

Chapter 1898 Failed To Have An Abortion

Brandon diced the peeled apple into bite-sized pieces, arranging them on the bedside table. He placed the medicine beside them, feigning indifference. "Let the water cool a bit. Take the medicine, then have some apple slices."

Janet picked up her phone, scrolling through it. "Just a sec," she murmured.

Brandon was about to ask about who she was texting when a knock interrupted him.

He opened the door to reveal Johanna and Beal, carrying numerous bags. Two bodyguards flanked them, followed by a pair of well-dressed middle-aged women.

After a flurry of activity, half the ward was filled with an assortment of tonics and gifts. Seizing a quiet moment, Brandon questioned politely, "This is incredibly kind of you, but why so much?"

Johanna beamed. "Pregnancy isn't easy, dear. Of course we need to be prepared! This is only half of it, actually. We have tons of wonderful things back home, highly recommended by my friends—perfect for pregnant women and newborns."

Brandon's temples throbbed. When did Johanna find

Chapter 1898 Failed To Have An Abx 📁 +120 Points at most actually. We have tons of wonderful things back home, highly recommended by my friends—perfect for pregnant women and newborns."

Brandon's temples throbbed. When did Johanna find out about Janet's pregnancy?

He glanced at Janet, who quirked an eyebrow at him, a smile on her lips.

Johanna surveyed her bounty with satisfaction. Pointing to the two women, she introduced them, "These ladies are veterans of the maternal and infant industry, with over thirty years of experience as an obstetrician and a maternal nutritionist, respectively."

The obstetrician, drawn to the medicine on the table, immediately examined it. Satisfied it was for recuperation purposes, she reassured Janet, "Take it without worry."

The nutritionist swiftly assessed the food in the ward, removing several items unsuitable for pregnant women. She then launched into a detailed explanation of each fruit's benefits.

Witnessing these two professionals take charge of Janet's well-being, a wave of relief washed over Brandon, but he also felt a growing headache.

Janet's guard was at an all-time high. Having her abort would be very hard.

Over the next few days, Janet's routine revolved around rest, nourishment, and protecting the baby. Maybe due to her parents' presence, her anxiety seemed to lessen, and she slept considerably better.

After a few days of rest, a healthy flush returned to her cheeks, and her spirits lifted.

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In contrast, Brandon's eyes were hounded with dark circles. He was not having a great time.

"Work stressing you out?" Janet asked with concern. "If you're exhausted, go rest. Mom and Dad can handle things here."

Brandon shook his head. "It's not work. I'm just worried about your health."

Janet offered a weak smile. "My recovery's progressing well. The doctor says I'll be out in a few days, with just regular checkups."

This news slammed into Brandon.

Never, in his pessimistic imaginings, had he considered Janet's recovery would be so swift.

He scrutinized her face, now flushed and full.

If she maintained this healthy state, could she keep the baby?

A spark of hope ignited in Brandon's eyes. He rushed back to the doctor's office and asked without mincing words, "Doctor, how's my wife doing physically?"