

findings.

“Tell me what you’ve learned about the strike,” Zeke instructed.

Hadley went on. “Johnathan, one of the most senior employees of the company, is the one who has initiated the strike. He is in desperate need of his wage because his mother is bedridden. However, it had been a few weeks since the due of their wages. Hence, he initiated the strike to demand their wages.”

“As a matter of fact, Johnathan’s mother used to be one of the company’s employees as well. She had been attached to the company’s cafeteria for the past two decades. Everyone from the company had come in touch with her. Due to her friendly and easy-going nature, everyone had taken a liking to her. As soon as they figured out what happened to Johnathan’s mother, the frontline workers decided to take his side and join him.”

Hadley reached for a stack of documents she had with her and handed it over to Zeke as soon as she finished her sentence. “Here are the details. Please go through it on your own.”

Zeke nodded and praised Hadley, “Good job! Here’s another task for you.”

He leaned over and whispered his upcoming plan.

"I'm not doing it." Without any hesitation, Hadley rejected Zeke's proposal once he finished explaining his plan.

"And why is that?" Obviously, Zeke was surprised.

Hadley complained, "Seriously? I'm one of Necro Group's top hitmen. I have played the role of your wife's bodyguard and taken Jeremy out for you. Apart from that, I have infiltrated the factory and disguised myself as one of the frontline workers."

"As absurd as it might sound, I had completed every single mission you had dispatched. However, as a top-notch hitman, I can't possibly play the role of your runner! My dignity says no!"

In return, Zeke heaved a sigh and replied, "Fine... If your dignity is the one thing that's getting in your way, why don't you return to Necro Group and get on with your mission? I'll get someone else to be my wife's bodyguard."

When Hadley heard Zeke's words, she reassured him, "I'm just kidding! Please don't take me seriously. I'm sure I'm the best-suited one to be Lacey's bodyguard. No one else can possibly take over my position."

However, Zeke rebutted Hadley, "I'm sure you must have had it tough, right? You have to keep an eye on a woman on a daily basis. It's an insult to a top-notch hitman like you!"

In the end, Hadley heaved a long sigh. “Fine! You got me again. I’ll carry out every single instruction of yours, okay? That should be enough, right?”

With a smile, Zeke replied, “Great! I’ll be here waiting for the good news from you.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Hadley got up and walked out of Zeke's office. She murmured to herself, "Love is such a complicated topic, huh? Lacey, I hope you'll see where I'm coming from soon! Homosexuality is the right path in life! Heterosexuality is merely for those who wish to produce offspring!"

In the meantime, Zeke massaged his swollen temples because he was uncertain if he should keep Hadley by Lacey's side as her bodyguard.

Nevertheless, Hadley was the only suitable candidate for the job he could think of for the time being.

Deep down, Zeke was determined to get rid of Hadley and get Lacey another bodyguard should the opportunity arise in the future.

As soon as he sorted out the things he had in his mind, he reached over and picked up the stack of documents Hadley left behind.

Based on the intel gathered, Johnathan and his mother, Laura, had been working for Reagan Pharmaceutical since decades ago.

As Laura had been diagnosed with acute coronary heart disease, she was in desperate need of a huge sum to carry out the required operation.

However, Jonathan and Laura had relatively few savings because they were but ordinary workers. As a matter of fact, Johnathan had gone around

and asked for his relatives' help. He had also sold his personal assets to gather the required sum, but it wasn't enough.

Initially, he would be able to gather the required sum as long as he received his wage for the month. However, those from Reagan Pharmaceutical had denied his payment. Hence, Johnathan initiated a strike and demanded their monthly wages to be paid.

As soon as Zeke took note of the address of the hospital Laura had checked in, he departed.

It wasn't an easy feat to get the frontline workers to return to their respective position. First of all, Zeke had to win them over.

To be exact, Zeke was unsure if he would be able to achieve the plan he had in mind because it would be tough to win them over again since they had their trust trampled on previously.

Once he stepped out of the ward, he ran into Dawn.

Zeke requested, "Dawn, can you please pick Sharon up on my behalf in the afternoon? I have something to tend to."

"What exactly are you up to?" Dawn asked in return.

Zeke flashed her a furtive smile and replied, "I

need to do a particular group of people a favor to win them over.”

“Why don’t you do me a favor as well? I mean, you can win me over easily,” Dawn replied with a vicious grin on her face.

“Ha!” Zeke decided to brush her off.

He departed and made his way over to Griffin General Hospital once he delivered his instructions.

It was a second-rate private hospital. Due to the limited amount of money Johnathan had, he could only send his mother to such a hospital.

The commotion coming from the lobby of the hospital attracted Zeke’s attention the moment he got out of his car.

He turned towards the commotion and noticed that people were fighting in the lobby of the hospital.

As soon as Zeke made his way into the hospital, he figured out what was going on.

It turned out the doctor and the nurse was trying to chase a patient out of the hospital because she couldn’t afford the bills anymore.

In fact, they had already thrown the patient’s baggage out of the hospital.

The patient was a senile old lady. She begged the nurses to show her mercy and allow her to stay for another night. The pitiable patient promised to settle the bills by tomorrow.

However, the nurses stood their ground and insisted on chasing her out of the hospital.

In the end, the senile old lady had to give in to the nurses. She promised to get in touch with her family member and would get them over to pick her up immediately.

She merely wished to stay in the lobby until her family member showed up, but the nurses insisted on chasing her out of the hospital. They said she didn't deserve to stay inside the hospital because she was a filthy peasant who would affect the hospital's image.

The onlookers couldn't stand it anymore and tried to persuade the nurses, "Don't you think that's too much, miss? She has agreed to leave the hospital. Can't you allow her to stay in the lobby until her family member shows up?"

"That's right. She's but an old and frail woman. She can't possibly make her way home by herself when she can barely walk properly, right? Why don't you show her some mercy?"

"Not to mention the sun's blazing! It's so hot out there. I'm afraid she will pass out due to heat stroke if you insist on chasing her out of the

hospital.”

One of the nurses replied indifferently, “She shouldn’t have visited the hospital in the first place if she knew she couldn’t afford it. I’m merely executing the rules of the hospital. What gave you guys the right to judge me? If you think my action is too brash, why don’t you guys settle the bill on her behalf?”

The onlookers got even more infuriated. The nurse became the target of their witch-hunt. “Do you have any idea what you’re talking about, miss? The hospital should prioritize its patients, right? Since when did profit become the priority of a hospital?”

“He’s right! Money can’t possibly buy everything, right? After all, she has promised to settle her bills by tomorrow!”



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The security guard noticed the commotion and rushed over with a steel baton in hand. "Everybody, shut up! If you're here for the doctor, please stay in line! Otherwise, I'll chase the one who tries to poke their nose into the patient's business out of the hospital!"

The onlookers had to keep their mouths shut as they were intimidated by the security guard.

The security guard kicked the senile old lady's baggage out of the hospital as soon as he dealt with the onlookers.

Consequently, the anxious old lady hurriedly went after her baggage.

Seeing her slow pace, the nurses decided to give her a 'helping hand' and kicked her in the butt to hasten her along.

As a result, the senile old lady staggered and almost fell to the ground.

Thankfully, Zeke managed to rush over and supported the senile old lady in the nick of time.

The senile old lady replied with a bitter smile on her face, "Thank you so much, young man."

Zeke took a deep breath and tried to suppress his anger. "It's fine."

However, he was infuriated deep down. He was so

enrage that for a moment, he had forgotten the reason why he came to the hospital in the first place.

He turned and looked at the nurse in the eyes. "Those in the medical industry are supposed to prioritize the wellbeing of their patients above everything else. However, it seems like that's not the case for you. In fact, you belittle and bully your patient. You do not deserve to stay in the medical industry anymore."

The security guard chuckled when he heard Zeke's words. "It seems like we have another unwelcome guest right here. I'm going to repeat myself because it seems like you didn't hear my words. Shut up and stay in line if you're here for the doctor! Otherwise, I'll chase you out of the hospital!"

The nurse played along and mocked Zeke, "Hmph! I have come across countless hypocrites like you before. If you're trying to help her, why don't you settle her bill on her behalf? Your opinion is rather insignificant if you can't back your words with actions."

In return, Zeke defended himself. "You know what? I'll definitely back my words with actions."

As the old lady was worried she would get Zeke involved, she tried to stop him immediately, "Young man, thank you so much for standing up for me. However, I'm perfectly fine. Please leave

me alone and queue up for whatever you're here for."

Obviously, the old lady thought Zeke was there to visit the doctor as well.

However, Zeke brought the old lady over to the bench and assured her, "Madam, please stay here for the time being. Truth be told, I'm not here for the doctor because I'm a doctor myself. I can't possibly allow these black sheep of sorts to stay in the medical industry anymore. I have to take this matter into my hands."

The security guard burst out laughing upon hearing that. "Pffft! You're a doctor as well? Does that mean you're here for an interview? I'll give you a chance to prove yourself worthy. Chase this senile old fool out of the hospital, and I'll get the director to hire you. Otherwise, take this senile old fool with you and scram."

When Zeke heard the security guard's words, he cast a stern gaze at him and demanded, "Get the director of this hospital over immediately."

The security guard got infuriated all of a sudden and roared, "You punk! Who the hell do you think you are? Do you really think you have the rights to meet our director? How dare you use that kind of tone to ask for him? I'm warning you. You do not have the qualification needed to see the director. Now scram!"

At the same time, the nurse replied with an enraged look, "Hmph! What an arrogant fool! How dare you try to pick on our director? He's one of the board members of the TCM Practitioners Association. If you cross the line and offend him, he has the right to terminate you of your rights as a TCM practitioner."

However, Zeke merely repeated his words with a poker face. "I'll repeat myself for one last time. Get the director over immediately. Otherwise, I'll shut this hospital down by tomorrow."

The security guard finally lost his cool. "What the... It seems like you don't know when to stop, huh? Fine! If that's the case, I'll teach you a lesson today!"

He raised his steel baton and rushed towards Zeke as soon as he finished his sentence.

The onlookers gasped and thought to themselves.

This young man is overly impulsive! Sigh... Although he's a righteous man, he should know his place and where his limits lie. I'm afraid he won't make it out unscathed because it seems like the guard won't be holding back at all.

In the meantime, the anxious old woman got up and rushed over as she wanted to take the hit on Zeke's behalf.

However, Zeke got ahead of her and stopped her

in the nick of time. In the end, he managed to keep the old woman under control while he tried to defend himself.

Before the security guard could reach Zeke with the steel baton, Zeke managed to land a kick on him in the abdomen area.

The security guard shrieked as his body flew backwards. In the end, his body hit a vase before falling to the ground.

The vase shattered upon impact and the shards penetrated into the security guard's back. As a result, he looked like a porcupine.

The security guard, who was now slumped on the ground, spat blood and shrieked repetitively. He seemed extremely pathetic.

The onlookers gasped in silence and looked at Zeke in disbelief.

What a reckless young man! How dare he make a move against others in their domain? I'm sure they will come after him with everything they have. Apart from that, he has to bear the legal consequences of his action. He shouldn't have lost his cool in the first place.



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However, they were impressed and felt great because Zeke managed to send the security guard flying with a kick.

Nonetheless, the old woman got anxious and tried to chase Zeke out of the hospital immediately. "Young man, please leave me alone and take your leave as soon as possible..."

The nurse rushed over and got in their way immediately. She yelled angrily, "Who gave you the audacity to make a move against one of our employees in the hospital? I won't allow anyone of you to leave today."

The security guard who was now in a pitiful state yelled as well, "Everyone, gather around immediately and avenge me."

Before long, the security guards that were dispatched all over the hospital rushed over. There was a total of eight of them.

They were dumbfounded when they saw how miserable their captain was. "Sir, who was the one who had made a move against you?"

The beaten-up security guard pointed at Zeke and yelled, "It's this jerk. Do me a favor and cripple him now!"

The eight security guards turned around and glared at Zeke. "It seems like you have a death wish, huh? rush him! We have to avenge the

captain!"

Just as they were about to fight Zeke, Someone yelled and stopped the security guards, "Hold it right there!"

Everyone turned towards the source of the sound. They realized the director of Griffin General Hospital had made his way downstairs.

The onlookers got anxious on Zeke's behalf once again because they knew the director was affiliated with those from the underworld and the upper echelon.

They knew what fate would await Zeke should the director decide to take the matter into his hands.

Meanwhile, the security guard was beyond delighted when he saw the director and he yelled, "Sir, he's here to mess with us. I tried to stop him, but he beat me up without any solid reasons. You have to do me justice."

When the onlookers heard the security guard's words, they took Zeke's side and tried to persuade the director.

"Sir, please don't listen to him. He was the one who had made a move against the patient in the first place. This young man had offered his help because he couldn't stand the security guard's action anymore."

“He’s right. Your guard was the one who made the first move. The young man was merely trying to defend himself.”

Nonetheless, the director paid no heed to their words at all. He rushed over to Zeke’s side instead.

Everyone felt bad for Zeke deep down. *God bless you, young man. I’m afraid there’s nothing else we can do for you.*

Meanwhile, the bunch of security guards had smug smiles etched on their faces as they prepared themselves, awaiting the order from the director to take Zeke out.

However, what happened the next moment left everyone dumbfounded.

The director of the hospital bowed in the presence of Zeke and greeted him politely, “Dr. Williams, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to offend you at all. I must have not disciplined my staff enough. Don’t worry. I will deal with them accordingly today.”

In fact, the director of the hospital could vividly recall the young man in front of him.

He was none other than Dr. Williams who had turned the tide of the battle during the TCM Association Forum when the TCM practitioners were provoked by one of the Western doctors.

In the end, Dr. Williams managed to save a

vegetative patient and defended the dignity of TCM practitioners. Consequently, the Western doctor admitted defeat.

The Western doctor honored his promise and published an official apology in the International Medical Journal for three consecutive days. The TCM practitioners had never been so proud before.

As a matter of fact, Shawn, the director of the TCM practitioners, offered Zeke his position in return for his contribution towards the TCM practitioners.

However, Zeke turned him down without any hesitation.

Obviously, the director of Griffin General Hospital couldn't possibly offend Zeke since he was such a skilled doctor apart from being acquainted with Shawn.

The onlookers were dumbfounded as well.

Am I seeing things? Did the director of Griffin General Hospital apologize to this young man? It seems like this young man has a prominent background as well, huh?

It turns out he ain't being arrogant at all! He knew what he was getting himself involved in all along! If that's the case, I guess we're the ones at fault.

As for the security guards, their faces turned pale all of a sudden.

Damn it! Why on earth is the director behaving in such a polite manner in front of this young man?

If even the director has to please the young man, we can't possibly offend him.

It seems like we have accidentally messed up big time this time!

Finally, Zeke cast a contemptuous gaze at the director. "You're the director of the hospital?"

In return, the director nodded immediately. "Yes. That's me."

"Mm. If that's the case, please terminate the operation of your hospital immediately. The service of your hospital isn't necessary anymore," instructed Zeke.



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The director gasped and replied, "Mr. Williams, I know we're the ones at fault this time, but please grant us a chance to prove ourselves worthy. I'll terminate those who have offended you."

Once again, Zeke repeated himself. "Have I not made myself clear? Instead of restructuring the hospital, I told you to terminate the operation of it."

The anxious director asked once again, "Mr. Williams, I believe that's not necessary, right? We have to be responsible for our patients. We can't possibly forsake our hospital and terminate the hospital's services over the night, right? I can't possibly allow the existence of a few black sheep to bring down the whole hospital."

When Zeke heard the director's reply, he yelled, "Patients? Seriously? You're trying to leverage on the patients of your hospital? Your employees are the ones who prioritize profits over the patients. They're no longer qualified to stay in the medical industry since they are willing to forsake the patient's wellbeing as well. Your employees' actions reflected the entire hospital's core values. I believe a corrupted hospital such as this doesn't deserve to stay in the industry."

The director was infuriated by Zeke's words and thought to himself.

Damn it! How dare this young man gets full of himself? He's trying to pick on the entire hospital in front of everyone without holding back at all.

Nevertheless, the director suppressed his anger due to Zeke's relationship with Shawn. "Mr. Williams, why don't we be courteous towards one another for this once? I will definitely be of your aid in the future if you're willing to let me off the hook for once."

Finally, Zeke could no longer suppress his anger and yelled, "Why would I let you off the hook when you had not let your patients off the hook previously? Have you taken your patient's wellbeing into consideration and prioritized those in needs? I'm sure you have not because profits are the only thing you have in mind."

The onlookers resonated with Zeke's words.

Consequently, they played along and yelled, "Terminate the hospital's operation!"

Sensing that he was on the verge of losing the battle, the director clenched his teeth and played his trump card.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Williams. I'm afraid that's impossible because the mayor is currently hospitalized in my hospital. I can't possibly treat the mayor if the hospital's operation is terminated over the night, right? Even though I'm of an insignificant existence, you should at least do the mayor a favor, no?"

The onlookers gasped in shock when they heard the director's words.

"I can't believe the mayor is a patient of this hospital!"

"Damn it! If that's the case, we can't possibly offend the mayor!"

"Young man, let's forget about it. We shouldn't fight a battle we can't win."

"He's right. Let's have the security guards and the nurses penalized instead. We shouldn't go overboard. Otherwise, misfortune may befall us."

However, Zeke paid no heed to their words at all. "The mayor has to bear the consequences of his action as well. He failed to carry out his role since he was the one who had allowed such an inhumane hospital to operate in the first place. If that's the case, I'll get him to terminate the operation of the hospital personally instead."

What the...

The onlookers were rendered speechless by Zeke's words.

This young man is crazy. I can't believe he's actually condemning the mayor for neglecting his role. He's even demanding the mayor to bear the consequences of his action as well.

Arrogant could no longer define the young man's action because his arrogance seems to know no boundaries.

With a grin on his face, the director replied, "Oh? It seems like you're not satisfied with the mayor's jurisdiction, huh? Fine. If that's the case, I'll get the mayor over. Let's see if he will take your opinion into consideration."

The director of the hospital decided to pass the baton to the mayor instead.

Hmph! I can't deal with you personally, but I'm sure the mayor will be able to get rid of you!

He turned around Immediately and beckoned the impudent nurse from before. "Hurry up. Go get the mayor for me. Tell him we have a citizen here who wishes to share valuable feedback with him."

Without any hesitation, the nurse nodded and rushed upstairs immediately.

To be exact, the nurse was delighted deep down as well because she didn't expect another plot twist.

Since you're the one who has a death wish, you can't blame us for what's in store for you, right?

Meanwhile, the senile old lady was on the verge of breaking down.

It's the mayor that we're talking about! He reigns supreme in Oakheart City! We're but ordinary citizens. We can't possibly afford to offend someone like him.

The old lady looked at Zeke pleadingly and requested, "Young man, we should take our leave. We can't afford to offend people of that sort."

When the director heard her words, he signaled the guards. In a blink of an eye, the guards got in their way and stopped them from leaving.

"I'm so sorry, but none of you are allowed to leave. What should I do if the mayor makes his way downstairs, but I'm the only one present?"



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The onlookers suggested all sorts of ideas because they knew it would be impossible for Zeke to flee as of now.

“Young man, you have to behave yourself when you make the acquaintance of the mayor. Please show your sincerity.”

“She’s right. You’re but an ordinary citizen. Since you’re going to provide the mayor your feedbacks, you should do it in an appropriate manner.”

“First of all, praise the mayor. After that, deliver your feedback humbly. I’m sure the mayor won’t try to pick on you if you flatter him beforehand.”

Although Zeke heard their suggestions, he remained silent by the old lady’s side.

Before long, the mayor made his way downstairs.

The mayor was a middle-aged man with a complete set of tuxedo. Although he was a middle-aged man, his appearance suggested otherwise because he seemed like a haggard senior citizen instead.

However, the mayor exuded an intimidating presence and rendered the onlookers silent as a result.

By then, the old lady was trembling in fear.

Zeke was the only one who behaved naturally as

though it wasn't a big deal.

The director rushed over and greeted the mayor politely, "Mr. Middleton, I'm so sorry for bothering you..."

Jeffrey Middleton merely waved and assured the director, "Don't worry about it."

Then, he surveyed the surroundings and asked, "May I know who's the one who wishes to provide me with his feedback? After all, Oakheart City belongs to everyone. Perhaps I might have missed out on certain aspects in the past. Hence, I truly cherish the opinions of fellow citizens. Of course, if the constructive feedback provided is beneficial to Oakheart City, I'll personally reward the citizen for his effort."

Nonetheless, none of those who were in the lobby took his words seriously because they were certain he was merely being courteous superficially. They knew full well that they would be doomed should they follow his instructions.

Meanwhile, the director pointed in Zeke's direction and replied, "Mr. Middleton, he's the one who wishes to provide you with his feedback."

When Zeke heard the director's introduction, he nodded. "That's right. I'm the one with the feedback, so brace yourself as you're going to get an earful from me."

Zeke initiated the conversation in a callous tone. To be exact, it sounded as though he was condemning the mayor for his mistakes.

He's doomed!

Suddenly, everyone grew anxious due to Zeke's arrogant reply.

They were certain that the mayor would take things out on Zeke due to his behavior.

Indeed, the mayor frowned in return because he was surprised by Zeke's attitude as well.

"Young man, why don't you tell me what is it about?" asked the mayor.

Zeke replied, "As a mayor, you have no idea what's going on. Instead, you took the side of those at fault. I don't think you have the rights to be a mayor."

As a matter of fact, Jeffrey was one of Zeke's disciples as well. Hence, Zeke didn't bother to hold back against him at all.

Previously, the Forrest Family from Riverdale District tried to intimidate Zeke through Oakheart City's mayor.

Hence, Zeke instructed the almighty general, Sole Wolf, to get rid of the mayor back then. In the end, Sole Wolf appointed Jeffrey, one of his disciples,

as the mayor of Oakheart City.

In short, Zeke was Jeffrey's grandmaster since Sole Wolf was one of Zeke's disciples as well.

Thus, Zeke couldn't suppress his anger anymore since his disciple was the one at fault.

However, the onlookers' mind was blown away by Zeke's statement when they saw how he condemned the mayor of Oakheart City right before their eyes.

Indirectly, Zeke indicated Jeffrey barely qualified to be the mayor of Oakheart City.

Oh, God! Who gave this young man the audacity to utter such impudent words against the mayor?

Naturally, the mayor was irritated. He was on the verge of losing his cool as well.

Albeit annoyed, Jeffrey replied, "Young man, even though I have yet to achieve any ground-breaking achievements, I have always played my part as Oakheart City's mayor and served the citizens wholeheartedly. I have never once neglected those in need. If you can't validate your statement, I'm afraid I'll have to sue you for defamation today."

