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Brandon buttoned his shirt and lay down on the bed. The nurse picked up his hand and patted it on the back. The needle was then inserted into Brandon's veins. After hanging the fluids, the nurse left in a hurry.

The nurse acted like the room had a plague.

Savanna looked at the door, feeling extremely awkward. She looked up at the expressionless man on the bed. Just now, when the little nurse came, he acted so casually. Savanna admired his mental power.

Savanna went to visit the clients on behalf of Brandon. After those business meetings, Brandon's injury was no longer a big problem. Rex said that he could go home.

That afternoon, Savanna handled the discharge procedures for Brandon and took a flight back to New York with Brandon.

Walking out of the airport, Savanna hailed a taxi and told the driver the address, "Blue Bay No. 1, Spring Valley."

"Clay Lane 88." Before she finished speaking, Brandon's voice sounded.

Savanna turned back to look at Brandon and raised her thin eyebrows as if asking him what he meant.

The driver looked at the two of them and did not know what to do. While they both kept silent, the driver asked, "Where are you going?"

The two repeated what they had just said.

The driver was confused.

Savanna wanted to go back to Blue Bay No. 1, but Brandon disagreed. The driver was afraid of Brandon and drove the car to Clay Lane.

Brandon had another residence at Clay Lane, but he seldom lived there. Tonight was an exception.

Brandon got out of the car, and Savanna said to the driver, "Send me to Blue Bay No. 1."

Before the driver could reply, Brandon reached out and pulled Savanna out of the car.

Savanna was speechless. "Brandon, do you think this is appropriate?"

Brandon said, "Savanna, don't get me wrong. I don't like you anymore. But as I told you two days ago, don't leave me too far."

You will be in danger if you leave me. Brandon did not say this out loud.

But he believed Savanna understood.

"I don't like you anymore."

Brandon's words sounded like he had once liked Savanna.

Savanna sneered in her heart.

The murderous look in Tracy's eyes flashed through Savanna's mind. Suddenly, she felt chilly on her back. In the past two days, she had been with Brandon every day.

Savanna had forgotten Tracy.

Savanna no longer argued that she wanted to return to Blue Bay.

Seeing that she was obedient, Brandon stepped into Clay Lane with relief.

Savanna followed him in,
The villa was very big, about a few thousand square feet. It was surrounded by green plants. The top floor was luxuriously decorated, and the uneven floors gave people a wide sense of vision. Savanna admired Brandon's big villa while asking, "Which lover did you buy this for?"

"Darling, isn't my lover..."

Brandon tapped Savanna's nose with his finger. Before he could say "you," his phone rang. He lowered his head and glanced at the name on the screen. Then he took his phone to the balcony to answer the phone.

Savanna vaguely heard Brandon calling out, "Jim." She thought that Jim probably knew that Brandon had returned to New York, so Jim was giving a work report.

After answering the phone, Brandon came back from the balcony with an extremely bad expression.

"What's wrong?" Savanna asked.

Brandon pursed his lips and did not say anything. He bent down and took out a pack of cigarettes from underneath the coffee table. He took one and was about to light it. Savanna reached out and snatched it. "How many times have I told you not to smoke?" This time, Brandon didn't laugh. He just stared at her, the frustration in his eyes obvious.

Brandon said, "Only my woman has the right to care about me. Savanna, I can listen to you. I will listen to you. Tomorrow, we will register and get married."

Brandon had said this before. He just said it one more time.

Savanna's eyes curved into a smile. They were bright. But her look was serious. "I'm already married to Lucas. How can I marry you?"

Savanna's words seemed to have hurt Brandon. His face immediately turned dark.

"Savanna, do you think Lucas cares about you?"

Seeing that Savanna was silent, Brandon was excited. He said, "He has not called you these days. Do you know what he has done in New York?"

. Lucas did not call Savanna even once during this period of time. However, Savanna didn't call Lucas, either. They were a fake couple, so it did not matter whether they called each other or not.

Savanna avoided Brandon's aggressive gaze. "He has been busy with work recently."

"Busy?" Brandon sneered. "Is he busy playing with women?"

"Do you want to know how many women he has been with recently?"

Savanna was speechless and did not know how to answer.

Brandon saw that she was silent. He seemed to have known something. "Didn't you say that Lucas loves you very much and that you love him back too? Savanna. Are you a liar?"

Seeing that Brandon was determined to find out the truth, Savanna no longer suppressed the anger in her heart and vented it all out. "We have a marriage certificate. If you don't believe me, I will show it to you tomorrow. Brandon, we are over. Don't bring up the past."

"If you live a happy life, I can let go. But now, Lucas is treating you badly. Savanna, you..."

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Brandon said, "I never said that you were the one who killed them."

"If you don't believe it, then, who murdered Winnie? Did she commit suicide? And what happened to Betty before? It was obvious that Betty knew the murderer. In the end, to cover up their crime, the murderer dealt with Betty," Savanna analyzed what had happened slowly for Brandon.

"I will get someone to investigate. If Tracy did it, I would not spare her. For the time being, you should not interfere in this matter." Brandon gave Savanna a promise.

Savanna smiled. "In comparison, I trust the police more."

Brandon stared at her, held her shoulders, and said seriously, word by word, "Leave it to me."

That night, Savanna wanted to sleep in the guest room, and Brandon agreed.

The next day, Brandon and Savanna went to work together. Just as the car reached the intersection in front of the Cassel Group, Savanna wanted to get out of the car, but Brandon did not say anything,

When Savanna got out of the car, Brandon stepped on the accelerator, and the car rushed directly into the parking lot of the Cassel Group.

When Savanna walked to the entrance of the Cassel Group, she met a few colleagues. The colleagues greeted her, and she secretly exclaimed. Fortunately, she got out of the car just now. Otherwise, there would be rumors about her and Brandon in the Cassel Group again.

Right now, she was a married woman. People all knew that she was Lucas' wife, the daughter-in-law of the Davis family. If Savanna had a scandal with Brandon, it would cause a lot of trouble.

Brandon parked the car and took the elevator upstairs. Just as he entered the office, Jim came in. "Mr. Cassel, there are some clues about what you want to investigate."

Jim was in no hurry to report to Brandon about his hard work recently.

Brandon's brows moved slightly as he listened attentively.

Jim continued, "Ms. Cassel is indeed the orphan of the Young family. Back then, your mother suffered a blow and lost her mind. She went to the orphanage and brought Ms. Cassel back."

Jim said as he put a series of evidence in front of Brandon.

Brandon looked at the photos. Giselle in the photo had a dull look in her eyes, messy hair, and a weird smile on her lips. She did hold a sleeping baby in her arms. Behind her was the director of the orphanage and a group of children.

"And Ms. Cassel is not the only one she snatched back."

Jim glanced at Brandon with a reserved expression. Brandon did not look at him as a word burst out from his throat, "Speak"

Jim said, "I... I'll be frank with you, Mr. Cassel, we found that Mrs. Cassel brought back not only Ms. Cassel, but also a baby boy. She carried the twins back."

Brandon narrowed his eyes, and anger flashed through his eyes. "Where's the photo of the baby boy?"

