

Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 71

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I know Rebecca better than you know," said Elizabeth, still putting on a gentle yet scary smile that made well use of her brows to convey her hidden feelings. "She hates liars. Maybe 'despise' is a more appropriate word. Once I tell her how much of a fraudster you're, that your whole career and living is based on a lie, she will never trust you a word you say ever again. That's the kind of girl she is."

Benjamin's heart pounded against his chest so hard he couldn't clearly hear her voice. "What do you want?"

"Fufu, what do I want?" Elizabeth seemed amused. "What would I want from a guy who doesn't shave his beard or even comb his hair? I'm starting to wonder if you're hiding yourself from someone, which is why you're not willing to shave yourself. This long hair also covers your face well. So firstly, why don't we get you a neat haircut and shave in the saloon I choose. I'll also get my hair styling done, but we'll be using your money of course." Benjamin clenched his fists so hard his nails drew blood from his palms. The veins in his arms bulged and became so clear even Elizabeth noticed the change. However, she just smiled in return. "Why so angry? I haven't even started having fun yet," she tried to pinch his cheek, but he pushed her hand away. "Haha, would you look at that?". "You better not touch me," Benjamin coldly glared at her, "or I will lose control."

Elizabeth's pulse spiked for a second as she took his words the wrong way. "You think I like touching a filthy bastard like you?" the stronger the man the more she wanted to manipulate and keep him under her control. It worked with Shawn, and he would give her money and as much freedom as she wanted. "Don't overestimate yourself. You're worth less than my shoes and will always be." She poked him in the chest roughly. "Don't forget that."

Benjamin was so angry he could have burst a blood vessel. Even counting from 0 to 10, no, 0 to 100 wouldn't help quell this type of anger built up from frustration boiling for a while.

Elizabeth could feel a wave of heat coming from him. "My, my, you're too hot really." She purposely used the words that could be taken both ways, just to taunt him some more, and then she chuckled to the point her chubby cheeks turned slightly red. Benjamin was on his toes, feeling shaky from the seething fury in his heart. He raised his hand fast, to which Elizabeth's eyes widened in response.

A car horn honked a few times.

Benjamin's hand never reached Elizabeth, but he looked toward the car that just arrived. It was Jane and Donovan.

"We're having Donovan's birthday party at my home tonight," Jane yelled from inside the black Mercedes. "Don't you dare forget to come with Rebecca, or I'll cut all ties with you two!" Then car wheels started to turn, but then stopped. Jane poked her head out and noticed Elizabeth. "Wait..." She pulled her sunglasses down. "Aren't you..."

Elizabeth's heart jumped into her throat at once. Why was this shameless tomboyish friend of Rebecca had to show up now of all times? Out of tension, she couldn't even think clearly to respond.

"Yeah, she's my sister-in-law," Benjamin said. "She's here for buying pizzas."

"Oh, yes, she's Elizabeth Sterling, isn't she?" Jane said. "You can come to the party, too, if you want, aunty."

Jane said and didn't wait for an answer, showing that she was quite busy. She didn't like calling on mobile, so personally visited everyone of her friends. As the Mercedes slipped out of their sight, anger immobilized Elizabeth. Being called an aunt by Jane, and in front of Benjamin of all people, she couldn't look him in the eye right now. As if that wasn't enough, she just stood like a fool and let him cover for her. The shame she experienced right now was indescribable. She had a blank face at the top but underneath was a blaze ready to consume anyone. She turned toward the pizza hut and strode forth in quick, steady steps. "Come inside. I'll deal with you later."

Benjamin briefly looked at his hand. "I would have hit her had Jane didn't come in time." What would have transpired had he ended up hitting Elizabeth? He didn't even want to guess. "I thought I got better at controlling my anger better after living in the Sterling villa for so long, but I almost lost myself. I'm sure she noticed me raising my hand... his heart pounded in strange rhythms as he couldn't decide whether to enter the pizza hut or to just leave and face whatever that may come. He stood there for a while.

"I already told Rebecca I quit the job," he thought. "If I'm seen working here now, what will she think of me?"

After some thinking, he entered the pizza hut and came up to Christopher and asked for his mobile. "W-Why do you want my mobile?" Christopher vehemently shook his head, ready to push Benjamin away if needed. "Don't you have yours?"

"I do, but I need yours."

"Why?"

“Tsk,” Benjamin leaned closer and whispered in a rough tone, “I know you watch kinky stuff on your mobile during work. Half the staff knows, so stop shitting your pants.”

Christopher’s face warped with shame, and he couldn’t fight back as Benjamin plucked the mobile out the waist bag. Christopher was obese, so preferred putting the mobile in a waist bag instead of putting them in his pockets. “Put on earphones before you do anything,” Christopher suggested. Benjamin shook his head and left for business. As Christopher wondered what Benjamin was up to, he saw Benjamin recording with his mobile. And he was recording Elizabeth from a distance as she walked around and interacted with the workers and intimidated them with her loud and harsh voice.

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“What the hell is he doing?” Christopher could only wonder as well as feel tensed. “If she sees him, she’ll slap him twenty times!”

Benjamin finished the recording, and forwarded the video to his personal email. Only then, his heart began feeling better. He then slowly walked up to Elizabeth and said, “Aunt Elizabeth.” Those two words enlarged her eyes and made her immediately turn toward him. “Say cheese,” he said and grinned. The flash of the mobile turned on and took a fine picture..

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Benjamin came home calm as though he had just gone for a walk outside and nothing out of the ordinary happened.

Seconds later, Elizabeth also came home, and she looked a little frustrated because Benjamin threatened her he would leak the video and image to her family and friends if she were to say anything about his real name to anyone.

Elizabeth was someone who visited rich parties every week. If her friends were to see her working in a pizza hut, they would have something they could always mock her with. Many others might take it differently as well. How could someone like her who changed clothes every week and shoes every other week work as a manager at a pizza store? The pitiful and doubtful gazes they would spare for her would be shameful, to say the least. Elizabeth didn’t want to go through such a humiliating experience. Moreover, she had repeatedly mocked Benjamin for working at Rye’s Pizzas in front of the Sterling family members. If they were to know that she was working there as a manager, what would they think of her? What would her children think of her? Lisa might not say

anything, but Rosha would call her a joke. That was the kind of son he was. He would listen to her when needed but would also argue with her all the time if she asked him to do anything he didn't like.

Her stomach burned so hard her breath smelled like acid. "No matter what, I must delete that video! I should immediately hire a hacker," she thought and already began to make the necessary calls. After entering the villa, she noticed Benjamin climbing up the stairs. "Don't think I didn't notice you raised your hand and almost hit me. That's something I can't overlook." He looked at her mobile call log and dialed her husband. While she may not be able to directly hurt Benjamin now, Shawn surely could.

After Shawn answered the call, she began speaking in a teary voice. "Darling..." she went to tell a random story she had cooked up on the spot. By the end of it, Shawn assured he would deal with the source of her current trouble, which was none other than Benjamin. After the call ended, she snickered and wiped her fake tears off. "Can't wait to see Shawn beat his ass."

Benjamin came to his room and hesitated before opening the door.

Rebecca had just changed her dress. Benjamin stopped at the entrance and walked out immediately. "Sorry." He was about to close the door, but she told it was okay to come in "You should have knocked at least," she said, sounding just a little harsh in tone. She had worn a wonderful sparkling blue dress, but Benjamin couldn't look at her for long.

He kept looking everywhere except at her as he said, "Jane invited me for the birthday party."

"I know," she said, sitting in front of the mirror and starting to put on make-up. He wondered why she wasn't asking if he could come to the party with her. "Uh, isn't the party at night? Why are you applying cream now?" It was still afternoon, so he asked a valid question. Rebecca, however, didn't reply.

