

Chapter 1156 Draco Has Changed

When Mandy received Draco's phone call, she was still in Brenna's house.

"Well, Draco, you've finally decided to call me." Only a few days had passed since the rumor had been released, and Mandy really hadn't expected Draco to call her so soon. She twirled her hair around her fingers, her eyes bright with shyness. "Did you call because you wanted to cooperate with me again?"

She was hoping for a more upbeat response but Draco's voice was indifferent. "Yes." In fact, had Mandy been in the same room as Draco, she could have noticed the anger in his eyes. However, over the phone call, she seemed to miss the signs.

Mandy pursed her lips, trying to hold back her laughter. Her guess was that Draco wanted to apologize to her and she knew she would enjoy his apology; Draco was an arrogant man who never apologized to others.

And if he was apologizing, that meant he still cared about her, right?

The idea of it made Mandy feel slightly giddy with joy. She decided to give Draco an out. "Tonight, Mrs. Olson's holding a party. All the celebrities in Barnes are invited. Will you go with me? I happen to need a dancing partner. And we can continue our conversation then."

She waited for his response, biting her lip in anticipation.

"Okay, let's talk then," Draco agreed.

After hanging up the phone, Mandy jumped up from the sofa. She covered her face and squealed with excitement.

Draco had never been so obedient to her! In the past, Draco had never accepted her invitations of going out to the movies or watching shows together. He always made some excuse about being too busy. Tonight's banquet would be their first date.

In the W Marks Studio, Draco also hung up the phone. He was in quite a gloomy mood.

He looked at the designs on his table, but his eyes were distant and unfocused.

Mandy was holding his career over his head. Draco could never forgive such behavior. This would be the first and only time he would bow his head.

After getting home from work, Janet entered her house happily. As expected, Brandon was already home, reading the newspaper on the sofa.

"Did you see the designs I sent you?" Janet leaned over expectantly, waiting to be praised.

Brandon raised his head from the newspaper and folded it. He had quite a serious expression on his face. Sounding indifferent, he said "Very good. Where are the tailored clothes?"

Janet rolled her eyes and said, "I've sent the clothes to Hannah. This is for her after all. We have to see if it fits her first. As for you, just look at the photos of the clothes."

Brandon raised his brows to look into Janet's eyes, smiled, and then pulled Janet's wrist.

Unprepared, Janet fell into his arms.

"Is that how you talk to your client?" Brandon pinched Janet's chin. The two were so close that they could hear each other breathing.

His other hand found his way to her waist. He rubbed her back gently and said, "Say something."

After a pause, Janet's heart tightened. She continued, taking on a pretend air of indifference, "I should have sent the clothes to Hannah to try them on."

Brandon withdrew his fingers and laughed. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her onto his lap. "You've never designed clothes for me."

Thinking of the high-end customized clothes in Brandon's wardrobe, Janet answered, "I don't think my design matches your identity. I know your clothes are all exclusive and customized."

Brandon didn't say anything, but his eyes were fixed on her. An imperceptible sense of inferiority flashed through Janet's eyes.


Brandon started rubbing her clenched fingers in his own hands. He couldn't help but sigh slightly, "Your fingers are red."

He looked up to meet her gaze. "When you have time, help me design a man's suit. For me, your designs are priceless. They're even better than those famous brands."


A car's honk came from outside the door, interrupting their conversation.

Soon, Sean poked his head in and said, "Mr. Larson,

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tonight's banquet will start at 7 o'clock. We should
leave now."

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