

Chapter 1844 The Torment Of Alexandra

Alexandra took advantage of the breaks between headaches to gather information. He suspected Brandon might catch on to his ploy of meddling with Janet's medication. But those with complex plans usually kept their secrets close, so there couldn't be many aware of his scheme against Janet.

Could it have been Wren? Would she dare?

What about Vinson? He wouldn't be smart enough to figure out the potion he had tampered with.

Then who else might it be?


Could it have been betrayal from his own people? Had someone been bribed by Brandon?

Despite Alexandra's mind racing with thoughts, his bodyguards remained unresponsive, not even glancing at him.

His continuous questioning didn't bring any answers, and eventually, he gave up due to the headaches becoming more frequent and severe.

Time dragged on; was it a day and a half, or two days?

Throughout, his headaches were relentless, and his

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clothes went from wet to dry, leaving him smelling bad.

But he didn't care about personal hygiene. His growling stomach and the dropping temperature reminded him of his desperate condition, warning him that he needed food.

Alexandra banged on the basement door, his voice trembling with frustration. "Let me out! I'm starving, Brandon! Why are you keeping me here? Why won't you give me food? I'll call the police! Open the door! Someone, please!"


But despite his threats and complaints, the bodyguards outside remained as unresponsive as robots.

Alexandra was resilient, but whenever his headaches tormented him and he passed out, he would wake up screaming and causing chaos. All it did was leave his throat feeling sore, while the guards outside stayed unfazed.

Alexandra's desperate move to threaten suicide, banging his head against the wall, left him questioning his own existence, but the guards outside stayed stone-faced.

With all the commotion settled, Alexandra sprawled defeated, a bitter chuckle escaping him. It was just another tactic from Brandon, leaving him to suffer in silence, deprived of food and water.

Alexandra lay motionless, mentally counting down until the next wave of agony struck. Tremors shook

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his frame as he shut his eyes, consumed by despair.

Yet, as minutes dragged on, the expected agony failed to manifest.

Had Vinson's drug lost its effect?

But before Alexandra could celebrate, the gnawing hunger in his belly and the biting cold served as a cruel reminder—while one torment ended, another awaited.

Alexandra curled into a tight ball, teeth gritted so fiercely they clicked. With the Barton family, Vinson, and Brandon all lined up against him, it felt like the whole world had turned its back.

No, there had to be some good left.

Alexandra clung to the belief that Janet remained oblivious to his plight. Even if she didn't harbor any affection, he refused to believe she'd partake in his suffering.

His faith in his chosen woman was unwavering.

He wouldn't let her slip through his fingers. Given a chance, Janet would be his, without question.

Eventually, hunger and cold proved too much for Alexandra, and he succumbed to exhaustion, blacking out.

Waking to the shock of cold water cascading over him, Alexandra shivered. Despite the chill, he instinctively licked his lips, damp with moisture.

Feeling utterly humiliated after his involuntary reaction, Alexandra shut his eyes in frustration. Maybe he'd been drained of all strength, his grumbles fading into near silence.

Faintly, he caught the sound of guards' footsteps fading as they departed, their presence retreating into the distance.

Just as Alexandra was on the verge of despair, convinced Brandon would leave him to die in silence, a dim figure entered. Silhouetted against the light, the man's features blurred. He produced a cross pendant from his pocket, swaying it before Alexandra's eyes.

The man muttered on, but Alexandra couldn't make out his words. His consciousness began to slip away.

After an unknown stretch of time, Alexandra faintly made out the guards outside, conversing on the phone about his supposed memory loss.

Next, he found himself being dragged into the back seat of a car. Upon waking again, he discovered himself lying in a slum, in an unfamiliar small country somewhere in the southern hemisphere.