

Chapter 1842 Be In Pain For Three Days At Most

Brandon couldn't drift into a deep sleep. He jolted awake, groggy. The first thing he did was check on Janet. Seeing her looking less pale and with normal body temperature, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Despite his promise to sleep well, Brandon couldn't help but watch Janet closely, worried she'd grimace any second.

Luckily, Janet dozed off peacefully for the next couple of hours.

Brandon frowned as he glimpsed his tired reflection in the bathroom mirror. To spare Janet worry, he decided to snuggle with her a bit longer, considering it was still early morning.

Just as Brandon was about to climb back into bed, he was startled by a scream from downstairs. Initially, he assumed it was a patient in the ER, but as it persisted, he recognized the voice.

The screams persisted and grew more anguished. Brandon hurriedly stepped out, asking the guards if they'd heard it too.

The guards outside exchanged glances, avoiding Brandon's eyes, and admitted they'd heard it, thinking it was Alexandra's voice.

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Alexandra?

At the mention of his name, Brandon, who hadn't given much thought to it earlier, grew serious and demanded, "What's going on?"

The guards were startled by Brandon's tone. They quickly pulled out their phones and presented him with chat logs. Brandon skimmed through and discovered some guards gossiping about Alexandra being taken to the ward in a private chat.

Rumor had it that Alexandra turned down Frank's partnership offer and faced his retaliation.


Some speculated Vinson's involvement after witnesses spotted him with a vial of potion before Alexandra's screams echoed through the lounge.

Despite prolonged arguments, the small group had yet to reach any conclusions.

Brandon tossed the phone to the bodyguard, cautioning, "Don't slack off again, or you'll be out of a job."

Prior to investigating Alexandra's situation, Brandon called Wren over to check on Janet. Once assured of Janet's well-being, he headed downstairs to locate Alexandra.

Pushing open Alexandra's ward door, Brandon found Vinson composedly seated on the sofa, sipping water as he observed Alexandra's suffering. Writhing in pain on the floor, Alexandra's features contorted, showing signs of agony, yet he lacked the strength to

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cry out.

Casting a cold glance at Alexandra, Brandon turned to Vinson. "What's happening?" His voice remained calm and devoid of emotion.

Vinson glanced up casually. "Nothing much. Just mixed him a drink. He'll suffer for three days, with no harm to his health. You can still settle the score."

Why was Brandon out for revenge on him? Alexandra's mind was in chaos, pain clouding his thoughts. He couldn't decipher Vinson's intentions. He clung to the hope that Wren, his coerced accomplice, wouldn't spill the beans. He even fantasized about using the White family's influence to take down Brandon and Vinson once he had Janet under his sway.

Brandon met his bewildered stare with scorn, ordering the guards curtly, "Get Mr. Barton downstairs and ensure his safety."

Agony drained Alexandra's strength, leaving him reliant on two guards to rise.

As the guards led a terrified Alexandra away, Brandon turned, a cold chuckle escaping him. "Almost forgot to thank you for the herbs. My wife's memory's back. Once she's fully recovered, I'll wire the payment to your account."

What was he talking about?

Her memory was restored? Did the potion fail?

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Stunned and in agony, Alexandra was overwhelmed by questions. Yet, weakened, he couldn't voice them, dragged away by the guards against his will.

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