

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 7

Things in life rarely ever go as they planned, wouldn't they?

Benjamin so badly wanted to spend some time with his wife alone at a dinner table in a beautiful restaurant, but Elizabeth ordered him to cook for tonight. She actually liked Benjamin's cooking, but her pride came in the way of confessing the truth, so she was also the same person who criticized his cooking the most.

Though Benjamin didn't say it out loud, he was hoping for the day when she would leave the home on a trip. Elizabeth would often go for foreign trips with her family, mostly for watching tennis tournaments, using Sterling family's money, of course.

Jacob was the highest earner of the family, being the movie producer that he was. Selena earned the second highest. And then it was Rebecca.

As usual, Benjamin served tonight's dinner as well. While Benjamin was downstairs with others, Oliver snuck into Rebecca's room and searched for Benjamin's mobile. It was placed on the bed itself, so it didn't take him long to snatch it and leave the room on his toes.

Meanwhile, Roshan tried to crack some jokes saying Benjamin's job couldn't be considered as proper work as he only worked for six hours at a pizza hut. His mother, Elizabeth, backed him, saying only an eight-hour job or longer could be considered as proper work and that other jobs were just for show. Of course, she knew that Rebecca also only worked for six hours, which was exactly why she said those words in order to hit two birds with one stone.

After another mocking dinner session, Benjamin found himself sitting at the dinner table alone. His stomach was making sounds, but he didn't want to eat the food, even though he was the one who cooked the dishes.

The long-haired maid, Kathy, sat next to him and began to eat. "You are a good cook. I'll give you that, but you're a bad husband."

"Bad husband?" Benjamin felt insulted. "What made you say that?" she better have a good reason, or she might have to suffer from his wrath.

"How can you be called a good husband when you haven't even eaten your wife's donut?" she asked.

"My wife's donut?" It took Benjamin a couple of seconds to process what Kathy just said. "Y-You..." his face flushed.

“What? I’m sure you haven’t had sex with your wife recently, right?” Kathy asked while chomping down on the food. “I can just tell from your body language. You keep looking at her when you serve the food. It’s as though you are craving for her attention. Men who eat donuts every night don’t do that. You are what you eat, so I feel bad for you in this regard.” Saying that, she cast a curious glance at him. “If you want, though, I can make a special case for you and let you taste my donut.”

Benjamin this time wasn’t shocked all that much. Many maids had already hit on him a few times, though he refused their advances every single time. Kathy was doing this for the first time, and she was over forty years old, so maybe, he was a little surprised.

“What do you say?” Kathy asked in a luscious tone. “I haven’t had sex in a while, so it’s pretty tight now. You’re gonna feel real good if you do it tonight.”

Benjamin just lifted his hand in response so that his wedding ring stole the spotlight.

“Hmph, you don’t know what you’re missing,” Kathy started sucking her fingertips on purpose and made just enough sounds that could stir up any common man’s lust. “I can milk every drop of semen out with my sucking technique. Once you get to experience it, you would want to experience it again and again.”

“While I appreciate your efforts,” Benjamin said, bringing his voice lower but increasing its sharpness at the same time, “I’m just a pizza delivery guy who earns too little to afford you. And I’m also a husband.” He stood and walked away, leaving her speechless.

Her face warped more than a little. *(Did he just say indirectly that I was a whore? Just wait, you Benj-fucking-min. I’m not done just yet.)* After finishing her meal, she went to Selena’s room and locked the door.

“How did it go?” asked Selena.

Kathy shook her head.

“Does he at least look at you in *‘that’* way?”

Again, Kathy slightly shook her head.

“Maybe, you’re a bit on the older side for his taste.”

“No, no, ma’am. Give me another chance,” Kathy almost pleaded. “I’ll definitely make sure he falls for me within this month.”

“Huh,” Selena smiled. “You seem like you have the hots for him. Otherwise, you wouldn’t be so desperate.”

Kathy just blushed a bit in return.

