

# Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

## Chapter 21

### CHAPTER 21

As Benjamin was leaving the cultural event, some were talking about his wife.

"How old is she? 26? 27 maybe? And she's from a rich background. I didn't expect her to give such an inspirational speech. That's rare." "Yeah, but since she took 25 grand to come and stay here for two hours, she at least needed to deliver that much."

"She took that much?"

"Yeah, we initially wanted to bring a movie star, but they asked 100 grand. We didn't have the budget, so we had to settle for this rising star of a fashion designer."

"Damn, it's good to have some fame." "Yeah, but if it was that easy, everyone would become famous, wouldn't they? She talked about hard work and hope, but who knows how many dicks she rode and asses she licked to get to that position?" "Not all do such things. She seems genuine." "Haha, whether she's as sterling as her family name implies or not, that's not something we can prove from here." Benjamin didn't even look at those men. He just kept walking and walking, not even bothering if he was going in the right direction. He found the nearest bar and began drinking. Everything that had happened in the past eight months kept playing in his mind. Benjamin wore the wedding ring. Always.

Rebecca, however, never put it on. He tried to give her flowers so many times, but she didn't accept such gestures even once. Benjamin was always talking and smiling, trying to build the relationship. Rebecca, on the other hand, was like a rock with no heart. He was mocked and even beaten by his in-laws at times, but she never interfered to stop them. She just watched him suffer. He never understood her intentions behind being so indifferent, at least not until this moment. "This is what I get for being so honest and caring?" he downed a full bottle of vodka, making the bartender look kind of worried.

"Bro, you should take it easy," he advised, but Benjamin grabbed another bottle.

"Alright. I don't think you can go home if you drink that."

Benjamin, however, downed it all in one go. "Huhoo..." those drinking next to him were mightily impressed by that. "Damn! A whole magnum of spirits in one go?"

I've never even done it in one sitting." "Who the fuck is this monster?" some men were genuinely shocked.

The bartender, however, looked extremely worried. "I think you should go to the hospital. You just drank four weeks worth of alcohol in less than ten minutes. You might get seizures."

"Do I look like I'm intoxicated?" Benjamin pushed the bartender away and grabbed another vodka bottle.

"Yeah. Down the damn thing once more!" the other men cheered. "Woohoo!"

"I request that you put the bottle down, or I'll be forced to be rude," the bartender warned.

Benjamin didn't even care and downed the third bottle. The bartender forcibly pulled the bottle away and called for the security. Two heavy men rushed in and picked him up from both ends by Benjamin's arms and took him outside. "Don't shake him too much, or he'll vomit on your shoes!" Some customers made fun of the security as they walked past them. "Whoever that was, he's crazy. He's gonna pass out soon and wake up with a killer hangover tomorrow."

Benjamin, however, kept walking along the street. He was completely conscious, and he still felt the pain in the heart as much as before. The alcohol didn't do anything to lessen the hurtful feelings.

Suddenly, a car stopped next to him. "Benjamin?" a familiar voice called out for him. It was Rebecca. Both she and Jane were in the car. The back door opened, and Benjamin lifelessly walked and got inside.

"What were you doing outside instead of going home?" asked Rebecca.

He didn't respond. He could see how bright her face was. It was the face of someone with no worries, of someone who recently achieved something. (If only you could feel my pain...)

"I can smell vodka from him," Jane looked back at him. "It smells bad. Did he drink from some cheap bar?"

Drinking outside in a bar without even taking her permission beforehand?

Rebecca didn't like that. She put her foot on the accelerator so hard, Jane got scared for a second. "Whoa, what's gotten into you!" Jane felt her hair rise. "Take it easy. You are wearing high heels!"

Rebecca still drove rashly, and at a turn, her foot slipped over the brake pedal, and the heel broke. Her foot landed awkwardly, and her ankle bent, and her bone cracked. "Ah!" she cried out in pain.

Jane reacted in the nick of time and squeezed the brake pedal with her foot until the tires skidded into a halt.

Rebecca groaned and whined in pain. "Ugh, I think my ankle broke." "What?" Jane was surprised. "I know you don't like high heels. Why did you wear them today? For the fest?"

Rebecca nodded while pain filled her expression. "I didn't want to, but they'd attract attention."

"So?" Jane wanted to rap Rebecca's head with her knuckles. "The world cares for appearances,

but how long do you think you can maintain your appearance? You're going to get old one day, and no man will look at you sexually anymore. That's the reality."

"Huh, isn't everyone still looking at my mother now? Even when she's past fifty?"

"Don't get fooled by your mother. She's done surgery to her face multiple times, and it worked out for her. But the truth is there are more failed surgeries than successful ones, and go ask anyone who got their surgeries messed up, and they'll only say one thing. They badly miss the old natural charm they had. So try to be as natural as possible like me. Even when I wear high heels, I throw them away once I'm done with them."

"I get it," Rebecca cringed in pain. "Take me to the hospital." "Yeah, but we should first move you to the back," Jane turned her head and looked at Benjamin who was sitting with his arms folded. "Why are you sitting there like a statue? Come and help me move Rebecca to the back."

Benjamin kept staring at them, testing their temper. "What the heck, dude?" Jane got irritated. "Did you drink too much to be unable to even hear what I am saying?"

"No," Rebecca said, looking at Benjamin. "I know he can hear us. Look at those eyes. Those are not the eyes of someone loving. Now that he's drunk, he's showing his true self. His usual good-man's face has worn off, and he's just like your typical man who loves for gains. The fact that he doesn't want to help me now but still calls himself the son-in-law of the Sterling family proves that I'm right." "No shit," Jane blurted out in annoyance. "And whose fault is that?"

"What?" Rebecca was shocked. "Are you saying it's my fault he's behaving like

this? He's the one who's ungrateful. Not me!" Jane's brows raised. "I'm not going to bother trying to repair your messed up relationship, so, why don't you just slide over to my seat, and I'll do the driving." Rebecca gritted her teeth and spoke no more. Jane soon started driving, and Rebecca was making low painful sounds. Jane glanced and looked at Benjamin through the mirror. He didn't seem concerned about his wife's situation. He looks like a different man today. Just what happened between these two in these last few days?) Her eyes slowly widened. (Don't tell me... it's because I told him to spank her that evening? Did that cause all this? Does that mean I am responsible for worsening their relationship?)

## Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

### Chapter 22

#### CHAPTER 22

Sterling's family doctor did the necessary treatment and said, "It's only a minor fracture, but since it's at the ankle, don't try to put that foot on the ground for at least two weeks. If the recovery is fast, you'll be able to do your regular activities from the fifth week."

"Can't even put my foot down for two weeks?" Rebecca's face lost a lot of glow.

"What should I do in bed for so long?"

The doctor smiled almost hysterically because Benjamin was also standing next to him. "Your ankles are strong for a woman. You might have done some physical training when you were young. Otherwise, this same injury would have forced you to stay on the bed for fifteen to twenty weeks."

"That's..." Rebecca didn't know what to say. Even though it was only a fracture that would heal in time, she had never been in this situation, and she looked tense like an anxious little rabbit.

