

Chapter 1878 Argue

After returning to the villa, Janet quickly took a bath. While Brandon showered, she searched through the drawers and found spare contraceptive pills, which she took before going to bed.

The next day, Janet didn't speak to Brandon.

Brandon, accustomed to her silent treatment, played his role of a dutiful driver and asked, "Are you going to the hospital first?"

Janet nodded coldly and, to avoid conversation with Brandon, took out her tablet and started working on design drawings as soon as they were in the car.

News of her return had gradually spread, and her studio was already receiving orders. Particularly, a loyal customer, who had previously bought a suit, seemed interested in purchasing more clothing.

Despite not lacking money, Janet valued her loyal clients greatly and aimed to design four suits for this customer as soon as possible.

Eventually, as they drove into a less crowded area, Brandon glanced at the tablet in Janet's hand and asked curiously, "Are you designing a suit for a customer, or planning to attend the next fashion show? Why does this suit look so familiar?"

Janet sneered without pausing her drawing. Clearly,

she was still upset and not interested in conversation.

She was still angry. In order to make Brandon restrain himself, she had to hold on for a long time this time.

Unperturbed by her silence, Brandon continued, "The suit you're designing looks similar to one from the last fashion show. If you use this design in a competition, it might not impress the judges. They could think it lacks originality."

Realizing that Brandon was genuinely offering career advice, and that his points were valid, Janet's anger subsided, and she responded earnestly, "The client admired my work from the last fashion show and specifically requested a similar style. I won't be entering it in any competitions. Besides, I've made several improvements to the details."

Brandon's gaze made Janet feel slightly guilty. She frowned and explained, "This is what my client wants, and I hold the copyright to the design. I can sell the suit after making a few changes. There's nothing wrong with that. It's my creation."

Brandon replied with a hint of resignation, "I'm not concerned about the copyright. It's just that you said this suit was originally designed for me, and now you're giving it to someone else."

Janet's frown deepened as she sensed disappointment and helplessness in his tone. She began to suspect that Brandon was using the situation to quell her anger and maybe even induce

guilt.

Despite her suspicions, Brandon's observation was correct—the suit initially showcased at the fashion show had indeed been designed for him.

It was her oversight. She had met a client as soon as she returned to work and, caught up in the excitement, she had forgotten.

However, she had already made a promise to her client, and she couldn't go back on her word.

After a few seconds, Janet looked up from the design sketch on her tablet and offered a sincere apology to Brandon. "I forgot. I'm sorry. The outfit from the fashion show was indeed designed for you. I shouldn't have agreed to sell it. It's my fault. How about I design a new one just for you? I can't go back on my promise to the client."

Brandon's heart warmed at Janet's apology. He reached out, took her hand, and said, "It's okay. I was just mentioning it casually. I don't mind. Besides, you didn't sell the original design. The improved version isn't the one I had, and it's great if you can sell many of them."

Considering the possibility of other men wearing the same suit as Brandon, Janet shook her head and said, "No, I can't do that. The clothes I design for you must be unique. I won't make you feel slighted by wearing the same suit as others. Don't worry, I'll figure something out."