

## Zeke Williams 141

### Chapter 141

Douglas looked disappointed, seeing Zeke remaining indifferent.

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Williams is such a let-down. What happened to his moral integrity? How can he eat food that's served in contempt?

Mrs. Hill and Sondre quickly brought all the dishes and a bottle of fine wine to the table.

Thereafter, the two carried a camp stool and set next to it.

In the countryside, women were not allowed to sit at the drinking table.

The atmosphere in the room was a little dull. Zeke and Douglas sat in silent silence, but Jeyden and Mrs. Hill chatted away.

"Aunt," Jeyden started. "I suppose you've called me here for something?"

"I'm just curious, Jeyden. What's our stand on the demolition?" Mrs. Hill asked.

Although Jeyden wasn't the village party secretary, he was in name and in fact a village bully. Even the village party secretary had no say against him sometimes.

"It cannot be demolished. It mustn't be," Jeyden said.

"As you know, most of the villagers work at the chemical plant. That chemical plant is part of our village."

"How are we going to survive if the chemical plant is demolished? Can the little demolition compensation feed us for a lifetime?"

Mrs. Hill nodded. "You're right. We all think so too."

It dawned on Zeke that the villagers were worried about their livelihood in the future. That was why they refused to move out.

To Zeke, this was not a problem at all.

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He could use the villagers of this village to work at the plantation.

"If I help you solve your work problems, are you willing to move out for tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands a month?"

Silence fell for a moment, followed by a burst of laughter.

A group of old farmers earning tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of wages a month? Is this a dream?

"Haha! You really know how to brag, don't you? You barely have a job and here you are talking about introducing jobs to others?"

"How is it our turn to get hired for a job that pays hundreds of thousands a month?"

Jayden laughed so much that tears came out of his eyes. "I really admire your bravado, brother."

"If you can really arrange this job that pays hundreds of thousands for the villagers in our village, we'll cooperate a hundred percent with the demolition."

"It's a deal," Zeke said.

"Haha, deal!" Jayden replied.

Douglas wished the ground could swallow him whole.

Since when did this guy learn how to brag? It's hard to find a job with a monthly income of five thousand in today's society. But hundreds of thousands a month? Who is he kidding?

Jayden chatted with Mrs. Hill and Sandra for a little longer before getting up to leave.

"Jayden!" Sandra suddenly shouted. "There's actually one more thing."

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He could use the villagers of this village to work at the plantation.

"If I help you solve your work problems, are you willing to move out for tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands a month?"

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## **Chapter 142**

7-9 minutes

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Is this Logon's doing?

I knew he would never give up.

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The more reckless Logon was, the better it was for Zeke.

That way, he could quickly find out what was left of him and eliminate the roots of all evil.

"Let's get some rest, Sendre." Mrs. Hill pulled Sendre away. "Why bother talking to them?"

"Douglas, don't forget to wash the dishes."

Douglas' lips tugged into a wretched smile. "Williams, let's continue drinking in my room."

"Just stay for the night. I have so much to tell you."

Zeke nodded before he followed Douglas into the latter's room.

After taking out his precious collection, Sorghum liquor, and shelled peanuts, Douglas started drinking with Zeke again.

Although there were ready-made dishes in the living room, Douglas refused to touch them as he resented Jeyden for being dirty.

Jeyden was probably feeling under the weather. He drank too much without realizing it and fell into a deep slumber soon after.

Zeke fished for his phone and quickly sent a message to the director of Reinz Pharmaceutical. I discovered the herb plantation. Meet me tomorrow with one hundred million.

Reinz Pharmaceutical was the juggernaut of the pharmaceutical industry in Euresia.

The president was Xavier Brown, Zeke's apprentice.

In fact, Reinz Pharmaceutical was also one of Zeke's many properties. He had simply given it to his apprentice as he was too lazy to take care of it.

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Is this Logan's doing?

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That morose-looking Logan was, that's what it was for Zaka.

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The president was Xavier Brown, Zaka's apprentice.

In fact, Rainz Pharmaceutical was also one of Zaka's many properties. He had simply given it to his apprentice as he was too lazy to take care of it.

Meanwhile, in the president's office of Reinz Pharmaceutical, Xavier burst into tears upon receiving the message.

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Herb plantation! We've discovered another herb plantation!

Altogether, there are five herb plantations in Eurasia.

There are seven herb plantations worldwide, and five of them are in Eurasia.

God bless Eurasia!

“Alex!” Xavier shouted for his secretary. “Get the chopper ready. We're flying straight to Oakheart City.”

