

Chapter 1401 Shall I Prove My Vitality To You Tonight

Brandon had been grappling with the elusive whereabouts of the enigmatic pharmacist recently, but he refrained from revealing his genuine distress to Janet to avoid causing her to worry.

Specifically, the report he received last night from his subordinates indicating that the pharmacist was untraceable nearly kept him awake until the break of dawn.

It wasn't fear of the pharmacist that kept him up, but concern that the pharmacist might harbor sinister intentions towards Janet, leaving him ill-prepared to counter.

However, the weight of his worries seemed to dissolve gradually under the warmth of Janet's attentive gaze and comforting words, much like ice succumbing to the soft warmth of sunlight.

He found himself smiling, remarking, "Just hearing your plans to cook for me is something I eagerly

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anticipate."

Janet beamed brightly, her eyes sparkling with playful determination. "Don't worry, I assure you it'll be a feast you'll relish!"

As he watched her radiant, sun-like smile, Brandon felt a subtle skip in his heartbeat. The feeling of his heart being stirred by her warmth spread throughout his chest.

Indeed, regardless of the time he spent with Janet, she never failed to stir his emotions.

Janet waved her hand in front of Brandon, her brows furrowing slightly. "Why so silent? Do you doubt my cooking skills?"

Brandon emerged from his reverie, seized Janet's wrist, and responded with a teasing smirk, "I was just pondering if I've been falling short of your expectations lately."

Janet, looking slightly puzzled, asked, "What do you mean?"

Brandon leaned closer, locking eyes with Janet as his playful smile broadened. "Why else would you assume I'm not well and express a desire to take care of me? Or..."

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His warm breath grazed her ear, his voice husky and suggestive. "Shall I prove my vitality to you tonight?"

Janet felt a shiver course through her as Brandon's words echoed in her ears. Her cheeks burned. Glancing nervously around, she noted that the models, seemingly intimidated by Brandon's commanding aura, had moved away, and were likely oblivious to their exchange. She exhaled a sigh of relief.

Collecting herself, she shot a glare at Brandon, his face alight with a cheeky grin.

Now, Brandon was becoming increasingly audacious, unabashedly flirting with her in public! Brandon reveled in Janet's expression, a knowing smirk playing on his lips as he chuckled, "Are you sure you don't want to test my claims? I believe I'm still quite robust."

Janet gave his waist a light pinch, caught between embarrassment and annoyance. "We're in public, behave yourself!"

Spotting the flush on Janet's face, he yielded with an impish smile.

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Just when Janet thought she could finally relax, she saw Brandon shift his stance, his towering figure casting a protective shadow over her.

"You're absolutely right." Brandon replied, a playful gleam in his eye.

Janet cocked an eyebrow in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"You're right, public flirting isn't appropriate," Brandon chuckled, lightly pinching Janet's flushed cheek. "Your charming and captivating expressions should only be for my eyes."

"Brandon!" Janet's foot hit the floor in a flustered stomp.

The sound drew the attention of nearby models, causing them to glance in their direction. Janet swiftly covered her mouth, leaving only a pair of indignantly glaring eyes focused on Brandon.

As they teased and bantered, time swiftly ticked by. The models paraded down the runway with elegance and grace, earning applause from the audience and fostering a vibrant atmosphere.

The dressing room, situated behind the stage, afforded Janet a clear view of the garments

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adorning the models. She was spellbound by the designs.

The fashion show was a gathering of renowned industry figures, each intent on outshining the others. As such, the event showcased an array of remarkable designs.

While Janet was mesmerized by the designs, absorbing lessons from each, she also felt her anxiety mount.

The contest among the fashion maestros could hinge on the minutest details. Even a minor hiccup could spell disastrous failure.

She found herself silently pleading—let there be no unforeseen mishaps.