

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 151

Chapter 151

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Arlo was in a movie theater, watching the original version of El Man. A pitying smile crept up onto his face. "If this version had been released, it would have probably shaken the world. Too bad, it didn't."

Blackbear was standing behind his seat. It was a private screening, so only those two were present right now.

"Trying to do two things at once will make one fail in both," Blackbear remarked. "Not only did he try to produce two big movies, but he also got too greedy and wanted to release the films by himself. Naturally, he made a lot of enemies, and that made things easier for us."

"Mm, so what did you want to talk about?" asked Arlo glancing back at Blackbear who seemed to have suffered some wounds.

"One of our customers asked me to spoil a girl's name."

"So?"

"That girl is... Rebecca Sterling."

"Who's this customer?"

"The foreign pro-wrestler."

"Ah, Don something."

"Yes, sir. Donovan. That's the guy. What do you want me to do?" "Well, things are just getting interesting," Arlo rubbed his thigh. "Once they sell the villa, I will push her harder, so it's only a matter of time she caves in. She'll be the greatest flower we ever had. She's going to make our business flourish and take it to another level. We don't want unnecessary hindrances during these times." "Understood. Should I just silence him then? For safety sake?" Blackbear queried in a subdued tone. "I mean, he's a thirsty guy, so he may even end up raping her or something." "Just keep an eye on him for now so he doesn't do anything stupid." "Okay."

Arlo stood. "Now then, shall we go and watch the auction for ourselves?" Arlo's eyes smiled brightly. "If possible, I'll get to meet my stubborn queen and ask if she needs some help with her court cases."

"Sure, sir."

"How much do you think the villa will be sold for?"

"I'm guessing 100 to 150 million."

"Nah, that will easily cross 200 million. It may even cross 300."

"300? That's a stretch."

Arlo cheekily smiled. "Shall we make a bet?" he put his hand on Blackbear's shoulder. "If you lose, you will give me your left hand. If I lose, I'll give you whatever you want."

Blackbear slightly shook his head. "If you participate, then you can just raise the price to 300 million, so I'm not betting." "Haha, you've become so boring. I was obviously kidding," he wore his black suit and lit up a cigar specially sent from the Campbell family. "Let's go." At Bonsbell's mansion. There were dozens of guards dotting the mansion grounds. Even the dogs went back into cages because of their intimidating appearance. Some of them were even bigger and bulkier than Shawn who paid a visit now. Some held guns, too.

"If you're here to ask for monetary help, then you're barking up the wrong tree," Artur spoke his mind before Shawn even came up to him.

"You wouldn't have let me in unless I could be of some use," Shawn was also not the type to plead, either. "Tell me what I can do for you in return to receive your help against the court cases."

"You already know what I want."

"My sister, huh..." Shawn put on a poker face. "Her career is hanging in the balance, so if you can make sure she won't get a job, it'll be easier to bend her to your will." "I'm intending on doing that, but I'll be needing your support." "Sure," Shawn said in a cold voice. "Then, the money?" "C'mon, why the hurry?" Artur chuckled. "I'll give you as much as you want once we become brother-in-laws."

Shawn frowned. "Do you take me for a fool? I helped you with three tough insurance cases, and you made me do them for free. Even now, you haven't even asked me to take a seat. How do you expect me to believe you'll keep your word?" "If you can't put a little trust in me, then... you can turn around and leave," Artur indifferently stated. "Nobody's forcing you to do anything."

Shawn paused for a little while and said, "You better not betray me." He put his hand forward.

"That's not in my blood," Artur shook Shawn's hand firmly.

At the Sterling villa.

Rebecca had spoken to her mother about telling the kids to be with their mother. Selena agreed, but after Rebecca left, she told Roshan and Lisa they could stay with her as long as they wanted.

They thanked her and asked her if she also bought a house somewhere, but she said she was looking for a good neighborhood and that she would buy one soon.

The auction would soon begin on the lawn, but Selena stayed in her room, reading one of her favorite books. "Don't let your son-in-law steal your sweets.' By sweets, the author meant things we like. And I like my family, my sons and daughters especially. My sons can take care of themselves, but my daughters still need me. Veronica can be easily manipulated, but I should be more careful with Rebecca." She then faintly smiled and shut the book. "Well, now that I have over 200 million dollars of her money with me, she's going to listen to my words better than ever. I'll make sure she will slap the crap out of Trashmin and permanently kick

him out of her life. Then I'll get her married with someone of my choosing. Haha, though Jacob screwed up big time, I'm not really sad. Is it because we've long stopped loving each other?"

At the balcony.

Louis and Bella were drinking tomato soup, with their children next to them, asking for more tomato soup. "Is she going to see her sister?" Louis saw Rebecca leave in her Porsche. He glanced at Bella. "Don't you think it's about time?"

"I haven't received any update, though," replied Bella, shrugging her shoulders. "How much longer?" Louis sounded a little frustrated. "This place has gotten boring. My nose wants to experience new smells."

"And you will," Bella hugged him, and he rested his head against her chest like a child that needed caring. "That's my promise."

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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Rebecca went to Ducksbelly restaurant where she had told Benjamin to bring Jane along. However, to her surprise and shock, only Jane was waiting at the table, oblivious to the fact

that it was Rebecca who set up the whole thing.

“Benjamin...” Rebecca’s heart played in a strange rhythm. “He’s not here?” she hid behind a waiter and dialed Benjamin. “Hello, where are you?”

“I’m really sorry, Rebecca,” answered Benjamin in a low voice. “My friend’s grandmother died, so I had to come here and help her.”

There was nothing Rebecca could say afterward.

“What do you two need me for anyway, right? You two have fun. I’ll call you later. Bye,” Benjamin said before hanging up the call.

“This guy... what a trouble he’s putting me through,” she took a deep breath before entering Jane’s view, completely grabbing her attention.

Before Jane wondered what Rebecca was doing at the restaurant, Rebecca sat down at their table and said, “I’m the one who called you for a meeting.”

Jane’s tongue kept poking her inner cheek as she tried to control herself from lashing out at her ex best friend. “Stop lying. Why would Benjamin even talk to you anymore?” Rebecca looked puzzled. “Why wouldn’t he talk to me?”

“Huh,” Jane blew air out of her mouth audibly. “Yeah. You are pretty as an angel, so I guess even someone like him can’t help but keep simping all over you.” Her gaze turned sharp soon. “But he’s my boyfriend now, so you better keep yourself away from him.” She slammed the table, making some heads turn toward their table.

“Whoa, whoa...” it was too much of a bizarre statement for Rebecca to get her head around it. “Mind your tongue. What do you mean he’s your boyfriend?”

“It means exactly what I said,” Jane leaned forward and said with a hateful tone, “You know I don’t call someone my boyfriend unless I...”

