

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 31

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“I’ve already had sex with you, Rebecca,” Benjamin coldly said to her. “Even if I hadn’t, you are not worth the work it takes to get to you.” Saying that he walked away.

“Wait,” she called out for him desperately, but he didn’t stop. She felt like her whole world collapsed, and her heart crumbled.

“Madam, breakfast!” a voice penetrated through her dreamy world and forcibly woke her up. Rebecca suddenly opened her eyes and realized that it was a dream. Her heart, however, was beating fast in reality. She looked to her right. Benjamin had already gone, but her car keys were still on the desk. She purposely left them on the desk to see if he would take them again, but apparently, he didn’t. The maid put the food and water on a foldable table next to her bed. “Wash yourself and eat before the food runs cold, madam,” the maid said and left. Meanwhile, at the dining table downstairs.

The whole table was occupied by guests, with both Jacob and Selena sitting among them. Benjamin was serving them food along with some other maids. “When are you going to show us the rushes of your films, Mr. Jacob?” one of the guests asked. “We can’t wait to see them on the big screen with the public, but of course, we still would love to see how they have shaped up before the release.” “The shooting is almost done,” Jacob said. “Once the post-production work begins, I’d definitely screen both the movies on the same day for you guys.”

“Haha, we’ll be waiting.”

“You have a 92% success rate,” Jane’s father said, “so let’s hope both of your movies will become highest grossers across various countries.” He looked slightly older than Jacob, not counting the graying done to his hair. “They will,” Jacob confidently replied, “and with those profits, I will build a charity organization.”

“Haha, you really are an interesting man, Mr. Jacob Sterling.” Some of the guests praised him.

Selena, however, was buying none of it, not even her own husband’s words. Jane’s father was not half as rich as Jacob, but being in the finance business, he had connections and so helped Jacob by gathering money from other rich people across the country. However, Jane’s father also had a big crush on Selena for years, and despite knowing that, Jacob still took his help, which Selena didn’t like. As for Jacob, she knew him better than most. Jacob wasn’t someone who would stand and wait in the

queue, but at the same time, he was too miserly to buy a private flight, afraid that others would ask the flight for temporary use when he wasn't using it. She had never seen him donate to a beggar, so how could he build a charity organization with the profits he might earn from his movies? Those were nothing more than empty words spoken to elevate himself at the moment, she believed.

As one of the guests, an old financier with a long beard, was eating scrambled eggs, Benjamin brought waffles with almond butter, and as he was putting it on the table, the butter dripping on the waffles slightly brushed past the guest's sleeve. The old financier's face warped pretty fast. "I'm sorry," Benjamin was quick to apologize. "I'll clean it right away." He took out his kerchief, but the old financier stood and slapped Benjamin in the face. It was a loud slap that even reached upstairs. "I didn't wear this 6000 dollar suit so you could apply sauces and creams on it," the old financier rebuked Benjamin who was covering the cheek that was just slapped hard. "Mr. Robert," Jacob said, "please sit." "Sorry, Mr. Jacob," Robert, the old financier, looked at the almond butter that was on his sleeve and frowned in anger, "but, tell this man to get out of my sight." Jacob looked at Benjamin who then had to lower his head and leave. As he was leaving, he noticed that Selena looked quite amused.

Robert wiped the butter off with a tissue paper and still muttered under his breath. "Waste fellow."

Another financier, an Italian guy with a long ugly-looking hairstyle, said, "My son seems really interested in your daughter Veronica. How about we arrange a date for them?" "Sure thing, Mr. Fabio," replied Jacob, pleasing the ears of Fabio.

Benjamin didn't go to the kitchen but stormed into his room, rubbing his cheek as he sat down on the bed. Rebecca guessed what might have happened; however, she suddenly had this imagination where she planted a kiss on that same cheek and eased his mood.

She clutched her cheeks. (What the heck am I thinking?) Benjamin took his mobile and walked out. After he left, Rebecca started feeling weird. A kiss. What would being kissed feel like? She wondered.

Even though she had dated many men, she didn't even kiss one of them. Though some men tried their best to kiss her while on date, she gave them a death-glare, and they approached her no more. She didn't spare Benjamin, either. She either gave him the death glare or shook her head disapprovingly everytime he endeavored to kiss her. "Come to think of it, I didn't even let my husband kiss me, not even once..." tears almost sprang to her eyes as she understood that something was definitely wrong with her. "Is this really who I am? Who I wanted to be?" When growing up, she didn't receive much of the parents' love, and so she longed to be loved. She looked for the best husband, and somewhere in that process, she changed. Where? She had no idea

When was the last time she smiled at Benjamin? she couldn't remember. She always thought he was her husband, but he had no jurisdiction over her, so he could wait as long as he wanted, but was she fair in thinking so?

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She briefly remembered the day when she and Benjamin had gone to the supermarket, and while they waited in the queue at the checkout, an old woman tried to cut the queue, and another man in the queue scolded the old woman, making her stand in the back end of the queue with a tearful face. However, Benjamin then let her stand before him, and his simple action brought a smile upon her face, and she wished both Benjamin and Rebecca to lead a happy married life. Rebecca was only standing behind, and she wasn't even wearing the ring, yet the old woman had blessed them as though she knew they were both husband and wife. "Why did I remember that now?" her brows raised. "Yeah, right. We haven't been living a married life at all."

After taking a deep breath, she leaned over and opened the drawer next to her bed and fetched a black, feathery box. She opened it, and there was a diamond ring, with the diamond shaped thin like a feather. This was her wedding ring, which she was supposed to be wearing.

She brought the ring closer to her ring finger and hesitated for a while. Should she, or should she not? After pursing her lips a bit, she put the ring on and kept staring at it, which brought a faint smile to her face. The self-serving larvae that had cocooned themselves in her belly were perhaps beginning to break out of their shell and become something else entirely.

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"I won't go," Veronica straightforwardly replied, "I told you, dad. I already have a boyfriend." "So what? It's just dinner. Go and meet him first," Jacob suggested. "Who knows? You might like him?"

"What?" Veronica's face warped fast, and tears soon welled up in her eyes. "You think so low of me just because I don't have a job, don't you?"

"Fabio Romano," Jacob didn't seem to care that she was crying, "He owns over 600 theater sites across the world."

"So what?"

“So what?” a vein popped in Jacob’s forehead. “With your talent, do you think you can even own a single theater in your lifetime?” Veronica felt greatly insulted, but this wasn’t the first time Jacob had demeaned her so much. “Jacob,” Selena tried to intervene, but he raised his finger and made her stand back. Jacob gave Veronica a visiting card. “This is the visiting card of Fabio’s son. You’ll meet tonight at the appointed restaurant. That’s final, if you want to keep living in my house.” Saying that he walked away. Selena tried to console her, but Veronica was trying so hard to not cry. She looked at the visiting card. “Remedeus Romano? That’s the shittiest name I’ve ever heard!” “It’s alright,” Selena patted her shoulder and whispered a few things that would likely piss off Remedeus.

