

Chapter 1788 New Friends

Brandon set aside his phone and approached Janet with curiosity, observing as she tidied up the assortment of items.

He observed Janet sorting through an array of items that appeared to be impulsive purchases, each unrelated to the other.

Brandon couldn't resist asking, "What's with the sudden interest in shopping lately?"

Janet chuckled as she finished counting the bags and replied, "Isn't shopping a common pastime for most women these days? It's just something to keep me occupied."

Furrowing his brow slightly, Brandon expressed concern. "But you've been out shopping for quite a while and carrying so many things. Aren't you exhausted? Should I arrange for some assistance, maybe even bodyguards?"

Bodyguards?

Janet's mind involuntarily flashed back to Nightingale, sending a shiver down her spine. Deciding not to dwell on it since Brandon hadn't intended to bring it up, she shook her head subtly.

Continuing to sort through her purchases, she remarked casually, "There's no need to worry. Nowadays, the sales staff are more than happy to help with carrying. With all this spending, I feel like

royalty to them, you know?"

Brandon regarded her meaningfully before inquiring, "Considering Laney's child is so young, is it practical to take her shopping every day?"

Janet lifted a shopping bag, methodically unpacking its contents as she replied, "The child is too young for daily outings, so Laney doesn't accompany me frequently."

A shadow crossed Brandon's face as he pressed on, "Then who accompanies you on these daily shopping trips? Is it Mandy? Or some ex-colleague from W Marks?"

Pausing in her packing, Janet's expression soured. She glanced at Brandon, who seemed determined to delve into her personal affairs, and queried irritably, "Brandon, what exactly are you trying to ascertain?"

Brandon chuckled nervously. Perhaps his motives were too transparent, and she had caught onto his attempts to pry into her life.

The more Janet resisted, the more Brandon's curiosity grew. Persistently, he inquired, "What's the matter? Can't you confide in me?"

Setting aside the items in her hands, Janet shook her head, stating, "I've been going about my days alone. If you insist on someone else being involved, it must be the sales staff or my driver."

With a tired yawn, she stretched languidly and announced, "Well, it's getting late. I need to freshen up. Could you please pack these items into the bags for me?"

With that, she made her way towards the bathroom.

As he watched her depart, Brandon couldn't shake his growing unease.

Janet's solitary shopping trips, her consistent early departures and arrivals, her punctuality surpassing even the company employees, and her sustained enthusiasm—all these details began to raise suspicions in Brandon's mind.

Despite the myriad doubts swirling in his mind, Brandon refrained from pressing further, sensing Janet's potential anger if he continued to inquire.

With uncertainty still lingering, he diligently completed packing up the items. After Janet finished her shower and began inspecting her purchases, Brandon opted to take a shower himself, hoping to clear his mind amidst the warm water.

Emerging from the bathroom close to eleven o'clock, he towel-dried his hair before entering the bedroom. Upon noticing the plethora of new items scattered throughout the room, he couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.

Surveying the room, he approached the edge of the bed, hesitating for a prolonged moment before finally turning to Janet. "Have you recently made any new friends?"

New friends? "No." Janet shook her head in response.

As she spoke, a sudden realization struck her.

Lately, she had a persistent sensation of being followed whenever she ventured out. Initially, she

attributed it to Brandon's concern, presuming he had discreetly arranged for her protection. However, her assumption took a jolting turn one day. As she inadvertently strayed from her usual path, she caught sight of a figure holding a camera aimed at her, likely attempting to capture a photograph. Upon sensing her awareness, the individual swiftly fled, concealing their identity.

Despite frequenting bustling shopping malls with robust security measures and accompanied by her driver, Janet knew safety was a minor concern.

Yet, the unsettling incident of being followed remained etched in her mind. However, divulging this encounter to Brandon would likely only heighten his worries and potentially hinder her freedom to venture out. Therefore, Janet opted to keep the incident to herself.

Observing Janet's demeanor, Brandon sensed that she was withholding something from him. Though his curiosity piqued, he refrained from delving deeper, recognizing that whatever Janet was concealing likely wasn't of dire consequence.

The following morning, it dawned bright and clear.

After breakfast, Janet departed with Brandon. However, upon entering the car en route to the mall, she couldn't shake the feeling of something amiss.

Why was there another car trailing closely behind hers?