

## Chapter 1339 The Lead Had Gone Cold

Nightfall had swallowed the day by the time Brandon trudged through his front door.

Upon catching sight of Brandon's arrival, Janet met him with an enthusiastic welcome, helping him shed his coat and steering him towards the dining table, set with a wholesome, light supper.

"You look drained, darling," Janet voiced her concern, nimbly arranging the cutlery around the plates. "Eat up, and then straight to bed for some well-earned rest."

A flash of surprise crossed Brandon's face as he queried, "You're oddly calm today, not pestering me about the investigation."

Wearing a resigned smile, Janet shrugged. "Your expression gives it away. I don't need to ask."

Brandon's response was a soft sigh at her words.

Janet enveloped Brandon's hand in hers, her voice a soothing balm. "It's fine. The tougher things get, the more crucial it is to nourish yourself and rest."

Clarity of mind is our best hope to untangle this mess."

Her comforting voice lullabied his unease, settling the storm in his heart.

When dinner was done, he dismissed the servants and personally took up dishwashing duties.

By the time they had tidied up, a sense of calm had woven its way into their hearts.

Brandon ushered Janet to the couch, ready to unravel the day's findings.

"Suzanne's firm pushes a product that keeps Internet celebrities in prime shape, looks-wise. But it has severe repercussions, slowly gnawing away at the user's mental and physical capacities," he disclosed to Janet, consciously leaving out the enigmatic pharmacist to prevent additional worry.

Hearing this, a spark ignited in Janet's eyes. "This is a breakthrough! It proves that Vivi's death was linked to the drug use. Now, we can trail the breadcrumbs to the mastermind behind it all."

Brandon, however, shook his head with a grave countenance. "It's not that straightforward. The police hit a dead-end trying to trace any direct connection between Star Entertainment and the

drug, and they couldn't even pinpoint its origin. It's an unregistered drug, unfamiliar even to Frank."

The light in Janet's eyes dimmed, replaced by a shroud of disappointment. "So we're back to square one."

Cradling her head in his hand, Brandon offered his reassurance. "Don't fret, we'll keep digging. The one behind this won't evade justice."

Finding solace against the solidity of Brandon's chest, Janet's spirits lifted a notch. "I trust you, and remember, truth always finds its way." Wrapped in Brandon's embrace, a soft smile danced on her lips. 1

An amber lamplight cast a warm, tranquil ambiance, augmenting the serene interplay between them.

Lost in thought for a moment, Janet straightened up abruptly, proposing, "We should find a quality nursing home for Vivi's parents and extend our support as much as possible."

Regardless of Vivi's misguided actions, her parents were innocent bystanders. They didn't deserve to bear the brunt of her wrongdoings.

Each time the image of Vivi's parents, their faces

etched with age and bodies bent under life's weight, crept into Janet's mind, it evoked a sense of melancholy and a yearning to lend a helping hand.

After much pondering, she concluded that securing a nursing home spot for the couple was the most prudent action—a place where they could spend their remaining years enveloped in comfort and care.

Brushing his hand gently against Janet's cheek, Brandon spoke softly. "Your heart is pure, my love. Follow your instincts. You have my unwavering support."

A grin graced Janet's face as she replied, "Thanks, darling."

Recalling the unruly group from before, worry painted her features anew. "Remember those ruffians from the other day? I fear they might return to stir up more trouble. Vivi's parents are too frail to withstand any more disruption."

A cold glint sparked in Brandon's dark eyes. "Rest easy. I'll ensure the bodyguards give those troublemakers a taste of their own medicine, making sure they think twice before hassling the

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old couple again," he fortified his promise with a  
tone of resolve.

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