Veronica’s complexion brightened. “If I do that, he’ll hate me, right?” “Trust me, Italians hate when you burp in their faces.” “You talk as if we like getting burped in the face, Mom.” “Just do what I say. Don’t give him the greeting kisses, and try to talk with your hands instead of your mouth. Whenever you use your mouth, try to swear on whatever you can.” “Fine! But if that doesn’t work, I’ll just break his head!” Meanwhile, Benjamin was exiting the villa on foot. “Walking on foot again?” the gate guard snickered at him. “Mind your business, will ya?” Benjamin advised him. The gate-guard, however, kept on snickering. Benjamin couldn’t bother wasting his time on this guy, so he walked off. “Is he the one?” a group of three guys waiting at the corner of the street got their eyes on Benjamin. They all had baseball bats in their hands. “He isn’t even six feet. Why are you afraid of him?”

“Who said I’m afraid?” Oliver was among them, and he covered his face with a mask so that only his eyes and mouth were left open. “I want to beat the shit out of that chicken myself, but in case, something unexpected happens, jump in and give me a hand.” “Aight.”

“Now then, watch me make him crap in his pants,” Oliver was about to run across the street and meet Benjamin, but a red van appeared out of nowhere and was about to hit Benjamin. “Watch out,” he yelled. He was too far from Benjamin to reach in time.

The van hit Benjamin, or so it seemed for a second, making Oliver stop in his tracks and put his hands on his head in shock. The next second, he saw Benjamin still on his feet as Benjamin had moved away in time.

However, the red van stopped about fifty meters away. And thugs wearing sleeveless shirts with pig logos and tom jeans walked out, armed with metal rods and knuckle dusters. They all had tattoos and kept their mouths busy with chewing bubble gums.

“The Hogs!” a shiver ran down Oliver’s spine. “Why are they interested in him?” he looked at Benjamin who was still there, standing and staring at the thugs. “What are you doing? You should run back to the villa! They are notorious thugs who take money to beat people!” as he was speaking, one of the thugs charged at them. “Shit. If I’m here, I’ll be dragged into this mess.” He turned around and ran back to where he was hiding before with his three friends.

As Benjamin put the phone in his back pocket, a licual rod zoomed into his face with a whooshing sound. He effortlessly caught it with one hand, startling the thug with a rugged body. The thug tried to thrust a kick in. Benjamin deflected the attack with his own leg and struck the thug's face so fast and hard, he was blown off his feet. Blood gushed into the air from the broken nose. He crashed on his back and cringed in pain.

Benjamin was now holding the metal rod. He put it on his shoulder as he walked past the injured thug, "I'm not in the mood to care who you are or what you want," he swung the rod down and struck the head of the thug on the ground, causing him to lose consciousness straight away, "so think again before you attack."

Three thugs rushed forth this time with wicked grins crossing their faces. "He's done for!" Oliver thought. A white SUV dashed past Oliver, before he could blink, it went and hit the three thugs, killing one of them and severely injuring two of them in the process. The white SUV hit the wall and stopped, but the shocking thing was that there was no driver. The other gang members of the Hogs abandoned their mates and hastily left in their red van.

Benjamin dropped the metal rod and began tending to the injured. He looked in Oliver's direction and asked him and his friends to help. They hid their baseball bats before coming for help. After the thugs were taken away in an ambulance, Benjamin looked at his hands that were covered in blood. He walked up to the nearest tree and wiped the blood off with the leaves before grabbing his mobile and calling Alfred. However, Alfred didn't pick up the call.

Benjamin bit his lower lip in little frustration. He then sent a text message to the same: 'You

MATHS!

shouldn't have done this. At least send some compensation to the family of the one that died, and don't repeat this if you want me to return.!

A few seconds after he sent the message, he received a message.

Understood, Master."

Alfred still didn't feel better. Though it seemed like Oliver and his friends didn't doubt him and thought of what happened as pure accident, he still knew the truth and the fact that a life was lost.

"They don't understand the value of human life, and keep hunting for a living..." Benjamin looked in the direction of the villa. "Will she understand and forgive me if I tell her my troubles and my past?"

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“The Hogs failed?” Francis the criminal lawyer cut the call. I just wanted him beat, so I can push the blame onto Jacob or his eldest son, which will surely make him flee from the villa. But why is just beating this bastard taking so long? I want my son to enter Selena’s daughter’s life, so I can become related to Selena at least this way, but...” after thinking a bit, he dialed another number. “Hello, Blackbear. What happened to the task I gave you? Were you fucking sleeping?” “I was working on it, Mr. Francis, ” Blackbear replied a little politely, “but you went and asked the useless Hogs to finish the task that even four of my men couldn’t finish?” “Let’s get to the point. How much time will you need?” “A month. Not a day more.” “Fine,” Francis’ voice turned cold. “If you fail this time, be prepared to see the samurai.” He then ended the call. “Edward said he’ll take care of the son-in-law in a month as well, didn’t he? Let’s see which one of us will succeed first.” “Why, sir?” Francis’ assistant, a gorgeous young lady with curly hair, asked as she typed a document on her desktop. “I know you got divorced recently, but why do you want to enter Selena’s life now? She’s well over fifty, isn’t she? Is it because she was your first love?”

“Selena may be an old woman to you,” Francis said and smiled as he remembered the days when he and Selena went to watch movies together and had fun on the beach, “but she was the only woman who made me feel alive in this boring world.” When he failed a subject in one of the semesters, he was about to commit suicide by jumping from the campus’ rooftop. However, it was Selena who held his hand and stopped him and changed his mind. If not for her, he wouldn’t even be alive today. Though they became great friends afterward, things changed when Selena suddenly became a celebrity. Francis felt inferior and avoided meeting her or responding to her calls. By the time he realized how foolish he was, she had already become a popular star and began living in an entirely different world. He couldn’t just go and ask her to marry him after not even meeting her in years. After hearing of Selena’s marriage, he ended up marrying his relative, but his heart had always been thinking of Selena “What I expect from her isn’t to roll in the bed with me,” Francis said. “I just want her to be happy and easygoing like she was in the past.” Despite Francis saying such positive words, the assistant took his words with a grain of salt. After all, Francis’ wife had divorced after seeing him having an affair with his assistant. Francis paid his assistant more just to keep her by his side. After Francis left the room, the assistant just shook her head. “Men... once they have the taste of a woman and like it, they’ll go to any lengths to keep that woman to themselves. I’m sure he wants Selena all for himself as well, so that means he’s going to go after every person that’s her strength. Once he uproots her pillars of support and leaves her in dire straits, he’ll fly in and shower his support. What a cunning old bastard. He thinks he has his hold on me, but it’s the other way around, bitch. Making you willingly give divorce to your wife wasn’t

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At Sterling's villa

The gate guard was sleeping with his mouth open, and a fly took a lour inside his mouth before entering his nose. He was forced to sneeze. It woke him up He checked his watch. "5 30 only?" There were still thirty minutes left for his shift to be completed "Where's the Unpaid Majd?" he was looking at the list of groceries Kathy had given to him to bring, but he wanted to make Benjamin do the job for him as he had done so twice in the past A gray Honda zoomed into his view and slowed down at the entrance but kept coming straight at the chair he was sitting in "Hey, hey, hey!" he cried out in fear. There was no time for him to even move. He thought the car would hit him and squash him into the guardpost, but the car stopped inches away from him. He almost pissed in his pants.

