

Chapter 163: What a complete jerk!

Hannah's POV:

Well, although Ethan and I had discussed last night, I couldn't afford to refuse his help with Michael. I really needed to work things out with his daddy. Still, when he came to pick up our baby early the next morning, I had to recognize that he was actively participating in Michael's life. We didn't talk that much with each other though because we were annoyed from last night, both stubborn and not willing to concede.

And then when Michael was gone, I had time to get ready for work without any milk stains. So that was a good thing for once. I got to work extra early, completely prepared for the day. Nothing would ruin my day today. Katrina arrived 15 minutes earlier for work too. She looked at me and just nodded. That was better than the whole treatment she had given me so far. Maybe she thinks that I did something right for once. I didn't know if I should wait for her to call me or if I should proactively offer my help. I didn't have to wait long, though, because when James arrived 5 minutes later, he called me to go to Katrina's office.

"Good morning, James, and good morning to you too, Hannah. and it's good to see you right on

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time," Katrina mumbled. I knew she would be unpleasant like this, but it was harsh to have someone bother you that much at work. I've always worked with people who try to seek harmony, and she was an outlier in this matter.

"Good morning," I mumbled back to her.

"So, what are we going to do today, Katrina?"

James asked excitedly. He was the only one who could keep the mood in this situation. But I think he was trying to ignore the cold feeling that was coming from Katrina.

"So today, one of our clients requested another proposal for a reception room area they have because they didn't like the first one we sent them, so if you have any ideas, they might be in the next project," she mumbled to us.

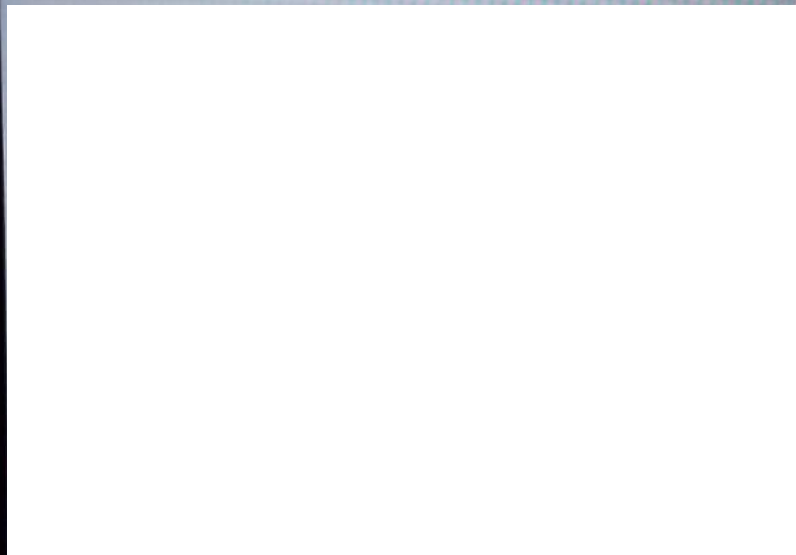
"Isn't that exciting, Hannah?" James asked me happily. I just nodded at him, being careful in case Katrina said something ironic to me.

The project looked simple. It was a waiting room for high-profile clients in a law firm, and it should demonstrate aspects like elegance, sophistication, and sobriety. While Katrina was describing the whole concept, all I could think about was mahogany furniture, cream light colors, and golden details. The previous proposal that the client didn't accept was all in black and grey, and according to what she said, they didn't like it

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because they thought it was too boring and not sophisticated.

When the right moment arrived, I suggested everything that I had in my mind – all the colors, schemes, combinations, and furniture. At the end, the proposal was looking very nice. I'm not sure

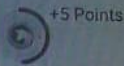


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why Katrina allowed me to provide so many ideas, but she eventually gave me the chance to incorporate everything I had in mind. I was particularly proud of myself because my vision was actually elegant.

"Well, I think we're still missing something. What do you think?" she asked me after a while.

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"Something like the cherry at the top of the cake?" James asked.

"Yeah, it's probably this. What about a ceiling pendant?" I suggested to them.

"That actually sounds good," Katrina told me.

After that, we started to try different combinations in the program, taking about 15 more minutes to find the right one that matched the environment that we created. We printed the perspectives, and Katrina put them in a portfolio, which was apparently a normal procedure for presenting to clients. Katrina was acting abnormally. She was quiet and actually giving some value to my opinion, and I wasn't sure why it was causing me so many suspicions about her.

But after that, we looked at our work for the day, and she seemed to be satisfied with what we did. "Well, congratulations," she said to me, but her tone felt as if she didn't want me to succeed in that endeavor.

