

Chapter 1901

Shaking his head, Zeke advanced toward the door and opened it.

Once the door opened, Thomas rushed into the ward with Desmond and Gawain.

Within seconds, his eyes were on Emma. "Emma, you're finally back! Do you know how much I've endured throughout these years while waiting for you to be back?"

"Mr. Fleming, it's impossible for us to develop a relationship. I'm not worthy of you. Thus, please stop putting me on the spot!" Emma snapped in an icy-cold tone.

Thomas was not the slightest bit astounded by Emma's nonchalance. He knew that she left home years ago as she was reluctant to marry him. If she casts me a smile now, I might even think that if I'm seeing things!

Desmond lashed out at her. "You silly girl! Mind your words! Apologize to Mr. Fleming now!"

Nevertheless, Thomas stopped him right away. "It's all right. I understand that Emma no is not in a good mood as she's not feeling well. Stop reprimanding her."

Desmond nodded and glared at Emma. "Look, Mr. Fleming is very concerned about you! Emma, heed my advice. You must cherish it, and don't get on his nerves, okay?"

Meanwhile, Thomas fixed his eyes on Zeke again. "If I'm not mistaken, Emma only started to treat me coldly after being deluded by you!"

Zeke nodded and did not even speak up for himself. "You're right."

Thomas warned him disdainfully, "Before this, you might not know that Emma is my woman and kept pestering her. Fine, I don't blame you for that. But now, I need to get one thing straight. Emma is fated to be my woman, so stop being a pain in the neck. If not, don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Staring at him with a look of utter disdain, Zeke sneered, "Oh, is it? Let's find out who is more ruthless, you or me?" D*mn it! Thomas almost burst a blood vessel as nobody had ever provoked him with such a mockery before. "Since you have a death wish, I'm going to grant your wish!"

Next, he turned to instruct Gawain, "Gawain, teach him a lesson now! But remember not to finish him off as we're at the hospital now. It'll be good enough to let him end up with broken hands and legs."

Gawain responded respectfully.

The muscular and dark-skinned boxer clenched his fists, cracking his knuckles. His intimidating vibe was sending a chill down everyone's spine.

It scared the crap out of Emma. She dashed forward and stood in front of Zeke. "If you insist on bashing him up, you'll have to do it over my dead body then!"

Green with envy, Thomas' eyes were flaring with simmering fury. His jealousy became more intense as Emma was getting more protective of Zeke.

Dragging her with a yank, he snarled, "D*mn it! If you continue to back him up, I'll finish him off at any time! It's easy as pie to get rid of such trash!"

As a result, Emma staggered and fell on the floor. She yelled at the top of her lungs, "Help! Help! Someone is stirring up trouble!"

"Shut up!" Thomas stretched out his hand and was about to slap her face.

At the eleventh hour, Zeke sent Thomas flying with just a slap. Subsequently, the latter rammed into the wall television before landing clumsily on the floor, spewing blood from his mouth.

"Bloody h*ll! How dare you slap Mr. Fleming! You're asking for it!" To butter Thomas up, Desmond dashed toward Zeke with a grimace.

Moments later, Zeke sent him flying out of the window effortlessly with just a kick.

move. Thomas roared hysterically, "Gawain, finish him off now!" Gawain nodded and was about to make a

The commotion alerted the security outside the ward. They rushed into the ward and yelled out, "Stop! All of you, stay put! How dare anyone stir up trouble here! Do you I have a death wish?"

Thomas chided, "Get the h*ll out of here! Whoever steps in, I'll finish him off now!"

The security guards were not the slightest bit intimidated by his bellow of rage. "You're the one who should get lost!"

Thomas yelled out, "Gawain, get rid of them!"

Gawain dashed toward them as instructed. Soon, all the well-built security guards were yowling in pain on the floor. In a blink of an eye, the ward was in an absolute mess.

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After that, he turned to look at Zeke. "Brat, it's your turn now!"

Emma's face turned pale again. My goodness! All the security guards are well-built, but they were all defeated effortlessly by Gawain. Not to mention, Zeke is fighting by himself! Oh no! He'll be beaten up badly for sure!

Mustering up her strength, she got up from the floor to protect him.

Nonetheless, it was too late. Like a bolt of lightning, Gawain dashed toward Zeke and threw a punch at him.

Emma could only shut her eyes in utter despair. She did not have the heart to see how Zeke would be bashed up badly by Gawain.

Bang!

After a loud thud, pin-drop silence ensued the whole place.

Gathering up her courage to open her eyes slowly, Emma's heart thumped as she gasped inwardly. Good gracious! Has Zeke passed out due to the massive impact?

Even so, she was dumbstruck when the overwhelming scene came into view.

Miraculously, Zeke remained in the same spot without any injuries, calm as ever.

On the other hand, Gawain was sprawling on the floor.

To her amazement, half of his face had swelled out. At the same time, blood was spurting out from his mouth. Shortly, he even coughed out broken teeth.

The so-called unrivaled boxer was staring at Zeke with intense fear in his eyes.

Undoubtedly, he was petrified!

Huh? What happened moments ago? Zeke should be the one lying on the floor. How is it possible that Gawain is in such a pathetic state? Is Zeke that powerful? Emma was nonplussed.

Meanwhile, Thomas gulped apprehensively,

wearing a look of sheer fear. A while ago, he saw with his own eyes how Zeke effortlessly threw a punch at Gawain. Little did he realize that it was an utterly powerful one that could even

compromise Gawain's multi-layered defense and land heavily on his chin. Subsequently, both his chin and teeth were broken. The skillful boxer was defeated and could not fight back at all!

Zeke smirked. "Is that all? What makes you think you're qualified to be someone's bodyguard, huh? Don't you have a sense of shame?"

Shuddering in extreme fear, Gawain asked, "Would you mind telling me your name?"

Zeke snickered. "You're in no position to know my name!"

The next moment, his eyes were on Thomas again.

Sensing his penetrative gaze, Thomas cowered in the corner instinctively. Shuddering in fear, it was as if he was a helpless prey targeted by the ferocious predator.

Zeke scoffed, "Finally, I can settle a score with you now!"

His mockery sent Thomas into a tizzy. "No way! You can't kill me! My uncle is a general. If you dare to inflict any harm on me, he will not let you off for sure..."

A hint of utter contempt was written all over Zeke's face. "General, huh? It's nothing for me! It's the time for you to meet your end now!"

When Zeke was about to make a move, Emma stopped him at once. "Stop! Mr. Williams, you can't kill him! He's telling the truth, and his uncle is a general. If you kill him now, it will put our lives on the line!"

Zeke uttered earnestly, "Emma, don't worry. I don't give a d*mn about them. I'll get rid of Thomas first, then his uncle, who is a so-called general."

At the peak of fury, Emma could not resist but mock inwardly. Who do you think you are, huh? You're even thinking of getting rid of a general! Don't you think you should know your limits and never overestimate yourself? It never came across Emma's mind that at the golf course of Asger Manor, Zeke had caused two generals to meet their end with just two phone calls. Not to mention, one of them was even from the national defense force!

Standing in Zeke's way, Emma turned to yell out at Thomas, "What are you still waiting for? Get lost! Do you really have a death wish?"

Thomas only came to his senses upon hearing her words. He staggered and stumbled before scurrying away. Gawain covered his chin and dashed out as well.

When they were quite a distance away, Thomas yelled out at Zeke furiously, "Zeke Williams, you'll be sorry for stepping on my toes! I want you to die a horrible death! I'm going to hold a duel at Titan Boxing Gym tonight. Remember to show up. By then, we'll get to know who's a better fighter! If you can defeat my men, I'll let you off this round. If you lose or refuse to show up, I'll surely get my uncle to wipe off your whole family."

Nonetheless, Zeke did not give a hoot to his threatening words.

All of a sudden, he sensed an unusual flow of negative energy in the hospital.

Undeniably, the place was engulfed by negative energy all the time, and there was hardly any positive usually.

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At that moment, all the negative energies were converging rapidly in one direction.

Zeke turned toward the direction they were heading and was shocked to find that they had all entered Thomas' body.

In an instant, a thought came into his mind. Thomas most probably has connections with Netherworld! I wonder how big is Netherworld's scheme in Eurasia? There seem to be signs of them everywhere. I must do a background check on Thomas. It looks like I must attend tonight's duel.

Emma gave Zeke a once-over as she exclaimed, "How the heck are you so powerful? I'm amazed you managed to knock Thomas' bodyguard, the Muay Thai champion from Turlen, out with just one move!"

"Don't forget that I'm a soldier," was his reply.

"I've seen many soldiers, but none are as impressive as you are."

"Well, that's because I'm a top soldier."

A top soldier could be considered a modest remark for a person who held the title of Great Marshal.

However, Emma assumed that Zeke was being boastful.

If you're truly a top soldier, why would you mingle with someone like me who is a bottom feeder? You should be hanging out with the Great Marshal!

In the end, she decided not to pursue the topic further. "Zeke, I think we should leave this hospital as soon as possible as it is the property of Thomas' family. What if he had set a trap? We won't be able to get away then."

"It's fine. We can stay here. Once I've taken him down, I'll obtain this hospital and gift it to you as a resource to rebuild your business," he replied nonchalantly.

Emma was speechless.

His words are getting more and more outrageous! We should count ourselves lucky to be able to survive this time.

Zeke did not comment further and went to check on Amelia, who was resting in another ward. He decided not to tell Emma for the time being that he had cured Amelia's leg disease and that she only needed to rest for a couple more days before she could walk again.

It'll be a nice surprise for Emma when Amelia starts walking again.

At that moment, Amelia's legs were being injected with a nutrient solution in the ward.

She spread her arms wide open in excitement the moment she saw him. "Carry me, Zee! Carry me, Zee!"

Zeke carefully lifted the little girl. "How are your legs, Amelia?"

"I can feel my legs now, Zee!" Amelia happily shared the good news with him. "Now that my legs can move, I'll be able to get up and walk in a few days."

"Congratulations, Amelia!" After examining her legs, he continued. "I have good news for you. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed while giving him an expectant look.

"Judging from your current situation, you'll be able to walk within three days."

Hearing this, Amelia cried tears of joy. "Just three days. After those three days, I'll be running around like other kids. This is awesome! I've always dreamed of walking."

"Do you have any dreams, Amelia? I'll help you fulfill them once your legs are well," Zeke inquired.

Amelia stared straight at him with unblinking eyes.

"I've had this dream since I was young. Can you make it come true?"

Zeke reached out and ruffled her hair. "Of course."

"Can I call you Daddy?" Amelia squeaked out.

In a flash, his heart melted.

I can't believe that a five-year-old girl's biggest wish is to call me daddy. She sure is a poor thing and must've led a miserable life.

"Of course," Zeke said as he hugged her lovingly.

"Daddy," Amelia called out using a girlish tone.

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Zeke hummed in reply.

Satisfaction was written all over Amelia's face when she heard his response.

seats. Thomas sped off in his Lamborghini with Desmond and Gawain in the passenger

He had no choice but to take the driver's seat as the other two men could not drive due to their injuries. Gawain had a broken jaw from the fight with Zeke, while Desmond was also hurting all over.

It was only when they were miles away that Thomas finally felt a little sense of security.

He loudly cursed as he slowed the car down, "That son of a b*tch! I'll be sure to tear you apart later! Gawain, inform the boxing arena at once to prepare several exhilarating shows for him tonight."

Gawain hurriedly nodded before taking out his phone to contact Titan Boxing Gym.

He managed the gym on a day-to-day basis, which was owned by Thomas and established purely to satisfy the latter's taste for violence.

After relating his boss' orders to the gym, Gawain uttered, "Zeke is quite skilled in fighting, Mr. Fleming, and I don't think I can defeat him. It's best if we get Boxing Tyrant to fight him tonight."

Thomas let out a sigh. "I'm afraid Boxing Tyrant is no match for him either. We'll go with Boxing King instead."

"Boxing King?" Gawain inhaled sharply upon hearing that.

Thomas is truly going all out to take Zeke down. He's even planning to get Boxing King to fight.

Boxing King was truly a legendary figure. He fought in many underground boxing arenas abroad during his early years and earned his current title.

When he discovered that he was left with no worthy opponents, he came back to the country. Despite that, he still failed to find his match.

Hence, he was given the nickname, Seeker of Defeat.

At present, the man was in a state of semi retirement and rarely fought in any tournament.

One had to pay at least fifty million to request his participation in a match. However, Thomas' net worth was merely one hundred million.

From this, it was apparent how desperate he was to get rid of Zeke.

"I'm afraid you and I aren't qualified enough to get him to fight, Mr. Fleming. Even money won't do," commented Gawain.

"That won't matter. I'll ask my uncle, the general, to personally invite the Seeker of Defeat."

Gawain's eyes lit up when he heard that.

Seeker of Defeat wouldn't dare to disrespect the general if he intervened.

"What if Zeke doesn't go to the gym, Mr. Fleming?" asked Desmond.

"If he doesn't, I'll send Seeker of Defeat to clobber him to death at the hospital."

"Don't worry, Mr. Fleming," Desmond assured him. "I'll persuade Emma along with her mother after Zeke had left for the gym. Should Zeke die there, she will have no choice but to submit to you."

"Damn, that b*tch! I was humiliated because of her! She must make it up to me!" exclaimed Thomas.

He paused before saying, "I have a task for you, Desmond."

"What is it, Mr. Fleming?" he asked apprehensively.

"I want Emma in my bed tonight!"

"Huh?" Desmond uttered in shock.

Although he was a man of little conscience, he still hesitated due to blood relations, given that the girl was his niece.

Mr. Fleming wants her in bed even when they haven't confirmed their relationship. Even if we ignore the likelihood of him tormenting her, what if he grows weary of her and refuses to marry her? I'll gain nothing over it then.

"Why do you sound so surprised? Do you have any issues with that?" roared Thomas. Desmond sighed. "Well... Mr. Fleming, aren't you rushing things? I personally think it's better if you leave this beautiful moment till the wedding night-"

"Screw you!"

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"I went through hell for Emma, so what's wrong with getting a little compensation?" shouted Thomas rudely. "What are you implying, Desmond? Are you also against Emma and me-"

"No, that's not it!" Desmond quickly shook his head. "That's not what I meant, Mr. Fleming. I think you've made a fair point. It's only that Emma is very shrewd, so it won't be easy to trick her into your bed. We must find a way to lure her to your house."

"I'll leave this matter to you then. Come up with a plan, and if you succeed, you'll definitely be rewarded," Thomas replied.

As soon as Desmond heard a reward being mentioned, an idea popped into his mind.

He slapped his own head and said, "Mr. Fleming, I suddenly thought of a good plan."

"Spit it out."

"Didn't you mention earlier that you're able to invite the famous doctor from the medical company under Linton Group to treat Amelia's legs? I presume you must've gotten his contact details, am I right? Why don't you invite him to your house tonight, and I'll bring Emma over to discuss Amelia's condition," Desmond proposed.

Thomas immediately nodded upon hearing that. "All right, let's follow your plan. I'll contact the doctor in a while."

However, the truth was that he had yet to contact the doctor, as not only was the doctor reluctant to treat patients without invitations, but he was also unconcerned over Amelia's condition.

He had merely said those words to deceive Emma.

Desmond got out of the car mid-journey and contacted Emma's mother, Madeline.

"I bring great news, Madeline," he said.

"What kind of news?" asked Madeline with a look of anticipation. "Have you found a doctor who could treat Amelia's leg?" "That's right! Mr. Fleming told me just now that he has invited a famous doctor to his house tonight. Let's bring Emma there as well to discuss the treatment plan."

"Really?" Madeline shed tears of joy.

"ThankGod! Amelia can finally get treatment for her leg! Should we prepare a gift for him since it's our first meeting, Desmond?"

Desmond's first instinct was to reject her proposal, as he was well aware that Thomas' true objective was to trick Emma into visiting his house. He was not even sure if they would meet the famous doctor.

However, he changed his mind after some thought. "Of course. After all, we're meeting a famous doctor. Otherwise, Amelia might suffer if he tampered with the treatment process."

Upon hearing that, Madeline hurriedly said, "I don't know much about buying gifts, Desmond. Why don't I transfer you a thousand, and you can help me buy the gift."

Desmond scoffed. "Aren't you looking down on both the famous doctor and me, Madeline? Do you think that he'll acknowledge a gift worth a thousand? He might even think of it as an insult."

"Well... What would be considered a suitable price range for the gift, Desmond?"

"How much money do you have now?" he inquired.

"I only have a little more than a ten thousand on hand," she said.

"Transfer ten thousand to me then. I'll add a little more to it. We should buy a gift that costs at least twenty thousand."

Madeline felt her heart sink upon hearing that. "If we spend everything on buying the gift, how are we going to afford the medical fees?"

Desmond replied, "If we upset him now and he refuses to treat her, there wouldn't be any medical fees to afford. Besides, what you have now is also not enough for the fees. Don't worry. Since Mr. Fleming had offered to cover all the expenses for Emma and Amelia's treatment, he'll definitely see it through."

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"All right then."

Madeline had no choice but to agree transfer the ten thousand she had to Desmond. and

However, unbeknownst to her, Desmond was planning on pocketing the money..

He did not want to miss out on the chance to gain some profit.

Meanwhile, Thomas brought Gawain to a shabby, abandoned temple which was the residence of Boxing King.

Rumor had it that his murderous aura was too strong to the point where he found it hard to control his temperament.

To prevent endangering anyone's lives, he chose to live in the temple alone and rely on the divine aura to suppress his bloodlust.

The door creaked loudly when the two men opened it, sounding like the cackle of an old witch and giving them goosebumps. They entered the praying hall and found Boxing King sitting at the foot of a large statue of a deity, dressed in a monk's robe that failed to hide his chiseled muscles.

The bald man's face was contorted, giving him the impression of a living god of fury, which heavily contrasted the serene visage of the statue.

Just as they were about to lift their foot over the doorstep, they noticed Boxing King slowly opening his eyes.

A gust of wind started swirling around him as his bloodshot eyes flashed with murderous intent.

Stunned by the terrifying aura, Thomas and Gawain instinctively took a step back.

Thomas took a deep breath to calm himself down before he spoke. "I've long heard of the famous Boxing King and have come to visit you. The rumors don't do you justice, Mr. Boxing King."

However, Boxing King did not even glance at him as his eyes were fixed on Gawain instead.

The latter stood rooted to the spot, not daring to move an inch.

After a while, the Boxing King finally spoke.

"Gawain?"

Happiness bloomed within Gawain when he heard his name. He did not expect the Boxing King to recognize him.

What a great honor this is!

Gawain quickly bowed. "Greetings, Mr. Boxing King. I'm Gawain. It's an honor to meet you. How did you know my name? Have we met before?"

"Your master, Osbert, was my most useless disciple," the man replied.

Upon hearing that, Gawain's smile widened.

I can't believe I'm the grand disciple of Boxing King! Why didn't Master tell me about this?

Seeing this as a great opportunity to butter him up, Gawain immediately kneeled before him.

"Greetings to my grandmaster, Mr. Boxing King."

However, the bald man merely shot him a sideways glance before shouting, "Get out! You're not fit to become my grand disciple. You're an embarrassment to me!"

Gawain felt as if his heart was about to leap out of his chest when he saw Boxing King's angered expression.

He's a ruthless man who won't hesitate to kill another person when he's angry, so I've no doubt he'll do the same to me.

With that, Gawain quickly turned to leave.

Unlike him, Thomas still stood where he was while putting on a brave front.

"Why aren't you leaving, lad?" Boxing King asked coldly.

Thomas mustered his courage and replied, "I wish to invite you to fight in a match, Mr. Boxing King."

However, the bald man merely replied without much emotion, "I'll never fight again as I've retired. You may leave now."

"I'm willing to pay you fifty million for this one match, Mr. Boxing King," Thomas persisted.

Boxing King let out a cold chuckle. "Do you think that I'm short of money?"

That one sentence had Thomas at a loss for words.

Indeed, money is dirt for someone like Boxing King. Moreover, he owns many properties that are several times larger than mine. So, it's normal for him to be unsatisfied with merely fifty million.

"As long as you fight this once, Mr. Boxing King, I'll do anything you ask," he pleaded.

Boxing King fell silent for a long while before replying, "I have only a simple request. Find me a worthy opponent. Not only will I do it for free, but I'll also give you a large sum of money."

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Thomas was delighted by his response. "I shall not hide the truth from you, Mr. Boxing King. The opponent I've found for you is extremely powerful."

"Oh?" Boxing King finally looked interested. "How powerful? Should you lie to me, I'll make sure you die a horrible death."

Thomas mulled over it before responding, "Let me put it this way. How many blows do you think that Gawain would be able to withstand from you?"

Boxing King scoffed. "One? Maybe two?"

"Well, it barely only took that opponent one move to beat Gawain," Thomas replied.

Boxing King raised his head upon hearing that. "Are you serious?"

"Absolutely," Thomas asserted.

Boxing King then called out through the door, "Come in, Gawain!"

The man hurriedly entered. "Are you asking for me, Grandmaster?"

"Punch me."

Gawain was baffled by his words.

Grandmaster is allowing me to punch him? What is he up to?

"W-What did you just say, Grandmaster? I didn't quite catch that."

"I want you to punch me using all your strength, you piece of sh*t," said Boxing King.

Gawain hesitated upon hearing that.

Even without Boxing King being his grandmaster, his status and strength were also not something Gawain could challenge.

Useless trash!

Boxing King could feel his anger mounting. "If you don't do it now, I'll beat you to a pulp!" he shouted.

"A-Alright then."

Faced with no other choice, Gawain gritted his teeth and threw a punch toward Boxing King with all his might.

He was confident that he could easily break the martial artist's bone.

No matter how strong he is, even if I didn't break his bone, he should at least feel the pain.

A dull thud could be heard as his fist hit Boxing King's body.

Gawain took several steps back from the impact. His fist was throbbing with pain, and when he tried to shake it, he discovered that it was limp.

It was then that he realized that his wrist was broken.

Boxing King, on the other hand, remained seated, motionless.

There was not a hint of pain on his expression, merely a slight frown.

As expected of Boxing King. He's truly powerful!

Thomas could not help but exclaim internally, having personally witnessed Gawain finishing someone off with his blow.

Boxing King took a deep breath before he remarked, "Although you're a useless piece of trash in my eyes, I must say that you could be considered one of the best in this world. Your opponent must be a force to be reckoned with for having defeated you with barely a single move. Very well, I'll fight him this time."

Thomas was overjoyed by his decision. "Thank you, Boxing King."

"There's no need to thank me. I'm not doing this for you but to fulfill my desire of finding a worthy opponent," Boxing King replied as he waved his hands nonchalantly.

He then stood up and added, "Lead the way."

"Do you need to pack up a few things before we leave, such as weapons?" Thomas asked cautiously.

Boxing King shook his head. "Weapons? My greatest weapons are my fists!"

Gazing at the thick and old calluses on the man's knuckles, Thomas could not help but exclaim internally. Those hands must've gone through so much to be so rough and calloused.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Zeke had determined that Thomas had connections with Netherworld and thus, decided to investigate him.

Hence, he had to participate in the boxing match that night.

Evening soon arrived.

Without further ado, Zeke decided to head to the gym.

"Stay here and rest well. I've some matters to attend to," he told Emma, who had recovered a little from the earlier encounter.

He turned to leave without giving her time to react.

However, Emma managed to grab his hand.

"Hold on, Mr. Williams. Please be honest with me. What are you planning to do?" she asked worriedly.

"Nothing important," he replied curtly.

Emma shook her head at his response. "Don't lie to me, Mr. Williams. You're planning on participating in the duel, aren't you?"

Zeke's silence confirmed her suspicion.

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"I'm begging you, Mr. Williams. You must not go," Emma anxiously said.

"That gym has many elite fighters. Although Gawain is a strong fighter, he isn't the strongest there. His master, Osbert Hoffman, was given the title Boxing Tyrant. He is truly a strong fighter, and his strength far surpasses Gawain's. Oh, right! There's also Boxing King, the Seeker of Defeat. He lives here, and it seems that Thomas also knows him. He hasn't fought for many years. However, if Thomas manages to invite him, I'm afraid that you'll..."

Zeke put on a wry smile upon hearing that.

Who cares about Boxing King and Boxing Tyrant. In my eyes, they're just a few pests. I can crush them with just a flick of my finger.

Emma continued persuading him, determined not to let him leave,

As the two were in an unyielding situation, the door suddenly swung open.

It was Madeline, Emma's mother.

"I bring great news, Emma!"

It was only then that she noticed presence and that he was in the midst of a struggle with Emma.

Her expression instantly turned dark.

"Get your hands off my daughter, Zeke, and get out of my sight at once. I'll never allow you to be together with her."

She was about to shove Zeke away when Emma hurriedly got up and shielded him.

"Stop it, Mom. I told you before not to meddle with our affairs. Otherwise, I-I'll end myself!"

With extreme exasperation, Madeline collapsed on a seat.

"What have I done in my past life to get myself in such a situation? You disobedient girl! Are you determined to drive me mad?"

