

# **Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera ( Caroline Evans )**

## **Chapter 181**

Posted by **Hamaaa**, 126 Views, Released on October 10, 2023

Chapter 181

Jules was afraid that his boss would be unhappy if Caroline lost

Ms Evans, you mean.

It's nothing Tm heading to the cafeteria now

After saying that, Caroline hung up the phone

As he held onto his phone. Jules suddenly felt like he was holding a hot potato instead,

Why was **such** a horrible idea suggested anyway? It was an awful plan to let Caroline and Woan

compete against each other.

Now look what was happening it seemed like Caroline had lost, and he would have to gure up his

position as president

The news of Caroline cooking in the company kitchen quickly spread to the company chat group

For a moment, she became the whole company's target of mockery

"Is she grang up on herself after funding out that she lost?"

"I have no words at all. Is she here to work or to cook? If she loves cooking so much, the should

have interviewed to become a cook from the start

"She's just a useless bimbo who only thinks about falling in love. A good opportunity bril mio her lep, and she thought she had the skills to actually do something But when push came to shove,

she found out just how weak she is

“We’ll definitely have something to laugh about tomorrow”

These were the kinds of **things** the other employees said

Standing by the side, Cheryl watched as Caroline kneaded some dough. She went up to help

several times, but Caroline rejected her each **time**

Go back to work “Caroline wiped the sweat from her forehead

Cheryl didn’t want to go back to the office Everyone in the office was mocking Caroline Chest

telt bad just listeluing to it

Caroline, let me stay with you here What are you thaking? Pastries or pasta? know how to make

Caroline Tooked up You dor

+15 BONUS

“Yes, I used to **cook** all the time as a kid when my parents weren’t home.”

**Caroline gave it some thought.** “Alright then. Help me prepare the ingredient s.”

**Cheryl** looked at **the** ingredients placed on the side. There were **cheese**, tomatoes, and basil. Realization struck her. “Caroline, are **you** making pizza?”

Caroline nodded. **She put the** kneaded dough **to** one side to let it rise.

Working together, Caroline and Cheryl managed to produce an authentic Vith alian pizza within an

hour.

Vithalian pizza was completely different from what was usually available on th e market here.

The pizza base was thin and crisp. Though there were only three ingredients spread across its surface, the pizza looked simple yet enticing.

Cheryl said in a small voice, "Wow, Caroline. Do you usually make pizza at home?"

Caroline replied, "This is my first time making it."

She had searched online for the recipe, so she didn't even know if it was an authentic one.

"Your first time?"

There were other people in the kitchen watching. When they heard this, they could barely believe their ears.

"Yes." Caroline looked at her audience. There was no lack of skilled cooks there. She held up the plate and asked humbly, "Has anyone tried authentic Vithalian pizza? Can you try this for me?"

The onlookers exchanged looks with each other.

Right then, a tall and thin cook squeezed his way forward. He was quite handsome.

"I've been to Vithali, and I've tasted Vithalian pizza too. Your pizza looked very similar to what the Vithalians make. Why don't I try it for you?"

Caroline handed the pizza to the man.

The man tasted it. He couldn't help but give Caroline a thumbs up. "It tastes similar! Wait, no. I should say that it's completely identical to an authentic Vithalian pizza!"

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Caroline became amused at the look on the man's face. "Really?" she asked.

"Why **would I lie?**"

Caroline was relieved. She packed up a portion of the pizza and gave the rest to the cafeteria's staff.

Watching Caroline leave, the staff went over to the cook, who had tried the pizza.

"Hey, this design director doesn't seem as ... useless as the others say. At least she seems quite talented when it comes to cooking."

The man looked at Caroline's retreating figure and smiled sunnily.

"Do you think a normal person could handle a picky man like Eddy Morrison?"

He said this so quietly that the others didn't hear it.

Armed with her pizza, Caroline headed to the hotel where Corvin was staying.

The company had arranged this hotel for him. So after informing the staff of her identity, Caroline

had no trouble getting through. Soon, she arrived at the door to Corvin's hotel room.

She knocked on the door.

It swung open.

At the sight of Kirk standing there, Caroline got a huge shock.

She took another look at the room number and checked that it was the right one. Then, she looked

at Kirk and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Kirk's eyes held a hint of amusement. He angled himself away to let Caroline in.

Right then, Caroline noticed that there was an old man standing behind Kirk.

The old man was about five feet and nine inches tall, which wasn't short at all. Standing next to

Kirk, though, the old man seemed tiny.

