

Chapter 890 A Ruined Dress

Immediately after rushing into the room, Janet took in the mess before her eyes. Her face froze in horror.

Tasha was squatting on the floor, a tattered golden dress clutched in her arms. Stunned, she asked, "Miss Lopez needs this dress any second now. What should we do?!"

Trying to keep calm, Janet replied, "Don't worry. Let's see if we can figure out a way to fix this." She picked up the dress herself and examined it closely to see what could be done.

Upon close observation, she realized that the state of the dress was much worse than she'd thought from further away. The damage was all on the front. There would be no way to mend it without leaving visible signs of the repair.

A grimace crossed Tasha's face. "There's no saving it, is there?"

Janet took a deep breath, not ready to answer the question directly. She composed herself and asked,

"Do you know who did it?"

"Delores handed over all her projects to me yesterday. Everything went well," Tasha replied, reflecting on yesterday and all of the work that Delores had accomplished. "But before she left for the day, Delores did say that she wanted to give the dresses one last look-over, saying she always thought of the dresses she works on as if they were her own children. She was crying so hard, so I didn't stop her. I... I didn't even pay her any attention. Delores was only in the work room for only a few minutes. It was all my fault. I should have checked the dresses after she left!" Tasha was growing increasingly flustered, speaking faster the more agitated she became. ①

Given all of the painstaking work that Delores had put into the dress, Tasha had never worried that it would've been safe in her hands. She never expected in a million years that this disaster could've happened on her watch.

"You never should have trusted Delores. She was scheming and plotting behind our backs this entire time." Janet's face darkened as she let this truth sink in.

She'd always known that Delores had a mean streak, but she'd never expected that she would've been so spiteful as to destroy a dress she'd designed herself just to stick it to her colleagues.

Janet helped Tasha to her feet and asked, "When is Miss Lopez due to arrive?"

Anxiously clenching her fingers into small fists, Tasha answered, "This morning, she said."

"We'll make sure that full responsibility for this disaster is laid fully at Delores' feet. For now, our top priority is to reassure our guest that everything will be alright," Janet continued. "Tasha, you go check if Miss Lopez is here yet." Over the course of her career as a designer, Janet had faced many similar disasters, and she had become a pro at handling crisis. That was how she knew how to deal with this calmly rather than flying off the handle like a more inexperienced person such as Tasha.

"But the dress is completely ruined. However are we going to explain that to Miss Lopez?" Tasha had never dealt with such a disaster before. Wracked with anxiety, she said, "I should've kept an eye on Delores the whole time. I should've

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known she's not to be trusted."

Tasha practically beat herself up for her failure to protect the dress from the vindictive Delores.

"Blaming yourself solves absolutely nothing." Retaining her cool, Janet pondered the situation for a short while and then said, "We have to simply come up with a way to fix this."

Just at that moment, there was a knock at the door. From the other side of the door a voice called, "Tasha? Are you in? Miss Lopez is here for her dress. Please come bring it out as soon as you can. She's waiting for you."

In a flash, Tasha's mind emptied completely. In a quick reflexive motion she jumped up, grabbed the dress from Janet, hung it on a hook, and shoved it behind other changing clothes, doing her best to conceal the evidence of the disaster as swiftly as she could. "We can't let her see this," she cried.

Tasha then headed for the door. Not knowing what she was planning on doing, Janet grabbed her wrist and asked, "What do you think you're doing? What are you gonna say to her?"

"What's done is done. I'll apologize to Miss Lopez,

explain the situation to her, and hopefully ask her to give us more time," the miserable Tasha blurted out. "This is my responsibility. Please, let me do what I have to do. I'll handle this."

As soon as Tasha finished speaking, she opened the door and marched out, completely ignoring Janet's protestations.

Janet was really worrying Tasha. What was she about to do?

Janet was very aware of this particular dress. It had been designed for Estella Lopez, a rising star in the publishing industry as a newly famous author. Designing and producing this glorious dress had taken a great deal of time and effort. Moreover, it was incredibly expensive. Anyone might've erupted in anger at discovering their property had been damaged, but Estella was particularly known for having a terrible temper.

Estella's currently top bestselling debut novel was said by everyone in the industry to be a sure thing for taking home that year's writing award. And this was the dress she'd planned on wearing when she accepted it. The ceremony was only a month away. How would they ever replace it in time?

Janet had seen Estella eviscerated her haters online. Estella herself unleashed such fury upon them that they'd deactivated their accounts. People were shocked at how brutally and efficiently she'd dealt with them.

Estella had a practical army of social media warriors fighting on her behalf. If Tasha made her mad, bad things could definitely follow. It could even irreparably damage W Marks Studio's reputation in the public eye.

Janet's heart skipped a beat. Worried that something terrible was about to happen, she hurried out after Tasha.