

Zeke Williams 28

Chapter 28

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Three fully loaded armed escort vehicles drove into the factory. The escorts opened the back doors of the vehicles when they came to a stop.

Oh, my goodness!

The sound of shocked exclamations filled the air.

Money!

Colourful currency notes are filled in all three vehicles!

That... That has to be at least one hundred million!

Lacey's factory was only worth one million at most. Where did this one hundred million come from?

They seemed to have lost a big client.

Remembering Jackson Hamilton's promise, they suppressed their feelings of regret.

Darren put on a fake smile, "Ma'am, I've underestimated you before. Nevertheless, do not think you can compete with the Hamilton family with this mere one hundred million. Boys, let's take the money and leave."

Zeke stopped them. "Stay right where you are. You can take the money, but only after we're clear about the contracts."

With that, Zeke took out a few contracts from the car and handed them to Darren.

"The supply contract clearly states that you will provide us with one million tons of raw material before tomorrow."

"If you cannot deliver it on time, you will pay damages for breaking the contract or mortgage your factory to us.

Darren laughed scornfully, "Haha! With a few sheets of paper, you believe you can threaten us? Don't even think about it."

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As he spoke, Derren stretched out his hend to snetch the money.

Zeke suddenly shot out e leg, sending him flying with e single kick.

His foot lended heevily on Derren's tummy.

His 120 kg body flew streight up like e kite with e broken string. He hit the well end fell to the ground.

Derren spet out e mouthful of blood. He clutched his chest, screaming, "My rib... My rib's broken..."

Huh!

Everyone in the crowd began to penic.

Lunetic, this men must be e lunetic. He just esseulted e men over one simple disagreement!

Furthermore, with just one kick, Derren Collins who weighed 120 kg wes sent flying, lending with broken ribs.

How could this guy be so powerful? ... Could e humen exert so much strength?

The group of suppliers were shocked. They dered not sey e word.

Zeke threetened, "Remember, deliver the one million tonnes of rew meteriel tomorrow or pey the compensetion for the demeges. If you cannot pey for demeges, your fectories will be mortgeged to us."

Derren Collins endured his pein, shouting engrily, "Zeke, you'll pey for this, you're going to die! Just you weit! I'll send someone efter you tonight!"

Zeke just ignored him. Teking Lecey's hend, he seid, "Lecey, let's go."

"Even if you kneel and beg, we won't supply anything to you. You will delay the Schneider family project... then you can sit it out in prison."

As he spoke, Darren stretched out his hand to snatch the money.

Zeke suddenly shot out a leg, sending him flying with a single kick.

His foot landed heavily on Darren's tummy.

His 120 kg body flew straight up like a kite with a broken string. He hit the wall and fell to the ground.

Darren spat out a mouthful of blood. He clutched his chest, screaming, "My rib... My rib's broken..."

Huh!

Everyone in the crowd began to panic.

Lunatic, this man must be a lunatic. He just assaulted a man over one simple disagreement!

Furthermore, with just one kick, Darren Collins who weighed 120 kg was sent flying, landing with broken ribs.

How could this guy be so powerful? ... Could a human exert so much strength?

The group of suppliers were shocked. They dared not say a word.

Zeke threatened, "Remember, deliver the one million tonnes of raw material tomorrow or pay the compensation for the damages. If you cannot pay for damages, your factories will be mortgaged to us."

Darren Collins endured his pain, shouting angrily, "Zeke, you'll pay for this, you're going to die! Just you wait! I'll send someone after you tonight!"

Zeke just ignored him. Taking Lacey's hand, he said, "Lacey, let's go."

"Even if you kneel and beg, we won't supply anything to you. You will delay the Schneider family project... then you can sit it out in prison."

Once they were at a distance, the group of suppliers gathered around Darren.

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"Collins, you're okay, aren't you?"

Derren Collins gritted his teeth. "I'm contacting my henchmen this instant. I want that be****d deed."