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The news eventually reached the person in charge of the Seacisco Fashion Week.

It was a popular event, after all, with the entire country paying attention to its highlights. Of course, the big shots in the fashion industry were always in attendance.

Ever since Janet's plagiarism issue had gone viral on the Internet, people began to discuss the matter in various online forums.

There were those who even posted video comments combing through how the incident unfolded.

It didn't take long until the names Janet Lind and Larson Group became a hot search topic.

Needless to say, it all blew up and became a sensation overnight.

In the end, Tiffany asked Janet to go home and get some rest.

"But why should I go back, Ms. Fisher? I didn't do anything wrong. I was framed and slandered—I am the victim here." Loath as she was to admit it, Janet could sense that Tiffany didn't exactly believe her at the moment.

In truth, the other woman only thought that Janet was currently too flustered and excited to think straight. She might wind up making the situation worse. "You should take a couple of days off and calm down, Lind."

"I don't need to calm down, because none of this is my fault. Why should I be the one to run and hide?" Janet couldn't help raising her voice. She wasn't the one in the wrong, so why was she being treated as if she were? "I need to find out who set me up."

At that same moment, everyone back in the Larson Group were talking about the controversy as well, especially the designers. They used to think highly of Janet and admired her potential, but their opinions were swiftly shifting to the other side.

Gerda kept to herself and ignored her colleagues. She had faith in Janet.

As for the senior designers who had always hated Janet, they were naturally overjoyed at her misfortune. They could finally talk shit about her out in the open.

"I told you, didn't I? That woman must be sleeping with some senior executive. You know how it works."

"How disgusting. I never thought such a vulgar thing also happens behind the doors of the Larson Group."

"Oh, please. I'm sure there are plenty of things going on around here that we know nothing about."

The next day, one of the fashion week's organizers called Janet over to his office.

He spoke to her in a curt and businesslike tone. "Hello, Miss Lind. My team and I have been to Lester Silk Fabric and looked into the matter. All the designers and other chief officers confirmed that the designs in question were made by Luna Mccoy the previous year."

"What are you trying to say?" Janet countered, her eyes burning with anger. She simply couldn't hold back anymore. "Lester Silk Fabric failed to get into the first walk because of me. Don't you see? They're doing this for revenge. They already framed me, so of course their employees would support their false accusations."

The man stood up and raised his hands helplessly, looking nervous. "Please calm down, Miss Lind. You have no evidence that you didn't plagiarize Miss Mccoy's work. Until you prove your innocence, I'm afraid we will have to remove your designs from the selection. I apologize for that but we have to do this. It is a necessary measure on our part."

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Janet pulled back and said, "You're my most valuable friend, Laney. Thank you for always helping me in any way you can."

Laney's smile dimmed. The sincerity in Janet's eyes made her chest tighten in guilt.

Everything she had done, everything Janet was grateful for, it was all because of Ethan was paying her to be Janet's bodyguard. However, Janet had no idea and even regarded her as an important person in her life.

"Please don't mention it," Laney said, shaking her head and casting her eyes downward. "I like helping other people." These minor injuries were nothing to her, really. She had survived worse battles when she was younger.

And if she were to be perfectly honest, she liked Janet, too. Janet personified beauty and kindness. Laney didn't want to cause any unnecessary worry.

How would Janet react if she somehow found out that Laney had been hired to approach her?

"I know, Laney" Janet said with a small chuckle. "That doesn't change the fact that you're the nicest friend I've ever had."

Laney sighed helplessly. She took a good look at Janet and noticed the dark circles under the latter's eyes. "Did you stay here all night? I'm fine by myself, you know. The nurses will check up on me regularly. You should go home."

"Don't worry about it. I used to work all night all the time. This is no big deal."

Laney pursed her lips. "But today is a weekday. Don't you have to go to work?"

"Well, I—Yes..." Janet stammered. The matter had completely slipped her mind. "Yes, you're right. And I haven't even filed for a leave of absence! Oh, I have to go. Do you need me to file yours, too?"