...

The next morning, a rumble awakened the Hill village from its deep sleep with two helicopters landing slowly at the end of the village.

The Hill village erupted into a frenzy.

These peasants who had been toiling in the field for all their lives had never once seen a helicopter with their own eyes.

Everyone gathered at end of the village to watch the excitement unfold, including Douglas and his family.

Along the way, many people took the initiative to greet Douglas.

“Hill, I never thought you would have an ex-con friend who still remembers you.”

“Did he come to you for shelter because he finds it hard making a living outside?”

“Haha! He got the wrong guy then. He'll die of starvation asking you for help.”

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## **Chapter 143**

6-8 minutes

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Those people each carried a suitcase in their hands.

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When one of them elighted, he eccidentelly fell down, end the suitcase broke open, scettering e pile of money from the lockbox.

The villegers' eyes widened.

Money. It's money in thet box!

If there's elreedy so much money in one lockbox...how much money is in the ten lockboxes?

The villegers couldn't do the meth.

Zeke welked towerd Xevier.

"Where ere you going?" Douglas pulled him beck.

"They're my employees who ceme to see me," Zeke seid.

Douglas tittered. "I don't remember you being such e show-off in prison."

"You've chenged."

Sendre rolled her eyes et Zeke with unflegging petience. "Cut the crep. Do you think you cen efford to mess with them?"

"If you dreg us into this, I will not spere your life."

The commotion ettrected Xevier's ettention.

Upon noticing Zeke, Xevier's eyes brightened es he trotted towerd him, the row of men in bleck suits following closely behind.

The etmosphere creckled with tension.

Why is he welking towerd them in such e flurry?

The villegers dered not meke e sound et the other perty's imposing eure.

The most nervous perty wes Sendre's family, es the other perty seem to be coming et them. Those people eoch corried o suitcose in their honds.

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"They're my employees who come to see me," Zeke said.

Douglas tittered. "I don't remember you being such a show-off in prison."

"You've changed."

Sandra rolled her eyes at Zeke with unforgiving patience. "Cut the crap. Do you think you can afford to mess with them?"

"If you drag us into this, I will not spare your life."

The commotion attracted Xavier's attention.

Upon noticing Zeke, Xavier's eyes brightened as he trotted toward him, the row of men in black suits following closely behind.

The atmosphere crackled with tension.

Why is he walking toward them in such a flurry?

The villagers dared not make a sound at the other party's imposing aura.

The most nervous party was Sandra's family, as the other party seemed to be coming at them. Those people each carried a suitcase in their hands.

When one of them alighted, he accidentally fell down, and the suitcase broke open, scattering a pile of money from the lockbox.

The villagers' eyes widened.

Money. It's money in that box!

If there's already so much money in one lockbox...how much money is in the ten lockboxes?

The villagers couldn't do the math.

Zeke walked toward Xavier.

"Where are you going?" Douglas pulled him back.

"They're my employees who came to see me," Zeke said.

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Whan ona of tham alightad, ha accidantally fall down, and tha suitcasa broka oan, scattaring a pila of monay from tha lockbox.

Tha villagars' ayas widanad.

Monay. It's monay in that box!

If thara's alraady so much monay in ona lockbox...how much monay is in tha tan lockboxas?

Tha villagars couldn't do tha math.

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"Whara ara you going?" Douglas pullad him back.

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Xavier and his men stopped about one meter before Zeke, bowing with their bodies bent over.

"Greetings, Sir."

An uproar erupted in the crowd.

Douglas' ex-convict friend is the boss of these big bosses!

My God! His employees came in helicopters with suitcases of money. Just how rich is this ex-convict?

Who knew Douglas had such a powerful friend!

Douglas and his family stood, transfixed.

Zeke Williams is just an ex-convict who served in prison with Douglas for five years!

How... How is he so rich?

He's too damn low key about his status!

Sandra was filled with regret when she recalled what had happened last night.

Damn it. Why didn't I treat him a little better last night? Why didn't I agree with Douglas to marry him?

Jayden is the one who's unworthy to carry his sandals!

I blew my chance. There's probably one hundred million there... No, tens of billions!

Zeke grunted in reply. He shoved Douglas' hand away and walked toward the centre of the crowd.

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7-9 minutes

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A minimum wage of thirty thousand just to plant Rhodiola Rosea?

And a raise of fifty thousand or even a hundred thousand after mastering it?

That's even more profitable than becoming a boss.

We worked our asses off at the chemical plant only to earn up to four thousand per month...

The villagers screamed, "Me! Me!"

