

NH

Zeke said, “Ten seconds.”

Wolf’s Greed laughed, “I have told you Sole Wolf is incomparable to me.”

Zeke muttered, “It’s a draw. You have to realize that Sole Wolf didn’t use any weapon.”

Wolf’s Greed’s face turned gloomy. “Fine. I was happy for no reason.”

By now, half of the salespeople were gone from the scene.

The remaining half that was still around was too weak in their knees to flee.

Even Serena had collapsed onto the ground in fear.

The factors of horror movies were all in front of her— bleeding guts, blood, and broken limbs.

Zeke walked over to Patrick’s side. “Let me correct you. You said you underestimated us earlier. That isn’t accurate. A more accurate way is to say that you’ve severely underestimated us.”

At that moment, Patrick was on the verge of having a mental breakdown.

Zeke was right; he had underestimated his enemy.

He was a devil who would bury a man alive.

Calling him a bandit was clearly an understatement.

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One of his enemies was buried alive, and the other died from a fall. What miserable end will I have then?

He dared not imagine.

Unable to keep up with his tough demeanor, he begged, "Please spare my life! Please! I...I'll give you the villas here."

Zeke scoffed, "I'll give you ten, and even hundreds of residential areas like this. Can you bring back my friend's life?"

Patrick was in despair. It was obvious that Zeke was going to kill him.

Zeke continued, "Two questions. One, when you injured my friend back then, he was saved by someone. Who was that person?"

Patrick hurriedly answered, "It's that old man...Dr. Harry Collins."

Zeke glanced at Wolf's Greed. "I want to know everything about Harry Collins in five minutes."

Wolf's Greed answered, "Roger that."

Zeke returned to Patrick. "Second question. How did you injure my friend back then?"

Patrick shifted his gaze.

Zeke took out a dagger and pinned his other palm onto the wall immediately.

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“Look away again, and I’ll pin your head on the wall too.”

Patrick looked into Zeke’s eyes nervously.

Good god.

What kind of eyes does he have?

There’s a murderous look in them, and his gaze is piercing right into my soul.

A look at Zeke was enough to scare Patrick to the point of a mental breakdown.

Zeke patted his cheeks in order to get him to focus.

“Answer my question.”

Not daring to hide anything from him, Patrick replied honestly, “The Four Divinities and I chopped him five times each.”

Zeke furrowed as he calculated, “Five people, and five times each. That’s twenty-five times. If I multiply it by two, it’s fifty. Excluding the two from earlier, there are forty-eight left.”

Patrick was stunned by his words.

Will I even live after forty-eight blows from this lunatic?

Wolf’s Greed handed the decorative sword to Zeke.

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The edge of the sword was already dented, and blood was dripping off it.

Zeke took it and swung it at Patrick.

With a flash, the sword seemed to have disappeared in the quick swings.

After forty-eight blows, Patrick's body was a mass of bleeding flesh.

Not an inch on his body was spared.

Yet, every blow from Zeke had missed the vital spots. Hence, Patrick was still alive.

When he lowered his head to see the bloody mess that was his body, he was frightened out of his wits.

How? How can a person still be alive when their body looks like this?

This is worse than death!

Then, Zeke looked at Serena.

At that moment, Serena felt as if she was watched by the grim reaper.

Her knees went weak, and she fell onto her knees in front of Zeke.

Zeke scoffed, "A servant will always be a servant. Even if you have sold yourself, you have no right to dance like a fool in front of your master."

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Serena had her head lowered as she remained on her knees in front of Zeke.

That way, she could avoid looking into his terrifying eyes.

Zeke took off his white gloves and looked at Wolf's Greed. "Have you found the information of Frederick's savior?"

Wolf's Greed handed his phone to Zeke. "I got it."

"Okay." Zeke took the phone and glanced at the screen. "Let's go. It's time for us to repay the debt."

"Bring this guy along." He reached out to point at Patrick.

Patrick's eyes rolled back, and he passed out.

God, it's not the end yet!

Wolf's Greed dragged the bloody Patrick as he followed Zeke out of the residential area.

The moment they stepped out, Zeke realized that Lacey and Mia were walking toward them with the film crew.

Zeke knitted his brows.

What is Lacey doing here?

Are they here for filming?

After a quick second of contemplation, Zeke

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turned to a different direction. He did not want to meet Lacey in this place.

Firstly, he did not want to let Lacey see the violent side of him because he did not want to leave a bad impression on her.

Secondly, there were too many people around. If someone with ill intentions saw them interacting, it would not end well for her.

Hurry up and leave, Lacey.

However, Lacey and Mia had noticed Zeke.

However, they only saw his back.

Lacey asked, "Huh? Isn't that the anonymous hero? What a coincidence."

Mia answered, "Yes, he is! Look. Why is he dragging a bloody person?"

Lacey muttered, "Come. Let's ask what's going on at the sales gallery."

After asking, they found out that the anonymous hero was exacting revenge for his friend. That was why he had injured the other man badly.

Mia babbled, "He's worthy of his title as a hero."

On the other hand, Lacey just shook her head.

"This is way too violent. Forget it. Let's not delay the schedule any further and return to filming."

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When she looked at the beautiful scenery around her, Lacey sighed wistfully, “If only Zeke and I could buy a villa and grow old here.”

Mia mumbled regretfully, “What a pity. I heard that only a few units are being sold to outsiders. The owner is giving the rest as gifts. I’m sure the ones that are for sale have been sold. We won’t be able to buy them.”

Inside the limousine, Zeke was reading the information on Harry.

Harry was a TCM practitioner. In his early years, he was rather famous in Atheville.

He was the founder of Garden Grove, a pharmaceutical company. It was a well-established business in Atheville, and he could be considered as one of the wealthy families here.

In the past, Hunting Wolf had learned Ammo Needle from Zeke, and he knew the basics of the technique.

Coincidentally, Harry was also doing research on Ammo Needle. The two often discussed TCM practices. Soon enough, they became close friends.

Five years ago, when Hunting Wolf returned to Atheville, he was attacked by Patrick and his gang. Fortunately, Harry saw them but risked his life to save Hunting Wolf.

Patrick held a grudge against Harry’s actions, and from then on, he kept targeting him.

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It was a coincidence that Patrick's family was also running a reputable pharmaceutical company in the medical field.

The Count family had then announced that all pharmaceutical businesses were not allowed to work with Garden Grove.

In fact, the Count family had even created fake malpractice incidents to frame Garden Grove and that ruined Harry's reputation.

Harry's family soon collapsed as they were isolated in the pharmaceutical businesses and their reputation was tarnished very badly.

Now, all that was left of Garden Grove was a clinic that barely had any business.

Even that clinic was closing down soon.

Zeke sighed he was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

The knowledge of medicine was supposed to be used to help the injured and the sick; but now, it had become a tool for revenge.

The fall of TCM was a loss for mankind.

Soon, the two arrived at Garden Grove Clinic.

It was not a large clinic, and there was barely anyone inside.

An elderly man with white hair was reading a book in front of the bookshelf.

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The book he was reading was Ammo Needle Notebook.

Zeke smiled.

It was rare that someone believed in the authenticity of Ammo Needle Notebook.

However, Ammo Needle was created through years of experience. One could not learn the specifics just by reading and listening.

It seemed like it was time for Zeke to take in a disciple, even if the disciple seemed a little too old.

The two strode toward the clinic.

Just then, a middle-aged woman ran up to them and whispered, “Young men, are you here to see a doctor?”



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Zeke hesitated before nodding. “Yes.”

The woman continued, “Listen to me. Don’t go to the doctor here. The doctor is a useless one. He only has minimal medical knowledge, and he even killed one of his patients.”

Zeke raised his brows.

If his guess was right, this middle-aged woman must be paid to tell all the incoming patients this story.

When Harry noticed them, he stormed over.

“Faith, get lost! If you try to ruin my reputation again, I swear to god I will kill you!”

Faith sneered, “What’s wrong with telling them the truth?”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Harry was a man with a short temper. He cursed, “You’re full of sh*t! Tell me. How much did the Count family pay you to make you station yourself outside my clinic every day?”

Zeke queried, “The Count family? Are they one of four major families in Atheville?”

Harry nodded.

Zeke looked at Faith with a smirk. “Ask your men to come and enlighten me.”

Faith asked innocently while pretending that she did not understand him. “What are you talking

NH

about? I don't understand."

Zeke responded, "I said, tell all the people who are taking money from the Count family to ruin Dr. Collin's reputation to come here."

Faith rolled her eyes at Zeke. "You must be crazy."

After saying that, she turned to leave.

Abruptly, Zeke stepped forward and gave her a slap.

The force of his slap sent her flying to a nearby streetlight. The lightbulb swung several times before it fell right onto her head.

Faith's head started bleeding instantly and she looked rather awful.

She was so furious that one could see fire shooting out of her eyes. "You bastard! How dare you hit me? You must a death wish! Someone come quick! Someone's trying to kill me!"

Harry panicked at her words. "Young man, you're too rash. You should leave now. She's one of the people from the Count family. You can't afford to cross her."

Zeke smiled as he looked at Harry. "There's no one I can't afford to cross in this world yet."

Harry had a bitter smile on his face.

It's good that you're a man of justice, but it's bad for you to be too full of yourself.

NH

Just then, a dozen of passers-by who had been loitering around the clinic gathered around Zeke to protest.

“Hey, do you not know of the law? How can you hurt someone in broad daylight?”

“Give us one hundred thousand. Otherwise, don’t think of leaving this place.”

“Hmph. She’s from the Count family. It’s best if you fork out the money. If not, the Count family will turn you to dust before you can blink your eyes.”

Zeke looked at the scammers around him and sneered, “How much did the Count family pay you for this? How much does it cost to force someone to a corner?”

“Scram!” A man with blond hair cursed, “What the f*ck are you talking about? Hurry up and fork out the money before the Count family comes for you.”

Zeke gave a look to Wolf’s Greed. “Wolf’s Greed, you first.”

“Sure.” Wolf’s Greed slowly put on his white gloves and looked toward the crowd. “My apologies.”

Before the crowd could react, Wolf’s Greed had charged into them and punched everyone he could see.

The sound of fists pounding onto flesh echoed

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throughout the street.


In less than five seconds, the smug people from the crowd were all on the ground. Their noses were bleeding, and their faces were bruised.

They were in no better state than Faith.


The blond man shrieked, “F*ck. How dare you hit us? You must have eaten a lion’s heart!”

Wolf’s Greed shouted back in an equally loud voice.

“Get on your knees. I won’t repeat myself.”

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“I won’t f*cking get on my knees!” The blond man hissed.

When Wolf’s Greed saw that the crowd refused to kneel and the blondie was still cursing; he stomped onto the blondie’s knee.

Crack!

The blond man’s kneecap shattered, and his leg was now crippled.

His bloodcurdling scream was seared into the crowd’s mind.

The scammers were appalled. They realized that they had come upon a tough nut to crack and they swiftly got on their knees.

