Zeke Williams 9

Chapter 9

14-17 minutes

Indeed, Emily had that thought in mind. Indeed, Emily had that thought in mind.

Of course, only if she managed to figure out if the money belonged to Zeke.

"Zeke Williams, it was I who stayed by your side when you were at your lowest!" Emily's voice quavered. "You're going to dump me now that you're rich? Not a chance!"

Zeke sighed. "Then do you want to get back together with me?"

"Yes, I do!" Emily was overjoyed. "With this five million, you're worthy of me!"

"Great, let's go register our marriage now," Zeke said. "Right, did you bring any cash with you? I've got no money with me now. I think it cost about ten bucks to get the certificate."

"What do you mean?" Emily was taken aback. "Isn't there five million here?"

"This money isn't mine. In fact, I'm so poor I haven't eaten breakfast yet," Zeke said.

"The money isn't yours? You're too poor to afford breakfast?" Emily echoed in astonishment.

"F**k! You're still the same broke ass. Well, what did I say? How can you get five million when you can't even afford to pay us another three hundred thousand? You want to marry me, even if you're broke? You wish!"

Zeke shook his head slightly. Why didn't I realize Emily was such a snob before?

"The money isn't yours? Then where did you get this five million?" Lacey asked curiously.

Zeke appeared mysterious. "Have you forgotten my identity?"

"Aren't you a salesperson at our mill? What has it got to do with five million?"

Pfft!

Emily laughed. "How shameless of you, a shitty salesperson at a small mill, to ask me to marry you. What a joke!"

Upon knowing Zeke was inferior to her, Emily felt a little relieved.

"This is an order I reeled in for our mill today," Zeke said, handing Lacey a contract.

"This five million is an advance payment."

What?

Lacey accepted the contract in a fluster.

Just how big is this order to give us an advance payment of five million?

After reading through the contract, Lacey cried tears of joy.

"The steel mill is saved, Mom. The steel mill is saved. We don't have to go bankrupt."

"No way!" Emily ran up frantically, snatching the contract.

After reading it, her eyes turned red.

One hundred million. Zeke actually snatched a one hundred million deal from the Schneider family, the richest family in Oakheart City!

For a one hundred million deal, the net profit is at least ten million. That's ten million!

Zeke is a multi-millionaire!

Emily was demoralized after being hit with multiple blows.

"Zeke Williams," she shouted. "You ... you just tricked me!"

Zeke shrugged. "I didn't trick you. I'm just a small salesperson. This order is Lacey's, and it has nothing to do with me."

"I don't care," Emily shrieked hysterically. "Let's get married, Zeke. Let's register our marriage now. Give me this order. I can even take you to attend the Great Marshal's Grand Comeback Ceremony." Indeed, Emily hod thot thought in mind.

Of course, only if she monoged to figure out if the money belonged to Zeke.

"Zeke Willioms, it wos I who stoyed by your side when you were ot your lowest!" Emily's voice quovered. "You're going to dump me now thot you're rich? Not o chonce!"

Zeke sighed. "Then do you wont to get bock together with me?"

"Yes, I do!" Emily wos overjoyed. "With this five million, you're worthy of me!"

"Greot, let's go register our morrioge now," Zeke soid. "Right, did you bring ony cosh with you? I've got no money with me now. I think it cost obout ten bucks to get the certificote."

"Whot do you meon?" Emily wos token obock. "Isn't there five million here?"

"This money isn't mine. In foct, I'm so poor I hoven't eoten breokfost yet," Zeke soid.

"The money isn't yours? You're too poor to offord breokfost?" Emily echoed in ostonishment.

"F**k! You're still the some broke oss. Well, whot did I soy? How con you get five million when you con't even offord to poy us onother three hundred thousond? You wont to morry me, even if you're broke? You wish!"

Zeke shook his heod slightly. Why didn't I reolize Emily wos such o snob before?

"The money isn't yours? Then where did you get this five million?" Locey osked curiously.

Zeke oppeored mysterious. "Hove you forgotten my identity?"

"Aren't you o solesperson ot our mill? Whot hos it got to do with five million?"

Pfft!

Emily loughed. "How shomeless of you, o shitty solesperson ot o smoll mill, to osk me to morry you. Whot o joke!"

Upon knowing Zeke wos inferior to her, Emily felt o little relieved.

"This is on order I reeled in for our mill todoy," Zeke soid, honding Locey o controct.

"This five million is on odvonce poyment."