"Is your ankle fine?" he asked. "You think you can attend the party?" he didn't think it was a good idea to go to a crowded place as she still couldn't stand properly for long. "Jane is my best friend. If I can't even do this much for her, she'll be really disappointed in me," replied Rebecca. "By the way, I'm going with Veronica, so you can come in another car."

Benjamin's heart slowed down pretty fast. "O-Okay." In the Sterling family, Veronica was always first when it came to wasting time at parties until Elizabeth joined the ranks.

"But are you sure you don't need my help when you get in and out of the car?" he asked.

"Thanks, but no. My sister can handle that much, I'm sure." Benjamin's shoulders slumped down a bit. He fell on the bed and made no sound anymore. About an hour

later, Benjamin woke up. Rebecca was still in front of the mirror doing her hair and makeup, and he wasn't surprised. She was a perfectionist when it came to presenting herself, and he liked that passion of hers.

Benjamin went for lunch and got stuck in the kitchen with Dorothy who kept trying to prove him she could make curries much tastier than he could. He said he would listen another time, but she stubbornly kept him there until evening. By the time he was out, Rebecca was already gone.

He hurriedly bathed, applied some cream to his face and came to Rebecca's Porsche that was parked outside.

Ashley came up to him to deliver a small package. She was covering her body properly now, but her gaze was still the same. Her large eyes just needed to look at him to reveal all the hidden desires of her heart. She came a bit too close to give him the package, so Benjamin stepped back and snatched the package. She left while staring at him without blinking. She didn't smile at all, for she was like a dog in heat, and her priorities were dictated by the lusts of her flesh. The dark-skinned Ashley was indeed tempting, but Benjamin knew better, and so he didn't even spare her an additional glance this time.

He opened the package, and there was a small invitation card for an auction. "Oh, yeah, I almost forgot about this auction." He tossed the box aside and slid the small fashionable card into his pocket. He was wearing a dull navy blue suit as he didn't want to stand out too much at the party, given his beard would attract a fair amount of attention by itself.

As he started the car, Elizabeth stopped in front of the car and said, "We are coming, too."

"We'?" The back window was knocked, so he glanced over his shoulder. Both Nolan and Dorothy were standing outside, already yelling at him to open the door. "Ugh..." Benjamin briefly bit his lower lip before opening the doors. Elizabeth sat in the front row, whereas her parents sat in the back row.

"I thought I wouldn't walk for a month after what happened in the morning," Nolan said, "but luckily, it was the physician took care of it fast. Otherwise I would have missed a party."

"What gift you prepared, mom?" Elizabeth asked her mother.

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"I'm bringing home-made cooking with me," Dorothy proudly said. "The birthday boy and her girlfriend, I mean, his girlfriend will cry a river of joy after tasting my dishes!"

“Hahaha, I’m sure they will,” Elizabeth seemed a little excited. There was a small gift box in her lap. “What about you, dad?” “You told me he’s a wrestler, so I bought him a pair of quality hand grippers.” “That’s really thoughtful of you, dad,” Elizabeth said and glanced at Benjamin. “What about you, driver?”

The word ‘driver’ stung a thorn in Benjamin’s heart, but he had a bigger worry. He completely forgot about taking a gift to the party. (How could I forget such an important thing? It’s probably because Dorothy ate my brain in the kitchen! I don’t have much time now. How am I supposed to buy a gift with these three in the car?) “What’s wrong, driver?” Elizabeth leaned forward a little so she could get a better look at his face. “Don’t tell you are not bringing a gift to the party? That’s basic etiquette, isn’t it?” Benjamin’s heart rate spiked. “W-Well...” He wanted to slap his own two cheeks for putting himself in such a situation. “My gift will show up during the party,” as Elizabeth kept staring, he ended up blurting what was on the top of his mind.

“Ho, it will come during the party, you say?” Elizabeth’s stare tightened. “Are you saying you are going to give a VIP gift? How can you afford that? Oh, wait, you might have asked Rebecca, right? I should have known, but since husbands don’t usually take money from their wives, it didn’t strike my mind quickly. My apologies.” “Kmpff,” Nolan and Dorothy were holding themselves from laughing out loud. They loved it when their daughter roasted someone, especially if it was the one and only son-in-law of the Sterling family because of whom they had to give up the thought of marrying their son to Rebecca. Benjamin’s expression stiffened as his chest gained redness from rage throbbing in his heart.” Shall I start driving now, Aunt Elizabeth?” he asked without even looking at her. Nolan’s expression fell flat whereas Dorothy looked like she had seen a ghost all of a sudden because this was their first time hearing Benjamin call Elizabeth an aunt. Elizabeth’s face lost some color, but the ample amount of makeup covered it up. “I’ll take the silence as yes,” Benjamin squeezed the accelerator with his foot. Like a bird flying down a slope with its belly almost kissing the ground, the red Porsche swooped down the stone pavement with a posh blend of swiftness and smoothness.

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Jane’s apartment was a lone mountain, dwarfing the other rooftops in the neighborhood. Now it was fully covered in dazzling lights and caught everyone’s attention. Jane’s family had been living off like royals in this neighborhood from the rents alone.

When regular cars arrived, Jane’s parents didn’t bother to come out to personally receive them. When the Porsche stopped outside, Jane’s mother came to receive them. She put on quite a bit of gold and was all smiles as she received Elizabeth and others. She thought Benjamin was a driver, so she didn’t even spare a glance at him and left.

Elizabeth and her parents also completely ignored Benjamin after getting to the apartment, but they kept talking to almost everyone they thought were worth their time.

Benjamin went to park the car in the parking space, but there was no room. He had to go to the nearest parking lane and park there. At the same time, another man was parking his car there. He saw Benjamin and immediately frowned in anger. This was the same officer who was at Oliver's accident scene. After getting knocked out cold by Benjamin, he felt too embarrassed to go after him, but now that Benjamin was right in front of his eyes, he couldn't just walk away. "Hey, you!" he called out Benjamin as he walked toward him. Benjamin glanced back and recognized this man immediately. He adjusted his shirt a little and started running "Wait!" the officer chased him. "You think you can outrun an officer?" he said almost arrogantly, but to his surprise, Benjamin's speed wasn't anything to slight at. The officer gave it his all, but he couldn't close the gap between him and his target.

Benjamin made him run around a block until the officer grew tired and gave up. By the end of it, he was sweating crazily, with his lungs on fire. He hadn't run so hard in years. "Dammit. Now that I'm in my late thirties, my body isn't the same anymore." After taking some rest and catching up his breath, he adjusted his tie. "I shouldn't be late to the party."

He hurried to the apartment and got there in a couple of minutes. An old lady was sitting outside on the stairs, with a stick next to her. "Isn't she Jane's grandma?" he approached her." How are you doing, grandma?" he spoke loudly because he knew she had both seeing and hearing issues.

"Who are you, brat? Why are you coming with empty hands?" she asked. "Didn't you bring any birthday gift for me?"

The officer was startled. "I-It's your birthday, today?"

Benjamin just got there, but seeing the officer at the stairs, his heart jumped at once. "Eek! What's this guy doing here?" he immediately moved out of the view.

Time passed. Benjamin was grinding his teeth. "How long is this bastard going to talk with that old woman? I want to get in, but with him around, I can't."

"It is I and my husband who built this apartment forty years ago, with our sweat and blood," the old woman explained, "but no one cares about my birthday today."

