

Chapter 1004 Send The Suit To Sean

Vivian didn't see Janet.

Vivian and her team were deep in discussion about a recent public service project undertaken by the Larson Group, which was Vivian's first major task since joining the company. She took extra care in examining the documents provided by her colleagues and stumbled upon a glaring flaw in the papers.

"I've stressed that our public service endeavors should be conducted with the utmost formality. It's best to invite official and serious media rather than letting these entertainment reporters in. Public service isn't meant to be the subject of gossip news. That will only make our Larson Group look petty," Vivian said sternly, causing her colleagues to feel shocked and Janet to feel a sense of familiarity.

Initially, Janet intended to greet Vivian, but before she had a chance, she overheard Vivian scolding

her colleagues.

"I don't want to see this mistake repeated. Make the necessary fixes and then bring it back to me."

Vivian tossed the papers back!

Janet's mind was in a whirl.

Vivian's words and actions were eerily similar to those of Charis!

Janet took two steps back instinctively, a chill running down her spine. For a moment, she even thought that it was Charis speaking. ³

Memories of the past flooded Janet's mind; memories of Charis' kind facade hiding a wicked heart.

"You don't look so good," Brandon said as he approached Janet.

He placed a hand on her shoulder and asked, "What's going on?"

Janet stared blankly ahead. In a gentle voice, Brandon inquired, "You texted me earlier saying that you'd be coming here. Is everything okay?"

Snapping out of her reverie, Janet shook her head and forced a smile. "I'm here to deliver a suit to Sean. You said that you were in a meeting and

wouldn't have time to pick me up." 1

Janet averted her gaze from Vivian. She was convincing herself that she was just daydreaming. Charis had passed away long ago and it was probably just a coincidence that she ran into a girl with similar mannerisms.

"Where is Sean?" Janet's expression returned to normal and she realized that Sean was nowhere to be found.

Turning his head, Brandon replied, "He's coming. He must be busy sorting through documents after the meeting."

As if on cue, Sean's voice called out from a short distance away, "Mrs. Larson, what brings you here at this time?" Sean approached with a smile on his face.

"I came to bring you this suit for tonight's banquet. I figured I'd drop by and give it to you so you can try it on first," Janet said with a gentle smile, handing the suit to Sean and adding a reminder, "Please don't be late!"

Sean's eyes widened in excitement. He placed the folder under his armpit and took the suit with

enthusiasm. "I was a bit worried about what to wear. Mrs. Larson, you're a lifesaver. This suit is perfect."

Just as Janet was about to say something, she heard a cough. With a sour expression, Brandon wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her close, "Sean, don't speak nonsense."

"Mr. Larson, I'll be going now," Sean said with a sycophantic smile, helpless against Brandon's jealousy.

Despite the initial hiccup, Sean's good mood remained as steady as a rock. He headed into the bathroom to try it on.

Janet whispered to Brandon, "I designed Sean and Estella's outfits to match, like two peas in a pod. If Sean wears it, they'll look like a match made in heaven."

Brandon brushed off Janet's words, but when Sean emerged, he couldn't help but do a double-take.

"Sean, you look absolutely dashing in that suit!" Janet gushed, her eyes practically popping out of her head.

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Sean was no stranger to formal attire, but in this particular outfit, he seemed to have undergone a complete transformation. He cut a debonair figure, exuding maturity and grace, catching the eye of everyone nearby.

"Sean looks like a million bucks in that suit!"

"I never would have pegged Sean as such a sophisticated gentleman." Several female coworkers tittered behind their hands.

This was the first time Sean had garnered so much attention, and he couldn't help feeling a little self-conscious.

"You're such a scatterbrain. Don't you know how to tie a tie?" Janet chuckled, trying to straighten out Sean's tie out of her habits as a designer.

Brandon pulled Janet back. "Allow me."

Feeling slightly awkward, Brandon approached Sean and helped him fix his tie.