

Chapter 1382 Suzanne Was Cornered

Within the Larson family's residence, post-meal, Brandon cradled Janet on the couch. In the cozy amber light, they found comfort in each other's presence, sharing and dissecting their day's experiences in hushed voices.

From time to time, Janet would raise her eyes to meet Brandon's profound gaze, a shared smile passing between them. A tender kiss, and he drew her even closer into his embrace.

Abruptly, the serenity was disturbed by the chirping of an incoming text.

Janet glanced at her phone, noticing it was a message from Suzanne.

With a frown and a scoff, she remarked, "She's a real nuisance."

"What's up?" queried Brandon, taking the device to read the incoming text.

The message from Suzanne read, "Miss White, are

the maternity clothes I asked for ready yet? I don't want to find myself pregnant without the right attire."

Recognizing the sender and her note, Brandon's face took on a stormy expression.

Suzanne was utterly presumptuous and without tact, using her pregnancy to constantly taunt Janet. Brandon decided it was high time she was taught a lesson in decorum.

Janet bit her lip, a feeling of exasperation washing over her. "She's been incessantly inquiring about her clothes lately, citing her pregnancy as the reason. I'm grateful my work is efficient and keeps up with her unreasonable demands. That's kept her from causing any real trouble."

Brandon's hand tensed around the phone, his eyes aflame with fury, and a plan seemed to be forming. "Leave it to me; I'll sort this out. I'll ensure she doesn't harass you anymore," he promised Janet resolutely.

"I can manage on my own," retorted Janet. She lightly squeezed Brandon's hand, her voice soothing. "Suzanne's antics haven't upset me one

bit. In fact, it seems like she's the one feeling the pressure. She might be planning a new scheme."

As Janet's calming words washed over him, Brandon's rage began to subside. He held the tender woman in his arms a little tighter, whispering, "I'll put every possible measure in place to ensure your safety. You won't be harmed again."


"I believe in you," Janet said, her lips brushing against his throat as she smiled. "Just remember to take care of yourself as well. Don't let Suzanne or her allies take you by surprise."

Noting Janet's equanimity and cheerfulness, Brandon exhaled a sigh of relief. He smiled faintly, assuring her, "I didn't mean to stir any worry. I'll make sure our security is top-notch. They won't get a chance."

From the moment Janet shared her health examination results, Brandon had been on edge, fearful of any unforeseen events that could distress her.

But seeing her well now brought him immense relief.

Janet understood Brandon's concerns. Leaning into his strong torso, she gently toyed with his fingers, her voice steady. "I won't let someone else's words get to me. Their actions or words won't change anything."

Saying this, she shifted to straddle him, her arms encircling his neck. Gazing at him with conviction and warmth, she said, "Your presence gives me complete security." 

Her eyes, filled with trust, sent his heart fluttering, eliciting strong emotions.

"Janet..." He regarded her with a husky, loving whisper. "I love you."

Gently stroking his chiseled face, Janet smiled, returning the sentiment. "I love you too. I know it's just us in this. So even if we encounter hurdles in having a child, it'll never warrant any third-party interference."

A feeling of unwavering trust ignited in Brandon's heart.

Clasping Janet's petite waist, he pulled her into a fervent kiss.

Their night was drenched in sweetness.