

Chapter Five: Where Is Tyler? - Sudden Billionaire Heiress After Divorce - Sam-crowned

"I am here to see Tyler," I quickly said before this daring employee would bounce me off my own eatery and have security make sure I didn't step foot in any longer.

It was quite surprising that none of the employees had the face I knew. "Did Tyler sack all the former employees without my knowledge?" I wondered in the heat of the moment. Nevertheless, it did not change anything.

"How dare you, dirty-looking woman, demand to see our boss? He does not have any time for someone like you." The employee grabbed my wrist and headed towards the door in a visible raging emotion.

However, if that was a success, it was a lie. Instantly, I pulled my hand away with every strength I could muster into my arm from her grip.

"You are new here. That's why you act so reckless. I promise you, you will lose your job today. I don't even know where Tyler got a rude someone like you from," I yelled, immediately heading to the stairs leading to Tyler's office angrily.

"Hmph," the employee scoffed upon hearing what I just said. There was no fright, no fear, and no sign of remorse on her face. Instead, it got worse as she suddenly grabbed and pulled my hair back to the position I was in before.

"You are f**king going nowhere, idiot."

"Security!" the employee shouted at once, and before I knew it, two able men, in their blue uniform with my own eatery insignia, along with polished shoes, were with the handled metal detectors I bought for the security department at the time I opened this eatery.

"You have to come with us, ma'am. We wouldn't want to go violent on you!" one of them said, standing rigidly behind me as if I were a woman caught with hard drugs at the airport. Hence, everyone having their breakfast in my eatery at this moment began filming and laughing like they were an audience of comedians cracking jokes before multiple people.

Suddenly, as I smirked and turned towards the door, having dialed Tyler's number outside of the eatery, we all saw the entrance door pulled open, and hence, I watched how each employee and the security bowed their heads instantly, like they had seen a god walk in among us.

"Welcome, ma'am," they all chorused humbly at once.

"Ma'am?" I wondered aloud.

"How dare you address her as ma'am and harass me instead?" I added.

"How dare you wish you were the boss' wife? This is Mrs. Harrington, the boss' wife! Show your respect this moment, or we will not only kick you out, but we will make sure we get you arrested!" the employee frowned at once.

Hearing what the employee said, I could not help but smirk loudly. "You, Emily, are you showing yourself here as Tyler's wife? Is he aware of this as well?" I asked loudly, making sure those filming this occurrence could capture my voice in their recordings as well.

Even so, it did not mean Emily admitted not to be Tyler's wife but her sister. "So, if I am not his wife, who am I? Obviously, someone looking synonymous with a beggar on the street cannot be addressed as his wife, can she? Pfft," she scoffed immediately.

"Don't mind this silly thing, Miss Emma," Emily slowly and badly eyed away from me as she fixed her eyes on the employee.

"We apologize for this insult passed at you, ma'am. We are about to throw her out of the eatery," the employee said.

"Not to bother, Miss Emma. I am sure she's starved, which is why she made her way into this beautiful and appealing eatery my husband built from scratch. Arrange her some breakfast, and she can have her stomach filled. Bills on me." Emily said slowly as she washed her eyes over me from head to toe in the most ridiculing way I have ever seen of her.

"When she is done, you can then throw her out," she added without guilt for her ridiculous lies.

"Where did Tyler go? I don't seem to find his car outside," Emily asked with a smile now crafted on her face.

"Oh! The boss is yet to arrive this morning, ma'am," the employee bowed as she answered.

"Okay! Tell him I came by once he comes. I will be going now." Emily turned her back as she exited the eatery, and immediately, I hurried after her in an obvious vexation like a storm chasing the departing sunlight.

"Loser!" I heard the employee mutter.

Before she was able to open her car door completely, I immediately blocked her car door handle by cutting across her way and peered at her with my desperate anger.

“How dare you?” My face was without any atom of laughter or even the smallest smile yet; Emily laughed as if she stared at a clown.

“Do you not think I did you a favor?” her voice evident of no remorse or whatsoever.

“You did me a favor by ridiculing me in the presence of everyone there. And how dare you call yourself his wife?” I yelled.

“From the way I see it, Alda, Miss Emma was already going to devour you from your head to your toe before I stepped in.”

“I mean, c’mon, Alda, just look at yourself and look at me. There is such a big difference. You look like our maid, which you are,” she laughed.

“Oh! Do you think of yourself as his wife? Well, I’d tell you what for free? Tyler told me by himself to make sure everyone thinks of me as his wife because you are not worth it. This is why we sacked every damn employee you employed and employed new ones who do not even know you.”

“So, I dare you to go to that eatery and cause a scene. If you will not be flushed out of there like the watery sh*t that you are, call me a bastard!” Emily yelled, hence pushing me out of her way, making me almost fall to the ground while she opened her car door, slid into it, and drove in reverse.

“Idiot!” She called me from her car window.