The commotion attracted the attention of the real passer-by, and they gathered to watch the scene.

He’s forcing them to kneel, and he crippled someone in broad daylight.

Isn’t he afraid of going to jail?

Harry’s head was throbbing. “Young man, you’re in deep trouble. They’re all men from the Count family.”

Zeke laughed, “Dr. Collins, you risked your life by crossing the men from the Count family for a friend five years ago. To repay the debt for him, I won’t mind destroying the Count family.”

Harry froze. “Repaying the debt? Y-You’re

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Frederick's friend?"

Zeke nodded. "Yes, I am."

Harry sighed in relief. "How rare is it for you to remember him five years after his passing. You're a very loyal friend."

Zeke made a request, "Dr. Collins, give me a list of the people who had set you up, hurt you, and snatched your business. I'll serve you justice today."

Harry smiled bitterly. "Forget it, young man. Everyone in the pharmaceutical industry in Atheville had set me up in the past, including the Count family. You won't be able to do anything for me."

However, Zeke insisted so Harry gave him a list in the end.

Zeke took a photo of the list and sent it to Shawn.

"Please inform these people to come to Garden Grove Clinic in half an hour. Also, check their background for me as well."

Shawn replied, "Sure."

Zeke walked into the clinic and picked up Ammo Needle Notebook. He said, "Mr. Collins, you can ask me anything you're not sure about. I'll answer all of your questions today."

Harry laughed, "Young man, don't tell me you know about Ammo Needle too."

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Zeke answered, “I’m the one who invented Ammo Needle. Don’t you think I should know about it?”

Harry did not know how to react to his response. “Alright. We’ll talk about this later. We should focus on how to deal with the revenge from the Count family first.”

Zeke nodded. “Okay. We’ll deal with the Count family first then come back to this.”

Harry stared at the interior of the clinic as a myriad of emotions washed over him.

It seems like there is no way I can keep this clinic intact until the next morning.

He had never thought of a day when the clinic would be doomed in the hands of Frederick’s friend.

Half an hour later, all the people on the list had arrived.

The crowd gathered and whispered to each other, wondering why Shawn had gathered them here at Garden Grove Clinic.

Finally, someone noticed Faith and the rest in a corner.

It was then they sensed that something bad was going to happen.

“Huh? Aren’t these people from the Count family?”

“That’s right. These are the scammers that the

NH

Count family hired. They're supposed to ruin Harry's reputation and diverting his customers to the Count family's clinics."

"Why were they beaten up and kneeling in front of Garden Grove?"

"Is Garden Grove Clinic trying to rise again? Ha, how can they do that when the Count family is so powerful?"

"It seems like it's nothing good that we're here for today."

Zeke and Harry walked out, and the crowd turned to look at them.

Zeke swept his gaze across the crowd and asked Wolf's Greed, "Is there anyone who isn't here yet?"

The latter replied, "Only a few."

Zeke muttered, "Tell them that there's no need for them to come anymore. All they need to do is wait at home for their doomsday."

Wolf's Greed replied, "Roger that."

"Pft!"

The crowd snickered.

Those who were not here were the noble families of Atheville.

I can't believe this guy is thinking of destroying them. How boastful is that!

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Zeke took out the list and shouted, “Who’s Uriel Cunningham of Cunningham Pharmaceuticals?”

A thin man stepped forward. “I am. Who are you? Why are you looking for us?”

Zeke asked, “Five years ago, you stopped collaborating with Garden Grove Clinic, and you owe them 20 million. Why haven’t you paid off the debt yet?”



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Uriel sneered. "I don't have any money."

Zeke muttered, "You don't? Then, hand Cunningham Pharmaceuticals to Garden Grove Clinic as a repayment of the debt instead."

"Haha!"

The crowd burst into laughter.

Cunningham Pharmaceuticals was worth a billion.

Zeke was asking him to hand over a company worth a billion for a debt of twenty million.

What a clown!

Uriel said, seeming unconcerned, "Oh. I'll give it to him if he dares to take it."

Zeke nodded. "Good. Wolf's Greed, record his words."

He then took the list and continued, "Seamus of Maximus Corporation. You've used a fake contract to cheat Garden Grove Clinic of twenty million worth of shares. I want you to repay two hundred million to him. I'm sure you agree to that, right?"

Seamus cursed, "F*ck. Why are you looking down on me?"

"Uriel owed you twenty million, and you asked him to repay one billion. I owed you twenty million as well, but why should I only repay you two hundred

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million?”

Zeke hummed, “Very well. Wolf’s Greed, record it. Seamus Kirby owes one billion.”

“Haha!”

The crowd burst into laughter. Is this guy stupid? Why hasn’t he realized that he’s being mocked?

Zeke’s eyes returned to the list as he read, “The Walker family owes Garden Grove thirty million. They’ll have to repay three hundred million.”

“Spencer Workman of Workman Health had intentionally supplied a batch of fake products to Garden Grove. It had caused Garden Grove to lose fifty million. They’ll have to repay five hundred million.”

Zeke slowly listed out all the names on the list and the amount they had to repay Garden Grove.

Zeke wanted them to pay back ten times the amount of what they owed to Garden Grove.

After he finished listing out every name, the crowd mocked, “Are you done bluffing? If you are, we’ll leave now. My family’s waiting for me for our meal.”

The crowd then laughed as they turned to leave the clinic.

Zeke stated, “If anyone leaves before paying what they owe, they’ll end up like those three families.”

NH

Haha! Like those three that didn't come?

They're probably enjoying their time at home.

Harry's expression was grim.

It seemed like Frederick's friend was only here to bluff.

Does he not know that he's only humiliating himself?

Right then, Uriel's phone rang.

He answered the call immediately.

A moment later, the color drained from his face as his hands trembled. He stared at Zeke with terror in his eyes.

"The Woods family, the family that's not here, has been arrested. All eighty family members had been thrown into jail."

What?

The crowd's faces paled. "Why were they arrested?"

Uriel explained, "They made fake medicines ten years ago, and they were responsible for the deaths of a group of patients. They were exposed today."

Another person's phone rang.

After answering the call, he too froze on the spot.

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“The Lawson family has also been arrested. They had mixed banned ingredients into their milk powder five years ago, and they were responsible for the babies who ended up developing large heads. They were suddenly reported today as well.”

Another man’s phone rang.

“The Davis family too! They’ve been arrested!”

The crowd came to a stop.

The three families that did not turn up had been arrested at the same time.

Is this a coincidence?

No. It can’t be.

They turned and looked at Zeke with terrified eyes.

It must be this guy’s doing!

F*ck. How can this guy be so powerful?

Not even the three tycoons of the pharmaceutical industry could defend themselves against him.

Smaller businesses like us won’t survive if he wanted to deal with us.

They panicked.

What do we do now?

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Are we really going to repay ten times the amount of what we owe to Garden Grove?

We'll go bankrupt!

Even Harry had a surprised look on his face as he looked at Zeke.

He had really underestimated him.

He must be a powerful figure to have the courage to speak such audacious words.

Uriel remained calm as he shouted, "Don't panic. Don't forget that we have the support of the Count family. The three tycoons are nothing but worms in the face of the Count family. Although he's capable of getting rid of the three tycoons, he won't be able to do anything when Count family's involved."



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When the crowd heard his words, they collected themselves.

That's right. We have the support of the Count family.

This guy had hit the men from the Count family so the Count family will never let him off the hook.

Zeke looked at Wolf's Greed. "Have you notified the head of the Count family?"

Wolf's Greed nodded, "Damian should be on his way here."

"Good."

There were similar looks of mockery on everyone's faces.

Not only is he not hiding after crossing Count family of Atheville, but he's even inviting them here.

He definitely had a death wish.

Meanwhile, on Kings Avenue, a fleet of luxury cars were heading toward the clinic.

The leading car was a Rolls-Royce Phantom.

The head of one of the four major families in Atheville, Damian, was panicking in his car. At that moment, he wished he would sprout wings to reach Garden Grove Clinic within seconds.

He had just received a photo a moment earlier.

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In the photo was a bloody man.

Only when he had zoomed into the photo then did he realize that the bloody man was his son, Patrick.

Damian only had one son late in the later stage of his life. He adored his only son, and the latter was more important than his life.

If Patrick died, Damian would not be able to continue living.

He did not know who was the one who had sent him the photo, but he could guess that it was most likely from Frederick's friend, Zeke.

That man was a ruthless person. He had buried Xander alive and murdered Joseph.

Now, he was reaching out for his son.

"Williams, you'd better not kill my son. Otherwise, I'll slaughter you and your family!"

Soon, Damian reached Garden Grove Clinic.

One glance, and he noticed that Zeke was present.

It's really him!

He looked around but found no traces of Patrick.

His heart sank as he prayed for his son to still be alive.

NH

When the crowd saw Damian, they swarmed toward him. “Mr. Damian, you’re finally here.”

“This man is crazy! He hit your people and forced them to get on their knees.”

“Mr. Count, he just reported the three big tycoons to the authority. They’ve all been arrested. Now, he’s forcing us to repay ten times the amount of what we owed Garden Grove. He’s nothing but a bully.”

“Mr. Count, you’re the leader of the pharmaceutical industry in Atheville. You have to serve us justice.”

After listening to their words, Damian collected himself as he nodded to them before walking to Zeke.

“Williams, where’s my son?” Damian questioned.

Zeke spared him a glance before uttering, “Kneel.”

The crowd exploded in rage, feeling aggrieved on behalf of Damian.

However, all they dared to do was speak their grievances.

“Williams, you’re too much! How dare you ask Mr. Count to kneel? Who do you think you are?”

“Mr. Count, you have to teach him a lesson!”

Damian ground out, “I’m asking you. Where’s my son?”

NH

Zeke sighed, “What insolent fools. You’re really forcing me to repeat myself, but I won’t this time.”

He turned to look at Wolf’s Greed.

Immediately, Wolf’s Greed rushed toward Damian to kick him below the knee.

Thud!

Damian was now kneeling on the ground.

The crowd was in disbelief.


It was one thing for Zeke to have laid a finger on the men from Count family, but now, he had extended his claw to the head of the Count family.

He must have a death wish!

The bodyguards that Damian brought immediately roared in anger. They surrounded Wolf’s Greed instantly.

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Wolf's Greed scoffed in disdain, "I don't mind teaching you a lesson myself, but if you delay my time, Patrick might end up dead. It won't be my responsibility but yours."

Damian's heart skipped a beat.

His dignity was worth nothing in comparison with his son's safety.

He bellowed, "Stop!"

The bodyguard quickly stood still as they held back on their fury.

Damian kneeled on the ground as he stared at Zeke with reddened eyes. "Please return my son to me."

Zeke uttered, "Before they clear their debts with Dr. Collins, I won't give you your son back."

Damian was about to argue but he knew that it was pointless to argue with him. All it would do was just delaying the time.

Zeke was a ruthless man who would bury someone alive; he would not listen to my words.

Now, time was crucial to Patrick's life.

