

Chapter 1551

Zeke clenched his fists. “Judging by what you’ve said, it isn’t the first time the Tomb Sect had asked someone to take the exam on someone else’s behalf. Hmph! How dare the Tomb Sect taint the integrity of the exam! I will end them this time around!”

Sole Wolf interjected suddenly, “Zeke, the Tomb Sect seems to have come from Mount Coda as well. Do you think that the Tomb Sect is related to the Carter clan somehow?”

Zeke answered, “That’s most likely the case. I suspect that the Tomb Sect is merely a puppet under the Carter clan’s control. We need to investigate this thoroughly!”

Along the journey, the doctor suddenly received a call.

As he hung up, he turned towards Zeke solemnly and relayed, “Great Marshal, I’m afraid that I can’t continue this journey with you. I just received a call from the hospital saying that one of my patients had a sudden complication. I need to rush back and deal with it.”

Zeke nodded. “Alright. Go ahead. We can handle this ourselves. Give me your house address.”

“Alright.”

The doctor left in a hurry after handing Zeke his address, and Zeke and Sole Wolf quickly arrived at the destination... A decrepit neighborhood.

The doctor’s family has close ties with the military, yet he still lives in such a ramshackle area.

Zeke could not help but admire the doctor’s righteousness and integrity.

As they stepped inside, they saw a young man throwing fists in the square.

Even though he was drenched in sweat, he did not stop to take a break.

His moves were nimble and his breathing was steady.

Even though he was practicing some basic moves, he was able to master it completely, to bring out its full potential.

It took only one look for them to realize that he had shown great promise.

Sole Wolf took out the picture that the doctor had given him and saw that the man in the photo was identical to the man practicing his martial arts.

Sole Wolf announced, “Zeke, he’s the grandson of the doctor, Jeager Link.”

Zeke nodded in approval. "Yeah. He shows great promise. No wonder the Tomb Sect laid their eyes on him, asking him to take the exam on their behalf. Let's go."

At that moment, an old lady wielding a crutch wobbled towards Jeager.

She almost tripped at the stairs, so it was likely that her vision was impaired.

Jeager only stopped training when he saw the lady, and he headed towards her.

"Grandma, what brings you here?"

The old lady immediately flashed a smile of pride when she heard her grandson's voice.

"Jeager, you'd trained so much that you'd forgotten to eat again. Come home. I've already prepared the meal."

However, Jeager seemed a little reluctant. "Grandma, please rest here for a little while. I still need to master one of the moves, I'll return to eat after I do so."

The lady sighed and caressed Jeager's hair. "Alright. I'll wait for you here."

Afterward, the lady sat down and Jeager started to train once again.

Sole Wolf exclaimed, "This youngster was so engrossed in training that he forgot to eat. It's a waste of his talent if he doesn't take the Martial Arts Unified Examination!"

Zeke sighed too, "The Tomb Sect almost ruined the future of a promising one. They deserve to die!"

Sole Wolf's eyes sparkled when he heard Zeke label the youngster as a 'promising one' because it meant that Jeager's potential was extraordinary.

Zeke stepped towards Jeager with Sole Wolf tagging behind him, and the old lady seemed anxious when she saw them.

Jeager subconsciously stood before his grandmother to protect her as he hissed, "Who are you? Are you from the Tomb Sect?"

Zeke shook his head. "No."

Jeager and the old lady heaved a sigh of relief when they heard his answer.

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Zeke explained, "Youngster, you'd said that you needed to master a move earlier. I can help you out with that."

Jeager eyed Zeke suspiciously, "Are you a martial artist too?"

Sole Wolf burst into laughter when he heard the innocent question.

The answer might scare you, kiddo.

Zeke is not just a martial artist, he's an Ultimate Class warrior who's stronger than the rest!

However, Zeke merely nodded. "Yeah. I'm a martial artist."

Jeager murmured, "I am practicing the military punching style, and outsiders don't know about it, so you might not be able to help me out."

Zeke smiled subtly. "Actually, I was the one who invented the military punching style. Do you think that I can help you out?"

Pfft!

Jeager let out a small giggle. "Everyone knows that this punching style is invented by the Great Marshal. Are you saying that you're the Great Marshal himself?"

Zeke nodded. "That's right."

Jeager's expression suddenly turned into one of rage. "Hold your tongue. The Great Marshal is the central figure of the military, so don't you dare insult him. If there's nothing else, please take your leave."

Sole Wolf was amused. "Hey, kiddo, why are you talking to Zeke like this? To be quite frank with you, a lot of people offered all their riches to Zeke in hopes for his instruction, but he turned down all of them. You are extremely lucky now that he's willing to help you out, yet you're still so ignorant. How foolish can you be?"

However, Jeager still had his doubts. "Fine. If you really can teach me the military punching style, I'll believe you. I have some trouble with The Emerging Dragon, so please help me with it."

Jeager then showed them The Emerging Dragon punch.

Zeke commented proudly, "Kiddo, not bad at all. Actually, this move is incorrect, so it's very admirable of you, to be able to determine its error."

How is that even possible?

Jeager retorted, "Stop pretending like you're an expert. My grandfather had taught me this move and he's a very seasoned soldier, so he won't go wrong! Besides that, the Great Marshal created the military punching style himself, so it's impossible for him to make a mistake!"

Zeke smiled. "The move you did earlier is from an older variation of the military punching style. That style has been improved upon many times now.

Besides that, the Great Marshal is only human, so he'll make mistakes as well."

Jeager scoffed. "Haha. You're just acting as though you know everything."

Zeke replied, "Pay close attention. This move is supposed to be executed this way."

Upon saying that, Zeke performed the improved Emerging Dragon punch.

As a member of the Ultimate Class, Zeke was very familiar and comfortable with a simple combat technique like the military punching style.

That was why he had managed to flaunt the military's punching style's grace and power to its fullest extent.

Jeager was dumbfounded at the beautiful scene, as tears started to well up in his eyes.

"Perfection. This is absolute perfection. You... You really are a soldier."

Even up till now, Jeager still refused to believe that Zeke was the Great Marshal, and instead, he thought of him as a veteran soldier.

Zeke replied helplessly, "Yeah, I'm a soldier."

Upon hearing his reply, Jeager bombarded him with a flurry of questions.

"May I ask which contingent did you serve under? I heard that there was a real war in Northern Xinjiang, so did you join the war? The Great Marshal served under the Northern Xinjiang contingent as well, and he's around your age, so have you seen him before?"

It was obvious that Jeager had high hopes for military life.

Zeke smiled and answered, "I did serve under the Northern Xinjiang contingent, and there was indeed a war there. Are you interested in joining the Northern Xinjiang contingent?"

Jeager, who was originally very excited, was dejected when he heard that question.

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He heaved a sigh and said, "Since I can't take the Martial Artist National Examination, I guess I'll never have the chance to join the military."

Zeke patted him on his shoulder and said, "Don't worry. I can help you."

However, Jeager smiled pitifully and replied, "I'm afraid you can't help me. Even my grandpa, who is the top combat medic, can do nothing about it."

Suddenly, a man yelled furiously from the outside, "Jeager, how dare you practice martial arts here? Are you going against the Ancient Tomb Sect?"

It's the Ancient Tomb Sect! Zeke and Sole Wolf immediately looked at the person.

Talk about right timing! We don't even have to visit them in person!

On the other hand, Jeager and the elderly lady looked pale once they saw the visitors.

Jeager lowered his voice as he urged, "Leave now. Both of you will be in great trouble if you become their targets."

Much to Jeager's surprise, Zeke patted him on his shoulder again and said, "We're here to finish them off."

There were a total of five persons from the Ancient Tomb Sect.

The leader was Sesame Cookie, who was thin, tall, and had lots of freckles on his face like sesames.

Sesame Cookie pointed at Zeke and yelled, "For god's sake. Are you teaching him your punching techniques?"

Zeke replied emotionlessly, "You're wrong. Apart from teaching him punching techniques, I'm bringing him to take part in the Martial Artist National Examination."

Damn it!

Sesame Cookie scolded, "Aren't you aware that the Ancient Tomb Sect has blacklisted him? How dare you help him?"

Nevertheless, Zeke said, "I choose to help him exactly because I'm aware of it."

"In that case, you're blatantly going against the Ancient Tomb Sect!" Sesame Cookie came up to Zeke furiously and continued, "Get out now! Or you will be crippled the next moment."

Meanwhile, Sole Wolf was observing Sesame Cookie's movement closely.

Once Sesame Cookie got any closer to Zeke, he would strike and finish him off.

Much to Sole Wolf's surprise, Jeager warded off Sesame Cookie from Zeke before he could act. "I have made up my mind to do as you said. I won't take part in the Martial Artist National Examination Please leave now and don't disturb us again."

At this moment, Sesame Cookie shifted his gaze toward Jeager. "Hehe, it's too late to choose now. You only have one option: Take part in the Martial Artist National Examination on behalf of our young master. If you refuse, I'll make sure that you and your grandma disappear from the face of the earth."

Jeager was infuriated as he said, "Why must you back me into a corner? I'll not help villains like you and betray Eurasia."

"Is that so?" Sesame Cookie sneered wickedly, "In that case, you and your grandma are coming with me. Bring them in!"

"Stop!" Zeke paused for a while and continued, "The Martial Artist National Examination is the basic national policy administered by the military. How can you ask an imposter to take the examination? Must say, it is a blatant disrespect to the military."

Sesame Cookie laughed arrogantly and replied, "Boy, I'll share some knowledge with you today. The invigilators were all from the Ancient Tomb Sect ever since the examination existed. Hence, this year wouldn't be an exception. Since invigilators are our men, we can pass the examination anyway even if we don't attend it at all."

At this moment, Zeke glanced at Sole Wolf and said, "Sole Wolf, take note of it."

Sole Wolf nodded gravely and replied, "No worries. I know what to do."

On the other hand, Jeager gazed at Zeke and Sole Wolf in disbelief. Judging from what they said, are they planning to take down the invigilators? Who are they? Can they really take them down?

As Sesame Cookie got increasingly impatient, he waved his hand and instructed, "Guys, take Jeager and the elderly lady in! Anyone who disobeys the Ancient Tomb Sect will die!"

Jeager looked pale when they came closer. He warded them off from his grandma and said, "Don't you dare touch my grandma! I'll kill anyone who tries."

On the other hand, his grandma was shocked. She grabbed Jeager's hand and said, "Jeager, run now. Don't worry about me."

Chapter 1554

Jeager wouldn't leave without his grandma.

Nonetheless, he was aware that he was no match for Sesame Cookie and his men.

At this moment, his determination was slightly shaken. It appeared that the only way to save his grandma was to take part in the examination for their young master.

On the other hand, Sole Wolf stepped forward and yelled, "Come on, all of you. I don't have time to mess around with you one by one."

Sesame Cookie couldn't help but sneer, "Oh? Who is talking big here? Today, none of you shall escape. Move!"

Once Sesame Cookie finished his words, he led his men to charge toward Sole Wolf.

When Jeager wanted to lend Sole Wolf a hand, Zeke patted him on his shoulder to stop him and said, "Watch the real military punching style."

"Sole Wolf, show him your military punching style."

"Sure!" Sole Wolf laughed and answered affirmatively

The military punching style was the most basic fighting technique, and its attacking power depended solely on the person's strength.

Such a style was specially designed for sturdy martial arts masters.

Since Sole Wolf was the top martial arts master in terms of strength, he could unleash immense power by using even the most basic level of military punching style.

To Sole Wolf, Sesame Cookie and his lackeys were merely bugs that couldn't fight back.

Hence, the clash ended in just a matter of seconds.

Meanwhile, Jeager was startled after watching the fight. My goodness! How can his military punching style be so powerful and destructive? I can barely exert one percent of the power when I used the same technique.

As such, Jeager couldn't help but feel embarrassed.

He used to think that he had mastered the military punching style.

But now it seemed that he had only scratched its surface.

On the other hand, Sesame Cookie and the rest were scared to death because their opponent was omnipotent when he struck.

They couldn't withstand his powerful attack at all, not to mention fighting back.

At this moment, Sesame Cookie felt like he was in the face of a devil.

They instinctively retreated a few steps back to stay away from him and moved toward their car.