When the old man saw Caroline, he gave Kirk a thumbs up. "Morrison, you're amazing. You even

predicted that I'd get a visitor today."

Caroline looked at Kirk with a raised eyebrow.

Kirk let out a chuckle.

**+15 BONUS**

As Rite and Caroline communicated **with** each other soundlessly, the old man eyed them **up** and

down. He smiled and said. "You must be Thorne Corporation's design director , Caroline Evans,

right?"

Only then did Caroline look at the man. She extended her hand politely. "How do you do, Mr.

French?

Corvin replied, "Come in then"

Caroline nodded and followed Corvin into the room

The room was a presidential suite. Stepping inside, the first thing she saw was a huge floor-to- ceiling window. One could see the streets from here.

The three sat on a couch before the floor-to-ceiling window.

Corvin looked at Kirk meaningfully. Then, he said to Caroline, "Ms. Evans, you're here about the design, aren't you?"

Caroline smiled. “Yes, but not completely.”

Corvin was immediately intrigued. “Oh, but what other reason would you have to come see me?”

Caroline took out the pizza that she had so meticulously prepared. She placed it in front of Corvin.

“I heard that you’ve been craving authentic Vithalian pizza recently. I made this according to an online tutorial. Would you like to have a taste?”

When she removed the lid, a strong aroma filled the air.

Corvin’s eyes sparkled. He inhaled deeply and said, Ah, what a familiar smell!

After saying this, he couldn’t help but pick up a slice. He rolled the slice of pizza into a tube and

bit into it.

He looked like a child who had gotten a toy. He sighed in contentment.

“**This** is the Vithalian pizza I’ve been dreaming about for so long! It’s delicious! I’ve been going mad looking for pizza these past few days. There’s no Vithalian pizza on the market here.

“You know the worst part? There’s even pineapple on pizza here. No! That’s a crime against humanity!”

When one ate, one typically displayed one’s true side.

Caroline watched as Corvin frantically complained. She found that it was nearly impossible to see him as the skincare expert he was.

She smiled as she listened. When her gaze shifted, she accidentally met Kirk’s eyes.

**+15 BONUS**

**As they** looked into **each** other’s **eyes**, Caroline’s heart started racing.

She hurriedly looked **away**.

Kirk smiled. When he saw her earlobes turn pink, he asked happily, “Do you have more?”

**Caroline** fumbled at Kirk’s question. “**N–no**. I only brought one portion.”

It was then that Corvin realized he had **become too** agitated. He’d already **pu**t his hands on the

pizza Caroline brought.

“Morrison, if you want some, I’ll have my assistant order **you** one?”

“There’s no need.” Kirk smiled. “I only wanted to have Ms. Evans’ pizza.”

Corvin took another bite of pizza **before** putting it down. He turned to both of them. “Do you two know each other?”

“We **don’t!**” Caroline blurted it out. After saying this, she looked guiltily at Kirk.

She quickly changed the topic. “Mr. French, I didn’t **just** come here to bring you pizza. There’s something else.”

Since they were getting to the main point, Corvin sat more properly.

“If you think you can win me over with a pizza, Ms. Evans, I’m sorry. When it comes to the packaging design, I won’t step down.”

His straightforwardness amused Caroline.

“Sir, that’s not what I’m here for.”

Corvin was surprised. “Then you…”

“I just want to talk to you about what you think of artistry and skincare. Will you give me this

chance?”

Corvin looked at Caroline, his eyes sparkling. “Of course!”

“Then we…” Caroline took out the questions she had prepared in advance. Then, she looked at the expressionless Kirk. “Are we chatting here?”

Corvin replied, "Yes, here."

Caroline could only nod. She turned on her tablet and started chatting smoothly with Cervin

At the start, Caroline found it a little strange since Kirk was there. But gradually, as she started talking deeper with Corvin, she was sucked into his world.

She was very focused and forgot about everything else around her.

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He wse etually jeethers the wind 116

Time passed quickly Carolin and Carvin chatt

It was at 1 pin when the twn finished their tex

Carshine had learned a lot Grateful, she stood up and said, "Thank you, Mr French"

Corvin smiled There's no need to thank me It was very enjoyable to talk to you I haven't had so

much fun talking about all of this in a long time"

\*Then I'll be leaving how / won't disturb your rest

Kirk Also got up He said to Corvin, I'm leaving too

Corvin stopped Kirk Morrison, don't leave yet I still have something to say to you"

Kirk frowned

Caroline smiled at tum There was a slightly mischievous look in her eyes

"Bye, Mr French Caroline opened the door

Corvin walked Caroline to the door personally and bade her goodbye

Kirk took this chance to send Caroline a text It read, "Wait for me downstairs,"

Corvin returned just as Kirk sent it. When Corvin saw Kirk playing with his phone, he laughed. "Texting that girl just now?"

