

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 41

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At midnight, Benjamin came home with a large pizza he took two hours to prepare. He had to take leave early before his night shift was over. After all, he wouldn't want to feed his wife a pizza at four in the morning.

It was just past twelve, and the dogs were out and barking and playing in the garden. They noticed Benjamin strolling toward the villa, but what caught their noses was the smell emanating from the package in his hands.

All six dogs began running toward him, already drooling saliva. Benjamin initially didn't think anything was wrong, but the scene of six dogs running brought up doubt in his mind. Once he realized that they were attracted by the smell of the pizza, his heart skipped a beat.

He immediately ran toward the villa. The dogs were faster than him, or so it seemed initially. Whether it was the work of adrenaline or not, Benjamin actually managed to cover more distance than the dogs and entered the villa. Once he was in, the dogs didn't dare step inside. They had a mental barrier stopping them from setting foot in the villa because the last time they did, they were whipped by the butlers. "Whew," Benjamin breathed a sigh of relief. "I didn't expect the dogs to come after me like that. Weren't they fed properly?" Kathy and a pointy-nosed butler were secretly watching them from behind a pillar on the first floor. "What the hell, Johnny? How did he manage to come inside looking completely safe?" she twisted the butler's ear. "Are you sure you didn't feed the dogs anything?"

"Yes, Kathy. I haven't fed them anything since morning," Johnny said, frowning. "I swear on my life!" He had a huge crush on Kathy, so he always did everything she asked for him.

Though Kathy used him like a dog, she didn't even let him touch her or kiss her because his face was full of dark marks because of popping pimples, and his cheeks looked like rough patches of a cricket pitch.

"Then how did he outrun the dogs?" Kathy could only bite her nails in frustration. "Anyway, he passed stage 1, but there's no way he can pass stage two." "What's stage two?" Johnny curiously asked. "Rebecca already slept, so he should wake her up first, but I don't think he'll be able to do it because Rebecca will be in an angry mode right after waking up." "What if she wakes up from the pizza's aroma?"

Kathy gave him a cold look. "You think this is a movie, or what?"

"You are right, but if Madam Rebecca doesn't eat the pizza, can I eat it?"

Kathy elbowed him in the face and shut him up before following Benjamin secretly.

Benjamin entered the room and closed the door.

"Tch," Kathy hugged the wall and tried her best to hear what was happening inside. Johnny mimicked her.

They strained their ears for an entire minute but heard nothing.

"What the hell is he doing?" Kathy got more and more frustrated with every passing second. If she failed this time, Selena would surely punish her, so she wanted her mission to succeed no matter what. "Should I barge in?" as she was hesitating, she received a message from Selena, asking about the progress

Selena had gone to attend a wedding of a Russian billionaire's son at one of the super yachts where bottles of wine ranging thousands of dollars were wasted like water. Because the bride liked Selena very much, the billionaire not only invited Selena to the wedding but also offered 2 million dollars and sent a chopper to receive her. Though Selena had asked Jacob to attend the wedding with her, he was busy with the post production and selling the rights for his two upcoming big-budget movies, so he just sent his wishes to the bride and the groom through a video message. Meanwhile, Benjamin who had entered the room just stood by the bed, gawking at the beauty of his sweetheart who was sleeping in shorts and sleeveless shirts. The chocolate-colored clothes shone in beautiful contrast with her fair, smooth skin. Her figure, especially her wire like waist and her irresistible thighs arrested his view. Benjamin swallowed his saliva as he couldn't take his eyes off of her. He could hear his own heartbeat and nothing else.

All of the boundless beauty before him was his, but he couldn't touch it or feel it. If only he could, he would have been the luckiest man alive, he thought.

He took a deep breath and calmed his swelling emotions. "Should I wake her up? She gets easily ticked off if someone disturbs her sleep." He put the pizza box on the desk and sat on his bed. "I should find a way before the pizza cools down." While he was thinking, his eyes ended up catching a glimpse of her wonderful thighs, and he kept staring at them and totally forgot about the pizza.

Rebecca didn't wear stretchy, skinny jeans like most other women around her age did. She wore comfortable clothing and only revealed some of her skin when she attended parties and whatnot. But seeing her thighs while she was sleeping on bed was a first for him. His dick had turned hard and grown so heavy he felt tongue-tied at the moment.

He fell on his bed and kept biting the pillow, trying his best to control himself from jumping onto her bed.

After a long struggle, his little brother calmed down. Benjamin didn't want to go through this again, so he covered Rebecca with the blanket, and her lips felt oh so inviting. He licked his lips like an innocent little puppy wanting some taste of her lips. He bit his lip and slightly shook his head. "God must have been extra careful while shaping you in your mother's womb. Otherwise, why do I feel this pull toward you? I have no explanation as to why I'm starving for you, Rebecca. It must be our destiny." He leaned closer and gently kissed her forehead. A few minutes later.

Kathy couldn't wait anymore and was about to barge into the room, but the door opened, and Benjamin walked out. He didn't look the least bit surprised to see her and Johnny standing right outside the door. He gave them the pizza box and went back in.

While Kathy stood frozen, Johnny opened the box in a hurry. However, there were only sauce packets and tissues inside. "EHHH? It's all finished?"

Kathy realized that Benjamin had eaten the pizza instead of waking up Rebecca. That wasn't within her expectations at all. While she grew angry at herself for failing, she also felt stirred by Benjamin's action. She would love to be the partner of someone who considered his wife's

sleep more precious than the pizza he heartfully made. "For tonight, you win, Benjamin."

Johnny acted like he was looking at the pizza box and brought his face a bit close to Kathy's breasts. "Don't rub your filthy face in my boobs, you pervert!" she slammed the opened pizza box in his face.

Johnny, however, laughed in return. Kathy could only shake her head and walk away. He still shamelessly followed her.

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Shawn had been sitting on a golf court for over two hours, but he patiently waited. A Ferrari entered his view, and then gradually the noise of its engine. He stood and didn't move even though the vehicle came straight at him. At the last second, the vehicle arched around him and stopped fast, lifting up grass and dirt. A handsome hunk stepped out. He was almost as tall as Shawn and just as masculine. He was wearing what might seem like a casual white T-shirt and blue jeans, but these were the same clothes worn by his favorite movie stars, which he later acquired for free. His shoes had gold linings, and so hid the tip of his wallet showing through the backpocket. "Did I make

you wait for too long?" he asked. "Any longer, and I might have come looking for you," Shawn said with a poker face.

"Haha," he and Shawn then laughed and shook each other's hands.

They sat down at a table with an umbrella attached on top. He took out two Mayan Sicars from the tobacco box and gave one to Shawn. They peacefully smoked for a minute and half.

"So, how are you doing these days, senior?" he asked.

"Busy is all I can say. Working on two careers parallely is taking its toll on me."

"Then why don't you quit the one that's less profitable?" "I will once the time is right," replied Shawn. "What about you, Artur? Are you still roaming the world aimlessly?"

Artur smirked a little. "I feel like I've seen everything there is. I've been repeating the same routine, and world has become a boring place."

"Boring, huh," Shawn nodded twice. "That means you just haven't found the right woman

yet."

"Right woman?" Artur almost burst into laughter. "Haha, good joke." Shawn exhaled a bit audibly. "Do you remember Rebecca?"

