

Chapter 1829 Hand Signals

After Janet went to the lounge, Alexandra shed his disguise, fixed a stern gaze on Wren, and issued a stark warning. "If you care for Vinson's life, you'd better quit your games with me! If not, you'll regret it forever!"

Trying to keep her anger in check, Wren locked eyes with Alexandra and retorted, "I've had no ties with the Barton family for ages. Why can't you just let me be?"

Alexandra scoffed, "You're from the Barton family, and you've learned everything from them. Now that you're successful, you're trying to cut ties with them? Think again!"

Wren shivered, feeling like a snake was eyeing her, the air heavy and dark.

Alexandra couldn't afford to cut ties completely. After all, in Barnes, he could only rely on his aunt. So, he softened his tone and said, "Please, Aunt, help me this time. Once it's done, I promise I won't bother you and Vinson anymore, and I'll meet all your requests."

Wren's expression was a mix of frustration and resignation, her hands still balled into fists.

Alexandra's smirk broadened, confident that he had Wren cornered.

At that instant, Vinson shuffled in with a yawn and greeted them. "Good morning."

Ignoring his arrival, Alexandra settled into a seat, ready to catch some shut-eye before the drama unfolded.

Vinson's gaze shifted from Alexandra to Wren's troubled expression. He approached her quietly, casting a wary look at Alexandra, and asked through gestures, "What's amiss?"

Wren choked as she witnessed the familiar hand signals they once used to communicate, tears welling up in her eyes.

She struggled to contain her sadness and frustration. With a furrowed brow, she looked at the potion Alexandra brought, silently hoping Vinson would grasp her message.

With a puzzled expression, Vinson examined the potion, sensing that something wasn't right. He gestured, asking, "What's Alexandra up to?"

Wren watched Alexandra closely, worried that he might wake up at any moment. She signaled to Vinson, "In short, Alexandra's planning something against Janet! Go and warn Janet to not take the potion!"

Vinson got her message, but instead of alerting Brandon and Janet, he approached the potion, sniffed it thoughtfully, and took it away for examination.

Wren, growing desperate, almost paced the floor,

puzzled by Vinson's actions.

Noticing her distress, Vinson looked up, offering a comforting glance.

As Alexandra feigned sleep, Vinson busied himself at the table, swiftly mixing a potion and slipping it into his pocket.

Wren felt the sweat of anxiety, but she dared not make a peep, fearing it might disturb Alexandra.

Vinson nodded and carefully placed the original potion back where it belonged.

After they wrapped up, Alexandra stirred awake too.

To keep Alexandra off the trail, Wren took the potion straight to Janet's room, announcing, "Time's ticking. We need to get ready."

Afterward, Vinson and Alexandra exited the laboratory, trailing behind her.

As they gathered at the elevator, Vinson peered into Alexandra's eyes, asking, "What's the matter with you? Is the pressure getting to you? Are you ill? Something seems amiss with you."

Feeling cornered by his scrutiny, Alexandra let out a scornful sneer and retorted, "I'm perfectly fine. Perhaps you should focus on your own concerns."

He then shot Wren a warning look, signaling her to watch her partner closely and avoid agitating him.

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