

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 131

### Chapter 131

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“If I had known you would hug me for feeding you a spoonful of carrot pudding, I’d have done it every night when I was in the villa.”

“Haha.”

Benjamin and Rebecca enjoyed the meal together in a cave with a cold but comfortable atmosphere.

They toured throughout the Mabel fort and took pictures together. There were no animals other than a few birds, but the visuals from there were quite stunning as the fort was built on top of a mountain. They climbed the famous Mabel hill that had 777 steep steps to the top. Rebecca went three-fourths on her feet, and Benjamin carried her in arms for the rest, embarrassing her quite so much with his overly enthusiastic action. From the top of the Mabel hill, the whole city was up for view. There were stone benches, so they sat there. She prepared fresh lemon water with salt, sugar, and a little bit of grated chili mixed and shaken well. He drank it without a problem, but it was too spicy for her. Her tongue and mouth were on fire. Luckily, she brought some chocolates and kept raking through her bag. “Where are the chocolates? I’m sure I put them in.” “Here, have some cold water.” He offered her a water bottle. She hastily had a few gulps and that didn’t help much. He gave her the sugar packet, but she looked at him with a puzzled expression. “Toss some of it in your mouth,” he said. “It will help.” She quickly poured into her mouth all that was left in the packet. In a few seconds, the fire in her mouth began to subside. Her eyes were still watery, and her mouth was still wet. The expression she made was just too much for Benjamin. He grabbed her cheeks with both hands and pulled them like he was dealing with a child. Rebecca peered at him, wondering what he was doing. “Sorry,” he let go of her cheeks, “I couldn’t control myself.”

“Sugar really helped,” Rebecca exhaled from her mouth repeatedly. “How come I never knew about this? Chocolates are made of sugar, too.” “If you ask me, you should have just licked your lips,” Benjamin opined. “They store the sweetest honey in the world. It would have instantly ended your suffering.” Rebecca gave him an icy look. “Your descriptions are really getting out of hand with every passing day.” “The path of true love never runs smooth,” Benjamin bitterly said, “but I shall overcome all obstacles in time.”

“What the heck are you talking about?”

Just then, three people arrived at the top of Mabel hill.

“Wow, what a view!” the short-haired brunette, Daisy, took in the magnificent view of the city. “It’s well worth climbing all those steps.” “We should have climbed during the evening, though,” the long-haired brunette, Amelia, opened up her umbrella. She was slightly chubby unlike the athletic Daisy. Both the sisters sat on a stone bench, and the curly-haired guy, Gael, sat in their middle and held Amelia’s hand.

Daisy noticed that and grabbed Gael’s other hand and happily smiled. As she looked around, she noticed Benjamin. “Woah, what a long beard!”

Benjamin and Rebecca were sitting about twenty feet away from them, so they could clearly hear her words.

“He almost looks like one of the villains in the El Man trailer, doesn’t he?” Daisy said.

Amelia signaled with her eyes, telling her little sister to stop. “Brother-in-law,” Daisy curled her arm around Gael’s arm and said, “you will take me to the theater for the El Man movie, won’t you?” ; “No,” Gael was quick to reply. “Why? I thought you wanted to watch the movie?” “I did, because that movie producer didn’t see a failure yet,” Gael said, “but his wife’s nude photos were recently released online, and it has caused quite a stir among the school students.”

“A-Are you saying the producer released his own wife’s pictures online?” Amelia, who was also Gael’s wife, covered her mouth in shock.

“Obviously,” Gael said. “It was probably all part of the promotions. He has two big budget movies upcoming, so he resorted to this type of cheap tactic. He lost all my respect because of it. So…” he glanced at Daisy. “I’m not watching El Man or any other movies produced by Jacob Sterling anymore. If you still want to watch the movie, you can take your sister along.” “No. I won’t go if you are not coming, so please come.”

“Huh? What sort of logic is that?”

As the three of them kept talking without any break in sight. Rebecca, on the other hand, looked quite uncomfortable even though she was sitting a little bit far from them.

“Shall we go?” Benjamin asked, and she nodded. They packaged the stuff in the bag and climbed down the stairs, holding each other’s hands. The steps were steep, so she had to hold his hand to feel safer.

After they climbed down, she still didn’t let go of his hand. “I wanted to tell them that my dad didn’t do it,” Jane said, “but I’m not 100% sure about my dad, and I…” she gritted her teeth, “hate it.”

“There are always those that perceive things wrongly,” Benjamin softly said. “We can’t convince or control them, so don’t take their words to heart.”

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“I’m sorry.” She still had the frown on her face as she walked past him. “I’m going home.” Benjamin wanted to ask her to stop and share her burden with him, but he couldn’t even utter the word ‘wait.’ After she was no longer within earshot, he frustratingly said, “Dammit, man. Those three spoiled our day.” “Keke,” a rather wild laughter reached his ears. A muscular woman in a gray suit flashed next to him. She was almost 200cm tall and looked like a woman in her late forties even though she was well over seventy years old. “You don’t have a clue on how to comfort women, do you, Master Benjamin?”

“I told her to not take their words to heart,” Benjamin didn’t even look at her. “What more could I have done? Forced her to stop worrying?” “Actions are more powerful than words, so you should have hugged her or kissed her or should have done something that could make her forget everything else.”

Her response startled him. He glanced at her. “You... How long are you planning to stand here? Go and guard my wife.” She raised one of her brows. “Is that an order or a request?”

“A bit of both.”

“Hah, fine. Mina will keep your wife safe, so make sure to send me a box full of ice creams every night.” She started walking. “There’s nothing better than eating ice cream during the cold weather of the night.”

Benjamin’s shoulders slumped. “Why do I feel like I missed a good chance of kissing Rebecca’s lips?” he thought and imagined himself doing it, but then Rebecca slapped him for not even reading her mood. “No.” He shook his head. “Maybe I did the right thing by not overdoing things.” He sighed. “Geez, it’s really hard to understand women sometimes. At this rate, when am I going to kiss her?”

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Rebecca was reading private messages on her social media accounts.

“Do you do hook-ups? I can pay a thousand per night.”

“You’re much prettier than your mother. Please let me lick your toes.”

“Can we meet? I’ll do whatever you want.” “I’ll happily pay ten grand for your underwear.” “I earn over 100K a year. Can we go out on a date?”

“Are you really married? If not, I can divorce my wife and marry you. Is that okay?”

Rebecca was grinding her teeth as she scrolled through the messages. She was not much of a social media person, but she just wanted to check her online profiles once to see how they were doing, but she didn’t expect a long list of messages from perverts.

“These idiots have no other business? How can they be so shameless? How can I change the settings so strangers can’t post me messages? I should ask Veronica. She knows better about these things.” She called Veronica, but her sister didn’t answer.

“What’s she doing?” she tried again, but there was no response.

She put the mobile aside, but she was still frustrated, not because of the online messages but because of Gael’s words. “Dad would never do such a thing for money, right?”

Her memories offered her no solid answer for her question.

Meanwhile, Veronica was on a blind date, and the guy turned out to be a jerk who kept shamelessly staring at her chest. She would have gotten up and left already, but she liked the fruit delight, so kept having it while hearing his boring speech. She saw Donovan at another table sitting with a woman who wasn’t Jane. She snapped some pics and shared them with her sister and Jane.

Seconds later, Donovan received a call, and he had to explain himself.

Veronica looked amused now that she had taken the smile on Donovan’s face away.

“Do you know how to fix a light bulb?” she asked the guy sitting at her table.

“Of course,” his smile was a reflection of his inner thoughts. (Is she asking me to enter her home with this excuse?) He quickly finished his meal.

