

Ms. Senior Interpreter, You're So Charming Chapter 3

Chapter 3

"Who is the woman wearing black-framed glasses standing at the back? Who allowed her to work here?"

As soon as William entered the office and took off his suit before sitting down, he asked his office manager, Rya Brown.

The woman wearing black-framed glasses?

Rya, who was nearly 50, pondered for a moment before replying respectfully, "Oh, her name is Hannah Porter. She recently graduated with a master's degree. Some time ago, Bruno recommended her to you as a Prourish interpreter, and you agreed to hire her at that time. I heard that she's not only proficient in Prourish, but also Feannish and Hainish. She's a rare talent as an interpreter."

When William, who was going through a document, heard Rya's words, he stopped reading and looked up at him to ask, "So, she is proficient in four languages?"

"Wow, she's so talented. I'll seek her help now since I happen to come across a few Feannish words that I can't read." As Tommy said this, he immediately slid down from the sofa and was about to dash out.

"Tommy, stop!"

As soon as William gave the order, Tommy immediately became well-behaved, standing at the spot and not daring to move.

"Take him to the lounge next door. Before he completes the homework on the list, he's not allowed to leave." Staring at the documents in his hand, William gave orders to Rya without even glancing at Tommy.

"Yes, sir." Rya nodded. Then, he turned to Tommy with a smile and said reverently, "Tommy, let's go."

Pouting his lips, Tommy glared at William before he grabbed his school bag and strode out. While swinging his arm, he mumbled, "I'm definitely not his son."

"What did you say?"

Snorting, Tommy turned his head and glared at William with a stubborn face while shouting, "I said I'm certainly not your son."

That was such a long list of homework! How could he ask him to finish all of that in a day when other children couldn't even finish it in a week?

Raising his head, William looked at Tommy and said expressionlessly, "Yes, I didn't give birth to you since I'm a man, but I am your father."

As Tommy was overtaken by grievance, he pouted his lips. "If Mom could wake up and speak, she definitely would not be as annoying as you are!"

Gazing at Tommy, William curled up his thin lips and ordered, "Go and do your homework."

Annoyed, Tommy snorted again.

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"Bella, the child just now, is he—"

"Shhh!" In the file room, Bella immediately stopped Hannah as soon as she spoke. Then, she whispered, "In the office, we are not allowed to discuss anything about Mr. Scott. On top of that, you can't mention anything you see or hear at this place to any outsiders after work. Didn't you sign an agreement before you come to work?"

Looking at Bella, who seemed stern, Hannah nodded guiltily. "I'm sorry, Bella."

"It's all right. Just keep that in mind," Bella warned.

Smiling, Hannah nodded. "I will."

Realizing that no one was around, Bella suddenly leaned over to whisper in her ear, "That's Mr. Scott's son, Tommy Scott."

Anyway, everyone in the President's Mansion knew about that, so it was not a secret. Since Hannah met Tommy today, Bella thought that it was necessary to tell her about it.

"Mr. Scott's son?" Hannah was surprised. "He—"

Before she blurted out anything, she realized that she had overstepped her bounds, so she immediately swallowed her words.

"Don't tell anyone about this, or you will be banned from the interpretation industry forever," while looking around again to ensure that no one was here, Bella reminded Hannah.

Nodding heavily, Hannah said, "Thank you. I got it."

“Well, let’s hurry up and find the documents. After this, I’ll bring you around to get familiar with the place.”

“Alright!”

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“Sir, this is the new Prourish interpreter, Hannah Porter.”

After Bella took Hannah around to get familiar with the President’s Mansion, they came to William’s office. There, Annabel asked Bella to wait outside while she brought Hannah in.

When they went in, William was standing in front of the ceiling-to-floor window with a coffee cup in his hand, staring outside the window while pondering. Upon hearing Annabel’s words, he averted his gaze to Hannah.

“Good morning, Mr. Scott. I’m Hannah. Today is my first day at work.” Bowing her head, she dared not meet William’s eyes.

Wearing a pair of bulky black-framed glasses with long hair draping over the shoulder without any style, she seemed rigid and old-fashioned. Not to mention how boring her white shirt and black suit were, where she buttoned it all the way to the top.

If Bruno hadn’t recommended her, no one would have an inkling that she was proficient in four languages.

With just one glance, William withdrew his gaze while saying in a cold and low tone.
“Alright. You may go now.”

“Yes, sir.” With a smile, Annabel nodded before turning to Hannah and said, “Let’s go!”

Smiling, Hannah nodded and walked out behind Annabel.

“Has the Minister of Finance arrived? If he’s here, let him in.” While looking out of the window and sipping his coffee, William suddenly ordered.

“Yes, sir.”

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“Caracteristique, caracteristique...”

“Hey, Black Glasses, Black Glasses!”

When Hannah came out of the president's office and was about to leave, she suddenly heard a child's crisp and tender voice from not far away.

Curious, Hannah turned her head to look in the direction of the voice.

As soon as she spotted Tommy, who popped his round head out from the slit of the door, she couldn't help laughing.

"Come here, Black Glasses!" When he noticed that Hannah had seen him, he quickly waved at her.

Black Glasses? Was he calling her?

Realizing that he had given her a nickname, she didn't mind it at all and turned to walk toward the child.

"Black Glasses, I heard that you're proficient in Feannish. This Feannish word is hard to pronounce, and I can't seem to get it right. Can you help me out?" As Hannah approached, Tommy pointed to the Feannish word on his notebook and asked in distress.

Looking at him, Hannah was surprised that a five or six-year-old child had already begun to learn Feannish. As expected, the president's son was different from others.

Looking at the word Tommy pointed at with his chubby little hand, she couldn't help but smile. Then, she squatted down and said seriously, "This is caractéristique. When you pronounce it, you need to curl up the tip of your tongue and press it against the teeth above. Look, this way."

"Caractéristique, caractéristique..." Following Hannah's method, Tommy slightly curled up his tongue and pressed it against his teeth while repeating the word. "Did I do it right?"

Amazed by his intelligence, Hannah replied with a smile, "Yes, that's right."

"What about this word?"

"Tommy!"

As soon as Tommy's excited voice ended, a majestic and low male voice immediately rang from a short distance away. When Hannah looked up and saw William, she couldn't help but feel her hair stood on end. Instantly, she stood up and greeted him respectfully, "Mr. Scott."

The moment Tommy saw his father's displeased face, he immediately pulled a long face and called reluctantly, "Dad."

“Come here.”

“Alright.” Pouting his lips, Tommy reluctantly walked toward William. When he stopped in front of William, he thought of Hannah, so he turned back and grinned. At the same time, he waved at her and said, “Bye, Black Glasses. I’ll look for you some other time.”

Gazing at such an innocent child, Hannah smiled, but she dared not speak under the pressure of William’s powerful aura, so she gently waved her hand and bid farewell to Tommy.

Elated, Tommy showed a wide grin, revealing two rows of neat little teeth. After that, he followed William into his office.

As the little figure disappeared from her sight, Hannah suddenly thought of the child she gave birth to five years ago.

That child was now five years old. Would he or she be as lovely as Tommy? Could she meet that child one day?

Thinking of that, Hannah couldn’t help but laugh at herself.

She didn’t even know if the baby was a boy or a girl. Even if they met in the future, she wouldn’t recognize her child.

At that thought, she warned herself to stop thinking about it. After all, that baby had nothing to do with her since then...

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