

Surprised 981

Chapter 981 In the Elevator

The cancellation of the cooperation with Daisy and the compensation of three million was soon spread out.

Once the accountants left, the news quickly spread within the company.

"Mr. Clarke never loses. What's wrong this time? He lost eight million dollars in a day?" someone was surprised.

"It is true, but Mr. Clarke seems to be in a good mood still."

"I have a friend who is Daisy's designer. She said that the termination was made by Mr. Clarke without saying the reason and he was willing to pay the penalty. Of course, she would take it. That was eight million dollars."

Wearing a long red dress, diamond-studded heels and a limited-edition bag, Georgia walked through the door.

Walking for the elevator, she overheard the employees talk and stopped.

"Who knows what Mr. Clarke is thinking? I guess rich people are capricious."

"It's not his style. He's usually had everything under his control."

"Tristan is purchasing office supplies and has ordered six new desks." someone was pretty sure, "I just came out of the purchase department."

"I heard we were going to be partners with the Marsh Group and Mrs. Marsh will personally be in charge of the dress designs."

"I have also heard of it. I can't believe it. With the Marsh Group's fame and status, why would it take such an order?"

"And Mr. Marsh is going to send his wife to work here? That will be a waste of talent."

"Mr. Marsh is friends with Mr. Clarke? Why didn't we know about it? They haven't cooperated before, right?"

"No."

After hearing all this, Georgia had learned something

It was her father who canceled the deal with Daisy and lost \$8 million, and he was now working back together with the Marsh Group.

It was indeed an honor to wear Jennifer-designed clothes.

She was Emma, the chief designer, and also the wife of Ivan Marsh.

Georgia thought it was good, but eight million going to waste? She didn't know what her father was thinking.

"Ahem!"

The female staff who were talking heard this and turned around. They saw Georgia, and quickly stood straight, and then respectfully greeted her, "Ms. Clarke!" They were startled.

"What are you talking about?"

Georgia raised her chin, standing there, "As a qualified staff, you just have to do your job well. Don't worry about the rest. Aren't you afraid your salaries would be deducted if you keep spreading rumors?"

"Sorry, Miss Clarke." The staff all lowered their heads and did not dare to breathe.

"Go back to work."

"Yes!"

Everyone fled into the office.

Georgia continued to walk toward the elevator, as a star, she had busy schedule every day and rarely

came to the company.

She indeed had a well-managed figure and walked gracefully. It was all thanks to her daily workout in the gym.

She was an A-list actress, with a personal fitness trainer.

When the doors were opened, Tristan walked in with the document, Georgia quickened her pace and rushed into the elevator before the doors closed.

Tristan looked at her in silence, without any expression on his face.

"Hi, Tristan, I haven't seen you in a long time." Georgia smiled and greeted him. "Is my dad in the office?"

"He is." Tristan was not very enthusiastic and replied shortly.

He didn't seem to like Georgia.

The numbers on the wall of the elevator increase, and the only two of them were in the relatively small space.

Such silence made Georgia a little embarrassed, after all, no matter where she was, she was always the focus. Only Tristan would ignore her like this.

"Is it certain that the dresses will be designed by the Marsh Group?" Georgia turned her eyes to look at him and found a topic that she knew he would surely answer.

Chapter 982 No Family Photos

"Yes." Tristan nodded, and then said nothing more.

Georgia was very curious, " Did the Marsh Group initiate the cooperation with us?" It seemed unlikely that her dad would go to them.

"Don't know."

Georgia was speechless, feeling his indifference. He had always been like this.

As for why she appeared in the company, Tristan had no interest, even as the president's assistant.

In fact, Georgia and Tristan had known each other since a long time ago, but Georgia was different in front of and behind the cameras.

While Tristan didn't like to make friends, nor did he like hypocritical people like her.

Tristan always did things following the heart. If he didn't like someone, he wouldn't want to talk to him or her. Therefore, they were in bad terms.

Ding! The elevator stopped and the doors opened.

Tristan stood there and didn't move, waiting for her to walk out first.

Georgia looked over at him. He was almost as tall as Ivan. He was nearly 6. 2 feet tall and he had good looks. He just didn't like to smile.

"The doors will close if you don't go out." Tristan said lightly.

Georgia smiled, "Tristan, if you did not reject me at the beginning, maybe you would now be my dad's son-in-law. He had been taking you as his successor."

