

my Sullivan clan will return to seek our revenge and take your lives.”

With some difficulty, Zeke Williams said, “For the sake of your own life, I caution you against it.”

Francis looked puzzled. “Why not?”

Zeke then replied, “Do you think you’re the only person in the world who knows how to use poison against your enemies? You have actually been poisoned by me, too. Within seven days, the effects of the poison will start to show. I must warn you that I’m the only person who has the antidote to this poison.”

“If I die, you’ll die with me,” He snarled.

However, Francis merely scoffed. “Are you talking about the one you set up at the front of the house? Haha! I’ve already gotten rid of that! You want to use poison against me? Your little schemes are just cheap tricks to me!”

With that, Francis left the premises.

Zeke’s lips curled into a frosty smile.

The poison he had actually been talking about was not the one at the front of the house.

When he spat out blood onto the floor just now,

some poisonous toxins had spewed out of his mouth along with it.

A single drop of blood had made its way into a corner of Francis's eye. That was why he had been infected with the poison.

Zeke knew how adept Francis was in the use of poisons. How could he have shown up to confront him without a single bit of preparation?

"Zeke, let's head back to your room." Diego bent down, hoisting his son onto his back. "I know a few top doctors. They will definitely be able to save your life."

Faith added, "I'll give the doctors a call right away."

The three of them soon returned to Zeke's room.

Outside, the Williams family were in an uproar.

"Grandma, now that Zeke has been poisoned, he won't be able to fight back. Since he's injured now, shall we take the opportunity to kill him? This may be our only chance."

However, Mdm. Williams shook her head. "No."

"Didn't you hear what Francis Sullivan said just

now? The Sullivan family is after Zeke's heart. If he dies at our hands, the Sullivan family might choose to investigate the matter. Besides, Diego has the detonator right now. If we try to kill his son now, he will have no qualms about blowing up this entire manor."

However, the younger members weren't satisfied with her explanation.

"But one of our brothers died because of him! If we don't go after his killer, how can we allow his soul to rest in peace?"

Mdm. Williams smiled cruelly. "We can't kill Zeke, but we sure can torture him. We'll throw their entire family out of the Williams manor without a cent to their name. In addition to that, send word to the hospitals that they are not to take him in or treat him. Let them roam the streets in sickness and despair. They will die of starvation in the cold!"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Yes!

The members of the Williams family nodded in agreement.

Faith and Diego helped Zeke to his bed. Afterwards, they went out of the room and called the doctors, pleading with them to treat their injured son.

Left alone in his bed, Zeke Williams dug around his pockets for a small stalk of Rhodiola Rosea and swallowed it. Then, using the Ammo Needle, he started the process of forcing the poison out of his system.

After ten minutes, he finally threw up a mouthful of blood.

His complexion immediately changed for the better.

Standing up from his bed, Zeke stretched and felt his returning energy pulse within his veins.

However, he still felt a little dizzy.

By his rough calculations, it would take another hour before he returned to his peak condition.

Taking a deep breath, Zeke mused, "That old geezer! As expected, he uses poisons in the most unusual of ways. If I hadn't administered

the Life Prolonging Needle to myself beforehand, I would have probably died. How wonderful! Everybody knows that I've been poisoned and reduced to a cripple now."

"The enemy hiding in the shadows will not be so cautious of me anymore. He should be returning to assassinate Lacey's parents any moment now," he mused.

Everything was going according to Zeke's plans.

Upon hearing the nearing footsteps of Faith and Diego, Zeke shot back under his blankets immediately.

He had no wish to let anyone know that he had already detoxified himself of the poison, including his own loving parents.

This was to prevent the possibility of unsavory characters catching wind of that information.

Faith and Diego soon entered the room with guilt written all over their faces.

"Zeke, we've just contacted all the doctors we know. However, the Sullivan family acted too quickly. Before we could even get in touch with the doctors, the Sullivans had already called them to warn against treating you."

“Don’t worry. Even if we have to kneel before them, we’ll get one of them to treat you eventually,” they promised determinedly.

To their surprise, Zeke said, “There’s no need for that. My life is already out of danger. Unfortunately, the poison has caused irreversible damage to my nervous system. I’m afraid I’ll be a cripple condemned to his bed for the rest of my life.”