Hearing this, Emma hurriedly changed the topic. "Forget about this, Mom. You mentioned great news just now. What is it?"

Madeline perked up as soon as Emma brought up the news.

"Right. Let's talk about the important matters first. There's hope for Amelia's legs, Emma!"

"R-Really?"

Emma was overjoyed. "Hurry, Mom. Tell me everything."

"You remembered that Mr. Fleming promised to find a way to treat Amelia's legs, right? He just sent a message just now, saying that he has invited a miracle healer from Linton Group. The doctor is quite confident that he can treat her. He'll be coming tonight. Let's go and discuss Amelia's condition with him then."

Despite her words, Emma still had mixed emotions.

On the one hand, she was happy that Amelia's legs could be cured, but on the other hand, she felt troubled because Thomas was the person who invited the miracle healer,

If I don't give in to Thomas, there's no way he'll let the doctor treat Amelia's legs.

She was in a dilemma.

"Why are you hesitating, Emma? This is our only chance to treat her. If you don't seize this opportunity and allow Amelia to be crippled for the rest of her life, she'll hate us when she grows up. She's such a sweet child. It'll be a shame if her future were to be ruined because of her legs," Madeline remarked with a sigh.

Emma's expression changed when she heard that. She could feel herself wavering.

What's sacrificing my happiness if I can treat Amelia's legs? Using it to exchange for her future happiness is worth it!

"Think carefully, Emma, and give me an answer after one hour."

Madeline rolled her eyes at Zeke after saying that.

"If you know what's good for Emma and Amelia, Zeke, you should know what to do."

However, Zeke merely smiled.

Linton Group belongs to me, so naturally, the divine doctor will listen to me too. If I don't allow him to, he won't do anything even if Thomas were to come and beg him. Besides, the people in

this world who can treat Amelia's legs are no more than five, and the doctors under this group are not among them.

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On top of that, I've already treated Amelia's legs. She'll be able to walk in three days or less.

Madeline was filled with rage when she saw Zeke laughing. "How can you possibly laugh at a time like this? Do you have some ulterior motive?"

"First of all, Linton Group is mine. If you want to seek the help of the Divine Doctor from the company, I can help you out there. Secondly, all the doctors working under Linton Group can do nothing to cure Amelia's condition. Lastly, I've already treated her legs. She can start walking after recuperating for three days. There's no need for you to ask the Divine Doctor for help," he replied calmly.

Emma and Madeline were flabbergasted. Say what? The Linton Group, hailed as a miracle in the business scene, belongs to him? And he has already healed Amelia's legs? Is... Is this real?

However, they quickly pulled themselves together.

It has to be a joke. How can someone who dresses like a pauper be a billionaire and a boss of a large company? He must take us for fools.

Emma's face was etched with disappointment, whereas Madeline was irate.

"Williams, are you taking us for a ride? Linton Group is worth billions. Are you telling me that a billionaire would dress as shabbily as you and go around without bodyguards? No matter how I look at you, you look like a hooligan. There's no way you'd have anything to do with the Divine Doctor, let alone have the ability to heal Amelia's legs. She's already pitiful enough as it is, so don't complicate things even further," snapped Madeline.

Zeke hurried to defend himself. "I'm telling the truth. Why don't I make a phone call to the president of Linton Group so that you can verify it for yourselves?"

Very well, then!

Madeline nodded. "If you're really able to give the president a call, I'll believe you." Hence, Zeke reached for his phone and dialed Lacey's number immediately.

Ring... Ring... Ring...

Emma and Madeline fastened their eyes on his phone, holding their breath in nervous

anticipation.

They waited and waited until the line went dead. No one answered the call.

Without missing a beat, Madeline snickered and jeered, "Well, go on with your act. Why didn't the call go through?"

Zeke was slightly worried, having no clue why Lacey did not pick up. Did something happen?

After what happened to her previously, he could not help feeling on edge and paranoid.

Left with no other choice, he phoned Dawn instead, who answered his call almost immediately.

As soon as the call connected, Zeke asked anxiously, "Dawnie, why can't I get through to Lacey's phone? Is she all right?"

Dawn replied, "She's in a meeting, so her phone is on silent mode."

A sense of relief washed over Zeke. "I see. Thank goodness. Oh, by the way, how is Linton Group doing? Have there been any issues?"

"Tsk, tsk! Considering that you're starting to care about Linton Group's operations, you've finally remembered that the business is yours too, have you? Well, things are going great and getting better every day. Our daily revenue is so high that I wouldn't even be able to spend it all in my lifetime!"

"Got it. Send me the company's financial report later."

"Sure," she responded.

By the time Zeke ended the call, Emma and Madeline were staring at him incredulously.

He just spoke to someone from Linton Group! And that person confirmed that the company is his! It has to be a prank. Right? How could a billionaire seem so normal and mingle with ordinary people like us? Thomas may only have a net worth of over hundreds of millions. However, he's way flashier than this guy whose net worth is over ten times more!

Madeline voiced her doubt. "You're bluffing us, aren't you? That was someone you hired to go along with your act, right?"

Chapter 1910

Suddenly, Zeke's received a message on his phone.

Dawn had just sent Linton Group's financial report to him.

After skimming through the report, he passed it to Emma and Madeline. "This is Linton Group's financial report for the year. If you don't believe me, take a look."

Madeline quickly took his phone and studied the report carefully.

"Well? Is it real?" Emma asked, hurrying over.

To everyone's surprise, Madeline clicked her tongue disdainfully after going through the report and tossed the phone toward Zeke.

"You even had someone make up a fake report to trick us. Do you really think we're idiots?"

Baffled, Zeke blurted, "Fake? Why would you think it's a fake?" In a matter-of-fact tone, Madeline began listing her reasons. "Firstly, the report shows that the company's profit for the whole year was only one million. Do you expect me to believe that a company worth billions only made a profit of one million? Who do you think you're kidding? Secondly, there's no signature, company stamp, or anything on the report. It's nothing but a fake."

Zeke could not help letting on an exasperated laugh.

How can you say it's fake when you don't know anything? The unit for the figures in the report is in one hundred thousand, which meant that the company made a profit of one hundred billion! Also, there's no signature or company stamp because Lacey hasn't reviewed it yet. I suppose being illiterate does no good to someone.

Just as he was about to explain it to Emma, she beckoned at him and asked, "Zeke, could you do me a favor?"

Zeke nodded. "What is it?" "Could you help me watch over Amelia for a little while?"

Having no reason to refuse, he nodded again.

After thanking him, Emma tugged at Madeline's arm. "Mom, let's make a trip back to our old house. I just recalled that I accidentally left something very important there."

It was clear that Emma had an ulterior motive for returning to their old house. In truth, it was merely an excuse so that she could go and meet with Linton Group's Divine Doctor. She only made up the story to avoid worrying Zeke.

Naturally, Madeline understood her daughter's intentions. Hence, she quickly nodded. "Okay, I'll go there with you now. The house is going to be sold off soon. If we don't collect our things, they'll become someone else's property." With that, the mother and daughter duo left.

Emma's parting words to Zeke were, "Remember, don't go running off. You have to help me take good care of Amelia. If she leaves the hospital and anything untoward happens to her, I... I won't ever forgive you."

Feeling helpless, Zeke could only agree.

Once they left, he went looking for Amelia and found her in the middle of a physiotherapy session with a doctor.

The thin and frail girl was holding onto a pair of crutches and struggling to walk.

Although her movements were stiff, and she did not have a steady footing, she had improved a lot. It was no small feat, considering that she could not even move without a wheelchair before that.

Physiotherapy was a process that required a lot of strength, especially for a child like Amelia.

Despite huffing and puffing and sweating buckets, she still gritted her teeth in determination, driven by her desire to walk.

When she spotted Zeke, she gave him a tired smile.

"Zee, Zee, look... Look at this! I can... I can walk. I can really walk. Thank you for everything, Zee!"

Zeke went up to her and gently lifted her in his arms. "You should rest for a while now."

She shook her head vehemently. "No, I don't need to rest. I'm not tired. I want to practicing. I'm positive I'll be able to walk on my own without crutches soon."

I want to learn to walk so that I can give Mommy a big surprise!

Zeke consoled her, "Some things just can't be rushed, Amelia. If you tire out your legs and hurt them, it might be much more difficult for them to heal in the future. It's good that you're working hard, but it's also necessary to get enough rest. Okay?"

Chapter 1911

Realizing how severe the consequences of her actions could be, Amelia did not insist on continuing with her physiotherapy session for the day.

Zeke then suggested, "Let's go out and do something fun. Your dream is to be a soldier, isn't it? I'll take you to a military boxing match so that you can see how skillful they are."

The girl clapped her hands gleefully and cheered in approval. "Let's ask Mommy to join us!"

"Your mother hasn't recovered yet and needs to rest, so let's not disturb her. Once she has fully recovered, we'll all go out and have some fun together," Zeke replied in a persuasive tone.

Being the thoughtful and considerate girl that she was, Amelia nodded.

Then, Zeke picked her up in his arms and headed for Titan Boxing Gym.

The last time he was at the hospital, he witnessed Thomas absorbing large amounts of negative energy. That was sufficient proof that the latter had some connection with Netherworld.

Thus, Zeke was determined to get to the bottom of the matter and find out what Thomas was scheming with Netherworld.

Meanwhile, Titan Boxing Gym was packed to the brim. Although there was still an hour left before the match, there was not a single empty seat.

The crowd that day consisted of the city's most powerful and influential people, including the mayor, who were all there for no other reason than to watch Boxing King in action.

It was something they had never seen, so they were not going to miss out on such a rare chance to witness it for themselves. At the same time, they were curious to see who had the ability to entice Boxing King into a boxing match.

A massive crowd had also thronged the outside of the gym, people jostling against each other.

The majority of them were wealthy.

Titan Boxing Gym was not small, but it was not huge either. It was only big enough to accommodate those that were rich and powerful.

Those who were rich but not powerful could only stand at the entrance anxiously, unable to purchase an admission ticket even with all the money they had.

Suddenly, the two security guards stopped a plump man trying to squeeze his way through the door at the entrance. "Wait a minute, Mr. Landon. Please show us your admission ticket."

The plump man, known as Henry Landon, fished a ticket from his pocket and handed it to the security guards. Then, he tried to push his way past them again.

The two security guards, one plump and one thin, took one glance at the ticket and instantly recognized it as a counterfeit. Once again, they stopped Henry from entering.

"Mr. Landon, do you take us for bumbling idiots? This admission ticket of yours is clearly a counterfeit. Do you know the consequences of doing something like this? If Mr. Boxing King finds out, you'd be as good as dead."

Henry pleaded desperately, "I'm begging you... Please let me in. Mr. Boxing King is my idol. I aspire to be just like him. If I get to watch him fight with my own eyes just once, I can die without any regrets. I've always been very generous with my tips to you. All I'm asking is for you to turn a blind eye this one time. That's not too much to ask, is it?"

The security guards shook their heads. "Seeing as how you've always been generous to us in the past, we'll keep a lid on this matter. However, you're just asking for trouble if you continue to push your luck. You should put yourself in our shoes. If we let you in, we'll be the ones who get punished in the end. What's more, the seats are all full. Even if you go in, you won't have any place to sit."

"That's not a problem. I can stand. Name your price. No matter how much money you want, I'll give it to you," Henry said hastily.

Those words drew the attention of the crowd.

Even if we can't sit, we can stand! We might even have the chance to catch a glimpse of Mr. Boxing King in action!

The security guards chuckled. "Stand? Wouldn't you be proclaiming to Mr. Boxing King that you don't have an admission ticket? Things will only end badly for you then."

Henry drooped his shoulders dejectedly. Well, I suppose that's it. I gave it my best shot.

The crowd also looked crestfallen.

Chapter 1912

"Excuse me! Coming through!" A blondhaired man pushed his way through the crowd and entered the gym.

Noticing that the security guards did nothing to stop the man, someone in the crowd protested indignantly, "Hey! What's that about? Why didn't you stop him from going in?"

"Don't tell us he has an admission ticket. He didn't even show you anything. Also, did you see how shabbily dressed he was? He doesn't look like someone who would have a ticket," another person added.

"They're right! You have to give us an explanation today. Otherwise, we'll lodge a report against you!"

The plump security guard rushed to defuse the tense situation by saying, "It's a misunderstanding. That man is actually one of the gym's security guards. He had something to do, so he came a little later."

The crowd's cries of protest died down when they realized their mistake. However, the wheels in Henry's head started to turn.

"Are you hiring security guards? I'm a veteran soldier, so I think I'm more than qualified to apply for a job as a security guard," he said.

The crowd buzzed with excitement when they heard that.

If we get hired as security guards, we'll have a valid reason to enter the gym!

Everyone's eyes lit up as they saw a glimmer of hope.

The security guards knew what was on their minds, but they were not about to let them succeed that easily.

We aren't going to do something that doesn't benefit us. If we don't gain anything from it, they can forget about getting inside.

After mulling over it for a while, the plump security guard said slowly, "Well... We are a little short of manpower indeed. Technically, those who pass the interview and become security guards can enter the gym. However..."

Here, the plump security guard paused, rubbing his thumb and forefinger together. It was a gesture that signified he wanted money.

Henry quickly piped up, "Got it. I understand what you mean. I'll give you a hundred thousand. How about that?"

A hundred thousand?

The security guards felt a thrill of excitement course through their veins.

They had thought that they would only be able to get ten thousand, not expecting that someone would actually offer them one hundred thousand.

Poverty has stifled our imagination! It is unthinkable that a billionaire businessman would be willing to spend a hundred thousand to become a security guard.

Struggling to register the situation, they fell into shocked silence.

Mistaking their silence for displeasure, Henry quickly added, "Money isn't a problem as long as you hire me as a security guard. Two hundred thousand, then. How does that sound?"

Two hundred thousand! Even if we work as security guards for the rest of our lives, we might not make that much!

As an even stronger wave of excitement surged within the two men, the crowd broke into an uproar, scrambling to make their bids.

"Three hundred thousand! I'll give you three hundred thousand, so hurry up and hire me!" one person yelled.

Another voice rang out, "Four hundred thousand! I'll even go as high as four hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Five hundred thousand! That's all I can afford!"

"One million! One million! You'll get the money right now. Quick, let me in!"

The security guards were dumbfounded.

At that moment, the only thought running through their heads was that the crowd had gone crazy, so much so that they were willing to spend one million to get hired as a security guard.

In the end, they "hired" six people and allowed them to enter the gym.

With that, the pair of bodyguards earned more than three million!

There were still many people who wanted to pay for a position as a security guard, but the pair were already pushing their luck by "hiring" six additional security guards.

Hence, despite some raising their bids even higher, they could only remain outside the entrance.

Suddenly, a deep and resonant voice boomed out, "Why are all of you blocking the entrance?"

Everyone turned to see who had spoken and saw Osbert standing behind them.

Instinctively, they moved aside to clear a path for him.

Although Osbert was not as skilled as Boxing King, he had made a name for himself and wielded considerable authority.

The two security guards inclined their heads and gestured toward the entrance. "This way, please."

However, Osbert was in no hurry to enter the gym. Glancing at the jam-packed gym, then looking around at the crowd outside, he felt immensely pleased.

"Thank you all for coming here today to show your support for me. I can't thank you enough. I'll fight hard today and give you a good show as a sign of my gratitude."

Chapter 1913

Osbert Hoffman, who was also known as Boxing Tyrant, did not know that Boxing King himself had come to the gym, so he thought that the crowd were there for him.

The plump security guard then awkwardly explained in a quiet voice, "A-Actually, your competition today has been canceled. Maybe Mr. Fleming hasn't gotten the chance to tell you about it yet."

What?

Osbert instantly flew into a rage. "Why is my competition canceled? Are you telling me that these people aren't here for me?"

Realizing that Osbert was getting angrier and angrier every second, the thin security guard quickly explained, "Mister, please don't get mad. To be honest, it's because Mr. Fleming has invited Boxing King to our gym, and Boxing King is about to go up against someone. Boxing King is going to be in the spotlight today, so..."

What? Boxing King? Osbert was flabbergasted. "Who's the one Boxing King is going up against?"

The thin security guard hastily replied, "I heard that his opponent is a young man. Even Gawain Cabral lost to him in a few strikes. He's a rather powerful guy."

Osbert scoffed, "Hmph. Gawain keeps embarrassing me. He can't even deal with a young man. Well then, leave the man who Gawain can't deal with to me. My master has no need to fight against someone like him."

What? What does he mean?

Everyone was dumbfounded by his words as they stared at Osbert.

"Mr. Boxing Tyrant, what do you mean? What do you mean by your master..."

A prideful look appeared on Osbert's face. "You don't know about this, so I'm going to enlighten you. Mr. Boxing King is actually my master! Mr. Boxing King is the one who personally taught me all I know about boxing."

What?

The crowd grew even more surprised.

To them, Boxing King was akin to a god.

They were certain that they would never get the chance to interact with him.

Yet, the boxer right by their side, Osbert, was Boxing King's apprentice. He was the one who had learned his boxing skills from Boxing King himself.

Boxing Tyrant's history stunned the people for a long time.

After sweeping his gaze across the crowd, Osbert said, "I'm sorry to inform you all, but you might not see Mr. Boxing King's match today. It's because his opponent is going to die in my hands today."

With that said, Osbert strode into the gym.

At the same time, a wave of disappointment washed over the crowd.

They were all hoping that Osbert would not win against his opponent. Otherwise, they would not get a chance to witness an eyeopening match.

After all, Boxing King's match was a rare sight to witness. Once they miss this opportunity, it was unlikely that they would ever get another chance to witness Boxing King's match. As they had nothing else to do, someone suggested making bets on whether Boxing King or Zeke would win.

The others agreed with the idea.

Hence, they began making bets on the spot.

Unsurprisingly, everyone placed their bets on Boxing King.

To them, Boxing King was a legendary fighter who would never lose.

In the meantime, Zeke had arrived at his destination with Amelia in his arms.

When he spotted the crowd by the doorway from afar, Zeke chuckled. He never thought that a small-scale boxing match would stir up such a big commotion.

Once he came closer to the building and realized what was actually going on, a displeased look instantly appeared on his face.

I never thought they would make a bet. Moreover, everyone's putting their bets on Boxing King; no one's putting their bets on me.

Zeke could not help but feel curious about how influential Boxing King was in that place. He wondered how great his reputation was to have everyone putting their bets on him.

Just as Zeke was about to put a bet on himself, a charismatic woman at the side abruptly shouted, "A hundred thousand bet on Zeke!"

With that said, she tossed ten stacks of cash on the table.

Another commotion broke out among the crowd at her action.

The mocking voices then began.

"Here I was, wondering who it is, and it turns out to be Ms. Sasha Silvester. You're generous with your money, Ms. Silvester."

"Haha! Ms. Silvester, did you need to find a way to part with your money? Why don't you place a bet on me rather than placing a bet on Zeke?"

"That's right. Putting a bet on Zeke is equivalent to flushing your money down the drain. I'd say it's best if you change your bet to Mr. Boxing King instead."

Chapter 1914

"That's right. Earning just a little is better than losing it all."

Sasha retorted, "What do you know? Be ambitious, will you? If you want to achieve something, it's got to be all or nothing. Otherwise, don't even bother. What's the point of getting a few pennies? Why do you want to waste your time on that?"

"Hahaha!"

The crowd continued laughing at Sasha as they talked about how ignorant she was to know any art of betting.

All of a sudden, Zeke said, "You'll earn at least ten million today."

His words were like a bolt from the blue.

The moment he said those words, everyone turned to look at him.

"Who are you? Who do you think will interrupt us?" you are

"You don't sound local. You're a foreigner, so you don't know how powerful Boxing King is. Let's put it this way. There's no one

in this world who's a match for Mr. Boxing King other than Great Marshal. Zeke is just a nobody. He's incomparable with the Great Marshal!"

"Shoo, shoo! Stop getting in the way of our fun."

Sasha then turned to look at Zeke, her interest piqued.

"Oh well, I never thought that I would meet someone who is of the same mind as me here. However, actions speak louder than words. The two of us think that Zeke will do well, but why aren't you putting a bet on him?"

Zeke replied, "I wanted to, but unfortunately, I never brought cash with me."

"Hahaha!"

The crowd laughed even louder.

"What do you mean by not bringing cash with you? What nonsense are you talking about?"

"That's right. He just doesn't want to put a bet on Zeke." "You're just trying to butter Ms. Silvester up. Are you trying to win her heart? I hope you aren't thinking of biting more than you can chew. You're reluctant to make a few thousand bets, so what makes you think that you have the right

to court her? I've spent so much, hoping that Ms. Silvester would spare another glance at me, but even until now, Ms. Silvester has never looked at me with a smile."

Sasha then looked at Zeke with an amused grin. "So you're just toying with me, aren't you? What about this? I'll give you a chance. It seems like you're not that rich, so all you need to do is to fork out fifty thousand to put a bet on Zeke, and I'll have dinner with you tonight."

Holy moly!

Instantly, everyone around them was jealous. "Only fifty thousand to get a chance to have dinner with Ms. Silvester? This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!"

"Ms. Silvester, I'm going to take out two hundred thousand for the bet. Would you please have a meal with me?"

"I'd take out a million just to spend half an hour with Ms. Silvester alone!"

"Ms. Silvester, you're the woman of my dreams! You can't let this brat take advantage of you just for fifty thousand."

"Hear, hear. Look, he's even carrying a kid. He must be married. We can't just let a guy like him have a meal with the prestigious Ms. Silvester."

The crowd then fearfully turned to watch Zeke, afraid that he would actually accept her offer.

His response did delight them.

Zeke shook his head and said, "I'm sorry. I don't bring cash with me."

An angry look then crept onto Sasha's face. "F*ck, am I that uncharismatic? Am I not even worth fifty thousand? Are you blind or are you gay? Why aren't you interested in women?"

"Hahaha!" The crowd laughed boisterously.

Right then, Amelia spoke. "Zee, did they say that only the Great Marshal can win against the Boxing King?"

Zeke nodded. "That's right."

Amelia then mumbled, "Okay. I'll bet ten bucks on you."

Amelia then took out ten bucks from her pocket and handed it to Zeke.

Sasha beamed and pinched Amelia's plump cheeks.

"Little one, so this guy's not your father. However, you can't bet on Zee. You can only either bet on Mr. Boxing King or Zeke. They're the contestants of this match."

Amelia answered, "But Zee is Zeke!" What?

Thinking that they had misheard her, the crowd asked Amelia to repeat herself.

Once they realized they had not misheard her, they instantly whipped their heads around to look at Zeke in surprise.

Chapter 1915

Zeke was tall, young, and lean. Although he had some muscles, he was far from being a hunk.

As a matter of fact, his body size was worlds apart from Boxing King's. Everyone present. I was wondering how Zeke was able to fight a strong man like the Boxing King.

It was then that they let out sighs of relief, glad that they had placed their bets on Boxing King.

At the same time, Sasha was looking at Zeke with wide eyes. "A-Are you really Zeke? Tell me that this isn't real. You're lying, right?"

Zeke replied, "I am Zeke Williams. What's the matter?"

Sasha hastily uttered, "Is it too late for me to change my bet? I'd like to put my one hundred thousand on Mr. Boxing King instead."

"Sorry, can't do," the person by the table. rejected instantly. Zeke was left speechless by her response.

This woman... What does she mean by that?

After the rejection, a desolated expression. emerged on Sasha's face. "My one hundred thousand has gone down the drain. You... You must compensate me for it!"

"Why are you so sure that I'm going to lose?" Zeke questioned.

Sasha replied, "Where did you get such courage to say something like that? Look at your thin arms and legs. You probably have fewer muscles than me! In fact, you might not even win me in a fight."

By then, Zeke's expression was darker than night.

As the famous Great Marshal, he was despised by a woman. It was humiliating.

Zeke could not stand their words any longer.

However, Sasha continued, "I don't care. If you lose, you'll have to fork out a hundred thousand to compensate me!"

Zeke huffed, "Have some guts to admit defeat when you lose. Why do I have to compensate you?"

"It's because you've let me down. Good enough of a reason for you?" Sasha spat.

To her surprise, Zeke agreed to it. "Sure. I can do that. However, what happens if I win?"

Without missing a beat, Sasha replied, "If you win, not only will I give you all the profit I've earned, but I'll even stay with you for one night. How about that?"

"Deal!" came Zeke's swift answer.

Right then, another commotion broke out. The people who stood the furthest away from them were the ones shouting and yelling.

One cried out, "Look! Isn't that Mr. Boxing King?"

"It really is Mr. Boxing King!" "Oh my god, oh my god, I've finally seen Mr. Boxing King's face with my own eyes! I'll bear no regrets even if I die right now!"

The crowd worked themselves into a frenzy at the mention of Boxing King.

Then, they opened up a path for the Boxing King and watched with admiration as the Boxing King walked past them.

Zeke turned toward the source of the noise as well.

He then saw a group of martial artists walking toward the gym.