Jim took out the photo from his arms and placed it on the table with shaking fingers.

Brandon picked up the photo from the table. In the photo, Giselle smiled. She had messy hair, and her eyes were glowing with surprise. The baby in her arms was obviously not the baby girl from before.

The baby in Giselle's arms had big watery eyes, as if his eyes were shining.

Was it him?

Brandon's hand trembled uncontrollably.

Jiin handed over the photos one by one. Brandon's gaze swept past all the photos. The face of the baby boy, from childhood to youth, finally became a cold face.

Brandon wanted to laugh, but he couldn't. It turned out that he was not a child of the Cassel family. Harris was not his father, and Giselle was not his mother. Who was he? An orphan of the Young family?

Jim hesitated and said, "According to the information, you and Ms. Cassel are twins. You are the elder brother, and she is the sister."

Brandon's eyes darkened. He picked up a pair of scissors and cut a few strands of hair beside his ear. He placed it in Jim's hand and said in a cold tone, "Take it."

"Alright." Jim immediately went out with Brandon's hair.

When Brandon was waiting for the DNA results, one of his subordinates called him. "Mr. Cassel, Stephen was killed by two tall and strong men. Ms. Thompson did not lie."

"Did you find any clues about the murderer?" Brandon asked.

"The police said that from the scene of the crime, the murderer was cruel and vicious. He should have been hired, and they had found the hair of the murderer at the scene. It was identified that it belongs to the hired thug by Ms. Cassel, Rey Conley."

After the call ended, Brandon's eyebrows twitched.

He felt suffocated and took a sip of water to moisten his throat. After a while, Jim returned and brought the DNA results to Brandon.

Jim said, "Mr. Cassel, the similarity is almost 99%. You and Ms. Cassel are siblings."

Brandon's gaze lingered on the number 99 for a long time.

Brandon looked calm, but his heart was already in turmoil.

He closed his eyes and instructed Jim, "Don't let anyone know it."

"I see" Jim went out.

Brandon took his coat and left the office.

Since last night, Brandon had promised Savanna to leave the matter to him to handle, Savanna began to pay close attention to Brandon's movements,

Through the gaps of the blinds, she had already seen Jim enter the office twice. From

Jim's solemn expression, he should have said something important to Brandon,

String Brandon crave, Savanna quickly took her bag and followed out of the building.

Svafa drove her own Bentley. Savanna carefully followed behind the black Cayenne.

Brandon drove into the Night Nighudub Savanna found a place to park, turned off the engine, and hurried upstairs.

She happened to set Brandon rushing into a VIP room,

The door was forcefully opened by someone.

Tracy was pulled out by Brandon. Her hair was dyed red. She wore a nose ring on her nose. Her black jacket was very short, revealing her waist. She wore tight black leather pants that wrapped around her hot figure.

At this time, Tracy didn't look like a noble lady at all. Instead, she looked like a slut from the nightclub.

Perhaps because Brandon pulled her with force, Tracy's nose hit the wall, and blood flowed from her nostrils. Two men rushed over from behind them. They were strong and muscular.

One was called Rey Conley, the other was called Porter Curry.

They were hired by Tracy.

When Rey and Porter saw Tracy getting beaten up, they clenched their fists so hard, but they didn't dare to move forward. They could only worry.

Brandon tied Tracy's hands and feet with a rope and called for his men to carry her away.

Rey and Porter changed their expressions and wanted to escape.

Brandon's men soon caught Rey and Porter.

Rey and Porter experienced much in the underworld, and in these years, they were not afraid of anyone.

However, the moment Brandon appeared, they were intimidated by his domineering aura and did not dare to act

rashly

In the end, they lost the chance to escape.

Suddenly, police sirens roared, and a few policemen came up and took Rey and Porter away,

After everything was over, Brandon bent down and patted off the dust on his trousers.

The blood stain on his trousers was left behind by Tracy and could not be easily erased.

Suddenly, Brandon saw a pair of high heels.

Brandon looked up at those slender legs and saw Savanna's mocking eyes. The corners of her mouth curled up into ... a contemptuous smile

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Brandon's eyes were filled with astonishment. He was a person who wasn't afraid of everything and suddenly felt his heart thump.

The smile on Savanna's lips gradually faded. She turned around, leaving behind Brandon.

Brandon clenched his fists tightly to restrain his impulse to chase after her.

Savanna walked downstairs of the Night nightclub. She was alone. Brandon did not chase after her. Savanna was immediately filled with disappointment.

What was she expecting?

In his heart, she would not be more important than Tracy. It was simply wishful thinking.

Savanna sat in the Bentley and stared blankly at the stream of people in front of the car.

The crowd was bustling, shuttling back and forth on the sidewalk, each running towards their own different fates. As for her, Savanna, what she grabbed was only air.

In her dull eyes, a black car suddenly drove by. Savanna glanced at it out of the corner of her eye and naturally saw the license plate. She suddenly started the car at a high speed.

The speed of the car was extremely fast. Savanna's eyes flashed with shadows,

cars, and trees.

Then, Savanna stepped hard on the accelerator, and the car quickly crashed into the black Cayenne in front.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

There were three sounds of metal clashing.

Bang! Bang! Bang! There were three more sounds. The black Cayenne couldn't get out of the way. The rear part of the car was knocked into a concave. Savanna turned the steering wheel, and the car stopped at the roadside. The black Cayenne had retreated a distance and stopped behind her.

Savanna got out of the car. She walked to the Cayenne and looked at the few lumps of paint that had been scraped off by the Cayenne. She made a muffled sound, and she was extremely happy.

· Brandon also got out of the car.

He did not take a look at his car, but turned his gaze to Savanna, his dashing eyebrows slightly raised, and he asked, "Are you happy now?"

"No, it is not enough." Savanna grabbed his collar, lowered her head, and fiercely bit his neck. It was as if she wanted to bite off a lump of his flesh, but Brandon did not even frown.

The traffic police came over and looked at them, as if he were looking at two monsters.

"What's going on?"

Brandon's neck was bleeding, but he did not seem to care at all. "It's fine. Just a fight between lovers. Sorry for disturbing you."

Brandon said calmly and politely, and the policeman had just seen Savanna bite Brandon's neck. He believed that they had an intimate relationship. The traffic police only said, "If you want to quarrel, go home and continue. How can you Cause a car accident on the road?"

As soon as the traffic police left, Savanna shouted angrily, "Who is your lover? Brandon, do you feel ashamed?"

Brandon revealed a faint smile. "If you aren't, why did you kiss me? Moreover, many people see it. You should take responsibility, right?"

"It's not a kiss. It's a bite," Savanna corrected.

"It's not a bite. It's a kiss," Brandon teased.

"Don't you feel pain?" Savanna glanced at his neck which was bleeding profusely and pretended to ask casually.

"The gift that you left for me is worth it, no matter how much it hurts."

Brandon's words made Savanna furious.

"You're crazy." Savanna did not intend to pay attention to him.

Brandon grabbed her hand and pulled her into his arms. He hugged her tightly and said in a gentle voice, "Are you still angry?"

