

Chapter 24

[Vivienne]

Harvey looks at me as if he's looking at me for the first time, before he scoffs out a soft chuckle.

"Are you serious? Who doesn't know Jasper Sterling? He's the star designer of my company. The guy is a freaking genius. I mean, every time I think he has reached the peak of his success, he surprises everyone with a new invention and outshines himself all over again. What about him though? Don't tell me you plan to work under him. Because I assure you that's practically impossible."

He shakes his head before moving around the table and settling back in his chair. "There is already a long line of people who want to work for him. I mean, that's what people are trying to achieve, you know, the chance of working with such an iconic person. I'm just glad I was able to bind him to my company. For the next five years, he won't be able to work for anyone else. Imagine the kind of business he can do for us."

I smile to myself. I didn't know my brother was so impressed with Jasper's work. But maybe I should have. They did sign a contract that stated Jasper wasn't allowed to design for anyone else and that his services were to be exclusively available for the Richardsons. 1

I smile. "No. I don't plan to work under him. I don't think I can even if I wanted to."

"Exactly, my point," Harvey looks pleased that I'm agreeing with him. "

To be honest, it is a kind of bummer that I never met the man in person, but who cares? We still make millions in profit just because of him. I couldn't be happier."

"Of course," I quickly nod.

I am about to say something when there's a knock on the door. A few seconds later, a young woman I have never seen before enters. She's holding a sleek tablet to her chest and looks at Harvey as if he's a god.

"Mr. Richardson, sir?"

He doesn't look pleased at the intrusion. "I already said no meeting for the next hour, Angela. Can't you see I'm busy?"

Angela looks worried.

"But there is an emergency," she says in a hurry, then turns her gaze towards me, giving me an assessing look before she turns her attention back to Harvey.

He's clearly displeased now, but he lets her continue, probably interested in hearing what kind of emergency she must be talking about. I'll be honest, I'm just as curious if not less.

She looks slightly nervous. "Someone named Arthur Clarkson is here to see you. He seems really furious though and has demanded that we call you down at once. He's not listening to anything we say, sir."

Arthur Clarkson. The name sounds way more familiar than I want to admit.

Wait a minute. Isn't he the big brother of Sasha? I shake my head when I realize what's going on here. After being humiliated by Harvey, she must have gone straight to her older brother like she always did and now he's here to cause more trouble for us.

What a stupid and spoiled brat.

Harvey looks at his assistant intensely. "Just ask him to leave. I'm in a very good mood right now and I have no plans to let some spoiled brat spoil it any soon."

Angela shakes her head. "It won't work, sir. He says that you had his little sister humiliated in your store, and if you don't show your face soon, he will be the one to show you."

He frowns, the look on his face is a bit more thoughtful. "Fine. Let's see what he has to say. You can leave."

When Angela leaves, I turn towards my brother. "Harvey—"

I try to warn him but he cuts me off, rising from his chair and adjusting his tie.

"Don't worry, I have this under control."

I don't doubt that he does, but Arthur Clarkson is not someone that can be taken lightly. I have seen him in action before and I can guarantee you he can be scary if he wants to be.

"You sure?"

"Of course, I'm sure. Don't worry about me," he gives me a wink, "I've

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handled tougher customers in the past. Arthur Clarkson will be no different."

He's about to go when he remembers something.

"Oh, and about the Jasper Sterling thing."

"Yes?"

He smiles. "If you do wish to work under him, maybe I can help. He won't be able to say no to me if I really asked."

Despite the tense situation, I chuckle at him. "That's won't be necessary. I'll manage just fine. But thank you. I really appreciate it."

He looks pleased to hear that, and is about to say something else when a voice outside cuts him short.

"You have no fucking right to do that! Let me pass before I lose my fucking temper!"

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