

Chapter 855 Torn Garment

After measuring Derek, Janet finally breathed a sigh of relief. "You can go on stage," she said. "You're just the right size for the clothes."

Derek seemed to have expected this. "I fit all the standard sizes," he said confidently, "and all clothes look good on me."

Janet handed him the garment. "Cut the crap," she said, smiling. "Go get changed."

Derek entered the fitting room while Janet waited outside nervously. The models had all been chosen by Draco himself. She didn't know what the suit would look like on Derek.

"Something's wrong with the clothes, Janet," Derek called out from the fitting room.

"Stop joking around, Derek," Janet replied, unimpressed. Her heart sank. She didn't want to believe there could be a problem with the clothes.

Derek lifted the curtain of the fitting room and walked out. "See for yourself," he said.

The backstage lights were bright, and Janet could see his well-defined muscles. She could also see a tear in the

fabric that cut the clothing almost in two.

Janet was shocked. "How could this be?" she stammered.

With a quick wave of his hand, Derek said, "I didn't do anything. I guess it got torn when the former model tried it on this morning. He must have been too afraid to take responsibility, so he escaped."

"How do you know that?" Janet asked suspiciously. "Have you done such things before?" She was taken aback.

Derek looked away and scratched his nose. "Fine. Yes, I've done it before. Luckily, I was quick to escape."

Janet didn't care, however. She sank into a chair in a daze.

Derek walked over. "What?" he asked. "It's not a big deal. We just need to find some other clothes."

Janet's face looked strained. Covering her forehead, she said, "This is insane. No wonder Mr. Wesley said the designers needed to watch their works carefully before the shows. I should have known something like this could happen. I should have been more careful."

Derek lowered his head and looked at her. "Forget it," he said jokingly. "No one will notice a missing garment or two."

Janet looked at him dubiously. "No," she said firmly.

"Well, what are you going to do then?" He was curious

about how Janet was going to handle this.

After sitting in her seat for a few minutes, Janet stood up suddenly and took a deep breath. "Well, I know what to do now," she announced.

"What?" Derek asked. He was floored by her tenacity. Before he could say anything else, Janet pulled him into the fitting room.

Using a needle and thread, she began to hand-sew the tear. ②

The show had entered its final stage.

Zuri clapped his hands and ordered the backstage models to go out one by one. "The last works, by the W Marks. Cheer up, everyone! Don't mess this up!"

The lights came on and the music started playing. It was late at night and the moon could be seen through the glass ceiling, adding to the mysterious atmosphere.

Draco was a talented designer; his works were unique and won everyone's praise.

"I've never been disappointed by Draco," said one of the designers. The designers under the stage all agreed, praising Draco's garments.

"His style is indeed very unique. The spring and summer collections managed to retain classical elements while

simultaneously breaking with tradition. It's Draco's signature style," the editor-in-chief of a fashion magazine explained.

Meanwhile, in Barnes.

Half way through the meeting, Brandon suddenly looked at his watch and said, "Take a break, everyone. We'll resume in thirty minutes."

He turned off the video conference, spun around in his chair, and picked up the remote control to watch the live broadcast of the show.

At the same time, in W Marks, Tasha and other designers were still at the office.

They gathered in the meeting room and watched the show live. Everyone was extremely excited to see Draco's collections being displayed. Some of the staff were so overwhelmed with vicarious pride that they covered their mouths and cried.

Elizabeth was accompanying her aunt in the hospital, and they watched the show together in the hospital room.

Staring at the TV, she couldn't help but burst into tears.

Laney and Garrett were shopping at the mall when they saw the show being played on the big screen. Laney leaned against Garrett's chest and smiled. "I knew Janet

could do it," she said proudly.

Just as everyone thought that the show was coming to its successful conclusion, the final model failed to appear.

The expression on Zuri's face changed.

Shocked whispers started coming from the audience.

"What's going on?" someone said. "Where is the last model?"



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