

Chapter 1095 Johanna Fell Sick

Janet enveloped herself in the quilt, inadvertently brushing against the warm tears at the corner of her eye.

She reminded herself that she needed to go to work tomorrow, urging herself not to overthink and instead get a good night's rest.

The Larson Group building was blindingly illuminated at that time.

Brandon looked up from the stack of papers and into the phone. His dark eyes significantly narrowed.

Carrying the takeout, Sean entered the room and involuntarily shuddered. "Mr. Larson, I have brought dinner. The room feels chilly. I'll start by turning up the heat."

Sean neatly arranged the dishes on the table and handed the tableware to Brandon. "Mr. Larson, please have your dinner first. You have been

occupied all night."

"Please have your meal before you work on the document to avoid staining it." Brandon appeared visibly disheartened, indicating that he was in a somber mood that evening.

Without hesitation, Sean fearlessly reminded him, "Mr. Larson, as per Mrs. Larson's instructions, I am responsible for overseeing you eating on time, and these dishes are some of your favorites. Please have some."

Brandon refused to have dinner. Sean was concerned about whether he would manage without any sustenance.

Upon learning that Janet had made the request, Brandon halted his work and directed his attention toward Sean. He played with his pen and inquired, "What else did she instruct you to do?"

Sean cleared his throat and promptly retrieved a small notebook from his jacket. "I have taken note of all the instructions regarding your diet and daily schedule, Mr. Larson. Mrs. Larson specifically asked me to oversee your dietary habits. But this was before you two had a conflict."

As Brandon perused the notebook's contents, his countenance turned grim.

"Mr. Larson, you should not have kept your condition a secret from her. She is more resilient than we give her credit for. Remember when Draco was poisoned and urgently hospitalized? Mrs. Larson single-handedly attended the Iridescent Show and managed the entire W Marks Studio. She is not an incapable woman." Sean faltered and touched the back of his head.

After setting the notepad down, Brandon gave Sean a melancholy glance. Out of nowhere, he instructed Sean, "Tomorrow afternoon's meeting should be postponed. I have to visit a place first."

Following their work in the studio on the second day, Janet bid farewell to Elizabeth and departed from Sophia's home.

Before parting ways, Elizabeth wore a concerned expression and was hesitant to see Janet leave. "If you decide to return and stay for a few more days, call my phone, and I'll come and pick you up."

"I only want to visit my parents and check up on them. I will return." Afterward, Janet turned around



and entered the taxi to the White family's residence.

The taxi arrived at the White family's home, but it took a while for Janet to summon her courage to open the door and step inside.

Upon arriving, Janet found that the White family's home was in disarray. Servants scurried in and out of the rooms carrying all kinds of things in their hands while several unfamiliar men lingered in the living room.

"Doctor, can you tell me the condition of my wife?"

Beal's gentle face displayed clear signs of anxiety.

"Mrs. White is experiencing significant mental strain. She must prioritize rest and receive support in managing her stress and anxiety during this time."

Janet's heart raced as she overheard the conversation between Beal and the doctor. She felt a chill in her hands and approached with heavy steps, asking, "How is my mom doing?" Give her some medication, please!"

Janet started feeling anxious, as Brandon had mentioned just the day before that Johanna was



doing well.

Janet's sudden question startled everyone, and Beal quickly recognized her voice. He turned and saw Janet standing behind him, wearing a sweater, with slightly red eyes.

Beal was momentarily stunned, but soon his eyes filled with tears, and he smiled as he said hoarsely, "Janet, you're back."

"Dad, I'm here to see how you and mom are doing." Janet's eyes wandered, and then she remained speechless.

There was a brief pause, and Beal's voice trembled with emotion as his eyes grew sad. "It's wonderful to have you back. You should go upstairs and see your mother. She's been quite worried about you for the past two days."

Upon hearing Beal's words, Janet assumed that Johanna was severely ill and unable to get out of bed. She immediately blamed herself. "Am I to blame for mom's illness?"

Upon hearing Janet's question, Beal understood her thoughts and tried to comfort her with a smile. "It's not because of you, dear. Your mom has

always had this issue, and it's not a big deal. She gets headaches when she's stressed out."

Beal introduced the doctors to Janet, saying, "These are the doctors who have been treating your mother, and they are familiar with her condition."

Janet apologized and said, "I'll go and see mom first." Then she nodded at them before making her way upstairs.

Janet hurried upstairs to Johanna's room, and just before entering, she overheard a complaint from inside. "What kind of medication have these doctors given me? It's very bitter."

Janet pushed the door open slowly, and Johanna was surprised to see her standing there.

"Can you give me a moment alone with my mother?"

Janet asked the servants to leave the room before approaching Johanna's bedside. She took a candy bar from the table and handed it to her mother, saying, "If the medicine tastes bitter, you can have a candy to help mask the taste."

Johanna ate the candy without saying anything, leaned against the headboard, and looked at

Janet quietly with loving eyes. "Why did you run away without saying a word that day? I support you, remember? I intended to assist you in punishing Brandon." 9

Johanna was also upset as she recalled the day Janet had stormed out furiously.

Janet averted her eyes out of shame and saw the infusion tube attached to the back of her mother's hand. She started crying uncontrollably. "Mom, I'm sorry. I was just too angry the other day." 2