

Chapter 1771

During one of their battles, they were inflicted with severe injuries that forced them to quit the army permanently.

Initially, they thought the only fate that awaited them was to spend the rest of their lives sitting around doing nothing useful.

However, they then met the Great Marshal, which altered the trajectory of the rest of their lives.

The Great Marshal bestowed upon them a new identity-spies of the North.

Following that, they came to Corleon as military veterans.

The Great Marshal had given them the mission of investigating the corruption within the government officials of Corleon.

That would involve infiltrating and identifying the members of a criminal gang that was led by the former provincial governor and protected by a group of corrupt officials.

The ten of them started out as mere doorkeepers of the criminal organization and worked their way up.

By proving themselves through their capabilities, they eventually advanced through the ranks. Over time, they turned into the essential members of the mob, especially Big Back, who had now become one of its leaders.

To avoid raising suspicions about their identity, they had gone all-in with their act.

Big Back, for instance, had engaged and indulged in every degenerate activity expected of him-heavy drinking, womanizing, gambling, and the likes-and had become the very epitome of corruption itself.

However, till this day, the Great Marshal still had not ended the operation.

Big Back often suspected if he had, in fact, forgotten all about them.

To his surprise, the Great Marshal had come to him earlier to request for his seat, proving that the other man still remembered him.

The Great Marshal remembers me even though we haven't been in contact for ten whole years!

What a great honor indeed!

That thought filled him up with sheer joy and excitement.

His nine comrades came to him in no time, each of them similarly emotional as they bombarded him with questions.

"Were you serious? Has the Great Marshal really come back for us?"

"So, I was right! The Great Marshal hasn't forgotten about us after all!"

"Well, what's our next step now that the Great Marshal is back, then?"

Big Back waved his hand at them as he instructed, "Gather a thousand elites at once. Have them disguise themselves as regular folk and hide among the commoners. Their sole duty will be to protect the Great Marshal." "All right!" they answered and were ready

to hurry off when Big Back stopped them.

"Hold on, let me finish. Keep this in mind the Great Marshal doesn't intend to reveal his identity yet. So, lay low and don't do anything that might expose him!" He reminded them.

"Understood!"

From not far away, a dark figure had witnessed this entire scene while hidden in a corner.

He was none other than the bodyguard sent by Charles to spy on Big Back.

After observing the scene, he hurried back to Charles.

"Mr. Darwins, I think the provincial governor had indeed left for an urgent matter. He just assembled nine high ranking officials for a serious discussion. They even mentioned dispatching a thousand elites to lie in wait among the commoners. However, I didn't manage to catch the reason."

Once he heard that, Charles instantly felt relief wash over him.

If the provincial governor summoned nine other high-ranking officials so urgently, it could only mean there was indeed a pressing matter they had to deal with. That meant him giving up his seat should have nothing to do with Zeke.

Even though he had no idea why the provincial governor had ordered for a thousand elites to be stationed in the crowd, he had a vague guess.

A possible reason that crossed his mind was that the provincial governor had received news that a wanted criminal was lurking amid the common folks, so he had sent men to track him down.

He turned and glared at Zeke coldly.

Tonight is the night of your death and the night I sleep with your wife!

The ceremony soon ended.

Lacey was about to leave with Zeke when Charles stopped her.

"Isn't this your first visit here, Lacey? As a local, it's only right for me to fulfill my duties as a good host. How about this? Since I'm the owner of the Grand Royal Hotel, which is just nearby, I'd be happy to let you stay at the presidential suite there. It'd be a great honor to me if you'd accept."

"Well..." Lacey hesitated for a moment.

Seeing the lecherous look in the man's eyes, she figured there was bound to be an ulterior motive behind his offer.

Chapter 1772

"You should be thanking Charles, Lacey," Josephine reprimanded her. "The Grand Royal Hotel is a six-star luxury hotel. Its presidential suite costs at least a hundred thousand per night. Did you hear that? A hundred thousand! It must be more than the amount your husband makes in an entire year. He'd never be able to afford it himself."

Stuck in a dilemma, Lacey glanced at Zeke. "What do you think, Zeke?"

Zeke answered without hesitation, "Well, I suppose there's no better way of showing our respect other than to accept the kind offer, is there?"

"Wonderful!" Charles smiled. "I love dealing with frank and straightforward folks like you. Now, let me arrange for a chauffeur to send you there."

