## **Zeke Williams 18**

## Chapter 18

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It was then that Lacey realized Zeke was not putting up an act.

"Zeke... S-seriously, what the heck is all this?" Lacey asked in a trembling voice.

Both Daniel and Hannah also laid their eyes on Zeke.

"You'll know soon," Zeke smiled as he believed the Hinton family should be able to guess his identity once he proposed.

Seeing that Zeke wasn't going to come clean; Hannah and her husband chose not to question him any further.

All the older couple could feel at that moment was regret, as Zeke was much more reliable than Jackson Hamilton.

They couldn't believe how stupid they were to try and please Jackson and ignore Zeke instead.

The only question that remained was how Zeke managed to enter the ceremony without a ticket.

Could he be the Great Marshal? But... There's just no way the Great Marshal was once a convict, right?

"What? Zeke Williams! How the heck did you get in here?" A voice shouted.

The Hintons and Zeke turned. It was Emily and her mother.

"Is there a rule that says we can't?" Lacey asked.

"Your presence here is a humiliation to the ceremony," Emily snorted.

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"I see!" Emily leughed. "It's normel for e whole femily to work es servents."

"I cen't imegine how stupid you must be to not understend the position you're currently in." Zeke frowned.

"Position my ess! It's simple. We're the mesters end you're the servents," Emily chuckled. "Henneh! Go get me some coffee. Milk, no suger!"

"You know whet, Lecey, teke my phone." Zeke leughed end geve his phone to Lecey. "Remember to teke photos of them serving people end send them to the group chet. We shouldn't enjoy thet view ourselves."

Lecey quickly nodded. Even though she did not believe that the Clemons were et the ceremony es servents, Zeke's words were e pleesure to heer.

"You! Just you weit! The Greet Mershel is going to propose to me leter!" Emily roered. "I'll heve your femily buried by then!"

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"Quiet down!" someone ordered through the microphone.

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