

“Move your car! Don’t disrupt us from welcoming our new boss!”

“Move your car as far away as possible! Don’t tarnish our company’s image!”

Zeke ignored the crowd and turned slightly towards his car, urging, “Come on out.”

A few migrant workers alighted the car. They were the ones who had been beaten up by Franklin at the construction site.

Zeke asked the team leader, “Tell me, who was the one who’d assaulted you?”

The team leader cautiously pointed towards Franklin.

Zeke stared at Franklin with coldness seeping from his eyes. “Franklin, it seems that the previous lesson I’d taught you wasn’t enough. You’d still dared to touch my people. Now, you will kneel and beg for their forgiveness.”

Then, he addressed the crowd, saying, “Grand Empire Group needs to take responsibility for allowing their employees to abuse their power. So, bow and apologize.”

Franklin snorted with laughter.

This guy isn’t just arrogant, rather, he’s ignorant

too. It's bad enough that he wants me to kneel and apologize, but now he wants the entire Grand Empire Group to apologize to a few migrant workers too?

Does he think that he's the new boss of Grand Empire Group or something?

"Haha. You're rather full of yourself, huh?" Franklin quipped with indifference. "Don't forget that we're the ones in charge of this project collaboration. You're nothing before the Grand Empire Group. So, does it make sense for us to bow and apologize to you?"

The pretty vice president had a frown between her brows. "Franklin, who is he? What on earth is going on?"

Franklin scoffed and explained, "He's just a small salesperson from Linton Group, but their boss keeps him as her boy toy. The construction team sent by Linton Group failed the inspection. I told them to demolish and rebuild, but they grew upset, even going as far as talking back to me, so I taught them a small lesson."

"Regardless of what'd happened, you're still at fault for assaulting them," chided the vice president.

Then, her frown deepened. "Forget it. I don't

have time to look into this matter, so I'll give you three minutes to fix this. Don't hold us up from welcoming Master Williams."

Franklin nodded quickly. "You can rest assured, I'll fix it within a minute."

Just then, the other supervisor, Kevin, exclaimed with surprise, "Zeke Williams? You're the Zeke Williams who went to Oakheart City High, aren't you?"

Zeke was taken aback as well as he met the other man's gaze.

One glance was enough for Zeke to recognize him.

Isn't this the dean from back in high school, Kevin Stewart?

Looking at Kevin, Zeke could not help but think about his older twin brother, Zach.

During high school, Zach had targeted Zeke at every turn, all because he had wanted inheritance rights for himself.

Zach had even bribed the dean, Kevin Stewart, to make Zeke's life miserable, hampering him from studying properly.

Under the scorching summer sun, Zeke was

made to stand on the field as punishment.

It was the same during cold winter days, as well as when the winds howled and the rain poured.

The physical and mental torment had messed him up, and he was drained of all energy until he had lost all desire to study.

At one point, he had even started having suicidal thoughts.

After graduation, he was arrested and sent to prison in Zach's place. That was the last time he had seen Kevin.

Little did he know that Kevin would end up working at the Grand Empire Group, becoming his own employee.

God is giving me a chance at revenge.

Zeke cracked into a smile that did not reach his eyes. "Mr. Stewart, long time no see."

Kevin gave him a lukewarm response. "Yes, it was a long time indeed."

The small group of migrant workers looked slightly troubled, and one of them admitted, "Mr. Williams, he's also one of the supervisors who'd impeded our progress and hit us, but we'll just let it go since he's your friend."

They thought that Zeke and Kevin were on friendly terms.

They could only suck it up and let it go, so as to avoid putting Zeke in a tough spot.

Zeke shook his head. "You'll only be making things worse by letting it go. Don't worry, let me handle it."

Franklin stared at Kevin with curiosity. "Kev, do you both know each other?"

Kevin nodded. "Yeah. I was his teacher during high school. This guy had poor grades and bad behavior, almost getting himself expelled from school. He was arrested and spent five years in prison after graduation. Then, after he got out, he lived on the streets and begged for a living. It was a miracle that he didn't starve to death, but how did he end up becoming the person in charge of Linton Group?"



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Franklin had a disdainful look on his face. “What do you mean ‘person in charge’? He’s merely a small-time salesperson, but luck was on his side and he rose through the ranks because he was favored by the boss.”

Kevin laughed at this. “I knew it! A person with such low moral values can never succeed on his own. It’s a wonder that someone still wants him as a boy toy.”

“Trash like him has the nerve to tell us to kneel and apologize? Why don’t you look at yourself in the mirror before you go around demanding for people to do that?” Franklin spat.

The employees of Grand Empire Group erupted into fits of laughter.

They could not help but agree that an ex-convict cum beggar like him was indeed biting off more than he could chew, telling the executives of Grand Empire Group to get on their knees to beg for forgiveness.

“Zeke Williams, hurry up and get out of the way! You won’t be able to bear the consequences of messing up the welcoming session for Master Williams!” Kevin reproached him.

Zeke calmly answered, “I’d said that I want you and Franklin to kneel and apologize. Otherwise, I’m not moving an inch.”

“F***** hell.” Kevin cursed at him. “Wasn’t I being courteous enough? Besides, I was once your mentor, so how can you ask me to kneel before you? Don’t you have the slightest bit of respect for me?”

Zeke scoffed lightly. “Mentor? Haha! Someone like you doesn’t deserve to be called a teacher.”

“You son of a b****...” Kevin’s face turned purple with rage. “Franklin, let’s not waste our time talking to him. Throw him aside so he doesn’t get in our way.”

Franklin nodded and the two of them immediately charged towards Zeke.

The vice president panicked.

Franklin and Kevin were both martial artists, and their joint efforts could be fatal to Zeke.

She frantically shouted, “Stop! We can always talk things out...”

However, Franklin and Kevin were both too far gone to be able to hear the vice president’s shouts.

They flanked Zeke and began to attack.

Zeke had not flinched at all as he casually extended both hands to grab their incoming

fists.

He tightened his grip on their fists like one would when squeezing lemons.

Crack!

The sound of bones cracking filled the air.

Then, Zeke gave a powerful jerk, instantly dislocating their elbows.

“Ah!” Ear-piercing screams echoed in everyone’s ears for a long while.

The crowd was dumbstruck.

They were bewildered as to how a skinny-looking man like him could possess such explosive power.

He had just broken the arms of two skilled martial artists as if it were merely a walk in the park.

The vice president gulped in terror.

This is really bad. Things have gotten out of control.

We’ll be in deep trouble if Master Williams sees this.

What should I do? Just what the hell am I going to do now?

Franklin screamed in pain and yelled angrily at the same time, “Zeke Williams! You must be out of your godd*** mind! I’ll make sure you die if it’s the last thing that I do!”

Then, he turned to the vice president and gritted through his teeth, “Your employees are being bullied. Hurry up and call someone from the Martial Arts Association to teach this b***** a lesson! If you refuse to help us, everyone will see that you’re choosing to stand idly by, as your employees are being mistreated. How will you lead your team from then on?”

The vice president’s expression changed drastically.

Now that the matter had blown up, becoming a criminal offense, everything was way out of her jurisdiction.

If she could not get it together, coming up with a solution soon, she would find herself in hot water once Master Williams arrived, witnessing the mess.

In a moment of panic, she called the president of the Eastend Martial Arts Association, Dylan Norris, requesting for someone to come and

clean up the mess.

At that time, Dylan was in fact hurrying over to the company with a few of his men.

He had been notified by Eclipse just a little while ago, that the new boss was going to take office soon.

Dylan had obviously assumed that the new boss was Master Williams.

Even the boss had held Master Williams in high regard, so he too had to treat him with utter respect.

When he was halfway there, he received a call from the vice president of the Grand Empire Group, saying that someone was making trouble at the entrance.

This news threw Dylan into a frenzy.

If Master Williams had witnessed someone fighting at the doors of his company unleashing his anger, his life would be over as he knew it.

He soon arrived at the Grand Empire Group.

Franklin immediately aired his grievances, "Mr. Norris, you're finally here. This b***** had dared to lay his hands on us! Can you imagine that? Us, Master Williams' employees! And he

did so right at the entrance of his company! Isn't he blatantly disrespecting Master Williams by doing this? You have to give him a good beating on behalf of Master Williams!"

Dylan was beside himself with rage when his gaze landed on Zeke.

So, it'd turned out that it's the boss' nemesis, Zeke Williams, who was causing a ruckus here.



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The boss had suffered a huge loss because of this man, and he was planning to get rid of him too.

Not only did he not stow himself away in Rivermouth to preserve his life, but rather, he had even ventured into Master Williams' territory to stir up trouble!

He was seeking death by coming here!

He looked towards the pretty vice president and asked, "Master Williams hasn't arrived yet, I assume?"

The vice president shook her head in response. "He hasn't, but I think he'll be here soon."

Dylan smiled without mirth. "Don't worry. We'll deal with this b***** before Master Williams arrives."

He narrowed his eyes at Zeke and proclaimed, "Zeke Williams, Franklin and Kevin are both registered as martial artists. You've violated the rules by fighting them without reporting it to the Martial Arts Association. Please come with us and cooperate with the investigation."

Zeke's lips curled into a mocking smile. "Those two are worthy of being called martial artists? This is the biggest insult to all of the true martial artists out there. Besides, both of them

are my employees. Furthermore, as their boss, punishing them for their incompetence is my responsibility, no?"

Huh?

Everyone looked at Zeke as if he had grown two heads before they had turned hysterical with laughter.

By saying that Franklin and Kevin were both his employees, isn't he implying that he's the new boss of Grand Empire Group, Master Williams?

Haha! This guy really has a flair for spouting crap, doesn't he?

Franklin's blood boiled at that. "Mr. Norris, this guy even has the guts to impersonate Master Williams! This is an absolute insult to the master! We can't let him off that easily!"

Dylan was not about to let things drag on any longer, so he gestured for the men he had brought along with him. "Take him down."

A dozen skilled martial artists rushed towards Zeke on command.

Zeke was slightly irked by this.

I can defeat a ten-thousand-strong army, but you think that you can take me down with just a

few men?

This is beyond an insult to me.

Zeke could not be bothered to use even one percent of his skillset. All he did was launch a kick at Franklin and Kevin's stomachs.

Both of them were sent hurtling in the air towards the few dozen martial artists, knocking the wind out of all of them.

A couple of loud thuds were heard before all the men were slammed onto the ground, unable to get back up again.

Franklin and Kevin were the most miserable. Both of them felt as though they had been run over by a truck, struggling to catch their breaths, as they had almost passed out from the heavy blows they had suffered.

Holy f***!

Everyone present watched in disbelief, all wondering the same thing.

How could a scrawny guy like him turn out to be such a beast?

One had to know that these men were all elite martial artists and had defeated hundreds of enemies before!

However, they were unable to withstand a single blow from Zeke, failing to get back on their feet.

He was a tough nut indeed!

Even so, Dylan pretended to remain calm. After all, he represented the Martial Arts Association.

“Zeke Williams, how dare you!” His voice boomed across the area, “This is Master Williams’ territory. Fighting here is a huge disrespect to him!”

He straightened his back and warned Zeke in a threatening tone, “Master Williams is arriving soon. You can wait to receive your punishment from the master himself.”

Zeke chuckled coldly, “All of you can stop waiting. I’ve already told you that I’m the new boss.”

Bah!

Dylan barked angrily in response, “How dare you continue insulting Master Williams. Outrageous!”

Zeke sighed with a shake of his head. “Do I really have to spell everything out for these people?”

Helplessly, Zeke soon called Eclipse, putting him on speaker.

The call was quickly connected and Eclipse's voice could be heard on the other end, "Mr. Williams, what can I do for you?"

"Mm, I'm at Grand Empire Group now," Zeke responded.

Eclipse hurriedly answered, "I've already informed the president of the Eastend Martial Arts Association, Dylan Norris. He'll be welcoming you shortly."

"Dylan Norris has indeed arrived, but he's not here to welcome me; he's here to beat me up," Zeke replied in a flat tone.

What!

Eclipse felt a jolt of anger run through him. "Dylan Norris is really something! How dare he be disrespectful to you?"

He took a deep breath before saying, "Mr. Williams, don't worry. I'll give him a call right away."



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“Sure.”

With that, Zeke ended the call.

As soon as he did, Dylan’s phone rang.

Sure enough, it was Eclipse calling.

Dylan did not answer it.

He was already shocked beyond comprehension!

In fact, everyone at the scene looked as if they had been struck by lightning, all standing frozen to the spot, as they gaped at Zeke.

This young man who drove an old Santana and dressed like a commoner was indeed their new boss, also holding the title as the renowned Master Williams!

Not only did they fail in welcoming Master Williams, rather, but they had also attacked him!

It was over. Their lives were over!

If Master Williams decided to pursue this matter, all of them would be doomed.

Everyone’s knees almost gave out beneath them. All of them wished that they could kneel before Zeke, washing away the grave sins that

they had just committed.

Ring! Ring!

The constant ringing of Dylan's phone was like a reminder of what they had just done, and he could not help but tremble.

Finally, he answered the call.

Eclipse's enraged voice drifted over the phone. "Dylan, what is the meaning of this? Even if you're regretting your choice of giving the Grand Empire Group to Mr. Williams, there's no need to treat him this way!"

Dylan swallowed hard and stammered, "Eclipse, this is just a misunderstanding. It's all just a misunderstanding..."

Eclipse showed no sympathy. "Hmph! You'd better beg for Mr. Williams' forgiveness, or face the consequences!"

Then, Eclipse hung up the call.

Dylan cracked under the pressure and fell to his knees before Zeke, right before everyone.

"Mr. Williams, I... I deserve to die. I was an ignorant fool. Please accept my apology, Mr. Williams..."

Zeke sent him a contemptuous glare before shifting his gaze to Franklin and Kevin. “I don’t need to tell you again what you should do, do I?”

Without another word, both of them knelt on the ground and slapped themselves continuously.

At that moment, both of them were on the verge of having a mental breakdown.

D*** it! What have we done?

As if making a move on Master Williams’ woman was not bad enough, they had attacked him and had even called people over to deal with him.

Dying a hundred times over wouldn’t even be enough to atone for their sins!

Was this still the same penniless student whom everyone had bullied?

Was this still the beggar who had almost starved to death on the streets?

How did he manage to become this successful within a few short years?

Zeke turned to the migrant workers and announced, “I have a task for you. Make sure

that they slap themselves a hundred times. Any less than that, they'll die!"

The workers nodded dumbly in response.

They were overwhelmed with excitement as they thought about what an honor it was, being able to ride in Master Williams' car earlier.

Zeke turned around and walked towards the Grand Empire Group.

The vice president finally snapped out of her daze when he was about to walk past her.

She hurriedly bowed to Zeke and apologized, "Mr. Williams, it's our fault for not recognizing you. Please forgive us. Also, I'd failed to discipline my subordinates, and your workers had to suffer for that. I will definitely get to the bottom of this matter and provide you a satisfactory explanation."

Zeke gave her a nod. "Good."

Although she did not step forward to help him earlier, she did not side against him either. She was only carrying out her responsibility as vice president of the company. Hence, Zeke did not intend to hold her accountable.

After Zeke went into the company building, Dylan had tucked his tail and ran.

The more he thought about it, the more afraid he became!

Zeke Williams turned out to be Master Williams himself!

And the boss was planning to win over Master Williams to take down Zeke Williams!

But now it seems like the joke is on us.

If Master Williams dug deeper into this matter, he was afraid that his life would be in danger.

He could only ask Eclipse to intercede on his behalf.

Propelled by desperation, he called Eclipse.

Eclipse spoke to him in a rude tone the moment the call had connected, "Has everything been resolved?"

"Eclipse, Master Williams didn't even give me a chance to beg for his forgiveness," Dylan stressed out, in a pleading voice. "Please, can you put in a good word for me and ask Master Williams to spare me?"

"Wait." Eclipse then asked him, "What does this have to do with Master Williams? What did you do to offend him?"

Dylan was perplexed, “Isn’t Mr. Williams ‘Master Williams’?”

“Who’d told you that Mr. Williams is ‘Master Williams’?” Eclipse dropped a bomb on him.



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“What do you mean? I gave the Grand Empire Group to Master Williams. If Zeke Williams isn’t Master Williams, then why has he come to take office today?” Dylan exclaimed in shock.

Eclipse answered calmly, “Oh. Well, Master Williams wasn’t interested in taking over the Grand Empire Group, so he gave it to me. Moreover, since I don’t have any business knowledge, I’d believed that it was better to hand it over to Mr. Williams.”

What the f***?

Dylan’s mind was blown away yet again!

Zeke Williams isn’t Master Williams at all!

He was beyond mortified that he had knelt before a commoner and apologized to him in public!

It was absolutely humiliating!

He hung up, almost blowing his top off as he cursed Zeke Williams and his ancestors to hell and back.

His resentment towards Zeke Williams intensified.

After getting his emotions under control, he called the boss.

“Boss, the plan has failed. We couldn’t get Master Williams to show up even by giving the Grand Empire Group to him. Nonetheless, our efforts weren’t completely in vain. We’d managed to lure Zeke Williams to Eastend.”

“Huh?” The boss’ interest was piqued. “And here I was, worrying that this guy would hide in Rivermouth, meaning that we wouldn’t be able to touch him. I’d never expected that he’d serve himself on a silver platter, coming to Eastend. God, Himself, is helping us!”

“Boss, what should we do next? I’m awaiting further orders.” Dylan murmured.

The boss mused, “This guy is slightly tricky to handle. All of our previous plans have failed because of him. My forces were dealt a heavy blow, and my men were severely injured. I can’t afford to be reckless, because another failure could wipe out my entire army. This time, we’ll let someone else do the dirty work.”

Dylan tentatively asked, “By ‘someone else’, you mean...”

The boss cut him off with a question of his own, “Let me ask you, whose territory is this?”

“Mr. Quin, of course,” Dylan answered without hesitation. Soon, a sense of realization dawned upon him, “Boss, do you mean to use Mr. Quin

to get rid of Zeke Williams?”

“Yes. Exactly.” The boss confirmed it.

“But Zeke Williams and Mr. Quin don’t hold any grudges against each other. Why would Mr. Quin start a fight with him?” Dylan questioned.

“It’s up to you to find a way to start a feud between them, the kind where they would want to kill each other whenever they come face-to-face.”

Dylan mulled over the boss’ words and assured him, “Yes, boss. Leave it to me. I might have just thought of the perfect way to do that.”

“Haha! Mr. Quin’s family has powerful ties that run deep within Eastend. He himself is second amongst the top ten masters in Eurasia. Once he makes a move on Zeke Williams, that b***** wouldn’t survive, even if he has nine lives!”

After hanging up, Dylan began to put together a plan to sow discord between the two.

After much contemplation, he finally decided to kickstart his plan through the famous actress, Mia Young.

Mia Young was a rising star. Not only was she beautiful, rather, but she was also blessed with

a sexy figure and had a voice as sweet as honey, which was much more pleasing to the ears as compared to many other professional singers.

An absolute stunner like her had naturally caught the attention of Mr. Quin, who was known to be a notorious playboy.

Mr. Quin made advances on Mia, but she had refused to break the unspoken rule, hence greatly angering Mr. Quin.

In a burst of rage, Mr. Quin had put on a 'rape-and-kill' target on her head.

This scared the living lights out of Mia, and she had gone into hiding ever since. She lived in fear and even stopped accepting projects.

In fact, no entertainment agency dared to offer her projects.

Forced into a corner with no escape, Mia had contacted the Martial Arts Association, pleading with them to provide her with paid protection.

Although the Martial Arts Association was indeed in this business, the person whom Mia had offended was Mr. Quin. They did not dare to antagonize him and declined her request.

“If Mia Young joins Zeke Williams’ company, Mr. Quin will undoubtedly take his anger out, on him.”

“When that time comes...” He chuckled evilly, “Zeke Williams will be skinned alive by Mr. Quin!”

Without haste, he took out his phone and called Mia Young!

The call connected almost instantly.

Mia’s hopeful and anxious voice resounded from the other end of the line, “Mr. Norris, have you considered it? Will you offer me protection? Money isn’t an issue.”

In truth, Dylan had not outrightly rejected Mia when she came to them in the beginning. Instead, he had politely told her that he would consider it.

However, this gullible girl had actually believed him.

Dylan sighed before answering her. “I’m sorry, Ms. Young. The person whom you’ve offended is Mr. Quin, and the Martial Arts Association can’t afford to go up against him.”

To say that she was disappointed would be an understatement.

So, she was pleasantly surprised when Dylan counter-offered her, “However, there is another way.”



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Mia anxiously replied, "Mr. Norris, please go on."

Dylan was more than happy to do so. "I'm sure you've heard of the Grand Empire Group. They're in the showbiz industry as well. You can join their company. I believe that the Grand Empire Group will be able to protect you."

Mia's heart sunk. "I'm familiar with the Grand Empire Group, but isn't it solely owned by the Martial Arts Association? How can a sub-company of the Martial Arts Association protect me when even its parent company can't?"

Dylan chuckled and explained, "Ms. Young, you're not aware of this yet, but we've transferred the Grand Empire Group over, to another individual. The new boss has a solid background, and he is well acquainted with Master Williams too. With such a powerful person backing you, you wouldn't have to be afraid of Mr. Quin anymore."

"Really?" Mia saw a glimpse of hope. "The new boss knows the famous Master Williams? It seems like he comes from an impressive background indeed. Thank you for your help, Mr. Norris. I'll head over to the Grand Empire Group now."

"You're welcome." Dylan responded.

As soon as the call ended, Mia started applying on some makeup.

Truth be told, she was born with natural beauty and she did not require any makeup to enhance her features.

However, due to the target on her head, she had not slept in days and had a severe case of panda eyes.

Thus, she needed to use makeup to cover her dark circles.

After putting on makeup, she wore a cap, a pair of shades, and a face mask, ensuring that her features were securely hidden. Then, she mustered up the courage and stepped outside.

Mr. Quin's men were crawling all over Eastend. If she were caught by one of them, it would be the end for her.

In the past, Mr. Quin had also used this method to destroy many other actresses.

He was that ruthless!

Fortunately, most of Mr. Quin's men came out at night, so it was much safer for her to travel during the day. She arrived at the Grand Empire Group without any mishaps and managed to set up a meeting with the vice president, Jessie

Diaz.

Jessie shook her head and sighed after listening to Mia's purpose for approaching their company. "I'm really sorry, Ms. Young. Our company doesn't have a large budget for the film and television business. We can't afford a star such as yourself."

Mia hurriedly suggested, "Ms. Diaz, my salary is open for discussion. You can pay me the amount you pay a third-tier actress, or even forgo paying me altogether. I don't mind at all."

