

Spoiled 241

Chapter 241: I want to see Justin!

To be precise, apart from resources in the entertainment industry, Justin Battleson wouldn't interfere too much with Evelyn.

However, ever since Charlotte Thompson appeared, Justin Battleson's attitude became even more silent.

Charlotte Thompson is like Sophie Allen from years ago, a lingering ghost who is nauseating and impossible to get rid of.

Lucy knocked on the door, notifying Evelyn it was time for the next scene.

With the schedule laid out here, Evelyn had to suppress any dissatisfaction she felt.

After the shoot, she returned to her hotel room.

As she bathed, the shower water splashed on her.

Her mind was filled with what Cindy had just told her – Justin personally stood up for Charlotte.

In the past five years, when had Justin personally defended her?

Whenever any scandal arose, he always let Michael Richard handle it.

This won't do, she couldn't continue to wait for death!

She stepped out of the bathroom, glanced at the time – it was already two in the morning.

Disturbing Justin at this hour was not realistic.

She took a moment to adjust her mood, lay down on the bed, and closed her eyes.

However, after tossing and turning for a while, she found it hard to sleep.

That night, Evelyn was restless, each second feeling like an eternity.

Eventually, she managed to force herself to sleep.

The alarm went off at seven in the morning.

Evelyn jolted up from her bed, her eyes barely open due to her sleepless fatigue.

After a few minutes of adjustment, she sent Lucy a message to cancel her schedule for the day, then got out of bed.

She spent some time in the bathroom and when she came out, she was back to being the radiant Evelyn.

With her exquisite makeup and designer clothes, Evelyn assumed an air of regal elegance, making it clear she was not to be trifled upon.

She gave herself a confident smile in the mirror.

With the expensive handbag Justin had bought for her in hand, she left her room, hiding the fatigue from her restless night.

Filled with dissatisfaction for Charlotte Thompson and humiliation from negative comments on social media, Evelyn headed straight to Vanguard Jewelry.

Her arrival at Vanguard Jewelry created quite a stir.

However, the employees kept to themselves, each cast an additional glance at Evelyn then returned to their duties.

Evelyn took the executive elevator straight to the floor where Justin's office was located.

Michael Richard, who had just finished checking in, was taken aback when he saw Evelyn.

What was she doing here?

His professional demeanor made him put on a smile on his face: "Good morning, Miss Curtis."

"I want to see Justin."

Evelyn was quite polite to Michael Richard.

Michael Richard nodded, and went over to the CEO's office.

"Mr. Battleson, Miss Curtis is here," Michael Richard informed Justin Battleson.

Evelyn never had the privilege to enter without notice – Justin had to permit her each time.

With his head buried in a pile of documents, Justin didn't even look up as he signed them.

As for Evelyn's arrival, it didn't stir up the slightest ripple in his heart.

However, he soon put down his pen and involuntarily frowned.

She wouldn't be looking for him if it wasn't for something troublesome.

It was unclear from when, but Evelyn had become an annoyance to Justin.

"Let her in," Justin said, setting aside his thoughts and massaging his aching temples.

Outside, Evelyn was already growing impatient, repeatedly glancing down at her shoe points and frowning.

She had taken time to neatly dress before leaving, putting on a V-neck dress hoping to attract Justin's attention.

However, only a few people who came to deliver documents to Justin were caught by her attractive outfit.

Chapter 242: Reaping What You Sow

The curious, snooping glances surrounding her, which made her feel as if she were sitting on a bed of pins, discomforted her whole body.

Finally, when Michael Richard came out again, he led Evelyn Curtis inside, allowing her to let out a silent sigh of relief in her heart.

She walked in high heels and, as she did, she pridefully lifted her small face and followed Michael Richard, her head held high and her chest thrust out.

They walked into the office amid stares from everyone.

"I thought she had fallen out of favor."

"I haven't seen her in a long time. You all know about her anonymous online harassment on Charlotte Thompson, don't you?"

"Of course I do. I never really liked her in the first place. Now, just the sight of her disgusts me. I have no idea what Mr. Battleson saw in her."

"Such person, with no class and constantly showing off, is spokesperson for Vanguard Jewelry. It makes me embarrassed to say I work at Vanguard Jewelry."

