

## Chapter 1444 This Child Is Yours

As a former bodyguard, Laney was hyperaware of minute details, and she instantly sensed that something was amiss

Upon hearing her, Brandon's pupils constricted sharply. He quickly tossed Jeremy aside and turned to Laney, anxiety etched across his face

"Who's hiding Janet?" he demanded

Laney gestured for Brandon to stay calm, then directed her attention to Suzanne, who had remained conspicuously silent thus far. Her gaze bore into Suzanne as she asked, "Where's Janet?"

Lounging leisurely on the sofa, Suzanne absentmindedly caressed her belly, replying nonchalantly, "How am I supposed to know where Janet is? You're asking the wrong person."

Suzanne's brazen attitude ignited a spark of anger in Laney. With a swift movement, she clutched Suzanne's arm, her grip tightening relentlessly

"This is your last chance. Tell me the truth—where is Janet?"

Despite the pain radiating from her arm, Suzanne held her ground, retorting, "Why on earth would I know where Mr. Larson's wife is? Don't overstep."

Laney's fingers dug into Suzanne's chin, her grip intensifying. The ruthlessness of her past role as a bodyguard shone in her eyes. "Don't force me to get violent," she threatened

Suzanne, caught in Laney's menacing glare, began to panic. After a moment of shifty glances, she clutched her belly and cried out, "Please, let me go. I'm just a patient seeking a prenatal check-up from Jeremy. I swear I know nothing more."

Laney hesitated momentarily before her eyes fell on Suzanne's slightly

protruding belly. She loosened her grip and asked skeptically, "You're pregnant?"

Suzanne bit her lip, nodding pitifully. "Yes, for quite a while now. Please, show mercy and release me..."

Suzanne's pitiable demeanor reminded Laney of her own a moment's hesitation, she released Suzanne's arm

Brandon, however, wasn't as compassionate. He

"Take her to the car," he ordered stoically

No sooner had he issued the order, two burly men materialized, dragging her away despite her screams of protest

Despite her desperate struggles, Suzanne was unsuccessful in breaking free. In her panic, she shouted, "Unhand me! Let me go right now! Do you realize whose child I carry? If any harm comes to this baby, you'll face the consequences!"

One of the men, wearing a mocking smile, retorted, "Regardless of that is unlikely." They then unceremoniously bundled her into the car

Protecting her belly, Suzanne retreated to a

Larson, what are your intentions? I've

Brandon casually leaned against the car window

observed

Hearing this, Suzanne patted her belly, a smug expression crossing her face. "Of course, this baby holds the key to my destiny."

Brandon's lips twisted into a cryptic smile. His tone was casual, yet there was an undercurrent of indifference. "Ever experimented with drugs? I've heard an infant born to a drug-addicted mother becomes an addict from birth. Fancy trying it out?"

Suzanne's complexion blanched. Faced with her

His gaze icy, Brandon fixed his attention on Suzanne's belly, his voice low. "Tell me where Janet is, I'll ensure you and your child become drug addicts."

The dangerous glint in Brandon's eyes told Suzanne he wasn't bluffing

Despite her fear, she clung to a shred of hope. "Brandon, you can't do this. You'll regret it!"

Seeing Suzanne's ashen face, Brandon

Suzanne straightened, her face grave, as though

"Because this child is yours!" 3