

# Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

## Chapter 10

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Later that night. Benjamin had dinner and was waiting in his room. The newly appointed maid with chocolate looks was cleaning the room, but her eyes were on Benjamin. "Can you tell me how you managed to trap, I mean, make Rebecca fall for you?" Benjamin almost smiled hysterically. "So that's the first thing you could ask." He shook his head. "My in-laws think just like you. Everyone in this villa treats me like I'm their enemy even though I'm only trying to be their friend." Rebecca came home late at nine o'clock, looking tired. The maid quickly walked out. "Should I prepare the bath?" Benjamin asked. "I can do it myself," she said. "Wait, Jane came to pick you up, right?" "Yeah, she did."

"She didn't do anything funny, did she?"

"No, she didn't."

"Mm," Rebecca entered the shower and walked out twenty minutes later, fully clothed. She always put her clothes on in the bathroom itself, so he never even got a chance to peek at her beauty. She jumped onto her bed in her pajamas. "You are not gonna eat?" he asked. "I had dinner with my colleagues," she said without even looking. "If you're done with your questions, I'll switch off the lights." "You can-" before he even finished the sentence, she switched the lights off. Even though the lights were off, Benjamin was sitting on his bed, shivering in anxiety, not knowing what to do. (Jane told me to do that, but I didn't even get the chance. If I don't get the chance even tomorrow, then what? No.) He shook his head. (If I don't get the chance, I should just create one.) A few seconds later, he silently sprayed the men's deodorant in the room. A few minutes passed, but nothing happened. "Why isn't she responding?" He frustratingly squeezed the deodorant bottle. "These damned deodorants don't show even one percent of the results they show on the TV ads." He shoved the deodorant bottle under his pillow and lied down. The words Jane told him kept repeating in his mind: Just spank her butt. And then give her some excuse.

"She said I was acting like a dog chasing after a bone," he thought, "but if I do this now, wouldn't it make me look even more desperate? Just what is she thinking? She isn't trying to mess up our relationship, is she?"

When that thought crossed his mind, his eyes oozed killing intent for a second. The birds in the garden reacted to it and flew away in fright.

"Calm down, Benjamin," he told himself. "If you think about it, your wife should like you for who you're and not because you pulled some petty tricks to impress her. That said, begging and being submissive isn't really my way, either, yet I've been acting like I'm her subordinate all this while. I know that I've been acting unlike myself, but what can I do? My heart beats in strange rhythms when I smell her scent. It's like my body reacts on its own when I'm in her presence. Everytime she smiles, every cell in my body screams that she is the one. No woman had ever made me feel this way. God, what am I supposed to do with her?" 1

Though the thought of taking her away by force crossed his mind a few times, he shoved such thoughts aside without even consideration. After all, his father had never forced him to do anything, and in the same way, he would never force his way, he would never force his wife to act against her will, either, which was why he was so badly trying to change her to like him and to want him just as much as he wanted her.

Amid these flying thoughts, he just couldn't sleep. And to make things a bit uncomfortable, the beast between his thighs was surging with blood. "It's that time of the month, huh..." the cold temperature in the room didn't help, either. He rolled around, but it wasn't going down. "Dammit, if this continues, I'll be in trouble." Getting horny was the last thing he wanted right now, so he covered his face with the pillow and suffocated himself. The lack of oxygen forced his body's attention to his chest and away from his crotch. Before long, his erection was completely gone. "Whew..." He put the pillow back under his head. The lights suddenly switched on. "Is everything okay?" Rebecca looked at him with a scrutinizing gaze. "Y-Yeah," he turned around so he was not facing her. His pants were somewhat pulled down lower than his waist, so she could see a bit of his alluring ass crack.

(Was he...) Her eyes slightly drew in more light. "Cover yourself with a blanket, or you'll catch a cold." She said and switched the lights off. "You don't want to be sneezing while making or delivering pizzas tomorrow." Benjamin didn't say anything. Her words might have sounded like she cared a bit for him, but he knew her enough to not feel happy from just that.

