

## Chapter 2133 Janet's Guess Of Mona's Daughter

The smile on Brandon's face froze.

Brows squinted, he looked at Janet and asked, "How did you know? Don't tell me you've been up since five o'clock and have just been sitting here alone. Why didn't you call me?"

Seeing the worry in his eyes, Janet shook her head and explained, "I just woke up and found that the quilt next to me was cold. I just assumed you had been gone for a long time. Brandon, where were you?"

The breakfast excuse was lame. He should have known Janet wouldn't buy it.

"You are smart," he said with a smile and brought Janet's breakfast over. "I was just having a meeting with an overseas branch in the lounge next door."

If it was just a meeting, why didn't Brandon just say so the first time she asked?

Janet frowned, becoming more suspicious. She had a feeling that there was more to it.

Before she could ask more questions, Brandon pushed the porridge into her hand. "Eat while it's hot."

"Thank you," she said, taking the porridge.

Just then, a faint scent hit her nostrils as Brandon leaned in. She quickly reached out and grabbed the hem of his shirt.

"What?" Brandon looked at her curiously. "What's wrong?"

"Come closer." Janet pulled him closer.



He willingly followed her lead.

Immediately, the strong smell of disinfectant hit her.

If he was attending a meeting like he claimed, why then was this smell of disinfectant on him? They wouldn't spray disinfectant in the lounge.

"You're lying to me," Janet stated with a frown. "Did you go to the emergency room upstairs?"

Brandon stared straight at her for a few seconds and then sighed. "Yes," he answered honestly.

"Why? Who is hurt? What happened?" she asked in a haste. Suddenly, a scary thought popped into her mind. Could it be her parents?

She was so frightened by her thoughts that she forgot about the porridge.

Brandon brought his arm up and sniffed his sleeve.

The smell of disinfectant was poignant. At this point, he knew that lying to her would only send her thinking the wildest things.

The doctor did tell him that women in their late stage of pregnancy were most scared of being depressed and irritated because their state easily affected the children. If it got serious, they might even have postpartum depression.

Brandon didn't want that to happen.

After weighing the pros and cons, Brandon sat on the edge of the bed and held Janet's hand. "Do you remember the aunt your mother mentioned?"

Janet nodded. "Yes. Mona lost her child and became mentally ill, right?"

What did that have to do with what she was asking?

"Was Mona sick?" Janet asked.

Brandon nodded. "Yes. I also found her lost daughter."

"Really?" Janet's eyes went wide. "Who is her daughter?"



Brandon stroked her head and suggested, "Why don't you take a guess?"

For some reason, only one name came to her mind. "Is it Sonia?"

"Yes." Brandon nodded, confirming Janet's answer.



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