

CHAPTER 172

On the lawn, Ryan was sitting on the grass and was basking in the sunlight. A butterfly came and landed on his forefinger.

Vlad and Mercie who were sitting next to him were surprised because it looked like the old man was silently conversing with the butterfly.

They tried to catch the butterfly, but it flew away.

"Let them that have the wings fly," Ryan slapped on the back of their heads, making them pout in anger and leave his side.

Elizabeth was watching Ryan from a distance, and Dorothy was also next to her. "It doesn't look like he has a family, mom. Why don't you give him a try?"

Dorothy was shocked. "Elizabeth!" she couldn't believe what her own daughter was saying.

"What? I'm just telling you to be practical," Elizabeth was chewing on blueberries. "Dad won't come back, so you want to stay alone for the rest of your life?"

Dorothy was slack-jawed. She was actually thinking of staying with Elizabeth, but from Elizabeth's words, she felt like her daughter never really considered letting Dorothy live with her.

"C'mon, Mom. What did Dad leave for you, huh? He left

nothing but his ashes. Are you going to spend the rest of your life mourning for that man?"

Dorothy could now somewhat understand where her daughter was coming from.

"Mr. Ryan is probably the same age as Dad, but he doesn't have any folds on his skin," Elizabeth opined, "and he owns the villa now. So I don't see why you shouldn't go after him."

"Well, if you put it that way..." Dorothy scratched her chin. (This girl thinks I can't see through her plan. If I can make Ryan fall for me, then she won't need to leave this villa until I kick the bucket. That's definitely her plan. She wants me to do all the work and then freely eat the fruits that come from my labor. She's gotten more cunning after coming to this villa, but I am her mother. How can I lose to my daughter?) "Ahem, the chances of your mother making him fall are low, so why don't you give him a try?"

Elizabeth spilled the half-chewed berries out and looked at her mother in shock. "What? You've gotta be kidding. I still have a husband."

"Yeah, a husband who can still go to jail at any moment?" Dorothy cursed. "He has over 20 pending cases for fuck sake. How can you continue to be the wife of such a guy?"

"So? You want me to divorce Shawn and then marry an old guy?" Elizabeth fumed at her mother. "Are you out of your fucking mind?"

"Hmph, I just gave you a wonderful idea," Dorothy crossed her arms. "If you can't see that, I can only consider it your bad luck."

"Bullshit," Elizabeth walked away from there in haste.

Dorothy just kept smiling a little while, but she couldn't maintain that smile when she began looking at Ryan who never once came out of his room to see how Nolan was doing when he was still alive. He didn't even attend the funeral, either. So Dorothy sort of held a grudge against him.

Lisa and Roshan came to Ryan. "Uncle, can we drive that cool car over there?" they innocently asked, pointing at the bugatti la voiture noire. If they could take such a car outside, they could show off before their friends like no one else. They really wanted to do it, especially after the news about the Sterling family selling their villa had been publicized. Their friends had been messaging them about it, so they felt like replying to their friends in their own fashion.

Ryan didn't want to directly reject the kids' request, given that they were going through enough already. "I will drive, and you can tag along if you want."

The siblings looked at each other's faces before agreeing. "Can we go for a ride now?"

"Sure."

As Ryan took the children for a drive, both Dorothy and Elizabeth looked furious for different reasons. Dorothy was

angry at Ryan, whereas Elizabeth was angry at her kids for ignoring her and seeking Ryan's company instead.

Meanwhile, at Chief Justice Terry's house.

Jacob was waiting outside the gate for an hour, but the guard wasn't letting him. "I know he's inside. Why don't you let me in so I can talk with him?"

"He specifically told me to not let anyone inside, sir, so I'm sorry. I can't let you in," the guard tried to be polite, as he knew who Jacob was.

"I've been trying to reach him for the past three days to get the clearances for my movies, but he's not responding to calls or emails," Jacob's voice was filled with anxiety and frustration. "Just give me five minutes."

"I'm sorry. I can't—" as the guard was saying, Jacob punched him in the face and then locked his neck and squeezed it so ran out of breath and lost consciousness. Jacob didn't waste time and hurried inside.

Inside the house.

Terry, Langdon, and David were sitting on different couches, and a gorgeous lady with perfect proportions was stripping before them and greatly teasing them by swaying her shapely figure masterfully.

While she was getting into her taking her undergarments out and the three older men were getting into the mood, Jacob barged into the hall and was shocked by what he saw, even

though he sort of expected something like this was happening.

"Kya!" the woman picked up her clothes and ran over to hide behind a curtain.

"Terry," Jacob controlled all his anger and put a smile on his face, "I've been trying to reach you for a while." Even though he was standing in front of those three, they didn't tell him to sit down. He didn't feel like sitting, either, given the situation.

"I know what you want, Mr. Jacob, but I'm afraid I can't help you this time," Terry was blunt.

Jacob's face grew pale. "W-What do you mean you can't help?"

"Four different people filed plagiarism complaints on both of your upcoming movies' scripts in the civil court and the Writers' Association," Terry said casually while picking his teeth. "If I give you clearance now, I will look like a fool. You see, as the chief justice, I have to perfectly maintain an air of aloofness and be an example for others, so..."

Jacob was doing his best to control himself, but he found himself gnashing his teeth. "Air of aloofness, you say..." his eyes gained redness. "I thought we were friends." He also looked at David and Langdon who replied to him with indifferent gazes.

"We were only table friends, Mr. Jacob," Terry said. "Now

that you are no longer worthy to sit at the same table as we do, our friendship is also null and void. Don't take it personally."

Jacob clenched his fists.

"My security is upstairs. Only a fingersnap away," Terry warned. "You don't want me to call them. Trust me."

Jacob couldn't swallow his breath. He turned around and left the way he came.

Langdon and David looked at each other's faces and amusedly smiled.

Terry, on the other hand, had this cold look on his face. (I feel for you, Jacob, but our friendship is negligible compared to my daughter's life.) He glanced at Langdon. "Who's this Ryan?"

"The one who bought the villa in the auction? I heard he's acquainted with Parul Conreid, but it doesn't look like he's got any background. He must have worked for Parul or something in the past."

"Then... Let's see if we can buy him and make him kick the Sterlings out of the villa. If not, you know what to do."

"Keke," Langdon snickered. "I recently bought two cute wolves. I guess I'll let them have him."

"Haha. I would love to watch it," David remarked.



Terry glanced at the woman still hiding behind the curtain. "What are you waiting for? Come over here and give us entertainment!"

She, who was in the middle of dressing up, had to rush over and then serve their needs without fail.


Jacob, meanwhile, was walking out of the building like a corpse that had come alive. He had always been a fighter, but now, the blow felt too hard for someone his age, and he found himself fighting against his tears.



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