"Please, and thank you." Laney breathed a sigh of relief and glanced at Ethan, who had been standing by the door of the ward. Janet was finally leaving the hospital.

A few moments later.

Janet jumped out of the taxi and dashed through the lobby of the Larson Group building.

As she was going through the entrance, she ran into Garrett.

"Aha! I just caught you getting to work late, Lind," he teased, peering at Janet through his glasses.

'Why is she in such a hurry, anyway?' Garrett asked himself. 'Her husband owns the entire company. Does she think her salary is going to get docked or something for being late?'

Janet stopped in her tracks. She turned to him with a pleading expression. "I apologize, Mr. Harding. I've had to deal with some personal business. Laney is in the hospital, you see, and I've just been to see her."

Of course, Garrett had already known about Laney's condition.

Still, he blinked innocently and asked, "Then, how is Laney? Is she doing all right?"

Janet naturally thought he was only making small talk, but she did recognize an opportunity to smoothen the procedure for Laney's leave of absence. And so, she said, "As a matter of fact, Laney was badly injured and couldn't even get out of bed."

Garrett froze, his eyes wide with shock, his heart clenching. He made a decision there and then to see Laney as soon as he could.

Later, after work.

Garrett bought a basket of fruits and a bouquet of flowers. He also swung by a pastry shop and got his favorite cake before heading to the hospital.

Laney was sitting on the hospital bed at that moment, her arms and legs wrapped in gauze. She stared woefully at the dumbbell in the far corner of the room. There was a part of her that desperately wanted to pounce on the damn thing and do some strength exercises. Of course, she knew she wasn't in the right state to do that. She still needed a lot of rest. But old habits die hard, as the saying went. Besides, she wasn't comfortable just lying in bed and staring at the ceiling all day.

Garrett arrived just then, but instead of going inside the ward, he hung back and leaned against the door frame. He followed the direction of her gaze and noticed the dumbbell. Then his eyes wandered to her toned arms, thinking how they complimented the rest of her body. It was an odd thought, but there it was.

"I heard you were hurt so badly, you can barely get up. I see that isn't the case at all. You must be a superhuman or something." Garrett strode into the room, his arms laden with his offerings.

Laney had turned at the sound of his voice. She looked startled at first, but her expression soon turned wary. "Why are you here?"

Garrett set everything down on the table before grinning cheekily at her. "You're my secretary. Do I need any better reason to be here?"

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Later, she discovered that Tiffany was waiting for her at the door. Seeing her coming out, she rushed over and asked, "How did it go? Did they say anything?"

"He said that they will be removing all my works from the show." Janet looked worn out as if she had been dealt a heavy blow. All her efforts were useless in the end.

Tiffany tried giving her words of comfort. "It'll be fine, Janet. You're young. You will have a lot more opportunities up ahead."

With a dry smile on her face, Janet asked in a tired voice, "Will I really have another chance after this? Ms. Fisher, the organizers have decided to remove my designs from the show. Doesn't this mean that every one of them thinks that I'm a plagiarist? Now everyone believes that I was plagiarizing. I know you used to be a designer, so you should know better than me that the label of plagiarism will follow me everywhere I go now. Every single item of clothes I design from now on will be under suspicion of plagiarism."

Tiffany fell silent. She was fully aware of that. After something like this, Janet was fated to never be respected again in the industry.

The only mode of escape would be for her to leave the industry entirely and change her occupation.

But Tiffany could clearly see that Janet loved designing deeply. She happened to treasure each piece of her designs. How could she let go of this, something she clearly loved?

"Someone must be orchestrating things behind the scenes." Suddenly, Janet grabbed Tiffany's hand and said, "Ritchie Lester must be behind this! Ethan and I have offended him once and now he wants to do everything in his power to destroy my career!"

Tiffany had no clue what Janet was talking about. How could the Lester family actually have anything to do with this matter?

"Be careful with what you say, Janet. We can't afford to offend a family like the Lesters," Tiffany thought to remind her in a hushed voice. She checked around her surroundings vigilantly and hailed a cab.

