

## Chapter 9 She Really Was Iris

Vincent smiled broadly, showing appreciation and satisfaction in his eyes. "Miss Bailey, I am eager to be impressed by your work."

Katelyn responded modestly, "Please look forward to it."

"Okay."

Vincent glanced at Neil, who was glaring with a furious expression. Accompanied by his bodyguards, Vincent walked away.

Katelyn observed his departure. He reminded her of a pine tree with his tall and upright posture.

Aimee interrupted Katelyn's observation by waving her hand in front of her and tugging at her arm. She chuckled and said, "He's gone. Stop looking. Now that we've landed such a big contract, it's time for us to celebrate."

Katelyn returned to her senses and nodded in agreement. As she was about to turn away, Neil seized her wrist. He stared at her furiously and demanded, "Katelyn, are you really Iris?"

He gazed at her intently, seemingly afraid to miss any subtle change in her expression.

Katelyn scowled at Neil and tried to pull away, but his grip was too strong. "What does it matter to you?" she asked coldly.

Neil exhaled in relief, convinced by her response. If she truly were Iris, she would have admitted it confidently rather than responding defensively.

He remained certain of the vast difference between a housewife and a renowned designer, convinced that she couldn't be Iris.

Aimee took Neil's hand and glared at him sharply. "What do you want? Let go, or I'm calling security."

With Aimee's intervention, Katelyn managed to free herself from Neil's grasp. She immediately took a sanitizer wipe from her handbag and cleaned her wrist.

Every moment spent near him was revolting to her.

Neil's frustration grew, and he gritted his teeth as he spoke. "Aren't you going to explain this to me?"

He was infuriated by the fact that she had kept her close relationship with Aimee a secret from him. ○

Katelyn gave Neil a cold look and stopped Aimee, who was about to defend her. "Aimee, please wait for me outside. I'll handle this myself."

Although Aimee was concerned, she trusted Katelyn's capability to manage the situation. She nodded in agreement and was ready to leave.

"Just call me if that jerk tries anything," she told Katelyn before leaving.

"You got it."

Meanwhile, Lise hurried to Neil's side. Masking her jealousy and resentment, she attempted to speak to Katelyn with feigned concern.

"Katelyn, don't you want to tell us the truth? You might fool others, but how can you fool us?"

Neil interjected angrily, "You know Aimee Stephens. Why didn't you tell me? Do you understand the serious crisis my company is facing now?"

Katelyn shrugged and replied indifferently, "What does that have to do with me?"

Her response left Neil at a loss for words.

Lise immediately stated, "Of course. You two are a couple. Neil is facing a major crisis. You should face it with him."

Katelyn sneered, her eyes brimming with sarcasm.

"Why didn't you consider us a couple when you slept with him? Does being a home-wrecker make you feel proud?" ☹

Her words struck Lise like invisible slaps.

Lise's face turned a livid crimson, filled with humiliation.

She had always looked down on Katelyn, but now Katelyn had the courage to humiliate her.

Because of that, she cursed Katelyn inwardly.

Visibly annoyed, Neil warned, "Katelyn, don't push it. We're discussing my company's business. Stay on topic."

The next moment, Katelyn snorted and slapped him across the face. ☹

The sound of the slap resonated across the corridor.

