

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 121

### Chapter 121

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Artur reached the Sterling villa. Kathy escorted him and Luther to a particular room.

“I believe this room used to be.” he was saying “Not even a bouquet or a bag of fruits?” Selena snorted. “Why am I not surprised?” “Haha, I doubt you’d actually eat any of the fruits I bring,” Artur sat on the couch prepared for him. “My father sent his regards. He hopes you recover fast. You know him pretty well, don’t

you?”

She softly laughed for a second. “Not as well as you might think.” “I heard him once say during one of his drunken speeches that he asked you to spend a night with him and you wanted 1 billion dollars per night. Is that correct? Did that really happen?” “He’s got the number exaggerated, but I did ask him to pay the number I’m sure he wouldn’t.”

“Is that so?”

“Anyway, I wasn’t expecting you to visit so fast and at this hour to say the least. I’m sure it’s not just to see how I’m doing or to talk about my past with your dad. So, why do you have such interest in my daughter, Artur?” “Straight to the point. I like it,” Artur adjusted his suit a little as he said. “To be frank, Rebecca might not be the most beautiful woman in the world, but she’s definitely the most delicious.” He looked at the fruits on the table. “Just like these apples and oranges, she just glows in my eyes.” He was all smiles. “Not just me, any man would want to have her as their wife, I think.” “Delicious, huh,” she smirked a little but then her expression turned a bit serious. “You know your mother died from cancer, and two years later, your father married an actress twenty years younger than him. She’s only a few years older than you, isn’t she? Do you know when she first met your father?”

Artur’s expression changed. A sense of rage flickered in his eyes. “Ah, so you are not as stupid as I thought. Thank God,” Selena smiled rather politely. “Your dad also used to use the word ‘delicious’ when talking about girls. I’m not gonna talk anymore about how your mother died, but I want the guarantee that my daughter will never go through the same shit your father made your mother go through, you understand?”

Artur pursed her lips. Luther, his bodyguard, stepped into the room and said with his head lowered, “Pardon my intrusion, but Sir Artur treats his people extremely well, so how would he be treating his own wife?”

“That’s part of the reason why I called your master here,” Selena said and looked at Artur. “You know, I’ve read thousands of books. In one of those books, a character said, ‘Love is a river, and marriage are its biggest banks.’ I think no one has put it better than that. The potential for love in marriage can reach its greatest heights, but it either underflows most of the time or ends up overflowing out of its banks because people are often self-indulgent and don’t like sacrificing for others. My daughter has seen a lot in this villa, but she still has no clue how heartbreaking and downright filthy married life really can be. As long as men prefer

different flowers and women prefer different bananas of different age groups, marriage continues to be the sickest game there is. So I want you to write me a prenuptial contract that makes sure you wouldn’t mistreat my daughter, and if you do, the contract will come and bite you in the ass big time. Now, are you willing to sign such a contract?”

Luther swallowed his breath from tension. He didn’t want Artur to sign such a stupid contract, even though he hadn’t even read the terms yet.

“Is the contract ready?” Artur asked.

“If you want, I can get it written in a couple of days,” she said.

“Then I’ll be seeing you soon again,” Artur stood and put his hand forward.

Selena smiled before shaking his hand. “Whether you speak of this with Shawn or not, I’ll leave it up to you.”

A corner of Artur’s lips curled up a little. “I can see why my dad was interested in you. If you were younger, I wouldn’t have minded marrying you.”

Selena raised her brows. “Watch your words, Mr. Artur. If Shawn was here, he would have killed you for saying those words.”

“Ah, he’s a mommy’s man, huh. Good for him,” Artur amusedly smiled before letting go of her hand. “I’m looking forward to working with you, Mrs. Selena Sterling. Let’s help each other out as good businessmen would.”

“You mean, as good humans would.”

“You can view it however you see fit.”

“My daughter still isn’t done with her simp of a husband,” Selena’s soul spilled vitriol. “I want you to make him look pathetic in front of her.”

Artur siniled and assured, “It’ll be a piece of cake.”

At the same time, Rebecca was coming home in her Porsche. She kept looking in the rear-view mirror because someone was following her. However, she was smiling because it was Benjamin. He was kissing his hand and sent flying kisses at her every time she looked in the mirror

“I should have given him those two kisses,” she thought as she clutched on his jacket as though she was feeling it. “At this rate, he might sneak into the villa with the excuse that he’s come for his jacket.”

However, she was slightly wrong. Benjamin was only planning to sneak under her duvet tonight and get those two kisses no matter what.

The Porsche suddenly stopped, making Benjamin wonder why. His bike also stopped about fifty feet away.

A few seconds later, Rebecca got out of the car and walked up to the roadside, where a dog was shivering from the cold. She removed the jacket and covered the dog with it.

“M-My jacket,” Benjamin heart felt squeezed that his personal favorite jacket was just given away to the dog just like that.

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Rebecca got back into the car and left. As Benjamin followed her, he briefly glared at the dog as his bike passed by. The dog barked at Benjamin as though it was annoyed by the bike’s sound. “You better use that at least for the rest of the night,” he wanted to stop the bike and take his jacket back, but some part of him didn’t allow him to do it, ‘or I curse your cold to stay with you for the rest of your life!”

The dog’s barks turned into sneezes.

Seconds later, the dog calmed down. It was silent once again. Shadow appeared next to the dog. “I’m sorry, but you can’t have that jacket, buddy.” His words woke the dog up. He bent down and tried to take the jacket, but it bared its teeth at him and growled at him. “I’m telling this for your own sake, you little shit.” His pupils glowed yellow in the dark, and the dog dropped the jacket and skedaddled into the distance, with its tail tucked between its legs. He picked up the jacket and looked at the hidden ‘W’ symbol inside. A little bit of pride crept up into his eyes. “I’ll save it so that my Lord’s son can wear it in his time.”

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Rebecca lay down on the bed, but she couldn't sleep. Everything she had done that day was still pretty fresh in her mind.

She couldn't believe she had experienced so many positive moments in just one day. Some of the things she only dreamed as a teenager actually came true. She held his hands and walked together. Sat under a tree and ate and talked and laughed together. Though she didn't get to fish, she didn't mind that at all. After all, she had experienced enough memorable moments that she wouldn't be able to forget, probably forever.

However, the only thing she regretted was that she couldn't put her arm around his shoulders in the same way he couldn't. "I saw him hesitating to put his arm around my shoulders, but I couldn't react to it. Now, I wish I put my arm around his shoulders. I missed doing such a cool thing." Though she had dated many men, she had never held their hands or been close with them, so everything that had happened today was kind of a first for her. So, despite all the awkward moments they shared together, she was still over the moon.

She put earphones on and started listening to music. As the songs played, she felt like seeing him again.

"I really felt his love today, but did he feel mine?" her heart was troubled at this thought. "I'm not good at expressing myself like him through words let alone poems, so how will I make him feel my love? Should I make a fine suit for him?"

She got up from bed and began to draw the suit and added minimal styling. A few minutes later. Benjamin jumped over the villa's wall and snuck into the garden. The dogs noticed him and ran toward him. He knelt down and greeted them. The puppies in the cages began barking loudly and wagging their tails, as though they also wanted to meet him. Puppies were kept in cages during the night, and so they could only watch from behind the bars. Benjamin had to spend a few minutes with the dogs before they went their ways. After that, he ran to the villa and jumped at once and reached the window on the first floor. It was open, so he rolled inside, making little to no sound in the process. The lights were off, as expected. Rebecca generally slept early.