Artur raised one of his brows. "Who?" "You know, the slapper."

"Uh, ah, yeah, the one who slapped the judge on stage for touching her inappropriately," Artur nodded, "yeah, I do remember her. It has become quite a news back then. If my memory is correct, isn't she your sister?"

"Mm. Four years back, I asked you if you're interested in her," Shawn said, "and you said you're not interested in marrying at the time. So, how about now?". Artur seemed surprised. "Where's this coming from? Did you come to meet me after all these years to do match-fixing?"

Shawn smiled and said, "You wouldn't have agreed to meet unless you benefit in some way

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from it."

“C’mon, we graduated from the same college.”

“Yeah, but we’re not friends. We’re just businessmen. So, I’m just putting my proposal first,” he put his phone down on the white table, and Rebecca’s image was being displayed on the screen. Her facial features caught Artur’s eye, but he acted like he wasn’t affected by it. “She’s currently wasting her time with a fake husband, so I’d be grateful if you can at least pull her away from him. Whether you marry her or not comes later.” “Mm,” Artur thought for a little bit. “I’ll think about your sister’s matter and answer you within a day. As for what I wanted to talk about, you work in a reputed insurance company, don’t you?”

Shawn nodded.

“I want you to fuck up a family. Can you do it?” “Do they have a strong background?” “They have millions in the bank, but other than that, nothing.”

“Then why do you want me to go through such a long process?” Shawn asked. “Can’t you just hire some men to mess with their lives?”

“No. I want the system they believe in to betray them, then they’ll have nobody they can trust.”

“I won’t ask what grudge you have with them, but it’ll take some time. I’ll approach them through an agent they know, and you know how it goes. Once I make them sign certain documents, it’ll be easy to steal all the cash from their bank, and they won’t be able to do anything about it.”

“The housewife of that family refused to sleep with me back in college,” Artur said. “I just saw her yesterday again, and she looked so happy, but her face just made me remember the bad times. I just want her to feel the pain I felt. Hundred fold.”

“Just leave it to me. Forward their details through mail before tonight, so I can start working as early as possible.”

Artur smiled. “I’m glad you are willing to work with me, Senior Shawn. I really take good care of those that stay on my good side.”

Shawn also smiled in response. Artur Bonsbell was the son of billionaire David Bonsbell, a tycoon of the tobacco industry. Being in a positive relationship with Artur would greatly help Shawn in his endeavors, so he had the plans of marrying his sister to him since college days itself. He also had a few other men in mind in case Artur didn’t work out, but Artur was always the first in line.

After the informal meeting, Shawn didn’t go to his office but came home. And his in-laws were waiting in his room, ready to greet him, acting over the top as usual. “My son-in-law,” Dorothy shed crocodile tears. “Your wife and my daughter has locked herself in a

room for the past few days. She's waiting for you to come and get her back. Please go and bring her over. This is the place where she belongs, as the eldest daughter-in-law of

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the Sterling family.”

“Yes, son-in-law,” Nolan backed his wife's words. “Elizabeth loves you more than she loves Lisa and Roshan. It isn't good for a wife and husband to live in separate homes, so go and bring her back. Don't hesitate. Even if it's her mistake, think about the children, also.”

“Can you two leave me alone, please?” Shawn asked, and his in-laws quickly walked out with smiles on their faces. “This sneaky old couple...” Shawn squinted his eyes. “If you allow them to grab even a single hair, they can pull the entire scalp out. I'm sure they're here for some fucked-up reason. If only I wasn't focusing on my career, I would have long taught them their place.” Shawn took off his suit and tie and sat on the bed and drank some water. “I heard Rebecca got injured. Maybe, I should pay her a visit.”

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Anous' wife told him to quit the job. However, not wanting to lose his primary sponsor, he was thinking of returning to work in a few days even though he suffered from a heart attack “Benjamin told my wife that I should bring his car?” Anous' frowned a little bit. “So he isn't as dumb as I thought. But I have Madam Elizabeth on my side. I have nothing to fear even if the truth gets known.”

At that moment, Alfred entered the room with a basket full of fruits and a bouquet. “You seem to be doing great, Mr. Anus.”

“I don't know who you are, mister, but my name isn't Anus. It's Anous. U is silent.”

“Ah, is it?” Alfred sat down and began crunching on one of the apples from the basket, puzzling Anous, who thought the fruits were brought for him.

“Who are you, sir? What do you want?” Anous asked. His wife or children weren't in the room.

"I just came to see a patient in the room next to you," Alfred replied, "so I thought I'd meet you as well." "Oh, but... do I know you?"

"No, you don't," Alfred spat the apple seeds on the bed.

"W-What are you doing!" Anous got mad immediately. "Get lost from my room!"

"You lost your nerve just because I spat a couple of seeds on your bed," Alfred said, "so how do you think Benjamin should react after you purposely destroyed his new car he spent so much effort to earn?"

Anous was initially startled. "Oh, so you are from Benjamin's side." He faintly smiled. "You must be his grandfather or something. Your grandson told my wife that I should buy a new car

for him. He still doesn't seem to know his place in the pecking order, but it's alright. I will remind him once I return to my job." He was smirking. "Is that so?" he put the bouquet and the flower basket on the bed and took out a knife that was hidden inside the basket.

Anous' heart skipped a beat. He was still feeling weak, so if this old man were to attack him, he wasn't sure if he could properly fight back.

"Fret not," Alfred stared right into Anous' eyes. "I intend to leave your fate up to Benjamin, but since I'm here, I can't go without doing nothing, so..." he swiftly threw a punch with his left hand, and it knocked Anous' out of his senses. Alfred then put the knife to use and completely shaved Anous' hand. That didn't satisfy him, so he went on to remove all of Anous' fingernails. That didn't satisfy him, either. He then removed the toenails, too. "This isn't enough, but... I'll let the Master finish him." He wiped the blood off the knife and put it in his coat before taking the bouquet and fruit basket and walking out of the room. He went to the room where Akash was being treated.

Alfred was wearing an old coat and blended with the crowd, so nobody really knew who he

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was. The nurse also thought he was just another old man. He introduced himself to Akash and told him that he was sent by the same pizza delivery guy who had helped him. Akash was freely given VIP treatment that cost over forty thousand dollars, and his hand was reattached, so he wanted to thank Benjamin personally, but Alfred told him to heal first.

Akash asked Alfred if he knew who attacked him. However, Alfred replied, "Some things are better not known." He then gave the bouquet and fruits and left. Akash would later realize that there was actually 3000 dollars worth of cash hidden in the fruit basket.

Meanwhile, at Bonsbell's mansion.

Artur received a report on Rebecca. "Mm, she's like the embodiment of beauty, and she's twelve years younger than me. I do feel like meeting her. What do you think?" he looked at his private security guard who was over fifty years old and was also the head of the guards.

"She's both beautiful and thoughtful from what I can tell," the head of the guards replied. "She's definitely worth a try, sir."

"Alright. I'll pay her a visit this evening."

"I'll make the necessary preparations." "Give the Ferrari to one of your boys," Artur told the guard. "I'm bored with it. I'll buy a new one along the way."

Later that evening. Benjamin made the special pizza again and brought it home. He looked excited because he wanted to give it to Rebecca; however, Lisa and Roshan were sitting outside. Seeing them, Benjamin ran into the butlers' dorms and used another entrance that linked both the villa and the dorms.