Savanna struggled in a bad mood. "What am I angry about? Why should I be angry?"

Brandon, you are just a villain who goes back on his word."

Just a day ago, he had said that he wanted to help her and leave everything to him.

She believed him, but now, she was thoroughly disappointed in him.

The smile on Brandon's face sank He pursed his lips and did not speak for a long time.

Savanna removed his hand that was wrapped around her waist, raised her foot, and

stepped on him fiercely. She turned around and drove away in the Bentley. Brandon wiped his neck. His fingertips were blood red. He looked at the shadow of Bentley running away. A bitter smile appeared on his lips. Brandon thought, Savanna, I am sorry. Tracy is a poor girl. I can't send her to jail. She has a better place to go. The phone rang. Reece said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Cassel, Ms. Cassel ran away." "Get her back. Otherwise, you're fired." Brandon put on a straight face. The veins on his forehead were taut, and he clenched his fists tightly. Savanna was going to drive back to the Cassel Group. She was still angry with Brandon and did not want to see him, so she changed the route temporarily and drove to Blue Bay No. 1. When the car stopped, someone patted her shoulder. Savanna raised her head. The woman's face in front of her made Savanna's eyes flash. Savanna looked at Tracy, whose nose was still stained with blood. "What are you doing here?" Savanna pretended not to see that Tracy was slapped by Brandon in the face. Tracy chewed gum in her mouth and narrowed her eyes, pretending to smile casually, "Waiting for you." "We're not that familiar." Savanna did not want to talk to Tracy. "You told my brother that I was the one who killed Stephen?" "Am I wrong?" Tracy chewed the gum, her cheeks puffed up, and she smiled. "Never mind." "You framed me with such bad intentions, but my brother did not completely believe you. Savanna, are you disappointed in him?" Savanna snorted coldly and glanced at her, planning to leave. However, Tracy had specially come to find her, so how could she let Savanna go? Tracy stopped Savanna. "If you and I were kidnapped at the same time, who do you think my brother would save?" Savanna did not think about it. She cursed and left. After taking two steps, she saw two shadows on the wall behind her. Savanna turned back, but before she could make a sound, she was hit on the head by a palm. She closed her eyes and fell. The man lifted her. "Ms. Cassel," the man called out to Tracy. Tracy had an evil and cold smile on her face as she ordered in a hoarse voice, "Send her to the Fragrance Terrace." At Fragrance Terrace. On the highest terrace of New York, Savanna was awakened by the cold wind, and the sound of the wind was heard. The world in front of her was so high that it made people speechless. Her entire body seemed to be suspended in mid-air, unable to go up to the sky or fall to the ground. She was extremely afraid

Savanna had her hands and feet bound, and her hair was messed up by the wind. She looked at the vicious woman under her feet. Tracy was siniling sweetly at her and said to her, "Savanna, my brother is coming soon. Do you think he will save you or me?" Savanna was extremely afraid in her heart. She cursed in a hurry, "Tracy, you are a madman, a pervert, and a lunatic."

Savanna cursed all the vicious words she had thought of.

Tracy raised her head and laughed. Her voice was harsh and extremely territying. Tears of grief rolled down from her eyes, and Tracy drawled, "Yes, I am mad and lunatic. Otherwise, how could I fall in Love with my brother? Savanna, I didn't want to kill you. You torced me to do this."

Savanna was furious, and because she was anxious, her teeth trembled, "How did I force you? What did your sins have to do with me?"

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"Sins?" Tracy repeated. She suddenly smiled madly. She asked, "Tell me, what have I done?"

Savanna ignored the pain caused by the cold wind blowing across her face. The corners of her mouth curled up into an indescribably cold smile. "Tracy, you know very well what you have done. They will haunt you and come to your dreams in the middle of the night."

Tracy was about to refute. Suddenly, the man dressed in black beside her walked to her, whispered something into her ear, and then stepped back. The smile on Tracy's face was evil. Her eyes shone with a cold light. "Savanna, my brother is here."

Savanna chuckled.

Savanna looked down. From her angle, she could see the Cayenne speeding over. The wheels were rolling, and then the car stopped. She then saw a black leather shoe.

Then, she saw Brandon, who was with a gloomy face. The corner of his coat was blown up by the wind. He looked up. The moment he met Savanna's eyes, he was almost scared out of his wits. He strode toward her.

At the same time, the shadow beside Tracy grabbed her hands and fiercely pushed her against the wall. Her fair face was cut by the hard wall, leaving a red mark

Tracy's eyes were misty, and she trembled when she saw Brandon. She cried out pitifully, "Brandon, help me."

Savanna witnessed Tracy's whole act and smiled coldly. Savanna looked down, and what she saw sent a chill down her spine. She did not dare to move. She was afraid that if she moved, she would fall and die.

She didn't want to talk to Brandon, but she had to. So, she shouted to Brandon,

"Brandon, don't believe her. She's acting."

The next second, the man dressed in black kicked her and warned sternly, "Another word, and I will cut off the rope. You will die a miserable death."

Savanna's hands were tied behind her back. There seemed to be something cold on her wrists, tingling slightly.

Brandon looked at Savanna and then at Tracy, his brows furrowed deeper.

The man dressed in black next to Tracy smiled and looked at Brandon. "Mr. Cassel, one is your sister, and the other is the woman you love. Tell me, what's your choice? You only have one chance today. Pick one and take her away."

His cold words pierced through Brandon's chest like a sharp arrow.

Brandon's face was extremely livid. The raging light in his eyes made him look like an angry beast. However, his anger meant nothing to the man in black

"What if I don't choose?"

Brandon clenched his fists, his fingertips cold and pale.

"Then both of them will die."

As the man spoke, he grabbed Tracy by the neck and lifted her, pressing her against the white bar that was on the verge of collapse, Brandon watched as Tracy's fragile body swayed along with the falling white bar. The scene made him utterly flustered

Mis face was frighteningly sullen, and he frowned deeper.

"Brandon, it's an act. Tracy staged the incident. She kidnapped me and lured you here. Brandon, please believe me."

At the critical moment of life and death, Savanna knew that she had to show the white feather. She only had one life. She had no intention of playing such a costly game with Tracy.

Savanna was well aware that once Brandon chose Tracy, her rope would be cut loose by the two gangsters beside her and she would fall to her death.

She didn't want to die. She wanted to see the grown-up Mandel. She wanted to bring Tracy to justice and regain her reputation. She wanted to find out what had happened between David and Krissa that made David hate Krissa so much.

She still had a lot of things to do. She could not die.

"You're lying, Savanna. You are the one behind the scene. You just can't bear to see Brandon being nice to me. You vicious woman! You killed Winnie and then Betty since you were afraid that Betty would be a threat. I found the proof that you killed them, and you wanted to make me go away using such a means. You are so despicable, Savanna."

Tracy sounded so convincing. Hearing that, Savanna knew that Tracy had planned this. Maybe Tracy had been plotting since the day Savanna returned.

Tracy was vicious and meticulous.

"Cut the crap."

The gangster ruthlessly kicked at Tracy's calf, which was so painful that she had tears in her eyes.

