

## **CEO Bride 751**

### Chapter 751

“The Lowe family is a top-tier wealthy family with numerous industries under their name. Why bother coming to work for Universal Group?” Nash grumbled.

“Because Universal Group is a world-class economic entity. Any family business strives to join Universal Group. There are representatives from the top ten families present at headquarters!”

Frankie said with pride, seemingly proud of being a member of Universal Group.

“Well, tell me more about the company,” Nash said as he sat down and started flipping through the documents.

Frankie stood respectfully beside him and explained the ins and outs of the company, which took the entire morning.

When it was lunchtime, Frankie suggested, “I’ve booked a private room at Cloud Peak Palace Hotel. Let’s go there for lunch.”

Nash stretched lazily. "Since I'm here to work, let's go with the flow.

I'll check out the cafeteria..."

He had noted from the documents some issues with the cafeteria's

management. The manager had been embezzling procurement fees,

resulting in the employee meals not meeting company standards.

Three buildings made up the cafeteria, each with three floors. The first and second floors were for regular employees, while the third floor was for management. Despite it being lunchtime, there were not

a lot of people in the cafeteria.

"Our company has 30,000 employees, split into two shifts. We have three batches of employees getting off work during meal times with a 40-minute interval between each batch. With the staggered off-duty schedule, there are more than enough seats in the cafeteria.

"However, due to the declining quality of employee meals, most employees choose to eat outside," Frankie explained as he walked alongside Nash with his hands behind his back. He lowered his pace slightly to match Nash's.

"Do we have meal subsidies?" Nash asked.

"Yes, employees who don't eat in the cafeteria receive a monthly meal subsidy of 350 dollars!" Frankie replied.

As they spoke, the two had already arrived at the first-floor cafeteria.

“Mr. Calcraft, this way, please.” Frankie intended to take Nash to the

third-floor management cafeteria. But the man waved his hand and

said, “Let’s eat on the first floor. I want to see how bad the food is.”

With that, the two joined the line at the food counter.

Seeing two high-level managers joining the queue, the employees in

line became nervous and kept quiet. They did not dare to speak.

Frankie smiled and said, “Let’s put away our work badges.”

Their work badges had purple lanyards to differentiate them, and management always elicited awe from regular employees. The two put away their badges, but their professionalism while dressed in

suits and leather shoes still kept people at a distance.

Soon, the two reached the counter.

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Nash handed his tray to the lady serving food, who scooped a

generous portion of one of the dishes. She habitually shook off a bit before depositing the rest on the tray.

There were two meat dishes and one veggie dish-roasted chicken breast, frittata, and salad that looked fresh from the garden. The food looked decent, but the taste remained to be ascertained.

Tray in hand, Nash also picked up a bowl of mashed potatoes before going to sit down and eat.

“Aren’t you getting some chowder?” a lady in work clothes asked with a smile.

She was in her early 20s. Her complexion was a little pale, and she had slightly messy hair. Her eyes were clear and bright.

Nash looked around and saw another area where they could get chowder, but it seemed a little more crowded.

“There are too many people; I’ll pass,” Nash replied with a smile.

“I suggest you go line up for a bowl. Otherwise, you won’t be able to eat it all,” the woman added with a faint smile before taking a seat at an empty table. She then began eating while playing with her phone.

Nash was puzzled. Frankie walked over, saying, “The mashed potatoes are a little dry. I’ll get some chowder to help with that.” He

handed his tray to Nash. “Hold this for me. I’ll go get some chowder!”

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Nash picked up his tray and walked over to the table where the woman who suggested getting chowder was sitting. She was watching a video while enjoying her meal, bursting into laughter at times.

When she saw Nash approaching, she immediately put away her phone and asked, "Are you a supplier or a company executive?"

"Executive," Nash replied.

Taking a seat on the chilly chair, Nash glanced at the woman's tray and noticed that she had poured chowder over the mashed potatoes.

The woman grinned. "It's the first time I've seen a manager come to this floor of the cafeteria."

Her tone was normal, but Nash felt it was unusually grating.

Frankie approached them with two bowls of chowder and placed one in front of Nash. Nash took a sip from the stainless steel bowl, and his expression immediately darkened.

It was so salty.

He turned to look at the other employees relishing their meals at their tables.

Nash took a determined gulp and then swallowed forcefully.

