

## Chapter 1826 Seeking Help From Vinson

Wren gave Alexandra a look full of disgust, telling him without words to go away.

Alexandra simply smiled faintly and stayed seated quietly, showing no desire to leave.

Wren smirked and said, "Stay as you wish. I'm heading back to rest."

She took off her safety goggles, shrugged off her lab coat, and walked out of the laboratory.

As Wren moved from the lab to the break room, her mind raced with thoughts. If the plan succeeded, she'd be blamed. Brandon would surely confront Alexandra, possibly accusing her.

What was her next move?

For years, she'd treated Jeremy's victims, trying to make up for raising such a terrible person.

She upheld her medical principles, valuing patient lives above all. She wasn't as selfish as the Barton family.

But now, what had she done?

It was wrong. She couldn't let Janet have that potion, no matter what.

Janet suffered enough because of Jeremy; she couldn't let Janet suffer because of Alexandra now.

But how could she warn Janet and Brandon? After all, she had only just landed in the city and didn't know anyone.

When she got back to the resting room, she sat on a chair and rubbed her temples in frustration, her thoughts all over the place.

In her moment of feeling lost, someone unexpectedly crossed her mind.

Vinson.

Surprisingly, over ten years had flown by, but even in her lowest and most frustrating moment, he still crossed her mind without fail.

Wren forced a bitter smile, reassuring herself that thinking of Vinson first was just because of their long history and current teamwork. She believed in his medical ethics.

Thinking this, Wren left the resting room, pushed the elevator button for the ground floor, and was almost out of the hospital when a tall man stood in her way. He asked in a cold and serious tone, "Dr. Black, why are you leaving so late at night?"

Wren's face grew grim, and she snapped loudly, "Who do you think you are, trying to block me?"

The man smirked coldly, his polite tone laced with disrespect. "Excuse me, Dr. Black. Our boss ordered

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me to stay and ensure your safety. Looks like he  
knew what he was doing; you're heading out late,  
after all."

Why Alexandra again?

He kept such a close watch on her. His obsession  
with Janet seemed more serious than she thought.

Janet was supposed to take the potion in the  
morning, but now she was stuck.

Seeing she had no intention of going back, the man  
thought she might be disobeying Alexandra. His  
expression turned serious as he said, "Dr. Black, it's  
late. Let me take you home."

Already fed up with Alexandra's endless threats and  
watchful eye, Alexandra became even more irritated  
by the guard's rudeness. Her anger reached its peak  
as she yelled, "Get out of my way!"

With determination, she headed outside.

It was late at night, and although the hospital  
wasn't bustling, there were still people at the nearby  
nurse's station. Wren doubted Alexandra's men  
would risk causing trouble there.

As Wren stood her ground, the bodyguard's face grew  
stern. He blocked her way, speaking with annoyance.  
"Dr. Black, you seem like a decent person, but you're  
showing no gratitude. Now that Mr. Barton's in  
trouble, you go against him. His father shouldn't  
have helped you ten years ago; he should've sent you  
to a mental hospital. Then you wouldn't be causing

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trouble for Mr. Barton now."

The bodyguard's harsh words triggered a whirlwind of emotions in Wren's mind.

Ten years ago...Mental hospital...

Those words struck a painful memory. Ten years ago, it was Vinson diagnosed, not her. Why did the bodyguard imply it was her?

Could that be why Vinson hadn't contacted her in over a decade?

Wren's thoughts were all jumbled, her heart pounding, and suddenly, darkness engulfed her. It felt like she was tumbling into an endless black hole.

She couldn't even recall how she made it back to her room. She spent the night in a haze, only snapping back when Alexandra entered the next morning.

At the sight of him, Wren's blank stare turned to one filled with loathing and rage.

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Alexandra offered a warm smile. "As long as you help me, I'll reveal the truth behind Vinson's ten-year stay in the psychiatric hospital. I'll also help you deal with any hidden dangers that might come up. And rest assured, I'll keep Vinson in the dark. Your reunion will be smooth, that I promise."

Wren, lounging on the bed, listened intently. Alexandra's words seemed to confirm the whispers of the bodyguards downstairs.

Vinson was hospitalized because of her, and her so-called family had shattered her lover's future and dreams.

Doubt gnawed at her. Would Vinson ever forgive her?

Exposing the past would undoubtedly destroy any chance of reconciliation.

Yet, she couldn't allow her personal struggles to endanger innocent patients like Janet.

Swallowing her pain, Wren steeled herself. "Alright, I agree," she said, rising calmly. "But on one condition."

"Anything," Alexandra readily replied.

Her gaze turning steely, Wren met his eyes. "Hand over the diagnosis report, with no backups. Don't forget, I'm a Barton too. If I suspect you're holding onto copies, I won't hesitate to drug you."

Alexandra narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing the elegant woman before him. Her words were more than a little shocking.

Sensing his hesitation, Wren pressed on. "Once that's done, I want the Barton family to fund a laboratory for Vinson and me. We won't be beholden to the Barton family any longer."

"Agreed!" Alexandra readily conceded.

He wasn't worried about Wren bargaining; in fact, he was worried about the opposite. Her making demands meant he could control her.

As long as she had desires, he held the upper hand.

Besides, he possessed leverage she couldn't ignore. Alexandra was confident she wouldn't dare resist.

Janet stirred on the plush villa bed, her eyes fluttering open. A dull ache throbbed in her shoulder and neck, prompting her to subconsciously massage the area.

The movement roused Brandon from sleep. Glancing at the bedside clock, he squeezed her closer. "It's just six-thirty, sweetheart. Go back to sleep."

Janet nestled into his embrace, drowsiness washing over her again. It was only half past six? Why was

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she awake so early? Deciding to catch some more rest, she closed her eyes.

Sleep, however, remained elusive. Uneasiness gnawed at her. She felt a strange premonition eating at her gut.

Assuming her anxieties stemmed from the upcoming treatment, Brandon offered comfort. "Don't worry, I'll be by your side every step of the way. Frank's assembled a top-notch medical team who will monitor your condition constantly. Everything will be alright. Trust me."

Brandon's words, intended to soothe Janet, were as much a warning to himself. He'd already lost Janet once, and the thought of her being hurt again was unbearable. This time, he wouldn't let anything happen to her.

The warmth of Brandon's embrace eased Janet's anxieties.

She patted his shoulder, whispering, "I'm not afraid as long as you're here."

Her unwavering trust calmed him significantly.

The couple enjoyed a hearty breakfast before taking their time getting into the car.

As the scenery blurred past the window, Janet's inexplicable feeling returned. She felt a wave of unease washing over her.

As she gazed at the morning sun, a sharp pain

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suddenly stabbed at her eyes. She felt the world  
around her dim.

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