Before they ran away, Zeke said coldly, "Go back and tell the Ancient Tomb Sect that I'll bring Jeager to attend the Martial Artist National Examination three days later. If the Ancient Tomb Sect doesn't show up, I'll pay a visit myself and eliminate the entire Sect."

Sesame Cookie finally recollected himself after hopping into the car and said, "Listen up! The Ancient Tomb Sect will not let you off the hook. Do you still think that you can attend the Martial Artist National Examination? I bet you can't even register yourself for it."

The car sped off once he finished his words.

Unexpectedly, Jeager kneeled before Zeke and Sole Wolf and said, "My seniors, I sincerely ask for you to consider taking me as your disciple to learn about the military punching style."

Zeke replied without hesitation, "Well, you can be our disciple on one condition: you have to pass the Martial Artist National Examination."

Feeling that he was put in a difficult position, Jeager said, "Seniors, as you have heard from the Ancient Tomb Sect just now, the invigilators of the examination are their subordinates. I won't even have the opportunity to register myself for it."

Zeke comforted him, "No worries. For now, you only have to focus on preparing for the examination. Leave the rest to us."

Since Zeke insisted on it, Jeager bit his lips and said, "Alright, I believe you." His words were laced with doubts.

Are they really on par with the invigilators?

While Jeager was lost in his thoughts, Zeke interrupted him, "I'll pick you up to register for the examination three days later."

“Sole Wolf, let’s go.”

“Wait a minute,” the elderly woman suddenly opened her mouth.

Zeke asked curiously, “Ma’am, do you have something to say?”

When she reached out her hand toward Zeke, he immediately took her hand and supported the old woman gently.

After a while, the elderly woman said, “Young man, can we have a word?”

Zeke nodded in response and replied, “Of course.”

“Sole Wolf, teach him the military punching style here. I’ll go for a walk with the lady.”

Chapter 1555

“Sure!” Sole Wolf replied.

Zeke and the elderly woman came to a secluded area.

The next moment, she suddenly kneeled before Zeke and greeted, “It’s my honor to meet the Great Marshal.”

Zeke felt a little strange. Why did she believe in me when even a young man like Jeager didn’t?

Zeke helped her up and asked, “Ma’am, how can you be sure that I’m the Great Marshal?”

The elderly woman immediately replied, “I was once a combat medic of the 101 Division of the North Zone and treated you once on the battlefield. When I was giving you the treatment, a bomb exploded next to us. Fortunately, I only lost my eyes and managed to survive because you protected me.”

Hmm? After Zeke looked at her closely, he did feel that she looked familiar somehow.

After a while, Zeke heaved a sigh and said, “Ma’am, I’m so sorry. You’re a hero in the military, yet you have to live poorly. It’s our fault. If you agree with it, I can send you to Cygnus Room for retirement.”

Much to his surprise, the elderly lady waved her hand and replied, “It’s okay. I’m already used to a quiet and peaceful life. I won’t be comfortable staying in Cygnus Room. Actually, after I lost my vision and was discharged, I received a pension from the military. But I donated all of them to charitable organizations.”

Zeke was touched by the generosity of the soldier of the North, regardless of male or female.

After pausing for a while, the elderly lady continued, "Great Marshal, I hope that you can fulfil my only wish."

Zeke immediately said, "Please say it."

She requested, "Please take my grandson as your disciple. Let him practice under your guidance and avenge for his parents in the future."

Zeke asked curiously, "May I know who the enemy is?"

The elderly lady said, "It is the Ancient Tomb Sect."

Hmph! It's the Ancient Tomb Sect again!

Zeke clenched his fists firm and assured her, "Ma'am, don't worry. I'll make sure that Jeager avenge his parents!"

After Zeke agreed to her request, tears began to well up in her eyes.

When she was about to kneel again to express her gratitude, Zeke stopped her.

After that, Zeke and Sole Wolf left the place.

When they were in the car, Zeke instructed, "Sole Wolf, find out who the invigilators were for the past years."

"Yes, Sir!" Sole Wolf began searching for the relevant information with his laptop.

Not long after that, he managed to obtain a name list and reported, "Sir, the name list of the invigilators for the past twenty years is here."

Zeke glanced at it and said, "Investigate them. If anyone is found to be in conspiracy with the Ancient Tomb Sect to cheat in the examination, kill them!"

"Yes!" Sole Wolf understood why Zeke was infuriated

This social parasitism played a significant role in Eurasia's sluggish defense system in recent years.

Hence, even their deaths couldn't compensate for the damages that they caused to the nation!

As they were discussing it, Zeke's phone suddenly rang.

A warm smile spread across Zeke's face as soon as he saw that it was his wife, Lacey, calling.

He hadn't been home for quite some time to see his wife and daughter.

Hence, he made up his mind to go home and spend more time with them.

Once he picked up the phone, Lacey said nervously, "Zeke, I think someone is secretly following Missy and I."

What? Zeke was exasperated.

I am an Ultimate Class martial arts master and the Great Marshal in Eurasia. The person who targets my daughter must be looking for trouble!

Zeke immediately comforted her, "Lacey, don't be nervous. Pretend that you didn't notice the culprit and continue to drive your car. Don't stop the car. I'll be there to save you right now."

"Okay!"

Chapter 1556

Once he hung up the call, Zeke immediately asked Sole Wolf, "Sole Wolf, who is guarding Atheville now?"

Sole Wolf replied, "It's Killer Wolf."

Zeke said, "Get in touch with Killer Wolf now... It's okay. I'll call him myself."

He called Killer Wolf and instructed him to send his men to protect Lacey and Missy.

Once Killer Wolf received the order, he departed immediately to protect them.

On the other hand, Sole Wolf asked furiously, "Sir, is someone targeting your wife and daughter?"

Zeke nodded in response.

Bang!

Sole Wolf thumped the steering wheel furiously as he said, "Who has the nerve to target your wife and daughter? I'll crush the mastermind once I seize him."

Then, Sole Wolf picked up the speed.

Ten minutes later, Killer Wolf reported to Zeke, "Sir, we have met up with your wife. Rest assured that your wife and daughter are safe and sound."

It was only then that Zeke could put his mind at ease.

Half an hour later, Zeke arrived and met up with Lacey

He saw that Killer Wolf and his men was there with Lacey and Missy to protect them.

Missy was in Killer Wolf's arms as they played rockpaper-scissors game.

As soon as Missy saw Zeke, she wriggled free from Killer Wolf and ran toward him.

She then said in a cute voice, "Daddy, hug me."

Zeke carried her up and said smilingly, "Missy, do you miss daddy?"

Missy nodded in response and replied softly, "I miss you so much, daddy."

Zeke continued to ask, "Do you really miss me?"

Missy took Zeke's palm and placed it on her heart as she spoke firmly, "It's true, daddy! You can feel I am speaking the truth right, daddy?"

The crowd burst out laughing at the duo's interaction.

At this time, Lacey came up to them and said, "Missy, go play on your own. Daddy is tired now and has to take some rest."

However, Missy was reluctant to let go of her arms around Zeke's neck.

Meanwhile, Sole Wolf asked with a smile, "Girl, do you recognize me?"

Missy replied in her sweet voice, "Yes, you're Sole Wolf."

Sole Wolf immediately said, "That's right. Come here. Let me carry you."

Seeing that Missy was a little hesitant, Sole Wolf took out a lollipop from his pocket and coaxed her, "I'll let you have this lollipop if you will let me carry you."

A lollipop was undoubtedly irresistible to a kid.

The next moment, Missy spread her arms wide open without hesitation and reached toward Sole Wolf.

Meanwhile, Zeke was amused by his daughter's reaction.

At the same time, Zeke was impressed by Sole Wolf's gentleness toward a kid because he seemed like a careless man.

The latter even prepared a lollipop in advance, much to Zeke's surprise.

When Missy left them, Zeke looked at Lacey in guilt and said, "Lacey, I'm sorry for not protecting you well. You must be very scared just now."

Fortunately, Lacey wasn't angry at all and replied, "Alright. Don't blame yourself. Missy and I are safe and sound anyway. Besides, as the Great Marshal's wife, I must be mentally prepared for all possible contingencies."

Zeke was relieved to hear that as he caressed Lacey's hair lovingly and said, "You're my silly wife. Alright, I'll ask my men to drive you home. I'll go home once I've dealt with everything here."

Lacey nodded in response and replied, "Okay. I'll cook your favorite steamed ribs today."

After that, Zeke instructed Sole Wolf to drive Lacey and Missy home.

As soon as they left, Killer Wolf came up to him and said in shame, "Sir..."

Before Killer Wolf could finish his sentence, Zeke interrupted, "You couldn't apprehend any suspect, could you?"

Killer Wolf explained, "They left as soon as we arrived, so... But rest assured that I'll assign my men to locate them."

Zeke nodded and said, "Okay. Find out who they are regardless of the costs. We have to nip the danger at the bud."

Killer Wolf nodded and replied, "Understood."

After giving some orders to his subordinates, Zeke finally went home.

He could smell the aroma of food as soon as he walked into the house.

Chapter 1557

The dishes on the dining table looked really appetizing.

Apart from that, Lacey even prepared a bottle of wine.

Missy was seated at the dining table while she had her gaze fixed on the door.

As soon as Zeke came home, Missy got down from her chair and rushed toward him. "Daddy is back! Daddy is back! Mommy, it's time to have dinner now!"

Zeke carried Missy lovingly and said, "Come, Missy. Let's have dinner."

It was a simple dinner, yet they were grateful to enjoy it together.

Early in the next morning, Lacey prepared breakfast for them before going to Linton Group.

Zeke helped Missy put on her clothes and brushed her hair. After that, he had breakfast with Missy together.

Zeke enjoyed helping Missy to complete the seemingly mundane routine.

After breakfast, Zeke drove Missy to school by himself.

When they were on the way to school, Missy asked, "Daddy, can I ask for a favor from you?"

Zeke smiled and replied gently, "Tell me, Missy. Daddy promises to do everything you wish for."

Missy continued, "Can you spend at least one full day in every month to accompany me, just like today? I really miss you so much, daddy."

At her words, Zeke couldn't help but sniff.

It was supposed to be a trivial matter. Nevertheless, Missy felt that it was too much to ask from him.

Hence, Zeke felt that he didn't fulfil his responsibility as a father.

He grabbed Missy's hand and replied, "Alright, I promise you. Moreover, I promise you that I'll always be with you once I've done my job. Is that alright?"

"Yay!" Missy exclaimed happily.

Soon, they arrived at the kindergarten.

After seeing Missy off, Zeke didn't leave but stared at her little figure disappearing into the kindergarten.

He was reluctant to part with her.

After a while however, Zeke was surprised to see Missy coming out of the kindergarten crying.

His heart wrenched when he saw Missy cry.

He immediately came up to Missy and hugged her as he inquired, "Missy, why are you crying?"

Missy replied pitifully, "Daddy, I'm not allowed to attend this kindergarten anymore. Did I do something wrong?"

Why can't Missy attend this kindergarten anymore? Zeke frowned deeply as he was clueless.

He immediately comforted Missy, "Missy, don't cry. I think the teachers might be joking with you. Let's go! I'll bring you to see the teachers."

"Okay," Missy said with a sob.

Zeke picked up Missy and went straight to the headmistress's office.

When they arrived, Zeke saw a middle-aged woman, who was the headmistress, on the phone.

However, she glanced at Zeke and Missy impatiently and continued to talk over the phone.

Under normal circumstances, Zeke would have lashed out at her already.

Nevertheless, considering that Missy was here, he didn't want to frighten her nor leave a bad impression on her.

As such, he could only hold back his anger and waited patiently with Missy in his arms.

But he didn't expect that the headmistress would still be on the phone after more than 10 minutes.

As Zeke finally lost his patience, he flung a needle and struck the phone cable, rendering the cords severed.

On the other hand, the headmistress didn't realize his action as she complained, "Damn the phone!"

After putting down the phone, she glanced at Missy and asked, "Why are you still here? Didn't I tell you that you're officially expelled?"

Zeke asked politely, "May I know why my daughter is expelled?"

The headmistress replied, "Well, your daughter isn't qualified in all aspects; be it moral character, intelligence, strength, or artistic sense. Under such circumstances, I'm afraid it is a complete waste of the society's resources and your money to let her continue her studies."

