Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 787

Chapter 787 Are You Telling Me What to Do?

While everyone was panicking, Elise stood by calmly and looked on. Finally, someone noticed her.

"Anastasia is back!"

"She appeared!"

"She's here! She's here!"

At the same time, everyone in the office put down the work in their hands and looked toward Elise. For the minute that followed, everyone seemed to have turned to stone as they stood still at their positions. Only the phone ringtones here and there reminded Elise that it wasn't a still-life photo.

When the manager caught wind of it, he immediately rushed out of his office and showered reprimands on Elise.

"Anastasia! What are you trying to do?! I wasn't bad to you, so why would you do this? What merit do you gain from the company shutting down? Do you hate us so much that you want us to be homeless and live on the streets?!"

Elise put on an innocent expression as she flapped a hand in front of her nose in disdain.

It was already afternoon, but his mouth was still so foul. How pissed he must have been!

The manager was stumped by her actions, and he frowned even deeper. "What do you mean by this? You messed up big time, but you seemed to be the one annoyed. Are you trying to rebel against us?"

Elise curved her lips into a fake smile. "Wow, you're very smart, sir. You got it right."

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The manager was stunned, and his smile froze on his face. "What did you say?"

Elise crossed her arms and raised her voice on purpose. "I said, I am trying to rebel against you. Did I make myself clear?!"

"You—" The manager was at a loss for words. "So you're trying to cause problems for the company on purpose?"

"Hey, wait a second," Elise interrupted. "Watch your mouth. Tell me, what problems exactly have I caused the company?"

"How dare you run your mouth at times like this! Yesterday, I passed you some projects, and also your colleagues also entrusted their reports to you. You probably never even touched them and just left them on the table!" The manager pointed at her desk, furious.

"Who said that?" Elise was calm. "I read every single file just to wait until you guys get off work!"

"I don't care if you read it or not. Quite a number of projects have problems cropping up, so you have to bear the responsibility!" The manager put his hands on his hips, so pissed that he kept gasping for breath.

"I can shoulder the responsibility, no problem, but don't think you can get away scot-free," said Elise.

The manager looked up in surprise, as if he had heard the greatest joke of all time. He sneered, "Why, are you trying to put the blame on me?"

"Who's putting the blame on who, I wonder? You're the manager, but you entrusted an important company project to an employer who had just returned from a long break. In terms of responsibility, you're the first to be held responsible," Elise said defiantly.

"I make the rules here, and if I say you're responsible, then you're responsible. No one can change that!" The manager acted like a superior as he glared warningly at Elise.

"So you're the tyrant here?" Elise was so mad that she started laughing.

The manager glared at her, then walked up to her. He pointed at her chest as he said condescendingly, "I don't want to make a fuss out of this. If you know what's good for you, accept all the work and apologize to me in front of everyone. Then, I may be gracious enough to let you keep your job. If not, pay the compensation and leave!"

"Compensation?" Elise stared right into his eyes, emotionless. "Sure, what's the reason? Delaying projects? But was I the one in charge? Is it my responsibility that my colleagues didn't finish their work?"

"Even if you're not the one in charge, you still have to carry out the tasks I gave you. You've joined the company now, so you must play by the rules. As long as you're still here, you have to prioritize the company's benefit. If your colleagues aren't efficient enough, just help them out. What's wrong with helping each other?" The manager tried hard to make his point sound right.

"Helping each other? Then will their wages be credited to my account?" Elise retorted.

"What's wrong with you? You keep talking about money; you're so money-minded! I'll save myself the trouble. If you have so many complaints about the company, you don't have to come to work anymore!" The manager showed her the door right away.

"You don't have to chase me out because I will naturally leave on my own. I came here today just to remind you that I've reviewed and arranged all the work documents for the past few years. Now prepare yourself for when you face the Labor Bureau and HQ; you'll have to explain yourself for exploiting your employees' wages and taking credit for others' work!" Elise produced the trump card.

The manager yelled with a sneer, "Oh, you dare sue me at the Labor Bureau? Fine, go ahead! Do you really think I'd be scared? I swear right here and now that I'll make it impossible for you, Anastasia, to keep working in this field!"

The two faced off, tense. Neither was willing to back down. Just then, a loud and deep voice of a man sounded from the main entrance.

"What's that about working in this field?!"

With that, Jamie weaved through the crowd with his assistant, walking toward them.

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"President Keller, what brings you here?!" The manager immediately went up to Jamie, bowing to him in greeting.

Jamie stood still, secretly giving Elise a look. Then, he frowned. "Are you telling me what to do?"

"Of course not. I didn't mean it like that. The company belongs to the Keller Family, so you can come whenever you wish. I was just worried that the employees would be rude to you." The manager bowed and nodded, smiling all the way.

"I took the rare chance to come here, but I encountered this scene right away. I shudder to think how terrible this place must be daily. Is this how you manage things around here?!" Jamie could care less about that; he wanted to stand up for his idol first and foremost.

"I beg your pardon, President Keller. I'll do my best to improve from now on!" The manager kept bowing his head, not daring to look up at all. Ever since Jamie walked through the doors, he never once straightened his back.

"I hate hearing people apologize to me. If apologies work, then the law wouldn't have existed!" Jamie was heartless as he carried out his responsibilities. "Bring me Anastasia's employment contract!"

"Yes, sir!" The manager nodded quickly, then hastily ran into his office with his secretary.

A few minutes later, the manager handed the contract to Jamie respectfully. "President Keller, this is the document you asked for."

Jamie took it, his expression cold. He briefly leafed through it, then out of the blue, he threw the contract on the manager's face. "Who allowed you to come up with such tyrannic terms? Do you want the outsiders to think that the Keller Family treats their employees like slaves?!"

"I'm sorry, President Keller. I'm so sorry. I wanted the company to retain useful talent, so that's why I came up with this plan. Please give me another chance!" The manager was terribly frightened, and it looked like he was about to grovel and beg for forgiveness. However, with a glare from Jamie, he decided against it.

"We never use force or oppression to keep talent. You don't understand the core of Keller Group's leadership at all. People of different ideologies cannot work together. No wonder the office looks like this; you're the one behind it! You're fired!"

After beating about the bush, Jamie finally stated his ultimate aim. Anyone who didn't respect women, especially the woman he idolized, would not have the right to earn money from the Keller Family.