

Chapter 1535 You Are Jealous

It took a considerable moment before Janet regained her equilibrium, her voice barely audible as she grumbled, "Don't behave like that again!"

Brandon's striking visage loomed closer, as though poised to steal a kiss. A chuckle escaped his lips, laced with a flirtatious undertone. "Behave like what?"

Janet hadn't anticipated such brazen audacity. Despite an audience, he displayed no restraint, escalating his teasing instead. Flustered and miffed, she shrugged off his hand and swiveled her head away, resolving not to engage further.

Janet was innately bashful, a trait amplified in the presence of others, especially when faced with such intimate exchanges. Brandon, recognizing her heightened embarrassment simmering into irritation, finally ceased his playful torment. A resigned yet endearing

smile spread across his face.

"Alright, alright, I promise not to joke that way again," he placated, reaching for the bottle of water on the table. "You seem overheated. Have a drink."

Annoyed and embarrassed, Janet turned her face away, maintaining her silent protest.

Brandon's gaze held no annoyance at her visible vexation; rather, his smile broadened. He extended a hand to caress her flushed cheek, his voice a soothing whisper. "No one's watching us. Relax."

At that, Frank, who'd been engrossed in his phone, chimed in with a helpful quip, "I have a girlfriend. As an honorable boyfriend, I don't ogle other women."

He added with a smirk, "Least of all, my friend's lady."

His reassurances eased the heat flooding Janet's face. She lifted her gaze to meet Frank's.

Her experiences with Frank in the past few encounters, albeit infrequent, all pointed to his consistent politeness and respectful

smile spread across his face.

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Her experiences with Frank in the past few encounters, albeit infrequent, all pointed to his consistent politeness and respectful

demeanor, never once lingering too long on her person.

Reflecting on this, Janet couldn't help but commend him sincerely, "Your girlfriend must indeed be quite pleased!"

Frank puffed out his chest in response to her compliment and yelled, "Of course, I rank among the best of boyfriends!" without showing any sign of modesty.

Brandon's smile, however, seemed to wither at his wife's praises for another man, and his face adopted a darker hue.

Noticing Brandon's shift in mood, Frank erupted into laughter. "Brandon, are you envious?"

Brandon's curt response and indifferent glance in Frank's direction were, "You're too chatty."

"Alright! Message received. I'll keep my peace." Shrugging nonchalantly, Frank returned his attention to his phone.

Janet peered up at the apparently envious Brandon, a laugh twinkling in her eyes. "Are you truly jealous?"

Maintaining a deadpan expression, Brandon cleared his throat and countered, "Why on earth would I feel jealous over such a trivial matter? As for you, your lips are parched. Have some water."

Spotting his persistent insistence that she hydrate, she sighed in mild exasperation. "I'm concerned there might be something amiss with the water."

Brandon quickly discerned the trepidation clouding her thoughts. With a helpless shake of his head, he pressed the bottle of water into her hands. "Rest easy. The water is perfectly fine."

On hearing his reassurances, Janet's anxiety ebbed away. Grasping the bottle, she took a refreshing sip.

She was indeed parched. From the anxiety-riddled morning flight, fraught with concerns about Brandon's safety that left her without an appetite for either food or drink, to the afternoon spent in the frantic bid to rescue him, her day had been devoid of hydration.

Once she was done drinking, Brandon retrieved the bottle from her and placed it

back on the table.

Her mind wandered back to the man who had met them earlier, seemingly sharing a close bond with Brandon. After several speculative glances at him, curiosity finally impelled her to whisper, "The man who welcomed us... His name is Harrell, isn't it? He must be part of the Darkmoon Assassin Group, right? Why do I get the sense that you two are acquainted?"

Janet's astute observations of his relationship with Harrell slightly surprised Brandon. He nodded in affirmation, sharing candidly, "Yes, his name is Harrell. Despite his affiliation with the Darkmoon, we're allies for now. So far, he's proven to be trustworthy."

Janet nodded and said, "Okay," with an expression of confusion.

Affectionately brushing his hand through her hair, Brandon cautioned, "But you still need to remain wary. If he ever reaches out to you privately, you should inform me first. Understood?"

Obediently, Janet bobbed her head in agreement.

Observing her compliant demeanor ignited a tender warmth within Brandon. His gaze, brimming with affection, made Janet shift uncomfortably. She reached for the water on the table and took several more sips.

Time trudged on. Half an hour later, as Janet's eyelids grew heavy with sleep, a flurry of footsteps roused her.

Looking up, she saw a livid Corinne storming in, trailed by a slightly bowed Harrell. The slap mark on his face was startlingly prominent.

Before she could make sense of the sudden intrusion, Brandon instinctively stepped before her, a protective barrier shielding her from the unfolding commotion.