"I didn't bring any gift as I didn't know, but..." the officer leaned in and kissed her on her cheek

The old woman immediately slapped him, shocking him to the core. "How brazen the young ones have gotten these days!" she grabbed her walking stick and swung it around. "You wouldn't leave even an old lady like me alone, would you? Where are you? Come and receive your punishment."

The officer had already rushed into the apartment and was rubbing his cheek. "That damned old crone... she sure hit hard."

Benjamin, on the other hand, laughed so hard he spilled some saliva on the bushes. "Guh, guh," he even coughed a little. His cheeks turned somewhat red. "Huh," he took a deep breath. "That was really funny." He then approached the stairs where Jane's grandmother was still holding the stick and tapping the ground. Hearing footsteps, she frowned. "You dared to come back again?" she waved it crazily. For an old woman in her eighties, she was quick, Benjamin thought while dodging her attacks easily. In a few seconds, she grew tired and stopped. Benjamin then casually walked past her and said, "Happy birthday, ma'am." Her expression slowly but surely changed. She could tell that this voice was different from the officer who had kissed her only a minute ago. She felt somewhat surprised and good at the same time. "W-Who is this?" she turned her head and looked behind, but Benjamin had already entered the apartment. And she wished she had the eyes so she could have seen this guest and taken good care of him. After entering the apartment, Benjamin's mood brightened up because of the flower decorations and the fragrances they gave. He can not only tell these flowers were fresh, but also that they were brought from the garden of the Sterling villa. He remembered Rebecca talking on the mobile about delivering flowers a few days back.

"Rebecca... So you came early to design all this for your friend?" his heart melted from appreciation for his wife. "I really misunderstood you. If I had come early, I would have helped with the decorations, too. I might have had enough time to buy a gift, too."

And Benjamin saw Jane and Rebecca talking with other guests together as if they both were the ones hosting the party, and Donovan, the birthday boy, was standing on the side, chatting with some kids. Rebecca didn't make many friends after college, and she would spend most of her free time with Jane. So seeing them be close and friendly, Benjamin felt happy for them. But soon, the apartment brought back some memories of the fateful night, when he and Rebecca came to this place directly from the bar. She gave him directions to Jane's room on the top floor while he helped her walk and not fall. Along the way, she even vomited on his shirt, and it was not exactly a pleasant experience, but even when she was drunk, she apologized to him for spoiling his shirt and said she would buy him a new shirt. Her words made him smile back then.

He looked a bit drunk himself. And he was only planning to drop her in Jane's room and leave. He put her down on the bed and washed his shirt and his face. He was walking out, but he

noticed that she still had her sandals on. He came to take her sandals off, and he did. He noticed that there was an almost crescent moon shaped mole on the sole of her left foot. He had a similar mole on his right foot, which he thought was oddly coincident.

When he tried to cover her in a blanket, she caught his hand and murmured, "Please, don't go." Her eyes were closed, and she probably didn't know what she was saying, but those three words made him sit on the bed while she kept holding his hand.

Coming back to the present.

Benjamin's mind was still fuzzy. "I sat there, and I don't know when, but I fell asleep. And then the next thing I remember, her screaming woke me up the next morning. And we were both naked." He touched his forehead in shame. "How can you forget the most important part, Benjamin? You are just a careless piece of shit."

He then emotionally looked at his wife who was all smiles and laughs as she conversed with the guests. "Doesn't this place remind her of that night? Not even a bit?" his heart sank down.

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Jane's dad was talking with Jacob. "When the movies become a blockbuster, you are going to become a billionaire. Don't forget us then, okay?" "Haha, you've invested in the movies, too, so you're going to rise along with me," Jacob said. "Besides, you're my friend. How can I forget you?"

Veronica came over and hugged her dad. "Where did you go all these days, dad? I really missed

you."

"I was busy with the post-production. You could have called me if you missed me." "I tried, but your line was always busy." "Stop lying." "No!" Veronica pinched his arm. "I really tried!" "Ouch," Jacob started rubbing his arm. "I totally believe that you tried."

"Hmph," Veronica snorted and looked at Jane's father who had little to no hair on his head." So, uncle, how are you going to control your son-in-law if he's that big?"

"Haha," he chortled. "I'll let my daughter worry about that."

“Talking about son-in-laws...” Veronica noticed Benjamin. He told a female waiter and give their tray to Benjamin after she told her Benjamin was a butler, and he would gladly help. When the female waiter came and asked him to serve drinks and biscuits to others, Benjamin didn’t refuse. Instead of standing and talking to no one, doing something like this was better, he thought. Moreover, he was excited about taking drinks to Rebecca and wondered how she would react.

Meanwhile, the kids kept asking Donovan to open the gifts. He told them it wouldn’t be polite to open the gift packages in front of everyone, but they kept demanding him. These were the kids of the parents that lived in the villa, and they were all fans of Donovan the wrestler, so he found it really hard to deal with the situation.

“Let’s just open the gift packages,” Elizabeth entered the scene. “It’s not a wedding but a birthday, so I don’t see the need to be so sensitive.”

Donovan looked at Jane who shrugged her shoulders. “Fine. Let’s do it then.”

All the children jumped in joy.

“How about each of you open it one by one?” Donovan suggested to the children, making them jump even higher than before. They all ran over to the pile of gift packages lying at a corner. Donovan rushed along and told them they should open it one by one.

Rebecca came to Jane with the help of a walking stick and hastily said, “Why did you agree? I don’t think this is a good idea. Gifts aren’t supposed to be opened like this in public.”

“Why not? I think it’s exciting,” she put her arm around Rebecca. “Let me see what gift you sent, okay?”

Rebecca slightly shook her head. Just then, Benjamin brought the drinks, pleasantly surprising, her. He was wearing a waiter’s dress, to boot. “Benjamin?” Jane was shocked. “Why are you serving the drinks?”

“It’s fine,” Benjamin told her in a low voice, “so don’t shout, okay?” “O-Oh,” she nodded and then chuckled a little. “You look funny in this get-up.” “I’ll take that as a compliment,” replied Benjamin and went to serve other guests.

“His beard keeps on growing,” Jane looked at Rebecca. “When are you going to tell him to shave? He looked much better on the first day I met him.”

“He’s not a kid,” replied Rebecca, giving the soft drink to Jane as she stopped consuming soft drinks years ago. However, Benjamin who was watching that from a distance perceived it differently.

The first gift was Rebecca's. There were two pairs of beautiful couple's sneakers inside. Though Rebecca didn't leave her name inside, Jane remembered her gift box and immediately planted a kiss on her cheek. "They look so cute. We'll put them to good use, so don't worry."

The next gifts opened had a cookware set, a waxed jacket, wagyu steaks, a vintage luggage bag, food giftcards and more. Jacob's box had rare old wine priced around 10,000 dollars. Everyone clapped, and Jacob smiled in response, but on the inside, he was crying. (I don't even know this guy, but, whatever, I'll have to somehow make Rebecca and Veronica drink all of it so that it won't be wasted!)

When Dorothy's chicken curry came up, every adult laughed, but the children tasted the curry

and liked it.

Donovan appreciated the hand gripped given by Nolan.

Elizabeth's gift package had two gorgeous diamond rings that made Jane cover her mouth in shock While diamond rings were not that big of a deal for Donovan who was a millionaire himself, Jane got emotional and hugged Elizabeth and then Donovan and was in tears.

Rebecca felt happy for Jane, but then she could see Elizabeth looking down on the sandals she had gifted. (Did this shameless woman come to this party just to make me look bad?) Nevertheless, she could suck it up, not wanting to cause a scene here and spoil Jane's mood. Jacob also seemed to be silently fuming in rage as Elizabeth had spent almost double the amount as he did, but the thing was, she didn't earn even a single dollar of what she or her parents had spent for these gifts. That was what pissed Jacob the most. At that moment, Elizabeth looked toward the crowd. "Where is he... ah, there he is." She raised her hand and called for a bearded waiter. "Hey, Benjamin. Where is your gift?"