He looked at Uriel and the rest. "Ten minutes. I'll give you ten minutes to clear your debts. If your delay cost my son his life, I'll murder every one of you."

Uriel and the rest shut their eyes in desperation.

NH

They had been hoping for Damian to stand up for them, but Zeke had leverage over Damian. Damian had become a tool for his revenge.

They had to pay ten times the amount they owed; they did not know where to find the money to settle their debt.

Even if they were to go bankrupt, they might not be able to cover the amount.

However, if they did not come up with the money, their families would be doomed. A man like Zeke would definitely not go back on his words.

The one who was most frustrated in the crowd was Seamus.

Originally, all he had to pay was two hundred million, but he had raised it to one billion himself.

He was a fool for suggesting that.

There was no way he could come up with the sum even if he sold himself so he had prepared to escape.

Damian fumed, “Why are you all still standing here? Hurry up and sell your assets to repay your debts!”

They all rushed out of the door. Now, their lives were dependent on time. If they did not repay their debts in ten minutes, they were all bound for death.

Harry said gratefully, “Young man, I-I don’t know

NH

how to thank you. Garden Grove is a family business that had been passed down for generations. If I ruined it, I don't know how much guilt I would feel. You've protected Garden Grove. You're the savior of the Collins family."

Zeke waved his hands dismissively. "This is nothing. I need to restore your reputation too. For doctors, reputation is vital."

He then looked in the direction of Faith and the others. "Confess how you've tarnished Dr. Collins' reputation."

At that moment, Faith wished that she could kill herself on the spot.

If she had known that these two young men were as powerful, she would not have come up to them in the first place.

Now, she had doomed the tycoons of the pharmaceutical industry in Atheville, and she was the one who caused the head of the Count family to apologize on his knees.

Moreover, the few of them would be lucky to get off with tarnished reputation and constant mocking from people around them. In a worst-case scenario, they could even lose their lives.

When Zeke noticed their hesitation in answering, he asked Wolf's Greed, "How much longer will Patrick be alive for?"

Wolf's Greed replied, "Ten minutes? Nine? Maybe eight. Only God knows."

NH

Damian widened his eyes and glared at Faith. "F*ck, confess now!"

Faith and the others shuddered at his volume as they immediately confessed.

"I'll say it. Three years ago, the patient that died from Harry's supposed medical malpractice was my husband. I was the one who poisoned him. Two years ago, I was the one who had swapped the medications when Harry supposedly sold fake medicines. We've been lying all these years to slander Harry and ruin his reputation."

The others swiftly confessed too.



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Upon hearing Faith's words, the stunned passers-by returned to their senses and started cursing them.

"Damn you. You would kill someone for money. This is unforgivable."

"You would swap the medications just to compete with Dr. Collins. You must not think that others' lives are important. You have to go to jail for this!"

"I knew it. I knew that Dr. Collins would not do such horrible things. We have been misled by these people."

"Sue them! They have to be punished by the law."

Furious with them, some passers-by started throwing the fruits they had just bought at them.

Within a short moment, the fruits from the nearby stores were sold out. They all ended up 'gifted' to Faith and the rest.

Faith and her peers had become the disgusting street-rat as everyone threw fruits at them.

Zeke said to Wolf's Greed, "Wolf's Greed, notify the reporters and lawyers to cover this matter. They have to be held accountable by the law. Also, don't let Patrick go until everyone has repaid their debts."

Wolf's Greed answered, "Got it."

Zeke then said to Harry, "Dr. Collins, let's head

NH

back inside.”

“Alright.”

After entering the clinic, Harry paid respect to his forefathers before he lowered his head as tears streamed down his cheeks.

“Finally, I can continue practicing the medical skills that have been passed down by my family. Young man, I have to thank you properly.”

Zeke hurriedly stopped him. “Dr. Collins, there’s no such need. You deserve this. Now that we’ve dealt with the Count family, let’s start with the proper business.”

Harry was confused. “What business?”

Zeke explained, “Didn’t I tell you earlier that once we’re done with the Count family, I’ll give you lessons on the Ammo Needle?”

“Oh!”

Harry’s eyes lit up.

He has done everything he promised.

Does that mean he really knows about the Ammo Needle?

Zeke noticed Harry’s suspicion so he picked up a set of silver needles. Then he started showing the technique of the Ammo Needle on a human model.

NH

His actions were swift and smooth, and it was as if his hands were dancing.

It's really the Ammo Needle!

Harry could not help but salute Zeke. "Master, please allow me to salute you."

With Damian pressuring them, Uriel and the rest swiftly sold their assets and repaid their debts.

Now, they had all bankrupted.

As for those who could not repay their debts even after selling their assets, they had escaped the city with their family.

Damian then took the initiative to pay off the remaining arrears.

For Damian, it did not matter if he went bankrupt as long as Patrick was released a second earlier.

Ten minutes later, all the arrears were paid off.

It was then Wolf's Greed took Patrick down from the car and hand him over to Damian.

When Damian saw his gory body, he nearly went into shock from heartbreak.

"Quick, send him to the hospital! Get the best doctor to treat my son!"

His priority was to save his son now; he did not have the time to think about Zeke.

NH

In the hall, Zeke was supervising Harry as the latter practiced the Ammo Needle.

Harry was attentive and focused. He noted down every minor detail that Zeke told him in his heart.

When it was near the end of the lesson, Zeke asked, “Dr. Collins, please tell me. When you saved Frederick, did you notice a letter on him?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, I did.

Back then, Frederick was on the verge of dying, but he was still holding onto the letter. I asked him what the letter was about, but he only told me a few words.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

NH

Zeke and Wolf's Greed were both somber as they asked, "What did he tell you?"

Harry answered, "Something along the lines of Black Pentagon or Silver Triangle. He also said things like core and Atheville. I wasn't quite sure what I heard."

Zeke was quick to make out what he meant. "The core characters of the Black Pentagon are in Atheville. The real boss of Black Pentagon is someone from Atheville."

Wolf's Greed nodded. "That's very possible."

Zeke took a deep breath. "Yes. It seems like we've made the right decision to come to Atheville. Wolf's Greed, send all your manpower to Atheville. When we find out who's the boss of Black Pentagon with the letter, we'll be able to use your men immediately."

Wolf's Greed nodded. "Noted. I'll make arrangements now."

Zeke muttered, "Let's go. Which of the four major families in Atheville have we not come across yet?"

Wolf's Greed replied, "Wayde Jenkins of the Jenkins family."

Harry hurried said, "Hold on."

Both Zeke and Wolf's Greed's footsteps faltered as they turned to look at him.

NH

Harry continued, “Young Master, the ancestors of the Jenkins family had been masters of poison that the royal family employed. They have passed down their poisoning skills and recipes for hundreds of years. The current generation is very skilled at handling poison. If you go to the Jenkins’ residence, do not drink their water nor eat their food. Don’t touch anything in their house either to avoid getting poisoned.”

Zeke laughed, “Is that so? I’d like to take a look for myself.”

Wolf’s Greed was also laughing.

That was because besides being the Great Marshal, he was also the Divine Doctor!

Poison was part of medicine too.

There was no greater man in Eurasia who was well-versed in poison than him.

Harry continued, “I clearly remember that on the day of Frederick’s death, the eldest son of the Jenkins family, Shade Jenkins, had come to Garden Grove to purchase some common drugs. If those drugs were taken separately, there would be no side effects. However, if they were taken together, it would become a lethal poison that would cause death in a matter of minutes. Yet, these drugs were digested easily. In a short moment, the human body would absorb the contents, and the test would not show traces of the drugs. I suspect that Shade had given these drugs to Helen, and Helen had poisoned Frederick.”

NH

A dangerous glint were in Zeke and Wolf's Greed's eyes.

So Hunting Wolf was most likely poisoned.

They had to give them a taste of their own medicine!

At the Jenkins' residence in Atheville.

The head of the family, Wayde Jenkins, loved lively environments. He had set a rule in the family, stating that there would be a family dinner every night, where all of the members of the Jenkins family had to attend.

The Jenkins family was an old family, and they had many descendants.

Every night, the members of the Jenkins family would have to be seated in two large tables.

Now, the sumptuous dishes were already served, but none of the family members were seated.

That was because their grandfather, Wayde, had yet to arrive. Thus, no one would dare to sit down before he did.

Finally, Wayde came down the stairs as the crowd watched in anticipation.

The children of the Jenkins family swiftly greeted, "Good evening, Grandfather."

When Wayde looked at them, he smiled, feeling satisfied.

NH

His favorite grandson, Shade, quickly walked toward him and supported him.

“Grandfather, there is something I wish to tell you,” Shade said to him.

Wayde nodded. “Go ahead.”

Shade continued, “I’ve just gotten news that Xander has been buried alive, Joseph has died from a fall, and Patrick has been tortured by the devil too. That devil had chopped Patrick fifty times while he was conscious. However, every blow had avoided his vital points, so Patrick was still alive by the end of it. He’s now in the ICU, but I don’t know if he’s dead or alive.”

Without a doubt, the devil that Shade mentioned was Zeke.

What?

Wayde’s hands shuddered.

What a cruel devil!

If you want revenge, you should just kill him. Why did you have to leave him alive to suffer?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

He sighed, "I'm afraid the Count family will be coming to an end."

Shade sighed as well, "So is the Moore family. Xander is the only son of the Moore family, but he's been buried alive."

Wayde disagreed, "The Moore family is doing alright. Xander has an illegitimate son. At the very least, the Moore family will get to continue their bloodline."

He then said to his family solemnly, "Three of the four major families in Atheville have suffered in the devil's hands. I'm afraid we'll be the next one. After this dinner, you should all leave and hide overseas. Once we've dealt with the devil, only then it is safe for you guys to return."

Some of them did not agree with him.

"Grandfather, that devil is just an outsider. Why should we be scared of him?"

"What a fool!" Wayde reprimanded, "How many times have I warned you all not to underestimate the enemies, especially before you figure them out. Patrick Count is as excellent as the rest of you, but even he has suffered in the hands of the devil. What makes you think you won't?"

The rest lowered their heads in silence.

Wayde instructed, "Butler, book their flight tickets."

"After dinner, you'll pack for the trip. Now sit."

NH

They were about to sit when a loud voice came from the doorway.

“The guests haven’t even taken their seats yet. How can the host start the dinner? Is this how the Jenkins family treats their guests?”

It was Zeke and Wolf’s Greed.

The crowd turned to look in the direction of the doorway.

When they saw who the guests’ were, they tensed up.

The devil had arrived.

Wayde pretended to know nothing and asked, “Who are you? Why are you here at my house? We don’t welcome you. Leave now.”

Wolf’s Greed huffed, “Old man, what’s wrong with your ears? We told you we’re the guests, and we’re here for dinner. Didn’t you hear us?”

Wayde turned furious as he was embarrassed being humiliated in front of his family.

“Guards, chase them out!”