A murderous glint flashed in Charles' eyes.

If everything goes as planned, Zeke will be dead before the night ends, and then his wife will naturally belong to me. What a way to kill two birds with one stone!

On their way to the hotel, Zeke's brows remained furrowed as he brooded over Big Back.

Years ago, he had sent Big Back here to investigate the corrupt officials.

However, ten years since the mission had begun, Big Back was now rosy-cheeked and pot-bellied, evidently the result of years of heavy drinking and eating.

In fact, every inch of that man's being screamed "corruption."

He couldn't have joined the gang for real, could he?

If that were true, then Zeke would have no choice but to annihilate Big Back.

To him, it was the cruelest act on Earth, one which he hoped he would never have to engage in.

Beside him, Lacey, who had no knowledge of what was going through his mind, assumed he was simply jealous and upset over what just happened.

"Tsk! Who would have thought that the high and mighty Great Marshal is such a jealous man after all?" she teased.

Zeke almost burst out laughing at the absurdity of the statement and gave her a forehead flick. "What nonsense are you going on about?"

"Ouch! That hurt!" Lacey exclaimed, her eyes watering with pain.

The gloominess that had filled Zeke's heart earlier instantly faded away when he saw her adorable expression.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. Here, I'll let you flick my forehead as revenge."

Without a second thought, Lacey stretched out her hand and gave him a flick in the middle of his forehead, too.

"Ouch! My finger!" she shrieked in pain instead.

Soon, they arrived at the presidential suite of the Grand Royal Hotel.

Even Lacey could not help but marvel at the extravagance and magnificence of the six-star luxury hotel.

Despite being a billionaire who mingled among members of the upper-class society all the time, she had to admit that she had never seen a fancier venue in her life, even in Atheville.

Missy, on the other hand, could not be less interested in the lavishness of the building.

More than anything else, she was completely drained after an entire day of jumping and running about.

Thus, after eating a few mouthfuls of the gourmet sent over by the hotel management, she then went to bed and fell into a deep sleep.

Lacey spent little time washing up as well.

Once she was done, she turned to Zeke. "Let's go to bed, Zeke. It's getting late. Don't you have some matters to deal with in the morning? You should get a good rest tonight, then I'm sure everything will go smoothly tomorrow."

Zeke nodded. "All right, Lacey. You go on to bed first. I'll join you after having a smoke outside."

"Okay." Lacey could sense that something was bothering him but made no remark.

Zeke left the room and lit a cigarette, going straight up to the rooftop.

Casting his glance into the distance, he could easily see the venue of the prayer ceremony and the entire Throne Lake.

The crowd at the ceremony had not yet dispersed, and he could detect the unmistakable presence of about one thousand men whom he was familiar with lurking amidst the crowd.

They were without doubt men of the North who had been trained by Big Back and the other spies he had sent here.

Taking a deep drag on his cigarette, he commanded, "Come on out!"

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Ten dark figures instantly emerged from the still darkness that was surrounding him and kneeled before him.

"We respectfully greet the Great Marshal!"

They were careful to keep their voices low so as not to alert others and expose Zeke's identity.

Zeke remained standing with his back toward them. "Do you still remember what I taught you?"

"Yes, of course, we remember. Never forget why you started, then your mission can be accomplished," Big Back answered promptly.

"Well, do any of you remember the reason you started, then?" asked Zeke.

"Yes, we do at all times. Never have we ever dared to forget," they responded in unison.

Suddenly heaving a heavy sigh, Zeke finally turned around to face them.

Hearing his sigh, Big Back and the others immediately felt their hearts skip a beat.

Oh, no! Is the Great Marshal disappointed in us?

Their hearts clenched with worry as those thoughts flashed across their minds.

"Get up, all of you," Zeke ordered.

"No, Great Marshal, we dare not do so," Big Back replied.

Zeke's tone instantly became sterner as he repeated, "Get up now!"

Not daring to oppose a direct order, they hurriedly got up.

Slapping Big Back's pot belly lightly, Zeke asked sardonically, "So, this is how you keep your original goal in mind?"

Big Back caught on at once.

Obviously, the Great Marshal suspected he had been dragged into the criminal business and had become corrupt himself.

