

Chapter 1577 Painful Memories

Emerging from the underground parking elevator, Brandon and Janet's fingers were entwined; their hands seamlessly fit together.

Suddenly, Janet's grip on Brandon tightened as her eyes darted around nervously. "Wait, stay put. Let me scope out if those prying reporters are lurking. Once the coast is clear, you can step out."

With a confident gait, Brandon unfolded his lengthy limbs, striding forth from the elevator's cocoon. He reassuringly pulled Janet beside him, his smile softening his chiseled features. "Relax. I've already ensured the reporters are miles away."

Janet's hand instinctively flew to her chest, her heart rate decelerating from its frenzied pace. "I was terrified they'd hound us endlessly."

She then slyly tilted her head, surveying Brandon's empty hands. Feigning nonchalance, she inquired, "What did the doctors instruct earlier? Weren't there medications or some

follow-up guidelines for me?"

Perceiving the barely concealed anxiety that clouded her gaze, Brandon's lips curled into a playful smirk. He affectionately ruffled her hair, saying, "Ah, thanks for jogging my memory! I entirely forgot about fetching the prescribed meds."

The realization that Brandon hadn't collected any medicine set Janet's heart at ease. But her brief relief was abruptly eclipsed by a storm of agonizing memories.

The echoes of her past manifested as fragmented visions of a desolate girl trapped within a cold, confining lab. A daunting array of untested drugs lay sprawled before her, while haunting laughter reverberated menacingly. "Swallow them, do it now..."

The spectral recollections grew darker, showcasing the unwilling girl's resistance being met with brutal force. Sinister hands throttled her neck, pouring the entire concoction down her throat, each drop an embodiment of torture. Upon ingestion, the medication's sinister dance began. Excruciating agony radiated throughout her being, each pulse feeling like a cascade of needles or a blade's cruel intrusion. Her

perception grew hazy, the boundary between existence and oblivion growing perilously thin.

Who was this tormented soul?

While Janet couldn't discern the spectral girl's identity, she viscerally felt her heart-wrenching despair.

The pain was unbearable.

A paralyzing terror rooted Janet to the spot, her psyche ensnared by the traumatic vestiges of her past.

Oblivious to Janet's internal maelstrom, Brandon playfully tapped her cheek, his voice drenched in jest. "Lost in thought? A tad anxious about meds?"

Yet Janet was miles away, her eyes vacant and her form quivering uncontrollably. Her voice, a mere whisper, repeated, "No. Please, no."

It was only then that Brandon's light-hearted demeanor dissolved, replaced by rising panic. Grasping her shoulders, he searched her eyes, desperately seeking a tether to her reality. "Janet, what's going on?"

The soothing timbre of Brandon's voice enveloped Janet, serving as a beacon and banishing the shadows that threatened to consume her. As her gaze, previously lost in

tumultuous memories, refocused, she found herself drowning in the depths of Brandon's concerned stare. Mustering strength, she offered a feeble smile. "I'm alright. My mind just wandered to unsettling places for a moment. I'm back now."

While the specifics of her haunting reverie remained unknown to Brandon, the raw terror evident in her eyes was undeniable.

It became glaringly evident to him that her aversion wasn't solely anchored in the fear of medication. It was a visceral reaction, seemingly rooted in traumatic events from her past in Jeremy's lab. The mere mention of medicine triggered an avalanche of dread in her.

Witnessing Janet's frail figure tremble before him, Brandon instinctively enveloped her, his embrace serving as a shield against her inner demons. His hand glided across her back in an attempt to soothe the storm within. "Shh, don't fret. I was merely joking earlier. No medication for you; the doctors confirmed your exemplary health."

Emerging from the sanctuary of his embrace, Janet's eyes, tinged with a hint of red, gleamed

with astonishment. "Really? No medicine? You promise you weren't lying?" ¹

Brandon's heart swelled at witnessing her earnestness. A warm smile played on his lips as he tenderly pinched her cheek, reaffirming, "I swear, no medication for you."

A surge of relief washed over Janet. Feigning annoyance, she playfully prodded Brandon's cheek, saying, "You misled me earlier! My heart nearly leapt out of my chest. You owe me big time."

Brandon's laughter echoed, unabashedly indulging her antics. "How might I atone for my misdeeds?"

Janet's lips curled into a faux pout. "You didn't even apologize. I'm not talking to you anymore!"

Witnessing this rare, spirited side of Janet was delightful for Brandon. Her feisty demeanor was downright endearing. Nodding vigorously, he conceded, "I apologize. How about a shopping spree as a peace offering? Name it, and it's yours." ¹

Janet's faux indignation dissipated, replaced with a sly smirk. "Hmm... fine, you've twisted my arm."