

## Chapter 1397 Preparations Before The Fashion Show

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The hotel was splendid, spread over several hundred acres of land. The rooftop was spacious enough to accommodate a jet.

Janet had been engrossed in the final preparations for the fashion show in the preceding days, causing her to fall into a deep slumber shortly after boarding the plane. It wasn't until Brandon woke her that she realized they had landed, her eyes fluttering open with fatigue.

"We've arrived?"

Janet rubbed her sleep-filled eyes, murmuring, "That was quick. It feels like I barely slept."

Seeing her tired expression, Brandon felt a pang of sympathy. "Yes, we're here. Let's head to the hotel and get some rest," he proposed.

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Despite her exhaustion, the thought of the fashion show prompted Janet to shake her head. "No, I need to personally oversee the luggage handling. I won't rest easy until I witness it myself. Tomorrow's fashion show is of paramount





importance. I can't afford any errors," she declared firmly.

"You need to rest now. I'll have Sean handle the luggage," Brandon retorted, his tone unusually stern.

Sean nodded in agreement, adding, "Mrs. Larson, rest assured. I'll be thorough. I'll double-check each piece of luggage and ensure there's no mistake. You should rest."

"But..."

"No buts. There's no need to worry," Brandon interjected assertively, taking Janet's hand and leading her towards the hotel.

However, Janet remained reluctant, constantly looking back at her luggage. "But these clothes are for the models at tomorrow's fashion show. If they get damaged, it would be disastrous. I'd feel more at ease supervising the process myself," she fretted.

With that, she slipped from Brandon's grasp, intending to return to oversee the luggage.

"Janet!" Brandon's voice held a hint of exasperation and anger. "If you don't rest, I swear



"I'll tie you up!"

Lexi quickly stepped in, raising her hand in reassurance. "Boss, you should rest. Sean and I will handle everything. We won't let any harm befall these clothes."

Swept by the cool breeze atop the rooftop, Janet gradually regained her calm. "I'm sorry. I've been overly anxious about the fashion show."

She addressed the staff present with a smile, raising her voice, "I realize everyone has been striving to ensure I'm at my best for the show. Your efforts won't go unnoticed. Thank you all!"

Seeing Janet's regained composure, any lingering frustration in Brandon had long evaporated. He gently took her hand again, whispering, "Let's head back and rest."

Janet returned his smile warmly. "Yes, let's head back."

In the suite at the hotel, Janet retired to bed early after freshening up, intent on being in top form for the fashion show.

After watching for a while and confirming Janet had fallen asleep, Brandon tiptoed out of the room



to make a call to Sean.

Sean picked up swiftly. The background wind noise suggested he was still on the rooftop as he inquired, "Boss, any instructions for me?"

Rubbing the bridge of his nose, Brandon felt a tinge of exhaustion. He said softly, "Has Janet's luggage been unloaded safely?"

Sean seemed to have relocated to a quieter corner as the wind noise decreased. He reassured, "Yes, it's been transferred. The storage room where the luggage has been placed is under the highest security. We'll ensure nothing happens to her clothes. You can rest easy."

Relieved at Sean's confirmation, Brandon's brow unknotted slightly. "Okay, that's good," he acknowledged.

Suddenly, he remembered Jeremy and Suzanne were also abroad. A cold glint appeared in his eyes as he asked, "What's the current location of Jeremy and Suzanne?"