

## Chapter 1456 Pretend To Be Weak

This was a somewhat antiquated villa, nestled in the city's outskirts. It was hidden amidst a thicket, with only a meandering dirt road connecting the front gate to the outside world.

Despite Brandon's commendable driving skills, the vehicle he was operating was a ramshackle taxi. The old taxi jostled along the uneven dirt road, making for an uncomfortable ride.

Just as Janet felt her stomach churn in motion sickness, Brandon finally arrived at their destination.

He unbuckled his seatbelt and clumsily clambered out of the car.

Watching him sway, on the verge of falling, Janet couldn't help but worry. After a few seconds of hesitation, she followed him out of the vehicle.

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The moment she stepped out, she noticed that his white shirt was splotted with blood. She clenched her fists, gazing worriedly at the blood staining his waist. Her heart ached for him.

Why did his pain stir up such intense feelings of sympathy in her? Why did she wish it was her in pain instead of him?

Under the yard's soft yellow light, Brandon appeared fragile. He leaned against the car door, visibly drained, and locked his gaze onto her. "You can leave now if you want, but I can't... ahem... I can't offer you a ride back."

His strained speech made her heart twinge even more.

Although this mysterious man seemed to harbor some ulterior motive towards her, he had saved her life. Moreover, he was now injured. Wouldn't it be heartless of her to simply abandon him?

What was more critical was that seeing him

hurt left her unable to turn away.

Just as she was torn by her predicament, a rustling sound emerged from the house.

Before she could decipher what was happening, she found herself shielding Brandon, her eyes warily fixed on the man and woman stepping out of the house.

The pair looked surprised upon seeing Janet. However, when their gaze landed on Brandon behind her, their expressions shifted dramatically.

"Brandon, are you alright?" The man who emerged from the house quickly rushed to Brandon's side, anxiously inspecting his blood-soaked shirt. "Why are your injuries so severe?"

The woman trailing behind him also hastened forward, her brows furrowed in concern. "Are you okay?"

These two were none other than Garrett and Laney. They had received a message from Brandon and arrived at this secluded villa to meet him.

With Garrett's assistance, Brandon managed

to steady himself. "It's nothing serious. Don't worry."

Yet, as he spoke, his body wavered again, and he toppled towards Janet.

Just as Janet was about to assist him, Garrett stepped in and said, "How could it be nothing? You're so weak that you're on the verge of fainting. We need to get you to a hospital right away."


Noting that the two strangers were friends of Brandon's, Janet breathed a sigh of relief. She addressed Brandon, "Since your friends are here to take care of you, I'll be going now. Thank you for saving me today. Take care."

It was only then that Garrett and Laney fully noticed the woman. Upon seeing her face clearly, a wave of confusion swept over them. She bore a striking resemblance to Janet.

Before they could make any sense of it, they observed Brandon close his eyes, push Garrett away, and topple towards Janet.

Caught by surprise, Garrett instinctively slackened his hold, bearing witness to the most astonishing scene of his life.

Brandon, the typically cold and arrogant CEO of the Larson Group, collapsed into Janet's arms in a state of vulnerability. He pressed his hand to his forehead, murmuring weakly, "My head hurts."

Yet again, Janet's body moved faster than her mind. She steadied him, asking reflexively, "How are you feeling?" 

Brandon, eyes drooping with fatigue, murmured, "Help me inside."

Garrett's lips twitched as he stepped aside, not wanting to interfere with Brandon's performance.

He glanced at the deserted car, then back at the woman in front of him. He recalled Brandon's message about finding Janet, but where was she? Could this woman, who looked uncannily like Janet, actually be her?


"Brandon... Have you found Janet?" Garrett asked.

Resting weakly against Janet, Brandon didn't even muster the energy to glance at Garrett, much less offer an explanation.

Baffled, Garrett turned to Laney and

whispered, "Where's Janet? And who is this woman?"

Equally perplexed by the situation, Laney replied, "I don't know."

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