed on Zeke.

“Are you saying that you’re... You’re Eurasia’s number one King Class warrior?”

Zeke nodded. “Of course.”

General Maples was surprised, but he soon looked full of contempt.

“Hmph! You sure love making a fool of yourself. You’re just pretending to be the King Class warrior to scare me, aren’t you? Do you think I’m an idiot?”

“You don’t believe me?” Zeke replied. “I’ll prove it to you then.”

He whipped out his phone and tossed it to

NH

General Maples.

The latter grabbed the phone and glanced at the video playing.

It was a video of the war on the Southern Archipelago.

It had been captured from the point of view of the mysterious man in black.

The fact that Zeke had this video was enough to prove that he was the man in black.

General Maples was petrified.

His eyes were now filled with fear and astonishment.



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NH

The Great Marshal is alive!

And he's attained King Class!

The Great Marshal's death has to be the biggest lie in the universe!

The video had indeed been captured by Zeke.

He had come to the islands to banish his enemies, so he had acted according to Eurasia's law.

Naturally, he had a recording device on him in case it was necessary.

Zeke raised his voice slightly. "Tell me. Do you think you and every Lundrian on this island will be able to get away if I were to avenge my country?"

General Maples shuddered.

If Zeke were to unleash the monstrous amount of power he did that day, he wouldn't just kill all the Lundrians here.

The entire nation of Lundr wouldn't survive.

But I'm representing all of Lundr right now.

I can't give in so easily.

He heaved a long sigh. "You'd be murdering countless innocent lives. Aren't you afraid of the whole martial arts world turning against you?"

"Good question," Zeke responded. "You infiltrated

NH

my country's islands and attacked a King Class warrior using firearms. Does that not give me enough right to eradicate Lundr? Besides, even if I were to take the lives of all your innocent citizens here, who would dare stand up against me?"

General Maples was devastated.

He's right.

I've run out of options.

He took a deep breath to calm himself. "Fine. I'll... I'll stop pursuing the deal. I won't ask for the islands."

"You think that's all you'll have to do after attacking my country? I want you to kneel and apologize in front of everyone!" Zeke demanded.

What?

General Maples trembled in fear.

I'm representing Lundr!

If I were to bow down to him, wouldn't that mean our country is giving in to Eurasia?

The people of Lundr will never forgive me for this.

But I don't have any other choice.

That's the only thing I can do to stay alive.

I'll apologize, and then I'll run. I'll flee to a place where no one will ever find me.

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Gritting his teeth, General Maples made up his mind to kneel before Zeke.

“I’ve committed a grave sin by infiltrating the Southern Archipelago and interfering with the Eurasian regime. I hope Eurasia will forgive me. The Southern Archipelago belongs to Eurasia; no one else can deprive Eurasia of this territory.”

He then turned to the Lundrians.

“From today onwards, I officially resign from the Lundrian army and am no longer a citizen of the country. I hope the leader of Lundr permits it.”

With that, he jumped off the islands and landed in the water before climbing onto a speedboat and leaving, looking as miserable as a lost dog.

The crowd remained silent even after General Maples was long gone.

Everyone stared at his retreating figure in disbelief as he went further into the distance.

They wondered if they were seeing things.

General Maples had brought so much humiliation upon Eurasia just a while ago.

Yet, after a short conversation with Zeke, not only did he no longer want the islands, but he even got on his knees to apologize before giving up all his wealth and power and fleeing.

What on earth did Zeke Williams say to General Maples?

NH

They had been standing too far away from the duo when they were engaged in conversation, so they hadn't been able to catch anything that had been said.

Up until now, some people still felt as though they were dreaming.

Even the Minister sighed emotionally.

What on earth did Zeke do here the other day that could have terrified General Maples in such a way?

He only snapped back to reality after Zeke patted him on the shoulder.

"I'll leave the rest to you, Mr. Minister. I'll be off now."

The Minister glanced at the phone Zeke had given to General Maples earlier. "Let me have a look at your phone. I want to catch a glimpse of a King Class warrior's splendor."



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NH

Zeke tossed his phone to the Minister. “Don’t forget to give it back to me when you’re done.”

Then, he walked over to Lacey under everyone’s gazes. “Let’s go, Lacey. There’s nothing else to see here.”

“Huh? Oh. Okay!”

Lacey quickly nodded and held onto Zeke’s arm.

“What in the world did you say to General Maples, Zeke? He looked so terrified just now.”

Zeke certainly wasn’t going to reveal his identity as the number one King Class warrior.

“I convinced him with virtue,” he answered with a mysterious smile.

“Like I’d believe that,” Lacey said furiously.

Dawn let out a silly smile. “Do you even have to ask, Lacey? It’s because Zeke used his last vestiges as the Great Marshal to instill fear in General Maples, of course. A true Great Marshal will always be fearsome to his enemies even if he’s no longer one, unlike someone who’s still trash despite carrying the title.”

While saying that, she rolled her eyes at Emily.

She was clearly mocking the woman and Julian.

Emily lowered her head.

At that point, she just wanted to crawl into a hole

NH

and hide in embarrassment.

As Zeke left with his family, the crowd began speculating among themselves.

“As expected of the Great Marshal. He may have lost his title, but our enemies still fear him.”

“Great Marshal Zeke Williams is the true backbone of our nation.”

“Exactly. I strongly suggest he remain as the Great Marshal. Strip Julian Thisleton of his title!”

“Great Marshal! Great Marshal!”

The voices of people showing their support for Zeke continuing his role as the Great Marshal rang across the skies.

The Minister waved at the crowd to silence them.

“Quiet down, everyone. I have an announcement to make. The news about Zeke Williams abandoning his wife is nothing but a rumor. He was deliberately slandered. You may all visit the Eurasia Central Television website. We’ve already posted the truth about this incident.”

The crowd immediately whipped out their phones and accessed the ECTV website.

Heading the website was indeed a clarification report regarding the Great Marshal.

The report mentioned that Zeke did not forsake his wife; rather, it was Emily Clemons who had

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deliberately walked out on her marriage with Zeke because the man was poor at the time.

Zeke had no other choice but to marry her best friend, Lacey, instead.

Then, to rob Zeke of his title as Great Marshal, Julian Thisleton made a pact with Emily to set Zeke up and sully his reputation.

Evidence had been provided, which meant that these two incidents couldn't be any further from the truth.

Upon reading the article, remorse was what the Eurasians felt first and foremost.

They had initially berated Zeke without knowing the truth and even stripped him of his title.

What they felt next was anger.

They were furious at Julian's and Emily's dirty tricks.

Very quickly, the couple became the subject of everyone's insults all over Eurasia.

Some reckless citizens even proceeded to attack Julian.

Yet, nothing they did could rid them of the hatred they felt.

Julian could only remain silent and accept whatever came toward him.

NH

Ares chose not to interfere.

At this point, he couldn't afford to be on Julian's side, or everyone in Eurasia would go after him too.

Emily certainly didn't interfere either.

In fact, all she hoped, for now, was to be completely uninvolved with Julian.

The Minister waved at the crowd, beckoning them to calm down.

“Julian Thisleton selfishly bet on the Southern Archipelago, lost the bet and nearly caused utter humiliation to the country. This is his first crime. Moreover, he failed to defeat General Maples this time, thus proving that he wasn't the one to banish him and reclaim the islands back then. Yet, he tried to take the credit. This is his second crime. In conclusion, Julian Thisleton is not worthy of being the Great Marshal. On the other hand, Zeke Williams easily caused the Lundrians to surrender and successfully restored Eurasia's pride. He is the people's hero. Therefore, I suggest that he reclaim his rightful title as Great Marshal.”



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NH

The crowd cheered.

“We agree!”

“Eurasia has only one Great Marshal! That’s Zeke Williams!”

“Zeke Williams deserves to be the Great Marshal!”

A now powerless Emily quietly fled to avoid being entangled in this incident.

Yet, upon arriving at an isolated place, she bumped into Ares.

Or rather, Ares had intentionally stopped her.

Emily panicked, not knowing what Ares was about to do to her.

“What... What are you trying to do, Ares?” she asked, quivering.

He glanced at her. “Are you going to run? Can you really take all this lying down?”

Emily smiled wryly. “Even if I can’t, what choice do I have? Zeke’s been reinstated as Great Marshal, and I’m nothing but an ordinary woman. I’m no match for him.”

“Come with me,” Ares said solemnly. “I won’t just help you get revenge. I’ll also make sure you live a life of wealth and luxury.”

Emily was overjoyed.

NH

Ares is Eurasia's second King Class warrior.

He has the support of the Thisleton family too.

His status isn't any lower than Zeke's.

If he helps me, we'll have a chance to beat Zeke.

Emily agreed without any hesitation.

The two then left together.

Now that Julian was useless, Ares could only count on Emily to act as his next puppet and achieve his goal of rebuilding the Prince's Residence.

At Linton Group.

Lacey sighed as she stared at the company's financial statements.

"What's wrong, Lacey?" asked Zeke.

"The company was seized for the past few days, so we lost over ten billion. Moreover, our employees have betrayed us and switched sides, causing us to indirectly suffer some losses too."

Zeke frowned and glanced at the financial statements.

The company's direct and indirect losses, as well as the losses from the stock market, had cost Linton Group at least a hundred billion.

Fortunately, the Linton Group was rich and

NH

powerful enough to sustain the losses.

Any regular listed company would have long become bankrupt.

Zeke shifted his gaze toward Emperor Group, which was located right opposite Linton Group. “This is all Emperor Group’s fault. They should be responsible for our losses. What do you think about acquiring Emperor Group, Lacey? Would that cover up all the damage they’ve caused us?”

Lacey immediately tensed up. “Don’t do anything rash, Zeke. Julian may have single-handedly done this to us, but he’s just a puppet. Ares is the true head of Emperor Group. That man is a King Class warrior. His powers are beyond our imagination.”

Zeke smiled faintly. “He may be a King Class warrior, but he’s only second best. He’s nothing but small fry compared to the number one King Class warrior.”

“What do you mean by that, Zeke?” Lacey asked in confusion. “Are you saying you know who the strongest King Class warrior is? Would he be willing to help us?”

Zeke flashed her a mysterious smile. “Don’t worry about that. Just know that everything’s in my control. Let’s drop by Emperor Group.”

Zeke soon headed to Emperor Group with Lacey, Nancy and Dawn.

Mid-way, he suddenly received a phone call from the Minister.

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“Hello, Mr. Williams. After much careful consideration by the President and I, we’ve decided that you should continue being the Great Marshal.”

However, Zeke rejected the offer without any hesitation. “Sorry, Mr. Minister, but I’m not interested.”



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NH

The Minister grimaced. “I’m afraid this is not up to you. The public has already expressed their desire for you to take up the mantle of Great Marshal again. While you may not accept it, the fact of the matter is you’ll always be the Great Marshal to them.”

Zeke answered, “Mr. Minister, I don’t mind if you really want to reward me. Emperor Group has caused Linton Group to suffer considerable losses. That’s I want to take over Emperor Group to make up for it. Maybe you could help me with that?”

The Minister pondered the thought before replying, “Hmm, how about this? I’ll discuss giving Linton Group an equivalent value worth of assets or business deals with the President. Is that satisfactory for you?”

“No. I want Emperor Group.”

The minister chuckled. “Great Marshal, you’re making things difficult for me. The real person in charge of Emperor Group is Ares. Needless to say, he was less than pleased when you crippled Julian Thisleton. If you really insist on obtaining Emperor Group, I’m worried he’ll explode. Being a King Class expert, Eurasia will definitely suffer unimaginable casualties if he rebels. Also, what if he decides to ally with our enemy nations? I shudder to imagine the threat that would pose to us!”

Zeke stated while laughing, “That’s the point! I want him to rebel! Anyways, I have to hang up now. Don’t worry. I know what to do.”

NH

He wanted to learn all four forms of the Seven Star Tiger Punch from Ares, which could only happen if he met the other man in combat.

So technically, the real reason he wanted to take over Emperor Group was to force Ares to come out and face him.

On her way to Emperor Group, Lacey kept reminding Zeke not to do anything rash and not to get physical no matter what. She did not want anything bad to happen.

“Relax, I know what to do.”

Soon, they arrived at the building of the company. They were stopped at the entrance by a security guard.

To their surprise, that security guard had used to work at Linton Group before he betrayed the company and came to work for Emperor Group.

He raised an arm to block their way, ordering, “Stop right there! This is an office building for the employees of Emperor Group only. Everyone else is not allowed to enter.”

Zeke sneered in an icy tone, “Get out of the way. You don’t have the right to stop us.”

In response, the bodyguard chortled, “I’m the company’s security guard. I have the right to stop you even if you were in peak form, let alone now when your life force has been injured permanently.”

NH

“You look a little familiar. Have we met before?” Zeke asked as he took a better look at the security guard.

“He used to work at Linton Group. However, he betrayed the company and switched sides, coming to work for Emperor Group instead,” Dawn bit out through clenched teeth.

Realization dawned on the former. “I see. Well then, traitors need to be punished.”

That made a grin spread on the security guard’s face. “You wanna get physical, huh? I’m more than willing to entertain you!”

He pulled out his baton and sneered, “Let’s see if you, the useless Great Marshal, will be better than me, a security guard in peak form. I must warn you though, think carefully about what you’re going to do. Your reputation will be even worse if you lose to me.”

“You’re not worthy enough for me to fight you myself. Why are you still hiding? Come out!” Zeke commanded.

What?

The security guard was bewildered by Zeke’s words.

Just then, a shadow detached from a nearby corner of the building before dashing toward the security guard like a speeding bullet. Its movements were so fast that nobody could see its face.

NH

The figure rammed into the security guard, sending the man flying out before landing in the pond nearby.

The dark shadow did not stop moving, continuing forward and vanishing around another corner.

All this happened in a matter of seconds. Nobody had seen who it was; they only saw a black figure flash past their eyes before it was gone.



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The shadow was none other than Mr. Collins, who was under orders to follow and 'protect' Zeke.

Feeling disorientated from the sudden attack, several seconds passed before the security guard finally snapped out of his shock and struggled out of the pond.

"What the heck? Damn it! What the hell was that earlier? Has the Great Marshal fallen so far as to ambush a security guard so he can win? I'm going to call the police and have you arrested!"

In a chilly tone, Zeke said, "If you can't find evidence proving the black shadow is my lackey, don't blame me for suing you for defamation."

That shut the security guard right up.

The shadow had practically been a blur! Even the security cameras would likely have caught nothing to show what it was.

If I can't even prove that it's human, where am I supposed to gather evidence?

Left with no other choice, the security guard glumly returned his phone to his pocket.

Turning to Lacey, Zeke questioned, "Lacey, you won't blame me for making a move, right?"

"Pretend I never said that earlier," she replied with a shake of her head.

