

Chapter 1125 Mr. L

When Janet recognized the voice, she pivoted on her heel and cast an icy stare upon Brandon.

"What brings you here?"

Brandon's domineering and unruly demeanor was accentuated by his black shirt and suit, while his deep eyes exuded malice.

Janet averted her gaze from Brandon's eyes, knowing all too well that she had been dodging him for the past few days, yet he persisted in following her closely.

"What brings you here during office hours?"

Brandon approached them, his eyes falling upon Clyde with an unfriendly glare.

"I am here on business. A client requested that I meet him at this cafe," Janet replied with a frigid stare in her eyes. Walking past Brandon, she made her way toward the waiter, intent on borrowing a hair dryer.

"Hold on a moment!" Brandon seized her arm and pulled her back with a scowl. "Have you made a

meet him at this cafe," Janet replied with a frigid stare in her eyes. Walking past Brandon, she made her way toward the waiter, intent on borrowing a hair dryer.

"Hold on a moment!" Brandon seized her arm and pulled her back with a scowl. "Have you made a mistake here and mistaken him for your client?"

How was Brandon aware of that? Janet's eyes were filled with bewildered expressions as she asked, "How did you come to that conclusion?"

Disregarding her inquiry, Brandon cast a cold glance in Clyde's direction and demanded, "What are you doing here, posing as Janet's client?"

Clyde was left speechless by the question. He ran a hand through his hair and spoke in a soft and refined tone, "Mr. Larson, I suggest you investigate the matter thoroughly before questioning me. It was simply a misinterpretation."

"There is no need to look into anything. I saw everything clearly just moments ago," Brandon narrowed his eyes at Clyde. "You had better start telling me the truth..."

Just as Brandon was about to continue speaking,

Janet cut in abruptly.

"You really messed up, Brandon. Elizabeth can vouch for me. My error led to the confusion, and this gentleman had no part in it." Janet interjected Brandon firmly and gave him a blank stare.

When she finished speaking, Janet was drawn to the bouquet of bright red tulips that Brandon held in his arm.

A slight change flickered across Janet's countenance as she pursed her lips, instantly comprehending everything.

"It all makes sense now. That's why you knew he wasn't my client!" Janet retorted with a sneer, wrenching herself free from Brandon's grasp and departing in a huff, leaving behind the manuscripts.

Elizabeth trailed after Janet as they headed outside to hail a taxi back to the studio, only to be stopped by Brandon, who had followed them out.

"I have no intention of cooperating with someone as deceitful as you, Mr. L," Janet sneered as she grabbed the taxi door handle. "The meeting is called off! I don't have anything to say to you. Get away from me!"

It was no surprise she found Mr. L's voice on the phone familiar. That turned out to be Brandon. She found it absurd that Brandon had gone to such lengths to deceive her by posing as Mr. L.

"I do have a project on which we can collaborate. Yet we're still arguing. Will you agree to my proposal if I go straight to you?" Brandon furrowed his brow and tightened his grasp on the handle. He extended his large hand into the taxi and yanked her out. "Come on. There's someone I want you to meet."


Janet mulled over his proposal momentarily before asking, "Can I trust you, Brandon? You want me to get out of the taxi, but who knows where you'll try to deceive me into going? I won't fall for it this time!"

Brandon's eyes narrowed, darkening with displeasure as he firmed his grip on Janet.

A bitter smile played on Brandon's lips. How was it possible that Janet was cordial to everyone except him?

The impasse between the two was abruptly interrupted by an elder woman hobbling out of the

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coffee shop. "Brandon, didn't you promise to bring me here to see Janet? How come I haven't seen her yet?"

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