Chapter 1558

"Hmm?" Zeke looked at the headmistress with his piercing gaze.

Zeke was aware that Missy's moral character, intelligence, strength, and artistic sense were far beyond other kids of her age. Why is Missy an underperforming student to the headmistress? She must be deliberately giving Miss a hard time. It looks like I have no choice but to take action today.

But surely, Zeke can't do it now because Missy was here.

Zeke left the office with Missy in his arms. He planned to ask Collins to take care of Missy while he dealt with the headmistress.

He believed that the Ancient Tomb Sect was the one stirring up the trouble.

Back in her office, the headmistress thought that Zeke gave up on pursuing the matter since he was leaving the room.

Hence, she immediately said, "Sir, please wait a moment. I have a suggestion for Missy Williams."

Zeke stopped in his tracks and said, "Speak."

The headmistress continued, "Missy may be an underachiever academically. It will be a waste of money and resources to force her to go to school. Even if she graduates from a university, she will only become a factory worker. In this case, I would suggest Missy to practice martial arts. If she excels at it, she might even become a bodyguard for a wealthy family and have a bright future."

At this moment, Zeke felt even more strange after listening to her suggestion.

After all, it was peculiar for a kindergarten teacher to encourage a kid to practice martial arts instead of going to school. I have to get to the bottom of this!

He left the office with Missy and said to Collins, "Collins, please take care of my daughter for a while. I have to talk to the headmistress."

"Okay," Collins took Missy into his arms and looked at her lovingly.

Collins was a man in his 60s, but he had never married a woman nor had a child.

As such, he treated Missy as his own granddaughter.

After a while, Zeke returned to the headmistress's office. The woman asked upon seeing his return, "Have you made your decision? If you have made up your mind, I can recommend a martial arts master to your daughter."

Zeke sneered at her question as he asked, "Tell me why you are doing this. Did someone instruct you to do so?"

At this moment, the headmistress appeared a little guilty as she said, "I don't get your meaning. I gave my advice to you out of kindness. I can't do anything if you refuse to heed my advice."

Zeke sneered again and replied, "Is that so? I'll give you one last chance to confess. Are you sure you don't want to tell me the truth?"

The headmistress was threatened by Zeke's oppressive aura as she warned, "Please leave now, or else... or else I'll call the police."

At this moment, a man was heard yelling outside the door, "Sister-in-law, have you done the thing that I asked you to do?"

Zeke knew that "the thing" referred to expelling Missy from kindergarten.

When the headmistress prepared to signal the man to stop talking, Zeke took out his gun and aimed it at her forehead. "You'd better act like nothing happened and don't tell him that I'm here. Otherwise, your life ends today!"

Once Zeke finished his words, he moved swiftly and hid behind the curtain.

Meanwhile, the headmistress looked pale as she gasped for air.

She never thought that Zeke would bring along a gun even when he was only sending his kid to kindergarten

He must be a desperado!

Hence, she believed that Zeke would shoot her if he needed to.

Since her life was at stake, she had no choice but to be extra careful.

She immediately took a deep breath and calmed herself down

Not long after that, a group of men pushed open the door and entered the office.

Zeke recognized them as soon as they came in.

Aren't they Sesame Cookie and his henchmen from the Ancient Tomb Sect?

Sesame Cookie and his henchmen had a clash with Zeke when they were about to take on Jeager.

Chapter 1559

Instantly, Zeke could confirm that Missy's expulsion from the kindergarten was related to the Ancient Tomb Sect

After entering the office Sesame Cookie and his henchmen made themselves at home by sitting down comfortably and getting some drinking water by themselves

It appeared that the headmistress had a close relationship with them.

After a while, Sesame Cookie asked, "Sister-in-law, did you expel Missy Williams?"

The headmistress nodded in response and replied, "Yes, I have expelled her."

Sesame Cookie frowned a little and said, "Why do you look pale?"

She immediately made up an excuse, "Oh, I'm fine. I might have caught a cold."

Sesame Cookie seemed relieved and said, "I see. By the way, can you give me the family information of Missy Williams?"

The headmistress began to search for the document in the filing cabinet nervously,

While she was busy searching for it, Sesame Cookie asked, "By the way, did you persuade her parents to let Missy Williams practice martial arts? What is her parents' response?"

The headmistress answered, "They didn't agree to nor refuse it."

Sesame Cookie continued, "Okay, but it doesn't really matter. Since the Ancient Tomb Sect chooses her, her parents will have to agree to it anyway. Hey, have you found her family information yet?"

At this moment, the headmistress was on the verge of breaking down.

Actually, she had already found the document, but she dared not to give it to Sesame Cookie. Will he kill me if I pass the document to Sesame Cookie?

Sesame Cookie finally noticed something amiss through the headmistress's hesitant behavior.

He began to look around and finally rested his gaze on the curtain, where Zeke was hiding behind it.

Noticing someone behind the curtain, he immediately said, "I almost forgot I have an important meeting to attend to. I'll be back later."

When he turned around and was about to leave, Zeke appeared from the curtain and yelled, "Hold it right there!"

They were stunned to see Zeke. "Why are you here?"

On the other hand, the headmistress was surprised to know that they knew each other.

Zeke sneered, "Since you want to expel my daughter from the kindergarten, shouldn't I come here in person to understand what is happening?"

"Your daughter?" Sesame Cookie asked curiously, "Are you telling me that Missy Williams is your daughter?"

Zeke answered calmly, "Exactly. She is my daughter."

Sesame Cookie and his men were anxious when they heard his reply.

Nevertheless, Sesame Cookie quickly recollected himself and said excitedly, "Haha. Congratulations, Mr. Williams!"

Zeke asked in confusion, "What is it about?"

Sesame Cookie explained, "The Ancient Tomb Sect has chosen your daughter to be our official disciple. Isn't this great news?"

Zeke seemed unperturbed by the news. "What are the perks of becoming the disciple of the Ancient Tomb Sect?"

Judging by Zeke's response, Sesame Cookie thought that the former was interested in it. "Well, your daughter will receive lots of perks. The official disciple of the Ancient Tomb Sect can learn the orthodox martial arts inherited for generations. Not only is it free of charge, but we also provide food, clothes, accommodation, transport, and even stipend."

Sesame Cookie paused for a while and continued, "What I mentioned was merely a part of it. When your daughter grows up to be a martial arts master, the Ancient Tomb Sect will send her to participate in the Martial Artist National Examination. Once she passes the exam, she will

become a prominent figure in the nation. So, I hope that you can cherish this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.”

Zeke was infuriated by his remark. The Ancient Tomb Sect really has a comprehensive plan!

On one hand, they looked for martial art amateurs to take part in the exam on behalf of the Ancient Tomb Sect. That way, they could ensure that only those from their sect could hold important positions in the military

On the other hand, they searched for external talents to add new blood into the Ancient Tomb Sect.

The Ancient Tomb Sect was protected by aristocrats on the top level and supported by martial arts masters. So, that is the modus operandi for the Ancient Tomb Sect to expand. No wonder talents in martial arts are getting rarer these days. I believe most of them have been seized by the Ancient Tomb Sect.

Chapter 1560

There wasn't a problem with the Ancient Tomb Sect training amateurs into a real martial arts masters.

However, Zeke was worried that they actually spoiled the talents and wasted their potentials.

They can unleash their talents only after receiving proper training in Eurasia.

The Ancient Tomb Sect is threatening Eurasia's future, so it has to be eliminated at all costs!

After a while, Zeke sneered, “What if I don't agree to it?”

Sesame Cookie heaved a sigh and replied in disappointment, “Sorry to say that you have no choice but to accept. No one has been able to escape from the Ancient Tomb Sect's arrangement so far.”

Zeke said, “I see. So you are not only targeting my daughter, are you?”

Without hesitation, Sesame Cookie replied, ‘Of course. But nowadays, martial arts talents are getting rarer. We have only found two candidates in Atheville.’”

When Zeke slowly put his gun back, Sesame Cookie thought that he intended to compromise.

Sesame Cookie then said gleefully, “I'm glad that you have come to terms with our plan. I'm sure you will be proud of your choice today many years later.”

Then, he handed a document over to Zeke and said, "Sign this adoption contract, and the Ancient Tomb Sect will train your daughter to become a successful person."

Unexpectedly, Zeke hurled a slap across Sesame Cookie's face without uttering a word.

The slap was so powerful that it sent Sesame Cookie flying.

Meanwhile, everyone in the office became tensed.

They were still traumatized by their fight with Sole Wolf, who was Zeke's henchman.

Given that Sole Wolf was able to defeat them effortlessly, they believed that Sole Wolf's boss must be even better at martial arts.

They were afraid that they were no match for Zeke.

Before they could return to their senses, Zeke threw a kick at the thick wall and created a huge hole.

Then, he stepped on Sesame Cookie's head and said, "Think carefully before answering my next question. Don't blame me for not showing you mercy if you are being dishonest."

At this time, Sesame Cookie completely broke down.

This guy is insane! How can he land a kick on the wall and form a hole effortlessly? My head will be broken in no time if he kicks me.

After pondering over it for a moment, Sesame Cookie immediately begged him, "I'll tell you everything."

Zeke began to ask, "How did you notice that my daughter is a martial arts talent?"

Sesame Cookie replied without hesitation, "We'll test every kid based on his or her agility and strength. Our test shows that Missy Williams performed way beyond the kids around her age regardless of agility or strength. So, she is a true martial arts talent."

After listening to Sesame Cookie's reply, Zeke felt proud of himself and his daughter. Of course, my children are outstanding, after all, I am the Great Marshal.

Suddenly, a thought flashed through Zeke's mind as he asked gravely, "Did you follow Missy last night? Were you trying to seize her directly?"

It would be an abduction if they really intended to seize Missy! In that case, they have committed one of the most severe crimes in Eurasia.

Sesame Cookie told him everything as he dared not to lie, "We... We won't seize a child right away because that would be abducting a child. After taking in a child, we will explain it to his or her parents. Besides, we will provide them with a lot of money and allow them to visit their children every year."

Damn it!

Zeke looked at him with his piercing gaze.

He was furious because their practice was no different from abducting children.

In fact, he couldn't imagine the outcome if Lacey didn't call him and ask for help yesterday.

Bearing that thought in mind, Zeke put on more pressure while stepping on Sesame Cookie's head.

The next moment, Sesame Cookie shrieked in pain and begged him, "Please have mercy on me. I have something important to report to you!"

Zeke lifted his foot and yelled, "Speak!"

Sesame Cookie immediately said, "Actually, we weren't the only one who followed Missy Williams yesterday. The other three sects followed her too. Missy Williams is a remarkable talent; hence the other three sects were eyeing on her as their disciple too."

Chapter 1561

"B*****ds!" Zeke hissed through clenched teeth, his hands curling into fists.

With seemingly too much time on their hands, the Four Great Martial Houses were all busy sticking their hands into the pie that was the Martial Artist National Examination.

They all need to be taught a lesson.

On the other hand, whoever had been following Missy last night to try and harm her needed to be taught a lesson as well. But this time, the lesson would be permanent.

Zeke loosened his iron grip on Sesame Cookie's neck. "You, take me to the people from the other three Houses who were following Missy last night."

Rubbing his face, Sesame Cookie trembled as he stood up. "Okay, okay, I'll do that!"

As he bowed and scraped to Zeke, he was signaling his henchmen with a pointed look.

Once Sesame Cookie reached a safe distance, any remaining concerns he and his underlings had vanished. They pulled out their guns immediately, aiming at Zeke.

Zeke just sneered. At that point, threats like these were nothing compared to what he had lived through

“Hey! Sh*thead!” Sesame Cookie let out a furious shout. “Did you really think we wouldn’t make any preparations after your men surprised us last night?”

He growled, “I swear to God, if you don’t kneel and apologize to me right now, we’re going to use you for target practice!”

The Principal nodded in agreement. “Letting this scum live is just a waste of resources. I strongly suggest that you kill him and his wife too. If that happens, Missy Williams will become an orphan at the mercy of the Ancient Tomb Sect.”

“Rest assured,” the Principal said, “The Ancient Tomb Sect will help you settle any backlash you might face for their murders.”

Sesame Cookie leered darkly at Zeke. “I like your suggestion. It does put a smile on my face but killing them so easily is too lenient of a punishment for them.”