Rebecca’s eyes widened. “Y-You kissed each other?” her heart started pounding hard. “I don’t believe you.”

However, Jane was looking at her with one of those shit-eating grins like she had achieved something great. “Even with the beard, I could feel his lips. They were pretty soft, tender, and

juicy.”

Rebecca’s intestines twisted hard. Hatred flooded through her veins faster than adrenaline ever could. She swiftly leaned forth and slapped Jane.

Almost everyone in the restaurant turned their heads now.

If boiling anger could ever manifest in one’s expression, it would have looked like Rebecca at the moment. However, Jane also felt a sense of rage she couldn’t mask. “You backstabbing bitch!” She jumped across the table and started throwing punches with both hands.

Rebecca was forced to defend herself by raising her arms and covering her face. As a result, Jane’s punches couldn’t reach her face. Still, she couldn’t keep blocking forever as her best

friend’s punches hurt.

Jane put all of her energy into her punches. She was clearly emotional, and so she ran out of gas pretty soon. The moment her punches slowed down, Rebecca used that opportunity to deflect Jane’s punches before locking her arm around Jane’s neck and pulling her closer.

The workers there could only watch as it was two women fighting.

Rebecca used all her strength to squeeze Jane’s neck. She couldn’t breathe, and saliva leaked out of her mouth. Seeing her like that, Rebecca pitied her and let go of her.

Jane gasped for air as she knelt on the table, and the moment she got her breath back, she caught Rebecca’s hair and pulled her crazily. Rebecca also grabbed Jane’s hair, then duked it out for a little while until female workers stepped in and pulled them away. Jane still managed to break free and came charging at Rebecca and headbutted her. Rebecca couldn’t dodge because she was held by two workers. The top of Jane’s head struck her forehead hard, and she fell back and lost consciousness.

Jane still didn’t look satisfied, but the workers blocked her path. “We’ll call the police if you don’t stop.”

Jane grabbed her purse and left the restaurant, cursing Rebecca under her breath.

Rebecca came back to her senses without anyone's help and felt embarrassed because everyone was watching her. More than their gazes, the fact that she ended up fighting with Jane hurt her more.

With a face full of regret, she walked out of the restaurant, forgetting her bag at her seat. So, she had to return again for the car keys. And when she did, many people were laughing as they talked about her battle with Jane. However, they stopped talking when they saw her.

She picked her bag and left without saying a word. After getting into her Porsche, she felt it difficult to breathe. Her heart felt heavy, and her eyes turned wet. She didn't even remember the last time she fought with Jane, but now, she let one moment of anger slap her best friend.

She looked at her hand with mixed feelings. Was slapping her a mistake, or was it not? She wasn't sure.

"She said something about kissing him," Rebecca's gaze turned sharp. "Is that true?" she wanted to ask him, but even if she were to ask Benjamin, what was the guarantee that he would tell the truth? "Jane misunderstood me. She had every reason to lie, so I must first ask Benjamin and hear details from his own mouth before I jump to conclusions. I wanted to talk with him right away, but he said he's at a funeral. I should talk to him tomorrow."

She then drove to Sheila's house to talk to her about the defamation case.

At Sasha's house.

Sasha was crying at her grandmother's body. Damian and Benjamin were standing on the side, with a few neighbors as company.

"She was fine last night," Sohel, the guy who took care of her daily needs, voiced his mind," but... she didn't wake up this morning."

"God wanted to take her away," a neighbor remarked. "There's nothing we can do."

Sasha wanted to cremate her, but Sohel, Damian, and Benjamin helped bury her body in the graveyard, and Benjamin paid for her permanent 8x8 ft space in the graveyard, for which he

had to pay 30,000 dollars.

"I don't know how to thank you..." Sasha cried like a baby in front of Benjamin as touched his hands with her forehead. "I will definitely pay you the money back as fast as I can."

“We’re friends,” Benjamin patted her shoulder. “You don’t have to pay me anything.”

His words made her cry all the more. Damian hugged her and comforted her. He whispered a ‘thank you, brother’ to Benjamin. He could have paid, too, but he had his reasons, and so he appreciated what Benjamin did. Sohel, on the other hand, left a bouquet at the grave and walked away, putting his hat back on.

Soon, Damian and Sasha also left. Benjamin was still standing there, staring at the grave. Shadow appeared behind him. “Do you wish you could raise her back to life?”

“There are a lot of things I wish to do,” Benjamin sighed, “but God made me realize how much of a weakling I am even before I grew a mustache.”

“My lord, you shouldn’t speak like that. You’re our sovereign. There’s nothing under heaven you can’t do.”

“Yeah.” Benjamin could only smile at that. “I wish, but I’m not brainwashed anymore.” He patted Shadow’s shoulder and walked away. “No matter how strong we get, we created beings have our limitations.”

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A few minutes prior to the auction at the Sterling villa.

At the Bugatti showroom, the shop opened at 9 AM. The customer handler, who was also recently promoted to the manager post, brought his girlfriend to the showroom. “Baby, why don’t you take me for a ride in one of these exotic cars?” she couldn’t take her eyes off the super cars before her, especially the new Chiron models. “That Pur Sport... Don’t you want to see how it’ll feel inside?” She put his hand on her belly and brought it down slowly. “I will ride it really carefully.”

“Its horsepower is unlike anything you’ve ever experienced before,” he raised one of his brows. “Are you sure you can handle it?”

“So naughty,” she pinched his cheek. “Haha, just wait, I’ll go and bring the keys for you.” He went into the office, and she kept checking the other cars that were there, humming a catchy tune. A man with a winter-white hair and a time-chiseled face entered the showroom. The woman looked at this man who was in all white and was scratching his beard with a walking stick. His clothes weren’t sparkling white but were as dull as they could be. “Whoa, there. What do you want, old man?” “A car,” his gravelly voice easily

got on her nerves. "A car? Are you sure you're in the right place?" she snickered. "Look at yourself. Wearing cheap and shabby clothes." The old man took a look at himself once. "People like you don't even deserve to be in this store, so get out," she raised her voice. He squinted his eyes. "Are you the manager?"

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"Yeah. I am," she pointed her finger toward the exit. "Will you go now?" she was at least ten feet away from him, but she waved her hand before her face. "I can't bear your smell."

He looked offended, but he easily controlled his temper. "A friend told me they make these cars with materials used for building aircrafts, and that they are among the fastest cars ever made. So I came here walking on my two feet, hoping to buy one of these little beasts and

experience their top speed myself to see how far the technology has progressed in these past few years. Yet, you remind me that humanity never fucking changes."

Her gaze turned into a glare. "Did you just use an F word?"

"What's going on here?" the customer handler came over.

"Baby, he just used an F-word on me," she complained to her boyfriend.

