

## Chapter 1478 You Two Were Close

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Seeing Brandon's insistence on waiting for Janet despite his injuries, Garrett's expression soured. "Why are you so on edge? Is Janet in any danger here?"

Brandon stubbornly fixed his gaze on the door, replying, "I'll be worried until she's back."

Garrett, so frustrated he felt like knocking Brandon out cold just to make him rest, retorted, "What is there to worry about? Laney and I will take good care of her!"

"I'll rest once she's back," Brandon replied, a distrustful look in his cold eyes.

Regardless of Garrett's persuasions, he was adamant about waiting for Janet.

Only when the night had deepened did a bodyguard report, "Mrs. Larson has finished speaking with Mrs. White."

As Brandon started to rise, Garrett pushed him back down. "You can't move. Your wound has just been stitched."

Knowing Garrett meant well, Brandon didn't resist. Instead, he frowned at the bodyguard and asked, "Why hasn't Janet

returned yet?"

"Mrs. White took her to the restaurant for dinner. Do you want me to call her up?"

Only then did Brandon realize that after everything that had happened throughout the night, not just Janet, but he also hadn't eaten. He waved a dismissive hand. "Never mind. Bring me some dinner. As for Janet, bring her to me when she's done eating."

Meanwhile, in the restaurant, Janet was dining with Johanna and Beal, reminiscing about her past.

When Brandon's name came up, Janet blushed, asking in a soft voice, "Is he... really my husband?"

Johanna covered her mouth, her eyes crinkling in a smile. "Indeed. You two were incredibly close. Always inseparable."

Beal echoed her sentiments, "Apart from us, he's been the most distressed about your disappearance. Brandon has been tirelessly searching for you day and night these past few months. He's worn himself thin."

Hearing Johanna and Beal's words, a warm feeling welled up in Janet's heart.

After finishing her meal, a nearby bodyguard promptly approached her and respectfully guided her towards Brandon's room.

Before even entering, Janet was struck by the intense smell

of blood.

Fear clutching at her, she hurried into the room. Only when she saw Brandon safely reclining against the headboard did she let out a sigh of relief.

A soft smile finally graced Brandon's typically cold expression as he caught sight of Janet. "Have you eaten enough? Did you enjoy the restaurant's food?"

Janet, however, couldn't bring herself to answer his questions. As soon as she entered the room, she noticed his alarming pallor, as though he could faint at any moment.

"What happened to you?" Alarmed, she quickly pulled back the covers to inspect his wounds. "Have you been hurt again? Did the wound reopen?"

Brandon felt warmth spreading through him at the sight of her worried expression. Suddenly, the pain in his waist didn't seem as bad anymore.

Observing his silent, intense stare, Janet's anxiety mounted. "I'll call the doctor immediately."

Brandon reached out and held Janet's hand, the soft touch of her skin calming him. He assured her gently, "It's okay, I'm not hurt."

However, the strong smell of blood and Brandon's noticeably pale lips made it hard for Janet to believe him. "The scent of blood in the room is overwhelming, and your face is so pale.

How can you say you're okay?"

Not wanting to worry her further, Brandon chose not to divulge the details about the stitches. He simply said, "I had a bit of bleeding when I went looking for you earlier, but the doctor has taken care of it. Honestly, it's okay. You don't need to worry."