

Chapter 1459 She Cares For Him

Faced with Janet's displeasure, Brandon tried to deceive her. "I barely know those two. They probably didn't want to get involved, so they left me here."

Brandon painted Garrett and Laney as villainous figures.

But Janet wasn't naive. The more he protested, the more suspicious she became.

She had clearly observed the pair's genuine concern for Brandon's injury, especially the man who had been inquiring about Brandon's health. Their relationship clearly wasn't as distant as he claimed.

"It's not proper for us to be alone in this room. Plus, it's late, I need to go back." As she spoke, she moved towards the door. "I'll call them in to treat your wound."

Before she could finish, a pained cry from

Brandon halted her.

Reacting instinctively, she quickly moved to his bedside, inspecting his injury with worry.

"What's wrong? Are you still in pain?"

Slumped weakly against the headboard, Brandon said, "I need to bandage my wound. Could you get the first aid kit?"

Seeing him on the brink of fainting, she felt a pang of heartache and dismissed any thoughts of leaving. She fetched the first aid kit, placing it on the bedside table as he had instructed.

She glanced at the first aid kit, then at Brandon lying on the bed. "I don't have any experience in wound treatment... What should I do?"

Despite his pale countenance, Brandon managed a comforting smile. "It's okay. Don't worry. I'll guide myself. You just need to assist me."

Swallowing her apprehension, she nodded.

Brandon began tearing the hem of his shirt.

Blood had already soaked the fabric, adhering

it to the wound. As Brandon tore the shirt away, fresh blood welled up, quickly staining the bed sheet crimson.

Before embarrassment could cross Janet's mind, she was startled by the sight. Her eyes widened as tears began to flow unchecked.

Brandon applied pressure on the wound to stem the bleeding. Seeing Janet's horrified expression, he instructed her in a low voice, "Please hand me the gauze and antiseptic."

Snapping back to reality, Janet tried to maintain her composure and hurriedly passed Brandon the required medical supplies.

Her hands trembled as she handed them over. She averted her gaze, too afraid to look directly at his wound.

Brandon couldn't help but find her timid demeanor amusing, which even alleviated a bit of his pain.

"Don't be scared." His voice came out hoarse, indicating he was straining to bear the pain. "I'll finish treating it soon. Don't worry."

Hearing the tremor in his voice, borne out of the effort to suppress his pain, she felt a wave of sympathy for him.

Unaware of her thoughts, Brandon focused on not alarming her further. He skillfully and swiftly bandaged the wound.

By the time he was finished, his forehead was slick with cold sweat, his usually vibrant face drained of color.

"All done," he whispered, his tone tender, as if worried that any louder noise would startle Janet.

She turned to inspect his handiwork. Noticing the fresh white bandage neatly wrapped around his waist, she breathed a sigh of relief. "How do you feel now?"

"The wound's been treated. I should be fine after a good night's sleep. Thank you for looking after me tonight," Brandon said, managing a weak smile.

Caught off guard by his gentle gratitude, Janet stammered, "I... I should be the one thanking you... I'll be leaving then..."

Brandon chuckled lightly. "It's quite late now. It's not safe for you to venture out alone. This place is secure for now. You can use the next room to rest for the night. I'll have someone take you home tomorrow morning." ①

As he spoke, he seemed to accidentally brush against the wound. A slight grimace crossed his face, followed by a sharp intake of breath. Seeing him in pain, Janet found herself unable to abandon him.

Looking at his frail form and the blood-soaked bedsheet, a sharp pang of distress twisted in her heart.

His eyes, heavy with exhaustion, dropped wearily. Brandon was too weak to speak, having lost too much blood and drained both physically and mentally. Yet, upon seeing the concern etched in her eyes, a small, content smile spread across his face.