

## Chapter 23 Making Profits for the CEO's Wife

Ember had once catered to a client like this—a client who had initially seemed upset and kind towards her. However, upon realizing his true nature, she promptly terminated all services to him. Little did she anticipate that Rose Thompson, her colleague, would openly discuss this particular customer in front of their coworkers.

"Rose Thompson, if you insist on being so mean, karma will catch up to you one day," Ember retorted, standing her ground.

"I've been attacked! You mentioned wanting to hit me, and now you've followed through. I merely spoke the truth, and you resorted to violence. It appears that your guilt as a thief is undeniable," Rose provocatively declared, approaching Ember with her hands outstretched, daring her to make a move. "Go ahead, hit me!"

Ember's fists, clenched tightly, were forcefully restrained by Rose. The mad-dog-like woman standing before her threatened to push her to the brink of madness.

"If you won't strike me, I'll assume you lack the courage," Rose taunted, releasing Ember's hands. She then turned to their colleagues, eagerly showcasing the spectacle. "Look, she doesn't even dare to hit me. It's written all over her guilty conscience."

Just as Rose revelled in her self-assured triumph, a coincidental stroke of fate occurred. A folder inadvertently grazed Rose's forehead, causing blood to immediately trickle

down from the wound.

As Rose slowly turned her head, coming to terms with the unexpected blow, her gaze fixed upon Ember.

"Ember, you hit me," she demanded, disregarding the wound on her forehead. In a fit of rage, Rose Thompson lunged forward, seizing Ember's hair in her grasp.

At the police station, Rose Thompson covered the gauze-wrapped wound on her forehead, casting a scrutinizing glance at Ember, who was nursing a wounded face. "Ember, you certainly possess audacity to strike me like that. My family know someone in the police station... This time, I won't press charges for intentionally causing harm. However, your name won't be spared."

Ember, her hand shielding the wound on her face, remained silent. She understood that speaking up would not only cause pain to her untreated injury, but it would also futilely jeopardize her chances of seeking justice. The police officer across from her had already taken Rose's side, ready to reprimand Ember.

In that moment, what Ember needed above all else was to find her calm. She carefully calculated that her only hope rested with Charlotte and David Smith.

Yet, Charlotte had taken a leave of absence to visit France, and David Smith appeared to be away on a business trip. Ember suddenly realized that the reason Rose Thompson had so brazenly and arrogantly provoked her that morning was because the two individuals who could have come to her aid were absent.

Meanwhile, after dropping off his wife at work, Alexander was in high spirits at the company. Typically, he would have scolded the director of a department for being late, but today was different.

Instead, he wore a pleasant expression and offered understanding. "The traffic in this city is deteriorating day by day. We ought to consider constructing a staff building near the company for the well-being of our employees."

The news of the upcoming staff building circulated early in the morning, igniting excitement throughout the entire company.

During lunchtime, the CEO unexpectedly made an appearance in the company cafeteria and shared a meal with the staff. However, after just a few bites, his brow furrowed.

"Why is this staff meal so unappetizing? Robert, take charge and ensure that our employees' meals are rectified vigorously, matching the standards of a five-star hotel outside," Alexander declared, dissatisfied with the taste.

Following lunch, as Alexander passed by the company's fitness center, he noticed the slightly crowded exercise area.

"Robert, acquire the building next door. Transform half of it into a leisure center for our employees, and the other half into a fitness center complete with a swimming pool," he instructed, envisioning a space for both relaxation and physical well-being.

By the end of the day, Robert couldn't help but feel curious about the source of the CEO's unusually good mood.

"CEO, could it be that all these generous benefits for the

employees are because of the CEO's wife? Did she have a hand in these decisions?" Robert queried, prying into Alexander's motivations.

Robert's question struck a chord within Alexander. Indeed, when he encountered the tardy employee earlier that day, his first thought had been of his wife waiting in the cold, struggling to board a bus. And during lunch, upon tasting the lackluster meal, he wondered if she had resorted to eating the company's staff food due to her slender frame.

Observing the employees engaging in their leisure activities, Alexander contemplated how his wife likely didn't have the time to exercise on regular workdays. If there were facilities within the company, perhaps she could find moments to prioritize her health and well-being.

Before Alexander could respond, Robert muttered under his breath, "It's quite convenient for us, but the CEO's wife doesn't even work in this company."

Startled, Alexander turned his gaze toward Robert. "What did you say?"

Clearing his throat, Robert repeated himself, "I said, it's rather convenient for us that the wife of the president isn't employed in this company."

