

## Chapter 879 Committed Suicide

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Janet didn't expect Sean would suddenly turn serious at her joke. She had the vague sense that something was wrong.

"If you have something to say, don't hesitate to say it, Sean."

Her intuition told her that Brandon was keeping something from her, and Sean knew what it was.

Sean stuttered for a moment, unsure of how to answer. He glanced at Brandon in a silent plea for help, but Janet immediately blocked his line of sight. "I asked you a question, Sean," she prodded with a bright smile. "What happened?"

Seeing Sean get more agitated by the second, Brandon took pity on him. He pinched the bridge of his nose and said in a low voice, "I didn't tell you, but Jorge committed suicide in prison."

Janet whipped around in shock and gaped at Brandon. "Didn't you say that he was caught by the

police?"

"The authorities called and told me. At the time, you were busy with the Iridescent Show, and you were happily moving forward, so I thought it best not to tell you. I also instructed Sean to never speak of it. I don't want to upset you and ruin everything." This time, it was Brandon who glanced at Sean through the rearview mirror.

"Yes, that's right. I was under Mr. Larson's orders, so I had no choice but to keep it from you." Sean wiped the beads of cold sweat on his forehead and started the car.

"Jorge was just fine before I left. Why did he suddenly take his own life?" It didn't quite make sense to Janet.

"He committed suicide by ingesting poison. Shortly before that, he confessed to his crimes and took all the blame. For now, the police haven't found his accomplice." Brandon had wanted to pursue the matter, but unfortunately, their trail ended with Jorge.

Janet's body stiffened as she listened to his explanation. She looked at Brandon straight in the

eye and asked, "Do you think someone forced Jorge to do all this and then commit suicide?"

Charis was dead. Who else would want to hurt Janet so badly? Fear slowly crept in Janet's heart as she pondered this.

"Who do you think hates you the most right now?" Brandon asked slowly.

"The Turner family," she blurted out without a second thought.

Brandon shook his head. "I already looked into them before I came to Northcliffe. Luke and Catherine have been doing better lately. They were even making plans to travel abroad."

Janet's brows furrowed. "Didn't they hate me for what happened to Charis? Why the sudden change in outlook?"

"They took in an adopted daughter to help them cope with their grief better. After all, at the end of the day, it's not as if we pushed Charis off the building. The Turner family has no grounds to blame us or seek revenge. Maybe they finally saw reason and decided to move on with their lives."

Brandon's eyes darkened as he added, "But I heard

that this adopted daughter was no child. She seems to be around our age, and an orphan. I couldn't get any other information on her for now."

"It's annoying. I have to live a life full of fear again now, not knowing who wants to hurt me." Janet sighed helplessly, "Is there anything else I need to know? It looks like I've missed out on a lot these days."

Brandon thought of what Frank had said the last time they met, and his scowl deepened. His amnesia might cause some long-lasting aftereffects. But he didn't intend to tell her yet. 1

He forced a tight smile and said, "No, there isn't. You're all caught up."

Sean stared at Brandon through the rearview mirror but didn't dare to say anything.

Janet was still trying to wrap her mind around Jorge's death and missed the eye contact between the men.

In her opinion, the biggest victim in the entire fiasco was Draco.

Jorge might have died, but the pain Draco had suffered wouldn't go away just as easily.

Janet wanted to visit Draco and see how he was doing.

The next day.

Janet walked through the hospital gates with a bag of tonics and the female bodyguard by her side.

She hadn't asked the woman for her name before, but today, she learned that the bodyguard was called Mesue.

Janet asked Mesue to wait by the door before knocking twice and entering the ward. As soon as she stepped in, she found Draco packing his stuff.

"Are you being discharged, Mr. Wesley?" She set the bag on a nearby table and asked in surprise.

"The doctor said I'm cleared to leave." Draco looked exhausted due to his illness, but he still had his usual gentle disposition. He folded his clothes neatly and arranged them in his suitcase in a meticulous manner.