

A Thousand Faces Hide The Genius Heiress' Wrath

Chapter 8:

Laurie clenched her jaw, noticing the curious glances from many guests. The risk of public embarrassment hung heavy in the air, threatening to make them the subject of ridicule.

Janice seemed to have transformed into someone utterly different, verging on madness. No one could predict her next move.

Laurie inhaled sharply, her breath a quiet effort to regain composure. "Janice, aren't you here to take part in the fashion design competition? If you believe that being my daughter will gain you any special treatment, you need to discard that thought immediately. As one of the event's judges, I won't show even a hint of favoritism toward you."

"Favoritism?" Janice's laughter was tinged with disbelief. "Oh, so now you know I might also need favoritism? I was under the impression that was reserved only for your adopted daughter!"

"Janice, Mom is only looking out for you," Delilah interrupted in a tone cloaked in concern. "You don't even have a design to present. If you insist on entering this competition, aren't you just setting yourself up for embarrassment?"

“Shut your mouth, you lying piece of shit! Keep pushing me and I might just reveal to everyone the true origin of your entry draft.” Laurie’s and Delilah’s expressions grew grim.

“Janice, how dare you!” Laurie exclaimed before Delilah could respond.

Seizing Janice’s hand, she muttered fiercely, “I have provided for you, yet you’ve made it impossible for Delilah to concentrate on her design. You owe her, and it’s only right for her to use your draft.”

Janice clicked her tongue in annoyance, utterly dumbfounded by the illogical reasoning she was confronted with. She gave up on trying to argue any further. With a sudden movement, she shrugged off Laurie’s grip and declared, “In the past, I respected you. But now, who the hell do you think you are to talk to me like that?”

Laurie’s frustration surged. It was unimaginable for her that the daughter who had always been so agreeable could snap with such ferocity. “Guards, remove this woman from the premises immediately!” Laurie commanded, her voice echoing through the competition hall.

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“Oh? And you think you have the power to throw me out?” Janice couldn’t help but laugh at the command, crossing her arms.

Laurie jabbed a finger toward Janice, seething with anger and feeling her head spin. “Don’t I have the authority? As a judge of this competition, am I not allowed to dismiss someone causing a disturbance?”

Delilah let out a sigh. “Janice, what’s the point of all this? I get that you want to catch Mom’s attention, but this is only going to infuriate her more.”

Without a word, Janice struck Delilah across the cheek with a sharp smack.

Delilah’s face became a canvas of disbelief. How could Janice dare to hit her?

“Janice, this is unacceptable! Guards! I demand that you remove her immediately!” Laurie exclaimed, her voice echoing with authority as a judge of the event.

Quickly, several guards converged around them. Yet, upon realizing the person in question was Janice, they hesitated.

Unaware of Janice’s true identity, they had nevertheless noted her possession of a diamond invitation—an emblem of high status. They didn’t dare intervene against someone so distinguished.

“What are you waiting for? Get this woman out of here!” Laurie’s voice sharpened with impatience. “Do you seriously want me to fire every single one of you?”