Veronica took him in her vehicle, but she didn’t go to the Sterling villa. She instead went to Shawn’s office during closing hours and had his men beat this guy.

“I went to the date fully fitted, but he kept staring at my chest like he didn’t even care if I noticed it or not,” Veronica fumed at him. “Beat him! Keep beating him until his bulbs bulge thrice their normal size. He shouldn’t even be able to have a wet dream for

another year!" As this was happening, Akash just happened to be passing by that road. His trauma returned

after seeing Shawn in action, and he ran away from the scene, sweating buckets.

After beating the guy, Shawn looked at his sister. "I've never asked you this, but what kind of hill are you trying to di(n)e on?"

"A-Are you talking about the manly hills?" she asked back in a bit of a coded language so that the other men nearby wouldn't easily understand what they were talking about.

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Shawn raised his brow. "What else is there to talk about? If it's not working out for you, I can show you some trivial hills."

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"No thanks. The last hill Mom showed me had its head in the clouds." "I can show you a more grounded one. Someone from a humble background, if you want." "Thanks, Brother, but I want to walk alone until I stumble upon some beautiful hill." "Suit yourself," Shawn didn't persuade her anymore as she always shut him out of her life, except when she needed him for something. She was much more natural at using him than he was at using her. "What shall we do with him, sir?" the men asked Shawn.

"Scrap him up," he said, and they went for another round of beating even though the guy begged them to spare him. At Pure Waters bar. Benjamin was drinking with Alfred and shadow. "You've downed fifteen liters of strong wine in five minutes, Master," Alfred tried to pull the wine bottle from Benjamin's hand. "You should control yourself, or you'll lose yourself."

"I'm not drunk, hic," Benjamin didn't let him have the bottle. He took a few more gulps before continuing to speak with a tearful expression, "They say nice things happen to nice people. I've always been nice to my wife, but she doesn't even let me kiss her. Why?"

"I have no answer to such a question," Alfred replied. "If she lets me kiss her, I'll kill all the bacteria on her lips, I swear," Benjamin's eyes were half-closed, and it didn't look like he'd stop talking anytime soon. "Just one kiss. That's all I'm asking for."

Alfred looked at Shadow and shook his head. "He's losing it. It's better if you take him to his room." "What room? This is my room," Benjamin spoke. "Alfred, if you talk shit, you will get hit." "Yes, yes, Master," Alfred sighed and slapped the swollen belly of Benjamin, causing him to vomit all the wine on the floor. "Geez, what are you doing!" Shadow was shocked. "I'm not cleaning the floor!"

"It's all because of that witch," Benjamin still looked drunk. "If she wasn't there, I would have long won my wife's heart. It's all because of her." He took out his mobile and dialed a number.

"Hello," Selena answered. "Who is this?" she didn't save Benjamin's number in her mobile, so she had to ask.

"Who am I? I'm your son-in-law, you cunning bitch," Benjamin yelled. "When will you let me have my wife, huh? Come over here so I can slap some fucking sense into you." "B-Benjamin?" Selena looked frozen for a second, with her eyes popping out and all. "You little brat. You dare call me and talk shit to me? Did you forget who I am after getting kicked out of my villa? Did you forget that you used to wash my clothes and polish my boots?" "Yeah, you made me do all sorts of things," Benjamin's eyes teared up a bit. "And you will pay for it! I'll make you pay! I'll—"

Alfred plucked the phone from Benjamin's hand and cut the call.

"What the— " Selena wondered why the call suddenly ended, but her blood began to boil as she thought back on Benjamin's words. She went over to Rebecca who was in the hall on the first floor and played the call recording. "This is his real character. This is the man you married!"

"Mom, he's drunk," Rebecca tried to explain, "and you two aren't best friends."

"Why are you backing that bastard?" Selena's cheeks swelled with rage. "Didn't you hear him use the B word?"

"I'm not backing him, but..." Rebecca pursed her lips. "I'll talk to him about this." "Talk?" Selena frowned. "So you're still talking with him... even after knowing he cheated you."

Rebecca didn't say anything. "Alright," Selena looked away. "He's more important to you than your mother. I get it." She strode away in heavy steps. "Don't come running to me when he breaks your heart AGAIN." Rebecca smacked her own forehead. "What have I done to deserve this?"

Meanwhile, at Pure Waters bar.

"I want to see my wife," Benjamin got up from the couch and tried to leave, but Alfred and Shadow stopped him. "She's waiting for me." "She's not waiting for you, my lord," Shadow said. "That much I can assure you." "If she's not waiting for her husband, who's she waiting for? You?" Benjamin elbowed in Shadow's face, making him bleed from the nose. "Y-You've misunderstood me, my lord. That's not what I meant," Shadow tried to reason, but Alfred silently shook his head. Shadow stopped talking. They let Benjamin talk whatever he wanted, but they didn't let him go out. As they were trying to take him into a private room, a man in a black suit, wielding knuckle dusters entered the bar.

"Unpaid Maid! Get your ass over here," he raised his voice, but his lips forged a bright, cocky smile, "and give me your balls." "AHH?" both Alfred and Shadow glared over their shoulders.

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The next morning.

Luther tried calling the bodyguard he had assigned to take care of Benjamin, but his mobile was in switched-off mode since last night. Luther came to Artur who had just finished his bath and arrived at the dining table. "He either ran away, or he's got compromised, sir." "What do YOU think?"

"Knowing the guy, he's not the type to run away." "So the son-in-law dealt with him? A war veteran?" "There's no other explanation." "Send a batch then. If necessary, you take care of it yourself. I want results before the sun goes down."

"Understood," Luther was standing appropriately erect, arms crossed in front of the crotch, and still looked relaxed. His eyes exuded confidence as they always did. "Where's my father? He's usually sitting here, ready to give me a lecture or two about how a person of means should behave differently with different people." "Mr. Terry and Mr. Langdon paid a visit, so he's upstairs, talking," Luther broke out of his balanced stance and leaned toward Artur a bit as he replied. "The chief justice came this early in

the morning?" Artur wondered. "It must be something important. I wonder what they're talking about."

In David Bonsbell's room. An old maid served warm drinks and biscuits before leaving the room and shutting the door. "If you can help me with this," Terry said earnestly, "I'll approve all the pending projects and will give green light for future projects, too." David was smoking. "It's certainly tempting, but if things go wrong, we'll lose trust in our circles big time."

"That's why Mr. Langdon is here. He'll ensure that nothing goes wrong, and even if it does, he'll keep the repercussions to minimum." David glanced at Langdon who showered a simple but assuring smile while he crunched on a milk-soaked biscuit.

"If the governor is behind us, there's nothing to fear," David chortled. "Let's show them hell."

Meanwhile, at Sterling villa.

Elizabeth and her whole family except the children were having breakfast together. Seeing them fitted for an occasion, Veronica asked them, "Going somewhere?"

"The Salvation Auction," Elizabeth quickly replied, her eyes glowing like two proud jewels. "Just the entrance costs 1 million dollars. A lot of super rare items will be sold there. It only happens once a year!" "Whoa, sounds like a really big event. Can I come?" Veronica asked without shame. "You can if you want to, but as the invitation card holder, only I will be able to sit in the main seats," Elizabeth explained. "Others will have to sit in the back." "I'm fine with that as long as I can also bid on some things."

"Of course you can, but do you have the money, though?" Elizabeth teased her while showing a black card.

"Is that..." Veronica's eyes widened. "Brother Shawn's? He gave it to you?" "Fufu, he indeed did," Elizabeth put the card back in her bag. Veronica couldn't hide her envy and disappointment because she had asked Shawn for his Black Card dozens of times over the years, but he always refused it, giving the excuse that she should get Jacob's permission first. "Did you get my dad's permission?" Veronica couldn't help but ask.

