

Limited Marriage VS Unlimited Love Chapter 7

Chapter 7 A Devilish Night

"But our relationship is just limited to the contract, Mr. Huo," said Yan Wan, as she moved her body backward tensely.

"Don't worry. I have no interest in you. Could you get up to speed, or do you want me to dump you into the bathroom myself?"

With his patience waning, Huo Lichen strode toward Yan Wan.

Not interested? But why did he roam his hands all over my body? And forcing me to take a bath?

Her thoughts disbanded with his approaching frame. She jumped down from the bed in haste.

"A-Alright, I'll go."

Without another word, she scurried into the bathroom and locked the door from inside.

With her back against the door, she could finally heave a deep sigh of relief, even though her heart was palpitating.

Intimidated by Huo Lichen's devilish behavior tonight, she hardly had the courage to go out and face him again.

Yet he was just outside waiting.

Yan Wan grabbed fistfuls of her hair and pulled at them in agitation. What else could she do?

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Someone knocked at their room briefly after she entered the bathroom.

"Come in." Huo Lichen sat on the sofa without even looking up.

Wei Qi opened the door and stepped in, but was soon taken aback when he heard running water from the bathroom. It was incredulous in his mind.

He knew that his boss was never a womanizer and would wince at any woman who came near him. It was simply inconceivable that he would let Yan Wan take a bath in his room.

He swiftly recomposed himself and walked promptly to Huo Lichen.

“There’s an issue that needs your attention, sir.”

It must be something urgent, or else Wei Qi would know it was inappropriate to look for him here.

Huo Lichen muted for a few seconds before he stood up. But he did not head for the door straight away. His eyes turned to the bathroom.

With a grave voice, his words sounded more like a command, “Wait for me in the room, Yan Wan.”

Huo Lichen is leaving?

Yan Wan replied with renewed vigor, “Sure.”

She could hear a series of footfalls before the sound of the closing door. Finally, she stepped out of the bathroom and went to the door.

Opening up a small gap, she poked her head out and scanned the exterior cautiously.

There was not a single soul in the corridor. It came as an immense relief as she dashed out of the room as quickly as she could.

Gu Zifei’s car was just about to depart when Yan Wan came down from the stairs.

“Wait for me, Zifei.”

Yan Wan scurried over and tucked herself into the front passenger seat.

“Why did you get out of the room?” Gu Zifei was astounded. “How can you let such an opportunity slip when you’ve made Mr. Huo carry you away in his arms?”

The prospect of her making out with Huo Lichen in the room made her flushed up to her ears.

“What else could happen between the two of us? Our relationship was merely a contract,” she lamented.

“If that’s the case, why are you flushing all over?”

Gu Zifei eyed her cynically and sought her out from top to toe.

As if she had been exposed under her stare, Yan Wan lowered the window on her side.

“This weather is really stuffy. Let’s speed things up and give me a lift home.”

“Wow, isn’t that too obvious? You’re just trying to change the topic.”

Gu Zifei had just hit the bullseye, yet she stepped on the pedal and started the car.

The interrogation had come to a halt as Gu Zifei turned to something else, “How are you getting on with your design? Do you need my help since tomorrow is the deadline?”

The past few days had been chaotic, and she feared Yan Wan might not make it in time.

“It’s already completed. I would no longer stay as a rookie and would get promoted to a chief designer if they like my design.”

Passion and eagerness welled up in the eyes of Yan Wan, who was really looking forward to the contest to become the president’s fashion designer, which meant a lot to her.

“You’re the most ingenious designer I’ve ever come across. I’m sure you will make it. Keep up the excellent work.”

Gu Zifei tried to perk her up with a hearty grin.

“Sure, I’ll treat you to a grand meal if I’m selected.” Yan Wan beamed.

All the designers who took part in the contest assembled in the meeting hall and submitted their designs to the design director. The higher executives of the company would judge the designs, and the president would decide the ultimate winner.

A sizable crowd had already gathered in the meeting hall by the time Yan Wan reached the place.

Yan Wan had just sat down after exchanging pleasantries with her colleagues when the sarcastic laughter of Shen Baimei weaved into her ears.

“What a nerve you’ve got, Yan Wan, to come and take part in this contest? Don’t you know this was meant for the senior and well-known designers? With nothing to show on your resume, how dare a small fry like you come and make a fool of yourself?”

Shen Baimei was standing in front of the crowd with a cup of hot coffee in her hand, glaring at Yan Wan with a smug look on her face.

As a famous designer, coupled with her senior position in the company, she was the favorite to win the contest.

But she was Ou Nuoya's bosom buddy as well, not allowing Yan Wan any breathing space since she had joined the company, relishing every chance to bully and squash her.

It was her hindrance that impeded Yan Wan's efforts to come up with a complete work of design.

"Newcomers should be given a chance to show off their talents too. That's what this contest is about. May the best person win," Yan Wan retorted. "You'd better watch out, Ms. Shen, lest you lose out to a newcomer like me. How embarrassing would that be."

"You better watch your words, or you'll bite your tongue. Do you think I'll lose to a trash designer like you?"

With her sardonic remarks, she stepped forward and seized Yan Wan's design away from the desk.

Her mouth went agape when she saw the design.

Simplistic yet stunning, it was captivatingly soulful and spiritual, which would only make her all-out design pale in comparison.

"Give it back to me!"

Yan Wan seized her design back in frustration. Although it was about time to submit their designs, it would not do her any good to show her design to her competitors.

It looked like she needed to sit away from her if she did not wish to get entangled with Shen Baimei.

Shen Baimei was feeling ominously insecure. She was convinced Yan Wan's design would be well-received once it had been flashed out, making her the favorite to win the contest.

She simply could not allow it to happen.

"Hold on! How dare you walk away when someone more senior is talking to you?"

In a loud huff, Shen Baimei went after her and caught her by the arm before she deliberately thrust her cup of coffee forward.

Hiss!

The burning coffee scalded Yan Wan's hand, giving rise to a sharp pain on the back of her hand.

But she couldn't care less about her hand now. What mattered most was the design. By the time she got to it, half of it had been smudged with coffee, blurring the lines and colors.

Yan Wan's face turned white while her back went cold.

"Didn't I ask you to stay? Why couldn't you just listen to me? Look at my coffee now. It's spilled all over the place!"

Shen Baimei was trying to make a fuss out of it, but once she saw that more than half of the design was ruined, a gratifying smile curled up on her face.

She leaned close to Yan Wan and uttered in the most revolting tone of a smug, "Now that you have screwed up your design, how could you even stand a chance to beat me?"

"Shen Baimei!"

Yan Wan's face was seething red as her body trembled in rage. How she wished she could strangle this wicked woman.

Shen Baimei took a few steps back and issued an unfriendly reminder, "The director is here now. Time to submit your designs."

Yan Wan turned around and saw the slick-looking director stepping into the meeting hall while stomping on her high heels. Her demeanor was overbearing.

All the designers stood up and handed in their designs respectively to the director.

When everyone had submitted their designs, the director turned to Yan Wan.