

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 51

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Chapter 51

CHAPTER 51 The private security guards of the billionaire's son were all professional fighters who had either served in the army or worked in underground fighting clubs. Each of them knew how to take down an opponent in just one hit.

Benjamin looked like an easy meal, so not all of them went guns blazing, as it seemed more than enough to deal with some random dude who was either foolish or brave enough to walk into a lion's den alone.

However, it soon proved that he was indeed a fool as he didn't fight back. As fists pounded his cheeks, and kicks hurt his ribs, he withstood the pain. Seeing him standing on their feet despite their attacks, the guards grew more aggressive with their attacks and drew blood from Benjamin's mouth. Though he was moved from the spot, he was still on his feet.

"Your persistence will get you killed, brat," the head of the guards jumped and landed a spinning kick to the side of Benjamin's face. It lifted Benjamin off his feet and sent him rolling on the floor. His nose and mouth were leaking blood, and his sight turned blurry. Another security guard grabbed him by the shirt. "That's enough," Artur said. "Anymore and he'll die. Just throw him out."

"Yes, sir." Two guards dragged him out of the mansion, and the dogs followed them till the entrance. If not for the guards being with Benjamin, the dogs might have attacked him already.

After the guards left him on the street, the gate guard was shaking his head, not out of pity but because of annoyance. "It seems they are not willing to give you your car back. That's the price you have to pay for recklessly entering the building." Benjamin didn't say anything and walked away. The Mercedes was used by Rebecca before she bought her Porsche. Nobody in the Sterling villa used it these days except for the butlers, so he didn't worry too much about the car. "If Rebecca sees me like this..." Benjamin wondered. "Will she be worried?" He really wanted to know. The reason he didn't fight back was to make his wife care for him at least this way. He took a taxi and went straight back to the Sterling villa.

When the gate guard saw Benjamin, he was stunned. "W-What happened to you?"

"Nothing," Benjamin ignored him and walked in.

Even though it was nighttime, there were lights in the garden. Oliver was pruning the plants as he often did after having dinner, and Devon was begging him to visit the casino as the guys working there had stolen the platinum card from him. Oliver, however, didn't care. He already bought a bugatti with the card, so why should he risk his life tussling with the crazy guys working at a casino? He just didn't see much benefit there. Oliver and Devon couldn't help but notice the wounded Benjamin walking so casually, for a second they thought he applied bloody makeup all over his face.

Benjamin looked at them but went right past them and entered the villa.

The kids were having dinner. Lisa and Roshan went speechless after seeing Benjamin who

looked like a zombie. Vlad and Mercie, however, felt tempted to come up to him, though they didn't in the end. Kathy and Johnny were also there, and they had contrasting expressions. Kathy looked a bit worried, but Johnny was smiling. As he went up the escalator against his will, the kids murmured just what had happened to him.

Benjamin knocked on the door once before entering. To his shock, Rebecca was sleeping. He didn't expect that, but given she hadn't slept much the previous night, it made sense that she slept rather early tonight. After all the hassle he went through, why was she sleeping? This wasn't fair! He walked out of the room, closed the door and knocked multiple times, a bit loudly this time before entering again. However, Rebecca was still sleeping tight. "Are you kidding me? I know she watched some tv show or something, but how can she not hear such loud knocking?" His eyes suddenly widened. "Don't tell me..." he walked up to her bed and looked at her ears closely. As he feared, she was wearing the noise-cancellation ear plugs. "Oh, crap..." he hesitated for a few seconds, but then eventually decided to pull those ear plugs out. Since she was sleeping, facing toward his bed, he was able to take out the one in her right ear, but what about the one in the left ear? He didn't dare to move her.

"One ear is open, so this should be enough, right?" he went back out and knocked loudly on the door three times. He paused a second and then knocked loudly again and said, "I'm coming in, my love." This time, his efforts paid off. Rebecca opened her eyes, but seeing an almost zombified Benjamin, her heart jumped into her mouth. Fear gripped her so much she couldn't even yell or speak.

Benjamin went to the steel clothes rack on the side of the room and picked up his towel and a pair of clothes and went to the bathroom, casting a glance at her in the process. Rebecca's heart was still beating fast. All the drowsiness was gone as thoughts rushed through her mind. "Is that all blood?" Blood covered his face and all over his shirt and parts of his pants. It was far from pleasant to watch. Though she guessed what might have happened, she wanted to make sure before jumping to conclusions. She waited until Benjamin came out.

Benjamin took his time. He washed himself cleanly and came out, looking much better, though the bruises on his face were still pretty much visible. His right cheek had also swollen a little bit. That was where the head of the security guards struck him with a flying spin kick. "Benjamin, come over here," she almost demanded him. Benjamin listened to her and came up to her bed. "Sit down. Let me have a look," she said.

When was the last time she asked him to sit on her bed? Never! This was the first time, so he was so happy on the inside, though he couldn't show it on his face. He immediately sat down. She gently touched his face and frowned. A part of his lower lip was ruptured. His jaw was

bruised, and his cheek was swollen. "How could they hit you like this? Did Artur do this to

you?"

Benjamin's mouth turned down as he nodded with a sad countenance. "He knew we are married. He purposely let his security guards gang up on me as I was leaving," his eyes turned wet. "He even took your Mercedes." "I don't care about the car, but..." Rebecca frowned. "How could he let his men hit you after knowing that you are my husband?" she couldn't digest that. "Who does this Artur think he is? I should have known when he said he was a friend of Shawn. I can't believe I let such trash enter my room!" As Rebecca scolded Artur without reserve, Benjamin's heart fluttered, and his stomach felt full even though he hasn't had dinner yet. "And you..." Rebecca's gaze turned cold. "How could you foolish enter their place alone?" "Ah, that's..." Benjamin didn't know what to say. (Why's she getting angry at me?) "Ugh," he acted like his jaw suddenly hurt when tried to speak. "Are you okay?" her expression slightly changed, and she looked both angered and worried. "I already called the doctor, so just bear the pain until he comes."

"Y-You called the doctor?" Benjamin got emotional. Tears sprang into his eyes.

"Rebecca!" he leaned forward and suddenly hugged her, greatly surprising her. "H-Hey!" as their chests pressed against one another and their chins rested on each other's shoulders, she felt embarrassed for a second, but as his scent entered through her nose, she began to feel a little comfortable. She wondered if he was using this wounded opportunity to hug her, but even if he did, it wasn't that big of a deal as it was only a hug, and she thought he deserved at least that for all of his efforts. But then something shocking happened. Benjamin's head slightly turned, and his lips ended up kissing the hard line of her neck, sending a jolt of pleasure through her soul that made her body jerk

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widened in full. Though she was greatly surprised for a second, it didn't last long. After all, she knew men were like this. You give them an inch, and they would try to take up the whole space.

However, before she reacted, Benjamin moved his head back and said, "Sorry. I didn't meant to do that. I was moving my head, and my mouth ended up touching your neck. I promise."