"Why would I need Father-in-law's permission when I have my husband's?" Elizabeth casually said. She was right, so there was nothing else Veronica could say other than smile for a second and then grit her teeth afterward.

Veronica wanted to look better than Elizabeth at the auction, and after some thing, she could only see one way. Stealing her mother's Black Card was the only way she could think of. "Mom shouldn't be too upset if I spend only a few million dollars," she thought.

Meanwhile, Rebecca was exercising on the balcony while talking with Benjamin on the mobile. “Just why? Why did you call her a bitch? How would you feel if I use such a word to refer to your parents?” “I didn’t call her that. I was talking about Beach. You remember the camel you named?” Benjamin said not so confidently or convincingly. “I was asking her about that, and... she must have misheard it or something.” “Benjamin, do you think I have a single digit IQ or what?” “N-No, my love. But it’s easy to mishear things especially when there’s too much stuff stored in the ear,” he said, hardening his tone a bit. “Do you know when your mother has her wax removed from her ears?”

Rebecca exhaled audibly. “Look,” she tried to speak with patience, “I know you don’t like my mother. I know she doesn’t like you, either. But both of you need to change yourself, not just for me but for yourselves as well.”

“I’m always trying. You also know that.” “Mm, and I want you to keep trying, please.” “If it’s for your sake, I will even touch or pull your mother’s feet,” Benjamin’s voice didn’t contain a shred of hesitation. “But the big question is, which one do you really want?

Touching or pulling?”

Rebecca didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “I don’t want both, but what I want is for you to take care of your health well. I know things haven’t been easy for you, but you’re not a drinker, so don’t drink so much that you forget who you are. And don’t get the drinking habit, or it’ll be extremely hard to quit later on.”

Benjamin didn’t say anything.

“Oh, and one more thing... Jane called and asked me to distribute her wedding cards to her friends and relatives,” Rebecca said excitedly. “I want you to come with me. We’ll do it together. What do you say?”

While Benjamin felt glad that she was asking for his company, his expression changed for the worse. “Did you say ‘wedding?’” “Yeah. They seem to have little issues, but which relationship doesn’t have some back and forth? I’m just glad that they’re not wasting more time being single.”

“Actually...” Benjamin steeled his heart and said, “I saw Donovan cheating on Jane. I even sent you a video of it back when your mother was in the hospital.”

“Video?” Rebecca didn’t like where this was going. “What video?”

“Just check in your mail,” he hesitantly said. “That’s all I’m going to say. First, see the video, and then call me if you want. Bye.” He ended the call. “What video?” Rebecca’s heart began to beat faster. “Jane had finally found someone who could satisfy her desires, and if he turns out to be a cheater... she’ll be heartbroken.” She felt so tense she didn’t even want to look at the video, but then again, she knew she had to know the truth, so she started checking her mail.

At the same time, Lisa, Roshan, Vlad, and Mercie arrived at the school, with Amber driving the car.

To their shock, hundreds of students were standing outside the main gate. A few parents were yelling at the staff. The guards were trying to keep things under control. Lisa asked her friends and found out that school was closed indefinitely because the principal was arrested.

“How can they just shut the school like that?” Roshan got angry. He could see the notice put up by the court. “It’s that notice, right? if I tear it down, then we can enter the school, right?”

“Are you out of your mind?” Lisa shook her head. “Don’t even think about it.”

Roshan, however, didn’t care about her words. He went to the gate and tore the notice, shocking everyone. Seeing the guards coming toward him, Roshan took out the compass pretty fast. “Stop me, and I’ll pierce this into my body,” he roared.

The guards didn’t believe him and stepped closer. Roshan pierced the compass into his forearm, stopping the guards in their tracks. “I’m not joking,” Roshan bore through the pain and then looked at the students. “What are you still standing for? Open the gates and get to your classes.”

The students looked at each other before rushing into the school while also thanking him for his efforts. Most of the teachers also entered the school.

The guards still couldn’t approach Roshan as he was still holding the compass. The math teacher approached him.

“Teacher Gael, you should also go,” Roshan hastily said. “These guards won’t stop you.” Gael, the same guy who came to Mabel hill the previous day, didn’t look happy. “Why do you act so rashly and arrogantly? Not just this once, but I’ve seen you threatening others to get things done the way you want.” “I’m Roshan Sterling. My grandfather is Jacob Sterling! A multi-millionaire!” Roshan cockily snorted. “That’s why I have the privilege that others don’t.” “I know who your grandfather is, but who are you?” Gael’s tone turned sharp. “What have you achieved, huh?”

“I…” Roshan strained his brain, but he felt at a loss for words. “I’m not saying you should never get angry, but you should learn to use it appropriately. You shouldn’t blackmail your friends or family, much less your school authorities to get what you want. Otherwise, you’ll be spoiling all the good name your grandparents have earned for your family.”

Roshan’s face lost some glow.

Gael took the compass from Roshan and put it back in his bag. "Apologize to the guards before you attend the class."

Roshan, however, ran into the school.

Gael forced out a smile before looking at the guards. "I apologize on his behalf."

"No, no, it's alright, sir. These rich kids are all like that. They don't even put us in their eyes." "That's not entirely their fault, though," Gael said, grabbing the full attention of the guards. "They just grow a decent personality because of the type of environment they get raised in, so we can't really blame them for everything." "You are hundred percent right, sir," the guards voiced their mind. "Teachers can only do so much when the parents themselves haven't done much to raise their children. By the way, aren't you going in?" "It hasn't even been a week since I joined here as a teacher, and now the future of this school looks uncertain. Since the court notice was torn down, I'm sure the police will be sent tomorrow, so this might as well be my last day at this school." Saying that, Gael entered through the gate.

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The zero squad of David's security service was made of war veterans. They normally didn't meet unless it was an order from David or Luther. Today, after receiving a call from Luther, they all gathered at the Rye's Pizzas. All twelve of them, excluding Luther.

"To kill a pizza delivery guy, you gathered all of the zero squad," the one with the tattoo 2 on his chin said, his arms folded tightly. Unlike the rest, he didn't seem to be interested in pizzas. "This is an overkill among overkills."

"Our task is not to kill but to cut his balls off," Luther reminded them once again. "Let's put egos aside and work together."

"Isn't one of us enough to do the job?" the one with the number 1 tattoo on his forehead said, chewing bubble gum. "Who's this son-in-law that you wanted all of us on this job?" "I called you all just to be on the safe side. Besides, this is what Young Master Artur wanted." "Ho, so it's personal to him. Then it can't be helped. Are we gonna brood here until that guy shows up?" "He works here, so let's be patient, fellas."

Sasha was the one serving at the two tables the security guards in normal wear sat upon. She looked quite happy as she was expecting a handsome tip from these guys. "Hey, you. What's your name?" the guy with the tattoo number 12 asked her. "It's

Sasha," she replied politely. "You've got nice buns. Want to go to the back alley for a quick tit-fuck?" His words made the other snicker. Sasha's face turned dark. "Disgusting," she quickly walked off, but her exaggerated reaction only amused them. Sasha went to Christopher and complained, but he told her to bear such minor inconveniences for the sake of everyone. Sasha, however, took it seriously. She couldn't just let their words slide, so when Damian came from a delivery, she told him what had happened. Damian made an expression he never made in front of her. He straight away walked up to their tables and glared at them. "Which bastard harassed my girlfriend?" The guy with the tattoo number 12 smirked and said, "Why? Do you want to take her place in pleasing my dick?" "Pfft," the other members in the team spilled whatever that was in their mouths. Damian smiled angrily and said, "Apologize, or you are going to suffer the consequences." "Oh, what are you gonna do?" one of them tested his temper by poking his tongue out toward Sasha and waved it lustfully, making the others snigger.