A vague smile appeared on Kirk's face "Why did you ask me to stay?"

Today's Bonus Offer

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Chapter **183**

Corvin was behaving mysteriously. "Do you really not know that girl?"

Kirk turned his phone in circles in his hand. Then, he sat back down and pillowed his head on both palms. "Depends on how you define 'know.'"

Corvin said, "I think there's something different about the way you look at her. Honestly, are **you** two dating? Did you come here to put in a good word for her?"

"There are some things I need to clarify. It's not that I won't help out my friends. But I've always been a fair person. Even if you put in a word for her, I won't help."

Kirk smiled. "But I didn't mention a word of the competition tomorrow."

Corvin asked, "You're really not here to help that girl out?"

"No."

Corvin finally relaxed. "And you don't know each other?"

Kirk didn't say a word.

Corvin took this response as an admission. He put a hand against his chest.

"I thought you liked her too. But now that I think about it, how could a workaholic possibly have

someone he likes? Alright, there's nothing else now."

Kirk picked up his coat and put it over his arm. He waved goodbye to Corvin before hurriedly going downstairs.

As he'd expected, Kirk didn't find Caroline downstairs.

He smiled. Caroline was still mad.

He was just about to call Caroline when he got a call from Charles.

"Sir, I've already found who took the madam to Saint Pierre Grand Hotel."

Kirk's gaze hardened. "Who?"

"It's..." Charles looked at the document. "It was someone her mother hired."

Kirk's blood nearly froze. "Are you sure?"

"We've caught the person. The person who transferred him money is Sarah White..."

Charles hesitated before saying, "What next, **sir?**"

The madam had it so bad. The person going against her was actually her mother!

+15 BONUS

**Kirk's** eyebrows furrowed tightly. His fist **landed** on the car door. "Send me **the** information first."

**"Yes, sir."**

Caroline received Kirk's message when she was in the elevator.

However, her head was filled with inspiration for design, so she didn't want to delay a single

moment.

Caroline rushed to the company and started revising the design she had created before. She worked hard to bring the design in her mind to life perfectly.

She worked from the afternoon all the way into the night. Finally, she finished up with all the details.

“Caroline.”

Cheryl came in with some coffee. Only when she saw Caroline putting down her pencil did she dare to say softly, “You must be tired. Have some water. Should I order some takeout for you?”

Caroline glanced at the time. “No need. I’ll go home and eat. Why didn’t you head home?”

“You hadn’t left, so I...”

Caroline smiled and rubbed her sore neck. “Next time, you can go home first if there’s no work.”

Cheryl replied, “You’re a good person, Caroline.”

Caroline smiled as she cleared up her things. “Let’s go. I’ll get my driver to drop you home.”

Cheryl hurriedly waved her hands. “No, there’s no need! I’ll just take the subway home.”

“Where do you live?”

“Acre Apartments.”

“It’s on the way. Let’s go.”

After saying this, Caroline didn’t give Cheryl any chance to reject her. She walked straight toward

the elevator.

Cheryl looked at Caroline’s back. She felt very grateful toward this superior of hers.

The two went downstairs together, where Jack had already been waiting for more than three

hours.

When Jack saw Caroline, he was frantic. "I thought you'd left, miss.

Although Caroline **had** told Jack to call her Caroline many times, he kept calling her "miss."

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Chapter 184

An unky and, spam fost **ter** that est entitled to an explanation Please, do get

Cheryl stood to the side and watched as Jack opened the door for Caroline Then, she regarded the Intejoy of the car and felt quat adato

go

She said lowly to Caroline "Cartine your family eats you so well. They even prepared a car just to take you places

Cheryl's mention tarily are like a knife stabbing into Caroline's heart

Caroline lowered her head, hufing the hurt in her eyes. "It's not an arrangement by my family It's by the company

Cheryl was taken aback "The company? Then why don't the other directors get such treatment?"

From what she'd seen, all the other directors drove themselves to and from work.

Caroline was stunned. "What did you say?"

They were speaking so quietly that Jack couldn't hear it from the front seat Jack kept his focus on driving

I said "Cheryl began, "the other directors all drive themselves"

Caroline looked up to glance **at** Jack, her eyebrows coming together loosely.

