

## Chapter 1892 Punishment

After leaving the police station, Janet immediately noticed Brandon's car and quickly walked towards it. Brandon stepped out and opened the door for her.

Once they were both inside, Janet rested her head on Brandon's shoulder, a gesture she often made, and asked, "How did you know to come?"

A shadow passed over Brandon's face as he replied, "Why didn't you tell me about such an important matter? I only found out you were finishing up at the police station after my meeting. I was really worried."

Janet offered a smile, trying to downplay the situation. "It was nothing too complicated. I had proof of Kenna's errors, so I called the police."

Brandon sighed and gently tapped Janet's forehead. "What if those reporters and Kenna barged into your studio? What if they caused trouble or damage?"

Janet hesitated, a flush of embarrassment on her face. "Kenna was just at the door; she didn't seem about to barge in. I hadn't thought of that."

Brandon's frown deepened at her words.

Trying to reassure him, Janet said, "The media and Kenna know you're backing me. They might try to shake me down for money, but they wouldn't dare hurt me."

Despite her words, Brandon's expression remained troubled. Janet went on to compliment his protective nature. "With you around, I always feel safe."

This seemed to ease Brandon's concerns slightly. However, just as Janet was about to relax, Brandon added, "We still haven't identified the person who's been buying information about your whereabouts and photos. But it's almost certain he's a man. A man who's infatuated with you and has a distorted way of showing it. Since he can't spend time with you in real life, he resorts to these methods to keep tabs on you."

"What?" Janet gasped in surprise.

Brandon pressed on. "Think about it. Have you come across anyone odd lately, anyone who might be stalking you?"

Pondering this, Janet shook her head. "I don't really keep a large circle of friends. Since I've been away for months and only recently returned, I hardly recognize anyone. I'm confident there's no one suspicious among them."

Brandon also thought hard but couldn't pinpoint anyone suspicious.

He took Janet's hand, offering reassurance. "Don't worry. I'll take you to work and back myself until we catch this creep. I've also increased security at our home and your studio to ensure you're safe."

Janet felt secure wrapped in Brandon's arms, yet a trace of fear lingered. She resolved not to go anywhere alone until the threat was neutralized.

Once they got home, exhaustion washed over Janet. She quickly freshened up and went to bed.

However, Brandon was still upset about the day's events. He turned to Janet and said, "You should have told me about what happened today. How should I deal with you for keeping it from me?"

Startled, Janet sat up and playfully pushed him with her foot. "I'm too tired tonight. Let's talk tomorrow."

Brandon casually toyed with her ankle, displaying a patience typical of more mature men.

Unlike impulsive young men who rushed things, his actions were deliberate and controlled.

Janet was about to respond when Brandon suddenly covered her mouth with his hand, which was cool and firm.

With a mischievous smile, he suggested, "Let's not wait. Let's settle this now."

Janet murmured her displeasure, surprised by Brandon's audacious behavior. It seemed out of character for him.

As Brandon moved closer, his intentions clear, Janet instinctively pushed against his chest, alarmed.

"Stop!" she protested, her voice muffled against his hand.

Brandon, undeterred and not even bothering to undress fully, seemed intent on getting closer, the anticipation building a palpable tension.