

## Chapter 1662 Bring Her Home Too

Janet's eyes welled up with tears, and she battled to suppress her feelings, swallowing down the surge of emotions.

Sitting by Janet's side, Frank discerned her disquiet and promptly offered solace. "Don't dwell on it. The absence of memory recovery hints that emotional triggers may not be the key for you."

Frank tilted his head contemplatively, searching for the right words to provide further comfort to Janet.

Janet raised her gaze to Frank, inquiring, "Is that the case?"

"Should you wish to recover your memories, we can methodically explore alternative approaches. There's no need for excessive pessimism. Try to maintain a positive outlook on things."

Janet nodded in contemplation, realizing she had little choice but to heed Frank's counsel.

Frank paused, scratching his head as he

proposed, "Maybe you could request Brandon to accompany you to places you've frequented together in the past. Revisiting familiar locations could potentially serve as memory triggers."

Janet concurred with the idea.

Frank's voice took on a gentler tone as he added, "Furthermore, sharing cherished memories together can also be conducive to memory recovery."

Just as Frank contemplated additional means of consoling Janet, a creaking noise disrupted their reverie—the front door swung open.

The sole individual who could have returned at this hour was Brandon.

Janet and Frank both directed their attention to the door, where Brandon's entrance was marked by a stoic countenance and deliberate, measured steps, signaling his somber disposition.

Janet ceased dwelling on her amnesia upon Brandon's arrival. She promptly rose from her seat and approached him.

"Brandon, you've returned!" Janet exclaimed, approaching him with concern as she assessed his condition for any signs of injury.

After ascertaining his well-being, she inquired further, "What's the current status? Were you able to locate Jeremy?"

Brandon extended his hand, tenderly caressing Janet's head with an affectionate expression, poised to respond when a scornful chuckle pierced the room.

"We did locate him, but at a critical juncture, an unidentifiable helicopter intervened. By the time we reached the scene, Jeremy had already boarded the helicopter, and we were left with no choice but to watch as it spirited him away."

At the sound of a voice emanating from behind Brandon, Janet's movements halted abruptly. She lifted her gaze to find a short-haired girl approaching them.

Janet gazed at the girl before her with a sense of recognition, realizing she was the girl on the motorcycle she had encountered in the mountain.

Janet hadn't anticipated that Brandon would return with this girl in tow.

Janet's curiosity about the girl's identity sparked a flurry of questions in her mind. She observed the girl with an intense, contemplative stare.

Brandon, ever perceptive, caught onto Janet's

perplexed demeanor.

His brows arched ever so slightly, his cold eyes narrowing as he issued a subtle warning through his gaze, directed at Nightingale.

Nightingale adopted a haughty stance, crossing her arms over her chest as she cast a disdainful look to Brandon, her indifference palpable.

"Frank, escort her out," Brandon instructed, directing his gaze to Frank.

"Of course," Frank acquiesced, moving toward Nightingale to guide her out of the house.

Nightingale's countenance revealed traces of reluctance as she fixed her gaze on Brandon, evidently wrestling with words left unspoken.