

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 101

### Chapter 101

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Veronica woke up late only to get shocked after finding out Benjamin was gone. She ran to her sister's room to see how she was doing and to talk to her. When she entered her room, George was talking to her. She froze upon seeing him. "What are you doing here?" she immediately got angry. "Ah, Veronica," George sounded surprised, and his lips played a familiar smile that sent shivers up her spine. "It's good to finally SEE you." His eyes took in all the skin she was showing at the moment. "Get out of this room," she ordered. "I want to talk to my sis." "Sure, sure," he quietly walked out without saying another word. Veronica sat down on the bed, next to Rebecca who looked dull and poor. Her face had gone pale; her head hung forward, and her shoulders were curled in. She appeared small and so vulnerable at the moment. "Are you okay?" Veronica put her hand gently on Rebecca's shoulder, and her sister emotionally hugged her. Her sister's eyes were red from crying, and her cheeks were still wet. It had been a long time since Veronica saw her sister like this. It melted her heart and made her want to protect her sister at all costs. "For better or worse, he's gone. And you're not alone, sis. My boyfriend was cheating on me, too. I can understand what you're going through. Let's walk this road together until we figure things out."

"I was afraid, Veronica," Rebecca sniffled, "afraid to trust any man. After a long time, I started trusting him, and he..." her voice cracked in the throat, "now who am I supposed to trust?" tears sprang to her eyes as she tried to deny her feelings for him. The pain of losing Benjamin overwhelmed her entire body.

Seeing her sister, an unstoppable woman, now reduced to tears, Veronica's lips puckered. "Who would have thought he was such a liar and a playboy? He didn't try to flirt with me at any time like George did, but then again, he's someone who stole your virginity, so he's definitely not as honest or innocent as he might have portrayed himself to be. Maybe no man is like that." She briefly remembered Akash. "They say one thing in the front, but do another thing in the back."

Her words didn't really help ease Rebecca's pain. She felt deeply troubled as her heart still wanted Benjamin. It felt like she was swimming in the ocean of sadness, that is the world, where everyone was doomed to drown eventually.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Elizabeth and her parents were having a blast in one of the guest rooms. She poured costly wine to her parents, with wide grins etching on all of their faces. "He's finally gone," Elizabeth was ecstatic over Benjamin's exit, especially because her brother would now have a much greater chance at making Rebecca his

woman. "I've even dreamed of this happening a few times." "It's a pity that we lost a slave," Dorothy opined, "but it's still for the good if his

"He's not fit to be a slave," Elizabeth was quick to deny. "That son of a bitch called me an aunt. I wish Shawn at least broke one of his legs before he kicked him out."

"Don't break sweat over a fool who's gone from our lives for good," Nolan said, but neither Dorothy nor Elizabeth listened to him.

As the women kept chattering endlessly, George entered the room with hands in his pockets. He always had his hands in his pockets whenever he felt comfortable or was in a dominant position so he could look down on others. Seeing her brother's positive body language, Elizabeth asked eagerly, "What did she say?" "Say what?" George chortled. "You thought I would ask her to marry me hours after her husband's betrayal? She would have slapped me in the face if I had done that." "Then what took you so long?" Dorothy asked, offering him a glass of wine. "What were you talking about?" "Well, just casual things, like about her designing job and what not," George raised his shoulders a little, "you know, I was just trying to divert her attention from the bearded guy." "Why don't you take her to a movie or something?" Nolan suggested.

"I would if I could," George said, sipping some wine. "It hasn't been a day since I returned. Asking her to come for a movie makes everything too cliché. That's not how I want to reintroduce myself to her." "Then..." Elizabeth's eyes slightly widened. "You've decided between the sisters?" George nodded slightly. "Veronica isn't really housewife material. I don't think she has the patience to bear me, either." "You think Rebecca can?"

"Well, she can," George said, a hint of a smile tugging his lips, "better than Veronica can." "I guess you're not wrong." The mother and daughter chortled together.

At the same time, on the balcony.

Selena was soaking under the sun, wearing a bikini, with Delle applying sunscreen lotion to her body and Amber massaging her shoulders and back. Kathy was holding icy lemon juice on the side.

"Mhmm... this is heaven." She was in bliss, her head dizzy with delight. In the background, the gate guard was trying to pull Beach, the pet camel, out of the garden and lead it outside the villa, but the camel showed resistance as it liked the garden.

At a private polo club.

Arlo was just finishing his meeting with a rich businessman and was shaking hands with them.

“We want only flowers under 20. We hope we won’t be disappointed.” “Have I ever disappointed you before?” “Haha, you haven’t, but reminding has become our informal formality, so excuse us.”

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“You are excused, but fret not. I will fit in some upcoming stars in the list, too.” “We’ll be delighted if you can do that.”

After the meeting ended, he briefly thought of different women and then remembered Rebecca. “If I can tame her, she’ll be apt for pleasing VVIPs. I’ve gotta get her over to my side soon.” He then dialed a number and asked, “Why didn’t I get any message from you guys? Did the hitman kill the son-in-law and the maid?”

“The mission failed,” a computer-generated voice replied at first, but then a male voice took over the call and said, “Mr. Arlo. The hitman was found dead right where he was supposed to shoot the targets from. His eyes, tongue and heart were ripped out... He’s one of the best in the country. Since someone like him ended up in that state, we suggest that you stay low for your own sake. Don’t go after that target after they have given us a clear warning, or you might end up regretting it, Sorry for failing the mission, but we’ll be transferring the advance you paid by the end of this month. Bye.”

The call ended.

Arlo went silent for a little while. “They couldn’t take care of a single guy and are spouting nonsense to cover up their shame. If they can’t do it, I’ll just have to put a bounty on that son in-law so that every soul working underground will go after him.” “Sir,” one of the workers at the club entered the hall and said, “someone named Ashley wants to meet you.” “Ashley?” A loose grin played in Arlo’s stubble. “Let her in.”

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The next morning. In Pure Waters bar. “He’s been drinking since yesterday,” one of the barmaids was talking with other maids. “He has drunk way past the limit. I told him to leave, but he isn’t listening. At this rate, he’ll die.” “Let’s report to the manager, then.”

The maids then went and complained to the owner. He brought a few bodyguards with him and politely talked with Benjamin. But he wasn’t even listening, so the bodyguards lifted him up and brought him out and tossed him out on the streets.

“You kept your bar open for the whole night, even after the allowed time limit,” Benjamin complained, “but you kick me out now?” he sniffled a little. “This is where I first met my wife. I only wanted to spend some time here, so let me in.”

“Don’t make us beat you, mister,” the two tall and huge bodyguards warned Benjamin.

“You picked the words right out of my mouth,” his gaze warned them in return.

