

Chapter 1792 We Know You're Drugged

Seeing the old man's worried look, Janet couldn't shake off the feeling that he could be speaking the truth.

She signaled the bodyguard to hold off on calling the police and approached the old man, asking with patience, "Sir, are the people after you really that powerful?"

The old man nodded vigorously, then cracked a weary smile. "They have a lot of influence. The moment the police get involved, they'll track me down."

Who could wield such power in Barnes?

Janet ran through a list of the town's influential figures but couldn't tie any of them to the situation.

Why would anyone with such resources be interested in an old man's pension?

Doubts about the old man's story began to creep into her mind, yet the thought of putting him in danger by calling the police made her hesitate.

"Where do you need to go? My men can drive you," she offered with a sigh of resignation.

After her words, she looked over at the man standing behind the fire door, who smiled in gratitude and silently mouthed "Thank you."

The old man clasped her hand, glanced nervously at the bodyguards and driver, and whispered, "Miss, I only trust you. There are things I feel I can only share with you."

After saying that, he kept giving the bodyguards unfriendly looks.

Janet suddenly heard a soft, bitter laugh from behind the fire door. She glanced over to see the man shaking his head, a wry smile on his face.


He just said that the old man was mentally unstable. Could that be true?

Since the old man didn't seem to mean her any harm, Janet gave a patient nod, signaling the bodyguards and the driver to stay back. The man behind the fire door also took a few steps down, creating some distance.

Once she was confident they couldn't overhear, the old man looked around cautiously before leaning in close to Janet and whispered, "I know someone has drugged you, and I have a way to help you get better. But this must stay between us."

Janet was shocked, stepping back in disbelief.

Seeing her reaction, the bodyguards moved to approach, but Janet stopped them with a raised hand, asking them to keep their distance. They reluctantly

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backed off, watching quietly.

Janet couldn't hide her astonishment at the old man's claim. How could he know about the drugging? Only a handful of people knew. Was he some kind of exceptional doctor who could see she was drugged with just one look?

But the sequence of events that unfolded left Janet doubting the old man's words. It was possible he was genuinely mentally unstable, and it just so happened that his statements echoed the rumors of being drugged. Regardless, caution was wise.

As she was about to decline the old man's request politely, Janet looked up and caught his warm, genuine gaze.

Despite his disheveled appearance, his eyes, deep and intense, reminded her of a kind grandfather, making it difficult for her to say no.

Taking a deep breath, Janet said, "Alright, you can head to the hotel first and get some rest. I'll need to talk it over with my family before I can give you an answer about the treatment. And you can be sure, no one will locate you during this time."

The old man paused to think for a moment before nodding in agreement.

Janet made sure the old man was comfortably settled in the hotel before leaving.

However, the moment she stepped out of the hotel, she ran into the man who had been lurking behind

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the fire door earlier.

The man offered her an apologetic smile and said, "I'm really sorry for causing you such inconvenience. Thank you."

Janet simply shook her head and said, "It's no trouble at all."

She had noticed the man following her and, although he hadn't offered any explanations, she couldn't shake off the feeling that he was connected to the old man in some way.

The man seized a moment when the bodyguard was out of earshot and whispered hurriedly, "My uncle really is a doctor. We found out you were drugged by Jeremy, so we came to Barnes hoping to offer our help with your treatment."