

Chapter 921 Only Belong To Him

"Go upstairs and get changed." At the sight of Janet's black bra, Brandon gulped. He turned around and stared at the washing basin. "I'll deal with the mess here."

Janet turned around to go upstairs but then stopped in her tracks and walked back uneasily and asked, "I want to ask you something. Why don't you want to talk to me about the thing with Draco?"

She hugged Brandon from behind. "Are you upset?"

Brandon turned around and held Janet's shoulders in his arms, meeting her big, beautiful eyes with his.

Brandon couldn't pretend anymore. He chuckled and said, "Because I've always known that Draco likes you. So I wasn't surprised when you told me. I'm just wondering how you found out. I thought Draco had hidden his affections so well."

Janet was stunned, embarrassed to have not seen

it herself.

"Does everyone know that he likes me? Am I the only one who didn't realize?"

"I don't know. Even if others knew, they'd never say anything. You don't have to worry about it. It's not your fault if a man happens to like you. You're beautiful and charming. That's why so many people want you." Brandon couldn't help but hold Janet tightly to him, his face buried in her neck. He took a deep breath and said, "Fortunately, I got you before anyone else could. Honey, you're all mine."

Curling up in his arms, Janet felt Brandon's natural scent was like a special elixir to her, curing her of her irritability and worries.

But she was still a bit conflicted. "What do you mean by you got me before anyone else could? Derek also said something like that today. What's wrong with you guys? Do you all think of me as a possession?"

Brandon held her tighter and tried to placate her. "No, I didn't mean it like that. Honey, please don't misunderstand me."

"I'm not a possession, and I have a say in who I wanna be with," Janet said in a muffled voice.

"You aren't a possession. You're my wife and my treasure..." Brandon stroked her back. Seeing her eyes redden as if she was about to cry, he felt terrible. He said in a sullen tone, "It's Derek again. It seems that he'll need to be disciplined."

After casting him a sidelong glance, Janet raised her hand and pinched the muscles on his right arm. "Calm down. Don't always be so eager to fight."

Brandon had no choice but to nod obediently.

The two of them went upstairs and changed their clothes before returning to clean up the kitchen. That task completed, they finally went back to their bedroom to sleep.

After being reassured by Brandon that he wasn't jealous or angry, Janet was able to put Draco out of her mind. She slept soundly all night.

The next day...

Brandon woke up to find Janet sitting up in bed, staring at her phone in a seeming daze.

Seeing that she was reading a long series of texts, Brandon squinted his eyes. He was a bit curious as to what they were about, but he didn't ask to see.

Noticing the curious look in his eyes, Janet handed

him the phone and said, "It's a bunch of texts from Draco."

Draco had sent a long list of messages to explain the misunderstanding last night. He said he understood that Janet was mortified, so he'd decided to work from home for the time being.

"It doesn't seem that Draco will ever admit his feelings." There was no particular expression on Brandon's face. He simply looked at Janet and said, "You can go back to work if you want. I'm not going to forbid you from doing anything because of this."

As Brandon spoke, he lifted the blanket and got out of bed.

Janet smiled. She picked up her phone and sent a text back to Draco.

"Mr. Wesley, I know it was just a misunderstanding. The colleagues in the studio were so happy when you came back yesterday. I hope we can put behind what happened last night, and I also look forward seeing you at the studio today."

When Draco read the text at home, he smiled and put down his phone. He turned and put some of the unsold designs into the box.

When he got to the two portraits from last night, he suddenly stopped, overcome with a wave of sadness.

The woman he drew was indeed Janet. 2