"How can you sleep without fulfilling your promise, Rebecca? This is not fair," he thought. "If you don't kiss me, then at least let me kiss you. I'll only kiss you two times, no, four times, no, just eight times." He reached the bed on toes and silently slipped under the duvet. He sniffed twice. "She smells strange. Is she using a different soap these days?"

His hand gently touched her head and felt it. He just wanted to make sure he was kissing where he wanted to before proceeding, and he did. Just as his lips stretched forward and kissed the cheek, his eyes adjusted to the darkness and saw the face of that person. His eyes popped out of his sockets.

At the same instant, the kiss forced her eyes to open. She could feel someone was in her bed, and she screamed at the top of her lungs. "AHH!" she tossed the duvet aside and switched the light on.

"Who is it?" she looked to her right hastily, but there was nobody on the bed. She checked under the bed. No one there, either. "I was sure I felt someone touch my head and..." she put her hand on her cheek. She still had the faint feeling of being kissed by someone. She noticed that the door was locked but a window was open, so she hurried there and looked out. The dogs were playing with each other. Everything seemed normal. She pulled the glass window down and walked over to the mirror. She was wearing teddy bear pajamas. She faintly smiled, with a tinge of pride flowing out. "Even when you wake up in the middle of the night, you still look stunning, Selena. No one your age can match your glamor."

She then went back to her bed. "I thought one of my fans had finally gone insane and snuck into my room, but I was clearly wrong. After the recent leaks, it's better that I don't meet my fans for a while, or I'd only be embarrassing myself.

"Anyway, I changed to this room so that I could send my daughter to another room and take away her memories of living here with Trashmin. But I still feel uncomfortable in this new bed. I'm not able to sleep well. Maybe, I should just get my old bed into this room tomorrow." She switched the lights off and went to sleep.

In the garden, Benjamin came out of the bushes. His whole body still felt goosebumps. "Whoa ... that was really close. If she had seen me, it would have been over for me!" he shook his head. His heart was still pounding. "And to think I kissed that devil. Bwuah," he felt like vomiting. He rubbed his mouth a few times. "But, wait, what the heck is she doing in Rebecca's room? Why the heck is she sleeping in Rebecca's bed? Then where is Rebecca right now? Which room is she sleeping in?"

He still hadn't given up after such a massive failure. His adrenaline was still running. His other important hormones were still very much in action, pushing him to go and get his reward. "Where are you, my darling Rebecca?" His eyes darted at different windows on the first floor. His ears heard a faint noise coming from a room. It was the noise of the songs playing in Rebecca's earphones.

Benjamin entered that room. The lights were still on, and Rebecca was sleeping with the earphones fallen out to the sides on the pillow. He came up to the bed and noticed the designs she was making for the suits. Out of the seven designs, he picked one. A simple double-layered gray suit. He left a tick mark on that one.

Afterward, he stared at Rebecca for a couple of minutes and smiled joyously as he remembered all the things that happened that day. He then pulled the blanket on and covered her up to her neck. Her lips invited him for a kiss, but he shook his head. "No, no. That's gotta be consensual," he backed away for a second. "But..." he leaned forward and kissed the tip of her nose. "I think this is okay?" he paused for a second,

and his eyes were getting pulled back to her pretty pink lips. He shook his head. "No. No. No. I think I'm going crazy. If I stay here longer, I'll find all sorts of excuses to kiss her on the lips." He switched the lights off and left the room the same way he came.

As he jumped over the villa's wall and left, two figures from the villa noticed him. They were

Louis and Bella.

"Why did you let him go?" Louis asked her. "He came at the right hour. I could have had some fun."

"No," Bella looked toward the distant tall building and noticed the masked figure sitting on the edge of the rooftop and playing a mouth organ. It was Shadow. "There's this strange guy watching our villa for the past thirty minutes. We don't want any unnecessary attention. Standing close to this window isn't good, either. Let's get back to bed." They went back to bed and cuddled with their children.

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Rodnie warned the upper class students to not treat Lisa and Roshan disrespectfully, and that if anybody crossed the line, they would be immediately expelled.

Still and all, one girl tried her luck against Roshan and then got kicked out of the school on the very same day after Roshan complained about her. At the same time, Benjamin paid a visit to the filling station where Nate was working part time.

Seeing Benjamin, Nate called for his friends that were there. Benjamin beat them all and poured petrol over all of them, including Nate. He took out the matchstick he brought, which caused Nate and everyone there to piss in their pants..." "If I see you or your friends ever bothering Lisa or another girl for that matter," Benjamin lit the matchstick, making them cry and sob and beg for their lives. They couldn't even run away given the state they were in. Running wouldn't help as petrol kept pumping out of the pipe even now. It was falling on Benjamin's boots as well, but he didn't look the least bit afraid. The onlookers were all either running away or kept thinking that he was crazy. "I will light all your asses up without any discrimination, you understand?"

Nate and all his friends nodded their heads fast. By the time police came, Benjamin was gone. Still, there were those who video-recorded the whole incident, and they gave it to the police. Nate gave them his address, so they visited the Sterling villa.

Elizabeth rebuked the police and told them to get out of the villa. She didn't even accept when they said Benjamin was the son-in-law of the Sterling family. She told them they kicked him out of the villa already and to go search for him in the streets. She didn't even let them search the villa, and her parents and the maids supported her. There was nothing the police could do.

but Benjamin was already holding the bail papers. There was even no condition stated in the bail that he needed to attend the court let alone be kept in prison while awaiting trial. Still, the police could only grind their teeth and leave. "Why did the police come looking for you?" "And how the heck did you get bail so fast?" The other workers showered him with a lot of questions. "I had to pay, of course," replied Benjamin. "How much?"

Benjamin didn't reply. "Geez, money speaks everything." "My faith in money is restored again! I will do my best to earn more tips from here on out."

After the workers went back to their places and resumed their work, Christopher came up to Benjamin. "There's no way you could have paid for the bail on your own? Who helped you? Is it our CEO?"

"Why would he help me?"

"Well, you're a seven-star deliver, and he seems to have some kind of soft spot for you, given how he allowed you to work here again after quitting without giving a reason."

"You think he'd help me after I threatened to kill someone?"

Christopher's big heart shook like a leaf. "What?"

"Just kidding." Benjamin lied, not wanting to complicate things unnecessarily. Christopher calmed down. Of course, he had to be kidding. Threatening to kill someone could get him into spending a maximum of ten years behind bars, and how could Samael help Benjamin for such a serious offense?

Damian, who had been silent all this while, laughed amusedly. "It doesn't matter how he got the bail. What matters is that he got it. Now, we can compete with each other again today. While I might not be able to beat him in the amount of tips he receives, I can beat him in the number of successful deliveries I make per day."

"You can keep trying, but it's not happening anytime soon," Benjamin assured. "Now I know the streets better, so you better watch out."

They competed again, Benjamin won as usual. While they were returning, Benjamin still had a pizza box he failed to deliver because the house was locked. He gave it to a beggar woman sitting on the side of the street. As they were riding side by side, Damian

asked, "You gave her a 22 dollar worth pizza, and she didn't even get up to thank you."  
"She did thank me with her words, didn't she?"

"Yeah, only half-heartedly."

"Even if she hadn't thanked me, I'm fine with it," said Benjamin. "Hunger doesn't have a holiday. Those without a roof over their heads have it rough every day."