At that, Zeke pointed out the sins Jeffrey had committed. "This particular hospital prioritizes profits over their patients. The employees of the hospital actually try to torture and intimidate their

patients. We should get rid of such a hospital with such corrupted core values as soon as possible, right? However, you did the exact opposite. You didn't bother to terminate the operation of such a hospital. Instead, you actually visited the hospital and became part of their marketing fluff."

When Jeffrey heard Zeke's words, he frowned and questioned the director of the hospital, "Is he telling the truth?"

The director tried to explain himself immediately, "Mr. Middleton, he's lying! Please don't listen to him. Our hospital's operations are audited by the authorities on a yearly basis. We have carried out the required procedures according to the law as well. We are a well-regulated hospital..."

However, Jeffrey interrupted the director halfway through his speech. "You're not answering my question. Please skip the details of the hospital's operation. Tell me if he's telling the truth instead."

The director hesitated for quite some time before he gritted his teeth and replied, "No... He's lying."



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Jeffrey knew something was off when he saw the director hesitated.

He then turned to Zeke and said courteously, "Young man, I will take your feedback into consideration seriously. I will form an investigation team as soon as possible. If you're telling the truth, I'll definitely make a move against this hospital."

The onlookers heaved a sigh of relief because it seemed as though Jeffrey wasn't going to pick on Zeke.

This young man is so lucky to run into such a friendly mayor.

Zeke nodded and advised Jeffrey, "Mm. It's best for you to form an investigation team within seven days."

Jeffrey got curious upon hearing that and he asked, "Why does it have to be within seven days?"

"It's simple. Because you'll die after seven days," replied Zeke nonchalantly.

What the heck!

The onlookers who felt a sense of relief got worked up once again.

Mr. Middleton is kind enough to let him off the hook. I can't believe he's trying to push his luck once again. How dare he curse Mr. Middleton? Does he really have a death

wish?

Jeffrey finally lost his cool and replied indifferently, "Young man, are you trying to curse me? Can I consider this as defamation?"

Once more, Zeke replied nonchalantly, "Cursing you? I'm so sorry, but you barely qualify as a foe of mine. Let me ask you this, have you visited Queenstown previously? Did you offend anyone? Too bad. It seems like you have no idea that you have been poisoned."

In fact, from the first moment Zeke laid eyes on Jeffrey, he knew the latter had been poisoned.

Zeke had intended to save Jeffrey as long as he performed up to his expectation as the newly appointed mayor of Oakheart City.

However, if he had proven himself unworthy, Zeke would leave him alone and leave him to his fate.

Thankfully, Jeffrey had proven himself worthy as the mayor of Oakheart City. Hence, Zeke decided to save him.

Obviously, Jeffrey was taken aback by Zeke's words. "Yes. I have visited Queenstown quite some time ago. I have taken some outlaws into custody as well. However, I have not been poisoned by any means because I have not detected any symptoms at all."

In return, Zeke sneered and probed once more, "Why are you in the hospital if you're not poisoned?"

"I'm just feeling kind of unwell lately. The doctor has determined the root cause of my symptom. It's none other than varicose veins. I have not been poisoned by any means," replied Jeffrey.

"Varicose veins are chronic diseases, it's impossible for you to just have it suddenly. Have you experienced any of the symptoms of varicose veins before making the trip to Queenstown?" asked Zeke.

Jeffrey gave it a thought and shook his head. "I have been experiencing the symptoms only after I made my way back from Queenstown... Does that mean I'm really poisoned? Young man, what sort of drug could it possibly be?"

"To be exact, you have been cursed..." replied Zeke.

Suddenly, Jeffrey broke into laughter and replied with a dubious look, "Young man, you're not referring to the type of curse we come across on TV, are you? You should stop wasting your time on such shows. Something like a curse doesn't exist."

He heaved a sigh of relief when he heard Zeke's words because he almost fell for his words previously.

The director got infuriated and condemned Zeke as well, “Stop pretending as though you’re the expert. Mr. Middleton has visited countless hospitals previously. We have unanimously agreed that he suffers from varicose veins at the moment. It can’t possibly be a curse.”

Zeke merely shook his head and warned them, “What a stubborn bunch. If that’s what you think it is, feel free to treat him according to the way you will treat a patient who has been diagnosed with varicose veins. Here’s a heads-up for everyone though, the more drugs incorporated during the treatment, the more complicated the situation gets in the end.”

As Zeke finished his sentence in a serious tone with a straight face, doubts started creeping into Jeffrey’s mind.

It doesn’t seem like this young man is trying to cheat me. I mean, he can’t possibly figure out I have made a trip to Queenstown and offended someone there before I visited the hospital, right?

Not to mention, he was right. The symptoms did show up right after my trip to Queenstown. However, I don’t think curses exist in the world. That’s merely superstitious. As a government official, I shouldn’t be deceived by such myths.

The hospital’s director yelled, “Zeke, stop deceiving others! It seems like you’re certain I will mess things up, huh? Fine! If that’s the case, I’ll

prove you wrong and treat Mr. Middleton's condition right here, right now!"

He turned around and requested, "Mr. Middleton, please allow me to treat your condition in front of everyone to prove myself innocent."

However, Jeffrey turned around and sought Zeke's opinion. "Young man, what do you think?"

"Why not?" Zeke replied nonchalantly.

Jeffrey turned around and replied the director, "If that's the case, let's do it."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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If the director is able to treat my condition, that's the best outcome. However, if Zeke is right and the director really messes things up, I'll have Zeke take over instead. Perhaps he will be able to get rid of the curse that has been placed upon me.

The director prescribed the required medicine immediately and handed it over to the nurse. He instructed the nurse to pack the medicine and prepare it as instructed.

In the meantime, he asked Jeffrey to lay on the bed while he rolled up the bottom of his pants.

Swollen and intertwined veins can be seen all over Jeffrey's legs.

It was a horrifying scene because there were a lot of scratch marks on Jeffrey's leg as well. Perhaps he overly scratched his leg due to the itching sensation he felt.

All the symptoms that Jeffrey had indicated that he suffered from varicose veins.

Firstly, the director cleansed the wounds with alcohol swabs. Then he applied a specially curated gel produced by the hospital to sedate the veins.

Before long, the nurse returned with a bowl of decoction and handed it over to Jeffrey.

He took a sip as instructed.

Meanwhile, everyone had their eyes glued to the intertwined veins on Jeffrey's leg.

As time went by, Jeffrey's leg had undergone drastic changes within ten minutes.

The initially swelling veins shrunk and returned to healthy-looking veins.

It could no longer be seen bulging on Jeffrey's leg anymore.

Jeffrey couldn't feel the excruciating sensation he felt before. He was about to fall asleep as he lay on the bed.

Once again, the onlookers gasped as they were impressed.

A curse? That young man must have been bluffing, right?

I can't believe he actually tried to mess with Mr. Middleton's life. I'm sure he won't let the young man off the hook anymore.

The director was proud of himself and asked rhetorically, "Zeke, Mr. Middleton's condition has improved drastically. Aren't you going to explain yourself?"

"Let's take it easy. After all, this is merely the calm before the storm," Zeke replied casually.

In return, the director replied contemptuously, "Stop lying, you insolent fool. You're just trying to buy yourself time to escape, right? I have gotten rid of the swollen and intertwined veins. Do you really think..."

Before the director could finish his sentence, Jeffrey cried out in pain all of a sudden and sat upright on the bed. Subconsciously, he held himself in the leg.

The crowd was taken aback due to Jeffrey's reaction.

Immediately, the director asked, "Mr. Middleton, what's wrong?"

Jeffrey gasped and explained, "My leg... I-It hurts... It felt as though something is devouring my veins..."

When the onlookers heard Jeffrey's words, they had their eyes glued to his leg once again.

Actually, the condition of Jeffrey's leg had improved as compared to its initial condition. In fact, nothing seemed to be wrong with it.

However, an observant onlooker realized what was wrong and shouted, "Look! There's a bruise on the mayor's knee!"

Everyone looked in the direction when they heard the man's words.

Indeed, there was a particularly noticeable swelling vein on Jeffrey's knee.

"Oh, God... What's going on?"

"That particular vein of his is swollen to such a horrifying extent. It seems like it's about to burst at any moment."

"Look! It seems like something is moving!"

"That's right... It felt as though there's a maggot digging around inside of the vein..."

Argh!

Once again, Jeffrey shrieked. "It hurts!"

Another observant onlooker shouted, "Look! There's another one on the mayor's calf!"

"You're right!"

"What on earth is going on?"

"Look! The two wriggling things are on the move again. It seems like they're trying to merge together."

As the crowd engaged themselves in the heated discussion, several similar things popped up one after another.

Jeffrey would shriek hysterically every time

another one of the things showed up in his leg.

The onlookers looked on in horror when they saw that the wriggling things were capable of motion. They were moving in the same direction as though they were about to merge together.

Chills ran down the onlookers' spines because it was a horrifying scene.

By then, Jeffrey could barely pull himself together due to the excruciating sensation he felt. "I-It hurts... It feels as though there are thousands of ants inside my veins. T-They're drinking my blood and devouring my veins... I-It felt as though my veins are about to burst... H-Help me... P-Please..."



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The director got anxious as well because he had never come across such an odd condition before.

However, he forced himself to put on a calm front because he didn't want to be outmatched by Zeke. "D-Don't worry, Mr. Middleton... I-It's normal... I-I'll deal with it immediately... Nurse, go get me some sedative and coagulant immediately."

As soon as the nurse heard the director's instruction, she rushed over to the pharmacy to get the items requested.

In the meantime, two of the wriggling things had merged into one.

As time went by, it expanded under Jeffrey's skin. In the end, it burst out of Jeffrey's leg. Blood spewed out of his leg with something black.

Immediately, the onlooker's eyes were glued to the thing in black.

"What the hell... What on earth is this?"

"It looks like a worm of some sort... wait, It's a red-colored maggot..."

"It seems like this are the things that have been messing around in the mayor's leg. I am sure that this is the culprit that's been tormenting the mayor."

"Oh, God! There's maggots in the mayor's veins? T-

That's gross! I'm having goosebumps just by imagining it in my mind."

"I-It must have been the source of the curse! Everyone, stay away from the maggots!"

The onlookers fled immediately and observed from afar when they figured out the thing on the ground was none other than a cursed maggot.

As Jeffrey's veins had burst, he yelled hysterically because he couldn't possibly bear the excruciating sensation he felt. Soon, he was rendered unconscious on the bed.

Finally, the nurse returned with the requested items.

The director was about to apply the sedative and coagulant immediately.

However, Zeke stopped the director in the nick of time and condemned him, "Do you want Jeffrey dead? I have told you not to apply any medicine, right? The more medicine you apply throughout the treatment, the more complicated his condition will get. The maggots are extremely sensitive towards drugs of sorts."

When the director heard Zeke's words, he was on the verge of breaking down.

He would be doomed should Jeffrey pass on in his hospital.

In fact, he might drag his family members down with him.

Hence, he decided to put everything aside for the moment and begged Zeke, "Dr. Williams, please save Mr. Middleton... Please... I can't have him pass on in my hospital..."

Zeke took a deep breath and instructed, "Go get me a few strands of strings,"

Huh?

Everyone was dumbfounded when they heard Zeke's words.

He's going to save the mayor with a few strands of strings? He must be kidding, right?

Once again, Zeke repeated himself. "We can't allow these wriggling maggots to merge into one. Otherwise, Jeffrey will die due to excessive bleeding. Once that happens, even God won't be able to save him then. We need the strings to block the veins and stop the maggots for the time being."

The director yelled angrily and instructed the nurse, "Hurry up and get it immediately!"

The nurse rushed over and returned with a few strands of strings before long.

Immediately, Zeke tied the strings all over Jeffrey's

leg firmly to prevent the flow of blood for the time being.

As expected, the maggots could no longer merge into one as they couldn't travel across the strings.

Zeke finally heaved a sigh of relief once he had everything under control.

He instructed the director, "Go get me some sulfur. The cursed maggots are terrified of sulfur the most."

As soon as the director heard Zeke's words, he rushed over to the pharmacy and returned with the requested sulfur.

He handed it over to Zeke.

Zeke first sprinkled some Sulphur on the cursed maggots that was on the ground that had been ejected previously.

As soon as the cursed maggots came across sulfur, it wriggled in pain. Within half a minute, it burst on the spot.

Blood spewed everywhere as a result because it had been consuming Jeffrey's blood all along.

Immediately, Zeke applied sulfur on the maggots within Jeffrey's leg.

He turned around and glanced at the director once

he was done. "Stop standing around. Come over and help stop the bleeding."

It turned out the burst vein from before was still bleeding as they were speaking.

The director nodded and rushed over immediately. He instructed the nurse to get him a pair of forceps and some gauze to wrap up the wound.

He dared not apply any medicine anymore because he was afraid he would provoke the cursed maggots once again.

Within five minutes, the director had stopped the bleeding.

Miraculously, the cursed maggots within Jeffrey's leg disappeared due to the sulfur applied a few minutes ago. They were nowhere to be seen anymore.

However, the veins on Jeffrey's leg became swollen once again. In short, it reverted to its initial condition.

The director wiped his sweat and placed his trembling hands on the mayor's wrist to check his pulse.

Thankfully, everything was fine.

He felt a sense of relief and squatted on the ground subconsciously to catch his breath.

He was drenched in sweat due to the terrifying experience he had to go through mere moments ago.

Finally, Jeffrey slowly opened his eyes as he regained consciousness. He surveyed his surroundings and his gaze fell onto Zeke in the end.



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The only thing he had in his mind at that moment was the cursed maggots.

Jeffrey couldn't believe something such as a cursed maggot actually existed in the world.

He was delighted because he finally found someone capable of saving his benefactor.

The worked-up Jeffrey sat upright and held Zeke's hand as though he was afraid the latter would run away. "Sir, please save my benefactor! Please!"

As he got overly worked-up, he forgot the excruciating sensation he felt.

Once again, the onlookers were confused by Jeffrey's words.

They couldn't figure out the correlation between Zeke and Jeffrey's benefactor.

He's not even out of the woods and yet he's thinking about his benefactor at such a critical juncture?

Zeke got confused as well. "Your benefactor is?"

Immediately, Jeffrey explained, "He's a government official as well, but his identity has to be kept confidential. Ten years ago, he was dispatched to Queenstown to investigate a mysterious incident. However, since he made his way back from Queenstown, he had a high fever. We had visited all sorts of specialists back then,

but none of them could do anything about it. Eventually, he turned into a vegetative patient.”

“I believe he has been cursed as well. That must have been why none of the doctors could treat him. Sir, you’re the only one who can save my benefactor. He’s the only one who knows the outcome of the investigation. We need him and the result of his investigation desperately because the outcome of his investigation may influence the wellbeing of Eurasia.”

Zeke seemed to have something in his mind when he heard Jeffrey’s words. In the end, he nodded and expressed his agreement.

The methods to place such a traditional curse were a double-edged sword. If those who were up to no good were to get their hands on it, it would endanger mankind’s wellbeing.

However, it would be a powerful tool to protect the nation should Zeke get his hands on the methods to place such a traditional curse.

Hence, Zeke was determined to get his hands on said methods.

He nodded and assured Jeffrey, “We’ll talk about this matter soon. For now, let’s deal with the cursed maggots within your system.”

However, Jeffrey stopped Zeke and requested, “Sir, please promise me! You have to save my

benefactor. My safety seems relatively insignificant as compared to his! Even if anything happens to me, I can be easily replaced by others. However, my benefactor is the only one who knows the truth of the mysterious incident. You have to save him!”

As Zeke was moved by Jeffrey’s words, he replied with a bright smile, “Alright. I’m glad to hear that. It’s rare to come across loyal government officials like you. Don’t worry. I’ll drop by and check on your benefactor once I’m free. In the meantime, I have quite a few things on my plate.”

After all, Lacey’s matter would be Zeke’s utmost priority. They had to take over Reagan Pharmaceutical as soon as possible.

As of now, Zeke had to win those from the Reagan Pharmaceutical over to their side.

Jeffrey thought Zeke was talking about the termination of the hospital’s operation. He assured Zeke immediately, “Mr. Williams, don’t worry. I’ll dispatch a team immediately. I’ll get them to investigate Griffin General Hospital as soon as possible. If something is wrong with the hospital, I’ll definitely terminate the operation of the hospital.”

When Zeke heard Jeffrey’s words, he turned around and took a glance at the director of the hospital.

The director had an awful look on his face. He seemed as though he had aged over ten years in the span of a few hours.

In the end, he didn't get to defend his hospital.

Zeke asked, "I believe a patient with the name of Laura is here, right? I'm here for her."

The director replied, "Sure! I'll send someone to get her immediately. Nurse, go get the patient with the name of Laura immediately."

By then, the nurse had already fallen into the vicious cycle of despair because things took another drastic turn once again.

Finally, the nurse returned to her senses as the director repeated himself.

She pointed at the old lady whom Zeke had defended previously and said, "Sir, she's Laura."

The old lady had already lost herself in the process of thought as she sized Zeke up because she was certain she had never run into the young man in front of him before.

She couldn't figure out the reason behind Zeke's visit.

In the meantime, Zeke was surprised as well. "What a coincidence!"

He rushed over to Laura's side and greeted, "Hello, madam. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm the newly appointed supervisor of Reagan Pharmaceutical. My name is Zeke, Zeke Williams. I dropped by today on behalf of the company to visit you."

When Laura heard his words, she was utterly shocked because she didn't expect their newly appointed supervisor to be such a young man.

He's such a down-to-earth and young man!



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She couldn't believe her supervisor had decided to drop by to visit such an insignificant employee like her.

Obviously, Laura was taken aback. "T-Thank you so much, sir..."

Zeke waved and assured, "Apart from that, please allow me to express my utmost apology. You have been a loyal employee of the company for the past two decades. I'm sure you have developed such a disease due to the excessive workload. The company should've definitely cover your medical bills since it's part of our responsibilities."

"However, the previous supervisor of the company has forsaken your wellbeing to satisfy his own greed. Please allow me to apologize on behalf of the previous supervisor. Don't worry. You have my words. The company will definitely cover the potential expenses you may incur throughout your treatment."

What!

Laura almost broke into tears as she was touched deep down due to the newly appointed supervisor's kind nature.

Truth be told, her disease wasn't the result of excessive workload. Hence, it would've been fine even if the company paid no heed to her wellbeing.

However, Zeke decided to poke his nose into her business and classified her condition as the result of excessive workload. He even offered to cover the potential expenses.

Deep down, she considered Zeke as the best employer she had ever run into throughout her life.

However, Laura didn't wish to accept something she didn't deserve. "Sir, I see where you're coming from, but my condition isn't the result of excessive workload. In fact, I know how tough things must have been for the company for the time being. I don't wish to burden the company as well."

In a serious tone, Zeke replied, "Madam, if you refuse to accept our token of apology, that means you do not wish to forgive us..."

Zeke went on for quite some time and tried his best to persuade Laura. In the end, Laura gave in to Zeke and decided to accept the company's courtesy.

In the end, Zeke offered, "Madam, I'm a doctor as well. Please allow me to take your pulse so that I can assess your condition."

As soon as Laura heard Zeke's offer, she reached over and showed him her wrist.

Before long, Zeke had a gloomy expression on his face once he placed his fingers on Laura's wrist and figured out what was going on.

He yelled angrily, "Who is the attending physician for this old lady over here?"

A scrawny middle-aged doctor stepped forward and said, "I-I'm her attending physician..."

"Why don't you tell me what sort of disease does she have?" Zeke asked in an aggressive tone.

The scrawny doctor replied, "I-It's acute coronary heart disease..."

With a vicious look on Zeke's face, he yelled and warned, "I'll give you another chance to tell me the truth. What sort of disease does she have?"

In the end, the scrawny doctor was intimidated by Zeke's domineering presence. He was on the verge of breaking down and told him the truth subconsciously, "I-It's myocarditis..."

What!

The onlookers got enraged all of a sudden.

"What the heck! A common myocarditis has been diagnosed as acute coronary heart disease? Have they no shame at all?"

"That's right! Myocarditis can be treated easily. It won't cost more than five hundred even. However, acute coronary heart disease requires patients to go through a series of surgery. It may cost up to several hundred thousand... I can't believe it. They

are willing to do anything and everything in order to generate profit!”

“I heard that the patient had sold his house to collect the required sum. To be honest, it ain’t even exaggerating to say that they have turned the patient’s life upside down.”

“We can’t possibly allow such inhumane medical practitioners to stay in the medical industry anymore!”

“Damn them all! They should spend the rest of their lives behind bars!”

Laura, who had gotten used to all sorts of hardships, couldn’t keep her cool anymore as well. “What? It’s merely myocarditis? Y-You wretched bastard! I almost jumped off the building to save my son the trouble of collecting the required sum! Y-You’re a disgrace to doctors!”

Jeffrey could no longer suppress his anger as well. “This is outrageous! I believe you’re aware of what’s in store for you, right? Director, do you know what’s going on all along?”

The director’s face turned pale. He waved and assured them immediately, “No... I have no idea what’s going on at all. Damn it. I have told you guys over and over again. Our patient’s well-being should be our only concern. Did I not make myself clear? Since you have engaged in such illegal activities, you should bear the consequences of

your actions. This has nothing to do with the hospital at all.”

By then, the scrawny doctor was trembling in fear.

As a matter of fact, he would only be considered as an accomplice of the hospital should the hospital bear the responsibility. He would merely spend a few years behind bars if that was the case.

However, if he were to bear the consequences by himself, he would have to spend at least two decades behind bars.

He tried to defend himself immediately. “Sir... Please do not try to deny your responsibility. After all, this has always been part of the hospital’s tradition, right? This has always been how we have generated our fortunes. In fact, you were the one who came up with such an idea... You have generated a fortune through such a method as well, right?”

The director got anxious all of a sudden and yelled hysterically, “Shut your mouth this instant! Stop defaming me!”



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Slap!

Before the director could finish his sentence, Jeffrey gave a tight slap to his face.

"You...you animal, how could you do such a cruel thing!"

"I was blind to have trusted you and allowed you to treat me."

"I will investigate this matter thoroughly. Until then, no one in this hospital can escape."

Hearing that, the director felt a sudden jolt and the pungent smell of urine permeated the air.

He was so terrified that he'd peed in his pants.

Their actions were considered as organized medical fraud. If found guilty, he would be jailed for a minimum of ten years.

Given his old age, a year in prison would already be considered too long for him, let alone ten years.

At that moment, he felt as if he would be better off dead.

