

Chapter 1810 Find The Herbs

On their way home, Janet sought solace in Brandon's comforting embrace, leaning into him with a heavy heart.

Even now, the events of the day felt like a blur, too swift and surreal to fully comprehend.

One moment, someone had offered her a glimmer of hope, promising a cure that filled her with joy.

And then, in the blink of an eye, it had all come crashing down. The tragic accident involving the two doctors and the lab explosion had shattered her newfound hope, transforming it into an endless abyss of despair.

Sensing Janet's anguish, Brandon reassured her, "It's okay. Don't worry. Even if the herbs were on Mars, I'd find a way to get them for you. I've already instructed my contacts to scour every auction and black market abroad. And as for the Barton family, I've already asked my men to contact them. There may be good news on the horizon. As long as the Barton family have those herbs, I will buy them, no matter the cost. All you need to do is trust me, okay?"

Janet certainly knew his persistence, but she was exhausted now. In a soft voice, she confessed, "I'm not that sad. Actually, I didn't expect to recover. I've

prepared for the worst. One can't be too disappointed when they didn't have high hopes in the first place. I trust you, Brandon. Don't worry about me. I will take good care of myself."

Brandon couldn't shake the sense of unease that settled in his heart at the sight of Janet's seemingly resigned demeanor as if she had no hope for the future.

He knew all too well the extent of her suffering and the depth of her resilience. This time, he vowed, things would be different. No matter the challenges that lay ahead, he would find solutions. He would ensure that everything concerning Janet's well-being would be tended to with utmost care and dedication. For Janet, he would move mountains.

After the two returned to the villa, Brandon wasted no time in reaching out to Beal, detailing his plan over the phone.

Beal asked, "The Barton family? The Barton family in Uthines?"

"Yes."

"Alright, consider it done. Whatever you need, just say the word. You can also utilize the resources of the White family as you see fit."

This was Brandon's first time asking his father-in-law for help, and Beal responded positively and with no hesitation.

Then, as if thinking of something, Beal asked with a

note of caution, "You've put so much effort into this. Is it because you've found a way to help Janet recover her memory?"

Taking a deep breath, Brandon weighed his words carefully. He had always kept Janet's physical condition hidden from her parents-in-law, wanting to shield them from unnecessary worry. So he responded, "Not necessarily. Someone mentioned a potential cure, but we need to locate this medicine first."

Upon hearing the possibility of his daughter's memory being restored, Beal's excitement was palpable. He reassured Brandon fervently, "Don't worry. We will spare no effort in finding it."

As Brandon ended the call, he glanced over to see Janet casually scrolling through posts from the designers she followed as if nothing had happened.

He knew her all too well—she was trying to mask her emotions, unwilling to add to his worries. But just as he was about to say something, Janet abruptly stood up from the sofa, announcing, "Ah, time for dinner."

Then she went straight to the kitchen, leaving him no chance to speak.

After a short while, Janet emerged from the kitchen with dishes in hand, setting them down on the dining table.

Observing her actions, Brandon couldn't suppress a sigh of resignation. "How many times have I told you?"

You don't have to cook by yourself. What if you hurt yourself again?"

Taking her hands in his, he carefully inspected them for any signs of injury, a hint of worry shadowing his features. Only when he was reassured that she wasn't hurt did he allow himself to relax slightly.

As Janet set the dishes down, a note of disappointment crept into her voice. "Is my cooking not as good as before?"

Brandon was about to eat. Hearing that, he paused for a second and shook his head immediately, his expression softening. "Your cooking has always been excellent. Why do you ask?"

As he spoke, as if to prove that Janet's cooking was indeed exceptional, he took a hearty bite of the dish.


Janet, however, couldn't meet his gaze, her eyes downcast. She felt as though tears were just on the brink of spilling over.

Because the dish Brandon was enjoying had been prepared by the chef, not her.

Maybe affected by her despondent mood, Janet had attempted to cook two dishes earlier, both of which had ended up in the kitchen's trash bin—one devoid of salt, the other charred beyond recognition.

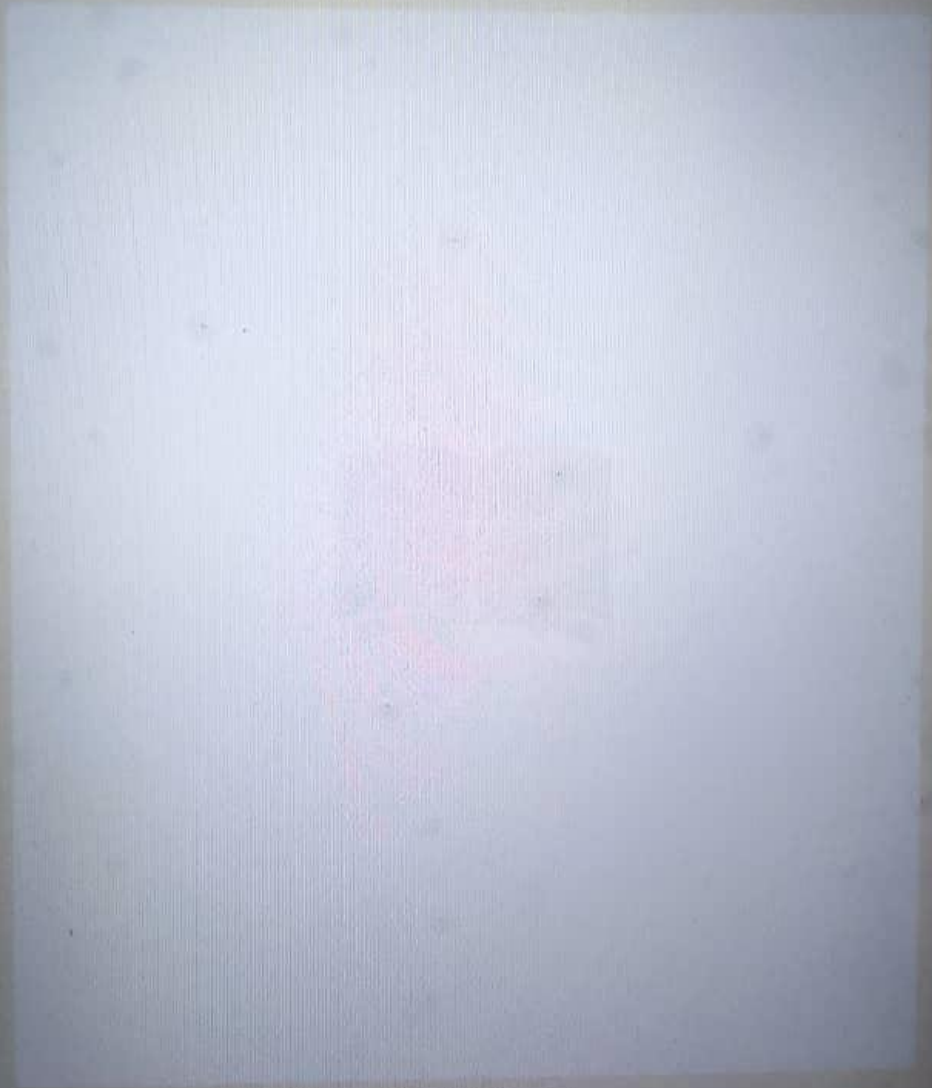
Janet's hand trembled slightly as she held the fork, struggling to maintain her composure. After taking a few deep breaths to steady herself, she managed to regain control of her emotions.


Chapter 1810 Find The Herbs

 +120 Points at most

"Is something wrong?" Brandon asked.

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.



 I want no ads >