

## **Snatched 510**

### Chapter 510 The Deepest Wound

"There are too many people here. Dr. Lane, this way, please."

Johnson gestured for Cora to follow him.

Cora could only hurry to keep up.

As for the scholars and experts following behind, they were intercepted by the security team.

Johnson led Cora to the designated rest area Carter specially arranged for him.

"Alright, no one will disturb us here. Dr. Lane, you can talk about your issue now."

Yes, Johnson noticed that Cora's mental state was far from being fine.

He thought that Cora might find herself with some psychological problems, possibly related to Byron,

and he wanted to help resolve the issues between the former couple together.

However, Cora looked extremely cautious, scanning the area to ensure there were no others or

surveillance devices before she spoke up.

"Dr. Watts, it's not about me. It's about my son. He's three years old, but he still can't speak..."

As she mentioned Martin, Cora's eyes inexplicably reddened.

Hearing the age of her child, Johnson immediately started calculating in his mind.

He remembered that when Byron was undergoing rehabilitation, his mental state was abnormal, and

the catalyst was the child Cora had aborted without his consent.

If that child hadn't been aborted and was born successfully, he would be three years old now.

So after some consideration, Johnson said, "Bring your child here tomorrow, and I'll conduct a simple

test for him there."

He handed Cora a business card with the address of a private psychiatric hospital.

Cora took the card and expressed her gratitude excitedly. "Thank you so much, Dr. Watts. Thank

you..."

Seeing her excited expression, Johnson reminded her, "But it's better if you bring the child alone. Some

examinations are not suitable with too many people around."

"Okay, I'll go with my son alone."

Then Cora expressed her gratitude once more before leaving the Hansen Group.

On the other side, Johnson went to Byron's office again.

As usual, the office was still hazy with smoke, irritating his eyes.

Johnson waved his hand to disperse the smoke before looking at the man holding a cigarette.

"The reason you suddenly smoked so much today is related to your ex-wife, right?"

As soon as the words ex-wife were mentioned, the man, who initially seemed to be immersed in his

files, suddenly burst into anger and threw a folder at Johnson.

Anticipating this behavior, Johnson quickly stepped aside, avoiding being hit by the folder, which hit the

office door and scattered on the floor.

With the folder not hitting him, Byron glared at Johnson with a sullen face as if he wanted to devour

him.

Johnson didn't seem surprised.

He was aware that Byron had frequently displayed such aggressive behavior during his rehabilitation.

Despite seeing his sullen expression now, Johnson didn't avoid the topic.

"It seems you thought about your child who failed to come to this world!"

The mere mention of the child triggered Byron's anger again, and he grabbed something from the

table, throwing it at Johnson.

"Don't talk about that child!"

Byron knew he was losing control again.

But he couldn't stop it. He felt that the child died because of him.

The child hadn't even experienced parental love before leaving this world.

It was the deepest wound in his heart.

In normal times, he could conceal it.

But whenever his emotions were unstable, this wound would be exposed.

Despite his outburst, Johnson said, "Some wounds won't disappear by evading. Only by confronting them head-on can you overcome them completely."

Perhaps accepting this perspective, Byron gradually calmed down.

He sat back in his office chair, panting heavily.

At this moment, Johnson handed him a business card.

"Go to this place at eight tomorrow morning."

It was the same business card he had given to Cora just now.