

## Chapter 1922 Being Photographed

After leaving the hotel that afternoon, Brandon asked with concern, "Feeling tired? We can head straight home if you'd prefer to skip the studio today."

Janet bristled and shot him a glare. "I'm fine. Let's go."

During the short walk to the studio, Brandon felt a prickle of unease, a sense of being watched.

Glancing around, he spotted a figure in a black cap and mask disappearing into the crowd.

Following his gaze, Janet noticed the retreating figure. "Something wrong?"

Brandon offered a curt reply. "Let's go back first." He steered her swiftly towards the studio.

Back in the office, the couple exchanged grim looks.

Janet inquired casually, "Was that someone filming us?"

Brandon confirmed with a nod. After a thoughtful pause, Janet continued, "Maybe it's connected to Kenna and the pictures she took. I'm not sure if this guy is the buyer behind her or someone the buyer hired."

Janet mentally retraced recent encounters, searching

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for any suspicious individuals. She held her face in frustration.

Noticing her distress, Brandon pulled her into an embrace. "Don't worry, I have someone checking nearby security footage. Thankfully, I brought extra security. We'll be safe inside."

Janet sighed in resignation. "I'm not afraid, just disgusted by the idea of being watched."

Brandon offered a gentle squeeze of her hand. "I'm here for you."

Days later, Brandon's team could only trace the car used for the filming, which had fake license plates.

Janet would take naps every afternoon at the hotel, followed by walks around the studio on nice days.

She remained vigilant throughout, constantly scanning her surroundings. But she'd never spotted the stalker from the other day again. The constant vigilance only served to heighten her anxiety.

Brandon, concerned about the dark circles under her eyes, suggested, "Why not work from home for a while? Stress isn't good for the baby. The staff at the villa are trustworthy; your parents wouldn't take any chances."

The memory of enforced bed rest to nourish the fetus sent a jolt through Janet. She straightened up firmly. "No, I'm fine. Really. I can handle it."

Knowing arguing was futile, Brandon offered a

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compromise. "Then we'll start going to work together. Let me know when you leave the studio, and I'll try to accompany you whenever possible. We can avoid crowded areas too."

Janet smiled. "The doctor did advise avoiding secondhand smoke and crowds. Don't worry; I'm cautious."

A few days later, Tasha settled into the studio routine and even landed her first order. The order involved mother-daughter dresses, which were her specialty.

Thrilled, Tasha frequently consulted Janet on drafts. Upon finishing the two dresses, she immediately sent them to Janet's office for final approval.

The two pink dresses impressed Janet: a modern fishtail for the adult and a child's fluffy mesh skirt. They surpassed the drafts in quality.