

Chapter 2087 Mona Lost Control

Mona's experiences seemed to have aged her beyond her years. She looked worn, her eyes cloudier than most, a stark contrast to her immaculate attire and neatly styled hair, a testament to the attentive care she received.

Sonia examined Mona closely before following Brandon.

In their meeting, Brandon chose not to disclose Sonia's identity right away, fearing the impact it might have on Mona.

Instead, he engaged in light conversation, aiming to keep the atmosphere calm.

Eventually, feeling it was time for Mona to reunite with her daughter, Brandon stood, offering his seat to Sonia.

With a reassuring wink from Brandon, Sonia approached, positioning herself in front of Mona and gently squatting down.

"Mom," Sonia uttered, her voice tinged with barely contained excitement.

Mona's gaze flitted towards Sonia, vacant yet seemingly focused. No recognition dawned; no change in her expression.

Sonia's excitement turned to disappointment, her shoulders sagging as she fought back tears.

Undeterred, Sonia tried once more.

"Mom!" she whispered through her tears, grasping Mona's hand. "I am your daughter, Sonia. I will come to see you often."

"Daughter?" Mona's response came as a sudden gasp of astonishment.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Sonia began, "Yes! I'm your—"

Her words were cut short as Mona's hand struck her face, knocking her to the ground.

"Bring my daughter back to me! Bring my precious daughter back!"

Mona's outburst escalated as she lashed out, her screams filling the room.

Sonia, capable of defending herself, chose restraint.

Fearful of injuring her mother, she endured the blows, her misery compounded by her helplessness and the shock of Mona's violent rejection.


The nurse, seasoned in her role, instantly recognized the signs of distress in Mona. She spun around, calling for help with urgency in her voice.

"Help! Help!" Her voice echoed, prompting several bodyguards to swiftly arrive and restrain Mona.

While the bodyguards managed the situation, the nurse administered a sedative.

The quick injection into Mona's arm gradually eased her agitation, and her eyes, previously aflame with anger, slowly closed.

With a practiced signal from the nurse, the bodyguards

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lifted Mona and carried her back to her room, ensuring she was safe and contained.

"Are you okay?" Brandon approached Sonia with concern etched on his face.

Sonia, overwhelmed and not ready to engage, ignored Brandon's question. She rose from where she knelt and followed the others to Mona's room, her steps unsteady.

Inside the bedroom, the air was tinged with the sterile scent of medicine.

Mona lay in the bed, her sleep troubled, her brow creased as if caught in the throes of a nightmare.

Sonia sat by her mother, clutching her hand with a firm resolve not to let go. Tears streamed down her cheeks, unheeded in the quiet of the room.

After a heavy silence, Sonia turned to Brandon. "Can I take care of my mother here in the sanatorium for a few days?"

"Sure. You can stay if you want," Brandon responded, his tone accommodating yet cautious. "If there is any news from Alexandra, you must tell me right away."

Sonia accepted this condition without hesitation, nodding in agreement. "Of course, you helped me find my mother. I owe you a huge favor. Besides, Janet is both my cousin and friend."