

Tim Gunn was the pillar of Eurasia's economy. The Prime Minister was even once worried that Zeke's men might not be able to protect him. If Tim were to fall, the economy of Eurasia would go down with him.

Tim and Justice Warrior stepped out of the car and were immediately stunned by what they saw.

"Where's the Great Hall? What happened here?" Tim mumbled and looked at the Prime Minister for an answer.

Zeke quickly shook his head at the Prime Minister, signaling the latter to not reveal his true strength, because Zeke had other plans in mind.

"It's a long story. I'll tell you some other day," the Prime Minister replied.

Tim nodded and knelt in front of Zeke without hesitation. "Great Marshal, I apologize for my previous stupidity. I should've listened to you."

"Don't worry about it," Zeke replied.

"That's right! Mr. Minister, the group that Ares killed wasn't the Demon slayers!" Tim exclaimed.

"I know. We were attacked as well," the Prime Minister replied and pointed to the holes on the ground that Zeke had made.

"The hell? Did they use explosives here as well?" Tim's eyes widened. "They also used explosives when they attacked us, but not as powerful as these!"

Zeke smiled at Tim's comment but said nothing. I made those holes with my power, you know?

It was normal for someone of the Ultimate Class to exert forces stronger than the usual explosives.

Justice Warrior, however, frowned. "I don't think they were made by explosives," Justice warrior whispered to Zeke, "Could it be... your doing?"

When Zeke only replied with a meaningful glance, Justice Warrior was stunned.

After a few seconds, Justice Warrior shot his thumb up at Zeke as he began to suspect that Zeke had advanced to the Ultimate Class. "You're insane!"

Just as they were discussing the holes, Collins, Sole Wolf, and Wolf's Greed arrived, each of them bringing along one of Eurasia's leaders.

These leaders were all attacked by assassins. If not for the Alpha Suicide Squad's protection, they would all have been dead, and Eurasia would be finished.

The new arrivals had the same reaction as Tim as they reached the Great Hall.

After regaining their wits, they all knelt in front of Zeke to beg for forgiveness.

"Mr. Williams, we apologize for our idiotic behavior back then. Thank you for protecting us despite that. We all owe you our lives."

“It’s fine.” Zeke couldn’t care less.

Finally, the main characters for the day—Ares and Julian—arrived, fashionably late.

The two were all smiles until they saw what was once the Great Hall.

What the f**k happened here? Where’s the Great Hall? How are we supposed to celebrate now?

“Mr. Minister, what happened here?” Ares asked the Prime Minister.

“Ares, are you still sure that the group of hitmen that you killed are the Demon slayers?”

The safety of the leaders of Eurasia would not have been in jeopardy if Ares had not claimed that he’d wiped out the Demon slayers.



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“What are you talking about?” Ares’s heart skipped a beat.

“Well, the Demon slayers just tried to kill all of us,” the Prime Minister replied.

Ares’s heart sank immediately as he had never expected after all his meticulous planning, the real Demon slayers would actually partake in the fight.

Can’t you guys appear after we have our hands on the Spirit Stones? Ares berated in his head.

“I-is that so? I guess I have to apologize for my mistake here. It must have been wrong intelligence on my side then. I really hope all of you can forgive me for my carelessness,” Ares feigned ignorance and smiled bitterly.

The leaders of Eurasia replied Ares with cold stares as the misinformation had almost cost them their lives.

They wanted to refute but were reluctant to do so as Ares was still a King Class warrior.

Ares scanned the flattened terrain and asked out of curiosity, “May I know who killed the Demon slayers and turned this place into ruins?”

“The number one King Class warrior saved us,” the Prime Minister replied.

Ares jumped at the news. He knew that he himself could never cause so much damage even in his top condition. The scene in front of him

proved that the first King Class warrior was ways ahead of him in terms of capability.

Ares finally understood why the number one King Class warrior refused to have a friendly match: Ares was simply inferior to him.

“This is all on me. I’ll take full responsibility,” Ares replied, disheartened, “Julian, let’s go.”

Just as Ares was about to leave, Zeke spoke up, “Ares, hold up. There’s something I can’t seem to understand and I hope you have some answers for it.”

Ares rolled his eyes at Zeke; whenever the latter talked, something bad would always happen.

“And what’s that?” Ares asked impatiently.

“Since we’re now sure that the group of assassins you killed wasn’t the Demon slayers, then who are they?”

Zeke’s question came as a bolt from the blue. Everyone quickly shifted their attention to Ares.

Ares forced a smile and remained calm despite his guilt. “How would I know?”

“Then, how are you so sure they were the Demon slayers?”

“I...” Ares stuttered as he had no idea how to answer Zeke’s follow-up question. “Didn’t we tell you that it’s because we have been misinformed?” Julian argued.

“If that’s the case, how did you get that information?”

“From our intelligence officer, of course.”

“Very good. Could you be so kind to tell us his name? We have some questions for him.”

“T-this...” It was Julian’s turn to stutter.

In fact, there was no intelligence officer. Julian had made it all up. It was also useless for him to find a scapegoat as whoever that was would be exposed right away.


“And why would we do that?” Ares scoffed and pulled Julian away. “Julian, we are leaving!”

The Prime Minister stared as Ares left and whispered to Zeke, “Great Marshal, may I have a word?”

Zeke followed the Prime Minister to a quiet corner.

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“Judging from your questions, are you suspecting that Ares himself staged the killing of the assassin, and that he’s trying to get his hands on the Spirit Stones?” the Prime Minister inquired.

“Most likely.”

“That b*stard! How dare he endanger the whole nation for the stones!” the Prime Minister tightened his fists. “I’ll definitely conduct a thorough investigation on him and give all Eurasians a fitting explanation!”

After pausing for a moment, the Prime Minister continued, “By the way, now that the Demon slayers are truly dead, why are you hiding the fact that you’re the top King Class warrior?”

“Because someone has the means to steal the Spirit Stone from the mine, and is trying to do so,” Zeke sighed. “And I’m investigating under the guise of the useless Great Marshal.”

The Prime Minister was worried. “How are you so sure that someone is trying to steal the stones?”

“Because you need them to advance to the King Class,” Zeke explained. “Isn’t it weird that the leader of the Demon slayers managed to achieve King Class when there’s no Spirit Stone mine in the United States? It proves that someone has been stealing the stones from us.”

The Prime Minister looked somber after hearing Zeke’s explanation. “Eurasia’s power is closely tied to the stones. We have to speed up the investigation and find out who is stealing from

us!”

“I’d suggest you keep your hands out of this, Mr. Minister. We don’t want to alert the enemy. I’ll handle this personally.”

“Thank you!” the Prime Minister saluted.

The two rejoined the crowd.

Since the ceremony was called off, Zeke asked Justice Warrior and the rest of the Alpha Suicide Squad to escort the leaders back to their own homes.

Sole Wolf was the only one who remained beside Zeke.

Since the troop assigned to guard the mine was the Elites of Sole, it was possible that someone from the troop had betrayed their country.

“Zekky, why am I still here?” Sole Wolf had no idea why Zeke asked him to stay.

“Let me ask you a serious question. How loyal do you think the Elites of Sole are?” Zeke asked.

“They would risk their lives for you without exception,” Sole Wolf replied.

“Wrong!”

“Why’s that?”

“Because there might be a traitor among the Elites of Sole.”

“What?” Sole Wolf jumped. “Who dares to betray us? Who? Zekky, tell me! I’m going to rip him to pieces!”

“Calm down. It’s just a possibility. I am still not sure if my hypothesis is true.”

Sole Wolf let out a sigh of relief. “So, you don’t have any proof?”

“It’s purely speculation. You should know that anyone who wants to advance to the King Class will need the help of Spirit Stones, right? Since there’s no mine in the United States, how did the leader of the Demon slayers advance to King Class? That is why I’m speculating that someone is stealing from us.”

“I can assure you that no one in the Elites of Sole has betrayed us. It’s most likely stolen by someone else.”

“So you’re saying that your elites are not guarding the mine well enough?”

“There’s no way... I personally designed the defensive formation around the mine. Even a fly couldn’t get in. Wait, maybe it’s someone stronger than us? Zekky, leave it to me. I’ll stay at the mine 24/7 until the thief is caught!”



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“Wait!” Zeke stopped Sole Wolf. “Why don’t we give the culprit a taste of his own medicine?”

“But who’s the culprit?” Sole Wolf asked.

“Ares, of course. He would never stop until he gets his hands on the Spirit Stones, and the only way he could do so is by contacting the thief. When Ares contacts the traitor to try and steal the stones, we’ll capture them in one go.”

“F**k that traitor! I’m going to tear him apart!” Sole Wolf tightened his fists.

“Now, all you have to do is to enlist me as a normal soldier of the Elites of Sole,” Zeke instructed, “I’m going to wait for them myself.”

“Okay!”

...

The more Ares and Julian thought about it, the more furious they became. Who would’ve thought that their plan would be foiled in its final step?

“Father, what should we do now?” Julian asked desperately, “If this drags out too long, I’ll never regain my powers! Even the Spirit Stones could not help me then.”

Ares shared the same worry as well, but he didn’t say it out loud since it would only add to Julian’s frustration.

“Don’t worry. Even if we can’t get our reward, we still have other ways to get our hands on the

stones.”

“How?” Julian found hope again. “The mine is being guarded by the top King Class warrior so we’ll have to go through him first. The only problem is that he’s too mysterious...”

“No matter how mysterious he is, he’s still human. And humans make mistakes,” Ares gave a cold chuckle.

“What kind of mistake can he make?”

“You should know that in order to ascend to King Class, the Spirit Stone is a must. Now, the question is, how did the leader of the Demon slayers, an American, get his hands on one? Eurasia is the only source of Spirit Stone. I believe that one of the guards is stealing from the mine.”

“Father, you’re right. That possibility is high,” Julian agreed. “If we can find a way to contact the traitor, we can get our hands on the stones! But how are we going to find out who the traitor is?”

“I might have an idea of who he is,” Ares smiled as he stroke his beard.

“You do? How?” Julian exclaimed in excitement. “If we can contact him, then we can secure the stones!”

“Analysis, my son. But, it’s just a guess. Julian, do you know the Carter Sect that resides in Mount Final?”

Julian was confused but nodded. “I do. Four sects

have secluded themselves from the world, and they are spread out in four directions. The Carter Sect is one of them. They are so influential that they have the right to collect taxes. Even the government of Eurasia has to present them with loads of resources every year. But, Father, why are you asking about them?”

“Everyone knows that the Elites of Sole that are guarding the mine are incredibly loyal to Zeke. They would risk their lives to uphold the Great Marshal’s pride. The only people with the power to insert a spy or bribe one of the elites would belong to the four sects. Luckily for us, I know someone from the Carter Sect; we can go and ask them for help.”



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“What?” Julian covered his mouth in surprise. “Father, you know someone from the Carter Sect?”

Little did Julian know that not only Ares—or rather, the fake Ares—was acquainted with the Carter Sect, but the party who turned Connor into the fake Ares was also from the Carter Sect.

“We’re acquainted,” Ares nodded.

Julian beamed in excitement as he never thought that the party supporting the Thisleton family in secret was one of the four secluded sects.

The Carter Sect held the same amount of influence as the strongest warrior of the King Class.

With the Carter Sect behind them, the Thisleton family would thrive for at least another five hundred years.

Ares and Julian immediately left for Mount Final.

After spending a whole night on the plane, they arrived at their destination the next afternoon.

The father-and-son pair climbed deep into Mount Final’s hinterland, a place that was covered in pure white snow and thick fog all year round.

Even during the day, they would have trouble seeing things beyond two meters from them.

If someone wandered into the hinterland, they would never find their way out and would

eventually die of hunger.

Luckily for Julian, Ares knew the secret to the fog and they passed through it without any difficulty.

An hour passed and they finally arrived at a tall gate.

“Carter” was written on the Olympus-like gate, which made Julian gasp in awe.

After calming himself down, Ares knocked on the gate. It soon opened.

The gatekeeper, in traditional clothing, poked his head out. “Who are you?”

“I’m Ares, a friend of Mason Carter,” Ares replied as he bowed, “I’m here to visit him.”

“Do you have any proof?”

Ares quickly took out a jade pendant with the word “Carter” engraved on it.

After confirming the pendant, the gatekeeper replied, “Wait here. I’ll notify Mason.”

The gatekeeper then closed the gate once again.

“I’ve heard that the Carter Sect has lived in seclusion for the past five hundred years. Looks like the legend is true. They’re still wearing traditional clothing,” Julian observed.

“The Carter Sect was founded centuries ago,” Ares explained, “For the past few hundred years,

they have been hiding deep in this mountain and lived the way of the old. No modern technology is allowed past this gate. Members of the sect have pledged themselves to practice traditional martial arts, and I believe they have an Ultimate Class warrior among them. Remember, when we head in, keep your voice down and refrain from provoking any of them, or else we'll both be dead before we know it."

"I will," Julian replied with a nod.

The gate opened once again. This time, a man in white traditional clothing came out. This person was none other than Mason Carter.

Ares and Julian quickly bowed to Mason to show their respect. "Ares of Thisleton, here to meet Mr. Mason."

Ares? Mason raised an eyebrow as he wasn't acquainted with Ares. But he quickly realized that the Ares that was standing before him was actually Connor, whom he had helped to transform into Ares.

The real Ares was currently locked inside the Carter Sect's dungeon.

"Good," Mason nodded. "Ares, why did you seek me out?"



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Ares quickly pushed Julian towards Mason. “Mr. Carter, this is my son, Julian. His life force was damaged in the past, but it has now become a blessing in disguise. A burst of energy that’s in the preliminary stage of developing the aura of the King is in his body! In other words, if he can get his hands on the Spirit Stone, he can enter the realms of the King Class. Hence, we plead that you can give us the Spirit Stone.”

Mason looked a little surprised. “How did you know I can get my hands on the Spirit Stones?”

Ares explained that he had long suspected the traitor who stole a Spirit Stone to be acting under the orders of the Carter Sect.

Mason smiled. “Yes. Your guess is almost there. Indeed, I can get my hands on the Spirit Stone.”

Ares and Julian were elated. “I hope you can fulfil our wish and give us a Spirit Stone.”

However, Mason said, “A Spirit Stone is formed through the concentration of spiritual energy. As the nation’s treasure, it’s extremely precious. Even someone like me would find it difficult to get my hands on one. If you want me to give you a Spirit Stone, isn’t it too insincere if you’re just asking me?”

Ares replied quickly, “I’ll be willing to exchange all of my family’s assets for a Spirit Stone.”

After obtaining a Spirit Stone, Julian would be able to enter the King Class.

With two King Class warriors joining forces, they could conquer Eurasia.

By then, they would be able to get all the fortunes they want and even expand the Thisleton family.

“How ridiculous!”

No one expected Mason to become enraged. “The Carten Family’s wealth is greater than the entire nation’s. The Thisleton family’s assets are nothing to me! Are you trying to humiliate me by offering those pathetically meagre assets to me?”

Shocked, Ares and Julian started breaking out into cold sweat. They fell onto their knees again, “We wouldn’t dare! We wouldn’t dare! We’ve said something wrong. Please forgive us, Mr. Carter.”

Mason kept quiet after snorting coldly.

Ares asked timidly, “May I ask what would you like in exchange for the Spirit Stone?”

Mason glanced at Julian. “Come here.”

Trembling, Julian crawled to Mason’s side.

Mason squeezed Julian’s shoulders and nodded. “Indeed, you have great potential. If you get the Spirit Stone, you can certainly level up to the King Class. The Carter Family can use you two King Class warriors as one of the second-tier forces working for our family.”

Julian’s heart thumped quickly.

Two King Class warriors were strong enough to dominate the entire globe.

However, Mason had just dismissed them as one of the 'second-tier forces' in the Carter Family.

The Carter Sect was indeed terrifying!

Mason continued, "The Carter Family is embarking on a major plan called the Re-emergence Plan, and I'd like to invite both of you to join it. Will you be interested?"

What?

Ares' heart pounded rapidly.

The Carter Family, a hidden sect, is going to re-emerge!

As a hidden sect that has the military powers of an entire nation, they will definitely create a huge commotion in the globe if they re-emerge.

They might even change the world's landscape!

This is an extremely large-scale scheme.

Ares hesitated.

After all, it was dangerous to stay so close to someone so powerful.

If they really joined the Carter Family's plan, their lives would be at constant risk.

Julian realized this as well.

He would rather remain a useless man than join forces with the Carter Sect.

A sect like theirs was too terrifying. If he got involved himself with them, it would be impossible for him to leave.