Jessie gave her an uneasy smile. "Ms. Young, I sympathize with your situation, but our company can't protect you. It might even go bankrupt because of you, so... I'm really sorry."

Mia sighed in despair.

She knew that she was a walking time bomb and that no one in their right mind would be willing to take her in.

She decided to stop pestering others and absent-mindedly made her way out.

Unwittingly, she had arrived at the Winrood River bridge.

As she watched the turbulent waters of the river beneath the bridge, a terrifying thought

abruptly appeared in her mind.

She stopped in her tracks and leaned against the railing to stare blankly at the river below.

No one knew how much blood, sweat, and tears she had gone through to rise from a little nobody, to become the star who shook the whole of Eurasia.

However, because she refused to break the unspoken rules, making all her efforts go down the drain.

Now, even her life was in danger.

She could not understand why it was so difficult for a girl to make an honest living in the entertainment circle.

As these thoughts filled her mind, tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Before she knew it, she had wasted half a day standing there.

She had wanted to jump off the bridge several times, but she couldn't find the courage to do so.

The sky was darkening, and couples passed by the bridge occasionally.

This only served to intensify her hopelessness.

When will there be a man who will stay by my side and protect me?

Just then, a beggar walked up to her and shouted, “Hey! Hey! Hey! Get lost! This is my territory!”

Even a beggar looks down on me now?

I’m such a failure in life!

She clenched her jaw and shut her eyes, finally pushing herself over the railing and jumping off the bridge!

Coincidentally, Zeke was walking by at that exact moment.

He had just finished settling matters at the Grand Empire Group and came out looking for food.

He had just stepped onto the bridge when he had spotted a girl who was about to jump off.



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Based on pure instinct, he sprinted across the distance and vaulted over the railing, stretching both hands out, in the process. One hand held onto the railing, while the other was used to grab the suicidal girl.

Mia struggled desperately as she cried out, "Let me go. Just let me die! I don't need anyone to save me!"

Zeke calmly replied, "Don't die here. It'll pollute the environment."

Mia was taken aback.

It was not a common occurrence for someone to come to her rescue, but her rescuer had saved her purely because he was against environmental pollution!

Indeed, she was an absolute waste of space and the world would fare better without her!

She became even more determined to die, struggling out of his hold with all she had.

Zeke put strength into his arm, intending to swing the girl up onto the bridge.

However, he did not expect the railings of the bridge to be old and unmaintained. It was so dilapidated that it gave way, the moment Zeke applied some force on it.

Both Zeke and Mia plunged towards the dark waters.

F***!

Zeke swore in his heart.

He had come here in a rush, not bringing a change of clothes along with him.

How am I going to sleep in soggy clothes tonight?

Mia, who was courting death just a while ago, chickened out the moment her wish was about to come true.

She could not swim, and this was the first time she had come in contact with such a large body of water. So, of course, she was scared out of her mind.

She instinctively flailed her arms, splashing water all over the place. Finally, she managed to grab onto Zeke's arm. She held onto him with a bone-crushing grip, refusing to let go.

Zeke could barely swim with one arm.

As he struggled to stay afloat in the river, he hissed angrily at her, "Don't grab my arm. Put your arms around my waist!"

Mia had only just succeeded in grabbing onto something, so there was no way that she would let it go so easily.

Zeke had drunk a substantial amount of river water as both of them bobbed up and down.

Zeke was p***** and simply reached around to grab her arm while he used the other hand to hoist her up by the ass. Then, he threw her onto the shore in one powerful swing.

Mia literally flew towards the shore, while Zeke sunk to the bottom of the river because of that action.

He might as well have grabbed a rock from the bottom of the river and thrown it towards the shore.

After Mia was cannoned towards the shore, she was thrown into a state of shock and screamed at the top of her lungs.

A moment later, when she noticed the river surface gradually reverting to its calm and undisturbed state, she finally came back to her senses.

Her savior might have just drowned!

She started having a panic attack and screamed hysterically, "Help! Help! Someone

has fallen into the river!”

“What are you yelling for?” Suddenly, an exasperated voice sounded, from the river surface right in front of her feet.

Zeke had just surfaced from the river floor.

Mia was surprised and instinctively crawled towards him to give him a hug. “My savior! Thank you! Thank you so much!”

Zeke ducked out of the way with an impatient look on his face. “I would like to refrain from having any physical contact, so please be mindful of where you put your hands.”

Then, he got to his feet and announced, “Okay, I’m leaving now. Keep in mind that I was the one who’d saved you, so you owe me your life. If you try to commit suicide again, I’ll never forgive you.”

Zeke had not even spared her a glance, before he had spun around to leave.

Mia was befuddled.

The men whom she had met in the past had practically fallen at her feet as they tried to please her, becoming her knights in shining armor.

Not only did this man yell at her, but rather, he had even rejected her embrace!

Why... Why... Why is this guy behaving this way?

Seeing that Zeke was about to disappear from sight, she hastily shouted, "Sir! My name is Mia Young! If you ever need my help in the future, please just let me know."

Zeke paused in his stride and looked at her with curiosity. "Mia Young? The superstar Mia Young?"

Mia nodded. "Yes, that's me."

She was secretly delighted.

Now that he knows who I am, he'll definitely be more amiable towards me.

Who would have thought that Zeke would remain as frosty as ever?

"Sign me an autograph."

Zeke remembered that Lacey was recently crazy over a series starring Mia Young. She liked her very much, to the point where she dreamt of getting a signed autograph from her.

Mia was rendered speechless.

Is there something wrong with this man? He's obviously my fan if he's asking me for an autograph.

How can he be this stoic when he'd finally gotten to meet his idol? He didn't even smile when he'd asked for my autograph.

This guy probably has facial paralysis or something, that's why he can't make any other expression. Yeah, that's probably it.

After a brief assumption, she replied, "I didn't bring anything with me."

Zeke's face fell slightly. "It's fine then."

"How about this?" Mia blurted out, "My house isn't very far from here. So, if you follow me home, I can get you a signed autograph."



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Zeke gave it some thought, then swept a glance at Mia before answering, "You'll definitely be molested by perverts, if you walk back home looking like this. Come on, I'll take you home."

Mia glanced down at herself and turned beet red.

She was originally wearing a thin layer of clothes. Now that they were soaked through, they clung to her body like a second skin, leaving nothing to the imagination, making her appear incredibly seductive...

It was definitely not safe for her to walk home like this.

She nodded her head in agreement.

Sure enough, they had run into a few gangsters that had colorfully dyed hair, on their way back.

They catcalled her and got slightly handsy. "Hey, beautiful. Why don't you come and play with us for a bit? Daddy will teach you how to swim."

Mia instantly became a bundle of nerves.

All the gangsters in Eastend were Mr. Quin's men. She would be in deep trouble if they had recognized her.

She was at a complete loss when suddenly, a fierce growl resounded from beside her, “P*** off!”

It was Zeke.

What the f***?

The gangsters were furious. “Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you say that to us?”

“Get lost! Or I’ll make you crawl back home!”
Another one of them spat.

Zeke replied in a callous tone, “I don’t like repeating myself more than twice!”

Screw this b*****!

The gangsters immediately charged towards Zeke.

Mia blanched with horror.

Looking at Zeke’s scrawny figure, she figured that he could probably take down one of these gangsters.

However, facing off with five of them was basically courting death.

She grabbed Zeke’s arm. “Run!”

She had never expected him to throw off her hand, pushing her behind him in a protective manner.

Mia was at a loss for words.

Is this man begging to get his a** handed to him?

Hiding behind him makes me feel safe though, and so warm...

Those five gangsters barreled towards him and began swinging their fists.

Before their fists could meet their mark, Zeke made his move!

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

Five loud slapping sounds reverberated through the air.

All five of them were each given a tight slap.

Zeke was so swift, that his movements were faster than the naked eye could catch.

The gangsters were knocked to the ground, and they felt as if the world around them was spinning. Their heads throbbed with pain, and no matter how hard they tried to get up, they failed.

“Let’s go.” Zeke tugged Mia forward, stepping on the fallen gangsters without a care in the world.

Mia was shocked.

He’s strong!

This guy is insanely powerful!

If I could get him to be my bodyguard, even if he doesn’t go up against Mr. Quin, he could at least save me a lot of unnecessary trouble.

With that thought, she asked him with excitement gleaming in her eyes, “Hey handsome, are you interested in being my bodyguard?”

“Not interested.” Zeke answered without thinking.

Uh...

Mia quickly added, “You’ll have a minimum salary of a hundred thousand.”

“Not interested.” Zeke repeated.

“All three meals and accommodation will be provided.” Mia refused to concede.

Zeke abruptly fell silent.

This was his first day in Oakheart City, and he did not have a place to stay at.

It was getting late and his clothes were soaking wet. It would not be easy, finding a place at this hour.

Finally, he relented, "Fine. I'll be your bodyguard for one day. Just provide me with a place to stay for the night."

Uneasiness surged in Mia's heart all of a sudden.

He'd refused my offer even when I said I'd pay him a hundred thousand as his salary, but as soon as I mentioned food and accommodation, he'd agreed...

Could he be planning to take advantage of me?

Luckily, I still have that pepper spray at home...

The two reached Mia's house very soon.

Mia did not dare to return to the villa she had used to live in. Hence, she had no choice but to rent a duplex in the suburbs.

"And the signed autograph?" Zeke urged her, the moment they stepped through the doors.

Mia was utterly speechless.

You're under the same roof as your idol now. Why are you in such a hurry to get an autograph?

She sulkily found a photo and signed on it, before handing it over to Zeke.

He accepted the autograph carefully and was about to keep it in his pocket, but when he remembered that his clothes were wet, he decided against it, as it would only ruin the autograph.

Thus, he could only hold it in his hand while lounging on the sofa, watching TV.

Meanwhile, Mia went to take a shower.



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Occasionally, Mia observed Zeke through the small door gap. Upon discovery that he was not peeking at her, she gradually relaxed.

This man seems to be quite the gentleman.

Meanwhile, she felt rather upset.

Is my figure not attractive?

To the point where you don't even have the desire to take a small peek at me?

After she came out of the shower, she uttered to Zeke, "You should take a shower too."

Wearing damp clothes that stuck to his skin, Zeke felt uncomfortable. Hence, he carefully put the signed autograph aside and went to take a shower.

Mia found a set of casual clothes from her closet and brought it over to Zeke. "These are my Dad's clothes. You can wear them first... Ahh!"

She had wanted to give Zeke clean clothes but had completely forgotten that he was showering.

She ended up face-to-face with Zeke's naked body.

She was dumbstruck for a moment and her jaw fell wide open.

Although his body appeared thin, it was packed with perfectly proportional muscles that looked pleasing to the eyes.

Especially his eight-pack abs that could no doubt make a woman squeal like a fangirl.

He's probably a bodybuilder.

No. Even bodybuilders don't have such chiseled muscles.

Zeke took the clothes from her and shut the door in her face, even grumbling under his breath, "Pervert."

Mia was rendered speechless for the umpteenth time today.

Her cheeks were on fire and wild thoughts ran through her mind. Every time she closed her eyes, the image of his beautiful body would appear in her mind.

If only I could take a bite... Ahh! What the heck am I thinking?

Zeke finished taking his shower very quickly.

Mia had only stolen a brief glance at him, but

her traitorous mind could not stop replaying what she had seen, and she trembled slightly, at the naughty thoughts that filled her mind.

To prevent things from getting awkward, she hurriedly muttered, "You must be hungry. I'll prepare something for you to eat."

"Mm." He grunted out, looking ice-cold as always.

Mia went to the kitchen and cooked some spaghetti.

Zeke was famished and gobbled down the food in record time.

Mia wore a broad smile on her face. This was the first time she had cooked for a man.

Judging by the way he was wolfing down the food, she deemed it as a successful first attempt.

After Zeke finished eating, he put down the utensils and pronounced, "I don't like taking takings for free. Tell me what problems you're facing and why you'd jumped off the bridge. Let me see if I can help you."

Mia smiled bitterly.

Help me?

What can you do to help me?

Mr. Quin isn't someone a person like you can mess with.

Even so, Mia told him everything from start to end, not withholding even the tiniest detail. She also told him about her visit to the Grand Empire Group today, which ended up being a fruitless journey.

Zeke deliberated for a moment before saying, "Grand Empire Group's new boss can indeed protect you. Go and apply for a job there again tomorrow. There won't be any problems this time."

Mia spoke with a hint of annoyance, "Hah! They've already rejected me today. Will they magically change their minds overnight?"

Zeke nodded. "They will."

"It's a lot easier said than done. Do you expect me to believe that they'll accept me just because you've said so? Can you somehow influence Grand Empire Group's decisions?" Mia challenged.

"I can." Zeke brusquely replied.

Mia was dumbstruck. "Grand Empire Group's market value is estimated to be at least a

billion. If you can influence the Grand Empire Group's decisions, let's not talk about ten billion, you'll need to have at least have one billion. Are the billionaires nowadays so low-key that they dress this shabbily... The clothes you were wearing probably wouldn't even add up to a hundred."

Zeke asked, "Are looks all that matter to you?"

"No." Mia shook her head.

Zeke responded emotionlessly, "Then don't talk as if they are."

Mia kept her mouth shut.

Never mind, there's no point in arguing with him. He's probably just satisfying his vanity by bragging endlessly.

"What are you working as? How much is your monthly salary?" Mia inquired.

Zeke replied with a straight face, "I'm a salesperson with a salary of eight thousand plus."

Pft!

Mia could barely stifle her laughter.

Well, looks like the cat has been let out of the

bag. How can a salesperson with a salary of eight thousand be able to influence Grand Empire Group's decisions?

It's absurd.



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Mia mused, “Actually, for someone like you, with such good qualities, a salary of eight thousand is too little an amount to settle for. Why don’t I introduce you to a male model job with a minimum salary of fifty thousand?”

“Sorry, but this small amount of money means nothing to me.” Zeke rejected her offer.

Mia did not know whether to laugh or cry.

He has a salary of eight thousand and eats a plate of spaghetti, like it’s the most delicious meal he’s ever eaten, but yet, he isn’t interested in a salary of fifty thousand...

This was a typical overambitious person who bit off more than he could chew!

To put it bluntly, he was useless.

She could not be bothered to continue arguing with Zeke and pointed towards the middle room. “You can sleep in the middle room tonight.”

“Mm.” Zeke grunted.

He finished up every bit of the spaghetti sauce before going into the middle room to sleep.

“What a weirdo!” Mia lamented, before heading over to her bedroom as well.

She slept very soundly tonight, not waking up until after the sun had risen.

Perhaps it was because there was a man close by, who could fight, making her feel incredibly safe.

She yawned and got out of bed, ready to wash up.

When she walked out of her bedroom, she noticed that the middle room's door was wide open.

She went closer to take a look and found that the room was empty; Zeke had already left.

"Hmph! He didn't even say goodbye before leaving. How rude." She grumbled and was about to go and wash up when her eyes caught a glimpse of the opened drawer in the middle room.

She thought of something and hurriedly went in to check the drawer.

After a while, her face paled and hatred flashed across her eyes. "A**hole! He stole my pure gold and diamond necklace that's worth five hundred thousand!"

Her chest heaved with anger. "No wonder he fights so well and isn't interested in a fifty

thousand monthly salary. He's a thief who mixes with the bad crowds. He's a lazy a** who only wants to make big money without doing anything!"

She calmed herself down and muttered, "Whatever. I'll consider it as my reward to him for saving my life."

Her good impression of Zeke instantly vanished.

Just then, her phone rang. It was the vice president, Jessie Diaz, from Grand Empire Group.

She answered the call with suspicion, "Ms. Diaz, good morning."

Jessie smiled slightly and relayed, "Good news, Ms. Young. My boss has heard that you'd wanted to join our company, so he's decided to talk to you personally to offer you the chance to join us. Are you available right now? If you are, I'll have to trouble you to come over."

What? Yes!

Mia was over the moon. She had never expected things to take a turn for the better.

It did not her long to get ready. Then, she rushed towards Grand Empire Group on an

empty stomach.

Not once did she connect this matter to Zeke, or think that he could be involved in it.

The more she thought about it, the more ludicrous that idea seemed.

A thief couldn't possibly have any influence on Grand Empire Group's decisions!

She arrived at the Grand Empire Group very soon and met the pretty vice president, Jessie Diaz, again.

Jessie was much more cordial to her this time. "Ms. Young, please follow me."

Finally, she led Mia to the interview office and chirped, "Please wait a moment. My boss will be here very soon to interview you in person."

Mia gave her a gentle smile. "Thank you, Ms. Diaz. I'll treat you to a meal if I pass the interview."

Jessie replicated her smile. "Don't mention it, Ms. Young. I'm just doing my job."

After Jessie left, Mia gradually calmed down.

The more she thought about this matter, the less it made sense.

She could not figure out why the boss had a change of heart overnight.

Could it be... that the boss is a pervert who has set his sights on me because of my body too?

This explanation seemed quite probable to Mia. She could not think of another reason that the boss would be willing to offend Mr. Quin, all because of a mere woman!

Her heart plummeted to the bottom of her stomach when she realized this.

She secretly made herself a vow.

If the boss indeed had this intention, she would never agree to it; she would rather die.

Amidst Mia's anxiety and restlessness, the door to the office opened.

She shot up from her seat, thinking that it was the boss.

Unexpectedly, the person who had walked in, was Zeke.



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Zeke was clad in a security guard's uniform.

When he came to Grand Empire Group earlier this morning, he was still wearing Mia's father's clothes that were loose, unsightly, and also rather uncomfortable.

Thus, he simply found a set of security uniforms, putting it on.

Mia instantly assumed that Zeke was a security guard at the Grand Empire Group.

A security guard proclaiming that he could sway the higher-ups in Grand Empire Group was nothing but a complete joke.

She was certain that Zeke was a thief, so she was seemingly unfriendly when she spoke, "Zeke Williams, you're one complicated guy, aren't you?"

He was a thief and also a security guard, so, of course, he was a complicated person.

Zeke nodded. "Yeah."

He thought that Mia had realized that he was the boss of Grand Empire Group.

Mia always seemed to be at a loss for words around him.

This guy admitted to it without any trace of guilt. How shameless.

Mia tugged on his security uniform and chided, "You know, you're a disgrace to this uniform. You're not worthy of it."

How could a thief be worthy of becoming a security guard?

Zeke was slightly baffled.

Is there something wrong with her brain?

I'd saved your life. Forget about showing me gratitude, why the hell are you mocking me?

What an ingrate.

He could not be bothered to argue with Mia. "Take a seat," he instructed in a bland tone.

Mia became defensive, saying, "You don't actually think that I stood up to greet you, do you? Haha! You think too highly of yourself. You haven't earned that respect. I thought that it was the boss who was coming in just now, that's why I'd stood up."

It was Zeke's turn to be speechless.

Yeah. I am the boss.

Mia took no notice of the change in his expression and continued speaking, "Speaking of the boss of the Grand Empire Group. Zeke, I need your help. The boss is probably a big pervert, and he might try to get a little too close for comfort with me later on. If he tries anything funny, you must stop him and give me the time to escape. If you help me, I won't hold you responsible for stealing my belongings."

Zeke was puzzled, "Stealing your belongings? Don't throw groundless accusations."

"Hah! Feeling guilty?" Mia said smugly. "Stop playing dumb. I saw you stealing my stuff with my own eyes."

Zeke indignantly pulled out some banknotes and placed them on the table. "Take two hundred and go and check your eyes at the hospital. I suspect that your eyesight is failing you. Also..."

He gave Mia a once-over before saying, "You're overestimating yourself by thinking that the boss will be attracted to you."

Mia exploded with anger.

She took the most pride in her looks.

However, this man had just insulted her by implying that her looks were mediocre at best.

She huffed with anger and snapped, "I dare you to repeat what you've just said..."

Suddenly, the vice president entered with a look of confusion. "Huh? What's going on? Wasn't everything fine just a while ago? Why are you both arguing now?"

Mia shot a threatening glare at Zeke. "Are you going to help me or not? If you refuse, I'll expose your evil deed!"

"Go ahead." Zeke replied weakly, with a helpless expression.

"Think wisely. Once I expose you, your future might very well be ruined." Mia threatened him once again.

Jessie's features were still lined with confusion as she asked, "What on earth is going on?"

Mia gritted her teeth and steeled her resolve. "Your security guard has stolen something from me. He's not fit to be a security guard!"

Jessie's expression morphed into one of curiosity. "Oh? What did he steal from you?"

Mia took a moment to formulate an answer, "He stole my necklace that's worth one thousand."

She did not dare to say that it was worth five hundred thousand, lest Zeke would be sent to prison for ten years if he was convicted of criminal responsibility. His life would really be ruined then.

Jessie could not help but laugh, "Boss, is Ms. Young speaking the truth?"

"Ahh..." Mia began stuttering, as shock overtook her senses. "Ms. Diaz, what... what... what did you just call him?"



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Jessie held in her laughter to answer Mia's question, "I called him 'boss', of course. He's the new boss at our company, and he's the one who'd wanted to interview you."

Kaboom!

Mia went weak in the knees and collapsed onto her seat.

Zeke Williams is the boss of Grand Empire Group!

With a net worth of a billion!

I'd even accused him of stealing from me!

I'm so f*****... embarrassed!

Zeke waved a hand at Jessie. "Alright, you head outside first."

"Yes, sir." Jessie left with a polite smile.

Zeke sat in his seat and looked at Mia with a plastic smile.

Mia was on the verge of tears as she spiraled into hopelessness.

She had accused him of theft, even saying that he had coveted her, wanting to do unspeakable things to her...

He'll never forgive me.

Oh, God. It was such a good opportunity, but I let it slip through my fingers because my stupidity got the best of me.

Zeke stretched out his limbs lazily. "Now tell me everything in detail. Which eye of yours saw me steal your stuff? And which one saw that I was a pervert who wanted to covet you?"

Mia had never felt this humiliated before.

Finally, she mustered up the courage and grabbed the money from the table before standing up to leave. "Please accept my apology, Mr. Williams. There's something very wrong with my eyes. I'll take this and go to the hospital to get them checked."

"Pft!" Zeke snorted.

This girl is pretty cute when she's embarrassed!

"Stop!" Zeke called out to her.

Mia began to tremble like a leaf. I knew he wasn't going to let me off the hook just like that!

Zeke threw a contract across the table towards her. "Sign the contract before you leave."

Contract?

Mia picked up the contract suspiciously and glanced at it, nearly weeping with joy when she read its contents.

It was an employment contract!

Zeke had not held her accountable and even decided to employ her.

