

## Chapter 1825 Are You Satisfied

Alexandra placed the jar in front of Wren and was about to pull his hand back when Wren grasped his hand tightly.

Slowly, she looked up at him and asked, "Why does it have to be Janet?"

Wren had been carrying a deep secret for a long time. One that involved the Barton family's illustrious legacy spanning centuries. A scandalous truth best left untold.

The Barton family bore a hidden genetic curse, a dormant mental ailment more prone to activation than in other people. When it awakened, it fuelled an extreme, almost fanatical fixation on love and hatred.

Initially, it manifested as overpowering attention and possessiveness, a relentless fear of losing their love.

But as it deepened, love transformed into deep-seated hatred, warping the mind and spawning dreadful ideations.

The Barton family, in the grip of such episodes, had even been known to take the lives of their nearest and dearest. This genetic time bomb often ticked in the most gifted of the family.

More than ten years back, she had a breakdown over a seemingly insignificant matter, coming perilously close to ending Vinson's life with a single stab.

For Vinson's safety, she had to return to the Barton family. She just never expected that their separation would last a decade.

Now, seeing Alexandra's mental state and pharmaceutical genius, she could tell with near certainty that his mental illness was kicking in. He was just in denial.

After thinking about it for a moment, Alexandra answered, "I admired her talent for designing and followed her online for years before I ever saw her and fell in love with her. So, yes, I believe that my feelings for her are true. I don't think I can say the same for your imagined romance though."

Wren could have been offended by Alexandra's obvious attack, but she found it rather amusing.

She recognized those words all too well. They were not to deceive her. Those words were to deceive no one but himself.

When Wren didn't say anything, Alexandra's expression soured. He uncrossed his legs and leaned forward slightly, fixing her with a sharp gaze. "If you don't act now, then I will and by tomorrow morning, you won't have a place in the medical field. More importantly, the man you love the most will hate you forever. Will you really risk your career and love to protect a patient you're not even related to? Is it

really worth it?"

Wren was having an internal battle with herself. Finally, she let out a long sigh and asked with her head bowed in defeat, "What makes this jar different from the others? Will it affect Janet's recovery?"

Pleased that she finally conceded, Alexandra broke into a cheerful smile. "Rest assured, Aunt. I'd never do anything to harm the one I love. It's the contrary really. This potion will help her recover completely, both her memory and physically."

Wren frowned in confusion, then suddenly laughed.

What was he talking about? If Janet regained all of her memories, she would remember everything she lived with Brandon, and their relationship would only grow stronger than it already was. What place would that leave for Alexandra to come in?

Noticing the questions dancing in her eyes, Alexandra chuckled. "Your expertise in pharmacology certainly surpasses mine. I have no doubt about that. However, when it comes to potion crafting, I have my insights. A few tweaks here and there, and I can replace Brandon in all of Janet's memories. That way, once she recovers, she'll be seeing my face, and not his."

Wren gazed at the jar before her with horror this time around. It was as though she could feel the darkness coming from the jar.

After a moment, she looked up and asked, "Have all

four been altered? Have you been plotting against Janet from the very beginning?"

Alexandra suddenly laughed and shook his head. "No, I'm not that lucky. Only the one in front of you was successfully tampered with. That should tell you just how valuable it is. I'm sure you can understand why I need to oversee the preparation of the potion myself. I have to make sure you don't try any funny tricks."

Feeling trapped, Wren put on her safety goggles again and carefully placed the jar on the dispensable table.

Under Alexandra's watchful gaze, she meticulously prepared the potion.

After a long while, as Wren looked at the completed potion on the table, her eyes turned icy cold. "Are you satisfied now?"