Mason was furious when he saw them hesitating. “Why? Are you unwilling? Are you looking down on the Carter Sect’s plan, or are you reluctant to let us re-emerge?”

Ares was so scared that sweat started dripping down his forehead. Quickly, he explained, “You’re overthinking, Mr. Carter. Of course, we... we agree. It’s our honor to work for the Carter Family. I was just wondering if you’re sure you can get your hands on a Spirit Stone.”



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Was Ares in the position to refuse?

Of course not!

If he refused, the Carter family would definitely kill them on the spot.

Although a King Class warrior like him could act domineeringly outside, he was extremely vulnerable and powerless in front of the Carter family—just like a piece of meat waiting to be butchered.

After all, legend had it that there was an extremely strong and powerful man working for the Carter family.

Mason affirmed, “Of course I’m certain. I’ll bring you the Spirit Stone today. Wait for me here.”

After speaking, Mason retreated into the stone door.

Wiping the cold sweat off his forehead, Julian asked, “Sir, is Mr. Carter the head of the Carter family? If we build a good relationship with the head of the Carter family, it’ll only be advantageous for us. It’s indeed our honor to be able to join the Carter Family’s major plan.”

Ares was at a loss for words. “The head of the Carter family? You’re overthinking. He’s only a disciple of the Carter family.”

What?

Carter widened his eyes in shock, and his mouth

fell agape.

Mason Carter is only a disciple of the Carter family?

However, even Ares, a mighty King Class expert, has to kneel to a mere disciple?

The extent of the Carter clan's power and intimidation was beyond his wildest imagination.

Soon, the stone door of the Carter family opened once more.

In the midst of the white mist, a figure walked out.

After taking a closer look at the person's face, Ares and Julian were utterly dumbfounded.

They broke out into a cold sweat, and their hearts pounded furiously against their chests.

Sole Wolf!

The person who walked out of the door is Sole Wolf—Zeke's subordinate and a member of the Alpha Suicide Squad.

Oh my God! I never expected Sole Wolf to know someone from the Carter clan.

Furthermore, it looks like he has a better relationship with the Carter clan than us!

At the very least, Sole Wolf can enter the Carter family's house, while we can't.

If Sole Wolf knows we're eyeing the Spirit Stone mine, we'll be doomed.

Sole Wolf broke the silence. "Why are both of you standing there in a daze? Follow me to retrieve the Spirit Stone."

Huh?

Ares and Julian were confused.

However, Ares quickly realized what happened. "You... You're Mr. Mason Carter?"

'Sole Wolf' nodded. "That's right."

Only then did Ares heave a sigh of relief, having understood what had happened.

Disguising himself as Sole Wolf, Mason headed to the imperial mausoleum at Devonville to steal the Spirit Stones.

Ares could not help but give him a thumbs-up as he praised, "The Carter family's disguising techniques live up to their reputation. If you didn't reveal your identity, I would've suspected you're Sole Wolf himself."

Chuckling, Mason said, "It's a piece of cake."

Following behind Ares and Mason, Julian's mind wandered.

Ever since his father, Ares, had returned from the Cygnus Room, he had become really weird, unlike his usual self.

Now that he had seen how convincing the Carter family's disguising techniques were, he could not help but suspect if this Ares were his father or an imposter.

But regardless of who he is, he's been helping me all the time. He even wants to boost me up to the King Class.

Hence, I'm sure he's my father!

Zeke and Sole Wolf soon reached the imperial mausoleum at Devonville.

Zeke planned to disguise himself as an ordinary soldier who had been dispatched by Sole Wolf to guard the Spirit Stone mine.

He was certain that Ares had made his move and contacted the traitor who was supposed to protect the mine.

All Zeke needed to do was to wait patiently at the Spirit Stone mine until he showed up.

Looking at Zeke, who had changed into an average soldier's uniform, Sole Wolf said, "Sir, there are people in the Elites of Sole who recognize you. Your identity might be exposed if you enter looking like this."

"It doesn't matter."



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As he spoke, he fished out a mask made of human skin and placed it over his face.

Zeke had specially asked someone to tailor-make the mask for him.

Although it was not perfect, it was enough to trick the average soldier.

Sole Wolf then brought Zeke into the imperial mausoleum.

The Spirit Stone mine was located in the depths of the imperial mausoleum.

As the imperial mausoleum was the last line of defense, every five meters of the compound were guarded by posted patrols and covert observers. It would be impossible for even a fly to enter without alerting the guards.

Soon, they reached the belly of the imperial mausoleum, which was guarded by a special combat troop.

A commander walked forward and saluted Sole Wolf. "Good to see you, General!"

Sole Wolf asked, "Did anyone suspicious come here?"

The commander shook his head. "No."

Nodding, Sole Wolf answered, "Good job. Let me introduce this soldier to you. He's a soldier whom I specially recruited. You can call him Zeke. You'll be responsible for leading him."

The commander nodded instantly. “Understood.”

Patting Zeke’s shoulder, Sole Wolf teased, “Do a good job, little rascal. I’ll promote your rank and raise your salary if you perform well.”

Zeke’s expression darkened instantly.

Little rascal?

You’re getting too full of yourself, Sole Wolf.

When Sole Wolf noticed Zeke’s murderous glare, he was terrified. After shooting Zeke an embarrassed smile, he left quickly.

The moment Sole Wolf left, the commander and a few soldiers stared at Zeke devilishly.

Zeke knew very well what they were going to do.

When a new soldier reported to his post, the seasoned soldiers would take ‘special’ care of him and intimidate him.

Undoubtedly, he would not be an exception.

You guys are not qualified to intimidate me, the Great Marshal.

The commander shot a look at a soldier, who quickly brought a stool for him to sit down on.

With a cold smirk, the commander stared at Zeke. “You’re Zeke, aren’t you? Let me introduce myself. I’m Aaron Flint, but my brothers call me Boss Flint. You can call me that too.”

Zeke nodded in silent acknowledgement.

Naturally, he would not call the commander his boss. He only nodded to prevent any conflicts from breaking out and causing further complications.

The commander continued, "I'm a bit tired after standing guard for the entire day. Come and massage my leg for me."

Zeke remained motionless.

I'm afraid you cannot bear the consequences of having the Great Marshal massage your leg.

The commander raised his voice. "Are you deaf, you rascal? Come over here and massage my leg!"

Zeke smiled wryly. "I'm here to guard the Spirit Stone mine, not to serve you."

Enraged, the commander yelled, "Are you disobeying my commands?"

Zeke rebuked, "You have no authority to command me to massage your leg."

Very well.

The commander's smile turned vicious. "I have no authority to make you massage my leg, but I have the authority to train you, don't I? Come here, Max. Show me what this kid is made of."

A muscular and burly man walked towards Zeke

with a menacing smile on his face.

The soldiers stared at Zeke with great interest as well.

This young man is in for a bad time!

Max is famous in the Elites of Sole for his herculean strength.

Even if he merely pinned Zeke's body against the floor without attacking, Zeke would become flattened instantly.

Rubbing his palms together, Max asked eagerly, "Boss Flint, how far should I go?"


The commander replied, "This rascal is very stubborn. Just shake him up a little."


No problem.

After laughing loudly, Max pounced towards Zeke.

His aura was so intimidating and heavy that everyone suddenly found it difficult to breathe.

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However, Zeke was not flustered at all, nor did he make any attempts to dodge the attack.

Only when Max was about to reach him did Zeke turn his body sideways, narrowly brushing past Max.

Max landed heavily on the ground, causing dust to billow around him.

Even the cave trembled slightly.

On the other hand, Zeke remained unscathed.

Max started coughing vigorously as the dust flew around him. "Sh*t! That fall hurts! Where's the rascal? Where did he go?"

Everyone did not know whether to cry or laugh.

Haha! I never expected Max to fall flat on the ground. It's even because of a newbie soldier!

His reputation, which he had accumulated for decades, is going to be tarnished today.

The commander scolded, "You useless piece of trash. You can't do anything right at all. If you can't even defeat a new soldier, what use do I have for you?"

Max was furious too. "F*** you, rascal. If you got balls, don't run away. I'm going to fight you three hundred times today!"

Max, whose humiliation had morphed into fury, charged at Zeke again.

Similarly, Zeke did not confront him up front.

Instead, he kicked a stone under his feet secretly.

The stone soared and hit Max's knee. Max, who was running at full speed, was caught off guard, and he collapsed on the ground again. This time, a few of his teeth got knocked out.

Max's miserable howls echoed in the cave for a long time.

"Hahaha!"

The crowd was almost dying of laughter.

The seasoned soldier, Max, did not even manage to touch the newbie, even after attacking him twice. Instead, he had fallen on the ground twice and even broke a few of his teeth.

This was sheer humiliation to Max. He would not be able to hold his head high in the troop anymore.

As it was very dim in the cave, no one had seen Zeke kicking that stone.

They thought Max had fallen on his own.

Having embarrassed himself, Max was close to exploding in rage.

"Sh*t! I was careless this time. Let's fight again, rascal."

However, the commander chastised him

impatiently, “Get lost! Max, I’ve been utterly humiliated by you. Don’t tell anyone you’re my soldier. I don’t want to be embarrassed by your incompetency.”

Max’s face flushed. “Commander, I think someone ambushed me!”

“Shut up!” the commander yelled furiously. “You didn’t train diligently, yet you’re blaming someone else. Cut the crap! Get out now and run for ten kilometers with a fifty-kilogram weight. If you forgo even one meter, I’ll kick you out of the Elites of Soles!”

Sighing and rubbing his head, Max left the cave.

He could not wrap his head around what had happened. After all, he was not lazy with his training.

Why did his strength decrease so much, such that he could not even stand steadily anymore?

Am I getting old?

The commander pointed at a lanky man. “Chimp, come out.”

Chimp took a step forward.

The commander then instructed, “Teach this rascal a good lesson. Let him know that the Elites of Sole are not inferior. We have the honor of working for the Great Marshal because of our capabilities.”

“Understood.”

Everyone looked at Zeke worriedly.

Chimp’s capabilities were as strong as the commander.

If it were not because he was less experienced than Commander Flint, he would have become the commander by now.

Even Max could not compare to a skilled expert like him.

With Chimp joining the fight, the newbie soldier was certainly doomed.

Smirking, the commander said, “Rascal, I’m going to give you one last chance. If you massage my leg, I’ll spare you.”

Zeke chuckled. “I’m sorry, but I want to see how you’ll teach me a lesson.”

Slapping his leg, the commander declared, “Rascal, since you’re so bold, I’ve decided to keep you here. However, despite my compliments, I must still train you. Chimp, take good care of this guy.”



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Chimp nodded. However, he warned Zeke good-naturedly, like a senior to a junior, “Buddy, I don’t usually fight. But when I do, someone will get seriously injured. Why don’t you give in to Boss Flint so you won’t put me in a tough position?”

However, Zeke only said, “I’m ready when you are.”

You...

Unsure of whether to laugh or to cry, Chimp said, “Okay, then. You asked for it!”

With a furious howl, he stepped on a rock and leapt three meters high into the air.

He spread his fingers in a claw-like manner and tried to grab Zeke’s neck.

His murderous aura caused chills to run down everyone’s spine.

With a slight flick of his hand, Zeke threw a silver needle out casually.

The silver needle stabbed Chimp’s stomach rapidly, causing Chimp to lose control mid-jump.

He fell onto the ground with a huge thud, clutching his stomach and rolling around on the floor.

“Sh*t! It hurts like hell! What happened? I feel like I’ve been stung by a bee.”

What the f***?

Everyone was astounded.

Another person lost in a minor battle! Chimp, the second strongest soldier in the Elites of Sole, had just lost to a newbie!

Did he lose accidentally?

These 'accidents' are occurring too frequently, aren't they?

This newbie is so lucky!

As the silver needle was even more inconspicuous than the stone, no one noticed it as well.

As the needle had been stabbed at a specific spot, Chimp would be in constant agony.

He was in so much pain that cold sweat dripped from his forehead continuously, and he could barely stand up.

However, Zeke did not plan on extracting that silver needle any time soon.

These bunch of soldiers had underestimated their enemies too much. He must teach them a good lesson.

The commander's expression darkened.

"Sh*t! What a pile of trash! I think all of you are out to humiliate me. Rascal, I'm sorry these people could not teach you well. I'm going to take their place and show you the way personally."

The commander stood up, rubbing his palms together.

Zeke laughed again.

Who are the cutest people in the world?

Undoubtedly, it's the Elites of Sole!

In the valleys of Devonville, 'Sole Wolf', Ares and Julian were rushing towards their destination.

'Sole Wolf' was actually Mason in disguise.

Soon, they saw from afar the guards standing outside the Spirit Stone mine.

'Sole Wolf' said, "Both of you, wait here. You must not let anyone discover you. I'll go in and take the Spirit Stone."

Ares said worriedly, "The person guarding the Spirit Stone mine is the strongest King Class expert in Eurasia. Are you sure you can take the Spirit Stone away under his guard?"

'Sole Wolf' replied, "In reality, the Strongest King of Eurasia might not be standing guard here. Even Sole Wolf doesn't frequent this place. Eurasia only declared that the Strongest King is guarding the Spirit Stone mine to intimidate its enemies."

Only then did Ares feel relieved. "We'll await good news from you!"

'Sole Wolf' quickly made his way towards the guards.

The ten-kilometer radius around the Spirit Stone was heavily guarded, with three troops of soldiers guarding it.

There was a troop of soldiers at the outermost ring, followed by another troop in the middle, then the last troop inside the imperial mausoleum, which Zeke was part of.

After a short while, Mason met the guards at the outermost ring.

The commander of the troop walked towards him quickly. "Sir, you've just left. Why did you come back again?"

Mason was taken aback.

Did Sole Wolf come earlier?

Why did he come?

He had to be completely clear about this so that he would not expose himself when he entered the mine.

Mason nodded and told the commander, "Follow me."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Yes, Sir!”

The commander quickly followed Mason to an abandoned and remote place.

Mason asked, “Why did I come here for?”

Puzzled, the commander asked, “Sir, don’t you know what you came here for?”

“Answer my question.”

The commander said, “You brought a soldier here and arranged for him to guard the Spirit Stone mine in the imperial mausoleum.”

Mason asked curiously, “Really? Which soldier is so capable?”

The commander did not know whether to laugh or cry. “Sir, don’t you know the soldier you brought here?”

Mason chastised him sternly, “I told you to answer my question!”

Seeing that ‘Sole Wolf’ was becoming angry, the commander said seriously, “He’s probably a skilled expert who’s stronger than me.”

Mason smirked coldly.

The commander’s capabilities were nothing to Mason.

Yet, the capabilities of that soldier could only be compared to that of a mere commander.

Mason could not even be bothered about such an insignificant soldier like him.

Nodding, he said, "Very good. You may return now."

With Mason walking at the front and the commander followed behind him, they returned to the original post.

The commander was completely puzzled.

Midway back to his post, a daring and terrifying thought appeared in his mind.

When he observed how Sole Wolf was walking, he discovered something unusual.

Sole Wolf usually walked with a domineering swagger.

However, he was walking so elegantly and gently now.

When he associated these anomalies with Sole Wolf's weird questions earlier, the commander soon realized that this person might be an imposter.

However, instead of panicking, he took in a deep breath and calmed himself.

Soon, he thought of a way to test Sole Wolf out.

Fishing out a pack of Marlboro cigarettes, he asked with a smile, "Sir, I got you some of your favorite Marlboros. Would you like a smoke?"

After thinking about it for a while, 'Sole Wolf' decided to take a cigarette and lit it up.

The commander's mind immediately flew into a frenzy.

Everyone in the Elites of Sole knew that Sole Wolf hated Marlboro cigarettes the most.

Not only would he refuse to smoke a Marlboro, but he would also lose control of his emotions whenever he heard its name mentioned.

Sole Wolf had used to love smoking Marlboro cigarettes in the past.

However, one of his favorite warriors had once infiltrated an enemy camp to steal some Marlboros just to satisfy Sole Wolf's whims.

In the end, that soldier had been captured and killed.

Ever since then, Sole Wolf abstained from Marlboro cigarettes.

Now that this 'Sole Wolf' was puffing on a Marlboro so leisurely, there was only one possibility—he was an imposter!

The commander whipped out his gun without any hesitation and pointed it at 'Sole Wolf's' head. "Rascal, stop right there!"

Mason's face was filled with confusion. "What are you doing?"

The commander replied coldly. "You are not my boss. Who are you?"

Mason felt extremely confused.

Crap! How did he see through my act?

The disguising techniques of the Carter clan are impeccable!