“Listen closely,” Sesame Cookie sneered at Zeke. “Go get your little sidekick – the one who fought my men yesterday. If you two slap each other and apologize to me, I’ll consider letting you die quickly. If you don’t... well, rumor has it that your wife is a very beautiful woman. I’d hate for anything to happen to such a lovely lady.”

His henchmen joined in his mockery as well, lecherously extolling the many virtues of Zeke’s wife and what exactly they would like to do to her in gross detail.

Zeke regarded them as one would regard a dead body. “Our Ancient Tomb Sect? I never expected you to be a member of the Ancient Tomb Sect as well, Principal. Regardless, I suppose you did do your fair share of human trafficking over the past few years.”

“I originally wanted to sentence all of you to execution on the spot,” Zeke said coldly. “But apparently, execution is just letting you all off the hook too easily. I’m going to get to the bottom of this matter personally, but rest assured that once! Do, all of you will be paying the appropriate price for

Zeke’s speech had shocked Sesame Cookie, even if the latter was not willing to admit it. The shock he felt soon manifested itself as anger.

“You’re going to regret mouthing off, scum,” Sesame Cookie growled. “Brothers! Stop standing there and attack! Cripple his arms and legs first, then torture him slowly.”

Without any hesitation, his four henchmen opened fire. Gunshots rang through the air.

However, the instant the fired bullets left the muzzle of their guns, Zeke inexplicably vanished. He disappeared into thin air, just like that.

Saying Sesame Cookie and his henchmen were surprised did not do justice to the current situation. They were stunned and truly dumbfounded.

As they looked around the area frantically, they wondered if Zeke knew how to make himself invisible. They could not shoot if they did not have a target.

The henchmen searched the surroundings immediately, turning over every single nook and cranny, but Zeke was simply just not there. A very bad feeling began washing over them.

“Up here.”

The cold voice rang from the rafters. With a growing sense of horror, everybody turned to look up. Zeke was hanging onto a wooden beam easily, a chilly expression on his face. No one had seen how he managed to climb there.

The henchmen raised their guns quickly, but Zeke was even quicker. A flick of his hand sent dozens of silver needles flying with deadly accuracy, sinking into the arms of the gun-holding henchmen.

Their guns clattered onto the ground as their grips loosened unwillingly. Zeke dropped from the rafters like a vengeful spirit, landing in the midst of the four paralyzed henchmen. He swept a powerful kick around him and sent all four of them crashing onto the ground.

A gleaming dagger shot into his hand, appearing from under his sleeve. In the span of a single heartbeat, Zeke quickly severed their tendons with the dagger.

The dust finally settled. Agonized cries echoed through the office as the fallen men groaned and whimpered. Their groans sounded almost like pigs being strangled alive.

Worried it would disturb the children in the kindergarten outside, Zeke kicked all the henchmen into unconsciousness. They fell silent abruptly as his foot stepped on their heads.

His gaze then fell on the Principal. The man fell to his knees limply, his entire quaking body betraying his fear.

“I... .. I was wrong! I’m sorry! Please, I’ll apologize to you.” He prostrated himself pathetically at Zeke’s feet. “Please... forgive me.”

Chapter 1562

Zeke tossed the gleaming dagger in the Principal's direction. "Are you going to do it yourself, or do you need me to help you?"

The Principal felt a cold wave of despair wash over him as he picked up the dagger with trembling hands.

After watching the Principal hesitate for another minute, Zeke snatched the knife back and severed the man's tendons himself. As the man groaned and whimpered in pain, Zeke cleaned the dagger and replaced it up to his sleeve. He had no time to waste.

He turned to look at Sesame Cookie, who was practically trembling like a leaf in the wind now.

A high-pitched sound was coming from Sesame Cookie's throat as the smell of urine spread into the air. A dark stain was growing on the front of his pants.

Sesame Cookie couldn't believe the unbelievable sight in front of his eyes. He had thought the man's sidekick from yesterday was strong enough already, but he had never imagined that the man himself to be powerful enough to dodge literal bullets.

Sesame Cookie suddenly found himself doubting if the leader of the Ancient Tomb Sect was even a match for Zeke.

"Take me to see the other people from the three other Houses," Zeke said coldly. "Anyone who tried to touch my daughter needs to pay."

Sesame Cookie had already wet his pants out of pure, undiluted fear. He was not about to say another word in objection. "I'll bring you there immediately." He winced, trying to inch away from Zeke.

As Sesame Cookie cringed his way out from the office with Zeke behind him, they were met by the sight of Mr. Collins playing with Missy.

It was obvious that Mr. Collins doted on Missy with delight, like a grandfather to his beloved granddaughter. He even kneeled for her to ride on his back like a horse.

Zeke found himself torn between laughing and crying. "A mighty Navy SEALs captain acting like a little girl's horse? Come on, Collins, get up-don't let anybody see you like this."

Mr. Collins just laughed in genuine delight as he put Missy down gently. "It's fine, Zeke. You should hear what Missy's been calling me."

"Grandpa," Missy shrilled in her high, chiming voice. "Grandpa, you can put me down-I know you're tired!"

Mr. Collins grinned at Zeke. "You hear that? Grandpa! Worth it."

Zeke shook his head, frowning fondly. The old man was blatantly making a move against him – not that he minded; Mr. Collins was a dear friend of his.

"Help me look after Missy for a while," Zeke said, reaching down to pat his daughter's head fondly. "I have some things I need to settle. I also need you to notify Hunting Wolf to come over and help me clean up the scene."

Mr. Collins sobered quickly even as he held a squirming Missy in his arms. "Yes, Sir."

If Hunting Wolf was needed for a 'cleanup', it looked like the Great Marshal was up to something huge again.

Stepping into the car, Zeke let Sesame Cookie drive. He sat beside him in the shotgun seat, closing his eyes as if he were going to rest.

As they drove down the road, numerous plots to kill Zeke there and then, or even try to jump down from the car and make his escape flashed through Sesame Cookie's head.

He was even considering crashing the car deliberately. The conclusion was clear. He could not fall into Zeke's hands at any cost.

The man had crippled all his partners. There was no way he was going to forgive Sesame Cookie once he had outlived his usefulness.

"Don't even think about it," Zeke said calmly. When Sesame Cookie jerked his head to look at him, Zeke's eyes were closed while his forehead was fixed in a disapproving frown.

"Of course not," Sesame Cookie replied hastily. Evidently, Zeke had not let down his guard at all. But how could the ba****d even know what Sesame Cookie was thinking about when his eyes were closed?

Zeke flicked a finger lightly, shooting a silver needle towards the windscreen in front of Sesame Cookie. The chink of the needle impacting the glass was barely audible. Piercing straight through the glass, the needle then vanished.

The speed of the needle was too fast. It had pierced the tempered glass of the windscreen without leaving a spiderweb of cracks.

Sesame Cookie did not see the needle, confusing him. It was not until he felt the stream of cold air rush past his face from the tiny hole that he realized what had happened.

Sesame Cookie whimpered, trying very hard not to wet his pants again. Zeke had to be an eldritch abomination of some kind. There was no other explanation for his freakishly far-reaching power. Only the fingers of an old God could hold so much power in them.

After snapping his eyes open, Zeke shot him a withering glare. "Let me assure you. I'm one hundred percent confident that I can kill you first before you even think of making a move. Don't even bother trying it."

Sesame Cookie shrank away from the other man, his face paper white. "I understand."

Not long after that, Sesame Cookie parked the car at the gates of a traditional teahouse.

"This teahouse is a front for one of the Mount Ymir Sect's bases," Sesame Cookie said, stuttering his every word. "The people who tracked Missy yesterday are here keeping a lookout."

"Go on." Zeke prodded him forwards, a stone-cold expression on his face. "Go inside."

With Sesame Cookie leading the way, Zeke entered the teahouse. Inside the teahouse, business was less than good. Many of the tables were empty, while a burly man watching the counter looked like a thug with a beard. Everything was so far out of the normal that it was almost hilarious.

Zeke had to conclude that the teahouse was definitely a front. This building traded not in tea but likely in something far more illegal.

The bearded thug at the counter spared a glance at Zeke. It looked dismissive enough, but Zeke could read the thread of sudden alarm that passed through his eyes.

Chapter 1563

They approached the counter. Sesame Cookie ordered some drinks for them. "We'll have two cups of the best green tea you have, Big Mustache."

The bearded thug nodded slowly. "Okay, please wait and have a seat."

"We'll also have the tea in the backyard, Big Mustache," Sesame Cookie added hurriedly. The bearded man shot a suspicious look at Zeke, but Sesame Cookie waved it away just as hurriedly. "Don't worry. He's a friend. He's involved in the steel beam industry."

'Big Mustache' did not look too convinced, but he finally nodded and led them to the backyard. The bearded man then opened a manhole cover, revealing a secret passage that Sesame Cookie led Zeke into.

The passage opened out into a spacious underground chamber that was luxuriously decorated. Casino tables littered the space liberally, along with various kinds of gambling equipment.

Riotously loud voices echoed through the entire place that reeked of seediness. The clock hanging on the wall had hands pointed permanently at nine o'clock. The meaning behind it was more than clear to the gamblers who frequented this den-the night was young. One more round at the tables would not hurt.

Obviously, Sesame Cookie's vices were stirring. He rubbed his hands together. "Let's go for a round of poker. If you win you can keep the winnings, but if you lose, I'll pay it for you. Don't worry..."

Zeke just smiled at him coldly, not saying a word. Sesame Cookie cringed, putting on a pained smile and leading him to a long corridor off the side of the hall. "Look, the people in charge of the casino are in the corridor."

Just as they approached the corridor, two burly security guards stopped them.

"Sesame Cookie," one of the security guards said, "Do you know what kind of place this is? Do you think you can just stroll inside?"

Sesame Cookie rubbed his nose bashfully. "Uh, surely you can make an exception, brother? I've been in a spot of trouble recently. I was hoping Kingpin could lend me some money."

"Oh, piss off," the other security guard growled. "You still owe Kingpin two million, Sesame Cookie. Still want to borrow that money now?"

"Careful," the first security guard snickered. "Kingpin might just sell you into slavery to cover your debt instead."

"Okay, okay." Sesame Cookie backed away quickly, turning to shrug at Zeke helplessly. The latter took that action to mean that he was out of ideas. If he wanted to enter that corridor, he was on his own.

Zeke crossed his arms and spoke, "May I ask if the both of you were following Missy Williams last night?"

A sudden look of fear flitted across both the security guards' faces. "W-W... who are you?"

"Your worst nightmare," Zeke replied calmly.

As quick as a whip, his hands shot out to grab the two security guards' heads, pushing them together forcefully. He was too fast, lightning-like in his speed, leaving the two security guards with no time to react before their heads collided with each other.

The impact made an unpleasantly loud crack, just as the two guards' skulls cracked. Blood seeped from all of the orifices on their faces even as they crumpled to the ground limply like noodles. They did not move any longer.

More importantly, no one noticed it had even happened. The scuffle had ended as quickly as it began, thanks to Zeke's impossibly fast reflexes. The gamblers in the room were far too worried about their winnings to notice anything out of the ordinary

Gingerly stepping over the bodies of the two security guards, Sesame Cookie led Zeke into the corridor.

The sides of the corridor were full of doors that led to many small rooms. The rooms were for the people in charge of running the casinos to rest in.

At the very end of the corridor was Kingpin's personal room.

Sesame Cookie was about to knock when Zeke kicked the door open.

He almost wished he had not. Zeke was not easily embarrassed, but the unwanted sight that met his eyes was scarring enough as it was.

A man and woman, both naked, were lying on the bed, bodies entwined together. Both were moaning in a very suggestive and seductive way.

The man was obviously the boss here; no double entendre intended. It was Kingpin himself.

Upon seeing the two unwanted intruders, Kingpin spat a curse and hurriedly clambered off the woman. He continued cursing them all out thoroughly, even as he pulled on his clothes.

"Who the hell are you people?" He demanded while buttoning up his shirt. "Who let you in here?"

Zeke wasted no time in getting to the point. "You were the one who followed my daughter yesterday?"

Briefly, Kingpin looked stunned. "You're Missy Williams' father?"

Zeke dipped his head coolly.

