

Chapter 1595 The Art Of Wooing

Mandy dithered, the color in her cheeks deepening to a shade of crimson that resembled the bloom of a ripe apple. Those who knew Mandy would vouch for her temerity—a firebrand who wouldn't mince her words. Yet, here she was, floundering like a fish out of water.

Growing up, Mandy wasn't exactly known for being a social butterfly. Her social circle was limited, and candid conversations about feelings? A rarity. More so with Janet, her long-standing adversary in seemingly everything.

This feeling, this intoxicating cocktail of anticipation, dread, and longing, was unfamiliar. Without guidance, even if she mustered up the courage to pursue Draco, she might only end up chasing his shadow for decades.

But now she found herself at a crossroads. If she didn't break her shell and seek advice, her secret crush on Draco might remain just that—a secret.

Taking a fortifying breath, she mustered enough

courage to breach the subject. "Hey, um, this is awkward," she started, swallowing hard. "But, well, how do you deal with... feelings? You know, like in relationships?"

Janet blinked, a look of genuine astonishment plastered across her face. "Wait, hold on. Are you telling me you've got a crush? You, Mandy?"

Mandy waved her hands frantically in a desperate attempt to swat away the embarrassment. "No, I mean, not exactly. It's just... how did you make it work with Brandon? Got some secret formula up your sleeve?"

Janet's eyes twinkled, mischief lacing her voice. "Trying to win Draco over, aren't we?"

Mandy felt like a deer caught in the headlights. Her face was a canvas of reds and pinks, each shade darker than the other. "What?! Absolutely not. No... Why would I?"

Leaning in, Janet's playful tone was now more pronounced than ever. "Well, if memory serves me right, you were practically shooting heart arrows at him all evening."

At the party in Mandy's boutique, Janet couldn't help but notice her curious behavior. Ever since Draco had entered the boutique, Mandy's gaze seemed to have anchored on him as if he were the North Star

on a dark night. The real icing on the cake? The chilly air between Janet and Mandy wasn't just because of their long-standing rivalry; it was also stirred by a mere extended conversation Draco had with Janet.

To most onlookers, it was blatantly obvious that Mandy was smitten. But in her naive universe, she genuinely believed her little infatuation was a masterfully kept secret.

Caught off guard by Janet's unexpected proximity, Mandy's heart threatened to jump out.

Mandy's defensive walls started to crumble under Janet's relentless teasing. "I. Do. Not. Chase. Men," she declared, though it lacked her usual fire.

With a feigned sigh of resignation, Janet said, "Oh well, my bad. I thought you might appreciate some pointers. But if you're adamant about not needing help..."

"You..." Caught between her stubborn pride and a secret desire to know more, Mandy's voice took on a defensive edge.

Janet's grin grew wider, clearly enjoying the upper hand. "Are you sure you don't want my help?"

Mandy's internal battle raged on. Pride or Draco? After a moment that seemed like an eternity, she murmured, "Okay, fine. Out with it. What's your

secret?"

Biting back laughter, Janet whispered, "All right, buckle up. Here's the inside scoop."

Mandy exhaled, her eyes rolling dramatically. "Fine, enlighten me. But I'll be the judge of its worth."

With a smug grin, Janet leaned close, her voice a mere whisper, sharing a nugget of wisdom.

As Mandy processed the information, her eyes widened in disbelief. "Really? That's all? Are you sure you're not setting me up?"

A memory surfaced in Mandy's mind: the unusual closeness between Janet and Draco when Janet worked at W Marks. Paranoia settled in. "Hang on... did you ever fancy Draco? Is this some kind of revenge ploy?"


Janet threw her head back, laughing heartily. "Why would I look elsewhere when I've got Brandon? He's every bit the man I'd ever want. Come on, be real."

Mandy bit her lower lip, her gaze darting away. "I mean, yes, Brandon is amazing. But so is Draco. And given our history, I can't help but wonder if you're just trying to make a fool out of me."

Pretending to be hurt, Janet said, "Ouch, that stung. Do I really seem like the vindictive type?"

Mandy looked embarrassed. "No, no, I didn't mean it

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 +120 Points at most

that way. It's just... Draco means a lot to me. I can't bear the thought of messing things up."

Janet, feigning deep contemplation, replied, "Well, if you're going to be skeptical about it, suit yourself. Remember, I was just trying to do a good deed."