

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 6

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In the evening, Rebecca took Benjamin to her personal physician, one different from their family doctor, who gave him some medication to improve his hunger. No tablets. Only some syrup. However, the doctor took 300 dollars for providing less than ten minutes of her time, which was much more than what Benjamin earned that day from tips working from 10 to 4 on that day.

As they were heading home, Rebecca was silent as usual. She was a woman of few words, as though something always ran through her mind.

“Rebecca...” Benjamin started a conversation. It was better than being silent, after all. “Today,” he was fiddling with his wedding ring, “one of my coworkers started rubbing my elbow.”

Rebecca was startled out of her thoughts, but she put on a poker face.

“I told her I’m married, of course,” Benjamin continued. “How can I look at another woman when I have you, right?” he looked into the mirror and could see her pretty doll-like face. He wanted to plant a kiss on her cute cheeks, but he couldn’t dare to do so, not without taking her permission. Since she never even let him touch her, there was just no way she would allow him to kiss her. Hell would freeze over if she were to allow him to kiss tonight, so he didn’t even bother asking.

Since Rebecca wasn’t responding to his efforts, Benjamin entered into his begging mode.

“Can we have dinner together at a restaurant tonight, please?” he asked in a pitiful tone, like that of a child who was begging his mother to buy him some sweet chocolate. He looked so close to shedding a tear or two. “I won’t ask you to take me anywhere again this whole week.”

It sounded like a great deal, so Rebecca felt tempted to agree. These days, Benjamin was talking too much. He was growing more and more desperate for her attention. She knew that. If taking him to a restaurant would calm him down, it was worth trying, she thought.

“I’ll think about it,” she said.

“Okay,” Benjamin didn’t sound too excited. At least she didn’t reject him, so he wasn’t sad.

“By the way, how did you injure your hand?” she asked while glancing at his wedding ring. Unlike him, she didn’t wear the ring.

As for the injury, it was the doctor who had noticed Benjamin’s wound, but he didn’t tell the doctor how he suffered the bruise.

“Ah, this... one of the customers asked me to move their sofas and beds up the stairs, and they were clumsy, so...”

“They ask the pizza guys to move their houseware?” Rebecca couldn’t believe it.

“They do, sometimes,” Benjamin said, looking at the bruise on his hand. “And I should say, this was the most memorable part of the day as I got to help someone who needed a hand. Moreover, the guy gave me a five dollar tip, so it’s a win-win for us.”

“He gave you a few extra bucks, and you took it?” Rebecca’s brows drew together. “That’s stooping low. Don’t take it like that next time.”

“What? Why?”

“If you help someone, you should demand money from them for your service, not take whatever tips they throw in your hands. Got it?”

“That’s...” Benjamin tried to keep silent so she would forget about this topic.

“He gave you a couple of bucks, and I’m sure it was cheaper for him than hiring someone to move his stuff.”

“You are not wrong, but...”

“He used you. Can’t you see that?”

“Well,” Benjamin didn’t know what to say. This was what he found difficult to understand about her. She thought of things in her own self-centered perspective and made things difficult for him, straight from that morning when she woke up and found him sleeping next to her in her bed that no other man had ever laid on before that. It was her pride that got hurt the most at that moment, and because of that, she couldn’t let him walk away, so she married him and bound him to her to keep him in her sight, always.

Benjamin was doing his best to make her see how much he cared for her, but her eyes were still blinded to such things because her ego and pride would have been infinitely bigger than her breasts if they were to be manifested into the earthly realm.

Thinking about breasts, Benjamin didn't even remember what exact shape or size Rebecca's breasts were. What was the appearance and texture of her nipples? Everything was so vague, not because he was pretty drunk when they had sex on that fated night but because it felt like it happened ages ago. All the hardships he had been experiencing ever since entering Sterling's villa made him forget not just about that night but even his own name sometimes. He also barely remembered the moment he first entered Rebecca after she said the words, 'Be gentle.'

At present, he wasn't even sure if she really said those words or he just cooked up that little story in his dreams. He could only laugh at his own inability to not even remember such important and personal things about his wife.

When they got home, Anous, the chief driver, was waiting for his cheesy chicken pizza with extra toppings. He waited until Rebecca went inside and then hurried over to Benjamin before he even parked the car.

"Where is my double, bitch?" he demanded by stopping in the car's path.

As promised, Benjamin handed him the two pizzas worth 30 dollars. All he received in return was Anous' snickering as he walked away like a crooked old rat.

The head butler, Devon, was watching all this from a distance. He came over after Benjamin had parked the car.

"How much do you earn through tips, boy?" he asked curiously.

"It depends," Benjamin replied casually. "Rich communities make more orders but give less tips, so the more I avoid them, the higher my earnings will be."

"Hoh, are you saying the lower and the middle class customers pay more?"

"No, but they always make sure to tip us," Benjamin replied. "The rich kids just don't know what we pizza guys go through, so they either give a lot or nothing most of the time."

"Interesting. It's really interesting how the world works these days," Devon sounded amused. "Back in my younger days, work was really simple. You know everything before what you're getting into."

"Though it may seem that way now, the equation is still simple and straightforward," Benjamin said. "The longer it takes for you to reach the front door, the harder it will be for you to make the residents pull dollar bills out of their purses. There are always exceptions, of course, like some old grandmother who's overly grateful, but I try not to take from such folks unless they make orders often."

"Mm, I see," he stretched forth his hand.

Benjamin looked around before putting a small pack of weed. "Go easy, or you'll kick the bucket soon."

"Haha, I'm not afraid of death anymore."

"Yeah, but you should at least be afraid of the one who created death."

"And who would that be? God? Isn't he the one who created this weed? Why would he punish me for consuming it?"

"The issue isn't whether you're smoking weed or not," Benjamin put his hand on Devon's shoulder. "It's about how you are treating your own body and life. Just because you don't have any regrets, it doesn't mean you're doing the right thing. There's nothing in this villa that can give you peace. Go to where your children are, and spend your last days with them. I'm sure your wife would also want you to do that."

Devon pushed his hand away. "Don't tell me what my wife would have wanted me to do!" Saying that he left.

Benjamin just watched the old butler leave. Ever since Devon's wife, the chief maid of the villa, died about six months back, Devon hadn't been himself. He was secretly smoking and drinking after his work hours. From the way he went about things, he seemed like he wanted to die in the same villa his wife passed away. Still, Benjamin couldn't just see the old butler suffering.

"Should I just bring his children here once?" Benjamin wondered. "Maybe, some time with them will change his mind."

"Benj-fucking-min!" a voice echoed in the villa, startling the sparrows in the garden. "Get your stinking ass over here!"

Benjamin frowned. It was Elizabeth's voice. "What's this gold digger up to now?" he thought, but then he yelled in response. "I'm coming, ma'am." He ran into the villa to be of service to the Sterling family as usual.

Oliver, who was watering the plants in the garden, was watching Benjamin from a distance. "I must get my hands on his phone tonight. My meat shop is waiting for me!"