Tracy burst into tears, heartbroken. She cried out in a sad voice, "Brandon, I know I am nobody compared with the love of your life. I am willing to die for you, Brandon."

Then Tracy leaned backward, and the back of her head hit the white bar. The white bar shook violently, and so did her body. Seeing this, Brandon was so scared that he forgot to breathe, and his heart pounded.

Brandon was frustrated.

Seeing that he was about to head towards Savanna, Tracy cried even louder.

Tracy's voice gradually became lower and weaker until it completely disappeared. The cry suddenly stopped. Brandon felt that something was wrong, so he subconsciously looked in Tracy's direction. Then he saw that Tracy's face was scarily pale. Her lips were slightly parted and purple, as if she couldn't breathe. Brandon's mind was buzzing. Seeing that Brandon was rushing towards Tracy, Savanna felt despair. She raised her head, and her hair scattered. Endless darkness overwhelmed her. Savanna felt as if her entire body and mind were soaked in ice. It was as if her heart were torn apart. Someone spilled salt on her wound, and the pain was so strong that her entire body trembled uncontrollably. The pain was unbearable. Brandon chose Tracy eventually. Savanna laughed. Tears of despair welled up in her eyes. Savanna felt the same pain when she was in prison, which was killing her. As if sensing Savanna's despair, Brandon stopped in his tracks. He turned around and looked at Savanna. His eyes were mournful and filled with unspeakable forbearance and pain. His throat was dry, and he said in a broken voice,

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Brandon turned around. He could only see the despair on Savanna's face. Savanna was like a butterfly with broken wings, falling. When Brandon saw the hatred in Savanna's red eyes, his heart seemed to stop beating.

"Savanna," Brandon shouted. His heart was broken, and he was in despair.

He threw away Tracy and quickly ran over. He kicked those men one by one at a time. Just as he was about to jump down, Tracy, who had pounced on him, hugged his thigh tightly. Tracy shook her head and begged in a hoarse voice, "Brandon, you can't jump. Savanna is gone."

Brandon pushed her away. His face darkened, and his heart was broken. He covered his chest. He turned around and ran downstairs.

Downstairs.

There were people watching the drama. He pushed away the crowd and rushed up.

When he looked at Savanna, who was lying in a pool of blood, his eyes turned red.

He bent his legs, stretched out his trembling hands, and hugged the warm body, ignoring the blood on her face, which dyed his blue coat red.

"Savanna." Tears rolled down Savanna's face. The tears melted with the blood.

"Call the ambulance right now!"

The onlookers saw that Brandon was holding the woman tightly with red eyes and called 911. Soon, the ambulance arrived.

Brandon followed her into the ambulance. He sat next to Savanna and held Savanna's hand tightly.

It was not until Savanna was sent to the operating room that the nurse separated his hand away from Savanna.

Brandon sat in the chair, waiting for Savanna. Other than smoking, he could not find a second way to relieve his guilt and pain.

Jim hurried over. Seeing that Brandon was covered in dried blood, he did not dare to say anything. He could only quietly stand beside Brandon and nervously watch the operation room indicator light with Brandon.

It was like a century.

Finally, the lights went out, and the door of the operating room opened.

Savanna was pushed out by the nurse. Brandon looked at Savanna, who was lying on the stretcher with a pale face like a dead person. He choked and could not utter a word. Jim ran over and talked with the doctor.

Brandon sat there and did not move. He stared straight at Savanna on the stretcher. His eyes followed the stretcher until the stretcher disappeared into the aisle.

Brandon suddenly came to his senses and rushed to the ward,

For three whole days, Brandon took care of the unconscious Savanna without sleeping.

Lucas came to find Savanna and was stopped outside the hospital.

Even if Lucas found a lawyer to sue him, Brandon did not care and continued to do as he pleased.

The door to the ward opened, and Jim came in. He looked at Brandon, who had not eaten for three days. Jim had mixed

feelings. "Mr. Cassel, this document needs your signature."

At this time, if it was not an important document, Jim would not come to disturb Brandon.

Jim looked at Brandon, who had lowered his head to sign the papers. Brandon's eyes bulged in their sockets. It had only been three days, and Brandon had already lost a few pounds. If this continued, what would happen?

Brandon signed his name and threw the pen.

When Jim picked up the document, he looked at the bed. The woman on the bed had a slightly ruddy face because of Brandon's careful care, but her eyes were still closed, and she was unwilling to wake up.

That was what the doctor said. "Savanna is unwilling to wake up."

Jim went out.

In the ward, there was a quiet and peaceful atmosphere. Brandon sat by the bed and held Savanna's hand tightly.

Four days later, in the anticipation of Brandon, Savanna opened her eyes and woke up.

She looked at the quiet ward, and the scene of her falling appeared in her painful mind.

In a flash, she saw a large group of passers-by surrounding her in the blood-red world.

"Someone jumped off a building."

"She lost a lot of blood. It was so miserable."

In addition to tears, there was also blood flowing out of her closed eyes.

Savanna thought she was dead, but the white angel flashed by outside the window. The snow-white room in front of her was telling Savanna that she was not dead.

She was still alive.

In order to feel herself, Savanna took a deep breath and pinched her thigh again. The pain was so clear.
Savanna was excited. It was good to be alive.
The door opened.
A tall and straight figure entered.
He saw Savanna who woke up on the bed. He was so shocked that he could not speak. The joy in his deep eyes surged out. He walked over and grabbed Savanna's hand. He could not suppress his excitement. "Savanna, you finally woke up."
Savanna looked at the slovenly man with short stubble on his chin. However, he still looked extremely handsome.
Before she fell, his cold and cruel words echoed in Savanna's ears. "Tracy has asthma. I will save her first. Then I'll save you."
Savanna's heart was so painful that she could not breathe, so she chose to forget it. "Who are you?"
Brandon froze on the spot after hearing Savanna's words, as if he could not believe it. He looked at Savanna with pain in his eyes
"You... don't remember me?"
Brandon was shocked that Savanna had forgotten him. He held her hand and could not help but increase his strength.

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Brandon's hands trembled. He stood by the window and lowered his head to smoke. When Jim came in, he saw Brandon's face in the smoke. Brandon looked exhausted. "Got any information?" Brandon asked, not raising his head.
"There were people at the scene. At that time, the two of them held Ms. Thompson, and two others held Ms. Cassel. The men who seized Ms. Thompson got their brains damaged after you kicked them downstairs. The other two guys were killed last night." That was all the information that Jim got. He still couldn't find out who planned it. Brandon exhaled the smoke, and said seriously, "Remember to placate the family members of the two injured men. Tell them to come to me for anything."
Brandon wanted to take responsibility for what he did.
Brandon did not regret kicking the two guys downstairs. He would do the same if he went back to yesterday.
"Okay," Jim said. He suddenly thought of Tracy outside. He whispered to Brandon, "Ms. Cassel came to the company this morning and wanted to see you."
Jim thought that Brandon would not meet Tracy. But Brandon nodded and said, "Let her in."
Jim nodded and went to Tracy.
After a while, Brandon heard the click of high heels. It was Tracy, who looked pretty and

elegant with her red hair.
Her eyes were wet. "Brandon."

