

Chapter 82 A Client

Was there any allure in being one of Brian's women?

Rosalynn smirked with a touch of mockery.

Although she found the notion dull, she doubted others shared her apathy.

After all, Brian was handsome and rich. Many women wanted to be his women.

If he married one of them, the lucky woman would become the hostess of Hughes Group.

Rosalynn couldn't fathom Eleanor's appeal. But she knew men and women often had differing opinions. Perhaps Brian simply preferred that type of woman.

Shaking off her depression, Rosalynn changed the topic.

"Let's not gossip about Mr. Hughes' private affairs. Maggie, are you and your boyfriend living together?"

She remembered the suspicious scene she had witnessed before her business trip.

She saw Maggie's boyfriend hugging another woman and heading to the car dealership.

"Why do you ask, Rosalynn?" Maggie blushed. "We live together, but we have separate rooms. He promised to respect me and only have sex after we're married."

He sounded like a gentleman.

But if he were truly a gentleman, why would he embrace another woman's waist?

Rosalynn was on the verge of speaking the truth but hesitated. She contemplated whether she should caution Maggie.

However, she harbored concerns that it might merely be a misinterpretation. What if the outcome proved contrary to her assumptions?

As Rosalynn mulled over her concerns, the door swung open.

A client arrived to discuss business matters, and the front desk personnel welcomed the visitor.

The customer, a middle-aged woman in her forties, donned modest attire and sought to refurbish a house located in the suburbs.

When asked if she had a preferred designer, the woman shook her head.

Per the studio's guidelines, clients who proactively sought consultation were allocated a designer through a distribution system. Thus, the receptionist introduced the middle-aged woman to an appropriate designer.

"Asher, are you available? We have a client seeking help with her home's decoration."

Asher glanced up, adjusting his glasses to conceal the contempt in his eyes.

"Apologies, but I just scheduled an appointment with another client. I'm about to head out."

In truth, he found the prospect unappealing.

The plainly dressed woman, living in the suburbs, likely wasn't affluent.

She represented a tedious and unprofitable client.

He didn't think she was able to afford the design.

He preferred to avoid such business.

"What about Elton?" the receptionist asked again.

"Sorry, my client will arrive shortly."

"And Louis?"

"Can't you see I'm swamped?"

The receptionist inquired of a couple of individuals, who both craftily concocted excuses to decline.

With a stoic countenance, the middle-aged woman declared, "It appears your studio's designers are swamped with work. I shall take my business elsewhere."

Rosalynn's expression darkened as she observed the exchange.

The designers were selecting their customers!

This was a grave taboo in the service industry!

"Hello, I'm Rosalynn Fuller. Would you mind if I create a design for you?"

Rosalynn rose from her seat, swiftly approaching the middle-aged woman, and offered her services with a warm grin.

The woman cast a skeptical glance at Rosalynn. "Aren't you swamped? I can't afford an exorbitant design fee."

She was no fool and understood why she had been rebuffed.

Rosalynn's smile remained unwavering. "The crux of a design is its value. Why not share your specifications with me? Once I offer my suggestions, you can make your decision."

Pondering the proposition, the woman eventually nodded in agreement.

"Very well, I shall heed your advice before making my choice."

"Kindly pour a cup of coffee for the lady," Rosalynn requested of the receptionist. With that, she took a seat opposite the middle-aged woman at the consultation table, pen and notebook in hand, ready to take notes.

"My home spans 840 square meters, encompassing three floors and a 1, 200-square-meter yard."