

Shotgun Wedding: Married To An Undercover Billionaire

Chapter 5 The Servant's Cunningness by Rock La porte

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Rhonda felt Eliam was mad at her. She regretted being too nosy on the first day. She only wanted to save his money but Eliam didn't seem to appreciate it.

Soon, Rhonda heard the sound of water trickling in the bathroom. She felt sleepy.

She placed the card on the cabinet, took two anti-cold medicine, changed into pajamas, and went to bed.

Rhonda separated the bed into two parts with the quilt. She slept on the left side of the bed, leaving the right side to Eliam.

Rhonda had planned to have a few words with Eliam after he came out but felt drowsy because of the medication.

Eliam deliberately took a long shower and finally stepped out of the bathroom.

In a daze, Rhonda felt the bed sink and someone lie on the other side. However, she was too sleepy to open her eyes. Soon, she drifted to a peaceful sleep and dreamed of her grandmother.

Rhonda felt a surge of love when she saw her grandmother in the dream. She lunged forward and wrapped her arms around Nora's neck like she did when she was a child.

Her grandmother's embrace was warm and comforting. The fragrance of the body wash soothed Rhonda. She didn't want to let go of Nora.

However, Nora seemed to push her away in disgust. Rhonda behaved like a spoiled child. The more Nora resisted, the tighter she hugged her.

Eliam lay in bed with his eyes wide open. Rhonda swung her hands and legs on him, locking him in a tight embrace. He couldn't fall asleep.

He wanted to kick her off the bed. But when he heard Rhonda calling her grandmother in her sleep, he finally restrained his temper and endured the torture.

Eliam was exhausted. He hadn't been this tired even when he worked all night.

Eliam got up on time as usual.

Rhonda was still sleeping soundly because of the anti-cold medicine.

Eliam had to resist the urge to slap and wake her up.

Just then, Maggie brought an ironed suit and gave it to Eliam.

"Sir, is Miss Horton up?" Maggie glanced at the bedroom.

Maggie had planned to recommend her niece, Amanda Kerr, to marry Eliam.

Amanda was a doctor who had studied abroad. Besides, she was a pretty girl.

Maggie was disappointed that Richard never considered her niece. He posted an ad online instead.

Maggie was furious about it.

Last night, Richard had gone a step further and promised Rhonda that he would give her this house if she got pregnant with Eliam's child.

Maggie was so angry that she couldn't fall asleep all night.

She tossed and turned on bed, thinking such a good thing should have happened to Amanda.

Therefore, Maggie got up early in the morning. She always prepared the suit for Eliam every day. She decided to use the opportunity to check if he and Rhonda had consummated the marriage last night.

Eliam took the clothes listlessly, ignoring Maggie's words. His eyes were puffy and bloodshot.

Maggie peeked through the crack of the door and saw a slender arm stretched out of the bed.

Eliam was constantly yawning. Maggie was sure the two must have had a good time last night.

Her stomach churned with unease.

"Mr. Sloan, it's time to pay the property management fee for the second half of the year," Maggie said earnestly.

"From now on, Rhonda will take care of all these."

"But..."

Maggie wanted to say something more but wisely shut her mouth when she noticed Eliam's impatience.

Once Eliam left, Maggie angrily lifted the quilt and woke up Rhonda.

"Miss Horton, it's time to get up and prepare breakfast."

Rhonda rubbed her eyes and yawned. She let out a startled gasp when she saw Maggie standing at the foot of the bed, glaring at her.

"God, Maggie! You scared me to death." Rhonda sat up on the bed and sized her up. "Can't you knock on the door before coming in?"

"You were in deep sleep. How will you hear me knocking on the door?" Maggie retorted confidently.

"But don't you think it's impolite to walk in just like that?" Rhonda had never seen such an insolent servant. She seemed more like a hostess than a servant.

"Okay, next time, I'll knock on the door before coming." Maggie rolled her eyes. "Then, who will make breakfast this morning?"

