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"Tsk! How naive of you to think that I don't have the authority to do anything just because I don't work here!" After saying so, the man approached Hannah with a much softer expression. "Let's go. Ignore these uneducated people," he said calmly with a smile.

Hannah was deeply shocked by Xavier's words and actions. She did not expect that the gentle and graceful man would have a totally different side as such.

He held her hand and exited the room as everyone watched in absolute confusion.

Perplexed, Hannah felt like it was all a dream.

"You don't need to be polite to someone like that," Xavier said righteously. "I'll see your chief editor in a bit and tell her to fire that ridiculous lady."

Ms. Morrison? Oh no, not again. I don't want to give her the impression that I'm a trouble maker.

"Um... Mr. Jackson, there's no need for that. You see, it's not a big deal. Moreover, Ms. Morrison is very principled. She goes by the book."

Xavier looked her in the eye. "That lady is a scourge for more serious problems. I'm just nipping it in the bud for her. She should be thankful instead."

Before Hannah had a chance to persuade him, he had made a call to report the matter. "Hey, what's up?

"I discovered a rotten apple in your wife's office. Please get her to fire the person at once."

"Of course, I'm doing this for you. I'm here to support her."

A ton of guestions kept swirling in Hannah's mind.

His wife? Is he referring to Ms. Morrison? She's married? So Xavier called Ms. Morrison's husband?

"All right. That lady's name is..." Arching his brow, Xavier asked, "What's her name?"

Hannah stuttered, struggling to reply. "I-I'm not sure."

Xavier said over the phone, "Go get someone to investigate further. It just happened not too long ago. As for who to fire, it's all up to your woman."

Hanging up, he heaved a sigh. "You're too kind. Have you forgotten how she ostracized you? Even if you sweep it under the rug, Vivian will still find out anyway. So, why do you need to cover up for her?"

Unlike all of you presidents, I can't just do anything I like. Hannah grumbled in her heart.

"I-I was afraid to cause you trouble." That was all she could say.

"What's so troublesome about that? It only takes a phone call to get it done." Subsequently, his mood changed. "Fine, let's not think about unpleasant things. I'm here to congratulate you on your promotion. Let's celebrate."

What's there to celebrate? The mess I'm in?

"It's okay, forget it. I still have a lot of pending work to complete," Hannah rejected his invitation.

Knowing that she felt dejected, Xavier became more determined to cheer her up.

"Wait for me here." A thought flashed across his mind, and he left.

Hannah stared at Xavier's back profile. It was quite impressive how he stood up for me just now. His words were concise and straight to the point.

Moments later, the image of Xavier in Hannah's mind faded away and was replaced by a smiling Fabian.

Fabian? That's a rare smile, so warm and bright. Normally, you're icy cold to me.

Why am I thinking about him all of a sudden? At that thought, Hannah shook her head.

Shortly after, Xavier came walking toward her with Bob trailing behind him.

Xavier informed her, "I told Mr. Dijon that I need you to be by my side today to record my itinerary in preparation for future interviews."

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As Xavier was staring at Bob, the latter quickly responded, "Yes, Mr. Jackson has notified me. You can leave the office now and focus on recording Mr. Jackson's daily schedule."

Huh? Follow Xavier around and record his itinerary? But I've just accepted the assignment and didn't have sufficient time to confirm my assistants. Is it okay to start working on this project now?

Xavier gave him an approving nod. However, seeing that Hannah was in doubt, he gestured for Bob to convince her.

"Oh yes, Hannah, I've communicated with Jim about his new role. He's willing to work with you on this interview. Since he's quite experienced in this aspect, I'm sure he'll be of great help to you." Bob faked a smile. How should I report to the top management about Jim's new pay scale?

Jim had a good portfolio in terms of interviewing company presidents. Teaming him up with Hannah was a natural thing to do. However, Jim was reluctant to accept the role. Bob had to lure him with a lucrative package in order not to disappoint Xavier. In the end, Jim agreed on the condition that his salary was doubled.

Hannah was over the moon to learn that Jim had agreed to be her assistant. I was still thinking of a way to talk to him about this. The amount of his monthly published work is triple of mine. Making him my assistant was a dream. Who would want to work under someone less capable? It's great that Mr. Dijon has managed to get him on board.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Dijon."

Seeing a smile appearing on Hannah's face again, Xavier uttered, "Indeed, thank you, Mr. Dijon."

Bob was not born yesterday. Naturally, he knew the underlying meaning of Xavier's words.

Courteously, he replied, "Don't mention that, Mr. Jackson. It's only right to render support to the talents undergoing continuous professional development. I'm sure you have a packed schedule ahead, Mr. Jackson. There's nothing else on my side, so I'd better not take up too much of your time. I can't afford to delay you any further."

Hannah was completely baffled. I'm a great talent receiving training? How come I'm not aware of this?

"Haha... All right, Mr. Dijon. I shall make a move now. I'll treat you to a good lunch one of these days." Xavier left with Hannah after engaging in small talk.

"Where are we going?" Hannah asked upon arriving at the entrance.

Xavier's lips curled up as he asked amiably, "It's your call since you're promoted today."

My call? I'm just following you around to record your itinerary. Why am I the one deciding?

She thought he was joking with her, so she simply responded, "My call? Then, I say we go for a buffet. We'll eat till we drop, all the way until they close at night."

His grin deepened. Be careful what you wish for.

"Sure, let's go for buffet."

Tsk! I'll all in. Let's do it! He's the top guy in his company, after all. I don't believe that he's got so much time to spend. Moreover, what's there to be afraid of? I don't need to return to the office, and I can eat all day long.

"Sure, let's go!" With that, Hannah got into Xavier's car.

"To a nearby restaurant, but make sure they have an excellent buffet," he told his assistant, who was sitting in the driver's seat.

"Huh? Are you sure?" Xavier's assistant gaped in disbelief. Is he joking? It's not his style to bring a girl for a buffet.



"Noted. I'll make a phone call now." Panicked, the assistant quickly gave in in order not to anger his boss.

It was quite comical when Xavier's assistant started making phone calls to survey for the best buffet in town.

Gazing at Xavier's serious face, Hannah asked doubtfully, "Are we really going for a buffet?"