

In My Desperate Time - Chapter 15 Women with big breasts

The whole company is talking about one thing today, our president Steven Song is dating Cindy Leigh, a nobody model.

I see the entertainment news this morning. They get a picture of a woman who has big breasts and seems brainless. She and a man go into a hotel.

It's time for work, but they are still hanging around. They spread this point of view: It is advocating for women to rely on men to climb up. It is a shortcut, which is similar to my mother's view.

I am a little annoyed and couldn't help saying, "do you think men all like women with big breasts and no brains? Our president is gentle and well-cultivated. He is not a shallow person. Do your own business.

What's the point of talking about this?"

"You are right. I am not a shallow person." A similar voice comes from behind.

I turn around and stunned.

Isn't he the playboy I met in the elevator that day? Is he the elite president I said? If he is,, then I take my words back.

Seeing Steven Song coming in, people shut up and go back to work. Some female colleagues raise their head secretly to look at him. Steven is handsome and single, no wonder these women want to climb up by marrying him.

I have been looking down at the manuscript. There is someone watching me overhead which makes me very uncomfortable.

For a long time, Steven Song finally leaves.

After half an hour, HR comes to inform me that I need to move all things to the president office.

I am surrounded by those jealous eyes, I pack up my stuff and go to the president office on the 18th floor.

As soon as I go in, Steven Song says, "What you said just now is right. But there is something wrong.

I am not more or less gentle and well-cultivated, I am very gentle and well-cultivated."

I curl my lips and say nothing.

Anyway, I don't see a tinny of his gentleness.

"Mr. President, what's going on..." I ask uncertainly.

'From today, you will be my assistant." Steven Song leans his body on the back of chair and says casually.

I am still confused and have no idea how did this happen. I am doing something about design, why would I suddenly become his secretary?

I don't have the right to oppose the order.

'May I take a sit?"

Steven Song points to the place opposite him.

I pout and sit down, "Mr. President, I have never been an assistant before. I don't know what my jobs are, would you please explain clearly?"

“Chat with me, eat with me when there are some occasions, the most important is to pick me up at my house to go to work every morning.”

He is such a rich president and there is no driver to pick him up? I don't believe it.

“Where is your driver?” I ask.

‘He is boring, so I fired him five minutes ago.’ He says lightly.

These rich playboys have no idea what does losing a job mean to people like us.

Now I don't care what my jobs are. All I want is to earn more money and pay off the debt quickly.

“And the salary? Higher or lower than before?”

‘Three times as much as before.’

Hearing this, I say yes quickly.

In the afternoon, Steven Song takes me to a dinner party.

I see Frances Louis sitting on the same table and I am totally stunned.