"Great Marshal, please let me explain." He hurriedly attempted to explain himself. "As per your orders, I infiltrated the criminal organization and worked my way up the ranks. Today, I've successfully become one of the five main leaders of the organization and am as powerful as one could get within it. To achieve this, I was forced to socialize every day, partaking in feast after feast, hence this state of obesity. Besides, this is how the other leaders of the gang look as well. To blend in, I had no choice but to morph into this hideous appearance too." "I see." Zeke breathed a sigh of relief at that.

He had been worried just a moment ago that he would be forced to finish off Big Back if the latter was not able to come up with a satisfactory explanation.

"Is what you said true?"

Big Back immediately held up his hand as if he was making an oath. "I swear, every word I spoke was nothing but the truth, else God should punish me with a painful death!"

The other nine spies fell to their knees as well. "We can all vouch for Big Back's integrity. He didn't evolve into this look by choice at all. Throughout all these years, we have all remained faithful to you and the North, Great Marshal. Never once have our hearts wavered."

Nodding slightly, Zeke ordered, "I believe you. Now, get up."

He was an intelligent man and was sharp in judgment. It was evident to him that these men were not lying.

In fact, they would have come nowhere near successfully fooling him even if they had tried.

"So, how is the mission I assigned you turning out?" Zeke inquired.

Big Back reported at once, "We found out that the criminal organization's area of activity covers not only Corleon but extends throughout the whole of Eurasia as well. After ten years undercover, we've finally identified the complete list of members involved in it, totaling about ten thousand of them. Now would be the opportune moment to reel in the catch, Great Marshal."

Zeke nodded approvingly. "You've all done a great job, but we're not in a hurry to end this operation yet. I will inform you when the time comes."

He did not want to be distracted with his current plan of obliterating Netherworld. and Warren.

"Yes, Great Marshal," Big Back responded. "By the way, sir, do you bear a grudge against Charles Darwins of the Ministry of Sacred? His father, Paul Darwins, the head of the Ministry of Sacred, is also one of the five leaders of the criminal organization. With your permission, we could secretly take action on Charles tonight to prevent him from giving you trouble."

Zeke shook his head. "No. Leave Charles to me. I plan on dealing with him myself."

That man was bold enough to covet my wife. I'm never letting him go!

"By the way, sir, do you bear a grudge against Charles Darwins of the Ministry of Sacred? His father, Paul Darwins, the head of the Ministry of Sacred, is also one of the five leaders of the criminal organization. With your permission, we could secretly take action on Charles tonight to prevent him from giving you trouble."

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It seemed Zeke was a little jealous after all.

"Yes, Great Marshal!" Big Back bowed respectfully.

"Oh, yes, there's something else. Have any of you ever heard of Netherworld? Do you know if it's connected with this criminal organization?" Zeke asked.

Chapter 1774

Big Back and the others gazed at him in bewilderment. "Netherworld? Please pardon our ignorance, but we have never heard of this organization."

Zeke waved at them dismissively. "I don't blame you. Even I just found out about it not long ago. It's only natural that you haven't heard about it before. Well, I guess that's it for now. Go back, get some good rest, and be prepared for my orders to end the operation.

With that said, Zeke turned and was about to return to his room when one of the men stopped him suddenly.

"Great Marshal, please wait. I have something I'd like to say."

"Speak," replied Zeke.

"I might have met one of the Netherworld's men before," the man stated.

Is that so?

This instantly perked Zeke's interest. "Go on."

The man went on, "May I ask if members of Netherworld are experts in the occult? For instance, bringing the dead back to life?"

Zeke nodded at once. "You're right. That is precisely the most distinctive characteristic of members of Netherworld."

The man elaborated, "Two years ago, I received information that Paul Darwins of the Ministry of Sacred was once the culprit behind the death of hundreds of soldiers of the North. One of the victims happened to be my blood brother. In a fit of anger, I disguised myself as a servant and infiltrated the Ministry of Sacred, finally succeeding in killing Paul. I was very certain my sword had directly pierced through his heart and knew his death was inevitable. Much to my surprise, I saw him seven days later, full of vim and vigor, and showing no signs that he had suffered an injury at all. I found it so puzzling that I suspected my sword must have missed its mark. However, I happened to glimpse upon his bare chest by chance and noticed a scar on his chest

at the exact spot where his heart should be. It proved my sword had struck the right spot after all.

