

## Chapter 63 Denali's Deception

Denali Fuller leaned back with a casual shrug. "I'm a star, Miss Johns. My skin is my livelihood. I can't afford to work with any blemishes or imperfections. So let's not beat around the bush—I won't waste your time, and you won't waste mine. Give me ten million, and I'll make a public statement clarifying that my so-called allergy had nothing to do with your products. Simple as that."

"Ten million dollars? That's quite a hefty sum. Is that what you'd make in five years?"

Denali didn't flinch. "For you, it's pocket change. Natural Beauty is worth hundreds of millions. Spending a little to protect that is just good business." She was confident, almost smug, knowing just how to pitch her demands. Her experience in manipulating others was evident.

Madisyn smiled faintly and said, "And what assurance do I have that you'll follow through on your end once you've got the money?"

Denali was prepared. Without missing a beat, she reached into her bag and pulled out a contract.

"We can make it official. I've already drafted the contract."

"I see that you've come prepared," Madisyn remarked with a smile as she skimmed through the contract.

Denali smirked, her confidence unwavering. "Of course. I knew you'd come to me eventually. Now, let's get this over with. Sign the contract, transfer the money, and I'll clarify the situation immediately."

Madisyn read the contract carefully before looking up. "But isn't this blackmail? Our products are completely safe, free from any synthetic ingredients. How could they possibly cause your so-called allergy?"

"Miss Johns, you can believe that all you want. But do you think the public will? In today's digital age, people choose to believe whatever

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"Miss Johns, you can believe that all you want. But do you think the public will? In today's digital age, people choose to believe whatever suits them. All I have to do is say I had an allergic reaction to your products, and that's the story they'll buy, regardless of the truth." Denali's smirk widened into an arrogant grin.

Madisyn's expression remained unreadable. "Alright. I understand." Without another word, she signed the contract.



Madisyn called out after her, "But you haven't fulfilled your end of the deal yet."

Denali turned, her laugh sharp and mocking. "Madisyn, you're such a fool! Did you really think I'd actually go through with it? Clarifying would only damage my own reputation. Hah! But thanks for the money. If you don't want me to stir up more trouble, consider it a payment to avoid another round of cyber violence."

Madisyn feigned shock, her voice trembling. "How could you do this? That was ten million dollars!"

"Is ten million more valuable than your entire business?" Denali taunted, her voice dripping with mockery. "Sure, you can sue me, but what good would that do? The real damage will be to your company when everyone finds out you paid me off to lie."

"But our products didn't cause your allergy at all!"

Denali simply shrugged, her expression indifferent. "It doesn't matter. Perception is reality, my dear." She let out a wicked snicker, her eyes gleaming with greed. "How about you give me another ten million? Then I'll really clarify it."

Madisyn's body shook with rage. "Do you think I'm an idiot?"

Denali's laughter echoed as she walked away.

Upon returning to her company, Denali wasted no time finding Jenna to report her success. "I did it. Madisyn was furious—she was trembling with anger!"

Jenna's eyes lit up with satisfaction, a smug smile spreading across her face.

Finally!

Someone had knocked Madisyn down a peg.

She relished the moment, basking in her perceived victory. "You did well, Denali. I'll give you half of the money."

Denali's smile faltered, her resentment barely concealed. She had gone to great lengths to deceive Madisyn, only to have to hand over a significant portion of the money to Jenna, just because she was the boss's daughter. Despite her frustration, she forced a smile and handed over the money.

After Denali left, the assistant manager entered Jenna's office, his expression grim. "Did you really send Denali to threaten Madisyn?"



Jenna, still riding the high of her supposed triumph, responded casually, "Of course. We just made five million dollars—it's practically our company's profit for the entire first quarter!"

The assistant manager's face drained of color. "You're playing with fire. I strongly suggest you go to Madisyn and explain yourself before this blows up."

Jenna's expression hardened, her tone turning icy. "You're just an employee. Since when do you have the right to tell me what to do? I made five million."

The assistant manager's chest heaved with anger. "Fine. You're right—I don't have the right. I quit."

"Then leave, now!" Jenna snapped, her arrogance unshaken.

Jenna had no intention of apologizing to Madisyn. Feeling angry, the assistant manager simply walked away.

Not long after, Jenna's phone rang—it was Jeffrey. "Is it true the assistant manager is resigning? What's going on?"

Jenna hadn't anticipated that the assistant manager would go directly to her father.

Was this his idea of pushing her to a corner?

That scheming bastard!

She decided to play the victim card, her voice trembling as she spoke. "Dad, he was so cruel. He called me an idiot, and said I was completely incapable of managing the company. And that's not all..."

Jeffrey's tone grew sharper. "What else did he say?"

Jenna paused just long enough to make it seem like she was holding back tears. "He said you don't have any business talent... that's why our company has been missing out on so many opportunities lately."

Jeffrey's anger flared. "He actually said that?"

"Yes, Dad," Jenna continued, her voice quivering with feigned hurt. "He



insulted me, but worse, he blamed you as well. I couldn't take it, so I told him to leave. I doubt he'll actually quit, though. He'll come crawling back once he realizes how hard it is to find another job as good as this." Jenna's careful analysis seemed to calm Jeffrey somewhat.

He had been depressed as the company had lost a lot of cooperation chances recently. He didn't expect the assistant manager to look down upon him like that. He was even angrier. "Fine. Let him go. We won't waste time on someone who doesn't respect us."