

Fated Marriage: Spoiled by My Ice Billionaire

Chapter 6 Breakfast Together

The design department was in an uproar the next morning. The moment Isabelle stepped through the door, every head snapped toward her, and hushed whispers buzzed behind her back. Her sharp gaze swept over the scene, and she knew full well this mess was about to land squarely on her.

"Isabelle, someone broke into the design department last night," Eleanor breathed beside her. "All the competition drafts locked in the supervisor's office—someone dumped them all on your desk." Isabelle caught on at once.

The year-end design competition was high-stakes, and most of her colleagues had already submitted their final drafts to Harrison for safekeeping.

If those designs went missing or leaked, everyone's hard work would be for nothing—they'd have to start over from scratch, wasting precious time and handing their competitors a massive advantage.

Isabelle said nothing. She merely scanned the room.

Her piercing gaze caught everyone off guard. None of them had expected her to remain this composed.

The entire department fell from chaos to dead silence.

She let out a faint laugh—she hadn't even set down her bag and tablet before spotting the stack of documents on her desk.

She picked up the files using only her thumb and index finger, as if they were tainted, then lifted her gaze to sweep the crowd once more.

"Looks like your design drafts took a little detour to my desk." She dropped the papers with obvious disdain, and sure enough, all their designs lay in a neat pile on her workspace.

Everyone in the room already knew the drafts were on her desk—they just hadn't bothered to retrieve them, waiting for her arrival so they could corner her.

"Isabelle! If you wanted first place, you didn't have to resort to this

lowlife garbage!"

"No wonder you were working late last night—you were stealing our work this entire time!"

"These designs are confidential! How is this fair when you've already seen all our ideas?"

The crowd swarmed around Isabelle's desk, hurling accusations at her from all sides.

Isabelle remained unshaken, not letting their hostility rattle her.

"Please—if I'd wanted to copy anyone's work, I would've just taken a photo and looked at it at home. Why would I leave the sketches out on my desk? I could've thrown them straight in the trash and you never would've known. And why would I post about working late on Instagram if I was up to something shady? Wouldn't I lie low instead? Who's stupid enough to announce their own crime like that?"

Her logic left everyone speechless for a moment.

But many still remained unconvinced, especially the senior designers, who looked ready to tear into her on the spot.

Isabelle had heard enough. She gathered all the sketches off her desk and tossed them onto the nearby printer.

She normally kept her temper in check, or at least knew better than to stir up trouble when she hadn't even made a name for herself at the new company.

But lately, she'd simply had enough of being treated this way.

"What's going on? Why is everyone making such a racket first thing in the morning?"

Harrison walked in, with Damian and Brian right behind him.

No one had seen the CEO show up unannounced like this before, so everyone fell silent at once.

Isabelle glanced at Harrison, then past his shoulder, and her eyes met Damian's. She didn't dare hold the gaze and looked away quickly.

"Oh, it's nothing. Ms. Foster just copied some of the year-end competition sketches last night, so we're sorting it out." Someone called out, though no one could tell who'd spoken.

"I didn't do it." Isabelle's voice was firm and steady.

At that moment, she realized Damian was staring right at her. His cold gaze made her truly uneasy, and her voice came out slightly tense.

"Everything requires evidence. I did stay late last night, but that doesn't make me guilty. And honestly? I don't think anyone here has work worth copying. Their designs won't keep me from winning first place in the year-end competition."

The design department erupted again.

Some called her arrogant, others accused her of being full of herself, and a few dismissed her words as complete nonsense.

At that, Damian lowered his gaze slightly and let out a soft, quiet laugh.

"Pull up the security footage, and we'll know for sure." Harrison's voice cut through the commotion.

"Security was doing maintenance last night; the cameras were offline.

They only saw Ms. Foster working late, but they didn't record her taking any drafts," Eleanor replied anxiously, her voice trembling slightly.

Eleanor had rushed to check the footage the second the trouble started, desperate to clear her best friend's name.

The matter hung unresolved, with the group bickering back and forth.

Isabelle stayed silent, her mind racing to figure out why the drafts had landed on her desk to begin with.

"Isabelle."

A steady voice cut through the crowd, silencing everyone at once.

It was Damian. "Come with me." His tone was flat and icy, as usual.

He turned and walked straight toward the elevator without waiting for her reply.

The moment he turned away, the office broke into quiet whispers.

Everyone assumed she was about to be fired.

But Isabelle had nothing to hide. She lifted her chin and followed.

The second she stepped into the elevator, the scent of his sandalwood cologne washed over her, strangely calming her frayed nerves.

She followed him into his office, and Brian promptly left, closing the door behind them.

"Sit down and have breakfast with me." He gestured to the simple spread on his desk: fresh bagels, cream cheese, and two cups of coffee.

"What?" She was utterly bewildered. What was happening?

She opened her mouth to speak, but her stomach chose that exact moment to growl loudly.

He sat down, unwrapped a plastic fork, and handed it to the still-stunned Isabelle.

Isabelle had no idea why the situation had shifted so abruptly, but the food looked too tempting to refuse. She took the fork and sat across from him.

She was dressed in loose casual pants and a short-sleeve half-turtleneck that day, her hair twisted into a messy bun that looked perfectly undone. The entire look was effortlessly sexy.

Damian's gaze kept drifting toward her, almost unconsciously.

She ate slowly, and Damian kept pace with her, taking his time so she wouldn't feel hurried.

"You finished?" Damian asked.

"Yeah."

Isabelle picked up a napkin and wiped her mouth.

Between the heavy workload for this month's national holiday event, she hadn't had a proper breakfast in ages.

"Then get back to work." He began clearing the containers.

Isabelle hurried to help, her hand accidentally brushing his warm palm. She jerked back at once, hiding her hands behind her back.

"I'll get going then," she murmured.

"Yeah." He didn't even look up.

Isabelle had no idea why he'd summoned her up here. She'd thought he would question her about the design drafts after breakfast, but he didn't ask a single thing. He didn't mention the incident at all.

She walked to the door, paused, then turned back. "Mr. Cross."

"Hmm?" He tossed the takeout container into the bin, brushed his hands off, and met her gaze with those clear, sharp eyes.

"Don't tell anyone about us," she said.

"About what?"

"Everything."

"Fine." He agreed without hesitation and turned toward his desk.

Isabelle let out a relieved breath, still utterly confused by his behavior.

When she returned to her desk, the entire office was unnervingly tense.

"I can't finish this sandwich. Want it?" Eleanor slid it across the desk to her.

"No thanks, I'm full." Isabelle sat down.

"Yeah, I bet. You're probably too upset to eat anyway."

A few minutes later, Brian walked in and called Harrison upstairs.

The office grew louder right after, with everyone gossiping openly.

"So did the Ice King tear into you up there?" Eleanor whispered.

"Nope."

"Then what were you doing up there for 15 minutes?"

"He just asked me a few questions about what happened this morning."

Isabelle felt guilty, quickly ended the conversation, and got started on her work for the day.