"Still, I don't think that woman showed enough appreciation," Damian firmly stated his belief. "Don't get me wrong. I like what you did, but people don't really appreciate it when you do things for them for free. They may speak a thousand words to thank you, but they never show even a bit of gratitude through their actions. They forget us as soon as we're done helping them. That's why I think twice before helping anyone for free."

"What if I thought the same way before I recommended you for this job?" asked Benjamin, startling Damian. "I didn't expect anything from you, or did I? What do you think?"

"I'm sure you would have calculated whether I can threaten your position or not before you recommended me, right?"

Benjamin laughed softly. "You are crazy, dude. Why would I even think of that? You think you can replace my position without working your ass off? I didn't get here because I was

recommended, you know. Even if you were to replace me some day, it'll be because you deserved it."

Damian didn't say anything afterward. Meanwhile, in a private polo club. "You want me to fuck two men at once? I didn't sign up for this type of shit," a gorgeous blonde was talking back at Arlo Campbell. "I won't say it again, so go back into the room," Arlo warned her. "Or what?" she was walking past him. He caught her by the hair and pushed her down to the floor, shocking her. "Did you just manhandle me?" "Yeah, I did, you bitch!" he swung his foot and kicked her crotch like he was kicking a football. She howled in pain and bled from her private part. He raised his polo stick to strike her head, but Blackbear entered the scene and said, "Sir, she's an up-and-coming singer with a decent fanbase, so I suggest that you let her go." Arlo glared at him, and he lowered his head and stepped back.

you go. Here's the question. Who can truly keep their mouth shut in the world?"

She was horror-struck by his question. "N-No, no, no."

"Only the dead, dear!" Arlo hit her head with the polo stick until it broke. He used the broken bamboo stick to pierce her belly. It punctured through her and emerged through



the other side. "What a waste of beauty. I hate myself every time I let my emotions get the better of me."

"Don't fret, sir," Blackbear calmly said. "I'll find someone to replace her soon enough."

"I know, but..." Arlo looked at the beauty lying on the floor in her own pool of blood, only a step away from death. "It's not easy to replace a good-looking singer."

"Actually, we can," Blackbear showed the image of a girl in his mobile.

"She looks pretty and natural," Arlo nodded twice. "What about her skills?" "She's worked part-time in over 12 different jobs, so she's gotta be good at role-playing, but more importantly, she can sing and also play guitar. She has some presence on social media, too."

"Good. She'll fit the bill. What's her name?" "Jasmine."

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Selena allowed a journalist and critic to enter the villa to give an interview. While she talked about her health and her current and future film projects, she also said, "Sterling family is doing great. Now that my daughter's bitter husband is gone, our villa is much more peaceful

now."

"Can you tell me a bit more about this son-in-law?" the journalist asked.

"There's nothing to tell. He's always ill-disposed and does not like our family. We couldn't bear him. My daughter especially..." she wiped her non-existent tear from her eyebrow. "She's been through hell and is still recovering. It's scary how the entire family can be thrown into chaos with the arrival of just one bad person."

"Can you tell us his name?"

"Trashmi-... Ahem, I mean, Benjamin... something. He's short and full of shortcomings. He doesn't comb his hair, doesn't shave his beard. Heck, he doesn't even get out of bed until he gets tea delivered to him. He gets all his work done by my daughter and the maids. I still can't believe how my daughter married such a moronic man in the first place. He must have tricked her, I'm sure."

“So I believe your daughter has gotten divorce?” “All I can say is that she’s dating someone else. Someone who’s infinitely more suited to be with her.”

“Can’t you just tell us the name?” “Let’s give them the space. They’ll go public when they feel comfortable.” Pretty soon, the interview was over. She told the journalist that the news should come in newspapers, magazines, as well as television. He assured her the story would be sucked up like hot dogs by the people.

As he promised, the story was published the very next day, titled: The Billionaire’s Daughter Who Served Tea. While Selena and Rebecca were portrayed like saints, Benjamin was made to look like the world’s worst son-in-law.

Every daughter, wife, and mother-in-law in the world who read the story began to curse him. Even the men hated how he made his wife work so hard for him.

Elizabeth never laughed so hard after reading a story. And Selena never shed so many happy tears, either.

Kathy, however, didn’t like how the truth was twisted. “I tried to serve him tea a few times, but he refused it all the time. It’s a pity that he’s left. If he was here, I wouldn’t mind trying to give tea to him again.”

Meanwhile, Rebecca didn’t know of this until one of her friends called her and told her to check the news. When she did, she was utterly shocked. She got enraged at whoever published

the story and immediately dialed to him and scolded him and the company so brutally their ears probably bled. She then came to know that her mother was behind all this. She wanted to talk with her mother, but given that Selena had suffered a heart attack not long ago, Rebecca could only swallow her frustration. She didn’t want to argue with her mother and raise her blood pressure. “I will talk with her about this one day.” She told herself. “How can she lie so much? It’s disgusting.” She was still so upset she was shaking in her bed from all the anger and frustration trying to take over her senses. “I hope Benjamin didn’t read this.” And so, she ended up calling Benjamin eventually. She knew it was working hours, so she wasn’t sure if he’d pick her call or not, but he answered. “Hey,” he said just that one word. There was neither sadness nor joy in his voice. She couldn’t decipher anything just yet. “Uh…” she hesitantly spoke. “How are you doing? I mean, what are you doing?” “On my way to deliver pizzas. Why?” “Nothing. I just wanted to know how you were doing.”

Benjamin paused for a couple of seconds before speaking, “If it’s about the story, don’t think too much about it. I’m sure your mother is likely behind this, but I’m not mad at her because she made you look really good.” “But none of it is true!”

“Yes, but we can make some parts true, can’t we?” His heart began to beat a little faster. “Like ... you can serve me tea earling in the morning? Not every day, but at least

now and then?" "W-What?" she never served food for anyone after growing up. The only thing she could remember was making a pizza for Benjamin not long ago and that came out terribly as well. "I-If it's only okay with you. Otherwise, there's no need."

"I-I will think about it. Again, I'm sorry for..."

"Hey, don't take it to heart. At least my name wasn't mentioned in the story, so most people wouldn't know it's me." Though he said that, he knew people could still look up for him on the internet.

"You think so?"

"Yeah. Just give it a few days, and everyone will forget about it."

"Then I'll call you later. Bye."

"Bye bye." Benjamin ended the call and put the mobile back in his pocket before breathing out audibly. "She still has pride, but her love for me is fighting it, alright. I can see her serving me tea soon enough." He giggled like a child. Just imagining Rebecca coming to serve him tea and then pulling her into the bed and kissing her made him flush like a tomato. "That said..." His expression turned hard. "Selena Sterling. You're not a mother-in-law but a mummy-in-law! You think you can do whatever you want and get away with it? Just you wait, I'll one day make you bake biscuits in the kitchen for me!"

The thought of having tea served by his wife and biscuits by his mother-in-law brought peace to his mind.

Meanwhile, Jacob was watching the edited version of El Man in a studio along with some important people. Jane's father was also among them. And they all liked the movie very much and kept congratulating and praising him.

"I'm releasing the film by myself," Jacob said, showing how confident he was with the film. By eliminating the distributors, he could directly talk with the exhibitors and release his upcoming two films in as many theaters as he could.

"You're definitely going to become a billionaire after this," said Jane's dad. "If I were you, I would make a toy production company. Its stocks are gonna go up once the movie releases. You can also use it to make products out of all of your past and future projects."

"That's a wonderful idea, Mike, but I can't manage a different company."

