

At the Zelly Residence, home to one of the four major households of Atheville.

Helen dolled herself up and called up a few close friends. She would be going to Pegasus Club to fool around with a few men.

That was a day worth celebrating in her eyes.

The moment she finished putting on her makeup, her front door was kicked open.

A platoon of fully-equipped military personnel rushed in and surrounded her.

Quivering with fear, Helen demanded, "W-Who are you? What business do you have with the Zellys?"

The adjutant inquired coldly, "Are you Helen Zelly?"

Helen nodded, "Y-Yes."

The adjutant announced, "We suspect you collaborated with bandits to cause harm to an innocent civilian. Please follow us."

What? Helen felt as though she was petrified on the spot. That innocent civilian must be Zeke! Damn it! How did the military know about this? They even traced it all the way back to me! Mrs. Moore is useless!

Until this moment, she had no idea that they had gotten rid of the bandits and captured Mrs. Moore.

...

Meanwhile, Lacey was devoid of all spirit.

Aside from the shock of nearly being buried alive, her filming crew had quit because of the “overly high risk”.

The advertisement she had planned long and hard for would be wasted.

As Zeke was consoling her, Wolf’s Greed called.

Zeke picked up the call in a quiet corner.

Wolf’s Greed inquired, “What should I do with Mrs. Moore and Helen?”

Zeke commanded, “They can’t die. I need them to carry my buddy’s coffin for his reburial. Then again, I can’t just let them off. They scared Lacey’s filming crew away, so I want them to give all of their entertainment businesses to Lacey.”

Wolf’s Greed replied, “Consider it done. The Zelly family’s media company and the Moore family’s Penguin Entertainment are worth at least five billion. I’ll get them to sign the papers now.”

After he hung up, Zeke instructed, "Come on, Lacey, let's make a trip to Trust Media."

He wanted to give Lacey a surprise, so he did not say anything about taking over Trust Media.

Lacey sighed, "Alright."

Zeke queried, "Aren't you curious as to why I'm bringing you there?"

Lacey replied, "What's there to be curious about? We rented one of Trust Media's studios, so all of our filming equipment is there. Come to think of it, how did you know we rented a studio there?"

Zeke was speechless. This is the first I've heard of it. I'm giving you the entire Trust Media, idiot!

Along the way, Lacey queried, "Zeke, how did you offend the Moore family?"

Zeke answered honestly, "The Moore family killed my brother and tried to force his sister into a marriage with them. I disrupted the wedding, so they bore a grudge against me."

Lacey exclaimed, "I see. Zeke, you've got to be careful. The Moore family is one of the four major households in Atheville. They're influential here and we're no match for them. Look, they even sent bandits after you. I even heard that Mr. Moore was buried alive. They're

now in a fit of anger and would be capable of doing all sorts of sickening things. You should steer clear of them for now.”

The entire Atheville was teeming with news about Zeke and the four major households, but since Lacey was an outsider she only caught bits and pieces of it.

Naturally, she did not know that Zeke was responsible for the deaths of dozens of men from the four major households.

Zeke nodded, “I’ll look out for myself.”

Zeke did not want Lacey to know about this so that he could maintain her impression of him.

Lacey seemed to remember something and stared at Zeke intently, “Zeke, why don’t you explain to me why the military saved you? Don’t tell me you sent them here.”



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Zeke panicked internally but did not show it on his face. He explained, "You're overthinking things. These bandits are doing so many evil things that the military has had their eyes on them for a long time. I just got lucky."

Lacey found it believable and replied, "Ahh, no wonder. You've never been to Atheville and you're not a high-ranking officer, so you probably can't command such a large battalion."

Zeke laughed bitterly. You won't believe this, but my family, the Williams family, is a prominent household in Atheville. I grew up here.

Soon, the two of them arrived at Trust Media.

Trust Media had registered capital of three billion. It was not a top firm, but it was a decently large company.

Lacey and Zeke headed into the rented studio to see a fat man looking for something inside.

Lacey asked worriedly, "Mr. Booth, what are you doing in my studio?"