When he turned to look at the head of security and the nurse who had tried to evict the patient earlier, his despair simply intensified.

By kicking the poor patient out, she had dragged

the hundreds of hospital staff into this controversy.

If he had known better, he would not have dared to boot out the patient.

Zeke checked with Laura, "Laura, You must be in pain now, right?"

"Please lie down. I'll use acupuncture to treat you, and you will feel immediate relief from the pain."

Laura didn't believe Zeke's words.

Her disease was chronic and the pain had been tormenting her for a few months now. Even the best doctors would need time to alleviate her symptoms. Therefore, it seemed impossible to her that she could feel immediate relief.

However, she didn't resist and lay down on the bed.

She felt that it would be rude of her to refuse Zeke's good intentions.

Meanwhile, Zeke brought out his silver needles and inserted some into the back of her head and chest.

After five minutes, Laura sat up and was moved to tears.

"My God! This is simply amazing. I'm feeling much

better already.”

“The headache, shortness of breath and frustration that have tormented me for the past few months are gone.”

“Young man, instead of a doctor, you’re a miracle worker!”

The crowd did not doubt Laura’s words as her appearance did seem like it had visibly improved.

One of them asked, “Young man, which hospital do you work in? I’ll visit you when I need a doctor.”

“Haven’t you heard, he is the owner of Reagan Pharmaceutical. He doesn’t treat patients.”

“Oh, it’s such a pity given how highly skilled he is.”

Zeke smiled, “Although I don’t practice medicine, my father runs a clinic by the name of Williams Clinic.”

“If you would like to seek treatment, you can go see him. I can’t guarantee that he’ll be able to cure all of your ailments, but he is definitely fair when it comes to the medical bills. You will definitely not bear any unnecessary expenses.”

“Alright.” Any clinic that the Divine Doctor, Dr. Williams would vouch for is definitely a trustworthy one.

Zeke said to Laura, "Ma'am, once I use acupuncture to treat you a few more times, you will fully recover from your ailment."

"Also, you don't need to stay here anymore. Why don't you return with me to Reagan Pharmaceutical so that it would be more convenient for me to treat you there?"

Given that she was able to cure her sickness for free, she readily agreed. "Very well."

"Young man, no...I mean Divine Doctor...that doesn't sound right too... Boss, please accept my heartfelt gratitude."

The crowd laughed wryly at how this young man had changed three hats at such a short time. It was more entertaining than a TV drama.

As Zeke was leaving with Laura, Jeffrey yelled out, "Divine Doctor, when will you be free to treat my master?"

Zeke replied, "Seven days later."

"The drugs you have taken today has agitated the cursed maggots. Now that they are active, it would be too risky to forcibly remove them."

"Once their activity reduces seven days later, I will help you and your master to remove the worms."

"Meanwhile, you should drink more tonic wine."

The Sulphur content in the wine will help you alleviate your pain.”

“Okay,” Jeffrey readily agreed.

This was the first time he had heard a doctor advising his patients to drink wine. Now, he had a really good excuse to drink despite his wife’s usual protests.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Reagan Pharmaceutical was in a state of chaos.

There were four hundred employees sitting in the company's plaza going on strike.

Not to mention both the distributors and suppliers were also present. Some came to return the products while others wanted to collect on their debts.

As production stopped, the company ran out of cash and was on the verge of collapse.

The four other shareholders led by Jacob didn't want to intervene in the matter. They had left Susan to deal with the fallout alone.

Their plan was to force Susan to sell them her fifty percent stake in the company at bargain prices out of desperation.

As Susan was still young and inexperienced, she was obviously no match for the four old foxes combined.

By now, she was totally stretched and had ran out of ideas.

However, she refuse to back down, for she knew she would be squandering the faith and belief that both the Linton Group and Zeke placed on her if she did.

She bit the bullet and tackled the problem head-

on.

Facing the four-hundred-odd workers, she tried to rally them, "My friends, this company has been built with our blood, sweat, and tears. We may be having some problems now, but I believe if we are united, we can overcome all adversity."

"Please go back to your stations and continue working. I guarantee that in less than seven days, your wages will be paid."

The worker's representative, Johnathan yelled, "Boss, we rely on our salary for our living expenses. Without it, we can't afford to buy food and wouldn't have any energy to work."

Susan replied, "In that case, the food in the cafeteria will be free of charge until your wages are paid."

"No matter how dire the company's situation is, we will still provide the basic necessities for our workers."

Johnathan sighed, "Boss, you're used to having a good life, the way we live our lives are too different. You don't understand what we, the rank and file are going through."

"The company's cafeteria has closed down because they ran out of money to buy ingredients. These few days, we have all been eating cheap bread to survive."

“On top of that, my mum is the one responsible for running the cafeteria. She’s now staying in the hospital to treat her coronary heart disease and needs her wages urgently for her medical bills.”

“It would be a blatant disregard for our lives if you don’t pay our wages.”

With that, the workers started to shout in protest. Their screams grew louder like a gathering wave.

“Pay our wages! If not, you’re killing us!”

“Unscrupulous bosses should be punished by the law. We will lodge a complaint against you with the department of labor.”

Susan was feeling distraught, the company’s problems were more serious than she imagined. To the extent that even the cafeteria had stopped operating.

Looking at the company accountant, she asked, “How much liquidity does the company still have?”

No matter what, she had to guarantee the workers basic necessities first.

The accountant was also a member of Jacob’s faction. In an indifferent tone, she replied, “There’s not a single penny left.”

Infuriated, Susan yelled, “How is it possible that there’s no cash left in such a huge company?”

The accountant explained, “There are still some funds but they have been earmarked as refunds for the distributors.”

Susan had no choice but to meet with the distributors’ representative.

“Gentlemen, why are you returning our products given that the sales have been doing fine?”

“Is there a problem with the product quality or is it some other reason?”

The distributor’s representative explained, “We hardly made any sales and our warehouses are filled with stocks. According to our contract, we have the right to return the products.”

Susan countered, “Reagan Pharmaceutical is a renowned brand and all our products have been approved by the national drug agency. How is it possible that they’re not selling?”

The representative grew impatient. “They’re just not selling. The contract allows us to get a refund, unless you plan to breach the contract terms.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The suppliers who were at the side sneered, "Ms. Raynor, need I remind you that as businessmen, the sanctity of contract is what we hold dear."

"If you are unable to respect it, you might as well step down from running the company."

Turning her attention to the supplier's representative, Susan retorted, "Are you here to end your collaboration with Reagan Pharmaceutical?"

"I'm sure you are aware our purchases from you run into hundreds of millions. If Reagan Pharmaceutical were to fold, your losses would be devastating. Please bear that in mind."

The supplier responded, "That's right. I admit that your company has generated a lot of profit for us. But it remains to be seen whether it will be the same going forward."

"Honestly, a business would fail if a woman were running the show. Given that we have no confidence in your leadership of Reagan Pharmaceutical, we don't see a point of working together anymore."

Susan demanded, "What are you trying to say?"

The suppliers were direct. "It's simple. You have to be willing to transfer your stake in the company to Mr. Hugh. We would only be willing to continue working with the company if he is the major

shareholder.”

Turning towards Jacob, Susan sniggered. “I understand now.”

“You’re the one behind everything. From the workers’ strike to the supplier and distributors’ demands to cancel our contracts.”

“Do you realize what you’re doing now is considered a commercial crime? You will be punished as a criminal!”

Jacob smiled smugly. “Commercial crime? Ms. Raynor, please choose your words wisely.”

“Without any evidence, I can sue you for defamation.”

“Our partners trust me instead of you. Why don’t you reflect on your own mistakes instead of blaming someone else? Don’t you think you are going overboard?”

“Besides, I agree with them. It’s bad to have a woman running the show. A woman like you is unable to run such a large company. You should transfer your shares to me before you lose everything.”

Susan gnashed her teeth. “You must be dreaming.”

“Even if the company goes bankrupt, I will never

allow your scheme to succeed.”

Jacob rebutted angrily, “Hmph, you really don’t appreciate our good intentions. You will regret this.”

He raised his voice so all could hear, “Ms. Raynor, how could you still spend lavishly on luxury goods when the company is on the brink of collapsing? You’re simply too much.”

“Your new car alone must’ve cost at least a million, right?”

“And the jewelry you’re wearing must’ve cost at least five hundred thousand!”

“Not to mention the Dior perfume you’re using has a price tag of two hundred thousand minimum.”

“The money you can save from not buying that bottle of perfume can be used to pay the workers’ wages. Unless you think that their lives are not worth as much as a bottle of perfume?”

Jacob’s words riled the crowd and they started to curse and swear.

“F**k! We’re broke to the extent we can’t afford to buy food and yet she’s here splurging on luxury goods?”

“My mom needs the money for her medical bills and yet Ms. Raynor is still living large. It seems

that the rank and file employees don't matter to her at all."

"I heard someone said that Mr. Hugh sold his car and house to raise cash for our wages, but the new boss had spent it all."

"A person like that doesn't deserve to be our boss."

Panicking, Susan desperately tried to explained herself, "Don't listen to Jacob, he is just trying to sow discord among us."

"I bought all those things a long time ago with my own money. They have nothing to do with the company..."

However, her voice was drowned out by the chorus of voices cursing her.

Suddenly, eight burly men emerged from the crowd and charged towards Susan with malicious intent.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Boys, let’s grab everything from her.”

“Her car and all her luxury items were bought with our money. Let’s grab them and sell them for our wages.”

“With such a terrible boss, we need to teach her a lesson.”

Johnathan got anxious upon seeing that.

If the crowd turned violent, their relationship with the new boss would be in tatters. The new boss could then choose not to pay them and they wouldn’t be able to do anything about it.

In fact, they may even face criminal charges.

He bellowed immediately, “Calm down! Calm down! Don’t do anything rash.”

“If we harm her, we definitely won’t be able to get our wages. We might even get arrested too!”

However, his words fell upon deaf ears as the eight employees were mad beyond reason.

The other employees began to follow blindly.

Not being able to control the eight men, Johnathan tried to restrain the rest. “Calm down, calm down. We must not harm anyone.”

“As a boss, she definitely have connections with

government officials. If she files a police report, it'll be too late for us then."

With that, the majority of the employees were placated.

However, the eight men who had rushed out earlier became even more agitated.

They split themselves into two groups. One group headed towards the luxury car and started to smash Susan's car with bricks and sticks.

While another group went straight for Susan.

Their eyes were filled with wicked thoughts as they looked at her.

She was fair and pretty with a sexy figure. The epitome of a rich beautiful lady.

They were going to take advantage of Susan under the pretext of grabbing her luxury accessories. It was too good of an opportunity to miss.

The blond man who led the group drew a metal pipe from his sleeve and brandished it in the air.

Jacob's bodyguards readied themselves to rescue Susan.

However, Jacob stopped them. "Don't get involved."

They then had no choice but to stand down.

When she saw the big and shiny pipe, Susan feared for her life. Subconsciously, she stepped back and managed to avoid the blondie's first attack by luck.

She bellowed, "Listen to me, it's not what you think. Jacob is the one that's sowing discord among us."

Her pleas fell on deaf ears as the blondie and his subordinates surrounded her.

Raising his metal pipe again, blondie swung it towards Susan.

As she was now surrounded, there was no avenue for escape. All she could do was close her eyes in despair and wait for the impact.

At that moment, she felt as if all was lost.

*I'm just a girl who's still a bit wet behind the ears.
How am I supposed to carry such a huge burden?*

*At such a crucial moment, I don't even have
someone to protect me.*

*I don't even know if anyone will visit me at the
hospital after this beating.*

It really is difficult being alone.

Clang!

A clash between metals was heard.

However, Susan didn't feel any pain.

When she opened her eyes, she was surprised to see a muscular arm had shielded her from the metal pipe.

The metal pipe which was as thick as a baby's arm was bent instead.

Her eyes moved along the arm to see who it belonged to.

When she saw the owner of the arm, her eyes stung and tears started rolling down endlessly.

It was Mr. Williams.

Zeke is here to save me!

In order to protect me, he shielded me with his arm without any regard for his own safety.

At that moment, her heart melted for him.

Then, as if she thought of something, she pushed blondie aside and hugged Zeke's arm.

"Mr. Williams, is your arm alright? Come, let me take you to the hospital to get it checked."

As the metal pipe was dented, Zeke's arm must at least have a fracture in it.

However, Zeke reassured her. "Susan, I'm fine."

Huh?

When Susan checked Zeke's arm, she realized that there wasn't even a scratch on him.

Mr. Williams is really hard like a rock!

The moment the thought crossed her mind, she blushed.



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Blondie bellowed, "F**king hell, trying to be a white knight, eh? Well, you have to get by me first."

"You should leave before I turn you into mush."

Zeke ignored blondie as he maintained his gaze on Susan. "Susan, I'm sorry I'm late."

"Are you alright?"

Susan shook her head immediately. "Mr. Williams, I'm fine."

With that, Zeke heaved a sigh of relief before turning his attention towards blondie. "You must have a lot of gall to dare harm my woman."

Susan felt touched when Zeke mentioned that she was "his woman". It simply made her imagination run wild.

Blondie threatened, "Haha, who do you think you are? Today, I'm not only going to beat up your woman, but I'm also going to cripple you."

"Boys, rush him!"

The eight of them surrounded Zeke and closed in on him quickly.

Blondie brandished his steel pipe and swung it at Zeke again.

Susan started to panic, "Mr. Williams, you should

escape and just leave me...”

Meanwhile, Zeke pulled Susan behind him. “Stay behind me and don’t make any sudden movements.”

Susan stared at Zeke’s silhouette and caught the faint scent of his sweat as he bravely faced the attackers.

The scene caused her to feel a surging sense of infatuation for Zeke as she reveled in the sense of security he gave her.

Faced with the enemies’ encirclement, Zeke wasn’t worried at all. Reaching his hand out, he easily caught blondie’s metal pipe.

With a forceful tug, he snatched it away with little effort.

At that moment, the enemy began their onslaught and rained blows on him repeatedly.

Without avoiding them, Zeke wielded the metal pipe around.

He swung it so fast that all everyone could see of the pipe was just a blur.

Five seconds later, the scene fell silent.

Zeke had neither moved from the encirclement nor taken any damage.

Meanwhile, the eight employees were all lying on the ground grimacing in pain. Some were holding their heads while others their stomachs as they rolled around on the ground miserably.

Everyone was stunned.

"This guy is really fearsome and as strong as a bull too."

"The scene was even more exciting than a movie, not to mention it's real and happened right before our eyes."

"This b*****d is really a good fighter. I guess that the rumors of one man being capable of beating ten are really true."

"Sigh, we're in trouble now. The new boss has someone so powerful by her side. We can kiss our wages goodbye."

"Damn it, there goes our wages."

Even blondie who was still reeling from the beating felt an uneasiness bordering on fear.

He had just experienced firsthand how powerful Zeke was.

Given how easily the metal pipe was taken from him, he was well aware of Zeke's immeasurable strength. *Could he be one of those legendary martial art masters?*

He no longer dared to go head-to-head with Zeke. His only choice was to rely on the crowd by provoking them.

He shouted, "Damn you! Not only did you not pay our wages, but you also attacked us."

"My brethren, how can you tolerate this? You wimps disgust me!"

As expected, blondie's provocation worked as the other employees were riled up and started to protest vehemently.

"How dare they bully us, it's just too much."

"Instead of apologizing for not paying our wages, they beat us up. They're really trying to force us to our deaths."

"There's no point in staying in a company like this. I quit."

"I quit too."

Meanwhile, Jacob who was watching by the side was delighted at the turn of events, which was better than he had expected.

He did not plan for Zeke to beat up the employees and cause them to quit.

All colors drained from Susan's face.

With Zeke beating up the workers, she had lost the moral high ground and the situation started to spin out of control.

“What are we going to do?” She looked helplessly at Zeke.

Zeke gently patted on her shoulders, “Don’t worry, someone will clean this mess up.”

Susan smiled wryly in response. She as the boss couldn’t even deal with this, let alone somebody else.

As Johnathan approached to help blondie up, he gave Zeke a disappointed look.

“Boss, I admit that these men were being brazen and impulsive, but you shouldn’t have beaten them up so badly.”

“Since you don’t care about your employees, there’s no point working here anymore.”

“I quit!”



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Susan sighed.

As Johnathan was the workers' representative, naturally, his resignation would set off a chain of mass resignations among them.

Without any employees, the company would be reduced to nothing but an empty shell.

This time, the situation was beyond remedy.

However, despite all that, Zeke didn't seem to be bothered at all. In fact, he looked carefree and still had the mood to smoke a cigarette.

His frosty demeanor only angered the workers further, who followed in Johnathan's footsteps to quit.

Right at that moment, Zeke's car door opened.

It was Laura who alighted.

She shouted, "Johnathan! Stay where you are."

When Johnathan saw that it was Laura, he was utterly shocked.

He quickly ran up to her and asked, "Mom, what are you doing here instead of the hospital?"

"I have enough money for the surgery now. Let me send you to the hospital for the operation."

Slap!

Laura unexpectedly gave Johnathan a slap without any hesitation. "You b*****d! Apologize to Mr. Williams now."

Johnathan was puzzled as to why he was slapped. "Mom, why did you hit me?"

"Also, why should I apologize to him? He owed us our salary and beat us up..."

Laura interrupted, "Shut up, do you know that you are being ungrateful?"

Johnathan was utterly confused. "Mom, what are you talking about? How am I being ungrateful when we don't owe anything to the new boss?"

Laura explained, "Have you forgotten that you owed the hospital a lot of money for the bills? Today, the hospital evicted me, and even hurt me."

"At the crucial moment, I was saved by Mr. Williams."

"Also, he treated my sickness for free and has healed me."

Of course, Laura wasn't just insisting Johnathan apologize out of gratitude.

The main reason was that since even the mayor needed Zeke's help, she thought that it wasn't a

good idea to offend someone so influential.

What!

Johnathan stared at Laura in disbelief.

He could see that she looked a lot better than before, there were hardly any signs of sickness left.

In fact, she looked younger by ten years.

In addition, when Laura dragged Johnathan towards Zeke, he noticed that his mother's steps were a lot sturdier now. In fact, she even seemed light on her feet.

The change was so drastic that he wondered if she was really his mother.

As between now and then, she felt like two different persons.

Bowing to Zeke, Laura apologized, "Mr. Williams, I'm very sorry for my son's inability to distinguish fact from fiction. This whole incident is his responsibility."

"Do whatever you want to him as long as you can vent your frustration."

"Johnathan, apologize to Mr. Williams now!"

Johnathan was still confused about what was

going on. Everything had happened so fast that he couldn't get up to speed.

When Jacob realized that the tide was turning, he shot a glance at blondie.

Blondie acknowledged it and sprang into action. He bellowed, "Johnathan, you cannot apologize."

"You can't turn a blind eye to his actions just because you feel indebted to him over a minor matter."

"Don't forget, they owe us our salary and beat us up..."

Looking at blondie, Zeke sneered, "Owe you your wages? Haha, let me ask you, which department do you belong to? What's your role in the company and who is your supervisor?"

Hadley had informed Zeke earlier about the situation among the workers.

Blondie and the other seven "employees" were simply hoodlums brought in by Jacob to masquerade as staff.

Jacob had instructed them to sow discord between the management and workers.

It would be even better if there was a fight.

Meanwhile, blondie was speechless in the face of

Zeke's incessant questions.

As they had zero understanding of the company, they couldn't even tell a proper lie even if they wanted to.

Laura looked at blondie and his men with a scowl and said, "I'm in charge of the company cafeteria and know almost everyone here. But I have not seen these guys before."

Finally, Johnathan felt that something was amiss and quickly interrogated blondie, "Speak! which department are you from? Who's your supervisor?"



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Blondie reacted instinctively and replied, "We are from the quality control department."

Johnathan turned to the crowd. "Where's the supervisor for the quality control department? Are these guys yours?"

Someone yelled back, "They're not ours, I have never seen them before."

Johnathan was furious, "You punks, how dare you infiltrate our company, pretend to be our staff, and sow discord within!"

"No wonder the eight of you were eager for trouble and has been yelling incessantly!"

"Tell us! Who send you to do this?"

Blondie and his men mumbled among themselves, unable to explain.

When Jacob realized the game was up, he interjected, "Johnathan, they have been hired by me recently and were assigned to the quality control department."

"It was just that they haven't started work because of the strike. That's why you don't know them.

"Is that so?" Zeke mocked, "As one of the bosses, you were willing to get your hands dirty to hire the rank and file employees. I am amazed at your dedication to the company."

"In that case, we no longer need the human resources department."

Jacob explained, "The standard of the quality control department directly affects the quality of our products. It is obvious how important these positions are."

"So what if I personally hired the quality control personnel?"

Zeke retorted, "Haha, is that so?"

"And here I am, thinking that you've hired some hoodlums to create havoc within the company to cause its operations to stop. So that you can take over my shares in the company."

Jacob's faced turned red in frustration.

Damn him, how did he see through my plan so quickly!

Meanwhile, the other employees looked at Jacob suspiciously as the excuse he gave sounded outlandish.

In comparison, the new boss' version of events was a lot more logical.

Is Jacob really the one responsible for sowing discord and manipulating all of us?

Laura appealed to the workers, "My dear friends,

listen to an old lady's advice."

"I stake my reputation on the fact that the new boss is trustworthy."

"If he says that he can resolve the problem, he will definitely keep his word."

"I'm sure my vouching for him will put all of you at ease. So, please go back to work and I'll be serving dumplings for lunch today."

Even the mayor relies on the new boss now, I'm sure there's nothing in the current situation that he can't handle.

Laura was well-liked by all the employees, hence her words carried a lot of weight. Under her persuasion, many of the employees prepared to go back to work.

However, there were some who were still uncooperative.

A middle-aged man in overalls stood up and protested, "Johnathan, I'm glad you managed to resolve your problems, but aren't you forgetting something? We all have our own problems to solve. Now, my family is so poor that we can't even afford to buy any food."

"I'm still waiting for my wages to pay for my family's living expenses..."

Before he could finish his sentence, however, his phone rang.

As the man prepared to answer the call, Zeke who had remained silent suddenly interrupted, "Put it on speaker."

The man in overalls was startled by the sudden request. "Huh?"

Zeke repeated, "Put it on speaker."

Everyone was puzzled as to why Zeke wanted the man to put his personal call on speaker.

Zeke shot a glance at Laura and she quickly added, "Jackson, listen to the new boss. Put it on speaker."

Fortunately, Laura's influence was enough to convince the man to comply.

Jackson said, "Honey, I'm buying vegetables at the market, tell me what would you like to eat tonight..."