"What?" the customer handler was enraged. "You dare badmouth my girlfriend? Are you tired of living?" He immediately tried to grab the old man's head and push him out, but the walking stick swiftly struck the sweet spot between his legs and turned it sour. The customer handler's knees gruffly kissed the floor as his face shapeshifted into that of a crooked buffalo. "You..." he tried to get up and deal with this old man, but he just couldn't muster the energy. The pain

was just too much for him to even utter some words. As he was on his knees, he could now see that there was a wolf's carving at the top of the walking stick. The old man turned and walked away like nothing ever happened. "Baby... Baby?" his girlfriend kept patting on the customer's handler's back. "Baby? Are you okay? Baby?"

"Shut up," he yelled at her. "Can you give me a minute of peace?" he was more annoyed by her lack of commonsense for not even giving him the time to bear the pain.

She was frustrated, but she could only wait.

Many seconds later, the customer handler was back on his feet, but he wasn't looking at her. Rather, he was looking at the entrance. The old man in white was still standing outside, though his back was facing the store now.

He used the keys and got into a Chiron and asked his girlfriend to hop in, and she gladly did." Just run over that old bastard, baby. I want to see his blood."

"Don't be stupid," he blurted. "If something happens to the car, I'll be fucked." "Then what are you going to do?"

He smirked. "What he can't." He drove the car outside and went past the old man and kept circling the car around the old man in the space that was available.

She got so excited by that, she opened the window and showed her middle finger to the old man. "This is what we can do, and this is what you can't even do in your dreams!"

The customer handler loved the way she trash-talked the old man.

Nevertheless, the old man stood unfazed, his arms loosely resting on the walking stick." People like you are the reason why I didn't send my child outside on a journey. Life is already difficult as it is, but losers like you make it just as disgusting." "Did you say something?" she barked and laughed. "I couldn't hear you, geezer!" she looked at her boyfriend. "Baby, even though we're the ones riding, it seems his eyes are spinning. Can you slow down so we can hear his voice?"

"Hahaha, sure."

The car slowed down. She poked her head out and spat at him. Her spit fell on his shirt, but he didn't move. "Now, speak!"

SWOOSH—!!

A black car appeared out of nowhere and forced the customer handler to drive his car into the store. The black car stopped right before the old man, and an old butler in a dark green suit stepped out, lowered his head and said, "I came as fast as I could. If I'm late, please forgive

me."

"You came earlier than expected, Leher," the old man calmly said. "Is it okay if I drive the

car?»

"O-Of course, Master Parul said it's yours."

"Mm, he's generous as usual, but I will return it once my work is done," saying that, he entered the car and took his time to understand the controls.

The customer handler, on the other hand, kept gawking at the black bugatti from inside the showroom. "Is that.. bugatti la voiture noire?"

"What?" his girlfriend's eyes popped out of her sockets. "Aren't there only ten of those in existence?" More than that, her blood ran cold upon realizing that she had shown her middle finger to such a wealthy man.

Before they could come out of the shock, the black bugatti left, but the old butler didn't. He walked into the store with a rigid expression.

"W-What do you want, sir?" the customer handler was already shaking in his boots.

"You have two choices," the old butler, Leher, said, his hands placed in front of his crotch. "First. You can cut her middle finger and give it to me." His words made her pee. "Or..." Leher continued, "you two can slap each other until one of you is left standing. The winner can then cut the loser's middle finger and give it to me."

Silence followed.

"I'm not joking by the way," Leher said. "Don't make me do it, or you'll be losing more than just a finger."

Both options seemed equally bad for her, but her boyfriend didn't think the same. He began slapping her without a second thought. She got overpowered easily and got knocked out of her senses.

"I won," the customer handler looked at Leher, gasping loudly. "The finger," Leher was looking down at her, suggesting he needed to cut her middle finger. As the customer handler was hesitating, Leher pulled out a butcher's knife from under his shirt, making the customer handler pass out. "What a pair of absolute losers." He spat in disgust.

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CHAPTER 154 Jacob wanted everyone from the family gone from the villa by the time the auction started, but no one in his family listened to him anymore. They weren't directly scolding him, but they weren't smiling, either.

By the time the auction started, Jacob and his sons were seated next to the auctioneer they had hired, while the rest of the family was standing at the foyer.

What Jacob didn't like was that both Langdon Campbell and David Bonsbell were also present among the buyers, and they hadn't said a word to him about their interest in the villa. Had they told him, he would have sold the villa in private instead of doing this humiliating thing, where he had to sell this in front of the people he owed money, including Jane's dad, Mike.

Like vultures, they waited patiently. Jacob hoped at least Mike would come and talk to him, but he didn't.

Arlo Campbell was also there, but he was here only to watch. Rebecca wasn't present in the villa, so he was slightly disappointed. Artur Bonsbell sat not far from Arlo, and he seemed slightly anxious. He wouldn't have come if his father hadn't forced him.

The auctioneer greeted everyone and explained the villa's features as best as possible, but he was known for overselling the property, which was also why Jacob hired him.

The auction soon started.

The base price was set to 100 million dollars.

A slender, stunning woman in the crowd raised the price straight to 150 million dollars, making every head turn toward her, who's got a polite smile playing on her face. Her dimples made her look cute; she was instantly likable as far as facial features were concerned. "Laurel Bisconsley. The much-adored granddaughter of the billionaire Bisconsley's family!" "Why's she so interested in this villa?" "If someone like her is hell-bent on buying this villa, a lot of competitors can only give up." Laurel, however, didn't change her expression. (I like the garden here. They nicely block the view of the city, giving the impression that we're in the middle of a forest. I want to buy something like the Myers' mansion, but if I can at least buy this villa, I can come on weekends and spend time with Charles or my grandma.) For her, this villa seemed like nothing more than a weekly vacation spot. "We canceled our plans and came here," Artur raised his voice. "Why aren't we offered anything to eat or drink?"

His words got on Jacob and Shawn's nerves, but there was nothing they could do. Jacob told his sons to fetch them from the villa. His sons reluctantly obeyed him at first sight, but they were never intending to return and serve drinks and food to others. They couldn't even imagine themselves ever doing such a thing.

Still and all, Artur was amused to see the frustration on the faces of the men from the Sterling family. (I won't get this much fun in any movie theater.)

A hand raised, hiking the bid from 150 to 160 million dollars. It was from a tall and heavily built man, with a cigar in one hand and a wine bottle in the other.

“Brandon Conreid!” Some were quite surprised, for he was one of the real estate tycoons of the country and the current CEO of Conreid Fortunes.

The auctioneer looked at Laurel straight away. “C’mon, ma’am. Take us to 200.”

His swift, quick persuasion worked like a charm, and she nodded and raised her hand before saying, “200 million dollars.”

