

Zeke Williams 31

Chapter 31

The sounds of hurried footsteps came from outside the office.

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A figure entered.

When the crowd were able to make out the face of the figure, they were gawking.

It's him!

It's the richest man in Oakheart City, Evan Schneider!

My goodness, why would Evan Schneider come to a humble little place like this?

Furthermore... he was invited here by Zeke.

Zeke was just a salesperson in a small factory. How did he know someone like Evan Schneider?

Just how mysterious is Zeke's background?

Darren reacted quickly. He went forward to greet the visitor. "We're honoured by your visit. You bring glory to our humble premises. Mr. Schneider, please take a seat."

Evan waved his hand impatiently. "It's not necessary. I'm only here to talk with you about the agreement."

"Agreement?" Darren Collins and the others were puzzled. They did not have any business dealings with Evan Schneider.

To be precise, they did not qualify to have any business dealings with him.

Evan Schneider took out more than ten agreements from his attaché case and threw them on the table.

Darren and the rest looked and felt as if they were suffocating.

These were the raw material supply contracts they had signed with more than a dozen steel mills in Oakheart City!

How did these agreements end up in Evan Schneider's hands?

Darren suddenly realized something. In a trembling voice, he asked, "So, the mysterious buyer who bought all the steel mills in Oakheart City was you?"

Evan shook his head. "No, it was Mr. Williams. I'm only working for him."

The crowd was shocked.

Evan Schneider? Working for Zeke!

Ridiculous! This's absolutely ridiculous! This can't be true!

Evan Schneider continued, "The contract stipulates that you will provide these steel mills with no less than 10 million tons of raw materials before tomorrow."

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It's him!

It's tha richast man in Oakhaart City, Evan Schnaidar!

My goodnass, why would Evan Schnaidar coma to a humbla littla placa lika this?

Furtharmora... ha was invitad hara by Zaka.

Zaka was just a salasperson in a small factory. How did ha know somaona lika Evan Schnaidar?

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Evan Schnaidar continuad, "Tha contract stipulatas that you will provida thasa stal mills with no lass than 10 million tons of raw matariales bafora tomorrow."

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That piece of information was like an explosion that sent everyone's mind abuzz.

Even if everyone in the crowd were sold off as slaves, they would not arrive at such an amount!

These agreements had been a trap.

Zeke had set these traps up!

It had turned out that right from the very beginning of this competition, they had already lost.

Even Schneider stole a glance at Zeke.

Zeke responded by nodding his head.

After rebuking Derren, Even Schneider left promptly, as if he had just been relieved of great responsibility.

Even knew that after this, the office would turn into a deadly struggle between life and death.

He didn't have the heart to witness it.

Derren spoke through gritted teeth, "Williams, I really underestimated you."

"Nevertheless, do you think you've got me cornered? Hehe! How ridiculous!"

Zeke shrugged his shoulders. "How are you going to get out of this? Do enlighten me."

Derren smiled cruelly. "Murder, get rid of the evidence and destroy the agreements."

When Even Schneider left, he did not take the contracts with him.

Zeke replied, "Let's wait and see."

Derren rushed outdoors and yelled, "Come in!"

However, nothing happened.

Derren Collins yelled again, "Security, get in here!"

However, the order remained unanswered.

Derren Collins' hands started trembling, "You... what have you done?"

"Only what should be done. You're looking for the Feersome Foursome? I'll let you say goodbye to them."

Zeke then yelled out through the door, "Come in!"

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

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The sound of uniform footsteps came from all directions.

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They even shook the ground and it trembled slightly.

Derren and the others turned pale as they hurriedly looked outside.

One look was enough to scare them to the point of a mental breakdown.

The army!

A heavily armed troop, at that!

Judging by the numbers, a whole battalion.

Damn, how did a whole battalion of heavily armed soldiers suddenly appear here?

Were they brought here by Zeke?

Zeke... where on earth did these men come from?

The troupe soon surrounded the office.

Lone Wolf entered in huge strides.

Two bars of three stars on his shoulders seemed to sound the death knell. Derren and the others were scared stiff.

Behind Lone Wolf were two warriors carrying a steel bar.

On the steel bar were skewered four corpses!

The Feersome Foursome!

"Oh, my goodness! The devil is here!"

"Oh! Help me! Help me!"

"Sir, we've made a mistake, please, forgive us!"