

Chapter 1789 Don't Tell Brandon

Janet rolled down the car window and glanced back at Brandon, standing by the door. "Why is there another car behind us? Are you expecting someone?" she inquired.

Brandon approached the car, leaning down to her level, his hand reaching out to caress her head. "You have your affairs to attend to, and I'll fully support you. However, I believe it's crucial to prioritize your safety. That's why I've arranged for a few bodyguards to accompany you. Don't worry; they'll be discreet and won't interfere with your activities."

Janet smoothed down her tousled hair, considering his suggestion. With a slight nod, she conceded. "Okay, I understand. I'll be on my way now."

As the car left the villa, Janet retrieved a notebook from her bag, flipping through its pages with purpose. Upon finding what she sought, she jotted down a note, a smile spreading across her face.

She then turned her attention to the day ahead, engaging in a detailed discussion with the driver about the day's itinerary and the timing for visiting each location.

The driver, who had grown accustomed to Janet's routines, couldn't help but voice his curiosity. "Ma'am,

if you aim to open a boutique, why not simply inform Mr. Larson? He could easily have someone gather all the necessary information for you. What compels you to undertake all this legwork, visiting so many places daily?"

Caught off guard by his insight, Janet paused for a moment before replying in astonishment, "How did you come to know I was planning to open a boutique?"

The driver chuckled softly as he pressed down on the accelerator. "You've been visiting every boutique in Barnes for a week straight, spending two to three hours in each one and asking countless questions. It's not difficult to guess what you're up to. But I'm curious why you're doing it yourself?"

Though unaware of Janet's specific plans, the driver recognized her dedication and seriousness in the matter.

Janet's smile broadened, touched by the realization of how much the driver had been accompanying her in her search these past few days. It had indeed been a demanding schedule.

Appreciating his support, she acknowledged, "You're right; I am exploring the idea of opening my own boutique. However, I haven't fully decided yet, which is why I haven't discussed it with Brandon. I'd appreciate it if you kept this between us for now. I'll share the news with him once I've made my decision. And thank you, truly, for all your efforts recently."

"It's my duty, and I won't breathe a word of it to anyone," the driver affirmed resolutely.

Janet's tension eased, and she let out a relieved sigh.

Pulling up to a newly opened boutique, Janet found herself intrigued. Unlike other stores, this boutique exclusively offered high-end couture dresses and jewelry, perfectly aligning with her expertise.


The moment she entered, the dazzling array of dresses, each a masterpiece from renowned designers, caught her attention. Bathed in the gentle glow of the morning sunlight, the dresses sparkled, casting an enchanting spell on Janet. She was so captivated by the beauty and craftsmanship that she momentarily fantasized about purchasing the entire collection.

The store owner, recognizing Janet, approached her with a welcoming smile and offered her fresh juice. "Welcome, Ms. White. I'm the owner of this boutique. Please take your time to explore our couture dress collection. I'd be delighted to provide more information if anything catches your eye. Furthermore, we have an exclusive selection of limited-edition dresses and jewelry on the second floor. If you're interested, I'd be happy to take you up there."

Accepting the juice, Janet studied the woman, wondering if they had crossed paths before. Yet, considering her past as a designer before her memory loss, it seemed natural for individuals in the industry to know her.

With this realization, Janet's gaze drifted towards the second floor. Her interest was piqued at the

Chapter 1789 Don't Tell Brandon

 +120 Points at most

mention of the "limited edition." But her newfound sensitivity prompted her to glance at the bodyguards stationed outside, feeling a twinge of unease.

The store bustled with customers, and with the bodyguards stationed outside, there shouldn't be any danger. Janet reassured herself.

Sensing Janet's apprehension, the owner spoke up. "Ms. White, if you're concerned, you're welcome to bring the bodyguards with you."