The doctor patted Rebecca's shoulder. "Don't worry. It's important to stay positive in these situations so your recovery will speed up. And your husband and your family will take care of you, so what's there to be afraid of?" After prescribing some medication, he looked at Benjamin and said, "Don't let your wife down during her tough time, young man." He patted Benjamin's shoulder on the side a couple of times and then left.

Rebecca hated the fact that Jacob had told the family doctor about her marriage long ago, giving the excuse that one shouldn't hide anything from their family doctor, so there was nothing she could do. However, everytime he called Benjamin her husband, she wanted to slap him.

Benjamin went back to his bed, as though he didn't really care what the doctor had told him.

It was already nine at night. Others had dinner. She and Benjamin didn't. She was feeling quite hungry, but she didn't want to shout and call for a maid in front of him. Shouting like she needed someone's help, she couldn't even imagine herself doing it.

"Where are these damn maids? They are not available right when I need them! What is Kathy doing? Doesn't she know that I'm hurt? Shouldn't she have allocated a maid to tend to my needs?" she could only talk to herself out of frustration. Time passed.

At 9:30, she was rubbing her stomach. Why didn't anyone come to check up on her? Did they think an ankle injury was nothing to be worried about? She wasn't even able to move properly while lying on the bed. Even slight movement of her injured leg brought stark pain in the ankle and made her cringe. As if completely unaffected by her situation, Benjamin was sleeping on his bed, fully covering himself with the blanket. "I'm sure he didn't eat. How could he sleep on a hungry stomach?" she wondered. "And he didn't even ask me if I ate anything. I wish Jane was here. She would have helped me with anything."

She tried reading a magazine, but she didn't feel like reading anything. Hunger was one thing, but the lack of mood was another thing.

Just one little accident completely changed her situation. She didn't care about what his parents or brothers were doing in their carriers until today, but now she wondered what exactly they were doing. Her parents weren't home right now. Bella was a hairdresser, but she didn't talk with Bella all that much. Her brothers stopped talking casually with her after she began to earn more than them, or that was what she believed.

As for the children, she didn't talk with them often recently, either.

All the recollection made her realize that she stopped talking much with anyone from a few years ago. Even she wasn't sure what exactly brought such a change in her. Again, her stomach grumbled. "There should be some snacks in the fridge,

right?" she hoped, but how was she going to get to the fridge? She didn't even have a walking stick or a walker for support. Skipping on one foot wasn't an option, either. Was waking up the one and only son-in-law of the Sterling family the only way? She put her pride aside and raised her hand "U-Uh, B-B-Be..."

Bam!

The door was kicked open, and Veronica barged in, wearing pink pajama shorts. There was a packet of chips in her hand.

Rebecca was startled initially, but seeing her sister with a potato chips packet in her hand, her heart fluttered a bit. (Veronica, you remembered your sister...) As she got a bit emotional, Veronica began eating chips as she walked forth, and Rebecca's jaw slackened. (She didn't bring those for me?) "I thought you suffered some serious injury, but you look fine," Veronica said, bulging a vein in Rebecca's face. "It seems like it's just a simple fracture. The maids sure know how to exaggerate things." "What brought my little sister here?" Rebecca asked, trying not to get angry. "Surely, it's not just to check up on my insignificant injury, right?" "What?" Veronica's brows furrowed. "You know, I'm the one who should be angry because my only sister doesn't remember that today's my birthday!" The annoyance in Rebecca's face fell flat. She did remember that it was Veronica's birthday a few days back, but then she forgot about it.

"But I don't blame you because even our mom doesn't seem to remember it. I don't care about dad or Louis, but even Brother Shawn didn't buy me any gifts this time. He promised me he'd buy a costly watch, but he didn't. He only sent a message through the mobile, and he didn't even come home today," Veronica's voice was filled with disappointment. "I can see everyone's avoiding me because I'm unemployed, right? I don't have a job, and so nobody gives a shit about my birthday anymore. Even the kids completely forgot about it. And the maids..." she pursed her lips emotionally, "only the maids wished me happy birthday! No one else in this house did!"

"I-I'm sorry, Veronica," Rebecca patted her bed. "C'mon, sit here. Let's talk about this." Veronica was quick to sit down, but she was still pouting. She wasn't putting the chips into her mouth anymore, so Rebecca plucked the chips packet first and put it aside. "You are what? 24 now? You shouldn't get angry when people don't wish for your birthday anymore," Rebecca said. "You think I'm acting like a child for birthday wishes?" Veronica barked back. "That's not why I'm like this." She

took out an envelope and handed it to her sister.

“Happy Birthday Veronica, From Akash.” Rebecca read the words written on the cover. She opened it, and there were hundred dollar bills inside. “What’s this?” Her heart skipped a beat.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 23**

### **Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy**

#### Chapter 23

#### CHAPTER 23

“Happy Birthday Veronica, From Akash.” Rebecca read the words written on the cover. She opened it, and there were hundred dollar bills inside. “What’s this?” Her heart skipped a beat. A woman receiving money from a man outside the family wasn’t something that could be overlooked.

“My boyfriend,” Veronica lowered her head and rubbed her thumb on her palm. “He sent it to me. He didn’t even have the time to talk to me on the phone. He sent me this shitty envelope through a friend. And that’s not even his handwriting.” She paused. “I don’t get it. What does that mean? Does he not care about me? Does he think as long as he sends some cash, I’ll be his girlfriend?” Rebecca thought for a little while and asked, “What does he do?” “I don’t know. I met him at a party, and he said he’s a businessman and gave me his visiting card,” Veronica explained. “Since then, we kept meeting outside often, and he’s a good guy. He never talks about his work, but he does know how to paint, and he gave me one of his original paintings. However, he didn’t even have time to make a painting for my birthday this time.”

“Send me his details.”

“Why?”

“I’ll do some investigation on him.”

“What?” Veronica was shocked. “Investigation? What are you talking about?”

“Our parents are rich, so there’ll be many men who’ll try to trap us,” said Rebecca. “If we do a background check on your boyfriend, we’ll know whether he’s a fake or not.”

“Background check?” Veronica didn’t like what she was hearing. “Wait, did you do a background check for Benjamin before you married him?”

Rebecca’s expression froze. She hadn’t done that. She was so emotionally driven after losing her virginity, she didn’t care what his identity was. She married him after he agreed to marry her. She just assumed he didn’t have a family because he never brought it up.

Rebecca took a breath and asked. “Are you just passing time, or are you serious about him?”

“Why would I get upset if I wasn’t serious?” replied Veronica.

“Mm, but are you sure you want to marry, though?” “What do you mean?”

“Look at our parents. They had four children, and people think they’re the perfect couple, but we know they’re not even living in the same room anymore. They just come together for appearance sake. And look at Shawn and Elizabeth. They used to roam together like birds

made for each other before marriage, but now, you don't see them smiling together." "What are you getting at, sis?" Veronica frowned. "Are you telling me I shouldn't marry?"