If my guess is right, the one leading the others should be Boxing King. He commands attention to him, and he's well-built. Moreover, I can sense the energy in him. In other words, he's a warrior who uses energy!

Indeed, among the ordinary people, the Boxing King would be a remarkable fighter.

However, he was but a mere ant in the face of Zeke Williams.

The menacing aura Boxing King had was so overwhelming that the people could barely breathe. They could not help but take steps back and move away from him.

When the Boxing King came near Zeke, their eyes met.

Boxing King then gave Zeke a once-over.

Nothing unique about him. The most average of the average people. An ordinary way of carrying himself. He's also neither too fit nor too weak. In other words, he's a normal guy.

He's the plainest person out here, and him being here or not doesn't change anything.

Boxing King then swiftly walked to Zeke's side.

When he came to a stop, the hearts of the people around them lurched.

What kind of scene will we witness when a king meets another king?

However, the Boxing King only swept his gaze past Zeke's face before asking Thomas, "He's the opponent you've found for me?" Thomas nodded. "Indeed, Mr. Boxing King."

Boxing King then sighed before walking past Zeke and entering the building.

That was a sigh of disappointment, and that was Boxing King's comment for Zeke.

Yet, what Boxing King did not know was that Zeke seemed plain because he had hidden his dominating presence.

If he had not done so, he would have frightened Amelia and everyone at the scene.

Chapter 1916

Furthermore, they would have found out that he was the Great Marshal.

After the Boxing King entered the gym, Thomas slowed down.

The look on his face was a taunting one.

"Boy, are you afraid now? You shouldn't have done this in the first place."

Zeke chuckled. "Do I look like I'm afraid?"

Thomas said with disdain, "Hmph. What a stubborn man! I'll give you a chance now. Get on your knees and admit defeat. Break your legs, and I might just let you live. Otherwise, Mr. Boxing King will surely beat you to a pulp today!"

Zeke responded with a smirk, "I never thought that you'd be this adamant about getting someone on their knees to apologize. You getting on your knees to apologize to me must have traumatized you."

Upon hearing that, Thomas, who was a man with a big ego, scowled.

Zeke had embarrassed him in front of a crowd by revealing that he had knelt to Zeke in the past.

Unsurprisingly, the crowd began whispering to each other once they heard Zeke's words.

At that very moment, Thomas wished that he could crawl into a hole and hide there forever.

Nevertheless, he gritted his teeth and hissed, "Zeke Williams, just you wait! I'll end you for sure today! Ha! All you can do now is to keep talking nonsense. Anything you say now is going to be your last words!"

With that, Thomas stormed into the gym.

Sasha cast a sympathizing gaze at Zeke. "Zeke Williams, you've really crossed Thomas this time. It'll be a surprise if he doesn't kill you today. Don't think that he won't have the guts to kill you because there's nothing he dares not do here. That excludes starting a revolution, of course. Well, since you're going to die, I won't ask for compensation from you anymore. If you call me ma'am right now, maybe I'll help you deal with your dead body. After all, Thomas and I are on good terms. It shouldn't be a problem for me to get him to hand over your body."

Zeke gave her a smile. "After hearing those words from you, I've decided not to hold you accountable for the humiliating words you said to me earlier."

Sasha frowned. "Drop the act. Everyone knows that you're just a sheep in a wolf's clothing. Hurry in. Get it over and done with so you can start a new life quicker."

Zeke did not respond to that.

All of a sudden, Amelia said, "Zee, wait. I want to place a ten bucks bet on you."

She then handed her money to the thin security guard.

The thin security guard, however, gave her a look of disdain. "Forget it, little girl. It's better if you keep the money and use it on something else. Once he dies, you'll have to find a way to survive by yourself. This ten bucks will get you a meal, at the very least."

Still, Amelia insisted, "No, Zee's the strongest person in the world. No one can beat him in a fight. So, I'm going to put these ten bucks on Zee."

Unable to change Amelia's mind, the thin security guard had no choice but to agree to her request.

"Little one, if you win, you're going to be a millionaire. Of course, the chances of you becoming that are close to zero."

The crowd then burst out laughing at that.

Zeke ignored them and brought Amelia into the gym.

The inside of the building was packed and lively.

Someone else had started a bet in the gym as well.

When Zeke glanced at it, he realized it was the same state as the bet outside—everyone had placed their bets on Boxing King.

The smaller bets were in hundreds of thousands, and the larger bets were worth tens of millions.

However, none had placed a bet on Zeke.

Zeke sighed quietly.

If he placed a bet on himself, he was sure that he would win a hefty sum. Unfortunately, he never brought cash with him.

However, a moment later, a thought flashed across his mind.

He fished out his phone and called Emma.

In seconds, Emma's tired voice could be heard through the speakers. "Mr. Williams, are you looking for me?"

"Yes. Emma, can you transfer me a few thousand right now?"

Zeke was planning to borrow some money from Emma to place a bet on himself. Once he won, he would then give all the money to Emma.

After his match, she would be able to earn at least billions. That would be enough to solve the issue that was giving her a headache right now.

Upon hearing Zeke's words, Emma tentatively asked, "Mr. Williams, what are you going to do with the money?"

Chapter 1917

Zeke answered, "To make a bet."

What?

Emma thought that she had misheard him. She even asked him to repeat himself.

After making sure that she had not heard anything wrong, she said with disappointment, "Mr. Williams, please don't gamble. Don't you know that it's very likely that you'll lose? The money I have right now is to save Amelia's life. If you lose, then Amelia..."

Zeke consoled, "Don't worry. I swear I won't lose. I'll be able to earn billions this time, and I'll give you back all the money I earn. I won't take a single penny from you. Furthermore, I've cured Amelia's leg. You don't need to worry about her treatment anymore."

With that said, Zeke ended the call before Emma could say anything else.

Not long after, Emma transferred fifty thousand to Zeke.

He then walked toward the betting table and placed all fifty thousand on himself.

The moment the people around him heard that he was putting a bet on Zeke Williams, they turned to look at him as if he was a weirdo.

The bookmaker laughed. "Mister, are you that determined to lose all your money?"

Zeke shook his head. "No."

"Then why are you throwing fifty thousand into the drain? Why don't you use the money for charity instead of betting on Zeke?"

Zeke questioned, "Are you sure that Zeke will lose?"

The bookmaker nodded vigorously. "Of course."

"What makes you so sure?" Zeke asked.

"All right. I'll tell you something. I've received news from a trusted source that Zeke Williams has fled because he is scared of dying. That's why he's not coming for the match. Do you think it's possible that he'll win if he doesn't come to the match?"

Zeke Williams has fled?

Hearing that, Zeke barked out a laugh. "As far as I know, nothing in this world, not even gods and monsters, can make Zeke Williams flee in fear."

The bookmaker shrugged. "Haha! You think too highly of that Williams boy."

"You can go on and place a bet on Zeke if you don't want to heed my advice."

Right then, a staff member of the gym walked over to greet Zeke politely.

"Mr. Williams, hello. Please come with me backstage for a short rest. The match is about to begin."

Zeke nodded before turning to glare at the bookmaker.

Everyone spun around to stare at Zeke in shock. "Y-You're not Zeke Williams, are you?"

Zeke said, "I'm sorry to disappoint you. I didn't flee from the match."

The bookmaker then scoffed, "So what if you're here? One punch from the Boxing King will still end your life."

Zeke raised his brows. "Why don't we make a bet?"

The bookmaker agreed, "Sure, let's make one. If you lose, you'll prostrate before me and make me your god. If you win, I'll lop off my head and make it your chamber pot."

However, Zeke shook his head. "Sorry. Your head is unqualified to be my chamber pot. If I win, you'll get on your knees and slap yourself a thousand times."

"Deal."

Zeke then followed the staff member to the break room, walking away from the crowd that continued to talk behind his back. In the meantime, Osbert had gone to the Boxing King's luxurious break room.

The moment Osbert stepped into the room, he got down on his knees and waited for his master. He dared not make a sound, nor did he dare move a muscle.

The Boxing King was mumbling prayers under his breath. Only the prayers could suppress his bloodlust.

Once he was done with his prayers, he opened his eyes.

"Rise," he uttered.

"Yes, sir."

Osbert then slowly rose to his feet before shuffling to the side.

"Osbert, have you been coping in this small place as a boxer since you've left me?"

Osbert nodded. "Yes."

"You b*!" Boxing King abruptly bellowed. His thundering voice made Osbert's legs shake, and the latter fell to his knees again.

"Master, please calm down. Please calm down."

"Calm down? I, Boxing King, have been undefeated for so many years across the globe. All of my opponents were either dead or crippled. My name itself makes people shake. Yet, my successor is staying in this tiny gym, content to just be the king of this small spot. You've brought nothing but dishonor to me!"

Chapter 1918

The color drained from Osbert's face, and he hastily slapped himself several times.

"Master, I know I've made a mistake. Please forgive me. After this match, I'll leave this place and travel around the world to make a name for myself."

However, the Boxing King uttered, "Scram! You have no right to be my apprentice. From now on, you and I are strangers. You're no longer my apprentice."

At that, Osbert lowered his head so quickly that he smacked it against the ground and made it bleed.

"Master, please! Please give me another chance! I'll definitely make you proud from now on."

However, the Boxing King said, "You earn opportunities; you don't wait for others to give you opportunities."

Hearing that, Osbert raised his head, and his eyes were filled with hope. He quickly said, "Master, please tell me what I can do. I'll definitely work on it right away."

The Boxing King then said, "I'm sure you know why I've come."

Those words sobered Osbert up immediately.

He then quickly said, "Master, I know you've come for Zeke. Don't worry. Leave that guy to me. You won't need to lift a finger."

It was only then that Boxing King said with a softened tone, "Let me ask you something. Do you know how powerful Zeke Williams is?"

Osbert replied, "I've only seen him once, so I'm not sure how powerful he is. However, judging by the way he carries himself, I doubt he's anyone strong."

The Boxing King nodded. "I think so. He looks very normal to me. He doesn't seem like anyone impressive. However, I'm afraid that something unexpected will happen."

Osbert frowned. "Unexpected? Master, there's no way you'll be wrong about the guy. As far as I know, you've been good at reading people. You're capable of determining how strong or how weak your opponent is with just one glance, and you've never made any mistakes."

The Boxing King then said, "Zeke seems arrogant and fearless. I'm worried that he's been hiding his aura to prevent me from discovering his true capabilities. If that's the case, then he must be far more powerful than I am, because even I can't conceal my aura. The only time I can do that is when I'm in a sacred place."

Osbert inhaled sharply. "So, you mean Zeke could really be more powerful than you? That's impossible, isn't it? There are less than five people who are more powerful than you in this world, and no matter how I look at him, he doesn't seem like a topnotch fighter."

The Boxing King muttered, "It's better to be safe than sorry. Before I go up against him, I'll send a few boxers, including you, to test him out. If he's too powerful, then you'll do your best to find out how powerful he can be. If he's too weak, then deal a fatal blow. That way, I won't waste my time."

Osbert nodded. "I understand. I'll make the arrangements right away."

At last, the match began.

Zeke arranged for Amelia to stay in an enclosed VIP seating area before telling her, "Amelia, wait for me here, okay? I'll show you what a real fighter is."

"Good luck, Zee!" Amelia pumped her fists and cheered for Zeke. "I'm sure you can defeat your opponent, Zee."

"Of course."

With a smile, Zeke then left the room and went toward the ring.

Upon seeing Zeke, the audience looked at him as if they were looking at a dead man. At the same time, they were discussing among themselves how doomed he was.

"He's as thin as a stick. He won't be able to even win against a Grade Five boxer in the gym. I can't believe he's actually challenging Boxing King to a match. What a joke!"

"If he ends up dying in the hands of a Grade Five boxer, it'll be such a hilarious sight."

"Of everywhere to die, he chose to die in a boxing ring. How miserable. I'm starting to think that he's trying to scam the gym."

Zeke ignored all of their mocking words as he continued to rest with closed eyes.

Soon, his opponent got into the ring as well.

It was a Grade Five boxer.

Titan Boxing Gym had categorized the boxers into five grades-Grade One, Grade Two, Grade Three, Grade Four, and Grade Five.

Chapter 1919

A Grade Five boxer would be the weakest boxer, and a Grade One boxer would be the strongest boxer.

Thomas' bodyguard, Gawain, was a Grade Two boxer while Osbert was a Grade One boxer.

The Grade Five boxer then shot Zeke a look of disdain before barking out a laugh. "Haha! You don't even look as buff as I do, but here you are, thinking of challenging Boxing King? What you're doing is an insult to Boxing King! Boxing King is someone I worship, and I will not let you taint him! Today, I'll end your life to remove the speck of dirt in the Boxing King's eyes!"

Zeke heaved a loud sigh, disappointed.

I can't believe the gym has arranged for a Grade Five boxer to go up against me. Are they looking down on me?

However, he soon realized why he was fighting against a Grade Five boxer.

If my guess is right, they're trying to test my true power with these low-grade boxers. Ha! Keep dreaming. There's no way I'm going to let you find out.

The Grade Five boxer then roared, "Die. brat!"

With that said, he slammed his foot onto the ground and shot forward, charging at Zeke like a bull.

He was as quick as a speeding car.

The eyes of the audience went wide as they stared intently at the scene.

They had once seen that specific Grade Five boxer crippling one of his enemies with the same move. They were sure that even if he did not cripple Zeke with that move, he would at least break a few of Zeke's bones.

Zeke remained calm and still the entire time when the boxer came charging at him.

It was only when his opponent was right in

front of him did he finally raise his hand to smack it on the boxer's head. After a loud muffled sound echoed in the gym, the Grade Five boxer was sent flying. He flew straight to the audience's seats, and he passed out after letting out a shriek of agony.

"Holy sh*t!"

"What the hell?"

All people present watched the scene with their mouths agape as if they had just seen a ghost.

Earlier, the Grade Five boxer had been downright determined to end Zeke's life, but Zeke had sent him flying with just one smack. The boxer had just embarrassed himself.

That Grade Five boxer was soon brought away.

The truth was that the Grade Five boxer had not actually passed out. Instead, he couldn't bring himself to face the audience, so he had chosen to avoid the embarrassing situation by pretending to be unconscious.

Meanwhile, Boxing King and Osbert had witnessed the scene.

Boxing King commented, "This guy seems like he's only a little more powerful than a Grade Five boxer. He won't be able to win against a Grade Four boxer. If this is his true power, then he will soon be defeated by a Grade Four boxer."

Osbert sighed in relief. "I knew it. I knew this guy was a nobody. It seems like he's nothing but a lousy Grade Five boxer, huh?"

The Boxing King sighed, but it was not out of relief. "I'm just worried that he's actually hiding his true power."

After that conversation, the two returned. their focus on the ring.

Zeke's new opponent soon appeared in the ring.

This time, he was going up against a Grade Four boxer.

The Grade Four boxer was full of confidence, and his tone, when speaking to Zeke, was full of contempt.

"Ha! I have to admit that you have a little skill or two. So, you're stronger than a Grade Five boxer. However, you're only a little stronger than that. You're still no match for a Grade Four boxer like me. If you admit defeat now and apologize to Mr. Boxing King, perhaps you'll get to leave this place alive."

Zeke shook his head and sighed in exasperation as he looked at the Grade Four
"So Titan Boxing Gym is full of small fry like you? I can't believe they're calling themselves Titan despite their miserable state. What a joke!"

Instantly, anger flashed past the Grade Four boxer's eyes. "What the f*ck did you just say? Are you looking down on me?"

Zeke nodded. "Indeed, I'm looking down on you!"

The Grade Four boxer fumed, "You f*! You'll pay the price for your arrogance! I'm going to f*ck you up today!"

In the next second, the Grade Four boxer leaped and went three meters high in the air.

Chapter 1920

He had launched himself at Zeke like a cannonball.

The audience tensed up in anticipation, and some even stood up from their seats.

The Grade Four boxer was full of muscle, and he weighed at least three hundred pounds. As a matter of fact, he could even be a sumo wrestler with his size.

Not only would Zeke become a pulp if he ended up getting hit, but his innards would even gush out of his orifices.

When the audience looked at Zeke, they realized he had adopted the same stance as he previously did. He remained still in his spot, not planning to defend himself.

Only when the Grade Four boxer came within inches of Zeke did Zeke finally throw a seemingly half-hearted punch.

It was a swift one that was aimed at the Grade Four boxer's crotch.

"Ow!" came the cry of anguish from the Grade Four boxer.

Having been stunned midair by Zeke's punch, the boxer then collapsed to the ground before rolling around as he grabbed his crotch.

Once again, Zeke had defeated his opponent with one mere move.

Gasps sounded out from the seating region.

It looks like we've underestimated Zeke. He actually can fight.

Nevertheless, they were not panicking.

Grade Five and Grade Four boxers were small fry. They were sure that the Boxing King would wreck them all in a blink of an eye.

Even if Zeke could win against the Grade Five and Grade Four boxers, he still would not be a match for Boxing King.

Therefore, they were not going to lose in their bets.

Boxing King, who was sitting far away from the ring, remarked, "So he really is hiding his true strength. He's showing a much more powerful move than the previous move he made. Still, it's only a little stronger than that Grade Four boxer's move. He's definitely still hiding his true power. Osbert, when you go up against him later, do your best to tire him out."

"Huh?" Osbert snapped his head upward to look at the Boxing King in surprise.

What does he mean? If he's asking me to tire him out as much as possible, does that mean he thinks I'm no match for Zeke? Is he feeling threatened? Is that why he wants me to tire him out first? That can't be, right? Master must have come to the wrong conclusion. How can Zeke be that powerful? So what if he defeated a few boxers? That doesn't mean that he's someone powerful.

After that, Grade Three and Grade Two boxers went up the stage.

Like earlier, Zeke defeated them with the same move.

Every time he made his move, he only made sure to make himself seem just a little stronger than his opponent.

By the time the Grade Two boxer was defeated, some were starting to get agitated.

Zeke's performance made them change their impression of him.

At that moment, they were starting to fear that Zeke would actually win against the Boxing King. If that was the case, they were going to lose their bets.

However, those worries mostly dissipated when Osbert stepped into the ring.

Boxing Tyrant was a really capable boxer.

Although he was considered as a Grade One boxer, he was actually much more powerful than a normal Grade One boxer.

To Osbert, Grade Two boxers were nobodies.

He, too, could defeat them with just one strike.

Thus, the audience was unsure who would emerge as the winner in the round.

The moment Osbert went into the ring, everyone fell silent.

Although Osbert's master, Boxing King, seemed impressed by Zeke and had even hinted that Zeke was a threat to him, Osbert still spoke to Zeke with disdain.

"Brat, I'll admit that you're quite skillful, but those skills of yours are useless when you're up against me. I'll be ending you here and now. You have no right to challenge my master, after all."

Zeke lifted a brow. "Oh? Your master? The Boxing King is your master?"

Osbert nodded. "That's right."

"In that case, the two of you should come into the ring together. I don't want to waste that much time on both of you."

His words caused an uproar in the gym.

Outrageous! Zeke is simply too outrageous! He's actually asking for both Boxing Tyrant and Boxing King to fight him together? He's clearly insulting them! He has the heart of a lion!

Unsurprisingly, molten anger rolled through Osbert immediately.

Chapter 1921

"You b*How dare you insult me and my master? Today will be the day you die! I'm going to let you have a taste of my Seven Kicks!"

Osbert then lunged at Zeke.

Seven Kicks!

Those two words made the audience gasp when they heard them.

Seven Kicks was one of Osbert's signature moves, but he rarely used it.

Every time he did, he would surely end the lives of his opponents,

Many had witnessed how Osbert's Seven Kicks had destroyed the concrete pillar in the gym.

If even the pillar could not withstand the power of Seven Kicks, how would Zeke, a human, be able to do that?

Thus, they were sure that he was doomed. Osbert then rushed to Zeke before skipping to the seventh move of his Seven Kicks-he raised his leg to a certain angle before swinging a kick at Zeke.

His leg moved so quickly that it even stirred up a strong gust of wind.

Zeke smirked. Interesting! However, that's all it can be. Regardless of how powerful your Seven Kicks is, it's only "interesting" to me.

Instead of moving backward, Zeke shot out his right leg to slam it against Osbert's leg.

“Haha!”

The crowd went mad with glee.

He's doomed! I can't believe he's trying to fight against Osbert head-on. Osbert's Seven Kicks is stronger than a concrete pillar. Zeke, did you think that you're made of something stronger than concrete?

Many were secretly mocking Zeke in their heads, sure that his leg was going to break.

Thump!Crack! Right after the sound of the collision came the sound of bones breaking.

Of course, the audience thought that Zeke was the one who had his leg broken, so their eyes flitted to Zeke's right leg.

However, there was no visible injury on Zeke's right leg. In fact, he could still stand on his two feet.

What's going on? Could it be that....

A terrifying thought had emerged in the audience's minds.

Their eyes then drifted from Zeke to Osbert.

Osbert was standing on one leg, and his other leg was raised above the ground. Everyone could see how crooked it was.

As a matter of fact, they could even see bone piercing out of his flesh.

Osbert's leg had broken!

The right leg that had been Osbert's pride and joy-the right leg that had been tougher than a concrete pillar-had been broken by Zeke.

Furthermore, Zeke had only made one move.

He's strong! He's incredibly strong! He's been hiding his true strength. Moreover, it's unlikely that he has used his full power when he kicked Osbert earlier.

At that moment, alarm bells were ringing in the audience's heads. They realized that they might be losing their bets.

Still, most believed in the Boxing King's prowess.

After all, the Boxing King could easily defeat Boxing Tyrant with just one punch. Hence, it would not be far-fetched to say that he would win against Zeke.

Osbert was on the verge of losing his mind. He refused to admit that he had been defeated. He hated to admit that his reputation was in ruins after that one kick.

Therefore, he screamed, "I can't accept this! I won't accept this! Rematch! I'm going to kill you this time!"

He then shot his other leg toward Zeke.

Zeke did not even move an inch as he let Osbert kick him.

Thump!Crack!

When the audience squinted, they realized that Osbert's other leg had broken as well. That bone-cracking sound made everyone's heart lurch.

Zeke had not moved an inch while Osbert kicked him, but Osbert was the one with yet another broken leg.

Is Boxing Tyrant too weak, or is Zeke too strong?

The people were starting to get anxious as their eyes flickered in the direction of the backstage.

Their only hope now was Boxing King, Seeker of Defeat.

Thomas had already freaked out long before the audience started panicking.

He rushed into the Boxing King's break room, where the man was calmly resting with closed eyes.

At the sight of his tranquility, Thomas' thumping heart calmed down a little.

I guess Boxing King remains calm because he still doesn't think Zeke is a match for him.

Unbeknownst to Thomas, Boxing King was starting to worry.

Chapter 1922

He was a paranoid man who was anxious even when he was only up against minor threats.

To make sure he did not lose his composure, the Boxing King had to keep reciting prayers.

Once Boxing King was done with his prayers, Thomas hastily asked, "Mr. Boxing King, have you seen Zeke's fight earlier?"

The Boxing King nodded.

Thomas continued, "Mr. Boxing King, I've underestimated Zeke's prowess. I never thought that he would be this powerful. May I know how confident you are to defeat him, Mr. Boxing King?"

Powerful?

Boxing King sneered, "He's only good at certain punching and kicking moves. Those moves are the most primitive combat methods. Him being skillful in those does not mean that he's powerful." Boxing King's words confused Thomas.

"What do you mean? Don't boxers rely on their punches and kicks?"

The Boxing King shook his head. "Of course not. A real fight between powerful fighters is a competition of energy. Zeke is great at punches and kicks, but it doesn't mean that he has trained in fighting with his energy. It seems like I'll have to use my energy today. He's the only one in the entire Eurasia who has managed to make me use my energy."

Unfortunately, Thomas was just a mere businessman, so he did not understand what Boxing King meant.

Nevertheless, he did not need to know that much. All he needed was the Boxing King's promise.

Hence, Thomas said, "Mr. Boxing King, you're up next. Should I assign a few more boxers to buy more time and tire Zeke out more?"

Boxing King scoffed, "Do you think that those useless people in your gym will be able to tire Zeke out? Funny words from you. Have you not seen how Zeke had not expended any energy in defeating all your boxers?"

His words rendered Thomas silent, for he was right.

The Boxing King then stood up. "Let's go. It's time for me to meet Zeke."

Thomas then led the Boxing King to the ring.

The Boxing King then entered the ring as everyone watched anxiously.

Almost immediately, the noisy place went silent.

Everyone was watching Boxing King with admiration in their eyes.

The aura Boxing King exuded was too powerful, and it stunned everyone in the gym.

Moreover, the strong murderous aura that came from him and sent chills down their spines.

There was a reason the Boxing King was called a king.

The audience was eager to find out what kind of scene would unfold when a king met another king.

The Boxing King grinned. "Young man, I have to admit that you're rather mighty. You're the opponent I've been searching for all this
However, Zeke shook his head and said, "Honestly, if it's not for me being too bored recently, you have no right to be in this ring with me."

His words were like a bombshell to the audience.

