Chapter 945 He's Brandon

Jethro was oblivious to what was happening around him.

He buried his face in a pile of cash and took a deep breath. It looked as if he was high on drugs.

The security guards stepped forward and pinned Jethro to the floor.

He was suddenly brought back to reality. He tried his best to break free, but it was useless. He screamed in pain as he fell to the ground.

Janet helped Brandon as they walked back to the hall of the Larson Group.

Brandon pinched her cheek and said, "Raise your head."

Janet bit her lip and lifted her jaw, enduring the searing pain. She couldn't see how serious the wound was, but it didn't feel as painful as it did before.

Brandon examined the wound on her neck carefully and said, "It's not that deep. Good thing it's not bleeding anymore. I'll ask Frank to get

🎁 +90 Points at most

something for you to help the scar fade faster."

Janet wasn't paying attention to what he said. Instead, she was thinking about whether Brandon would get angry or not.

After all, she was the one who let Jethro in without his permission.

"I'm sorry. I'll make sure that this never happens again." She looked down in dismay. Although she felt guilty, she knew that there was no point in saying sorry.

Brandon gazed at her coldly, as if saying, "You better not let this happen again."

Her cheeks turned red in embarrassment when she realized her words didn't come out right. She waved her hand and said, "I promise it won't happen again. Don't worry." 🔹

Brandon let out an exasperated sigh. Just as he was about to lecture her, he was shoved back by Estella.

"Janet! Are you okay? How bad is the wound? The receptionist rushed me to the infirmary to take care of my wound. Because of that, I missed the exciting part! They caught Jethro, right?"

Estella asked curiously. She then noticed the

wound on Janet's neck.

But before Janet could explain, Estella hugged her tightly and cursed, "That ugly bastard! How dare he hurt you?!"

"Don't worry, it's a small wound. It doesn't even hurt anymore." Janet smiled to reassure her.

"Really?" Once Estella was sure that Janet wasn't in pain, she let out a sigh of relief and said, "But where is Brandon? The receptionist told me that they called him. Wasn't he there?"

Janet coughed and pointed to Brandon, who was awkwardly standing behind Estella. "He's the guy you pushed just now."

Estella stiffly turned her head. She looked back and saw a man stood against the light who wore a suit and leather shoes. He looked strikingly handsome even though he had mature features.

He was... Brandon Larson?!

Estella racked her brain as she tried to find a fancy word to describe Brandon. Finally, she gave up and couldn't find the right word to describe him. The only word that came to her head was "breathtaking".

"Hello, Mr. Larson." Estella's eyes widened and her mouth fell agape.

+90 Points at most

Compared to Brandon, who was calm and indifferent, she was giddy with excitement. She then turned around and gave Janet a thumbs-up. "Well, with a handsome man like Brandon, I'm sure my next novel will be a huge success! I mean, he looks like a model!"

"A novel?" Brandon tilted his head in confusion. He then looked at Janet and asked, "Can you explain to me what's going on?"

It was then that Janet remembered. She promised Estella an interview but had forgotten the most important thing: to ask Brandon if he could play the role!

She hurriedly walked towards Brandon with a big smile on her face. Just as she was about to explain to him what was going on, a piercing cry rang out in the hall...