If Zeke had not fought back, he would have been bullied by that security guard.

NH

She would rather he beat up someone else than have him be bullied.

He stroked her hair lovingly. “It’s wonderful that you’ve come around. Remember, when it comes to our enemies, you either do the bullying or be the one bullied. I’ll handle what happens next.”

With that, he led them into the building.

The rest of the employees, who had seen what had happened at the entrance just now, lowered their heads and buried themselves in work. They did not dare do anything that might piss Zeke off.

Zeke sat himself down before calling out imperiously, “Where’s the person in charge here? Get him or her out here immediately!”

After a short moment of silence, a woman approached him.

“Why are you looking for the person in charge here? Do you have an appointment? If not, please leave.”

Zeke randomly grabbed a folder and glanced through it. “I suspect that your company assets come from unknown sources. I’m here to investigate your company. Please cooperate.”

The woman named Mary protested, “What right do you have to say my company assets are suspicious?”

“Are you doubting me?” He shot her a cold glare.

NH

Terrified by the look in his eyes, she decided it might be best to let Emily handle this.

She could not understand how a useless man like Zeke Williams could still have such a commanding look in his eyes, though. It was the kind of look that would send shivers down one's spine.

In no time at all, she found Emily and swiftly explained the situation to the other woman.

Emily laughed coldly. "Hah! I knew he wouldn't let things go so easily, but I never expected him to be here so fast. You can leave. I'll head over right away."

"Okay."

After Mary left, Emily dug out her phone and called Ares.

"Godfather, you were right. Zeke Williams is here now."

She had only just accepted Ares as her godfather yesterday.

Ares was silent for a moment before he said, "Alright. I'll head over now. You try to hold off Williams for a bit."

"Understood." She went downstairs to confront Zeke after hanging up the call.

She knew he was an incredibly prestigious man now; even the Minister had to be respectful of

NH

him.

However, she, Emily Clemons, was not your average person either. She was now Ares' goddaughter!

Ares was a Second King, a position equal to that of the minister. He did not need to be afraid of someone like Zeke.

The sight of her ex had her temper flaring. She snarled, "Williams, what the hell are you doing in my company?"



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NH

Flipping through another folder, Zeke uttered indifferently, “I suspect your company assets come from some suspicious and unknown sources, so I’m here to investigate that.”

All of Emperor Group’s assets had been obtained by Julian Thisleton via his special connections. He had somehow managed to buy most of Prince’s Residence’s old assets at extremely low prices, including a lot of illegal industries.

So naturally, they were by no means a clean company.

Feeling annoyed, Emily growled, “It’s none of your damn business if my company is clean or not. You, on the other hand, have trespassed upon my property. Get the hell out, or I’m calling the police.”

“I’m the director of the State Administration for Industry and Commerce (SAIC). Pretty sure this is my business,” Zeke retorted.

“Hahaha! Who are you trying to fool? Where’s your credentials then? Impersonating a government official is a serious crime, you know.”

Zeke leisurely took out his phone and dialed the minister’s number.

The other man’s excited voice soon sounded through the phone, “Mr. Williams, have you thought things over and decided to accept the position of the Great Marshal again?”

“Nope. However, I feel like the position of director of the State Administration for Industry and

NH

Commerce (SAIC) doesn't sound half bad. May I try it out?"

"Of course!" The minister agreed readily.

As long as Zeke was still willing to contribute to the nation, the minister could care less what position he was in.

"I'll arrange for you to take office tomorrow."

Zeke stated firmly, "No, I want to take office right this instant."

A thought occurred to the minister as he said carefully, "Mr. Williams, this action of yours is to go up against Emperor Group, isn't it?"

"Smart man. I knew I couldn't keep anything from you, Mr. Minister."

Exasperated, the older man almost pleaded, "Mr. Williams, please be a little more low-key this time. Don't make such huge waves, alright? Eurasia has been lively enough recently already."

The last time Zeke had a conflict with Emperor Group, he had mobilized an army of 400,000 soldiers.

The incident at the competition at the Southern Islands had shaken the entire world.

If he stirred another wave of trouble, Eurasia might just have a riot on their hands this time.

"I know what I'm doing," Zeke assured him.

NH

“Good to know.”

After ending the call, Zeke focused his gaze back on Emily. “I’m the director now. Please cooperate with our investigation and temporarily shut down all operations. As for when you may resume operations, you’ll be notified later.”

“You dare!” Emily raged, “As if I have to listen to one measly little director. My godfather is Ares, the Second King in Eurasia! Touch Emperor Group, and you’ll suffer the consequences!”

“Oh, my God!” Dawn exclaimed, “Ares is old enough to be your grandfather, yet you’re still able to make a move on him? Wow, you have damn interesting taste.”

The rest of the company employees were also staring at Emily strangely.

Infuriated, she shrieked, “You crazy bitch! Shut your damn mouth! Our relationship is purely that of a godfather and goddaughter, that’s all! There’s nothing indecent going on between us!”

“I never said anything indecent went on between you two,” Dawn replied casually.

“You!” Emily’s entire face was red with anger as she reached out to slap Dawn.

Zeke’s hand darted out to stop her. “That’s enough! Either you hand over Emperor Group now, or we’ll seize it permanently!”

“Hmph!” Emily clenched her fists tightly, “You

NH

really think I'll just hand it over to you like that? Dream on! My godfather is on his way here now. Just you wait till he arrives! It'll be too late for any regrets then."

While this stalemate went on in the office, Ares was having a dilemma back at Thisleton Manor.

He was wondering if he should continue using Julian as his puppet or switch over to Emily.

He could tell there was just too much bad blood between her and Zeke, which meant that Zeke would definitely not let things go between them. If he were to support her, the other man would definitely come after him as well.

It was currently a crucial moment in his plans to rebuild Prince's Residence. With a powerful enemy like Zeke gunning for him, he would have to keep looking over his back. That would be extremely distracting.



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NH

On the other hand, continuing to support Julian was an incredibly risky move.

His son had completely lost his powers; he was nothing more than an average man now.

If he were to use a Spirit Stone on Julian, the chance of success for him to reach King Class was very, very slim. If it failed, the Spirit Stone would be wasted.

Just as he was warring with himself, he suddenly detected a faint hint of some force flowing through Julian's body.

Hmm? What is that?

Focusing his attention on the flow, he shut his eyes to concentrate on it better.

A few seconds later, his eyes snapped open to reveal an excited gleam.

That's the aura of a King! Wait, no, not exactly. It's the precursor to the aura!

If he were to use the Spirit Stone to aid Julian now, there would be a 100% success rate. Julian would be able to achieve King Class!

He really is a martial arts genius!

At that moment, Ares came to a decision.

He would choose Julian over Emily.

Julian soon woke up to a world of agony.

NH

Writhing in pain, he cried out, “Sir, I-It... hurts! It f-feels like there’s a f-fire burning inside me! P-please... help m-me! It hurts s-so much!”

Ares quickly used his own aura to fight back against Julian’s weaker one.

The younger man quieted as the pain he was going through gradually receded.

Only then did Archduke speak up, “Julian, I have great news! I’m confident that I’ll be able to shape you into an expert among the King Class!”

Elation swept through Julian. “What? Sir, are you serious?”

Ares nodded. “Of course. With me around, it’s guaranteed! Rest and recover here while I try and get more Spirit Stones for you. With another Spirit Stone to aid you, it’s only a matter of time before you reach King Class.”

The Spirit Stone he had gotten from Connor had been used up long ago. He would have to find more for Julian now.

The Spirit Stone mine in Eurasia was currently being guarded by the First King.

Even now, he still did not know who the First King was. As such, trying to get permission to obtain a Spirit Stone would be nearly impossible.

Or maybe not.

He suddenly thought of someone who might be

NH

able to help him.

Zeke Williams.

Ares was quite certain the mysterious person in black clothing who had killed General Maples at the Southern Islands was the First King of Eurasia.

Previously, a few sentences from Zeke had scared General Maples into backing off. Ares guessed that the former had probably used the First King's name to shock the latter.

Which meant Zeke might have known the First King personally.

Maybe he would be able to obtain a Spirit Stone from Zeke in exchange for sacrificing Emily.

With his mind made up, Ares hurried toward Emperor Group.

Poor Emily still did not know that she had been tossed aside in favor of Julian.

She was still using Ares to threaten Zeke and the rest.

Zeke did not much care for her threats. He merely sat there, patiently waiting for the other man's arrival.

He intended to enrage Ares and force the Second King to use all four forms of his Seven Star Tiger Punch. Once he learned all of the forms, he would finally achieve Ultimate Class.

NH

So what if he had to expose himself as the First King in the process?

Ares soon arrived at the scene.

Thinking her savior was here, Emily rushed over to grab his arm and whined, “Godfather, you’re finally here! Zeke Williams is being outrageous. He said he wants to take over Emperor Group! You have to seek justice for me!”

Ares ignored as clinging woman, his gaze locked on Zeke’s figure. His tone was calm as he asked, “You really want Emperor Group?”

To Emily’s surprise, her godfather did not sound the slightest bit angry.



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NH

Zeke responded, “Your company caused Linton Group to suffer hundreds of billions in losses. Is it really too much to ask for your company alone?”

After hesitating for several seconds, Ares finally said, “Let’s talk elsewhere, shall we?”

With that said, he headed for the second floor of the building.

Zeke made to follow him, but he was stopped by Lacey. “Zeke, maybe... maybe we should just forget it. Don’t follow him.”

Zeke was a normal human, while Ares was the Second King.

One flick of a finger from the latter was probably enough to kill the former.

Lacey was worried that Ares had deliberately requested they speak alone so he could kill off Zeke.

Brushing aside her worries, Zeke reassured her, “Don’t worry. Till now, there’s not yet a person born who can harm me.”

At that, he strode off in the direction the other man had walked off to.

Emily watched him go with gleeful anticipation. Much like Lacey, she too thought that her godfather was luring Zeke away to kill him in secret.

With Ares’ skills, it would be easy for him to leave

NH

no trace behind after he murdered Zeke.

Once they were alone, Ares spoke, "I'm sure you know that Emily is the legal representative of Emperor Group, but the real person calling the shots around here is me. Do you really want Emperor Group?"

Zeke nodded. "That's right."

Taking in a deep breath, Ares agreed, "Alright. I can give it to you."

What?

To say that Zeke was shocked was an understatement.

What's going on here? Not only did he not get angry, but he also even agreed so easily to my proposal. He must want something else in return.

Zeke probed carefully, "There's no way you would be so kind as to hand over your company just like that. Tell me, what are your conditions?"

The older man did not seem in any hurry to talk about what he wanted. Instead, he queried, "Let me ask you, at the competition on the Southern Islands, did you use the First King of Eurasia's name to scare off General Ragnar Maples?"

"You could say that." Zeke nodded.

"So that means you know the First King?"

"Yes."

NH

“How about we make a deal? I hand over Emperor Group to you, and in return, you have to contact the First King and get me one Spirit Stone. One stone in exchange for Emperor Group. It’s more than worth it for you,” Ares offered.

He had thought things over and decided that this was the best way forward.

It did not matter that he would have to give away his company.

After all, once he had another Spirit Stone, he could use it to shape Julian into the Third King. The two of them would be unstoppable together.

When that happened, even the First King would have to submit to both of them!

With the entire nation theirs, what did one company matter?

Zeke furrowed his brows deeply at the other man’s words. “As far as I know, Spirit Stones are not much use for a King Class. Why are you going through so much trouble to obtain one?”

“That’s none of your business. Do we have a deal or not?”

Mulling it over for a bit, Zeke finally agreed. “Deal.”

The most important thing right now was to obtain Emperor Group first.

As for the Spirit Stone, that was wishful thinking on Ares’ part. There was no way he would hand

NH

over a stone to the older man.

If he doesn't like that, he can always come and fight me for it. That's exactly what I want anyway!

Once business was settled, the two of them returned downstairs.

When Lacey and the others saw that both men seemed unharmed, they relaxed.


On the contrary, Emily was very unhappy.

What the heck is Godfather doing? Why doesn't he use this chance to get rid of Zeke once and for all?

She sidled over to Ares and urged, "Godfather, hurry up and throw Williams out on his ass. He's already cost us several hundred million in the short amount of time he's been here."

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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NH

“Go draw up a transfer contract,” Ares ordered in a low tone.

“Huh?” Emily wondered if she had misheard him. “Godfather, did you just say ‘transfer contract’? To whom?”

“A contract stating the transfer of ownership of Emperor Group to Zeke Williams.”

WHAT!

Her mind went blank as she exclaimed, “Godfather, we’ve wasted a lot of time and effort to build up this company! Yet now you’re handing it over with both hands? And to our enemies too!”

A displeased expression crossed Ares’ face. “That’s an order! Now get to it!”

“I-I...”

There was no way to describe how upset Emily was currently feeling.

Equally astounded and upset at the sudden turn of events were the employees that had turned their backs on Linton Group to come work for her.

If the two companies were to really merge, they would be in an incredibly awkward and dangerous situation.

For a moment, they came close to breaking down or raging at the surreal events.

Lacey and the rest were also dumbfounded by

NH

what was happening.

Just what had Zeke said to Ares for the latter to suddenly have a change of heart and willingly hand over his company?

Lacey's eyes lit up as she turned to face Zeke. "Zeke, did you convince him with virtue?"

Smiling, he nodded. "Clever girl."

In response, she pursed her lips and muttered, "As if I would believe that."

Emily had no choice but to draw up the transfer contract on Ares's orders.

Her whole body was trembling as she passed the contract to Lacey.

If it were not for a large number of people present, she would have burst into tears.

Once again, she was left with nothing.

In the end, she had still lost to Lacey.

Checking through the contract, Dawn chuckled. "Everything is in order. Emily Clemons, who's having the last laugh now?"

Emily bowed her head and did not speak. Hot tears left two trails down her cheeks.

Ares stated, "Alright. I've already transferred Emperor Group to you. It's your turn to fulfil your end of the deal."

NH

Zeke nodded and fished his phone out of his pocket before dialing a number.

“Hello? Honorable First King of Eurasia, Ares is asking for a Spirit Stone. I hope you’ll be willing to hand out one.”

The voice that came through the other end of the phone was as cold as winter, “No!”

The dial tone sounded right after the other man hung up.

Zeke shot Ares a helpless shrug. “Sorry. The King doesn’t want to give it to you. There’s nothing I can do.”

What the f***...

Ares’ came close to exploding with rage.

You call that begging for a Spirit Stone? You never had any intention of requesting one, did you? You damn ba*****d! How dare you make a fool out of me!

Furious, Ares slammed a fist down on the nearby table.

The table splintered into pieces, causing sawdust to fly everywhere.

“Zeke Williams, you fooled me!” He roared.

