Chapter 1043 To Avoid Suspicion

When Janet walked to the restroom, she saw nobody was there. She breathed a sigh of relief and called Sean.

At the moment, Sean was carrying a pile of thick folders to be gone through by the executives for the year-end review. Without Brandon around, he was swamped with work in the Larson Group. Trying his best to look at the front through the gap in between the folders, he said, "Excuse me! Coming through!"
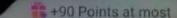
As soon as he moved the documents to his office, his phone rang.

"Mrs. Larson, what can I do for you?" Sean asked in surprise. It was strange for Janet to call him during work hours.

"Vivian is at W Marks now," she replied, rubbing her temples. "She is even pretending like she doesn't know that Brandon is in hospital."

Sean understood the situation at once upon

hearing what she said. "Vivian isn't a simple character, but I didn't expect that she would come to you so soon. Just ignore her, Mrs. Larson."

"Don't worry. I have refused to cooperate with her and recommended that project to another colleague."

Deep inside, she pondered if Vivian was going to look for another chance since things didn't turn out the way she wanted.

"Cooperation? Is it the welfare house uniform project that Charis was previously in charge of? It has been suspended for quite some time now." Sean stroked his chin. The expression on his face changed slightly.

Vivian was such a crafty lady. If Brandon were to ask about it, she could keep herself out of trouble by saying that it was for the implementation of the project. What a perfect scheme!

After a moment's silence, Sean said, "I'll ask Mr. Larson about this. Mrs. Larson, please don't take any action for the time being."

"No," Janet refused immediately. She called him because she didn't want to disturb Brandon in the hospital. "Brandon is still recuperating. It's better

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not to tell him about it. I rang you up just to tell you that Vivian has started her move. I don't want your original plan to be spoiled just because of this."

Janet knew that Brandon and Sean had a plan in their mind. She had overheard their conversation at that time. Though she wasn't sure what exactly they were going to do, she still decided to lend a hand.

Sean was stunned for a moment. "Mrs. Larson, what do you want me to do?"

After thinking for a while, Janet said in a low voice, "Sean, you don't have to tell me Brandon's whole plan. I just want to know what I should do so that Vivian doesn't suspect me."

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In the meeting room, Tasha had explained to Vivian the different types of school uniforms for children. Rather than making any choices out of them, Vivian was unhappy instead.

"Whatever you said earlier was too complicated. We don't need anything like that. Just pick a few simple designs first."

Vivian's mind was elsewhere. She kept thinking about how to get the information from Janet that

she didn't listen to Tasha's explanation at all.

"Miss Cooper, I have explained it to you two times just now."

Noticing that Vivian was inattentive to her, Tasha felt that Vivian probably didn't want her to be the one designing the uniform after all.

Pursing her lips, Tasha pulled out a chair and sat down. "You still hope that Janet is the one who handles this project, right?"

Vivian's eyes lit up. She was surprised that Tasha was sharp-witted. Without saying anything, she waited for Tasha to continue speaking.

"This project is under the Larson Group, and you're one of its employees. It's pretty understandable that you want your boss' wife to be the designer," Tasha said bluntly. "Well, if you want to use this chance to curry favor with Janet, I don't mind helping you with that."

Not noticing that Vivian's face was gradually stiffening, she continued, "I'm about to give birth soon, and I'll be taking maternity leave in about two weeks. I won't be able to complete this project alone before that. You should have let me know your thoughts earlier. We are all out here to

make a living anyway. I'm actually willing to do my best to help you."

Clenching her fists, Vivian choke back her anger. She couldn't help but be furious when she saw Tasha's sympathetic stare on her.