His parents looked taken aback. “How is that possible? How were you able to survive a poison attack launched by Francis Sullivan himself? But you do look much better already, Zeke.”

Diego quickly checked his son’s breathing and heart rate. They didn’t seem like that of a person who had taken a stroll by death’s door just an hour ago.

His parents were bewildered by the revelation. “Zeke, how did you do it?”

Zeke replied, “I’m actually well-versed in medical knowledge. I also have a few medical accomplishments of my own. I have no trouble keeping myself alive.”

Upon hearing that, Faith and Diego heaved a long sigh of relief.

Everything was alright as long as their son could live on.

Even if he were to be condemned to his bed for the rest of his life, they would look after him.

Just then, the door flew open.

The rest of the Williams family barged into the room.

As soon as she entered, Mdm. Williams got straight to the point. “Zeke Williams, one of our innocent family members has died at the hands of Francis Sullivan because of you. You have committed a sin against your own family! You’re now crippled and barely clinging on to life. Hence, after some discussion, our entire family has decided to carry out an appropriate punishment. We’re stripping you of your position as the head of the Williams family. You are to leave the Williams Manor immediately. From now on, I’ll be the new head of the Williams family.”

Zeke laughed quietly to himself.

He had already guessed that the Williams would fall for this ploy, but he hadn’t expected them to act so quickly.

They hadn’t even given him time to breathe.

How cruel.

Diego was beside himself with anger as he argued, “Mother, Zeke is your grandson! He’s sick and injured now. If you throw him out of the house right now, he won’t be able to survive! Besides, Zeke once saved you from being murdered by Zach. How could you treat him so harshly?”

Shut up!

Mdm. Williams spat bitterly, “This decision was made by everyone. I can’t alter it as I please. Leave Williams Manor now, or we’ll get people to throw you out!”

Alright, we’ll go!

Gritting his teeth, Diego hoisted Zeke onto his back again and prepared to leave.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Zeke sighed. “Oh my, you’re all playing with fire here. Have you lot forgotten how you begged me to allow you to stay on in Williams Manor back then? But it’s no matter. When I finally make my return, I’ll return the favor and throw all of you out of the house.”

Haha!

The Williamses burst into raucous laughter.

A cripple who can barely move his limbs is threatening to return and throw us out of the house in the future!

How preposterous!

Diego and Faith brought Zeke to the Linton Group office.

Lacey burst into tears as soon as she saw her crippled fiancé.

“Zeke, don’t worry. No matter what happens, I’ll always remain beside you. If you can’t walk, I’ll be your legs. If you can’t lift your hands or grab onto anything with your fingers, I’ll be your arms.”

Upon seeing Lacey sob her eyes out, Zeke felt terribly sorry. He wanted nothing more than to tell her the truth about his condition right there and then.

However, there were too many people around.

With the big picture in mind, Zeke managed to hold himself back from divulging the truth to his beloved wife.

He said in an attempt to reassure her, “Lacey, don’t worry. I’m perfectly fine. Go back to work. Linton Group won’t thrive without you at its helm.”

No!

Lacey struck down his proposal almost immediately. “No matter how big my business grows, and no matter how much money I earn, my life will be meaningless without you! I’ve already handed the reins of the company over to my personal assistant. I’ll stay here with you until your life is out of danger.”

Zeke felt rather hapless. He had to find a way to distract Lacey so that she would leave him for the time being.

“Lacey, I’m quite famished. I want a bowl of your handmade beef stew. Could you make some for me?”

Lacey nodded immediately. “Okay, I’ll go make it for you now.”

With that, she sped off to the market to buy the

ingredients for the soup.

With the excuse that he ‘wanted some peace by himself’, Zeke managed to get everyone else to leave the room.

When he was finally alone by himself in the room, Zeke took out his phone and called Rosie White.

“Rosie, I need your help with something. I need you to sneak into Williams Manor and find a way to get the imprisoned Zach Williams out of there. I want to see him.”

Thank goodness he hadn’t killed his twin brother back then.

He had finally found a use for Zach today.