“Great,” the auctioneer then kept talking with other bidders, almost taunting them with his speech. “C’mon, sirs, show your strength to the billionaire beauty, and who knows, she might just fall for you.” His words garnered a few laughs. “Don’t laugh, sirs,” the auctioneer continued. “The beautiful pool, the wonderful cinema room, and a perfect tennis grass court where even Roger Federer would love to roll across the court like a relaxed little kitten. You don’t know what you’re missing. Mark my words. Whoever buys this villa can have a Wimbledon champion in their descendants.” Again, some people laughed. “Don’t laugh among yourselves, sirs. Raise the bar, so Mr. Jacob can also laugh together,” the auctioneer said. A random person raised the bid to 210 million. Brandon raised it to 220, and Laurel immediately upped her bid to 250.

Jacob felt slightly happy that his effort in bringing an auctioneer was paying off. “Don’t miss this magnificent opportunity over this villa built on a hill,” the auctioneer didn’t stop talking. His words kept flowing like an unending stream. “You won’t be able to buy this d anywhere else in this city. The fantastic outdoors is one of a kind.”

David Bonsbell raised his hand.”251.”

“We have 251 from David Bonsbell,” the auctioneer said aloud. “Where have you been?” “Haha, just watching,” David chortled. The auctioneer’s gaze then shifted to Langdon. “Isn’t the governor interested in this gorgeous villa?”

Langdon, however, didn’t respond, so the auctioneer didn’t dare poke him further. “Ahem, at 551, we have our bid from David Bonsbell,” the auctioneer shouted. “Whoa, it’s 251!” David quickly yelled. “Uh, yes, my apologies,” the auctioneer cleared his throat again and said, “a slight correction. We’re only at 251. It’s an odd number, and a place that ticks every box deserves better. Who’s gonna make the better bid? C’mon guys, I guarantee you that there’s no other place like this that comes at such a price in the market. You are going to walk away from this feeling happy and proud.”

After making a phone call, Laurel raised the price to 275 million dollars. Brandon quickly raised the bid to 280 million, and it irritated Laurel. She raised the bid to 300. The auctioneer’s smile widened, for he reached the minimum price he had promised to Jacob.

Brandon and Laurel competed for a little while until Laurel stopped at 360 million. And then nobody raised the bid for half a minute, even though the auctioneer kept asking.

"This place has everything one can want," the auctioneer raised his hand half-way into the air. "At 360 million... First." He brought his hand down and raised his hand again. "At 360 million... Second. C'mon sirs..." he gave a once-over at the crowd, and his gaze stopped on a certain section. "Over to you guys, I haven't forgotten you. Any bidders out there?"

"You're stretching it too far," Artur barked. "End it already." The auctioneer, however, denied with a polite shaking of the head. "Sterling villa for 360 million is a steal. I expected much more fierce competition."

The noise of a running engine grabbed everyone's attention and made them turn their heads toward the villa's entrance where a black sports car just stopped ever so smoothly. Seeing the car, Artur Bonsbell stood up from his seat like someone pierced his ass with a needle. "Bugatti la voiture noire?"

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Seeing the black sports car, Artur stood up from his seat. "Bugatti la voiture noire?" It was the car he tried so much to buy but failed to. Who the hell was in the driving seat? He very much wanted to see the person as soon as possible, so he started walking before he knew it.

"Bugatti la voiture noire?" the auctioneer's jaw hung open. "Aren't there only ten of those in existence? It's a car that even billionaires can't get their hands on. Just who could be riding that thing?"

David Bonsbell frowned from hearing the auctioneer's words because he was also one of those who had tried his best to buy this car as a birthday gift for his son, but he didn't succeed.

"That's not bugatti la voiture noire," Brandon said, making some heads turn toward him. "That thing is even more special and rare. It is the prototype made before the final version got released. It's the one and only car in existence, bugatti la voiture noire zero." "Zero?" David didn't believe it. "How the hell do you know that?"

"That's because that car belongs to my dad," replied Brandon, with a hint of arrogance in his tone.

“WHAT?” David was shocked. “Bullshit,” Arlo snorted. “That car looks a little different from the model we know of, but to say that it’s the predecessor of the finest bugatti model there is... Do you take us for such ignorant fools?”

The car’s door opened, and an old man in simple white clothes stepped out. There was nothing special about his appearance other than he looked simple, neat, and clean.

“Pfft,” Arlo burst out into laughter. A few more men joined him. “It’s just a middle-class gaffer.” Compared to their distinguished appearances, the old man stood no chance in their eyes.

Brandon, however, ignored their cackling.

The old man in white took a look around the villa once before walking to the auction site and showed the auction ticket he had bought online.

“Wow, so we have a late entry now,” the auctioneer seemed happier than Jacob. “Sir, the highest bid currently stands at 360 million. Do you want to raise it?”

The old man went and sat in the seat where Artur was seated before.

“Excuse me, sir. Do you want to raise the bid?” the auctioneer patiently asked again. “Please say yes or no.”

“My lucky number is 1, so my bid will be 361 million.”

“370 million,” Laurel didn’t even give time for the auctioneer to utter the new bid amount, but he didn’t mind that at all.

“371,” said the old man in white.

Laurel glanced at Brandon and wondered why he stopped bidding. She didn’t know the real value of this villa, but as long as Brandon was in the race, she didn’t mind spending a few

more million on the villa. However, now, she had to think ten times before bidding again,

After much hesitation, she raised the bid to 375.

The old man raised it to 376.

They kept bidding again and again until Laurel reached 400.

“401?” the auctioneer expectantly looked at the old man who nodded in agreement. “Wonderful! At 401 million. First. Second. Third... Final Call...” his eyes scanned all around, especially at the potential buyers, but after seeing Laurel stand and walk away,

the auctioneer said. "Over, and sold at 401 million to..." he looked at the old man who stood and simply said his name: Ryan.

"Just Ryan?" asked the auctioneer, to which a smile came as a reply. He didn't poke further." The Sterling villa goes to Ryan for 401 million dollars." A section of the crowd started clapping.

Jacob went rushing to him, smiling and showing half his teeth. "Thank you, Mr. Ryan." If the villa had gone to David or Langdon, he wouldn't have been able to show his face around them in the future.

"You must be Jacob."

"Yes, I'm Jacob Sterling."

"What made you sell such a beautiful villa?" he inquired.

Jacob lowered his head for a second. "Debts." One of his best friends, Mike, almost turned into an enemy, and there were also those who threatened to kill him. All the stress forced him to sell the villa so he could settle the debts and get his movie released. "Even my close friends aren't willing to wait until my movies get released. My family members also..." he looked visibly frustrated.

"Money can comfortably harden hearts if we let it," Ryan patted Jacob's shoulder lightly." That's just how easily influenced most of the people are, unfortunately."