Luther was silently shaking his head. He didn't like what they were doing, but this was nothing new, so he just watched.

Just then, both Benjamin and Alfred arrived on foot and entered the pizza hut, Christopher began scolding him for skipping the job the previous day and also for bringing a beggar into the store. Even after Benjamin said he'll pay for Alfred, Christopher still wanted Alfred gone from his sight. He didn't want the other customers to be discomforted by Alfred's presence.

Damian clenched his fists and threw a punch at Number Twelve sitting at the edge, which was easily caught. "Hehe, what's with this sissy punch? You should" A left hook flew in from the right and smashed Number Twelve's jaw so fast and hard, three teeth flew out of his mouth.

Number 11 sitting right next to him threw a sudden punch. At first sight, it was more of a jab aimed at Damian's face diagonally, but a small knife slipped through the gap between the fingers and seemingly struck Damian's eye.

Damian had moved his head back, and so the knife brushed past his nose and eyelids. He kicked the table, lifting up all the food and forks into the air. He grabbed a fork and used the momentum to attack Number 11 with it. Number 11 blocked using his hand. The fork pierced through the flesh, making him grit his teeth.

Number 2 caught another fork and swiftly stabbed Damian's thigh three times in less than second, forcing him to back away.

Number 1 jumped out of his seat and straight-kicked into Damian's abdomen, sending him flying into another table.

“You’re a hundred years too early to be tussling with us, brat,” Number 1’s gaze spilled murderous intent. “Teach him a lesson he’ll never forget. And…” he glanced at Sasha. “Teach her, also.”

Half the men went toward Damian, while the other half showed more interest in Sasha. All the other customers had already begun to flee. Sasha, however, ran inside to hide, but the six men still went after them, wearing happy smiles on their faces. Damian wanted to go after them, but he was already busy dealing with the other five men. “Don’t you dare do anything to her!” he roared, but his words weren’t effective enough. The six men still reached the door. Number 11 glanced at Damian and wickedly smiled and licked the blood leaking out of his hand. “I’ll take real good care of your girlfriend, so don’t you worry, keke.” He kicked the door open in three tries. Sasha stood at a corner and trembled in fear, even though she was holding a knife in her hands. After all, seven men just entered the room. “Can six dicks fit in three holes?”

“Two for each, so it should be fine.”

Sasha’s body shivered like a leaf from hearing their words, and tears sprang to her eyes, but her expression quickly changed when she realized that one of the seven men was none other than Benjamin.

Benjamin entered the room right behind the six security personnel and struck the last two on their napes and silenced them, but this alerted the others. They turned around and attacked

him without even asking any questions. Number 4 was like a giant with his 198cm height. He threw his fist viciously at Benjamin’s face with the full intent to kill him, but caught his wrist and stopped his attack effortlessly, shocking him and everyone else in the room. The very next second, Benjamin’s fist struck his chest, and his spine broke and burst out from his back

Silence filled the room as life left Number 4’s eyes.

“Kyaa!” Sasha howled in horror and passed out from the shock

“W-Who the fuck are you?” Number 2 had a frown on his face as he asked Benjamin.

“Who am I?” Benjamin’s gaze was cold. “You’re not worthy to know my name.”

Number 11 took out his hand gun. “Die, you motherfucker!” He repeatedly fired. Benjamin’s upper body moved like a leaf floating in the wind and dodged all the bullets. In the end, his body flipped diagonally multiple times until his ankle struck Number 11 down on the neck so roughly, his body was slashed in two.

Number 2 and Number 3 who were taking out their guns were petrified from what they saw. The gun dropped from Number 3’s hand, and a fraction of a second later.

Benjamin was grabbing his face with his hand and squeezed it hard enough his skull broke, and blood sprayed out from many spots on his head.

Number 2 shot at Benjamin in desperation, but Benjamin vanished from his sight. The next second, he was sent flying out of the room, he thought, but no. It was actually just his head that flew out of the room and hopped on a few tables.

Luther saw Number 2's head and deeply frowned. Benjamin walked out of the room, startling Luther. "Y-You're..." he recognized him and was about to step forward, but a stick blocked his way. It was Alfred who was holding the stick

Damian, on the other hand, took care of three of the five men, but Number 1 just joined the remaining two and made Damian's life difficult. Number 1 took out his gun and went for a point-blank shot, but Benjamin stopped Number 1 from pressing the trigger by grabbing the gun in an appropriate way. Both Damian and Benjamin looked at each other kicking in Number 1's abdomen together. Then they took care of the other two with spinning kicks. Damian looked at Benjamin and showered a broad smile. "Thanks." he raised his hand, and they clasped their hands in a friendly gesture. "Is Sasha safe?" Damian worriedly asked. Benjamin nodded. Damian ran into the room where she was in, and he was quite surprised from seeing the way some of the guys were lying dead on the floor. "Did he do all this?"

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Luther didn't fight. He was allowed to leave, even though he didn't tell who he was working for. Alfred knew who he was, but Benjamin thought he was just part of the security gang. Since he didn't fight, Benjamin didn't see the reason to kill him.

Though Alfred wanted to clean everything that had happened at the pizza hut, Damian told to leave things to him.

Christopher and the rest of the staff were outside. After hearing the gunshots, they had already called the police. They were too terrified to enter the store.

However, the first person that had arrived at the scene was none other than the chairman of Rye's Pizzas, along with Allegra, his pale secretary and personal maid. Christopher kept shamelessly drooling at Allegra and couldn't look elsewhere ever since she arrived.

Benjamin had already left the scene as Alfred had taken him away to a different place.

Allegra took care of the situation outside while Samael went in.

“Whoa...” Seeing the decapitated head and the dead bodies, Samael seemed slightly surprised. “Such a mess you guys have made.” He looked at Damian and Sasha. She was still somewhat shivering.

Sasha quickly shook her head. “It wasn’t us who killed them. It was—” before she could say the name, Damian put his hand on her mouth and said, “I’ll take the responsibility, sir. Everything happened because of me.” Samael faintly smiled. “Is that so? Why don’t we have a little private chat?” He put his hand on Damian’s shoulder and took him into another room.

“How are we going to get out of his mess?” Sasha started crying. “Are our careers over? If I end up in jail, what will happen to my grandmother?” As she was thinking, the police sirens reached her ears, and her whole body shook visibly. However, the police vehicles stopped only briefly. After Allegra interacted with them, they left just as fast as they had come. Christopher asked her what she had told the police, but she told him she’d tell him once he sheds half of his weight. Meanwhile, Alfred and Benjamin were about a mile away from Rye’s Pizzas.

“I talked with your father on the phone last night,” Alfred was peering at Benjamin. “I didn’t tell him everything, but he’s already disappointed with you. If you don’t return within a month, he said you can just forget about ever returning.” Benjamin’s heart almost exploded from hearing those words. “What are you saying? I-Is he banishing me from the clan?” “No one has ever been out of the clan’s territory for an entire year,” Alfred said, frowning, “not even the foot soldiers, let alone the king. Understandably, he’s disappointed. How long can he keep the throne empty, Master? Whether you return alone, or you return with your

wife, he just wants you to do it before the next lunation starts. So, to be more accurate, you don’t even have 30 days left.”

Benjamin gritted his teeth, his gaze implicating warning. “You both are in this together, aren’t you?” he raised his hand and almost punched in Alfred’s face for saying hinting he could just return without his wife.