Once Evelyn Curtis disappeared from sight, a few people gathered together whispering.

Every remark was ironically dismissive of her.

After speaking, they exchanged glances and shook their heads.

It was clear Evelyn Curtis' reputation was already ruined, and she was not winning hearts.

After Michael Richard led Evelyn Curtis inside, he thoughtfully closed the door behind them and then left the room.

Out of fear that their whispers would be overheard, everyone quietly stopped talking and, in agreement, moved their discussions to a chat group.

"Justin, I haven't seen you in a very long time." As soon as the door closed, Evelyn Curtis began with a voice soft and tender, feigning indignation.

While speaking, she walked towards him, raising her soft, pearl-like hand towards Justin Battleson's arm.

Justin Battleson silently took a step back to avoid her touch, maintaining a safe distance between them.

Evelyn Curtis's cleavage, visible from beneath her low-cut attire, made him uncomfortable. He shifted his gaze away from her and started walking.

He stopped before the floor-to-ceiling window, where he could take in the whole city which seemed dwarfed from that height. The hustle and bustle of the city seemed trivial, with people hurrying about like small ants.

Endless traffic and rushing people were simply a part of ordinary human existence.

"Just cut to the chase," Justin Battleson began, his voice sounding as emotionless as a robot's.

His prominent side profile faced her. He was unwilling to maintain eye contact for even a moment longer.

Evelyn Curtis's outstretched hand froze in mid-air, the situation terribly awkward.

After a while, she grimaced and withdrew her hand, a shadow of disappointment flitting across her eyes.

Coldness!

He was still so cold to her!

Such a man only showed emotional changes when dealing with someone he liked.

Evelyn Curtis understood this clearly.

After all these years, she had never made it to the top of his heart, his heart had never once belonged to her, Evelyn Curtis.

Evelyn Curtis only felt a suffocating sensation in her chest, sharp pains shooting through her heart.

She had done so much for him, yet he didn't notice.

"Justin, can you help me deal with the slanderous material circulating about me online? The things they say are so disgusting that I haven't left my house in days."

"Every time I go to the film set, I have to spend so much energy ducking and hiding, I... it's all so tiring..."

Her pitiable, choked request came from behind Justin Battleson.

He could imagine Evelyn Curtis close to breaking down in tears at that moment.

Evelyn Curtis's appearance was one that stirred protective urges in others. Any other man standing in front of her might have already been manipulated by her.

Unfortunately, Justin Battleson was not swayed and he continued gazing at the landscape outside the window, undistracted.

Michael Richard had already reported to him the cause and effects of the slanderous post. He knew that Charlotte Thompson was also involved in this.

Moreover, it was allegedly Charlotte herself who exposed Evelyn Curtis.

All he could say was that Evelyn Curtis was suffering the consequences of her own actions.

Chapter 243: The Victim

Evelyn Curtis always relied on that transient bond formed one night, asking Justin Battleson to clean up her messes.

She saved his life that night, and Justin was grateful to her.

But such requests, if repeated over time, would eventually become irksome.

Justin frowned discontentedly, finally giving Evelyn a direct gaze.

His scrutinising gaze made Evelyn feel somewhat guilty.

To avoid appearing intimidated, she stiffened her neck and held her head high, her provocatively displayed figure becoming even more conspicuous.

"This sort of thing will heal with time, just stay at home and rest for a while," said Justin in a cold tone.

Upon hearing his words, Evelyn's face instantly changed color.

It seemed he had learned about it a long time ago, but kept silent and refused to intervene.

By the looks of it, Justin had no intention of getting involved.

But how could Evelyn give up so easily?

In the entertainment industry, her biggest asset was Justin Battleson.

He was the only one she could rely on.

If even he wouldn't help her, who else could save her from the abyss?

Furthermore, as an artist, she knew only too well what taking a break would mean.

The entertainment industry changes rapidly, newcomers are rushing in to seize every opportunity, if she were to step back and take a rest at this crucial point, how could she possibly make a comeback?

No, she can't let her five years of hard work go to waste.

