

## Chapter 3

I was completely dumbfounded.

I looked at the email over and over again as if I was trying to confirm something.

I wasn't seeing things.

Jessica suddenly became the director of the Design Department, my superior.

"Do you know her, Charlotte?"

Jane could tell that something wasn't right. She reached out and waved her in front of my eyes as she tried to guess what was going on.

I put down my phone. "Yes, she's Ryan's stepsister that I told you about before."

After graduation, my roommates went their separate ways. But Jane and I had been good friends throughout university. We promised each other to stay in Jelaston and not go anywhere else.

"Fuck! So she got this position because she's Ryan's stepsister?" cursed Jane.

I was rendered speechless.

'She's probably more than just his stepsister,' I said inwardly.

"Is Ryan out of his mind?" Jane continued to complain. "Why does she get to be the director? I've never heard of her in the design industry before, but Ryan just gave her the position of director. What about you? What are you to him..."

"Alright, alright." I interrupted and said softly, "It's not important at all. He'll give it to me when he wants to."

'There would be someone else giving me this position even if he didn't want to,' I added inwardly.

We were in the canteen, so it wasn't necessary to say some things out loud.

It was to prevent others from using my words to make a fuss.

Jane knew me well enough to know what I was thinking about.

After leaving the canteen, she looked around to make sure that there was no one around us and then asked sneakily, "Have you got other plans?"

I cocked my brows. "Have a guess."

"Please tell me, Charlotte."

"Kind of. But I haven't made up my mind yet."

I had never switched jobs over the past four years.

The Frost Group was more like my comfort zone.

I needed a strong push or something to happen before I made up my mind to leave.

After returning to my job, I went back to the designing of the New Year's limited edition and didn't have a nap at all.

This used to be a director's job, but since the director resigned, it became the deputy director's job. I had no choice but to speed things up.

"Charlotte, here's your coffee."

When it was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon, my assistant, Nancy Lister, knocked on the door, walked into the room, and placed a cup of coffee on my table.

"Thank you." I smiled.

She looked at my design and put on a puzzled face. "Charlotte, how can you still be so calm? I've heard that the new director didn't even need to go through any procedures and just took the director's position. Aren't you mad?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or smile and was at a loss for words.

'Aren't I mad? Of course, I'm mad. But there's no way that I would say anything to my subordinates,' I thought.

"Listen to me, everyone..." The special assistant's voice sounded outside. His name was Gary.

I could see everyone that was happening outside through the French window.

Ryan was wearing a tailored dark suit with one hand in his pocket. Him standing there alone gave others a cold feeling.

With Jessica next to him, the two of them looked like a perfect match.

She looked elegant and graceful. She looked at the man next to her as if asking for help.

Ryan frowned impatiently, but didn't say anything.

He then said indifferently, "This is the new director of the Design Department, Jessica Frost. I hope you all will get along with her in the future."

Jessica then gave Ryan a coquettishly look. "What's up with the straight face?" She then said with a gentle smile, "Don't listen to him. I'm very easygoing. I won't set any strict rules. I'm new here, so if there's anything that you think I haven't done well enough, you're welcome to talk to me."

With the CEO backing her up, there obviously wouldn't be any problems.

Nancy couldn't help but pout her lips. "Looks like she does have friends in high places. Look, is this an awards ceremony or something? Congratulations on winning the 'Getting Something for Nothing' award?"

I was in a bad mood at the beginning, but after hearing her sarcastic words, I couldn't help but laugh.

Outside my coffee, Ryan led Jessica to the door of the director's office.

"Alright, alright, what else have you got to worry about? Who would dare to come over with that cold face of yours around?" Jessica pushed Ryan intimately. Her words might be disdainful, but she still had a big smile on her face.

I picked up a cup of coffee and took a sip. 'So bitter.'

Knock! Knock!

After being pushed out of Jessica's office, Ryan came to mine.

I stared at him as if wanting to see through his thoughts.

"I'll make you another cup of coffee." Nancy quickly left the room.

Ryan walked into my office slowly and closed the door. He then explained casually, "This is her best job, so she's a little nervous. That's why she asked me to back her up."

"Really?" I asked with a smile. "I couldn't tell."

Jessica first asked the CEO of the company to introduce her to everyone and then used some simple interactions to make others think that she had a complicated relationship with Ryan.

Although she said that she was "easygoing", it was still hard for people to behave casually around her with Ryan backing her up.

"Alright, she's a few years older than you, but you're her senior in the company. You're better than her at designing and people of this department would obey you more."

Ryan walked behind me and gently massaged my shoulders trying to comfort me. "You don't need to worry about her. You just have to make sure that no one bullies her. Is that alright?"

This was the first time that I found it hard to control my temper in front of Ryan.

I pushed his hand away, stood up, and asked straightforwardly, "If it's really like what you said, why is she the director and not me?"

As soon as I said those words, I realized that I had been too straightforward.

Even Ryan, who had been calm and indifferent, was surprised by my question.

During the three years that we were married, we hadn't been all lovey-dovey, but we still respected each other. We hadn't argued nor had I lost my temper, so he probably thought I didn't have any temper.

However, I didn't regret asking such a question.

If the director was someone who was more capable than me, then I wouldn't have any problems with that. After all, I didn't mind someone who was more capable than me being in a higher position than me.

But now, that the position of the director was given to Jessica, wouldn't it be normal for me to ask about it?

This was the first time that Ryan saw me being so sharp. He pursed his thin lips. "Is this what you're angry about, Charlotte?"

"Am I not allowed to be angry?"

I could pretend to be calm in front of others, but if I had to hide my feelings in front of my husband, then this marriage would be a total failure.

"Why so childish?" Ryan picked up a remote and turned the French window into ground glass. He then reached out and pulled me into his arms. "The whole of the Frost Group is yours, why do you care so much about a job position?"

"The Frost Group is yours, not mine."

Only this job really belonged to me.

He raised my chin a little and said seriously, "We're married, is it really necessary to separate what's yours and what's mine?"

"Then how about you give me some shares?" I smiled.

I kept my eyes on him and didn't want to miss anything.

To my surprise, I got nothing.

He just cocked his brows. "How much do you want?"

"10%."

This was a really big demand.

After Ryan and I were married, he took over the Frost Group. The company then expanded multiple times under his control. Even 1% of the shares would be worth hundreds of millions.

I didn't expect him to agree to my request, so I just said a random number.

"Okay," he said.

## Comments (2)