Both the guards standing by the door acted swiftly upon his instructions. They let go of the leash on the guard dog first before all three of them charged toward Zeke.

The dog pounced at Zeke.

NH

With a swift kick, the dog howled as its body split into two gory parts.

The blood splattered all the way to the dining hall onto the face of members of the Jenkins family.

As for those guards, Wolf's Greed had crippled them very easily with a few moves.

Zeke shook his head and sighed, "I heard it's tough to have a meal at the Jenkins family. It seems like that's true since I have to fight before I get to eat."

The Jenkins family gasped.

They knew that these two devils were not as simple as they seemed, but they never thought that they were so insanely powerful as this.

The face of the Jenkin boy who had looked down on Zeke and called him an 'outsider' was now flushed in embarrassment.

Zeke and Wolf's Greed walked into the dining hall and took their seats.

Zeke smiled. "As expected of a wealthy family. Dinner looks great. Wolf's Greed, you must be hungry. Enjoy yourself with the food."

A silly smile broke out on Wolf's Greed's face.

"My stomach has been grumbling. Let's dig in."

Zeke mumbled, "What a pity that there's no wine."

NH

Wolf's Greed took out a flask from his pocket.

“Zeke, I have it with me.”

“You brat!” Zeke laughed out his curse. “Fill my glass for me.”

The two then started eating as if no one else was in the dining hall with them.

Members of Jenkins' family were standing by the side as if they were the servants.

However, instead of feeling humiliated, the Jenkins were overjoyed.

Haha! Do you think people with a body constitution like the two of you is fit enough to consume food from the Jenkins family?

If nothing goes wrong, these two will collapse on the ground and died from poisoning in less than ten minutes.

Even if they're devils, they're the brainless ones!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Every dish in the Jenkins family was mixed with a form of drug as its spice.

Some dishes, when eaten together, would become a supplement for the body.

However, some dishes when eaten together would become a deadly poison. The consequences ranged from the numbing of limbs to death!

The members of the Jenkins family all knew the components of each dish, so they kept to a strict diet.

In this table full of dishes, they could only touch half of them.

Some of the dishes that Zeke had eaten earlier were the ones that did not pair with each other.

In other words, he was doomed.

After eating for some time, Zeke suddenly frowned and queried, "Why aren't you eating? Don't tell me you have poisoned the dishes?"

He has finally become suspicious.

The family just looked at each other.

To avoid further suspicion, they took their seats and started eating.

Indeed, Zeke's supposed suspicion 'dissipated' as he continued his dinner.

NH

The Jenkins family was eating half-heartedly; their focus was on Zeke.

Three minutes had passed. Then, it was ten.

Yet, Zeke seemed to be showing no reactions to the poison. In fact, he even drank some wine, and his cheeks seemed rosier.

What's going on?

The food that he ate earlier did not pair well with each other. He should've been poisoned by now.

Even if he's not dead, he should be having a seizure and started frothing at the mouth on the floor.

Does he have such good health to be able to suppress the poison from reacting so quickly?

That must be it.

After the meal, Zeke and Wolf's Greed remained seated steadily on their chairs. It seemed like they were completely fine.

The two did not leave immediately after the meal. Instead, they remained on their chairs as they folded their arms with a smug look on them.

Wayde was did not chase them out either.

They were all waiting for the moment when Zeke collapses from the poisoning.

It seemed like Zeke and Wolf's Greed was also

NH

waiting, but no one knew what they were waiting for.

A moment later, one of the younger Jenkins suddenly grabbed his chest as his face twisted.

“My heart... My heart... hurts...”

What’s going on?

Everyone turned and looked at the younger man in shock.

Did he eat the wrong dishes?

Thud!

Unable to withstand it any longer, the younger man collapsed onto the ground, had a seizure, and started frothing at his mouth.

“Boy, what’s wrong?” Wayde paled as he jumped to his feet.

Beside him, another family member had also grabbed onto her chest. With a wail, she collapsed and started showing the same symptoms.

More and more started collapsing.

Within two minutes, other than Wayde and Shade, the rest of the Jenkins family had collapsed onto the ground, frothing at their mouths and having seizure.

It was evident that they had been poisoned.

NH

Did they all take the wrong dishes?

But how is that possible?

They've been eating these dishes since they were born. They've never made a mistake.

How can all of them make mistakes this time?

Zeke suddenly sneered, "Tsk tsk. Wayde, did you really poison the dishes? How ruthless is that? You'd poison your own children and grandchildren just to deal with your enemy."

At his words, Wayde glared at Zeke with bloodshot eyes.

It is clear that this must be Williams' doing!

When did he poison these people though?

And why does he seem fine despite eating the wrong dishes earlier?

Wayde's heart was pounding really fast. He had realized by now that he had encountered another master of poison.

After checking on one of the people, Shade went pale and exclaimed, "Grandfather, I don't know what kind of poison they've taken for I have never seen it!"

NH



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

A poison he doesn't know?

How can that be?

Shade had been learning from Wayde himself, and he was almost familiar with every poison known to mankind.

How obscure can the poison be if he doesn't recognize it?

Wayde hurriedly went to check on his grandchildren. He lowered down to dab a little of the foam to smell it.

Then, he was shocked to realize that he too, could not recognize the poison.

Zeke sneered, "Don't waste your time. This is the poison I've extracted from an insect. Even if you know poison well, you don't know much about poisonous insects. I can give you ten years to do research on this, but you still won't be able to find an antidote for it. However, ten years later, these people would all be nothing but bones."

What?

The hairs at the back of Wayde's neck stood up. "A combination of insects and poison? How can you know them both at the same time? Insects' poison and herb poison has been two ends of a spectrum since ancient times. It's impossible for you to master both at the same time."

Zeke uttered, "That's because you're short-sighted. Forget it, I won't waste my time with you."

NH

If you keep pursuing this subject, these people will all die.”

Wayde greeted his teeth. “I command you to give them the antidote now! If you don’t, I’ll kill you even if it means the end for my family!”

Zeke had a faint smile on his face as he answered, “Sure.”

He poured two cups of wine, one which he poured onto the ground.

He muttered, “My friend, this is for you. Take a look at how your enemies are going to die.”

Then, he picked his fork to stir the contents of the other cup and handed it to Shade. “Drink this poison. Once you drink it, I’ll give the antidote to the others. You get to choose whether you want to sacrifice Shade for the rest, or let all of them die.”

Now, Wayde finally understood.

He finally understood what was going on.

Zeke’s poison was all on his fork. Every dish that Zeke had touched had been poisoned.

Zeke had not touched the dishes by Wayde and Shade’s side, and that was why they were not poisoned.

The reason he had not poisoned Shade was that he wanted Frederick’s ghost to witness his enemy’s death.

NH

How cruel and malicious is he!

Shade's face went pale as a foreboding thought emerged in his mind.

He glanced at Wayde carefully.

By now, Wayde was in despair as he stared at his other family members who had collapsed on the floor with a conflicted look.

He knew what Zeke had said was true.

He did not have the skills to come up with an antidote for them.

It did not matter if he managed to kill Zeke today.

His children and grandchildren would still die.

The only choice for him now was to sacrifice Shade for the rest of the family.

Wayde looked at his favorite grandson with reluctance and guilt.

A bitter smile crawled onto Shade's face.

He had never thought that there would a day when he would be killed by the grandfather who loved him most.

With trembling hands, he took the cup from Zeke.

"I don't understand. Why didn't you die after eating our dishes?"

NH

Wolf's Greed huffed, "You idiot. How can you not realize this? I spent forty-nine days making this antidote with Rhodiola Rosea. It neutralizes all toxins."

Zeke was tempted to give Wolf's Greed a hard kick.

This is my creation. Since when has it become yours?

The corner of Wayde's mouth twitched. "Rhodiola Rosea is one of the rarest plants in the world. How can you possibly use it for wine? It's such a waste!"

Zeke smiled bitterly. Making it into wine is a waste?

The villagers in the Hill village are using them to feed the pigs. You might die from a heart attack if you learn about that.

Shade looked at the cup then back at Zeke. Abruptly, he clenched his teeth and made an crucial decision.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

I can't die like this.

I've got to run!

Slim as it may be, that could be my only chance at survival!

In one swift motion, he suddenly hurled a wine glass at Zeke and bolted towards the outside.

Zeke turned his head slightly to dodge the glass. As he did so, he sent two needles flying towards Shade Jenkins with the flick of his right wrist.

Once the two needles had embedded themselves inside both his legs, Shade immediately felt his legs go numb and weak. With a loud thump, he collapsed onto the floor and started bleeding.

Zeke sighed. "I was going to let you die a painless death. But I certainly didn't expect you to be so naughty. In that case, I'll have to make you suffer before you go."

Zeke turned to Wayde and said, "Hey, old man. I heard your Breathless Poison is pretty strong. Come on, show us what it can do."

The expression on Shade's face changed drastically.

The Breathless Poison was known as the sulfuric acid of poisons.

Once ingested, the poison would corrode a person's vital organs. The pain would get so unbearable that the victim would end up dying

NH

from it alone!

How could you?

The tears started streaming down Wayde's wrinkled face. How can he bear to kill his own grandson?

"You have one minute," Zeke warned, "If you don't poison him within the next one minute, these other grandsons of yours are going to die."

One minute...

Wayde was left with no other choice. With trembling hands, he fished out a ceramic bottle from within his sleeves and walked towards Shade.

"Grandpa!" Shade cried out desperately, "No... Don't... Please. Just kill me... I don't want to die from the pain."

"Shade, don't worry," Wayde said in a voice choked with emotion, "Grandpa will burn your offerings on the first and fifteenth of every month."

Wayde knew he wouldn't be able to escape his fate of getting poisoned to death.

Thus, he steeled his heart and bit his own tongue. As he gurgled on his own blood, his lifeless body fell to the ground.

Wayde immediately felt a lot better. At least I wouldn't have to kill my own grandson.

NH

Zeke sighed. “What a pity.”

“Wayde, remember this. On my friend’s death anniversary, I want you and the other three families to personally move his coffin before you kill yourselves in front of his grave. Wolf’s Greed, let’s go.”

“Hold it right there,” Wayde roared, “Where’s the antidote?”

“The antidote is the wine we were drinking. But there isn’t much left. You probably only have about three to four people’s worth of antidote. That should be more than enough for the Jenkins to carry on the family name.”

Ptooney!

Wayde spat out a mouthful of blood.

Only three or four? That means ten members of the Jenkins are going to be killed by the poison!

You’ve gone too far!

Zeke and Wolf’s Greed got into the car.

“Now that we’ve taught of the four major households a lesson,” Zeke mused, “Do you think they’ll do as we asked them to and move Frederick’s coffin when the day comes?”

“I can’t say for sure,” Wolf’s Greed replied.

Zeke huffed, “Well if they refuse to cooperate, we can always teach them a second lesson.”

NH

The next day, news of the mass funerals held by three of the four major households in Atheville - the Zellys, the Counts and the Jenkins - shook the entire city.

