

## Ex-Wife 1815

Chapter: 1815

“Haha! Well, thank you for your comments. I’ll work harder and cook like a top chef soon,” Stefan promised Adie humbly as he pulled a chair out and helped Renee sit down.

“Mm, it’s good that you’re open-minded. Don’t worry, there’s a lot of room for improvement for you. I’m rooting for you!” Adie patted Stefan’s shoulder as if he was a retired commander.

Renee frowned and gently chided Adie, “Don’t be rude, Adie. He’s your daddy.” Her heart had warmed at how the arrogant Stefan became so humble in front of his children.

Renee had treated him like a plaything, and now the two children were treating him like a personal chef. Renee figured he must really be miserable trying to pacify so many people.

Stefan, however, was at his happiest and most relaxed doing all this.

After such a lovely dinner, Renee suddenly felt like calling Quinton. Usually, she’d come up with an excuse to end calls with Quinton because of her condition, but after tonight, she felt much more relaxed. She had calmly accepted her condition, and bravely called Quinton.

After a while, Quinton picked up her call.

“Renee, why are you calling? Are you in trouble?” At that moment, Quinton was south of the sea, gathering manpower and materials to go diving for the treasure that had suddenly capsized. He’d been feeling rather defeated because he hadn’t gotten anything, and he’d also been worrying that Renee might bump into crooks at Beach City.

Unfortunately, he couldn’t go home just yet, so he was happy to see that Renee called. However, he couldn’t help but feel worried as well because Renee wouldn’t call without a reason.

“You’re so pessimistic, Quinton. Can’t I call because I want to share something happy with you?” Renee asked teasingly as she sat on the bean bag on the top floor and swung her legs leisurely.

“Yes, I can tell that you’re happy. What happened?” A sigh of relief escaped Quinton, and he smiled.

“Hmm... How should I put it? I hired a pretty good helper at home. He does everything perfectly, and he cooks well. He doesn’t even ask for high pay, and he works hard without complaints. I feel like I’ve struck the lottery!”

Renee giggled like a young girl in love, but she couldn’t tell Quinton that Stefan was the helper since he was Quinton’s sworn enemy.

“He’s really that good?”

“He is!”

“But we’ve got to find loyal helpers since they’re the ones taking care of us. Even if their services are cheap, it’ll be troublesome if they have ulterior motives.” Quinton’s instincts told him that this helper was extraordinary, but in his opinion, nothing was free in this world. He didn’t know if it was a blessing or disaster that such a perfect helper had suddenly come to Renee.

“You’re overthinking, Quinton, he’s just a helper. If he does a good job, I’ll keep him. If not, I’ll fire him. He can’t try anything with me,” Renee said, smiling smugly. She felt that Quinton was too cautious, and his worries were groundless.

“But I’m still worried...” After a brief contemplation, Quinton said seriously, “Give your phone to your helper. I’ll speak to him for a bit.”

“Umm... I’m not sure that’s a good idea,” Renee backtracked, regretting having boasted about Stefan so much. If Quinton learned that she had gotten entangled with Stefan again, he’d be furious.

“There’s nothing wrong with it if he’s sincere, plus, I’m just going to talk to him on the phone. What are you afraid of if there’s nothing wrong with him?” Quinton immediately became suspicious, and tried to persuade Renee to let him talk to the helper.