

Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

Chapter 14

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Benjamin's heart wasn't under his control from the moment he heard that Jacob and Selena were staying out for the night. As his wife's words played in his mind, his heart melted. And the faint sounds of the shower swelled his emotions like ocean waves, and he was feeling so energetic all of a sudden.

And when she walked out, he asked her a straightforward question. "Can you tell me one thing?" "No," she said.

"Why don't you speak all that much?" he asked. "Do you have a word limit per day or something?"

She didn't reply. "Again, the same silence," Benjamin sighed. "What exactly are you, Rebecca? A rose? Or the thorn hiding underneath?" "I'm Rebecca," she said, getting down on the bed and picking up a fashion magazine. "Just a fashion designer, but if you want me to be poetic... is there a rose without a thorn?"

Benjamin paused for a second and smiled. "Rebecca... You are my rose and my thorn." "Yeah. I know that," she replied. She had washed her hair, so he could feel her scent drifting all the way to his bed.

"So, if I want to use the rose, I have to break the thorns first, right?"

"Of course, that's a given-" she paused and swiftly turned her head to look at him. "What?"

Benjamin swiveled on his butt and jumped off the bed with a push using his hands. She blinked, and he was standing now. "Let me break all the thorns, okay?" his voice gained weight. Rebecca rolled to the other side of the bed and got to her feet. He walked across the bed on his knees, and she began to run toward the door, but he caught her by the arm and pulled her with force. Her back hit his chest roughly. She bound her in his arms and violently pressed her down onto the bed.

"Let go of me, Benjamin!" she began yelling, but he shut her mouth with just enough force.

"Just listen, okay?" Benjamin said, his voice reaching directly into her ears because his face was so close. "If I wanted to use force, I would have long done so. I'm not a spineless guy, and you know that whether you admit it or not."

She stopped struggling and listened, but she felt hard to breathe because his weight was pressing her down on the bed. Sensing that, he moved his hand off her mouth and rolled to the side and assumed a sitting position on the bed.

"Growing up, I didn't have a mother. I didn't know women existed until I turned thirteen," Benjamin said, looking at his hands. "I'm lacking in many ways. I know that. I'm an idiot, so I

have been trying to wear my rose with its thorns still intact. It's hurting before I even bring it closer to my heart, but I believe the rose is worth the pain."

Suddenly, she locked her arm around his neck and began to choke him. "You expect me to believe a crappy made-up story? Did you forget that I learned grappling when I was young?"

Benjamin's face turned quite red, and she began laughing. "Haha, that's what you get for thinking you can use force against me." She put more strength into her arms, but then something felt strange. Why wasn't he making any struggling noises? When she realized that, he took a closer look at his face. It wasn't the face of a man struggling to breathe but of someone who was being pleased. She instantly realized the reason was the breast massage she had been giving to his back. "Kyaa!" she pushed him away immediately.

Benjamin was standing with his hands spread outside and his eyes full of bliss. "I remember it now. The shape of your boobs. They stand firmly with your nipples poking upwards like the tips of slanted mangoes."

Rebecca's head flushed red as a ripe tomato. "You effing pervert!" she grabbed the pillow and began hitting him hard with it. "Forget it. Wipe it off your mind!" "That's not possible," Benjamin still seemed to be in bliss. Her hitting with the pillow only made him feel all the more better. "You know that."

"Then I will divorce you!" she yelled.

Benjamin's expression fell flat. "Huh? What?"

"Yeah," Rebecca sounded serious. "I don't know what I was thinking when I dragged you into this, but I think it's better for both of us if we divorce and lead our lives separately."

"Are you serious?" he couldn't believe what she was saying so suddenly.

"Yeah. I don't want a husband that I can't control," she went back to her bed and sat down. "If you get that, just leave. I'm giving you the way out. Isn't that what

you wanted? Freedom from me? You can have it now. Just go. I'll send you the papers soon."

"I wanted freedom.... From your family, not from you," Benjamin sat down on his bed, startling her. "Like I said, you're my rose and my thorn. I won't leave you because of whatever pain you bring." He laid down and closed his eyes. "If you want to get rid of me, just put the pillow on my face and press it down as hard as you can. I'll try not to resist."

Hearing his words, Rebecca's mouth turned down. "I hate you, but not enough to kill you." She paused for a moment. "If I wanted, I could have had you killed on that morning itself. My father would have covered your murder up, so nothing would have happened to me. But that's not who I am."

Her words rang true in his heart.

He had been worshiping her for eight months, hoping love would bloom in her heart. If she really loved him even a little, would she have jumped in to stop Elizabeth from cruelly beating him with a stick? Maybe, as she had said with her own mouth, the only feeling about him she had room for in her heart was hatred, He felt like a fool at the moment, for thinking he was getting somewhere in their relationship.

Tonight proved that their relationship was at the same stage if not worse than when they had started.

Even for a man like him, this wasn't easy to digest. He covered himself with the blanket, probably not wanting to show the face he was making. Rebecca laid down on the bed, but she didn't switch the lights off. Meanwhile, in the middle of the night, Devon woke up and was limping out. "I hope the card still works," he thought. Devon had no idea that Oliver was following him. "Where's this old bastard going so late at night? Don't tell me... he was possessed? I heard that demons possess both objects and people, so if he's possessed, then what about me?" he began to check his body to see if there were any strange marks anywhere. He couldn't find any.

About an hour later.

Benjamin's phone received a message. He opened his eyes and grabbed his mobile. The message read: \$3000 dollars has been debited from your account. "What? But I don't have a..." his thoughts stopped midway after the image of the platinum card flashed in his mind.

