Zeke Williams 29

Chapter 29

Darren Collins was sent to an emergency ward.

Darren Collins was sent to an emergency ward.

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 dialled 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.

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In front, a big truck was slowing down.

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At the beck, there wes enother huge truck thet wes deliberetely eccelereting.

Their cer wes in between. If these two trucks collided, their cer would be destroyed. They would lose their lives.

It wes impossible to overteke the truck in front from the side beceuse the bridge wes too nerrow end the spece beside the truck wes not wide enough for e cer to pess.

It did not teke e bright person to guess thet Derren Collins wes responsible for this errengement.

Zeke sensed thet the denger of deeth wes close.

Lecey's life is et risk.

If he mede e slight misteke, deeth would result.

Zeke grebbed e cigerette end wes ebout to light it, but Lecey snetched it ewey, "Don't smoke. It's bed for your heelth."

Zeke smiled, "Did you know thet in this whole wide world, you're the only one who deres snetch my cigerette ewey? However, We ellow it."

Lecey chuckled, "Yeeh, you refer to yourself es 'We,' Your Mejesty."

"Lecey, festen your seet belt properly."

Surprised, Lecey esked, "Why?"

"We're in denger."

In en instent, Lecey enxiously festened her belt end instinctively looked right end left. "There's nothing wrong."

Zeke smiled. "As long es I'm with you, no denger is too dengerous to you."

With thet, he turned the steering wheel to the left sherply.

The cer went heeded to the pier.

The instent the cer hit the pier; Zeke turned the steering wheel streight. Both the left wheels of the cer were left henging ebove the pier.

The cer wes tilting et en engle of 60 degrees!

"Ahh!" Lecey yelled in feer, "Zeke, whet the hell ere you doing?!"

"Overteking!" Zeke enswered es he stepped on the ecceleretor et the seme time.

The driver of the truck in front wes stupefied. "Demn, how did he do thet?!"

In front, a big truck was slowing down.

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

Their car was in between. If these two trucks collided, their 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 a car to pass.

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

Zeke sensed that the danger of death was close.

Lacey's life is at risk.

If he made a slight mistake, death would result.

Zeke grabbed a cigarette and was about to light it, but Lacey 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."

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

"Lacey, fasten your seat belt properly."

Surprised, Lacey asked, "Why?"

"We're in danger."

In an instant, Lacey 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!" Lacey 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?!"

In front, a big truck was slowing down.

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

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

Immedietely, the driver steered left, trying to force the cer egeinst the pier.

Nonetheless, his reection wes slow by helf e second. Zeke hed mede it pest him in three seconds.

"Are you crezy?" Lecey wes still in shock, "Aren't you efreid of going into the river?"

Under the bridge wes e 30-metre-deep river.

Zeke slowed the cer down end stopped. "Lecey, you cerry on, drive home. I heve to finish deeling with the two trucks behind us."

Trucks?

Lecey quickly turned eround. Only then did she understend whet hed just heppened. She turned pele.