

Chapter 849 Attend The Show For Me

"Janet..." Draco's voice was so weak that it was hard to hear. +

"Yes, I can hear you, Mr. Wesley," Janet replied. She sat on the edge of the bed, wiping her tears.

"Don't cry," whispered Draco. "It's harmful to your health if you cry too much." Draco raised one hand, intending to wipe away her tears, but paused with his hand mid-air. ①

He had never seen Janet cry so mournfully.

Janet took Draco's advice. Nodding obediently, she held back her tears.

"Are you okay? How do you feel?" Draco asked gently.

Forcing a bright smile, Janet nodded and said, "I'm fine, thanks to you. You saved me."

Her eyes reddened as she spoke.

It was Janet who Jorge had wanted to kill. It was her who should have been lying on the bed.

Draco shook his head, smiling. "If I had the choice again, I would still protect you. I brought you with me. It's my duty to ensure you're safe. "

Janet's eyes filled with tears. Trying to remain calm, she said, "The person who poisoned you was trying to get

revenge on me. It was Jorge who stole the design document from our company. But you stood in front of me, so you were the one who got poisoned."

"It's okay," Draco replied patiently. "I'm not blaming you or anything." After speaking a few words, Draco took a break to breathe in some oxygen. When he noticed that his phone was missing from his bedside, he asked gently, "Did the organizers of Iridescent Show contact you?"

"Yes, they asked us to come to the show tomorrow," Janet replied. "But you're only just out of danger, and you can't take the plane, so about the show, I think we..." Tears welled up in her eyes, and she was unable to continue.

"Absolutely not!" cried Draco. A look of determination came over his face. "I have to go," he urged.

Janet grabbed Draco's shoulders and gently restrained him to the bed. "The doctor told me that in your current condition, you're not to get out of bed. If you're not carefully enough, you could put your very life in danger." Closing his eyes in despair, Draco murmured, "Are the efforts of the past few years going to be in vain now?"

Janet felt wretched. It was her fault this was happening, and she was desperate to do something to help.

She suddenly felt Draco take her hand.

"What's wrong, Mr. Wesley?" she asked, concerned.

Draco's eyes were shining with inspiration. "Janet, you can go there for me!" he said.

Janet hung her head. "I can't," she replied sadly. Her instinctive response was to refuse. She was just an assistant designer; she didn't have the qualifications or the reputation to represent Draco at such a grand event as Iridescent Show.

"You can go, and you must," Draco said firmly. "You are the only other designer who has read all the materials and participated in my creation," he pointed out. "No one is more qualified than you."

Suddenly, a nurse appeared at the door. "Time's up," she announced. "The patient is in poor shape and needs rest. Visiting hours are limited." The nurse looked at Janet expectantly.

Outside the door, through the glass window, Brandon could see that Draco was holding Janet's hand.

Brandon frowned. It wasn't a particularly intimate gesture, but the scene displeased him nonetheless.

Holding hands, Janet and Draco looked like a couple; her, with eyes full of tears, and him, with eyes full of affection.

Brandon scowled.

If Janet had looked out the window at that very moment, she would have met his cold, resentful gaze.