

Chapter 1841 Didn't You Promise To Have A Good...

Brandon had been monitoring Janet's sleep, attuned to her emotional shifts. Yet, exhaustion weighed heavily on him. Dark circles and redness marred his eyes, more pronounced than during his busiest work hours.

Nonetheless, Brandon guided Janet to lie down as if all was normal. "Daytime naps aren't my thing. I came to keep you warm," he remarked nonchalantly.

He came to keep her warm? The VIP ward's air conditioning ran around the clock.


Upon regaining her memory, Janet refrained from arguing with Brandon. She understood he wouldn't rest, regardless.

Janet frowned, sighing. "You've worked tirelessly since my disappearance. Please, relax now that I'm back and remember everything. Rest well, take care of yourself. That's how we'll stay together."

Janet's softness against him stirred Brandon's restlessness. He disregarded her words entirely.

"What are you up to? Didn't you vow to rest?" Janet asked, shy and anxious.

Brandon nibbled her earlobe gently. "If you want me

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to rest, behave," he whispered seductively.

Then, he leaned in and kissed her.

Brandon undid the lace at her waist, slipping off her dress. His pause lingered on the love bites adorning her chest.

Janet spotted the crimson marks on her skin, concealing them shyly. "Last time, you..."

Brandon smiled, lowering his head to nibble her pink nipple. Its softness tempted him to consume it entirely.

Hearing Janet's moans, Brandon slipped a hand between her thighs, his neck arched as he tantalized her clitoris. Pleasure surged through her, her body trembling in response.


Brandon kissed her chest, leaving Janet breathless. Subconsciously, she clutched his head, her mind consumed by bliss.

With his hand on her chest, he held her close in a tight embrace, claiming her fiercely.

Janet bit her lip, enduring the intensity as she touched her waist, aware of her swelling belly.

Brandon observed her, moving his hand to join hers on her belly, their hands entwining.

Brandon attempted to enter Janet, his legs encircling her waist, his grip on her slim waist tightening. Muffling her cries with a kiss, he surged forward,

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penetrating deeply.

Despite initial discomfort from the friction, Janet had grown accustomed to the sensation. They were intimately linked.

Brandon moved carefully, but Janet's pain intensified with each movement.

Sensing Janet's growing comfort, Brandon became less restrained. He held her trembling breasts and moved his hips rhythmically.

Janet's fingers traced his chest muscles as she gazed at him affectionately.

She lay back, exhausted after two rounds, while Brandon, on top, continued energetically. She wondered how he still had so much energy.

After a vigorous climax, Janet lost all her strength and drifted off to sleep.

When Janet regained consciousness, Brandon teased her repeatedly. She lost count of how many times they had sex.

As night descended, tranquility returned to the ward.

Exhausted from their activities, Janet slept soundly.

At the mention of his name, Brandon, who hadn't given much thought to it earlier, grew serious and demanded, "What's going on?"

The guards were startled by Brandon's tone. They quickly pulled out their phones and presented him with chat logs. Brandon skimmed through and discovered some guards gossiping about Alexandra being taken to the ward in a private chat.

Rumor had it that Alexandra turned down Frank's partnership offer and faced his retaliation.

Some speculated Vinson's involvement after witnesses spotted him with a vial of potion before Alexandra's screams echoed through the lounge.

Despite prolonged arguments, the small group had yet to reach any conclusions.

Brandon tossed the phone to the bodyguard, cautioning, "Don't slack off again, or you'll be out of a job."

Prior to investigating Alexandra's situation, Brandon called Wren over to check on Janet. Once assured of Janet's well-being, he headed downstairs to locate Alexandra.

Pushing open Alexandra's ward door, Brandon found Vinson composedly seated on the sofa, sipping water as he observed Alexandra's suffering. Writhing in pain on the floor, Alexandra's features contorted, showing signs of agony, yet he lacked the strength to

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cry out.

Casting a cold glance at Alexandra, Brandon turned to Vinson. "What's happening?" His voice remained calm and devoid of emotion.

Vinson glanced up casually. "Nothing much. Just mixed him a drink. He'll suffer for three days, with no harm to his health. You can still settle the score."

Why was Brandon out for revenge on him? Alexandra's mind was in chaos, pain clouding his thoughts. He couldn't decipher Vinson's intentions. He clung to the hope that Wren, his coerced accomplice, wouldn't spill the beans. He even fantasized about using the White family's influence to take down Brandon and Vinson once he had Janet under his sway.

Brandon met his bewildered stare with scorn, ordering the guards curtly, "Get Mr. Barton downstairs and ensure his safety."

Agony drained Alexandra's strength, leaving him reliant on two guards to rise.

As the guards led a terrified Alexandra away, Brandon turned, a cold chuckle escaping him. "Almost forgot to thank you for the herbs. My wife's memory's back. Once she's fully recovered, I'll wire the payment to your account."

What was he talking about?

Her memory was restored? Did the potion fail?

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Stunned and in agony, Alexandra was overwhelmed by questions. Yet, weakened, he couldn't voice them, dragged away by the guards against his will.

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