Just as he reached the room, Johnny suddenly showed up and tried to steal the pizza from him, but he couldn't even touch the pizza as he rushed past Benjamin.

"What?" Johnny was left shocked. "I was sure I caught it."

Benjamin didn't even bother to look at Johnny. He entered the room and locked the door.

"Wait, why are you locking the door?" Rebecca asked. She wasn't wearing the same clothes as last night because the allergic feeling was gone. "Uh, about that..." Benjamin opened the pizza box and revealed what he believed was the most beautiful pizza he ever made. The names 'Benjamin & Rebecca' were written with the sauce, and seeing how the names were intact, Rebecca understood how carefully Benjamin carried the parcel home.

"You want me to eat it?" she asked in surprise. "Don't you know that I'm not a fan of fast food? They are not good for health."

"I-I know, but..." Benjamin scratched his cheek. "Didn't you ask for a pizza yesterday afternoon? I actually made one last night, but you were sleeping, so I couldn't wake you up."

Rebecca had no idea what he was talking about. She ate burgers a couple of times, but she

never tasted pizza before, so she wasn't sure if she should taste it or not. However, seeing Benjamin's pitiful eyes, she pitied him a little bit. "Alright, I'll have just one piece. That's it."

"Sure, sure," Benjamin excitedly put the pizza box before her on the bed, in a way that his name was facing her. "Pick the slice with my name on it, please." "Mm? Why?" she couldn't help but ask

"I'm yours, that's why," he replied.

Rebecca almost smiled and shook her head. (Whatever, it's just a slice.) She told herself and picked the slice that had Benjamin's name on it. Just after she put it in her mouth and was blown away by the rich texture of the pizza, Benjamin ripped another slice that had Rebecca's name on it. Her eyes widened. "W-Wait, why are you eating that piece first?" Benjamin grinned like an excited child and said, "You are mine, that's why." He hurriedly gobbled on that piece in a matter of two to three seconds.

Weird imaginations of herself getting eaten popped up in her head, and Rebecca found herself

flushing a bit as he chewed on the slice that had her name on it.

At the same time, a luxurious car stopped in front of the main entrance, catching the attention of Lisa and Roshan.

"Who's that?" Roshan was up from his chair and so was Lisa.

"A bugatti?" Oliver who was watering the plants was slack-jawed. "I have only seen it in GTA before." He put the water pipe aside and came over to take a closer look. A handsome man as tall as him stepped out. Dressed in a sparkling blue suit, he shone brighter than the bugatti itself.

He tossed the car keys to Oliver before climbing up the stairs and walking past the two teenagers who had their mouths wide open as they could see diamonds embedded in his suit.

"Are those diamonds in the suit?" Lisa whispered to Roshan who could only shrug his shoulders.

Meanwhile, Kathy who was cleaning the dining table just noticed Artur entering the villa in a confident gait and his eyes checking around. "Who the hell is this handsome hunk?" she thought. "He walks like he owns this place!"

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Instead of parking the car, Oliver was taking a tour throughout the garden in the bugatti. "Haha, this is freaking awesome!" he felt so thrilled. "If I can bust out through a gate, it'll be like playing GTA in real life!"

However, his excitement was cut short by Lisa and Roshan who wanted to drive the black-and orange Bugatti Chiron for themselves.

Oliver could only cry on the inside as he got out of the car with a smile on his face.

Lisa wanted to sit in the driver's seat, but Roshan pulled her back by her hair and sat in the driver's seat first. She yelled at him, telling him to get out, but he shut the door and went for a ride in the super sports car. "Huhoo... this engine speaks speed! The turbochargers really work!" He recklessly drove the car around the garden.

Vlad and Mercie were watching from the balcony while licking on lollipops with strawberry flavors, and while putting on a poker face, they bet on whether Roshan would hit the car to a tree or not.

Meanwhile, Kathy knocked the door twice and tried to open it, but then realized that the door was locked

"Madam, it's me, Kathy," she said. Artur was standing right behind her. "You have a guest. Can you please open the door?"

Benjamin went for a bath, so Rebecca got up from the bed and walked with the help of the walking stick. It took her some effort to get to the door, and just as she was about to open, Kathy knocked again. "Why are you in such a hurry?" Rebecca frowned in annoyance and then opened the door. Before Kathy could speak, she was pushed aside by Artur who took his right hand out of his pocket and introduced himself,

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Rebecca." Rebecca's hand involuntarily reached out for his hand. "You are..." he was a bit intimidating with his huge frame and all, but the faint smile on his face upped his handsomeness enough to make his presence feel more comfortable.

"Artur. A friend of Shawn."

"Oh, please come in." She limped her way to her sofa and told him to sit there. Artur realized that she had suffered an ankle injury. He sat down on the same sofa, next to her. The room wasn't how he expected a woman's room would be. There were no dolls,

no shining things. Everything was simple and uncluttered. He liked it. He sniffed once, and his gaze stopped on the pizza slices on the bed. "I didn't disturb your meal time, did I?" "Ah, no, not at all," Rebecca quickly replied, touching her ear once. "This is my first time seeing you. What brought you here, Mr. Arthur?" Though Shawn had come to her the previous night, he didn't say anything about his friend visiting, but she could still guess what this sudden visit was all about. Artur took out an invitation card. "I wanted to give you this."

"This... Salvation Auction?" she was pleasantly surprised. "Isn't this a private auction? If I'm correct, it happens only once a year, and the entrance fee itself is 1 million dollars."

"They only give out limited invitation cards, and I bought one for you."

"For me?"

"Yeah, this year is going to be fun. They are selling wonderful paintings, medieval silk and other stuff from the treasure they found at the bottom of the Pacific."

The phrase 'medieval silk' caught her attention.

"Thanks, but why are you giving me such a pricey invitation card to me?" Rebecca straightforwardly asked. "I mean, this is our first time meeting."

"I wanted to make an impression," Artur also replied in a similar fashion, albeit with an added smile. "I don't have the healing power like Jesus, or I would have said a word, and your wound would have been healed. Since that's not possible, I thought we could attend the auction together. It's in the next month, so I'm sure you'll be able to walk by then."

Rebecca didn't know what to say. From the looks of it, the diamonds on his suit and the gold on his boots, Artur seemed filthy rich. Moreover, he looked like a big bear sitting next to her. His thighs were almost twice as big as her's, yet they were pleasant on the eyes because he was fit. This made her wonder why her brother chose such a big guy for her. Was it because he thought she liked guys with such large and broad frames? As she was lost in thought, Artur stood.

"Are you leaving?" she asked, standing up with effort. "Without eating?" "Sorry, but I'll eat when you're in a position to freely walk to the dining table," Artur said and patted her shoulder once. "I hope you'll recover quickly."

Artur wasted no time and walked away with confidence and charm. "He's like swag personified," Rebecca muttered under her breath. "He's definitely rich from birth."

Seconds after Artur left, Benjamin walked out of the bathroom, rubbing his hair with the towel. "Did a guest come by?" "Yeah. A rich and handsome guest," Rebecca got to her bed. "Handsome?" Benjamin's heart skipped a beat. Because he was in the shower, he

didn't focus on what was happening outside. However, he now realized that a man had paid a visit. "W What are you talking about?"

