

Chapter 1761 Lost Talents

Following Mandy's abrupt termination of the video call, Janet returned to her study, immersing herself once again in the laborious realm of design knowledge.

However, even with fundamental knowledge, she faced challenges.

Ultimately, she turned to searching through old notebooks in the study, hunting for her past notes.

In the bright and expansive study, there was a design draft that she had spent two days crafting.

Besides that one, there was another sketch that Janet had absentmindedly drawn before her memory loss. It was so hastily done that she never planned to use it officially.

However, with the two sketches in front of her now, even though she had forgotten her past design knowledge, she could immediately discern that her present drawing didn't measure up to her previous work.

The contrast was so significant that every time she picked up a pen to draw, she couldn't help but ponder whether she had lost all her design talents.

Could she still be considered a qualified designer now?

Janet gazed at the drawings on her desk and let out a deep sigh.

Every day, she drew such rubbish. What else could she do but make a fool of herself and waste paper!

She seized the draft paper on the desk, which had taken her two days to complete, and crumpled it into a ball.

She stubbornly squeezed it, as if she could stave off the terrifying reality of her lacking inspiration in design by tightly compressing the paper.

At this moment, Brandon passed through the gates of the villa. After parking the car, he retrieved the cake from the passenger seat.

Upon receiving Janet's text expressing a desire to eat the cake from a dessert shop in Northcliffe, Brandon assumed she was in the mood for something sweet.

He dispatched Sean to fetch the cake, swiftly completed his work, and returned hastily.

Brandon walked into the living room and found it deserted. He furrowed his brows and called out, "Hey Janet, I'm back!" But the whole place stayed quiet, no response from her.

Holding the cake, Brandon strode towards the bedroom, searching every corner. However, he couldn't locate Janet.

Suddenly realizing that Janet had been dedicating most of her time to the study lately, delving into

design-related matters, Brandon quickly made his way towards the study.

Observing the slightly ajar door, Brandon's tension gradually subsided.

He pushed the door open, a big smile on his face. "Hey Janet, got some cake for you. Want to dig in now?"

Finishing his sentence, Brandon's eyes landed on the scattered crumpled papers on the floor, and he noticed Janet curled up in the corner.

Witnessing Janet in this condition, Brandon experienced a sharp pain in his chest.

"Janet, what's going on?" he asked in a gentle tone.

He set down the cake, approached Janet, and crouched down beside her. He examined her carefully, checking for any injuries.

Confirming that Janet wasn't injured, Brandon sighed in relief.

Janet's bright eyes were brimming with tears, causing Brandon to furrow his brow.