

## Chapter 1030 Mood Swings

So this was what was going on.

However, before Janet could speak, Ameer immediately rebutted fiercely and it was so loud that it resounded through the ward, "Shut up! What nonsense are you talking about?"

Suddenly, a crisp slapping sound was heard as Ameer struck Kathie squarely on her cheek. She tilted her face to one side, and a red palm print instantly appeared on her smooth cheek.

Kathie cursed, "How dare you hit me again! You snob! Had I known you were such a wimp, I would have left you for another man!"

"Can't you see what's going on here? We are now being interrogated by Mr. Larson and we can't afford to offend him. Tell him exactly what you did now!" Ameer roared madly.

He had seen how scheming Kathie was before. He now suspected that she had indeed done something behind the scenes to offend the Larson Group.

Ameer turned to Brandon after he gave Kathie a piece of his mind. He forced a smile and begged for his life, "Mr. Larson, I've taught her a lesson. Can you please let me go after Kathie tells you the truth? I've already sincerely apologized to Mrs. Larson that day. I wasn't involved in anything else that happened after that incident at the party."

Ameer was indeed very old. He already felt his body going sore within the first ten minutes of kneeling.

Looking at Ameer's pathetic begging, Kathie realized that they were caught for a reason different from what she had in mind. She raised her head and stared into Brandon's cold eyes, sending shivers down her spine. Seeing how an old man could give up his dignity so easily, she felt Brandon's terror as clear as day.

"Mr. Larson, I really don't know anything," Kathie cried as she knelt on the ground. She begged for mercy over and over. "I haven't even seen Janet since I was beaten up by Ameer that day."

However, Brandon did not feel a shred of pity for Kathie. His expression darkened and he glared at her with bloodshot eyes.

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The memory of two years ago swept over him like a storm. His wife was almost raped, almost fell down from a building, almost assassinated, and had a car accident...

He couldn't allow anyone to hurt Janet again.

"Take the two away and interrogate them until you get something useful out of them," Brandon ordered. He believed that the two were still hiding something, and he was not going to let them off the hook so lightly.

"What! Mr. Larson, you can interrogate Kathie alone. Why do I have to be interrogated too?" Ameer asked as his voice trembled with fear. Kathie could probably bear the torture during the interrogation because she was still young, but his old body would most likely die in Brandon's hands. Kathie held on to a corner of the tea table tightly and refused to be dragged away. She shook her head and cried, "It's not me, Mr. Larson. I really didn't do anything."

"Stop!" Janet shouted suddenly. She then lowered her voice after getting their attention, "I found other clues regarding the accident. We should



review them first before deciding if they are indeed guilty or not."

Brandon pinched his eyebrows tightly and felt a sharp pain in his temples. He raised his hand and said tiredly, "Take these two people out. I'll deal with them later."

After the bodyguards left, Janet went back to Brandon's side and said softly, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to let Kathie go. Come on, let's get you back to bed. I'll call the doctor for you. Tell me, do you feel any discomfort since you just suddenly remembered two years' worth of memory?"

Janet knitted her brows as she placed her hand over Brandon's. Although she was glad that he had regained his memories, she wasn't sure if his head was able to endure the sudden emotional roller coaster.

Brandon sat motionlessly on the sofa with a grim expression on his face. He kept silent for a long time before shaking his head slowly.

"Sean, go and have your lunch first. I'll stay here and take care of him," Janet said over her shoulder.

She helped Brandon back to the bed and pulled the portable table from the end of the bed towards him. She then laid out the food she brought on the table.

"I made these dishes for you. They are all your favorites. Please, eat up," Janet coaxed. She scooped some of the vegetables and meat into his plate and attempted to feed him, pretending that his loss of control did not even happen.