Chapter 2094 Janet Was Unwell

Lexi, blissfully unaware of Janet's growing irritation, was convinced her comments had met with Janet's unspoken approval.

A grin unfurled on her face, her posture grew more confident, and she radiated an increasing confidence.

"Janet, should we keep the butterfly sleeves on this purple dress too?" Lexi flipped to a fresh page of design drafts.

"I'd suggest removing them." Janet pursed her lips and voiced her opinion. "The purple dress already has enough decorations to make it look beautiful. We don't need to add anything else."

"But I think it doesn't really matter," Lexi countered.

Janet found herself at a loss for words.

For the next stretch of time, Lexi countered nearly every one of Janet's notes on the design drafts.

To Lexi, her original drafts stood as masterpieces, already perfected and surpassing any need for improvement.

Hearing Lexi's smug remarks, Janet sighed in defeat.

She felt utterly perplexed, unable to articulate any further.

If Lexi was so convinced of her designs' brilliance, why ask for feedback? Or maybe she just wanted validation?

As these thoughts swirled in her mind, Janet's headache

🎁 +120 Points at most

intensified. She began to feel that her late-night efforts to annotate the drafts had been futile. She wanted to protest but felt too drained to muster the energy.

She decided to let Lexi have her way.

After all, everyone had their own taste in design.

Even if she didn't resonate with Lexi's style, she couldn't outright dismiss it.

The real verdict would come when the clothes were worn by models on the runway.

Janet reassured herself silently.

"Janet, we don't need to alter with the design of this black piece either," Lexi persisted.

Janet remained tight-lipped.

At first, Lexi didn't notice anything amiss. She continued to jab at the design drafts, her chatter uninterrupted.

It wasn't until a while later that she realized Janet hadn't uttered a single word.

"Janet, why aren't you saying anything?" With a pang of guilt, Lexi stopped flipping pages. "Did I say something wrong?"

Janet nodded with a hint of weariness.

Seeing this, Lexi was poised to counter Janet's point again. "But..."

Lexi wanted to argue that her points were valid, but Janet cut her off before she could continue.

"Actually, it's great for you to stick to your own style. A designer needs to have their own opinions to create their work."

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🎁 +120 Points at most

Not wanting to escalate things, Janet softened her tone. "As for how the designs will be received, whether clients will like them, we'll only know once they hit the runway."

Janet's words rendered Lexi speechless, her silence echoing through the room.

Though she seemed brimming with confidence about her work, a seed of doubt gnawed at her.

Lexi asked, "What do you think, Janet?"

"About what?" Janet glanced up at Lexi.

Lexi's head dipped as she fidgeted with her hands, murmuring, "If you were a client, would you like my design?"

A smile graced Janet's lips.

Unable to deceive, she chose her words carefully. "Lexi, your work is really impressive, but your design style might not be everyone's cup of tea, including mine."

"Why?" Lexi inquired and furrowed her brow.

She couldn't grasp why Janet didn't favor her design style and launched into an explanation of her rationale.

During this exchange, Lexi still didn't notice Janet was unwell. It was only when the servant entered with coffee that the difference was noted immediately.

The servant was alarmed and called out loudly to Brandon upstairs.

Only then did Lexi awkwardly seal her lips shut.