

Chapter 881 Celebrating The Discharge From The Hospital

"Mr. Wesley, did you know that Zuri reached out to our studio? Apparently, someone lied to her saying our studio won't be getting to Iridescent Show. But we had an appointment before that and I told Zuri I would be there. It left a bad impression on her. So much so that she even denied my entry to the show the day I arrived."

"Zuri did tell me." Draco's jaw was tight.

He thought Janet meant something else. Was she suspecting Dalores was the culprit?

Seeing he was getting what she meant, Janet dropped the subject and didn't continue.

As if on cue, Dalores came out of the ward. Her eyes were shaky when they fell on Janet, afraid that she would say something against her.

"Anything left in there?" Janet glanced at Dalores.

"No, I went through everything and there's nothing to be found." Dalores smiled but her lips were

pressed into a line. She felt like a maid in front of Janet.

"Let's go. I'll drive Mr. Wesley back to his residence first." Janet still had not gotten any strong evidence against Dalores, so she let her go. Only for now, that was. Confronting Dalores outright would only be meaningless since she had no concrete evidence.

"You can go back to work, Janet. I can drive Mr. Wesley home." Dalores offered to take Draco home.

Draco waved off their offers with indifference. "I'll drop by the studio before going home. There's something I have to deal with first."

Dalores felt as though a hand had grabbed her heart and squeezed it. She had no idea what it was Draco had to do but she didn't have a good feeling about it. "Mr. Wesley, you've just been discharged from the hospital. You're still too weak. It's not advisable for you to go back to work right away."

Janet sensed what was on Draco's mind so she interjected, but in a softer tone. "Do what Mr.

Wesley says. As for you, Mr. Wesley, you can only stay in the office for an hour."

Draco replied quickly, "That's exactly my plan."

The two shared a smile, leaving Dalores by the sidelines. She felt out of place. It was she who took care of Draco for several days, yet he was only listening to Janet.

Mesue then drove the three of them to W Marks.

Silence welcomed them the moment they entered the studio. Only a few designers were present as most of the work positions were empty.

Draco's agitation vibrated in his voice. "Is this what's going on while I was in the hospital?"

His temper was just about to snap when a rumbling of cracker sounded overhead. Colorful confetti floated down, and the light suddenly lit up. Tasha along with the other designers pushed the cake cart out together.

Their top designer held out a large bouquet of pink lilies to Draco. Then, in a chorus, everyone congratulated him, "Welcome back, Mr. Wesley."

Tasha opened a bottle of champagne and handed it to Draco, "Mr. Wesley, please pour the

champagne."

Draco took the champagne and poured it in the piled glasses. When he was done, surprise was painted on his face. It was such a rare sight. "Thank you for preparing these for me."

"Of course! We volunteered for this!" Several designers answered with glee.

Others echoed, "You've helped us a lot, Mr. Wesley. This isn't a big deal compared to what you've done."

As for Tasha, she walked up to Draco, a document in hand. "Thanks for Janet's excellent performance in Iridescent Show, we have received a wave of new orders these days. W Marks has broken its previous order records. I've compiled all the orders into the document, Mr. Wesley. Once you've finished checking them, the designers can start working." 1

Tasha passed Draco the thick file.

"Thank you." Draco took the file, only noticing all the eyes on him when he raised his gaze. Everyone was standing together, lips stretched into a smile and eyes shining with delight. The atmosphere was warm and it seeped through Draco's skin,

lifting his mood.

He had always been an indifferent person. For him, W Marks was merely a workplace. But right now, his heart felt so full it was like he was home.

Draco reflected the smiles flashed for him. He could feel the genuine warmth and happiness from the bottom of his heart. 4