Kingpin stared at Zeke before looking at Sesame Cookie. He suddenly understood what had happened.

He spat a string of curses. "Sesame Cookie! You f*****g betrayed me?"

Sesame Cookie just sighed, raising his arms in an exasperated. "Sorry, Kingpin. I had no choice. Also, I'm not from the Mount Ymir Sect, so technically didn't betray you..."

"I'll kill you all!" Kingpin roared.

Chapter 1564

Kingpin dived toward his office table, grabbing the gun lying there. Pointing it in Zeke's direction, he squeezed the trigger, firing wildly.

Having anticipated it would happen, Sesame Cookie had immediately ducked behind a wall when Kingpin started moving.

However, Zeke remained where he stood, rooted in place as firmly as any mountain.

The gunshot was loud in the silence of the closed and narrow room, deafening in the way it shook the eardrums.

The bullet trailed sparks as it rushed towards Zeke's forehead. At this tense moment, Zeke breathed and clenched his fists. Waves of the King's aura exploded from his body, forming a shield of energy around him.

The bullet hit the energy shield and stopped.

For an endless moment, the bullet was suspended in midair, like it had hit a piece of bulletproof glass. Then, as everybody watched, the bullet lost its momentum and dropped uselessly onto the ground.

The clear sound of metal impacting the ground was impossibly loud. It was the sound of the devil itself, resonating endlessly in the minds of everyone present.

Kingpin stared at the smoking gun in his hands, stunned into disbelief. Zeke had not even moved, but the bullet had just dropped onto the ground before him.

Does he have some guardian spirit protecting him?

Sesame Cookie just shook his head fondly and muttered to himself, "I knew he was a God in disguise."

Zeke stalked towards Kingpin, emitting murderous intent with each step.

Terrified out of his wits, Kingpin fell to his knees and begged for mercy. "Forgive me, Great One... forgive me."

Faced with such a powerful opponent, Kingpin could only admit defeat

“Kindly help me pass a message to your boss,” Zeke said coolly. “I’ll be appearing at the Martial Artist National Examination in two days.”

“Of course... Of course.” Kingpin nodded furiously, breathing an internal sigh of relief. Zeke had to be sparing him, otherwise, there was no way he would be able to deliver that message.

Just as Kingpin relaxed, Zeke flicked his finger. A silver needle sped out at impossible speeds, piercing deep into Kingpin’s skull. Eyes rolling back into his head, Kingpin fell backwards and toppled onto the ground.

Sesame Cookie sighed. “Magic really is just different.”

Upon seeing Kingpin topple onto the ground, the woman in his bed screamed piercingly. She was beyond terrified

She was screaming at the top of her lungs. “Help, anyone! There’s been a murder! Help!”

A flurry of movement sounded in the corridor outside. Soon enough, a horde of Kingpin’s henchmen burst into the tiny room, weapons drawn at the ready

The sight before their eyes left them feeling desperate and angry. Their boss was dead. And by the looks of it, he had died painfully, blood seeping from all of his various orifices. And yet, there not a single sign that suggested a fight had broken out in the room. The henchmen had not heard anything out of the ordinary either.

“What happened here?” One of the henchmen demanded.

The woman pointed a finger at Zeke. “It was him... He killed Kingpin! Hurry! We should kill him to avenge our boss.”

The gathered henchmen immediately glared at Zeke, hatred burning in their eyes. “Damned ba*****d-you kill anyone from our gang, we’ll get you! Boys, attack!”

“I don’t have a habit of killing innocents!” Zeke suddenly declared loudly before the henchmen could move. He narrowed his eyes, gauging their reactions. “Who here was among the people tracking Missy Williams last night? If you turn yourself in now, I’ll spare you.”

Someone spat on the ground loudly. The henchmen cursed Zeke out. “Who do you goddamn think you are, huh? You’re the only one dying today-you should be the one begging for mercy.”

“But begging for mercy isn’t going to work for you.” Someone added cruelly. “You killed Kingpin, so even dying a hundred times isn’t gonna be enough for that. Boys, we’re gonna rip him up and beat him to death with his own arms!”

“Fools,” Zeke sighed, disappointed.

These lowlifes were not worth the effort to battle seriously. He quickly decided to use the King’s Combat Skill known as the Seven Star Tiger Punch.

The first form was the Tiger Punch. Zeke exerted himself, and a mighty tiger formed entirely of shimmering energy coalesced into being on top of his head. The tiger roared and pounced at the charging henchmen.

Zeke felt a strong breeze tear past him in the wake of the tiger’s leap. The henchmen were just normal combatants; there was no way they stood a chance against the King’s Combat Skill.

In the end, the tiger roared again, this time in victory. All the henchmen lay scattered about the roof, either dead or wounded grievously by the energy tiger.

But compared to the sheer terror that sent their hearts pounding furiously in their chests, the injuries they had suffered seemed effortlessly minor in comparison.

Chapter 1565

As Kingpin had once been, the henchmen were now all terrified out of their wits.

Even now, they could not accurately remember what had actually happened. A tiger—an image of a tiger had appeared above the crazy ba****d’s head. And that image of the tiger had then injured them all with one swipe of its claws, far more dangerous than any real tiger.

There was no way it could have happened unless... unless they had stumbled across a King Class warrior, just like in the legends. But... it was impossible. No King Class warrior would bother to visit their unimportant little base. It was so unimportant that it would barely display as a blip on any map.

Sesame Cookie, who was blissfully oblivious to the existence of the King Class warriors, continued to firmly believe in his theory that Zeke was a God who had descended from Heaven.

Finished with this place, Zeke nodded at Sesame Cookie curtly. “Come on, let’s head to the next place.”

“On it,” Sesame Cookie agreed hastily.

After leaving the Mount Ymir Sect, Sesame Cookie indeed brought Zeke to track down the other two sects who had been following Missy’s movements last night.

It was none other than the Twin Sect and the Beasts Sect. Zeke had proceeded to slaughter every single man who had followed Missy last night, down to the last person.

As he travelled between the sects, Zeke had discovered what seemed like a suspicious plot in the works.

The names of the Four Hidden Sects and the Four Great Martial Houses shared too many similarities to be a sheer coincidence. Their names were all seemingly connected.

The Carter sect lived on Mount Final, whereas the Ancient Tomb Sect could also trace their origins to Mount Final.

As far as Zeke knew, the Fields sect secluded themselves on the peak of Mount Ymir. And yet, as their names suggested, the Mount Ymir Sect originated from Mount Ymir.

Next was the famed Killingsworth sect who lived in the Twin Peaks, the very mountains which had also given rise to the Great Martial House of the Twin Sect.

And how could he forget the Drake sect who lived on Mount Fang? The Beasts Sect were also a famous Martial House who had originated from Mount Fang.

Even a fool would be hard-pressed to not find any connection between the Four Hidden Sects and the Four Great Martial Houses.

“So, the legend of the Four Hidden Sects secluding themselves from the world to hide on their mountains is nothing but a lie,” Zeke mused. “The Four Great Martial Houses must be their puppets. Everything that the Four Hidden Sects needed doing in the outside world would be done through them. Well, well, well, none of them are going to escape this time

Once again, Zeke notified Hunting Wolf to begin his cleanup operations before bringing Sesame Cookie to rendezvous with Mr. Collins.

Unexpectedly, he walked in on Mr. Collins coaching Missy in stance training.

The old man was teaching Missy the horse stance. Despite her small age, Missy was doing well. She held her stance steadily, her form looking perfect.

But her face showed the strain of her exertion. Sweat dripped down her red cheeks, but she did not make a single sound of complaint, only gritting her teeth and looking adorably focused.

Upon seeing Zeke's return, Mr. Collins hurriedly ran over to meet him, and in a shocking gesture, he knelt before Zeke.

“Great Marshal,” he said sincerely. “I have but one bold request to make. I hope you will consider it.”

Zeke nodded. “Let’s hear it.”

Mr. Collins said, “I’d like to take Missy as my apprentice and teach her everything I have ever learned in my life.”

Zeke laughed and gently helped Mr. Collins up. “Why the sudden suggestion, Mr. Collins?”

“I tested Missy on her martial arts ability just now,” Mr. Collins began slowly. “From every single aspect, including speed, dexterity or power, Missy far exceeds anyone of her same age group by at least ten times. She’s been holding the horse stance for one and a half hours now. I haven’t even heard her complain once. Honestly, her stamina is beyond what most adults even have. I also need to mention that she’s as smart as a whip, our Missy. She picked up everything I taught her easily after I explained it a bit.”

Mr. Collins shook his head and smiled. “She’s a one in a thousand-no, a one in a million martial arts prodigy, Zeke. If she doesn’t learn the arts, Eurasia will mourn the loss of such a talented warrior.”

Zeke was slightly surprised. While he knew Missy was a born martial arts prodigy, he had never expected her to be so talented to the point where she could earn Mr. Collins unceasing praises.

“You know I can’t make that choice for her,” Zeke said. “I respect Missy’s decision.”

He walked over to Missy and wiped away the sweat beading on her forehead tenderly, feeling his heart ache slightly at the sight of his daughter practicing so earnestly. “Why don’t you take a break, Missy? You look tired.”

“No, daddy,” Missy said resolutely, gritting her teeth. “Grandpa Collins said only a true martial arts warrior can hold the stance for two hours. I’m going to prove that I can be a true warrior!”

“Alright, kid.” Zeke smiled. “Can you tell daddy why you want to be a martial arts warrior?”

Chapter 1566

Despite the strenuous position she was in, Missy smiled. Her smile was so pure that it made Zeke’s heart thump wildly all over again. “I want to be like you and Grandpa Collins, daddy. I want to be a hero who can catch all the bad guys in the world!”

Zeke found himself smiling contentedly as well, moved by Missy’s earnest idealism. Her values and morals were impeccable. Lacey had indeed taught their daughter well.

However, there was still a part of Zeke that could not bear allowing his daughter to train in the martial arts. The journey in mastering all the various martial arts was long and bitter, requiring an enormous strength of will and absolute determination to face the challenges along the way. What parent could willingly watch their child go through so many hardships, even in the name of training?

“Missy,” Zeke said, stroking her hair. “Learning the martial arts isn’t going to be as easy as you think it’ll be. You’ll go through many challenges as you train. Do you think you can do it?”

Missy nodded earnestly. “I know I can. Actually, daddy, I have to tell you a secret. I... actually tried practicing the arts before. I know it’s not easy, but I know I can do it.”

“Oh?” Zeke asked, astounded. “You practiced the arts before? Who taught you?”

“I learned it myself,” Missy replied abashedly, her grin growing cheeky. “I saw a few books in your room once, so I read them to try and practice the forms in them. But there were a lot of words I didn’t understand, so I didn’t really learn a lot, I guess.”

Zeke was hard-pressed to contain his shock now. The books in his room were not just martial arts books – they were ancient scrolls of the old martial forms the Carter family had given to him as compensation. The contents of those scrolls were written in archaic language that was notoriously hard to understand. Even an adult would have trouble reading those scrolls.

Missy was still a kindergartener. How much of the old scrolls could she have truly understood? It was impossible

“Missy, tell daddy the truth,” Zeke began seriously. “You’re not joking, are you? If you don’t understand the words inside the scrolls, how could you have read them?”

Mr. Collins smiled somewhat bitterly. “I say, Great Marshal, has it been some time since you last took care of Missy? When I tested her just now, I discovered that her literacy is just as good as any high schooler’s. Her vocabulary is exceedingly good. You do know that, don’t you?”

It was Zeke’s turn to smile awkwardly. Unquestionably, Lacey had done all the heavy lifting in Missy’s education. She had taught her to read and write while Zeke had been far too distant all the time. Starting from now onwards, Zeke vowed to do a better job.

His daughter was a prodigy, more flexible, strong, and powerful than any other normal person. Her comprehension was beyond anything he had ever seen. Mr. Collins was not wrong to call her talent one in a million

“Missy,” Zeke began carefully, “Can you show what you learned to daddy? How about you spar with that man over there?”

Zeke pointed at Sesame Cookie. Missy looked at him curiously, without a single shred of fear in her eyes even though he was an adult. For a moment, Zeke was worried she was overestimating herself.

Missy then nodded. "Okay. Please advise me if you have anything to say, uncle."