It could be told from her voice that she cried just now.
Brandon didn't say anything, nor did he look back. He just kept smoking.
Since Brandon ignored her, Tracy bit her lip and calmed herself down. She wanted to apologize. "Brandon, I'm sorry. I didn't know it would hurt Savanna."

"Did you ask the four men to do it?" Brandon asked coldly and angrily.

"No," Tracy answered, but her heart began to thump.

Brandon raised his head and looked at Tracy. It seemed that he could see through Tracy. She couldn't bear it. Her heart thumped more quickly. She finally lowered her head silently.

"Tracy," Brandon said slowly, "you're a smart girl, so you can plan many things perfectly. But remember that it is not easy to fool everyone. I've never believed that Savanna killed Betty and Winnie."

Brandon walked to the table and took out a pile of photos from the drawer. Then he threw them at Tracy.

Tracy felt a pain in her face. Then she found that her face was cut by the photos. She picked up the photos around her feet. After she looked through all the photos and files, she shivered and was scared.

Her hands trembled when she saw the report.

The report revealed that Tracy and Brandon were blood-relates.

"No."

Tracy roared.

She could not believe that she and Brandon were actually real siblings.

Her voice trembled. "You hate me for hurting Savanna. You made up the report to tell me we're siblings. Brandon, how could you be so cruel to me?"

Brandon closed his eyes and said with patience, "I didn't make up the report. We are twins of the Young family. In fact, I've suspected our relationship for a long time. But I didn't have the evidence."

Otherwise, Brandon wouldn't treat Tracy so nicely.

But he couldn't tolerate Tracy after she did some bad things.

Brandon opened his eyes and looked at Tracy, who was in tears. He stroked her wet face slowly.

"Tracy, you're not a lucky girl in your life. I know that you have suffered a lot."

"You don't know."

Tracy couldn't control herself. She pushed him away.

Then she suddenly tore her clothes.

There were many blue cherry blossoms on her shoulder blades, back, and waist. These blossoms even had clear edges and corners, which were the scars.

Brandon looked at the scars on her body. His eyes blazed with anger.

Tracy smiled and said helplessly and painfully, "When I was young, Mom would punish me as long as Dad didn't go home. She was unstable and moody. She stabbed me with needles, whipped me, and cut me with broken porcelain. I lived in pain and fear in those years."

It was the first time that Brandon heard of this horrible story.

He didn't expect that Giselle would be so vicious. Brandon was shocked. He asked, "Why didn't you tell me?" "You burden her wish. You are important to her. I don't want to ruin your relationship with her."

Tracy tried her best to speak calmly, but her chest heaved when she spoke. It could be told that Tracy hated Giselle.

Brandon calmed down and helped her put on her clothes to cover the scars. Then he said, "Anyway, you shouldn't have hurt Savanna. She was innocent."

"I love you."

Tracy told him her true feelings for the first time.

"So I hate every woman around you. Not only Savanna and Winnie, but I also didn't let go of girls who had a crush on you and gave you love letters in high school."

Brandon suddenly understood everything, When he was in high school, those girls who sent him love letters would be in trouble. Some went missing, some were Taped, some had a car accident, and some got their hands or legs broken.

Brandon changed his face and looked at Tracy. He asked angrily, "Did you kill Winnie?"

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The cut was very deep, and blood came out from Tracy's chest. Brandon could see eye-catching red blood. He didn't say anything but just pursed his lips and looked at Tracy coldly. His eyes were so cold that others would tremble. Jim pushed open the door and entered. "Mr..."

He was too shocked to finish his words when seeing the blood in front of him. Sensing that something was wrong with Jim, Rex quickly walked past him and entered Brandon's office.

When Rex saw that Tracy was covered in blood, his lips trembled, and his face turned white. He walked over and took the medical tool to stop Tracy's bleeding. But Tracy's wound was too deep to stop. Rex had to press on Tracy's chest with his hands crossed. He turned to look at Brandon, whose eyes were cold and indifferent.

"She's badly injured. We must send her to the hospital now."

As soon as Rex finished speaking, Tracy's body swayed and fell heavily to the ground. Rex quickly squatted down and pressed the wound.

Rex found that Tracy's gaze was fixed on Brandon's face, as if she would not go to the hospital if Brandon didn't ask her to do so.

Rex frowned. He looked at Brandon's cold face and roared, "Brandon, if you don't send her to the hospital, your sista will die."

Brandon sneered, "Rex, did you collude together to deceive me?"

Rex did not understand what Brandon meant and roared, "Are you out of your mind? Come on! Could we talk about it after she recovers, even if there is something important?"

After the roar, Rex picked up Tracy and was about to rush to the door. Unexpectedly, Brandon walked over and stopped him. Rex was enraged. His face turned gloomy. He roared again like a mad demon, "Move aside!"

But Brandon did not move. He asked, "Did you make this plan together? If you didn't, it would be impossible for you to appear here not long after she arrived. Rex, I don't think it just cost you a few minutes to fly over from Ireland."

Brandon hated being deceived the most, but Tracy and Rex did it.

"Yes."

Tracy, whose gaze was unfocused, grabbed Brandon's tie with a trembling hand. "I asked Rex to come here. I deliberately stabbed myself and asked him to rush over to save me. I made this plan. I want you to leave Savanna so that you can forever be mine. So, I indeed have done many heinous things. Today, even if I die, I deserve it." Tracy could not see a trace of pity or affection for her in Brandon's eyes, so she was completely desperate and heartbroken.

**Tracy, you..."

Rex did not know why Tracy said this. It was not the truth at all. He came to Brandon because he heard that something had happened to Savanna just as he returned to New York. So he was here to ask Brandon about Savanna. Unexpectedly, he met Tracy committing suicide.

The warm and sticky blood was on Rex's fingertips. From the bloody and pungent smell, he felt as if Tracy's life was fading away bit by bit. He was extremely anxious. "Brandon, she is your sister. Don't you feel guilty if she dies?"

Brandon didn't even blink as he said coldly to Rex.

"Rex, stop the bleeding now. If it can't be stopped, it means she is fated to die today. If it can, she's lucky."

Hearing Brandon's words, Rex was frozen. His back was covered in cold sweats, and he gritted his teeth. "You..."

He wanted to beat up the cold-blooded and heartless Brandon.

What Brandon said meant that Tracy's life relied on Rex.

As for whether or not Tracy could survive, it was all up to him.

Tracy's lips curved into a gorgeous smile as she panted, "Rex, do as he said."

Tracy was struggling to come down. So Rex had to carry her to the sofa, afraid that her wound would burst open, which would lead her to die from excessive bleeding.

"You will go to hell." Rex accused Brandon.

Under Brandon's fixed eyes, Rex began to use a drug to stop Tracy's bleeding.

Fortunately, he carried some medical powder with him.

He tore off the clothes on Tracy's chest. The cut was so deep that her bones could be seen. Even Rex, who had been a doctor for many years, was terrified by this. He searched around Brandon's office and finally found a bottle of strong liquor from a hidden cabinet. The bright red blood became less as he poured it on Tracy's wound. The blood slowly flowed to other parts of Tracy's body and the sofa.