Besides, I could feel a faint hint of a deathlike aura radiating from his being. It made me wonder if he could possibly have risen from the dead. Great Marshal, do you think he had likely accomplished power of the 'Netherworld' that you mentioned just now?" that through the

Zeke nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, it's very likely indeed. Hmph! Looks like Netherworld must be all-pervasive throughout Eurasia if they cared to penetrate even an insignificant body like the Ministry of Sacred. This time, I must eliminate them for good. By the way, a few pests might appear later to disturb me. Please help me to get rid of them."

"Yes, Great Marshal." Big Back had no trouble guessing who those "pests" Zeke mentioned would be, as they would. obviously be none other than Charles' men.

In the meantime, Charles was in his private lounge on the first floor of Grand Royal Hotel with Josephine, who had changed into sexy lingerie and was trying every trick in the book to seduce Charles.

Despite that, Charles could not even be bothered to spare a glance at her seductive acts.

At this moment, his entire mind was filled with thoughts about Lacey.

Ever since he had witnessed her beauty, there was nothing Josephine could do to attract even a fraction of his interest anymore.

However, Josephine refused to accept this fate.

Instead, she only doubled her efforts, even going so far as to make every vulgar move she could think of, hoping to finally awaken Charles' interest in her.

Unfortunately, not only was she unable to distract Charles from his desire for Lacey, her efforts backfired and caused Charles to feel rather disgusted with her instead.

He had gotten sick of loud and desperate girls like Josephine by now and preferred pure and innocent girls like Lacey.

Thus, he forced Josephine to leave him alone, which only deepened Josephine's hatred toward Lacey.

Josephine was hardly a fool. It was not hard for her to figure out that Charles had only lost interest in her because of Lacey.

Clenching her fists, she proclaimed, "Lacey, you little vixen! How dare you steal my man. I'm going to make sure you don't leave Corleon alive!"

She seemed to have totally forgotten the fact that it was she herself who had introduced Lacey to Charles, and it was Charles who had sunken into a one-sided obsession with Lacey.

None of this was in any way Lacey's fault at all, not in the very least.

Chapter 1775

Soon after Josephine left, four men clad in all-black outfits with daggers tucked in their belts snuck into Charles' room soundlessly.

Based on their get-up and the sleek manner in which they moved, it was obvious that they were professional assassins.

Charles did not even realize it when they stopped directly behind him.

Fortunately, they did not attack the man.

Instead, the thin and tall leader clapped his hands, announcing their presence. "Mr. Darwins, you asked for us?"

Hearing the sound, Charles almost jumped out of his skin as he jerked in surprise.

Swiveling around and seeing the four men standing behind him, he almost burst with fury. "Godd *mnit! How could you have entered without making a sound at all? Were you trying to scare me to death?"

The leader answered shortly, "We're on a tight schedule, Mr. Darwins. Let's cut to the chase. Why did you summon us?"

Charles suddenly chuckled as he answered, "You're four professional assassins, and yet you're asking such a silly question. Of course I summoned you here because there's a man I want dead."

The leader nodded. "No problem. As usual, we'll require a deposit equivalent to half of the amount before taking action."

The fact that the leader had used the words "as usual" indicated this was not Charles' first time hiring them as assassins.

"No. This time. I will pay in full upfront and double the usual amount." Charles stated.

The lanky leader smiled. "Very well, Mr. Darwins. You may rest assured that we'll perform the job efficiently and without leaving a single trace."

"However, this time, I don't just want a man killed. I also have an additional request," Charles added.

"Please explain," came the leader's terse reply.

"The targets are staying right here in Grand Royal Hotel. You can find them in the presidential suite. They're a couple, and I want you to kill the man and administer a drug to the woman," Charles elaborated.

Hearing that, the leader instantly looked a little reluctant. "That means you're asking us to finish off two targets, Mr. Darwins, which also means the double payment is only fair to us. Besides, why would you want us to poison the woman? We could outright kill her, and it would be an easier and cleaner job as well."

"No, the drug that I want to give her isn't poison," Charles explained as he threw a small porcelain bottle to the leader. "You know what this is, don't you?"

The leader shot him a quizzical look as he unscrewed the bottle. However, upon catching a whiff of the scent that came out of it, he understood instantly. "I see what you're in the mood for, Mr. Darwins. All right, then. We will do as you say." Charles nodded. "Go on and take action, then. The sooner, the better. Oh, and by the way, there's also a little girl with them. I'll need you to bring her here to my room, just so that she won't get in the way."

Huh?

The four assassins suddenly hesitated.