"There just so happens to be many designers from the Lester Silk Fabric. It's best if you're careful. Well, don't overthink things. You go home and rest. I'll head back to the company first and talk to our superiors."

Tiffany helped Janet into the car. Suddenly, it dawned on Janet what she had just said and she kept her mouth shut.

Leaning her body against the car window, Janet's mind was in chaos. Even if her suspicions say it was Ritchie, what on earth could she do about it?

If she was really framed, how could Luna be able to upload her design drafts online a year ago?

Everything was beyond her and she couldn't figure it out.

While she was mulling it over in her head, her phone buzzed with a notification. Ethan was calling her.

Just outside the meeting room of the Larson Group.

Because of the plagiarism matter, the Larson Group's stock price took a turn for the worse.

Ethan was just discussing this matter with several senior leaders.

After coming back to his office, he gave Janet a call.

"I've already seen the news on the Internet. I believe you have nothing to do with this. Think it over carefully, Janet, is there anything to prove that those designs are truly yours?"

When she heard Ethan's voice, Janet immediately burst into tears. She felt wronged and sobbed for a long time before managing to say something. "Ethan, you have to believe me. I didn't do it."

Hearing her wretched sobs, Ethan's voice became softer. "I didn't think you stole those designs right from the very beginning."

He had seen it with his own eyes how hard Janet had worked on those designs.

After hanging up the phone call, Ethan's eyes darkened noticeably.

As Brandon Larson, the CEO of the Larson Group, taking care of this matter would be an easy task.

However, he was now Ethan Lester to Janet and he couldn't deal with this matter for her. Otherwise, she would have doubts about him.

The plagiarism matter happened all of a sudden with no warning, so Ethan had to investigate this on the down-low.

Seeing that the news of the plagiarism had spread in a short amount of time, Charis grabbed her chance to hold a meeting with several senior executives and employees of the HR department.

She criticized herself at that day's meeting and said, "I chose her work but had no idea she actually plagiarized someone else's designs. My poor decisions have affected the entire company in a negative way. After the meeting, I promise I will apologize to everyone online about this matter."

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As soon as Tiffany got back to the office, she heard that Charis had gathered some senior executives and the staff of the human resources department for a meeting. She rushed there immediately. When she reached the door, she overheard what Charis had said just now.

"Miss Turner, I think we should investigate it further." Tiffany pushed the door open, out of breath.

When she saw Tiffany come in, Charis smiled kindly. "Miss Fisher, you're back! We were just talking about Janet Lind. Since you're her direct supervisor, we'd like to hear your opinion on this plagiarism thing." Tiffany nodded and sat down at the meeting table, her eyes flashing with determination.

"Thank you for asking, Miss Turner. I firmly believe that Janet would never plagiarize anyone else's works."

Charis sighed helplessly. "It doesn't matter what we think. What matters is that the public doesn't believe her. Now that this news has spread across the industry, the Larson Group's reputation has been affected."

Charis turned to the crowd and continued, "Everyone, now's the time to share your ideas."

Several staff from the HR Department were present. They immediately understood what Charis meant and exchanged hesitant glances.

Finally, one of them spoke up. "We need to put the interests of the company first. What Janet did has affected our image. Should we consider firing her? Plagiarizing is a big deal and it's enough for us to dismiss her."

Everyone nodded in agreement with him.

After all, the news had spread like wildfire online. The whole world was discussing it.

After pondering over it for a while, Charis clicked her tongue in frustration. "It seems you're right. For the sake of the Larson Group's reputation, we have no choice but to let Janet go. What a pity! I always thought that Janet was a very talented designer, which was why I decided to help her get her designs into the Fashion Week."

Tiffany couldn't help but frown. She didn't expect that the company would fire Janet without even investigating the matter thoroughly.

She refused to give up so soon. She stood up from her seat and addressed Charis sternly. "Miss Turner, don't you think we should investigate it first? It's only been half a day and we don't even know if Janet really plagiarized someone else's work. We shouldn't jump to conclusions so soon."

