

## Chapter 2089 Sweet Moment

After his departure from the sanatorium, Brandon made his way back home. As he stepped through the front door, he caught sight of Janet.

At that moment, she was comfortably seated on the sofa, diligently sewing children's clothes by hand.

Brandon approached her, taking a moment to study her face closely.

Noticing that Janet appeared cheerful and in good health, he let out a relieved sigh and felt his muscles relax after a period of tension.

Suddenly, a shadow loomed over Janet. She glanced up, puzzled, but her confusion swiftly transformed into joy upon recognizing Brandon. "Brandon, you're back!" she exclaimed, her voice bright with happiness.

Gently, Brandon brushed his fingers through Janet's hair, then took the small clothes from her hands.

He looked at her with a blend of concern and affection. "Why are you still doing the sewing yourself? You could just design the clothes and have others do the actual sewing."

Over the past few days, Brandon had been hoping that Janet would take the time to rest and recover, yet she continued to occupy herself with these crafts.

This thought made him feel a mix of remorse and helplessness.

Janet caught on to Brandon's feelings and offered him a tender smile. She caressed her rounded belly and explained, "I've been feeling quite bored at home, so I decided to find some work to keep myself busy."

She acknowledged Brandon's concern for her wellbeing, but she also admitted that the prolonged period of inactivity was making her feel increasingly lethargic, and she was determined not to succumb to that.

"Well, you can always find ways to pass the time, but don't overdo it." Brandon sighed, a look of resignation on his face.

"Understood."

Janet gave a sweet smile, then got up and walked over to Brandon.

He instinctively extended his arms for a hug.

They stood very close, and just as Brandon leaned in for a kiss, Janet unveiled the small clothes she held.


"What do you think of my design? Will our baby like it?" she asked, spreading out a cute jumpsuit.

"Your designs are always the most beautiful, especially the ones you stitch yourself. I barely have a few pieces made by you, but our little one will," Brandon replied, wrapping his arms around Janet. "If our baby doesn't appreciate it, I might just have to play the stern dad and give them a little talking-to!"

Janet's laughter erupted at Brandon's stern expression. It was infectious, filling the room as she couldn't contain her amusement.

Brandon feared she could run out of breath from her

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 +120 Points at most

laughter, so he reached over to pat her back, aiding her breathing. In a gentle voice tinged with helplessness, he asked, "Is it really that funny?"

It was clear this was no laughing matter.

Janet laughed so hard that tears came out of her eyes. "Not exactly, but the stern look on your face was a bit intimidating."

Suddenly recalling something, Janet quickly added, "Please don't look at our baby like that after they're born. What if you frighten them?"

Brandon's expression soured.

He broke free from Janet's embrace and vented with a touch of indignation, "So, the little one isn't even here yet, and I'm already second in line?"

Seeing Brandon's jealousy, Janet stifled her laughter and responded, "Well, it seems you understand, but if you're a good father, I'll make sure to reward you."

Her words shifted Brandon's mood from sullen to cheerful in an instant.

With a smile, Brandon leaned in and planted a kiss on Janet's cheek, whispering seductively beside her ear, "And what might that reward be?"

His voice was so enticing it flushed Janet's cheeks a deep red.

"We'll see about that later. Right now, I'm starving and need to eat something," she said, before darting away with a shy smile.