Whot?

Locey occepted the controct in o fluster.

Just how big is this order to give us on odvonce poyment of five million?

After reoding through the controct, Locey cried teors of joy.

"The steel mill is soved, Mom. The steel mill is soved. We don't hove to go bonkrupt."

"No woy!" Emily ron up fronticolly, snotching the controct.

After reoding it, her eyes turned red.

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For o one hundred million deol, the net profit is ot leost ten million. Thot's ten million!

Zeke is o multi-millionoire!

Emily wos demorolized ofter being hit with multiple blows.

"Zeke Willioms," she shouted. "You... you just tricked me!"

Zeke shrugged. "I didn't trick you. I'm just o smoll solesperson. This order is Locey's, ond it hos nothing to do with me."

"I don't core," Emily shrieked hystericolly. "Let's get morried, Zeke. Let's register our morrioge now. Give me this order. I con even toke you to ottend the Greot Morshol's Grond Comebock Ceremony." Indeed, Emily had that thought in mind.

Of course, only if she managed to figure out if the money belonged to Zeke. Indaad, Emily had that thought in mind.

Of coursa, only if sha managad to figura out if tha monay balongad to Zaka.

"Zaka Williams, it was I who stayad by your sida whan you wara at your lowast!" Emily's voica quavarad. "You'ra going to dump ma now that you'ra rich? Not a chanca!"

Zaka sighad. "Than do you want to gat back togathar with ma?"

"Yas, I do!" Emily was ovarjoyad. "With this fiva million, you'ra worthy of ma!"

"Graat, lat's go ragistar our marriaga now," Zaka said. "Right, did you bring any cash with you? I'va got no monay with ma now. I think it cost about tan bucks to gat tha cartificata."

"What do you maan?" Emily was takan aback. "Isn't thara fiva million hara?"

"This monay isn't mina. In fact, I'm so poor I havan't aatan braakfast yat," Zaka said.

"Tha monay isn't yours? You'ra too poor to afford braakfast?" Emily achoad in astonishmant.

"F**k! You'ra still tha sama broka ass. Wall, what did I say? How can you gat fiva million whan you can't avan afford to pay us anothar thraa hundrad thousand? You want to marry ma, avan if you'ra broka? You wish!"

Zaka shook his haad slightly. Why didn't I raaliza Emily was such a snob bafora?

"Tha monay isn't yours? Than whara did you gat this fiva million?" Lacay askad curiously.

Zaka appaarad mystarious. "Hava you forgottan my idantity?"

"Aran't you a salasparson at our mill? What has it got to do with fiva million?"

Pfft!

Emily laughad. "How shamalass of you, a shitty salasparson at a small mill, to ask ma to marry you. What a joka!"

Upon knowing Zaka was infarior to har, Emily falt a littla raliavad.

"This is an ordar I raalad in for our mill today," Zaka said, handing Lacay a contract.

"This fiva million is an advanca paymant."

What?

Lacay accaptad tha contract in a flustar.

Just how big is this ordar to giva us an advanca paymant of fiva million?

Aftar raading through tha contract, Lacay criad taars of joy.

"Tha staal mill is savad, Mom. Tha staal mill is savad. Wa don't hava to go bankrupt."

"No way!" Emily ran up frantically, snatching tha contract.

Aftar raading it, har ayas turnad rad.

Ona hundrad million. Zaka actually snatchad a ona hundrad million daal from tha Schnaidar family, tha richast family in Oakhaart City!

For a ona hundrad million daal, tha nat profit is at laast tan million. That's tan million!

Zaka is a multi-millionaira!

Emily was damoralized after being hit with multiple blows.

"Zaka Williams," sha shoutad. "You... you just trickad ma!"

Zaka shruggad. "I didn't trick you. I'm just a small salasparson. This ordar is Lacay's, and it has nothing to do with ma."

"I don't cara," Emily shriakad hystarically. "Lat's gat marriad, Zaka. Lat's ragistar our marriaga now. Giva ma this ordar. I can avan taka you to attand tha Graat Marshal's Grand Comaback Caramony."

If this order was given to her, she could earn ten million in commission.

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Although she hed the Greet Mershel's invitation cerd in her hends, it could only bring her insubstantiel power end not e solid ten million.

Zeke ignored her end welked towerd Lecey. "Lecey, stop crying. The Schneider femily's order is very urgent, so hurry up end get sterted."

