

Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

Chapter 16

CHAPTER 16

"What do you say, my dear brother-in-law?" Shawn showered a pleasant smile as if nothing bad had happened between him and Benjamin only a minute or two ago. Benjamin had seen a lot in his life leading up to this moment, but this professional businessman still left Benjamin in a bit of an awe.

He had seen chameleons blending with their surroundings, but Shawn seemed a lot more dangerous than chameleons could ever be. A man who could portray both a sharp and a soft smile at the same time. He was just a scary man to sit next to.

However, Benjamin didn't let Shawn suck him into the flow. "Brother-in-law, the thing is..." Benjamin hesitantly said. "I was saving up the money to buy a necklace for Rebecca."

"Oh..." Shawn was still smiling, but his brows were getting a bit stiff. "I do want to help you, but... I can't give you more than 10 grand."

"Mm..." Shawn stayed unnaturally silent. The driver could feel the tension rising the moment Benjamin addressed Shawn as brother-in-law, and he was sweating even though the air conditioner was on. "I'll try to pay you back in a month, though." "I'm sorry. I can't take the risk," Benjamin didn't beat around the bush anymore as he couldn't afford to do that. Shawn's brows drew together. "Are you saying you don't trust me?" "How can I trust a man who pushed me against the door and threatened to kill me for calling a spade a spade?" Benjamin innocently asked. Calling a spade a spade? The driver took a couple of seconds to understand that Benjamin was talking about calling Elizabeth an aunt. And it almost made him laugh. Luckily, he was good at controlling himself, or he would have suffered from Shawn's wrath. Meanwhile, Shawn grew silent as seconds passed. He had indeed attacked and threatened Benjamin, so there was no fooling around that. "Start the car," he said.

The driver turned the engine on, and the Rolls Royce smoothly and swiftly took them to the next stop, at Rye's Pizza. "Thanks for the ride, Brother-in-law," Benjamin said and exited the car. "For someone who constantly licks Rebecca's boots and doesn't properly take care of himself, he's got some spunk in him,"

Shawn muttered under his breath as he remembered how he saw no fear in Benjamin's eyes as he pressed him against the glass door. "Perhaps, I underestimated him a little too much."

The driver stayed calm as a koala. Shawn's tactic was perfect. He intimidated Benjamin first, and then tried to steal money from him with sweet words. This strategy would have worked against many, but against Benjamin, it did not. "Go," said Shawn, buttoning his sleeves back on.

Vroom. This time, the engine revved up, and the car took off fast.

Before entering the pizza hut, Benjamin stopped and glanced at the car. "He is as manipulative and cunning as they come. If I'm not careful around him, it'll be the end of me."

As he entered the hut, he knew he was getting into a place that would never let him rest, but working here felt better than being at Sterling villa, because his in-laws would never let him rest, too. They make him do work both in the morning and in the evenings. Their kids, too.

Elizabeth was the worst of them all. She would prepare a mental list of things that needed to be done, and she would pour them all during the weekends, when Benjamin had to work extra hard on his professional job to keep up with the increased demand of service during weekends.

"Veronica. She's arrogant, but she speaks her heart," Benjamin thought. "Should I give her some gift for her birthday?" Benjamin put all the burdening thoughts aside. "Aunty is not going to be there this weekend, so I should get some quality time with my wife. I'll make her take me to a restaurant." He told himself.

As he put the worker's sim into his mobile, he could see that Christopher was flirting with . Jasmine, and she was waving her body about like a shy little flower. Perfectly made for each other, Benjamin thought, but he also knew it was a relationship that wasn't gonna last longer than the pizzas stored in the deep freezers.

Many customers believed that Rye's Pizzas only sold fresh stock, but that wasn't true. They also stored things in cool places for weeks if not months and used them whenever necessary, especially when fresh stock suddenly ran out. It was just that the management and the workers were good enough at making things appear new. Benjamin got to work without wasting time. He received a whopping 163 dollars in tips for the day, and he hid it all in his underwear, the only place

where Christopher never checked.

Jasmine, however, reminded him to also check Benjamin's underpants.

"I would never put my hands in a man's underpants," Christopher replied to her and said, " but I can put them in yours if you want."