When Rosie finally spoke, her voice was rather hoarse; she sounded as though she had just finished crying.

Undoubtedly, she had already heard about Zeke’s condition.

She said, “Zeke, I’ve already heard about what happened to you. Don’t worry. Even if it means I have to sacrifice the whole of Necro Group, I’ll find a way to avenge you somehow.”

Quickly, Zeke said, “Rosie, don’t act rashly. I

want to take revenge on him myself. That's much more meaningful, don't you think? Don't try going up against Francis Sullivan, Rosie."

Rosie White wasn't Francis Sullivan's match at all.

Before she could even launch an attack on him, it was quite probable that she would have already died from one of Francis's insidious poisons.

Rosie White felt rather confused. "But... but you're a cripple now! How are you going to avenge yourself?"

Zeke hurriedly replied, "You only have to act according to my instructions. You'll know how I plan to revenge myself after tonight."

After a short pause, Rosie said, "Alright. I'll sneak Zach Williams back to the warehouse I'm hiding out in tonight. Do you want me to send someone over to get you?"

Zeke quickly replied, "No, it's alright. I'll find a way there by myself."

"Okay."

Lacey stayed by Zeke's bed throughout the night. Right before dawn broke, she finally fell asleep.

Although she had fallen asleep, she continued holding tightly on to Zeke's arm.

She did so just in case Zeke happened to wake up in the middle of the night and needed her help for something. She would be able to respond quickly in that case.

Zeke gently removed his arm from her grip. He quietly climbed out of bed and covered Lacey with his blanket.

"Gosh, it's so hard pretending to be a cripple. I'm so sorry for worrying you, Lacey. Don't worry. When I finally manage to lure our secret enemy out of hiding, I'll tell you everything."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

After saying that, he strode off.

Right then, he had fully recovered and was in the pink of health.

He rushed all the way and finally arrived at the stronghold of the Necromancer Assassin Organization, which was an abandoned warehouse located in the suburbs.

Zeke slipped into the warehouse without being noticed by anyone, his movements as silent as a ghost.

In the warehouse, Zach was kneeling on the ground, desperately begging Rosie to spare his life.

“Alas, to have a duffer like you look identical to Zeke is such a scathing insult to him. Why is Zeke crippled and not you?” Rosie berated Zach.

Zach was stunned for a second and asked, “You know Zeke?”

Rosie scoffed, “Of course.”

Zach profusely begged for forgiveness, “Please spare me. I beg you to let me go. I know a divine doctor who can definitely cure Zeke.”

Oh?

“Tell me more,” Rosie commanded. He had piqued her curiosity.

Zach quickly explained, “My friend is a divine doctor who has been living at Rivermouth. He has cured people in vegetative states as well as cerebral infarction. He will be able to cure Zeke too.”

Pfft! There came a faint sound in the distance.

Zeke, who had blended into the shadows, couldn’t help but laugh at their conversation.

If I’m not mistaken, the divine doctor that Zach mentioned is actually me. After all, I’m the only one who can heal patients in vegetative states and cerebral infarction in the whole Rivermouth Province. Now, Zach wants me to heal myself. This absurdity to the utmost degree!

Startled, Rosie jumped to her feet when she heard the mocking laughter come out from nowhere.

“Who is laughing? Show yourself now!”

I never thought someone would manage to sneak into the warehouse right under my nose. This person must be the cream of the crop!

Don’t be flustered. It’s just me!

Zeke stepped out of the dark and revealed himself.

It's you!

Both of them were stunned when they saw Zeke appear before them.

What just happened?

Word on the street is that Zeke was completely paralyzed, and only his brain was left functioning.

How can the present Zeke stride across powerfully in an upright position with the vigor and vitality of a tiger?

He looked far from a paralytic.

In fact, he looked healthier than the average Joe.

“W-What on earth is going on here?” Rosie rushed over immediately and pinched Zeke’s hand. “Aren’t you supposed to be crippled?” She asked in a perplexed tone.

Zeke responded with disdain, “Nah, I can’t be bothered by just an old man. I was only playing along with him by pretending to be crippled.”

Zach felt his scalp prickle when he overheard

Zeke's response.

