

Chapter 1021 Janet's Suspicious

Janet nodded readily, but then she realized how strange it was since he seldom asked for anything.

"Is there anything you'd like to it?" Janet prodded with a sweet smile.

She had a nagging suspicion that Brandon wanted her to leave because he had something private to discuss with Frank.

This feeling had been with her for a long time now. Whenever Brandon and Frank were in the same room together, they always acted suspiciously.

Brandon had no appetite, and this was his way to distract Janet anyway, so he said, "The doctor told me not to eat anything for the night. I'm supposed to have some tests tomorrow morning with an empty stomach. But I would like it if you cooked something for me for tomorrow's breakfast after the tests. Why don't you go home and get a proper rest? You can come back in the morning with my breakfast."

"Oh, I see," Janet said in a pointed tone, making no move to exit the room. When Brandon looked up, he caught a faint smile dancing on her lips.

"What's wrong?" He sat up straight, his chest tightening inexplicably.

The atmosphere in the room grew tense. In the blink of an eye, Janet's expression turned serious, and she whirled around to stare at Frank. "Tell me the truth! What the hell are you two hiding from me?"

Brandon stole a nervous glance at the other man. Frank was a clever guy, and he knew how to get a hint. When he replied, his tone was so sincere that anyone would have easily believed his lies. "I promise, we are not hiding anything from you. People are naturally vulnerable when they are ill or injured, and Brandon is especially so after he got hurt in the head. Mood swings and changes of habits happen, and he just needs particular care to recuperate."

"Very good," Janet said, her smile reappearing. Although her voice was light, there was a vehemence to her words. "If I find out that you and Brandon lied to me, I definitely won't let you off."

She could tell that Frank was lying, but she just couldn't prove it.

As for Frank, his back broke out in cold sweat, and his heart thundered frantically inside his chest. Tiptoeing around this couple was as challenging as performing the most delicate surgery on a dying patient. It was all he could do not to cave in to the pressure.

Still, he persevered. Frank took a deep breath and buried the secret in his heart. "Don't worry. I am a doctor. Why would I lie about a patient's condition?"

Still smiling, Janet stared long and hard at Frank, and then at Brandon. "All right. I believe you. I'll go and arrange for a leave of absence at the studio. Have a good rest, Brandon." ²

"Be careful on your way," her husband replied eagerly. "Call me when you get home."

"Okay, don't spend too much time talking to Frank. The doctor said you need plenty of rest." Doubt flashed in Janet's eyes, but it was gone in the next second. She bid goodbye to Frank, and then left the ward.

Frank watched her go, and immediately closed the door when she disappeared down the corridor. He

leaned against the door and heaved a long sigh.

"Your wife sure is a tricky one."

"Janet is a smart woman. We won't be able to hide it from her forever. How long do I still have?"

Brandon didn't look like a man suffering from the debilitating pain of disease. If anything, he looked... serene.

"Don't say such horrible words," Frank admonished, his face darkening. "I've checked your X-rays and medical records. They look fine."

"There is one thing, though," Brandon said slowly.

"I'm not sure if it's good or bad, but the two years' worth of memory that I lost is coming back to me bit by bit."

Frank was surprised to hear this. He hurried over to Brandon's side and asked, "How do you feel? The human brain is truly an enigma. Perhaps the impact from the blow you just suffered might bring back your lost memories. You'll have to keep an eye on your body and watch out for headaches. Your case is one of a kind. I'm afraid I can't give a diagnosis so easily. I need more information."

"Actually, I no longer experience a headache whenever I try to recall the past," Brandon

explained, his brows furrowed. "But what about those side effects that you mentioned before?"

Frank mustered a bitter smile. "Look at you, acting all frightened for once. You've always been so fearless."

Brandon said nothing.

Frank was right—he had been fearless in the past. But when Janet appeared in his life, he suddenly had a formidable weakness. His heart broke at the mere thought of her weeping for him.

Frank reached out and patted him on the shoulder. "Based on your current condition, chances are high that you would completely recover from your amnesia. Of course, there is no way of knowing what the future holds, but all the information and results we have on hand show that you are fine. Don't worry too much."

Brandon smiled at that, but then his eyes were arrested on a lipstick mark on the collar of Frank's shirt. "So, you can dally around with women, after all. Why is it that you still don't have a girlfriend?"