

My Accidental Husband Is My Revenge Partner Chapter 09

9 Handled

The black-haired one glared at Anastasia before she opened her mouth to speak.@

“How dare you slap her?” She demanded as she stared down at her, her eyes spouting fire. “Just wait for Xavier to come back. I will tell him everything that you just did,” she threatened while trying to console her friend.

Anastasia’s lips curved into an unexpected smile, her eyes gleaming with a lightness they hadn’t anticipated. The maids exchanged puzzled glances at each other, having expected for a storm of sadness or fury.

“I would love to see how that turns out for the both of you,” she replied calmly, patiently waiting for their next action as they fumed.

In a fit of annoyance, the brown-haired maid grabbed the plate of food and dumped it all over Anastasia.

Anastasia gasped, surprised by the actions of the maid. She had never expected the servant to do such a thing. Her clothes were covered with food.

“A filth should always remain a filth. It’s best you go back to where you came from because once Xavier comes back, I will make sure he kicks you out of here himself,” the brown-haired maid declared with a smile as if she was really capable of doing that.

Her friend’s mouth twitched before the both of them laughed at Anastasia’s state.

9 Handled

“Oh, is that so?”

Suddenly, a deep voice questioned them, breaking the tense silence. Startled, their heads snapped toward the source in unison, eyes wide with surprise.

Xavier glared at the scene before him. Anastasia stood there, covered in food, her expression a mix of shock and humiliation. He didn’t need to ask who was responsible; it was clear she was being bullied. The sight fueled his anger, and he stepped forward, ready to confront the situation head-on.

“S-sir, t-the thing I-is—1-i s-saw,” the brown-haired maid stuttered, unable to find words. She stared at the food splattered on both the table and Anastasia. Fear gripped her.

She had assumed Xavier would return very late at night, giving Anastasia enough time to clean up and erase any evidence of the food incident. But now, caught red-handed, she had no idea how to escape the blame. The panic in her eyes was unmistakable as she fumbled for an excuse.

Xavier walked toward Anastasia and gently lifted her chin, making her look him in the eyes. He expected to see tears, but instead, her eyes burned with anger. His gaze shifted to her clenched fists, recognizing her desire to retaliate,

“S—sir, she told us that our food wasn’t good and that we cooked nonsense. She picked it up and threw it at us, but Stella caught it quickly and threw it back at her, but we didn’t know that it would pour all over her body,” the black-haired maid said since Stella was still trying to find words to explain her actions.

The dining room grew silent. The silence stretched on until it

9 Handled

became uncomfortable for both the maids. They weren’t sure if Xavier had heard all that they said which was why they twisted their story before Anastasia would talk, so that it would seem she was lying.

Xavier released Anastasia’s chin and turned to face the maids. His eyes were as cold as ever, like shards of ice piercing through the room. The two maids swallowed nervously, their fear palpable in

the tense silence.

Stella, still reeling from her earlier impulse, felt her heart

hammering in her chest. Her fellow maid shifted uneasily beside her, glancing anxiously at Xavier’s stern expression.

The weight of his gaze seemed to pin them in place as they couldn’t move anymore.

“So, you mean to tell me that you poured food on my wife because she found the food too spicy?” He questioned them, his eyes daring

them to answer.

The two maids glanced at each other, shock written all over their faces.

‘When did he get married?’ They couldn’t help but wonder.

“Answer me!!” Xavier yelled, making them flinch, including Ana.

“W–well, t–thing is w–well I–i umm...” Stella stuttered, almost peeing her pants.

She never imagined Ana would be the wife of the man she loved. Stella loved Xavier, and when Jake, the driver, came and told her, as the head chef, to prepare a delicious and healthy dinner for the Miss in the guest room, she felt a pang of jealousy.

3.5

9 Handled

Her initial impulse was to poison the meal, but she quickly dismissed the idea, knowing she would be caught immediately. Instead, she decided that spicing it up excessively would be a subtler way to vent her frustration.

“The both of you, pack your bags and leave this place. I’m

blacklisting you so you will never find a job elsewhere,” said Xavier, dismissing them.

The two maids immediately started pleading for forgiveness even though they doubted they would be forgiven.

“Sir, we never meant to do that. Miss, please forgive us. We are very sorry for what we did.”

Anastasia stared at them, a little shocked that Xavier was going to blacklist them. She wanted to stop him, but her eyes fell on the food on her body, her anger surged.

“You both got what you deserve, now leave this house immediately before I call security and embarrass you even more. I’m only giving you 30 minutes.”

Stella bit her lips before she hastily pulled her fellow maid away from the dining table. She had acted impulsively, not thinking through the consequences of her actions. She should have waited, taking a moment to reconsider her move.

Now, regret was written all over her face.

The dining room became silent.

“I will go take a shower,” said Anastasia, breaking the silence.

Xavier nodded. She climbed the stairs and headed towards her room while Xavier’s eyes burned in her back.

He had thought that Anastasia would be safe in his house, but it seemed there were dogs he needed to warn first. He realized the threats were closer than he had anticipated, and he would have to take measures to protect her.