Tristan looked over indifferently at her, "I don't like actresses. You know how things work in your industry."

"But I have never done anything shameful things." Georgia was pissed, "You can't be biased against all actresses!"

Tristan didn't intend to argue with her, thinking that it was a waste of time.

He stepped out and walked to the president's office without looking back.

Georgia came to herself and immediately followed him out, because they had stayed in the elevator for too long, he was almost caught by the elevator doors.

Tristan walked into the office, put the documents and came out.

Zack was in a good mood. He finally found her daughter, whom he had been missing day and night!

He would see her very soon...

He didn't know if her childhood habits were changed, did she still like to eat cake?

Thinking about it, he couldn't help but smile.

When Georgia walked in, she saw her father sitting at the desk, smiling.

"Dad!"

Zack looked up and he put away his smile.

"What are you so happy about?" she came up to him, "Is it because of the cooperation with the Marsh

Group?"

"You heard it?"

"Well, I heard about it." Georgia walked to the desk, she had doubts. He had lost eight million, why was

he so happy?

"What's up?" Zack asked.

"Dad, do you remember what day tomorrow is?"

"Tomorrow?" Zack looked at the calendar, "What day?"

"We take a family photo every year. We can use it to advertise the company." Georgia reminded him, "I

have picked ten sets of matching clothes for us. I have sent the photos of them to our family group

chat. You should check them out some time."

Take a family photo?

If Michelle saw the family photo, would she think she would ruin his current happy life?

"No family photos." Zack looked up at her, "I'm going on a business trip tomorrow."

Georgia was stunned for a moment, then said with a smile, "It doesn't matter! We can wait for you to

come back and take it! Anyway, we do it once a year as a family habit. There is no rush."

Zack looked at her. "I just said two sentences and you only heard the latter one."

"What?"

Their eyes met and Georgia thought about it. No family photos?

"No family photos this year?" she asked, stunned.

Zack nodded, then looked away, opened a document, and said with, "No more anymore."

Chapter 983 Pain in Her Breasts

Hearing this, Georgia was dumbfounded.

She was stunned for a long time, "But dad... Why?" she was a bit anxious and said, "It won't take more than two hours."

This was her mother's most anticipated day of the year!

"There is no reason for it."

Zack picked up the pen and signed his name at the end of the document. His voice was calm, "If there is nothing else, go home. I'll have a meeting later."

Georgia felt alienation from her father as a president, for a second, she even doubted if the man sitting in front of her was really her father.

"Do you have anything else?" asked the man without looking up.

Georgia could tell that he had made up his mind. If she said something more, it would only make him mad.

But... Her mother sent her to pick the clothes, and she did, for three hours.

She took into account the preferences of each family member, from style to color.

Now, how should she tell her mother?

Zack looked up and asked, "Is there anything else?"

She shook her head, stunned. "No."

Zack did not drive her out, just withdrew his gaze and continued to review the documents.

Georgia, with doubts and loss, turned around and slowly walked out of the president's office.

She took the elevator downstairs. She had been thinking on the way home what went wrong today.

In less than a day, Zack cancelled the cooperation with Daisy and became partners with the Marsh Group.

And, no family photos?

Georgia stopped the car in the Clarke family's yard. The 12-year-old Eason was kicking a football.

The football flew straight toward Georgia who had just gotten off the car.

"Miss Georgia, be careful!" the butler, who had just walked out of the living room, saw it and shouted in horror.

"Ah!"

Georgia couldn't react at all, the football hit her chest heavily.

It almost crushed her prosthetic silicone.

The pain made her bend down to cover her chest. She raised her eyes and cursed, "Eason, you little bastard!"

"Georgia, I'm sorry..." the little boy ran over, "I'm sorry, Georgia..."

Georgia gritted her teeth and was about to snap him.

"Miss Georgia!" her wrist was grabbed by Aiden, the butler who had rushed over. Aiden whispered to remind her, "Your mother's at home."

Georgia glared at the little boy, "Get out of my face." She wished she could beat him up.

"Georgia..." The little boy was afraid, but he did not leave.

"Mr. Eason, go in." Aiden reminded him with a frown.

"Is Georgia going to be okay?" Eason had some intellectual problems, but he cared about others.

"Should she go see a doctor?"

He asked, with tears in his eyes. He knew he had made trouble and genuinely cared about Georgia.

