


## Chapter 1079 Delete The Files

It was already late when Brandon opened his eyes. A cool breeze sifted through the leaves of the tree outside the window, causing them to rustle softly. After the intense love-making session they just had, Janet had fallen asleep cuddling him. Brandon slowly shifted so as not to wake her, carefully removing his arm from under her head. Once free, he took her phone from the nightstand and unlocked it with her fingerprint. He clicked the link to the folder that was in the message.

There were three documents, and the first two held sensitive and confidential information about the Larson Group.

Brandon had been wary of Vivian all this time, so he had properly protected himself and his company. As a result, all the information she stole was fake, with formulated data. None of it was a threat to him.

On the other hand, the third document was his medical records. As Brandon scrolled through, his eyes widened. The document thoroughly reported

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his health condition.

How was Vivian able to get such a detailed report? The cause of his disease was clearly stated too. Not even Frank, who had been doing research on his amnesia could write such a report. It didn't make any sense.

He was about to delete the document to save himself further trouble, when Janet suddenly grabbed his hand, startling him.

"What are you doing?" Janet's voice came from behind him.

Brandon froze for a moment from the surprise, but he quickly recovered and answered in a level voice as though he wasn't doing anything shady. "Your phone was beeping so I picked it up to see who sent you a message."

He waited for her to respond, but was met with a long silence instead.

"Honey?" Brandon turned around with a frown only to find that Janet's eyes were still closed even though she was holding his hand. He let out a sigh of relief. It turned out she had been talking in her sleep.

Smiling, Brandon traced the side of his finger over

her delicate face. She nuzzled his hand in her sleep and finally let go of him.

Brandon quickly finished deleting the files and returned the phone back to its original position. He went back to lie beside her, but, he no longer felt like sleeping.

Outside the window, the wind had stopped. Moonlight crept in through the window as the clouds that covered the moon floated away.

The moonlight fell on Janet's face, making her look ethereal. Brandon lifted a finger and hooked her nose. He couldn't help but chuckle. "You sleep so soundly."

Perhaps Janet was sleeping soundly due to the fact that they had handled the matter with Vivian and she no longer had to worry. She even smiled faintly in her sleep.

As he caressed her cheek, Brandon got lost. Nothing mattered more than that precious moment.

Janet woke up the next morning. As she rubbed her eyes, she saw Brandon already dressed neatly, standing in front of her.

They were going to interrogate Vivian today so

Janet had requested a day's leave from work so that she could go with Brandon. 3

Only a few people were allowed to the top floor of the Larson Group. As a result, it was totally empty when they got there. Trailing after Brandon, Janet stepped into a hidden room.

She had been here once but she didn't remember how to get there alone because there were too many turns in the hallways.

"You locked Vivian in such a dark place, why?" She looked around the room as she stepped in.


The place was so dark that being locked in there would rid one of all sense of time as they wouldn't be able to tell if it was night or day.

"Because I want her to suffer for what she did to us," Brandon responded as if it were the simplest thing in the world. His eyes were full of chilling cruelty. They got to a one-way glass window and he looked in.


Janet placed a hand on the glass window. She could see what was going on in the interrogation room without being noticed by anyone inside.

Vivian was sitting with her hands and legs tied to her chair, blindfolded.

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A while passed, and the iron door creaked open. Sean walked over to them. "Our men had spent all night interrogating her, Mr. Larson." 12

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