

## JAW-DROPPING SON-IN-LAW

### CHAPTER 3

Numerous luxury cars could be seen parked outside Haiyuan Pavilion, the most opulent restaurant in the whole of Yunzhou city.

Those who could afford to dine here were either rich businessmen or government officials, the elites of Yunzhou city. If a family could have their wedding banquet at this restaurant, that would be an event worth boasting about.

And so, Chu Wen-Fei arranged for the engagement banquet to be held at this very restaurant. Three private rooms were booked for this occasion.

“Wow, Ying-Ying’s fiancé is such a remarkable man!”

“Not just anyone can throw a banquet at Haiyuan Pavilion.” The Qiu family members were full of praise

for this feat.

Qiu Mu-Ying raised her chin proudly as her heart brimmed over with satisfaction. Her mother too was all smiles, but she put on a show of humility and downplayed her son-in-law's achievements.

Soon, the guests reached the entrance of Haiyuan Pavilion.

At this moment, a handsome young man in black tuxedo hurried over to the car with Qiu Mu-Ying onboard and opened the door with a smile. "Mom, dad and Ying-Ying. You've arrived. I've been waiting for you. Are you satisfied with this arrangement?"

"Satisfied. We're very satisfied. Wen-Fei, you are so considerate." The more Wang Qiao-Yu looked at her son-in-law, the more she liked him.

Chu Wen-Fei's family did not produce scholars and government officials like Jiang Yang's, but they had money.

These days, if you had money you could accomplish a lot of things. And Chu Wen-Fei's family was involved in real estate. Everyone knew the real estate industry was a money-maker. A decent project could earn you billions. That's more money than what the Qiu family could make.

"That young man, he looks sharp."

"They are a good match with each other. This Qiao-Yu found herself a good son-in-law!"

Another round of praise came from the gathered relatives.

Only Qiu Mu-Cheng and her family refrained from

participating, as they were dealing with their own negative emotions.

“Uncles and aunties, please don’t just stand around. Let’s move inside.” Chu Wen-Fei has started ushering his guests into the restaurant.

But, at this moment, someone hurried over to Chu Wen-Fei and said: “Young Master Chu, it’s terrible. Something has gone wrong. The receptionist just told me they do not have enough private rooms. They told us to move to another restaurant or come another day.”

“What? They have the guts to tell me to change the date of my engagement banquet?” When Chu Wen-Fei heard this, he flew into a rage.

This turn of events caused misgiving to spread among the guests. Wang Qiao-Yu asked worriedly: “Wen-Fei,

is there a problem?”

Chu Wen-Fei waved his hand dismissively. “Mom, it’s not a big deal. I can handle this. Everyone, please follow me inside.”

But just as expected, the Qiu family was stopped at the front desk. The receptionist informed them that they didn’t have any private room available and asked them to move to another restaurant.

“Screw you!”

“I want my private room and I want it now.”

“Where’s your manager? Let me see your manager. I am Chu Wen-Fei and this is my engagement banquet. Let’s see if he has the guts to embarrass me?” Chu Wen-Fei’s hollered angrily. The receptionist was so frightened by the outburst that he scurried away to

find the manager.

A few minutes later.

The receptionist returned and led the guests to a private room.

“Wow, Wen-Fei. You’re good!”

“They had no choice but to agree to your demands.”

“Qiao-Yu, this son-in-law of yours has a bright future ahead!”

“Ying-Ying is going to be a rich madam in future and enjoy the good life.”

The guests let loose another torrent of praise. Wang Qiao-Yu and her family were so happy that they couldn’t stop smiling. Driven by the mood, Qiu Mu-

Ying hugged her fiancé's arm, a blissful smile plastered on her face, and said shyly, "Darling, you're great." The crowd laughed joyously at this public display of affection.

Chu Wen-Fei waved his hand dismissively.

"Everyone, it's not a big deal. Not worth mentioning. And the restaurant manager used to be my father's driver. He has to respect my father. So the one who's great is my father. Not me. I am just a fresh university graduate."

