

Chapter 2032 You Are In For Trouble

She was exposed!

Janet's heart raced, and a wave of nervousness washed over her.

Yet she knew hiding was not a solution.

With that thought, Janet composed herself and walked out of the restroom with poise. She washed her hands and, without a glance at the woman, prepared to leave as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Stop!" the woman commanded harshly.

She had recognized Janet as the woman from the stage—the one who had empowered Mrs. Lawrence to dismiss Mr. Lawrence, making her lose everything.

Janet froze for a moment, stunned.

The woman approached slowly, sizing Janet up before asking sharply, "Are you the one who designed Mrs. Lawrence's dress?"

Janet didn't want to engage and kept walking.

Yet the woman persisted, blocking her path and shouting, "Why the act? Without your encouragement, Mr. Lawrence wouldn't have been ousted today!"

Janet offered a cold glance and a dismissive smirk, choosing silence over engagement.

This only fueled the woman's anger. She glared with intensified hostility and grabbed Janet's shoulder.

"It's all your fault, you vile woman! This was none of your business, yet you had to interfere. I was meant to be the president's wife! My child was supposed to inherit Lawrence Group. Now, we have nothing!"

Janet shook off her hand. Despite the woman's polished appearance, her bitterness was glaring.

For a moment, Janet was perplexed. They were both women, yet Mrs. Lawrence had suffered in silence for years. With a single act of defiance, she had finally sought to reclaim what was rightfully hers.

Yet, this woman before her, clearly the third party, carried herself with an arrogance as if her claims were justified.

How shameless!

With this thought, Janet couldn't help but sneer.

"What are you laughing at?" the woman demanded furiously.

Janet sighed, a hint of pity in her tone. "You can't blame me. I merely designed a dress. It seems you've misunderstood something."

She turned to face the woman squarely, her gaze steady. "It appears you're the third party, aren't you? Everything belonged to Mrs. Lawrence initially. What right do you have to claim it? If your schemes have failed, blame Mr. Lawrence. Surely, it's not because I thwarted your chance to become the president's wife, is it?"

"How dare you!" The woman was seething. "You're a mere tailor, yet you dare to be so arrogant. Believe me, with just

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a call, I can have my bodyguard here. Since you've ruined
my future, I won't let you off easily."

Wanting no further part in this drama, Janet seized the
moment the woman reached for her phone to make her
escape.

The woman acted swiftly, grabbing Janet.

"Let me go!" Janet protested, struggling to free herself.
The possibility of the encounter escalating to violence,
risking harm to either herself or the woman's child, flashed
through her mind. It simply wasn't worth it.

Suddenly, hands rested on Janet's shoulders.

She turned, her heart racing, and saw Sonia standing there,
her expression unreadable.

The woman sneered triumphantly, "My bodyguard is here.
Now you're really in trouble!"



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