

## Chapter 2020 Make Things Difficult For Them

After Lexi purchased the silk scarves, Janet whisked her away in haste.

Rowena Studio's clientele currently skewed towards the mid-to-high-end segment. The upper echelons of society were interconnected and generally well-mannered, so asking for delay wouldn't pose much difficulty.

Aware of Janet's identity, Mrs. Walton agreed graciously. "It's okay, the Milan Fashion Week is important. You can take care of your business first. I'm not in a rush."

Furthermore, she took it upon herself to inform a few close friends, who all agreed that a slight delay was inconsequential after waiting so long.

Just when Lexi anticipated a smooth end to the day's tasks and an easy resolution, Mrs. Lawrence's demeanor soured.

Janet and Lexi found themselves in Mrs. Lawrence's opulent living room with the Hermes scarf.

Mrs. Lawrence reclined elegantly on the sofa, eyeing them with haughty disdain. Impatiently, she quipped, "I can wait, but can the red carpet wait for me?"

She was a renowned film star currently at the zenith of

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her fame and had recently starred in a blockbuster.

On this occasion, she commissioned a bespoke gown for her red carpet stride. With a string of accolades to her name, her attire at such events consistently sparked media buzz, solidifying her status as a trendsetter in fashion circles.

With a placid smile, Janet laid the silk scarf on the table and proposed, "Mrs. Lawrence, have you considered changing to another studio?"

"Sure, you'll be busy for the fashion week, but isn't my red carpet schedule just as tight? This is the award ceremony, with sponsors and reporters waiting. What do you expect me to wear? Do I have time to seek another studio?"

Lexi nervously intertwined her fingers, averting her gaze, palms clammy with anxiety.

Janet remained unfazed, proposing calmly, "Mrs. Lawrence, if you give me an extension, I'll begin working on your dress right after the fashion week ends, and I'll refund all your money. Would that work for you?"

Mrs. Lawrence smirked, inspecting her impeccably manicured nails with a touch of sarcasm. "Do you think I'm short of money? Or do you all really think money can fix everything? I'm not like those wealthy wives who only care about money. There's no room for negotiation on this issue."

"I apologize, Mrs. Lawrence. If you're interested, we still have some previous design exhibition pieces available on our official website. Feel free to take a

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look." Janet persisted in negotiating with unwavering patience.

Mrs. Lawrence chuckled condescendingly, casting a scornful gaze at Janet. "Exhibition pieces? You expect me to wear an exhibition piece on the red carpet? Are you kidding? Who do you think I am? Am I your studio's model?"

Janet lowered herself in a profound bow. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Lawrence. This is our mistake. Those pieces are carefully crafted. We can offer them to you at no cost. If you're still unsatisfied, we're prepared to compensate you fully. We sincerely apologize."

Standing abruptly, Mrs. Lawrence approached Janet with a sneer. "Compensate? I doubt whether your studio can afford it. It doesn't appear to meet the Milan Fashion Week standards. Maybe it would be best to cancel it and focus on creating my dress. That way, you can avoid any embarrassment."

"You—" Lexi was seething with anger.

She clenched her fists, glaring resentfully at Mrs. Lawrence.

Despite Janet's earnest apologies, Mrs. Lawrence remained unyielding and confrontational, her behavior truly reprehensible.