Frankie picked up a piece of chicken breast, chewed it slowly, and swallowed. He grew up in a poverty-stricken village and had even

chewed on tree bark in his early years.

Although he had earned quite a bit of money in recent years, he remained true to his original aspirations and worked hard without

acting as though he was superior to others.

Nash stirred the chowder with his spoon. Besides some parsley, there was nothing else in it.

The woman across from him could not help but chuckle. "Don't be surprised, it's all about creativity and skills. Just a spoonful of fresh

milk can make it better."

Nash said nothing and just picked up his cutlery to eat. The potatoes were hard, practically undercooked. He had to pour the chowder into the potatoes and mix them to make it more palatable.

"Let's call the manager of the Life Department to join us for lunch," Nash said while digging into his food.

Frankie mulled over his suggestion. "He might find an excuse to

decline."

"Give me his phone number. I'll invite him myself," Nash said sternly

Employees from the Inspection Department all held managerial positions, and their authority surpassed all other departments in the company. They even had the power to investigate the CEO.

"Mr. Hughes suggested that you keep your identity confidential,"

Frankie reminded.

Nash nodded, saying, "I'll first approach him as a regular member of the Inspection Department."

Hearing that, Frankie took out his phone and dialed the number of the

manager of the Life Department. The call was quickly answered. Hello, Mr. Jenkins!"

Frankie chuckled. "Mr. Schwartz, have you eaten? I'd like to invite you.

for a meal."

Arnauld Schwartz remained silent for a moment before he smiled and

asked, "You want to treat me to a meal? Mr. Jenkins, are you planning

to investigate me?"

Having no substantial interaction with the Legal Department, Arnould

found it strange to be invited for a meal by the manager of the Legal

Department.

Frankie laughed. "Mr. Schwartz, you jest. We have a new colleague joining the Inspection Department today, and he wants us to show him around. Do you understand what I mean?"

Arnould laughed heartily. "I understand, I understand. Which

restaurant? I'll come over right away. I just got back from a

trip, and I'm starving!"

"Cafeteria 3, first floor."

"The cafeteria?"

Arnould looked bewildered for a moment but then smiled and said, "I suddenly recall that I have something to do. Let's reschedule for

another day."

Nash snatched Frankie's phone and said politely, "Mr. Schwartz, I'm the new member of the Inspection Department. Could you please

come to Cafeteria 3?"



## Chap 757

Arnauld responded casually, "I have something urgent to do now and don't have time to spare."

"I'll give you 15 minutes. If you're not here in 15 minutes, then don't bother coming to the office anymore," Nash retorted coldly when he

heard what the man said.

## Chapter 753

Nash ended the call immediately after he said his piece, thinking it

was meaningless to say more. He did not want to hear any

explanations.

The Life Department was responsible for dormitory management, the

cafeteria, and living areas. This department did not require

complicated knowledge from the employees. Anyone could go

through brief training and be immediately put on duty.

With his position as the chief inspector in Longford, there should not be any major obstacles in his way if he wished to dismiss the

manager of the Life Department.

Arnauld was stunned by Nash's icy tone and felt a sense of

foreboding. The Inspection Department's newest employee and

Frankie wanted to meet him. Were they really going to investigate

him?

After a moment of contemplation, he decided to go to the cafeteria to

find out what was going on.

In the cafeteria, Nash and Frankie were almost done with their meal.

They were just about to put down their cutlery when the woman

across from them said, "He who knows the hardships of each grain

on their plate knows to appreciate every bite.

"The cafeteria has rules prohibiting food wastage, and those who leave leftovers will be fined as per the regulations in place."

The woman had overheard their conversation earlier and sensed that

these two were not ordinary executives. They seemed to be planning

to rectify the situation in the cafeteria, so she decided to share with them about the fines as if she were just casually reminding them.

Frankie was slightly surprised. "When did this rule come into effect? Why don't I know about it?"

As soon as the statement left his mouth, he blushed. He usually ate on the third floor and was not familiar with the regulations on the first

floor.

"You should ask the management about that. I'm just an ordinary employee. I don't know anything!" The woman's tray was clean. Putting down her cutlery, she took out a tissue to wipe her mouth before wiping the grease stains on the table.

"Well then, I appreciate it," Frankie thanked her gently and glanced at Nash, whose expression left one to wonder what he was thinking

about.

