

Chapter 1586 Admiring Him Even After Memory...

As Draco's name wafted through the air, Janet's frame quivered, her eyes blazing with an illuminating astonishment.

The serenity that once painted her visage now wore a touch of reverence. She hesitated for a fleeting moment before extending a tentative wave and uttering, "Mr. Wesley, I've been utterly captivated by your designs on W Marks' official site. They're nothing short of brilliant!"

But before Draco could summon a reply, Brandon's eyes darted a frosty warning in his direction. With a glacial tone, he remarked, "Draco, even think of capitalizing on Janet's memory lapse to win her over, and you'll regret it."

Janet's cheeks flushed a delicate rose as she playfully jabbed Brandon's chest. "What on earth are you implying?"

Wearing a sly grin that bore a hint of mischief, Brandon ensnared Janet's hand, quipping, "Merely fortifying my defenses before battle."

Pulling away, Janet's eyes glinted with mild irritation. "Continue on this tangent, and you'll find yourself conversing with the wind."

Attempting to dissolve the mounting tension, she turned towards Draco, her demeanor apologetic. "I'm genuinely sorry, Mr. Wesley. My husband's joke was in poor taste. I hope you won't hold it against him."

From the ebb and flow of the prior dialogue, Draco deduced Janet's blank memory slate.

Choosing to sidestep Brandon's icy glare, he responded with gracious humility, "No harm done. Once upon a time, you and I were friends. Should you need anything, don't hesitate to approach me. The doors of W Marks Studio remain forever open to you."

A gasp of surprise escaped Janet's lips. "Were we truly acquainted? To think I once shared camaraderie with someone of your stature! It's unbelievable!"

A chuckle danced in Draco's eyes at Janet's effusive sentiment. "Your humility is amusing. In a different life, you were a formidable force in design. Your creations left me, and many others, in awe."

Janet's face was illuminated like the dawn. "Did

my past self truly weave such magic with designs?"

Maintaining his earnest demeanor, Draco confirmed, "Not only were you an integral part of W Marks, but your prodigious skills soon heralded the birth of your own studio."

Interrupting with a snide tone, Brandon quipped, "That's common knowledge. Everyone's aware of Janet's W Marks background."

Sensing Brandon's prickly attitude directed unabashedly at Draco, Janet's patience frayed. With a firm pat on his hand, she warned, "Persist with this behavior, and you'll truly ruffle my feathers!"

With a palpable tension in the air, Brandon's lips compressed into a thin line. For the life of him, he couldn't fathom the allure Draco held for Janet, causing her to defend the man more than once.

"Mr. Wesley," Janet began, her voice dipped in a delicate blend of regret and warmth, "my sincerest apologies for... well, all of this."

Wearing a disarming smile, Draco waved off the sentiment. "Think nothing of it. Brandon's spirited defenses have always been part of our

dynamic. I've grown quite accustomed."

The more Janet got to know Draco, the more she found herself enchanted by this amalgamation of creativity and grace. His charm seemed to resonate in every room he entered.

Tentatively, she ventured, "Mr. Wesley, in times to come, if ever I find myself puzzled in the realm of design, might I seek your counsel?"

Draco's reply came wreathed in a smile. "Absolutely! My studio doors at W Marks are always open for you."

A wave of gratitude washed over Janet. "Your generosity is unparalleled, Mr. Wesley."

But as the joyful exchange flowed, Mandy couldn't help but feel a sting of envy. She blurted, "Janet, wasn't your very departure from W Marks due to your weariness of its confines? And now, here you are, reveling in the prospect of revisiting as a guest?"

In Mandy's eyes, it was clear. Janet's cozying up to W Marks was a mere ruse to earn more of Draco's invaluable aid in the future.

Without missing a beat and with a steely glint in his eyes, Draco advised, "Mandy, it would behoove you to refrain from directing your barbs at Janet."

Elizabeth also chimed in, "Janet's exit from W Marks was executed with nothing but grace and dignity. Our studio would welcome her back with open arms any day."

The weight of Elizabeth's words rendered Mandy momentarily speechless.

Continuing with an incisive edge, Elizabeth cast a loaded glance Mandy's way, murmuring, "Some, however, didn't have such a graceful exit. There was one who left amidst a tempest of drama and confrontation with W Marks."