

Slap!

Zeke slapped Fatso cleanly across the face and questioned, “In that case, can you forgive me for slapping you if I apologize?”

Fatso was boiling with fury, but he could not show it outright.

He suppressed his rage and said, “Now that you’ve hit me, let’s call it quits.”

Zeke spat, “Call it quits? You bullied my wife—even taking your life wouldn’t be enough to compensate. I won’t make life too difficult for you. You just have to compensate my wife for destroying her video. I’ll take the price you quoted earlier. How much was it again? Twenty million? Well then, I’ll be expecting twenty million from you.”

Fatso’s mouth twitched. I’m just an employee! How can I have twenty million to pay you? I can’t even fork out two million!

Fatso tried to wriggle his way out of this mess and offered, “I have a copy of her video. I’ll just return it to her.”

Zeke refused, “You broke my wife’s thumb drive. That thumb drive contains twenty million worth of data. I won’t be taking a single cent less.”

The crowd was flabbergasted. A thumb drive worth twenty million? Is it made of diamonds?

Fatso could not take it any longer and scoffed, "Damn it! I'll just quit! You won't be getting a single cent from me."

Zeke smiled, "Is that so? I'll just have to send you to jail then."

He then took his phone out and replayed a recording.

It was the conversation between Lacey and Fatso.

"That's extortion!"

"So what if it is?"

Boom! Fatso immediately regretted what he said.

Darn it! He recorded our conversation earlier! That was sneaky of him. Oh dear, extortion is a serious crime!

Fatso's face contorted. He warned, "Williams, don't go too far. I'll just leave things here today. My cousin, Alfred Booth, is the top street fighter here. If you make me angry, I'll make sure my cousin makes life difficult for you. Your new company will go bust. When that happens, you

won't just be losing twenty million."

Zeke mocked him, "Oh my, are you threatening me with street fwighter? I'm sorry, I play that street fwighter game all the time. I'm not afraid of you."

The crowd burst into laughter when they heard Zeke say "street fwighter".

God damn it!

Fatso's face turned red and yelled, "How dare you insult my cousin? I'll get him to kill you!"

He then made a call, "Bro, I-I've been bullied. They insulted our ancestors and even said that all Booths are good-for-nothings. You've got to stand up for us Booths. Yep, I'm at Trust Media. Come over, quickly!"

He then hung up and sneered arrogantly, "Brat, you're dead."

Lacey came to her senses from her excitement.

She suggested in trepidation, "Zeke, let's forget about this. I've heard of Alfred Booth as well. If we offend him, our company will be toast."

Zeke patted Lacey on the shoulder and assured her, "He's just a street fwighter. Nothing to be afraid of. With me here, he'll be a street crawler,

or perhaps even a street beggar.”

How dare he... Fatso was enraged. Street crawler? Street beggar? Just how much do you despise my cousin?

Soon, a Range Rover stopped by Trust Media’s office building.

Fatso rushed over and opened the door for him. He greeted him, “Cousin, you’re finally here.”

A thin man walked out of the car.

On first look, this man seemed exceptionally frail.

However, anyone familiar with the landscape would know that there was an explosive power in his small frame.

Within the short time span of a year, he had been crowned the king of all street fighters.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Alfred scanned the room with his gaze. Everyone felt a chill running down their spine.

They had witnessed how he had killed a hundred gangsters. The bloody image was still fresh in their minds.

Alfred asked Fatso, "Well, who was it that insulted the Booth family?"

Fatso pointed at Zeke and accused them, "It's the two of them."

As Alfred approached Zeke, he inquired, "You'd better be sure that you didn't start this fight."

Fatso felt guilty, but he declared, "Of course not. After you warned me the last time, I haven't been stirring up any trouble."

Alfred nodded, "That should be the case. The Booths will not bully others, but that doesn't mean that we'll allow others to lord over us."

He questioned Zeke haughtily, "Are you the one who insulted the Booths and bullied my cousin?"

When Zeke saw Alfred, he sighed.

I didn't want to deal with the Williams in Atheville during my trip here, but they're everywhere, aren't they?

Alfred Booth was someone Zeke knew back when he lived with the Williams.

When Alfred was young, he was a martial arts instructor at the Williams residence. He taught martial arts to the young Williams men.

Naturally, Zeke was one of his “students”.

However, because of his lowly status in the Williams family——he was no better than a servant——Alfred had not taught him anything.

In fact, in order to curry favor with Zach, the favorite son, he even made life difficult for Zeke. Back then, Zeke was unable to eat his fill and was tormented by Alfred on a daily basis. With that, he managed to train up his endurance and patience.

That endurance allowed Zeke to become the man he was today.

Alfred spat impatiently, “Hey, I’m talking to you. Did you bully my cousin?”

Zeke looked up and replied, “It’s been a while, Instructor Booth.”

Alfred was taken aback. No one’s called me that for decades! How did he know that I used to be an instructor?

He scrutinized Zeke from top to toe and quickly recognized him.

“You’re that disowned child, Zeke?”

Zeke was now a domineering man; he was no longer that frail boy from the past. That was why Alfred did not recognize him at first glance.

Zeke nodded, “That’s right.”

Alfred inhaled sharply, “I didn’t expect you to be alive. From the looks of it, you’re doing quite well.”

Zeke replied, “You must be disappointed.”

Alfred shook his head, “Sorry, I can’t be bothered to let small fry like you affect my mood. I heard you insulted my ancestors?”

Lacey explained, “He didn’t! Don’t take Fatso’s word for it. He was finding trouble for us and we definitely have not insulted your ancestors in any way.”

Alfred turned to Zeke, “Is she telling the truth?”

Zeke nodded, “She is. I didn’t insult your ancestors earlier, but that was a mistake on my part. If you don’t mind, I’ll start now. The Booths are all good-for-nothings.”

Lacey's face was drained of all colors. What on earth is Zeke thinking? We've got enough on our plate as it is!

The crowd was shaken. This guy insulted the Booths in front of Alfred! He's asking for trouble!

Fatso's expression darkened, "Look, my cousin. You heard it yourself. He insulted the Booths in front of you. He's obviously taking you for granted. If you don't teach him a lesson, we'll be cursed by our ancestors."



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