

Zeke Williams 34

Chapter 34

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"I'm sorry to let you know that I cannot deliver the raw materials on time, nor can I pay for the liquidated damages. I can only mortgage the factory to you. I hope you will be willing to take over it."

The other suppliers did the same, apologizing and offering their mortgage contracts.

Everyone looked on, dumbfounded.

Madness! These people have all gone mad.

Liquidated damages? Considering Darren Collins's power in the world of triads, breaching a contract was commonplace. Lacey would not dare oppose him.

On top of that, he had, on his own initiative mortgaged his factory.

It was unthinkable!

Zeke prompted, "Lacey, why don't you receive the contracts?"

Lacey recovered from her shock. "Did you do this?"

Zeke smiled, an indication of silent admission.

"How did you do it?" Lacey continued to ask.

Zeke explained, "Using understanding and reasoning."

Lacey was at a loss for words.

Still, Lacey would not take the contracts. She said, "Concerning this... Sir, we can extend the deadline for supplying the raw materials... I will not accept this mortgage contract."

Darren panicked.

If Lacey accepted the contract, he would die alone. That was enough for him.

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Darren started begging her, "Ms. Lacey, I beg you to accept it, please. If you do not take it, I won't get up ..."

The crowd grew even more surprised.

It was strange to see someone beg so harshly to give away his factory.

What could this useless Zeke have done to Darren Collins?

Jackson was annoyed beyond description.

Darren had betrayed him.

Gritting his teeth in anger, he asked, "Darren Collins, what the devil are you doing? You're the leader of gangsters, how can you kneel down to such an ordinary person!"

It would have been better if he had kept quiet. He had now spoken and attracted Darren's attention.

If not for you, Jackson Hamilton, I would never have gotten involved with this god, Zeke!

I would never have fallen so low!

Furiously, he rushed forward, slapped Jackson with a loud smack and yelled, "I was forced to. You shut up!"

Jackson covered his face, looking at him in disbelief as he cursed, "F***, you dared to hit me, you f***ing dared to hit me! You're dead meat!"

Darren shouted in anger, "Death? If I die, you will die with me."

He had thought it over. He was going to die anyhow. So, he might as well teach Jackson a lesson first.

He could vent his anger and please Zeke. It was a win-win situation.

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Darren was a leader of thugs, so wrestling was right down his alley. Jackson was no match for him.