

Chapter 1142 A Married Woman

The information showed that Janet was a married woman.

"What a pity! She got married at such a young age." Clyde fixed his gaze on Janet's photo on the computer screen.

Janet looked so young. He assumed she was still a college student or something, but he didn't think she was married.

Brandon Larson from the Larson Group was her husband.

Brandon's influence should not be underestimated. Clyde gave Brandon's information a serious look. He sipped the wine from the glass on the table. His grin broadened.

Nowadays, most upper-class married couples appeared united on the outside but were divided from within. There was a lot of talk about wealthy noble women having young lovers and wealthy successful men having affairs with their

secretaries.

Clyde gulped down all the wine in his glass. He grinned while looking at the photo of Janet again.

Janet's marrying Brandon was a wise decision since she came from the White family, but the two might not have strong feelings for each other.

He still had a chance to have a relationship with Janet. 9

In the garage of Brandon's villa, the Bentley was parked leisurely.

It had to be acknowledged that Brandon provided excellent service, playing the role of Janet's assistant. He bent down and lifted Janet as soon as her feet touched the ground. He entered the living room after a few steps.

"Put me down. Hannah is at home." Janet felt shy. She covered her flushed face after two futile attempts.

After placing her on the sofa, Brandon glanced at the sizzling dishes on the table. "It seems like Hannah isn't at home."

"How is this even possible? The dishes on the table are ready. As soon as I smell them, I can tell

they've been prepared by her." Janet rushed into the kitchen with a bright smile after tidying up her messy hair to look for her. "Hannah is not outgoing since she dislikes talking to strangers."

Brandon smiled and remained silent. He handed a letter on the table to her and said, "There's a letter here. She seems to have left it for you."

Janet peeked her head out, holding the door frame. She had looked in the kitchen and the living room and hadn't found Hannah. She looked at the letter, pursed her lips, and moved closer. It was indeed Hannah's handwriting— "Janet, I've decided to return to the village. The pumpkins at home are almost ripe. I have to go back and collect them. I had a great time at your house. You don't need to always worry about me. You have to take care of yourself. Please help me finish my new clothes. Then send them over so I can wear them. When people grow old, they prefer to return to their homeland. It's great that you want me to move here and stay with you, but I'm still not used to living in a big city. I'm going back. Take care and don't overwork yourself. You're welcome to visit me whenever you have the time."

Janet frowned as she read the last sentence, tears

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streaming down her cheeks.

Hannah wished she could be confident and happy all of the time. In her eyes, she regarded Janet as a child who would never grow up.

Brandon had never been a talkative person, and he was at a loss for words of comfort at the moment.

Janet's bright eyes were welling up with tears, making her look pitiful.

She pursed her lips, neatly folded the letter, and put it away. "She's only been here for a short while, but she can't wait to leave. I still haven't caught up with her."

"Janet." Brandon massaged her head, smiling bitterly. He had never seen such a miserable expression on her face.

The atmosphere in the room was quite gloomy. He held Janet's shoulder and drew her a chair to sit on. He took out a few tissues and handed them to her. "Don't worry. I've already sent someone to repair Hannah's house in the village, and I've struck an agreement with her neighbors. Once a month, I will send them some money and they will look after her for us. They will always receive payment as long as Hannah is healthy and alive."

Janet inhaled and stared at him, holding a tissue in her hand. "You've done a lot of things behind my back. I'm not even aware of it."

Brandon said with a smile, "I'm your husband. Of course, I have to do it for you."

He placed the plate and fork in front of her and said, "Wipe your tears. Let's have dinner first. Hannah cooked all the dishes. We can't let her efforts go to waste." 3