Alfred didn’t even flinch. He didn’t say anything, either. Benjamin’s mouth turned down, and he lowered his fist, but veins still carved blue pathways on his skin. “I ran away from home because you guys forced me to do something I didn’t like.” His eyes turned teary and covered the chagrin. “If my mother was alive... she wouldn’t have let things get this far.” He paused for a second. “Rebecca cooked for me yesterday. She sweated for hours in the kitchen for me but didn’t show any tiredness when she met me. Perhaps my mother would have loved me the same way.” He nodded his head as he poked Alfred’s chest, “Tell him, I’m seeing my mother in her. The mother I missed growing up. And I’m not leaving her for anything.” Saying that he walked away.

After Benjamin was no longer within earshot, Alfred took a mobile out of his pocket. The call was already on. "You heard him. He's bent on being with her, my lord."

The one on the other side of the call exhaled audibly. "Under all the rock-hard facade he puts on, he's still got a soft heart seeking love. There's still one month left. Even mothers can become enemies overnight in the outside world. A lot can change, but let's wait and see."

At the Salvation Auction.

"As usual, we're going to start the event with the exclusive golden seed," the event manager addressed the audience in the grand hall that had almost 12,000 seats. "After all, a mustard seed of faith is enough for salvation, they say. And whoever wins this golden seed of salvation this year will be eligible to freely attend all the future auctions without having to pay the entrance fee." Everyone began clapping. Soon, the bidding started. Artur was sitting in the front row. Elizabeth was in the sixth row. Veronica, George, Nolan and Dorothy were in the hundredth row.

The starting bid for the golden seed of salvation was 144,000 as it was every year. Elizabeth participated and persisted up to five million dollars, but that was it. Veronica lasted until eight million, but then Artur raised it to twenty million dollars. And that made him win.

Once the real auction started, all kinds of items from modern to medieval times were brought onto the stage. Elizabeth managed to successfully bid four items for a total of 70 million dollars. Veronica, on the other hand, only won one item, which cost her a whole lot more than she ever expected. However, she didn't regret it. What she bought was a medieval calligraphy written by a king who was known as the greatest lover and husband in the world after he offered his heart to the enemies in order to free his queen. The enemies had indeed freed the queen, thinking she would amount to nothing, but that queen later united her kingdom and fought the enemies and won against them and conquered the enemy lands until where her husband was buried. It was a great tale from the past, which was made into many movies. Even Jacob made a version

of that story and profited from it, so Veronica thought her father would really love the calligraphy

At the same time, somewhere else in the city. Rebecca was driving in her Porsche, looking tense as well as angry. She had tried calling Jane, but her mobile was switched off.

"She surrendered her all to that pig, and yet he cheats on her," a furious frown creased Rebecca's heart. As Donovan's face flashed in her mind, fury flickered in every fiber of her heart. She was too hot, literally. "This is why you should never look desperate in front of men, or they'll take you too easy. The more you try to show your love, the more you may come across as weird or boring. It's crazy how the adult world works. Things

were much easier and straightforward when we were kids, but you can't stop much less turn time backward."

Her car stopped in front of Jane's apartment. Jane's grandmother was sitting outside on the stairs, where her little shop used to be there. Normally, Rebecca would have greeted her, but she just rushed past her today. She climbed the stairs and reached Jane's room. The door was open, so she went in. Nobody was there in the living room or the kitchen. She went straight to Jane's room and opened the door. "Jane, I should tell you about..."

Donovan was there alone, standing in a loosely wrapped towel, having just had a bath. Whether it was on purpose or not, after seeing Rebecca, the towel covering Donovan's private parts dropped to the floor.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 136**

### **Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy**

#### Chapter 136

CHAPTER 136 Jane was with her mother, buying a wedding dress in a Myers' store. "Why are you interested in a cheaper one?" her mother vehemently asked. "He gave you the permission to buy one that's at most a million dollars, didn't he?" Jane smiled and said, "He did, but I don't want to waste money on something I'm not even gonna wear often." "Why are you thinking so much? It's his money!"

"His money is still money, isn't it? We should spend it wisely, mom, especially after we get married and become a family."

"Huh, talk about irony. You have such a rich boyfriend, but you don't have what it takes to spend. If it was me, I would have bought a dress worth over a million dollars!" she boasted.

Jane slapped her mother's wrist. "We can buy a nice house with that much money. You want me to spend that on a wedding dress?" she reproached. "Not happening!" After some quarreling, Jane's mother could only give up. Her daughter was more stubborn than her in matters related to money, after all. In the end, Jane chose a beautiful white dress that cost about twenty thousand dollars. As they were walking out of the store, her mother said in an experienced, caring tone, "Jane, you know why your father and I are able to live happily for more than twenty five years? We learned to control our anger for the sake of each other. Anger can make even small issues seem worse. It brings a great deal of pain if you let it. I don't know the statistics, but most divorces happen because of anger and ego issues. So don't ever let your emotions push you over the

edge, or no matter how many times you marry or try to be in a relationship, it won't ever work."

Jane didn't say anything. "You understand?" her mother stressed her words. Jane nodded twice. "Good," her mother continued. "Just one word can break another's heart, so always watch what you're saying. Even if your husband is wrong, don't be quick to judge him, unless he's done something unforgivable. And last but not least, it's normal to get tempted, but don't go drooling after every man you see. That thing should stop after marriage."

"Mom, there's still some days left before marriage," Jane talked back, "so why are you flooding my brain with nonsense right now?"

"That nonsense will be key to your peace later on, my foolish daughter."

A beggar that just happened to be passing by ended up brushing past Jane's mother, and she ended up scolding him, "Watch where you're going, old man!" Then she looked at her daughter and realized that she just utterly disregarded her own words. The beggar, Alfred, turned around and lowered his head and said, "I'm sorry, but you're correct, madam. The fools are frequently furious, but the wise are rarely angry."

His words were akin to receiving a hundred slaps on both cheeks. Jane's mother felt greatly embarrassed and hastened to her car. Jane gave the beggar one dollar before getting to the car.

As they drove away, Jane noticed Benjamin sitting on the footpath and suddenly squeezed the brake.

"Why did you suddenly stop?" her mother inquired.

"Just a minute, mom," Jane got out of the car.

Benjamin was lost in thought, looking a little depressed. A street dog came over and was about to pee on his back, but Jane came in time and shoed it away.

"Jane," Benjamin stood upon seeing her. "What are you doing here?" "That's what I want to ask," Jane cocked her head. "Why are you sitting on the footpath? Isn't everything back to normal between you and Rebs?" Benjamin, however, kept staring at her with a complex gaze. "What?" she touched her cheeks. "Is there something on my face?" "Jane... your boyfriend is cheating on you," Benjamin's words were straight as an arrow. Jane's brows furrowed. "What are you..." "I won't say more. Just ask Rebecca, and she'll fill in the details," he patted her shoulder. "He's not worth it. You deserve someone better." Saying that he walked away.

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Jane didn't stop him. "What was that all about? Why did he want me to ask Rebecca? What does she know that I don't?" her heart started pacing already. She wanted to call her best friend, but she just realized that she didn't bring her mobile. She had left it at home because it ran out of battery. Her thoughts began to run crazily. Why was Benjamin looking sad just now? Maybe, there was something going on between Donovan and Rebecca?

Her shoulders grew tight, and a bitter taste was felt in the back of her mouth. Her face stretched thin with the sudden spike of fear.

She couldn't take the tension anymore and ran back to her car. She completely forgot about the traffic, and a heavy van almost hit her, but something happened. The next second, she found herself at the edge of the road. The van skidded and stopped after covering twenty meters. "What just happened? I thought I was..." she could still very much feel her heart throbbing against her chest.

Benjamin was on the other side of the road, peering at her, but she had no idea that he just saved her life.