Zeke shook his head and answered flippantly, “Hey, that’s not fair! It’s not like I’m the one refusing you. You can’t pin the blame on me!”

NH

“Bullsh*t! We had a deal! I would hand over Emperor Group, and you would plead for a Spirit Stone for me!”

“I never said anything like that. What I said was I would ask the King for you; I never guaranteed that I would be able to get you one. I even recorded our earlier conversation.”

He quickly played the recording, proving that he had indeed only agreed to ask the King.

Ares let out a laugh; his expression grim and vicious.

“Williams, you dare play word games with me? Aren’t you afraid I’ll beat the crap out of you now?”

That was what Zeke had been waiting for!

At last, he had angered the other man enough that he was going to fight!

“Bring it!”



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NH

Insolent man!

Unable to stand Zeke's provocation any longer, Ares released his aura, his body trembling in rage.

His menacing aura destroyed several of the surrounding tables and injured three of the closest employees.

A strong wind roared to life around them as the surrounding temperature dropped to a freezing point.

The atmosphere was so tense; you could cut it with a knife.

Right then, a dark figure dashed in from outside the building before coming to a stop between Zeke and Ares.

It was Mr. Collins.

Through him, Zeke intended on forcing Ares into using his Seven Star Tiger Punch.

Ares glanced between Mr. Collins and Zeke, a menacing smile spreading across his lips.

"Heh! It looks like you came here prepared, Zeke." He turned to Mr. Collins. "Do you seriously think that you, an Archduke, is a match for a King like me?"

Mr. Collins retorted, "Well, when it comes to talking about crap, I admit I'm not your equal at all."

NH

Impudent fool!

“I’ll destroy you first before I kill Zeke Williams!”

With that, the two men leapt at each other and began to battle each other furiously.

Emily was over the moon at the turn of events.

As long as Ares managed to kill off Zeke, she would still be a winner in the end!

As expected from a fight between two top fighters, they left devastation in their wake.

In the blink of an eye, the once lavishly decorated office area became a messy ruin.

Despite their best attempts to run and hide, many people in the crowd got hurt in the crossfire. The backlash from two such powerful fighters was more than enough to kill a few innocent bystanders who died on the spot.

Although Mr. Collins was only one level below Ares, there was still a significant difference between them in terms of power.

In the end, Mr. Collins was sent flying by a smack from Ares.

He landed at Zeke’s feet and coughed out blood. Shamefaced, he apologized, “My apologies, Mr. Williams. I was not strong enough.”

Zeke shot him a smile as he comforted, “You’ve already done quite well.”

NH

In truth, he was still a little disappointed.

Ares had only used the first two forms of his Seven Star Tiger Punch. Zeke already knew the first three and had wanted to observe the fourth and final form.

It seemed like he had to personally enter the battle himself.

Struggling to climb to his feet, Mr. Collins moved to protect Zeke. “Mr. Williams, run! I might not be his match but I’m still able to hold him off long enough for you to escape. I will be willing to throw my life away if you could live!”

Zeke gently tugged the other man to stand behind him. “Stop moving around now. You’re injured. Stay here and rest. I’ll handle everything from here.”

Mr. Collins looked stunned.

Does this mean Zeke is going to reveal his true identity as the First King? Is there really a need for it?

Ares stalked toward Zeke, a predatory expression on his face.

“Brat, even Mr. Collins is no match for me. What makes you think a cripple like you can defeat me? I’m giving you one last chance to contact the First King. Get me a Spirit Stone, now! Otherwise, I’ll slaughter the both of you, no, everybody from Linton Group today!”

NH

Zeke remained as cool as a cucumber with a frosty look in his eyes. “I wonder if you have that capability.”

Ares shot Zeke a bewildered look.

What the hell is wrong with this guy? He’s already lost his life force permanently yet he’s still so arrogant? He still wants to challenge me? Damn it! Don’t tell me he isn’t crippled at all! There’s no other reason why he would still be so calm otherwise. Ah, f*** it! Let’s just test the waters first.

Upon coming to a decision, Ares prepared his next attack.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

He had barely moved when there was a glint from the doorway and something flew toward his eyes.

It was a silver needle!

It was so fast; it practically moved at supersonic speeds.

The color drained from Ares's face, and he hurriedly threw himself to the side to avoid it.

Despite his quick reaction, the needle had still managed to slice the edge of his clothes.

His eyes widened in shock, and he turned to look at the doorway.

Just who was it that could injure someone from the King Class? This person was about as good as the Great Marshal at his peak.

Zeke and Mr. Collins were also astounded by the skills of whoever it was.

Everybody snapped their gazes to look at the entrance to the building.

A man in a white suit strolled inside. His hair was combed neatly and parted to the side, lending him the air of a gentleman.

With pearly white teeth, smooth skin and delicate features, it would be easy to mistake him for a woman if his chest were a little bigger.

Ares and Mr. Collins both had confused expressions on their faces.

NH

They both found this man was incredibly familiar but could not seem to remember who he was and where they had seen him.

Zeke, on the other hand, widened his lips in a grin.

As if there were nobody else in the area, the white-suited man headed straight for Zeke. Bowing at the waist slightly, he beamed at the other man. "Zeke, I'm back!"

There was the faintest trace of chastisement in Zeke's voice as he replied, "Who permitted you to come back? I most definitely didn't."

"Zeke, five years ago, you said I could come back when I finished my mission. Now that I've completed it, of course, I would come looking for you."

Nodding, Zeke answered, "Yeah. You completed it a lot earlier than I expected, though. Justice Warrior, it does seem like you've improved greatly."

The other man smiled bitterly. "Yeah, well, no matter how much I improve, I'm still no match for you."

Justice Warrior!

The title was like a bolt of lightning, shocking Ares and Mr. Collins, causing their minds to go blank.

Everybody in the entire nation knew who Justice Warrior was.

NH

There was a local saying that stated that the Great Marshal and Justice Warrior were the two greatest men in the country. They were able to go anywhere and do anything they pleased.

The Great Marshal was in charge of everything legal while the Justice Warrior was in charge of the grey areas.

Together, they were the leaders of the criminal underworld and the righteous justice system.

Being mentioned alongside the Great Marshal was proof of Justice Warrior's prowess and authority.

However, he had suddenly vanished five years ago; nobody could find his hide nor a strand of hair of his.

Everybody thought he had retired from the scenes, but it was now apparent that was not the case.

It would seem like Zeke had subjugated and incorporated him into his own troops, an assumption that was indeed the truth.

Five years ago, Zeke had dominated Justice Warrior in battle.

From then onwards, Justice Warrior became one of Zeke's most prized champions. In fact, his devotion to the Great Marshal could be said to be greater than the Alpha Suicide Squad.

After he gained Justice Warrior's obedience, Zeke

NH

had sent the other man to an enemy nation on a secret mission.

It was an incredibly important mission; Zeke thought would have taken the man a very long time to complete it.

He had most definitely not expected Justice Warrior to finish it within five years.

Regaining his composure, Ares mocked, “Who would have thought the once-mighty Justice Warrior, a man said to be on par with the Great Marshal, would have fallen from grace so badly. You’re nothing better than a servant to him?”

Justice Warrior shot Ares a vicious glare. “If I’m not wrong, you’re the famous Ares, aren’t you? You pissed off Zeke, so you must die!”

Ares laughed scornfully. “Your power level is at most that of an Archduke. I’ve already reached King Class. How do you expect to win in a fight against me?”

“Who told you I’m only an Archduke?” Justice Warrior smirked.

Ares knitted his brows. “What do you mean? You’re a King too? That’s impossible!”



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Justice Warrior uttered, “True, I’m not a King. There’s no way I’ll ever be able to reach that level in this lifetime either. The reason is that I trained my physical body itself, not my life force. However, it would be easy for me to kill you with raw strength alone.”

Most fighters in the world now practiced the ancient martial arts. There were few that focused purely on training their physical bodies itself.

That was not to say that these men were weak. In fact, once they reached a certain level of training, their power would be on par with an Archduke, or maybe even a King.

All they had to do was put in more blood, sweat and tears compared to other martial arts practitioners.

“A physical trainer like you wants to compare with a martial arts practitioner like me? What an insult!” Ares sneered derisively.

Infuriated, Justice Warrior challenged, “Since you seem to look down on people like me, let me show you the might of a physical trainer today! Bring it!”

With that said, he strode toward Ares.

His pace was slow but steady as he moved forward. Anything that blocked his way was smashed aside or stomped to pieces. Nothing survived an impact from him.

For every step that he took, the ground trembled.

NH

The pure strength coming from him was a direct contrast to his appearance.

Mr. Collins lamented, “To be honest, I’ve seen photos of Justice Warrior before. The man I saw was always unshaven with coarse, dark skin. He was also always dressed in black clothing. However, this man before me now is completely different from that man!”

Zeke chuckled and shrugged. “You probably won’t believe me, but after I defeated him, I told him to clean himself up. Not a cultured man, he mistook my words as literal. He thought I was disgusted by his outwardly dirty appearance. From then onward, he always dresses in a white suit and became very fastidious. In fact, cleanliness eventually became an obsession to him...

Mr. Collins gaped at Zeke in wonderment and shock.

He had first thought Justice Warrior was an incredibly cultured man, elegant and refined.

It was only now that he knew the truth was the complete opposite. Being uncultured was the precise reason Justice Warrior had changed his image.

As Justice Warrior grew closer to him, Ares got ready to attack.

With a tremor, he released his King class energy, forming a barrier to block the other man.

Justice Warrior charged forward and swung out

NH

his fist, smashing it into the barrier without a second thought.

What happened next was astounding.

The energy barrier, an obstacle that even Mr. Collins could not overcome, was like a sheet of paper for all that it resisted Justice Warrior's punch.

His one-punch shattered the energy barrier, and he continued unhindered to land on Ares.

Although the barrier had buffered out at least half the power behind that punch, Ares still stumbled back two steps from the force of it.

His eyes narrowed as he tensed. It had finally dawned on him that he was facing a true master this time.

Using brute strength to contend against the King class energy, he's most definitely above the level of an Archduke. I have to use my killer move!

Rubbing his knuckles, Justice Warrior sneered. "A King? Heh, you're not that great after all! Come on!"

"Bring it on!" Ares bellowed before releasing more of his King Class energy.

He compressed the energy into the form of a ferocious tiger and pushed his hands out, sending the tiger lunging toward Justice Warrior.

The first form of the Seven Star Tiger Punch - the

NH

Tiger Lunge!

The tiger was magnificent in its power, making all the normal humans present stare in awe.

Inexplicably, they found themselves fighting the urge to kneel before the might of the creature.

Unfazed, Justice Warrior punched his fist out again.

Wham!

His punch caused the tiger to explode, but he could not stop himself from staggering two steps back.

The backlash from that punch had also caused Ares to take a step back.

Excited at meeting a worthy opponent, Ares cackled maniacally. "Again! It's rare to meet one of your kind. It would be an honor for me to kill you!"



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He had barely finished speaking when he sent out another energy tiger.

This time, the claws in the tiger's front paws were unsheathed as it swiped at Justice Warrior.

The second form of the Seven Star Tiger Punch - Tiger Swipe!

Like before, Justice Warrior used his fists to counterattack.

Wham!

The tiger exploded again, the loud noise almost enough to shatter everyone's eardrums.

A huge dent appeared in a nearby wall from the soundwaves.

Justice Warrior staggered four steps back while Ares only took one.

"Hahaha! Take another!" Ares yelled as bloodlust raged through him.

The third form of the Seven Star Tiger Punch - Tiger Roar!

The energy gathered around him, and the tiger leapt into the air. Opening its maw wide, it let out a resounding roar.

Some of the normal humans instantly died on the spot; blood trickled from all their orifices.

Even Justice Warrior was not unaffected. His

NH

blood was boiling in his veins, and crimson liquid began leaking from the corners of his eyes.

The power of the third form of Seven Star Tiger Punch was the accumulative total of the first and second forms.

Thankfully, he was still able to smash it apart with a single swing of his fist.

This time, he moved back ten steps before he was stopped by a wall.

Ares, on the other hand, remained in the same spot, unmoved.

There was an ecstatic expression on his face as he could finally use the fourth and final form of Seven Star Tiger Punch.

Justice Warrior would be the first person he found worthy of using this last skill on.

To think that he's only a physical body trainer!

Zeke, who was standing nearby, was even more excited than Ares.

At long last, he would be able to learn the fourth form of Seven Star Tiger Punch.

With four forms, each successive form would be the accumulative power of the previous forms.

Which meant the might of the fourth form would be extraordinary indeed!

NH

He had a strong feeling that he would be able to attain the Ultimate level if he managed to learn this fourth form.

Opening his eyes as wide as they could go, he did not dare blink for fear of missing out on something.

Ares commented, "Justice Warrior, you're an opponent worthy of respect. You know why? Because you're the only person to have ever withstood my first three moves. However, don't be too smug just yet. The power of the fourth form is the total of the previous three. If you're able to bear this fourth move, I'll be willing to become your servant and slave!"

At that moment, Justice Warrior was actually barely holding on.

His blood was boiling, and his internal organs were probably mush by now. His body felt like it was being dipped in lava.

If it had been any other Archduke, they would have been dead by now.

But there was no way he was going to admit defeat at this point!

He yelled, "Again!"

"Brace yourself! This is the fourth form of the Seven Star Tiger Punch - Tiger Explosion!"

The tiger Ares released this time was even bigger and meaner than all the others before.

NH

More importantly, he had used up all the energy he had left in him to manifest this one, which almost gave the tiger a corporeal form.

Every movement it made caused a burst of wind.

“Attack!”

The tiger roared before barreling toward its opponent.

It left a trail of smoky devastation in its wake.

“Explode!” Ares thundered.

Justice Warrior threw out his fist, but before it came in contact with the tiger, it exploded.

The force of it was like the explosion from a TNT explosive.

In a blink of an eye, the air roiled in the epicenter of the explosion as howling winds billowed out, ripping apart everything within a ten-meter radius.

Countless employees were tossed aside like leaves in a strong wind.

Naturally, Justice Warrior was injured the worst as he was the closest to the explosion.

He flew backwards, slamming into the load-bearing wall and instantly collapsed, burying him within.

NH



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NH

Dead silence ensued.

The chances of the Justice Warrior surviving were slim to none.

Ares had given it his best shot and was weakened as a result. He sat on the side and panted.

He then retched and said, “The Justice Warrior’s reputation was not exaggerated. Still, he only fell after I used my best techniques, so it was just. Williams, what other tricks do you have up your sleeve?”

Zeke shook his head. “Are you using that tone with me because you think you’ve won? Sorry, but you’re not worthy of it.”

Ares asked curiously, “What do you mean I’m not worthy? Do you refuse to accept defeat? The Justice Warrior is dead, so I am the winner.”

