

## Chapter 898 Are You Keeping Something From Me

Brandon turned somber at the change of subject, even as he bristled in his seat.

Frank had told him how the pharmacist had tampered with some patients' medications and caused them to suffer serious repercussions from their illnesses. He experienced no symptoms that might point out to such a scenario, but it remained a possibility nonetheless.

Brandon looked at Janet's worried face and mustered a smile. "Don't bother. Frank already had me checked, and he told me that there are no serious side effects. Except for the memory loss, there should be no problem."

He spoke in a reassuring tone that brooked no question.

Janet smiled and nodded before turning to Beal. "Don't worry about us, Dad. I am well-aware of Brandon's condition. Besides, we've already seen a lot of doctors, and the results are all the same."

Johanna nudged Beal and smiled helplessly. "Your father likes to worry about every little thing. Don't mind him. But since Brandon is doing better now, you should start trying for a child."

Perhaps it was because they were getting on in years, but Johanna and Beal were really looking forward to having grandchildren.

Janet stole a glance at Brandon, her cheeks turning red.

Brandon took her hand with a grin. "You don't have to worry about that, Mom. We're certainly doing our best." 1

Johanna tittered excitedly, all smug as she told her husband, "See? The master was right. I am going to have a grandchild soon!"

"What master? How would they know about these things?" Janet asked lightly.

Beal paused his chewing to explain. "We met a fortune-teller when we were in Sri Lanka. He told your mother that she would soon have grandchildren."

Janet couldn't help but chuckle at that.

After dinner, the chauffeur drove Johanna and Beal back to the White family mansion.

Before getting into the car, Johanna turned to her daughter and reiterated, "I've said this before. But if you are wronged in any way, you must tell us."

"I know, Mom. Stop nagging, okay? Call me when you get home." Janet basked in the warmth of her parents' affections. It was wonderful to have a family.

When the car finally disappeared into the distance, she let out a sigh of relief. The smile disappeared from her face. She looked at Brandon in the eye and asked, "Are you keeping something from me? Something to do with your condition?"

Brandon stiffened, but he was able to maintain his composure. "You know it's just memory loss."

Janet's frown deepened. "You seemed hesitant when you were asked about the side effects. It's making me uneasy. I'm worried."

Brandon's mind raced as he thought of a way to dodge her questions. After a while, he raised his eyebrow and tilted his head provocatively. "You can see for yourself later whether something is wrong with me or not."

Then, before Janet could retort, he picked her up and carried her over his shoulder before striding

back into the living room. He tossed her gently on the sofa and pressed his body against hers.

Janet struggled halfheartedly. Her cheeks had turned a delectable shade of pink, and a playful smile was dancing on her lips. "Stop fooling around. All right, I trust you."

She refrained from prying any further and focused on her parents instead. "Honey, we need to deal with this matter as soon as possible. The rumor has spread all over. My parents are worried and itching to do something about it. Dalores must be punished."

Brandon plopped down beside her and nuzzled her hair, his eyes turning dark and unfathomable. His next words were spoken in a clear, blunt manner. "Don't worry. Dalores cannot escape."

That night, a black car sped along the expressway in Barnes.

Dalores looked utterly worn out. Every so often, she would glance at the rearview mirror, her eyes wide and a little crazed. She clutched her phone with one hand while the other took hold of the steering wheel. She didn't know where to go.

