

Chapter 2000 Didn't Hang Up The Phone

Lexi and Tasha exchanged a nod of agreement, their eyes brightening as Janet's words sank in.

The invitation sparked a frenzy of excitement within them, thoughts of hesitation or doubt forgotten in the rush of joy.

The studio was abuzz with so many orders that they were on the brink of being overwhelmed. Their own orders were slated for scheduling next month, highlighting the lack of time available for crafting the new design draft.

The realization hit Lexi and Tasha like a heavy weight, their eyes betraying the deep disappointment they felt.

With a comforting touch on their shoulders, Janet stepped forward, her voice gentle yet firm. "Lexi, please decline for me. Explain that we fear our current capacity might not meet the demands of such a significant event, sparing us potential embarrassment. Use eloquent language, ensuring no offense is taken."

"Okay," Lexi murmured with a soft sigh, her regret palpable. The missed opportunity weighed heavily on her, leaving her uncertain about when another such golden chance might come their way.

"Cheer up, Lexi. Opportunities like this will come again. Our publicity is thriving, and we must focus on retaining our current customers,"

Janet reassured them, unable to bear seeing their disappointment.

Despite her regret, Lexi knew she had to decline. The weight of existing orders, many of which were challenging to cancel, left her with no other choice. She prioritized these valuable clients over the allure of Fashion Week.

Janet rested her hand on Lexi's head and said, "Time for me to get back to work."

Janet's words hung in the air as she disappeared into the office. Lexi gazed at her resolute figure, her sigh echoing her mixed feelings.

Tasha, with her open-minded nature, wrapped her arms around Lexi's shoulders and offered comforting words. "We're resilient. Trust me, they'll invite us again next time."

Lexi clutched the invitation tightly, contemplating its significance. After a moment, she placed it on the table with a determined nod. "Let's focus on our work for now. I'll decline it in a few days."

Janet poured herself into her work, and finally, as the day waned, she completed the design drawing.

Janet massaged her sore shoulders when a familiar whistle caught her attention from outside. With a quick glance at the design drawings neatly packed on the table, she hurriedly left the studio, eager to see what awaited her outside.

During their journey home, Brandon couldn't help but steal glances at Janet. As he observed her weary expression, concern crept into his thoughts, prompting him to worry about her well-being.

He eased off the accelerator, making the ride smoother to give her a chance to relax and unwind.

Janet headed towards the bathroom to freshen up, but

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upon entering, she abruptly turned back, a thought flashing
through her mind.

Baffled, Brandon gazed at her and inquired, "What's the
matter?"

"Elizabeth told me she's not ready to get married yet."
Janet looked to Brandon for advice, her concern evident.
"What should I do? How do I break this to Frank?"

Brandon acted decisively, pulling out his phone and dialing
Frank's number without hesitation.

Janet quickly reached out to grab the phone, clutching it
tightly in her hand, and questioned, "What are you doing?"

With an innocent blink, Brandon replied, "Tell Frank to stop."

"You can't," Janet asserted firmly. "I've seen how serious
Frank is about this. If you tell him Elizabeth isn't ready for
marriage yet, it'll only frustrate him. How about we invite
him out for a face-to-face conversation?"

But before Janet could finish her sentence, a familiar voice
resonated from the phone in her hand.

"Why are you discussing things behind my back? Hang up
the phone first."

Janet was stunned to hear Frank's voice emanating from
the phone. She picked it up and saw only a line of text on
the screen indicating the call was with Frank.

She tossed the phone to Brandon almost reflexively. He
defly placed it on the table, activating the speaker mode.

Frank's voice carried a hint of solitude as he uttered, "I
caught every word."