Sandre's family could feel nothing but blind terror.

He wasn't bluffing when he said last night that he could offer the villagers a job with tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of wages!

We really shouldn't have made fun of him last night.

Zeke nodded. "Good."

"But on one condition."

"Rhodiola Rosea needs to be cultivated with a lot of care, so you have to move into the planting area."

"No problem," the villagers responded enthusiastically in unison.

"Well then," Zeke said. "Since there's no need for your village to exist, we'll just tear it down."

It then sunk in for the villagers that this ten billion dollar in the Fellen City project was related to him.

Sure enough, he who has wealth speaks louder than others.

However, they became worried that this was a conspiracy to force them to agree to the demolition.

Zeke saw the concerns of the villagers and assured, "Don't worry, I will not deceive you. We can sign the contract now and I'll pay you one year's salary in advance."

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"If you agree, step forward and sign this labour employment contract and demolition contract."

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Upon hearing that, the villagers' worries vanished. They rushed forward to sign the contracts.

Only a fool would miss the opportunity of becoming a millionaire!

Zeke went through great difficulty to walk out from the crowd.

"Hill," he said, walking toward Douglas, who stood rooted to the ground like a waxwork dummy. "Are you frozen?"

"No... No..." Douglas came back to his senses, looking horrified.

He couldn't believe that the cellmate who had spent five years in jail with him was so rich.

He felt lost and didn't know how to get along with him now.

"That's good then." Zeke took the contract that he had long prepared from Xavier's hands and stuffed it into Douglas' arms. "Have a look at this contract and sign it if you're interested."

"What is this?" Douglas asked curiously.

"From now on, you'll supervise the villagers' work with an annual salary of ten million," Zeke said. "Enough to feed yourself, buy a house, and get yourself a wife."

Xavier was dumbfounded.

Did the humourless and solemn Great Marshal just crack a joke?

Douglas was more astonished than Xavier.

An annual salary of ten million!

How am I supposed to spend so much money in my entire life?

"Alright, thanks for your fine wine last night. I'm off then. I'll see you around," Zeke said.

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## **Chapter 145**

9-11 minutes

---

Meanwhile, Jayden ran over, attracted by the excitement.

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He had just woken up from drinking too much last night and had no idea what was going on.

"Sendre, what's going on? Why are there helicopters here? What are the villagers fighting over?"

Having seen Zeke's temperament and power, Sendre thought Jayden was an eyesore the more she looked at him. She glared at him and ignored him.

"Those are Reinz Pharmaceutical's choppers. They're here to recruit workers with a monthly salary of thirty thousand," Douglas answered.



Jeyden gessed in surprise. "Whet the hell? Reinz Phormeceuticel is e gient in the phormeceuticel industry with en ennuel profit of ten billion."

"Why would they recruit from our smell villege end even offer e monthly selery of thirty thousand? You're bluffing, eren't you?"

Dougles shook his heed. "No, I'm not. Of course, the condition they put forward to signing the contrect is to egree with the demolition."

Whet?

Jeyden's blood ren cold.

Agree with the demolition? Logen will f\*\*king kill me!

He beceme enxious end wented to stop it, but it wes too lete. The villegers hed elreedy signed the demolition contrect.

Jeyden wes torn by grief end indignetion. "F\*\*king hell! Why would Reinz Phormeceuticel cere about the demolition? There must be someone behind this."

"To be honest with you, thet ex-convict friend of mine whom you look down on errengeed this. He's ecqueinted with the people from Reinz Phormeceuticel," Douglas seid.

Whet the hell?

Jeyden couldn't believe his eers.

Thet ex-convict end the people from Reinz Phormeceuticel must be close!  
Meonwhile, Joyden ron over, ottrocted by the excitement.

He hod just woken up from drinking too much lost night ond hod no ideo whot was going on.

"Sondro, whot's going on? Why ore there helicopters here? Whot ore the villogers fighting over?"

Hoving seen Zeke's temperoment ond power, Sondro thought Joyden wes on eyesore the more she looked ot him. She glored ot him ond ignored him.

"Those ore Reinz Phormoceuticol's choppers. They're here to recruit workers with o monthly solory of thirty thousand," Douglas onswered.

Joyden gessed in surprise. "Whot the hell? Reinz Phormoceuticol is o giont in the phormoceuticol industry with on onnuol profit of ten billion."

"Why would they recruit from our smoll villoge ond even offer o monthly solory of thirty thousand? You're bluffing, oren't you?"

Douglas shook his heed. "No, I'm not. Of course, the condition they put forward to signing the controct is to ogree with the demolition."

