



CHAPTER 176

Rebecca woke up and found herself staring at a rather familiar ceiling. She was in her room.

She sat up at once, her hands touching her chest simultaneously. Like she woke up from a nightmare, she felt the chill and cold, probably also due to the sweat on her face and her arms.

The last thing she remembered was sitting in the car with Benjamin, and they were talking, and she was about to kiss him, and a light flashed from the side. And then something happened.

Was what happened real or a dream? Did she even meet Benjamin? Or was that whole thing just a dream?

She wasn't sure. Then again, she was wearing the same dark green dress she remembered wearing most recently. So, it couldn't have been a dream.

If so, how did she end up in her room? That was another big question. However, right now, she grabbed her mobile, which had a couple of cracks on her screen, adding to her anxiety. She hit call.

"Hey, my love," Benjamin answered, and all her anxiety went out through the window. "How was your sleep?"

His words made her wonder if he was the one who brought

her home. "I'm alright, I think," she replied, breathing somewhat freely now. "Can we meet?"

"Sure. I'm at work. Let's meet in the evening." As he was saying, Rebecca also heard a female voice, and it was eerily similar to Jane. Rebecca's heart almost exploded. Before she could ask anything about it, Benjamin hung up.

"Jane..." She squeezed the mobile in her hand and jumped off the bed. "I'm going to break your neck today!" She scuttled out of the villa but couldn't find her Porsche. Come to think of it, she didn't have the car keys, either. All this felt strange, but she took another car and sped off.

Meanwhile, at Rye's Pizzas.

"My dad recently bought a farmhouse outside the city," Jane was doing her best to tempt Benjamin in many ways. "There are a few horses, too, and nothing but fields surround the farmhouse. Let's go and sit on the porch and drink beer together and have some peace and quiet. What do you say?"

Benjamin was packing the pizzas. "Isn't Rebecca your best friend? You should take her instead of me. I'm a married man."

"Married to whom? Someone who can't even give you the pleasure you deserve," she said, receiving a glare from him. "I'm sorry," she lowered her voice. "Look, I don't know what Rebecca told you about me, but I'm not a sex addict. I just... don't want to sleep alone, so I fill the void by having my boyfriend in bed every night."

"You mean different boyfriends every night," Benjamin retorted.

"I'm looking for the right one," she defended herself without shame or guilt.

"What makes you think the right one can be found in bed?"

"We all have our preferences."

"I respect your preferences, so respect my preferences, too."

"And what are your preferences? Don't tell me it's never touching your wife's pussy."

"I prefer to be left alone at work."

Jane pouted from his reply.

Damian entered the scene with a smile on his face. "Aren't you going to introduce your wife to me, Ben?"

Jane's face flushed. She hooked her arm with Benjamin's arm and introduced herself. "I'm Jane. Nice to meet you."

"I'm Damian. It's nice to finally meet you," Damian brightly smiled. "I've asked your husband many times to bring you over for a dinner party, but he's too shy."

"Aw," Jane softly squeezed Benjamin's shoulder. "Ben is shy in bed, too."

Benjamin slapped her hand away. "I've had enough with your game. Now, get out."

Damian was surprised by his response. "How can you treat your wife like that, Brother? Look, she's crying."

Benjamin glanced at her, and Jane was wiping her non-existent tears. "She's not my wife," saying that he went back to packing the pizzas.

"Eh? She's not?" Damian was shocked.

"How can you say I'm not your wife just because of some disagreement?" Jane continued to play the game. "You're so cold, Ben!"

A vein on Benjamin's forehead throbbed. "Stop calling me Ben," he told her in an icy tone.

"O-Okay, Benny. Calm down," she held her hands up so she could hold him off in case he came at her. "This isn't the right place to fall on me."

Benjamin shook his head, packed the boxes in his bag and took off.

Jane didn't follow him just yet but kept talking with Damian instead.

"Is he always this snappy at work?" she asked.

Damian shrugged.

Christopher was watching them both talk from his counter, but he didn't interfere. He just kept staring at Jane's ass. (I bet that's really tight.) He was salivating from just thinking

about him and Jane doing it in the back alley by the trash can.

