

Chapter 953 Borrow Sean

Hearing this, Brandon stared at Janet and smiled. "Tell Estella she could borrow Sean and I have no objection. What I admire the most about Sean is his discretion. He is good at keeping secrets."

With raised eyebrows, Janet replied, "I'm curious to know why you're always so ruthless to Sean."

"All I can say is that Sean is a good actor. He has deceived you." Brandon didn't say anything further. Sean was his confidant, and he was sure Sean wouldn't expose any of his or the Larson Group's secrets, even if he was tortured for the information.

Able to tell that Brandon didn't want to talk about it anymore, Janet stopped her questioning. Sean must have been a capable man, since he had been able to work for Brandon as his assistant for so many years.

A meaningful smile spread across Janet's face. "Sean would never succumb to torture and reveal your secret, but it's hard to know if he would tell Estella."

With a perplexed expression, Brandon asked, "What do you mean?"

He felt that Estella had misled Janet.

"It's a secret. You'll find out later." A cryptic smile appeared across Janet's face.

Brandon bit her shoulder. "Okay, I'll wait and see."

Letting go of Janet, he picked up the coat on the sofa. "It's getting late. Let's go. What do you want to have for dinner?"

"Didn't you just have a video conference? Is it over already?" She couldn't hide her grin as she spoke.

"Nothing else matters. I just want to spend time with you." Brandon squeezed her hand, and they went downstairs together.

After the chaos of the afternoon, Janet requested some time away from the studio. They would normally be working overtime now, and hadn't been home together for a while.

The sun set was particularly beautiful this evening. The last bit of afterglow had just dissipated into the night sky. The couple drove into the villa district. Before they reached their gate, Janet suggested they walk the rest of the way home.

She stumbled as she stepped out of the car.

"Is your leg injured?" Brandon became worried and helped her take off her high heels.

"No, the heel broke off. I noticed it when I was in your office. I thought it would hold on until we made it home." It was a shame, for this pair of shoes cost her a half a month's salary.

They both sighed, Brandon because he was worried she would get hurt, and Janet because of her broken shoe.

"Come on, let me carry you."

Being held on his back, Janet could feel Brandon's broad shoulders. It gave her a real sense of security. She had never felt so relaxed before.

"Honey, can we just keep walking like this?" 1

"No, we'll be home soon." And with that, Brandon broke the spell of romance.

Since their attention was completely focused on each other, they didn't notice the woman standing in the corner, a resentful scowl on her face.

Seeing Janet safe and sound, Vivian dragged her finger along the white wall, leaving a long mark. She clenched her teeth. 4

Why was Janet always so lucky?

Earlier that day, before all the chaos, Vivian had stumbled across the manufacturer and his wife protesting in front of the Larson Group building.

What kind of man would let his pregnant wife suffer like that? Vivian knew for certain that this man was a thug.

She patted Jethro's shoulder sympathetically. "Do you want to get inside and see Brandon? I might be able to help you."

Jethro looked at Vivian, impatient. He had just seen her come out of the Larson Group building and thought she was an employee there.

Believing she was one of them, he spat at her. "Bah! You're a Larson Group lackey. Get away from me!"