

Chapter 1814 Public Display Of Affection

Janet felt a touch of unease as she was escorted by the two female bodyguards, prompting her to slip into slumber to evade the awkwardness.

The aircraft descended in a city veiled in a blanket of untouched snow, the clock striking 3 p.m.

The abrupt clamor of the landing jolted Janet awake, her eyes fluttering open. As she gazed out the window, a surge of excitement washed over her and she eagerly awaited the moment to step onto solid ground.

Yet, as they stepped onto the tarmac, a fierce wind and swirling snow immediately threw her off balance. The snowflakes lashed against her skin like icy needles, the world outside a blinding expanse of white that made keeping her eyes open a daunting task.

In that moment of vulnerability, Brandon stepped in, enfolding her in his embrace. "Close your eyes. I'll guide you," he murmured soothingly.

Clutching onto Brandon, Janet proceeded forward with cautious steps. As she squinted against the biting cold, her vision gradually adjusted to the harsh conditions, allowing her to see a car emerging through the swirling snow ahead.

As the car drew near, she couldn't help but marvel at the necessity of automobiles in such a remote, unforgiving environment. No one could endure the bitter cold outside; even spirits would succumb to its icy grip.

The car came to a halt before them, and they were welcomed inside by the Barton family. Nestled in the luxurious warmth of the backseat, Janet felt the snowflakes melting from her hair in rivulets.

Seated across from them, a kindly smile graced the man's lips as he offered a towel. "Apologies for the delay. Please, use this to dry off and stay warm."

Though Janet felt a twinge of discomfort under his intense scrutiny, she found herself speechless, reassured by his friendly demeanor.

With a gracious smile, Janet extended her hand towards the towel, only to find Brandon preemptively reaching for it. "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Barton. This journey has indeed been quite challenging. We are truly grateful for your assistance in picking us up."

Shifting his attention away, Brandon concentrated on wiping Janet's hair, his touch tender yet seemingly casual. He adjusted her position, ensuring her face turned towards him, his protective instinct evident in his actions.

Brandon begrudgingly restrained himself from confronting Alexandra about his lingering gaze, primarily due to the herbs he possessed. He seethed

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silently, knowing that Janet's radiant allure should
be reserved solely for his passionate eyes.

Sensing Brandon's jealousy, Janet smiled knowingly. Then, she nestled against his chest, complaining, "The weather here is incredibly severe. The relentless wind and heavy snow have almost frozen my face."

She tilted her gaze upward, meeting his eyes as she rested her chin on his chest.

Arching an eyebrow inquisitively, Brandon's hands tenderly traced the contours of Janet's face.

As Alexandra observed the intimate exchange between the couple, his previously buoyant mood soured, replaced by an inexplicable sense of irritation. However, he concealed his emotions, lowering his head and feigning interest in his phone as he checked for messages.

Upon their return to the Barton family mansion and following a sumptuous dinner, Alexandra maintained silence, choosing not to broach the topic of the herbs.