

Chapter 1384 A Suspicious Hotel

Gazing at the images of rooms decorated with roses on the leaflet, Janet subconsciously drifted back to her wedding night with Brandon.

Their wedding night had happened in a room decorated with beautiful roses, romantic and sensual, just like the one in the leaflet.

She was lost in thought, her mind wandering farther and farther away until she found herself blushing. When she looked up, she was met with Brandon's playful smile and amused gaze.

"What are you thinking about?" Brandon asked teasingly, flicking her forehead.

Janet felt the spot where he flicked her was on fire, and the heat spread throughout her body. Feeling embarrassed and annoyed, she glared at him before lowering her head and walking into the studio.

Brandon chuckled joyfully behind her.

Hearing that, her cheeks turned even redder. Not

knowing how to react, she tried to climb the stairs faster and ended up stumbling. However, before she fell, a pair of large warm hands quickly caught her.

Brandon's light teasing laugh came from above her head. "Why are you so clumsy? Are you still thinking of our wedding night?" he joked. ¹

"Brandon!" Janet pushed him away shyly.

To her surprise, he did not even move an inch. Instead, she stumbled and fell into his warm embrace.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, Brandon lowered his head and stared deep into her eyes, noticing how red her face was from embarrassment and anger. He grinned and teased, "Why are you so eager to throw yourself at me? Looks like you really miss the pleasures you experienced on our wedding night."

"Don't talk nonsense!" Unable to break free, Janet pummeled at his chest, exasperated.

However, to Brandon, it felt like a tickle and put him in a joyful mood, making him laugh until his chest vibrated.

Janet tried to push him away a few more times

but failed, and she was held more tightly.

"You jerk! Stop laughing at me!" Janet was irritated with him now.

At last, Brandon reluctantly let go of her.

After giving him a fierce glare, Janet fled into the studio as fast as she could and closed the door shut behind her to prevent her annoying husband from walking in.

Looking at him through the glass door, she stuck her tongue at him.

Standing outside, Brandon watched her playful movements dotingly, chuckling to himself. He didn't leave until he saw her turn around and walk into her office.

As soon as he got in his car, the playful smile was instantly replaced by his usual coldness.

There was a strange doubtful look as he glanced at the promotional photos on the leaflet.

Was it coincidental or intentional?

Was it typical for hotels to decorate their rooms with so many roses on their opening days?

Weren't such lavish rooms reserved for special occasions like proposals or wedding nights?

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Brandon swiftly calculated the cost of decorating a room with so many fresh roses before looking at the prices on the hotel's leaflet.

If all the hotel rooms were fully booked in the first three days of the opening, then the cost of the free roses would exceed an entire month's profit. No rational businessman would resort to such a promotional tactic.

Thinking of the enigmatic pharmacist, who still hadn't shown up yet, Brandon felt a little uneasy.

After pondering for a moment, he called Frank and asked him to meet him at the hotel on the opening day.

On the afternoon of the opening day, Brandon booked the top-floor suite of the hotel and had Frank check every nook and cranny.

"Come and take a look at this flower. Is there any problem with it? Is this scented candle okay? Is the bed alright?"

Frank followed Brandon's words and ran around the hotel suite, carefully checking every corner. In the end, he was so exhausted that he collapsed on the sofa, looking messy and unable to get up.

"Apart from a slight and negligible effect of the

scented candle, there is nothing special about the room. You can rest assured."

"Are you 100% sure there's no problem?" Brandon was still suspicious about the room and kept looking around. 1

Frank sighed and complained, "Don't you trust my medical skills? Geez, you're just too paranoid. How could the pharmacist have known that you'd come to this hotel? And even if he did, he wouldn't necessarily mess with the room or plant something here now, would he?"

Brandon glanced at him coldly and said, "It is because of your trusting nature that you were betrayed by someone close to you!"

Brandon was referring to the incident where Frank's assistant had leaked sensitive information. A trace of embarrassment flashed in Frank's eyes. "Well..."

Brandon didn't bother with him and just asked his people to put everything back in place before he walked out of the room.