

Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

Chapter 12

CHAPTER 12

In the evening, the parent teachers meeting started, but Benjamin didn't come yet. Lisa couldn't blame him after what her mother did to him.

"Where are your parents?" one of the teachers passing by asked her in the corridor.

"My dad's on the way, sir," she ended up lying. Unlike her, Roshan and other two children of Sterling family didn't need a parent to compulsorily arrive, as their grades were among the top. As she was biting her nails, someone grabbed her shoulder from behind. She looked over her shoulder, and it was the least person she ever expected to come.

"Was I late?" Benjamin was sweating and panting. Elizabeth hit all over his body, save his face, so looked clean at the moment. And luckily, he wasn't wearing the pizza outfit either.

"Y-You came..." Lisa was left in a daze.

"I gave you my word, didn't I?" He put his hand on her head. "Let's go and meet your teacher fast. I need to go back to the pizza hut before 4:30." "What? There's only fifteen minutes left. You want to end the meet and travel miles in just fifteen minutes?"

"Let me worry about that," he said, but then he noticed a long queue at her classroom. He looked at her in shock. "You didn't tell me that we need to stand in a queue."

"I-I'm sorry, Uncle," she apologized, and then wondered if she could call him uncle or just Benjamin after the whole 'aunt' incident with her mother. "It's fine," he said.

She wondered if he would really help her or make things worse by taking his revenge for what her mother had done to him.

He cut the queue, shocking some of the kids and even Lisa. "Where do you think you're going?" some of the parents raised their voices. "Can't you see us standing here?" "I can, monsieurs and mademoiselles," he began speaking like a waiter at a high class restaurant as he took out discount coupons. "Can't you look over it just this once in return for discount coupons?".

"You think you can buy us with discount coupons?" the parents yelled at him in fury. "What discount coupons are those?" some curious kids asked. "Rye's Pizzas," replied Lisa. "R-Rye's Pizzas?" all her classmates ran over and plucked as many discount coupons as they could from Benjamin's hands, leaving their parents in stupefaction. "Easy fellas," Benjamin put the coupons on a nearby desk before slipping into the classroom with Lisa.

An intimidating array of professors lay in wait for them. Even the principal and vice principal were there,

The principal read Lisa's report before looking at Benjamin. "Are you her father? You look too young to be her father." "I-I'm her uncle, sir."

"Uncle, you say?" the principal cast a cold glance at Lisa, sending shivers down her spine. "Anyway, please take a seat. We have a lot to talk about your niece."

Both Benjamin and Lisa sat down, and the latter of the two assumed a timid posture. "First of all, Lisa's attendance percentage is below sixty, so if she keeps at it, she won't even be eligible to write the year-end final exams," the principal said.

"Her attendance is below sixty?" Benjamin looked surprised. Lisa left home everyday in the same car as Roshan and other children did, so this new piece of news came as a real surprise. "That's not all. Her score in the quarterly exams is so poor we had to add marks to make her pass," the math teacher spoke in hurry. "I saw her roaming with her boyfriend on a Harley bike," the science teacher said. "I'm sure that's where most of her attention is going."

When Benjamin looked at Lisa, she lowered her head in shame.

"Don't fall for her acting, sir," the female social studies teacher said with base in her voice. "She begged me to add marks and pass her in the quarterly exams, but she stopped attending my classes altogether after that. She answered zero questions in the most recent exam, so what grade should I give her this time?"

"Ma'am," Benjamin said patiently, "if she's not attending your class, then maybe there's some issue with your teaching?"

"Excuse me?" the social studies teacher's face warped in rage.

"Look at her, sir," Benjamin spoke to the principal in a timid manner. "Look at the way she's glaring at me. Even I, a grown man, is feeling shivers, so how would the kids feel when they are forced to listen to such a teacher?"

"Are you trying to shift all the blame onto me now?" the social studies teacher stood at once. "This is ridiculous."