These funerals were held for all the younger members of their families who had just recently died.

Out of which, the Jenkins were the worst off, with ten members of their younger generation having passed on.

Xander from the Moore family had been buried alive by Zeke. His corpse was now being guarded by Sole Wolf. That was why the Moore family was currently unable to hold a funeral for him.

The people immediately sensed an unusual tension hanging over the city.

With more than ten people from the four major households dying at the same time, it was clear that these people had not died from natural causes. It was highly likely that they had all been killed.

It looked as though the four major households were being targeted by a mysterious organization.

Who on earth is so powerful that he or she is capable of taking on all four of the major households at the same time?

Up till now, they were still unclear about what had happened.


NH

They didn't know Helen Zelly had caused Frederick's death. And neither did they know that Frederick's friend had come looking for revenge.


At that moment, the Jenkins family home was filled with visitors, as numerous people had come forward to pay their last respects to the people who had passed.

However, they were really there to find out more about this mysterious organization.

The usually boisterous Jenkins household was now immersed in a sea of sorrow.

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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NH

When the time came, an entourage accompanied the ten coffins as they embarked on their final journey to the Eight Treasures Cemetery.

Wayde followed at the back of the procession.

The loss of so many of his grandchildren had seemed to age him a decade overnight.

He was absolutely crushed. He would have given anything to be the one lying in those coffins at that very moment.

Zeke and Wolf's Greed, however, were severely displeased upon learning about this.

"What the f***!" Wolf's Greed roared, "How dare they bury their dead before Frederick is put to rest?"

"Prep the car," Zeke instructed.

Overjoyed, Wolf's Greed replied, "At once."

Ten minutes later, both of them bumped into the funeral procession somewhere about two kilometers away from the Eight Treasures Cemetery.

As their car swerved into their path, the Jenkins and their guests had no choice but to come to a halt.

Wayde immediately hit the roof.

Can't my grandchildren not even be laid to rest?

NH

With a walking stick in hand, he hobbled over to the car and barked, “Get the hell out of the way! Otherwise, I’ll kill you and your family!”

The windows slowly rolled down to reveal Zeke and Wolf’s Greed’s face.

Upon seeing them again, Wayde felt a shiver creep down his spine.

“My friend hasn’t been put to rest yet,” Zeke stated coldly, “So neither are your grandchildren going to be. On the day we move Frederick’s coffin, I want them to be buried below him in a sign that they’ll always be beneath him.”

“You...you’re out of your mind!” bellowed Wayde as the veins on his temples started bulging, “Our family’s lives were in your hands yesterday. That was why we had no choice but to accede to your demands. But that was yesterday. Who are you to order the Jenkins family around now?”

“If I can poison you lot the first time,” Zeke chuckled, “I can naturally poison you guys the second, third and fourth time. And you will never see it coming. Let’s go, Wolf’s Greed.”

The car sputtered to life as Wolf’s Greed floored the accelerator, leaving Wayde in a cloud of dust.

A despondent expression flashed across his face.

That’s right. If Williams were to poison us again, we really would never see him coming.

They may be dead, but the rest of us aren’t. I can’t

NH

allow them to endanger the lives of the rest of us.

Gnashing his teeth together, he growled, "Take the coffins back."

The entire entourage turned around and headed back the way they had come.

A commotion immediately erupted within the passers-by who had gathered around.

Those two men were probably the culprits behind this incident.

All it took was a couple of words from that man to scare the Jenkins out of burying their dead!

Holy f***! How powerful are those two?

Zeke and Wolf's Greed raced off towards Joseph Zelly's funeral.

On their journey there, Wolf's Greed asked, "Zeke, do you think Helen will listen to us and not bury Joseph today?"

Zeke shook his head. "No, I don't think so."

"Then how are you planning to intimidate them out of doing so?" Wolf's Greed asked.

"If you've got something to say, just spill it." Zeke snapped, "I take it that you've arranged something."

"Haha..." Wolf's Greed smiled sheepishly. "You saw right through me."

NH

“I’ve arranged for a military exercise to be conducted about 10km away from Joseph’s funeral. They’ve brought along some pretty powerful firearms. If Helen dares to disobey us, we’ll bomb the entire place to kingdom come,” Wolf’s Greed shared.

“Great. The stage is all yours.”

Joseph’s entourage had already long reached the cemetery, and his coffin was about to be lowered into the ground.

An autumn breeze caressed Helen’s face as tears trickled down her cheeks.

Joseph had been the only man of the Zelly family.

With him gone, there was no one else left to carry on the family name.

Pressing her face against his coffin, Helen whispered, “Rest in peace, Little Bro. Don’t worry. I’ll be sending Williams down to keep you company very soon.”

“Oh, and weren’t you rather fond of Sage Walters from the Walters family? In a few days’ time, I’ll arrange for a posthumous marriage between both of you.”

Just then, a car burst into the venue, completely disrupting the proceedings.

Two young men got out of it and were immediately met with many dirty looks from the guests.

NH

Who are these barbarians? Driving a car right into the funeral? How rude!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Upon seeing the both of them, Helen clenched her jaw so hard that she almost shattered her teeth. “How dare you come here, Zeke.”

A commotion broke out amongst the crowd.

Zeke Williams? He’s the one who killed Joseph Zelly!

Not only is he not on the run, but he’s also got the cheek to turn up for the funeral!

Does he have a death wish?

Ignoring Helen, Zeke strolled over to the coffin and rapped the cover with his knuckles. “Hey Joseph, wake up. As long as my friend hasn’t been put to rest, you aren’t going to be buried.”

F*** you!

“You’ve gone too far, Williams!” Helen shrieked.

“You came right on time today. I’m going to send you down to my brother so you can apologize to him.”

As she spoke, she shot one of her subordinates a look.

That subordinate whipped out a gun and trained it on Zeke.

“Ms. Zelly, do we break his limbs, torture him slowly, or just blow his brains out?”

“Blow his brains out,” Helen ordered coldly, “Let’s

NH

not keep my little brother waiting.”

“Alright,” Her subordinate replied as he removed the safety on his gun.

“Hold it right there,” Wolf’s Greed hollered as he marched up to them, “Haha! All it took was a gun in your hands to turn you so cocky? What if I said I had the firepower to reduce you all to ashes?”

The crowd burst into laughter upon hearing his words.

Is this guy out of his mind? Where’s he going to get that kind of firepower?

Who does he think he is? A general?

Displeased with their response, Wolf’s Greed fished out his phone and made a call.

“Fire an eight-kilometer shot in your 8 o’clock direction.”

However, this only made the laughing grow even louder.

Yet, none of them were laughing in the very next second.

A deafening blast suddenly went off from a distance away.

After that, an artillery shell flew towards them and exploded about two kilometers away from where they were.

NH

Boom!

A mushroom cloud big enough to blot out the sun rose into the air and cast an ominous shadow over the crowd.

As fire rained down onto the earth, the entire ground began trembling violently.

Even though they were two kilometers away from the impact, they could still feel the earth quaking beneath their feet. There were even some areas where the ground had split open.

Joseph's coffin bounced up and down a few times before it eventually toppled onto the floor.

What? What just happened?

Dumbfounded, everybody was rendered completely speechless.

That was an artillery shell! A real one!

We were almost reduced to cinders!

He... he really does have this kind of firepower!

Only a general would have the authority to pull off something of that magnitude in this day and age.

He's...he's a general...

And yet, he's merely Zeke's henchman...

Oh my god, who on earth has the Zelly family offended?

NH

The bodyguard who had been previously threatening Zeke with a gun was now trembling with fear. His arm shook so hard that the gun slipped out of his hands and fell onto the floor.

Once he came back to his senses, he immediately whipped around and started running away.

Having just pointed a gun at a general, he had no intention of sticking around to find out what punishment was waiting in store for him.

His priority now was to get as far away as possible. Only then might he have a chance at living past today.

Helen was completely dumbstruck. Her ashen face dared not even look in Zeke's direction.

Shouldn't a friend of a loser like Frederick be a loser himself too?

How... how is he so powerful?

It certainly looked as though the Zelly family was done for this time.

Joseph's coffin wasn't going to be buried today.

Zeke then unleashed a blow on the coffin that sent the cover flying.

After Joseph's corpse was exposed, the stench of blood and rotting flesh permeated the air.

"Joseph's corpse is to rot here under the sun for the next six days to atone for Helen's sins," Zeke


NH

announced. “After that, he will be buried below my friend as a sign that he will always be below Frederick.”


“Helen, in six days, you are to participate in the moving of Frederick’s coffin. You will personally carry his coffin and kill yourself before his new grave.”

At this point, Helen certainly didn’t have the guts to object to anything he said.

The deafening explosion of that artillery shell was still echoing throughout her mind.

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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NH

Zeke cast a sweeping gaze over the audience.

He could see the shock, fear and even anger in their eyes.

That anger came because they felt that Zeke had crossed a line.

Judging by the look on their faces, it seems that they've got no idea why I'm doing this to Helen.

"Five years ago," He sneered, "Helen, the Moores, the Counts and the Jenkins came together to murder her fiancé, Frederick Walters, in cold blood. They then divided the fortunes and assets the Walters family had amassed among themselves."

"Frederick was my friend. Not only did she destroy his family, but she also left them homeless for five long years. I think that sending her down to keep my friend company isn't too much to ask for, right?"

Realization soon dawned on the crowd.

So it was Helen who had provoked them first.

She killed her fiancé and swallowed his family's assets, destroying his family in the process.

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Helen does deserve what's coming for her.

Since Zeke was unable to go to Patrick's funeral, he whipped out his phone to warn them about burying Patrick.

NH

At the start, Patrick's father, Damian, naturally refused to do so.

But after learning that Zeke had almost blown Joseph's funeral sky high with an artillery shell, he conceded.

What had happened at Joseph's funeral quickly spread like wildfire.

In no time at all, everybody had learnt that the famous female entrepreneur, Helen Zeller, was actually a vicious and scheming b****.

She might have been a rising star in the business sector, but she had only reached where she was today by murdering her fiancé and swallowing his family's assets.

And as if that weren't enough, she had stripped his family of everything and left them homeless for five years...

What a cruel woman!

All of a sudden, Helen had become a target of disdain in the eyes of the public.

Helen immediately called for a meeting with the family heads of the three other major households.

However, at that moment, the bereaved family heads were feeling rather dejected.

The situation seemed way more hopeless after they had learnt that Zeke was capable of mobilizing such heavy firepower.

NH

They wouldn't stand a chance at revenge!

However, the most miserable among them was none other than Helen.

Not only had she lost her younger brother, but she had also become a public target of scorn.

Everybody in Atheville was boycotting her companies and refusing to purchase any of her products.

The survival of those companies under her name was now hanging in the balance.

Just then, the butler burst into the room.

"How has the investigation gone?" Helen asked impatiently, "Is that guy who follows Williams around really a general? Is he really capable of mobilizing that kind of firepower?"

