

## Chapter 928 The Responsibility As Mrs. Larson

There were a lot of reporters at the charity party. All of them watched Brandon as he took Janet's hand and went to the stage.

At that moment, Brandon signed his name in public and approved the funding for the welfare house in the next quarter.

"Thank you so much for your help, Mr. Larson. Your kindness is admirable." The director of the welfare house smiled as he held the huge check.

Before long, several important staff from the welfare house took a group photo with Brandon, including the director.

However, even with the multiple flickering camera lights, Brandon remained expressionless. He was always like that, especially when it came to work. Everyone admired him.

The smile on Janet's face reached her eyes, and she looked absolutely stunning. Tonight, all she

needed to do was to be a decent wife for Brandon.

After Brandon gave his speech on stage, everyone gave him a thunderous round of applause.

"We want to take some photos of Mr. Larson, can we do that, Mrs. Larson?" Several children politely asked.

Janet smiled as she nodded. Like everyone else, she stood beside Brandon and looked up at him.

When the event was over, the sun had already started to set.

Sean waited at the door until Janet and Brandon went inside the car. As soon as they did, Janet leaned against the seat and closed her eyes. The event today lasted for quite a long time. Not to mention, all eyes were on them, especially the reporters. That made her feel very tired. Now that it was finally over, she didn't even have the energy to talk anymore.

Noticing that something was wrong, Brandon held her hand and asked, "Are you okay? Do you feel uncomfortable?"

Janet opened her eyes and sighed. "I almost screwed up today."

"I know about the matter." Brandon said. "It has nothing to do with you."

Janet smiled and shook her head. "No, Brandon. I attended the event with you, but I screwed up and failed to publicize the Larson Group. On the contrary, I almost handed over something for them to slander you because of it."

At that point, she was also blaming herself for not taking responsibility for playing her part.

Brandon went quiet as he looked into her eyes.

"I used to think that I could only be a designer because I like the feeling of gaining achievements in the things I'm good at," Janet said as she looked into Brandon's eyes. "Just like you. Did I tell you how handsome you are today?"

Today, she finally understood why Brandon was always respected by other people.

Even she was shocked when she saw that all of the employees in the Larson Group and the welfare house were depending on him.

It was all because he could take everyone forward and give hope to the poor children.

She didn't realize until today that Brandon had

actually shouldered some heavy responsibilities.

"If you don't like events like that, I don't mind attending alone," Brandon said. He felt bad for Janet, especially seeing how tired she was. He blamed himself for not taking good care of her.

She was already busy with work, but now she had to attend events like this with him after her work.

Janet held the back of Brandon's hand and smiled. "That's not what I mean. After seeing what happened today, I realized that I can't just focus on being a designer. I also have to consider my identity as your wife—as Mrs. Larson."

At that point, she couldn't help but think about Laney. Although she didn't have to worry about any family conflicts with Brandon's parents, being his wife wasn't as easy as she thought.

She realized that she shouldn't be so selfish. That she should think more for the Larson Group.

Brandon let out a deep sigh and held Janet in his arms. "Honey..."

"Let's just talk about it when we go back. Sean is watching us," Janet whispered in his ear. From the corner of her eye, she noticed that Sean had been

eavesdropping.

Sean's eyes widened in surprise when Brandon suddenly glanced at him. He really was eavesdropping.

He cleared his throat and sat up straight.

"Stop the car," Brandon suddenly said. "You're off duty for today, Sean. I have to take my wife somewhere."

"Oh," Sean murmured as he looked out of the window. It was cold outside and there were barely any people around.

He felt helpless, but he eventually got off the car.

"Aren't you taking it a little too far?" Janet asked.

"I feel bad for him."

"He'll be fine. He can take the cold weather."

Brandon emotionlessly replied while he moved to the driver's seat and started the car.

Before long, the silver-black Maybach sped off, and the scenery outside kept flashing back until Brandon finally stopped at the seaside.