Jackson's wife replied excitedly, "Jackson, you're really amazing. I didn't expect you to be appreciated by your boss so much. I'm sorry for underestimating you."

"Next time, I'll do all the chores at home while all you needed to do is focus on work. Remember not to disappoint your boss given how much trust he

places in you.”

Jackson was stupefied and didn't know what had caused his wife to act differently from her usual self.

She had always complained that he was a useless wimp and never said a good thing about him.

But her attitude towards him today had turned a 180 that she even volunteered to do all the household chores.

Jackson carefully pried, “Honey, what happened today? How did you know that my boss appreciates me a lot?”



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Jackson's wife replied, "How can you not know?"

"Today, some managers from your company visited our home and said that your performance in the company was exceptional. You have been working hard without any complaints and made large contributions to the company."

"Because of that, the company has awarded you with a certificate of commendation and one thousand as your reward."

"Also, the manager has helped resolve the matter of our son's school fees. They will contribute five hundred every month into an education fund for him."

What!

Jackson's hand trembled and he almost dropped his phone.

Some company manager had visited his home, gave him a certificate of commendation, and some bonus.

On top of that, the problem with his son's schooling which had dogged him for many years had finally been resolved.

Is...is this real?

Or is it just a dream?

No, this was beyond what he would even dare to dream of.

Jackson's wife continued, "Jackson, I used to look down on you and complained that you were a wimp. But now, I realized I was in the wrong for underestimating you."

"Going forward, I'll take care of everything at home while you focus on your work. As long as we work hard, our days will definitely improve."

"Anyway, come home for lunch. I made your favorite beef brisket."

Taking a long deep breath, Jackson tried his best to remain calm. "Honey, it's really not a big deal. It's only natural for me to receive an award after working so many years in the company."

"Honey, I..."

"What's up with you?"

"I love you."

"I love you too."

Once Jackson ended the call, he started crying non-stop without a care. It was a strange sight to behold given that he was a large man about seven feet tall.

Over the last few years, his wife had always

mocked and put him down. It was so bad that she gave him an ultimatum where she would divorce him if he couldn't solve their son's schooling issue.

To prevent his wife from leaving, he had to suppress his own pride and acquiesce to everything she wanted.

Those were terrible times.

But now, his boss not only helped save his marriage but also boosted his status at home.

He was simply overwhelmed with gratitude.

With tears in his eyes, he looked at Zeke, "Boss, did you do this?"

Zeke nodded, "You deserve it."

"Boss..." Jackson didn't even know how to thank Zeke. As he was about to go on his knees, he said, "Boss, I must apologize to you for my insolence..."

Johnathan quickly helped him up. "It's alright, Jackson. Don't cry like a lady. Work hard from today onwards to show your appreciation."

Jackson replied, "Boss, from now on I will work hard and make sure I don't disappoint you."

At that moment, another employee with a crew-cut heard his phone ringing.

Zeke smiled at him and said, "Put in on speaker."

Crew-cut was shocked at first but began to anticipate some good news.

He quickly answered his phone. "Mom, dad, what's with the sudden phone call?"

Over the phone, a man's hearty laugh could be heard. "Haha, my son. You've really made me proud today."

"My son has finally made something of himself!"

Crew-cut asked curiously, "Dad, what's going on?"

"I...Haha, I'll let your mom fill you in. I'm still drinking with the village chief now."

Crew-cut's mom took over the call. "Son, you're famous all over the village. We can now raise our heads up high!"

Crew-cut was getting impatient. "Mom, tell me what happened."

His mother replied, "An eviction team came to the village today to tear down some of the houses in the village. When the villagers resisted, the team began beating them up.

"Sigh, the villagers were beaten badly."

"Right when the eviction team was about to hit

your dad, your boss suddenly came.”

“They said that your performance in the company had been exceptional and you made many important contributions. Therefore, they would like to promote you to an officer. They also gave you a certificate of commendation and some bonus.”

“And guess what? When your boss was standing there, the eviction crew fled the scene when they saw him.”



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"The whole village is now aware of how capable your boss is. Therefore, you have a bright future ahead given how much he values you."

"By the way, many of our neighbors are clamoring to offer their daughter's hand in marriage to you. Even the village chief's daughter who wasn't into you before suddenly came by with some expensive tea. She greeted us with such familiarity as if we were her own family."

"Hubby, why don't you say something to your son."

His dad replied, "I have no time for him. Can't you see that I'm drinking with the village chief?"

"I am the one who raised him to be such a success. Come chief, one more."

Crew-cut's face shone with delight and pride. "I didn't do much actually."

"Mom, let me tell you how influential our boss is. Other than the eviction team, even the county magistrate has to show respect to him."

"It's understandable that your son's boss values him highly given how hardworking he was in university."

Crew-cut's mom replied, "Remember not to rest on your laurels. You should strive hard so that you don't betray the trust that your boss has placed in you."

“The glory of our family now relies on your boss.”

“Anyway, enough chatting. Some relatives have just dropped by.”

“Sigh, it’s really a case of people coming to bask in our glory.”

After ending the call, Crew-cut turned to leave.

Johnathan hurriedly called out to him, “James, where are you going?”

Crew-cut replied, “Back to work, of course.”

“Boys from the production line, let’s go.”

Before the crowd started dispersing, The sounds of phone ringing filled the hall as more and more employees received calls.

They were all calls from their respective families.

All of them received a letter of commendation and a cash reward.

Although the commendation letter wasn’t worth much, it was a recognition of their efforts by the company. It provided them with the basis to show off amongst their friends and family, thereby satisfying their ego.

Pride was something that even money couldn’t buy.

After ending their calls, the workers were rejuvenated and filled with motivation.

“Let’s go back to work now!”

“Boss, don’t worry about our wages. Take your time to resolve it.”

“Mdm. Laura, remember you promised to make us dumplings for lunch. Don’t forget about it, Haha!”

“We have a handsome boss and a beautiful lady boss, both of them seem to be a match made in heaven.”

The workers laughed heartily as they returned to the production lines to restart their work.

Susan blushed bashfully when the workers assumed she was the boss’ wife.

Sneaking a glance at Zeke, she thought to herself, *wouldn’t it be wonderful if I really were his wife?*

Zeke said, “Susan, I used twenty-three thousands of my own money to pay for their bonus. Don’t forget to reimburse me from the company’s funds.”

Susan was shocked at how Zeke only used twenty-three thousand to resolve a crisis that could potentially cripple the company.

Mr. Williams really is amazing.

Besides, your net worth is in the billions, why would you even care about the twenty-three thousand...

Little did she know that Zeke relied solely on the monthly income of less than eight thousand from his wife.

Susan acknowledged, "Sure, boss."

"By the way, given that we've sent out so many letters of commendations in such a short time, there must be a lot of manpower involved."

"But I didn't see you involve any of the management from Reagan Pharmaceutical."

Zeke smiled, "I got my friends to help me with it."

The only thing that Zeke wasn't lacking now was manpower.

Other than those from the army, T-Rex and Darren also had a lot of men under their disposal.

Of course, neither T-Rex and Darren had the time to organize the distribution of the letters as they were busy cleaning up the underworld forces in Riverdale District.

The one responsible for the operation this time was Hadley.



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Speaking of the devil, Hadley arrived at that very moment.

A small red sedan stopped beside Zeke and Hadley got out of it.

She looked listless and exhausted as she had been working endlessly to make this operation a success.

Clamoring for credit, she said, "Boss..."

Zeke cut her off, "It's grandmaster."

Hadley was rendered speechless for a moment.

"Grandmaster, isn't this operation executed beautifully?"

Zeke nodded. "Mm, it's not bad. I'll think of a reward for you."

At that moment, Hadley noticed Susan and her eyes instantly sparkled and she almost salivated.

Ever since she saw Susan for the first time at Linton Group, she had lusted for her as if she were an angel sent from the heavens.

Reaching out her hand courteously, she gloated, "Ms. Raynor, I was instrumental in resolving the crisis in your company."

"So, how are you planning to show your

appreciation?”

Susan extended her hand to shake Hadley's.
“Thank you, Ms. Hadley.”

“Why don't I treat both you and Mr. Williams to dinner tonight.”

“Sure.” Hadley was elated.

When Susan wanted to retract her hand after shaking, she noticed that Hadley was still holding on tight.

Zeke cleared his throat.

Hadley was so desperate that she couldn't forgo any opportunity to take advantage of a woman.

Pulling Hadley away, Zeke instructed, “Hadley, I have a new task for you. Please send these people to the police station.”

“For trespassing into my company and attacking my employees, they have to be punished by the law.”

Zeke meant blondie and his men.

Hadley became upset. “Grandmaster, you're overloading me.”

“When you had me act as a bodyguard, a fighter, and even a messenger, I didn't complain.”

"But now you want me to be your security guard too? I'm sorry, I'm just too busy to do this."

Zeke retorted, "You refuse? That's fine."

"Susan, you don't have to invite her for dinner tonight. She's busy..."

Hadley relented. "Fine, you're really ruthless. I'll send them to the police station."

"Ms. Murphy, I'll see you tonight then."

Looking at Hadley suspiciously, Susan could feel that there was something strange about her.

Zeke shot a glance towards Jacob and ordered, "Gather all the shareholders, management personnel, suppliers, and distributors for a meeting."

Jacob was dumbfounded.

The strike that he had carefully orchestrated was simply thwarted by a mere twenty three thousand.

Even blondie and his men were arrested.

This new boss isn't someone who sat on his hands. No wonder my father, Logan suffered massive losses at Zeke's hands.

Nevertheless, it doesn't matter. So what if he resolved the workers' strike?

Without the support of the suppliers and distributors, the company operations will remain at a standstill.

Glancing at the suppliers and distributors, Jacob said, "Come, follow me to the meeting room."

Zeke and Susan were last in line as the group gradually entered the meeting room.

Susan whispered, "Mr. Williams, Jacob is adamant at kicking us out of the company."

"What should we do next?"

Zeke smiled, "Don't worry, even if the company goes under, I will not allow his scheme to succeed."

"Just follow my lead."

Susan nodded. "Alright."

In the meeting room, the atmosphere was tense as no one dared to say a word.

Sitting at the head of the table, Zeke instructed coldly, "Hugh junior, please report the company's current condition."

Jacob was infuriated at Zeke for calling him junior.

I'm still a shareholder of the company and of equal rank with you. How dare you address me like I'm your secretary?



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But, knowing when to pick his battles, he suppressed his anger and started to make his report.

“Because of the company’s slumping sales and the recent changes in the board, the distributors have lost confidence in the company’s prospects. Therefore they want to terminate their contracts and demand a refund for the goods they returned.”

“The distributors have so much unsold stock that their warehouses are full, that’s why they want a refund.”

“However, the company’s account does not have any cash left. Furthermore, there’s a significant amount of outstanding debt. Despite receiving demand notices from the bank repeatedly, we have no money to pay them back at all. If we continue along this trajectory, the company will likely fold soon.”

Zeke looked at the suppliers as if he had something in mind. “Is your decision to break ties with us firm? I am giving you another chance now. If you are remorseful, I’ll allow you to work with us again.”

Pfft!

Many in the crowd couldn’t help but snigger.

Walter, the suppliers’ representative sneered, “Mr. Williams, I’m worried that you’re the one who is

oblivious to what the circumstances are. We should be the one giving you a chance instead of the other way round.”

“How are you going to manufacture anything without us supplying the raw materials? Without end products for sale, your company will not be able to function.”

Zeke replied, “Come on then, tell me what can you offer us?”

The suppliers’ representative, Walter answered, “To be honest, I did a background check on Linton Group.”

“It’s a small company that has just started to dip its toes into the pharmaceutical industry. But the amount of technical knowledge required by this industry is simply too much for someone inexperienced like you. Therefore, you are incapable of managing Reagan Pharmaceutical.”

“If you are willing to transfer part or all of your shares to Mr. Hugh and allow him to continue managing Reagan Pharmaceutical, we will then give you a chance and work with you again.”

Zeke couldn’t help but burst out in laughter upon hearing what he said.

His rude reaction infuriated Walter. “What are you laughing at?”

"If you don't want to hand out your shares, then please settle your debt with us. Your company still owes me thirty million. If you can't pay up, I'll see you in court."

The distributor's representative quickly added, "We have returned our stocks to you but have yet to received our refunds."

"If we don't get it by today, you better be prepared to go to prison."

Zeke turned to look at Jacob and asked, "Hugh Junior, what do you think?"

There was only one thing in Jacob's mind now. And that was to beat Zeke to death.

He felt humiliated every time he was called "Junior".

Taking a deep breath, he suppressed his own anger and said, "Mr. Williams, as to how we should proceed, the decision is in your hands."

"I can only help you provide a cost-benefit analysis. If you don't meet their demands and are unable to fork out the cash, you will be heading to prison as the major shareholder."

"If you accept their proposal and transfer your shares to me, not only will you escape jail time, but you will also receive a handsome transfer fee."

“Your choice is between prison and a sum of money.”

Zeke felt a sense of melancholy as he sighed, “I went through a lot of trouble and sacrificed so much just to get the shares. Therefore, I feel really reluctant to let it go.”

Jacob really felt like murdering Zeke by now.

Come, tell he how much have you sacrificed?

The only reason you got the shares was because you blackmailed them out of my father!

Zeke continued, “Other than the share transfer, is there another way for me to avoid prison?”

Jacob calmed down and replied, “There are two other options.”

“The first is to declare bankruptcy...”

Zeke firmly remarked, “I’ll declare bankruptcy then.”

The crowd was dumbfounded.

Is he declaring bankruptcy just like that?He must be crazy.

Without any perseverance, he shouldn’t have run a business in the first place.

The ends of Jacob's lips twitched vigorously.

If you declare bankruptcy you will lose everything too.



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My original intention was to take over your stake in the company. But, with bankruptcy, I have nothing to gain. In fact, I might lose everything I have.

Jacob quickly continued, "Mr. Williams, let's not be hasty, there's still another way."

"We can also take on more debt to solve the immediate liquidity crisis."

Zeke replied, "Oh, in that case let's do that."

Jacob warned, "But, given how much debt we already have, the banks have blacklisted us. Therefore, access to credit isn't going to come easily."

Zeke answered, "Then, let's take the bankruptcy route."

Jacob was speechless.

I'll kill you if you say the word bankruptcy one more time!

Jacob tried his best to stay calm. "Although our access to bank credit has been cut off, we can still try borrowing from shadow banks."

Zeke replied, "I heard that shadow banks charge very high interest. If it's too high, isn't it better to declare bankruptcy?"

Jacob was rendered speechless for the

umpteenth time.

“It’s not that high, just a little higher than banks. The company still has the capacity to shoulder the burden.”

Zeke agreed. “Oh, in that case, let’s take a loan from the shadow banks.”

Starting to worry, Susan whispered to Zeke, “Mr. Williams, don’t be hasty in making the decision.”

“The shadow banks’ money would come with strings attached. You have to be careful not to be caught in it...”

Zeke laughed. “It’s not a problem. The priority now is solving the company’s current conundrum, we don’t have to be bothered with the details.”

Susan wanted to further remonstrate but decided against it.

She knew that Zeke wasn’t the kind that would make reckless decisions.

Since he agreed to it, he definitely had a plan.

Meanwhile, Jacob was delighted to hear Zeke’s response.

In fact, borrowing from the shadow banks was a trap set up by Jacob.

I didn't expect Zeke to fall for it so easily. Lady luck must be smiling upon me today.

He added, "Mr. Williams, prior to this, I already made contact with the staff from the shadow banks. The negotiations are already in the final stages."

"Since we're all here, why don't we sign the loan agreement today?"

Zeke nodded. "No problem. The earlier we receive the funds, the faster we can get out of this crisis."

With that, Jacob signaled to his bodyguards. "Quick, get Mr. Nolan in here."

After a while, his bodyguards returned with a middle-aged man in a suit.

The man was bespectacled and looked gentlemanly. With a smile on his face, he had the typical look of a businessman.

Mr. Nolan greeted Zeke, "Mr. Williams. I finally have the pleasure of meeting you after hearing so much about you."

"Let me introduce myself. I am Caleb Nolan and I work for Chase Bank. I'm happy to be of service to you."

Zeke nodded with a courteous smile to acknowledge him.

But he did not stand up.

That slightly upset Caleb.

However, his professionalism kept him from expressing his displeasure.

Maintaining the smile on his face, he brought out a set of contracts and passed it over to Zeke. "Mr. Williams, this is the comprehensive contract for the loan with Chase Bank. Please sign your name on it."

Upon receiving the contract, Zeke skimmed through the contents before signing it.

Subsequently, Caleb also signed it on behalf of the bank. After that, he kept the contract. "Mr. Williams, happy to be working with you."

Zeke responded, "Likewise."

Turning over to the suppliers and distributors, he instructed, "Hugh Junior, I have a job for you."

"Once the loan is in, pay off all our debts to them so that we are even."

"After that, put them on the blacklist so that we won't work with them again."

"Meanwhile, I will take my leave first as I have something else to attend to."

Jacob nodded. "No problem, you can leave everything to me."

With that, Zeke left with Susan.

Jacob heaved a sigh of relief as he lit a cigarette and gave it a forceful puff.

Looking at Caleb, he said, "Caleb, thanks for the trouble."

"Whether we can successfully ensnare Zeke will be up to you now."



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Caleb waved his hand. "Your father went to prison by this man's hand. As his nephew, avenging him is the least I can do. Therefore, you don't have to thank me."

"All you need to do is sit back and wait for Zeke's shares to be transferred back to you."

Jacob nodded promptly. "Very well. I'll be looking forward to hearing good news from you."

With that, Caleb left the meeting.

The suppliers and distributors began to flatter Jacob.

"Mr. Hugh, your business network is so extensive that you even have a relative in Chase Bank."

"Chase Bank is one of the four largest factions in Northania. Even Hades, who rules the underground in Rivermouth State has to acquiesce to them. With such a powerful organization acting against Zeke, he is undoubtedly finished."

"Mr. Hugh, once Mr. Williams is out of the way, I'm sure we can reopen the discussion on our cooperation..."

Reagan Pharmaceutical was a cash cow to them. Every year, their profits from Reagan Pharmaceutical ran into tens of millions.

It could be said that Reagan Pharmaceutical alone

is responsible for all of their livelihoods.

If they really lost their contract with Reagan Pharmaceutical, all of them would go bust.

Jacob smiled and reassured them, "Don't worry. Once we have gotten rid of Zeke, your contribution would not be forgotten."

"Going forward, the cooperation between our companies will continue. Also, all of you will receive additional benefits."

Delighted, everyone began to thank Jacob.

In less than an hour, Chase Bank had sent in two billion and Jacob distributed all of it away.

Of course, the actual amount owed to the suppliers and distributors were lesser than that. But accounts could be easily forged.

Meanwhile, Zeke and Susan were on their way back to Linton Group.

Looking out the window, Susan didn't say a word as she was deep in thought.

As Zeke opened the car window and threw his cigarette butt out, he asked, "What are you thinking of?"

Susan replied, "Mr. Williams, I still feel that the loan from Chase Bank is part of a plot."

"You really should have taken a closer look at the contract."

Zeke grinned, "I can easily imagine what the content in the contract is. There's no need to be so detailed."

While they were speaking, he threw Susan a copy. "Why don't you read it yourself."

Susan eagerly pored over the contract and scrutinized its every detail.

After a while, she mumbled, "The interest isn't as high as expected. It's only a little higher than a bank's."

"Wait, this...this is an S-Class emergency loan. Based on my understanding, such loans are expedited and only have a tenure of five days!"

"My God! There really is something fishy going on."

Zeke furrowed his brows, "That's longer than I thought."

Huh?

Susan thought that Zeke had heard her wrongly. She quickly checked, "Mr. Williams, did you mishear me?"

"I said the loan tenure is five days, not five years."

Zeke nodded slightly. "Mm, I know. I expected it to be three or four days only."

Susan was speechless as she wondered why Mr. Williams' brain processes were different from a normal person.

Susan contended, "Mr. Williams, perhaps you don't fully comprehend what this means."

"In five days, we will have to pay back Chase Bank 2.5 billion."

"Now that the funds would have all been given out by Jacob, where would we find so much money to pay Chase Bank back?"

"Chase Bank itself is more terrifying than our suppliers and distributors. It would have been better to be at odds with them instead of Chase Bank."

Zeke smiled and reassured Susan, "Don't worry, I'll beat them at their own game."

Susan was confused as to how it was even possible.

Zeke whipped out his phone and called an unknown number.

"Hades, if I recall correctly, you mentioned that you had your emergency funds placed with Chase Bank?"

“No, I’m not borrowing money... That’s right, I just want to invite you for tea.”

“Five days later at Linton Group, I’ll prepare this exotic tea I got from the far east. I can’t wait for you to try it.”



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Susan's eyes sparkled as she stared at Zeke. "Mr. Williams, does this mean you already have a countermeasure in place?"

"When you readily signed the contract, were you already planning to turn their plan against them?"

"So, what is our next step?"

Zeke reminded, "Didn't you say you wanted to give Hadley a treat to thank her? Let's go have dinner first."

Honestly, he didn't want to attend the dinner as he preferred to spend time at home with his wife.

But he was well aware of how desperate Hadley was. If he weren't there, Susan would likely be taken advantage of by her.

He didn't have a choice but to go with Susan to protect her.

Susan felt ecstatic. "Alright, Mr. Williams."

She really didn't want to part ways with Zeke as she enjoyed being with him a lot.

When Zeke suggested he would like to go with her, it made her thought to herself, *is he hinting that he want to be together with me?"*

That would be wonderful!

The famous beauty of Oakheart City started to swoon and giggle to herself.

Hadley had reserved a private room at the Grand Millennium Hotel.

The thought of Susan's drunk look simply poured oil onto her burning lust.

But when she saw Zeke joining them, disappointment filled her face.

Why is this irritating Grandmaster here, all he does is spoil my plan.

With him around, there was no way she could lay her hands on Susan.

Hmm, that's right. I should get Zeke drunk, so drunk that he would be unconscious.

With that plan in mind, she asked for the hardest liquor from the front desk and the largest mugs they could find.

When Zeke saw the large liquor mugs, he smiled at Hadley knowingly. "Ms. Murphy, are you really going to use the mugs to drink?"

Hadley replied, "What? Are you afraid?"

"I'm not even afraid as a girl. Isn't it disgraceful for you to be scared as a man?"

Zeke waved his hands in denial. "No, you misunderstood me. What I meant was these mugs are too small."

"Why don't we just drink from the bottle instead?"

