

Chapter 926 Can You Forgive Me

"Of course, Mrs. Larson. I owe it to the Larson Group's funding that I got to graduate from the university," Vivian assured Janet. "I am currently on a break from my studies abroad. It's an honor to be able help with the charity event," she added.

Even though Janet had just met Vivian, she noticed her undeniable intelligence and kindness. She saw Vivian as a fearless lady who was ready to take on the world. She thought that with her personality, anyone would naturally gravitate towards her. ①

With a hint of admiration, she introduced herself, "I'm Janet Larson, Brandon's wife. We appreciate you coming back for the event. It's a pleasure to finally meet you." Janet graciously shook Vivian's hand.

With a smile on her face, Vivian replied, "I know who you are, Mrs. Larson. I'm a fan of your work. I was fascinated when I saw the designs from W

Marks Studio during the live broadcast of Iridescent Show. I never thought I'll have the privilege to meet someone as exceptional as you are, Mrs. Larson."

Janet was used to being complimented, but she knew that Vivian spoke with sincerity. Her words were well-thought-out and they weren't something one might hear every day.

She understood right then and there that Vivian was way ahead of her time.

The staff and volunteers distributed the snacks and candies as the children settled down. Everyone had calmed down except the one little boy who upsettingly threw his candies at Janet.

Janet wanted to approach the boy to talk to him, but she was worried that it would only make the situation worse.

Vivian saw through Janet's struggle. Without missing a beat, she volunteered to talk to the boy. "Let me handle this, Mrs. Larson. Don't worry, I have dealt with kids before," she suggested with a confident smile.

"Thank you." Janet nodded with relief.

Vivian went over and approached the boy calmly. She went down on her knees to face the little boy. With a gentle voice, she asked, "Why were you upset just now, sweetie? You can tell me."

His eyes were red from crying. He wiped his nose with his hands and confessed, "I saw the news saying that Charis was dead. I know that death means I will never see her again," he continued while sobbing.

The children's faces turned gloomy upon hearing his sentiment. Even though Charis was not the nicest person, the pain in the little boy's eyes was enough to make Janet feel disheartened. She understood how much the kids loved her.

Vivian sympathetically explained to the boy, "I understand that Charis was important to you, but she is not the only one who has been by your side. Look around you, sweetie. The Larson Group has been by your side all this time. You may not have realized this, but they are the ones providing you with food and shelter. It's alright to be sad, but never forget that there are other people helping you without you knowing, okay?"

Even with his young age, the boy understood what

Vivian meant. He realized what he did wrong as he tightened his grip on the corners of his clothes with his tiny hands. "What should I do now?" he remorsefully asked.

Vivian gently patted the dirt off the little boy's blue clothes and with a soft voice, she said, "Mr. and Mrs. Larson are kind and understanding people. Why don't you go apologize to Mrs. Larson?"

The boy nodded and shyly walked up to Janet. "I'm sorry for hitting you, Mrs. Larson. I shouldn't have done that. Will you forgive me?"

Janet softly held the boy's cheeks. "It's impossible for me to be mad at someone as adorable as you are," she said while greeting the boy's shyness with a soothing smile. "Everything's going to be alright, so you should stop crying now, okay?"

The little boy nodded while wiping his tears. He turned around and gave the children around them a look of comfort and approval.

With one look, they all understood. They ran over to Janet showering her with tight hugs and sincere apologies.

With the kids still in her arms, Janet looked at

Vivian with a radiant smile and thanked her.

Vivian responded by shaking her head with a gentle smile written on her face. "You are welcome, Mrs. Larson."

Brandon arrived just in time to see his wife getting along with the kids.