Benjamin sounded really convincing. It didn't seem like he was making things up, so she couldn't rebuke him. "I-It's fine."

Benjamin didn't want to get up from her bed, but he didn't want to look bad, either, so he painstakingly stood and went to his bed.

And then they waited for the doctor. Rebecca still felt a bit awkward, so she covered herself with the blanket. Still, the moment when his lips pecked her neck kept popping in her mind, and her body began acting weird. A strange sense of pleasure coursed through her blood, and she couldn't rest comfortably no matter the position she assumed. Her ankle was still far from complete wasn't worried about that much as she rolled on the bed to the left and right.

Benjamin just sat and kept looking at her, wondering if he disturbed her sleep. He felt a little bit guilty.

He wanted to do something. After some thinking, he began to sing in a sweet-toned voice that was easy on the ears.

"Two lives

One dream;

Four eyes

One sight..."

Rebecca opened her eyes and was all ears while still buried under her blanket.

"Two Tongues

One voice;

Four legs

One stand..."

As Benjamin continued to sing, she found her heart beating in strange rhythms.

“Two stomachs

One meal;

Four claws

One foe;

Two hearts

One beat;

Four wings One flight...” Even though Rebecca was resting, she found her blood rushing and swelling her emotions as her heart surrendered to his words.

“Two birds

One love; Four directions

One destination.”

Benjamin stopped. The song ended, but it had already made her hunger and thirst for more. Benjamin thought a little song would help her sleep, but it only excited her wee little heart. She felt like he had his way with her by putting the profound bond between two love birds into words that stirred her soul and made her feel guilty at the same time.

After all, even though she and Benjamin were married, she acted far from being a proper wife. She knew that, but his song made it all the more clear and striking as to how far their bond was compared to true love birds and made her wonder how life would have turned out had she been a loving wife to Benjamin.

“Looking the world through your eyes...” Rebecca felt sad as she thought about it. “I haven’t done anything like that. Feeling your hunger, shaking your dream, fighting for your goal, and speaking on your behalf... I haven’t done any of those either. All I did... was worry about myself. Care only about my priorities.” She was beginning to realize just how wrong she had been, not just in treating Benjamin as a husband but also the way she had been living so self centeredly.

His words had made his wish clear. He wanted her to be his partner. He wanted both of them to be like love birds that were each other’s breath of life and could never be separated as long as their hearts had the strength to function.

“You are a wonderful guy, Benjamin...” she thought. “My hatred for you can’t seem to prevail over your love for me. It makes me wonder if I’m worthy to be your wife.”

The doctor entered the room after knocking. "I was really shocked to see the escalator," he looked surprised and happy. "Whose idea was it?"

Benjamin, however, wore a poker face. "Please sit down and treat me, doctor." "O-Okay, but..." the doctor checked upon Benjamin's wounds. "How could let others hit you like this? Didn't you fight back?"

"I slipped in the bathroom and suffered these wounds," said Benjamin. "Your wife already told me what happened, though." "Oh..." Benjamin felt slightly embarrassed. Rebecca chuckled a little from under the blanket.

The doctor chortled and poked Benjamin's cheek, making him frown. He took out some tablets from his bag and then an injection. Benjamin's heart skipped a beat. "D-Doctor, I don't want an injection."

"What? But it'll be effective," the doctor advised.

"No, doctor," Benjamin looked at the needle like he was looking at a demon. "What no? You'll thank me later," the doctor still tried to jab him in the shoulder, but Benjamin jumped and rolled of the bed and ran out, shouting he didn't want to get jabbed. "What the heck?" the doctor couldn't believe it. "He's an adult, and he still fears a needle? What is he? A housecat?" he could only shake his head.

Rebecca pulled the blanket down and looked at the doctor with a smile on his face. She had no idea that Benjamin feared the needle so much. "Doctor, leave that injection here. I'll do it after he sleeps."

"Ah, okay, but do you know how to do it?" . "I can look it up on the internet." The doctor's expression fell flat. "No thanks." "Eh? Why? I can do it, doctor. Trust me!"

He put the tablets down and said, "Maybe another time, when I'm supervising." Saying that he left.

Rebecca seemed a little angry and disappointed. She pulled the blanket over. "I never really liked this family doctor, and now I think I know why!"

Meanwhile, in the Sunshine casino. Alfred tried to enter the casino, dressed up as a beggar among beggars. Even the walking stick and bowl he used were dirtier than soles of pigs.

Naturally, the guard standing at the entrance had a problem with that. He warned with a straight face, "This is the third time. Try entering again, and I'll put my baton to use. Don't blame me afterward." He pushed Alfred back with the tip of the baton.

"Hmph," Alfred snorted. "How rude of a dude you are. I'm only here to pick up a lost card, and you treat me like I'm worse than shit."

“Because you are,” the guard was blunt. “Now go away.” “I ain’t going anywhere until I get the card.” “What card? Are you trying to cook up some nonsense to get in now?” the guard was losing his patience. “If you want to beg, do it elsewhere, where it’s lawful and appropriate. Here.” He took a dollar note and threw it in Alfred’s face.

Alfred picked up the dollar note and shoved it in his pocket. “Fine. I’ll honor your weedy kindness and come back after your shift is over.”

“Huh?” the guard couldn’t believe this beggar’s words, but since the beggar was walking away, he didn’t stop him.

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Artur came to the Sterling villa driving Rebecca’s Mercedes the very morning. The children had gone to school, but Oliver was there, and he wondered why Artur didn’t come in a bugatti. Devon was still begging Oliver to help him get the platinum card back.

Artur entered the villa like a lion, but his overflowing positive expression drastically changed after seeing the newly installed escalator being removed right before his eyes. If it was his home, he would have roared, but now, he walked forth without uttering a word.

Kathy came up to him and said, “If you want to go to Madam Rebecca’s room, there’s another way. Follow me.”

He followed her, and she took him through a long route and eventually took him to an empty room on the ground floor. Once he entered, she locked the door.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Artur asked, frowning.

Kathy began to undress. Once she removed her dress, her full, round breasts were only being covered by her white bra. “I want you to help me,” she said, seductively, running her finger from her lips to her navel as she closed the distance. Artur raised his brows. “Seriously? You think I’m that easy?” he turned halfway and slapped her breasts with the back of his hand so hard, her bra came off, but she cried out in pain as she got pushed a few steps back “Ah!” she didn’t expect him to be so rough. No. it wasn’t rough. It was brutal. She instinctively covered her boobs with her arm. “Move,” Artur affirmed himself with just one word, and she felt intimidated and stepped aside. “I’m not in the

mood of fucking a maid, or I would have shown you hell and heaven at the same time.” He opened the door and walked out like nothing had ever happened.

Kathy bit on her finger. “This guy... Madam Selena told me to trap him and turn his attention away from her daughter, but he’s too scary. Much scarier than Shawn.” She could still feel the pain in his chest, and for some reason, she turned horny. Though it wasn’t as magical as when Benjamin had licked the cake off her fingers, Artur also had something special in his hand. “I want to find a husband who is dominant and creative in bed, but only buffoons like Johnny are chasing me. At this rate, I’m going to stay single forever! No! I can’t let that happen!” She dressed up quickly and walked out. Artur was nowhere in sight. “He’s already found his way to the first floor? I must report to Madam Selena as fast as possible!”