Those words rang true in Jacob's heart. He brought the villa's documents and wanted the transfer to happen as fast as possible.

Ryan transferred only half the amount before finishing the signing process. Jacob's sons signed as the witnesses with the auctioneer also signing in addition. The auctioneer would receive 3 percent commission, so he was happy, too.

If nobody filed a case in the court against Jacob's villa in the next three months, Ryan would transfer the rest of the money.

Everyone who attended was being given drinks by maid Kathy who made it seem like she spent her own money for these drinks when she actually brought them from the storage room. Her intentions were clear to Elizabeth. Kathy wanted to shift to a new rich home.

Arlo gladly took the drink and winked at Kathy to which she blushed.

Artur politely refused to drink He just wasn't in the mood. His eyes were still fixed on Ryan. He glanced at Luther. "I want everything about this old dude."

“Sure, sir.”

Kathy took the drinks to Ryan at last, and she earnestly seduced him, exposing her cleavage a little too much to the point her nipples would slip out if she were to squeeze her arms inward anymore. Ryan was not stupid. He understood what she was after, but he calmly took the drink and said, “I’m not what I’m not.”

He didn’t need to say further, and Kathy’s pride was hurt by his words. How could her mature charm not work on this geezer? She didn’t waste her time for him anymore and instead focused on men like Brandon, David, and Langdon. Langdon and David liked her openness, but Brandon ignored her and walked over to Ryan and introduced himself. “Can I ask you how you know my dad?” his dad never gave that car to him or to anyone else for that matter, so how could he give it to this strange old man. Just who was he? Brandon so badly wanted to know. Ryan sipped on the orange juice and smiled before saying, “No, you can’t.” Brandon’s face lost color. He let out an embarrassing smile and walked away without saying another word. (Fucking prick.) Ryan’s gaze shifted toward the villa. “I ended up buying this little prison.”

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Langdon and David left without even meeting Jacob who was now surrounded by Mike and men whom he owed money.

Ninety-five percent of the 200 million he received vanished from his account in a matter of minutes because he had to also pay the interest. Mike alone received 18 million out of that.

Jacob needed the rest of the money and more for the post-production of his movies. He tried calling his wife and asking her on the phone to send him some money, but she hung up. He looked at her who was standing at the foyer, together with the family. She looked back at him, and no love was exchanged between their gazes; if anything, there was silent anger, frustration, and hatred.

Ryan noticed what was going on. “Housekeeping is like playing chess. If you aren’t careful with your pieces, you will lose them to the opposition that is the world. Did this housekeeper lose only his queen, or others, too?” he pondered for a little while. “If I don’t do something, this little pack will disband.”

Ryan slowly went over to where Selena and her family were. Elizabeth was also there, but she was standing a few feet away from them with her parents. What angered

Elizabeth was that her brother was also standing next to her children, sucking up to her mother-in-law.

Selena came forward and met Ryan so she could talk privately with him. "Can you give us a week so we can find a good place to shift to?"

Ryan briefly glanced at the children: Lisa, Roshan, Vlad and Mercie. He slowly blinked and nodded.

"Thanks," Selena's heartbeat steadied now. She had expected him to agree because she was a big celebrity, but she still had to confirm to feel at ease.

"But," Ryan wasn't finished, "you and your family can stay here as long as you want."

"Pardon?" she didn't get what he meant. The look in her eyes changed, and she began to scrutinize his gaze. Was he one of those old men who had a big crush on her? Was that why he bought the villa for such a piercing? It was definitely possible. After all, Ryan's face had a great glow, and he had little to no wrinkles compared to her husband. If not for his pure white hair, Ryan would pass for someone in his mid forties.

"The children don't look happy. I'm sure they would like to stay here if possible," Ryan stated. "Besides, this villa is too spacious for me to live in, so if I have some company, I won't feel alone. If you choose to stay, I give you my word that I won't infringe upon your freedoms."

"If you say it like that..." Selena briefly looked at Jacob, wondering if he would agree to stay in the villa or not. "Can I first talk with my family?"

"Of course," Ryan smoothly tilted his head which also seemed like a nod.

Selena went and told Lisa everything. She got extremely happy and shared the news with the rest. She didn't speak to her mother, but she told the news to George, and he delivered it to Elizabeth

Elizabeth didn't want to stay at the villa anymore. Her heart was badly wounded after her children sided with Selena. However, her parents convinced her that she had nothing to lose if

she were to stay at the villa.

Lisa or Roshan didn't tell the news to Jacob or his sons, but George took care of it. Neither Louis nor Shawn liked what they heard, but Jacob very much did. Staying in this villa would mean that he could stay closer to his family, so this would give him the opportunity and the time to fix things.

After the majority of the people agreed, Selena told Ryan she and her family would gladly continue to stay in the villa for a little while. She was still doubtful about Ryan, but staying at the villa would also benefit her in a lot of ways, so she went along with this plan.

Selena then introduced everyone in the family to Ryan.

Lisa and Roshan just shook hands with him, whereas Vlad and Mercie were astonished by how veiny his hands were,

“Can I have your staff?” Mercie asked for his walking stick. Ryan smiled and said, “I’m afraid you can’t. It will be too heavy for you.” “No, I can carry it,” Mercie tried to pull the staff out of his hand, but she failed, and it greatly surprised the little girl. After trying a little longer, she gave up. “old man,” she was out of breath, “you’re surprisingly strong.” “Hoho,” Ryan stroked his beard. “I can say the same for you, little one.” George shook Ryan’s hand for the longest. “Can I... drive that car once?” his eyes were on the black bugatti. Smiling, Ryan shook his head.

“Just once?”

“It’s not mine, so I can’t risk it,” Ryan was blunt, but George still had the begging look. Dorothy had to take him away so he wouldn’t upset the owner of the villa.

Nolan wiped his hands to his pants before shaking hands with Ryan. “I’m so happy someone so friendly has bought this villa. I look forward to playing board games with you, assuming you are interested, of course.”

“If a wolf attacks the sheep, alas for the sheep. If the sheep attacks the wolf, alas for the sheep,” said Ryan.

It took a couple of seconds to process Ryan’s words, and Nolan didn’t like it. “Are you saying I’m a sheep?”

“Saying is one thing but doing is another. So let’s play chess tonight.”

“Sure. I can’t wait to surprise you,” Nolan looked resolute. (I will crush you at your own game.)

Kathy, on the other hand, was regretting her actions. She thought the Sterlings would be gone from the villa, but that didn’t happen. She had tried to seduce Ryan, but that didn’t work, either. And now, Ryan and the Sterling family will stay together in this villa? “I hope this geezer doesn’t take what I did into his heart.” She then came up to Ryan and politely bowed. “I’m Kathy. The head maid of the villa. If you allow it, I’ll be taking care of your needs.”