The car moved back a little, and then a familiar head poked outside. An amused grin played on that face, shocking the guard "U–Unpaid Maid?" "What are you lookdng at?" Benjamin asked. "Open the gate." "Y–Yes," the guard's body automatically reacted, and before he realized what he was doing, he ended up pushing the gate open. The Honda went right through, leaving the guard to wonder whose car Benjamin stole.

Seeing a new car coming, Anous quickly ran over to the front entrance with hunched shoulders. "Welcome to the Sterling vill —" the moment he noticed Benjamin in the driver's seat, his tongue froze. Benjamin got out of the car and tossed the keys to Anous and gestured with his thumb to park the car and went right past him. Anous stood gawking at the car, finding it extremely hard to digest the fact he was treated like a driver by the useless son–in–law of the Sterling family. He had completely forgotten about the cheesy chicken pizza Benjamin was supposed to bring for him

The moment Benjamin entered the villa, Devon came up to him, with bandages covering his head. "Can you bring me the stuff just once more this month?" he asked in a low volce

"I already told you, didn't t?" Benjamin didn't even stop. The reason he agreed to bring some Weed to Devon was so that Devon wouldn't go crazy and commit suicide after losing his wife

Devon could only laugh at his situation as he walked away

As Benjamin was climbing the stairs, Veronica was coming down the dark maroon gown with short sleeves and lanee–level cut in the front and calf–level cut in the back, and the minimal golden cross for a locket made her look extremely pleasant on the eyes Her

hair was curled fashionably on the sides so that it gracefully tucked behind her ears. Realizing that Benjamin was looking at her without blinlong, she smiled, "What? Can't take your eyes off my beauty?" "Min," Benjamin nodded, "you really look good in this dress."

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before. However, he didn't speak more and kept walking. Still, his words made her look at herself once more. "I guess he prefers this style that doesn't reveal much skin," she thought," but I'm not really a fan of these types of dresses. Hopefully, Rernedeus doesn't have boring tastes like this trash." Benjamin opened the door and walked into his room, concealing the faint smile on his face as the dress worn by Veronica was Rebecca's creation, so he couldn't help but imagine how Rebecca would look in that dress.

Rebecca just stayed silent as he went into the bathroom and had a shower. She looked at her hand that had a ring. She had that ring hidden when he had just entered the room, and even now, her heart was beating unusually. "Should I keep it or not?" as she was wavering, Benjamin walked out, having already worn both his shirt and pants. When he pulled his wet hair back, he looked much more handsome, and she had to look away. (Why does he look hot today? Is it because I've been thinking a lot more about him since this morning? I want to look at him again.) she felt a burning sensation in her chest. (What is this uneasy feeling? Is this what they call being horny is? I'm not sure what it is, but it's making things hard.) she was still covering her ring finger so she hid the ring from his view. Benjamin sat on his bed and kept peering at her, making things a little more awkward for her. She didn't turn her head in his direction, but a lot of thoughts buzzed through her head. (Why is he looking at me for so long? Is he homy as well? Do men get more easily excited than women?) "The walking stick..." Benjamin asked, "is it comfortable?" "Y-Yeah," she replied a bit late. (So, that's what he wanted to ask I was overthinking things.) Without thinking, she ended up lifting her right hand to tuck the hair behind her ear. And that's when Benjamin noticed the ring. His heart fluttered for a second and brought glow into his face, but then the words she had spoken on the stage flashed in his mind. His expression fell flat fast. (Is she wearing the ring to fool me into believing that she cares about our marriage?) His stomach chumed. Unable to sit there, he stood at once, picked his mobile and walked out.

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Unaware of Benjamin's intentions, Rebecca had a little smile going on his face. Even though Benjamin only inquired about the walking stick, it felt really nice when he cared about her. This wasn't the first time he showed care, but this was the first time she could feel it clearly. even though he wasn't overly caring like most of the time.

"I should buy him something in return," she thought. "Once I'm able to walk, I'll..." her phone rang. A call from an unknown number. She answered and brought the cell closer to her

eat.

“Hello, my little bird,” a creepy caring voice came from the other side, sending a chill all over Peharra’s hartu

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“Hello, my little bird,” a creepy caring voice came from the other side, sending a chill all over Rebecca’s body. “Normally, I am the one who ensnares women, but it’s the opposite in your case. You’ve tied me up with your peerless beauty.” Rebecca immediately recognized this man. It was Arlo Campbell, the governor’s son. She thought he wouldn’t contact her again after her father had talked with his father. Clearly, she was wrong

“What’s wrong, dear?” Arlo continued to speak in a saucy tone, “Did you think I will give up on you just because your father had a little chat with mine? While your father may be rich, my father is the richest elected official of the country. Even the president has to think twice before talking with my dad, so you see... I believe your father didn’t give enough respect to my father, but I can forgive him because he’s responsible for your birth. Without him, a rare bird like you wouldn’t have been bom. You are a thousand times more beautiful than your mother, and I’m glad you didn’t enter the movie industry, or you couldn’t have kept the natural beauty you still possess. I can keep on praising if that’s what you want to hear, but the gist of my heart is this ... Even if I have a hundred dicks, all of them will get hard for you... I heard you broke your ankle, and I’m worried for you. I can’t get you out of my head. If you want, I can pay a visit to your house, and I can meet your family, too. What do you say, my little bird?”

“Fuck off,” Rebecca said and cut the call. She frowned and touched her forehead. “This guy... Jf I bring Dad into this, they’ll bother him during his movie release times. How can I teach this psycho a lesson? Should I ask Brother Shawn for help?” she thought for a second and shook her head. “Nah, he’s the type who expects 10 dollars of help for every 1 dollar of help he gives. If I ask for his help, he’ll start arranging dates with men in his circle without my permission. I can’t give him any ground to take advantage of me. Who should I ask then?”

A few hours later.