Taking advantage of Justin's unpreparedness, Evelyn successfully wrapped her arm around his, rubbing against him.

"Justin... You obviously know about my problems with Charlotte, but you still want to keep using her, isn't this a slap in my face? She's the reason I'm like this now."

"Justin, for the sake of our long relationship, can you do me this favor...?"

Evelyn furrowed her eyebrows as her eyes filled with tears, looking as though she had been wronged greatly.

As they say, if you are shameless, you will be invincible.

Evelyn's skills in turning the tables, even when faced with utter humiliation, were truly eye-opening for Justin.

It was Charlotte Thompson who had caused her to be humiliated in front of so many people. Each time she thought about the online abuse and blame she had received, she felt a deep-seated hatred.

Her bloodshot eyes were filled with resentment towards Charlotte. But fearing Justin might detect her feelings, she tried to restrain herself, her gaze wandering.

Justin felt goosebumps when she rubbed against him.

He coldly pushed her away, then used the back of his hand to brush off some nonexistent dust from his suit jacket.

His nose wrinkled in disgust at the smell of Evelyn's perfume that lingered around him.

As if something unclean had contaminated him, his disdainful expression made Evelyn's face look even more unpleasant.

"It was you who provoked Charlotte first, you brought that scandal on yourself."

With a few words, Justin absolved himself of all responsibility, his thinking crystal-clear.

Evelyn's perfume lingered on his jacket, making him feel like removing it and throwing it away at that moment.

Which, of course, is exactly what he did.

"It was because she made me lose face before, I couldn't hold back so I did that."

Evelyn relentlessly complained, bringing up the previous incident where Charlotte humiliated her on a show.

"Not only did she seduce you, but she also hooked up with Mr. Ross... "

As she spoke, she dragged Adam Ross into the matter as well.

Next, tears the size of a soybean began rolling down her cheeks, instantly absorbed and disappeared into the carpet as they hit the ground.

Her delicate face was suffused with grievance, as though she was the sole victim.

Chapter 244 Entanglement

"However, to Justin Battleson, her tears were worthless.

Justin Battleson fell silent, unsure of how to respond to her shameless behavior.

Suddenly, he felt that helping her break into the entertainment industry five years ago was the right decision.

After all, she really did have a talent for acting.

""Evil deeds shall doom their perpetrator."

Justin Battleson casually uttered this sentence.

Evelyn Curtis' face went stiff in an instant, forgetting how to cry.

"Justin, it's not what you think, Charlotte Thompson ... Charlotte is really bad, she..."

Having heard this, Justin Battleson ignored her following words.

There's no need to continue this conversation.

No matter what he said, she wouldn't recognize her own mistakes and would simply evade responsibility.

He didn't want to waste more words on her, there was a pile of documents waiting for his attention on his desk.

"Go home and rest, I have work to do."

Justin Battleson impatiently ordered her out.

He did not want to waste his time on Evelyn Curtis.

Evelyn Curtis stared at Justin Battleson's indifferent face, her own paling.

She moved her lips, but did not know what to say.

His heart was truly cold, a person so chilly that no warmth could reach.

"Justin, you're all I have left. Ever since that night five years ago, I have belonged to you. I come from a rural background, a girl who has lost her first time, how am I supposed to live..."

Evelyn Curtis was choked up with emotions, crying heartbrokenly.

Old grudges resurfaced again, now being the only thing Evelyn Curtis could use to restrain Justin Battleson.

Her hot tears fell on Justin Battleson's hand, causing him some annoyance.

That night's encounter was something he found hard to let go.

Having regarded her naiveté as a girl then, he had indulged Evelyn Curtis all these years.

He had ensured that she wanted for nothing and had all the resources she needed.

However, it was because of his generosity that Evelyn Curtis had become more arrogant, acting recklessly under the name "Justin Battleson".

Justin Battleson felt only annoyance and a headache, massaging his forehead with his fingers.

The night five years ago was an unfortunate situation, and as a man, it was his duty to take responsibility.

Things had already happened and Justin Battleson, no matter what, couldn't change them, but he felt a sense of suffocation.

"I will help you get rid of the black material." After a several minutes of silence, Justin Battleson finally spoke up.

