

Chapter 1843 Revenge

A deep and gloomy aura surrounded Brandon. Vinson sensed a surge of danger and anger from him.

Just as Brandon reached for the door, Vinson stopped him with a frown. "Alexandra might be falling out with his family, but he's still a Barton. Even if he's expelled, killing him will bring down the Barton family's wrath on you."

This was precisely why even though Vinson had the ability to fatally poison Alexandra, he opted for a milder variety—one that would inflict excruciating pain without lasting harm.

Killing him wasn't an option; the last thing they needed was the Barton family harassing Wren again.

Brandon scoffed. "No killing, no crippling, right? Got it."

The coldness in his voice sent shivers down Vinson's spine. As long as Alexandra remained alive, Brandon would have free rein, and honestly, Alexandra deserved it.

In the hallway, Brandon sent a message to his bodyguard to show Alexandra what they were capable of before stowing his phone away. He then took a deep breath to compose himself before returning to Janet's room.

Wren, likely anticipating Brandon's actions, greeted him with surprise. "Back already?"

Her anger over Alexandra's scheme was still simmering. Why wasn't Brandon teaching Alexandra a lesson in person? Why did he come back so soon?

A smile played on Brandon's lips. "That trash isn't worth my time. Janet needs me here."

With that, he settled beside her bed, his gaze fixed on her face. He looked at her as if she was the only person in this world.

Wren sighed, her voice softening. "Don't worry, I'll get Janet back on her feet in no time."

She then left the room, only to find Vinson waiting in the corridor.

Vinson's tense expression eased as he saw Wren. "Finished already? You must be exhausted. Get some rest. I'll handle Janet's medication from here."

Wren shook her head. "I'm good. Not tired."

A flicker of worry crossed her face as she glanced back at the closed door. "What's Brandon planning for Alexandra? Nobody is getting killed, right?"

The thought of the ruthless Barton family sent shivers down her spine.

Vinson squeezed Wren's hand reassuringly. "Don't worry. I briefed Brandon thoroughly. He understands the situation. Besides, the Barton family is embroiled

in chaos right now. They're having their hands full; they won't have the time or energy to retaliate over Alexandra."

News outlets were buzzing with the Barton family's leadership change and the fire that ravaged their residence. Wren sighed. "Just a little longer. A few peaceful days, that's all I ask."

In Janet's ward, Brandon planted a kiss on her forehead. He intertwined their fingers and then fired off a series of messages.

An hour later, in the grimy basement of a nondescript private villa, Alexandra passed out due to overwhelming pain, only to be doused up with cold water. This scene repeated itself several times before the bodyguards tossed him onto the bare concrete floor with a sickening thud.

Choking on the dust swirling around him, Alexandra coughed violently. He always kept his surroundings clean and tidy; this grimy environment felt like a suffocating nightmare.

It was too filthy!

Secretly cursing Brandon for his predicament, Alexandra attempted a weak smile and croaked out to a nearby guard, "What does Brandon mean by this? I helped Janet! I'm practically his benefactor! Explain yourselves!"