

## Chapter 1887 The Leak Of Design Drawings

In the evening, Brandon arrived to pick up Janet from her workplace as he usually did. As he stepped into the studio, he noticed Lexi pacing anxiously in the lobby, her expression troubled.

Lexi avoided making eye contact with him, looking guilty.

Noticing her suspicious behavior, Brandon's brow furrowed as he asked, "What happened? Is there anything wrong?"

Lexi hesitated, then stammered, "No, nothing's wrong."

Brandon decided not to pursue the matter further, thinking perhaps Lexi was simply intimidated by him. He proceeded to Janet's office.

As soon as she saw Brandon, Janet hurried into his embrace.

Embracing her, Brandon smiled and inquired, "What's wrong? You seem especially enthusiastic today."

Nestling her head against his shoulder, Janet replied, "I'm always this enthusiastic."

They stayed wrapped in each other's arms for a moment before heading out. On the drive home, Janet rested against Brandon's shoulder the entire way.

Brandon noted that Janet was unusually clingy. He wasn't sure why but found her affection comforting.

Janet hadn't intended to be clingy. Being close to him, comforted by his refreshing scent, simply eased the pressure she felt.

Perhaps it was because Janet had been so affectionate the day before that they found themselves cuddling on the sofa the following day, each busy with their computers. Neither mentioned any plans outside their current coziness.

Suddenly, Janet's phone interrupted the peaceful scene. She answered and was immediately met with an irate voice. Instinctively, she pulled the phone away from her ear.

Without showing annoyance, Brandon took the phone and switched it to speaker. An agitated man's voice erupted. "We paid a high price! We came to you specifically to buy the design, but now it has been plagiarized! What are we supposed to do now? This is our artists' debut! But the opponent debuted in counterfeit attire this morning! What about our show tonight?"

The voice continued to vent for nearly two minutes. Upon a brief silence, the voice shouted again. "I'm talking to you! Are you even listening? We relied on

you for this partnership! What are we going to do now?"

Janet steadied herself, took a deep breath, and responded, "Okay, Mr. Bates. I understand the situation. Please calm down. We will handle it as soon as possible."

"How are you going to deal with it? This is our team's first performance. We have less than eight hours until show. What's your plan?" Roland Bates was nearly frantic.

After a brief pause, Janet replied, "I'll find a solution for the team's costumes. They will match the quality of the ones I originally designed."

"What can you do?" Roland sneered. "They are the most promising stars in our company! If tonight's performance fails, your studio will face serious consequences!"

Seeing the caller venting his frustration, Brandon, who had been silently observing Janet manage the situation, took the phone and said, "Hello, this is Brandon Larson. Larson Group will handle tonight's costumes. You can request any brand, and I will arrange it. You're Roland Bates, correct? Please refrain from shouting at my wife. If there's an issue, feel free to contact me."

The man on the other end seemed taken aback by Brandon's intervention. He chuckled awkwardly and said, "You're Mr. Larson? Well, if that's your offer, we certainly won't object."

Before he could add another word, Brandon had ended the call.

Massaging her forehead, Janet turned on her phone and saw that the street photos of her plagiarized design topped the search results.

How did the design get out?

She meticulously reviewed the entire process, from drafting the designs to sending them to the factory for production. Each step had been overseen by people she trusted, with Lexi monitoring everything. It seemed impossible that such a significant error as leaking the design drawings could occur.