The calmness in his eyes was not from sympathy, but from his wish for Evelyn Curtis to stop pestering him.

Hearing his words, Evelyn Curtis looked overjoyed; she thought she had finally moved him.

"What about Charlotte?" Well, once given a little hope, people tend to get too greedy.

Evelyn Curtis regarded Justin Battleson with hopeful eyes; she wished to hear the answer she wanted from him.

The tear streaks on her face hadn't completely dried yet, and her contained joy made her look even more ridiculous.

Having been rejected twice before, she wisely refrained from reaching out and touching Justin Battleson this time.

Avoiding making Justin Battleson dislike her more was a way to save her face.

"I can help you with the black material, but I will not harm Charlotte."

Justin Battleson replied calmly, his words firm and leaving no room for negotiation.

He looked at her; his sharp gaze seemed to pierce through her, as cold as if he was looking at a corpse.

The resentment in his gaze was obvious, and the warning was clear.

The compromise was only to assuage some guilt, Justin Battleson was under no obligation to do more for her.

"But..." Evelyn Curtis was unwilling to give up, wanting to say more.

Chapter 245: Get Lost

However, as soon as she opened her mouth, she was interrupted by Justin Battleson.

"Stop playing tricks and get out." Justin Battleson shed his usual tolerance, his words full of threat, his expression no longer hiding his anger.

For the first time in five years, Justin Battleson told her to "get out."

Obviously, he was very angry now.

Evelyn Curtis, frightened, remained silent, aware that any further entanglement would only provoke his dissatisfaction. She left, embarrassed.

Her departure was as hurried and dismal as her arrival had been radiant.

Having failed to seize the opportunity to get rid of Charlotte Thompson, Evelyn Curtis gritted her teeth, withholding her complaints.

Moreover, being told to 'get out' by Justin Battleson hurt her deeply, as if she were being cut with a knife.

She felt that she had lost miserably before the battle had begun.

She was keenly aware of the difference in treatment between her and Charlotte in Justin's eyes.

Unable to vent her anger, she adjusted herself and put on sunglasses to hide her red, slightly swollen eyes.

She had her pride too. If others knew that she had cried in Justin Battleson's office, wouldn't it be a joke?

With Evelyn Curtis gone, Justin Battleson finally had some peace.

He was a man of his word and would do what he promised.

Once he finished sorting the documents in front of him, he called in Michael Richard.

"Handle Evelyn Curtis's scandal," he commanded.

Understanding the assignment, Michael Richard left to get started.

It has to be said that the PR capabilities of the Riley Group is one of the best in the industry.

Not long after, a scandal about an up-and-coming star broke on the internet, diverting the attention of netizens.

With the public eager for new gossip, who would have time to pay attention to Evelyn Curtis's matters?

This provided her agency with a chance to breathe and minimize their losses.

Evelyn Curtis, always concerned about her image, seeing that the public's focus had shifted to another star, she could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Now, all she could do was wait patiently.

Once the scandal subsides, she can re-emerge in public sight with a new image.

With the awards she has won over the years and the loyal fans she has accumulated, she won't be suppressed forever.

The only downside was that Charlotte was still at Vanguard Jewelry, occupying a place near Justin.

In the same building, they were bound to encounter each other often.

The charm of Justin Battleson was obvious to all.

What if Charlotte turned out to be a shameless flirt ...

Despite such thoughts, Evelyn Curtis dared not act recklessly.

She had just been warned by him. If she couldn't restrain herself and really angered him, it would be more harm than good.

Meanwhile, in Vanguard Jewelry, the legendary story of Charlotte Thompson spread among all the employees.

Anyone with discerning eyes could see Justin Battleson's considerate attitude towards Charlotte. All the employees who had targeted her were now in a panic.

Those who had targeted her avoided her now, afraid that she would hold a grudge.

"I'm sorry, Miss Thompson, I'm sorry, it was an accident. Please don't remember my mistake. Don't take it to heart..."

A normally arrogant employee accidentally bumped into someone at the corner, the words of reproach were just about to slip from his mouth.

However, the moment he lifted his eyes and saw it was Charlotte whom he bumped into, his face froze and the words stuck in his throat.