Did he just say that Mr. Boxing King has no right to be in the same ring as him? He's far too full of himself!

Instantly, someone shouted, "Mr. Boxing King, trash him right away! Don't go easy on someone who dares to insult you! Show him what a real fighter means!"

Like some in the audience, Boxing King was boiling with rage. "Young man, you think too highly of yourself. If you keep this up, you're going to die a horrible death."

Zeke snapped, "Cut the crap. If you don't like the insult, then come at me."

The Boxing King coldly replied, "Very well. You've brought doom upon yourself! Now, die!"

Unlike the other boxers, the Boxing King did not charge forward. Instead, he released a wave of energy from his large body. The moment his energy was released from his body, a gust of wind rushed outward from the ring. Those in the gym closed their eyes instinctively.

In fact, many tables and chairs were sent flying up into the air by that gust of wind.

Boxing King's powerful aura pressed down on the audience, suffocating them.

They could not help but gasp at how mighty Boxing King was, for his aura alone had managed to flip the tables and chairs.

What they did not know was that the Boxing King had released an energy attack.

Energy?

Zeke stiffened. He never thought that an ordinary person would be able to possess that kind of energy.

It's such a waste that someone like him isn't working for the country.

Zeke was currently in the stage of Ultimate Class, but he was capable of unleashing the power of a Celestial Class warrior.

Therefore, the Boxing King's energy was nothing but a breeze to him.

Chapter 1923

Zeke gathered a ball of energy and went all out to strike the Boxing King with it.

His unleashed force was comparable to the massive wave energy of the ocean whereas Boxing King's energy was as weak as the tap water flowing in a regular household.

Zeke's invincible energy melded with Boxing King's, which the former then used as a recoiling force and charged against the latter.

Instantly, the Boxing King was sent flying. He hit the ceiling in no time, had a blackout, and spat out mouthfuls of blood when he landed.

Boom!

The entire gym was blasted, resulting in the crowd turning hysterical.

Some kept rubbing their eyes, wondering if they were hallucinating.

That's the renowned Boxing King, who is being idolized locally and globally. He's an unbeatable legend, a God-like presence in the hearts of many! However, he hasn't even managed to even take one simple move by Zeke. In actual fact, Zeke didn't even lay a finger on him. He barely launched an attack, yet the Boxing King was already swept off his feet. What on earth is going on? Seriously, what just happened? He's able to strike his opponent without having any physical contact. Is Zeke Williams a deity or something?

The Boxing King was the most devastated among all those who were present.

He had never experienced such humiliation in his life.

Zeke turns out to be an energy warrior. Also, he's way beyond my league. His energy level was tens or even hundreds of times denser than mine. How is it possible that there's someone so mighty in this world?

There was only one question baffling Boxing King. He was dying to find out Zeke's true identity.

As Zeke strode toward Boxing King, the latter started trembling in fear. His cowardice got the better of him, and he kept retreating just like a terrified prey trying to escape its predator. At that instant, his disheveled appearance contradicted his heroic image.

He was well aware that it would be a piece of cake for Zeke to finish him off. This was because Zeke's energy was extremely forceful, to the extent that he could not fight back at all.

The only thing he could do was to keep his distance in order to dodge his attacks. By doing that, the Boxing King hoped that he could stall for some time to figure something out.

Zeke approached him. However, he did not seem to have any malice against him.

The Boxing King asked nervously, "May I... May I know who exactly you are? Why... Why do you pay a visit to a rural place like this one?"

Zeke did not answer him directly, but scorned him, "An energy fighter, huh? Oh well, come to me at midnight if you want to stay alive." "Sure!"

The Boxing King bobbed his head strongly.

Zeke asked further, "So, you plan to keep lying on the ground when talking to me?"

Without hesitating, Boxing King knelt in front of Zeke immediately.

In this dog-eat-dog world, he felt that there was nothing to be ashamed about to revere a superior warrior.

However, everyone else was extremely disappointed in him.

When he went down on his knees, his long standing reputation was completely tarnished.

Zeke left the battle ring and walked toward the bookie.

"Can you settle the scores now?"

"Oh, of course!" the bookie answered right away. Then, he started tabulating the bets.

Shortly after, he announced in a quavering voice, "You're the only one who betted on yourself. Hence, all of this cash is yours. According to our policy, the boxing arena would take a cut. Since it's you... an exceptional fighter, we've decided to give up our share. Please accept it as our gift to you. Your total profit sums up to one hundred and thirty million. I'll transfer the funds to you now."

Upon hearing that, the crowd turned green with envy.

Wow, he spent fifty thousand but pocketed one hundred and thirty million! This isn't something which happens often. He has literally hit the jackpot.

Zeke passed Emma's account details to the bookie. Within seconds, the money was credited into Emma's account.

Then, Zeke narrowed his eyes and stared at the bookie. "And...?" He did not have any intention to leave the place yet.

Huh? What else?

Puzzled, the bookie shot him a blank look.

Zeke questioned, "Stop pretending. Do you need a reminder?"

Panicked, the bookie's face fell. Without saying a word, he went down on his knees and started slapping himself.

Chapter 1924

Apparently, the bookie had an agreement with Zeke. If the latter won, he would kneel before him and slap himself a thousand times.

In the end, not only did Zeke win the battle, but he also demonstrated extraordinary skills. Therefore, it was impossible for the bookie to find an excuse to go back on his words.

Zeke entered the VIP audience seat and picked Amelia up. "Let's go and look for Mommy."

Amelia clenched her fists and waved them in excitement the moment she saw Zeke. "You're awesome, Zee! I want to be just like you in the future, fight against injustice, defend the weak, and seize the bad guys."

Zeke grinned and exclaimed, "I'm sure your dream will come true."

Then, the crowd watched as Zeke walked out of the boxing arena.

People outside of the arena were still in a frenzy, chattering, and discussing the battle.

They had no idea about the results yet.

"The gym has quietened down. Looking at the time, I think the match has ended."

"Haha, I can picture how Zeke is being beaten to a pulp by the Boxing King."

"Stop spewing nonsense. Boxing Tyrant alone will crash Zeke to pieces. He doesn't deserve to fight with the Boxing King."

"The match is over. the best." Hurry up and cash out

A pair of security guards, one plump and the other skinny could not be bothered to check the results. They wanted to split the bets they were about to receive as soon as possible.

To them, Zeke would definitely lose. They were as sure as the sun rises in the east.

Displeased, Sasha confronted them, "Hold on, how could you split the bets when you don't even know the results?"

Pfit! Haha!

Sasha's words made them burst out laughing.

Some even started mocking her. "Ms. Silvester, are you out of your mind? Don't tell me you actually think that Zeke would win?"

"Even if Zeke could defeat the Boxing Tyrant, he would still die an ugly death when he meets the Boxing King."

"I'll go on live stream and eat sh*t if Zeke wins!"

"All right, Ms. Silvester, it's time to come to your senses. What you need to do now is to plead and claim Zeke's body. Otherwise, his body might be strewn across the ground.'"

Plastering a stiff smile on her face, Sasha concluded that Zeke would undoubtedly lose the match. She dropped the topic, and let the security guards split the bets among themselves.

Right then, the door to the gym was flung open widely and Zeke appeared.

All heads turned at once. His sudden appearance stirred an uproar.

"What the hell! What's going on? How is it possible that he could still walk?"

"This is absurd! He doesn't seem injured at"Looks like Mr. Boxing King has shown him mercy"

"That's impossible! Mr. Boxing King is known to be brutal and heartless. Any match he gets into will surely result in someone dying, be it himself or his opponent. There's no way Zeke isn't hurt at all."

"Oh, I get it. I bet Zeke raised the white flag before fighting. Hence, he's not wounded."

"True. That's the only logical explanation. Haha, what a coward!"

Sasha rolled her eyes at Zeke. "Hey dude, according to our bet, you need to pay me a hundred thousand. So, what's the plan? Are you going to sell your kidneys or the entire body?"

Frustrated, Zeke queried, "Who told you. that I lost?"

Haha!

The crowd cackle with laughter.

"Were you trying to hint that you've defeated Me. Boxing King?"

"Oh boy, aren't you guilty of telling such a blatant lie? You may be struck by lightning as a punishment."

"My stance goes unchanged. If you had beaten Mr. Boxing King, I'd eat a turd and stream it online."

"Stop babbling and start dividing the bets. I don't have time to waste," the security guards urged.

At that moment, the doors opened again. Boxing King was seen exiting the gym with a staggering gait, assisted by a few staff.

Everyone was stunned when they saw him.

The high and lofty Boxing King now looked like a complete loser, unimpressive and awful.

His tousled hair, split lips, and unkempt appearance which was covered in grime and blood were nothing like his former glorious self.

Additionally, he seemed frail and weak. Though assisted by three people, he still lost his balance and risked collapsing to the ground at any time.

Chapter 1925

The people started connecting the dots as a preposterous thought popped into everyone's mind.

Yet, they were determined to laugh it off. Boxing King is a legend. There's no way Zeke could win the match.

When the Boxing King saw Zeke, a cold chill went down his spine. He hung his head low and avoided him.

He intentionally stayed behind in the gym to kill time. He thought that Zeke had left the premises, but who knew they met again at the entrance.

Boxing King was so traumatized that he wished he would not encounter the man anymore in his lifetime.

Zeke called out to him, "Hang on, Boxing King!"

Upon hearing that, Boxing King stopped in his tracks.

He turned around and bowed at Zeke. "Yes, Mas... Master, anything?"

"You don't deserve to be called 'Boxing King'. So, I'm going to strip you of the title, and I'm sure you have nothing to say about that," Zeke insisted.

Obviously, the Boxing King could only acquiesce in Zeke's decision. Nodding, he muttered, "You're right, Master. I don't deserve the title. Henceforth, you're the one and only Boxing King."

Zeke replied contemptuously, "Oh please, save it. A mere title isn't worthy of me. Now, get out of my sight."

Oh, great!

Boxing King scurried away as if to his death. The sentence had just been revoked.

There was pin-drop silence as everyone gasped in disbelief. They were utterly dumbfounded by what happened.

Everyone at the scene froze in shock when they witnessed how Zeke ordered Boxing King around as if the latter was his lackey. The most unbelievable thing was that Zeke had even removed his title!

Ironically, the Boxing King was not enraged. Conversely, he gave Zeke a ninety-degree bow and voluntarily gave up his title.

This is insane! The world must have gone nuts! Zeke actually beat Boxing King.

As everyone got overly worked up, they forgot about the bet.

Sasha found it hard to accept the reality. She hurriedly walked up to a familiar old man who had just exited the gym. "Mr. Landon, how was it?"

Everyone rushed over, huddled together, and was eager to listen in.

Henry took a deep breath. "You might find this hard to accept, but Zeke crippled Boxing King without a single move. The fight was spectacular, a once-in-a-lifetime experience. I consider myself blessed to have witnessed such an amazing match before passing on."

What? Did he defeat the Boxing King without even making a single move? How did he manage to do that? This is just plain ridiculous!

Then, some people went on to ask the audience the same question, only to receive similar answers.

acknowledge the fact that Zeke beat Boxing King in what was regarded as a one-sided defeat.

As a result, the crowd was terrified and began to distance themselves from Zeke.

Sasha stood rooted to the spot. Narrowing her eyes at Zeke, she stared at him with a dreamy expression.

women. A superb warrior, especially a young one who had surpassed Boxing King, was tremendously attractive in the eyes of most

Zeke gazed at both the plump and skinny security guards. "Would the two of you. please calculate Amelia's bet?"

"Oh, huh? Sure, sure!" The guards did as he said.

Sasha and Amelia were the only two who bet on Zeke.

Hence, it was very easy and quick to tabulate Amelia's lot. She betted ten and won a million.

Zeke teased her, "I guess you're the youngest self-made millionaire in the youngest self-made millionaire in the world, Amelia."

"Zee, is one million a lot of money?" the girl asked carefully as she had no concept of money.

Zeke nodded with a smile. "Yes, it's a huge sum to any Tom, Dick, and Harry. They probably can't even earn that amount in a lifetime."

Amelia was thrilled. "Really? I must pass this money to Mommy so that she doesn't need to work so hard anymore. In turn, she will have more time to spend with me."

Zeke ruffled her long hair. "No worries, your mommy is now a billionaire. She won't need your money anymore."

Zeke fixed his gaze on Sasha. "Based on our bet, aren't you releasing all the money to me since I won?"

Chapter 1926

Sasha bobbed her head vigorously. "Yes, yes, I'm a woman of my words. All of the bets are now yours. Take it."

The security guards hurried over and summed up Sasha's bet. It was slightly over seventy-eight million.

Proudly, Zeke did not hesitate to take it all without leaving a single dime for Sasha.

Thereafter, he left the gym, leaving behind Sasha who was fantasizing over his back profile.

Suddenly, a man's voice broke the silence at the gym. "Ms. Silvester, I remember there's more to it than just giving him all the money. You had promised to sleep with him for a night!"

"Darn you! The bet also includes me kicking your a**," Sasha cursed while walking away.

After getting into her car, she realized that she was blushing. Cupping her burning cheeks, she giggled coquettishly.

"Zeke Williams... I'll make you mine tonight, no matter what it takes. Beauty and the hero, what a match made in heaven!"

It went unsaid that Zeke, on the other hand, had forgotten about the additional bet.

Right then, the one thing that occupied his mind was to dash toward Thomas' villa to save Emma.

When the Boxing King appeared in the ring, Thomas had already left the gym for his villa.

Hence, he had no idea about the results of the match. In fact, he rooted for the Boxing King, and he was so sure that the 'king' would win.

Once Zeke collapses, Emma will be my new toy.

No matter how fast Thomas was speeding, he still felt that the vehicle was moving at a snail's pace. How he wished he could have flown to his villa.

After what seemed like an eternity, he was finally reaching his sweet home.

At the thought of a pleasurable night, his heart palpitated to a point whereby he almost lost his breath.

Emma, Madeline, and Desmond were already there waiting for him for hours.

When they did not see the arrival of Thomas and Divine Doctor, Emma grew increasingly impatient and annoyed.

She asked cautiously, "Why aren't Mr. Fleming and Divine Doctor here yet? We've been waiting for an hour plus."

Madeline queried Desmond too, "Precisely, Desmond. They should have reached way earlier."

Desmond simply responded, "Do you think that Mr. Fleming and Divine Doctor are as free as us? They are extremely busy people with a lot on their plates to deal with daily. Moreover, we're the ones who are asking for a favor. What's wrong if we have to wait a little longer?" Alright, then.

Upon being reprimanded, Emma and Madeline both kept their mouths shut.

Shortly after, Desmond's phone rang.

He took a peek at the caller's ID and noticed that it was from Desmond. Sneakily, he pretended to head to the bathroom and answer the call.

"Have you guys arrived, Desmond?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Fleming. I followed your instructions to the dot and brought both Emma and Madeline here."

Thomas praised him, "Excellent job! Now, I have another task for you. Get rid of Madeline and keep her away till the next morning at the very least."

Desmond knew what Thomas was scheming.

Carefully, he asked, "Um... Mr. Fleming, this isn't quite appropriate..."

Thomas started showing his temper. "What's inappropriate about that? Do as I say or I'll make sure you have no means to make a living here."

Desmond had no choice but to comply with a sigh.

Upon hanging up the call, he adjusted his emotions and went to Madeline. "Madeline, please come with me to the car. I've got a gift for the Divine Doctor, and I need your help to carry it."

"Oh, okay," Madeline answered.

Emma rose to her feet too. "I'll follow you guys."

Desmond declined with a gesture, "No need. Just the two of us are fine."

"Both you and my mom are getting old and can't get around easily. I'm still young. Just leave any physical work to me," Emma tried to justify herself.

Chapter 1927

Desmond blocked her. "Mr. Fleming and the Divine Doctor will be here in no time. You should stay and perhaps get ready a pot of tea. Be thoughtful and make sure to serve all of their needs this time. If the Divine Doctor is upset, there goes our only hope to heal Amelia's leg."

Left without an option, Emma agreed.

Desmond led Madeline out of the villa and to his car.

He opened the trunk and ordered, "His gifts are placed in the trunk. Please go and get them."

Madeline adhered to the instruction and dived into the trunk to get the items.

It was at that moment when Desmond whipped out a wrench out of the blue and smashed it into the back of her head.

Madeline yelped in pain and fainted.

Immediately, Desmond chucked her inside the trunk.

That was the scene that had greeted Thomas, who coincidentally arrived home at the same time.

Feeling chills running down his spine, Thomas blanched in horror.

Desmond is so vicious. Not only did he betray his own niece, but he also harmed Madeline. It's best I stay away from him in the future.

Without saying hello, Thomas strode toward his villa after parking the car.

Emma was so nervous when he saw Thomas walking into the house.

In a quavering voice, she addressed him, "You're back, Mr. Fleming."

Hmm...

Narrowing his eyes, Thomas gave Emma a once-over and gulped.

Emma was curious. "Mr. Fleming, why isn't the Divine Doctor with you? Didn't he tag along?"

"Oh, something came up, so he's delayed by half an hour or so. Let's be patient and wait for a while," Thomas blurted an excuse.

Emma was rather dubious about the whole situation.

Subsequently, Thomas locked the door after closing it.

Click. Emma's heartbeat raced rapidly. She could sense that something was off.

Thomas then broke the silence. "These are my treasured valerian leaves. Emma, did you brew this pot of tea?"

She nodded. "Yes, Mr. Fleming."

"Brilliant! Please pour me a cup. I'm super thirsty," he requested.

Okay.

Without thinking twice, Emma went forward to serve him a cup.

For a moment, the entire room fell into an awkward silence; only the sounds of Thomas sipping the tea could be heard.

On and off, he would move his gaze between Emma's breasts and thighs. Seeing this, she became even warier of him.

She looked out of the window and saw Desmond's car. However, there was no sight of Desmond and her mother.

Having ants in her pants, she decided to find out for herself but was unfortunately stopped by Thomas.

He raised his voice slightly and requested, "Emma, pour me another cup of tea."

Sure.

She summoned up her courage and approached him.

While she was serving him tea, Thomas threw himself forward and grabbed her by the hand.

No way! As expected, something is fishy! She struggled to break free. "Please mind your manners, Mr. Fleming."

"Hmph! I've treasured the valerian leaves for years and was reluctant to brew them. It cost me tens of thousands per ounce. See what you've done, you brewed them all! I don't care, you'd better pay up! I know that you don't have any money, so you can repay me with your body."

Thomas let out a sinister smile.

Panic-stricken, Emma struggled even harder. "Mr. Fleming, I'll return the money to you. Please let me go or I'll call for help."

Thomas refuted, "Call for help? There are only my people in this area. You'd be lucky to find one soul to come over."

Emma's face turned ashen instantly. "So, is this all a trap? It's not true that the Divine Doctor wanted to cure my daughter's illness, is it? You used that to lure me here."

"That's not entirely the case," Thomas hinted. "If you serve me well tonight, I might actually contact the Divine Doctor tomorrow."

"You despicable rat!" Emma said through gritted teeth while channeling all her might to escape his vice-like grip.

Chapter 1928

Thomas gave Emma a hard slap to the face, and the woman involuntarily fell to the ground.

A drop of blood hung by the corner of Emma's mouth when Thomas approached her with a devious smile.

"You'd better do what I say if you want to save your daughter. Otherwise, things would end terribly for you and her. That I promise you."

"Stop this while you still can. If Zeke finds out, you're as good as dead," reminded Emma through gritted teeth.

As if he was told a joke, Thomas suddenly burst out laughing.

"Zeke? If I'm not mistaken, he's probably dead by now. Thanks to the Boxing King. You think you can threaten me with a dead man?"

Upon hearing that, Emma shivered instinctively. "Killed by the Boxing King? He showed up for the boxing match?"

"Of course. That idiot insisted on fighting Mr. Boxing King. He thinks he has a chance against the champ. What a joke!"

"What about my daughter? Where is she? He was supposed to look after her."

"Oh, Zeke didn't forget about that cripple; he brought her to the match. However, now that he's dead, I assume she's all alone. With nobody to care for her, she's probably going to freeze to death by herself in the gym."

Immediately, Emma's eyes widened in horror as she stared into space. I have to save my daughter! She needs me!

Emma tried to make a break for it but was quickly pinned down by Thomas.

"Let's not waste any more time. I need this right now!"

Even though Emma struggled with every ounce of her being, she failed to break free.

Just when it seemed hopeless, the window was suddenly smashed to pieces.

Shocked by the loud crashing sound, both Thomas and Emma immediately shifted their attention to the window.

Before they could figure out what just happened, a tiny silver needle went through Thomas with great force and sent the man tumbling backward.

Thomas let out a wail and instantly filled the room with his cry of agony.

The man's attacker had intended to cause him great pain when they launched the needle.

Although Emma had no idea what happened to Thomas, she knew that was her chance to escape.

"You think you can get away? You're wrong!" shouted Thomas when he noticed Emma trying to get on her feet.

The man threw himself forward to grab Emma by the ankle, causing her to lose her footing and end up on the ground once again.

"Help! Help me!" cried Emma frantically before a mysterious figure entered the room through the broken window.

With a kick, the figure sent Thomas flying again.

Who the heck does this guy think he is! After being assaulted twice, Thomas got so furious that he forgot all about the pain.

He looked toward the figure as soon as he hit the ground, only to be stupefied when he realized that his attacker was Zeke. What the heck? How is this possible? I thought the Boxing King took care of Zeke. How is he still alive and well? He didn't beat the Boxing King, did he? No, that's not possible!

"Emma, are you okay?" asked Zeke concernedly while helping the woman to her feet.

Emma could not be happier to see Zeke. "Thank goodness! You're all right! I knew Thomas lied to me. You never went to the boxing match, did you?"

"Why the heck would I lie to you? He did turn up for the match," insisted Thomas before turning to Zeke. "How? How are you still alive?"

Chapter 1929

"Because I beat the Boxing King," answered Zeke.

Thomas scoffed condescendingly, "You're lying. Mr. Boxing King is unbeatable. There's no way you could've bested him."

Emma looked at Zeke in shock. "Wait. You really did show up for the match?"

"Of course."

"Then how are you still alive? And what about Amelia? Where is she?"

"Don't worry, Emma. Amelia's in the car right now. She's fine."

After hearing that, Emma finally let out a sigh of relief.

"I know what happened, Zeke. You surrendered, didn't you? That's the only possible explanation! If I were you, I'd make myself scarce now. Otherwise, I'll have Mr. Boxing started brewing in the pit of his stomach.

A doctor had to be at least at the national level to treat Amelia's legs. And in the whole of Eurasia, there were only three that had that kind of rank.

Zeke was one of them.

He also knew that none of the doctors in Linton Group were that good.

If the doctor knew he could not heal Amelia's leg, why would he agree to do it? Besides, none of her family members had accompanied her.

Worried, Zeke interrogated, "Emma, why aren't any of you going to the session with Amelia?"

Emma replied, "The doctor told us that our presence would only distract him. If he makes any mistake, he could endanger Amelia's life, So..." "kill you where you stand!" threatened Thomas.

"Is that so? Go ahead. Get him over here now," taunted Zeke.

Seeing how confident the man was, Thomas hesitated. Zeke looks unusually calm. It's as if he doesn't fear the Boxing King at all. Could it be true? Did he really beat Mr. Boxing King? No way! I don't believe it for a second! How can nobody like Zeke beat the world champion? He must be bluffing. That confidence is just a front.

Thomas took out his phone to continue with his threat. "You're digging your own grave, Zeke. This is your doing."

When the man proceeded to make the phone call, Emma looked nervously at Zeke. "Mr. Williams, should we make a run for it?"

After listening to Thomas, Emma was convinced that Zeke had surrendered. That's the only reason that can explain how he got out of the gym without a scratch on him. For both our sake, it's best to get out of here immediately.

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing," assured Zeke.

"Mr. Boxing King, it's me, Thomas," stated the man when the Boxing King answered his call.

The champ instantly boiled with rage when he heard Thomas' voice. It's all this b*stard's fault that I got humiliated by Zeke. He's the reason I was ruined.

At that moment, the Boxing King wanted. nothing more than to strangle Thomas with his bare hands. "You b*stard! Do you have any idea what you've done to me?"

Thomas jumped when he heard the Boxing King's roar, for he knew that he was in trouble.

However, he did not know how he had angered the man. Could Mr. Boxing King be upset because the opponent I set up for him was too weak? He must be disappointed since Zeke surrendered. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Boxing King. I know it's my fault. I didn't realize how weak Zeke was. He surrendered before the fight even started, didn't he? Don't worry. I promise I'll make it up to you; I'll find you someone much stronger."

The Boxing King was completely baffled when he heard Thomas. Zeke was too weak? He surrendered? If Zeke was weak, then what the heck am I? This b*stard even said that he was going to find me a stronger opponent. Is he trying to get me killed? On second thought, is there even anyone in this world who is stronger than Zeke?

"Are you mocking me, Thomas? I will tear you apart, you piece of crap! Who do you think you're talking to?" The Boxing King sounded as though he was about to explode.