Hadley was ecstatic. "Sure. You do know how to live life in the fast lane. I'm impressed."

"Bottoms up!"

Susan was stunned.

Hadley was just a svelte-looking girl who was now downing hard liquor from the bottle.

She seemed to be more masculine than most men.

After half an hour...

Both Zeke and Hadley had downed two bottles of liquor each. While Susan only drank two glasses.

Hadley's body was swooning as if she was going to fall anytime.

Finally, she couldn't keep herself together and sprawled on the table with a bang. It was lights out for her.

Before she fainted, she looked at Susan in defiance.

I really can't accept this. After all my careful planning, I still lost to Zeke, that damn animal!

When she glanced at Zeke, he was still steady as a rock and did not have the slightest indication that he was drunk at all.

Meanwhile, Zeke took Hadley's credit card and cigarettes out of her pocket.

Slotting the cigarettes into his own pocket, he handed the credit card to Susan. "Susan, please use her card to settle the bill later."

"I'm going back first. Since you stay nearby, you can take a cab home."

When she heard him say that she felt neglected.

How could he bring himself to let a girl like me take a cab home, especially after I had drank some wine.

Is this how he reciprocates my feelings for him?

The wine she drank helped amplify what she was feeling.

She couldn't maintain her composure and tears started to welled up in her eyes.

Zeke suddenly felt distraught as he was most afraid of a woman crying.

He quickly comforted her. "Susan, why are you

crying?”

Looking at him with her reddened eyes, Susan became more upset. *How can you not even know why I'm crying?*

No, I have to confess my feelings. At the very least I need to let him know what I feel.



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Taking a deep breath, she chokingly said, "Mr. Williams, do you know why I left Star Hotel and joined the pharmaceutical industry?"

Zeke was puzzled. "Why?"

"Because the person I like works in the industry."

Zeke was worried as to why Susan was suddenly bringing this up.

Susan continued, "Do you know why I lowered my expectations to join Linton Group and willingly helped you manage its pharmaceutical assets?"

Zeke had a baffled expression on.

"Because the person I like works in Linton Group and I wanted to get close to him. As long as I could see him every day, I was satisfied."

"Sadly, the person I'm infatuated with ignores my feelings despite knowing about it." Susan sobbed her eyes out as she spoke.

Zeke's heart skipped a beat and he began to feel anxious.

The person Susan liked is someone who worked in both the medical field and Linton Group...

Could it be that she had fallen in love with Daniel?

Daniel had worked his whole life as a doctor and

was also in charge of Linton Group's medical assets. Furthermore, he is Susan's partner too.

Sigh, I did not expect Daniel's charm to captivate a beauty like Susan.

To the extent that she was willing to work at Linton Group and become his partner.

Zeke naturally wasn't going to allow such an inappropriate relationship to develop.

Just the thought of him addressing Susan as mother-in-law gave him goosebumps all over.

Patting Susan on her shoulder, he consoled her, "Susan, I understand what you feel. But..."

Susan suddenly broke out into a smile and cut him short. "Mm, Mr. Williams, I'm glad you understand my feelings."

"I hope you won't get the wrong idea as I don't mean anything else. All I wanted was to let you know how I felt. Actually, I don't have any expectations of you and don't really care about what you think."

"After all, it's my choice who I choose to love, isn't it? It has nothing to do with anyone else, including you."

With that, she left, embarrassed.

Meanwhile, Zeke scratched his head.

Why don't you care about what I think? At the very least, I'm still Daniel's son-in-law.

Sigh, alcohol does funny things to people.

He glared angrily at Hadley. *Hmph, it's all your fault.*

If she hadn't gotten Susan to drink, Susan wouldn't have blurted out something so ridiculous.

After giving Hadley a slap, he turned to leave.

If Susan knew what Zeke was really thinking about now, she would have strangle him to death.

There was no one else in this world that was as dense as he was.

As night fell and all was silent, Hadley woke up with a groggy head.

"Urgh, the alcohol was just too strong."

"Hey, why are my cheeks stinging? Can alcohol be really bad for my face?"

Reaching for her cigarettes, she realized that they were missing. On top of that, her credit card was gone too.

Infuriated, she grumbled, "Damn it, I don't mind if he took away my girl. But how dare he take my

cigarettes and credit card too...”

“You damn b*****d, I hope you rot in hell!”

The more she thought about it the angrier she got. Was she to swallow her frustrations again just because he was her grandmaster?

I can't tolerate this!

“Wait, he probably has lingering feelings for Leader. Now that he is married, this meant that he had been unfaithful to her.”

“All this while, he didn't dare let Leader know that he was alive. Haha, if I expose the fact to Leader that he's alive and married, I wonder if Leader would castrate him out of anger.”

“Haha, it would be wonderful if he were castrated. No one would then compete with me for Lacey, Susan, Nancy, and Dawn anymore.”



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Hadley Murphy was instantly full of energy as if she had downed ten cans of energy drinks.

She fished out her phone to make a call. "Young Patriarch, please help me arrange a meeting with Leader in a few days. I miss her."

Time flew quickly as five days passed in just a blink of an eye.

Today was a big day for Jacob Hugh.

If everything went smoothly, he would be able to take back the shares from Zeke Williams's hands.

He called his cousin, Caleb Nolan early in the morning. "Caleb, the two billion you loaned to my company is due today. Please don't forget to dun for the money."

Caleb yawned and asked, "Are you ready to take over the equity?"

"Everything is ready. All I lack now is the one missing piece to complete the puzzle," he replied.

"Okay. Dominic's on the way," Caleb responded.

"Haha," Jacob laughed, "I shall wait for the good news from him."

As soon as he hung up, he received a call from Harvey Hoffman, the Secretary of the Municipal Political and Legal Committee.

"Jacob, why haven't you taken the shares from Zeke yet?" Harvey Hoffman asked.

"Don't worry, Mr. Hoffman. Today... No, in an hour, I guarantee that he'll hand over the shares obediently."

"Okay, It better be like that. Remember, even if you can't get the shares, we can't let him take control of Reagan Pharmaceutical. Because if he finds out the dirty deeds of the company, the consequences will be disastrous."

"Please rest assured, Mr. Hoffman. I know more about the consequences than you do. I will not let him succeed."

"Good. Also, Wilson Wood, the municipal secretary, has a message for you, and it's to give it your all in handling this matter. You'll be rewarded once you got through this difficult time."

Jacob's eyes immediately lit up. "Oh. I didn't think that Mr. Wood also has his eyes set on Williams. Please tell him to await the good news. I'll never fail his trust."

"Sure," Harvey replied.

After the phone call ended, Jacob wasted no time notifying the other three shareholders as well as the representatives of the suppliers and distributors, "We'll hold the celebration feast at noon."

Meanwhile, in Linton Group, Susan Raynor was suffering. She hardly slept a wink these days, the moment she closed her eyes, the two billion loan was what occupied her mind.

But whenever she looked at Zeke, she noticed that there was no trace of worry on his face at all. Every day, he was either coaxing his wife or on his way to coax his wife. She seriously doubted if that man had forgotten about the loan.

Today was the fifth day. Barring accidents, Caleb would definitely come and dub for the money.

But it seemed like Zeke don't have any plans to pay even a dime!

What should we do now? Is Mr. Williams planning to renege?

While she was worrying, there was a knock on the office door.

Susan's heart seemed to stop beating. "Come in," she cautiously said.

Caleb, the person she dreaded to meet the most, entered.

A warm smile was etched on his face. "Ms. Raynor, do you remember me? I'm Caleb Nolan from Chase Bank," he uttered politely.

"Your company borrowed two billion from my bank

five days ago. The loan is due today and I'm here to ask for the money. The total is 2.5 billion including principal and interest."

"Are you going to pay by business-to-business transfer, check, or cash?"

Susan's mind was spinning, yet she forced a calm front. "Please wait for a while, Mr. Nolan. I need to discuss this with my boss about such matters. Please take a seat first while I call for Mr. Williams to personally talk to you."

"Sure!" Caleb replied while taking a seat.



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Susan finally found Zeke in Lacey Hinton's office.

He was sitting on the couch sipping coffee while his gaze was glued to Lacey who was immersed in work.

Susan was a bit jealous. She wished she had even one-third of the attention he poured on Lacey because that would be enough for her.

"Good morning, Ms. Hinton," she greeted after pushing her emotions away.

Lacey raised her head and smiled at Susan. "Good morning, Susan. Didn't I tell you to call me Lacey when there are no outsiders around?"

"Okay, Lacey." Susan smiled.

"Ms. Hinton... Err, Lacey, there's a cooperation partner asking to see Mr. Williams. I wonder if he has time for that?"

Zeke had asked her not to tell Lacey about the loan because he didn't want her to worry about it.

Lacey glanced at Zeke and said, "This punk has nothing but time."

"Zeke, stop sitting there lazing around lest you start to turn moldy. Go and meet with that cooperation partner."

Zeke got up and placed his coffee on Lacey's

desk. "Hey, I make only eight thousand a month but I do tens of billions of tasks. Lacey, not even Phillip Hill is as demanding as you."

Lacey subconsciously took a sip of Zeke's coffee. "Zeke, you've changed. You never had the heart to talk like this to me before. Now you're complaining every day like a woman. Tsk. Men."

Her words made him speechless. Sure enough, the saying was true. Never try to reason with a woman.

On the way, Susan informed him about the situation again.

Zeke only nodded indifferently without making any comments.

Susan was even more anxious now. *I'm working my ass off here, and yet here you are, lazing around in your wife's office...*

She had no choice but to get straight to the point. "Mr. Williams, we owe the other party 2.5 billion now. Are you ready to pay it back?"

Zeke shook his head.

"Then what are you planning to do?" she asked.

"Don't worry. Somebody will help us to pay for it," he answered.

"Huh? Who will be so generous to help us pay 2.5 billion?"

"You'll see." He pretended to be mysterious.

Soon, they arrived at Susan's office.

Caleb automatically stood up upon their arrival.
"Mr. Williams, we meet again."

Zeke nodded politely before taking a seat. "Might I ask why are you here, Mr. Nolan?"

"You sure are a forgetful person, Mr. Williams."
Caleb laughed.

"You must've forgotten that you borrowed two billion from my bank. Now that the loan is due, I'm here to collect the money."

Zeke frowned and acted to be muddled. "This soon?"

"Yes. Your loan is an S-class emergency loan. The time frame is only five days."

Zeke acted to be even more worried. "I see. How much do we owe you?"

"2.5 billion," Caleb replied.

Zeke inhaled deeply. "I don't have that much."

Caleb took a sip of tea. "Mr. Williams, do you plan

to renege on the loan?”

“To be honest with you, since the opening of Chase Bank, no one has dared to renege on their loan.”

No living person dared to welsh on loan because those who did were all dead.

“Of course not.” Zeke faintly smiled. “Please wait for a moment. I’ll get the money right away.”

After that, he took out his phone to make a call.

A smirk appeared on Caleb’s face for he knew exactly who Zeke was calling.

He was a hundred percent sure that he was calling Jacob to get the money from Reagan Pharmaceutical.

But the latter had already laundered the two billion. It’d be a miracle if Zeke could get even a penny from him.

The call connected and Zeke heard Jacob’s voice from the other end.

“Mr. Williams, to what do I owe this sudden phone call? It’s like the sun has risen from the west.” He could hear the smile behind his voice.

“Jacob, how much do we have left in Reagan Pharmaceutical’s account? Transfer all of them to

me. It's urgent." Zeke went straight to the point.



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“Oh? May I know why it’s urgent?” Jacob questioned.

“The loan from Chase Bank is due today. I’m going to need the money to pay it back.”

“Really? Why is it so soon? It’s only been five days.”

“Beats me. How come you didn’t know the allotted time of the loan is five days?”

Jacob was a bit angry now. “You’re being a bit unfair now, Mr. Williams. You’re the one who signed the contract. So how could I know?”

“Never mind. Let’s stop the chit-chatting, just transfer the money to me now.”

Jacob sighed. “All this while you’ve been having fun and never paid attention to the company, Mr. Williams.”

“The company’s account only has five hundred now. If you’re in a hurry, I can lend you one thousand from my personal account.”

Zeke frowned. “Where did the two billion go?”

“They’re all used to repay the suppliers and distributors,” said Jacob.

“Didn’t we only owe them a billion? Have you spent the remaining billion?”

“Oh, not only did we have to pay the debts, but we also had to compensate for the breach of contract. Hence, all two billion was used.”

Zeke inhaled deeply. “Great! Just great!”

“Mr. Williams, does this mean that you can’t get me the money?” Caleb asked cynically.

“That won’t do. You’re making things difficult on my end. What if Chase Bank blames it on me? I can’t bear that huge of a responsibility.”

Upon hearing Caleb voice, Jacob hurriedly said, “Caleb, you’re there? What a coincidence. You see, I have a good relationship with Mr. Williams. Can you allow him a few days of grace period for my sake?”

“Hmm. I wish I could. But I’m only an employee of Chase Bank. Even if I want to give you a few days of grace, the bank surely won’t agree to it.”

“Instead of thinking about this, both of you should think about ways to get me the money.”

“Caleb, can’t you do it even for my sake?” Jacob’s voice turned cold.

“Even siblings separate matters between business and family, let alone cousins.” Caleb replied.

“Fine. I really didn’t deem you as a self-centered person and not making any allowances for your

relative's needs. I'm telling you, I will not stand by and do nothing."

"Mr. Williams, why don't you transfer this debt to me. I refuse to believe that he'd be this merciless to his cousin."

Zeke felt like laughing to death.

If these two collaborated on stage, their performance would be wonderful.

"No problem. I shall transfer this debt to you then," he frankly agreed. "Caleb, go settle this debt with that cousin of yours."

"Do you think it'd be that easy?" Caleb asked.

"The loan was made to Reagan Pharmaceutical, and you're the major shareholder of said company. According to the rules, I have to get the money from you. Unless you give up the position as the major shareholder to him."

"Mr. Williams, your fifty percent of shares are not worth 2.5 billion," Jacob uttered. "If you transfer the equity to me, I can help you bear the arrears and you'll not suffer a financial loss."

Clap clap clap!

Zeke suddenly clapped his hands.

Jacob, who was on the other end of the phone

thought that they started fighting.

“Caleb! Did you f***ing hit Mr. Williams?!” he pretended to defend Zeke.

“No. Zeke’s clapping his hands,” Caleb replied.

“Huh? Why?” Jacob asked, feeling confused.

“Because your act is too wonderful. I can’t help but clap for you,” Said Zeke.

“All in all, what you’re trying to do here is take my equity away. Am I right?”

Caleb felt embarrassed for he didn’t expect their plan to get exposed.

But Jacob didn’t feel even the slightest guilt. Instead, he became even more aggravated.



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"Damn. I knew we couldn't fool you."

"But you're in our trap now. There's no other way to escape other than transferring the equity."

"Your Linton Group is only valued at three billion. Unless you mortgage your entire company to Caleb."

"Which one is more important? Half the shares of Reagan Pharmaceutical or Linton Group? You be the judge."

Zeke inhaled deeply. "Jacob, you're really making a hell lot of effort just to deal with me."

"Do you know that you've successfully angered me? Now, I'll give you a chance to compensate for your fault. Bear the 2.5 billion loan by yourself. Or else, you'll regret the day you were born."

"F**k you! You're stubborn as hell! Let's see how long you'll last then!" Jacob cursed.

"Huh. Seems like you don't cherish the chance I gave you, guess I have no other choice then," Zeke replied.

Beep!

He ended the call.

Caleb stared at him with a malicious smile on his face. "Mr. Williams, how are you going to repay the

loan?”

“Look for Jacob if you want the loan repaid. He’ll give you the money,” Zeke replied.

“Mr. Williams, don’t mess with me,” Caleb uttered with a tone laced with displeasure.

“You’re the major shareholder of the company and I have to ask it from you according to the rules. Besides, Jacob clearly stated on the phone that he will not bear the debt.”

“How would you know when you haven’t even tried?” Zeke shot back.

Caleb finally lost his cool and his temper shot through the roof. “Mr. Williams, are you testing my patience?”

“I know you have some influence in Oakheart City. But that minuscule influence you have isn’t even worth mentioning in Chase Bank.”

“Even Hades, the one who controls Rivermouth, has to pay respect to Chase Bank. So I don’t know where you got the audacity to fall back on the bank’s bills!”

The atmosphere in the office instantly became tensed.

Susan’s face was pale with fear clearly written on it.

Now that everything had reached a deadlock. Even if Zeke repaid the loan, he probably already offended Chase Bank.

That bank was the most powerful bank in the entire north. They really couldn't afford to provoke them.

What should I do?

This is all because of Mr. Williams' recklessness.

Susan was at a loss as she didn't know what she should do.

At this moment, there was a knock on the office door.

Zeke faintly smiled at her. "Susan, go open the door."

The woman was full of hard feelings.*How is he still smiling at a time like this?*

She stomped towards the door, the moment she opened it, she saw two elderly men that was exuding a unique vibe standing outside.

The two men were none other than the rulers of the underground world of Rivermouth, Hades and Eclipse.

Hades wore a smile as usual and he said. "Sorry for being late, young man. The traffic is horrible."

"I feel sorry for you two," Zeke sighed. "If you came earlier, you could've enjoyed a wonderful performance."

Eclipse and Hades let out a regretful sigh. "Really? That's such a shame indeed."

"It's not something worth regretting, though. I've prepared Big Red Robe for both of you gentlemen. This is way better than the performance that you've missed."

"Really?" Hades smiled. "I can't wait for it."

"Please take a seat," Zeke politely invited.

"Susan, go brew the tea for them."

The woman nodded before turning her body and walked away.

However, she knew that Zeke asking her to prepare the Big Red Robe was nothing more than an excuse for her to leave the room.

She was feeling uneasy now. *Would he be able to beat Caleb at his own game?*

Meanwhile, the moment Caleb saw Eclipse and Hades, he had a bad feeling about it.

Why did Zeke invite them here? Is he using them to put pressure on me so that I won't force him to cough out the money?



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But even so, these two are still not enough to tackle Chase Bank head on.

Caleb stood up. "Eclipse and Hades, what a coincidence. I didn't expect to meet you here," he politely greeted.

Both the elderly men stared at him in shock. "Oh, Mr. Nolan. You're here. It is indeed a coincidence."

"Have a seat. Are you also friends with young Williams here?"

Caleb smiled. "More like a business partner. I was just discussing business matters with him."

"Is that so? Hearing you say that reminded me to talk about business with you too," Hades replied.

"Thank you for seeing me worthy to talk business with you, Hades. May I know what kind of business would you like to talk to me about?" Caleb asked with a smile.

"It's actually not that big of a deal. As far as I know, the money that I saved for my emergency funds in your bank is thirty billion. If not, then it at least should be more than twenty billion," Hades replied.

"I'm in a rush for money. So I need your help to withdraw every single penny from that account today."

"Don't worry. Your hard work will be rewarded."

Caleb frowned deeply.

Withdrawing more than twenty billion at once will cause tremendous losses to the bank.

Why did he choose to withdraw the money today out of all days? Something's fishy here.

He stole a glance at Zeke and found the latter scrolling through his phone in a bored manner, seemingly unconcerned about what was going on right now.

"Hades, may I know what the money is for?" Caleb asked in a low voice.

"You're our biggest client and if you need our help, we will spare no effort in helping you."

"If it's not necessary, don't withdraw all the money at once."

Hades feigned anxiousness. "What do you mean by this, Mr. Nolan?"

"Is the bank in some kind of difficulty that withdrawing money is hard?"

Caleb smiled bitterly. "Even if a company has strong wealth. Withdrawing more than twenty billion at once will definitely affect the company's capital turnover."

"Of course, if you insist, we'll try our best to fulfil your request even if it's difficult for us today."

Hades nodded. "Oh. It's actually not really that important."

"It's because young Zeke here owes someone and I'm withdrawing my money to lend it to him so that he can repay them."

Realization dawned on Caleb and he understood everything now.

Turns out Williams is really smart.

He isn't using Hades's power to put pressure on me, but his money.

If Hades withdraws more than twenty billion today, Chase Bank will surely lose more than that.

If I don't force Zeke to pay the debts, not only will Hades not withdraw the money, but I can also ask Jacob for the two billion loan. With that, we will not lose a single dime.

Almost instantly, Caleb made a decision.

It was only natural that he would choose the latter option.

Even though it would be detrimental to Jacob's interests. But what is brotherhood in the face of absolute interest?

Caleb beamed. "How foolish of me to have made this a big problem when it's not."

"Mr. Williams, I won't force you to pay the loan anymore. Then, does that mean you no longer have the need to withdraw the money, Hades?"

The latter nodded. "If young Zeke here has no need to use the money, then it's obvious I won't withdraw."

"Okay, then. I won't bother you about the loan anymore, Mr. Williams," Caleb uttered.

"It's not a big deal, I'll ask Jacob to pay for it instead."

Zeke suddenly waved his hand. "Is it okay to do that? A two billion loan isn't just something that can be done away like that just because you say so. Wouldn't it bring harm to your interests?"

"Mr. Nolan, the loan should be repaid, and it should be done uprightly and legally."

"Mr. Williams, what do you mean with that?" Caleb frowned.



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“Hasn’t Jacob always wanted to be the major shareholder of the company that he’s even willing to bear the debt? I’ll fulfil his wishes then,” Zeke said.

After that, Zeke leaned towards Caleb and told him his plan.

A broad smile etched itself on Caleb’s face after listening to what he said “A great man has to be ruthless, after all. You’ve expanded my horizons today, Mr. Williams.”

“Consider me flattered,” Zeke responded.

At this time, Susan brought in the freshly brewed tea and poured it for Eclipse and Hades.

“Gentlemen, please enjoy the tea. Mr. Nolan and I have some matters to attend to. I’m afraid you’ll have to excuse us for a moment.” Zeke smiled.

Hades nodded while laughing. “You go ahead then.”

“Susan, come with me.” Zeke glanced at her.

“Okay,” she answered.

After they left, Eclipse and Hades took a sip of the tea.

Hades was torn between laughter and tears. “We’ve exchanged over twenty billion for this

ordinary tea. It's such a huge loss."

Eclipse shook his head. "I don't think so."

"What makes you say that?" Hades asked.

"Zeke now owes us a favor. Isn't his favor worth more than twenty billion?" Eclipse explained.

Hades laughed heartily. "Ah, I never thought about it that way. I guess it's our win then."

In the meantime, Zeke and Susan drove a car, while Caleb drove his own car. They were heading towards Reagan Pharmaceutical.

While they were on their way, Susan couldn't help but ask in a diminished voice, "Mr. Williams, where are we going?"