When he came to his senses, he apologized profusely and bowed continuously to show his sincerity.

He only hoped that Charlotte would let him off the hook.

Chapter 246: Eye-Opening

Before Charlotte could even open her mouth to speak, she saw the other person clutching their documents and hurriedly running off.

It was as if she was some plague to avoid, leaving her confused.

However, this was not the first time she had encountered such a situation.

The change in attitudes of the employees was somewhat hard for Charlotte to adjust to.

Whenever they saw her, they appeared overly apprehensive and filled with dread.

"What, am I a man-eater or something?"

As Charlotte watched the retreating figure scurrying away in panic, she muttered to herself incredulously.

Of course, there was no one around to answer her.

She helplessly massaged her forehead.

Perhaps it was best for her to stay in the office to avoid scaring the staff more than work already did.

The previous issues were instigated by Cindy, and Charlotte understood the difficulties they faced.

She naturally wouldn't make things too difficult for those who were simply following orders.

Since Cindy had significantly toned down her high and mighty attitude towards her, she stuck to the rules without engaging in any unnecessary communication or targeting.

However, this change in behavior added to Charlotte's anxiety.

As the saying goes, unusual behavior means mischief is afoot. She had a feeling that Cindy was planning something big.

Sitting in her office chair, Charlotte shook off these impractical thoughts and belled up to her work desk once more.

After working for the whole morning, her back was starting to ache.

However, the good news was that the design draft was finally finished.

All her dedicated efforts were not in vain.

Being motivated, time seemed to fly and she felt in high spirits today as she was overflowing with inspiration.

However, after working for a while, she couldn't help feeling a little tired. Slowly, she stretched her weary back.

She could feel her bones creaking as they realign, relieving some of the body aches and leaving her somewhat refreshed.

In the afternoon, there was a meeting to discuss the design. Charlotte quickly organized her drafts for the presentation.

As if running in a hectic and busy schedule, the meeting began on time as usual, with all the employees from the design department gathering in the conference room.

"The draft has been uploaded to the computer. Please have a look at it and let me know if there are any objections," she said, displaying the designs on the screen – each displaying her unique style and interpretation.

"Once everyone had a look, feel free to offer any suggestions. Speak your mind."

After Charlotte finished, she glanced around at the employees.

Good, everyone seemed quite serious.

This was the spirit of the employees shown to Charlotte.

Indeed, it was actually the case.

Charlotte's design creativity and skills were well acknowledged by everyone, and this design draft opened their eyes even more.

Every design draft brought a pleasant surprise to the employees.

The more they looked at them, the more they liked them, and they were even tempted to place an order immediately.

The fact that 'Joy', Charlotte, was working as the design director at Vanguard Jewelry was truly a misuse of her talent.

"It's really good, there's no objection. This draft is already very good," they said.

"With this level, you could even participate in an international competition. There's nothing for us to object to. Absolutely no objections."

"Miss Thompson is indeed personally signed by Mr. Battleson, we are all full of admiration."

After the employees finished viewing the drafts, they took turns in flattery.

The implicit approval made Charlotte feel somewhat deceived.

Those people were scrambling to flatter her, trying to catch her attention.

Now that they were all working under Charlotte, even Cindy wasn't much of a support anymore.

They had no choice but to try their best to flatter Charlotte.

The design draft was indeed very good. They were willing to acknowledge its excellence, and nobody dared to say that Charlotte lacked the ability anymore.

Perhaps they were just a little too exaggerative in their praises.

Chapter 247: Jealousy Twists One's Heart

The adulation made Charlotte Thompson somewhat uncomfortable, she awkwardly rubbed her nose, unsure how to respond.

This meeting wasn't called for them to praise her, it was genuinely for gathering public opinions for improvements.

The current situation left her speechless, as she wasn't receiving any useful suggestions.

As the Chief Design Director, Miss Cindy was naturally invited to the meeting, but she just sat in a corner and remained silent.

Nobody noticed that her complexion was getting worse, and her hands were twisted together under the table, her palms slick with sweat.

These spineless fence-sitters would switch sides whenever there was a new incident, lacking any firm stance.