Thoughtfully, Zeke watched his daughter. She probably learned that particular line of martial arts etiquette from the movies.

Sesame Cookie just laughed loudly, walking up to pat Missy's head. "Go easy on me when we spar later, little girl."

"Okay," Missy said with an endearing smile. Her chubby cheeks bounced slightly as she nodded.

The two opponents faced each other. Zeke waved a hand, and the sparring match began.

Missy's hand shot out, slamming towards Sesame Cookie. Her hand had not even touched him when he staggered backwards comically and sat onto the ground.

He coughed convincingly. "You're too good for me, little girl. You've defeated me. I'll admit that."

The crowd was speechless. Anyone with eyes could see that Sesame Cookie was just humoring Missy and not taking the sparring match seriously.

Zeke frowned. Sesame Cookie thinks I'm joking with him by asking him to fight a little girl.

He scowled at the man. "You better take it seriously, Sesame Cookie. Or don't blame me for being impolite."

Sesame Cookie paused mid fake cough. Upon seeing Zeke's scowl, he abruptly realized that the other man had not been joking with him.

Chapter 1567

Sesame Cookie found himself incredulous at the sudden turn of events.

You're asking me, a proper and upright man, to fight a defenseless little girl. Even if you don't think that's vile and shameful, I sure think it's embarrassing. I'm from a righteous sect too! One of the Great Four Martial Arts Houses at that!

Sesame Cookie asked carefully. "About that, Mr. Williams, you're not kidding me... right?"

"Obviously." Zeke rolled his eyes skyward. "Just do it."

“Alright.” Sesame Cookie faced Missy helplessly. “Sorry about that, kid. I didn’t have anything to do with it-your dad just asked me to beat you up. I’ll buy candy for you later, okay?”

Missy just hummed delightedly. “Do advise me later, Uncle..

Before she could even finish speaking, Sesame Cookie struck, sweeping a low kick in her direction.

Striking before even offering the mutual greeting was considered a sneak attack. Despite that, Missy still reacted quickly enough.

As soon as Sesame Cookie’s leg twitched, Missy had already anticipated the attack he was going to make. She jumped up, just in time. Her leap was not high by any means, but it was enough for her to safely avoid the kick.

Both Zeke and Mr. Collins gaped in shock at Missy’s surprisingly accurate prediction. The ability to observe and predict was one that any true martial arts warrior had to possess. With that in hand, they could easily anticipate the attacks that an opponent would launch and counter them effectively. The girl was truly a born martial artist.

Sesame Cookie flushed a deep shade of red. He was a properly trained warrior, and yet this... this little girl had dodged his attack easily. It was embarrassing

He stooped, holding his arms out to grab Missy. Dodging, Missy struck again, flinging her arm across his face in a perfect backhand.

The slap rang through the air loudly. Missy’s palm impacted across Sesame Cookie’s cheek firmly, and she quickly scrambled away beneath his legs.

Sesame Cookie was left lunging at thin air with a slap for all his troubles. Upon being humiliated and ashamed, he now felt really angry. His face contorted in fury as it turned purple before turning ashen grey.

It was embarrassing.

In fact, it was the height of embarrassment!

Sesame Cookie fumed. I did not live thirty years just to get defeated by a little girl and slapped soundly. There’s no way I can live like this-none at all!

Anger flaring into new heights, he whirled to charge at Missy again. “Come on, little girl...”

“Stop.” Zeke’s voice was cool. Sesame Cookie deflated abruptly upon seeing Zeke hold Missy in his arms with such adoring affection.

At this moment, Zeke was truly over the moon. His beloved daughter had given him such an unexpected but welcome surprise. She had only really exhibited two moves in the spar just now, but those two moves-one defensive and one offensive -were perfectly invulnerable. Just those two moves were enough to display her stunning talent for the martial arts.

Hoisting Missy in his arms more securely as she giggled, Zeke told Sesame Cookie. "Alright, you can get lost now. I'll spare you for today. But I expect to see the leaders of the Four Great Martial Houses at the Martial Artist National Examination in two days."

Still nursing his bruised ego, Sesame Cookie nodded hurriedly. "Yes, yes. Of course."

He shot a glare at Missy. Giggling, the girl pulled out a lollipop from her pocket, trying very hard to pass it to him with her small hands.

"Don't cry, uncle. Here, have this lollipop," She said, a smile lighting up her face again.

Sesame Cookie took the proffered candy silently before slinking away.

Damn it...

He really was going to cry soon.

"Great Marshal," Mr. Collins said, clearing his throat once Sesame Cookie had left. "If you don't have any objections, I'd like to initiate the ritual of apprenticeship immediately. The earlier Missy can start her training, the more she can be shaped to reach her full potential."

Suddenly looking nervous, Zeke wrinkled his nose. "Well, there is one problem. I don't know if Lacey will agree to let Missy be trained. Let me go meet her first and gauge her reaction."

So, the three of them quickly made their way back to Zeke's home. Mr. Collins waited downstairs without any objection while Zeke carried Missy and entered their room lightly.

At that moment, Lacey was busy at work in the kitchen. Although her long work hours at the company left her tired more often than not, the thought of being able to enjoy dinner with her little family was enough to sustain her.

Upon seeing that Lacey was in a good enough mood, Zeke walked up to her and said hesitantly, "Lacey, I'd like to discuss something with you."

"Tell me about it," Lacey admonished, looking at her husband curiously. "Come on, you don't have to be so secretive about it."

Chapter 1568

Zeke put Missy down and started to help Lacey wash the vegetables needed for dinner tonight. "I want to let Missy start training in martial arts."

Lacey rolled her eyes. "Zeke, that wasn't even a funny joke."

Zeke scrubbed harder at the vegetables. "That's because I wasn't joking, Lacey. To tell you the truth, Missy is a martial arts prodigy. That's how good she is! If she doesn't train and develop her abilities, it would be a great loss for the entire world of martial arts."

Upon looking at the serious look on Zeke's face, Lacey felt her own smile freeze in place. "Oh. Well, I have an answer for you then-don't even think about it."

"Lacey, please," Zeke said pleadingly. "Don't make a decision so quickly. Take some time to consider it..."

"There's nothing to consider, Zeke," Lacey replied shortly. "I won't allow Missy to train in martial arts. Did you know, Zeke, that as a martial arts warrior, you're always out there on the battlefield, fighting and killing? You might not think anything about it, but I do. I've spent my days worrying about you, afraid that someday I'll hear that you died out there! If you want Missy to lead that kind of life as well... well, how do you expect me to live on?"

Using his most placating voice, Zeke told Lacey, "Lacey, I can assure you that Missy will be perfectly safe."

Missy hurriedly chimed in as well. "I want to train too, mom. I'm grown up now. I can make my own decisions."

"No," Lacey said with a sense of finality. It was better to nip this matter in the bud before someone could give Missy false hope. "I won't allow it. Go do your homework, Missy."

"I will not." Missy dug in her heels stubbornly. She might have been small, but her temper she had inherited from her mother was anything but. "If you don't let me train in martial arts, I won't do my homework! Also, I won't eat anymore. No, I'll just eat junk food. There's no way I'm going to eat your fruits and vegetables!"

"Missy!" Lacey stared at her daughter aghast, hand half-raised as if to smack her.

Zeke hurriedly restrained Lacey before she could do something she regretted. "Lacey, we can talk about it. There's no need to get physical..."

At this point, Lacey felt tears of frustration brimming in her eyes. "You two are as bad as each other for bullying me together! Get out! I'd rather feed this dinner to pigs than let you eat it!"

She shoved Zeke and Missy out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

“You can come home when you decide to stop thinking about training martial arts,” she shouted angrily through the closed door.

Holding Missy awkwardly, Zeke opened his mouth to speak before closing it abruptly, speechless.

Having seen and heard everything that just happened, Mr. Collins was biting his tongue hard to keep himself bursting out into laughter.

It was truly a case of rock beating scissors but ultimately being defeated by the humble cloth. Zeke was an unstoppable boulder whenever he put his mind to anything, but Lacey was the cloth he would always lose to.

Mr. Collins felt bad for Zeke—truly, he did—but no one could have ever thought that the number one King Class warrior of Eurasia, a legend of the Ultimate Class who was the icon of the globe, he who was undefeatable in battle, he whose enemies trembled in fear at his name, was afraid of his wife. And now, faced with the wrath of his wife, he was as meek as a mouse, obediently shuffling out of the house onto the streets.

The strain of holding in his laughter was going to make Mr. Collins burst. But he had to at least try, if he didn't, the Great Marshal would surely be angry.

Letting Missy ride on his shoulders, Zeke shot Mr. Collins a stink-eye. “Laugh it up, old man. I don't blame you, honestly.”

Finally free of his restraints, Mr. Collins guffawed heartily. Zeke sullenly aimed a kick at him that sent him flying.

Mr. Collins just sighed and rubbed his rear ruefully. What happened to not getting physical?

With Lacey still fuming at him, Zeke hastily decided retreat was a better course of action. He would not be going home for the time being. It was probably better if he only discussed the matter of Missy's training with his wife after she had calmed down.

After that, Zeke brought Missy along with him to the Devonville Restricted Zone. Come what may, there was one thing that would not change. Missy had to train in martial arts. To prepare her for the training, Zeke decided that the sooner Missy could adapt to a martial art warrior's life, the better.

And so, the soldiers of the Devonville Restricted Zone were treated to the unexpected sight of the Great Marshal bringing in a fresh-faced little girl with him. An instant commotion proceeded to explode in the zone.

For all her prodigal talents, Missy was still a little kid – a damn cute one at that. The soldiers of the Restricted Zone fell for her charms almost immediately. They fussed and doted over her in equal measure. Anything delicious or worth sharing they had, Missy was automatically given a share.

Even after being kicked out of their home, Zeke had to admit Missy was doing admirably. She had quickly carved out a niche for herself among the soldiers of the Restricted Zone, who happily treated her like a precious blessing.

Even an elderly servant called Nameless, who had developed a justified reputation for being the coldest and most detached ba****d in the entire zone, doted upon Missy like a loving grandfather,

The old man had gone out of his way to buy a large variety of toys from the toy shop in town, a whopping eight hundred miles away from the Restricted Zone.

Of course, he had his conditions – he wanted to take Missy as his apprentice as well, teaching her all that he had learnt.

Chapter 1569

The elderly servant Nameless was no ordinary man. As such, it was not totally out of the blue for him to know with just a single look that Missy Williams was a martial arts prodigy.

However, his extraordinary sense of judgment had also encircled him into a conflict of interests with an enraged Mr. Collins. Mr. Collins had been the first one to discover Missy's immense talent, and now Nameless was shamelessly trying to snatch his apprentice-in-all-but-name away from him.

Rolling up his sleeves, Mr. Collins decided there was only one way to settle this problem. He would fight Nameless fair and square, with the winner taking all including the right to train Missy.

However, throughout the fight, Nameless seemed to be consciously holding back. In fact, he had ditched their fight halfway through, leaving without any explanation.

In their fight, Nameless had merely been exhibiting the abilities typical of the Archduke class.

If Zeke's observations did not fail him, he predicted that if Nameless had exploited his full strength, he could have unleashed the power of a King Class warrior. Though the old man was hiding something, he had not given up hope of taking on Missy as an apprentice.

Later in the afternoon, Zeke was going about his routine of meditating inside the imperial mausoleum and communing with the Power of the Universe when Nameless barged into the entrance of the tomb, creating the loudest ruckus he could.

Walking over to the entrance to check out the source of the commotion, Zeke had to quickly swallow a laugh when he discovered that Nameless' impressive beard and eyebrows had mysteriously disappeared, leaving his entire head as smooth and shiny as a hard-boiled egg.

Nameless was literally vibrating in frustration like a boiling kettle. Zeke half-expected to see steam whistling out of his ears. The old man shouted, "Zeke Williams, come out here now! You owe me a reasonable explanation for this matter today!"

Zeke was offended. "Nameless, what are you raving about?"

Nameless jabbed a finger at his squeaky-clean chin and forehead. "When I was taking a nap just now, your daughter took the opportunity to shave off my eyebrows and beard! Oh, the sheer disrespect! You need to give me a proper explanation."

Exasperation and amusement battling within him, Zeke turned to his daughter. "Missy, did you do this?"