At this moment, the portly Arnould hurriedly into the cafeteria. M

of the cafeteria staff wore work uniforms, making it easy for him. spot Frankie, who was dressed in a suit. He quickly approached them smiling as he said, "Mr. Jenkins, what brought you here for lunch?"

Frankie smiled insincerely and replied, "Does it matter where I eat?"

Arnould glanced at Nash, who was sitting next to Frankie, and asked with a smile, "Is this the newest employee of the Inspection

Department? Hello, it's nice to meet you!"

He extended his plump hand, ready to shake hands with Nash. Nash, however, ignored it and said expressionlessly, "Mr. Schwartz, please have a seat."

Arnauld awkwardly withdrew his hand and sat down next to the

woman. The woman immediately picked up her tray, preparing to leave. She looked at Nash and Frankie cautiously, asking, "Are you done with your food? If yes, I'll take your trays away."

Nash glanced at Arnauld casually and said with a smile, "There's a

rule in the cafeteria that you must finish your meal. I can't afford to pay the fine."

He then went back to his food.

Frankie also picked up his cutlery and went back to eating.

Beads of sweat appeared on Arnauld's forehead at the display as he stuttered, "Mr. Jenkins, you guys..."

Nash chewed his food, the food crunching loudly in his mouth. A

small stone had gotten into the mashed potatoes.

Turning to the woman who was about to leave, Nash said, "Miss, can

you help get a serving of food for Mr. Schwartz?"

The woman could not help but chuckle. "Certainly!"

Finally, someone was here to rectify the state of the cafeteria. This

was going to be interesting!

The woman quickly got another serving of food and placed the tray in

front of Arnould, saying, “Mr. Schwartz, please enjoy. I’ll get you at

bowl of chowder too!”

With a trembling hand, Arnould picked up his spoon but hesitated to start eating. The food on the first and second floors was meant for ordinary workers, so cheap ingredients and leftovers from the

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markets were used to make the food.

As someone accustomed to exquisite fare, Arnould was picky with his food. How could he consume something that was no different from pig feed?

“Mr. Schwartz, you’d better eat quickly. Both Mr. Calcraft and I have already finished our meal. See, we’re doing just fine.” Frankie smiled politely.

“I... I’ll eat now...” Arnould picked up his cutlery and began eating hastily. Immediately upon taking a bite, he bit into a small stone.

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His gums were bleeding from where they were cut by the small stone,

but he dared not spit it out. How could he when someone from the

Inspection Department had eaten the food here?

Not to mention, he was the manager of the Life Department who was responsible for cafeteria procurement.

The mashed potatoes were really dry, making it difficult to swallow.

The woman placed a full bowl of chowder in front of Arnauld and said, "Mr. Schwartz, please enjoy."

Ignoring the saltiness of the chowder, Arnauld lifted the rim of the bowl to his lips and took huge gulps of the liquid with his eyes closed.

When he put down the bowl, the expression on his face was utterly miserable. Was this chowder even meant for human consumption?

Nash sat upright and asked calmly, "Who established the rule about fines in the cafeteria?"

A slight tremor ran through Arnauld at that. His worst fear had come true-the Inspection Department was indeed here to investigate him.

Putting down the bowl, Arnould forced a fawning smile on his face as he replied, "It's shameful to waste food. Some pressure is necessary

to make sure they don't do so!"

Nash nodded. "Continue eating for now."

Arnould did not seem to have noticed the severity of the situation yet, so it was time for Nash to deal with him properly.

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Arnould looked embarrassed as he replied, "I'm not hungry. I really can't eat anymore."

An almost imperceptible smile crossed Frankie's face as he said, "That's not what you said on the phone just now. Are you trying to disrespect Mr. Calcraft?"

"No, no, I wouldn't dare! I-I'll eat..."

Arnould stuttered with an awkward smile and continued to eat

heartily. It was obvious that Frankie and the new inspector were here

to cause trouble for him.

They might give him a pass if he cooperated with them and behaved

well. If he offended them, however, the situation might not end so

easily.

By then, the second batch of employees were done with their shifts,

and those who knew Mr. Schwartz were surprised to see him eating, on the first floor. It kicked off discussions among the young me

women.

“Hey, isn’t that Mr. Schwartz?”

“Who’s Mr. Schwartz?”

“He’s the manager of the Life Department. He’s in charge of the

cafeteria, dormitories, and living areas.”