Finally, their leader spoke. "A man, a woman, and a child... Is this a family of three we're talking about? The way I see it, Mr. Darwins, we'd better call this off. Isn't there an abundance of women in this world? Why would you be so hung up on this one?"

Charles sneered at that. "Remember your identities, guys. You are assassins! Since when have you started letting kindness and compassion dictate your actions? What a joke! You should all quit your jobs and turn into monks instead!

Seeing that Charles was resolute in his decision, the assassins had no choice but to go along with it. "We'll do what we're paid for."

Thus, the four assassins waited till the middle of the night and then set out to perform their mission.

Keeping themselves in the blind spots, they advanced to the presidential suite on the top floor stealthily, their movements silent as ghosts.

Barely a moment after they left, Charles dug out another small porcelain bottle of aphrodisiac and downed its contents.

joke! You should all quit your jobs and turn into monks instead!"

He lay staring at the ceiling with a hungry expression on his face. "I'm coming, Babe. We're going to have the wildest fun tonight. Oh, yes, we are."

Chapter 1776

It was now the middle of the night, and there were hardly any guests still loitering outside their rooms.

The four assassins arrived at the top floor with ease, creeping in the direction of the presidential suite.

However, when they arrived at a spot about ten meters away from the room, a strong sense of danger suddenly overcame them.

On instinct, they immediately glanced behind them, only to find it completely bare.

Not a single figure was in sight.

They could not help but feel perplexed.

What was that? That danger definitely felt real. Could we be wrong?

However, they had been in the business for ten years now, and they doubted their sense of danger had gone wrong.

Thus, they took a moment to make sure they were completely safe before. However, the moment they turned back, they suddenly felt a shiver run down their spines.

They did not know when or how it happened, but a figure had appeared in front of them.

What the heck? Is that a ghost? How did he suddenly pop up here without a hint of movement or sound?

The assassins had to admit even they could not have accomplished such an impressive feat.

However, without giving them half a moment to think, the figure's face then broke into a wide grin as he launched a kick at their leader.

The leader instantly flew backward, crashing into the other three assassins, and all four of them fell on the ground in a heap.

A torrent of pain shot through their bodies, so excruciating they could not stop howling in pain.

"Run!" Seeing that their plan had failed, the leader immediately made the decision to abort the mission.

However, before they could even get off the ground, nine figures suddenly emerged from the dark corners and formed a circle surrounding them.

They each wielded a long sword which they pointed at the assassins heads.

The assassins did not dare to make so much as a twitch, their hearts plunging into utter despair.

We're doomed!

They had not expected their opponent to have made preparations in anticipation of their arrival.

Who are these people? They put us at their mercy with seemingly no effort at all!

The leader of the assassins gazed at the man who was the first to appear before them just now.

Realization struck him as he observed the overweight man with the potbelly.

"S-Sir, you're the p-provincial governor, aren't you?" he exclaimed in disbelief.

Big Back scoffed and retorted, "I'm here on a top-secret mission. How dare you come here and mess around as well? You must be tired of living!"

The assassins fell into hopeless despair. "Please forgive us, sir! We didn't know you were on a mission here, so this wasn't an intentional offense..."

However, Big Back did not waste his breath talking with them. Instead, he shot his comrades a meaningful glance.

Understanding what he meant, the nine men swiftly slashed at the assassins with their swords, and the four instantly collapsed on the ground, dead.

Following that, Big Back cleaned up the scene and left hurriedly.

In the presidential suite, Lacey thought she heard a sound coming from outside.

"What's that sound, Zeke?" she whispered worriedly.

Zeke smiled as he reassured her, "It's nothing. Go back to sleep."

"Good night," said Zeke.

In truth, Lacey knew Charles was likely so pissed off for not being able to get his way that he had sent men to come and cause trouble.

However, since Zeke said everything was fine, then she knew there was indeed no reason for her to worry.

After all, who was Charles but the son of the head of the Ministry of Sacred? She knew Zeke hardly considered him a threat. Meanwhile, in Charles private lounge on the first floor of the hotel. Charles was beginning to feel as if his entire body was on fire.

Pacing in his room with giant beads of sweat rolling down his forehead and back, he felt like he was going to explode. He could barely wait for another second before dashing off to Lacey's room.

However, he had yet to receive a reply from the four assassins.

After waiting for what seemed like an eternity, his patience finally burned out.

Thus, he dug out his phone and contacted the assassins.

However, none of them would pick up calls.