Charis tapped a pen on the table and looked at Tiffany sympathetically. "Unfortunately, the company's stock price plummeted because of this incident. If we don't do anything about it now, things will only get worse."

"Please, Miss Turner. Don't fire her so soon. As her supervisor, I'm responsible for her. I want to investigate the matter before we do anything drastic. Please give her some time, maybe she can prove her innocence." Tiffany was usually a calm person, but what with Charis's enthusiasm to fire Janet, she couldn't help but grow agitated.

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Charis smiled coldly. She had to admit that Tiffany was one hard nut to crack.

She couldn't push too hard, or she would risk exposing her true purpose.

Charis pursed her lips and tried for a casual tone. "It would be best if she proved herself innocent, of course." She cast a pointed look at Tiffany, letting it linger for a couple of seconds. Then she gathered the documents she on the table and stood up. "Well, that's it for today's meeting. Thank you for your time, everyone."

Tiffany couldn't help breathing a sigh of relief as she watched Charis strut out of the conference room.

Janet didn't go home as she was told. Instead, she had been in Tiffany's office ever since her return from the show.

When she had first stepped into their department earlier, she heard her colleagues discussing her plagiarism scandal. Apparently, the issue had prompted the senior executives to hold several meetings, all on short notice.

Tiffany soon went back to her office. She closed the door behind her and let out a long breath, as though she had just survived a fierce battle.

"Now, that was horrible," she said, pulling out a packet of tissues from her desk drawer. She proceeded to dab at the sweat beading on her forehead. "Charis wants to fire you, even though we haven't gotten to the bottom of this issue yet. It looks like she wants you to be the sacrificial lamb in her bid to save the company's reputation."

And from what both women gathered, it appeared that the senior executives were already on board.

Janet was outraged. She jumped to her feet, her voice raised. "Didn't they say anything about conducting an investigation?"

Tiffany rubbed her temples. She could feel a headache coming. "She agreed to look into it. Don't worry for now. Just go home and get some rest. Try to steer clear of the new. They'll only cause you unnecessary stress."

Janet's lips stretched into a tight smile. How could she possibly be expected to relax in such a situation?

After a whirlwind of a day, Janet was understandably exhausted by the time she got home.

Despite Tiffany's warning, she couldn't resist logging on to Twitter. As expected, the scandal was already among the trending topics.

Janet spiraled into an endless loop of anxiety, she could barely sleep a wink. She desperately wanted to talk to Ethan, but he hadn't been around since her return. It seemed like he was very busy today, too; she hadn't heard from him except for that one phone call.

Frustrated, she dragged herself out of bed to get a glass of water from the kitchen. She was still a little miffed when she stomped back to her room. Her career was practically blowing up in her face, yet her husband wasn't even around to comfort her. The fact that she had never seen him this busy in a long time didn't help, either.

Needless to say, Janet still felt horrible when she woke up the next day. No amount of make-up could rectify the dark circles under her eyes, or the pallid color of her face.

As she walked across the lobby, she overheard yet another delightful conversation among her colleagues. "Janet is done for this time. I heard that the General Manager of Lester Silk Fabric is coming today!"

“Really? He’s here?”

“Yes, his limo is parked at the gates as we speak. A group of senior executives went out to greet him when he arrived.”

This was a surprise to Janet. She hadn’t expected Ritchie to show up so soon. She hurried to her desk, but Tiffany stopped her just as she arrived at the Design Department. “Lind. The General Manager of Lester Silk Fabric is here, probably to discuss the matter of the plagiarism issue. Come with me.”

Tiffany was just as bewildered by this development as Janet was. She knew they had no choice, though. They might as well deal with the circumstances and be done with it.

Ritchie was already in the meeting room when the two women walked in. His lips immediately curled in disdain when he saw them. “That woman plagiarized the work of my designer,” he thundered. “When are you going to apologize and make amends for her actions?”

He looked Janet up and down with disgust. “Don’t tell me she is still working here? How can you tolerate having a deceitful little bitch in your reputable company?”

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Janet clenched her fists and said through gritted teeth, “It hasn’t been proven yet. I have a clear conscience. I’ll never admit to it, nor will I apologize.”

