

Chapter 2074 Janet Modifies The Design Drafts

After Lexi and Sonia left, Janet let out a deep, weary sigh and made her way back to her room to rest.

To her surprise, a soothing calm enveloped her almost instantly, and the discomfort that had lingered earlier began to fade away.

Puzzled, Janet instinctively placed a hand on her belly.

Could it have been Lexi's nonstop chatter that made her feel dizzy?

This was her first pregnancy, so Janet couldn't be sure if that were the reason for her giddiness. But given her recent bouts of morning sickness, feeling slightly off-kilter seemed normal.

Now that she was feeling better, a twinge of guilt for Lexi tugged at Janet's heart. She picked up the extensive stack of design drafts Lexi had prepared and began to flip through the pages.

As Janet's fingers glided over the sketches, her brow furrowed in deep concentration, absorbing the details and nuances of each design.

With each sketch she flipped through, an unsettling sense of familiarity crept over her.

Janet had been designing children's clothing recently and had reviewed many references. Yet, as she examined Lexi's drafts, they struck her as little more than a compilation of existing elements, lacking the spark of originality she had hoped to find.

Determined to breathe new life into the designs, Janet reviewed each draft, adjusted them to align with her vision, and added insightful notes.

Just as she was finishing up, Brandon returned home from work.

After changing his shoes at the door and noticing Janet's absence,

Brandon called out for the butler to inquire about her whereabouts.

"Mrs. Larson went upstairs to rest," the butler replied, his gaze lowered respectfully. After a brief hesitation, he added in a hushed tone that Janet hadn't been feeling her best.

Brandon's heart skipped a beat at the news. Without uttering a word, he rushed upstairs with urgency.

Clap!

The door swung open with a loud bang, echoing through the room.

His eyes quickly scanned the space as he spotted Janet working diligently at her desk.

"Janet, are you alright?" Brandon asked, his voice laced with concern as he approached her and placed his hand on her belly.

Startled, Janet looked up, blinking in surprise. "I'm fine."

"The butler said you weren't feeling well. What's wrong?" Brandon's brow knitted together, deep lines of worry etching across his forehead. "Should I call the doctor to check on you?"

"There's no need for that. I think the baby was just fussing," Janet replied reassuringly. Then, she returned to her work and continued jotting down notes.

Brandon's features softened with relief for a moment. However, when he noticed Janet again becoming absorbed in her work, he pursed his lips, a determined look crossing his face. "Let the staff handle it. You need to rest."

"I'm almost done. Just a few more minutes," Janet protested.

Brandon shook his head helplessly, his heart swelling with love and concern for his wife. Leaning down, he slid one arm beneath her knees and the other around her back, effortlessly lifting her into his strong embrace and carrying her to the bed.

"It can wait. You're resting now." His voice was steady and unwavering, leaving no room for argument.

Janet wasn't tired, so she nestled against Brandon and chatted with him.

Eventually, their conversation shifted to Mona. "I was planning on visiting Mona in the next few days. It would be best for you to stay home and rest, okay?" Brandon said earnestly, concern evident in his tone.

Janet paused momentarily, then looked up at him with a thoughtful expression. "Can you do me a favor?"

"Of course," Brandon agreed, even though he was unsure what she would ask.

Seeing his willingness, Janet smiled and sat up. She reached for a photo that Johanna had given her, wrote a postcard, and handed them to Brandon.

"Since I can't visit Mona because of the pregnancy, could you give her these for me?" asked Janet.

Brandon glanced at the photo and the postcard, then nodded as he placed them on the bedside table. "Sure. I'll make sure she gets them tomorrow."

With a gentle smile, he pulled Janet back into his arms, caressing her softly until they drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 2075 Meeting Mona

The next day, Brandon woke and opened his eyes to find Janet still in deep, sweet slumber.

He paused, admiring her quietude, before kissing her cheek softly.

After rising and completing his morning routine, Brandon dressed and left the house, driving solo to the sanatorium where Janet's aunt resided.

Upon arriving, he remained in the car for a few moments, observing Mona from a distance.

She sat in the yard, soaking up the sun, her face marked by the passage of time yet radiating tranquility under the gentle warmth of the sun.

A nurse approached Mona with a tray, startling her from her serene half-sleep.

"Where is my baby? Have you found my dear daughter?" Mona's voice quivered with urgency as she clutched the nurse's hand desperately. "Please, hurry and gather the money. I need to rescue my daughter!"

The nurse, feeling the tight grip, managed to gently extricate her hand and reached for something on the tray to adjust Mona's medication.

Responding in a calm, practiced tone, she reassured, "The money is ready."

Mona straightened up instantly, her eyes darting around in a mix of hope and confusion. "Where is the money?" she asked, her voice tense with anticipation.

"The money is in your room. As soon as you return to your room, you'll have everything you need to save your daughter." The nurse told a lie.

"Shall we go back to my room now?" Mona asked hastily.

The nurse nodded, offering reassurance. "Sure, but let's wait until I've finished changing your medicine. We wouldn't want your daughter to

worry seeing you like this."

Mona nodded obediently. As soon as her medication was adjusted, she hurried into her room with the nurse in tow.

Brandon stood by, his lips pressed tightly together as a wave of sorrow washed over him.

He had come to visit Mona, yet the scene unfolding before him brought back memories of his own mother.

He imagined how she might have reacted in a similar situation if something bad had happened to him.

With this realization, Brandon's expression softened with emotion.

When Mona returned to her room, the promised money was nowhere to be found. Although one might expect her to become anxious or uneasy, the nurse said something to soothe her. Now, Mona sat in an eerie silence, perched quietly on a chair.

Brandon slipped quietly into the ward and greeted Mona with politeness.

However, Mona seemed not to hear him; she didn't even glance up but kept her eyes fixed on the floor tiles.

Seeing this, Brandon squatted halfway to her level and spoke gently. "Mona, I have something for you."

As Brandon's tall figure obstructed her view of the floor, Mona finally looked up.

Upon seeing that it was a man before her, she frantically grabbed objects from her bedside and hurled them at Brandon.

"Fuck off! I don't trust men anymore! If I hadn't married the wrong man, my daughter wouldn't have been kidnapped!" Mona screamed, hurling objects at Brandon one after another. "It's all my fault that my sister suffered. I'm too ashamed to let her visit me! You men are to blame! Leave now!"

Brandon dodged the flying items. Anticipating that she might call for help, he quickly presented her with something.