

Love Has its Will by Selena Lewis Chapter 462

Brandon was not in a hurry to go home. He parked his car on the wide road and lit a cigarette.

With his slender fingers, Brandon held the cigarette and stretched his hand outside the window, the faintly blue smoke curling up.

“Mr. Cassel, these are copies of the surveillance videos of the hospital.”

Brandon played the videos sent by his assistant and quickly watched them.

The driver’s ward had always been guarded. In the videos of two days of surveillance, only the nurse in charge of the transfusion and medicine had been in the ward.

After smoking a cigarette, Brandon checked the surveillance videos at a quick speed. At the same time, Jim was also investigating the case urgently.

But Brandon had to be patient. He lit another cigarette in frustration.

At this time, the phone in the storage box in the car rang.

Brandon glanced at the caller ID. It was his brother, Kadyr.

Brandon didn’t even need to think and knew what Kadyr wanted.

Kadyr wanted Brandon to take Savanna to the celebration party. It was boring, and Brandon did not want to go to such an occasion to waste time.

Soon, the call was automatically hung up.

Brandon reached out and slid the video. He sharply noticed that the nurse who came to change the medicine for the driver looked different.

In the beginning, the nurse was taller and slightly fatter.

However, a nurse who appeared twice in the middle of the videos was obviously much thinner. She looked weak and couldn’t even push the cart easily.

Brandon paused the video. It was the thin and weak nurse in the image. With his two fingers, Brandon enlarged the image, trying to see the nurse’s face clearly.

But the monitoring camera of the hospital hadn’t been cleaned for a long time, and the image was misty. In addition, the corridor light was dim. So, the nurse’s face couldn’t be seen clearly.

Brandon frowned and withdrew his fingers. The screen returned to its original size.

Brandon was very agitated.

He thought, why have all the clues been broken?

This is ridiculous. Can fate stop helping the culprit?

The video was going on. Annoyedly, Brandon took a glance out of the corner of his eye and noticed a strange phenomenon.

The thin nurse walked awkwardly as if she had just learned how to walk.

She leaned against the small cart slowly, walked slowly, and was pigeon-toed. It didn't seem like the nurse was walking. She seemed to be moving with the help of the cart. The problem was that this method of walking was not easy. Instead, it would be very tiring, and there would even be the risk of being unable to stop the cart and falling with the cart.

Unless...

Unless this person had a leg problem, and she was afraid that if she walked in the same way as before, she would be found out.

Brandon raised his eyebrows. He immediately sat up and stared at the surveillance videos carefully.

After watching every scene where the nurse had been in, Brandon found a breakthrough point.

When the thin nurse entered the ward, she suddenly freed a hand and pounded her leg. Probably because she thought that the surveillance camera could no longer see her, the nurse no longer leaned on the small cart. So, from her last step into the ward, it was obvious to see that she was lame.

Brandon didn't know many cripples. And there was only one who had such a similar figure to the thin nurse.

Brandon quickly intercepted this section of the video and sent it to the police in charge of the case.

"Officer, I found new evidence."

Beep.

Just as Brandon hung up the call with the police, a strange call came in.

The number was unknown.

However, there were not many people who knew Brandon's private number, so Brandon picked it up anyway.

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Cassel, the celebration party has already started for so long. Why aren't you here yet?"

Kadyn's annoying voice came from the other end of the line.

Brandon didn't expect that he would call again with another number.

Kadyn seemed to have guessed what Brandon was thinking. "You didn't answer my call, so I had to call you with a different number. Hurry up and come over. You're the main character."

Brandon had participated too many times in such meaningless social events, and he was not interested at all.

Brandon would rather go home to stay with his family than waste time greeting a bunch of unfamiliar people.

“You guys have fun. I won’t go,” Brandon directly refused.

However, Kadyrn wouldn’t give up. “If you don’t come, someone waiting for you to come will be sad.”

“Don’t mess around. Savanna and I had a hard time because of all the misunderstandings. I won’t do anything to hurt her again.”

Brandon replied firmly.

He knew how difficult it was to live a peaceful life with Savanna now. Brandon did not want any more accidents to disturb their happiness.

On the other end of the line, Kadyrn said in a playful tone to someone, “Give up. Mr. Cassel is a good husband now, and no one will be able to call him over.”

Brandon didn’t bother to meddle in that and hung up the phone.

Soon, the police replied.

After checking, that back indeed looked like Winnie’s. The police had summoned the suspect to investigate.

Things were getting better step by step, and Brandon’s tightly knitted brows were slowly stretched.

Brandon threw away the cigarette, rolled down all the windows, let the wind in, and blew away the smell of smoke that filled the car.

Brandon got out of the car. He didn’t want the smoke smell to make Savanna and their child uncomfortable when he came home.

By the time Brandon returned, Savanna and their daughter had already fallen asleep.

His wife and child lay on the big double bed quietly. There was some space left for Brandon.

The bedside lamp was on, seemingly especially waiting for Brandon to go home.

Every man would be touched by such a lovely scene.

Brandon leaned over and gently left a kiss on Savanna’s forehead.

However, Savanna was a light sleeper. The slight touch woke her up. “Brandon, you are back. How is it going?”

“The suspect is dead, but you can rest assured because I have found a new clue.”

Savanna did not ask Brandon what the clue was. Instead, she said, “Does your promise still count?”

Savanna had almost died. She was more open-minded and smarter now.

There was something that Savanna would not talk about. She would only give a hint, and the person who should know her meaning would take the hint.

Brandon knew what Savanna meant. He nodded. "Of course."

After taking a shower and putting his daughter in the cradle, Brandon went to bed. He and Savanna fell asleep in each other's arms like newlyweds.

In the middle of the night, a message came to Brandon's phone.

"If you want to know the truth, come to apartment 2405, Building 3, Hillcrest Garden."

It was an unknown number, and there was no name.

Brandon woke up. When he saw the message, he widened his eyes.

Brandon quickly turned his head and glanced at the woman next to him, who was sleeping soundly. Then, he replied to the message.

"Who are you?"

Ding.

Another message came in.

"Come alone, or you will definitely regret it."

At four o'clock in the morning, Brandon put on his clothes quietly, took the car key, and went downstairs.

The moment the car engine sounded,

Savanna, who was in a light sleep, sat up on the bed.

At the same time, her phone rang a few times.

Savanna received several messages.