

Chapter 1484 Wipe His Body

With a loud bang, the door was closed the next second. There were only Janet and Brandon in the room now. Still blushing, Janet sat uneasily on the edge of the bed, looking down at her hands.

When Brandon saw how shy she was, a hint of joy flashed across his eyes. He reached out and wrapped her delicate hands in his.

Janet's face reddened even more. She tried to pull back from his touch, but Brandon tightened his grip in return.

Arching his brows, he put on a playful smile. "Aren't you going to stay with me tonight? Why are you not on the bed yet?"

"Brandon!" Janet raised her head and shot daggers at him. "If you keep talking nonsense, I won't talk to you anymore!"

With a mischievous smile, Brandon asked, "Are you really going to ignore me?"

Hearing that, Janet pretended to be angry and shook off his hand. She wanted to go out to get some fresh air. However, as soon as she stood up, she was pulled back in an instant.

For a moment, she felt the view before her eyes spun. When she came to her senses, she was already on top of Brandon.

Brandon let out a muffled moan.

"Are you okay? Did I hurt your wound?" Janet was scared and wanted to get up to check on his wound, but Brandon wrapped her waist tightly, not allowing her to move.

"Stay still." He sounded like he was trying his best to endure the pain.

Janet thought that his wound was aching, so she refrained from making any sudden movements. She maintained her position atop his body, her face was red as a tomato.

Looking down at her, Brandon chuckled.

Janet was still the same as before. She couldn't stand any flirtation. Whenever they got close and intimate, she would always be so shy that her cheeks tended to flush with a rosy hue. ①

"It's not funny at all!" Janet turned her head

away.

"Okay, I won't laugh anymore." Brandon gently lifted her delicate chin, making her look him in the eye. "Janet, I saved you on my own accord. You don't have to feel guilty, nor do you need to stay up late to take care of me every night. I hope that you can have a good rest," he said seriously.

His gaze on her was so passionate that Janet looked away to avoid eye contact with him. "But I want to take care of you," she muttered.

When Brandon heard that, his eyes glinted in joy. His feelings for her had finally gotten a response. At this moment, he felt that whatever suffering and waiting he went through were worth it.

He fixed his dark eyes on her rosy cheeks.

Janet felt hot all over. "I'll fetch some water to wipe your body," she said and went away in a hurry.

With a smile, Brandon watched Janet's figure disappear from his sight. Even though she had lost her memory, she was still so cute that he couldn't stop himself from teasing her.

After staying outside for a while, the color on Janet's face finally returned to normal.

Clearing her throat lightly, she walked into the room with a basin and towel in her hands. However, as soon as she saw the faint smile on Brandon's face, her cheeks flushed again, shattering the calmness that she had tried hard to put on.

She stood by the door, hesitating to enter.

Patting the bed, Brandon asked, "Aren't you going to wipe my body? Come here."

"Okay..." Janet went over with mixed feelings.

Putting the basin on the nightstand, she wrung out the towel and carefully cleaned his face, hands, and feet.

Brandon leaned comfortably against the headboard. Seeing that she paused all of a sudden, he raised his brows. "Why did you stop?"

Handing the towel to him, she replied in a low voice, "I can't help you wipe the other parts of your body. Do it yourself. I'll be waiting outside the door."

Just as she was about to go out, Brandon suddenly hissed in pain.

That gripped Janet's heart at once. She looked at him nervously and asked, "What's wrong? Is the wound hurting again?"

With a pale face, Brandon said weakly, "Frank didn't apply any anesthetics when he performed the suture on me. I'm too painful to even move now. I can't wipe my body on my own. It doesn't matter if it's inconvenient for you. I'll just take a bath in a few days."

Janet looked at him suspiciously. He didn't seem to be lying.

At the thought that his wound had torn open several times, her heart ached. Letting out a sigh, she continued to wipe his body in shyness.