However, he did not panic at all. He was merely perplexed over what loophole the commander had spotted.

"How did you discover that I'm not Sole Wolf?"

The commander smirked coldly. "Are you admitting to it? Haha! You fool! I don't mind telling you either. My boss never smokes Marlboro cigarettes."

Mason had a huge revelation. "No wonder! It's impossible for my disguising techniques to be flawed. Oh, right. Does Sole Wolf have any peculiar habits? If you tell me everything, I might spare your life."

"Like hell, I will!" The commander's patience was running out. "By pretending to be General North, you'll have to die. As a dead man, you don't need to know so much."


Mason sighed. "Well, I didn't plan on killing you at the start. Since you're so insistent on dying, I can only fulfil your wish."


At that moment, the commander developed a

sense of crisis.

If he dares to impersonate the Sole Wolf to enter the imperial mausoleum at will, he must be an extremely powerful man with nothing to fear.

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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I might not be his match.

Left with no choice but to end the fight as soon as possible with a weapon, he fired his gun unhesitatingly.

However, when the gunshot sounded, Mason suddenly disappeared into thin air.

Before the commander could come back to his senses, he felt a hot sensation on his neck.

When he whirled around to take a look, he realized that Mason was already standing behind him with a twisted smile on his face.

The dagger in his hands was stained with fresh blood.

The commander touched his neck and realized that blood was flowing from it.

He felt like the world was spinning around. Unable to stand it anymore, he collapsed onto the ground.

Before he died, his eyes were still wide open, glaring at Mason fixedly.

He did not die a willing death!

Trash.

Tossing the dagger aside, Mason walked forward.

He soon met the guards, who were rushed over hurriedly after hearing the gunshot to see what

had happened.

When they saw that 'Sole Wolf' was unscathed, they heaved a sigh of relief. "What happened earlier, General? I'm glad you're alright."

Mason sneered, "Why are you all in panic? How improper! Go back and continue guarding your posts. Without my permission, you're not allowed to leave your posts. Otherwise, don't blame me for punishing you."

"Yes, Sir!"

"Oh, right! Why isn't the commander here?" asked the deputy commander carefully.

Mason replied, "The commander betrayed the Elites of Sole and tried to assassinate me. Hence, I gave him what he deserved."

What?

The soldiers trembled as their jaws dropped in surprise.

The commander, who's like the boy-next-door to us, the cheerful man who loved to goof around, actually betrayed the Elites of Sole?

That's absolutely impossible!

The deputy commander explained quickly, "Sir, you must be mistaken. I guarantee with my life that the commander will definitely not betray us."

"Same here!"

“We can guarantee it too!” Many soldiers stood forward courageously and vouched for the commander’s innocence.

Mason yelled furiously, “Are you suspecting me? If you suspect me, you’re suspecting the Great Marshal too. That’s a huge sin!”

Although the soldiers were unconvinced, they could not bear the consequences of suspecting the Great Marshal.

Hence, they had no choice but to lower their head in silence.

“Go back and guard your posts!” bellowed Mason. “This incident is settled. You’re not allowed to talk about it from now on.”

The soldiers returned to their posts silently, not daring to say anything else.

On the other hand, Mason hastened towards the Spirit Stone mine in the imperial mausoleum.

Soon after Mason left, Max, who was being punished to run ten kilometers with a fifty-kilogram weight, reached the soldiers guarding the outermost ring.

Max was worried that his comrades would mock him for being punished again.

To his surprise, the soldiers did not do such things; they actually looked extremely depressed and exhausted.

In fact, everyone ignored his presence.

Max was furious. “Hey! What’s happening to all of you? Did your parents suddenly pass away? Stay on your toes! If you dare let any suspicious man enter the Spirit Stone mine, I’ll kill your families!”

Still, everyone ignored Max.

Their heads continued drooping silently.

Even the deputy commander kept sighing continuously.

Max soon realized that something was amiss. “What’s up with you? What happened?”

The deputy commander replied, “Our commander got killed.”

What?

Max jumped in shock. “What the f***? Who killed your commander? I’ll kill the culprit’s family.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The deputy commander replied, "Sole Wolf, the General North."

What the hell?

Max suspected that his ears were playing tricks on him. "Are you joking around with me? Everyone knows that the general likes your commander the most. How is it possible for the general to kill him?"

The deputy commander explained, "General North suspected that our commander had become a traitor. Hence, he killed him behind our backs."

Impossible!

Max retorted indignantly, "Everyone else might betray us, except for your commander. Even if he did betray us, the General won't kill him in secret. He'll only send him to the military court to be punished."

The deputy commander replied, "But the truth is right in front of our eyes. We have no choice but to believe in it."

"Cut that crap!" Max's emotions were getting out of control. "Where's the commander's corpse? If you haven't seen his corpse, it's not the truth."

The deputy commander pointed in a direction. "It's over there. The general prohibited us from handling his corpse."

Max sprinted in the direction where he was pointing.

“D*mn it! Just wait. If I realize you guys are fooling around with me, I’ll kill all of you.”

After sprinting for around two kilometers, Max finally found the commander’s corpse.

When he saw the deep wound on the commander’s neck and the blood pooling on the ground, Max realized that the soldiers had not lied to him.

They were stating the truth.

Why did this happen?

Why did this have to happen?

Unable to stand the devastating shock, Max collapsed onto the ground and crawled towards the commander slowly.

When Max reached the commander, he discovered that the commander was gripping a phone tightly.

Grabbing the phone, he discovered a video saved on it and played the footage.

The video showed the commander’s last words after his throat had been slit.

Mustering all of his remaining strength, he croaked hoarsely, “Sole Wolf... Sole Wolf is an imposter... He’s here for the Spirit Stone...”

With every word he said, blood spurted out from his neck.

After finishing his sentence, his eyes rolled backwards and he died.

On the other hand, Max sat paralyzed to the spot, feeling like his entire body had been doused in icy water.

Sole Wolf, the General North, is an imposter!

He's an imposter!

That b*****d!

How dare an imposter kill my comrade?

He will definitely be sentenced to death!

Oh, dear! This means that the Spirit Stone mine is in danger!

Grabbing the phone, Max ran towards the Spirit Stone mine in the imperial mausoleum rapidly.

In the imperial mausoleum, the commander, who was supposed to be guarding the Spirit Stone mine, rubbed his palms together. He was prepared to teach Zeke a lesson and subdue this rascal.

However, Zeke stood at the spot with an unfazed smile on his face.

These people are too careless and prone to underestimating their enemies.

I must teach them a good lesson and let them know that there are much stronger people

besides themselves.

“Take this, rascal!” Commander Flint yelled furiously and charged at Zeke.

The soldiers looked at Zeke with a look of pity.

With Aaron Flint attacking him personally, he was in for a bad time.

When Aaron got closer to him, Zeke lightly threw a silver needle again, stabbing the other man’s bladder.

The bladder controlled the release of one’s pee.

When the silver needle stabbed Aaron’s bladder, he peed his pants instantly. The pee dribbled down from his trousers before pooling on the ground.

The pungent stench of pee quickly filled the well-confined cave.

Everyone was speechless.

After a moment of shock, everyone burst into deafening laughter.

Our commander actually peed his pants!

Compared to Max and Chimp, his humiliation is a hundred times worse!

How can the commander hold his head high when leading the troop in the future?

Aaron was on the verge of breaking down as he stared at his dripping wet trousers in disbelief.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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I'm dreaming. I must be dreaming!

How's it possible for me to pee my pants?

Zeke smiled. "Sir, are you so scared that you've peed your pants? Am I really that scary?"

Infuriated, Aaron yelled, "Argh! You rascal? Did you do this? Did you cast some spell on me?"

Zeke replied, "I'm sorry, but I'm an atheist. I don't believe in magic."

What the f***!

Aaron wished for nothing more than to disappear right away.

At that moment, a burly figure appeared at the entrance of the cave, blocking the light from coming in.

Everyone glanced over.

It was none other than Sole Wolf, the General North.

The soldiers were surprised as they did not know why General North had come back again.

Ignoring the humiliation of his 'wet pants', Commander Flint walked towards him briskly, feeling very uneasy.

After all, General North had personally arranged for the new soldier, Zeke, to come here.

If the General knew he was trying to teach Zeke a lesson, he would be punished, right?

Aaron saluted respectfully. "Why have you returned, General?"

'Sole Wolf' said, "I just received news that there's a traitor amongst us. That is why I came."

What?

Everyone was utterly astounded.

There's actually a traitor in the Elites of Sole, the Great Marshal's most loyal following.

What a heinous crime!

God forbid!

With a shocked expression on his face, Aaron said, "Tell me who it is, General. I'll kill him and his family instantly!"

"There's no need for that," replied 'Sole Wolf'. "I've already punished him."

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

Aaron asked, "May I know who the traitor is?"

'Sole Wolf' replied, "The commander of the soldiers guarding the outermost ring."

What?

Aaron shuddered as a look of disbelief crossed

his face.

“General, that’s impossible! I’m a close friend of his and there’s no one else who knows him better than I do. Even if everyone in the Elites of Sole became traitors, he would never betray us. General, do you have enough evidence to prove that he betrayed us? If not, I hope you can investigate this matter again and seek justice for my friend.”

‘Sole Wolf’ snarled, “Why? Are you questioning my decision?”

“I wouldn’t dare,” explained Aaron in a flustered manner. “I just cannot accept this cruel fact at this moment.”

‘Sole Wolf’ replied, “This marks the end of the issue. Don’t mention it in the future anymore. Open the door for me now. I want to check the Spirit Stone mine.”

“Yes, sir!” Aaron nodded and brought ‘Sole Wolf’ to the heavy stone door of the Spirit Stone mine.

However, Zeke stared at ‘Sole Wolf’ with a menacing smirk on his face.

He had already discovered that ‘Sole Wolf’ was an imposter.

At his current level, he recognized people not by sight, but by sensation.

He could sense that ‘Sole Wolf’s’ aura was completely different from the real Sole Wolf’s

aura.

Undoubtedly, this imposter was planning to steal the Spirit Stone.

Although he did not know who the imposter was, it did not matter anymore.

The imposter must die today!

Not only did he want to steal the Spirit Stone, but he had also killed Sole Wolf's commander.

Death was too mild a punishment to redeem him of his sins.

When the fake Sole Wolf and Aaron were about to enter the Spirit Stone mine, Zeke suddenly yelled furiously, "Stop right there!"

Huh?

Everyone looked at Zeke in surprise.

What's this newbie doing?

How dare he yell at General North?

Aaron was taken aback too.

He quickly chastised Zeke, "Shut up, Zeke! You have no right to speak here. General, please ignore him. Let's go in."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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As Mason did not want to cause further complications, he ignored Zeke and continued walking in.

Again, Zeke called out to him sternly, "I told you to stop. You don't have the right to enter the Spirit Stone mine."

Aaron broke out into a cold sweat.

What the heck is this newbie doing?

Can't he see that General North is in a bad mood?

If he infuriates the general, not only will he be doomed, but the rest of us will also have to be dragged down with him.

Aaron scolded furiously, "Shut up! People won't think that you're mute even if you didn't speak. Who are you to dictate what General North does?"

Zeke replied coldly, "General North? He isn't worthy enough."

You...

Aaron's expression changed drastically.

Are you tired of living?

Why must you keep seeking death?

Mason finally turned angry. "Who are you to keep protesting in front of me?"

Smiling mockingly, Zeke asked, "Don't you

recognize me?”

Mason remained silent.

Looks like this newbie actually knows General North.

But I've never seen him before.

The best choice to make is to remain silent. Otherwise, I might reveal some loopholes.

Everyone was puzzled too.

What's going on?

General North was the one who brought this newbie over, but he doesn't seem to recognize the newbie anymore within the blink of an eye.

The commander articulated everyone's doubt. "General, you brought him over earlier! Did you forget?"

Upon realizing what had happened, Mason explained, "I'm not even close to him. Plus, I didn't recognize him because of the dim light. Hmph! How disrespectful of this rascal to talk to me like that! He's not worthy to join the army. I'm really regretting my decision now. Someone throw him out for me."

Zeke sneered, "You're the one who's going to be thrown out!"

How dare he?

This guy is going to be a thorn in the side. He might ruin my plan!

Hence, a plan to kill him surfaced in Mason's mind. "Elites of Sole, I command you to kill him. As he dared to disobey my orders and attempted mutiny, I suspect that he's a traitor!"

This is so strange...

The soldiers were extremely confused, not understanding why the General had such a strong killing intent today.

Commander Flint immediately pleaded on Zeke's behalf, "General, although Zeke, the newbie, has done something wrong, he does not deserve the death sentence. Don't worry. I'll definitely teach him a good lesson and make him reflect on his actions."

Mason yelled furiously, "Are you going to disobey my commands too?"

"No, I wouldn't dare to!" Aaron exclaimed as he waved his hands in denial.

He then spun around and looked at Zeke helplessly.

"Zeke, you brought this upon yourself. I'd advise you not to resist..."

Suddenly, Zeke raised his voice and yelled, "Elites of Sole, listen to my command! Not only is Sole Wolf trying to steal the Spirit Stone, but he has also killed his comrades. This is an unforgivable

sin. Take him down and make him pay for his crimes!”

Everyone looked at Zeke oddly.

Is this newbie crazy? How dare he command us Elites of Sole to kill our leader, Sole Wolf?

He must have gone mad from fear.

However, what happened next caused everyone to be overwhelmed by astonishment.

Zeke, the newbie, tore his ‘skin’ away from his face, revealing an alternate face under the rigid mask.

The more the crowd looked at his face, the more they found it familiar.

Suddenly, someone in the crowd yelled, “The Great Marshal! It’s Zeke Williams, the Great Marshal!”

Oh, right!

That’s how the Great Marshal looks like—the legend in our lives!

Oh my God! Never in a million years would I have thought that the newbie is the Great Marshal!

We even tried to intimidate the Great Marshal... What idiots we are!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Everyone unwittingly kneeled in front of Zeke.

“Great Marshal!”

However, they were still feeling very much confused.

Why’s the Great Marshal ordering the death of General North Sole Wolf?

Everyone knows the two of them are practically brothers.

Various emotions began to stir in Mason’s heart.

Things were headed in a completely unexpected direction.

For one, he had never imagined that Zeke would make an appearance.

However, as surprised as he was, he still managed to quickly regain his composure.

So what if Zeke is here?

He’s still a permanently damaged cripple!

Even with the Elites of Sole in tow, he is still no match for me.

And if they do prove to be formidable, I can just ask Ares for help.

I swear I will get my hands on the Spirit Stone today, even if I have to crush Zeke and the Elites of Greed to do it.

Mason knew he had the whole of the Carter sect in his corner, so he wasn't the least bit worried that Eurasia would come after him.

"Get up, all of you! You're kneeling to the wrong person! He's not the real Great Marshal. Everything I did today was to lure this fraud out! So, kill him!"

The soldiers exchanged troubled glances with each other. They didn't know who to believe or what to do.

Zeke snickered. "What a thief crying foul. How about you take off your mask and show people your real face instead. Or are you too chicken to do it?"

"What mask? This is my real face!" retorted Mason. "I'm the real General North!"

Just as the crowd was torn up over who to believe, a figure stumbled in frantically.

It was none other than Zeller who had been punished to run ten kilometers while carrying weights earlier.

Zeller staggered in with blood trickling down from the wounds on his head.

He pointed his finger at Sole Wolf and yelled furiously, "You bloody disgusting piece of trash! How dare you show up again!"

"Everyone! He's a fraud! He's the one who killed our commander! Kill him!" Zeller yelled to the

other soldiers.

Commander Aaron Flint immediately rushed over to him. “Zeller, are you sure this person is a fraud? He’s actually the one who insisted that the Great Marshal was an imposter instead.”

Zeller whipped out his phone and said, “Look! Here’s all the evidence you need.”

On his phone was a video of the commander of the perimeter troops saying his last words.

With his very last breath, the commander revealed that the General North among them was in fact an imposter.

Everyone whipped their heads around to stare at Mason. There was no doubt now.

“How dare you impersonate General North?”

“You dare murder a commander of the Elites of Sole? You and your whole family will pay for this!”

“Who the bloody hell is he then? How dare he claim the Great Marshal is a fraud?”

A small sigh escaped Mason’s lips.

So the truth still came out.

I knew I should’ve made sure the commander was completely dead.

Well, I guess I only have one way out now.

“Die, you mongrels!”

Mason was a Platinum Archduke at the top of his form; his skills were on par with the Great Marshal when the latter was at his strongest.

That was why he was very sure he could kill Zeke.