“You’re too drunk, but if you want a fight, we’ll give it to you,” one of the guards went for a slap, but his attack was stopped effortlessly, and then Benjamin slapped him. The next second, the big guy was on the ground. The second guard couldn’t see what just happened. He only blinked once, and then the other guy was hugging the ground.

“What trick did you use!” enraged, he threw a vicious punch. Benjamin swiftly deflected the punch and elbowed his chin, lifting the big dude up into the air. His heavy body flew through the entrance, his eyes turning white before even he hit the floor. ‘

The manager, who was watching everything through the cameras, rushed out in rage, ready to take out his gun.

A 1980 mustang stopped at the entrance. A tall man with gray hair stepped out, smoking a large cigar and blowing out the smoke in style.

“Sir Rodnie!” the manager rushed out and humbly greeted him. “What brought you here? If you had called me, I would have come to your place in a second!”

Benjamin glanced at this gray-haired man. He was the principal of the school Lisa and Roshan were studying at.

The principal looked arrogant and confident until his gaze landed on Benjamin and recognized his face in a few seconds. His expression steadily changed, and he scuttled up to Benjamin, throwing the cigar away and blowing the smoke away from before his mouth by waving his hands. “W-What are you doing out here, sir?” he asked respectfully, shocking the manager.

Benjamin was still covered in wounds, though not as severe as they were the previous day.

“What are these wounds?” Rodnie humbly asked. “Who dared to offend you?”

Benjamin rubbed his forehead as he was suffering from a severe headache. “Can I go inside?”

“Inside the bar?” Rodnie asked. “Of course. This whole block is ours. You can enter and leave whenever you want.” “Thanks,” Benjamin entered the bar by stepping over the belly of the guards on the floor. Rodnie and the manager followed him. “Who is he, sir?” the manager asked in a low voice. “Even if I tell you, you wouldn’t know,” replied Rodnie. “But one thing I’ll tell you is to treat him or anyone related to him with utmost respect when they come here to this bar.” “Yes, sir,” he said. Though he was the owner of the bar in the front, the real owner was Rodnie who ran the show from behind the scenes. Be it from selling drugs or hooking up deals between shady parties underground, he dealt with everything. Rodnie wanted to guide Benjamin to the VIP rooms, but Benjamin sat outside at a corner, the same table where he and Rebecca first met and shared drinks together. He wasn’t talking even though Rodnie tried to start a conversation. After a long, pointless effort, Rodnie told the manager to take care of Benjamin before going to his private basement, which he used for many purposes but primarily for sports betting. The manager patiently waited at a table not far from Benjamin, ready to answer. One of the maids swanned over and asked him, “Wasn’t Sir Rodnie an underboss in the past? Why did he give so much respect to that bearded guy over there? Who is he?”

“Why don’t you go and ask him?” the manager said with a poker face.

“Huh, so sarcastic,” the maid pinched his cheek and brought him into the mood. He grabbed her butt and gave a good pinch, making her jump and then hop away to clean the tables. An old beggar walked into the bar, and the owner stood straight away.

“Whoa, there. This isn’t the place where you can beg. Get lost.”

“He’s with me,” Benjamin said, stopping the owner in his tracks. The old beggar came up to Benjamin’s table and took his time to sit down and sigh. “You look more terrible than your beard, Master.” “Did you come here to just say that, Alfred?” Benjamin pushed the wine glass toward him. Alfred put a file on the table, which caught Benjamin’s attention briefly. “Haven’t you tried enough? Sign it, and I’ll deliver it to the Sterling family. You don’t even need to go there, or make them come looking for you. Go back home, and... I’m sure Rye will understand.” “No matter how hard you try, you can’t change my mind,” he put a couple of ice cubes in the red wine and gulped down all of it.

“Then what are you gonna do? Waste hours in a bar? Time is a valuable thing, Master. I think you’re so obsessed with this woman you’ve forgotten that the clock never ticks backward.” “Who’s wasting hours?” Benjamin poured more wine into the glass. “Can’t you see me drinking?” “Then, keep drinking,” Alfred stood. “I’ll come back in the evening, so make a decision by then. I’ve gotta report this whole thing to your father, after all.”

Alfred left without saying another word.

“He left without drinking.” Benjamin picked up the file and checked the contents. As expected, they were divorce papers.

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A few days later.

The time for the premiere of 'El Man', Jacob's superhero movie, had come. A-list actors, producers and top professionals from the industry graced the event.

Jacob couldn't watch the movie with his family because he had other things to take care of, but every other Sterling family member watched it together, and they loved it. After the movie ended, Selena was in tears. "This movie is going to rock the world," Elizabeth told her husband. "You were worried for nothing, dear."

"Well, it's indeed a masterpiece," Shawn opined. "Most superhero movies don't keep the villain hiding for so long, and the twist at the end was too good."

Lisa and Roshan were of the same opinion, but they had many more things to tell about the movie.

"The wait was worth it," Roshan said. "When it releases, I'll take all my friends. They are going to have a blast for sure!"

Lisa thought of Nate but then also thought she should move on. Veronica was eating ice cream because it was the favorite food item of the woman El Man fell in love with. "If I get a lover like El Man, how wonderful it would be, but I know such characters exist only in movies, and not in reality." "When is the movie going to be released?" Nolan asked George. "In a couple of weeks. They are going to release a worldwide trailer tonight," said George. "I can't wait to watch it now that I know the plot." He glanced at Rebecca who seemed like she was in her own world.

Watching the movie did help her forget the reality for a few hours, but the fact that the superhero story also had a love sub-plot didn't quite help her, either. Without Benjamin around, she felt like she lacked more than what she had. She had been distancing herself from others and was spending time alone all these days.

George barely saw her smile in the past few days, and even when she smiled, her eyes lacked the shine. Her smile never seemed alive. It was too obvious for him to see that she had fallen in love with Benjamin, and his betrayal had broken her heart.

Rebecca was already a woman of few words, but then after the huge shock Benjamin gave, she almost stopped responding to others. Most people would lean back to one of

their bad habits during this situation, but Rebecca didn't have any bad habits, except maybe she began to eat without worrying about maintaining her figure. George also tried joking with her, but she never smiled at his jokes. Maybe her guard against him was still too high. So, he tried the other route by going up to her and saying, "Don't let your negative feelings

get the better of you," he said, "or they'll cause you to lose. A great dialogue from the movie, don't you think?"

She didn't say anything. As they went to the parking lot, an old beggar approached them. Elizabeth and her parents scolded him and shooed him away. Even Lisa and Roshan's faces contorted by seeing how dirty and ugly he was; however, Rebecca went up to him and gave a few hundred dollar bills to him and said, "Buy a decent pair of clothes."

