

Chapter 1806 The Nurse Ran Away

After a brief moment of silence, Wren added, "However, Vinson's student appears trustworthy. Having an extra pair of hands during your wife's treatment could be beneficial. Moreover, I understand that having Vinson and me attending to her might raise concerns for you. But this arrangement benefits us all."

As Wren concluded, Brandon and Janet realized she had consented to Vinson's assistance.

However, collaborating with Vinson appeared daunting. It was evident that Wren still harbored reservations about working alongside him.

Brandon exhaled deeply, feeling a twinge of a headache coming on. "What else do you need? I'll do whatever I can to make it happen," he assured.

Wren winced as she felt a dull ache in the wound on her head. She waved her hand dismissively, saying, "You'd be better off trying to convince Vinson instead of bothering me. After all, it's easier to sway a down-and-out old man."

With that, Wren reclined, cutting off any further discussion from Brandon.

Observing Wren's evident discomfort, Janet furrowed

her brows and tugged Brandon's sleeve, silently urging him to exit the ward.

Unbeknownst to them, a camera positioned in the corner subtly shifted its angle as they exited the ward.

As Janet was about to engage Brandon in a discussion about alternative approaches to persuade Wren, her attention was diverted by the sight of Frank approaching with a visibly angry expression.

Sensing the tension in the air, Janet's unease grew. She inquired cautiously, "What's the matter?"

Frank's expression betrayed his frustration as he glanced at Brandon, who wore a stern demeanor. "The nurse has vanished. Though we're still awaiting the test results, there's likely an issue with the injection."

"What do you mean vanished?" Brandon's expression darkened further.

Frank furrowed his brow, his voice slow and measured. "After leaving the ward, she headed straight for the underground parking lot, discarded her uniform by the elevator, and fled in her car. When I tried to get answers from the head nurse, she was nowhere to be found in the hospital."

Brandon sighed, feeling the weight of the situation bearing down on him. "Dispatch the hospital security to her address," he instructed, rubbing his forehead in frustration.

Frank, visibly exasperated, offered a cautionary reminder. "This situation is precarious. Brace yourself. The address she provided is likely a decoy."

With that, he departed before Brandon could respond.

Janet felt a shiver run down her spine as she processed Frank's words. Approaching Brandon, she voiced her concerns, her tone laced with worry. "Who could this nurse be working for? How did she learn about Wren's visit so quickly? And how did she find the opportunity to target her? It feels like someone is keeping a close watch on us or perhaps on Wren. It's deeply unsettling."

Brandon, troubled by the situation, nodded in agreement.

Having endured Jeremy's torment in the past, Brandon had grown exceptionally cautious regarding hospital procedures and medications, fearing Jeremy's potential return to wreak havoc. Yet, despite his vigilance, Wren had become the unexpected target.

Remaining by Janet's side in the ward, Brandon anxiously awaited further updates. Throughout the tense wait, Janet's hands remained cold as she sat, visibly preoccupied.

Seeking to provide comfort, Brandon clasped her hands tightly. However, the lingering presence of Jeremy's name weighed heavily on both of them, growing increasingly irritating.

In under half an hour, Frank rushed in with news. "The address was indeed a decoy. The car she drove has been found abandoned on an unmonitored back road. Also, the test results are in. I believe it's time we inform Wren of the truth."

Accompanied by Brandon, Frank entered the ward, holding the test report.

As Wren's eyes fell upon the report, her face contorted with anger. With a sharp gesture, she flung the report to the floor before turning her attention to Frank. "Could you provide me with the specific data from the test? I need to be certain."

Frank's brow furrowed in concern. "What's wrong? Is something amiss?"

Shaking her head vehemently, Wren clenched her jaw. "This medication, when injected, induces nerve paralysis, leading to immediate unconsciousness. Repeated injections can cause irreversible nerve damage, rendering a person comatose. This vile, potent poison could only be concocted by Jeremy. There's no one else capable of such malevolence. I can't believe he'd stoop so low as to target me."

Brandon fixed his gaze on Wren, probing, "Do you have a history with Jeremy? How can you be certain it's his doing solely based on the test report?"