

Chapter 1822 Stirring Up Trouble

In the lab, Wren and Vinson fell silent as Alexandra entered. They exchanged a glance, a silent understanding passing between them, and focused on their tasks.

Unaware of their animosity, Alexandra took a seat casually. He even acted the host, pointing at the potion in Wren's hand. "Old lady, looks like you might have gone overboard with that potion. Janet's health is weak, and strong medication could be risky. A gentler approach might be safer."

Wren stopped working and looked up sharply.

Old lady?

Ever since the previous head forced her to stay with the Barton family a decade ago, Wren had harbored deep animosity towards the family. Her treatment of her own nephew, Alexandra, was colder than that of a stranger. The two blatantly ignored each other each time they crossed paths.

Wren had spent so much effort trying to reconcile with Vinson; she couldn't believe Alexandra was calling her "old lady" in front of him.

She felt a throbbing pain in her temples.

She threw a quick glance at the lab's aluminum window. Her eyes were perfectly smooth and youthful. Her makeup was meticulously applied, and her hair flowed in voluminous waves. She was dressed and ready for the street. Her appearance and energy belied her age—no one would guess she was over thirty. Alexandra must be blind.

Ignoring him, Wren continued her work.

Vinson, however, shot Alexandra a warning look. "Enough," he said curtly.

Turning to Wren, he offered, "Don't listen to him, Wren. You look fantastic, as elegant and graceful as when we met in college."

Wren's expression remained neutral, but a flicker of pleasure crossed her mind. "Maybe you do have some taste, after all."

Alexandra watched their exchange with amusement. "Seems your eyesight's failing too, old man. No wonder you messed up the potion."

Vinson's face hardened into a glare. "Enough!" he shouted, his voice tight with anger.

He raised a fist in a wordless threat.

Alexandra's playful demeanor vanished. He assumed a fearful expression, forced a smile and, placated him, "Alright, alright, calm down. To make amends, I brought the nurse who admires you. How about you let her treat you a meal as an apology? A sincere gesture, wouldn't you say?"

The mention of the nurse caused Vinson to flinch, even as anger smoldered in his eyes. His glare seemed to scream, "Shut up!"

Undeterred, Alexandra winked playfully. "Ah, I hit a nerve."

Ten years ago, a nurse named Rosanna Barton had been infatuated with Vinson. Now stationed in Barnes with Alexandra, Rosanna worshipped the ground Vinson walked on, constantly mentioning him during his absence.

Moments earlier, the bustling hallway made it difficult for Rosanna to acknowledge Vinson openly.

Wren felt a fresh throb in her temples as she connected the dots. The tearful woman in the hallway was Rosanna, she realized. Years ago, even before graduation, Rosanna had declared her love for Vinson, even running away to find him.

The incident had tarnished Vinson's reputation, and the public outcry was swift and harsh. It was a surprise anyone still remembered.

After a decade of separation, she'd rekindled her connection with Vinson, and now his past admirer had also reappeared. Life, it seemed, was full of surprises.