Damn it!

Suddenly, Charles' heart skipped a beat, and he had a bad premonition.

Those idiots couldn't have failed their mission, could they?

Chapter 1777

After another round of thought, Charles decided to go up in person to have a look at the situation.

Dragging his heated and aroused body, he finally came to the top floor and knocked on Lacey's door.

The door swung open almost immediately, and Charles was sent flying backward with a vicious kick.

Needless to say, it was Zeke who had delivered the kick.

"What the f*ck!" Charles blurted out without thinking.

"What was that?" Zeke smacked him across the face instantly. "How dare you curse at me when you should be grateful instead! You're really asking for this, aren't you?"

"No, stop! Please! It's me, Charles!" Charles yelled out pleadingly.

"Huh?" Zeke stopped abruptly, gazing at Charles with feigned surprise on his face. "It's you? How did that happen? I thought you were one of those guys. What are you doing here in the middle of the night?"

"I-I just dropped by to see if you guys were comfortable staying here." Charles came up with an excuse.

"Oh, we're all right. Is there anything else? If not, then please don't interrupt my sleep."

With that said, Zeke turned and headed back toward his room.

"Wait a minute!" Charles immediately stopped him. "That's it? I came by with the good intentions to express concern for you, but all you did was kick me and did not even care to explain why?"

"Oh, it's like this. Four assassins just came by to kill us. I have absolutely no idea which b*stard sent them. Anyway, I managed to send them away by paying them one million. Naturally, I thought they'd gone back on their word and returned to kill us when you knocked on my door earlier. So, I opened the door and immediately kicked out in self-defense."

Huh?

Charles' eyes widened in disbelief. "You paid them off with only a million?"

Zeke nodded. "Yeah. Why? What's wrong with that?"

"Those b*stards!" Charles muttered under his breath. "I knew I shouldn't have paid them the full amount!"

As an Ultimate Class warrior, Zeke's hearing and sight were at least ten times more powerful than a regular person's. Thus, he heard Charles' mutters clearly.

"You just said you shouldn't have paid them in full. Does that mean you were the one who hired those assassins?" he asked.

"Huh? No!" Charles shook his head vigorously. "I had absolutely nothing to do with that and don't even know any assassins myself. I'm going to make a move now. Have a good rest!"

With that, Charles scurried away without a backward glance.

Zeke began to laugh in disdain, finding it surprisingly enjoyable to outwit a pathetic loser like Charles.

Meanwhile, the aphrodisiac in Charles' body was reaching the peak of its effects.

He felt like he would literally explode at any moment if he did not let out his urges with a woman as soon as possible.

Now that he had no hopes of laying his hands on Lacey, his only choice was Josephine.

Thus, he took out his phone and dialed her number. "W-Where are you, Josephine?"

"I'm in my room," came Josephine's prompt answer.

Charles had set aside a room for her in the hotel to make it more convenient for himself to sleep with her when he needed.

"Wait there! I'm coming over right now to give you love!" he said.

Josephine was overjoyed. "Really, Charles? All right, then! I shall wait for you right here!"

After dashing to her room, Charles kicked open her door at once and rushed inside.

Upon seeing the woman, he instantly pounced on her like a starved man who had finally seen food.

Charles was a strong young man. Added with the effects of the drug, he became nothing short of a wild and savage animal.

As for Josephine, she was a woman with an exquisite figure who was also gentle and delicate. How could she possibly endure his beast-like force?

Thus, she shrieked in agony as if she was being ripped apart and seriously believed she might not survive the night.

As expected, she blamed her current sufferings on none other than Lacey again.

Chapter 1778

The aversion that she had toward Lacey was very complicated.

Meanwhile, at Zeke's presidential suite, Lacey was preparing breakfast for Zeke and Missy in the private kitchen.

While she was busy cooking in the kitchen, she saw Missy crawling out of her bed with a dazed look on her face.

Missy's movement was sluggish and her eyes were closed as she walked toward the balcony.

Is she sleepwalking?

Seeing that, Lacey quickly went up to stop her in her tracks. "Missy, wake up."

Zeke, who was woken up by Lacey's voice, dashed over to them. "Lacey, what's the matter?"

Lacey replied, "Missy was sleepwalking just now. She was heading toward the balcony with her eyes closed. Thank God I noticed her getting out of her bed. If I hadn't, she could've..."

Sleepwalking? Was she really just sleepwalking?

