

## Chapter 1129 What Medicine Are You Taking

Janet pondered and hesitated momentarily before acquiescing. "Very well, I shall bring some blankets for you. Once you have refreshed yourself with a shower, the sofa shall be at your disposal for slumber."

Wearing a glum expression, Brandon remarked, "As you can see, this sofa is rather small in size."

"You made a commitment to sleep on the sofa. You must honor your word, as a man should." Janet chuckled as she grasped the blanket on the bed, heading toward the sofa.

She put the blanket down and then noticed the medicine hidden beneath the lamp.

Casting a furtive glance towards Brandon, she reached for the medicine, only to have it swiftly snatched away by him.

"What sort of medication are you on?" Janet's frustration boiled over, and she couldn't resist

unleashing a thunderous roar.

Disbelief washed over her as Janet realized Brandon was still taking the medication. What else was he keeping from her?

"This is private to me," Brandon retorted, gripping the medicine bottle tightly, concealing its label with his palm.

Janet snorted in derision. "Is this your way of owning up to your mistakes, Brandon?!"

She spun around, slamming the door behind her as she stormed out.

Upon descending the stairs, Janet caught the sound of voices emanating from the kitchen.

"Hannah, Are you here to get some water? Allow me to fetch it for you." The servant could be heard saying to Hannah in the kitchen.

"Thank you so much, and I'm sorry for the trouble," Hannah replied, graciously accepting the cup from the servant and offering a polite smile. Her eyes were filled with curiosity as she inquired, "May I ask how long you've been employed here?"

"I have been employed at Mr. Larson's residence for a while and was recently transferred here to

manage this house." The servant honestly answered Hannah's inquiry.

After a brief pause, Hannah continued, "Given that you have been working for them for quite some time, you must be familiar with the situation in this household. Please forgive me, but I'm curious to know if Brandon and Janet truly share a good relationship."

As Hannah emerged to sip some water, she overheard a conversation from Janet and Brandon's bedroom, revealing that they intended to sleep in separate beds. Hannah couldn't fathom why a couple would sleep apart without any apparent reason. This led her to suspect that Brandon and Janet had conflicted.

As Janet emerged from the door, she overheard Hannah's inquiry, causing her to startle and nearly lose her footing on the stairs.

Thankfully, someone was able to hold her before she fell.

Brandon held Janet tightly, supporting her weight against the stairs.

At the sound of the commotion, Hannah quickly

looked outside the kitchen to investigate.

There were some meows from the stairs all of a sudden.

"Mr. Larson instructed me to keep a few cats as a surprise for Mrs. Larson." The servant explained with a smile, attempting to reassure Hannah not to be anxious. "You had inquired about the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Larson earlier? I'm afraid I'm unaware of their past. Since they did not employ servants in their previous residence. I'd worked at Mr. Larson's other villas, and I only went to clean their villa occasionally."

Hannah appeared disappointed as she replied, "Alright, thank you."

The servant called out to Hannah before she left and added, "However, I believe Mr. Larson appears to adore Mrs. Larson. Prior to my employment with the Larson family, I worked as a servant for other wealthy households. Those couples, despite their wealth, treated each other with disdain and were distant. Mr. Larson, on the other hand, is different. I have heard that he frequently cooks for Mrs. Larson. Despite their busy schedules, they make time for each other and even take each other on

dates. Besides, if Mr. Larson didn't value Mrs. Larson, why would he bring you here and respect you this much?"


"You're correct," Hannah said with a resigned nod. She reasoned the voice in the room earlier must have been a misinterpretation.

The individuals hiding on the staircase overheard the dialogue taking place.

Janet was in Brandon's arms as he leaned against the stairs.

Janet's body trembled, and Brandon held her tightly in his arms and whispered in her ear with a playful smile, "Having fun playing hide and seek?"

Brandon embraced Janet tightly, pulling their bodies closer together. He traced his lips from her earlobes along the curve of her neck, teasingly running his tongue over her shoulder before playfully nipping at her skin.

Taken by surprise, Janet raised her head, startled, and moaned. Brandon made a slurping, swallowing noise as he kissed her, turning her face in his direction. 

"I heard some noise. Let me check it out." The

servant noticed the sound and left the kitchen to investigate.

Brandon lifted Janet and brought her to his bedroom, throwing her on the bed.

"Brandon! What is it you want?" Janet stood up from the bed in anger and kicked the back of Brandon's leg.

Brandon felt no pain because the kick didn't have much force. After turning around, he removed the medication from his bag and placed it in Janet's hand. "Look closely. Do you recognize this?"

"Sleeping pills?" Janet inquired upon taking a closer look.