

Chapter 1576

Now, it seemed as though that person had offended the other three sects as well.

They would surely take action on this person even if he didn't ask them to do so.

Soon, the examination begun.

Students from all over the country immediately formed long queues.

They had to first register at the counter before they could enter the exam venue in the forest.

Just then, a car came screeching to a halt beside the registration counter.

This sudden turn of events caused the crowd to jump in shock.

All their attention, including that of the Sect Masters of the Four Great Martial Houses, had been drawn to the car.

The door swung open, and Zeke, Sole Wolf and Jeager got out of the vehicle.

As Jeager's grandmother was getting along in years, it was hard for her to move around, so she stayed behind in the car.

Upon spotting Jeager, Jamie seemed to realize something and hastily turned to Sesame Cookie

"These are Jeager's accomplices? They were the ones who kidnapped my son?"

Sesame Cookie nodded his head. "That's right. That's them."

Damn it! The nerve of them to come waltzing into my turf!

"Go rescue the Young Master!" he barked.

Several people from the Ancient Tomb Sect immediately dashed forward, attempting to rescue the Young Master from the trunk of the car.

However, Sole Wolf certainly wasn't about to let that happen.

He subsequently charged towards those people like a bull.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Those people flew backwards and landed a distance away.

Gasp!

The four Sect Master's drew in a shaky breath.

From what they had just seen, they deduced that Sole Wolf had to be at least a Black Level Archduke.

He was not someone they could offend easily.

Sole Wolf opened up the trunk of the car and dragged out the Young Master.

"F*** you! You'll need my permission before you can take him back."

Upon noticing the red handprint on his son's face, Jaime felt his heart being wrenched in half.

"May I know who you are?" He asked with a stormy look on his face, "Why are you doing this to the Four Great Martial Houses?"

"Don't you have a f***ing clue about what you've done?" Sole Wolf spat, "You've severely violated our laws by getting someone else to take the examination for your son. So what if I beat your son to death? You aren't getting off scot-free either."

Sole Wolf's revelation immediately caused a commotion to break out amongst the crowd.

Although most of the commoner martial artists knew that the Four Great Martial Houses had been secretly manipulating the outcome of the Martial Artist National Examination, they had no choice but to keep their anger to themselves.

After all, they knew how powerful the Four Great Martial Houses were.

However, someone had now revealed their true colors during such an important event.

They certainly are gutsy.

The crowd could already picture what was going to happen to that.

With a stormy expression on his face, Jaime growled, "Let's have a word in private."

Although this wasn't much of a secret, it was obviously inappropriate to discuss it at such an important event.

“That won’t be necessary,” Zeke replied, “We’re here to participate in the Martial Artist National Examination.”

“Jeager, go and register your name.”

“Right away!”

Jeager ran over to the registration counter and handed over his details. “Hi, I’m here to register for the Martial Artist National Examination.”

“Hold it right there!” Jaime snarled coldly, “You’re not qualified to participate in the Martial Artist National Examination.”

Glancing at Jaime, Zeke asked, “Why is that so?”

Jaime returned a defiant look. “Because I’m the invigilator for the Martial Artist National Examination. Do you have any problems with that?”

“You’ve abused your position as an invigilator for your own personal gains,” Zeke admonished, “You’re a disgrace to our nation.”

“Shut up!” Jaime hollered, “How dare you insult a government official? You’re undermining the authority of our country! Arrest this man...”

Smack!

Zeke slapped Jaime across the face without the slightest hesitation. “You? You represent the authority of Eurasia? Are you insulting our nation?”

What the f***!

Jaime stared at Zeke in disbelief as he cradled his cheek.

He could not believe that this b***** had just slapped him across the face.

What was more, that b***** had done it here at the Martial Artist National Examination!

How audacious!

“You’re out of your mind!” Jaime screamed as he attempted to return the slap.

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Whoosh!

A black figure hurtled towards him and sent him crashing through two walls before finally coming to a stop

The sound of the walls being reduced to rubble echoed throughout the forest.

A mushroom cloud of dust formed around the rubble, rendering the crowd unable to see what had happened inside.

Ahem! Ahem! Ahem!

Sole Wolf was coughing as he walked out of the mushroom cloud.

Needless to say, that black figure had been Sole Wolf.

Although he was looking rather disheveled with dust all over him, he wasn't hurt at all. "F*** that guy! Anyone who wants to hurt Zeke has to go through me!"

The crowd could vaguely hear Jaime's moans of pain from inside the mushroom cloud.

The crowd was reeling from shock from what they had just witnessed.

Where did Jeager find these two guys? Are they out of their f***ing minds?

Not only is Jaime the Sect Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect, but he is also the invigilator of this examination.

Yet, they just slapped him across the face and pushed him through two walls!

By doing that to Jaime, they've disrupted examination procedures and assaulted a government official! That's a serious felony!

Both of them are screwed!

As the dust began to settle, Jaime's body was slowly revealed.

Partially buried by the rubble, Jaime was completely drenched with blood. There was also a huge dent on his chest. Judging by the look of it, he had broken a few ribs.

The crowd could barely associate him with who he had been just now.

After coughing out a mouthful of blood, he yelled hoarsely, "Kill him! Kill him!"

Snapping back to their senses, the other three Sect Masters shouted, "Arrest these terrorists!"

They labelled Zeke as a 'terrorist' on the spot, thus placing a target on his head.

"Roger that!"

The security team consisted of the elites from the Four Great Martial Houses.

Four teams, totaling up to about ten thousand people, quickly surrounded the place and started closing in on Zeke and Sole Wolf.

There was nowhere else for the both of them to run

To.

Sole Wolf's mouth twisted into a maniacal smile. "Interesting... So, you want to see who has more people, do you?"

"Fine! Let's go."

Throwing his head back, Sole Wolf yelled towards the sky, "Boys! One of your brothers is getting bullied. Come on out!"

The exam venue was surrounded by tall mountains.

Thus, Sole Wolf's voice echoed continuously across the exam venue.

When his voice finally dissipated, shuffling sounds started to echo down the mountains.

The trees and grass on the mountains started to shake.

However, there wasn't any wind, so why were they moving?

At the next moment, all was revealed.

People started slowly emerging atop the mountains surrounding the venue.

One, two, four, eight, sixteen...

In the end, the mountain tops became completely overrun by those people!

It was certainly a sight to behold.

"Deadly Wolf! Prepared and ready to go!"

Their voices shook the very mountain they were standing on

The crowd below, on the other hand, were almost deafened by what they had shouted.

Zeke had come here today to eliminate the Four Great Martial Houses.

However, there were all kinds of people in these sects, so there was bound to be some people who would manage to slip away.

Thus, Zeke had instructed Deadly Wolf beforehand to lock down the entire place.

Tearing their eyes away from the ten thousand strong soldiers to look at Zeke and Sole Wolf, the crowd thought, Who on earth are these two people?

With ten thousand soldiers at their command, they certainly aren't ordinary people.

Jaeger's body started trembling slightly.

He suddenly recalled what Zeke had previously told him.

He said... he said he's the Great Marshal!

Could it be... that he was telling the truth?

After all, only the Great Marshal would be capable of pulling something off like this, right?

Ignoring the pain searing through his entire body, Jaime hoisted himself to his feet with immense difficulty and fixed Zeke with a death stare.

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"Deadly Wolf... Alpha Suicide Squad's Deadly Wolf... How did you manage to call him in?"

Sole Wolf chided, "Stupid. The only person on Earth who can activate Deadly Wolf is the Great Marshal."

The Great Marshal.. He's the Great Marshall

Those two words held unimaginable power. Gerald Jonker was rooted to the spot, unable to process such a revelation.

The rest of the people present fell to their knees in the exaltation of Zeke Williams.

In the eyes of any martial artist, the previous Grand Marshal was thought to have attained the peak prowess of martial arts. He was like a God to them.

Although the current Great Marshal had lost his abilities, the title itself still held just as much authority as before.

“We respectfully greet the Great Marshal!”

Jaeger Link burst into tears.

The Great Marshal was his idol.

Not only was he within proximity to his idol, but he was also even gifted the privilege of having his technique refined by the man himself.

The crowd was on their knees.

Only the four leaders remained upright, their faces hardened with arrogance. They refused to submit to anyone.

Great Marshal or otherwise.

His life force had been dismissed, leaving him broken.

How can he hope to defeat the combined might of the Four Great Martial Houses?

It's ridiculous!

Jaime collected himself and spat out, “Zeke Williams, we're in the middle of carrying out the king's command to oversee the Martial Artist National Examination. Yet you appear before us flanked by an army. What's the meaning of this? Are you rebelling against our ruler?”

Zeke replied, “As I said, I've brought a participant for the exam. Why won't you let Jaeger Link try out? If you don't give me a reasonable explanation, my army shall crush you beneath their feet.”

Jaime huffed, “Fine, I'll tell you. Jaeger Link didn't even pass the preliminary examination. How can he be allowed to take the final test?”

“Why didn't you take the preliminary examination?” Zeke asked.

Jaeger finally recovered from his massive bout of the initial shock.

“The... The Ancient Tomb Sect forbade me from entering the preliminary examination.” He stammered out; his voice colored by fear.

“Lies! How dare you accuse the Ancient Tomb Sect of such a thing? You must die for such an outrageous insult,” Jaime growled, “Not even the Great Marshal will be able to save you.”

“If you want proof, I’ll give you proof,” Zeke coldly announced.

He then shot a look at Sole Wolf.

The latter pulled out his phone from his pocket and played a recording.

In the recording, the young master of the Ancient Tomb Sect could be heard threatening Jaeger Link. The young master was demanding Jaeger to take the test in his place.

Crap...

A needle of annoyance pricked Jaime.

That son of mine is far too careless.

How could he have allowed himself to be recorded?

He shouldn’t have done such a thing himself.

If only someone else’s voice played from the recording. We might still have been able to salvage matters then

But his voice is heard as clear as day. We can’t deny it even if we tried.

I can’t give up.

Glaring at Zeke, he lied through his teeth, “Please, anyone can tell that your recording is fake. You made it up. Your crimes of fabricating evidence and slandering an exam invigilator are very serious. I order you to destroy your fake evidence this instant! Any defiance will result in your immediate execution!”

As he spoke, he reached out his hand to swipe the phone from the unsuspecting Lone Wolf.

However, Zeke was one step ahead of him.

He launched a ferocious slap across Jaime’s face.

The latter cradled his face in stunned silence.

Damn it!

I am the leader of the Ancient Tomb Sect and the invigilator of the national exam to boot!

Yet I was slapped not once, but twice, in front of my subordinates and exam takers.

This is unforgivable!

Zeke Williams must die!

Only with his death can my volcanic fury be quenched. There's no other way to come out unscathed from this crisis.

Jaime lunged towards Zeke, poised to deliver a deadly blow.

Since his life force is gone, this should be easy.

The Four Hidden Sects are behind me. Even if I kill Zeke, they'll band together to protect me.

But the moment he made his move, a band of light streaked across and struck him squarely in the chest.

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It was a blindingly bright flying sword.

The might of the sword was immense; the impact from it alone made Jaime take multiple steps backwards, till he was pinned against a tree.

He had had several ribs broken by Sole Wolf, and now he had been pierced through the chest by this flying sword.

His life was quickly coming to an end, any breath he took could be his last.

His spirit was in shambles.

Never had he been so humiliated before in his life.

The Great Marshal sure has many masters under his wing.

His gaze travelled in the direction the flying sword had been hurled from. He wanted to know who the culprit behind such a deadly strike was.

Killer Wolf sauntered out from the mass of people. "If you want to kill him, you'll have to get past me and my sword first."

He knew it was not the right time for Zeke to reveal the true extent of his powers.

Thus, Killer Wolf had been instructed to blend into the crowd and protect Zeke if the situation ever called for it

Jaime was in utter despair.

Killer Wolf is here.

Killer Wolf of the Alpha Suicide Squad is actually here...

These two were the most powerful members of the Alpha Suicide Squad.

It was unknown if the combined might of the Four Great Martial Houses could stand up to them.

The commoner martial artists present were all exceptionally excited.

Alpha Suicide Squad had always been somewhat shrouded in mystery.

But two members had shown their faces today.

The fight between them and the Four Great Martial Houses would be spectacular, to say the least.

Jaime roared at the other three leaders, "Why are you still standing there? Hurry up and get them! Either the Grand Marshal dies, or we die!"

The expressions of the other three heads of the Martial Houses turned.

They knew Jaime was right.

If the Great Marshal insists on probing further, he will eventually discover that we rigged the exam.

Our punishment will only be death.

We might end up encumbering the Four Hidden Sects,

If such a matter gets out, the Four Hidden Sects will be done for

The heads knew they had no choice but to face their opponent head-on. They had to kill the Great Marshal.

The three heads of the Martial Houses exchanged quick looks before charging forward.

Two of them clashed with Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf while the other one made a beeline for Zeke.

He was determined on cutting down Zeke there and then.

Although the two Sect Masters of the Martial Houses were no match for Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf, they proved themselves to be effective obstructions for the two soldiers.

As such, the two men were unable to rush to Zeke's aid.

Although they appeared extremely anxious and seemed to be consumed with the thought of rescuing Zeke, their hearts were singing with joy.

He's Eurasia's first Ultimate Class warrior.

Do you really think you'll be able to lay a finger on him?

Dream on!

The Sect Master of Twin Sect soon had Zeke cornered, the brush in her hand arced towards Zeke's neck

However, Zeke did not move a muscle.

From the audience's perspective, the Great Marshal was done for

How could he, a muggle who had lost all his powers, hope to stand up to the Sect Master of Twin Sect?

His opponent is already almost at his throat, yet he still displays no reaction.

Unbeknownst to them, Zeke had already emitted the King Class energy and formed a shield around his body

When the Sect Master of Twin Sect came into contact with the shield, she felt as though she had collided with an enormous steel wall.

At that moment, the monstrous energy penetrated her body, tearing through her cells.

She felt as though she was being obliterated from the inside out

The head of Twin Sect was dumbfounded.

What the hell is going on?

Why can't I get near the Great Marshal?

Something is very wrong.

Before she could properly analyze the situation, a humanoid figure darted out from the crowd and sprinted directly at her.

It was Zeke's loyal companion, Mr. Collins.

Mr. Collins moved incredibly quickly; his fist shot towards the Sect Master of Twin Sect.

The latter was astonished by such a development and hurriedly raised her arms to defend herself.

However, she had sorely underestimated Mr. Collins's power.

Mr. Collins's fist connected with the block of the Sect Master of the Twin Sect had put up, smashing through it before landing heavily on her chest.

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With a resounding thud, Mr. Collins's fist punched through the chest of the Sect Master of Twin Sect. Blood spurted from the gaping hole.

Pieces of her destroyed heart flew far and wide.

However, the woman was still conscious.

She fixed her gaze on Zeke and finally realized what had prevented her from getting near him.

It's energy!

It has to be King Class energy!

Who said the Great Marshal had his life force drained?

Haha! It was all a lie. What an earth-shattering lie.

Not only is his life force still intact, but he's also managed to enter into King Class.

Crap.

The Four Great Martial Houses are in danger.

With her last ounce of strength, she turned towards the other three heads of the Martial Houses and exclaimed, "Run... Runaway... The Great Marshal

Is..."

Before she could finish, Zeke had already flung a silver needle, which cleanly pierced through her skull.

Her life instantly came to an end.

At the same moment, a victor had emerged from the fight between the other two Sect Masters of the Martial Houses and the two warriors.

Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf had both been promoted to King Class. Although their opponents refused to give in, the result of the fight had already been set in stone.

As the situation continued to unfold, the members of the Four Great Martial Houses were trembling in fear.

The Sect Master of Ancient Tomb Sect was pinned to a tree with scarcely a breath left in him.

The Sect Master of Twin Sect had had her heart punched through and was probably already making her way through the Underworld.

The other two Sect Masters were also grievously wounded

The Great Marshal is too cruel.

How could he injure and kill the Sect Masters of the Four Great Martial Houses at such an important event?

Is he trying to stage a coup?

None of the people present has picked up on Zeke's King Class energy.

They all assumed that the Sect Master of Twin Sect had died at the hands of Mr. Collins.

Zeke issued an order to Killer Wolf, "Killer Wolf, relay my order. Any martial artist of appropriate age from Eurasia, regardless of their local examination score, may come to Atheville to take part in the final examination."

Killer Wolf nodded. "Yes, Sir!"

He turned to the surrounding members of Deadly Wolf and bellowed, "Spread this message! All martial artists of appropriate age from Eurasia are to come to Atheville to attend the Martial Artist National Examination immediately. It doesn't matter if they've passed their local examination!"

"Yes, Sir!" Deadly Wolf echoed back.

"Wait!"

"No!"

The two remaining Sect Masters of the Four Great Martial Houses anxiously protested.

But it was too late as the order had already been carried out

Both of them burned with rage and trepidation.

They had both bullied many commoner martial artists into not taking part in the examination and forced them to withdraw.

Those commoner martial artists had been deemed too powerful. They had threatened the chances of the examinees put in place by the Four Great Martial Houses.

Jeager had been one of the victims.

If the Great Marshal allows those commoner warriors to enter the examination, the examinees from the Four Great Martial Houses would have beaten the crapout of them. There's no way they will be able to pass the Martial Artist National Examination then.

No matter what it takes, we have to stop those commoner martial artists from entering the examination.

The Sect Master of Mount Ymir Sect hollered in anger, "Great Marshal, you better think carefully about what you're doing! They were not even able to pass the local examination. How could they be allowed to take part in the final examination in Atheville? You're breaking Eurasia's law!"

Zeke replied, "I realized many gifted commoner martial artists had failed the local examination, yet numerous mediocre candidates passed. The inferior candidates who passed were mostly members of the Four Great Martial Houses. Today, I am determined to get to the bottom of this matter. I want to know if the Four Great Martial Houses rigged the Martial Artist National Examination. If I discover that such a crime did occur, I shall be forced to exact justice by destroying the Four Great Martial Houses!"

The two men gulped.

They could tell Zeke was serious.

The survival of the Four Great Martial Houses was dangling by a precipice.

The Sect Master of the Mount Ymir Sect shrieked indignantly, "You irritating troublemaker! Mount Ymir Sect refuses to accept such preposterousness. As a show of innocence, Mount Ymir Sect is hereby pulling out of the final examination in Atheville. You can deal with the consequences yourself."

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The Sect Master of Beasts Sect urgently voiced their consensus, "The Beasts Sect will also pull out of this year's final exam at Atheville. This way, no one can accuse us of playing dirty."

With a labored breath, Jaime Carter chimed in, "The... The Ancient Tomb Sect will pull out as well!"

To prevent the certain death of the applicants from the Four Great Martial Houses, they had no choice but to retreat.

We'll just make our comeback next year!

"Let's go!"

The Sect Master of Mount Ymir Sect gestured for his members to depart.

"Stop!"

Zeke hissed coldly, "Who said you could leave? The examinees of the Four Great Martial Houses have to participate today as well. Anyone who tries to leave will be promptly killed."

The Sect Masters of Mount Ymir Sect and Beasts Sect quaked in terror.

They could tell that Zeke was intentionally targeting the Four Great Martial Houses.

Zeke was hell-bent on purging the Four Great Martial Houses.

We have no choice.

We have to show our hand.

However, the man behind them was a recluse who refused to make an appearance unless circumstances were dire.

A man suddenly emerged from the crowd of Four Great Martial Houses members.

He bellowed, "As a martial artist from Eurasia, I have the freedom to decide if I want to join the Martial Artist National Examination. If I want to leave, even the king won't be able to stop me. Moreover, I am the vice-president of the Mount Agra Martial Artists Association. I'm an official public servant. If you order your men to harm me, you'll be harming a civil service officer. You'll be heavily penalized!"

The man who had spoken was the son of the Sect Master of Mount Ymir Sect.

He was full of youthful spry and confrontational heat.

He had been spoiled rotten by his father, the Sect Master of the Mount Ymir Sect, and was now an impertinent man who regarded himself as above all others.

His arrogant performance was due to his assumption that Zeke was only issuing empty threats. He was sure Zeke would not actually lay a hand on anyone.

Zeke smirked sinisterly. "You're wrong. I'm not going to injure you. I'm going to take your life! Go!"

The Sect Master of Mount Ymir Sect was astonished.

Due to his ability to read a situation, which stemmed from his wealth of life experience, he knew Zeke would make good on his word.

What's wrong with that idiot son of mine? Why's he still mouthing off to Zeke Williams? Does he really want to die that badly?

Although he had instinctively moved to step in, he was too late.

Several snipers perched on a nearby mountain had already had their marks aimed directly at his son.

The thunderous smattering of gunshots attacked the ears of everyone present.

Accompanying it was the horrible howl of agony that was let out by his son.

His body was perforated by countless bullets, and he collapsed into a growing pool of crimson blood.

The examinees, who were about to leave, were all stopped short by such a ghastly scene.

Fear closed its jaws around all of them, trapping them within.

They had assumed that the Great Marshal would not shoot.

But he had just proved them wrong.

“My son!”

The Sect Master of the Mount Ymir Sect cried out as he collapsed beside his son and hugged him tight against him.

Using his final breath, his boy murmured, “Get... Revenge... For... Me...” A spurt of blood followed every choked-out word.

Then, he was gone.

“Ahhhh!”

The Sect Master of Mount Ymir Sect screamed towards the heavens.

“Die, Zeke Williams! You will pay for killing my son!”

Zeke’s lip curled upwards faintly. “Hit me with your best shot. If you fail to take me down, all members of the Four Great Martial Houses will die today!”

The Sect Master of Mount Ymir Sect wiped the blood at the corner of his mouth. “Sure, sure, sure! Let’s put an end to everything today!”

As he spoke, he pulled out his phone and called the mysterious man behind it all.

Zeke turned his attention to the commoner martial artists who were standing around.

“My fellow martial artists, I believe that there are some among you who are like Jeager Link. You were bullied out of participating in the final exam in Atheville by the Four Great Martial Houses. Be a man and step forward. Take part in this year’s final exam.”

The crowd was abuzz with activity.

Wave after wave of people came forward.

“Great Marshal, I was threatened by the Mount Ymir Sect. That is why I didn’t take part in the local examination.”

“Great Marshal, some members of the Beasts Sect demanded that I take the examination on their behalf. I refused, so they... they killed my parents!”

“Great Marshal, members of Twin Sect told me to purposely lose to them in the examination. After I declined, they held my grandmother hostage...”

Zeke nodded in acknowledgement. “Those who wish to take part in the examination, head over to registration. Today, you will have the chance to settle all your grievances. All debts must be collected.”

The crowd surged towards the registration area, with Jaeger leading the pack.

He passed his documents to Sesame Cookie, who was in charge of registration. “Commoner martial artist Jaeger Link. Here to register for the final examination in Atheville.”

Sesame Cookie took the documents.

Jaime quickly yelled out, “Stop right there, Sesame Cookie! That’s an order from the Ancient Tomb Sect!”

If the commoner martial artists were allowed to register, there was nothing left to stand between them and the final examination.

It will all be over for us then.

Those people can’t be allowed to register.

Sesame Cookie threw a wry smile in Jaime’s direction. “Sorry, Sir. I have no choice.”

Sesame Cookie was certain that Zeke was a deity.

He had sworn his loyalty to Zeke, so he would now never betray him, not for the likes of Jaime Carter anyway.

Jaime continued to roar, “Sesame Cookie! You treacherous beast! You’ve betrayed your sect! Such treason is punishable by flogging. You better consider your next steps carefully.”

Sesame Cookie ignored Jaime Carter and continued processing Jaeger Link’s registration.

Jaime then addressed the members of the Ancient Tomb Sect, “Kill him! For the sake of our sect!”

Dutifully, they all approached Sesame Cookie.

Zeke shot daggers at them. “Take one more step. Killer Wolf, Sole Wolf and Mr. Collins will end your life!”

“Yes, Sir!” The three of them shouted in unison.

The members of the Ancient Tomb Sect halted their footsteps.

Those people had the guts to kill Sect Masters. It goes without saying that they will surely kill us insignificant parties without so much as a second thought.

To each their own, but we happen to value our lives.

Jaime Carter lost all hope.

The Sect Master of Mount Ymir Sect warned in a low voice, “Williams, the man behind our operation is set to arrive at any second. You’re nothing but an insect in his eyes. You better stop what you’re doing now, he might just spare your life. Otherwise, once he’s angered, you will regret ever crossing his path!”

Zeke shrugged. “Fine. I’m interested in seeing what it feels like to experience such intense pain. I hope you won’t let me down.”

He’s insane!

The Sect Master of Mount Ymir Sect was furious.

After one night, news of the free-for-all application to the final examination had spread like wildfire throughout Eurasia.

Commoner martial artists from every corner of the country gathered in at Atheville in the span of one moon rising.

Their numbers soon climbed to the hundred thousand.

The sheer number of people occupied the entire exam venue.

Sesame Cookie was almost beside himself upon registering all the applicants.

He processed registration through the night, not stopping for even a sip of water.

The commoner martial artists gathered were mostly made up of the people who had been browbeaten by the Four Great Martial Houses. They had all been forced out of entering their local exam.

Thus, they only had burning resentment for the Four Great Martial Houses.

The examinees from the Four Great Martial Houses were all despondent.

They had bullied these commoner martial artists more times than they could count.

Now that they have the chance to participate in the Martial Artist National Examination, they're sure to fully vent their long-accumulated hatred on us.

Once we step into the ring with them, our deaths will swiftly follow.

If only Deadly Wolf didn't barricade us in.

Escape would still be possible.

As they sunk further and further into the mire of despair, a thunderous noise sounded out from above them

A helicopter was circling the crowd.

It hovered at about 300 meters above them.

A figure leapt down from the airborne vehicle.

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The figure jumped down without a parachute.

Such a feat left the crowd stupefied. Several cries of fright burst out from the more weak-hearted members of the audience.

When the figure landed, the ground shook beneath him.

The impact of his landing left a crater in the ground, and mounds of dust swirled in the air.

"Decree from The Regent. Great Marshal Zeke Williams, kneel and receive the edict."

The words 'Decree from The Regent' were like bombs that exploded in the minds of everyone who heard it.

The Regent was an authority too supreme to even comprehend

The Regent was a thing of legend; the honor he deserved was profoundly deep.

He was the son-in-law of the king.

He also handled the affairs of Atheville.

Atheville was the center of Eurasia's economy and political happenings.

Since he managed Atheville, he held all the economic as well as the political power of Eurasia in his hands.

No one in Eurasia dared to show him even a shred of disrespect

Even the most venerated Great Marshal had to kneel before him.

However, Zeke had become Eurasia's first Ultimate Class warrior.

He was now the true backbone of Eurasia, and the representative for its people.

He need not bow even in the face of the king.

Thus, he was naturally allowed to stand before The Regent as well.

The other people immediately fell to their knees.

Zeke stood frozen, as steady as a mountain, with his back as straight as an arrow.

The envoy pointed at Zeke angrily. "Great Marshal Zeke Williams, kneel and receive the edict now!"

Zeke sneered dismissively, "Ever since I became Great Marshal, no one has dared point their finger at me. You're the first. Killer Wolf, remove his finger."

"No problem!"

Killer Wolf walked towards Jaime Carter and extracted the flying sword from the man's chest.

Jaime immediately spewed a mouthful of blood. He could not believe what was happening.

The audacity!

The Regent's envoy was even more enraged.

Not only did he refuse to kneel before The Regent's decree, but he even openly commanded his man to get rid of one of my fingers.

He's clearly trying to challenge The Regent's authority!

The envoy barked irately, "Great Marshal, you best reconsider your choice of actions! Even if you still had your life force, you would be expected to show The Regent the utmost respect."

"For your insolence towards the Great Marshal, it's not sufficient for you to just lose a finger. Your tongue shall be removed as well. Get ready for it." Zeke remarked maliciously.

"Okay!"

Killer Wolf bolted towards The Regent's envoy.

The latter was stricken with terror.

The Great Marshal and Alpha Suicide Squad have gone stark raving mad!

How could they cut off people's fingers and tongues with such ease?

How could they completely disregard my position as The Regent's envoy?

Less than a second later, Killer Wolf was already charging forwards, his sword brandished.

It was clear that he was prepared to strike a fatal blow.

The Regent's envoy hurriedly defended himself.

As a man who was able to survive a jump out of a helicopter from 300 meters in the air, he possessed a significant amount of power himself.

He was an Archduke.

However, Killer Wolf had achieved the status of King Class warrior.

Like a predator toying with its meal, Killer Wolf clearly had the man beat.

As he continued to struggle, the Regent's envoy cried out to Zeke, "Great Marshal, I urge you to reconsider your actions. I am The Regent's envoy. Are you trying to go against The Regent?"

Zeke boomed, "My target is exactly The Regent!"

The envoy descended into hopelessness.

He could sense the grim figure of death hanging over him.

Killer Wolf's hand sailed, launching an excruciating slap across the envoy's face, striking the latter to the ground.

Killer Wolf then stomped forcefully on his finger.

The finger which he had used to point at Zeke snapped

A cry of anguish ripped from the man's throat.

Killer Wolf took that opportunity to catch hold of his jaw as he prepared to snatch the man's tongue.

The envoy was a terrified wreck. He pleaded with Zeke, "Spare me, Great Marshal. Spare me, please! I... I was wrong. It was all my fault."

"Stop, Killer Wolf!" Zeke nonchalantly instructed.

"Leave him his tongue so he can carry the message back."

"One more word of impertinence, and I'll rip your face apart!" Killer Wolf growled reluctantly.

The envoy slowly crawled to his feet. He made for a pathetically disheveled picture.

"Great Marshal, about The Regent's decree..."

Chapter 1584

Zeke replied, "I'm someone from the Northern Xinjiang battlefield. The Regent's jurisdiction only includes Atheville, and therefore, he has no authority to order me around. You, go back and tell the Regent to come personally if he has something to say."

Nodding repeatedly, the messenger acquiesced in fear. "Yes, Sir. I... I will convey your message."

With that, he left hurriedly.

Meanwhile, Zeke looked at the Three Masters coldly. "Is this all the Four Great Martial Houses is capable of? What a joke."

Killer Wolf growled, "F***, you Four Great Martial Houses should compensate me for my teeth."

All the member of the Four Great Martial Houses were dumbfounded.

Compensate him for his teeth?

What does he mean?

Killer Wolf then elaborated, "You're such a joke that laughed till my teeth dropped."

Everyone was speechless.

Damn you!

Zeke continued, "Since you can't find anyone to stop me, I hereby declare that the Martial Artist National Examination has officially begun. However, let's change the rules a little, shall we?"

Zeke walked to the highest point overlooking all the exam candidates.