Georgia hated him, however.

She rolled her eyes at him and walked towards the living room.

She almost lost some fans when everyone knew she had a retarded brother.

Yes, this family photo didn't include Eason, because he didn't look like a normal child.

If he joined the photo, the media would write all kinds of news about it.

Joan was coming down the stairs. "Georgia, you are home." She was with a smile, "Have you picked

out the clothes? Has your dad seen them? What does he think?"

"Mom."

The pain in Georgia's chest had dissipated, and she smiled. "I have chosen the clothes, but..."

Seeing her in hesitation, Joan had a bad feeling, "But what? What happened?" She had been looking

forward to this day.

"But dad said that from this year on, no more family photos," Georgia said truthfully.

Joan was in shock!

Her expression changed. "How's it possible? He said the day before yesterday that he has cleared his

schedule for tomorrow. He said we are doing it outdoor this year, riding horses. He has even hired a

famous photographer from another country."

"I don't know. I went to his office and that's what he said," after that, Georgia walked past her and went upstairs.

She felt more and more pain in her breasts.

Chapter 984 Wait for Her

Joan frowned and she felt out of favor.

The outside world all knew her as Mrs. Clarke and saw them a model family. Every year, they would take a family photo to show off. She had always been envied by other ladies for having a happy family.

But only she herself knew the bitterness.

Zack probably didn't take her as his partner. He never let her participate in business, and he didn't tell her about how the company was doing. She just didn't need to worry about anything.

She took a light breath, and her eyes fell on her son who had just entered the door. She suddenly felt tired.

She thought...

How good would it be if he were a healthy child? The situation would be different.

Maybe this was her retribution?

"Madam."

Aiden came to hold her arm and asked anxiously, "Do you want to go upstairs and have a rest? When

Mr. Clarke came back, you can ask him yourself. You shouldn't overthink here."

"Uh-huh." She nodded.

"Mommy..." Eason came to her and looked up at her. "I want to eat hot god, hungry." His big eyes were pure.

"Didn't you just eat one?" Joan looked down at her son. "You can't get any fatter."

"Hungry!" The little guy put his hand on his stomach and cried loudly. "Hungry, hot dog..."

His cry was very annoying!

Joan helplessly looked at Aiden.

Aiden told her, "I'll make one for him." Then he took Eason's hand. "Come, come with me." They

walked towards the kitchen.

They all said illness might drift apart family.

It was sometimes true.

Joan loved Eason, after all, that was her son.

But it had been years, she felt tired and annoyed sometimes.

Even if it was her son, she would sometimes feel so annoyed by him that she wanted to hit him.

In the afternoon.

Tristan had emptied the office next door, all the items were brand new and even the carpet. All the glasses were polished as clean as new.

There was fragrance in the air.

Zack came over to check it himself. He nodded with satisfaction with a smile. "Michelle will like it."

"Michelle?" Tristan asked, "Who is she?"

Zack's heart skipped a beat. He met Tristan's eyes and he put away his smile, "What? I didn't say

Michelle."

Then he looked around, smiled and asked, "Don't you think this place looks great? With so many green plants, it looks great."

"Yes, they are flourishing." Tristan also looked around, very satisfied with the layout, "And I think we need a fish tank!"

Tristan's eyes suddenly lit up, "I will go get one now!" Then he turned around and left.

Zack was satisfied, with a smile on his face.

Before leaving work, he called Ivan and sent him a photo of the office.

He said that he welcomed all the designers of the Marsh Group to come here and visit it tomorrow.

In fact, Ivan hadn't told Jennifer in detail about everything.

She promised to be in charge of the project, but did not know what it was.

At dusk.

In the Clarke family, when the black Volvo was parked in the yard, Joan adjusted mood and walked out.

As Zack got out of the car, Joan stood in front of him and took the jacket from him. "You are home.

Today, Aiden made your favorite dishes."

"Good." Zack looked calm and walked toward the living room.

Joan suppressed all the doubts inside and decided to talk to him after dinner.

Chapter 985 Scared Out of Her Wits

Zack usually didn't work overtime and dinner was ready when he came back.

In the brightly-lit restaurant, Georgia went downstairs with Eason.

He was 12 years old, and he wore a bib for dinner. He couldn't use a knife and fork but big spoon.

His eyes looked a little dull, but he had kindness that not everyone had.