“Why is he eating on the first floor with the regular staff?”

“He must be here to investigate the cafeteria food. Our tough days

are probably coming to an end!”

“Wow, that’s great! My mother won’t have to worry about me not

getting enough nutrition anymore!”

Their voices were not loud, but Arnauld still heard them. He pretended

not to hear and continued to eat with a forced smile.



Nash sneered, "Mr. Schwartz, don't you feel embarrassed hearing what they say? You're the manager of the Life Department, but you haven't been responsible for the company's employees and even exploited their meals. Yet, they still see you as a great person."

Feeling remorseful, Arnault said, "I only found out today that the staff meals are so unbearable. I'll look into this later and quickly improve the employees' meals as well as abolish the cafeteria fine system!"

Nash and Frankie stared at Arnault with deep gazes. If Frankie had not conducted his investigation, they might have believed that it was

the work of Arnault's subordinates and not him.

However, based on what Frankie had found, Arnault had embed.

over eight million annually in cafeteria procurement expenses.

Sensing a heavy pressure from the two of them, Arnault narrowed

eyes and said, "You two don't look like you trust me."

Nash stood up slowly and calmly said, "Come to the Inspection Department for a visit once you're done."

With that, he left with Frankie.

Arnault watched their retreating figures, his expression turning

increasingly gloomy.

## Chapter 755

The woman who shared a table with Nash during lunch before was now smiling brightly. It looked like things were about to look up for

the cafeteria.

Frankie led Nash to the Inspection Department. There were 16 workstations in the public working space outside, but only three of them were equipped with computers.

In the innermost row, there were two separate offices -one for the

director of inspection and the other for the chief inspector of the

region.

Frankie brought Nash to the director's office. "It has only been less

than half a month since the Inspection Department was established. Currently, only three people have been recruited. Mr. Hughes'

suggestion is for you to assume the position of director in the company for now."

The office was already set up with a computer and all necessary office supplies.

"What if I want to dismiss someone? Will a director's power suffice?"

"The director of inspection has the authority to dismiss managers. However, approval from headquarters for positions at the level of manager and above is required. It's the same with appointments as

well.”

Frankie opened the door to the director’s office and let Nash enter

first. Afterward, he went outside to call over the three inspection

officers outside. It did not take long for him to walk in with two men

and one woman. The average age of the three was around 30.

Frankie smiled as he introduced Nash to the three individuals, “This is

Nash Calcraft, our newly appointed director!”

The three officers were surprised to hear that. Frankie had mentioned

that he would be introducing them to the new director when he

brought them over earlier, but they were puzzled when they saw how

young this director was.

Universal Group’s requirements for the inspection office position.

were that candidates needed a degree from a prestigious university

and more than three years of work experience.

While they might believe that the new director graduated from a renowned university, they found it hard to believe that he already possessed over three years of work experience-especially

considering his youthful appearance.

The woman, who looked to be around 30 years old, extended her hand and introduced, "Hello, Mr. Calcraft, I'm Lynn Laen. I graduated Cape Sea School of Political Science and Law. I used to work legal consultant at Denver Group in Cape Sea!"

She wore a sharp suit, and her hair was in a neat ponytail. Her rolled-up sleeves made her look professional and capable.

In a low voice, Frankie explained to Nash, "Denver Group is a state-owned enterprise, the largest steel refining plant in our country."

Nash nodded slightly and shook hands with Lynn while giving her a friendly smile. "Nice to meet you. I look forward to working with you!"

Frankie introduced Miles Mason. I graduated from Blackburn School of Law or

Law. I used to work as the secretary to the Chief of the

district-level court in Blackburn!"

Frankie looked at you and said, "I look forward to working together!" then

Frankie shook hands with the man.

He was aged around 32, with a scruffy beard and

He appeared a bit untidy. His tie was not properly

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efore exiting the office.

nd said, “Mr. Lindon arranged for Juart I suggessuggest you

care.”

Hands in his pockets, Nash stared at Frankie and asked, “Isn’t Jack

Lindon one of the problematic ones? Why did he arrange Juan to join. the Inspection Department?  
Could he be an insider he planted?”

Frankie looked outside, then walked over to close the office door. He

took two disposable cups and went to the water dispenser to fill

them.

“Currently, there are three factions in the company engaged in both

open and hidden conflicts-the president, Jack Lindon, the vice

president Travis Graham, and the general manager, Dylan Godfrie.”

