

Chapter 1942 A Bug

Thirty minutes after the bodyguard left, Julian, who had been quiet, finally spoke up. "Isn't it done yet?"

Before Janet could fabricate an excuse, the bodyguard rushed back. He apologized and returned the card to Julian. "The studio's card machine just malfunctioned. We're currently getting a new one."

Despite being the boss, Janet felt embarrassed by this flimsy excuse.

Pinching the bridge of her nose, Janet discreetly winked at the bodyguard. "Did you find something suspicious? If not, we'll have to let him go," she mouthed.

As predicted, Julian pocketed his card and stood. "Well, this is inconvenient. I can come back later."

The moment he rose, the previously friendly bodyguard's demeanor turned icy. "Mr. Carpenter, leaving now? Don't you think forgetting your belongings in the studio reflects poorly on us? It might suggest we have dishonest staff who steal from clients."

Janet breathed a relieved sigh now that the bodyguard had noticed something amiss.

She retreated behind two bodyguards with Lexi, her gaze turning cold towards Julian.

Despite maintaining a smile, Julian's anxiety was clear to see. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

The bodyguard scoffed. With a signal, another guard quickly restrained Julian, pinning him to the floor.

"Mr. Carpenter," the guard holding him down said coldly, pointing in the direction of the art wall. "Perhaps you'd like to take another look at the artwork you 'admired' for an entire hour."

The other guard strolled over to the art wall and examined several photos. He then removed a hidden device from behind a picture and tossed it to Julian. "Care to explain this?"

Julian's face paled. "I...I don't know what it is. I was tricked. Last night, someone approached me and offered me a large sum of money to plant something in Mrs. Larson's studio. I'm unemployed and desperate. The money blinded me, and I made a terrible decision. Mrs. Larson, I truly apologize. I was wrong, and I promise it won't happen again."

Janet furrowed her brow, locking eyes with him for several seconds. "Who told you to do this? Can you describe them?"

Julian's frown deepened, and his body trembled with fear. He strained to recall details, then shook his head in defeat. "We met at a bar. It was dark, and I couldn't see his face clearly. I don't remember anything else."

"Nothing?" Janet's gaze sharpened with suspicion, taking in his nervous demeanor. "Did he give you any instructions besides planting the device?"

Julian continued shaking his head. "No, nothing else. Mrs. Larson, I swear I don't know anything more!"

Janet scoffed. "Swearing is meaningless. Don't resort to childish tactics, Mr. Carpenter. Surely you understand the legal implications of your actions?"