The dinner was very hearty, and the room looked warm.

No one mentioned the family photos or the eight million, no one even mentioned the cooperation with the Marsh Group.

Joan observed him and he seemed to be in a good mood.

After dinner, Joan stayed downstairs with her son and taught him to read.

Zack went upstairs to his study.

At 8:30 p. m.

Joan came to the door of the study with a glass of warm milk. She looked at the man whose eyes fell on the piano.

He seemed to be lost in memories.

Joan took a light breath and knocked on the open door, "Zack." She walked inside.

"Have a glass of milk." Joan smiled and walked up to him.

Zack took it, and heard her say, "Don't stay up. Your health is the most important thing."

"Okay." He drank the milk.

Joan stopped talking until he finished the last sip of milk in the glass and finally gently put her hand on his shoulder and asked.

"Zack, why aren't we taking family photos?" She looked up, staring at him, her voice gentle and she was patiently waiting for his answer.

Zack casually put the empty glass on the desk, facing her eager eyes, "Does Michelle's disappearance have nothing to do with you?"

Worried, he could not help asking this question.

Joan was startled and her face suddenly turned pale!

"What do you mean?" Joan asked, frowning. "Are you questioning me?"

She suddenly took a big hit, "Zack, have you been suspecting me for years?" She was dumbfounded.

Zack looked calm, and just stared at her for a few seconds.

Zack didn't keep asking the matter, after all, there was no conclusive evidence. He quickly withdrew his eyes.

"It's getting late. Go to bed," Zack said softly, and then walked out, as if he had not asked anything.

Joan looked at her, stunned for a long time.

She was nervous and in shock, with unspeakable distress.

Why did Zack suddenly ask this? She was a little terrified... Lying next to Zack, it was destined to be a sleepless night for her.

In the Emerald Bay.

After dinner, Ivan and Jennifer clasped their hands and walked in the yard.

The bright moon shone up there, and they were about to end the FaceTime with the kids.

"Daddy, mommy, we want a younger brother and sister!" Alfie urged him again, "You have promised us and you must keep your words!"

Diana also added, "You can't lie to us!"

"Got it!" Jennifer smiled and rolled her eyes. "Listen to your grandma and take good care of her, okay?"

She didn't want to talk to them anymore.

They said goodbye, waved hands, and ended the FaceTime.

Ivan put away his phone and they walked towards the open pool in which the water glittered.

"I have signed the contract with the Clarke Corp." Ivan told her.

Jennifer asked, "What project is it?"

"For their annual meeting, they make dresses every year for the employees. Would you design for them? You can take a few designers with you to the Clarke Corp. It should last a month."

Chapter 986 Send Her to the Clarke Corp

"Work over there?" Jennifer was a little surprised, turned her eyes and asked, "Why?"

"It will be more convenient. Although it will only take a month, the workload is quite heavy."

Ivan said, "There are more than 100 executives, they all have to attend the annual meeting, and there are a group of staff. We have to design about 200 clothes, which is only a conservative estimate."

"Two hundred clothes in a month?" Jennifer punched him in his chest, "And you are only giving me five designers?"

"How many do you need?" Ivan stopped to look at her and asked seriously, "You can take the whole design department with you if you want, honey."

Jennifer looked at him for three seconds and couldn't help laughing.

"I will just take five for now." She walked and said in a relaxed tone, "Two hundred clothes, right? I will call you when I need more help."

"Great." Ivan followed her, putting his arm around her shoulder.

Ivan wants her to be happy and live her life without regrets, just as she had done for him.

She made his paranoid mother normal, cured Aubree's scars and repaired his relationship with his mother.

About why Jennifer left the Clarke family, perhaps only she herself knew it.

One day, Ivan would know it too. And he would not let go of anyone who had ever hurt his wife!

The next day, in the morning.

A limited-edition Lamborghini headed towards the Clarke Corp.

Ivan drove himself, sitting in the spacious driver's seat.

Jennifer and five designers were sitting in the back seat, as they were getting closer and closer, she was lost in her thoughts.

But the other five designers were very excited.

They weren't excited about going to the Clarke Corp, but be in Mr. Marsh's Lamborghini.

"Mrs. Marsh..." Phoebe, a designer, suppressed her excitement and called gently.

Jennifer stopped thinking and smiled at her.

"Can I take a selfie here?" Phoebe excitedly asked.