She entered her and drove away fast. She wanted to get home as fast as possible. She couldn't even digest the thought of her boyfriend and her best friend sleeping together. If that were to be true, she might lose more than just her mind. Even though she didn't confirm anything, her eyes were already turning teary. Emotions surged in her heart like the waves of the sea, and she didn't put her foot down from the accelerator.

"Woah, woah, woah, slow down," her mother warned.

Jane's emotions were running high. She ignored her mother's words and fed her fears that made noise in her mind worse than the waves of the sea.

"If you want to drive fast, then let me get out," her mother yelled. Jane stopped the car fast, leaving her mother in shock. Though her mother didn't want to get out, she had to get out save her own face. However, she expected Jane to ask her to get back into the car, but to her great shock, Jane just drove off. "This little devil..." her mother was utterly stunned by Jane's behavior. "Just what's gotten into her?"

"Please let me be wrong," Jane's teeth chattered in trepidation. "Let me be wrong." She begged in her thoughts as her car sped off. "Let me be wrong just this once."

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 137**

Chapter 137

CHAPTER 137

A desire could become wings and help a person fly or become a rope that binds one's soul. Both kinds were just part of the game that time played on every person in order to test the waves of their heart to see what they would become when they hit the shore.

It would only take one rogue cloud to turn a bright full moon night into darkness that could make one doubt everything including themselves. Such a situation knocked hard on Jane's life, and she drove to her home as fast as ever. Along the way, all her goals and priorities of life felt worthless at the moment from the thought of Rebecca being the dark cloud that would come between her and her moon. Every passing second shook the depths of her heart, and her chest hurt like never before.

At the same time, Benjamin was walking alone on the street, thinking about his father and his people that he left behind and ran away. Even though Alfred and Shadow were in contact today, he still felt guilty. Being away from his clan made him feel sour, and living in the Sterling villa surrounded by nothing but sourness didn't help his case either.

He had already fixed his mind that he would stick with his wife, but could he live away from his clan for the rest of his life? He wasn't 100% sure, and he felt gutted because of it.

But what he was sure about was that he wanted to bring Rebecca out of the Sterling villa because he felt it was impossible to live together with the in-laws who covered their hypocrisy and shamelessness with thorns and thistles and attacked him for every little thing. They treated him worse than the dogs in their villa, yet one of them was a big-time producer, and another was a famous actress both of whom were respected for their success and were branded as good people with bright, colorful hearts. The reality, however, couldn't be farther from the truth.

Benjamin swallowed his emotions and kept walking. The posters, banners, and pamphlets of the El Man movie were everywhere. Even the TVs at bus stops and tram stations kept playing the El Man's trailer and other promotional content. One could easily tell that Jacob was going all out with the promotions.

"There's so much drama going on in my life already," Benjamin thought. "I don't want to go to a theater and see more drama."

Benjamin didn't care about the movie, but he wondered if he could see it together with Rebecca. Would she choose to watch the film with him instead of her family? Again, he wasn't

as her family, after all. She could have easily live in a separate house, but she still chose to live in the Sterling villa probably because she still loved her parents and siblings despite all the ups and downs she had been through.

"The movie is releasing tomorrow..." Benjamin muttered under his breath, hoping his wife would give him a call.

At Jane's apartment. "Jane." Rebecca entered Jane's room. "I should tell you..."

She expected Jane to be there, but Donovan was inside alone, standing in a loosely wrapped towel, having just had a long bath. After seeing Rebecca, the towel covering Donovan's private parts 'somehow' dropped to the floor.

Rebecca's jaw dropped very low for a second. Her purse slipped down her forearm and fell. The sound of her purse hitting the floor brought her back to her senses quickly. Donovan was staring right at her, but his hand reached for his flaccid penis, widening her eyes. He smirked, expecting her to step forward and reach for his prized possession. However, she turned and ran out of the room like a frantic little doe.

Donovan found it difficult to process what just happened. "Did she feel intimidated by the size? But I didn't even get hard." He came up to the door and picked up her purse, brought it closer to his nose and sniffed it deeply. "Mhm... wonderful. Her scent is refreshing.

Meanwhile, Rebecca didn't stop until she exited the apartment and got into her Porsche. It took her fifteen seconds to get her breathing back under control. She knew she left her purse in Jane's bedroom, but she didn't want to go back. At least not now when the image of naked Donovan still kept playing in her mind, even though she resisted.

Nevertheless, her body grew hot in the process.

Her lips squeezed together in frustration as she fought back the feelings her flesh kept stirring. "It's not your first time seeing a dick. Control yourself. Rebecca. How can you get horny from seeing that bastard's naked body?" Knock. Knock.

Her car door was knocked twice, startling her. She looked to her left. Donovan was standing outside in his towel, holding her purse in his hand. His athletic physique fully fitted the car window. Such was his stature. He appeared much bigger from her position, and all the veins in his body were so thick and big it would be impossible for them to go unnoticed. She swallowed her breath. Her fingers touched her throat. Her chest visibly expanded and contracted as her eyes lay upon the extremely masculine physique of Donovan. "Open the door," his voice was loud enough it managed to barely reach her ears. Some part of her warned that things would go terribly wrong if she were to open that door. All she had to do was just turn the car key and press the accelerator, but the faint whispers in her ears prompted her to take the easy way out.

As though responding to the desires of her flesh, her hand reached out for the door. Seeing her reaching for the door, a corner of Donovan's lips curled up ever so slightly.

A black benz stopped not far from them.

Jane stepped out and saw the Porsche and also Donovan standing in towel and giving what seemed like a woman's purse to Rebecca. Jane's face grew pale. Her feet moved backward, and she hit the half-opened car door. The door shut, but she moved back a few more steps and got behind the car. Her chest was gripped by immense pain. Her back tightly pressed against the car, but her knees felt too powerless to stand. Her face turned red as she fought her tears, but she couldn't last longer than three seconds and sobbed her heart out as all her beliefs were broken this instant.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 138**

### Chapter 138

#### CHAPTER 138

Rebecca had gone to Jane's apartment to talk with her friend and to show her the obscene video. She didn't want to share it online like Benjamin had because it was a sensitive matter. However, the little stunt Donovan pulled left her baffled. She ended up leaving the place without saying a word to him.

But she had no idea that her best friend had seen her and her boyfriend interacting and totally misunderstood the situation, broke down into tears and dissolved into distress she had never experienced before.

Jane didn't even go to her apartment but went somewhere on foot, still crying in public, not caring what others thought. She sat on a random bench as sadness soaked her cheeks. The traffic sounds didn't even matter. Time passed, but her heart didn't stop beating ferociously. The sweet reminders Donovan left on her body were still there, and they stung a lot more now. The rippling waves of rage burned her from the top of her skin to the depths of her heart. If it was someone else, she might have beaten the crap out of them, but it was her best friend, so she didn't even want to look at her face anymore. She didn't know what else to do.

She didn't want to go home and look at Donovan's face. As she was struggling greatly, a man and a woman sat on a bench nearby. At first sight, they looked like a couple, but the woman looked somewhat older compared to the man.

"I can't believe Rye's Pizzas is closed. I wanted to get you the Extra Special Edition, Charles." "It's alright, Sofia. We can come back tomorrow."

"You are so patient and understanding," she looked into his eyes. "I'm glad I found you." She went for a kiss. As they kissed, Jane's intestines released acids excessively. She recognized Sofia who was an actress. No wonder she was in a relationship with a man

who seemed at least five to ten years younger. She couldn't help but envy her. She just couldn't sit there anymore. She got up and walked away. Charles and Sofia couldn't stay there for long, either, as some people gathered around Sofia after recognizing her. So they had to leave in their BMW.

