Chapter 2095 Lexi Took The Blame Again

In the blink of an eye, Brandon thundered down the stairs.

The door, barely ajar, flew open with a cacophonous bang as if kicked by a storm.

His eyes darted around frantically, searching for Janet. When he spotted her slumped against the sofa, pale as a ghost, his heart plummeted to the pit of his stomach.

"Janet!" Brandon cried, running to her side and gathering her in his arms. His voice quivered with worry. "How are you feeling?"

"I..." Janet tried to speak, but tears streamed down her face as a splitting headache overwhelmed her. She struggled to breathe, unable to form a complete sentence.

Brandon gently rubbed her back, his eyes filled with concern and remorse.

After a moment, he turned to the maid, who stood frozen, and demanded icily, "What happened? She was perfectly fine this morning. How did she end up like this so quickly?"

"I...I don't know. She was already like this when I came in," the maid stammered, her body shaking like a leaf in the wind under the weight of Brandon's grim expression, terrified of being held responsible.

"Don't blame her. It's not her fault. I'm feeling better now," Janet managed to say between ragged breaths, her voice a whisper of kindness. Despite her own torment, she sought to

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shield the maid from Brandon's wrath.

Reading Janet's intent, Brandon didn't pursue the matter with the maid. Instead, he asked, "Did she eat anything unusual?"

"No, Mr. Larson. Her meals have been the same as yesterday," the maid replied respectfully. Suddenly, a flicker of memory crossed her face, and she quickly added, "But Lexi did bring some food for Mrs. Larson."

Brandon's eyes narrowed into icy slits as they turned to Lexi.

"That's nonsense! I had nothing to do with it!" Lexi protested, her voice a high-pitched plea for innocence. "Mr. Larson, it's not me. The food I brought is still untouched. Janet hasn't had any of it."

Brandon's silence was deafening. He simply unbuttoned the top two buttons of Janet's shirt and directed the maid to open the windows, letting fresh air flood the room.

As Janet's breathing eased, Brandon rose to his full height, casting a shadow over Lexi.

"Only you two were here just now?"

His voice was edged with menace.

A chill, cold as a midwinter night, ran down Lexi's spine. "Yes." She squeaked, her voice barely audible.

"Did Janet eat or use anything while you were here? Was there anything unusual in the room?" Brandon fired off questions, his voice growing colder with each word.

Lexi, on the verge of tears, knew this was not the time to cry. She had to defend herself or risk being the scapegoat once more.

"No. We just talked about the design after I greeted her," Lexi

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explained, her voice shaky. "We didn't eat or drink anything, not even a sip of water."

After explaining, Lexi dared to look at Brandon's face, hoping for a glimmer of belief.

She immediately regretted it. His expression was so threatening that she wished the floor would swallow her whole.

It was clear he didn't believe her and had already decided she was guilty.

But she was innocent. She hadn't done anything wrong.

Inside, Lexi lamented her fate. Why was she always the scapegoat?

As Janet began to rally, she clasped Brandon's hand. His stern expression softened, the storm in his eyes quieting.

"Don't scare Lexi. She didn't do anything," Janet said gently, her voice a balm to the tension in the room. "Instead of interrogating her, why don't you take me to the hospital for a check-up?"

"Alright," Brandon agreed, scooping Janet up in his arms.

Lexi watched them leave, her nerves frayed. She quickly gathered her design drafts and headed for the door, acutely aware of the butler's unfriendly stare.

"Wait a minute," the butler called out suddenly.

As Lexi paused, the butler shoved the two bags of fruits and snacks into her arms.