

## Chapter 1453 Her Wounds

Janet's defensive and distant behavior weighed heavily on Brandon's heart.

He pursed his lips and cast a lingering gaze upon her. With a sigh, he settled back into his seat and started the car.

An uncomfortable silence filled the car.

Janet realized that she had spoken too harshly moments ago when Brandon had saved her life.

After finally mustering the courage to speak, she sighed deeply and said with voice tinged with guilt, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean what I said earlier."

Brandon glanced at her. But then, he said nothing and just continued driving.

As Janet stared at his stoic expression, a wave of guilt washed over her. She wanted to offer another apology but did not know what else there was to say.

She could only shut her mouth and look out

of the window.

A few moments later, the car's pace slowed until it came to a halt on the side of the highway.

After parking the car, Brandon turned to look at Janet and asked in a cold voice, "Can you tell me where it hurts now?"

Janet was caught off guard by the genuine worry and concern in his eyes. She realized he had purposely kept silent until he brought them to a safe location to check on her well-being.

At the thought of this, she felt guiltier than she already was. At last, her vigilance toward him toned down. She rolled up her sleeves to show the extent of her injuries and admitted, "My arms and back hurt."

As Brandon's gaze fell upon the red marks marring Janet's delicate arms, his eyes narrowed slightly with concern. "Does it hurt a lot?"

Janet pulled down her sleeves and shook her head. "It's just minor injuries. I'm okay."

With an anxious look in his eyes, Brandon

scanned her from head to toe and asked again, "Where else does it hurt?"

The concern in his eyes warmed her heart. Suddenly, a wave of panic settled on her. She unconsciously moved back, but she felt a sudden pain in her ankle, which made her wince and gasp sharply, "Ouch! I think I sprained my ankle."

As she spoke, she lifted the hem of her trousers revealing her ankle. Sure enough, it was red and swollen.

The sight of her wounds tugged at Brandon's heart. He pursed his lips and said in a voice laced with guilt, "I'm sorry I wasn't able to protect you well."

Janet could not understand why he felt guilty. Nonetheless, she offered him a warm and carefree smile and assured him, "I'm okay. My injuries aren't that serious. Besides, you saved my life. I should be thanking you."

All of a sudden, the harrowing chase they had had just moments ago replayed in her mind. She lifted her gaze to the rearview mirror and suggested, "Let's head to a safe place first, like the police station. The goons

from the underground casino are terrifying."

The old taxi slowly traversed the sparsely populated road once again. For some reason, Brandon kept poking his head out, his eyes scanning the surroundings as if searching for something.

"What are you looking for?" Janet curiously asked.

Brandon glanced at her and replied, "I'm looking for a hospital. You're wounded, and you need to be treated."


Janet frowned. Just as she was about to ask him to let her get out of the car, he asked, "Since you're so scared, why did you run on your own?"

Suddenly, a hint of vigilance flashed through her eyes.


"Wait a minute. Who are you? Why were you at the casino? Why did you save me?" she asked one after another while observing the expression on his face.

A sense of strangeness enveloped Janet. Somehow, she found his scent familiar, as if it belonged to a distant memory. But even

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after racking her brains for a long time, she still could not remember who he was.

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