

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 161-165

CHAPTER 161

“Why don’t you come with me?”

It felt like a line from one of the romantic books she read. She wasn’t in a good mood for many reasons, but his loving stare stirred the passion hiding deep in her heart. She didn’t know what it was, but something felt different whenever he was around her.

Would this feeling stay forever even when she would grow old, weak, and unattractive? Would he still make her feel special after forty years down the line?

She didn’t believe in love at first sight. To her, love was a beautiful feeling cultivated between two people and would grow over time. From tickling and teasing one another to wiping each other’s tears and forgiving and forgetting each other’s mistakes, love was a romance without an end.

Benjamin’s love surely grew on her, much more so than she ever thought it would. But what if he would also one day break her heart like everyone else did? Would she be able to bear it?

All these crazy thoughts didn’t make it any easier to answer his simple, straightforward question.

She leaned forward and hugged him and kept crying silently. Was that a yes? Or a no? Benjamin didn’t know how to take it. Amber stormed into the room. Her gasping stopped when she saw Benjamin and Rebecca hugging each other. “Yo,” Benjamin smiled at her. “U-Unpaid Maid?” she rubbed her eyes and looked again. He was still there. “W-Why are you here?” “If I said I just came to deliver a pizza, would you believe me?” Amber blinked twice. “Ah! You are the guy I saw a few minutes ago! You tricked me!” Rebecca was no longer hugging her husband. She was no longer crying either. She wiped her face with her sleeve and then asked, “Don’t you know you should knock before entering the room?” she glared at Amber.

“Sorry, ma’am,” Amber lowered her head, “but your uncle Nolan has fallen from the second floor’s balcony.”

“What?” Rebecca immediately got off the bed. Benjamin was still sitting, looking not as surprised. “He and his wife like to stretch on the balcony. I warned him a couple of times already to not get too close to the parapet, but he’s the type who’d do exactly what you tell him not to do.” “How is he?” Rebecca ignored Benjamin’s words and quickly asked Amber. “Is he...” “He’s not conscious, but he was brought inside,” replied Amber, her expression hinting that it wasn’t looking good for Nolan.

“Take me there,” Rebecca hurriedly rushed out. Amber followed her.

Benjamin still sat there not knowing what he should do. He looked at the remaining pizza pieces for a few seconds. If Rebecca didn’t eat those, they might go to waste, so he began eating them. “It’s well made, but I’m not really a fan of my own cooking. Why don’t you teach my wife how to cook?”

“If I get an opportunity, I will,” replied a voice that came from underneath the bed. It was from Mina. “But hey, why didn’t you bring a pizza for me? You are eating all by yourself. You’re such a selfish king! Is this how you treat your people? Shouldn’t you feed them first and then eat if there’s anything left? Where’s the magnanimity of the Wolfe family?”

“There’s still a slice left,” said Benjamin. “Do you want it?” “... of course.”

“Then you know what to do.”

A few seconds of silence followed. “There is no one like King Benjamin. He is handsome, kind, loving and superb in all respects. He is the greatest of his generation.” “Only his generation?” Mina gritted her teeth. “You’re pushing it, my lord.” “Don’t you want to eat this last, delicious slice or not?”. “Tsk. You’re the greatest of all time. Happy now?” “Hehe,” Benjamin put his hand under the bed, and she not only plucked the pizza slice but pinched his forearm. “AWW!” Her pinch almost made him jump. Blood gathered at the spot pretty quickly. He blew air at the spot, but it still hurt. “Damn you, Mina. How can you pinch me, you lord, so hard?”

“You’ve fled from your responsibilities, my lord,” replied Mina, with the pizza in her mouth.” So, strictly speaking, you’re not our lord anymore.”

Benjamin pursed his lips and spoke no more.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Rebecca went to the room where Nolan was brought to. He looked all bloody with some bones broken, and she couldn't even watch. She came out of the room, where Elizabeth, Selena, and the kids were. Dorothy was crying by her husband's bed. "Don't make noise," Jacob yelled at her. "If you want to stay inside, then be silent. Otherwise, get out."

