

Chapter 1894 Pregnancy

Lately, Janet's nights were filled with tension, haunted by nightmares that drained her energy. Each morning, she awoke feeling exhausted and without appetite, her body suffering from the lack of rest.

One morning, Janet woke up feeling sick all over. As she tried to sit up, a sharp pain twisted her waist.

Fortunately, Brandon was there, and he quickly helped her into the car and drove her to the hospital.

Surprisingly, by the time they arrived at the hospital, the pain in Janet's waist had disappeared.

Noticing Janet's attempt to walk, Brandon hurriedly got out of the car and lifted her into his arms.

Feeling the eyes of others on her, Janet bashfully buried her head in Brandon's shoulder.

Entering the hospital lobby, they bumped into Frank, whose raised eyebrows signaled his surprise. "What's going on so early?" he asked.

"Janet hurt her waist. Can you find someone to check her out?" Brandon replied, his tone tinged with irritation.

"Hurt her waist? How did that happen? Did she fall or..." Frank's voice trailed off as he noticed their intimate demeanor, deciding not to pry further. He

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"Hurt her waist? How did that happen? Did she fall or..." Frank's voice trailed off as he noticed their intimate demeanor, deciding not to pry further. He hurried off to arrange Janet's examination.

Soon, Janet found herself on an examination bed in a check-up room. After a thorough examination, the doctor assured her that her waist was fine, with no signs of injury.

"No injury?" Janet frowned, insisting that her waist had been hurting when she woke up.

To be certain, the doctor ordered a full-body check-up for Janet.

After the check-up, when a nurse escorted Janet to the restroom, Brandon sprang up, rushing to her side and taking her hand. "What took so long?" he asked, concerned.

Meanwhile, Frank, who had been with Brandon, also approached the nurse, his worry etched on his face. "Does Janet need to be admitted?"

Feeling uneasy under their gaze, Janet explained, "The doctor said there's no injury to my waist."

Brandon furrowed his brow in confusion. Janet's earlier discomfort hadn't obviously been a pretense.

Leading Brandon to the nearby sofa, Janet said comfortingly, "There must be another reason for the pain. The doctor ran a full check-up, so we'll know soon."

Brandon hugged her. His gaze turned cold as he glanced at Frank, silently warning him.


Sensing the tension, Frank hurried off to ensure Janet's examination results were properly handled, eager to make things right.

In the waiting room, Janet lay on the cozy sofa, her head nestled on Brandon's lap.

Her fingers kneaded her waist, but to her surprise, there was no trace of the earlier discomfort. Could it have all been in her head?

Just as Janet began to relax, Frank barged in with a group of somber-looking doctors, casting a pall over the room.

Sensing the tension, Janet's heart sank. "What's going on?"


Frank and Brandon exchanged a grave look, their expressions mirroring the seriousness of the situation. "The results are in. Your waist is fine, but... You're pregnant. The pain you felt earlier was a sign of a miscarriage." 

Pregnant?

Miscarriage?

Frank's words hit Janet like a ton of bricks, leaving her stunned for a moment before the reality sank in. With trembling hands, she touched her abdomen,

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seeking confirmation. "You're saying I'm pregnant?" she asked, her voice trembling with disbelief.

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