At Shawn's office.

FBI officers, including a dozen of the capitol police, came to arrest Shawn on multiple charges. He refused initially, but after they showed him the document proofs of him embezzling sixteen million dollars, and for insuring for dead persons, for false pretenses, for accepting bribes, for breach of trust against a senior manager, and many more, he wanted his lawyer and wanted some time to prove his innocence.

However, he wasn't allowed to leave. He fought back, but he couldn't win against the number.

Shawn's assistant called Selena and told her everything, almost giving her another heart attack

"Cers

Selena called her lawyer immediately and told him to prepare everything necessary. She grabbed her bag and rushed out of her room.

Her younger daughter came rushing upstairs, holding some framed scribbling as if it was a prized possession. It was neatly packaged in a glass frame.

"Mom, look, I bought this calligraphy," Veronica excitedly showed her mother what she bought at the auction. It was written in a foreign language so Selena couldn't understand what it meant.

"How much did you waste on it?" Selena asked angrily. She had only given permission to spend no more than three million dollars. "Ah, it's costly, mom," Veronica said, "but it's worth the price. It's written by a famous king called Benjamin Wolfe long back."

"Benjamin?" the name alone boiled Selena's blood. "Are you fucking with me now?" she caught the calligraphy frame and threw it over the stairs. It crashed on the ground floor, breaking the glass into pieces. Some pieces tore through the paper and spoiled the writing.

Veronica covered her mouth in shock. "Mom! What have you done! That thing cost 200 million dollars!" she ran down the stairs to check up on its condition.

"T-Two hundred million?" Selena's heart ached sharply. She touched her chest in response. It would take a dozen big movies for her to earn that much amount. She

hoped the calligraphy was fine, but then her daughter gasped in shock and looked back at her. At that moment,

she had fucked up big time. To make things even more bitter, she had to pay that money by the end of the month, or her perfect image would go down the drain because of her useless second daughter.

Still, she didn't want to spend that much money for worthless calligraphy. She went to Rebecca's room.

Rebecca was inside, brainstorming for a new design, just so she could get her mind off from what had happened at Jane's apartment.

"Rebecca, I need 200 million," she went straight to the topic. "What?" Rebecca was quite surprised. "200 million? Why do you need that much money all of a sudden?"

"U-Uh, it's for your father's movie promotions," she said. "Not the one releasing tomorrow but the other one that'll release in about three weeks."

Rebecca paused for a second. Jacob was indeed too prideful to ask money from his daughter, so she could understand why he sent Selena to her. Because Shawn probably didn't have 200 million dollars in his bank. "But, mom, I'm sure you have that much money." "Um, I do, but they are linked up with insurances, fixed deposits and what not," Selena lied through her teeth. "You saw the movie, didn't you? It's going to be a big hit. You will get your money back in two months, I promise." "Mm..." after thinking a bit, Rebecca nodded. "Fine. I'll transfer the money to dad's account."

Selena's heart skipped a beat. "No, no. Transfer it to my account."

Rebecca raised her brows as though asking her why.

"I want to give him the money myself," Selena said and smiled. Rebecca smiled in return, thinking that this move would probably help rekindle the relationship her parents once had.

"Okay, mom. Good luck." She wanted nothing more than seeing her mother and father being together and happy.

Two hundred million dollars was not a small amount for Rebecca, but she didn't think twice before doing a bank-to-bank transfer, and then told her mother it's done.

"Thank you, Rebecca," Selena gave her daughter a big hug. "You're the only good thing that happened in my life." She kissed her on the neck.

Rebecca smiled happily, almost like a little child. She generally didn't trust her mother's words, but the thought of her bettering the relationship between her parents affected her

judgment. She had no idea that it wouldn't take 200 million dollars for promotions even for such a big movie. She also had no clue that her mother not only just lied to her but would also probably not give her money back.

In the near future, Rebecca would learn the bitter truth of life that one shouldn't trust even their own parents blindly, no matter how many sweet words and promises might come out of their mouths. After all, the consequences of just one mistake could greatly affect one's future forever.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 139**

### **Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy**

#### Chapter 139

CHAPTER 139 Lisa and Roshan came home in the afternoon and told Elizabeth about the school getting closed indefinitely.

Elizabeth, however, showed them the items she bought at the Salvation auction. A forest painting, a golden necklace, a medieval golden crown, and a 21 million dollar house. When she took Lisa and Roshan to the house she bought at the auction, they were quite surprised. They hugged and kissed her multiple times and thanked her after she told them they could bring their friends to this new house if they wanted. There was an outdoor infinity pool, a home theater, a tennis court and a beautiful 5 acre lawn. This was like a breath of fresh air for Lisa and Roshan. They called their friends, only those who hadn't teased them after their grandmother's videos were leaked, and happily partied with them in the evening.

Nolan and Dorothy joined the young ones while George was swimming in the infinity pool, asking her sister to join. Elizabeth told him she would swim with her husband later. She still didn't tell anyone the other thing she bought at the auction because she wanted to surprise her husband with it first.

Elizabeth also invited Louis, Bella, and their children, but they didn't come, as she had expected.

Neither Elizabeth nor anyone in her family was yet aware of the fact that Shawn got arrested.

At one of the police stations in the city.

Selena and her lawyer were talking with the police. After much discussion and some bribing, the police allowed Shawn to be released even though the bail wasn't given yet.

Though the lawyer had tried, he couldn't get the bail for Shawn, and it baffled him. Shawn didn't speak with his mother after getting released. He went into her car and sat there, looking slightly stressed as well as angry. The lawyer and Selena sat in the front seats. The lawyer looked at Shawn and openly said, "This is my first time failing to procure bail in years. I think you really upset someone REALLY big. A total of 27 cases were put on you. All in one day. And some of them are pretty serious. This is the craziest case I ever took up, without doubt. I will, of course, try to win every case, but let's be realistic. You should prepare yourself to sell some of your property. I know you also do real estate apart from the insurance business, right? Just get ready to sell some of those investments."

Shawn didn't say anything. He folded his arms and just stared through the window, his eyes filled with anger.

"I'll talk to him," Selena told the lawyer.

"Okay. I'll go and talk with the officers then."

After the lawyer left, Selena looked at her son through the mirror. It had been so long since she had seen him put on such a cold, angry look. Was it when he got bullied as a kid? Probably.

"Your father will be disappointed when he hears this. I won't ask why you walked the wrong path, but don't give up. The only thing that will help you at any age is your willpower. If you lose that just because of one incident, you will never be able to get back on your feet."

"Put the foot on the pedal, mom," that was all Shawn said. "Alright. You're a grown up, so you deal with this situation yourself, but don't forget that I will always be there for you," she started the engine and drove off. Her driving was clumsy because she hadn't driven for a while.

At Pure Waters bar.

Benjamin was drinking again, though not as much as he did the previous night. "My lord, the school was closed," Shadow told him. "Didn't Rodnie ask you to keep the school going?"

"He did. So?"

"I thought you would stand up for it." "I already have a lot of shit on my plate to take care of," Benjamin sipped some wine and then crunched on roasted nuts. "Nothing will happen if the school closes for a few days. Let the children enjoy the holidays." "Does that mean you will fight for the school?" Benjamin glanced at Shadow for a second and nodded. "If I don't fight, who will?"

Shadow's phone vibrated. It was Alfred calling. He answered, and his eyes widened quickly." My lord, search warrants have been issued for the school and this place and every other place related to Rodnie. Swat teams have been deployed. Also, income tax officials are raiding the Sterling villa." He frowned. "This chief justice is really going all out. Give me the permission to kill him. That will resolve everything quickly."

