

## Chapter 874 The Model From Last Night

---

In a high-end restaurant in Northcliffe.

Brandon and Janet were seated in VIP room. Its floor-to-ceiling windows allowed them to overlook the lush garden outside, but Janet was not really in the mood to sightsee.

The atmosphere was tense, and perhaps a little awkward. "Take a look," Brandon said as he handed her the menu. "See what you would like to eat."

Janet took the booklet and pretended to read it while closely observing Brandon's expressions.

"I asked you to check the menu. Why are you staring at me instead? Do I have the food items written on my face?" Brandon seemed like his usual self.

Convinced that he wasn't jealous or cranky after all, Janet finally allowed herself a small sigh of relief. She proceeded to peruse the menu for real.

The restaurant had a wide selection of specialty dishes, and they all looked absolutely scrumptious.

It was no wonder that the restaurant was known all over the city. Janet wasn't particularly hungry when they arrived, but the food was so delicious that she managed to eat quite a lot in no time.

She served some meatballs into Brandon's plate.

"This one's good, try it."

He nodded and handed her a paper napkin. "You have sauce in the corner of your mouth."

Janet ignored the napkin and put her fork down. She looked Brandon in the eye and asked, "Tell me the truth. Are you still mad?"

If this were in the past, he wouldn't have thought twice about leaning over and wiping her mouth himself. Why was he suddenly just giving her a pitiful piece of paper napkin?

Brandon looked up with a faint smile. "Stop overthinking it. I don't get jealous over trivial things."

He knew for a fact that Janet was not interested in that guy called Derek.

After hearing the answer she wanted, Janet allowed herself another relieved sigh. "You just



told me that you had plans for the afternoon. What will we do? Are we going back to the hotel and hang out in my room?"

"I would certainly like that, but do you think you're up for it?"

Janet froze, and her face immediately turned red. His implication was unmistakable, and it was completely different from what she meant.

Thankfully, Brandon didn't tease her any further. He silently placed two tickets for an art exhibition on the table.

Janet was pleasantly surprised. "You do read my mind! I wanted to go the art exhibition, but you didn't come to Northcliffe with me. I thought it'd be boring to go there alone so I gave up on that plan."

Brandon just smiled and grabbed his coat. "Are you finished eating? Shall we go? Let me take you to the art exhibition, Darling."

\*\*\*\*\*

At an art gallery in Northcliffe.

The exhibition was a relatively small affair, with only a few photographers and guests wandering around.

Janet walked arm in arm with Brandon and soaked in all the art around them.

All of a sudden, she picked up on a familiar voice. Janet turned in its direction, and was taken aback by what she saw.

The person who had spoken was Kathie, and she was laughing merrily with her friend. Upon closer inspection, Janet found that the woman standing next to Kathie was also familiar. It was the model who had egged her on to get drunk last night.

As she stared at the model's delicate features, memories of the previous night slowly flashed in Janet's mind.

It was this woman who had approached her with her peers in tow, chatting Janet up and showering her with praises to lower her guard. Before she knew it, they were coercing her into gulping down drink after drink at the party.

Worse still, was that they had promised to send her back to her hotel, but when Janet woke up, she found herself surrounded by a bunch of hulking men.

Now, seeing how close the model was to Kathie,



Janet had no doubts that Kathie had been the one to set everything up. She had probably wanted to take revenge on Janet and came up with a plan to humiliate her.

Janet was livid. She was practically trembling with rage, and she almost strode over and confronted Kathie if Brandon didn't stop her.

"Why are you angry all of a sudden?" He could tell something was wrong. He followed the direction of her gaze and asked, "What happened?"

"It was that short-haired woman who got me drunk last night. The person next to her is called Kathie Jimenez. Kathie and I had a little... altercation during the party last night. I didn't expect her to take it so personally. She even hired people to..."

Janet bit her lips and swallowed her words. She couldn't even bring herself to say these things out loud. "She probably wants to get back at me and destroy W Marks Studio while she's at it."

"I see. All right, don't go over there. I'll take care of this." Brandon didn't need to hear anything more. He didn't care about anything else. These fools had dared to hurt his wife. Naturally, he needed to make them pay the price for it.