

## Chapter 1580 Show Up With A Mistress

The moment Janet stepped into the boutique, she felt an electrifying charge in the air. Around her, the clientele paused, their eyes subtly but unmistakably fixated on her. Hushed whispers rose and fell in the background, like the distant hum of bees in a garden.

Feeling vulnerable, she instinctively tightened her grip on Brandon's sleeve, leaning into him for reassurance. "Do I have something on my face?" she murmured, her eyes darting about anxiously. "They're all staring."

Brandon's keen gaze swept across the room, landing on a small clutch of patrons who were not-so-subtly discussing them. Their expressions held a mix of curiosity and disdain.

A shadow passed over Brandon's face. Shooting them a sharp, ice-cold glare, his message was clear: mind your business. Those who met his gaze immediately faltered, their chatter dying

down as they shifted uncomfortably.

Sensing their retreat, Brandon softly caressed Janet's hair, his touch soothing her jitters. "Don't worry," he murmured, his voice as smooth as velvet. "They're not really fixated on us."

Janet's tension melted away, replaced by a tentative smile. "Alright, let's explore."

The boutique was a lavish affair, sprawling over two expansive floors. The entrance beckoned visitors with a plush red carpet that led them past mannequins adorned in stunning couture, each piece labeled with its name and design concept.

Drawn to the second floor by a graceful spiral staircase, Janet discovered even more breathtaking ensembles, each one vying for her attention.

Within moments, she was utterly captivated.

Meanwhile, in a luxuriously appointed office a short distance away, a door opened discreetly. A bodyguard, every inch a professional, addressed the elegantly dressed woman sitting poised behind a grand desk, her makeup a work

of art. "Miss Hamilton," he intoned, "Mr. Larson graces us with his presence. Shall I usher them into your quarters?"

Mandy, engrossed in admiring her freshly manicured nails, looked up with sparkling anticipation. The corners of her lips curled into a satisfied smirk. "Ah, Brandon and Janet have arrived? How delightful! Especially since Janet ventured out to my soirée right after returning to Barnes. Given her commendable effort, I suppose I ought to greet them myself."

Rising gracefully from her chair, Mandy's heels clicked softly against the polished floor, each step a testament to her joy.

However, as she was on the verge of exiting, her bodyguard hesitated, then cleared his throat. "Miss Hamilton," he began, choosing his words carefully, "the woman accompanying Mr. Larson isn't Mrs. Larson. But intriguingly, she bears a striking resemblance to her. Just... different."

Mandy's steps faltered, and her fiery gaze zeroed in on the bodyguard. "Are you implying that Brandon came without Janet?" Her voice held a dangerous edge, dripping with disbelief.

The bodyguard, recalling the unique features of Brandon's mysterious companion, affirmed with confidence, "I assure you, the lady on Mr. Larson's arm was distinctly not Mrs. Larson."

Mandy's fiery spirit flared. "That audacious Brandon!" she seethed. "For all his proclamations of undying love for Janet, he dares to gallivant around town with another woman on his arm? And he thinks he can flaunt this betrayal right under my nose?"


So engrossed in her fury, she failed to notice her fresh manicure digging into her palm. "Does he genuinely believe that I'm just another bystander who'll silently bear witness to this affront?"

The bodyguard, familiar with Mandy's zealous nature and her tendency to act on impulse, implored her to reconsider. "Miss Hamilton," he stammered, "Mr. Larson holds immense sway in Barnes. Perhaps we should be more discreet for now?"

But Mandy, her temper flaring, vehemently retorted, "Out of my way! No force on this Earth can deter me today."

Pushing past the bodyguard, her resolve

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 +120 Points at most

hardened. "Imagine Janet's heartbreak upon discovering such a betrayal! Someone in our world needs to stand up for her honor. And if not me, then who?"

With that fiery declaration, Mandy's silhouette whisked around the office corner, determinedly heading straight towards Brandon.