

CHAPTER 178

"He went out on a delivery?" Rebecca pursed her lips as she talked with Sasha. "Was there a woman with her? Medium long hair, a little shorter than me, and has green eyes."

"Yes. A woman with similar features was talking with Benjamin," Sasha replied fast. "She left after Benjamin left. Isn't she his wife?"

"NO!" Rebecca quickly denied. "I'm his wife. Tell him I came here when he returns." Rebecca's heartbeat picked its pace. "Hmph!" She then walked out of the hut in a hurry like a tense little rabbit.

She could just wait until Benjamin returned and then tail him to see what he was doing during the day, but she didn't want to do that. She wanted to believe in him, but at the same time, life didn't feel so bewildering in a long while.

She never thought she would have to compete with Jane over the rights for her own husband. This wasn't something any parents could teach to a child. She had to fight this on her own, or she might lose her husband.

She felt greatly discouraged.

"I've always been nice to her. Where did it go wrong? Where did I get it wrong?" she saw a delivery guy just finishing washing his bike with a pipe. She went over there and put

her head under the tap, hoping her head would cool down.

The water did help her for a few seconds, but then her head was still aching and felt heavy.

"If you want a bath, dear, you can come to my house," a gravelly voice caught her attention. There were two men in jackets, standing with arms crossed and pelvis' thrusting forward. It was clear that their arrogance came more from their bottom halves than the upper halves of their bodies. Christopher was standing behind them, and he, too, was gawking at her like he had never seen a woman before. Disgusting. Not even wanting to respond to them or even be in their presence, she started walking fast.

"Hold up," one of them extended his arm and blocked her path. "Give us your number, sweetie."

Rebecca glared at him, telling him to back off. However, would rabbit's taunts work on a tiger?

He amusedly smiled and pulled his own ear a little before saying, "Tell us your price. For one such as yourself, we can pay five to ten grand per day if you're willing to do whatever we say. What do you—"

She went under his arm and hurried to her car. After entering the car, she briefly glanced at them. They still had the same, sickening smiles like they could own her whenever they want. One of them was even taking pictures. "Absolute garbage," she diverted her anger onto the pedal and sped off.

“Did you capture the number plate?” one of the gang members looked at the other.

“Of course.”

“She thinks she can refuse us and live comfortably. We’ll show her how wrong she is.”

“Haha, the more proud they are, the more fun it’ll be when we have their mouths wrapped around our cocks.”

“Indeed.” Their attention then shifted to Chirstopher. “Let’s talk about our monthly cut, shall we? Our boss told us to increase it by 15%.”

“W-What?” Christopher’s body shook at once, making his body jiggle all over. “F-Fifteen percent? That’s too much! We’re already giving you ten percent. If you suddenly add it to 25%... I don’t think our CEO Samael will agree. He’s already thinking of selling this company, so he might just do that.” 1

“Don’t be an idiot. You think he can sell without our permission?” he put his arm around Christopher and took him inside. “Unless our boss gives consent, your boss won’t be able to sell shit. Now, call your CEO so we can have a nice little chat with him while eating pizzas.”

Somewhere else in the city.

Jacob had been waiting at the Writers’ Association for an hour, and they didn’t even give him an appointment. Some

of those in the association were in their seats because of him, yet they couldn't help him now. He only wanted them to proceed with the plagiarism cases fast so he could release his movies soon, but it seemed like they didn't care about him in the slightest anymore.

Association members were coming and going in, and when he tried to talk to them, they were smiling and speaking decently with him, but at the same time, they weren't giving him the appointment to talk with the members altogether. Some of them told him to go to the film council and get their support first.

He went to the film council, and the council members there told him to go to the writers association and get their support first. Like this, they kept toying with him. After all, Jacob was no longer a man with a wealth of hundreds of millions but someone who had gone bankrupt because of his own foolishness. 1

Some of them who knew him surely pitied him, but that was all they could do.

As he was returning home, driving the car himself, the gas ran out. When was the last time this had happened to him? He didn't even remember it, and it was depressing, to say the least.

Dispirited and almost feeling defeated, Jacob found himself walking in the street when the sun was hovering right above his head. He didn't drink any water since morning, so he felt

thirsty, but his head was also spinning. He was used to living in air conditioners, so now, the afternoon's sun greatly troubled him, both mentally and physically.

Before long, the heat proved too much, and he collapsed on the footpath.

There were people and cars passing by, but none of them cared. The people didn't want anything to do with him.

A bike drove past that spot fast but then took a turn and returned to the spot. The rider took a water bottle out of the bag and helped Jacob quench his thirst. As water gulped down Jacob's throat, he didn't even know who was helping him, as his sight was blurry. But from what he could make out, the face seemed surprisingly similar to his only son-in-law.

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