Zeke frowned as he gazed toward the direction of the balcony.

He glanced over the balcony and saw Throne Lake in the distance.

Even though Zeke didn't possess any sensing capabilities, he was still able to feel the dense Fortuna oozing out of the lake.

Hmm, it seems like the second Fortuna has matured.

Zeke explained to Lacey, "I don't think Missy was sleepwalking. She was just reacting to the concentrated Fortuna in Throne Lake, which seemed to attract her."

Missy slowly opened her eyes.

Lacey hurriedly queried, "Missy, what happened to you just now?"

Missy's eyes were bleary as she responded, "I felt a mysterious force calling out to me just now. My body then sort of moved on its own. I tried to wake myself up but to no avail."

Lacey took a glance at Zeke.

He was right. Missy was reacting to the Fortuna in the lake.

"Lacey, you should eat your breakfast first. Once you finish eating, you can bring Missy to Throne Lake and expose her to the Fortuna there. It'll be good for her."

"Okay."

The three of them started to eat their breakfast.

Once they were done eating, they headed to Throne Lake together.

Coincidentally, they ran into Josephine on their excursion to the lake.

Walking out of her room, Josephine was drowsy-eyed. Her hair was messy, and there were bruises on her face as well as her neck. Needless to say, Charles was the one who gave her those bruises.

Lacey took the initiative to greet her, "Good morning, Josephine."

Josephine had a menacing look on her face as she glared at Lacey.

She then turned around and left without saying anything.

Lacey's such an abhorrent woman. Everything has gone awry because of her! She must pay for what she did with her life. Charles will finally be mine when she's dead!

Perplexed, Lacey queried, "What's wrong with Josephine?"

Zeke patted Lacey's shoulder before uttering, "Lacey, you should refrain from associating with this type of person."

"Why?" Lacey was confused.

She wasn't aware of the incident that occurred last night.

Zeke smiled slightly. "Her eyes were filled with bloodlust when she glared at you just now. There's no doubt she wants to hurt you."

In shock, Lacey covered her mouth. "No way! We've been neighbors for so many years. There's no way she would want to hurt me, right?"

Zeke caressed her hair and replied, "You're way too naive, Lacey. That being said, you don't have to worry. With me by your side, no one would dare to lay a hand on you."

Charles, who had just come out of Josephine's room, overheard Zeke's statement.

Livid, he clenched his fists and gritted his teeth.

"Zeke Williams, I'll kill you today no matter what!"

Since it was the Dragon Head Raising Day today, Throne Lake was swarming with copious amounts of people.

There was twice the number of people at Throne Lake compared to yesterday.

They were all craving for the Fortuna in the lake, hoping their luck would be better if they lingered around for long enough.

As the fireworks went off, the people started dancing and singing.

Chapter 1779

Delighted, Missy started dancing with the crowd.

Zeke, on the other hand, was keeping an eye on their surroundings.

There's a high possibility that the people from Netherworld would come to purloin the Fortuna here.

If that happens, all hell would break loose.

Eventually, Zeke saw Sole Wolf, Tyler, and the others standing in the crowd.

They were here under Zeke's orders.

They were wearing normal clothing, which allowed them to blend into the crowd.

Although they were covered with clothing from head to toe, Zeke was still able to recognize them based on their physique.

Tyler was pretending to be an old man who sold candied apples.

11 His face turned ashen when he noticed that Zeke was staring at him. How the f*ck did he recognize me? My face is all covered up.

Tyler took a candied apple and gave it to Missy.

"This little girl is so adorable. Here, you can have a candied apple on the house."

Even though Missy wanted the candied apple, she abstained from taking it.

"Thank you, but Mommy told me that I can't just take other people's things without giving anything in return."

Missy didn't know the person in front of her was Tyler.

"I'm not giving you the candied apple for free. I want something in return," Tyler replied.

"What do I need to give you in exchange for the candied apple?"

"Just let me pinch your face."

Missy pondered for a while before responding, "Okay, I'll let you pinch my face. But be gentle, okay?"

Amused, Tyler burst out laughing.

Lacey didn't recognize Tyler and was unwilling to let him pinch her daughter's face. Hence, she handed some money over to Tyler and asked him to leave.

After Tyler left, an old woman in ragged clothing approached Lacey.

The old woman looked like she was about eighty years old

"What a cute little girl we have here. Would you like a balloon? I'll even give you a fifty percent discount" The old woman's voice sounded hoarse.

