

Chapter 1403 An Unexpected Accident

With every ticking of the clock, Janet felt increasingly anxious, and her heart pounded faster and faster.

She kept telling herself to calm down but to no avail. Her fists were also clenched so tightly that her nails dug into her flesh, but she couldn't feel the pain at all.

As Janet was increasingly pressed for time, her agitation and restlessness multiplied.

Brandon caught sight of Janet clenching her fists, and his expression immediately turned solemn.

He pried her fists open carefully and saw the deep marks on her palms. "I know you are anxious, but you shouldn't hurt yourself," he said in concern.

He then reached out and clasped Janet's hands tightly in his to prevent her from hurting herself again.

Janet looked up and forced a smile. "Sorry, I'm just too nervous," she mumbled distractedly.

Brandon did not anticipate such an accident to occur. He thought for a moment and suggested, "I'll get Sean to dispatch two models here right now. Don't worry."

Janet shook her head and rejected, "It's too late. My designs are not suited for many models in the fashion industry. They would look sloppy on other models, even if we manage to hire any last-minute."

Janet had been confident she could be on par with the world's top designers with the exceptional models she hired. But now, her models had met an accident and could not attend the fashion show. There was probably no chance for her to win anymore.

"Don't worry. I'll get Sean to send some of the best models here. There are bound to be some that can satisfy your requirements," Brandon said calmly as he dialed Sean's number.

Janet looked at the clock and smiled bitterly. "We only have five to six minutes before they takes to the runway. Even if Sean finds any models, they won't be able to make it in time."

Brandon had always prided himself as a strategist. However, he was now faced with an urgent

situation he could not resolve. Moreover, the situation concerned Janet, making him more annoyed by his own helplessness.

Janet pursed her lips and said solemnly, "It would be great if my two models could recover before the scheduled time. Although their performance may be affected, at least I still have a chance to showcase my designs. But..."

She glanced at the dressing room, which was tightly shut, before continuing, "But their condition seems very serious. They are unlikely to recover so quickly."

Brandon frowned slightly. He was about to reply when a familiar voice interrupted him sarcastically, "Hey, I just saw two models being carried out. Are they yours?"

Janet and Brandon both turned around and saw Mandy leaning on the doorway. She seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

She strutted arrogantly towards Janet and mocked her, "Janet, why does trouble seem to follow you? Look, you've even embarrassed yourself internationally."

Before Janet could respond, Brandon had already

fixed his glare on Mandy.

Mandy was fearless, except when it came to Brandon. He was too powerful and authoritative for her. When she felt his glare, her pride and arrogance instantly lowered.

Janet wasn't in the mood to entertain Mandy. She just glanced at Mandy coldly without saying a word.

However, Mandy didn't seem to mind. On the contrary, she raised her chin and boasted, "My models have already finished their catwalk. I think they showcased my designs really well."


"Congratulations. Anything else?" Janet responded calmly.

Mandy snorted and said arrogantly, "You can beg me to lend you my models. I might even consider agreeing if I'm in a good mood."


Janet was surprised by Mandy's offer. "You want to lend me your models? Why? As far as I know, you've always wanted to beat me," Janet asked suspiciously.

Mandy crossed her arms and smirked. "Don't worry. I'm confident my designs are better than yours. Besides, I want to beat you fair and square

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on the runway, not win by default because you couldn't participate," she answered haughtily.

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