Zeke replied, “You would’ve already won if this is a competition, but we are on the battlefield. No one wins unless their opponent dies.”

Ares turned to Justice Warrior. “He is dead! Anyone who’s not at least a King Class fighter would die after being hit by that move.”

Zeke grinned. “Have you forgotten that Justice Warrior specializes in defense? He might not fight like a King Class fighter, but his defense and resilience are better than that of a King Class fighter. Show yourself, Justice Warrior.”

Grumble!

NH

The debris that had buried Justice Warrior stirred, and a bloody hand rose from it, then another hand, a head, and a chest...

The Justice Warrior was wounded everywhere, and he was bleeding so much that it was a polar opposite to his image as a polite bookworm.

However, the Justice Warrior indeed rose to his feet.

He even licked the blood off the corner of his lips.

Ares's smile froze over as a sense of impending doom engulfed him.

Ares was exhausted at that moment, and he could, at most, attack on an Archduke class level.

The Justice Warrior might be wounded, but that didn't seem to affect his ability to attack.

Am I still a match against him? Zeke Williams was right. I would've won if this was a competition, but on a battlefield like this, there's no saying who will survive.

Justice Warrior exuded a murderous aura as he dashed toward Ares.

As he ran, his steps became more stable, and his speed increased.

His body seemed to be recovering at an incredible speed.

Mr. Collins exclaimed, "Damn! Justice Warrior

NH

really is strong. His fighting ability and self-healing capabilities are better than Wolverine's."

Zeke nodded in agreement.

The Justice Warrior was born at the bottom of the food chain; he had to claw his way up to the top.

He couldn't have done all that if he hadn't trained his body to heal quickly.

By the time Justice Warrior reached Ares' side, the former had already recovered by seventy or eighty percent; his aura remained invincible.

Ares was a little distraught at that moment.

He had depleted his qi, so he didn't know if he could win his battle against the Justice Warrior under those circumstances.

Ares stood up once more and fought against his enemy.

It turned out that without his qi, Ares was nothing more than Justice Warrior's punching bag.

Fortunately, Ares' qi would recover a little every once in a while, and he would retaliate fiercely whenever that happened.

In just a few short minutes, both men were hurt to a point where their mothers would not be able to recognize them.

Still, neither refused to admit defeat and kept fighting.

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The glass window shattered just as their fight was getting too heated.

A black figure jumped out of the window and landed between Ares and the Justice Warrior.

“Stop fighting this instant.”



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The two fighters didn't bother heeding that instruction. In fact, their fight became even fiercer.

The man in the middle of them grew annoyed and slapped both of them. That one slap was enough to send both men flying.

The man in the middle was none other than the Minister!

Justice Warrior spat blood after falling to the ground, but he wanted to keep fighting. "Who the hell are you? Butt out of this! Ares, let's keep the fight going!"

Ares' eyes were bloodshot then. "I will kill you today! If I don't, my name isn't Ares!"

Though he was the King Class Expert, he had gotten beaten up so badly that it was embarrassing.

Ares' reputation might be ruined if he didn't manage to kill Justice Warrior.

The Minister was furious as he howled, "Stop fighting this instance, or I will kill you myself!"

Justice Warrior and Ares finally stopped fighting, though the fury in their eyes grew more intense.

Zeke grinned because Justice Warrior could stand his ground against Ares and showed no sign of defeat.

That meant that Justice Warrior's skills had reached King Class; he was now the third King

NH

Class fighter of the country.

This is a blessing to our great country.

Mr. Minister scanned the horrible state of his surroundings before he turned to Zeke.

“Mr. Williams, do you remember what I asked for earlier? Why are you making such a big deal out of it? You really don’t give a sh*t about what I say, now do you?”

Zeke clarified, “Mr. Minister, that’s not true. Is this not a much smaller deal than what happened the last two times?”

What the f**k?

The Minister was so angry that he could die of high blood pressure.

The two previous incidents had been ridiculous.

The first incident had gotten over four hundred thousand soldiers involved, whereas the second incident had almost cost the country its Northern islands and start a war.

Eurasia will fall if you make a mess as big as the first two times again.

The Minister waved his hand dismissively and stopped complaining.

He got a grasp on his emotions before he put on a straight face and claimed, “I have an SSSSS level mission to announce, so everybody listen up!”

NH

An SSSSS mission?

Everyone was surprised, and they stood up straight to listen carefully.

An SSSSS level mission meant that the mission was about the safety of the country. It was a part of the country's policy.

As such, it must be prioritized.

The Minister sighed, "Director Potter of the Weapons Department has passed."

What?

Zeke couldn't help but gasp.

Director Potter was an outstanding leader of the nation and one of the most respected individuals in all of Eurasia.

He was the Supreme Leader's right-hand man and the heart and soul that made Eurasia burn brighter.

Director Potter's death was a tremendous loss to the country.

Ares and Mr. Collins looked sad too.

Director Potter was from the weapons department, and almost all fighters of the nation were indebted to him.

The military of Eurasia would not have expanded and become so powerful without Director Potter.

NH

As such, Ares and the other fighters could not have grown to be so strong without Director Potter's help.

Zeke gritted his teeth and asked, "Who's the culprit?"

"We have enough evidence to prove that a powerful group from the United States is behind this."

Zeke pushed, "Which group? This is a crime against the country! We must make them pay!"

The Minister shook his head. "We're not sure yet. We've never encountered this group before, so we don't have any information on them.

Assassinating Director Potter was likely their first mission."

Then I will investigate into it! Zeke growled internally.

Zeke instructed grimly, "Mr. Collins, call the Alpha Suicide Squad and the Beta Warriors immediately. I don't care what it costs. We must find the killer and crush him. Reward a hundred billion to anyone who provides useful information, and the one who kills the murderer will be granted a city!"

"Understood."



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NH

The Minister then added, “This matter is tied to Eurasia’s pride, so I am hoping you boys can tend to it personally.”

“We will,” Zeke promised with a nod.

“Mr. Minister, I have a request. If I kill our enemy, can I have some Spirit Stones in return?” Ares asked.

“Of course, you can,” The Minister replied.

Great!

Ares announced immediately, “Then I, Ares of Thisleton family, will spare no effort in killing our nation’s enemy!”

He turned around to leave.

He had lost all hope of getting the Emperor Group back.

Ares honestly didn’t understand why Zeke was so interested in the Emperor Group. The latter had even been willing to let Justice Warrior fight Ares to the death.

Could it be that even the Great Marshal can’t resist the allure of money and is willing to die for it?

The Minister stared meaningfully at Zeke. “Mr. Williams, may I have a word with you?”

Zeke nodded and followed the Minister into the office.

NH

“Mr. Williams, do you know why the Supreme Leader wants you to act weak?”

“Of course I do,” replied Zeke as he nodded. “The Supreme Leader told me that a group of assassins in the United States have their eyes on me and a few other top leaders of the country. Those assassins could threaten the country, so the Supreme Leader wants me to act weak to prompt the killers to come after me. When they do, I will kill them.”

The Minister nodded. “That’s indeed the plan. The Supreme Leader suspects that the assassins who murdered Director Potter are the ones who are after you. Their next target might be you, so you must be careful.”

Zeke nodded in understanding. “They’re finally here. I can finally show my true strength once I annihilate them!”

The Minister added, “That’s right. Once this threat is dealt with, you will become the Great Marshal and the pillar of the country once more. That’s not all. Your identity as the first King Class fighter will be announced, and you will also receive the title of the Dragon’s King.”

Zeke waved his hands dismissively. “Those titles mean nothing to me.”

The Minister seemed hesitant to continue speaking.

Upon seeing that, Zeke asked, “Mr. Minister, are you troubled? Please, feel free to share your

NH

thoughts.”

The Minister replied, “We named that assassin group the Demon slayers because they’re silent killers who leave no trace or evidence behind. It’s virtually impossible to capture them. You may be their next target, but they might go after the other leaders of the country first. We don’t have enough people to protect those leaders, so I’d like to ask you to reassign a few of your men over.”

Zeke immediately agreed to help. “The targeted leaders are all pillars of the country who keep the country afloat. As such, we cannot let anything happen to them. Protecting them is a priority. You can have any of my men, Mr. Minister.”

The Minister replied, “It will be sufficient to reassign Justice Warrior and Mr. Collins to help me.”

“That won’t be a problem.”

The two men walked down the stairs together.

Zeke immediately turned to his men. “Mr. Collins, Justice Warrior, the two of you will work for Mr. Minister for the time being.”

Justice Warrior looked displeased. “Dude! I just got back! I wanted to grab a drink with you, but you’re kicking me away as soon as we meet up again? That’s just not right.”

“F**k off. Our country needs us!” Zeke snarled.

Justice Warrior still looked unsatisfied. “I actually

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rushed over to protect you. I heard about your condition, and now that your life force is gone...”



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NH

Zeke grinned meaningfully. “You worry too much. I haven’t fallen so far that I’d need your protection.”

Justice Warrior still had more to say, but Zeke had already got Mr. Collins to drag the man out.

Justice Warrior complained, “Mr. Collins, you can go ahead and work for Mr. Minister all you want, but I’m staying. I must protect Zeke.”

“You underestimate Zeke,” Mr. Collins stated.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” asked Justice Warrior.

“Zeke’s life force was never gone. He has actually already reached the King Class level. In fact, he’s the first King Class fighter of the country.”

What?

Justice Warrior trembled and was stunned for a long time.

Zeke is the first King Class fighter of Eurasia and the undefeatable warrior? Yet I wanted to be his security guard... Damn it, that’s so embarrassing!

The Minister soon left with Justice Warrior and Mr. Collins.

Emily was begging Lacey for leniency.

“Lacey, please, give me one last chance. I’ve learned from my mistakes. I honestly have. What I did was inhumane, and I promise that I will work

NH

obediently by your side. I will never...”

Lacey hadn't even spoken up before Dawn warned, “Do not soften your stance again, woman or I will disown your *ss.”

Nancy chimed in, “It was bad enough the first two times, and we can endure it the next two times, but f**k! How many times have you messed up? You're still begging for Lacey's forgiveness? Do you honestly take her for an idiot?”

I...

Emily turned red with embarrassment and couldn't speak.

Every experience had taught her a lesson, and Lacey would hate herself if she forgave Emily once more.

Lacey had her back to Emily as she spat, “Emily Clemons, leave this place at once. I don't ever want to see you again. We're done!”

Emily refused to back down and kept begging, “Lacey, please, don't be so heartless. Remember how I helped you a lot when we were studying at the university? I...”

Emily's specialty was playing the guilt card. However, Lacey was determined not to entertain her, no matter how hard the former cried.

The woman had already destroyed that last shred of friendship and love Lacey had for her.

NH

Lacey refuted, “You tried to kill me time and time again! I’m already being merciful by not coming after you, and you have already cashed in on all the favors I owe you in the past. I no longer owe you anything!”

Emily got to her knees. “Lacey, you’re the only friend I have left. If you abandon me, I might as well just kill myself...”

Zeke suddenly spoke up. “Lacey, that’s not nice. If she wants to stay and contribute to the Linton group, we should let her do so.”

Huh?

Everyone stared suspiciously at Zeke.

What’s going on? Hasn’t Zeke always been against Emily staying? Why’s he fighting for Emily now?

Even Emily was a little surprised.

Dawn stared curiously at Zeke. “What’s wrong with you, Zeke? Did the minister kick your head or something?”

Zeke’s expression darkened immediately.

That brat is indirectly insulting me!

Zeke shot a warning look at Dawn.

That look made Dawn suspicious, but realization soon hit her.

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Dawn exclaimed excitedly, “I agree with Zeke! We should give Emily a chance and let her stay. It’d be too easy on her if we... Ah, no, err... I mean, I’m worried she’d die of starvation if she leaves Linton Group.”

Emily’s eyes shone with fear.

Dawn had accidentally let it slip that some things would be ‘too easy on her’...

That made Emily realize why Zeke wanted her to stay.

There was no question about it.

Zeke wants me to stay so that he can torture me every day!

How would a woman like her be a match to a group of friends like them?

The thought of facing Dawn every day was painful enough for Emily.

Emily stopped badgering anyone and quickly said, “I-I better not disturb you guys anymore. Bye, Lacey.”

Emily quickly fled the scene.

Dawn was extremely upset about that, and she quickly shouted, “Oh, c’mon! Don’t leave! We’ve already said we’ll let you stay, so why are you leaving? You’re so blind that you don’t even see how kind we’re being!”

NH

Emily cursed internally. Like I would believe in any word you say!

Dawn pouted, seeming a little disappointed.

She had already thought about how she would torture Emily every day...

Dawn's gaze soon shifted to Mary, the leader of Linton Group's traitors.

At that moment, everyone who had betrayed Linton Group looked helpless.

Linton Group was on the verge of bankrupting, and the building was about to shut down.

That was why they had betrayed Linton Group and turned to Emily.

Who would've thought that it'd only take a few days for Linton Group to get back up on its feet and acquire Empire Group?

At that moment, their ex-boss had turned to their current boss once more, and there was nothing more awkward about that situation.

Dawn grinned. "Guys, aren't you going to congratulate us for making a comeback?"

The traitors felt guilty; they had their heads down without saying a word.

Dawn continued, "Should we keep you around to torture you or just kick you out immediately?"

NH

The traitors were a bunch of nerves.

One employee carefully claimed, “Director Castaneda, w-we were conned by a vile person. That’s why we joined Emperor Group. Please give us a chance to redeem ourselves...”

Dawn asked, “A vile person? Who’s that?”

The traitors all turned to Mary.

Mary cussed them internally.

When she had been Emily’s assistant, every single one of them tried to get on her good side, but they all turned around as soon as she lost her power.

They’re more vile than I am.

Dawn plastered on a skin-deep grin as she turned to Mary. “Mary, do you have anything to say for yourself?”

Mary refuted, “Director Castaneda, the best option right now is to let bygones be bygones. Let’s start over. We will remain the employees of the company, and you will remain our boss. I believe that to be beneficial to everyone.”

Dawn chuckled. “That’s beneficial to you. What do we get out of it?”

Mary continued, “You should know that I’m responsible for some of the biggest sales of Linton Group and that I’m currently working on several projects. If I leave, the companies Linton Group are working with will probably back out of

NH

the contract. That would severely hurt Linton Group. It's not worth it, Director Castaneda. Please think it through."

Dawn's grin faltered because Mary was right.

Still, Dawn couldn't stand letting that traitor stay with the company.

Zeke was calm as he asked, "Lacey, is that true?"

Lacey nodded. "Yes."

"Oh, then I guess I should go talk to the managers of those companies and ask if they'd side with Mary or with Linton Group. Call them over, Lacey," Zeke instructed.

Lacey had just gotten her phone out of her pocket when she heard a voice sound from behind her.