Benjamin didn't say anything. "We should at least leave this place, my lord," Shadow urged. "If we're here, we'll be forced to engage the SWAT team. Your identity may get exposed."

Benjamin continued chewing on the nuts.

Shadow gritted his teeth. "At least give me permission to use my Shadow Regiment."

"No." Benjamin shook his head.

Shadow's ear jerked a little. "They are already here."

Seconds later, the SWAT vehicles stopped not far from the bar. The ground soldiers blocked the exits while the snipers settled at tactical positions. The medics waited on the side. The search squad was about to rush in, but Benjamin walked out of the bar and stood at the entrance.

"Who the fuck is that?" the SWAT members wondered.

"Who cares? We have orders to shoot down anyone that's suspicious."

"But he looks like a civilian."

Benjamin texted someone in his mobile, making the SWAT members wonder what he was doing

Seconds later, just as the SWAT team was about to act, they received orders to pull back from the operation, not just at the bar but every other place. All the SWAT that were deployed

received the same orders.

The SWAT teams could only scold their higher ups for wasting their time. After the SWAT team left, Shadow walked out of the bar.

"Who did you contact, my lord?" He sounded a little tense. Benjamin put his hand around Shadow's shoulder and took him inside. "Terry isn't the only one who knows politicians."

“D-Does that mean you revealed your identity to whoever this politician is?” “He’s a friend. Don’t even think about killing him, or I’ll kill you.” “Okay. You can kill me after I kill him.” Benjamin locked his arm around Shadow’s neck and pressed it firmly. “You got good at joking.

“T-Thanks, my lord,” Shadow tensely laughed. “Ha-ha-ha.”

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 140**

### Chapter 140

#### CHAPTER 140

Elizabeth and her family returned to the villa, only to see the income tax officers searching the whole place, not leaving a single object untouched. Even her newly bought painting was being carefully examined. When Elizabeth and her family entered the villa, their mobiles and their purses were taken away. They were made to sit on a couch just like Selena, Shawn, Veronica, and Rebecca, but the children were allowed to go outside.

The adults, however, were only allowed to talk when the officers asked them questions. The officers treated the Sterling family members coldly, but some of them secretly flirted with the maids. Some even went as far as asking them to lift their skirts. Selena secretly signaled Kathy to

please them, and she did.

“These recent purchases...” one officer started questioning Elizabeth about the things she bought at the auction. They cost over 70 million dollars overall, and that revelation shocked

Selena and Shawn. Later, Shawn had to give an account as to where that wealth had come from.

Selena was feeling quite tense, not because of the raid going on, but from thinking how Jacob would react when he would learn of all the things that had happened.

Thanks to Kathy’s efforts, some of the officers grew lenient and let the Sterling family members go to the dorms as the searching was finished there.

Only Selena, Shawn, and Louis stayed back to answer the officers’ questions.

In the dorms, everyone’s mood was still dull.

Delle switched the television on. Veronica changed the channel to one of the fashion channels. The ongoing program coincidentally was talking about a certain fashion designer.

“She’s a rising star in the fashion industry with her designs not only attractive on the eyes but also having deeper meanings,” the anchor was speaking with a famous fashion designer.” However, her latest design is a big flop.” “Absolutely. It’s beyond ridiculous,” the fashion designer spoke. “How can you completely expose your nipples and call it fashion? It’s barbaric. I say that she should be banned from ever making designs again.” “If you are still not sure who we’re talking about,” the anchor said with a cheeky smile on his face, “it’s none other than the daughter of the famous actress Selena Sterling, Rebecca Sterling.”

“What?” Rebecca stood at once.

As the anchor showed the new designs of bras with holes in the nipple regions, everyone in the dorm room turned to look at Rebecca with shock making their expression dance.

“T-That’s not me,” Rebecca quickly said, trembling. “I didn’t make those designs!” she switched off the television and wanted to call her office, but her mobile was confiscated. She had no idea what just happened, but she couldn’t bear the tension. Putting her ego aside, she went and asked Amber to help her.

Amber went to Kathy and made her bring Rebecca’s mobile.

Rebecca then called her manager, but he wasn’t lifting the call. She called a few colleagues, but they didn’t respond, either. She checked the online websites, and the fashion columns of all the popular websites were talking about her with titles like ‘holes in the bras,’ and ‘nipples for all to see.’

The comments were full of messages, mocking and trolling her.

“How can such a beautiful woman make such trashy designs? She must have one perverted mind.”

“I bet she wears those bras on every date.” “I’m not nipple-phobic, so I don’t mind those designs. Of course, I’m joking!”

“She’s married, isn’t she? I wonder if she makes the underwear for her husband with a hole in them, lol. It could be really handy at times.” “She’s a creep masquerading as a fashion designer. It’s because of women like her that the society is as it is today, with divorces reigning over the marriages.”

Tears overflowed from Rebecca's eyes from reading some comments. She didn't make those designs, yet why were such designs released in her name? She secretly went out of the villa to find out the truth for herself.

Meanwhile, at Jane's apartment.

After roaming around aimlessly, Jane just arrived at her apartment. Her hair was a mess. Her make up had worn out from repeated crying. She washed her face using tap water, so her parents wouldn't notice anything wrong.

As she was climbing the stairs, a young girl with a large flower on her head introduced herself. "Hi, you're Jane, right? I just moved into this apartment. I must say it's not that beautiful from the outside, but the interiors are super pretty." All she received however was a blank stare. "Oh, I'm Jasmine, by the way." Jane just forced out a smile before walking past her without even replying.

Jasmine shrugged her shoulders and scuttled down the stairs like a little rabbit. She was the same girl who worked in Rye's Pizzas before.

In Jane's room.

Wearing nothing but underwear, Donovan was talking with a friend on the mobile.

"You are really thinking of marrying this woman?" the voice on the other side spoke. "She must be really beautiful and good in bed."

"She's both."

"It's rare to see you simp after a woman."

"Haha, I'm not simping after anyone. She's indeed beautiful, but I don't praise her beauty. I don't need to because she allows me to fuck her all the time," Donovan chortled.

"Man, I wish I could marry such a woman, but the more beautiful the girl is, the more weight her head has, generally."

"I feel ya, bro."

"So, when's the marriage? Fixed a date, yet?" "Next week, probably."

"I'll be there for sure, even if you don't call me."

"Hahaha."

Donovan ended the call, and the next second, Jane opened the door and entered the room, putting on a neutral expression. He smiled at her and asked, "Your mom said you bought a cheap dress. Why? I told you you could buy a costly one." "Get out of my house," Jane's voice was neither cold nor warm. Donovan's smile subsided rather quickly. "What do you mean, darling?" he got off the bed. "Is something wrong?" he looked into her slightly red eyes, trying to see through her. "I'm not a fool, Donnie," she ended up calling him by his nickname and regretted it. DONOVAN. Get out of my life." "What happened?" Donovan played innocent. "Whatever it is, we can talk." He tried to get closer.

Jane swallowed a breath with effort and showed him the exit. "Go away. Go and fuck my best friend."

Donovan was startled. Did she think he and Rebecca were having an affair or something? After some quick thinking, he thought this was good for him. If he could get Rebecca, sacrificing Jane didn't seem all that bad. He silently walked out in his underwear. As he was coming downstairs, he noticed Jasmine. She was impressed by his physique and found it hard to take her eyes off him. At the same time, the big blue flower in her head caught his attention.

Jane meanwhile began crying in her room. The photos on the walls that she and Rebecca took together made her cry even more. She broke all those photo frames she could find, and then fell to pieces, feeling worthless as a heart-wrenching pain gutted her from inside out. Her world had completely fallen apart like those glass pieces around her. She clutched her head and screamed, her face stained with tears.