Had they forgotten how they used to fuss over her like puppies before that incident?

It hasn't been long, and now they are wagging their tails at Charlotte!

Amid the joyous atmosphere, Miss Cindy in the corner could only stew in her own anger.

No one cared about her feelings as everyone was busy sucking up to Charlotte.

The meeting ended amidst continuous flattery.

Charlotte received no useful suggestions at all, sighing helplessly.

She dismissed everyone, went back to her office with the data, and worried over several design drafts.

It wasn't that she wasn't confident in her own design drafts, but that she needed to brainstorm, as some designs are not universally accepted.

Unable to get any advice from her colleagues, Charlotte decided to submit her drafts first and make any amendments if necessary.

"Miss Cindy, I'm here to submit my drafts." Charlotte politely knocked on the door before entering the office.

She maintained a superficial courtesy to Miss Cindy, even addressing her as "Sister".

Hearing the noise, Miss Cindy hid her expression, pretending to skim through a document, unaware that she had it upside down.

Charlotte cast a meaningful glance at the document in her hand, understanding what was going on but not exposing her.

Noticing Charlotte's gaze, Miss Cindy finally realized her blunder and straightened the document awkwardly.

"Just put it on the desk." She coughed lightly to cover her embarrassment.

Before leaving, Charlotte gave her a smile.

A friendly smile was misinterpreted by Miss Cindy, who saw it as mockery.

Miss Cindy deliberately avoided looking at the draft.

Nevertheless, she became curious about the draft that had been praised to the skies during the meeting.

After much internal struggle, Miss Cindy put down the files in her hand and opened Charlotte's design drafts.

Looking at those polished to near-perfect drafts, jealousy welled up in Miss Cindy's heart.

It had been a long time since she produced any superior drafts, yet Charlotte managed to effortlessly complete several in a few days.

Jealousy twisted her heart, and the only thing Miss Cindy wanted to do was to tear these drafts and toss them into the trash can.

Her hand gripping the draft tightened, causing creases to appear on the paper.

A few seconds later, she snapped out of it and abruptly let go.

Fortunately, she hadn't ruined the drafts.

She couldn't do this. Once she moved, there would be no turning back.

She had been too busy regulating her emotions during the meeting to pay attention to the content of the drafts.

She took a deep breath to force herself to calm down. She needed to go through the necessary procedures.

She laid out each design on the desk, examining them closely.

She had never been so serious about reviewing the drafts, she had almost taken out a magnifying glass to pick at the details.

Chapter 248: The Newlywed Necklace

"How is that possible..." Cindy mumbled unconsciously.

She had carefully checked over everything, to the point where her eyes were straining, but she could still not find a single error.

As much as she loathed to admit it, the design was truly impeccable.

It was flawless, without a hint of a mistake.

Putting aside for a moment that Charlotte Thompson was her opponent, Cindy had to admit, deep down, that she admired her design skills.

No doubt, Joy, as Ashton's top designer, deserves her reputation.

In fact, before all this, Cindy was genuinely a fan of Joy's work.

Who would have thought – it's funny how life turns out: Joy turned out to be Charlotte Thompson.

Unfortunately, it was destined that they could never coexist peacefully.

Peace? The moment this idea formed in Cindy's mind, she immediately ejected it.

Their positions were irreconcilable and they were never going to be able to coexist peacefully.

All Cindy could think about now was how to force Charlotte out of Vanguard Jewelry.

The longer Charlotte stayed, the more severe the crisis Cindy herself would face.

Given Charlotte's capabilities, it was inevitable that she would be replaced.

Early the next day, just past clock-in time, the employees of the design department were gathered in the large conference room.

All the designers of Vanguard Jewelry, irrespective of their ranking, were assembled in one place.

It had been a long time since they had had such a summons.

It was Charlotte's first time witnessing this.

Having been in the corporate world for quite some time, Cindy's instincts were sharp.

She had a feeling that something immensely important was about to be announced, otherwise they wouldn't gather so many people.

"The company needs to produce a piece of jewelry, a wedding necklace for the Queen of Ashton."

Once everyone was gathered, Mr. Battleson, situated in the main seat, shared the information.

"A wedding necklace for the queen, huh."

