

Chapter 1995 Is There Something Wrong With The...

"Brandon, please come with me to the hospital," Janet requested calmly.

By the time Brandon and Janet reached the hospital, it was already quite late. Aside from a handful of doctors and nurses on the night shift in the emergency room, Frank was the only one left.

They proceeded to the lounge, finding Frank engrossed in reading the prenatal check-up report.

Catching sight of Janet, he rolled his eyes at Brandon.

He motioned for Brandon to join him and whispered, "Janet is emotionally fragile at the moment. Sharing this information with her might exacerbate the situation."

Upon hearing Frank's concern, Janet took a seat and reassured him, "I won't overreact. Brandon has briefed me, so I'm aware of how to take precautions and act promptly."

Brandon patted Frank on the shoulder, a hint of pride gleaming in his eyes. "My wife is stronger than you give her credit for."

Frank cleared his throat and addressed the couple, without beating around the bush. "Did you bring the candle? I need to conduct a test."

Brandon nodded, retrieving the candle and passing it to Frank.

Accepting the incense, Frank uncapped it and took a whiff.

His brows furrowed instinctively.

It appeared to be a typical scented candle—nothing out of the ordinary.

Yet there was a peculiar scent lingering.

Frank couldn't discern the issue immediately; he needed to conduct further tests.

Putting the incense aside, Frank cautioned, "Janet, given your pregnancy, you must be careful. Avoid using items from unknown sources, especially those that involve inhalation. If you have trouble sleeping, I can arrange for a psychologist, but refrain from using medications."

Janet pursed her lips and countered, "This incense was crafted by Adriana, and it's not medicinal."

Frank felt a twinge of embarrassment upon hearing Adriana's name, though he acknowledged her reliability. "While Adriana is dependable, we can't guarantee its handling by others or potential errors in the process. These uncertainties necessitate caution. Regardless, let me conduct a test first."

"Alright." Janet gave a nod.

Outside the office door, Adriana's fists clenched tightly, her palms slick with sweat.

Tonight, she was on night duty. She had intended to dine with Frank, but rumors reached her ears alleging that Janet's use of her candles had disrupted the prenatal examination.

How could this happen? How could her candles be implicated?

The candle-making process was meticulously overseen by

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herself. It was typically intended for people suffering from insomnia, and others had never encountered any issues.

Could there have been a mistake in the procedure? Or perhaps she used the wrong materials?

If that were the case, neither the White family nor the Larson family would forgive her.

As Adriana pondered fervently, she chanced upon the sound of Frank's office door creaking open. Hastily, she hid herself.

Frank swung the door ajar, addressing Brandon. "Wait here. I'll conduct a test."

"Sure. But make it quick. It's getting late, and dinner awaits." Brandon gestured with a raised hand, glancing at his watch, noting it was nearly dinner time.

Frank rolled his eyes, grumbling, "What's the point of rushing me? You need to inform the testing device."

With that, he shut the door behind him and left.