"The total number of examination slots remains unchanged at ten thousand men. Whether you win a slot will depend on how skillful you are. Now, the martial artists from among the non-affiliated and those from the Four Great Martial Houses will be split into their individual groups."

He then added, "If I find anyone from the Four Great Martial Houses mixed with the non-affiliated group, I'll have them executed."

With that, the martial artists split themselves into two camps.

One was made up of those not affiliated to any Martial Houses, while the other was for members of the Four Great Martial Houses.

Zeke said, "Now, those who hold the examination slots are all from the Four Great Martial Houses. The non-affiliated martial artists can challenge those from the Four Great Martial Houses. Whoever wins will get the slot. If you lose, you are eliminated from the competition."

"Now, let the competition begin!" He bellowed.

What!

The candidates from the Four Great Martial Houses began panicking.

The Great Marshal's actions would allow the non-affiliated martial artists to seek revenge on them.

It was precisely because their skills were inferior to those of the non-affiliated martial artists that they had prevented them from taking the exam.

Now that the non-affiliated martial artists were allowed to challenge them, they would surely suffer terrible repercussions.

Smirking, Jeager stepped forward. "Great Marshal, I would like to challenge Jan Carter, the heir of the Tomb Sect."

Zeke nodded. "Permission granted."

Jan's face turned pale instantly.

He was keenly aware that he was no match for Jeager; that was why he had gotten Jeager to take the exam under his identity.

If both of them fought, he was sure he would lose.

However, he was the heir of the Ancient Tomb Sect. He had to maintain the sect's reputation.

He shook his head immediately. "... I decline your challenge."

Zeke sneered, "Whoever declines a challenge will be executed on the spot."

Without hesitation, Killer Wolf drew his Eagle Sword and pointed at Jan.

Blood was still dripping from the sword, making it a gruesome sight.

The moment Zeke gave the command, he would take Jan's life.

Meanwhile, Jaime Carter's heart was beating furiously as no one knew Jan's skills better than him.

Jan had been physically weak and spoiled since he was a child.

Furthermore, he was a lecherous man who spent all his time with women.

His physical state was terrible in comparison to an ordinary person, let alone a commoner martial artist.

He would definitely be killed in battle.

Gathering all his energy, Jaime bellowed, "Jan, surrender and admit defeat! Then, hand over your slot."

Zeke interrupted, "Those who surrender would also be punished. You do not have a choice."

F***|

After being threatened with death by Zeke a few times, Jan grew infuriated. "If you want a fight, I'll give you one. I may not necessarily lose to you as I have beaten my coach before."

Jan was oblivious to his true strength as he had never tested himself in a real fight before.

As his coach had always let him win for the sake of his ego, he assumed that his skills weren't that far off from Jeager's.

If he tried his best, perhaps he could turn the tables on Jeager and win.

"Let's do it!" Jeager charged at Jan like a man who'd gone berserk.

The next moment, they clashed. The result was just as Jaime has expected.

Chapter 1585

Jan was sent flying in the first round.

Jeager then sat on top of Jan and started to pound him with his fists.

Jan wasn't able to fight back at all.

At that very moment, Jeager had gone berserk as he was thinking about how his parents had been killed by the Tomb Sect.

Thinking about how his journey towards the Martial Arts Unified Exam was almost curtailed by the Tomb Sect enraged him further.

His hatred for the Ancient Tomb Sect ran as deep as the ocean.

Therefore, he needed to seize this opportunity for revenge as it could be his only chance.

Unfortunately, the one who had to suffer was Jan, who was crying in agony as he was being beaten.

Despite the immense pain he was in, he couldn't struggle free. Jeager had pinned him forcefully to the ground.

As a young man from a rich family, he had never suffered such humiliation before.

For every blow that Jan suffered, Jaime's heart bled for his son.

The latter wanted to intervene and stop the fight, but he was stopped by Killer Wolf's sword. "Make any moves and you're dead."

Frightened by the sharp sword, Jaime stood where he was and yelled anxiously, "Jan, surrender! Hand over your slot!"

Jan declared, "I..."

Before he could finish, Jeager rammed his fist into Jan's mouth. He would not allow Jan to yield as he had not gotten his fill of revenge yet.

Jaime bellowed, "He's cheating! I strongly protest against this!"

Zeke stared at Jaime coldly. "Your protest is denied."

"When Jeager protested earlier and rejected taking the test on behalf of Jan, how did the Ancient Tomb Sect respond?"

Jaime was at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, all the other non-affiliated martial artists were cheering spiritedly for Jeager.

All of them had been bullied by the Four Great Martial Houses more than once.

Now that Jeager was kicking the ass of one of the sons of the Four Great Martial Houses, they felt as if he was helping them vent their frustrations.

It wasn't until Jan was beaten close to death that Jeager stopped.

His fists were covered with blisters, and blood was oozing out of them. It was obvious that he had been hitting the man too hard.

Meanwhile, Jan's face had been beaten so badly that he was barely recognizable. His life was hanging by a thread.

With that, Zeke declared the result, "Jan Carter is defeated. His slot for the competition will be handed over to Jeager Link."

Jeager looked at Zeke with a face filled with gratitude. "Great Marshal, thank you."

His gratitude towards Zeke wasn't for helping him obtain a competition slot; it was more for allowing him the opportunity to have his revenge.

Zeke nodded slightly.

"Who else seeks a challenge?" He then asked.

From the crowd, another non-affiliated martial artist stepped out. "Great Marshal, I would like to challenge the heir of the Mount Ymir Sect. They forced me to take the test on behalf of their heir. When I declined, they killed my parents. ... I want revenge!"

"Permission granted."

A young man then walked out from the group of the Four Great Martial Houses.

With a pale face and slicked back hair, he looked even weaker than Jan Carter.

The moment he stepped out, he dropped to his knees in front of his challenger.

"I... I was wrong. I realize my mistake now. Please, don't challenge me. I... I can pay you. How about give you three billion?"

F***!

The challenger was infuriated. "Do you think being rich makes you powerful? You think money can buy everything? Today, you will pay with your life!"

When he finished his declaration, the challenger charged at the Mount Ymir Sect heir without any hesitation

The leader of the Mount Ymir Sect couldn't help but shout, "Stop!"

Pointing his sword at the leader, Killer Wolf warned, "If you intervene, I'll kill you."

At that, the Sect Master had no choice but to stop in his tracks.

Meanwhile, his son was crying in anguish as he was repeatedly beaten, "Dad, save me. Please save me. I'm about to be beaten to death..."

The Mount Ymir Sect leader replied anxiously, "Son, don't worry, I... I'll find someone to save you now."

Just as he spoke, the leader called the Regent without any hesitation.

"Regent, please help. My son is being beaten to death. If you don't do anything, the Four Great Martial Houses will be destroyed today!"

Great Marshall: Marrying the Bridesmaid
Chapter 1586-1590

Chapter 1586

The Regent gave him a cursory response. "Mmm, know."

After giving the phone a long and hard look, the Regent sighed repeatedly.

He had not expected the Great Marshal to intervene in this year's Martial Artist National Examination.

Although the Great Marshal's life force had been destroyed, the Alpha Suicide Squad under his command was still a force to be reckoned with.

If he started a war with the Great Marshal, he had an eighty percent chance of winning.

However, the issue with the Martial Artist National Examination was indeed his fault.

If he started a battle over it and the matter escalated, it would be more damaging to his interest instead.

Therefore, he decided to forgo this year's Martial Artist National Examination and let the Great Marshal have free rein.

Sacrificing the Four Great Martial Houses to protect himself and those supporting him was well worth it.

Over at the examination grounds, the leader of Mount Ymir Sect could hear from the Regent's tone that help wasn't forthcoming.

The Regent had abandoned all of the Four Great Martial Houses.

Upon realizing the Regent's decision, his mind went blank in despair. All he could hear was his son's agonizing screams.

The heir to the Mount Ymir Sect suddenly yelled, "Great Marshal, please have mercy! I'm willing to exchange the Mount Ymir Sect's Elixir Pill for my

Life!"

What, the Elixir Pill?

A commotion erupted in the crowd.

The Elixir Pill was an extremely rare and powerful

Pill

It could help martial artists replenish their energy and remove poison from their bodies. A single pill alone could increase one's potential power by fifty kilograms.

Such an increase in power was only possible with at least ten years of training.

Who would have that much time to train?

Unfortunately, the Elixir Pill's formula had long been lost. There were only several pills left in existence, scattered all over God-knows-where.

To everyone's surprise, the Mount Ymir Sect had some in their hands.

As of today, the Elixir Pill was no longer just prized for its medicinal value.

In fact, most of its value now was derived from the fact that it was considered a national treasure.

However, Zeke wasn't the least bit interested. "A few Elixir Pills don't mean much."

The Mount Ymir Sect heir quickly added. "Great Marshal, I meant the Elixir Pill's formula, not just the pills alone."

What!

The Elixir Pill formula?

The commotion in the crowd earlier turned into an uproar.

If the Elixir Pill's formula were revealed to the public, Eurasia's overall martial arts skill level would surely make a giant leap ahead.

In fact, the country's defense capability would also be significantly strengthened.

The impact of the Elixir Pill's formula on Eurasia was comparable to having a King Class warrior on its side.

Even Zeke couldn't help but feel tempted.

No wonder the Four Great Martial Houses had been able to come back from the brink of destruction a few years ago.

It all boiled down to the Elixir Pill formula that must have been given to them by the Four Hidden Sects.

The Four Great Martial Houses and the Four Great Sects must be somehow connected.

Though he was tempted, Zeke didn't show it. "The Elixir Pill's formula is indeed very valuable. However, you killed the challenger's parents and sowed within him the desire for vengeance. I cannot let Eurasia and my interest override his right to seek revenge."

However, the challenger interjected, "Great Marshal. If he is willing to hand over the Elixir Pill's formula for the benefit of Eurasia's martial arts community, I'm willing to waive my right to revenge in exchange. I am happy to do it for the greater good, and I hope you will approve my request."

After giving it some thought, Zeke stated, "Alright, we'll do as you say. However, the heir to the Mount Ymir Sect has lost. Therefore, his slot belongs to you now."

The challenger accepted it graciously. "Thank you, Great Marshal."

By then, Zeke had figured that the other Four Great Martial Houses would definitely offer their secret formulas and techniques in exchange for their lives.

If he had allowed the Mount Ymir Sect's heir to be beaten to a pulp, the other Martial Houses would have no incentive to reveal the secrets they were hiding.

It would be a great loss for Eurasia.

Chapter 1587

As the matter involved the fate of the country, he had no choice but to spare the Mount Ymir Sect's heir

The leader of the Mount Ymir Sect was shocked.

The Elixir Pill's formula had been given to him by the Four Hidden Sects.

If they gave it up, the Four Great Sects would surely crush them in response,

Due to his son's recklessness, an even greater mistake had been made.

Therefore, he couldn't stand for it. Even if his son had to die, they could not hand over the formula.

When he realized everyone was distracted, he charged at his son to kill him.

However, Mr. Collins, who had already been prepared for such an instance, blocked the leader of the Mount Ymir Sect, forcing him back.

“If you do anything rash, you will be executed on the spot.”

The leader bellowed, “You... you’re a useless son! Even if you die, we cannot hand over the formula. You will cause the downfall of the Four Great Martial Houses!”

The heir of the Mount Ymir Sect cried out, “Dad, I’m sorry! I-.... I have no other choice. I’m still young!! Don’t want to die.”

Meanwhile, Zeke shot Sole Wolf a glance. “Take him away and get the Elixir Pill formula out of him.”

“Yes, Sir!”

Sole Wolf nodded resolutely before he led the Mount Ymir Sect’s heir into a break room.

As the matter related to the fate of Eurasia, Sole Wolf guarded him carefully.

Zeke declared, “Let’s continue. Whoever wants to challenge, please step out.”

At that moment, another non-affiliated martial artist stepped forward. “I would like to challenge the heir of the Beasts Sect. You coward, come out and face my wrath!”

The heir to the Beasts Sect walked out trembling. “Great Marshal, please have mercy. I’ll be willing to offer our sect’s secret technique in exchange for my life.”

Zeke queried, “Which secret technique?”

The Divine... Divine Palm-Strike.”

Meanwhile, the crowd that had just quietened down broke into a noisy commotion as they discussed the Divine Palm-Strike excitedly.

The value of Divine Palm-Strike was higher than that of the Elixir pill; it was the stuff of legends.

However, no one could prove that it existed, let alone claim to have trained in it

Even Zeke couldn’t help but hold his breath in anticipation.

It appeared that the Four Great Martial Houses had a lot of valuable treasures hidden away.

If only they had known about it earlier, they would’ve come for the Four Great Martial Houses long ago.

The challenger smiled. "Great Marshal, if hes willing to share the Divine Palm-Strike technique, I will hold back and not take his life."

Zeke nodded slightly. Very well."

The Beasts Sect's heir pleaded, "I yield, there's no need to fight..

However, the challenger still beat the heir to a pulp.

Meanwhile, the leader of the Beasts sect was in a dilemma.

If his son shared the Divine Palm Strike technique their family would be destroyed.

However, he dared not stop his son because he knew Killer Wolf and Mr. Collins were watching him like a hawk.

The only choice he had was to tell his powerful masters to resolve this situation personally.

If they didn't come to their aid the secrets of the Four Great Martial Houses would all be handed over to Zeke.

Hence, the leader of the Mount Ymir Sect contacted the Regent again.

However, the Regent did not pick up his call this time.

Feeling helpless, he called the Regent's assistant and requested him to update the Regent on the current situation.

The Regent at his residence, worrying about whether the Great Marshal would trace the matter back to him and escalate the matter further.

Meanwhile, his assistant came running over. "Sir, I have bad news. The venue for the Martial Artist National Examination is in chaos..."

The Regent waved dismissively. "Ignore them. Let the Four Great Martial Houses deal with it themselves."

Sacrificing the Four Houses to protect himself was well worth it.

The assistant then added, "But Sir, they've handed over the Elixir Pill's formula and the Divine Palm Strike technique. If you don't deal with it, I'm afraid all the hidden treasures and secret techniques will be exposed to the public."

What!

The Regent jumped up in shock.

All the secret ancient formulas and techniques are being divulged?

The Four Great Martial Houses are of no importance when compared to the ancient secrets they hold.

Chapter 1588

Even if the Martial Houses were destroyed ten times over, those ancient secrets must never be divulged.

Those secrets had been taught to the Martial Houses by the Four Hidden Sects, and they form the foundation of the Hidden Sects' power.

The only reason Eurasia didn't dare take action against the Four Hidden Sects was because they did not know about ancient secrets they held.

If the ancient secrets were exposed, Eurasia would definitely be able to destroy them.

"F***!" The Regent cursed, feeling panicked. "Prepare the chopper. We will be heading to the Atheville Martial Artist National Examination venue."

"Yes, Sir!"

His assistant immediately requested a helicopter.

Meanwhile, the Regent whipped out his phone and contacted his subordinates.

"Thirty-four Templars, deploy and head to the Atheville Martial Artist National Examination venue."

"Three Knights, proceed to the Atheville exam venue and prepare for battle."

"Three Inspectors, Six Superintendents, and all other leaders come and see me immediately."

As the Regent's helicopter headed to the exam venue, the Martial Artist National Examination was proceeding smoothly.

Although it was supposed to be a martial arts exam, it had turned into an event where the core disciples of the Four Great Martial Houses were offering up their ancient secrets to save their own skin.

The most unfortunate lot were the non-core disciples who were all badly beaten up, some even to death. As they were not qualified to learn any secret techniques, they had nothing to offer in return.