"Does the president mean that we have a chance to design the wedding necklace for the Queen of Ashton?"

As these words were spoken, everyone erupted into discussion, their faces filled with disbelief.

It was extremely rare for the royal family to commission a designer who wasn't part of the family court, especially for such an important item as a wedding necklace.

If they were able to secure this opportunity, their value would rise tremendously; this was far more prestigious than winning any major competition!

Everyone understood this.

"The designer for this project has not yet been selected. This meeting is also for the purpose of discussing this matter."

Mr. Battleson tapped his fingers on the table, giving them some time to digest the news.

He then dropped the bombshell.

The way he put it gave them an even greater glimmer of hope, stating everything was still up in the air, everyone still had a chance.

Such a great opportunity – those with ambitions would have to contend for it.

In a flash, the way designers looked at their normally harmonious colleagues changed, filled with apprehension.

The workplace is a battlefield, concerning future prospects, no one was willing to step aside.

"Mr. Battleson, I believe I can handle this project."

While everyone was hesitating, a somewhat well-known staff member stepped forward to volunteer.

Her action drew some dissatisfaction from others who shot her wary looks.

Susan didn't care at all, for snatching the project was more important to her. Getting in there first meant an additional opportunity.

On the competitive field of work, who would be courteous?

"Mr. Battleson, I can do it too. I promise you can trust me." Another designer confidently assured.

With one person stepping forward, the others could no longer sit still and scrambled to seize the opportunity.

The once orderly conference room turned into a marketplace, bustling with noise, everyone was contending for the execution rights to the project.

Looking at the situation, who would even take feelings of comradery amongst colleagues into account? They wished the others did not exist.

Chapter 249: Hiding a Secret Agenda

Compared to these people, Cindy and Charlotte Thompson remained calm, quietly sitting in their seats without uttering a word.

No one knew what they were thinking.

But when Justin Battleson mentioned the new wedding necklace for the queen of Ashton, Charlotte showed a hint of interest.

She sat there, a tranquil smile playing at the corners of her mouth, watching the ensuing squabble with amusement.

"You have the audacity to offer up your bandage-like designs for the queen's necklace."

Those usually in disagreement sneered, escalating to personal attacks, looking down on the abilities of the designers around them.

"And where do you get off acting all superior, your hands are like feet, your sketches barely pass as decent."

The targeted designer, unwilling to back down, rebutted harshly.

Each word was like a knife going straight to the heart.

If not for Justin still sitting there, they might've even come to blows due to their tempers.

The group sprouted all sorts of self-recommendations, leaving Justin feeling overwhelmed.

Rubbing his throbbing temples, he felt like his head was about to explode.

Perhaps it was time for some corporate restructuring.

With a simple glance towards Michael Richard, who understood and nodded.

Michael cleared his throat, slamming his hand heavily onto the table: "Silence!"

Upon his command, everyone instantly fell silent, immediately closing their mouths.

Everyone suddenly realized their blunder, forgetting Justin's presence in their heated arguments.

Just a moment ago, it was all pandemonium, and now the room was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

In the vast conference room, more than a dozen pair of eyes were fixed intently on Justin, afraid of missing any important information.

"I will reconsider who is in charge of the design and Michael will inform you when the time comes," said Justin nonchalantly.

Upon hearing Michael's name, everyone's attention shifted to him.

Michael stiffened, swallowing nervously: Seriously, Mr. Battleson, you can't just throw me under the bus like that...

Although Justin already had someone in mind, every project within the company must be competed fairly. He did not crush their hopes and deliberately left them guessing.

It was a suitable chance to rectify the company's lax attitude and get them to pull up their socks.

After the meeting ended, everyone was still reeling from the enormity of the opportunity. They returned to their seats dazed, each harboring their own hidden schemes.

They never thought that they would have the chance to design a wedding necklace for the royal family in their lifetime. It was a dream many designers aspired towards.

The staff members strengthened their determination to win this project, thinking of ways to impress Justin.

With a clear target, the staff's energy was at an all-time high.

The design drafts that were previously delayed suddenly saw burst of inspiration and were successfully handed in that same day.

