

Chapter 1029 Interrogation In The Ward

Vivian did a background check on Roger before she hired him for her plan. She found out that he was not a native of Barnes, and his family had been living in a small town in the south. He had been living here in Barnes alone for more than 10 years and therefore lost contact with all his family members. He didn't have many friends except for a group of gamblers who he always hung out with.

Roger always took on shady jobs. Whenever he accepted one, he would be gone for a few months, sometimes even up to a year.

His body now lay at the bottom of an unfinished structure. 6

Vivian had chosen the particular building for her plan to get rid of Roger as it was marked as hazardous. There was not a single soul inhabiting the building and no one would enter it casually. It was the perfect place as no one would find him there.

Vivian was confident that by the time someone found Roger's body, all that was left would be skin and bones. He would be unrecognizable.

She calmed herself down as she got into her car, assuring herself that everything was over. She then drew in a deep breath, started the engine, and drove off.

Meanwhile, Janet went home to get her things. She then made lunch for Brandon before departing for the hospital.

Janet felt something was amiss as she entered Brandon's ward. The atmosphere was depressing and bodyguards were standing in every corner of the room. She glanced around and felt that the ward became dimmer with so many people blocking the lights. She found this weird as the VIP room was spacious enough to have a sofa and bed and still have enough room for walking.

Janet widened her eyes in surprise and asked, "Why are there so many bodyguards in the ward?"

Brandon was sitting on a sofa instead of lying on his bed. Beside him were two strong and tall bodyguards standing straight and alert. There was also a man and a woman with sacks over their

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heads kneeling in front of him.

Janet looked at Brandon doubtfully and questioned warily, "Honey, what's going on?"

"Why didn't you lock the door?" Brandon said accusingly as he frowned at Sean.

He then turned to Janet and said gently, "Don't worry about this. I don't want to get you involved. Wait for me outside, okay? I'll be quick."

He obviously did not expect Janet's arrival.

Sean hung his head and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Larson. I was in a hurry and forgot to lock the door."

He then walked to the door and opened it. "Mrs. Larson, would you like to go out and wait for a moment?" he said awkwardly but firmly.

Sean was not his usual gentle self. He was worried that Janet might be frightened if she witnessed Brandon's anger.

"I have something to discuss with my husband in private," Janet said with determination.

Walking over to the silent Brandon and holding his arm, Janet looked at him and said softly, "I don't want to go out. My life was never in peace, and there're always people trying to hurt me. I'm not afraid, and I wanna know what happened. You

never treated me like a weak woman in the past, so why try to protect me from this now?"

Brandon raised his eyebrow, and he looked conflicted. He held Janet's cheek and said gently, "I remember everything."

Janet was stunned. She saw the familiar look in his eyes and subconsciously blurted out, "You remembered everything? I thought you just remembered a part of it."

Since Brandon lost his memory, she had appeared gentle, calm, strong, and resilient. She wanted everyone to know that she was capable of taking care of Brandon and herself. She didn't need anyone's pity.

No one would know the pain she felt in her heart except herself.

Now that Brandon's memories had finally returned, all Janet wanted to do was to hug him tight and never let go.

Brandon kissed Janet on the forehead and intertwined his fingers with hers. He pulled her into his arms and said softly, "I need to deal with this first. We'll talk about this later, okay?"

Brandon then turned to the bodyguards standing

beside the man and the woman and ordered, "Untie these two."

The bodyguards obeyed and untied the sacks and ropes. When Janet saw the man's and the woman's faces, she couldn't help feeling surprised. Weren't these two people Ameer, the old man who had offended her at the award ceremony, and his lover, Kathie?

"Mr. Ortiz, looks like you were just putting on a show when you beat up Kathie that night?" Janet asked as a cold smile appeared on her face.

"No, Mrs. Larson, it's not like that," Ameer said hurriedly while waving his hands.

Kathie untied the cloth that gagged her when they freed her hands and tossed it on the floor. She glared at Janet and cursed, "Wasn't it enough for you to embarrass me that night? Why are you doing this? Why did you take me here? Are you going to kill me?"

Kathie broke down and cried bitterly. Her voice was full of grievance.

"I'm not the one who brought you here," Janet said helplessly. She was also clueless about the entire situation. Feeling confused and a little frustrated,

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she whispered into Brandon's ear, "Honey, what's going on?"

Brandon tapped his fingers on the sofa's arm impatiently and whispered, "I suspect they are the ones who tampered with the car." 1