In a private restaurant, a man wearing a multi-colored wig was staring at the baby rats crying and squealing as they swam and tried to get out of the hot soup in the bowl.

He gently put a spoon in the bowl. One of the pups climbed the spoon and managed to reach the other edge. Both the spoon and the pup fell out of the bowl, and the pup was running along the edge of the table. A fork came down like a bolt and struck it down. As it struggled in its last moments, he lifted up its body with the fork and put it into his mouth and crunched on it and closed his eyes and savored its taste. "Mm... the taste of innocence. There's nothing else like it."

A waiter came up to his table, leaned forward and said, "Mr. Arlo, someone wants to meet you."

Arlo waved his hand, and the fork in his hand was now lodged into the waiter's eye.

"AHHH!" the waiter bowed in horror.

Arlo opened his eyes and looked at the waiter, "Sorry, brother. I like my dinner time, and I couldn't control myself when you disturbed it." He signed a cheque for 100 grand and put it in the waiter's shirt pocket. The waiter was still in pain, shock, and fear. He looked terrified, and

bloody juices were dripping down his right eye socket. Arlo patted his cheek a couple of times. "Don't bother someone else's meal time, okay?" he then stood and adjusted the sleeves of his suit a little. "Thanks to you, I lost my appetite." He then walked out, and Blackbear was waiting outside with a file in his hand. "Who are you?" "I-I got assigned for the upcoming flower project, sir," Blackbear politely spoke "Ah-huh," Arlo entered his black limousine surrounded by six tall black bodyguards in suits. "Come on in." "Y-Yes," Blackbear entered and hesitantly sat on the opposite side. He still looked uncomfortable.

"Couldn't you wait until my meal finished?" Arlo asked, "Because of you, a waiter lost his eye." "I-..." Blackbear didn't know what to say. This was his first time meeting Arlo, after all. Though he may be an infamous gangster in his neighborhood, he was smart enough to know there's a much bigger world outside the place where he grew up and that compared to the likes of Arlo, he was nothing but a frog in a well. Seeing Blackbear sweating, Arlo smiled. "Take it easy. I'm not going to spoil my car with your blood, so you don't want to spoil it with your sweat, either." "Y-Yes, sir," Blackbear quickly wiped the sweat off his face and neck with his shirt. "Show me what you got," Arlo put forth his hand. Blackbear handed him the file.

Arlo opened it, and there was an album full of girls and women of all ages between 18 and 50. Every single one of them had a certain charm about them and had some presence on social media. They also covered all religions.

"How many of them signed the contract?" Arlo asked. "About half of them, sir," Blackbear said. "We're currently in talics with the rest." "If they refuse, I don't need to tell you what to do, right?"

“Yes, sir. We will fuck their careers up.”

“Mm, the contract says they must be available until the year of elections without fail, but there will always be those who give excuses.” “I will deal with them, sir.” “No,” Arlo leaned forward and said, “I will deal with them. Send every unprofessional bitch to me, and I’ll break her the way I see fit.” “S—Sure,” Blackbear’s heart skipped fast. He had seen many monstrous men in the mafia, but this politician’s son still unsettled him more. (Whoever marries this monster is going to have a horrifying married life.) As they talked, time passed, and the limousine stopped in front of Sterling’s villa. The gate guard asked them if they needed something, but the driver didn’t answer them. When the guard raised his voice, the driver took out a gun and shut him up.

Blackbear recognized the Sterling villa and wondered why Arlo was looking at it. “Is there anything you need in that villa, sir?” he asked, wanting to use this opportunity to make a better impression.

“My heart,” Arlo said and looked at him. “Will you get it for me?”

“U—Uh,” Blackbear couldn’t find the words. (I know I’m crazy, but this guy is crazy on a whole ‘nother level.)

Arlo glanced at the driver through the mirror, and the limousine drove off. The gate guard, however, still stood frozen with his back pressed against the main gate, and pee leaking down his pants

Meanwhile, Rebecca was alone in her room, wondering how she should deal with Arlo and also why Benjamin didn’t return. She used the walking stick to come out of the room. “Where’s he?” she looked for him without calling for his name as that would be too embarrassing. Walking wasn’t easy, but she wanted to see where he was and what he was doing. That desire made her search for him. Luckily, there was no maid to see her struggling to walk. After

searching many rooms, she eventually reached the balcony, and Benjamin was sleeping on the couch. “He’s sleeping out here in this chi” ng weather? What if he catches a cold?” she went back to her room and brought a blanket with great effort. When she tried to cover him with the blanket, a muscle in her ankle twitched, and she fell on top of him.

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When Rebecca tried to cover Benjamin with the blanket, a muscle in her ankle twitched, and she fell on top of him. Her butt crash landed right on top of his belly, and her hand

pressed down on his chest as she sought balance. She quickly looked at Benjamin, but luckily, he was still in deep sleep. She found herself staring nonstop at his handsome face, and his pink lips. She could lean closer and kiss them, but she didn't want to do it this way.

Her hand that was resting on his chest could feel its definition, and for a second, she wondered if he got abs. She could tear the shirt open, but she withdrew her hand. However, her other hand then unintentionally ended up taking the support of his pelvis as she stood. And her eyes widened as she looked at her hand and felt the feeling of touching his pelvis. "Did I just..."

She took a quick look at his face, and he was still sleeping like a baby. She couldn't tell where she was putting her hand because of the blanket covering him, but she felt like she did something wrong. She almost wanted to slap herself for it. "A mistake is still a mistake. I wouldn't want my private parts touched ev... by mistake, either. I feel sorry for him, but at least he's not awake." Shaking her head, disappointed with herself, she walked away.

After going to her room, she tried to sleep, but it wasn't proving easy. She got up from bed and opened her locker and took out her diary. It had been months since she last wrote in her diary, and she felt like writing another page again.

She started writing from her car accident till that night.

Meanwhile, Veronica was having dinner with Remedeus at a decent restaurant. Remedeus was a tall guy with thick arms and legs and extremely short curly hair. His clean-shaven face was seasoned and mature, but Veronica was having none of it. She believed that her boyfriend was not only younger but also more handsome. Remedeus was a bit too macho for her taste, and he was eating as fast as he was speaking with her.

Veronica implemented all the plans her mother had told her, and she even went a step further and said she didn't like his name.

Remedeus, however, didn't seem offended. He just smiled in return and said, "I thought you were smart, but you're just a spoiled brat." "What?" Veronica felt offended. "Say it again if you dare!"

"I will say it twice, you spoiled brat! That's once. You spoiled little —" before he finished, Veronica grabbed the whole grilled chicken with her arms and threw it in his face like she was throwing a pumpkin. There was no item for him to dodge. Once he recovered from the pain and wiped the oil and spices off his face, he kept glaring at the empty seat where Veronica was sitting only seconds ago. He could hear the onlookers murmuring and chuckling. "Veronica Sterling... you just made the biggest mistake of your life! If I

don't throw a whole grilled pig in your face in this very same restaurant, I'll change my name!"

