

Chapter 1089 Leave

Sean leaned against the hood of the silver Maserati and ate his takeout. He had received a frantic message from Brandon and rushed over. Recalling that he had been too busy to stop for dinner, he then ordered his favorite food while waiting for Brandon's next instructions.

As he filled his mouth, Sean saw Janet run from the White's house, sobbing.

"Mrs. Larson, what happened?" Sean asked after swallowing the food.

Janet wiped her eyes and glanced at Sean. She suddenly snorted. "I suppose you also knew about Brandon's condition regarding his amnesia, didn't you?"

"Who told you, Mrs. Larson?" Sean avoided eye contact.

Clenching her dress with her hands, Janet felt angry and uncomfortable. She could barely catch her breath.

She sneered. Sean tried to prevent her from leaving, but she pushed him away. She hailed a passing taxi, got in the car, and left.

Brandon ran out of the house at the moment and clambered into Sean's car. His eyes were dark.

"Well, drive then. Catch up with her."

Sean got behind the wheel and chased after the taxi.

Leaning against the car window, Janet felt even more irritable. The phone in her bag kept vibrating. She attempted to ignore it, but eventually relented. She tried to keep her voice neutral, while she gripped and pulled the fabric of her dress. "What do you want? If you're calling to explain, I don't want to hear it." She spoke robotically as if they were strangers.

Brandon raised his eyebrows. "We need to talk. Don't run off."

Janet snorted. If it weren't for his deliberate concealment, she wouldn't have been angry.

"It's your problem, not mine, Brandon. Don't call again. I need to calm down." Before Brandon could say more, she hung up.

Sean followed the taxi. He told Brandon, "They're heading toward the villa. Don't worry, Mr. Larson. It looks like Mrs. Larson is going home."

Sean followed Janet back to the villa.

Janet opened the door and ran upstairs. She didn't come out again.

When night fell, the villa was brightly lit.

"Mr. Larson, we've been waiting for two hours. Why don't you go in and talk to her?" Sean glanced at his watch. He had a date after work.

Brandon sent Janet a message. Rubbing his eyebrow, he said, "You can head off now."

When Janet heard the car door close, she went to the window and peered out.

It was Sean who got out of the car and left. Brandon was still sitting inside the car.

Earlier, when she got out of the taxi, she had noticed the familiar car pull up behind them. Since then, it had been parked outside.

Janet stared at her phone. Brandon had sent her a message. He asked her to stay at home and take some time to think. He had promised not to disturb her.

If she didn't want to see him yet, he would wait.

Janet didn't reply. She looked out and saw the vague outline of her husband; he looked exhausted.

Janet pouted. She felt bad. She wanted to send a voice message to Laney but was afraid to bother her since Laney was due to give birth soon. 3

She lay across the bed and closed her eyes. Then she turned off her phone.

After tossing and turning for hours, Janet realized she couldn't fall asleep. She then heard a car engine fire up. Brandon was leaving.

Silence surrounded her. Janet was alone.

She missed Brandon's warm embrace, and the sound of his heartbeat when she hugged him. The steady beat had always made her feel safe.


Wait, what was she thinking?

She wanted to stop thinking about him. Brandon lied to her. He didn't care about her at all. She must teach him a lesson.

She forced herself to fall asleep.

The next morning, Brandon returned. He walked in, holding a bunch of beautiful lilies and breakfast.

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 +90 Points at most

There were dark circles under his eyes.

As he entered the house, the corner of a suitcase bumped against his leg.

"Excuse me, please," Janet said as she strode out of the house.

Her taxi had arrived. After putting her suitcase into the trunk, she was ready to leave. ⁵