Confused, Thomas wondered what he had said to deserve such fury. Nothing the Boxing King yelled made any sense to him.

"Get over here now. There's something I need you to do," Zeke ordered the Boxing King after snatching Thomas' phone.

Then, Zeke ended the call before the Boxing King could even respond.

"You're a dead man now, Zeke. Even I don't dare to speak to Mr. Boxing King like that, so what makes you think you can get away with it? He spared you once in the ring, but I don't think he's going to make the same mistake again," stated Thomas excitedly.

Chapter 1930

Emma could feel shivers running down her spine. Not only is the Boxing King ruthless, but he is also invincible! There's no way he'll let Zeke live after the man disrespected him like that.

"Hurry! Let's get out of here before the Boxing King arrives. We have to go while we still can." Emma grabbed Zeke's hand tightly and urged him to follow her.

"It's okay. I've bested him before, and I can do it again. Heck, I even took his title."

"Wow, you really don't know when to stop, do you? You seriously think someone like you is worthy of the title? Don't make me laugh. I'm giving you one last chance, Zeke. Walk away now and let me have my way with Emma, and I might just let you live." Thomas thought Zeke was bluffing again.

Slap!

Just as Thomas did to Emma, Zeke slapped the man without a second thought. "You talk too much."

After getting assaulted once again, Thomas felt as though he was about to lose his mind. "Damn you! How dare you..."

Zeke drove his foot into Thomas before the man could finish his sentence.

The kick to the stomach hurt so much that Thomas could barely breathe, much less utter another word.

After that, he was more than convinced that he should keep his mouth shut.

Emma tried her best to persuade Zeke to leave, but the man asked her to sit on the couch instead while they waited for the Boxing King's arrival.

As much as she wanted to, Emma could not figure out what Zeke was trying to do. What is he trying to prove? That he can take a punch?

The wait was agonizing to Emma and she felt as if she had been waiting there for a long time.

About ten minutes later, a beam of light shone through the window as the rumbling sound of a chopper broke the silence of the night.

Immediately, Thomas knew that the Boxing King had arrived, for he could recognize the unique sound of the vehicle.

As if he was the victim there, Thomas quickly ran toward the window and started waving his arms. "Mr. Boxing King, you have to help me! Teach this man a lesson for me."

Before long, the tall and well-built Boxing King made his way into the room.

Emma could not help but tremble when she saw the champ in person. He looked like the kind of man who could kill with just a look.

As soon as the Boxing King stepped in, Thomas rushed over to the man and started begging for help.

There was a hint of fear in the Boxing King's eyes when he slowly walked toward Zeke.

Naturally, Emma thought the Boxing King wanted to beat up Zeke, so she hurriedly put herself between the two and stretched out her arms to protect Zeke. "Boxing King... Mr. Boxing King, there's been a misunderstanding; we're the victims here. Thomas tried to violate me. Please! You have to understand."

Like Emma, Thomas, too, thought the Boxing King intended to teach Zeke a lesson.

That was why he crossed his arms and got ready to watch his savior put on a good show.

However, what happened next made both Emma and Thomas drop their jaws.

The well-respected Boxing King unexpectedly bowed to Zeke. "What are your orders, Mr. Williams? I'm at your disposal."

Emma's and Thomas' eyes widened so much that their eyeballs almost dropped out.

Did the Boxing King just address Zeke as Mr. Williams? He even bowed to the man and said he was ready to be commanded! What the heck is happening? Why would the champ bow at a nobody?

Thomas decided that he had to speak up. "You bested him, Mr. Boxing King, so why are you bowing down to him?"

Even then, Thomas still refused to believe that Zeke had beat the Boxing King.

Chapter 1931

The Boxing King instantly popped a vein when he heard Thomas' whining. If it hadn't been for Thomas, I'd still be the champion. Instead, I was stripped of my title and humiliated in public.

"Shut up!" roared the Boxing King before kicking Thomas away. "You've got me humiliated, and now you want to disrespect Mr. Williams? If I hear another word from you, I'll beat you to a pulp!"

Compared to his physical injury, the hurt in Thomas' heart was much more severe. He was devastated to see the Boxing King side with Zeke instead of himself. It seems that Zeke really has bested Mr. Boxing King.

"This b*stard offended me just now, so you know what to do to him, don't you?" Zeke questioned the Boxing King.

"I do. I'll take care of him."

"Good. I still need him alive, though. He might be of some use to me in the future." Since Zeke still had to find out about the connection between Thomas and the Netherworld, he could not let him die.

"Understood."

Zeke then patted Emma on the shoulder. "Let's go, Emma."

After returning to her senses, the woman hurriedly got on her feet and followed closely behind Zeke.

"Don't leave me, Emma. Please! You have to save me. Just this once!" pleaded Thomas. "Only I can contact the divine doctor at Linton Group. I can save your daughter. Zeke may be strong, but he's not as wellconnected as I am. He can't help your daughter."

Involuntarily, Emma's legs stopped moving as she hesitated. As much as I hate to admit it, Thomas' got a point.

"Don't listen to him, Emma. If he wanted to save Amelia, he would've done so already. Besides, I've already cured her illness, so you don't have to worry about it," informed Zeke.

Smiling wryly, Emma believed the first half of what Zeke said. Thomas never wanted to help Amelia; he only wanted me. That man has tricked me over and over again, so I can't trust him any longer.

As for the other half, Emma thought it was pure nonsense. Not even the most skilled physician could do anything about Amelia's condition, so what can a fighter like Zeke do? He's probably just trying to make me feel better.

"Mr. Williams, you have to tell me the truth. What exactly did you do the Boxing King?" questioned Emma curiously.

"Seriously? You still don't believe that I beat him?"

"Well, everybody knows that he's the best. fighter in the world, so how can you expect me to just take your word for it?" Emma sighed. "There's something about you that you're not telling me, isn't it?"

Rubbing his forehead. Zeke had no idea. how else to convince Emma.

The Boxing King was considered a strong fighter among ordinary people.

Even among martial artists, he could still hold his own.

However, compared to those in the King Class, the Ultimate Class, and the Celestial Class, the Boxing King was nothing but an insect.

Zeke could crush the man whenever he felt like it, but seeing how Emma would never understand, he decided to save his breath.

When they reached the car, Emma was relieved to see that Amelia was unharmed.

"You're okay, Amelia! You have no idea how worried I was!" exclaimed Emma while holding her daughter tightly.

"I'm fine, Mommy. Don't cry." Amelia reached out to wipe her mother's tears away. "I went to a boxing match today, Mommy."

"Tell me, Amelia. Who won? Zeke or the Boxing King?" Emma was eager to find out the truth.

"You should've seen Zee, Mommy! He was amazing! None of them was a match for him at all, especially his last opponent, the Boxing King. That guy got knocked out before Zee even laid a finger on him."

Chapter 1932

Knowing that Amelia never lied, Emma finally believed that Zeke bested the Boxing King.

She also realized that there was a lot that she did not know about Zeke.

When Emma was still staring blankly at the man, her phone suddenly rang.

A smile appeared on her face when she saw the name displayed.

It was her best friend, Sasha.

Back then, the two were practically inseparable, doing almost everything together.

However, since Emma had to go overseas to look for her father, the two eventually parted ways though they frequently called each other to keep in touch.

Emma was sure that Sasha had called her because her friend had heard that she was back in town.

That friend of Emma was the same person who had betted on Zeke before the fight.

"Emma, a little bird told me that you're back. Is that true?" questioned Sasha the moment Emma answered the call.

"Yes, Sha. I'm back!" answered Emma, just as excited as her friend.

"What sort of friend are you, Emma? Why didn't you call me the first thing you got back? I could've held a welcoming party for you!"

"I swear I just got back. Something happened in between, so I couldn't notify you immediately."

"Fine. I'll forgive you if you come over to my place right now. I have so much to tell you!"

"But... don't you think it's a little too late for that now?" Emma was somewhat reluctant.

"Too late? Are you kidding? The night is still young! Emma, I met my Prince Charming! You have to let me tell you all about him." Upon hearing that, Emma chuckled. "Fine. I'll be right over."

Emma then turned to Zeke after hanging up. "Mr. Williams, could you send me to Westlake Road 43? I'll be spending the night with my friend."

Naturally, Zeke had no problem with Emma's request.

It did not take them long to reach the destination, and after bidding the man farewell, Emma got out of the car with Amelia.

Instead of driving away in a hurry, Zeke watched as Emma knocked on her friend's door.

He thought he should keep an eye on Emma for a while longer just to make sure she was safe.

When somebody finally opened the door, Zeke was shocked to see the person behind it. Isn't that Sasha, the woman who betted on me? Fate sure does work in mysterious ways. Never have I expected her to be a friend of Emma's.

Even though Zeke did not know Sasha very well, he could tell that she was a straightforward and kind-hearted woman from what little time they had.

Zeke did not think that Emma would be in any kind of danger around someone like

Sasha, but still, he had to make sure.

That was why he immediately called Sole Wolf.

Even then, Sole Wolf, Killer Wolf, Tyler, Alfred, and Nameless remained stationed in Corleon, dealing with some important matters.

The call quickly went through, and Zeke could hear how much Sole Wolf had missed him.

"You have no idea how long I've waited to hear from you! What happened? I thought you had forgotten all about us."

"How's everything in Corleon?" inquired Zeke.

"You have nothing to worry about; we took care of it. Everything is now back to normal."

"That's good to hear. It's time to meet up. There's something I need you to do for me."

"Sure. We'll see you soon."

"And try to be quiet about it. Let's not disturb the residents here."

Zeke then sent his exact location to Sole Wolf, who took less than half an hour to show up with the rest of the group.

Even the weakest one in the group was a King Class warrior, which meant they could reach almost anywhere with their supersonic speed.

Chapter 1933

Since Sole Wolf was already in the Ultimate Class, even after sprinting for a long distance, he showed no signs of fatigue. "So, what is it?"

"I need you to keep an eye on two people for me."

After that, Sole Wolf and the gang split into two groups. One spied on Sasha while the other spied on Thomas.

Since Emma and Amelia were staying at Sasha's, Zeke had to make sure that it was safe for them to do so.

As for Thomas, since the man was in cahoots with the Netherworld. Zeke hoped to uncover the mysterious group by keeping a close eye on their associate.

Meanwhile, in Sasha's bedroom, the two close friends had a blast chatting the night away. It had been a while since Emma last felt that unwound.

Even Amelia enjoyed herself with Sasha. who had always treated the young girl as her own daughter.

Sasha held Amelia in her arms and fed the girl with all kinds of candy.

Before long. Sasha found Amelia sound. asleep in her warm embrace, so she carefully carried the girl into the guest room.

"Emma, did you find a way to treat Amelia yet?" inquired Sasha softly after returning to her room.

Emma sighed. "I spoke to a few specialists, and they said that there's little hope."

"At least that means it's not impossible. As long as there's even a glimmer of hope, we'll do our best. Emma, if you need anything, you can always tell me. I'll do whatever I can for you."

"Have you heard of Linton Group? They have business in the pharmaceutical industry. If I can get their divine doctor to treat Amelia, she'll be cured. Sadly, I don't have a way to contact these miracle workers."

Suddenly, Sasha slapped her friend on the arm. "Hey, you should've told me this sooner! I could've introduced you to them."

"Wait. You know them personally?"

"No, but my company has just collaborated with Linton Group. Seeing how we're business partners. I'm sure they will be more than willing to connect me to the divine doctor.

"That's great! I owe you big time, Sha! You have no idea how much I've sacrificed just trying to reach them."

"Serves you right! You should've come to me for help in the first place. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to give my business partner a call and have them set up a meeting."

However, before Sasha could make the call, Emma quickly stopped her friend. "It's the middle of the night now, Sha. They're probably already asleep. If you call now and somehow upset them, they might just refuse to help, so let's just wait until tomorrow. We can discuss it properly over lunch."

"Good point. Tomorrow it is, then," agreed Sasha after giving it some thought.

"You mentioned something about meeting your Prince Charming just now. So are you going to tell me who he is? If he managed to catch your eye, then he must be quite the man."

Flattered, Sasha giggled like a teenager. "Of course! Heck, not even Prince Charming himself can compare to him! He's the toughest man in the world. Just being around him is enough to make me feel safe and secure. He's perfect!"

"You haven't changed a bit, have you? Still going for the strong fighter type. Has it ever occurred to you that if you two had a fight, you wouldn't stand a chance?"

"You mean if he likes it rough? Oh, I'd love to see that! I think it's both sexy and romantic."

"You're a hopeless masochist. You should see a shrink."

Sasha waved her hand to change the subject. "Enough about me. Tell me about your Prince Charming. Did you find one?"

Chapter 1934

Emma's cheeks immediately turned bright red when she heard the question, for the first person that came to her mind was Zeke.

Since she would rather not talk about it, Emma tried to brush it off. "I've been so busy with Amelia that I hardly have any time to see anyone."

"Come on, Emma. You don't think I noticed your bright red cheeks? They're telling me that something is definitely up. You met one, didn't you?"

Seeing how it was pointless to hide the truth any longer, Emma nodded shyly, so Sasha decided to get to the bottom of it.

"I want all the details. How old is he? Where's he from? What's his occupation? How many siblings does he have? Have you met his parents yet?" Sasha relentlessly bombarded her friend with a chain of questions, but Emma did not have the answer to any of them.

"I don't know."

"You don't know? But this is basic information! Where's the trust? He must be a pathological liar. I'm sure of it! He's only trying to get into your pants. Once he's got what he wanted, he'll cut

ties with you. That has to be the reason why you don't know anything about him. He doesn't want you to because it's going to make disappearing harder for him."

"No, he's not a pathological liar, Sha. He's helped me a lot recently."

Sasha rolled her eyes at her friend. "That's it? You're moved because you owe him a favor? Let me ask you this. Has he ever given you money?"

"No. But he did borrow fifty thousand from me today."

Immediately, Sasha jumped to her feet in shock. "Why in the world would you do that, Emma? Not only did he not give you any money, but he also borrowed some from you? That's what a swindler would do! You can't be this naive, can you, Emma? Damn it! That man had better hope that he never meets me, or I'm going to teach him a lesson!"

"It's not like that, Sha. Mr. Williams is not a swindler."

"I can't believe you're defending the man who tricked you. Here's what we're going to do. You're going to take me to him tomorrow, and I'll show you who he really is. How dare he take advantage of my best friend!"

Emma knew better than to try to change Sasha's mind after seeing how worked up her friend was, so she decided to save her breath.

Unbeknownst to Sasha, the man she had planned to deal with was actually her so called Prince Charming.

The following morning, Madeline realized that her head was still hurting after waking up. It took her a while to recall what had happened the previous night.

She had gone outside with Desmond to get the present, but as soon as she reached the car, somebody had hit the back of her head and knocked her out.

Looking around, Madeline found herself inside Desmond's car and the man in the driver's seat.

Naturally, Madeline started to feel afraid because she thought Desmond was the one who had attacked her.

"You're awake, Madeline," greeted Desmond before the woman could say anything.

"What happened last night? Was it you who knocked me out?" questioned Madeline cautiously.

"Ouch! That's hurtful. You don't really think it's me, do you? Why would I do something like that?"

"I'm sorry. That's not what I mean. I'm just trying to find out what happened last night. Did the divine doctor come? Did he say he's going to help Amelia?"

Chapter 1935

"He did come, but Zeke scared him away." Desmond sighed.

"What? Zeke came too? Why?"

"It's pretty obvious, isn't it? He wants to be with Emma but not her daughter. That's why he didn't want the divine doctor to help Amelia. After knocking you out, he stormed into the room and beat up Mr. Fleming and me. He even broke my arm."

When she saw Desmond's bandaged left arm, Madeline believed the man. "That b*stard! If I ever see him again, he'll feel my wrath!"

Seeing how upset Madeline was, Desmond smirked secretly.

He knew Zeke had beat up Thomas the night before, so he decided to blame everything on Zeke.

In order to convince Madeline, Desmond had even wrapped up his left arm and pretended to be injured, which proved to be effective.

Madeline was still cursing Zeke when her phone rang.

After seeing Emma's name on display, she hurriedly answered the call. "Where are you. Emma? Are you okay?"

Madeline was worried that Zeke had kidnapped her daughter.

"I'm fine. Mom. I'm at Sha's right now."

Upon hearing that, Madeline let out a sigh of relief. "Good. I'm glad to hear that you and Amelia are okay. Now you know Zeke for who he really is, don't you?"

Emma did not understand what her mother meant by that because Zeke had helped her a great deal.

Instead of responding to the rhetorical question, Emma decided to mention the reason she called Madeline. "I have good news, Mom! There's hope for Amelia's legs! Sha happens to be Linton Group's business partner. She has set up a meeting with their divine doctor for us."

*A "Really? Thank heavens for Sha! If everything really does work out in the end, we're going to owe her big time! So when's the meeting? Let me come along."

"We're getting ready for it now. Where are you, Mom? We can go pick you up."

Immediately. Madeline turned to order the driver. "Stop the car now, Desmond. Emma has found someone who can help Amelia, and she's coming to pick me up."

Desmond knitted his brows. He could not believe that Emma had managed to contact the divine doctor herself. It seems like I've underestimated them.

Desmond had no choice but to stop the car since Madeline had repeatedly urged him to do so.

Still, he was not happy about how things had transpired. If Emma managed to get a divine doctor to treat Amelia's legs, Thomas would lose his leverage. And if Thomas can't get his hands on Emma, how am I supposed to please him? No, I cannot allow this to happen.

At that moment, Desmond knew he had to call Thomas, who had been admitted to a hospital after enduring the Boxing King's brutal beating.

For the first time in Thomas' life, he was injured so severely that he almost died.

However, all the pain he suffered quickly became his hatred for Zeke.

He wanted nothing more than to smash the man into smithereens then.

"I have bad news, Mr. Fleming!" exclaimed Desmond the moment Thomas picked up.

"What is it?" questioned Thomas, frowning.

Chapter 1936

"Emma managed to contact the divine doctor at Linton Group to get Amelia treated. If they agree to help her, then all we did will be for naught!" informed Desmond.

"What? She reached them? How is that possible?"

"I think it's because of Sasha. You know her, right? She used to work with your family."

"That explains it. Still, it's not going to happen. I won't allow it. This time, I'm going to do more than just stop her from getting treated; I'm going to end her."

Desmond could feel a shiver down his spine when he heard the man. "Did you... Did you say you're going to end Amelia's life, Mr. Fleming?"

"Do you have a problem with that? I'm warning you. This is between Emma and me, so you better stay out of it!"

Too afraid to go against Thomas' wishes, Desmond had no choice but to go along. "If anybody else finds out what I just told you today, I promise you that you'll find yourself six feet under. You have my word."

"I understand, Mr. Fleming. You can rest assured that no one will ever hear about it."

"Good," uttered Thomas coldly before hanging up.

On the other side, Emma, Sasha, Madeline, and Amelia were waiting at the Imperium Hotel to meet the divine doctor.

Before the physician arrived, Sasha briefly introduced him to the others.

"The divine doctor that you'll be meeting is Bryan Hilton. Having served the elites of Glasbury and being well-respected for it, he's proven himself time and time again to be exceptionally skilled. Linton Group has spent a fortune persuading him to join them. I also had to pull quite a number of strings to get him to help Amelia. He's known to have a temper, so try not to offend him. Otherwise, this will all be for nothing."

In response to that, Emma nodded fervently. "Don't worry. I understand. Like most geniuses, he probably acts and thinks differently from ordinary people. And I'm sure he's just as brilliant as you say. I'll try to be as humble and accepting as I can. As long as he agrees to help Amelia, I'm willing to do anything."

However, Amelia seemed reluctant to meet the divine doctor. "Mommy, Zee has already fixed my legs. I'll be able to walk again very soon, so you don't have to meet this guy.

"Is he all you can ever talk about? My goodness! Did that man brainwash you or something? What a phony!" complained Sasha.

Standing next to Amelia, Madeline got just as upset when her granddaughter mentioned Zeke. "Amelia, I want you to promise me that you'll stop bringing that man up, especially in front of the divine doctor. You hear me? Only the divine doctor can help you now."

"Why don't you believe me? I'm telling the truth. My legs really are healed," insisted Amelia.

Even Emma started to get a little impatient by then. "Mr. Williams is just trying to make you feel better, Amelia. He can't heal you. The only one who can help you is the divine doctor, so try to be on your best behavior, okay?"

Amelia had no choice but to listen to her mother in the end.

Sasha continued to berate Zeke, and Madeline was more than willing to chime in.

Even though Emma did not appreciate what the two had to say about Zeke, she was too concerned about her daughter to stop them.

Chapter 1937

After a while, the door was pushed open, and an elderly man with a long white beard entered the room.

Emma, Madeline, and Sasha immediately jumped to their feet when they saw the gentleman, who was none other than the divine doctor himself. Bryan Hilton.

"It's an honor. Mr. Hilton. Please have a seat."

"Would you like something to drink, Mr. Hilton?"

"It really is an honor to meet you, Mr. Hilton. You look even better than they say."

Indifferent to all the compliments and pleasantries, Bryan merely nodded before taking his seat.

They were about to continue buttering up Bryan when he raised his hand to stop them. "Let's get to the point. What do you need me to do for you?"

"Hello, Mr. Hilton. My name is Emma, and this here is my daughter, Amelia. She has ALS and hasn't been able to walk for many years now. I've consulted many specialists, but none of them could do anything about it. Then I heard how you're able to treat all kinds of incurable diseases, so I decided to ask for your help."

After taking a look at Amelia, Bryan put on a pair of gloves and started inspecting the girl's legs while the others stared anxiously at them.

Before long. Bryan was done with his inspection.

"How is it, Mr. Hilton? There has to be something you can do, right?" questioned Emma nervously.

"Of course."

With that, the group finally breathed a sigh of relief, especially Emma, who was so glad that her eyes welled up with tears.

She was convinced that her daughter was given another chance to lead a normal life. "But..." When Bryan suddenly changed his tune, he got everyone on their toes again.

"But what, Mr. Hilton? What's wrong?"

"It's going to cost you. Are you ready for that?"

"That won't be a problem. I'm ready to make payment." Emma then took one hundred thousand out of her purse. "Here, Mr. Hilton. I know this is not much, but I hope it's enough to show you my appreciation.

Bryan stared at the bills as if he had been insulted. "What's this? Do you take me for some kind of worthless physician? You think my skills are worth this meager amount?"

Emma and the others were completely stunned when they realized that Bryan was not satisfied with the amount presented.

However, that money was all Emma had. She even borrowed some from Sasha to be on the safe side.

At the moment of truth, Sasha finally spoke up. "This is but a deposit, Mr. Hilton. When everything is done, I'll pay you another one hundred thousand."

"Are you trying to mock me? You think there's a difference between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand? If my skills really are worth that little to you people, I'm afraid that I've wasted enough time on you already," sneered Bryan condescendingly before turning around to walk away.

Immediately, the group called out to the physician and stopped him in his tracks.

"What more do you want from me?" asked Bryan impatiently.

Cautiously, Emma added. "Please, Mr. Hilton. We're just ordinary people. I apologize if we've offended you. But would you mind telling us how much it's going to cost?"

To answer the question, Bryan lifted five fingers.

"Five hundred thousand?"

Bryan chuckled and shook his head, so Emma took a deep breath before continuing, "Five million?"

When the physician shook his head again, Emma's voice began to tremble. "You mean... fifty million?"

"Correct. That's my price. You have no idea how many wealthy men and women are willing to pay that amount for my service, yet I'm here because Ms. Silvester has personally asked for my help."

Chapter 1938

Emma and the others knew there was no way they could ever come up with that amount of money, so they started begging.

"What you're asking is impossible, Mr. Hilton! We can work our entire lives and still not be able to save up that much."

"Please, Mr. Hilton! If you can find it in your heart to save Amelia, we'll be eternally grateful to you!"

"What if we pay in installments, Mr. Hilton? If you're willing to help Amelia, I promise you that I'll pay you with however much I earn every month. You only have to leave me just enough to get by."

"Sorry, fifty million is the best I can do. If you can't afford to pay me, then get her a wheelchair instead," suggested Bryan coldly. "That's all from me. Goodbye."

With that, Bryan turned around and was ready to leave once again.

The actual reason why Bryan had asked for such a high price was not that he was greedy. Instead, it was because he was incapable of treating Amelia's legs.

However, the divine doctor was too proud to admit it, so he had purposely asked for a ridiculous amount to deter Emma and the others.

Gritting her teeth, Sasha suddenly made a decision. "Wait, Mr. Hilton! Please allow us some time for discussion. We'll get back to you later tonight."

Bryan nodded in response before walking away.

After the physician left, Emma slumped helplessly into her seat.

Just thinking about the colossal amount asked of her was enough to suffocate her.

"You don't have to worry about getting the money, Mommy. Zee really has healed me. Besides, I don't even think that a divine doctor has what it takes to treat me," comforted Amelia.

"Enough, Amelia! Are you trying to add fuel to the fire?" rebuked Emma.