"You can put someone from your family to take care of it. Isn't there your son-in-law? The guy who punched Donovan without hesitation?" As much as Mike hated what happened that day, he came to like what Benjamin did. "No. That guy's a cheater, so we

kicked him out.” “Woah, when did that happen?” “Some days ago. Let’s not talk about that useless guy.” “Okay.”

Jacob was holding a newspaper in one hand that had the story “The Billionaire’s Daughter Who Served Tea.”

He knew his daughter probably never served tea to Benjamin, but he loved how his wife and daughter were portrayed as good women. Moreover, he was called a billionaire! These were all good signs. “My lifetime dream of becoming a billionaire is going to come true very soon. Once that happens, I’ll take my family for a trip around the whole world! I will let my daughters spend thousands upon thousands of dollars so they will never again think I’m stingy!” He knew he hadn’t been a good father to them, but once he fulfilled his goal, he would be ready to shower his love upon them.

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Jacob was talking with Fabio Romano, the one who owned over 500 theater sites across the world. “It’s risky, but if everything goes as planned, the profits will hit heaven. By the way, how are things going between your son and my daughter?”

“Remedeus is a soft guy,” replied Fabio, lighting up a cigar, “but your daughter has been testing his temper, it seems. I just hope he doesn’t lash out at her.”

“Yeah. When soft guys get angry, they really get angry. Let’s hope they’ll somehow work it.” Jacob received a call. It was from Veronica. “Speak of the devil!” He answered and put the call on speaker.

“Dad, I just went out on a date with Remedeus for the fourth time, and he wrote a poem for me.”

“Hoho, really?” Jacob chortled and looked at Fabio who smiled back. Even Fabio was surprised because he didn’t think his son had it in him.

“Yeah, let me read it to you.”

“No need, girl. You should keep it to you.” “No. Just listen first, okay?” she insisted. “Veronica, you’re my angel with eyes big as toad in a well, mouth round as fish in my plate, and chest flat as earth under my feet.”

The cigar in Fabio's hand fell.

Jacob's expression also changed greatly.

"Those are just the first few lines of a page he gave me, dad," Veronica seemed to be trying to not sound angry and frustrated. "Nobody has ever insulted me like this and gotten away with it. I don't know what you'll do, but I want the fingers he wrote this poem to break! His thumb and index finger. I want both of them broken by the evening." "What?" Jacob's heart leaped into his mouth. He turned the speaker off and said, "We'll talk once I get home."

"Don't come home without breaking the fingers!"

Jacob ended the call and shook his head.

"Forgive me for saying this," Fabio said, "but I think your youngest daughter is crazy."

Jacob could only force out a smile.

Veronica, meanwhile, was roaming on the balcony, looking frustrated. "Why don't I ever meet a man that I can imagine in my head?" as she bit her lip, the image of Shadow flashed in her mind. She frowned. "Why did I think of that waiter?" she touched her chest. "He's strikingly handsome, but he's just another trash like Benjamin. If I get close to him and end up marrying him, I'd be troubling the family just like sis did. I can't fall on my face like she did. I'll find the best man by myself!" Seconds later, Remedeus called her and apologized, saying that he wrote the letter as a joke

but not to hurt her feelings. However, she didn't believe his words. She was deeply hurt by what she had read, so she said, "The wounds your words gave to my heart will never heal."

"I thought we had something going," Remedeus begged. "Please give me another chance. I seriously believe we belong with each other."

"Yeah? Let me tell you where you belong, Remedeus. In the company of a woman who sneezes, burps, and farts in your face! Have fun praising her beauty just like you did to me!" Saying that, she cut the call. She still felt like burning him alive. "Ugh! All I want is an honest boyfriend, but that's the one thing I can't ever seem to find!". George approached her, shirtless and wearing shorts, exposing his hairy legs and dad-bod. Crunching on potato chips, he wore a big smile. "It seems you're looking around the whole world when you have the most honest man in the world right before you," he said confidently. "Who? You?" she sniggered at his words.

George shoved the shame aside and said, "I'm not wise as your father, but I'm not stupid as his son-in-law, either. I don't lie. I don't steal. I'm as honest as honesty can be.

Life with me will be simple, so why don't you give me a try? I'm sure your decision will make everyone in this house happy, but you'll be the happiest, I promise."

"Hmph, don't dream, Uncle. You are more than ten years older than me, and you look like a pregnant pig. Why would I marry you? You think I'm stupid and blind?" she shut her nose. "At least shave your damn armpits before you walk around shirtless in the house!"

Seeing how his dad-bod charm had failed, George was somewhat surprised. "Yeah, I'm fat for your standards, but that's because I'm full of love. I'm a love elephant, no, love bull. Once you get pierced by my loving horns, my name will play like a ringtone in your heart." "Whatever." She didn't even spare another glance at him. He just watched as she walked away. "Alas! Am I not going to become the son-in-law of the Sterling family?" he cried out to himself. Wanting to speak with Rebecca, Veronica went to her sister's room out of habit and then saw her mother reading a book.

"You finally found time to visit your mother?" Selena didn't sound too happy. "Ha-ha, I was busy, mom. Sorry." She came over and gave her a light hug. "I'm here now, aren't I? How are you feeling?"

"Great. I think I will win the trophy if I enter Wimbledon now."

"I'm sure you will win it in your dreams tonight."

"Haha."

"Hehe."

"How's your lovelife?"

"What can I say..." Veronica's mouth turned down. "Love and life don't seem to want to stick together when I'm around."

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"Aw, my poor daughter," Selena stroked her daughter's head. "Do you want mommy's help?" "Thanks, but no. I'll have to do this by myself." "Your wish, but make sure you don't commit the same mistake as your sister." "You need not say that to me, Mom. I've got a three-digit IQ." "IQ with inexperience can easily be fooled, which is what happened in your sister's case. Don't let your emotions cloud your judgment. The person you're going to marry will need to be earning at least six figures." "Why only six? I'll go for nine figures." "Haha, that's my daughter. There's this guy from the Conreid family. He's about forty years old. What do you think?" "No, mom. Forty is too old for me." "But then finding nine-figure guys who are both young and are top CEOs won't be easy." "Let me worry about that, okay?" "Alright. I'll be waiting to hear the good news soon. Surprise me."

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 126

### Chapter 126

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When Rebecca was having lunch, Veronica came home crying and ran to her room.

Rebecca followed her into the room with a worried look on her face. Veronica had jumped onto her bed and buried her face in the pillow as tears kept flowing out.

“Veronica,” Rebecca sat down and grabbed her arm. “What happened? Why are you crying like this? Did someone say anything bad to you?” Blood rushed into her eyes. While she might ignore insults thrown at her, she found it hard to digest when his sister was the subject of pain. “Tell me his name. I’ll go and put him in his place!”

“Don’t make things worse for me, sis. Just go.”

“Don’t speak like that. Tell me what happened. It will lessen the burden on your heart.”

“Leave me alone, please.”

“Veronica. Nothing will change from crying, “Rebecca sat down and tried to console her.” Only your health will worsen. So, please listen to me. Tell me what happened, and I’ll try to give you a solution.”

After crying some more, Veronica sat up. Rebecca wiped her tears off, but more tears leaked out nonstop, even though she wasn’t crying out loud anymore. “Who hurt you this much?” Rebecca was trying her best to not break something in rage.

“I went on a date with the son of the billionaire Ferver family,” she explained, her mouth turned down. “And he said nice things about dad, mom, brother, and you, but then he said I’m worth nothing because I’m not successful like you three.”