This pretension of humility earned him full marks from the crowd.

And yet another round of praise.

"Humble and not proud. He's destined for great things."

“Ying-Ying, you’ve found yourself a good man!”

“It’s the Qiu family’s good fortune to have a son-in-law like him!”

The last line was said by the head of the Qiu family, who was seated at the seat of honor. This evaluation made Chu Wen-Fei swell with pride. Qiu Mu-Ying and her family also basked in the reflected glory.

Humans are competitive creatures and, naturally, Master Qiu’s favoritism made his youngest son’s family unhappy.

“Dad, come on, our Jiang Yang is not bad as well. When our company ran into difficulties, his family helped us out a number of times. Without Jiang Yang, the Qiu family would not be where we are today.” Ma Ling, the wife of Master Qiu’s youngest son, was quick to point out.



Master Qiu laughed. “That’s right. Ling is correct. Although our family is welcoming in the new today, we must not forget the old. I’ve liked Jiang Yang since I first saw him. After he completes his postgraduate studies, whether he chooses to go into politics or business, his achievements will not be lesser than his father’s. Our Hong-Hong has also found herself the right man. She has not embarrassed our family.”

“Anyway, our Qiu family has four young ladies. Except for my second son’s daughter who is still in school, the other three have found their life partners. And I am pleased with my sons-in-laws. Except for a certain someone.”

As the family head gave his speech at the dinner table, the fourth and fifth Qiu brothers basked in the reflected glory. Qiu Mu-Cheng’s family, however, could only bow their heads in silence, while praying

that nobody would notice them.

At this moment, outside the private room, the restaurant's general manager was waiting for a call. When his phone rang, he saw the caller's ID and broke into a smile. Then he answered the call in a servile tone. "Master, we've prepared everything. We've been keeping the presidential ready."

"Now, we're just waiting for the arrival of the VIP."

"What? The other guests have to leave as well?"

"That's no good. The guests here are all VIPs..."

Without waiting for the general manager to finish speaking, the party on the other end of the line cut in with a stream of scolding.

"I'm warning you. The person coming today is a very big shot. If anything goes wrong, you will not be losing

just your job, but your life as well!”

A guttural snarl came from the other end of the line and then the call ended, leaving behind the dull du-du of the disconnect tone.

The restaurant’s general manager stayed rooted to the spot, his face pale and covered with cold sweat.

“A... very big shot?”

The general manager was trembling.

Immediately afterwards, he gave the order to clear the place out. Everyone, no matter their background or status, had to leave the restaurant. Even if their meal was still in progress.

But all this was unknown to the Qiu family members, who were still in their private room. At the dinner

table, both Qiu Mu-Ying and Qiu Mu-Hong were basking in the reflected glory of their partners.

“Eh?”

“Where’s that live-in son-in-law?”

“He isn’t here?” Somebody asked and it was only now that they noticed Ye Fan’s absence.

“I guess he felt inferior while he’s in Jiang Yang’s and Wen-Fei’s presence. He’s afraid of losing face and felt too ashamed to show his face. So he left and hid outside?”

“Hahaha~”

“Trash will be trash~”

The guests laughed derisively.

Especially Qiu Mu-Ying and Qiu Mu-Hong. They felt great and looked triumphantly at Qiu Mu-Cheng who had kept silent and her head bowed throughout the conversation.

Because she was too beautiful, Qiu Mu-Cheng had always overshadowed both Mu-Ying and Mu-Hong since their childhood. So both of them considered Qiu Mu-Cheng to be a thorn in their flesh and they had always targeted her because of their jealousies.

And now, the tide had turned in their favor. Now, they only felt pity and scorn towards Qiu Mu-Cheng.

“The wheel of fortune turns.”

“Qiu Mu-Cheng, Qiu Mu-Cheng. So what if you are pretty?”

“You ended up marrying a piece of trash!”