Sasha quickly embraced the aggrieved Amelia. "It's okay. I promise you. Even if I have to fork out everything I have, I'll make sure that you get treated properly."

After that, Sasha turned to the girl's mother. "I've made up my mind, Emma. I'm going to sell off my company and all the assets under my name. We should be able to get fifty million from all that."

Emma and Madeline were stupefied when they heard Sasha.

"What? No! That company is your life's work! You can't just sell it! I'll figure something out to get the money. If worse comes to worst, I'll give Thomas what he wants."

After letting out a long sigh, Sasha continued, "I've made up my mind. We'll do it my way. Compared to Amelia's happiness, everything else is just superficial. If I don't give my everything to help her, I will blame myself for the rest of my life." Emma and Madeline were so moved by

Sasha's kind heart that they started crying.

"Sha, I'll never forget this. I may never be able to repay all that you've-

Before Emma could finish, Sasha waved her hand to hush the woman. "It's fine, Emma. You don't have to do anything. Amelia is like my daughter too. So I'm just doing what any other mother would've done for their child. Now. I have to make a call to set up a deal."

Meanwhile, Bryan got a call from Thomas not long after he stepped out of the Imperium Hotel.

Bryan paused for a second and wondered why the man had contacted him since the two rarely had anything to do with each other.

"To what do I owe the honor, Mr. Fleming?" inquired Bryan after accepting the call.

"It's been a while since we last met, Mr. Hilton. What do you say we go for a drink?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Fleming, but I have surgery to perform. I'm afraid I don't have the time. Is there something I can help you with?"

Chapter 1939

Bryan figured that Thomas only contacted him because the man wanted something from him, and it was not just to chat over a drink.

"What a shame. We'll have to take a rain check, then. You're right, Mr. Hilton. There is something I'd like you to help me with," revealed Thomas.

"Okay, go on." Bryan was friendly to Thomas because he knew it would be beneficial to gain the man's favor.

"Mr. Hilton, did you meet with someone named Emma asking you to treat her daughter's legs today?"

"I did. You know her?"

"I do, actually."

"So you want me to treat her daughter?"

"Oh, no. You misunderstood me, Mr. Hilton. On the contrary, I would like you to end the girl's life and make it look like a medical accident."

Bryan's heart skipped a beat at the sound of that. "What? You want me to kill someone? No, I can't do that! I'm a doctor. I save people, not kill them!"

"Fifty million. I'll pay you fifty million if you do what I say. And don't worry. With my influence, even if you did kill someone, I can make sure that the whole thing gets swept under the rug. No harm will come to you."

Bryan was moved when he heard the amount of money.

Although he charged a lot for his services, most of the fees he received belonged to Linton Group.

Even if they did not take their percentage, Bryan would still never be able to earn that much.

The temptation was almost too much for the physician, but he simply could not bring himself to agree to murder someone.

Just when Bryan was about to turn him down, Thomas added, "Mr. Hilton, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, so please think about it carefully. If you somehow decide to reject my offer, I will make sure that you lose whatever reputation you have."

However, even in the face of a carrot-and stick approach, Bryan remained somewhat adamant. "Mr. Fleming, do you mind giving me some time to think this over?"

"No, time is the only luxury that I cannot afford right now. From what I've heard, this isn't your first rodeo, Mr. Hilton. So what difference does it make? Why would you say no to money?"

Once again, Bryan could feel his heart skip a beat. "What do you mean by that, Mr. Fleming?"

Thomas smirked deviously before answering, "Ten years ago, one of your patients died on the operating table, and the autopsy report stated that his body couldn't withstand the operation because he was too weak. However, something about it seemed fishy. On top of that, you got ten million richer the next day for some reason."

Immediately, Bryan froze like a statue. Damn it! How did he find out about something that happened so long ago? Who the heck snitched on me? Now that he knows my secret, I'm doomed!

At that point, Bryan was utterly defeated.

"I promise you, Mr. Fleming. I'll do anything you say as long as you keep this secret between us. As for the payment, I'll take only thirty million. We'll consider the rest as a tribute to our friendship."

"Deal!" agreed Thomas decisively.

At the end of the call, Bryan was so mortified that he vomited.

The man jumped when his phone suddenly rang again afterward, and on display was Sasha's name.

After recollecting himself, Bryan steadily picked up the call.

"I'll get you the money, Mr. Hilton, but not all at once. I still need some time to gather the full amount. I've wired you ten million, and I promise to get you the rest within a month. Please, you have to do something to help Amelia first. If you don't think you can take my word for it, we can sign an agreement," suggested Sasha.

Chapter 1940

Bryan's greed started to well up within him again.

Since he could earn thirty million from Thomas and take fifty million from Sasha, he would have a whopping total of eighty million.

With such a large sum of money, he could escape the country and spend his twilight years in bliss.

Nonetheless, he pretended to ponder about it before replying, "Sure. It's no problem. You can send the patient to the Vital Clinic."

Vital Clinic was a subsidiary under Linton Group, where Bryan usually treated his patients.

His reply made Sasha beamed with joy.

Without hesitation, Emma and Sasha split ways to carry out their tasks.

While Emma brought Amelia to the Vital Clinic, Sasha returned to the company to prepare the money to pay for the medical expenses.

However, Amelia was against having Bryan treat her leg, and she repeatedly told the adults that Zeke had already cured her.

Despite this, the words of a little girl had little power to persuade the adults. In the end she still ended up in the Vital Clinic.

Meanwhile, Zeke went to look for Amelia after dealing with the secret documents Sole Wolf and the rest had passed him.

If it went according to his plan, Amelia would be able to walk by herself that night, and he was sure Emma would be over the moon if she witnessed it.

Unfortunately, after Zeke found Emma, he noticed that Amelia was nowhere to be seen.

He quickly questioned, "Emma, where is Amelia?"

Before Emma could even reply, Madeline cut her off by screaming, "You b*stard, how dare you come back here? Get out of my sight right now! If you try to look for Amelia again, I will call the police and tell them that you are harassing her."

Zeke frowned, confused by Madeline's Hostility toward him.

Yet, his inaction only made Madeline angrier. In the heat of the moment, she grabbed the broom beside her and wanted to chase him out with it.

It was only natural for her to lash out at him since she thought Zeke was responsible for knocking her out last night.

Almost immediately, Emma stopped her mother. "Mom, what are you doing? Why are you raging at him when he is only here for Amelia?"

Her response only agitated Madeline further. "Y-You... You unfilial child! Why are you speaking up for him? Do you know what he did to me last night?"

Confused, Emma asked, "What did Mr. Williams do to you?"

"He knocked me out! I reckoned he would have killed me if Scott weren't present. Are you hoping to see my death too? Otherwise, why are you so close to him?"

Emma looked doubtful.

Zeke was at Thomas' house last night, trying to save me. So how could he have attacked Mom?

Besides, he has no motive to do it.

Looking at Zeke, Emma questioned, "Mr. Williams, is my mother telling the truth? Did you knock her out last night?"

Zeke shook his head. "I didn't even see her last night, so how could I be responsible for hitting her?"

Despite his denial, Madeline refused to believe him. Hah! Look at the nonsense he's spouting!

She ranted, "Why are you still trying to deny it at this point?"

By then, Zeke had grown impatient. Ignoring Madeline, he turned to Emma to repeat his question, "'Emma, where is Amelia?" S

"Mr. Williams, you don't have to worry about her anymore. We've hired a Divine Doctor from Linton Group. He will save Amelia." Looking up at the clock, Emma added, "She should be receiving treatment right about now."

Huh?

Zeke furrowed his brows as a nasty feeling started brewing in the pit of his stomach.

A doctor had to be at least at the national level to treat Amelia's legs. And in the whole of Eurasia, there were only three that had that kind of rank.

Zeke was one of them.

He also knew that none of the doctors in Linton Group were that good.

If the doctor knew he could not heal Amelia's leg, why would he agree to do it? Besides, none of her family members had accompanied her.

Worried, Zeke interrogated, "Emma, why aren't any of you going to the session with Amelia?"

Emma replied, "The doctor told us that our presence would only distract him. If he makes any mistake, he could endanger Amelia's life, So..."

Chapter 1941

D*mn it!

With a low voice, Zeke warned, "Emma, Amelia might be in danger."

"Shut up!" Madeline snarled. "Stop being a nuisance here. I'm warning you, if you create any more trouble and the Divine Doctor decides not to treat Amelia, I... I won't let you off easy!"

"I'm simply stating the truth," Zeke said calmly. "If you don't bring me to her right now, her life could be in danger. By then, it would be too late to save her."

Since it concerned Amelia's life, Emma took the matter seriously.

Her expression darkened as she questioned, "Mr. Williams, what do you mean by that?"

"From my knowledge, none of the doctors from Linton Group are nationally renowned enough to heal Amelia's leg. However, he agreed to help with the treatment and refused any guardian to stay by her side. I can't help but suspect the doctor might be using Amelia's treatment as a cover. I'm sure he has other intentions." Sighing, Zeke continued, "On top of that, I have already told you multiple times that I have already healed her leg, and she could start walking by tonight. It's best to look for Amelia now and get her out of there."

Zeke sounded quite convincing, which placed Emma in a dilemma.

Just then, Madeline scoffed, "You said that only the best doctor could cure Amelia. Are you telling me that you are one? Haha, I don't think a nationally renowned doctor would be as dirt poor as you, dealing with commoners like us all day long."

Zeke shrugged. "If you don't believe me, I have ways to prove it to you. Tell me about any discomfort you're currently feeling in your body. Even if I can't treat it, I can at least reduce your pain."

Madeline spat, "Hmph! Well, my head hurts. Once I get angry, it would start pounding." She then chuckled dryly. "If you want to cure my headache, all you need to do is get out of my sight."

Glancing at Madeline's head, Zeke quickly made his way over to her. With the Ammo Needle in his hands, he proceeded to poke it into the acupuncture points on her head.

Ouch!

Madeline yelped, "What the hell are you doing?"

Agitated, she wanted to lunge at Zeke.

Despite so, Zeke managed to dodge her attack and ask, "How is your head feeling now? Has the pain subsided?"

Instantly, Madeline froze in shock and started to burst into tears.

Her headache had lessened a ton, and she practically felt no pain anymore.

On top of that, she felt more refreshed, alert, and comfortable than before.

What the hell? H-He does have magical hands.

"Do you believe me now?" Zeke asked.

Even after what he did, Madeline stubbornly refused to back down.

In a cold tone, she stated, "Hmph, aren't you being too full of yourself? It's a normal headache that any other doctor can treat. Inno way does this prove that you are a national doctor."

While she sounded hostile, she had already started to believe in what Zeke said earlier and was panicking.

If anything happened to Amelia, I won't have the will to continue on with my life.

Emma, who was beyond worried about Amelia, anxiously interjected, "Mr. Williams, let's not delay any further. We should look for Amelia now."

Even if there was only a one percent chance her daughter was in danger, she would do everything she could to protect her from it.

Nodding, Zeke said, "Let's go."

Still maintaining her tough act, Madeline warned, "Hey, if you made a mistake and misunderstood the Divine Doctor's intentions, I want you to disappear from our sight and never look for Emma again."

Zeke did not bother to respond to Madeline's threat.

He had helped Emma purely out of guilt.

After making sure she was okay, he would leave by himself. It would be unlikely for them to meet again afterward.

Before long, the three of them arrived at Vital Clinic.

The place was bustling with patients, with a long queue outside the clinic.

However, Bryan was not tending to the patients and was nowhere in sight.

Emma prepared to rush in as she was desperate to check on her daughter, but Zeke stopped her.

Chapter 1942

Zeke whispered, "Keep a low profile. We don't want to cause a stir now. Both of you should wait here while I check it out. I won't take long."

Solemnly, Emma nodded. "Okay, we'll wait for you. Do come out soon."

Sneakily, Zeke slipped into Vital Clinic through the backdoor. After shuffling through the area, he quickly familiarized himself with the interior structure of the building.

As an Ultimate Class warrior, his powers were comparable to someone in the Celestial Class, and no ordinary person could spot him.

After inspecting the place, Zeke noticed something suspicious with the attic.

If his intuitions were right, Bryan and Amelia were there.

He was about to sneak into it to check it out when he heard a sudden movement from behind him.

Immediately, he hid himself.

Four nurses in white coats came walking in, headed for the attic.

Quickly, Zeke thought of a plan.

When the four of them got close to him, he released a ball of energy, allowing him to control them.

Standing rooted to the ground, the nurses felt like they were encapsulated by cement as they could not move nor speak.

With his energy, Zeke drew them toward him. They ended up in the dark corner where he hid.

Coldly, he muttered, "All of you better not scream. Otherwise, I will kill you the moment you make a sound. I am here for Bryan and Bryan only, so I hope you will not create unnecessary trouble for me. If you understand what I mean, blink to acknowledge."

The nurses quickly blinked, and Zeke withdrew his energy to free them.

The moment they were freed, one of the nurses' eyes rolled back into her head and she fainted on the spot.

It seemed that she was frightened to the point of passing out.

To them, Zeke's actions were bizarre as they felt like he had locked them in position earlier. No matter how hard they tried, they could not move, and it felt suffocating.

Only a demon could do that, right?

The other three nurses trembled with fear, terrified to make a sound.

"Please, have mercy. Let us go," they begged.

Zeke stated, "Answer my question, and I will spare your life. Is Bryan in the attic? What is he doing?"

One of them quickly replied, "Mr. Hilton is in the attic preparing to conduct surgery on a female patient. W-We're here to provide him with the medical tools."

"Does Bryan usually do surgeries on his patients in the attic?" Zeke asked, curious.

In response, another nurse answered, "The attic was an operation theatre previously. However, it hasn't been used for a while now. I'm not sure why Mr. Hilton wants to operate on the patient there this time."

Wanting to get more information, Zeke probed, "Do you know anything else?"

Unfortunately, the nurses shook their heads. "No. We really don't have any more information."

Zeke nodded in understanding before he instructed, "Take off your white coat now."

Afraid to go against his words, the nurses stripped off their coats.

Then, Zeke used his energy again to hypnotize the three nurses before returning to the car.

At that time, Emma was on the verge of breaking down. When she spotted Zeke, she could not help but question, "Mr. Williams, how is it? Is my daughter in danger?"

Zeke assured her, "Don't worry, Bryan hasn't operated on her yet. Come with me. I'll take you to her."

Within minutes, Emma and Madeline changed into the nurses' outfits and followed Zeke to the attic through the back door.

Zeke planned to disguise themselves as nurses sending medical supplies to the attic.

Repeatedly, he reminded the two women, "Whatever you see later, do not react. You might alert Bryan. All I want is for you to see his true self."

Emma and Madeline nodded.

Knock! Knock!

Zeke knocked on the attic room door.

"Come in," Bryan responded. When Zeke opened the door, he saw Bryan with his hands behind his back, studying Amelia's CT scan.

Meanwhile, Amelia was lying in bed and looked to be unconscious.

There was nothing unusual about the scene.

Chapter 1943

Turning around to see the three of them, Bryan could not help but frown. "Why are there only three of you?"

Immediately, Zeke tried to cover up. "Oh, she went to the toilet and will be right back."

As an Ultimate Class warrior, it was easy for him to imitate someone else's voice.

Thankfully, Bryan did not question any further and nodded in response.

"You can start sterilizing the surgical instruments. We shall start the operation soon."

"Yes, sir."

To avoid any suspicions, Zeke pretended to heed the directions given.

Meanwhile, Bryan wore his gloves and prepared to start.

Once they completed the preparation, Bryan rolled up Amelia's sleeve. "Pass me the anesthesia."

Zeke hurriedly handed the syringe over to the doctor.

Before Bryan could inject the liquid into Amelia, however, Zeke interjected. "Mr. Hilton, please wait. Haven't you already injected the patient with anesthesia?"

Rolling his eyes, Bryan growled, "Nonsense! How could I have injected anesthesia into her when you haven't brought it to me? She is merely sleeping right now."

Yet, Zeke rebutted, "I don't think that's it. Looking at the patient's state, she is probably unconscious because you already sedated her. She doesn't look like she's asleep."

"Shut up! I am the chief surgeon here, while you are my assistant. All you have to do is listen to my instructions. You have no right to question me," Bryan roared in annoyance.

"It doesn't matter whether you are the chief surgeon or the assistant. You have to be responsible for the patient's life." Zeke did not back down. "From what I can tell, that syringe does not seem to contain anesthesia but a cardiotoxic agent."

For a moment, Bryan's heart skipped a beat, and a bad feeling started welling up within him.

D*mn it! What's with this situation? Why does this man know so much? He could tell that the patient had been injected with anesthesia and found out that this contains a stimulant. Did someone leak my plan?

Although there were millions of questions in his head, Bryan still forced a calm front.

He stated, "Get out. You are hereby fired."

To his surprise, Zeke retorted aggressively, "If you inject the patient with this dose of cardiotoxic after administering anesthesia to her, she is likely to die from heart failure. Even an animal can't withstand such a large dosage of stimulant." Chuckling after a small pause, he analyzed, "Besides, the good thing about killing someone with this method is that the body would absorb it quickly. As such, there would be no traces of the stimulant even after conducting an autopsy. Mr. Hilton, it seems you have devised an impeccable plan."

D*mn it!

Bryan panicked as he did not expect his assistant to figure out his plans.

What should I do? Should I stop here? But the cardiotoxic in my hands will be the evidence for my attempted murder. If this matter leaks out, it will tarnish my reputation, and I won't be able to receive the three million Thomas promised me.

Bryan pondered. I can only come up with a quick fix. If I inject her with the stimulant, her body will absorb it and break it down. There won't be any evidence of the murder, and I believe Thomas can save me from getting convicted of it.

Without wasting any time, he prepared to stab Amelia's arm with the syringe in his hands.

Naturally, Zeke would never let him get his

way. At the speed of light, he grabbed Bryan's hand and turned the syringe to inject Bryan with it instead.

However, he did not administer all the contents in the syringe. There was still some liquid left in it, which he planned to use later.

Ah!

Bryan was at a loss.

He knew that Zeke was right. No animal could survive after they received that dosage of the cardiotoxic agent.

Thinking that Zeke had injected everything into his body, Bryan was worried that he would die.

Once injected with the stimulant, it would quickly work its way into his heart.

At the thought of that, Bryan's heart began to pump faster and harder. His blood was rushing through his veins, quicker than ever.

He felt his pulse race, and he thought his veins would burst from how fast his blood was flowing. Before he knew it, his vision turned black.

It felt worse than death.

Staggering forward, he tried to escape.

However, Zeke did not let him get his way. Undoing Bryan's belt, he tied Bryan to the chair.

Chapter 1944

"Let me go!" Bryan screamed at the top of his lungs. "Who are you? What in the world are you doing?"

Chuckling, Zeke stated sarcastically, "Do you feel pain now? When you wanted to do this to Amelia, why didn't you think about the pain she would have to go through?"

"I-I was only doing the best for the patient. She is weak, and there are signs that she may suffer heart failure. I wanted to inject her with the cardiotoxic so she could safely make it through the operation." Bryan came up with an excuse.

"Haha, even an adult like you cannot withstand that dosage of stimulant. What do you think would happen if you gave it to a little girl?"

Bryan continued to deny. "I wasn't planning to give her all of it. I only wanted to administer a portion to her."

Rolling his eyes, Zeke scoffed. "I would be a fool to believe you. Besides, even if you administered a small amount to Amelia, she would still die. The anesthesia you already gave her will react with the cardiotoxic in her body."

Bryan groaned. "I already told you that I did not sedate her yet."

At that moment, Madeline cautiously whispered to Zeke, "Zeke, can you take responsibility for what you said? Is he really trying to kill Amelia? He does not have a feud with her, so why would he do this to her?"

Zeke nodded. "Of course, I can take responsibility for my words."

Instantly, Bryan recognized Madeline's voice, and he roared, "Madeline, it's you? Hey, I agreed to help you out of goodwill. I did not expect you to trick me! I am the only doctor in this world who can save Amelia. You'd better let me go now. Otherwise, if anything happens to me, Amelia can only dream about recovering."

Emma and Madeline exchanged looks, unable to make up their minds on which side to take.

They were clueless about the medical field and unsure of who to believe.

Sensing their hesitation, Bryan added, "If this man did not create trouble for me, Amelia would have been able to walk in a few days. However, since he has botched the surgery, both of you will see Amelia being stuck in a wheelchair for life."

The mother and daughter pair looked to Zeke for answers.

They did not know who to trust, given the gravity of the situation. After all, Amelia's life was on the line.

Grabbing a lab rat from a cage that was used for experiments, Zeke thought of proving his point. "I will inject some of the anesthesia into this rat."

Following his words, he injected the anesthesia into the rat. Within seconds, the rat was unconscious.

Then, Zeke picked up the syringe with the stimulant and injected the remaining contents into the rat. "This is the remaining amount of stimulant. I will only give the rat ten percent of what he wanted to give Amelia."

Immediately, the two women stared intently at the rat to witness the consequences.

By then, Bryan's expression dimmed. He knew if Emma and Madeline saw the tragic end of the rat, he would have no hope.

Thus, he began to struggle with all his might.

Despite so, Zeke had tightly secured him to the chair. No matter how hard he tried, he could not loosen the belt around him.

Time passed, and the rat started to move after less than three minutes.

Previously, it was unconscious and still, but then it started to spazz. Its body was convulsing, twisting into an odd angle, with a horrifying look on its face.

Nonetheless, its eyes were still closed because of the anesthesia.

After struggling for a few seconds, blood started gushing out from all of its orifices. The rat's veins had burst, dyeing its fur red.

It was the cruelest way to die.

Oh my gosh!

Madeline could not help but yelp and back away.

On the other hand, Emma's face turned pale, and she collapsed onto the ground.

Luckily, Zeke warned them to rush over to save Amelia. Otherwise, they would see Amelia lying in a pool of blood, dead.

The thought of facing the consequences of not believing Zeke made them shiver with fear.

Patting Bryan's face, Zeke hissed, "So, what do you have to say for yourself now?"

Chapter 1945

"I-I-" Bryan stammered but was unsure of how to get out of the situation.

Suddenly, Madeline screeched and lunged toward Bryan. Scratching his face with both her hands, she cried, "You b*stard! She is only a child. How could you do this to her?"

Her sharp fingernails soon resulted in bloody streaks across Bryan's face.

However, the pain from it was insignificant compared to the pain from the cardiotoxic.

Bryan started to howl like a pig.

Even Emma, who was usually gentle, could not control her anger. She rushed forward and planted two slaps across Bryan's face, and it helped her relieve some of her pentup rages.

Cough! Cough!

Amelia, who had been unconscious the whole time, finally stirred and let out a cough.

The sedative in her body had started to wear off.

Immediately, Emma dashed to Amelia's side and wrapped her daughter in her arms. "Amelia, you're awake!"

Amelia still felt groggy and weak from the medication.

In a daze, she stammered, "M-Mommy, I'm s-scared."

Emma tightened her grip around Amelia and comforted, "Amelia, don't be scared. I'm right beside you. I will protect you."

Zeke walked toward the bed to take Amelia's pulse and examine her legs.

Because of the sedative given to her, her recovering muscles had relaxed.

If not for the injection, Amelia would already be able to walk. Unfortunately, since she had the anesthesia, it would delay her healing process by another day.

Based on this fact, Zeke felt like killing Bryan.

Patting Emma's shoulder, Zeke instructed, "Put Amelia down. I will give her an acupuncture treatment to reduce the side effects of the anesthesia. If I don't, that large dose of anesthesia could affect her health."

At that point, Emma had unconditional trust placed on Zeke, so she immediately lowered Amelia to the bed.

As mentioned, Zeke started the treatment.

Boom!

Suddenly, the attic door was thrown open, and a group of men in security uniforms. stormed in.

The head of the group was a bald man.

Seeing the scene before him, the bald man bellowed, "D*mn it! What is going on, and who the hell are you guys? How dare you hurt Mr. Hilton? You have a death wish or something?"

A glimmer of hope flashed across Bryan's eyes when he spotted the security guards.

Gathering all the strength he had, he shouted, "Please save me! I can't hold on any longer."

With his words, the security guards ignored. the rest of the people in the room and rushed to Bryan.

As the group gathered around him, Madeline reluctantly backed away from the doctor to avoid getting beaten up by them.

It wasn't until she walked to a corner that she noticed the clotted blood under her fingernails.

The sight of it stunned her. She never expected to commit such a horrendous act to someone else.

"Mr. Hilton, how are you feeling?" The head of the security guards asked with concern.

Bryan howled, "S-Send me to the emergency ward now. I-I can't take it anymore!"

With the dose of stimulant given to him, his vessels might explode, and it would leave him dead.

Therefore, he had to get to the hospital as soon as possible.

Glaring at Zeke, the security guard growled, "Hmph, I'll let you off this time. But I'll definitely give you one hell of a beating in time to come."

As soon as he finished, he carried Bryan on his back and prepared to leave.

However, Zeke's cold voice stopped them in their tracks. "Hold on now. Did I say you could leave?"

Huh?

The bald man eyed Zeke suspiciously.