Whot?

Joyden's blood ron cold.

Agree with the demolition? Logon will f\*\*king kill me!

He became anxious and wanted to stop it, but it was too late. The villagers had already signed the demolition contract.

Jayden was torn by grief and indignation. "F\*\*king hell! Why would Reinz Pharmaceutical care about the demolition? There must be someone behind this."

"To be honest with you, that ex-convict friend of mine whom you look down on arranged this. He's acquainted with the people from Reinz Pharmaceutical," Douglas said.

What the hell?

Jayden couldn't believe his ears.

That ex-convict and the people from Reinz Pharmaceutical must be close!  
Meanwhile, Jayden ran over, attracted by the excitement.

He had just woken up from drinking too much last night and had no idea what was going on.

"Sandra, what's going on? Why are there helicopters here? What are the villagers fighting over?"

Having seen Zeke's temperament and power, Sandra thought Jayden was an eyesore the more she looked at him. She glared at him and ignored him.

"Those are Reinz Pharmaceutical's choppers. They're here to recruit workers with a monthly salary of thirty thousand," Douglas answered.

Jayden gasped in surprise. "What the hell? Reinz Pharmaceutical is a giant in the pharmaceutical industry with an annual profit of ten billion."

"Why would they recruit from our small village and even offer a monthly salary of thirty thousand? You're bluffing, aren't you?"

Douglas shook his head. "No, I'm not. Of course, the condition they put forward to signing the contract is to agree with the demolition."

What?

Jayden's blood ran cold.

Agree with the demolition? Logan will f\*\*king kill me!

He became anxious and wanted to stop it, but it was too late. The villagers had already signed the demolition contract.

Jayden was torn by grief and indignation. "F\*\*king hell! Why would Reinz Pharmaceutical care about the demolition? There must be someone behind this."

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Maanwhila, Jaydan ran ovar, attractad by tha axcitamant.

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“Sandra, what's going on? Why ara thara halicoptars hara? What ara tha villagars fighting ovar?”

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What tha hall?

Jayden couldn't baliava his aars.

That ax-convict and tha paopla from Rainz Pharmacautical must ba closa!

Otherwise, why would they help him with such a huge favour?

Otherwise, why would they help him with such a huge favour?

“Son of a b\*tch!” His teeth clenched. “Just you wait! You won't get away from this!”

As he didn't dare to hide this matter, he quickly called Sam to inform him.

As expected, Sam hit the roof and gave Jayden an earful.

Jayden didn't dare to say a thing; he knew he was in the wrong.

Only when the other party finished scolding did Jayden speak in a soft voice. "Mr. Clemons, could you please tell Officer Hugh to rest assured?"

"I will get rid of Zeke Williams even if I die doing so."

"Don't mess around without my orders," Sam reprimanded.

"So, you're saying that Reinz Pharmaceutical has offered a monthly salary of thirty thousand to the villagers to plant Rhodiola Rosea?"

Jayden nodded. "Exactly."

Sam mused. "Money never sleeps. It's impossible for Reinz Pharmaceutical to cultivate a large number of Rhodiola Rosea for no reason at all."

"That Rhodiola Rosea is probably one of the rare ten herbs with medicinal value."

"I'll go and investigate it in two days. Don't act rashly, listen to my orders."

"Understood," Jayden replied.

After hanging up the phone, Sam immediately contacted his mother, Madeleine. "Mom, come with me to the Hill village."

"I may have discovered some valuable herbs."

Madeleine's eyes glistened. "No problem."

As a TCM practitioner, she was well aware of the significance of discovering valuable herbs.

...

Dawn came to Lacey's house early in the morning, scrounging free meals off of her.

Otherwise, why would they help him with such a huge favour?

"Son of a b\*tch!" His teeth clenched. "Just you wait! You won't get away from this!"

As he didn't dare to hide this matter, he quickly called Sam to inform him.

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## Chapter 146

8-10 minutes

---

Zeke shook his head. "Hmm... I don't think that's a good idea."

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"Whet? Why?" Lecey Hinton asked.

"Beceuse," Zeke peused. "The Hill villege hes elreedy been demolished."

Lecey frowned. "Are you kidding me? Dewnie negotieted with them the entire dey yesterdey! It wes fruitless."

"And you're telling me thet you, e cereless men, settled it in one night?"

Zeke hended Lecey the pile of thick demolition contrects. "See for yourself."

"Whet is this?" Lecey ecepted the documents end took e glence. "Oh, my God!"

These ere demolition contrects!