"Nothing," Rebecca sat down and kept staring at the invitation card.

"What's that?" Benjamin asked.

She didn't respond.

He walked over, but she put the invitation card in the drawer. He could have opened the drawer and checked it for himself, but out of respect for her, he didn't.

He quickly rushed out of the room and checked from the balcony and managed to get a good

look at Artur before he left in his bugatti.

"Who's that freaking bear?" Benjamin gripped the balustrade in frustration, and it cracked." It doesn't look like he's a colleague." Thoughts rushed through his mind as he walked back to his room. Then he walked back to the balcony again. He dialed Alfred. "Who's the freak that just left the villa?"

"Sorry, Master. You told us to not surveil you, and so we didn't," replied Alfred. "I'm currently leaving the hospital where we've admitted the bozo that lost his hand. But don't worry. I'll send you the details in a few minutes."

Benjamin walked around on the balcony, unable to stand at one spot. "Just who the hell is he?" his blood boiled as he remembered the way his wife referred to that man. (Rich and handsome?) All the veins on his arms began to bulge up. "How dare this bastard come to my wife's room and tempt her with whatever tricks he pulled?"

Just then, he received a message. He never checked his mobile so fast as far as he could remember.

"Artur Bonsbell? The son of tobacco tycoon David Bonsbell?" he clenched his fist. "So what if he is? Does being the son of a billionaire make him eligible to talk with my wife?" he already began to climb down the stairs. He called Alfred again. "He gave Rebecca an invitation card. Find out his schedule. And I want an invitation card for that event as well."

"Not a problem, Master, but you seem to be pacing towards something."

"Yeah, I'm going to the woods. I want to vent my anger somewhere," Benjamin said, 'or I'm afraid I'll go straight to the billionaire's son and break his bones."

“That’d resolve everything quickly, though it might make you a villain in your wife’s eyes. I hope that never happens. May your wife stay with you forever.”

“Thanks, Alfred,” Benjamin ended the call.

Lisa and Roshan were still quarreling as Lisa didn’t get to drive the car. “How could you be so selfish?” Lisa tried to hit him.

“I was fast, so I got to ride first,” Roshan said. “If you want to ride a bugatti, why don’t you ask dad to buy one for you? Aren’t you going to college next year? I’m sure he’ll agree since he won’t want you to staying at a hostel.”

“Huh, you just want to steal the bugatti from me once he buys it, right?.”

“Haha, so you’ve seen through me, huh.”

“I’m your sister, idiot!”

“If the younger brother is an idiot, that makes the elder sister a bigger idiot, don’t you think?”

“What?”

As they quarreled and grabbed each other’s clothes and pulled and pushed each other around, Benjamin went out of his way to take the water pipe from Oliver and directed it toward them, shocking them both. “Uncle, what are you doing!” Lisa and Roshan cried out.

“Watering my in-laws,” Benjamin replied. There was enough force in the water to not just trouble them but make them feel uneasy. What’s more, he let the water jet crash into their faces. This way, he vented his anger so he wouldn’t need to go for a long walk through the woods.

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When Selena returned home, Lisa and Roshan made a mountain out of the molehill regarding what Benjamin had done to them. They also repeatedly told Veronica and the maids, and they waited till midnight and told Shawn when he came home. And they took Shawn to Rebecca’s room.

“Open the door,” Shawn knocked and said a few times, but there was no response “He locked the door after having dinner,” Lisa said. “He didn’t open it when Grandma told him to!”

“What?” Shawn grew angry. “Since when did he grow so arrogant?” he banged the door harder with his hand. Roshan also joined his father and banged the door. The maids and the butlers were watching silently from the side. “Rebecca? What are you doing? At least say something. Do you want me to break the door or what?”

Still, there was no response.

Inside the room, Benjamin was reading one of his wife’s fashion magazines. Rebecca was peacefully sleeping, having plugged her ears with noise cancellation earbuds. Though Benjamin sat calmly on the bed until now, he got worried that the vibrations might wake up Rebecca if they kept banging on the door. “If I open it, they’ll roast me again. Whether I open it or not, they’ll roast me tomorrow during breakfast. So, I think it’s better I

stay put. They’ll get tired and leave eventually.”

As Benjamin expected, they stopped knocking after five minutes. Shawn promised his kids he’ll take care of Benjamin later on. However, Lisa and Roshan went to their grandparents’ room to bring them and continue disturbing Benjamin. To their shock, their grandparents had also locked their door, and their snoring could be heard from outside. Lisa and Roshan could only walk back to their rooms, wearing disappointed expressions.

The next morning.

Benjamin not only prepared breakfast and ate early, but he also left the food near his wife’s bed before leaving for work. Thus, he gave no chance for others to mock him. Lisa asked Shawn to buy a bugatti for her, but he told her to first get the first rank in the class. Roshan chuckled as Lisa embarrassed herself. Kathy brought the leftover breakfast to Devon who had been living in his own world since the past few days. Some butlers wondered if they should send him to the mental hospital, but nobody acted before taking Jacob’s permission. Jacob hadn’t been to the villa in the past three days, so they could only wait. Meanwhile, Oliver roamed throughout the city and eventually managed to find the car showroom he was looking for.

It was a prestigious showroom that had four bugattis and 3 ferraris for sale. Oliver entered the building fully made out of glass, all except the flooring. There were no front-door receptionists, but only one guy dressed in a neat suit who was sitting behind a desk and

watching sports on a television.

“Uh, excuse me,” Oliver hesitantly called out for him.

“Mm?” the customer handler turned to look at him. He looked from top to bottom. Oliver was in a typical butler’s uniform. “What do you need?” there was no respect in his voice.

“I want to buy a car.”

He raised his brows. “You want to buy what?”

“A car, sir,” Oliver tried to be polite as he wasn’t sure if the card would work or not.

“What car? Are you sure you’re not mistaking this for a fish market?” he chuckled and shook his head. “Just don’t waste my time and leave.”

“I can pay,” Oliver said, trying to sound confident as he took out the platinum card, “for a bugatti.”

The customer handler felt like his ears were hurt. “You think buying a bugatti is as easy as buying fish at the market?”

“Why are you speaking like this?” stress marks appeared on Oliver’s forehead. “I only wanted to buy a car.” “If you can buy a bugatti, I can buy an airplane,” he chortled and waved his hand. “Go away.”

“Can’t you see that I have a card?” Oliver stressed his words.

“Card?” he glanced at the platinum card. “What’s that overly fashioned card? Whatever it is, it’s not a black card. It won’t be able to pay the price, and we don’t accept monthly installments, so go away.” “You don’t know until you try,” Oliver said. “Let me swipe the card.” “Can’t you hear what I’m saying?” the customer handler got angry and stood. “I won’t sell you anything, so leave!”

Oliver gritted his teeth and turned around and started walking. However, after looking at the blue Bugatti Veyron, he turned around and said, “I’ll give you five percent extra tip.”

The customer handler’s expression slowly but surely changed. He would already receive five percent commission if he made a sale, so if he were to add another five percent as tip, he wouldn’t need to worry about his expenses for another year or so. “Alright. Come over here, and swipe your card. If it doesn’t work, I’m gonna break that card!” “F-Fine by me,” Oliver swallowed his breath as he walked over and swiped the card. It didn’t ask for any password and directly asked to enter the amount.