Cheryl asked “Caroline, did I say something wrong?”

Caroline shook her head and said nothing else.

Jack drove Cheryl to Acre Apartments before changing directions to send Caroline back to the

villa

On the way home, Caroline didn’t say anything. When the car stopped and Jack got ready to get down, Caroline finally spoke up ‘Mr Jack

Jack’s professional instincts made him freeze ‘Yes, miss

“**Why** don’t the company’s other directors have a car to take them to and from work?”

Jack **felt** cold sweat drip down his face. He instinctively wanted to look toward the villa, but he forced himself not to.

“Mr. Jack! Caroline’s voice rose. “Is this a very tough question to answer?”

**+15 BONUS**

**Jack** swallowed. In **a** split second, he suddenly remembered **what** Kirk had **ordered before**.

He said calmly, “**It’s** like this, miss. **You’re** the design director the company has hired on for life. Thus, the treatment **you** get is different from the others... It’s just that the company doesn’t advertise this arrangement to other people. Otherwise, they might become jealous.”

This answer was perfectly logical.

Caroline didn’t suspect anything.

She pushed open the door and got out of the car. She took two steps forward before turning back.

“This means you won’t be sending me to and from work if I lose tomorrow?”

Jack felt as though someone were strangling him. He didn't know how to answer.

Caroline figured that Jack felt put on the spot. She smiled. "Alright, go off then."

Jack felt like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He stepped on the gas, and the car sped **off** with a vroom.

He was scared that Caroline might ask him more questions he couldn't answer.

Caroline turned to walk into the villa!

It was dark inside, so Caroline assumed that Kirk hadn't returned yet.

**She** turned on the lights and spotted Kirk sitting on the couch in a second.

He was slumped on the couch. His figure looked lonely.

When he heard the noise, Kirk turned. Fatigue was clear on his face. There was also pain in his

expression, which Caroline couldn't understand.

Caroline moved forward hesitantly. "What is it? Are you feeling unwell?"

Kirk raised a hand. "Come here."

Caroline didn't understand what was going on, but she still approached him.

As she got near, Kirk pulled her into his embrace.

Caroline thought that Kirk was messing around again.

Yet he unexpectedly tucked his face into the crook of her neck. He held onto her waist tightly. It was **as** if he wanted to melt into her very bones.

His unusual behavior made Caroline feel panicked,

"What's wrong with you?"

**Bogus Billionaire ( Shining Riviera )**

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Chapter **185**

+15 **BÔNUS**

**Kirk's** nose was at Caroline's collarbones. He sniffed her familiar scent. But all that came to his

mind were all the **things** Sarah had done to Caroline during this time.

He couldn't imagine how Caroline's small, fragile body would handle her parents' betrayal.

Kirk hugged Caroline even tighter!

"It's nothing. I just want to hug you.

Caroline felt her heartstrings being plucked and trembled minutely.

She allowed Kirk to hold her.

All was quiet around them. It seemed as though **there** were an invisible ribbon tying their hearts

together.

As she listened to Kirk's heartbeat, Caroline started to feel sleepy.

Suddenly, a coldness spread from her collarbone.

Caroline got a fright, and whatever sleepiness she felt disappeared without a trace.

She opened her eyes wide and saw Kirk biting her collarbone, sucking gently.

"Are you a dog?"

Caroline really didn't know what to do with him.

Kirk looked up and touched the pretty red mark on Caroline's collarbone. "From now on, you're mine."

Caroline felt embarrassed by this. She pushed Kirk away. "I'm hungry."

Kirk got up and went to bring some dishes out of the kitchen.

Caroline picked up her cutlery and started to eat.

Kirk sat opposite her and watched her quietly. After a long time, he said, "Carrie, let's have a baby."

This was the second time Caroline had heard this request.

But what she felt now was completely different from what she had felt before.

Caroline paused before continuing to eat. "Let's talk about it later."

Kirk's gaze darkened.

"**You'll** definitely be a great mother."

**+15 BONUS**

**The food in** Caroline's mouth **suddenly** tasted like nothing.

Caroline's **eyes** stung. She lowered her head and wiped away the tears at the corners of her eyes.

"**That** may not be true People change. Being **a** mother requires sacrifice. One might be able to

accept it **at the start, but** as the compromises pile up, one might become resentful."

Kirk's gaze was deep as he looked at Caroline. He didn't even blink. "I am sure of it. **You'll**

definitely be a great mother."

Caroline looked up and saw the confidence in Kirk's eyes.

