

Runaway 1116

Chapter 1116

Lulu had Sue settled in by the time Zachary returned in the evening, and she just needed to sign an agreement.

"This is the maid I've chosen from the agency today, Mr. Slate," Lulu said, introducing Sue to Zachary while asking his opinion officially. "I've read her profile and resume, so is there anything you like to know or requests you have?"

Unexpectedly, Vivian emerged from the study right then, rolling her eyes at Lulu where Zachary could not see. "I tried to tell her, Mr. Slate-there were so many professional maids, but she had to pick someone without experience. I couldn't stop her even though I just want the best for you and your baby-who knew she could be so stubborn?"

Lulu quietly watched her dramatic antics without offering a retort-it was amazing how Vivian's foul mouth could be smelled for miles as soon as she spoke.

On the other hand, Sue was clearly grateful that Lulu was willing to give her a chance. Still, before she could speak on Lulu's behalf, Lulu stopped her.

At the same time, Zachary asked coolly, "Why are you still here?"

His question took Vivian completely by surprise.

What was he doing? Should he not be questioning Lulu for not listening to her?!

"I-It's a holiday today, and I'm here anyway," she blurted. "So I helped you arrange your books and documents in the study..."

She was so confident in herself that she could freely enter Zachary's mansion, since she was his personal assistant.

Zachary's tone remained cold. "You're my assistant, not my maid. This is none of your business."

Vivian, however, took it for a gesture of concern. Her nervousness promptly turned to delight as she replied cheerfully, "Yes, Mr. Slate. I understand."

It takes a woman to know another,

and Lulu could read the room enough to tell that Vivian had misinterpreted Zachary's words. In fact, she was still convinced she could become Mrs. Slate!

"By the way, I've compiled the files on several other maids and left them on your desk. I'll see to it personally," Vivian added.

"There's no need. Sue here is good," Zachary said, since he trusted Lulu's competence and was fine not reading any files.

"But she's new to the job, Mr. Slate!" Vivian promptly protested. "She's also obviously from a poor family, and you'd be losing valuables if she happens to be a thief. You also have a baby at home-what if something happens? I've read her file myself, and she has a disabled husband. There's no

way she can fully focus on her work, and you might get dragged into it if her family gets into more trouble!"

Sue had certainly been insulted countless times in under a day.

From being a bumpkin to being accused of a thief, the latter which was especially unacceptable for her, the wife of a police officer!

Her face flushed from frustration,

she finally let go of everything she had been holding close to her chest. "Ms. Crowe, I understand that you question my professionalism, but you shouldn't be so shallow with appearances and even insult me for it. My husband is a police officer who is only disabled because he

was saving lives. And I'd never stoop

so low to be a thief!"

When she was done, she realized the others were all looking at her. She promptly lowered her head in silence, tugging her thoroughly bleached shirt uncomfortably.

Lulu quietly walked to her side, clapping her on the shoulder to offer assurance.

On the other hand, Vivian was stunned that some maid would snap at her in front of Zachary and was left stumped in turn.