In his eyes, even the legendary Francis Sullivan is nothing to speak of. Just how far has my younger twin brother come?

While Rosie was relieved to see Zeke again, at the same time, she let out a little sigh of disappointment.

She thought that Lacey would eventually leave Zeke after he became crippled. This way, she would have a chance to be with him.

Now, her dream had been shattered to pieces.

Zeke was astonished by Rosie's expression.

She should be happy that I have fully recovered. Why is she sighing in despair?

Regardless, Zeke couldn't be bothered by these insignificant matters. He turned to interrogate, "Tell me, would you rather be dead or alive?"

Zach hurriedly answered, "Alive. I want to stay alive, for sure. Oh, my dear little brother, I beg you to spare my life."

"Keep your mouth shut!" Zeke lashed out with immense loathing for the person who claimed to be his brother.

He yelled furiously, “I swear, I will kill you now if you ever utter the words ‘little brother’ again.”

Zach immediately bit his tongue upon hearing Zeke’s threats.

Zeke continued, “Right now, I will give you another chance to redeem yourself. I bet you’ve heard of a saying that goes ‘rise like a phoenix from the ashes’. So, you will take my place and pretend to be dead this time. Then, I shall let you live eternally and give a large sum of money for pension.”

Zach looked at Zeke, baffled, “What do you mean by ‘feigning death for you’?”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Zeke moved closer towards Zach and whispered in his ear, telling him his entire plan.

After listening to Zeke's explanation, Zach became dubious.

If I do exactly as Zeke says, there is a chance that I might lose my life.

Zeke continued, "You better think it through. If you cooperate with me, you will have at least a 70% chance of surviving, and if you do, you can live comfortably for the rest of your life. Otherwise, you will die for sure. You are well aware that the Williams want your head on a platter. Now that Madam Williams has become the head of the family once again, do you think she will let you live?"

Zach couldn't stop trembling with fear at the mention of Madam Williams.

When he held her hostage previously, he almost took her life.

She must be overwhelmed with resentment. I bet she wants to skin me alive. I doubt I can escape death if I stay confined in the Williams' house.

After battling with his own thoughts for a long while, Zach gritted his teeth and answered unwillingly, "Alright, I'll do it."

“Okay,” Zeke murmured.

Suddenly, Rosie called out to Zeke just as he turned around, intending to leave the place.

“Just for a moment,” she said.

Zeke stopped and asked, “Is there anything else, Rosie?”

Rosie gazed affectionately at Zeke and confessed, “Zeke, if one day, you really become crippled, I would still be willing to spend the rest of my life with you.”

Zeke was taken aback by Rosie’s profession of love.

Love is such a complicated topic. What is love, and why does it transcend life and death?

On the other hand, the Sullivan family members gathered happily in the assembly hall. The atmosphere was very joyful, as though they were celebrating the new year.

Francis had finally managed to incapacitate Zeke successfully.

This was the greatest piece of news they had received recently.

Francis cautioned, “Although Zeke has been

debilitated, his heart is contaminated by poison. Don't dig his heart out for now, as it is useless at the moment. After a week, the poison in his heart will flow to his brain. That will be the prime time to acquire it."

A resounding "yes" rang through the room.

Every member of the Williams made their promise to Francis, respectively.

Francis then left the hall to continue his meditation in seclusion.

However, unlike the others, Lennon was feeling a little impatient.

He wanted to instantly rip Zeke apart so badly that he could not wait a minute more.

He asked cautiously, "Grandmother, I think I should see Zeke now. You, too, know that Zeke is well-versed in witchcraft. What if he is able to neutralize the poison? So, I want to check on his condition and sever all his tendons while he is still weak and ill. It is much safer this way."

Lady Sullivan could see right through Lennon's mind. She knew that he couldn't wait any longer to get his revenge on Zeke.

Upon hearing that, she nodded and agreed, "You are right. This is indeed a good idea.

Nevertheless, you must remember that you are only allowed to sever his tendons without killing him because his heart is still useful to us.”

Got it! Lennon nodded with a straight face.

With that thought driving him, he led the Chief of Sullivan Bodyguard and set out to Atheville in high spirits.

The sun shone brightly during noon in Atheville.