The ache in her heart began to spread slowly. She gave him a small smile. "All right."

That night, the atmosphere between them was strangely peaceful. It was as if they had gone back

to the past.

But there was something new between them. As for what it was, Caroline couldn't be sure. **But**

when she escaped from the sheets, out of breath, she could only feel that Kirk was a little scary

tonight.

It was only when they had both tired themselves out that Kirk carried Caroline into the bathroom.

The next day, Caroline nearly stumbled to the ground when she got off the bed.

Kirk reacted quickly and caught her in his embrace. He chuckled deviously. "Be careful, darling."

Caroline glared at him.

Right then, Caroline's phone buzzed on the bed.

It was a call from Gwen.

Caroline didn't give it much thought and answered it immediately. She only realized it was a

video call when Gwen's face appeared on the screen.

She quickly switched it to a voice call, but it was too late.

Gwen's exaggerated voice sounded like a siren.

"Fuck! Fuck! Carol, why is your neck full of hickeys?"

Caroline was speechless.

**She** glanced at Kirk, who was smiling devilishly. She supported herself against the bed to head to

**the** bathroom.

“Are you calling me **for** anything?” When Caroline spoke, she found her voice unbelievably hoarse.

Gwen chuckled. “**How was** it? How was your experience?”

+15 BONUS

**Caroline** answered, “**If you** don’t tell me now, I’m hanging up.”

“**Alright**, I’ll tell you. I’ve been **in** a bad mood lately and want to travel. **Do** you have time?”

“**Sure.**”

Caroline then teased, “But I remember you saying **that** money is for saving and something about travel being a trap to spend money. Why do you suddenly want to travel?”

For a **second**, Gwen didn’t have an answer.

**After** a moment, she said, “I... I was just afraid that I might not get the chance to spend all the money I’ve saved.”

Caroline saw through Gwen, but she didn’t expose her. “The friend you mentioned last time, how is she?”

Gwen rubbed her head in frustration. “Don’t even bring it up. By the way, you’re going up against that Vivian woman today, right?”

The change in conversation wasn’t subtle at all. Caroline chuckled. “Yes.”

“Do your best!”

Caroline smiled. “I will.”

After saying that, Caroline took a deep breath and looked at herself in the mirror.

Her success or failure would all depend on this.

By the time Caroline washed up, Kirk had already prepared breakfast downstairs.

He seemed different from most other office employees.

**He** had a whole bunch of time every day. And he never rushed to and from work. He acted as though he were the boss of a company, not an employee.

“Why were you at Corvin’s yesterday?” Caroline had been wanting to ask this.

She finally had the chance now. “Do you really know Corvin French?”

Kirk’s expression didn’t change at all.

“The company’s management have a project that requires Corvin’s partnership. I went to see him after finding out he was in Easton. As for whether I know him, it depends on how you define the word ‘know.’”

Caroline’s lips thinned

Judging by Corvin’s attitude toward Kirk, Caroline had assumed that they had been friends for

+15 BONUS

**But** according **to** Kirk, they were only business acquaintances.

“Regardless, **thank** you **for** the information.”

Caroline got up and said, “I’m leaving now.”

**Kirk** watched Caroline leave. It was only after her figure disappeared that the warmth in his eyes

cooled **into** iciness.

Caroline had truly grown up.

Yet as Caroline got to know more about this world, it became even harder for him to hide his

identity.

Kirk's eyes narrowed. As time passed, he smiled in light mockery.

The little rabbit he'd raised had grown claws. She was now going to personally rip off his mask!

## **Bogus Billionaire ( Shining Riviera )**

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### **Chapter 186**

+15 BONUS

**Caroline** was called **to** the conference room the moment she arrived at the **co**  
**mp**any.

Everyone in the conference wore a stern expression.

But **when** they saw Caroline, their eyes focused on her intently for a few seconds.

Especially Vivian's.

There was a look of unbridled mockery in her eyes.

Jules said to Caroline regretfully, "Ms. Evans, I'm very sorry. Mr. French's assistant called this morning and said he has agreed to our partnership.

Caroline gave a slight smile. "But this is a good thing.

"But.." Jules didn't dare meet Caroline's eyes. "Mr. French has decided to use Vivian's design."

Caroline's smile froze for a second but then grew bigger. "Does Mr. French not want to look at my

design?"

"That... seems to be the case."

Caroline still maintained her smile. “I think it’s better if he takes a look anyway.”

“**You** think?” Vivian laughed mockingly.

“Mr. French’s time is precious. What makes you think he will waste his time on you?”

