

Chapter 1804 A Ten-Year Feud

"Wren! You have to calm do—"

Wren's blows rained down, cutting off the rest of Vinson's words.

In between the severe punches that had landed on him, Vinson still attempted to explain, but Wren didn't give him a chance to get a word in.

Benny stood behind them, unable to believe his eyes. He did not expect Vinson to be beaten up by Wren. For a few seconds, Benny stood frozen, until he snapped back to his senses and pulled Vinson away.

In her agitated state, Wren lost her balance and hit the door frame with a bang.

When Janet and Brandon arrived, they saw Wren standing at the door, her hand pressing down on her bloody forehead. Vinson looked flustered and conflicted, wanting to help her but afraid to come close.

Frank soon reached caught up, rushing to them after hearing the noise. Shock was written all over his face at the sight of Wren's bloody head. Turning around in a hurry, he barked his orders, "Take Wren and bind up that wound!"

Wren was overcome with dizziness after hitting the doorframe, and the throbbing pain in her head made her break out into sweat. Before the nurse took her away, she glared at Vinson and hissed, "Don't you dare leave! I'm not done with you!"

The blood that gushed from her wound filled Vinson with guilt and he placated her with a compromise. "Alright, I won't go. I'll stay here."

His eyes never left her as she was taken out of the room. He breathed a sigh of relief, but regret soon took its place. "I shouldn't have come to Barnes..." he murmured to himself.

For the past ten years, he had blocked all news about Wren, not even daring to see whether she was living well. Subconsciously, he avoided everything that had to do with her. Even now, after a decade had passed, he was still not ready to see her.

"What happened?" Frank asked, his face full of confusion.

Janet had no idea what had happened between Vinson and Wren either, and Brandon was just as clueless. None of them knew what to say to Frank.

With silence being their only answer, Frank asked a nurse to clean the blood on the door frame. Then he turned to Vinson, his brows furrowed in displeasure. "Who the hell are you? How dare you cause trouble here?"

The encounter from earlier still filled Vinson's mind.

He was so fixated that Frank's question escaped him. In his place, Benny kept apologizing profusely to Frank.

Seeing that he couldn't get any answers from Vinson and Benny, Frank turned back to Brandon and Janet. "Why did you bring him here? You knew there was bad blood between the two of them, didn't you? Now look what happened!"

In a helpless gesture, Brandon rubbed his forehead, taking a deep breath before he explained, "He rushed into the room after getting out of the car. We couldn't catch up, so we didn't know what happened. When we got here, Wren was already injured."

Frank squinted at his words, not believing what Brandon said. Frank had known him for years, and he knew well just how scheming Brandon could be. If it weren't for his own discernment, Frank would have long been dead by Brandon's hands.

As the nurse hurriedly cleaned up the lounge, Frank walked to Brandon and asked in a low voice, "What happened? Do you know something I don't? Tell me."

With a sneer, Brandon crossed his arms and quietly gazed at Vinson, who looked to be consumed with guilt. Then, he replied, "They had deep-seated issues that had been going on for more than ten years. No matter how competent my people are, they would need time to get to the bottom of things. If you really want to know, just let them meet each other again."

Even Brandon didn't expect them to fight as soon as they saw each other. It never crossed his mind that

there was a possibility of Wren getting hurt.

He turned his head slightly and said to Frank, "Go and check on Wren."

The lounge was almost cleaned up when Frank left. Brandon then took Janet to the lounge.

Vinson simply took one glance at Janet when she came in, still trapped in his own world.

Brandon looked at him with a frown and asked, "Mr. Bowman, what was that about? Why did you hurt Wren?"

"I didn't mean for it to happen," Vinson answered, his words full of remorse.

He raised his head, glaring at Benny. "It was none of your business. You should've stayed out of it. If you hadn't pulled me away, she wouldn't have gotten hurt!"

"I..." Benny began, wanting to defend himself, but was unable to say anything. He sighed helplessly and continued, "I'm sorry. I was just trying to protect you. I didn't want Wren to be hurt either."

"Listen carefully," Vinson said, almost growling. "From now on, you stay out of anything between me and Wren. I don't care what situation we are in. You're not going to meddle. Do you understand?"

Benny believed that he wasn't at fault, but he had no choice but to agree. "Alright," he said in a low voice.

Janet stared at Benny, growing more worried.

She didn't know whether Brandon and the White family would allow a man who had been confined in a sanatorium to treat her. Vinson looked a little delirious, but she trusted him wholeheartedly.

As if to confirm her thoughts, Brandon took hold of her hand, asking Benny with a frown, "How can you guarantee that Vinson is in the right state of mind? You saw what just happened. Can you assure us that he won't act up again when he treats Janet? Besides, how can we trust that he won't make mistakes during the operation and with prescription?"

Brandon knew what was going on in Janet's mind, but he couldn't take the risk. It didn't matter how much she trusted this old man—there was no way he was going to let her put herself in the slightest danger.

Benny was a little embarrassed at his questions. He looked at Vinson and explained, "I've been by his side for many years as his caretaker. His mental state had always been stable. He was able to get off his medication successfully one year ago."

Despite his detailed explanation, it was clear that Brandon didn't trust him.

Janet let out a sigh and said in a low voice, "Don't be so hard on him. Even if you won't let him treat me, you shouldn't be saying such cruel words."

Hearing what Janet said, Brandon felt a little helpless.

possible."

Seeing the sadness in his eyes stunned Janet. She asked slowly, "Am I really that weak now? How long do I have to live if I don't get treated? And why can't I feel anything?"

Vinson gave her a placating smile and said, "Don't worry. You won't be dying anytime soon. I just mean that your body and your memory may not completely recover if we put off your treatment any longer."

Vinson feigned confidence as he spoke so as not to alarm her, but Janet had gone through too much already. She couldn't stop overthinking. The more certain he seemed, the more her own worries deepened. At that moment, a feeling of hopelessness made her stomach sink.

She wiped the sweat from her palms secretly, then stood up, wanting to see Wren.

Brandon also stood and said to Vinson and Benny, "Rest here first. We'll take a look at Wren."

The couple walked in the hallway, Janet moving forward with a blank look on her face. Brandon held her hand and felt its coldness seep into his own heart. He comforted her, "Don't worry. I'll make them an offer they wouldn't be able to refuse. We'll get them to treat you."

"I'm fine. I'm just a little nervous," Janet answered in a weak voice, giving him a slight shake of her head.

A nurse wheeled a trolley and passed by. Janet met the nurse's eyes by accident, and the nurse immediately turned away in panic.

She seemed a little strange, but Janet subconsciously doubted her own thoughts. Brushing it off as nervous imaginings, she didn't stop the nurse, nor mention it to Brandon.