By then, the three surviving heads of the Great Martial Houses had lost all hope.

They knew the battle was lost. The only way to survive was to escape with their families.

However, the Great Marshal's men had the place tightly surrounded.

Furthermore, Killer Wolf's troops had secured the perimeter of the exam venue.

There was no way they could escape even if they wanted to.

Left without a choice, Jaime decided to call his family and have them escape without him.

However, Zeke didn't even give him a chance to make the call.

He shot a silver needle straight into Jaime's palm, causing the phone he had been holding to drop onto the ground

Zeke then took out his phone and contacted Wolf's Greed.

"Wolf's Greed, lead your troops and surround the bases of the Four Great Martial Houses. Do not let anyone escape."

"Understood!"

The other three heads of the Martial Houses were in greater despair.

At that moment, a helicopter had arrived and was hovering above everyone's head.

A strong and powerful-looking figure jumped out from it.

Upon landing, the impact caused the ground to rumble.

The rumble was so loud that it reverberated in the hearts of everyone present.

The man was none other than the Regent himself.

When he took a good look around, his heart sank.

The leaders of the Four Great Martial Houses were all either dead or injured, they were a sorry sight.

The ranks of their disciples had almost been decimated with most either badly hurt or dead. Their bodies were being strewn all over the place.

Meanwhile, their core disciples were gathered in the break rooms divulging the ancient secrets and techniques.

At that moment, the only thing the Regent could think of was to barge into the rooms and kill all the core disciples.

When the three heads of the Martial Houses saw the Regent arrive, they did not react in any way.

So what if the Regent could stop Zeke?

They were all doomed for divulging the secret techniques. The Regent and the Four Hidden Sects would never let them go unpunished.

Meanwhile, the Regent stared at Zeke coldly. "Great Marshal Zeke Williams, how dare you! Not only did you disobey me, but you've also hurt my messenger. Explain yourself!"

Zeke replied, "You are the Regent while I'm a man of the Northern Xinjiang warzone. You have no authority over me. Your messenger was rude and disrespected me. So, I taught him a lesson on your behalf. You should be thanking me instead."

The Regent chuckled mockingly. "Hmph! Even the Great Marshal fools around. You're a joke in the world of martial arts. When I'm done with the business here, I'll settle the score with you."

Chapter 1589

Meanwhile, he turned his gaze towards the three heads of the Martial Houses.

They were all quaking in fear.

"The Four Great Martial Houses, kneel and accept your orders."

The three heads and all the disciples of the four Martial Houses knelt one by one.

The Regent declared, "It's now conclusive that the Four Great Martial Houses have manipulated the Martial Artist National Examination and therefore betrayed the nation. These are serious crimes. They will now be sentenced to death by execution. I will carry it out immediately."

"Do you want to do it yourself, or do you want me to do it for you?"

What?

All the members of the Four Great Martial Houses were shocked upon hearing that the Regent wanted to execute them all. It was simply too cruel.

The last bit of hope they had was finally extinguished.

They were well aware of the Regent's true objective – to keep the ancient techniques a secret.

As they watched the Regent walk towards the three heads of the Martial Houses, they noticed the three men began to hyperventilate.

Jaime Carter suddenly yelled, "Great Marshal, please save us! I will tell you the secrets of all the ancient techniques I know."

The head of the Mount Ymir Sect also pleaded, "We know more secret techniques than all the core disciples."

The Beasts Sect head added, "That's right! I'll be willing to exchange all my secret techniques in return for my life."

Damn it!

The Regent picked up his pace.

Zeke ordered Sole Wolf, Killer Wolf, and Mr. Collins, "Protect the three."

"Yes, Sir!"

The three subordinates stepped forward immediately to block the Regent.

The Regent's gaze was instantly filled with anger. "B*****ds, get out of my way!"

"We're in Atheville. This place is under my jurisdiction. I'm now enforcing the law while you are in obstruction of justice."

Sole Wolf snorted, "Whatever you say."

You...

The Regent was angered by the audacity shown by Sole Wolf when he blatantly admitted they were obstructing justice.

They were not showing him any respect.

Gritting his teeth, he replied, "Very well. Since you're preventing me from enforcing the law, I have the authority to kill all of you now. Today, you will all die!"

Killer Wolf flicked his sword, causing a sharp metal shrill from the reverberation.

"Haha! You will first have to seek permission from my sword," he snarled.

Mr. Collins added, "Just get on with it already. That's all he has and yet he calls himself a Regent? Let me show him what a real king is like."

Just as the three of them were about to attack, the ground trembled underneath them.

A loud rumble could be heard as if thunder were fast approaching.

Meanwhile, a voice called out from Killer Wolf's walkie-talkie, "Sir, we're under attack!"

Killer Wolf questioned, "Who are the enemies?"

The voice replied, "Our scouts report that it's the Three Knights of Eurasia."

Suddenly, everyone present held their breaths.

The Three Knights had been around ever since the nation was formed. They were among the ten strongest troops in Eurasia.

When the Three Knights clashed with Killer Wolf's army, it was immediately obvious who was the stronger party.

Killer Wolf ordered, "Stop them. Whoever dares to get past you, show them no mercy."

"Understood!"

The Regent threatened, "I've ordered the Three Knights to enforce the law by eliminating the Four Great Martial Houses. If you stop them, you will be obstructing justice and starting an insurrection. I will report this to the President and request him to pass judgment."

Killer Wolf scowled, "Damn it! Stop yammering on and on. Come at me already, don't be a coward!"

"..."

The Regent was incensed, but he wasn't ready to make his move as he knew he was no match for the three of them.

He was still waiting for his reinforcements.

Unfortunately, Zeke had seen through his plan.

Given how influential the Regent was, his reinforcements would likely be formidable opponents.

By that time, even Sole Wolf, Killer Wolf, and Mr. Collins combined might not be enough to deal with the enemy.

Therefore, he knew he had to seize the initiative and deal with them individually.

Chapter 1590

The moment he shot Killer Wolf and the others a look, they charged at the Regent.

Shocked, the Regent exclaimed, "F*** you!"

Under the intense pressure, he couldn't help but curse.

The battle between both sides finally began.

Sole Wolf, Killer Wolf, and Mr. Collins were all King Class warriors by now.

Based on Zeke's knowledge, the Regent was only a Platinum Archduke Class warrior.

Under such circumstances, the Regent was no match for the combined strength of the three of them.

However, after defending against the first few attacks, the Regent was barely holding on.

At that moment, he had demonstrated the skills of a King Class warrior.

Without a doubt, the Regent had been trained by the Four Hidden Sects.

Nevertheless, it was still three against one. He remained at a disadvantage.

It only took two minutes before Mr. Collins sent the Regent flying with a palm-strike.

As the three of them took advantage of the situation to kill the Regent, a roar erupted from the nearby forest.

"Stop!"

At the next moment, a large group of men gathered boisterously in front of the Regent, protecting him.

There were a total of thirty-four of them.

Anyone with some military knowledge would easily recognize them as the Thirty-four Templars.

Every single one of them had been appointed as Regent in their respective cities in Eurasia.

Together with Atheville's Regent, they controlled the martial arts world of all thirty-four states and the capital of Eurasia.

Under normal circumstances, they were spread-out all-over Eurasia and seldom saw each other.

Therefore, it was a rare occasion for all of them to be gathered here.

"F***!"

Killer Wolf spat at the sight of them.

You Templars sure know when to make an entrance. If you were just ten seconds late, I would have killed the Regent!

While struggling to stand up, the Regent smirked. "Within the Thirty-four Templars, there are two King Class warriors. Including myself, there are now three."

He continued haughtily, "The other thirty two members are Archduke class warriors. Together with three of us King Class warriors, you are no match for us."

"Mr. Williams, there's still time for you to confess to your crimes now. If not, you and your men will be crushed today."

However, Zeke wasn't bothered by his statement, bursting into laughter instead.

So what if you have more formidable warriors?

I am an Ultimate Class warrior,

To me, King Class warriors are just like insects that can squash easily

Mr. Collins cursed, "Stop your bullsh*t! I want to see for myself how you're going to crush us."

"Sole Wolf, handle the rest of them. Killer Wolf, both of us will deal with the three King Class warriors."

Sole Wolf retorted, "Back off! I want to kill King Class warriors today. You take care of the Archduke Class warriors."

Upon hearing that, the Regent and the Thirty-four Templars grew infuriated.

They were being blatantly humiliated as they watched their enemies argue over who was going to kill the King Class warriors.

Before the three of them could decide, another two helicopters descended slowly.

From the first helicopter, three men descended.

"The Three Inspectors reporting for duty."

From the second helicopter, six men got off.

"The Six Superintendents reporting in."

With the other nine men's arrival, the atmosphere grew more intense.

Together with the Regent and the Thirty-four Templars, they were the complete collection of all the strongest martial artists in Eurasia.

The fact they were gathered here was an earthshattering moment.

Today's events had gone way out of control. No one knew if the Great Marshal would still be able to deal with it.

Meanwhile, the three heads of the Martial Houses were prepared to commit suicide; they had assumed that the Great Marshal would lose.

Hence, instead of being killed by other powerful men, it was better to give themselves a quick and less painful death.

The Regent ordered, "Thirty-four Templars, Three Inspectors, and Six Superintendents, listen up. The Four Great Martial Houses have committed grave crimes by manipulating the Martial Arts Unified Exam. Therefore, they have been sentenced to death. Execute all of them!"

Great Marshall: Marrying the Bridesmaid
Chapter 1591-1595

Chapter 1591
"Understood!"

His men all grunted in acknowledgment.

Meanwhile, Zeke bellowed coldly, "Stop! All of you."

Turning to look at Zeke in surprise, the Regent sneered, "Great Marshal, I have underestimated your courage. How dare you stop us. Everyone, you are now executing the Regent's orders. Whoever stands in your way is obstructing justice. You are free to kill them."

Zeke walked toward the Regent. "Is that all you have? It's wonderful that all of you are gathered here today. This way, I can wipe all of you out at one go."

Pfft!

Haha!

The crowd burst into laughter.

Someone who had their life force destroyed was boasting about eliminating Eurasia's strongest array of warriors.

It was simply hilarious.

The Regent then ordered, "Three Inspectors and Six Superintendents, deal with Killer Wolf, Sole Wolf, and Mr. Collins."

"Thirty-four Templars, kill the criminals of the Four Great Martial Houses."

"I will end the Great Marshal's life myself."

"Understood!"

As they went their separate ways, the Regent charged madly at Zeke.

The Thirty-four Templars attacked the Four Great Martial Houses while the Three Inspectors and Six Superintendents stopped Killer Wolf and his companions.

From their perspective, they expected Killer Wolf and his group to protect Zeke, who was now under attack by the Regent.

Contrary to their expectations, Killer Wolf and his companions didn't even attempt to do so.

In fact, they didn't even seem bothered about it.

What's going on?

In their hearts, Killer Wolf and his companions found the situation amusing.

Zeke is an Ultimate Class warrior.

Even if all of you combined your strength, you might not even harm a hair on his head.

With only a weak Regent attacking him, Zeke will feel insulted if we helped him. Even if he didn't, we would feel the same on his behalf.

Charging towards Zeke, the Regent unleashed his most deadly moves; he wanted to kill Zeke badly.

Zeke remained calm as he shot out an intense burst of energy with a jolt of his body.

He refrained from using the King's Technique.

The energy he blasted out was as thick as the clouds and as overwhelming as the ocean. It headed straight for the Regent like water gushing out from a burst dam.

Zeke's energy was stronger than that of the Regent's by a thousand times.

The King Class energy pressured the Regent, making him feel as if he was carrying a whole mountain on his shoulders.

Unable to take the pressure, his knees buckled, and he was pressed towards the ground.

The next moment, the energy exploded in a giant boom, causing the sky to change colors.

As the ball of energy shattered from the explosion, it shot itself like arrows in every direction.

Everyone on the battlefield nearby was caught in the barrage of energy arrows.

Some of them fainted from light injuries they had while those who sustained heavy injuries died.

Among them were two Archduke Class warriors.

Given how powerful Zeke's energy blast was, the Regent was likely badly hurt.

Meanwhile, the crowd widened their eyes in shock when they saw the devastation the explosion had left.

In the middle of the battlefield, a giant crater lay there with the lower half of the Regent's body. The upper half of his body was nowhere to be seen.

“How... How is that possible...” An agonizing voice sounded from above their heads.

As the crowd looked up, they saw the Regent's upper half body speaking.

As a King Class warrior's life force was extremely strong, they would not die instantly even when they were blown in two.

However, he was bleeding profusely everywhere while his breathing was increasingly shallow. As he had lost too much blood, it was obvious he couldn't be saved.

Everyone was shocked to see what had just unfolded.

What's going on?

Has Zeke become a God?

Just a blast of his energy was enough to maim a King Class warrior while the shockwaves killed a large number of people, including a few Archduke Class warriors.

If he had unleashed the King's Technique, it would split the heavens instead.

Who said the Great Marshal's life force has been destroyed?

Bullsh*t!

The Great Marshal has simply hidden his powers from everyone.

His true strength exceeded that of a King Class Warrior.

As to whether it had reached Ultimate Class, no one knew, as no one had seen an Ultimate Class warrior before.

The crowd was so excited that they teared.

Chapter 1592

The Great Marshal was their idol. Not only did their faith in him not waver, but it was also strengthened.

They soon knelt down one by one. “Congratulations on the return of the King Class Great Marshal.”

As of now, Zeke had transcended all faith and legend.

In their hearts, Zeke was now a God.

Kneeling to a God was the most natural thing to do.

However, to say that the King Class warrior had returned' wasn't accurate.

In fact, the King Class warrior had never 'left'.

Meanwhile, Killer Wolf glared at the Regent's subordinates. "Why aren't you kneeling? If you want to be blown apart by the Great Marshal's energy, just say so."

Ah!

At that moment, the Regent's men snapped to their senses and knelt down.

By then, they had fallen into deep despair.

Zeke's true power was way above their expectations.

Even their combined strength was no match for Zeke's.

From their perspective, Zeke's power had exceeded that of a King Class warrior.

Although it was just one level higher than that of a King's Class, every single level was a huge leap in the martial arts world.

The gulf between each level was crossed based on skill and not just on numbers alone.

Meanwhile, the Regent, who had been split in two, roared his last breath, "Stop... don't kneel! You shouldn't kneel even in death."

He gasped, "If you kneel, the boss will not protect us anymore... you... you will all be finished."

Suddenly, the Regent's men hesitated and were in a dilemma.

Zeke sneered, "If I want to kill all of you, no one can stop me."

The Regent scoffed, "Zeke, do you think you can act with impunity just because you've broken through King Class? You're wrong. Let me be honest with you. In this world, the Ultimate Class warrior exists. Although you've exceeded the King Class, you definitely have not achieved the Ultimate Class."

"In front of the Ultimate Class warrior, you are nothing," he snarled.

“Bullsh*t!” Killer Wolf cursed. “Zeke is...”

Killer Wolf wanted to declare that Zeke was also an Ultimate Class warrior.

However, he stopped short when Zeke shot him a warning glance

Zeke hadn't shown his Ultimate Class skills on purpose.

He had only demonstrated those of King Class to hide his true strength as he was worried the mastermind wouldn't show himself.

Zeke looked at the Regent. “Oh? Does the Ultimate Class warrior really exist? I'll really be interested to meet one.”

The Regent replied, “L... I can ask him to kill you

Now.”

Zeke answered, “Alright, go ahead. I'll let you contact him.”

