

## Chapter 1123 Meeting Mr. L

"Do you want me to stay?" Brandon's lips curled into a lascivious grin. He moved closer to Janet and whispered in her ear, "Don't be mad, okay?"

"I just told you it was dangerous to jump over the balcony, yet you're about to do it again. Don't you listen to me at all?" Janet punched him. "Leave through the front door."

Brandon stroked her hair. He chuckled and said, "My dear wife." He pinched her angry cheek and kissed her lips.

"Don't push it!" Janet's face glowed with fury.

She raised her hand to hit Brandon again, but he avoided the blow. His long legs carried him down the stairs. She listened to his footsteps as he left.

Janet wept into her hands. "Fine, just live next door. We won't meet since we have very different working hours."

She calmed down and was about to leave the room, when she saw Brandon leaning against the railing.

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🎁 +90 Points at most

He gazed at her, grinning. "Don't worry, new neighbor. We'll have plenty of opportunities to meet again."

Smiling, he turned and strode out.

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The next morning, when Janet opened her curtains, she saw his luxury car drive away.

Brandon had left for work. She breathed a sigh of relief, packed documents in her bag and headed to work.

The moment Janet arrived at the W Marks Studio, her phone rang.

"Miss White, are you free today? I would like to discuss some details of the project with you." Mr. L's voice sounded hoarse.

"I'm free right now. Can you send me the address?" Janet stood up in excitement.

"Meet me at 10:30 in Corrin's Cafe. There will be a bunch of tulips on the table so you can easily find me."

Mr. L then hung up the phone before Janet could ask for more details.

She checked the clock. "It's ten o'clock already? I must hurry. I can't be late!"

As Janet passed Elizabeth, she asked, "Elizabeth, do you have a lot of work this morning? Would you like to come with me to meet this Mr. L?"

"I can come along, but I won't sit with you. If he sees you need support, he could doubt your professional ability." Elizabeth packed up her stuff. Mr. L was a strange man. It was a good idea to go with Janet.

His requirement for anonymity was odd. And why Mr. L? Elizabeth smiled as an idea lit up in her mind. She wanted to know whether her guess was correct.

With a sigh of relief, Janet said, "He said he would put flowers on the table so I can easily recognize him. This meeting is so strange. If you keep an eye on him for me, you can call the police if anything happens."

Janet hailed a taxi.

When they arrived at the cafe, Elizabeth saw a tall and straight man sitting by the window. He raised his wrist to check the time as if he was waiting for

someone.

"There he is. Do you see the bunch of tulips on the table?" Elizabeth nudged Janet's shoulder.

"I should make a phone call first." Janet called Mr. L. The man sitting by the window picked up his phone and answered it.

"It seems that you are right. Here I go." Janet met Mr. L with a document in her hand.

Elizabeth found another nearby table by the window and sat down to observe. 1