"No, that's not what I'm saying." Rebecca stressed her words. "Don't marry unless it's necessary, or it'll only become a burden for you. So, do some checking on Akash to see if he's worthy or not before proceeding." "No," Veronica shook her head, "I'd rather ask Akash directly instead of doing sneaky things in the dark. Anyway, thanks for your time. Take care." She took the envelope and walked out.

Rebecca sat there, lost in thought for a while. "She's right about one thing." Rebecca glanced toward Benjamin's bed. "I never bothered to do a background check on him." She remembered their past conversations to see if she could pick up any clues about him, but really, there was nothing significant. "Now that I think about it, he never talked about his past, did he? It is indeed strange. Why didn't I notice it sooner?" she thought for a bit. "Should I ask him? But if he's got some dark past, I might bring the trauma back" She was not heartless enough to put a person through such a thing. "How should I get the info from him then?"

Her stomach grumbled again and brought her out of her thoughts. She grabbed the potato chips packet and hurriedly ate them.

And because of hurriedly crunching and swallowing the spicy chips, she ended up coughing a lot. It wasn't going away. There was no water bottle around. The dry cough hurt her throat, and tears clouded her eyes.

Benjamin got off his bed and went to the fridge and took out a water bottle. She looked at him in great surprise. She didn't think he would wake up from her cough and then get off the bed to give her a water bottle. (How nice of him.)

However, Benjamin didn't come to her but walked straight back to his bed.

The cough that briefly stopped began once again as shock took over Rebecca's expression.

Benjamin sat down and finished half the bottle before putting the cap on. He kept staring at her without blinking.

She was looking at him, but she didn't even make a gesture to show her need of water.

"Hmph," Benjamin snorted and tossed the bottle onto her bed. Before she knew it, she ended up grabbing the bottle and drinking from it. While she was doing it, she realized that he was still looking at her, and she ended up spilling the water.

Benjamin slightly shook his head before lying down on his bed and pulling the blanket back on.

Rebecca slapped her hand to her forehead in a mix of complex emotion. She had never felt this embarrassed in a long time. It proved extremely hard for her to digest the fact that she drank water from a bottle he had given her. After all, she always thought she was above him, that she was more powerful than him in many ways. However, now that thousand-layered illusion was beginning to be shaken by the storm of discomfort brewing in her heart. She felt like some invisible chains began to bind her.

And she could hear the men she had dated laughing inside her head, saying that she will eventually lose to him completely like how she lost her virginity to him.

"No. I'm Rebecca Sterling," she thought. "I'm the best! I have no equal! I won't let this injury cripple my confidence!"



At the same time, near the airport. Oliver just reached the airport in a taxi. He paid using the platinum card before stepping out. He didn't have any luggage, except for one small bag that had a pair of clothes, kitchen tools, and some cash he had withdrawn from the ATM. "Getting this card from Devon was easy," Oliver smiled as he briefly stared at the card. "All I had to do was remind him of the weed packet under his mattress, and then he went back to his old self and completely forgot about this card. It's scary how drugs have made a strong man into a cripple in a matter of months. I won't take drugs anymore, so I won't become like him, but there are still a lot of ways to have fun in this world." He was walking in through the entrance. "Once I leave this city, my second life will begin."

Two giant men in classy gray suits that were walking out of the airport picked him up by the arms from either side and took him outside. "Hey, who are you two? Put me down!" Oliver yelled. "I haven't done anything wrong!" One of those men whispered in Oliver's ear, "As long as you are holding the platinum card, you don't want to leave the city, or your death will become news on TV for a hit and run case." Those words sent shivers up and down Oliver's spine. "Just go back to the villa, and be a good butler, Oliver Claude."

Saying that, the two giant men walked away without looking back. Oliver, however, still found himself shivering uncontrollably. A tall and sturdy man like him who had severed the heads of thousands of chickens and cut open the necks of even more buffalos when he was working at a farm was now close to peeing in public.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 24**

### **Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy**

#### **Chapter 24**

#### **CHAPTER 24**

The next morning.

It was no longer Veronica's birthday, but she was still thinking about her past birthdays right after waking up.

She vividly remembered her sixth birthday, when she asked her dad during breakfast as to what gift he was going to buy for her birthday. Jacob replied, "You are too young to receive gifts."

And ever since then, he repeated similar sentences until she turned 18. She demanded a big gift from him on her 18th birthday, and Jacob said, "You are an adult, so you shouldn't be asking for gifts." In the end, Jacob never gave Veronica a single birthday present. He didn't give gifts to Rebecca, either, at least not until she became a successful fashion designer. However, he gave gifts to his two sons every year.

There were times when Veronica cried because of the partiality his father had shown on his sons, and Selena had to console her during those times.

Veronica was now old enough she didn't need any consoling. She was looking at the painting of a lake dazzling under the sunlight. Compared to all the superficial gifts his brothers or his family members ever gave her, this single gift felt a million times more precious. She really wanted to know more about Akash without directly asking him, so she thought of paying a visit to his sister.

When she entered Rebecca's room, she was in for a shock. Her sister looked like a ghost because she hadn't slept at all. "Look at you. You look terrible! Like you were clawed by a thousand cats in your dreams!" Benjamin just came out from the bathroom, and he was fully dressed already.

"Oh, you wear clothes in the bathroom itself?" Veronica laughed out loud. "What more strange habits do you have?"

"That's something I learned from your sister," replied Benjamin, cutting Veronica's laugh short.

"If you excuse me, I'll go and have breakfast."

"Yeah, yeah," she moved aside. "I envy people like you who don't even need to look into the mirror every day. Nothing changes whether you comb your hair or put on makeup."

Benjamin didn't mind her words and left without even sparing a glance at his wife. It was so obvious that even Veronica noticed the change.

"Why's he behaving oddly?" she sat by his sister's bed and asked. "Normally, he's always itching to get your attention, but now, when you need it, he's not even looking at you. I feel like he's taking his revenge now that he's gotten a chance."

"Revenge or not, I don't care what he does," Rebecca said, acting as though she didn't care.

"Sis, can you answer this question honestly?"

"First ask."

"It's about Benjamin," Veronica said. "He's average-looking, and he doesn't even comb his hair properly. I don't know what you saw in the bar to like him and be defenseless against him, but how could you marry him? Just what made you make such a rash move? No one in the house gets it. Even Mom feels clueless in this situation, I think."

"What made me marry him, huh..." Rebecca took in a breath at a slow pace. "Men think we don't notice where they're looking, but we notice everything, right?"

Veronica nodded twice.

"All the men I dated, they had beautiful smiles blooming on their lips, but this one guy was smiling through his eyes," Rebecca thought back of the time when she first noticed him in the bar. "That's what attracted me toward him. I didn't even know who he was, but I boldly went and sat by his table."

"You approached him first?" Veronica couldn't believe it. "I thought it was the other way around."

"Well, he looks average now because he doesn't take good care of his hair and beard, but back then, he's not someone you can easily take your eyes off. I'm talking about nine months back."