She was moved and tears leaked from the corner of her eyes. "Mr. Williams, you're so kind..."

"Don't forget to get your eyes checked after you've signed it," Zeke replied monotonously. "Also, the spaghetti you'd made last night tasted horrible."

Mr. Williams, I take back what I've just said...
You're mean!

The president of the Martial Arts Association, Dylan Norris, went crazy with delight.

The idiot, Zeke Williams, has actually signed Mia Young!

Haha! Just you wait, you son of a b****! Mr. Quin will surely exact his revenge on you.

Then, he told Franklin who was beside him, "Go.

Spread this news. It's best that for the whole of Eastend to hear that this guy has dared to go up against Mr. Quin, by protecting someone who he put a hit on!"

After realizing that Zeke Williams was not Master Williams, Dylan had recruited Franklin.

A lackey like him could come in handy someday.

At the very least, he could be used as a tool.

Franklin nodded enthusiastically. "Don't worry. I'll handle it."

He was filled with anticipation.

Zeke Williams, you'll be torn into pieces for offending Mr. Quin.

I, Franklin Jackman, will be the one who has the last laugh!

There was a mansion named 'Imperial Palace' located somewhere in Eastend.

This mansion was separated from the rest of the state by only a wall, but it was much more magnificent. This showed just how powerful and influential the owner of 'Imperial Palace' was.

The owner of 'Imperial Palace' was none other than the renowned Mr. Quin!

At that moment, Mr. Quin was training his dogs in the back garden of his mansion.

He was nearly fifty-years-old and he only had two hobbies at this age.

One had to do with women, and the other was training dogs.

There was a famous saying associated with him that people loved gossiping about, women should be f***** like animals, while dogs should be trained like humans!

He gently stroked the two, large Tibetan mastiffs beside him with a small smile. "Max, Benji. You must know that you make your own fates."

His right-hand man, Draco, suddenly rushed towards him. "Mr. Quin, someone is challenging your power in Eastend."



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Mr. Quin was unfazed as he said, "Speak."

Draco replied, "Mr. Quin, do you still remember Mia? The girl you put a hit on? Apparently, someone has taken her in."

Only then did Mr. Quin raise his head. "Who took did that?"

Draco continued, "The new boss of Grand Empire Group, Zeke Williams. Perhaps you have not heard of him, but he singlehandedly built the Linton Group, which had been garnering quite a bit of attention recently."

Mr. Quin nodded his head coldly, "Well, he's nothing more than a reckless fool."

After that, he fell silent. Taking a rabbit out of the cage, he waved it in front of his two Tibetan mastiffs, Max and Benji, and promptly dropped it on the ground.

The moment the rabbit touched the ground, it began running away frantically with Max and Benji hot on its heels.

In the end, Max proved himself to be the faster dog and caught up with the rabbit before Benji.

Mr. Quin whipped out his gun and started spraying bullets all around Bob Jr., "You useless dog! How could you have lost so badly? I have

put so much effort into training and grooming you! God damn it!”

Benji’s whimpers accompanied by the deafening gunshots reverberated throughout the entire mansion.

It got to the point where the commotion could be heard next door.

Afterward, Mr. Quin gazed towards Max and the expression in his eyes softened once again. “I hereby appoint you as the crown prince.”

“Draco, take my crown prince to deal with this reckless fool.”

Draco’s eyes immediately lit up. Oh, something big is going to happen again.

He nodded, “Of course, Mr. Quin. I’ll take the crown prince to Grand Empire Group right now.”

Giving the smoke above the gun barrel a puff, Mr. Quin then proceeded to toss the gun on a coffee table and walked towards the pool.

The pool was teeming with all kinds of beautiful women.

Quite a few of them were A-list actresses.

Mr. Quin plunged into the pool and began

weaving through the crowd of beautiful women. His hands began to make their way around them inappropriately.

The girls, however, welcomed him with wide smiles.

Alas, no one saw the grief and sorrow hidden behind those smiles.

.....

Grand Empire Group.

The new boss signing a contract with Mia caused quite a commotion among the staff.

“How could Mr. Williams sign a contract with Mia Young at a time like this? Isn't he just looking for trouble?”

“Ugh, you know how temperamental Mr. Quin is, don't you? He's definitely going to give the new boss trouble.”

“Is Mr. Williams new around here? He probably isn't aware of how powerful Mr. Quin is.”

“Why don't we sign a petition requesting Mr. Williams to terminate his collaboration with Mia Young?”

Just as they were speaking, the security guard

frantically burst into the room.

“We’ve got a problem, guys! Draco’s here, and he wants to see Mr. Williams!”

“Where’s Mr. Williams? Someone inform him quickly!”

The expression on everybody’s faces changed drastically.

Draco? Isn’t he Mr. Quin’s right hand man?

He must be here on Mr. Quin’s orders to cause trouble for the boss.

As expected, Mr. Quin has started making his move on Mr. Williams.

Soon, the beautiful Assistant Director, Jessie Diaz, burst into Zeke’s office.

“Mr. Williams, we’ve got trouble.”

“What’s gotten you so worked up?” Zeke asked.
“Slow down.”

“Mr. Williams,” Jessie spluttered, “Draco wants to see you. Judging by the look of things, this isn’t a social visit.”

“Draco?” Zeke mused, “I don’t know who he is and I’m certainly don’t want to meet him.”

“Mr. Williams,” Jessie Diaz continued. “He works for Mr. Quin.”

Only then was Zeke’s interest piqued. “He works for Mr. Quin? Well, I’ll meet him on account of Mr. Quin.”

“Come on, let’s go.”

Jessie Diaz took in a deep breath. “Er... Mr. Williams, I think it’s best if you don’t go.”

“I’ll tell Draco that you are not here. I’m sure he won’t continue pestering us.”

Shaking his head, Zeke replied, “That won’t be necessary.”

Jessie sighed exasperatedly, “Then... is there anything you would like me to do, Mr. Williams?”



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What she tried to tell him was if he wanted her to contact the police or Martial Arts Association to help with this matter.

Zeke fished out fifty from his pocket and replied, "I've run out of cigarettes. Go help me get another pack."

...

It wasn't long before Zeke came downstairs.

The staff members were too afraid to go out and face Draco. Thus, they hid behind doors or windows as they spied on him from inside.

Draco had driven here in a Lincoln Town Car.

The back of the Lincoln was facing the company's main doors. Draco leaned against his car while casually puffing his cigarette.

Upon seeing Zeke, he asked airily, "You're the new boss of Grand Empire Group, Zeke Williams?"

Zeke nodded, "Yep."

Draco flicked the cigarette on the ground and stomped on it. "Our crown prince would like to meet you."

He then pulled open the trunk of the Lincoln to

reveal what was inside the car.

There was no one inside the car but a Tibetan mastiff the size of a calf tearing a rabbit to shreds.

The car was covered in dirt and blood.

The moment the car door swung open, the Tibetan mastiff flew into a frenzy and began snarling ferociously as it prepared to leap out.

A crazed and demonic look flashed across its eyes!

However, there was a metal chain that was as thick as an arm collaring it. Fierce as it might be, the dog was unable to break free.

Yet, the car shook and quaked violently as it pulled against its chain.

As a result one of the windows even shattered as a result!

Everyone turned as white as a sheet.

The crown prince Draco mentioned was actually a Tibetan mastiff!

What Draco meant by meeting the crown prince was getting the dog to tear him apart!

Mr. Quin is as ruthless as expected!

The crowd was petrified and took a step backward collectively.

The security guard planted his hands on both the main doors. The moment things went south, he would immediately lock the doors!

“Your crown prince is a dog?” Zeke smirked, “Well, then I guess that makes your boss a son of a bi**h, doesn’t it?”

What?

Draco’s eyes narrowed!

This punk actually called Mr. Quin a bastard!

That’s a crime punishable by death!

Even a big shot sent by the higher-ups wouldn’t have dared to be so insolent! This guy isn’t even from this place!

Who is he to show such disrespect to Mr. Quin?

“You’ve got a death wish!” Draco whipped out a remote control from his pocket and smashed the button on it.

Snap!

The collar around the Tibetan mastiff's neck snapped open and fell off!

Whoosh!

The dog dashed out the car like a speeding bullet.

And with a mighty leap, the dog's 200-pound body went charging towards Zeke.

The staff were really terrified that they retreated backwards immediately, knocking over countless chairs in the process.

A simple collision with that dog would most probably prove fatal, let alone a bite from it.

Zeke, on the other hand, kept his cool as he continued puffing away on his cigarette indifferently.

Finally, just as those razor-sharp claws were about to touch him, Zeke made his move!

In one swift motion, he slapped the dog with the back of his hand.

That's right! He didn't punch the dog. He slapped it!

Slap!

The shrill smack pierced through the air.

The Tibetan mastiff's 200-pound body immediately veered off course and flew towards the side.

Whoomp!

The dust and dirt exploded beneath the dog as it crashed onto the floor.

Afterwards, the only thing still moving was the blood trickling out of its eyes, nose and mouth.

Including some white substance slowly oozing out of its skull.

Zeke had slapped the brains out of the dog!

Gasp!

The crowd inhaled sharply as they gave Zeke inexplicable stares.

He is magnificent!

Our new boss is so cool!

Not only can he beat the living daylights out of people, but he also came out top in a match with a dog!

In ancient times, Hercules bested the Nemean

Lion. Today, Mr. Williams defeated a Tibetan Mastiff!

And a mastiff was no lesser than a tiger.

Mr. Williams, you might as well just go by the name Hercules in the future.

After seeing all that, Draco could feel his heart thumping wildly.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Not only was he in awe of Zeke's prowess, but he was also completely terrified!

The crown prince was Mr. Quin's favorite Tibetan mastiff.

Now that the dog had been killed by Zeke, not only was Zeke doomed, but he would also be punished for not being able to protect it.

As his legs turned to jelly, he staggered slowly towards the crown prince.

"Zeke, you... you've just opened the Pandora's box!"

"If you had let the dog take a bite out of you, Mr. Quin might have let you off the hook!"

"Now that you've killed his favorite dog, Mr. Quin is definitely going to take your life in return."

He then grabbed the Tibetan Mastiff by its legs and attempted to bring it away.

To his surprise, Zeke planted one foot firmly on the Tibetan mastiff's head and demanded, "What are you doing?"

"I was the one who bagged this dog! Who are you to take it away!"

What the f**k!

Draco could feel his blood boiling.

Bag? You motherf***er!

This is Mr. Quin's beloved crown prince! Its life is a hundred times more important than any human!

First, you f***ing killed Mr. Quin's dog. Now, you want to keep the carcass as well?

You have gone too far!

Gnashing his teeth together, Draco snarled, "Are you sure you want to keep the crown prince?"

"Of course," replied Zeke.

"This is brilliant!" Draco said, "You better take good care of the crown prince. Otherwise, if anything were to happen to its corpse, I guarantee you Mr. Quin will massacre your family!"

After that, Draco got into the car and drove off.

Zeke then aimed a swift kick at the Tibetan mastiff towards the main doors. "Security? Someone drag this animal to the canteen."

"We'll be having dog meat for dinner tonight!"

The crowd thought exasperatedly, This is Mr. Quin's crown prince! Even dead, it's still more precious to him than our lives!

Please don't involve us in this matter. We definitely don't have the guts to eat Mr. Quin's dog.

Meanwhile, Draco had fled back to the palace and reported what happened to Mr. Quin.

However, Mr. Quin showed no signs of anger upon hearing about what had happened. There was only a look of dismay on his face.

"Ugh, I knew that a local dog would be no match for one from out of town. I have overestimated the crown prince's capabilities."

"All's fair in love and war. Since it came out second best, it is perfectly reasonable for its opponent to claim his body."

Reflecting on his own shortcomings in the face of failure instead of fearing how powerful the enemy is. People like him were destined for greatness.

Draco heaved a sigh of relief.

Thank god! Mr. Quin doesn't blame me for allowing the crown prince to die.

“Mr. Quin,” he said cautiously. “This guy is completely out of line. If we don’t eliminate him, he’s bound to cause a lot of trouble in the future.”

Mr. Quin nodded, “Of course, I know that.”

“I’m just not sure who I should send to kill him.”

Mr. Quin had three trump cards: Gavin Zachary, Reuben Mack and Sim Owens.

Gavin was in charge of the finances; Reuben held the power; while Sim dictated who lived and who did not.

They were the three pillars of support that the Quin Family rested on, capable of weathering anything that happened here in the Eastend.

Mustering every last bit of his courage, Draco suggested, “Mr. Quin, I think...it’s best if you personally dealt with this.”

“You idiot!” Mr. Quin chided, “Would you bite an ant that had bitten you?”

In Mr. Quin’s eyes, that was exactly what Zeke Williams was to him, an insignificant insect!

He would not be bothered to deal with him personally!

Just then, one of the maids came into the room and said, “Mr. Quin, the Siberian wolves that you ordered have arrived.”

Upon hearing that, Mr. Quin’s creased eyebrows immediately smoothed out as he broke into laughs. “Finally, something new for a change. I’ve always only rearing local dogs.”

“I hope this pack of wolves won’t disappoint me.”

He then quickly got to his feet to meet his new pets, almost forgetting about Zeke in his haste to do so.

Only until he reached the door did he suddenly recall the matter at hand. then he turned his head around, he instructed, “Go pay a visit to the three of them and check who can make time to eliminate Zeke Williams.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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In Mr. Quin's opinion, Zeke Williams was not someone worth considering an enemy. He was just someone who could be eliminated anytime by any of his subordinates.

Draco nodded reluctantly.

He could not shake the feeling that Mr. Quin was making a mistake, that he had underestimated Zeke Williams' ability.

.....

After resolving Franklin's incident, the Linton Group and Grand Empire Group's partnership finally began to gain traction.

Zeke, on the other hand, decided to head back to Linton Group.

Ever since he and Lacey became a couple a year ago, they had not been apart for such a long time. He did not like it at all.

On the way back, he received a call from Lacey. "Zeke, how did things go with the Grand Empire Group partnership?"

Zeke grinned. "You don't have to worry about anything. After all, it was me, your husband, who was on the case."

"I've already handled everything. The

collaborative projects have commenced.”

He did not tell her that about what he had accomplished back at the Grand Empire Group over the phone.

He wanted to tell her that face to face. Only then would he be able to see the look of pure joy on her face.

It would be a good chance to request a pay raise as well.

However, Lacey was not as interested as Zeke had imagined she would be. “Hmm, that’s good.”

Zeke frowned and he asked, “Lacey, what’s wrong? You don’t sound very happy.”

“Ugh,” she sighed, “When it rains, it pours.”

“I’ve been tearing my hair out over our spokesperson lately.”

“Oh?” Zeke asked, “What spokesperson?”

“Now that Linton Group has been listed,” Lacey explained, “Our top priority is to raise consumer awareness on our brand and increase the publicity to attract investors to buy our shares.”

“Getting a popular celebrity to be our

spokesperson would be the best way to do so.”

“Hmm, so there’s a problem on that end?” Zeke asked.

Nodding her head, Lacey replied, “Yep. In fact, there’s a huge problem.”

“You know Mrs. Jones, the neighbor living opposite us? Well, her son, Henry Jone, majored in Acting and he landed a role in a really popular movie right after he had graduated.”

“And he subsequently rises to stardom with that movie to become an A-list actor.”

“A few days ago, he came back for a visit and I bumped into him. Since we were quite close when we were kids, I brought up the fact that we were looking for a spokesperson and he agreed to help out. We even signed the contract on the spot.”

“I certainly hadn’t expected him to become so arrogant. Not only was he really obnoxious on set, but he also even caused a scene and accidentally cut his finger. He then demanded that we compensate him a million for his medical expenses.”

“Of course, I refused to pay him any compensation. Afterward, he took things even

further by disappearing with the deposit.”

Zeke frowned after hearing that and said, “Henry Jones? I think he’s an artiste under Grand Empire Group.”

“That’s right,” Lacey replied, “I had planned on forging a stronger relationship with Grand Empire Group through this partnership with Henry.”

“But it looks like that’s not going to happen.”

“Isn’t the solution really simple?” Zeke said, “We can just terminate the contract and look for another spokesperson.”

“It isn’t as simple as that,” Lacey explained, “Breaching a contract involves a really hefty penalty. Furthermore, finding an A-list celebrity isn’t that easy.”

“Alright, you needn’t worry yourself about the termination of the contract,” Zeke said, “I’ll take care of it.”

“And what do you think of having Mia Young as our spokesperson?”

Now that he was the boss of Grand Empire Group, Henry Jones worked for him. All he had to do was put in a few words and Henry would terminate the contract willingly.

“Well, Young was actually my first choice,” Lacey replied, “Alas, there’s no way we would be able to get her to be our spokesperson. We don’t even have any means to get in touch with her...”

“Forget it, why am I telling you all this? You don’t know anybody in the film industry anyway.”

“I’ve got something I need to attend to so I’ll hang up first. Bye,” Lacey said and promptly ended the call.

On the other hand, Zeke floored the accelerator and picked up the speed.

Damn you, Henry Jones! How dare you bully my wife?

Moreover, the very fact that Henry Jones had signed a contract with someone else without informing Grand Empire Group was considered a breach of contract.

You wanted my wife to pay the fine, didn’t you? Good, I’m going to make you cough up every last penny you have.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The neighborhood Daniel and Hannah were living in was exceptionally crowded today.

Nearly all of the residents were gathered around the entrance as they discussed about what was about to happen.

Hanging above the entrance was a banner that read, A warm welcome to the famous actor Mr. Henry Jones.

The residents had been informed a long time ago that Henry Jones would be coming here today to visit his mother, Mrs. Jones.

Henry Jones had become quite famous recently and was an idol to many of the youngsters.

If they were able to get a picture with him and post it online, they would be the center of attention.

Thus, they had been waiting there since the crack of dawn.

In the middle of the crowd was none other than Mrs. Jones.

“Mrs. Jones, I told you that Henry was bound to make something out of himself.”

“In my opinion, Mrs. Jones is the only reason

behind Henry's success."

"That's right! Mrs. Jones has always been known throughout the neighborhood for being a well-mannered and well-educated woman. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree after all."

"But Mrs. Jones, you can't forget about your roots now that you've come into money. No matter what where you move to in the future, this place will always be your home."

"That's right! If you're going to move out, I'll help you take care of the cleaning of your house."

Mrs. Jones replied pretentiously, "Don't worry, guys. I've lived here my whole life. Of course, I wouldn't want to leave this place. What's more, I'm not used to staying in villas and mansions."

"Haha! That's great!" the crowd cheered.

Noticing the crowd after returning home from work, Daniel and Hannah naturally approached them to find out what was going on.

But as soon as they saw the red banner that had been put up, they immediately realized what was happening.

They exchanged glances and decided to enter through a side gate instead to steer clear of the

crowd.

Their apartment was adjacent to Mrs. Jones. A few years ago, they got into an argument with her as she had strewn her rubbish all over the corridor. Thus, they hadn't been on the best terms for the past couple of years.

Now that all the other residents were waiting at the entrance to welcome Mrs. Jones' son, they definitely didn't want to go too close. Otherwise, they would most certainly get ridiculed and mocked by Mrs. Jones.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Jones still managed to spot them. Walking over to the both of them, she asked "Hi, Daniel. Hi, Hannah. Did both of you just come back from work?"

Not wanting to be rude, Hannah smiled and replied, "Yep, that's right."

"You two must have had a hard day at work," she 'sympathized', "Why don't the both of you come and have lunch with us? That way, you won't have to go through all the trouble of whipping something up."

"My son's coming back and he's treating all our neighbors to lunch. Look, the food truck and tables have all been set up already."

At that moment, there were about ten or so

tables on the open area.

There was even a heavenly aroma wafted out of the food trucks as the chefs bustled about preparing the meal.

However, Daniel turned down her offer. "That's fine. We can always just go home and make ourselves a meal."

Based on his understanding of Mrs. Jones, she was going to make use of the meal to show off. Then, she would make his wife and him look bad.

They might as well skip it altogether and not attend.

Much to his surprise, the expression on Mrs. Jones' face soured immediately. "Are you not even willing to do this for me?"

"You have misunderstood," Hannah hastily explained, "It's just that it's been really busy in the clinic. There are still more than ten patients waiting in line."

"We were just going to have a simple lunch before hurrying back to the clinic."

As she spoke, Daniel put his hand around hers and prepared to leave.

“Daniel,” Mrs. Jones warned coldly, “I hope that you’ll think this through.”

“Right now, your daughter’s the one who is begging to work with my son. If you don’t even have the decency to have a meal with us, my son might just terminate the partnership in a fit of anger.”

“This...” A consternated expression immediately flashed across both of their faces.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Truth be told, there was little to be achieved between two people. A sense of guilt overcame as nothing could be done for the lady of Linton Group.

If the lady's business were delayed as a result of what happened, they would be overwhelmed with guilt and remorse.

Daniel bit his lips and said, "Then... I shall happily oblige and thank Mrs. Jones for your hospitality."

Mrs. Jones flashed a cold smile in response, "That's more like it."

The crowd gathered around Mrs. Jones again and continued to pour praises, hoping to win her favor.

Some even went to the extent of badmouthing Daniel and Hannah

The group ostracized Hannah and Daniel. Embarrassed, they stood by the side and looked on aimlessly at the crowd that surrounded Mrs. Jones.

Shortly after, a Rolls Royce pulled up onto the entrance of the neighborhood.

The door opened, and a young man dressed in a white suit and leather shoes exited the car.

His complexion was as smooth and white as powdered snow.

It was Henry Jones, the superstar. He was the highlight for today.

As soon as he exited the car, the neighbors rushed over and surrounded him, burying him under their squeals of delight and praise.

“Henry, you look even better in person! There is an air of elegance about you!”

“Henry, Henry, do you remember me? I carried you in my arms when you were still a little kid.”

“Henry, you are the pride of our community. Your uncle and aunt are really proud of you.”

“Henry, your outfit looks like it cost you a fortune. And the worth of your car is enough to buy half the neighborhood.”

Henry frowned with disgust. Irritated, he pinched his nose as he exclaimed, “This place stinks! Get away from me, make way, make way!”

Gasp!

The crowd fell silent in embarrassment, and their enthusiasm was put out in an instant.

They came out in full force to welcome him with open arms, only to be met with an insult in return!

What could be more humiliating than that?

Henry Jones in real life was nothing like the image he projected on-screen. Where was the gentle and polite persona everyone grew to love? The difference was jaw-dropping.

Everyone attributed his reaction to his wealthy lifestyle and decided to brush it aside. "He now lives the high life and is accustomed to the finer things in life. Who can fault him for that?"

