

Zeke's sinister smile sent shivers down Jerry's spine.

His smile was scarier than the devil's.

Jerry turned and lifted his gun, ready to shoot.

Suddenly, Zeke's hand flitted past him.

In the next instant, the gun that had been gripped so tightly in Jerry's hand was suddenly in Zeke's.

Zeke raised the gun and aimed it at Jerry with a sigh. "I wanted to break all four of your limbs today. Since there are only two bullets left, I guess I'll have to settle for breaking your legs and one arm."

Hold on. Two bullets? Why did he name three limbs?

Never mind that. He's going to hurt me!

Jerry Lewis suddenly yelled, "You can't touch me! I'm from the esteemed Lewis family. My brother is a general! If you harm any family members of a general, you'll be sentenced to death."

Zeke Williams scoffed. "A general? Generals are nothing to me."

Jerry gritted his teeth. "How dare you ridicule generals?"

Bang! Bang!

Two loud gunshots cut Jerry Lewis' spiel off.

Both of his kneecaps were cleanly shot through. Blood poured from the two wounds.

He collapsed immediately.

Zeke casually tossed the pistol toward Jerry's shoulder, his arm broke with a loud crack.

Jerry had been pampered since he was young. He'd never experienced such pain. His loud shriek of agony echoed within the hall.

This is so annoying!

Zeke tsk-ed in annoyance and picked Jerry up with one hand before opening up the coffin lid and throwing him inside.

The noise was finally diminished.

Zeke's cold gaze switched toward the two bodyguards who had followed Jerry here.

The two of them immediately started to panic.

How could Zeke Williams be faster than bullets?

He could even throw a pistol but the force matched that of a gunshot.

He was one hell of an opponent, and there was no way they could beat him.

If they did, they would probably get injured as badly as Jerry. That would mean they would never be able to show their faces to the Lewis family any more.

Zeke Williams said, "Carry Jerry Lewis back. Let the head of the Lewis family know that in three days, he should come and apologize to me. If he does that, I might forgive him for sending me to jail. If I don't get an apology, then every single member of the Lewis family will be sentenced to ten years in jail."

The two bodyguards hurried off with the coffin.

Zeke Williams looked at the mess in front of him and told the workers, "Clean up the place. Don't let Lacey notice anything, or she'll be worried."

Since Lacey was out on business matters, she had yet to witness anything.

Back at the Lewis family home, Conrad Lewis didn't know how to react when the housekeeper told him that a pistol and five bullets had been taken from their storage.

He sighed. "Jerry must have taken a gun with him. I wanted Zeke Williams to take his own life, but if Jerry goes ahead and kills him, the Lewis family will truly lose face. We'll become the butt of all

jokes!”

Robin Lewis said, “Dad, don’t worry so much. Zeke Williams’ death was our goal in the first place. Who cares how Jerry does it?”

Conrad looked at her lovingly. “You’re right. How’s your engagement with Zach Williams going?”

“We’ve settled almost everything,” Robin replied. “He has proposed to me. I’ll marry into the Williams family the minute I say yes.”

Conrad got excited. “Good. Robin, the fate of the Lewis family and Williams family is in your hands now.”

Robin looked hopeful. “The Williams family is in no way worse off than us financially. If we manage to conquer them, we’ll definitely take over the world!”

As they spoke, Jerry’s two bodyguards walked in with the coffin hoisted over their shoulders.

These two bodyguards were clearly struggling. It was obvious that the coffin held the weight of someone inside.

The Lewis family automatically assumed Zeke Williams was inside the coffin.

Conrad Lewis ran forward and asked, “Did Zeke Williams settle things himself, or was Jerry the one who end him? By the way, where is Jerry?”



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The bodyguards put down the coffin and stammered, "He's in there."

Conrad shook his head. "I know Zeke Williams is in there. I am asking about my son."

The bodyguards knelt in guilt. "It is Young Master Jerry inside the coffin!"

What?

Conrad and Robin were taken aback and rushed to open the coffin.

Jerry lay inside the coffin with the blood from his injuries practically dying him red from head to toe. He seemed to be on the verge of death.

Shakily, Jerry huffed out, "Dad, take revenge on my behalf!"

Conrad Lewis wanted to scream.

It was very humiliating that his most beloved youngest son had been beaten up by some lowlife to the point that he was barely alive.

This was a blo*dy slap on his face.

"Take him to the hospital! Quick!" Robin yelled, her voice hoarse with worry.

The caretakers of the Lewis family hurriedly lifted him out of the coffin and sent him to the hospital.

Conrad's murderous gaze landed on Jerry's two bodyguards.

They started shivering in fear. "M-Mr. Lewis, Zeke Williams wanted us to pass a message to you. He demanded that everyone in the Lewis family goes to him and beg for forgiveness within three days. If not, he'll throw all of you into jail."

Conrad gritted his teeth in anger. "Where the hell were the two of you when my son was getting beaten up? Why are the two of you completely unharmed?"

The bodyguards pressed their foreheads against the floor as they started to apologize profusely. "We are so sorry! It's all our fault. We should have done our best to protect him!"

Conrad scoffed. "Good. So you're both aware that it's your fault. That'll make things easier for me when I get rid of you."

With that, he pulled out his gun and fired two shots at each of them.

The bodyguards collapsed in a pool of blood and twitched for a couple of seconds before they stopped and finally died.

Robin stuttered, "Dad, what should we do now? Zeke Williams clearly isn't backing down. Should we ask my brother to get rid of him?"

Conrad shook his head. “No. Just getting rid of Zeke Williams is no longer enough for me. I need the whole Williams family to come here and beg me for mercy. They deserve to die for producing someone like Zeke Williams.”

Robin took a deep breath. “Father, should we start with our plan to consume the Williams family? Don’t you think it is a bit too early for that?”

“There’s no more time to care about that now. With your brother, a general’s backup, we already have a high success rate in swallowing the Williams’ empire.”

He pulled out his phone and called the Williams household in Atheville. He dialed Lucille’s number.

Lucille Williams was Zeke’s biological grandmother. She was the one who caused Zeke to be looked down upon all those years because of how she had disregarded him.

Lucille was also the one who made Zeke go to jail for his brother, Zach Williams’ crimes.

She picked up almost immediately and said in a falsely benevolent tone, “Good afternoon, Mr. Lewis. It’s rare to hear from you.”

Conrad huffed, “Lucille, I have something to ask you. Were you the one who commanded for the other Williams family members to step on the Lewis family and broke two of my son’s legs?”

Lucille grew anxious instantly. “Why did you say that? Why would my family ever lay a hand on the Lewis family? You must have made a mistake.”

Conrad replied, “How could I have made a mistake? The evidence is laid right here in front of me. Zeke Williams beat my daughter and broke both my son’s legs. How do you think you can compensate for the damage he did?”

“So it was that bastard child who did it!” Lucille cursed. “Mr. Lewis, don’t worry. Zeke Williams has already been disowned. He is no longer considered part of the Williams family. Please, do whatever you wish to him.”

Conrad didn’t sound happy. “Even if he’s no longer part of the Williams family, he is still one of your offspring. Did you think you could get away by telling me that you have kicked him out?”



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