

The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 711: Looking For The Antidote

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Brandon's eyes immediately lit up with hope.

"Thank you, Frank."

It seemed that wherever Frank was, there was a strong wind howling.

"What'd you say? 'Thank you'? No need.

This strange disease of yours has aroused my desire to learn

more about it. You know that I like to study anomalies like these. Maybe this will be the greatest challenge

of my career. Brandon, even if it wasn't you, I would've kept studying it."

After the call ended, Janet sighed.

"Based on what Frank said, although he has guessed the cause of your condition, we still need to find an antidote. We're still practically in the dark."

Now that Charis was dead, where would they even start looking for the drug? She was more anxious and dejected than Brandon.

Brandon, on the other hand, was a lot more optimistic. He patted her on the back comfortingly and said,

"Don't worry. Since we now know that some mysterious drug caused my memory loss, it'll only be a matter of finding it. I'll have my men investigate it as well. We'll figure it out soon enough."

Janet nodded, although she didn't look convinced.

Charis was a scheming woman.

Since she had come up with a way to erase Brandon's memories, she must've erased any trace to where she got the drug.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to her. Although Charis was out of the picture, everything she had used before her death was still there. She might've left some clues in her personal belongings! Grabbing Brandon by the shoulders, she exclaimed excitedly, "I have an idea!"

Brandon couldn't help but smile, thinking that she looked funny and cute.

"What is it?" he asked curiously.

"We can start with Charis! There must be some information in her computer or the documents she left!"

Brandon felt that it would be difficult to do so.

He said seriously, "Her parents have all of her things. They would never allow us to touch any of her stuff. And although they didn't do anything to us, they hate us. Have you forgotten that Catherine tried to slap you? We can't just go to them for help."

"But this is the only chance we've got. Do you have any other ideas? It's better than you having a headache all the time..."

Janet refused to give up. Sometimes she could be very stubborn.

After all, what was the point of giving up without even trying? Brandon still felt that it was inappropriate to go to Charis's parents for help.

Seeing the twinkle of hope in Janet's eyes, he carefully explained the situation to her.

"Before Charis's funeral, I had already discussed matters with her parents. Considering the previous friendship between the two families, we decided let this go on the condition that we never meet each other again. It's not appropriate if I go back on my words. Don't worry. Let's just wait and see what Frank can find first. Maybe he'll have another solution." Seeing how firm Brandon was, Janet had no choice but to nod obediently.

"Okay, fine. I won't go to the Turners." Brandon smiled at how obedient she was and couldn't help but kiss her on the lips. Janet wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. However, she was born to be rebellious. How could she just give up on the idea? She couldn't let this slide so easily.

There was still hope! Although she had promised Brandon she wouldn't go to Charis's parents, she thought she could at least do something. Over the next few days, she began to inquire about the Turner family. She soon found out that Catherine and Luke had neglected their family business for a while due to Charis's illness and then death, so they'd been pouring into their work lately to make up for it.

Thus, Janet went to the Turner Group to try her luck.

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