“He dared speak that way to you?” Rebecca’s blood boiled. Her chest size began to increase with every breath. “Who does he think is? Just because his father’s a billionaire, he thinks he can talk trash to you? I will go and” “He isn’t wrong,” Veronica’s head was tilted forward.

“What?” Rebecca was surprised. “I don’t have a job, sis,” Veronica’s forehead puckered as her sister lifted her head by the chin. “I’m still living off of our parents’ money. I’m pathetic, just like he said.” Her heart ached, and she began sobbing again. “No, you’re not,” Rebecca pulled her closer and hugged her. “You’re not a loser. You’re just slow compared to others because we all doted on you since you were young. That guy knew

nothing about you. He had no idea what he was talking about, so don't take his words to your heart. But... who even arranged a date with such a person?" "M-Mom..."

"Tsk, she never takes a rest, does she?" Rebecca touched her forehead. "Anyway, you should come with me."

Her heart skipped twice. "Where?"

"We will go and teach that prick a good lesson so he wouldn't hurt another woman like this!" "What?" Veronica shook her head. "No. Let's just forget it." "If you don't want to come, then I'll go alone. I can't just let this matter slide." Rebecca hadn't seen Veronica cry like that in years, so she really wanted to teach Ron Ferver a humbling lesson. "Please, sis. Don't make this matter worse," she held her sister's hand to stop her.

"Listen, Veronica. You're undervaluing yourself because of some guy's words," Rebecca touched her cheeks and wiped her tears with her thumbs. "Adults are mainly judged by four things: Looks, skills, character, and wealth. You only lack in the 'professional skills department, so don't think you're lower than someone with a job. Have more confidence in yourself, okay?"

"M-Mhm, but please don't go. Let's just end this thing here," she begged.

Rebecca pitied her sister. Veronica, who was usually so rebellious, looked like a scared little puppy. She sighed. "Fine, I won't, but only if you promise you won't ever let others walk all over you without a damn good reason."

"M-Mhm."

Rebecca smiled and hugged her and kissed on top of her head.

A few hours later.

At a private villa near the sea, Ron and his half-naked friends of both genders were having fun at the shore, playing all kinds of games. After getting tired, they sat down and chatted under fluffy clouds as wonderful waves crashed at their feet. Some women asked Ron to compete with them in arm wrestling, and he obliged. As he was having fun giving them a tough time, "Are you Ron?" a feminine voice reached his ears.

"Mm?" He looked to his right and upward. His eyes saw a woman with prettiness anybody would be jealous of. She was only standing and gazing, with her hair loosely falling on her shoulders, but there was a faint loftiness in her eyes that looked down on him and probably everyone else on earth because she looked like some immortal-queen incarnate.

Every woman with working eyes would consider Ron as one of the most handsome men in the world, but such a man was struck silent by this total stranger. This was even more



so the case for other men and women there. The women, especially, were slack jawed by her beauty and felt miniscule in her presence. A long minute had passed, but nobody said a word. "Are you Ron?" she asked again. "Y-Yes," Ron found his voice and got up. He was much taller than her, who was only about 170cm tall, but still, her gaze was unaffected by his towering figure. "And you are?" "Rebecca Sterling," she said calmly as waves greeted her feet. She was dressed conservatively, but she still stood out among the crowd and looked sophisticated and quiet.

Ron's eyes broadened. "That means... you're Veronica's elder sister?"

"Yes, I am," Rebecca looked at the women in the background. "They say you can tell a man by the company he keeps. Every woman in your group is in mid twenties, yet they are wearing too much makeup even on a trip like this, as though they're begging to be fucked, which makes me wonder if you're just as attention-seeking as them."

Ron frowned for a second but then smiled, "You know nothing about me, woman."

"Hmm, you're right," Rebecca said, "but you knew nothing about my sister, either, yet you humiliated her on a date our parents arranged. Only the weak resort to such cheap actions. I just came here to tell you... that you're much cheaper than my sister's sandals, Mr. Ron Ferver."

"How dare you run your mouth like that!" the men in the back stepped forth. "Ron, teach her a lesson!"

Ron forced himself to smile and said, "If you back your words with actions, I'll come to your sister and apologize to her."

Rebecca raised her brows.

"You just have to win three arm-wrestling matches against three female friends of my choosing," Ron said. "What do you say?"

"Okay," Rebecca didn't hesitate for a second. "But if you lose three times first, you will need to get down on your knees and apologize to me right here and now," Ron's words made his friends snigger.

Rebecca paused for a second before nodding.

(She fell for it!) Ron grinned and looked at one of his female friends who was a state-level arm wrestler, and she winked as though telling her to leave everything. With a big rock as support, the match started. The first round started, and the opponent moved her arm before the clap, causing Rebecca to lose. She wasn't surprised by how they were cheating, but she was angered by their dishonest means. She was well-prepared for the second round with a different opponent, but this time, the opponent lifted her elbow before she won over Rebecca; however, everyone else there denied it.

"You can't lose another match," Ron reminded her.

Anger almost immobilized Rebecca at this point. Her third opponent was a state-level arm wrestler, which she didn't know.

Their hands firmly clasped together. Everyone expected Rebecca to lose without their friend resorting to any tricks. The match ended in a second, as they had expected, but it was Rebecca's hand that was at the top. The jaws of everyone including that of Ron dropped and hit the sandy ground.

The opponent, on the other hand, just looked stunned that the match was over before she could do anything "Next," Rebecca said indifferently.

"I want to try again," the state-level player said, gritting her teeth. Rebecca didn't object. The second round started. This time, she made sure to put all her strength into the wrist before Ron clapped, which allowed her to stay in the game but not for long, though. Rebecca pulled her arm closer and swiftly thrashed the opponent's hand into the rock.

The state-level player cringed in pain as her knuckles bled. Ron and others were completely shocked.

"I've arm-wrestled with my eldest brother thousands of times in the past," Rebecca said in a firm tone. "Though I'm yet to win against him, you are nowhere near his level." Her words utterly destroyed the state-level player's ego and also ate away the confidence in other females. Though Ron asked them to fight, they shook their heads, afraid to get injured. Rebecca peered at Ron coldly. "I expect you'll show up before my sister and apologize to her, or you'll have accepted that you really are cheaper than my sister's sandals." Saying that she walked away calmly, enjoying the ocean's breeze.

Ron looked annoyed and furious. He told his friends to get lost from there and leave him alone. "Rebecca Sterling. I'll make you pay for this humiliation in my own way."

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 127**

### **Chapter 127**

#### **CHAPTER 127**

Jane and Donovan came to the Pure Waters bar. "So this is where you said your friends first met, right?" Donovan asked her. "Yeah, she didn't come to this bar after that night, I think," Jane replied.

They sat at a table and ordered drinks.

Jane kept staring at him. “Donovan... I don’t care about your past or future plans, but just answer me this one thing. Ever since we started dating, have you slept with another woman?” Donovan was startled for a second, but he assuredly smiled, “How can I?”

“Just say yes or no.”

“Of course, not.” He put his hand on top of her hand. “We are a beautiful pair, and we are sexually compatible. Why would I even look for another woman?”

She faintly smiled, but that didn’t last long. “You mean you will look at other women when I stop being beautiful?” “I didn’t say that!”

She smiled again and slapped his hand. “Just kidding.” Donovan breathed a sigh of relief.