Fatso Booth got up and stuffed something into his pocket and mumbled, "Nothing much. I just thought that things were messy here, so I helped you guys to pack up."

Lacey suddenly recalled something and rushed

over to the drawer Fatso had been fumbling in.

Her face turned white as a sheet as she broke out in a cold sweat. She shrieked, "Oh no! Where's the film that we've prepared for the advertisement? It's gone!"

She glared at Fatso Booth with a suspicious gaze.

Fatso's face flushed red as he made excuses, "You must have misplaced it. Go look for it yourself. Now then, I'll be off."

Fatso then rushed off.

Zeke could guess that the data had been stolen by Fatso.

He raised a hand to block him and demanded, "Hand the film over."

Fatso feigned ignorance, "I have no idea what you're talking about. I haven't seen that film in my life."

Zeke glanced at Fatso's pocket, "Then what's that you just stuffed into your pocket?"

Fatso replied, "Nothing."

Zeke tried to snatch it from his hands, but Fatso was even faster. He took a thumb drive out of his pocket and snapped it into two.

“Ah, I’m sorry. I just picked this thumb drive off the ground. It’s useless to you now, isn’t it?”

Lacey was on the verge of tears. She sobbed, “That thumb drive contains our advertisement film! You darn fatso! Son of a...”

She had spent an entire month on this, but Fatso destroyed it in an instant.

Fatso apologized, “I’m sorry, I must’ve used too much force. It’s alright, I’m willing to compensate you. Our company is specialized in filming for commercials, so we can help you. I’ll be sure to give you guys a discount to sweeten the deal.”

Lacey sighed. Since her filming crew had resigned, she could only leave the advertisement to Fatso.

She inquired, “How much are you asking for?”

Fatso held out two fingers.

Lacey spat, “Two million? That’s too much. I’m paying one and a half million at best, and that’s already the upper band of the market rate.”

Fatso shook his head, “Two million? You must be joking. I want twenty million.”

What?

Lacey was enraged. “Twenty million? That’s ten times the highest market price! You might as well rob a bank!”

Fatso argued, “Two million is the standard price for a regular filming team. We’re a specialized filming crew, so we’re not on the same level.”

Lacey gritted her teeth, “You can dream on about the twenty million.”



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Fatso threatened them, “To tell you the truth, I’ve already made a copy of your data. The video that you’ve filmed previously is of good quality, and neither you nor I could retake the scenes to produce something just as nice. This quality is not something that can simply be bought with money. Give me twenty million, and I’ll not only return your film but also finish filming your advertisement for you. How does that sound?”

Lacey clenched her teeth, “That sure sounds like extortion.”

Fatso sneered, “Call it whatever you like. To tell you the truth, I heard that my boss will be changing soon. If I tell him that I’ve secured a deal worth twenty million the moment he takes office, he might even promote me to become vice-president of the company! Hahaha!”

Zeke scoffed, “Do you know who that new boss is?”

Fatso replied, “It’s a secret for now, so I don’t know yet, but he’ll be taking over soon.”

Zeke nodded, “Very well. I’d wager my life that this new boss won’t make you vice president even if you secure a deal worth one billion.”

Fatso sneered, “I’d like to see a foreigner like you try to convince the new boss.”

Zeke glanced at Lacey and queried, "Lacey, how is the standard of the advertisements they filmed?"

Lacey answered, "It's not bad. This company has filmed dozens of successful ads."

Zeke nodded, "That's good to hear. We'll leave them in charge, then."

Fatso jeered smugly, "Someone finally knows his place."

Zeke continued, "I won't be forking out a single cent. All filming expenses will be borne by you."

Damn it!

Fatso roared, "Are you trying to make a fool out of me?"

He slammed a contract on the table and kicked a laptop aside. He threatened, "You'd better sign this contract today, or I won't be letting you leave this building!"

Zeke commented, "You'll be paying for that laptop as well."

Fatso glared at him and stormed off.

Lacey picked up the thumb drive and the wrecked computer. She sighed, "Hopefully, there will still be some useful data in here."