"Based on the evidence I've uncovered," The butler replied, "It seems as though that artillery shell had nothing to do with Zeke Williams. Every year at this time, Atheville's troops would conduct a military exercise here. This year was no exception. This could have purely been a coincidence. Zeke had been pulling the wool over our eyes."

This was a startling revelation indeed.

The family heads who had been down in the dumps not too long ago now rose to their feet in excitement and rejoiced at this discovery.

NH

“Haha! I f***ing knew it! How could Williams have that much power?”

“A general as a henchman? That’s even too far-fetched for the movies.”

“And we, the family heads of the four major households, were hoodwinked into believing this out of town conman! What a joke!”

“Vengeance! I demand vengeance for my son!”

Their excitement, however, was short-lived and quickly doused by Helen. “We will definitely have to take revenge. But have any of you thought of how to do it?”

“Both of Williams’ subordinates are incredible fighters. They defeated the Unbreakable Eight and The Four Divinities in a matter of seconds.”

“Since his subordinates are already such incredible fighters, I presume Williams is an even better one. All of our connections are concentrated here in the business sector. We don’t know a lot of people in the martial arts circle.”

A silence fell over the four of them.

That’s right. The best fighters of the four major households are the Unbreakable Eight and The Four Divinities.

Yet, they’ve all been defeated by Zeke’s subordinates.

NH

How are we even supposed to get our revenge?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

“Let’s not get too disheartened,” Helen assured the rest, “We might not be a match for Williams, but we can always bring in some help.”

“Damian, I heard you’re related to the strongest Master in Eurasia -- Drake?”

The head of the Count family, Damian, nodded. “Yes, he’s a distant relative of mine. But...”

“Do whatever you can to get him to help us,” Helen cut in, “No ifs, ands or buts.”

Steeling his heart, Damian nodded his head and agreed to do so.

“Wayde,” Helen continued, “I want you to find a way to get in touch with Master Williams from Rivermouth. He’s been getting rather famous lately.”

Wayde grimaced. “Master Williams is really elusive. I don’t think I’ll be able to get in touch with him.”

“I’ll introduce you to someone,” Helen said, “He can help you get in touch with Master Williams.”

“Who?” Wayde asked curiously.

“Not too long ago, some old guy who went by the name John came looking for me. He claimed to be Zeke Williams’ enemy. He said he could help us get our revenge on Zeke. He used to work in Rivermouth and is on quite good terms with Hades. Hades and Eclipse both know Master Williams.”

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“Great!” Wayde cheered, “Then it’s settled.”

Helen turned to look at the woman from the Moore family, who was also Xander’s mother.

“Mrs. Moore, I heard you’re on quite good terms with the leader of the Earth Emperor’s Mountains. Could I trouble you to get in touch with him and ask him and his bandits to lay siege on Zeke Williams?”

Drawing in a deep breath, Mrs. Moore replied, “Aright.”

“I’m sure the leader will be happy to help. Especially since The Four Divinities Zeke defeated belongs to the Earth Emperor’s Mountains.”

“Ms. Zelly, now that we all have our missions, what’s yours?” Wayde asked.

“That b***** tarnished my name,” Helen cursed, “Now, I’ve got to restore my reputation. Otherwise, all those companies under my name are going to go bust.”

She then proceeded to fish out a phone and call someone named Lily Rogers.

“Lily, I need you to do me a favor. After it’s over, I’ll give you a billion.”

A seductive voice rang from the other end. “Deal.”

Just as everybody was calling Helen a scheming b**** for murdering her fiancé and swallowing his family’s assets, she came forward to clear the air.

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Helen claimed that Frederick had led a sordid lifestyle and had hooked up with someone else's wife.

After this was discovered by his mistress' husband, the man had led a group of people to kill him.

Seconds away from his death, Frederick felt that he had wronged Helen, so he left her with all of his family's assets.

She claimed that Frederick's death had nothing to do with her. She was a victim as well.

The 'mistress', Lily Rogers, held a press conference after admitting to everything Helen had said was true and that she did have an extramarital affair with Frederick.

She also claimed that Frederick had threatened to use his authority in the military to send her to military court if she refused to be his mistress.

Thus, she had no choice but to accede to his demands.

As expected, this worked beautifully and quelled the dissent against Helen significantly.

As this story became increasingly complex, everybody began discussing if it was really the truth.

.....

At that moment, Zeke happened to be making

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preparations for the ceremony of moving Hunting Wolf's grave.

Just then, Wolf's Greed came in and said, "Zeke, we've got a problem."

As he spoke, he showed Zeke the report regarding Helen accusing Hunting Wolf of having an affair.

"She's got a death wish!" After seeing the report, Zeke's eyes lit up with a malicious glint. "If I had known she was so unrepentant, I would have punished her more severely."

"Who is this Lily Rogers?"

"She's a socialite who frequently mingles with the crowds of the higher class," Wolf's Greed replied, "To put it bluntly, she's just a higher-end prostitute. A plaything of the rich."

"I heard that the top ten richest men of Atheville have all engaged her services before."

Zeke scoffed. "How can the name of a cheap woman like her be associated with Frederick's? Come. Let's go teach her a lesson."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

“It’s going to be a little tough finding this woman,” Wolf’s Greed replied, “She doesn’t really have a home. She normally spends the night in some rich man’s home.”

“But not to worry, she’ll be attending the Sky Ocean Banquet tomorrow. As long as we turn up there, we’ll be able to find her and get her to clear Hunting Wolf’s name.”

“The Sky Ocean Banquet?” Zeke asked curiously, “The most prestigious social gathering in the whole of Eurasia?”

Wolf’s Greed nodded his head. “That’s right. In fact, the person organizing this event is my student. In a way, he’s sort of your grand disciple.”

“Hmm, that works as well,” Zeke said, “Get in touch with this student of yours. We’ll be the ones holding this event tomorrow.”

“Understood.”

The next day, Zeke and Wolf’s Greed walked up to the Sky Ocean Banquet’s entrance.

The event was being held on a lavish cruise ship.

The Sky Ocean Banquet certainly lived up to its name of the most prestigious event in the whole of Eurasia. Even before it had started, the entrance was already swamped with a large crowd of guests.

Those who were able to enter were the elite of either the business or fashion industry.

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A majority of them were B-list and C-list celebrities.

If they could hook up with any one of these big shots, they would instantly be able to rise to the ranks of the A-list celebrities.

So, these people exquisitely dolled up and scantily clad celebrities immediately became the spotlight of the event.

“Zeke.” Wolf’s Greed informed, “My people have told me Lily Rogers has already entered the place. Let’s head in.”

Zeke nodded. “Alright, let’s go.”

But just as he took a step forward, he suddenly noticed a familiar figure.

It was Lacey and Mia, accompanied by the production crew for the promotional video.

“What are both of them doing here?” Zeke frowned, “Are they here to film the promotional video?”

After much hesitation, Zeke decided against joining them.

This event was filled with the rich and wealthy. For all he knew, people from the four major households could be here.

And if they were to spot him being close to Lacey, she would definitely be dragged into the matter.

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Lacey and Mia, on the other hand, marveled at everything they saw in wide-eyed wonder.

“Wow! Mr. Lewis really wasn’t kidding when he told us to come here to film. This place is amazing,” Lacey marveled.

Mia nodded in agreement. “That’s right. Anywhere we film in this place will instantly make our promotional video a lot classier.”

“Alright, that’s enough chit-chat,” Lacey said hastily, “Let’s get to work.”

“Oh, and it’ll be great if you can get a few shots with other celebrities in it.”

The production crew Lacey had brought along immediately got busy.

However, just as Zeke was about to enter the venue, he suddenly noticed a stout man stop beside Lacey, reaching towards her.

He quickly halted in his tracks.

A beauty like Lacey was bound to be harassed at a function like this.

The man patted Lacey on the shoulder and said, “Good morning, Ms. Hinton.”

Lacey was quite grossed out by his action. However, she kept her cool and replied politely, “Good morning, Mr. Lewis. Thank you for recommending this place to us. This is the ideal backdrop for our promotional video.”

NH

This man, Harry Lewis, was the very guy who had recommended this place to Lacey.

Harry laughed, “This is just the outside. What’s inside is far greater than what you see here. Ms. Hinton, I cordially invite you and Ms. Young to follow me in and film your video inside.”

Lacey was in a dilemma.


She did really want to go in to film the video.

But judging by the lewd expression on Harry’s face, he certainly didn’t mean well by his invitation.

In the end, she rejected him. “I appreciate the offer, Mr. Lewis. But we’ll be fine with just filming from the outside.”

Displeased, Harry frowned. “Oh? I think it’s better if you took me up on my offer. Otherwise, I guarantee you’ll regret it for the rest of your life.”

As he spoke, he reached out to grab Lacey’s hand.

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NH

Lacey instinctively dodged his hand. “I’m sorry Mr. Lewis, but we’re really busy. We’ll be leaving right after we wrap up the filming.”

As she spoke, Lacey turned around and prepared to leave.

“Hold it right there!” Harry snapped.

“Do you have any idea who I am? I’m the honorary consultant for the Sky Ocean Banquet. I’m in charge of everything that goes on around here. Do you think this is a place you can just come and go as you please?”

“Come in with me. Otherwise, I guarantee that you will never be able to leave this place.”

Frightened, Lacey was about to round her crew up and leave when four of Harry’s bodyguards cut them off.

“I’m... I’m warning you,” Lacey stammered, “If you dare to try and funny business, my husband will make you regret it.”

“Haha!” Harry scoffed, “Just how powerful can an actress’ husband get? If he does come, I’ll break all three of his legs.”

Harry had mistaken Lacey for one of those B-list and C-list actresses.

Not far away, Wolf’s Greed looked from Zeke to Lacey, then back again. “If I’m not mistaken,” He began, “This should be Lacey, right? She looks much prettier in person.”

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Zeke nodded. "That's her."

"How dare that b***** Harry Lewis disrespect her like that?" Wolf's Greed fumed, "I'm going to tear him apart."

"Who's he?" Zeke asked.

"He's the honorary consultant my student hired," Wolf's Greed replied.

Zeke grunted, "Feed him to the sharks."

"Understood." Wolf's Greed then pulled out his phone and gave his student, the person hosting the Sky Ocean Banquet, a call.

Just then, Harry's phone started ringing.

After taking the call, he glowered maliciously at Lacey and threatened, "You better think things through. If you refuse to go in and have a drink with me, don't blame me when I make you do it. I want the four of you to keep an eye on her. Don't let her or any of the others leave. I've got some urgent matters to attend to."

All four of his bodyguards nodded.

Harry then entered the venue through a special entrance.

"Wolf's Greed," Zeke said, "I'll take care of Lily and him myself later. Tell your people to stand down. They're mine."

Wolf's Greed nodded.

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Just then, Zeke's phone started ringing.

Realizing that it was Lacey's, he hastily answered the call.

Lacey sounded as though she was on the verge of tears. "Zeke, where are you? We've been surrounded by some people outside the entrance for the Sky Ocean Banquet. What should I do?"

