

## Chapter 1059 Disguise

"I'll take Brandon out from the back door. Waiting here until they leave is definitely not a good idea." Janet rummaged through the bags she had just packed while speaking. Turning around, she said, "Sean, I need you to buy two hats."

Sean touched the back of his head. He had no idea what Janet wanted to do but he did as told and bought two hats.

"Here are the hats. More reporters are waiting outside now." Sean's fingers shook as he closed the door. He panted and turned around but Brandon wasn't in the ward.

"Damn it!" Nervous, Sean was ready to run outside and look for Brandon.

A low voice then sounded from behind him. "Sean, where are you going?"

Sean froze on his spot. Turning around, he found the man by the bathroom door. The tan skin made the man's eyes colder and deeper. Still, he was undeniably good-looking with his chiseled jaw and

sharp features. He now had an exotic charm.

"Mr. Larson?" Sean tried to look closely. The man in front of him was Brandon, yet he didn't recognize him.

Just then, a cheerful voice came from behind Brandon. "What do you think? My makeup skill is not bad, right? Who knew the foundation I bought in the wrong shade would come in handy right now?"

A frown appeared on Sean's face. He stared at Janet who now looked like a young man. A few moments passed before he stammered, "Mrs. Larson, why are you dressed like that?"

Janet had Brandon's casual clothes on. They were fitting for Brandon but with Janet wearing them, the clothes looked loose. With her hair tied up, her smooth forehead and delicate eyebrows and eyes were exposed. At a glance, she looked like a young college boy.

"The reporters won't recognize me this way." Janet zipped her makeup bag before throwing it into the suitcase. "Sean, please take the luggage with you later."

"Don't worry, I will handle it," Sean said, passing Janet the hats. He watched them put on the hats

and finally burst out laughing. "Even I can't recognize you. I doubt the reporters outside would."

Brandon lowered his hat and looked at Sean, "You should leave later. There might be reporters who recognize you. Some of them are familiar with the Larson Group."

Aside from being Brandon's private assistant, Sean also deal with matters inside the company. Many of Brandon's photos that paparazzi took secretly had Sean in them.

Suddenly, something occurred to Janet. "And if Vivian asks about it, just tell her that Brandon was discharged."

"I see. Don't worry. You can go out now." With the suitcase in hand, Sean waited quietly in the ward.

The reporters were guarding the backdoor too. They assumed that if Brandon and Janet were to escape, they would likely leave through the backdoor.

Janet lowered her voice, mimicking a man, and said, "Excuse me, my boss just recovered from a serious illness. If he gets hurt again because you're blocking the way, there will be consequences!"

"I don't know any big shot in Barnes who look like this." These reporters seemed puzzled about who he was.

However, this was an exclusive hospital known for its first-class practice. Many celebrities trusted the institution and so most of them went to the VIP ward here. Getting familiar with every VIP patient was impossible.

The reporters just let the two pass. Janet walked in front, leading Brandon.

The black hat covered half of Brandon's face. His eyes were fixed on his new bodyguard in front of him who was leading the way. A small smile stretched his lips.

When they reached the car, Janet took the wheel and drove Brandon home.

Brandon said nothing on the way. Janet peeked at him through the rearview mirror, studying him up and down.

"Sir, is there something on your mind? Who angered you?"

Brandon lazily raised his eyes. "You're quite into this little role-play game, aren't you?"

Surprised by his attitude, Janet averted her eyes,

focusing on the road.

Janet had a long face when they got home. Brandon pulled her into a hug before she could even turn on the light. "I was just kidding. Don't be mad."

Janet frowned. Brandon's hand slid down between her legs. He stroked her there. Struggling, she anxiously said, "Sir, stop. If your wife finds out, she will scold me."

Brandon didn't stop and instead pressed her against the wall. "My wife is sleeping so you better keep your voice down, my little bodyguard," he said playfully. 9