

Mogul 871

[Chapter 871 I'm Married](#)

The unexpected delectable scents woke Janet right up.

She looked at the bountiful breakfast laid out on the table before her. All of her favorite foods were there, including toast, eggs, bacon, and there was even a steak. Even all of her favorite fruits were there!

It was her perfect breakfast. She guessed that Brandon must have arranged it for her that way.

Janet beamed. Her dearest husband was always so thoughtful. She snapped a few photos of the gorgeous spread and sent them to Brandon. Then she began to eat, blissfully happy.

[Chapter 872 Misunderstood](#)

The shop assistant's eyes lit up when she spotted Derek. "Are you... You're the famous model, Derek, right? Gosh! Do you mind signing an autograph for me?"

She was practically squealing with excitement and almost fumbled her words.

Derek smiled lightly and obliged, writing his name on the shop assistant's clothes. "Thank you for your support. Can I try this tie on?"

"Of course, of course! Please!" The girl rushed past Janet and handed the tie to Derek.

[Chapter 873 Necessary Social Contac](#)

"Where is your van? Did your manager leave you again to have dinner with other models?" Janet said flatly. "Call him and tell him to come pick you up."

She'd rather not talk to Derek if she could avoid it. So, she lowered her head and looked at her cell phone.

As he squatted in the shades, Derek looked up at her and asked, "Are you still angry? Although you misunderstood me, I forgave you and didn't ask you to apologize. How could you still be so upset with me?"

Derek sighed after a while, pretending to sad. "Wilder just scolded me. Now I'm not even allowed to ride in the van. I'll have to walk back to the hotel. Oh, by the way, Wilder is my manager. He gave me an ultimatum. If I do something like this again, he won't give me work anymore."

[Chapter 874 Attending A Fashion Party](#)

Noticing Janet's gaze, Derek dismissed the women around him and walked up to Janet.

He propped his elbows against the bar counter and asked with jest, "Do you feel out of place? Well, you don't look like you're supposed to be here. You look... mystifying."

Janet put her bag and shawl on the counter and retorted, "If you think that I don't belong here because I'm wearing old-fashioned clothes, then just say so. Stop beating around the bush."

Derek put down the glass and raised his both hands as if to surrender. "Miss, don't get me wrong. What I want to say is that your beauty is timeless, unlike those girls who are just pretty because of their makeup."

[Chapter 875 Who Is Draco Secretly In Love With](#)

"Derek! You..." Kathie sent Derek a glare.

"What?" With a chilly expression on his face, Derek looked at her.

Kathie lacked the courage to really do anything to Derek. She was aware that his family was influential and that he was a world-renowned supermodel.

Eventually, Kathie gritted her teeth and stormed out, her black dress splattered with red wine.

Derek gave the server his empty glass and left.

The pool glistened with the moon's light.

Janet grabbed her belongings and followed Derek. "I knew that you deliberately caused trouble."

[Chapter 876 Keep Some Mystery](#)

Wilder, Derek's manager, drew a sigh.

He couldn't recall where he had heard Janet's name before, but he knew it sounded familiar.

Wilder had been abroad with Derek to attend fashion shows all over the world. Between the two of them, they knew little about the domestic affairs.

"I don't think Janet is just any other woman," Wilder whispered to Derek. "Even Mr. Jenkins has changed his perception of her. It looks like this woman isn't as simple as she appears."

[Chapter 877 She Feels Like Some Rich Magnate](#)

"What can I do for you ladies?" Janet asked as she draped her shawl over her arm.

She didn't know any of the five female models in front of her.

They were all tall and slender, and certainly made up nicely. The girls exchanged a look.

One of them, who sported a chic bob, stepped forward and said, "We've been watching you for a while

now. But none of us had the guts to say hello. Can we call you Janet? We're fans of your designs, as well as W Marks."

The others bobbed their heads eagerly, their expressions bright and hopeful. Indeed, they looked like they were face to face of their greatest idol.

[Chapter 878 This Is Not The Way To The Hotel](#)

The hour was late, and the cold night wind was blowing. The wind caused Janet to sober up a little. However, her legs and feet still remained frail, and she was unable to walk.

"Where are you taking me?" Janet opened her eyes in a daze to take a look at the models who were supporting her.

Like silver bells, the laughter of the models were crisp in Janet's ears. "We're getting you back to the hotel. You're drunk. Sleep well now. We're women just like you; it's not like we're gonna hurt you. We'll get you back safely." The two models had already placed Janet in the car as they were talking. They sat on either side of her, left and right, sandwiching her in the middle.

[Chapter 879 Out Of Control](#)

A guy kicked the door in with his foot. It landed on the floor with a dull thump, scattering dust.

"I can't believe you have the balls to touch my woman! You have one of your feet in the grave already!"

Brandon appeared out of control with his eyes widely open.

He clenched his hands and lifted the muscular guy on Janet. Afterward, he slammed the man up against the wall.

The men surrounding them were so terrified that they opened their jaws wide, not even thinking about stopping him.

Brandon grabbed the man by the collar and swiftly and viciously punched him in the face.

[Chapter 880 Be My Antialcoholism Medicine](#)

The brightly lit city was a blur as the luxury car zoomed past, heading quickly towards the hotel. Janet felt dizzy and rested against Brandon's chest. She felt uncomfortable and massaged her eyes.

"My head hurts. They made me drink a lot..." She pressed her cheek against Brandon's neck and then she lifted her hand to rub his earlobe.

Brandon's eyes went dark. The choking alcohol smell from Janet made him feel uneasy, but there was nothing he could do about it.

