

Chapter 2085

Misunderstanding

Brandon felt a wave of empathy as he watched Sonia cry so genuinely.

He had endured the pain of losing his mother too.

Yet, Sonia held an advantage over him. Though she resided in the orphanage, she harbored the hope of reuniting with her mother someday, a chance Brandon had lost forever.

A hint of sadness passed over his face as he pressed his lips together.

Gathering himself quickly, he met Sonia's hopeful eyes and said, "Okay, if you really want to see Mona, I'll take you there."

"Thank you, Mr. Larson."

Tears gathered in her eyes as she nodded gratefully.

Without another word, Brandon turned and exited the room.

Sonia, her face streaked with tears, followed him closely.

At that moment, Frank appeared, clutching a medical report.

"Are you leaving so soon?" he asked, caught off guard.

He had planned to discuss Sonia's troubling medical findings with Brandon.

"Yes, I'm taking Sonia to the sanatorium. I'll touch base

with you later," Brandon responded, nodding affirmatively.

"All right then." Frank relented, realizing it wasn't his place to detain them further.

As they were about to leave, Frank noticed Sonia's tear-stained cheeks and glanced questioningly at Brandon.

Brandon noticed the look and lightly punched Frank on the shoulder, saying with a hint of annoyance, "Don't let your imagination run wild."

Frank shrugged and responded, "It's hard not to. A wealthy man and a destitute woman seen together at a hospital can lead to talk."

Finding himself without a response, Brandon fell silent.

Before he could clarify their relationship, Frank pulled him aside.

Brandon furrowed his brow in confusion. "What's up?"

"As a friend, I need to be clear." Frank spoke in a low, serious tone. "Janet is still pregnant, and pregnant women shouldn't be upset. You must be cautious in your interactions with other women to avoid any rumors."

Brandon's expression turned stern.

He shoved Frank aside, his impatience clear. "Enough, Frank!"

He couldn't fathom why Frank was always preoccupied with such concerns.

Brandon was already irritated by the situation with Sonia, and Frank's probing only heightened his annoyance.

When Brandon pushed him, Frank stumbled back several

steps but still managed to keep a smile on his face.

Realizing he wouldn't get any answers from Brandon, Frank shifted his focus to Sonia.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Sonia felt a chill of apprehension at Frank's smile.

"Who are you, miss? I've never seen you before. Are you close with Brandon? He usually only brings Janet to the hospital." Frank bombarded her with questions, his curiosity thinly veiled.

The more Sonia listened, the more bewildered she felt.

Was this man a doctor or a gossipmonger? She was annoyed by his barrage of questions.

Sonia wiped her tears and responded firmly, "I am Janet's personal bodyguard and cousin. Is there a problem with that?"

As she spoke, she moved her wrist, and the audible popping of her joints underscored her capability as a fighter.

"Oh, I see. It seems I've misunderstood," Frank admitted, the sweat on his back betraying his embarrassment. He offered an awkward smile and said, "I need to attend a meeting at the hospital now. Excuse me!"

With that, Frank quickly made his exit via the elevator.

Watching Frank leave, Sonia muttered under her breath, "It seems nowadays anyone can be a doctor."

"Don't you want to see Mona? Let's head to the sanatorium," Brandon said, eager to move on from the encounter.

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+120 Points at most

Without hesitation, Sonia caught up with Brandon, eager to leave the awkward moment behind.

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