The quality of the designs even increased by at least 30% compared to before.

The work efficiency saw a significant increase, as anticipated by Justin. The staff's enthusiasm for work rose to an unprecedented high.

Seeing everyone working so hard, no one wanted to fall behind. The design department was filled with people, all engrossed in their work.

The office area was filled with the constant tapping of keyboards and scribbling on paper. No one was slacking off or idle chitchatting.

Even using the restroom was kept to a minimum. Not a second was to be wasted.

In her own separate office, Cindy peered out through the gap in the curtains. The sight before her eyes gave her enormous pressure.

Dealing with Charlotte alone was headache-inducing, but Vanguard Jewelry was never short of talent; once those who were lackadaisical became diligent, they may not be worse off than Cindy.

Chapter 250: Win-Win Situation

Cindy's brows were tightly furrowed, a sense of impending crisis creeping up on her once more.

The manuscript half finished under her hand was unsatisfactory no matter how she looked at it.

The lines of the manuscript were smooth, but something always seemed strange upon closer inspection.

It was pleasing to the eye, but seemed too plain and vulgar, lacking that kind of impressive appeal at first glance.

Yet even so, Cindy did not lose heart.

She was set on this project, swearing silently to secure it.

Whether she could show off in front of everyone all hinged on this.

As long as she secured this project, no one at Vanguard Jewelry would dare to look down on her in the future.

Even if Vanguard Jewelry could not accommodate her, she could flourish elsewhere, toward a promising future.

However, with so many people now competing, Cindy did not have the confidence, uncertain if she could make it through.

Many of the designers she had trained were truly talented.

At this thought, Cindy's heart pounded with fear, pulling down the curtain so as to forget her troubles.

She sat in her chair with her eyes tightly closed, trying to find some inspiration to continue working on the manuscript.

But somehow, her mind was filled with frustration, and she couldn't calm down at all.

Her mind was in a mess, with not a single fragment related to design.

Agitated, Cindy threw out her pen, the delicate sketch pen was split in half upon impact, lying broken and alone on the ground.

With no outlet for her emotions, Cindy craved some comfort to calm her feelings.

She thought for a bit, picked up her phone and hurriedly dialled Evelyn Curtis's number.

It took a while for the call to be answered on the other end.

As Evelyn was out shopping and seeing Cindy's call, her brows subconsciously furrowed.

Her intuition told her this was not going to be good news, and her sharp senses told her it was related to Charlotte Thompson.

"Evelyn, have you heard about the news of Vanguard Jewelry designing a wedding necklace for the Ashton royal family?"

As soon as the call connected, Cindy inquired in a probing manner, without giving her time to react.

This time she made a miscalculation.

As long as the news was not about Charlotte, Evelyn unconsciously let out a sigh of relief.

Then her brow furrowed in displeasure.

Wasn't this sort of thing an internal company matter?

No news had been circulated, how could she possibly know about it.

Moreover, she was not a designer, so what good would telling her this do? Evelyn was caught off guard.

"Hold on a second, I'm at the mall."

Sensing that the following conversation was going to involve company secrets, Evelyn headed towards the staircase while pondering.

Having moved away from the mall's crowded hall, only the voice coming from the other end of the phone remained.

"I heard Justin Battleson mention this, but I did not pay much attention. What's going on?"

Evelyn concealed her own thoughts, downplaying the truth. Her fingers were nervously fiddling with her phone, curious about Cindy's intentions.

Justin Battleson already despised her; how could he divulge such a confidential matter to her?

But she had to pretend to be in good terms with Justin Battleson.

Even if there were no concrete benefits, maintaining face was essential.

"Could you help me secure this opportunity? Otherwise, it'll fall into Charlotte Thompson's hands."

After briefly explaining the situation to Evelyn, Cindy carefully asked her this.

She might not be able to compete in terms of ability, but there's always room for connections, right?

Cindy deliberately mentioned Charlotte, for her hidden agenda was obvious.

She knew that if it involved Charlotte, Evelyn wouldn't just sit idly by.

If they could jointly step on Charlotte, who wouldn't like to see such a win-win situation?

The fact of the matter was, Cindy had completely guessed Evelyn's thoughts.