

## Savvy Son-in-law by VK Boy Chapter 8

The next day.

Benjamin found his mobile on the dining table, and he initially thought he might have forgotten to take it last night. However, when he sniffed the mobile once, his expression changed as though he knew what might have actually happened.

However, his wife was waiting outside, so he rushed out, but he was spell-bound after seeing Rebecca in her indo-western attire with a full-sleeved cream top and a stylized black salwar bottoms. His mouth stayed open for a good number of seconds. He couldn't blink let alone take his eyes off his wife.

Rebecca raised her brows. "Seriously?" she snapped her fingers. "You look like you're going to eat me here and now."

"D-Did I?" Benjamin came back to this world. "B-But you look really beautiful in this dress."

"I know," Rebecca sounded a little arrogant.

"Did you make this design?"

"Of course, but let's go."

"Okay." He jumped into her car, startling her.

*(He's really active today.)* She thought as she got in.

"It's only 9 o'clock. Why are we leaving so early, my love?"

"We are going to my colleague's wedding first," she said, touching a gift box in the seat next to her.

"I'm also coming?" Benjamin felt butterflies flying in his belly.

"Don't get too excited. You'll be acting as my driver."

"D-Driver?" Benjamin's shoulders slumped. *(At least that's better than nothing, I guess.)*

The vehicle stopped at a junction due to the red light. The window was open, and a small drone flew in and landed in Benjamin's lap, startling him. But the 'W' symbol on the little helicopter made him realize who exactly sent that. He could see a black card

attached at its bottom. It was the same card with a diamond 'W' design on it, and it had a magnetic base, so it could stick to the metal just like his mobile.

"These guys..." However, Benjamin threw the helicopter outside without taking the card. "I already earn enough, so there's no need for extra money," he thought. "I do want to buy Rebecca some gifts, but I'll be a lot happier if I do that with the money I earned."

"What are you mumbling about?" asked Rebecca, gently pressing the accelerator with her foot.

"Nothing."

Soon, they reached the private grounds where the ceremony took place. Only those with invitation cards were allowed. Every car that entered through oozed one word: luxury. Everybody was wearing gold or some form of embedded jewelry. Now he understood why Rebecca was wearing such a classy outfit that made her look like she was from another country.

The bride was an Indian, and so there were a lot of half-sarees roaming around. The bride also wore an elegant mix of white jeans and saree, with a cute little diamond crown on top, which made her look like a modern princess. Seeing her, Benjamin thought, "She's good, but my wife is better."

One of the waiters brought a tray full of different colored wines. "Alcohol so early in the morning?"

The waiter smiled and said, "If you are not interested, I'll go."

"Who said I'm not interested?" Benjamin snatched the blue wine.

"Ah, Electric Blue? You've got good taste," the waiter said and left.

"Electric Blue? They bring this color from the grape skins, or do they add some kind of dye?" he wondered as he took a sip. "Mm, mild sweetness on the tongue, but it packs a punch as it slides down the throat. Ginger and cardamom, huh. This would be a perfect winter drink."

Rebecca greeted the bride and the groom and wished them and gave them the gift box wrapped up in a shiny golden paper.

The groom's father came up to Benjamin after seeing his casual attire. "Hello," he put on a smile.

"Hi," Benjamin also smiled back.

"I didn't see you get on stage," he said. "Did you already greet the bride and the groom?"

"No, I attended with Rebecca. I couldn't bring any gift as she didn't tell me until the last second."

"It's okay. Are you her assistant?"

"I'm her driver."

"Driver?" he cast a weird glance at Benjamin before walking away without saying another word. *(A driver? Why did she bring a driver along? Even if he were to bring a gift, it would be something bland and boring.)*

Just then, a drone flew over people's heads, and its noise caught their attention. They could see that the drone carried a gift package, and it flew in and floated right in front of the wedding couple, making them look around, wondering who was doing it. But nobody came forward. Either way, the gift package was wrapped up in pristine, brown leather. The word 'W' was all that could be seen on top.

When the drone dropped the box, it landed in a loud thud, startling them. The bride and the groom looked at each other before hurriedly trying to open it then and there.

"What are they doing?" their parents almost sighed and shook their heads, but the crowd wanted to see what was in the gift box.

Rebecca walked back to Benjamin, but her eyes were still on the stage. "Sending a gift by a drone? Whoever it is, they must be too busy to attend the wedding."

Benjamin put on a poker face, not liking what was happening. He looked into the distance, toward a tall apartment, from where the drone was returning to.

"Crap, he's noticed us. Let's leave." The two shadowy figures on the rooftop rushed away.

The bride and the groom still kept going. They first had to unbuckle the belts that sealed the bag. And then there was a black wooden box inside. "How do we open this thing?" It was a two-foot-tall and two-foot-wide box, and it caught the groom's father's attention. "This wood..." his eyes slightly widened upon knocking it with his knuckles a couple of times. "It's pure dark teak wood that only grows in forests. Whether you use it for pillars or cupboards, it will last 120 years without a problem, but this black coating they used... I can't even tell what it is."

"How do we open it?" both the groom and the bride asked in a hurry.

After some inspection, the groom's father noticed a fine line near the top. He smiled and then lifted up the top by pushing it in an angle, and once his eyes lay upon what was inside, his mouth fell open for a second, and his wife who was next to him fainted straight away.