Caroline looked at Vivian calmly. “His stubborn pursuit of good packaging makes me think that. All the effort I’ve poured into my design makes me think that.”

Vivian scoffed.

The others started laughing as well.

“Ms. Evans, you really are confident in yourself. But sometimes, being too confident is ultimately self-defeating,” the finance director said.

“The Novitius Prize gave you this confidence, right? But the other competitors in the Novitius - **Contest** were hobbyists. Now, you’re facing someone who is an assistant director with a decade of

design experience.

“**When** it comes down to it, she knows more than you. Losing to Vivian isn’t so shameful at all. It’s just getting to know your new place and going back to where you belong.”

After he finished speaking, more laughter ensued.

Caroline’s gaze fell on Jules. “**Mr.** Hawkins, I insist on my request.”

**+15 BONUS**

Jules had a headache. **How** about this? **Mr.** French will come over personally to sign the contract in **a bit**. **When** the **time** comes, I’ll find **a** way to show him your design. What do you think?”

Vivian said, “**There’s no** need **for** that, is there, Mr. Hawkins? It’s a waste of time anyway.”

Jules wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

**Just** as he was about **to** speak, his assistant ran inside. “Mr. Hawkins, Mr. French is here.”

Hearing this, everyone stood up to welcome Corvin. After all, he was a respected and seasoned expert in the skincare industry.

Jules and Vivian both knew Corvin, so they naturally stood in front.

As for Caroline, she was pushed all the way to the back.

**Corvin** arrived at the door of the conference room, led by one of the staff.

Vivian went up to him. “Mr. French.”

Corvin shook hands with Vivian warmly, but his gaze fell on Caroline.

“Oh, Ms. Evans, I finally get to see you.”

Corvin let go of Vivian’s hand and walked toward Caroline.

His expression was excited. “I came to see you specifically yesterday, but Vivian told me you weren’t at the company. I finally get to see you now.”

The whole conference room became quiet.

None of them had expected Corvin to treat Caroline so warmly.

They were even more surprised that Corvin had come over yesterday to see Caroline.

Especially since, after Corvin’s visit, Vivian had repeatedly mentioned in the company’s group

chat that Corvin had come to see her.

Today’s Bonus Offer

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Chapter 187

But now

Vivian's face lost all its color for a second before going back to normal.

Mr. French, shouldn't we sign the contract first? Vivian went forward and reminded him quietly.

Corvin said, "Yes, yes. We should sign the contract. It's all my fault for forgetting everything upon seeing Ms. Evans, 1

As he spoke, he turned toward one of the seats.

But Caroline called out to stop him, "Mr. French, can I please make a request?"

Corvin answered. "Of course you can."

"You've only seen Ms. Patterson's design, not mine. May I please take up a little of your time and have you look at my design?"

Corvin hesitated. "But I'm very happy with Vivian's design. Is it necessary to look at another one?"

When Vivian heard this, she smiled in delight.

"Did you hear that? 'Is it necessary to look at another one? I've been a designer for ten years, after all, Caroline. Compared to me, aren't you just embarrassing yourself and asking to be mocked?'"

When it came to this, many people supported Vivian.

"I don't think there's any need to waste time either. We should let Mr. French sign the contract quickly."

"That's right. If we delay and something happens, will Ms. Evans be able to deal with the consequences?"

"Yes, this company doesn't belong to you!"

Faced with everyone's criticism, Caroline smiled. "I still hope that Mr. French can take a look at it. After all, this is the fruit of my efforts."

Corvin hummed for a second. "Alright, I would also like to know what skills you have, Ms. Evans."

Caroline nodded slightly and walked out of the conference room. She headed to her office to get her design.

When she saw that Caroline had moved far away, Vivian couldn't help but say to Corvin, "Mr. French, you're much too kind. She's just a new designer without any experience. If it wasn't for the mistake during the competition, she wouldn't have become Thorne Corporation's design director."

Corvin waved a hand. "It's alright. It won't take much time to just look at it."

After hearing his response, Vivian had no choice but to let the matter go.

Nevertheless, she wasn't scared.

After all, the winner was already set in stone.

Right then, Caroline came back with her design.

She inserted her pendrive into the computer and displayed her design to Corvin on the big screen.

Caroline's design was very simple. On a huge, blank white canvas, there were only a pair of eyes. The eyes were drawn in a way that made them look full of life. One could see the designer's skill in the drawing.

But the design was just too simple, drawing ridicule from everyone gathered.