Veronica took the taxi, brought a costly paint brush set along the way, and went straight to

her boyfriend's apartment, but when she came to his doorstep, she heard Akash talking to his father on the phone, sitting on the windowsill, saying, "Dad, I'm just dating her, that's all. It's nothing serious. Besides, I'm not foolish enough to marry a foreigner." Veronica's eyes turned teary. She dropped the paint brush set there and left. "You are already 32 years old, son," Akash's father spoke through the phone. "It's about time you stop wasting time with dating and commit yourself to marriage. A relationship strengthens when you experience hardships together, not when you eat dinner together on an artificial date night. Love before marriage is but a seedling. The real fruits of love are born after marriage, son." "I get it, dad. I'm busy, so I'll call you later, okay?" "Fine, but your hunger only keeps increasing with age, so watch your diet and eat well." "Yeah. Take care." Akash ended the call and sighed. "I'm serious about Veronica, but how can I convince my parents about it?" he rubbed the back of his head. "Should I just introduce her to them first? Wait, I think I heard a noise outside just now." He opened the door, but nobody was outside. "Mm?" he looked down and noticed a gift box. He picked it up and wondered, "Who left this here?"

Meanwhile, Veronica was walking alone on the street, tears streaming down her eyes. (Nothing serious? Yeah, I was a fool to think we had something serious going. I'm a clueless idiot.)

Akash was a lean man who had little to no muscle mass or fat on his body. He had an unusually high forehead, and she was quick to judge him like most others, but then he ended up being the winner of the painting competition she attended. Normally, she wouldn't have bothered to apologize, but in his case, she went out of her way to approach and apologize to him the next time she saw him at a party. He told her that he was a partner of a start-up company, and she told him she was a rising product reviewer, which made him laugh plainly. That was how their relationship started.

Now, she was regretting why she bothered to apologize to him. After all, her heart felt heavy yet broken now because of him. A car passing by stopped and started moving backward in her direction. The man in the driving seat sipped some beer and said, "How much?" Veronica looked at him and shook her head and kept walking. "You are hot, so how about 250?" he asked. She kept walking faster. "300?" Again, no response.

"Soo? That's as high as I can pay for your face," he said, stopping her in her tracks. "Heh, come and sit in the front," he smirked and began sipping the beer.

"500?" Veronica was grinding her teeth as he stepped down from the footpath and approached the car. "That's the best you can pay for my beautiful face?" she picked up her

high heel and began hitting his face while he was still busy drinking. “Hey! Stop!” he tried to talk to her, but she kept waving her footwear close to his face. “What the hell is wrong with you?” He squeezed his foot down on the accelerator, and the car took off for thirty meters and then stopped. He poked his head out and yelled. “If you didn’t like the price, just say no, bitch!” “Wait right there if you dare, you bald fucker!” Veronica ran after him and threw her sandal. It didn’t even hit the car, but he quickly drove off and didn’t stop this time.

Veronica waved her other leg and threw the other sandal away in frustration. She was still breathing hard. “I didn’t see the license plate. I can’t let him get away with treating me like a slut even after I dressed so modestly! I should tell Brother Shawn about this.”

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The next morning.

Benjamin woke up at 5 and found himself covered in a blanket. It was his blanket, so he wondered if Rebecca was behind it, but he found it hard to even imagine Rebecca caring about him enough to cover him in a blanket.

“It must have been a maid,” he thought. (The new maid is giving me long stares like she wants to eat me. Is it her?) He shook her head. “This is what becomes of a husband who isn’t cared for by his wife. Almost every woman who walks into his life thinks they can sleep with him. It must be even worse for a wife uncared for by her husband. Adulthood is appalling, alright. I wish I was still a kid. How cute would it have been if I had met my wife when we were kids?” Just the thought made him flush a bit. “Ugh,” he sighed, “it’s not possible now anyways.”

He suddenly looked up, and a small drone flew down to his level and showed him a video on mobile screen. It displayed the kind act of Rebecca putting a blanket on him.

“So it was her...” Benjamin’s heart fluttered. He wanted to smile, but he held himself back and waved his hand. The drone flew away fast. He picked the mobile off the couch and sent a message to Alfred, saying: Thanks, but don’t monitor what happens inside our bedroom, or I’ll break every drone in sight. The reply ‘noted’ came soon. Benjamin put the phone in his pocket and walked to his room with a spring in his footsteps. Rebecca was still sleeping, all except her face covered by the blanket. He came up to her bed and leaned closer and kept staring at her. He gently moved aside the few strands of hair blocking her face. “Look how beautiful you are.” He gently stroked his fingertips over her hair. “Though I’m your husband, I can’t hold your hand in public. I

can't show my affection like I want to. But... Thanks for what you did last night. It melted away all my anger." He brought his face closer and gave a small peck on her cheek

He stood and kept staring at her for a little longer. He faintly smiled. "I wonder when we'll watch a movie together, or end our day with a good candlelit dinner without the in-laws around. Just the two of us. It still seems like a far-off dream to me, but giving up isn't in my blood, so I'll continue to work toward those goals."

As he talked to himself out loud, he went for a shower. He bathed for ten minutes and then came out shirtless, thinking his wife was still sleeping. However, she just woke up and was yawning. Her yawn stopped midway and jaw dropped further after she looked at Benjamin's body which had great muscle definition and shape. There was just enough fat under the skin that enhanced the look of his toned body to another level. Benjamin was quick to cover his chest and eight abs with the towel.

Rebecca looked away and cleared her throat. Her eyes, however, were still wide awake for as long as he was in the room. After he put the shirt on and walked out, she took a deep breath and exhaled the same. His shapely chest and abs flashed in her mind once again. "Did I really

sleep with him? With that body? And I don't remember anything at all?" she shook her head somewhat helplessly "If he was an inch or two taller, I might have completely fallen for him just now. That would have been bad. Rebecca would never want to feel inferior, not to or for anybody."

Meanwhile, Benjamin sat for breakfast. He was pretty early, so the kids weren't there to bother him. No maid or in-law disturbed him, which was unusual, but he was glad they didn't show up and pour bad words into his ears. He ate peacefully and then washed his plate like he usually did.

Afterward, he walked out of the villa with a bright expression that welcomed the morning sun, as reflected in the orange shirt and black jeans he was wearing. "I have a feeling, today is going to be a good day. Did my fortunes turn after my wife started caring for me a little?" he wondered and laughed a little. "Surely, good times await those who wait."