Selene had always wanted Edward to marry Rebecca. While Edward wasn’t even close to Artur in terms of wealth, Edward was someone she could always keep under control. That over a billionaire’s son. After all, if she wanted she could always attend the parties of billionaires using her celebrity status, so billionaires were nothing really special in her eyes. As long as she liked her son-in-law and could keep him in control, it didn’t matter if that guy was blind or bitchy.

Though Shawn listened to Selena’s words, if someone from Shawn’s side were to enter the Sterling family, her authority would weaken, and she didn’t want that. Artur installing an

escalator within hours before even consulting her had greatly hurt her ego, and she wanted Artur gone from her daughter’s life and from her sight as fast as possible.

When she was thinking of how to antagonize Artur, Rebecca herself came to Selena’s room this morning and said she wanted the escalator gone. Her words were like music to Selena’s ears. She didn’t even ask the reason why her daughter wanted the escalator to be removed, but if she knew that the reason behind was Benjamin getting injured, she might have reconsidered. At the moment, Artur entered Rebecca’s room. She was alone and watching the Lost Love series as Benjamin had gone for work. “Hi,” Artur showered a handsome smile.

Rebecca paused the video and looked straight at him, her gaze sharpening steadily.

“Is something wrong?” Artur asked, sitting down on the couch by the wall, with one leg crossed over the other, and his arms laid back over its length. “You don’t look happy to see

me”

“And why would I be?” Rebecca’s voice grew cold. “Because you beat my husband black and blue?”

“Your husband?” Artur cheekily smiled. “He’s only a husband on paper, right? And the outside world doesn’t even know it? You don’t seem to be wearing your wedding ring, either. I can see that you are completely and utterly disappointed in him.” Rebecca frowned. “What did you come here for?”

He tossed the car keys to her. “I brought the car back. I value both money and people, but I value people more. I hope you can see that.” “I think I’ve seen enough,” she replied in a sharp tone. He faintly smirked. “Is that why you’re breaking apart the escalator and the walkway?” “My family doctor said whoever installed those things in a house must be a funny guy,” she said.

Artur smiled a little. “If you have nothing else to say, can you please leave?” she said. “I’m not feeling well.” “Yeah, I can see that,” he glanced at the television. “Lost Love, right? That’s my mom’s favorite show.”

Rebecca didn’t say anything. “Anyway, see you later,” he began walking. “Oh, wait,” Rebecca took out something from the desk drawer. It was the invitation card for the auction. “I don’t think I can visit the auction, so please take it.” Artur forced out a smile. He walked up to her and plucked the card out of her hand and elegantly slid it into his inner pocket. He then leaned closer and kept staring at her, which made her uncomfortable, but then he sent a flying kiss. Her hand flew and slapped his thick face hard even before she realized what she was doing. But

she didn’t look like someone who had made a mistake. She kept glaring at him.

Artur looked angry for a second, but then he almost smiled and said, “I think I deserve to get hit by your beautiful hand more than once. See you later, Ms. Rebecca.”

As he was walking away, she said, still sitting on the bed, “It’s Mrs. Rebecca.” He paused for a second but kept walking without looking back

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After he left the villa on foot, the head security guard was waiting outside in his Rolls-Royce Sweptail which was freely given to him by Artur a while back. He opened the door, and Artur got in. He drove the car away and noticed that Artur wasn’t looking as comfortable as he did before he entered the villa. “Forgive me for saying this, but I don’t think she’s worth it, sir. I did say she seemed beautiful and thoughtful, but if she can’t see your worth even after what you’ve done for her, then she’s just stupid.” A corner of Artur’s lips curled up rather abruptly. He was rubbing his cheek. “It doesn’t hurt.” “Pardon, sir? Did you say something?”

“Luther,” the image of Rebecca slapping Artur kept playing in Artur’s mind, “this woman is stupidly brave, and I like it.”

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Not long after Artur left, Jane came to the Sterling villa to introduce her boyfriend to Rebecca, but she kept on talking to Veronica on the first floor after seeing the escalator being destroyed. "You mean to tell me you installed this like two days back, and you're removing it now?" Jane's head swelled from anger. "Do you guys have any idea how much money you're wasting? I can buy a freakin' house with what you're wasting here." "It's not my idea," Veronica yelled back. "It's my sister's idea, so go and yell at her. Not me!"

"Huh, fine! I'll beat some sense into her!" Jane hurriedly started walking, but with the escalator being removed, she had to stop. "Wait, how do I get to the first floor?"

"There's a staircase leading up from the backyard," said Veronica.

"Got it," she wrapped her arm around her boyfriend and strode forth confidently. Those who didn't know about Jane could have easily mistaken her for the heir of the villa.

"Is that her boyfriend?" Veronica didn't seem to like Jane's boyfriend. "He's too macho. Not my taste. If I get caught up in those arms, I'd freak out instead of feeling comfortable!"

Unlike Veronica, her sister Rebecca was impressed by Jane's boyfriend. "A wrestler needs to have this much of a build," she said and even touched his bicep once after taking his permission.

Jane kept hugging her boyfriend all the while, her arms circling around his narrow waist.

Once the pleasantries were over, Jane yelled at Rebecca for wasting the money, and then Rebecca explained everything that had happened, excluding some awkward moments. "Artur Bonsbell is such a douchebag?" Jane couldn't believe it. "To think I had a crush on him when I was in college..." she could only shake her head in disappointment, but then she kissed her boyfriend. "I have Donovan, so I think I hit a jackpot. He's taller, stronger, and cooler than Artur!"

Donovan didn't seem to have a problem with kissing Jane in Rebecca's presence, but Rebecca's face gained pink

"Hey, hey! You guys look like you're gonna have a go at it in my room!" she almost yelled. "Huh, did you forget where you first had sex?" Jane asked back Rebecca's

shoulders jerked up and down. "D-Don't you talk about such private things before your boyfriend."

"Hmph, fine," Jane wrapped her arm around Donovan's arm. "We're thinking of watching a movie together, but Donovan likes big-budget action movies, so I'm thinking..."

"Alright. I'll ask for my dad to book some tickets in advance," Rebecca said, "though I don't know if he even announced the release dates." "I told you she'd do it," Jane punched Donovan's chest in excitement and then hugged Rebecca and planted a kiss on her cheek. "You are my best friend for a reason, but pick the best

seats in the theater, okay?"

Rebecca didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"By the way, where is your Benjamin?" Jane wiggled her brows up and down.

"MY Benjamin?" Rebecca swiftly pinched Jane's thigh.

"AUHHWW!" Jane's cry was a tender mixture of moan and scream. "He's your husband, so of course, he's your Benjamin!"

