

Chapter 1928 Brandon's Jealousy

Clyde lifted his gaze, meeting Janet's disappointed and disgusted expression, feeling utterly flustered.

He kept apologizing, repeating, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Larson, I truly am! It's entirely my fault for discreetly photographing you. Your beauty just captivated me through the lens. I couldn't resist capturing it. I swear I've never shared your photos anywhere online. In fact, I was so worried about your privacy that when I returned home, I developed the film and promptly destroyed the negatives."

As Clyde finished speaking, a sudden realization dawned on him. He stared at the two before him and inquired, "Wait, how did you know I photographed Mrs. Larson? I've deleted all the images."

Brandon's gaze turned icy as he locked eyes with Clyde, who promptly fell silent because of guilty.

Brandon couldn't fathom that Clyde would prioritize Janet's privacy to such an extent. "Was it the person you hired who was taking photos of Janet in the studio earlier?"

Clyde was taken aback, shaking his head vigorously. "No, absolutely not. I'm not acquainted with any of the employees here, and I never rely on others' photos. I swear I've never enlisted anyone to

photograph Mrs. Larson."

To Clyde, a seasoned and adept photographer, his camera alone held the power to truly encapsulate Janet's beauty.

"Why won't you confess?" Brandon sneered, as he retrieved his phone and displayed several screenshots from surveillance footage. They depicted the individual photographing Janet as she exited the hotel during her lunch break, along with the culprit's car, complete with counterfeit license plates. The final image revealed Clyde coming out from the same vehicle.

Clyde, caught red-handed, lowered his gaze and confessed reluctantly, "On that day, I had just returned from another city and happened to pass by Mrs. Larson's studio. I couldn't resist capturing her image when I saw her. A friend of mine, who works as a paparazzo, borrowed my car and placed fake license plates on it. He returned the car that day, and I hadn't yet replaced the counterfeit plates."

Brandon's disbelief was palpable as he delivered a cold warning. "Cease your attempts to deceive us. I'm warning you. You'd better come clean about where you've transferred Janet's photos. Otherwise, you will know what I'm capable of."

Rendered speechless by Brandon's warning, Clyde felt no desire to engage in further conversation with him. Instead, he turned to address Janet, his tone earnest and sincere. "Mrs. Larson, please believe me. I swear on my integrity that I would never do anything to cause you harm. You are my source of

inspiration, and I would never hurt you at any time."

"Why did you take the pictures secretly, then?" Janet asked. Despite her aversion to being photographed, she couldn't help but wonder why Clyde hadn't been forthright with her. Had he approached her openly, she might have been willing to consider his request.

Clyde's guilt weighed heavily upon him as he lowered his head and sighed. "I didn't dare. I was afraid of intruding upon your peace. Moreover, I believe that true artistry lies in capturing moments spontaneously, without contrivance. I feared that asking for your consent would strip away the natural grace that makes you so captivating. Mrs. Larson, every word I speak comes from the depths of my sincerity. Please, trust me."

Clyde spoke with genuine earnestness, and Janet recalled the emotions stirred within her when she beheld the photos he had captured. Slowly, a seed of trust began to take root within her heart.

As Janet began to waver, Brandon's expression soured, while Clyde couldn't help but exhibit a hint of smug satisfaction, sensing a glimmer of trust being restored.

In his eyes, Janet could understand him. Matters of art were nuanced and delicate, far beyond the grasp of someone as crass as Brandon.