

Limited Marriage VS Unlimited Love Chapter 8

Chapter 8 So He Came Here To Settle The Score

Notwithstanding that it was a contest open to all designers, Yan Wan was the only newbie who had the guts to take part. Despite being seen as a dark horse, the director was still impressed by her courage, so she had placed Yan Wan under her radar.

“Yan Wan, where’s your design?”

Immobilized, Yan Wan stood at her spot with the design held tightly in her hands. She felt a sickly resentment in her heart.

She had been utterly screwed up by Shen Baimei.

As she walked toward the director, it was quite an ordeal for her before she handed over her design.

“Director, could you give me another half an hour to do a new one?”

The director looked at the smudged design and gave a sympathetic frown.

“I could definitely allow that in the past, but not today, as we have a new president on board who’s overseeing the contest himself. There is no excuse for any delay.”

The director patted Yan Wan’s shoulder as she consoled her, “You’re still young, anyway. There’s always a second chance. I’ll take it that you’re disqualified for this contest.”

“But…”

Yan Wan had yet to give up completely, but Shen Baimei interrupted her when she shoved Yan Wan aside and stood next to the director as if they had been closely affiliated.

“Do we have a new president, Ms. Xu? Why did we change our president all of a sudden? Nobody has heard anything about this at all.”

“I’d just happened to know it too. It seems like some big shot had just acquired our company.”

There was a susurrus of awed mutterings when they heard the news.

Given the considerable scale of this company, everyone wondered who would possess such ammunition to make an overnight purchase of the company?

Everyone was overwhelmed by the deep pockets of their new boss who bought such a sizable company like buying a piece of toy.

One of them asked, “Do you know who our new president will be?”

“You will get to find out afterward if you win the contest. He will be meeting the winner personally. So remember to give your best shot.”

The director paused briefly and added, “Oh, by the way, I heard he’s a young and smashing dude.”

Young and smashing, coupled with wealth and authority, wouldn’t he be the most eligible bachelor in South City?

Shen Baimei’s eyes lit up instantly with shine. Flushed with enthusiasm, she was determined to win the contest by all means. This would give her the opportunity to become the official designer of their president, which would translate into more personal time with him.

The director left everybody waiting while she submitted the designs.

Compared to the rest of the designers who were thrilled and anxious, Yan Wan cut a lonely and depressed figure who hardly shared the excitement of her colleagues,

Regardless of who the president was, it had nothing to do with her now, since she had been disqualified. Given that she was just a lowly ranked newbie in the company, the odds of her meeting the president was as good as winning the lottery, even during her normal course of work.

The director was back after a while.

Shen Baimei was surprised to see her back in such a short time. She was the first one to rush up to her and asked beseechingly, “Do you have the result, Ms. Xu? Who has been chosen by the president?”

The director walked past her and stopped in front of Yan Wan, as if she was in a hurry. “Give me your design, Yan Wan.”

“Huh?” Yan Wan eyed her quizzically. Why did she want her design when it was all blemished and smeared?

“The president had gone through the list of participants and forbade anyone to be disqualified. You will still need to submit your design regardless of its condition,” she explained.

“Wouldn’t it be an insult to our designers and department if she were to submit such a smudgy piece of design?” Shen Baimei complained scornfully.

The looks from the rest of the group were equally hostile, as though it was all her fault.

Inwardly, Yan Wan was bitter and resentful. This was the same group who had seen Shen Baimei deliberately spill coffee on her design, yet none of them had stood up for her.

She gritted her teeth to suppress her frustration and straightened up her posture as she handed the moist piece of design to the director.

“Sorry for all the trouble, Ms. Xu.”

The director took her design and vanished from their sight. It did not take long before she was back again.

The enthusiasm seemed to have waned off in Shen Baimei. “What’s next, Ms. Xu?”

“The result is out.”

The director’s eyes swept across the room, across the faces of everyone before landing them on Yan Wan. “You’ve been chosen by the president, Yan Wan. Please go to the president’s office immediately.”

“Huh?”

Yan Wan was in a daze. She suspected there must be a problem with her hearing.

Shen Baimei felt even worse. The result dropped a bombshell on her, “No way. How could this be possible, Ms. Xu? Or perhaps it was a mistake? That design has been scarred by coffee. How could it turn out to be the chosen one?”

“It was the president’s decision.”

The director’s tone grew formal and solemn. “You can talk to the president directly if any of you have comments.”

Her words muted all the grumblings and complaints from everyone at the scene.

A new broom sweeps clean. Everyone was only looking to impress their new boss, so nobody would dare to question the new president.

Shen Baimei glared at Yan Wan scornfully and whispered a threat to her ears, “Don’t think you can use this and turn your fortunes around. I have hundreds of ways to crush you like a cockroach under my feet.”

“How does it feel to be beaten by a newbie, Ms. Shen? So you’re turning from shame to rage now, sore loser?”

Yan Wan gave her a mocking grin. She was undaunted by Shen Baimei’s threat since she knew that Shen Baimei would gnaw at every opportunity to pick at her and made things difficult for her.

Spiked with anger, Shen Baimei stomped her feet and cast a venomous glare at Yan Wan.

Yan Wan passed her by without batting an eyelid. She followed the director and proceeded to the president’s office at the penthouse.

When she came to the door of the president’s office, there were still butterflies in her stomach. He had specifically picked her design among all the entries, but it made her wonder what drove him to that decision.

It must be some other reason and not because her smudgy design was superb.

Knock knock.

She raised her hand and gave a few gentle knocks.

“Come in.”

It was a deep, baritone voice blended with a distinctive huskiness that oozed honey.

Yet it sounded familiar to Yan Wan.

She seemed to have heard it before.

She ransacked her brains but could not pin down a face to that voice. So she pushed the door open and entered the room.

A man was standing in front of the windows with his back facing her. The warm rays of sunlight fell on the back of his tall and muscular frame as if he was basking in the radiance of the golden sun.

There was a princely air of aristocracy with an aloofness to it.

Yan Wan was spellbound by simply looking at his back. She was pretty sure he would look even more dazzling when he turned around.

“Good morning, sir. This is Yan Wan.”

Yan Wan was about five meters away from him when she greeted him.

The man turned around with ease. His fetching eyes gazed straight at Yan Wan.

As he put forward his long legs and strode toward Yan Wan, it came like a gigantic shadow eclipsing her.

Yan Wan instinctively stepped back. Little did she know that the person waiting for her was none other than Huo Lichen.

“W-Why are you here?”

Hanging on to a thin thread of faith, she refused to believe that the new president was Huo Lichen, her immediate boss.

Huo Lichen’s imposing figure was looming larger and larger in her face. As she retreated step by step, there was no more room for her to back off.

He lowered his head as he looked at her with his deep, luminescent eyes.

“What happened to you last night?”

So he was here to settle the score.