

Chapter 1404 A Kind Assistance

Mandy fixed her gaze on Janet with a smirk of superiority, enunciating each word for emphasis, "So, you should be begging me properly. If your pleas please me, I might let you borrow the models for this fashion show."

As she finished her statement, she felt an icy shiver run down her spine.

Following this unsettling sensation, she found Brandon glaring at her, his eyes filled with malice. He scoffed, "You want Janet to beg you? Keep dreaming."

The icy glint in his eyes made Mandy shiver involuntarily. Her planned taunts died on her lips, swallowed down under Brandon's piercing gaze.

"And if I don't lend you the models, do you really believe your wife will have a chance?" she grumbled under her breath, her gaze lowered.

Suddenly, a spark ignited in Janet's eyes, her mind racing with a new idea. Her previously unfocused

gaze now locked onto Mandy unflinchingly.

Feeling her heartbeat quicken under the intensity of Janet's stare, Mandy struggled to keep her cool.

"What are you staring at? If you want the models, then start begging. And remember, if you let this opportunity slip, you'll be left with regrets," she blurted, maintaining a facade of composure.

Brandon's eyes narrowed, a gleam of hostility surfacing as he prepared to retort. But before he could, Janet's eager voice cut in. "Did you say you would lend me the models?"

Mandy momentarily forgot about her fear of Brandon, her smirk returning. "Who said I'd lend you the models? Do I look like the kind-hearted Mother Teresa? What I meant was, if your begging amuses me, then I might consider letting you borrow the models."

Finishing her sentence, Mandy lifted her chin, prepared to witness Janet's humiliating plea.

To her surprise, however, Janet just flashed a faint smile, murmuring to herself, "Borrowing models, that's a brilliant idea. Why didn't I think of that before?"

Mandy, who didn't quite catch Janet's words,

furrowed her brows. "What did you say?"

Janet quickly composed herself, her smile still in place. "You're right, I can always borrow models. Thank you for the suggestion."

Assuming this to be Janet's admission of defeat, Mandy beamed, saying, "You're welcome. After all, I am a generous soul."

Janet chuckled, her spirits lifting, "Didn't you just say you weren't that kind-hearted?"

A flush of embarrassment momentarily swept across Mandy's face, but she quickly resumed her haughty demeanor, snorting dismissively, "None of your business. I'll say whatever I please!"

Brandon, curious about Janet's sudden shift in mood, nudged her gently, whispering, "Did you figure out a solution?"

Janet turned her head towards Brandon, a playful grin playing on her lips.

Impatient, Mandy shot a glare at Janet, huffing, "Well, do you want the models or not?"

"Indeed I do," Janet responded, her smile undiminished.

Mandy let out a snide laugh. "Then start begging, and make it quick! Time is of the essence!"

Before she could finish her taunt, Draco's familiar voice echoed from the entrance. "Mandy, now's not the time for games."

As he spoke, Draco and a group of models sauntered into the room.

Eternally poised, Draco offered Janet and Brandon a courteous nod. "Janet, Mr. Larson, it's been some time."

Brandon reciprocated the nod with characteristic aloofness, while Janet returned his greeting warmly. "Mr. Wesley, it has indeed been a while. What brings you here? Have your models completed their show?"

Acknowledging her query, Draco nodded and elaborated, "I heard about the issue with your models, so I brought along a few of mine for you to select from."

With that, he stepped aside, revealing several models standing at the ready for Janet's consideration.