He lunged towards Zeke at a speed so fast that he became a blur.

Before the other soldiers even realized what was happening, he had already reached Zeke.

However, Zeke stood there completely unfazed, as if he were waiting for Mason’s next move.

Before Mason could do anything else, a slight tremor ran over Zeke’s body.

The air around him solidified and formed an energy barrier.

Mason threw his fist out and punched the barrier, but it only jiggled slightly in response.

Instead, a loud crack sounded from Mason’s fist, suggesting that his bones had been broken.

It was now Zeke’s turn to strike.

He took a swing at Mason. It looked light and effortless, but in reality, he had emitted an energy punch that contained the force of a bulldozer.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Mason's body instantly sunk inwards, and his body flew backwards until it hit a stone wall. He slowly slid down the wall while blood oozed out of his mouth.

He could feel his innards being severely damaged, and the fracture in his hand was killing him.

All the warriors were slack-jawed. Despite seeing it with their own eyes, it was still hard for them to process the fact that Mason Carter of the freaking Carter sect was wailing pitifully on the ground.

The Great Marshal was indeed the number one King Class warrior in Eurasia.

An effortless swing of his fist was all it took to severely incapacitate an elite Platinum Archduke.

That kind of skill and ability was something they didn't even dare to dream about.

It took Mason about five minutes or so, but he finally clawed through the pain and regained some of his mental faculties.

What happened?

Zeke didn't even physically touch me, and yet he still damaged me?

His energy!

The force he just unleashed was a wave of King Class energy!

The Great Marshal has achieved King Class!

This realization completely broke him.

He knew he wouldn't be able to even move a muscle in front of someone of King Class.

Whoever said the Great Marshal was irrevocably crippled was spouting crap.

It was literally just a huge, unfunny joke.

The Great Marshal had played a prank on the whole world.

Zeke shot Mason a lopsided grin. "So, are you going to tell us who you are, or are you going to make me force it out of your sorry mouth?"

Mason's voice trembled heavily, "Y-you are n-not worthy of... of knowing my i-identity. You can't h-hurt me, or y-you... will bring disaster t-to Eurasia."

Zeke fell silent in thought.

Even in this state, he's still threatening me.

It looks like my assumption was correct. There's a very high probability that he's from one of the Four Hidden Sects.

The commander asked angrily. "Great Marshal, didn't you say he was wearing a mask earlier? Can't we just remove it? We'll know who he is then."

Zeke gave them a nod in response.

Thus, the commander and Zeller walked over to peel the mask off of Mason.

At that point, Mason was so heavily injured that he couldn't even resist.

Finally, the mask was peeled off. Underneath it was a face no one had seen before.

Even Zeke wasn't able to recognize who he was, but he couldn't be blamed for this.

After all, the Carter sect had stayed out of the spotlight for a very long time, and thus it was normal that no one could recognize him.

"Search him," ordered Zeke. "See if he has any identifiable items on him."

"Stop!" roared Mason. He couldn't hold in his anger any longer. "None of you are allowed to touch me!"

He was a disciple of the Carter sect. No one was allowed to disrespect or defoul him.

How dare these low lives think they're worthy enough to search me! This is beyond humiliating!

Zeller yelled back, "Go screw yourself! We're not allowed to touch you? Who do you think you are exactly?"

"I will kill each and every one of you who touches me!" seethed Mason.

He slowly picked himself off the ground, anger

rippling off his body in waves.

Zeke glanced at him with a blank expression. “Ignore him. Continue to search. If he so much as moves a muscle, I will crush every bone in his body,” he ordered nonchalantly.

With the Great Marshal in their corner, Aaron and Zeller knew they had nothing to worry about.

They went up to Mason and removed all his clothes.

Mason was having a semi-meltdown at this point.

Zeke, with his King Class abilities, would be able to kill him easily.

So, upon hearing the man threaten him, Mason knew he couldn't act recklessly.

But he still couldn't allow those low lives to touch him.

So, he decided to just bite the bullet and reveal his identity. “Stop! I'll tell you who I really am. I am a disciple of the Carter sect, Mason Carter. “

The moment they heard the words ‘Carter sect,’ everyone instantly fell silent. An inexplicable chill ran across the room as fear slowly gripped them.

Aaron asked anxiously, “Do you mean the Carter sect of the Four Hidden Sects?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zeller's voice was shaking too. "Rumors have it that there's a God living on Mount Final. That God is the Carter sect. Are you really from that God-like sect?"

Mason had a very smug look on his face as he replied, "Of course."

Hearing him confirm it caused many in the crowd to lose their minds.

The Carter sect's power and financial abilities were on par with the nation's.

Even Eurasia itself was so wary of them; they had to offer up resources to them every year.

Commoners like them were even more at a disadvantage. They had absolutely no business messing with a sect like the Carters.

They realized that all they could do was just swallow their anger towards him. As humiliating as it was, there was frankly no way they could fight back.

Heck, the Carter sect could very well be coming for their heads right that second.

Mason brushed the dust off his clothes. "If you lot escort me out of here right now, I will spare your lives. Otherwise, the Carter sect will go ahead and flatten Devonville, and the Spirit Stone mine will be ours."

Everyone's gazes turned to Zeke.

Maybe the Great Marshal can do something on our behalf. He is a King Class warrior, after all.

Zeke fell silent for a few seconds before answering Mason, "Very well. You may leave."

Now it was the crowd's turn to fall silent. They couldn't hide their disappointment.

Guess we overestimated the Great Marshal.

He's only a powerful figure within Eurasia. When it comes to God-like sects like these, he's just as wary of them as us.

Mason sniggered to himself inwardly.

If he had known that the Great Marshal was actually such a coward, he would've revealed his identity much earlier.

He wouldn't have had to suffer through all that pain.

Mason continued to harp on, "Since you know what's good for you, Great Marshal, allow me to offer you a chance to make it big. With your status as a King Class warrior, you'll be able to flourish in the Carter sect. So, come join me. Who knows? If you play your cards right, we might even reward you with the secrets of the Ultimate Class."

"No need for that." Zeke didn't want to waste any more time listening to Mason. "See him out."

"Hmph! You'll regret this one day!" Mason spat

before striding out of there.

Mason had just left the imperial mausoleum when Zeke walked back to the soldiers.

He could see just how frustrated and dejected they were.

“He took the commander’s life, and he stole Eurasia’s Spirit Stone! Do you all really think I would let him get away that easily?”

The crowd lifted their heads, looking both surprised and confused. “Great Marshal, you mean...”

“I’m merely loosening the reins on him a little. Mason likely has accomplices, so by letting him go, we can track him and find out who they are.”

A look of understanding crossed everyone’s face.

Oh, dear... We assumed the worst of him!

Aaron immediately kneeled before Zeke. “Our apologies, Great Marshal. We misjudged you earlier.”

Zeke ordered, “Continue guarding the Spirit Stone mine. From now on, do not allow anyone else to enter except for me. You’re allowed to take whatever precautions necessary.”

“Yes, Sir!”

Zeke exited the mausoleum and immediately went after Mason.

He had strong suspicions that Mason was working for Ares. Once he could prove this, he was going to bring both of them in and make them pay for their transgressions.

Zeke discreetly trailed after Mason. With his phantom-like movements, there was no way the latter would be able to notice him.


However, the moment Mason exited the Devonville Restricted Zone, he roared, “Run! I’ve been compromised! Go back to the Carter sect! Get help!”


Mason knew the Great Marshal well. There was no way Zeke would’ve let him get away so easily.

He deduced that Zeke had something else up his sleeve, so he wanted to alert Ares beforehand.

Trying to pull the wool over my eyes? Ha! You think too little of the disciple of the Carter sect!

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Oh no! Zeke's heart jumped to his throat.

He had underestimated Mason.

In that case, there was no point for him to stay hidden any longer.

Zeke leapt into the air and jumped over the distance to land in front of Mason.

The King Class energy rippling off of him was so strong that it knocked the latter backwards a few hundred meters.

Mason crashed to the ground with a loud thud. Blood soon spewed out of his mouth.

Zeke ordered the perimeter soldiers, "Detain him! Make sure to keep a very close eye on him."

"Yes, Sir!" The soldiers swarmed up to Mason and grabbed him.

"F***! I'm the f***ing disciple of the Carter sect! How dare you filthy low lives lay a finger on me! I'll make you all pay for this!" Mason screamed.

The words 'Carter sect' sent a chill down the soldiers' spine.

But they had the Great Marshal in their corner and knowing this was enough to subside their worries.

Upon seeing that Mason had been properly neutralized, Zeke immediately sped out towards the outskirts.

He ran for a very long time and had even nearly exited the mountain range of Devonville, but he still saw no signs of Mason's accomplices.

Ares was a King Class warrior.

He had likely unleashed his full abilities to escape out of the mountain range.

Even a God would find it hard to keep up with him.

Thus, Zeke could only return to the clearing empty-handed.

Though physically immobile, Mason was still running his mouth off.

"B**tard! A**hole!"

"You went back on your word, Williams! You don't deserve the title of Great Marshal! Aren't you afraid that the Carter sect will demolish your Spirit Stone mine?"

Zeke stared at him coldly. "Tell me, who are you working for? Did you come to steal the Spirit Stone on his orders?"

"I know nothing." Mason shrugged nonchalantly.

Zeke gave him a lopsided smile. "Gutsy. You know what? I especially enjoy dealing with gutsy people."

Zeke stalked towards Mason, his anger coming off him in waves.

“W-what... do y-you want... Williams?” Mason stammered.

Zeke walked up to him and stomped down hard on his knee.

Crack!

Mason’s left knee cap instantly shattered, and his pained wail echoed throughout the clearing.

No amount of doctors or surgery would be able to save that leg now.

Zeke’s gaze then zoomed in on his right leg. “Tell me! Who is your accomplice!”

“I! Don’t! Know!” Mason hissed through clenched teeth. He was already spluttering blood, but that did nothing to weaken his resolve.

Without a second thought, Zeke stomped down on the right knee as well.

He then moved on to using Mason’s shoulders as bargaining chips.

But Mason remained tight-lipped throughout.

He knew that as long as he kept his accomplice a secret, there would still be a sliver of hope for his survival. The moment he gave up that name, he would no longer be of use to Zeke, and there would be nothing to stop him from taking his life.

Besides, he was still holding out hope that Ares would be able to alert the Carter sect soon

enough for them to come and save him.

That was why there was no way he was going to give up Ares' name.

In the end, Zeke had crushed all four of his limbs, but he still hadn't said even one word.

Zeke couldn't help but feel exasperated.

He knew how strong-willed an Archduke like Mason could be. Even if he handed him over to the Cygnus Room, they likely wouldn't be able to get much information out of him either.

The only option left was to detain Mason and wait for the Carter sect to come forward themselves.

Zeke had long wanted to do something about the Four Hidden Sects.

Each year, they consumed an exorbitant amount of Eurasia's resources and trained many powerful warriors, yet they continued to choose to live in seclusion instead of contributing to the nation. They were practically parasites of the nation!

This was a good opportunity to give the Four Hidden Sects a gentle reminder — they could either offer up some of their warriors to help protect the nation, or they would no longer have free access to Eurasia's resources. If they wanted them, they would have to pay.

Zeke grabbed Mason by the neck and dragged him back to the imperial mausoleum.



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Zeller and everyone else gasped when they saw the state Mason was in.

The Great Marshal could truly be very ruthless when he wanted to be.

They had assumed that he was going to let Mason go without a scratch earlier.

Thinking back, they now realized how ridiculous this notion was.

“Keep an eye on him. Do not let him escape!” ordered Zeke. “If anyone comes to see him or assists him, let me know immediately.”

“Yes, Sir!”

Commander Aaron asked Zeke, “Now that you’ve crippled Mason, aren’t you worried the Carter sect will come to seek revenge?”

Zeke sniggered. “That’s exactly what I want! I’ve long since wanted to remind them of their place. Frankly, the only reason Mason is still alive is because he is still of use to me.”

Goosebumps broke out over everyone’s skin.

The Great Marshal has his eye on the Four Hidden Sects?

That courage! That boldness! Wow!

In the meantime, Ares and Julian had run out of Devonville and made their way back to the Thisleton Manor.

But even after they were safe on their home turf, they could still feel their hearts beating erratically.

Ares sighed in disappointment. “Mason was still compromised in the end. We underestimated the Devonville Restricted Zone.”

“Father, I strongly suspect that the number one King Class warrior was in the Spirit Stone mine too. I’m sure that’s how they figured out Mason Carter’s identity,” suggested Julian.

Ares nodded. “Yes, that much is obvious. When we were running away, I could sense a very powerful warrior on our tail. We were very, very close to being caught. The one after us was very likely the strongest of the King Class. We can only pray that he hasn’t learned of our identities.”

“Father, you’ve forgotten that we’re already involved with the Carter sect’s plan to reemerge. Now that we’re technically part of the sect, he wouldn’t dare touch us even if he found out who we were.”

Ares nodded. “Hmm... That’s true. Alright, enough of this. The most important thing now is to save Mason Carter. If anything happens to him, we’ll be implicated too. You stay and keep watch over the Thisleton household. I’ll go to the Carter sect to get help.”

“Very well.”

Ares immediately traipsed over land and water to get to Mount Final.

When he arrived, he knocked on the stone door of the Carter family home.

It was still the same doorkeeper who opened the door.

Ares hurriedly bowed his head. "Hello, Sir. I am Ares of Eurasia."

Though Ares was a highly respected figure in Eurasia, none of it meant anything to this doorkeeper.

"It's you again," Manny, the doorkeeper, huffed impatiently.

"Oh right. Mr. Carter went along with you, didn't he? Why are you alone here now?"

Ares answered carefully, "Mr. Carter... Mr. Carter has been apprehended."

What?

Manny leapt three feet into the air. "Who dares touch someone from the Carter family? Are they itching to die?"

Ares explained everything that had happened in the Devonville Restricted Zone to the doorkeeper.

Manny snorted angrily. "The strongest of the King Class? What a load of crap! Whatever he is, he will still tremble before us Carters. I'll go and meet this person right away."

Ares fell silent.

The Carters were truly an egocentric bunch.

Even the mere doorkeeper was unafraid of picking a fight with the strongest of the King class.

Ares hurriedly placated him. “Sir, we can’t be reckless. That King Class warrior is a barbarian. He had the guts to harm Mr. Carter, so he will likely do the same to you too. So...”

Manny gave it some thought before speaking up again, “There’s no one in the world who would dare harm us Carters. I’m guessing Mason didn’t reveal who he was, which means they don’t know he’s a part of the Carter sect. That’s the only reason why they dared to recklessly harm him.”

Ares refuted softly, “There’s no way Mr. Carter wouldn’t have revealed his identity.”



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“Then that means they didn’t believe that Mason was one of ours. After all, the Carter sect has stayed hidden for so long. They even refer to us as a God-like sect. With how mysterious we’ve been, it’s understandable that they don’t believe him.”

Ares was still feeling unconvinced. “I think it’d still be best if we were careful... Maybe we should report this to your higher-ups. They can deal with Eurasia directly.”

The doorkeeper shook his head in disappointment. “So this is all the courage that Ares of Eurasia has? Ha! You commoners are so cowardly. No wonder you can never accomplish anything big.”

His disdain towards the ‘outsiders’ and the ‘commoners’ was evident.

This was the same for everyone in the Four Hidden Sects. They all believed themselves to be superior to everyone else; Manny was a firm believer in this too.

Manny had Ares wait by at the door while he ran back inside.

Not long after, he returned with a jade pendant in his hand.

The word ‘Carter’ was elegantly carved into the gleaming jade.

“This jade represents the Carters. It’s an identification of sorts. Without this, Mason

wouldn't have been able to prove that he is from this sect. So let's go and show them this. If they still dare to give us trouble after seeing it, then that means they'll be making an enemy out of the whole Carter sect. And if so, then the whole of Eurasia will pay for their ignorance."

Ares was concerned about how Manny adamantly refused to inform the higher-ups, but he naturally had no say in the matter.

Thus, he led Manny straight to the Devonville Restricted Zone.

However, Ares had already made up his mind to take off right after escorting Manny there.

He didn't want to evoke the wrath of the strongest King Class warrior.

The two of them had just departed when another person came out from behind the stone doors.

It was a humbly-dressed old man with a waste basket in his hand.

The old man carefully tipped the contents of the bin over the cliff, then carefully checked the surroundings around him.

After making sure that there was no one in sight, the old man took out a bright green parrot from inside his cloak.

He whispered a few words into the parrot's ear then released it into the air.

The parrot swiveled above him for a while before honing in on a specific direction and flying off.

