

Chapter 36: Messed with someone nasty!

Nian Xiaomu had been unable to sit still for a long time.

Right from the start, when Yu Yuehan filled her bowl with food, to the point when his grandma discussed a wedding with her...

Members of the Yu Family appeared one by one—it was like a dream.

It wasn't until "Young Aunt" pointed at Nian Xiaomu's nose and questioned her right to be there that she finally regained a sense of reality.

Even if she was dumb, she knew that the deities were fighting.

A mortal like her should obviously run to safety!

At this point in time, she was still torn between what excuses to use so that she could slip away. When she heard what Cheng Xiulu said, it was akin to hearing an amnesty order from the Emperor.

Without hesitation, she stood up in a flurry.

"Matriarch, Young Master, I have finished my meal." Nian Xiaomu turned and walked away after she finished her sentence.

However, Cheng Xiulu was quick enough and blocked her way before she could leave.

"Little Miss has not finished her meal yet. You are the one taking care of her, so where are you heading to?"

Nian Xiaomu was struck dumb. She soon recovered from her shock, stood behind Xiao Liuliu, and took care of feeding her.

Cheng Xiulu was finally pleased at the sight of this.

She walked leisurely back to her seat, pulled out the chair, and sat down.

"Oh yes, I heard that there were two nurses taking care of Xiao Liuliu. Why do I only see one of them?" Cheng Xiulu suddenly spoke and scanned the dining room.

She was so jealous at the sight of the splendid villa.

They were all members of the Yu Family, but they were only given a place to stay in a tiny courtyard while this main villa belonged solely to Yu Yuehan.

Furthermore, a mere nurse was now on the verge of holding higher status than her.

How could she be satisfied with this?!

"Madam, the other one is Fang Zhenyi, but she is not around because it is not her work shift currently," the butler, who was by her side, replied to her respectfully.

Since Matriarch Yu was elderly and Yu Yuehan did not have a wife, Cheng Xiulu might ultimately become the matriarch of the household one day.

Even the butler did not dare to slight her.

“Get me a bowl of rice,” Cheng Xiulu spoke unhurriedly.

The butler heard this and wanted to turn around, but Cheng Xiulu raised her hands and pointed at Nian Xiaomu who sat at the side.

“I am referring to you, Nian Xiaomu.”

“...”

“Since the Yu Family hired you, you are naturally a servant in the household. It shouldn’t be too hard on you to scoop a bowl of rice for me, eh?” Cheng Xiulu asked, her expression turning cold.

Although she was unable to deal with the old hag and could not afford to offend Yu Yuehan either, did she not have the power to target a nurse who blocked her way?!

“...” Given her low profile, Nian Xiaomu had not expected anyone to remember her presence.

It was merely the task of scooping a bowl of rice; look at the arrogant face of this Young Aunt.

In comparison to the poised and elegant Matriarch Yu or the Yu Yuehan who possessed an aura filled with royalty—she could not figure out which trait this “Young Aunt” had that resembled a member of the Yu Family?

She was simply like a parvenu.

Her eyes brightened, and she went forward to scoop a bowl of rice for Cheng Xiulu without much hesitation.

She got ready to leave after she put down the bowl of rice.

Then, she heard her haughty voice again, “Get me a bowl of soup as well.”

“...” *Was this never-ending?*

Nian Xiaomu controlled the urge to smash the rice on her head and replied with a wide smile, “Madam, please wait.”

Yu Yuehan had been staring at Nian Xiaomu from the start since she walked over; he naturally caught the little actions she made, such as gnashing her teeth.

The scenario of her screaming and refusing to comply when he first fired her flashed past his mind.

He was curious though—when would she snap today?

“Madam, here is your soup.” Nian Xiaomu placed the bowl of soup on the dining table. Just as she wanted to retreat, she saw Cheng Xiulu pick up the bowl of soup.

The next second, Cheng Xiulu screamed, “So hot!”

The bowl of soup suddenly splashed toward Nian Xiaomu!