

Chapter 1602 Her Scheme

The instant Audrey's fingers closed around Janet's arm, a biting coldness zipped through her veins, as though winter winds had snuck under her skin. Every strand of her hair felt electrified, and her skin erupted in a sudden pattern of gooseflesh.

Her lips parted, ready to call for the nearby bodyguards, but in a surprising turn, Audrey's grip slackened, replaced with an almost teasing smile.

"Janet, there's no need for alarm." Audrey's voice was soft as she gently lowered herself onto a plush sofa, her movements a study in elegance. "Brandon and I share blood, and through marriage, you're now family. Why would I wish harm upon you?"

The answer to that question remained a mystery, a shadow lurking just out of reach in Janet's thoughts. With the immediate threat seemingly gone, Janet's taut nerves began to settle.

She reclined in her seat, though her face remained clouded with suspicion. Why had Audrey, a mere cousin, beckoned her at this late hour?

And if, by any chance, she harbored any unsaid feelings for Brandon, Janet vowed to make certain Audrey wouldn't stay a minute longer than

cousin, beckoned her at this late hour?

And if, by any chance, she harbored any unsaid feelings for Brandon, Janet vowed to make certain Audrey wouldn't stay a minute longer than necessary.

Janet's voice held a shard of ice. "Speak your mind, Audrey. We're alone. No need for masks."

A glint of mischief danced in Audrey's eyes. "There's something I believe will pique your interest."

From somewhere, she produced a document—a medical report. With a flourish, she slid it across the table toward Janet. "Care to enlighten yourself?"

Janet's eyes narrowed, her distrust evident in her tone. "And what might this be?"

Leaning back, Audrey's posture oozed nonchalance. A smirk played on her lips. "Oh, aren't you curious?" she teased.

As Janet's eyes flitted over the top of the report, a jolt of recognition hit her. Her own name was typed out in bold.

But how did Audrey come into possession of such a personal document?

Memories swirled of Brandon's grim demeanor as they left the hospital the previous day. Did this report hold clues about her missing memories? Was her condition far worse than she had imagined?

As the weight of those thoughts pressed down on

her, Janet felt a tightening grip of anxiety. She sensed the widening grin on Audrey's face—a predator sensing its prey's vulnerability.

"Remember, Janet, you hold the power here. It would be foolish of me to pull anything. Go ahead," Audrey whispered, her voice dripping with a curious mix of challenge and assurance.

After what felt like an eternity, Janet's longing to know overcame her reluctance. With a shaky hand, she reached out and lifted the report.

As she read, the world around her seemed to dim, with each word carrying a heavier weight than the last.

When she finished, the paper quivered in her grasp, the enormity of its contents almost too much to bear.

Breaking the heavy silence, Audrey's voice came out, full of amusement. "Quite the revelation, isn't it? Did you ever think that the man you adore could keep such monumental secrets from you?"

The weight of the revelation left Janet muted, words eluding her, the room around her slowly blurring into insignificance.

Audrey, observing Janet's distraught demeanor, indulgently poured herself a cup of aromatic tea. The steam spiraled upwards, filling the room with its comforting scent.

She gave Janet the time she needed, occasionally letting the symphony of her sips punctuate the profound silence.

Moments, which felt like lifetimes, passed before Janet found the strength to meet Audrey's gaze. Her eyes, previously sparkling with life, were now wells of profound despair and uncertainty. With an effort, she rasped, "Is this some kind of cruel trick? This report... It can't be real. Regardless of the games you play, I refuse to be taken in!"

Audrey's face lit up with a perverse kind of joy, her eyes twinkling in the dim light. She leaned forward, resting her chin on her palm, the hint of a smirk playing at her lips. "Do you really doubt its authenticity, Janet?"

Her finger lightly grazed the report, settling on a distinct signature. Taking a slow, deliberate sip of her tea, she continued, "You see, the signature is Brandon's. His handwriting should be familiar to you. Why would he falsify such a document?"

The realization was like a sharp, cold blade piercing through Janet's chest, its sting reaching her very soul. As she gazed at the signature, her entire world shifted on its axis. A pang of sorrow surged within her, so powerful that she had to tightly clench her fists, the nails digging into her palms to keep her from breaking down completely.

Gathering her shattered composure, her voice barely

above a whisper, she asked, "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Why?" Audrey's smirk was maddening, her voice dripping with malicious glee. "Isn't it evident? Despite your lost memories, you deserve to know the truth, Janet. The fact that you'll never bear children."

Her words hung heavily in the air. "I just thought it fitting that I be the one to unveil this truth. It's better to hear it from a family than stumble upon it eventually, isn't it?"