He strolled his way to the parking spot, and he kept looking around. There were six cars in total, but his car wasn't there. He rubbed his eyes and checked again. It didn't make a difference.

He had a bad feeling about it. He went to the dorms and looked for Anous, but Devon told him that Anous was involved in a car accident and got hospitalized. Benjamin took the address and went to the accident spot, where his gray Honda was dumped on the side of the road. It had hit a crane parked on the side of the road. Its engine and front half was completely damaged.

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Benjamin thought it was just bad luck and then went to the hospital to see Anous. However, he heard that Anous was already discharged but then the nurse told him Anous only suffered a minor injury to his forearm, and that was it.

Benjamin returned to the villa, thinking Anous would have returned, but he was wrong. Anous was on leave for an entire week, and so Shawn told Benjamin to drop the kids at the school.

Benjamin drove a Jaguar SUV to the school and dropped the kids there, but there he saw Anous bringing his kids to school. Benjamin didn't know that Anous was also sending his children to this prestigious school as it would require a lot of money. "His salary shouldn't be enough to pay the fees. How's he doing it?" Benjamin wondered..

After dropping his kids at school, Anous drove away in his Chevrolet. As he was smoking, he received a call, the name 'Sponsor 1' displaying on the screen. He answered. "Hello, Madam. How are you doing?" "Just finished watching ice hockey," a feminine voice replied from the other side. "So, how did it go?" "It's wrecked beyond repair. It'll only be useful for scrap." Anous said, smirking. "He would probably be balling his eyes out now." "I wish I could see him crying with my own eyes," she said, "but it's alright. I'll show him real hell once I come home. Still, keep troubling him until I make my entrance."

"Sure, Madam Elizabeth."

The call ended.

Anous put the phone aside and picked up his cigarette again. "I hope she sends me twenty grand this time. I'll install solar panels at my home. It'll cut down the electricity bill and also increase the value of my house." He soon reached his home, but to shock, a quarter of his house was destroyed because a double-decker bus had run through it. Anous couldn't even come out of his car as he felt a sudden pain rise in his chest.

Benjamin's car stopped not far from Anous' car. "I told them to not kill, so they destroyed his house, huh," he shook his head and exhaled audibly. "Now, I don't feel like beating the crap out of him." He got out of the car and walked up to Anous' car, wondering, "Mm, maybe I should take his car for spoiling mine." He reached the front door, ready to pull Anous out, but to his surprise, Anous was clutching his chest hard in the driver's seat and collapsing. "Give me a break. I have to take care of this douchebag now?" he gritted his teeth and struck the glass window hard with his elbow.

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Anous survived the heart attack thanks to Benjamin's help. Anous' wife thanked him a dozen times. Benjamin had wanted to take Anous' car, but then he changed his mind after being thanked by Anous' wife a lot of times. When Anous' woke up hours later, the first thing he saw was his wife laughing to Benjamin's jokes, and the scene twisted his gut. Firstly, what was the useless son-in-law doing, sitting next to his wife? And why was she laughing so much? Having already suffered from a heart attack before, he quickly realized that he was admitted into a hospital, but why was his wife busy talking with Benjamin when she would be worried about him? Though he didn't want to admit it, Benjamin was a much better looking guy and was younger, too. It was natural that his wife would get easily attracted toward the son-in-law who even managed to fool someone like Rebecca into marrying him. Just the thought of Benjamin playing with his wife squeezed his heart. His blood pressure began to rise. The cardiac monitor sent an alert to the doctor, and Anous wife got extremely worried when her husband started convulsing Benjamin stepped in and slapped Anous' chest, shocking her. "What are you doing?" she yelled at him, but then Anous' heart rate came back to normal, leaving her shocked.

"When he wakes up, tell him I want my Honda car," Benjamin told his wife. "What car?" she asked, looking completely confused. "Just tell him, ma'am. He'll know." Afterward, Benjamin gave her Anous' mobile and walked out. As he was walking in the corridor, Anous' kids ran past him. "He has a good family." Benjamin didn't go to work but came home. More than thirty people were sitting at the dining table and messily eating. Rebecca was also there, making him wonder how she managed to climb down the stairs. Judging by the way she treated them, he could tell that they were her colleagues. When he was walking past the dining table, one of the guys called out for him, "Hey, you. Come over here, and pour us some drinks." They could easily do that themselves, but they had decided to ask him, thinking he was also another one of the workers. Benjamin briefly looked at his wife who couldn't look him in the eye. He then served them without complaining. They ate and chatted for more than an hour, and then wished Rebecca a good recovery before leaving. The dining table was such a mess that even the maids weren't willing to clean it. Wearing disgusted expressions, they escaped into the dorms, not wanting to be the one to clean the table.

Rebecca was sitting in one of the chairs by the table. Though her colleagues helped to bring her downstairs, they completely forgot about taking her back to her room. Now, she was sitting at the dining table which looked so beautiful before the meal but turned quite ugly afterward, "Who's going to clean this mess now? Even the maids sneaked out without shame," Rebecca was cursing them. However, her husband who had gone into the litchen returned with two buckets and two towels. He gently dropped all the plates, bowls and utensils into the buckets with one hand and elegantly cleaned with the other hand.

Rebecca who couldn't even look at the mess her colleagues made only seconds ago was now watching her husband do such lowly work with ease and flair. Could a table be cleaned so

skillfully and elegantly? She hadn't seen anything like it until today. Benjamin's expression was casual throughout, as though he wasn't affected by the mess on the table in the least. He was working fast, but it felt like time was moving slowly. While she wanted to look away, she couldn't move as if her neck was nailed in place. There were instances when their eyes met.

"I... Um, you..." she couldn't speak even though she had done no wrong. And then her thoughts were chaotic till the very end. "Have you eaten?" Benjamin asked.

Rebecca wasn't expecting that question. (So he noticed that I haven't eaten anything? But why's he asking me if he already knew?) "Why? You can eat if you're hungry. Don't worry about me." "Then, should I get you to your room," he asked. There was no way she could climb the stairs even with the help of a wallong stick A minor slip-up could cause a much worse injury, after all

Rebecca's face gained pink as she wondered if he'll lift her up into her arins or put her over his shoulders. "No. I can wait here until you are done eating," (What the hell am I saying?) "Really? Benjamin was greatly surprised.

"Yeah, go on."

Benjamin went into the kitchen and returned after twelve minutes, holding a bowl full of spicy egg fried rice. Its aroma filled Rebecca's nose and made her forget the fact that she had been sitting there and waiting

Benjamin didn't even remember the last time he had lunch in the villa. Maybe this was the first time? He wasn't sure, but he sat in the very next seat to his wife and began eating. In between, he tried to feed her, but she was quick to shake her head.

Rebecca was secretly salivating. She really wanted to taste it. "I-It smells smoky. Are you sure you didn't roast it too much?"