“What’s this?” the customer handler looked a bit confused. “Eternity Bank?” “What’s the price?” Oliver asked. “For that blue bugatti?” “Ah, the current price is 2.1 million dollars. But if you add my tip, it’ll be 2.2 million.” Oliver pressed 225’ and then glanced at the customer handler. “How many zeroes should I add now?”

“What?” he blinked twice. “Are you joking?” Oliver kept staring with a serious expression. “Obviously, four zeroes.” “Are you sure?” Oliver asked, again with an even more serious expression. “Of course.”

Oliver pressed four zeroes and then the green button. It began processing the payment, so the customer handler looked baffled. “Wait, why isn’t it asking for a pin?” “Hmph, because it’s special,” Oliver replied haughtily. And then they waited. As they waited with anxiety, it took a few seconds for the payment to be processed. When the copy began printing, the customer handler’s jaw dropped, whereas Oliver felt relieved, for this meant that the payment was successful. “S-Sir, please sit down,” the customer handler’s voice immediately filled with respect. “I’ll bring you drinks right away.” “I’ll have some mango juice,” Oliver said. “Sure, sir.” As the customer handler ran to the refrigerator, Oliver walked up to the blue bugatti. His heart began skipping hard as he touched it and ran his hand over and felt its smooth and polished surface. After seeing Artur come to the Sterling villa in a bugatti, he wanted to buy it as well, and he did.

The customer handler brought two bottles of mango juice. He also brought four keys—two standard keys, a valet key, and a top-speed key—to Oliver and told him to go for a ride while he prepared the documents. Oliver gave him his personal ID and some papers before sitting in the driver’s seat. Having driven sports cars in the Sterling villa before, he didn’t feel overwhelmed by the controls and took the car to the streets.

At the same time, Benjamin had just delivered pizza parcels and then looked at his mobile. Seeing the last transactions, his eyes popped out of his sockets. “WHAT?”

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 46

Chapter 46

CHAPTER 46

A blue bugatti went past Benjamin as he kept staring at the mobile screen. “2.25 million dollar purchase?” his head felt like it grew heavy. “Who the hell is using the card?” he dialed Alfred. “I just got the message. Someone made a 2.25 million dollar purchase using the platinum card you tried to give me. Do you know who it is?”

“I know, Master.”

“Who is it?”

"It's someone from the Sterling villa," Alfred didn't reveal the name on purpose.

"What?" Benjamin was startled. His in-laws' faces popped up in his mind, but then he mainly doubted Elizabeth and Veronica as only those two didn't have jobs. He even thought of Lisa or Roshan having it, but he didn't even think of the possibility of the maids or the butlers using the card. "Who is it?" his voice grew deep.

"I'm sorry, but you need to find that out by yourself, Master," Alfred demanded. "Be responsible for your money." Saying that he ended the call.

Benjamin got lost in thought for a few minutes while sitting on the bike at the side of the road. "I didn't want to use my dad's money, but this sneaky old bastard is forcing me to find the card. Fine. I'll find and then break it. Jacob, Shawn, Selena, and Rebecca earn well and so likely don't have the card with them. That leaves Louis, Bella, Veronica, and of course, Elizabeth and her kids. One of these six must be having the card with them."

The blue bugatti went past him again at a blistering speed, this time the opposite way.

"Whoever is behind the steering wheel," Benjamin wondered, "they don't seem afraid of getting a ticket." He put the mobile in his pocket and started driving. Though he drove fast, he made sure his driving wasn't reckless. He took his next delivery to a police station, and the cops were surprised when he asked for the pizza's money. They said they would be lenient on him in case he were to be found for speeding or breaking traffic rules, but Benjamin still asked and eventually got paid. One of the cops followed him secretly afterward. And the cop followed patiently until Benjamin made a mistake by not stopping at a stop sign. The cop soon caught up with Benjamin on a bike and fined him with a 200 dollar ticket. Benjamin argued with the cop for a while, but that only made the cop increase the fine to 250 dollars. Benjamin eventually had to pay as the cop didn't let him take his motorbike. At the end of it all, only the cop was smiling as he earned more than what he spent for the pizzas.

Benjamin didn't look happy. Time never really dragged on this job except during these kinds of situations, of course, where the real money earned was little to nothing. The cop literally took away Benjamin's meal ticket.

Had Benjamin not charged the cops for the pizzas, this wouldn't have happened, but Benjamin still felt like he did the right thing.

When he went to the Rye's Pizzas, Jasmine proposed to Christopher, but he refused. Jasmine

ran out of the hut, crying and sobbing. The other workers believed that she was probably going to quit the job.

Benjamin walked up to Christopher's desk with a faint smile on his face. "I guessed she was gonna propose sooner or later, but I didn't expect you'd refuse."

“Rye’s Pizzas was first established by a young girl named Rye,” Christopher said. “Once it got popular, she sold the business to a guy named Samael. And my dream is to become the CEO of this company and then hopefully buy this business from Samael one day.” “You’ve got high aspirations, but what does that have to do with denying Jasmine?” “Her bushy hair.”

“What?”

“I asked if she can comb her hair properly, and she said she liked the way she looked.” “T-That’s it?” Benjamin couldn’t believe what Christopher was speaking. “Yeah. How can I marry someone who can’t even do such a simple thing for me?” “Then why did you act all lovey-dovey with her until today?” Christopher gave him a long stare. “You sure seem to have a lot of free time after being promoted to a seven-star deliverer.” “If you don’t want to answer, just say so,” Benjamin said and then minded his business. Christopher then briefly thought about Jasmine. “She had been asking me to buy a Nikon camera the past two days, saying she wanted to travel around the country. I surely didn’t expect her to propose to me with her parents’ rings. I don’t hate her, but then I don’t really love her. I hope she’ll at least buy the camera somehow and travel the country.”

Jasmine went to her apartment. A file and a flower were left at the doorstep. She picked them up and went into the room. It was a black rose. She dropped the flower petals in the aquarium and then sat on the sofa and opened the file. It was a one page contract titled ‘The Little Flower That Denies Falling.’

“What the heck is this?” she wondered for a second. “Wait... is it related to the random form I filled online about a week and half ago? They promised me a free trip to Hawaii, but what’s this rubbish about flowers?”

Her phone rang. It was from an unknown number. She answered. “Hello, this is Jasmine.” “Uh, a beautiful name you’ve got there,” a strange voice came from the other side. “Excuse me? Who are you?” “I’m the bee that will help you frame your destiny,” he replied. “All you need to do is sign the contract, and you’ll receive a down payment of 10 grand.” “T-Ten grand?” Jasmine’s eyes widened. “Are you serious? This isn’t some kind of joke,

right?”

“We only choose women who date more men than the number of periods they go through a

year.”

Jasmine went silent.

“Read the contract carefully. You have until tomorrow morning to choose.” The call ended.

Jasmine felt something was off, but the ten grand down payment made her overlook that unease, and she began to read the contract. At that point, she had no idea that the contract she was reading was intended to buy her and her freedom.