Benjamin acted like he didn't hear her and hurriedly entered another room to serve the guests there.

"Benjamin!" Elizabeth followed him, leaving Rebecca to wonder what exactly was going on.

Benjamin blended in the crowd and entered another linked room. He put the tray aside and

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dialled Alfred.

“Haaaah. Yes, Master,” Alfred was yawning. “Please tell me the gift is on the way.” “What gift?” Benjamin’s heart swelled a centimeter. “Don’t joke with me. Didn’t you send gold coins last time I went to a wedding? Just send something now, too. I’m at a birthday party, and I forgot to bring a gift, you see.” “Sorry, Master, but I’m currently busy. If you’ve got nothing else, I’ll hang up.” “Wait, what do you mean by busy? Just send someone to “before he could finish the sentence, Alfred hung up. Benjamin clenched his hand hard, and the mobile broke. His jaw dropped. A hand rested on his shoulder from behind. “Here you are.”

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A hand rested on Benjamin’s shoulder from behind. “Here you are.”

Benjamin turned. It was the police officer who grinned and then immediately threw a straight quick punch in his face.

Benjamin tilted his head at the last second. “Too slow,” his gaze turned sharp, and before the officer knew it, Benjamin’s knuckles struck his throat, and his feet shuffled back as he struggled to breathe. A second later, Benjamin came to his senses and tried to help the officer. “Are you okay, officer? I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to...”

The officer, however, kept moving away with his back lowered.

“I hope I didn’t cause irreparable damage,” Benjamin thought.

“Hey, Driver!” Elizabeth finally found him. “What are you doing out here?” she came up to him, acting all so naturally, then she lowered her voice. “Are you trying to steal someone else’s gift box?” “What?” Benjamin frowned. “What do I look like to you?” he shook his head in annoyance. “No. Forget it. I’m tired of this game. I’ll just wish him a happy birthday and be done with it. So what if I didn’t bring a gift? Shouldn’t me coming here be of more value than whatever gift I may bring them?”

“Your presence here should be considered worth more than the gift you bring?” Elizabeth snorted. “Who do you think you are? Some kind of WIP guest?”

Benjamin’s jaw made a hard line. Ignoring her words, he walked into the main hall, which was the only hall in the whole apartment. He went straight to Donovan and shook his hand. To others, it seemed a little weird because a waiter was shaking hands with the man of the moment. However, Donovan knew that Benjamin was Rebecca’s husband from hearing the conversations between Jane and Rebecca.

“He didn’t seem to have brought any gift,” Dorothy said, “our butler. We were paying him very well, though.”

“It’s fine,” Donovan had a strange smile going as he shook Benjamin’s hand. “He can eat as many sweets as he wants here.”

Dorothy couldn’t intervene anymore. “I know this uncle,” one of the kids spoke about Benjamin. “He delivered pizza once.” “Pizzas?”

“Why is such a guy getting to shake hands with Donovan?”

“He should just get back to work.”

As people ran their mouths, Benjamin smiled and went back to working as a waiter.

As everyone kept chatting once again, a flying drone flew in through the entrance, buzzing past Jane’s grandmother and making her wave the walking stick in annoyance.

The children caught sight of not just the drone but the gift box it was carrying, and they began jumping and shouting as the drone floated before Donovan. “Who’s controlling this?” Donovan looked around, but he couldn’t spot anyone with a controller in their hands. “Open it,” Jane said. “Even if there’s a bomb, it won’t kill you.” “Hahaha,” her words raised some laughter. Elizabeth, however, wasn’t smiling. (A gift that’s sent in the middle of the party... there’s no way it’s from him, right?) Donovan put his hands forward, and the box was dropped in his hands. The drone flew away just as fast, and some children ran after it.

Donovan opened the box, and his eyes bulged upon seeing the special gold coins. These were the same number of gold coins sent the last time to the wedding. “What’s inside?” when Jane came and saw the gold coins, she fainted. When other women saw it, they cried out in shock. Soon, everyone began to murmur. “That should be worth two, no, even three million dollars!”

As people chatted and gossiped, Elizabeth and her parents looked extremely envious. Elizabeth didn’t believe for a second that Benjamin sent such a gift, but she still wished that someone sent her those gold coins for her birthday. .

Rebecca, on the other hand, seemed to be lost in thought. (The same gift as that time? Even the drone... It’s like a replay of what happened the last time. What’s going on?)

Benjamin was silently serving the biscuits and sweets. Because of Alfred’s little game, he broke his mobile, so he wasn’t really happy right now. He brought a glass of coconut water and gave it to his wife, and she accepted it. Jane’s mother sprayed water to bring Jane back to her senses. “Is this real gold?” Jane looked still very much shocked. “Who could have sent this?” no matter who she looked at, they just kept shrugging their shoulders, including Donovan.

“Since we’re in a good mood,” Jane’s mother suggested to Jane and Donovan, “you two should play the Kiss, Marry, Kill game.” And they nodded. “I’ll go first,” Jane quickly raised her hand. “I’ll kiss my dad, marry... Donovan, and kill all of Donovan’s ex-lovers.”

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Many ended up laughing out loud.

“Now, it’s your turn, Donovan,” Jane glanced at her boyfriend. “I’ll kiss, Jane,” Donovan said, “marry Rebecca, and then kill Jane because she’ll kill me otherwise.”

Rebecca ended up spilling the coconut water.

The entire crowd fell silent, and everyone looked at Donovan and Jane. “Whoa,” Donovan raised his hands a little, “why do you all look like that? It’s a joke, folks. You can laugh.”

“So it was a joke!” Jane smiled rather angrily. “I thought you lost your mind or something, but don’t play such poor jokes again, or I’ll really kill you.”

As Jane and Donovan kept talking like nothing happened, everyone began to smile once again. However, there was one soul in that hall who didn’t buy a word of what Donovan had said. It was the waiter who walked straight toward Donovan with his chest swelled in fury. Rebecca, who saw the subtle change in Benjamin’s countenance, wondered, “Benjamin...” Elizabeth on the other hand raised her brows. “What is he...”

Jane noticed Benjamin coming toward them, but his eyes were not on her but on Benjamin. She realized that something wasn’t right, but it took her a fraction of a second to remember who exactly Benjamin was, but by then, Benjamin had already closed in.

Donovan had the faint strange smile as he did minutes ago as he looked at Benjamin. “Do you want another handsh ”

BAM-! A resounding punch to Donovan’s chin lifted him off his feet and sent him crashing back into the pile of opened gift packages.¹ The jaws of everyone there hit the floor.

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The reactions of the people to the 280-pound man being lifted off his feet and getting sent crashing back were not subtle.

While Jane's mouth and eyes widened, Jacob dropped the ice cube in his mouth. Dorothy opened her mouth so much her artificial teeth set came loose. Veronica covered her mouth with her hand.

Jane's father came rushing in anger, but Jane stopped him.

Most people began to murmur, wondering what the hell was wrong with Benjamin. At the same time, some began running their opinions about Donovan. "Isn't he a pro-wrestler? How can he lose to some waiter from nowhere?" "Are you guys sure he isn't an imposter?"

Their words were clearly directed at Jane and her family and made them feel quite uncomfortable.

The police officer came to check up on Donovan who was knocked out cold. (I only received a weaker knuckle punch to the throat, but this big guy got a full-blown punch to the chin. If his neck wasn't as thick, he'd have suffered some serious injury.)