"Reagan Pharmaceutical," he simply replied.

"But the company doesn't have money to pay for your debt anymore. Why are you still going there?" she complained.

"Jacob has always wanted to be the big boss and he's even willing to undertake this debt."

"Since he's so adamant about it, I'll hand over my shares to him and let him be the big boss then."

Susan sighed repeatedly as she felt lost.

In the end, he still lost to Jacob and gave up his shares to him. I never thought that he also has his moment of injudicious.

Meanwhile, Jacob was hosting the 'celebration feast' in the Star Hotel near Reagan Pharmaceutical.

When he learned that Zeke was willing to transfer his shares to him, he was elated.

He raised his glass. "Gentlemen, let's cheers to the meteoric rise in our career."

The representatives of the suppliers and distributors stood up to toast and downed the wine in one go.

After gulping down that glass of wine, their faces were flushed as they complimented Jacob.

"Mr. Hugh, your plan is too wonderful for words. I can totally imagine Zeke's face when Caleb forced him into a tight spot."

"I bet he must be rushing here now, crying to give you his equity."

"Look out the window! Isn't that Zeke's tattered Santana?"

"Haha! It is! Who would've thought the great Williams would come to beg for mercy so soon? He's such a wimp!"

Jacob stubbed out the cigarette in his hand with a cold expression. "Hmph! You're unskilled compared to me!"

Soon, Zeke, Susan, and Caleb entered the room.

Jacob faked a smile and looked at Zeke. "Mr. Williams, I don't recall inviting you to my feast. What are you doing here?"

Zeke wasn't in the mood to beat around the bush, so he went straight to the point. "Earlier you said that if I transferred my equity to you, you'll bear the loan from Chase Bank, is that correct?"

"Mr. Williams, don't you have some remarkable abilities that you can use to turn the tide in your favor? Don't tell me that you've become this miserable just because of such a small amount of loan?" Jacob mocked.

His comment made everyone roared with laughter.

Zeke merely took out the contract and threw it on the table. "Let's stop wasting time."

"This is the transference agreement. Sign it if you want. But it's fine if you don't. I can still repay the loan even if I have to sacrifice everything."

Jacob laughed even more rampantly. "You don't have to do that. I'll help you with this small matter to save you from wandering around the streets should you lose everything."

He took the transferal agreement and scanned through it a few times. Then he signed his name on it after making sure that there was no problem.

Susan was deeply upset.

The equity that they struggled to fight for was gone just like that.

This is all Mr. Williams's fault for being arrogant and over-confident.



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Jacob carefully put away the contract and glared at Zeke. "You're no longer Reagan Pharmaceutical's shareholder now. Please leave."

"We're having a celebration feast, and an outsider isn't invited."

Zeke wordlessly crossed his arms in front of his chest with a smile on his face.

The loser shouldn't argue, we have no need to stick around anymore. Susan felt embarrassed as she pulled on Zeke's arm to leave.

But he stopped her. "We can't leave yet, Susan. Or else we'll miss a good show."

"What good show?" she asked curiously.

Jacob stared angrily at him. "If you're looking for a show, you should go to the cinema then. There's no good show for you to watch here."

"Jacob, since you're the major shareholder now, are you going to settle the debt with me right here?" Caleb suddenly voiced out.

Jacob laughed. "Of course, Caleb. I'll pay you exactly two billion."

Caleb shook his head. "No. The total amount plus the principal and interest is 2.5 billion."

Jacob was a little confused. *How and when did it become 2.5 billion?*

Didn't we agree only to pay the principal after I take his equity? Why is he also asking for interest?

He thought about it for a while. *Maybe he's doing this because Zeke's here.*

He concluded that was the truth so he agreed, "No problem. 2.5 billion then."

He looked at the gang of suppliers and distributors. "Gentlemen, I need money urgently. Who has spare money now? Can anyone lend me so I can pay for the loan?"

He had already 'repaid' the two billion to these distributors and suppliers.

Of course, the term 'temporary custody' would be more suitable when it comes to the two billion that Jacob has 'repaid'.

This was because they had agreed beforehand that they'd return the two billion as soon as Jacob got the equity.

The distributors and suppliers 'generously' agreed to lend him money on the spot.

They fished out their phones to call their subordinates to send them the money.

"Ms. Winnie, please send me the three hundred

million I got from Reagan Pharmaceutical to me right now. It's urgent," said Walter Hendrix, one of the representatives of the suppliers.

"W-what? We've been robbed? All three hundred million were stolen?"

"Damn! How is this possible?"

At the same time, the other suppliers and distributors that were present had also begun to shout.

"Say what?! our money is also stolen?"

"The payment from Reagan Pharmaceutical is gone?"

"Quick, go check if other stuffs like bills and whatnot have been stolen as well!"

"Huh? The others are still in place? Only the payment is stolen?"

Jacob's face instantly darkened. "What the hell is going on?" he asked impatiently.

Walter Hendrix was sweating profusely. "Mr. Jacob, the three hundred million that I planned to lend you have been stolen."

"Me too."

"Damn! Our money is all stolen at the same time!

There must be some kind of a trick at play here!"

Jacob's mind went blank.

How is it possible that all two billion got stolen at the same time?! The thieves didn't even touch anything else! Only that!

To say that there's nothing fishy going on here, even God wouldn't believe it!

This must be that bastard, Zeke's doing!

He gritted his teeth and stared at the man in question. "You son of a b**ch Williams! Have you no shame?!"

Zeke shrugged. "You just cursed me for no reason at all. Do that again and I'll tear your mouth apart."

"What does losing your money have anything to do with me?"

In fact, Zeke was indeed the culprit behind everything.

He had asked Hadley Murphy to steal the money.

The latter was an S-ranked hitman. She was an expert in sneak attacks and assassinations.

For her, stealing things was the equivalent of a 'sneak attack'.



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"Call the police. Call the police right now," Jacob said through gritted teeth.

"Hey, Zeke. You better pray that you didn't leave any trace behind."

"Otherwise, if I find even half of a clue, I'll make sure you'll rot in prison."

Zeke merely laughed out loud at that.

"What the hell are you laughing at?" Jacob asked coldly.

"Do you really think this will be a big problem to me?"

"Let me tell you something. Caleb is my cousin. Do you really think that he'll censure me just for two billion?"

Caleb looked displeased. "Jacob, stop the nonsense and pay the debt right now. I have to report about it as soon as possible."

Jacob took a deep breath. "As you can see, I'm in a difficult position right now, Caleb. I may not be able to pay for it for a while. Please give me a few days more."

"Sigh. I can grant you that if the money was mine. You can even not repay me. But the money belongs to Chase Bank. I have no say in this," Caleb uttered.

"So please pay it right now."

"Caleb, we're family. Please help me think of ways to intercede with the higher-ups," Jacob pleaded.

"Even siblings settle accounts with each other, never mind cousins. Pay it right now!"

Jacob was a bit nervous now.

What is going on?

Why is he suddenly acting so cold towards me and hassling me about the debts? Could it be...

A terrifying thought crept into his mind.

He forced out a calm front and said, "Caleb, let's talk privately."

"Less talking and pay the debt right now!" Caleb demanded impatiently. "If you don't, I may have to notify Chase Bank to issue a Storm Order against you."

With that, Caleb took out his phone to call Chase Bank.

What the hell! Storm Order?!

Jacob trembled wildly as if he was struck by lightning.

If the bank really issued him the Storm Order, he

would undoubtedly die.

From ancient times until now, everyone who was issued the said order had all died!

No one survived. Not even the royals and noblemen!

He's forcing me to pay even if it means death! He's betraying me!

He hurriedly pleaded, "Caleb, let's talk things out first. Please don't issue me the Storm Order."

"Stop with the bullshit! Only money can save you now," Caleb uttered strictly.

Jacob's face turned as pale as a ghost's.

But all my money has been stolen! Where can I find 2.5 billion now?

At this moment, Zeke, who has been remaining silent at the side voiced out suddenly, "Caleb, I don't think that this is a good idea. You guys are blood-related, after all. It'd be too cruel to force your family to death."

"How about I give you a chance, Jacob?"

"Return the equity to me. Let me become the company's boss and I'll bear this debt."

Jacob shot daggers at him and he wished that he

could rip him apart.

*No wonder he easily handed me the equity earlier.
He has been waiting for this moment.*

"Fine. I'll return the fifty-percent shares to you," he stated.

Zeke shook his head. "It seems like you've misinterpreted my words. I'm not asking back for my fifty-percent, I asking for all of it."

"In your dreams," Jacob blurted out.

"Issue the Storm Order then," Zeke responded.

"Wait," Jacob quickly said, "Sixty-percent. I'll give you sixty-percent."

"Huh. Do I really need to repeat myself? I want one-hundred percent."

Jacob gritted his teeth. "Seventy-percent. This is my last offer."

"Then let's just go with the Storm Order."



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*Sh*t!*

Jacob felt like his head was on the verge of exploding. *This bastard keep using the Storm Order to pressure me.*

To save his life, he had no choice but to admit defeat.

“Okay, fine. I’ll transfer all of the shares to you.”

Zeke sneered while patting Jacob’s cheek. “Things would’ve been settled by now if you gave in earlier. You just had to make things difficult, didn’t you?”

He casually threw a contract to Jacob. “Sign it.”

The latter was so mad that he could feel his limbs trembled. *This bastard even prepared the contract beforehand. Caleb has indeed joined hands with him.*

He gritted his teeth and glared at Caleb. “Caleb, I didn’t know you’d actually betray your family just for your benefit.”

“I’m curious, just how much benefits he’d offered you in exchange for your betrayal!”

Caleb let out a wry smile.

He didn’t offer me any benefits.

He merely used Hades’s ‘emergency funds’ to pressure me.

Seeing that Jacob was about to sign the contract, the other three shareholders panicked and discouraged him from doing so.

"You can't sign it, Mr. Hugh."

"This is our secure employment. Without this share, we might starve to death."

"It's also our years of hard work and effort. Are you willing to just let it go to someone else?"

All of their pleas fell on deaf ears and Jacob merely signed his name.

Damn you. You're not the one who's about to be issued the Storm Order!

The equity that you have was given by me anyway, I can take it back whenever and give it to anyone I want.

After signing the contract, Jacob turned and prepared to flee from the scene.

I can't stay here. There's illegal drug trading in the company. If Zeke finds out about it, what awaits me will only be death.

Now that he hasn't discovered this illegal trading yet, I must use this opportunity to run for my life.

Zeke didn't stop him. He merely fished out his mobile phone to send a message.

After that, he turned to look at the suppliers and distributors who were all already petrified on the spot.

The great celebration feast had now turned into a bankruptcy feast!

They had thrown away the purchase order of Reagan Pharmaceutical. Now they would have no choice but to go into liquidation.

However, they refused to sit by and do nothing. They decided to fight for their survival.

Those cooperation partners started to grovel one by one.

"Mr. Williams, we failed to recognize your importance before. We were against you and we admit that it's our fault. We're willing to accept the punishment."

"But please continue to cooperate with us."

"Jacob's the one who forced us to oppose you. We had no say in the matter."

"Mr. Williams, we'll give you the greatest benefits as long as you continue to cooperate with us."

Zeke scoffed. "Sorry. You're the ones who didn't

cherish the chance I gave you. You can't blame anyone on this. So you can drop the idea of continuing the cooperation."

Seeing how resolute Zeke was, the men knew all was lost.

Left with no choice. They could only leave the place dejectedly.

"Wait," Zeke suddenly uttered.

"Please pay the money that you owe Reagan Pharmaceutical as soon as possible."

The men instantly got anxious. "When did we owe you?"

"I suppose Jacob has distributed the two billion to you. I'll give you one week to pay it back."

As soon as Zeke mentioned the two billion, all of them almost exploded with rage right then and there.

*You piece of sh*t. How dare you bring this up when you've already stolen all the money?*

*And now you're asking us to pay it back? Son of a b***h!*

"F*** you. Those are our payments for the goods. We earned that," Walter Hendrix cursed.

“Really? Are you sure?” Zeke smirked.

“As far as I know, Reagan Pharmaceutical did dirty business trading, and all of you are involved.”

“If I don’t see the two billion in a week, I’ll announce your dirty deeds to the public.”

What!

All of their expressions changed instantly.

Don’t tell me the dirty deeds he’s talking about is the illegal drug trading?!



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*Sh*t! How did this bastard know this secret?!*

It's over now. He has the evidence. We can only be at his mercy.

"Get lost right now and get me the money. You don't have that much time left," Zeke said.

The men left in a hurry to discuss the countermeasure of this situation.

Zeke looked at Caleb with a faint smile. "Happy cooperation."

"Happy cooperation," Caleb replied with a laugh.

"Since everything's settled now. Please excuse me. I'll invite you for tea someday."

"No problem," Zeke agreed.

Once Caleb left, Zeke turned to Susan. "Susan, select a group of people from Linton Group to take over Reagan Pharmaceutical right away."

At that time, Susan was already stunned by whatever had just happened.

The turn of events was so shocking that she couldn't seem to accept it for a while.

It turns out Mr. Williams had a well-thought plan to beat them at their own game! He's awesome!

He'll always be number one in the world!

The admiration she had for Zeke grew even more stronger.

In fact, she was so shocked that Zeke had to call her twice to finally snap her out of it.

"Okay, sure. I'll select a few people from Linton Group right now."

"When taking over the company, be sure to pay special attention to anything suspicious," Zeke commanded.

"Such as weird production lines, production equipment or mysterious enclosed spaces and others."

Susan was bewildered. "Suspicious areas? What do you mean by that?"

"You'll understand when the time comes," Zeke replied.

She pouted dissatisfiedly which made her looked cute and let out a groan. "Do you have to pretend to be mysterious?"

Susan then went to do as asked, while Zeke fished his phone out to call Jeffrey.

"Jeffrey, how's the cleanup of the poisonous insect in your body?"

“Well, I’ll talk about that in two days. I want to ask you something. For the past two years, has the activity of illegal drug trading been running more wildly than in the past?”

“I seem to have found the root cause. You’d better come to Reagan Pharmaceutical in person.”

In the meantime, a Mercedes-Benz E-Class can be seen speeding on a spacious and secluded provincial road.

The owner of the car, Jacob Hugh, was stepping forcefully on the gas, driving the car at breakneck speed as he attempted to escape.

Zeke won’t be able to discover the illegal drug trading at least until tomorrow morning. I still have one day and one night to escape!

When he reached an abandoned gas station, he suddenly stopped his car to take out his phone and sent a message to Harvey Hoffman.

Mr. Hoffman, my plan has failed. Zeke has fully taken over Reagan Pharmaceutical.

I’ve done everything I could. You have to handle him yourself now, Mr. Hoffman!

After sending the short message, he pulled out the sim card and snapped it in half lest Harvey tried to contact him.

He feared that the latter would retaliate against him.

With that thought, he continued driving forward.

Not long after that, he ran into a big truck that had an accident.

The truck seemed to have a burst tire. The whole body of the truck was on the road, blocking the way.

Fortunately, there was still a rift between the front of the truck and the railing. It was big enough for the Benz to pass through.

Jacob slowed down to prepare to squeeze through the rift.

But what he never expected was that just as his car went into the rift, the big truck suddenly caught fire and rushed forward.

His Benz was trapped inside the rift.

Luckily, the truck managed to stop in time so he wasn't hurt.

Jacob was furious. *Damn it, bad things keep happening to me one after another!*

His Benz was scrapped so he had no choice but to walk for the rest of his journey.

He opened the skylight of the car and jumped out. Then he raised his middle finger to the truck driver. "F***k you! Don't you know how to drive?"

However, in the next second, his mind went blank and his face paled with cold sweat forming on his forehead.



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The truck driver casually took out a gun and aimed it at him while flashing Jacob a smile. "What are you cursing me for? I'm just here to help you reunite with your dad, Logan."

*Sh*t! I'm doomed! Zeke must have sent him here!*

Jacob's legs gave way and he fell straight out of the Benz.

Meanwhile, Harvey Hoffman felt like pissing his pants after reading Jacob's short message.

He actually failed. Zeke managed to get full control of Reagan Pharmaceutical!

Damn that useless Jacob. I knew I shouldn't have counted on him.

He didn't hesitate to dial his number to inquire about what really happened.

However, no one answered the phone.

Damn it! Don't tell me that trash has run away.

Since things had turned for the worse, he didn't have time to waste on Jacob. Instead, he instantly called Wilson Wood, the municipal secretary.

When Wilson received the bad news, he became furious and cursed Harvey over the phone.

Harvey knew that he shouldn't talk back, so he

accepted all of it.

Once Wilson had calmed down, Harvey asked tentatively, "Mr. Wood, what are we going to do next?"

"Isn't it obvious? we'll do everything we can to prevent Zeke from discovering that illegal drug trading!" he shouted angrily.

"We'll do it like this. You'll organize a team to go to Reagan Pharmaceutical as soon as possible for a surprise inspection. If they find any minor problems... no, they must find a problem, then we'll force the company to shut down."

"If Reagan Pharmaceutical delays the boss's plan, we'll both be finished."

"Noted. I'll form a team right away," Harvey replied fearfully.

Wilson sighed. "Forget it. I'll go with you."

Hearing that, Harvey was overjoyed.

If the municipal secretary himself is personally engaging in a matter, there's a great chance of success.

Half an hour later, a big private car arrived at Reagan Pharmaceutical's main gate.

There was a group of people inside which was led

by Harvey and Wilson.

At this time, the staff that Susan selected from Linton Group were already there.

Even the security guard at the entrance was replaced with the one from Linton Group.

Zack, the security guard, was a little scared when he saw the intimidating aura exuded by the team of people.

But out of duty, he braced himself and stopped the men. "Do you have a pass? If no, then you're not allowed to enter."

Slap!

Unexpectedly, Harvey gave him a slap before saying, "Open your damn eyes and see who you're stopping now. It's Mr. Wilson Wood, the municipal secretary."

"Go and inform your boss to personally welcome him inside."

Zack immediately trembled in fright.

Oh my God, he's the municipal secretary. Why is he here?

He endured the stinging sensation on his face and agreed before rushing to Zeke's office.

At this moment, the latter was arranging plans for the staff who would take over Reagan Pharmaceutical.

Just as he was about to finish, Zack rush inside his office in a panic. "Bad news, Mr. Williams. The municipal secretary is here."

Huh? Zeke frowned.

Why did the municipal secretary suddenly come here?

Don't tell me he's here to back Jacob up.

Is he working with Jacob and Logan? Are they serving the same boss?

"Noted." Zeke nodded.

"Hey, why is there a handprint on your cheek?"

"I-I stopped them because I saw that they didn't have a pass. One of them slapped me," Zack stammered.

"But it's okay, Mr. Williams. He's the municipal secretary. It's best if we don't offend them."

Zeke's face darkened after hearing his story.

It seems like they're here looking for trouble indeed.



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Zeke took a deep breath and strode outside.

Susan temples started to throb. *We're jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire, huh?*

She was worried that Zeke would start a conflict with the other party, so she hurriedly caught up with him. "Mr. Williams, try not to create conflict with the other party."

"They're powerful people. If you provoke them, they can shut down the company with just a word."

"As for the security guard, let's just give him some money as compensation for being slapped."

"Remember, lack of forbearance in small matters upsets great plans."

Zeke hesitated for a while before finally nodding. "Understood."

Susan breathed a sigh of relief.

Then she turned to the guard with an apologetic expression. "Zack, I'm sorry that you had to go through that. But we can't afford to offend this kind of people."

"However, you don't have to worry. I'll give you some money as compensation."

Zack was flattered. "Ms. Raynor, here I am

worrying about causing you trouble for stopping them.”

“I don’t need any compensation. It’s enough to know that you don’t blame me.”

“Let’s talk about this later. We should go welcome them now,” Susan said.

“Okay.” Zack nodded.

At the same time, Harvey, Wilson and the others went to a gazebo to cool off in the shade.

“Who’s the person in charge of the company?” Harvey denounced as soon as his eyes landed on Zeke.

“The fact that Mr. Wood came here in person shows how humble he is. And you didn’t even bother to prepare a cup of tea for him. How absurd!”

“Which one of you slapped my guard?” Zeke asked coldly.

“I think your guard is blind. How dare he try to stop us?” Harvey uttered with the same cold tone.

“Which one of you slapped my guard?” Zeke repeated.

Harvey’s cold expression switched to an arrogant one. “It was me. Why? I was just disciplining your

guard for yo-”

Before he could even finish his sentence, Zeke dashed forward and slapped his face harshly.

Slap!

The sound of the slap was crisp and clear.

Harvey’s body turned a full three-hundred and sixty degrees before falling heavily on the ground. He spat blood and even lost a tooth.

What the!

The scene suddenly went completely silent that one could even hear a pin drop.

They stared at Zeke with wide and horrified eyes with expressions that were unfathomable.

This bastard just slapped the Secretary of the Municipal Political and Legal Committee at the presence of many public officials, especially Wilson, the municipal secretary!

Did he get tired of living that he had to dig a hole to bury himself in?

Susan, who witnessed everything, raised her head to look up at the sky and felt like crying.

Didn’t he just promise me not to cause conflict with them?! Why did he break that promise?!

Men are liars after all. Big liars!

On the other hand, Zack didn't even cry when he was slapped a while ago. But he burst into tears right at this moment.

He would never imagine that their boss would slap Harvey and face the risk of the company being seized for a mere security guard like him!

You're the best, sir!

On the other side, Harvey regained his senses after a long time.

He was furious as he jumped to his feet pointing at Zeke while swearing at him, "Who the f*ck do you think you are? How dare a piece of trash like you hit me?!"

"You're blatantly assaulting a law enforcement officer! That's a terrible crime!"

"I'll also sue you for obstructing an official business. I can't wait to put you in jail!"

"Mr. Wood, you've seen how arrogant this bastard is. You have to back me up on this."

Wilson was already raging.

The fact that Zeke hit his subordinate right in front of him showed how he didn't have even an ounce of respect for him.

Even though Harvey was the one that was slapped, Wilson could not help but feel that he had also taken a beating from Zeke.

If story were to spread out from this incident and heard by their colleagues, they would definitely become a laughing stock.

“Call the police. We have to report this right away,” Wilson ordered furiously.

“People like him who dare to threaten us with violent means and hinder an official business must be punished.”

One of his subordinates immediately took out his phone to call the police.

Seeing this, Susan and the others fell into despair.

It's all over. Zeke's impulsive action has doomed us and the company.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Mr. Wood believed that they had threatened and obstructed an official business. Because of this, the company will, without a doubt get shut down.

Even so, Zeke remained calm and unbothered.

