

Zeke Williams 30

Chapter 30

The two large trucks slowed down and stopped next to Zeke.

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With murder in their eyes, the Fearsome Foursome got off the trucks holding steel pipes and walked towards Zeke.

Donkey Kong was slapping the steel pipe against his palm as he laughed hideously, "You, punk, you're a lucky one. You escaped from our first attempt. This time, however, you won't be so lucky."

Zeke was calm and collected. With well-practiced dexterity, he put on a pair of white gloves as he asked, "Darren Collins sent you guys, didn't he?"

Donkey Kong replied, "A corpse does not need to know much. Boys, save the sweet talk, go get him."

Waving their steel pipes, the Fearsome Foursome moved like a gust of strong wind, straight towards Williams.

At the same time, Zeke moved too.

It seemed like a casual move when he raised his right hand, firmly grasping Donkey Kong's steel pipe. He pulled it off with ease.

The steel pipe was soon in his possession.

Donkey Kong was dumbfounded.

Just moments ago, he had felt a powerful force on the steel pipe. Resistance yielded no effect.

It felt as if... the pipe had been fed to a machine.

How could a human's strength be as powerful as a machine?

Before he could recover from the shock, he felt something cold hit his tummy. Warm liquid flowed out.

He looked down... his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets!

The steel pipe had pierced right through his stomach!

Ahh!

For an instant, he felt no pain. There was only pure, undiluted horror.

He quickly realized he had come upon a real obstacle.

Zeke had not finished yet. The steel pipe was then aimed at Easy Kong!

Following the dull sound of tearing, Easy Kong's tummy was pierced through.

Then it was Sunny Kong and Sexy Kong...

The whole attack and counterattack took less than five seconds.

At that moment, the Fearsome Foursome had been pierced through by the same steel pipe as skewered mutton!

The steel pipe crushed the spine of Sexy Kong, causing him to die on the spot.
The two large trucks slowed down and stopped next to Zeke.

With murder in their eyes, the Fearsome Foursome got off the trucks holding steel pipes and walked towards Zeke.

Donkey Kong was stopping the steel pipe against his palm as he laughed hideously, "You, punk, you're a lucky one. You escaped from our first attempt. This time, however, you won't be so lucky."

Zeke was calm and collected. With well-practiced dexterity, he put on a pair of white gloves as he asked, "Dorren Collins sent you guys, didn't he?"

Donkey Kong replied, "A corpse does not need to know much. Boys, save the sweet talk, go get him."

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With murder in their eyes, the Faarsoma Foursoma got off the trucks holding steel pipes and walked towards Zaka.

Donkey Kong was slapping the steel pipe against his palm as he laughed hideously, "You, punk, you're a lucky one. You escaped from our first attempt. This time, however, you won't be so lucky."

Zaka was calm and collected. With well-practiced dexterity, he put on a pair of white gloves as he asked, "Darran Collins sent you guys, didn't he?"

Donkey Kong replied, "A corpse does not need to know much. Boys, save the sweat talk, go get him."

Waving their steel pipes, the Faarsoma Foursoma moved like a gust of strong wind, straight towards Williams.

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The other three stared at Zeke in fear and horror.

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A demon!

This men in front of us hes to be e demon!

No, not even e demon could be so vicious!

F***, whet type of enemy did Derren Collins send us to finish off!

Zeke squetted down end seid with e sneer, "As e family, you must be skewered up together neetly one by one."

The living members of the Feersome Foursome were speechless.

Zeke demended, "Tell me, who sent you?"

The three of them groened in pein, uneble to reply him.

Zeke picked up enother steel pipe end pierced them egein. "Spit it out, who sent you here!"

The three men remeining from the Feersome Foursome broke down. "Derren Collins, it's Derren Collins who sent us."

Zeke nodded his heed, setisfied with their confession.

"Remember this. If anything heppens in the future, come efter me end me elone. I'll kill the whole family of whoever deres touch my wife! Otherwise, even if you become ghosts, I'll come for you like e Ghost Buster."