One lady whipped out her mobile phone to take a photo of Henry.

However, Henry stopped her in her tracks. "What is that in your hand? What model is this? Who on earth uses these types of mobile phones anymore? This is so insulting," he exclaimed.

"I will only permit my photo to be taken with a FRUIT phone and nothing else. Definitely not a local phone... imagine the horror if my photo turned out ugly?"

Resentment grew among the crowd.

This guy has a serious case of inflated ego and

forgot his roots. Has he forgotten he is from Eurasia, and it was Eurasia that propelled him to stardom?

The ungrateful swine now despised Eurasia's products and instead worshiped foreign goods and brands!

He had lost his identity and forsaken his roots!

Yet, Henry could not be bothered by what others thought of him. He walked over to Mrs. Jones and said, "Let's go, mother. I bought you a huge villa. From today onwards you will live there. This tiny town reeks, and you being here will only tarnish my reputation."

After that, Mrs. Jones replied hurriedly, "We will leave after dinner. I invited the neighbors to a simple farewell party."

Henry was visibly irritated. "Why would you do that? They have neither money nor power. They are of no use to us. It is meaningless and a waste of time to have any form of relationships with them," he retorted.

Just then, Mrs. Jones shot Henry Jones a look, "Your Uncle Daniel and Aunt Hannah are here too. Don't you have some collaboration with their daughter?"

In one way or another, he had to give them

some form of respect.

“Oh?” Henry turned and saw Daniel and Hannah. A sinister smile formed from the corner of his lips as he said, “In that case, let us stay for a meal. For Lacey’s sake of course.”

“Come, let us sit and enjoy the meal together.”

Henry had a change of heart because he wanted to exact revenge on the couple Daniel and Hannah.

When they were kids, Lacey Hinton was always the pretty and popular kid in the neighborhood. Henry also courted her before.

However, Daniel felt that they were not suitable for each other and repeatedly rejected Henry from pursuing his daughter.

This left a bitter taste in Henry’s mouth, and he resented her father for it.

Thus, Henry had an ulterior motive to work with Lacey Hinton. He wanted to court her again.

Unexpectedly he found out that she was attached only after they had signed the contract.

That infuriate him, and he did not take it all too well.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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At the studio, Henry made a scene and refused to cooperate on the promotion campaign's photoshoot.

His real agenda for staying was to put Daniel and Hannah in a tight spot and embarrass them.

He wanted to teach them a lesson - refusing to let him marry Lacey was the biggest mistake of their lives.

It was not because he wasn't a good match for Lacey, but because she wasn't good enough for him.

The townspeople were outraged and were not about to take it lying down.

Henry had left a terrible impression on them.

This was the typical behavior of a snob. Being rich did not give him the right to act all smug and cocky and to belittle others.

But alas, his wealth and status were enough to make another swallow their pride as they ate their food. Hence, no one dared to stand up to him.

Meanwhile, Daniel and Hannah sat down uneasily at a corner of the room.

They knew from Henry's expression that he was gunning for them.

But for the sake of their daughter's business, they had to endure it.

When everyone was seated, Henry headed to the dining car and asked the head chef, "We have 13 tables of customers here. Do you have enough food for all of us?"

The head chef replied anxiously, "Yes... Yes, there is sufficient food."

Henry Jones shook his head instead and insisted, "No, you do not. Listen to what I am telling you - You have prepared only twelve portions of food, and you lack one dish."

"Do you see that old couple sitting by the Southwest corner? You will not serve them any food."

The chef immediately understood Henry's intentions. He was out to torment the old couple.

Though the chef was unwilling, he could only follow orders as he was under Henry's employment.

Shortly after, the waiters started to serve the food.

Every table was served with four appetizers, eight main courses, and two soups. It was an extravagant event.

In stark contrast, the table which Daniel and Hannah sat on was empty. Not even their cutlery was put out.

Both of them were distressed and in a dilemma as to what to do. It was awkward to state the obvious, yet keeping silent was not the solution.

Right then, Henry quickly reacted and made a false remark, "Chef, what is going on here? Why is there no food for Uncle Daniel and Aunt Hannah?"

The chef replied hurriedly, "I am sorry, Mr. Jones. We followed your instructions and prepared enough food for twelve tables only."

Henry then exclaimed, "Oh dear, this is all my fault. I was not expecting two uninvited, freeloading guests."

Upon hearing that, Hannah was fuming mad. Her blood boiled with anger.

What does he mean, freeloaders! Excuse me, but we are not beggars!

Daniel held her hand and patted it gently. He

then whispered, "Bear with it for the greater good. We are doing this is for Lacey."

Hannah eventually calmed down and kept her cool.

However, one of the neighbors did not like what had happened and offered them a seat. "Old Hinton, come over here and sit with us. There's plenty of room here."

Henry immediately stood up and protested, "That is unacceptable. If people knew that I, Henry Jones, made ten of my guests jostle for space on 1 table, that would ruin my reputation!"

Daniel in turn replied, "In that case, we will not trouble you further. We'll head home and grab a meal of our own."

"Certainly not," Henry declined yet again. "Lacey and I are partners, so it would not be right for me to not include you both in the meal. What if Lacey found out and reprimanded me?"

In the end, it was Mrs. Jones who stood up and said, "Daniel, aren't you both in a rush to get to work? How about I have the chef prepare some pasta for you both? It is quick and convenient and won't take up too much of your time."

Daniel nodded and agreed, "Yes, that would be

fine.”

Following that, Henry waved to the chef and instructed him, “Chef, two servings of pasta, please.”

Hannah stared in disbelief as she stared at Henry. A strong feeling of hostility filled her gut as she muttered, “What a piece of work.”

Beside her, Daniel comforted her repeatedly, “Let it go, my dear. Don’t let their antics get to you.”

“Let’s finish up the meal and go.”

When the pasta was almost done, Henry Jones went back into the dining car. He grabbed a fistful of salt and dumped it onto the plate.

“It is going to take a lot more than that to eat at my table, you old fool,” he said to himself.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Several of the chefs were shocked beyond words.

Surely this is not how a celebrity should behave?

He is no different from a spoiled brat.

Once the chef finished preparing the noodle, Henry personally served it to Daniel and Hannah. "Please, enjoy," he said as he offered the pasta to them.

Daniel and his wife quickly picked up their forks and started to eat.

The sooner they finished their meal, the sooner they could leave. To stay there another minute was torture.

As soon as they took a bite, they spat out their mouthful of pasta in unison.

It was unbelievably salty!

This was not a plate of pasta. It was practically a plate of salt.

It was the last straw for Hannah, who slammed her chopsticks on the table and yelled, "Henry Jones, you have crossed the line!"

"This is not even fit for pigs," she said.

Henry merely replied coldly, "That's precisely it. You two are only fit for food meant for pigs."

"You b**tard!" Hannah yelled out. She stood up and grabbed Daniel, "Daniel, let's go."

"Hold it right there," Henry roared. "You have to finish your food before you are allowed to leave. Otherwise, I will terminate the contract with Lacey, and she will have to compensate me one hundred million in damages!"

What!

One hundred million in compensation!

Daniel and his wife's faces went pale.

The Linton Group was a wealthy organization, but its funds were invested in the open market.

If Linton Group were forced to honor a one hundred million payout, it could push the company into bankruptcy!

They were both devastated.

In the end, Daniel gritted his teeth in silent fury and turned to Hannah. "My dear, I am feeling famished. Let me have your share as well," he said to her.

He was prepared to shoulder the burden all by

himself.

A sense of helplessness dawned on Hannah's face. "But my love, you have a heart condition. You can't take too much salt..." she said with a lump in her throat.

"I'll be fine," Daniel replied with a forced smile. "Just think of what it would mean for Lacey."

He sat back down, picked up his fork, and took a mouthful of the pasta before him.

The overwhelming taste forced Daniel to shut his eyes involuntarily, and his cheeks trembled uncontrollably.

He felt his heartbeat pounding away throughout his entire body.

In the end, he managed to force the salt-laden pasta down his throat.

As soon as the first mouth of pasta hit his stomach, he felt his abdominals tighten and his gut curl.

He dared not imagine what would happen to him if he were to finish both plates!

A middle-aged man of similar age to Daniel could not bear to watch on and started to speak up, "Mrs. Jones, we have been neighbors

all these years. Surely this is not necessary..."

Henry flashed a sly smile at him and said, "Uncle Wang, is your daughter still studying film? Another word from you, and I will be sure to end her tenure in college. You would be wise not to tempt me."

The man immediately clamped up as he dared not say another word.

Everyone else quivered in fear and kept silent.

They were in no position to go against Henry Jones and could not afford to offend him.

At that moment, Zeke returned.

When he saw the luxury car parked at the entrance and the big yellow banner, he immediately understood what had happened.

Without a doubt, Henry was here to stir up trouble in the neighborhood.

Zeke had trouble locating Henry as he had a score to settle with him.

And here he was, delivered on a silver platter.

Thus, Zeke drove straight into the neighborhood.

When he arrived, he was enraged by what he saw!

Henry was supposed to be treating neighbors to a meal.

Every table was filled with delicacies, but in contrast, Daniel and Hannah only had pasta on their table.

Daniel struggled to eat the plate of pasta with anguish. Meanwhile, Hannah watched on with tears rolling down her cheeks.

As for Henry, he simply stood by and gloated.

It was evident that the plate of pasta wasn't what it seemed!

Zeke rushed over and immediately called out, "Mum, Dad, don't eat that."

Daniel and Hannah immediately got up as soon as they saw Zeke. "Zeke, what are you doing here?" they asked.

"First, tell me what is going on here?" he said to them.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Hannah told Zeke what had happened from the beginning.

What!

Zeke was enraged. He picked up the fork and took a bite of the pasta!

Pfft!

He spat out the pasta as soon as they touched his lips!

It was just too salty! In fact, it was no different from eating salt on its own!

He was certain that his father-in-law would suffer a relapse if he had finished the two plates of salt-ridden pasta!

At that very moment, he had condemned Henry to death.

Henry first stole a glance at Zeke's outfit, followed by a double-take at his beat-up Santana, and he gasped for air momentarily.

Damn, Daniel and Hannah. It seems like they both are bigger fools than I thought them to be.

It was bad enough they refused to accept him as a son-in-law, but did they have to welcome a bloody beggar instead?

Were they implying that I, Henry Jones, was no better than a beggar?

He hollered angrily, "Daniel, the pasta is getting cold. You had better pick up the pace and eat them while they are still warm."

Zeke stopped Daniel and glared at Henry Jones with daggers in his eyes. "No. I am ordering you right now to finish these two plates of pasta. If there is even a drop of sauce left, you will feel my wrath."

At that instant, Henry burst out laughing, "Haha, quit the tough act. You must be Daniel's son-in-law. What's the matter? Feeling sorry for your father-in-law? Alright, I will allow you to finish the pasta on his behalf."

Slap!

Without any warning nor word, Zeke gave Henry a slap across the face. "I will not repeat myself," he said.

"You will finish the goddamn pasta right now!"

Henry stared blankly at Zeke in shock.

He was at a loss for words but finally gathered himself. "Did you really just hit me?", he questioned.

Slap!

Soon after, Zeke sent his palm flying across Henry's face once again and said, "Yes I did. You should have no doubt about this one either."

Damn!

Henry Jones stomped his feet in anger and stood up with a vengeance. "I am a star, with throngs of fans and admirers. How dare you touch me, you mere beggar!" he yelled.

"I will have your head, no, more than that. I will decimate you and ruin your family's fortune!"

With that Henry whipped out his phone and called Lacey. "Lacey Hinton, you had better come home right now. Your useless husband struck me. If I do not have both your apologies while on your knees, I guarantee you Linton Group will go bankrupt!"

With that, he hung up the phone. He clenched his teeth as he said, "Williams, you have no idea, do you. I am the star artiste of Grand Empire Group, and Grand Empire Group owns Eastend Martial Arts Association. One word from Eastend Martial Arts Association, and you will disappear from the face of this planet!"

"My Godpa is the benefactor of Eastend, Gavin

Zachary. One word from him and your Linton Group will crumble in ashes!”

Slap!

Without uttering a single word, Zeke swiftly sent yet another slap across his face. “You have no right to speak until you finish these two plates of pasta,” he commented.

Now it was Zeke’s turn to be at a loss for words. This was no ordinary fool.

He claims to be the star artiste of Grand Empire Group, yet he is still clueless that Grand Empire Group had changed ownership.

Henry Jones was raving mad.

Williams struck me repeatedly without warning and without reason.

He could not comprehend his thoughts at all.

Not only that, but his face had swelled up!

Mrs. Jones was in tears over her son and ran up to Zeke. “You filthy bastard! How dare you touch my boy! I will kill you, kill you...”

Slap!

To everyone’s surprise, Zeke struck Mrs. Jones

as well. “A mother has to take responsibility for her son’s mistakes as well. You are no better than him and need to be taught a lesson too,” he said to her after.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Mrs. Jones fell to the ground after being slapped and quickly appealed to the crowd for justice.

However, not a single soul paid any attention to her. Instead, they were gloating in their hearts.

You were obnoxious and a snob. You got what was coming and deserve no sympathy.

Though they were secretly pleased, they could not help but be worried for Zeke.

But still, Daniel's son-in-law is too reckless. Isn't he afraid that Henry would sue him for his entire fortune?

They did not understand what Henry Jones meant by Martial Arts Association and Gavin Zachary, the benefactor, but the titles sounded menacing.

He was certainly more than capable of ruining Lacey Hinton and her family.

At that instant, Daniel was filled with regret.

He should not have told Zeke the truth. Now the situation had worsened.

He was better off finishing the two plates of pasta.

Before long, Lacey arrived at the scene.

She felt dizzy when she saw the situation before her.

Lacey asked anxiously, "What happened? What's going on?"

Mrs. Jones played the part of the victim and said miserably whilst on the floor, "Lacey Hinton, you should keep a tight leash on your violent and abusive husband. Look at what he has done. He beat up my son and even struck me, an elderly."

At once, Lacey reprimanded Zeke, "Zeke, why did you hit them?"

Yet Zeke simply said, "They deserved it."

Hearing his reply, Lacey grew frustrated, "Do you realize what you have done and the trouble you caused me?"

She then looked at Henry apologetically and said, "Mr. Jones, I am very sorry! Please accept our apologies."

But Henry was unwilling to let go. He bit his lip and said, "Just an apology, and you expect to get away with it? What use is the law if an apology was sufficient."

“Lacey Hinton, I am officially terminating our joint-venture. You b**tards better have my one hundred million ready and an additional one hundred million in medical expenses.”

“In fact, I will spread the word within the entertainment circle, and no artiste will work with you in the future, or my name isn’t Henry Jones.”

Lacey went pale the moment he said that.

Putting aside the two hundred million damages, the possibility that no artiste would work with Linton Group would be the final nail on the coffin for the company.

What am I going to do... what am I going to do?

She glared at Zeke and thought to herself, “You barely arrived back in town, and you have already caused me so much trouble. Why did you even bother coming back?”

However, Zeke comforted Lacey and said, “Don’t worry, Lacey. Everything will be fine.”

“We will pay him the two hundred million.”

“Of course, he would need to pay us the one billion first.”

Henry grinned and said to Zeke, “Williams, have

you lost your marbles? Why would I pay you one billion?"

Zeke replied, "You went behind Grand Empire Group's back and signed a personal deal. That is a breach of the company's rules. One billion is already letting you off easy."

"Pffft," Henry Jones scoffed. "Even if that were true, it would be to Grand Empire Group. What has that got to do with you."

Zeke shrugged his shoulders and said, "I apologize for the lack of introductions. I am Zeke, the boss of Grand Empire Group."

"Haha!" Henry Jones burst out laughing. "You are killing me! Everyone knows Grand Empire Group belongs to Eastend Martial Arts Association. How could you even say that with a straight face?"

Even Lacey grew visibly annoyed.

Zeke is putting on a tough act yet again.

Ignoring his taunts, Zeke retorted, "You don't believe me? Alright, allow me to show you."

He took out his phone and called the beautiful Vice President of Grand Empire Group, Jessie Diaz. "Jessie, Henry Jones breached company policies and signed a personal endorsement

contract. Issue him a one billion penalty fine.”

“If he refuses to pay damages, please proceed with legal actions!”

“Understood!” On the other end of the phone, Jessie responded.

Henry appeared disappointed. “Ah, is that it? Just a bluff? My dear Daniel and Hannah, what were you two thinking in picking this loser as your son-in-law.”

“Hey Williams, are you done with your antics? Now it’s my turn to show you what I am capable of!”

He took out his phone to call his Godpa, Gavin Zachary, for help.

But then...



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Jessie Diaz from the Grand Empire Group called as soon as he took out his phone.

His heart skipped a beat when he saw it.

Why is Jessie calling at this hour?

Could it be...

That's impossible. This has to be a coincidence.

"Do you dare to talk on speaker phone?" Zeke said coolly.

Henry snorted, "Why not?"

He switched to speaker phone immediately, "Hello, Ms. Diaz..."

Jessie's tone was impassive, "Jones, you have violated our terms of agreement when you signed the endorsement contract without prior authorization from the Grand Empire Group. As per our terms, the one billion penalty takes effect as of now."

"I've already filed for the coercive judgment enforcement from the court. All your bank accounts and credit cards will be frozen, along with your fixed assets. Prepare to face jail term if you cannot pay the one billion by tonight."

Wh-what?!

Henry shuddered at her words and looked at Zeke in despair.

Grand Empire Group is really slamming me with the one-billion penalty!

That means that Zeke Williams is indeed the President of the Grand Empire Group!

When did the Grand Empire Group change hands? Why am I not aware of this?

I really screwed up big time.

Henry's phone kept ringing.

They were calls from the court and some banks.

"Mr. Jones, your bank account has been frozen, please visit the nearest branch to settle the account closing procedure as soon as possible..."

"Mr. Jones, Oakheart City Civil Court has officially filed a case against you."

Henry was devastated.

He thought his life was only starting to get better. However, all his savings combined did

not even amount to a million in total, how could he afford to pay the one-billion penalty?

“Lacey, please forgive me... Could you revoke the penalty? I’ll become the ambassador of Linton Group for free.” Henry begged at her.

Mrs. Jones was getting exasperated at this point too and started begging Daniel and Hannah, “Please let my son off this time, I only have him...”

Zeke sighed, “He has to bear the consequences of his own actions. However, seeing that we are neighbors, I could show you guys a way out.”

He pointed at two bowl of noodles on the table, “Eat it.”

Huh?

Henry was taken aback, “Those are Daniel and Hannah’s leftovers...”

Zeke replied, “You’ll go to jail if you don’t eat it.”

“Okay, I’ll eat it...” Henry could only agree.

He took a fork and nibbled on the noodles.

Henry felt like vomiting as soon as the noodles touched his lips.

It was too salty!

Zeke bellowed, "You're going to jail if you dare to vomit it out."

Henry covered his mouth and held his breath as he swallowed it all.

Mrs. Jones took the other bowl and had a bite of it.

She tried her best to swallow it. However, her body vomited it all out reflexively.

She vomited all over Henry's face.

He wanted to wipe away the noodles on his face but Zeke stopped him. "I'll give you another bowl if you dare to wipe it off."

Henry could only oblige and let the noodle stay on his face.

Some of the spit went into his bowl and he had to swallow it along with the noodles in his bowl. Henry felt so disgusted.

The others were all rejoiced to see the two of them suffering.

Let's see if the two of you can continue to brag. Serve you right!

The son-in-law of Daniel is your boss, yet he's keeping such a low profile to the point that we don't even know he's your boss.

You're just an employee and yet you look down on us. You even have the guts to bully your boss!

What an obnoxious fella!



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The neighbors started chatted up with both Daniel and Hannah after that.

“Daniel, you’re really being too low profile. You have all the reasons to be cocky and yet you’re so humble. You really deserve to be wealthy.”

“Daniel, you’re making all of us proud.”

“Right, we should elect a new model family for our neighborhood.”

The two of them were pleasantly surprised at the neighbors’ praises and grinned from ear to ear.

This son-in-law is indeed making us proud.

Lacey’s heart raced at Zeke’s announcements.

So he acquired Grand Empire Group as well and Linton Group has expanded further!

She carefully articulated her words, “Zeke, would you mind explaining to me what is with Grand Empire Group?”

“Oh, it’s really a coincidence. The former boss of Grand Empire Group wanted to rope in Master Williams; thus, he gave this company to him. However, it was unfortunate that Master Williams was not interested in managing it so he gave it away to Eclipse.”

“You should know that Eclipse was only fit for killing, and not no idea how to run a business. Hence, he passes it to me, and that’s how I got to manage the company.”

Lacey could not quite believe his words, “Really? Just like that? Up till now, every other asset under Linton Group was somehow gifted to you. One or two would have been okay but it kept happening that I couldn’t keep count this time. How good must you be for everyone to hand you their assets just like that?”

Zeke grinned, “I don’t know? I guess I’m a lucky man.”

Lacey sighed, “But I am definitely going to get to the bottom of this. There’s no way you’re getting off this just like that. By the way, there’s no way for Henry to be our brand ambassador now. Who should I appoint as our ambassador then? I’m getting a headache just thinking about it.”

Zeke smiled, “Lacey, let me introduce someone to you. I bet you’re going to be happy with this.”

This piqued Lacey’s interest, “Who is it?”

Zeke looked at the time and murmured to himself, “She should be here by now.”

When Zeke knew that Lacey was displeased

with Henry, he contacted Mia Young right away and asked her to come here.

A white BMW could be seen pulling into the driveway after Zeke was done talking.

The luxurious cars garnered the neighbors' attention right away.

They were guessing who the car owner might be, and her reason for coming here.

The owner's identity was revealed the moment the car door was open.

The onlookers were abuzz at the revelation.

It's Mia Young!

It's the superstar, Mia Young!

Mia Young was an A-list celebrity, unlike Henry Jones.

But why would an A-list celebrity come to this part of the neighborhood?

Lacey was the most excited person when she saw Mia.

Mia was her idol after all.

Lacey's eyes brimmed with tears. Mia, you're

my idol. I never thought that I'd be able to meet you in real life. I must get her signature. Damn it, I don't have any pen or paper on me. I'm just gonna let her sign on my face then.

Under everyone's scrutinizing gaze, Mia approached Zeke and bowed to him, "Mr. Williams, I'm really sorry for I was late because of the traffic. I hope I did not cause any inconvenience to you."

What the...

The onlookers almost had their eyes popped out.

Even Mia Young, the superstar, was also a subordinate of Daniel Hinton's son-in-law!

The Hinton son-in-law was much humbler than they thought!