With his trembling fingers, the Regent pointed at the lower half of his body. “Phone... my phone is in my pocket.”

Zeke shot a glance at Killer Wolf. The latter retrieved the phone from the Regent's pocket and kicked his balls at the same time.

Meanwhile, the Regent closed his eyes; he couldn't bear to watch such an act.

He felt utterly humiliated.

Upon receiving the phone, the Regent made a call.

“Boss, help... There's a change in the situation. If you don't come, your hundred-year plan may be foiled. Zeke Williams is the cause of its downfall.”

“His strength has exceeded that of King Class, but he hasn't reached Ultimate Class yet... Alright, please be quick...”

Zeke could roughly guess that The Boss' the Regent mentioned was likely the Four Hidden Sects.

Only they could make the Regent submit.

What he meant by the 'Hundred-Year Plan' was likely the fact that the Four Hidden Sects had used the Four Great Martial Houses to manipulate the Martial Artist National Examination.

Their objective was to place their own men in all the important positions within Eurasia's martial arts world.

As of today, all the positions – including the Thirty-four Templars, the Three Inspectors, and the Six Superintendents were populated by men from the Four Hidden Sects.

Therefore, it was accurate to say that they were in control of Eurasia's martial arts world.

Chapter 1593

Eurasia's martial arts world was closely related to its national security and defense.

Thus, they had taken Eurasia by the throat

However, never had they expected such a turn of events

Zeke made up his mind to seize this golden opportunity to weed out the Four Hidden Sects,

The man then announced, "Keep the Martial Artist National Examination going. Take down the Regent's men and keep a close watch over them."

"Yes!"

Sole Wolf led his men to arrest the Regent's men right away

With a mighty warrior like Zeke around, none of the Regent's men had the guts to fight back or flee.

The Regent was captured by Sole Wolf himself.

The former's blood-stained lips curled up into a hideous grin. "I have always been a dauntless man. I would rather die than be imprisoned by Zeke! Take my life now!"

Slap!

Sole Wolf gave him a tight slap without hesitation. "Cut the nonsense."

"What the hell?" The veins on his forehead were bulging. "Y-You bootlicking peasant! How dare you slap me! I'm going to kill you!"

The man struck himself in the chest, and it exploded at once.

The massive explosion broke those tall trees around him.

His body was blown to powder-like bits into the air, raining down from the sky together with his blood.

Sole Wolf was standing right beside him. The impact sent him flying tens of meters away. The man landed heavily on the ground, creating a crater underneath him.

Bast**d!

Zeke's heart ached at the sight.

The Regent had damaged his life force.

The impact of a King Class warrior damaging his own life force was incredibly powerful.

It was very likely that Sole Wolf had died in the explosion

Fuming with rage, Zeke turned to look at him.

Wounded all over, Sole Wolf was almost unrecognizable, lying completely motionless in a pool of blood and gore.

"Bring the Regent's men over here now!" Zeke was enraged. "Kill them all to avenge my friend's death."

What?

The Regent's men felt their scalps tingle.

Just because the Regent has murdered Sole Wolf, Zeke wants to massacre innocent men like us! How cruel! He is indeed a merciless demon!

Right when they were in despair, Sole Wolf spat a mouthful of blood suddenly.

Gradually, he crawled to his feet, glancing around in a daze.

Overwhelmed by the explosion, he was bewildered.

A long while later, Sole Wolf finally recollected himself.

"Damn it! How dare that bast**d blow me up! I will never let him off! Where the hell is he? I'm going to settle the score with him."

Sole Wolf was alive!

Everyone gaped at him in astonishment.

Even a warrior of the same level would not be able to bear the impact of the damaged life force of a King Class warrior.

Yet, Sole Wolf did it.

He was unexpectedly resilient and pulled through the explosion of the damaged life force.

Zeke's heart was finally at ease.

The condition of Sole Wolf's physical fitness was way beyond his expectation.

Each of the Regent's men broke out in a cold sweat.

We have just escaped death by a hair's breadth.

After that, the Martial Artist National Examination went on.

At last, all the candidates from the Four Great Martial Houses failed and were disqualified.

Not only did Zeke not feel the slightest bit of delight, but his heart was filled with a lingering fear.

If those weaklings from the Four Great Martial Houses passed the examination and be the leaders of the martial arts world, it would be a calamity to Eurasia. It was my mistake that the Four Hidden Sects took advantage of this loophole.

At the Carter sect on Mount Final.

The head of the Carter family was worried and furious.

The Four Hidden Sects had been scheming for hundreds of years in Eurasia, and they were about to reel in the catch.

Much to their dismay, Zeke showed up and ruined their plot.

Jaime knew that the Four Hidden Sects could do nothing but halt their plan in advance to minimize their losses.

Chapter 1594

Therefore, he got in touch with the heads of the other three hidden sects, which were the Drake sect from Mount Fang, the Fields sect from Mount Ymir, and the Killingsworth sect from Twin Peaks.

Soon, the men arrived at Mount Final to meet Jaime.

After hearing Jaime, the three were infuriated.

“What a jerk! Zeke is such a trouble maker!”

“The Four Hidden Sects have been devising this plot for almost a century. We can’t let Zeke mess this up.”

The only thing we can do now is to reel in the catch earlier.

“Right. Does anyone know how powerful Zeke Williams is?”

“I heard from the Regent that Zeke has surpassed King Class. However, he still has a long way to go before reaching Ultimate Class,” Jaime answered.

The three men fell silent at his words.

After a long while, they finally spoke again.

“Who said the Great Marshal’s life force has been destroyed? Hah! He had fooled us all!”

“So what if he has surpassed King Class? Don’t forget we have our elders on our side!”

“Yeah, we could only invite our elders’ to step in now”

“Let’s not waste a second and do it now.”

The heads of the Four Hidden Sects left the Carter residence and headed to the depth of Mount Final.

As top notch King Class warriors, their speed was close to the subsonic speed of sound when they went all out.

Yet, it took them an entire night to arrive at their destination, Summerbank, which was at the innermost part of Mount Final.

The place was completely isolated from the outside world.

Clouds of thick fog surrounded the mountain where various beasts roamed around, and all kinds of trees and plants could be found.

There was no sign of anyone dwelling in this place.

No one knew how high this mountain was.

The visibility here was less than three meters, so there was no way one could see the peak of the mountain.

Nevertheless, this mountain was overgrown with unusual herbs and rare plants. The air was filled with intense spiritual energy.

That was exactly why the four elders picked this place for their cultivation.

Without a second thought, the four started clambering up the mountain.

The slope of Summerbank was so steep that it was almost vertical.

Even the four King Class warriors could not climb up by hand and needed to use ropes and some climbing equipment.

When the men were still halfway through, they were attacked by many pythons.

The most enormous one was tens of meters long and one meter in diameter. It was extremely aggressive.

Only by joining forces could they defeat the python.

These beasts had soaked up the spiritual energy on this mountain.

That explained why they were ginormous.

Ten hours later, the slope became less steep.

Through the thick fog, they could vaguely see an ancient building when they nearly reached the peak.

The ancient building at the peak was the place where the four elders practice abstinence and cultivation.

Building such an extravagant, magnificent, archaic building on a towering mountain must have cost a king's ransom.

Right when the four were about to step forward, a resounding, a faraway voice reverberated from the ancient building

“Who are you? How dare you barge into Summerbank!”

The four men knelt and bowed their heads at once. “We are the heads of the Four Hidden Sects, which are the Carter family from Mount Final, the Drake sect from Mount Fang, the Fields sect from Mount Ymir, and the Killingsworth sect from Twin Peaks. We are deeply sorry for disrupting you.”

After a moment of silence, the elder questioned, “What brings you here?”

Immediately, the heads of the Four Hidden Sects complained about Zeke.

“Zeke Williams, the Great Marshal of Eurasia, is indeed insolent!”

“He wants to destroy Four Hidden Sects’ centuries old scheme in Eurasia.”

“All the forces we have in Eurasia have been arrested by Zeke and are now at death’s door.”

“He also forced Four Great Martial Houses to hand over the ancient formulas and techniques of Four Hidden Sects to him.”

“He even led a troop and besieged the Carter sect, threatening to wipe us out. It was utterly humiliating!”

Chapter 1595

“That’s outrageous!” the elder bellowed.

His voice was followed by intense energy fluctuation, creating whirlwinds around them.

Overwhelmed by the energy, the four men felt their heads throbbing and spinning. Their blood was boiling as it raced through their pulsating veins. They could not help but bow their heads apologetically.

The head of Drake sect was impacted to the extent that blood was oozing out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

If any ordinary man were around, the person would have exploded and died.

“The Four Hidden Sects have always been royalty since the olden days. How can a Great Marshall mess around with you? All four of you are worthless pieces of junk. You can’t even handle an unworthy Great Marshal!”

Jaime hurriedly apologized, "I'm guilty indeed. We decide to reel in the catch earlier so that Zeke could not ruin our centuries-old scheme."

"Go ahead! Now that the time is right, so you may reel in the catch," the elder agreed.

Jaime "But Zeke has a prominent and well-established background. He probably has an ace up his sleeve. I'm worried that we might not be able to defeat him. I hope you can come out of solitude and back us up if we fail to take hold of him."

The elder nodded in agreement "Just carry on as you've planned the four elders will lend you a helping hand if you run into trouble"

"We can't thank you enough" Jaime and the others were touched "We shall not disturb you any further We'll take our leave now"

Just as they were about to leave, the elder growled all of a sudden, "Damn it! Were you being followed?"

"What? I don't think so. All four of us are King Class warriors. There is no way anyone can follow us without us noticing at all

"The one who is following you is not a human. Come out!"

An intense outburst of energy exuded from the ancient building and engulfed the entire peak.

Within seconds, it enveloped Summerbank and spread downward to the foot of the mountain.

The energy blasted the heads of Four Hidden Sects into the air. Landing heavily on the ground, each of them spat a mouthful of blood.

They marveled at the elder's capability.

How powerful the elder is! He is no doubt an Ultimate Class warrior. His energy can cover the entire Summerbank. One elder alone is enough to kill Zeke without breaking a sweat. I can't imagine how powerful it will be if the four elders join forces. They can definitely overthrow the universe.

A sense of lifelessness filled Summerbank after the energy gusted through it.

Countless beasts could not withstand the elder's energy and were killed on the spot and fell off the mountain.

The destruction was so massive as if it was doomsday.

A mynah of the size of a baby's fist emerged from the bushes and flew away.

Jaime's expression fell as he stared at the bird.

Isn't that Nameless' bird?

It turned out that the mynah had been stalking them.

No wonder none of the four King Class warriors notice it.

Jaime had long suspected something was amiss about Nameless.

Now his assumption was proven to be true by this mynah.

The elder bawled at them furiously. "What are you waiting for? Catch that mynah! If the location of Summerbank is exposed, I will not let you off!"

The heads of the Four Hidden Sects left in a hurry, chasing after the mynah.

Wounded by the elder's energy, the mynah had to land and take a rest at intervals of a few feet.

Fortunately, it took the four men some time to get down from Summerbank.

Besides, they could only sprint on the ground, but could not reach the flying mynah.

As a result, they could not close the gap between them and the bird, let alone keep up with it.

At last, the mynah risked its life and flew across a wide river. Only then did it manage to get away from the four men.

With indignant faces, they could do nothing but stare as the mynah crossed the river.

The head of Drake sect suddenly said, "I think I've seen this crimson mynah on Mount Fang."

"How strange. This crimson mynah looks familiar to me as well," the head of Killingsworth said.

"What a coincidence! It has stayed in my bedroom too!" the head of Fields sect exclaimed.

Damn!

Chapter 1596

"Nameless! What a scheming man my elderly servant is!" Jaime clenched his fists tight.

The eyes of the other three men fell on him.

“Jaime, why did you say so?”

“How is the mynah related to your elderly servant?”

“This mynah belongs to my elderly servant, Nameless. Apparently, he has betrayed me and joined the Great Marshal. Nameless must have stolen intelligence information of the Four Hidden Sects using this mynah,” Jaime replied.

What did he say?

The expression of the Four Hidden Sects changed drastically

Unknowingly, they had been tricked by an elderly servant of the Carter family.

What a disgrace!

That’s utter humiliation!

Jaime added, “This mynah will certainly reveal the location of Summerbank to Nameless. Then, he will inform Zeke about it. It is going to be disastrous if Zeke finds out the route to Summerbank. Let’s act tonight. We have no time to spare.”

“Sure!”

The four men went their separate ways to their homes and prepared to reel in the catch.

At the Devonville Restricted Zone.

“Take a rest, Missy,” Nameless urged sympathetically.

In the meantime, Missy was holding the horse stance.

Exhausted, she was drenched in sweat, panting heavily with a reddened face.

However, her stance was still perfect.

She shook her head adamantly. “No. Master, you said you could maintain the horse stance for five hours when you were my age. There are still thirty minutes left. I can’t give up now.”

Nameless was guilt-ridden.

I was only bluffing. No one at her age can keep the horse stance for five long hours. Back then, I could only hold on for an hour. Yet, she has persevered for four and a half hours. I can't just tell her the truth and embarrass myself.

When he was still in a dilemma, a clump of red mess dropped from the sky on the ground in front of him.

What is that?

His first instinctive reaction was to shield Missy behind him from the danger.

After taking a closer look, he broke down right away.

That is my mynah!

Though all the mynah's feathers were crimson, he could still see fiery red blood oozing out of every inch of its body

The mynah was critically injured, lying motionless on the ground. It was hard to tell whether it has fainted or dead.

"Zippy! How are you, Zippy?" he choked up. Right in front of Missy, Nameless forgot himself and squatted on the ground, picking up the mynah as carefully as he could.

However, Zippy was unresponsive, slumping in his hands with its eyes shut.

F**k!

Nameless tossed his head back and wailed toward the sky, "I will slaughter whoever that hurt Zippy and annihilate his family!"

"Doctor! Doctor! Come over and treat Zippy now!"

An elderly combat medic who had treated Ares previously hurried toward them.

"What's wrong? Is anyone injured?"

Nameless handed the mynah to the elderly combat medic.

The combat medic burst out laughing in amusement. "Oh, it's a mynah..."

Nameless was emotional, refuting him in distress. "No! It is my son and my life! Please... please save Zippy..."

“I’m sorry. I am not a veterinarian, so there is nothing I can do,” the combat medic answered.

“Aargh!”

A wave of despair shot through Nameless, putting him on the verge of tears.

Right then, Zeke was back after the Martial Artist National Examination ended.

As soon as he was back, Nameless’ agonized cry caught his ears.

Anxiousness surged within him.

The first thought that popped into his mind was that something had gone wrong.

Instantly, the man leapt into the air, jumped over the distance, and landed in front of Nameless.

“What happened?”

Chapter 1597

Nameless’ eyes gleamed with embers of hope at the sight of the Great Marshal.

“Great Marshal, please save my son! I don’t know what happened to him. He’s now gravely injured.”

Seeing that it was the mynah that was wounded, Zeke’s heart was finally at ease.

Nevertheless, he knew the mynah was of utmost importance to Nameless.

“I know nothing about veterinary, but I can prolong its lifespans using Ammo Needle,” he suggested.

“Sole Wolf, get the best veterinarian to treat Zippy right away.”

“Noted,” Sole Wolf replied before leaving to contact the veterinarian.

Meanwhile, Zeke got down to Ammo Needle to extend Zippy’s life for eight hours.

“Nameless, who hurt Zippy?” he asked.

