

Chapter 2

Ella handed Calvin some pastries she had made, blushing. "Mr. Lawson, you've worked so hard all day. I made these myself."

Calvin patted her hair gently and smiled. "I had no idea you were so good with your hands. You must've put in a lot of effort. That's really sweet of you."

"I'm just worried they don't taste good. It's ~~you~~ You're probably used to the amazing food Mrs. Lawson always makes. I hope you won't think mine are too bad," Ella said nervously.

I was the spoiled daughter of the Campbell family, never ~~having~~ ~~to~~ lift a chore, let alone cook. Calvin's family was well-off, but marrying me was like climbing a tree to reach the stars.

Calvin looked surprised at her words and said, "Josephine can't cook. She's all about work and doesn't know ~~anything~~ ~~about~~ running a home. She can't hold a candle to you."

Ella did not seem thrilled by the compliment. Instead, she frowned and said with a hint of sadness, "I can't compare to Mrs. Lawson. I grew up in a family that didn't have much, so I had to learn to do everything myself."

Calvin's heart melted when he saw her sad eyes. "Being rich isn't always great," he said gently. "Like Josephine, spoiled at home. You do everything on your own, and you're so smart. You're way stronger than those fancy girls who have it easy."

I swung the door open and cut into their talk. "Ms. Rogers, if you're not rich, you should work hard ~~and~~ to do well at work. Why are you here giving Mr. Lawson ~~st~~ ~~u~~ when you should ~~your~~ work mistakes? I heard you've messed up a lot. And everyone calls me Ms. Campbell, not Mrs. Lawson, okay?"

Ella's face froze when she saw me. Then she looked like she was about to cry. "I'm sorry, Ms. Campbell," she said in a tiny voice. "I didn't know. I'm new and don't know how to do things, and no one wants to help me. I've tried so hard, but I still messed up."

Calvin thought Ella was telling the truth. He felt so bad for her that he stood before her and faced me. "Josephine, can't you talk nicely? Everyone makes mistakes. She's new and doesn't know much. Isn't it okay to slip up a little?"

Calvin used to stand up for me like that. He said I was a spoiled girl who could not handle any trouble, so he had to look after me.

However, he thought my spoiled life was just me being weak and not strong enough, as if I did not know anything. It hurt so much that I almost could not stay on my feet.

"Oh, if that's the case, then she has to face the consequences," I said calmly, doing things by the book. "Ms. Rogers sent the wrong information to the client. Now, we're in a bit of a mess. She should apologize to the client and leave the company to show we mean business."

Ella's face paled, and it looked like she was about to cry. "I didn't know this would happen. I was doing what my team leader told me to do. She didn't say I couldn't send it!"

I could not help but challenge her. "Are you sure that's the whole story? Should we ask your coworkers to look at how you've been doing your job?"

When I said that, Ella clammed up and looked down, feeling guilty.

However, Calvin saw her differently. He thought she was being treated unfairly and I was the bad guy for being tough on her.

Calvin glared at me, annoyed. "Josephine, don't you think you're being too hard on a young girl?"

"I'm just following the rules," I replied.

"Maybe I've let you get away with too much," Calvin said, clearly fed up. "Or did you forget who's in charge around here?"

I had never seen him look at me like that before, and I was taken aback.

He reminded me that when we got married, Calvin got a lot of help from my family, and I became a top boss at his company. His business had grown a lot over the years, and I had a lot of power to run things, but in the end, he was the boss.

Feeling let down, I turned to leave. Just then, I saw Ella behind Calvin, smirking and rolling her eyes at me.