Ritchie narrowed his eyes at her and fiddled with the ring on his thumb. “We’re giving you one last chance. If you don’t admit to it and apologize, we’ll sue you. Things will only get worse for you.”

Janet pursed her lips and didn’t say anything. She couldn’t confront Ritchie head on.

Seeing that Janet had fallen silent, Ritchie didn’t say anything more. He stood up and walked past her, muttering, “Just you wait and see, little bitch.”

Before Janet could respond, he left.

Tiffany patted Janet on the shoulder reassuringly. “Don’t mind him. Let’s go back. If Lester Silk Fabric had to threaten us, it means they’re not a hundred percent sure they’ll win in court. The ball’s in our court. We just need to see how the company will deal with it first.”

Janet nodded wordlessly. She knew that Ritchie was just trying to scare her.

Because the boss of Lester Silk Fabric himself had come to the Larson Group to question Janet, rumors about the plagiarism spread all over the building like wildfire.

Janet didn’t want to listen to them, but no matter where she went, she couldn’t escape those discussions.

On her way back to her desk at the design department, she heard colleagues whispering, “Why hasn’t she been fired yet?”

“Lester Silk Fabric and the Larson Group have always been enemies. But I never thought this would happen. Because Janet plagiarized some other person’s designs, she has ruined the company’s

reputation. She should've left!"

Many employees in Larson Group felt humiliated and complained about Janet.

Biting her lower lip, Janet glanced at the gossipers and returned to the design department with her head down.

However, as soon as she reached her desk, a staff from human resources department approached her.

"Lind, can we talk in the meeting room?" the staff asked with a smile.

But her smile was not warm. Janet looked at her warily and said, "Okay."

In the meeting room.

The staff of human resources department continued to smile unsettlingly. "Lind, I'm sure you've heard the news lately. It's indeed a questionable thing for a designer to produce work that resembles another person's work. This matter also has a great impact on our company. If you leave now, it would be good for both you and the Larson Group."

Janet looked at her coldly and said, "I can't resign now. You're trying to tell me to leave the company before I've even had the chance to find out the truth. I simply can't do that."

The staff's smile stiffened somewhat. She didn't expect that a fragile-looking woman like Janet would be so difficult to deal with.

"We only make decisions based on the current situation," the staff continued awkwardly.

She attended yesterday's meeting and realized that Charis wanted Janet fired, so she wanted to help her succeed. It'd be beneficial to her if she could please Charis.

Janet's gaze was bone-chillingly cold. She refused to back down. If she resigned now, it was like she was admitting to the crime.

"Let me make myself clear. I didn't do anything wrong, and I'm not resigning."

The smile was wiped from the staff's face. She took out the resignation document and slid it across the table in front of Janet. In a tough tone, she said, "We will fire you sooner or later. By then, you'll be even more embarrassed."

'Judging from her aggressive manner, the senior executives of Larson Group must have given the order to dismiss me,' Janet thought to herself with a frown.

She was distressed. Those people were driving her to a dead end.

Just then, her phone pinged. It was a message from Brandon. She hadn't heard from him in a long time, so she glanced at the message quickly.

"Janet, I found evidence that you didn't plagiarize."

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Pleasantly surprised, Janet looked up from her phone and sneered at the HR staff. Then she began to type out her reply to Brandon.

“Miss Lind, please sign on the resignation notice,” the staff member said through gritted teeth. She grew angrier when she saw that Janet began to tinker with her phone.

Ignoring her, Janet texted Brandon back.

“Are you serious, Mr. Larson? What did you find?”

The message from Brandon was a godsend. She was just about to accept the fact that the Larson Group had given up on her.

Brandon replied with a long message. “Upon investigating the matter, we found out that Lester Silk Fabric took over the platform recently. Luna didn’t upload the design drafts a year ago, but a few days ago. The data was tampered with. Lester Silk Fabric used their connections and managed to get to your works before the show officially began. They asked Luna to make a collection based on your works and posted them on the platform. They tampered with the date and time stamp of the post to frame you for plagiarism.”