Veronica came up to her father and said in a low voice, "Dad, why are you just standing? Go and teach him a lesson for hitting Jane's boyfriend."

"Did dogs eat your mind or what?" Jacob glared at her, sending a shiver running through her body. "If he didn't even do that much to stand up for his wife, he's not worthy to be living in my villa."

Veronica was stunned to hear that. Did this mean Jacob approved what Benjamin just did? How could he back what the useless son-in-law did? she looked at her sister, hoping at least she would do the right thing.

Rebecca, however, stood right where she was, wearing a slightly complex expression. She pitied Donovan but at the same time liked what Benjamin had done for her. The remnant anger she was feeling from what happened in the morning had vaporized quite a bit in a matter of seconds.

Elizabeth, meanwhile, swallowed her own breath, wondering what would have happened to her had Benjamin slapped her at the Rye's Pizzas. What if she lost a tooth or two? She couldn't even imagine herself smiling with a missing tooth. She could always use artificial teeth, but why make matters worse with her own hand?

Benjamin just walked out, and people still kept staring at him as he left. Amidst the commotion, Dorothy sneakily stole a gold coin from the wooden gift box. She thought nobody noticed, but Jacob did. He also saw Nolan shoving the rare old wine button up his shirt.

Elizabeth saw no value in staying there anymore, so she also began to walk out. As she got lost

in thought, she didn't notice Jane's grandma who was still sitting on the stairs and said, "I would love to wear those gold coins as earrings. Don't know if they'll be light or not, though." Suddenly, something smacked her butt so hard, she jumped off her feet for a second and hissed in pain. She looked back, and it was Jane's mother who had just swung her walking stick. "Why did you hit me, granny?" she rubbed her butt as it hurt quite a bit. "A thief is stealing our gold," the old woman yelled and kept swinging the stick. "Stop right there! You damned thief!"

Elizabeth kept backing away, shouting she wasn't a thief. Jane and her parents ran out and stopped the senile lady and made her sit down in a chair and told her it wasn't a thief, but she didn't believe them and kept telling that they talked about gold and whatnot.

Jane came to Elizabeth and apologized. "I'm sorry for what she did. She's in her nineties now, so she even forgets that her husband is long dead. She thinks it's her birthday every other week as my grandpa used to make her birthdays feel really special. Please don't mind her calling you a thief." "I-it's okay, but if she's attacking the guests, shouldn't you tie her ankle to a pillar or something?" "What are you talking about?" Jane rebuked. "She's not a dog!" "I never said she was," Elizabeth didn't back down. "It's better to bind her ankle than to send her to a mental hospital." Jane gritted her teeth. "She isn't a mental patient." Despite her efforts, Elizabeth didn't look convinced. "You know that, forgive me for inviting you. I'll be sending your diamond rings back through the post, so thank you for coming." Elizabeth forced out a smile and came closer. "You better watch your mouth, girl, or..." she glanced at the apartment, "one fire accident can make you and your little family here the poorest in the neighborhood overnight."

Jane frowned and couldn't utter another word.

"Hmph, that's more like it," Elizabeth turned and walked away confidently and arrogantly. Jane, on the other hand, who thought her family's future was secured was made to feel insecure with a mere sentence from Elizabeth. Her complete perspective over the adult's affairs in the world changed at this moment. "Yeah," she nodded to herself. "I agree that our apartment is our strength and weakness, but I'm sure everyone has some weaknesses, too. Though I don't wish it, I would like you see you fearing losing your property just like I did. I wonder if you'd still have that arrogant look on your face."

In the background, Jane's mother was asking for her birthday cake.

Meanwhile, inside the apartment, the police officer wearing an informal dress woke Donovan up.

“What happened?” Donovan looked clueless. “Why am I...” Why was he down on the floor, his butt pressing down on one of the gift packages. And why were the guests looking at him with

strangely unpleasant gazes? “So you didn’t even see the punch coming, huh...” the officer wasn’t surprised as he also fell victim to a similar attack.

Donovan’s eyes widened. Something suddenly flashed in his mind. He was standing with his guard down as Benjamin approached. He never expected Benjamin to attack him. Nevertheless, all his professionally trained eyes could see in that fraction of a second was nothing. Not even a blur of Benjamin’s arm moving. This made Donovan cover his face with his hand, as embarrassment and rage burned together in his heart. (To think I got knocked out before I knew it... Who the hell are you, Benjamin?)

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As he was driving home alone, Benjamin received a voice message from Alfred in the new modern mobile he had just sent through a drone,

“Master, how long will you keep trying to be what your wife wants you to be? Why don’t you show your real worth to her? What are you afraid of? Getting rejected for who you are? So what if she runs away after knowing who you are? That only means she was never yours to begin with. If you want my honest opinion, I was elated when I heard you found your love While she may not be crooked like her mother, I think she’s still too selfish for her own good, I’m sorry, but I won’t be sending a drone for the third time. If you want to gift someone, do it with your own hands.”

Benjamin bit his lower lip. “He sounds disappointed. He must be feeling quite angry at me now. Showing my real worth wouldn’t take a minute, but I want her to love me when I’m at my lowest and weakest, Alfred. Why can’t you understand that?”

He pressed the accelerator and drove much faster.

“You think I like being called trash and a useless son-in-law?”

“You think I like living like this?” the Porsche hit 100mph. He suddenly hit the brake. The vehicle stopped in a little over a hundred feet, just a few meters in front of an old lady crossing the street with the help of a walking stick. There was a vegetable curries and food in her other hand.

He stared at her for a few seconds, and the anger developing in his eyes subsided. He got out of the car and said, "Can I help you, madam? How far is your place?"

She didn't respond and kept walking. He couldn't tell if she had heard his words or not. He went over and asked, "Do you need help?"

She lifted her head and looked up at him with a bit of a sad face. "You shouldn't have stopped the car. That would have been enough." Saying that she kept walking.

Baffled, Benjamin followed her from a distance. She was renting nearby in an old house. Her husband was also there, coughing blood. He had both cancer and tuberculosis. He asked a neighbor and understood more about her situation, that their children had abandoned the old couple and that the old woman was taking care of herself and her husband with her pension.

Benjamin was about to call Alfred, but in the end, he didn't.

He got back to his car and went home.

Jacob also brought his daughters, daughter-in-law, and her parents home in his car. Jacob asked Elizabeth's parents to stay and told the others to go inside. While Nolan and Dorothy wondered what he wanted with them, he put his hands forward and said, "The wine and the coin."

The couple looked at each other's faces once. They had no other choice but to give what Jacob wanted if they wanted to keep living in this villa. So, they gave him what he asked. Jacob tossed the two items in his car before telling the old couple to leave.

Just then, Benjamin was also passing by.

"Wait," Jacob called for him, which surprised Benjamin and made him double-check.

"Me?"

"Who else is here?" Jacob said, resting his back against his car. "Come here."

Benjamin hurriedly over.

Jacob stared at him for a little while before patting on the side of the shoulder. "What you did back at the party... While I didn't like that you served drinks for others, you did the right thing by gifting that birthday bear with a beautiful upper cut. A man must be like that, or he won't be able to protect his family."

"Then what were you doing?" Benjamin's question startled Jacob. "You knew your daughter was married, yet someone else expressed his hope of claiming her? And what were you doing? Why didn't you act? Was it because Rebecca wasn't your family? I

don't think so. It's because you don't even really consider my marriage with your daughter to be legitimate? Right?"

Jacob had no answer.

"You are unbelievable, Mr. Jacob," Benjamin turned and walked away.

Jacob had a faint frown on his face. (Poor bastard. I know you love my money more than my daughter, so if you think I'll fall for your act, you're only fooling yourself.)