"There's no need to call us. We're all already here."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

A burly man in a tuxedo walked in with a few of his security guards following behind him.

His powerful aura stunned a few of the employees there.

Naturally, he could only surprise those people.

As far as Zeke and the others were concerned, that burly man was as weak as an ant.

The burly man rushed over right after he got Mary's call for help.

It was a great opportunity for him to play the hero. There was no way he was going to let such a thing pass him by.

However, he was surprised by the horrible state of the place when he walked in.

"What the hell is going on?"

If the burly man had seen what had happened there a few seconds ago, he would not be as arrogant as he was.

Mary sobbed as she dashed into the man's arm, "You're finally here. You have to help me. They bullied me."

Even the blind could tell that Mary and the burly man had a 'special' relationship.

The burly man stroked Mary's butt and cooed, "Don't worry. I'm here now, so no one can bully you. Tell me what's going on."

NH

“Ignore the specifics. I will tell you everything once it’s settled.”

Alright then.

The burly man then asked, “Who’s in charge of Linton Group?”

Lacey stepped forward. “I am. Hello, Director Wheeler. I’m pretty sure we’ve met before.”

The burly man nodded. “Ah, Ms. Hinton. Who would’ve thought we’d meet again so soon? I know you’re straightforward, so I won’t beat around the bush. I’m here today to ask you to let Mary continue working in your company. I’m hoping you would do so for me.”

Zeke could tell that the man was threatening Lacey, so he grew upset.

“What if we refuse to do so?”

The burly man stated nonchalantly, “Then I will have to apologize for saying the following. Ms. Mary has been responsible for our company’s collaboration so far, so if she leaves, our partnership will come to an end as well.”

Zeke concluded, “So you’re threatening me.”

The burly man grinned. “You may assume that if you like. Oh, by the way, I should inform you that I don’t just represent my company. I represent all three of your company’s top customer, and my influence may even extend to all your customers.”

NH

Mary looked pleased and gleeful upon hearing those words.

If the burly man backed out of his deal with Linton Group, the company would have to endure a tremendous loss.

Any sane person would not let the company go through that loss just because one employee annoyed them.

Unfortunately, Zeke didn't care about any of that.

"Then I will apologize too because it looks like our collaboration has just ended."

Everyone was surprised.

No one thought Zeke would choose to self-destruct just to hurt his enemy.

Without the burly man's support, Linton Group would lose billions in profit.

Lacey was a little troubled. "Zeke, should we reconsider? There's no need to endure so much loss for the sake of an employee."

Zeke comforted her. "Don't worry, Lacey. I will introduce better customers to the company. Let's not accept puny customers like him anymore."

The burly man turned pale.

His company was one of the top ten corporations in Atheville, but Zeke had referred to it as a 'puny customer'!

NH

Damn, that man sure is greedy.

Mary scoffed. “Don’t gloat just yet, Zeke Williams. Let me share some terrible news with you guys. Every dominant company in Atheville is a member of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce, and Director Wheeler is the head secretariat of that association. All he needs to do is spread the word. Every company in Atheville will be too afraid to work with you soon. If that happens, Linton Group will be nothing more than an empty husk. We can either live together, or you can die alone. Your choice.”



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NH

Lacey turned eerily pale.

“Zeke, I just remembered that Director Wheeler is, indeed, the head secretariat of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce. That organization is the biggest commercial organization in Eurasia, and Linton Group recently applied to be a member. Our company cannot survive if we go against a member of their organization.”

However, Zeke remained firm in his stance. “If the Atheville Chamber of Commerce really is that good, then let’s make Linton Group the head of that organization.”

Boom!

Mary and Director Wheeler burst into laughter together.

“You’re a clueless idiot for saying such arrogant words! The head of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce is the Minister of Finance in Eurasia. I know you used to be the Great Marshal, but you’ve lost your life force and no longer have the power you once had. You cannot compete against that man anymore.”

Zeke smiled. “Maybe he’ll step down for me.”

The burly man laughed so hard that he teared up. “Oh gosh! I’m dying of laughter here. Come with me, Mary. Just watch as I destroy Linton Group slowly and painfully.”

The burly man took Mary’s hand and turned to leave after he spoke.

NH

They had just reached the front door when a man in a tuxedo hurried over.

Everyone was stunned when they saw the man in question.

Isn't that Director Buffet of the Oceana Group? His company recently made it to the top five hundred most powerful multinational corporations in the world!

Director Buffet was one of the top ten richest men in Eurasia, and Oceana Group was one of the key members of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce.

What's he doing here?

Director Buffet was somewhat stunned when he saw how messy the place was, but he quickly adjusted his composure before walking to Lacey.

"Excuse me, are you Ms. Lacey Hinton of the Linton Group?"

Lacey nodded curiously. "Yes, I am. Hello."

Lacey didn't know Director Buffet personally as they had never even met.

Why's he suddenly here?

Director Buffet spoke respectfully, "Hello, Ms. Hinton. I'm the head of Oceana Group, and we are confident that Linton Group will grow exponentially. Hence, we would like to work together with Linton Group, and we wish that you'd be so kind to allow us to do so."

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Lacey was ecstatic.

The Oceana Group was slightly more powerful and richer than Linton Group's best customer, which was the company owned by that burly man.

It was the Linton Group's honor to be able to work with Oceana Group.

Still, why would Director Buffet ask to work with Linton Group?

"Ms. Hinton? Um, Ms. Hinton?" Director Buffet called out carefully as if he were terrified of her rejecting his offer.

Lacey finally came around and quickly replied, "It's our honor to work with Director Buffet. It's almost noon. How about I treat you to lunch, and we can talk about our collaboration?"

Director Buffet immediately added, "No, that's not necessary. I'll treat you. Let me buy you lunch."

The burly man was furious and upset upon watching the scene.

What the hell is going on? Director Buffet's Oceana Group is on a whole other level of power, so why's Director Buffet asking to work with Linton Group? Moreover, Director Buffet is trying to appease Lacey Hinton?

To make matters worse, Director Buffet had once been one of the main players of Atheville's Chamber of Commerce.


NH


The burly man had just claimed that members of Atheville’s Chamber of Commerce would never work with Linton Group.


It was ridiculously embarrassing because Director Buffet had shown up the very next second, asking Linton Group to collaborate with them.

The burly man called out, “Director Buffet, what a small world. I didn’t think I’d see you here.”

Director Buffet turned to the burly man, surprised. “Ah, Director Wheeler. You’re here too? Are you here to ask Linton Group to collaborate with you?”

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NH

The burly man shook his head. “I used to work with Linton Group, but this company is immoral. That’s why I terminated my collaboration with them. Moreover, I’ve decided to add Linton Group to the blacklist and ban members of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce from working with them. Director Wheeler, as the head secretariat of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce, I’m officially forbidding you from working with the Linton Group.”

What?

“You terminated your collaboration with Linton Group? Are you insane? Director Wheeler, my company, the Oceana Group, is terminating all collaborations with your company, effective immediately,” Director Buffet stated.

What the f**k?

The burly man was so angry that he almost passed out.

He had been working with Director Buffet for decades, and they had been watching each other’s back for as long as he could remember. That was how they grew to be rich and powerful together.

However, Director Buffet had abandoned a partnership that lasted for decades for the sake of a small company like Linton Group!

Has he gone nuts?

The burly man wasn’t the only one surprised.

NH

Even Lacey herself could not understand what Director Buffet was doing.

They lived in a world where power was the most valued thing. No one would throw all their power away just to work with a small company.

Linton Group had since grown to be a sizeable corporation, but it was still a negligible company when compared to giants like the Oceana Group.

Did Zeke do something that I don't know about?

Lacey looked Zeke suspiciously.

Zeke smiled, understanding the meaning behind her gaze immediately. "You'll see."

The burly man then threatened, "Think this through, Director Buffet! I'm the head secretariat of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce, and if you disobey me, I will kick you out of the organization."

However, Director Buffet wasn't worried at all. "Hah, the head secretariat of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce is abusing his powers for personal gains. I'm fine with staying away from an organization like that."

What the hell?

The burly man's blood pressure shot up.

What the hell is so good about the Linton Group? Why's Director Buffet leaving the Atheville Chamber of Commerce for some random

NH

company?

A series of luxurious cars suddenly stopped by the entrance of the company.

A squad of men in tuxedo rushed out of the vehicles.

Every one of them were members of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce.

Their leader and the vice-president of the organization was Manny Prichett. He was also the head of Penguins Group.

The burly man frowned deeply.

What's going on today? Why are so many powerful figures coming here?

The combined wealth of those men made up two-thirds of the country's GDP.

In fact, if a bomb suddenly went off in that building, it would take Eurasia's economy over a decade to recover.

That was why when they travelled together like that, the local military forces were called to protect them.

The burly man had a bad feeling about the situation.

He hurried over, asking, "Mr. Prichett, what brings you here?"

NH

When Manny saw the burly man there, he looked displeased. “Wheeler, you are so selfish. You received the inside knowledge earlier, but you didn’t share it with us? Instead, you tried to keep this business treat all to yourself. Seriously, it’s not like you have the resources to capture this rare opportunity.”

The burly man was utterly confused.

What inside knowledge? What business treat? How big does this business opportunity have to be to get you guys to pool your resources to seize it?

Manny and the others ignored the burly man, rushing to Lacey instead.

All the men, including Manny, bowed respectfully to her.

“Excuse me, are you the head of Linton Group, Ms. Lacey Hinton?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

That made Lacey flabbergasted. She quickly replied, “Hello, Mr. Prichett. Yes, I am.”

Manny then said, “Ms. Hinton, I’ll just cut to the chase. I would like to collaborate with your company. I hope you will accept my offer.”

Lacey was somehow even more stunned than she was before.

Though it was weird for Oceana Group to want to collaborate with Linton Group, that collaboration still made some sense. But Manny used to be the richest man in the country!

Why would he be interested in Linton Group? And to the point where he’s practically begging for a collaboration?

Lacey calmed her nerves before she asked carefully, “Director Prichett, may I know why you’d like to work with Linton Group?”

“Linton Group has tremendous potential for growth, and we all agreed that it will be the fastest-growing company in the country. That’s why we’d like to work with you.”

Growth potential? We did acquire the Emperor Group, but that doesn’t increase our growth potential by that much! At least not to the point where it could attract the attention of someone like Manny Prichett.

The other members of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce were all there to ask for collaboration as well.

NH

because I want to work with Linton Group.”

What the f**k?

Manny’s eyes burned with fury. “So Wheeler kicked you out because you’re going to work with Linton Group? He’s not here to ask for collaboration with Linton Group?”

“Of course not. In fact, I think he’s here to trouble the Linton Group,” Director Buffet stated.

Damn it!

After cussing the man in his mind, Manny reprimanded, “Wheeler, have you gone nuts? How dare you go against the Linton Group? I’m officially kicking you out of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce.”

What the f**k?

The burly man was so angry that the vein on his head began to pop out. Though furious, confusion was more evident in his eyes.

“Mr. Prichett, I don’t understand. We’ve known each other for decades, and you have never met Lacey Hinton before today. Moreover, when it comes to power, my company’s influence and market share are almost twice as much as what Linton Group holds. I am also one of the founders of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce, and have been working as the organization’s head secretariat for years! On what grounds are you kicking me out?”

NH

because I want to work with Linton Group.”

What the f**k?

Manny’s eyes burned with fury. “So Wheeler kicked you out because you’re going to work with Linton Group? He’s not here to ask for collaboration with Linton Group?”

“Of course not. In fact, I think he’s here to trouble the Linton Group,” Director Buffet stated.

Damn it!

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NH

Manny ignored the burly man.

He grinned at Lacey and asked, “Ms. Hinton, are you satisfied with this arrangement?”

Lacey was about to nod when Zeke interjected cruelly, “Not at all.”

Manny immediately asked, “Mr. Williams, how would you like to settle this matter? I will do anything you ask.”

We must collaborate with Linton Group.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

If the collaboration were successful, they would get enough power to turn the Atheville Chamber of Commerce into an international organization.

Sacrificing him doesn't mean much under these circumstances.

Zeke stated, "That man insulted Linton Group and my wife. I don't want him to set foot in Atheville ever again."

The burly man was beyond furious to hear that. "Zeke Williams, you're too much! You don't want me in Atheville? I'm not leaving, so what are you going to do? Kill me? I have military contacts, and even the Atheville Chamber of Commerce can't protect you if you harm a hair on my head."

"Shut your mouth, idiot. Wheeler, my company's collaboration with you is terminated, effective immediately," growled Manny.

The other members of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce chimed in.

"The same goes for us."

"My company will never work with you again."

"All my ongoing projects involving your company will be halted."

Manny thought about it for a second before he said, "Gah, that's too troublesome. Let's just put Wheeler on the blacklist of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce. Spread the word. Anyone who works with Wheeler's company will be viewed as

NH

an enemy of the organization.”

What the f**k?

The burly man trembled as his face beaded with sweat.

Hopelessness weighed down on his heart, making him feel as if he couldn't breathe.

He could survive if the members of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce cancelled all their collaborations with him.

However, they had him blacklisted and banned all other organizations from working with his company.

That was equivalent to forcing him into bankruptcy; he felt like he was going to suffocate.

“Why? What's so good about Williams? Why are you so eager to please him?”

A cheerful chuckle suddenly sounded and interrupted the burly man.

A man with a nerdy haircut and a pair of glasses walked in.

“Mr. Williams, it's been a while.”

Everyone was shocked to see that man walk in.

It was the head of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce, Tim Gunn. The country's Minister of Finance and an important leader of the country.

NH

What's he doing here?

"Indeed," replied Zeke coolly, but if he was honest, he was pretty annoyed by Tim.

The latter grinned bitterly.

He had just arrived, so he didn't know what was going on, but he was sure that the members of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce had offended the Great Marshal.

These drunk idiots sure know how to cause trouble.

Dawn tugged at Lacey's shirt and reminded her, "What are you waiting for? Go greet the guy."

Oh, right!

Lacey's mind snapped back to reality.

They were in her company's building, and she was the boss, so she should greet the man.

I wonder why Zeke's so mean to the guy, though.

Lacey walked forward politely and extended her hand. "Hello, Mr. Gunn. Your reputation precedes you."

Tim grinned brightly. "Haha! The rumors do not do you justice, Ms. Hinton. You're even more graceful and stunning than what they say. No wonder you got the Great Marshal's attention."

Tim's tone was kind; it was obvious that he was

NH

appeasing.

Naturally, everyone knew he was actually appeasing Zeke instead of simply complimenting Lacey.

Everyone was confused.

Tim Gunn was at the top of his field, so why was he so respectful to the fallen Great Marshal whose power and skills had been destroyed?

Lacey looked a little shy. “Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Gunn.”