"Your standards are pretty high. To think you consider him to be so good looking, I guess everyone has their personal preference type. Maybe he fits into your preference."

"That's not it. I've dated men more taller and more handsome than him," Rebecca said, "but they all were too eager, you know, to get into bed with me, but he had this pure adoration in his eyes. I haven't seen anything like it, I tell you." "Adoration," Veronica cocked her head back and forth twice. "Yeah. That very adoration made him fuck you that very same night and steal your virginity, huh?" "A-Ah, well, that's..." Rebecca scratched her cheek. "We were both pretty drunk back then, and we were talking, and the next thing I remember, I woke up the next morning, and he was in my bed." She was shaking her head. "I couldn't believe it, that I lost my virginity to a stranger I met at a bar. Seeing me worry, he said he was a virgin, too. Maybe I was touched by his gesture, so I ended up asking him if he'll marry me. Most men would run away when they hear the word marriage, but he said yes before he even knew I was Rebecca Sterling, so I've decided to make him mine."

"It doesn't surprise me. You've always been more selfish than me, but are you sure he was also

a virgin? I mean, there's no way we can check a man's virginity, right? I feel like we should have had this discussion eight months back, but are you at least sure he didn't know who you were before agreeing to the marriage?" "I'm not sure, but I'm positive," Rebecca said confidently.

"Anyway, what brought you here?"

"Ah, yeah, I want you to do a little background search on my boyfriend." "Huh," Rebecca pulled her younger sister's cheek, "didn't you almost mock me for saying I'll do the same thing?"

"Yeah, I'm now only asking you to learn more about his hobbies. What he likes and doesn't.

Such things. Can you do this for me?" "That's something you should learn by dating him, not by doing a background check on him, you idiot!"

Veronica laughed awkwardly for a second and then made a poker face. "So you won't do it then."

"I will do it if you help me until I am able to walk" "What? Can't you ask the maids to help you?" Rebecca's eyes reddened. "You want me to beg them every time I need to get off my bed?" "I-I'm sorry. I will help you, so don't worry."

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 25

### Chapter 25

#### CHAPTER 25

"What? Can't you ask the maids to help you?" Veronica suggested. Rebecca's eyes reddened. "You want me to beg them every time I need to get off my bed?"

"I-I'm sorry. I will help you, so don't worry."

"Good. So how about you go to the kitchen and bring me some breakfast? I'm hungry, so we'll discuss while I eat."

"Okay. Okay." Veronica then went into the kitchen that was on the ground floor. It was probably her first time entering the kitchen in months. As she was checking through various refrigerators, looking for fresh fruits, she noticed a small two-layered cake in one of the chambers. The cake itself wasn't what shocked her, but the words written on the cake were wishing her a happy birthday.

"D-Did Mom make this?" her eyes turned a bit teary. "I misunderstood her." She happily took the whole cake up to her sister's room who was slack-jawed from seeing the cake being brought by her tip-toeing sister. "Check this out, it's my birthday cake! There are pink flower designs on top! This is the best cake ever made for my birthday. Period."

"Whoa, whoa, wait," Rebecca tried to calm her. "Wasn't your birthday yesterday?"

"Yeah, but I didn't know Mom made me this cake! She didn't tell me!"

"She didn't tell you?" Rebecca felt something wasn't right. While Veronica didn't blindly trust everything her mother said, she still had no idea the things Selena was capable of doing. Rebecca also loved her mother so much until one day she saw her mother maids how she should please Jacob in bed. It was a terrifying experience for her. She thought it was a dream, but no. It was far from being a dream. Perhaps, that's when she began to lose respect for her parents and became more of an introvert and minded her business.

Rebecca put her hand on her sister. "Mom has been really busy with shooting since the last two

months. I don't think she has the time to make a pastry this cute with intricate designs and all." "Then who made this? One of the maids? Still, Mom should have told them to make it, right?" Just then, Kathy entered the room, bringing a bag of fruits and water and medication. "Here's food, water, and tablets." She put everything on the table next to the bed.

"How did you know which tablets to bring?" Rebecca asked. "You weren't here last night."

"Yes, but Benjamin gave me a list of all things needed early in the morning when I was preparing breakfast," said Kathy and then looked at the cake. "Oh my," she covered her mouth and looked at Veronica. "You didn't cut the cake yesterday?"

Her reaction surprised the sisters.

"You made the cake?" Veronica asked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"No, ma'am. I didn't make the cake. It was Benjamin who made it two nights back," Kathy said, and the sisters' expressions froze as they looked at each other. "I heard him tell one of

the maids to keep it in the fridge. I thought he would use the cake on your birthday, but..." she looked at Rebecca. "Maybe because you got hurt yesterday, he might have not felt like celebrating."

Rebecca didn't say anything, but she knew that wasn't true. Even before her ankle got broken, Benjamin was behaving strangely. She could just see it in his eyes. "B-Benjamin made this cake for me?" Veronica looked frozen. As Benjamin's image flashed in his mind, she immediately swatted the cake to the side, and it crashed on the floor, shocking both Rebecca and Kathy. "Why did he make a cake for me? It's not like we're friends! No matter what dress I wear, he has a problem with it. He always talks back to me negatively, and he expects me to eat the cake he made?" Despite what she said, she had already tasted the cake with her finger and liked it. However, there was just no way she could reveal that. She glared at Kathy. "Take that cake and throw it in that trash's face!"

Kathy looked at Rebecca as if asking her permission.

Rebecca was also feeling angry with the way Benjamin was acting toward her, so she ended up nodding

Kathy then took the cake downstairs. Benjamin was almost done with eating his breakfast meal. Lisa was asking him for some pocket money.

Kathy didn't want to do it in front of the children, but she had her own little grudge against Benjamin. "You rejected me, so don't blame me for doing this to you." She came up to him with the cake hidden behind her back and smiled when he looked at her.

Benjamin didn't smile in return. He had been avoiding Kathy ever since she tried to get too close to him. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Young Lady Veronica told me to give this cake back to you," she smeared the whole cake in his face.

Lisa and Louis' children were shocked, whereas Roshan began recording it on his mobile.

Veronica who was watching from upstairs snickered throughout.

Though Benjamin's blood rushed in rage, he thought of the words, 'a good king is also a good servant,' that were passed down in his family. He wiped the cake off his face and began eating "Ew," both Lisa and Roshan felt like throwing up. They couldn't even sit there anymore.

"I'm sorry, Benjamin," Kathy lowered her posture and acted innocent, speaking in a low voice. "Veronica forced me to do this."

"It's okay," Benjamin said. "At least you didn't throw this cake in the dustbin. It took me an hour to prepare it." He was still licking what was left on his face and what fell on his plate. His words startled Kathy, though Veronica was too far to hear him. Benjamin leaned toward her and grabbed her hands and began licking them, shocking Veronica. However, Kathy felt a surge of electricity coursing through her body. Getting turned on like that, with her hand and finger getting licked, she had never experienced such a thing. Still, it only lasted a few seconds, and before she knew it, Benjamin was wiping his face with the napkin tied to her waist. Even though he didn't really touch her anymore, because his face

was only a few inches away from her most private part. Benjamin stood and looked into her eyes. With oil still covering his face, it made him shine a bit, and she was able to get a better view of his face. He looked a lot more handsome than usual. Her heart was pounding against her chest before she knew it. How could he lick her hands like she was some kind of her pet dog? Moreover, what was he up to now? Will he kiss her? She wasn't ready for it.