Dorothy's mouth shut up for a second. "When is the ambulance coming? Why aren't they here yet?"

Jacob shook his head. She had been asking too many questions, which irritated him. He and Louis had brought Nolan into the house, but then Louis slipped away, so he had to take care of everything. He hoped at least Shawn would come, but he didn't. "I didn't raise my sons to be like this," he grew frustrated and disappointed. "Things aren't good in the family, I know, but they should be so active and responsible at times like these."

Vlad and Mercie tried to enter the room, but Elizabeth stopped them. They still tried to enter, but Bella called them from the first floor, and they suddenly stopped and went back to their mother.

Seeing how easily Bella controlled her children, Elizabeth felt envious. She wished her children would also listen to her like that. But they were standing next to Selena now.

Selena came to her daughter and whispered, "I sent you a million dollars. I will pay you the rest slowly."

Rebecca cast a serious glance at her. She didn't need to speak a single word to convey how disappointed she was in her mother. She walked off from there and returned to her room. Benjamin was hugging her pillow and sniffing her blanket, but seeing her, he quickly put them down. "Uh, um, w-when was the last time this blanket was washed? Do you want me to throw it in the washing machine?"

"I know you don't like him, but Uncle Nolan is in a life-and-death situation, Benjamin," she looked mad. "At least pretend to be worried."

"I'm sorry," Benjamin lowered his head. It was clear that she was in a bad mood, so he thought it was better he didn't speak much.

Rebecca came up to her bed, picked up her mobile and checked the messages. A million dollars were added to her account. Her mother was telling the truth. She exhaled audibly before sending the money back to her mother.

At the same time, George was sitting in the driver's seat of Selena's luxurious motorhome. He was sweating quite a bit. His heart was ringing in his ears. "Fucking stubborn bastard. You fell from the second floor and are still breathing? Why can't you just die once for my sake?" If Nolan were to wake up, Dorothy and Elizabeth would know everything. He didn't want that to happen. "I messed up, but there's still hope." Once he saw the ambulance enter the villa, he

started the motorhome and kept accelerating.

The ambulance also was driving fast, but because of the siren, they couldn't hear the motorhome coming. The curvy road, and the thick and tall bushes didn't help didn't help, either. The ambulance driver didn't see the motorhome until it got very close. He immediately squeezed the brake, and the ambulance stopped, but the motorhome didn't.

"Hey, hey, hey!" the ambulance driver yelled, but those were his last words before the heavy vehicle crashed into the ambulance resoundingly

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CHAPTER 162

The horrific accident near the main gate of the Sterling villa resulted in the driver's death and left the others injured.

The injured were currently undergoing treatment in the Sterling villa itself, cared for by a section of the nursing staff that had come to take care of Nolan.

Dorothy asked Jacob to pay off the families of the dead and the injured, but Jacob refused, and so George had to run away, even though he claimed that it was the ambulance driver who came speeding.

As the doctor was leaving after treating Nolan, Dorothy asked, "Is he going to be fine? When will he wake up?"

"He will wake up soon, but his bones are broken. Considering his age, he will have a hard time to fully recover. Still, we'll recommend a diet plan. Just stick to it." The doctor spat some words like it was the formal thing to do. Dorothy didn't like him at all as she didn't see any concern in his eyes or voice.

Not just the doctor but no one else in the villa showed real concern in her eyes, except her daughter and the pizza delivery guy who not only helped bring the wounded nurses into the dorms but also stayed to take care of the doctor's needs as he treated Nolan.

Perhaps, feeling grateful, Dorothy came up to the delivery guy who was still wearing a helmet. "I don't know who you are," she grabbed his hands, "but thank you for your help. I wish I could give you some money, but we're in a terrible situation right now, so I hope you understand."