"Are you out of your mind? Here I am being generous in letting you off, and you have the guts to annoy me? Do you want to get punched?"

To his bewilderment, Zeke chuckled. "We will have to see if you are capable enough to hit me first."

What the f*ck!

Zeke's words ruffled the security guard's feathers. "I tried to spare you, but it seems like I will have to deal with you before we head to the hospital."

Looking around at his men, he ordered, "Get him!"

Chapter 1946

The group of security guards lunged at Zeke.

On the other hand, Emma and Madeline panicked, but they quickly calmed down.

Zeke was a King Class warrior. As such, they reckon they have nothing to fear.

As expected, Zeke did not see them as a threat.

He casually kicked a chair before him and sent it flying at high speed, heading for the security guards like a bullet.

Before they could react, the chair had knocked them all down.

In the next moment, everyone was screaming in agony.

Zeke strolled toward them and stepped on the limbs of two security guards without mercy, breaking their bones.

"Now, I will be the judge of your actions. Bryan wanted to kill for money and had a vicious plan in mind. He deserves to die!

Meanwhile, you bunch of security guards had aided him by abusing and destroying human lives. Therefore, you deserve severe punishment, too."

Widening his eyes in fear, Bryan stammered, "S-Stop! Who are you to judge us? Do you even have the right?"

Zeke snickered in response. "The people in Eurasia obey my orders. Naturally, I am qualified to take your life if I deem it necessary. Now die!"

At that instant, Zeke noticed a strong fluctuation of energy. Then, a familiar voice sounded in his ears.

"Please have mercy and spare Bryan's life."

Hmm? It's a voice that came from the energy fluctuations. It's the Boxing King's voice! Is he here? What is he doing here, and why does he want to stop me from punishing Bryan?

Millions of questions filled Zeke's mind.

Instantly, he released his energy throughout the building and located the Boxing King within seconds.

He was on the roof in the opposite building.

It looked like Boxing King had been keeping his eye on Bryan the whole time.

Using his energy, Zeke sent him a reply, "Boxing King, please give me a reason to let him live."

Boxing King took a deep breath and spoke in a grave tone. "He is an important figure for Fortuna in Eurasia and cannot die. Is that a good enough reason for you?"

"Huh?" His words piqued Zeke's interest. "He is but a normal doctor. How could he be important to Fortuna?"

Shaking his head, Boxing King refused to provide any more information. "I'm afraid I can't tell you anything else."

Zeke retorted, "What if I insist on killing him?"

Boxing King replied, "Mr. Williams, please don't go against me. Otherwise, it would not benefit either of us."

"Well, I think I'd like to defy your wishes today."

In a disappointed tone, Boxing King sighed, "Then you left me with no choice. I am now issuing you an official order from the North. You shall not hurt Bryan. Otherwise, I will charge you with treason. On top of that, you have to leave this place by today and stop intervening in this matter. Should you disobey me, I will have to take extreme measures to remove you."

An order from the North?

Zeke was stunned beyond words.

Orders from the North were second only to the president's orders and the Imperial Decree.

When issued, all but the Great Marshal had to follow it.

Given its power, only people with great authority could issue it. For instance, only people of the same level as Sole Wolf or Killer Wolf were in the position to send it.

But Boxing King's not on their level. So how could he issue an order from the North? Hmm.... How interesting.

Zeke asked, "Have you ever served the North?"

Boxing King did not reply, which indicated he did.

Zeke further interrogated, "What is your real identity? How do I know if you're not putting up an act?"

"I'm sorry, but you are in no position to question me. I'd advise you to listen to the order and stop putting yourself at a disadvantage."

With a small smile, Zeke agreed, "Fine, I won't kill Bryan, but I will look for you."

With that, Boxing King retracted his energy, and Zeke no longer heard his voice.

Looking back at Bryan, who looked terrified, Zeke spat, "I will give you a chance to live. Tell me who ordered you to kill Amelia."

The man fervently shook his head. "N-No one ordered me to—"

Tsk!

Letting out a disappointed sigh, Zeke groaned, "I see that you are still as dishonest."

Morphing his energy into the Ammo Needle, Zeke pressed it into Bryan's pain points.

Chapter 1947

Ahh!

The Ammo Needle inflicted as much pain as the cardiotoxic did, and Bryan could not take double the pain.

As such, he finally gave in. "It was Thomas! He made me do it. He promised me three million if I could get rid of Amelia."

What?

Emma and Madeline were livid.

"That b*stard! How could he bear to take away a child's life like that? "I-I misjudged him, and I can't believe I wanted Emma to marry him. I must've been blind!" Madeline hollered hysterically.

Breaking Bryan's arms with his foot, Zeke growled, "You have no right to remain as a doctor. You are a disgrace to the medical profession!"

As Bryan's screams filled the air, Zeke left the building with Emma and Madeline. When they were out, Zeke glanced at the roof of the opposite building.

Boxing King was standing there with a complicated expression on his face.

As their eyes met, Boxing King quickly averted his gaze and backed away until he disappeared from Zeke's sight.

Immediately, Zeke secretly sent Sole Wolf a message to keep an eye on Boxing King.

There is something about Boxing King. I'm sure there is a connection between the North and him.

Meanwhile, Emma gave Sasha a call.

"Sha, you don't need to sell the company to prepare the medical fees anymore."

Puzzled, Sasha asked, "Why?"

She panicked. "But I've already found a seller. We can pay for the medical bills soon. Why don't we have to pay it anymore? Did the Divine Doctor go back on his words? I could plead with him till he agrees to help if that's the case."

Emma could only sigh. "No Sha, it's a long story. It turns out that the Divine Doctor is working with Thomas to murder Amelia."

Then, Emma told Sasha the whole story.

When Sasha heard about what had happened, she felt a shiver run down her spine.

After getting over the initial shock, she cursed vehemently at Thomas and Bryan.

"Emma, wait for me at home. I'll be right over. Don't panic or be scared. I will find a better doctor for Amelia."

After some contemplation, Emma said, "Sha, I don't think you should come over."

Sasha froze. "Why?"

"Since we have unveiled Thomas and Bryan's plans, they will most likely send men after us to get revenge. It will not be safe here. I've decided that once we return, we will move to a place where no one can find us," Emma explained.

A moment of silence followed before an idea struck Sasha. "Emma, don't act rashly. I can find someone to protect you."

Emma seemed unconvinced. "Thomas and Bryan are wealthy and powerful people. Who can you hire to protect us against them?"

Sasha replied, "Well, the person I'm looking for is my Prince Charming. He's a mighty warrior who is unbeatable. I'm sure he can fight off anyone who comes for you."

Emma smiled bitterly. Would her Prince Charming be as formidable as Zeke? After all, he can even beat the Boxing King. With Zeke with us, no one can touch us.

Little did Emma know that the person Sasha was referring to was none other than Zeke.

Before Emma could reject her, Sasha ended the call.

Moments later, Zeke's phone started to ring. Looking at his phone screen, Zeke noticed it was an unidentified caller.

"Who is this?" Zeke asked after answering the call.

Sasha's voice sounded on the other end. "Hello, Mr. Williams. It's me, Sasha. I was the only person that bet on you when you fought with Boxing King. Do you still remember me?"

"Yes. So, why are you calling me?"

Sasha asked, "Well, I have a favor to ask of you. Do you provide protection services?"

Chapter 1948

Zeke knew what Sasha meant immediately.

It's obvious that she wishes to hire me to protect Emma.

"Yeah, I do," Zeke replied.

"Fantastic!" Sasha was overjoyed.

"Mr. Williams, the thing is... My best friend has messed with some people, and she's in danger now. I'd like to ask you to protect her. As for the payment for your services, shall we talk it over in person?"

"Okay," Zeke said and ended the call immediately.

In a matter of seconds, Zeke received a text message from Sasha.

Sasha texted him: Mr. Williams, why did you hang up so quickly? I haven't sent you my friend's address. This is her address. I'm going there now. Let's meet there.

The address that was sent by Sasha was Emma's.
Zeke casually tossed his phone aside after taking a look at the address.

I guess everything happens for a reason. I've never thought that my fate would be intertwined with Sasha's after a boring match.

"Mr. Williams, who was that on the phone? She sounds like my best friend, Sasha," Emma asked as she looked at him curiously.

Zeke grinned meaningfully at her without saying anything.

His response confused her. However, she brushed it off as just someone who sounded like Sasha.

When Zeke got home, Amelia was already fast asleep. Seeing how she was sleeping peacefully, Zeke carried her to her room.

I have to continue healing her legs. Kids have strong regeneration abilities, anyway. She should be able to walk soon if I try a little harder. Once her legs are healed, I can finally leave them and focus on my investigation. I still haven't had enough information about Boxing King and Thomas.Knock! Knock! Knock!

Someone knocked on Emma's front door.

"Emma, open up! It's me!" Sasha called out.

Emma rushed to the door and opened it for her.

"Emma, where's Amelia? How is she now? Can I see her?" Sasha asked as she caught her breath.

"Sha, don't worry. She's good. Besides, she's sleeping soundly, so let's not disturb her for now," Emma replied quickly.

"Good. That's good." Sasha sighed in relief and continued, "Urgh. I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to her. I was so wrong about Bryan."

"Sha, don't say that. We know you want the best for us. It's not your fault. We don't blame you at all," Emma reassured her.

"Thank you. I'm glad you feel that way." Sasha sighed in relief. After that, Sasha continued scolding Bryan and Thomas like a machine gun without stopping. Once she was done, she panted and realized that Madeline was packing.

"Emma, why is your mom packing her stuff? Don't tell me that you're really leaving?" Sasha asked hurriedly.

Emma nodded. "We've offended both Thomas and Bryan, and they even threatened Amelia's life! There's no way we can stay here any longer. It's best for us to leave."

Sasha frowned and said, "Emma, don't leave first. Didn't I tell you during our call? I'll ask my Prince Charming to protect you. He's really amazing! He'll get rid of Thomas easily, even if there are ten or a hundred Thomases. Trust me. Thomas is no match for him."

Emma smiled faintly. "That's not the point, Sha. There's nothing he can do against the powerful Hamilton family, even if he's a strong fighter. Thomas' family has been in power for decades. They won't be defeated so easily. Mr. Williams is indeed amazing, but he might not stand a chance against them."

Sasha said with a furrowed brow, "Mr. Williams? You mean your Prince Charming? You're still counting on him? Didn't I tell you before that he's only staying with you because of how pretty you look? As soon as you get into trouble, he'll be the first to flee!"

"Sha, Mr. Williams isn't like that," Emma said quickly in order to defend Zeke.

Sasha got angrier and raised her voice. "Arggh! What should I do with you? You're being fooled by others, yet you still don't realize it. If he's really who you say he is, then why isn't he here this time? Why don't you call him now to tell him that you have offended Thomas? Let's see if he dares to turn up. If he turns up, I'll acknowledge him as a reliable man. I can't believe that there's such a huge difference between your Prince Charming and mine despite having the same last name."

Sasha continued to go on and on, and Emma couldn't even get a chance to interrupt her.

Out of nowhere, Zeke walked into the room when Sasha was still busy criticizing Emma's man.

He had just finished healing Amelia's legs. She should be able to walk very soon.

Sasha quickly stood up when she saw him.

"Oh! Mr. Williams! I didn't know that you were already here! Please take a seat and have some tea!"

Emma was dumbfounded by Sasha's reaction. Huh? What's going on? Didn't she just badmouth him a second ago? Why is she being so friendly with him now? Is she okay?

Zeke took his seat as Sasha poured a drink for him.

"Sha, you know Mr. Williams?" Emma asked cautiously.

"Of course!" Sasha replied.

"You were just scolding him a while ago. But now-"

"Emma, what are you saying? When did I scold Mr. Williams? The one I was talking about earlier was your Mr. Williams, not this one." Sasha corrected her quickly.

Emma was speechless, and she had a bad feeling about this.

Could it be that we've been talking about the same Mr. Williams all this while?

"Sha, d-don't you plan to introduce him to me?" Emma asked.

"Emma, this is the Mr. Williams that I've been telling you about. He's here to protect you. He's stronger than your Mr. Williams, right?" Sasha replied quickly.

"Mr. Williams, this is my best friend, Emma. She's a beauty, isn't she? Hahaha!"

"Yeah. We've known each other for a long time," Zeke said while nodding.

Eh?

"You know one another? Wow! What a happy coincidence!" Sasha said with a slightly surprised tone.

At that moment, the only one who didn't know what was going on was Sasha.

Emma tried to explain to Sasha, but she didn't know how to tell her. Emma couldn't even come up with a complete sentence after several tries.

Sasha, who was known to be impatient, couldn't take it anymore and asked, "Emma, what are you trying to tell me?"

"Sha, a-actually, he's also the Mr. Williams that I've been telling you about," Emma replied softly. Her voice was barely audible.

What?

"W-What did you say? I-I couldn't hear clearly." Sasha suspected that she had misheard her.

"Actually, he's the Mr. Williams that I've been telling you about. We've been talking about the same person!" Emma repeated in a slightly louder voice.

Sasha felt like passing out upon hearing that, and she froze on the spot.

Oh my God! Not only is he my Prince Charming, but he's Emma's Prince Charming too? I can't believe we fell for the same person! How could such a dramatic situation that only happens on a television show happen to me?

Sasha was still stunned after a long time. When she finally broke out of her trance, she was overwhelmed by two emotions.

First, she felt a wave of grief wash over her because she might not be able to get together with Zeke.

How could I bear to separate Mr. Williams and Emma when they've known each other long before me? Plus, he's the one who has been protecting her all along! Other than the grief that she was feeling, she was embarrassed by what she had said about Zeke.

Emma took the initiative to break the awkward silence. "Um, Mr. Williams, please enjoy your tea. I need to talk to Sha in private for a little while."

Chapter 1950

Knowing what they wanted to discuss, Zeke nodded and sat on the couch.

It's obvious that they want to decide who I'll be with. However, this isn't a problem at all, since there's no way I'll get together with either of them. Lacey's all I need. There isn't anyone else for me.

"Yeah. We'll go to the bedroom to discuss how to get the medical fees back from Bryan." Sasha played along as she nodded quickly.

Both of them left the living room. Once they got into the room, they closed the door.

"Sha..."

"Emma..."

Both of them spoke and stopped at the same time.

"Sha, you go first." Emma smiled wryly.

Sasha quickly readjusted her emotions as she tried not to let her grief show.

"Congratulations, Emma! Mr. Williams is a very dependable person. I wish you two a long and happy life together!"

Emma quickly replied, "No, no. Sha, he's your Prince Charming. You've finally liked someone. You mustn't let this opportunity slip!"

"That's enough, Emma. The two of you have known one another since long ago and have gone through so many things together. I'm sure he has some feelings for you after being with you all this while. Besides, this is only the second time I've met him. It's a one-sided love. Even if you do let me have him, there's not much chance of us getting together," Sasha said.

"No, no. I already have Amelia. I'm not a good match for him, but you... The two of you are a match made in heaven!" Emma insisted.

"So what if you have a child? Given your good looks, even if you have ten children, you'll still be a good match for him!" Sasha said.

Both of them continued to give their wishes to the other person. Even after going back and forth for thirty minutes, there was still no outcome.

"Okay. We should stop doing this. Let's just go with the flow and see how things turn out," Sasha said casually with a dismissive wave of her hand.

She then added, "Actually, I think Zeke is not a good match for us. Anyway, we're young and outstanding ladies! There's no way we can't find a man who loves us!"

"That's right." Emma smiled.

Both of them let out a heartfelt smile and walked out of the room.

As soon as Sasha opened the door, she was rooted to the spot, and her whole body was trembling out of excitement.

"Sha? What's the matter with you? Did you get an electric shock? Why are you shaking?" Emma asked.

"Emma... Please tell me that I'm not seeing things. I'm not hallucinating, right? This is real, right?"

What's wrong with her?

Emma followed her gaze and looked outside.

When she saw the same thing that Sasha was seeing, she was shocked too. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and her face became wet in an instant.

She could not believe her eyes.

Amelia, who had spent her whole life sitting in a wheelchair, was standing in front of the room. Although her movements were a little awkward and she needed to use her hand to prevent herself from falling as she took one small step after another, she could finally stand up on her own.

Emma had dreamed of this moment for as long as she could remember. Finally, her dream had come true. Despite her exhaustion from walking, Amelia excitedly called out to the two women when she saw them.

"Mom, Godma! I'm standing! I can walk!"

"Great!" Emma could barely speak, and she rushed toward Amelia before hugging her tightly.

Sasha also walked up to Amelia and reached out to examine her small legs. "Amelia, your legs are stronger than before! Can you move your legs?"

Amelia moved her legs a little, and Sasha began to cry as well.

"What's going on? What are you guys doing?" Madeline asked as she poked her head out from the room where she was packing.

"Oh hey, my darling. You're awake," she said when she saw Amelia. However, she hadn't seen Amelia walking, so she had no idea about the latter's recovery yet.

Chapter 1951

"Mom, Amelia's legs are healed! She can walk now!" Emma said immediately.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Please don't make a joke of her legs," Madeline said angrily.

"Ms. Lowe, Emma's not kidding. Amelia is able to walk now!" Sasha quickly backed Emma up.

"Amelia, can you take a few more steps for your grandma?"

"Okay!"

Emma put Amelia down gently on the ground.

Madeline exclaimed, "Ah! What are you doing? She might fall!"

"Look, Ms. Lowe," Sasha said and held Madeline back.

Emma let go of Amelia slowly.

Miraculously, Amelia didn't fall. Instead, she was able to take a few steps forward without falling, and she even walked up to five meters.

"Oh my God!" Madeline exclaimed with her hand covering her mouth and cried.

She can really walk now!

"Oh, my dear Amelia! You've recovered! You've really recovered! I've dreamed about this for a long time!" Madeline hugged her.

"Don't cry, Grandma. Don't cry. I can walk now. You should be happy," Amelia comforted as she tried to wipe Madeline's tears away with her tiny hand.

"Yes. I'm happy. I'm very happy!" Madeline nodded as tears continued to stream down her face.

"Emma, are you sure that Bryan didn't heal Amelia?" Sasha asked cautiously.

"Yes. I'm positive." Emma nodded.

"Then how did her legs get better? Did they heal by themselves?" These words came as a bolt from the blue.

"Amelia, tell me the truth. Who healed your legs?" Emma asked Amelia after glancing in Zeke's direction.

"Mommy, Zee helped to heal my legs some time ago. I told you many times, but you didn't believe me," Amelia replied.

"Mr. Williams, is it true that you're the one who healed Amelia?" Emma asked.

"Yeah. I told you," Zeke answered with a nod.

"Mr. Williams, thank you! Thank you! I'm so sorry to have misunderstood you in the past. H-How should I repay you?" Emma shed tears of gratitude. She was so thankful that she almost wanted to kneel before him.

"That's simple. Marry him," Sasha teased.

"Hey! Sha, don't joke around!" Emma blushed.

Madeline was looking at Zeke with a complicated expression on her face. All this time, she favored Thomas over Zeke, since she thought that Thomas could protect them and heal Amelia's legs. Other than that, she had taunted Zeke countless times in the past.

Never have I thought that Thomas would want to kill us, and it was Zeke who always protected us during crucial times. And now, he even healed Amelia's legs!

Madeline was overwhelmed by guilt, and she regretted what she had done in the past.

"Zeke, I've misunderstood you. I... I'm terribly sorry. Please accept my sincere apology. If you truly wish to get together with Emma, I won't stop you. I just wish that you can treat her well," Madeline said after she took a deep breath.

"Mom! What are you saying? We're just friends," Emma said quickly.

If Sasha wasn't there, Emma might've followed the flow and gotten together with Zeke. However, she was reluctant to do so, especially now that she had known how Sasha felt about him. Meanwhile, Sasha couldn't help but feel jealous. Mr. Williams is truly a rare gem! Other than his strong fighting ability, his medical ability is unparalleled too! Ah... He's my type...

Although she knew that she should let Emma be happy, she was a little reluctant to let him go.

Zeke remained indifferent.

It's time for me to leave now that Amelia's legs are healed.

Right at that moment, Sasha's phone rang.

Her expression changed after she saw who the caller was. Should I pick it up?

"Sha? Who's that? Why aren't you answering?" Emma asked.

Chapter 1952

Sasha sighed and replied, "It's my business partner from Linton Group. If I'm not mistaken, Bryan must've contacted my business partner and asked the latter to terminate my collaboration with Linton Group."

Emma panicked upon hearing that. "B-But. Linton Group is your biggest client! It's the company that supports the operations of your company! If you lose this deal, your company might get into a big crisis! Sha, I have an idea. Let me talk to him. I'll explain to him properly that the incident's not our fault. I believe your business partner is intelligent enough to-

Sasha shook her head. "It's useless. Actually, my business partner is Bryan's cousin. Bryan lost his arms, which caused him to lose career as well. Not only that, he almost died. There's no way his cousin will forgive us after what happened to Bryan."

Emma had a look of despair on her face.

Sasha reassured her, "Don't worry about it. None of this matters now. The most important thing is that Amelia's legs are healed Besides even if he wants to

healed. Besides, even if he wants to collaborate with me, I may not agree to it! They're just a bunch of b*stards! How dare they bully my goddaughter? They're dead meat!"

After saying that, she answered the call.

"Sasha, how dare you bully my cousin! Do. you have a death wish?" Brandon asked coldly.

"Brandon, why are you calling me? Just cut to the chase," Sasha replied boldly. She wasn't going to back down.

Seeing that there was no chance of continuing the deal, Sasha thought there was no need to stand on ceremony anymore.

Brandon continued, "Well, I know that the deal from Linton Group is your biggest deal that supports the smooth operations of your company. If you lose this deal, your company will most probably go bankrupt.. "

"Cut the crap. What do you want?" Sasha interrupted.

"Ask Emma to kneel before Bryan and apologize. Not only that, I want the man to break both of his legs. Otherwise, I'll terminate the deal!" Brandon said.

"Scr*w you! I'm not interested in your deal. Would you mind passing a message to your beloved cousin? Tell him that if he dares to even think about doing anything to Emma, he's going to face something worse than losing both his arms. I'll make sure he loses his ability as a man! And you! You're just a cowardly *sshole! I've had enough of you! If you dare to harass me again, you're going to wish that you've never been born!"

Sasha was exuding an aura of dominance and confidence as she said that. Apparently, she was no ordinary woman. Sasha was the complete opposite of Emma. Both of them complemented one another. It was no wonder that they could get along so well.

Meanwhile, Brandon was infuriated.

All this while, Sasha had treated me with the utmost respect, and she didn't even dare to offend me. But now, she dares to scold me like that? How dare she! There's no way I'll back down! I'll teach that wretch a lesson.

However, she didn't give him the chance to fight back, as she ended the call right after she finished speaking.

"Sasha Silvester! Did you really think that ending the call would put an end to everything? Hmph! I'm not Brandon Hilton if I don't make you suffer!" Brandon. shouted angrily at his phone.

"Sha... I'm so sorry. It's my fault that you lost this deal..." Emma said guiltily.

"Ah... Actually, I've been tolerating him all this while. Even if this didn't happen, I would have ended my partnership with Linton Group eventually," Emma said and waved her hand dismissively.

"Sha, what do you plan to do with your company after this? Won't it be difficult for your company to go on now that you've lost your biggest client?" Emma asked apologetically.

"Of course not. Linton Group isn't the only company out there. There are so many other companies out there that I can collaborate with," Sasha said.

Chapter 1953

"Worse come to worst, I'll cut down the scale of operation or even shut down the company. My company is nothing compared to Amelia's well-being. Now that Amelia's legs have recovered, we're the real winners here!" Sasha said.

Zeke, who had been silent, finally spoke. "Come on. We're going to Linton Group. I'll help you get the justice you deserve."

Huh?

Both Emma and Sasha looked at him with a dumbfounded expression on their faces.

"Let's go. What are you guys looking at me for?" Zeke said as he stood up.

"Mr. Williams, I don't think we should go. I'm not sure if you know this, but Linton Group is one of the top ten leading corporations in the country. Even this branch of Linton Group has influence over the local government here! If the higher authorities get a word of what you do at the branch, we'll get into trouble," Emma said. I'm sure he's someone from the underworld, judging from his fighting ability. He should be thankful that he's off the radar of the local authorities. But now, he wishes to go head-on with them? It's like he's seeking his own doom!

"Don't worry about it. It'll be fine. I know what I'm doing," Zeke said.

"All right. Since Mr. Williams says so, let's follow him. Come on, Emma. I'll drive," Sasha said before Emma could say anything else.

"Sha... How could you agree to it? What if this gets out and the authorities get a word about it? Won't this get Mr. Williams into trouble?" Emma asked in a hushed voice.

"Don't you think he's too mysterious? Since he's so determined to go to Linton Group, maybe he's someone important there! We can even use this chance to find out more about him! Aren't you curious about his identity after knowing him for so long?" Sasha replied.

"Yes. You're right. Okay. Let's go," Emma replied with a nod after considering what Sasha said.

