

THE EX-WIFE'S BURNING ELEGANCE

Chapter 14

Haynes was a man of few words, always cold and aloof.

Since Maisie started working for him five years ago, she had never seen him lose

his temper.

But now, with Haynes' commanding presence as someone used to being in charge, Maisie felt unable to shake off her intimidation.

Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling of injustice towards Stella, who had worked so hard over the years without receiving any recognition.

"It's not like that, sir. Mrs. O'Brien mentioned that you and Keen have sensitive stomachs. You can't just eat anything. You need specially prepared meals," Maisie explained.

"Some of these meals take over two hours to brew the ingredients. The process is extremely meticulous. Mrs. O'Brien even taught herself some holistic medicine to make these meals."

Special meals? Haynes' expression shifted slightly. It was no wonder his persistent stomach issues hadn't acted up for so long.

Maisie continued, "Later, both you and Keen's health improved, and Mrs. O'Brien could finally take a break."

"But then..." Maisie glanced at Haynes and mumbled, "One time, when Mrs. O'Brien brought your meal, Ms. Pearce happened to be suffering from low blood sugar, so you gave her the meal prepared for you."

"Ms. Pearce enjoyed it immensely. After chatting with Mrs. O'Brien, she learned these were special meals and mentioned her doctor had

recommended similar dietary adjustments. She complimented Mrs. O'Brien on her cooking."

"And then you said since Mrs. O'Brien was preparing meals for you and Keen, adding one more wasn't a big deal."

"Mrs. O'Brien said Ms. Pearce's taste might differ from yours and Keen's."

"But you and Keen insisted that whatever Ms. Pearce wanted should be on the menu, and Ms. Pearce could send her requests to me and Mrs. O'Brien."

"I'd handle the shopping, and Mrs. O'Brien would do the cooking."

As Maisie finished, her phone buzzed. She glanced at it and handed it to Haynes. "Look, Ms. Pearce just sent her menu."

Haynes glanced at the phone and noticed it was a group chat with three participants: Rachel, Maisie, and Stella. Most of the messages were from Rachel.

[Today, I feel like having a three-course meal,] Rachel had typed, followed by a lengthy list of dishes that filled the screen.

Before Haynes could read through it, Maisie swiftly snatched the phone back and replied, [Okay.]

Haynes stared in disbelief at Maisie's hurried actions.

Maisie explained, seeing Haynes' puzzled look. "Last time, I was busy cleaning and didn't respond immediately. At lunch, Ms. Pearce acted deeply wronged and refused to eat."

"She later fainted from low blood sugar and got rushed to the hospital. When she woke up, she declared she was on her last legs, and any effort to help would be in vain, so Mrs. O'Brien shouldn't be bothered."

"You were furious with Mrs. O'Brien, accusing her of ignoring Ms. Pearce. No matter how much I tried to explain, neither you nor Ms. Pearce believed me."

As Maisie spoke, she untied her apron. "Sir, you and Keen might have to make do with a simple breakfast. I need to shop for groceries. If I'm late, the

vegetables won't be fresh, and Ms. Pearce might think Mrs. O'Brien is deliberately giving her stale food, accusing her of trying to harm her."

'And then, you'll hear all about it.' Maisie grumbled silently.

Just then, a new message appeared in the group chat.

Maisie paused in her tracks.