

Chapter 1138 Leave The W Marks Studio

Mandy strutted towards Janet in her towering three-inch high heels. "There's something I've been dying to ask you, Janet," she asked with her red lips curved up in a sly smile.

Elizabeth stood in front of Janet, her eyes filled with hostility. "She's already off duty. Why ask her now?"

Mandy raised her eyebrows and smiled. "I'm not asking you to stay as well. Why do you seem so anxious?"

Janet tugged at Elizabeth's sleeve and gestured toward the stairs. "Frank is waiting for you downstairs. You should go now."

"Are you sure you can handle this?" Elizabeth worriedly whispered in Janet's ear.

"Don't worry about me. Now, go." Janet watched Elizabeth's figure disappear into the distance before turning to face Mandy. With a faint smile, she gestured toward the office and said, "Shall we

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go inside?"

Mandy looked around expressionlessly and replied,
"Let's talk here. I won't be long."

Janet merely nodded as a response.

"When are you going to leave W Marks Studio? My
project with Draco is about to start," Mandy said
without beating around the bush.

"Where would I go?" Janet retorted with a
confused expression and a helpless smile.

Mandy burst into laughter and condescendingly
scanned Janet from head to toe. "Don't tell me
you're content with using Draco's resources
forever? Surely, you must have some ambition of
your own. Or are you just happy being a parasite?"

It was not until then that Janet understood what
Mandy wanted to talk to her about. "I see what
you're saying now. The thing is, I haven't thought
I'd have the opportunity to branch out on my own
so soon. And Mr. Wesley did mention that I could
give it a shot under my own name for the time
being."

What Mandy had said made sense, though. If
Janet were to become an independent designer,
she could not continue meeting clients at the W

Marks Studio without directly affecting Draco's business. It was inevitable that she would have to move out.

Now that Janet thought of it, it seemed that she had to choose a suitable place of her own soon.

In Mandy's eyes, she must look like a fool.

Mandy lifted her chin and suddenly let out a sardonic laugh. "Aren't your husband and parents going to lend you a hand?" she quipped.

Mandy believed that Janet should make the most of her strong background. With the White family as her backing, she had access to a vast network of connections in Barnes. Not to mention, Brandon was a rising business tycoon in recent years and also one of Janet's backers. With the support of these two powerful forces, Janet's career could skyrocket.

Janet erupted into laughter. If Mandy had not brought them up, she never would even have thought of that.

"I should rely on myself and my own abilities for my career. It's not fair to depend on my family's connections," she calmly said without blinking.

Mandy was at a loss for words, and there was an

inexplicable expression on her face. She opened her mouth to say something but thought better of it. Instead, she fished out her calling card from her wallet and handed it to Janet. "Never mind. We're colleagues, after all. Here's my card. If you ever need any help, don't hesitate to ask. I'll help you find a new place when I'm free. Remember, you have to move out of the W Marks as soon as possible."

Janet blinked and looked at Mandy with a confused expression. She had not expected that despite Mandy's bad temper, she could also be surprisingly helpful. 4

Before she could even thank Mandy, she heard a distinct sound of a car behind her.

The limited edition Bentley was undoubtedly the epitome of luxury cars. Even the sound of its exhaust was deep and resonant, a testament to its power and prestige.

Janet turned around and saw Brandon open the car door and step out. His eyes held a casual expression, and his downturned lips made him look so dignified.

"Sorry for being late. There was an emergency

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meeting just now." Brandon took Janet's handbag
and looked at her confusedly. "What's this?"

It was not until then that Janet came to her
senses. She did not notice that she had given the
calling card to Brandon.

"Oh, it's Miss Hamilton's name card. She said she'd
help me choose a suitable place for my own studio."

Without sparing a glance at the calling card,
Brandon returned it to Mandy and said, "My wife
can easily get whichever land she wants. She
doesn't need others' help."

Mandy met his cold eyes, and his powerful aura
shut her up. Brandon's temperament was different
from that of Draco.

Mandy unconsciously took her card back as if she
was under a trance.

Brandon clasped his hands and then put them
back into his coat pockets. With a serious look in
his eyes, he turned to Janet and coldly asked,
"Why haven't I heard that you're looking for a place
of your own?"

"It was just a spur-of-the-moment decision," Janet
replied with her neck craned in embarrassment. In
all honesty, if Mandy had not brought it up earlier,

Janet would not have even thought about it.

With that, Brandon opened the back door and glanced at Janet. "If you say so. Now get in the car."

As soon as they got into the car, the silver Bentley sped away and disappeared from the corner of the street.

"Damn it!" Mandy glanced down at the calling card in her hand, suddenly realizing that Brandon and Janet had made a fool out of her just moments ago. 2

She could not help but stamp her feet in anger and frustration. Why did she not refute Brandon's words?

"Mandy, who upset you?" Draco stood beside Mandy and looked in the direction where she was staring angrily.