

Chapter 17 The President Is So Handsome

Erin's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that she was in trouble with the director again. She could already guess that this was about the image retouchings.

In the director's office, Caleb was sitting in front of his monitor replying to emails. He raised his head to look at Erin and asked in a cool voice, "Do you know why you're here?"

Erin nodded. "Yes."

"What do you know then?"

"I know that if I'm ever sick, I need to take a leave in advance and settle my work before that," she said sincerely.

Caleb stopped typing. He leaned back into his chair and said coldly, "I don't think you understand. Your irresponsibility has hindered the progress of the other designers! This has nothing to do with whether you were sick. You must always finish your work because the clients don't care about your personal problems. They only want to see results! Unless you've died or you've quit working at Frost Corporations, any other explanation is just an excuse! Do you understand?"

Erin was pale; she could never imagine that such a renowned company could be so ruthless.

However, this was the way things were at the company, so she answered, "I understand."

"Get out and do your work. I don't care how long it takes you or if it means you have to work overtime. The tasks assigned to you must be completed on the same day!" Caleb looked away and continued with his work.

Erin left the office after promising one last time that she understood him. She was still feeling light-headed and should've been recovering at home, but she had no choice now. She had just returned to her seat when Mr. Jones announced in the open concept office, "Just a reminder to be punctual for the afternoon meeting later."

The designers all started working on another busy day.

Erin turned on her Apple monitor. Frost Corporation provided their designers with technological facilities of the highest quality. Rumor had it that Frost Corporation had the employees of their computer manufacturers personally come over to set up the computers. Even Erin, who was currently only responsible for retouching images and running errands, was using top-of-the-line equipment. The reasoning behind this was to standardize the quality and color of all the designers' work, reflecting their professionalism.

Erin was very fast at retouching images; it was a skill that she'd honed when she was still in school.

After eating a simple sandwich, she continued with her work. Finally, she finished all ten of the images that were assigned to her perfectly before 6 pm.

She sent the designer a message. "Good evening. The ten images have been retouched. I'm so sorry about yesterday; it won't happen again."

After about half an hour, the designer replied, "Just watch out next time."

Erin let out a breath of relief after she saw the message. She knew that the designer had already seen the images that she'd retouched, and since the designer didn't say anything, it must've meant that her work had been approved.

She thought that the other designers would assign her more work, but surprisingly, no one gave her any more work.

Erin was at her limit. When she'd bought her sandwich earlier in the afternoon, she'd also bought some cold medicine, which made her drowsy. She was only still functioning because of the two whole cups of coffee that had managed to keep her awake.

Once the clock hit 6 pm, she started to pack up her things and get off of work.

Just then, Dana walked over, wearing a striking blue chiffon dress. Smiling, she said, "Erin, do you have anything to do after work? Let's go shopping together."

Erin shook her head. "No thanks. I think I'm going to go home to rest. I've caught a cold."

"Oh? You're sick? Why did you even come to work?"

"I had no choice; I had unfinished work here." Erin wore a helpless expression.

It was only then that Dana noticed her complexion. "Oh my, you really don't look so good. You should head home now."

Erin said her goodbyes and walked into the elevator.

Her colleagues from different floors were also in the elevator, and Erin stood expressionless in a corner, listening to the other women's conversations.

"Today, Kyle had important matters to do and asked me to help make the president coffee. My goodness, I've worked in the company for two years, and this was the first time I've ever seen the president."

"How was it? Was he hot?"

"Fuck, he's not just hot! He's really fucking hot! The president was even better looking than the actors on screen. Not even the younger actors can compare! He's the most attractive man I've ever met in my life!"

"Are you serious? Is he really that hot?"

"The president is just too low-key and never accepts any interviews. Otherwise, he would go viral on the internet!"

"You're so lucky to have been able to meet the president. I'm so jealous; we've never even met him before."

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Erin filtered out their voices after a while. Right now, all she wanted was to lie down and sleep. She was completely uninterested in the idea of any hot presidents.

Once the elevator arrived on the first floor, Erin's phone rang in her bag.

She was immediately shaken from her drowsy state. It was just like a traffic light—once the light turned green, she had to be on the move immediately!

She let out a breath and avoided the crowd of workers getting off work. She walked to the entrance of the staircase and checked her phone. The message read, "Come to the president's office and buy two sets of beef risotto from Mario's Place."

Damn it, she'd already gotten off work, but she still had to run errands!

No matter how unwilling she was, just the thought of those images made her dial down her anger and buy the food.

She looked up Mario's Place on the internet, and thankfully, it was only two blocks away.

However, she was already feeling really sick and didn't want to walk anymore so she took a taxi there.

An hour passed before she finally made it back to the office.

Just like last time, Kyle was waiting for her at the elevator doors, and after swiping his card, she was taken up to the top floor.

She held on to the two packs of food and knocked on the president's door

Chandler looked up at the door. He walked over to sit on the couch before saying, "Come in."

Erin entered and walked over quickly once she saw him. She placed the two packs of food on the coffee table and turned to leave.

"Where do you think you're going?" His voice was cold and disapproving.

She turned around and let out a loud sigh. "Please, I'm already sick; can you just have mercy on me for today? I am seriously so tired, and I really don't have the time to argue with you, nor do I have the energy to give you any special services. Just eat your damn meal, okay?"

Chandler gave her a long look and saw that she was looking a bit unwell. His gaze softened, and he took out the cutlery from the bag. "You can leave after we finish eating."

Erin was stunned. "The other portion was for me?"

He looked at her like she was an idiot. "Do you think I can finish two portions?"

Erin was already feeling faint from hunger. When she heard that one of the portions was hers, she stopped thinking and sat on the sofa. After taking out her set of cutlery, she dug into her meal.

Chandler looked at her in contempt as she ate voraciously and couldn't help but say, "You're eating like you haven't had a meal in years. Did you not eat during lunch?"

Erin had a piece of beef in her mouth. Though her cold made the food taste bland, the beef was marinated so well that her mouth was watering. It was extremely juicy and tasted heavenly.

She spoke between bites. "Don't bring it up! Our company's president must be a pervert! The design department is practically uninhabitable, and our director, Caleb Grant, is a cold-blooded asshole! I was so busy in the afternoon that I could only eat a sandwich, and my fingers hurt from retouching all those images."