

## Chapter 1074 An Abandoned Pawn

Vivian's heart trembled violently. She was so flustered that she couldn't speak properly. "You haven't got the remaining shares of the Turner family, have you? As long as you save me this time, I'll get it for you!"

"Well, you are no longer useful. Just give in and wait for Brandon to come and get you," Jeremy sneered.

With that, he hung up the call before Vivian could say anything else.

When Vivian heard the hurried footsteps from the staircase, she stamped her feet in anxiety. Danger was drawing close!

Left with no choice, she continued to call Jeremy while running through the large parking lot.

"Damn it!"

Jeremy's number was no longer available. Driven by extreme anger, Vivian wanted to throw her

phone away. But she managed to regain her composure and looked for her car in a hurry.

When she was about to get to her car, her legs came to a sudden stop. Someone was standing beside her vehicle.

Stunned, Vivian called, "Janet?"

The moment Janet glanced back, she seemed surprised upon seeing Vivian. "Vivian, why are you here?" She put on a bright smile.

Checking the time on her watch, Janet asked, "Shouldn't you be assisting Brandon with the press conference at this time?"

Trying to calm herself down, Vivian forced out a smile. "I'm not feeling well, so I requested to have the day off and get some rest at home."

Vivian was desperate to get inside the car. However, Janet was leaning against the driver's door with her arms crossed over her chest.

"Mrs. Larson, what's the matter? If there is anything, we can talk about it tomorrow. I'm feeling pretty terrible and I need to go to the hospital now."

Vivian wrapped her hands around her stomach

and pretended to be in pain.

Vivian didn't think that it was a big deal for Janet to be showing up here—her husband owned this company after all.

"The Larson Group has its own infirmary. Since you are so uncomfortable, why not I take you upstairs to have a check-up first?" Janet attempted to hold Vivian's arm.

With a cold face, Vivian retreated two steps behind and dodged her touch. "I don't want to bother you, Mrs. Larson. I can go to the hospital myself."

She was about to open the car door, but Janet stopped her.

"What the hell do you want?" Vivian asked.

She didn't know that Janet knew everything, nor did she know that Janet deliberately waited for her in the parking lot today.

Staring at the other woman expressionlessly for a few seconds, Janet suddenly curled her lips into a mysterious smile. "I just want to remind you that it's too late to run away now."

Hearing that, Vivian was stunned.

"The whole parking lot is cordoned off." Looking at

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Vivian, Janet articulated her words clearly. "Only with my permission can cars get in and out. You can't escape."

"Janet! So you knew!" The color drained from Vivian's face at that instant. She stared at Janet, who was petite and had gentle eyes, with disbelief. It turned out that Janet was aware of everything.

"I may not be that smart in your eyes," she said unhurriedly. "Vivian, you and Charis both have a common problem. You always look down upon others. Brandon and I have been waiting for this day. We've planned it for so long!"

Her loud voice echoed in the parking lot.

Vivian tried hard to flash a bitter smile. "The waitress I saw in the hotel the other day was also arranged by you?"

"Indeed, I wanted to test you at that time." Since it had come to this point, Janet didn't mind telling her about it. "In truth, I haven't trusted you since you came to the studio to see me."

"Really?" Vivian burst out laughing all of a sudden. With a ferocious look on her face, she mocked, "But there is no one else here except you and me."

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What can you do?"

As soon as she finished speaking, she took a dagger out of her bag and flung it at Janet. However, before the blade could land on Janet, Vivian's scream drifted across the parking lot.

The taser in Janet's hand buzzed and electrocuted Vivian's waist.

Face contorted with pain, Vivian broke out in a sweat and trembled as she fell to the ground. 6