Lacey was feeding Zeke a hearty breakfast with care. After taking an afternoon nap, she quickly rushed to Linton Group.

The Linton Group had a few important documents that needed to be approved by her.

She had to seize the moment to finish her business in the office so she could return to Zeke as soon as possible before he regained consciousness.

For the past few days, she had to juggle between her work and taking care of Zeke. She had so much burden to shoulder that she hardly had time to breathe.

Zeke’s phone rang just as she left for the office.

It was a call from Rosie.

Rosie informed urgently, “Lennon seems to be up to something. He is leading his men and heading towards you in haste.”

Zeke ordered, “Alright, bring Zach over to me immediately.”

Not long after, Rosie brought in Zach, as instructed by Zeke.

Zeke exhorted Zach, “Remember, you are me now, a useless person who can’t move his limbs and has lost his voice.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Zach said, "Alright, alright."

He then moved to lie down on the bed.

Zeke waited until Zach was not paying attention before he stabbed two silver needles into the latter's spine.

Surprised, Zach tried to struggle, only to find that he was immobile. He opened his mouth to shout but no sound came out, either.

All he could do was stare at Zeke in terror.

Zeke quickly comforted him, "Don't panic. I've only temporarily sealed your acupuncture points so you won't be able to move or speak later. We don't want the game to be up before it even starts, do we? Besides, I already said I wouldn't kill you and I'll keep my promise."

At that, the fear in Zach receded.

Right then, from outside the room came the sound of footsteps.

There was no doubt that Lennon had arrived with his men.

Zeke dove for the closet nearby, hiding himself inside just as the room door was kicked open.

Lennon entered the room in a wheelchair with

seven burly men behind him. When he spotted Zach lying prone on the bed, he burst into laughter.

“Williams, we meet again!”

Zach did not reply as he was unable to speak.

Lennon continued, “Hey Williams, you’re not so cocky now, are you? Hmph! I’ve already told you that choosing to go against me is a death sentence for you. But did you listen?”

Still no answer.

“Hmm? Did you lose your ability to speak as well? Ken, slap him!”

One of the men he brought with him, Ken, stepped forward and began to slap Zach harshly.

By the time he stopped, Zach’s face was so swollen that he could hardly be recognized.

Through all this, Zach did not utter a single peep, nor did he resist at all.

Lennon threw his head back and laughed hysterically. “Seems like your arms and legs really are useless now! There’s no way you would just lay there and take a beating otherwise! Who’s having the last laugh now?”

Since you can't move your limbs, there's no point in leaving them intact. Sever all his tendons!"

Pulling out a dagger, Ken grinned menacingly as he approached Zach.

In an instant, the color drained from Zach's face.

Just the thought of having his tendons severed while he was still alive and fully conscious had him mentally cringing. That would be most agonizing!

Once more, he tried to struggle and beg for mercy, but it was no use as he had been rendered mute and completely immobile.

Squelch! Squelch!

After several quick motions, the tendons in Zach's limbs were sliced open and blood stained the bedding crimson.

The pain was too much to bear and Zach fell into a coma.

Even so, Lennon did not seem satisfied. "You f**ker, I'm not done with you just yet! Ken, smack him awake for me!"

This time, no matter how hard Ken slapped him,

Zach still did not awaken.

“Damn it. Don’t think I can’t wake you up, you piece of sh*t! Stab him in the guts!” Lennon snarled.

Ken finally spoke up, his tone careful as he warned, “Sir, maybe you should give up on trying to wake him. Given his current condition, stabbing him might end up killing him. The Elder specifically said we can’t kill him yet. You can wait till seven days later, when you have to extract his heart, to torture him then.”

Lennon clenched his teeth. “Fine. You get to live for several more days.”

Turning to his men, he ordered, “Contact Lacey immediately so she can come back to save this b*stard’s life. I don’t want the Elder to come after me for killing him now.”

“Got it, Sir!”

After Lennon and his men left, Zeke hastily emerged from his hiding spot to rescue Zach.

That Sullivan really is brutal!

Soon, Zach slowly regained consciousness.

“M-my legs... My a-arms...”

Chapter 1073 Sever His Tendons



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!