

Chapter 863 Necessary Social Contact

"Where is your van? Did your manager leave you again to have dinner with other models?" Janet said flatly. "Call him and tell him to come pick you up."

She'd rather not talk to Derek if she could avoid it. So, she lowered her head and looked at her cell phone.

As he squatted in the shades, Derek looked up at her and asked, "Are you still angry? Although you misunderstood me, I forgave you and didn't ask you to apologize. How could you still be so upset with me?"

Derek sighed after a while, pretending to sad. "Wilder just scolded me. Now I'm not even allowed to ride in the van. I'll have to walk back to the hotel. Oh, by the way, Wilder is my manager. He gave me an ultimatum. If I do something like this again, he won't give me work anymore."

Janet didn't put down her phone until that point. She licked the corner of her dry lips and locked her gaze on Derek. "I'm sorry for what happened in the shop just now," she said sincerely.

"Even if you apologize to me a hundred times, I still

can't go back to the hotel. Wilder has driven away with my phone in the van. What do I do now?" Derek sighed, but his eyes were remarkably bright and astute.

Janet was unsure. It was difficult to tell if Derek was telling the truth. Despite the fact that they had only known each other for a few days, she was well aware that she was inferior to him when it came to scheming.

A taxi pulled up in front of Janet at this point. "Miss, is it you who called a taxi online?" the driver asked as he rolled down the window.

Janet looked at the taxi's license plate. It was the one she had called. She hesitated before getting into the taxi and turned to look at Derek.

Derek saw the hesitation in Janet's eyes.

He grabbed that opportunity. He quickly got to his feet and took the shopping bags she was holding. He smiled as he opened the door and drew her into the car. "Don't keep the driver waiting for too long. We'll go to the Intercontinental Hotel, please."

"I didn't ask you to ride with me," said Janet, sulking in the cab.

She turned her face away from Derek.

Derek shrugged and leaned against the back seat. He raised the corners of his mouth, looking a bit roguish.

"But I'm already in the car. You can't ask me to get out

of a moving vehicle, can you?"

Janet was rendered speechless. Of course she wouldn't do that. She just didn't want to give him a ride because she was afraid he'd have other ideas.

Derek's gaze was drawn to the shopping bags at Janet's feet. He looked at the bags and noticed an exquisite packing box inside.

Derek remembered that he saw Janet in the mall where she was carefully selecting a tie. "Did you get this tie as a gift for someone?" he asked in a curious tone

This type of tie belongs to a man. Was Janet planning on giving it to her father?

When Derek tried on this tie just now, he thought its design was mature enough for his taste and appropriate for older men. So if Janet bought the tie for her father, then she had an excellent taste.

She picked up the shopping bags and held them in her arms. With her eyes devoid of emotion, she said. "This is my private affair. Don't ask about it, okay?"

Derek snorted and asked no more questions.

It was silent in the taxi. Neither of them spoke.

Eventually, Janet sighed and said, "I'm sorry your manager scolded you. I can help you explain to him."

Janet thought that Derek was at a pivotal point in the

growth of his profession. She would be sorry if her mistake hurt his career.

Derek was surprised by Janet's words. He then grinned and said, "Wilder forgets and forgives easily. And as long as I'll behave, he'll still set up work for me. Besides, the company has invested much to make me popular."

Even though Wilder was upset with Derek, he wouldn't dare neglect Derek. He was born into a wealthy family with numerous influential figures. Wilder couldn't afford it if they came to stand up for him.

Janet nodded, and the two of them fell silent again.

"What do you have planned for the next two days? Zuri's hosting a party tonight. Fashionistas and fashion gurus are expected to attend. You are also welcome to come. I think you'll make a lot of new friends there." Derek assumed Janet was a newbie in the fashion industry. She would never pass up such an opportunity.

"I'm not interested in those parties," Janet said in an indifferent tone.

The White couple had frequently taken her to banquets and social events in the past, and Brandon enjoyed taking her to those events as well. Janet, on the other hand, was uninterested in them. She was more content to be alone.

"You came here for W Marks," Derek reminded her. "No

matter how arrogant Draco is, he won't refuse to attend these social activities. Besides, you had already embarrassed Zuri when you were late before. If you do not attend the party tonight, the outside world may believe that W Marks is arrogant and looks down on others."

Indeed, Janet came here as a representative of W Marks. She knew she couldn't be foolishly stubborn, so she couldn't refuse to socialize sometimes.

Janet didn't respond until they were out of the taxi, "I'll go back to my room and rest, and then I'll go to the party tonight."

There were stars all over the sky and the lights at the party were bright. The party was held in a villa in downtown Northcliffe.

A waiter at the entrance tied a black ribbon around Janet's wrist as she entered the hall.

Fashion parties were different from business banquets. All the guests here were fashion trendsetters. They were dressed boldly and brightly, swaying on the dance floor to the music. They looked animated and unrestrained.

Janet took off her heavy shawl. She was like an elderly woman who had inadvertently entered the world of young people. She seemed to be out-of-place here.

People gathered in small groups as they mingled. Janet

these social activities. Besides, you had already embarrassed Zuri when you were late before. If you do not attend the party tonight, the outside world may believe that W Marks is arrogant and looks down on others."

Indeed, Janet came here as a representative of W Marks. She knew she couldn't be foolishly stubborn, so she couldn't refuse to socialize sometimes.

Janet didn't respond until they were out of the taxi, "I'll go back to my room and rest, and then I'll go to the party tonight."

There were stars all over the sky and the lights at the party were bright. The party was held in a villa in downtown Northcliffe.

A waiter at the entrance tied a black ribbon around Janet's wrist as she entered the hall.

Fashion parties were different from business banquets. All the guests here were fashion trendsetters. They were dressed boldly and brightly, swaying on the dance floor to the music. They looked animated and unrestrained.


Janet took off her heavy shawl. She was like an elderly woman who had inadvertently entered the world of young people. She seemed to be out-of-place here.

People gathered in small groups as they mingled. Janet sat at the bar counter, holding a glass of orange juice.

She noticed a crowd of young designers and models gathered around a well-dressed man.

The handsomely-dressed man was Derek. ⑦



 I want no ads >