Amber and Delle were standing right behind Kathy. "I don't need any maids, so you can keep serving the Sterlings if you wish," Ryan said and

started walking into the villa. The sound of a car made him stop and look back. A red Porsche entered his view.

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Rebecca was driving her Porsche, but her heart was elsewhere. Being slapped by her best friend, and for something she didn't do... just thinking about it brought tears to her eyes like waves sweeping to the shore. Pain painted her face with ugliness like rain ruining a perfect sculpture.

The car reached the villa and stopped at the entrance. She got out and took a look at the villa, where she thought she wouldn't be staying anymore. She gave a once over at the garden; she would be missing the characteristic flutter of leaves in a breeze, the familiar smells, and the peace walking on the grass would bring upon her soul. She would be missing all these simple but soothing things. Just then, George hurried over to her and told her the good news. She thought he was just cooking up some bullshit story just to mess with her, but then Lisa came over and said the same thing. "The new owner allowed us to stay here? As long as we want?" she still found it hard to believe. Who would be so big-hearted?

As shocked as she was, her stare was still empty because of the sadness enveloping her heart. Her eyes searched for the owner but couldn't find him or anyone other than her family, for Ryan had just entered the villa.

When Lisa told her how much the villa was sold for, she was quite surprised. She walked up to Jacob. Unlike the rest of the family, she didn't avoid him, though she was still angry at him for how things were turning out. "Dad, is it true? The villa was sold for over 400 million?"

"Yes."

"I don't need to tell you, but spend it wisely, dad."

Avoiding eye-contact, Jacob smiled and nodded. "Will you go and bring your sister back?"

"I will tell her. Whether she comes or not, it's up to her."

Jacob could only sigh.

Rebecca then entered the villa and went to her mother's room. Selena was making all the three maids unpack her luggage. Most of them were dresses, books, and make-up kits.

Selena saw Rebecca and smiled before scuttling over and hugging her. "We get to stay here even after selling it. Can you imagine that?"

Rebecca smiled back, but her smile lacked the shine, for it didn't come from the heart. "It's great, but how much are we paying?"

"Nothing," replied Selena, grinning. "Great, don't you think?"

"Great?" Rebecca frowned. "You want to stay here without paying the rent?"

"Mr. Ryan didn't ask for it, so..." Selena shrugged her shoulders smoothly.

"No," Rebecca shook her head. "Pay him rent. That's the least we can do."

"What?" Selena frowned and clenched her teeth. "Are you out of your mind? Do you have any idea how much renting a villa like this will cost? He can easily ask for five to ten thousand dollars per day."

"So? Let's pay," Rebecca straightforwardly said. "Don't you have hundreds of millions in your bank accounts? Even if you pay 10 grand every day, it will only cost 3.6 million per year." Selena shook her head. "No. That's unnecessary." "Huh? If you don't want to pay from your own pockets, pay from the money I gave you," Rebecca suggested.

Selena shook her head again. "Like I said, it's unnecessary. Mr. Ryan told us we can stay here out of goodwill. What will he think if we quantify his kindness?"

A vein in Rebecca's forehead bulged. She was controlling herself from barking at her mother. "Fine, you can do whatever you want, but I can't stay here without paying rent. Transfer the money I gave you. I need it for a lot of things."

"Money? What money?"

"The 200 million you took from me," Rebecca stressed her words. "Oh..." Selena paused for a second. "The thing is... I bought some shares recently, and I'm low on money."

Rebecca's heart thundered at once. "Y-You're kidding with me, right?"

Selena's mouth turned down a little. "Why would I kid in such a serious matter? I don't have money right now, but I will pay you back the moment I'm able to."

It was at that moment, as Rebecca looked into her mother's eyes, she could, for sure, see the same eyes from the past when her mother lied about a lot of things. Her eyes turned wet against her will, and stress played with her mouth. She nodded her head repeatedly before walking out of the room.

She went straight to her dad and asked him if Selena gave him money for his movie promotions, but he shook his head and asked if everything was alright because he could see the tears and redness in her eyes. When he answered, she looked devastated, even though she was trying to conceal the pain.

Rebecca didn't tell Jacob anything and directly went to her room and sat on the bed and tried her best to not shed a tear, but it wasn't easy. Her heart grew heavier by the second and made it harder and harder to fight back. She clenched her fists. The feeling of being betrayed by her own mother even after all these years for whatever fucking selfish reason she might have had squeezed her already tired heart,

Meanwhile, Shawn didn't let Elizabeth unpack her luggage that contained costly dresses and items.

"We're going to sell all of these things," Shawn's words were cutting sharp. "But they will be sold as second-hand products," Elizabeth yelled at him. "They won't even fetch three-fourths of their original price!" She was right. Used products could go anywhere between 25 to 75 percent.

"I know, but we're still selling them, not as your products but my mom's products."

Elizabeth was startled, "Y-You're going to auction them all?"

"You don't need to worry about that."

"No, I don't want you to sell them," Elizabeth begged. "I have a personal connection with all of these."

"Which one do you want to sell? These or the new house you bought?"

Elizabeth's heart shook, and she went silent.

"Thought so," Shawn was walking out of her room but then stopped. "Find a job soon, and tell your parents to also earn what's put on the table before them, or they can go back to wherever they came from."

Elizabeth's head and heart was piled with frustration. She kept throwing the pillows and everything her hands could grab.

On the rooftop of the villa. Ryan was standing at the edge and taking in the view. Mina slowly came walking and stood about fifteen feet away from him along the edge. "Do you like it here?"

As winds softly blew past his face, Ryan briefly glanced at her before looking at the garden below. "Whatever happens between the walls, there's a nice breeze up here. Good enough for me to get by."

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It had been a while since Jacob stayed in the villa from morning to afternoon. Everyone else had already finished eating, but he didn't. Usually, Kathy would have given him bed coffee every morning, but today, she didn't. Not just that, but no maid came to clean his room, either.

Though Selena and the rest had eaten breakfast, he just couldn't because Ryan was also there. It just felt too awkward for him to be eating with his family when Ryan was around, as Jacob was used to being the leader of the family. Now, there was Ryan on one side and Selena on the other side. Both of them looked superior, and he was finding it hard to digest.

There was no food or even drinking water in his room; the refrigerator was empty. So he was quite hungry. He waited until lunch, hoping Ryan wouldn't come downstairs and eat with the rest, but he did. Again, Jacob couldn't come out of his room. He hoped at least Kathy or Amber would bring him food, but they didn't even cast a glance toward his room. How quickly can people change? Only a week ago, they would have their full attention on him whenever he was around, but now they were acting like he didn't even exist. However, he didn't blame them. After all, even his family members were treating him the same.

