

## Chapter 1579 My Face Is My Passport

The sprawling French window, stretching over 30 feet, showcased a bevy of luxurious dresses that sparkled with unparalleled elegance under the focused embrace of white spotlights. Even from a distance, the minute diamonds hemming the dresses twinkled like a constellation, bestowing a faint celestial luminescence.

Such was their allure that they threatened to eclipse everything else. Their grandeur, albeit bordering on flamboyance, was undeniably regal, resembling garments sewn exclusively for ethereal princesses.

Janet's heart thudded with an intensity that threatened to deafen her. An overwhelming surge of passion coursed through her veins as she beheld these masterpieces, her eyes unblinking and entranced.

A whisper of a memory danced at the edge of

her mind. Hadn't she been a designer before the abyss of amnesia consumed her? Would she have ever crafted such captivating creations?

This thought cloaked her in a mantle of sorrow. Struggling with the chains of her memory, she regretted that she probably couldn't even thread a needle now, let alone sculpt art with fabric.

Yet, despite his own weighty contemplations, Brandon perceived Janet's rapt attention and the unwavering gaze she fixed on that particular window. With a slight squint and an authoritative gesture, he commanded, "Pull over."

"As you wish, Mr. Larson."

Once stationary, Brandon reached for a pair of chic sunglasses, presenting them to Janet with a tender smile. "Fancy a closer look at those masterpieces? Perhaps we could even add one to your collection."

Her cheeks flushed with a mix of surprise and modesty, she mumbled, "I merely admired them a bit longer. Did you catch that?"

With a playful pinch to her nose, he quipped,

"I notice every nuance of you. Come, let's explore."

Yet Janet's attention was diverted to the hustle outside the shop. The formidable presence of two bodyguards and the ceremonious display of invitations by each entrant hinted at a posh event in progress, one not open to the uninvited.

Hesitating, she said, "It seems there's some exclusive event ongoing. Without an invitation, I doubt they'll let us in."

Brandon, amused by her hesitancy, countered with a confident grin, "With me by your side, do you really think any door remains closed?"

"But—"

He interrupted, gently fitting the sunglasses over her eyes. "Trust me." And with that, he led her confidently towards the boutique.

As they neared the guarded entrance, Janet's grip on Brandon's hand tightened, her voice a blend of excitement and trepidation. "How do you plan on getting us in? We aren't planning on storming the place, are we? The last thing we need is to be on the wrong side of the law."

Brandon, feigning shock, gently teased her by tapping her nose. "Do you truly believe brute force is my only means of entry?"

"I just... worry," she stammered, seeking reassurance. "So, what's your strategy?"

Brandon quirked an eyebrow, his lips curling into a sly, knowing smile. With a flourish, he tapped his impeccably chiseled cheek and boasted, "This face is my passport."

"Huh?" Janet barely had time to process his cheeky statement, for Brandon was already guiding her towards the store's gilded entrance. She hesitated, her mind whirling. With each step, she sent a silent plea to the universe, hoping to avoid the mortification of being turned away.

As they reached the door, the vigilant bodyguards promptly intercepted them. "Excuse me, sir, ma'am," one of them said. "An invitation is mandatory for entry. Do you possess one?"

Just as Janet was gearing up to clarify their intent, Brandon fluidly intervened. Removing his sunglasses with an air of casual elegance, he

declared, "Seems I've left our invitation behind. Is that going to be a problem?"

Recognition flared in the bodyguard's eyes. There was a pause, a heartbeat of a moment, then, with a reverential bow and a hint of awe, he said, "Ah, Mr. Larson, of course. Invitations are just formalities for someone of your stature. Please do come in."

Could it be? Had his audacious strategy truly paid off?

Janet, her eyes wide with a mixture of astonishment and relief, allowed herself to be ushered in by a rather pleased Brandon.