Whether she was telling the truth or not, Benjamin didn't really care. He only helped because he pitied Nolan's condition and dropped a drop of his blood into Nolan's mouth, which helped keep him alive until help arrived. Benjamin had never seen Dorothy spend a dollar from her own purse for anything, so it was likely that she was just faking through her emotions. Women her age were easily capable of crying, he thought.

"I want to stay here, but my boss will crush me under his foot," Benjamin said and walked away. He briefly glanced up at the first floor. Rebecca was looking at him and slightly waved her hand. Though she wasn't smiling, he smiled for her and waved back, though only subtly. After Benjamin stepped out into the foyer, Amber was waiting for him, her gaze sharp and critical

"When will you leave Young Lady Rebecca alone?" she asked angrily. "Can't you see that she isn't in a situation to waste time on a relationship that doesn't work?"

“My, my, you’ve grown a lot in the few days I’ve left the villa,” he patted her shoulder. “Good for you, but the thing is I’m neither a hermit nor a recluse. I think Rebecca isn’t, either, so we’ll keep seeing each other. If you have a problem with that, that’s not my problem.” He walked past her. “Only you three are left, so take good care of my wife.”

“You don’t need to tell me that! I do what I’m paid for. Tsk,” Amber bit the inside of her cheek. In the meantime, Rebecca entered her room. There was a dairy on her bed, with two beautiful

roses inside. They looked fresh, so he probably plucked them from the garden, she thought. On the same page where the roses were kept, some words were written: Maybe, it’s the beauty in our broken minds that attracted us to each other at first. A lot of things happened after we married, and there were times when I thought I was fighting a losing battle, but I don’t think that way anymore even though we’re living apart. I feel that you’re also desperately seeking a connection, though you don’t show it as much as I do. I hope you’ll like the flowers. I plucked them from the plant we watered together. Next time we meet, can you give the roses back to me?

They both watered a rose plant together? When? Rebecca stressed her brain to remember it. A few months back, she was practicing her designing skills. Seeking some inspiration, she came to the garden and kept observing the plants and flowers. Even though they were naked, they looked so beautiful. All of them, whether it be the jasmines, roses, or the lilies, “How come we humans do our damndest to look beautiful by wearing all kinds of clothes, but the flowers look the prettiest without any covering whatsoever? It’s unfair,” she was talking to herself. “At this rate, how the heck am I supposed to come up with an idea?” As she was rubbing her chin, Benjamin brought his face in from the side, making her heart almost explode.

“You scared me,” she yelled at him sharply but not as loudly.

He showed her the rose flower he had been hiding behind his back.

“You think I’ll fall for that?” she swatted the flower to the side, making some petals fall in the process.

He picked up the petals and began to chew on them. “In case you are interested in roses, I suggest you water them for a few weeks and observe them grow from buds and bloom and rebloom and... you know, you might be able to find what you’re looking for.” “Hmph. I know what I should do,” she folded her arms and walked away, but she tried watering a rose plant for a few days after that, when Benjamin

wasn't around, and she was able to see the rose plant form buds and slowly bloom into flowers. It did help her get multiple ideas with her designs.

Coming back to the present.

"He said we watered the plants together, but we never did," Rebecca thought. "I always watered the rose plant alone." Her eyes then slowly widened, "Wait, did he also water the rose plants back then?" She put her brain to work. "Now that I think about it, I only watered one plant, but many other rose plants also bloomed, even the ones with wilted flowers. Back then, Oliver and other butlers didn't water the plants daily for a few months. Did he water the plants at that time?"

Shock filled her face. Benjamin watered the plants of the villa when all of the Sterling family members were busy eating his brain and draining his physical energy whenever they could?

"He took care of the garden when the butlers were busy with other things?" she covered her mouth with the book. "Benjamin, you really are a crazy guy. I don't know if you're lucky to have me in your life, but I think I'm lucky to have you in mine." She put the book aside and brought the roses closer to her nose and took in their scent. As the fragrance of the fresh roses

filled her head and heart, she felt a little peaceful.