Rebecca tried to pinch her again, but Jane moved back Donovan, however, purposely pushed Jane forward so she would get caught by Rebecca.

"Donut! How could you betray me!" Jane cried out. "You guys keep talking," he said and walked out, looking a bit tired. "I'll be waiting outside." After some ear twisting, Rebecca let go of Jane. Both were panting, and then they laughed together.

"You seem to have a good boyfriend," Rebecca said. "He seems sensible." "Well, he's not at all sensible in bed, I tell you," Jane whispered. "We've had sex like sixteen times yesterday." She even showed her hickies on her collarbone and waist. She was about to show the marks on her inner thighs, but Rebecca stopped her.

"Stop it, Jane!"

"Why?" Jane purposely teased her. "You feel like having sex now, don't you?" "Hmph, you're too easy to read!" Rebecca grappled with her and choked her with a suffocating grip. "If you think mere words can melt my self-control, you haven't understood me well enough." Right after she said that, she thought back to the song Benjamin sang the other night and wondered if what she just said was really true or not.

Seeing Jane struggle for air, Rebecca let go of her, and her mind focused elsewhere.

Jane gasped for air. “Were you trying to kill me or what?” she booted Rebecca’s ankle, making her cry at the top of her lungs.

Donovan and all the workers who heard her scream came running inside, only to see Jane forcibly shutting Rebecca’s mouth while tears flowed out of Rebecca’s eyes. “What happened?” Donovan asked in worry.

“Nothing,” Jane grinned. “We were just playing.”

Meanwhile, in the Sunshine Casino.

In the basement, more than a dozen security guards were down on the floor, with broken teeth and jaws. Only two men were standing by the table stacked with money. One was the owner of the casino, a bald guy in a red suit, and the other was Alfred in his usual beggar’s clothing. And the beggar’s staff he held had blood all over it.

“W-Who the fuck are you?” the owner was sweating all over, especially from his bald head.” How can you beat someone so cruelly?”

“Why are you playing innocent now?” Alfred smacked his bald head with the stick and made him bleed.

“Ugh...” he cringed in pain. “Fuck.” Alfred raised the stick again. “Wait,” he immediately took out the platinum card from his purse. Alfred stared at him for a long three seconds, sending shivers down his spine, before he plucked the card out of his shaky fingers. “You should have done this when I was asking you nicely.” He picked a handful of hundred dollar bills, turned around, and left while wiping the blood off the walking stick with the cash.

Even after Alfred left, the owner couldn’t stop himself from shaking, and he hit the table in utter frustration and screamed.

Alfred casually walked out of the casino, and the guard standing outside had asked if he got what he wanted, to which Alfred showed him the card. “Is that card really important?” the guard asked, having received a tip for allowing Alfred to enter the casino. “You could have just blocked it and requested a new card from the bank, couldn’t you?”

Alfred smiled and said, “It’s not the card that’s valuable but the symbol we put on it.” He put the card in his pocket and walked away, seemingly with the help of the walking stick.

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Benjamin just reached the old town street to make the last delivery of the day. The dust in the air was making him sneeze. Giving the pizza boxes while sneezing would likely give him a low rating, so he called the customer and told her to walk out. And she did. A fat annoyed grandma with a hand fan in her hand, rebuking Benjamin for making her walk forty steps from her doorstep.

“Sorry, ma’am, but you don’t look that old,” Benjamin lied through his teeth, “so I thought this much distance was nothing.”

The grandma’s expression softened. She even showered a toothy smile and said, “I will look much younger if I wear makeup. Do you want to see?” “M-Maybe another time,” Benjamin said. “I need to go home on time, or my wife will make a meal out of me.”

“Haha, so you’ve got an energetic wife, huh. She’ll keep you under check, so good for you,” she gave him the money, but no tip. “Uh,” Benjamin scratched his cheek, “my wife will be happy if I take some money home in the form of tips, ma’am.” “Hoho, I wasn’t thinking of giving you any tip, but...” she pinched his cheek once and said, “there you go. That was my tip.”

Benjamin’s expression fell flat. She chortled and then put two dollar bills in his hand.

Benjamin showered a smile quickly but smoothly. “Thank you. May God bless you with a long life.”

“What long life? My husband died over forty years ago,” she began telling her sad story. “My sons listened to their wives and kicked me out of my husband’s house. Now I live in an old friend’s house, with the little pension I get. This is the first pizza I ordered in three months. Now that I think back on it, my husband liked pizzas very much.”

Benjamin looked a bit sad. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine. Every adult has their own sad story. Just... don’t think living a long life is always a good thing,” saying that she began walking back to her friend’s house.

Benjamin felt bad for taking the two dollar tip. After she entered the house, he walked over and left the money at the door handle.

As he was walking out, he felt dizzy. After taking ten steps, he collapsed forward on the grass. Seconds later, the door opened. The old woman was chewing on the pizza with a grin playing at one corner of her mouth. She dialed a number while standing right inside the house. “Blackbear, I got him. He’s passed out at my doorstep. Come within half-hour, and you can have him.”

“As expected of someone who was once called the Rowdy Queen,” Blackbear sounded

impressed from the other end. "But be careful. He's not your average Joe."

"I used a special mixture of sleeping gas with itching smoke," she said. "He isn't going to wake up for at least a day unless we force him to. But what do you need him for? He looks pretty normal to me, despite what you said." "Just tie him up. I will tell you the details later."

"Sure. Just don't forget to bring the money and pot."

"How could I forget?"

The call ended.

She put a mask on and walked out. She caught Benjamin by the feet and dragged him inside her house with effort. She locked the door, removed the mask, and grabbed a pizza slice before turning around. Benjamin was up and standing. "Hello, ma'am." The pizza slice in her hand flew and hit the wall behind her as her whole body jerked in fear.

"I really believed your story..." Benjamin's eyes gained redness, and his burning gaze cut all her confidence.

"I-I was only doing what I was told to do," she tried to explain herself. (How the hell is he standing? Didn't he take the gas?)

"I got that much, but, who's this Blackbear?" asked Benjamin, his gaze turning razor sharp. This wasn't a gaze any young man his age should be possessing. "I really don't know him. I just know him by name, that's all," she said and then begged, "Please don't kill me."

Benjamin's mouth turned down. He walked past her and picked up the pizza slice that had fallen on the floor. "Pizza is precious. How can you throw it on the floor?" he put his hand forward. "Do you have any idea how much effort it takes to make one? C'mon, take it."

She hesitated initially and looked confused, but then she took the pizza slice and ate it quickly. "Now, why don't we talk about your real story?" he said.

Minutes later, Blackbear arrived in an old-fashioned roofless black car with a big metallic bear's face at the front. He stopped a little far from the old woman's house. "Go and check."

His underling covered his nose and mouth with a double-layered cloth mask and barged into the old woman's house with a gun in the hand.

About a minute later, Benjamin opened the door and walked out. "Well, well, well," Blackbear seemed just a little surprised, "would you look at that? This bastard always

exceeds my expectations.” Blackbear never trusted the Rowdy Queen in the first place. He didn’t care whether she died or not. He didn’t care if his underling died or not, even though there was no sound of a gunshot. He started the car and squeezed the accelerator with his foot.

