

## Chapter 2136 Janet's Parents Visited

Janet was taken aback.

Indeed, following Brandon's caution, the baby within her seemed to settle, refraining from any further kicks.

"It's probably just a coincidence." Janet reflected, caressing her belly. "The little one was just too lively earlier. Maybe they're just tired out from all the activity."

"No, the baby stopped after what I said. We share a bond, a kind of telepathy. You wouldn't understand," Brandon insisted, his tone unwavering.

Janet couldn't help but be amused by his conviction. Just as she was about to challenge his claim, a sudden knock at the door interrupted them.

"Looks like we have a visitor."

Janet nudged Brandon gently, signaling him to be aware.

It was a tender family moment; Brandon couldn't help but get annoyed by the timing of this interruption. Annoyed, he called out, "The door's unlocked. Come in!"

With the latch clicking open, two figures entered the room.

Brandon, ready to scold the intruders, paused in surprise upon seeing it was Johanna and Beal. "Johanna, Beal, what brings you here?"

Johanna, holding up a thermos, replied with a warm smile, "I've brought some homemade soup for Janet."

"You didn't need to rush over with traffic and all. We could've easily had it delivered." Brandon recognized Johanna's efforts.

With a smile, Johanna waved her hand and declared, "No matter the difficulty, I'm happy to look after my daughter."

She then moved toward the bedside where a small table stood.

Setting down the thermos on the table, Johanna was about to pour soup for Janet when she noticed something amiss.

Beside the thermos, a bowl of porridge and other items from breakfast lay untouched.

Casting a meaningful glance at the bowl, Johanna turned to Janet, her voice tinged with concern. "Why haven't you eaten anything? Did something happen with Brandon?"

Before Janet could respond, Johanna's and Beal's eyes fixed on Brandon.

If glares could be lethal, Brandon would not have stood a chance.

Faced with Johanna's probing gaze, Brandon quickly waved his hand and reassured her, "Please, you've got it wrong. We didn't argue. I wouldn't dare upset Janet. I love her too much."

Johanna, skeptical, pointed at the full bowl of porridge and pressed, "Then why is this still full?"

Caught off guard, Brandon hesitated before replying, "Well...the porridge was still quite hot, so I thought she'd eat it once it cooled down a bit."

"Is that so?" Johanna inquired, turning to Janet.

"Yes, it's true," Janet affirmed with a nod. "Mom, aren't you letting your imagination run wild? When have you ever seen us argue? Brandon has always been so considerate, and besides, I'm pregnant and about to give birth."

Standing a few steps away, Beal chimed in. "Your mother just tends to worry excessively. I've always said Brandon would look after you well, yet she still felt compelled to check on you herself."

Then, turning to Johanna, he gestured towards Janet and said, "See? Our daughter is in good hands, isn't she?"

"I'm here because I want to be. What's it to you? I haven't seen my daughter in days. Is it wrong for me to visit her at the hospital?" Johanna retorted.

"I wasn't saying you shouldn't..." Beal started.

Johanna cut him off with a sharp wave of her hand. "Enough! I don't want to hear another word from you!"

Beal simply shrugged, opting to remain silent rather than provoke further anger.