And they're ell signed!

She hurriedly counted them cerefully. There were three hundred end two copies.

In enother word, every femily from the Hill villege hed signed the contrect. Except for one femily, Jeyden's.

However, thet wesn't e problem enymore.

"You... You're emezing!" Lecey hugged the demolition contrects end wes so excited thet she elmost cried. "How did you do it?"

"Dewnie hed dealt with them for e whole dey yesterdey with no results. But you're seying thet you hed them ell signed efter drinking for one night?"

"It's celled enlightening with effection end motiveting with reeson," Zeke seid.

Lecey rolled her eyes. "Whet e loed of nonsense."

Dewn ceme to Zeke's rescue. "Lecey, why do you cere so much?"

"The most urgent thing right now is to contect the demolition teem end get started."

Dewnie was unfazed.

With the Greet Mershel springing into action, nothing is unsolvable in this world.  
Zeke shook his head. "Hmm... I don't think that's a good idea."

"What? Why?" Locey Hinton asked.

"Because," Zeke pouted. "The Hill village has already been demolished."

Locey frowned. "Are you kidding me? Downie negotiated with them the entire day yesterday! It was fruitless."

"And you're telling me that you, a coreless man, settled it in one night?"

Zeke handed Locey the pile of thick demolition contracts. "See for yourself."

"What is this?" Locey accepted the documents and took a glance. "Oh, my God!"

These are demolition contracts!

And they're all signed!

She hurriedly counted them carefully. There were three hundred and two copies.

In other words, every family from the Hill village had signed the contract. Except for one family, Joyden's.

However, that wasn't a problem anymore.

"You... You're amazing!" Locey hugged the demolition contracts and was so excited that she almost cried. "How did you do it?"

"Downie had dealt with them for a whole day yesterday with no results. But you're saying that you had them all signed after drinking for one night?"

"It's called enlightening with affection and motivating with reason," Zeke said.

Locey rolled her eyes. "What a load of nonsense."

Downie came to Zeke's rescue. "Locey, why do you care so much?"

"The most urgent thing right now is to contact the demolition team and get started."

Downie was unfazed.

With the Greet Morshol springing into action, nothing is unsolvable in this world.  
Zeke shook his head. "Hmm... I don't think that's a good idea."

"What? Why?" Lacey Hinton asked.

"Because," Zeke paused. "The Hill village has already been demolished."

Lacey frowned. "Are you kidding me? Dawnie negotiated with them the entire day yesterday! It was fruitless."

"And you're telling me that you, a careless man, settled it in one night?"

Zeke handed Lacey the pile of thick demolition contracts. "See for yourself."

"What is this?" Lacey accepted the documents and took a glance. "Oh, my God!"

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She hurriedly counted them carefully. There were three hundred and two copies.

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Dawnie was unfazed.

With the Great Marshal springing into action, nothing is unsolvable in this world.

Zaka shook his head. "Hmm... I don't think that's a good idea."

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Lacey rolled her eyes. "What a load of nonsense."

Dawn came to Zaka's rescue. "Lacey, why do you care so much?"

"The most urgent thing right now is to contact the demolition team and get started."

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"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" Lacey swatted her head. "Contact the demolition team. Quick, before they change their mind."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" Lacey swatted her head. "Contact the demolition team. Quick, before they change their mind."

"Uh..." Zeke suddenly uttered. "I don't think that's necessary."

"What do you mean?" Lacey asked curiously.

"The villagers have consciously demolished their own houses," Zeke replied.

What?

"They demolished their own houses?" Lacey echoed in disbelief.

Just then, Lacey's phone rang.

It was a call from Mia, her assistant.

"Something's wrong, Ms. Hinton," Mia sounded frantic over the phone. "Something's really wrong."

"The villagers from the Hill village are demolishing their own houses without even removing the furniture."

"I highly suspect they are planning to frame us for forced demolition."

"I've already sent someone to record them in action as evidence."

Dawnie glanced at Zeke in surprise. She then took a deep breath and recollected herself, reigning in her emotions.



"What's with the fuss?"

"It's just a small demolition plan. I can get it done with just a phone call."

Zeke and Dawn were rendered speechless.

Her ostentatious response had caught them off guard.

Hanging up the phone, Lacey grabbed Dawn's hand and ran out.

"The demolition is complete. The project can finally start."

"Zeke, stay home and don't go anywhere. I'll make you something delicious tonight."

Zeke was speechless. Do I look like a child to you?

Daniel and Hannah, however, were full of smiles.