Zeke, let's leave from the window. I know Atheville is full of scammers, but I didn't expect it to be so bad. We should never have come."

Zeke smiled as he took the thumb drive from Lacey's hand and placed it on the table. He consoled her, "This thumb drive is useless now. Let's leave it here. Relax, I'll get you back the complete video, but first let's deal with Fatso."

Lacey protested, "But..."

Zeke assured her, "Leave this to me."

After they left the studio, they saw that Fatso had blocked off the exit with a few security guards.

He laughed haughtily, "Brat, you won't be leaving this place until you sign that contract."

Zeke scorned, "Who said anything about leaving?"

He then took a seat with Lacey.

Some workers cast pitiful gazes at Zeke, while others had a mocking expression.

"These poor youngsters. It is their misfortune to be targeted by Mr. Booth."

"Mr. Booth is local to Atheville and has amassed quite a bit of authority. It's impossible

to escape his claws unscathed.”

“Poor lad, poor lass. You guys should just part with a small sum and leave. Don’t wait until he starts to hit you physically.”

“Hmph, how dare these ignorant youngsters talk to Mr. Booth like that?”

“These foreigners know nothing. They probably haven’t heard of what Mr. Booth is capable of in Atheville.”

“I heard Mr. Booth only asked for twenty million. That’s too little! He should have asked for thirty million, at the very least.”

“Nah, these foreigners may not even have thirty million among the two of them.”



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Zeke glared at the people who were mocking them and stated coldly, "All of you are fired; you won't be getting your pay for this month, either. I'll take it as compensation for the fatso's fees."

Pfft!

The crowd burst into laughter. "Do you really think two foreign dogs can amount to anything in Atheville? This is the capital! Anyone here can crush you with their little finger. The two of you can work for your entire lives, but you'll never be able to get a local account here."

Lacey's face turned red with embarrassment and tugged at Zeke's shirt. "Zeke, that's enough. Let's just pay them. They're right."

Zeke soothed her, "Be patient, Lacey. When their ex-boss arrives, we'll decide if we should pay them."

Fatso asked out of curiosity, "Don't tell me you know the ex-boss? Oh well, what if you do? Now, it's the new boss who calls the shots!"

Just then, a slightly plump, bespectacled, middle-aged male walked in.

This man was the previous boss of the company, John Thomson.

John stared at Fatso and the guards in shock, "Why are you guys blocking the door?"

Fatso scoffed, "That's none of your business."

John laughed bitterly. Back when I was their boss, they treated me like a king. Now that I've been replaced, they're treating me like dirt.

Fatso suddenly recalled something and enquired, "John, you've already been dismissed. Why are you here?"

John replied, "I'm here to pass the transfer agreement to the new boss."

Fatso questioned, "Where is he? Didn't he come with you?"

John responded, "He's already here."

Everyone looked around but saw no unfamiliar faces.

Fatso continued, "So, who is the new boss?"

John walked over to Zeke's side and offered him a deep bow. He then passed him the contract and said, "Mr. Williams, please sign here. After this, the company will be yours."

"Alright," Zeke took the contract. He scrutinized it to check if there were any traps in it.

What? Everyone stared at Zeke in disbelief. This foreigner is our new boss? How powerful must this guy be for his influence to extend even to

the capital?

The only sound left in the room was the rustling of papers as Zeke flipped through the contract.

After a short period, Zeke passed the contract to Lacey and told her, "Lacey, take a look at this contract. My head hurts."

Lacey was stunned and did not respond. Since when was Zeke so powerful even in Atheville? He's never been here before. How did he just take down such a large firm?

She only came to her senses after Zeke called out to her several times.

She picked up the contract and read it seriously.

Fatso and the security guards silently backed away from the door.

That man is the boss. He owns the entire place! What are we doing blocking the door?

The employees who had mocked Zeke earlier turned silent in embarrassment.

Their career was finished now that they had offended their new boss.

After pulling himself together, Fatso shamelessly said, "Ah, so this was all a

misunderstanding. I'm sorry, Mr. Williams, I didn't know you were the new boss. Please don't hold it against me."



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