She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter 969 - 970

Two minutes ago.

The chef entered the room with two plates of lasagna.

She took the two plates of lasagna off the tray and placed them on the dining table. Then, she looked at Xander and asked, "What is your relationship with Mr. Yale?"

After speaking, the chef frowned and asked further, "Are you Mr. Yale's illegitimate son?"

A child like him was actually staying in her master's bedroom.

The chef was terribly displeased.

The moment she voiced the questions, Xander curled his lips disdainfully.

On the way there, Trueman hadn't been nice to him at all. Moreover, their relationship didn't use to be like that in the past, but his father had now become extremely scary.

This made Xander curl his lips as he retorted, "Of course not! How could he possibly be my father?!"

His Daddy Trueman wasn't someone like that!

The chef was taken aback for a moment when she heard his response. Then, she took off the cover on one of the plates and handed it to Xander.

The lasagna on the plate was clearly cooked in an extremely perfunctory manner. The pasta was undercooked, and the sauce was watery.

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The layer of cheese on top was almost non-existent, and it even smelled a little bad.

The chef stood in front of him and looked at him arrogantly as she said, "Your mom told me to make you some food. Hah, who does she think she is? Does she think a servant like her can order me around? I am someone who serves Mr. Yale, and he even once complimented my cooking! Who do you think you are? Never mind that an insignificant servant's child like you is staying here, but she even wants me to make food for you? What an ignorant woman!

"Tell me, you little bastard, what is your mom's relationship with Mr. Yale? Why does he prefer her cooking over mine?"

Xander curled his lips disdainfully and looked at the woman in front of him. "Mommy's relationship with that guy is none of your business!"

Xander had never been one to let anyone give him the short end of the stick, so he took off the cover on the other plate by himself.

The lasagna on that plate looked and smelled delicious. The tomato sauce was rich and meaty, and it was even topped with a lovely layer of gooey mozzarella cheese and parsley. It was obvious at a glance that it was cooked properly for her employer.

Xander pointed at the plate of lasagna and said, "I want this plate of lasagna!"

"No, you can't have it!"

The chef stopped him.

Xander immediately asked, "Why?"

The chef immediately picked up the plate of lasagna and held it behind her. She said, "I'm someone who only serves Mr. Yale, you little bastard. Why should I wait on you instead?"

"... Who do you think you're calling a little bastard?" said Xander.

"You, of course!" The chef sneered. The next moment, Xander overturned the plate of lasagna and flipped it right at the chef! "Ahhh! That hurts! You little bastard! You must be sick of living!"

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Nora, who heard their exchange the moment she came up the stairs, hurriedly pushed the door open, where she immediately saw the chef storming toward Xander. Her arm was raised, and she was about to hit him.

The look in Nora's eyes darkened as she immediately kicked over an old shabby wooden chair next to her.

The chair flew straight toward the chef, hitting her hard on her back. The impact caused the chef to stumble forward, and she fell to the ground.

After the commotion, Xander, who had spotted Nora, immediately scrambled off the bed and went behind Nora.

Nora didn't use that much strength this timeafter all, she had been drugged. Because of this, the chef managed to quickly get back up. When she looked behind her and saw Nora, she immediately yelled, "How dare you hit me?! Do you know who I am? I'm going to tell Mr. Yale what happened right away! And have him get rid of the two of you!" Almost as soon as she finished speaking, a voice came from the door. "Tell me what?"

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When Nora heard Trueman's grating voice, she immediately frowned.

Crap.

That guy was currently not only having a ball of a time making fun of her, but also feeling great distaste toward Xander. Now that she had beaten up his little chef, he was definitely going to use it against her again. She frowned and put her arms around Xander. Then, she looked at the chef and said warningly, "It's nothing. Your master is already very tired, isn't he?" Seeing her behavior, the chef immediately knew that she was backing down, so she immediately retorted, "What do you mean 'nothing'? Why didn't you say it was 'nothing' when you hit me just now? Mr. Yale, you must help me out here!"

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After speaking, she immediately ran up to Trueman and grabbed his sleeve. "Mr. Yale, that little bastard demanded that I serve him! Hah, but why should I? You personally hired me as your chef, and you once said that I am allowed to serve only you! On top of that, he even wanted to eat the lasagna I made for you! When I refused, he flipped the plate of lasagna at me! It really hurt! And that woman, too! Boohoo, she actually hit me!"

The look in Trueman's eyes turned a little displeased, and he looked at Nora darkly. "She hit you?"

The chef nodded repeatedly. "Yes. Not only did she hit me, but she also scolded me. Boohoo, I only cooked a plate of lasagna for the child because I found him pitiful. What makes them think they can boss me around? And even hit me if I refuse to obey their orders?"

The chef's face was dripping with tears.

Nora looked at Trueman warily, wondering how the man was going to make things difficult for her because of this issue.

But when she was thinking about it, she instead saw Trueman stroking his chin. He suddenly smiled and did something jarringtaking out a pair of glasses and putting them on. Then, his voice turned sinister as he said, "Maybe it's the fact that he is also your master?"

The chef was stunned. "What did you say, Mr. Yale?"

Trueman's expression was dark and sinister as he repeated, "I said, it's because he is also your master!"

Then, Trueman shouted toward the outside, "Harry!"

"Coming, Mr. Yale!"

Harry arrived upon the summons. When he saw the bespectacled Trueman, he was a little taken aback. "Mr. Yale?".

Trueman... No, one should call him Caleb now instead. Caleb pointed to the chef and ordered, "Take her out and teach her the rules. Let her know who she can mess with and who she can't! Also, get another chef here to make something for the child to eat."

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"Yes, sir!" Harry shivered. He immediately lowered his head, grabbed the chef, and led her out. The chef yelled, "Mr. Yale! Mr. Yale...!" "Shut up!" Harry covered the chef's mouth at once. "Are you still courting death even at this moment?! Have an idea of who you've just offended!" The chef continued to let out muffled cries as she was taken away. In the room. At the sight of Caleb, all the tension melted away from Nora's head. Caleb rubbed his temples and sighed. "He didn't do anything outrageous when I was away, did he?" Nora paused and then said, "No, he didn't." "Good." Caleb sighed and pulled over a chair in the room. "Xander, we'll get you something yummy soon, okay?". Xander looked at Caleb, finding the man's behavior very novel. He nodded and replied, "Okay." Then, Nora looked at Caleb and suddenly asked, "Can he hear what I'm saying to you right now?" "No, he can't."

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"Good to know that." Nora sat on the bed. "I want to talk to you about psychotherapy."

Caleb added, "He will only know when we converse."

