

Chapter 1155 The Studio Being Discredited

Janet was taken aback when Elizabeth dropped the mug and spilled her coffee all over the floor. "Can you tell me what happened?" she inquired, worried.

Elizabeth switched off her phone and placed it in her bag. With an annoyed expression on her face, she explained, "That was a call from a client to cancel the order. This is my fifth phone call of the day. It's really not a huge deal. We constantly have a lot of orders, and some clients will cancel them from time to time. However, the cancellation today affects all large orders and major clients, including one of my projects. I've been working on this project for several days, and now it's been put on hold because of this. All of my efforts have been in vain. That's why I'm a little frustrated."

Elizabeth groaned and stooped down to pick up the fragments. Then, perplexed, Janet said, "It's unlikely that all of these clients just canceled their purchases on the same day for no apparent reason."

I'll bet that something's going on."

Elizabeth looked up at her and sighed, "You've been so preoccupied with creating Hannah's outfits that you may have not been aware of the studio's recent conditions. A few days ago, two authoritative media outlets stated that we were well behind schedule and attempted to transfer the blame. Following that, several orders were canceled."

"Is it Mandy's doing?" Janet said without thinking.

Elizabeth reclined back in her seat after tossing the shattered coffee mug pieces into the trash can.

"It's either Mandy or Brenna, the lady that called a couple of days ago. Brenna is more likely to be the perpetrator, in my opinion. She is the diplomat—Ewing Olson's wife, and she has the authority to seek authoritative media for assistance in reporting it. We have lost a lot of orders as a result of the slanderous news. Besides, there are a lot of trolls on the Internet who are having a great time making us look bad to the people."

Janet walked over to read the netizen's comments on the computer.

"I can't believe that this is the same W Marks

people talk so highly of. I thought they were professionals, but in fact they're just not that impressive. I wonder how they became famous in the first place."

"Hyping, of course."

"I have never liked this studio. They over charge for clothes so that ordinary people won't be able to afford them."

The more comments Elizabeth read, the angrier she became. "These people think they can say anything online? I am going to show them what I've got!"

"Don't act rashly. I think most of these people were hired to post these. There's no use arguing with them," Janet said, stopping her at once.

Many concerned coworkers rushed over and said, "What are we going to do? We've been getting a large number of calls from clients requesting cancellations."

"Mandy! It must be her! Where does she live? I'll go find her!" Several other employees were filled with righteous indignation. They rolled up their sleeves and rushed out.

Fortunately, Janet stopped them in time.

"Everyone, calm down. Even if we confront her right now, she will just deny everything. If we lose our calm now, we will be giving her exactly what she wanted. She will use our rage to put pressure on Mr. Wesley even more. We can't let her have her way."

The designers did not respond immediately. They were standing at the entrance, looking at each other, when someone stated, "We're all just looking out for ourselves. You can quit the studio and become an independent designer, but we can't say the same for us. Soon, this won't matter to you anyway."

Janet was speechless.

Just then, the sound of footsteps came from outside the door. With a calm and composed expression, Draco walked in and said in a low voice, "Everyone, calm down. Please, listen to what I have to say."

Unknown to anyone else, he had been standing outside the door long enough to know what they were talking about.

Draco had been so busy with other matters that he hadn't been able to pay attention to Mandy.

However, he never imagined she would do something like this.

A colleague ran over in a hurry and asked, "Mr. Wesley, how are we going to make it out of this?"

Although Draco was their boss, their income mostly came from the orders.

"I will deal with it before tomorrow." Draco spoke with a cold indifference in his face, but his tone was full of determination.

As soon as he returned to his office, he called Mandy. 7