

Chapter 1992 Why Did She Behave Like Alexandra's Wife

After a rushed goodbye to Janet, Alexandra stormed back to his car, his expression twisted in anger.

His assistant caught a glimpse of his dark countenance in the rearview mirror and felt a wave of confusion wash over him, but he wisely held his tongue, knowing better than to ask questions.

Alexandra's features hardened into a scowl as he snapped, "Drive me home!"

Without hesitation, the assistant's foot pressed down on the accelerator, the car lurching forward.

No one else but Brandon could elicit such a furious reaction from his boss

The assistant let out a sigh. "Boss, why have you been so hesitant lately? Are you giving up? Have you decided to let Brandon go?"

Alexandra frowned, his expression troubled. "If I make a move now, I'll be caught. Brandon is onto me. I need to lay low for a while. It's surprising, though. Janet seemed perfectly fine just now. I spiked the scented candles Adriana gave her with addictive drugs, but it seems like she wasn't affected at all."

As Alexandra thought about it more, his frustration grew. He felt powerless to act, and it weighed heavily on him.

He rubbed his forehead, taking a deep breath. "I don't want

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to go home. Take me to the bar."

"Are you sure? Do you want to go there now?" asked the assistant, surprised.

"What's wrong with that?" Alexandra's voice was cold.

The assistant smiled bitterly, turning the car around. "No. Nothing's wrong."

Inside the bar, colorful lights danced across the dance floor, where men and women moved to the music. The assistant found the noisy atmosphere unbearable, touching his forehead.

He watched as Alexandra downed glass after glass, the alcohol soon taking its toll. His once steady stance now faltered.

It was evident that Alexandra had a rough day.

As the evening wore on, Alexandra became increasingly inebriated, losing all sense of balance and coherence.

The assistant guided Alexandra to the car and drove him home.

Helping Alexandra out of the car, the assistant made sure he didn't stumble. Just as he reached for the door, it swung open, revealing Sonia on the other side.

Seeing Alexandra's state, Sonia rushed forward, supporting her and asking, "Why does he drink so much?"

After weeks of practice, Sonia had settled into life in Barnes and picked up the local accent effortlessly.

Frowning, the assistant replied, "Who knows? I can't seem to get through to him at all."

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Catching a whiff of alcohol on Alexandra, Sonia said, "Looks like he's had a few too many!"

Trying to lift Alexandra, the assistant suggested, "Let's just focus on getting him inside first. I'm really feeling the strain."

With Sonia's help, the assistant guided Alexandra into the living room and eased him onto the sofa.

Letting out a long sigh, the assistant said, "He may look light, but he's surprisingly heavy. I'm absolutely wiped out now."

Sonia rushed to the bathroom and grabbed a damp towel, using it to wipe Alexandra's face. Her eyes showed a mix of love and pity.

The assistant watched quietly, learning more about Sonia in that moment.

He realized she was both smart and compassionate, likely the only one who could tolerate Alexandra's bad temper.

"Okay, I'll head out now. Take care of him," the assistant said, picking up his coat.

Sonia set the towel down and walked him to the door. "Thank you," she said with a tired smile.

"Sure, no problem. It's what I'm here for," the assistant replied almost instinctively.

But something about Sonia's behavior struck him as odd. Why was she acting like Alexandra's wife?

When he snapped back to reality, Sonia had already vanished back into the living room, tending to Alexandra's needs.

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Realizing he should leave first, the assistant made his way
out.

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