Jennifer looked at them, who were all excited, nodded and agreed, "Of course."

"Yeah!" Everyone was very happy.

Jennifer then saw them take out their phones and get together to take selfies happily.

After taking the photos, they posted them online, which attracted the envy of all the rest designers in

the department, who commented, "Jealous!"

"Is it Mr. Marsh who is driving?"

"How lucky!"

"It's so enviable! I've never been in a sports car in my life!"

Jennifer took out her phone and scrolled through her Facebook and saw the comments. She couldn't

help smiling.

They were all so lovely.

"Mrs. Marsh," Phoebe saw Jennifer like her post, she smiled and looked up, "We all envy you. You have won Mr. Marsh's heart and soul."

"It must be fate. I didn't know I would marry him." Jennifer had a happy smile on her face.

When the Lamborghini stopped at the Clarke Corp, Zack waited there with several executives.

The car was a symbol of power, which attracted a lot of people's attention.

The doors were opened and everyone got off.

Jennifer saw Zack at a glance. Although she was prepared, she couldn't help but feel stunned.

There was a both familiar and strange feeling.

Zack also looked at her, and for a moment, they forgot the existence of everyone around them.

Chapter 987 Hospitality

But the moment didn't last long as Jennifer soon came to herself.

Ivan came over, put his arm around her shoulder, and took her to meet the executives of the Clarke

Corp.

They greeted each other.

"I'd appreciate it if you can cooperate with Jennifer," Ivan had exquisite features, "You should cater to

her needs at work unconditionally."

"That is for sure." Zack made his stand, "Mr. Marsh, you can be rest assured. Mrs. Marsh is our honored guest, we will treat her with hospitality. Mrs. Marsh, will you please follow me?"

Jennifer looked at Ivan, "You should go back to work now. You don't have to walk us upstairs, you are busy and I am not a child."

With just a few words, everyone around was envious.

Ivan waved at everyone and kissed Jennifer on the forehead before walking back to the car.

"Mrs. Marsh, please."

Zack was polite and wanted to look at her for a few more seconds, but he was afraid it would be offensive, so he held it back.

Although the Clarke Corp was not as big as the Marsh Group, the office environment here was good.

The CEO here seemed to be a thoughtful man.

Taking the elevator upstairs, Zack and the executives took them to the newly-decorated office.

The layout of the place was refreshing, with plants and a fish tank.

"Mrs. Marsh, nice to meet you." Tristan waited here, tall and cool.

He was very polite, "My name is Tristan Norwell, I am Mr. Clarke's assistant. In the following month, you can call me if you need anything."

As he was speaking, Jennifer watched him and had a good impression of him.

Tristan was the last one to leave. Zack had a meeting, so he left first.

"Mrs. Marsh, do you like fish?" Tristan came to the fish tank, "I bought this. I do not know if you will like it. If not, I can move it away."

"I like it." Jennifer smiled at him. "Thank you, Mr. Norwell."

"Just call me Tristan," he said, "Everyone in the company calls me Tristan."

After just a few minutes, all the designers from the Marsh Group had had a good impression of Tristan.

Right after he left, Phoebe couldn't help saying, "He's quite composed and handsome!"

"And he's the CEO's trusted man here, young."

"He's like Finnley, but he seems more alienated than Finnley."

"That makes him more attractive, like Mr. Marsh."

Susan, another designer, could not help but express her views, "I wonder if he and I will have a story in

a month."

At this time, the only male designer here, Drew, said, "You didn't even have any story with Finnley, who you used to see every day."

"Shut your mouth, Drew!" Susan was pissed, "Can't you just say something nice?"

"You can teach me," Drew laughed out loud deliberately.

A quiet designer, Daisy, said, "Well, we are here to work. Let's hear Mrs. Marsh arrangement."

"Stop thinking about Tristan. 200 clothes in a month, this task is not easy." Phoebe also said, "We have to prove our worth here."

Jennifer smiled and sat down in the office chair. "I like the office. They did make much efforts." Her father must have done all this.

She suddenly felt strange. Her dad's office was right next door and she was so close to him...

"The room is spacious and I like the chair." Drew said.

"Mrs. Marsh, should we start working now?"

Jennifer came to herself and turned on the computer, "We should first review their previous designs to find the commonness and the differences. I have sent them to your emails last night."

The designers all gave her a thumbs-up.

