

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1266

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1266

Mandy's usually demure smile was on the verge of shattering like delicate porcelain.

She never imagined that even the allure of Nelson's art exhibition wouldn't sway Draco's resolve.

Could he truly be so adamant in refusing to date her? Noticing Mandy's immobility, Draco repeated his request in a soft voice, "Miss Hamilton, please take your leave. I am quite preoccupied at the moment."

Desperate to avoid leaving a sour taste in his mouth, Mandy reluctantly retreated from the office.

As she emerged, her gaze couldn't help but drift toward Janet's seat, brimming with resentment. It was solely Janet's meddling that had driven a wedge between her and Draco, causing their relationship to deteriorate.

Had it not been for Janet, she might have already claimed the title of Draco's girlfriend.

Elizabeth caught Mandy's lingering stare and couldn't resist a chuckle.

"Miss Hamilton, do you miss Janet so dearly that you can't tear your eyes away from her seat?" Mandy shot Elizabeth a venomous glare and retorted, "Miss her? Spare me the revulsion." Elizabeth's voice dripped with insinuation.

"Ah, well, it's for the best. Janet wouldn't want you constantly pining after her, anyway." With no desire to engage in further conversation with Elizabeth, Mandy stormed out of the W Marks Studio, her high heels clicking angrily against the floor.

The moment Mandy stepped outside, a sinister thought began to take root in her heart.

Was Janet planning to become an independent designer? Mandy vowed she would never let Janet's aspirations come to fruition. Janet had made thorough preparations this time.

After researching Carly and her grandmother's circumstances, she and Lexi came to Carly's company.

A receptionist guided them to the waiting area, where they anxiously awaited Carly's arrival.

"Boss, do you think Carly will be receptive to our explanation? Will she accept our apology?" Lexi's nerves still quivered with uncertainty.

She had witnessed Carly's stormy departure firsthand —Carly was not one to let things slide easily.

Janet nodded with conviction and reassured her, "As long as we approach her with genuine sincerity, I believe Carly will find it in her heart to forgive us."

Janet had learned some key details about Carly.

Carly's background bore a striking resemblance to her own—raised in the countryside by her grandmother, Carly had relocated to Barnes upon marriage.

Moreover, she managed a modeling agency single-handedly, making her an influential figure in the fashion world.

As a result, if she truly offended Carly, her career could very well be jeopardized.

They had managed to secure this meeting after Lexi had persistently contacted Carly's secretary.

It was their final chance, and Janet was determined not to squander it.

Encouraged by Janet's unyielding resolve, Lexi gradually regained her composure.

However, as the minutes dragged on, Carly remained absent.

Lexi's youthful spirit and fiery temperament made it impossible for her to suppress her growing impatience.

"Has Carly forgotten our appointment, or is she deliberately avoiding us?"

Even the typically stoic Janet couldn't help but feel a flutter of unease after being left waiting for so long.

"Go and inquire whether Carly is on the premises."

Lexi nodded in agreement.

As she turned to leave, Janet caught the sound of Carly's voice mingling with another all-too-familiar one.

"Carly, rest assured, I will handle your grandmother's dress design."

"Alright, alright, I'm confident you can take care of it."

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Janet furrowed her brow.

She urgently tugged Lexi toward the origin of the conversation.

Her suspicions were confirmed.

A short distance away, Carly was engaged in animated conversation with a woman whose presence caused Janet's heart to sink.

The woman was none other than Mandy, the designer who had been a constant thorn in her side at the W Marks Studio.

As Janet's eyes locked onto Mandy, her brow furrowed even more tightly.

What on earth was Mandy doing here?