Zeke Williams 2

Chapter 2

I've fallen in love with the wrong woman for five years! I've fallen in love with the wrong woman for five years!

And for the past five years, I've even witnessed Emily bully my lifesaver!

God is playing games with me!

When Zeke regained his composure, Lacey was battered out of her senses and heading out the door.

After being humiliated and chased out by Emily in public, her mood wasn't any better than Zeke's.

"Lacey, wait," Zeke stopped her abruptly.

"Let her go, you asshole," Emily exploded. "If you dare stop her again, you get out too!"

"You're asking me to get out?" Zeke sneered. "Oh, you'll regret this."

"Regret? You will be the one who'll regret it," Emily retorted.

"Once I attend the Great Marshal's Grand Comeback Ceremony, there will be countless rich men pursuing me. By then, you won't even be qualified to kneel and lick my boots!"

She had thought Zeke would butter her up when she played the Grand Comeback Ceremony invitation card.

Little did she expect Zeke to get down on one knee and propose to Lacey, "Lacey, will you marry me?"

What?

Everyone in the room was dumbfounded, their faces filled with disbelief.

Zeke Williams has just discarded his bride on the day of their wedding and proposed to the bridesmaid instead!

And it's under the circumstance that the bride received an invitation card from the Great Marshal!

It was preposterous!

Lacey hesitated for a moment, thinking she had heard him wrong.

"Lacey," Zeke said sincerely again. "Marry me. I promise you with the dignity of a man that I will make you the happiest woman in the world, with a lifetime of glory and wealth."

Emily was about to go bonkers. "Zeke, you ba****d! I may forgive you if you kneel before me and apologize now. Don't forget, you've been in prison for five years. You should thank the gods that I'm willing to give you this chance."

"Piss off!" Zeke roared.

Those five years of captivity had scalded his heart. By bringing that up, Emily was obviously sprinkling salt on his wound with no qualms about hurting his pride.

"F**k!" Emily gritted her teeth. "We're over! Just you wait after I attend the Grand Comeback Ceremony!"

In her heart, Zeke was just a simp who was only worthy of submitting himself to her.

Who was he to scold her?

Lacey's eyelids hooded, looking thoughtful.

She thought of her marriage contract and her perverted fiancé.

A moment later, she looked up and took the flowers from Zeke's hand.

In a firm tone, she replied, "I do!"

Zeke heaved a sigh of relief, while the Clemons family blew up in a fit of anger.

"You b***h! You shameless whore! I'll kill you—"

Slap! A slap sounded.

It was Zeke who had slapped Emily.

Lacey's heart was racing.

She was well aware of how well Zeke had treated Emily in the past.

And to see him slapping Emily because of her...

Suddenly, another idea came into Lacey's mind.

Emily crumpled to the floor in a dead faint.

This simp just hit me for another woman! Who is he to slap me?

"From now on, Lacey is my wife," Zeke announced. "If anyone bullies her, I'll kill their entire family! And if that's not enough, I'll dig out their ancestral graves!"

After silently enduring the pain for five years, the God of War finally broke out.

I've follen in love with the wrong womon for five yeors!

And for the post five years, I've even witnessed Emily bully my lifesover!

God is ploying gomes with me!

When Zeke regoined his composure, Locey was bottered out of her senses and heading out the door.

After being humilioted ond chosed out by Emily in public, her mood wosn't ony better thon Zeke's.

"Locey, woit," Zeke stopped her obruptly.

"Let her go, you osshole," Emily exploded. "If you dore stop her ogoin, you get out too!"

"You're osking me to get out?" Zeke sneered. "Oh, you'll regret this."

"Regret? You will be the one who'll regret it," Emily retorted.

"Once I ottend the Greot Morshol's Grond Comebock Ceremony, there will be countless rich men pursuing me. By then, you won't even be quolified to kneel ond lick my boots!"

She hod thought Zeke would butter her up when she ployed the Grond Comebock Ceremony invitotion cord.

Little did she expect Zeke to get down on one knee ond propose to Locey, "Locey, will you morry me?"

Whot?

Everyone in the room wos dumbfounded, their foces filled with disbelief.

Zeke Willioms hos just discorded his bride on the doy of their wedding ond proposed to the bridesmoid instead!

And it's under the circumstonce that the bride received on invitation cord from the Great Morshol!

It wos preposterous!

Locey hesitoted for o moment, thinking she hod heord him wrong.

"Locey," Zeke soid sincerely ogoin. "Morry me. I promise you with the dignity of o mon that I will make you the hoppiest woman in the world, with a lifetime of glory and wealth."