“Fine. As long as you can separate him from my daughter, I don’t care what approach you’ll use. I just want to see my daughter slap him and kick him out of this house. If you can help me with achieving that, I’ll make you the chief maid next month.”

“I’ll do my best, ma’am.”

“You can leave now.”

After Kathy exited the room, Selena sat down on her bed and diligently practiced her lines for tomorrow’s shoot.

Meanwhile, Jacob was in his room, taking a nap in his recliner. When the door opened, his eyes also opened.

It was Kathy who just entered the room and walked up to him and undressed herself and sat on the bed and kept masturbating. He just sat in his recliner and sucked his smoking pipe as his eyes took in every inch of her mature, naked body and all the tattoos snaking around her private region and all the curves her moving body made.

After she climaxed, he threw in a towel. There was 500 dollars inside the towel. She took the money and wiped her pussy and the bed with the towel before putting her uniform back on. She then bowed to Jacob a little before leaving the room as silently as she had entered. She had stayed in the room for just ten minutes, without speaking a word and only expressed herself through the gestures and faint sounds he made.

After Kathy left, Jacob rested on his bed, where she had just masturbated, and he began sniffing the towel she had used to clean her vagina, and he began to jerk off as flashes of Kathy’s naked body appeared in his mind.

Meanwhile, in Rebecca’s room.

Benjamin lay down on his bed and burped on purpose.

“It seems the syrup worked fast,” Rebecca said.

“Yeah, it did,” Benjamin smiled. “I ate a lot tonight. Thanks for taking me to the doctor.”

“Your cooking isn’t to my liking though,” she remarked. “I prefer Sheron’s cooking.”

Benjamin was a bit hurt by her words, but he answered in silence. Her words held some truth, after all. Devon’s wife was indeed exceptional at cooking. Her loss was not just felt by Devon but the entire Sterling family members.

“Good night,” Benjamin pulled the blanket over and slept, turning the other way from her. His hand searched for his mobile just to check if he had any messages or missed calls, but he couldn’t grab it. “Mm?” he sat up and began looking for it everywhere. “Where is it? I’m sure I left it on the bed.”

“What are you looking for?” asked Rebecca.

“My mobile...” he peered at her. “Did you take it?”

“Huh?” her jaw almost dropped. “Why would I do that? I’ve never even touched your mobile.”

“J-Just asking, that’s all. You don’t need to give such an exaggerated expression, but can give my phone a missed call?”

Rebecca’s heart skipped a little. *(Give his mobile a missed call? Come to think of it, I deleted his phone number, didn’t I?)*

“What’s taking you so long?” Benjamin pressured her.

“Y-Yeah,” Rebecca grabbed her mobile and acted like she had called someone and said, “it says your mobile is switched off.”

“Switched off? I only recharged it in the morning,” Benjamin said. “That thing lasts like a week! Call it again, please.”

“O-Okay,” Rebecca looked disappointed with herself at this point. *(How can you lie so easily, Rebecca? And you have pushed yourself into further trouble.)* “Hey, can you just confirm your number?”

“Sure,” Benjamin told her the number, and she typed it and called. To her surprise, she received the ‘switched off’ message. She quickly said, “It says your mobile is switched off.”

“Again?” Benjamin frowned.

At the ATM nearest to Sterling villa.

Oliver had swiped the card. It took an entire minute for the card to be processed, making him wonder if it’s a real card or not, but then the screen completely changed, and four claws appeared on the screen, sending Oliver back a couple of steps.

“You are not Benjamin,” an old man’s voice, and it belonged to Alfred. “Did he send you to activate the card?”

“A-A demon!” Oliver turned back and ran out without even bothering to take out the card. He had never seen or heard of an ATM doing anything like this. Naturally, he ran for his life.

“Guess not,” the voice spoke. “But this means Master Benjamin’s mobile was stolen? How could he let that happen? Who is responsible for softening him to such an extent? It must be someone from that villa.” He didn’t sound happy.