## Chapter 756

Frankie walked up to Nash and handed him a cup of warm water.

Nash accepted the cup and smiled wryly. "Do all three of them have

issues?

"The president, the vice president, and the general manager are leaders of Jonford Universal Group. If all three of them are

problematic, it'll be hard to keep the company from suffering losses."

Frankie took a sip of water to moisten his throat before answering, "I don't know if they're problematic or not, but their subordinates seem to be. It seems like the three top executives are turning a blind eye to

some things."

"They're trying to win people over in a unique way, huh?" Nash

sneered.

"That's what I think too. They're all outsiders, and if they want the

company to develop sustainably, they have to win over the old

employees." Frankie nodded in agreement.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, followed by Lynn's voice." Mr. Calcraft, Mr. Schwartz from the Life Department wants to see you.

"Let him in," Nash responded. He then went over to his office chair

and sat down.

Lynn pushed open the office door, smiling as she welcomed their

visitor. "Mr. Schwartz, after you."

Lynn's smile was very pure, but Arnauld could not help but feel that

she had some hidden agenda behind that smile. The other two from earlier also seemed to have looked into his soul with their deep gazes.

What kind of people did the Inspection Department recruit?

Arnauld had just come back to his senses when he saw a sign on the doorframe indicating that he was at the director's office.

Director! The young man who just arrived was actually the director! It looked like there was no escaping from this today!

"Mr. Schwartz?" Frankie saw Arnauld standing at the door in a daze

and greeted him with a smile.

After Arnauld composed himself, he forced himself to walk in. "Mr.



Jenkins, Mr. Calcraft...”

Nash glanced at Arnould. “Mr. Schwartz, have you had your fill?”

Arnould nodded with a forced smile. “Yes, I have...”

“Do you know why I called you here?” Nash asked expressionlessly

“I-I know. It’s because the cafeteria’s food is substandard !” Arnould

replied as he was drenched in sweat.

His heart raced, and his legs were trembling slightly. Having been in

the workplace for over 20 years, he was well aware of the

consequences of corruption.

If the director of the Inspection Department had found out about his embezzlement of the cafeteria procurement expenses, getting fired would be the least of his worries. He might even end up facing legal.

action and imprisonment!

Chapy 756

“Why is it substandard?” Nash continued.

Arnould trembled. He bit his lip and stammered, “B-Because...” He

was so nervous that he could hardly speak.

“It’s because you’ve been embezzling the cafeteria’s food

procurement funds.” Nash’s tone was icy, and a cold glint had appeared in his eyes. “Low-quality ingredients and a chowder made from who knows what. Is that fit for human consumption?”

Arnauld’s heart thumped violently in his chest. He looked up at Nash

and said, “Mr. Calcraft, you must provide evidence when you speak!”

Frankie chuckled. “Of course, we have evidence. Why would we

accuse you without evidence?”

Arnauld’s face turned pale. “I-I didn’t embezzle a single penny! You’re

slandering me!”

He lost his composure completely and could barely speak cohere Outside the door, Lynn returned to her seat.

Chapter 757

Sitting in front of her, Miles turned around and asked, “Who do you

think Nash might be related to?”

Lynn picked up her cup, took a sip of tea, and shook her head. "I'm not sure, but he definitely has some powerful connections."

She then looked at Juan and asked, "Is there a notable Calcraft family in Capiton?"

Eyes half-narrowed, Juan leaned back into his chair and said, "I can't remember any others apart from the Ten Families."

Miles chuckled. "Juan, your family is so wealthy. Why do you still work?"

"To experience life," Juan replied nonchalantly.

"Fair enough." Miles thought that he might sound like he was prying with that question. He already knew Juan was here to experience life, yet he still asked such a question.

He then moved his chair closer to Lynn and whispered, "Do you think ity and this Nash kid has what it takes to be a director? If he lacks ability is relying solely on connections, I think we should look for another leader."

Lynn rolled her eyes at his question. "I'm not as noble as you. My goal is to make money."

Had she been younger, she might have been just as impulsive.

However, she was married and had a child. Moreover, she needed to

take care of her husband who had been paralyzed from an accident.

Supporting her entire family meant she needed to prioritize stability. The salary she got from Universal Group is decent, covering her living expenses. It was a monthly salary of 38 grand. As long as she did not

indulge in extravagance, supporting her family was not an issue.

