

Chapter 1574 Faith In Him

Brandon's soothing words halted Janet's tears. She looked at him, uncertainty in her eyes, and asked, "You didn't lie to me, did you? Can you really handle it yourself?"

Janet might have lost her memory of the past, but her days with Brandon had taught her well about his nature.

He was a man who preferred to shoulder burdens alone, bearing all the harm and pressure, then calmly comforting and protecting her. He was adamant about keeping her worry-free.

This very quality, however, made her ache for him even more.

She wanted more than to be shielded; she longed to support him too.

She yearned to protect this near-perfect man someday, to give him a moment's rest in her embrace.

Brandon's slender fingers gently wiped her tears as he reassured her with a serious tone, "If you don't believe me, you can call Sean;

he'll tell you everything he's uncovered."

Janet's sniff was followed by a puzzled, "Who is Sean?"

It was only then that the realization hit Brandon—Janet's lost memory meant she couldn't recall anyone or anything from before.

A pang of pain briefly crossed his heart, hidden by his composed expression. He explained with a gentle smile, "Sean is my assistant; my right-hand man. If you have any doubts, ask him. He won't deceive you."

His determination almost convinced Janet. Still, she resolved to call Sean later to confirm. "Well, since you said so, I'll reluctantly believe you once. But I'm calling Sean. If you lie, I'll never speak to you again."

"Don't worry. I won't lie to you," Brandon promised, his smile playing on his lips as he playfully tousled Janet's hair.

Angrily, Janet swatted his hand away. "Don't mess up my hair! The doctor who examined me wants you. Go in."

"Wait here," Brandon said, his spirits lifted as he ruffled her hair again, the gloom of earlier commotion forgotten.

"Brandon!" Janet glared at him, hands on her

hips, her voice tinged with anger. "I won't talk to you anymore!"

"Okay, okay, I won't tease you," Brandon conceded, laughing. He handed her his phone.

"I have Sean's number. Call him yourself. I'll go."

He waved to Frank and led him to the next room to find the doctor.

Once Brandon was gone, Janet dialed Sean, carefully inquiring about the information he'd gathered. Learning that Brandon's words were true, she finally exhaled a sigh of relief. Her body relaxed, and a smile of genuine contentment graced her face.

The nurse handed a glass of water to Janet. Noticing the serene look on her face, she couldn't resist her curiosity. "Mrs. Larson, has Mr. Larson really been falsely accused?" ¹

Realizing the potential rudeness of her question, she hastily added, "Don't misunderstand; it's not that I doubt Mr. Larson. I'm simply curious, given that the rumor about his involvement in a murder has caused quite a stir. The details online were so vivid, it almost seemed real."

Janet's faith in Brandon was unshaken, and she replied with sparkling eyes, "Brandon is a good man; he wouldn't kill anyone. We have

evidence, and we will soon prove his innocence."

The nurse's eyes widened, excitement in her voice as she asked, "Really? Mr. Larson truly didn't kill anyone?"

Janet's smile was warm and confident as she nodded. "Of course, I know he's innocent."

"That's wonderful," the nurse said, patting her chest in relief. Her voice was filled with genuine happiness. "I've always admired Mr. Larson. He's handsome, capable; he's everything one could want. When I saw those reports online, my heart nearly broke. I'm glad he hasn't disappointed me."

Pride swelled in Janet as she reassured her, "Don't worry; he won't let you down!"

The two women continued to chat, the mood light and cheerful, a stark contrast to the atmosphere in Frank's office.