

## Chapter 59

[Vivienne]

After leaving Kim with a shocked look on her face, I grab my bag and head out of the office. After the kind of stressful start I had this morning, I asked Harvey for a day off so I could calm down and focus on how I want to handle this delicate situation.

For now, if Kim is really behind the leak, I've made sure she's cautious and has put a hold on leaking designs for the time being. But I have to be smart about this. What if the traitor isn't Kim? I need to stay open-minded and cautious around everyone.

"Viv!" A familiar voice calls, pulling me out of my thoughts. I look over my shoulder to see Rosita heading in my direction. I texted her as soon as I left the office, and she promised to meet me for brunch.

"Hey, someone looks chirpy today," I say as she grabs a chair and sits across from me. She's wearing a yellow sundress that looks fantastic on her, bringing out her pale blue eyes and bright smile.

She smirks. "Well, someone got the chance to design an exclusive red carpet dress for her all-time favorite actress. If that's not reason enough to be chirpy today, my darling, I don't know what else could be!"

I raise an eyebrow, leaning back in my chair with a smirk of my own.

"Well, look at you, Miss Big Shot Designer. You've hit the jackpot! So, who's the lucky actress? Anyone I should be jealous of?"

Rosita laughs, the sound light and smug, as she brushes a stray curl from her face. "Oh, just a little someone named Elena Matthews. You know, the one who's been gracing every magazine cover lately? No big deal."

My eyes widen for real. "Elena Matthews? The Elena Matthews? Darling, you're practically royalty now!"

Her excitement bubbles over, and she leans over the table, whispering so no one thinks she's going crazy with happiness. "I know, right? It's a dream come true. I can't believe she picked me for her red carpet-appearance this year. You know, she's a legend, right? Anything she wears—literally anything—becomes a sensation overnight. People talk about it for almost a year. I can't screw this chance, Viv. I just can't. She's returning to Hollywood after almost two years, and she wants me to make her look the prettiest, the sexiest, the most talked about. How awesome is that? Oh, I still can't believe it happened. If this is a dream, I swear to God I don't want to wake up."

"Darling, no one can dream that big!" I say.

She laughs, shaking her head as if she can't believe she's getting such an amazing opportunity. I can feel the genuine joy in her words, and I couldn't be more proud of her. She deserves it all and then some.

Rosita is not just my best friend—she is also my rock.

"You're going to do great, and Elena Matthews is going to be so lucky to have you in charge of her wardrobe. In fact, if she has even one

single complaint about your work, then she's an idiot and deserves to be hit on the head."

She shakes her head, laughing. "Stop saying things like that, silly. If her husband finds out you called his wife an idiot, he won't be too happy. You know they're the most romantic couple ever, right? It's all anyone talks about in the tabloids. He actually bought a whole town and built a resort just to keep his wife away from all the craziness that comes with the spotlight. Do you have any idea how sweet that is? It's not every day a billionaire turns into a romantic. I'd be lucky if he looked at me twice!"

I can't help but laugh out loud at that. Rosita has a tendency to get carried away when talking about things she's passionate about. In this case, it's her idol. "Darling, I'd be worried if he didn't look at you twice. Have you seen yourself in the mirror lately? You're stunning!"

She snorts, rolling her eyes. "Yeah, tell me about it."

"You fucking bitch!" A woman suddenly yells and dashes to our table. Before I know what's happening, she grabs a cup of hot, steaming coffee and throws it in my face.

I feel the burning liquid scorching my skin and instinctively cover my eyes, trying to protect myself from the attack.

"You fucking bitch!" She yells again and tries to grab something else from the table, but before she can, the staff comes out and restrains her.

"You okay?" Rosita asks, jumping to her feet and coming to help me. She takes a napkin and wipes my face. "You need to see a doctor

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right away. It's going to leave a nasty scar if we don't do something now."

"Vivienne! You fucking bitch!" The woman yells as the staff holds her back, glaring at me with a madwoman's rage. "You ruined my fucking life, you bitch! You ruined everything."

I look at her face and realize I know her.

"Avery?"

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