The old man then returned to where he came from as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, Zeke was resting in a tent in the Devonville Restricted Zone when Sole Wolf barged in frantically.

He was likely the only person in the world who dared to run into the Great Marshal's tent without asking for permission.

"Zeke, I heard someone pretended to be me and murdered one of my commanders! Where is he? I'm going to kill him!"

"He's already been apprehended and is locked away, but you can't kill him just yet," Zeke responded.

"Why not?" Sole Wolf was clearly displeased to hear this.

"He killed one of our men and stole our Spirit Stone. It'd be too lenient if we were to only take his life. No. I want his entire family to pay for his crimes."

Sole Wolf's eyes lit up. "Okay, I'll go with your plan then."

Zeke waved his hand to dismiss him. "Leave me now. I'm meditating."

"Yes, Sir!" Sole Wolf answered before he quietly

stepped out of the tent.

Zeke closed his eyes and returned to his meditation.

At that point, Zeke had made it into the realm of the Ultimate Class. He was able to trigger the Power of the Universe.


He could discern that there was information regarding his Master Pietro that was scattered within that power.

But the data was too fleeting and too incomprehensible as if it had been scrambled and encrypted.

Zeke needed a lot of patience and concentration to break the code and understand the data; he had yet to make any progress.

Just as he was beginning to feel frustrated, Sole Wolf barged in again.

“Zeke! Come quick!”

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Zeke raised his eyebrow in exasperation. “You little... Why’re you always so easily excited? What’s got your panties in a bunch this time?”

Sole Wolf panted breathlessly. “We... We just... d-discovered a... a parrot... It’s a t-talking parrot!”

Zeke furrowed his brows.

Talking parrots were a dime a dozen.

But for Sole Wolf to report it to him so urgently, it clearly meant that the parrot had something significant to say.

“Calm down and talk slowly. What’s so special about the parrot?”

Sole Wolf took a deep breath to calm himself down. “The parrot apparently mentioned Ares and Mount Final. I reckon that someone is using the parrot to try and tell us something!”

Huh?

This perked Zeke’s interest. “Where’s the parrot?”

“My men are trying to catch it as we speak.”

“Make sure they capture it alive. No guns allowed!” Zeke ordered.

“Those were my exact instructions too,” assured Sole Wolf.

Zeke headed out of the tent to check on things himself.

A group of soldiers were running around like headless chickens trying to catch a bright green parrot.

The parrot was flapping here, there, and everywhere across the site, as if it were searching for someone.

However, the moment Zeke stepped out of the tent, the parrot seemingly locked in on its target. It flew straight towards him.

That was when Zeke realized that the parrot might have been looking for him all along.

He hurriedly waved his hands at the soldiers indicating for them to stop all attempts to capture it.

As if on cue, the parrot flew to Zeke, perching itself on his shoulder.

Worried that the parrot would fly off again, Zeke immediately grabbed onto it and brought it back with him into the tent.

The soldiers were all tongue-tied.

Our Great Marshal is downright amazing! Even birds readily submit themselves to him.

Once they were safely back inside the tent, Zeke loosened his hold on the parrot.

It didn't attempt to fly away. Instead, it started relaying its message.

“Ares is at Mount Final. Come save him.”

“Ares is at Mount Final. Come save him.”

What?

A jolt of electricity ran through Zeke as he slapped the table in excitement.

“What’s this parrot saying, Zeke?” asked Sole Wolf, puzzled. “Isn’t Ares at Thisleton Manor? What’s he doing at Mount Final? Did he get caught by the Carter sect? Anyway, that’s a good thing. They can kill him for all I care. Why would we go save him?”

Zeke waved his hand. “No, you’ve misunderstood, Sole Wolf.”

Sole Wolf couldn’t contain his bewilderment. “Which part did I misunderstand?”

“It’s a long story. But I’ve long suspected that the Ares we see now is a fake. The real Ares is likely locked up somewhere by this fake one.”

Sole Wolf smacked his head as a light bulb went off in his head. “You’re right! You know, I’ve suspected this too. The current Ares is completely different from the one we knew before. But because there are no telltale signs at all, and his face is the same as it has always been, I dismissed this notion. I guess my intuition was on point after all!”

Zeke continued, “I currently have enough evidence to prove that the person impersonating Ares is

none other than Connor Black of the Prince's Residence. He's the one who locked the real Ares up in the Carter sect."

"Hmph!" Zeke snorted in contempt. "Connor colluded with the Carter sect to imprison Ares, an Archduke of Eurasia! Both parties will need to pay dearly for this!"

Sole Wolf gingerly picked the parrot up. "Who do you think sent this parrot to us? Given that Ares is imprisoned, I doubt he has the opportunity to train a parrot to notify us of all this."


Zeke shook his head. "No. It should be someone within the Carter sect."

He carefully reached for the parrot.

However, the moment his fingers touched it, he was immediately overwhelmed with a familiar presence — Master Pietro's presence to be exact!

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The owner of the talking parrot could very well be Master Pietro. That meant that he was deep inside the Carter sect too!

Zeke's heart started beating fast at this notion. He could barely contain his excitement.

He had been searching for his master for so long, and finally, he had a lead.

At that moment, Zeke's mind was filled with just the one thought – to slaughter his way through the Carter sect and rescue Master Pietro.

“Sole Wolf, send word to the Alpha Suicide Squad. Have them prepare to roll out. We're going to pay the Carter sect a little visit,” Zeke ordered.

Sole Wolf was still feeling rather confused. He didn't understand why Zeke was getting so worked up all of a sudden.

He looked at Zeke and asked, “What's going on?”

“My master, Pietro White, is likely being imprisoned at the Carter sect,” explained Zeke.

This alarmed Sole Wolf greatly. “Imprisoned? How dare they imprison the Great Marshal's mentor! All their families deserve to be wiped out! But, Zeke... Do you even know where the Carter sect is located?”

The question hit Zeke like a bucket of cold water.

Everyone knew the Carter family was situated on Mount Final, but the mountain area was vast and

wide.

Moreover, the Carter sect had often been referred to as a God-like sect because they had always been very elusive.

It wasn't practical for them to just go in blindly and search everywhere.

Zeke's head throbbed.

"Come on. Let's go see Mason and have him lead us there."

"He likely won't comply, though," said Sole Wolf.

"Then we'll just have to kill him."

Sole Wolf's expression turned grim.

Upon hearing what Zeke was willing to do, he could tell how deeply the man cared for his master.

Meanwhile, Ares and Manny were nearing the Devonneville Restricted Zone.

When he was about five meters away, Ares suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned to Manny.

"Sir, I have a suggestion, but I'm not sure if I should bring it up."

"Go ahead," the doorkeeper said.

"The warrior we're about to meet is a barbarian.

He might not be willing to recognize your identity as a member of the Carter sect and bring to harm you instead. So, it might be better if I stay here and wait for you. If he really does try anything, I can rush back to the sect in time to get help.”

Manny chuckled coldly. “You’re afraid and want to back out, don’t you?”

Ares’ face twitched in embarrassment.

“Do you know why you outsiders have gotten so weak with only but a few strong warriors left? It’s because they are all cowards like you! Even if you gather all these warriors, they will not be enough to take down even one of the Carter sect’s warriors! But, very well. Since you’re afraid, you can wait right here. I’ll go ahead by myself.”

Ares immediately gave him a deep bow. “Thank you, Sir.”

With that, Manny left Ares and strutted into the Devonville Restricted Zone.

Soon enough, he came across the patrolling perimeter soldiers who immediately became extra vigilant upon seeing the sudden intruder.

The new commander, who was someone who had conspicuous sideburns, shouted, “Stand right there! This is a restricted area! Unauthorized personnel are not allowed here! Leave immediately!”

“Get out of my way. You have no business stopping me,” Manny sneered as he continued to

march forward.

Sideburns immediately shouted to his men, “Take him down!”

The soldiers moved in and planted themselves in front of Manny.

“I’m the Carter sect’s doorkeeper! If you stop me, you’re picking a fight with the Carter sect itself! Even wiping out your entire families won’t be enough to atone for this stupidity of yours.”

The soldiers bit down on their lips to stop themselves from bursting out in laughter.

What on earth?

A mere doorkeeper is here running his mouth at us?

Does he not know that the Great Marshal just crippled the very disciple of the Carter sect? And yet a doorkeeper is here alone? Ha!

The soldiers stood firmly in their spots, blocking Manny’s way.



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“Leave immediately. Or we will have to resort to violence.”

Manny sighed again. “You low lives. You clearly have never heard of us Carters. You don’t know the power we hold. Let me put it this way. I will kill everyone who stops me today, and I won’t even blink an eye when doing so.”

Manny continued to push forward while the soldiers stood steadfast in their positions.

However, Manny was an Archduke warrior.

Though he only had a Bronze rank, the lowest in the Archduke class, he was still much stronger than the average soldiers in front of him.

Thus, it was only a matter of time before Manny took down all the soldiers in his way. All of them were severely injured, and one was even fatally wounded.

Sideburns saw that Manny was about to break through their defense, so he quickly grabbed his gun and unhesitatingly fired a shot at the intruder.

Manny agilely dodged it.

“B****rds! How dare you shoot a gun at me! I’m going kill all of you!”

“Actually, on second thought, have you leader come out and meet me. I’m going to force your leader to kneel before me and beg for my forgiveness! Only then can my anger be appeased!”

Sideburns could tell that Manny was more than he could handle, so he immediately dispatched someone to notify the Great Marshal.

At the same time, Zeke was inside the imperial mausoleum trying to force Mason to take him to the Carter sect.

However, Mason stubbornly refused to comply.

Zeke's practically a lunatic. Who knows what he'll do if I bring him to the Carter sect.

Zeke might not be able to demolish the sect, but he can still cause a big enough headache.

Mason himself would then be considered a traitor, and the sect would surely punish him.

He was but a mere disciple. The Carter sect didn't put much value towards his life; they would likely kill him without a second thought.

Just as these thoughts were running through his mind, a soldier ran in hysterically. "Great Marshal! A man who claims to be the Carter sect's doorkeeper is attempting to trespass! He's an Archduke warrior, so we can't fend him off!"

Zeke's eyes immediately lit up.

What a stroke of luck!

Here I am worried about not finding the way to the Carter sect, and their doorkeeper comes right up to our doorstep. He's practically handing himself over on a silver platter!

Zeke quickly formed a plan in his mind.

He turned to the soldier who ran in with the news. "Go ask... no, invite the doorkeeper in."

Huh?

The soldier stood there frozen for a second, wondering if he had heard incorrectly. "Great Marshal, did you... did you just say we should invite him in?"

Zeke narrowed his eyes slightly. "Why are you still standing here? Go!"

The soldier jogged out with a big question mark painted across his face.

He couldn't wrap his mind around what had just happened.

The Great Marshal had just crippled a disciple of the Carter sect without any hesitation earlier, yet he was now being downright respectful to a meagre doorkeeper. Heck, he even used the word 'invite'!

Zeke turned to Sole Wolf. "Sole Wolf, I'll go with the doorkeeper to the Carter sect and find out its location. Have Wolf's Greed and his squad get ready to invade the sect on my orders."

Sole Wolf nodded. "Yes, Sir! The Alpha Suicide Squad is already on standby and ready to jump into battle."

Fear flooded Mason's face.

He gathered from their conversation that Zeke was intending to use Manny to figure out the Carter sect's exact location.

That would undeniably bring destruction upon the sect!

He roared at Zeke, hoping to intimidate him enough to abandon his plan. "That's a bad idea, Zeke! As you can see, even the doorkeeper of the Carter sect is of Archduke class. We countless Archduke warriors; even the number of King Class warriors we have are in the double digits. And let's not forget about the head of the sect - he's an Ultimate Class warrior. If you go there, you will unequivocally be pummeled into dust."

Really?

This information stunned Zeke a little. "I didn't realize the Carter sect to have such a deep bench."

"Even so... so what? This time, I will make sure they dispatch a dozen or so King Class warriors to defend our borders. If us outsiders were as cowardly as you lot and stayed hidden all the time, then we would likely have King Class warriors in the hundreds by now. But if that were to happen, then that would also spell the end of Eurasia."



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Mason fell into a daze.

Huh?

I've just told him how powerful the Carter sect really is, yet he's not only not afraid, but he even insists on having us dispatch King Class warriors to defend the borders?

He's but a common King Class warrior. How can he be so audacious?

Unless... Unless he's already transcended into the Ultimate Class?

No! That's impossible. The warriors on the outside are all brainless simpletons! There's no way they can reach the Ultimate Class.

Besides, even if he really did reach the Ultimate Class, he is still of no threat to the Carter sect.

After all, we have more than one Ultimate Class warrior among us.

Suddenly, Mason saw Sole Wolf walking up to him. The next thing he knew, Sole Wolf had kicked him hard, causing him to lose consciousness.

"Zeke, this dude may very well warn the doorkeeper about us wanting to find the Carter sect. So I knocked him out just in case."

Zeke could tell that kick of Sole Wolf's was particularly forceful. The latter likely wanted to vent his anger.

Not long after, Manny strode into view.

With his chest jutting out and nose turned upwards, Manny scanned the whole area. “Who’s this strongest of the King Class that’s here guarding the Spirit Stone mine? Step forward and address me!”

Zeke stared at him with a blank expression and answered, “It is I. Who are you to be causing a ruckus in the Devonville Restricted Zone?”

Manny berated him loudly, “How dare you speak to me this way! I’m the Carter sect’s doorkeeper!”

“You’re but a dog who watches the door. Who gives you the right to be so insolent? Has your owner not been disciplining you properly?” sneered Zeke. “Sole Wolf, fetch me a stick!”

Sole Wolf chuckled excitedly. “You know I love playing with dogs, Zeke. Leave this mutt to me!”

Zeke chuckled. “Remember to play nice with the little puppy. He looks a little weak.”

Manny very nearly blew a gasket right then and there.

He was the freaking doorkeeper of the Carter sect! In this outside world, he was someone who deserved to be highly revered and venerated. Even the royals and noblemen had to be extra careful around him lest they offended him.

Yet the two men in front of him now were humiliating him with names and even calling him

weak!

There was no way he was going to take this kind of abuse lying down.

Manny screamed furiously. “Listen carefully! I am from the Carter sect! Even a dog from the Carter sect is more valued than you low lives. You should have gotten on your knees the moment you laid eyes on me. And yet you dare run your mouth and spew insults? Fools! You all deserve to die, and your families will die with you to pay for your insolence!”

For the sake of his plan, Zeke could only push his anger down and stop himself from punching the idiot.

What he hated the most was how pompous and egocentric the Carter sect were.

If Eurasia hadn't offered them resources each year, they would've starved to death a very long time ago.

“What? We're supposed to believe you just because you said you're from the Carter sect? This dude even insists that he's a disciple of your sect. What a load of crap that turned out to be!”

A sense of relief washed over Manny.

My deduction was correct.

They only assaulted him because they didn't believe he's one of us.

Manny revealed the jade pendant and shoved it in their faces. “Open your eyes and look carefully. This jade pendant represents the Carter sect. Only those in the sect are allowed to have it! Both Mason Carter and I belong to the Carter sect.”

“What?” Zeke couldn’t contain his ‘surprise.’
“You’re really a member of the Carter sect?”


Manny sneered at him smugly. “Ha! Feeling a little intimidated, are we? Now, kneel and sing my praises! If you please me enough, maybe I’ll spare you your lives.”


Sole Wolf flew into a rage. “You b***ard! Kneel before you? Let me chop you up into tiny pieces first!”

“Shut your filthy mouth! You already know my identity, yet you still choose to insult me? Looks like I’ll just have to skin you alive then,” seethed Manny.

Sole Wolf retorted, “Seriously! What the hell is a Carter sect? I’ve never even heard of it before. And just so you know, I’ll be skinning you first!”

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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“Shut up, Sole Wolf!” Zeke refuted, “You and I can’t afford to cross the Carter sect.”

He then turned to Manny, saying, “My sincere apologies. It’s entirely my fault that we’ve offended the Carter sect unknowingly. I hope you could bring us to the Carters so we can offer an apology personally.”

Manny the doorkeeper had a sly smile on his face. “Tsk, tsk, tsk! An apology in person? Save it! I’ll spare your life if you kneel before me and bow a hundred times.”

Feeling stumped, Zeke said, “We can’t delay any further. Mason is injured severely, and he will die if he’s not sent to the Carter sect for help.”

He then continued, “Even if you’d protect us then, I’m afraid we won’t be alive anymore. Hence, I strongly request that we head towards Carter sect as soon as possible. Rescuing Mason and making a personal apology is our only way out now.”

