

## Chapter 1031 The Dish Is Burnt

The sun's warm rays dappled the table, making the dishes on the table to look more appealing.

At first, Brandon had no appetite, but when he saw that Janet had earnestly arranged the dishes for him, he couldn't help but smile and say, "You don't have to do all the work yourself. I'll hire a maid to help out at home from now on. You just focus on your own work."

Brandon picked up a piece of broccoli and popped it into his mouth. The fresh taste of the vegetable exploded on his tongue.

However, Brandon noticed that the dishes tasted different than they usually did.

"Are you trying to take away my last hobby?" Janet asked a big on her face, "What do you think? Is my cooking better than before?"

Upon hearing this, Brandon's eyes twinkled and he chuckled. "You were always a great cook. Want to

try some?"

"I already ate lunch," Janet replied, standing by the bed and watching Brandon quietly. Seeing that he had calmed down significantly, she asked cautiously, "Brandon, what was wrong with you just now?"

It was true that Brandon had a short fuse, but he was usually level-headed especially in critical moments. His impulsiveness just now, when he wanted to torture Kathie and Ameer without hesitation, was completely out of character.

Brandon was quiet for a moment.

He lowered his head, ate a few bites of food, and drank some water. Then he said, "I was really impulsive right now. I know that it's unlikely that Kathie did this to you. She doesn't have the ability. And Ameer wants to work with us. He wouldn't dare to go against the Larson Group. But the thought of them offending you before makes me so angry."

Janet chuckled. "Let's not talk about it now. Just focus on resting in the hospital these days. I'll take care of the rest." She gently patted Brandon's

broad back, as if to comfort him. "You know better than anyone that I've grown a lot in the past two years."

Smiling, Brandon teased, "Yes, you've grown a lot. But I'm not so sure about your cooking though. This dish is burnt."

A hint of guilt flashed across Janet's face. "Really? I was in a rush to get here earlier and..."

"Really?" Brandon put down his fork and wiped his mouth with a tissue. His eyes seemed to see right through her.

"Well, you've got me. I bought them from a restaurant," Janet admitted, blushing. She had been in a hurry to check the video on the repaired dashcam before coming to the hospital, and she hadn't had time to cook, so she had to go to a restaurant to buy some food. She hadn't expected Brandon to figure it out so easily.

"I've been eating your cooking for years. I may have lost my memory, but not my taste buds," Brandon said with a shake of his head and a helpless smile.

"I have something important to discuss with you,"

Janet said, quickly changing the subject and filling Brandon in on all the new information she had gathered. "I sent the clue to Sean on my way here. He's investigating the casino."

After a long silence, Brandon sneered, "Why haven't I heard about this from Sean?"

"You were so worked up earlier that he probably didn't dare to say anything since he thought you'd take it out on him." Janet started to clean the table after Brandon finish eating.

When she was about to take the trash out, she gently reminded Brandon once more, "I'll handle it. You just stay here and focus on getting better."

It was her responsibility to look out for Brandon now.

A grin spread across Brandon's face as he scooped up a mountain of paperwork and said, "I know. You're free to act however you choose. That's OK with me, and I won't interfere."

Janet replied with a gratified grin, "Great!"

Her smile faded as soon as she closed the door behind her.

Distracted, she walked to the trash bin to throw

away the trash.

After some consideration, Janet decided to phone Frank and inquire about what happened.

"Are you aware, Frank, that Brandon's memory is progressively regaining ground?" Frank, Janet reasoned, must have been aware of it. Frank and Brandon must have been keeping something from her, and it had to be about it. 7