"Where's the rest of the cake?" asked Benjamin. Kathy's expression fell flat. "W-What?"

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 26**

### **Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy**

#### Chapter 26

#### CHAPTER 26

When Rebecca was burning with tension, not knowing what exactly was transpiring downstairs, Benjamin entered the room with an oily face. His eyes scanned around and caught sight of the cake lying on the floor.

He clenched his fists in response, but then he took a breath and controlled himself before walking in and picking the leftover cake off the floor onto a magazine. "What's he doing?" Rebecca looked utterly puzzled, for he was doing something the maids should be doing, but then her eyes bulged out when he started eating that cake. Benjamin glanced at her, paused for a second, and put the cake forward, as though asking her if she wanted some. "Ew," she felt like snakes and crabs began crawling all over her body. "No!" she yelled quickly.

Benjamin shrugged his shoulders, then walked to the table next to her bed and picked up the car keys.

"Why are you taking my car keys?" she asked. "You already know why," he didn't even stop and just walked out of the room. Veronica was there, looking like she was disgusted by what he was doing-licking the cake.

"It was my mistake, making cake without asking," Benjamin said as he walked past her.

"Sorry for the inconvenience. I won't repeat it, I promise." When Benjamin came downstairs, Kathy saw him eating the cake, and her fingers trembled. She felt like he was still licking her fingers. Her nipples hardened and poked out against her bra, and she felt so incredibly horny. She was afraid that her swelling breasts would burn a hole

through her bra, and she ran to the kitchen like a frightened little fox. Benjamin washed his hands and face with soap before getting to the Porsche. After opening the door, he sat down and raised his hand but didn't touch the steering wheel yet. This was the same steering wheel Rebecca touched and used to drive every day. He grabbed it and squeezed it. "I found the woman, but she doesn't even want to carry my love, let alone my children." He lifted his chin and tried to swallow the pain. "What am I supposed to do with her, God? What should I do with this selfish woman?" Stress marks showed on his forehead. "Eight months, and we don't even go for a simple walk outside. She doesn't even stand by my side. Every time I try to get close, she pushes me away. It feels like I'm doing this forever." He rested his head on the wheel for a few minutes. While he was caught up in his emotions, one of the butlers came and skilfully deflated the back tire with a scissor. Benjamin heard the noise and poked his head out. The butler was already running away, and Benjamin noticed the size of the tire shrinking. "Hey!" he yelled and got out of the car.

The butler already rushed into the dorms, where Veronica was there.

"Did you do it?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he nodded.

She smiled and said, "That trash wants to drive a Porsche? There's no way I'll let him do it. Now, he'll have to walk until he finds a taxi."

About ten minutes later.

Veronica finished talking with the butlers and walked out of the dorms, and the Porsche engine started revving up. The noise was too loud to miss. When she looked, Benjamin was looking back at her with a faint cheeky smile on his face before taking off at startling acceleration.

Her eyes widened, and the butler who had flatted the tire rushed out of the dorms and was also shocked to see the Porsche leave.

"How did he do it?" Veronica was gritting her teeth. "I'm sure you said there wasn't a spare tire."

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 27**

### **Chapter 27**

#### **CHAPTER 27**

Even though it was pouring outside, the orders didn't stop coming. Driving on wet roads at high speeds in hurry was not something just about anyone could do. It wasn't just about the driving skill but also the guts needed to go through the experience of riding on 4-lane and 8 lane roads when thunder rumbled in the sky. The risk was just too much compared to the reward.

However, there were many willing to work even in the rain. Covering their packages in plastic containers to retain the heat, the pizza delivery guys put their skills and courage to full use.

Benjamin was also among them. He could have used the Porsche as there was no rule

saying he couldn't, but he still used the motorcycle because he liked the challenge. During the time of rain, five minute extra time was given for all deliveries. Today, he was delivering a total of thirty pizzas to a college dorm. Even though he delivered in time, the boys were too busy partying, they made him wait more than forty minutes before paying. And they didn't even give him a tip when he waited outside for so long. He just laughed at his own bad luck and left. He could complain about them, but since they were just college kids and he had to complain to Christopher, that's that. When he returned to Rye's Pizza, he was in for a shock. The Porsche was gone. He ran straight to Christopher, grabbed his collar and forcibly lifted his big ass off the chair. "Where's my car!" He left the keys in his locker, the key to which only he and the manager should have. Christopher, however, smiled and slowly said, "Someone from the Sterling family came and took the car. Did you steal from them or what?"

Benjamin pushed him down back into the chair. "That's none of you damn business." "Yeah, but it is my business to report to my superiors that you abused me, and we have witnesses, too." "Do whatever you want." Benjamin packed up his next order and left without wasting time, Being a seven-star deliverer, he didn't need to make and pack the pizzas himself. He only needed to focus on making the delivery in time. This time, he had to deliver to a room on the tenth floor of an old apartment that didn't even have an elevator facility. There wasn't much traffic, either. Straight away, Benjamin felt that something was off. Still, he needed to make the delivery, so he had no time to waste. He hurried to the tenth floor and knocked on the door. But nobody opened it, and this brought up some frustration on Benjamin's face. He was carrying twelve pizzas, and in the cold rainy weather, their warmth and freshness wouldn't last long. Normally, he would have left, but he knocked on the door harder this time. Men appeared on both sides of the corridor. The sound of the rain masked their footsteps, but Benjamin's ears could clearly discern what was going on. A total of four bodybuilders, two on either side, attacked him without hesitation. Inside the room.

A scar-faced man was consuming cocaine while topless girls sat on either side of him and rubbed his thighs as though they were hinting to him that they were ready for action.

The phone next to the small heap of cocaine rang. The scar-faced man picked it up.

"Is it done?" the voice from the other side asked.

"Of course, sir. Don't you know I am Black Bear? Once I take up a task, you can consider it done."

"Send me a pic."

"Sure," he got off the sofa and walked to the door, murmuring, "it's just a pizza delivery guy, so just one of my men can eat him alive." He opened the door, and four heavily-built were lying by the doorstep, cringing in pain and a couple of them coughing blood. They seemed to be in intense pain. "The fuck just happened here?"

Seeing four of his men lying helplessly on the floor stirred his blood. "Did that pizza fucker do this shit to you guys?" he pulled one of them up by their shirts. "Tell me."

"I-I couldn't even see anything," that man spoke with pain and bled some more through the mouth, and it fell on Blackbear's hand. "Geez," Blackbear let go of him. "Just how hard a hit in the stomach can make a guy like you suffer like this? I should have guessed things wouldn't be so easy when that mother-fucking lawyer and his cock-sucking son both called and gave me the same stinking task: to beat the living shit of a guy working at Rye's Pizzas. I thought I could shag a couple of bitches and sleep tight tonight, but this pizza guy fucked it all up. Whoever he is, I won't let him get even forty winks until I'm done with him!"

