

Chapter 893 Crazy Paparazzi

"Things are far from over. Estella needs the dresses immediately. Let's drop everything we're working on and rush to make the outfits for her." After stretching, Janet stood and said, "It appears that I must go and fetch my toothbrush and sleeping bag. I'll have to stay in the studio and work nonstop until we get her dresses done."

"Working overtime is not a huge issue. Dalores has gotten under my skin, and I can't stand it." Imagining that Dalores had committed such an act, Tasha became enraged. "She just cut the dress and left, leaving us a mess to handle."

"Here's what we should do." Janet stated firmly, "Contact W Marks's attorney and ask that he sue Dalores."

Tasha deduced from Janet's demeanor that Draco had likely given her control of the studio's operations. Tasha cracked a grin and replied, "I know. I'll get to it with immediate effect."

Janet wasted no time in the beginning to design

two new gowns for Estella. Soon, it would be time to leave work.

Tasha moved to glance out the window when she noticed Janet had yet to leave work. "There are no paparazzi outside. Why are you still here? Or do you plan to put in extra hours tonight?"

Janet, while measuring the fabric, remarked coolly, "These paparazzi have a lot of sneakiness. Thinking that they'll wait for me in the open would be ridiculous. Since this morning, I have observed a couple more unusual automobiles on both sides of the road."

"Is there somehow I can help with that?" As soon as Tasha said the words, she noticed Mesue, the bodyguard, enter the room. "We've dealt with the paparazzi and reporters outside. Have no fear."

Janet smiled and told Tasha, "You go first. I'll stay a bit longer and finish this."

Janet only began packing her things when she noticed that all of her coworkers had left work. She discovered on her cell phone that all references to her and Draco had been erased from the Internet.

Mesue sorted the drawings and told Janet, "Don't worry. Mr. Larson has extensive knowledge in this field. The Larson Group is an umbrella organization consisting of numerous highly effective public relations firms."

Janet chuckled and said, "I'm simply frightened of causing my coworkers issues."

Thankfully, Janet's fears did not come true.

Mesue rushed to start the car before Janet got out of work.

A group of journalists unexpectedly emerged at this time. It was as though they had been waiting for this exact moment. The group had been hiding in the area and surged over to encircle the car all of a sudden.

"Mrs. Larson, could you please explain to us why you cheated on your husband?"

"Rumor has it that you and Mr. Larson have separated for a long period. Is that true?"

"Are you keeping silent because it's all true?"

They pounded loudly on the tinted windows and shouted questions one after another, without caring if the ones inside heard them or not.

Mesue pulled down the window and yelled at the journalists, "Move out of the way! Else, I'll drive over all of you!"

Those paparazzi didn't back down one bit. As they continued to grill Mesue, they positioned microphones in front of her.

Janet did not dare leave the studio after watching this incident.

She averted her attention and went back to W Marks Studio in silence.

Those moronic reporters had no idea that she hadn't actually gotten inside the car.

"I'm sorry, Mesue." Janet spotted a passage next to the studio after searching for an alternative exit.

Then, Janet backed up against the wall and slipped away from the studio silently. The number of reporters encircling the automobile became larger and larger. She was increasingly anxious about drawing their attention.

Janet removed her high heels and left the studio stealthily.

She kept unconsciously turning around to glance back as she walked. Janet took a few steps and

discovered that no reporters were following her. Right away, she picked up speed and began running.

"Janet is not in the car!"

"Janet is the one who is speeding off with her stilettos."

"Get moving! Get to her!"

Janet heard her name being called from behind and turned to see a pack of photographers and reporters chasing after her.

She misjudged their skill. She would have stayed hidden in the studio if she had known!