"You are so efficient, Mrs. Marsh!"

Chapter 988 Miss Clarke

Joking aside, they were serious when they started to work.

Soon, they looked through the designs in the past five years.

Some people were typing on the keyboard to take notes, while some had a little frown.

About half an hour later...

"I'm finished." Daisy was quiet, looking up. "These styles are very ordinary, not particularly outstanding."

Playing with the pen in his left hand and with a mouse in his right hand, with his eyes staring at the screen, Drew said, "It's literally garbage! Even our draft designs were better than these!"

Jennifer heard their conversation and did not refute, "Phoebe, what do you think?"

"I didn't see anything I like." Phoebe said straightforwardly, "The designers are not as good as me."

At this time, Susan also said, "Mrs. Marsh, I think the Clarke Corp's designers are lack of creativity, but their designs passed probably because Mr. Clarke's too old to know fashion."

"Yes, Mr. Marsh eyes would have them all redesigned!"

"Mrs. Marsh, we are really overqualified here."

After listening to them, Jennifer finally said, "The previous designs are indeed not good, but since we have initiated the cooperation, we have to do our best."

"We represent the Marsh Group, we can't be criticized, can we?"

Jennifer added, "I will personally review all your manuscripts and then Mr. Marsh will do a second review. You will be paid accordingly to your works."

"What?" Susan was shocked. "We are going all out?"

"Yes."

After all, this was her father's company.

At this time, downstairs parked a Maserati. Carefully-dressed, Georgia walked into the elevator in her high heels.

She looked enchanting with her cherry lips.

Arriving at the floor of her father's office, she stepped out of the elevator and walked toward the newly-

decorated office.

She had met with Jennifer several times before and didn't like her.

She actually came to the Clarke Corp to work? Zack offered a high salary and he respected her very much, she heard.

When Georgia passed by the door of the president's office, Tristan inside accidentally looked up and caught her.

He stopped his work, got up and went out to follow her.

Georgia didn't knock on the door and went straight into Jennifer's office.

Hearing the footsteps, the six people who were busy raised their eyes and looked at Georgia.

No one was surprised or excited.

Ten seconds later, Georgia felt awkward.

She had been used to everyone's attention. "Is everyone in the Marsh Group so impolite? Don't you know who I am?"

What was this? Everyone changed glances and finally looked at Jennifer.

Jennifer calmly looked into Georgia's eyes, sitting in the office chair, her right hand was still holding the

mouse.

"Let me tell you!" Georgia walked in, put her hands over her chest, "Here am I, not as a famous actress, but the daughter of Mr. Clarke. You didn't even greet me?"

Georgia thought that her words should be intimidating.

But the designers all arched their eyebrows, making her feel like a clown.

As Drew wanted to say something, he saw Jennifer stand up and said with a smile, "What are you here for, Miss Clarke?"

"So, you know who I am." Georgia emphasized, "I am the daughter of Zack Clarke!"

Outside the door, Tristan frowned. What did she want to do? Did she know Jennifer's identity?

She was the wife of Ivan Marsh!

Chapter 989 A Tough Woman

"Geez! Is there really such a cocky person in the world? I've never seen someone like you before!"

Drew got up, looked at Georgia and refuted. "I haven't seen any of your shows."

Susan also hummed, "You are seeing one right now."

Georgia glared at them. She didn't bother to argue with these blurry faces.

With her arms over her chest, she looked at Jennifer in a commanding manner.

Jennifer looked indifferent and alienated, smiled and asked her, "Is Mr. Clarke really your biological father?"

Georgia's face suddenly changed.

"Jennifer, what do you mean by that?" She felt angry and guilty

All the designers looked at each other, and they were all shocked.

"Mrs. Marsh, what were you saying?" Drew looked at Georgia, and then at Jennifer, he raised his voice,

"Isn't she Mr. Clarke's biological daughter?"

At this point, Jennifer and Georgia had locked eyes.

Jennifer looked calm, but Georgia seemed furious.

Seeing Georgia's pale face and the doubts on everyone else's faces.

Jennifer explained, "I just think she doesn't look like Mr. Clarke, not even in character."

Everyone realized it was a false alarm. They had thought they got to know a huge secret.

"What can I do for you?" Jennifer looked back and sat down in the office chair.

Georgia tried to restrain her emotions, she comforted herself that Jennifer must not know anything. She was just casually asking.