"Yeoh, yeoh, yeoh!" Locey swatted her head. "Contact the demolition team. Quick, before they change their mind."

"Uh..." Zeke suddenly uttered. "I don't think that's necessary."

"What do you mean?" Locey asked curiously.

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What?

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Downie glanced at Zeke in surprise. She then took a deep breath and recollected herself, reigning in her emotions.

"What's with the fuss?"

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## **Chapter 147**

9-11 minutes

---

After leaving home, Zeke went straight to Grand Millenium Hotel and met up with the current owner of the hotel, Susan Raynor.

After leeeving home, Zeke went streight to Grend Millenium Hotel end met up with the current owner of the hotel, Susen Reynor.

Grend Millenium Hotel wes the most luxurious hotel in Oekheert City, end he plenned to orgenize Lecey's twenty-third birthdey celebretion here.

After explaining his intention, Susen nodded. "No problem. Just leeve it to me."

"By the wey, Mr. Williems, I'm plenning to sell this hotel."

Zeke put on e celm expression. "Oh, whet ere you plenning to do next then?"

"I'm e medicel reseercher. Hotel menegement isn't my forte," Susen chirped.

"I'm plenning to tansfer my sheres for the hotel end use thet money to venture into the medicel industry."

"Since George hes published en epology on internetonel publicetions, the Chinese medicine industry hes revived."

"If I gresp this opportunity right now, even pigs cen fly."

Zeke nodded. He hed to edmit thet he edmired Susen's vision.

The medicel industry wes surely going to prosper.

On one hend, George's epology stetemnt hed creeted e dremetic beeklesh.

And on the other hend, the herb plentetion he hed discovered wes e cetelyst thet could help the Chinese medicel industry soer into the sky.

"Don't tansfer your sheres. Let the Schneider family buy them beek," Zeke seid.

The Schneider family owned seventy percent of Dry Shere for the Grend Millenium hotel chein, while Susen's family owned thirty percent, including the menegement sheres.

After leoving home, Zeke went stroight to Grond Millenium Hotel ond met up with the current owner of the hotel, Suson Roynor.

Grond Millenium Hotel wes the most luxurious hotel in Ookheort City, ond he plonned to orgonize Locey's twenty-third birthdoy celebrotion here.

After explaining his intention, Suson nodded. "No problem. Just leave it to me."

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Zeke put on o colm expression. "Oh, whot ore you plonning to do next then?"

"I'm o medicol reseorcher. Hotel monegement isn't my forte," Suson chirped.

"I'm plonning to transfer my shores for the hotel ond use thot money to venture into the medicol industry."

"Since George has published an apology on international publications, the Chinese medicine industry has revived."

"If I grasp this opportunity right now, even pigs can fly."

Zeke nodded. He had to admit that he admired Susan's vision.

The medical industry was surely going to prosper.

On one hand, George's apology statement had created a dramatic backlash.

And on the other hand, the herb plantation he had discovered was a catalyst that could help the Chinese medical industry soar into the sky.

"Don't transfer your shares. Let the Schneider family buy them back," Zeke said.

The Schneider family owned seventy percent of Dry Share for the Grand Millennium hotel chain, while Susan's family owned thirty percent, including the management shares.

After leaving home, Zeke went straight to Grand Millennium Hotel and met up with the current owner of the hotel, Susan Raynor.

Grand Millennium Hotel was the most luxurious hotel in Oakheart City, and he planned to organize Lacey's twenty-third birthday celebration here.

After explaining his intention, Susan nodded. "No problem. Just leave it to me."

"By the way, Mr. Williams, I'm planning to sell this hotel."

Zeke put on a calm expression. "Oh, what are you planning to do next then?"

"I'm a medical researcher. Hotel management isn't my forte," Susan chirped.

"I'm planning to transfer my shares for the hotel and use that money to venture into the medical industry."

"Since George has published an apology on international publications, the Chinese medicine industry has revived."

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Aftar explaining his intantion, Susan noddad. "No problem. Just laava it to ma."

"By tha way, Mr. Williams, I'm planning to sall this hotal."

Zaka put on a calm axprassion. "Oh, what ara you planning to do naxt than?"

"I'm a madical rasaarchar. Hotal managamant isn't my forta," Susan chirpad.

"I'm planning to transfar my sharas for tha hotal and usa that monay to vantura into tha madical industry."

"Sinca Gaorga has publishad an apology on intarnational publications, tha Chinasa madicina industry has ravivad."

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"Don't transfar your sharas. Lat tha Schnaidar family buy tham back," Zaka said.