Manny thought about it further as he looked at the unconscious Mason.

I was the one who let Mason go, so I won’t be able to wash my hands clean if he dies... If that’s the case, wouldn’t it be more beneficial to make Zeke the scapegoat and allow him to visit the Carter sect to beg for forgiveness?

After making up his mind, Manny reluctantly agreed, “Alright! Since you’ve shown some good confession attitude, I’ll lead you to the Carter sect.

Let's go!"

He then led the way whereas Zeke made Sole Wolf carry Mason right behind him.

During the journey, Sole Wolf intentionally slowed down and fell behind the line.

He took out his phone and carefully dialed Killer Wolf's number.

"Follow closely, little cub. The game is on," he hung up after leaving the other man that message.

Killer Wolf, who was on the other side of the line, burst into laughter, "Me? A little cub? What a rascal! I'll make you pay for it soon."

He kept the phone and looked across the tens of camps before him, totaling up to a hundred thousand men. They spread like dark clouds, as far as the eyes could see.

Killer Wolf raised his arm and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Boys, charge forward!"

Charge! The warriors' voices echoed thunderously across heavens and earth.

As a leader, Killer Wolf was extremely murderous. His followers, too, were ruthless and cruel.

Killer Wolf had detected Zeke's location through the phone. Without further ado, the slaying team marched decisively towards the direction of Mount Final.

...

A moment later, Manny had led Zeke to traverse Mount Final, and they all soon arrived at the stone door of the Carter sect.

Upon looking at the towering stone door, Zeke thought to himself, The door may be hard to crush by others, but I'm sure I can do it.

Manny proclaimed proudly, "This is the amazing stone door sculpted personally by the patriarch of the Carter sect. Look how impressive! Kneel now and start begging for forgiveness. I'm going inside to report the matter."

When he was about to enter through the stone door, Zeke stopped him abruptly, "Hold on, did I allow you to go in?"

Manny's mind went blank as he could not comprehend the sudden change in Zeke's attitude.

"What the hell are you talking about? If you want your life to be spared, all of you had better kneel now and beg for mercy from the Carters. Otherwise, I can no longer help you out."

Sole Wolf grinned. "You should mind your own business and stop meddling in others' affairs."

Now that they had achieved their objective by locating the Carter sect, they could finally burn the bridges and take revenge.

With a solemn expression, Manny questioned,

“What do you mean?”



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Zeke stated, "Requesting for the Great Marshal to kneel and beg for pardon is punishable by death!"

What the hell!

Manny was bursting with anger. "You rebellious lot! You will surely be defeated badly if you dare to mess around here at the Carter sect."

Zeke put on his pair of white gloves as he responded, "I'm looking forward to that."

Sole Wolf said with a chuckle, "There's no need to trouble yourself with a small cub, Zeke. Let me handle it."

"Permission granted."

Manny had just realized that it had all been a conspiracy. They had tricked him into revealing the location of the Carter sect by pretending to give in since the beginning. He had been deceived!

Infuriated, he rushed towards the entrance of the sect. However, Sole Wolf had already begun attacking.

He transformed into a rhinoceros and charged towards Manny as he unleashed the Ferocious Technique, one of the powerful King's combat skills.

He successfully hit Manny in the core and pinned him on the stone door.

Boom!

A thunderous collision sound echoed heavens and earth. The stone door cracked open, leaving the severely injured Manny behind.

Blood spewed out of the latter's mouth; all of the bones in his body were fractured and internal organs ruptured.

Feeling enraged, he struggled to gather his last breath and uttered, "You... who challenged the Carter sect... will... surely face... death!"

Sole Wolf grabbed his hair and flung him away. "The Carter sect is the one who deserves death today."

Consequently, Manny fell unconscious.

Zeke walked towards the entrance and pushed the stone door lightly with his finger.

The door collapsed to the ground like a landslide.

Zeke's one-finger push carried ultimate strength though it might have seemed like an easy act. His unbelievable energy was more than enough to destroy a mere stone door.

Behind the stone door was an ancient courtyard shrouded in thick fog.

Its humungous layout was comparable to the Forbidden City, with no end in sight.

The entire place seemed lifeless - there was not a shadow to be seen.

Zeke boomed, “The head of the Carter sect, come on out now to plead guilty!”

The energy in his voice directly permeated the Carter family’s whole courtyard, stirring up ripples in the atmosphere.

Mason, who had been awoken by the sonic wave, paled when he saw the miserable state of things around him.

“You... hurt my clansman and destroyed the precious stone door! You... you are going to get it! You’ll be sliced into a million pieces!”

Zeke grinned. “This is only just the beginning. My motive is to destroy the entire Carter sect!”

That one unexpected sentence struck Mason in the head, and he consequently passed out in fright.

How strong is his ability which enabled him to speak such bold words?

Boom! Boom!

Some rumbling noises came from the eavesdropping device.

The sky above could not be seen clearly through the thick fog. Seemingly, a few flickering spots of light could be noticed.

The walkie-talkie in Sole Wolf’s hand beeped, “Reporting to the Great Marshal. Killer Wolf is leading his army. He asks for your permission to

land. I repeat, Killer Wolf is asking for permission to land.”

“Permission granted.”

Abruptly, the sounds of metal blades whirring echoed in the air.

That was the sound of the military aircraft doors opening.

Shortly after, tiny black figures filled the air one by one and landed in a jiffy, like some heavenly soldiers.

It was Killer Wolf and his air force, Deadly Wolf.

Ten thousand of them descended from the sky, demonstrating their well-trained skills and disciplined formation, “Killer Wolf and ten thousand elites hereby report to the Great Marshal.”

Zeke instructed, “Barricade the entrance!”

“Yes, Sir!” The army immediately blocked the entrance as commanded.



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Then, a series of strong vibration and movements could be heard and felt coming closer and closer from the mountains.

Not long after, an infantry regiment of about 90,000 elites appeared before everyone.

They were like uncontrollable beasts, devouring any living thing they cast their eyes on. In the blink of an eye, they had already approached Zeke.

“90,000 Deadly Wolves hereby report to the Great Marshal.”

“Surround the Carter sect.”

“Yes, Sir!” Everyone acted promptly on command.

The Carter sect covered a large area and even surrounded two big mountains.

With ten thousand warriors standing twenty meters apart of one another, they could barely surround the magnificent sect.

People of the Carter sect had been alarmed by the commotion.

Then, an army of a thousand men rushed out from nowhere with a weapon in each of their hands.

They were dressed in guard attire and had that as the coat of arms on their chest. Needless to say, they were the most inferior guards of the Carter sect.

The guards were dumbfounded when they arrived at the scene.

What are we looking at?

The reclusive sect that had been hidden from the public eye for centuries was now being surrounded by hundreds of thousands of outsiders.

What a joke!

Shame on the Carter sect!

This is unbelievable!

Who on earth had such courage to do such a thing!

The Carter family's Captain of the Guard was a sturdy man who exuded an aggressive aura and had tremendous battle strength.

When Mason saw the Captain of the Guard, he immediately cried out, "Captain, save me!"

His shout caught the Captain's attention.

Upon seeing the current state of Mason, everyone was even more astonished and terrified.

Mason Carter, a disciple of the Carter sect, a powerful figure standing above millions of others but the King, was now seen dying with handicapped limbs.

Seeing that, the guards' first reaction was to think

that there was a rebellion or a mutiny.

The Captain quickly asked, "Mr. Carter, who did this to you? Rest assured that we will claim justice on your behalf. No one can subjugate nor humiliate the Carter sect."

The crippled Mason could not raise a finger; he could only look towards Zeke in disdain.

The Captain stared at Zeke for a while before asking, "You look really familiar. Are you the Great Marshal?"

Zeke nodded with affirmation. "That's right."

The Captain of the Guard sneered, "Well, honestly speaking Zeke Williams, the Carter sect would reject you even if you wanted to be our slave in your heyday. Now that you're useless, you're nothing more than a maggot."

"A maggot..." He continued, "For a maggot that causes problems for the sect, do you think that there will possibly be another consequence besides facing death?"

Zeke shook his head as he smiled wryly. He could not comprehend where the lowly guard finds himself such a high sense of superiority to make fun of the Great Marshal.

They have stayed away from the real world for way too long. It was time to show them the cruelty of the outside world.

How insolent!

Before Zeke could say anything, Killer Wolf yelled, “Who the hell are you, damn thing? How dare you insult the Great Marshal? I’ll chop your head off today!”

He grabbed a sabre from his belt and strode towards the Captain of the Guard.

As the tip of the sabre was dragged against the ground, a series of sparks formed, dazzling the people’s eyes.

Killer Wolf’s solution to any disagreement was to kill.

The Captain shouted furiously, “How dare anyone commit a crime at the Carter sect! I’ll slaughter them all, including their families!”



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The Captain of the Guard dashed for Killer Wolf frantically.

The latter's lips curled upward into a mischievous smile as he suddenly stopped going forward and stared at the Captain.

When the Captain was within two meters away from him, he raised the sabre lightly and pointed at his face.

Whoosh!

In a move as swift as lightning, his sword shot out mercilessly like a bullet and hit the Captain's chest.

The sword penetrated through the Captain's chest, resulting in blood bursting out profusely for as far as ten meters.

In utter despair, the Captain forced himself to stay put as he looked at his sword wounds with disbelief.

"Sword aura... how's that possible... that... that... you've levelled up to... unleash sword aura... How is that possible... you know the immortal technique..."

Before the Captain of the Guard could finish his sentence, blood spewed from his mouth. His eyes rolled to the back of his head, and he dropped dead on the ground.

Sole Wolf was stunned.

He murmured, "Sword aura? Killer Wolf, you can unleash sword aura? Man, since when did you master the immortal technique? Why wasn't I informed?"

He continued, "That move was really cool! I want to learn it. Damn it! Why didn't you think of passing it on to me!"

Killer Wolf laughed. "I can teach you that if you kneel before me and address me as your master."

"You b*****d..." The now-upset Sole Wolf muttered, "Stop bullsh*tting! Come clean now, where did you learn that? Zeke, did you teach him that technique?"

Zeke smirked. "Dude, can't you tell that what Killer Wolf unleashed was just energy and not sword aura? It only looks like sword aura after being nurtured by battles and weapons."

It soon all made sense to Sole Wolf. "No wonder. I knew you wouldn't have learnt the immortal technique."

"Oh, hold on, but that was King Class energy! You became a King Class Warrior?"

Killer Wolf confirmed proudly, "Of course. I levelled up to King Class on the same day Zeke taught me the sword skills from the King's Combat. It was tailor-made for me to match my abilities."

Sole Wolf instantly felt dispirited.

Zeke had taught him the Ferocious Technique from the King's Combat Skills, but his development had stayed stagnant as an Archduke, a step away from being a King Class warrior.

He sighed when he realized that he was not as good as Killer Wolf.

Zeke could tell what Sole Wolf was pondering about and patted him on his shoulder, "Don't be disappointed. Your current strength is not any weaker than Killer Wolf. In fact, within certain circumstances, you could actually surpass him."

Huh? Both Killer Wolf and Sole Wolf were completely baffled by Zeke's comment.

Zeke hurriedly explained, "Sole Wolf, your combat power is more inclined towards physical fitness and defense, like the type demonstrated by Justice Warrior. Producing energy could be a challenge for you. However, the innate advantage possessed by this type of warrior is the ability to battle head-to-head with any King Class warrior from the Great Martial Classes."

Sole Wolf thought about it further. "No wonder I find Justice Warrior's combat skills more pleasing to the eye. I guess I'm a congenital physical warrior. Fine, Zeke, I'll train in this direction henceforth."

Zeke then turned to look at the guards of the Carter sect. "Isn't it very rude of the Carters to send you lowly guards to welcome me?"

At that moment, all hundreds of the guards panicked.

Madness! These people have all gone mad.

They dared to harm the disciple of the Carter sect drastically and killed the Captain of the Guard. They've committed unforgivable crimes. Aren't they worried that the Carter sect will take over Eurasia in a rage?

At that critical moment, the Deputy Captain of the Guard stepped forward in a calm and collected manner.

“Get over your wishful thinking! Any member of the Carter sect is considered very powerful in the outside world. This welcome greeted by a hundred escorts has shown you sufficient courtesy...”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Before he could finish, Sole Wolf transformed into a locomotive and headed straight towards the Deputy Captain, applying the Ferocious Technique on him.

His moves sent the Deputy Captain flying, and the man crashed into the walls surrounding the Carter sect.

As a result, a big segment of the thick wall collapsed on the spot, whereas the Deputy Captain lost his life.

Holding his sabre, Killer Wolf commanded, “Bugger off! Ask the head of the Carter sect out to perform a welcoming kneel. Otherwise, the entire sect will be ruined in minutes.”

All the guards present had never experienced such a thing before. They clearly had no clue how to respond to the situation.

They planned to retreat and let their superiors handle the matter at hand.

However, Sole Wolf commanded coldly, “Stop! Isn’t it too insincere for you to leave like that?”

That statement brought the troop to a stop, “Wh-What are you trying to do?”

Sole Wolf said, “Your doorkeeper, Manny, killed two Elites of Sole and severely injured tens of others. Mason Carter killed one of my commanders. On the contrary, I’ve only killed two of your people. How is that fair?”

What?!

Killer Wolf had a dangerous glint in his eyes as he stated, "The Carter sect has also killed warriors from my Alpha Suicide Squad."

Sole Wolf nodded.

"Any elite of the Alpha Suicide Squad is more worthy of those from the Carters," Killer Wolf swung his sabre as he spoke, "Three hundred of yours shall die with the three of ours that you've killed."

Zeke was speechless. Killer Wolf's murderous intent is way stronger than before.

"Wait!" He hurriedly called out.

These guards were innocent souls. It would bring a bad name to the Alpha Suicide Squad if Killer Wolf had them all murdered.

"Zeke, are you thinking that the number is too small to repay the lives lost?" Killer Wolf asked.

"Sole Wolf, you kill from the outside, and I will take care of the rest inside the sect. My rage and hatred can only be relieved after killing a thousand."

Zeke advised, "These guards are innocent. You ought to kill intentionally. Just get rid of half of them here. As for the remaining number, take your revenge on the core members of the Carter sect."

Despite him looking rather disappointed, Killer

Wolf agreed, "Fine."

"Let's charge!" Both Killer Wolf and Sole Wolf attacked the guards, breaking out a brutal fight.

Almost half the troop were Archdukes, while the rest of them were one step away from reaching the Archduke rank.

It was clear how powerful that combo could be.

On the other hand, both Killer Wolf and Sole Wolf were no saints themselves.

One was a King Class warrior, whereas the other was comparable to a King Class warrior in terms of physical strength. When their powers combined, they could take down an empire.

The entire situation soon spiraled out of hand. Yet, it only took five minutes for the vicious batter to end.

Half of the guards lay dead while the rest who were seriously injured managed to escape. They went running back to the sect.

Sole Wolf cackled, "I killed twenty-seven people while you, Killer Wolf, only killed twenty-three. My capability is clearly better than yours."

"Damn it! I shall have to go and kill a few more then," Killer Wolf stated.

At that, the man got ready to attack the inner section of the Carter sect.

“Hold it right there!” Zeke yelled at him just in time to remind him that there were plenty of traps inside the sect.

It would only spell crisis and danger if Killer Wolf were to budge in like that; even Zeke dared not trespass blindly.

Killer Wolf obliged in disappointment. “Fine. Sole Wolf, we’ll compete again once we get into the sect.”

“I’m all up for it!” Sole Wolf responded.

The huge Carter sect was divided into two sections.

The outer section was where the external disciples held their activities.

The inner section was the living area of the core disciples of the sect.

The Carter sect imposed very strict rules on all its members. External disciples would be killed if they were found entering the inner section without permission.

Conversely, the core members from the inner section were free to call upon any of the external disciples.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The Foreign Affairs Office was an external comprehensive management office, controlled by the head of the Carter sect outer sect, Hans Carter.

It was a rare moment of Hans relaxing and having tea when his servant rushed into the room anxiously, "Oh my God, Sir, something terrible has happened!"

Hans frowned as he rebuked the servant, "Why are you in a panic? How improper!"

The servant panted as he tried to break the news, "All four limbs of Master Mason have been crippled. More than half of our guards were killed, including the Captain and his Deputy. Sir, you... you've got to go out and have a look."

There's no way!

Hans stood up and banged on the table.

No one had dared to cause a ruckus here at the Carter sect since the day he was born.

There was no way he would tolerate this!