The beggar, Alfred, said, "May God bless you with a happy life." After the Sterling family's cars left, Alfred shoved the dollar bills in his pocket and scratched his jaw rather aggressively. The divorce file he had given to Benjamin was torn by Benjamin by running his fingers on top of the files. He had called Benjamin and asked why he didn't sign the papers, and Benjamin replied, "She's my laughter. She's my disaster. She's my lady of love and woe. She's my everything. My world won't be complete without my wife in it, and I believe she feels the same way about me. If I run away from her when she needs me the most, there won't be a bigger fool than me."

Coming back to the present, Alfred was still scratching his jaw. "This thing called love... is it the most powerful thing there is?"

Somewhere else in the city.

Ashley was driving her car, while smoking a cigar. She remembered Arlo's words: Just this one client. Please him, and I'll make you the manager of one of the beauty parlors I own.

"Just this once, he said," Ashley didn't seem all that happy. "He better be telling the truth. I've already done so much for him, even washed the toilets in the Sterling villa."

She stopped her vehicle at a lodge near the highway, and she entered one of the rooms. Soon, a taxi stopped at the lodge, and Benjamin got out. "Why this place?" he wondered and looked around. "If someone sees me here with her, they might get the wrong idea." He went to the receptionist and asked, "Do you have a hooded jacket?" She looked at him from top to bottom. "This isn't a store, mister." "I know. Do you have it or not?" Her expression froze for a second. "Of course, I don't have one. Can't you see I'm not wearing one?"

"Too bad. You missed the chance of making a grand." "A-A grand?" she immediately stood. "Are you serious?" Benjamin took out hundred dollar bills from his pocket. "I can

give you more if you want.” Her eyes lit up. “Just wait a minute here. I’ll be right back!” she ran upstairs and then returned with a jacket in two minutes.

Benjamin gave her the money as promised before wearing the jacket. She couldn’t believe she really received a thousand dollars, and she ended up laughing a lot after that.

Meanwhile, Benjamin was roaming outside the lodge, walking outside the room Ashley had

entered.

The door was locked, and the curtains in the windows blocked him from seeing what was happening inside, but he could hear unpleasant sounds coming from inside. “She’s doing it with someone, surely. But how do I get a scoop? Is breaking in the only way?”

“Do you need a hand, lord?” Shadow appeared behind him. “No, I don’t.” “No. You do from what it looks like.” He took out tools from under his sleeve and skilfully unlocked the door without making little to no noise. “There you go. You can thank me now.”

“If I had the tools, I would have done that, too,” said Benjamin.

“I wish you good luck, Lord.” Shadow turned into a blur and vanished from there in a second.

Benjamin then opened the camera app on his mobile and began recording before he slightly opened the door. Ashley was moaning hard as she got plowed by a big dude, and his identity dropped Benjamin’s jaw.

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Benjamin opened the camera app on his mobile and began recording before he gently pushed the door open a few degrees. Ashley was moaning hard as she got plowed by a big dude, and his identity dropped Benjamin’s jaw.

“Donovan?” Benjamin’s eyes bulged in shock. He recorded the video until he made sure he captured his face before getting far away from that room.



On one hand, he got angry at Donovan, but on the other hand, he felt really bad for Jane. "How does this guy even know Ashley? Did he meet her when he came to the villa? These two are unbelievable!"

Though he saw something terrible, he didn't know how to share this with Jane, but he thought maybe Rebecca could tell her, so he shared the recorded video with Rebecca's mobile. He even added the text message: I've been following her and found THIS! I'm innocent!

"When she sees it, she'll be shocked, I'm sure," Benjamin hoped. "Once she shows the video to Jane, she'll see what kind of man her lover is."

His heart, however, was still beating strangely. Would she forgive him after seeing this video? He wasn't sure. What if she got the wrong idea after watching this video?

"I hope things work out in my favor, at least a little." He told himself, but that didn't help him much. He didn't feel like just sending a video was enough.

Sometime later.

Ashley came out of the room, walking a bit awkwardly because her pelvis hurt. "This guy was quite rough. He had his way with me throughout without saying a word. What an unpleasant experience it was."

She reached her car and unlocked the door. She picked the mobile off her seat and dialed Arlo, but it wasn't answered. She frowned.

The receptionist of the lodge brought a parcel and handed it to Ashley and said, "If you visit again, you'll be paid less." Saying that she left. Ashley checked the parcel. There was only 300 dollars inside. Her blood boiled. "Arlo, you motherfucker..."

Benjamin suddenly entered her view, skipping her heart at once. "You!" she quickly hid her money under her thigh and fetched a pocket knife. "Are you here for revenge?"

"I just want you to confess to my wife," he said, his hands folded behind his back. "Tell her the truth."

"And why would I do that?" her eyes shot daggers at him. She didn't look the least bit guilty for lying about Benjamin having sex with her multiple times.

Despite feeling so angry he wanted to choke her to death, Benjamin smiled and brought his hands forward. In the left hand, there was a stack of hundred dollar bills, and in the other hand, her sex video began to play, shocking her.

"If you choose the left hand, all you need to do is confess, and I'll pay you this 10 grand," said Benjamin. "If you choose the right hand, however, I'll share this video on the internet. While you're not popular, the one you're having sex with sure is." Ashley gritted her teeth. If that video were to get out, Arlo would surely kill her. She couldn't let that happen no matter what. "I-I'll confess." "Great. Let's go to my wife straight away," he grew excited. If Ashley were to give her honest confession, Rebecca might just forgive him, he thought. "No, wait," she hesitantly said. "I have some work to do. I'll visit the villa this evening and confess."

After pausing for a while, Benjamin took out ten hundred dollar bills and gave her. "That's just the advance. If you tell Rebecca the truth about what actually happened, I'll give you the rest."

"M-Mm," she nodded and then she drove away. Benjamin sighed and said, "Follow her, Shadow. Keep her safe." "Understood, Lord." Shadow sent a mental message in return. A blurry shadow chased the car on rooftops while keeping some distance. A few minutes later, Ashley reached her apartment. Shadow noticed a kid hanging from the third floor of the apartment. He climbed the building in a rush. The kid fell, but he caught him in midair and landed safely on a treetop.

A loud crashing sound reached his ears. He looked to his right and peered through the cloth covering his eyes. Ashley, who just got out of her car, was hit by a heavy truck. Her lower half was crushed between the two vehicles, and she died on the spot.

The truck drove away fast before the people gathered. After traveling enough distance, the truck stopped in the middle of a bridge. The driver dialed a number and said, "Mission accomplished, Mr. Shawn."

