



“Enough!” Patrick yelled at Josie. “Just tell us if you haven’t finished your work. There’s no need to fabricate such excuses. Do you think you can do anything you want just because you have a little talent? The design department is already sick of your attitude – do you know that? Write a ten-thousand-word report, or start cleaning the department as punishment!”

Josie looked at him coldly. “Mr. Davidson, those are my designs. I will prove it.”

Patrick let out a cold snort and looked at the locked door.

“Prove it? So what if you prove that? If I say Samantha designed this, do you think the higher-ups would doubt it?”

Josie clenched her fists tightly.

“Mr. Davidson!”

“Josie, you have been here for a long time. Don’t blame me for being ruthless. It won’t be good for everyone.”

“From your tone, you seem to know I’m the original creator.”

Patrick smiled. “You saw for yourself; Samantha passed this to me. Why are you still here accusing her?”

Samantha interjected, “Josie, I understand you would like to be promoted, but you can’t fake it. It’s not a big deal that you slack off for a bit. Just take note of it next time.”

Samantha and Patrick brushed Josie aside.

“Aren’t you worried this might reach Mr. Russell?”

Samantha laughed.

“Josie, stop daydreaming. Why would Mr. Russell even agree to see you? Have a good look at yourself in the mirror, and stop flattering yourself. Also, don’t ruin his reputation.” Her voice was thick with scorn.

Josie snorted and left.

Back in her seat, her chest heaved unevenly. At that moment, she wanted to barge into Dexter’s office to tell him everything, but she was worried that he might not even care about such a small matter.

On top of that, she didn’t want to trouble him.

Forget it. I’ll solve my own problems. There’s a minor defect in my designs. If Samantha uses it, there will be some problems.

...

The technical team fixed her laptop, but just as she expected, her designs were gone.

She wasn’t even annoyed by that. During the lunch break, she went to the surveillance room.

The room was located at the back of the first floor. As soon as she got out of the elevator, she met Dexter.

How is it such a coincidence?

“Hello, Mr. Russell.” She nodded at him. His cold voice rang just when she walked past him.

“What’s wrong?” he asked after seeing the dejected look on her face.

She forced a smile. “It’s nothing. I lost something, so I’m going to look at the surveillance cameras.”

Dexter didn’t suspect anything. “I see. What is it?”

Josie didn't want to tell him too many details. "It's just an insignificant thing."

Would she go to such lengths to look for it if it's insignificant?

"Do you need my help?"

"It's okay. Thanks."

Dexter's assistant was surprised to see their exchange.

Since when did Mr. Russell care about others? She's just a designer here.

This is a huge scoop!

Nevertheless, he merely straightened his glasses and pretended that he hadn't noticed anything.

"If you need my help, you are always welcomed to my office on the top floor," Dexter offered.

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