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Chapter 47

CHAPTER 47 Oliver parked his car at a supermarket close to the Sterling villa. He paid the guard a thousand dollars and told him to keep the car safe, and the guard gladly obliged. Oliver bought products worth eight thousand dollars from the supermarket, three-fourth of which went for buying various kinds of quality meat. He returned to the villa and began cooking the kobe beef first. “I’ve tried kobe burgers before, but I never thought I’d eat full-blown kobe dinner. Hahaha.”

As he was very much involved in cooking, Devon sneaked up on him and struck his head with a wooden stick. Oliver fell unconscious before he could even turn to look who hit him. Devon took the platinum card from him and ran away.

The smell of the kobe beef attracted Vlad and Mercie to the kitchen. They went upstairs and called their mother. Bella came to the kitchen and cooked kobe curry, all the while Oliver was lying unconscious on the floor. Vlad ate the curry while sitting on Oliver’s body, and they really liked it. After the children left, Bella sprayed water on Oliver’s face, waking him up. “Couldn’t you find a better place to sleep than the kitchen? And that too in the middle of making a meal?”

“S-Sorry, Madam, Oliver apologized and left the kitchen. He hurried to the dorms, doubting Devon, but to his surprise, Devon was still in his bed, mumbling vague things. “He’s not the one who hit me?” Oliver wondered.

He then kept roaming throughout the dorms and the villa, looking at every butler and maid he came across. Who could have possibly stolen the card from him? Not knowing who hit him in the head utterly frustrated him. “Whoever you are, I’ll never forgive you!” At the same time, elsewhere in the villa.

Louis was sitting in the much decorated living room on the first floor, with Benjamin for company.

Benjamin had been sitting for the past fifteen minutes because Louis had called for him, but Louis hadn't spoken a word yet. "Why did you call for me, Brother-in-law?" Benjamin asked. "You know who paid a visit to Rebecca yesterday, don't you?" Louis said, to which Benjamin nodded half-heartedly. "He's a guy who spends more money buying things in a month than what our family earns in one whole year. He gifts yachts to his girlfriends, leaves Lamborghinis and Ferraris to his security guards. Now that his eyes fell on Rebecca, you think you can compete with him?" Benjamin faintly smiled, surprising Louis. "Rebecca doesn't care about money or power, like my in-laws do, which is why she even married me in the first place." "You are probably right, but that doesn't mean she won't change her mind. People change... all the time. For instance, no one knows this, but Rebecca used to love someone back in her university days. However, he broke her heart."

Benjamin was stunned to hear this.

"What?" Louis smirked. "You think you were her first love or something? Verily I tell you, even though her first love betrayed her, she probably thinks that former lover is much better and wonderful compared to you."

Benjamin gritted his teeth. His gaze turned sharp.

"She probably dreamed of marrying that man," Louis continued. "Can you brush off the fact that she will always have that guy in her mind? First love is pretty special, after all. It is unforgettable."

Benjamin's gut twisted. He stood and hurriedly walked away, looking clearly upset.

Louis' smile widened a bit.

Seconds later, Bella entered the living room. "He fell hook, line, and sinker for your story."

"He did. The more personally he takes it, the more he'll find it hard to even hope to have a proper relationship with Rebecca."

"Mm, you are really cold, darling," she leaned on him from his back and kissed his forehead, "even before I met you, which is exactly why I chose you."

As Benjamin was approaching his room, Selena walked out and looked at him.

Benjamin's gaze wasn't soft.

"What's with that look?" Selena's gaze also sharpened. "Did the promotion at your job get into your head or something?" she shook her head and walked away. "I'm not in the mood for a rant. A brat who doesn't know how to pick his battles is bound to lose anyway." Her words agitated him, but he controlled himself and entered the room.

Rebecca was eating. She glanced at Benjamin and said, "Lisa and Roshan caught cold and couldn't attend school today. Brother Shawn is really angry at you. Why did you spray water at Lisa and Roshan without their permission?"

Benjamin silently walked up to his bed. Now he understood why Selena told him to pick his battles because they were thinking that he purposely sprayed water on the kids because he couldn't do so to the adults in the villa. While it was true that Benjamin vented his anger on the kids, he did for a different reason. He knew that, but Selena's words still made him doubt himself.

"Answer my question, Benjamin," Rebecca was still looking at him. "I'll apologize to them tomorrow," replied Benjamin, covering himself with the blanket. "That should clear things up."

Rebecca spoke no more.

She switched on the newly-installed television and started watching a tv-series named 'Lost Love.

Benjamin's heart felt like it was being squeezed by some invisible force. He kept telling himself to not let his dramatic in-laws poison his thoughts and his married life, but the negative thoughts weren't going away.

Was the reason Rebecca was rude to him most of the time and never really conveyed her feelings to him because she still had her first love in mind? At this rate, if she was still measuring him against her first love, would Benjamin's efforts ever be enough in her eyes? Would his love ever reach her? The thought itself tortured his soul. There was no one in the villa he could share his pain with, only those who would easily get offended at every little thing he did or said. Knowing this fact, he hid everything in his heart and silently suffered while his wife was engrossed in watching television all night.

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 48

Chapter 48

CHAPTER 48

During breakfast, Benjamin apologized to Lisa and Roshan in front of everyone, except Jacob who was still out on his work.

"I'm sorry. I should have never directed my anger toward you two," Benjamin lowered his head before Lisa and Roshan, and their egos were satisfied.

Nolan and Dorothy knew that the reason the kids caught cold was because they ate too many sweets the other night. It was Dorothy who bought the sweets, so they could only snicker, looking at the pathetic expression Benjamin was making. "Such a simple sorry isn't enough," Shawn said. "You will be driving my kids to school until Anous returns. Let this experience teach you your place."

"T-That's..." Benjamin looked at Rebecca, as though asking her to fight for him, but she just pursed her lips together. Lisa and Roshan giggled without any concern.

"How was the series?" Selena asked her daughter. Lost Love was a romantic comedy drama from over twenty years ago, in which she was one of the main leads.

"I finished season 1. Your acting was excellent, Mom," Rebecca was all praises for her. Her eyes were still red because she didn't sleep last night, not even for a minute. "It was a complex role, falling in love, breaking up, coming back together, and breaking up again, but you pulled it off pretty well."

Selena laughed out loud. "I wish your dad was here. He would have felt so jealous! I asked him to co-produce that series, but he hated love stories, so he didn't agree. However, he began regretting it after the series became a huge hit and had seven seasons."

Her words made some other family members chuckle.

"You should keep watching," Selena suggested, "because there'll be a surprise for you in season 4."

"Sure," Rebecca nodded. She wasn't eating breakfast but just drank fresh coconut water. After finishing the breakfast, Benjamin took the kids to the school. Though Roshan, Vlad, and Mercie went to their respective classes, Lisa got on her boyfriend's bike and went somewhere.

Benjamin secretly followed them from a distance. Lisa and her boyfriend then went into a club. "Does Shawn know of this?" Benjamin didn't want to interfere in Lisa's life, but he couldn't act like he didn't see her enter the club, either. He got out of the car and walked straight to the entrance.

"Whoa, there," the black guy standing outside wasn't not much taller than Benjamin but was definitely twice as heavier. "Only couples are allowed entrance."

Benjamin wrapped his arm around that guy's arm. "Let's go in then."

His mouth widely opened for a second. "Damn, bro!" he yanked his hand away from Benjamin.

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"I'm not into that kind of stuff."