"Good work. I'll send the payment soon," replied Shawn. The driver ended the call with a smile on his face. "Five grand for a simple kill. Now, I just have to dump this truck somewhere and disappear for a while." "You'll get what you want." The driver heard a voice in his head, puzzling him. The whole truck then got sent rolling over the bridge and down into the river along with the driver. The moment of impact knocked him unconscious, resulting in eventual death. Shadow was watching from the shore. "Shawn Sterling..." his eyes flickered with the coldness of the underworld, but his lips bloomed in a smile. "I wish I could kill you."

Meanwhile at the Sterling villa.

A taxi stopped. Benjamin was inside, but he wasn't getting out. He looked at the villa, hoping to get a glimpse of Rebecca. He couldn't see her yet, but he waited, while covering his face with the hood.

Rebecca was in her room, staring out the window. Her mobile rang, but she didn't even pick it

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1. She hadn't checked the messages in her mobile for a while, either. She started going to work, but her mind was always elsewhere. She looked casual on the surface, but something in her eyes carried an undertone of gloom, threatening her peace.

Shawn entered her room with a file in his hand and a smile tugging his lips. "The papers are ready. You only need to sign them." Rebecca glanced back at her brother, tension filling her eyes as her gaze shifted down to the file in his hand. She had signed many contracts before, but she hadn't broken a single one yet. However, this time, faced with the choice of breaking a lifetime contract, she began hearing her own heartbeat.

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"How could you let her die, Shadow?" Benjamin couldn't believe it when Shadow told him about Ashley's death. Moreover, her death was set up by Shawn of all people? His impression over Shawn had completely changed after this. Shadow didn't give any excuses and said, "I'm sorry, Lord. Please punish me." Benjamin could only grind his teeth. "What about her family?" "She had a few relatives, but none close."

Currently, they were both sitting in Rye's Pizzas as customers. The female waiter looked at Shadow and said amusedly, "Your costume looks fun. Did you make it yourself?" Shadow, however, didn't reply to her. "He did," Benjamin said. He was acquainted with this waiter back when he worked here.

"Oh, and that dagger at his waist... is that genuine?" "It is. Can you bring us some fries, please?" Benjamin asked, and she nodded her head and quickly left. "My lord, why do you want to join this place again? I don't get it," Shadow asked. "If my wife wants to contact me, I have to be at a place where she can contact me. I thought this would be the best place." "Why don't you just give her a ring? Tell her what happened?" "I called her a thousand times," Benjamin's mouth turned down. "She isn't responding."

At the same time, Christopher was talking to someone at his desk.

"You want to join here as a seven star deliverer?" Christopher was somewhat surprised because nobody had ever asked to directly let them become a seven-star pizza deliverer." What experience do you have?"

The man standing before him seemed to be a little over thirty. With curly hair and hairy arms, he was neither tall nor strikingly handsome like Benjamin even though they were of similar height. Moreover, with his arms folded and his back slightly bent, he looked meek and submissive, making Christopher wonder if he came from some countryside. "Why aren't you saying anything?" Christopher raised his voice. "Forget about being a seven star deliverer, can you at least take phone orders, make cash transactions, and have polite conversations with customers?"

"I-I can learn these things quickly, sir," the curly-haired man replied with innocence. Christopher leaked out an annoyed smile. "You have no idea what a seven-star deliverer means! They are extremely hardworking professionals with an exceptional customer service record and with the ability to prepare food if necessary. They can put their egos aside and fit anywhere in the chain, from being a cashier or a pizza maker to someone who rides at 80 miles an hour in the rain so they could reach the designated delivery area in time!"

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"I can learn all of that pretty fast, sir," he responded. A vein in Christopher's cheek swelled as he angrily smiled. "Did you come here from some distant fucking village just to fuck with my mood so early in the day?"

"I just came here to get a job, sir. Why are you getting so upset? Shouldn't you be happy? I was told you're always in need of drivers who can get it to customers' doors. And I'm confident I can do that."

"Hmph, go and show your confidence somewhere else. Now, get out of my face."  
"Kyaa!"

The females in the kitchen section screamed and rushed out, yelling, 'snake! There's a snake in the kitchen!' "Snake?" Christopher frowned. "How the hell did a snake get in here?" He didn't know what to do.

"Manager! One of the girls got bitten!" a male worker yelled. "What?" Christopher was shocked. As he took his mobile out, another worker yelled. "Kyaa! There's another snake!"

Christopher's expression greatly changed. "Not one but two? Everyone, first get outside." He rushed outside, and all the customers and workers listened to him. Well, almost all of them except three.

The curly-haired man rushed into the kitchen at the same time as Benjamin and Shadow did. The female waiter from before was sitting at a corner, cowering in fear. Her ankle was bitten. Benjamin glanced at Shadow, and he went to take care of the woman first.

Benjamin closed his eyes and focused his senses to spot the snake, which just climbed up the shelves. When he reached out for the snake, it sprang at him, but he swiftly caught it by the head and squeezed its mouth shut. At the same time, the curly-haired man caught the other snake. Both were full-grown cobras. He and Benjamin briefly looked at each other as they walked out of the kitchen and dropped the snakes in one bag and shut it tight with a plastic

rope.

The others waiting outside didn't even dare to come in and see what was happening. Christopher was calling for an ambulance.

Shadow picked up the poisoned woman onto his shoulders. "I'll take her to the nearest hospital," he told Benjamin who nodded.

"There's no need for that," the curly-haired man said, puzzling them. "I can take care of it." "Are you sure?" Benjamin asked. "Trust me," he said.

Shadow was doubtful, but after Benjamin gave approval, he put the woman down on the table. She was sweating and cringing from the severe pain around the spot of the bite. The curly-haired man bent and bit at the puncture marks. Seconds passed.

"He's sucking the venom out?" Shadow raised his brows. "He watched too many movies. That's not gonna work." "It is working," Benjamin remarked, startling Shadow. Shadow then focused his gaze and saw the redness around the puncture marks faded out at a steady pace. (This... How's he doing it? Is he extracting both the blood and the venom around that spot? Even my stomach would be upset if I were to consume the venom. Who is this guy?) A couple of minutes later. The woman's complexion changed by the time the extracting was done. "She's safe now," the curly-haired man exhaled audibly through his nose and then wiped his mouth. "You consumed the venom and blood," Shadow said. "Aren't you afraid of getting poisoned?" "My body is used to taking that much venom, so it's not a problem." "I'm Benjamin," Benjamin introduced himself. "Thanks for helping her." "I just did what I could. No need to thank me," he said. "And I'm Damian. I came here to apply for a job." "Oh, then I can help you."

