

Super Mommy 90

Chapter 90

As Jessica lounged on the couch in the office of the chief designer at the headquarters of Luther Group, she was engaged in a conversation with several designers.

“That plagiarizer, Bailey, might never recover from this, Jessica. According to the rules, your work will emerge victorious after her blacklist. Mr. Luther has declared to the directors of various other departments that he will promote whoever it is to design Ms. Caridee’s gown to lead designer.”

“That’s right! After this incident, the position of lead designer would fall onto you. Jessica.

Though that borch Bailey is wicked, she isn’t completely useless. At least she’d managed to get Mr. Luther to agree to fill the position.”

“If you could design a gown that pleases Ms. Caridee, Jessica, you would make a splash at her coming-of-age ceremony. The international celebrities would be lining up to make an appointment for you to design their gowns.”

The flattery toward Jessica was very effective.

She had claimed dominance in a company as large as Luther Group. If Bailey had not turned up, there was no way she could have lost the competition. Also, nobody would dare take her, the disciple of Eve, head-on.

“That’s right. Speaking of which, I need to thank that b*tch. If it weren’t for her, Mr. Luther would not have readily suggested promoting somebody to lead designer. Even if I take some of the splashes, the effort she had put in was destined for me.”

The room rang with laughter at her words, followed by another chorus of flattery.

“By the way, Jessica, I’d heard from a friend on The Today Show that Bailey’s hiding place is exposed, and a large crowd of reporters is rushing there. Though it would not cause her any material harm, it would still serve to nauseate her.”

Curling her red lips, Jessica put on an act of feigned surprise. “Really? I wonder who leaked it? Perhaps it’s someone on our side who despises her evilness like us.”

“She can’t blame anyone except herself for being despicable and arrogant. Serves her right.”

Jessica cackled and was about to open her mouth to add another snark remark when an assistant dashed in.

“S-Something’s happened, Jessica,” she said. “There are a lot of reporters in the lobby on the first floor. They’re demanding to see, wanting an explanation from you.”

The smile on Jessica’s face froze as she leaped up from the couch. A sense of foreboding rose within her. “R-Reporters from which media company?”

“There are some from Fashionista, and some from the Today Show, and...”

Hearing that, Jessica turned deathly pale.

Tube who leaked Bailey's hiding place to the media, and now they've come here for me instead of going to the hotel. What does that indicate

She did not dare finish that though

I have instigated the media by fanning the flames to make Bailey the subject of debate and damage Luther Group's reputation. // Mr: Luther found out, I'd be dead. D in il! I shouldn't have acted rashly, nor should I have personally contacted the media. I was overly excited that time and, as a result, had forgotten myself and committed such a rookie mistake.

Upon further introspection, she felt she had been rather foolish.

"1-1 can't meet with them. Have the security show them out."

The assistant gazed at her, conflicted and on the verge of tears. "I can't, Jessica. They're causing too big of a commotion and have alerted the public relations department. Mr. Longman wants you to meet them, or he will report it to Mr. Luther."

At that, Jessica shuddered violently.

"What's wrong, Jessica? Is there a misunderstanding?"

"Has anything troublesome happened, Jessica? Tell us, and we'll see if we can help you."

Jessica pulled the closest designer toward her. "I was the one who leaked Bailey's whereabouts," she cried. "I don't know what happened or why the reporters came to the company. Cover for me, will you, Mimi? Tell them you were the one who leaked Bailey's whereabouts to me, and then

"Jessica!" The designer called Mimi flung her hand roughly aside before taking several steps back. "Are you throwing me under the bus?" she asked angrily. "It is one of our great taboos to instigate the media and create drama, and I would be fired if Mr. Luther found out. We have no grudges. Why would you do this to me?"

Having lost all composure, Jessica set her sights on another designer.

The other felt her pleading gaze and took several steps back hastily. "Um, I have some drafts to amend, Jessica. I'll be heading back to work! Talk soon."

"Me too. I have work to do as well. I'm heading back."

They were not stupid. The blame was a curse to whoever took it over as their own. Even if they survived the ramifications, they would not come out in one piece.

The monthly salary of a hundred thousand offered by Luther Group is too irresistible to give up to be a scapegoat for that woman.

To put it bluntly, it would only be another opportunity for advancement for the designers if Jessica was out of the picture,

Many within the design department were hoping for her dismissal.

Tessica glared at the few who had slipped out of the office, her face contorted with rage.

They were my friends who bonded over hating a common enemy. My artificial friends. How despicable. Yet amusing.

After taking a deep breath to suppress the anger and panic within her, Jessica strode out in her heels.

What am I afraid of?

She was the last disciple of Eve. Luther Group was forced to at least acknowledge that. Her master had amassed a vast fortune for Luther Group and designed its own brand of clothing for the company. That was her leverage—the leverage to save herself.

When I return, I will have those b*tches pay their dues. Even if I can't kick them out of the company, I'll make them worthless.

As she walked out of the elevator in the lobby on the first floor, a large group of reporters swarmed toward her.

"Didn't you tell us Bailey was in Suite 502 in Century Hotel, Ms. Tanner? Why was Snowflake's disciple, Juliana, in there?"

"The defendant and the plaintiff had been such good friends that they stayed together. Do you take us as fools, Ms. Tanner? Did you have fun toying with us?"

"We won't let this go if you can't provide us with an explanation for why you would invent such rumors."

"That's right. You owe us an explanation. Why did you lie to us?"

Just then, Quentin, the director of the public relations department, ambled toward Jessica. "Was it really you who had leaked that Ms. Jefferson was in Century Hotel?" he asked in a low voice as he frowned at her.

Jessica stared back at him, her face pale. "I was taken by slander, too," she answered in a shaky voice. "Somebody had instigated me. Please help me, Mr. Longman. Help me deal with these reporters and keep this from Mr. Luther's ears. I'm begging you."

Quentin studied her with narrowed eyes. "Apologies," he said as he shook his head. "I'm powerless to do so."