

## Chapter 905 After-effects

Janet hid in the tea room, her laptop in her arms and humming a tune as she munched on biscuits.

The next moment, her phone screen lit up, ending her small moment of reprieve. A message from Elizabeth came, asking her to go to the VIP room immediately.

"Damn it! I had just told Tasha! Really should have also told Elizabeth!" Knowing that she had been found out, Janet sighed regretfully.

She had no choice but to go to the VIP room now.

"What can I do for you?" Janet had intended to explain, but the words that came out next diverged from her original plan. "I didn't show up because Elizabeth would be in charge of the project."

"As the client, I have the right to choose the designer," Derek answered with a dissatisfied arch of his brow.

"That is true," Janet had no choice but to acquiesce.

Without missing a beat, Derek said, "Then I'll

appoint you as the sole designer for this project. Can you now stay and discuss the plan with me?"

Janet was struck dumb for a moment, her mouth gaping as she turned to Elizabeth.

"Mr. Ramsey has decided. Work hard." Elizabeth felt a slight disappointment at how things turned out, but she kept any of it from showing. She was confident that Janet would do an excellent job. "I'll excuse myself so you can continue your discussion."

"Stay here, Elizabeth." Janet stopped her.

She met Derek's gaze and said, "Elizabeth is more than qualified for this project. Before I came here, the two of you were having a good conversation, and now you suddenly want to switch designers. Is there anything you're dissatisfied with?"

During lunch break, Janet saw Elizabeth sorting out documents and getting ready for the project. Elizabeth took every design seriously, and this partnership with Derek would be her first project after coming back to W Marks. Janet knew how hard she worked. Elizabeth would be professional and never show it, but Janet didn't want her to be disappointed.

The question caught Derek off-guard. Until now, he didn't really pay attention to Elizabeth. He barely listened to Elizabeth's detailing of the plan; he just wanted to find an excuse to send her away because it was Janet he wanted to see.

He looked through the documents Elizabeth had brought in. Her ideas were impeccable. Every single one of them had been meticulously thought out, and there was no possible criticism in any area. Derek had to come up with another excuse. His eyes moved around, inadvertently catching a glimpse of the scar on Elizabeth's palm.

It looked new, and he could tell it was a deep cut. From the looks of it, she had just recovered from a serious injury.

"Miss Perry, the wound on your hand seems to be very deep. Are you still able to draw well?" Derek asked slowly, his eyes fixed on her wound.

Elizabeth instinctively drew her hand back, her face turning pale as she hid it in her pocket. "Yes, I can do it."

Derek picked up a sheet of paper from the table and threw it along with a pen in front of her. "Then please draw a concept sketch first," he said



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arrogantly.

Elizabeth bit her lip. She hadn't picked up a pen since her injury. ①

Janet's displeasure was written all over her face when she turned to Derek. "Stop making a big deal out of nothing."

Derek furrowed his brows and said, feigning seriousness, "I'm not asking for much. If Miss Perry is really as qualified as you said, this should be simple."

"You..." A hint of coldness was beginning to turn Janet's gaze into an icy glare. She was about to snap at Derek when Elizabeth stopped her.

"I'll do it. We should avoid getting into conflicts with each other for this project." Between the two of them, Elizabeth felt as if she was caught in the middle of a brewing storm.

She picked up the pen and started to draw. As her hand moved across the page, a sudden burst of pain radiated from her wound. The pen dropped to the ground with a clatter.

Elizabeth crouched down to pick it up. "I'm sorry," she said awkwardly. "It slipped because my grip was a little loose."

Derek could tell with one glance that Elizabeth was downplaying her injury. It was a deep enough cut that the normal use of her hand was not possible.

"Miss Perry, you've hurt your hand badly. I can't trust a designer who can't even hold a pen right."

He turned to look at Janet with a smug smile.

"This is why I said I was choosing you. Any more objections?"

It took everything in Janet not to let her fury boil over at the sight of Derek's triumphant face.

Focusing instead on Elizabeth, Janet held her arm and said, "You don't look too good. Do you want to go out and take a break?"

Elizabeth crumpled the paper in her hand, the movement sending a dull pain crawling across her palm. Without another word, her eyes downcast with gloomy shadows.