"He asked me to bring these roses the next time I'm going to meet him, but these flowers won't last until tomorrow. Was he telling me to pluck new roses from that rose plant? I can do that, but if I give the roses to him, he'll get all lovey-dovey and try to..." she paused, then took a deep breath. "He may do anything. He himself confessed that he's desperate for a connection. I wish I could speak my mind like that."

Meanwhile, in Ryan's room.

Ryan was standing next to a wilted rose plant. He kept staring at it for a while and remembered how his wife used to water even the most dead-looking plants and brought them back to life and made them bloom more brightly than ever. "People, plants, and nature

round.” He broke the rose stems that looked weak or dead and dried up. “You showed me how to properly care for others. You watered my dried-up soul and made me feel alive again, and it seems like your son is doing the same thing with his wife.” He looked out through the window when Benjamin was riding away on his motorbike. “Whether he will manage to win against the pests that are in this place and make roses and lilies bloom in his wife’s heart again, I shall be here to witness all of it.”

CHAPTER 163

“Jane, is it really you?” Steve couldn’t believe what he was hearing through the phone. She just called the police station to talk to him, after all.

“Yeah. Can’t you recognize my voice?” “I-I’ve never heard your voice over the phone, so it’s hard to believe that it’s you.” “You have five freaking moles on your left ass cheek. Is that enough? Or should I give you more details?”

“ENOUGH! That’s plenty enough!” Steve coughed on purpose because he was in the police station. “I’m coming right away.”

“Good. I’ll be waiting.” Jane hung up.

Steve put his hat on.

“Are you going somewhere?” his partner asked him.

“Yeah. A lady is in danger,” Steve replied.

“Let me also come along then,” his partner got up from his seat.

“No. I’ll handle this alone,” Steve put him back on his seat and rushed out of the station, almost dancing like a little chick that just found its wings. He was so happy she remembered that he had moles on his ass, even though they only had sex for one ni

Steve drove his bike and went to his home to freshen up and put on fancy clothes.

At Jane’s apartment. Jane just had a good bath, but her body still felt hot. “As I thought, bathing isn’t enough to cure this type of heat.”

Her parents had gone for a foreign tour because Mike had received his money from Jacob. Mike didn’t want to go on a trip, but his wife demanded that they tour at least two countries together, or they would later be too old to roam and enjoy long trips.

Jane went to her grandmother’s room, which was on the ground floor, and fed her with the meals she had cooked before bathing. She then returned to her room and waited for Steve.

A couple of knocks, and Jane skipped to the door, but then tried to look casual and indifferent as she opened the door. “You took your sweet ass time to-”

“Hello, my ex-love,” Donovan was standing outside and smiling. “What do you want?” Jane’s voice crackled with fury while her gaze implied warning.

Jasmine, who had been hiding behind Donovan, now appeared in her view, smiling so unpleasantly, and handed out an envelope.

Jane naturally didn’t react. She just cast her glance down and realized what it was.

“Jasmine and I are going to marry each other,” Donovan put his arm over Jasmine’s shoulders, grabbed her boob from around the neck and fondled it. “She’s much younger and tighter than you, and she lets me do whatever I want with her.”

Waves of rage thrashed Jane’s stomach nonstop as Donovan kept talking. “Get lost.” She shut the door in their faces, not wanting to jump and claw at them.

“She’s so selfish, Jasmine remarked loudly so that Jane would hear words through the door.” I’m glad you broke up with her.”

“Me, too. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have met you,” Donovan bent down and kissed Jasmine on the lips, and their tongues played with each other lewdly.

Jane clutched her hands against her ears and ran and made distance from the door.

Donovan and Jasmine sniggered and soon returned to their room. After locking the door, Jasmine burst out into laughter.

“She really believed that we’re going to marry,” Jasmine teared up from laughing too hard. “I guess emotions can make people really vulnerable to all sorts of things, but why did you play this card? To even go so far as to create a fake wedding card...”

“She’s a sex maniac who wants to marry another sex maniac,” Donovan explained. “In her eyes, we both are just like her. How do you think she’ll feel now that she thinks we’re going to marry soon?”

