

Chapter 1480 Unreliable Friend

Brandon's soothing words seemed to possess a magical quality, dissolving Janet's unease and hesitations in an instant.

She found solace as she leaned against his shoulder, inhaling the strange yet familiar scent that enveloped him. Her eyes shimmered with moisture, threatening to spill tears once more.

Noticing the emotional turmoil within her, Brandon playfully pinched her cheek and quipped, "Haven't we made our intentions clear enough? Can't you feel the depth of our love and care for you from the very depths of our hearts?"

His teasing tone elicited a laugh from Janet as she mustered the strength to suppress her tears. She replied, "I suppose I do feel it a little."

However, Brandon wasn't fully satisfied with her answer. Using his slender fingers, he gently lifted Janet's chin, his tone tinged with inquiry. "Just a little?"

His eyes, typically cold and indifferent, transformed into

captivating pools of warmth and brightness.

The sight of this transformation caused Janet's heart to flutter, and she averted her gaze, her face flushed with a blush that spread from her cheeks to her ears.

Witnessing her reaction, Brandon's smile deepened, and he patiently awaited her response.

After a brief moment to gather herself, Janet spoke softly, her voice barely above a whisper. "I know you all treat me well. Earlier... my mother mentioned the same. She said that despite my altered appearance, both she and my father recognized me instantly."

Janet clenched her fists, a sense of guilt washing over her as she recalled Johanna's words and her own stubbornness. "My mother also told me that if I don't wish to undergo a paternity test, we can forgo it, and they will handle all the gossip."

Brandon tenderly ran his fingers through her soft locks, his eyes brimming with affection. "No matter what happens, leave it to us. If you don't want to go through the paternity test, then we won't."

"I want to do it." Suddenly, Janet raised her head, her gaze meeting Brandon's with unwavering determination.

Pausing momentarily, Brandon heard Janet's voice, gentle yet resolute. "I've come to understand the hardships my

parents have faced. I don't want to burden them any further. I want to undergo the paternity test."

Moreover, compared to the certainty shared by Brandon and her parents, Janet yearned to confirm her own identity in the wake of her memory loss.

In her heart, she knew that she couldn't allow fear to dictate her actions.

Brandon let out a sigh, enveloping her in a tighter embrace. He recognized that even without her memories, Janet remained kind-hearted and sensible. A woman as remarkable as her could only belong to him...

Nestled against Brandon's chest, Janet reflected on his earlier words, her heart filling with warmth and tenderness. The two of them lapsed into a comfortable silence, each lost in their thoughts. The room exuded a tranquil ambiance, brimming with the affection that flowed effortlessly between them.

After a while, Brandon clasped Janet's soft hand, his voice gentle as he inquired, "Do you believe that I am your husband now?"

A faint blush immediately tinted Janet's fair complexion as she turned her head, her voice hushed. "Let's wait for the results of the paternity test..."

Though everyone was convinced that she was indeed Janet

White, she couldn't fully surrender to relief until the paternity test provided concrete answers.

She dared not admit that she was truly Brandon's wife, fearing that it might all be an enchanting dream, one that would shatter upon awakening, leaving her devoid of all she held dear.

Sensing her lingering unease, Brandon inwardly sighed, understanding her lingering apprehension.

Determined not to sadden her, he feigned a resigned sigh and stated, "Since you don't recognize me as your husband, I can't let you continue taking care of me in my room. After all, we are not yet officially a couple. It wouldn't be appropriate for us to share a room alone. You should return and get some rest."

Yet, despite his words, his large hand remained firmly clasped around Janet's.

Preoccupied with attending to Brandon's wound, Janet failed to notice his subtle action. When she heard his suggestion of leaving, anxiety washed over her. "Who else will care for you if not me? Can your unreliable friend, Garrett, be entrusted with such a task?"

As soon as the words left her lips, the door swung open, revealing Garrett, the very friend she had mentioned, wearing an expression of frustration and accompanied by Johanna

and Beal.

Johanna's gaze fell upon their clasped hands, a slight frown marring her features.

