

Chapter 899 Running For Life

Dalores left W Marks Studio two days ago.

At the time, Tasha was busy taking care of the design drafts.

Dalores sorted out the projects she had been handling and handed them over. "Tasha," she said with some reluctance. "Is it possible for me to enter the clothing room for the last time? I just want to take one last look at the dresses. I don't think I will be returning to W Marks again."

After a brief moment's hesitation, Tasha agreed to let her in.

Once inside, Dalores shut the door behind her and went on a rampage on Estella's dress, cutting it up to bits and pieces.

"Tasha!" she cackled like a madwoman. "Janet! I'd like to see how you bitches explain this to Estella later!"

Dalores then waited for Estella to appear and make a scene at the studio, just as Mrs. Fuller had

done last time. To her dismay, she waited and waited, but W Marks remained as peaceful as could be. Estella didn't kick up a fuss at all.

In the end, Dalores was unable to contain her anxiety and called Estella.

"How dare you call me! I had no idea that you resigned until I went to get my dress earlier." Estella was obviously in a foul mood, and she was about to hang up when Dalores quickly stopped her.

"Before I left W Marks, I heard that some clumsy designer damaged your dress. Did the studio compensate you for it?"

"The evening dress you designed for me was too gaudy. I don't really like it. Janet will design a new ensemble for me, as well as a backup choice. She is responsible and very capable, and I am satisfied with her. You, on the other hand, Dalores... You didn't even notify me that you intended to resign! How negligent of you. With that kind of attitude, who do you think is going to hire you as their designer in the future?" Estella was notorious for her sharp tongue. She made sure to berate Dalores before ending the call, which left the latter

rightly outraged.

Things were not going her way at all. Why was it that Janet always managed to wheedle her way out of danger?

And so, when rumors about Janet and Draco's relationship reached Dalores, she wasted no time bribing several sketchy reporters to expose this supposed affair. She wanted to ruin Janet's reputation once and for all.

Unfortunately, the tabloids were quickly suppressed by the Larson Group. Not only that, but Dalores received lawyer's letters shortly after, both from the Larson Group and W Marks Studio.

With the likelihood of a jail sentence looming over her head, Dalores packed up her things and drove out of the city.

She had heard of Brandon, of course. He was known for his ruthlessness, and was often likened to Satan himself.

Needless to say, Dalores found herself regretting everything she had done. She shouldn't have tried to sabotage Janet!

Dalores was still fuming about her circumstances

as she glanced at the rearview mirror again. This time, she saw a number of cars tailing her at an alarming speed. In fact, they were about to overtake her.

"Where did all these people come from?" Dalores wasn't sure who had sent them. She might be fond of gossiping, but she had never provoked anyone to their face.

In the next second, her phone rang.

An unknown number was calling.

Dalores pressed the answer button with a healthy amount of trepidation. "Who is this?"

A sharp female voice came through the line. It was Mrs. Fuller. "Hello, Dalores. How does it feel to be public enemy number one? Do you remember what I told you? The moment you leave W Marks Studio, I'll be out to get you. Now that you have offended both the Larson family and the White family, you are doomed. It disgusts me that I have to dispose of you myself, bitch. You know what? I'm not gonna do that. I'll just hand you over to Brandon, and once I do, you will know—"

Dalores felt a chill race down her spine, and she

hurriedly hung up.

"You're the bitch! You're all bitches!" She screamed inside the car and stepped hard on the gas.

In an attempt to get rid of her pursuers, she changed lanes and drove on the wrong side of the road. Before she could even gain some distance, she was blinded by a beam of light coming from her left. She turned in surprise and saw a truck rounding a corner and speeding toward her. 6