

## Chapter 958 Visiting Lydia

"You can leave now. Don't talk nonsense here."  
The conversation between the three employees was cut short by a curt voice.

They immediately recognized Janet's voice and scrambled to greet her with a bow.

Janet walked forward, stopping right in front of them. "If you want to complain, feel free to do so at somewhere no one can hear you. You didn't even bother to lower your voice. Have you not considered the possibility that Lydia might hear you?"

The door to the ward was still open. Chances were Lydia heard every word loud and clear.

None of the employees had realized it until that moment. One of the three spoke up, looking contrite. "Forgive us, Mrs. Larson. Our behavior was unacceptable. We let our emotions get the better of us and spoke without thought. Should we go in and apologize?"

"It's fine. Just go back. I'll go in and talk to her."

Janet had a feeling that things would only get worse if these people went back in. Lydia wouldn't show them mercy.

Visibly relieved, the three thanked Janet and hurriedly left.

Outside the door, Janet took a moment to compose herself. She tried her best to wear a friendly smile as she walked inside the ward.

All her mental preparation seemed to have been in vain. She was still seized with shock the moment she saw Lydia.

The woman looked much more haggard than Janet remembered from yesterday. Her messy hair was sticking to her scalp, and her face was red and swollen, with telltale streaks of tears drying on her cheeks. She must have cried her eyes out.

Even in this state, Lydia didn't forget to hold her daughter in her arms to feed her. The baby kept crying though.

Noticing another person's presence, Lydia turned her head and glared at her visitor. The ferocity in her gaze turned to hesitation when she saw who it was. Lydia said nothing, the vicious words that had

been ready to pierce the next person lodging heavily in her throat.

"May I come in?" Janet stood by the door, her feet barely inside the ward. Her eyes took in the mess. She didn't know where to stand.

Lydia offered no response. She lowered her head, pouring her attention on trying to soothe the crying baby in her arms. Janet took her silence as acquiescence and walked further in, placing the fruit basket on the table. She looked around next for a vase to hold the bouquet but her eyes found several pieces of broken porcelain littering the floor.

"Do you need me to clean up?" Janet stood in the middle of the disarray, at a loss for what to do next.

The baby's crying had not ceased for a moment. Embarrassment started to creep into Janet, and she decided to break the ice herself. "I'm just here to see you and your baby. You didn't look well yesterday in the Larson Group. Luckily the doctors came in time, and I'm glad to see that you and the baby and both safe and sound."

With these words, Janet was subtly reminding

Lydia of the help from the Larson Group. She was hoping that it would change Lydia's opinion of them. They were far from the cruel people the media presented them to be.

"As you said, my daughter and I are both fine. I already thanked you for letting me stay inside the Larson Group's building yesterday." Even as Lydia was devoid of any expression, she could feel Janet's respect from her words and demeanor.

But the thought of her husband's death brought anger rising to the surface once again. Her voice turned cold as she asked, "There's something I want to know. Last night, a worker from my husband's factory came to see me. He told me that your husband is the cause of my husband's death. The police just killed Jethro from an unconfirmed accusation. Is this true?"

Janet had thought she was prepared to answer all Lydia's questions, but she still found herself stunned.

Was it because the outside world was too prejudiced against Brandon, or was it from the influence of public opinion? What led Lydia to misconstrue Brandon this much?

"Brandon didn't need to go through such danger."  
Janet kept her voice soft but there was no hint of  
falseness on her face. She was being sincere. "The  
truth is... it was Jethro himself—"

"Shut up!" Lydia's scream cut in angrily before  
Janet could finish. She covered her ears and  
screamed, "I won't listen to you slander and  
condemn my husband here!" 6