Damian was pleasantly surprised. "You work here?" "I used to, but now I'm thinking of working here again. The manager is making things a bit difficult for me, but he doesn't have the final say when it comes to seven star deliverers. The chairman does, so I'm waiting for his reply." "Okay, but how can you help me, though, when you haven't even got the job yet?" "When I get the job, I will be able to recommend you. Seven-star deliverers can recommend seven people per year, and their recommendations are given the highest priority, so you'll most likely get the job if I recommend you." "That means you used to be a seven-star deliverer?" Damian's eyes lit up. "You must be able to drive bikes pretty fast."

“I can, but once you get the job, don’t take it easy and work hard,” Benjamin said. “Otherwise, I’ll be scolded first if you don’t perform.”

“Don’t you worry about that,” Damian raised his hand up to the chest level, “because I’ll become the best pizza deliverer in this company.”

“Haha, I like your confidence,” Benjamin lifted his hand and firmly held Damian’s hand in a strong, friendly clasp, “but I’ll be the one who’ll sit at the top.” Seeing his lord compete with another worker, Shadow faintly smiled. After all, it had been a while since he had seen that competitive spirit from Benjamin.

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Both Benjamin and Damian got jobs after not only catching the two snakes but also saving the life of a worker. Christopher, however, got rebuked over phone by Samael for not taking care of the property well. “Snakes won’t come unless there are rats or some other food that attracts them,” he said. “If this repeats again, I’ll make sure your career ends, so focus on working and reducing the size of your pants.”

Christopher kept apologizing throughout the duration of the call. Afterward, he began cursing the snakes for almost making him lose his job.”It was peaceful during the days Benjamin was gone,” he thought. “He returned today, and it’s become chaotic all of a sudden. It’s even pouring outside.”

It was raining quite heavily, but the pizza deliverers still went out for delivery. Benjamin and Damian used motorbikes, while keeping the pizza boxes in special hot containers. Both of them were delivering at apartments next to one another, so they traveled together and competed to see who would get to the destination first. Though Damian was fast and skilful, Benjamin knew the streets better, so he managed to reach first a few seconds early and made the delivery also.

During heavy rains, Pizzas were priced at two to three times more than their normal prices, but people who wanted to eat warm pizzas during rain would still buy it. The chances of earning handsome tips were also high.

Benjamin received a 50 dollar tip after delivering eight boxes. Damian on the other hand received a 100 dollar tip after delivering only five boxes.

Damian was only a one-star deliverer unlike Benjamin who was reappointed as a seven-star deliverer, so Benjamin felt the need to earn more than Damian through the

tips. They made chain deliveries afterward. It rained heavily until evening. Damian successfully delivered all the 20 orders without fail and earned 380 dollars in tips. Benjamin made 21 orders and earned 1320 dollars in tips. He had the last laugh, but he wasn't all that proud of his achievement as it was natural that seven-star deliverers received higher tips on average compared to other deliverers. Benjamin wouldn't have earned this much if it wasn't raining hard outside. The same was the case for Damian.

At the end of the day, both earned well. "It was a good first day for both of us," Benjamin said. "Yeah, you are right," Damian smiled. Both of them clasped each other's hands. "Let's see who'll do better tomorrow," Damian's gaze was full of spirit and zeal. "Haha, sure, but prepare yourself to get second again." Seeing Benjamin and Damian so happy, Christopher felt mad and envious. After Benjamin left, he came up to Damian and demanded money from his tips. He took 300 dollars and let Damian

keep the rest.

"This is what every fresher has to go through, so don't make me come to you tomorrow," he said and hiddenly laughed. "This will continue until you earn my respect." Damian didn't like how his hard-earned money was stolen. He was walking toward Christopher who had his back turned against him, but the waiter he saved yesterday approached him. "Hi, Damian. Are you free tonight?" she asked without any hesitation. "I'll treat you to dinner."

Damian paused for a second before smiling, "I'm available." "Great," she thought he might reject her because he came from the countryside, but she was surprised. "Save my phone number then." "Sure."

They exchanged phone numbers.

"I'm Damian, by the way."

"I'm Sasha."

"I have a car, so I can drop you at home if you want," Damian suggested. "You don't have to," she said, but he kept staring at her, so she ended up agreeing. (What's with his look? His eyes have something deep about them.) As he drove his old car, he chatted with her. "What do you do other than working at Rye's Pizzas?"

"Nothing else, currently," she said. "My grandmother and I live together. She's gotten quite old and weak, but she still wants to visit the park and whatnot, so I recently hired a man named Sohel to take care of her daily needs. The tips I earn at work will help me pay Sohel. I'm saving the remaining for buying a taxi." "Oh, so you want to become a taxi driver, huh. A female taxi driver. It won't be easy with some customers."

"I'm aware, but I'll install cameras and all, so I don't think I won't be able to handle them."

“Mm.”

“So what about you? What did you do before joining Rye’s Pizzas?” “I come from a very distant place,” he said. “I was jobless before.” “I see.” She then opened up her heart a little. “Thanks for helping me yesterday. After getting bitten, I was too terrified I couldn’t even move, and no one came forward, except for you. If not for your help, anything could have happened. I’m still alive because of your kindness. If I die, no one’s there to take care of my grandmother.”

Damian didn’t say anything.

After dropping her at home, he left. A red Porsche drove past his car and went at a decently high speed even though it was raining outside..

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“The roads are still slippery,” he thought, and the rain started once again. “I hope they at least wore seat belts.”

It was Rebecca who was driving the Porsche. She was returning from work, and Arlo had showed up today and harassed her, so she was in a bad mood.

Her mobile rang. She glanced at the screen. It was Benjamin calling. She stopped the car by pressing the brake rather aggressively. Her ankle still didn’t fully heal, but she didn’t care. She kept staring at the screen until the phone stopped ringing. It wasn’t just Benjamin’s call, but she hadn’t picked up anyone’s call for many days. “Why does he keep calling me?” she bit her lower lip. “What more lies does he want to share with me?” Her eyes were clouded with tears.

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Her phone rang again. She quickly wiped her tears and looked at the mobile screen, thinking it was Benjamin, but the name Hashan was displayed on the screen. “Isn’t he...”

She thought for a second and answered the call. “Hi, Madam, this is Hashan Harokee, the event manager you booked for your wedding reception,” a man politely spoke from the other side. “You haven’t been answering my calls, so I thought you canceled the event or something.”

“Actually, the event was canceled.” “What?”

“I’m sorry. A lot of things happened,” she sniffled a bit as she wiped her tears. “And the event was canceled. You don’t need to pay the advance I gave you, so don’t worry.” Saying that she immediately ended the call even though the other person was about to say something. Tringg-! She received a text message from Benjamin: I’m sorry.



