

Chapter 1481 Brandon's Craftiness


When Janet saw the frustration on Garrett's face, she got hot under the collar for a moment. However, she straightened up soon after and stared at him, not willing to be outdone.

She didn't say anything wrong!

She clearly remembered how Garrett ran away last night after sending them back to their room despite Brandon being severely injured.

In her eyes, Garrett was merely an unreliable scion of a rich family. How could she trust him to take care of Brandon?

Johanna didn't notice the undercurrent between Janet and Garrett. She had her attention fixed on the intertwined hands of Janet and Brandon; her gaze was rather unfriendly.

"Didn't Janet lose her memory? Why is she so close to Brandon again? Could it be that Brandon forced her while I was away?" she mused. 

At the thought of that, Johanna gritted her teeth in anger.

Although Brandon and Janet were a couple, she didn't want

him to force his way with Janet or make her fall in love with him again before Janet regained her memory.

Even if Janet had forgotten about Brandon for real, Johanna would bring her back to the White residence to take care of her and find her a good husband.

No matter what, she wouldn't let her precious daughter suffer any grievances!

It wasn't until Janet sensed Johanna's conflicted gaze that she realized Brandon was still holding her hand tightly.

She blushed and lowered her head, trying to break free from his grip.

However, Brandon remained calm and didn't want to let go of her hand.

Noticing what Janet was doing, Johanna cleared her throat and flitted her eyes away. "Janet, will you be scared tonight? Do you want me to sleep with you?"

She didn't want Janet to have any further intimacy with Brandon until her daughter was willing to.

Janet's ears reddened in embarrassment. She glared at Brandon and pulled back her hand.

Seeing that, Brandon chuckled.

Janet gave him another reproachful stare before turning to look at Johanna. She was so shy that she couldn't even speak properly.

"Mom... I'm not scared. You don't have to worry about me..."

As she spoke, she stole a glance at the smiling Brandon.

She couldn't bring herself to say that she wanted to stay here and look after Brandon.

When Brandon noticed Janet peeping at him, his joy was stirred up even more to the extent that there was finally a touch of pink on his pale face.

On the other hand, Johanna's expression turned more complicated. As she observed their interaction, a hint of displeasure slowly aroused in her heart.

Janet had lost her memory, and she barely knew much about love.

Johanna was worried that Brandon wouldn't treat her well. It was not easy to find her precious daughter back. She wasn't going to let Janet be bullied, even if the man was Brandon.

When Johanna thought about that, her face fell. She looked at Janet and said in a soft voice, "It's getting late now. Why don't you go back and have some rest? Where is your room? I'll walk you back."

Janet's cheeks flushed even more. She had spent the night in Brandon's room yesterday. How was she supposed to know where her room was?

Most importantly, she wanted to stay with Brandon tonight and take care of him.

Unfortunately, she was too embarrassed to express her thoughts to Johanna. Hence, she turned to Brandon, who had been silent the whole time, for help.

However, Brandon only looked at her with a smile, having no intention to speak for her.

Seeing that he wasn't going to help her out, Janet lowered her head, not being able to say anything for a long time.

Meanwhile, Garrett was leaning against the door frame, silently watching everything in the room. "What a crafty man," he thought.


Brandon knew that Janet cared about him and wouldn't leave him alone. However, rather than speaking up for her, he wanted Janet to admit their relationship on her own so that Johanna and Beal wouldn't stop them from being together.

Brandon was indeed scheming. No wonder he could progress the relationship with Janet at such a fast pace.

Garrett couldn't help but admire his craftiness.

For a while, none of them spoke. The room fell into eerie silence.



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