He thought he got away. However, he noticed in the rear-view mirror a bike with a pizza delivery guy riding it. Blackbear smirked. “You want to chase my Black Ghost? In your dreams, fucker.” He entered the main road and used the boosters, startling Benjamin. The distance between them steadily increased. Benjamin didn’t give up but twisted the accelerator of his motorcycle to the max. Fuel increasingly pumped into the engine, and though he couldn’t reduce the distance between them, he didn’t let it increase. Both vehicles zoomed past a police officer who was writing a ticket to a car owner for driving well past the posted speed limit. The wig of the car owner flew off his head. “Bloody hell,” the police stopped his signature midway and chased these two on his bike. “You little punks ain’t going nowhere without getting my autograph today!”

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 56

Chapter 56

CHAPTER 56

Oliver was having the time of his life, driving a bugatti on an eight-lane road, while eating a roasted chicken leg, zooming toward the distant hills. Could life get any better than this? He wasn’t driving that fast, but he was full of happiness. “There’s no way I can take the card back from the Sunshine casino. Though Devon fucked it up, I’m not sad. If I sell this car, I can still have more than enough to buy a meat shop combined with a small house and settle for life. I will drive this beauty for a few more days, and then... I’ll say goodbye to this car as well as the Sterling family.”

An old car dashed past his bugatti, surprising him. “Whoa...” he was impressed for a second, but then a pizza bike rushed past him. His expression quickly changed. “You want to show off to others, huh. Fine, then I’ll show you what real speed looks like!” his car accelerated fast. The police siren rang in the back, but Oliver didn’t care. He competed with the bike and the old car. Seeing the bugatti speeding up, the police grew angrier. At this point, all four vehicles were going well past 100 miles per hour, and no one seemed to be considering the idea of slowing down.

Like a roadster from the cartoons, Oliver’s bugatti managed to catch up with the pizza bike. Because Benjamin was wearing a helmet, he couldn’t recognize him. He grinned as he kept going faster and reached close to 200 miles per hour.

Benjamin wondered if the one in the bugatti was an accomplice, but his focus was still on the old car. Seconds later, the bugatti caught up with Blackbear’s Black Ghost. This

time, Oliver opened the window to get a better look at Blackbear, the vast amount of air at that curve suddenly rushed into the car and made it unstable. It skidded to the left and crashed at the edge and rolled over the footpath. "What a fool," Blackbear had no idea who Oliver was, and he didn't stop or even slow down. Benjamin, however, stopped the bike at the accident spot. He didn't abruptly stop but took his time to slow the wheels down and return to the accident spot. The bugatti was squashed to a pulp by the time it stopped. It looked impossible for the driver to be alive.

The police bike also stopped, and he dialed for an ambulance first, while Benjamin rushed in for rescuing the driver.

The officer was the same guy who wrote a ticket to Benjamin the other day for not stopping at a stop sign. He just stood there even after the call ended and peered indifferently at the crumpled car. There were heavy winds blowing on the 8-lane road at the moment. "Some rich kid who didn't know how to drive on a highway. He was asking for a death ticket." He walked up to Benjamin's bike and noted down the details of his license plate. "Riding a bike on this road with such speed... he deserves a 1000 dollar ticket and some time behind the bars! It's a pity the car in the front has slipped away." Afterward, he walked over to the accident scene

and told Benjamin who pulled the bloodied, disfigured Oliver out.

Benjamin frowned after recognizing him, but his frown deepened after realizing that Oliver had no heartbeat.

"I called the ambulance," the police said, "but I knew the chances of him surviving that crash were slim to none. Looking at it positively, he wouldn't have had the time to feel pain, though he might have had that last realization of screwing it up as the car was going to hit something." "Will you shut up?" Benjamin glared at him. "What?" the police got angry. He grabbed Benjamin by the collar and pulled him up and dragged him away. "You're coming with me." Benjamin struck the nape of the officer and knocked him out cold. He waited until the ambulance came and took Oliver's body, which would be taken to the mortuary.

"Does he have a family?" Benjamin wondered. "He's close with Devon, so maybe I should inform him." He then took a glance at the crumpled bugatti. "Now that I think about it, why's he driving this luxury car? Did he somehow fool the agent into allowing him for a test drive?" he went silent for a few seconds, then sucked in a deep breath. "What the hell is life exactly about? One second we are here, and the next second, we're gone. It's all really such a mystery."

Meanwhile, Blackbear stopped by a mobile canteen and brought a hot dog. Both Jane and Donovan were also eating at the same canteen. Blackbear's eyes fell on the lovers, who were chatting and laughing together.

His mobile rang. It was his wife calling.

"Tch," he answered. "I'm busy, sweetheart."

"M-Martin, save me!" she spoke in a fearful tone. "Jessica!" Blackbear's heart started pounding, "What's wrong? What happened?"

"If you want your sweetheart to be in this world by the time you get here, Mr. Blackbear," a hoarse voice spoke from the other end, "you better bring some pizza immediately."

"You motherfucker!" Blackbear was enraged. "Do you have any idea who you're messing with?" he then blinked twice. "Wait..." Did he ask to bring a pizza? "This voice... aren't you my useless brother-in-law? What sort of screwed-up game are you trying to pull?"

"Don't forget the pizza," the voice turned even more demanding.

"Give it to Jessica," Blackbear said.

"I'm in danger, here, Martin," his wife now spoke. "It's been ten years since we got married, and we still don't have children. My brother is telling me to marry a MAN. What do you have to say about that?"

The veins in Blackbear's forehead popped out through the skin. "Tell him to stay right there. I'm on my way." He threw the half-eaten hot dog aside and got in his car. "That little fucker who can't get a girl and wanks day and night in his room is trying to give advises to my wife?"

"This is one cool car," Jane said aloud as she came up to the car. "Can you give us a ride,

mister?"

Blackbear showed her his middle finger before driving away.

"What a rude bastard," Jane could only curse him. "If you want, I can buy a roofless car for you," Donovan said, imagining having sex with her in such a car. "That'd be a waste of money, so no."

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Chapter 57

CHAPTER 57

Oliver's death only became a piece of news to the Sterling family. Since he had no family and because he wasn't even driving a vehicle from the Sterling family, they were not obligated to explain anything.

When the hospital called the Sterling family to take his body home, Shawn refused.

Later that day, Devon went to the hospital the next day and spent his own money to cremate Oliver along with some plants he had collected from the villa. Oliver liked to water plants so much so he'd do it even after dinner every night, so Devon wanted to do this.

As for the crumpled bugatti, it was sent to a scrapyard.

When Devon returned to the villa as a tired old man, he entered the dorms and sat on his bed. He grabbed a water bottle and emptied half of it before putting it back on the desk, and that was when he noticed the familiar platinum card on the desk.

