

Chapter 867 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.

Another model, this one with long, sleek hair, held up her phone and spoke timidly. "If it's all right with you, can we exchange contact information?"

The others nodded again. "That's right! Let's exchange numbers! If your studio holds a fashion show in the future, we will be more than happy to help."

Janet smiled and agreed. These women looked to be just the same age as her, and they spoke with so much enthusiasm that she couldn't find it in herself to refuse. 3

After exchanging contact details, the short-haired model in the lead hooked her arm around Janet's and ushered her to the bar. And that was how Janet ended up drinking and chatting with a bunch of gorgeous models.

She didn't refuse the drinks they put in front of her, and soon, she was feeling tipsy. Her head was buzzing, and she could no longer hear what the other women were talking about.

"I'm afraid I'm a little drunk..." Janet leaned over the bar counter and cupped her chin in both hands, her cheeks already flushed. When they handed her another cocktail, she refused.

A couple of models covered their mouths to hide their cunning smiles. They helped Janet sit up and

urged her to drink more. "Come on, you're really good at this. You can go for two more rounds."

"Didn't you lose the game just now? As punishment, you need to finish this glass." The model pushed the cocktail closer to Janet.

Janet frowned. She wasn't too drunk to understand what they said. "We never played a drinking game. Don't trick me into getting drunk."

But the models only chuckled, and one of them even pinched Janet's nose playfully. "Just drink it!"

And so, Janet was coerced into drinking glass after glass. 3

The conscious part of her couldn't quite believe what was happening. She finally got the chance to experience what it was like to be surrounded by beauties. She felt like some rich magnate.

It didn't take long for her to get even dizzier. She could barely hold herself up steadily.

Toward the end of the party, Derek was chatting with the models who came to accost him. Out of the corner of his eye, however, he noticed that some women were hogging Janet as well. He suddenly had the feeling that something was not

right.

"Excuse me. I need to go and check on a friend."
He nodded apologetically to the models and headed in Janet's direction.

Kathie acted quickly and stood in Derek's way.
"Have you lost all common sense? Janet is a welcome guest here. Why do you have to meddle in her affairs? Don't tell me you actually fancy her."

Derek looked her up and down. "It looks like you brought a few extra outfits tonight. Aren't you afraid that I'll accidentally spill some wine on you again?"

"Derek!" Kathie glared at him, her eyes filled with grievance. "Are you having fun bullying me like this? I just want to dance with you."

"As you can see, I'm currently unavailable." Derek made to walk past her, but Kathie stopped him yet again.

"You embarrassed me in front of all those people. Even so, I'm not mad at you. Can't you even grant me such a simple request?" Her voice had turned soft, and tears welled up in her eyes.

After mulling it over for a while, Derek did think

that his behavior from earlier was a bit out of line.

Besides, it would be uncharacteristic for him to refuse a woman's invitation, and a beautiful one at that.

With a small, resigned sigh, he held out his hand.

"Please do me the honors, Miss Jimenez."

Kathie beamed as she placed her hand in his.

"Don't worry. I'm an excellent dancer. I won't step on your feet."

By the time their dance was over, the party was already winding down.

Derek made his way to the bar counter just in time to see Janet being taken away by the models she was with. They kept talking and laughing as they went.

Wilder sidled up next to him and said, "It's time for us to head back."

He followed the direction of Derek's gaze and smiled. "Stop staring at them. They're all girls, anyway. Nothing bad is going to happen to Janet. Now, let's go." 10