

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 2

Chapter 2

CHAPTER 02

Benjamin entered the villa through the main door while chewing on a pizza slice. This was the same pizza he had wanted to give to the chief driver, though he ended up lying about forgetting to bring it. He took the rest of the pizza to the children's room.

His in-law's children, there were four of them. All crazy, selfish, and self-absorbed in their own ways, just like their parents. Two of them talked too much, while the other two rarely ever talked.

When Benjamin walked in, they were all playing games or chatting with their friends in their own mobiles. Their mobiles looked stylish and up-to-date compared to the crappy old mobile Benjamin had.

"Hey, kids. I brought pizza," Benjamin put excitement into his voice.

"Put it on the table and leave," the oldest of the four, Lisa, replied without even looking. Even though she looked cute with her pigtails and all, her words were always cold and indifferent, even more so than Rebecca.

Benjamin did as she said and was leaving. *(Not one of them looked at me. They eat the pizzas I bring, but they don't even call me uncle. None of my friends were this self-centered when we were young. It just shows how poorly these kids were raised, or should I say they weren't cared for properly?)*

"Ah, Benjamin, wait," the second oldest among them, Roshan, called out for him.

Benjamin stopped and turned around.

"It's Sunday, so don't forget to polish our shoes before tomorrow morning," Roshan said, sparing a glance at Benjamin. The best thing about Roshan was his hair, which didn't need combing. It was like that of Justin Bieber in his Baby song. However, his character was a thousand times more questionable.

"Sure thing," Benjamin forced out a smile. Roshan was only fourteen years old, two years younger than Lisa, yet he was the one who made Benjamin iron their school uniforms and clothes almost every single day, as told by his grandmother. For a twelve-year-old, he probably had a heart full of hatred because he listened to Rebecca's mother way too much.

Benjamin was walking out silently with a little bit of a heavy heart.

“Wait, bring me a slice,” Roshan called for him.

Benjamin stood there for a second before turning back with a hot smile on his face. He delivered a slice to Roshan and walked out while licking the sauce stuck to his finger.

“Shameless,” a feminine voice almost hurt his ears. It was Veronica, the short-haired younger sister of Rebecca, who was wearing a see-through dress that revealed her bra and panties. She was eating noodles.

“You don’t need to describe yourself,” replied Benjamin before he was able to control his tongue.

Veronica’s eyes and mouth widened for a second. “What did you just say?”

(Ah, crap...) Benjamin already knew where this was going.

Veronica immediately tossed the cup of noodles at him. He swiftly dodged to the side, but then she threw the fork with even greater force. Thanks to his lightning-quick reaction, the fork was caught between his forefinger and middle finger an inch away from his left eye. *(That was dangerous.)*

“Mom! Dad!” Veronica began crying out loud as she stamped her feet up the stairs. “Your useless son-in-law just called me shameless!”

The first one to walk out of their rooms was none other than Rebecca.

Veronica’s tearless eyes tried so hard to get wet. “Sis,” she ran over to her elder sister with a crying face. “Your good-for-nothing husband said I’m shameless! You should punish him!”

“Why did he call you shameless?” Rebecca queried.

“Because I wore this dress,” Veronica replied in haste. “You should punish him. Make him clean the dishes today. No, for this whole week!”

Rebecca cast a cold glance at Benjamin. “What’s wrong with my sister wearing this dress in this house? Why did you have to call her shameless? Are you trying to get back at me through her?”

“Y-You’ve got it wrong, darling,” he said, but then a glare from her made him say, “I mean, Rebecca.”

“Who’s got it wrong?” a tall lady entered the scene, her chin slightly tilted up, but her gaze looking down on Benjamin throughout. She had not a single white hair even

though she was Rebecca's mother, Selena, and was fifty seven years old. After all, she was an A-list actress who needed to keep appearances. "My daughter who earns over a million dollars per month as a top fashion designer, or a trash who toils on the streets every day of the week and barely makes mere five figures per year?"

"Of course, it's the trash who's got it wrong," Veronica backed her mother like she always would. "As he always does. And he just stole my noodle cup from me!"

"To think you'd steal food from your sister-in-law," Selena's gaze was filled with disappointment, with a mix of anger as she peered at her son-in-law. She shifted her gaze to her daughter, "It seems there's really no limit to how low he can stoop."

