

Chapter 1460 An Unprincipled Friend

Janet found herself in a conundrum, rooted to the spot.

Her instincts were telling her to leave. This stranger didn't seem trustworthy and had been consistently attempting to detain her under one pretext or another. If she didn't leave, she might be getting herself into a problematic situation!

On the other hand, he had saved her life, sustaining an injury in the process. His condition looked precarious, and he could potentially lose consciousness at any moment. Was it not utterly heartless of her to abandon him in such a state?

Torn, Janet remained indecisive, unsure of the right course of action.

It was only when Brandon coughed several times that she reached a decision, sighing

deeply. "I'll stay and look after you tonight."

Hearing her words, Brandon's eyes shot up to meet hers, alive with elation and ardor.

Seeing the way he was looking at her, a blush crept up her cheeks.

"I... I'll change your bed sheet." Flustered, she averted her gaze, breaking eye contact.

She quickly retrieved a clean bedsheet from the closet, replacing the one stained with blood. She fetched some warm water to clean off his bloodied skin. Remembering he hadn't eaten anything since his heroic deed, she headed to the kitchen to prepare a simple sandwich.

By the time she finished all the tasks, it was already late.

Resting against the headboard, Brandon watched Janet as she bustled around, nibbling on his sandwich. A tranquil smile graced his features. ¹

He wished time would freeze at this moment, allowing him to share these peaceful instants with her uninterrupted.

Snapped out of his daydream by Janet, he found her gaze upon him. "Have you finished eating?"

He quickly polished off the rest of the sandwich. "Thank you. It's delicious."

Janet wiped the perspiration off her forehead. "I'm glad you liked it."

Seeing the fatigue etched on her face and remembering the ordeal she had been through today, he expressed his concern, "You should get some rest now. I'm okay."

She, however, shook her head, retaking her seat on the sofa next to his bed. "Your wound looks infected and you seem feverish. It's better if I stay here to monitor your condition. What if your fever spikes in the middle of the night?"

That was when Brandon remembered Garrett. He suggested nonchalantly, "You could ask Garrett, the man from before, to come in and keep an eye on my condition tonight."

Raising an eyebrow, Janet tilted her head,

confusion apparent on her face. "Didn't you say that you barely know him? Will he take good care of you?"

Recalling his previous effort to distance himself from Garrett, a hint of embarrassment flashed across Brandon's face. "Perhaps..." he said, trailing off uncertainly.

Noting Garrett's lack of dependability, she frowned and stated, "He left so hastily, even though you were severely injured. He doesn't seem reliable. I should be the one to look after you."

Recalling how Garrett had reluctantly departed earlier, Brandon experienced a pang of guilt for the first time. ①

He attempted to defend Garrett. "Perhaps he had an urgent matter to attend to..."

Janet interjected, "What could possibly be more pressing than an injured patient who was bleeding? If I hadn't been here today, you would've been left alone!"

Yet, Brandon couldn't bear to see her so worn

out, thus he responded ambiguously, "Don't worry. I have ways to ensure he takes proper care of me. You should rest."

Upon hearing this, Janet scrutinized him with furrowed brows and queried, "Are you planning to bribe him into taking care of you?"

This reminded her of how he had bartered his million-dollar watch for a second-hand taxi ride. Even though the watch wasn't hers, she couldn't help feeling a sense of loss.

The thought of him being grievously injured yet having to pay someone for care, strengthened her resolve to stay. "Don't worry. I won't let you be exploited by your unprincipled friend while you're vulnerable!"

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