

Chapter 1146 Catch The Thief

Mandy spat soil and a leaf from her mouth. Her clothes and hair were filthy and disheveled. There was even a vibrant purple ring around her eye. It was obvious she had been punched.

Janet strode toward her and asked, "Mandy, why aren't you at W Marks? Why are you here? Are you a thief?"

"Janet, tell these people to release me!" Mandy shouted. She knelt on the floor. Her arms were clasped behind her back by the gardener. She glared up at Janet, feeling humiliated.

Ten minutes earlier, Mandy was in her car. She had been waiting outside for a long time, but there had been no response from Draco. What's more, Janet and the designers hadn't emerged from the house either.

Mandy couldn't prove they were there, nor did she know what they were doing. Frustrated, she got out of the car and approached the villa.

She wanted to see what was going on.

If she could record a video or audio of Janet trying to poach the designers, Draco would have to believe her.

Fortunately, the villa didn't seem to be heavily guarded. There was no one at the door.

Mandy sneaked into the garden but encountered a servant heading toward her. Just as she was about to escape, a gardener appeared. He punched her in the right eye and dragged her into the house.

"This is Tasha's house. It's up to her whether to let you go or not," Janet replied, calmly. "What are you doing here?"

Mandy laughed angrily. "I am here to get evidence of your poaching. You're an ungrateful wretch, trying to poach designers from Draco?"

"Do you have any evidence for this accusation? I am doing no such thing. We're visiting a colleague who has just given birth," Janet replied, disdainfully.

Mandy rolled her eyes and sneered. "Why bother to lie? Do you really think I am that naive? There are no pregnant designers in the W Marks Studio.

"That's a clumsy lie!" Mandy roared.

As she finished speaking, a baby's cry erupted from the crowd.

Trying to calm the child, Tasha stared at Mandy unhappily and said, "Let her go. I have been on maternity leave. That's why you haven't seen me before. But I was a designer for W Marks; everyone here will testify to that, and I recently gave birth to my son."

Several colleagues said, "Yes. Tasha is a designer at W Marks. You can call Mr. Wesley to confirm that if you don't believe us."

"It's disgusting. You wronged Janet before knowing what's going on."

Everyone stared at her, repulsed. Mandy looked at the crying baby and realized she had really made a mistake.

But she was Mandy Hamilton; and she would never admit that she was in the wrong.

Mandy rubbed her sore wrists and stood up. She raised her head and said, "You can say whatever you want as Mr. Wesley isn't here to dispute it. But lunch break is almost over, and you are still idling

around. Your salary will be deducted!"

Everyone gritted their teeth and left, feeling sulky and resentful.

Before she left, Janet turned to Tasha and apologized. "I'm so sorry. We just wanted to come and visit you, but I didn't realize this would happen."

"It's not a big deal," Tasha said, patting her baby's back. She frowned at Mandy, who stood guarding the door. "That woman is a troublemaker. Be careful."

"Don't worry. I can handle her." Janet stroked the baby boy's tender cheek and left, smiling.

A familiar Mercedes then met them at the front door, and Draco got out of the car.