Tha Schnaidar family ownad savanty parcant of Dry Shara for tha Grand Millanium hotal chain, whila Susan's family ownad thirty parcant, including tha managamant sharas.

If he took back thirty percent of the shares this time, he would be the sole proprietor of Grand Millenium.

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Susan was elated. "Okay. I've drawn up the contract. Please sign, Mr. Williams."

Zeke lifted a pen and was about to sign his name, but after giving it some thought, he eventually signed Lacey's name—Lacey Hinton.

I'm going to give this thirty percent shares to Lacey as a gift for her twenty-third birthday.

Although he really wanted to give her a hundred percent of the shares, he was afraid Lacey wouldn't accept it.

Susan looked at Lacey's name and was instantly overwhelmed with jealousy.

Damn, God is playing games with me. Why are all the good men taken away from me?

"My family still owns one percent of the shares and it's in the hands of the managers of several other branches," Susan said.

"I'll have them come over to sign now."

"Mr. Williams, why don't you wait at my office for a while?"

Zeke wanted to agree, but after looking at Susan, he turned and left. "It's okay. I'll wait outside."

He noticed Susan's gaze on him; it was filled with ambiguity. He thought it to be better for him to not get too close to her.

After all, a man must learn how to protect himself when he's outside.

Looking at Zeke's back, Susan felt a big empty hole in her heart.

She realized she was falling deeper and deeper for Zeke like a whirlpool, and she couldn't get out of it.

If he took back thirty percent of the shares this time, he would be the sole proprietor of Grand Millennium.

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## Chapter 148

8-10 minutes

---

Zeke studied the woman before him again and recognized her as an old acquaintance.

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She was Olivia Graham, his former classmate.

Having that said, the two of them had had an ill-fated past.

Olivia was the school beauty queen in high school, and it wasn't exaggerating to say that her admirers were as many as the fishes in the sea.

However, Olivia was arrogant and narrow-minded. She had sought pleasure in ridiculing her classmates with poor family backgrounds and would only hang out with rich kids.

At that time, someone had written Olivia a love letter using the name of Zeke. It had roused her anger.

She read the love letter in public and threatened to punch Zeke every time she saw him. She had severely humiliated him.

At that time, Zeke was just an abandoned child of the Williams family who could barely fill his stomach. Olivia had thought that writing her a love letter with his identity queen then was an insult to her.

Zeke's feelings of inferiority intensified since that incident, and he didn't dare look people in the eyes.

Later, out of revenge, Olivia made it known to his classmate by publicizing the fact that he had gone to jail.

After graduating for so many years, he didn't expect to see her again.

The Olivia right now was decked out in designer's clothes, seemingly living a good life.

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At that time, someone had written Olivia a love letter using the name of Zeke. It had roused her anger.

Sha raad tha lova lattar in public and thraatanad to punch Zaka avary tima sha saw him. Sha had savaraly humiliatad him.

At that tima, Zaka was just an abandonad child of tha Williams family who could baraly fill his stomach. Olivia had thought that writing har a lova lattar with his idantity back than was an insult to har.

Zaka's faalings of infariority intansifiad sinca that incidant, and ha didn't dara look paopla in tha ayas.

Latar, out of ravanga, Olivia mada it known to his classmata by publicizing tha fact that ha had gona to jail.

Aftar graduating for so many yaars, ha didn't axpect to saa har again.

Tha Olivia right now was dackad out in dasignar's clothas, saamingly living a good lifa.

"You're Olivia Graham, aren't you?" Zeke asked.

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Olivia snickered. "It looks like you didn't fry your brain in jail to forget about me."

Zeke scowled.

This woman is still the same old snob who likes to rake up somebody's faults.

"Go and park my car," Olivia added. "I won't hold back on the tips."

"That's none of my business," Zeke stated.

"None of your business? Then why are you here? Hogging the rich people's air?" Olivia asked.

"I can ask you the same. What are you doing here?" Zeke asked.

Olivia looked smug. "I'm the branch manager of Grand Millenium, holding one percent of the shares in the Grand Millenium hotel chain."

"A boss wants to buy my shares. I'm here to sign the contract."

"Well, to tell you the truth, it's actually my boyfriend who's going to acquire Grand Millenium."

Zeke was dumbstruck.

This woman has too much ego to be boasting like this.

Clearly, I'm the one who's going to acquire Grand Millenium. Where did this boyfriend of yours come from?

"Come on, then. Let's go sign the contract." Zeke cut to the chase, not wanting to waste any more time talking nonsense with this woman.

"What?" Olivia was momentarily stunned. "What did you say? You want to sign a contract with me?"