They got in the car, while Sasha took the wheel. Not long after, they arrived at the branch office of Linton Group.

Although it was a branch office, the building looked almost as grand as the headquarters of Linton Group.

The interior was decorated with all sorts of lights and elegant decorations, and the employees were busy doing their work. Everything was how the well-known Linton Group should look like.

Not bad. It seems that Brandon has been managing this place well. However, no matter how good of a manager he is, I'm stripping him of the position today. At Linton Group, we do not merely look at monetary gains. Instead, we put more emphasis on servicing the community.

As soon as the three of them got to the entrance of the building, the security guards stopped them from entering.

"Ms. Silvester, I'm terribly sorry, but you can't go in. You've been blacklisted by Mr. Hilton," one of the security guards said.

Both Sasha and Emma turned to look at Zeke.

"Is that how you treat your business partners?" Zeke asked.

"Who the h*ck are you? You have no right to speak here. Get lost!" the security guard said after glancing at Zeke.

Zeke sighed. "Forget it. I'll fire some of you today. You're just a bully who pretends to be tough. You're not qualified to work for Linton Group."

"Who do you think you are? Get lost! Otherwise, don't blame us for what we're about to do!" the security guards yelled and began swinging their batons in the air.

They looked intimidating as they swung their batons.

"It seems that you're quite used to mistreating the customers," Zeke said.

"Hah! Now you know! We may be security guards, but our authority is only a level lower than our president! You can only pass if we allow you to. If we don't, there's nothing you can do, not even if you were to lick our boots! We gave you a chance to leave unscathed, but you didn't appreciate it. So, it's time to do it the hard way," one of the security guards said.

Right after that, the security guards raised their batons and rushed toward Zeke.

Zeke remained calm and collected as the security guards advanced on him. When they got close to him, he casually raised his legs and delivered two kicks.

Chapter 1954

Bam! Bam!

They weren't his match at all. His two kicks sent them flying to the wall, and they passed out after spitting some blood.

Everything went into chaos at the entrance and in the lobby of Linton Group. People were running around and screaming.

Meanwhile, in the general manager's office on the top floor, Brandon was furious.

How dare a little supplier like her speak to me like that? I'll never forgive her!

Bryan was in the office as well.

Both his arms were completely broken, and the bones were shattered. There was no way of healing them. His broken arms were wrapped in bandages in front of his chest.

"Brandon, you have to avenge me! My life as a doctor is ruined now that both my arms are broken! The medical services division that I'm in charge of is going downhill, and your branch office's performance will be greatly affected! If the head of Linton Group blames you for it, you'd have a hardtime! Even if you can let this slide, I won't!" Bryan begged while crying.

"Don't worry, Bryan. I won't let them get away no matter what. D*mn it. That b*tch forgot her place! I'll make her pay for it!" Brandon said with clenched teeth.

At this moment, there were rapid knocks on the office door.

"What is it?" Brandon asked immediately.

"Mr. Hilton, something has happened. It's Sasha Silvester. She brought a man here, and he's creating trouble here! He even took out the two security guards at the entrance!" the person on the other side of the door reported.

D*mn it! What the f*ck do you think you're doing, Sasha! I haven't even made my move on you, yet you come here and even beat up my men? How dare you disrespect me like this! I must take you and your friend out today! If I don't get rid of you, there's no way I can hold my head up high!

"Bryan, what is the name of the man? Does he go by the last name, Williams?" Brandon asked.

"Exactly." Bryan nodded

Upon hearing that, Brandon opened his drawer and took out a black, spotless gun before hiding it under his sleeves.

"If I don't cripple that man's arms, I'll never forgive myself!" Brandon said.

"Why don't you just kill him and get it over with?" Bryan asked.

Brandon gave a bitter smile. "Judging from my current authority, the most I can do is only to hurt him, not kill him. I might not get away with it if he's dead."

"Don't worry about that. I'll take care of it for you," Bryan said.

"Bryan, you're you even taking care of it when I can't?" Brandon asked with a confused expression. "You may not know this, but Williams is Thomas' enemy. Thomas has wanted him dead, but he hasn't gotten the chance to kill him. If you take care of Zeke for him, not only will he help you clear the mess, but he'll thank you for that. You do know what Thomas is capable of, don't you? Settling this matter is just a piece of cake for him," Bryan replied.

"Really? Then call Thomas now. I want to confirm something," Brandon said happily.

It's something not to be taken lightly. I must make sure that nothing goes wrong.

"No problem!"

Bryan called Thomas immediately and told the latter everything.

Thomas was overjoyed upon hearing what they were planning to do.

"Okay. No problem. You can do anything you wish to get rid of him. Leave the rest to me. If you two can get rid of Zeke, we'll be blood brothers. In the future, I'll make sure to reward you handsomely." With that, they struck a deal.

With Thomas to back them up, Brandon had nothing to fear. And so, Brandon and Bryan rushed to the lobby with a murderous aura.

Meanwhile, Zeke was sitting at the lobby with Emma and Sasha.

Bryan said to Emma and Zeke with a cold laugh, "Well, well, well. We meet again. So, you're here to apologize, I assume? A word of advice here. Even if you kneel or beg for forgiveness, I might not let you live."

Chapter 1955

"Mr. Williams, you made a wrong move." Sasha glanced at Zeke while chuckling coldly.

"Oh? How is that so?" Zeke asked.

"You should've cut his tongue instead of breaking his arms. He always spouts nonsense. How annoying," Sasha replied.

"You're right," Zeke said while nodding.

What the f*ck?

Bryan was enraged.

"That's enough! Sasha, you're going too far! How dare you say such nonsense in front of me after you came to my turf and beat my men up? Do you think I'm a pushover?" Brandon yelled angrily.

"Your security guards deserved it for . disrespecting the clients. Besides, you're an easy target," Zeke replied.

"Get lost! Hmph! Just when I thought you were a somebody. It turns out that you're just a nobody with a big mouth! Besides, I've already terminated my collaboration with Sasha. She's not my client anymore. It's natural for my guards to kick you guys out of my building when she's just an outsider," Brandon said while clenching his fists.

"Who are you to terminate the collaboration with Sasha without my permission? With immediate effect, I hereby dismiss you from your position as general manager," Zeke announced.

"Hah! Dismiss me from my position? Who do you think you are?" Brandon scoffed.

"The entire Linton Group belongs to me. What do you think? Don't I have the right to do that?" Zeke asked.

"Hahaha! Oh my God. You've got mad, Zeke Williams! Do you think I don't know who my boss is? The president of Linton Group is a beauty! Are you telling me that you're cross-dressing to be a guy? Hahaha!" Brandon laughed out loud.

Right at that moment, Brandon's assistant rushed to him and said, "Mr. Hilton, I've run a check on him. It turns out that he's indeed someone from the headquarters."

"What? Let me see." Brandon's face darkened.

Emma and Sasha became excited upon hearing that. Oh my God! I can't believe Zeke's someone from the Linton Group! Besides, he even dares to fire the general manager of the branch office. It's obvious that he's someone influential!

Sasha was elated. This is great news! My deal with Linton Group is saved! Since I'm acquainted with Zeke, I'll be able to get even more deals in the future! I wonder what his position in the headquarters is.

"Hahaha!" Brandon burst out laughing after reading Zeke's details in the employee directory.

"Zeke Williams, are you here to entertain me? Oh my God. I can't breathe. I don't know if you're stupid or crazy," Brandon mocked.

Huh? What's going on? Everyone else was confused.

After that, Brandon showed Zeke's information to everyone.

From the directory, it was clearly stated that Zeke was a normal salesperson in Linton Group that hadn't contributed any sales to the company. Other than that, he was one of the lowest ranking employees who was paid eight thousand per month.

Zeke was boiling with anger after reading the details.

Before Linton Group became what it is today, it was Lacey's little steel mill. Back then, I merely acted as a salesperson to secure deals for the steel mill. Other than that, I even acquired countless companies to expand the company to what it is now! However, I've never thought that I'm still a salesperson who earns only eight thousand a month after what I've done for the company. Lacey must've done this on purpose to make a fool out of me! Argh! This is so embarrassing!

Emma and Sasha were completely humiliated that they couldn't even lift their head up anymore.

The more hopeful one was, the more disappointed one would get. When they saw how determined he was to come to Linton Group, they thought that he was someone important from there. Not once had it crossed their minds that he was just an insignificant salesperson who was on the brink of expulsion.

Chapter 1956

I can't believe we asked a little employee to go against the general manager of the branch office. ! Oh my God! It's too humiliating!

"Oh gosh! I'm going to die laughing!" one of the security guards said while laughing.

"A puny salesperson dares to beat me up and threaten to fire our general manager? Hahaha!" the other security guard said.

"Mr. Hilton, please serve us justice!" the guards said to Brandon.

"Do you know that I can easily kill someone like you and turn you to ashes? No one will even care!" Brandon said coldly while looking at Zeke.

"Forget it. Call Lacey now," Zeke said after taking a deep breath.

"Shut your mouth! You have no right to speak of Ms. Hinton's first name!" Brandon shouted.

"To tell you the truth, Lacey Hinton is my wife. Don't you think I have the right to call her by her name?" Zeke said.

"Hahahahaha!"

Brandon and his employees burst out laughing once more.

Oh gosh! The president of one of the top ten corporations in Eurasia is married to a little salesperson? What a joke!

Meanwhile, Emma and Sasha were at a loss. Mr. Williams, what are you doing? It's been humiliating enough!

"You'd better call Lacey now. Don't make me call her myself. Otherwise, you'll get into deep trouble," Zeke said.

"Scr*w you! I don't have time for your nonsense!" Brandon yelled.

"You're so dead for how you spoke to me," Zeke said with a cold laugh.

With a small movement, Zeke reached for his phone and dialed Lacey's number. The call got through quickly. Before long, Lacey's soft and melodious voice came through.

"Hey, Zeke. What a coincidence. I was just about to call you!"

"What did you plan to call me for?" Zeke pretended to be cool.

"I noticed that someone was going through your profile. What's that about?" Lacey asked.

"I'm just a little salesperson in Linton Group who earns only eight thousand per month. I can't believe the president would notice when an insignificant employee like me is being investigated. I'm flattered," he said in a gloomy voice.

Lacey laughed out loud and replied, "Zeke! Why are you speaking in that tone? You sound like a woman who has been mistreated by her husband."

"What do you think? I've done so much for Linton Group over the years, yet you only made me a little salesperson here! Besides, I didn't receive my paycheck for years! Hmph!" Zeke replied.

"Hahaha. Okay, okay. Don't be mad... If you think about it, you haven't been getting any deals for the company in recent years. I'm already kind enough to not fire you, you know. What else do you want me to do?" Lacey replied in a tone as if she was speaking to a child.

"I'll deal with you when I go home. Lacey, do me a favor, would you? Fire the general manager of the branch office who goes by the name Brandon Hilton and a doctor named Bryan Hilton who works under him," Zeke said.

"Oh? Why do you want to fire them?" Lacey asked, puzzled.

"Do I need a reason for that?" Zeke asked.

"Of course not! Linton Group is yours. I'm merely someone who's working for you. If you want to take over, I'll return Linton Group to you now. I'm tired of working for free for you. I'm just curious about one thing, though. How did these two people manage to catch your attention? Aren't you a super busy guy who's involved with big matters?" Lacey replied.

"They abused their powers and don't care about the lives of others. Isn't that reason enough?" Zeke asked.

"Oh? Is that true? Don't worry. I'll handle it." Lacey's voice turned serious.

"All right."

After that, the call ended.

There was a moment of awkward silence, and everyone stared at Zeke in disbelief.

-Is he really Ms. Hinton's husband? Ms. Hinton even admitted that he was the one who built Linton Group, and she was merely someone who worked for him!

T-That's impossible, right? Why would the real boss behind Linton Group interfere with a little matter in the branch office?

Meanwhile, Emma and Sasha were having mixed feelings.

They had just admitted that they had both fallen for Zeke, but then they realized that he was already married and was the founder of Linton Group.

As realization hit, they knew they were unworthy of him.

So, we've been fooling ourselves the whole time. He has never meant to be with any of us.

Both of them were at a loss, feeling as if their hearts were torn in two.

Brandon was freaking out inside, but he tried to calm himself down.

He put on a brave front and retorted, "That's impossible. Drop the act, Zeke Williams! Ms. Hinton has to deal with important affairs every day to ensure the smooth operations of Linton Group. How would she have time for the likes of you? It's

obvious that you were talking to an impostor! Asking someone to pretend to be Ms. Hinton? It's a commercial crime!"

Brandon's words made everyone sober in an instant.

That's right! Maybe he had someone pretend to be Ms. Hinton...

None of them had seen Lacey or heard her voice before. Even if he did find an impostor, they wouldn't know either.

Emma and Sasha were looking at Zeke expectantly. To be honest, they hoped that Zeke was lying, and he wasn't the president's husband. If it was the case, they would still stand a chance.

Sasha pursed her lips, feeling anxious. If my company closes down, so be it! I don't want to let a gem like him slip away!

"You'll find out soon enough," Zeke said with a smile.

Right after that, Brandon's phone rang. When he took out his phone and saw the caller's name, his expression turned solemn in an instant.

It was Lacey.

Brandon answered the call with shaky hands. It must be a coincidence! Yes, it must be!

"Hi, Ms. Hinton. How may I..." Brandon's voice trailed off while trembling.

"Brandon Hilton, you and Bryan Hilton from pharmaceuticals are fired. Not only that, I'll get someone to thoroughly investigate everything that you've done. You'd better wish that you've never done anything wrong. If you've committed any wrongdoings, you'll be punished by the law," Lacey said coldly.

"Ms. Hinton, why are you firing me? Is there some kind of misunderstanding?" Brandon tried to change her mind.

"Hah! The reason? You know it better than I do. The management of your branch, especially the medical services division, has always been in a mess! All this while, I've been turning a blind eye. However, I've never thought that you would dare do things that disregard human rights. I've already reported everything to the police. You'll receive your punishment from the authorities soon," Lacey replied in a cold voice.

Brandon was devastated, and he knew there was no turning back.

Brandon wasn't the only one feeling that way. Emma and Sasha were also devastated, but for different reasons.

So, everything he said earlier is true...

"How dare you. Zeke Williams! I'll make you pay for it!" Brandon gritted his teeth.

He then said to Lacey, "Ms. Hinton, aren't you the least bit worried that your husband might be having an affair, since the two of you are so far apart? As far as I'm concerned, he has always mingled with beauties, and now he's giving me a hard time because of two beautiful ladies. The two ladies are no less beautiful than you." "Oh, really?" Lacey asked.

"Of course," Brandon said.

"Ask Zeke to answer me," Lacey said.

"Of course it's not true," Zeke said.

"That's what I thought," Lacey replied.

*Ms. Hinton, do you really trust him that much?" Brandon asked.

"So, are you saying that I should believe an outsider like you instead of my own husband?" Lacey asked.

Chapter 1958

Brandon opened his mouth, not knowing what to say.

Not giving him a chance to speak, Lacey ended the call directly.

"Very well! Very well indeed!" Brandon's eyes became bloodshot as he started to lose control of his rationality. "I've underestimated you, Zeke. Haha! I never expected myself to be ruined by someone like you. I refuse to give in!"

Zeke said, "You refuse to give in? I'll give you another chance, then. Just attack me with whatever techniques you know. If I even frown the slightest bit, I'll admit defeat."

"Fine!" When Brandon shook his arm, a gun slid down his sleeve. He gripped it tightly and aimed it at Zeke. "Zeke, I know that you can fight well. However, no matter how skilled you are, can you defeat a bullet?"

A gun!

Everyone's expression changed as they hurriedly tried to hide.

Emma and Sasha also panicked. They wanted to drag Zeke away and hide, but he stood fixed to the ground motionlessly.

No matter what they did, Emma and Sasha could not make him budge.

In the end, they had no choice but to stand in front of Zeke and yell, "Mr. Williams, leave now! He's crazy! He'll actually dare to shoot!"

Zeke smiled. "It's fine. He can't hurt me!"

Unable to convince Zeke, Emma could only threaten Brandon. "Brandon, we're living in a society governed by laws. It's a crime to kill someone with a gun! You're still young. Even if you have a death wish, think about your family."

Brandon laughed. "Haha! Stop spouting nonsense! Don't think that I don't know you've offended Mr. Fleming. Even if I kill Zeke, Mr. Fleming can still help me settle everything. Get lost! Otherwise, I'll kill you two too."

The two women refused to move. As they had never experienced the evils of society, they were certain that Brandon would not dare to shoot.

countless. However, having experienced battles, Zeke knew that Brandon had already lost his rationality. At this point, he would even throw a grenade, let alone shoot someone.

He shoved the two women to the side and assured, "Don't worry, I'm fine-"

Bang!

The loud gunshot interrupted Zeke's words.

Brandon had actually fired his gun!

At this critical moment, a shadow suddenly darted forward from the entrance and leaped in front of Zeke within a split second.

Everyone was stunned by the deafening gunshot.

When they returned to their senses, they discovered that the shadow was a human.

A living, breathing human!

More shockingly, he was holding a bullet that was still smoking between his fingers.

Zeke and the shadow had not been hit by the bullet, which meant that the latter had caught the bullet with his bare hands!

Oh my God!

Everyone was shocked to the core.

He actually caught the bullet with his bare hands. Is he even human? Who is he? Why is he so powerful? Why did he catch that bullet for Zeke?

Even Brandon was flabbergasted. With his mouth agape, he stared at the figure while his hands trembled.

The person was none other than Sole Wolf, also known as General North!

Sole Wolf glanced at Brandon with a teasing grin. Brandon was so scared that his hands and legs suddenly cramped..

Then, Sole Wolf turned around and bowed at Zeke. "Sir, I wasn't too late, right?"

Zeke nodded. "You're just on time."

Sir? This powerful man actually referred to Zeke as "Sir!" This means that Zeke is even stronger than him.

Everyone felt like their world had just been turned upside down.

They realized that they had to reevaluate their understanding of the world. There were too many things that they were still ignorant about.

When Emma and Sasha looked at Zeke, their gazes were filled with admiration and respect.

Gritting his teeth, Brandon said, "Very well! I've underestimated you, Zeke. I didn't know that you have such a powerful subordinate! No wonder you never seem to fear anything! However, even if he can catch a bullet, can he catch more than two? Come! Accept my judgment!"

Brandon aimed his gun at Zeke again.

Chapter 1959

Zeke remained motionless as a look of disdain flashed across his eyes.

No!

The color drained out of Emma and Sasha's faces as they quickly tried to stop Brandon.

It was true that Zeke's subordinate was powerful enough to catch a bullet with his bare hands. However, at the very most, he could only catch two bullets with his hands. It was impossible for him to catch three or more.

If Brandon actually shot at him, Zeke would be doomed.

However, there was no way Brandon would ever listen to the two women.

Now that he had no other choices left, his only lifeline was to kill.

He could only survive if Zeke's life was forfeit.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Four deafening gunshots sounded, echoing across the hall for a long time.

Some cowardly people closed their eyes, unable to bear witness to the bloody scene. that would soon arise.

Even Emma and Sasha closed their eyes subconsciously.

However, the moment the gunshots sounded, a few figures dashed forward once more to stand in front of Zeke.

Silence resumed after the gunshots.

Everyone opened their eyes slowly.

Sasha and Emma carefully placed their arms down, their hearts beating rapidly. They did not know if they could bear the scene they were soon about to see.

However, after everyone opened their eyes, they were dumbfounded.

Zeke and his subordinate were still standing at their original spots, completely unscathed. They did not even budge an inch.

This time, Zeke's subordinate was not holding any bullets.

If he didn't catch those bullets with his bare hands, where are the bullets that Brandon fired?

Then, everyone realized that a few more people had appeared in the room. Each of them was clutching a bullet in their hands.

The bullets had become contorted, with smoke still wafting from them. To the onlookers, it looked like catching a bullet was as simple as holding a cigarette between the men's fingers.

What the heck?

Everyone was thunderstruck.

They thought that people who could catch bullets with their bare hands only existed in movies.

Yet, in the world that they were living in, there were actually multiple people who could catch bullets with their bare hands.

Who are these people? Why are they here? Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sounds of the bullets dropping onto the floor rang across the venue.

The bunch of people walked over to Zeke and got down on one knee respectfully.

"Zeke."

"Mr. Williams."

"Sir."

"Please punish us for being late to your rescue!"

These people were none other than Killer Wolf, Ares, Nameless, and Alfred.

Zeke nodded at them. "Stand up. It's not your fault."

Only then did they stand up.

Everyone present was once again flabbergasted.

These powerful men were all Zeke's subordinates.

If his subordinates were all so powerful, it meant that his powers were boundless.

Who exactly is he? Is he human or a god?

Bryan had already broken down mentally.

He was so scared that he had wet his pants. Groveling at Zeke's feet, he pleaded, "I'm sorry, Mr. Williams. I-I was blind and ignorant! I have truly offended you. Please, spare my life! Ms. Jones, please give me another chance. I'm willing to make up for this mistake! I'll cure your daughter's legs... I don't want to die... I don't want to die!"

Brandon still had a bit of rationality left within him. He knew that his sin was so egregious that even if he pleaded with all his might, Zeke would still not spare him.

Thus, he spun around to flee, but Zeke would never let him escape.

When Zeke shot Sole Wolf a glance, Sole Wolf moved so quickly that he seemed to "teleport" in front of Brandon. With a kick, he sent Brandon collapsing to the ground.

"If I let an insignificant man like you escape right before my eyes, I'd be truly unworthy."

The kick was so forceful that Brandon spat out a mouthful of blood.

He raised his head timidly and gazed at Zeke. "Who... Who are you?"

Zeke chuckled. "You're in no position to know my title. "

Chapter 1960

Zeke's title alone was sufficient to prove that his identity was exceptional.

He instructed, "Send Brandon and Bryan to the military court and put them on trial!"

"Understood!"

Brandon caught onto a piece of information from Zeke's words.

If Zeke was sending them to the military court, it proved that he was from the military.

If he has a title in the army and was capable enough to catch bullets with his bare hands...

The title "Great Marshal" suddenly flashed across his mind.

Brandon was so scared that he fainted.

Meanwhile, Zeke walked toward Emma and Sasha.

"The two of you..." Still immersed in the traumatizing incident earlier, Sasha and Emma were unable to accept what had just happened.

They only snapped out of their daze when Zeke appeared in front of them.

With trembling voices, they asked, "W-Who are you? Why did you help us?"

Zeke replied, "I'm sorry. I can't tell you because it's a secret. Also, I'd like to ask the two of you for a favor."

"Go ahead!"

Emma and Sasha stared at him eagerly.

They yearned for Zeke to confess his love to them. Even if they had to be his mistresses, they would be satisfied.

However, they were merely fantasizing.

Zeke said, "Now that Linton Group's branch here is lacking a person in charge, are both of you interested in the position of general manager?"

He wanted them to take charge of the branch office.

Naturally, Emma and Sasha agreed.

Their biggest wish had been for Zeke to secure a business deal with Linton Group. However, Zeke directly gave the Linton Group's branch office to them.

This was an enormous surprise!

After they agreed, Zeke said, "I need to settle some matters now. You should make preparations and assume the new position immediately."

"Okay!"

After Zeke left, Sole Wolf, Killer Wolf, and the rest went to the rooftop of the Linton Group's building.

Meanwhile, everyone was still immersed in their shock and fear, standing amidst the chaotic mess left behind.

On the rooftop, the sunlight was just nice, and the breeze was soothing.

Zeke stood there, basking in the warm sunlight as he said lazily, "Come out."

Someone climbed out of the water reservoir on the rooftop.

It was none other than Boxing King, also known as the Seeker of Defeat.

In truth, Zeke had informed Boxing King beforehand to meet him there.

His performance at the lobby was to deliberately demonstrate his powers and capabilities to Boxing King.

The aim was to convince Boxing King.

Taking a deep breath, Zeke continued, "Now, can you tell me why you didn't let me kill Bryan?"

Boxing King did not reply to him. Instead, he stared at Zeke intently and asked, "Who are you?"

Meanwhile, on the ground floor, Emma and Sasha had left silently.

They did not feel sorry that they had lost Zeke.

After all, he was too exceptional—not only was he capable, but he was also skilled in medicine, filthy rich, and famous.

If he was like a shining star in the sky, Emma and Sasha were nothing but frogs in a well. They were no match for him.

Someone like him was to be kept in their memories and treasured forever.

Sometimes, when they were lonely, they would recall this beautiful memory and savor it.

They had already decided to remain single forever for Zeke.

Now that they had known such a talented man like Zeke, other average men could never win their hearts.

They could never fall in love with anyone else after having witnessed Zeke's splendor. When they returned home, they discovered two uninvited guests waiting for them there.

Emma immediately recognized the two guests as her neighbors-Poppy and her son, Keaton.

Emma was confused at their appearance. Why did the two of them suddenly come to our house? Both of our families aren't on good terms with each other.

In the past, Poppy had wanted to introduce Keaton to her. However, as Emma already had someone she liked, she had rejected him politely.