

## Chapter 885 Sneak Photos

Janet and Draco sat in the backseat while Mesue drove. Draco leaned against the window to rest a bit after giving the address to Mesue. He looked rather haggard. He had just recovered from a terrible condition after all. As the car navigated the heavy traffic, Draco kept staring out the window.

Dalores had been with them when they made their way to the studio, so it had been inconvenient for Janet to discuss what had happened on the plane. She decided to make her apologies now. "Mr. Wesley... I want to apologize for getting you involved this time."

Draco placed his elbow against the glass window, his side profile turned to her. "It's all in the past now. Why bring it up again? I told you before you left for Northcliffe that you were not to blame."

Janet then changed the topic. "With Jorge being dead, the investigation of the culprit was forced to put to an end."

A chill flashed through Draco's eyes. "Are you saying the actual murderer would continue to

cause harm to you?"

Janet let out a sigh. "Jorge's death was definitely not part of their plan. From my guess, the culprit may lay low for a while. Still, I can't tell what the future holds." After thinking a while, she went on, "I only fear it would bring trouble to W Marks, so I want to be honest with you." Janet then anxiously waited for Draco's response.

"Do you wish to leave W Marks?" Draco's expression was indifferent, as though he was just asking casually.

Janet responded instantly, "Of course not. I like my job at W Marks and my colleagues."

A smile formed on Draco's face. He adjusted his posture a little and said, "I hadn't expected that you'd have such a thrilling life. You're almost like a secret agent in the movie, with design being just a small part of your life." He still had an indifferent expression, but his tone, however, was calm and gentle.

Janet touched her ear, feeling a bit embarrassed, and considered sharing an even more dramatic experience with him. However, after giving it some thought, she kept her words to herself.

Draco thought for a while with a weighty look on his face, and then he said, "I don't care if you'll cause trouble for W Marks, but you do still have a lot of things to learn to become an independent designer. I'm hoping you can go on studying in W Marks until you feel the need to go out on your own. Then you can consider leaving."

Janet didn't know how to feel exactly. She could only respond with gratitude, "I didn't think you'd want to retain me. I'm going to work harder to meet up to your expectations."

Janet had realized when she attended the Iridescent Show this time, that she indeed had a lot of things to learn. She used to believe she had an outstanding ability, but faced with excellent designers from all over the world, she realized she still had a very long way to go.

Draco's eyes were filled with different emotions as he explained, "I don't want you to turn out like Dalores. I'm to blame for her situation. I didn't make it clear to Dalores that she wasn't ready to become an independent designer, and that caused both her and me myself a lot of trouble. I do not wish to make another mistake like that."

Janet was surprised to hear how he talked about

Dalores. She hadn't expected Draco to be so kind-hearted. "Do not dwell on the past, Mr. Wesley. Dalores deserves what she's gotten now."

As the two of them went on discussing, the luxury car arrived at Draco's residence. Janet stepped out of the car and reached out to help Draco. He held her hand for support as he got out of the car. As Draco stepped out of the car, he lost his footing and fell completely on Janet. He grabbed onto her slender waist subconsciously.

"I apologize," Draco said lowly, feeling it was inappropriate.

"It's alright." It didn't bother Janet at all. She went on to help Draco walk into the villa.

As the two entered the villa, the paparazzi hiding in the corner got out and left with a smile. He stared at the high-definition photos he had just taken with his camera. A married woman hooking up with a popular designer. What a juicy headline! <sup>13</sup>