"Ah, I put it on high flame, so it will smell that way. Otherwise, the egg smell will dominate and make it harder to consume this whole bowl."

"O-Oh," she didn't know what he was talking about because she never cooked, except a couple of times where she went to foreign restaurants that made the customers cook for themselves. "Let me see.." she reached out for his bowl and pulled it until it stopped right before her. She put a spoonful in her mouth and kept nodding. "Mhmm, it's not bad."

Benjamin was a little surprised as she had always said his cooking was bad. "There's more leftover rice, so I can make you some if you want."

"No thanks," she pushed the bowl back to him, and he resumed eating (What the hell? Persuade me more!) Despite all her inner wanting, she couldn't express herself.

Benjamin finished eating and then came up to her. "Shall we go?"

She faintly nodded and raised her arms. He picked her up into his arms gently and took her up the stairs. Kathy and the new maid who saw that were slack-jawed. A butler took a snap and forwarded the image to Selena who was in her motorhome.

"WHAT?" Selena didn't believe the picture was real.

As Benjamin climbed the stairs, his eyes met with Rebecca's eyes. She wasn't wearing any make up, not even simple lipstick, but she looked very attractive and different. Rebecca was having different thoughts.

(His beard looks better from up close.) she thought. (But I still prefer a stubble over this jungle any day.)

"How's your ankle?" he asked. "I was able to sleep last night," she said. "I don't feel all that pain today. I think I'll be able to walk just fine in a couple of weeks despite what the doctor said." "Good for you." As he was entering the om, her foot lightly struck the door frame. "AHH!" Rebecca cried out.

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Rebecca's cry was heard by the maids and the butlers. Though she felt quite the pain for a second, once he put her on the bed and her foot neatly rested, she didn't feel the pain anymore.

"I'm sorry," Benjamin apologized for the tenth time. "I was..." he couldn't say the reason as he was staring at her face and forgot about the surroundings.

"I don't think you did it on purpose," Rebecca said, "so it's alright."

Benjamin was left speechless. Was she always so understanding? No, something definitely changed in her. He couldn't pinpoint it but could feel it. "Uh, I couldn't make it to the job in the morning," he said, "so I asked for a night shift."

“Oh, so you won’t be here tonight.”

“Yeah.” He sounded disappointed.

She felt a little bit sour. She currently wasn’t wearing the wedding ring. “Okay. I give you permission.”

Whether she was being humorous or not, Benjamin faintly smiled and said, “Thank you, my love.” He leaned forward and gently adjusted a few strands of hair falling down the front of her face, almost tickling her cheek and ear with the tip of his finger. “My first and last love.”

The last few words increased the sound of her heartbeat, and he could hear it. Normally, she wouldn’t have let him be so close to her for so many long seconds, but she felt a bit powerless against his charm tonight and kept staring at him almost like a mesmerized doll. Benjamin could feel the baby romance rising in the air, and if not for his wife’s wounded situation, he might have taken a chance to peck a kiss on her cheek, but for now, it still felt like a far away dream: being able to kiss her when she was awake. He was still too afraid to pull off such a stunt.

Nevertheless, he waved his hand and said, ‘See you later,’ like any good husband would before leaving the room.

Rebecca’s head was full of conflicting thoughts, but positive ones slightly dominated the negative ones. She took out her wedding ring from under her mattress and kept staring at it.” He wore his ring all this while, even though I and my family members didn’t really support him. He didn’t ask me for money even though he could easily have after my mom forced him by taking part of his salary away. He’s really a tough guy, yet...” she remembered how he shed tears in the garden after Elizabeth had hit him repeatedly with a stick. “I made him cry.” Her jaw began to harden. “I married him to keep him by my side, and I know that if someone disrespects my husband, they are disrespecting me as well, but if I fight for him, I’ll be fighting my own family.” Despite everything Benjamin had done for her, a big question still bothered her. Was he really worth fighting her whole family for? “I still can’t decide,” she hardly breathed in the past minute or so. “Maybe I should spend some time with him to get to know him better. That might help me decide whether he’s worth fighting for or not.”

Meanwhile, Benjamin walked out through the back door of the villa, wondering what he should do with the free time he got. “Should I just go back and spend some quality time with my wife?”

A familiar old couple were playing with the dogs on the lawn, tossing them food and bone shaped toys. Seeing Benjamin, they called out for him. “Get over here, Mr. Maid.” The only two people who unhesitatingly called Benjamin in such a humiliating manner were none other than Elizabeth’s parents.

“What do you need me here for, Mr. & Mrs. Conway.”

“One of the puppies just defecated on the grass,” the bald old man with an eagle tattoo on his head said. He was Nolan Conway. “Scoop it up and take it out of our sight.”

“Sure,” Benjamin picked up the puppy and walked away, leaving the elderly couple speechless. “Get back here, you rascal,” the old woman, Dorothy Conway yelled. Her voice was loud enough to startle the dogs, but Benjamin acted like he couldn’t hear her. He went into the distance and kept poking the puppy’s belly with his finger, and the puppy began to playfully bite on his finger. Dorothy ground her senile teeth in frustration. “This brat has grown balls in the weeks we’ve been out. Do something, darling.” “I’m older than you, so what do you want me to do?” Nolan replied. “Let’s just wait until Elizabeth returns. Then, we can make this punk eat dog poop.” “We can’t wait that long. Let’s call Devon. He’ll help us.”

“Devon’s too old,” Nolan suggested. “Let’s go with Oliver. He’s in his prime and can squeeze a duck to death with bare hands.”

“Fine. Oliver or whoever, just don’t fail!”

Nolan and Dorothy were over eighty years old, and Elizabeth was their only child. She was born in the fifteenth year of their marriage, so they raised her like a princess, giving her everything she asked for. And one day, she asked for Shawn, and they managed to set things up in a way love blossomed between Shawn and Elizabeth. After Elizabeth married into the much richer Sterling family, she had her way because she was the eldest daughter-in-law, but things changed ever since the son-in-law entered the family. His entrance made Jacob realize that the partners of his eldest son and daughter did not have jobs worth mentioning in public. Jacob could at least go around saying that his daughter-in-law was a housewife, but he couldn’t possibly say that his son-in-law As a result, Jacob had been treating Elizabeth harshly ever since Benjamin entered the Sterling villa, and the Conway family hated Benjamin for it. They wanted him gone from the villa, so they could act freely like in the past.

However, for now, Benjamin was only gone from their sight. Meanwhile, Rebecca was still fiddling with the wedding ring. “I’m so bored.” She tossed the ring up into the air and caught it a few times. “Should I get a TV installed in this room? It’s been a while since I’ve watched television, so I’m not sure.”