Janet had already guessed that it was Lester Silk Fabric behind this, but she had no idea how they did it.

“How did you find that out?”

The platform was now owned by Lester Silk Fabric. How could they have let Brandon investigate them?

“We have tech guys here. They were the ones who found evidence of them tampering with the platform’s database. Even if they had altered the original date of uploading, our tech guys were able to retrieve it. We also have a video confession of the staff who tampered with the data.” Brandon’s words lifted a weight off of Janet’s heart.

He sent two videos to Janet and said, “We’ve done what we could. You should be able to take it from here now, right?”

All of a sudden, Janet felt a surge of energy. She stood up with a confident smile and said to the HR staff member, “I didn’t do anything wrong and I knew that the company won’t fire me because of some groundless accusation!” As she spoke, she tucked her phone away.

The staff member gritted her teeth and glared at her angrily. “Janet Lind, you plagiarized someone else’s work yet you feel no shame?”

Janet ignored her. She turned around and left without looking back.

Tiffany looked up in surprise when Janet entered her office. “What’s up, Lind?”

“Miss Fisher, can I have Ritchie Lester’s number?” Janet asked politely. In Tiffany’s eyes, she looked inexplicably relaxed, as though her career wasn’t in danger.

Tiffany looked at her warily and then nodded slowly. "I have his number, but may I ask why you need it?"

"I want to call him and apologize," Janet answered simply.

"Lind, are you crazy? Go back to work. You didn't plagiarize anything, so keep a low profile for now. There are enough discussions about you already," Tiffany scolded. After saying that, she lowered her head and continued to work.

But Janet stayed glued to the spot, staring at her with fierce determination.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Tiffany relented and held up Ritchie's business card. She said in a resigned tone, "I don't know what you're up to, but I hope you know what you're doing."

Janet reached for the card with a bright smile. Of course she knew what she was doing.

That evening, Ritchie received a call from an unknown number.

"Mr. Lester, this is Janet Lind from the Larson Group. After giving it some thought, I want to apologize in public," Janet said, her voice as sweet as honey.

When Ritchie heard this, he was surprised. Then, he sneered. He was under the impression that Ethan's wife was a stubborn woman, but it turned out he was wrong about her. Janet had given up so soon.

"You're scared, aren't you?" With a smug smile on his face, Ritchie smirked. "Come to Lester Silk Fabric tomorrow. You can apologize there in person."

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Ritchie had a devious grin on his face when he hung up the phone.

"Call all the designers under Lester Silk Fabric and the people in charge of the fashion week," he barked at his secretary. "I want them here tomorrow. Call some famous personalities in the fashion industry as well. We need people in authority for the event."

The secretary nodded respectfully. He was about to leave when Ritchie stopped him in his tracks.

"Where the hell are you going? I'm not finished yet. Get your ass back here."

The poor man scurried back, cursing his boss in his mind.

"Invite every media outlet in Seacisco, especially the ones that prioritize viewership over anything. And make sure to tell them to hype up the event as much as they can!" Ritchie sat back on his chair as his plan began to take shape. "Get the biggest function hall for the press conference. I want hundreds of people to be there. Oh, and don't forget to arrange for a live stream, too. Contact our usual sponsors and tell them their products will be displayed throughout the feed. We might as well make some money while we're at it. And remember—our main goal is to discredit Janet and end her fashion career for good."

Another evil grin spread on Ritchie's face. He wanted to screw that woman over so badly that she could never get back on her feet again.

The secretary pursed his lips and jotted every detail down. This time, he made sure that his boss was finished before leaving the office.

The sun shone bright and early the next day.

Just as planned, the press conference was held at the largest meeting hall in Lester Silk Fabric.

Cameras littered all around the room, squeezed in among the throng of people who came to watch the spectacle.

Even as she swept a glance over the crowd, Janet didn't feel panicked in the slightest.

"It looks like the Lester Silk Fabric really wants to do you in," Tiffany remarked from beside her.