Lacey was so excited that she could not utter a single word.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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How does it feel to become your idol's boss?

Lacey could speak from experience now.

Zeke tried to make things more comfortable for Lacey when he noticed that she was a bit uptight with her idol standing before her, "Mia, this is my wife, Lacey Hinton. I have to tell you that she's your biggest fan."

Mia hurriedly reached out her hands, "Greetings, Ms. Hinton. Nice to meet you."

"Nice... Nice to meet you too." Lacey still could not quite believe her luck.

Zeke added, "Lacey, haven't you always wanted to get Mia's signature? Now's a good chance."

Lacey snapped out of her daze. "I... I did not bring a pen and paper. What a waste."

Mia replied, "It's okay. Let's take a photo together instead."

"S-sure." Lacey took out her phone immediately for a photo with Mia.

Mia just agreed to everything Lacey suggested.

The neighbors were envious of them. However, they did not get near the two of them out of fear.

Mia Young was a bigger celebrity than Henry Jones. What if she also detests our smell too?

At the same time, Zeke announced to the neighbors, "Guys, what are you waiting for? Superstars don't come around to this part of the neighborhood very often. Aren't you guys going to take a photo with her as well? You're going to miss the chance if you don't seize this opportunity."

The neighbors were even shyer than Lacey and did not get any nearer.

Mia knew exactly what their concerns were and she joked, "Am I not popular anymore? Why doesn't anyone want a photo with me? Haha!"

Mia's humor made everyone burst into a laugh.

This woman here is an example of a true artist who would take the initiative in taking photos with fans. She doesn't act all cocky because she's famous.

Henry Jones is such a loser compared to Mia.

The neighbors then came up to Mia and chatted her up. Not only did they get her signature, but they were even able to take photos with her.

Henry's face darkened at the turn of events.

Mia is already blacklisted by Mr. Quin. Williams still dares to hire her!

He is really challenging Mr. Quin!

Just wait and see, I am going to ask Godpa to tell Mr. Quin about this.

You won't live for long when Mr. Quin knows about this!

Henry suddenly felt his chest constricting, and his stomach started churning. The next moment, he could not hold it in further and start to vomit.

And he saw blood!

This is blood!

The horrendous leftover upset his stomach.

Then, his eyes rolled up and he dropped on the floor as he fainted.

Henry woke up after some time and realized that he was in the hospital.

He shot up straight and noticed someone by his bed.

It was his Godpa, Gavin Zachary!

Zachary was one of the three fierce generals under Mr. Quin, and his domain was 'wealth'.

At the moment, Gavin was toying with Henry's nether regions.

Henry was rather disgusted but did not dare to let it show.

He knew he had to sacrifice this much to have Gavin as his Godpa.

"You're awake." Gavin smiled as he regarded Henry.

"Godpa, you need to help me!" Henry sobbed like a little girl.

Gavin felt for him. "There, there. Tell me now, who bullied you?"

"Zeke. That assh**e, Zeke Williams." Henry then gave him an account of what happened earlier to Gavin.

Of course, he did not divulge the fact that he was not cooperative in shooting the promotion campaign video. Henry also skipped the fact that he bullied Daniel and Hannah deliberately.

He blamed everything on Zeke Williams instead.

Gavin furrowed his brows. “Zeke Williams. This name rings a bell.”

“Wait a minute. Mr. Quin has given Reuben Mack, Sim Owens, and me the exact same mission. He asked us to annihilate some guy named Zeke Williams when we have the time.”

“Are they the same person?”

Henry was certain of it, “Yes, they must be the same person.”

“Godpa, let me tell you. This Williams guy dares to hire Mia Young whom Mr. Quin has ordered to kill. He might as well slap Mr. Quin across the face.”

“I think Mr. Quin wants to kill Williams because of this.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zachary nodded, "Damn it. This bastard needs to be taught a lesson. Okay, I will take this mission."

Zachary then took out his phone and called Mr. Quin's henchman, "Draco, please let Mr. Quin know that I'm taking the mission to annihilate Zeke Williams."

Draco replied, "Got it."

Henry asked him carefully, "Godpa, how do you plan to deal with Williams?"

Gavin took in a deep breath. "I'm in charge of finances. It's only natural that I tackle him through finances."

He took out his phone and dialed a number, "Hey Nolan, let's meet up for tea at our usual place."

There were three main forces in the Eastend.

The main one would definitely be Mr. Quin, followed by Chase Bank and the Necromancer Assassin Organization.

The one whom Gavin called just now was Caleb Nolan, the senior salesperson in Chase Bank.

Ten minutes later at Central Perk.

Caleb Nolan was humble as usual and poured a cup of tea for Gavin. “Mr. Zachary, please have a drink.”

His guiding principle was to treat every human being as his client.

His definition of a client was someone who would bring him profit.

It was only natural to be humble to one’s client.

Gavin nodded in acknowledgement. “Caleb, we’ve known each other for a long time. There’s no need for such courtesy between us. Just have a seat.”

Nolan sat down with a smile, “Why did you ask me out today, Mr. Zachary?”

“I need your help to deal with someone.” Gavin replied.

“Who has offended you, Mr. Zachary? The guy must be an ignorant fool.”

“It’s a guy named Zeke Williams. I wonder if you’ve heard of him.”

“Zeke Williams? Zeke Williams from Rivermouth?” Nolan furrowed his brows.

Nolan had some sort of a history with Zeke

Williams.

Back then, Zeke Williams and Logan Hugh's son, Jacob Hugh were in competition to assume the ownership of Reagan Pharmaceutical. Logan had appointed Nolan in the fight against Zeke.

In the end, Zeke fought back by having Hades as his backup, essentially had Caleb under control back then.

Caleb decided to collaborate with Zeke and turned against Jacob.

He thought he would never cross paths with Zeke anymore. However, he did not expect to hear his name again.

Gavin was curious at Caleb's reaction. "Why? Do you know Williams? Are the two of you friends or enemies?"

Caleb smiled again. "We were enemies in the beginning but we became friends afterward. However, the dynamic of our relationship could change, especially since Mr. Zachary is targeting him now. My stand has always been clear cut."

As far as Caleb was concerned, anyone who could offer him money was considered his friend.

It had always been an unswerving stance.

“Hahaha! What a firm stand you have.” Gavin burst into a chuckle.

“I’m very impressed.”

Caleb grinned, “I’m taking it as a compliment, Mr. Zachary.”

“Since you knew Williams, do you have the confidence to take him down?”

On this, Caleb replied, “Mr. Zachary, there is nothing I could not solve with enough money.”

Gavin gave him a thumbs up. “Great. I knew Chase Bank has the best talents. Let me tell you, half of the economy in Eastend is in my hands. Do you think money will be an issue here?”

Hahaha!

The two of them exchanged knowing glances and burst into a laugh.

“Mr. Zachary, to what extent do you want Williams to suffer? Do you want to see his company cease operation, go into bankruptcy, or do you want to see his family derailed?”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Gavin sighed, "I've seen this young man's information. I'd have to say he's quite talented in this field. He will certainly become an overlord someday with some training. It'd be such a pity to see him die young."

"Let's get him bankrupt first. He might come to me when he has nothing left. I'll destroy his family if he refuses to join my rank."

Caleb replied, "No problem, Mr. Zachary. It would cost 1.5 billion. Do you want to wire it to me or do you prefer to pay by cash?"

"I'll wire it to you."

Gavin took out his phone and gave the finance department a call, "Transfer 1.5 billion to Caleb Nolan of the Chase Bank."

Nolan received a notification on his phone not long after. It was all codes and not a single letter on it.

"Happy cooperation then," Caleb replied.

Zachary replied, "We'll make a great team."

Caleb left Central Perk and drove toward the suburbs.

In the end, he stopped at a seemingly plain and inconspicuous hotel.

He parked his car and went into the hotel.

The old man at the reception glanced at Caleb, "Hey Nolan, you're looking fly. Bagged a fortune huh?"

Caleb smiled mysteriously and gave the old man a card, "Old man, take this one million and go for a drink."

This old man guarding the reception had no wage.

His income solely depended on tips from these salesperson.

However, his tips could amount to a few million a month, sometimes it could even go up to billions!

The old man grinned from ear to ear, "Abundance of wealth to you, sir!"

He handed over a mysterious key to Caleb.

Caleb took the key and went to the dark and damp basement.

The basement was empty except for a camera on the wall facing the door.

Caleb took the key and stood before the camera, and turned his head from side to side

for face recognition.

Ding!

After the ding, the wall split into two.

Behind the wall was an elevator.

Caleb entered the elevator and it descended slowly.

At last, the elevator came to a stop at ten floors below ground!

The door opened and he was greeted by a vast space whereby the furnishing looked exactly the same to that of a bank.

The only difference was that the counters were not equipped with bulletproof glass.

They did not need bulletproof glass here since nobody would dare to stir up anything.

There were beautiful and sexy employees waiting to serve customers behind the counter.

The customers were all wearing masks and using voice crossover to conceal their identity.

Behind those masks were tycoons from all over the country.

Some were even from overseas.

This grand underground building was a famous shadow bank, the Chase Bank in the black market.

Caleb approached the counter in the corner and smiled at the employee, "Lily, you've become prettier."

The employee had an elegant charm to her. "Oh, Caleb. Don't make me blush."

"The 1.5 billion from Mr. Zachary is in right?" Caleb asked.

"Yes, not a single cent less." Lily replied.

Caleb added, "Okay, then wire 1.5 billion to Linton Group through the S channel. Credit the remaining 500 million to my account."

Lily worked on the computer immediately.

In less than ten minutes, Lily handed him a transaction slip, "Caleb, it's done."

He took over the receipt and wrote a check to Lily, "Come to my room tonight. Oh, and dress up as a policewoman."

Lily took over the check and glanced at the number written on it. She sat up straight and

started playing her role right away.

“Nolan, you’ve been remanded. Get back to your room and clean yourselves up. I’ll come for your trial later.”

Haha!

Caleb burst into a laugh. “Lily, you’re the only one who could best bring out the vibe of a policewoman. The others really can’t even come close to you.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Linton Group.

Dawn rushed into the President's office, "Lacey, Zeke. Something terrible happened."

Lacey lifted her head, "What's the matter, Dawnie?"

Dawn handed over a few transaction slips to her, "Lacey, an unidentified foreign account just transferred 1.5 billion in seven different transactions to our company. I can't seem to tally the amount to anything. Is there any business that I'm not aware of?"

"1.5 billion? That's impossible." Lacey took over the transaction slips and screened them carefully.

After some time, her face went pale.

"Something's wrong here. I am sure of that."

"Please investigate where this money is coming from."

Zeke cast a glance at the account number and dialed Lone Wolf's number, "Help me check a transaction from this account."

"The number is S78654."

Lone Wolf replied, "No problem."

Lacey and Dawn looked at Zeke curiously. "Who did you call?"

Zeke merely replied, "A friend."

Lacey rolled her eyes at him, "It seems like you have a lot of friends!"

"Do you think any of your friends might have accidentally wired 1.5 billion to us?"

Zeke smiled, "It's not impossible."

Bang!

The door was suddenly kicked open.

Henry took six thugs with him.

Lacey and Dawn panicked when they saw Henry.

Henry mocked them, "Ha-ha. Why do you guys look like someone in your family just died?"

Zeke looked at Dawn. "Dawnie, what do we say to guests we don't welcome?"

Dawn replied almost instantaneously, "We beat them up!"

"What? Hahaha!"

Lacey could not help but laugh.

When did Dawn learn that from?

I guess she must have learned it from a bogus teacher.

Henry glared at Zeke. "You savage! Stop all your stupid comments. And you intend to beat me up? I am telling you now. You guys are all screwed this time."

He glanced at the transaction slips in Lacey's hands, "My, my. What is this? Did someone just transfer 1.5 billion to you?"

Lacey felt a chill running down her spine.

Jones definitely has something to do with the 1.5 billion.

But, why did he transfer 1.5 billion to us though?

Lacey spoke in a vigilant tone, "Jones, what are you getting at?"

Henry replied smugly, "Oh, I'm just here to witness you guys going bankrupt."

Dawn bellowed, "Get the hell out! You're the one going bankrupt!"

“Zeke, please get rid of this guy. Just the sight of him makes me sick.”

“Damn you, Jones. You deserve to die just because you made Dawnie feel sick.” Zeke was enraged.

He kicked Jones and sent him out the door without any hesitation.

Dawn looked at him sweetly. “Zeke, you’re the best.”

“I am just doing my job,” replied Zeke.

Henry was boiling with rage.

He did not expect to get a kick from Zeke since there was no warning.

My bodyguards are useless when you don’t even give them time to react.

The thugs were feeling quite guilty for not being able to protect Henry so they roared at Zeke, “Bastard, you must have balls of steel. How dare you hit Mr. Jones in front of us! Now, you kneel and apologize to us right now and slap yourself a hundred times. Then we’ll spare your life.”

Dawn hid behind Zeke. “Zeke, they look so scary.”

Zeke yelled at them, “You bastards have a death wish for scaring Dawnie!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zeke lifted his legs and kicked the thugs out of the office.

Dawn looked at him with admiration. "Zeke, you're the best!"

"It's what I should do." Zeke said to her again.

Lacey was speechless at the side.

The two of you really take others as fools. You're just looking for excuses to beat those guys up.

Who would believe that you hit the guys just because they have disgusted and scared Dawn?

At this point, the thugs were infuriated.

What an asshole! At least give some warning before you make a move. You should give your opponent time to react. You have to play a fair game.

You are worse than some rascals as they have principles unlike you.

Henry gritted his teeth, "Great! Just great! I wanted to give you a chance to concede defeat. But it looks like you guys have a death wish!"

Henry took out his phone and dialed a number,

“Uncle, just do it.”

He hung the phone and looked at Zeke smugly.
“Did you know who I just called?”

“The director of Eurasia Bank Regulatory Bureau. He’s practically brothers with my Godpa! Linton Group is associated with smuggling and fraud involving huge amounts of money. Just wait and see how you are going bankrupt and sent to jail!”

Lacey retorted, “That’s nonsense. There is no way Linton Group will be associated with any smuggling or fraud activities.”

Henry sneered, “Is that so? Then what’s with the infamous smuggling ring overseas wiring you 1.5 billion?”

Lacey’s face went pale in an instant.

So that was how the 1.5 billion came about.

“Dawnie, call the police to clarify this matter. The 1.5 billion has nothing to do with the Linton Group.” She quickly said to Dawn.

Henry laughed. “Haha! There’s no use reporting to the police. This is a financial fraud and is under the jurisdiction of the Bank Regulatory Bureau. The police have no authority!”

Lacey suddenly felt her mouth went dry as she was exasperated at his words.

“What a dumbass.” Zeke snorted at Henry.

He’s essentially telling us all his plans. That will buy us some time.

Zeke took out his phone and sent a text to Lone Wolf. The origin of the transaction has been identified. It comes from an overseas smuggling ring. Launder the money right away.

Lone Wolf replied. Yes, sir!

In ten minutes, Lone Wolf replied. Zeke, the money is clean. The origin has been changed to Paul Venture Capitalist instead.

Zeke replied. Excellent.

Not long after, a man who looked like a government official and dressed in a suit walked in.

A fierce-looking bodyguard with slicked-back hair led the way.

That man was Shawn Badley, the man whom Henry addressed as Uncle Badley.

Dawn said in a small voice, “He looks so scary.”

“You dare to scare Dawnie...” Zeke was playing his same old trick.

Lacey stopped him short. “Shut up. Zeke, please don’t hit him. We can’t afford to offend someone like him.”

“But he has scared the sh*t out of Dawnie...” replied Zeke.

Lacey was getting annoyed. “Are you guys done? The excuses you make up to hit someone are way too lame.”

Zeke and Dawn looked embarrassed. So she saw through us.

Henry got up with much effort and approached Shawn, “Uncle Badley, you’re finally here. These are the people in charge of the Linton Group. I have seen them doing transactions with the overseas smuggling ring.”

Dawn was furious and she bellowed, “You’re spouting nonsense and trying to frame us!”

“Shut up! How improper of you to yell before a government official on duty!” Shawn was incensed.

“The three of you are people in charge of the Linton Group, am I right? I am hereby charging you with smuggling activities. The company

operation will be temporarily suspended. I am remanding the three of you for an investigation.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Lacey hurriedly explained, "We have been framed and have filed a police report accordingly."

Shawn snorted, "No, you are not. We will know the truth after the investigation."

Then, he ordered the bodyguard, "Take them away."

Feeling helpless, Lacey clutched tightly onto Zeke's arms.

"Zeke, what should we do?"

He patted her shoulders and soothed her, "Don't worry, Lacey. We've done nothing wrong. I'm right here so things are going to be alright."

He regarded Shawn coldly, "It's indeed true that money could make the Devil turn milestones. Even Mr. Badley, the director of the Bank Regulatory Bureau is a slave to money as well."

"This is preposterous and outright defamation! I reserve the right to sue you!" Shawn was infuriated at Zeke's remarks.

"You'd better cooperate. Or else I'm going to file for enforcement, and the three of you will face yet another charge!"

"Defamation? You're the one slandering us for

illegal smuggling. It looks like you are oblivious to your own mistakes.” Zeke replied.

“Slander? Are you saying you did not carry out any smuggling activities?” Shawn sneered at him.

“That’s right.” Zeke nodded.

Shawn took out a tablet. “Alright, I’ll let you see the evidence.”

After some time, he handed over the tablet to Zeke, “Go on and have a look. You’d better see for yourself if we have slandered you in any way. The evidence is imminent. An overseas smuggling ring just wired 1.5 billion to your account!”

“Why would they wire you any money if they have no dealing with you in the first place?”

Lacey wanted to explain but Zeke stopped her, “Lacey, Mr. Badley here may be illiterate. Why don’t you read out the origin of the transaction to him?”

Lacey was stumped. How could Badley be illiterate?

Why is he asking me to read things aloud?

Nevertheless, she took over the tablet from

Zeke.

She was stupefied after taking a glance at it.

Is Badley really illiterate?

The transaction record clearly showed that the money was from Paul Venture Capitalist.

This was a world-renowned company and most importantly, it is legit.

One would never relate it to any smuggling activities.

By the way, why did Paul Venture Capitalist transfer 1.5 billion to our company?

Linton Group has no dealings with them at all.

To be precise, Linton Group was not qualified to have any dealings with them.

Zeke urged Lacey when he saw that she was still in a daze, “Lacey, snap out of it. Why don’t you read the words aloud for Mr. Badley here?”

At this point, Lacey had nothing to be afraid of, “Paul Venture Capitalist from Australia. I recall that I’ve entrusted some money to them a few years back. 1.5 billion is the total for my capital plus the interest.”

“That’s nonsense!” Henry sputtered as he took over the tablet, “I think you’re the illiterate here. It’s clearly written here that...”

“What on fu*k? What happened? It’s really from Paul Venture Capitalist!”

“How can it be? That’s impossible!” Shawn snatched the tablet from Henry’s hands and his face went pale instantly.

What the hell?

They’ve verified before coming here, and it was clearly shown in the system that the money came from a smuggler overseas.

How did it become Paul Venture Capitalist all of a sudden?

Did I see it wrong?

But it couldn’t be that so many people saw it wrong at the same time.

There was only one explanation then. Zeke Williams controls both Paul Venture Capitalist and the smuggling ring at the same time...

How powerful is this guy to be able to pull something like this off?

If that’s the case, I’m not even worthy enough to

carry his shoes



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This situation was a lot more than what could be seen on the surface, making Shawn Badley too nervous to join in.

He took a deep breath and said quietly, "Let's go."

Zeke scoffed coldly. "Despite eating, drinking, and breathing the taxpayers' money, not only are you ignoring their requests, but you're also interfering with their companies too. You're disloyal, disrespectful, and just downright dishonest."

"You-" The corners of Shawn's mouth twitched in annoyance. Zeke was clearly pushing it.

However, Shawn stopped himself when he thought about the power Zeke had supporting him. "I'm sorry," He apologized, disgruntled. "We've learned our lesson from this and won't make the same mistake again."

At that, he turned and left.

What the hell?

Henry's eyes were wide in shock.

So you guys just came to apologize?

Did I just get beaten up for nothing?

No! No, I won't accept it.

He hurriedly chased after Shawn. "Mr. Badley, you can't just leave like that..."

Slap!

Shawn Badley cut him off with a harsh slap. "F*ck off! Are you trying to kill me? Go back and tell your dad that I don't care if he wants to die, as long as he doesn't drag me down with him!"

Lacey looked at Zeke pointedly. "Zeke, can you explain where exactly this money came from?"

Zeke started to ponder how exactly he should answer this question.

"Don't you dare try to trick me. Tell me the truth now," Lacey said.

Zeke had no choice but to come clean. "Okay, okay. I confronted the smuggling ring and Paul at the same time. I was the one who wanted the smuggling ring to transfer the money to Paul instead."

"How could you?" Lacey kicked Zeke's calf in anger. "You should have come clean from the start! Do you think you're some kind of God? How could you possibly have controlled both the smuggling ring and Paul at the same time? Call Paul right now. I'll believe you if he picks

up.”

“I don’t have his contact information. It’s always been my subordinates who contacted him,” Zeke replied.

Lacey chuckled.

Zeke was left speechless.

What kind of society is this? Is the truth coming out of my mouth that hard to believe?

In the end, Dawn Castaneda was the one who broke the silence. “Lacey, you don’t have to worry about that stuff. At the end of the day, we got 1.5 billion out of nowhere. That’s enough for you to support, like, a hundred of your little flings.”

Lacey shook her head. “No, absolutely not. We have no clue where this money came from. We can’t just take it for ourselves. Contact Paul immediately and ask about it.”

“Okay,” Dawn said, disappointed.

Zeke sent a message to Lone Wolf. Do your job well. Don’t let them track me down.

Lone Wolf immediately replied, Got it.

“You piece of sh*t! You’re just useless

garbage!”

When Gavin Zachary heard about what had happened, he started cursing wildly. “You shadow banks are just empty-headed, useless pieces of trash. You’re all jolly to get money, but you all suck at actually doing anything worthwhile.”

He pulled his phone out and called Caleb Nolan. “Caleb, you useless, sh*tty worm, you cheated my money!”

Caleb was having some fun with a woman he’d just met and had absolutely zero idea that the plan hadn’t worked out.

He was taken aback by Gavin’s sudden yelling. “Mr. Zachary, what happened?”

Zachary gritted his teeth as he hissed, “What happened to making Linton Group bankrupt? You managed to do the opposite and plump them up even more. They gobbled up my 1.5 billion!”

