

Chapter 7 The Devil Returned

Staying in the Preston Building for five days, Caroline finally has a preliminary understanding of the place...

His house is really big, and several times, she got lost and had to call for help from Merry. Caroline has no sense of direction.

By the way, there were so many rules in the building. When the servants changed shifts, when to eat, and when to rest, were all scheduled. Each of them was wearing a neat and tidy uniform.

So, Caroline wondered in her heart how perverted the man was. Obviously he was the only one living here, but he had so many people serving him.

Caroline was lying on a lounge chair beside the pool, large sunglasses covering most of her face. With a glass of chilled juice in her hand, she had to admit she loved it here and loved to be served by so many people.

Merry hurried over, "Miss.Fowler! Miss.Fowler!"

"What's wrong?" Caroline straightened up, took off her sunglasses, and didn't forget to take another sip of chilled juice.

"Mr.Preston is coming back," Merry said.

Caroline choked and coughed violently, "Didn't he have to go out for a week? Why did he come back earlier than scheduled?"

"Yes, in the past, it has always been very accurate. If he said he would be coming back a week later and then he would come back a week later, not a second missing. This

time, I do not know what happened. He wants to come back early. You have to prepare."

"What do I have to prepare for?" Caroline asked.

"Uh...this..." Merry didn't know what Caroline had to prepare either.

"I'm not his servant," Caroline said.

"Then Miss.Fowler, I'll go first and you can help yourself at home, "Merry finished speaking and immediately hurried away.

Caroline drank the juice with a straw in her mouth. Since she had married the devil, then she had to get something back.

She had to prepare to negotiate with him.

However, when Caroline saw him, it was already time for dinner.

It was said that he had returned at three o'clock in the afternoon, however, Caroline waited a long time without seeing him. So it was clear that Richard did not take her seriously.

In the dining room, crystal lamps shined the silver tableware and the mouth-watering dishes were placed on artifact-like plates on the long table.

The long table was large. Richard sat on one side and Caroline sat on the other.

Richard seemed to carry his own boundary, elegant and dignified aura so that no one dared to come near him. The servants stood at the side, slightly hanging their heads, ready for his order.

Caroline was like sitting on pins and needles, from time-to-time glance to the man sitting opposite her. He was really gorgeous. His delicate features were as carved carefully by the artist: straight and thin eyebrows; deep eyes like a leopard, charming yet deadly; high nose; firm lips.

You could see the traces of Leo on his face, but Richard's temperament was like the king, while Leo belonged to the type of sweet boy.

"Not to your liking?" Richard cut his steak while asking without raising his head.

Caroline looked around. If it wasn't only the servants around, she didn't know that Richard was talking to her.

"Uh...can you tell them not to stand here? It's so weird," Caroline wanted to say more specifically but couldn't.

Richard nodded toward the butler beside him, who immediately ordered all the servants to go, leaving Richard and Caroline alone in the dining room.

Caroline let out a long breath.

"Are you comfortable here?" Richard spoke once more, his voice as cold as ever.

"Yes." Caroline was not really used to talking with such an indifferent man, "Luci..."

Reward

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