She turned to look Janet in the eye. "You're not just going to stand there and let yourself be bullied in public, are you? What's your plan?"

A faint smile appeared on Janet's lips. "You'll find out soon enough. Don't worry. I'm not particularly inclined to suffer any misplaced grievances, either."

With that, she walked onto the stage, all calm and grace.

The room finally settled down as Janet took her place. Without wasting her time, she whipped out a flash drive and held it up for all to see. "Sorry for taking up your time, everyone. In order to convey my sincerity more properly, I have prepared a couple of videos for today's press conference."

From a distance, Ritchie frowned and narrowed his eyes. He could sense that something wasn't right. Why was Janet so composed in such a situation?

If anything, she should be mortified and humiliated right now, especially in front of all these people. What was she up to?

He leaned over to his secretary and asked in a hushed voice, "Did she find something?"

"She can't have," the other man replied confidently. "We've taken care to sweep everything. All the evidence has been locked away. I think she's just bluffing."

At this point, Janet had already plugged the drive to a computer, and one of the videos was playing on the widescreen.

Ritchie's eyes widened like saucers as they watched an employee of Lester Silk Fabric tampering with the time stamp on the website. The scene changed, and this time, the same man was sobbing hysterically as he divulged what he had done.

The clips ended, and a deafening silence fell in the room. Janet took the microphone and said, "As you can see, this is what really happened. Lester Silk Fabric managed to get hold of my designs prior to the show. After that, one of their designers, Luna McCoy, posted my entire portfolio online and edited the details to make it look like she was the original designer. There is your truth. Once again, I thank each of you for coming to hear me out today. If you have further questions, kindly direct them to Mr. Lester. I'm sure he can give you better answers than I can."

She gave Ritchie a meaningful look, then, and gestured in his direction with a wave of her hand.

As soon as she did, the crowd burst into an uproar.

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Shocked, Ritchie cursed out loud, "Fuck that bitch!"

His secretary was also scared silly. Glaring daggers at him, Ritchie was pissed off and kicked him in the ass. Pointing his finger at the big screen, he cursed again, "What the fuck are you doing standing here for? Turn off the projector right now!"

The secretary stumbled to the stage and proceeded to turn it off.

Ritchie snorted, smoothed over his suit and made his way onto the stage. This happened to be his territory, not Janet's.

He lifted his chin and approached her, holding his head up high. "Janet Lind, you better be careful with what you say. As far as I can see, you were just making things up so that you can get yourself out of your predicament!"

As he said this, he turned his eyes from her and exclaimed, "Give yourself up. Apologize right this moment! Don't waste any more of our time here!"

"Then why did you turn off the projector if I was, indeed, making things up? That's a sign of guilt. If you're so sure of yourself, you should allow me to show everyone the proof. I'm sure that everyone here is smart enough to tell if I actually made up the evidence or not," Janet smiled and said in a calm voice.

Ritchie was exasperated to hear that. He clenched his teeth tightly and pointed his finger at the door. "I thought you came here to apologize. If you're not going to do that, why don't you leave this place immediately?!"

While smiling, Janet didn't say a word. Instead, she turned to the audience before her and said word by word, "Everyone should know the truth by now. I'm going to sue Lester Silk Fabric for slandering my name."

After finishing her speech, she didn't bother to argue with Ritchie anymore and went ahead to leave the stage.

This scene was live streamed and everyone saw for themselves what had happened. Everyone in the room and the audience in the live stream room was shocked to say the least.

The audience began to discuss this amongst themselves. Even though Janet had only played the videos once, the reporters had gone out of their way to record them.

"Mr. Lester, could you please offer an explanation for what happened just now?"

"Lester Silk Fabric and the Larson Group have been rivals for years now. Was this why you decided to slander Miss Lind in this way? In order to taint the Larson Group's name?"

"If your statement about Janet plagiarizing one of your designers' pieces was true, is there any evidence to back up your statement?"

The reporters all turned to look at Ritchie and kept on asking him and Luna questions.

“Miss Mccoy, are you going to make a statement? After all, weren’t you the one who accused Miss Lind of plagiarism in the first place? What are your thoughts on the current situation?”