"Me, neither." Benjamin said and was entering, but the guard grabbed his shoulder. "You can't enter alone," he reminded Benjamin. "Go and bring a girl with you, or get the hell out of here."

Benjamin caught his finger and bent it backward so swiftly, it broke before the guard knew it. "AHH! Fuck!" as the guard cringed in pain, Benjamin kneeed him in the face and knocked him out cold. He then entered the club.

Inside the club, the DJ played rap music, and everyone either drank or danced in the dazzling disco lights. Lisa was also dancing with her boyfriend, and he was touching her everywhere, but she didn't seem to mind it.

Benjamin didn't like what he was seeing, but he had enough when her friend began kissing her neck. He strode over and grabbed her boyfriend by his hair, shocking Lisa. Benjamin pulled him away from her and slapped him so hard he hugged the floor. Though some people stopped dancing, the rest of the club didn't care. "Benjamin!" Lisa was furious at him. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" she tried to slap him, but Benjamin grabbed Lisa's hand and dragged her out of the club. "Let go of me," she still struggled to get out of grip. "Hmph," he snorted and let go of her.

"You think you can get away with what you did?" Lisa barked at him. "I'll tell my dad, and..."

"Yeah, what are you going to tell him?" Benjamin turned to face her and looked her straight in the eye. There was not an inkling of fear in those eyes. "That you didn't go to school but went to a club instead, and that you let some random guy touch you and kiss you whenever he wants?"

Lisa's heart skipped many beats. "H-He's not some random guy. He's my boyfriend." "Someone who touches you inappropriately in public isn't your boyfriend," Benjamin yelled so loudly her heart trembled. "He's just another guy who's thinking with his dick." He shook his head. "You are so ignorant you don't even know what you're doing!" "I will do whatever I want," Lisa shouted back. "Who are you to tell me what I should or shouldn't do?" she tried to walk back into the club, but he caught her and forcibly brought her to the car and shoved her inside. She began crying and asking for help. Most of the onlookers just watched, but a few called the police. Benjamin brought Lisa to the school. The outside gate was closed, but he pleaded to the gate guard to let her inside. Only after putting ten dollars in the hand, he let Lisa in. Lisa was openly cursing that Benjamin would get into an accident and die soon. Benjamin could only sigh as he drove away from the school.

As he was speeding, he noticed a church and stopped the car. He entered the church. There wasn't anyone inside, except for an old man dressed in white sleeping in the front row. This place brought back Benjamin's memories as well as tears. This was where Benjamin wed Rebecca

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He gently fell to his knees and kowtowed before the cross. "Father... I'm not happy. But.. have it your way. Whether mending my marriage is in your plans or not, I won't give up, but thy will be done over mine." Tears leaked from the corners of his eyes as his mind and flesh hungered for his wife but his heart pressed toward God. He felt so lost.

The sound of footsteps made him lift his head. The old priest was standing before him, holding a binded black book in his hand.

"It's rare to see young men surrender themselves to the Lord these days," the old priest said. "Whatever worries your heart is burdened with, lay them all at His feet. He'll free you in His time."

"My wife doesn't love me, Your Reverence," Benjamin said in a sad voice as he got up to his feet. "Every night, I wonder if I'll ever see love in her eyes."

"Don't give up, son," he put his hand on Benjamin's shoulder. "As long as you abide in Him, your labor won't be in vain." Benjamin nodded with tearful eyes. "Thank you, Your Reverence."

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 49

Chapter 49

CHAPTER 49

Benjamin walked out of the church with a slightly less burdened heart than before. As he drove to the Rye's Pizzas, he noticed Devon entering a casino. "Why's he going in there?" Benjamin wondered but didn't bother too much as he was already tight on time.

His first order today was into a bad neighborhood where even the police would think twice before entering. There was little to no traffic in the neighborhood. He reached the destination, an old house that wasn't being properly cared for. There was a dog tied to a tree in the garden, and it looked malnourished. The rope around its neck had left a deep scar in the flesh, which had begun to rot.

Seeing Benjamin, the dog began barking with the little strength it got. Benjamin ignored the dog and reached the front door. There was no door bell, so he knocked on the door three times. The door opened and Blackbear was standing on the other side of the doorframe, wearing a pleasant smile on his face.

“Sir, your delivery,” Benjamin gave the three pizza parcels. Blackbear gave him a hundred dollar bill and told him to keep the change. Benjamin thanked him in return, but then said, “Sir, your dog... it’s going to die soon if you leave it like that.” “So?” Blackbear raised one of his brows and also a corner of his mouth. “You want me to give it a pizza or what?”

Benjamin didn’t know what to say, but then he took out some money and gave it to Blackbear. This amount equaled the tip Benjamin had given him, so Blackbear understood Benjamin’s intentions straight away.

“I’m going to give you one star,” Blackbear said in a rigid tone. “Thank you,” Benjamin said “Hmph,” Blackbear shut the door in his face.

Benjamin turned around, and on his way out, he untied the rope binding the dog’s neck, but it stayed there and didn’t run into the street. Pitying it, he took out a pizza from his next order and left it there. The dog greedily gorged on it. Benjamin also left a bowl of water nearby before heading for his next order. Because he brought one less parcel than the ordered number, he was again given one star. When he returned to the Rye’s Pizzas, Christopher was already sharing the news with other employees. A seven-star deliverer receiving just a single one-star rating isn’t a small matter, but receiving two one-star ratings in succession went viral among the other deliverers of the company. “What did you do to receive such a poor rating?” Christopher mockingly asked Benjamin. “Did you arrive with messed up parcels or something?”

Benjamin, however, didn’t answer.

“You can escape from me, but you can’t escape from the chairman,” Christopher said. “He’s going to call you before the day ends. Be prepared to give excuses, keke. Despite Christopher’s negative remarks, Benjamin was calm and proceeded to do his job. He successfully delivered the orders till evening and received a total of eight seven stars consecutively.

At the end of his shift, he received a call from Samael. “Hello, this is Samael. You remember me, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir. Please speak,” Benjamin replied politely. “Yeah. I called you because, you know, you received two low ratings, and I wanted to know the reason.”

Without hiding the truth, Benjamin explained what had happened. “You did the right thing is what I want to say,” Samael said, “but don’t repeat this again, Mr. Benjamin. You should put your job before everything else. Even if you see a person suffering from a heart attack, you should prioritize delivering the pizzas in time. That’s what being a seven-star deliverer means, understand?”

Benjamin couldn’t say yes.

“Why aren’t you saying anything?” Samael asked.

“What if the person suffering from a heart attack is someone from your family?” asked Benjamin.

Samael went silent for a little while. “I see where you’re going, but let’s be practical. If you want to put food on the table, you have to sacrifice some part of your humanity. That’s just the way the world works. If you aren’t selfish, you can’t survive. I bought Rye’s Pizzas because it was successful but not because I liked the pizzas. Do you get what I’m saying, Mr. Benjamin?”

“Yes, sir. I do, but... “No buts. If you want to do charity work, this ain’t the job for you, so think about it.” Saying that, Samael ended the call.

Benjamin sighed. “This guy sounds more selfish than my in-laws. I get that I messed up with one order by failing to deliver the exact number, but I didn’t do anything wrong with the other one. Instead of speaking with the customer regarding the issue, these guys want to discipline me with their hypocritical logic. Is every job like this, or only this delivery job?”