“She’ll go crazy for sure. Moreover, you were supposed to marry her, so I can’t even imagine how pissed off she must be right now.”

“Haha, let her suffer in her misery while we soak and swim in pleasure,” Donovan picked her up and took her into the shower room.

A few minutes later. The door was knocked again. This time, Jane didn’t go skipping but slowly walked her way over. “Who is it?” she asked.

“Five moles,” a somewhat loud yet soft reply came from the other side. A corner of Jane’s lips curled up, and she opened the door. Steve was standing outside in a dark green tuxedo, with a small bouquet and an even smaller gift package in his hands. “Wow, you look a few years younger in this attire, Steve,” she opined as she scanned him from top to bottom.

Steve's face brightened up a shade. Has he ever received a compliment from her before? Not as far as he could remember.

"C'mon in," she made little anti-clockwise circles with her right hand as she invited him into the room.

Steve was removing his boots, but she pulled him in and shut the door.

"Whoa," Steve looked surprised, "huh. Is there a snake outside or something?"

"No," she went and sat on the sofa.

He took his shoes off and sat on the same sofa and gave her the roses and the golden gift package.

She put the two items on the side.

"Aren't you gonna open it and see what's inside?" he asked, sounding a little desperate.

"I'll do it afterward." "Okay." He would live with that.

Silence followed.

Steve's heart began to steadily increase its speed. He was beginning to hear its noise. The silence was so thrilling yet suffocating. There were so many things he wanted to talk about with her, but not a single word was coming out of his mouth right now.

Jane was touching her forehead.

"Are you alright?" Steve's hand reached out for her and touched her neck. Her skin felt hot. "You are running a fever." "It's not a fever," she responded. "What do you mean? You clearly have a—" as he was

saying, she turned around and kissed him on the lips. It happened all too suddenly, but it made Steve so happy, but before he was beginning to respond to her kiss, he realized that she was unbuttoning his tuxedo. He moved his head back and cut the kissing short. "Whoa, what are you..." "Let's have sex," Jane turned around so she was on all fours on the sofa and leaned into him." Isn't this what you've waited for all this long?" she reached for his lips once again. "I will make your dreams come true today." She closed her eyes. However, Steve pushed her back by the shoulders and got out of the sofa. "What the hell did you push me like that for?" Jane appeared annoyed. A sense of sadness immobilized Steve for a little while. "I didn't come here running for sex. I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong impression, Jane." He started walking away.

"If you go now, it's over between us," Jane bluntly said.

Steve stopped. His hand wiped the sweat off his forehead, and then he continued to walk. Jane's stomach churned. She picked up the roses and the gift package and threw them at him. The roses didn't reach him, but the gift package hit his back and fell. He was able to control himself until now, but his eyes teared up as he bent to pick up the pick package. A couple of teardrops fell on the floor. He briefly looked at her before turning and walking out with a heavy heart. Jane angrily bit her nails for a good forty seconds before grabbing her mobile. In the recent call list, the first one was Steve, but her eyes fell on the second one, which was Benjamin.

She had already called him twelve times before calling Steve, but he didn't respond, so she ended up calling Steve. Now, she tried calling Benjamin again.

CHAPTER 164

Christopher was howling at Benjamin. "One second you call me and say you're coming, and then you show up hours later and say sorry. What do I look like, huh? Just because the chairman is favoring you and Damian after that' incident, you and Damian think you can come and go whenever you want?"

"So Damian didn't come to work today?" asked Benjamin while preparing a special pizza. "Nope. Sasha also didn't. Why do they have to take leave days after their grandmother's death? It makes no freaking sense."

“Cut them some slack, Mr. Manager.” Benjamin quickly finished decorating the pizza and pushed the plate toward Christopher.

“Y-You made it for me?” Christopher was surprised for a second, but then quickly grabbed the plate and walked away. “Don’t think this will make me overlook your recent lack of attendance. You should work tonight and cover those lost hours, so prepare yourself.”