The premise, however, was that Universal Group needed to be stable.

It had been over ten days since they started working, and Lynn did not want to simply mess around.

Miles turned his head to Juan again. "No matter what, you're from a big family. You can't possibly just bend to this kid, right?"

Juan leaned back in his chair lazily and said casually, "If I cared about that, I wouldn't have come to work!"

Miles looked a bit embarrassed. Seeing that neither of them showed any intention of leaving, he hesitated for a moment before going

to work.

At this moment, Lynn spoke up from behind them, "Actually, you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. Maybe Mr. Calcraft just looks young?"

She had overheard the conversation between Nash and Arnould outside the door. Compared to her previous superiors, Nash was not lacking in any way when he dealt with Arnould.

Miles sighed. "Let's just wait and see."

Right after he said that, the door of Nash's office opened. Miles and Lynn immediately started working earnestly while Juan casually

played with a gold and diamond-studded pen in his hand.

Clapper (2)

It seemed like he did not care about Nash at all. He had connections,

so it was not like Nash could do anything to him.

Frankie looked at Nash with concern, worried that he might act.

impulsively. However, Nash's expression was calm. There was even a

faint smile on his face. "Juan, I have a task for you."

Juan could not be bothered to look at Nash as he replied, "I won't do

anything outside of work. As for tasks within work, well, those depend

on my mood."

Lynn and Miles secretly admired Juan. They suddenly understood

why Juan had left the supervisory office. Rather than leaving by

choice, it was more likely that he was forced out.

“Arnauld Schawrtz, the manager of the Life Department, embezzled over eight million dollars in company food procurement expenses. I want you to handle it,” Nash said before leaving the office.

Juan stopped twirling the pen and turned to look at the director’s

office. Arnauld was sitting there, looking lost.

“Damn, he’s really doing it?” Miles exclaimed.

Lynn pressed her lips together. “So, do you believe what I said now?”

Miles looked at Juan and smiled obsequiously. “Juan, shall I take

care of this matter for you?”

Having not dealt with such illegal matters for a long time since.

leaving the court, Miles offered to take on his case.

Juan turned to him and smirked. “Sorry, I’m in a good mood today. I’m happy to handle this myself.”

Chapter 758

Juan particularly enjoyed investigating corruption cases due to his

previous work. He had personally sent his father to prison for three years three years ago for embezzling funds from the family business.

After the man was released, he sought revenge and killed Juan's best friend. Despite using a vast network of connections, he could not pin. the murder on him and the case was hastily closed by the Capiton Inspection Office.

He felt guilty knowing who the killer was yet being unable to bring him to justice. Thus, he left the office and had been drifting around till.

recently.

His savings were almost depleted due to his reckless life choices. He then got himself a job since he did not want to ask his family for money. The job of an inspection officer was similar to that of his

previous job at the supervisory office.

Fortunately, he had acquaintances working at Universal Group, a that was how Jack Lindon helped him secure the job.

Juan went into the director's office, looked down on Arnault, and said, "Confession may lead to leniency while resistance to strict punishment. If you cooperate with me, you might spend fewer years in prison. Do you understand what I mean?"

There was a sharp edge in his previously lazy eyes.

Arnault's psychological defenses had already crumbled. He knew he had no way out and nodded slowly. "I will cooperate fully with you. I

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hope you can help me get a more lenient sentence."

In the elevator, Frankie chuckled. "Are you sure Juan will listen to you? He's one of those young sirs from a big family. He has some pride."

Moreover, he had Jack backing him.

Nash smiled and said, "He worked at the supervisory office. I think he'll be happy to take action against these corrupt scoundrels."

Chuckling, Frankie replied, "As expected of the miracle doctor, you do know how to prescribe the right remedy."

The two of them entered the elevator, chatting and laughing as they made their way to the eighth floor to meet Willow Rolfe. She was the director of the Purchasing Department who was in cahoots with Arnould.

"Oh, why if it isn't Hera's pretty boy?" A mocking male voice sounded behind Nash.

Clarke Camp! The name immediately flashed in Nash's mind.



“Did Hera send you to discuss partnerships?”

“I already told you that Universal Group has reached an agreement with Innovate Collective. I’m here today to sign the contract, so just give up on any hope!” Clarke taunted with his hands in his pockets.

He had a wicked smile on his lips.

