

Chapter 4: 0825

In the world of investment banking companies, the role of public relations, often dubbed the "facilitator of social engagement and cheerful demeanor," held widespread recognition.

She never expected that Liam would see her in the same light. Did he believe that Desmond had also orchestrated last night's events?

Liam's words hurt Suzy deeply, but with others around, she had no option but to swallow her pride and stay put for the time being.

This job was crucial to her; she needed the money to cover her mother's medical expenses.

Seeing the atmosphere grow cold, Desmond quickly put on a smile. "She's been my associate all along, Mr. Park. You're reading too much into it. I simply thought that since both of you are from West City, you might have some shared interests, which is why I invited her to join us. If it bothers you, I can send her back right away."

After saying this, he gave a meaningful look to Suzy. She was about to leave when Liam finally spoke, "Please, take a seat."

Suzy was unsure of what to do.

"Suzy, didn't you hear? Mr. Park wants you to sit."

Suzy sat down rigidly, feeling the intense gaze of Desmond, which compelled her to pour a drink for Liam.

She lowered her eyelashes and reached for the wine bottle, but her view of the wine glass was blocked by Liam's large hand.

"Mr. Shaw, if you aim to establish a solid presence at FortuneWave, you shouldn't depend on questionable tactics. I've been closely monitoring Transcend's projects, and FortuneWave is currently in a challenging position. You should expedite the submission of the replenishment request to help us recover from these losses," Liam said, unmistakably issuing an ultimatum to Desmond, his furrowed brows revealing his displeasure.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Park. This was indeed my mistake. I promise, next time..."

"There won't be a next time."

He withdrew his hand from blocking the wine glass, grabbed his coat, and stood up, leaving the private room with his secretary, not sparing a glance for anyone else.

After they left, Desmond's frustration surged, and he directed it squarely at Suzy.

"Why did I bring you here? Can't you even crack a smile? Did Mr. Park come over to gauge your mood?"

"Mr. Shaw, the associate's role doesn't involve hosting guests with drinks, and I haven't received training for it."

"You dare talk back? Do you realize the effort I invested in arranging this dinner? I once thought you were pretty and clever, but now it seems you're not helpful at all! Perhaps I should consider firing you!"

After the outburst, Desmond gave her a venomous glare and then stormed out of the room.

This was the most humiliating situation Suzy had ever faced in her career. She thought she might cry, but apart from her eyes stinging a bit, there were no tears to shed. She had known from the beginning that in this line of work, the lower your rank, the lower you had to bow to others.

However, Liam's lack of empathy was something she hadn't expected. She thought that with their relationship, he would show her some consideration, especially now that he knew it was her last night.

It seemed the rumors about him being difficult to deal with were true.

As she walked to her hotel room in high heels, her phone in her bag rang. It was Wendy.

"Why did Mr. Shaw kick you out of the Team 3 work chat? What happened between you two?"

"It's nothing."

"Did his strategy to charm Mr. Park backfire?" Wendy could be quite clever at times. "I always thought this approach wouldn't work with Mr. Park, given his disinterest in worldly desires!"

Suzy pursed her lips, suddenly feeling the urge to smile. "He's disinterested in worldly desires?"

He was the person who had kept her up all night.

"I'm just talking about the impression he gives! Our Mr. Park does have someone in his heart, it's been said that he's been in love for many years."

Wendy's comment was unintentional, but it reminded Suzy of the numerical tattoo on Liam's collarbone.

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It looked like a date.