“The wife basks in the reflected glory of her husband. From now onwards, you are destined to be trampled under foot by us. You will never be able to hold your head up high in the Qiu family.”

Both Qiu Mu-Ying and Qiu Mu-Hong had smug expressions on their faces as they smiled inwardly.

“Why mention a lazy and useless trash on an auspicious day like this?” A roar from Master Qiu stopped the discussion about Ye Fan. And then he continued with his speech.

“I, Qiu Zheng-Lun, am very happy for the two daughters of our family. They’ve found themselves good men. Jiang Yang and Wen-Fei. I am very pleased with this two sons-in-law. They are the pride of the Qiu family.”

“Come, let’s have a toast. The Qiu family offers a toast to the two sons-in-laws!”

Master Qiu took the lead by raising his cup.

But just as the feast was reaching its peak and everyone was standing up to offer their toasts, the door to the private room was pushed open and a waiter hurried inside.

“Sir~”

“Screw you~”

“Who told you to come in? Can’t you see we are having a toast?” Chu Wen-Fei flew into a rage. He was obviously unhappy with the intrusion of the waiter.

The waiter, too, was feeling a bit annoyed. Since this guest loved to show off, he was not going to treat him with respect anymore. “Mister Chu, sorry. We are expecting a VIP. So we have to clear Haiyuan Pavilion of all guests. Please leave.”

What?

All the guests present were shocked.

Although the waiter’s words were polite, it was clear that he wanted them to get lost.

Chu Wen-Fei’s wine glass hovered in front of his lips. He was stunned.

Clear out?

Screw you!



This engagement banquet had just reached its peak. His in-laws were right in front of him and his wife's family were enjoying their feast. He hadn't finished showing off yet and the restaurant wanted him to leave?

Damn!

Chu Wen-Fei was about to explode with anger. If this engagement banquet was interrupted halfway through and if his guests were chased out of the restaurant, he would really lose face.

His face turned an unhealthy color. Chu Wen-Fei felt that he was being screwed over and he couldn't help cursing in his mind.

Qiu Mu-Ying also had an ugly complexion. "Wen-Fei, what's going on. We can't eat here anymore?"

Chu Wen-Fei waved his hand. “Nothing. No worries, Ying-Ying. I will take care of this.”

“But sir, this order came from above...”

“Screw your order! Tell your manager, I am Chu Wen-Fei, the son of Chu Yang. If you want me out, tell your manager to come himself.”

“Let’s see if he has the guts!”

Chu Wen-Fei was really pissed.

If he was chased out of his own engagement banquet, he would not be able to face anyone again. And his wife’s family was present too.

“Wen-Fei, is everything alright? Why don’t we move to another restaurant?” Qiu Guang, the eldest Qiu brother, asked worriedly.

“Uncle, don’t worry. Keep eating. The restaurant manager was my family’s driver. He wouldn’t dare chase us out.”

“That’s right. It’s nothing. Everyone, continue eating. Wen-Fei’s family has clout. He can take care of this.” Wang Qiao-Yu smiled to ease the tension. After all, this was her daughter’s engagement banquet. If anything went wrong, she would lose face.

The Qiu family continued with their meal. The waiter was helpless before Chu Wen-Fei’s demands, as he was afraid of offending the son of some VIP. So he hurried to report to the manager.

“Sir, a guest is refusing to leave. He said he’s the son of Chu Yang. He wants to see you.”

“Damn! He wants to see me? Who does he think he

is?” The manager flew into a rage when he heard the news. “He’s just a kid. Does he really think he’s somebody important? Tell him this. Even if his father is here, he has to get lost as well!”

“Damn. I’ve just sent away four directors. He’s just a kid. He thinks I can’t handle him?”

“Pass down my instruction. If they still don’t want to leave, we will get the security guards to beat them up before throwing them out of the restaurant. You got that?”

The manager was in a bad mood. The general manager had just given him a dressing down, and now this college kid wanted to push him around too? How could he not get mad?