His expression froze for a second. And then tears sprang up to his eyes. "Oliver... did you fight the casino guys for me?" he couldn't control his tears. "I was very mistaken about you. You really were a good guy." He lowered his head, covered his eyes with his hand and cried. After crying for more than three minutes, he grabbed the card. Flames of anger rose in his eyes. "Is your death really an accident, or..."

He wanted to do something, but he felt like he was too old to investigate by himself.

Meanwhile, it was getting dark outside.

The Rowdy Queen was cooking instant noodles in her house, but being near the stove made her cough. Everything in her house was in disorder. Even the clothes and emptied food packets were lying everywhere. In short, it was a mess.

"Whoever that pizza-delivery guy was, he's no joke. I've never seen anyone disarm a gun so quickly and effectively. While he cost me a packet of pot, I still feel lucky that he wasn't interested in me. At my age, I'm not in a position to compete with hot-blooded youngsters." Her stomach rumbled. "Shit," she rubbed her belly. "I finished a full bowl of vegetable soup in the afternoon, but all the tension and thinking has already made me hungry." She coughed a couple of times. "Damn. The cough is really persistent today."

Knock Knock.

"Mm?" she frowned. "Who is it at this hour?" she peeked past the curtain and noticed an old man with a bowl in one hand and a walking stick in the other. He looked pretty terrible. (Look at him. Is he the beggar king or what? But why in the world is he begging at this hour?) She took a breath and said, 'who is it,' loudly. "Just a hungry beggar hoping for a meal." A rather dull reply reached her ears, suggesting the other party was hungry maybe? "I don't have anything to offer," she barked impatiently. "Just leave."

“Why are you lying, ma’am?” His voice contained a bit of annoyance. “I can smell the noodles you’re cooking.”

“Tch, does this guy have a dog’s nose or what?” she ground her teeth before dropping the coriander leaves in the cooking pot. “Even if I let him in, I don’t think he’ll have any money for me to steal.” She then yelled, “I’m cooking just for myself. Go away.”

A second of silence followed.

Knock. Knock. A vein in her neck throbbed. The door was knocked again. She had enough of this beggar’s play. Rolling up her sleeves, she stamped her feet on her way to the door and opened it with force. “Since you want to be slapped so badly...” she waved her hand at him. He caught her wrist and said, “You are still as arrogant as ever, Lily.”

Her expression froze. Only one man had ever called her by that name very long ago. “Y-You are ... Don’t tell me...” she backed away. “W-What do you want?” her heart was beating fast. “D Did you come here to take revenge after all this while?” her body shook against her will. “If I really wanted revenge, I would have made your life miserable long ago,” he said and removed his mask, surprising her. Now she was able to remember her face. “But seeing how you’re living now, alone, depressed, and awaiting death... I think you’re suffering enough.” She gnashed her teeth. “Alfred Bond!” The scariest moments of her past flashed in her mind, when a single assassin stormed into the second largest mafia of the country and routed them

all by himself. Over three thousand of them. Seeing this monster among monsters, whom she backstabbed in the name of love and failed, she couldn’t control her heartbeat. Even after having thousands of deadly battles, there was only one scar on his back, and that was a knife wound given by her, aimed at his heart. But somehow, he survived.

“Why do you look like so shocked?” he asked, letting out a faint smile. “Did you think I’d be pushing up the daisies by now?”

“I-If you’re alive, then that means ‘that’family is still...” her heart rang in her ears.

Alfred’s gaze turned a tad bit serious, but his facial muscles were calm. “If you are gonna stay shocked like that, you’re gonna have a cramp in the face. You are not young anymore.” He walked up to the stove and turned it off before pouring the hot noodles in the bowl. When his hand reached out for the fork, her heart skipped many beats. She had seen this man kill dozens with a fork in the past, after all

As he slurped on the noodles, he nodded in appreciation. “Mhmm, your cooking has improved. You got better at using the spices.”

The spice mixture came with the noodles packet when she had bought it in the supermarket, but she didn't feel the need to tell that to him.

"W-What are you here for?" she asked. She wanted to know that more than anything else.

"Didn't I already tell you? I'm just here for the noodles, but..." he sniffed the surroundings a little bit, "it seems you still haven't quit your bad habit. It may be a soft drug, but when consumed over a period, its effects on one's health are uncool."

She didn't say anything.

"Do you remember the first time we met," he asked. "It was a beautiful night. I met a woman who outshined the moon, or so I thought."

She lowered her head in regret. After finishing half of the noodles, he put the bowl on the table and began walking out. "Goodbye." As he left her sight, she wanted to apologize like she wanted to in the past, but again, what she had done wasn't something that could be erased or forgotten with a mere apology. She just watched him leave. Seconds passed. Even though her stomach was making noises, her heart right now didn't feel like eating. Sitting in the chair, she suffered in her head.

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 58

Chapter 58

CHAPTER 58

At night. Benjamin was sitting on his bed and watching the Lost Love series with his wife. She was sitting in her bed.

She was watching season four, so she glanced at Benjamin. "How can you understand it when you start in the middle? You are just watching it to get my attention, aren't you?" "Why do you ask when you already know?" Benjamin chewed on roasted almonds rather angrily. Because of her, he had to watch the show in which Selena was one of the main leads. For him, it was a torture.

"Because I don't like what you're doing," Rebecca said. "I can't put complete focus on the tv show."

"Huh? I'm sitting like six feet away from you!"

"Still, I can't focus because of your chewing noises and scratching your beard every other minute. Why don't you just sleep?" Benjamin could only sigh. "I don't understand

why you need to 'focus' while watching a romantic drama. I can easily guess the screenplay. The main leads get together after some long struggle and then easily break up because of some forced mistake or some stupid misunderstanding. Rinse and repeat. The acting and the comedy is okay, but there's no real surprise or weight to the scenes. I can't understand how this series became a huge hit."

Despite all that he said, Rebecca didn't seem to care. Either she was just so immersed in watching the tv-show, or she acted like it. Either way, it felt like he received an invisible slap from her.

"Whatever," Benjamin covered himself with the blanket.

Seconds turned into minutes.

He heard sniffing. He pulled the blanket down, and Rebecca was crying because Jacob gave a special appearance in the show, and currently, both Jacob and Selena were on screen, touring the sea together on a motor boat. This scene brought tears to her eyes as the chemistry between them seemed so natural, even though they were already many years into the marriage by then.

Why did such a lovely couple now live in two different rooms? The reason wasn't as simple as choosing to be comfortable and luxurious. Her heart still ached for her parents. "Hey, are you okay?" Benjamin came over to her bed. "Don't cry." Seeing her so vulnerable, his heart throbbed slow and heavy. It felt painful in a way. He didn't know why, but he felt like protecting her all the more. Without himself knowing, his hands reached out for her. His hand wiped her tears. Her mouth was still downturned from the swelling sadness in her heart. "It's going to be okay," Benjamin said. "Everything is going to be okay." He brought her head

closer to his chest. She leaned on him for a little while until her heart eased down.