“I have no idea,” Nameless answered helplessly while shaking his head.

“I usually let Zippy wander freely. That’s why I was not bothered when it left me this morning. When Zippy came back, it was already badly wounded.”

Missy came over and said tentatively, "Daddy, Zippy came back with this thing just now. I can feel this little thing giving off a unique aura."

On her palm lay a crystal clear item.

Huh? What is this? It is giving off spiritual energy!

Zeke hurriedly picked it up from Missy's hand.

Sure enough, the crystal clear item was exuding faint spiritual energy.

"This... this is a thousand-year-old snow lotus! And it is freshly plucked from the plant. Oh, my God!! Never expected there are still some thousand-year-old snow lotuses growing in this world," Zeke said with much excitement.

What? A fresh thousand-year-old snow lotus?

Every warrior present went into an uproar.

The thousand-year-old snow lotus was a rare gem.

It was the most potent spiritual drugs.

Although it could not bring the dead back to life, it could save a life as long as the person was still breathing

It was immeasurably precious to martial artists.

But thousand-year-old snow lotuses have become extinct centuries ago. Even if there were leftovers, they should be in the national treasury or in the hands of the Four Hidden Sects. Why is there still a freshly pluck snow lotus? Where is it growing then? Besides, This plant only thrives in stringent environmental conditions, which is why the plants had been extinct for many centuries.

Suddenly, Zeke thought of a question.

"Missy, how did you know Zippy was the one that brought back this thousand-year-old snow lotus?" he asked.

"I felt a unique aura falling from the sky just now. I glanced up and spotted Zippy. After it fell onto the ground, it spat something. Then I realized it was this item that was giving off the unique aura is from," she answered.

Zeke was blown away. "It's the sensing capability! Missy, perhaps you have the sensing capability."

The sensing capability!

The revelation enthused everyone present.

"Haha! Sensing capability! What a great honour for the martial arts world!"

"This is a blessing bestowed by God!"

"The Great Marshal is really exceptional that he has given birth to a daughter with the sensing capability."

Missy was lost

"Daddy, what is the sensing capability?"

Zeke squatted down to gaze into her eyes and explained patiently, "Sensing capability is an extraordinary physical attribute that can sense spiritual energy. Eurasia is vast, yet sparsely populated, so there might be rare plants growing in many secluded areas. Only people with the sensing capability can detect the spiritual energy from those plants and find them for the benefit of martial artists. Regrettably, over the past few decades, there are only a handful of people with this capability, if not none. Hence, numerous spiritual drugs remained hidden and undiscovered. After hundreds of years ago, there is finally someone with the sensing capability in Eurasia, which is you, Missy. You have a great responsibility on your shoulders from now on."

Chapter 1598

A sudden realization dawned on Missy after his explanation. "Daddy, no wonder I can always feel faint spiritual energy in the southwest of our house. There must be treasure in that direction."

What?

Zeke and the others were over the moon.

The Devonville Restricted Zone was disconnected from the world. This made it ideal for the growth of rare plants.

Therefore, it was not surprising that there were spiritual drugs here.

"Missy, bring us there now," Zeke quickly said.

“Sure!”

Missy scampered forward while a large crowd trailed closely behind her.

“Obviously, the thousand-year-old snow lotus Zippy brought back was freshly plucked from somewhere. The place at which the plant can thrive must be a spiritual land, so I’m sure there are other rare treasures there. We have to find out where Zippy took the snow lotus from,” Zeke said.

“Of course. Don’t worry, Zeke. I got this,” Sole Wolf answered.

“Get all the veterinarians in Eurasia to come over. I’ll chop off their heads if they can’t heal Zippy.”

“Alright.”

Afterward, the crowd was led by Missy to a remote valley within the Devonville Restricted Zone,

The little girl pointed at the wall of a mountain and said, “This is where the strange aura is from.”

Err.....

Everyone was stupefied.

How can rare plants possibly grow in solid rocks? Does Missy really have the sensing capability?

Zeke seemed to have thought of something. Then, he climbed on top of the highest rock and glanced around.

“These mountains in Devonville are the most auspicious place in Eurasia. This is an ideal burial ground. There could be an ancient tomb within this mountain. The rare plants may be growing in the ancient tomb. Nameless, break the wall.”

“Yes!”

Nameless threw a fist at the wall of the mountain, and it crumbled into pieces.

A dark cave came into sight.

A few archaic containers piled up at the opening of the cave.

There was most probably an ancient tomb, and its owner was no ordinary man since he could build his tomb within a mountain.

It was highly possible that he was buried together with rare plants as well.

The crowd tiptoed warily into the cave, with Zeke in the lead.

The ancient tomb was palatial and filled with all sorts of treasures.

The inner walls were full of murals about interesting things in the lives of the rich in the olden days.

VU

The tomb owner was either wealthy or influential.

Soon, they came to the center of the tomb, where a casket was placed in the middle.

PE

The casket was made of sandalwood, with innumerable treasures scattered around it. It looked opulent and classy.

Missy pointed at the casket. "Daddy, the strange aura comes from the casket."

"Come on, let's check it out." Zeke strode forward.

"Beware of traps. There must be many traps in this gigantic tomb," Nameless warned gingerly.

Zeke gave him a nonchalant smile. "Any trap is useless against a great power."

With that said, he released energy and formed an energy barrier around the crowd.

Everyone was stunned.

It is such a luxury that the Great Marshal uses his energy as a shield.

Killer Wolf felt inferior.

Though he was already a King Class warrior, his energy could barely shield himself from a sword.

It was totally incomparable with Zeke's invincible energy.

Sure enough, they ran into snares halfway to the casket

Crossbows surfaced from the walls of the tomb and shot arrows at them. There were fire and quicksand as well.

Yet, all the attacks were blocked outside the energy barrier, so everyone escaped unscathed.

Missy was impressed. "Daddy, you are amazing!! Want to be as powerful as you in the future."

With a warm smile, Zeke stroked her head. "Of course, you will. I have faith in you."

Chapter 1599

The man made his way to the casket and opened its lid with a strike of his palm.

Boom!

Everyone's heart fluttered at the sound that pierced the silence.

A pall of pungent dark smoke rose from the casket. It seemed poisonous.

Zeke blocked the dark smoke outside his energy barrier again.

After the dark smoke dispersed, the crowd leaned closer to look inside the casket.

Casting one glance, everyone was agitated.

There was no corpse in the vacant casket.

The casket was perfectly sealed, and there was no sign of break-in in the tomb.

Has the corpse risen from dead and run away? How absurd!

"What is that?" The sharp-eyed Sole Wolf spotted something unusual in the casket at a glance.

Everyone turned to look in the direction where he was pointing.

A mushroom-like lump grew on the wall of the casket.

The dark grey lump blended in perfectly with the casket. One would not notice it without looking carefully

Scrutinizing the lump for a moment, Zeke was thrilled suddenly. "It is a felstalk!"

A felstalk?

The others were astonished too.

“Felstalks are one of the top ten rare herbs!”

“It is said that felstalks are extremely poisonous and grow on human corpses. This must be a felstalk since the corpse has disappeared to nurture it.”

“It’s true that a felstalk is extremely poisonous, but if it is processed and filtered, its medicinal value is second only to a thousand-year-old snow lotus.”

Missy indeed had the sensing capability. This is such a blessing to Eurasia’s martial arts world. Haha!”

Right when Zeke was trying to get hold of the felstalk cautiously, a deep voice reverberated in the enclosed tomb all of a sudden.

“How dare you barge into my resting place! Are you aware of your misdeed?”

The deep voice echoed throughout the tomb. Its source was not traceable.

In a panic, everyone glanced around anxiously.

“What are you?”

“I am the owner of this tomb, Yael Walker. I have nurtured the felstalk with my body, yet you are snatching it without asking for my permission.”

A ruckus erupted among the crowd.

“Yael Walker? He is a well-known spellcaster in the eighteenth century.”

“Yes, only spellcasters know how to nurture felstalks.”

“Could it be there are really spirits in this world? Is Yael’s spirit still in this tomb?”

A paralyzing fear welled up in them.

“Leave now, and I will spare your lives. Otherwise, I will certainly finish you off,” Yael said.

Nonetheless, Zeke remained unfazed and sneered coldly, “What an amateur! Stop playing tricks and show yourself now!”

He flung his fist and emitted powerful energy that hit the wall on one side.

The wall fell apart, and a black leather casket appeared.

Everyone stared at it in perplexity.

It was uncommon that one tomb held two caskets.

“Come out now and bow to me! Are you waiting for me to drag you out myself?” Zeke instructed with disdain.

Bang!

The black leather casket exploded.

A dark figure hopped out of the casket and darted toward Zeke.

The sight petrified everyone present.

The dark figure was not human, but a demon.

His eyes were as big as lightbulbs with red glints in them.

Fangs protruded out of his lips.

Mists of blood were exhaled from his upturned nose. His entire body was full of hair.

Oh, no! Demons are real!

The demon was moving like a bat out of hell and unusually strong.

His every step shook the ancient tomb vigorously.

Zeke felt intimidated by the demon.

What exactly was the dark figure that it could make an Ultimate Class warrior feel intimidated?

Chapter 1600

He is the devil indeed!

Before they had time to react, the creature arrived before their eyes

Without hesitation, Zeke readied himself in the stance of Seven Stars of the Tiger before dashing toward the devil.

With the force of a pouncing tiger, his fist was on its way toward the devil's heart when it vanished into thin air before Zeke's fist came into contact.

Having missed its mark, Zeke's fist struck the stone wall behind where the devil stood moments before and reduced it to rubble.

Immediately after, the entire tomb began to vibrate violently with the threat of a collapse being imminent.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

What is going on?

How did the devil disappear all of a sudden?

Could it have been an illusion?

The black leather casket is still there, intact!

The strangest thing of all was that the cover of the casket had been cast onto the floor with a trail of black footprints leading toward the entrance of the tomb.

Zeke turned toward the entrance of the tomb just in time to catch a glimpse of a shadow disappearing around the corner.

"We have been duped!" Zeke fumed. "That devil was indeed an illusion. Hurry, the tomb is about to collapse!"

Sole Wolf carried the old combat medic out as he was the only one there unlearned in the martial arts, as well as being unable to move as swiftly as the rest.

Zeke grabbed a handful of felstalk before following suit. Barely escaping in time, the tomb collapsed just as he crossed the threshold of the entrance. At that point, the mountain was crumbling inward toward the void that was the tomb.

Not keen on being crushed by the avalanche, the group ran for several miles before slowing down and gasping for air.

"Who was it in that black leather casket?" Zeke asked as he put the felstalk carefully away. "Did anyone get a good look at him?"

The party shook their heads.

"We've been duped as well!"

"That's right. All we saw was the monster dashing toward us, just like you did."

“The person in the casket must have been a powerful mage to have been able to summon such a vivid illusion.”

“Great Marshal,” Nameless said suddenly. “Do you remember the mysterious organization that I’ve told you about?”

Zeke frowned. “Are you referring to the one that controls the Fortuna of Eurasia in the shadows and all of Eurasia’s resources?”

“Yes, Great Marshal.” Nameless nodded. “I suspect that our quarry in the tomb might be one of the members of this organization who was tasked to stand guard over the felstalk.”

Zeke gasped. As he knew nothing about his unseen enemy, the capture and interrogation of the man from the tomb might have led to plenty of information regarding the mysterious organization.

What a pity that he was able to escape!

“For the mysterious organization to devote manpower to guard the felstalk suggests that they think of the herb as their own property,” Zeke mused. “I’m sure they will make a move against me soon for stealing from them.”

“Sole Wolf,” he ordered. “Have the Wolfpack ready for war! If the mysterious organization dare shows themselves again, we will slaughter them!”

“Daddy” Missy piped up. “I am sensing a powerful presence of spiritual energy coming from the northwest.”

The party fell silent as they gazed expectantly at the girl.

Spiritual energy in masses is the most valuable thing on Earth. Only a spiritual land would be able to provide this amount of spiritual energy.

Missy must have discovered a spiritual land!

If that was indeed the case, Eurasia’s might as a nation could be strengthened tenfold.

It’s something not to be taken lightly.

Chapter 1601

“Jeager, doctor,” ordered Zeke at once. “Wait at Devonville Restricted Zone. Sole Wolf, go with them and stand guard. Tyler, Nameless, come with me to search for the spiritual land.”

Sole Wolf appeared dissatisfied. "Zeke, let me go with you instead. Tyler can stay behind."

"Don't even dare think about leaving me behind, you little sh*t," Tyler muttered as he ran aimlessly toward the opposite direction. "I'm well versed in the finer things in life, Great Marshal. I am sure that my expertise would be greatly useful to you."

"Master Collins," Missy reminded gently. "You're going in the wrong direction."

After Tyler had managed to reorient his bearings, he followed Nameless, Zeke, and Missy in search of the spiritual land.

The old doctor gazed affectionately at his grandson. "Jeager, has the Great Marshal solved the problem of the examination for you?"

Jeager nodded. "He has not only solved it for me, grandpa. The solution he provided was the breakthrough that we needed. Even the candidates for the next few generations would find it useful."

"What do you mean, Jeager?" the old doctor asked in confusion.

"To tell you the truth," Sole Wolf chimed in, "Zeke had managed to achieve this feat by slaying the Regent, imprisoning the Thirty-Four Templars, the Three Inspectors, the Six Superintendents, and even dissolving the Four Great Martial Houses. As you

Martial arts examination."

What?

The old doctor stood frozen as he stared at Sole Wolf in disbelief.

The Regent and his men are in control of the martial arts scene. Just like that, Zeke had managed to clean the slate for the future of Eurasia!

Meanwhile, Missy led the party toward the northwest

After half a day of walking, Zeke realized that they had been heading in the direction of the Carter sect.

Tyler too became aware of that.

"Great Marshal," he asked gingerly. "Is it possible for the spiritual land we are seeking to be within the walls of the Carter sect?"

Zeke nodded. "It definitely is."

"I beg to differ, Great Marshal," Nameless said at once.

The other three gazed curiously at Nameless's surprising proclamation.

"As a servant to the Carters for half my life," Nameless explained, "I have never seen a trace of a spiritual land within those walls."

"But how could you be sure? You were only a servant, after all," Tyler scoffed. "You wouldn't have had the right to venture into the inner doors, would you? The spiritual land could have been there all along and you wouldn't have seen it!"

"Lest you forget," Nameless replied calmly, "I still have Zippy. Aside from the Carter sect, I have seen through Zippy's eyes all the other secrets the other three sects have to offer."

The others nodded. "He has a point. Zippy must have seen everything."

"However," Nameless continued, "I have heard talk from the disciples of the Carter sect that the four elders of the Four Hidden Sects frequently retreated to a hidden mountain to rehabilitate. It is far more likely for the spiritual land to be situated there instead."

Zeke whistled softly. "If the spiritual land is indeed the size of a mountain, the number of herbs to be found there could nurture the martial artists of Eurasia for the next hundred years, at the very least. Locating the mountain is an utmost priority."

As they were discussing, the group approached the doors of the Carter sect.

"Hold on," Zeke called suddenly.

Nameless and Tyler gazed curiously at him.

"Have you noticed that it's unusually quiet here today?"

Chapter 1602

Nameless and Tyler stared suspiciously at the entrance to the Carter sect.

"The number of disciples guarding the entrance seems much fewer in number than usual, doesn't

"The inner doors are usually bustling with people as well. How strange."

"Dimn it," Zeke burst out angrily. "The Carter sect is making a huge move toward Eurasia! Come, let's take a closer look."

