

Chapter 1473 Missing Again


A paternity test?


An imposter?

The clothes in Janet's grasp gradually fell to the floor as shock consumed her. Her mind buzzed, paralyzing her in place.

The nurses' persistent chatter and gossip pricked at her, every word piercing her heart like a sharp sword, leaving her heart in shreds.

Yes... What if she wasn't truly part of the White family? What would be the outcome?

Would they disown her without a second thought? Would the affectionate parents and Brandon, who had put his life on the line to save her, vanish from her life? 

This thought constricted Janet's chest, robbing her of breath. She slumped helplessly to the floor, hugging her knees, her shoulders shaking with silent sobs. 

She was terrified...

She was consumed with dread...

If it all turned out to be an illusion, she wished that the



revelation could be delayed, so she could bask in the fleeting warmth of a family she might never have...

Unaware that the nurses had viewed the contents of the message, Frank busied himself tidying up the documents and equipment before rushing to update Brandon.

Leaning against his bed, Brandon drummed his slender fingers against the bed's edge. He shot Frank a fleeting glance and asked, "What's the result?"

Frank replied, "Mrs. Larson seems to be in good health. As for the precise result, we'll need to wait a few hours."

Brandon nodded. "Inform me immediately once the results are in."

Relief swept over Johanna and Beal, who had been anxiously anticipating the outcome, upon hearing that no issues were detected.

However, Brandon's brows furrowed as he gazed at the dark night beyond the window. A flicker of worry crossed his eyes. "Since the examination is over, why hasn't Janet returned yet? Where could she be?"


Having experienced the anguish of losing her daughter, Johanna was particularly sensitive to anything involving Janet. Hearing Brandon's question, she turned to Frank with a look of worry, asking, "Where is Janet? Why hasn't she

returned yet? Is anything amiss? Did you see her earlier?"

Frank appeared puzzled. "Mrs. Larson left the examination room quite a while ago. Has she not returned yet?"

Johanna and Beal exchanged a glance, panic flickering in their eyes. They couldn't bear the agony of losing their daughter once more.

Brandon's face abruptly turned stormy, a fierce look in his eyes. "Search for her! Go find her now!"

Johanna and Beal were thrown into a frenzy. Beal pulled out his phone, saying, "I'll try calling Janet." 

Shaking his head, Brandon said in an icy tone, "No need to call. She doesn't have a phone yet."

Johanna looked startled. "How can that be..."

Striding out of the room, Brandon clarified, "I haven't purchased a phone for her yet. I'll go find her myself."

Brandon's sudden movement agitated his waist wound. Blood oozed out, rapidly staining his shirt crimson. Yet, he seemed oblivious to the pain, his mind consumed with thoughts of Janet.

Observing this, Beal tried to restrain Brandon, his expression conflicted. "You're hurt. Rest here. We'll go and find Janet."

However, Brandon brushed him off and promptly vanished from the room.

On the brink of tears, Johanna urged, "Let's hasten our search for Janet as well. We can't let anything unfortunate befall her again."

Alerted by the commotion, Laney rushed over and halted the frantic Brandon. "I don't believe Janet has left the building."

Hearing this, Brandon halted in his tracks, directing his dark gaze towards Laney.

Speaking softly, Laney stated, "I've been monitoring the security situation. I'm confident that Janet hasn't left. She should still be within the building."