Zeke grew impatient. “Tim Gunn, will you quit bullsh*tting and just state what you’re here for?”

Though Zeke’s words made everyone speechless, Dawn was unaffected as she cried out, “Zeke is so cool!”



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NH

What the hell is going on?

How could a fallen Great Marshal be so impolite to the renowned Tim Gunn?

Tim Gunn, however, didn't complain.

He didn't even dare to show any hints of displeasure.

Zeke Williams played a huge role in helping Tim reach that level of success.

Back then, Zeke had defeated the nine countries in battle and given Eurasian companies the right to compete fairly with other countries.

That boosted Eurasia's economy that had been lying dormant for decades.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that Zeke was the savior of Eurasia's economy.

Zeke trusted Tim, so he vouched for the latter and helped him become the head of the finance ministry.

The first few years went smoothly, and Eurasia's economy rose exponentially.

However, the country's economy had since hit the bottleneck, and its development slowed to a stop.

Zeke blamed it all on Tim, which was the reason he was rude to Tim.

Tim replied, "Okay, we'll get right down to

NH

business. Ms. Hinton, I would like to collaborate with you on behalf of Eurasia.”

Lacey asked curiously, “Please elaborate on that, Mr. Gunn.”

Tim answered, “I’m guessing Ms. Hinton heard the news about how a mysterious merchant from Eurasia bought an abandoned aircraft carrier from a foreign country?”

Lacey nodded. “Yeah, I did. Rumor has it that the mysterious merchant wants to convert it into a luxurious restaurant.”

Tim shook his head. “That last bit is not true. The mysterious merchant actually bought the aircraft carrier on behalf of the Eurasian government.”

“Huh? Why would Eurasia buy an abandoned aircraft carrier?” asked Lacey in puzzlement.

Tim replied, “We are living in a world where the country with the best aircraft carrier can dominate the seas. Unfortunately, the naval technology that Eurasia has is limited, so it is impossible for us to create one on our own. As such, our country has been struggling to keep our oceans safe, with other countries oppressing us. That is why Eurasia bought the abandoned aircraft carrier. We’re hoping to learn the basics of building one by examining that wreckage. After that, we will create one of our own.”

Lacey nodded. “What does that have to do with Linton Group though?”

NH

Tim said, “Replicating an aircraft carrier is no easy feat, and the government cannot do it alone, so we need help from local companies. Hence, we would like to outsource everything, except the engineering of the aircraft carrier, to Linton Group. This project will determine the country’s strength and its global ranking, so I pray that Ms. Hinton will accept our offer.”

W-What?

Lacey, Dawn, and the others dropped their jaws.

Building an aircraft carrier for Eurasia...

Even without the hefty profit that came with it, the merit alone would turn Linton Group into one of the top corporations in the country!

Additionally, Eurasia would be indebted to Linton Group for doing the country a huge favor and protect the company in the future.

No one would dare to mess with Linton Group after that.

This wasn’t a request for collaboration at all. It was basically a humongous gift wrapped with a golden ribbon!

This also explained why Manny and the others were so eager to collaborate with Linton Group—they were after this project.

Linton Group didn’t have the resources to complete a project that big, which meant it would have to outsource some parts of the project to

NH

other companies.

Even without putting in much effort, Manny and the others could still profit greatly from those parts.

But there was one thing that puzzled Lacey.

The country has many other corporations with better resources that are more suitable for a project like that.

So why did Tim choose to work with Linton Group when it's impossible for us to handle a project this big?

There is no question about it. Zeke is definitely behind this.



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NH

Lacey turned to Zeke and asked, “Zeke, was it your doing?”

Zeke answered. “To be honest, Lacey, I was the one who proposed the plan to replicate an aircraft carrier. I also monitored everything from the purchase of the wreckage, its transportation, and the rebuilding process. This project determines the fate of the country, so please forgive me for keeping it from you until now.”

Lacey was cautious when she spoke. “Actually, Zeke, I think there are some amazing corporations that would do a better job than our company. We can’t risk affecting this project’s outcome just for our personal gain. This is too important for Eurasia, and we must choose the best candidate for it. Our company is a tad... too weak.”

Zeke reassured her, “Actually, there is no better candidate for this project. The corporation responsible for the project must be loyal to the country. After all, everything is top-secret. I believe that Linton Group is the most loyal company in the country.”

Lacey thought about it for a while before she nodded. “You’re right about that. Okay, then it’s settled. Mr. Gunn, we look forward to working with you.”

Tim smiled. “As do we.”

Dawn turned to the burly man and boasted, “Hah, who said that Zeke is useless? He might’ve lost his ability to fight, but he still found ways to contribute to the country. He is Eurasia’s savior!

NH

You should be ashamed of yourself for insulting him.”

The burly man was dumbfounded.

He wanted to kill himself there and then for his own stupidity.

Damn it. I missed out on a great opportunity! If I didn't mess things up with Linton Group for Mary's sake and continued working with the corporation, my company and I would've risen to the top! But now, Mary has ruined everything and even pushed me towards bankruptcy! It's all her fault!

Overwhelmed with rage, he kicked Mary and shouted, “You b*tch! You drove a wedge between Ms. Hinton and me. I'm going to kill you!”

The burly man started throwing punches at Mary, which prompted her agonizing screams to echo in the hall.

After that, the burly man hurried to Lacey's side and tried to appease her.

“Ms. Hinton, I-I apologize for my earlier behavior. I was inhumane, but that was all Mary's fault. She conned me into thinking that you are dishonorable. Ms. Hinton, please give me one more chance. I-I'll have Mary sacrifice her life as an apology to you.”

Mary trembled in fear as she knew that the burly man was capable of murder.

NH

Meanwhile, Tim didn't know what had happened between the burly man and Linton Group, so he turned to Manny and asked, "Prichett, what happened?"

Manny quickly explained everything to Tim.

Upon knowing the truth, Tim broke out in cold sweat.

Even I have to be wary when I'm around Zeke Williams! Hell, I didn't even dare to defend myself after he scolded me. What gives that assh*le the right to go against the Linton Group like that?

Tim reprimanded, "Wheeler, I've long suspected that you abused your position and redirected the Atheville Chamber of Commerce's funds for your personal gain. That was why I had my people investigate you, and we learned that not only did you steal from the organization, but you also received bribes, evaded tax, and committed several financial frauds. Take him down, boys."

The soldiers were already standing guard outside the building, so they immediately rushed over to arrest the burly man.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

The burly man broke down on the spot.

If he were found guilty of the crimes that Tim had stated, the former would spend the rest of his life in jail.

He quickly begged, “Mr. Gunn, please listen to me. Please give me another chance. I will forgo all my assets just for a chance...”

Nevertheless, the soldiers still dragged him away.

When the burly man realized that his fate was sealed, he cussed at Mary.

This is all her fault. She destroyed my life! The old saying was right. Women really are nothing but trouble.

The burly man secretly made a promise to himself that he would kill Mary if it were the last thing he would do!

The last hope that Mary harbored had fallen with the burly man. She was devastated, now that he had even turned against her.

She got down on her knees to beg Lacey.

The other traitorous employees went down on their knees as well.

“Ms. Hinton, we were in the wrong. Please forgive us for our mistake and give us one last chance.”

“We promise we will work hard for the company. It’s fine even if we don’t get paid...”

NH

Zeke looked at Lacey worriedly, afraid that she would change her mind.

However, Lacey stood her ground. “Linton Group will be working with the government to build an aircraft carrier. This project is top-secret, and its success, which depends on its confidentiality, will determine the fate of the country. Since you have all betrayed the Linton Group before, there is no telling whether you will betray the country as well. So please leave right away. I will not show mercy to anyone who dares to sabotage this project!”

The employees left shamefully with their heads down.

Meanwhile, Zeke grinned in admiration.

This girl may be soft-hearted, but she has principles. She can be quite resolute when it involves the country’s interests.

Tim then added, “Ms. Hinton, since you will be responsible for this project, you may need a lot of resources. How about this? I will let you replace me as the head of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce so that you can allocate the organization’s resources as you please.”

Huh? W-What the...

Lacey was flabbergasted.

Every member of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce was a powerful figure in the country, and they were all qualified to be Lacey’s mentors.

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Lacey didn't think that she was even good enough to be their mentee.

And you want me to be the leader of these powerful men?

The idea sounded outrageous to Lacey.

Before she had the chance to reject it, Tim said, "Well, since Ms. Hinton didn't decline the offer, I'll just assume that you're on board with it. Okay, then it's settled. Ms. Hinton will be the head of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce from today onwards, and every member must unconditionally listen to her."

After saying his piece, Tim fled the scene as if he was worried about Lacey changing her mind.

The members of the Atheville Chamber of Commerce gathered around to butter Lacey up. Everyone wanted to be part of the aircraft carrier project, and they were even willing to do it for free.

Instead of the profit that would be generated from the project, they were more interested in the stature they would gain.

It was much more valuable than the profit of the project.

Lacey didn't waste any time and assembled the project team on the spot.

She would spearhead the project herself and communicate with the government on behalf of

NH

everyone.

Zeke wasn't paying attention at work, though.

He was still preoccupied with the Demon slayers.

Those assassins threatened the lives of Eurasia's prominent figures, and the country would remain in danger until the Demon slayers were dealt with.

Although Zeke had tried every possible method to investigate the Demon slayers, it was as though those assassins had vanished from the face of the Earth.

They couldn't even find a hint as to who those assassins were, let alone their whereabouts.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Ares was just as troubled by the Demon slayers as Zeke was.

Meanwhile, at Thisleton Manor.

Ares was guarding beside Julian, and the former was conflicted with emotions of relief and distress.

He felt relieved because the energy in Julian was getting stronger. Apart from that, his body was healing quickly too.

That energy was the predecessor of the King Class energy.

Ares firmly believed that if he could get his hands on a Spirit Stone, it would allow Julian to achieve King Class.

The bad news was that the Spirit Stones were too rare, making it almost impossible to obtain one.

His only option was to kill the Demon slayers and ask the government to grant him a Spirit Stone.

He had dispatched many of his men to locate those assassins but to no avail.

They couldn't even track down the assassins, let alone kill them.

Julian slowly regained consciousness.

When he saw Ares there, he instinctively tried to get up. "Father, your son greets you..."

NH

Ares pushed Julian back down and said, “Forget the formalities, Julian. Be careful with your wounds.”

“Okay,” replied Julian.

The two of them chatted for a short while before Julian cut to the chase. “Father, how is the search for the Spirit Stone going?”

“It’s a little troublesome, but don’t worry about it. I can solve any issue,” promised Ares, who later let out a sigh.

Julian inquired, “May I know what the trouble is, father? Perhaps I can help you to come up with a solution.”

Ares told him everything, “The Supreme Leader said that he would grant the Spirit Stone to those who manage to kill the Demon slayers. However, those assassins are too obscure. They have never shown up before, so nobody has any information on them. Even their nickname was made up by our people. Hence, we know nothing about them, including the number of assassins in that group or what their capabilities are, let alone their names and physical appearances.”

Upon hearing that, Julian’s head hung low with disappointment written all over his face.

A few moments later, his eyes lit up as an idea came to him. “Father, I have a plan that might work.”

Ares couldn’t wait to hear it. “Tell me.”

NH

Julian suggested, “Father, are you certain that no one in Eurasia knows anything about the Demon slayers, including their identity, physical appearance, age, and nationality?”

Ares replied, “The only thing we know is that the Demon slayers are from the United States.”

Julian said, “In that case, why don’t we create our own group of Demon slayers?”

Ares was stunned. “What do you mean?”

Julian grinned. “Simple. We’ll just kill a random assassin group and claim that they are the Demon slayers. No one knows what they really look like anyway, so they won’t suspect anything.”

Those words shocked Ares, and they broke the boundaries of Ares’ mindset.

Ares exclaimed, “Kid, your idea is simple and crude, but it inspired me to create the perfect plan.”

Julian smiled. “I am honored to have inspired you, father.”

Ares then added, “I will execute my plan now, and all you have to do is get ready to be a King Class warrior. When that happens, our family will have two King Class warriors, and even the top King Class warrior will be no match for us. Then, Eurasia will be ours.”

NH



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Having said that, Ares left.

As soon as he returned to his room, Ares hurriedly made a call.

He spoke to the other party as Connor Black.

“Jessie, it’s been so long. How are you doing?”

Jessie was the brother of Jeffrey, the head of the Devil Punisher.

The brothers were in the same line of business, but Jeffrey was the leader of an assassin group, whereas Jessie led a team of mercenaries.

This group of mercenaries was partially controlled by their country.

It was an open secret that they were working together with the United States to destroy Eurasia’s economy.

The Devil Punisher had mercilessly attacked Eurasia’s assets and companies in the United States, causing tremendous damage to Eurasia’s economy.

A while ago, when Eurasia’s richest man, Matthew, went on an expedition and stopped by the United States, Jessie’s team ambushed him.

Every time they caused damage to Eurasia’s economy, the United States government would secretly reward them with a hefty sum of money.

Ares wanted Jessie’s team to be the fake Demon

NH

slayers—the scapegoats.

There was a hint of bewilderment in Jessie's tone. It was obvious that he had assumed that Gerome was dead.

“Connor Black, I didn't think you'd still be alive.”

Ares sighed. “I was lucky to have built connections in Eurasia. That saved my life at the crucial moment. I didn't just survive, though. I am now leading a good life with a new identity.”

Jessie asked, “Did you call just to brag?”

Gerome quickly added, “Of course not. Your brother died in Eurasia, Jessie. Would you like to avenge his death? If so, I can help you.”

Jessie scoffed, “Sorry, but I'm not interested. Jeff died in Eurasia because he was too incompetent. There is no vengeance to seek. If that is all you have to say, then I'll hang up.”

Um....

Ares was stunned.

He didn't expect the siblings to be so distant that Jessie didn't care enough to avenge his brother's death.

Initially, Ares intended to lure Jessie to Eurasia with Jeff's death and kill him, but now it seemed that his plan wouldn't work.

But Ares wasn't going to give up so easily. His

NH

gaze shifted as a new strategy popped up in his head.

“Jessie, wait,” said Ares. “I actually called to make a business proposal.”

Jessie was way more interested in the business proposal than his brother’s death.

Jessie sounded amused. “Go on.”

Ares continued, “I heard that you have been wanting to kill Eurasia’s Minister of Finance, Tim Gunn, to annihilate Eurasia’s economy. I can help you with that.”

Huh?

A distrustful look crept up Jessie’s face. “You’re going to help me kill Tim? Why would you do that? You won’t get anything out of that man’s death.”

Gerome sighed. “To tell you the truth, the power that came with my new identity is restricted by Tim Gunn, and I can’t rise to the top with him around. That is why I want you to help me take him out. Don’t worry. I will pay you handsomely for your work.”