"You naughty," Jasmine pinched his big cheeks. "Hahaha," Christopher blushed, and he really looked like an excited pig oinking on and on. Benjamin couldn't bear to watch them, and he shook his head.

"Mm?" Christopher noticed what Benjamin just did. "What? Are you feeling jealous now that I got a girlfriend?" he wrapped his arm around Jasmine and pulled her closer. She didn't resist. "Jealous?" Benjamin looked at Jasmine. "For her?" He didn't need to say more, as Jasmine was already lowering her head as though she had done something wrong. "I already have a princess for a wife. Why would I be jealous of a pig and a piglet romancing each other?" "Y-You..."

Christopher's face grew big with rage. "Did you just call me a pig?" "You didn't give me a promotion, so what else did you expect?" Benjamin's voice grew cold.

You think I can't find a job elsewhere? Or I can't complain to the higher ups about your little

romance you have going on here?" Christopher frowned and pushed Jasmine away, shocking her. "You are making the wrong enemy, Benjamin." He glared at Benjamin, trying to intimidate him. "You're right. A slight correction, though. I was trying to be friends with the wrong person who steals a share of tips from his coworkers." Benjamin's gaze grew piercing sharp. "Try speaking against me to anybody, and you'll regret it for the rest of your life." Saying that, Benjamin confidently walked away.

Christopher, however, found himself sweating like a pig. He was much taller than Benjamin, yet he was intimidated by someone like him? He couldn't believe it and pinched himself to see if everything that had happened wasn't just some dream.

"C-Christopher..." Jasmine tried getting closer to him. He cast an angry glance at her. "Get back to your work." A cold shiver ran up her spine, and she hurriedly ran back to her spot, even though her working hours already ended. Meanwhile, Benjamin was standing outside. Time was 4:35 PM, but his wife hadn't come to pick him up yet. "Why isn't she here?" Benjamin's heart drummed in strange rhythms. "Is it because of what happened last night?" his hand touched his forehead. "I'm so stupid."

Benjamin's phone received a message. He hurriedly flipped the phone open, thinking it was from his wife, even though he knew in the back of his mind that his wife never sent a message. As he expected, it was an alert message about money being debited from his bank account. "This is what? 12th time in a day? Whoever it is, they're surely enjoying themselves," Benjamin thought.

At the same time, many miles away from Rye's Pizzas, in a five-star hotel called Great Wave Resorts, Devon and Oliver were having the time of their life. Oliver had eaten a variety of meat dishes in the most inelegant manner. "Where's the curd rice?" he burped and said. "Sir, there's no curd rice in our menu," the waiter was extremely polite in the way he responded. She was a beauty wearing a formal uniform with a rose in her shirt pocket.

"What?" Oliver frowned and glared at her. "Then make one."

"T-That's..." the waiter swallowed her breath. "I-I'll ask the manager, sir." She scuttled away. A few seconds later, the manager came up to their table and said, "Sir, we can prepare curd rice for you, but it'll cost 120 dollars."

"120 dollars for curd rice?" Oliver was shocked. "Are you kidding me?" "We have to specially prepare it for you, sir" the manager said. "120 dollars is still a bit too much," Devon said. "I can buy cereal and milk for half a year with that."

"Sorry, but if you can't pay, we can't provide you," the manager didn't stretch things.

"Fine, just bring one for both of us," Oliver said. The manager left with a smile on his face.

"A bowl of curd rice is 120 dollars?" Devon was shaking his head. "Even if you milk cows from a celebrity's mansion, it's still too much."

"It's too much, as you say, but we can still pay with the card," Oliver grinned, "so it's okay, I guess."

"Don't be foolish. This is only a platinum card and not a black card. We don't know when the credit will end, so we have to be careful," Devon said. "At the same time, we have to spend all of the money in it before it gets blocked." "Y-Yeah, you are right," Oliver said. He still didn't tell Devon that this card actually was delivered to the Sterling's villa for Benjamin. "That said," Devon lowered his voice, "I've never seen a card that doesn't have a password. What about you?" "Y-You've lived longer, so if you haven't heard, I haven't, either." "Hahaha."