Benjamin went inside, and Rebecca was standing at the base of the stairs. Though she had entered the house alongside Elizabeth, it seemed like Elizabeth just didn't even care about Rebecca's situation. Benjamin stopped next to her. Rebecca slightly shook her head. "All the standing at the party has put a lot of strain on my ankle. Can you carry me?" she hesitantly asked. "Please?"

Benjamin took a deep breath with his mouth closed as though he was burdened with something. He picked her up into his arms and walked up the stairs. She kept looking at him, but he didn't look at her. His long beard kept pressing against her chest and tickled her, but she tried not to show it on her face.

The moment he reached the first floor, he put her down and went to the room, leaving her baffled. Previously, he used to take her all the way to her bed, but now, he didn't even take her to the room. Something definitely wasn't right, she thought. By the time she got to her bed, he already covered himself with a blanket.

Benjamin suddenly pulled the blanket down and said, "I don't like the look in his eyes. I don't think he's the right guy for Jane." He got the blanket over his face again.

Rebecca didn't say anything, but she began biting her nails. After some hesitancy, she said, " Benjamin..."

"Mm," he replied a bit late. "Can we... have our official wedding ceremony together?"

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Benjamin sat up fast, throwing the blanket to the side. "What? Are you being serious?"

"M-Mhm," she nodded. "I didn't like it when Donovan said those words, either. It was my mistake that I even gave him such an opportunity." She took out the wedding ring from under the bed. "Will you put this ring on me once again?" she expectantly asked.

"Rebecca..." Benjamin was trying his best to not shed tears. "I will slip the ring onto your finger a thousand times if you want, but... don't be so indifferent toward me, okay? Otherwise, I don't see the point of having a public wedding ceremony when you don't treat me as a husband. What I want is..." his voice grew heavy, "your recognition, not

the world's." Rebecca's heart ached as his voice slightly trembled. "I have done you wrong, Benjamin, but I want to correct myself."

Benjamin's expression froze. Was he hearing things right? Was this prideful woman really humbling herself before him? What brought this sudden change in her? He wondered for a second, but then he didn't really care about it at the moment. "Rebecca, I didn't hear you. Can you say it one more time?" he even turned his ear toward her so he could hear better. Rebecca gritted her teeth. "I'm embarrassed as it is," she grabbed a pillow and threw it at him, "so don't push it!"

The pillow hit his face, but he caught it with the mouth and got up from the bed, his eyes peering from over the pillow. "B-Benjamin, you're really pushing it now," she moved back on her butt as he climbed onto her bed. "Don't do this. M-My, my ankle still needs to heal." When he brought the pillow closer, she closed her eyes and turned her head to the side. Benjamin dropped the pillow, which fell in her lap. He proceeded forth and planted a firm, long kiss on her inviting cheek. The sound of the kiss forced her to shut her eyes even tighter, but then Benjamin began supremely pecking her cheek like a woodpecker, for tens of times with great speed, forcing her eyes and mouth to open simultaneously. This guy was really pushing it now!

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The next morning

Rebecca woke up and first looked toward Benjamin's bed which was pulled closer to her bed." What the... did he bring it closer after I slept?" she touched her forehead for a second. "His hyper activeness is sort of scaring me."

Benjamin had already gone out, so she was alone in the room. She touched her left cheek, where Benjamin had kissed at least a hundred times the previous night. She could still feel it on her cheek.

"I've never been kissed so many times even by my parents as far as I can remember," she thought. "Had he gone for my lips instead of my cheek..." just the thought made her face flush like a tomato. Her head felt hot. Her stomach had butterflies fluttering. She felt crazy. She grabbed the pillow and covered her face, but that only made things worse as she could hear heartbeat strengthening. "Why am I feeling so tense? It's only natural for a couple to be intimate, but... what if he asks me to do weird things? What if I disappoint him?" even someone like her knew sex was an important part of married life, thanks to seeing a lot of things while growing up in the villa. "Ugh, I feel too tense." She

suddenly remembered Jane.” Right, she’s an expert when it comes to the matters of bed, so I should ask her. Yeah, that’s better than asking my mom. She doesn’t like Benjamin.” She reached out for the walking stick resting by the desk. “Mm?” just then, she noticed an invitation card beside her car keys. “This is…”

It was the same invitation card Artur had given her.

“I gave it back to him, didn’t I? Then how did it…” she squinted her eyes as her brother’s image flashed in her mind. “Brother Shawn… you really don’t change, do you? You have no problem giving me away to some 40-year-old playboy as long as it benefits you, but what’s worse is that you don’t have the guts to admit it, or should I say you are too smart for your own good?” she was about to tear the card but then stopped.

“Wait…” she had an idea. “If I give this to Elizabeth, I’m sure she’ll buy at least a thing or two from your own bank account.” She grinned and then paid a visit to Elizabeth’s parents and talked to them about how she was unable to attend the auction because of her injury and that she had no other choice but to throw the card away.

Nolan and Dorothy completely bought her words and even asked her for the card. She gave it to them and sighed and said, “At least give it to someone who can go and buy valuable goods.” Saying that she left. Nolan and Dorothy laughed among themselves for obtaining a rare invitation card. Meanwhile, Benjamin and Lisa were driving together in a Mercedes. “Do you really want to buy the car for yourself?” he asked. “Or is it for your ‘innocent’ Nate?” Lisa frowned as well as pouted. “What do you have against him? Nate is a cool guy.” “Cool guys don’t take money and gifts from rich daughters. You think I don’t know you steal little things from your mommy’s collections and give them to him?”

Lisa went silent, realizing that if Benjamin was really against it, she wouldn’t be able to buy the car anymore. He knew multiple secrets about her, which she didn’t want her family to know.

“I’m just trying to warn you because your dad doesn’t seem to care,” said Benjamin. “Don’t talk bad about my dad,” Lisa fumed all of a sudden. “He may be many things, but he takes care of mom, me, and Roshan.”

“There’s a fine difference between taking care of someone and… leaving everything in other’s hands and ignoring everything else.” Lisa was still giving him an angry look “Alright. Fine. I’ll stop talking about my brother-in-law.”

Silence followed. Lisa glanced at him. “Why do you grow such a long beard? Doesn’t it bother you?”

“It does, but not as much as Nate’s beard bothers him.”

“Haha, so funny.” She punched him in the shoulder as Nate didn’t have a beard at all. “I’m dying from laughter, alright. Ha-ha-ha.” She acted like she croaked.

Benjamin could only smile and shake his head.

Soon they reached the car showroom, the same one where Oliver had bought his bugatti. Lisa's eyes lit up upon seeing the only four cars that were there. "Nate likes blue, so let's go for this one."

The same customer handler from back then smiled and said, "Wonderful option. Its on-road price is only 2.43 million dollars. Are you sure you two can afford it?" Lisa couldn't tell whether he was being sarcastic or not. "What makes you think I can't pay?" she put her hand in her purse. "I have my dad's card with me." "Okay, but can your dad's card pay 2.43 million dollars?" his brows wiggled. He was in a good mood, so he felt like toying with this schoolgirl. "Of course, he can even buy this whole store if he wants!" Lisa yelled at him rather angrily.

"Maybe, but how long are you going to keep searching for a hand purse? Didn't your daddy teach you how to store things in an order in your purse?"

"You..." Lisa raised her hand to slap him, but Benjamin came in between and grabbed his cheek with his fingers.

"Let's go over there and talk while she looks for the card."

"Ugh," the customer handler couldn't fight back because of the pain and also because he was a coward.

