

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 257: Chief Designer

It was autumn in Seacisco. Golden, auburn and red leaves fell gently from the trees and scattered the streets below.

The sky was overcast and gloomy.

Every person on the street had windbreakers on and walked briskly through the inclement weather.

Janet peered out of the window, wondering whether there would be heavy rains to follow this foreboding weather.

Tiffany's usual serious voice suddenly came to her ears.

"See me in my office, Lind." Everyone cast Janet a sympathetic look.

Recently, Tiffany had been picking on every designer in the store.

People were starting to wonder if she was perhaps going through menopause.

"Ms. Fisher, what can I do for you?"

Janet recalled the work she had done over the past few days. She had completed every project as scheduled. She couldn't think of a reason for Tiffany to criticize her.

"You have done a stellar job in the Perkins Bank project. A clothing brand of theirs wants to work with us. Have a look at their proposal yourself."

Tiffany sat cross-legged in the chair and handed Janet a document to peruse. Then she lowered her head and continued to look over the design drafts.

"So who will I work with this time?" Janet said, holding a large stack of documents in her hands.

It was industry norm for there to usually be a chief designer and at least one lower level co-designer collaborating on one project together. Tiffany raised her eyes, rested her elbow on the table, and said thoughtfully, "Since you have worked with the Perkins before, I am going to let you be the chief designer for this project."

"But I'm just a mid-tier designer..."

She had never been a chief designer on any project, nor did she qualify for one; which meant that Tiffany was making an exception for her.

This could definitely attract jealousy from her colleagues.

"The Perkins Group made that request from us, so this is final. Well, you may leave now," Tiffany said in a businesslike tone. Janet had mixed feelings about Tiffany.

Sometimes she felt that her supervisor was friendly and nice, other times she felt like she was cold and distant.

Janet thought about it for some time but still felt uneasy. She called Kent during her lunch break.

"Mr. Perkins, will you please stop doing this?"

When Kent heard her voice on the other end of the line, he was initially quite happy. But when he heard the frigid tone in which she questioned him, his heart sank.

"What exactly did I do? Would you do me the courtesy of not accusing me of something before you have ascertained whether I have actually done it?" Kent responded irately.

"Didn't you tell Tiffany that you wanted me to be the chief designer on the new project?" Janet was confused and her tone softened.

"That has nothing to do with me. The clothing brand saw our advertisement on TV and admired the costume design. That's why they came to you," Kent snorted and said.

"To put it bluntly, they really appreciate your design."

Janet felt an inner sense of achievement and looked like she was over the moon. She finally managed to accept the job with ease.

Elsewhere, Charis got wind of the news quickly. She had been keeping an eye on Janet and thought that it was imperative that she didn't allow Janet to take on the project.

Janet hadn't been working in the Larson Group for too long yet she was already about to become the chief designer of a project. If she went through with it, she would make a great leap forward in her career.

Charis didn't want that to happen.

But she couldn't get involved directly.

Thinking of this, she grabbed her phone and called one of the executives in the Larson Group, namely Adolf Pierce.

"Pierce, there is a project in the design department. I am privy to the fact that a mid-tier designer is going to be in charge of it. If news of this spread among the other employees of the company, they will be incensed. You are Fisher's boss. You ought to nip this in the bud," she said.

Adolf was Tiffany's superior.

If he had something to say about it to her, she would definitely change her mind.