

Chapter 1546 Trust Me

Brandon pulled out his phone, quickly locating Janet's works and the list of awards she had received before she disappeared, and handed it to her. "Take a look."

"Is this really my work?" Janet took the phone in a daze, her eyes widening at the sight of the exquisite and unique design works on the screen. Her fingers curled involuntarily, almost as if she couldn't accept what she was seeing. "Did I really create something this beautiful?"

Brandon placed a warm hand on her head, rubbing it affectionately. "Of course, you're an incredibly talented designer."

Janet scrolled through her works and the list of awards, her face alight with joy. But then, something dawned on her, and her happiness gave way to a crestfallen expression.

Unfortunately... She could no longer create such beautiful clothes...

Brandon saw the disappointment in her eyes, and his grip on her hand tightened. In a gentle voice, he reassured her, "Don't worry, we'll find

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Brandon saw the disappointment in her eyes, and his grip on her hand tightened. In a gentle voice, he reassured her, "Don't worry, we'll find a way to help you regain your memories."

Frank, eager to help, chimed in, "I've already talked to Jeremy about the drugs you were given when you were missing. When we get back to Barnes, we'll run a thorough check-up. Soon we'll figure out why you lost your memory and help you get it back."

To alleviate Janet's potential doubts, Frank patted his chest confidently, boasting, "Don't worry. I'm the best doctor in Barnes. I guarantee you'll remember everything once we've finished the treatment!"

Janet's smile returned, warmed by Frank's confidence. "Thank you. I believe you'll cure my amnesia."

"Of course," Frank replied, swelling with pride after receiving Janet's endorsement.

But as the conversation moved on, Janet's smile faded, and her head drooped.

Although Frank appeared to be a competent doctor and might truly have a solution to her memory loss, the emptiness that her amnesia created was still there, filling her heart. It was a profound sense of unease and confusion that weighed her down, leaving her dispirited and downcast.

Observing the change in her demeanor, Brandon was tender and patient. He gave her palm a gentle squeeze and whispered comforting words, "Don't be afraid. You have many good friends in Barnes. Perhaps seeing them will help you remember."

Janet glanced at Brandon, her lips quivering as she confessed in a soft voice, "Brandon, I'm still scared..."

She was tormented by the fear that she would never remember the past, that the memories of her life so far would remain lost forever, leaving her to start anew. She was terrified that she would never again be able to craft a design as breathtaking as her previous works...

Brandon sighed and delicately lifted her chin with his slender fingers, his deep eyes fixed on hers without wavering. His voice, gentle yet imbued with unwavering conviction, whispered,

"Trust me, Janet."

Brandon's eyes were captivating—slightly upturned with thick lashes, and now filled with warmth and affection for Janet. The tenderness in his gaze acted like a balm on her restless heart, calming her fears.

"Okay," Janet's voice, soft and imbued with trust, replied as she grasped Brandon's hand. "I trust you."

Frank, sensing the intimacy of the moment, discreetly looked down and busied himself with his phone, staying silent.


But soon, he was staring at the phone screen, eyes wide. His brow furrowed as he rapidly swiped at the display, and then he shot a grave look at Brandon.

Noticing Frank's anxious expression, Brandon surmised that something urgent had come up. He found a pretext to coax Janet to take some rest, ensuring she was comfortable.


He then turned to Frank, his brow creased with concern. "What's wrong? What happened?"

"I can't articulate it. You need to see for yourself." Frank's hand trembled as he handed the phone to Brandon, his hair a disheveled mess from his anxious scratching.

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 +90 Points at most

As Brandon's eyes scanned the news on the phone, his face turned ashen, and a cold dread settled in his stomach.

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