He lay down on his bed and tried to get some sleep, but then trains and city buses kept roaming in his belly. The vibrations and noises kept growing louder and louder by the minute.

"Ah, screw this. I can't wait anymore." He hoped that his wife would at least bring him something to eat, but he hit his limit.

Wanting to order food online, he grabbed his mobile. There was a text message from Fabio Romano: Because of our relationship, I will wait until your movies release, but if your movies fail, then I want exclusive rights to some of your other movies.

Jacob exhaled audibly. While Mike and many other friends betrayed, Fabio was willing to wait, and he was also a straightforward person who would tell everything to the face. "I wonder if he's still okay with his son marrying Veronica. If my movies work out, then it's still possible." His stomach growled once again. "Geez... you won't even let me think," he slapped his abdomen and ended up hurting himself. He then ordered food online and waited. "They better be here on time."

W

About 12 minutes later.

A pizza-delivery guy entered the Sterling villa with a bright smile on his face, for it was Benjamin. "A chance to deliver pizzas to Jacob? I surely didn't expect this, haha. I can't wait to see the look on his face when he takes the delivery. I just hope the maids won't spoil this."

Actually, the gate guard stopped Benjamin from entering and asked to give the delivery goods to him, but Benjamin knocked him out so he could enter the villa. He parked the bike, feeling nostalgic as he walked into the villa, wearing a helmet so others wouldn't recognize him.

"Who are you?" Amber, who was sitting at the dining table, stood, but then recognized his attire. "Ah, delivering pizza." "Where's Mr. Jacob?" asked Benjamin in a throaty voice.

WILS

"You can give it to me," Amber suggested, licking her fingers because she was in the middle of eating "Are you going to give me the tip, too?" asked Benjamin. Amber paused for a second and pointed toward a room. "That's where the one you're looking for is staying at." "Thought so," Benjamin went over there and knocked on the door. It quickly opened, and Jacob pulled Benjamin inside.

"Whoa, easy," Benjamin balanced himself, or the parcels would have fallen. "I ordered pizza as well as water. Did you bring both?" Jacob hastily asked.

"Of course," Benjamin took four water bottles out.

"Great." Jacob drank some cold water, then sat down and began to eat the pizzas. "Mhm. I never thought the crappy pizzas would taste this good. I guess hunger can really create miracles."

Jacob had already paid for the pizzas and the water, but he didn't yet give the tip. Nevertheless, Benjamin wasn't in a hurry. He sat down in a chair. "Your face looks shrunken. Haven't you been sleeping well lately?" Jacob looked at the man wearing a helmet. From the uniform with the seven candle stand logo of Rye's Pizzas.

IS

“I told the guard outside to bring the package secretly,” Jacob spoke while eating. “But even that guy doesn’t take my words seriously anymore. It’s crazy how fast people’s attitudes can change really quickly depending on the weight and depth of our pockets.”

“Anyway...” Jacob picked up his mobile. “I’ll transfer 100 dollars, so tell me your number.” Benjamin casually said his number. Jacob typed the number, and the name Benjamin showed it in the app. His expression froze, and he put everything together. Pizza delivery. Rye’s Pizzas. Benjamin. Wearing a helmet. Jacob slowly turned his head to look at the pizza-delivery guy. “Are you...” Benjamin removed the helmet with great effort because his long beard made it difficult. Seeing his son-in-law, Jacob went speechless. His mouth was still open, and the half-chewed pizza was up for view. A fly toured inside, tasted a bit, and then flew out. “You seemed to like the pizza,” Benjamin was grinning from ear to ear. “I personally made it for you.”

Jacob was about to spit the food out.

“Just kidding.” Benjamin patted the bag on his back. “The one I personally made is here, and I’m going to deliver this myself, so wish me luck, father-in-law.”

Veins swelled and throbbed in Jacob’s neck. “You have no shame nor fear, do you? I kicked you in the face and warned you to never show your face around here, but you dared to deliver a pizza to me, and now you want to deliver one to my daughter?” he got off the bed. “I will break your nose and teeth and get your signature and thumb print this time so you can never

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CHAPTER 159 Jacob might be old, but he was a tall and bulky man who could easily intimidate the common man with his appearance alone.

Such a man now rushed at his son-in-law, with fury flashing in his eyes. “I will break your nose and teeth and get your signature and thumb print this time so you can never show your face to her ever again.”

“You sound like a caring father,” Benjamin said, still sitting in the chair

“That’s because I AM,” Jacob threw a swift punch, as fast as his old bones and muscles allowed him. Benjamin intentionally turned his head so Jacob’s fist connected his jaw. BAM! A loud noise erupted. “This is the least I can do for my daughter.” He went for an upper cut this time. He connected again.

Benjamin’s whole body lifted and flipped in the air, shocking even Jacob because he didn’t think he was that strong. However, the next second, Benjamin landed on his feet, looking completely fine. That was when he realized that it wasn’t his punch that did the flipping job. And he didn’t like the calm look Benjamin portrayed.

“You came at the wrong time,” Jacob began shuffling his feet, as he warmed himself up. “I’ve been pretty frustrated lately. I will take all of my frustrations out on you.” He pushed the chair aside and attacked Benjamin again. With a quick hit at the ankle, Benjamin made Jacob fall forward, but then he caught his shirt midway and let it go again so the crash wouldn’t be rough. It all happened in a second-too quick of a time for Jacob to realize what had happened. By the time Jacob was back on his feet, Benjamin was gone from the room. Jacob saw that there was another fresh pizza box on the bed. It made him frown. “This guy…”

Benjamin put his helmet back on and stealthily ran upstairs so that Amber who was eating at the dining table didn’t notice him.

He then went to what he thought was Rebecca’s room, but Selena was there, getting her makeup done. “Shit. I forgot that this devil had taken over Rebecca’s room.” He didn’t even enter that room and skipped away on his toes like a deer.

He stopped by the next room and peeked through the window. Shawn and Elizabeth were there.

“Don’t buy anymore of this stupid stuff,” Shawn threw the make-up kit into the window, and brush ended up hitting Benjamin’s face. Luckily, they didn’t notice him, but Shawn’s actions brought tears in Elizabeth’s eyes. Shawn felt a bit guilty and lowered his voice, “Why are you crying? I’m doing this for our own good, so put on a smile.”

Elizabeth didn’t smile, so he pulled her cheeks and said, “You look more attractive when you’re smiling, you know that?”

“All lies.” “I’m not lying. Makeup only masks your beautiful features. You look much prettier when you’re smiling without makeup.”

Elizabeth knew him enough to not fully buy his words, but his sweet words still were very much pleasing to hear, especially because he rarely praised her. So, she ended up melting in his embrace.

