

Chapter 1070 The Doomed Failure Of The Plan

"Your plan has actually succeeded—in a way. Vivian took the bait, didn't she? But you weren't expecting her to be wise enough not to show up in person." Brandon stroked Janet's hair. His voice was comforting when he said, "I know you'll plan better next time."

Janet's eyes lingered on Brandon's. "I should have known someone as cautious as Vivian would find a way not to come in person."

"Vivian is very smart. The situation was critical yet she was able to consider it might be a trap. Finding someone to spill information about the situation is not really that hard." Looking at the frustrated look on Janet's face, Brandon tried hard to hold back his laughter and make himself more serious. "Well, let's put aside the matter of Vivian and go home first."

"Are you suggesting we let Vivian off so easily? I don't think I can." Janet leaned her head against the window, a veil of sadness dimming her face.

"Vivian is on high alert right now. It's not a good time to seize her." Brandon took a moment to consider his words before chuckling and saying, "And even if we have photos of Vivian, those aren't solid evidence."

Janet pursed her lips. She caught sight of Brandon's smiling face and immediately had a sense that she was being teased. "Well, if you already knew it then why didn't you stop me? You let me keep pretending I was drunk at the hotel gate. Now, I think I looked stupid! What if Vivian was hiding in the dark and laughing at me?"

"She was busy verifying the truth. I'm sure she didn't have time to care about you." Brandon continued to comfort her.

The expectant look in Brandon's eyes in the hotel garden flashed back into Janet's mind.

Did Brandon already know her plan would eventually fail?

Annoyed, Janet patted Brandon on the shoulder and said, "You enjoyed watching me make a fool of myself, didn't you? Brandon! You are so annoying!"

It wasn't a painful hit. Instead of reacting, Brandon

just grabbed Janet's wrist, pulling her into his arms.

"All right." Affection was overflowing from Brandon's gaze as he watched her. He didn't even try to stop Janet's plan. "Honey, planning something like that is not your strong suit. But you were so eager to try and you're too cute for me to stop. Mistakes are part of life. Besides, Vivian wouldn't be able to get away with it. There's no need for you to worry."

After all that happened, Janet was left with no choice but to give up any plan. She leaned against Brandon's chest, still depressed, and now her head began to ache. Just now in the hotel, she drank a lot to make her performance real enough.

"Honey, I think I'm really drunk." Janet massaged in between her eyebrows and let out a loud burp.

Brandon fanned her burning cheek while chuckling. Then, he looked up at Sean and said, "We should go now."

At the same time, in the Turner family's villa.

Vivian leaned on the sofa, a glass of wine in her hand. She already downed two glasses of wine but something was still bothering her. This was a very strange night.

Janet specifically picked Newden Hotel for the dinner party. Did she discover something?

There was no way. Vivian knew Janet wasn't smart enough. Was it simply a coincidence?

Vivian frowned. She touched the phone in her hand and as expected, it didn't ring. She couldn't help but feel anxious.

When she got out of the restaurant, Vivian bribed a stranger into asking about the waitress who fell down the stairs.

Vivian specially instructed the woman to wait until most of the guests of the restaurant had left before going in and asking.

The money was enough for the woman to do whatever she was told. Besides, inquiring about a waitress wasn't a big deal at all. She agreed to the deal right away.

But it was almost midnight. Why wasn't she responding?

Suddenly, Vivian's phone lit up. An unknown number was calling her. She immediately answered. "How's it going?"

"According to the receptionist, the waitress was currently in a coma and hasn't gone back to work

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yet." The woman's voice came on the phone.

A sigh of relief escaped Vivian's mouth. The serious look in her eyes dissipated. 3