Hans strode out at once. "Gather all of the defensive forces from the external disciples. If anyone offends the order, kill without mercy."

He then asked, "Who's the troublemaker?"

"The Great Marshal of Eurasia."

The Great Marshal?

Hans frowned. "The Great Marshal whose life force had been destroyed?"

The servant answered in affirmation, "That's right."

Hans reproached with a scowl on his face, "Such a useless and hopeless troop who couldn't even handle a handicapped person!"

The servant explained, "Sir, the Great Marshal brought along two strong warriors. From my preliminary speculation, those two are from the Alpha Suicide Squad. They were the ones who harmed our people."

Hans berated, "The Alpha Suicide Squad is nothing more than mere Archdukes when they're compared to the three King Class warriors in the midst of our external disciples. Go notify the two King Class warriors of the outer sect to come with me and handle the situation."

He added, "As for the other King Class warrior, he can lead the outer sect disciples to surround and guard the Carter sect."

"Yes, Sir!"

The three King Class warriors in the Carter sect were a testament to the sect's strong foundations in martial arts.

Hans led two King Class warriors to the stone door to ascertain the seriousness of the situation.

He was enraged by the chaos before his eyes,

especially when he saw his own son, Mason, lying on the floor like a crippled beggar.

The only intention he had at that moment was to kill all those who hurt his people.

Mason struggled with all his might and uttered, "Fa... Father... help... me..."

Upon hearing that pathetic cry for help, Hans felt so distressed that he almost suffocated himself. "Mason, hang in there! I'm coming to save you. I'll take revenge on those who did this to you."

Mason calmed down after getting the long-awaited assurance from Hans.

Hans glared at Zeke with bloodshot eyes, "Great Marshal! The status of the Carter sect is higher than any power in Eurasia. How dare you wreck my sect and create chaos?"

Zeke threw a cold glance at Hans. "You are the Head of the Carter sect?"

Hans scoffed, "Humph! You aren't worthy of meeting the head of the sect personally. I'm the head of the outer sect."

Annoyed, Zeke reiterated, "I've made it clear that I only want to meet the head of the Carter sect."

"It's not your place to demand so! Any member of the Carter sect is considered very powerful in the outside world. You should count your blessings for having me here to see you personally. Don't push it!"


Zeke sighed as he looked for a place to sit down. “Whatever. I’ll repeat myself then. I must have the head of the Carter sect to welcome my presence here today.”

In other words, Zeke hinted that Hans was not worthy of conversing with him.

Hans sneered, “Fine. I never believed what they said about your arrogance and appalling attitude, but I’ve witnessed it myself today. You forced me to do this...”

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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“Shut up.” Killer Wolf jumped out and shouted, “Stop f*****g around! Zeke was very clear that he wants the leader of the Carter family to welcome him! I’m going to kill you if you spew more nonsense!”

What the hell!

Hans was on the verge of a total breakdown.

He was the head of the Carter outer sect and had a status higher than that of the Great Marshal.

Yet the subordinate of the Great Marshal was hurling insults and even threatened to kill him!

This is humiliation at its rawest!

He couldn’t wait to order his two King Class warriors to skin Killer Wolf alive.

Killer Wolf jumped to a higher spot and roared at the inner section of the Carter sect, “Listen here, leader of the Carter family. The Great Marshal is here. Come out and welcome him! If I don’t see you in ten minutes, I’ll kill the outer sect one by one. If I don’t see you in half an hour, I’ll kill the disciples of your inner sect. And if I don’t see you in an hour, I’ll destroy the rest of you!”

Killer Wolf’s ear-splitting roar shook the ground and echoed through the forest.

As he said that, he jumped down from the rocks and pierced his sword through Mason’s heart.

Mason, who was already on the verge of dying,

shook violently when the sword pierced through him.

He died before he could even let out a scream.

Ah!

Hans' heart broke at the sight of his son.

He killed my son right in front of my eyes and the Carters!

Nothing can wash away my humiliation.

Hans couldn't take it anymore.

He bellowed, "Attention, King Class warriors of the outer sect!"

Both of the King Class warriors bowed slightly and answered, "Yes, Sir!"

Hans pointed at Killer Wolf and roared, "Kill him! Kill him at all costs! I want him to pay for killing my son!"

"Yes, Sir!"

The King Class warriors looked at Killer Wolf with icy cold eyes.

The Deadly Wolf army led by Killer Wolf was in turmoil.

Their general's life was being threatened, so it was natural that they wanted to protect his life.

But Killer Wolf immediately ordered them, “Listen up, Deadly Wolf. None of you can interfere in this battle. I’d like to personally fight with the King Class warriors. They say that the Carter sect is extremely strong. I shall see for myself if it’s really true. Come on, both of you. Show me your moves.”

Sole Wolf quickly added, “Hey, little cub. Are you sure you can handle these two geezers? How about I lend you a hand?”

“Piss off,” Killer Wolf scolded. “This is my fight. Do not interfere without my permission.”

“Alright then. But if you need my help, you’ll have to call me ‘Dad’.”

The King Class warriors from the Carter family were instantly filled with rage.

Killer Wolf is here provoking us, and Sole Wolf even called us ‘geezers’.

How dare they humiliate us?

This can’t be tolerated!

“Argh!”

Both of the King Class warriors from the Carter family charged at Killer Wolf.

One of these warriors alone was powerful enough to destroy a mountain.

Three warriors unleashing the strengths to their

fullest would be so powerful that they could destroy everything.

Luckily, they didn't want to ruin the Carter family's residence. They moved their battlefield a few miles away from the buildings.

Despite that, the recoils of their strike could still reach the buildings and some of the ordinary people were killed by accident.


Logically, two King Class warriors would definitely be enough to crush one.

But in reality, they didn't have an upper hand when fighting Killer Wolf.

The latter even found opportunities to make sneak attacks on them sometimes.

The King Class warriors couldn't kill Killer Wolf at all.

Zeke's brows were knitted tightly as he watched the fight.

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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Zeke could tell that Carters' warriors weren't up to par. They weren't as powerful as a true King Class warrior.

At least, they couldn't be compared to the ones out there.

Could it be that the Carter family accelerated the process? Or maybe they have some sort of skill that could forcefully increase their strengths to the King Class?

Did these two go through a crash course?

There's a high probability that it actually happened.

This truly is a sect passed down from ancient times.

Their battle skills are extraordinary.

As time passed, Killer Wolf's physical strength was depleted by the Carters' warriors.

His defense broke, and they were both able to strike him.

The warriors attacked Killer Wolf, causing the latter to fall like a meteor before collapsing on the ground.

A two-meter-deep crater was formed due to his fall.

Killer Wolf's body was embedded into the rocks, unable to move.

Killer Wolf had a greenish tint on his face and he was in a painful, miserable state as he was bleeding profusely.

His innards were severely damaged.

When the two warriors charged toward him, Killer Wolf panicked.

“Sole Wolf! Help me, please!”

Sole Wolf smiled wryly. “Killer Wolf, have you forgotten what I said earlier? What do you have to do if you need my help?”

Since his life was at stake, Killer Wolf screamed without thinking much, “Dad, help me!”

Whoosh!

Sole Wolf dashed out like a speeding bullet.

In a blink of an eye, he collided with the warriors of the Carter family.

The potential of his skill and strength was on full display at this moment as he knocked both of them into the air with his body.

Even though Sole Wolf wasn't in the King Class, his capability was comparable to one.

The two warriors' pupils constricted. Another King!

We really met with wayward today!

Sole Wolf quickly engaged himself in a fight with the King Class warriors.

The head of the Carter outer sect, Hans, felt goosebumps all over his skin.

Damn it! Damn it!

These two 'wolves of the Alpha Suicide Squad are King Class warriors!

Didn't they say that there are only two in Eurasia?

One's the strongest of the King Class, and the other is Ares.

Why are there two more now?

The information from our spies is wrong!

Besides, Killer Wolf's strength alone was almost at the same level as both of the King Class warriors of the Carter family.

Pathetic!

They'll definitely lose this battle!

It took Killer Wolf much effort to free himself from the crater.

Once he was free, he charged without any hesitation.

"You assholes! How dare you hit me? I'll kill you!"

Killer Wolf could already fight against the King

Class warriors of the Carter family when he was alone.

Now that he joined hands with Sole Wolf, the warriors were definitely not a match for them.

In less than three minutes, both of the warriors were defeated.

Hans broke into a cold sweat when he realized his warriors could die at any moment.

There were three King Class warriors in the Carter's outer sect.

If two of them died, it would be fatal to the outer sect.

Hans quickly shouted, "Retreat immediately!"

Both warriors were beyond humiliation.

All this time, they were the hope and glory of the Carter family's outer sect.

However, they were about to be defeated in front of everyone.

They would never live this shame down.

No.

Even if we die today, we can never back down!

Both warriors met eyes and made up their minds.

"We're King Class warriors of the Carter family,

and we'll never tolerate such humiliation! Even if we die, we'll drag you down with us!"


With that said, both of them suddenly hugged Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf.


Then they shot out an intense burst of energy.


It was as if they had pushed out all the energy from their bodies.

Zeke's eyes widened at the sight of them.

Crap! They're going to damage their life force and bring Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf down with them!

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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Zeke roared, "Killer Wolf, Sole Wolf. Retreat immediately!"

He was too late.

A loud boom reverberated.

The King Class warriors of the Carter family had damaged their life force.

A huge explosion tore a hole in space.

Both warriors exploded into pieces in a flash.

The shockwave sent Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf flying thousands of meters away. They landed somewhere in the forest and vanished.

"Ahh!" Hans yelled out as his legs gave way.

Two King Class warriors of the Carter family had fallen.

This is a huge loss to us!

The Great Marshal must die!

Zeke was fuming mad too.

He swiftly drew his Dragon King Sword and pierced it through the ground.

"Search for Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf immediately. If they are dead, I want everyone from the Carter family to pay! Adults and children alike, I'll have them all killed!"

Two teams were sent out from the Deadly Wolf army to search for Killer Wolf and Sole Wolf.

Hans's heart bled for his son and the warriors of the Carter family's outer sect.

This is humiliating!

His eyes were filled with rage as he shouted, "Preposterous! Such insolence! What you've done is unforgivable! You've gone too far, all of you! Notify the Prime Minister right this instant! If he doesn't give you the death sentence today, don't blame us for invading Atheville. It'll be the end of the hundred-year agreement."

Zeke's brows furrowed.

Hundred-year agreement?

What is that?

I'll have to ask the Prime Minister about it later.

At the Prime Minister's residence.

The old man became anxious upon hearing about what had happened.

The news was a huge blow to the Prime Minister.

"The Great Marshal made such a rash decision! No one should provoke the Four Hidden Sects. All those that belong in the sects are strong warriors. They have warriors of the Ultimate Class overseeing them. If they were to start a rebellion against Eurasia, even the Great Marshal wouldn't

be able to stop them. Besides, the hundred-year agreement is due soon. If we anger the Carter sect and they end up destroying the agreement, we'll suffer great losses! Get the cars ready and head to the Carter sect immediately. No, no. Just get the fighter jets ready."

Back at the Carter sect, the face-off between both sides was still intense as if a world-ending war could happen any time.

Zeke's Dragon King Sword quivered violently in the cold wind and emitted a murderous aura.

If Sole Wolf or Killer Wolf are found dead, I'm going to destroy the Carter sect.

Soon, the teams from Deadly Wolf in search of Killer Wolf and Sole Wolf returned.

Luckily, the two wolves were found, and they weren't in any life-threatening danger.

Both of them were laughing and joking as they lay in their stretchers.

"Zeke, we took down both of the enemy's King Class warriors. Remember to reward us with ten pounds of Alpha wine. King Class warriors my foot! The King Class warriors of the Carter family can't even be compared to the Archdukes out there."

"Hmph! They played dirty by damaging their life force because they couldn't beat us. Is this how someone from a great sect should act? Bah! They're an insult to the martial arts world!"

Hans was dumbfounded.

The King Class warriors' damaged life force only hurt Killer Wolf and Sole Wolf badly, but it didn't kill them.

This... this is impossible!

Even an Ultimate Class warrior could have life-threatening injuries if they were to experience the explosion from a King Class warrior's damaged life force.

Hans' gaze landed on the wolves' armor.

The armor! It has to be. Their armors must've taken all the damage from the explosion.

Hans' guess was indeed correct.

Those were high-tech armors specially made by Cygnus Room.



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They were a dozen times more sturdy than an ordinary bulletproof vest.

Zeke felt a sense of relief when he saw that both of them were safe.

He then pulled out a bottle and poured out two white pills from it. Zeke said as he passed the pills to the injured men, "Take these."

It must've been an extremely effective and rare pill if Zeke was carrying it with him.

Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf were hesitant and didn't want to swallow the pill.

"Zeke, we don't want a pill as our reward. Can we get Alpha wine instead?"

Zeke's face darkened upon hearing that.

"Talk more and you won't even get a drop of Alpha wine."

Both of them didn't dare to utter another word as they quickly swallowed their pills.

The pill was truly magical.

Right after Sole Wolf and Killer Wolf swallowed it, they could see their injuries healing even with the naked eye.

Hans was shocked.

A miraculous pill like that would've been a treasure in the Carter sect.

I can't believe outsiders have pills like this.

It seems I've underestimated the martial artists outside.

Killer Wolf felt uncomfortable under Hans' stare.

He scolded, "What the hell are you looking at? Oh, that's right. Where's your leader? Why isn't he out here to welcome us yet? Half an hour has passed. It's time to kill the disciples of your inner sect. Which one of you is an inner sect disciple? You better get out here and let me slaughter you."

Such arrogance!

Before Hans could answer, a loud noise came from the mist behind.

It was the Prime Minister's voice.

"Stop!"

Hans instantly felt more at ease.

I don't have to worry whether the Great Marshal would back down anymore now that the Prime Minister is here to control him.

The Prime Minister couldn't care less about his image as he rushed to the Carters.

If I delay even a second, it could bring Eurasia irreparable damage.

He noticed it was a mess everywhere when he finally arrived. He instantly felt light-headed.

The situation is much more serious than I imagined!

Zeke had brought a hundred thousand warriors from the Deadly Wolf army and they were surrounding the Carter sect.

Dead bodies of the Carters' disciples littered the doorway.

Among the bodies were Mason Carter and the two King Class warriors.

Zeke definitely has a death wish!

At that moment, the Prime Minister only had one thought in his mind.

I'll just resign as the Prime Minister and not ask about any of this.

This isn't something I can handle!

But he knew there was no way out except to keep going on.

Great Marshal, you've landed me in hot soup.

He collected himself and asked, "Mr. Carter, this..."

Hans interrupted him, "Prime Minister, I demand justice. The Carter sect lives in the mountains and is protected by the law. No one is allowed to come here to create trouble. The Great Marshal has gone too far. Not only did he besiege the Carter sect with his army, but he has also hurt

hundreds of us. If Williams doesn't kill himself as atonement today, don't blame us for charging into Atheville to fight for justice. As for the hundred-year agreement between the Carter family and Eurasia, it'll naturally be called off too."

The Prime Minister tried to assure Hans, "Mr. Carter, please calm down. I will handle this impartially."

Then, the former walked toward Zeke and said, "Great Marshal, please... please explain why you did this."

Zeke replied, "There's nothing much to explain."

The Prime Minister felt the needle of annoyance pricked him.

I'm going to die if you don't explain!

"Great Marshal, why did you kill Mason Carter?"

"He impersonated my general, Sole Wolf, and trespassed the Devonville Restricted Zone to steal the Spirit Stone," Zeke replied.

"And why were the two King Class warriors of the Carter family killed?"



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Sole Wolf's face was red as he said anxiously, "Prime Minister, what are you talking about? We killed their King Class warriors. We should be the ones getting credit for it."

"Shut up!" the Prime Minister scolded angrily.

Do I even look like I am giving Zeke credit?

This is a crime of killing!

Both of you won't be able to handle the consequences of this sin.

The Great Marshal is the only one who can.

Sole Wolf scoffed, "Hey, old man! Who are you asking to shut up? You're really getting on my nerves. Why are you being so courteous to the Carter family? Eurasia has been providing them with so much food, and they've wasted so much of our resources. They should be treating you with respect. Look at you. Look at how you've been acting so lowly before them. I just feel so disgusted at being someone who's from the same native place as you."

What the f***?

The Prime Minister's face darkened.

I'm still the Prime Minister of a country, the face of Eurasia.

Never mind being slandered by the Great Marshal.

But as the subordinate of the Great Marshal, what

makes you think you could humiliate me?

This is outright disrespectful and a huge humiliation to me!

