

Chapter 1943 Private Images

Julian grew even more flustered. He blurted out, "Mrs. Larson, I was desperate! Please let me go. I promise I won't do it again, never!"

Julian kept pleading and shaking his head. The bodyguards fire question after question, but they yielded nothing useful.

Janet observed him with amusement. He was apologizing profusely but dodged every question. A chuckle escaped her lips.

Julian's fluster grew with her smile.

Janet pressed, "Didn't you mention leaving Barnes soon for your hometown? Have you packed yet?"

Startled, Julian confirmed, "Yes, I've packed."

Leaning in, Lexi murmured, "The beat-up white car outside is Julian's."

Janet raised an eyebrow and turned to Julian. "Is your luggage in the car?"

Caught off guard, Julian stammered. He couldn't understand why she cared about his luggage.

Before he could form a thought, the bodyguard gripped his arm roughly. "Answer the question. Is

your luggage in the car?"

The pain stole Julian's focus. He gasped in pain, then mumbled a confirmation. "Yes."

Janet gestured for the bodyguard to search the car for electronics or anything that could store data.

Brandon's bodyguards followed Janet's instructions without question. They quickly searched the car and returned with the requested items.

"Stop it! You have no right to touch my belongings! Don't you dare. I'll kill you!"

Julian erupted in a tirade, his shouts and curses a stark contrast to his earlier gentlemanly facade.

Despite her experience, Janet couldn't help but be impressed by his acting skills.

The bodyguards swiftly examined Julian's electronics and storage devices. Their expressions quickly turned livid. They sent a message to Brandon.

Moments later, one bodyguard looked up at Janet. "Mr. Larson wants us to take him in for further questioning."

Janet frowned. "Hold on. He was caught here in my studio. Why did you involve Brandon without explaining things to me?"

The bodyguard shifted uncomfortably, then his face turned red. "There are unpleasant details we can't share, ma'am; they're too graphic. Mr. Larson will

ensure it is handled appropriately. Please, don't press the matter."

Janet was intrigued by the bodyguard's flustered demeanor. She was even more interested in uncovering what was found.

She turned to Julian. "What are you hiding, Mr. Carpenter? Are you some kind of perverted peeping tom?"

The bodyguard mumbled, "It's worse, but it involves the privacy of other women. Not something we can discuss openly."

"Other women?" A cold dread filled Janet. "Did he take unauthorized photos?"

The bodyguard grimaced. "Hundreds, at least. Too many photos, and it's a privacy issue. We haven't even looked at them closely."

Janet's anger flared. "And how does Brandon plan to handle this?"