The next morning

In the butlers' dorms, Oliver woke up early with a loud yawn. He grabbed the water bottle and began sipping. His eyes glanced to his right and noticed a peculiar object on the lamp's table, "Pfft!" he spilled the water onto another bed and took a closer look at it, and it really was the same platinum-coated card he had left in the ATM. He had no idea how it ended up here, but he didn't even dare touch it. "A-A demon," his voice trembled. "It's demon possessed!" he began sweating and shivering. He didn't know what to do with it. Devon was still sleeping even though Oliver unintentionally spilled water on him because Devon had consumed a lot of

weed the previous night. He didn't wake up even when Oliver tried to wake him up, so Oliver shut his nose, and a few seconds later, Devon opened his eyes and slapped Oliver in the face.

Devon hit with such force, Oliver fell back on his bed. Devon sucked in a few quick breaths. "Idiot, are you trying to kill me or what? Is it because I didn't give you the stuff last night?"

"No," Oliver was rubbing his cheek. He pointed his finger toward the desk. "That card... is it yours?"

"Card?" Devon glanced to his left and noticed the platinum-coated card. (Ho... that looks like one of those personalized cards the filthy rich folks use. This Oliver hasn't grown his brain as much as his dick.) "Ahem, of course, it's mine." He got up and swiftly put the card in his pocket. "Ahem, anyway, what did you wake me up for?" "Ah, that's..." Oliver said things that were on the top of his head. "Can you water the plants for today? I think I'm feeling sick." "Hmph, fine, but you better pay me back with, you know what." "Sure, sure," Oliver nodded twice. Oliver would leave the tastiest parts of beef or chicken for Devon and his wife every time he brought living animals and butchered them inside the villa. In return, Devon helped Oliver keep his job, despite his antics with the maids, Devon started walking, hands on back and chin slightly tilted up. "I'm going out for a walk." After Devon left his sight, Oliver still looked tense. "What the hell is that card? How did it end up on this desk?" he couldn't even get his head around how it was possible unless some supernatural forces were at work. Just the thought of

it made the hairs on his arms rise." Devon... he's not gonna end up dead in the backyard, right?" A few hours later.

Kathy and other maids caught cold, so Benjamin had to prepare breakfast. Most of the members in the house said it was bad, including his wife. However, Lisa said it was good, which surprised even her mother Elizabeth.

After nine o'clock, Roshan and others left for school with Anous driving a car, but Lisa came to the kitchen where Benjamin was quickly washing the dishes. He needed to finish washing dishes before 9:30 if he wanted to get into his wife's car. "U-Uncle Benjamin?" Lisa hesitantly called out for him from behind.

He turned back in shock. This was the first time she called him uncle, and she was unable to look him in the eyes as though she had done something wrong. "What brings the little princess into the kitchen?" he asked, while cleaning the dishes. "There's a parent-teacher meeting tonight," she said. "C-Can you visit my school in my dad's place?»

"What? You want me to pose as your dad?" "Lower your voice, Uncle!" she put her hand on his mouth. "Please!" "O-Okay," this was his first time seeing her be so afraid and tense. He pitied her. "Why can't you just ask your dad, though?"

"Please, Uncle," she pleaded. "Just this once. Help me, and I'll do anything for you." "You have nothing to offer me, though," he said. "I will talk positively about you from now on," she said. "I give you my word." "Mm," he scratched his chin. When she had said his breakfast tasted good, he felt good in the morning. "How can I be sure you'll keep your word?" "U-Uncle!" she looked like she was close to weeping and dancing. "Fine, fine. I'll help you, so when should I pay a visit?"

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"In the evening, after our classes finish," she said. "You'll definitely come, right? If you don't, they will send a staff member to the house!" "I will. For sure," he assured. "Thank you." Saying that she left the kitchen fast. "Just what did she do at school for her to be so afraid?" Benjamin could only wonder. "Benj-fucking-min!" Elizabeth's voice echoed in the villa. "Where the hell did you put my. 18,500 dollar worth shoes?" Benjamin ground his teeth in a bit of frustration. He hated being called Benj-fucking-min." This pretentious auntie... I swear I'm gonna kill her one day if she keeps at it," he thought. However, he ran outside like an obedient worker. "I kept them under your bed, aunt, I mean, Madam Elizabeth."

Many heads in the hall turned to look at Benjamin in shock, including Lisa and Veronica. Did he just call the eldest daughter in-law of the Sterling family an aunt? The one who was the most shocked of all was Aunt Elizabeth herself.