

## Chapter 1945 It's This Scumbag

Brandon's phone buzzed during a meeting. He excused himself and promptly ended the meeting. Within half an hour, he arrived at Janet's studio with Sean and a huge team of bodyguards.

The scene inside was tense. Julian lay restrained on the floor. Janet stood nearby, composed. "Is he the one who hired people to take your photos?" Brandon asked her.

Janet nodded, her face grim. "Yes, it's that scumbag!" Lexi confirmed, her voice tight.

Brandon approached Julian. Without a word, he delivered a swift kick. Julian doubled over in pain.

Brandon then turned and brought Janet into his embrace. "Are you hurt? Did he frighten you?"

Janet shook her head, finding comfort in his warmth. "I'm okay, just disgusted."

After a moment, Janet stepped back. "Please take him away. I can't stand to have him here any longer."

Brandon nodded and gestured to Sean. "Do it as we discussed. Keep a close eye on him."

Brandon had already anticipated this and made

arrangements on the way. Sean would take care of the rest.

Sean nodded curtly. "Consider it done."

Sean and the security personnel efficiently removed the injured Julian from the studio.

Lexi quickly mopped away the bloodstains on the floor and lit up a stick of incense. The studio soon regained its peaceful atmosphere.

Brandon helped Janet back to her office and settled down on the sofa with her.

Though she appeared unharmed, he was still worried. They soon got to talking, and she explained the entire event.


Relief washed over him when he learned she'd called for the bodyguards immediately when she sensed something was wrong. "You did well, Janet," he said, squeezing her hand.

A wry smile touched her lips. "Let's just say my trust issues are at an all-time high. I only trust you and my family. And if something seems off, I'm assuming the worst. I won't give anyone the chance to harm me again."

Brandon wrapped his arms around her, his expression filled with regret. "I'm so sorry," he murmured. "I failed to keep you safe before, and now you feel insecure."

Janet reached up and pressed her finger to his lips.

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 +120 Points at most

"Don't blame yourself. I'm by your side through thick and thin. I don't want to be some helpless wife who needs constant protection."

Brandon squeezed her hand affectionately. "I know you're strong. You're my confidante, my rock. It's not just about protecting you. I just can't imagine a life without you."

Janet's brow furrowed. Taking a deep breath, she said firmly, "Let's not talk about death. We both need to be healthy and strong."

In the middle of the conversation, Janet suddenly grew flustered. Her hand instinctively tightened around Brandon's.