

Chapter 1793 Are You Sure You Can Cure Her

Janet's eyes flew open, wide with shock.

Perhaps it was Jeremy's name that sent a jolt of nervousness through her. She stood frozen, speechless for a long moment.

Seeing her alarm, the man retreated a step and raised his hands in reassurance.

"Miss, I'm terribly sorry for startling you." He apologized hurriedly before the bodyguards could move.

Janet remained wary, her gaze hardening as she questioned him, "Do you work for Jeremy?"

After all, how else would he know about her condition and come to apologize?

The man sighed deeply, a flicker of sadness crossing his face.

"Actually, the man in the room isn't my uncle," he clarified. "He's my teacher. And Jeremy...He used to be my teacher's most favorite student."

A tremor of shock ran through Janet as she glanced at the closed door.

"Jeremy was gifted," the man continued, his voice

low. "My teacher poured his life's knowledge into him, hoping he'd heal the sick. But Jeremy strayed from the path, turning to a life of crime. My teacher has been tirelessly trying to atone. He traveled extensively and treated those Jeremy poisoned."

He paused, his eyes reddening. "But he's not a miracle worker; not every victim can be saved. He's witnessed countless lives tragically cut short by Jeremy's toxins, his spirit breaking with each loss. Guilt and self-doubt destroyed him. His psychiatric disorder worsened as a result. Sometimes he forgets who he is, but he always remembers to save lives."

Janet's heart ached after hearing his story. Her eyes welled up slightly.

The man continued, "For the past few years, I've been caring for my teacher. When we heard rumors of Jeremy taking a girl captive for months, we knew it wouldn't end well. My teacher has been determined to see you. Luckily, we found you, but..."

"But what?" Janet pressed.

The man sighed heavily. "Miss, you're in grave danger. Your condition is worse than anyone we've encountered before."

Janet studied his ordinary face for a moment before asking hesitantly, "Were you the ones following me the other day?"

The man offered an awkward nod. "Yes. Ever since arriving in Barnes, my teacher was looking for an opportunity to get close to you. We wanted to

observe your complexion to assess your condition. If treatment was possible, we would've approached you. We had to jump through these hoops because my teacher is fragile. He can't endure another failed attempt at saving someone Jeremy poisoned. It might break him completely."

Janet listened intently before asking tentatively, "Then why did you argue earlier today?"

The two had been following her for some time. If it hadn't been for today's argument, she wouldn't have taken notice.

What caused their disagreement? Did they learn anything from observing her?

Hope flickered within Janet, but she quickly squashed it. She couldn't bear disappointment.

The man remained silent, before finally pulling out his phone. "Please excuse me. I need to discuss this with my teacher when he wakes. Can I get your contact information? I'll update you as soon as I speak with my teacher."

Janet, hesitant to push further, provided her number and left the hotel with her bodyguards.

Relief washed over the man as Janet entered the elevator. He strode to the old man's room, knocking irritably. The door creaked open, revealing the old man.

Noticing the man's grim expression, the old man rolled his eyes and grumbled, "Oh my students! One

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is a traitor and the other keeps giving me headaches."

Slamming the door shut, the man barely contained his anger. "Can you cure her?"

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