

Chapter 626 Quit And Work With Me

What's more, although she looks like a young lady, she possesses the dress sense and air of a classy and sophisticated woman. Her looks and aura make for a lethal combination, especially for men.

“What are you looking at?” Amelia asked. She could sense Donald's intense gaze as she walked in front of him, and as someone who had been in the workforce for many years, naturally, she knew what it meant. Nonetheless, she deliberately turned and asked that question to embarrass him.

To her surprise, he was not the least bit flustered. Instead, he gave a low whistle and replied approvingly, “Nice figure.”

What a pervert! She was on the verge of exploding with rage, but she maintained a smile. “What does whether I have a nice figure or not have anything to do with you? Mr. Campbell, headquarters sent you to help me with my work, so I hope you don't just focus on my figure. Do you understand what I mean?”

She would never let anyone take advantage of her. Since she could not control Donald's gaze, she would use the fact that he had been ogling her to make it clear to him that she was in charge and he was only there to assist.

He gave her the okay gesture in response.

Thinking she had achieved her goal, she strutted into the elevator with her head held high, then led him into an office. Atlas Group's employees looked up at them immediately.

Brushing back the hair on her forehead, she smiled and said, “We're from Dragon Fide Corporation. May I know if Mr. Trent Palmer is here? We've come to discuss the plans for the residential renovation project.”

No sooner had she said that than a middle-aged man came walking out of an office with a mug in his hand. “Oh, it's you, Amelia. Why are you here so early?”

She hurried over to him and said, “Don't make fun of me, Mr. Palmer. Something came up while we were making our way here. That's why we're late. I'm so sorry about that.”

“Don't be silly. We know each other so well. What does it matter if you're a few minutes late? Come on. Let's talk in my office.” While Trent Palmer spoke to Amelia, his eyes raked over her body.

She was wearing a white, lacy shirt and a black, tight-fitting skirt that perfectly showcased her slim figure.

To Trent, a woman like Amelia was a rare beauty, and a man's patience toward beautiful women was infinite. He was not interested in whatever renovation plan she had come to discuss with him. All he wanted was to spend as much time as he could with her and revel in the bliss of talking to a gorgeous woman.

However, Trent had just returned to his office and set down his mug when he spotted Donald following Amelia into the room. The smile on his face froze. “Who might this be?”

“This is Donald Campbell, a manager. Our headquarters sent him to assist me. Since he also has a good eye for the Chanaean style, they hoped he could help ensure I don't overlook anything so we can better serve Atlas Group,” she replied.

Trent's smile faded a little. If I was alone with her, I could still crack a few crude jokes here and there at her expense. But now that a guy who's a complete stranger is here, it'd make me appear uncouth if I did that, wouldn't it?

“Now, I've got to say a few words about those fools leading your head office. Amelia, your competence is unquestionable. I'm sure everyone can attest to that after how well we've been getting along these past few days. Where's the need to send a manager to supervise you? Why don't you quit working for Dragon Fide Corporation? Join this company and work with me instead of those pigs.”