Jessie was suddenly motivated.

He didn’t care about the money that Gerome was going to offer him.

Killing Eurasia’s Minister of Finance and destroying the country’s economy would make Jessie the United States’ hero!

NH

His name would live on forever.

Jessie said cautiously, “Share your plan with me.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Connor gave Jessie a Cliff's Notes version of his plan.

Jessie was excited when he said, "No problem, we'll follow your plan. Don't worry, I won't ask for any reward after I kill Tim Gunn. In fact, I will be indebted to you for coming up with this plan."

Ares took some time to compose himself after he hung up that call, then he dialed Tim's number.

They exchanged pleasantries before Ares said, "Mr. Gunn, I'd like to meet up to discuss a business deal with you."

"Oh, what business deal?" asked Tim.

Ares replied, "I heard that the country is looking to build its own aircraft carrier. I think I can help with that project."

Tim chuckled politely. "Sorry, Ares, but this project is handled by Linton Group. No one else is allowed to take part in it, so..."

Ares laughed. "You've misunderstood, Mr. Gunn. I have no intention of taking part in the project. It requires a lot of experience and technical knowledge to make this project a success, but Eurasia doesn't have either. Fortunately, I happen to know a few scientists and experts from foreign countries, and they may be able to help us out."

Really?

Tim was ecstatic to hear that. "Currently, Eurasia has basically zero knowledge in building aircraft

NH

carriers, so it'd be amazing to recruit some trusted experts. Ares, please invite your friends to our country. They can name any price that they think is just."

Sure.

Ares nodded happily. "They are actually coming over tomorrow, so I'm hoping that you can come over to my place and welcome them. That would show them how sincere we are."

Tim replied, "That won't be a problem at all. I will await your good news."

Both parties then hung up.

On that very night, Jessie led a few of his best soldiers and sneaked into the country by ferry.

With Ares' help, they stayed hidden on Route 306, which was well within Eurasia.

Tim would have to drive down that road to reach Ares' place.

Everything was ready, and all that was left was for Tim to show up.

The game is afoot.

Ares gave Tim a call.

"Mr. Gunn, my friends are heading over to my place now, and they will be here soon. I hope you can drop by Thisleton Manor to welcome them and show our appreciation."

NH

“No problem. I will head over right away,” replied Tim without any hesitation.

The country’s most precious resources at that moment were scientists.

Eurasia needed experts from the scientific field more than anything else, so it was normal for the Minister of Finance to personally welcome them.

Without further ado, Tim quickly gathered his team, which included a chauffeur and three security guards, before they headed out in two cars.

Half an hour later, Tim’s car reached the vicinity of Route 306.

At this moment, Jessie and six of his team members were about three kilometers ahead of Tim and his entourage, observing them with a pair of binoculars.

Jessie had noticed Tim’s car as soon as it got on the road.

He then tapped a bald man’s shoulder and instructed, “I will leave the rest to you, Baldie. We’ll move ahead.”

Baldie nodded. “Don’t worry. I’ll get it done.”

After nodding in acknowledgment, Jessie led five other members onto a truck, and they sped down the road.

Meanwhile, Baldie quickly hid in the tall grass.

NH

In no time, one of the cars drove past that spot, and Baldie, who had been hiding in the dark, tossed a caltrop onto the road immediately.

Boom!

The car's tires punctured instantly.

As the driver hit the emergency brakes, the car came to an abrupt halt.

It turned out that Tim's security guards were the ones sitting in that car.



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NH

One of the bodyguards got off the car to inspect the tires.

After ascertaining that there was a caltrop on the tire, the bodyguard exclaimed in fear, "There's an ambush. Minister Gunn, run!"

Before he could finish, a dagger flew towards him and hit him right in the forehead.

With widened eyes, the bodyguard's lifeless body collapsed onto the ground.

The other two bodyguards got out of the car as well and surveilled the area.

They scanned the area while shouting at the other car, "Arnold, hurry up and take the minister with you. We'll hold them off."

"It's dangerous here."

The moment Arnold realized that they couldn't afford to stay here any longer, he hit the accelerator, and the car zoomed into the distance.

Now that Tim had left, there was nothing holding back the bodyguards, so they jumped into the undergrowth to look for the culprit.

However, even after five minutes, they did not manage to find anything.

Clearly, the culprit had escaped.

The two of them exchanged meaningful glances as they stared at the flat tire, with confusion

NH

written all over their faces.

Just as the thin bodyguard was about to call for backup, the fat bodyguard exclaimed, “Oh sh*t! This might have been a trap to separate us from the minister! That way, they can deal with him easily!”

The thin bodyguard’s face fell. “The minister is in trouble. Quick!”

The two of them jumped into the car with a flat tire and started chasing after Tim’s car.

Since one of the tires was flat, there was a series of sparks as the rim of the wheel ground against the asphalt.

They were unable to accelerate, much less catch up with the minister.

On the other hand, Arnold went full speed ahead, and they covered dozens of kilometers in a flash.

Just as the city’s gates came into view, the road ahead was obstructed by a large lorry.

The lorry seemed to have lost control due to a flat tire, blocking the entire road.

The driver, who had a cap on, was attempting to change the tire.

Darn! Arnold cursed under his breath. He panicked but did not get out of the car to urge the lorry driver.

NH

This was a dangerous time where anything and anyone could be a threat.

Tim wanted to get out of the car to take a look, but Arnold stopped him.

“Minister Gunn, you shouldn’t go out. This might be part of a plot to do you in. Don’t worry, this car is bulletproof. If we stay in the car, we will be safe.”

Tim nodded and observed the surroundings.

There was a three-meter deep drain at both sides of the road, so there was no way around the lorry.

Tim sighed and instructed Arnold, “Arnold, remember this. They’re here for me, so they won’t make life difficult for you. If push comes to shove, I’ll distract them. Then you’ll be able to get away.”

“No way!” Arnold refused the notion without hesitation. “Minister Gunn, you’re the most important person to Eurasia’s economy. If anything happens to you, Eurasia’s economy will crumble as well. I’ll protect you at all cost, even if it means I have to die!”

Right then, the driver jogged over and yelled, “Sir, do you have a pump in your car?”

Arnold did not reply but made sure all of the doors and windows were locked.

Tim’s phone suddenly rang.

Seeing that the call was from the two security

NH

guards, he quickly answered the phone.

The guards screamed with all their might, “Minister Gunn, run, quickly! It’s a trap set up by the enemy to separate us! You may have been targeted. Just keep on driving and don’t stop!”



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NH

Tim inhaled sharply. “We might have already encountered the enemy.”

What?

The bodyguards replied anxiously, “Stay in the car and don’t move. We’ll rendezvous with you immediately!”

After hanging up, they realized that the driver of the lorry had already approached them.

It was obvious even with the cap that the man was a foreigner.

Why would a foreigner work as a lorry driver in Eurasia? It must be a trap!

The driver knocked on the car window in an attempt to borrow an air pump.

Without a second thought, Arnold switched to the reverse gear immediately.

However, he had barely started to back the car when he realized that there was a jeep behind them.

They were sandwiched!

Damn!

Arnold quickly stepped on the brakes.

However, the jeep started moving at the same time and rammed towards Tim’s bulletproof car, knocking it into the ditch nearby.

NH

The sound of the crash was deafening to the ears.

Tim and Arnold both sustained injuries in the car.

Fortunately, the car was sturdy and did not suffer much damage.

The windows were intact as well.

At this moment, the lorry driver removed his cap to reveal his features.

As expected, he was a foreigner.

The menacing smile on his face struck terror into their hearts.

A few foreigners got out of the jeep as well and exuded a murderous intent.

One of them, Jessie, approached the car and sneered, "Minister, it's time to surrender. You've been cornered."

Tim roared, "Who on earth are you? Do you know the consequences of killing a leader in Eurasia like me?"

Jessie sneered, "Sorry, I'm not Eurasian, so I'm not bound by your laws. I'll give you ten seconds to get out of the car. Otherwise, you'll regret it."

Scumbag!

Tim cursed and threatened, "I've already called for backup from Eurasia and they're coming over soon, so you guys had better retreat now, or

NH

you're finished!"

Jessie scoffed, "Is that so? Thanks for reminding us to hurry up. Let's do this!"

Jessie and his men started hitting the car using various weapons such as knives and batons.

However, they had underestimated the sturdiness of a bulletproof car.

They tried all means available, even shooting with their pistols, but to no avail.

"Useless!" Jessie spat. "Just set a fire and kill them!"

Jessie's men carried out his instructions and poured petrol all over Tim's car.

Jessie then lit a cigarette and tossed it onto the car.

Boom!

The car burst into flames, illuminating the surrounding area.

The interior of the car was filled with smoke and the temperature shot up rapidly.

Arnold panicked and told Tim, "Minister, please get out of the car before it's too late!"

However, Tim replied, "No way. I'd rather die than get captured by them."

NH

He was the pillar of Eurasia's economy and knew a lot of state secrets. If the enemy got their hands on this level of intel, it would spell disaster for Eurasia.

Just as they had lost all hope, a strong and fleeting voice came from all directions, "You foreign vermin! How dare you commit crimes so blatantly in Eurasia? You must have a death wish!"

The voice contained traces of King Class energy, causing everyone to get a headache and feel nauseous.

Tim and Arnold were ordinary people with no proper training, so they coughed up blood on the spot.

"Who's there?" Jessie demanded in fear. This voice... Don't tell me it's a King Class?



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NH

Crap, is this a King Class warrior?

Soon, the answer was revealed.

A tall figure descended from the sky and landed on the jeep, leaving a huge dent on it.

He had an imposing presence, exuding a domineering aura that made others hold their breaths.

That man was Ares!

Jessie immediately recognized him at first glance.

He had lost all hope. Damn it! How did we get Ares on our case so quickly? We're no match for him!

Unbeknownst to him, this Ares was actually Connor, his 'business partner' while Jessie was just a pawn.

He knew that they were no match for Ares, so he commanded, "Split up and run!"

Ares roared, "No one will be getting away today!"

With a slight kick, he sent the jeep hurtling towards Jessie and the others, crushing them to the ground.

Two of the men Jessie hired died on the spot!

When Tim heard Ares, he yelled, "Ares, save me! I'm in the burning car."

NH

Ares was surrounded by fire after leaping onto the bulletproof car. Immediately, he cloaked himself in King Class energy so that he was immune to the fire and smashed the glass window open.

The bulletproof glass was smashed into smithereens by his punch.

He then yanked Arnold and Tim out of the car before hurling them to a safe location.

Tim's hair had been burnt off and his face was covered in soot, but he knew that it wasn't the time to dwell on such petty things.

He glanced at Jessie and the others, who were making their escape, then yelled, "Ares, stop them! We can't let them get away!"

Ares caught up with them in a few leaps and blocked Jessie's path.

Jessie fell into despair and pleaded, "Ares, please spare me. I'll give you all the money you want!"

Ares roared, "You've committed another crime by attempting to bribe an officer!"

Jessie knew that he had no other way out but to fight for his life.

He unsheathed a dagger and dashed towards Ares frantically.

However, Ares merely sneered and released a burst of King Class energy.

NH

Jessie was sent flying several kilometers away and landed in the fire that he had started. He was immediately engulfed in flames.

Next, Ares went after the rest of Jessie's men.

Not a single one of them was able to escape when a King Class was targeting them.

Eventually, all of them were thrown into the fire they had started.

Just as Ares was about to burn the last man to death, Tim shouted, "Ares, keep him alive..."

Ares declared, "These foreign forces invaded Eurasia. There's no need to show mercy. I must kill them!"

He then tossed him into the fire as well.

Tim smiled bitterly. "Ares, you should have left one alive so that we can interrogate him."

Ares realized his mistake and exclaimed, "I'm so sorry! I was so overwhelmed with anger that I forgot about that!"

In reality, Ares had deliberately thrown Jessie and the others into the fire.

That way, it would be impossible to identify them.

Tim's bodyguards finally arrived.

The scene that greeted the men scared them out of their wits.

NH

Minister Gunn's car was burning in the ditch, while Arnold and Minister Gunn were lying at the side with burns on them.



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Ares stood beside both of them.

Without a doubt, Ares had saved both of them in the nick of time.

If it weren't for him, Minister Gunn would have been burned to ashes.

As his bodyguards, the two of them would face the death sentence if anything happened to Minister Gunn.

Ares had saved not only Tim but also his bodyguards.

Both of them bowed to Ares, "Thanks for saving us, Ares. We are in your debt."

Ares waved it off and replied, "It's all part of my job."

They then turned to Tim and bowed, "We're very sorry, Minister Gunn. We have failed to protect you! Please punish us as you see fit."

Tim gave a dismissive wave and replied, "It's not your fault. We were caught up in the enemy's scheme."

Ares explained sternly, "No, it was a good thing that you fell for their trap and got separated. Otherwise, the two of you would be dead."

Huh?

The four of them asked Ares, "Why would you say that?"

NH

Ares responded with a question of his own, “Do you know who your opponents are?”

They shook their heads. “Nope.”

Ares continued, “I’ll tell you the truth then. They’re the Demon slayers who have been wreaking havoc in Eurasia lately. They aim to assassinate all the leaders in the Eurasian government. Not long ago, Director Potter from the Weapons Department was killed by them. It’s hard to track the Demon slayers, but luckily, my men found out that you’re their next target, Minister Gunn. That was why I arranged for you to visit me at Thistleton Manor in order to create an opportunity for them. At the same time, I was protecting you in secret and observing their movements. It looks like my plan worked out.”

All of them were stunned. The Demon slayers? They’ve become a nightmare for the leaders of Eurasia and even the Supreme Leader has his hands full with them. What’s more, we didn’t even realize that we have been targeted. Thank goodness Ares noticed it earlier on, or Minister Gunn would have been dead meat!

Ares concluded, “If you guys weren’t separated, the two of you would have died. The opponent was too formidable for bodyguards to deal with.”

The two bodyguards knelt down in front of Ares with lingering fear in their hearts. “Thanks for saving us, Ares. We owe you our lives!”

Tim commended, “Ares, you’ve made a major contribution to the nation. I will make sure to let

NH

the higher-ups know about your heroic deeds.”

Ares replied humbly, “It’s part of my job. After all, you’re the backbone of Eurasia’s economy, so it’s only natural for me to protect you.”

Abruptly, there was a tremor and an ear-splitting screech from the sky.


A military convoy was speeding towards them while a fleet of fighter jets whizzed past in the sky.

As the crowd was thrown into confusion, Tim hurriedly explained, “No need to be worried, guys. These are the reinforcements I called over.”


The armored vehicles quickly secured the entire area.

They were led by the Prime Minister himself.

The Prime Minister said worriedly, “Thank goodness you’re alright. Director Potter from the Weapons department just died recently. If something bad were to happen to you, the pillar of support for our economy, Eurasia would be in deep trouble.”

