

Chapter 1833 Vinson's Gift

After completing a brief assessment of Janet's vital signs, measuring her heart rate and blood pressure, Wren turned her attention to the potion on the cabinet beside her and asked, "Are you ready now?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

"No way!"

Unexpectedly, both Brandon and Janet responded almost simultaneously, their answers conflicting. Then they looked at each other, brows furrowed.

Amused by their reaction, Wren couldn't help but chuckle softly. "There's no rush. You two take your time to decide, and then we can proceed with the treatment."

However, Alexandra's expression tensed visibly. Anxious about the potential consequences of delaying, he interjected hastily, "This medication has been tested and stored for less than twenty-four hours. It's imperative that you take it as soon as possible. Delaying could compromise its effectiveness."

Brandon didn't look at Alexandra. His focus remained fixed on Janet, his gaze filled with concern as he observed her carefully, fearing she might act impulsively and take the potion.

After a moment of contemplation, he discreetly signaled to the bodyguards stationed outside the

room. "Escort Mr. Barton out."

As he spoke, he smiled pleasantly and explained, "Mr. Barton, considering your recent conflict with Dr. Bowman, I'm concerned there might be trouble later. My bodyguards will ensure your safety."

Alexandra was stunned for a second. Then his hands curled into fists as his eyes narrowed into a fierce glare towards Brandon. However, the thought of Janet kept him from speaking out. Through gritted teeth, he muttered a curse under his breath before finally acquiescing and leaving the ward under the threat of the bodyguards.

With only three people left in the ward, Brandon slipped his hand into Janet's pocket to hold her hand tightly. Then his expression grew serious and he asked Wren, "Tell me, what happened?"

Wren sighed heavily, her expression reflecting a sense of helplessness. "I'm sorry, Mr. Larson. One of the herbs was tampered with. After you left last night, Alexandra forced me to use the herb. So, there is indeed something wrong with the potion you have in your hands."

Brandon's anger simmered beneath the surface, his voice barely a whisper as he demanded, "What does he want?"

With a heavy heart, Wren lifted her gaze to meet Janet's, her expression fraught with uncertainty. After a moment of hesitation, she finally spoke her words carrying a weight that hung heavily in the air. "This potion holds the key to Janet's recovery. However, all memories related to you will be replaced with Alexandra. In essence, he wants to

replace you and become Janet's love."

Janet was rendered speechless by the sheer audacity of Alexandra's scheme. Replace Brandon as her love? How could he come up with such an insane idea?

Meanwhile, Brandon's fists clenched tightly, his rage threatening to boil over. Every fiber of his being longed to rush out and beat Alexandra senseless, but he knew it was not the time to teach Alexandra a lesson.

Brandon's gaze turned to Wren, his expression expectant. "By the way, Dr. Bowman gave us a bottle of potion just now."

Janet snapped out of her daze, and hastily retrieved the bottle of potion, handing it to Wren. "Can this potion counteract the effects of the one that alters my memory?"

As she spoke, a wave of apprehension washed over her. If this potion couldn't counteract the effects of the tampered one, she would have to think of another way. Between the possibility of losing her memories and the risk of Brandon being replaced by another man in her mind, Janet knew she would choose the former without hesitation.

Meeting Brandon again had not been an easy journey for her. After enduring so much, she was unwilling to entertain the thought of being separated from him. She would rather forget anything than lose him again.

Wren meticulously inspected the potion provided by Vinson, her expression shifting from concentration to astonishment in a matter of moments. Tears

welled up in her eyes and she quickly wiped them away, taking a deep breath to compose herself before returning the potion to Janet with a mix of a smile and a sob. Her excitement was palpable, her entire frame trembling with emotion.

Under Brandon's intense gaze and nervous anticipation, Wren struggled to compose herself. She wiped away the remaining tears from her face, inhaling deeply in an effort to regain her composure. "I never imagined that Vinson still possessed such remarkable skill, even after being absent from the medical field for ten years. Even in the past, he might not have been capable of creating such a potion. Perhaps this is what they mean by genius. People like myself, who rely on hard work, may never be able to catch up with a talent like Vinson all their lives."

Immersed in a flood of emotions, Wren spoke a lot. It was as if she had finally been liberated from the burden of guilt, allowing herself to reminisce about the past. Despite the countless times they had parted ways and the years spent apart, she would always surrender to Vinson's talent again and again.