It wound up, just like a small river.

After washing up the wound, Rex wrapped it with a torn cloth. It was a simple treatment, and finally, the blood was stopped. He breathed a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat on his forehead. Seeing that Tracy slowly closed her eyes and tears came from the corners

of her eyes, Rex felt heartbroken.

He raised his head and met Brandon's cold gaze. "Tell me, why did you do this to her?" Rex and Brandon had been good friends for many years, and he knew that Tracy must have done something unforgivable. That was why Brandon was furious.

Brandon did not intend to tell Rex many details, but he still told the brief truth angrily, "She broke Winnie's legs and even killed Winnie. She also caused Betty and Savanna to fall down the stairs. If you were me, would you forgive her for such vicious things? If I indulged her, who knows how many people will be harmed in the future?"

Brandon thought that perhaps even Savanna would not dare to stay with him again. What Brandon could not bear the most was the damage that Tracy had done to Savanna.

Rex was greatly shocked at Brandon's words. He glanced at the pale face of Tracy, who was sleeping on the sofa, but could not figure out why such an angelic girl had done venomous things.

Rex asked, "Did Savanna really lose her memory?"

Speaking of Savanna, Brandon felt heartbroken. He was still scared at the thought of her falling from such a high building. When Savanna was unconscious, he had nightmares every night.

When Tracy woke up, she would always be covered in cold sweats,

"It is already fortunate that she is still alive, losing memory is not a big deal. I don't know if she will suffer any other effects in the future."

Rex had met Savanna before and had a very good impression of her. He felt that she was a smart and resourceful girl with courage.

Thinking that Savanna almost died, Rex felt that Tracy indeed went too far. So Rex did not complain about Brandon's bad attitude towards Tracy.

After all, she really deserved it.

Tracy deserved to die.

Rex's gaze once again shifted to the girl curled up on the sofa.

"What are you going to do?"

Brandon lit a cigarette, the gray smoke lingering, and words came out along with the white smoke.

"When she recovers, send her to the madhouse."

Rex was horrified. "Brandon, she is your sister, and we've watched her grow up.

Besides, she might be mentally ill. Let me take her for an examination. You can make the decision after the examination, okay?"

Brandon was expressionless. "That's the only place for her."

Brandon did not seem to want to talk with Rex anymore. He extinguished the cigarette on his fingertips, picked up his coat from the chair, and strode out of the office.

Rex wanted to chase after him and asked him to change his mind, but he thought of Savanna and the people who were killed by Tracy.

So he was hesitating.

The delicate and pretty girl lying on the sofa looked more and more like a demon to him. Rex really regretted helping Tracy in the past.

He did not expect that the little girl who used to be lonely and helpless would have been so cruel.

An hour later, Jim forcibly sent Tracy to the madhouse.

Rex couldn't stop him.

Brandon went to the hospital and had just entered the ward when a mug brushed past his brows and landed on the ground with a thud.

Brandon looked at the shattered mug under his feet, and there was blood between his eyebrows. He stopped there. His face was darkened, and his body emitted an aura of evil.

Savanna was #funned when she saw him, but she quickly reacted. However, she didn't stop her bad behavior but became even angrier,

She lookrd at Brandon and said to the nurse, "If you don't let me leave the hospital, I'll keep smashing things. I have

The nurse trembled, not daring to provoke Savanna anymore. She was about to leave the ward when she saw Brandon.

The nurse lowered her head to greet him, "Mr. Cassel."

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Seeing Brandon's gloomy expression, the nurse shrunk her neck and quickly slipped away.

Brandon looked at Savanna, and the anger between his brows was obvious. "What are you doing?"

Savanna curled her lips and smiled lightly. She looked at Brandon as if they were strangers. "You said that we were a couple, but I don't remember you. So, please let me go. I don't want to see you."

With that, Savanna waited for Brandon's thunderous rage, but she could only hear the sound of their breathing.

Brandon walked over to her and said in a sexy voice, "Savanna, you said you lost your memory. It's fine. But I've told you thousands of times. It's okay that you can't remember our past days. But let's get it back step by step. I can help you remember."

Savanna looked at the handsome face in front of him, and her eyes looked indifferent.

Brandon felt sad at her strange gaze. But he was relieved. He took a step back and looked at her with a warm and slightly pained gaze. "I know you have been wronged.

Tracy has suffered a lot since she was young. She is also a pitiful girl. But I have already sent her to the madhouse. She will not come to harass you again. Everything is over, Savanna."

Brandon reached out to hug Savanna, but she pushed him away.

At the same time, a heavy slap landed on Brandon's face. Savanna's voice was cold.

She warned Brandon, "Touch me again, and I'll stab into your chest."

Savanna looked at Brandon coldly. It was like a blade of icy wind passing him.

Brandon felt as if his heart had been stabbed when he saw that Savanna regarded him as an enemy.

"I know. You hate me, and I hate myself too. But there are some things that can't be

changed. It's okay with me that you scold me or beat me. I can take all sorts of punishments, except for the fact that you have forgotten me."

Brandon reached out to hold her waist and held her in his arms.

Savanna struggled fiercely. She raised her head and bit him several times on his arm. Savanna bit so hard that saliva came out between her teeth. Brandon couldn't bear the last bite, so he stuck his neck out.

He took off Savanna's clothes with his hands. Savanna was so scared that her face turned pale. She quickly let go of his arm.

Savanna gasped for breath. But she met Brandon's red eyes as she looked up. After being together with him for two years, Savanna knew him too well. Every time his nose trembled, it meant he was going to throw a fit.

Savanna was alarmed. She was about to jump off the bed and run out when Brandon stretched out his hand and pressed her down. He lowered his head and kissed her wet lips.

"Mr. Cassel, Lucas is downstairs..." Jim rushed in. As he saw the overlapping figures on the bed, he quickly retreated.

Jun stood by the door and waited.

He secretly complained in his heart, oh my, why didn't I knock on the door?

Hearing Jim's voice, Savanna struggled even harder. Brandon let go of Savanna, thinking that it was rude to keep Jim waiting outside.

Savanna picked up his hand and bit it hard with her sharp teeth.

A sound came.

Savanna heard the sound of his hand broken, which was followed by the taste of blood in her mouth.

Brandon pursed his thin lips into a line. He looked at Savanna in a frighteningly cold way. Savanna let go of his hand. Under the light, a few bloody teeth marks appeared on Brandon's fair hand.

If she loved him, how could she bite him so hard?

Savanna and he both looked at the eerie tooth mark. Perhaps Savanna felt that this was too rude. She brushed away the hair on her forehead and softly said, "Sorry, I didn't do it on purpose."

Brandon's eyes were cold. He no longer looked at her and said to Jim, "Come in."

Jim poked his head in. Seeing that Savanna had tidied up her clothes, he came in. "Mr. Cassel, Lucas is downstairs. He wants you to go down."

Brandon said to Jim as he walked out of the ward, "Keep an eye on her."

Jim nodded, and Brandon left.