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Tim replied, “Prime Minister, this is all thanks to Ares.”

The Prime Minister finally noticed that Ares was here too. He inquired, “Ares, what are you doing here?”

Ares put on a faint smile. “This is all part of my plan to lure the enemy out.”

The Prime Minister flew into a rage. “How dare you do such a thing, Ares! Tim Gunn is the pillar of support for the economy. His life directly affects the development of Eurasia! And you actually used him as the bait just to lure a few killers out? Do you know what you’re putting at risk here?”

Ares shook his head. “I don’t see what’s wrong with what I did!”

The Prime Minister yelled, “I’ll make sure to report you to the Supreme Leader! You’ll be finished! Ares, you’re starting to get out of hand!”

Ares replied, “Prime Minister, you’re being unreasonable. At least listen to what I have to say! Firstly, I’ve been protecting Minister Gunn in secret. With a King Class Warrior protecting him, his life was never in danger. Secondly, these are SSSSS class criminals in Eurasia! According to the law, even if I sacrificed Minister Gunn to kill them, I wouldn’t be found guilty!”

Hm?

The Prime Minister asked in shock, “SSSSS class?”

NH

Who are they?”

Ares scoffed, “As far as I’m concerned, there’s only one SSSSS class criminal organization in Eurasia.”

The Prime Minister cried out, “The Demon slayers? They’re the Demon slayers? Oh my gosh, Ares, you’ve really outdone yourself!”

The Prime Minister could barely contain his excitement.

But he regained his composure almost immediately and asked, “Ares, are you sure they are the Demon slayers?”

Ares nodded. “That’s right. The only people who would dare to assassinate ministers are the Demon slayers.”

The Prime Minister inquired, “Which country are they from?”

Tim responded, “I took a look at their faces. They were all foreigners.”

The Prime Minister’s doubts vanished instantly. “The Demon slayers are from the States. According to the earlier report, there’s at least an eighty to ninety percent chance that they are the Demon slayers. Ares, this is a major achievement. You’ve saved not only Minister Gunn but also all of the leaders in Eurasia. I’ll report this to the Supreme Leader so that he can reward you.”

Ares replied, “Sir, I don’t need any monetary

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rewards. However, I would require some of the Spirit Stones. If possible, I hope to be rewarded with Spirit Stones instead.”

The Prime Minister assured him, “No worries. Your accomplishments are worthy of Spirit Stones. I’ll report this to the Supreme Leader immediately.”

When the Supreme Leader heard the news, he was overjoyed and agreed to Ares’ request without hesitation. In fact, he arranged for a commendation ceremony for Ares to award him with the Spirit Stone.

Ares inquired, “Sir, I’d like to get acquainted with the guardian of the Spirit Stone mine, the strongest of the King Class. I hope you can introduce us, then we’ll be able to exchange insights and improve our skills. This will help not only both of us but Eurasia too.”



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The Prime Minister instantly agreed, “No problem. Tomorrow, I’ll invite the strongest of the King Class and introduce you to him.”

The reason why Zeke had kept his identity as the strongest of the King Class a secret was to lure the Demon slayers out.

Hence, now that the Demon slayers were exterminated, he had no reason to conceal his identity anymore.

It would be alright to introduce him to Ares.

Ares was elated as he had not expected things to go so smoothly.

Meanwhile, Zeke was feeling uneasy.

Even until now, he still could not find a single trace of the Demon slayers, much less pinpoint their location.

The Demon slayers were a great threat to national security, and Eurasia would be in danger if they were allowed to run amok.

At that thought, Zeke could not put his mind at ease.

Just as he was lost in thought, a loud voice sounded at the door, “Zeke, I’m back! I won’t let you go until we’ve both gotten drunk tonight! You told me you’d host a party to welcome me back.”

It was Justice Warrior’s voice.

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When Zeke saw Justice Warrior, he was shocked.

What's going on? Wasn't Justice Warrior sent by the Prime Minister to protect the leaders of Eurasia? The Demon slayers haven't been caught yet, and the leaders are still in danger. How could he return at a time like this?

Justice Warrior embraced Zeke in a bear hug, but the latter pushed him away and questioned, "Who told you to come back?"

Justice Warrior replied, "The Prime Minister, of course!"

Zeke was puzzled. "Huh? Why? Don't you need to protect the leaders of Eurasia?"

Justice warrior laughed. "The Prime Minister told me that the Demon slayers were killed, and the crisis is over!"

Say what? Zeke was stunned.

It was only natural for Zeke to be suspicious when he had failed to search for the Demon slayers after so long.

Justice Warrior smiled. "Zeke, I won't rest until I finish two liters of Alpha wine today."

Zeke took his phone out and said, "Hold on, let me call the Prime Minister to confirm this."

"No need," the Prime Minister called out from the door. "I'm here."

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Zeke inquired, “Prime Minister, is what Justice Warrior said true?”

The Prime Minister laughed heartily. “Of course it is. Now that the Demon slayers have been eliminated, we can all rest easy.”

Zeke pressed on, “Who eliminated them, and how? Please enlighten me, Prime Minister.”

The Prime Minister replied, “Sure.”

He then recounted how Ares used Tim as bait to lure and eliminate the Demon slayers.

Zeke furrowed his brows. “Prime Minister, don’t you think there is something amiss with this whole incident? Are you sure the people killed were the Demon slayers?”

The Prime Minister chuckled. “Rest assured that the circumstantial evidence supports the fact that the men Ares killed were the Demon slayers, so there’s nothing to worry about.”

But still, Zeke was not convinced and suggested, “Sir, I think we shouldn’t let our guard down so soon. For one, I’ve arranged for a hundred thousand informants to be on the lookout for the Demon slayers in Atheville, but no traces of them have been discovered yet. This shows how good the Demon slayers are at evading capture. Hence, Ares couldn’t possibly have caught them. Secondly, Ares’ plan was childish. It’s hard to imagine that the Demon slayers would fall for this trap. Lastly, Director Potter of the Weapons Department was a Platinum Archduke Class

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warrior. The fact that the Demon slayers were able to kill him without alerting anyone else is a testament to their strength. Although Ares is of King class, I find it hard to believe that he managed to kill every single one of them.”



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The Prime Minister simply laughed it off. “Great Marshal, you worry too much. Even if the opponent was not the Demon slayers, there’s no denying the fact that Ares did save Tim.”

Zeke mulled over it before asking again, “Right, has Ares asked for the Spirit Stone as a reward?”

The Prime Minister nodded. “He did. However, his accomplishments are worthy of getting the Spirit Stone.”

Zeke suggested, “Sir, don’t you think that Ares might have staged this to obtain the Spirit Stone?”

The Prime Minister was at a loss for words. “Great Marshal, that’s a very extreme way of thinking. I know that you and Ares have had your disagreements in the past, but there’s no need to slander him like this. If I had to put it bluntly, I’d say you’re jealous of his achievements!”

Justice Warrior drew his sword at the Prime Minister and bellowed, “What did you say? How dare you accuse the Great Marshal of acting out of jealousy? Apologize to him, or I’ll kill you!”

Justice Warrior practically worshipped Zeke, so he would not allow the Prime Minister to insult him.

The Prime Minister was fuming. “You little punk, how dare you talk to me like that? Scram! You have no right to intervene in our conversation.”

But Justice Warrior was adamant about it and threatened, “So you have chosen death.”

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As he raised his sword, Zeke ordered, “Justice, stop! Eurasia is currently under a great threat. If we fight amongst ourselves, we’ll be playing into the enemy’s hands. Sheath your sword.”

Justice Warrior glared at the Prime Minister as he sheathed his sword and spat, “You’d better show some respect, or I’ll kill you before Zeke can stop me.”

The Prime Minister felt like killing Justice Warrior himself. F*** you! I’m the Prime Minister! I won’t give in to a barbarian!

However, he suppressed his rage. I’ll bear with you for the sake of the country.

The Prime Minister calmed down and continued, “Great Marshal, the commendation ceremony is tomorrow. I hope you can provide two Spirit Stones to award Ares with. This is an order from the Supreme Leader.”

Zeke remained doubtful and replied, “Sir, I think we should rethink this. At least, we should wait for a fortnight and ensure that the Demon slayers aren’t active before we give Ares the Spirit Stones.”

The Prime Minister laughed bitterly. “If you insist, you’ll have to bring up your views during the commendation ceremony tomorrow. Well then, I’ll be taking my leave.”

With that, the Prime Minister left.

Zeke instructed Justice Warrior, “Justice, continue

NH

looking out for the people you were in charge of protecting. But don't let them know about it."

Justice Warrior scoffed, "Since they don't want us to protect them, why should we continue to do so? Even if the Demon slayers killed them, they would only have themselves to blame!"

Zeke shook his head and forced a smile. "Please bear with it for the sake of the country."

"Alright," Justice Warrior agreed reluctantly. "Damn it. I'll kill the Demon slayers for disrupting our celebration!"

Having said that, Justice Warrior left.


Zeke was troubled. I can only hope that I'm wrong this time. Otherwise, if Eurasia's leaders let their guard down, they'll definitely get killed. Disaster will befall Eurasia!

The following day, the commendation ceremony was held at the People's Hall, showing the importance of this ceremony.

Apart from the Supreme Leader himself, almost all of the nation's leaders had attended.

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Lately, they had been troubled over the issue of the Demon slayers. Now that Ares had exterminated them, he had essentially saved their lives, so it was only right for them to attend the commendation ceremony.

Upon arrival, Ares introduced Julian to the national leaders, hoping to pave the way for him.

At around noon, the Prime Minister arrived.

Ares welcomed him, "Prime Minister, we've been waiting for your arrival. Please, take a seat."

"Ares, have a seat as well," the Prime Minister replied, and both of them took their seats.

Ares went straight to the point and queried, "Sir, will the strongest of the King Class be attending the commendation ceremony? I hope that you can introduce us."

The Prime Minister inhaled sharply. "He should be attending the ceremony. However, it seems that he is unwilling to expose his identity for now. I need to ask for his permission before introducing you."

"Alright then," Ares replied in dismay. "Please put in a good word for me. After all, if the strong work together, it will definitely bring benefit to Eurasia."

"Of course!" The Prime Minister nodded.

Right then, Ares caught a glimpse of Zeke.

He had just entered the hall.

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Instantly, Ares' gaze turned cold.

He got up and yelled, "Hold it! Today is my commendation ceremony. I will not allow any unauthorized personnel to attend it."

He was publicly shaming Zeke by calling him unauthorized personnel.

Zeke scoffed, "Am I unauthorized personnel?"

Ares replied, "Of course. Since I have not invited you here, you have no right to attend this ceremony."

Zeke smirked. "Bye, then."

"Hold it," the Prime Minister halted Zeke. "Mr. Williams, please stay."

Zeke replied solemnly, "Sir, you saw it yourself. Since he doesn't welcome me, why should I stay? To embarrass myself?"

The Prime Minister was nearly begging him, "Mr. Williams, please stay on my account."

Zeke paused and replied, "Well, we'll have to ask Ares about that."

Ares was frustrated. What on earth is the Prime Minister thinking? I'm the star of the show here. Don't I at least have the right to chase Zeke out? Why must he keep him here?

The Prime Minister pleaded with him, "Ares, please let him stay on my account. Let him sit in

NH

the VIP seating area.”

Ares nearly coughed up blood. It’s already generous of me to let him stay. But now you want me to let him sit in the VIP area too?

However, since the Prime Minister made this request, Ares agreed reluctantly.

The Prime Minister heaved a sigh of relief. Ares may be the star of the show, but Zeke’s role is more important here in reality. After all, the Spirit Stones are in Zeke’s possession. He can choose to give them to you, but you can’t do anything about it if he refuses.

The commendation ceremony officially began at noon.

Ares got on stage with the Prime Minister, who acted as the host.

The Prime Minister read out a commendation of Ares and praised that he was their hero before giving him the title of ‘Protector of the Nation .’

A round of thunderous applause erupted in the hall.

The Prime Minister then announced, “Next, let’s award Ares with two Spirit Stones. The strongest of the King Class will do the honors of presenting them to him.”

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He shifted his gaze to Zeke with a pleading expression, hoping that he would act according to the plan.

The entire crowd got excited. After all, the strongest of the King Class was finally going to reveal himself.

Furthermore, he was about to present an award to Ares. It was the ultimate honor one could ever receive.

Everyone felt that Ares was unbelievably lucky.

The crowd scanned the hall to find the strongest of the King Class, but to their disappointment, no one got up.

Just as everyone was doubtful, a man got up.

It was Zeke Williams!

Zeke Williams stood up!

At this moment, a horrifying thought formed in everyone's minds. Don't tell me he's the strongest of the King Class!

The very idea put Ares on the verge of breaking down, and he trembled uncontrollably.

His doubts were confirmed as he recalled how the Prime Minister tried to keep Zeke here and even asked him to sit in the VIP area.

This is bad. If Zeke really is the strongest of the King Class, not only will I be unable to get the

NH

Spirit Stones, but he might also make my life in Eurasia a living hell!

Ares stammered, “Zeke Williams, you...”

Zeke proclaimed, “I strongly object to awarding Ares.”

Ares demanded, “Why?”

Zeke explained, “You don’t have concrete evidence to prove that the men you killed were the Demon slayers. The real Demon slayers are still in hiding and waiting for an opportunity to strike. I feel that we should at least wait for half a month and ensure that they have not made a move before we award Ares.”

Ares snapped, “In other words, you got up just to protest?”

Zeke replied, “Of course.”

Phew! Ares heaved a sigh of relief. He didn’t stand up because he was the strongest of the King Class but because he wanted to protest! I knew it! How could a cripple be the strongest of the King Class?

The crowd seemed to share the same thought and found their own naiveness laughable.

It was now set in stone that Zeke was disabled. Otherwise, with the crises that Eurasia had encountered, Zeke would not just sit back and do nothing.

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Ares spat, "That's enough from you, Zeke Williams. You're clearly objecting out of jealousy and envy! You're just using this opportunity to take revenge!"

The other guests chimed in as well.

"Great Marshal, you've gone too far this time."

"We all know that you've had a conflict with Ares in the past, but that's no reason to sabotage him!"

"That's right, as leaders, we have to be fair and judicial."

Even Tim was complaining about Zeke's actions as well.

Zeke felt a pang in his heart. I'm doing this out of concern for all of you and Eurasia. How could you slander me like that?

Zeke argued, "This is an important matter which directly concerns the safety of Eurasia. We need to treat this seriously. There's no harm in waiting for half a month."

Ares yelled, "Enough! You're not the one who makes the decision here. Prime Minister, please say something."

The Prime Minister was torn between them and confronted Zeke, "Are you sure you want to object to this, Zeke?"

NH



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