

Chapter 15 I Don't Give A Damn

Thanks to Russell's unsettling visit, Belinda couldn't sleep a wink all night. Her mind was in a complete mess, and she didn't fall asleep until five o'clock in the morning.

At eight o'clock, Larry showed up at the door to her studio in white sportswear.

Belinda awoke to the sound of the doorbell. Glancing at the time blearily, she snarled at the door, "Who is it?"

When she finally opened the door, Larry took off his sunglasses and frowned at Belinda's sorry sight. She had dark circles under her eyes and she looked particularly moody. "Where have you been and what have you done last night? You look terrible!" he asked after a while.

"What're you doing here, Larry?" Belinda snapped impatiently.

After divorcing Russell, she had become more and more dependent on her family. Consequently, she was reluctant to lose her temper with them. However, this morning was an exception.

Leaning against the door frame, Larry ignored her long face and said lazily, "I was just in the area so I decided to drop by to kindly remind you to have dinner at home tonight. Oh, and don't work overtime. Dad said that if you don't go home, he'll come to the studio to look after you himself."

Again.

Belinda rubbed the spot between her eyebrows and felt a pounding headache. "I'll go back as soon as I finish my work here. I'll call Dad later."

"Alright. Take care of yourself." After that, Larry put his sunglasses back on and turned around. Then, a thought suddenly occurred to him. "If

Russell Kameron dares to pester you again, just let me know, okay?"

Huh? Why did Larry mention Russell out of a blue?

Although she found it strange, Belinda didn't ask about it and simply nodded.

After sending Larry off, Belinda remembered that there would be a pre-exhibit of IS's latest collection in the afternoon. Whether she could strike a deal with IS or not, this event was of great importance.

Belinda looked at her reflection in the mirror. She couldn't hide the exhaustion in her eyes. Realizing this, Belinda wished she could slap Russell on the face a second time.

But she couldn't let her haggard appearance stop her. She briskly got to work, putting on makeup and changing into a smart-looking suit. By the time she arrived at the venue, most of the invited guests were already there. Despite being amidst the crowd, she spotted Russell at a glance.

As if he had sensed something, Russell turned around abruptly. Their eyes met briefly, but the next second, they both turned away.

Belinda wandered around the venue thoughtfully. She carefully studied all the products that were going to be featured in this pre-exhibit and their overarching concept—this was key to winning a cooperation with IS.

Only if they shared a common philosophy could she find a foothold.

There was a representative assigned to each product. Their job was to observe the guests and pinpoint potential partners for IS.

"Can I get a closer look?"

Belinda approached stand No. 6 and pointed at the diamond ring behind the counter.

Before the representative could respond, someone else spoke up first. "The diamond ring was originally designed for display purposes only. Only when it's placed under a spotlight can its exquisite beauty reach its peak."

The familiar voice stunned Belinda.

"What do you think, Miss Fletcher?"

Restraining her anger, Belinda forced a smile and replied softly, "You're exactly right, Mr. Kameron. However, have you heard about the latest trend in the fashion industry? It's called minimalism—meaning those flashy things without substance are slowly being abandoned."

"Is that so?"

Russell smiled meaningfully. Although Belinda had a sharp-tongue, still she lacked of the sensitivity of a seasoned businessman.

"Miss Fletcher, have you done any research on this so-called minimalist movement? How much do you know about the market? How many of these people publicly advocating for the minimalist lifestyle have actually bought diamond rings?"

Belinda fell silent. She felt awkward, having been bombarded by a series of difficult questions. She couldn't meet the inquisitive eyes of the representative, nor could she look into Russell's complacent ones.

Truth be told, even she had to admit that Russell was right.

Minimalism was currently only favored by a small group who were practically activists.

In fact, most of the market still indulged in extravagant nonsense like diamond rings.

Where there was the demand, there was a market.

It was true that IS was an international brand, but it was also an enterprise. Which meant that its main purpose was to make money. Introducing more concepts and ideas into their products was only to stir up the consumer's emotions, stimulating them to spend more.

"Mr. Kameron, you're quite insightful."

In the end, that was all she could say. Belinda couldn't afford to lose her cool at such an important event, so she kept her words brief.

She didn't know if Russell was deliberately trying to kick her out of the game, but it sure seemed like it. The less competitors he had for IS's

cooperation, the better for him.

But Russell's next words caught her off guard. "Indeed, but the philosophy of simplicity will be deemed much more helpful in the near future."

Wait... Was he saying that to give her an out?

Belinda didn't want to owe him any favors, so she just nodded and excused herself, walking away to the other stands. However, she was not in the mood to browse anymore.

When the event was about to come to an end, Belinda received a text from Larry. He said that their father had just come back from a business trip and he was headed to the pre-exhibit to have a look.

Obviously, Harley was just going for Belinda's sake, not for the pre-exhibit.

But Belinda still didn't want her identity to be exposed, so she hurried away before Harley's arrival. Russell was conversing with someone when he caught a glimpse of Belinda rushing out of the venue. Seeing this, he pursed his lips tightly.

While Belinda was waiting for the elevator, someone unexpected loomed from behind her.

It was none other than Teresa.

Glancing at Teresa, who was standing next to her, Belinda tried hard to mask her feelings of disgust and took a step forward.

Seeing this, Teresa felt extremely irritated for some reason. Was Belinda attempting to block her way?

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" She grabbed Belinda's bag and yanked it without warning. The handbag slipped off of Belinda's shoulder and clattered to the ground.

Looking at the cream-colored handbag lying on the floor, Teresa felt much better and smirked complacently.

This handbag was one of the latest of Drum's autumn collection—the

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haute couture series to be exact. It had only been on display once, and Teresa had tried every means to get it, but failed in the end. She didn't expect that Belinda had one.

Belinda fixed her eyes on Teresa and demanded in a domineering tone, "Pick it up."

"You threw it away yourself. Why ask me to pick it up for you?"

Hearing this, Belinda smiled in amusement. Why the hell would she throw her own handbag onto the ground? It was so ridiculous!

Teresa was as bossy as usual, but Belinda was no longer the submissive girl she used to be.

If Teresa refused to pick up her bag, then...

Well, Belinda didn't like forcing people to do things.

"Ding—"

The elevator doors slid open at the perfect time. With a snort, Teresa planned to walk past Belinda and stepped into the elevator. However, before she could take a single step, Belinda suddenly grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her back, making her bump against the wall awkwardly.

Although it didn't hurt, Teresa had never been humiliated like this before! How could she let Belinda get away with such a thing?

"How dare you hit me?! Don't you know who I am?!" Teresa was so angry that she screamed hysterically like a spoiled child throwing a tantrum. She was nothing like the graceful noble lady of the Kameron family that she was supposed to be.

Belinda looked at her with contempt.

"I don't give a damn who you are. Haven't you heard that we live in a society ruled by law?" Belinda sneered.