

Chapter 1838 Painful Memories

The hospital echoed with Alexandra's scream, making Frank flinch at the intensity.

He shot a worried look at Vinson. "What did you give him? Should we rush him to the ER? Alexandra's a Barton; he can't afford any mishaps in my hospital. What's with the grudge between you two? You don't even want to let each other be!"

Vinson smirked. "Let the doctor handle it. Won't change anything."

Frank rubbed his temples, feeling a headache coming on. Before he could act, Alexandra passed out in pain.

Frank quickly called for two nurses, helping Alexandra to an empty room. Seeing his face relax as he lost consciousness, Frank let go of his worry for the moment.

Exiting the ward, Frank spotted Vinson nearby, his face clouded with bitterness. Frank sensed there was some personal beef between Vinson and Alexandra, but he didn't want to get dragged into their drama.

Frank cautioned, "No matter what's going on between you two, I won't let anyone die in my hospital. That's where I draw the line."

Seeing Frank's concern, Vinson smirked and assured him. "Relax. The potion won't kill him. It's not that easy for him to die. The Barton family messed up my life, kept me away from Wren for ten years. Alexandra owes me."

With a final glance at the ward, Vinson turned and left.

Worried about further trouble, Frank asked the security guards to keep an eye on him.

Meanwhile, in the ward upstairs, Janet grappled with a pounding headache. Memories, both strange and familiar, swirled in her mind like fragments of a half-remembered dream. It wasn't until she recognized Brandon's face among them that she realized they were memories, not fantasies. Happy moments flashed by, then paused, etched vividly in her mind.

A sharp pain jolted Janet awake.

"What's wrong? Are you in pain? Are you comfortable?" Brandon asked with concern, as Janet blinked her eyes open, her face drained of color.

"It hurts!" Memories flooded back, memories she'd long forgotten. She remembered being in a cold room, getting jabbed with needles over and over again. Each prick felt like it went deep into her, and she couldn't escape the pain, no matter how hard she tried.

The pain was unbearable.

Janet couldn't tell if it was her body hurting or just

her memories. Gasping for breath, her muscles tensed, and she curled up in bed, trying to find some relief. Brandon tried to comfort her, but nothing seemed to help.

"What's going on? Janet! Wake up! What's hurting you?" Holding her tightly, Brandon sent his subordinates to get Wren and Vinson.

Outside the door, hurried footsteps approached. Brandon, seized by panic, enveloped Janet in a protective embrace, his heart racing with worry. "Janet, don't scare me. What's going on?"

In the tense silence, Janet sensed a presence nearby. Through the haze of discomfort, Brandon's anxious voice reached her ears.

He sounded worried, and she wished she could reassure him.

But no words would come out of her mouth.

Before long, Wren and Vinson rushed in, responding to Brandon's urgent summons. With relief in their eyes, they reassured him. "Don't worry. Janet's okay, just wrestling with some tough memories. She'll be fine."

Despite her exhaustion, Wren sprang into action. Fatigue marked her face as she studied Janet's distress, a silent question hanging in the air. What kind of memory could be causing her such pain?