

Chapter 1466 I Don't Remember Who He Is

At the same time, Brandon, despite his injuries, was racing towards the basement with Garrett. The news that Janet had gone to see Suzanne had propelled him into action.

Even though Suzanne was surrounded by professional bodyguards, and couldn't cause any real trouble, Brandon was still concerned. If the guards failed to contain Suzanne, she might harm Janet.

Furthermore, Janet had lost her memory. If Suzanne attempted to turn her against him, he would have to invest more time and effort to win Janet's heart again.

Trailing behind Brandon, Garrett was plagued with his own worries.

Ever since Suzanne had been brought back, she had claimed that the baby she was carrying was Brandon's. Brandon, however, hadn't provided any clarification.

Although Garrett trusted Brandon, he was fearful of the possibility that Suzanne's claim might be true.

Especially given Suzanne's unwavering certainty, Garrett found himself filled with doubt. All he could do was silently hope that no further complications would arise.

Caught up in their individual thoughts, they arrived at the

basement. Upon reaching a corner, they overheard Suzanne questioning Janet.

Brandon came to an abrupt halt. Garrett, caught off guard, nearly collided with him.

"What's wrong?" Garrett had been lost in thought and hadn't heard Suzanne's voice. He looked at Brandon, puzzled. "Why aren't we proceeding?"

Brandon gave him a frosty glance, signaling him to remain silent.

Garrett complied, sealing his lips. Though he was clueless about the situation unfolding in the basement, he knew better than to ask.

In the basement, Suzanne's voice echoed. "Janet, you don't truly care about Brandon, do you?"

Unaware that Brandon and Garrett were listening around the corner, Janet didn't want to waste her time on Suzanne. She coldly responded, "I just want to know why I've lost my memory."

Facing Janet's emotionless expression, Suzanne suddenly let out a bitter laugh. "Why... Why?"

She pounded on the floor, yelling in madness, "I went to great lengths to get close to him, but you don't care about him at all! Why?"

Suzanne was still bleeding. The pungent odor of blood was unbearable for Janet, who frowned and took a step back. "Calm down."

On hearing this, Suzanne abruptly looked up, her eyes fixed on Janet. "I don't believe you and Brandon are that deeply in love. You don't even care about Brandon fathering a child with someone else. Brandon has done so much for you, and I genuinely feel sorry for him..."

Touching her belly, she erupted into maniacal laughter. "For your sake, Brandon could even kill his own child, yet he still can't win your heart. How absurd!"

Janet disregarded Suzanne's wild rant, focusing instead on the blood-stained floor. Realizing that she wouldn't get any meaningful information from Suzanne, she instructed, "I have no further questions. Take her to the hospital."

The two bodyguards exchanged a glance with Laney and, seeing her agreement, promptly dragged Suzanne out.

Once they were alone in the basement, Laney tentatively asked, "Don't you care if Suzanne's child is Brandon's?"

After a moment of contemplation, Janet responded, "It's not that I don't care. It's just that I don't remember who he is."

She let out a soft sigh, her voice tinged with sadness. "I don't remember who he is, who I am, and what our relationship used to be. Compared to these complications, I am more concerned about recovering my memory."

Laney was at a loss for words, unable to find a way to console her. She could only offer a comforting pat on Janet's shoulder.

Forcing a smile, Janet admitted, "My mind is a blank slate.

This world is completely unfamiliar to me. I can't discern the intentions of the people around me. Constantly being on guard is truly unnerving.* 4



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