“Susan, go transfer the video from the surveillance at the front door to Sharon Edward of Nutel Entertainment so she can report about this matter.”

“These civil servants have taken the taxpayers’ money. But not only did they not protect the taxpayers, they even went as far as abusing them. This is definitely unforgivable.”

“We shall expose them to the public and let them see what kind of a boss they had raised with our tax money.”

Susan’s eyes lit up. “Understood.”

Hearing his words, Wilson, Harvey, and the others’ faces instantly reddened.

No wonder he dared to do what he did. It turned out that he has a backup plan.

Nutel Entertainment was in full swing now. If the video of Harvey randomly hitting a netizen got reported, it would surely arouse public outrage and cause a huge impact.

The impact of public opinions was enough to

crush the both of them.

As for Zeke, he only needed to sit in jail for a few days and pay a fine of one or two thousand. That was practically nothing to him.

Wilson definitely didn't want to do the kind of 'business' in which he would lose more than the enemy.

"That's enough! You better stop right there!" he hurriedly shouted at Susan.

"Zeke, it was Harvey's fault to hit your employee. But you've also hit him back. So now it's even."

"Let us both take a step back and let this matter slide. What do you think?"

"That's fine by me," Zeke replied.

However, Harvey, the man in question felt that he was wronged.

This guard's life is equivalent to that of a stray dog wandering on the streets. If this gets even, doesn't that mean I'm on the same level as him?

Even though Harvey think that, he had no other choice but to come to terms with it. Otherwise, he would face the risk of being removed from the official post.

"It's fine by me too," he unwillingly agreed through

gritted teeth.

Susan and the rest didn't know whether to cry or laugh.

A big storm that almost knocked down Reagan Pharmaceutical was wiped out by Zeke just like that.

Mr. Williams is awesome!

"Okay, let's stop with the pointless chit-chat. We will now get to the point about why we're here," Wilson uttered.

"We need to select the top three companies in Oakheart City and all companies are eligible to run for it."

"We're here for the inspection. If all aspects of your company are okay, then we'll issue you a certificate of honor for the top three companies."

Just when they had finally calmed down, Susan and the others' hearts started to palpitate again upon hearing that.

The top three companies? Since when have they become so kind?

Don't tell me they're using this chance to purposely find faults so that they can shut down the company.

Seems like the possibility of them doing exactly that

is huge.

Susan stared at Zeke nervously, silently asking for his opinion.

"That's good news. We'll cooperate with you, Mr. Wood," Zeke readily agreed.

"Excellent," Wilson said. "Now please ask your employees to halt their work and gather here. We can't have anyone to interfere with the inspection."

Zeke nodded and turned to Susan. "You heard him, do as he say."

The woman seemed to be thinking before finally answering, "Okay."

Although the other party was here to brew up trouble, she was confident that Zeke would think of whatever she was thinking of. All she needed to do was to leave the matter to Zeke's capable hand.

Soon, all the employees were gathered together.

"Go. Remember to check everything thoroughly. Take a practical and realistic approach," Wilson said to the dozen of public officials.

"Praise the good aspects and comment on improvement for the bad aspects."

They all nodded and scattered away to check all of the departments.

Even Harvey himself personally went to do the work.

“Guys, go with the leader and listen carefully to his opinions and suggestions,” Zeke stated to Susan and his other staff.

“Okay,” Susan responded.

Before they could follow however, Wilson waved his hand frantically. “There’s no need for that. Just stay here. Otherwise, it’ll influence their objective judgment.”

“As for the opinions and suggestions, we’ll give you the feedbacks after the inspection.”

Zeke looked a bit disappointed and said. “Okay, then.”

Meanwhile, Harvey walked into the workshop with an evil grin on his face.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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“Curse you for embarrassing me, Zeke, you stupid son of a bit*h. I will teach you a lesson today for being so arrogant.”

He absentmindedly inspected the workshop and wandered around aimlessly. Feigning ignorance, his wandering eventually brought him to the southwest corner.

There was a hidden small door in that specific corner that people would miss if they didn't look carefully.

He glanced around, and after making sure that no one was paying attention to him, he immediately opened the door to get in.

There was a deserted courtyard behind the small door. The place was overgrown with weed as tall as a kid.

There was a small aluminum hut in the courtyard.

The hut was as dilapidated as the courtyard itself. The outer walls were all rusty and the tiles had fallen off. Weeds had also grown all around the hut.

Harvey knew very well that the annual profit they gained from this abandoned hut was tens of billions. That amount could be matched to ten Reagan Pharmaceutical.

Without any hesitation, he took out a lighter and lit

the hut on fire.

He waited until the fire was raging before returning to the workshop quietly.

Once he was outside, he winked at the other public officials that were in the middle of inspecting the company. They all understood his signal and hurriedly followed Harvey out of the workshop.

As soon as they walked out, a figure emerged from a hidden corner.

That figure wasn't just a random person. It was Hadley Murphy. She had been following Harvey in the dark and watching his every move.

She had been holding a grudge against Zeke after he fuddled her and snatched Susan away from her.

Initially, she wanted to expose the man to the leader of the Necromancer Assassin Organization. But she didn't expect that he had installed a bug on her body and overheard her plan.

Zeke didn't want the leader to know of his existence. So he simply kept Hadley by his side in order to control her every move.

Hadley tiptoed to the small, opened door and entered the courtyard. When she arrived, she saw the burning dilapidated hut.

She quickly picked up the fire extinguisher and put out the fire.

After dealing with this, she jumped directly from the walls of the courtyard, went around the main entrance of the company and return to Zeke's side.

Wilson and the others thought she was a just mere employee so they disregarded her.

Zeke glanced at her and she nodded, which made him breathe a sigh of relief.

On the other end, Harvey and the rest returned from inspecting.

"Tell us the result of your inspection," Wilson directed.

Harvey took the lead and said, "Mr. Wood, I've found a big problem."

"Really? What is it?" Wilson questioned.

"The company's fire protection isn't good enough, which poses a huge safety hazard."

"It hasn't rained in days. Fire is very likely to happen."

"Is that so?" Wilson asked. "Mr. Williams, what do you think of this?"

Susan and the other employees were getting

overwhelmed.

Sure enough, Harvey's purposely trying to find faults.

This company has a fire protection license, though! How could we have gotten the license if it weren't good enough!

He's most likely getting revenge for himself and is using this excuse to close down the company.

"Oh. May I know which part of the fire protection in my company isn't good enough, Mr. Wood?" Zeke asked calmly.

Before Harvey could reply, Wilson pointed to the southwest corner. "Look! There's thick smoke coming out from there. Is the workshop on fire?"

"Oh my! That's exactly where I noticed the problem with their fire protection! The workshop is likely to have caught fire!" Harvey shouted.

"Hurry, go take a look," Wilson hurriedly urged.

A group of people walked to the corner grandiosely with Susan and the others following closely from behind.

Hadley grabbed Susan's tiny hand out of the blue. "Ms. Raynor, I saved your company once again."

"You should thank me by treating me dinner

tonight. Just the two of us. You better not invite Zeke again.”

Susan was confused. *When did she save the company again?*

“Whatever. Let’s talk about this later,” she replied.

“Why did it catch fire for no reason? Could it be that a certain man named Hoffman set the fire on purpose?”

“Huh. He’ll get in a big trouble for this.”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Harvey led the people to the corner of the workshop and opened the small hidden door skillfully.

As soon as he got in, he was petrified on the spot with a fit of soaring anger.

*Sh*t. Why did the fire suddenly go out? It was blazing just mere moments ago!*

This deserted hut was where they did the illegal drug trading. Harvey had set it on fire with the hope of burning all the evidence.

But now that the fire was put out, it meant that all the evidence was still there. If Zeke found out about this crucial proof...

Damn it! What do I do now?

Now he could only pray that he could use the lack of fire protection as an excuse to temporarily shut down the company so he could prevent Zeke from coming in.

Harvey used his body to block the door as he refused to let anyone behind him to get in.

However, Zeke managed to push him away with one try. "Move aside. Let Mr. Wood in."

*How dare you push me, you little sh*t.*

Wilson finally got in. His face instantly darkened

and he glared at Harvey fiercely when he saw that the hut was still standing upright.

That piece of trash had one job! And he couldn't even do it right!

Seeing that, Harvey bowed his head in shame.

Wilson regained his composure and scolded, "There was obviously a fire here, and I don't see a fire extinguisher nearby. Do you call this a good fire protection?"

"Fortunately, there was no one was here. Otherwise, you would have lost both the property and the person's life."

"This is such a careless mistake that could've cost a person's life. Yet you still wish to be chosen as one of the top three companies? Dream on!"

"Gentlemen, this company must be shut down and the government will temporarily take over to thoroughly inspect any potential safety hazards. Also, give them a rectification plan."

"You can continue running the company once you implement the rectification plan and after the government is finish with their inspection."

Susan and the other employees' felt a chill down their spines upon hearing that.

The company was doomed now that the municipal

secretary himself said those words.

Zeke's brows furrowed as he looked at Susan.

"Susan, why didn't I know there was a hut here?"

"What is it for?"

The woman shook her head. "I don't know either."

"We've just gotten the equity. We haven't done the full handover process with the previous boss."

Zeke seemed pensive. "Okay, I'll go see what's inside then."

Hearing that, Harvey immediately panicked.

I must stop him from going inside. Otherwise, he would find out about the illegal drug trading. Things will definitely get out of hand if that happen.

"Wait. You can't go in," he uttered.

"Why? It's my company." Zeke rebutted.

"Are you deaf? Didn't Mr. Wood say that the government will temporarily take over your company?" Harvey replied.

"The takeover notice isn't out yet so this is still my territory. I can go wherever I want." Zeke explained.

"Bullsh*t! Don't you even have any respect towards the municipal secretary's words?" Harvey cursed.

"Are you seriously trying to provoke him?"

"Zeke, I've asked someone to deliver the takeover notice," Wilson angrily rebuked.

"All of you please leave right this instant. Don't get in our way. Or else, there'll be severe punishments."

"I'll stand by what I said. Without the takeover notice right before my eyes, I have a right to go wherever I want," Zeke fought back.

"Susan, go inside and check the inventory. In case someone try to tamper with them."

Susan nodded and started to walk inside.

"Seems like you've left me no choice but to take coercive measures against you," Wilson remarked furiously.

"Harry, stop her."

In a blink of an eye, the bodyguard beside Wilson blocked Susan's path. He was built like a linebacker and exudes an oppressive aura. There were also two scars on his face, which made him a hideous sight to behold.

People could already tell that he was a ruthless character with just a glance.

"Let me see who dares to disobey Mr. Wood's

order.”

“Now get the hell out of Reagan Pharmaceutical! Or else you’ll end up like this tree!” He kicked the tree beside him.

Crack!

The thick tree broke in half just like that.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The sound of sharp intake of breath echoed among the crowd.

Breaking down a tree with one kick? That had to be a kick from an elephant.

What a good kick!

Susan Raynor's face was pale from shock. She was starting to regret her decision.

Quietly, she said, "Mr. Williams, let's forget about this. It's just a little rundown room. I don't think there's anything valuable here, anyway. Besides, we've already angered Harvey Hoffman. If we anger Mr. Wood, we'll probably never get to reopen the business. This bodyguard is also way too strong, and I don't think we can get past him."

Zeke just patted her on the shoulder and said comfortingly, "Susan, just do as I say. With me around, no one can hurt you."

Harry started stretching his limbs as he scoffed. "Are you sure about that? Just try me."

Under Zeke's encouragement, Susan walked toward the little room with uneasy steps.

"Screw off!" Harry Simpson bellowed as he lifted his right leg once more and aimed a hefty kick toward Susan.

He moved so quickly that the crowd only saw a

flitting shadow. They couldn't even catch a glimpse of his actual leg.

Susan screamed in surprise and stepped backward instinctively.

However, she suddenly felt a strong presence supporting her from behind, which made it impossible for her to retreat any further.

Zeke had somehow rushed to her side.

He had one arm on Susan's back and one hand lifted up. That hand had shielded Susan from Harry's powerful kick.

Crack!

The loud snap of bone breaking could be heard.

Harvey and Wilson were ecstatic.

Zeke has definitely broken a bone from Harry's kick!

What a foolish fellow. Harry is able to kick a tree into two. No matter how tough Zeke is, his arm is definitely weaker than a tree.

Susan's face went pale once again and she gripped Zeke's arm tightly. "Mr. Williams, your arm! What did you do such a stupid thing for? Why did you have to shield me?"

She was both panicked and worried about his arm,

which led to her crying on the spot.

In the very next second, Harry suddenly screamed bloody murder and collapsed on the ground.

He had only just come to his senses.

He didn't believe that someone's arm could be tougher than his leg. His own femur was broken from a simple block!

Harry began training his right leg ever since he was three. It had been thirty years since then, and he hadn't found a match for his kick until now.

To think that someone's arm could have injured his leg!

That guy had to be some twisted psychopath.

A murky and thick sense of dread and fear began to flood through Harry.

He held his thigh with both hands as he growled, "Sh*t! My femur is broken. Someone call the ambulance."

He was depending on this leg to earn a living, too. If it were broken, he'd be useless for the rest of his life.

"F**k!"

"Tell me I'm seeing things, quick!"

“How is his arm possibly stronger than a tree?”

“His arm has to be made from cement or something.”

Everyone started clamoring in a frenzy after witnessing what just happened. The crowd looked at Zeke in fear and stepped backward tentatively.

This guy is crazy!

Wilson’s heart leaped in fear.

As Harry’s boss, he knew Harry’s abilities better than anyone.

Harry had fought with Eclipse, the strongest fighter in Rivermouth before, and managed to get past five different attacks by Eclipse.

However, he hadn’t even managed to last one simple block by Zeke Williams.

That meant Zeke was even stronger than Eclipse!

Damn. Why hadn’t this been included in the reports about him?

He quickly came to his senses and barked, “Zeke Williams, how dare you attack a civil servant? All of you, seize him! Zeke, you’d better not try any funny business. If my men can’t take you, I’ll get the police. If the police can’t take you, then I’ll get the army. You can’t possibly be more powerful

than a whole country!”



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Zeke Williams scoffed coldly. "Mr. Wood, that's a false accusation you have made there. Your bodyguard was the one who started attacking first. I merely defended myself. You're the one to blame for having such weak men. I didn't attack any civil servants."

Wilson Hunt was furious. "Bullsh*t. My bodyguard was simply doing his job. You were the one who refused to cooperate and retaliated without being provoked. You attacked first!"

Harvey and the others started to back Wilson up.

"Yeah! Mr. Hunt, we'll be the eyewitnesses! He attacked first!"

"Hmph. Zeke Williams, I'm warning you: you'd better not retaliate any further. You can look down on us all you want, but you can't look down on the law. Quick! Someone handcuff him before he hurts us."

Zeke sighed nonchalantly. "Birds of a feather really flock together. Don't you have a conscience? You don't deserve to be officials."

Wilson was even angrier. "How dare you falsely accuse us of such things? You just landed yourself in deeper trouble! Harvey, call the police now. Then we can get a hold of him."

"Yes, I'm on it!" Harvey agreed frantically. He took his phone out of his pocket and started dialing the

emergency number.

Susan and the others were feeling hopeless.

They were done for. After getting on the bad side of so many important figures, they would definitely get in trouble even if they were innocent.

Right at that moment, the door to the workshop opened and a voice piped up angrily, "What's going on here?"

The crowd turned toward the source of the noise.

It was the mayor of Oakheart City!

Why is Mayor Middleton here?

Wilson and the others came to a conclusion very quickly.

Mr. Middleton had probably seen all the cars parked in front of Reagan Pharmaceutical and had gone in to see what was going on.

Wilson quickly walked toward him. "Mr. Middleton, what are you doing here? There's someone extremely dangerous here and I have reason to believe that he's a terrorist. Don't come in; you might get hurt. I'll deal with this, so just relax."

Harvey and the others agreed.

"Yeah, Mr. Middleton, don't come in. He might hurt

you.”

“He broke Harry’s leg just because they had a little disagreement. He’s aggressive and dangerous. He really could hurt you.”

“He’s also super strong! He might destroy us!”

Susan and the others were getting chills at their claims.

How could Wilson brand Zeke a terrorist?

A terrorist! That is as punishable a crime as a murderer!

With so many officials present, Zeke had no way of shaking off his label of being a terrorist even though he was innocent.

Zeke Williams could beat Jacob and he could beat Harvey, but could he deal with Mr. Middleton?

That was impossible.

The situation had completely gone out of control.

Mr. Middleton was instantly tense.

He had come here because Zeke Williams had told him that a drug cartel was possibly operating here.

Everyone involved in this line of business couldn’t

possibly have the cleanest hands, either so it didn't seem strange that there could be a terrorist in their midst.

He fell for it and commanded, "What are you all waiting for? Call the police and get them to handle it!"

Harvey quickly responded, "Mr. Middleton, I've already contacted them. They're on their way."

Mr. Middleton sighed in relief. "Good, that's good. It's no small feat to take down a terrorist. Your diligence will be rewarded handsomely."

Susan and the others were now feeling extra hopeless.

Mr. Middleton sounded as if he was a part of their cohort.

Susan was still feeling indignant about everything and tried to defend Zeke. "Mr. Middleton, please hear our side of the story--"

Wilson cut her off. "Be quiet. Why are you defending the terrorist? For all we know, you might be in cahoots with him! You two! Seize Zeke Williams!"

Wilson commanded his men.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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A few of Wilson's men walked hesitantly toward Zeke and the others. They were worried that he would retaliate.

Wilson was actually hoping that Zeke would retaliate in front of Mr. Middleton. That way, Zeke would really look like a terrorist.

Mr. Middleton had just caught sight of Zeke Williams.

He hurried over and bowed deeply to Zeke.

Zeke Williams had saved his life before, and Mr. Middleton was prepared to show his gratitude at all times.

Respectfully, he greeted, "Mr. Williams, please follow me outside. This place is extremely dangerous. We should leave it to the police."

Huh?

The officials who thought they had Zeke Williams in their clutches felt chills down their spine and stopped in their tracks.

Mr. Middleton called him "Mr. Williams"?

He even bowed to Zeke!

Who the hell is this guy? How could he be of a higher status than Mr. Middleton?

We're in big trouble. Big, big trouble.

Harvey and Wilson glanced at each other. They were at a loss for what to do next.

*Sh*t. We'd really messed up this time.*

Who have they crossed now?

Things aren't looking too great.

Susan and the others were surprised as well. They stared on in shock, gaping wide enough to accommodate a whole egg in their mouths.

They had only known of Zeke's prowess in combat and had just witnessed his moves firsthand.

Only now did they realize that he was legally invincible, too!

Even the mayor was treating him with the utmost respect; he had bowed to Zeke!

Zeke Williams really is unbeatable!

He is effortlessly cool and managed to prove how capable he is without even lifting a finger.

Susan was getting a little short of breath.

Things had moved too quickly and too unexpectedly. Her small, weak heart couldn't handle it!

Mr. Middleton reached out once again. "Mr. Williams, please follow me."

However, Zeke Williams sighed and said, "I'm afraid I can't follow you."

Mr. Middleton was taken aback by that. "What? Why not?"

Zeke said nonchalantly, "Because I'm the terrorist they're speaking of."

Mr. Middleton's brows furrowed into a deep frown and he glared at Wilson, infuriated. "Secretary Wood, what is going on here? Is Mr. Williams the terrorist you reported?"

Wilson Wood stammered, "M-Mr. Middleton, who is he to you?"

Mr. Middleton was enraged. "Just answer my question! Don't try to beat around the bush."

Wilson Wood took in a deep breath.

He had no way out now. All he could do was maintain his stance that Zeke Williams was a terrorist.

"We were simply doing our jobs and Zeke Williams was trying to stop us from doing so. He also attacked one of my men for no reason with extreme measures. That's why I'm sure that he's a terrorist."

Harvey and the others started backing him up as well.

"Yes, Mr. Middleton, we witnessed it ourselves."

"That's right! He got in the way of civil matters. He broke Harry's leg on the spot!"

"That bodyguard's bone has pierced through his skin! It looks terrifying! How could someone ever do such a thing? Only a terrorist could be so coldblooded."

Mr. Middleton inhaled sharply when he saw the bodyguard, who was still writhing in pain on the ground.

He did look to be in pretty bad condition.

The bodyguard started wailing. "Mr. Middleton! Please, help me out here! I got injured for t-the country, for our people."

Mr. Middleton calmed himself down and looked at Zeke. "Mr. Williams, are they telling the truth?"

"They're spouting bullsh*t," Zeke Williams said calmly.

Susan quickly corroborated, "Mr. Middleton, we witnessed everything! They're lying. This is my family's company, and I just wanted to enter that little room to clear out some things. However, they stopped me and even tried to attack me. That was

when Mr. Williams helped me block that bodyguard's attack. If it weren't for him, I might not be speaking to you here right now. What Mr. Williams did was an act of self-defense and he shouldn't be prosecuted for it."

Wilson Wood was enraged. "What lies! How could someone possibly break another's femur in the name of self-defense? Only a fool would believe such words."

Mr. Middleton was starting to get a headache.

That was true. How could someone's bone have gotten broken from a simple act of self-defense?

That seemed a little unrealistic.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Mr. Williams was probably too heavy-handed with his “defenses”.

Mr. Middleton took a deep breath and said, “I can’t make a surefire decision about this right now. I need to conduct a more detailed investigation. Wilson Wood, stay back with me so I can conduct a thorough interrogation. Mr. Williams, I’ll need you to follow me back to the station to record your statement as well. Don’t worry. I swear on this city that I won’t falsely accuse a good man, but I won’t let a bad one go, either.”

Zeke Williams shook his head. “I don’t think I can go to the station. I’m very busy right now and I don’t have the time.”

Wilson Wood scoffed coldly. “Hmph! You’re guilty, aren’t you? You’re just too scared to go.”

Mr. Middleton looked slightly sheepish. “Mr. Williams, you are someone I respect greatly, but I can’t break the law for you. It would go against everything I stand for. Please don’t make me force you.”

Zeke looked at Wilson. “Are you sure you aren’t falsely accusing an innocent man?”

“Of course,” Wilson Wood announced confidently.

“Are you willing to bet it on your position as an official?” Zeke asked.

“Stop beating around the bush. You’re just trying to delay things. How could I be wrong when so many officials witnessed it with their own eyes?”

Zeke just sighed. “Since you’re so stubborn about it, I guess I have to play along.”

He glanced toward Hadley Murphy. “Take it out.”

Hadley frowned. “Give me my cigarettes and credit card first.”