Afterward, she sat straight and looked at him. He stared back at her with a soft look. Her cheeks were still a little bit wet, and there was still a hint of sadness lurking in those eyes.

"Thanks," she said in a murmur, but his ears caught that word. "I must have disturbed your sleep. Sorry."

His heart gained wings and flew for a second. "N-No problem." He stood and went back to his bed, made the sleeping-gesture with his hands, telling her to sleep.

She didn't feel like watching the tv-show at the moment, so she switched the TV off and slept.

The next morning. Selena woke up with a beautiful view of the garden through her glass wall as sunlight kissed the trees as well as her almost alike.

As usual, she had to have coffee first before getting off the bed. A fat maid named Delle always took care of Selena's needs in the house just as Kathy took care of Jacob's needs. Delle was an obedient woman who only did what was told, so Selena never had to waste her concentration on this maid.

Every morning, assuming Selena woke up in the house, Delle would bring two things. A cup of coffee, and a random book from the villa's library.

After drinking the coffee, Selena would read the book for fifteen to thirty minutes everyday until it finished, whether the book was interesting or not. Once the book finished, Delle would bring a new book along with coffee the following morning.

Today as well, Delle brought coffee and a new book

The cream coffee was as tasty as ever. She received most of the needed sugar from her daily coffees.

After finishing the coffee, she lowered her head to pick up the new book. However, her expression slowly but surely changed when she read the title 'How to stop hating your In laws.

A vein in her neck throbbed. "What's this? Are you starting to get smart with me now?" she glared at Delle who quickly apologized and said she just randomly picked a book from the shelves. "Tsk, whatever. I'm sure Trashmin put this book on the shelves. That guy is smarter than he looks. I thought Francis and Edward would take care of him, but what the heck are they doing?"

Even though she hated breaking her routine, she threw the new book out the window. It fell in the bushes below.

Selena peered at Delle. "I'll forgive your mistake if you tell me Trashmin's morning routine within three days." "I-I don't know about these things, ma'am," Delle looked timid. "Take seven days if you want, but figure out his routine," she said. "I could have done it myself, but how can I stoop so low as to waste my time monitoring him? If you don't want to do it, then you can consider your job terminated."

"Ma'am, please reconsider," Delle tried begging, but Selena ignored her, took out a water bottle from the fridge, and went into her mini open gym room that extended out of the villa on the first floor and had glass walls on two different adjacent sides. It had a great view while she exercised there.

As she was warming her body up, she noticed two people in the garden. She didn't care about them at first, but a second later, she stopped her work and came up to the glass wall and squinted her eyes. "Are they..."

Her eyes turned red from rage as she realized that the two people in the garden were Benjamin and Rebecca. The former was tagging along with a water bottle and towel in hand while the latter was walking with the help of a stick. Moreover, they were smiling together!

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 58

Chapter 58

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Chapter 59

CHAPTER 59

Selena rushed back to her room and brought binoculars and peered through the lens to get an absolutely zoomed-in look at her daughter and her much-hated son-in-law.

Right now, the chemistry between them still seemed awkward, so that was a positive. Still, thoughts blasted in her mind, making her strain her neurons as she wondered how exactly her daughter managed to reach the garden.

Did Trashmin bring her in his arms? DID HE?

“Dangerous... It’s too dangerous to keep them in the same room. I must separate them somehow!”

“Now I really despise that little slut Jane! She must be the one responsible behind this change. Ever since she returned, my daughter’s gaze has become softer.”

“Women are physically weaker beings,” she gritted her teeth, “if a stronger man were to help her when she’s in a vulnerable state, he’ll leave a great impact on her heart. I can’t allow that to happen! Not when Edward has just begun to knock on her heart!”

She wanted to call Edward, making him rush to the villa and take Benjamin’s position, but that was practically impossible, so she looked for a person who could practically do that. She went to one of the rooms on the first floor and knocked on the door.

Shawn opened the door, holding a file and a pen in one hand. “Mom?” He looked surprised.

“Shawn, you didn’t sleep last night?” “I had some urgent work, so...”

“Mm, but you should put that file aside and rush to the garden.” “To the garden? Why?” “To help your sister walk, of course!” Shawn seemed bewildered. “Are you serious?”

Selena’s eyes were still red at this point. “Do I look like I’m joking?” her eyes enlarged. “N-No, but...”

“Don’t you get it?” she stressed her words. “Our useless son-in-law is helping Rebecca walk in the garden! Go and push him away! Take his place!”

Shawn now completely understood what his mother was talking about. “But, mom, I and Rebecca aren’t really on good terms. You know that.” “Are you kidding me?” Selena wanted to twist his ear, but he was a fully-grown adult and her eldest son, so she held herself back. “You are a lot closer to her than Trashmin is!” Shawn nodded. “You’re not wrong.” Moreover, he didn’t want to let Benjamin get close to Rebecca as that would only hinder Artur’s chances. “Give me five minutes. I’ll fresh up, and”

“Yeah, he’ll kiss her and hug in those five minutes!” Selena grabbed her arm and pulled him

out.

Shawn sighed and followed her. (Whenever she experiences little discomfort, she won’t shut. up about it until that element of discomfort gets taken care of. Elizabeth is also the

same in this regard. Perhaps, most women are like that? In any case, I don't get why they get so sensitive about even minor stuff, yet no amount of attention I give to them satisfies them. The investments always need to be high, but the returns are so unpredictable. It's one of the reasons why I stopped going out with Elizabeth for shopping or even to the beach. It's just too much of a hassle, so I just let her do everything on her own.) Shawn got lost in his own thoughts and calculations until they reached the main entrance of the villa, and then Selena pushed him out. She thought Shawn would go and act like he coincidentally ended up walking out into the garden so early in the morning; however, he walked straight to them without a shred of hesitation.

Benjamin looked at Shawn and frowned initially but then forced out a smile. (Why is this bastard coming in this direction? Just when I thought I finally got an opportunity to spend some memorable moments with Rebecca, this walking shark had to show up!) "Rebecca," Shawn called out her name, surprising her. "B-Brother Shawn?" she was both surprised and confused, and then he caught her hand. "Let me assist you," Shawn straightforwardly said. "I'm taller and stronger. The chances of me successfully assisting you is much higher than your good-for-nothing husband." "U-Uh, um..." Rebecca didn't know what to say. "Y-You're right, Brother-in-law," Benjamin moved back by himself, not wanting to put Rebecca in an awkward situation. "I'll be following from five steps away."

"No need," Shawn said, glancing at him over his shoulder. "Let us have a brother and sister moment."

"O-Okay," Benjamin forced out a stretchy smile, but it looked more like he was crying. (What about our husband and wife moment, you self-centered shark!) It was disheartening, but Benjamin had to stay back as Shawn and his sister kept going. He could only wonder what they were talking about. Shawn dealt rather smartly with his sister. After the escalator was removed, he guessed that it was better to not bring up Artur's name in their conversation, even though he didn't get any updates from Artur yet. "It's important to recover properly," Shawn told her. "Otherwise, these types of injuries will leave some strain on the muscles, and pain will persist for years." "Yes, Brother."