Lisa searched for another minute but couldn't find it. She went back to the car but couldn't find it there, either. She came to Benjamin tearful and tense-looking eyes. "I had it in the morning, but now... I think I lost it somewhere. I think I should tell dad so he'll get the card blocked."

"Mm, let's do that." Benjamin followed her out.

The customer handler stood there, just watching with frustration stiffening his expression. "I knew it They wasted my time for nothing. Not all normal-looking customers can be like that Oliver guy."

Lisa, meanwhile, called Shawn and told her that she lost the card, but his response confused her After some talking, she ended the call and looked at Benjamin. "Dad says the platinum card isn't his. He thinks I'm joking so that I can get a real credit card from him." She rubbed the back of her head. "I don't get it. If it isn't Dad's card..." her eyes suddenly enlarged. "Is it Grandpa's card?" Her heart almost exploded. "Oh my gosh. What have I done?" she began freaking out. "If Grandpa knows of this..." she began jumping on her feet and crying. "He'll kill me!"

Benjamin stood on the other side of the car, picking his teeth with his finger. "Knowing your grandpa, it's unlikely for him to have such a card, don't you think?" After he said

those words, Lisa began to calm down a bit. "You might be right, but then whose card is it? It has to be someone's, right?"

"Let's just say... it's mine."

"Huh? This isn't the time to be joking. We have to figure it out, or this could pose a big problem. That card doesn't even have a password! What if whoever finds it withdraws a lot of money?"

"Not my problem," Benjamin said, freezing Lisa's expression. As he expected, she didn't even get into the car and walked away on foot. She must be quite hurt by those three words he said, he thought, but it couldn't be helped. He had to act that way so she wouldn't cling to him for

everything she needed. Moreover, he guessed that Nate would probably break up with her, given she had already told him about buying a car soon

Benjamin took out the platinum card from his underpants. "I worked my ass off for all the money that's in this card, but this little thing has caused so much trouble. It's better that I keep it with me."

He drove the Mercedes straight to a bank and then paid a visit to the old woman he met on the street the previous night. He asked for tea. She didn't recognize him, but she welcomed him in "Nobody entered our home these days because of my husband, but it seems you're okay with him coughing," she humbly said as she gave him a cup of ginger tea. Her husband was asleep, but he seemed too weak for a talk anyway

Benjamin didn't say a word with her after entering. He either stayed calm or smiled a little when she talked. After he finished the drink, she took the glasses and went into the kitchen. When she returned, he was gone, but the black suitcase was still next to the chair. "Did he forget it?" she tried to pick up the briefcase, but it was too heavy. She walked out empty handed to see if he was there, but there was no sight of him. He was gone. She came back into the house and sat in the chair, looking tired. She didn't even think of opening the briefcases and just left it there on the side, thinking the guest would return.

However, a few days later, she would be using that as a footrest for her husband while he sat on the edge of his bed. And during one of their quarrels, he would kick the briefcase and then

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find it to be full of hundred dollar bills with a note on top that read 'I'm glad I stopped the car.'

Her husband didn't get what the words meant, but the old woman did, and she was in tears as she hugged her husband.

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After a long time, everyone in the Sterling family was present again at the dining table during dinner.

The maids Kathy, Delle, Ashley, and Amber were all serving. All of them subtly showered their love on Jacob, taking turns, to put food on his plate. Naturally, Jacob was in a good and positive mood. "Dad," Shawn glanced at his father, "I heard from one of your friends that your two upcoming movies together have a budget of 650 million. Is that true?" The number 650 million shocked almost everyone at the table, except Selena and Benjamin. "Don't you think it's too fisky?" Shawn said. "Putting all of your assets into just two films?" "Are you telling me how to produce films now?" Jacob chortled. "You don't multiply your assets without taking risks."

Shawn didn't say anything, but he didn't look pleased. "My husband is just worried about the worst-case scenario, that's all," Elizabeth said and laughed all by herself, but when she glanced at her parents, they joined her as well.

"Dad, when are you movies going to release?" Veronica asked. "My friends keep asking me."

"Yes, grandpa," Roshan also voiced his mind. "Especially the superhero movie. My friends and I are eagerly waiting for that."

"Haha," Jacob leaked out a throaty laughter of expert smokers. "The action thriller will be premiering at the end of this month and will release next month."

"Wow, so we can watch it this month?" Both Veronica and Roshan got visibly excited. Lisa was thinking of watching it with Nate, but she knew it'd be impossible since she would be expected to come to the movie premiere with the whole family.

"Yes, I'll be busy dealing with the promotions, so I won't be home for a while," said Jacob. He looked at his second daughter. "Remedeus likes you, Veronica, so give him a chance."

"Yes, dad," Veronica replied with a smile. Now that Akash wasn't in her life, she was considering giving Remedeus a try. "How is your wound healing, Rebecca?" Jacob

asked. "There's progress," she said, without even looking at him. Benjamin was sitting right next to her.

"Good."

As everyone chatted about various things, Rebecca steeled her heart and said, "Actually, there's one thing I want to tell everyone."

Her words garnered attention. Rebecca raised her left and grabbed Benjamin's right hand, startling the others, but the words

that came out of her mouth next bombarded their hearts. "We're planning to have an official wedding ceremony."

The hall fell silent. "What?" almost all of them were shocked, even Louis and Bella who were usually very reserved with their expressions.

"Well, to be accurate, it'll be a reception," she said, "but we'll be exchanging rings once again,

SO."

Shawn and Selena couldn't believe what they were hearing. Their expressions were not pleasant to watch, especially after seeing Benjamin smile together with his wife.

"Are you sure about this?" Jacob asked her in a rather calm but deep voice. (You can do it, Rebecca!) Rebecca told herself before turning her head and leaning in for a kiss on Benjamin's cheek, shocking everyone, including Benjamin. He was pleasantly surprised by this unexpected action from her. What brought this sudden change in her? Veronica, Elizabeth, Selena, and even all the maids had this baffled expression. Elizabeth was forcing out a smile, but she still couldn't hide her frown. (Did she get impressed by what he did the other night at the party? She's too simple!) Veronica just looked plain shocked. (Sis, how can you kiss that trash?) Selena's bowels boiled with overflowing resentment at Benjamin. She shot daggers at him. Rebecca went a step further. "Can you all pray that Benjamin and I will stay together forever?" she now kissed the hand she was holding. While Benjamin's heart was flooded with happiness, the same couldn't be said for others sitting at the table.

A woman openly displaying her love for someone wasn't a small thing, especially when someone like Rebecca who kept things mostly to herself. That was what made this whole thing unbearable for Selena. Unable to watch it, she stood and left.

Rebecca wasn't foolish. She could clearly feel the atmosphere at the table, but she acted like she didn't care. She picked food with a spoon and raised it toward Benjamin's mouth. "Here. Have some taste of this."

He gladly tasted it and gave a thumbs-up.

Shawn's heart ached a little. He glanced at Elizabeth as if asking why she never did something like that.

Elizabeth acted like she wasn't even looking at Shawn, but her expression worsened some more.

Kathy, on the other hand, almost passed out from envy. Ashley, however, looked strangely happy. She always had a huge crush on Benjamin. Seeing him give a thumbs-up to her cooking made her happy, even though he was interacting with Rebecca

A rice grain got stuck at Benjamin's mouth, and Rebecca picked it with her fingers and put it in

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her mouth.

This was just too much to watch for Elizabeth. She also stood and left.

