

## Chapter 1470 He Was Anxious

Caught in an awkward situation, Garrett felt a profound sense of helplessness. He wished he could vanish into thin air, having never been there in the first place.

Why was he perpetually ill-fated to disrupt Brandon's private moments?

Brandon, shooting a cool glance at the stunned Garrett, questioned in a chilly voice, "Why haven't you left? Do you require an official invitation to exit?"

"I'll go! I'm leaving right now!" Sporting a sheepish grin, Garrett carefully backed away, making an attempt to flee.

"Hold on!" Janet's face turned grave as she abruptly halted him.

"Do you plan to berate me for ruining your intimate moment as well?" Garrett queried, looking at Janet with a pitiful gaze.

Janet's cheeks turned a shade of pink as she glared at him.

"What are you insinuating?"

Confused, Garrett scratched his head and retorted, "Then why do you want me to stay?"

Upon uttering those words, he behaved as though he was genuinely unwilling to play the third wheel.

Janet glanced at Brandon and said earnestly, "When I went down to the basement, I saw Suzanne in a dreadful state. We

should call for medical help. Regardless of Suzanne's transgressions, it's a matter of life and death. We can't let her perish here."

A frown creased Brandon's brow as he helplessly glanced at her. "Your kindness knows no bounds."

Janet lowered her gaze, the images she had just seen replaying in her mind. Her voice held a trace of heaviness. "When I saw Suzanne earlier, it was as if I was witnessing Laney's catastrophic hemorrhage during childbirth... No matter how evil Suzanne may be, the unborn child she carries is innocent..." ③

Both Brandon and Garrett were taken aback, particularly Garrett. A sliver of guilt flashed across his eyes upon hearing Janet's words. He nodded. "Alright, don't worry. I'll immediately send for my team to rescue Suzanne."

Following Garrett's hasty departure, the room sank into silence once more. Janet leaned against the wall, head lowered, her thoughts a mystery.

After a lengthy pause, she lifted her gaze to meet Brandon's. She seemed to want to voice something but hesitated. "Suzanne's baby..."

Brandon understood her unspoken question. His expression darkened, and a wave of discomfort washed over him.

Sensing Brandon's troubled demeanor, Janet explained reluctantly, "It's not that I distrust you. I just find it peculiar that she's so certain the baby is yours."

Rubbing his forehead in exhaustion, Brandon asserted firmly, "I have no connection to Suzanne's baby."

Janet asked, her voice laced with skepticism, "How can you be so certain?"

A shiver of repugnance passed through Brandon's eyes as he recalled the past events. "Jeremy and Suzanne had been surveilling the hotel where we had been staying. Their plan was to impregnate Suzanne using the condoms we had discarded. However, I had already perceived their ploy and had ordered for the trash to be swapped out." <sup>1</sup>

Janet's eyes widened in disbelief. "They stole your used condoms?"

Brandon nodded, his face clouding over. "The surveillance footage still exists. If you're skeptical, I can arrange for you to view it."

Janet was taken aback by the unfolding events. Laughter bubbled up within her, impossible to contain. "They actually resorted to stealing condoms..."

Brandon's expression darkened further as Janet's laughter echoed through the room.

Eventually, Janet's mirth subsided, and she wiped the tears of amusement from her eyes.

Attempting to retain his dignity, Brandon stated rigidly, "Now, can you finally believe me?"

The remnants of a smile evaporated from Janet's face. It was only then that she acknowledged the awkward nature of



her relationship with Brandon. She blushed, dropped her gaze to her feet, and mumbled, "Regardless of whether her child is yours, it doesn't concern me. We're not closely involved at the moment."

At this, Brandon's expression turned stormy.

Then, Janet snuck a glance at Brandon and added listlessly, "You don't need to explain anything to me. Whether or not you have a child is none of my concern. Besides, I will be leaving soon. Let's revisit the state of our relationship once I regain my memory." ⓘ

Observing her desperate attempts to put distance between them, Brandon felt a surge of annoyance. However, he didn't want to vent his anger on her. He could only remind himself that Janet's memory loss was the cause of her indifference.

After a moment of silent endurance, Brandon responded in a chilly tone, "I feel the need to explain. It's up to you whether you listen or not."

"Okay," Janet responded, the awkwardness palpable.

The room was instantly suffused with an uneasy silence. Janet, wringing her hands anxiously, suggested, "If there's nothing else, I'll leave first..."

Just as she was about to exit, a wave of anxiety washed over Brandon. The usually poised and potent CEO of the Larson Group instinctively covered the wound on his waist, his brow furrowing with discomfort.