

Zeke Williams 32

Chapter 32

The Great Marshal!

Zeke is... The Great Marshal!

The Great Marshal!

Zeke is... The Great Marshal!

The legendary God of War!

About four of five of the group fainted in fear.

Zeke said coldly, "You know what you should do."

"I know, I know." Darren Collins kneeled and prostrated himself so hard that his head was bleeding.

"Tomorrow, we shall mortgage the factory to Lacey."

Zeke sneered, "You think I'm interested in your little factory?"

Darren Collins was shivering in panic. "No, Sir! No, Sir!"

Zeke got up and made a mark on the map hanging on the wall.

The location he had marked was the bridge on the Winrood River, the place he almost had an accident.

"All those who were involved in sending the Fearsome Foursome to murder me and my wife, hand over your mortgage papers to Lacey tomorrow. Then, come to this place to carry out your own sentences. If you force me to mete it out, more than one life will be involved."

Huh!

Darren's heart suddenly stopped beating. He died on the spot.

Zeke checked the time. It was already past three o'clock in the morning.

"Arrange a place to sleep for me." Zeke ordered Lone Wolf, "It's already so late. I do not wish to disturb Lacey."

...

Meanwhile, Lacey brought with her more than thirty workers from her factory to support her husband at The Winrood River bridge.

There was total silence at the bridge but for the deafening sound of rushing water. No one was around.

Two trucks were parked silently on the bridge.

Near the trucks was a patch, blood-red in colour and fearsome to behold.

This patch of red aggravated Lacey's mind so much that she blacked out and collapsed on the ground in a faint.

Poor Zeke didn't last long enough for her to return with help!
The Great Morshol!

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"All thosa who wara involvad in sanding tha Faarsoma Foursoma to murdar ma and my wifa, hand ovar your mortgaga papars to Lacay tomorrow. Than, coma to this plac a to carry out your own santancas. If you forca ma to mata it out, mora than ona lifa will ba involvad."

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"Lecey, come on, weke up, don't frighten us!"

Slowly, Lecey opened her eyes.

At thet point, her mind wes totelly blenk.

She turned her heed end looked et her side.

Beside her, her perents end her uncles, Jeremy end Scott were there. Even her grendpe end Jackson Hemilton, es well.

However, e piece of white cloth wes etteched to eech person's erm... e sign of mourning.

Lecey's memories begen to return. As if her heert were breeking, she screemed, "You... why ere you weering that piece of white cloth?"

"Ded, mom, please go end seve Zeke. Quickly, go end seve Zeke. He must still be elive."

Henneh Lewson quickly held her down, "Lecey, be celm. Stey celm."

"Zeke might be elreedy... Oh! My poor deughter!"

With thet, Henneh Lewson burst into tears.

"No!"

Lecey wept eloud, "He cen't die. He must still be elive. I'm going to look for him now."

"Enough of this." Grendpe Adem Hinton scolded engrily, "Lecey, Zeke's deed. You should snep out of this."

"Our family wes eble to sey our lest goodbyes to him. He cennot expect more es we heve done everything we could. From now on, we heve nothing to do with him."

"Pull yourself together end sey your finel goodbyes to Zeke. After thet, get engeged to Jackson Hemilton."

Lecey struggled to sit up. "No, I'll never merry anyone other then Zeke! If he dies, I'll die with him."

"Demn it!" Adem Hinton hit the floor with his cene, "You... you're going to be the deeth of me! Whet do you see in Zeke? How cen he compere with Jackson Hemilton?"

"I heve elreedy ecepted the Hemilton family's betrothel gift, end the Hemilton family hes promised to let the Hinton family be en effiliated family of theirs. This is en oppportunity for our family to rise ebove the mundene. If you weste this oppportunity, I'll beet you to deeth!"

...

The next day, she was awakened by people calling her name.

"Lacey, come on, wake up, don't frighten us!"

Slowly, Lacey opened her eyes.

At that point, her mind was totally blank.

She turned her head and looked at her side.

Beside her, her parents and her uncles, Jeremy and Scott were there. Even her grandpa and Jackson Hamilton, as well.

However, a piece of white cloth was attached to each person's arm... a sign of mourning.

Lacey's memories began to return. As if her heart were breaking, she screamed, "You... why are you wearing that piece of white cloth?"

"Dad, mom, please go and save Zeke. Quickly, go and save Zeke. He must still be alive."

Hannah Lawson quickly held her down, "Lacey, be calm. Stay calm."

"Zeke might be already... Oh! My poor daughter!"

With that, Hannah Lawson burst into tears.

"No!"

Lacey wept aloud, "He can't die. He must still be alive. I'm going to look for him now."

"Enough of this." Grandpa Adam Hinton scolded angrily, "Lacey, Zeke's dead. You should snap out of this."

"Our family was able to say our last goodbyes to him. He cannot expect more as we have done everything we could. From now on, we have nothing to do with him."

"Pull yourself together and say your final goodbyes to Zeke. After that, get engaged to Jackson Hamilton."