She thought she controlled her tears, but the tears fought back now and tried to escape through her eyes. She got out of the car, and tears welled up in his eyes like waves sweeping to the shore. She cried as much as she wanted in the rain. After five minutes, she got back inside, her dress completely soaked wet. She was shivering, but that didn't bother her as her whole mind felt numb. She checked her mobile just to see if there was any new message from Benjamin, but there was only one new message, and it was from Hashan, saying that he already transferred the advance money to her account. "He didn't need to do that," She thought. "He's only making me feel even worse."

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 107

### Chapter 107

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Benjamin reached a large mansion spanning over 600 acres, much bigger compared to the Sterling villa.

"The Myers mansion," he checked his mobile. "Someone called Narika ordered a pizza, and they specifically asked for the pizza to be delivered at the cottage behind the mansion? Sounds fishy but whatever. Let's get it over with."

He reached the back entrance, where there were no guards blocking the entrance. He entered through the gate without a problem. No dogs were in sight. "Definitely fishy." He walked over the grass pavement vigilantly until the old cottage was in sight. The door was closed. The atmosphere was cold yet gloomy. Looking at the dust on the ground around the cottage, it was clear that nobody had gone in and out, but Benjamin noticed a few small yet clean spots, suggesting that someone or something must have skipped their way across. He kept staring at the cottage, and as seconds passed, his expression darkened. "Horrible..." "What is?" a feminine voice reached his ears. He slowly turned around. There was a long orange-haired woman smiling at him. "Sorry for surprising you, even though you don't look all that surprised, to be honest. You came a few minutes earlier than I thought, so I wasn't there to receive the order at the gate itself. As expected of a seven-star deliverer, I must say."

Benjamin squinted his eyes. "You..." he briefly glanced over his shoulder and looked at the cottage. "Are you the one responsible who put the man in the cottage in that horrible situation?"

Surprise filled her eyes. "You were able to tell without even entering?" she frowned. "Who the hell are you?"

"Just answer his question," Shadow flashed behind her, his dagger already touching her neck before she could do anything. "I-I'm innocent," she said. "I was trying to give the

pizza to that man, but he isn't eating." "Are you telling me he's fasting to death?" Benjamin asked. "I'm afraid so," she looked a bit guilty. "My family members put him in that situation, and I've been trying to help him ever since, but it seems his heart has been broken beyond repair." Benjamin wanted to confirm her words, so he tossed the pizza box inside the cottage through the window. The man sitting alone in the darkness, with knees broken, didn't even move an inch. His head was hung low throughout. Benjamin turned toward the orange-haired woman and said, "I believe your words, but I'm going to call a doctor." "No!" she quickly said. "What?" Benjamin glared at her.

"I mean, I can help him. I will help him," she assured. "I won't let him die."

Benjamin focused his sense of hearing and heard her heartbeat. It didn't seem like she was

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lying. "Fine. I will return after three days. If he is still in there rotting... you will regret it for the rest of your life." After giving the warning, both Benjamin and Shadow left as they discussed some things among themselves.

The orange-haired woman was still sweating. (Who the hell are those two? One could see through my stealthy, and the other was so stealthy, I couldn't sense him until the dagger was touching my throat. And their presence... To think even I felt threatened by them... The world really is vast!) She then looked toward the cottage, and her heart began to beat strangely. "Are you really not going to eat anything, Carlos?" Meanwhile, at the Chief Justice's house.

Jacob came to see how Terry was doing and also to thank him for allowing to raise the ticket prices. He would have brought a nice gift if only Marisa hadn't died recently. Gifting right now didn't feel appropriate, after all.

"I'm sorry for not coming to watch the premiere," said Terry, still looking a bit gloomy. "I'm not in the mood to consume any form of entertainment now."

"It's okay, Mr. Terry. I can totally understand. You've already done more than enough. I'm really grateful for that." "I'm glad you understand."

"How about we play cards this weekend? It might help you divert your attention from your loss."

"I'm not sure, but we'll see." At that moment, Terry's phone rang. A text message. He glanced at the screen, and his eyes slowly but surely widened upon seeing a poster.

At Blackbear's hideout.

Blackbear also just received a text message. After checking it, he looked surprised. "Who the hell put this much money on this guy?" His underlings looked shocked. "One million dollars for his head? Boss, if we kill him, our brothers won't have to worry for another year."

"We need to act fast, Boss, or someone will grab the opportunity."

"Shut it, guys. This guy's no easy meal, but still the offer is indeed tempting," Blackbear tapped the mobile to his chin, wondering what he should do.

At Rowdy Queen's humble house.

She received a printed poster left at her doorstep. "An S-class bounty poster? It's been a while since I got one." When she looked at Benjamin's face on the poster, she froze for a good couple of seconds. She then bit her lower lip and shook her head. "Ah-huh, it's too low. Whoever put the bounty on his head have no fucking idea what this guy is capable of. You can't hunt a tiger with rabbits. Whoever goes after him, I'm afraid... they'll never see the light

again."

Somewhere else in the city, on a random rooftop. Alfred was standing at the edge, staring at Benjamin's wanted poster. He didn't look happy or angry. He wore a neutral expression. "If this poster reaches that place, things will get out of my hand. Please settle this thing as quietly and quickly as possible, Master." Outside the Sterling villa.

A taxi was parked not far from the main entrance. Benjamin was sitting in the back while Shadow was in the driver's seat.

Benjamin was staring at the villa, hoping to get a glimpse of his wife, but he couldn't see her again today. Even though they were doing nothing but waiting, Shadow didn't seem frustrated at all. He was extremely patient because he respected his lord's feelings. Shadow's phone vibrated. He pulled it out from under his sleeve and checked the message. Seeing the bounty poster, a wide grin etched on his face.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 108**

Chapter 108

CHAPTER 108

While Rebecca was feeling low these days, Selena was super happy. She actively spent some time with her daughter to further brainwash her in many ways. For one, she recited poems like The Lying Lover:

"He says he loves you

But he cannot walk in your steps;

He always looks at you

Yet he cannot accompany you anywhere; He sleeps early but wakes up late Even though he dreams of deserts and dry places;

He says he sees himself in you

But his shadow never merges with yours;

He asks you all sorts of questions

Yet he stays silent like a fallen flower to your questions;

He smiles brightly like the sky When it flashes lightning and rolls down thunder And crashes on your hopes

For he is a lying lover

With an angelic outside but a devilish inside.”

“He had no answers to your questions. He’s a cheat, Rebecca,” Selena repeated these words.” Once a cheat, always a cheat. I’m sure he’ll smile if he sees you suffering like this. So, forget about him and move on. There are many men out there who are much better looking and more suited to be your partner.”

Rebecca could only bitterly smile. Only a few days back, she thought Benjamin was the sweetest lover there was, but now, that thought burdened her heart.

No matter who she had a conversation with in the Sterling villa, everyone spoke in a similar fashion. They had no good thing to say about Benjamin. None. Not one.