“He’s the one!” a loud voice reached Benjamin’s ears. He turned to his right, and a group of four bulky black men were coming in his direction. One of them was the guy he had knocked out at the club that morning.

“You let this little punk do a number on you?” The other men mocked the guy who lost as they stopped before Benjamin. “Hey, dude, you messed with the wrong guy, you know that?”

Benjamin was still in his pizza-delivery uniform. “I apologize for what happened. It was nothing personal.”

“But we took it personal, bitch.”

“Listen, guys. I can offer you free pizzas if you want. Think of it as my way of reconciling with you.”

One of the guys licked his lips, tempted by the offer, but he changed his mind after receiving a death glare from the one who got kneed in the face that morning. “You think

we'll fall for your pizza tricks?" the guy in the front swung his fist fast. Benjamin swiftly lowered his center of mass and punched his liver. His eyes bulged, and saliva spilled out from his mouth. He collapsed forward like a pig suffering from severe constipation. The jaws of the other three men dropped low. "You might want to take him to a doctor, fellas," Benjamin said, skipping their heartbeats. As he stepped past the man suffering on the ground, the other three moved to the side and didn't dare to attack him anymore.

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 50

Chapter 50

CHAPTER 50

Benjamin came home and was shocked to see that the stairs leading to the first floor were gone, and an escalator was installed in its place.

"What the hell?" he rubbed his eyes twice, but it didn't change what he was viewing. Vlad and Mercie were going up and coming down the moving staircase. Seeing Benjamin stupefied, Kathy came over to him and said, "Shocked, right? You should have seen it being built. That billionaire's son is really crazy. He brought over a thousand workers and built this thing in under three hours. His reason was that he wanted Rebecca to freely move between the floors until her ankle injury healed."

Benjamin's blood boiled almost instantly.

Kathy could literally feel the heat coming off of him, and so she kept talking, "He even installed a moving walkway on the first floor so she could free go from her room to the living room."

"What?" Benjamin hurriedly ran up the escalator, shocking and worrying her at the same time. It seemed reckless, but he wasn't injured in the process.

As Kathy said, there was a moving platform installed on the first floor that connected Rebecca's room and the living room along the corridor. Benjamin clenched his fists. While he got angry, he wanted to see what Rebecca thought about all these sudden changes. He entered the room in quick steps.

Rebecca was watching the Lost Love series. "What's with the escalator?" he asked in frustration.

She paused the video and glanced at him. "I told him it wasn't necessary, but Brother Shawn gave him permission, so that's that."

“But, how are you okay with that?” Benjamin gritted his teeth. “Didn’t he do all this for you?”

Rebecca kept staring at him. “What’s wrong with that? He’s just showing his interest in me, and he probably doesn’t know that I’m even married to you. Otherwise, why would he try so hard?”

“Y-You are fine with that?” the acids in Benjamin’s stomach burned. He took a deep breath and tried to control himself. “I feel like this needs to stop. The sooner the better. Please tell him the truth, that you’re married.” “You are overreacting, Benjamin,” she tried to explain. “You look stressed, so go and take a shower.”

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“No,” Benjamin was walking out. “I’ll go and tell him the truth myself.” “What?” Rebecca was startled. “Wait, if you go there alone...” she grabbed the walking stick and walked out of the room with effort, but Benjamin was already gone from her sight by then. “Dammit. Why is he so impulsive?” she came back to her bed and called his mobile.

Benjamin checked his phone, but he didn’t answer, as if he did, she might change his mind.

“Tch, this guy...” Rebecca angrily put the mobile away and resumed watching the tv series.” Why should I care if he suffers?”

About an hour later.

Benjamin arrived at the 3 billion dollars worth Bonsbell mansion built on hills and had a huge golf course, two tennis courts with one hard and another grass court, four outdoor swimming pools, including an infinity pool and housed hundreds of rooms. The main gate itself was made of hardened iron, and it opened with the press of a button from the gate guard. Benjamin said he wanted to meet Artur, but the gate guard didn’t even ask if Benjamin had the appointment. He just waved his hand, telling him to leave. “Do you want your boss to fire you tonight?” Benjamin asked while still seated in the driver’s seat. He was currently driving a Mercedes, but it wasn’t enough to catch the guard’s attention. However, Benjamin’s recent words did.

“I’ll tell him your name,” the guard said. “If he doesn’t allow you inside, you better leave without making a fuss.” “Tell him I’m Rebecca’s husband.”

Though the guard didn’t quite get what Benjamin was planning, he relayed the message and then came back and opened the door.

The stone pavement that led through the garden was of high quality. It was neatly maintained with not one fallen leaf anywhere in sight. No matter where he looked, there

was a spot that could entertain a large gathering of family or friends. Needless to say, it was a lovely residence boasting outstanding views.

Benjamin's car stopped by the infinity pool where Artur was swimming with his dogs of eight different breeds.

Once Benjamin got out of the car, he had to wait five long minutes before Artur got out of the pool, completely naked and exposing his junk. There were four maids standing nearby, and two of them helped dress him up while the other two used hair dryers on the dogs. "The Unpaid Maid..." Artur looked at Benjamin in a slightly mocking gaze as he sat in his recliner, "that's what they call you in the villa, right? If you are willing, I'll let you work here in my mansion at a decent pay, of course. No one will ever mock you here. You can live with your head held high." "I was doubtful, but now I'm sure," Benjamin said. "You knew that Rebecca was married." Artur faintly smiled. "So? Does that make any difference? From what I hear, you haven't even kissed since marrying her."

Benjamin's face lost some glow, but his pulse was quickening. "Look here. I don't even consider you my competition, but I'm a good guy, so..." Artur said, snapping his fingers. One of the private security guards came into view and opened up a briefcase. Artur waved his hand, and the guard put the whole suitcase at Artur's feet. "There's about 2 million dollars in that case. All 100 dollar bills. Take them and live your life like a king in some small town."

"So you want me to bow before you to take your money and in return break my relationship with my wife?"

"Take it however you want," Artur said, biting on a hot dog one of the maids had just given to him, "but 2 million dollars isn't a small amount. It'd take a lifetime to earn that much with the tips you get from delivering pizzas, don't you think? You can say I'm also giving you one big tip for your little service of walking out of my way. After all, when the elephants walk, they don't want to hear the donkeys braying." Benjamin could feel his own pulse throbbing at the moment. "How can I leave my wife in the hands of someone who doesn't even ask his guests to take a seat? How can I abandon my beautiful jenny just because a brazen elephant has lost its mind and begun marching at us?" The security guard was about to act, but Artur raised his hand and stopped him. "I guess Rebecca didn't marry you for nothing," Artur stood and looked right into Benjamin's eyes. "I'm starting to like 'your wife' more and more." Benjamin clenched his fists.

"Seeing how you hurried here, I assume you liked riding the escalator, I guess?" Artur purposely taunted Benjamin. "Every time your wife comes downstairs, she'll remember me. Just the thought of such a gorgeous woman thinking about me is making me horny." He lifted his hand to the side, and one of the maids sunk into his embrace, and they kissed each other rather violently. Benjamin turned around and was walking back to his car. Artur signaled with his hand to the guards, and a total of twelve private security guards surrounded the car.