"That's all?" The first to laugh was the PR director, "So design is such a simple thing. I think after tomorrow, my son, who's in elementary school can become the design director too."

"I was wondering what kind of stunning creation Ms. Evans had produced. It seems it's just this. After all, she has no experience. She only won out of luck last time."

"This is a hobbyist's level. It seems we still have to rely on Vivian."

+15 BONOS

“Ms. Evans, although the outcome of this competition was decided from the start, you shouldn’t have given up on yourself. I can’t believe you handed such a thing in. You might as well not have done anything at all.”

Caroline didn’t care about them. She looked over at Corvin. “Mr. French.”

Corvin loved the eyes Caroline had drawn. The eyes seemed to jump from the page and had some magic.

It was soulful and forced people to take more looks at it. Even so, Corvin was a fair person. He had to say, “I still think Vivian’s twelve-flower design moves me more.”

Caroline wasn’t dejected at all. She smiled faintly. “The twelve-flower design is beautiful, but it has no marketing value to speak of.” Once she said this, the room burst into a commotion,

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Vilan’s expression changed slightly “Cantine, you’ve lost. Are you going to badmouth my work just because of that? Your characteris

just as bad as your designs. Now know why you only managed to marry a diver

Convis raised an eyebrow when he heard this.

He’d thought that there was something between Caroline and Kirk. But it turned out that Caroline was already married.

He was just about to speak when Caroline spoke *softly*

Mr. French, I admit that you are a renowned and respected name in the skincare industry. When we talked about artistry a few days ago, I thought you disagreed that artistry also needed to serve business purposes. That’s why your products are so good, but not all consumers agree ”

Caroline was going overboard by saying such things to such a renowned expert in the field.

Everyone turned pale from fright. They were scared that Corvin would change his mind and refuse to sign the contract with Thorne Corporation.

Even Jules thought Caroline was being too bold.

However, the next second, the conference room was filled with Corvin's booming laughter.

"How interesting. I've been thinking about this all these years as well. Why do my products not sell as well now as they did more than ten years ago? At the beginning, I thought I was too old to catch up with the times.

"But then I wondered what skill had to do with the changing times. As long as my products achieve their skincare effects, lots of people would still buy them. I've achieved this, so why do the sales drop every year?

"I wondered if there wasn't enough promotion or the wrong marketing strategy. But now you've given me a new line of thought, Ms. Evans. You've really given me something new to think about.

"About ten years ago, when one of my moisturizing masks became popular, I became a big shot in the skincare world. But before the mask got popular, I was a poor nobody selling my masks everywhere I could..."

As Corvin talked of the past, he became moved. "I remember being very unhappy with the packaging of the mask when it came out. I went to the company to put up a fight about it, but nobody gave me the time of day.

"Then, I became popular and had more leverage to speak. When it came to my products' packaging, I insisted on choosing them myself, You're right. In my eyes, artistry is more important than business."

"But the consumers don't care about this." Caroline said lowly. "If they want to immerse themselves in art, they can very well go to an art museum. The point of our products is to sell them to consumers. This is a business practice.

"Especially with new products, our packaging design must be simple and to the point. We must make consumers remember them at a glance. That's why I designed my packaging to use the purest white."

She added, “Of course, Ms. Patterson’s design isn’t completely devoid of commercial value. Once the product gains a name for itself on the market, we can definitely use this packaging to push a new concept and excite the market.”

After Caroline said all this, no one in the room spoke.

In their eyes, Caroline was someone with no experience at all.

But now, they couldn’t help but feel respect for her.

This wasn’t something a newbie could say!

“Um...” Jules was the first to collect himself. He broke the silence. “Mr. French ...”

Vivian also came back to herself after the shock. She looked nervously at Corvin.

“Mr. French, don’t be fooled by her silver tongue. As an experienced designer, my designs have both artistic and commercial value. But Caroline’s design only has commercial value. Although consumers will remember it at a glance, no one will buy such an ugly design.\*

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Only then do they do the sens no dang co

Sometimes y smiled Sometimes they shed Sometimes they were man

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Chapter 189

Telp this is so amazing! He are sould do this without ten years of honing one’s skills!”

Go and see if an artist with ten years of experience can do something like this. Goodness, this isn’t just some simple design with Commercest value it’s a masterwork with artistic and commercial value!”

Compared to Caroline’s design Vistan’s twelve–lower design became plain and uninteresting.

Corvin pulled his admiring gaze away from Caroline's design. "I've decided to use Ms. Evans' design!"

