

Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

Chapter 17

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Rebecca came home alone. As she was parking the car, Anous acted arrogantly, thinking it was Benjamin in the driver's seat, and this time received two slaps, one on each cheek.

After Rebecca left, he cursed himself. "What rotten luck. Why is this crazy woman parking the car again?" It made no sense, and his stomach made hungry noises as if it didn't care about his feelings whatsoever.

Seeing Rebecca enter the house alone, Selena put aside the book she was reading and stood from the sofa elegantly. "Where's your disrespectful husband, my little darling?" "How would I know?" Rebecca climbed the stairs without even stopping to talk to her mom.

Selena, however, was smiling very brightly. "He must be walking on his way back right now." She went to the maids and told them to prepare a list of the works that needed to be done, so she could make Benjamin do all that the moment he came home.

Selena sat on the sofa and enjoyed her once-a-week cheat drink that was her favorite milkshake with dry fruits and cherries. She waited for her son-in-law to show up at the doorstep with bowing shoulders and a tired look on his face.

Time passed. The hours needle shifted from five to seven. "What's taking him so long?" Selena wondered and angrily ordered Kathy to arrange the dinner.

Meanwhile, in Rebecca's room. "This is my third time calling," she was speaking through a mobile. "How many more times should I make a complaint? I've sent his name and picture. Can't you do something about him? He's showing up at the company and has been bothering me for three months. Don't make me come to the police station, or I'll make sure the entire staff gets suspended."

"We're extremely sorry, ma'am," a female voice spoke politely from the other end.

"We have already inquired about the guy whose details you sent us, and he's not someone we can touch."

"What do you mean?"

"He's the son of the governor."

"What?" Rebecca frowned. "Fine. I'll deal with this in my own way." She ended the

call and then dialed to her father. He answered not-so-quickly.

"What's up, Rebecca?" He was coughing a bit. "Dad, you are friends with the governor, aren't you?" "Yeah, he comes to the same club where I play poker on weekends. Why?"

"His son has been harassing me, Dad."

"What?"

"He's coming to my office and is abusing me and my coworkers. He's a psycho. Tell his dad to

keep his son under control, or I'll put the gun you bought for me to use." "I-I will warn the governor," Jacob said, "so don't take reckless decisions, okay? It will become a huge problem if you kill a governor's son for whatever reason. You understand?" "I do. That's why I'm telling you to resolve this before things go that far!"

"Sure, sure. I will. Have you eaten dinner?"

"I'm not in the mood. What about you?"

"It will take some time for me. Okay, see you later."

"Yeah. Good night." She tossed the mobile on her bed. She looked toward Benjamin's bed. Normally, he should be resting there, trying to start a conversation with her at this hour. But he wasn't in the room now. "Was I too harsh on him?" she wondered. "He didn't run away, did he?" she thought of calling him, but her pride came in the way. How could she who never even allowed him to touch her can now call him? That was just not happening. Not now or ever.

"Why should I care what will happen to him? He deserves everything he gets for what he's done."

"Krrgh," she heard a groan and looked toward the window. Someone was climbing into the room that was on the first floor. Was it the man that had been harassing her these past few months? He even dared to come to her home now? She immediately took out the gun out of her bag, but then realized that this person was none other than her husband. "B-Benjamin? What the hell are you up to?"

"What am I up to? Can't you see?" Benjamin acted like he didn't have enough strength to jump through the window and into the room. "Come and give me a hand, unless you want to see me die!"

Before she knew it, she threw the gun onto the bed and reached out for him. He

grabbed her hand and took her help to get inside with a great deal of effort. Both of them were panting at the end of it.

She poked her head out through the window and wondered. "How the hell did you climb all the way up here? I don't see any ladder."

"Ah, that's a secret," Benjamin sat on his bed. (She really touched me!) His heart fluttered on the inside. "Whew, now I don't need to worry about being given extra work for the night. I'm sure my mother-in-law had already made plans, but things won't go her way tonight. I have some other plans." He was thinking about making a cake later that night.

Rebecca wanted to look like she didn't care, but she really wanted to know how he managed to climb this high to the first floor. "How did you climb? Tell me."

"What will I get in return?" "Huh?" her face warped a little too beautifully.

His question was very valid, but she found herself unable to answer.

"Maybe, if you give me a kiss, I might tell." "Hmph, don't get ahead of yourself.

I'm never letting my lips touch yours ever again. That's

not happening." His lips were pretty pink, but so what? It wasn't just men who liked to see pink lips on a woman. Women also loved to see pink lips on men, but so what? His lips were inviting, but so what? "Well, you never know."

"No. I know." She sat down on her bed and put the gun back in her bag.

Benjamin already knew she always carried a gun with her because she had told him she was kidnapped once when she was in college, and her father had to pay a lot of ransom to get her back. Ever since then, she carried a gun with her no matter where she went. Benjamin smiled to himself before lying down on the bed. "Wow, what lips my wife has got." His eyes were closed, and he acted like he was dreaming. "Berries, cherries, and grapes. It felt like I was tasting all of those at the same time."

Rebecca acted like she didn't care, even though she felt the same way about his lips, looks wise. She didn't even remember the last time she kissed him as she was too drunk back then.

Benjamin continued, "No lipstick in the world does justice to those two fleshy parts, I mean, they're so come-hither."

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"Ugh, stop it," she warned, her face flushing up a shade of pink "And everytime she licks her lips with her tongue, I want to kiss them and bite them." "Stop it,

Benjamin," she raised her voice. "I won't say it again." "No. Biting may hurt her, so I'll nibble on them." Rebecca gritted her teeth and was going to grab her bag. 1 Benjamin suddenly started snoring. Rebecca put her bag back on the desk and switched the lights off before lying down on her bed. "Nibble. Nibble. Nibble," Benjamin murmured through the darkness. "AHHH!" she screamed her head off.