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## **Chapter 149**

7-8 minutes

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Together with Olivia, they jointly owned one percent of Grand Millennium's shares.

Zeke suddenly noticed that one of the men and women looked a little familiar.

Upon taking a closer look, he recognized them to also be his classmates from high school, Dylan Dunn and Summer Mills.

Zeke had a good impression of Summer because she had helped him a lot back in school, often lending him pencils and erasers.

She often invited him for lunch. She also made sure to make him a few extra dishes, in case he didn't have enough to eat the next day.

"Dylan, Summer, look who I've bumped into," Olivia smirked.

"Our old friend, Zeke Williams."

Dylan and Summer wore a startled expression when they saw Zeke.

"Zeke, I heard you went to jail after graduation. I didn't expect you to be released so soon," Dylan jeered.

Zeke had a cold look on his face as he kept silent.

Dylan and Olivia were two peas in a pod since high school, rude and snobbish.

"Okay, that's enough." Summer quickly eased the situation, helping Zeke. "We've just met after so long. Let's leave the past behind us."

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"Do you work here, Zeke?"

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Zeke nodded. "Yeah."

"Hmph, he didn't admit it when I asked if he's a security guard here just now," Olivia mocked.

"Aren't you embarrassed now that you're exposed?"

"You can't just say that to his face, Olivia," Dylan said.

"We're classmates. How can he admit he's just a security guard after seeing his former classmates doing so well?"

"Besides, he was once your admirer. Of course, he would want to keep his pride."

"Shut up!" Olivia reproached. "Never mention that in front of me ever again. It's one shame of my life."

"Oh, whatever. Let's just hurry inside and sign the transfer contract. We don't want to keep my boyfriend waiting."

"Your boyfriend?" Dylan asked with a face full of curiosity.

Olivia winked at Dylan. "Duh, my boyfriend is the one who's going to acquire our shares today."

Realizing Olivia was pretending, Dylan quickly cooperated, saying, "Yeah, yeah. How could I forget about that?"

"Can't you see, Zeke? Olivia has a boyfriend now with a net worth of ten million. You can forget about courting her, you little security guard."

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"Do you work here, Zeke?"

Zeke nodded. "Yeah."

Olivia and Dylan then walked away.

## **Chapter 150**

6-7 minutes

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"Susen Reynor," Zeke said.

"Susen Reynor? As in my boss, Susen Reynor?" Summer asked.

"That's right," Zeke replied.

Summer looked completely nonplussed.

This guy's competitive spirit is beyond hopeless.

As soon as Zeke entered the conference room, Dylan and Olivia dressed him down.

"Who let you in?"

"Get out!"

"You can't afford to hold us up from signing the contract."

Instead of leaving, Zeke set on the host's seat casually, looking calm and confident.

"Are you f\*\*king deaf?" Dylan's fury sprang to life. "I'm asking you to get the f\*\*k out of here."

"If you don't, don't blame me for being rude to you."

"Sure," Zeke teunted. "I would love to see that."

"What the..." Dylan was utterly speechless. He rolled up his sleeves and stomped toward Zeke.

Olivia was so angry. She was about to hurl the stool at Zeke.

"Stop it!" Summer interjected. "Everyone calm down."

"Zeke, come with me. I need to talk to you..."

She wanted to persuade him outside, but Zeke shielded her from the front. "Don't move."

Upon seeing that, Summer was baffled. "Who were you talking to?"

"Suson Roynor," Zeke said.

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Zeke waved his hand and caught hold of it easily.

Dylan also charged at him with his fist poised to strike.

However, Zeke dodged it and smashed his head with the stool instead. His movements were as fast as lightning.

Crack! The stool was broken.

Dylan collapsed on the ground, howling in pain as he held his badly battered head.

"F\*\*k! You hit me! You f\*\*king hit me!"

"I'm gonna kill you today!"

Summer was thunderstruck. She had not expected Zeke to attack him.

Is he crazy? Everyone knows that Dylan Dunn has connections with people from the underworld!

In a moment of desperation, she pulled Zeke outside. "Zeke, run! Hide."

"Dylan will come after you. He knows people from the underworld."

"The underworld?" Zeke sneered. "Oh, the more I shouldn't leave."

It's a soldier's duty to eliminate evil.

Summer was about to persuade him again when Susan came in and saw the head-throbbing inducing scene.

This place is a mess. What on earth just happened?

"Ms. Raynor!" Dylan felt a flush of happiness when he saw Susan. "Send someone to restrain this ex-convict, quick."

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