

## Chapter 1837 Drug Alexandra

After reading the message from Brandon, Frank slammed his phone onto the table and wondered angrily why his hospital always attracted trouble. Could it be that he seemed more vulnerable than Brandon? Trouble at the hospital had nearly destroyed his friendship with Brandon.

As Frank brooded over these thoughts, his anger grew. Just then, he caught Alexandra staring at him and snapped, "What are you looking at? You've been really interested in what's going on with Janet. Did you tamper with her potion to harm her?"

Alexandra, taken aback by Frank's accusation, felt his heart race. He almost stumbled upon the truth. However, sensing that Frank was merely lashing out, Alexandra calmed his nerves and replied with a grin, "Thinking I'm plotting something? I merely delivered the herbs. Wren made the potion, not me. My only concern is Janet's health; she's my idol, after all."

Overhearing Alexandra steer suspicion towards Wren, Vinson became agitated and blurted out, "Stop spreading lies! You're the one with mental issues!"

Alexandra gave a malicious sneer upon seeing Vinson leap to Wren's defense. Catching the hint, Wren coughed to signal Vinson to hold back.

Watching Wren try to contain her frustration in front of Alexandra, Vinson was furious and balled his hands into fists, itching to strike Alexandra.

The angrier Vinson got, the more Alexandra seemed to enjoy provoking him. As tensions escalated, Wren pulled Vinson out of the lounge with a stern expression.

In her lounge, Wren's eyes were red with distress. Seeing her upset, Vinson reassured her, "I promise not to engage with him anymore. Why don't you rest for a bit?"

Wren sighed and looked at Vinson worriedly, running her fingers through her hair in frustration. "He's unpredictable. If you push him too far, who knows what he'll do? Let's not provoke him any further. Isn't this situation chaotic enough?"

"Okay, I get it. I promise," Vinson reassured her again.

Seeing his sincere promise, Wren felt somewhat comforted and decided to rest.

After Wren drifted off to sleep, Vinson carefully tucked her in and drew the curtains. He then headed to the lab where the medications were prepared.

The on-duty nurse in the lab assumed Vinson was there to prepare medication for Janet. She paid no attention to him, even as he began using various drugs immediately upon entering.

Minutes later, Vinson exited the lab carrying a bottle

of clear liquid. He made his way directly to the lounge, where Alexandra and Frank were still present.

Noticing the intense expression on Vinson's face, Frank asked cautiously, "You're back. Where's Wren? Why are you by yourself?"

Ignoring the question, Vinson approached Alexandra. Before Alexandra could react, Vinson grabbed his chin and forced the liquid down his throat.

Vinson's grip was strong, rendering Alexandra's attempts to resist futile. By the time Frank reacted and tried to intervene, Alexandra had already swallowed the liquid and was coughing from the forced ingestion.

Vinson looked at Alexandra's furious eyes, sneered, and tossed the empty bottle at his feet.

Coughing violently, Alexandra tried to eject the swallowed liquid. He looked up, gasping, and questioned, "What did you make me drink?"

Once he stopped coughing, Alexandra glared at Vinson, his voice shaking with fear. Having been familiar with various medicinal substances all his life, he understood the potential dangers of ingesting unknown drugs.

Vinson simply watched him and sneered, wishing he could do more than just force him to drink the liquid.

Before Vinson could respond, Alexandra felt a sharp pain in his head as if pierced by a needle. Sweat

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broke out all over his body from the intense pain. Clutching his head, he writhed on the floor, losing all concern for his appearance.

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