Once he said this, Vivian's expression twisted in anger,

she bit her lip hard. Just when she was about to speak, Corvin cut her off.

Vivian's design is great too, but compared with Ms. Evans' Hmm, how should I put it? They're as different as heaven and earth, Vivian, you need to team more from Ms. Evans."

His last comment made Vivian want to scream.

Why should she, someone with ten years of experience, learn from a newbie?

Everyone in the room wore different expressions, but none of them dared to speak.

Jules, sighed in relief.

He had been worried about Caroline losing to Vivian, who had more experience. If that had happened, he wouldn't have been able to

explain things to his boss.

After signing the contract, Corvin held Caroline's hand and asked, "Ms. Evans, I hope to meet you again when I next visit Easton."

Caroline replied, "Me too."

The two exchanged their contact information and walked all the way downstairs together. There, Corvin got into his car and waved

Caroline goodbye.

After the car drove away, Corvin lamented to himself. "This Ms. Evans isn't a simple person. It's a shame she's already married. Otherwise, I'd set her up with Morrison."

The driver smiled and said from the front seat, "I agree that she would be a good match for Mr. Morrison."

Corvin shook his head. "What a shame. What a great shame!"

Meanwhile, the directors and assistant directors who'd come downstairs to see Corvin off had all changed tacks. They surrounded Caroline and praised her vigorously.

"Ms. Evans, you're amazing. This is the first time I've seen Mr. French so satisfied."

"Although Ms. Evans has no working experience, she is more far-sighted than us. We could never compare."

"We should really learn from Ms. Evans."

All this and more were said.

Vivian watched Caroline, who was surrounded by her admirers. Vivian's nails dug deep into her palm. Her expression was grim and

frightening.

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Chapter 190

+15 BONDS

When Caroline returned to the design department, she could feel that the atmosphere was different from before.

The way the others looked at her had changed.

Their expressions were no longer filled with mockery and disdain.

They were full of fear.

Caroline knew what they were thinking. She regarded each of them.

"The design department allows constructive competition and also questioning. But it doesn't allow slander. As long as you do your jobs, no one will make life difficult for you."

Her words brought relief to those who had stood behind Vivian before.

After saying this, Caroline went to her office.

Cheryl followed Caroline into the office. Open admiration filled her face.

“Ms. Evans, you’re amazing. I admire you so much! How did you draw those eyes? Can you teach me?”

Caroline smiled and took out her phone. It was filled with notifications, People from other departments were adding her on social media.

She accepted every one of them

The second she put down her phone, someone tagged her

\*Caroline Evans, we haven’t thrown Ms. Evans a welcome party, right? Why don’t we throw one tonight?

The following messages were all supportive of the idea

Seeing the positivity radiating from these people, Caroline suddenly thought of something. As long as one was capable, Those around that

person would become very kind

She smiled. She agreed to the plan and tossed her phone to one side

in the office next door, Vivian grabbed another cup and threw

Susan was by her side and nearly got hit. She saw Vivian pick up an expensive pencil holder on the table and rushed toward to stop her.

“Viv, calm down. I think your design is comparable to Caroline’s. You didn’t lose when it came to design, it’s

Susan whispered into Vivian’s ear

Vivian’s expression changed into one of disbelief. “Really?”

\*Really. Someone saw Caroline go and see Corvin with their own eyes.”

Suddenly realizing something, Vivian put the pencil holder down. “No wonder Corvin said he liked my design so much yesterday out changed his mind today, it seems Caroline and Corvin actually-

Sher Susan hurriedly put a finger to Vivian’s **lips**. “Viv, the walls have ears.”

Vivian said disdainfully, if she dares to do it, she shouldn't be scared of people talking about it."

"Viv, what's your plan for now?"

Vivian took a deep breath,

"I don't believe she'll be that lucky every time and encounter men as clients

As she spoke, Vivian smiled. Her heaving chest relaxed.

"Go out first. Take a breather for now. Cartins is in the limelight now, so there's no need to go head on against her

+15 BONOS

freep in thought Caroline was holding onto her phone. She was wondering if she should repte Kirk to the welcome party

Although the welcome party tonight was for the company's higher ups, family was invited too

but based on her current relationship with Kink they could be considered reconciled, but there was still a sob on the wound

But they couldn't be considered to stop fighting. After all, they'd been doing what couples do

At the thought of this, Caroline felt a headache coming

She really couldn't resist Kirk at all

Caroline managed to pull herself out of her thoughts. After more consideration, she decided to call Kirk

it may be just as Gwen said. After spending so much time together, whatever fears she had had

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