Just as Benjamin walked out of the hut, about 20 bike riders covered in tattoos and piercings were coming in.

He stopped at the entrance, as though blocking their way.

Christopher saw them, hurried over to the entrance and pushed Benjamin away and greeted them inside. He personally guided them to the VIP room upstairs. Though it was a hut, there was a single room built upstairs just for rich guests.

"Who the hell are they?" Jane asked Damian in a whisper as they looked around while heading to the VIP room. "Even the manager is forced to give them respect."

Damian noticed the black wings tattoo on the back of their hands. "They are part of the mafia that owns this city."

"Owns this city?" Jane laughed. "Good joke." But Damian's expression stayed the same. "Are you serious?"

"I think you should leave," Damian warned. "If they see you and take a liking, things will get troublesome in your life. They follow and harass you until you give in to their demands."

Jane had faced her own share of thugs at night parties, so she wasn't intimidated by his words. "Okay. Thank you."

Jane quickly walked out from there, but Benjamin had

already left on his bike. "Trying to escape from me, Benny? Not so fast." She got into her Wraith and followed him.

Inside the small VIP room, which was set upstairs overlooking a significant portion of the ground floor.

Christopher had some female workers arrange pizzas and soft drinks for the men from the mafia.

"Hey, you heard of this news?" one of the gang members was reading the morning edition of a newspaper. "Bell Fashions' headquarters, a forty-floored building, collapsed last night. And it says an earthquake may be the cause?"

"Earthquake? A load of horseshit. How can an earthquake bring down just one building? Maybe they brought it down with bombs for insurance or something."

"Haha. This is some 911 conspiracy-level shit. They think people are too stupid to notice."

"But everyone is still too busy to care."

Sasha was serving them, and this wasn't her first time serving this gang. While the common people think of mafia men as trash who didn't know how to live better, she didn't have the same opinion. In her eyes, the guys before her were hard and cold because it was required of them. It wasn't possible to keep fighting, shooting, killing, and even fucking without taking drugs and consuming alcohol on a regular basis. After all, they were also humans in the end, no matter how much of a cold front they might put, in general.

Besides, Sasha's life experiences also told her being hard and cold would keep people exactly where you want them. Still, not everyone could be that way. Not everyone could join the mafia and succeed, or she would love to ride cool bikes and look badass. She believed that it wasn't in her blood to be cold toward the world even when the world was cold to her more often than not. She learned to be this way from her grandmother who took her in from the streets when she was just a poor, ugly kid abandoned by her mother who didn't know who Sasha's father was. If not for her grandmother, she would have long starved to death, or survived and would have probably ended up as a hooker and would forever be enslaved by one of these mafia gangs. Now, she didn't have her grandmother, but she was just glad she found Damian.

As she stood on the side and patiently waited, she could see what was happening on the ground floor through the glass walls that were transparent from her side but reflective on the outer side. Everyone was seemingly busy doing their work, but they were looking up at regular intervals. Christopher was also there standing in the VIP room, smiling to all of their stupid, vulgar jokes. She couldn't blame him. Anything good could hardly come out of having the mafia in one's store, after all.

As her eyes wandered, she saw a long, dark-haired woman come into the hut, looking stressed and disheveled, and her sheer natural beauty was unlike and beyond anything Sasha

had ever seen. How could a woman be so spellbindingly stunning? She had made many pastries in her life, but none turned out anywhere close to how pretty this woman was. Even the most beautiful dolls pale before a flutter of this woman's eyes. Such a prepossessing face couldn't be attained artificially through facial surgeries. Naturally, she didn't want Damian to see this woman's face. Her eyes shifted to where Damian was, and to her relief, he was busy making pizzas.

Sasha rushed out of the room, her woman's instincts screaming, she should send the brunette out as fast as possible.

Her rush caught the attention of some mafia guys, and they ended up looking where she was going. She climbed down the stairs and met the brunette who was very attractive to look at.

"Hey, fatso," one of the guys commanded Christopher, "bring that one in the dark green dress over here."