

Chapter 2022 There's Someone Who Can Help

At night, the crescent moon hung high in the sky.

The sky, which had been overcast during the day, was now illuminated by sparkling stars.

After a long day's work, Brandon made his way back home.

It was quite late. Concerned that Janet might be asleep, he walked into the room with extra caution, doing his best not to wake her.

After he pushed the door open, however, he found the room brightly lit.

Janet was seated at her desk, fully absorbed in sketching a design. She hadn't taken notice of his return at all.

This made Brandon feel a bit annoyed. It was late, and he had come back from work only to find her still working.

With this in mind, he walked over and picked her up from behind.

Janet was caught off guard when she suddenly found herself up in the air. Startled, she dropped the paintbrush she was holding onto the floor.

It was only after she saw Brandon's face that she let out a sigh of relief.

"You scared me to death. Put me down quickly. I'm almost done with my design sketch."

Brandon ignored her protest, instead firmly placing her on the bed and looking down at her.

"Work never truly ends. You might think you don't need rest, but our baby certainly does."

Janet sat up straight and said with a serious expression, "I'm not kidding, I really have some work to get done. It's urgent."

Brandon's expression grew even more stern. Turning to look at the design drafts on the table, he asked impatiently, "What order could be so urgent? Can't it wait a few days?"

Upon hearing this, Janet lay back on the bed, let out a fatigued sigh, and began to explain things.

"We received an invitation from the Milan Fashion Week. Initially, I planned on declining, but I forgot. Today, they called and gave us an ultimatum. Either we participate or get blacklisted. Because of that, I've been running around all day trying to reschedule what I can and rush through what I can't, including Mrs. Lawrence's design."

With that, Janet sat up, stretched out her hand, and playfully pushed Brandon back, saying coquettishly, "Alright, now don't bother me. I need to finish everything tonight."

Then she stood up, picked up the brush from the floor, and sat down at her desk again.

With an annoyed expression, Brandon muttered, "Are they so forceful and overbearing? How dare they dare they set out such terms for you? It seems they don't know who you are. I'm going to stop them from hosting it."

Upon making that declaration, he picked up his phone to make a call.

Janet quickly set down her paintbrush and stopped him. "This is the hard work of many people, including W Marks. You can't do that. It'll be very disrespectful."

Brandon stood with his mouth agape, unsure what to say in response.

Janet let go of his hand and said disapprovingly, "It's not right for you to do that!"

Brandon then realized that he had said the wrong thing and quickly moved in front of her, kissing and coaxing her. "I was only joking, dear. I just think you've been working too hard, and I want you to get some rest."

Although Janet knew that he had good intentions, her recent mood swings had made her easily irritable, with almost anything having the potential to upset her.

She took a deep breath and said calmly, "Well, I've taken care of it. I'm a bit tired, but once I get this over with, I'll give myself a short vacation and get some real rest, alright?"

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"Fine by me!" Brandon nodded enthusiastically.

For now, he had no choice but to compromise. Despite Janet's usually gentle demeanor, she was also very stubborn.

Once she had made a decision, it was difficult to get her to change her mind.

As Brandon pondered over this, his eyes suddenly lit up.

He thought of someone who might be able to help.