

Chapter 1581 An Audacious Mistress

Mandy's fiery entrance through the throng was unmistakable; her irritation were palpable. She was so engrossed in her mission that she seemed almost oblivious to the greetings of her guests. She had a singular focus: to find Brandon.

Brandon, with his strikingly handsome profile and distinctive height, wasn't hard to spot. Especially when his arm was draped around a stunning woman who bore a haunting resemblance to Janet.

Their chemistry was evident—the subtle strokes of hair, the profound gaze they shared—it was all too familiar. Once upon a time, only Janet was at the receiving end of such gestures. However, just as Mandy was steeling herself to confront them, her ever-watchful bodyguard interjected with a hint of exasperation, "Miss Hamilton, if memory serves, you and Mrs.

Larson never really saw eye to eye. So why this sudden urge to lock horns with Mr. Larson on her behalf?"

Mandy shot him a withering glance, retorting, "Oh, please! This isn't about Janet. It's about Brandon and that... that interloper sullyng my celebration!"

Brushing off the bodyguard's grasp, she adjusted her dress with a flourish and made a beeline for Brandon and the mysterious woman.

Unbeknownst to Mandy, the so-called "interloper" was engrossed in admiring the intricate designs of the dresses. But as Mandy's fiery shadow fell over her, she looked up, only to be met with a haughty and arrogant expression. Without missing a beat, Mandy sneered, "You seem rather taken with these designs. Are you contemplating a purchase, or perhaps you wish to comprehend the genius behind them?"

Meeting Mandy's arrogance with a congenial smile, Janet innocently inquired, "Are you the one in charge here?"

Mandy's already thin patience frayed further. Not only was this woman audacious enough to

encroach on what wasn't hers, she also had the gall to smile unapologetically. "Enough with the pleasantries. What is it? A purchase or an insight into the design process?"

In Mandy's view, a woman in such a role could only be there for one reason: an indulgent shopping spree, courtesy of her male companion. And design intricacies? They'd be far beyond her comprehension.

Her disdain wasn't reserved just for the lady, though; she threw a disparaging look in Brandon's direction too.

Mandy was convinced that Brandon was an absolute dolt. To think that he would forgo the companionship of someone as radiant and accomplished as Janet for a woman who, while undeniably beautiful, seemed vacant upstairs. In days gone by, Mandy believed that Brandon and Janet were a match made in heaven.

Lost in the labyrinthine allure of the dresses, Janet remained blissfully unaware of the growing storm of Mandy's indignation. When she finally learned that Mandy was the force behind these designs, her excitement bubbled over. With childlike enthusiasm, she asked, "Oh!

You're the mastermind behind this ensemble? Would you indulge me and share the inspiration behind this dress's hemline?"

As Janet circled the dress, her eyes shimmered with admiration. "The finesse of this hemline is truly unparalleled."

However, instead of basking in Janet's appreciation, Mandy's expression only grew stormier.


How audacious of this brazen woman to feign an understanding of her artistry!

With an exaggerated eye roll, Mandy retorted, her tone dripping with disdain, "Look here. Time is a precious commodity. If you're genuinely considering purchasing this dress, I'd be more than happy to elucidate. But if every window-shopper demanded an artistic tour, I'd never get anything done!"

Finally sensing the chill in Mandy's demeanor, Janet's joy was replaced by bewilderment.


She tried to sift through her memories, but Mandy's face remained unrecognizable. Turning to Brandon with a puzzled frown, she asked, "Brandon, have I, by any chance, ruffled this

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fellow designer's feathers in the past?"



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