“You know what? Our conversation reminds me of another conversation I had with Rebecca.”

“About what?”

“Uh, well, I asked her how someone who was so picky and outwardly cold-hearted like her suddenly ended up marrying a guy. I asked what she saw in him that she didn’t see in others.” “Maybe his penis is just big?”

“Stop it. That’s not the reason. Obviously,” Jane sipped on club soda. She thought back of her conversation with Rebecca.

A few weeks ago.

“How did you two meet? What made you fall for him?” she asked Rebecca as they were driving in the Porsche. “I didn’t fall for him or anything...” Rebecca said, thinking back about that fateful night. “I was stressed from work and so wanted to drink it off. Everything was okay until one of the guys I dated in the past came over and started asking how I was doing. He began interrogating me, and after realizing that I have stopped dating and am still single, he asked me out again. I refused politely, but he started cussing at me, saying things like no man will ever like me because I’m arrogant and that my chances of marrying will only keep going down with every passing day. I just wanted to prove that guy wrong, so I looked around the bar for the most handsome face, and...”

“AND?” Jane’s face lit up from excitement. She somehow knew what Rebecca was going to say

afterward.

“And, there he was, sitting in the dark corner, shining like an angel. He was the perfect choice, I thought, and then went over to his table. We introduced ourselves and started talking...”

“Then what happened?”

“Well, we talked a lot.”

“Yeah, but what was different about him?” Jane stressed her words. She wanted to know more details. “He’s handsome, I get it, but there must be something more you noticed in him, right?”

“Mm?” Rebecca tilted her head and thought for a second. “You’re thinking?” “It’s been so long, you know. How can I remember everything that happened that night?” “So, nothing special happened then?” Rebecca thought for a second and said, “I don’t know if it’s special or not, but I did remember asking him during the conversation if he can love his wife the same even after she turns old and ugly. Do you know what he said?” “Of course, he would have said yes.” “Not quite,” Rebecca clicked her tongue. “What did he say?”

Rebecca was looking at the traffic, but her eyes began smiling. “He said he hopes his love for his wife will only grow and ripen along with her age as it would be necessary.” “That’s... it?” Jane didn’t know how to take it.

“Yeah. He didn’t say any cheesy or over-the-top lines like he does these days. His words that night were pretty pure and soul-touching. He appeared pure, like he grew up untouched by the filth in this society.” “And you made such a man into a simp who doesn’t leave your shadow.” Rebecca sighed and said, “I have my reasons.” “What reasons?” Jane frothed at her mouth. “Clearly, you have a thing for him, so just shut up and start being honest with yourself. Why are you spoiling both of your lives? Go home and apologize to him.” “Don’t tell me what to do.” Coming back to the present. Jane and Donovan were having a great time together in the bar. After drinking, they even danced together for a while. As they were leaving the bar in a drunken state, Benjamin entered the bar. They were too drunk to notice him, but he saw them and was shocked. “Why the hell are they still together?” he smacked his hand on top of his own head. “Didn’t Rebecca see the video yet?”

Eight police cars and a van suddenly stopped at the bar, and they took their guns out before rushing into the bar.

“Freeze!” they warned the customers. “Anyone who moves will be shot!”

While almost everyone stopped, the DJ took their words lightly and still played the music, and he was shot in the shoulder, causing everyone to panic and run away. The police ignored the people and went to the basement. The large metal door was broken open with a bomb. Rodnie was inside with five popular business men and some half-

naked girls serving them The table behind them was stacked with cash, and the laptop screens showed the software they were using to conduct online betting. The television was playing a soccer match, “Rodnie Piper! You’re under arrest for illegal betting and gambling!” “Do you know who I am?” Rodnie yelled at them. “You don’t want to be putting me behind bars!”

“We very much know who you used to be,” the police weren’t intimidated by his words. They forcibly put him and others in shackles. “I’m a school principal. What will happen to the school if you send me to prison?” Rodnie asked, trying to raise the levels of pity in their hearts. “Think of the children’s future.” “The court will decide what will happen to the school and to this bar and every other property you own.”

As Rodnie was being forcibly taken out, most of the customers had long run away, but the police noticed that there was still another man sitting on the couch and pouring drinks for himself.

“Who the fuck is he?” some police wondered. “Please take care of the school for me until I return, sir,” Rodnie shouted. Benjamin raised his glass, as though he was giving his approval.

After the police took Rodnie and others away, one of them came back and told Benjamin to walk out as they were going to close the bar indefinitely. “This place is really special to me,” Benjamin replied somewhat indifferently. “I can’t let you guys close it, even if it’s for a few days.” “What?” the police couldn’t believe the nerve of this guy.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 128**

### **Chapter 128**

#### **CHAPTER 128**

“This place is really special to me,” Benjamin replied somewhat indifferently. “I can’t let you guys close it, even if it’s for a few days.”

“What?” the police officer couldn’t believe the nerve of this guy. He took his baton out.

“Wow, chill, bro,” Benjamin got out of the seat. “You don’t have the court orders to shut this place down, do you?”

“I don’t need to show you anything. Now, get out!”

“Calm down, sir,” Benjamin politely said. “My in-laws have been treating me poorly, so this is the only place I can come every day and take my stress out, so what will happen to me if you close this bar?”

"I don't care," the officer yelled.

"Then, can I at least come to your station and pass time there?" Benjamin innocently asked. "What?" Irritation coiled up the officer's intestines. "You think that the police station is your guest house?" he swung the baton at Benjamin's legs without hesitation. Benjamin jumped over the couch and dodged the attack. The officer chased him. Benjamin made him run around until he lost his breath. "What the hell do you eat?" the officer couldn't believe it because he sweated buckets, whereas Benjamin barely shed a drop of sweat. He wanted to beat the crap out of Benjamin, but to do that, he had to first catch him. Benjamin sat on the couch and poured some vodka. "Come and have some of this Easy Elixir, sir. It costs 1250 dollars per shot."

1250 dollars. The price of it tempted the officer. He licked his lips and came over and gave it a shot. "Mmgh," he loved the way the vodka punched his throat. He could feel it even after it slid down into the stomach. "How is it?"

"Strong," the officer said and then swiftly caught Benjamin's arm and grinned. "Got ya. You can't escape now." Benjamin grinned. "Pay 1250 dollars, please."

"What?" the officer asked, but then his eyes widened slowly.

"The cameras in this place recorded everything, sir," Benjamin said. "Pay me and silently leave, or I'll share the video online. It'll embarrass the whole department, I'm sure."

The officer swallowed his breath for a second and then said, "What if I destroy the evidence and then put you behind the bars for blackmailing an officer on duty?"

"If you try to destroy the evidence, I'll try to be an upright citizen and beat your ass."  
"Hoho, really now?" The officer snickered. "You think I'm that easy, huh!" He threw a left jab

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at Benjamin's face, but his fist got caught easily by Benjamin's hand.

"This is just self defense," Benjamin kicked in his crotch. The officer fell to his knees, Benjamin punched his face hard enough to knock him out.

He poured vodka in another glass.

Seconds later, the chief justice Terry Praise walked into the bar with the help of a walking stick, even though he didn't really need one.

"So you're behind this," Benjamin pursed his lips. "You know, I'm really sorry about your daughter. If I could raise the dead like Jesus, I would have brought her out of the ground

for a father and daughter reunion, but I don't have such powers. Heck, it took me months just to get my wife to treat me like a man. I'm just a guy trying to get his life sorted, so leave me alone for both of our sakes. Doing all these things wouldn't bring your daughter back."