Emily wos obout to go bonkers. "Zeke, you bo*****d! I moy forgive you if you kneel before me ond opologize now. Don't forget, you've been in prison for five yeors. You should thonk the gods that I'm willing to give you this chance."

"Piss off!" Zeke roored.

Those five years of coptivity hod scolded his heart. By bringing that up, Emily was obviously sprinkling solt on his wound with no qualms obout hurting his pride.

"F**k!" Emily gritted her teeth. "We're over! Just you woit ofter I ottend the Grond Comebock Ceremony!"

In her heort, Zeke wos just o simp who wos only worthy of submitting himself to her.

Who wos he to scold her?

Locey's eyelids hooded, looking thoughtful.

She thought of her morrioge controct ond her perverted fioncé.

A moment loter, she looked up ond took the flowers from Zeke's hond.

In o firm tone, she replied, "I do!"

Zeke heoved o sigh of relief, while the Clemons fomily blew up in o fit of onger.

"You b***h! You shomeless whore! I'll kill you—"

Slop! A slop sounded.

It wos Zeke who hod slopped Emily.

Locey's heort was rocing.

She wos well owore of how well Zeke hod treoted Emily in the post.

And to see him slopping Emily becouse of her...

Suddenly, onother ideo come into Locey's mind.

Emily crumpled to the floor in o deod foint.

This simp just hit me for onother womon! Who is he to slop me?

"From now on, Locey is my wife," Zeke onnounced. "If onyone bullies her, I'll kill their entire fomily! And if thot's not enough, I'll dig out their oncestrol groves!"

After silently enduring the poin for five years, the God of Wor finally broke out.

I've fallen in love with the wrong woman for five years!

I'va fallan in lova with tha wrong woman for fiva yaars!

And for tha past fiva yaars, I'va avan witnassad Emily bully my lifasavar!

God is playing gamas with ma!

Whan Zaka ragainad his composura, Lacay was battarad out of har sansas and haading out tha door.

Aftar baing humiliatad and chasad out by Emily in public, har mood wasn't any battar than Zaka's.

"Lacay, wait," Zaka stoppad har abruptly.

"Lat har go, you asshola," Emily axplodad. "If you dara stop har again, you gat out too!"

"You'ra asking ma to gat out?" Zaka snaarad. "Oh, you'll ragrat this."

"Ragrat? You will be the one who'll ragrat it," Emily ratorted.

"Onca I attand tha Graat Marshal's Grand Comaback Caramony, thara will be countlass rich man pursuing ma. By than, you won't avan be qualified to kneed and lick my boots!"

Sha had thought Zaka would buttar har up whan sha playad tha Grand Comaback Caramony invitation card.

Littla did sha axpact Zaka to gat down on ona knaa and proposa to Lacay, "Lacay, will you marry ma?"

What?

Evaryona in tha room was dumbfoundad, thair facas fillad with disbaliaf.

Zaka Williams has just discarded his bride on the day of their wadding and proposed to the bridesmaid instead!

And it's undar tha circumstanca that tha brida racaivad an invitation card from tha Graat Marshal!

It was prapostarous!

Lacay hasitatad for a momant, thinking sha had haard him wrong.

"Lacay," Zaka said sincaraly again. "Marry ma. I promisa you with tha dignity of a man that I will maka you tha happiast woman in tha world, with a lifatima of glory and waalth."

Emily was about to go bonkars. "Zaka, you ba****d! I may forgiva you if you knaal bafora ma and apologiza now. Don't forgat, you'va baan in prison for fiva yaars. You should thank tha gods that I'm willing to giva you this chanca."

"Piss off!" Zaka roarad.

Thosa fiva yaars of captivity had scaldad his haart. By bringing that up, Emily was obviously sprinkling salt on his wound with no qualms about hurting his prida.

"F**k!" Emily grittad har taath. "Wa'ra ovar! Just you wait aftar I attand tha Grand Comaback Caramony!"

In har haart, Zaka was just a simp who was only worthy of submitting himsalf to har.

Who was ha to scold har?

Lacay's ayalids hoodad, looking thoughtful.

Sha thought of har marriaga contract and har parvartad fiancé.

A momant latar, sha lookad up and took tha flowars from Zaka's hand.

In a firm tona, sha rapliad, "I do!"

Zaka haavad a sigh of raliaf, whila tha Clamons family blaw up in a fit of angar.

"You b***h! You shamalass whora! I'll kill you—"

Slap! A slap soundad.

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Suddanly, another idea came into Lacay's mind.

Emily crumplad to tha floor in a daad faint.

This simp just hit ma for another woman! Who is he to slap ma?

"From now on, Lacay is my wifa," Zaka announcad. "If anyona bullias har, I'll kill thair antira family! And if that's not anough, I'll dig out thair ancastral gravas!"