“What?” Caleb said, shocked. “How could that be? My plan was seamless!”



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“Mr. Zachary, give me a second. I want to hear about what happened.”

Caleb hung up.

Not long after, he called once more and said apologetically, “Mr. Zachary, I am so sorry. I’ve just understood the gist of what went on. The smuggling ring had signed a treaty of sorts with Paul long ago. It dictated for part of the smuggling ring’s finances to be redirected to Paul. The account we used was among the few that were under Paul, which is why this happened. This was way out of our control, and it doesn’t have a direct relation to Chase Bank, but I still have to apologize.”

Gavin replied coldly, “Stop spouting that useless nonsense. Tell me what you have in mind now.”

Caleb replied, “Mr. Zachary, are you still looking to make Linton Group go bankrupt? That would be no problem at all.”

Gavin scoffed. “That man is arrogantly obstinate. I’m just worried that we won’t have a chance to get back at him. If I can’t get back at him, I’ll get rid of him. If his finances aren’t destroyed, then I want his family and everything he loves to be burnt to the ground.”

Caleb nodded. “Understood. However, about

the cost...”

Gavin rolled his eyes. “Name your price. Quit beating around the bush.”

“Four billion,” Caleb answered.

Gavin suddenly fell silent.

He had the money, but he had just invested 1.5 billion. Asking for another 4 billion from him didn’t feel necessarily great.

His money didn’t grow from trees, after all.

Caleb started convincing him, “Isn’t four billion a good price in exchange for Zeke Williams and his family’s lives?”

Gavin gritted his teeth and hardened his heart. “Okay. Four billion it is. I’ll send the money over as soon as possible. This time, there’s no space for failure. Either you succeed, or you die.”

Caleb replied with ease, “Relax.”

After hanging up on the call, he patted the behind of the woman he’d practically wrung dry. “Get up. It’s time to go back to work.”

Back in the Linton Group, Zeke was listening to Lone Wolf’s report in the bathroom.

“Zeke, we’ve found Chase Bank trying to get Linton Group in trouble through the smuggling rings. Their headquarters are in Eastend.”

“Chase Bank?” Zeke said suspiciously. “That name sounds kind of familiar... isn’t it run by that guy, Caleb? How dare he set his sights on Linton Group? I’d better knock some sense into him.”

He pocketed his phone and walked out of the bathroom.

He had just stepped out when he bumped into Dawn Castaneda.

Zeke quickly held onto Dawn to stop her from falling over. “What are you running around so urgently for?”

Dawn couldn’t help but reach out and feel Zeke’s pecs for a second. “Zeke, are you sure your chest isn’t filled with springs? They’re bouncier than a mattress.”

Zeke’s expression was darkening quickly. “Are you done feeling me up yet? If you are, answer my question.”

Dawn knocked herself on the head lightly and exclaimed, “We’re in trouble! Someone just transferred another four billion into our accounts. The account seems to have come

from a mercenary in Talon Island who named the transfer “Weapon Funding”. If someone catches ahold of this and thinks we’re messing around with military weaponry, we’re all done for.”

Zeke was in deep thought. “It’s weird that Chase Bank is using mercenaries from overseas. What a weird pact. Well, since they’re trying to come for me, they’re in for a rude awakening.”

To Dawn, he said, “Let’s go, Dawnie. I’ll take you to see some good stuff.”

Dawn looked confused. “Good stuff?”

But Zeke simply replied, “You’ll know what I mean in a bit.”

“I need to let my sister know so she can deal with it first though,” Dawn said.

Zeke shook his head. “Don’t tell her anything yet. She’s had enough on her plate as it is. I’ll settle this on the down-low.”



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After walking out of the company, Zeke let Dawn get into the car first. He stood in front of the company and whistled shrilly.

Lacey's personal bodyguard, Hadley Murphy, came running. "What's up, hot stuff?"

Zeke commanded, "Chase Bank has its eyes on Linton Group. Protect my wife properly, and don't let anyone catch us off guard."

Hadley replied, "Chase Bank? Williams, you're in trouble. In Eastend, Chase Bank is only second to Mr. Quin. It's even more renowned than our own Necromancer Assassin Organization. The odds aren't really the best. But don't you worry; if you die, I'll take good care of Lacey."

Zeke could feel a headache coming. "Just you wait. I'll force you back into the closet one day."

Hadley scoffed. "Don't even think about it. Even if I were straight, it's not like I would like you, anyway!"

Zeke didn't feel like arguing with Hadley, so he hurriedly got into the car.

Halfway through, he called Caleb Nolan. "Mr. Nolan, do you remember me?"

Caleb laughed gleefully immediately after he answered. "Mr. Williams, how could I forget the

threat of a man who managed to gobble up Reagan Pharmaceutical in such a short time? Of course, I remember you.”

Zeke hummed. “Good. I have something I’m looking to discuss with you. Are you free at the moment?”

Caleb replied, “Even if I wasn’t, I’d still make time to meet the infamous Mr. Williams.”

Ten minutes later, they met at Restaurant Bailey’s.

Caleb seemed as modest and humble as ever as he filled Zeke and Dawn’s glasses automatically. “Mr. Williams, Ms. Castaneda, please have a seat.”

Zeke immediately asked, “Mr. Nolan, someone has been transferring money into our accounts out of nowhere recently. Would you possibly know anything about this?”

Caleb simply smiled. “Is that so? Isn’t that a good thing? Congratulations, Mr. Williams.”

Zeke laughed humorlessly. “Mr. Nolan, you truly are a master at acting like a fool.”

Caleb didn’t provide him with an answer. Instead, he offered a cigarette to Zeke. “Mr. Williams, would you like a puff?”

Zeke raised an eyebrow. "Caleb, these two transactions have something to do with Chase Bank, don't they?"

Caleb just changed the topic. "Ah, Mr. Williams, didn't you say you had something you wanted to discuss with me about? What business could that be?"

Zeke replied, "Money laundering."

"That's great! I'm known to be pretty good at that," Caleb answered. "However, don't you think this place is a little too simple to be discussing such things? If you don't mind, how about you come over to my place for a little chat?"

Zeke nodded. "Sure."

The three of them got up to leave.

Suddenly, Caleb looked at Dawn with a sheepish smile. "Ms. Castaneda, my house is in a bit of a mess right now. I don't think a young girl like yourself would enjoy visiting, so-

Zeke smiled as he cut him off. "Why don't you just tell us the truth and quit twisting corners?"

Caleb smiled awkwardly. "Well, Mr. Williams, you have Linton Group behind you, and that means you have the privilege to go to my

house. As for Ms. Castaneda, she's just one of your subordinates. She has no right to step into my home."

Zeke pulled an Indigo Thorn card out of his pocket and waved it in front of Caleb's face before tucking it into Dawn's pocket. "Does she have the right to now?"

Caleb's eyes shone.

An Indigo Thorn card? How could he own such a thing?

Caleb had only ever seen it once before when a literal prince had used it.

In order to have such a card, Zeke Williams must have a much more intricate identity than merely the CEO of Linton Group.

He nodded fervently. "Of course! Ms. Castaneda, if you'll follow me."

Caleb brought the two of them to the real estate department located on the underground 10th floor of Chase Bank's headquarters.

Dawn was practically set in stone. Her mouth gaped so wide that one could probably fit a whole egg in it.

She was really learning a lot from this.

Not once in her life had she ever heard of an underground bank.

“Zeke, why aren’t you surprised at all?”

“What do I have to be surprised about?”



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Caleb Nolan brought the two of them to a saleswoman named Lily. “Lily, these two are our VIP customers. Treat them well, okay?”

Lily nodded gracefully and said in a gentle tone, “Mr. Williams, Ms. Castaneda, what is it the two of you would like to look at today?”

Before arriving at the bank, Caleb had already sent Zeke and Dawn’s information to Lily.

Zeke replied, “Money laundering.”

Lily smiled and nodded. “Would it be possible for Mr. Williams to elaborate further? Maybe about the Linton Group’s business structure and financial situation-”

Zeke shook his head. “That’s out of the question. Go and call your boss. The two of you have no right to serve me.”

Caleb and Lily were taken aback, and both of them started feeling slightly awkward.

Caleb tried his best to soothe the tense atmosphere. “Mr. Williams, I’m actually qualified to deal with any cases under ten billion. If you think I’m below your level, I’d be more than happy to call upon my supervisor. He deals with anything under fifty billion.”

Zeke replied, “What about a trillion?”

Real estate worth a trillion?

Caleb and Lily barely managed to hold their laughter back.

They had both made deals with various rich higher-ups all the time, some of whom were the richest men in their cities. Yet, they had never seen anyone try to brag in such an incredulous manner.

Caleb snickered. “Mr. Williams, you aren’t here to launder money, are you? Are you secretly here to buy our underground bank?”

Lily smiled mockingly. “Mr. Williams, I didn’t take you for a jokester.”

Zeke shook his head. “Sorry. I’m not really interested in your banks’ minuscule finances.”

Caleb and Lily’s expressions slowly darkened. They soon realized Zeke was not joking.

What could this man be up to?

Zeke suddenly started saying, “One o’clock. Three o’clock. Five o’clock. Six o’clock. Seven, nine, ten, and eleven o’clock.”

Caleb and Lily were confused. What is he talking about?

After a mere second, however, their expressions became tense.

Zeke was pointing out the positions of every sniper in front of him!

How did he know there were snipers in here? How did he manage to point out all of their exact positions?

Has he known since he stepped in here?

These snipers were all SEAL veterans whose capacity for criminal investigation was better than most. They couldn't have been easily spotted at such short notice.

He must have researched Chase Bank beforehand; Caleb could tell that he was dangerous and a definite threat to Chase Bank.

Caleb finally realized how much more out of control the situation was getting.

He couldn't invite his boss at this point.

He immediately glanced at Lily, who understood at once and pressed the red emergency button under the table before calling their boss.

The whole of Chase Bank was in a state of emergency the moment the alarm went off.

Some of the snipers were already aiming at Zeke, and even the old man who watched over the hotel upstairs had his bullets loaded.

Dawn's palms were slick from sweat as she clutched onto Zeke's arm nervously. "Zeke, what do we do now?"

Zeke just patted Dawn's shoulder reassuringly. "Don't worry. Nothing can happen when I'm around."

After a few minutes, a heavysset man came striding over.

Four intimidating bodyguards who had two pistols each hanging off their belts followed after him.

This man has to be the boss of Chase Bank.

He looked at Zeke with an expressionless face. "Are you the one who's looking to launder a trillion? Transfer the money over then. We'll make sure the money comes back to you all clean. However, if we get even a penny less than a trillion, you'll know what's coming. The only ones who are allowed to enter this place are either business partners or the soon-to-be-dead."

Zeke picked up his phone and made a call. "Take action."

Caleb walked to his boss with an apologetic face. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't do a thorough enough background check on him beforehand. I never imagined that he would be a threat to our bank."



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The boss' expression started to sour. "Since it's your first time making such a mistake, I'll let you go. However, everything under you right now will be transferred over to me."

Caleb exhaled in relief. "Thank you, sir, for your generosity."

The boss' gaze travelled up and down Dawn Castaneda and said, "This girl is quite the beauty. It'd be a shame if we got rid of her. Go and ask if she'd be interested in working with us."

Caleb looked at Dawn. "Ms. Castaneda, stay behind with us. That's the only way you'll get out of this alive."

They had no faith that Zeke would actually be able to fork over a trillion.

A trillion was enough to fund a small country's GDP for a whole year.

How could he possibly be that rich?

Dawn had been terrified from the very beginning and hid behind Zeke Williams, not making a peep.

The boss sighed. "Enough. Settle them."

He then turned to leave.

The bodyguards next to him put a hand on their pistols.

Suddenly, Lily called out, "Wait! Don't move! Something happened."

The boss stopped walking. "What happened?"

Lily powered up the computer and started typing as she spoke. "About a thousand billion just got transferred into our account under an unknown name!"

How's that possible?

The boss and Caleb inhaled in shock and rushed to look at the computer screen.

When they both saw with their own eyes that a thousand billion did just get transferred to them, they were still in shock.

One thousand billion equated to about half of all Chase Bank had.

Did this come from Zeke Williams?

"Hold on!" Lily exclaimed once more. "We just received another hundred billion!"

The boss and Caleb were frozen. They no longer knew where to look.

Lily kept calling out with every new transaction the bank received, "Another thousand billion!"

The third, the fourth, and the fifth transactions continued coming in.

Every single time a transaction came, a thousand billion was transferred.

It only stopped by the tenth transaction.

Every single time a new sum came in, the crowd's hearts stopped momentarily.

By the time, the tenth transaction was completed, their hearts were about to stop.

One trillion!

It was actually a whole trillion!

That amount was worth about five or six Chase Banks.

It was enough to develop a small country for a whole year!

Zeke Williams had really done it!

Who is this man? How can he have such a huge sum at hand?

Could he be the prince of some country?

This revelation left everyone in shock.

Who had they just messed with?

Zeke smiled. "Come on, show me what you got. Clean up that money for me."

The crowd was losing it.

What could they possibly clean? Even if they had ten Chase Banks at their disposal, there was no way they could ever launder that amount of money!

At that very moment, a worker ran up to them in a panic. "Sir! We're in trouble! The transactions that were just made have caught the attention of the International Bank due to the large amount. They've begun to investigate this transaction. In less than five minutes, they'll find out about our bank."

What?

The crowd instantly paled.

If Chase Bank were exposed, getting their money taken away wasn't the worst that could happen. They could very well get brought onto the court for breaking international laws.

They would have to die a hundred times over before ever being able to absolve their crimes.

Caleb's legs went wobbly, and he collapsed on his knees in front of Zeke Williams. "Mr. Williams, I apologize greatly. I apologize for not recognizing you in the first place! I beg you, please, reverse these transactions!"

The boss knelt as well and began begging Zeke, "Mr. Williams, please, I'm willing to do anything for you to reverse those transactions. I'd even be willing to give you this entire bank."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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What use was money in the face of life and death?

Even the boss had knelt. The other workers followed suit, even the snipers who had been in hiding the whole time.

Five minutes. That was all they had.

If Zeke didn't reverse these transactions within the next five minutes, they'd all be done for.

Zeke finally took out his phone and made another call. "Reverse the transactions. Get rid of all the evidence."

The crowd's nervousness finally got resolved.

"Get up," Zeke Williams said. "We shouldn't lose our morals over business now, should we?"

The crowd got up slowly.

Lily quickly brought a chair forward. "Mr. Williams, please have a seat."

Zeke sat down and looked at Caleb coldly. "Tell me, how exactly you and Gavin planning to get rid of my family?"

Caleb no longer dared to hide anything from Zeke, so he told him the full story, even the little details.

After speaking, Caleb slapped himself in the face. “I should not have done that. This is all my fault. Don’t worry, I’ll arrange for that money to be returned to you right now.”

Zeke shook his head. “Since it’s already in my account, I don’t think it’d be very appropriate to take it back out.”

Caleb instantly understood what he meant and said, “Okay, that four billion shall be our apology to you. I’ll arrange for that money to be laundered right away.”

Zeke continued, “Since Gavin enjoys transferring money to me so much, let’s just let him continue.”

Caleb smiled. “Of course. Lily, go and launder the four billion for Mr. Williams. I’ll contact Gavin now.”

He pulled out his phone and called Gavin right in front of Zeke.

“Mr. Zachary, the plan is going extremely smoothly. The Linton Group has caught the attention of the National Security Service for being involved in the illegal selling of military weaponry. However, the four billion you invested at first is, unfortunately, running out. If you really want him and his family destroyed, you have to transfer a little bit more. Hear me

out. Don't be mad. You only need to transfer another two billion this time. That'll ensure neither Zeke Williams nor the Hinton family will be alive by the end of all this. I'll wait for you to let me know."

Zeke then left with Dawn.

The people in Chase Bank finally sighed in relief.

They soon realized that their backs had been drenched with sweat.

They all looked at each other and smiled bitterly.

Chase Bank had always been on the very top of the social ladder and had never feared being looked down upon, not for the last hundred years.

Zeke drove Dawn back to Linton Group.

On the way there, Dawn looked at Zeke and snickered. "Zeke, do you know what my childhood dream was?"

Zeke shook his head. "What was it?"

Dawn replied, "I wanted to be killed by money. Before this, it's always been just that: a dream. I never expected that it could come true. So,

Zeke, promise me that when I die of old age or something, find a way to kill me with money.”

Zeke replied, “What if I want to kill you right now?”

Gavin was more annoyed than usual.

He had already invested six billion in Chase Bank.

To think that this has barely satisfied them. I even have to add on another two billion on top of that.

He had already invested eight billion at this point.

“Dumb f*****g Chase Bank. Are they incompetent or something?”

Caleb called him right as he was pacing around.

Gavin quickly picked up and asked, “Caleb, how’s everything going?”

“Good news!” Caleb guffawed, “The National Security Service has given the Linton Group a death sentence. As the CEO for Linton Group, Lacey Hinton, is definitely done for. However, as a mere worker under Linton Group, Zeke Williams might end up going scot-free this

time.”

“What?” Gavin yelled in anger. “I wanted you to get rid of Zeke Williams in the first place. Lacey was just extra baggage! What do you mean he’ll go scot-free?”



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“Is that so?” Caleb said with a slightly apologetic tone. “Mr. Zachary, you should have reminded me before everything. I was under the impression that your main target was Linton Group. What about this? Mr. Zachary, if you transfer another two billion, I’ll get my boss to personally talk to the National Security Service and ensure that Zeke Williams dies painfully and tragically.”

“You need more money?” Gavin asked in anger.

“Mr. Zachary, please make a decision as soon as possible. We’re running out of time,” Caleb said.

Henry started pleading, “Godpa, no matter how much money it takes, Zeke Williams must die. If needed, I’ll- I’ll agree to your previous proposition.”

Gavin glared at Henry before gritting his teeth. “Okay. I’ll transfer the money instantly.”

Caleb replied, “Nice. In half an hour, you can drop by to collect the bodies of Zeke Williams and Lacey Hinton.”

After hanging up, Gavin walked out. “Come on, Henry. We’re going to Linton Group. I want to see Zeke Williams and Lacey Hinton die with my own eyes.”

“Okay, sure!” Henry followed hurriedly, holding onto Gavin’s arm. “Godpa, you’re the best!”

In about twenty minutes, the two of them had reached the Linton Group.

There were only ten more minutes until the time Caleb had claimed they could watch Zeke and Lacey die.

In the CEO’s office, Lacey was nagging at Zeke and Dawn. “Where did you two run off to? The company needs all the help we can get right now. Oh, right, Dawnie, have you contacted Paul Venture Capitalist yet?”

Dawn quickly replied, “Yup. He said the money was entered into the wrong account by accident, and that it was sent to us. However, they’re too lazy to go through with the procedure to take the money back because it’s apparently too much of a hassle. That’s why they’re investing it in us.”

Lacey nodded, seemingly in deep thought. “As expected, a business of their size is pretty generous. They barely even see 1.5 billion as money.”

At that very moment, the door was kicked open. Henry and Gavin walked in as they laughed maniacally. They sat down as if they owned the place.

“Ms. Hinton! I hope you’re doing well,” Gavin scoffed.

Lacey’s expression was cold. “Who let you two in? Get out.”

Gavin smirked. “As the CEO of this company, you have absolutely zero manners. You deserve to be shut down. Henry, how much longer do they have?”

“Five minutes,” Henry replied.

“Then we’ll wait patiently for another five minutes,” Gavin said in glee.

Lacey was confused. “What are you two going on about?”

“Are you really stupid or are you pretending?” Gavin rolled his eyes. “Linton Group has been involved in illegal dealing of military weaponry. You’ve already caught the attention of the National Security Service.”

“Liar,” Lacey said. “Military weaponry is an absolute red zone law-wise in Eurasia. We wouldn’t just set ourselves up for failure. Don’t try to frame us.”

Gavin just replied, “We’ll see whether that’s true or false in five more minutes.”

Lacey tried to say something, but Zeke cut her off. "Lacey, ignore them. These two lunatics forgot to take their medicine today. Just do what you need to do."

Lacey stammered, "But-"

Zeke soothed, "Just trust me."

Gavin cursed loudly. "F*ck, I can't believe you two are going all mushy in front of us even at a time like this. The nerve you two have!"

Zeke smirked coldly as he looked at Gavin. "Has your face been feeling a little lonely recently?"

Gavin was pissed, but he didn't dare say anything else.

Even until now, his face was still hurting.

Five minutes passed in the blink of an eye.

Zeke teased, "It's been five minutes. Where's all the action you two were speaking of just now? If nothing happens, or you can't explain yourselves, I'll just act as if whatever you two just said is plain trash."

Henry and Gavin frowned.

Time was up. Why hasn't anything happened

yet?”



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Could it be... that Anthony got caught up with something while making his way here?

He said nonchalantly, "Hmph. I'll give the lot of you five more minutes to live. If you kneel and beg for my forgiveness within these five minutes, perhaps I'll spare your lives."

Zeke replied, "Alright. I'm feeling rather charitable, so I'll give you five more minutes."

Soon, another five minutes went by.

It wasn't just Anthony who hadn't arrived; even the police were nowhere to be seen.

Dawn cupped a hand to her ear, pretending to listen attentively. "Why do I hear dogs barking? Oh, I know! That's because there are two dogs here who are all bark and no bite!"

Gavin and Henry's faces were grim.

The latter felt that something was off. Hence, he fished out his phone and called Shawn Badley from the Bank Regulatory Bureau to get the gist of the situation.

After exchanging simple pleasantries, Gavin cut to the chase. "Mr. Badley, haven't your people recently been monitoring for anomalies in Linton Group's capital flow? I heard they're in the firearms business, and the amount involved

adds up to tens of billions!”

Shawn’s voice was indifferent as he responded, “Yes, Linton Group’s account has indeed been active as of recent, and the turnover has reached ten billion. But that’s the result of the investment from the company’s venture capitalist, Paul. It has nothing to do with that firearms business you’re going on about. I’m hanging up if there’s nothing else.”

What!

Gavin felt as if he had been struck by lightning, and he trembled slightly.

Wasn’t the cash said to have been profited from a mercenary organization?

How did it end up coming from a venture capitalist named Paul?

A terrifying thought emerged in his mind. There’s a chance I’ve been fooled by Caleb Nolan!

Caleb might have even joined hands with Zeke Williams to f**k me over and defraud me of ten billion!

“Caleb Nolan, you m*****ker!” Gavin was so enraged that he almost spewed blood as he hurled his phone onto the ground.

Zeke asked, "What's the matter? Weren't you oh-so confident just a moment ago? What happened to all that big talk?"