“Don’t overestimate my patience. Take it out on the count of three or I’ll kick you into next week,” Zeke said calmly.

Hadley was sufficiently terrified. Zeke’s body was practically made of steel, and a kick from him would either kill Hadley or leave her seriously injured at the very least.

She didn’t doubt the possibility of that insane man acting on his words.

Zeke started counting, “One... three!”

Hadley was shocked. “Wait, you didn’t even include two- you know what? Never mind. I’ll take it out. I’m not scared of you, you hear that? I just want to keep Susan out of trouble.” She sighed. “Susan, when will you notice everything I’m doing for you?”

She ripped off the button on her shirt and tossed it

to Zeke.

The crowd was confused.

What is going on? Why does Zeke want Hadley's button?

Susan was just as confused.

This was the second time Hadley had told her about "everything she did for her".

What exactly is that "everything"? How weird.

Zeke pressed down on the button and it opened up to reveal a mini USB.

The button had been a miniature camcorder all along. Zeke had gotten it from Sharon Edward for Hadley to wear on herself.

He had initially wanted to use it to keep an eye on Hadley and to make sure she stayed away from Susan and Lacey. He never expected it would come in handy at such a moment!

He plugged the mini camcorder into his phone and played the footage.

"Watch." He tossed the phone to Jeffrey Middleton.

The mayor started watching it closely.

The footage was shaky, but Jeffrey was able to make out the faces of the people in the video.

It seemed to be the same people who were standing around him at that very moment.

He watched as Wilson, the municipal secretary, decided that the company's safety procedures did not meet the legal requirements and demanded the company to stop all projects. Next, he demanded the company be handed over to the government temporarily and gave the staff a work plan to follow.

However, Zeke was adamant about going into the little room and checking it out before the work plan was officially put into action.

Wilson and the others were just as dead set on following through with the work plan and even sent Harry Simpson after Zeke's subordinates, using violence to keep them at bay.

Zeke's arm shot out to defend Susan from Harry. All he did was stretch out an arm to block Harry's kick. Since he didn't actually break Harry's leg on purpose, it completely passed off as self-defense.

This was practically as different from Wilson's "terrorist" claim as day and night.

The mayor was instantly furious.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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He gritted his teeth as he glanced at Wilson.
“Wilson Wood, is this the terrorist you spoke of?
All Mr. Williams did was defend himself. He didn’t cross the line at all. However, you completely violated the laws of civil violence and disregarded the safety and concerns of citizens. You’re the terrorist here!”

Wilson and the others went pale instantly.

Zeke was really a shady character for going as far as using a secret camcorder.

Wilson couldn’t defend himself any longer in the face of such concrete evidence.

However, he managed to calm himself down and started arguing. “Mr. Middleton, everything I did was for work. I was worried that Zeke Williams would destroy the evidence once he goes in there, which would falsify our claims. The company is seriously breaching safety guidelines, and if we don’t change it, things might become even more dangerous. I was thinking about the workers’ safety. My intentions are completely noble!”

Mr. Middleton was known for his hot temper. He shouted, “What the hell? Was that the reason for your false accusations against a completely innocent man? If there wasn’t video evidence, he might be falsely accused as a terrorist and be subject to execution by firing squad!”

Wilson could not say anything in his own defense.

Zeke said evenly, "I'm a little confused, actually. There's rarely anyone around the area, and there's nothing flammable here that could cause any explosions of the sort. How could there be a fire? In fact, could it be that someone else has started the fire to frame me for it?"

Harvey Hoffman instantly panicked out of guilt.

Zeke Williams was right.

However, he knew Zeke had no way of proving that the fire was manmade.

He started defending himself. "Stop with the lies already. Who would have the time to do such a thing?"

Zeke smiled faintly. "I'm pretty sure someone had a lot of time."

He clicked on another footage from the camcorder.

In the video, Harvey was seen opening the door to the garage sneakily and making his way inside.

He then took out his lighter from his pocket and set a fire.

Once he was sure that the fire was starting to spread, he turned to leave.

*Sh*t.*

Once he saw the footage, Harvey was frozen in shock.

How did Zeke even manage to record me setting the fire?

He had checked time and time again that no one was following him!

Zeke had to have some sort of superhuman stalker on his team.

That's it. I'm done for.

Still, Harvey instinctively started defending himself. "Mr. Middleton, hear me out-"

In his rage, Jeffrey Middleton slapped Harvey across the face, effectively cutting him off. "What else could you have to say? You just embarrassed the whole town council! You breathe, live, and eat off of the taxpayers. It's bad enough that you don't actually do anything for them, but now you're purposely getting them in trouble and framing them? You didn't even hesitate before setting fire to a public area. You could have seriously injured many people! You're the terrorist here! You're stripped of your duties, you hear me? Fired! Just wait for the investigation unit to do their job."

Huh?

Fired?! Investigation unit?!

Harvey felt he was better off being dead.

Feigning rage, Wilson also slapped Harvey across the face. "Harvey Hoffman! I didn't know you had it in you to do such a thing! I shut down the business under the impression that there were flammable objects in here! To think that you were the one who has set everything up. How can you live with yourself, knowing you've done such terrible things to the taxpayers that have put all their trust in you? And what about the fact that you've completely disappointed me? I'm going to investigate your case myself."

In order to save himself, Wilson had to sacrifice Harvey.

Harvey had no way of retorting against Wilson, nor did he have any plans to rat him out.

He had actually been looking forward to Wilson saving him.

Mr. Middleton glared at Wilson. He could sense that Wilson wasn't exactly a good person, either, but he had no evidence.



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Flatly, Zeke said, "Jeffrey Middleton, to be frank with you, I'm the CEO of this company. Even I had no clue of the door that leads to this corner in the workshop, and yet Mr. Wood and Mr. Hoffman knew more about my own company than I did. Since they were trying their best to stop me from entering that room, could there be something inside that they're trying to hide?"

Harvey Hoffman and Wilson Wood started to panic inwardly.

They were done for. The drug ops they were running in there would be exposed for everyone to see.

What should we do?

The two of them glanced at each other, seeming to communicate through their eyes alone before nodding subtly.

It was time for their emergency plan.

Jeffrey Middleton's expression started to sour.

Zeke had reported to them that he had reasons to suspect a drug business was being run here at Reagan Pharmaceutical.

Could this room be the so-called "kitchen"?

Instantly, he knew what to do. "Let's go check it out."

He walked toward the room brazenly, kicked the door open, and strutted in.

Harvey, on the other hand, retreated a couple of steps in preparation to escape.

Zeke Williams wasn't going to give him the chance and instantly signaled his bodyguards to block the entrance.

Harvey glared at Zeke before following them into the room.

There were plenty of tubes set up in the room as well as various bottles and chemicals.

Jeffrey Middleton started taking a closer look at all the test tubes and containers in the lab.

The crowd had fallen silent; everyone was holding their breath.

After a few minutes, Jeffrey barked, "Arrest Harvey Hoffman right this instant! These chemicals are the ingredients for making crystal meth! There are remnants of meth in these tubes. All of this point toward you being at the root of this drug business! I'm arresting you for making and selling drugs!"

Jeffrey Middleton hated drugs above all else.

His father's death was caused by a drug dealer, and a drug dealer was also the main culprit for paralyzing his master for life. He wanted nothing

more than to get rid of all the drugs in the world.

The fact that this room was a main source of drugs was shocking.

Being involved in drug dealing was a serious offense.

This case had been completely turned over on its head.

Wilson was also enraged—or at least he was pretending to be livid. He swung and punched Harvey until the latter collapsed. He then straddled Harvey's back and pinned his arms behind him.

"You a**hole! Harvey Hoffman, you're no better than a heartless beast! Mr. Middleton, I'll come clean with you. Harvey Hoffman told me that Reagan Pharmaceuticals was selling fake medicine that caused his mother's death. He wanted to temporarily stop Reagan Pharmaceuticals from creating more fake medicine and wanted to find evidence for their forgery. I'll admit that I helped him out of a personal vendetta since I wanted him to help him avenge his mother's death. I would never have expected that he would be involved in the drug business! I've been blindly dragged into this!"

To save himself, Wilson had to throw Harvey under the bus.

Harvey just grimaced. Wilson Wood was a

complete fake out.

Jeffrey Middleton's face was red with anger. Even his breathing was affected as he inhaled heavily and roared, "How dare you break the law! You're an official who's supposed to uphold the law, and yet you went against it! Harvey Hoffman, what else do you have to say for yourself?"

Harvey Hoffman knew he was in serious trouble. "I admit to all my crimes. Secretary Wood, I apologize for disappointing you, but if you'd let me go for just a minute, I have to show something to Mr. Middleton that will expose my partners in crime."

Wilson Wood glanced at Mr. Middleton to see what his opinion was.

Jeffrey Middleton nodded.

There were so many people here that Harvey had no way of escaping.

Wilson let Harvey go. Harvey stood up and reached a hand into his pocket.

At the very next second, he took out a dagger and charged toward Susan.



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He was completely done for. All he could do right now was try his luck and take Susan hostage in order to try to escape.

He was extremely quick on his feet. By the time Susan had come to her senses, the dagger was already right before her eye. It had come so close that it brushed against her eyelashes.

“No!”

Susan couldn't dodge it. All she could do was scream and close her eyes instinctively.

However, she didn't feel the slightest pain. She merely felt a breeze flitting gently across her face.

When she opened her eyes suspiciously, she realized that Zeke Williams had caught the dagger in a death grip with his very own hands.

Harvey was shocked.

Damn. This guy is faster than I thought.

Harvey pulled his hand back, trying to snatch the dagger out of Zeke's hand.

However, that failed greatly as Zeke's hand was stronger than iron and the dagger remained in place.

Blood was already seeping from in between his fingers.

Crap.

Harvey knew he was dead meat.

Zeke kicked Harvey hard enough to make him collapse on the ground, unable to get up again.

Jeffrey Middleton was furious.

How dare that man both fail to repent his mistakes and try to kill someone on top of it?

He stepped up and started releasing his anger by beating and kicking Harvey Hoffman.

In the end, Harvey was knocked out by the mayor's own punches, as no one dared to restrain Jeffrey Middleton.

In fact, Harvey was the last person anyone wanted to go near right now.

Susan held Zeke's hands in her own. Tears started flowing down her face at the sight of the fresh injuries on his palms.

"Why, you a**hole? Zeke Williams, you idiot! Why would you do such a thing?"

Why are you being so nice to me? You saved me not once, not twice, but three times now. You even bled for me! You know very well I'm already in love with you. Are you trying to make it even harder for me to leave? Where can I go from here? What can I do from now on?

Zeke was simply taken aback.

I just saved your life, woman. What are you yelling at me for?

Susan tore off a section of her shirt and used it as a bandage for Zeke's palm.

Zeke was barely affected. To him, this was but a small scratch. "Susan, it's okay. I'm fine. I don't need a bandage--"

Susan just called out, "Stop moving! You're making me more worried for you."

Zeke fell silent.

Is she starting to act like my stepmother now?

Father-in-law has really thrown me under the bus.

At that moment, the police arrived.

Wilson Wood and the others started panicking.

At this moment, their future was on the line. Only Jeffrey Middleton had the ability to decide on their fate.

Jeffrey Middleton glared at Wilson Wood. "As Harvey Hoffman's boss, you're responsible for his actions as well. I'm taking you back to be

investigated. The rest of you, don't think I've forgotten that you all readily backed Harvey Hoffman and Wilson Wood's false claims. None of you deserve the positions you have. You will all be following me to be investigated. If I find out that you were all involved in this drug business, you're all done for. Also, the fact that the drug business has seemingly been going on for a while means that the previous owner of Reagan Pharmaceuticals has to have been involved. He's now a criminal, so issue a warrant and have him arrested ASAP!"

Wilson Wood and the others were taken away by the police.

Before that, however, Wilson secretly passed a business card to Harry Simpson.

His life and future career depended solely on this business card.

Harry Simpson was no amateur, either. He quickly popped the business card into his mouth.

If anyone noticed, he would swallow it immediately. However, it was best if he didn't get noticed, of course. He would call the number on the card for help.

After everything was done, Jeffrey Middleton finally glanced at Zeke apologetically. "Mr. Williams, I'm very sorry. It was my fault for not leading my team properly. I'm sorry for causing all

this trouble for you. Just relax. I'll conduct all the necessary investigations and settle this once and for all. I'll also reflect on myself and be more efficient in the future."



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Zeke nodded slightly, not really caring too much about it.

Jeffrey Middleton asked cautiously, "Mr. Williams, when are you available to take a look at my master?"

Zeke tested Jeffrey's pulse quickly. "The poison in your body is still too potent. I'll help clear the poison from both you and your master the day after tomorrow. However, you have to be prepared; the poison has been in your master's body for many days. I can't guarantee that he'll come back alive."

Jeffrey nodded, still in deep thought. "That's true. With my master's current state, he probably is on the brink of death. It'll be best if he lived, of course, but even if he doesn't make it... well, maybe it's meant to be."

Zeke Williams nodded before speaking again. "It's impossible that Harvey Hoffman managed to run this drug cartel all on his own. He has to have another corporation behind him that's running underground. You have to properly investigate Harvey and get rid of every single lowlife supporting him through his crimes."

Jeffrey Middleton nodded. "Mr. Williams, don't worry. I'll put all the other projects on hold and take extra notice of Harvey Hoffman's case."

Zeke Williams nodded. "Go ahead. Stay safe. The

other people behind all this may possibly kill you in order to stay unnoticed.”

“I understand. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Williams.” Jeffrey Middleton turned and walked away.

Susan was gripping Zeke’s hand tightly, trying to stop him from bleeding.

This was making Zeke feel a little awkward.
“Susan, let go of my hand, alright? I’m fine.”

Susan just continued holding his hand as she spoke seriously, “I can’t just let you go. You got hurt because of me. I’m responsible for all your injuries. Let’s go, I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Zeke Williams shook his head quickly. “I don’t need to go to the hospital for such a small injury.”

Susan said, “No, you must. You lost a lot of blood, and it definitely harmed you in some way. You have to at least get checked out. If anything happened to you, I’d blame myself for the rest of my life.”

Zeke couldn’t do anything but agree.

Susan didn’t drive to the hospital. She chose to call a cab instead so she could continue to apply pressure on Zeke’s wound.

Of course, stopping Zeke from bleeding was just

of secondary priority. She mainly just enjoyed holding onto Zeke's hand.

It made her feel extremely stable, as if she were holding onto her own future.

All Harry Simpson had to do was record a simple alibi before he was released, free of any charges.

He had been acting under Wilson's command the whole time and had gotten injured because of that. To be fair, he was a victim. That was why Jeffrey Middleton let him go scot-free.

The first thing Harry did was visit the nearest hospital so he could get his injury treated properly. Next, he ducked into a corner and took out the business card.

The business card was simple. It only had a simple phone number on it with a name: John.

John? Is this guy's name John, or is it just his nickname?

He didn't care too much about that and pulled out his phone to dial the number.

The call went through quickly and a deep voice started complaining, "Wilson, how many times have I told you not to call me during work hours-"

Hurriedly, Harry cut him off. "Hello, Mr. John. Wilson Wood is in trouble. I'm his bodyguard,

Harry Simpson-"

Beep.

He hadn't even finished his sentence before the call ended.

Harry was taken aback. *What is going on?*

He called once more, but the call had already been disconnected.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

It was from an unknown number.

He tentatively picked up the phone. "Hello?"

A female voice sounded through the speaker. It was robotic and extremely unnatural, probably because the caller was using a voice changer.

"What happened to Wilson Wood?" the voice asked.

Harry Simpson instantly tensed up. "Who are you?"

The caller replied, "I'm John. You called me just now. If Wilson Wood is in trouble, that means this number might have been tapped or leaked. From now on, only call this number when trying to reach me."



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Harry agreed immediately, "No problem. John, you must hurry and rescue Mr. Wood, who has been imprisoned by Jeffrey."

Harry then told John about everything that had happened in Reagan Pharmaceutical.

After hearing the report, John couldn't help but sighed a breath of fury and turned quiet.

It took him a while to gather himself and instructed, "There's a restaurant called Riverdale Ramen about five hundred meter west of the Civil Affairs Bureau. We'll meet there in thirty minutes."

"The code is 'a large bowl of beef ramen, but replace the beef with pork'. Say the exact words. Don't get a single one wrong."

"Wilson Wood is off the board, so you will take his place and work for me."

The man on the other end of the line hung up before Harry could say anything.

Harry was so excited that he teared up.

John was going to arrange for him to replace Wilson as the new municipal secretary.

Holy crap! Just how powerful is this 'John' guy? He is actually going to get a driver like me to be the municipal secretary!

I'm rich! I'm finally going to be rich!

With no time to waste, he quickly got a cab and headed for the Riverdale Ramen.

Thirty minutes later, he arrived at his destination on time.

That was a ramen restaurant that couldn't look more regular.

It wasn't lunchtime. No one was inside the restaurant, and that made it look dead.

The only person there was a middle-aged restaurant owner who was playing with his phone.

The owner stood up immediately and welcomed Harry into the restaurant. "This way, sir. The air-conditioner is pointed toward this spot, so it is cooler. What would you like to have?"

Harry replied, "A large bowl of beef ramen, but replace the beef with pork."

The owner immediately turned furious and barked, "This is a halal restaurant owned by a Muslim! I dare you to repeat your request."

Harry got a little scared then. It was taboo to say 'pork' in a Muslim's restaurant.

However, he definitely got the code right.

He steeled himself up and repeated, "A large bowl of beef ramen, but replace the beef with pork."

The restaurant owner took a deep breath before he walked to the door suspiciously and scanned the surroundings.

When he was sure that no one was around, he said, "A large bowl of beef ramen, got it. Please wait inside the private room, sir."

A private room?

Why would an ordinary ramen restaurant have a separate private room for its customers? That was so weird.

Harry entered the room nervously.

The private room was a little dark, and an elderly figure sat in the corner.

The man was wearing an old-fashioned jacket and a pair of sunglasses. He had a head of white hair, but other than that, there was no way to identify him because no one could see his face.

Still, the man's facial shape seemed familiar, and Harry felt like he had met the man before.

"John?" asked Harry cautiously.

John didn't reply. He simply fished his phone out of his pocket and dialed a number.

Harry's phone rang up soon after.

John only hung the phone up after he had confirmed Harry's identity. Then he waved at Harry. "Come sit down."

"Oh, okay."

Harry sat quickly. He couldn't make out the other party's face, but that man exuded a powerful aura. Harry felt breathless. He was so nervous that he didn't even dare to look the man in the eye.

John didn't speak, and Harry was too afraid to talk, so the atmosphere in the room became awkward and nerve-wracking.

The tension dissipated when the restaurant owner came in with two bowls of beef ramen.

Though, technically, those were two bowls of pork ramen.

John seemed famished because he picked up his chopsticks and chowed down instantly.

Harry, however, remained motionless.

John finally spoke up, "Have some food before we talk business."

Harry shook his head. "Thank you, but I'm not hungry. You go ahead without me."

Even a kindergartener would know that they shouldn't eat anything offered by a stranger, and Harry was an adult who had seen the uglier side of humanity. He knew better.

John scoffed in disdain and asked, "What's up? You suspect I poisoned the ramen? Do I need to go through so many hoops if I wanted you dead?"

Harry quickly waved his hands in denial and insisted, "You've misunderstood, John. I'm really just full."

He remained vigilant and didn't dare to eat anything.



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John replied, "It's good to be vigilant, but if we are going to work together, we will need to trust each other. Do you take spicy food?"

"Sometimes," replied Harry after deliberating for a while.

John scooped some chili and put it into Harry's bowl and mixed it. After that, he got some of the latter's ramen and put it in his own bowl.

Harry only relaxed after he watched John swallow the ramen that came from his bowl.

In order to show his trust, Harry started chowing down too.

However, he didn't notice that when John got some ramen from his bowl, the latter's thumb flicked ever so slightly.

A black pill, so small that was undetectable by the human eye, had slipped out of John's thumb and landed in Harry's bowl.

At that moment, Harry had swallowed the black pill.

After finishing their meals, John finally started talking business. "Harry, you know who Logan Hugh is, don't you?"

Harry quickly nodded. "Yes. He is the staff officer of the Provincial Military District, and he used to

be the major shareholder of Reagan Pharmaceutical.”

“However, he was suspected of working together with a murderer and apprehended. His shares had since been transferred to Zeke Williams.”

“Both he and Wilson Wood are currently locked in the same prison.”

“I’m glad you know about it,” said John, nodding slightly

He took three small bronze wind chimes out. They were only about the size of a palm, delicate and beautiful.

They rang up with a melodious tune when they shook.

John handed those wind chimes to Harry and instructed, “Go visit Wilson Wood, Harvey Hoffman, and Logan Hugh in prison today. Hand them the wind chimes and tell them to place these by the window of their cells at midnight.

My rescue party will be there, and they will need the wind chimes to locate the right cells.”

Harry seemed troubled and said, “John, that might be a little difficult. Food is the only thing we can bring to prison. Everything else is forbidden, and that is especially true for metallic objects.”

John grinned and hung a wind chime on Harry's outfit before suggesting, "This is just a decorative on your clothes, so it is not a forbidden item."

Harry smiled and gave John a thumbs up. "That is brilliant. By the way, you said you will let me replace Wilson Wood."

John sighed deeply and replied, "Wilson and the others will be wanted men once we break them out of jail. They can no longer show their faces in public. I can't have outsiders take over their prominent positions, which are extremely useful to me. As Wilson's driver, you are most familiar with his daily work routine; you are the best candidate to replace him as the municipal secretary."

Harry was touched. "Thank you for your help, John. From now on, I will follow you wherever you lead."

Harry left immediately to prepare for his visit to the prison in Oakheart City.

He had just exited the restaurant when the owner of the ramen restaurant walked in. "Is everything prepped, John?"

"Yeah. We need only to wait for the last piece of the puzzle to come."

He walked to the window and looked up at the dark sky before commenting, "Hopefully, the tornado will hit the city as predicted by the

weather forecast.

Wilson, Harvey and Logan, it's not that I don't want to rescue you. All three of you failed to protect the drug production base even after teaming up. That caused our employer to lose a lot of money. Useless people like you must die. Your deaths will turn that investigation into a dead end and protect our boss. Jeffrey won't be able to find anything through you."

The owner of the ramen restaurant sighed and reminded, "John, you should know that their deaths might not end the investigation. Don't forget about Logan's son, Jacob. He's also one of the boss' subordinates, but we could not find him even after spending so much time."

John felt a headache coming, and he massaged his temple. "That bastard can really hide. Keep looking. We must find him and kill him!"



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