"Well, dad," Missy said, rubbing her neck guiltily. "Grandpa Nameless bought me so many toys... I really didn't know how to repay him. I thought his beard looked really dirty, so I helped him trim it a bit. I didn't think he'd be so angry!"

Upon seeing Missy's guilty face, Nameless abruptly felt guilty himself. But he hardened his heart, restraining the urge to go comfort her. He had a goal to accomplish.

Zeke just raised an eyebrow. "So, you trimmed his beard, but why his eyebrows as well?"

"I didn't!" Missy protested hurriedly.

"Children really shouldn't lie," Nameless said as hurriedly as Missy did. "I saw you shaving my eyebrows, little girl!"

Zeke's eyebrows had almost reached his hairline by now. "Well, if you saw her, why didn't you stop her?"

"I... "Nameless found himself suddenly speechless before he regained his earlier bluster. "Don't go offtopic! I want an explanation today, and that's final."

Zeke just dragged a hand across his face. "Tell me then, what sort of explanation would make you shut up?"

"Simple." Nameless suddenly turned into a jovial old man. "Let Missy recognize me as her teacher and learn all that I'll teach her."

Zeke had to restrain the urge to sigh loudly. In the end, they had returned to square one with the truth being that everything Nameless had done today was all part of his ploy to get Missy to be his apprentice.

There was no way Missy could have gotten away with shaving Nameless's beard. The old man had simply not stopped her just so he could collect on the debt later. Zeke also assumed that Nameless had shaved his eyebrows off himself and pinned the blame on Missy.

Ah, the old rascal, Zeke found himself thinking with grudging respect. At that moment, Mr. Collins came storming over as well, trailing fire and smoke. The smell of gunpowder in the air was strong. Zeke resisted the sudden urge to bury his face in his hands

"You old fox!" Mr. Collins waved his fist at Nameless. "Thinking of stealing my apprentice again? Nice to see you've even sacrificed your eyebrows for the show. Why don't you face me like a real man today instead of running away like you did last time?"

"I ran away last time so I wouldn't have to cripple you, you old geezer," Nameless taunted in reply. "But since you're offering yourself up to die so nicely today, I'm not about to refuse you!"

The two old men immediately circled each other, their fists tensed and ready to strike. A large storm was brewing.

Upon watching the trouble go down eagerly, the gathered soldiers were unsure of whether they should laugh, or cry, or just pull out the popcorn and start munching. With these two old rascals and Missy the little cutie, life in the army camp within the Restricted Zone had certainly become more colorful recently. There would be no more lonely days ahead.

However, Zeke sighed and broke up the fight before it could happen. "Alright, stop it. Stop it now. Both of you!"

He glanced at Nameless. "Nameless, are you truly serious about taking on Missy as your apprentice?"

Chapter 1570

Nameless gave his best look of outrage. "Who's looking for an apprentice? I'm just saying that Missy is still young. This is the only way she can atone for her actions against me!"

Zeke snorted disdainfully. "Noted, you old hypocrite. Come, we can talk about it inside."

That was an unexpected twist.

A look of glee spread across Nameless's face. He hurried after Zeke, ducking into the interior of the imperial mausoleum.

Mr. Collins shouted furiously after them, "That old coot is as sly as any fox, Great Marshal! He's ruthless and cunning in the worst way! Do you really want Missy taking after him? Don't agree to let him train Missy, you hear me?"

Even inside the imperial mausoleum, Nameless made sure to yell his insults right back at Mr. Collins. "You're slandering an innocent old man, old dog! Where's your sense of shame?"

Zeke was this close to just slamming his head against the wall repeatedly. He settled for curtly saying, "Shut up. I don't want to hear another word from you unless you want to kiss being Missy's teacher goodbye."

Nameless's mouth clicked shut.

Satisfied, Zeke continued, "Let's make a deal. Answer my questions, and I'll allow you to be Missy's teacher."

Nameless was about to stroke his beard before he abruptly remembered he did not have one any longer. "What questions?"

"Who are you?" Zeke asked without any preamble. "How did you know my master, Pietro? Why did you infiltrate the Carter sect? Did you learn anything from your time there?"

Nameless remained silent.

After a long pause, he finally looked up and said, "There are some questions I can't answer because of important reasons. Even if my life is being threatened, I won't answer them."

"But," Nameless said, "I can tell you some important things you might not know."

"Go ahead." Zeke nodded.

Nameless smiled slyly. "Not so fast. I want you to promise me that if I tell you this information, you'll let Missy be my apprentice."

Zeke felt a familiar spark of ire. "That would depend on the actual importance of the information you give me."

Nameless looked disappointed but nevertheless, he agreed. "So be it. I'll tell you this-the Four Hidden Sects haven't actually withdrawn from the world. In fact, they have insiders all over the world to carry out their various schemes."

Zeke frowned questioningly. "I assume you're referring to the Four Great Martial Houses?"

For a single heartbeat, Nameless looked surprised "How did you know that?"

Zeke waved a hand. "I deduced that But I don't have all the details, so please continue"

Nameless hemmed and hawed slightly before continuing. "You aren't wrong. The Four Great Martial Houses are nothing but puppets controlled by the Four Hidden Sects. If the Four Hidden Sects had not been working with the Four Great Martial Houses of old all those years ago, the Four Great Martial Houses today would no longer exist. All along, the Four Great Martial Houses used the Martial Artist National Examination as a means to put their own people in positions of power in the Eurasian government. Even now, they occupy as much as thirty percent of seats in the government. So, for every one hundred government officials, about thirty of them are loyal to the Four Great Martial Houses."

Zeke inhaled sharply in surprise. He had guessed that the Four Hidden Sects had long since been meddling with Eurasian politics, but he had never expected them to be so deeply entrenched within the government itself.

At their current scope of power, they could control and mobilize as much as thirty percent of Eurasia's combined resources. It was a catastrophic threat quietly lying in wait to happen. If the Four Great Houses were still not eliminated, Eurasia itself could be in danger anytime.

Zeke glared at Nameless. "Is that all you discovered during your infiltration of the Carter sect over so many years?"

Although he remained silent, Nameless had a thoughtful look on his face. Zeke knew to be him weighing the consequences of what he was considering saying.

Another long pause later, he spoke again, "What I told you just now was important, but it doesn't hold a candle to this-during my infiltration, I discovered a hidden faction with considerable power and influence, even more so than the Four Hidden Sects combined. In fact, I don't think they could even stand a chance against this faction."

Shocked, Zeke's pupils shrank into tiny pinpricks.

The Four Hidden Sects controlling thirty percent of Eurasia was already a catastrophic threat that he had to solve quickly. But Nameless was now speaking of a faction even stronger than the Four Hidden Sects. One world-ending threat was already more than enough-Zeke did not even want to imagine how strong exactly that faction was.

Despite that all, he still found himself asking Nameless impatiently, "Tell me, what faction is this? How strong are they?"

Chapter 1571

"They've covered their tracks very well," Nameless said, "Up till today, I still can't produce any evidence of their existence. Let me put it this way. Eurasia belongs to us in the day. At night,

however, they control what happens here in Eurasia. They enjoy half of all the resources Eurasia has. This includes the Spirit Stone mine!”

Zeke could feel fear gripping his heart.

Threats that lurked in the dark like these were particularly dangerous.

Even up till now, he hadn't sensed their presence in the slightest.

Just thinking about that sent a shiver down his spine.

Eurasia will never truly be at peace as long as it wasn't eradicated.

“Do you have any way to get in touch with them?” Zeke asked.

Nameless shook his head. “No, I don't. Even Master... ahem ahem! We'll only be able to find them if they allow us to.”

Master?

“Master?” Zeke asked, “Were you talking about my mentor – Pietro White? Does my mentor's disappearance have anything to do with this mysterious organization?”

“There should...be a connection,” Nameless replied vaguely.

Zeke nodded his head. “I'll get to the bottom of this. This organization has to be completely eradicated!”

He then asked, “Oh yes, have you uncovered the connection between them and the Four Great Hidden Sects? If I were to eliminate the Four Great Hidden Sects, will I be able to force this organization out into the open?”

“You're severely overestimating my abilities,” Nameless grimaced, “This is all I know about that said organization.”

“Alright.” Zeke sighed disappointedly.

“Can Missy become my disciple now?” Nameless asked.

“Sure. You can teach her martial arts alongside Mr. Collins in the future.”

Nameless and Mr. Collins were both invaluable experts from the older generation.

The fighting techniques they practiced had withstood the test of time and was extremely hard to come by these days.

It would certainly be a pity if it were to be lost to history.

Missy could learn these techniques and pass them down in the future.

The both of them walked out the imperial mausoleum

Sole Wolf had been waiting outside for both of them

Upon seeing the two come out, he immediately walked over briskly

“Zeke, I heard that you want Missy to learn martial arts?”

Zeke nodded his head. “That’s right.”

“I don’t think she should,” Sole Wolf said, “Not only will she have to undergo the trials and tribulations of becoming a martial artist, but she might also face mortal danger after becoming one. The Alpha Suicide Squad consists of ten million soldiers, That’s more than enough to ensure Missy’s safety, She needn’t learn martial arts at all.”

“I don’t wish for my daughter to learn martial arts either,” Zeke sighed, “But she has shown immense potential in this area. She’s a gift bestowed upon the martial arts community of Eurasia by the heavens, cannot allow the martial arts community of Eurasia to suffer such a loss due to my own selfish reasons.”

“But...” Sole Wolf began.

“Lacey didn’t even manage to persuade me,” Zeke retorted, “Do you really think you’re going to be able to do so?”

Sole Wold was rendered speechless.

Eventually, he rolled his eyes at Mr. Collins and Nameless. “Listen up, the both of you. I don’t care which one of you eventually becomes Missy’s master. But if either of you dares to upset her in the future, don’t blame me for leading the Alpha Suicide Squad on a raid of your ancestors’ graves.”

“Bugger off!” Zeke snapped, “No one is allowed to interfere with Missy’s training other than Mr. Collins and Nameless. If she doesn’t undergo any hardship, what kind of a martial artist will she become? What would even be the point in learning martial arts then?”

He then added, "Sole Wolf, the Martial Artist National Examination is in two days. Come here, I have a mission for you."

In a blink of an eye, two days had passed.

It was the day of the important and long-anticipated examination.

Chapter 1572

The importance of the Martial Artist National Examination was second only to the college entrance exams.

However, the Martial Artist National Examination was relatively confidential, so normal people didn't know of its existence. Thus, it didn't cause a commotion within Eurasia's borders.

But of course, this examination was followed closely by the entire martial arts community.

Zeke and Sole Wolf left early in the morning to fetch Jeager, who would be participating in the Martial Artist National Examination.

By the time they reached his neighborhood, Jeager had already started training in the community plaza.

Ever since Zeke had given him some advice, Jeager's punching techniques had made astonishing improvements.

Although he had yet to step into society, he was already on par with most of the top general public martial artists.

Upon noticing Zeke, Jeager quickly jogged over.

"Hello, Mr. Williams. You're here."

Nodding his head slightly, Zeke said, "Get into the car. It's time for us to head out to the Martial Artist National Examination."

"Mr. Williams," Jeager began cautiously, "Would it be alright if I brought my grandmother along? I'm afraid the Ancient Tomb Sect will come looking for trouble when I'm gone."

Zeke could understand how he was feeling. Thus, he nodded and replied, "Alright. Go get your grandmother."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Williams," Jeager said and dashed back into his house.

He then helped his grandmother out the door.

Zeke grinned. "Sole Wolf, don't you find this old woman a little familiar?"

After staring at her for a second, Sole Wolf mused, "Yes, she does look familiar. I think I've seen her somewhere before, but I just can't remember where."

"She was a combat medic at the battleground up North," Zeke explained, "She once tended to my wounds and yours."

Sole Wolf's eyes lit up as he slapped his forehead. "She's the Fairy Godmother!"

He smiled. "That's right. During that battle up North back then, despite being more than fifty years old, she was no less fit than any of the younger soldiers." When she wasn't treating the injured, she would whip up amazing meals for the soldiers. No matter how bad the conditions were, she was able to make use of the odds and ends to keep the boys full. Do you still remember the dish that she came up with? The Eight Treasures Pot? Oh, it complemented Alpha wine so well!"

