

# Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 1

## Chapter 1

### CHAPTER 01

“Rebecca, are you kidding me? Now I know why you didn’t have a wedding. To think your husband is a freaking pizza-delivery guy!” a blonde in a skimpy dress let the words flow out of her mouth like a monkey’s exaggerated screams.

“That’s not it, Jane.” The brunette sitting in the driver’s seat took her shades out and bit on them. She was wearing a metallic fashion dress that revealed some of her breasts and most of her healthy thighs with zero cellulite and perfect shine. She tried to explain herself by telling her a few things.

“So you’re saying your vagina never vomited white stuff after getting married?” Jane covered her mouth in both shock and pity. “I went out on an extended foreign trip to find a good-looking husband, but you are here... stuck with a pizza-delivery guy.”

Rebecca didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“At least tell me he’s attractive.”

“Well,” Rebecca felt awkward to respond to such a question.

The car they were in, a red Porsche, had stopped in front of a cluster of vintage pizza huts. A guy in an orange uniform ran out to meet them. He was neither tall nor short. Neither slim nor fat. His hair was unkempt, and his beard was not properly cared for, but as far as his eyes were considered, he definitely was as pure as angels.

“How long have you been waiting for?” he leaned closer for a kiss.

“Can’t you see my friend is inside?” Rebecca’s brows drew together. “This isn’t the time or place for a kiss.”

“Ah,” he rubbed the back of his head in embarrassment. Nevertheless, he showered a smile. “I’m sorry.”

“Get in.”

“Okay.” He thought he could kiss her because her friend was around, but that didn’t work.

The door opened. He sat in the back row. Rebecca drove off at a high speed.

Jane turned her head and peered at the man who looked average but still strangely sexy even when covered in sweat. He was well-proportioned and prepossessing enough for her to keep looking, probably because she liked the hardworking, sweating type of men. "I'm Jane. Jane Cooper." She brought her hand out and put her polished fingernails to view.

"Benjamin Wilde."

Their hands shook one another's, and her eyes slightly drew in more light. (*Mm, a sturdy grip.*) "Your hands are so tough. I don't think you are just a pizza guy. What were you doing before that? Before you met Rebecca, I mean."

"Ah, well..." he glanced down. His hand was still tightly held by her, and she was smiling seductively and biting on her lower lip.

"Stop hitting on my husband," Rebecca intervened straight away. "He's mine."

"I know. I know." Jane let go of his hand and sat straight. "I was just teasing my best friend's hubby, that's all."

"I told you because we're close, but don't publicize it to others."

"Of course. You don't need to tell me that, sweetie. I'll keep your little big secret all to myself, but... answer this one question," Jane looked genuinely curious. "Why did you marry a poor guy like him? Don't give me something like love at first sight bullshit."

"You know about me, right? I'm very particular with the men I date."

"Yeah, I know," Jane put some roasted cashew into her mouth. "All the guys I fucked back then would keep crying, saying that they couldn't get into your panties no matter how much they tried. If we begin talking about those nights, it will take forever, so get to the point quickly."

"The thing is..." Rebecca kept talking about how she and Benjamin met in a bar. "We talked, laughed, and drank and drank until midnight. Next thing we know, I woke up in my room, and he's snoring in my bed."

"Huh?" Jane's jaw dropped. "You married him because you had sex?"

"No, it's not just any sex," Rebecca tried to explain through whispering even though it was uncomfortable. "He freaking stole my virginity."

Jane's eyes widened. She knew how Rebecca had waited for the right man since high school days, but she never thought Rebecca would stay a virgin for so long. "S-Still, you married him just for that silly reason?"

Rebecca pursed her lips in annoyance but couldn't reply in words.

"So, uh, Benjamin..." Jane glanced at him. "Why are you still working as a pizza-delivery guy when you have married the daughter of a multi-millionaire?"

"I like working at Rye's Pizzas, and the challenges and surprises it brings, but I don't mind choosing whatever profession they pick for me if my wife and her family accept me as their family member," replied Benjamin. "But they still haven't."

"So you are willing to quit the job you like for the sake of your wife, huh. I'm not sure if that's admirable or..." Jane now understood things better, but the silence between the husband and wife almost suffocated her. "Anyway, I was a bit worried when she said she got married. She's a statuesque stunner, but you aren't half-bad, either. However, I feel like there's a lot more going on than what you have let me know," she looked at Rebecca, "so why don't you drop me at my apartment first, sweetie?"

As Jane requested, Rebecca dropped the blonde at the apartment complex which Jane's father owned. Just the rents from the complex would return hundreds of thousands of dollars every year for the Cooper family, but they still couldn't be called rich when compared to Rebecca's family.

As the car sped up on a lonely road, silence filled the space between the two souls present in the car.

"It's been what..." Benjamin broke the boring silence, "8 months since we got married? Or should I say 8 months since you 'almost' forced me to marry you?"

Rebecca didn't say anything. Her focus was on driving, or so it seemed.

"Since then, you have kept me by your side, but you didn't even let me touch you," he continued speaking in a bit of a heavy tone. "You sleep on a different bed. You never talk much. You treat me like I'm a rock that doesn't have any feelings. Your family... I don't care about them, but I do have feelings for you. Can you see that?"

Rebecca replied with silence yet again.

"On the first night we met, you called me Ben with such a sweet voice," Benjamin's mouth turned down. "Where did that loving Rebecca go?"

"We're home." She stopped the car at the main door of the villa and left without saying another word. As usual, he parked the car in a different place, at the parking spot. As he locked the car, he heard a snicker from behind. Without even turning back, he could tell it was the chief driver Anous.

He was old and as bald as babies come.

“Keke, you’re still wearing that shitty uniform in this place?” Anous’ gaze was full of mockery. “And why didn’t you bring a cheesy chicken pizza for me, bitch? Do I have to remind you that every day?”

“Rebecca came to my workplace, so I came out in a hurry,” Benjamin tried to explain himself. “Tomorrow, I will make sure to bring you a double.”

“You better, or I’ll purposely make an order from your pizza company, and give you a shitty rating, you understand?” he kept barking like a dog from up close.

“I do,” replied Benjamin.

Anous snorted in Benjamin’s face before walking away in confident and arrogant strides.

Benjamin’s old-fashioned flip phone rang. An anonymous call. He paused for a second and answered.

“Master...” an aged voice rang sentimentally from the other side. “When are you returning? This old soul can only guard your throne for so long. Your father also wants to see you.”

“Sorry, Alfred, for all the trouble I’ve caused,” Benjamin spoke in a bit of a regretful tone. “I know I owe you and everyone an explanation, but please wait a little longer. I can’t give you an exact date yet, but I will return, at least to see you and Dad.”

“Please make haste, Master.”

The call ended.

Benjamin took an audible breath through his nose and slid the mobile down his pocket. He went back to the car, opened it, and took out the cheesy chicken pizza and ripped a slice off of it and entered into the villa through the main door.