“Did Mr. Lester instruct you to do this?”

“Tell us, what’s the nature of the relationship between the two of you?”

Being ambushed by the reporters, Luna’s mind went blank and she felt very embarrassed. She said frantically, “I have no idea. Don’t ask me...”

Under the dazzling flashing lights of the cameras, Ritchie couldn’t even keep his eyes open. He kept cursing out loud while pushing the reporters in front of him away and saying, “Get the hell out of my way! Turn off your damn lights! You’re blinding me!”

His secretary hurried to stop his curses. If Ritchie’s father found out about this, he would be very angry.

Having been spoiled by the Lester family since he was a child, Ritchie happened to be very irritable at this moment. Before he took over the company, his parents had to repeatedly remind him to control that temper of his.

His secretary cleared the way for him while speaking to the reporters. “Please, sirs, madams, Mr. Lester can’t answer all of your questions right now. We’ll announce on our official website if we have any comments.”

Finally, Ritchie and the senior executives of Lester Silk Fabric were able to escape the madness of the room.

[Chapter 320](#)

When she got home, Janet kicked off her heels and collapsed into bed. Now, she felt much better. “It’s finally over!”

After resting for a while, she got up and turned on the computer. She briskly posted the evidence on the forums Luna had posted to slander her before.

A few hours later, the forums came to life as users discussed this matter heatedly.

The dramatic turning-of-tables that had happened at the press briefing soon made headlines. Related videos went viral on the Internet.

Suddenly, Janet’s phone started to ring. It was Tiffany. “Lind, I’m impressed. Have you seen the comments on the post? Everyone’s calling you a warrior. You really knocked them dead!”

“Oh, my God! Seriously?” Janet moved her cursor to check the comments Tiffany was talking about. She had been focused on the media’s reports until now and didn’t know what people were saying in the comments.

When Janet read the comments, she found that the video of her talking on the stage had been spread all over the Internet.

There was a lot of positive feedback. “Wow. Heart. Heart. She’s so elegant and generous! And a fierce warrior too!”

“She’s a lovely girl. Such a polite and beautiful goddess plagiarized someone else’s work? I doubt it!”

“She’s so pretty, I’d kiss her all day!”

“Even though I’m a girl, I want her!”

Janet buried her face in her hands, her cheeks blushing furiously. She had never been praised by so many strangers in her life.

The next day, in the Lester Silk Fabric building...

“Nonsense! These reports are all bullshit! How dare they call me rude?” Furious, Ritchie started trashing his office.

He was in trouble, but there was nothing he could do.

In recent years, Lester Silk Fabric and the Larson Group had become two very high profile companies. What with Janet’s fiasco, the media was having a field day.

In the span of just twenty-four hours, the reputation of Lester Silk Fabric was destroyed and its stock price plummeted.

“There’s nothing we can do to refute the evidence that Janet posted online. What we can do now is to try our best to keep the news from spreading. Mr. Lester, it was your idea to bring in more reporters there...” the secretary reminded Ritchie in a trembling voice, picking up the documents Ritchie had thrown on the ground.

Ritchie glared at him, speechless. He picked up another stack of papers from the table and threw them at the secretary’s face. “I’m not an idiot. You don’t need to remind me what I said.”

Things didn’t end there. Brandon sent people from the Larson Group’s legal department to help Janet file a lawsuit against Lester Silk Fabric.

The second they got the notice of the lawsuit, Lester Silk Fabric responded quickly and held a press conference in the afternoon.

Luna expressionlessly read a script in front of countless reporters, her face pale as a ghost under the limelight. “I admit that I peeked at Janet Lind’s work before the show started. Then I bribed an employee to tamper with the upload date on the database. I falsely accused her of plagiarizing my work, and I did all this to gain fame and attention. I am responsible for all of this. My actions have nothing to do with Lester Silk Fabric.”

In the Larson Group, Janet stopped the video on her phone and sighed. “No class! Lester Silk Fabric made an ordinary employee take the fall!”