When she went to the terrace to spend some time alone, Rebecca remembered the moments spent with him and the parrots. When she went to the garden, the times when he helped her walk came to her mind. No matter where she went in the villa, there was a memory or two of him there. Even when she was driving her red Porsche, she felt like he was always sitting in the back.

He hadn’t called her in over two days, so she wondered about him. She started a voice recording. “What are you doing now, Benjamin? Mom sold Beach to a butcher, but I managed to buy it from him and then sent it back to its previous owner. I’ve started going to work,

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trying to keep myself busy, but it's not working. I can't get you out of my head, so how about we meet and talk?" she sniffled a little. "I want to hear everything you have to say before making any decision." She didn't want to bring up the fact that Shawn had been asking her to

sign the divorce papers everyday.

After sending the voice call to Benjamin's mobile, she felt tense. She kept waiting for his call and kept looking at her mobile repeatedly for any new messages, but her expectations were betrayed for the moment.

"Why's he taking so long to respond?" her ego got hurt a little. She could have just called him, but she didn't want to talk about anything over the phone. While she sat on her bed and waited, George entered the room, startling her. "Hey, don't you know you should knock before entering?" Rebecca was quick to rebuke him. "Ah, my bad, Rebecca," he rubbed the back of his head and smiled. "I won't repeat it again." "What do you want?" she still had the frown going on her face.

"That's..." he scratched his chin. "You know I'm working as a mechanic, right? I'm thinking of starting my own garage, so... if you can invest some amount..." "Huh?" Rebecca's jaw dropped. "Isn't your sister there? Why don't you ask her?"

"I did. She said she's tight on money, so..."

"You mean she has thousands to spend on clothes and shoes but not to invest in her own brother's business?" she shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I can't give you a dollar."

"P-Please trust me this once. I'm a changed man now. I will work hard and pay you back with interest," George assured. However, he was thinking differently. (Once I marry you, all your money will be mine, so I won't even need to pay you anything.) Rebecca gritted her teeth and said, "How much do you need?" "A 100 grand would be enough."

"What? Hundred thousand dollars?" she stood from bed in rage. "Do you think I'm a fool? You don't need that much money for building a garage as far as I know." She squinted her eyes. "I'm sure you are planning to gamble with the money, aren't you?" "O-Of course, not. I'm thinking of buying the land as well, instead of renting, and then there's the insurance cost and what not," George said. "It really costs around 100K, Rebecca. Believe

me."

"I won't, but I will give you the money only if you promise to get out of this villa," she said without hesitation. "I can give you double the amount you asked for, but only if you

promise you won't ever try to come into my or my sister's life. To be frank, your promise is worth nothing, but think of it as me giving you one last chance." George was greatly surprised by her words, so much so he couldn't speak "What do you say?" she asked. "I can write you a check right away if you want, for 200,000 dollars." "I-I need some time to think," George started walking out. "I will give you the answer before

midnight." Rebecca didn't say anything. (You think I'm still the same old shy and innocent girl? If you really were working in a garage all these years, you would have already saved up enough to build your own garage. You don't get money from anyone in this family because they don't trust you. Even your own parents don't waste their money on you. As for your sister, she may laugh a lot when you crack jokes, but she values you less than her boots! That's the kind of woman she is. You're a fool if you haven't recognized that.) George, who went back to his room, didn't look all that happy. Should he take 200K and leave or should he stay and keep trying to marry one of the daughters? Though he would love to marry Rebecca, if he at least succeeded in marrying either Rebecca or Veronica, then Jacob would take care of his debts and also surely build him a big-ass garage, one fit for his son-in law.

"Your offer is tempting, Rebecca, but there's no need to rush," he thought. 200,000 dollars was a big deal for him, but not for Rebecca who earned millions every year. "I'll wait for my opportunity to strike, and when I strike, I'll strike it big."

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 109**

### Chapter 109

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In the evening, Benjamin just arrived at Rye's Pizzas after delivering the final order. He took his work-sim out of his mobile and was about to put his own sim inside.

"Lord, don't do it," Shadow sent a mental message. "It'll be easier to track you with your sim card active."

"You're not wrong, but... "It's not like anyone is going to call your number, so please keep the sim outside until we take care of your bounty."

Benjamin pursed his lips together. (What if Rebecca calls?) It was unlikely, but there was definitely a chance. He didn't want to miss her call, so he inserted the sim into the mobile.

"Benjamin?" a black Mercedes stopped not far from him. Jane got out of the car, looking as if she had a lot of questions that needed answering. "What the hell happened between you and Rebecca? Just when I thought you two were getting close..."

As she was talking, Donovan also got out of the car. Benjamin's eyes slightly widened. (Why is he still with her? Didn't Rebecca read my message?) "Why aren't you answering?" Jane almost demanded an answer. "What happened?" "My in-laws made false claims on me and kicked me out," Benjamin replied. "That's what happened."

"And Jane just let them kick you out?" Benjamin's mouth turned down. "There's my fault in it, too. I kept some things hidden from her, but I never cheated on her."

"Hmph," Donovan snorted. "How can you prove that? Rebecca did the right thing by sending you out."

Benjamin swiftly dashed past Jane, startling her and Donovan. "Keep my wife's name out of your stinking mouth!" A fist flew into his face. Though Donovan could see it coming, it looked like he was facing a moving mountain. The fist pounded his face and sent him crashing into the car through the open door. "Donovan!" Jane cried out in shock, as it looked like her boyfriend got seriously injured. She immediately pulled Benjamin to her side and slapped him. "How could you hit him like that for a few harsh words? Don't ever talk to me again. We never knew each other!"

She hurriedly went to help Donovan. "Are you okay? Nothing happened to your back, right? I think I heard some cracking sound." However, Donovan was completely knocked out of his senses, with his nose turned into a grotesquerie.

Benjamin's tongue poked his cheek out of anger and annoyance. "He's not worthy of you, Jane." Saying that he went into the pizza hut. His words reached Jane's ears, but she didn't take them seriously.

Inside the pizza huts, Christopher was talking to someone. "SGNG? Never heard of this grocery store. We only take supplies from known and trustworthy stores because we are not making pizzas for dogs." "I know, sir. I'm just asking for a chance, that's all."

"Sorry, Mr. Carlos. We can't take risks. You should try somewhere else."

Benjamin briefly glanced at this man as he walked away with a disappointed expression. (Isn't he...) he remembered this man whom he had seen kept locked in the cottage behind the Myers mansion. He faintly smiled. (So she kept her word. Good.)

He went over to his locker box to put his clothes and work-sim inside. Damian's locker box was also right next to his.

"How was today?" Damian asked. "Okay."

