

Chapter 2096 Examination

Outside the villa community, a sudden noise erupted from the trash can.

Bang!

Lexi's hands trembled as she stared at the bin, where she had just discarded two bags filled with expensive fruits and snacks. Her eyes burned with anger.

Despite the curious glances from passers-by, Lexi couldn't contain her frustration any longer. She clutched at her scalp with trembling hands and let out a piercing scream.

"Ahhh! Fuck you!"

First, the backstage framing at the fashion show, and now, this!

No matter how vehemently she defended herself, no one seemed to believe her.

"Why? Why is this happening to me?"

Lexi's voice cracked with emotion as tears welled up in her eyes. She had done nothing wrong, yet misfortune continued to find her.

"Was it a mistake to spend so much money on these?"

Her gaze shifted back to the discarded bags. A pang of regret mixed with her anger. She thrust her hands into her coat pockets.

In her pocket, Lexi found a bus card, the key to her rental house, and the amulet that Myrna had given her.

Staring at the amulet, a wave of frustration and anger welled up inside her.

Myrna had promised that this amulet would dispel bad luck. It was all a lie!

If it could really protect her and drive away evil, then why had she been so unlucky lately?

The more Lexi thought about it, the more useless the amulet seemed. In a fit of anger, she tossed it into the trash can.

In the hospital, the air was thick with the scent of disinfectant.

While patrolling the room, Frank received a message from Brandon.

"Janet is not feeling well. We are on our way here. Be prepared!"

The urgency in Brandon's message left no room for delay. Frank stopped his conversation with a patient and assembled Janet's specialized gynecology team at the entrance.

As soon as Brandon's car pulled up, Frank and his team hurried to assist.

"Take it easy."

Two medical staff members supported Janet, helping her into a special wheelchair. They wheeled her into the examination room.

The red light outside the examination room door came on. Brandon paced back and forth, his forehead beaded with cold sweat.

Time ticked away, but Janet had not been pushed out yet.

Brandon's worry grew with each passing second. He desperately wanted to go in and be with her, but the medical staff firmly stopped him at the door.

"Mr. Larson, I understand your concern, but please wait patiently," one of them said politely, closing the door firmly behind them.

"Listen to the doctor," Frank said, placing a reassuring hand on Brandon's shoulder, his expression sympathetic.

Brandon glanced at the examination room sign, then shook off Frank's hand. "Why can't you let me in? Are you trying to make this harder for me on purpose?" he demanded, frustration evident in his voice.

He understood that he couldn't enter the operating room, but why

couldn't he go into an examination room?

"I really don't mean to make things difficult for you, but your presence is just too intense, especially when you look so grim," Frank explained, and Brandon looked ready to kill someone.

His face turned livid. "What kind of reason is that?"

"Because every time you pull a long face, everyone else is terrified of you, except me. If you go in, how can the doctor examine Janet properly? What if the doctor gets so scared that his hands shake during the examination and accidentally hurts her?" Frank explained carefully.

Brandon didn't reply, but his expression remained the same.

Although he knew Frank's words were a bit exaggerated, they made sense.

Brandon forced himself to calm down.

After a moment, he whispered to Frank, "Pay close attention during the checkup. Janet may have been poisoned or eaten something harmful."