

Chapter 55

One Month Later

[Vivienne]

"These new designs are perfect!" Harvey exclaims, and I wince ever so slightly, hoping he would tone down the excitement a bit.

I look around the conference room, trying to read the faces of my fellow designers who worked hard to come up with designs to match this year's theme: the sparkling golden era.

So far, none of their expressions betray the professional masks they wear in front of their boss, Harvey, but I know that might change once Harvey is gone and I'm left alone.

If only I had known how competitive this jewelry design industry could be...

"I love them," Harvey finally says, looking up to meet my eyes. "You did it again, Ms. Sinclair. Congratulations."

The entire room explodes with applause.

Harvey finally adjourns the meeting, and as soon as I reach my desk, the tension among us all bursts like a dam.

"Guess the boss's pet scored again, huh?" someone sneers from their desk behind me, not even trying to hide the venom in their voice.

"Yeah, no kidding," another one chimes in. "Must be nice having the

boss wrapped around your finger. Every crap you put on paper sells without question.”

I close my eyes and remind myself for the umpteenth time that it’s all part of the plan. Sure, the whispers and snide remarks are relentless, but I can’t let them get to me. Not after all the crap I’ve gone through to get here. I sit down at my desk, clenching my fists until my knuckles go white.

“What’s the matter, Vivienne? Thought you were used to riding high on that pedestal,” a voice snickers from the other side of the room.

I glance over and see Claire, one of the senior designers, smirking at me. Her arms are crossed over her chest, and she looks like she’s just waiting for me to snap.

“Jealous much, Claire?” a familiar voice shoots back, dripping with sarcasm. “It’s not her fault you can’t keep up.”

Every gaze in the room turns to the only woman who hasn’t given me a hard time for being new or for being good at what I do: Kimberly Jackson, our team leader.

Claire’s face turns a shade of red that matches her lipstick. “Stay out of this, Kim. You don’t know anything.”

Kimberly takes her time putting her bag in her cabin before returning to us. “Or do I?” she says, her voice calm but assertive. She looks Claire up and down with a smirk. “Or maybe it’s because I’m not afraid to call out bullshit when I see it.”

Her words slice through the room, leaving Claire fuming.

Claire sneers, her face contorting with rage. "You think you're so high and mighty, don't you, Kim? Always jumping in to save the day for little Miss Perfect over here."

Kimberly steps forward, not backing down. "Better to be high and mighty than petty and jealous. At least I can recognize talent without feeling threatened. What's your excuse?"

Claire scoffs, rolling her eyes. "Whatever, Kim. Keep playing the hero. We'll see how long that lasts."

She turns on her heel and stomps away, leaving a trail of her perfume in the air. Kimberly glances back at me, her expression softening.

"Don't let them get to you, okay? They're just pissed because they can't handle the competition."

"Thanks, Kim. I owe you one."

She waves her hand dismissively. "Forget about it. We're a team, right? Let them talk. You just keep doing what you're doing and let your work speak for itself."

She's right. I'm not here to make friends. I'm here to learn and perfect my art.

I nod. "You're right. Thanks."

"I always am," she says, flipping her hair. I laugh. I have to admit, she's pretty and confident, and she doesn't take anyone's shit. She's kinda cool and someone I can look up to.

"Oh, and Vivienne? Can you please show me those designs as well, darling? I missed the morning meeting, and the last time I checked, the tech team is still too incompetent to fix my damn computer. I'd like to finalize the designs ASAP so we can send them off to the workshops."

"Sure, Kim," I pull out the sketches and hand them to her, noticing Claire glaring at us from across the room. She's still fuming, and her face looks like she just sucked on a lemon.

Kimberly looks over the designs, her eyes lighting up. "Boss was right. These are amazing. I can't wait to see the look on their faces when these hit the market." She shoots Claire a look that could kill. "Unlike some people, you really worked hard on these and it shows."

Claire mutters something under her breath and slams her drawer shut. Too loudly, may I add.

"Thanks, Kim," I say, feeling a little better. "It means a lot coming from you."

"Don't mention it," she says with a smirk. "I know you've got what it takes to make it here. Just keep your head down and don't let the bitches get to you."

Once Kimberly leaves, I settle back at my desk and sigh.

Damn! It's not even 10 in the morning, and I'm already drained because of this stupid office politics.

"Oh shit!" An angry yell erupts from Kimberly's office. Unsure of what

Chapter 55

to expect, we all rush to her cabin, pushing the door open to see what the hell happened.

But what I see makes my heart drop straight to my stomach.

My designs are scattered all over the floor, and there's fucking black ink splashed on every single piece of them.



Comments



Support