

Chapter 1585 You Don't Even Remember Him

As Elizabeth's words tapered off, Mandy knit her brows in perplexity, quizzically stating, "Elizabeth, wasn't Janet a close friend of yours? Why the introduction? And Janet, your reactions... they seem as if you've never met Elizabeth before?"

Mid-thought, a light bulb moment seemed to strike Mandy. Recalling Janet's slightly peculiar address to her earlier, her eyes widened in realization. "Could it be that you..."

Acknowledging the unsaid query, Janet responded with a hint of melancholy, "I'm grappling with memory loss. The past is like a book with its pages torn out."

A gasp escaped Mandy, her mouth forming a perfect O. Elizabeth swiftly placed a comforting hand on Mandy's arm, whispering, "Handle with care. Janet's emotional state is fragile right now."

Reading the room and understanding the gravity, Mandy smoothly pivoted the conversation. "Alright, let's put the past aside. Given the circumstances, I'll excuse your lapse

Janet, unaffected by Mandy's slight, responded graciously, "I've come to understand you're quite the force to reckon with in the fashion industry, Miss Hamilton."

With a blend of pride and playfulness, Mandy tilted her chin up and retorted, "Indeed! While you're at it, any design-related queries should come straight to me. After all, compared to my experience and prowess, Elizabeth is but a fledgling assistant designer."

Not one to be outdone, Elizabeth shot back, her voice tinged with annoyance, "Mark my words, I'll soon stand on my own in the design realm. Why the hubris, Mandy?"

Sensing a brewing storm, Janet deftly stepped in, steering the conversation back to neutral territory. She smiled warmly at Mandy, saying, "Miss Hamilton, I've been keeping up with global fashion showcases of late. You're clearly making waves. I'm genuinely enamored with your artistry and eagerly await a design dialogue with you."

Mandy, not accustomed to such affable acknowledgment from Janet, was momentarily lost for words. Her usual bravado melting away, she stammered, "Do you truly feel that way?"

With a serene smile, Janet affirmed, "Your creations drew me in."

Chastened by Janet's grace, Mandy felt a touch of remorse for her earlier posturing.

Clearing her throat, she offered, "Your sentiments are heartfelt. My schedule is open. Seek me out whenever you wish for a tête-à-tête on design."

"Humph!" Elizabeth snorted dismissively. However, Mandy refrained from any further debate, displaying an unexpectedly softer side towards Janet.

Time meandered as the trio exchanged pleasantries, eventually settling into the plush embrace of a sofa. With a tender touch, Brandon played with Janet's silken strands, inquiring, "Aren't you keen on resuming your tour of the dresses outside?"

Brushing away thoughts of the dresses, Janet gleamed. "I'd rather spend this time reconnecting with faces from my past."

She then cast an intrigued glance at the quiet gentleman, donned in a chic casual suit. "And who might this be?"

Brandon's eyes frosted over when they landed on Draco. The last thing he wanted was to

introduce this potential contender for Janet's affection. Tight-lipped and clearly agitated, he remained silent.

Mandy, wide-eyed in astonishment, remarked, "You don't even remember him?"

Wearing an apologetic smile, Janet admitted, "The past feels like a blank canvas to me. Is this gentleman someone of significance in my life?"

With dark humor glinting in his eyes, Brandon responded with a scoff, "Hardly. He's practically a passerby."

Feeling the atmosphere grow dense with tension, Elizabeth, ever the peacemaker, leaned close to whisper in Janet's ear, "That's none other than the mastermind behind W Marks Studio, Mr. Draco Wesley. You must've come across his acclaimed work on the W Marks official portal."

Picking up the thread, Mandy chimed in, "Mr. Wesley's name is the buzz of the design world, yet he's the epitome of discretion. The Internet hardly captures his essence in photographs. It's entirely plausible for you to not recognize him."