

Chapter 1025 The Dashcam

As soon as Sean left the 10th floor, Vivian rushed to the bathroom, her face contorting with panic.

Within seconds of Vivian's entry, her complexion had taken on a deathly pallor. She stared at herself in the mirror, in a tizzy, and forced herself to calm down.

She had heard the conversation between Sean and the technical staff loud and clear and was shocked that they had managed to repair the damaged dashcam so quickly.

Thinking back to the events of two nights ago, fear crept up her spine.

She had hired someone to tamper with Sean's convertible, hoping to take advantage of the fact that Janet would also be at the party and Brandon would be occupied with a long meeting. She had thought that even if Brandon found out something had happened to Janet, he wouldn't be able to save her right away.

She thought she had all the odds in her favor. But

as it turned out, something still went wrong. Vivian had no idea how Janet had ended up on Wildepond Road, a route with few cars and a flat terrain that had made the rescue mission easier.

In an effort to protect Janet, Brandon allegedly left the meeting with his business partners and stockholders that evening.

Now, although Janet was safe, Brandon was seriously injured and in the hospital. The Larson Group would surely investigate the matter thoroughly. If the video of the dashcam was restored...

Vivian's mind raced with worry. In the end, she couldn't take it anymore and called the person she had hired.

If it weren't for the critical situation, Vivian wouldn't have taken the risk and made the call.

Vivian hired a gambler, whose name was Roger Wilde, to do the deed that night.

When it came to shady and harmful things, Roger was a master of his art. When he answered the phone, he too was panicking. "Why are you calling me now?" he asked.

"The dashcam has been repaired by the people of the Larson Group. If I don't call you, you won't know how you'll meet your demise," Vivian said through gritted teeth. "I need to ask you something. Did the camera catch you at the time?"

Roger chuckled, "So what if it did? I was wearing a mask and a hat, my face was covered. Even if they see me in the camera, so what? I don't think they can recognize me even if I stand right in front of them now."

Vivian was beyond frustrated. "Do you think you've just offended some regular Joes? This time, both Brandon and the White family are involved. They're looking into it together. Even if your face wasn't caught by the camera, they still have ways of tracking you down."

But Roger was unafraid. "The situation is dire. It looks like you'll have to give me more money. Otherwise, don't blame me for spilling the beans when they catch me!"

"If you keep talking to me like that, I won't protect you," Vivian warned. She realized that telling Roger everything was only digging her own grave.

"Whatever. Everyone in Barnes knows the Larson Group. If I go down, you're coming with me," Roger threatened. Obviously, Roger was more ferocious than Vivian.

Vivian took a deep breath and asked coldly, "How much do you want?"

"Five hundred thousand dollars," Roger demanded exorbitantly. 1

"Fine," Vivian said through gritted teeth.


She knew that no matter how much money she paid, it wouldn't stop Roger from eventually telling the truth. The only way to keep a secret was to take it to the grave. She would have to go see Roger in person.

Vivian gritted her teeth. "I'll give you the cash in person, and then you can flee. There's an unfinished building in the suburbs. I'll text you the address. Meet me there."

Roger didn't suspect a thing. "Miss Cooper, you're so thoughtful. I'll see you and the money at five o'clock."

At the same moment, Sean was on his way to the technical department. He opened the door, walked


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in, and was surprised that someone had beaten him there.

"Mrs. Larson, who told you to come here?"



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