

## Chapter 859 What Should I Tell You

That night in Northcliffe wasn't quite as breathtaking as the one in Barnes had been, but it was still a beautiful view since the city was surrounded by mountains.

Stepping out of the venue, Janet deeply inhaled the fresh air around her and felt extremely relaxed.

Then a gust of cold wind blew over her, giving Janet a chill. It was late at night. She wanted to hail a taxi to get back to her hotel as soon as possible.

"It's not safe to go back alone at this late hour." Janet heard a man speaking behind her. At the same time, the man placed a coat around her.

"Why are you still following me? Didn't you go back to the hotel with your manager?" Janet took off Derek's coat and returned it to him. "Thank you. But I don't think it's a good idea for me to wear your coat."

Derek took his coat back and continued to follow her. He said in a natural tone of voice, "My manager is off entertaining some models at the bar. What's your schedule like for the next two days?"

All the clothes from the Iridescent Show would be placed on display in the exhibition hall for two days after the runway show for people to gaze upon up close. Therefore Janet couldn't go back immediately. She had to help decorate the exhibit and socialize with the other designers.

But she didn't want to tell Derek that.

"I enjoy my solitude. I think I'll just stay in the hotel and relax for the next two days. I'll go back now, I think. See you." Janet gave him a faint smile, friendly enough but also giving off an air of deliberate aloofness.

She hailed a taxi and hopped in immediately.

Derek was a little surprised. He hadn't expect Janet to be so cold to him right now. Just a bit earlier, Janet had been enthusiastically taking his measurements...

Which one was the real her? The more Derek

thought about it, the more curious he became.

Not long after Janet got into her taxi and left, a black car stopped in front of Derek.

"What are you doing? Why did you leave the venue with a woman without even telling me?"

Derek's manager sounded a bit anxious. But Derek wasn't that easily controlled.

Derek didn't say a word. He opened the door and got into the car.

"Cut the crap and follow the taxi in front of us."

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The taxi took Janet to her hotel. The hotel booking had been arranged by the Iridescent Show's organizers. The facilities were lovely and the environment modern and elegant.

Janet got her room key from the reception desk and as soon as she got into her room, she jumped into the bed and rolled under the covers.

"Today has been incredible!" Holding the blanket to herself, Janet giggled for a while.

After relaxing for a few moments, she got up and headed to the bathroom to wash up. The suite's bathroom was large and luxurious, with a striking

circular bathtub in the middle. The idea of taking a nice long bath and just relaxing sounded like heaven to her.

Janet plugged in her phone to charge in an outlet by the bathtub. When she turned it on, she discovered that Brandon had called her more than ten times.

What was wrong?

Pondering this, Janet placed a video call to Brandon.

"Sorry, my phone was dead before." Rubbing her wet hair, Janet leaned in close to the screen and looked at Brandon's face.

Brandon opened the video on his end but was working busily overtime, so he simply placed his phone aside. He didn't pay much attention to Janet throughout the call.

"Don't you have anything to tell me?" asked Brandon guardedly, as he still focused on the document he was reading. Janet could only see half of his torso on the screen.

He still couldn't get the image of Derek carrying Janet onto the stage out of his head.

Janet, on the other hand, had no idea what he was talking about.

Her heart and mind were full of the Iridescent Show and the amazing evening she'd had. As for the rest, she could barely remember it. She had no clue that Brandon was talking about Derek holding her.

"What? What should I tell you?" Janet asked, completely baffled. 2

A strange mix of jealousy and sadness surged up in Brandon's mind. He no longer wanted to talk to Janet, so he buried himself in his work instead.

If she didn't want to tell him the truth, he wouldn't try to force anything out of her.

Through the video screen, Janet noticed a closed container of takeout food on the table beside Brandon. It seemed that he never touched his dinner.

Janet said, "It's so late. Haven't you eaten yet? You can't keep working. You need to take a break and eat something first."

Without raising his head, Brandon said calmly, "I have eaten."

Janet took a deep breath. She raised her voice, but still managed to say in a gentle albeit slightly exasperated tone of voice, "Brandon!"

Brandon had no choice but to look at Janet in the screen.

Only then did he notice through the screen how sexy she looked.

Janet's hair was wet, falling on her shoulders in pleasing cascades. Her smooth skin and partly visible cleavage were obscured under mounds of white bubbles. The steam rose around her, and her smooth face looked pink and delicious, which made him want to reach through the screen and have a nibble.