He continued, "That dish and the Alpha wine was what got the boys to pull through many of the battles we thought we weren't going to win. I thought I would never get to taste the Eight Treasure Pot again after she retired from the military. I certainly hadn't expected to run into her today."

Zeke was rather startled.

Back in the North Zone, he had been a legend among the soldiers. He was like a God to them. Thus, he had always needed to shroud himself in an air of mystery

As a result, he had never interfered with what was happening among the lower ranks of soldiers.

He certainly hadn't expected the Fairy Godmother to command that much respect within the Alpha Suicide Squad.

Even Sole Wolf had such a deep impression of her.

Wiping away the drool at the corners of his mouth, Sole Wolf confessed, "Zeke, I have a rather immature idea."

Zeke immediately saw through what he was thinking

"Are you hungry again?" He chuckled.

"I'm doing this for the boys, aren't I?" Sole Wolf laughed sheepishly

“We’re pulling all the stops today. Their morale will certainly be boosted if the boys get their hands on the Alpha wine and the Eight Treasure Pot. By then, they’ll be able to defeat even the Four Great Hidden Sects, let alone the Four Great Martial Houses.”

“Alright, I’ll allow it” Zeke replied, “After we reach the exam venue, you can take the Fairy Godmother to make a feast for the boys. We cannot fail today.”

“Understood.”

After Jeager and the old woman got into the car, the group of them set off for the exam venue in Atheville

The thirty-four provinces within Eurasia had conducted their own Martial Artist National Examination.

Only the best of the best were allowed to head down to Atheville to participate in the overall examination held in Atheville today.

But as they were approaching the exam venue, they were suddenly stopped by a fleet of cars.

Chapter 1573

Within this fleet of luxury vehicles, the cheapest one was a Mercedes

In the lead was a Rolls-Royce Phantom.

“F***ing b*****!” Sole Wolf cursed, “Take your street racing elsewhere! How dare you stand in my way? Do you guys have a death wish?”

They had assumed that these cars were part of some street race.

As the doors of these cars swung open, a group of slender young men dressed in black came out of their cars and began walking over to them.

Upon seeing who they were, Jeager started to tense up.

“Oh no, it’s the Young Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect. He wants me to fight in his stead during the Martial Artist National Examination. They’re here to cause trouble.”

“Very well.” Zeke grinned. “Saves us the trouble of looking for them. Come on, Sole Wolf. Let’s go have a chat with them.”

“Right away!” Sole Wolf laughed as he got out the car.

One of the men in black stared menacingly at Zeke. “Jeager is in your car, isn’t he? Hand him over, and we’ll spare your lives.”

Zeke chuckled. “Well, that depends on whether you lot are capable of doing so.”

“You’ve got a f***ing death wish!” the man roared.

The Young Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect, however, stopped that man from acting irrationally. “Today is an auspicious day for me. I don’t wish for any blood to be shed. I think it’s best you guys saved yourself the trouble and just handed him over. I mean that from the bottom of my heart. If you were to offend us, you and your family are going to be in a whole lot of trouble.”

Zeke lit himself a cigarette and mused, “I certainly hadn’t expected the Four Great Martial Houses to be so arrogant. Looks like eliminating you guys is a really wise decision.”

What?

“Haha!”

After a moment of confusion, the people from the Ancient Tomb Sect immediately burst out laughing.

Did I hear him right?

He said he wants to eliminate the Four Great Martial Houses?

Backed by the Four Hidden Sects, the Four Great Martial Houses is deeply rooted in Eurasia. It’s safe to say that it’s more powerful than any other organization within the country.

As long as Eurasia exists, so will the Four Great Martial Houses.

This fellow must have completely lost his mind to be spouting nonsense like that.

Growing impatient, the man in black reached out to push aside Sole Wolf to go over to the car and drag Jeager out.

However, before his hand could even touch Sole Wolf, the man grabbed his pinkie tightly.

Crack!

The crisp sound of bones breaking pierced through the air.

It was then closely followed by a blood-curdling scream unleashed by the man in black.

As one would expect, breaking a pinkie was a terribly agonizing ordeal.

Everybody present at the scene was dumbfounded.

Is he out of his f***ing mind?

Not only did he make a move after a slight disagreement, but he also broke someone's pinkie in front of everyone

He's f***ing ruthless!

"F*** you!" the man in black roared, "Go get him! He broke one of my fingers. I want you guys to break all his limbs!"

The moment the Young Master gave a command, the men in black surrounding them charged.

Sole Wolf's lips twisted into a smile. "Can I take them, Zeke?"

"Sure." Zeke replied, nodding.

"Right this way," Sole Wolf said before charging towards the men in black like a bull, sending three of them flying

In one swift motion, Zeke stepped out a hole that had just formed in the barricade.

Sole Wolf then proceeded to fight... No, the correct term was to slaughter.

The ranks of these men ranged from as high as Archduke to as low as Grand Master.

In the outside world, they certainly were a force to be reckoned with.

However, they weren't enough when going up against King Class Sole Wolf.

In a matter of seconds, Sole Wolf had completely laid waste to the men in black.

Some of them were screaming in pain from the agony of broken bones, while others had gone into shock and fallen unconscious.

Sole Wolf's menacing gaze then fell on the Young Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect.

Chapter 1574

The Young Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect was about to lose his mind.

Where the f*** did Jeager find so many powerful people?

Some of my men are from the Archduke Class. Yet, they didn't even last a round against that guy!

As Sole Wolf got closer and closer, he cried out in fear, "Stay... stay back!"

"I'm the Young Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect. My father is the Sect Master! If you as much as touch a hair on my head, my father will spare you no mercy."

"What a coincidence," Sole Wolf remarked, "I just happen to have a bone to pick with your father."

He then promptly slapped the young man across the face.

The Young Master flew backwards like a rag doll and landed in a heap not too far away, completely unconscious.

Sole Wolf's menacing gaze fell on the men in black once again

They immediately began quaking in fear.

Sole Wolf had completely traumatized them.

"Go back and tell your Sect Master that I'll be waiting for him at the Martial Artist National Examination venue," Sole Wolf instructed, "If he doesn't come, I'll break every limb on his son's body."

"Of course! Understood!"

The men in black hastily fled the scene.

However, after they got into the car and made sure that they were safe, they started getting a little full of themselves again.

"Just you wait! The Ancient Tomb Sect will spare you no mercy."

"You better let our Young Master go. Otherwise, you'll wish that you were dead instead."

"And Jeager, how dare you recruit these people to conspire against us? You and your family will pay for this with your lives!"

Sole Wolf then feigned a charge at them at which point they promptly fled the scene.

“Bunch of cowards.” Sole Wolf snorted disdainfully before tossing the Young Master into the trunk of the car.

After that, they continued on their journey towards the Martial Artist National Examination.

“Mr. Williams, you might not know about this.” Jeager explained worriedly, “But the Sect Master was rather old when he had his son. Thus, he’s extremely indulgent when it comes to his son.”

He continued, “Now that we’ve seriously injured his son, the Ancient Tomb Sect might throw everything they have at us to avenge him. I think... ugh, I think we should let him go.”

Zeke grinned. “Don’t worry. I know what I’m doing.”

He didn’t tell the man he was the Great Marshal because he knew that Jeager wouldn’t believe him even if he did.

It would be easier to prove who he was after they had reached the exam venue.

Soon, they arrived at their destination.

The Martial Artist National Examination was being held in an enormous forest.

At that moment, the registration counter was overwhelmed by people.

Most of the onlookers were commoner martial artists.

Others were young martial artists who were supposed to participate in the examination but had been stripped of their eligibility by the Four Great Martial Houses

They could only stare at the exam venue with longing and wistful looks on their faces.

With the Four Great Martial Houses around, they would never have a chance to enter the exam venue.

There was a lounge not too far away from the registration counter.

Inside that lounge sat today’s invigilators.

Just like in previous years, the invigilators were the Sect Masters of the Four Great Martial Houses.

Clad in traditional clothing, the four of them had a holy and dignified air around them.

It was almost time for the exam to commence.

The four invigilators, otherwise known as the four Sect Masters of the Four Great Martial Houses, walked out of the lounge.

The crowd immediately cast them envious and furious looks.

Some were envious of the fact that they were the elite of the martial arts community and in charge of the Martial Artist National Examination.

Others were angry with them for pulling the strings from behind the scenes, barring candidates from humbler backgrounds from participating in the exam, ruining the futures of many as a result.

Sesame Cookie was the one in charge of registration this time.

He had originally belonged to the Ancient Tomb Sect.

However, he had become loyal to Zeke after firmly believing that Zeke was an 'immortal'.

Chapter 1575

Sesame Cookie handed over the name list for today's examination to the four Sect Masters.

"Invigilators, this is the name list for today's candidates. Please have a look through them."

The four Sect Masters took over the name list and quickly skimmed through it.

Most of the names on this list had been inserted by the Four Great Martial Houses.

During the examination, later on, people from the Four Great Martial Houses would help these candidates.

If everything went according to plan, these candidates would all pass the examination and be assigned important positions throughout Eurasia. They would then be able to better assist the Four Great Martial Houses.

Just then, a group of men in black came stumbling in. "Sect Master, something's happened! We've got a problem!"

They were none other than the men who had been accompanying the Young Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect earlier.

Upon seeing his men so badly injured, the Ancient Tomb Sect's Sect Master, James, immediately flew into a rage.

“Damn it! What on earth happened?”

“Who dared touch the people of the Ancient Tomb Sect? Does he have a death wish?”

One of the men in black whispered to James, “We were defeated by some people Jeager recruited. He was supposed to take the examination in Young Master’s stead. But little did we know, he recruited some help to rebel against us...”

Hmm?

Jaime’s brows furrowed.

Among these men was an Archduke.

This meant that the help Jeager had recruited had actually managed to defeat an Archduke!

Has Jeager recruited the help of an even stronger Archduke?

Jeager comes from a normal family. How could he be acquainted with an Archduke?

But so, what if he is?

The combined power of the Four Great Martial Houses is enough to smite even someone from the King Class, let alone an Archduke.

“Where’s my son?” Jamie asked, “He’s not hurt, is he?”

“I’m really sorry, Sect Master,” the man apologized guiltily, “It’s all our fault. They abducted the Young Master...”

“What!”

Jaime’s entire body shook with rage. A powerful aura exploded around him, and he was immediately enveloped in a mini tornado.

He couldn’t even speak too harshly to his son.

Yet now, his son had been abducted by someone else.

They’ve gone too far!

“Go!” Jaime bellowed, “Find them! No matter what it takes! Save my son! Even if it means activating the entire Ancient Tomb Sect!” If anything were to happen to my son, none of you will live to see tomorrow!”

“Sect Master,” the man replied hastily, “They said that they’ll be coming here to the Martial Artist National Examination to meet you.”

Hmm?

Jamie’s brows creased once more.

Not only were they making no attempts to flee after abducting his son, but they also wanted to meet him here at the Martial Artist National Examination.

This was a direct insult to him!

Just how strong are they? How are they so confident that they won’t be defeated by us?

The other three heads of the Martial Houses were abuzz with discussion as well.

“These commoner martial artists from the general public have been getting bolder lately. It’s high time we put them in their place.”

“Ugh! Truth be told, a group of men under me had their a**es handed to them while they were guarding a gambling den.”

“Really? That happened to a group of men under me as well.”

“We have to make an example of the commoner martial artist who kidnapped the Young Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect and punish him properly. Let’s see if anyone still has the guts to defy us after that.”

“Sect Masters,” Sesame Cookie ventured cautiously, “There’s something I’m not sure if I should say.”

“It’s alright,” Jamie stated, “Speak your mind.”

“Well, everything that you guys have said, including the kidnapping of the Young Master of the Ancient Tomb Sect, was carried out by one person,” Sesame Cookie revealed.

“What?”

The four Sect Master’s immediately flew into a rage.

“If this was all done by one person, then it’s obvious that he’s targeting the Four Great Martial Houses!”

“Humph! He’s got some nerve to offend the Four Great Martial Houses at the same time.”

“When he arrives, he’s going to pay for what he has done with his life!”

Jamie heaved a sigh of relief.

He had been quite worried that the other three sects wouldn’t help him when he started fighting with the guy who had kidnapped his son.