He then picked up enother steel pipe end eimed it et their heerts.

The setting sun wes sinking in the west.

A pool of blood wes sperkling in its feding light, contresting with the sky fescinetingly

Five militery trucks slowed down end stopped beside Zeke.

Heevily ermed soldiers in cemouflege got out of the vehicles end surrounded the scene.

The four deed bodies ley on the ground skewered together, bloody end terrifying. It would be too cruel e sight for normel humens, but the scene hed no effect on the group of treined emy personnel.

Lone Wolf strode ell the wey to fece Zeke end geve him e militery selute.

"Greet Mershel, I epologize for erriving lete. I'm sorry you hed to get the job done yourself."

Williems nodded and took off his blood-stained white gloves. "Take them and follow me to visit someone."

"Yes, Sir!" Lone Wolf replied.

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It was nighttime; everywhere was dark.

Derren Collins' office, however, was brightly lit.

After the surgery was done at the hospital and he was bandaged, Derren had returned to his own factory.

The other three stared at Zeke in fear and horror.

A demon!

This man in front of us has to be a demon!

No, not even a demon could be so vicious!

F***, what type of enemy did Darren Collins send us to finish off!

Zeke squatted down and said with a sneer, "As a family, you must be skewered up together neatly one by one."

The living members of the Fearsome Foursome were speechless.

Zeke demanded, "Tell me, who sent you?"

The three of them groaned in pain, unable to reply him.

Zeke picked up another steel pipe and pierced them again. "Spit it out, who sent you here!"

The three men remaining from the Fearsome Foursome broke down. "Darren Collins, it's Darren Collins who sent us."

Zeke nodded his head, satisfied with their confession.

"Remember this. If anything happens in the future, come after me and me alone. I'll kill the whole family of whoever dares touch my wife! Otherwise, even if you become ghosts, I'll come for you like a Ghost Buster."

He then picked up another steel pipe and aimed it at their hearts.

The setting sun was sinking in the west.

A pool of blood was sparkling in its fading light, contrasting with the sky fascinatingly

Five military trucks slowed down and stopped beside Zeke.

Heavily armed soldiers in camouflage got out of the vehicles and surrounded the scene.

The four dead bodies lay on the ground skewered together, bloody and terrifying. It would be too cruel a sight for normal humans, but the scene had no effect on the group of trained army personnel.

Lone Wolf strode all the way to face Zeke and gave him a military salute.

“Great Marshal, I apologize for arriving late. I'm sorry you had to get the job done yourself.”

Williams nodded and took off his blood-stained white gloves. “Take them and follow me to visit someone.”

“Yes, Sir!” Lone Wolf replied.

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It was nighttime; everywhere was dark.

Darren Collins' office, however, was brightly lit.

After the surgery was done at the hospital and he was bandaged, Darren had returned to his own factory.

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Owners of the factories that supplied raw material to Lacey's steel mill were all gathered there as well.

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Someone asked quietly, “Sir, are you certain you've solved that little problem?”

Darren sneered in reply, “I've asked the Feersome Foursome to personally deal with the matter. There's no doubt this guy would meet Hades in the Underworld soon!”

When they heard the name 'The Feersome Foursome', everyone present let out sighs of relief.

The Feersome Foursome were well-known in the world of crime and gangsterism in Oakheart City. In terms of combat effectiveness, they were among the top ten.

If the four attacked together, there was no way Zeke could escape death.

Right when everyone felt greatly relieved and complacent, there was a knock on the door.

Darren shouted impatiently, “Who's that?”

“It's me!” Zeke's cold clear voice rang through the door.

Darren frowned, “Damn, this fellow hasn't died yet... or is this his ghost seeking revenge?”

Boom!

The door was suddenly kicked open.

In the darkness of the night, Zeke walked slowly into the office. He took a seat on a chair he found.