

Chapter 1578 Acquire The Entire Street

Janet gazed out of the car window, her attention held captive by the vibrant street beyond. The rhythmic cacophony of the bustling world outside anchored her, gradually drawing out a radiant smile.

Her memory loss had made this trip her inaugural shopping experience, and the world unfurled before her like a dazzling tapestry.

Every storefront, every shimmering display, was imbued with an almost otherworldly allure—captivatingly novel and resplendent.

Their car wove leisurely through the throngs of people, granting Janet an unhurried examination of each shop.

Perceiving her fascination, Brandon tenderly tousled her hair, whispering, "This avenue was once your favorite shopping haunt. Cast your eyes about, and should something catch your fancy—even an entire shop—it's yours."

Janet's face lit up like the morning sun as she teasingly responded, "Well, in that case,

perhaps you could secure the entire street for me."

Brandon met her playful banter with a smirk of unwavering confidence, asserting, "Very well. I'll contact Sean immediately and have him commence the acquisitions. Henceforth, this shall be your exclusive shopping sanctuary."

His fingers danced toward his phone, ready to make good on his joke by calling Sean.

Witnessing his earnest response, Janet—caught between mirth and shock—lunged, playfully wrestling the phone away. "Hold on there, big spender! I was joking! Can you even fathom the astronomical figure required to commandeer an entire street?"

Cockily arching a brow, Brandon teasingly squeezed her cheek, countering, "Merely one street? Child's play! Should your heart desire, ten such streets could be yours!"

Their playful exchange crescendoed with Janet's chuckles. With a playful glint, she gestured to a few tastefully decorated storefronts, quipping, "Perhaps we can just stick to a handful of pretty trinkets for now."

Brandon, reclining languidly against his seat, affected a lofty demeanor and quipped, "Trying

to pinch pennies on my behalf? Do remember, if there's one thing I possess in abundance, it's coffers overflowing with gold."

Janet met his playful hubris with a gentle shake of her head, clarifying, "Running a business isn't my forte. Shopping, on the other hand..."

As their spree concluded, Janet's eyes danced over the seat beside her, now laden with bags, and she beamed, "We've more than indulged today. Time to head home."

Brandon acquiesced, signaling their driver to commence the journey back to their opulent villa.

Midway, Janet's delicate fingers traced the furrowed lines on Brandon's brow, her voice tinged with concern. "You've seemed concerned since our hospital visit. Is everything alright?"

Despite the cheerful facade Brandon had maintained, Janet sensed an undercurrent of distress.

She pondered momentarily before venturing, "Is it the paparazzi? Are you dreading another media ambush?"

Brandon's heart swelled, enveloped in the warmth emanating from Janet's genuine concern. With a tender smile playing at the

corners of his lips, he gently guided her hand, assuring her, "Fear not, my dear. I've been in touch with the media houses. Until our press conference, no journalist would dare ruffle our feathers."

Yet a shadow of doubt lingered in Janet's gaze, her fingers intertwining with his, her voice a tender plea. "Promise me that you are not hiding anything from me. Be truthful."

Brandon, however, remained cryptically silent. His intense eyes slightly squinted, the canopy of his lashes casting veiled shadows, as he leaned tantalizingly close to Janet.

Janet's breath caught in anticipation, her voice a hushed whisper. "What's your intent?"

In a heartbeat, Brandon's lips gently brushed her forehead, sealing his vow. His voice, low and alluring, echoed in the intimate cocoon of their vehicle. "Every secret I bear is open to you. Darling, place your faith in me."

A rosy hue painted Janet's cheeks; her response was a fluttery nod, but her gaze remained anchored on him, seeking the depths of truth.

Somewhere deep within, she intuited an enigma he wasn't sharing.

Yet she also recognized the futility of prodding

further—not only might she be powerless to assist, but such insistence could foster greater tension.

With a sigh of resignation, she leaned back, her gaze flitting to the world beyond the window.

The urban landscape transformed from a bustling epicenter of commerce to a serene byway.

And then, like a scene from a movie, her attention was arrested. A grand French window lining the side of the road beckoned her with its elegance and mystery.