

Chapter 1956 Anson Stevenson

Outside the White family's villa, a young man in a sharp suit and leather shoes emerged from the Bentley behind Beal. The young man's assistant followed, carrying an array of gift boxes from luxury brands.

The housekeeper picked up on Beal's cue and accepted the gifts from the guest.

Beal ushered the guest inside. Spotting Janet and Brandon, he said warmly, "Come, Janet, Brandon. Let me introduce you both to our guest."

He gestured towards Alexandra. "This is Anson Stevenson, a friend who recently returned from abroad. His family emigrated generations ago, but his grandfather longed for their hometown. So, Anson's back to explore the domestic market."

Turning to Alexandra, Beal continued, "Mr. Stevenson, these are my daughter, Janet, and her husband."

"Lovely to meet you." Alexandra extended his hand with a polite smile.

"Nice to meet you too." Janet took his hand and shook it.

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A curious feeling washed over Janet as her eyes met Anson's. The longer she looked, the more familiar he seemed.

Yet, she was certain she'd never met such a handsome man. His aura exuded a quiet power, the kind that wouldn't be easily forgotten.

Janet winked back with a smile, swatting his hand away playfully.

Suddenly, Anson turned to address Janet. Taking a step closer, he inquired, "The fragrance you're wearing is delightful. May I ask what perfume you use?"

She smelt delightful? Confused, Janet glanced at Brandon before sniffing her clothes. She detected nothing.

"I'm afraid I don't like perfume," she replied honestly. "There's no scent on me."

Anson's smile widened. "It's the lavender. Quite calming."

A beat of surprise passed before Janet understood. "Oh, right. I use scented candle occasionally. It's a gift from my family doctor. If you're interested, I could ask for some for you."

"That would be wonderful. You're kind as you are beautiful," Anson replied, his voice warm.

Janet felt a bit shy by his praise. Just as she thought he'd try to relate to her some more, Anson shifted his attention back to Beal. "Mr. White, you have an incredible business sense and a wonderful daughter. You must be a disciplined leader, someone who sets a strong example. My own elders value collaborations with well-educated entrepreneurs like yourself."

Basking in Anson's compliments about his daughter, Beal unconsciously softened towards him.

After lunch, Anson even suggested a tour of the family's garden. "My parents are considering returning here for their retirement. I was hoping you

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could offer some advice on creating a comfortable living space for them."

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