

## Chapter 1962 Train Her

Alexandra sat in the passenger seat, his demeanor cold as he directed the driver, "You can hail a taxi to return. My assistant will take over."

As the driver exited the car, Alexandra fixed his gaze on the rearview mirror, his eyes unwavering. Now in the driver's seat, the assistant was drawn to the reflection before him.

In the reflection, the beautiful woman sat, her expression tinged with panic. It was only then that the assistant understood why Alexandra had bought her.

The resemblance was uncanny; the girl in the mirror bore a striking resemblance to Janet.

Alexandra's smile widened slightly. "Head back and arrange for someone to train her. Send her to Brandon's side. With Janet's pregnancy, there will be times when she can't fulfil Brandon's desires. It's a perfect opportunity to drive a wedge between them."

Confusion clouded the assistant's mind. Wasn't revenge the plan? What was happening now?

Having learned from past mistakes, Alexandra understood the importance of sowing discord between Brandon and Janet before making further moves against them.

"Understood," the assistant replied, nodding in agreement. However, a sudden realization struck him; now that Alexandra had discussed the plan aloud, what if the girl in the back had overheard?

Alexandra, however, appeared unconcerned. Turning to the woman, he asked, "What's your name?"

The girl's eyes brimmed with tears, her distress palpable. Yet, in her vulnerability, she exuded a certain allure.

After a moment, the woman spoke, her voice trembling but in a language unfamiliar to the assistant.

Realization dawned on the assistant. This woman likely hadn't understood the conversation earlier.

Alexandra's smile remained confident as he directed, "Focus on driving. Arrange for a teacher to train her. I want her to learn quickly, understood?"

The assistant nodded in affirmation. "Yes, understood."

Meanwhile, the stripper's gaze remained fixed on Alexandra. Despite the panic in her eyes, a subtle shyness played across her features.

Meeting her gaze, Alexandra smiled with unwavering confidence.

Pleased with the results of his post-plastic surgery appearance, he couldn't help but admire himself. Now, he truly felt like a heartthrob.

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As Janet woke up in the morning, she felt a twinge of discomfort.

Sensing it was worse than before, she resolved to see

a doctor.

Brandon was concerned, noticing her wakefulness. "Why are you up so early? Rest a bit longer. I'll personally drive you to the studio later. It's still early; you can sleep for another hour."

Shaking her head, Janet stretched before rising from bed. "No, thank you. I've had plenty of rest. With the studio just starting, there's plenty to do. I can't afford to slack off."

Janet leisurely got ready and made her way downstairs for breakfast.

As Janet sat down for breakfast, a servant approached with a box in hand. "Mrs. Larson, here's a package. Adriana sent it."

Taking the box, Janet opened it to find it filled with scented candles.

Perplexed, Brandon inquired, "Since when did Adriana begin selling scented candles? And why send you such a large quantity all at once?"


Janet noticed that the scented candle in their room had been depleted rapidly lately. She had intended to ask Adriana for more once it ran out, but the prompt delivery took her by surprise. It was a testament to Adriana's genuine consideration, fitting for a medical professional.

Pondering this, Janet reached for her phone and dialed Adriana's number, but her phone was powered off.

"Strange, why is her phone off? Could something be amiss?" Janet mused aloud.

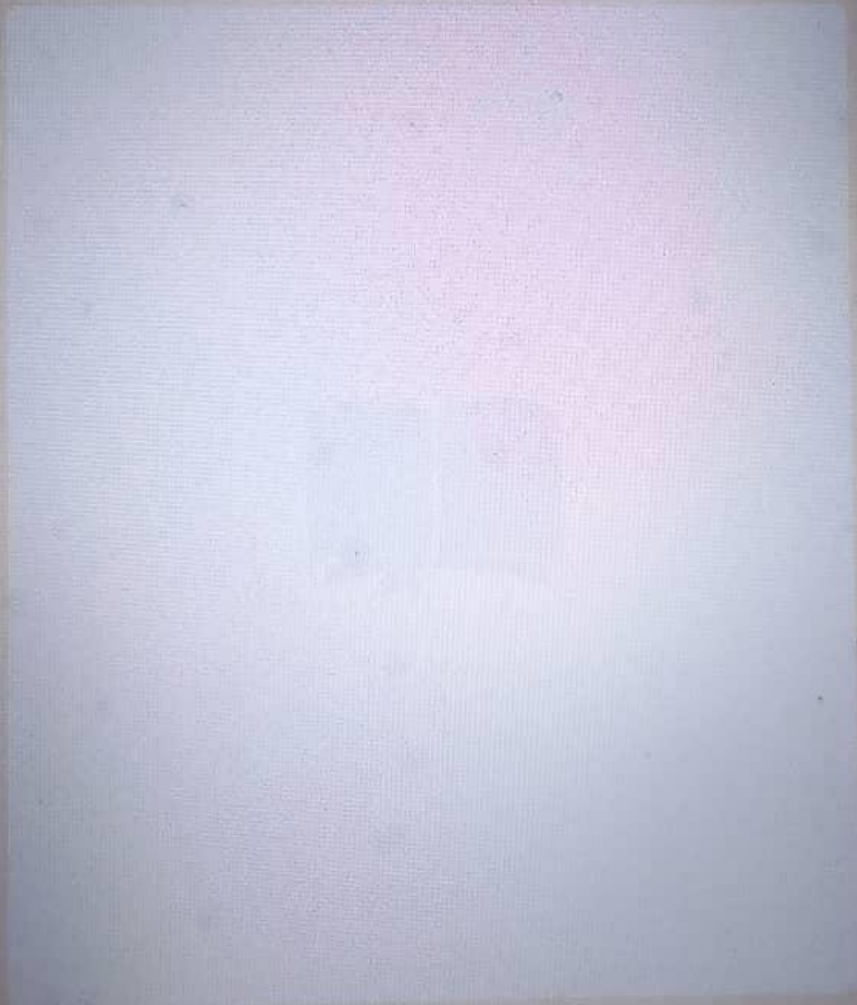
Brandon attentively served Janet her food, offering


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his reassurance. "Adriana is renowned in obstetrics and gynecology. She's likely just finished her work and taking a break."

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