If it wasn't for the Great Marshal's presence, the Prime Minister would've given the order to kill Sole Wolf.

Zeke couldn't bear to look on anymore.

Prime Minister was a representative of Eurasia, and they had equal status. That was why there was nothing wrong with Zeke's comments at the Prime Minister earlier.

But Sole Wolf's status was lower, so it was extremely disrespectful of him to humiliate the latter.

Zeke barked, "Sole Wolf, shut up!"

"But I was speaking the truth!"

The Prime Minister responded thankfully, "Luckily the Great Marshal knows right from wrong."

"I agree with what Sole Wolf had said," Zeke added.

The Prime Minister was speechless.

"I have a question for you, Prime Minister. What is this hundred-year agreement that you speak of?" Zeke asked.

The Prime Minister hesitated for a moment

before he said, "Great Marshal, this is a national secret. Let's talk privately."

"No need. There are no outsiders here," Zeke replied.

Besides the Carter sect's members, there were only the warriors of Deadly Wolf. There were no outsiders indeed.

The Prime Minister smiled bitterly as he knew he couldn't change the Great Marshal's mind. "Very well, then. I don't see the harm in telling all of you. Truth is, the Four Hidden Sects were known as the ancient Four Great Martial Houses many years back. They had a collection of ancient martial arts techniques. Every time one of the houses shared their techniques, it would cause a stir around the world. They cultivated countless warriors. There were even warriors of the Ultimate Class.

Nowadays, there has been a serious lack of combat skills in the ancient martial arts world in Eurasia. If the precious battle techniques of the Four Hidden Sects could be made public and martial artists are allowed to practice them, Eurasia's defense capability would soar to great heights. Therefore, Eurasia made an agreement with the Four Hidden Sects. We will provide them with resources and daily needs. In return, they will share a part of the battle techniques a hundred years later. By then, Eurasia's martial artists will be allowed to practice them. This is the hundred-year agreement."


"Why don't I know about this agreement?" Zeke asked with furrowed brows.

The Prime Minister explained, “This agreement was made about ninety years ago. You, even your father, weren’t even born yet. That’s why you didn’t know about it. In about ten years, this agreement will be due. That being said, Great Marshal, I hope you will see the bigger picture and not break the hundred-year agreement.”


However, Zeke sneered, “This hundred-year contract is bullshit! I’ll end it today.”

“No, Great Marshal!” the Prime Minister exclaimed in shock.

“Do you want the world of ancient martial arts in Eurasia to remain stagnant? Don’t you want to strengthen Eurasia’s martial artists and the country’s defense?”

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Zeke said, “Why do you need to wait a hundred years if you want the ancient martial arts skills of the Four Great Martial Houses. Citizens of Eurasia have the responsibility to serve in the army. The Four Hidden Sects are included too as they are in Eurasia. If they’re not going to serve in the army, no problem. Then they should hand over the martial arts techniques and contribute to the country. If they choose not to serve in the army or share the techniques, then the Four Hidden Sects can get lost from Eurasia.”

The Prime Minister swallowed nervously.

In truth, his predecessors had thought about this.

But they banished the thought in the end because the Four Hidden Sects had extremely strong warriors. There were even rumors that they had warriors of the Ultimate Class!

If they ever fought back, it would cause an apocalypse.

When that happens, Eurasia might not be able to subdue them.

And now, Zeke had the same thoughts too.

Everyone knew the determination of the Great Marshal. Once he decided on something, it would be hard to change his mind.

If he really did something that forced the Four Hidden Sects to rebel, he wouldn’t be able to stop them if they joined forces.

A disaster would definitely fall on Eurasia.

Prime Minister said almost pleadingly, “Great Marshal, this is a matter of great importance. You mustn’t act recklessly.”

“Prime Minister, this is a conflict between the Four Hidden Sects and me. Do not interfere,” Zeke stated.

He looked at the time and added, “Another ten minutes have passed. Since the leader of the Carter family still isn’t here, it’s time to behead another outer sect disciple.”

Zeke’s gaze fell on Hans and said, “Well then, let’s kill you this time.”

The Prime Minister was in a pit of despair when he heard what Zeke had said.

He’s really crossed the line this time.

If he really kills the head of the Carter outer sect, the conflict between Eurasia and the Four Hidden Sects would be completely irreconcilable.

The Prime Minister tried to stop Zeke, but Killer Wolf immediately wrapped his arms around the former.

“Prime Minister, follow me. I have a secret to tell you.”

The Prime Minister kept struggling as he growled, “You animal! Let me go! You’re all acting like you want to poke a hole in the sky.”

“It’s fine. Even if there actually is a hole in the sky, Zeke will have a way to fix it.”

With that, Killer Wolf carried the Prime Minister away.

In the meantime, Zeke pulled out the Dragon King Sword from the ground and strode toward Hans.

“Do you want to do it yourself, or should I send you off?”

Hans’s expression darkened.

I’ve underestimated the Great Marshal’s guts and ambition.

They even dared to humiliate the Prime Minister.

It looks like he really has the guts to destroy us.

Of course, Hans didn’t think that Zeke could actually destroy the Carter sect.

However, it would be extremely embarrassing for them if the Great Marshal barged into the sect.

How would we, the Four Hidden Sects, keep our foothold if that were to happen?

I have to stop Williams, even if it means I have to sacrifice my own life. I have to protect the last of the Carter family’s dignity.

Hans shouted to the inside of the Carter family’s residence, “Attention, warriors of the Carter outer sect! Get onto the city walls and prepare for S-

grade defense! Leave no mercy to those who try to barge into our residence!”

The moment he completed his sentence, the inner part of the Carter sect started to buzz.

Countless warriors stood on the walls surrounding the Carter sect’s grounds and prepared to engage in battles.

There were at least ten thousand men there.

Among these men, there was a King Class warrior and a dozen Archduke warriors.

All their warriors had ranks of Grand Master or above.

Most of them were just a step away from becoming Archdukes too.

With military powers like this, they could defeat a country if they were on the frontiers.

Zeke exclaimed, “The Carters really lives up to your name. The outer sect alone already has military powers like this. Your inner sect must be even more powerful! If we put the Carter family on the battlefield, you’ll definitely be strong enough to fight against powerful enemies. But too bad. The Carter family is just a bunch of cowards. You secluded yourselves from the world after all.”

Zeke was complimenting the Carter family for having great military powers in the beginning, but he immediately insulted them afterward by saying that they were a bunch of cowards.

The Carters were fuming by the end of his sentence.



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The last King Class warrior of the Carter family fumed, “You daring lunatic. How dare you speak so recklessly? You best be careful or you’ll be in mortal danger. We are full of noble and outstanding people. We can stand guard at the frontiers and also protect the country’s foolish people. Mr. Carter, I hereby request to fight and kill the Great Marshal.”

However, Hans shook his head and answered, “No. I can kill this useless man myself. Keep an eye on Sole Wolf. Do not let him engage in the fight.”

When Hans mentioned ‘useless man’, the King Class warrior suddenly recalled that the Great Marshal’s life force had been destroyed.

He is indeed useless now.

He’s an insolent fool for having the guts to cause trouble at the Carter sect.

The King Class warrior shifted his gaze to Sole Wolf in case he ever joined the fight.

But Sole Wolf wasn’t interested in fighting at all.

He had somehow gotten a bottle of wine and was enjoying it as though nothing had happened.

Sole Wolf knew Zeke had long become an Ultimate Class warrior.

So Hans wasn’t much of a threat to Zeke at all.

Sole Wolf was actually excited to see how Zeke

would crush Hans.

“If only Killer Wolf can watch what’s about to happen.”

Meanwhile, Killer Wolf was extremely persistent and had dragged the Prime Minister to a quiet corner.

The Prime Minister scolded, “You brat! That’s enough. Let me go. So tell me, what is this secret of yours?”

Killer Wolf smiled slyly. “Prime Minister, I heard you have a gorgeous granddaughter.”

The Prime Minister tensed up immediately. “What do you want, brat?”

“Nothing. It’s just that Sole Wolf has taken a liking to your granddaughter. So he wanted me to be his matchmaker and ask for your granddaughter’s hand in marriage.”

The Prime Minister was about to curse him out. But after he thought about it, he held back.

“If that little cub wants to marry my granddaughter, sure. But I have three conditions that I have to discuss with him face to face. I’ll go look for him now.”

At that, the Prime Minister turned back.

No matter what it takes, I have to stop the Great Marshal from killing Hans Carter, even if it means sacrificing my own granddaughter.

If he actually kills Hans, Eurasia's relationship with the Four Hidden Sects would be forever irreparable.

But Killer Wolf didn't let go of the Prime Minister.

"Prime Minister, calm down. I have another secret for you. I heard your wife passed away years ago and you've been living alone since. My classmate's grandma is a widow. Both of you are just like a match made in heaven. How about I introduce you to her?"

The Prime Minister was instantly at a loss for words.

Back at the Carter sect, Zeke was moving closer to Hans.

His footfalls were light, and his breathing was controlled. He looked like a completely harmless, ordinary person.

Hans smiled coldly.

Zeke is definitely here to get himself killed.

Without hesitation, Hans pulled out a bow and three arrows.

Once he loaded the arrow, Hans pulled the bow into the shape of a full moon.

Whoosh!

The three arrows shot out.

The arrows were so fast, a series of sparks formed and dazzled the eyes of those watching.

The warriors around could only see the flitting shadows of the arrows. They couldn't see the arrows at all!

Even an Archduke warrior wouldn't be able to dodge the arrows.

As the Carter family watched and waited for Zeke to be pierced by the arrows, something changed.

All three of the arrows stopped just inches away from Zeke.

The arrows didn't pierce through the marshal, nor did they fall onto the ground.

It stopped right in front of Zeke.

It was as if a huge invisible hand had caught the arrows.

What's going on?

The crowd was left dumbfounded.

His energy!



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The last King Class Warrior of the Carter outer sect roared abruptly.

Upon his reminder, the crowd came to a sudden realization that Zeke had released an aura of a King, forming a barrier around himself.

Furthermore, it was this barrier that had blocked the three arrows that were headed towards him.

Gradually, Zeke's aura thickened, as it started to swirl clockwise.

The arrows that were stuck in his aura were now swirling around him.

The Carters were on the verge of a meltdown.

Wasn't the Great Marshal crippled, with his life force destroyed?

How could he release an aura of a King Class Warrior?

He must have attained King Class too!

Moreover, the aura he'd released was much thicker than the ones released by the three King Class Warriors of the Carter outer sect.

He... He must be the legendary first King Class Warrior of Eurasia!

The Great Marshal has indeed hidden well.

However, they remained unaware of the fact that Zeke had long surpassed the level of King Class.

He was now at Ultimate Class.

“Run!”

“Sir, run now!”

The Carters shouted at Hans.

At that moment, Hans arrived at his senses and started escaping.

He knew he was no match for a King Class Warrior.

Taking a step forward, the last King Class Warrior of the Carter outer sect attempted to protect Hans.

However, it was a step too late.

Zeke bellowed, “Go!”

The aura that had been rapidly swirling around Zeke instantly shot out toward Hans, along with the three arrows.

A moment ago, the aura had been swirling around Zeke, charging itself.

The moment it shot out, it was swifter than the speed of sound.

The explosion that resulted from it was deafening.

Poor Hans had only taken half a step before the arrows and aura had soon reached him.

The three arrows pierced Hans' body while the thick aura shredded him alive.

His blood splattered in all directions.

It took a long while before the ear-piercing whoosh of the aura died down, as silence gradually took its place.

Even then, the terror in everyone's hearts did not cease.

The head of the Carter outer sect, Hans Carter, had been killed so easily.

Now that the Carter outer sect had lost its main pillar, it was likely that it would fall apart any time soon.

The moment the outer sect was wiped out, the core sect's safety was threatened.

Now, the Carter sect could actually face annihilation.

Right then, the last King Class Warrior of the outer sect ordered, "Protect the city walls until death. I'll inform the head of the sect immediately."

Zeke shouted, "Send my message to the head of the Carter sect. My patience has run out. If I don't see the head of the sect in half an hour, instead of killing your people, I'll be destroying the entire place. Sole Wolf, inform the army to drive the tanks over."

His voice was laced with his aura, and his words

echoed on Mount Final for a long while.

Some of the weaker ones were affected by his aura, and they started vomiting blood from the damage they had sustained.

Sole Wolf suggested, “Zeke, rather than using the tanks, shouldn’t we blast them with the fighter jets? What do you think about it?”

Zeke answered, “Sure.”

Excitedly, Sole Wolf dug out his phone. “Inform the army to send thirty fighter jets over. We’re having a big party today.”

The King Class Warrior ran all the way to the Carter Manor.

Soon, he reached its entrance.

The main sect was dozens of times larger than the outer sect.

Naturally, their manpower was greater than the outer sect’s as well.

Even the guards of the Carter Manor were Platinum Archduke Class Warriors.

The two guards stopped the King Class Warrior of the outer sect. “Stop. No one is allowed to enter without the head of the sect’s permission.”

The King Class Warrior panicked. “Quick, inform the head of the sect that we have intruders. The head of the extended sect, Hans, has been killed.

We've lost control of the situation. We're hoping for Sir to come and get the situation under control."

"Hmph! Useless."



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One of the guards cursed, "You can't even stop a foreign enemy. Hans is nothing but a waste of space. Stay here. I will inform him."

The guard took a step, before a deep and loud voice resounded from behind the door.

"I've heard about the situation. Let him in."

"Yes, Sir!" The guard swiftly replied.

The King Class Warrior then quickly walked into the Carter Manor.

At long last, he stopped outside the central building of the Carter Manor.

The building was built akin to the old palaces of ancient times. Its outer appearance was majestic, and it appeared as though it were the residence of royalties.

The door was shut tight, and the King Class Warrior could not peek inside.

However, the enclosed space was surrounded by an aura; one that was befitting of a King Class Warrior

Truthfully, the one inside could have even been an Ultimate.

The King Class Warrior of the outer sect got on his knees as he greeted, "Niall Carter, King Class Warrior of the outer sect, pays his respect to Sir."

The resounding voice from earlier came from

behind the door once again.

“I have heard about the situation outside. Let me ask you. What powers do you think that supposed Great Marshal has?”

The King Class Warrior replied, “He should be a King Class Warrior. He’s the best among the rest, in King Class.”

The head of the sect replied, “I suspect that he has surpassed King Class.”

“What?” The King Class Warrior was shocked by his words. “Zeke has surpassed King Class. D... Does that mean he’s attained Ultimate Class? Without the support of the four sects, how would an outsider like him become an Ultimate? Sir, are you mistaken?”

The head of the sect replied, “I’d only said that he’d surpassed King Class. I’d never said that he was now an Ultimate Class Warrior. You are right. Without the help of the four sects, an outsider will never attain Ultimate Class. Hmph. As long as he doesn’t become an Ultimate, he will never pose a threat to the four sects. Moreover, it doesn’t matter if he became an Ultimate. The Carter main sect, too, has an Ultimate.”

The King Class Warrior sighed in relief, “Sir, you’re right. What do we do next?”

“Hmph! He’s only an outsider. There is no point in asking me to head there in person. Go back outside and delay him for another half an hour. I’ve already notified the other three sects and the

Supreme Leader. They'll join forces against Zeke. We'll definitely get it under our control."

The King Class Warrior was overjoyed to hear his words.

With the other three sects and the Supreme Leader of Eurasia, Zeke was definitely going to have to surrender.

If he dared to go against the Supreme Leader's orders, he would be a traitor to the country!

During his half-hour wait, Zeke started to feel bored. He snatched Sole Wolf's flask and started drinking its contents.

Sole Wolf grinned, "Zeke, it's not fun to just drink. Here. I've prepared something to go along with the wine."

With that, he pulled out a pack of nuts.

The only reason Sole Wolf was here, was that he wanted to watch the show from the sidelines.

Naturally, he would come prepared with wine and nuts.

Upon noticing their actions, the Carters glared at them.

They're drinking and eating at this time.

Do they not give a rat's ass about the Carter sect?

By then, Killer Wolf and Prime Minister were back.

Killer Wolf had heard of the commotion earlier, and he knew that Zeke had already killed the head of the Carter outer sect.

Needless to say, he had no reason to continue stopping the Prime Minister.

The sight that greeted them made Killer Wolf excited, while the Prime Minister was in despair.

Killer Wolf laughed as he rushed forward, “How can you exclude me when you’re drinking? Zeke, we’ll drink till we drop today.”

Sole Wolf clicked his tongue. “Get lost. The wine and nuts are my own. Go home and get your own.”



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