The group hurriedly made their way toward the entrance of the Carter sect.

The stone doors that Zeke had broken down on his previous visit had been restored. This time, the stone was much thicker than the one before.

However, it made little difference to Zeke, who could demolish it just as easily as he did previously if he so wished.

The sentry of the Carters shivered when he caught sight of Zeke.

The abuse and humiliation suffered by the Carter sect in the hands of Zeke remained vivid in their memories and they were traumatized.

The sentry turned away on the spot with the intention of running for safety when he was rooted in place by Zeke's voice.

"Did I give you leave? Stay where you are."

The sentry froze spun around. "Great Marshal, to what do we owe the pleasure of your visit?"

"I wish to speak with your patriarch," Zeke said curtly. "Have him come out to receive me."

The sentry appeared troubled. "Apologies, Great Marshal. Our patriarch is currently in solitary training; he did not leave word as to when he would be done. Please come back another time, Great Marshal. I will send word to you the moment our patriarch reemerges."

"This is not a negotiation," Zeke said abruptly. "I will see him today. Get him out here or I will be forced to go in and drag him out."

The sentry's face drained of color. "Yes, Great Marshal. I will relay your message at once."

After locking the stone doors securely, the sentry hurried in to the Carter residence.

Unbeknownst to Zeke, the head of the Carter family had already led the majority of their forces toward Atheville.

The one left behind in his stead was the Archduke, Jaddaeus Carter

Zeke's demand of meeting with the head of the Carter family was no small matter, necessitating the sentry to inform Jaddaeus of the arrival of the unwanted guests.

Jaddaeus was in a panic at receiving the news.

Of every other time he could have come, why does it have to be today! Oh, he's causing me so much trouble.

As the head of the Carter family was on his way to Atheville to attempt a coup, the scheme would be revealed the moment Zeke realized that the head of the Carter family was away.

Knowing Zeke's domineering personality he may very well rob our entire house when there's nobody here today to guard it.

Jaddaeus picked up his phone to dial Jaime's number and informed him of Zeke's unannounced visit.

Jaime scowled at the complication. As the most capable fighters of the Carter house had been led to Atheville for the mission, only several Archdukes were left behind. Without a doubt, they would not be able to stop Zeke if the latter launched an attack.

If Zeke takes this opportunity to rob us while our defenses are low, the Carter family may never recover from this!

Despite the helplessness of the situation, Jaime regained his composure quickly.

Yes, it is a risk. But there is an opportunity as well.

"Stall him," Jaime ordered. "Keep him there if you can so he doesn't ruin our plans."

"I'll do that, then." Jaddaeus nodded glumly as he hung up.

Having received the brunt of Zeke's temper from his prior visit, he was fully aware that to delay Zeke's demands was a very dangerous thing to do indeed.

Unfortunately, Jaddaeus had received direct orders from the patriarch which could not be refused.

Within several seconds, a hasty plan was put together in his devious mind.

"Bring them in," Jaddaeus ordered Manny who was standing at attention. "No, wait. Invite them in."

Manny gazed at Jaddaeus in bewilderment, convinced that he had misheard the latter.

Invite him in? Is this not as good as letting loose a ravenous wolf within our house!

"Mr. Carter," Manny pleaded. "Please reconsider..."

Chapter 1603

Jaddaeus stared at Manny. "Do you think that we would be able to stop him with our current manpower? Instead of letting him slaughter his way in, why not do it without any violence?"

Manny nodded resignedly. "Yes, sir."

Several moments later, he returned leading Zeke and his party who were looking equally confused.

Did I knock some sense into them the last time I was here? It's uncharacteristically courteous of them.

Jaddaeus was already standing at the entrance ready to receive his guests. When Zeke and his party appeared, Jaddaeus ran forward at once to greet them.

"Welcome, Great Marshal. Apologies for keeping you waiting. This way, please."

Zeke frowned, his suspicions deepening.

If I recall correctly, Jaddaeus declared himself a sworn enemy of mine the last time we met. He must have an ulterior motive for bowing and appeasing me like that.

Zeke and his party allowed themselves to be led indoors and seated.

"I am the Great Marshal of Eurasia, the wielder of the Dragon King Sword," Zeke proclaimed. "You are unworthy to receive me. Have your patriarch come out to meet me instead."

Jaddaeus appeared conflicted. "Apologies, Great Marshal. Mr. Carter is currently undergoing solitary training and does not wish to be disturbed. That is why he has sent me here instead."

"If that's the case," Zeke answered, "I won't force the issue. You, however, are not worthy to be seated next to me like an equal. Remain on your feet and make us some tea."

Da*n you! But I must play along to ensure the success of the bigger picture.

Jaddaeus bit back his retort with great effort and did as Zeke ordered.

"Mr. Williams," he said with forced politeness. "The valerian leaves we have here is a family heirloom that had been our possession for centuries which is found nowhere else in the world. As an honored guest to our home, it would be my pleasure to brew you a cup for your enjoyment."

Tyler regarded Jaddaeus with skepticism as he took the box and sniffed loudly.

“Of course, it is, good sir.” Jaddaeus turned to address Tyler pleasantly. “There is an interesting story behind our acquisition of these leaves, by the way. To make sense of the legend, we must first travel back three centuries up to our lineage...”

“It’s true!” Tyler shouted joyfully with tears in his eyes, not hearing a word Jaddaeus had said. “It’s real valerian! And the purity of it, mmm! How thoughtful of you and your family, Mr. Carter! Hurry up and brew us a pot, I can’t wait to sample this!”

Zeke stared in astonishment.

How gullible he to be distracted so easily from the task at hand by a box of tea leaves!

“Of course, we can, good sir,” Jaddaeus replied with a smile. “We’ll revisit the fascinating tale of our heirloom while savoring it, shall we?”

As he went over the story with excruciating detail, he summoned his tea mistress to prepare the tea.

While Tyler was spellbound by the exploits of ancient Carters, Zeke’s sense of unease began to grow.

Why does it feel like Jaddaeus is stalling for time? There are hardly any Carters in sight the entire time I’ve been here. This doesn’t look right. It’s usually bustling with activity here. Jaddaeus must be distracting us from something else they are up to.

Zeke stood up. “How brazen of you to be playing us for fools, Jaddaeus. Enough games, I am ordering you to have your patriarch meet me now.”

With his deception so easily pierced, Jaddaeus was near tears in despair though he somehow still managed to keep his cool.

“What do you mean, Great Marshal? I am doing the best I can to be a good host to you and your people. Why would you assume that I am.”

Before he finished his sentence, Zeke’s fist flew out and stopped an inch before Jaddaeus chest.

Though Zeke did not strike Jaddaeus, the shockwave from the strike itself sent him flying back.

Jaddaeus crashed into the wall and skidded.

Chapter 1604

The room that Zeke and his party were received in was situated in between the inner and outer doors,

The creck in the wall left behind revealed the inner doors of the Carter sect

With mounting excitement, Zeke hastened forward with broad strides and made his way into the crack in the wall

Tyler oazed morosely at the shards of broken porcelain on the table which was caused by the shockwave of Zeke's fist.

What a pity. Those were valuable tea leaves, indeed! It was a rare enough opportunity for me to sample some today, but Zeke just had to destroy everything, What a brute!

Tyler picked up the remainder of the tea leaves and stuffed them in his pocket.

With his other hand, he grabbed the tea mistress by the collar. "Take me to the tea room now, or things || get ugly."

"Focus on the mission, Tyler," Nameless reminded him. "We might have a fight ahead of us."

"Go on ahead. When you get back, we'll savor the tea together."

Nameless shrugged. "Deal."

As the debate was going on, Zeke was gazing cautiously around the area behind the inner doors with a grim expression

Though his anger had gotten the best of him again, he forced himself to steady his murderous intent as he did not wish for his daughter to be scarred by the horrors of a bloodbath.

"Missy, Daddy is going to teach some bad guys a lesson." Zeke turned around to address his daughter with a fatherly smile. "Why don't you go upstairs and explore the other rooms?"

"Yes, Daddy." Missy nodded obediently.

"By the way," she added. "I sense the ebb and flow of spiritual energy here as well."

"You do?" Zeke said at once. "Is it the same type as the one we were pursuing before?"

"No, Daddy. That one was much stronger than the one I'm currently sensing."

Zeke's pulse quickened in excitement.

The collection of herbs and artifacts of the Carters is already a sight to behold. If what Missy sensed is much more powerful than the Carters' collection, shudder to even imagine what we may find.

Jaddaeus got to his feet unsteadily and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"Great Marshal, I have been nothing but a gracious host. How could you lash out at me like that?"

"Lash out?" Zeke repeated with a chuckle. "Oh, I'm just getting started."

Jaddaeus shivered at the menace in Zeke's voice.

"Do you recall what my last visit looked like?" Zeke asked with a leer. "You think slaughtering a man every ten minutes until Jaime showed himself was cruel? This time, I'll..."

Zeke drifted off as he glanced around the empty corridors. "I suppose there is no one here this time for me to make the same threat, is there? Well then, change of plans. I'll rip out an arm of yours for every minute you keep me waiting."

As he made the threat, Zeke strode toward Jaddaeus until the latter was backed into a wall.

"Great Marshal," Jaddaeus howled in despair. "You've overstepped your bounds! How dare you bully us to such an extent?"

"That's right. I am a bully," Zeke said with a shrug. "I enjoyed watching Jaime being frightened of me so much that I returned to thrash your house again."

Jaddaeus stared at Zeke with a mixture of horror and hatred.

You little insolent sh*t! How dare you disrespect my family so!

Suddenly, whooshing noise from the depths of the Carter residence preceded the landing of a figure from the ceiling next to Jaddaeus.

At the same time, six more men stepped out swiftly from the shadows and heavily surrounded Zeke.

The man who had dropped from the ceiling was a King Class warrior, as evidenced by the aura of war bristling from his stance.

The other men around Zeke on the other hand were Archdukes.

If they were to be let loose outside the world, they would be deemed talented fighters within the mortal realm.

However, they were merely average within the Carter sect.

Chapter 1605

Zeke frowned.

That's it? All that remained behind to guard the Carter residence is merely a King Class warrior and six Archdukes? That means the immense force of the Carter family has been led to Atheville by Jaime!

Eurasia is in deep trouble.

"Collins, Nameless," Zeke ordered. "Time is of the essence. The Four Hidden Sects are on the move."

"Yes, Great Marshal!" Nameless shouted as he readied himself for a fight.

Eh?

As Tyler did not respond, Zeke turned around only to discover that Tyler was absent.

"Where is Tyler?" Zeke asked.

Nameless rolled his eyes. "He's looting the tea collection of the Carters to bring some back for the boys."

Jaddaeus started swearing.

They're not even showing us the courtesy of at least beating us in a fight before robbing us!

"This old fool." Zeke shook his head with a chuckle. "Why does he think he needs to be picking up scraps when we can have everything once we're done sacking this house!"

"Such insolence!" the King Class warrior shouted. "I am going to teach you a lesson for disrespecting the Carters like that. We have no need for the rest for I can beat you alone."

"Is that so?" Zeke leered. "Let's see it, then!"

"Nameless." Zeke turned to his subordinate. "You know what to do. Remember, time is of the essence."

Nameless stepped forward as instructed and beckoned the six Archdukes to approach him.

The two King Class warriors of the Carter family on the other hand made a dash toward Zeke, who appeared as relaxed as ever.

Right before they reached him, Zeke snapped into a fighting stance which radiated a ripple of energy outward.

Through sheer force of will, he molded the shapeless but tangible energy into the shape of a pack of tigers.

That particular style was actually a modified version of the Seven Stars of the Tiger.

As the Seven Stars of the Tiger was only suitable for ordinary King Class warriors, Zeke had not much use for it anymore as he had surpassed that level and had ventured into Ultimate Class.

Originally, the Seven Stars of the Tiger was only limited to the force of one tiger per strike.

With Zeke's current abilities, he was able to strike with the force of a hundred tigers with the same stance.

As a result, the two King Class warriors found themselves at the risk of being run down by a pack of insatiable tigers.

Taken aback by the pure ferocity of Zeke's stance, they discovered too late that it had been most unwise to challenge him.

Of course, the Invincible Wave Energy is a dead giveaway that Zeke is an Ultimate Class warrior!

How is it possible that a bumbling idiot like him could achieve Ultimate Class?

As far as we know, only the elders of the Four Hidden Sects have achieved Ultimate Class.

Being ancient practitioners who have lived for more than a century, their attainment of Ultimate Class is a given. But Zeke is only an infant as compared to them!

As reluctant to believe it as they were, the two King Class warriors were forced to admit it as they had witnessed Zeke mold the Invincible Wave Energy into a pack of tigers before their very eyes.

Yup, Zeke has achieved Ultimate Class, all right. Only the force of will of an Ultimate Class warrior is capable of such a feat.

Without warning, Zeke was already approaching them.

Moving so quickly that it felt as if they were fighting four men instead of one. The last thing the King Class warriors remembered was trying to fend off Tiger Pounce, Tiger Slash, Tiger Roar, and Tiger Shred at the same time before being ripped to pieces.

Being the first time Zeke had ever demonstrated the full extent of an Ultimate Class warrior's capabilities, Zeke felt certain that that was not even his peak.

After he finished his fight, Zeke turned to look at how Nameless was faring against his six opponents.

Two King Class warriors? Hah! Even two houseflies would put up more of a fight.

The six Archdukes that Nameless is facing should give him no trouble at all.

As Zeke had expected, Nameless was toying with his opponents by forcing them to exert themselves without actually moving in for the killing blow.

Chapter 1606

Zeke was irritated as he could see that Nameless was deliberately holding back.

"D*mn it, Nameless," he shouted. "We're on a clock here! If you don't speed things up, don't even think about enjoying Tyler's loot."

Nameless grinned sheepishly and within the timeframe of a second, unleashed a shockwave of energy outward which instantly took the shape of a tiger.

Seven Stars of the Tiger, Tiger Shred!

With a circular swipe around all six Archdukes, Nameless' opponents were sent flying backward without even being able to defend themselves.

Zeke smiled in approval.

Looks like Nameless is well trained in the Seven Stars of the Tiger, after all. I'm not buying into his rubbish of not being acquainted with Pietro.

Besides, he has the potential to break through to King Class at any moment! How fortunate I am to have come across him.

As the Archdukes got to their feet, one of them gave a cry of recognition.

“You...” he choked, pointing a trembling finger at Nameless. “You are just a servant of the Carter family! How is it possible for you to attain King Class? You must have stolen our weapons and resources to have been able to achieve such a feat.”

“Go to hell,” Nameless retorted. “I have no use for your sh*tty resources. Are the Carters even well trained in the Seven Stars of the Tiger?”

The Archduke fell silent.

We should not have underestimated this old man. He’s more shrewd and powerful than we made him out to be.

Zeke stepped forth and with a swipe, all six Archdukes fell in a heap to the ground.

As he had inadvertently revealed his status as an Ultimate Class warrior earlier, Zeke felt the need to slay all of the witnesses as it was a piece of information that was not yet suitable to be made known.

It is better for my enemies to underestimate my true capacity so that when it’s time for me to strike, they will not be able to see it coming at all.

Zeke and Nameless ran into Tyler as they exited the inner doors, who had a gunny sack around his shoulder chock full of spoils of war.

Though he was bent double from the weight of the sack and his brow was shining with sweat, Tyler appeared delighted by the treasures he had managed to loot in the meantime.

