

Chapter 1971 Replica Of Janet

After dealing with Hannah's issue, Brandon worried Norma might cause trouble at Janet's studio. "Maybe Norma could work at Larson Group?" he suggested.

Janet didn't want to burden him; she shook her head. "I can handle Norma. I need to be independent."

"Remember, you're pregnant," Brandon reminded. "Don't be too stubborn."

Janet nodded, snuggling closer to him.

Seeing Brandon in a suit, Janet's vigilance kicked in. "Where are you going?"

"Garrett organized a classmate reunion tonight," Brandon explained. "I didn't want to go, but he insisted."

Janet's lips pursed playfully. "Classmate gatherings are notorious for affairs. Maybe you'll run into an old crush and rekindle things."

Brandon chuckled. "You give me too much credit. Trust me, I only have eyes for you."

Janet cupped his face and kissed him. "Just be back before ten, okay?"

"Alright," Brandon agreed.

Brandon entered a private room at a nightclub. He looked around and furrowed his brow. "Why are we here? I thought it was a restaurant dinner."

"You're late," Garrett said. "This is the after-party. We just left the restaurant."

The atmosphere shifted as Brandon walked in.

He'd been the most attractive guy in their class, and years hadn't diminished that fact.

Several women, striking in their own ways, approached Brandon and started conversations, but he remained stoic and distant.

Garrett interjected, "Brandon's about to be a dad! Don't get any ideas. I'll introduce you to some better prospects later."

He then pulled the women aside.

After two glasses of wine, Brandon, eager to leave, headed for the door. Garrett stopped him. "It's still early, stick around for a bit. We haven't caught up in ages!"

Frowning, Brandon was about to speak when a man and a woman appeared in front of him.

The overweight man appeared heavily intoxicated as he clung to the woman. He kept slurring his words trying to pressure her into a hotel room.

The woman visibly struggled. When the man stumbled, she kicked him in the leg before bolting in

a panic.

Just two steps later, she collided with a solid chest. Looking up in terror, her eyes met Brandon's.

Both Brandon and Garrett were momentarily stunned. "Bad timing," Garrett muttered.

After a quick curse, he glanced at Brandon with a suggestive smirk. "This woman looks a lot like your pregnant wife, wouldn't you say?"

"Help me," the woman pleaded, her voice trembling like a frightened deer's. "I was drugged."

With a sharp gaze and swift reflexes, Brandon maneuvered the woman into Garrett's arms.

Garrett rolled his eyes at Brandon, then spotted the approaching fat man. "Scram! She's with me," he barked, his voice firm.

The man was jolted sober by Garrett's command. His eyes widened as he recognized him. He mumbled something before scurrying away.