"What's with the ruckus?" Jacob, a burly man in a black suit, stopped right behind Rebecca's mother. He was taller than her and sturdier as well like one of those hairy guys in vintage videos. Despite his old age, his muscles showed out through the suit. He took a couple whiffs from his smoking pipe before speaking, "Why are you three wasting your time with this guy?" he shook his head and walked past Benjamin. "Time is money. Don't waste it on someone who eats more than he earns."

Jacob's words brought distasteful smiles on Veronica and her mother's faces. Rebecca seemed as indifferent as ever to negative remarks about him.

Benjamin's heart grew heavy, and he lowered his head and walked away. Jacob's words weren't completely wrong. The menu made for breakfast and dinner in this villa would cost a lot if he were to eat the same food in a restaurant. A pizza-delivery guy couldn't possibly hope to afford to eat such meals monthly, let alone daily. Nevertheless, hearing such unpleasant words stung Benjamin's heart.

"Don't forget to clean the dishes after dinner tonight," Veronica blurted vehemently.

"Hold on, Trashmin," Selena walked forth and put her hands in Benjamin's pocket, which didn't startle her daughters at all. She pulled out an envelope full of cash. This was Benjamin's earnings for the week. She slid it in her costly handbag with a shameless smile on her face. "If you need any money, you can ask my daughter." She then walked away.

Veronica was now snickering plainly. This wasn't the first time she saw Selena snatch Benjamin's earnings, though she mostly did it behind the scenes when Rebecca wasn't watching. Nevertheless, she was thoroughly entertained. She came up to him and spoke in a low, mocking voice, "You can't even buy a pizza now. You need to ask my sister even if you want to recharge your shitty mobile. That's what you get for stealing my sister's priceless purity! You will pay for that sin for the rest of your life, roaming in this house like a dog, keke!" With an amused expression, she left the scene, flaunting her see-through dress.

Only Benjamin and Rebecca were left standing there by the inner balcony with a view of the ground floor and upper floors.

Benjamin could have left, but he stood there, hoping his wife, who looked wonderfully cute in pajamas, would say at least one comforting word.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Rebecca asked, her hands folded as though she was guarding herself against this man’s intentions. “You brought this upon yourself, so suck it up.” Saying that she went back to her room.

Suck it up. Yeah. She was spot on, he thought. That was exactly what he had been doing for many months. But, like with any other human being, he, too, had his limit, and his self-control would also be broken one day. However, he hoped such a day would never come, for he really wanted to set things right with his one and only wife.

Suddenly, something flew past his head, and his hand reacted in response. A fork flew out of his hand and struck the thing that had just whooshed past him. He looked to his right. A butterfly was pinned to the pillar by the fork, which had pierced its wings. He squeezed his lips together and walked over to the pillar. He gently pulled out the fork and separated the butterfly. It flew off his palm, but it couldn’t fly for long because of the holes in its wings, and it began to fall. He stretched forth his hand and made sure it landed on his palm. Seeing it struggle to fly reminded him of his current self. “I know. It’s my fault that you’re like this, but never lose hope, my friend. Luckily, only two of your wings got hit. The other two are just fine. You can still do it if you try.” He gently blew the butterfly off his hand, and the little push he gave helped the butterfly, and it persevered like it was born for this. And it paid off.

The butterfly flew as Benjamin believed.

And he was genuinely happy for it. His phone rang. He flicked it open. The word ‘King’ popped up on the screen. He stared at the screen for a while before bringing the mobile closer to his ear and answering with a press of the button.

Silence on both ends, but one could hear the breath of the other.

“Your breathing rhythm tells me your heart is weighing you down,” a mature and manly voice spoke from the other side. “But I want to hear it from your own mouth...” his voice turned a tad bit caring, “So, how are you doing, my son?”

Hearing his father’s voice, Benjamin’s eyes turned a little teary, but he couldn’t reply.

“I’m not angry at you, so why don’t you come home?” he asked.

“I already told Alfred I’ll be coming home,” Benjamin’s voice grew somewhat heavy. “Didn’t he tell you?”

“He did, but I wanted to hear it from you directly,” he said. “And I’m glad you are planning to return. I’ll be waiting for you.”

‘See you soon... Dad.’

The call ended. Benjamin drew in an audible breath and exhaled the same. “Now that they found me, I hope they won’t cause any trouble to the Sterlings.”