

Fated Marriage: Spoiled by My Ice Billionaire

Chapter 8 You Want Me?

This involved his corporate affairs, after all, and she didn't want to create a scene over this with Wendy. She figured she'd at least uphold the little dignity Wendy had left at the company.

When she returned to the office, her coworkers were still whispering about her.

Isabelle had always been good at blocking out gossip and idle chatter, so she paid the rumors no mind. She sat down at her desk and called Brian. He took a moment to answer.

Isabelle said, "Hey, could you check if Mr. Cross is free today? I need to see him."

"Come on up," Brian replied.

She could tell Brian hadn't hesitated for even a second before answering.

She stepped into the elevator, and Brian had already pressed the button from his floor, so she rode straight up to the 30th floor.

Instead of heading directly to the CEO's office, Isabelle turned to Brian.

"Was Mr. Cross right there with you the entire time I was on the phone?"

Brian blurted out, "Wow, you're sharp as a tack! You're far too perceptive for your own good!"

Isabelle sighed. Brian hadn't even bothered to check with his boss first before telling her to come up—which could only mean one thing: Damian had heard their entire conversation.

She didn't like this feeling. It was as if sleeping with him that one time had turned her into some kind of target for his attention, like he'd snatched the thread of fate and wrapped it around her wrist without her consent.

She knocked nervously on the CEO's door.

"Come in."

Damian was wearing a black suit again today. She was starting to think

he only owned one black suit and never switched it out.

"What is it?" He set down his pen and looked up at her.

Isabelle told Damian everything that had happened, down to the very last detail.

When she finished, Damian didn't respond immediately. He merely said, "I'll handle it."

"I want an apology from her—a genuine one, to my face. But obviously only if it won't cause trouble for the company."

Isabelle usually took the long view, but she could be stubborn when it came to small matters.

Damian huffed in acknowledgment and leaned back in his chair.

"Whatever you decide to do about this will not affect the company. Are you sure you don't want to take this public?"

"Quinn Transport has partnerships with Cross Group. It'll cause some ripples either way." Isabelle just wanted to keep things from getting unnecessarily messy.

"Worried about me?"

They were supposed to be talking business, but that question made her cheeks burn anew. "No."

Damian said nothing.

Isabelle went on. "Wendy's just trying to get by. She probably had her reasons. Let's not go too hard on her."

"As you wish."

The way Damian said it sounded exactly like something he'd say to someone he was incredibly close to.

Isabelle wanted to slap herself. She never should've come up here at all. A few minutes later, Brian walked in with Wendy, and Isabelle took a seat on the couch.

The second Wendy saw Isabelle sitting there, she tensed up immediately and turned to Damian. "You wanted to see me, Dami?"

That nickname sent a wave of goosebumps crawling across Isabelle's skin.

"What did you just call me?"

Damian had been staring down at his paperwork this whole time, but his gaze darkened sharply as he lifted his eyes to her.

Wendy thought name-dropping their connection would soften Damian toward her, but she was only met with a harsh rebuke.

She hurriedly corrected herself. "Mr. Cross."

Damian clenched his jaw and went back to his documents.

"I'm not the one who asked for you. She did," he said.

Wendy's gaze darted nervously toward Isabelle.

Isabelle smiled and offered her a small wave. "Hey there, Ms. Quinn!"

She had to give herself credit—even in this situation, that fake smile looked perfectly convincing.

"Isabelle, whatever this is about, couldn't you have sorted this out privately? Did you really have to drag Dami into it?"

Wendy's tone had shifted sharply.

She was still betting Isabelle didn't know the whole story.

When Damian heard the nickname "Dami" again, frustration boiled in his chest, and he was about to speak—but Isabelle cut him off first.

"I truly didn't want to trouble Dami, but if this blows back on the entire design department, I don't think you'll be able to face the fallout."

Isabelle pulled up a video on her phone and held it out to Wendy.

Wendy's face drained of all color, her legs trembled, and her hands balled into tight fists.

"Hmph... Dami..." Damian let out a soft sigh, his lips barely moving as he muttered the name under his breath, then chose to stay out of their quarrel.

"You..." Wendy couldn't believe it. Isabelle had uncovered everything in a single day!

"Pulling a stunt like this? You'd risk ruining your reputation as a designer? If Damian hadn't held me back, I would've ended your career in the design department already." Isabelle's voice stayed calm and steady as she fixed her gaze on her.

Damian sat in his office chair, his brows furrowed, watching Isabelle remain utterly composed on the couch despite the mounting pressure.

"Wendy, apologize. Then leave." Damian's voice was firm and decisive.

"Dami!" Wendy threw a petulant fit, turning to him with a whine.

"Call me Mr. Cross."

"She gets to call you Dami—so why can't I?"

"Nor can you." Damian gestured toward Isabelle, his voice rising faintly. Isabelle fell silent, merely pressing her lips into a thin line.

Wendy felt wronged, but when Damian gave an order, she had no choice but to swallow her pride and offer her apology.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Foster. I shouldn't have framed you, and I won't do it again."

"Got it." Isabelle let out a quiet sigh of relief, thoroughly satisfied.

Damian waved a hand to dismiss them—listening to the two bicker was making his head throb.

Wendy stormed out in a rage.

"Wait." A thought suddenly struck Damian.

He looked up and asked softly, "When you left the other night, did you run into anyone else?"

Isabelle's hands clenched tightly—so he'd seen something that night too, and from his tone, he was even more troubled by it than she was.

Wendy's eyes turned cold as she glanced back at Isabelle. "No."

He nodded faintly. "You may go now. Close the door on your way out.

Isabelle, you stay."

Wendy shot Isabelle one last icy glare before storming off, visibly seething.

Isabelle's stomach dropped. "Mr. Cross, is there something else?"

"Come here."

She complied and stepped over to his desk.

Damian was leaning back in his chair, his hands resting casually on the armrests, exuding an air of total dominance over the room.

"So you thought I wouldn't call you out on this, did you?" Damian said.

"Mr. Cross, I have no idea what you're talking about." Isabelle feigned innocence.

She knew Damian was far too sharp not to see through her little ploys, yet she still wanted to gauge his reaction.

She wanted to know if what he'd said before—about her potentially becoming his wife—had been sincere, or if he'd only said it out of guilt after their night together.

"Oh, so it's 'Mr. Cross' now. A moment ago you were calling me 'Dami' left and right. It rolled right off your tongue, didn't it?"

Damian watched her fighting back a smile, and despite wanting to be annoyed with her, he simply couldn't bring himself to feel that way.

"I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

She was holding back her amusement, her eyes darting around the room before fixing on his shirt collar.

In an instant, she flashed back to the shirt she'd torn off him the day before.

Damian followed her gaze and glanced down at his own shirt. "Why that look?"

The moment he spoke, Isabelle quickly shook her head.

That stoked his curiosity, and he leaned back in his chair with a lazy smirk, watching her closely.

"What — you want me again?" he murmured.