I smiled weakly at her and just said, "Thank you."

"Well, tomorrow, we're going to have a meeting with the client, and we're going to talk about this project. I hope we do this well because otherwise, the client might abandon the project."

"So, no pressure, but this is your responsibility right now," James whispered in my ear. "Oh, and

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she just gave this kind of work to someone who has no experience at all," he murmured back to me.

"Don't worry; we're going to be fine. In my life, I've performed several tasks where I didn't know what I was doing, and everything ended well. So, we're going to be fine this time, too," I told him.

We prepared the whole document for the meeting the next day and went home.

Ethan was still annoyed with me because of our fight earlier that day. He didn't say much when I arrived to pick up Michael, but Michael was looking better. It was visible that he was feeling better, and I couldn't help but be glad to see that his daddy was taking care of him in such a good way.

"Thank you for taking care of him," I said to Ethan.

"Sure, no problem. He's my baby boy too," Ethan said. "But did Patricia mention anything to you about when she's coming back?" Ethan asked me.

I knew that he had a bunch of responsibilities, even though he was working from the shores to stay close to his son. "Actually, I didn't hear anything from Patricia since she left. I should probably reach out to her. You know how everything is," I told him.

"Good," he nodded and approved. "So, how was

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work today?' he asked me, trying to maintain a civilized conversation.

"Better, actually," I smiled at him a little more excitedly. "I had the chance to bring a vision into a prospect today."

"Good for you!" he told me.

"Thanks," I said. "So, now I think I'm going home. I'll see you later, okay?" I told him, grabbing Michael.

"Sure, see you later," he humored me. I could sense that he wasn't that comfortable with me today, but it was probably because of our fight. We never managed to amend things after that.

When I arrived home, I sent Patricia a message to see how everything was going with her and her sister, but it was late, especially in her sister's city, so I wasn't expecting an answer that night.

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The next day, I arrived early and prepared everything for the meeting. I knew I wasn't going to participate, but I wanted to leave everything in place for Katrina. So, I organized the files, and left everything ready for the meeting at 9:00.

As always. She arrived at the office 15 minutes early. She still wasn't that happy about my presence there, and I could feel that, but I decided

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to ignore the uneasy feeling and gave her all the portfolios for the case.

After that, I sat at my desk and started to do some administrative chores. A few minutes later, Myers entered the office, happily as he always seemed to be, and started to talk to everyone, including me.

"Hey Hannah, how is everything so far? I hope the staff is treating you well," he told me.

"Yes, they are," I smiled at him.

"Ok, I've heard that yesterday you worked with Katrina regarding the project that the client rejected earlier. Right?" he asked me. "Yeah, that's right, and I really think that we did a good job," I told him, my smile wider than before.

"Well, don't you want to see if the client is going to like your project or not?" he asked me.

"Actually, I do want to see that," I told him. I was dying to enter that meeting and Katrina didn't even mention taking me or James. So, of course, I used the first opportunity I had to get to that room.

"Come on, I'll take you there. If Katrina forgot to ask you to come along, you are my invitee," Myers told me excitedly. I wouldn't tell him, but I knew that Katrina hadn't invited me to this meeting on purpose. So, I followed him, and we both entered the room discreetly.

"As you can see in these new proposals, I chose to

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create something completely different from what I had presented to you before," Katrina was telling the client's representatives. "So please, forget about that grayish thing you saw before and pay attention to this wonderful, warm, and inviting environment that you're seeing in front of you." She said to them.

After that, the client's representatives looked at the proposal with admiration, and the whole team was excited about this new project at the end of the meeting. "Congratulations, Katrina," one of the client representatives said. "I think this time you hit the bullseye." He said to her.

"Well, it's just the result of hours of hard work," she said. But instead of giving us credit for helping, Katrina didn't mention that I worked with her on this project. She simply took all the credit for what we did.

"And that Lighting Pendant, what is that?" another client asked her. "I mean, this is monumental," she said to Katrina.

"Well, only the best for my favorite clients," she said to her. I knew that this wouldn't surprise me because I could feel that Katrina would do something like this, but that didn't mean I wasn't annoyed by the fact that Katrina completely decided to omit the fact that she didn't work on this project alone.

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I was still waiting for her to give me and James a little credit for the work that we did. After all, every idea in that portfolio was mine. She just remained silent while I was working, and that wasn't fair. Myers didn't get to help me because he was

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talking to others after the meeting, so he wasn't there to defend me and reprimand Katrina for not giving me credit for the work I did. And then, I knew in my experience, arguing in front of a client wasn't the best idea for business.

But what a complete jerk she was!

