

## Chapter 1133 She Is Not A Thief

Smiling sweetly, Janet picked up pieces of fabric of the right color and put them in her arms. "He did something wrong so now, he's been trying to make up for it."

It may not sound like it but Janet knew Brandon had been trying to change for her. She appreciated it wholeheartedly and though she was too shy to say it out loud, she believed that true love was meant to inspire people to change for the better.

As if on cue, the door opened, and a colleague peeked from it, seemingly in a hurry. "Janet, you're needed out here. The security guards just escorted out the client you brought to the VIP room."

"What? Why?" Elizabeth asked in surprise.

"I don't know too. Let's check what happened outside. Come on," Janet ran out, still clutching the fabric in her arms.

Several security guards were dragging Hannah out

of the VIP room.

"Stop!" Janet rushed to where Hannah was and pushed the security guards away. With furrowed eyebrows, she asked, "Who ordered you to escort my client out?"

A woman turned to look at Janet. She was laughing a second ago but stopped and was now sizing Janet up. "It was me. Do you have a problem with that?"

From the side, the woman looked like Janet. Especially since she also had long curly hair. However, when facing forward, her arrogant and domineering aura came into full view. Her face was extremely pretty. She had beautiful eyes and a delicate nose. The small mole on her tall nose made her even more attractive. Her gaze swept across the room with her chin tilted up. She looked really arrogant. 4

Not knowing who the woman in front of her was, Janet frowned and asked, "Who are you? Why did you drive my client away?"

"I'm the designer here." Crossing her arms over her chest, the woman confidently said, "W Marks

doesn't welcome poor people. Moreover, this old woman here tried to steal the desserts I brought here."

"This is Mandy Hamilton. She has just come back from abroad after working with many brands in Paris." Elizabeth walked over and reminded Janet. "She's collaborating with Mr. Wesley on a project so she's been coming to W Marks often these days. Since you just requested an annual leave a few days ago, you haven't gotten the chance to meet her."

"Nice to meet you, Miss Hamilton. I'm also a designer here. This is my client, not your so-called poor people." Janet gave Mandy a nod despite her blank expression.

With an impassive look on her face, Janet looked aloof and unapproachable. Mandy was a charming woman with attractive foxy eyes. They looked completely different.

"I've heard about you from Draco. You are a talented designer." Mandy's arrogance was no match for Janet's indifference. Her contempt was visible in her eyes now. "But your distinguished guest stole the desserts I bought. What should we

do about it?" She repeated, voice slightly rising.

"Hannah stealing something from you is impossible. Not to mention just desserts." Janet wanted to roll her eyes. She didn't believe it at all. Mandy walked over to Hannah, her black high-heeled shoes clacking on the floor. She took Hannah's hand and forced her fist to open, revealing an almost crushed pastry. She smiled triumphantly and showed it to everyone. "See? This is the evidence."

Mandy then threw away the pastry, took out her handkerchief, and wiped her hands carefully in disgust. Then she looked at Janet and sneered. "You should ask the lady for an explanation. I never wrong anyone."

Janet panicked but she swallowed it down. Looking at Hannah, she said softly, "Hannah, don't be afraid. I know you wouldn't do this."

Hannah was now red with embarrassment. She explained, "I didn't steal it. I didn't know the lady brought it herself since all the desserts were on the table. I knew you liked sweets when you were little so I just wanted to save some for you." 