Gavin gnashed his teeth and glared at Zeke. "Williams, you sure have balls of steel to dare swindle Mr. Quin's money! Just you wait! This isn't the end!"

With a grunt, he added, "Henry, let's go."

Henry was shocked.

He hadn't heard their conversation over the phone, so he was oblivious to the actual situation.

Upon seeing Gavin admit defeat and leave like that, he was less than willing to do the same. "Godpa, why are we leaving just like that? Anthony will be here soon."

"No, he won't!" Gavin snapped. "Just follow me. Stop making a fool out of yourself!"

Henry's heart instantly dropped to his stomach. Damn it! Something must have happened.

He quickly followed Gavin out.

"Zeke, aren't you going to see them off?" Dawn quipped.

Zeke answered with a small smirk, "I guess I should."

He kicked the chair next to him.

The chair skidded towards Henry at a high speed, slamming against the back of his knees.

The man fell back onto the chair before he knew what hit him.

Both he and the chair continued its forward momentum, hitting the back of Gavin's knees.

In the end, the chair sent both of them barreling towards the wall opposite them.

One of Gavin's teeth had fallen off from the impact, and he looked utterly miserable.

"Zeke Williams, I swear on my life that I will kill you..."

Zeke slammed the door shut and muttered, "Bunch of psychos!"

Lacey was still kept in the dark in regards to the current situation. "Yeah. Those two must've lost their minds. Coming here to spout a load of crap just to leave with nothing! Well, unless they consider a good beating as something? Just what were they hoping to achieve?"

Zeke and Dawn exchanged glances and smiled knowingly.

Upon leaving Linton Group, Gavin dialed Caleb's number. He gave the latter a good tongue-lashing that involved some very artistic language.

"Damn you, Caleb Nolan! How dare you f*****g set me up? Do you have a death wish?"



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Caleb sighed on the other end of the line. "Mr. Zachary, don't be too upset about it. It's nothing personal. We had no choice but to do this. There are certain people we really can't afford to offend."

Gavin let out a mocking laugh. "You even have no qualms admitting it? Very well. Just you wait. I'll report this to Mr. Quin, and we'll see what his next orders are."

Caleb sighed again before responding, "Mr. Zachary, let me give you a piece of advice. Isn't it better to live your life as it is? Why do you have to bring trouble to your own doorstep? People like us can't afford to offend people like him, and Mr. Quin is no exception..."

"P*** off!" Gavin cursed. "You deserve to f*****g die for insulting Mr. Quin!"

Mr. Quin had always been as steady as a mountain. However, the moment he heard that Gavin had failed to get rid of Zeke, and had even gotten swindled out of ten billion, he completely lost it and exploded with anger.

In a fit of rage, he threw the pet rabbit in his hand harshly to the ground, causing blood to splatter everywhere as the rabbit died from the impact.

"Trash! That good-for-nothing can't even deal

with a foreign dog. What use do I have of him?"

His personal advisor, Draco, cautiously said, "Mr. Quin, there's more to that Williams guy than meets the eye. So, it's not completely surprising that Zachary played right into his hand."

Mr. Quin shot a glare at Draco. "I know you're on good terms with Gavin, but don't find excuses for him. A failure is a failure. It's inexcusable."

Draco dared not speak again.

Mr. Quin continued, "Get in touch with Reuben Mack and get him to kill Zeke Williams. Also, get back the ten billion that was cheated from us while you're at it."

Reuben Mack was a general under Mr. Quin, whose domain was 'power'. He had a position that was on par with Gavin's.

Draco immediately nodded. "Yes, sir."

Mr. Quin continued training the Siberian wolves he had just acquired.

"My boys, grow up fast and strong. I'm counting on you to support me."

Inside the largest underground casino in

Eastend.

Reuben welcomed Draco in an office filled with cash.

Draco looked at the pile of cash and smiled faintly. "It seems like you've hit the jackpot, Reub."

Reuben casually threw a Yellow Crane Tower towards Draco. "Jackpot my a**. No matter how much money I make, I still have to give it to that dog Gavin Zachary for safekeeping."

Draco smirked. He knew that Reuben and Gavin had always been at odds with each other, so there was nothing much he could say.

He lit a cigarette and said, "Reub, Mr. Quin was the one who sent me here this time. He has a mission for you."

"Go on," said Reuben.

Draco wasted no time. "Mr. Quin wants you to eliminate Zeke Williams."

"Zeke Williams?" A frown formed between Reuben's brows. "Didn't Gavin already accept this mission?"

Draco heaved a sigh. "Gavin failed. He didn't just fail to kill Zeke Williams. He also lost ten

billion to him... Mr. Quin is very angry.”

“Huh? Hahaha!” Reuben burst into laughter when he heard this. “I knew it! Gavin Zachary only knows how to make money, but he’s complete sh*t when it comes to killing people. I really don’t know where he even got the courage to accept a mission that involved killing someone.”

When his laughter finally died down, Reuben said to Draco, “Head back and tell Mr. Quin to give me three days. I guarantee I’ll make Zeke Williams atone for his sins, and he’ll be begging to be killed when I’m finally done with him.”

Draco inhaled sharply before warning, “Reub, let me remind you, this man isn’t as easy to deal with as you’d think. Please don’t underestimate him. A large part of Gavin’s failure was because he underestimated him.”

“Yeah, yeah. I know.” Reuben impatiently responded. “I’ll release my Thirteen Guardians upon him. That should be enough, right?”

Draco shook his head. “Reub, I think you should see to it personally and make sure the job is done.”



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“That’s enough now.” Reuben waved a dismissive hand. “Draco, since when did you become such a chicken? You’re exaggerating the enemy’s power, and in turn, making yourself look bad.”

Draco smiled bitterly.

Having been Mr. Quin’s advisor for most of his life, he knew Mr. Quin’s biggest weakness was underestimating the enemy.

Gavin, Reuben, and even Sim, had been working under Mr. Quin for too long a time. Hence, they had also caught the bad habit of underestimating the enemy.

I hope to God I’m just worrying over nothing.

Without another word, Draco turned and left.

Reuben curled his lips in disdain. “Why would I send out all of the Thirteen Guardians to deal with one foreign dog? Three of them will be more than enough to get rid of Zeke Williams.”

He took out his phone and made three phone calls.

Before long, three sturdy-looking men gathered in his office.

They were ranked eleventh, twelfth, and

thirteenth among the Thirteen Guardians.

Reuben puffed out a ring of smoke and relayed, "Just now, Mr. Quin tasked me with killing Zeke Williams. I'm planning to pass the mission on to you three. Are you confident it'll be a successful mission?"

"Yes!" Three of them shouted in unison. The ceiling seemed to tremble from their deafening voices.

"Very good." Reuben cracked a satisfied smile. "I'll break it down and assign different tasks to you three. Right now, Zeke Williams is in Rivermouth, Master Williams' territory. We can't barge in however we like, or they'll see it as trespassing."

Reuben turned to one of the men and said, "Eleven, find a way to lure Zeke Williams to Eastend."

Eleven answered confidently, "No problem."

Reuben then addressed another man, "Twelve, take a team of men to guard the border. The moment Zeke Williams crosses over, seal it off. He'll be an easy catch once we block off his escape route."

Then, he warned, "Remember not to let the Rivermouth forces cross over to save him."

Twelve smiled reassuringly, "It'll be a piece of cake. Those Rivermouth scumbags are so scared of me that they'd fall to their knees as soon as they see me. They wouldn't dare to trespass."

Reuben nodded in satisfaction. "Thirteen, capture Mia Young and offer her to Mr. Quin. When he grows tired of her, you boys can have a go at her and have some fun yourselves."

"Mia Young is my idol.... but since my brothers like her too, I don't mind sharing my idol with them," Thirteen replied.

All of them started to laugh maniacally.

Once everyone was on the same page, they split up to carry out their respective tasks.

Eleven led more than fifty of his lackeys towards Grand Empire Group.

When the employees of Grand Empire Group saw the band of men charging into the company building, they tensed up with fear as their hearts pounded furiously.

"Who... Who are you people? You can't barge in like that!" The security guard tried to stop them.

Eleven kicked the security guard to the ground. "F**k you. Don't you know who I am? What a

waste of space!”

There were so many men that the security guard didn't dare resist. He didn't even dare to get up and could only huddle on the floor to avoid being beaten again.

Eleven yelled, “Where's your boss? Get your boss out!”

Zeke wasn't at the company at that moment, so naturally, the vice president, Jessie, would be their next immediate boss.

Jessie walked forward on shaky legs. “Don't cause any trouble here. This is a lawful society...”

Eleven cut her off, “Don't you dare give me a damn political lecture. I don't have time for that crap. Did you pay the protection fees last month?”

Jessie was stunned for a moment. “Protection fees? What protection fees?”

Eleven flew into a rage. “F**k! You don't even pay your protection fees? Just how much do you look down on us?”

Without another word, he turned to his men. “Boys, wreck this place.”

More than fifty men poured into the building and started creating chaos.

They didn't just smash objects; even the employees weren't exempted from their cruelty!



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Jessie panicked. She wanted to put a stop to this madness, but one of the men slapped her across the face, making her see stars.

An employee hurriedly hauled Jessie up to prevent her from being brutally attacked again.

In less than ten minutes, mayhem descended upon Grand Empire Group.

Many of the employees were injured and bleeding all over the floor.

Jessie had broken down into tears. "Hurry. Call Mr. Williams over to get everything under control."

Her assistant frantically pulled out a phone and dialed Zeke's number before passing it to Jessie.

Jessie sniffled as she spoke, "Mr. Williams, come to Grand Empire Group, quickly. A group of men are causing trouble here. They're smashing things and hurting the employees."

At that very moment, Zeke was at Linton Group discussing with Dawn the best way to explain to Lacey about the extra eight billion that had been transferred to them later on.

They were in the midst of a heated discussion when his phone rang with a call from Jessie.

After listening to her, Zeke turned livid and slammed his fist on the desk.

The desk cracked from the force of it.

“Mr. Quin is a fool. If he had some brains, he would’ve realized I’m not someone he should mess with based on what happened to Gavin Zachary. Instead, he regrouped and came at me again? I’ll crush him once and for all this time.”

He then said to Dawn, “Dawnie, you go ahead and explain to Lacey about the eight billion. Just don’t rat me out.”

He got to his feet with a solemn expression. “I have to go to Eastend to settle an urgent matter.”

Dawn’s curiosity was piqued. “What’s the urgent matter, Zeke?”

“Some people are bullying my employees, so I’m going to beat those dogs up,” Zeke replied matter-of-factly.

Dawn was a smart girl, so she instantly understood what he was about to do.

She quickly grabbed a mop from the side. “Zeke, this is the international dog-beating tool. I wish you all the best.”

Zeke rolled his eyes at her and replied in a dry tone, "Very funny."

As soon as Zeke left, Lacey walked in. She immediately noticed the prominent crack in the middle of the desk. It was a result of Zeke's violence.

"Huh? Dawnie, what happened to your desk?"

Dawn answered with the first thing that came to mind, "Oh, nothing. A large piece of hail fell from the sky just now, and it cracked my desk."

Lacey was bewildered.

The 403 Highway was the only main road from Rivermouth to Eastend.

At that moment, a large group of men waiting to ambush Zeke hid behind two mounds on both sides of the road.

This group of people consisted of Twelve and his men.

The moment Zeke's car drove past the border and entered Eastend, Twelve waved his hand and ordered, "Brothers, seal the border immediately."

"No one is allowed to enter! No one!" He emphasized. "Let's cut off his escape route and

kill him off today, just like fish in a barrel.”

Hundreds of his men immediately set up roadblocks on the main road, sealing off the border to any incoming cars.

Zeke arrived at Grand Empire Group soon after.

Eleven and his men had already left by then.

Upon seeing the mess at Grand Empire Group, Zeke was beside himself with rage.

The vice president, Jessie, timidly stepped forward. “Mr. Williams, I’m very sorry. I failed to protect Grand Empire Group and its employees.”

“It’s not your fault... Wait. You’re injured too?” Zeke frowned when he saw the blood on her.

Jessie sighed defeatedly. “This is nothing compared to the losses suffered by Grand Empire Group. Mr. Williams, our top priority is to restore the company’s operations. Don’t worry about me.”

Zeke lit a cigarette and took a long drag from it before announcing, “Everyone, please rest assured. You can count on me to avenge all of you for what happened today. Those of you who are injured, head to the hospital to get yourselves treated. The company will

reimburse all the costs in full. As for the remaining employees, stay back and help clean up the mess. Let's continue with company operations."

Everyone stood their ground, motionless.

In truth, their injuries weren't severe. They didn't need to be treated at the hospital.

All of them wanted to stay back and restore the company with Zeke.

However, in the end, under Zeke's insistence, the injured went to the hospital to be treated.



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A boss who would choose to sacrifice the company's profits for the sake of his employees' well-being was someone worth sticking around for.

Jessie didn't go to the hospital in the end.

Her face was only slightly swollen. She would be seen as melodramatic if she went to the hospital to treat a tiny injury.

Zeke summoned Jessie into his office and queried, "Do you know the identities of the people who came here to cause trouble?"

Jessie nodded solemnly. "Yes. It was Eleven from the Thirteen Guardians."

Upon seeing the clueless look on Zeke's face, she elaborated, "The Thirteen Guardians are basically killer machines under Reuben Mack's command. They are very well-known in Eastend."

Zeke wore an unimpressed look and asked, "Reuben Mack? Never heard of him. Is he related to Mr. Quin in any way?"

"Yes. Reuben Mack is one of the three generals working for Mr. Quin. His domain is 'power'. His position is on par with Gavin Zachary's and Sim Owens'." Jessie answered.

Following Jessie's detailed explanation, Zeke nodded. "Got it. You can get back to work now."

Before she left, Zeke remembered something. "By the way, give me a report on the number of injured and their respective conditions as soon as you can."

With a nod, Jessie turned and left.

Zeke drummed his fingers on his desk. The crisp tapping sounds were an ominous sign of what was to come.

"The Thirteen Guardians, huh? Before me, you're thirteen pests at best."

He began coming up with a course of action. "These thirteen pests are too scattered, so I can't take them down all at once. This means I have to find backup... But there's hardly anyone I can count on in Eastend. Now that the passage connecting Rivermouth and Eastend has been blocked, it'd be impossible to mobilize people over from there."

Of course, Twelve and his men who sealed off the border had not been able to escape Zeke's eyes.

He just had not been bothered by them.

After much deliberation, Zeke finally thought of

a force he could enlist help from. It was the Necromancer Assassin Organization that Hadley Murphy was affiliated with!

The Necromancer Assassin Organization was the third-largest force in Eastend. Defeating the Thirteen Guardians would be easy for them.

With that thought in mind, he immediately called Hadley. "Hadley, come to Grand Empire Group in Eastend. I have a new mission for you."

Hadley sighed, "You should stop causing trouble in Eastend. That's where our Necromancer Assassin Organization is based. The Young Matriarch has already told me about your love-hate relationship with my leader. Isn't it because of your guilt towards my leader that you're scared to let her know you're still alive?"

When Zeke didn't answer, Hadley continued. "If you create too big of a ruckus here and my leader finds out, she might kill the heartless man you are in a fit of rage..."

"Hadley, do you know why my master could live for over a hundred years?" Zeke interrupted her.

Hadley was bewildered. "Why?"

"Because my master was never a nosey parker," Zeke replied in a deadpan voice.

Hadley snapped, "Oh, f*** off!"

Zeke hesitated for a moment before deciding to check up on Mia.

He called her, saying, "Mia, cooperate with Linton Group on the promotional video shooting for this period of time, and don't come to Eastend. Mr. Quin is making his move again, so it's not safe for you here."

Mia bowed her head and remained silent as remorse lined her features.

Sigh. I thought that by aligning myself with Grand Empire Group, my worries would all be vanquished.

But now, it seems like all of that was wishful thinking.

During this period of time, she had specifically inquired about Zeke and later found that he barely had any influence in Rivermouth.

She didn't even know if he had any power or influence in Eastend.

But whatever amount of power he had was definitely not worth mentioning before Mr. Quin.

She knew for certain that Zeke couldn't protect her and that she might even end up dragging

him and Linton Group down with her because of this.

After a long bout of contemplation, Mia dismissed Zeke's orders, hopped into her car and sped towards Eastend.



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She owed Zeke her life, and the last thing she wanted to do was drag him into this mess.

It wasn't a big deal. She just needed to admit defeat to Mr. Quin.

Sigh. Why is it so difficult for a woman to make a living for herself?

On the 403 Highway that connected Rivermouth and Eastend.

Twelve was overseeing his men as they blocked the main road. Anyone related to Zeke Williams wasn't allowed to enter.

From a distance, Twelve felt that the incoming car seemed a little familiar.

He was surprised and quickly ordered, "That's Mia Young's car. Stop her."

His men immediately got to work, putting up roadblocks and even parking one of their cars sideways to make sure that she couldn't break through the barrier.

Since Mia had already decided to surrender to Mr. Quin, she didn't have any intention to resist.

She parked her car in front of the barrier and got down. "I'm Mia Young, the woman Mr. Quin has been looking for. Please take me to him."

Twelve sneered in contempt. “You should’ve done this earlier instead of letting things become messier than necessary.”

He then gestured towards the car. “Get in. We’ll take you to Mr. Quin.”

Once Mia boarded the car, Twelve gave Thirteen a call. “Hey, are you still looking for Mia Young?”

“Damn it! I don’t think she’s in Eastend. I combed through the whole city but couldn’t find her,” Thirteen cursed.

Twelve chuckled. “You can stop looking for her. I’ve completed your task for you. She’s in my car now.”

Thirteen was shocked. “The f***! Where did that damned woman go? I had to look all around for her like an idiot. She’s gonna get it from me when I see her!”

Zeke had no clue about Mia’s act of self-surrender and was proceeding according to his plan.

He had asked Hadley to get him ten elite killers from the Necromancer Assassin Organization.

Zeke narrowed his eyes into slits at the ten killers standing before him and questioned, “I

want you to capture the Thirteen Guardians alive. What's the success rate?"

"I'm guessing it'll be about fifty percent," Hadley answered.

Zeke asked, "What about the success rate of assassinating all of them?"

"A hundred percent," Hadley said without hesitation.

With that, Zeke gave his final order. "Then, just go ahead and kill them to avoid further complications."

"Wait," Hadley called out to Zeke.

"Is there anything else?" Zeke raised his brows.

"The leader of the Thirteen Guardians used to participate in illegal fighting. He won the underground boxing championship for seven consecutive years. He's strong and ruthless, so I'm not entirely sure if we can kill him," Hadley stated her concerns.

Zeke cracked his neck from side to side. "Since I have some time on my hands, I'll get rid of the leader of the Thirteen Guardians for you. I'll leave the rest of them to you guys. There shouldn't be any problem, right?"

Hadley nodded in response.

Zeke turned around to leave but was stopped by Hadley once again. "Wait."

Zeke grew slightly impatient. "Spit it out, whatever it is."

Hadley pursed her lips. "How much is the reward money? You haven't mentioned anything about it. We're not going to do charity work for you if that's what you were hoping."

Zeke pondered for a while before declaring, "Ten million for an ear. Come and collect your reward money from me after the job's done."

The assassins were more than tempted by it.

If he's paying us ten million for an ear, killing just one of the thirteen will amount to twenty million... This guy must be filthy rich!

One had to know that the price for assassinating each of the Thirteen Guardians was only approximately five million!

Mr. Williams just raised the price by four times.

"Cheapskate," Hadley mumbled under her breath.

The other assassins were dumbstruck.

Cheapskate?

Did we hear it wrong, or are we too short-witted...

It was neither. Hadley was just too arrogant for her own good!

After Zeke received information on the leader of the Thirteen Guardians, he set out in secret.

His destination was City Tavern.

Reuben never paid his Thirteen Guardians.

On the contrary, he gave them each a business, and the profits from their respective businesses were their salary.

City Tavern was a business given by Reuben to the leader of the Thirteen Guardians.

Zeke used a wire to pry the lock of the tavern's front door open with ease before languidly stepping over the threshold.



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He didn't deliberately conceal his presence because he was confident no one would be able to sense it anyway.

His footfalls were as light as a cat's while his breathing was controlled and barely audible. He had completely fused with the darkness of the night.

To be precise, he was the night itself, with the only difference being that he could move from place to place.

There was movement in the bedroom on the second floor.

Thus, Zeke made his way there.

The door to the bedroom was half open. Only a faint orangey light came from inside, giving the atmosphere a very seductive feel to it.

Two figures were having a hot and passionate session on the bed with their bodies tangled together.

The man was definitely the leader of the Thirteen Guardians.

And the woman with him was probably his mistress.

The woman screamed so loudly that Zeke

wouldn't be surprised if she woke the dead up.

He couldn't tell if her screams were just to please the leader or if she was really enjoying it.

Zeke hesitated for a split second before walking in and lowering himself onto the sofa to watch.

One glance was enough to know that these two were experienced in this department. Hence, he took the opportunity to learn a few tricks that might come in handy in the future when he and Lacey were at it.

Even now, the two people hadn't noticed that there was an intruder in their bedroom.

As they immersed themselves deeper into the play, Zeke began to feel disgusted. He couldn't bring himself to watch on anymore.

With a flick of his finger, a silver needle shot out and pierced the woman's neck.

The woman gasped lightly, her eyes rolling back as she passed out cold.

The leader wasn't aware that the woman had fainted and angrily urged her, "C'mon, b****! Resist me! I'm gonna f*** your brains out tonight. C'mon, resist me! You know how turned

on I get when you resist...”

However, the woman remained motionless.

Huh?

Only then did the leader sense something amiss. He abruptly raised his head to scan his surroundings with vigilant eyes.

Even so, he failed to notice Zeke, who had blended with the night. All he noticed was the door, which was slightly wider than he had left it!

F***!

His mind turned abuzz when he realized someone might have broken in.

He hastily moved to get down from the bed, but right at that moment, two silver needles flew towards his temple at lightning speed, piercing through his skin.

He instinctively looked in the direction where the silver needles had come from, only to realize with horror that there was a person seated on the sofa.

When did he come in? How long has he been sitting there...

Before he could find the answers to his questions, however, his consciousness began to fade. Dark spots filled his vision, and his body gradually went limp. He then fell heavily onto the bed.

Zeke got up and covered the two of them with the blanket before leaving.

Dream Nightclub belonged to Two from the Thirteen Guardians.

It was currently the peak hour at the nightclub. The first floor was teeming with life, with its patrons indulging in alcohol and partying like there was no tomorrow.

Hadley managed to get in unnoticed and made her way to the luxurious suite on the top floor.

