

Chapter 1587 Picking On Her

"Enough, Elizabeth!" Mandy's voice crackled with raw emotion as she shot up from her seat, her face a fiery shade of red. The sting of Elizabeth's words left her gasping, barely holding back a surge of tears. "Why are you always picking on me? Beware, Elizabeth, lest you push me beyond my limits."

Elizabeth, never one to be cowed, shot back with a fierce determination, "All I'm doing is standing up for Janet. Even back at W Marks, your animosity towards her was palpable. Now, with her memories gone, can you not find it within yourself to let her be? What unforgivable sin did she commit against you?"

Stammering, Mandy scrambled for words, the weight of Elizabeth's interrogation evident in her voice.

After a significant pause, her voice quivered. "I never sought to harm Janet. I speak from the depths of my heart."

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Elizabeth's laughter had a chilling undercurrent. "Isn't it clear? The green monster of jealousy has you in its grip. Jealous of Janet's undeniable rapport with Mr. Wesley, her natural flair for design, and everything she..."

Draco's voice cut through the mounting tension,



cool and composed. "Elizabeth, that's quite enough."

For a moment, Elizabeth's fiery determination flickered, replaced by uncertainty. Draco's eyes held a quiet reprimand. Softly, almost to herself, she murmured, "I wasn't wrong in what I said."

Mandy, looking for even the slightest reprieve, hoped Draco was her unexpected ally. But as she was about to acknowledge him with a grateful smile, his voice washed over her, dispassionate and clear. "We are mature individuals, Miss Hamilton. I hope that you recognize the weight of your words. Please refrain from bullying Janet."

The warmth that had started to blossom on Mandy's face faded abruptly, replaced by a bitter chill. She felt slighted and misunderstood. Despite the churning emotions within, she held her head high, refusing to bow to the judgment she felt around her.

To her, this unexpected shift in Draco's perception was a bitter pill.

Yet, amidst this turbulence, she sought solace in one fact—her intentions towards Janet had never been malicious. Their earlier skirmishes

had ingrained a habit in Mandy, causing her to occasionally jest at Janet's expense. Today, she'd simply mistaken Brandon's interactions and hoped to give Janet a supportive nudge. Was that so wrong?

Although Janet didn't remember her past with Mandy, she couldn't bear to see Mandy so depressed.

Janet intervened with a gentle smile, "The past remains a blank canvas to me. Whatever occurred then is water under the bridge. I believe Miss Hamilton's words weren't meant to hurt. I appreciate you standing up for me, Elizabeth, but let's move beyond this."

Elizabeth gave a resigned sigh, her voice softening. "You're a saint, Janet. Always see the best in everyone."

Grinning warmly, Janet deftly steered the conversation in a new direction. "I must confess, my memories regarding design remain a blank slate. Whenever I find myself lost, I hope I can come knocking at your door, seeking clarity. Will that be an inconvenience?"

Draco, with a reassuring smile that seemed to light up the room, responded, "The doors of W Marks will always swing open for you."

Eyes gleaming with gratitude, Janet swiveled toward Mandy, gently coaxing her back to the plush embrace of the sofa. "Miss Hamilton, I've grown quite fond of your designs. Promise you won't shoo me away when I come seeking your expert advice."

Mandy's brows arched in genuine surprise, temporarily brushing aside her previous grievances. "Your admiration caught me off guard! I distinctly recall your penchant for minimalist and unadorned styles."

A touch of red crept onto Janet's cheeks as she admitted, "Your designs, rich in opulence and meticulous detailing, resonate with my current sensibilities. As for the past, it's but a faded memory."

"Really?" Mandy's skepticism was evident as her eyes, widened in astonishment, scoured Janet's features for any hint of insincerity or patronization. "Are you merely offering solace?"

With an earnest nod, Janet affirmed, "Every word I say springs from the heart."

The unexpected endorsement from a former rival seemed to buoy Mandy's spirits. A playful smirk adorned her lips as she teased, "See, Elizabeth? Janet's newfound love leans heavily

toward my creations. Score one for me!"

Caught off-guard by Mandy's sudden competitive streak, Elizabeth could only muster a stunned silence.

With a mischievous glint, she leaned in, her voice barely above a whisper as she teased Janet, "Really, Janet? You're gravitating towards all that lavish flair? Are you simply trying to placate her?"

With a cryptic smile and a playful shrug, Janet remained tight-lipped. Yes, she'd voiced admiration for Mandy's designs, but there was a sprinkle of ulterior motive there.

While her heart leaned more towards Draco's masterpieces, she acknowledged that her current capabilities didn't allow for such intricate elegance. Mandy's designs, in all their ornate glory, seemed more attainable for her current skill set.

She had glimpsed her past works, and, as Mandy had pointed out, they leaned toward simplicity. Perhaps, with her memories erased, this was her chance to explore a fresh, avant-garde style rather than remaining tethered to old preferences.