

Chapter 109 Spitting in the Bisque

"Mrs. Bennett? Please. That sly fox, Isabel, thinks she deserves to be Mrs. Bennett?" Yolanda hissed, her voice dripping with disdain.

"Well, still—"

"Ugh! What are you so worried about? I'm just going to eat most of her truffle bisque. Then, I'll add some water, stir it up a bit. I bet someone like her has never tasted something that good. She won't even notice the difference."

"Right. In that case, I'll have a taste too."

"Go ahead, go ahead."

Isabel had been eavesdropping from the doorway, quietly watching the two maids. She had a sinking feeling that they'd been sneaking food from her for a while.

Just as Isabel was about to storm in and catch them in the act, Yolanda suddenly let out an excited shout.

"I have an idea!"

"What's the idea?" her companion asked, confused, until she saw Yolanda spit into the truffle bisque.

"W-what are you doing?" the maid stammered, shocked.

Yolanda flashed a wicked grin. "We'll tell Ms. Lawson about this. She can't stand Isabel, and when she finds out what we've done, she'll reward us for sure."

"But ... won't we get caught?"

"Caught? What are you afraid of? It's just spit, not some nasty phlegm. She won't taste the difference. Maybe that sheltered Isabel might even think this is how truffle bisque is supposed to taste. Trust me, once Ms. Lawson is the lady of this house, we'll be the ones on her good side. You think there won't be perks?"

"Well, when you put it that way, I guess it makes sense."

"Stop overthinking it. You spit too, and I'll make sure Ms. Lawson hears about it. Who knows? Maybe we'll get a bonus."

"Alright, fine."

The other maid, encouraged by Yolanda's confidence, followed suit and spat into the remaining bisque.

Isabel's eyes narrowed as she stood in the doorway. If it hadn't been for the fact that it was likely their first time doing this, she would've made sure they paid for their actions.

"Having fun spitting, are we?" Isabel's voice cut through the air as she stepped into the kitchen, folding her arms.

The two maids froze, their eyes wide with surprise. They hadn't expected Isabel to appear.

"W-we weren't ... "

"You weren't? Let me make it clear—I'm not blind, and I don't suffer from hallucinations. You're not fooling me," Isabel said with a cool smile, her gaze sharp as she locked eyes with them.

The maids' hearts pounded in their chests. After a brief, panicked glance at each other, they both silently agreed.

We can't admit it. There's no way we can admit to this!

Luckily, there were no cameras in the kitchen, so even if Isabel told Xander, as long as they didn't confess, they could still get away with it.

Hearing the commotion, Samuel entered the room. "What's going on here?"

Isabel raised an eyebrow, unfazed. "Oh, nothing much. I just caught these two eating my truffle bisque. And if that wasn't bad enough, they spat in what was left of it. Samuel, do you think some of the food we ate in the past—yours and your brother's—might've been eaten or tampered with?"

Samuel's eyes widened in surprise, then narrowed in anger as he turned his gaze to the two maids.

"You really did this?" he asked, voice hard.

The maids looked like they might faint. Their faces drained of color. "No! We would never, Mr. Samuel! We'd never touch your food! Not even if you gave us a hundred lives, we wouldn't do that! And ... and we definitely didn't spit in it!"

Their voices were trembling as they spoke.

Samuel, seeing how terrified they were, figured this wasn't a regular thing for them.

But that didn't mean they hadn't just done it.

"Did you do this to Isabel?" he asked, staring at the truffle bisque.

"No! No, we didn't do it!" they protested in unison.

"That's right!" one added. "Mrs. Bennett has always disliked us, and now she's trying to frame us so that she can kick us out! She's trying to get us fired!"

Isabel couldn't help but smirk at their feeble attempt to shift the blame.

"Oh, really? Not admitting to it, huh? Well, we don't have any other witnesses. How about this: You finish the rest of the truffle bisque, and that'll prove your innocence."

What?!

The maids' eyes widened in disbelief.

"Don't want to eat it? Is it because you spat in it?" Isabel's voice was icy as she stepped closer, raising an eyebrow.

"N-no! It's not that! It's just that Mr. Xander had us prepare this for you Mrs. Bennett, and ... we just wouldn't dare to eat it ... " Yolanda stammered, desperately trying to come up with an excuse.

"It's fine. I want you to eat it. It's from me. Go ahead."

The air in the kitchen thickened with tension.

Isabel turned to Samuel. "See? They won't eat it. They're your maids, and if they'd do such a thing, I think it's time to let them go."

The maids' faces twisted with a mix of anger and fear as they heard Isabel's words.

"We'll eat it! We'll eat it right now!" they shouted in a panic.

Desperate to keep their jobs, they quickly grabbed the bisque, staring at the thick, creamy soup.

They felt their stomachs churn, but there was no turning back. The pay and benefits here were too good to risk losing.

So no matter how disgusting they felt it was, they could only eat it.

With great effort, each maid took a spoonful, forcing themselves to finish the entire bowl.

"Mr. Samuel, we finished it all! We didn't spit in it!" they cried, hoping to prove their innocence.

"I saw," Samuel replied coldly. "Now pack your things and leave. Don't come back."

He knew Isabel well enough to trust that she wouldn't make baseless accusations.

The maids, hearing Samuel's decision, were struck with panic.

"Why, Mr. Samuel? We've eaten it all! Doesn't that prove we're innocent?" one of them pleaded.

"That's exactly why you're leaving," Samuel said without hesitation. "Isabel is my brother's wife, my sister-in-law, and the lady of this house. If she doesn't want you here, then you're out."

Isabel couldn't help but raise an eyebrow as she shot an unspoken glance at Samuel.

The maids were completely stunned.

What is happening? Hasn't Mr. Samuel always disliked Isabel? Hasn't he always wanted her gone? Why is he suddenly defending her?

"Mr. Sam—"

"Leave," Samuel ordered, his tone firm, the expression on his face rare and serious. "Or should I have someone show you out?"

Terrified, the two maids scrambled to gather their belongings, muttering curses under their breath as they fled.

Isabel watched them leave, then turned to Samuel. "I didn't expect you to help me like that."

Samuel's ears turned a shade of red, though he tried to hide it. "Who helped you? I was just stating facts. Besides, I can't stand people who spit in food. Anyway, I'm heading back to my room."

Isabel smiled and shook her head while watching him walk away with his cane.

That guy's so proud. He was helping me, but he just won't admit it.

Good thing I healed his leg, she thought with a chuckle.

As the scene shifted, the two maids grumbled as they made their way out of the villa.

"I don't get it. What kind of spell did Isabel cast on Mr. Xander and Mr. Samuel? Why are they protecting her like this?"

"Yeah, seriously. Just look at her. With that look of hers, she must've been quite the troublemaker in her past."

Right after Yolanda finished her sentence, a sleek black Maybach pulled up beside them.

With a soft click, the door opened, and a pair of long, slender legs emerged.