

Chapter 1479 I Knew You Were My Wife

Even though Brandon was trying to keep his voice calm, the pungent scent of blood and his ashen complexion made it impossible for Janet to be fooled.

Janet had pieced together the truth; that Brandon had aggravated his injury while he was out searching for her. Swamped with guilt, she avoided his gaze. Her voice, a whisper, was heavy with remorse. "I'm sorry. I brought this on you."

As the words slipped from her lips, a single tear traced a path from her eye and fell onto the back of Brandon's hand.

Brandon, aware of the unexpected wet warmth on his hand, furrowed his brow. Ignoring the fact that Janet was grappling with memory loss, he gently tilted up her chin, taking in the tear-streaked face. "Why the tears again? Who's been making you upset?" he inquired softly.

But instead of providing comfort, Brandon's tender voice only served to unleash a torrent of Janet's tears. Her voice breaking, she bit her lip. "No one upset me. I'm the one to

blame. I lost control and worried you. It led to your injury."

The harsh reality was that if she had been a little less rash, a little less driven by the words of others, Brandon wouldn't have been hurt again.

Recalling Johanna's revelation that they had all skipped meals, tirelessly searching for her, added weight to her guilt.

Despite her amnesia robbing her of memories, they all continued to treat her as their beloved kin, friend, and lover. They bore her whims and selfishness with patience, never holding it against her.

But it was Brandon who stood out. He was injured while trying to protect her, yet her memory loss had prompted her to keep him at arm's length, time and again.

The more Janet dwelt on it, the stronger her regret grew. Her tears, uncontrollable, splattered on Brandon's hand.

Her sobs made it hard for her to articulate words. Her apologies, incoherent and muffled, filled the air. "I'm sorry... I'm really sorry... I'm truly sorry for my whims... I'm sorry..."

Brandon, watching the heart-wrenching sight of Janet in distress, felt the tears staining the back of his hand scorching into his skin, and a sharp pang in his heart.

"It's not on you, Janet. We're the ones who owe you an apology," Brandon soothed softly, brushing away the tears on her cheeks with a tender touch. "We shouldn't have gone

behind your back for the DNA test. Considering your memory loss, your anger is understandable..."

"No..." Janet argued softly, her eyes glistening with fresh tears. "If I hadn't let others' words get to me and hid, you wouldn't be hurt."

She yearned to examine Brandon's wound, but hesitated, not wanting to intrude. She asked tentatively, "May I see your wound?"

Concerned that the sight of the injury would only fuel her guilt, Brandon was about to decline. But when Janet gently squeezed his hand, pleading, "Please?" his resistance melted.

With barely a moment to rethink his decision, he acquiesced, "Alright."

Before he could retract his permission, Janet was already cautiously lifting his shirt to reveal the wound.

A grim sight awaited her. A deep, sutured scar that stole her breath away.

She stared wide-eyed at the scar, and the tears she had managed to contain broke loose once more. "How did it... how did it get so bad..."

With a sigh of helplessness, Brandon gently stroked her hair.

"I figured you'd react this way... Don't cry, Janet. It isn't your fault. It's on me. I neglected your feelings. Just... don't cry, okay?"

Yet, his self-accusations only amplified her tears.

The image of the scar was etched into her mind, causing a dull throb in her heart.

"I'm sorry, truly sorry..." Janet choked out through her sobs, clutching Brandon's hand tighter.

Witnessing Janet's heartache stirred a deep pain in Brandon's chest.

After a moment's hesitation, noticing that she wasn't pushing him away as before, he pulled her gently into his embrace, whispering, "It's not on you. It really isn't. It's on me. I failed to protect you..."

As Janet sobbed into his chest, she lost track of time. Eventually, exhaustion claimed her, and she found herself quietly resting against Brandon's strong shoulder.

As her sobs subsided and she seemed to regain some calm, Brandon reassured her once more, "From the moment I first laid eyes on you in the casino, I knew you were my wife."

Lifting her tear-reddened eyes, Janet managed a hoarse, "Really?"

Brandon's fingers gently traced the path of her tears. "I might have been taken aback by your subtle change in appearance, but I never doubted your identity. You've always been the one I love the most. Even without seeing your face, I couldn't be mistaken."

Pausing, his voice softened further as he continued, "I believe your parents felt the same. They must have recognized you at first glance." 

