

## Chapter 32 Be His Maid

Throughout the entire afternoon, Caroline stayed in the kitchen and did not come out.

By the time she came out, it was time for dinner.

John hung up the phone and greeted her, only to see Caroline wiping the sweat on her face with the back of her hand as if she had just finished fighting.

"Miss. Fowler, the master just called and said he had something to do tonight and would be back a little later."

"What?!" Hearing this, Caroline immediately drove away her tiredness, "What did you say?!"

"He is going back..."

"I've been cooking for such a long time, and he said he wouldn't come back!" Caroline was on fire and took out her phone from her pocket, "I'm going to call him!"

When she took her phone out and was about to call him, she realized she didn't have his number.

Caroline looked at John and handed the phone to him, "What's his number?"

John put Richard's cell phone number into her phone.

As soon as Richard answered, Caroline roared.

As a result, the person who answered the phone was not Richard, but his secretary, Tom.

"I'm really sorry, Miss. Fowler. There's a very important meeting tonight, so I guess it will be 11 or 12 o'clock when Boss can go home," Tom said.

Then he hung up.

Caroline's lungs were about to explode!

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CEO's office

Richard, who was flipping through the documents at his desk, heard the sound of Tom speaking. He looked up from the pile of documents and asked, "Who's calling?"

Tom hurried over, "Mr. Preston, it's Miss Fowler."

"Oh? What did she say?"

"Miss. Fowler is rather emotional. I did not hear too clearly at first, but only heard her say something about being busy in the kitchen all afternoon and something like that." Tom answered truthfully.

Richard's hand, which was about to flip through the file, suddenly stopped in mid-air, and after a few seconds, he stood up.

"Tell them that tonight's meeting is canceled," said Richard.

"Ah?" Tom was startled, "But this meeting is very important and you had set it half a month ago. All of the major shareholders would soon arrive. If you cancel the meeting, those shareholders might..."

Richard turned his head to Tom. His eyes were cold and Tom immediately shut his mouth.

"Okay, I'll go and inform them right away," said Tom.

Tom left the office, muttering in his heart, and did not know what was going on with his boss.

When they went to England last time, his boss postponed the meeting, but today he just canceled it!

This was not something that his boss would do.

Generally, when Mr. Preston set the date, not a single second could be delayed.

Tom shook his head but Richard's words were holy orders. If he said to cancel it, then he, the little secretary, could only comply.

Richard got in the car back to his house and gave John a call, telling him he would arrive in half an hour.

John hurriedly walked to Caroline and said, "Miss. Fowler, the master just called and said he would be home in half an hour."

Caroline, who was wilting, stood up all of a sudden, "Really?"

John nodded, "Miss. Fowler, what else do you need to prepare, go prepare it quickly."

Caroline immediately rushed to the bedroom like an arrow off the string!

Half an hour later, Richard returned to his house on time.

One of his feet had just stepped over the threshold of the foyer-

"You're finally back, Mr. Preston!" Caroline bowed deeply.

When Richard saw her, he was really startled.

Caroline wore a maid's outfit!

Yes, she wore a maid's outfit: a dark blue skirt with a white ruffled apron and a pair of black loafers.

Her face was clean without makeup with a ponytail on her head. Her bright eyes were shining with youth!

Richard felt his heart thump, but he still calmly walked towards the dining room.

Caroline immediately followed behind and pulled the chair for Richard, "Please sit!"

Richard looked at the dishes on the table, and as far as the eye could see, there were seven or eight dishes, each of which looked delicious.

"All the dishes on the table today are made by myself!" Caroline said proudly.

Richard raised his eyebrows, somewhat less convinced, "You know how to cook?"

Caroline proudly patted her chest, "Of course! My second dream is to be a top gastronome."

"So?"

"Not only can I appreciate the food, but I also can cook! This is the top foodie! Those who can only eat but not cook are low-level eaters who can't compare to me."

Richard is curious. After all, Caroline was from a rich family. How can she know how to cook?

"You just said this is your second dream. What about your first dream?"

This question instantly poked Caroline's sore spot, "Let me introduce these dishes to you."

Caroline cleared her throat, "This one is the Chinese food: Mapo bean curd. The trick is the right amount of Sichuan pepper and chili pepper. Those in the restaurant are either too spicy or too salty. Mine is just right, and you will love it! This is Cheese Chilly. It looks easy, but it's not.

And this, fried chicken, sweet and spicy, which is popular in North Korea, and I transformed the recipe myself, more delicious!"

Caroline gushed about the dishes she made.

John looked at Caroline and then at Richard, ready to go forward to stop her. But Richard raised his hand and John retreated.

If John had known Caroline's dishes were all spicy, he would have stopped her because his master never eats spicy food!

"Okay! The introduction is over. You can eat now!" Caroline clapped her hands as if the great work was done.

John looked at Richard worriedly, but Richard picked up his cutlery.

He started with a spoonful of tofu, took a bite, chewed slowly, and he must say, it didn't taste bad!

"Well, how was it?" Caroline was full of expectations.

"It's okay," Richard commented with an expressionless face.

"Okay? it is just okay?" Caroline crossed her arms. She was so mad that someone really used the word "Okay" to evaluate her dishes!

Richard calmly ate the dishes. After trying all of her dishes, he said: "Okay."

Caroline suppressed the anger in her heart.

Richard finished and stood up, walked upstairs. When there was no one around, he frowned and pressed his stomach with a bitter face.