

## Chapter 1990 Not Satisfied With The Previous Proposal

Janet's eyes widened, and her hand shot up to cover her mouth in disbelief, her face a mix of shock and surprise. "Wow, that's amazing news! Got any plans yet? Need a hand?"

Frank cleared his throat, his tone serious but thoughtful. "Still working out the details. You know, proposing is a big deal, like a once-in-a-lifetime thing. I want it to be perfect for Elizabeth; no rushing into it."

Janet nodded knowingly. "Absolutely. Girls love that special moment, so take your time. Hey, learn from my blunders; talk to the ladies. They understand themselves."

Brandon gave her a reassuring hug, concern evident in his voice. "It seems like you are not satisfied with the previous proposal. Want me to brainstorm another one?"

Janet grinned at him. "Why not? But have you thought about the money side of things? Maybe wait till you've saved up enough."

Frank erupted into laughter, unable to contain his amusement. It was a well-known fact among their friends that Garrett and Brandon handed over the reins of their finances to their wives after tying the knot.

With a mischievous grin, he joked, "Janet, if you're holding out for a fancy proposal, you might have to wait till you hit the big forty."

Brandon shot him a glare in response to the jest.

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Janet chuckled, extending her offer. "Frank, anything you need, just say the word. Elizabeth's happiness matters to me. I'm here to help however I can."

Frank nodded appreciatively. "I'll definitely be calling on you. You'll have a prime spot at our wedding table."

Wrapping Janet in an embrace, Brandon teased, "Looks like we'll need to squeeze in more chairs at that table."

The trio exchanged knowing smiles, their bond evident.

Quickly changing the subject, Frank suggested, "Shall we head for the check-up now?"

After a thorough examination, Janet returned to the lounge, accompanied by Brandon.

Throughout the procedure, Janet felt a familiar pang of anxiety. Hospitals always had a way of stirring up nerves, triggering her subconscious worries.

Feeling Janet's discomfort, Brandon wrapped his arm around her. "Hey, it's alright. Remember, all the previous check-ups went smoothly. Everything's going to be fine."

"It's not that, really. Just got a bit breathless on the way here. Probably just hospital nerves. I'll take a breather, be good as new," Janet said.

Brandon squeezed her hand, his voice soothing. "I've got you; don't worry."

With a small smile, Janet nodded, leaning her head on his shoulder.

Unexpectedly, Frank walked in, observing the tender moment between them. "Results in about an hour. If you'd rather not wait, head home. I'll call later."

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Concerned, Brandon asked, "Sure about that? Won't it be late if we have to return?"

"Don't worry; it's fine," Frank said with a reassuring nod.

Janet nodded. "Thanks, Frank. Took the day off today. Still have sketches to finish."

Frank smiled warmly. "No problem. Go on, and take it easy in these early months of pregnancy. Don't let work tire you out."

"Alright." Janet agreed.

Guiding her towards the elevator, Brandon reminded her, "You heard Frank, right? Take it easy."

"Sure," Janet replied.

As the elevator doors closed, Janet glimpsed a familiar figure through the gap.

It was Anson.