

## Chapter 1592 A Special Bet

"Personal assistant?"

The title echoed like a gentle bell toll in Janet's mind, conjuring hazy memories like wisps of morning fog.

In this seemingly distant reverie, she stood inside a chic studio. Brandon, acting as her assistant, was tenderly serving her coffee.

The very thought of such a powerful figure reigning over Barnes being in a subservient role painted a perplexing image.

Brandon and Lexi remained oblivious to the tempest of memories swirling inside Janet's head. Lexi, with puppy-dog eyes and a quiver in her voice, remarked, "Boss, I truly cherish my role as your assistant... I hope you won't let me go."

Shaken by Lexi's earnest plea, Janet found herself yanked back to reality.

Struggling with her disjointed recollections, she cast a forlorn look at Brandon, whispering, "I'm at a loss. What should be my next step?"

Brandon, with a glint of mischief in his eyes,

offered a soft chuckle. Clearing his throat, he commanded Lexi in a gentle manner, "For now, oversee the studio, will you?"

Lexi, momentarily dumbfounded, hesitated. "So, you're implying..."

Wearing a reassuring smile, Brandon elaborated, "Stay calm. Your job remains secure. After Janet's short recuperation, things will get back on track. In the meantime, your post at the studio is indispensable."

A wave of relief washed over Lexi. Ecstatically, she exclaimed, "I'm ever so grateful, Mr. Larson! And thank you too, boss! I promise to outdo myself!"

With Lexi's departure, Brandon felt a transient wave of serenity. But this was promptly punctured by Janet's gaze—full of wonder and inquisitiveness.

Raising an eyebrow in playful curiosity, Brandon gently teased Janet's cheek. "What's sparking that look? Don't tell me you're contemplating a switch in assistants."

Shaking her head, Janet responded, "Not in the slightest. Even with my fragmented memories, there's this innate understanding that Lexi is exceptional at her job. Otherwise, why would



she remain loyal during my mysterious absence?"

Drawing her closer, Brandon's fingers danced over Janet's delicate hand. "What's brewing in your mind?"

After a tender peck on Brandon's chin, Janet confessed, "When you mentioned being my personal assistant, it strangely rang a bell. I've got this hazy recollection where I addressed you as... my assistant."

This revelation made Brandon's eyes gleam. "Is your past slowly unveiling itself?"

Janet hesitated, her brows knitting in contemplation. "A few fleeting images, yes, but it's like trying to grasp smoke. Were you truly ever my assistant?"

Brandon's mind then drifted to a time when a playful bet had changed the dynamics of their relationship.

In a moment long past, they'd whimsically wagered on their ability to secure an elusive order. Should Janet emerge victorious, Brandon would swap his CEO title for that of her assistant. However, if fortune favored him, Janet would have to craft an alluring piece of lingerie and model it herself.

As this mischievous memory floated to the

surface, a twinkle of anticipation and excitement ignited in Brandon's eyes, causing them to smolder with an intensity that sent a heated flush across Janet's cheeks.

She playfully jabbed him in the chest, her voice dripping with faux suspicion. "Hey, were you ever truly my humble assistant?"

Brandon, sporting a grin that held a world of secrets, replied, "Oh, now the memories trickle back! Yes, once upon a time, I was at your beck and call, thanks to a bet. But it seems that particular chapter has eluded your recall."

His nostalgic, slightly exaggerated sigh only served to fan the flames of Janet's bubbling curiosity.

She grasped his hand, her voice quivering with eagerness. "So, spill! What was this bet? And more importantly, who got to win?"

Tilting his head with feigned malice, Brandon teased, "Eager to unlock that Pandora's box, are we?"

Before she could fully decipher the playfulness in his tone, her enthusiasm bubbled over. "Absolutely! Out with it!"

His eyes gleamed mischievously. "First, let me show you a relic from our past."



Her brow furrowed in confusion. "A relic? What on earth are you referring to?"

"You'll see." He winked, leading her towards the opulent cloakroom on the upper level. Once inside, he moved towards an inconspicuous closet in a secluded corner, gently opening it to reveal its contents.

But before Janet could voice her mounting bewilderment, her words caught in her throat.


Prominently displayed was an avant-garde piece of lingerie in inky black. Its risqué design would make even the boldest blush, and Janet's wide-eyed stare and rosy cheeks were a testament to its audacity. She stammered, attempting to find her voice, "This... this is..."

Brandon, reveling in her reaction, leaned in, letting his lips hover near her flushed ear. "A testament to your design prowess... and the outcome of our wager."


She felt an electric shiver, making her fingertips tingle. Part of her longed to escape this flood of embarrassment, but her feet refused to budge. As she tried to voice a protest or perhaps an explanation, Brandon's intense gaze rendered her mute.

Drawing her closer, Brandon's voice was a

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seductive whisper. "Allow me, my dear, to reacquaint you with the finer details of our little bet."

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