“Do you want me to congratulate you?” Nash asked with a half-smile.

“No need! You’re not worth the congratulations,” Clarke laughed.

arrogantly.

When the elevator reached the sixth floor, Clarke stepped out and

headed toward the Business Department.

Frankie closed the elevator doors and asked in a deep voice, “This guy

seems a bit arrogant. Should we have the Business Department cut

off their cooperation?”

Nash smiled lightly. “No need to rush. Let’s deal with the main issue

first.”

A new leader ought to make a few bold moves to demonstrate their authority. Nash had no intention of stopping until he dealt with some

troublemakers today.

On the eighth floor, the Purchasing Department was split into two- Purchasing Department 1 and Purchasing Department 2. The two of them entered Purchasing Department 1, where nearly a hundred desks were fully occupied. About 80% of the employees were well-

dressed women.

Seeing the two tall and handsome men, the women started whispering and laughing among themselves.

“The Legal Department manager is my Adonis!”

“Who’s the handsome guy next to him? He seems a bit familiar!”

“I don’t know. Let’s find out later!”

“What’s the point of finding out? He has a purple lanyard on his neck. That means he’s a manager or above. Do you think you can flirt with

him?”

“Mind your own business! Did I ask for your opinion?”

Nash and Frankie arrived at the door of the manager’s office. The

secretary opened the door. Upon seeing Frankie, she greeted him with

a smile, “Mr. Jenkins, why are you here?”

Frankie smiled awkwardly since they had made their way over without

so much as a heads-up. "It was a last-minute decision, and there

wasn't enough time to inform you."

In the office, a woman in a long skirt and glasses paused in her work as she looked toward the door. She was around 34 to 35 years old

and had a dignified, scholarly air to her. She gave off a vibe that resembled a teacher with profound knowledge.

"Mr. Jenkins."

The woman stood up and went to them. Her gaze inadvertently swept

across Nash's chest, where his work badge hung from his neck-

Director of the Inspection Department, Nash Calcraft'.

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Seeing how young he was, the woman noted that another scion from

some influential family had decided to grace them.

Nash also learned the woman's name from her work badge-Sandra

Wade, manager of the Purchasing Department. With this, it was likely

that Queenie Graham was the manager of Purchasing Department 2.

If Willow was from Purchasing Department 2, maybe he could get rid

of Queenie. However, there was no need to rush. Queenie was

definitely on the chopping block; it was just a matter of the sequence.

“Hello, Mr. Calcraft.”

Sandra extended her hand for a friendly handshake. A director was

one level higher than a manager but one level lower than a general

manager.

“Hello.” Nash politely shook hands with Sandra and retracted his

hand after three seconds.

Sandra offered, “Please have a seat. I’ll prepare some tea.”

Normally, a manager would let their secretary handle such tasks.

However, Frankie and the director of the Inspection Department had a

special status, so things were different this time.

One man was affiliated with Fabian Hughes, who was the head of office, while the other was the newly appointed director of the Inspection Department. For the man to be able to join the Inspection Department meant he had some significant background.

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However, she could not help but wonder why they had come to look.

for her. Frankie quietly introduced to Nash, "Sandra has been working

at the headquarters for eight years. She was transferred to the Capiton office three years ago and then to the Jonford office six

months ago. She has devoted her youth to Universal Group."

Nash smiled helplessly. "Isn't it a bit disrespectful for us to come to

her directly?"

"That's not necessarily the case. She's a sensible person. She'll definitely support your work," Frankie replied.

Sandra walked over with two cups of tea, placed them in front of the two, and then sat on the opposite couch while holding the hem of her

skirt.

"Someone from my department got into trouble, right?" she started.

The company established the Inspection Department half a month ago, and she knew a clean-up was about to happen.

Now that the director of the Inspection Department and the manager of the Legal Department had come to see her together, she did not need to think twice to know that someone from her department had

gotten into hot water.

Frankie nodded. "It's Willow."

Sandra's cat-like eyes flashed slightly. Willow was her relative!

Frankie and Nash both noted the unusual shift in Sandra's expression. They tactfully chose not to continue the conversation.

About 30 seconds later, Sandra looked up at her secretary. "Go and

call Ms. Rolfe over."

Then, she looked at Frankie and asked, "Did Ms. Rolfe cause trouble?"

Just as Frankie was about to speak, Nash asked, "Ms. Wade, do you

have a relationship with her?"

