

Chapter 1888 Larson Group Will Be Responsible For It

Noticing Janet's distress, Brandon took a deep breath. "It's okay, relax," he said gently, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Leave this to me. I'll find out who leaked the design and fix the issue. You focus on what you need to do. I'll handle everything."

Janet hesitated. "I've been gone a while. The team might be worried too. They're like friends to me, and I wouldn't want to suspect them without reason."

Brandon squeezed her shoulder reassuringly. "Don't worry. My people won't bother anyone who's innocent. But if someone's involved, we'll take action."

He immediately messaged Sean, requesting an investigation into the leak. He also instructed Larson Group's staff to find suitable performance costumes for the band as soon as possible.

The employee on the phone sounded hesitant. "Mr. Larson, our spare suits are all high-end designer. They wouldn't be appropriate for new artists."

Janet winced. She opened her mouth to speak, but Brandon beat her to it with a touch of impatience. "Enough with that," he said into the phone. "Just get the clothes there. Now."

He hung up abruptly.

Janet offered a small, apologetic smile. "Sorry for the trouble."

Brandon ruffled her hair gently. "Don't be silly. Your business is mine too. This is nothing."

Discouraged, Janet sighed and lowered her head. "This is a terrible mistake. Something like this happening right at the start..."

Lost in thought, she replayed the entire costume design process. She mulled over the leak and who might be involved.

Maybe it was the agency? Were they trying to create a buzz by doing so? Or did they see her new company as easy prey for a shakedown?

The realization struck Janet like a blow. She'd been used.

A sense of dread settled over her. That bad feeling she had about the order—it was right.

Sensing her despair, Brandon smoothed her brow. "Don't worry about it anymore. Whoever's trying to play games, they'll regret messing with you. Nobody messes with my love."

Brandon's comfort soothed Janet a little, but she still felt a tightness in her chest.

As she leaned back on the sofa, hoping to rest, a faint sound of crying reached her ears.

A few minutes passed, the sound not only persisting

Chapter 1888 Larson Group Will Be f 🎁 +120 Points at most
but growing louder.

Confused, Janet peeked at Brandon, a frown creasing her forehead. They both rose and walked out of the office in unison.

The moment Janet stepped into the hallway, the cries became distinct. In the living room at the corridor's end, Lexi was surrounded by concerned colleagues, tears streaming down her face as she wiped them away frantically.

Drawing closer, Janet could hear the tremor in Lexi's voice. Lexi kept blaming herself. "It's all my fault. Janet entrusted me with overseeing the manufacturing process, and I messed it up. Now the design has been leaked, costing us hundreds of thousands."

Lexi cried harder, overwhelmed by guilt and the financial loss.

"Lexi, there's no need to cry. We don't even know for sure if it's your fault," Janet soothed, approaching Lexi with a tissue.

Lexi instinctively took the tissue from Janet, only to realize it was her. She scrambled to her feet and apologized through choked sobs.

"Janet, I'm so sorry! It's all my fault! I deserve whatever punishment comes my way. Even if you fire me, I won't complain!"

Janet offered her a firm pat on the shoulder. "Alright, Lexi. Regardless of how the leak happened, I trust

Chapter 1888 Larson Group Will Be f 🎁 +120 Points at most
you."

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.



👉 I want no ads >