"I know a friend who's good at training people during their recovery phase. He doesn't give time for just anybody, but I will get you a membership in his gym, so visit that gym once you get comfortable enough you can walk normally." "Mm," Rebecca, on one hand, didn't hate that he was caring for her, but on the other hand,

she had a measure for his care. Interactions with him were always a one-sided affair since as far as she could remember. This was probably because there was so much age gap between her and Shawn.

She was already beginning to feel bored, whereas Shawn never stopped talking.

She glanced over her shoulder, thinking Benjamin had already left, but there he was, still standing in the garden, holding a water bottle and a towel, walking to his left and

right. Her lips pressed against each other and forged a shapely smile. She looked up at Shawn and said, "Brother, I'm thirsty." "What? Didn't you drink before coming here?"

"No."

"Ugh," Shawn felt that this whole thing was so cumbersome. "Fine. Just wait here. I'll get it."

"Benjamin brought a bottle, Brother. You just have to call him over." (Call him?) Shawn didn't like even the thought of calling him to their side. "How can you drink water from a bottle given by his hands?"

His question startled Rebecca. "A flower shouldn't associate itself with dung, Rebecca," his words were as blunt as ever, "or its value will be the same as of dung." Rebecca frowned in response and lowered her head.

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Chapter 60

CHAPTER 60

The new stairs were completely built. They appeared more fashionable than the older ones. Vlad and Mercie played together as they ran up and down the stairs until they grew tired. The maids warned them that it was dangerous to play on the stairs, but as usual, they lived in their own little worlds that didn't easily listen to others' words.

Meanwhile, Selena postponed her film dates because she had things to take care of at home.

She didn't try to overthink and just stuck to plans that had always worked for her. And her main weapon was keeping Benjamin busy and frustrated. It was found on that very same day that Dorothy was suffering from severe pain in her feet because of skin cracking underfoot, especially at the toes as well as the heels. Doctor told her to get warm water treatment regularly. However, Dorothy made Benjamin wash her feet before letting her legs soak in warm water mixed with salt. After enough soaking, he had to massage her feet for at least ten minutes before applying cream at the end. He was told to do this every night before Dorothy went to sleep, at least for four weeks. It came to light that Nolan at the same time had back issues. His back felt stiff every morning after he woke up. He couldn't even bend forward or backward properly, so the doctor told him to get massaged every morning. And Benjamin was ordered to take care of Nolan. His mornings got occupied with massaging the old man for at least half-hour. Along with

that, he had to listen to Nolan's disparaging comments. Even though he was massaging professionally, Nolan never appreciated Benjamin's effort. Not even a little bit. Kathy had caught a severe cold, so Benjamin was told to oversee the breakfast cooking procedures. While overseeing wasn't that hard, it was wasting a lot of his time. After breakfast, he had to hurry in order to drop the kids to school. And then he had his pizza-delivery job to take care of until evening. When he returned home as a tired man, the real nightmare started. Selena made him help with the homework of all four kids, which took him two to three hours, and it wasn't even productive as the kids weren't good at studies. After that he was allowed to bathe and eat dinner. And then he had to read novels for Selena before she went to bed. This was the past he refused to do. However, Selena made Rebecca tell him to do it. And he was forced to oblige. After reading her the books, he was told to water the plants because Oliver used to water them every night. He was told to fill Oliver's shoes. The only good thing that came out of doing that was he found the book that Selena had thrown out the window.

Nevertheless, by the time he returned to his room, at around eleven or sometimes even twelve at night, Rebecca would already be sleeping. He couldn't even find time to talk to her because all the work in the house was being put on his shoulders. Dorothy even made him wash her toilet twice in one day. As if that wasn't enough, the fat maid Delle had been behaving strangely lately. He thought she was the only maid with a decent gaze, but he began reconsidering that opinion. Laden with both bodily and mentally tiring works repeatedly, he didn't even know how

quickly a day passed. Before he knew it, an entire week had passed.

In the whole of the past week, no one in the Sterling villa had done more work than Benjamin, and no one was paid less than him as well.

The title Unpaid Maid truly fitted him these days, to all those watching and wondering while living in the villa. Delle eventually told Selena about Benjamin's morning routine. "What? He yawns?" Selena glared at Delle. "That's all you gathered after all these days?" "Y-Yes, ma'am," Delle's mouth was turned down. "He goes to the rooftop every morning and yawns rather loudly and stretches his body. He walks along the parapet, scrutinizing the surroundings. He feeds birds, too. That's all I could notice these days. Sorry for disappointing you. I won't show my face to you anymore." She didn't say anything and began to walk away. "Wait, I never said I fired you," Selena said, surprising Delle. "Does that mean... I can continue working here?" Delle's heart beat faster as she awaited Selena's response.

"You can."

Delle teared up. "Thank you, ma'am. Thank you very much." She lowered head and quickly left the room.

Selena faintly smiled. She never wanted to fire Delle, but by saying she would if Delle failed, and by keeping her in job even after she failed, Delle would feel really grateful for

the opportunity Selena had given. All Selena had to do was twist her words a little bit so that she would benefit from any situation the most. "He yawns, she said. What can I do with that useless information? Tsk, Veronica has been living at her girlfriend's house lately. If she was here, I would have burdened him some more by making her give him absurd tasks." After some thinking, she wondered, "Maybe I should tell Dorothy to tell her daughter to come back as soon as possible. Since Jacob is too busy to come home these days, I don't think she'll have a problem." She knew exactly what type of woman Elizabeth was. If only Shawn were the head of the house, she would have raised hell and said she wouldn't return until Jacob was gone from the villa. However, Jacob and Selena still controlled most of the things related to the Sterlings. So Elizabeth had no other choice but to swallow her pride and return sooner or later.

Though Selena didn't like Elizabeth, the biggest problem she was currently facing was the problem of potentially losing her daughter to her son-in-law whom she despised down to the bone. If only he hadn't married her daughter, Selena would have been able to introduce her to a lot of rich suitors, but with Rebecca already marrying a pizza-delivery guy, she couldn't go and introduce her to just about anybody as she and her daughter would be laughed at. She could only go to her friend's son, Edward.

Selena who was already being burdened by her eldest daughter-in-law felt further angered by the arrival of a son-in-law she never saw coming.

Even if you wake her up in the middle of sleep, she could give a thousand reasons for her hatred toward him.

And until now she supremely succeeded in not letting Benjamin get adjusted to his new family, much less establish himself in this new environment.

"Just wait, son-in-law. I won't wait for Edward or anybody to do the work. I will not only frustrate you, but will also let my daughter completely overlook you. And that's not the end of it. I'll make your life so miserable, you'll not even think of getting near my daughter ever

again."

After having a coffee and reading a bit of a non-fiction book, she went to her mini gym room and looked at the garden through the glass wall and smiled. There was nobody there. Benjamin must be very busy massaging Nolan's back, she thought and ended up laughing so hard and long she teared up.