

## Zeke Williams 8

### Chapter 8

14-17 minutes

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The men, now curled up in a ball, were paralyzed on the ground, groaning.

But the weak and lanky wimp, Zeke, stood upright, unscathed.

At this moment, the three of them were sharing the same doubts.

This wimp can fight?

Why did he hold back for the past five years if he can fight so well?

Is he the same Zeke Williams I've known for five years?

Emily was trembling the most.

She had mistreated Zeke many times in the past, and he never once retaliated.

Emily had always believed that the reason he didn't was because he couldn't defeat her.

But now it seemed like that wasn't it. He was just reluctant to hit her because one slap from him would have been lethal.

A slight feeling of regret flitted by in her heart. He endured five years of humiliation because of love. Just how deep was his love?

Too bad I lost it with my bare hands.

Zeke drew out a dagger, hurling it in front of the men.

"Who hit my mother-in-law and which hand did it? Chop it off yourself. It won't be just a hand if you force me to do it."

Hannah jerked her head up, tears glistening in her eyes.

She couldn't remember how long it had been since someone protected her like this.

Not even her closest family member, her husband Daniel, had ever shown her such dominance.

But now, the useless 'son-in-law' whom she looked down on the most was going to chop off the other party's hand just because they slapped her.

It would be a lie to say she wasn't touched.

At Zeke's murderous intent, the ten men cast a glance at Emily for help with terror coursing through their veins.

Emily drew in a deep breath, trying hard to quell her thumping heartbeat.

“So what if you can fight, Zeke Williams? Can you fight against the law? I'm warning you; this steel mill owes my company money. It's either you pay us every single penny or expect a prison sentence.”

At the mention of the law, Lacey and Hannah once again fell into despair.

No matter how good his combat ability was, it was useless if he had no authority.

Not only would Lacey end up in jail, but Zeke also wouldn't be able to avoid that fate.

Only then did Zeke shift his focus from the men to Emily.

He casually threw a briefcase containing five million advance payment to her.

“I can pay you, but I'm afraid you won't dare take it. In fact, you'll beg us to provide you with supplies instead.”

Emily couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Of course, it wasn't only Lacey who was astounded, but also Hannah and Emily.

The men, now curled up in a ball, were paralyzed on the ground, groaning.

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At this moment, the three of them were sharing the same doubts.

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Why did he hold back for the past five years if he can fight so well?

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Emily was trembling the most.

She had mistreated Zaka many times in the past, and he never once retaliated.

Emily had always believed that the reason he didn't was because he couldn't defeat her.

But now it seemed like that wasn't it. He was just reluctant to hit her because one slap from him would have been lethal.

A slight feeling of regret flitted by in her heart. He endured five years of humiliation because of love. Just how deep was his love?

Too bad I lost it with my bara hands.

Zaka draw out a dagger, hurling it in front of tha man.

“Who hit my mothar-in-law and which hand did it? Chop it off yourself. It won't ba just a hand if you forca ma to do it.”

Hannah jarkad har haad up, taars glistaning in har ayas.

Sha couldn't ramambar how long it had baan sinca somaona protactad har lika this.

Not avan har closast family mambar, har husband Danial, had avar shown har such dominanca.

But now, tha usalass 'son-in-law' whom sha lookad down on tha most was going to chop off tha othar party's hand just bacausa thay slappad har.

It would ba a lia to say sha wasn't touchad.

At Zaka's murdarous intant, tha tan man cast a glanca at Emily for halp with tarror coursing through thair vains.

Emily draw in a daap braath, trying hard to quall har thumping haartbaat.

“So what if you can fight, Zaka Williams? Can you fight against tha law? I'm warning you; this staal mill owas my company monay. It's aithar you pay us avery singla panny or axpact a prison santanca.”

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Emily couldn't halp but laugh out loud.

“Pfft, what a joke. Me, begging you to supply us? Unless every steel mill in Oakheart City has shut down, you can keep on dreaming! Are you sure it's cash and not bricks in this briefcase? You couldn't even come up with a dowry of three hundred thousand. Like hell, you can pay us back a million.”

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Lecey end Henneh regerded Zeke with e squirrelly look.

Whet is this guy doing? Meking e fool of himself on purpose?

Asking someone to beg us for supplies? Is this some kind of joke?

He can't even afford three hundred thousand. So how could he get a million for the goods?

Just then, Emily's phone rang. It was a call from Hamilton Construction's project manager.

"Dewson, what's up?" Emily answered the call.

"I'm not sure what's going on with the Schneider family. They just sent us a lawyer's letter," Dewson said in exasperation.

"The Schneider family wants us to finish the project today, or they'll meet us in court. I need a large amount of steel urgently, so hurry up and purchase a batch. Send it to us."

"No problem," Emily promptly replied.

After hanging up the phone, Emily immediately called the steel supplier.

"Hunt, quickly send us a batch of steel... What? Your steel mill was acquired? Okay, I'm hanging up."

Emily hung up and called another supplier.

"Floyd, I'm giving you a chance to be rich. I'm planning to purchase steels from you... What? Too late? Your steel mill has been acquired too? What the hell?"

Thereafter, she made another three to four calls to other steel mills.

However, she received the same answer. 'Our steel mill was acquired last night' was all she got in return.

This made Emily anxious. She quickly asked someone to investigate the person behind these acquisitions.

But the answer she received drove her to the brink of a mental breakdown.

"The other party sent an intermediary to discuss the acquisition. No one knows who the buyer is!"

Where else can I buy steel if I can't contact the real owner of these steel mills?

Just then, the project manager called again.

"Clemons, where are the steels we need? I'm warning you, if we can't finish the Schneider family's project today, our construction company will be finished. You'll be accountable for this if the Schneider family questions us!"

Emily blanched, her breathing stagnant.

"Calm down, Dewson. I'll think of something."

After hanging up the phone, Emily's gaze fell on Lecey.

"Was your steel mill acquired?"

Lecey shook her head. "Someone wanted to acquire it two days ago, but I didn't agree."

“Pfft, what a joke. Me, begging you to supply us? Unless every steel mill in Oookheort City has shut down, you can keep on dreaming! Are you sure it's cash and not bricks in this briefcase? You couldn't even come up with a dowry of three hundred thousand. Like hell, you can pay us back a million.”

Locey and Honnoh regarded Zeke with a squirrely look.

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Just then, Emily's phone rang. It was a call from Hamilton Construction's project manager.

“Dowson, what's up?” Emily answered the call.

“I'm not sure what's going on with the Schneider family. They just sent us a lawyer's letter,” Dowson said in exasperation.

“The Schneider family wants us to finish the project today, or they'll meet us in court. I need a large amount of steel urgently, so hurry up and purchase a batch. Send it to us.”

“No problem,” Emily promptly replied.

After hanging up the phone, Emily immediately called the steel supplier.

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Lacey and Hannah regarded Zeke with a squirrely look.

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Asking someone to beg us for supplies? Is this some kind of joke?

He can't even afford three hundred thousand. So how could he get a million for the goods?

Just then, Emily's phone rang. It was a call from Hamilton Construction's project manager.

“Dawson, what's up?” Emily answered the call.

“I'm not sure what's going on with the Schneider family. They just sent us a lawyer's letter,” Dawson said in exasperation.

“The Schneider family wants us to finish the project today, or they'll meet us in court. I need a large amount of steel urgently, so hurry up and purchase a batch. Send it to us.”

“No problem,” Emily promptly replied.

After hanging up the phone, Emily immediately called the steel supplier.

“Hunt, quickly send us a batch of steel... What? Your steel mill was acquired? Okay, I'm hanging up.”

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