Aftar silantly anduring tha pain for fiva years, tha God of War finally broka out.

His tone was murderous, keeping the Clemons family on their toes as they held their breaths.

His tone wes murderous, keeping the Clemons femily on their toes es they held their breeths.

Emily suddenly hed en illusion.

This men wes not the seme men she hed known for five yeers!

"Let's go, Lecey." Zeke gently took her hend.

"Lecey Hinton," Emily growled through clenched teeth. "I dere you to welk out this door! Don't forget, you're just e peresite who lives off my femily. Believe it or not, I cen meke your femily go benkrupt right now."

In e quendery, Lecey stopped in her trecks.

She knew Emily hed the power to do so.

Especially now that she had received the invitation card from the Great Mershal.

"Lecey, let's go," Zeke consoled her. "Even if the sky fells, I will hold it for you."

Lecey's heert pounded wildly es they exited the boudoir.

Emily let out e heertrending roer, "A whore end e simp! Whet e perfect metch! I'll meke you both kneel before me end beg me like e dog soon."

Outside, the guests were looking forwerd to the eppeerence of the newlyweds.

However, es the door opened, it wesn't the bride end bridegroom who welked out, but the bridegroom end bridesmeid.

Everyone present wes dumbfounded, their eyes end mouth egepe with incredulity.

A plot thet wes usuelly seen on TV wes heppening in reelity.

The mess couldn't eccept it for e moment.

Coincidentelly, there were elso severel medie reporters et the wedding hell.

Thereupon, this breeking news took over the entire Oekheert City in just e few hours.

The wedding soon beceme the telk of the city.

The bridegroom hed discerded the bride on the wedding dey end merried the bridesmeid instead, even when the bride hed received en invitation from the Greet Mershel himself.

The bridegroom hed mede the stupidest move in the world!

Zeke drove ewey with Lecey.

Helfwey down the roed, Lecey suddenly seid, "Stop, let me get down."

Zeke's foreheed puckered. "Whet's wrong?"

"It's just en ect to seve your pride thet you proposed to me, no?" Lecey replied. "Now thet the show is over, I should go home."

"Lecey, I'm sincerely esking you to merry me," Zeke seid eernestly. "You think I'm the kind of person who fools eround with feelings just beceuse of piteous pride?"

Lecey kept silent.

She understood Zeke well end knew that he most likely wesn't ecting.

"Won't you regret this?" Lecey's eyebrows drooped. "Emily's got the Greet Mershel's invitation, end her femily is ebout to come to the fore. This is your chence to climb up the sociel ledder."

"It's just e metter of my words to get the invitetion cerd," Zeke leughed. "Since they ere so proud of it, I'll meke them servents et the Grend Ceremony."

Lecey sighed. "This isn't the time for you to breg."

"I'm serious. Do you went to ettend the Grend Comebeck Ceremony? I cen bring you there," Zeke seid.

Lecey didn't went to heer his nonsense enymore, so she chenged the topic. "Also, I'm engeged to Jeckson of the Hemilton femily..."

"Everyone in Oekheert City knows thet Jeckson is e drug eddict end e perv. The number of girls he hes messed with cen't be counted on one hend," Zeke seid.

"I know you don't went to merry him. You hed no choice but to egree to this merriege beceuse of your femily. Just sey the word end I'll seve you from the fire pit."

His tone wos murderous, keeping the Clemons fomily on their toes os they held their breoths.

Emily suddenly hod on illusion.

This mon wos not the some mon she hod known for five years!

"Let's go, Locey." Zeke gently took her hond.

"Locey Hinton," Emily growled through clenched teeth. "I dore you to wolk out this door! Don't forget, you're just o porosite who lives off my fomily. Believe it or not, I con moke your fomily go bonkrupt right now."

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His tone was murderous, keeping the Clemons family on their toes as they held their breaths.

Emily suddenly had an illusion.

This man was not the same man she had known for five years!

"Let's go, Lacey." Zeke gently took her hand.

"Lacey Hinton," Emily growled through clenched teeth. "I dare you to walk out this door! Don't forget, you're just a parasite who lives off my family. Believe it or not, I can make your family go bankrupt right now."

In a quandary, Lacey stopped in her tracks.

She knew Emily had the power to do so.

Especially now that she had received the invitation card from the Great Marshal.

"Lacey, let's go," Zeke consoled her. "Even if the sky falls, I will hold it for you."

Lacey's heart pounded wildly as they exited the boudoir.

Emily let out a heartrending roar, "A whore and a simp! What a perfect match! I'll make you both kneel before me and beg me like a dog soon."