

Chapter 961 Take the Baby Away

"Hello, Lydia. I'm here to help you." Vivian always had a smile on her face, to make her seem approachable.

As Lydia made no reply, Vivian walked right in. She held Lydia's hand kindly, saying, "As long as you make everything clear for Brandon at the press conference, I can triple your compensation."

Lydia felt sick for no reason. Maybe Vivian's pungent perfume had caught in her throat.

She covered her nose and asked, "Are you from the Larson Group?"

But since Janet had only just been there, Lydia had a hunch this woman wasn't from the Larson Group.

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"Not really. I'm a philanthropist, I try to reach out and help the people in our society who are most in need of it. As for why I want this clarified for the Larson Group, it was them who established the charity I work for." Vivian thought she was making a reasonable explanation. She carried on laying out the offer, "If you don't like it here, I can arrange for you and your baby to live abroad, far away from any harassment, where your baby can grow up carefree."

Lydia refused mercilessly. "I don't speak any foreign languages, and I don't want to live abroad at all. Besides, I'm more than capable of working to support myself and my daughter. There's no need to worry about me."

Vivian's mouth turned up in a half smile, but her heart was filled with scorn.

"Lydia, I don't think I'm wrong in saying you were a housewife when you were with Jethro, right? You don't know how to do anything else apart from house chores. How can you support yourself and a baby?" Vivian stripped away Lydia's lie.

She was nothing like Lydia. She could not understand Lydia's pain at all.

Lydia trembled with anger. This woman hadn't come to help her after all.

She looked so arrogant with her delicate makeup, stinking of perfume. Had she come here deliberately to make fun of her?

Lydia looked away and saw herself in the mirror. She looked withered and fat. Her heart ached at the sight of herself.

Lydia held back her tears. She had only just realized how kind Janet was to her.

When Janet visited, she almost didn't wear any makeup, and she was really nice. She considered every word she said to Lydia, making sure she didn't offend her at all in any way.

Could Brandon really be such a bad guy if he had a wife like this?

Lydia hesitated. Maybe Janet had spoken the truth. Maybe Brandon had nothing to do with Jethro's death.

"Leave now. I need to rest. I don't want to talk about it," Lydia said, enunciating every word clearly. Then she lay down with the baby in her arms and closed her eyes.

"If it's about the money, I can pay more. Everything is negotiable. Name your price." Vivian didn't have time to deal with Lydia.

Before she came here, she had been told that the only reason Lydia didn't agree with the Larson Group was that they hadn't agreed on a price. Vivian believed as soon as she could offer enough to satisfy Lydia, the matter would be resolved.

"Why do you keep talking about money?! I told you to go. Didn't you hear me?" Lydia was so angry she picked the cup up from the table and threw it at Vivian.

As soon as the cup landed on the ground and shattered, it scared the baby, who began to wail.

"Hey! No need to be so ungrateful. I came here to help you out of kindness!" Vivian dodged quickly and the cup missed her.

She got angry and said, with disdain, "Don't you know about the terrible things your husband did? He blackmailed others and almost killed someone. Death's too good for him! Not only do I not blame you for his actions, but I also want to give you enough money to start a new life. Even if you

don't appreciate my generous offer, how could you just shout at me like crazy?"

"Fuck off!" Lydia was even more furious. She grabbed the bedside lamp, hurling it at Vivian.

Vivian screamed and made for the door.

With a face like thunder, she looked at the guards, who had been waiting patiently outside the door and, in a quiet voice, said, "Go in and take that woman's baby." 5

With that Vivian left. As she walked down the corridor, she heard a scream from the ward behind her, and smiled from her head to her feet with her success. 1

Right outside the hospital, Janet didn't go right back to work. She couldn't just keep ignoring Brandon's calls. That was no solution. He would still question her when she got home that night.

She decided to call Brandon back, to figure out if he was mad at her.

"Hey, honey, what's up?" Janet asked cautiously.

Brandon was tired. He hadn't slept since the night before, but he immediately sensed something was

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+90 Points at most

wrong with Janet when he heard her voice.
"Nothing serious. But what about you, why do you
sound unhappy?"

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