

## Chapter 895 How Are You Going To Thank Me Properly

Brandon, hands on the steering wheel, remarked, "The news that had been trending online was taken down from social media. But about an hour ago, someone suddenly appeared and claimed to be the designer from W Marks Studio. She published several pieces about you and Draco on social media, which rekindled public opinion."

"What the hell are these journalists thinking these days?!" Janet couldn't have been more pissed off.

Brandon stated, "They may have been bought off by the woman who dubbed herself the W Marks ' designer. These journalists have no professional accomplishments or business ethics, in stark contrast to the ones I used to deal with. These folks are well-versed in the art of illegitimate coinage. It takes more than just threats to shut them up." Softly, Brandon consoled her, "I'll have someone take care of it later. Take it easy now. Tomorrow, everything will be solved and you can

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Janet paused for a second, and then said apologetically, "Sorry I have to bothering you every time I find myself in a sticky predicament. You have to do your own things, but I..."



Before she could continue, Brandon lifted a hand to squeeze her face. Then, with a wry grin on his face, he said, "Remember that, and make it up to me later."

"You..." When Janet realized what he meant, she melted to the point of blushing. She said, after some reflection, "It must have been Dalores who started all this commotion again. God! She has to pay for it!"

Brandon was honest with her. "I have people watching her all day and night. She ran away. Mrs. Fuller, however, whom she has previously angered, is also on the lookout for her. Let's see how long she can keep hiding. I bet not for long!"

Janet exhaled a breath of relief and remarked, "Well, then, let's go home." 3

They didn't have to put in too much time or effort since there were still others trying to find Dalores. When Janet opened the door to get out, Brandon grabbed her arm and pulled her back inside.

"What's the matter?" Janet asked in a curious tone.

"Why did you assist Draco in getting off the car? His previous illness deteriorated his legs?"

Brandon inquired grumpily.

Janet remained silent for a while after hearing his complaint. She pretended to be furious by pursing her lips. But the sparkle in her eyes was impossible to hide. "That's a complicated question to pose at this time."

Brandon shot Janet a quick, sheepish glance from the side. He told her, "Now, don't misunderstand me. I trust you. Frankly, I'm simply nosy." 3

Janet smiled adorably as she looked at this cute guy.

She leaned against his chest, her hands on the back of his neck, and felt the power of his pulse. She said, "I can assist you with that as well. You can hire paparazzi to follow us around and snap secret shots as well. I will look one hundred times better. Let's make our intimate pictures go viral this time! What do you say?"

As Janet pressed her body against Brandon's and continued to softly touch him, Brandon's rage dropped to zero.

"Honey?" She didn't understand Brandon's radio silence. She talked a lot, but he hadn't responded



to anything. Was it possible that he was really upset?

"Can you just say something?" Janet played the lady he was holding. Her eyes were sharp and unclouded.

Brandon, lost in his own world of thoughts, looked at her. His eyes traveled from her full forehead to the tip of her nose, and then to her luscious lips and her cleavage below her collarbone.

He could not get enough of her. He bent down, wrapped his arms around her slender waist, and pressed her against the passenger seat.

"No..." Janet grabbed Brandon's fingers to stop the man from unhooking her bra.

"I'm still fuming!" She was cut off by Brandon. Squinting his eyes, he gave her a menacing stare. His somewhat shallow breathing betrayed the intense desire he felt. "Don't you owe me something? It's about time."

Janet gave in at last since she knew there was nothing she could say or do that would change his mind. "Come on, stop it! I bet that can wait for us to get home, right?"

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+90 Points at most

She joked with him some more as she helped him undo his seatbelt. "This treatment is only for you, so don't tell anybody else!"

He turned over and pressed himself against her. He reached down and unbuttoned her pants, saying, "That won't cut it. I need more!" 2

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