Missy gazed at the old woman with her eyes widened. "Do I know you? You look very familiar...."

The old woman cleared her throat and let out a chuckle. "Hmm, I feel like I've met you before as well. Fate must've brought us together."

She paused for a while before adding on, "I haven't eaten in three days. Could you buy a balloon so that I can afford food?"

Missy's eyes suddenly lit up. "Grandpa, it's you, right? Why are you dressed like an old woman?"

The old woman was bewildered.

How did she recognize me and not Tyler?

The person pretending to be an old woman was indeed Missy's grandfather, Ares.

"I think you've mistaken me for someone else, little girl. As you can see, I'm an old woman. How could I be your grandfather?" replied Ares.

Zeke's lips curled into a faint smile.

Missy possesses strong sensing capabilities and is especially sensitive to people who share her bloodline. Hence, it isn't weird that she'd be able to recognize Ares.

Lacey scolded Missy, "Stop spouting nonsense, Lacey. Hurry up and apologize to the old woman."

Miffed, Missy pouted. "But he's my grandfather. Mommy, do you not recognize him?"

Lacey hurriedly apologized to Ares, "Forgive my daughter's impudence. Missy, don't make me repeat myself. Apologize to the old woman."

Missy reluctantly apologized to the old woman.

Ares felt bad for her and decided to give her a balloon. "It's okay, little girl. Here, have a balloon."

Chapter 1780

Suddenly, Zeke's face turned stiff.

He noticed the man who just passed by him had two shadows.

He must be from the Netherworld. There's a high chance that he overheard the conversation between Missy and Ares, so he must know we're waiting in ambush for them. I can't let him report back to Warren and Daemonium.

Zeke used his energy to subdue the man from the Netherworld.

The man was immediately frozen in place. He couldn't move an inch or make any sound.

Zeke gave the 'old woman' some money before uttering, "I'll purchase all your balloons. Help me fill them up with air, will you?"

Zeke gave Ares a quick glance, signaling him to take care of Lacey and Missy. He then went off to interrogate the man from the Netherworld.

Having understood Zeke's signal, Ares nodded. "No problem."

He took the money and started pumping air into the balloons.

Zeke patted Lacey's shoulder and murmured, "Wait here. I'll be back soon."

"Okay." Lacey nodded. She had noted the tenseness in Zeke's expression.

Zeke used his energy to drag the man from the Netherworld behind him and left.

He brought him to a secluded place before stopping. "Get on your knees."

Using his immense energy, Zeke forced the man to kneel to him.

"Are you from the Netherworld?" Zeke queried in a frigid tone.

"N-Netherworld? I-I don't know what you're talking about."

Zeke let out a menacing chuckle. "You think

I don't know who you are?" The man felt chills go down his spine. "Are you the Great Marshal? That's impossible! I thought you were being held in Bloodshot Valley. How did you manage to escape from that place?"

Zeke responded nonchalantly, "There's not a place in the world that can trap the Great Marshal. Now tell me, where's Warren?"

The man shook his head. "Warren? Who's that? I-I've never heard of him!"

A stubborn one, aren't you!

Zeke conjured up several powerful "silver needles" using his energy.

He made a simple hand gesture that sent the "silver needles" flying toward the man's shadow at lighting speed.

The "silver needles" turned out to be very effective at harming shadows.

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After being hit by the "silver needles", the man's shadow started to fade away.

In response, the man wailed out loud in pain.

That being said, no one heard his voice as Zeke had enclosed him in an energy barrier.

"Are you willing to talk now? I want Warren and Daemonium's whereabouts."

The man was having a breakdown.

When the "silver needles" hit my shadow just now, it felt like a plethora of insects were feasting on my organs. I've never experienced such immense pain before.

Terrified, the man replied, "I'll talk, I'll talk. Warren and Daemonium are hiding in the water. Once the Fortuna here matures, they'll jump out of the water and steal the Fortuna."

Zeke was pensive. "The people from the Netherworld have been hiding in the shadows for centuries. They've never shown themselves to the people in Eurasia. Are you saying that they plan to reveal themselves to the world for the first time in centuries?"

The man shook his head. "No, it's not like that. Before they show themselves, they'll use the Sun Walker to disperse the crowd here."

Zeke nodded in understanding.

If I'm not wrong, the Sun Walker that he mentioned is Charles.