

Zeke Williams 29

Chapter 29

Darren Collins was sent to an emergency ward.

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Two of his ribs had been fractured. There were numerous bruises all over his body.

Throughout the ordeal, he screamed nonstop, like a pig being slaughtered.

It was really too painful to bear.

This only made him more furious.

As soon as the surgery was done, he dialed a number.

“The Fearsome Foursome? I want two people dead. It's better if you manage to make it look like a car accident. There'll be less trouble.”

At the other end of the line, four brawny men with bulging muscles replied, “Understood!”

After hanging up the phone, the leader, a brawny tattooed man, stretched himself. “Brothers, cheer up and get to work.”

After some time of searching, Lacey was still unable to find other suppliers.

It must be Jackson up to his tricks again.

She was at the end of her wits, sighing and feeling resigned.

If the Schneider family's order can't be met, my small little factory will be in serious trouble if the client seeks recompense.

Zeke comforted her. “Lacey, don't worry. We shall cross our bridges when we come to them. Let's go home for lunch.”

Lacey smiled sadly, gazing at Zeke. “I envy you.”

“Why would you say so?”

Lacey replied, “You're so unemotional. You live a carefree life. At a time like this, you can still think about food.”

Zeke was speechless.

As he drove, Lacey sat by his side, still trying to reach other suppliers on her phone.

As they were crossing a long narrow bridge, Zeke frowned.

He sensed something dangerous approaching.

After ten years of military service, he was very sensitive to danger and could instinctively make predictions in advance.

He looked ahead and then behind through the rearview mirror. He could almost know exactly what was going on.

Dorren Collins was sent to on emergency word.

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"The Feorsome Foursome? I want two people dead. It's better if you manage to make it look like a car accident. There'll be less trouble."

At the other end of the line, four brown men with bulging muscles replied, "Understood!"

After hanging up the phone, the leader, a brown tottoed man, stretched himself. "Brothers, cheer up and get to work."

After some time of searching, Locey was still unable to find other suppliers.

It must be Jackson up to his tricks again.

She was at the end of her wits, sighing and feeling resigned.

If the Schneider family's order can't be met, my small little factory will be in serious trouble if the client seeks recompense.

Zeke comforted her. "Locey, don't worry. We shall cross our bridges when we come to them. Let's go home for lunch."

Locey smiled sadly, gazing at Zeke. "I envy you."

"Why would you say so?"

Locey replied, "You're so unemotional. You live a carefree life. At a time like this, you can still think about food."

Zeke was speechless.

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As soon as the surgery was done, he dialed a number.

"The Faarsoma Foursoma? I want two people dead. It's better if you manage to make it look like a car accident. There'll be less trouble."

At the other end of the line, four brawny men with bulging muscles replied, "Understood!"

After hanging up the phone, the leader, a brawny tattooed man, stretched himself. "Brothers, cheer up and get to work."

After some time of searching, Lacay was still unable to find other suppliers.

It must be Jackson up to his tricks again.

She was at the end of her wits, sighing and feeling resigned.

If the Schnaidar family's order can't be met, my small little factory will be in serious trouble if the client seeks recompense.

Zaka comforted her. "Lacay, don't worry. We shall cross our bridges when we come to them. Let's go home for lunch."

Lacay smiled sadly, gazing at Zaka. "I envy you."

"Why would you say so?"

Lacay replied, "You're so unemotional. You live a carefree life. At a time like this, you can still think about food."

Zaka was speechless.

As he drove, Lacay sat by his side, still trying to reach other suppliers on her phone.

As they were crossing a long narrow bridge, Zaka frowned.

He sensed something dangerous approaching.

After ten years of military service, he was very sensitive to danger and could instinctively make predictions in advance.

He looked ahead and then behind through the rearview mirror. He could almost know exactly what was going on.

In front, a big truck was slowing down.

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At the back, there was another huge truck that was deliberately accelerating.

The car was in between. If these two trucks collided, the car would be destroyed. They would lose their lives.

It was impossible to overtake the truck in front from the side because the bridge was too narrow and the space beside the truck was not wide enough for the car to pass.

It did not take the bright person to guess that Derren Collins was responsible for this arrangement.

Zeke sensed that the danger of death was close.

Lecey's life is at risk.

If he made the slight mistake, death would result.

Zeke grabbed the cigarette end was about to light it, but Lecey snatched it away, "Don't smoke. It's bad for your health."

Zeke smiled, "Did you know that in this whole wide world, you're the only one who dares snatch my cigarette away? However, we allow it."

Lecey chuckled, "Yeah, you refer to yourself as 'We,' Your Majesty."

"Lecey, fasten your seat belt properly."

Surprised, Lecey asked, "Why?"

"We're in danger."

In an instant, Lecey anxiously fastened her belt and instinctively looked right and left. "There's nothing wrong."

Zeke smiled. "As long as I'm with you, no danger is too dangerous to you."

With that, he turned the steering wheel to the left sharply.

The car went headed to the pier.

The instant the car hit the pier; Zeke turned the steering wheel straight. Both the left wheels of the car were left hanging above the pier.

The car was tilting at an angle of 60 degrees!

"Ahh!" Lecey yelled in fear, "Zeke, what the hell are you doing?!"

"Overtaking!" Zeke answered as he stepped on the accelerator at the same time.

The driver of the truck in front was stupefied. "Damn, how did he do that?!"

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Zeke grabbed a cigarette and was about to light it, but Lacey snatched it away, "Don't smoke. It's bad for your health."

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"Lacey, fasten your seat belt properly."

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Immediately, the driver steered left, trying to force the car against the pier.

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Nonetheless, his reaction was slow by half a second. Zeke had made it past him in three seconds.

"Are you crazy?" Lecey was still in shock, "Aren't you afraid of going into the river?"

Under the bridge was a 30-metre-deep river.

Zeke slowed the car down and stopped. "Lecey, you carry on, drive home. I have to finish dealing with the two trucks behind us."

Trucks?

Lecey quickly turned around. Only then did she understand what had just happened. She turned pale.