

Chapter 2137 A Conversation

Janet's tense shoulders relaxed as her parents' banter filled the room. A smile bloomed across her face, the tightness draining away.

Johanna ignored Beal and retrieved a bowl for Janet's soup.

Unlike the breakfast Brandon procured, the homemade soup held a warmth that spread through Janet more than just physically. Two bowls later, she felt considerably better.

"The sun's out," Johanna said, wiping a stray bit of soup from Janet's chin. "Why don't we go for a walk? A little exercise might help speed things along."

"Okay," Janet readily agreed. Then, a playful glint entered her eyes. "I've missed you and have some things on my mind."

Johanna squeezed Janet's cheek, a warm smile gracing her lips. "I'm always happy to hear what you have to say."

Despite becoming a mother, to Johanna, Janet would always be her little girl.

When Brandon overheard their plans, concern furrowed his brow. "Have a couple of guards accompany you. Just to be safe."

"This is a hospital, Brandon, not a warzone. We'll be fine." Johanna's brows shot up.

"It's better to be careful, especially with Janet being pregnant," Brandon explained calmly.

"Mom, maybe it's a good idea. Just a precaution!" Janet piped up.

Though she hadn't initially considered it, Brandon's words held weight. Things could get dangerous at any moment.

With Janet's agreement, Johanna conceded. "Alright, fine."

Brandon escorted them to the elevator, offering to accompany them further, but Janet declined politely.

Only when Janet vanished from sight did Brandon turn back to keep his father-in-law company.

Back in the ward, Brandon noticed Beal's scrutinizing gaze. "Something on your mind? Please just say it."

Beal's response was blunt. "What about Mona's poisoning? And is Alexandra really coming? If things get dicey, send Janet back to the villa."

Brandon's smile faltered slightly as he met Beal's serious gaze. A flicker of surprise crossed his face.

He hadn't shared this information with his father-in-law, yet Beal seemed well-informed.

After a moment of silence, Brandon finally spoke. "We've apprehended all of Alexandra's people in Barnes. Knowing his vindictive nature, I expect some form of retaliation."

"So, Mona's poisoning was Alexandra's counterattack?" Beal's brow furrowed.

"Yes," Brandon confirmed, his lips tightening. "He poisoned Mona and released her, likely hoping to infiltrate the hospital and target Janet or me."

"Ridiculous!" Beal's face hardened. "You are too bold! You put Janet and the baby at risk with this recklessness! What if—"

Brandon cut him off, his voice laced with steel. "There will be no 'what ifs.' I've taken every precaution."

"Are you absolutely positive?" Beal remained unconvinced.

"Yes. If Alexandra dares to step foot in this hospital, he'll be met with my response." Brandon's eyes, bathed in sunlight streaming through the window, held a steely resolve. "During this critical time, I'll be by Janet's side constantly. There will be no accidents on my watch."



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