

Chapter 2076 Questioning

Brandon took a moment to explain both his and Janet's circumstances.

Tears continued to stream down Mona's face, her eyes reddening as if bloodshot.

As Brandon concluded, Mona reached out with trembling hands to touch the photo, murmuring, "Janet has been found? Why didn't I know? That's wonderful. She's finally been found."

For years, Mona had been engulfed not only by the sorrow of losing her daughter but also by guilt towards her sister.

If not for her own mistakes, Janet would never have gone missing.

Now, with Janet found, Mona felt a sense of relief; the nightmares that had haunted her might finally cease.

Yet, the ache for her own child lingered—her child who would never return.

Each time she thought of her lost child, Mona's lips quivered, pale and bloodless.

Seeing Mona's deep sadness, Brandon felt at a loss how to comfort her.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a postcard that Janet had entrusted to him, with words she wanted to share with Mona.

Given Mona's unstable emotional state, Brandon was

uncertain whether she would accept the postcard, but he decided to offer it anyway.

As he handed it over, he said slowly, "I also have something to ask you."

"Go ahead," Mona responded, taking the postcard from him.

She was about to read the postcard, but paused when Brandon spoke, lifting her eyes to meet his.

"Janet couldn't come herself because she's pregnant now. I believe there was a conspiracy behind your daughter's disappearance. So..."

Brandon's voice faltered for a moment, his lips tightening before he continued, "I'd like to learn more from you, Mona, to help prevent any future risks."

Just then, a sudden clatter interrupted them.

The photo slipped from Mona's trembling hands and crashed to the floor.

Confused, Brandon frowned as he picked up the photo and gently placed it back in Mona's hands.

The next moment, Mona gripped Brandon's hand tightly and stared at him with an intense gaze.

How did the conversation turn like this all of a sudden?

Frowning, Brandon thought for a while and then asked, "Mona, what's wrong?"

Mona, still reeling from the shock of the postcard, was not prepared for Brandon's sudden reference to the past, which agitated her further.

"It's all that man's fault!" she exclaimed, her teeth clenched

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in anger.

+120 Points at most

"That man? Who are you referring to?" Brandon inquired curiously.

Could it be the kidnapper? Or perhaps one of the reporters?

Mona did not respond to Brandon's question. Instead, she burst out, "It's all my fault. I deserve to die! I deserve to go to hell!"

While Brandon was still trying to ascertain who she meant, he realized from her distraught declarations that she was becoming increasingly distraught and disconnected from reality.

"Calm down, Mona," Brandon urged, trying to soothe her. Despite his efforts, she continued to shout, unheeding.

Eventually, Brandon felt compelled to escalate his approach. "If you can't calm down, Janet might be at risk!"

Mona, struck by his words, released Brandon's hand.

Her eyes widened with fear, and she shook her head vehemently. "No, Janet can't be in danger. I can't let Johanna down again!"

As her cries echoed, Mona buried her face in her hands and leaned against the bed. Slowly, her expression began to settle.

Once she had quieted, Brandon ventured further, "Mona, what exactly happened during the kidnapping all those years ago?"

Mona closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and replied after a moment, "You want to know? I'll tell you."