

## Zeke Williams 9

### Chapter 9

14-17 minutes

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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 had that thought in mind.

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

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"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've got no monay with ma now. I think it cost about tan bucks to gat tha cartificata."

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

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Although she held 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 Lecey. "Lecey, stop crying. The Schneider family's order is very urgent, so hurry up and get started."

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

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

"Lecey, 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 Lecey slyly. "You wouldn't possibly sell me out for this plastic sisterhood, would you?"

Lecey 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.

"I gave you a chance, but you didn't cherish it. There's nothing I can do about it." Zeke shrugged, looking up at the sky.

Emily flushed a slow, beet red, recalling her mockeries just now.

Now that there was no hope for reconciliation, she could only settle for the next best thing.

"Lecey, you must provide my company with supplies this time, please," she cried, begging.

"Otherwise, the Hamilton family won't spare my life! You don't want to see me get killed by the Hamilton family, do you?"

Lecey's heart softened. She sighed and nodded.

"Thank you so much." Emily forced a smile and ran off. She was afraid Lecey would go back on her words.

"Will you blame me for helping her?" Lecey regarded Zeke cautiously.

Zeke shook his head. "Do you know what is it that I like about you?"

"What?" Lecey asked shyly.

"Your kindness," Zeke replied.

Lecey stomped her feet in aggravation. "Are you insinuating that I'm ugly?"

Zeke was at a loss for words.

A woman's heart is as fickle as April's weather.

Lecey angrily ignored Zeke and turned to her workers.

"Boys, let's get to work. I will double your salary from today onward."

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

"Thank you, Mr. Williams."

"Thank you, Mrs. Williams."

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