

Chapter 974 Derek's Revenge

Disappointment enveloped Derek.

His smile faded as he sighed and said helplessly, "Show me the pictures then. Where are they?"

Elizabeth took him to her desk and sorted through her sketches. Then she shoved them into Derek's arms, saying, "Here you go. That's all of them. I'm sorry, Mr. Ramsey, but we've got a lot of clients here today, so we don't have time for a full meeting. Please take these drafts with you and go through them at your leisure."

Elizabeth encouraged Derek in the direction of the door, and waved him off, in hopes he would leave.

Derek snorted.

"Is there anything that you are not satisfied with?"

Elizabeth looked at him coldly.

"Just because you've been single for ages, you deliberately interrupt us, trying to keep us apart since you don't want us to have a good time. Am I right?" Somehow Derek's face didn't mirror the

meanness of his words.

"Janet is happily married. I hope you always remember that, Mr. Ramsey." Elizabeth held her nerve, remaining calm. ②

Derek took two steps forward, stared her in the eye and said, "Are you looking for a boyfriend? You should have told me earlier."

He ogled her body, his eyes roving up and down, and said, "You're pretty enough. I know a few rich and handsome young men I could introduce you to."

Elizabeth looked him square in the eyes and said, after careful consideration, "No way, birds of a feather flock together. I'm not into playboys like you. I'm not saying you're a bad person, just that you think too much of yourself, and you're rude. Any girl wanting to be with somebody like you is only doing it for your looks, or maybe because of your fame and wealth. Anybody looking for a serious relationship would steer well clear of you. You need to calm down. Be serious. Not all women are going to be into you." ③

"You!" Derek clenched his teeth and his face turned red. Elizabeth's words had infuriated him.

Looking down at the flowers he held, he suddenly grabbed her hand.

"To tell you the truth, Elizabeth. I don't think of you as a friend or just my designer. The reason I haven't been coming here recently is that I was afraid that I'd pine for you if I saw you. But I love your dedication. How would you like to be my girlfriend?" Derek gave her a smoldering look and held the flowers out.

A crowd was beginning to form at the door. A lot of people had overheard Derek's confession of love, and they had all come over to see the fun.

After what Derek had said, Elizabeth froze, but quickly regained her senses and retorted with, "No, Derek, stop it."

The immature fool was obviously trying to embarrass her by saying that in front of everyone.

As she turned around to leave, Derek grabbed her wrist and said, "No, you can't just go after I've confessed my love to you so sincerely. You have to at least accept my flowers."

"Take them. He's a very handsome young man."
The crowd started whistling.

"I think he means it, and he's very good looking. Go on, be his girlfriend!" some of the onlookers piped up.

Elizabeth didn't want to cause any trouble. She certainly didn't want to start any terrible gossip about W Marks Studio, not right outside their doors. She sighed, realizing she would have to accept the flowers or he'd never leave. She shot Derek a look that could strip paint off a wall. "Are you happy now? Can you go?"

Derek chuckled, whispering in her ear, "There's not a romantic bone in your body. You're frigid and without feelings. No man would ever want to be with you." ³

After saying that, he blew her a kiss and said, "I'll see you tomorrow, honey! Bye!"

To anybody watching, they would look like a normal, flirting young couple.

Just then, Frank appeared in the crowd. He pushed through them to Elizabeth and stared Derek down with an ice-cold look. "What's going on? You're not in any trouble again, are you?"