“You’re done?” Tyler asked, looking rather disappointed. “I’m sure there are more fellows for you around here for you to beat.”

“Why?” Zeke asked with a frown.

“There is so much to loot here,” Tyler lamented. “See this sack? It’s not even one percent of what the Carters have hoarded. Nameless, pick up a sack and help me! Let nothing go to waste.”

Nameless was just about to follow Tyler back into the Carters’ vaults when Zeke’s sharp voice stopped them, to their dismay.

“No! We have urgent business to attend to.”

As the party made their way out of the Carter residence, Zeke’s phone rang.

“Zeke, we have a problem.” Sole Wolf’s voice came from the other end.

“What is it?”

“We have interrogated the Three Inspectors, the Six Superintendents, and the Thirty-Four Templars and did not find Tigon Badge on any of them. We have also ransacked their homes to no avail. It is very likely that Tigon Badge has fallen into the hands of outsiders. Don't worry, we are still pressuring them for answers as we speak.”

Zeke felt his heart sink. That's not good.

Tigon Badge is the stamp of authority. Without it, the control of the martial arts scene within Eurasia could very easily fall into the hands of the outsiders.

The Four Hidden Sects must be in possession of the Tigon Badge!

With that stamp of authority, the martial arts scene in Eurasia is at their mercy!

That must be the reason Four Hidden Sects are at that moment making their way to Eurasia. To claim the power they have usurped.

Chapter 1607

It is possible that they are intending to conquer the martial arts scene in Eurasia over the long term.

“Sole Wolf,” Zeke ordered, suddenly brisk. “Gather the Wolfpack to march toward Atheville! We are about to head for war.”

“Yes, Grand Marshal!”

Immediately after getting off the phone with Sole Wolf, Zeke dialed the president's number to no avail.

It seems like the Four Hidden Sects have severed the communication lines of Atheville with the outside world.

Zeke picked up his pace. “Hurry! Atheville is in grave danger.

He was right.

At the exact same moment in Atheville, the heads of the Four Hidden Sects had surrounded Atheville with a combined force of a million men.

Amongst them were thousands upon thousands of King Class warriors and Archdukes. Even the commonest footsoldier was a Grand Master.

The force mustered up by the Four Hidden Sects was capable of standing up to the military might of an entire nation.

The four heads were at the moment discussing the final details of their operation in a tent when a subordinate entered.

“Sirs, we are pleased to report that the communication lines had been disabled! Atheville now has no way to reach out to the outside world for help.

The four heads were immensely pleased by the news.

With Atheville surrounded and its communication lines severed, the city belongs to us now.

As Atheville is the governing city of Eurasia, the entire nation is as good as ours!

“It is time,” the four heads unanimously declared. “Move out!”

Flanked by the advance team of a thousand strong warriors, the four heads made their way past the city gates.

The advance team was made up of men carefully chosen by the four heads. Amongst them were several hundred King Class warriors with the rest comprising of Archdukes.

The commotion did not go unnoticed by the president, who sent an envoy to stop them in their path.

“The Four Hidden Sects are not permitted to step foot onto the sacred ground of Atheville,” the envoy said simply. “Retreat at once or be branded as traitors to the nation.”

“I’m just here to check up on the status of the offerings promised to us,” Jaime said with a chuckle. “We haven’t heard anything about it so I thought I’d come and check. You are the ones to have violated the century-old terms first. I just want to know why.”

“I will relay your concern to the president,” the envoy replied stiffly. “I trust that he will have a satisfactory answer for you very soon. In the meantime, please remove yourself from the city and await his reply.”

“I just want to clarify things with a face-to-face meeting,” Jaime insisted. “Your messengers will only distort the message.” At that, he waved his men forward.

“Proceed no further!” the envoy shouted in a panic. “This is an order—”

Jaime shot a glance at one of the King Class warriors who promptly stepped forward to snap the envoy's neck.

Undeterred, the president sent several more envoys forward to attempt to parlay with the four heads only to have them mercilessly slaughtered in the same way.

At last, the president was forced to deploy armed guards to put an end to the march led by the four heads.

Unfortunately, the advance team which consisted of several hundred King Class warriors was already a force to be reckoned with.

Despite the guards' best efforts, the march was not even delayed as the advance team marched ahead to kill anyone who stood in the way of the four heads.

At last, the party arrived before the president's residence.

Aside from being his home and office, it was also the heart of Eurasia and all of its secrets.

Fortunately, the president had the foresight to deploy the reserve guards to surround his residence. The small army was led by the Four Royal Guards who were Emerald Dragon, Scarlet Phoenix, White Tiger, and Black Tortoise.

They had been Zeke's disciples from a young age.

Upon the discovery of the Spirit Stone mine, they were the first ones to reap its benefits which ensured their ascension to King Class warriors.

After many more years of training and serving the president, they were all nearing the upper limits of King Class. One of them was so far along and was only a step away from Ultimate Class.

Chapter 1608

They did not come out often as they were usually guarding the president by his side which was their sworn duty.

Contrary to what the Four Royal Guards were anticipating, the four heads did not intend to declare war.

Instead, they were merely demanding that the president hand over the dominion over the martial arts scene in the country.

By doing so, the military force of the entire nation would be in the hands of the four elders.

At that point, the government would be acting as a puppet with its strings being pulled by Four Hidden Sects.

“Emerald Dragon,” Jaime said coldly. “We would like to speak with the president regarding some urgent matters. Kindly remove yourself from our path. The consequences which will arise from our failure of seeing the president today is more than what you can afford to bear.”

Emerald Dragon did not budge.

Everybody and their mother knows that Jaime intends on taking over the country today. I am not going to believe a single word out of his mouth.

Instead, he turned to address the guards behind him. “Men! Hear me!”

“Yes, sir!” they shouted in response. The combined might of their voices echoed through the mountains in the distance,

“The time to defend Eurasia is now. Nothing is more honorable than to die for our beloved Eurasia. Fight for your country!”

“Yes, sir!” the guards replied as they bristled with pride.

Jaime sighed. “Emerald Dragon, why pick a losing battle? You know that you are outnumbered and outmatched. I will give you one last chance. Allow us to pass and I assure you that I will see to your training and guarantee massive progress.

Emerald Dragon drew Emerald Scythe in response. It glittered in the sunlight like the eyes of an enraged serpent.

“Kill whoever attempts to force his way into the president’s residence!” he shouted, raising his weapon in the air.

“You have picked the wrong choice today,” Jaime said with an exasperated shake of his head. “Enough chatter. Kill them all who stand in our way!”

At the battle cry, the combined forces of Four Hidden Sects swarmed around the presidential residence to meet the onslaught of the president’s forces.

The Four Royal Guards themselves prepared to take on the four heads.

Though the guards of the city were numerous and were deemed unusually talented fighters by the outside world, they were still no match for the hundreds of King Class warriors and thousands of Archdukes that made up the force of the Four Hidden Sects.

In the face of overwhelming odds, the guards fought bravely but still fell in droves.

At the sight of the city's failing defense, the Four Royal Guards were forced to back away under the relentless pressure of the four heads and their men.

Though they were similarly matched against the four heads, the Four Royal Guards were kept busy in defending the city walls on top of the fierce assault upon their bodies by the four heads.

Despite it all, the determination of the Four Royal Guards did not falter in the slightest as they were aware that they were their nation's last line of defense.

We have a heavy burden upon us. We knew this the day we took the oath and the day has come.

As the battle raged on, Jaime continued to persuade Emerald Dragon to surrender.

"Emerald Dragon, there's no need for any more lives to be wasted. Tell your men to lay down their arms. You will be branded as heroes once we gain control of the nation's military force. Otherwise, you will be branded as traitors of the nation. Even after your death, your reputation will be trodden and spat on by mere peasants! This will be your last chance to do so."

In response, Emerald Dragon spat a mouthful of blood onto Jaime's face.

"Attempt to extort a guard is punishable by death! I will have your heads!"

Jaime lost his temper. "You'll pay for this!"

Incensed by the four heads, the advance team was sent into a frenzy. Soon, the Four Royal Guards and the city guards found the pressure they were facing to be increasing.

At this rate, the president's residence will collapse before the night is over!

Suddenly, Jaime's phone rang.

He glanced at the number to discover that it was the man he had left behind to guard the Carter residence.

"You three," he snarled with a ferocious swipe toward Emerald Dragon which forced him backward. "Keep him at bay for a moment."

Though Jaime stepped out of the fight, the Four Royal Guards did not find the battle to be any easier.

Chapter 1609

Though both sides were equally matched at the start, the Four Royal Guards sustained heavy injuries.

As a result, the three heads were able to beat back the Four Royal Guards easily.

Meanwhile, Jaime picked up his phone. "What is it?"

"Mr. Carter, Zeke is currently heading toward Atheville!" came Manny's panicked voice. "He has deduced our plans and is putting a stop to it!"

D*mn it!

Jaime cursed under his breath before turning around to address the advance team.

"Pick up the pace, we do not have much time left."

Spurred on by the order, the advance team fought even harder than before.

Within ten minutes, the president's forces had been completely subdued.

Aside from the numerous casualties, the others were taken as prisoners of war.

Even the Four Royal Guards were left on the ground spewing mouthfuls of blood from the severity of their injuries, having lost the will to fight.

With a long thin sword in hand, Jaime approached Emerald Dragon with cruel intent.

"What a pity for it to end this way. I have heard that you are a rare talent. You could have been something if you chose to serve under me. Since you chose to oppose me, the only other option for you is death."

Emerald Dragon looked up as his face contorted into a hateful jeer. "Death? If I must die, you're coming with me!"

With a burst of his remaining strength, he jumped to his feet and leaped toward Jaime.

Being taken completely unaware, Jaime was unable to move in time and was tightly held by Emerald Dragon

Before he could retaliate, Emerald Dragon channeled his life force one last time and exploded violently.

When Jaime realized what Emerald Dragon was doing, it was already too late as the force of the explosion sent him flying backward.

He landed in a heap some distance away with his ears ringing from the force of the explosion.

When Emerald Dragon was making his move, the other three Royal Guards lunged at the other three heads and with a final roar, blew themselves up in a similar fashion

Three simultaneous explosions of the three King Class warriors was a terrifying force indeed. Aside from the deafening boom, the very fabric of time and space seemed to warp as if threatening to rip apart

The skies turned dark without a trace of the sun or the moon from the impact. The shockwave was so powerful that it caused the collapse of several city walls in the distance.

The dust finally began to settle only after five minutes. There was no trace of the Four Royal Guards to be found.

Despite being the targets of the explosions, only one of the heads was killed.

Though the other three had sustained heavy injuries, they were not even close to death.

As they had anticipated an event like this to occur, they came prepared by donning blastproof armor.

It was an artifact that was capable of defending the lives of the heads of the Four Hidden Sects such as the armor was no ordinary item indeed.

Being able to withstand the relentless assault of even Ultimate Class warriors, the armor was more than capable of mitigating the blast of the King Class warriors..

However, advance team was not as lucky. Without the luxury of the armor that the heads wore, many of them were killed or severely injured in the explosion.

In fact, ten of the King Class warriors who stood closest to them were blasted into smithereens.

The city guards were shocked into silence at the manner of the Four Royal Guard's demise as they had looked up to the four as their leaders and mentors.

SEE

It is like watching your brothers die before your eyes and being unable to do anything about it. It's much more painful than our own deaths!

"Kill them! Kill them all!" one of the guards shrieked, maddened by grief. "Avenge our brothers!"

With renewed vigor, the battle cry of the guards echoed throughout the region.

Even the guards who were taken prisoner began to struggle violently against their captors, with little regard to the swords pressed against their necks.

At the slightest sign of movement, many of their heads fell instantly to the ground with a swipe of the swords.

Only a fraction of the president's forces remained alive as they did not attempt to resist their captors.

Meanwhile, the three remaining elders swallowed a red tablet each in unison.

Their recovery was so rapid that it could be discerned by the naked eye.

Chapter 1610

The red tablet was the jewel of Four Hidden Sects. Capable of bringing one back from the jaws of death as long as a pulse was still present.

In less than five minutes, the remaining three elders looked as if the explosion had never happened.

Getting on their feet, they announced, "Men! It's time to meet the president!"

Leading the survivors of their vast army, the three heads swaggered toward the president's residence

Just when they arrived at the gates, a clear and cold voice halted them in their tracks.

Turning around to face its source, the three heads caught a glimpse of a silver streak heading toward them.

Like a long silvery dart, the sword flew toward the heads of the three elders. It whistled menacingly like a deadly hummingbird as it drew closer to its targets.

Oh, sh*t!

As one of the three heads took a step back and narrowly avoided the sword.

The three King Class warriors next to them were not so lucky. Being a fraction of a second slower than the three heads, they were skewered by the sword against the wall.

After the initial yells of shock, the party leaned in for a closer look and discovered with a start of horror that it was the Dragon King Sword.

It's the Great Marshal's weapon! Is he here?

With the horrifying thought, they turned to look toward the direction from which the sword came.

Sure enough, Zeke was walking toward them with a mob at his back.

Flanked with Sole Wolf, Greedy Wolf, Justice Warrior, Tyler, and Nameless, the group bristled with murderous intent.

Jaime cursed under his breath. He is too late, yet again!

So what if he's here, anyway? We have hundreds of King Class warriors. They are pathetically outnumbered. Even if they arrived with higher numbers than these, we would still be able to trample them to death with the might of our combined forces.

Zeke's eyes swept across the scene and widened with horror.

I have arrived too late.

Though the Four Royal Guards were nowhere to be seen, the four puddles of bloody remains on the ground were sufficient to inform Zeke of their fate.

Zeke glanced up again and noticed that more than half of the president's forces were slain with rivers of blood flowing across the ground.

It looks like I've arrived at the gates of hell with the number of bodies around.

Sole Wolf and the rest had tears in their eyes as the Four Royal Guards were their brothers. Being trained by Zeke from a young age, the Four Royal Guards had been the closest childhood friends to Sole Wolf and the rest.

The deaths of the Four Royal Guards took a heavy toll on the new arrivals.

Killer Wolf's fingers twitched as he held his sword "Zeke, I feel a murderous lust arising within me."

Though Zeke appeared calm and collected, his heart was grieving with the loss of the Four Royal Guards who were like his children.

"Cigarette," Zeke muttered through gritted teeth as he tried his best to steady his voice.

"What?" Killer Wolf stared at him.

“Hand me the cigarettes,” Zeke repeated.

Killer Wolf handed him the pack at once.

Zeke strode over to the liquefied remains of the Four Royal Guards and knelt down. After lighting three cigarettes, he stuck them in the ground.

As the smoke twisted and billowed in the stillness of the air, Zeke found the corners of his eyes damp with tears.

They were my children. I’d nurtured them, cared for them, and watched them grow up.

However, he was accustomed to hiding his vulnerability as he had others look up to him as a Great Marshal.

“I was right to have chosen you boys,” Zeke muttered. “I’m proud of you for being brave defenders of Eurasia. Rest well, my boys. I will avenge you.”

Zeke stood up. After pulling a pair of white gloves over his hands, he pulled the Dragon King Sword from the wall, unceremoniously dumping the bodies skewered upon it, and wiped the blood on the sword on them.

“Arm yourselves,” he said softly.

“Great Marshal,” Jaime insisted. “We are here for a discussion of the utmost importance with the president. Since the Four Royal Guards had dared stand in our way, we—”

Zeke looked up and met the eyes of the three heads with such a cold glare that it frightened Jaime into silence.

“I said,” repeated Zeke with vehemence in each word. “Arm yourselves.”