While everyone else felt awkward seeing Benjamin and Rebecca smile, Jacob was having different thoughts. He and Selena were this close when they were young, so their actions made him remember his past. Meanwhile, Selena went to her room, sat down on the bed, and clutched her head. "What did he do? What the hell did he do in these few days that Rebecca's... looks like her childhood self. She used to be so open and outspoken when she was little..." Selena's eyes teared up as she remembered how Rebecca used to sleep on the stairs of the villa and waited for her mother's arrival every night. She used to talk about every little thing that happened in the day without hiding anything. She used to sneak into Selena's bed and cuddle with her mom every morning until things happened. "Her love used to be so pure and bottomless. I messed up and hurt her heart when she was young, and then she began treating me differently, but she has always been my most precious thing." Her gut twisted. "I can't let that nobody have her!"

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The next morning. On the rooftop, Benjamin was caressing the parrots that looked rather dull. "You two have become dull these days. What's wrong? Did you eat something you shouldn't?"

The parrots looked clueless. "Haha, don't worry. I'll nurse you two back to health with good food. However, there's going to be my wedding reception soon, and I don't want to see you two shitting on anyone's head." The parrots half-heartedly nodded.

Meanwhile, Delle reported to Selena that Benjamin was feeding the parrots.

"Right. There's still those things, Selena's exposed a section of her teeth. "Killing them is easier than killing chickens, but I wanted to see him suffer as they suffer. Now, I don't have time or energy to spare with those petty parrots. Tell Johnny to shoot those things down with a slingshot or something. Tell him I want them to suffer and die in the most pathetic way possible."

"Yes, ma'am," Delle didn't like what she was hearing, but she could only keep her head lowered.

Afterward, Selena went straight to Francis' home and slapped him for fooling around when she had given him a mission. She told him that her daughter was planning a wedding reception and she blamed him and his son for that.

While Francis had a soft spot for Selena, getting slapped by Selena in front of her assistant hurt his pride. He couldn't last out on her, but after he left, he scolded Selena in front of his assistant who calmed him down by gently pressing his shoulders and touching him at sensible spots.

Nevertheless, he called Edward, who was busy snorting cocaine with a shirtless chick sitting by his side on the couch. "What's up, pops?" "Edward, the fuck are you doing? Did you try anything at all regarding Sterling's son-in-law?" "What son-in-law? Ah, wait, yeah, Rebecca's husband, right?" Edward was smiling. "What about him?"

Francis gritted his teeth. "Listen, you little shit. Go and break that guy's legs or cut his balls. I don't know what you will do, but no woman would wanna marry him afterward. If you take it easy this time, I will personally inflict you with everything I told you to do to Sterling's son-in-law!"

Edward who was rubbing some of the powder stimulant into his gums now stopped and gulped his saliva.

The call ended, but he was still sweating. "Fuck. I thought he'd take care of it, but now, he wants me to handle it?" he called Blackbear, but his call wasn't answered. "This fucker... Fine,

I'll take my buddies and beat the living shit out of this son-in-law myself."

“Do you want me to accompany you?” the shirtless chick asked. “I can trap him and bring him wherever you want.”

“That’d be great,” Edward grinned. “Let’s finish him today.”

Somewhere else in the city.

After dropping Jane at a shopping mall, Donovan entered the nearby five-star hotel, and he received a message that gave the details of a room number. On his way, a random stranger gave him the key in the lift.

He reached the room and opened the door. A young girl was waiting for him on the bed. He faintly smiled before entering and locking the door.

He received a call.

“How is she?” Blackbear spoke from the other end. “She is 19 but hasn’t been with anyone

yet.”

“Looks wise, meh, but she will do,” Donovan said. “It’s not easy to find virgins, so I’m not complaining.”

“I’m glad you understand, Mr. Donovan. You have always been an important customer to us. And we’re glad you came to this city. Hope you’ll enjoy your stay here. And the gold coins you sent us were a pleasant surprise. Thank you. I won’t take any more of your time, so have fun.” The call ended.

Donovan put the mobile in his pocket and came up to the bed. “You are okay with do this, right?”

“Mm,” she hesitantly nodded. “I think I’ve seen you on television.” “Well, if you continue in this profession, you’ll be seeing a lot more familiar faces, I’m sure, but I guarantee you, I’ll engrave my image in your brain forever.” His self-boast only forced her to smile a little. He could see that she was tense, and he liked it. “What’s your name?” “Emily.”

“Sweet name. So, shall we start, Emily?” he began to unbutton his shirt before he even heard her response, but she didn’t complain. Meanwhile, in the shopping mall.

Jane was shopping for dresses for Donovan. “I want to grab a dozen shirts, but there aren’t many appealing designs in XXL size. Maybe I should contact some private designer.” If Rebecca hadn’t gotten injured, she would have asked her. But after what happened at the party, she didn’t feel like asking Rebecca to make beautiful shirt designs for Donovan.

“Jane?” a voice reached her from behind. She turned to look, and a familiar face was up for view. It was the police officer who attended the party two days prior.

“Steve,” Jane squinted her eyes. “Are you following me?”

“Of course not,” Steve looked a little embarrassed. “I came to buy a pair of clothes as well.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Trust me,” he stressed his words. “What about you?”

Jane paused a little while before speaking. “Steve, what we had only lasted a few nights because I just wanted to have fun with a police officer. That was six years ago, and you still show up at my boyfriend’s birthday party when nobody has invited you.” Steve forced out a laugh. “I’m sorry, but you should give up, for your own sake.” Steve’s expression changed. A wall of tears appeared in his eyes. “Why? Is it because I’m eight years older than you?” “No. It’s because I can’t marry an officer who’s out of the home most of the time.”

“You think Donovan won’t be busy after you get married? He’s a pro-wrestler.” “Yeah, but his career will end in a few years.” Steve frowned. “Listen, Jane. I can take good care of you. I will give you everything you want. I can love you much more than-”

Jane put her hand on his mouth. “Let me be blunt. I love sex. You can call me a sex maniac if you want. Donovan is great in bed. He can please me, but you...” she lowered her voice some more. “You couldn’t even do it three times in one night... and that’s back then. Now, you’re much older.”

Steve’s heart felt squeezed.

“I’m sorry, but we’re not a good fit. Just find someone else,” saying that she walked away. * Don’t follow me.”

Steve just stood there like a statue.

Somewhere else in the city.

A taxi arrived at a private polo club. Ashley got down from the car. After showing a card, she was allowed entrance.

A group of handsome young men were riding horses and hitting a ball with long wooden sticks. If even one of them puts some interest in her, she could earn enough to settle for life, she thought.

Soon, one of those riders came over to her. He was tall and devastatingly handsome. "You took your time, Ashley," he said as he touched her crotch with the polo mallet

"S-Sorry, Mr. Arlo," she hesitantly spoke as he patted her vagina with the hammer edge of the polo mallet. "Rebecca announced last night she wants to have an official wedding reception."

"What?" he gritted his teeth. "That little bitch. I went easy with her despite knowing she was playing some stupid wife-game at home, but I was wrong. I should have treated her like I treat other bitches, right, Ashley?"

"Y-Yes, Mr. Arlo."

"Yeah. Please tell me you mixed something in the son-in-law's food and killed him before coming here." Ashley's heart shook. She looked at him in shock. "H-How could I do that? You only told me to keep an eye on both Rebecca and her wife." "Of course, but you've gotta improvise if you want to survive in this field," he swung the polo mallet and struck her face hard enough to make her fall. She cried out and bled, but he looked amused. "Go back and return with good news tomorrow morning, or else don't come back at all." And then he went back to playing polo with his friends.

Ashley was bleeding from her jaw. She got up with effort and walked away, wearing a stiff expression. "This motherfucker wants me to kill. What should I do?" she couldn't even grit her teeth because of the pain in her jaw. "Arlo Campbell... You treat me like I'm some dog just because I came to you out of necessity. I hope you suffer more than me and die a dog's death! No! Something much worse!"