

## Chapter 1113 You Should Take Me Home

Laney gave Janet's shoulder a reassuring pat and beamed. "Go on ahead. I'll arrange for Lola to give you a ride."

Janet hastened downstairs and got into the car. Within a matter of minutes, the vehicle vanished around the bend.

Laney retreated to her room and messaged Garrett, inquiring when he would return.

Garrett could handle his alcohol well. He must have just feigned to be intoxicated earlier. Laney already had a theory to the issue in her heart.

It appeared to Laney that Brandon orchestrated the entire scenario for Garrett to act out.

Lola drove Janet to the club's entrance, following the provided address.

"Mrs. Larson, this club is a melting pot of different people. Would you prefer that I accompany you inside?" Lola unfastened her seat belt and prepared to exit the car.

"It's okay. I know some people inside. You can wait for me here." Janet reassured Lola as she stepped out of the car and headed toward the club.

As Janet searched for Brandon, she unexpectedly ran into Garrett, who was walking toward her.

Garrett held himself against the wall while his back bent as if he had just puked. Upon catching sight of Janet, he lifted his quivering digits and gestured towards a nearby room, remarking, "You've finally arrived. Brandon is in that room over there. Go check on him. I'm quite intoxicated, so I'll step outside to get some fresh air."

"I will. The automobile is conveniently parked outside. If you feel uneasy, you may ask Lola to drive you home first." As Janet prepared to make her way over, she detected something amiss and inquired, "How did you know I was going to come here, Garrett? I attempted to contact Brandon earlier, but he did not respond any of my calls."

Abruptly, Garrett's vision appeared to sharpen. He cursed, hunched over, and retched a few times. His speech was vague as he muttered, "I thought it was Brandon who informed you..."

"Please articulate clearly. I am unable to

comprehend your words." As Janet prepared to listen attentively, the door to the adjacent room abruptly swung open. Drunk, Brandon utilized the doorknob for support, struggling to maintain his balance as he staggered forward.

Janet hurriedly approached and gripped Brandon's arm, and he leaned against her for support.

Brandon rested his face against Janet's long hair and remarked in a low, husky tone, "You smell like my wife."

After inhaling deeply twice, Brandon placed his hand on Janet's waist and gazed upon her chest, inquiring, "Are you wearing my preferred style?"

Brandon reached towards Janet's chest, causing her to swiftly swat his hand away, her face flushing with embarrassment. "Brandon, please be serious! Otherwise, I will just leave you alone in this place."

Janet appeared to have communicated effectively as he stood up compliantly and positioned himself behind her.

Janet wiped the sweat from her forehead, as she hadn't anticipated Brandon to be completely drunk.

"Shall we head back home?" Janet leaned over and gently patted his back.

"You just said that you would abandon me here..."

Brandon's eyes darkened with a pained expression as he appeared physically unstable, with weak legs and an almost comical appearance as though he might stumble.

Janet was helpless. Janet crouched down, placing her hands on her knees, and gazed up at Brandon wholeheartedly as she spoke, "I was only joking. Please don't be upset, alright?"

Brandon remained silent. Janet made a significant effort to help him stand up straight.

Despite his intoxicated state, Brandon displayed surprising strength as he pulled Janet in front of him and said confidently, "Make me a promise, and I'll go home with you."

"Sure. I will promise you anything, alright?" Janet smiled forcefully, realizing she had no other option but to agree to Brandon's request, lest she spent the entire night there with him.

Garrett shot Brandon a suggestive wink and discreetly began to slip away, pressing himself against the wall.

"Halt, Garrett!" Unexpectedly, Janet turned her gaze toward him.

Garrett had no choice but to feign drunkenness and responded vaguely, "What's the matter? All I want to do is go home early and see Laney."

"Could you please assist me in carry Brandon to the car? He's too heavy for me to lift alone." Janet sighed helplessly and acknowledged that Brandon handled his drinking terribly.

Garrett nodded in agreement and grabbed Brandon's arm to assist Janet. As Garrett unintentionally locked eyes with Brandon's cold gaze, he immediately grasped the meaning behind his stare. He inwardly disregarded and feigned a moment of carelessness, releasing Brandon's hand.

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