His phone rang again. He thought it was the lawyer once again, but it was his wife. He answered it fast. "Hello, darling!"

"Darling, my ass! I ain't coming home tonight, so eat some shit outside." "Okay, but what work made you so busy?" he asked, but the call ended. More men showed up at the scene and were shocked to see what had happened. "Boss, are you alright?"

"I'm not fine, you piece of shit. Find out who that pizza guy exactly is before the sun goes down." One of the underlings looked to the sky. It was raining, and the sun was nowhere to be seen. "But, boss, we can't see the sun."

Blackbear looked at the one who just spoke. "So smart. Your IQ must be in single digits."

The underling folded his hands and lowered his head and blushed, thinking his boss was praising him, but a knee struck his face and sent him over the edge of the parapet, shocking the others. They couldn't even hear his cry for long because of the rain, but it was certain that guy died.

The men standing there were taller and sturdier than Blackbear, but they couldn't even look him in the eye for long. "Any motherfucker can grow muscle by eating and exercising, and so

you motherfuckers are easily replaceable. That's why you better show some spirit and smarts, or I don't know when I'll eat your lives. Now find out about that pizza motherfucker before the sun goes down. Got it?"

"Yes, Boss!" "Take these four losers to our clinic," Blackbear said and then went back into his room.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 28**

### **Chapter 28**

#### **CHAPTER 28**

Veronica said she'd help her sister, but after she left Rebecca's room in the morning, she didn't come back even once, Rebecca tried calling, but her sister didn't lift the phone. Rebecca wanted to go to the bathroom in the afternoon, and there was no walking stick available. She just couldn't call the maids, either, but belly was hurting. She really needed to take a piss.



When the thought of peeing in a bottle popped in her head, she almost slapped herself. Besides, the door wasn't even locked. What if someone entered the room when she was in the middle of urinating? What if her urine drops fell on the bed sheet? All these embarrassing thoughts made her want to pull her hair

At that moment, Kathy brought a guest into her room. It was Edward who came with a bouquet and a basket full of fruits.

Rebecca recognized him as he was one of the husband candidates her mother had shown her in the past.

"It's really sad to see you sitting on the bed, Ms. Rebecca," Edward purposely spoke this way, as though she wasn't even married. He gave her the bouquet, and she accepted it and said thanks. "You are... Edward Collins, aren't you?" she asked, "What brought you here?" "Haha, you're as straightforward and blunt as your mother said," Edward took out a car key from his pocket.

Rebecca was surprised as it was her car key. "That's... my car key! Why do you have it?" (Your sister called your mother, who then called me. I went to the pizza place and fetched it for you." He smiled, and it enhanced his vintage businessman look "You didn't have to do this. I would have taken the key after Benjamin returned, but still, thanks for your effort."

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"It's okay."

A momentary silence followed. "What did the doctor say?"

"Uh..." As much as Rebecca wanted to keep talking, her bladder was screaming at her. He wanted him gone so she could ask Kathy to help her get to the bathroom.

Her lack of response suggested to him that she wasn't in the mood for a discussion. "Anyway, you take some rest. I hope you'll recover quickly," he took out his visit card, startling her. "I would like you to be my private designer and make my suits from here on out." "Your private designer?" Rebecca looked puzzled. "We don't even know each other. Why are you..."

"I've seen your work That's enough for me. See you soon," he said and walked out. Kathy

quickly followed him

By the time Rebecca stopped reading the visiting card, Kathy was gone. "Crap" She felt like her heart jumped into her mouth. "No, no, no,"

Was peeing in a bottle the only way? She didn't want to do such an obscene act, and it brought tears into her eyes and made her feel helpless

Just then, someone entered her room, and joy filled Rebecca's heart. She cried out, "Jane!" she was never this happy to see her best friend.

"Whoa, what the hell happened to you in just one day?" Jane came over and put her bag aside. She could see that Rebecca's complexion has dullened, "You look like a ghost."

"Help me get to the bathroom Quick" Rebecca bent to the side and hugged her friend.

"Hey, I'm not going anywhere," Jane wrapped Rebecca's arm around her shoulder, but Rebecca shook her head. "What?"

"That's not possible. It's hurting even with slight movements. So you need to pick me up into your arms." "Huh, I like athletes, but I'm not an athlete. What if I make you fall?" "It's fine. Just hurry up," Rebecca said in a painful voice Realizing her urgency, Jane picked her up with some effort. "Holy... you are heavy!" "Shut up, and go!" "That's what I'm doing" Rebecca helped her open the bathroom door. "Don't drop me Put me gently down on the

seat."

"You think I'm a kid? I was going to do that." She did as Rebecca said and then stood gasping.

"Why are you still here?" Rebecca barked at her. "What? Shouldn't I pick you up after you're done?" "Yeah, but you want to watch me pee or what?" Rebecca was furious. "We have seen each other's bodies when we bathed together back in school days, so what's the big deal?" "No. Just get out." "Fine, but make it quick I don't want to be sitting in your room alone." She shut the door. Rebecca finally could pee. She never felt better, "W1ooo..." It was like she was rising from hell and unto heaven as a lot of load was gone from her bladder. "Are you done?" Jane asked. "I just started!" Rebecca replied in haste. "Why are you in such a hurry?" "I wanted to share something with you," said Jane. "It's about my boyfriend." "The one you met abroad?"

"Yeah. He's a pro-wrestler." "What? Why did you go for a wrestler?"

"Because he earns a lot, and you should have seen his cock It's long, hard, and thick Veins running all over it. My word. It was the best middle leg alright. And he could please me with that hammer without ripping me apart." Rebecca flushed greatly. "Stop describing your boyfriend's shaft to me, you shameless jerk!" She had never seen a

man's penis in the flesh, not as far as she could remember. That night she had sex with Benjamin, she didn't remember much of it at all

"It took so much effort to put that whole thing in my mouth, but it feels like it's worth it when I see his body quiver and hear him moan." "I said, stop it!" Rebecca shut her ears. "Can't you hear me?" "I can hear you just fine, but I'm telling you what you're missing." Jane said, crossing her arms. "You are at the peak of your life, and so is your man. I just feel bad when I see both of you struggling to get closer." "What? I never tried to get closer to him!" Rebecca barked. "I don't care about him or even about having sex. Sex itself doesn't keep a relationship going Benjamin is fine with being my husband without touching me. We are okay with the way things are." "I doubt you're okay, but Benjamin surely is not. You know that."

Rebecca frowned and went silent.

"If I hadn't seen it myself, I wouldn't have believed that a man like him existed," Jane said. "Most husbands are selfish and do whatever that pleases them Who would marry a woman and stay with her even when she doesn't give him the least bit of happiness, physically or mentally? Heck, I doubt you even gave him a kiss on the cheek, but he still talks sweetly with

you."