Just then, Benjamin entered the room with hands on his back. “B-Benjamin!” Rebecca quickly hid the wedding ring under the pillow. “I thought you had gone out!”

“I wanted to, but then I thought ‘when was the last time I spent an afternoon with my wife,’ and here I am,” he sat on his bed. “I’m stuck here in bed, so I’m not sure if I can give you good company,” she said. Benjamin brought his hands to the front and revealed a cute little brown puppy, surprising her. He put it on her bed, and the puppy began to sniff Rebecca’s clothes and licking her hand while wagging its little tail at a

good speed. As the puppy was going down to her foot, he came over in a hurry. "No, no there!" he picked up the puppy and put it in her lap. The puppy sat up and kept staring at Rebecca for a little while before barking a couple of times. Benjamin was smiling, but then his expression changed after realizing that his wife's expression was growing stiffer. "R-Rebecca, is everything alright?" Rebecca lifted her hand, and her skin reddened where the puppy had licked not long ago. She looked at Benjamin like she was seeing a ghost. It was at that moment Benjamin realized that she was allergic to dogs and also that he messed up big time when he saw the little puppy climbing her in an attempt to lick her face. "NOOOO!" he cried out.

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What Benjamin thought would become a memorable afternoon turned into a forgettable one.

The family doctor was called to treat Rebecca. Selena hurriedly came home and kicked Benjamin out of the room.

"How could you not know Rebecca is allergic to dogs?" even Veronica just looked at Benjamin with eyes full of disgust. "You really don't deserve to be her husband!" Benjamin couldn't even talk with Rebecca as the mother and daughter pair blocked the entrance.

He could only walk the other way and exit the villa. He sat on the stairs, wearing a dull expression. He only wanted to brighten Rebecca's spirit, but he ended up worsening her situation. He clutched his head. "I only want to show how much I love her, but why do things always turn out this way? It's like God doesn't want me to be with her?" he looked up at the sky. "No one can go against your plans, right? It's times like these I want to believe there's no God."

Benjamin's mobile received a text message. He checked it, and his heart skipped. It was a message from his wife: Bring me a tasty pizza for tonight.

Blood heavily rushed into Benjamin's heart after he read the message, and a big smile bloomed on his lips. "I'm going to make the best pizza there is!" he excitedly stood and scuttled toward the parking spot. On the first floor of the villa, outside Rebecca's room, Kathy had just sent a message through Rebecca's mobile, and Selena was standing right next to her. "I sent the message, ma'am."

Selena faintly smiled. "My daughter hates fast food. He knows that, too, but he's itchy to prove himself to her, so he'll bring the pizza tonight, and... I can't wait to see how things will unfold. I might get to finally see the moment my daughter slaps the living dreams out of that useless guy!"

A few hours later.

Benjamin came for work in the evening. Seeing him coming in the taxi, Christopher's ego was satisfied. Other workers asked Benjamin why he didn't come in Honda and if he already sold the car or something.

Benjamin avoided answering before going out for the delivery.

At a random apartment in the city.

Five men beat the living crap out of Akash. He was bleeding from nose, mouth, and ears. He coughed blood and begged them to stop; however, they only stopped after Shawn told them to.

Shawn squatted down to Akash's level. "You deserve more for hurting my sister," he caught Akash's forearm and another man caught Akash's hand at the end. Shawn was handed an ax, shocking Akash.

"No, no, no, please!" Akash pleaded. "I won't even look at your sister." Akash's mouth was stuffed with cloth so he couldn't speak let alone shout anymore.

"It's too late to say such things, but don't worry. I won't take your life. Only the hand you can paint with!" Shawn repeatedly struck Akash's wrist until the hand was completely severed. Akash cried out, but his voice didn't even reach the other rooms on that apartment floor." Give him first aid so he wouldn't die from blood loss," saying that Shawn walked away. In ten minutes, Akash's wound was neatly bandaged, and he was left alone in his room. Akash was still crying, but his blood also boiled as he looked at his severed hand lying on the floor. It was so messily cut, he thought reattaching it was impossible. As seconds passed, tears overflowed. "Who is his sister? When did I hurt her?" he wasn't even given an explanation, so he was utterly frustrated and enraged.

Just then, the door was open, and a pizza delivery guy walked in. It was Benjamin.

Akash kept staring at him, wearing a complex, sad expression. (Right. I ordered a pizza, didn't I? At least he didn't come when those guys were present, or they would have done something bad to him, as well.)

"What happened here?" Benjamin quickly came over to Akash. He looked straight into Akash's eyes, as though demanding an answer. He wasn't intimidated by the blood or the severed hand. "Who did this to you?" "I wish I knew. How am I going to face my parents now?" Akash broke out into tears as he hit his head against the wall. "It's better

to die!" "Stop!" Benjamin put the pizza box between Akash's head and the wall. "Let me die!" Akash howled at Benjamin, but a backhand slap from Benjamin made Akash go silent. "If you want to die, then do it after you call and tell your parents that you're just a coward who runs away from the fight." Akash frowned. "What do you want me to do? The guys who did this to me were like rowdies. There's no way I can fight against them and win." "Then at least die trying," Benjamin said and put his hand over Akash's shoulder. "No matter the reasons, there's no honor in suicide."

After Akash calmed down, Benjamin packed the severed hand in a plastic cover, then helped Akash find a taxi. Afterward, Benjamin dialed a number. "Alfred, I need your help." "Anything, Master," replied Alfred. Benjamin was staring at Akash's visiting card. "I want you to take care of this guy's treatment. Note down his details."

"If you are talking about the guy you sent in a taxi just now, then don't worry, Master. We will make sure he gets treated well." Benjamin looked around at different apartments. "Are you guys following me 24/7?" "Of course, not." "I can't trust you in this regard," Benjamin was still looking around. He could see some eyes shining from behind dark glass doors. (They are stealthy, but I can still feel their gaze.) "I'm not a baby that needs protection. Tell the guys to keep their eyes off of me, or I might lose it one night and give it to them."

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"Sure, Master." Benjamin ended the call, and a Mercedes stopped right before him. Jane and her boyfriend were in the front. "What are you doing out here, Benjamin?" she raised her glasses and asked, but looking at his uniform, she could easily guess. "Out here for delivery?" Benjamin nodded and briefly looked at her boyfriend who was sitting in his undies. He was a foreigner who had a tall figure and a toned body. "Is he poor?" Both Jane and her boyfriend went silent for a little before looking at each other and laughing their asses off. "You really are funny. Why don't you-" Jane was speaking, but then she realized that Benjamin had long disappeared. She wiped her happy tears and looked at his boyfriend. "I know you are trying to tempt me into having sex with you in the car, but your fantasy won't be realized until I see a pig fly."

"But pigs don't fly!" "No. They do, in dreams, don't they?" "Ha-ha," he could only shake his head.