

## Chapter 1798 An Awkward Meeting

The following morning, Brandon stirred as his phone's ringtone pierced the quiet dawn. Beside him, Janet shifted, her sleepy eyes fluttering open.

Exhaustion weighed heavily on her, making it feel as though she had just closed her eyes moments ago.

Brandon covered Janet's eyes, allowing her to drift back into sleep as he answered the call.

Frank's voice, tinged with weariness, came through. "It's confirmed. Wren Black has successfully treated countless patients poisoned by Jeremy, and her medical expertise spans years of legitimate achievements. You can trust her, Brandon. But if doubts linger, I'll assemble a team to oversee Janet's treatment and ensure her safety."

"Okay," Brandon murmured, his tone laden with concern. "And what about the old man?"

Frank cleared his throat awkwardly before elaborating, "His name is Vinson Bowman. He was indeed a doctor and a close friend of Wren's during their university days. However, Vinson's involvement in the medical field ended over a decade ago when he was admitted to a psychiatric hospital. His name has since faded from the memory of the younger generation."

Brandon's frown deepened as he pressed for more details. "How did you come across this information?"

"I reached out to several senior colleagues. They described Vinson as having a peculiar temperament, notoriously difficult to get along with. Some even suggested he had descended into madness due to self-poisoning during his experiments."


Lowering his voice, Frank added gravely, "Vinson's descent into madness occurred while he was working at the same pharmaceutical institute as Jeremy. It's plausible they had a mentor-apprentice relationship, considering Jeremy's current ruthless and erratic behavior mirrors Vinson's from years ago."

The mention of Jeremy's name ignited an unexpected surge of agitation within Brandon, coloring his perception of Vinson.

As Frank's words concluded, Brandon ended the call, withdrawing his hand from Janet's eyes. To his surprise, her drowsiness had evaporated, replaced by a keen alertness in her eyes.

Sensing Brandon's shift in demeanor, Janet sat up, her expression tinged with displeasure as she asked, "Do you truly trust Wren?"

Despite having only met Vinson the day before and spending just a few hours in his company, Janet couldn't shake off the discomfort that settled within her upon hearing Frank's portrayal of him over the phone—an eccentric figure driven to madness by his own experiments, potentially linked to Jeremy's

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Witnessing Janet's annoyance, Brandon couldn't resist playfully pinching her cheek. "I haven't even met Vinson yet. It's too early to form any opinions. Trust me, okay? Let me meet him first."

Janet's anger softened at his sincerity, realizing he likely harbored no prejudice against Vinson. With a sigh, she pulled Brandon out of bed, suggesting, "Then let's go together and grab breakfast at the hotel."

Teasingly, Brandon raised an eyebrow. "Aren't you tired of waking up so early?"

Memories of the previous night tinged Janet's cheeks with a flush as she shot him a shy yet irritated glare, retorting, "I'm wide awake and full of energy!"

With that, she swiftly headed to the bathroom to freshen up.

Before leaving the room, Janet phoned Benny, with whom she had exchanged contact information the day before, to arrange a meeting with Vinson at the hotel's restaurant.

Brandon and Janet stepped into the hotel's restaurant, where the opulent decor clashed with Vinson's disheveled appearance—his unkempt attire and tousled hair stood out amidst the refined ambiance.

Upon spotting Janet, Vinson greeted her cheerfully. However, upon noticing the expression on Janet's

face, his demeanor shifted, and he cast a discerning glance at Brandon.

Just as Brandon was about to exchange pleasantries, Vinson spoke up. "Young man, while vigor is commendable, restraint is equally important. Given her current health, recklessness is ill-advised."

Brandon, typically composed, was taken aback by Vinson's words. Standing beside him, Janet felt a wave of embarrassment wash over her, wishing she could disappear.


Sensing the awkwardness, Benny, Vinson's student, tugged at Vinson's sleeve before addressing Janet and Brandon with an apologetic smile. "Forgive us; perhaps we should indulge in some food first. You must be hungry."

Janet offered a bashful smile and began to reach for her food when Vinson let out a cold snort. "What? Am I not allowed to speak the truth now?" he retorted sharply, his gaze piercing as he locked eyes with Brandon.

"We'll exercise more caution in the future," Brandon responded curtly.


Vinson's demeanor softened slightly at Brandon's response.

As breakfast came to a close, Janet set down her fork, her thoughts swirling as she pondered how to broach the subject of Jeremy and Wren. Before she could voice her thoughts, Vinson preempted her hesitation with a pointed question. "Have you already met

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Wren?"

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