

Chapter 1111 The Real Brandon

"Hey, handsome, would it be possible for us to be friends?" The lady walked in, her eyes brimming with enchantment and charm. She sat on the vacant seat beside Brandon, and the potent scent of her perfume wafted over to him.

Brandon's expression contorted into a scowl as his eyes turned cold. He seized the woman's hand resting on his thigh and forcefully pressed it onto the table. With a fork clutched, he poised to drive it into the woman's palm.

"Ahhhh! Help me! Let me go!" The alluring woman let out a piercing scream for help and instinctively shut her eyes in terror.

The tines of the fork stood poised between the woman's fingers, causing a false alarm.

"Go to hell!" Brandon snorted, his eyes devoid of emotion but his demeanor indicating rage. 1

A sense of cruelty emanated from him. After

relinquishing his grip on the woman, he reached for a napkin and carefully wiped his hands. 3

The woman bolted away in panic, leaving the waiter who had just arrived with the wine in shock. Then he bowed frantically, hastily shut the door, and departed in a fluster.

A cold sweat broke out on Garrett's back as he witnessed Brandon's behavior. It had been quite some time since he had seen Brandon in such a state.

Garrett realized that Brandon's temperament had changed significantly since he began his relationship with Janet, to the point that Garrett had almost forgotten his friend's original hostile and cruel nature.

Brandon's ruthless display frightened many of the nearby girls. Conversely, Garrett's engaging and gregarious personality had drawn the attention of several young women in the room.

"Mr. Harding, I believe I left my earrings in the restroom. Can you accompany me while I search for them?" An attractive woman latched onto Garrett's arm and pressed her ample bosom

against him.

"I am a married man. Perhaps you should ask the security guard to assist you in searching for them, as I am not a metal detector." Garrett sat down with a disdainful expression and took a sip. "These old tactics are quite tiresome." ²

"Would you have accompanied her if she had tried some new tricks?" Brandon clicked his tongue in disapproval and swiftly downed the remaining wine in his glass.

"What are you on about? I'm a man of principles now. My only priority is Laney. My wife and I share an unbreakable bond. This is precisely why our relationship remains unwavering." The contours of Garrett's face betrayed a subtle hint of pride, lending an air of self-satisfaction to his demeanor. As Brandon was drinking, his deep-set eyes squinted with a mischievous glint. With a wry smile, he remarked, "If my memory serves me right, your family never really approved your marriage."

"Let's not bring it up, shall we? Do you want me to bring up Janet in our conversation?" Only at that moment did Garrett realize that Brandon's foul

mood might have been related to a quarrel with Janet. "A man entangled in the throes of love? How pathetic."

"Garrett Harding, do you intend to fight me?" Brandon's eyelids lifted ever so slightly, revealing a glint of coldness in his eyes. After a few seconds of contemplation, he quickly grasped the implication. "How did you find out about my spat with Janet? Do you happen to know her whereabouts?"

Janet left behind a note and explicitly forbade him from seeking her out. Despite Brandon's repeated attempts to restrain himself, he couldn't shake her from his mind.

"Do you truly believe I spend my days monitoring everyone's activities?" Garrett was left speechless, surmising that Brandon must have seriously angered Janet this time. He broached the topic awkwardly, cautioning, "It might be wise for you to take some action, my friend. Want my advice? When a woman claimed she wanted some time alone, you should never let her be alone! Women don't always say what they mean. Once she's had time to cool off, she'll probably kick you out,

because you didn't do anything!"

Following a few seconds of silence, Brandon set the glass aside and got to his feet.

"Where are you heading to?"

"Go have a chat with Johanna."

"Be cautious. Do you truly believe Johanna will divulge Janet's whereabouts?" Garrett raised his hand in a gesture to halt him.


"I will figure out a way." Brandon clenched his fists as he warned.

"How did you manage to be blessed with a friend like me? Honestly, Janet is at my place." Garrett quipped with a grin, sidestepping Brandon.

"Was it Laney who informed you of that?" Brandon snorted dismissively, "That's highly unlikely. I'm certain Laney would take Janet's side and keep her whereabouts a secret."

"She did, and I only figured it out on my own. Laney messaged me a while ago, advising me to steer clear of home tonight. Something is definitely amiss." Garrett appeared confident in his conjecture. "It's highly likely that someone else is occupying my house tonight. I presume it must be

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 +90 Points at most

Janet." 