That was Two's private chamber.

Two was currently drinking on the first floor while watching over his turf, so his private chamber was completely vacant.

Hadley cast her gaze around and formulated an assassination plan very quickly.

She picked out a live wire from the bunch of electrical wires in his room, then connected the other end of it to the middle of the bathtub in the bathroom.

As soon as the water came in contact with the wire, the entire bathtub would be charged with electricity, turning the victim into a roasted pig.

She had made some adjustments to the safety fuse in advance. She had made sure that the electricity would keep running for at least ten minutes before getting cut off, even if there was a short circuit.

Once she was done, she found a corner to hide as she waited for her prey to fall into her trap.

Half an hour later, an intoxicated Two staggered into his bedroom.

He kicked off his shoes and undressed, then lay down in the bathtub and was about to turn on the faucet.

“Fat pig,” Hadley muttered softly, her face contorting with disgust as she saw the rolls of fat on Two’s body.

“Who’s there?” Out of Hadley’s expectation, Two had picked up her voice.

Damn it!

Do you have dog ears? How the hell did you even hear me? Hadley cursed inwardly.

Seeing that Two was about to come out of the

bathtub, Hadley rushed forward to turn the faucet open all the way.



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Two immediately moved to jump out of the bathtub when he saw an intruder, but it was already too late.

The water had touched the live wire, causing the entire bathtub to run with electricity.

There was no way Two could escape unscathed.

Sizzling noises filled the bathroom.

Electric sparks leapt across the bathtub and Two's body. It was so bright; the whole bedroom was lit up like the sky on the fourth of July.

Ten minutes later, the safety fuse downstairs finally burnt out, and the entire nightclub was plunged into darkness in an instant.

Two had already been electrocuted to resemble a roasted pig by that time. His entire body was charcoal-black, and his hair stood straight on his scalp. The smell of burnt flesh permeated the air in the room.

His eyeballs were protruding as if about to pop from their sockets. It was a hideous and terrifying sight!

Even Hadley herself was slightly freaked out by that ghastly sight, making quick work of slicing

off his ears before escaping through the windows.

The club-goers who were partying downstairs were displeased and started protesting the moment the power went off.

Two's lackey, who was standing on duty, quickly reassured the crowd, "Don't worry, it's probably just a trip. I'll check it out and make sure everything goes back to normal."

The lackey quickly discovered that the fuse was blown because it had been 'old and unmaintained'.

So, he found two thick wires to replace the fried fuse. "Let's see if you can still burn out like this."

The pounding music resumed its playing in the nightclub, and the atmosphere became lively once again.

However, Two was in a pitiable condition back in his bedroom, his charred body twitching in tandem with the sizzling noises brought about by the electric current. One might even think he was dancing to the beat downstairs.

At two in the morning, Zeke, Hadley, and her elite assassins rendezvoused somewhere in the suburbs as planned.

Zeke opened the trunk of his car that was filled with briefcases.

All of them were loaded with money. Each briefcase contained twenty million, not a penny more, and not a penny less.

Zeke jerked his head slightly at them. "Line up to get your bounties."

The assassins formed a line to claim their bounties. "Sir, here are Five's ears."

Zeke said with a nod, "Here's your twenty million."

"Sir, Sixth's ears."

"Twenty million. Check it."

Soon, it was Hadley's turn. Zeke casually threw a briefcase towards her.

"Hey, hot stuff. The money's too little." Hadley stated.

Zeke frowned in confusion. "Too little?"

Hadley threw a plastic bag before his feet. "Didn't you know Two has three ears? You should be giving me thirty million."

Zeke's face darkened.

How the f*** can someone have three ears?

Where the hell did his third ear come from?

Just then, Zeke's phone rang.

It was an unknown caller.

It was two in the morning, and an unknown number was calling him. Zeke was certain he wasn't going to like this call.

Zeke made a silent gesture to everyone before answering it. "Who is this?"

An unfamiliar voice drifted over the line, "Williams, were you sleeping?"

The man chuckled. "Your girl is in our hands. If you don't want her to die, come to Redwood Lumberyard immediately."

Zeke was taken aback. "My girl? Since when I had a girl?"

The man sneered in return. "Stop acting dumb. Did you think I wouldn't find out about you and Mia Young?"

Zeke's expression instantly turned serious.

Mia.

Mia's been captured.

He had no doubt that it was Mia herself who had come to Eastend.

Did she deliver herself into their arms because she didn't trust me to be capable of handling the matter? Was it an act of sacrifice to protect me?

That girl is seriously making things worse!

I guess I'll have to speed up my plans.

He turned back to Hadley and the rest. "New mission. Follow me."

"Wait," Hadley halted him. "Let's discuss the price first."

"Name your price," Zeke said irritably.

"Thirty million per person!" Hadley brazenly stated.

Zeke wore a look of disdain as he said, "How disappointing."

Hadley blinked in surprise. "What do you mean?"



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“That’s it? I didn’t take you for a narrow-minded person.” Zeke said in a bored tone. “After finishing the job, how about I give the whole of Eastend to you lot?”

“Bull****!” Hadley spat.

The other assassins looked at each other, completely stumped.

Mr. Williams doesn’t just have a thick wallet... He certainly has a flair for making up stories that are unique and refreshing.

Does he think he can claim Eastend, then give it away however he likes?

The Necro Group had worked hard in Eastend for many years before it had earned its rank among the top three.

This guy, who had no power or influence in Eastend, was implying that he could get rid of Mr. Quin.

If this wasn’t bull****, what was?

Eastend was rich in resources, especially timber.

There were many small lumberyards like Redwood Lumberyard in Eastend.

Reuben had long cleared Redwood Lumberyard of other living souls.

Only himself and three of his men, along with ten snipers hidden under the cover of the night, were left at the lumberyard.

Mia had been caught and secured to a stool with her hands tied behind her back. Her mouth was gagged; she couldn't move an inch.

She was overwhelmed with guilt and frustration at that moment.

She had initially thought she could save Zeke by surrendering to Mr. Quin.

Little did she know that Reuben would use her to lure Zeke here so that he could end his life.

Sigh. If only I'd known this back then, I would never have jumped off the bridge.

If I didn't jump, Zeke and I would have nothing to do with each other. He wouldn't have been brought into this mess.

The reason Reuben had chosen to set things in motion at this hour was because he couldn't wait to kill Zeke.

This way, he could take Zeke's corpse over to Mr. Quin early in the morning and claim his

reward.

Gavin Zachary had failed to kill Zeke even after trying everything, while I succeeded in just a day. Mr. Quin will definitely see how much I'm worth from now on.

Reuben glanced at the time and asked his assistant, "Williams will probably be here soon. Are the snipers in position?"

"Don't worry. They're all in position and ready to ambush at any time," His assistant reassured.

Reuben nodded. "Alright. Go keep watch, and inform me as soon as Zeke Williams arrives."

The assistant felt slightly uneasy and raised his concern, "Mr. Mack, aren't we being a little too hasty by bringing only a few men to deal with Zeke Williams?"

He shifted on his feet before suggesting, "Why don't we call the Thirteen Guardians over to help?"

Reuben expressed his displeasure and questioned, "What? Are you doubting my capabilities?"

His assistant quickly shook his head in fear. "No, no! But what if something goes wrong..."

“What if?” Reuben cut him off, then scoffed. “Those two words don’t exist in my book.”

“Zeke Williams doesn’t have any authority in Eastend. There’s no one here who would help him. His manpower from Rivermouth can’t come over here. So, you tell me. Can he get rid of ten snipers at the same time and all on his own?”

The assistant shook his head. “No, he can’t. Not unless he has ten pairs of eyes and arms.”

“Exactly.” Reuben nodded. “As long as he can’t get rid of all of the snipers at the same time, the surviving ones can shoot him down. Besides, even if he miraculously kills all the snipers before they can shoot him, there’s still me. I’ll beat him to a pulp.”

The assistant smiled. “Forgive me for being short-sighted due to unfounded worries. The boys and I will be on the lookout.”

“Tell the snipers not to kill him unless they really have to,” Reuben ordered. “I want that b***** to kneel before Mr. Quin and atone for his sins before he leaves this world for good.”

“Understood,” The assistant answered.

Mia thrashed angrily against her restraints, trying to make noises to warn Zeke from

coming here.

Reuben slapped her hard across the face. “Shut up, or I’ll just take you right here and now.”

In less than ten minutes, an old Santana drove along the narrow path leading to Redwood Lumberyard.

One of the lackeys on the lookout immediately called to notify Reuben. “Mr. Mack, he’s here.”

Zeke abruptly slammed on the brakes and lowered his window to smile at the lackey who was shrouded in the darkness.

The lackey’s heart almost leapt out of his chest.

What the f***? I made sure I was well-hidden, but how did this guy notice me from his car?



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Just as the lackey was about to flee, Zeke flicked his finger, and a silver needle pierced through his scalp.

The lackey immediately fell to the ground without a sound.

Zeke continued driving towards the lumberyard.

Reuben placed a chair beside Mia and sat down on it.

The old Santana came to a halt about four meters in front of the two of them. The car door opened, and out came Zeke.

Reuben offered Zeke an insincere smile. "Williams, I admire you. It's not every day you see someone risking their lives for a lady."

Zeke ignored Reuben and stared at Mia with reproach in his eyes. "Foolish girl. You've really p***ed me off this time."

Mia couldn't speak because she was gagged; she could only make muffled noises.

Reuben removed the rag that was used to gag her and sneered at Zeke. "Say your final goodbyes. Your end is near."

"Mr. Williams, run! There are snipers here!" Mia yelled.

Reuben couldn't help but snigger. "I heard you have extraordinary skills, Williams. I wonder if you can escape a sniper's bullets."

Zeke continued ignoring Reuben and spoke to Mia, "Why are you sacrificing yourself to save me? Do you look down on me? Hurry up. Apologize to me now."

Mia felt like crying.

How can he talk nonsense at a time like this?

She shouted again, "Mr. Williams, just leave! Don't bother about me. Mr. Quin fancies me, so these people won't dare kill me. Don't worry!"

"Tsk tsk. You two must really love each other. So much that you're both willing to give up your lives for the other. Fine, consider me touched. Zeke Williams, if you get on your knees and apologize now, perhaps I won't force you two to be separated from each other for all eternity."

Zeke continued treating Reuben like thin air. "Mia, go back to Rivermouth later and continue shooting the promotional video. I'm warning you, if Linton Group's publicity plan is delayed because of you, I'll make sure you compensate us."

Mia didn't know what else to say at that moment.

Their lives were hanging in the balance now, but here he was, talking about the promotional video and whatnot.

F***!

Reuben was furious at Zeke for ignoring him from the moment he arrived, even when he had initiated conversation.

This made him feel as if his existence didn't matter, and it greatly wounded his ego.

"You know what? Just die, Williams! Die!" He yelled angrily. "Snipers, fire!"

"Run!" Mia screamed with everything she had. "There are ten snipers here!"

Zeke stood still, seemingly unfazed by that fact.

He didn't attempt to hide because he had complete faith in Hadley and the other assassins. He was certain they would not let him down!

There was only pin-drop silence.

No bullets were fired.

Huh?

Reuben was dumbfounded.

Where are the snipers? Why aren't they firing?

Are they too far? Did they not hear my command?

He raised his voice and shouted once more, "Snipers, fire!"

The command had just left his lips when Zeke abruptly clutched his chest with a pained expression. "B*****... You... How dare you ambush me..."

"Mr. Williams, please, run! Run! Ten snipers are waiting here!" Mia's voice cracked as she cried out, "Just forget about me. My fate is not for you to worry about..." She began sobbing in between words, "Please, run! I won't be able to live with myself if you die."

Reuben was stunned.

He hadn't heard any bullets being fired, but Zeke had been shot in the chest!

So, he had been right. The snipers had been too far away that he couldn't even hear the gunshots.

He cackled with laughter and taunted Zeke with a smug expression, "Weren't you acting all cocky just a while ago, Williams? Where did all of that cockiness go, huh?"

He laughed some more before saying, "Let me tell you, I have ten snipers here. As long as I give the order, you'll be riddled with bullets! Now, immediately get on your knees and beg for mercy, then perhaps I'll consider leaving you in one piece."



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Zeke's agonized expression abruptly vanished, and contempt took its place. "Pfft. You actually believed I was shot? I was only playing along because I figured having your orders fall on deaf ears would be really awkward for you."

What the f***...

Reuben felt like puking blood.

What the hell is going on?

Where are my snipers? Why aren't they firing?

F***! How humiliating!

What!

Mia sobbed harder.

Mr. Williams, do you have some sort of neurological disorder? How can you joke about something like this?

You almost scared me to death just now!

Tears streamed freely down her cheeks as she wailed louder.

Even Hadley, who was hiding somewhere in the dark, was utterly speechless.

Just as the saying went, 'Every man was born

with a sense of humor unique to himself'. Some projected it well, while others couldn't.

Reuben realized something was wrong and quickly took out his phone to contact his snipers.

However, before he could dial the number, a gunshot rang.

A bullet hit Reuben's right arm.

The powerful impact of the bullet caused Reuben to stumble three to four meters backwards before he fell heavily to the ground.

"F***ing snipers! F*** you!"

Zeke took the chance to swiftly step forward and untie the ropes that were binding Mia.

Mia hugged Zeke as she wailed, "Mr. Williams, why did you risk your life to save me? Why are you so nice to me? I... I might fall for you like this..."

Zeke felt slightly uncomfortable being hugged like this. "Uhh... Mia, we shouldn't be too physical with each other. It might create a scandal."

However, Mia tightened her arms around him. "I don't care. I'm more than happy to have a

scandal with you!”

“But I’m not,” Zeke helplessly replied.

Mia blinked once.

How heartless!

Reuben began fumbling for his gun.

Zeke quickly pushed Mia away and whizzed across the space to heavily stomp on his wrist.

Crack!

His wrist was broken just like that.

F***!

Reuben shrieked like a pig being slaughtered. “B*****! Son of a b*****! What the hell is going on!”

He tried breathing through the pain and panted out, “How dare you snipers betray me. I’ll murder all your families!”

Reuben thought Zeke had bought over his snipers.

Zeke shook his head and corrected him, “No, they didn’t betray you. They portrayed their undying loyalty to you instead.”

He then straightened and said, "Come on out."

Soon, the snipers made their appearances.

However, they were already corpses who couldn't be more dead.

It was Hadley and her assassins who had dragged their corpses over!

As Reuben gaped at the assassins and his dead snipers, he immediately broke down in fear.

"Assassins... Assassins... Which... Which organization do you belong to? Don't you know I work for Mr. Quin..."

His eyes then widened in shock. "Wait, aren't you Hadley Murphy? You lot are from the Necro Organization! F***! How dare the Necro Organization go against Mr. Quin? Are you seeking death?"

"Call me Daddy," Hadley said with indifference.

This brainless sentence stunned everyone present.

How could such a delicate-looking girl like to be called 'Daddy'?

What kind of kinky fetish was this?

Only Zeke knew the inside story to this. Under that enchanting exterior of hers was the heart of a domineering lad.

When Reuben realized all hope was lost, despair grew in his heart.

Even so, he refused to admit defeat. “Zeke Williams, don’t be happy so soon. It’s not decided yet who will have the last laugh. My Thirteen Guardians will avenge me!”

Zeke grinned and took out a plastic bag, throwing it on the floor in front of Reuben. “Thirteen Guardians, right? They’re all resting in peace now. You can check that plastic bag if you don’t believe me.”

Reuben suspiciously peeked into the bag before a violent shudder went through his body.



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Ears!

The plastic bag was filled with ears!

He could also make out the ass tattoos on a pair of ears.

Those were the tattoos that solely belong to the Fifth Guardian!

In fact, all these ears belonged the Thirteen Guardians!

This guy actually took out the Thirteen Guardians!

He could feel the world starting to crumble around him as the fear tightened its grip on his heart.

Draco was right. He had completely underestimated Zeke Williams.

The very fact that Zeke had eliminated the Thirteen Guardians overnight meant that he was much more powerful than Reuben could have ever imagined.

And to think that he had even previously mocked Gavin for underestimating Zeke.

Now in hindsight, he had been a lot more foolish than Gavin.

After all, Gavin had only lost 10 billion. He, on the other hand, had lost thirteen lives!

No, it was way more than that! His damage extended to the ten over snipers'...and even his own life!

Reuben regretted what he had done and his entire body trembled uncontrollably.

"Now," Zeke said with a grin on his face, "You have two choices. You can live or you can die."

Reuben tried his best to keep his cool. "And what do you mean by that?"

"That's simple," Zeke explained, "If you choose to die, I'll just blow your brains out."

"However, if you choose to live; I want you to create mayhem in Eastend's underworld forces so that it can no longer be controlled by Mr. Quin."

"You can dream on!" Gnashing his teeth, Reuben snarled, "I was the one who built the underworld forces of Eastend. I've put too much effort into it! You might as well kill me!"

Zeke gave him a thumbs up. "You're a true man and I respect that."

"But do you really think that your death will help

to keep the underworld forces intact? That's being stupid."

Zeke then turned to Mia and said in a gentle voice, "Mia, get in the car first. It's cold out here. I don't want you to fall sick."

Mia nodded her head and went back into the car timidly.

Just as she sat down inside, a gunshot suddenly pierced through the air, causing her to jump in fright.

Mr. Williams has killed a man!

No, he didn't just kill a man!

Those snipers...and the bag full of ears!

That's more than twenty human lives!

Having lived a peaceful life over the years, she had never seen so many dead people at one time. Thus, she was so petrified that her entire body shook uncontrollably.

Only the strongest will prevail in this society!

Zeke kept his gun and turned to Hadley. "It shouldn't be too difficult for you to clear all these bodies, right?"

“As I’ve said before,” Hadley replied, “You need to pay us before we work.”

“Must you be so petty?” Zeke protested, “I’ve said that I’ll gift all of the underworld forces in Eastend to Necro Group as payment!”

“Oh?” Hadley mused, “So you were not joking with us just now? And just how are you going to assume control over the underworld forces of Eastend?”

Zeke took a glance at Reuben’s corpse and replied, “People may say that Eastend belongs to Mr. Quin, but Reuben Mack had always been the one presiding over the underworld forces.”

“If Reuben were to join us, the underworld forces would be as good as ours.”

“Well,” Hadley suggested, “It just so happens that I know a really good medium who charges at quite a fair price. I can introduce you to her.”

Baffled, Zeke asked, “Why would you do that?”

“That’s to bring Reuben’s soul back of course,” Hadley sneered, “Didn’t you say that you wanted Reuben to join us? Well, he’s dead. His soul’s the only thing that can join you.”

“Have you been spending too much time with Nancy lately?” Zeke asked exasperatedly.

“How did you know that?” Hadley asked in surprise.

“You stay away from that girl in the future,” Zeke said, “You learned how to mock others like that from her, didn’t you?”

“Yes, you might be right,” Hadley mused.

“Let’s come back to the topic. Reuben’s dead. How are you planning on making him join our side?”

“I hope Rosie’s disguising techniques haven’t gotten rusty,” said Zeke suddenly.

“Rosie?” Hadley exclaimed, “You’re talking about our Leader, Rosie White?”

“You want our Leader to help you?”



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Rosie White was the founder of the Necromancer Assassin Organization. All of the assassins working under her addressed her as 'Leader'.

Due to her ravishing looks, people gave her the nickname of the 'White Lotus'.

Seven years ago, Zeke bumped into an injured Rosie White when he was out on a mission.

As a doctor, Zeke had to save her. Thus, he began treating her and nursed her back to health.

However, during their time together, Rosie fell head over heels for Zeke.

In fact, she wanted to marry him and stay by his side till the end of their days.

Yet, just as she realized how she truly felt about him, he disappeared without a word.

All this time, Rosie had assumed that he was dead.

She then kept vigil in his honor for the next three years. After that, she retired from her dangerous life and turned to Buddhism. She prayed every day and even became a vegetarian.

Furthermore, she gave up on running the Necromancer Assassin Organization and handed it over to her subordinates to manage it.

Drawing in a deep breath, Zeke said, "Rosie's disguising techniques are truly amazing. I'm sure she can easily disguise herself as Reuben."

Hadley smiled bitterly. "You've certainly put our Leader through a lot of pain for the past few years."

"If she were to learn that the je*k who toyed with her feelings was still alive, do you think she would let him live to see tomorrow's sun?"

"Hey, watch your mouth!" Zeke snapped as he glared at her, "Who are you calling a je*k?"

"I saved her because I had taken an oath to treat the injured. I had no other intentions whatsoever."

"Who knew she would be so naive to perceive that as love?"

"But thankfully, I didn't do her wrong. I guess it's time we end this."

"What do you mean you didn't do her wrong?" Hadley snorted, "Do you even have any

conscience when you said that? Who's soul do you think she's been praying for all these years?"

"Well, I certainly hope all will be forgiven once I hand Eastend to her," said Zeke.

"Haha, you have no idea how women think, do you? So what if she had the world? Your heart is what she truly wants."

"Oh?" Zeke mused, "Since when did a lesbian like you have such a profound understanding of love?"

Hadley's cheeks immediately started burning. F***, he nearly made me question my sexual orientation.

"I don't have the authority to contact the Leader," she changed the subject hastily, "If you want her to help, you're going to have to call her yourself."

Fishing out his phone, Zeke turned on the secret mode. After an intense internal struggle, he eventually mustered the courage to make the call.

The call went through really quickly and an angelic voice soon came from the other end.

The voice, however, was shaking with emotion.

“Who are you? Why do you have this number?”

Drawing in a deep breath, Zeke answered, “I’m back, Rosie.”

After a moment of silence...

“Scram!”

Smack!

She hung up the phone.

Zeke smiled wryly. I knew it.

But I can’t blame her.

This woman had gone into seclusion and spent her days praying for the past seven years in honor of one man.

Now that she’s suddenly learned that this man is actually alive but he has just been avoiding her for the last seven years. Well, it’s perfectly normal for her to lose her mind.

“Chin up,” Hadley comforted him, “She’s a lot fiercer when she scolds us.”

“Don’t compare me with you guys,” Zeke scoffed, “I’ve got the guts to scold her as well, do you?”

F**k!

In the end, Hadley brought Reuben's body back.

What if the Leader were to agree to help?

.....

The next day, news on the extermination of the Thirteen Guardians' the night before shook Oakheart City.

Especially details on the death of the Second Guardian. He had died the most horrible death. His skin had been completely charred and his eyes had burst from the electrocution.

Furthermore, all thirteen of them had had their ears cut off.

All hell immediately broke loose within Eastend's underworld.



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