

Chapter 906 Irrevocable Damage

Seeing the crestfallen look in Elizabeth's eyes made Janet want to chase after her.

"Are you seriously leaving me, your client, alone here?" Derek leaned back against the sofa, his long legs crossed gracefully. There was not an ounce of guilt to be seen on his face.

Janet gritted her teeth and turned to him. "Are you out of your mind? Or do you just not have a brain at all? That was so cruel! How could you say that to her? Our design drafts are done through a specialized software. It's not necessary for the designer to complete everything by hand. She could do just as well with her injury."

Derek wasn't interested in any of it.

He turned his attention to the ring on his finger, playing nonchalantly with the band. "You avoided me on purpose, so I had no choice. If you hadn't questioned my decision, I wouldn't have had to find fault with Miss Perry."

"Now you're blaming me?" Janet was furious. After taking several deep breaths to calm herself down, she opened the door of the VIP room and said, "Please leave, Mr. Ramsey. I'm afraid we can't accept this project."

Wilder quickly stepped in to try and smooth out the situation. He had tried so hard and was now finally about to secure a design project from W Marks Studio. Nothing could go wrong now! "Please, let's talk about this calmly. I'm sure we can come up with a compromise. You've been at the Iridescent Show last time. You know better than anyone that Derek is the perfect model for W Marks' designs. The interview is also very important to Derek."

Once Janet had made up her mind however, she was as immovable as a boulder. Leaning against the door, she refused, "Our designers can't help him. You'll have to find someone else."

It was then that it dawned on Derek how angry Janet was. With a frown, he asked, "Are you that mad about it? Why do you have to take this so seriously?"

"You can see yourself out." With that, Janet simply turned around and walked out of the room.

Wilder shot a cold glare at Derek. "What the hell did you just do?"

Derek brought a hand towards his forehead, kneading his temple as tension gathered in that spot. He looked at the file that Elizabeth had left.

The materials she had prepared were perfect, and he could tell that she was serious about her job. He wouldn't have acted so childish if he hadn't been angry with Janet.

Rubbing his face with his palm, he admitted, "It was my fault. I shouldn't have been mean to that designer."

Wilder rolled his eyes inwardly. Derek had always been like this— not realizing the consequences of his actions until the damage had already been done.

After leaving the room, Janet looked around the studio to find Elizabeth, but there was no sign of her. She paused her search and thought for a while, and then headed straight for the rooftop.

There was Elizabeth, leaning against the railing that overlooked the business district below.

"This brings me way back. You had always come here during lunch break." Elizabeth was looking

down, her hands clasped together. As Janet walked over, she saw the tear stains that had been drying on Elizabeth's cheeks.

Elizabeth finally spoke, sniffing and wiping her eyes. "The wind is really strong today. I think something got in my eye."

Not even a light breeze disturbed the world that was standing perfectly still.

Janet said nothing about Elizabeth's obvious lie and asked instead, "How's your wound?"

A bitter smile broke through Elizabeth's lips. "I've gone to see several doctors. They all said the same thing— the wound had already healed. But every time I pick up a pen, my hand will shake. I can't control it."

Fear swallowed Elizabeth. Would she ever be able to draw again?

Janet felt an overwhelming desire to comfort Elizabeth, but she was not sure what to say. She let the silence stretch for a moment before speaking, "Elizabeth, don't tell anyone about this. You have to keep trying. Don't give up on treatment. I know a doctor with great medical achievements. Maybe he can help." Janet handed

Elizabeth a business card.

"Frank Watson?" Elizabeth gaped at the name on the paper. "There's no way such a renowned doctor would even spare time to see me." ⓘ

Frank Watson was a prominent name. His influence had such a wide reach that even people who weren't from the medical field recognized him.

"A famous doctor is still a doctor. He is duty-bound to save lives and treat people. It's not like you would ask him to treat you for free. You're a patient. He wouldn't refuse," Janet placed a comforting hand on Elizabeth's shoulder and smiled.

The two walked down the rooftop together after a while. When they returned to the studio, they found Derek and his manager still waiting inside the VIP room.

"Mr. Ramsey, our meeting is over. Please leave. We need this room. We have other clients to attend to later," Janet said icily.

Derek had been dejected since she walked out on him.

He felt like a child who had gotten into mischief. Even now, he could still feel Wilder's glare on him,

silently pressuring him to apologize. "Forgive me, Miss Perry. I was out of line and I said incredibly rude things to you. I sincerely apologize."