Terry's red eyes were clouded by a wall of tears. "My daughter didn't have a mother growing up, but I've given everything she asked for. I only wanted her to live her life however she wanted, but you killed her. YOU took my only light in this world away from me, so I will not stop until I take away everything you consider precious. This bar you're visiting everyday, I will order it to be brought to the ground within two days, and the school your nieces and nephews are studying at will suffer the same fate. Stop me if you can." Terry, not wanting to look at Benjamin any longer, turned around and walked out.

Shadow appeared behind the couch. "He really misses his daughter. Should I send him to her?"

Benjamin cast an angry glance at him.

"S-Sorry, my lord. I was trying to ease your nerves with one of my tasteless jokes, but he said he wants to take away everything that's precious to you. He doesn't know he can't achieve that, but he can still make a mess out of the Sterlings."

"I don't care about the Sterlings, but have someone guard Rebecca at all times."

"What do you think about Mina?" "She would be perfect, but would my father allow her to leave?" "I'll take care of it and bring her over before dawn." Shadow looked down at the police officer lying on the floor. "What about this guy? And what about the challenge the judge made about the bar and the school?"

"I'll handle it, so go."

"Okay." He glanced at the vodka bottles. "I know these guys can't harm you, but you can still harm yourself. So be careful, my lord." Saying that he vanished. Benjamin picked up the vodka glass and finished it in one go. Meanwhile, Jane and Donovan stopped at a filling station, where Akash, Veronica's ex-lover, was working part-time. He filled the tank but received no tip from Jane. He put his shame aside and asked, "A little tip would help, ma'am." He wouldn't have asked if Jane hadn't filled the tank fully.

"You're getting paid for your work, so why should I give you a tip?" Jane rebuked him and left.

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The next vehicle was a bike. It was Steve. He gave a 5 dollar tip to Akash even though he didn't ask for it.

Akash thanked him. He could see there wasn't much money in Steve's purse, but he still gave five dollars to him. "They say a light purse makes a heavy heart, but that's not always true," he thought. Shawn had messed with his start-up company and brought him to the streets. He thought of committing suicide many times, but it was the promises he made to his parents that were keeping him going. Working at a filling station wasn't easy because his arms weren't fully healed yet, but it was just hard enough for him to get used to working with his arms. Because he said he would work 90 hours per week, he received the job. His fast recovery shocked the doctors, but they had no idea that Alfred was behind it.

Though he was trying to get back to his feet, he still couldn't forget what had happened. After he inquired about Shawn, he came to know that he was Veronica's elder brother. Akash still didn't think it was her who made her brother beat him. He thought Shawn acted on his own, but he would have been utterly devastated if he had known it was Veronica who was responsible for putting him through a horrifying, life-spoiling experience.

In the meantime, Donovan dropped Jane at her apartment and told her he had some work to take care of her. She trusted him, so she didn't even ask him for further details.

Donovan drove to the same lodge he visited last time. He had no idea that Steve was following him.

Steve had the feeling that something wasn't right. "What kind of business do you have in this place at this hour? Surely, it isn't just for talking, I believe." He opened his purse and looked at Jane's picture. "I got this far for you, babe. I'm willing to even break the law if it's for your

sake."

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 129**

### **Chapter 129**

#### **CHAPTER 129**

"I was so looking forward to coming to your wedding reception, but then it didn't happen."

"I'm sorry, Evelyn, Rebecca was talking over a mobile while learning to cook rice with the help of online video# "A lot of things happened, and I can't give you a date yet, but it will happen one day"



“Huh, I thought you would be the last one to get married in our friend group, but you are always full of surprises.” “I didn’t plan for things to happen this way, you know.” “Mm, can you help me find a boyfriend? They all look the same to me, Give me some advice, You used to date many men in university? How did you choose them?” “Haha. I didn’t choose them. They chose me.”

Evelyn sighed. “So I just have to try everyone and then judge?”

“There’s no easy way as far I know,” replied Evelyn. “But when you find the right one, your heart will tell you that he’s special”

“Special in what way?”

“Well, my guy can sweet talk, but he doesn’t put up all sorts of facades like most men do. He doesn’t act cool or vague. He’s simple and straight to the point. More importantly, he does everything I ask of him, except hiding his feelings for me. Some may consider his words as sweet-sounding nonsense, but I feel sincerity in his words. I thought his sincerity wouldn’t last long in our villa, but it did. So, he grew up on me, and I stopped treating him lightly. Though he doesn’t earn anywhere as much as I do, I’m fine with it.”

“I wish I could marry some normal guy like you did, but my dreams don’t allow me to do that.” “Did you buy the apartment yet?” “I’m getting there. I’ll buy it by the end of this year, and then I’ll be ready to marry.”

“Don’t forget to call me every now and then.”

“Sure. Bye. Tell your husband I asked him.” She ended the call.

The electric cooker had done its job, Rebecca checked the rice, and she wasn’t satisfied. “Did I pour a little more water than necessary?”

She then learned to make tea, omelets, fruit juices, and other simple food items that morning. All the successful items ended up on the dining table. Though the adults didn’t like the varieties, the children did.

After learning that Rebecca was cooking, lunch, Selena had to come rushing to the kitchen. “Rebecca, are you out of your mind? What are you doing in the kitchen?”

“What will people do in the kitchen?” she casually responded,

“You shouldn’t cook. That’s the job of the workers, Selena stressed her words as it wasn’t

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even a holiday that day, which meant that Rebecca likely skipped work that day. “You earn in millions! Your time is too valuable to be spent on cutting carrots and boiling potatoes!” “Mom,” Rebecca looked straight into her eyes. “Your favorite hobby is reading books. Did I ever say you’re wasting hours upon hours doing that every single day?” “What are you talking about?” Selena barked. “Reading books is the privilege of the rich. It makes you wise, but what does cooking do? What does spending time in the kitchen achieve?” “The cream coffee you drink every morning... where is it produced?” asked Rebecca. “The favorite food items you like to snack on while reading books... aren’t they all produced in this kitchen?”

Selena frowned.

Selena put the knife down and turned to face her. “I didn’t share this with you until now, mom, but you probably know why I stopped eating fast food long ago, don’t you?” “I know why you stopped consuming soft drinks. It’s because you grew tired of drinking one too many, but as for fast food...” she slightly shook her head. “I don’t know.” Rebecca’s expression turned a little sad. “When I was in the sixth standard I think, I ate bad food and suffered from a severe stomach pain, remember?”

Selena nodded a bit late because she didn’t remember that incident.

“I felt so upset from the pain that I felt life was just crap. Dad took me to the hospital, but I didn’t like the atmosphere there, so I couldn’t stay there. As we were coming home, Dad took me to a movie, even though I said I didn’t want to. It was the first movie he solely produced. An action comedy. I remember laughing so hard and shedding happy tears while watching the movie. By the time the movie ended, my stomach pain was completely gone.” A corner of her mouth curled up as her eyes turned slightly wet. “My mood has improved a lot, and life didn’t

feel shitty as I walked out of that theater.

“Just those two hours in the theater changed my perspective of the world a lot. One good movie healed my depressed heart. Since that day I started seeking quality in all aspects of life because of the power it held. That’s why I try to refrain myself from eating garbage. That’s why I tried keeping myself pure for ‘the one’, even though my best friend kept telling me how great sex is. And when Benjamin took that purity, which I safeguarded with all my body, mind, and soul for years, away from me, I got so angry at him I wanted to see his world shatter just like mine did. What I did with him is pathetic, but... I’m doing what I can to right my wrongs. I’m trying to stop thinking with my vagina.” Selena looked frozen as her muscles grew tense. Words found it hard to flow out of her mouth. “D-D-Don’t tell me.. You’re learning to cook for that lying, adulterous son of a bitch, Benjamin?”

