

## Chapter 1582 Mistress Or Wife

As soon as she heard the phrase "fellow designer", Mandy's gaze took on a sharper edge. She sneered, "Fellow designer, you say? Why? Are you also a designer? Stop asking questions if you can't afford to buy it. I despise people like you, talking as if you know everything. You should be careful with what you say if you don't want to end up making a fool of yourself." Her sharp words only made Janet more confused. Tugging at Brandon's shirt, she asked in a small voice, "What's going on? Did I say anything wrong?"

Mandy frowned at Janet's display of meekness. Brandon saw her open her mouth to make what was surely another snide remark and cut her off with a cold look, "Miss Hamilton, would you like to clarify what you meant?"

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The threat in his eyes startled Mandy, making her take a few steps backward. But she quickly steeled herself, fighting off her own cowardice. It was not she who had an affair—there was nothing to feel guilty for.

She straightened her back and raised her chin, meeting his eyes with a cocky glare. "I'm the boss here. I decide how to run my business. I'll say it again—don't waste my time if you're not going to buy anything."

Brandon's jaw tightened as his lips pressed into a thin line of impatience. He glanced around him, narrowing his eyes at the dresses on display in the hall. "Miss Hamilton, all you need to do is to explain the concept behind your designs. If my wife likes them, the price doesn't matter. I'll buy everything."

As he spoke, he casually produced a black card from his pocket, throwing it to the bodyguard behind Mandy without so much as a blink. He said in a low voice, "This card doesn't have a password. You can charge everything here. My wife is free to swipe as much as she wants."

Fury coursed through Mandy at his arrogant

display of power. Unable to contain herself, she grabbed his card and threw it on the floor, stepping all over it. Her face was flushed with anger. "Don't insult me, Brandon. I won't be taking a single cent from you."

A dangerous glint appeared in Brandon's eyes, his voice carrying undercurrents of the infuriation that swirled beneath his calm facade. "What do you mean, Miss Hamilton?" he asked. Mandy could scarcely believe her own ears. She would admit that Brandon had intimidated her in the beginning, but she felt nothing but hatred for him at the moment. She didn't care how great of a man he was; she just wanted him and his mistress out of her sight.

She seethed, punctuating every word with as much contempt as she could muster, "My creations are valued and respected. They aren't meant for mistresses, and I refuse to clothe the likes of them no matter how much money you offer. Now please leave and take your woman with you, or I'll call the police."

Brandon had a reputation for his cold detachment—his calm, impassive armor rarely broke to reveal any trace of emotion. However, upon hearing Mandy call Janet a mistress in

public, he lost his temper. "Miss Hamilton, apologize to my wife right now. Or do you want to be kicked out of Barnes?"

"I'm not afraid of you!" Mandy retorted, her hands resting on her hips as she glared at Brandon. She would not be bossed around in her own territory. "All your money would never change the fact that you're a filthy scum. Men like you who continue playing around after getting married are the absolute worst. Just looking at you makes my stomach turn, so leave before I make you!"

In his entire life, not once had Brandon been cursed like this. He clenched his fists until the veins popped out, his dark eyes fierce and unforgiving. He growled, "Very well... I—"

But before he could finish his words, he felt a tug on his sleeve.

He looked down to see Janet shake her head. "Brandon, don't be angry," she said. "Miss Hamilton seemed to have misunderstood us."

"I doubt it," Mandy bit back. "What's there to misunderstand? I've seen you holding hands with my own eyes. Are you trying to deny your relationship?"

Janet smiled helplessly and patiently explained,

"Miss Hamilton, right? I think you've gotten it wrong. I am Janet, Brandon's wife."

When Brandon addressed Mandy as Miss Hamilton, Janet already had a vague idea of who she was.

Brandon had mentioned her in the past, so Janet knew that Mandy was also a designer. However, despite belonging to the same field, she and Mandy did not get along well.


So it was a surprise to see Mandy openly oppose Brandon not because of her dislike of Janet, but because she had mistakenly thought he was having an affair. She had chastised him harshly on behalf of Janet, which left her both embarrassed and moved.

Janet's eyes softened with gratefulness when she looked at her. She smiled and continued, "Thank you for defending me, Miss Hamilton. You have my respect as a fellow woman, but what I said earlier is the truth. Brandon is my husband. He is not being unfaithful."


"You are Janet?" Mandy squinted at her in disbelief.

She stared long and hard at the woman in front of her, but it did not overlap with the Janet in her memory.

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 +120 Points at most

There was certainly a resemblance, but the difference was still far too great. How could they be the same person?

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