Brandon walked downstairs and saw Lucas smoking on a chair. He was smoking in a hurried way, and he was pondering. Hearing the footsteps, Lucas raised his head and met Brandon's eyes, which were as bright as diamonds.

He threw the cigarette butt away and kicked it out. Although he didn't like Brandon, he didn't want to have a falling out with Brandon. After all, L&S Limited had to rely on the Cassel Group.

Lucas said, "Brandon, I heard that something happened to Savanna. So, I came to take a look."

"Yes. No big deal." Since Lucas seemed polite, Brandon did not want to make things

difficult for him.

Brandon did not leave. Instead, he lit a cigarette. The smoke rose in spirals. As he was smoking, a ruthless expression appeared between his brows. It was so obvious.

vass

Lucas was conflicted for a long time before he finally said.

“Brandon, regardless of your relationship, she is my wife now. You can’t keep her with you. This is robbery.”

Brandon smiled deeply. “Have you called her during her business trip?”

Seeing that Lucas was silent, Brandon slowly said, “As far as I know, during our business trip, you were having many romances in New York. You’ve hooked up with many women. Do you want me to give you a few names?”

Lucas’s expression changed. He could tell that Brandon was defending Savanna.

Since Brandon knew that he had lovers, maybe Savanna knew it too,

Lucas’s eyelids twitched. “Brandon, it’s all for the sake of business. It’s not true at all.”

After saying that, Lucas seemed unwilling. “Why did you ask Savanna to have a business trip with you in Ireland, Brandon?”

Since he had already said that, Brandon did not want to maintain his politeness.

Brandon said, “Yes, I don’t give up on her. No matter whose wife she is, you can’t forget the fact that she is my child’s mother. Tell me, why is a woman willing to bear a child for a man?”

“Luxcas, there are so many women in the world, but why do you have to marry my ex-wife? Tell me, what is your motive?”

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Lucas’ face darkened. He said with anger, “When I took her away, she was completely like a living dead. She was so skinny and almost lost her faith in life. If it weren’t for me, she would have died a long time ago. She hates you and doesn’t care about you. How can you blame me for marrying her?”

Brandon didn’t expect that Savanna was so desperate at that time and had lost all hope in life.

It made sense. She loved Mandel so much, but she could still give Mandel up in the end. It could be seen how deep that old bastard David hurt her.

Brandon suddenly lost his composure. He took a deep puff on his cigarette with a darkened face. He spat out a mouthful of smoke. Brandon looked at Lucas, and his gaze gradually turned cold. “I know that you had already planned to take her away. I don’t know about your relationship with her and when you met her.”

Lucas returned with Stella in a high-profile manner. When Brandon saw that the woman Lucas was holding was Savanna, no one knew how shocked Brandon was at that moment and how painful his heart was.

Lucas narrowed his eyes and said, “When did I meet her? You don’t have to know.

What I want to tell you is that Savanna and I got married abroad three and a half years ago. There is no law that states that I can’t marry your ex-wife. Besides, Brandon, you

have hurt her like that. Are you not allowed to let others love her?"

Brandon narrowed his eyes dangerously. "Lucas, she is upstairs. You can pick her up. In the future, don't let her appear in front of me again."

Hearing this, Lucas was ecstatic. "Okay. From now on, Savanna doesn't need to work at your place, right?"

Brandon glanced at him and walked away.

Lucas went upstairs to settle the discharge procedures for Savanna, and Lucas took Savanna away.

Jim looked at Lucas' and Savanna's disappearing figures in a daze.

Jim knew that Brandon must have had a hard time.

When Jim returned to the Cassel Group, he saw Brandon standing in front of the shutters, holding a cigarette. The place he was looking at was Savanna's office. After that, Savanna would never appear there again.

"Mr. Cassel." Jim hesitated.

"Speak" Brandon's throat was extremely hoarse and dry as he kept smoking.

Jim felt both sorry and sad. "Mr. Cassel, since you can't bear to let her go, why did you let her go?"

Brandon didn't reply. He lowered his head and took a deep drag on his cigarette. His face was getting thinner.

Seeing this, Jim was in so much pain. Savanna was too heartless.

Jim scolded Savanna in his heart. "Mr. Cassel, the doctor said..."

Jim hadn't finished speaking, and then he was stopped by Brandon's cold gaze.

Jim shrank his neck and plucked up his courage. "Mr. Cassel, Mrs. Davis forgets about you, but she remembers Mr. Davis. She was so happy when Mr. Davis picked her up."

Jim wanted to remind Brandon

it was possible that Savanna was pretending to have lost her memory.

Brandon did not expect that when he heard Jim's words, his face turned pale with great pain.

Brandon turned and left the building,

Jim followed closely behind him. Brandon looked gloomy. Jim did not dare to ask anything more and could only follow silently.

Brandon drove to the boxing arena.

Brandon changed his clothes and walked in. In the arena, two people were fighting.

The thin one was beaten up by the other one with a nosebleed.

Jim stood outside, staring at Brandon's tall figure. He was sweating worriedly. That man was obviously ruthless. Although Brandon was good at boxing, if he was beaten, he would be half-dead.

The match began. When the man saw another challenger come up to the stage, he threw the thin man aside and turned around to sweep his leg at Brandon. Brandon flashed nimbly and easily dodged his attack. Taking advantage of it, Brandon kicked him in the stomach. The man could not bear the pain and bent down. Brandon seized the opportunity and struck the man's tailbone several times.

Creak. The sound of the tailbone breaking could be heard.

The man's face was pale. With a crashing sound, he fell to the ground. The man seemed to lose his breath.

Jim was finally able to feel relieved.

Jim thought that Brandon would come down after winning, but he unexpectedly issued a continuous challenge, and the four boxing kings who came up one after another were all knocked down by him.

His gaze was fierce, and his entire body was covered in sweat.

It was as if he was venting something, and there was an endless amount of energy in his body.

Brandon stood in the arena with his muscles. He was tall and strong, and no one dared to challenge him again.

Brandon stepped off the arena, drenched in sweat.

Giselle called Brandon, and Jim handed the phone to him.

Giselle asked Brandon to go back for dinner. Brandon didn't ask why and immediately agreed.

Brandon left Jim on the way back

Brandon drove straight back to the Cassel's house.

Jim knew that it was because what he said had angered Brandon.

Therefore, Brandon drove him out of the car halfway.

Jim did not dare to complain and hailed a taxi back home,

Giselle made a sumptuous meal. When Brandon went back, his face was gloomy.

Giselle took fruits and an ashtray for him and did a lot of things to please her son.

Brandon sat silently on the sofa and smoked. He did not seem to want to talk to Giselle.

After a while, Brandon went upstairs to shower.

Mandel came back from school. He put down his schoolbag and ran into the kitchen to hug Giselle's thigh. His little face kept wiping Giselle's leg

"Grandma, is my dad back? You made so much delicious food,"

Giselle hugged her grandson and kissed his forehead. She said, "Your father doesn't seem to be happy. Later, don't make mistakes. You also have to soften him up."

"Alright."

Mandel licked his lips and left.

Giselle cooked tonight and felt uneasy.

In the afternoon, Kadya came to her and said that Tracy was sent to a madhouse by Brandon.

