

Chapter 49 Why Not

The assistant manager, having patiently taught Jenna everything he knew about the industry, finally reached his limit after her sharp retort.

"Fine, I see," he said with a resigned sigh, and left the room, feeling both frustrated and disrespected.

Soon after, Jeffrey arrived to check on Jenna's progress.

"Hey sweetheart, how is it going?" Jeffrey inquired.

"Pretty good," Jenna replied with a smile.

Jeffrey affectionately patted her head, his tone encouraging. "That's my girl! You know, the assistant manager is a talented individual I went to great lengths to recruit. He's exceptionally skilled in this area, and I expect you to learn as much as you can from him. One day, you might even surpass him."

Jeffrey highly valued the entertainment company.

The Chapman Group had encountered significant challenges recently as several partnerships abruptly ended, causing him stress. He saw Jenna's involvement as a crucial opportunity to stabilize and grow the business.

However, Jenna received his encouragement with a measure of detachment, still perceiving the assistant manager as just another employee. "Alright," she responded dismissively.

After imparting a few more instructions, Jeffrey had to leave.

Jenna tried to focus on her studies for several hours but found the routine of office work incredibly boring!

Eventually, overcome by boredom, she left the building to get some fresh air. While walking around outside, Jenna spotted a familiar figure entering an office building.

Was that Madisyn?

What could she possibly be doing here?

Curious about Madisyn's reason to be here, Jenna decided to investigate further. She soon discovered that Madisyn had become the president of Natural Beauty.

This skincare company, while not the largest in the industry, held a substantial market presence.

But, how...

Had Madisyn secured support from various wealthy backers after leaving the Chapman family?

Jenna's expression darkened at the thought. She couldn't bear the idea of Madisyn succeeding outside the Chapman family's influence.

Digging deeper online, Jenna was surprised to learn that Natural Beauty was a subsidiary of the Johns Group.

Her interest was piqued when she stumbled upon a past scandal involving the company, where its product had caused allergic reactions in a celebrity.

A sly smile formed on Jenna's lips— this could be the leverage she needed.

Days later, Madisyn prepared for her first major meeting at Natural Beauty.

She entered the conference room at 8:30 AM, only to find it nearly empty.

"Where is everyone?" Madisyn inquired, turning to her assistant.

The assistant responded with evident discomfort, "Ms. Atkins mentioned she had other commitments and couldn't make it. Several others said they were also unavailable."

"Did they report their absences in advance?"

"No, they did not," the assistant answered.

Madisyn understood the situation—this was a clear act of defiance against her new leadership.

It was said that a new leader needed to use strict measures to assert their authority and make their mark.

However, these people didn't believe that Madisyn, a woman merely in her twenties, would dare to give them a hard time.

Whispers had woven their way through the corridors of the company that Madisyn was romantically involved with Dane. What other explanation could there be for her sudden ascent to presidency? This sparked a wildfire of resentment among the staff; their company was even reduced to a tool for the couple's romance. They were resolute—Madisyn had to be taught a lesson!

"Document every absentee," Madisyn commanded with a frosty edge. "Inform them: miss again, and don't bother coming back to work here."

Madisyn's assistant hesitated, fearing the backlash this could incite, yet the resolve in Madisyn's eyes was unmistakable. Reluctantly, she proceeded as instructed.

One attendee exhaled deeply while eyeing Madisyn. "Young lady, this enterprise is a labyrinth, far more complex than it appears. At your age, isn't it preferable to relish life? To watch the blossoms unfold, to bask in the daylight? Why subject yourself to this mess?"

"Brenda, I swear, I'm not playing around here," Madisyn responded, her gaze steady and earnest.

Brenda Peck, startled, suddenly saw Madisyn in a different light. She didn't think Madisyn would actually know her name.

She had assumed Madisyn wasn't serious about working here, since she had got the position through Dane. Now, when she noticed Madisyn's preparedness, Brenda's attitude shifted towards a more serious demeanor.

Throughout the meeting, everyone sat in sheer astonishment.

Madisyn's presentation was not only robust but exhaustive, her demeanor echoing not the inexperience of youth but the acumen of a

seasoned business strategist.

Without dallying, she had, within a mere half hour, laid out a roadmap for the company's future—clear, concise, and eminently feasible.

A murmur of approval hummed through the room; eyes sparkled with a newfound respect.

How refreshing!

The new president was actually a gem!

Even Brenda, previously skeptical, now addressed Madisyn with newfound esteem. "Miss Johns, my apologies for earlier. You've clearly earned your role here."

Madisyn let out a slight, gracious smile. "Thank you, Brenda."

As her words lingered, the conference room doors swung open abruptly, admitting several late-arriving executives.

The most conspicuous among them, clad in extravagant attire and shrouded in a cloud of potent perfume, strode in with arms crossed and a dismissive glance at Madisyn. "Apologies for my tardiness. I was detained by some urgent business."

"The meeting has concluded," Madisyn informed her flatly.

"But we're here now. You wouldn't deduct from our performance bonuses, would you?" the woman asked, a hint of challenge in her tone.

Madisyn's reply was terse, unyielding. "And why not?"