

Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

Chapter 18

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The next morning.

Oliver and Devon returned to the Sterling villa in a taxi. When the other butlers asked them where they went, Oliver told them he took Devon to a clinic, and Devon also acted like he couldn't walk properly. Nobody doubted them as they weren't known for skipping work.

They went to the butlers' dorms and sat down on their beds. Oliver was rubbing his belly. "We've eaten a lot last night, and my stomach is already crying for breakfast."

"You're still young, that's why," Devon lied down comfortably. "I'm not gonna eat anything for today. I never thought I'd spend nearly 10,000 dollars in one night. I wish Sheron was still alive. I would have taken her to a seven-star hotel."

"Hahaha," Oliver was laughing, but in his mind, he was thinking how to get the card from Devon. He no longer believed that the card was demon-possessed. If only he could get that card, he would just run away from this villa and withdraw enough money so he could settle for his life. "Since you're resting, can you give me the card for today?"

"You want to use it again? No," Devon shook his head. "Let's not get greedy. If we spend too much every day, we'll be noticed quickly even if the real owner of the card is filthy rich. Let's go out on weekends only."

"Okay," Oliver nodded. (Tch, how do I get it from him?)

Meanwhile, in the main dining hall, Benjamin was eating breakfast with the others. Veronica sat silently, looking a bit dull, which was unlike herself. However, Roshan targeted him. "Uncle, why do you never talk about your parents or family? You do have one, don't you? Why don't they come here or bring any gifts to us?"

"Because they are probably worse than him financially," Louis the second son of Jacob said, "so he might have just abandoned them." "And we are allowing such a selfish person to live in our midst," Bella shook her head. "What wrong has our family done?"

It was clear they were trying to stir Rebecca up, but as usual, she didn't respond to their taunts. Benjamin didn't, either.

However, what bothered Benjamin was that Lisa seemed amused by the happenings. She seemed to have completely forgotten the help she received from him before even a week had passed. Like mother, like daughter, he thought. In the beginning days of his stay at this villa, Benjamin was asked by Elizabeth to help rearrange the bed and sofas in her room, but a couple of days later, she complained to her husband that her necklace had gone missing and that she had doubts about Benjamin. However, after inspection, Jacob found out that one of the maids had stolen the necklace and sold it in a store. Otherwise, Benjamin would have been branded a thief. Still and all, he had his doubts because the maid who had stolen the necklace was none other than Kathy. How come she was still working as a maid, unless she was told to steal the necklace by someone from the Sterling family? Like Selena or even Elizabeth herself.

Benjamin finished eating early and waited outside in his wife's car. If he stood there, she

wouldn't be heartless enough to ignore him, would she? Devon the old butler appeared out of nowhere and began speaking in a strange slang. "Bring me the stuff today."

"Are you kidding me? I told you I will do it only once a month!"

"Please," Devon slipped a hundred dollar bill into Benjamin's hand. "Oliver stole half of my stuff. I can't live without it. I'll give you another hundred if you want."

"Money is not the issue here!" Benjamin stressed his words. "That's a dangerous place to visit. You want me to risk my life for your entertainment?"

"Please," Devon fell to his feet and begged. "Help me overcome the death of my wife. I will go see my children as you said. Please." "I'm not falling for your acting, so get up," Benjamin bluntly said. Devon stood and wiped his tears. "Don't forget, okay? You're the only one who keeps the word given." He had tried giving money to other maids and butlers, but none of them helped him but didn't return his money, either. "You sure know how to touch the soft spots," Benjamin slid the hundred dollar bill into his pocket. "Fine, I'll bring this time, but there's gonna be none next month." "Eh?" Devon was shocked. "Go away. My wife is coming," Benjamin demanded, and Devon had to walk away, whispering his needs.

Benjamin briefly glanced north-west where a fifty-year-old butler was standing in

the distance, watering the plants, but his gaze was on Rebecca, and he wasn't even blinking. Benjamin didn't like that.

However, Rebecca was already upon him. He smiled awkwardly as she walked to the car like an elegant swan. He moved aside so she could get into the car. After she closed the door, he hoped the back door would open, and it did. He silently got in and made no sound. He was just glad that she allowed him into the car after how much he irritated her last night with his descriptions about her lips. Maybe that was why she didn't put on lipstick this morning. Still, it gave her a new, fresh look. He liked it. Just as the car left the villa, a beggar blocked the car's path. "What the hell?" Rebecca got utterly furious and blew the horn multiple times. "Can't you hear? Get the hell out of my way!"

However, the beggar kept begging with his gestures and didn't move to the side, probably afraid that the car would just rush past him.

Rebecca tried to move past him, but he also moved with the car and kept blocking the path. "This old geezer is unbelievable! Let me call the cops," she grabbed her mobile.

"Wait, I'll handle this," Benjamin said and walked out. "Don't give him a single coin!" Rebecca said aloud. "He doesn't deserve anything other than scolding after that little stunt he pulled!"

"Yeah, yeah," Benjamin came over to the beggar who upon closer look was wearing a face mask. He smiled and spoke in a low voice, "You couldn't wait, could you?"

"Sorry, Master," the beggar responded in a deep whisper. "I needed to make sure you were safe, not that you need my help. But now, I will have a story to tell your father when I return, so... when are you coming back?" "I'm trying, Alfred," he patted the beggar's shoulder. "Tell dad to get ready to see his daughter-in-law." "Then..." the beggar peeked over Benjamin's shoulder and looked at Rebecca who was still fuming in the car like an angry little bird. "Is she the one?"

Benjamin nodded with a smile. "Can't you just bring her back already?" Alfred excitedly asked while also worrying how Benjamin's father would react after hearing this news.

"No. No yet. She's good from far, but still far from good."

"If we look with critical eyes, the whole world appears that way, Master, including

you and I. All I can tell you so you won't lose your motivation is... When you are stuck foot-deep in filth-" "-think of those who are buried neck-deep, I know," Benjamin said. "'Yep. Let those words keep you humble. Don't forget that a good king is also a good servant."

"Mm."

"Anyway, this is great news. I can't wait to share the news with your father. I'm sure he'll be thrilled to hear that he now has a daughter-in-law," the beggar got so excited he started dancing around like a monkey.

"What the heck?" Rebecca's eyes turned round as the moon. How much did Benjamin put in his hands for the beggar to be dancing like that?

Seconds later, Benjamin returned to his seat, and the beggar was still dancing on the side of the road.

Rebecca just couldn't watch it any longer and took off. After covering a hundred meters, she said, "I told you to not give him money." "I didn't."

"You didn't? Stoplying. He wouldn't dance in joy like that if you hadn't given him a hundred dollar bill or something."

"Let's say I did. It's not something to get mad about, I think. Don't they say, 'service to man is service to God'?"

"Huh, trying to be smart to save your skin. I get it. That's part of the surviving process." "I'm glad you understand, Princess." "Don't call me princess. It's cringey."

"Okay, my love." The car suddenly stopped. "Get out." Benjamin was shocked.

"Sorry," he immediately touched his ears. "I won't be romantic again, I swear. It was just part of a husband's surviving process. Nothing more." Rebecca's mouth twisted upon as her words were flung back at her. She started the car and spoke no more.