

Runaway 1141

Chapter 1141

Glaring sharply at Vivian, Ken demanded, "Do I need your permission to be here? You're just a secretary, and one who only got her job because of pressing circumstances—and you're here telling me how to behave?"

Vivian did a double take—she presumed Ken to be agreeable since he was noncommittal about everything, and she really forgot her place!

Forcing herself to stay calm, she replied, "Mr. Slate told me to be here."

"For what?" Ken asked in return.

Vivian was actually left stumped. "To clean the house. He's worried that Wendy can't do it all alone."

"Are you sure that's what you're doing here instead of causing trouble?" Ken stared at her pointedly from head to toe, his tone clearly one of contempt. "You look like you're enjoying your time here." Vivian lowered her gaze and realized that she was still in her pajamas, having just woken up because she was hungry.

Still, she also became frustrated as she remembered the incident of the roasted goose, which failed to earn her an audience with Zachary. "It's all your fault! I traveled all the way to another side of the city just to get that roast goose, but my car broke down even before I got to see Mr. Slate! I had to spend the night in my car, and I wouldn't have to sleep at this hour otherwise! It's all your fault—you did this to me."

Ken chuckled. "How is it my fault when you're being dumb? Either way, what I'm seeing is you slacking off, sleeping when the sun is shining brightly overhead. But that's fine—I can tell Mr. Slate since he's not aware."

He whipped out his phone, looking like he was about to call Zachary, when Vivian frantically grabbed his wrist. "Please, stop!"

Ken smiled at her. "You want me to keep quiet?"

Vivian nodded repeatedly. "Yes. Please don't tell Mr. Slate."

"That can be arranged," Ken said, suddenly agreeable. "Go run an errand for me, and I promise to keep my mouth shut. How about that?"

Vivian was exhausted. "I didn't sleep a wink last night....."

"I don't care." Ken shrugged, raising his phone again.

Vivian had no choice but to give in. "Alright, alright. I'll do it..."

Ken smiled smugly. "Good. Go to the second basement parking lot of the International Convention Center. I left something there, so have it picked up and delivered to my house in Goldwater Bay."

"What is it?" Vivian asked, vaguely having a bad feeling.

She was told to buy roast goose last night and ended up staying out on the road without even seeing Zachary.

And now, she was still sleepy and told to run an errand for him even before she could take a nap.

"Get a move on," Ken urged.

"Fine," Vivian snorted grumpily. "Don't I have to get changed?"

"What's the point? You don't care about your dignity-makes no difference."

Vivian gaped. "Y-You're insulting me!"

"Really? Are you saying you have?" Ken chuckled. "You're the one trying to jump your boss!"

"So what if I am? Mr. Slate is single!" Vivian shot back.

Ken was actually stumped-Vivian was actually right.

Zachary was unmarried, so there were no moral issues.

Nonetheless, as Vivian left to get changed, Ken entered, looking around.

Finding Lulu drying clothes, he went over, leaning by the balcony as he said, "How diligent."

Lulu completely ignored him, leaving him pouting.

Breathing a goofy chuckle, he joked, "Guess shouldn't have gone home last night. Aren't you afraid to sleep here alone?"

Lulu frowned and finally turned toward him in annoyance but strode past him with an empty bucket.

Vivian just happened to be done

changing and glared at Lulet

was perplexed by her reaction & did not press the issue.

As she headed to the washroom

while Vivian left, Ken followed her to

the washroom as well, leaning

against the door. "So, are you hot interested in Zachary or me? Or do you not prefer men?"

"I prefer women," Lulu said without looking at him as she washed her hands.