"Mine went well," Damian said with a smile. Sasha came up to him and planted a kiss on his cheek before leaving as she waved goodbye with her fingers. Benjamin looked surprised. "That was fast, dude." "Haha," Damian chortled a little. "We had dinner a couple of nights back. Our tastes were matching, so... it happened." "Good for you."

“Don’t you have a girlfriend?” as he asked, Benjamin put on his wedding ring. “Oh, you’re married?” He didn’t notice the ring until now.

Benjamin didn’t say anything. He didn’t smile, either.

“How about you invite me and Sasha to your home?” Damian asked.

“I would if I could,” Benjamin replied and walked away.

“The heck is that supposed to mean?” Damian could only wonder. “I don’t believe a seven star deliverer can’t afford to invite two guests over for dinner. I guess I’ll ask him again when he’s in a better mood.”

As Benjamin walked out of the pizza hut, a red Porsche entered his view, skipping his heart very much. “R- Rebecca?” Did she come for him? His heart fluttered as if it had grown wings. He rushed forth, but his excitement and happiness didn’t last long after seeing George step out of the car. Benjamin’s complexion immediately changed. “Why are you driving Rebecca’s

car?”

George amusedly laughed. “I expected you’d return to your old job, and I was right. Trash like you can’t easily get a new job, after all, so you came crawling back to this crappy place.”

Benjamin clenched his fists. “I asked you why you’re driving Rebecca’s car!”

“I asked her, and she gave me,” George said and snorted. “Why are you so surprised? It seems, as her uncle, she cares for me more than she ever cared for you as a husband.”

Veins popped in Benjamin’s arms all over.

## CHAPTER 109

“Whoa, your face is getting red all of a sudden,” George acted like he was slightly intimidated. “Don’t get so mad. I’m here to give you a proposal. I’ll give you a million dollars if you sign these divorce papers,” he took out a file from the car. Benjamin’s gaze sharpened. “Did your sister put you to this?”. “No one sent me here,” George said, faintly smiling. “I came here because I want you out of Rebecca’s life. I just want her to live peacefully.” The mobile in George’s pants had the recorder app switched on, and the whole talk was being recorded. George, of course, didn’t have a million dollars, but as long as Benjamin agreed to sign the papers, he could show the audio clip to Rebecca and reveal Benjamin’s true character, that he was just as cheap as George if not more. The trap was set beautifully; all Benjamin needed to do was take the bite. “How much do you earn per year?” asked Benjamin. “Mm? Why?” “Let’s say, it’s 50,000



dollars per year," Benjamin said. "So you're paying 20 years worth of your salary to bring some peace to Rebecca's mind? 'How compassionate of you' is what I want to say, but I'm sure whatever money you may give, it's not earned by you." "So if the money was mine, you would have signed the papers?" "I'm not obligated to answer that question, but get out of my sight," Benjamin started walking toward him, "or you'll suffer some broken bones." "Hmph, I may look like this, but I grew up as a thug," George threw the file back into the car and assumed a boxing posture. "I'll hit you until you agree to sign the papers." He shuffled his feet as he closed the distance rather quickly. A quick left jab went for Benjamin's face. He moved his head back. At the same moment, something struck George's fist. Benjamin's ears caught the noise of a small sonic 'boom' in the distance, and his eyes widened as blood sprayed out before his eyes.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 110**

### **Chapter 110**

**MIRO**

whom I owe some damn money. They must have hired some men to threaten me."

"How much do you owe?" Benjamin asked, despite knowing that the bullet was actually aimed at his head.

"Almost half a million," George was frowning throughout. "Without including the interest." He began sweating a lot, too. "They won't leave me until they get the money."

"Why don't you ask your sister?"

"I already did, and she told me to die," George said, furrowing his brows. "I'm sure her husband adds tens of thousands of dollars to her bank account every week, yet she always says she's low on money when I ask her." "Geez... what a sister."

"I've thought about stealing her dress and shoe collection, but then I was afraid of Shawn. That big pig would kill me if I made his wife cry," he cringed in pain. "You think the damn sniper would have left? What if he moves to another location and shoots again?" "It doesn't look like they want to kill you," Benjamin played along, "so even if he shoots again, he'll probably go for the ass." George's butt hurt just from hearing those words. "Call the police! Did you call the police?" "No," he started walking out of the pizza hut. "Wait, where are you going?" "I've done what I could. You should take care of yourself from here on." "You bastard!" George yelled. "Get your ass back here! Krgh! How can you leave me here like this?"

However, Benjamin didn't even look back. He wore a black jacket, put his helmet on and drove away on his old Harley Davidson bike, the one he used to ride before getting married.

At Pure Waters bar.

Rodnie was talking with someone on the phone. "I'm telling you for your own sake. Withdraw that bounty right this instant." "Why are you making a fuss over a nobody?" the voice from the other side spoke. "Did working as a school principal soften your guts?" "He's not a nobody," Rodnie stressed his words. "He's someone who can bring the whole system down."

"What? You are saying Black Feathers can be brought down by a single man? There should be a limit to your pranks, man."

"This isn't a prank, you idiot. Who even put the price on his head?" he put his glasses down. "For what reason?"

"I don't know about the reason, but it's the governor's son who's asked us."

"The governor's son? You mean Arlo Campbell?"

"Yes. He's not the kind to listen to others, so I'm afraid there's nothing we can do now. One or the other has to die."

Rodnie noticed Benjamin entering the bar, so he ended the call. "Sir, did you know about the bounty?"

"There are already guys trying to shoot me dead," Benjamin replied, sucking the color out of Rodnie's face. "I'll do my best to talk with the guy behind the bounty and get him to change his mind." "Ho..." Benjamin sat on the couch that was in the center of the bar, "who's this 'guy'?" Rodnie was startled. "Y-You didn't know?" "I didn't care," Benjamin attention fully shifted to Rodnie, "but since you seem to know the name, why don't you just say it?" Rodnie forced out a smile. "There's no need to waste your time, sir. Let me deal with this small matter."

Benjamin thought for a second. "Alright. I'll give you midnight. Tell me the good news, or I'll go find him myself." "Y-Yes, sir," Rodnie hurriedly left the place, already making another call. The barmaids served Benjamin some wine and tried to sit on the couch, next to him, but a glare from him made them stand and keep their distance. The couch wasn't there in the past, but it was recently put there just for Benjamin's sake. "Arlo Campbell, huh..." Benjamin poured the wine in the glass on his own. "I'm glad that it isn't your brother who hired the sniper, Rebecca," he muttered under his breath. He took a few sips and thought about Rebecca. "Time stands still when I think about you..." he unlocked his mobile to call her. On the screen, the notification of the voicemail app caught his attention. "Mm? What's this?"

