

## Chapter 1117 Buy Those Houses

Sean soon called back and promptly shared his findings. "The Malus Bay was initially a development venture of the White family. The government had intended to construct a subway to connect this neighborhood to the downtown area, but the project was scrapped due to insufficient funding. Hence only a handful of villas were sold due to their low investment potential, and the remaining properties are still up for sale. Mr. Larson, are you considering purchasing a villa there?"

After hearing that, Brandon drank some water and made a displeased face toward the milk. He then inquired over the phone, "Tell me more about the design of the houses there."

Regarding the design of the houses, Sean reported in a clear voice, "It's said that the villas were all personally designed by Mrs. White herself, and the houses are close to one another."

"Sounds good. Purchase the two villas adjacent to

Janet's current residence. Put my things at the villa next door in the afternoon. Since my mother-in-law designed the villas, whatever price they ask for, just give them. Brandon rubbed his eyebrows, indicating the end of the conversation.

Sean addressed a valid concern. "Mr. Larson, money wasn't the problem here. The thing is, do you think the White family will be willing to sell once they find out you're the buyer? Both Beal and Johanna are wealthy and may not be motivated by monetary gain."

"All taken care of, Sean. I have someone to help me," Brandon said with a smile before ending the call.

Now in the White family.

"A bit harder... Harder... Yes, that's perfect." Johanna sat on the sofa, curled her toes, and closed her eyes in pleasure.

Beal stood behind Johanna, giving her a massage, and asked, "How does it feel? Do you think my massaging skills have improved?"

"Yeah, you may work as a masseur to support Janet and me if we ever go bankrupt." Johanna appeared calm, with a grin on her face.

Just as she was enjoying the massage, Johanna's phone rang.

"Hello, what is it?"

"We just got a substantial order, Mrs. White. Brandon Larson desires to purchase some houses in Malus Bay."

Johanna was taken aback by the news. She blinked and chuckled as she said, "I'll need time to think about this. I'll let you know my response later."

Johanna hung up the phone, pushed away Beal's hands and sat upright. "Brandon intends to purchase the houses in Malus Bay. How did he find out that Janet was residing there? Did you tell him?"

Beal sat down next to Johanna after chuckling and removing his rolled-up sleeves. "I am surprised by how quickly he moved. I was only concerned that the houses in Malus Bay wouldn't sell. We don't have to be concerned about it anymore. He's come to our rescue."

"Do you think I require his financial assistance?" Johanna shot Beal an impatient look, shoved him away, and exclaimed, "Get out! It irritates me to even look at you right now. Why did you side with

Brandon yet again?"

Beal's eyes softened as he gently pulled at Johanna's sleeve and said in a patient tone, "Would you like to hear my reason?"

Johanna let out a snort and remained silent.

Beal's voice softened as he tried to persuade Johanna. He reminded her when Brandon had come to apologize to Janet and had brought Johanna her favorite snacks. He suggested that this gesture showed Brandon's good intentions and that perhaps they could forgive him. He pointed out that Johanna had already eaten most of the ice cream Brandon had bought, and she ought to give him a chance.

A wry smile spread across Johanna's face as she sighed contently. "Fine, I won't stop Brandon's home-buying endeavors. With your assistance from within, I give up my resistance." <sup>3</sup>

"Brandon ought to be the one to concede, given that I've heard Janet is still fuming." Beal then continued kneading Johanna's shoulder with a massage.

Johanna beamed at him and proclaimed proudly, "That's my daughter. He'll have to go to great

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lengths to win her back."

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Upon Janet's arrival at the studio, it was already noon, and her vacation had ended. As she sat, she inadvertently kicked something on the ground.

The item she had kicked was a massive bouquet of lilies containing roughly hundreds of flowers.

Elizabeth strolled past her with some files in her hands, letting out a sigh. "Isn't that your preferred flower? The bouquet this time around is considerably large than the one that was previously delivered here. Who sent them?"