“Sure, boss.” Benjamin was about to put the worker’s sim into his mobile, but then his phone rang. It was a call from Jane.

“Tsk, it’s her again,” he didn’t know what to do. “Why doesn’t she stop?”

He didn’t respond to her call, but then his phone rang again. “This woman is really persistent,” a deep frown settled on his forehead. “Maybe I should clearly tell her that I’m not interested in her.” After some thinking, he answered the call. “Finally...” Jane’s voice contained a mixture of many emotions. “What do you want?” Benjamin straightforwardly asked. “If I say I want you, will you surrender yourself to me?” she asked rather seriously. “Of course, I won’t,” Benjamin’s reply was quick enough to irk Jane’s ego. “So, tell me, why did you call?”

“Ahem,” Jane cleared her throat. “The thing is... there’s something I want to talk to you about Rebecca.”

“...okay. Talk.” “Not over the phone. Let’s meet.” “Ah-huh, no, I’m busy right now.” “But this is really important,” Jane sounded genuine. “Rebecca and I fought at a restaurant.” “What?” Benjamin’s eyebrows raised together. “What kind of a meal made you two fight over it?”

“It’s not about a meal!” Jane snapped.

“Then?”

“It was about YOU.”

Silence followed.

“That makes no sense, ” Benjamin resumed talking eventually. “You’re joking, aren’t you?”

“I wish I am, but I don’t joke when it comes to relationships,” Jane was blunt. “There’s a lot I want to talk to you about that incident at the restaurant and more. If you come to my apartment now, we can talk.”

“Your apartment?” alarm bells rang in Benjamin’s mind. “No. Let’s meet outside.” “Haah,” she sighed. “Look, I’m not really feeling healthy right now,” Jane talked smoothly, “ so I’m asking you to meet me here, but if you don’t trust me, we can meet outside. What do you say? The choice is yours.”

Benjamin felt conflicted. Rebecca was yet to share anything that happened in her daily life with him. He didn’t know how her everyday life at work was going. He didn’t know a lot of things about her professional life or her friend circle for that matter. He could have asked her, but he wanted her to open herself up to him. However, now, he really wanted to know what had happened between Rebecca and Jane. What the hell made them fight for him? The suspense was too much for him to bear.

“Fine. Let’s meet at your apartment, but I won’t come inside,” Benjamin said. “Let’s talk outside the building.”

“I’ve got no problem with that.” “Cool.” Benjamin ended the call and then silently slipped out of the pizza hut.

Christopher had just finished eating the extra-large pizza and burped twice. “He’s got a knack for making these moreish pizzas. If only he was born with a vagina, I would have gone to hell and come back to marry him. Too bad, he’s got a dick in his pants. I’ve been looking for good female chefs in online dating apps, but there are more male chefs and than female chefs these days, and those that are there are not interested in me even though I put my old photo of when I wasn’t this wholesome. At this rate, I might have to celebrate my fortieth birthday as a bachelor. It sucks, but there’s no helping it.”

He came to Benjamin’s spot, but only Benjamin’s delivery uniform was there. His eyes enlarged. “Where the hell did he do?” He looked around but couldn’t find him. His fingernails pressed into his palms. “Did he leave without telling me even a word?” he raised his hands up and howled. “Benjamin, when you return, it’s either going to be you or me. Only one of us is going to continue staying here!”

He yelled so loudly, he also ended up farting at the same time, which made the workers around him move away with their noses shut.

Christopher felt offended by their response and raised his left leg sideways and leaked out a

and longer fart this time, causing the others to run away from his sight.

“Spiritless chickens,” Christopher cursed them. “If you were born in medieval times, I bet you all would have died in the womb from the crap your mothers ate!”

Somewhere else in the city.

Veronica was having fun with her friends, or so it seemed on the surface. Though she tagged along for shopping, she didn't buy a single thing. This was the first time this had happened to her. Though her friends wanted to buy a few pairs of clothes for her, she refused to buy things that way. She was already putting some burden on them by staying in their rooms, so she didn't want to put more burden on them.

