

Chapter 1583 Makeup Transformation

Mandy's escalating confrontation had become the epicenter of the hall's attention. No sooner had Elizabeth and Draco stepped foot into the venue than the resounding echoes of the spat reached them. From their position, they were privy to every crescendo and diminuendo of the unfolding drama.

Frank had informed Elizabeth of Janet's refreshed countenance earlier. Armed with this knowledge, Elizabeth, ever the protective friend, wedged herself between Mandy and Janet like a human shield. She implored, "Mandy, calm down. This is Janet. There's no scandalous liaison, as you believe."

Draco, with an air of authority and a deepening frown, ambled over, addressing Mandy pointedly, "What's the meaning of this scene you're crafting, Mandy?"

Mandy's disbelief was palpable. To her, Elizabeth and Draco, staunch allies of Janet, seemed to be siding with the perceived

interloper. Indignant, she retorted, "Scandal or no scandal, this woman is nothing like the Janet I know."

However, as realization dawned, she let out an epiphanic "Aha!" with her tone dripping with sarcasm. "Oh, I get it now! You're wary of crossing Brandon. After all that Janet's done for you two, this is how you repay her?"

Elizabeth, with an exaggerated roll of her eyes, shot back, "For heaven's sake, Mandy, take a moment and really see. Janet's makeup transformation might be veiling her usual visage, but that doesn't change who she is."

Eager to defuse the growing tension, Janet chimed in gently, "That's right, Mandy. My look might've shifted a tad, but listen closely. My voice... It's still the same old voice you remember, isn't it?"

It was only then, when Mandy truly listened, that the familiar cadence of Janet's voice, unmistakable and melodious, made her falter. "Perhaps... Perhaps you're right..."

Elizabeth, spotting an opportunity to clear any lingering cloud of doubt from the audience, quipped, albeit with a hint of sarcasm, "If you ask me, Mandy's stirring the pot just because

she and Janet never saw eye to eye. She's itching for everyone to mistake Janet for some clandestine lover."

Her intent wasn't just to slight Mandy but to offer clarity to the bystanders, ensuring no trace of misunderstanding remained.

Yet Elizabeth's words only fanned Mandy's fury. "Makeup? Ha! This is more than a mere makeover. She's been under the knife, I'd wager!"

Fully aware of Mandy's flair for theatrics, Draco knew this might snowball into a spectacle. Sidling up to her, he whispered a suggestion, "Mandy, enough drama. Let's settle this behind closed doors, in your office."

Elizabeth, trying to veil her frustration, cocked an eyebrow and remarked, "Mandy, as much as you're trying to champion for Janet, wouldn't you think she'd prefer you didn't air her laundry in public? Perhaps your office would be a more suitable venue for this discussion?"

It was only then, amidst the sea of gawking eyes and hushed whispers, that Mandy grasped the sheer magnitude of the spectacle she had inadvertently orchestrated. A wash of crimson embarrassment painted her face, setting her

cheeks ablaze.

Her initial tirade against Brandon was driven by a desire to expose his apparent deceitfulness for the world to see.

How ironic, then, that her fervent defense ended up casting herself as the comedic lead in this play. It felt as if she was caught in the blinding spotlight, yearning for an escape route.

Janet, ever gracious, sought to allay Mandy's discomfort. With a serene smile, she mused, "Mandy, your intentions were golden. I recognize and appreciate the depth of your concern for me."

Mandy, trying to salvage some semblance of grace from the debacle, attempted to regain her composure. With a theatrical flip of her hair, she beckoned, "Well then, shall we adjourn to my office for a more private conversation?"

Upon entering the sanctuary of her office and the door sealing them off from prying eyes, Mandy's facade of nonchalance crumbled. She shot Brandon a look of fervent curiosity. "Is that truly Janet by your side? She seems... transformed."

The silent inquisition was palpable, with Elizabeth's and Draco's faces mirroring Mandy's

intrigue.

The room's atmosphere was thick with anticipation, all awaiting an explanation.

Sensing the collective curiosity, Brandon sighed deeply and affirmed, "Yes, that's Janet. Due to unforeseen circumstances, she underwent a slight change in her appearance."