

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 62

“Wow,” Janet said breathlessly.

“It’s beautiful... and it looks expensive.”

All of a sudden, she sighed.

“Don’t tell me you spent a fortune on me again.”

“Don’t worry. It didn’t cost much. I got it from my friend.”

Ethan said affectionately, lying as easily as breathing.

As he spoke, he ran his fingers across the woman’s slender waist restlessly.

It never occurred to Janet that the gem in front of her was a genuine diamond.

And how could it be real? If it was, Ethan had to be extremely rich.

Eyeing the twinkling gemstone, she said in awe, “Technology these days must be amazing. It looks like a real diamond!”

Ethan looked at her cute face and had to hold back a smile that kept tugging at the corner of his lips.

Lowering his head so that she couldn’t see his face, he took the diamond ring out of the box and slipped it onto her index finger.

Her fair, slender finger made the diamond pop out even more.

Delighted, he nibbled her neck and whispered, “You’re right. It does look real.”

“Ouch! Hey!”

Janet shot him a glare, rubbing the spot he bit.

Raising her hand, she stared at the diamond under the light.

Each facet glistened and twinkled.

Even she couldn’t help but nod with satisfaction.

Now, no one would try to rob her with such a big diamond ring on her finger, because it looked way too big.

It was obviously fake.

“Oh, that hurts already? Then what should you do when we get down to real business someday?”

Looking at the faint teeth marks he left on her neck, Ethan snickered.

“What’re you talking about?”

Hearing his naughty words, Janet blushed, her ears burning bright red. She quickly yanked at a towel to wipe her face.

Pushing him, she barked, "Get out of my way. I'm going to be late for work."

But Ethan's hands still lingered on her waist, unwilling to let her go.

"I'll let you go if you kiss me."

"Ethan, stop it. I'm going to be late!"

Janet quickly turned her face away stubbornly.

It was as red as an apple.

"It's not like we've never kissed before. Why are you so scared?"

Ethan whispered in her ear teasingly.

But in the end, he let her go.

He patted her on the head and murmured, "You win."

Janet looked at him, bewildered. She had thought that he'd force her to kiss him, but he didn't.

Ethan turned around and walked away. She stared at his back blankly, lost in thought.

When she arrived at the office, she found the design department bustling busily.

The new director, Tiffany Fisher, was quite strict.

She required everyone to submit an independent design within two weeks, and all the designers running around like headless chickens to meet the deadline.

"Why did Mr. Harding give us such a difficult director? She's worse than Ike," a male colleague complained under his breath as he made revisions to his design drawing.

Fortunately, Tiffany's office was far from here, so they could afford a moment to slack off.

"Tiffany's a typical twenty-first century iron lady. She's good with office work and housework."

Suddenly, a female colleague sitting next to Janet poked her head out.

"Hey, is she married? How old is she anyway?"

"I don't know how old she is, but I'm willing to bet she doesn't have a boyfriend."

The male colleague gnawed one end of his pen, lost in thought as he stared at his drawing. Janet commented lightheartedly, "I think she's good for this department. She might be cold and strict, but she's just and will get the job done. We could learn a lot from her."

As everyone chattered on excitedly, they suddenly heard a knock on the glass.

Tiffany was standing by the door in a black dress, her lips pursed unhappily.

“Since you all have so much free time on your hands, let’s have a meeting at ten o’clock.All you designers are required to attend.”

A hush fell over the office.

Everyone knew they were doomed.

The male colleague subtly made a gesture of slitting his throat.

“The design department just received an important project.We’ll be cooperating with another company to design the spring collection.Every designer has to submit their plan by the end of this week.”

As Tiffany spoke, she flipped through a PowerPoint presentation concisely.

Then, glancing at all the designers before her, she finished assigning tasks and left the room, like a teacher leaving her students to answer their test.

The atmosphere in the design department dropped several hundred degrees.

Janet and the other designers all worked overtime that week, sketching drafts seriously, as if they were in the middle of an intense exam.

Surprisingly, when the designs were submitted a week later, Janet’s design was selected.She thought the battle had come to an end.

But one morning, Tiffany suddenly called her into her office.

“You have to start over and design a new plan.”

Janet frowned, tilting her head to the side in confusion.

Tiffany looked at her indifferently.

“Don’t be anxious.Listen to me first.When we handed over your draft to the client, it was rejected and your designs were criticized thoroughly.They said they wanted something more serious.”