"W- What are you getting at?" "I'm telling you that he's special, you fool," Jane said, "Don't lose him. Put your pride aside before his patience runs out, before his hope burns out." Rebecca didn't say anything "I'm telling you all this because you two fucked in my apartment, and in my bed," Jane said. "I had to throw away my favorite bedsheet because of you blemishing it with your blood! You better put your differences aside and have a successful relationship, or I'll never forgive you!" "That's what you're more worried about? Your freaking bedsheet?" a vein popped in Rebecca's cheek "Let me come out so I can whip your ass." However, Rebecca had no idea that Jane sneaked out of the room, not wanting to confront an angry Rebecca. (I'm doing everything I can to help you, Benjamin. I hope this little conversation will make her approach you and open up to you.) On her way out of the villa, she told a maid to go to Rebecca's room to help her.

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 29**

BoyChapter 29

Savvy Son-in-law by VKBoy

Chapter 29

CHAPTER 29

Benjamin came home very hungry, holding a long package in one hand. He wanted to eat something spicy, so he cooked extra spicy chicken fry and then went to his room for a bath.

Lisa slipped into the kitchen and took the chicken fry and rushed to her room. Both she and Roshan gorged on it and loved the taste.

Meanwhile, inside Benjamin's room. "How long is she going to take to bathe?" Benjamin wondered. Having waited ten minutes doing nothing but sitting on his bed, he asked. "Can you come out?" Inside the bathroom, Rebecca was still there, sweating from having stayed there since afternoon. Nobody came to help her, and she had even cried a couple of times. Even after Benjamin entered the room just now, she was so angry she didn't call for his help straight away. Now, Benjamin was asking her to come out, so wiped her face clean.

Standing on one leg, she opened the door. Benjamin was on his bed and was peering at her, looking mildly annoyed, "C-Can you carry me to my bed?" she asked, Benjamin's expression didn't change. "Don't you have the maids?" if it was him before he heard Rebecca's speech on the stage, he would have jumped when she asked him to carry her, but now, his heart wasn't so eager to help her. It felt heavy for a valid reason.

"You are right here, aren't you?" she hesitantly replied, but he stayed silent. "Will you help me or not?" she asked again. Even though she was talong the support of the doorpost to stand on one foot, she could only stand that way for so long. Benjamin got up and unfolded his sleeves. When she gave a puzzled look, he said, "I don't want to be touched by you, you know." He went to the shelves and picked up her gloves. Rebecca's jaw dropped. "You've gotta be kidding me." "I wish I was," he came to her, walking slowly and steadily without blinking. She was wearing long shorts that reached up to her knees. The curvy shape of her knees didn't stir his heart, but then again, the little mole right above her konee was able to catch his attention. He quickly looked back up at her face, "Did you just stare at my legs?" she asked. "O-Of course not," he stopped before her. "I was wondering where my hands should hold you."

"Isn't it obvious? One on my back, and the other under my knees." "Yeah, but that's way too romantic, and I don't want to give any false hope," he leaned forward, and before she realized what he was doing, his finn shoulder pressed into her navel and lifted her up like she was a feather when Jane had almost burst a veln to pick her up. One of his hands firmly grabbed the back of her thigh. "What are you doing!" she screamed.

Put me down." If her right ankle wasn't injured, she could have used force, but now, she wasn't in a position to do so.

Benjamin leaned so that she fell softly on her bed. She was on her bed before she even realized

it.

He went back to his bed and picked up his towel and clothes before entering the bathroom

“What a show off,” she clenched her fists. “If only I had one good maid in the house...” she believed that all the maids in the house were fucking her father, and she hated them and his father for it. “I wanted to buy and move to my own house after marriage, but I ended up marrying a fool. I need some more time before I find a better location for a home, and then I won’t step in this damn house again. There’s nobody in this home that really cares about me anyway, except Mom maybe.” Benjamin walked out of the bathroom, which genuinely shocked her. It had been only two and half minutes since he entered, and he was already out. He generally bathed fast, but this was a record even for him. She didn’t look pleased with that at all. “Can’t you spend some more time in the bathroom and clean yourself better?” she suggested. “We’re living in the same room, after all. I’d prefer it if you keep yourself clean.” Benjamin, however, didn’t even reply. He just walked out of the room as though he didn’t care.

Rebecca gritted her teeth. “This guy... He used to stare at me all the time, but now that I’m in bed and unable to walk, he doesn’t even look at me! He’s finally showing his true colors! All men are the same!” As she squinted her eyes harder, she noticed the package put on her bed. The 99 dollar receipt glued to it was signed by Benjamin. “Why did he put his package on my bed?” she was about to push it off the bed, but then a thought crept up in the back of her mind. Her hands froze for a second. “Is this what I think it is?” she opened the package with anticipation, and her expectations were met. Her face gained some glow, and she almost smiled as she looked at not one but two walking sticks with elbow crutches. No one in the family brought her a walking stick, and she didn’t expect him to be the first one to buy this much-needed tool. Not just one, but two of them. She pressed her lips together in a bit of regret for having just called him a fool. “L... I thought he was angry at me, so... why did he bring me these?”

Meanwhile, Benjamin came downstairs only to get shocked upon seeing that his chicken curry was gone. He checked the whole kitchen, but it was nowhere to be found.

Just then, one of the maids entered the kitchen.

“Did you see the chicken fry?” he asked. “I put it on the stove and went for a bath. Now, it’s gone.” The chubby maid had remembered seeing Lisa take it, but she said, “I don’t know.” She then went out of her way to say, “Today’s dinner menu is chicken, so if you want, you can wait.” “Wait?” Benjamin frowned. It would take at least one to two hours to prepare everything, but he really wanted to eat it right away. “Where’s the meat? I’ll cook it myself.” “I think Oliver is killing the hens in the backyard. You can go there to collect it yourself.” “Ah, fine” Benjamin went to the backyard, and the maid was right. Oliver, the fifty-year-old butler had already beheaded four chickens. However, Louis’ children were there. Vlad was

licking the raw blood off the chicken's head, while Mercie was flicking another chicken's head and making it roll on the floor. "Hey, what are you two doing here?"

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Benjamin's entrance startled the children, and they ran into the villa through another entrance. Benjamin looked at Oliver who was sleeping on the bench. He slapped the bench, and the butler woke up. Oliver was surprised initially. "Unpaid maid?" After realizing that it was Benjamin who hit him, he grew angry. "Can't you see that I was sleeping?" Oliver might be old, but he was tall and had a typical butcher's physique. "Kneel and apologize to me ten times," Oliver threatened, "or I'll squeeze your balls hard enough you'll permanently lose your ability to harden your di-Mmmphh," he lowered his gaze, and Benjamin's hand was firmly grabbing his balls and squeezing them hard enough, he felt powerless. After Oliver suffered enough, Benjamin let go of Oliver's balls and grabbed his hair so he wouldn't collapse to the ground. "I've seen you hit on my wife a few times already. If I so much as think lustfully of her again, I'm warning you," his gaze turned murderous, "you'll regret ever being born."