"Don't panic, Lacey," Zeke assured her, "I'll send someone to come rescue you right away."

"You have connections here in Atheville?" Lacey asked incredulously.

"That's right. The boss of the Sky Ocean Banquet is my friend."

"Can you please stop horsing around, Zeke?" Lacey implored, "How could you possibly know the boss of the Sky Ocean Banquet? What should I do now? Will involving the police help matters?"

Drawing in a deep breath, Zeke said, "Lacey, trust me. Those people harassing you now will all be fed to the sharks later."

"You'll then be able to film wherever you please within the Sky Ocean Banquet."

Getting a little frustrated, Lacey snapped, "Zeke, I'm not joking. I really meant what I said."

"So did I," Zeke replied exasperatedly, "Don't worry, just give me ten minutes."

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“Fine,” Lacey conceded, “You have ten minutes.”

After she had hung up the phone, Mia asked her anxiously, “Ms. Hinton, what did Mr. Williams say?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Lacey sighed. "Let's just call the police and hope it works."

So Mia proceeded to stealthily fish out her phone and give the police a call.

Upon hanging up, Zeke turned to Wolf's Greed and said, "Come on, let's head in."

"We've only got ten minutes."

Wolf's Greed slapped his chest and guaranteed, "I can get it done in five."

As he spoke, he whipped out his phone to start a countdown.

Harry was right. The inside of the Sky Ocean Banquet certainly was much grander than the outside.

A group of scantily clad women were gathered in the middle.

Dressed up to the nines and adorned with all kinds of designer accessories, many so-called 'upper-class' men weaved through the crowd in search of someone who would catch their eye.

This closely resembled the selection of escorts at night clubs.

Only in this case, the escorts were slightly pricier.

It wasn't long before Zeke and Wolf's Greed spotted Lily.

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Her looks were just slightly above average.

However, the seductive aura she had shrouded herself in certainly elevated her overall look.

At that moment, she happened to be engaged in a lively conversation with Harry. Now and again, she would do something flirtatious and send him into a fit of laughter.

Zeke chuckled. "Well, this certainly saves us a lot of time."

Zeke and Wolf's Greed then proceeded to approach both of them.

"Lily Rogers?" Wolf's Greed asked coldly.

Turning around, Lily studied both men from head to toe before smiling alluringly. "Good morning, gentlemen. Both of you are..."

Both of them were relatively poorly-dressed and didn't have any designer accessories on them.

However, the very fact that they had managed to come in here meant that they were no ordinary people.

Thus, Lily greeted them with a huge smile on her face.

"I heard you were once Frederick Walters' mistress," Zeke said, "And that he was the one who forced you to do so."

Lily flashed an embarrassed smile. "That was a

NH

long time ago. No point in bringing it up now. But don't worry, that good-for-nothing only did it with me once."

The underlying message was, 'My body's relatively undefiled. Would either of you like a go?'

"Why should we not bring it up?" Zeke asked coldly, "Answer my question."

The expression on Lily's face hardened. It dawned on her that these two men who had just approached her were up to no good.

Drawing in a deep breath, she replied, "That's right, Frederick was the one who forced me to be his mistress. He used to serve in the military. And he threatened to try me in the military court if I didn't comply with his demands..."

Smack!

Zeke slapped her across her face without the slightest hesitation.

"What did you say? I didn't catch that!"

The loud smack reverberated across the enormous hall, immediately attracting the attention of everyone else.

After realizing that Zeke had slapped Lily across the face, a commotion broke out within the crowd.

Do they not know who she is?

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She's a socialite who frequently mingles with the rich. She's slept with countless big shots.

With a simple wave of her hand, she can send half of Atheville's business sector into a frenzy. That's how deep and widespread her connections go.

Yet, that man had just slapped Lily across the face in front of dozens of people. Does he have a death wish?

Cradling her cheek with her hands, she stared at Zeke in disbelief. "You... you dare hit me?"

Smack!

Zeke sent another slap across her face without the slightest hesitation. "That's right, I do."

"Now answer my question."

Lily felt as though she was about to lose her mind.

She had always interacted with the higher classes of society. She had never been treated so harshly.

Her eyes began to redden. "You're dead meat..."

Smack!

Zeke slapped her once again. "Answer my question."

Ah!

Lily hastily cowered behind Harry and pleaded,

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“Mr. Lewis, you saw what they did. They’ve gone too far. You’ve got to help me. They hit your guest whilst on your turf. Is this not a sign of disrespect?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Harry patted Lily's hand while he coldly said to Zeke, "Have you asked for my consent before beating up someone in my territory?"

"Who do you think you are? Mind your own business," Zeke said.

"F***, how dare you?" Harry yelled. "Who the hell are you?"

Zeke Williams!

Lily was shocked, "Zeke Williams? So you are that scum, Frederick's brother?"

"You were the one who killed those who were related to the four most powerful families in Atheville?"

Zeke nodded.

F***!

The temperature seemed to drop in the hall. The crowd around them started to back away when they noticed the situation, their gasps audible to all.

This dude was ruthless. In only a few days, he had gotten involved in more than ten murders, and all the victims were heirs of the four most powerful families in Atheville.

As to why this devil was in Atheville, it was likely that he had come to interrogate Lily about her being kept by Frederick.

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The onlookers were also curious as to whether the rumors about Lily being Frederick's kept woman were true. They craned their necks to get a better look.

Harry said disdainfully, "No wonder you are so arrogant; you are well-prepared for this. Unfortunately for you, you picked the wrong place to mess with me today. My boss is a veteran of the special forces - he trained ten sharpshooters during his days of duty. You might be capable, but do you think you can take on ten sharpshooters? Now, if you kneel down and beg for mercy, I will consider letting you live."

Zeke answered, "Your boss? You mean Stanley Parker? That guy is insignificant in my eyes."

F***!

Harry raged, "How dare you insult my boss! You are dead meat!"

A murmur spread through the crowd.

This young guy is unbelievably ruthless. Does he really think that he's invincible?

No matter how strong he is, it will still be useless in the face of weapons.

Lily, on the other hand, was elated.

Go ahead and feed your ego. The more arrogant you are now, the more miserable your death later.

She said, "Mr. Lewis, call Mr. Parker right now. We

NH

can't allow him to be insulted by such a person."

Harry nodded, "Don't worry, I am contacting him now."

The phone call was immediately answered.

Harry asked hastily, "Mr. Parker, where are you right now?"

"Well, you need to come to Sky Ocean Banquet, someone just insulted you here."

"Yes, don't worry, I will not let him escape."

Wolf's Greed shouted, "Get here immediately, we only have five minutes!"

"Shut up," Harry yelled, "Who are you to talk to Mr. Parker?"

Wolf's Greed shouted back, "F*** you, that kid is my apprentice!"

Stanley retorted, "You're just a lowly underling, how dare you insult me! Just wait for your death."

Two minutes later, a burly figure appeared in the hall.

He was the Sky Ocean Banquet's owner, Stanley Parker.

He was followed by ten huge men, all of whom were sharpshooters trained by Stanley.

Along with Stanley, all eleven of them were

NH

veterans of the special force.

The imposing aura that surrounded them was proof enough of their identity as military men. Their presence alone was enough to make the crowd tremble in awe.

Harry quickly rushed to Stanley's side, "Mr. Parker, you finally came. They would have messed up Sky Ocean Banquet had you arrived any later."

Stanley bellowed, "I believe someone insulted me just now."

Harry pointed at Zeke and Wolf's Greed, "Both of them."

Stanley looked over them and was frightened to death.

F***, isn't that my master, Wolf's Greed?

Wait, that is not it, who is that beside him?

Even Master Wolf's Greed is humbled in his presence. It could only be one of two people.

First is the Colonel, and the other, the Great Marshal!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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NH

Great Marshal!

The name echoed in his mind for a long time.

It was his honor to get insulted by the Great Marshal!

Even his ancestors would be proud!

He quickly rushed over to Zeke and Wolf's Greed.

The crowd thought to themselves, This young man will die a painful death.

Stanley Parker will kill both of them for sure. Look at him - he's so mad that he's stumbling over his own feet and sweating buckets from the agitation.

Stanley neared the two men and gave them a deep bow. "Your servant, Stanley Parker, has arrived, Sir," he greeted him with the utmost respect.

He then turned to Wolf's Greed and said, "Your apprentice, Stanley Parker, is at your service, Sir."

Zeke nodded indifferently.

Huh!

What is going on?

The owner of Sky Ocean Banquet had bowed before two random men and addressed himself as their servant!

NH

F***, is this a hallucination?

Hallucination my a** it's impossible for so many people to share the same hallucination at the same time!

Damn it!

Why are you dressed in such shabby clothes when you obviously have an impressive background?

A wolf in sheep's clothing!

A thought popped up in Stanley's mind, and he glared at Harry with reddened eyes, "Harry Lewis, f***ing come over here, right now!"

Harry was so frightened that he fell on his knees with a loud thump.

F***, I've really stirred the hornet's nest.

Now, the tide had turned in his opponent's favor. He wanted to die on the spot. A quick death would be much better than the terrifying scene unfolding before him.

"P-please, forgive me, sir. I'm an idiot for not realizing who you are... I'm sorry for offending you..."

"F*** off!" Stanley kicked him away. "You have no right to address him as 'sir',"

Harry groveled at Zeke's feet. "Please, please, please, Sir, forgive me... I didn't mean to offend

NH

you.”

“Sir, what should we do with this guy?” Stanley asked Zeke, his voice trembling with reverence for the Great Marshal.

Zeke answered nonchalantly, “Throw him into the sea to feed the sharks.”

Throw him into the sea to feed the sharks.

The words echoed around the hall.

What a cruel man!

The order is befitting of his image as the devil who buried people alive.

Harry shuddered. The scent of ammonia permeated the air.

He only insulted Zeke, but now Zeke wanted his life.

Even the devil was more soft-hearted than he.

Harry started to wail as he begged for mercy, “Please... Don’t kill me.”

“I only insulted you with a few measly words. You can beat me up or curse me out, but killing me is too much!”

Zeke answered, “Hitting me or insulting me is okay, but anyone who harms my family must die to atone their actions.”

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Harry was stunned.

Harm your family? When did I harm your family?

Wait, he did injure someone at Sky Ocean Banquet just now - Lacey Hinton.

Could it be that Lacey Hinton is his lover?

F***, that must be it!

Who would have known that an actress has such a strong backer?

If he knew her background, he would not have dared to lay a finger on her.

Harry felt like his soul had left his body. He had lost the will to fight for his life and let Stanley's men drag him out of the hall.

He suddenly recalled that when he was 20 years old, a fortune-teller had told him he would die because of a woman.

The fortune-teller had hit the nail on the head.

Zeke's gaze fell on Lily again.

At the moment, Lily felt like the grim reaper had laid his clutches on her. Her knees weakened, and she collapsed to the floor.

Harry had only insulted Zeke, and he was fed to the sharks.

