

Runaway 1146

Chapter 1146

Zachary sidestepped her by reflex and asked coolly, "Where have you been? I told you to help with the housework, didn't I?"

"I was helping someone on an errand," Vivian said. "I'll clean the house right now."

With that, she rushed into the house and quickly moved to clean the plates and kitchen utensils on the table. However, before she could take them to the kitchen, she dropped the plates in her hurry. Hearing the loud crash as everything shattered into tiny pieces, Lulu hurried out of her room with Star in her arms.

As she saw Vivian quickly try to clean up the mess, she stood watching in the distance in silence.

On the other hand, Zachary was frowning-how was Vivian supposed to help in any way? She was all thumbs.

Still, he stood motionless, deciding to tell Vivian to leave right away if Lulu said she did not need her.

Lulu clearly disliked Vivian and could not stand her, but she refused to say it, even if she hated staying under the same roof as Vivian.

Instead, she asked, "Weren't you busy with work, Mr. Slate?"

Zachary asked in return, "Do you think she can really help you?"

"I'm sure you had something in mind when you chose her, Mr. Slate," Lulu replied. "I'm just a babysitter- I won't presume to sway your decision." Zachary snorted coolly in turn.

In the end, he had to give in-Lulu had clearly made up her mind to not ask him. Moreover, this was his mess, and he should be the one who fixed it. "How noble of you. In that case, I have nothing to say either."

Vivian noticed just then that Zachary was not watching her at all, and she deliberately cut herself, yelping, "Ow! It hurts!"

As Zachary strode away, she lunged at him, "Mr. Slate, look! My hand is bleeding..."

Though she appeared miserable,

neither her damsel-in-distress act nor her witty scheme were

working Zachary merely pursed his lips and growled, "Get yourself a band-aid."

He glanced at Lulu as he spoke, but Lulu's

on Stention was placed. Set

him

as if she did not care.

at all or how he treated Vivian.

He knew she was now cold and tough, but he just could not help probing, ending up getting disappointed on every turn.

On the other hand, Vivian thought Zachary cared. "Mr. Slate, were you worried about me?"

Zachary, who was already irritated, snapped coolly right then, "Why would I be worried? Idiot."

With those words, he strode off, leaving Vivian frozen stiff!

She turned toward Lulu. "What did Mr. Slate say just now?"

She must have heard him wrong-why would Zachary call her an idiot? How was she an idiot?!

Lulu, however, smiled. "He said you're beautiful."

"Really?" Vivian was skeptical.

"Yeah," Lulu replied.

Anyone would prefer to hear nice things to themselves, and Vivian was no exception as she started to convince herself of that fact.

"Mr. Slate definitely likes me," she said. "He wouldn't have let me stay here otherwise and would've gotten another cleaner instead." "Exactly." Lulu smiled.

Vivian then winced and came to her

senses. "Oof, my hand really hurts

You

clean up this mess—I'm

dead tired, and I need to sleep."

With that, she rushed to her bedroom.