

Chapter 854 A Missing Model

"You came all the way here. What more can I say?" Zuri sighed as she took Janet in. She looked young. She must be a new designer.

Draco was in an accident. It would be difficult for a fledgling designer like Janet to fill his shoes.

Zuri felt herself softening for the younger woman. The situation was a lot to handle, and she didn't want to make things even more difficult for Janet. "I haven't made any announcement about W Marks not taking part in the show yet. You already missed the opening, and the second show is on right now, but if you want, you can still do the finale as we agreed on last night."

"Really? Thank you so much, Miss Salazar!"

It was going to be rough, but now Janet had a chance to make amends. She covered her mouth with her hands as both relief and excitement flooded her. Giving Zuri a polite bow, she said, "I'll start working right away!"

Posh music floated across the runway.

Tall, slender models strutted in high heels as famous stars and fashion icons sat and watched, eyes gleaming

with admiration for the display of haute couture.

The seeming perfection of the show in front of the audience was a stark contrast to the chaos backstage. Janet rushed back and forth, sometimes bumping into other staff as she held the clothes that had been sent from Barnes.

A thin sheen of sweat had appeared on her forehead. "Excuse me! Coming through! W Marks Studio! Please come over at once if your name is called."

Janet announced, holding a thick pile of documents in her hands. While the other design houses had a staff of at least 10 people, Janet was single-handedly doing everything by herself. She didn't care if she looked pitiful or crazy. She wanted to prove that W Marks was just as good as any fashion company in the industry. She couldn't falter now.

After all the models had put on their clothes, Janet began checking them one by one.

She adjusted and secured the fabric with pins, trying to make them fit better.

Absorbed in her task, she didn't feel Derek's gaze on her. He was watching with a smile.

He had not expected that this beautiful woman was really a designer from W Marks. He had initially thought it was just her excuse to sneak into the show.

"Zuri, do you know her?" Leaning against the coat hanger beside Zuri, Derek kept following Janet with his eyes.

Zuri was busy instructing the models who had just come down from the runway, and she had no time for his questions. "Don't wander around. Haven't you heard her introduce herself? She is the designer of W Marks," she said, her voice edged with impatience.

The smile on Derek's face widened into a grin. "She's pretty good. She's all alone but she managed to have everything under control."

Spotting Derek backstage, his agent came to him and said, "Don't just stay here. There are many fashion editors from Paris and London out there. It's the perfect time to socialize and network. You might even land a gig next month."

Derek found a seat and leaned lazily against it. "I don't want to. I've already booked two commercials in my schedule. Ever heard of the saying, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy?' I've got more money than I can spend, so cut me some slack and let me relax, okay?"

The agent clicked his tongue as he looked at the disinterested talent. Money would never be an issue for Derek. If he got tired of being a model, he had billions worth of family properties waiting for him.

The agent knew he had no way of winning the argument,

so he stepped back. "Fine. If you want to ease up a little, I won't force you."

At this time, Janet was busy checking the models' clothes.

"I'm very familiar with this show. Do you need a hand?"

Derek came to her side and offered his assistance with a friendly smile.

"Well... yes, actually." It was true that Janet had her hands full. She could use some help. "Thanks! I'll buy you dinner after the show."

"Sure." A meaningful smile played on Derek's lips.

Janet finished with the adjustments and was about to tell Zuri that they were all set. She looked around, and her eyes widened when they landed on the clothes rack. There was still one male set left on the hanger.

"We still need one more male model. Where is he?" Janet sensed that something was wrong. Her stomach start to twist uncomfortably as she asked the other people around.

One of them answered perfunctorily, "We don't know. Your show was canceled earlier. It's expected that the models are not enough."

Janet took a deep breath as she fought against the sinking feeling in her gut. This was not the time to panic. But even if she tried solving the problem, no one here

was willing to help her out.

A model who was touching up her make-up came up to her and said, "Don't bother. This morning a male model had diarrhea and was sent to the hospital. We knew that W Marks wouldn't be here, so we didn't inform the staff."

"I see..." The last thing Janet needed was another problem. It was as if this day was out to get her. She rubbed her head, forcing herself to focus. "This is our most important piece of the whole collection. Where can I find another male model to replace him now?"

"If you can't find anyone, I can do it." Derek volunteered. He put down the clothes in his hands and said, "I've made it to the list of the world's most popular male models for three years in a row. I'm sure it would create a sensation if I wear your design."

Janet looked at him. He was one narcissistic man.

But right now, Janet didn't have a lot of options.

"Don't move. I need to take your measurements first." She took off the tape measure hanging around her neck and began measuring Derek's shoulders. He looked to be around 6.2 feet—tall enough to wear that garment.

Her fingers fell lightly on him, and he could feel her warmth through the fabric of his shirt. For some reason, Derek seemed to be particularly sensitive today. Janet moved to measure his hip, and he couldn't stop himself

from drawing a sharp breath.

This woman was so passionate that she didn't even show a shred of hesitation at touching him in front of so many people.

Derek lowered his eyes to look at her as she squatted down.

To his surprise, her face showed no reaction at all. She kept on taking his measurements with brows furrowed deeply in concentration, as if unaware of how intimate their position was.

Something soft and warm squeezed his chest as he watched her, drinking in her features. A sharp tingle suddenly crawled through his veins.

He had to have her. 

