

Chapter 2116 Regrets

Lexi's gaze drifted across the tumultuous crowd.

After a moment, her eyes settled on the spot where they had just been standing.

That spot was once a quiet, peaceful block, but now it was engulfed in chaos.

The car screeched to a halt amidst the crowd. Blood, bright red and thick, smeared the window, obscuring the driver's identity.

Some people had managed to dodge the deadly impact, while others lay scattered on the ground, limbs broken, their faces contorted in agony, resembling discarded meat in a market.

Among the severely injured were attendees of the fashion show, who had been waiting for their cars when disaster struck.

With each passing moment, the air grew heavier with the stench of blood, a smell that overwhelmed the senses. Faces around were etched with fear and distress, punctuated by cries and screams.

Lexi felt torn, unsure whether to feel relieved she had escaped on time or guilty for her unwitting role in the chaos.

Had she not agreed to the mysterious man's request, would this tragedy have been averted?

Sirens from ambulances and police cars filled the air, followed closely by the arrival of bodyguards sent by Brandon.

Sonia grasped Lexi's hand and led her down the stairs.

Overwhelmed by the chaos, Lexi felt like a puppet, rigid and unresponsive, as Sonia guided her away.

The bodyguards escorted them to the hospital.

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In the hospital, Janet was undergoing an examination.

Pregnant and overwhelmed by the shock and the smell of blood, she felt particularly unwell. After her examination, she rushed to the bathroom and vomited twice.

The remnants of her distress washed away with the running tap water. Janet rinsed her mouth, trying to regain her composure.

"This isn't good. I'll arrange for you to stay in the hospital. If the baby is distressed, the doctor can attend immediately," Brandon said, his concern evident.

Feeling resigned, Janet gently touched her bulging belly, feeling the reassuring kicks of her baby inside.

"I'm not that fragile," she assured Brandon with a smile. "It was scary, but I've calmed down quickly."

"But the vomiting was quite severe," Brandon countered, his brow furrowed in concern.

"It's just that pregnant women really can't handle the smell of blood." Janet took Brandon's hand, trying to reassure him. "I'm truly fine. I don't need to stay in the hospital."

Despite her assurances, Brandon remained adamant about her staying for observation.

"Janet, it's really for the best that Mr. Larson insists on you staying," Sonia interjected. "You're due for a prenatal checkup anyway, aren't you? You can have it here at the hospital. It's safer to ensure everything is okay with the baby, isn't it?"

Janet turned to Sonia, confusion evident on her face. "Since when have you become so close with Brandon? You're my bodyguard. Why do you always seem to take his side?"

Taken aback, Sonia quickly glanced at Brandon before responding with a reassuring smile, "I'm only looking out for your best interest."

"What do you mean?" Janet pressed, struggling to see the connection.

"Apart from guarding against any immediate threats, it's also my duty as a bodyguard to alert you to potential health risks." Sonia paused for a moment before adding seriously, "I don't mean to alarm you, but I've seen cases where pregnant women seemed fine after a fright but then went into premature labor days later."

