

Chapter 1933 Telling Stories

Frank expressed his concern, asking, "What's causing Janet's sleep troubles? Is she uncomfortable, or is it mental stress? Maybe she's anxious about you having an affair during her pregnancy? Or perhaps you haven't been attentive enough, always busy with work or frequently angry?"

"Shut up!" Brandon snapped, exasperated. "She's just stressed about some work issues, and it's affecting her mood."

"If it's stress-related, try to help her relax. Encourage her to get some light exercise, take walks, maybe drink some milk before bed, or engage in relaxing activities," Frank suggested.

Irked by the simplicity of the advice, Brandon responded, "That sounds like a bunch of platitudes. It hardly helps."

Frank sighed and proposed, "What about seeing a psychologist? Sometimes talking things through can really help sort out one's emotions."

After ending the call, Janet reassured him, "I'm fine, really. Just not feeling sleepy. Maybe I've rested too much lately, and now my sleep cycle is off."

Holding her close, Brandon asked, "Would you like to

hear some stories from my past?"

Curious, Janet replied, "You've never talked about your past before. What made you bring it up now?"

Brandon chuckled. "I thought a story might help you drift off. If my past doesn't interest you, I could look up a grown-up fairy tale online to read instead. Your choice."

Janet smiled and encouraged him, "No, tell me about your past. I'd love to hear it."

Brandon hesitated, "It's been a while, and I might have forgotten some details. But I'll start with what I remember best."

"Okay!" Janet settled in, her head resting comfortably as she listened.

Brandon began recounting his college days. His voice was deep and soothing, and without realizing it, Janet fell asleep to the sound of his storytelling.

The following morning, Janet woke up unusually early. Despite feeling exhausted, she couldn't fall back asleep after multiple attempts and resigned herself to starting the day.

As she entered the dining room freshly washed yet visibly fatigued, Johanna was immediately concerned by Janet's pale complexion and the dark circles under her eyes.

Johanna quickly came to her side, her voice filled with worry. "What's wrong? Are you feeling ill?"

She then turned to the butler and instructed, "Please prepare the car. We need to go to the hospital right away."

Janet quickly intervened, "I'm really okay, just had a bad night's sleep."

But Johanna's anxiety only deepened.

The more Janet reassured her, the more Johanna suspected she was just putting on a brave face to avoid worrying anyone.

Tears welled up in Johanna's eyes as she reached for a tissue, prompting Janet to guide her to a seat in the dining room. Turning to Brandon with a look of urgency, she said, "Please, tell Mom I'm truly fine!"

Brandon gave a deep sigh and addressed Johanna. "Don't worry. After breakfast, I'll take Janet to the hospital just to make sure everything is okay."

This seemed to reassure Johanna somewhat. Throughout breakfast, she kept adding more food to Janet's plate, urging, "Eat up, this is all very nutritious. You need it, especially now. Look how thin you've gotten."

"That's enough, Mom. I'm really full," Janet protested, her plate already overflowing, her smile tinged with exhaustion.

It wasn't until Johanna saw them off to the car and made Brandon promise to update her immediately if anything was amiss that she finally let them go.

Once the car left the villa, Janet let out a sigh of relief.

While she cherished her mother's loving concern, it was emotionally taxing at times.

Noticing her weariness, Brandon looked at her with concern. "Do you think it might be easier if we moved back to our place? It might give you some space and keep your mother from worrying all day."