

## Chapter 1791 An Old Man With Mental Illness

Janet barely caught the whisper. She was right next to the door; otherwise, she wouldn't have heard it.

The customers here were usually wealthy or from high society. Was this place a front for abducting affluent or noble women?

The thought made Janet anxious. She was about to call her bodyguards when she detected a sound like something heavy being moved behind the door.

Without waiting to make the call, Janet pushed through the fire exit.

In the dim light from behind the door, a man was pulling an old man with gray hair down the stairs. The old man was in pain and trying to resist. When he saw Janet, he called out for help desperately, as if he believed she could save him.

"Stop! Let him go!" Janet demanded.

The man stood still for a moment, then gazed at Janet with a defeated expression before releasing his grip on the old man.

After wriggling out, the old man dashed upstairs and clutched Janet's wrist tightly.

Janet usually disliked physical contact but let the man hold on, sensing his recent terror. She confronted the younger man, "Identify yourself. What's your intention here?"

The man glared at his elderly companion by Janet's side, then explained with a hint of resignation, "He's my uncle, suffering from mental instability. He tends to roam, and I was worried he might cause alarm or harm, so I was bringing him home."

After he finished, Janet instinctively glanced at the old man beside her.

The old man had gray hair and dirty clothes as if he hadn't changed in days. His face was smudged, but his eyes were bright and sharp. He didn't seem mentally unstable.

Janet asked him gently, "Is this man your nephew?"

The old man, eyes wide with apprehension, avoided the younger man's gaze and shook his head.

The younger man's frustration was palpable, his fists clenched in anger.

Yet, Janet noticed his subtle shift, as if he might attack at any moment. Afraid, she hurriedly pulled the old man back a few steps into the well-lit corridor. She felt relieved hearing the chatter of customers in the shop.

She didn't bother to uncover the man's identity. Her only concern was getting him to safety and having the bodyguards escort him back.

They reached a secure spot. Janet double-checked to ensure the man wasn't trailing them. Then, she exhaled deeply and inquired about the old man's name and where he lived.

The old man's voice was a bit fuzzy. Janet could barely make out the name Murmansk in his words.

This place wasn't in Barnes. It might be a name from some foreign land.

Curious about his journey, she asked, "How did you arrive in Barnes?"

"I traveled here by plane," the old man responded.

Janet wrinkled her brow and asked, "Can you recall your family's phone number? I can call them to come get you."

The elderly man's expression turned somber as he replied, "I never married or had children. My parents and siblings have all passed away."

Janet was momentarily at a loss for words, taken aback by his situation. After a pause, she probed further, "Are you in Barnes seeking a friend or for some other reason?"

The man's eyes were filled with anxiety as he clutched Janet's hand. "Someone is delving into my background! They aim to seize my inheritance and my pension. I have no choice but to flee to Barnes. I'm a stranger in this city. Miss, you seem compassionate. Could you assist me?"

Staring at his worn-out outfit and stern expression, Janet was lost for words.

Just then, her chauffeur and bodyguards approached, an evening gown in tow. They noticed the disheveled man clinging to Janet, hurried to her side, and instinctively protected her from him.

The old man, already distressed from the earlier ordeal, was now visibly shaken by the arrival of the men.

Noticing the confusion, Janet quickly gestured and clarified, "Don't worry. You don't need to be concerned. This elderly man went through a rough patch and nearly got abducted. He mentioned someone probing into his identity."

One of the bodyguards, expression stoic, suggested, "Ma'am, such matters are best handled by the police. It's not safe to get involved."

He then proceeded to dial the authorities.

The prospect of police involvement struck terror in the old man, who urgently interjected, "No, please! Don't call the police! They'll locate me right away if you do. I implore you; don't involve the police!"