

## The Underrated Son-in-Law is Secretly A Trillionaire Chapter 1:

### **Humiliated and Scorned**

In a high end community, Jason went into a house with a black bag in his hand. His shabby

clothes made a stark contrast with the surroundings.

He's a part-time taxi driver.

Just several minutes ago, he drove a man here. He asked him to wait outside and send the

bag to him in person ten minutes later.

‘What a weird guy! Jason didn’t think much. As long as he could make money from him, he didn’t mind it. He

‘was planning to buy a gift for his girl friend Layla later. It’s their one-year anniversary.

Jason was about to knock and be done with this unappealing job, but he heard sounds—

moans.

"Ahh! Fuck me harder, daddy! Make me cum all over your di—ahh ah!"

His hand froze midair.

‘That voice.

Deep down, he knew it well, but it couldn't be possible.

Layla was at her sister's place for the weekend, taking care of her nephews.

Jason cursed silently. He knocked hard, uncaring about coming off as rude.

‘When the door opened, Jason became pale and speechless.

His girlfriend froze in her disheveled clothes. Wide-eyed, her hand flew to her chest.

"Ja...Jason?"

The bag dropped from his hand. "How?...This can't be, Layla!"

"Are you following me around?" Layla frowned, eyes flashing silver. "Jason, why are you

here?"

"I'm working, obviously!" He glared at her.

An evil chuckle came from inside the room.

“I asked him to come here, babe. How can he miss this fantastic show on your anniversary day?”

Jason looked behind Layla and saw the naked man underneath the sheets, smirking like the devil's creator.

Rick came to the door, lightly clothed. He slipped a hand around Layla's slender waist.

"You felt so good, baby. I can't wait to be inside you again." He kissed her cheek and immediately, Jason yelled. "Layla—"

"How does it feel to have sent another man over to fuck your girlfriend, Jason? Isn't her voice charming?" He blinked and snickered scornfully: "You're welcome."

Jason's clenched fists turned to rock. "Who the hell are you?!"

"I'm Layla's new boyfriend. Can't you see that? Idiot!"

"What's the meaning of this, Layla?! We are in love. You love me—"

Layla snapped. "You are too poor, Jason. I'm ashamed to be the girlfriend of a taxi driver.

You can't even buy me expensive dinners and foot my shopping bills."

"I'm killing myself on the clock doing several jobs. Soon, I'll be able to give you the life you want."

"Just face it, Jason! I would never have a good life with you."

"But, Layla. There's still time—"

"Do I have to spell it out? You reek of poverty! Tell me, how will you give me a good life

‘when you move around wearing rags?!’ She poked his hard chest, taunting him.

“Jason, you

have no family or inheritance. Your mother fucked her rich boss and had you out of wedlock.

‘We all know an illegitimate child will never have a place in this world!’”

"Yeah, face it, Jason,” Rick flexed his rolex wristwatch, smirking slyly, “I have two houses

in this community, and you'd never be able to afford that even if you work your ass off your entire life."

“Darling, let’s not waste time with this bastard,” Layla said, but she blinked in shock when

Rick stepped closer to Jason, ignoring her.

Rick laughed at Jason's red face. “She told me everything,” he pointed at Layla over his

shoulder, “I wonder how you sleep at night knowing the gutter you crawled out of. Your

father’s family does not want you. I'm sure your slutty mother didn’t, either. Have you ever

thought that maybe your life was a mistake?”

Jason’s hands clenched into fists. His fingernails sank into his palms until his hands were

bleeding.

Rick laughed harder, mocking him. “Bastard—\*

Jason punched him in the face immediately. Rick hadn’t expected him to do that.

He held his

cheek in pain, eyes wide and furious.

“How dare you touch me, bastard?!”

Jason grabbed his neck this time, punching him repeatedly. It was Layla who called security.

They rushed for where Jason now had Rick pinned to the ground underneath him as he delivered blows.

Arms hauled him off the pompous client.

Rick shouted. "You'll pay for this, bastard. I will make sure you have no job to get back to!"

"We will see who has the last laugh, asshole!" Jason spat as the three guards jostled him outside the building.

They didn't call the police on him. Layla had secretly asked them not to. She believed Rick

'would still find a way to get back at Jason for breaking his face.

At home. Jason was exhausted. His knuckles were bruised from how hard he had punched Rick in the face.

Jason didn't want to fight, but they had provoked him by talking bad about his mother. He

knew he was an illegitimate child and that his father didn't want him. But his mother was

strong to raise him alone and without child support. He loved her dearly, no matter how the

'world saw her and judged her.

However, he just wanted to press pause today.

Jason lived in a shared apartment, and as soon as he walked through the door, Mila, his

female roommate, was coming out of the bathroom wrapped in a bath towel.

He glanced at her shapely legs and endowed chest that the towel had partially covered. Mila

had always been a catch, but seeing her underdressed showed the slender work of art she

‘was. He had glimpsed her plump and firm butt...

"Jason—PERVERT!"

Her bedroom door slammed closed a second later and he raised his arms in question, utterly confused.

"Huh, I guess no girl likes a guy without money." He muttered, feeling depressed.

All Jason wanted to do was pass out and put an end to the images of Layla and Rick together. The sound of her moans while being pleased by another man still haunted him and broke his heart repeatedly.

‘When his phone, which lay on his chest, chimed, Jason checked it only after taking his damned time.

Surprisingly, it was a credit alert.

Jason blinked several times. He had to read the figures again and again.  
"+\$100,000,000."