Not only did she insult him, but she also even

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trampled his brother's dignity.


Zeke would definitely skin her alive.


Lily was trembling in fear, "Please... Sir, please don't kill me."

Zeke asked, "This is the last time I'm asking you this - were you kept by Frederick? Did he force you?"

"This is your last chance; I hope you appreciate this."

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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NH

Lily would not dare to lie again.

Indeed, she was acquainted with many prominent people. However, the one who stood before her was a highly distinguished person as well.

Evidently, no one would ever risk offending this person, especially if it were merely for her sake alone.

She spoke truthfully, “No... The truth is that I’ve never even met Frederick. Helen made me do it, in order to save her own reputation. She’d even promised me a reward of one billion, but I still have yet to receive it.”

F***!

Soon, everyone turned to attack Lily. They were either trying to stand up for Frederick or rather, trying to gain Zeke’s favor. There was no in-between.

“The dead should always be honored, and here you are, namedropping the dead? You don’t deserve to live!”

“We’re better off feeding such people to the sharks.”

“Hmph, Master Frederick was renowned, proper gentleman. There is no way that he could have been interested in a s*** like her.”

“She had us all fooled”

Zeke announced, “I want you to conduct a public

NH

apology for six days. After that, you will kneel at my brother's grave relocation ceremony and ask for forgiveness."

Lily was overjoyed. Finally... At least I'll be able to live.

She immediately bowed her head. "Of course, of course."

Zeke uttered to Stanley, "There are two girls out there who are shooting a promotional video. They'd helped me earlier. It appears like they would like to come in here for their shoot. Do try your best to cooperate with them. I don't want to owe them anything."

Stanley immediately nodded, "Don't worry, I'm on it right now."

Zeke glanced at Wolf's Greed, "How long?"

He pressed his stopwatch and announced, "Four minutes forty-nine seconds."

Zeke urged him, "Let's go."

The two of them were in no hurry to leave. Instead, they returned to the car and watched Lacey and Mia.

At this very moment, both of the ladies were extremely worried and did not know what to do.

Four bodyguards had completely obstructed their way, leaving them with no escape route at all.

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They had just made a police report, but had yet to receive any reply.

Harry Lewis must be in cahoots with the police.

What should we do? What should we do?

At this very moment, a blood-curdling shriek could be heard, "Please forgive me, Grandpa. Please have mercy on me!"

It sounded like Harry Lewis.

Lacey and Mia immediately turned, to look towards that direction.

Indeed, it was Harry, who had been so arrogant barely moments ago. Right now, two muscular men were dragging him towards the edge of the ship.

When they approached the railing, they immediately flung him into the sea.

Oh my goodness, what is going on?

The two ladies were utterly shocked.

Wasn't Harry the consultant for Sky Ocean Banquet? How could he be thrown into the sea?

Lacey suddenly remembered that Zeke had mentioned that people who had bullied them would be thrown into the sea...

Could it be...

NH

Lacey covered her mouth in shock.

Before the both of them could regain their composure, an elegant and handsome man in a neat suit approached them.

It was Stanley.

“Excuse me, the two of you are here to shoot your promotional video right?”

Lacey nodded. “Mhm. You are...”

Stanley immediately introduced himself. “Oh, I am the founder of Sky Ocean Banquet, Stanley Parker. Please accept my most sincere invitation to enter the Sky Ocean Banquet for your shoot. Don’t worry, we will give you full cooperation.”

Lacey immediately grew defensive.

There were no free lunches in this world.

She asked him cautiously. “I don’t think we know each other at all. Why are you inviting us in for the shoot?”

Stanley replied, “Oh, it’s like this. You’ve helped my grandpa, and he doesn’t want to owe you any favors. Hence, he would like to repay you this way.”

Naturally, he was referring to the Great Marshal, Zeke Williams.

NH



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Lacey and Mia exchanged a thoughtful glance.

They had indeed helped an old grandpa today.

He was an old man who had difficulty walking. When he was trying to cross the road, there were cars honking at him.

In his haste, he nearly fell down.

At that critical moment, Lacey dashed forward to support the old man and instructed her photographer to cross the road with the old man on his back.

Come to think of it, he was most likely the 'grandpa', whom Stanley was referring to.

Thoroughly thinking it through, Lacey was ecstatic as she chirped, "Thank you, thank you. I knew that kindness begets kindness. Mr. Parker, if you don't mind, I would like to go in and conduct my shoot now. Don't worry, we won't take up too much of your time."

Stanley responded, "No problem, I'll personally guide you there."

Along the way, Lacey called Zeke.

She stated, "Williams, we have settled the matter. You don't have to worry anymore."

Zeke replied, "All right, I know. I've already contacted the boss personally."

Lacey mocked him, "Hoho, you flatter yourself."

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What has this got to do with you? This is because we'd helped the boss's grandpa. He is helping us because he wants to repay our favor."

Zeke's mouth twitched slightly.

You would never believe this, but just a casual word from me, and the boss of Sky Ocean Banquet has already called me his grandpa.

Lacey then murmured, "All right, let's hang up. We have to begin our shoot."

After an hour, at her own expense, Lily published her apology statement at all the major media outlets in Atheville.

In the statement, she clarified that she did not know Frederick Walters and that it was Helen Zelly who had bought her out, to deliberately frame the dead Frederick Walters.

For that, she expressed her solemn apologies and condolences to Frederick Walters.

Atheville exploded, the moment the statement was released.

Eurasia had always prided themselves for their values, especially when it came to honoring the dead.

Now that there was someone who had stooped to slandering and disrespecting the dead in order to protect their own reputation, it brought upon public indignation.

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The public censure against Helen rose again, and it was far more ferocious than the previous wave.

As of this moment, she had not even dared to leave her own front door.

This was because there was a large group of inquisitive reporters, and members of the public gathered at her front door. The moment she stepped out of her house, there would be rotten eggs and fruits, aimed at her.

Helen was going mad.

Everything was smooth sailing, all until Lily Rogers had suddenly pulled the rug underneath her feet.

Looking at the current situation, there was no way of restoring her reputation.

Die! Zeke Williams must die, in order to resolve the hatred in my heart!

She immediately contacted the heads of the other three major families, in order to check on the progress of inviting foreign aid.

Both Master Williams and Drake were of high status, and it would be impossible to settle the negotiations within such a short time frame.

Right now, all hopes were pinned onto Mrs. Moore, who was negotiating with the mountain robbers of Earth Emperor's Mountains.

At the Earth Emperor's Mountains, the unshaven

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and unkempt Master put on an indifferent face while listening to Mrs. Moore's explanation about the grievances between the four major families and Zeke Williams.

After she had finished, he finally spoke. "Are you done?"

Mrs. Moore nodded.

He then announced, "Please see our guest on her way out."

Mrs. Moore gritted her teeth. "Master, are you afraid? Are you too fearful to attack Zeke Williams?"

He replied, "No, I am not afraid. Rather, there is no need to offend Williams just for all of you. I've heard of that kid, and he is well known throughout the underworld. We could definitely finish him off if we gathered all our resources, but we would suffer great losses as well."

Mrs. Moore sniggered. "Fine, you deserve truly deserve to be the Master of the Earth Emperor's Mountains, with your cruel heart. Your biological son was buried alive and has not been able to rest in peace, even until the current. Not only are you ignoring that, rather, but you are also still casually enjoying your position as the Master here. Really, you are inhumane."

The Master was confused. "Hang on, what do you mean? What biological son of mine?"

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Mrs. Moore exclaimed, "Xander Moore is your son! I've never talked about it, and Xander himself is unaware, as well. If this gets out, not only will the both of us lose our reputations, rather, I will be thrown out of the Moore family."

The Master immediately grew agitated. "I... I have a son... Xander Moore is the fruit of my loins! F***, no wonder I'd always thought that he looked like me! F***, f***, f***, why didn't you tell me this earlier? If I had known about this, I could have saved his life. You'd brought about my biological son's death, I'm going to beat you to death!"

The master fell into a state of madness as he began beating up Mrs. Moore.

She roared at him, "You a*****! It was Williams who'd buried your son alive! What has it got to do with me? Stop beating me up! I'll just give you another child. Since I could have borne one child, I am sure that I am able, to have another one."

The Master suddenly came to his senses and gritted his teeth. "That son of a b**** Zeke Williams! How dare you kill my biological son? I'll make sure to eradicate your entire family line! Wallace, Markson, lead a team and bring Williams to me!"

"Hang on." Mrs. Moore stopped him. "Even The Four Divinities whose powers are only second to yours are no match for Zeke Williams, what more if it were these two/ It would be better for you to take action personally."

He replied disdainfully, "Screw The Four Divinities.

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It's just a fake name that I'd created with the money that I'd thrown out. The ones with true physical prowess here at Earth Emperor's Mountain are these two nobodies. They are my secret killing machines."

At this very moment, Helen called Mrs. Moore.

"Mrs. Moore, how's your negotiation going so far?" Helen asked.

Mrs. Moore replied, "The Master has already agreed to take action."

Helen was overjoyed. "This time, I definitely want Zeke Williams to die a thousand deaths."

At this very moment, Zeke was having a meal at Sage's house.

Now that the Walters had completely redeemed themselves, there were finally smiles all around, with much vigor.

Sage and her mother had cooked up a storm to entertain Zeke and Wolf's Greed.

While they were eating, Zeke's phone suddenly rang.

It was a phone call from the leader of the Necromancer Assassin Organization, Rosie White.

Zeke stepped out to answer the phone call.

Rosie explained, "Zeke, I've just received some

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information. The master of the Earth Emperor's Mountain is about to send someone to abduct you and your people. Should I send someone to assassinate him?"

Zeke frowned. "How did you get information about Atheville?"

Rosie replied, "I've returned to look for you. This time, I won't let you run away again."

Zeke was slightly conflicted now.

He was already using so much of his energy to merely protect Lacey, and now Rosie had appeared.

Thankfully, Rosie was operating in the dark. Thus, she should not have been in too much danger.

Zeke replied, "I was just about to pay a visit to the Earth Emperor's Mountains. Since they are intending to invite me over for a visit, the timing couldn't be more perfect."

Rosie responded, "But based on your small amount of power..."

"Just hang up." Zeke hung up on her impatiently.

After wolfing down their dinner, Zeke gave Wolf's Greed a knowing glance. "Let's take a walk for our digestion, shall we?"

"Let's go." Wolf's Greed got up.

As it looked like it was about to rain, Sage

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immediately fetched umbrellas and raincoats for the both of them.

Wolf's Greed chuckled, This little sister is really kind and compassionate. It would be amazing to be able to marry her and bring her home.

The two of them got into their car.

Wolf's Greed asked, "Bro, where are we headed to?"

"We're going to Xander's grave to meet up with Sole Wolf." replied Zeke.

"Why are we looking for Sole Wolf?"

"The master of Earth Emperor's Mountains wants to abduct us, taking us to the mountains. Let's get him to take action upon us, at the cemetery."



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