

Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

Chapter 20

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It was Benjamin's first day as a seven-star deliverer, and Christopher didn't look like a happy man because he gave negative remarks for Benjamin's work, but Benjamin still got promoted. How could Christopher have known Alfred was working behind the scenes to give Benjamin the much-deserved promotion? Because he didn't know, his fat stomach was rotting from negative feelings. The best part, as most would say, about getting promoted into a seven-star deliverer was obviously being gifted a personal vehicle, but some would say that it was the fact that the founder of Rye's Pizzas himself would directly come in the flesh to give the car keys to the new seven-star deliverer.

However, the founder did not come today because of falling sick. So, the car-gifting event was postponed. Benjamin was still driving the company's old motorcycle to go around and deliver the pizzas in time. The timespan had gone down from thirty to fifteen minutes, so it pushed him into using all his bike-riding skills to get to the delivery points in time.

He was a few seconds late for the first delivery itself, but the customer was an understanding old lady who lived on the sixth floor of an apartment, so she didn't think twice before giving Benjamin a seven-star rating. Still and all, Benjamin didn't have the time to relax, as it was necessary for the seven-star deliverers to make at least two seven-star deliveries per hour.

"Doing 15-minute deliveries on a bike isn't that tough, but once I'm given a car, I'll have to drive around on a car," Benjamin thought. "It'll get much harder to deliver within 15 minutes on a car, so it makes me wonder why the company gives its top employees a personal car. Well, at least they allow me to ride a bike, so I think I'll keep using this bike unless the delivery is too big to be done with this two-wheeler." Nevertheless, he was more worried about another deadline and that was to reach the fashion college before five o'clock in the evening. After giving it his all for the rest of the day, he excitedly headed to the fashion college on a taxi and bought a bouquet along the way.

There was a cultural fest going on, and he hoped he wasn't late. He sat among the students and asked them if the chief guest had spoken yet or not, and to his luck, they shook their heads. Benjamin breathed a sigh of relief before waiting eagerly. About half an hour later, the chief guest arrived and more than half of the students got up from their seats to welcome her.

Wearing a simple cream-colored dress with embellished designs and a rose flower and falling petals design at the bottom, she stole the hearts of the students, especially of the male students. She was five feet and eight inches tall, taller than some of the male students, and her legs looked long and shapely even though the dress had hidden most of her skin. All the heads turned wherever she went and greeted the other guests of the event and the staff of the

college. Benjamin was no exception. He kept gawking at her like a mesmerized monkey. As she took a seat in the front row, the students in the back rows kept talking about her nonstop. "I can't believe she's one of the top fashion designers of the country. She looks so young!" "Didn't you know?" "She's a college dropout." "What? Really?" "Who cares about such things? Our college girls don't hold a candle to her. Whoever marries that woman, he's going to be the luckiest guy in the world!" Benjamin felt proud of himself, for they were talking about his wife. The chief guest of the cultural event was none other than Rebecca.

Once the fashion events ended, Rebecca and the other judges chose the winner. The dean of the college gave the speech first, and then asked Rebecca to speak to the students. Rebecca carried herself pretty well on the stage, and many people couldn't help but notice the classy high-heels that subtly enhanced her gait.

Once Rebecca grabbed the mic, she gave a once-over to the audience that not only contained students of this college but some other adults that came to watch the event. "I won't bore you with a long speech, so please don't sleep like that guy in the last row."

Her words garnered a few chuckles. Sleeping when such a gorgeous woman was on stage? Some male students wouldn't even dare dream of doing such injustice. "I am Rebecca Sterling as most of you probably already know," Rebecca said. "And I'm here today speaking to you all as the chief guest because I believed in only two things. Number one: Hard work Work hard in everything you do.

Doesn't matter how low or how high you're in your career, it is only your hard work that doesn't betray you. Number two: Hope. Without it, there's no point in living. Have hope no matter the situation you're in. When your hard work and hope work together, you will get whatever you need in life. I was considered a poor student when I was in college, and they were right. I couldn't even finish the degree. I failed. I dropped out. But my pride didn't let me stay home and do nothing, so I looked for an easy job, and I found this field of fashion designing." Some members in the crowd smiled and laughed. Rebecca also smiled a little. "I thought this job was going to be a breeze because it looked like it didn't need much mathematics and science, but I couldn't have been further from the truth." The murmurs among the students slowly died down.

"It took me only a few weeks to realize the difficulties and the opportunities that lie ahead in this field," Rebecca continued. "It was a hassle in the beginning, but I began to work hard, hoping I'd fit in. I persisted in assisting my not-so-friendly senior and spent days and nights with her from sketching and cutting to patterning and finishing. My designs were repeatedly rejected in the beginning, and it felt like the world was against me. My mom said she'd recommend me to become a stylist for a celebrity. She was giving me an easy way out, but I didn't take it. Because by then I knew that there's no such thing as an easy career. Regardless of the profession, risks and responsibilities exist at every level in every project we do. It is our discipline, diligence, and determination that help us sustain in this competitive world. So make hardworking a habit, or else no matter how talented you're, you will be left behind." Students began clapping. "I'm not done yet, though," she said, causing some students to laugh a little. "I've got just one more thing to say. When I was your age, I, like any other girl, felt tempted by a lot of things, and I've dated 23 seniors, hoping I'd find the right man. I was really stupid back then, you see. I didn't know that the right man can't be found because you look for him. The man you like must be shaped so that he'll be the right man for you in the same way you decide what heights you want to reach in the world without letting those around you decide things for you. So don't wait for miracles to happen. Actively pursue what you want. In that pursuit, hard work will teach you how to be smart and how to win and keep winning." Most of the students in the crowd seemed to be so motivated by Rebecca's words, but Benjamin looked dispirited. "So after

you lost your virginity, you stopped finding the right man and just decided on 'molding me into the right man, no, the right slave for you?' his heart ached as though thorns grew inside and tore through his flesh. "Is that all I am to you? A mere toy that dances to your tunes?" he stood and walked away as tears streamed down from his cheeks. The bouquet of roses in his hand fell. His arms shivered as he tried to wipe the tears away, and he couldn't even do it properly. While the students and the staff stood and clapped as Rebecca's speech ended, Benjamin's head felt like it was splitting into pieces.