Giselle guessed the reason.

Giselle put the dishes on the table. Brandon took a shower, changed into clean clothes, and came downstairs.

Brandon saw Mandel sitting on the sofa writing and kept glancing at him in the corner of Mandel's eye, and Brandon knew that his precious son did not do his homework seriously.

"Mandel."

Brandon called his son.

"Yes, Dad."

Mandel put down his pen, turned around, and smiled at Brandon. The two dimples on his face made Brandon slightly absent-minded.

The dimples on Mandel's face were just like Savanna's.

Savanna always smiled. There were two small dimples on her cheeks. She looked beautiful and stunning. Mandel's big eyes were blinking, and there was a faint light

reflected in them. For the first time, Brandon felt that this child's eyes were very similar to Savanna's.

Brandon used to think that Mandel was not like anyone at all. Now, Brandon felt that Mandel was just like Savanna.

Was he missing Savanna too much?

"Brandon, Mandel, dinner is ready."

Giselle stood at the door of the kitchen and called his grandson and son carefully.

Brandon took Mandel to wash their hands. Then, the father and son sat down and ate.

Giselle was absent-minded, and her expression was very serious. At the table, the three people had dinner in silence.

After a while, Mandel finished eating, and he was about to leave when Brandon grabbed his arm. "Go pack up."

"Why?"

Before Mandel spoke, Giselle asked anxiously,

"You are old, and your health is not good. I will take Mandel to live with me. This way, you can also take good care of yourself."

Brandon had just finished speaking when Giselle's eyes turned red. "Do you believe Tracy's words and think that I can't take good care of your son?"

Brandon pursed his thin lips and did not speak, but the expression on his face was very cold.

"You sent Tracy to a inadhouse. Are you going to send me in as well?" Giselle asked, her heart trembling.

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Brandon glanced at Giselle and did not say anything. He asked Debbie to take Mandel upstairs to pack his luggage, and Debbie did as he said.

Not long after, Debbie and Mandel came down, and Debbie was carrying Mandel's small suitcase.

Brandon took the suitcase from Debbie and held Mandel's hand to go out.

Giselle blocked in front of them and said, "Brandon, do you have to treat me like this?".

Brandon looked at Giselle's pale face and saw that her eyes were full of panic and helplessness. He did not want to hurt Giselle, but she had gone too far. "I'll just take him out for a while. When you get better, I will bring him back," Brandon said.

"No." Giselle couldn't hold it in anymore, and tears welled up in her eyes. She said, "I know. You hate me. You think i shouldn't have treated Tracy like that? But every time I hit Tracy, I was not of sound mind. Brandon."

Giselle didn't want to admit it in front of her son, but she had to. She said, "I have been suffering from depression for many years. I have indeed treated Tracy badly, but you know better than anyone how I treated you."

Giselle did not want to lose this excellent son, so she confessed.

Brandon stopped beating around the bush. He asked Jim to take Mandel to the car to wait for him, and Jirn took Mandel away.

Brandon said to Giselle, "Mom, don't you think that you're too cruel to Tracy?" His accusation and complaint were like a nail that had penetrated Giselle's heart, which hurt her to the extreme.

Giselle did not want to pretend anymore. The light in her eyes slowly disappeared, and her voice was full of pain. She said, "You think it's unfair to Tracy, but is it fair to me? You don't know how Terri treated me back then. She sent me a photo of her and your father sleeping together, and also called me an old witch. She said that I was not good enough for your father. As for your father, he was even more inhuman. The day I gave birth to you, I had difficult labor lying on the bed, full of blood. Terri called and said that she had cancer. Your father left at once, without looking back."

The past was still vivid in Giselle's mind. Giselle's eyes were blurred with tears. She suppressed her pain and said, "You can't imagine what I suffered. When you accused me, shouldn't you think about why I became like this? It was your father, Harris, who forced me to become this. Harris and Terri were the cause of all this tragedy."

The resentment in Giselle's eyes was like a poisonous snake's tongue. Giselle wanted to cut Terri into pieces.

Brandon almost mocked when Giselle mentioned the day she gave birth to him. He wanted to laugh sarcastically, but he held back.

He looked at Giselle with sympathy and pity, saying, "Your real child had died. Tracy and I are your tools. You brought us back from the orphanage to comfort you."

Giselle was stunned, and the muscles on her face trembled wildly.

Her eyes were wide open, almost protruding out. Giselle said, "What... What did you say?"

Brandon forced a smile and said, "I've known everything. Everything. Tracy and I are not your children."

Hearing that, Giselle felt her mind was a mess. She felt that she could not breathe. Her face became paler. She took a step back and leaned against the wall so that she would not fall.

As her brain buzzed, an unprecedented fear suddenly filled Giselle's mind. She got tongue-tied. Giselle said, "Brandon... You are my child. You are."

Giselle grabbed Brandon's sleeve, as if to prove their mother and son relationship. She wiped the tears from her eyes and said, "If you don't believe me, we can go and do a paternity test."

Brandon shook off Giselle's hand and said coldly, "Even if I am not your real son, I will recognize you as my mother. I will always be your son."

Mandel could not wait for Brandon to come out. He ignored Jim and got out of the car, rushing in. Mandel felt that the atmosphere in the living room was very strange. Mandel did not dare to come in, so he hid at the door and listened to Giselle and Brandon talking.

He heard Brandon say, "Even if I am not your real son, I will recognize you as my mother. I will always be your son."

Mandel could understand the conversation between adults, so he knew what Brandon meant.

Brandon was not his grandmother's son, so Mandel was not his grandmother's grandson.

That was no small matter.

Mandel raised his eyebrows and was extremely unhappy. He took out his phone to make a call.

The call went through.

“Hello.”

Hearing Savanna’s gentle and kind voice, Mandel almost cried out. He pursed his lips and took two deep breaths before slowly saying, “Savanna, where have you been all this time? I called you a lot of times, but you didn’t answer me. I was so sad.”

Savanna was in a coma for about a week. During that time, her phone was taken away by Brandon and turned off. After she woke up, she took her phone back from Brandon and saw a lot of unfamiliar numbers, but they were not the same. She did not know that they were from Mandel.

“I’m sorry, Manny. I was hospitalized some time ago and didn’t use my phone.”

Savanna seemed not to be lying. Mandel wiped his tears and said anxiously, “I won’t blame you. Are you okay now? Savanna.”

“I’m fine,” Savanna said. Hearing that Mandel was so anxious, Savanna felt an indescribable sense of warmth.

“That’s good.” Mandel sighed.

“Why did you call me?” Savanna asked.

“Oh.” Mandel glanced at the room. Seeing that Brandon and Giselle were still talking, he frowned and said in annoyance, “My father and grandmother are in an argument. My father said that he is not my grandmother’s biological son, Savanna, am I also not her biological grandson?”

The logic was right.

However, Mandel’s question was too profound, and Savanna felt that she couldn’t answer it.

Mandel became anxious and asked, “Am I really not Grandma’s grandson?”

Kadyn was not Terri’s son?

Savanna was a little surprised.

She thought about it and said, “Don’t worry about the adults’ inatters.”