Lisa was telling Benjamin to calm down, but he didn't.

"I spoke the truth," Benjamin raised his voice likewise, "so, of course, it hurts."

"Shut your mouth," the social studies teacher picked up her sandals into her hands, "and get the hell out of here, or I'll slap the senses out of you!"

"Is this how you treat the caretakers of your students?" Benjamin posed a question to the principal, They were also telling the social studies teacher to calm down, but the words that came out of Benjamin's mouth next made her lose it, "Please make that fat teacher stop."

"Who are you calling fat, you bitch!" she jumped over the table and attacked him, swiping her sandal-armed hands left and right at his face, but she didn't manage to hit him even once. Nevertheless, he fell back and covered his cheeks and cried out, "Ah! Save me from this monster!"

ntly.

She attacked him again, but the other teachers stopped her in time. "Get a hold of yourself!" "Let go of me," she still acted violently. "Just wait," Benjamin took out his phone. "I've recorded everything. I'm going to call the cops now." His words shocked the principal, and he immediately slapped the social studies' teacher and made her shut up.

He then sent all the teachers out of the room and spoke with Benjamin alone. Even Lisa was sent outside.

About fifteen minutes later, Benjamin walked out with a poker face. All the teachers rushed in the room, except for the social studies teacher who was still fuming at him. Benjamin plucked one of his hairs and blew at her, shocking all the other students and parents that were there.

Lisa's heart, however, was beating louder and faster than it ever did. She followed Benjamin while also looking back at the social teacher who threatened her with gestures.

"You shouldn't have done all this," Lisa said with a fearful expression. "She's going to target me in every class from now on." Her little shoulders trembled. "Don't worry about her," Benjamin assured. "If she so much as snaps at you, I'll make sure ends up behind bars."

"W-What?"

"I spoke with the principal, and he has agreed to adding marks to make you pass the recent exams."

"Really?" Lisa couldn't believe what she was hearing. "D-did you threaten the principal with the audio recording? No, even if you did, he's not someone who will shake from just that." The school's principal was also a millionaire who used to be a street thug before hitting it big with a lottery and then ended up establishing a missionary school to keep sucking funds from whoever was willing to donate. "Just what did you tell him inside the room?" "I just told him my name," replied Benjamin. "Your name?" Lisa looked confused. "Stop joking when I'm asking you serious questions." "Hey, we can talk about this later. I have to go now." "Oh, yeah. I forgot that you should go back to the Rye's Pizzas." "Then I'll be off," Benjamin dashed away on the motorbike so fast, it left a trail of dirt in the ground.

"So fast..." Lisa was impressed. "Uncle Benjamin seems like a cool guy. Why didn't I realize this sooner? Maybe I can introduce my boyfriend to him?"

Meanwhile, in the butler's dorms of Sterling villa.

Oliver and a couple of other butlers helped bring Devon to his bed. After dropping him gently onto the bed, everyone else left, leaving Devon and Oliver there. "Luckily, there were no major injuries," Oliver said, "or you would have been bedridden for the rest of your life."

Devon was wide awake, but his pupils were dilute. "The money and the card... those thieving bastards took it. I don't know how much money is left in the card, but.." he gritted his teeth in frustration.

Oliver's brows knitted together. "What money? What card?" he looked to the lamp desk next to his bed. His eyes broadened, and his heart skipped a beat. The platinum card was still on the desk, so Oliver thought Devon was perhaps talking about another card altogether.

"Nevermind," Devon sounded sad, cringing in pain as he tried to move his leg so could rest. "Luck has never really been a part of my life ever since my wife died." Oliver was growing tense. (Shit. Why is this card still here? Didn't he take it in the morning?) "Hey, Devon, you forgot to take this card in the morning?"

"Ah? What card?" Devon glanced at Oliver who was pointing toward the desk.

When his gaze shifted toward the desk and noticed the platinum-coated card, his heart jumped into his mouth.