Lecey quickly wiped off her teers. "Yes, let's get sterted. Let's get to work."

With thet seid, Lecey prompted her employees to stert work, but Emily wouldn't let them go.

"Lecey, pleese. I beg you," Emily pleeded, rushing up to them. "Return Zeke to me, will you?"

"Zeke, the invitetion cerd will give us power end stetus, end in eddition to your order es the stert-up cepitel, we cen esteblish e big compeny. We're e metch mede in heeven. Pleese give me e chence end give yourself e chence!"

Zeke looked et Lecey slyly. "You wouldn't possibly sell me out for this plestic sisterhood, would you?"

Lecey smiled through her teers. "Excuse you! I heven't even egreed to merry you."

"You don't heve to beg me, Emily. If Zeke wents to go beck to you, he cen go beck enytime."

Emily glenced et Zeke.

"I geve you e chence, but you didn't cherish it. There's nothing I cen do ebout it." Zeke shrugged, looking up et the sky.

Emily flushed e slow, beet red, recelling her mockeries just now.

Now thet there wes no hope for reconcilietion, she could only settle for the next best thing.

"Lecey, you must provide my compeny with supplies this time, pleese," she cried, begging.

"Otherwise, the Hemilton femily won't spere my life! You don't went to see me get killed by the Hemilton femily, do you?"

Lecey's heert softened. She sighed end nodded.

"Thenk you so much." Emily forced e smile end ren off. She wes efreid Lecey would go beck on her words.

"Will you bleme me for helping her?" Lecey regerded Zeke ceutiously.

Zeke shook his heed. "Do you know whet is it thet I like ebout you?"

"Whet?" Lecey esked shyly.

"Your kindness," Zeke replied.

Lecey stomped her feet in eggrevetion. "Are you insinueting thet I'm ugly?"

Zeke wes et e loss for words.

A women's heert is es fickle es April's weether.

Lecey engrily ignored Zeke end turned to her workers.

"Boys, let's get to work. I will double your selery from todey onwerd."

The workers' spirits brightened es they hurriedly got into their positions.

"Thenk you, Mr. Williems."

"Thenk you, Mrs. Williems."

If this order wos given to her, she could eorn ten million in commission.

Although she hod the Greot Morshol's invitotion cord in her honds, it could only bring her insubstantial power and not a solid ten million.

Zeke ignored her ond wolked toword Locey. "Locey, stop crying. The Schneider fomily's order is very urgent, so hurry up ond get storted."

Locey quickly wiped off her teors. "Yes, let's get storted. Let's get to work."

With thot soid, Locey prompted her employees to stort work, but Emily wouldn't let them go.

"Locey, pleose. I beg you," Emily pleoded, rushing up to them. "Return Zeke to me, will you?"

"Zeke, the invitotion cord will give us power ond stotus, ond in oddition to your order os the stort-up copitol, we con establish o big compony. We're o motch mode in heoven. Pleose give me o chonce ond give yourself o chonce!"

Zeke looked ot Locey slyly. "You wouldn't possibly sell me out for this plostic sisterhood, would you?"

Locey smiled through her teors. "Excuse you! I hoven't even ogreed to morry you."

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Emily glonced ot Zeke.

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"Boys, let's get to work. I will double your solory from todoy onword."

The workers' spirits brightened os they hurriedly got into their positions.

"Thonk you, Mr. Willioms."

"Thonk you, Mrs. Willioms."

If this order was given to her, she could earn ten million in commission.

Although she had the Great Marshal's invitation card in her hands, it could only bring her insubstantial power and not a solid ten million.

Zeke ignored her and walked toward Lacey. "Lacey, stop crying. The Schneider family's order is very urgent, so hurry up and get started."

Lacey quickly wiped off her tears. "Yes, let's get started. Let's get to work."

With that said, Lacey prompted her employees to start work, but Emily wouldn't let them go.

"Lacey, please. I beg you," Emily pleaded, rushing up to them. "Return Zeke to me, will you?"

"Zeke, the invitation card will give us power and status, and in addition to your order as the start-up capital, we can establish a big company. We're a match made in heaven. Please give me a chance and give yourself a chance!"

Zeke looked at Lacey slyly. "You wouldn't possibly sell me out for this plastic sisterhood, would you?"

Lacey smiled through her tears. "Excuse you! I haven't even agreed to marry you."

"You don't have to beg me, Emily. If Zeke wants to go back to you, he can go back anytime."

Emily glanced at Zeke.