

Chapter 948 Bad Timing

Janet crossed her arms over her chest, her expression turning into something that bordered on displeasure. "You said you were only going to kiss me," she complained.

She had a feeling that Brandon wouldn't just stop at a few kisses if she let him have his way. Raising her eyebrows, she reminded him, "We are in your office, and my neck is injured..."

Brandon got off from Janet and smoothed a hand over his now-rumpled clothes. The usual indifference quickly returned to his face. "You make me sound like a jerk who's controlled by my urges." 1

He looked at Janet, his eyes twinkling with mischief as the corner of his lips turned upward into a wicked smirk. "And it's not like we've never slept with each other before. Of all people, you should know just how well I can control myself."

Janet's cheeks burned at his words. "Brandon..." she argued weakly.

Her voice had come out in a low breath— the hushed sound stirring Brandon's desire.

"Tell me what you want, Janet..." Taking advantage of his height, Brandon looked down at Janet like a predator carefully watching its prey.

His low, sensual murmur had the desired effect. Janet, knowing that Brandon was perfectly aware of the effect he had on her, grew irritated. In an effort to retaliate, she pulled his tie and stood on tiptoe, their lips meeting in another kiss. However, the sudden action caused too much strain on her wound. The next moment, a scream came from Janet. She looked down and blushed in embarrassment.

Brandon was trying his best to hold back his laughter as he approached her. Carefully, he tilted her head, supporting her neck with his hand. The space between their lips was slowly closing...

"Ah! Sorry, I didn't see anything! Don't mind me!" Sean hurriedly covered his eyes at the scene in front of him. 3

Brandon sent a glare toward him, his teeth gritting into a snarl. "Don't you know how to knock?"

Sean wore an innocent look on his face as he held

the doorknob and answered, "But you forgot to close the door, Mr. Larson."

Meanwhile, Janet hid behind the desk in embarrassment.

Brandon, on the other hand, was nonchalant as ever. He placed a hand on the desk and said as if nothing had happened, "What is it?"

Sean had almost forgotten the reason he dropped by from shock. He gathered himself quickly and reported, "The pregnant woman is out of danger now. She gave birth to a daughter, and the road is open now. An ambulance had just arrived to take her and the baby to the hospital."

"Take care of the rest. You can leave now." Brandon had thought it was over as Sean turned to leave.

But before he stepped out the door, Sean turned around and asked, "The police have also arrived. Should I tell the guards to hand Jethro over to them?"

"Yes. Leave him with the police. And next time, just say everything you need to at one go. I'd like to be done with everything without wasting time," Brandon said, his voice laced with irritation.

"Understood, Sir." Sean nodded obediently and left the room.

"Mr. Larson's temper is really something else. I don't know how his wife can stand it," Muttering to himself, Sean walked in the corridor.

"Who are you talking about?" Estella came up to him, full of curiosity.

After she sent the clean towels for Lydia, she looked for Janet everywhere. The moment Estella heard that the CEO's office was on the top floor, she was sure that Janet and Brandon were together. She came up and waited, wanting to dig around more.

Alas, there was no sign of Janet. Instead, she came face to face with an employee of the Larson Group.

Sean was taken aback by Estella's sudden appearance. Who was this woman?

"Miss, this is the top floor. It's a restricted area. Please go down," he said in a serious voice. 1

Raising her eyebrows, Estella scrutinized the young man. He had a youthful face and bright eyes, which gave an air of innocence around him. Just now, he had come out of Brandon's office.

Could he be the CEO's secretary?

"Are you Brandon's secretary?"

"I'm Mr. Larson's personal assistant. Which department are you under?" Sean was growing increasingly stern as the encounter prolonged. "If you're not going to leave, I'm afraid I would need to have a word with your supervisor."

Estella was unfazed. It was a useless threat. After all, she was not an employee of this company. She grew even more eager upon hearing who Sean was. "You're his assistant? Then you must know a lot about Brandon."