"Who used to make breakfast before?"

"I used to -- obviously. But I spoke to Mr. Sloan this morning. He said you would be cooking from now on."

Rhonda was confused.

Eliam never told her about it.

Besides, Maggie's monthly pay was nine thousand dollars. But she didn't even have to cook. That seemed unreasonable.

Rhonda looked at Maggie and asked, "All right. If I cook, what else will you be doing?"

"That's none of your business. Just do your job."

"Fine. You give me half your salary, and I'll cook three meals a day."

Rhonda didn't know why Maggie was against her. Perhaps Eliam had asked her to do that. But Rhonda was determined not to let her have it.

Maggie flew into a fit of rage when she heard Rhonda's suggestion.

"Why the hell would you take half my salary? It's Mr. Sloan who asked you to cook, not me!"

"All right. I'll call Eliam to confirm it." Rhonda scowled at her. "Please leave now. I want to change my clothes."

Rhonda looked quiet and timid. Maggie didn't expect it would be difficult to deal with her.

After Maggie left, Rhonda got dressed and went to the kitchen.

The Sloan family's kitchen was spacious. It was almost as elegant as that of a star hotel.

Rhonda had been cooking since she was a teenager. Making breakfast was no big deal for her. Soon, she prepared a nutritious breakfast she had learned from the Internet and gave it to Richard.

Richard was very happy. He praised her cooking skills.

Maggie had planned to embarrass Rhonda, but she didn't expect Richard to praise her. Maggie was annoyed.

When Rhonda left Richard's room, Maggie followed her out.

"Miss Horton..."

"Please call me Mrs. Sloan!" Rhonda said coldly. She felt Maggie wasn't worth enough to earn nine thousand dollars a month.

Maggie cleared her throat and reluctantly hissed through her teeth, "Mrs. Sloan, the breakfast you cooked is only sufficient for two people. What will I eat this morning? If I have to prepare my own breakfast, I will ask Mr. Sloan to raise my salary."

"Nine thousand dollars is adequate for you to have three meals a day." Rhonda was running late for work. She didn't want to waste her time arguing with Maggie. Therefore, she turned to leave.

Just then, Maggie suddenly grabbed Rhonda's arm and cried, "Mrs. Sloan, you can't do this to me..."

"Keep your hands off me!" Maggie's sudden action confused Rhonda. She tried to withdraw her arm, but Maggie unexpectedly fell.

However, it looked like Rhonda had pushed Maggie.

"Rhonda!" Eliam's cold, resonant voice startled Rhonda.

She spun around and saw Eliam's menacing face. Rhonda thought he had gone to work but didn't expect him to return so soon.

Eliam strode over and pulled Maggie to her feet. Then, he turned and scowled at Rhonda. "Maggie is getting old. If you have any complaints, you can talk to her and sort them out. Why did you hit her?"

Rhonda finally realized what was going on. Maggie must have seen Eliam coming back, so she created a scene by falling and making it seem like Rhonda had pushed her.

"Don't you have anything to say?" Eliam's face darkened when Rhonda didn't bother explaining herself.

"I didn't push her. She fell by herself." Rhonda couldn't vindicate herself. She didn't expect Maggie to be such a deceitful servant.

"Mr. Sloan, that wasn't what happened." Maggie's eyes turned red as if she had suffered great injustice and humiliation.

"What happened? Tell me!" Eliam growled.

"Miss Horton wanted to please your grandfather, so she said she would be responsible for cooking from now on. She also said she would cut my salary by half because I don't have to cook anymore. Mr. Sloan, you know about my family. My son will be taking the college entrance examination this year..."

A frown lined Eliam's forehead when he heard that. Rhonda had already complained about Maggie's salary last night. She wanted to replace her with a new servant. He didn't expect Rhonda to cause trouble early in the morning.

"Come with me!" Eliam dragged Rhonda into the car. He didn't want his grandfather to hear them quarrel.

"I know you want to change the servant, but you can't do it this way."