If Selena or Jacob were to see Veronica now, they would be shocked because Veronica didn't know how to hold herself back from spending money. She never cared how others thought of her.

As Veronica walked out of the shopping mall with her friends, she was the one holding the most number of bags, even though she owned none of the items in those bags. She was smiling outwardly, but her heart was aching inside. “I must find a job soon,” she kept telling herself. Her mobile rang. It was a call from Lisa, so she didn't think much before answering

“Sister Veronica...” Lisa's voice was trembling. She referred to Rebecca as aunt but called Veronica as sister because Lisa used to play with Veronica a lot when she was young, and so they were relatively closer. “What's wrong?” Veronica worriedly asked. “Grandpa Nolan...” Lisa sniffled as she answered, “he passed away.”

A few minutes back in time.

Nolan was still yet to open his eyes. Dorothy fingerpicked his favorite melody with a guitar, but that didn't seem to work. Once the song ended, tears overflowed as her heart spoke to him in silence.

He soon opened his eyes and disrobed the gloom off his wife's face. There were no bounds to her joy from seeing her husband come back to life from a near death situation.

Nolan tried to speak, but he found it hard to move his jaw. "Where... am... 1?" He didn't seem to remember what had happened before the accident, at least not yet.

"In a guest room," she replied, wiping her tears away. "You don't remember falling from the balcony?"

"Balcony..." as seconds passed, what had happened with George flashed in his mind like the fastest poison out there and stung his soul sharper and deeper than any sword ever could. And he started crying like a baby.

She thought he was crying because of the situation his body was in, but she had no idea that it was the sense of emptiness suddenly penetrating the depths of Nolan's heart the reason for his heart-racking suffering.

"It's going to be okay, dear," Dorothy comforted him like a mother would a child. "I'm here, aren't I?"

It took very many seconds for Nolan to come out of his misery. Dorothy then announced to everyone that Nolan had come to his senses. Everyone in the villa, even the maids, came rushing to see him.

George didn't come, as he had expected. Nevertheless, seeing the rest gather around him, Nolan's eyes teared up again. He felt grateful for their presence, even though he had been surly independent in this family. Their smiles were like light splintering the darkness soaring in his heart.

“You’ve walked through the valley of death and come out triumphantly. The worst is now behind you, Nolan,” Jason grabbed one of Nolan’s hands. “We all wish you a speedy recovery, and we’ll help you however we can.”

The others also gave their wishes. It felt good to hear even the children wishing for his recovery,

Soon, everyone left the room. Dorothy also wanted him to sleep, so she also left, leaving Nolan alone in this room.

His heart began to feel empty like the silence in the room. Surely, he was alive. His heart was still beating. His eyes were still open. His gut was doing its job, too, but he didn’t feel the worth of his existence right now.

Even though it was peaceful around him, his soul couldn’t be at peace.

“Why did you do it, George? How could you...” his heart still felt overwhelmed with soreness.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth called George over the phone. “Dad woke up.”

“What?” George sounded more shocked than glad.

“Come at night and see him,” Elizabeth said. “You’re his only son. He’ll feel less pain when you’re around.” George frowned. “... did he say anything after waking up?”

“Not much. Anyway, don’t forget to pay a visit tonight.”

“O-Okay.”

She hung up the call.

“You are stupid,” Shawn was standing right behind her. “You shouldn’t call someone directly involved in an accident and is on a run right now.”

“It’s an important matter,” she replied with confidence. “He’ll feel at ease, knowing his father is recovering.”

“I doubt he even cares if Nolans lives or not,” Shawn mumbled.

“He’s not like you.”

“What?” Shawn glared at her. “What did you just say?”

“Nothing,” she walked out of her room, not wanting to argue with him any further.