Selena frowned and said, “He’s like a good movie, mom.”

“What?” Traces of anger surged within her eyes. “What’s wrong with you? How can you waste your precious time for that useless guy even after he cheated on you? He’s not like a good movie. He’s the disaster of this decade! He’s the curse God put on our family!” “You are entitled to have your own opinion.”

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 130

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“Stop with your nonsense,” Jane yelled at Steve through the mobile in the middle of the night.

“Look. I didn’t see them in action, but I sent you the picture, didn’t I?” Steve spoke, trying to reason her. “When he comes home, ask him.”

“Ask what? It’s just a picture showing him and a girl coming out of a lodge,” Jane said, frustratingly. “How can you tell from this that they’re even together? They must be coming out at the same time.”

“Are you kidding me?” he raised his voice. “They’re not holding each other’s hands, but you can tell they’re walking together, can’t you?”

“I can’t, but let’s talk about this. Were you following him?” “No,” he replied without a shred of hesitation. “I just happened to be passing by, and I saw this.”

“Yeah. Like I’d believe it. I know you are desperate, but this is too much to the point you’re starting to scare me, Steve.” “T-That’s not my intention,” Steve’s heart felt troubled. “You know that, right? I would never harm you. I was fine when I saw you with Donovan first, but he’s not who you think he is.”

“Alright. You should stop this and go home.” She ended the call and clutched her head. “I rejected him like a hundred times, and he still doesn’t give up. I don’t want to hurt him, but if he keeps this up, I’ll be forced to.”

About an hour later. Donovan came home and was surprised to see that Jane was still awake. “You said you will come back in an hour, but it’s 1 o’clock now,” Jane looked far from happy. “I’m sorry. I was talking with this media person, and time flew by,” he removed his shirt and pants, leaving only his underpants on. “Is that media person a young beautiful woman, I presume?” she asked. Donovan glanced at her and smiled, “Why are you asking?” “Just wondering what kind of reporters take interviews at

midnight." Donovan forced out a smile. "Are you doubting my loyalty, darling? My net worth is over nine million dollars. I could bang a dozen chicks per day if I wanted to, yet here I am, trying to explain myself to you that I'm an honest person. Why do you think so?" Jane exhaled audibly. "Words and actions need to match, Donovan. If you keep going out at night for random reasons, no matter what explanation you try to give me, I can never fully believe you." "We talked about this already, didn't we? I'm a professional wrestler, for fucking sake, Jane. I have the habit of working and talking with people late at night," his voice grew sharp, "even

before you entered my life. And now you're suddenly questioning my habits, huh, when I even crossed seas to come and meet you?" Jane's heart ached a little. "I know you care for me, but... maybe I'm still bothered by what happened the last time we had sex."

"And I promised you I won't do it again. It happened in a rush. I didn't mean to do it."

"I know. I know." Jane awkwardly smiled and said, "I'll try not to act like an insecure little girl."

"Haha, that's the Jane I fell for," he hugged her. "Full of boldness and confidence."

"Hehe." She smiled happily as she melted in his embrace.

The next morning.

Benjamin made Shadow run the Pure Waters bar, but what Shadow didn't expect was that Alfred would be the first customer.

"He didn't tell me how he took care of the police officer," Shadow asked him. "You know anything?"

"He probably paid him off, but more importantly," Alfred's gaze turned sharp. "Why did you bring Mina without His permission?"

"It was urgent, so..." Shadow smiled not so freely. "I'll talk to Him through the phone."

"Even if you tell Him she's guarding the Master's wife, you can't escape His punishment." "Ha-ha-ha." Shadow laughed tensely. "You will tell Him to go easy on me, won't you?" "We'll see, but first, pour me some wine, will you? My body is all stiff."

"I will, but you have to pay."

"What?"

"You're the first customer after I took over this bar, you see." "Geez." Alfred could only shake his head and take some coins out of his pocket.

Meanwhile, one of Artur's bodyguards was waiting at Rye's Pizzas with a small ax hidden under his shirt.

Sasha served him pizzas and fries and was happy because he was not only eating a lot but also gave her a 10 dollar tip, so she let him sit at the table as much as he wanted. When Damian came, she even gave him a long, tight hug, which he very much liked.

Benjamin was on his way to Rye's Pizzas, but Rebecca called him and told him to come to the Mabel Fort but didn't tell him why. Still and all, he called Christopher and told him he'd be late to work before heading to where Rebecca was.

Mabel Fort was a medieval fort built by a king for his queen's 60th birthday. This was probably the most famous place among couples, and hundreds if not thousands of couples visited this place on every sunny day. The price to roam around the fort was also pretty cheap. Only five dollars per head, and one could stay there from anywhere between the sixes.

Benjamin didn't know about the history of the Mabel fort, but when he got there, Rebecca was waiting for him at the entrance, near her Porsche. Cars were not allowed inside, so they had to walk on foot. She took a large bag from the car, and Benjamin carried it for her. Without her telling, he could smell the food inside the bag. "What's inside?" he still asked anyway. "Please tell me you haven't had breakfast yet," she expectantly asked. "I didn't," he replied softly. Having drunk a lot the previous night, he wasn't in the mood for an early breakfast, and he was now glad he didn't eat anything.

After roaming for about fifteen minutes, they settled in a small cave with a waterfall in the background. She opened the bag and told him all the varieties she had made. Benjamin salivated from smelling some of the items. "Wow, did you cook all these?"

Rebecca was pleasantly surprised. "How did you know?"

"A guess," he looked at her, feeling somewhat proud of her. "Making these must have taken a lot of time." She must have been preparing these since midnight, he thought and tried the carrot pudding and nodded his head in appreciation. "Do you like it?"

"Yeah," he kept chewing it. "There's just enough brown butter and cardamom in it. Wish there were cashews, though." Rebecca put her hands on top of her head. "I was thinking I missed something. So it's the cashew. Dammit!" "It's okay," Benjamin smiled. "This isn't bad, but how did you know this is one of my favorites?" he curiously asked.

"You used to make it often for dinner, so it was kind of obvious," she said and giggled.

"Mm, but why did you prepare so many items? Is there anything special about today?" he asked casually while enjoying the sweet item. Rebecca's expression changed slightly. "You don't remember?" Benjamin's heart skipped a little. "D-Don't tell me... it's your birthday? No, I'm sure it's not." "Benjamin!" she pinched his thigh, making him

cringe in pain. “Last year, on this same day... in the Pure Waters bar, we first met each other!”

Benjamin’s eyes widened. She remembered that? He surely didn’t. “It’s been exactly a year,” she said, folding her arms. “How can you not keep track of it?” Sensing the disappointment in her voice, Benjamin wanted to do something, something more than just a typical apology. He picked up the pudding with a spoon and brought it toward her mouth, pleasantly surprising her. She stared at him for a couple of seconds before opening her mouth.

As far as she could remember, nobody had ever put food in her mouth. Neither her parents, nor her friends, so her eyes turned teary. She leaned across the food items and hugged him.

Benjamin didn’t expect that. He didn’t know what made her emotional, but he would prefer this version of her to the indifferent Rebecca any time.