

## CHAPTER 177

The chairman of the Bell Fashions was watching blurry video footage on a desktop. The video showed his forty-floored building getting crushed to the ground at once.

"How is this possible?" He had his hands on his forehead, fingers rubbing left and right. "Even bombs would take five to ten seconds to make this big of a building fall to the ground, but this footage shows the building falling in a second. Just... how? It's like someone pummeled the whole building down instantly. It makes no fucking sense. I wish I had the insurance. Dammit!"

The footage was taken by a camera from a faraway building, so the visuals weren't clear, especially because it was dark at the time.

One of the directors rushed into the room, gasping, "Chairman, the Myers family offloaded their holdings."

"Are you kidding me?" the chairman stood in shock, taking his glasses off his face. "Why didn't Gregory call me? He's our biggest client!"

"That's not all, sir," the director blurted out. "Bell's stock prices already fell by 21% percent in one session. On a rough count, our shareholders lost approximately 4 billion dollars. Our current market cap is at 19 billion."

The glasses dropped from the chairman's hand, and he collapsed in his chair, clutching his heart. "Ugh... I worked so hard all my life. What have I done to deserve this?" He knew that just the collapse of the headquarters couldn't have caused this. Something must be happening behind the scenes.

The receptionist entered the room. "Sir, did you order pizza?"

"What?"

"The delivery guy said it was a special pizza you asked for." She put a pizza box on the desk.

"What nonsense are you talking about? I never ordered pizza in my life!" He threw the pizza box aside. The box opened, and the pizza fell out, but his eyes noticed something. There was an envelope plastered to the inner top of the box. He got up from the seat and plucked the envelope and opened it in a hurry.

The words written on it widened his eyes.

'Stay away from Rebecca Sterling.'

A few lines beneath that sentence, 'And don't waste the pizza' was also written.

The chairman, Merrill Bell, now began to piece things together, and he bit his lips in regret.

"S-Sir," the receptionist hesitantly asked, "Can I take the

pizza?"

Merrill's jawline grew all the more visible. He could see that she was being polite, but she didn't care if it was her last day in the company or not. "Take it," he ended up saying.

"Thank you," she took it and left.

The director was still there, staring at him.

"Do I have to separately tell you to fuck off?" Merrill glared at him, causing him to hurry off, shivering.

Merrill's anger turned into deep resentment. "Terry, you cocksucker... I shouldn't have ever listened to you." He slammed his fist into the desk and began crying. "Dammit!"

In Sheila's office.

The client talked with Sheila and just left. She was preparing to go to court. "There should have been a cross-examination today, but after the incident with Bell Fashions, I doubt anyone would have the time to attend anytime soon. The longer the case prolongs the more I can leech from the foolish Rebecca. Huhu." She sent a message to Rebecca to not attend the court and to also send her some money so she can bring in some fake witnesses. She already took seven million dollars, but she wanted a lot more than that. She couldn't have made even seven hundred grand if Rebecca had only brought father Jacob along, but she was glad that Rebecca didn't.

As she was heading out, a pizza delivery guy with a long

beard brought the order.

"I didn't order any," Sheila said. He was wearing a cap, so she couldn't clearly see his face.

"Can't you still pay ten dollars for this?" he reasoned.

"Huh?"

"I mean, you take 10,000 dollars for appearing just for ten minutes in court, don't you?"

Sheila's eyes widened. She only took that much for one case, but how did this man know of a deal she had made in private almost eight months back? "Who the hell are you?" her tone was a mix of anger and anxiety.

"Just a foolish husband of your foolish client," he opened the pizza box, but there were actually hundred dollar bills inside arranged in a neat design. "Hundred notes. A total of ten thousand dollars. I'll give you ten minutes. Eat these, and I'll let you go to court on time."

She began to sweat. "W-What nonsense are you spouting?" she then yelled. "Watchman!" However, nobody responded. "W-What did you do to the watchman?" sweat fought for places on her forehead as she tried to look into his eyes. "W-Who are you? Do you think you can get away with threatening me like this?"

"Helpless people go to the doctors, police, and lawyers to explain their problems, hoping they will receive help," he said, a hint of anger flowing through his tone. "But lawyers

like you see them as weak and shamelessly steal whatever they have remaining because you believe you can get away with it. If you could get away with all you did, why can I get away with shoving hundred notes down your throat? And trust me, it's better to face me now and repent than face God in the afterlife. Now, let's get you tasting the dollar bills you love so much." He slammed the pizza box in her face hard enough to make her crash on the ground. He sat on her and started shoving the dollar bills in her mouth without dithering.

He had come to know about this lawyer from Mina just the other day, and he yelled at Mina for not telling him even when the lawyer was not being sincere with the client. Be it the chairman of Bell Fashions or lawyer Sheila, these clowns dare to mess with his wife? Then he'd make it so they would tremble at the thought of causing trouble for Rebecca. No more shilly-shallying when his wife's life was at stake!