Shawn went to his working desk and sat down. He kept checking the records and bills. “There’s still a lot of debt left to pay...” he rubbed his forehead with both hands. “Is selling ‘that’ new house the only way? Lisa and Roshan never lived in a rented environment. It won’t be easy for them. If only Artur was willing to offer some help... but that bastard wants my sister. However, she’s not at all interested in him. It will take too long to force her to change my mind. Tsk, is there no other way?”

The maid, Delle, knocked and entered his room. “Sir Nolan is asking for you, sir.”

“For me? Why?”

“I don’t know, sir.”

“Fine. Tell him I’ll come later.”

“No, sir,” Delle kept her head lowered throughout. “He said it’s urgent.”

He wanted to shout, saying, “I don’t care,” but his wife entered the room, so he said, “Alright. Tell him I’ll be there soon.”

Delle nodded and walked out without making any noise with her footsteps.

“Why is my dad calling for you?” Elizabeth curiously asked.

“How the heck am I supposed to know?” Shawn approached her. “You and your dad have done nothing for me, yet I never complained. If I start being aggressive from now on, just bear with me.” He patted her shoulder on the side before walking past her.

Elizabeth’s lips blossomed into a beautiful smile. She felt lucky to have Shawn as her husband.

A minute later.

Shawn entered Nolan’s room, and Delle walked out, leaving the two men for themselves.

Shawn sat down and looked at Nolan’s condition. With the bones in his arms and chest broken, it would take at least a year for him to be able to live normally again. “How the hell did you fall from the balcony?”

Nolan kept staring at the ceiling. “I was conversing with the voices in my head, and...”

Shawn didn’t say anything. For a grown man, battling with his inner voice was a common thing to do. Too bad that it resulted in such an unfortunate incident.

“Knowingly or not, we all live two lives,” Nolan voiced the words within his heart. “One on the outside, and one on the inside-within our minds. I’ve realized today that it’s such a foolish thing to do-hiding our true selves. Perhaps, I should have been more open with everything I did. At least that way, I wouldn’t have any regrets regardless of the outcome.”

Shawn thought Nolan was talking about him, leading dual lives until all the bad things he had done got

exposed. "I did everything for my family. You know, it's not easy to fulfill your daughter's needs if I live all righteously. I can't ask my parents everytime Elizabeth asks me to buy costly things. I have my pride to keep as the eldest son of the Sterling family. I admit I walked the wrong path, but it was necessary. If I get another chance, I will walk that path again." Nolan faintly smiled. "You are much more foolish than I am." Shawn frowned. "Did you call me just to mock me?"

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"I wish I did, but, no," Nolan spoke with effort because half of his face was hurting because of the injuries. "I called you here to tell you about my life insurance payout that's going to be paid in a week."

Shawn was greatly surprised. "When did you..."

"Since 20 years ago," replied Nolan in a painful tone. "Finance is never a safe profession, since betrayals are quite common where money is involved. So I thought at least my family could make use of the insurance money if something happens to me. Now, I want you to use half of that money to buy a good piece of land that has a high possibility of giving great profits in three to four years. Buy it in the name of your children. And give half of the rest to my wife, and the remaining one-fourth to my daughter."

Shawn's expression was flat. "What about you? What if your wife stops caring once you give her all your money away? What if Elizabeth also does the same? You are not even in a position to work and earn."

Nolan just smiled in return. "Maybe that's why I didn't tell any of them about the insurance."

Shawn could understand why Nolan couldn't fully trust his wife and children because when things go wrong, his family could do anything to get themselves out of it. "How much money are we talking about?" asked Shawn.

"25 million."

The number widened Shawn's eyes. At that moment, a lot of thoughts rushed through Shawn's brain, and they weren't all positive thoughts. Now, Shawn was old enough to know that if one thought about something long enough, they could sink into it. Still, he chose to put himself in such a situation.

Shawn slowly rose up from his seat, making Nolan look toward him, "Sorry, father-in-law," as he said, he pulled the pillow from under Nolan's head. Their eyes made contact again, and by the time the realization dawned in Nolan's eyes, the pillow pressed into his face stronger than he could bear.