The Clarke family's past had never been revealed online, no one should know that her mother was her father's second wife.

After she believed that Jennifer was just casually saying it, she got confident again.

She took out a business card from her luxury purse and put it on Jennifer's desk.

"There's my e-mail address on it. I want ten gowns in small size!" She said in a condescending manner, with her arms crossed over her chest.

Georgia despised Jennifer, she said, "Since you are Emma, a famous designer, I want to see what you can design."

Jennifer chuckled, "Do I need to prove it to you?"

"Rest assured, I will pay for it. I have money!" Georgia ordered, "I want the designs in ten days."

"Hey! You think Mrs. Marsh is here for money?" Phoebe finally could not help it anymore, "What is wrong with you?"

Georgia turned to glare at her, "Shut up! Who the hell are you?"

Her voice was very loud, and Phoebe was intimidated for a moment.

Then Georgia looked at Jennifer and ridiculed, "I heard that the Marsh Group initiated the cooperation, you are currying favor with us."

Jennifer was simply speechless and there was disdain in her eyes.

"Georgia, we will do what we have promised. But if you want to add temporary tasks, you will have to talk to Mr. Clarke and let him sign a new contract with my husband."

She had shown enough respect for her by calling her "Miss Clarke" just now.

Now that she called her by her first name, Georgia felt uncomfortable. There were several designers here, it was humiliating!

And Jennifer turned her down?

This made Georgia very angry.

"You are tough, huh?" Georgia sneered.

Jennifer answered, "You don't know me and don't try to. You are not a match for me."

Chapter 990 Double-faced

Standing outside the door, Tristan heard the conversation and was shocked.

His worries were completely relieved, and he admired Jennifer. He smiled and walked away.

Jennifer's words rang in his ear.

In the office next door.

"Georgia, do I need to repeat that?" Jennifer's eyes turned cold, "if you got it, please leave now, we are going back to work."

Then Drew got up and walked around the desk. "Leave!" He pushed her straight out.

"Hey! Don't touch me!"

Georgia was angry, but couldn't fight the brown-haired man with a nose ring.

She was forced to step back all the way and almost sprained her ankle.

Bang!

Draw slammed the door shut and it almost hit Georgia's newly-done nose!

She took two steps back.

"Are you sick? My father's the CEO here! How could you do that to me? This is not the Marsh Group!"

She was trembling with anger!

But she knew she was no match for Jennifer since there were six of them!

So, Georgia could only tolerate it for now. It was never too late to take revenge!

Georgia hadn't been humiliated like this for a long time. The last time was by Spencer.

Thinking of Spencer, she hated Jennifer even more!

She was Georgia Clarke! A famous actress who all the media loved.

She thought it was an honor that she asked Jennifer to design gowns for her.

She didn't take it?

Georgia walked to the elevator in anger and bumped into Tristan.

She calmed down and walked charmingly.

Tristan seemed to be different from before, inexplicably gentle and even with a little smile on his face.

Georgia was still angry. She had nothing to say to Tristan and did not even want to say hello to him.

Tristan didn't like her anyway.

Georgia soon walked pass him and hurried into the elevator.

Tristan walked towards the president's office.

It was not hard to see from Georgia's look that she had lost.

In the hall on the first floor.

As soon as the doors were opened, Georgia stepped out of the elevator, but before she took a few steps, she saw her father coming.

Carrying a small pink cake in his hand, Zack walked and talked with the senior executives next to him towards the elevator.

They both stopped when they saw each other.

"Dad, is today someone's birthday?" Georgia asked with a smile, her eyes fell on the cake. He bought a cake for someone? She must be in a high position here.

Across the transparent box, she could see that the cake was very delicate, girls would love it.

"Miss Clarke." the two executives greeted her.

Georgia looked at them with a smile with no response. She had always had a sense of superiority.

Zack didn't think much and replied, "This is for Mrs. Marsh and his designers."

"It was for Jennifer?"

"Yes," Zack looked at her. "You don't seem to like her?"

Georgia felt that Zack attached great importance to his partner very much, so she smiled, "No... Of course not."

She was jealous and did not show it.

Georgia said gently, "Dad, do you know Jennifer?"

Zack didn't know what she wanted to say, he listened.

"She's a double-faced woman," Georgia accused, "She looks down upon the Clarke Group."