

## Runaway 1089

Chapter 1089

Vivian said, "Yes, Mr. Slate."

As she turned, she glanced at the monitor, and then at Zachary, noting something off about his reaction.

One must understand that Vivian had been paying close attention to everything about Zachary ever since she took the role of his personal assistant.

Such is society: Once women meet a man with looks and money, they cannot help getting ideas—especially with a single father like Zachary. That was the case for Vivian, who was now obsessed with Zachary. Though she did not show it because she had yet to get a read on his temperament, she was wary since Zachary found himself a young babysitter.

She could not quite put her finger on what it was, and she might even be imagining it—Zachary might just be watching the woman, concerned that she was not taking care of his child.

She left, informing everyone about meeting in ten minutes and to be punctual.

It went as scheduled ten minutes later, with Zachary mostly speaking while the others only speaking when giving reports.

Afterwards, several ladies were whispering among each other at the lounge.

"It's weird... Why does it feel like Mr. Slate is in a very good mood today?"

"Exactly! It seems that way to me as well—I mean, he had to have lost sleep last night, right?"

Those dark circles under his eyes was proof enough!

One of the ladies giggled. "Of course he's not getting proper sleep. I heard he has a baby, and you know they really get fussy—especially since this baby doesn't have a mommy!"

"What's going on here?" Vivian snapped coolly, interrupting them when she heard their gossiping.

"Sorry, Ms. Crowe..."

"Do you ladies have that much free time?" Vivian pressed, throwing her weight around as Zachary's PA. "Stop running your mouths like it's your job."

There was a haughty tone in her voice—she could not help getting full of herself as she worked for Zachary directly.

It was her good fortune to be transferred to his side, and she must properly seize this chance.

Moreover, she was buoyed as soon as she came to power and would pull rank and lecture others just because she was Zachary's PA. Still, it was natural that she could do so because she spoke directly for Zachary.

"If I catch you gossiping and not talking about work, I'm going to inform Mr. Slate directly," she snapped.

"Yes, yes, we have been speaking out of turn. We'll go back to work right away," one of the ladies said as they started to hurry off.

"Hold it." Vivian stopped them right then. "Mr. Slate is your boss and deserves your respect. I don't want anyone discussing his private life behind his back!"

The ladies traded glances, a tacit understanding forming just then. "Yes, yes, we'll be going now."

"Back to work, back to work."

Still, they feigned deference toward Vivian despite their clear contempt toward her as they hurried out of the lounge.

After that, Vivian went downstairs to the cafe—she was quite close with the waitress, since she often went there for coffee.

The waitress must have seen Zachary when he arrived to work too. Winking at Vivian, she asked, "What, did Mr. Slate have a bad night again? You should put in an effort, if you know what I mean?"

Vivian pretended to snap at her. "Cut that out! Mr. Slate would tear off your mouth if he knew you were badmouthing him!"

And with that, she turned and left with the coffee.

Arriving outside Zachary's office, Vivian took a deep breath before knocking on the door.

"Come in," a deep voice called out.

Vivian entered and placed the coffee on the table. "Have a coffee, Mr. Slate. Losing sleep because of your baby?"