

Chapter 1701 Janet's Punishment

As soon as Janet stood up, Brandon grabbed her wrist and pulled it, causing her to lose her balance and fall into his arms.

Overwhelmed by guilt, Janet didn't resist and instead leaned against his chest. With a mix of hurt and confusion, she protested, "Why did you pull me? My butt hurts!"

Brandon let out a snort and responded sarcastically, "You deserved it."

Janet had expected some form of concern or comfort from him but instead met his cold response. She strained against his grip, but his hold around her waist was unyielding.

"Let go of me!" Janet pleaded as she struggled, but her efforts to break free were futile.

On the contrary, Brandon only tightened his grip around her waist.

Janet's attempts to free herself only seemed to darken Brandon's mood. In an icy voice, he questioned her, "Why did you go to the hospital behind my back? And why keep something as important as taking medication a secret?"

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Seeing Janet's hesitation, Brandon realized that she didn't grasp the severity of the situation. His anger surged, and his face reddened with each passing moment. He couldn't understand why Janet would treat her health so carelessly.

Under Brandon's intense gaze, Janet felt a wave of fear. His eyes blazed with fury, and she was too intimidated to speak.

She had a bad feeling about this. She tried to wriggle out of his embrace, but Brandon only tightened his hold and turned her around.

Suddenly, he delivered a firm slap to her buttocks.

Startled, Janet's eyes flew open, and she uttered, "Brandon, you—"

Her words were cut off as another slap landed. It was not too gentle and not too harsh, but it left her feeling humiliated.

"Do you think you can just eat whatever you want without consequences?" Brandon questioned, his tone revealing his anger.

At this point, embarrassment flushed Janet's face. She couldn't believe she was being treated like a child at her age.

She tried to rise, but Brandon's grip on her waist remained firm, making it impossible for her to move.

With a mix of anger and annoyance, Janet turned her head and pushed Brandon away. "I can do whatever I want. It's none of your business."

Brandon's eyes narrowed, and his lips pressed into a thin line. It looked as if sparks of anger were ready to fly from his gaze.

Taken aback by the intensity in Brandon's eyes, Janet lowered her head and said nothing. Her words seemed to be caught in her throat.

"What did you just say? Are you implying that I have no right to be concerned about you?" Brandon asked, his voice a piercing chill, even colder than the winter air of December.

Despite the intimidation Janet felt from his stern look, her pride wouldn't allow her to back down.

She nodded firmly and asserted, "Yes! That's right! I don't need your meddling! I'm not a kid anymore. I can tell what's right and wrong, can't I?"

With these words, Janet turned her head away, her expression one of defiance. She didn't want to talk to Brandon anymore.