Oliver's face was overtaken by fear. His eyes didn't see Benjamin but a ferocious beast right now, and his entire soul felt squeezed by some insurmountable power. His bladder had long leaked all the urine it had.

When Benjamin let go of his hair, he pathetically collapsed and shivered, but his eyes still contained rage. (You little bastard... you have no idea who you just messed with!)

On the first floor's balcony, Louis and Bella were sipping crimson tea. And they noticed everything Benjamin did. "So he does have some backbone," Bella smirked. "I thought he was just a pussy." "If he is this tough, why does he lower himself so much for my sister?" Louis wondered. "Maybe he really loves her," Bella said. "Love, huh..." Louis looked at Bella, his wife. "Do you love me?" She faintly smiled. "You know I do, don't you? Our two children are proof of that." "Mm..." he looked away and squinted his eyes as he looked into the distance. "That man said he liked my sister the moment he saw her. Was he talking about love as well?"

"Whether it's love or not, that man's going to be here sooner or later. We need to be prepared for that. You need to be ready. There won't be any turning back." Louis nodded. "I know."

## **Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 30**

Chapter 30

### **CHAPTER 30**

"The fuck you mean you couldn't deal with him?" Francis slammed the law book on his table as he spoke through the bone. "If I had known you were so incompetent, I would

have wasted my time with a piece of shit like you.” “Calm down, sir. It’s my men that failed. Not me,” Blackbear spoke from the other end while a woman was sucking his cock. “I will beat him senseless before the sun goes down tomorrow and send you a whole carousel of bloody pics.”

“Yeah, you better,” Francis’ voice turned hoarse, “or I’ll specially hire a samurai assassin to shove a sword up your ass.”

The call ended.

Blackbear wasn’t smiling anymore. The woman sucking on his dick was crying because one of his hands continually pressed her head into taking his penis fully into her throat. She was literally choking on it, with tears streaming down her face. “I lost my mood. It’s not working.” He kicked her to the side and stood and pulled his pants back up. She coughed for fifteen seconds before saying, “Is it over? *My husband’s debt?*” she innocently asked. “He doesn’t need to come here again, right?” Blackbear stooped down to her level. “Yeah, he doesn’t need to, but you should—until I grow tired of you.”

Her eyes broadened in shock. “That’s not what you promised!” she grabbed his collar and yelled in rage. “I’ll call the cops. I’ll tell you everything you do here! I’ll —”

A life got lodged in her throat before she even knew it.

“You think the police don’t know I do my business from this shile hole of an apartment?” he grabbed her by the mouth using his fingers and squeezed it. “You know what? I hate dumb bitches like you who don’t know how the world really works. People like you should be killed left and right, so global warming will at least take a u–turn, though I seriously take anything the government says with a big fucking grain of salt. Like how I control addicts like your husbands with drugs, the government controls people through fake fear and terror, so they wouldn’t want men like me who bring real terror to life into the society to rot in cells. Of course, thugs like me need to be smart to not get fucked in the ass by those in power, or that’d be the end of me.” As he was speaking, life left her eyes. “Chu, chu, too bad, I even thought of fucking you in the ass next time around.”

The room door opened, and one of the underlings brought a report.

“Took you fools so long.” Blackbear checked the report. “That’s it? He works at Rye’s Pizza in the morning and lives as a butler at the Sterling family the rest of the time? What about his address and the couple that fucked each other to bring this fucker into life?”

“A—About that, we couldn’t find anything, Boss,” the underling replied hesitantly. “His name didn’t show up in the local registry. We contacted one of our cops, and he couldn’t track that bastard’s past, either. It’s like he didn’t exist until last year,”

“That means he’s either a nobody, or he’s someone we should deal carefully with,” Blackbear thought for a second. “Now I’m starting to see why four of my men got taken down by him. I shouldn’t rush with this dude.” He faintly smiled. “Benjamin Wilde. Whoever you are, I’m going to meet you soon.” “Uh, what should I do with this bitch, Boss?” the underling asked about the dead woman lying on the floor, with fresh blood coming out of the hole in her neck “Do whatever you want. I don’t care.” At Sterling family’s villa.

Benjamin returned to his room after his meal, but he didn’t enter and stood next to the entrance.

“You rushed into marriage, so of course, you’ll feel bored now,” Selena was talking to her daughter, putting her gently on Rebecca’s hand. “A pizza guy will add nothing to your life. He and you grew up in different worlds, so you won’t be able to understand each other well. I know I’m repeating this, but life is short, so don’t waste time with someone that you don’t see a future with.” She patted her daughter’s hand a couple of times, then kissed on her cheek once. “Think of this accident as a stroke of luck. Use this free time to give your future a thought.”

Rebecca didn’t say anything. Selena noticed the walking stick next to the bed, “Ah, did you tell one of the butlers to get this stick for you? I was going to buy you one. I guess there’s no need now.”

Rebecca just forced out a stretchy smile. “Good night, my little darling.” “Night to you, too, Mom.”

Selena then walked out. She turned her head and looked at Benjamin. Seeing the pain in his face, she smiled and said, “Men love the pain, but women love to inflict the pain. In the end, both want to feel stronger. Let’s see which one wins. Your ability to endure or my ability to inflict pain.” She was about to pat his shoulder but didn’t want to touch him, so she just withdrew her hand and walked past him.

Benjamin stood there for a while before taking a deep breath and entering the room. Seeing him enter, Rebecca’s eyes slightly widened. “Were you listening to our conversation?” she asked without hesitation. Benjamin jumped onto his bed and pulled the blanket on. “I was asking you a question,” she stressed. There was no response.

The acids in Rebecca’s stomach mildly burned. (Fine. If that’s the game you want to play, I can play it all too well.) As silence filled the room, Rebecca closed her eyes. Her thoughts drifted and drifted and took her to the night when they first met.

“Do you believe in love and promises?” he asked while sipping on red wine.

“I don’t even believe in people, so why would I believe the promises they make?” Rebecca smirked and smiled, “Promises... they are easy to make and easier to break. As for love...” she began shaking her head slightly, “that’s probably the biggest lie we



share in the front while speaking behind each other's backs. There's no significance for love in this world full of lies."

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"So, you don't believe in ther."

"Not really. Why? Are you doing PhD in love, or what?"

Benjamin just smiled faintly in return.

Some time later, Rebecca began hearing a voice, speaking to her in utter darkness, "On Ground, I promise; on Water, I promise, on Wind, I promise; on Fire, I promise; on Heavens, I promise; my love for you is real I promise..."

Coming back to the present, Rebecca opened her eyes fast and looked to her right. Benjamin was sleeping on his bed. She looked confused. Those words she heard just now, it felt like someone was speaking to her in her dream, and their voice was pretty similar to Benjamin.

"What's with this weird dream..." she wondered. "Did I really talk about love and promises with him on the first night I met him? In a bar?" she could only shake her head. "Why did I only remember it now? This must be my imagination. Yeah, that's it."