

Chapter 2026 Mrs. Lawrence's Request

Janet wondered how Draco had managed to persuade Anastasia to agree on the collaboration between the two studios.

Thanks to W Marks, Rowena Studio was now well-supported.

After a night of diligent work, Janet completed Mrs. Lawrence's dress on time.

With no time to rest, she rushed the dress over to Mrs. Lawrence's residence.

Upon seeing the dress, Mrs. Lawrence's stern demeanor softened significantly, indicating her approval.

She caressed the fabric and complimented, "It's clear why your studio was chosen. This dress will steal the spotlight. Mrs. Larson, your talent is remarkable."

Janet responded, "I'm pleased you like it. I apologize for any offense during our last meeting. I hope you can overlook it."

Mrs. Lawrence waved her hand dismissively and instructed someone to store the dress, then turned back to Janet.

"Mrs. Larson, I'm hosting a party soon. Would you be

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Considering most attendees at Mrs. Lawrence's parties were celebrities and affluent business figures, Janet understood this could be an opportunity for publicity.

"I can attend, but I might need to leave early. I'm pregnant, so I must avoid alcohol and late nights. I hope that's acceptable."

Mrs. Lawrence reacted with surprise and a hint of guilt.

"You're pregnant? Why didn't you mention this before?"

Janet simply smiled in response.

Mrs. Lawrence sighed, her tone turning apologetic. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Larson. I was harsh last time. This party is crucial for me, and I really need your help with the accessory..."

Noticing Mrs. Lawrence's concerned expression, Janet reassured her, "That's alright. I'll take care of it."

The evening arrived, and a chill breeze wafted through the night air.

As Brandon entered the house, he found Janet still engrossed in her work at the desk.

He approached and embraced her, playfully chiding, "Why are you still working? You're practically turning into stone sitting here all the time."

Janet felt the comforting warmth of his hug, set down

her paintbrush, and yawned.

She hadn't felt particularly tired until his embrace allowed her to relax, suddenly making her aware of her exhaustion.

"Mrs. Lawrence really liked the dress I made. She asked for an additional accessory. It's a small task, so I agreed to do it."

Then, she turned and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"Also, Mrs. Lawrence invited me to a party in a few days. I accepted since she's a client and it seemed rude to decline. But I did tell her I'd leave early."

A flicker of concern crossed Brandon's eyes.

"Well, since you've already agreed, go ahead. Just make sure to come home early."

Janet was surprised by his easy consent.

Brandon stroked her hair affectionately, tucking it behind her ear, and suggested, "It's late. Get some rest and continue the design tomorrow."

"Okay."

Feeling genuinely fatigued, Janet changed into her pajamas, crawled into bed, and quickly fell asleep.

Brandon watched her for a moment, reveling in her peaceful slumber. Just then, his phone vibrated.

Earlier, upon hearing about the party, he had texted

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Sean to dig up information on Mrs. Lawrence.

The message from Sean darkened his expression immediately.

Brandon gripped his phone tightly, his knuckles whitening. With resolve, he quickly made arrangements to ensure Janet's safety.

This time, he was determined to prevent any harm from coming her way.