

Colleague Tries Skipping Out On The Bill; I'm Not Having It - Called The Cops! Chapter 09

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Isidestepped her. “I gave you a chance, but you chose to go after me. So don't blame me for hitting back.”

She ran to block my car. “Just wait, Grace. I've got friends up top. You won't get away with this.”

I revved the engine, forcing her to scramble out of the way.

“Val, if you keep pushing, next time it'll cost more than just money”

After we successfully completed two projects, HQ rewarded our branch with a major new project, giving us two weeks to draft a proposal and

a formal bid. If we landed the contract, everyone involved would get a \$20,000 bonus. Val's eyes lit up with excitement.

“I lost so much money because of that witch Grace getting in my way. This time, you have to help me,” I overheard her say to someone on the phone.

“Val, this is a big responsibility. Don't mess it up like last time, she advised.

Val's face flushed with eagerness. “No worries, Director. I've got years of experience with proposals. It's a walk in the park. Although..” She paused, casting a glance my way. “I might need some help. Grace, you'll back me up, right?”

The director nodded. “Grace, you're steady. With you around, I know things won't get out of hand.”

Val's smile froze, and a few colleagues stifled laughter.

Once Val got her hands on the project, she wasted no time exploiting me. She constantly had me working late or fetching her lunch.

“Oh, Grace, my hands are full! Why don’t you go grab it?”

“Grace, I’ll need you to stay late tonight and compile this data for tomorrow.

Meanwhile, she clocked out promptly every day.

Jamie noticed and protested, “She’s doing this on purpose! Want me to tell the director?”

I shook my head. I had a feeling Val’s revenge wouldn’t end with errands.

One evening, she tossed a rough draft at me.

“Just turn this into a formal bid by tomorrow. Director Collins needs it in the morning

I leafed through the draft. It looked thorough, and as long as I formalized it, we’d be done. But was it really that simple?

I walked out without staying late, and she yelled after me, “If that bid isn’t perfect tomorrow, I’ll report you to HQ myself!”

The next morning, when I took the finalized bid to the director’s office, Val intercepted me, holding out her hand.

“Give that to me. It’s my project. You’re just the assistant.”

I smirked. “If you sabotage this, don’t think I’ll let you get away with it

She sneered. “Just because you carry a Chanel doesn’t mean you’re untouchable.” She strutted off. Moments later, I heard her shriek.

“Grace, what is this?” she hollered, storming into the director’s office.