

Chapter 1009 Foresight

Ameer didn't dare do anything that might provoke Janet again. He was only putting on an act to please Janet, but he hadn't expected her to be so fierce. She didn't even bat an eye when she saw him hit Kathie.

"I apologize, Mrs. Larson. You must have been frightened just now. That bitch, Kathie, is just so loathsome. I wouldn't have said those awful words if she bewitched me. I'm sorry for showing you such a disgraceful sight."

Janet merely smiled. She said nothing and immediately averted her gaze to look around the venue.

Not willing to miss this opportunity, Ameer proceeded to fawn over her. "By the way, Mrs. Larson, how did you come to know about my company? Has Mr. Larson been talking about it a lot?"

But Janet was quick to dash his hopes. "My husband doesn't talk about work stuff with me."

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But Janet was quick to dash his hopes. "My husband doesn't talk about work stuff with me."

Ameer forced a smile. "I heard that you're more focused on designing now that you've gained some renown of your own. Others said that you barely ask about the business affairs of the Larson family or the White family. It seems that they are right."

His attempt at a conversation was obvious. Janet nodded coldly at him. "You're a talkative one, aren't you, Mr. Ortiz?"

Ameer found himself trembling under her sharp gaze. He lowered his head and made a half-hearted excuse to leave. He was so frazzled that he didn't even see the waiter approaching behind

him, carrying a tray of drinks.

The two men had nearly bumped into each other, and the wine glasses shook dangerously on the tray.

"Are you blind?" Ameer snapped, glaring at the waiter. Some of the red wine had spilled onto his suit. He turned and stomped away in anger.

No sooner had he left than Sean arrived. He looked Janet up and down and heaved a sigh of relief only after seeing that she was fine.

"I'm sorry for being late, Mrs. Larson. I came over as soon as I saw that old rascal hanging around you. Did he do anything to you?" Sean was very familiar with the bosses of the enterprises that had, or were trying to build a business relationship with the Larson Group. Among them, Ameer Ortiz was notorious for being a greedy man who liked chasing skirts and harassing young women.

"It's quite all right. He scampered away once he learned of my identity." Janet gave Sean a gentle smile. "Thank you for the information you prepared for me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to deal with that situation."

"Of course, Mrs. Larson. You asked for the file, and I simply complied." Sean looked embarrassed by her gratitude. "It's a good thing that you had the foresight to ask the list of Larson Group's business partners beforehand."

Janet chuckled dryly. "I was just worried that I would make a fool of myself at this party if I ran into those people. It makes it easier to socialize with them if I just know more about them. Brandon was right. He and I are a couple, and the things one of us does will impact the other. I should pay better attention to my actions from now on."

Before coming here, Janet had specifically asked Sean for a list of people whom she should take particular note of, especially those who were connected to the Larson Group. She had taken the time to browse through the document and eventually obtained a good impression of several directors who were considerably older than her and Brandon. And so, when Ameer popped up in front of her, she instantly knew who he was.

It just so happened that Kathie had actually hooked up with the man. Ameer was known to be ruthless when he had to, and given his massive

ego, he naturally hated being a stepping stone to someone else's ambitions.

"I daresay, Mrs. Larson, if it weren't for your insight and meticulousness, you might indeed suffer tonight." In Sean's opinion, Janet had grown so much from the woman she used to be. ⁵


"Oh, stop praising me. The credit is all yours. But didn't you tell Estella that you were coming to me? She seems to be looking for you." Estella was not far away from them. Janet couldn't help but smile as she watched her scour the crowd.

As if feeling her gaze, Estella turned and met Janet's eyes. She waved at them, her grin widening. "Sean, come and take some photos with me."

"Go on, hurry," Janet nudged Sean. "Don't keep her waiting."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Larson. I've been tasked to protect you. It's the main reason why I'm at this party in the first place. I should draw a line between work and private matters." Sean's tone was serious as he added, "I'll explain this to Estella. I'm sure she would understand."

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 +90 Points at most

Janet stopped him right away. After a moment's consideration, she let out a helpless sigh. "Don't do that."