

## Chapter 889 He Trusts Me

Seeing Janet's face reddening into a blush, Tasha assumed that something bad must have happened. She asked her nervously, "Did Brandon not believe you? Didn't he listen to your explanation?"

It was just a little in-joke shared between a husband and wife, and Janet wasn't quite sure how to explain it to her friend. Instead, she just shook her head and replied, "No, he trusts me. Don't worry about it. He's already begun handling the rumors."

Tasha patted herself on the chest and breathed a sigh of relief. She also didn't want Janet to let her guard completely down yet, however. "But when I went to get some coffee just now, I saw some reporters waiting outside. So don't go out there yet while they're still there."

Janet nodded. But then it suddenly occurred to her that Draco might be in at any moment to come to work.

"Oh! What if the paparazzi confront Mr. Wesley

out there? He's not very eloquent at the best of times, and in his current state, if they annoy him, he might really have to go back to hospital again!" Janet was so worried about this that she immediately called Draco.

"Janet, are you okay?" Draco asked before she could get a word out.

Janet was stunned by how anxious Draco sounded. She took a moment before replying, "I'm fine, Mr. Wesley. But you probably shouldn't come into the studio for now. There are paparazzi swarming outside the studio now."

"Don't worry. I'll stay home today and avoid that mess. Janet, I'm pretty sure someone is behind this news suddenly going viral," Draco said, his voice tinged with absolute certainty. He heaved a long, heavy sigh.

Even though she couldn't see him through the phone, Janet could picture the frown on his face. She knew it well.

Draco said apologetically, "I was too careless. If you didn't give me a ride home, this kerfuffle never would have happened. I'll speak to the reporters

and tell them the truth. If this rumor keeps spreading, it could have a negative impact on your marriage."

Janet replied, "I've explained it all to Brandon. You should go have a rest. These baseless rumors will be squashed in no time."

"Is Brandon taking care of the problem already?"

Draco was a bit surprised. But, thinking on it, it made sense. Brandon was known for his decisiveness as well as for taking action when necessary. So of course he'd made sure to take care of this as swiftly as possible.

Draco said soberly, "Janet, I have a feeling that the studio will be very chaotic for at least the next few days."

Janet lowered her head, sorry how this attack on her had affected the W Marks Studio. "Mr. Wesley..."

Draco gently laughed. "I mean myself. I still haven't fully recovered, so I won't be able to be at peak performance. Can you help me take care of W Marks for the time being?"

Surprised, Janet instinctively shook her head. "Mr. Wesley, that's too much for me! W Marks Studio is

so important..."

She'd only been a designer for a few years. How could she of all people take on Draco's role of running W Marks?

It was the top design studio in the entire industry!

But Draco trusted her implicitly. "You'll manage it beautifully, just as you did at the Iridescent Show."

"But..." Janet was about to refuse again, but she was interrupted by a loud cough from the other end of the line. Draco's cough was so heavy, he wasn't able to form a sentence.

After a while, Draco finally gasped, "Look at me. Do you think I can still manage W Marks in this state?"

For his own health, Draco couldn't work too hard until he recovered, and he reassured Janet again that there was no one better suited for covering for him than her.

So she promised Draco that she would. "Mr. Wesley, you focus on getting better. I will do my best."

Janet committed herself to protecting W Marks well. She wouldn't let Draco down under any circumstances.

After hanging up the phone, Janet noticed that the studio's design team were all looking up at her. Taking a deep, steadying breath, she looked back at them and calmly said, "Now I don't want anyone to be upset. The rumors about Mr. Wesley and myself are completely fake."

As soon as she finished speaking, the office went into an uproar.

"See? I just told you they're all lies!"

"Janet, we have worked together for such a long time. Of course we believe you. No one is more upstanding than Mr. Wesley! We know he'd never do what he's been accused of."

"Everyone knows how talented you are at your job. You don't need to sneak in through the back."

After they'd let out these reassurances, the office's atmosphere started to become relaxed again.

"We all trust you. We'll do whatever you tell us to." Patting Janet on the shoulder, Tasha gave her a gentle smile.

Moved more than she could say, tears welled up in Janet's eyes. "You're so kind. Now that Delores is gone, we're more united."

That was when it occurred to her that Delores should hand her work over to the rest of the team. She casually asked, "Has Delores finished handing over all her projects?"

Relaxed, Tasha smiled. "Don't worry. It's almost done." As she spoke, she headed to the work room and said, "A client is coming to pick up a dress today. I'll go and get it now."

Janet nodded and watched Tasha head to the work room.

A few moments later, however, Tasha still hadn't emerged from the room. Janet thought how long she was taking seemed a bit strange. Then she suddenly heard a piercing scream coming from the room.