A strange feeling stirred Benjamin's heart. Was it jealousy? He wasn't sure. (Damn my married but bachelor life. I want to urgently hug my wife, too.)

Meanwhile on the second-floor's balcony, Nolan was talking on a mobile. "Yes, sir. In a week, right? I'll personally come and receive the payout." He then hung up. A bright smile played on his lips for a few seconds. "Once I get the money, Dorothy and I can live the rest of our days peacefully. It'll be wonderful if we can raise one of the grandchildren, but I doubt they will be willing to live with an old couple. We might not be able to handle them, too."

"Dad..." George's voice sent a shiver up Nolan's spine. He quickly turned around. "G-Ge-George... since when were you here?" "Since before you began talking to yourself," George's face was glowing. "To think you applied for life insurance without me knowing... How much is the payout?" "W-What life insurance? It's just some car insurance." "Ah, c'mon," he pinched Nolan's belly. "Does your son look that foolish? Is it for half a million, or more?"

After frowning, Nolan lowered his voice and said, "Don't say it out loud. I've kept this thing a secret from everyone until now. Even your mother and sister don't know it."

"Haha, fine," George put his hands on his waist and laughed. A few seconds of silence passed. "So..." George rubbed the back of his head. "How much will you give me?" Nolan's expression froze. "Y-You already have a job, don't you?" "C'mon, dad. If you give me a hundred grand, I could really use it, you know," he grabbed Nolan's hands. "Please." He wasn't wrong, but Nolan looked hesitant. "Please," George begged some more. Nolan shook his head. "Sorry, son. I can't give you the money. Your mother and I will need every dollar of it." "What?" George let go of his father's hands. "Then what am I to you?" "Of course, you're my son. I will help you when you need it, but right now, I can't. Please understand."

George helplessly smiled. "Hmph, I get it. You never really considered me as your son because I wasn't good at studies or in looking after my parents. I'm pathetic, which is why you never loved me."

"That's not true. You're my son," Nolan went closer and hugged him. "I will always love you no matter what."

"Dad..." George's eyes teared up. "I'm sorry." "It's okay," Nolan was saying, but then he felt a push. Before he realized what was happening, his back hit the parapet, and his body flipped back and fell over the balcony.

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In that fraction of a second when Nolan fell from the second-floor's balcony, his whole life didn't play in his mind, but what played was the thought that his own flesh and blood, his own son, would try to kill him. He never even imagined that in his wildest dreams.

His body crashed on the ground in a big thud, startling the dogs that were in the cages meters away from where he fell. The dogs barked, but he wasn't moving anymore.

George was still watching from the balcony with a sad expression. "Sorry, dad, but I still have half a life ahead of me. I will put the money to a better use, so... rest in peace." He turned and walked back into the living room.

He noticed that Vlad and Mercie were busy with the playstation on the first floor. Lisa and Mercie, on the other hand, were reading books as ordered by Selena who had told them they needed to finish reading at least 12 books in one week if they wished to buy mobiles.

"Mother-in-law surely knows how to manipulate kids," George thought. "Anyway, it seems like no one noticed. Should I let them know? Or should I just wait?" He was about to go crying downstairs, but a scream came from outside. It was from Delle.

Everyone who heard the scream hurriedly came out of their rooms, except for Rebecca. She was in so much distress and in deep thought that her ears didn't even faintly catch the noise of the scream.

Rebecca felt like screaming all her pain out, but she was holding it all inside, even though it felt too heavy to just swallow.

She thought she had seen too many things as a child and that she wouldn't let anyone in the outside world fool her again, but then she ended up being fooled big-time by her own mother, the same woman who brought her into this world. If Selena didn't exist, Rebecca also wouldn't exist; and Rebecca hated that.

She worked hard all these years, earned millions, but still lived within her means and saved more than 90% of what she had earned. She didn't gamble. She didn't watch TV. Heck, she didn't even spend much time on the internet or consume other sources of entertainment. She just focused on controlling her desires and mostly focused on job during weekdays and focused on finding the right guy during weekends. Even though she went above and beyond her work, the company framed her and fired her for a mistake she didn't commit, and then she also lost her money for trusting her own mother.

She was very good at avoiding toxic people at work, but how could she avoid her mother with whom she had spent the most time with as a child?

If a person you loved the most repeatedly breaks your heart, what should you do? Whether that person was your mother or not, the answer wouldn't be easy to come up with. Rebecca felt the same way. She could only clutch her head and hope the headache would go away. Her stomach was growling; she knew eating something would help, but she hadn't left the room since yesterday. Nobody had knocked on her door, either, not that she expected anyone to.

"Life is a drama. Love isn't real. Everybody just lives for themselves. She had arrived at this belief long ago and then began living for herself even after marriage, but then somehow ended up falling back into her old way of thinking that life could still be bright as a rainbow if we strive for it.

"What should I even live for in this utterly selfish world?" as Rebecca was stressing herself, the door was knocked. Once. Twice. Thrice. But she was so lost in thought, she didn't hear the knocks.

The door opened, and a guy in a helmet entered her room, giving her goosebumps, because the corner of his vision noticed it, and her body instinctively reacted from someone suddenly barging into her room. But when he removed the helmet, the shock in her face froze.

Benjamin? He was the last person she expected a visit from while she was in this villa. Why did he come? To trick her with his so-called love and confuse her thought process again.

Benjamin came over and sat down on the bed and opened the pizza box, with excitement written all over her face.

She glanced down at the pizza. Corn was sprinkled to form their names joined by a love symbol. Did he want her to eat this now? Didn't he know that she wasn't a fan of fast food?

Benjamin cut a slice and raised it to the level of her mouth. She didn't want to eat, but when he brought the pizza slice closer, she ended up taking a bite. The strong flavor of the corn and sauce filled her mouth. It was much tastier than she thought. She wanted to eat more, but she gently pushed his hand away. "Please," Benjamin begged softly. "I'm sorry I came after lunch time, but at least eat this one slice, or I won't be able to sleep tonight."

She tried to take the slice into her hand, but he didn't let her and suggested with his head movements that he wanted to hand-feed her. She didn't resist, or rather she didn't put in the energy to resist.

Looking like a sad doll, she ate the slice bit by bit as he fed her. He sneakily fed her the second slice, too, and she mechanically ate it.

Even though he was trying his best, his love stopped at her eyes. After making her eat half the pizza, Benjamin asked for a hug, and she mechanically hugged him. Her eyes were out of focus, whereas Benjamin felt comforted after smelling her scent. Like a motherly scent, her scent made him feel at home. He wished he could keep hugging her forever, but he had to let go at some point.

It was easy to see she was disappointed, but Benjamin thought it was because of her father auctioning the villa.

While she was lost in thought, he held her hand and asked, "Rebecca, why don't you come with me?"