

Chapter 1890 Confrontation

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Lastly, she called in Kenna Dixon, the employee who had intentionally leaked her schedule and photos on social media.

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Janet took a deep breath and replied in an even tone, "I've been away from the studio for a few months, and business has been slow. You've been on a basic salary. Have you encountered any financial difficulties recently?"

As she spoke, Janet's eyes briefly scanned Kenna's shirt, which was clearly expensive and from a high-end brand.

Catching Janet's look, Kenna managed a strained smile and replied, "No. My primary reason for being here is my admiration for your design style and my desire to learn from you. Financially, I'm supported by my family, so I don't face any pressures in that area."

Janet pondered why Kenna would compromise her privacy if financial strain was not a motive.

With a raised eyebrow, Janet unlocked her phone and showed Kenna the private social media account. With a stern face, she asked, "If that's the case, why have you been posting my schedule and photos online every day?"

Kenna was caught off guard, but she quickly collected herself and replied, "Could there be some misunderstanding? I shared those posts because I've always looked up to you. I wanted to celebrate my time in the studio."

"Really?" Janet responded, her tone icy.

"I have no hidden agendas. I truly admire you and mean no harm. Please believe me. I don't see anything wrong with posting those messages." Kenna's voice carried a note of anxiety, but her eyes conveyed sincerity.

Janet massaged her temples and asked, "Didn't you also leak the design drawings? How much did Roland pay you?"

Kenna's eyes welled up as she protested, "How could I betray you for money? It wasn't me. Please believe me!"

Overwhelmed by Kenna's fervent denials, Janet signaled for her to quiet down.

Observing Kenna's tearful and distraught expression, Janet wondered silently about her acting skills. Had she always been this convincing?

Janet settled back into her chair and stated firmly, "Your denial changes nothing. Whoever purchased my private information from you will be uncovered by my husband soon enough. As for you, I suggest you resign voluntarily. Otherwise, I will involve the police or use my industry connections to ensure you're blacklisted."

Kenna knew well the influence Janet wielded, but she had only ever experienced her kindness—never her wrath. The first display of Janet's anger was terrifying.

Overwhelmed, Kenna immediately knelt, tears streaming down her face as she pleaded, "Please don't fire me! I desperately need this job. I know I made a grave mistake, and I swear it won't happen again!"

Janet's frustration boiled over when she heard the admission. She slammed her hand on the table and raised her voice. "How could you do this to me? I recognized your talent and invested in you! I hoped you'd achieve great things once you moved on from here. Everyone here is paid fairly! Why would you betray my trust like this?"

Kenna sobbed, barely able to speak through her tears. "I'm so sorry. It wasn't intentional. Please, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" Janet scoffed, her voice tinged with disbelief. "And what about the damage to the studio? What about the hard work of everyone else here? You need to come clean. Who bought the information? This isn't a trivial matter. Think carefully about whether you can compensate for the losses!"

"Please! Please! I'm truly sorry! Please don't involve the police! I beg you!" Kenna continued to cry, her fear palpable.