

Chapter 1491 A Feeling Of Safety

Brandon's reassurance was met with silence from Janet. She kept her gaze lowered, lips gently pursed, and didn't utter a word.

Aware that his earlier anxiety had made him act harshly towards her, Brandon hugged Janet, feeling a mix of guilt and sympathy. "Janet," he whispered, "trust me, I'll be okay. I know you're worried about me and that's why you wanted to accompany me. I was... I was being too brusque earlier."

Reaching for her hand, he positioned it as if to slap himself. "Here, hit me. Let's not be upset anymore, okay? I promise I'll be back with you in three days."

Janet quickly pulled her hand away, glaring at him. "What do you think you're doing?"

Brandon offered a small smile. "You're not angry anymore, are you?"

With a slight huff, Janet decided to let it pass,

acknowledging Brandon's genuine apology.

Clearing her throat slightly, she moved on to a serious matter. "While I was at Jeremy's place, I happened to see him meet an old man who seemed rather intimidating."

Brandon's eyebrows rose, his demeanor turning serious. "An intimidating old man?"

Janet nodded. "Yes. Whenever they met, they asked everyone else to leave. It was very secretive. They appeared to have a close relationship. I suspect that if Jeremy disappears, he might seek help from this man."

Brandon pulled out his phone, found a photo of Britton, and handed it to Janet. "Take a look. Is this the man you're talking about?"

After studying the face on the screen for a few seconds, Janet nodded, lips pursed. "It should be him. But I only caught a glimpse of him from afar, so I can't be entirely sure."

Handing the phone back to Brandon, she looked at him quizzically. "Do you know this old man? Who is he?"

As Brandon gently stroked her head, he didn't respond to her question. Instead, his expression

turned sterner.

During Janet's disappearance, Brandon and the Darkmoon Assassin Group had targeted numerous strongholds of Jeremy's. But somehow, Jeremy always seemed to be one step ahead, retreating before Brandon could reach him. He'd suspected back then that Britton might be collaborating with Jeremy.

Janet's account now seemed to confirm his suspicions. Even though Britton had provided assistance to him, it seemed he was also informing Jeremy of their moves in advance, trying to stay in the good graces of both parties. Thinking about the ordeal Janet had been through over the past few months and the toll it had taken on her, Brandon felt a surge of sorrow. His fists clenched so tightly that he didn't even notice his nails digging into his flesh.

Janet observed Brandon's clenched fists, noticing the veins protruding visibly. It was clear that he was struggling with intense emotions, his anger teetering on the brink of explosion.

Janet couldn't understand why Brandon had

suddenly become so emotionally charged, but she was certain it was related to her.

She wriggled her hand free from his, only to intertwine their fingers. "Brandon, what's bothering you?"

Observing Janet's concern, Brandon's expression softened. He shook his head, murmuring, "Nothing. Just promise me you won't do anything dangerous in the future."

Janet realized that Brandon was referring to her accidental observation of Jeremy's meeting with the enigmatic elder. She thought he was upset because she had risked her safety, so she hastily explained, "I stumbled upon them accidentally and left as soon as I felt something was off. I wasn't certain about their relationship, and I didn't take any chances by tailing them. Please, don't be upset."

Brandon tightened his grip on Janet's hand, reassuring her gently, "I'm not upset. In fact, I owe you thanks."

Confused, Janet met his tender gaze and asked, "Thank me?"

Gently pinching Janet's cheek, Brandon

explained with a warm smile, "The elder you saw is the leader of the Darkmoon Assassin Group. I had once sought their aid to find you, but Jeremy always managed to elude me. I suspected he was in cahoots with them. Now, it seems they might not only have secret dealings but also share a close bond."

A little stunned, Janet nodded and blushed under Brandon's affectionate gaze. "You're... You're welcome."

Brandon chuckled, the sensation of her soft hand in his momentarily diverting his attention. Janet felt increasingly shy as she glanced at Brandon's hand holding hers. Part of her wanted to withdraw her hand, but hearing his chuckle, she couldn't bear to break their contact.

Even though she couldn't recall their past, each time she was near Brandon, she felt a profound sense of reliance on him. As if his presence made everything less frightening.

This was a feeling of safety, Janet mused to herself.