

Fated Marriage: Spoiled by My Ice Billionaire

Chapter 2 A Pretty Good Mood

The first day back after the holiday, everyone at work was taking it easy, and a lot of people were still on vacation.

The company still had plenty of people stuck at work though, and Isabelle was one of them.

She didn't let Brian drop her off right in front of the building, because if anyone saw her getting out of Damian's car, she'd never be able to explain that away.

She got out a few blocks from the office and then quietly ducked into a pharmacy to buy Plan B.

She wasn't sure if he'd used protection last night, but she figured she might as well take it just to be safe.

That was when her phone started ringing.

It was her boyfriend, Gary Peterson.

"Hmph!" Isabelle looked at that disgusting name on her screen and her lips curved into this bitter, sarcastic smile.

Gary and Isabelle had been together for five years, ever since college. She'd been this genius student who skipped a bunch of grades, and that's how she ended up meeting Gary, who was three years older than her.

Two years ago, Isabelle moved abroad with her mom to study, so they'd been doing the long-distance thing, but Gary couldn't handle being alone and ended up hooking up with one of her best friends back home. Isabelle knew all about it, but she hadn't confronted them yet because she didn't want to waste her energy on some small-time drama. She was planning something bigger, something that would really hit them where it hurt.

She declined the call, and just as she was about to lock her phone, she saw a new message pop up on WhatsApp.

It was from Damian.

She froze and just stared at it for several seconds, thinking she must be

seeing things.

Why is he messaging me on WhatsApp? Is he reaching out as the boss, or is it about our hookup from last night?

She clenched her jaw and ignored it.

She was a fashion designer and had only been working at Cross Boutique for a year, so aside from her direct supervisor, she'd barely communicated with any of the higher-ups.

Cross Boutique was the biggest fashion company in Aldoria, and they even sold internationally, so someone like Damian—this total big shot—wasn't someone she'd ever normally run into.

Last night had been a fluke because he'd shown up at the Independence Day fashion show after they broke all their previous records.

Just then, her phone buzzed with a message from the design department, "Meeting in the conference room in ten minutes."

"Shit!" Isabelle took off running toward the office.

Inside the Cross Group building, she ran into her best friend in the elevator.

"Isabelle, you hate wearing business clothes! Why'd you put on a suit and skirt today?"

Eleanor Price, who was also a designer, looked her up and down.

Yeah, Isabelle really didn't like professional attire.

She tried to play it cool and tugged at her outfit.

"I wanted to show off my 'outstanding' work performance, so I figured I should put my best assets on display," she said.

"Ha!" Eleanor glanced at her chest and then smacked her hard on the ass. "Whatever man ends up marrying you is gonna be the luckiest guy alive!"

Ow! Jesus, girl! Isabelle bit down hard but didn't make a sound.

Just as the elevator doors were closing, a hand shot through the gap and

stopped them.

Brian stepped aside, and then Damian walked in wearing this completely black suit that made him look intimidating as hell.

Isabelle and Eleanor both shifted to the side to make room.

Isabelle swallowed hard because Damian was now standing right next to her, and Eleanor was in front of her.

She didn't dare look at him, and she couldn't tell if it was because the elevator was so cramped or if it was the sheer pressure of his presence, but she felt like she couldn't breathe.

Heat crept from her ears all the way to her cheeks.

They were standing so close, but it would've been weird to try and put more distance between them now.

She could faintly smell that sandalwood scent coming off him—the same one from last night. God, it smelled good...

She bit her lip and tried to calm herself down and stop thinking about what happened last night.

Finally, the elevator stopped on the 28th floor where the design department was, and they practically ran out.

"That scared the hell out of me!" Eleanor clutched her chest and whispered.

"After the dinner last night, I saw some woman in Mr. Cross' car! Oh my god, you have no idea. She had her arms around his neck and was just kissing him, and he didn't even try to stop her! You think Mr. Cross finally got some action? Like, broke his whole celibate CEO thing?"

Isabelle's face went bright red because normally she lived for this kind of gossip, but now that she was actually part of it, she couldn't say a single word. "Yeah?"

"I texted Brian after to ask him about it, but his lips are sealed tight. He didn't say a damn thing." Eleanor clipped on her badge and straightened out her notebook.

Ten minutes later, everyone gathered in the conference room. Not many people showed up because a lot of them were on vacation, and the meeting was mainly just to wrap up the recent campaign. First up was Harrison Osman, the design department's heartthrob and director. He felt super confident about how the campaign had gone, and everyone kept saying he'd definitely get the biggest bonus this year. For some reason though, Isabelle got the feeling he wasn't really interested in the actual summary. It felt more like he just wanted everyone to stroke his ego. Eventually, he turned his attention to Isabelle. "We really need to thank Ms. Foster here. Her designs were used more than anyone else's this year, and her pieces sold better than anything else we put out..." Isabelle pressed her lips together in a polite smile. She'd heard this same speech about ten times last night and really didn't want to sit through it again. Harrison was talented; she couldn't deny that, and his outgoing personality with that hint of recklessness made him good at his job. A lot of people enjoyed working with him. But Isabelle didn't like him because he was always dropping hints that he was into her, like he wanted her to fall at his feet. The meeting wrapped up pretty quickly, and Brian knocked on the conference room door right as they finished. "Ms. Foster, Mr. Cross wants to see you in his office." Brian's expression gave nothing away. The entire room went dead silent. Isabelle had been half-asleep in her chair, but now she could feel a dozen pairs of eyes boring into her. The CEO's office was on the 30th floor, and almost nobody ever went up there. They usually held meetings on the 29th floor instead, which meant the 30th floor was basically this mysterious, forbidden place.

People called it Hell.

The last director who'd gone to the CEO's office had walked out with a dislocated shoulder, and Damian's assistant before that had gotten his left leg broken and had to be carried out on a stretcher.

That was why Brian got promoted so young. Nobody else wanted the job.

"Mr. Hughes, do you know what this is about?" Harrison actually looked concerned for once.

Everyone's eyes immediately shifted to Brian.

They all knew he probably wouldn't say anything, but they were still hoping to read something in his expression.

"No idea." Brian's mouth was locked tighter than a vault, and there was no getting anything out of him.

"Got it." Isabelle's face had been bright red all morning and just wouldn't go back to normal, and her head was completely filled with images of him acting like some kind of wild animal last night.

"Ms. Foster, you don't look so good. You've been red all morning. Do you want to take a sick day and rest up?" Harrison showed the same concern for all his subordinates, so nobody thought much of it.

"Nah, I'll just go see what he wants and come right back. But hey, if I don't make it back, you guys can split up all the sketches in my office as my inheritance," Isabelle said.

She sighed and gathered up her meeting notes before heading out.

She followed Brian into the elevator, and the 30th floor required either facial recognition or a keycard to access, so regular employees couldn't just go up there whenever they wanted.

Brian scanned his face and the elevator started its slow climb upward.

"Nobody's here now, so can you tell me what he wants?" Isabelle still didn't get it.

"He didn't really say, but he seemed like he was in a pretty good mood,"

Brian said.

Of course he was in a good mood. Who knew how many times he'd gotten his rocks off last night?