Sandra nodded gently. "She's my sister's daughter. She dropped out of high school and was dissatisfied with some jobs, so I recruited her to the company."

After contemplating for a moment, Nash smiled and said, "Then

there's nothing to worry about. Mr. Jenkins, let's go."

He stood up and walked toward the exit. Frankie smiled meaningfully

and followed Nash leisurely.

Sandra's secretary returned, accompanied by a young and beautiful

woman. Unable to contain her curiosity, the secretary whispered, "

Willow, did you cause trouble?"

Willow shook her head nervously. "No, I didn't!"

The secretary sighed but did not press further. If the manager of the

Legal Department and the director of the Inspection Department had

come, it only meant trouble.

Nash and Frankie left the office. They cast Willow a glance before

leaving without a word. The secretary was left dumbfounded."

They... just left like that?

Willow calmed down a bit at that but still felt a lingering fear. "See, I told you I didn't cause any trouble. They must have wanted to meet

me to admire my beauty-"

Before she could finish, her aunt, Sandra, had come out of the office.

Standing at 1.7 meters tall, her imposing presence made it hard for

Willow to breathe. The entire office suddenly fell silent.

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Sandra looked at Willow expressionlessly and said, "Come into my office."

Willow started panicking again. The secretary sighed. "Go on in. I'll be out here. Improve your attitude and correct your mistakes promptly if you've made any!"

Willow tugged at the secretary's arm, saying, "Lily, please come in with me. I'm scared..."

The secretary broke free from Willow's grip and replied somewhat helplessly, "Think about how much effort Ms. Wade has put in for you. She's not even married yet, and what's the reason for that?"



After saying this, the secretary walked away without looking back.

Willow stood there in a daze.

She knew that the Inspection and Legal Departments had co

her. She recently did some inappropriate things without telling

Sandra, but she only did it to earn more money and ease Sandra's

burden.

Uneasiness taking over her, Willow entered Sandra's office.

Sandra sat on the sofa with her arms crossed. The usually doting gaze she would direct at Willow was now icy and devoid of any

emotion.

Willow closed the office door and said nervously, "Aunt..."

"Why did you close the door? Worried about losing your dignity?"

Sandra's eyes were full of disappointment.

Her sister had died due to difficult childbirth while her brother-in-law

had silently disappeared overnight.

Sandra sighed, her disappointment palpable. She had raised Willow

up on her own, guiding her through every step of the way. In the years

she was abroad, no one was around to discipline Willow, and she ended up straying down the wrong path. She even ended up in a

detention center.

When Sandra received the news, she immediately returned to the

country and stayed by her side. In the three years she spent in

Capiton, she had bought Willow a house and a car. She even introduced her to the outstanding young talents in the company.

However, Willow was playful, so she was reluctant to settle down and

have kids at her young age.

When Sandra considered how young Willow was, she gave

starting a family and focused on building a career. She on

to focus on her personal matters once Willow had met life

checkpoints.

Sandra had put in so much effort on Willow, and now, she was

causing trouble.

Thinking about her disappointment and the efforts she had put in

raising Willow, Sandra's heart hit rock bottom.

"Aunt, I.." Willow wanted to confess but was afraid of implicating her

aunt.

After a moment of contemplation, she whispered, "I'll go talk to them."

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As she turned to leave, Sandra sternly admonished her, "You come

back here.":

Hearing her aunt's harsh reprimand, Willow's hand that was on the

doorknob trembled. She was feeling a mix of fear and remorse.

Sandra had never once gotten angry with her. Even when Willow got

drunk and injured someone, leading to her detention, her aunt

tirelessly sought forgiveness from the victim's family.

Willow could tell she was genuinely angry this time.

“Who does the deed shall bear the consequences. If you had nothing.

to do with those matters, they wouldn’t have come looking for you!”

“Aunt, I’m sorry,” Willow apologized as she choked back on her tears.

She then quickly opened the door and hurried away.

Filled with disappointment, Sandra slowly closed her eyes as tears

came streaming down.

She went to her desk, found Frankie’s number in the directo

dialed it.

Meanwhile, in Purchasing Department 2, Queenie was chatting laughing with several close colleagues. At that moment, her secret walked in and said, “Queenie, there’s trouble in Purchasing

Department 1!”

The room fell silent.

Queenie smiled and asked, “What happened?”