

Chapter 972 Lydia Left

Once Vivian's video clarifying the issue was posted online, the public opinion on the Larson Group became less and less negative. There were still a few bad comments on the Internet but nothing that could damage their reputation again.

Janet's meeting with a client of the W Marks Studio just ended that day.

She was just walking out of the meeting room when her phone started ringing.

The second Janet saw the caller ID, she answered the phone excitedly, "Lydia, have you been discharged? How are you and your daughter?"

The last time Janet saw Lydia was that day she attempted to jump off the building. Since then, Janet had not seen Lydia and her baby.

"My daughter and I are safe now. We have been discharged from the hospital. Mr. Larson has sent a car that will take us out of Barnes. I called to thank you for what you did that day. Without you, my life would have ended on the rooftop." Lydia's

voice faltered and a series of sniffs filled the line.

"You don't have to call just to say thank me, Lydia," Janet said, her tone gentle as usual.

She didn't ask more. Judging from Lydia's attitude, she knew the woman was in a much better place.

Lydia inhaled deeply before continuing. "This time, my baby and I will leave Barnes for good. I wanted to meet you before leaving but everything was happening so fast. And I know you still have work to do. So, I thought it was better not to disturb you. I've always considered the Larson Group as my enemy. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry."

Lydia apologized again and again on the phone. She didn't know what else to say but she let her sincerity be heard in the words.

Janet was moved, "You can call me whenever you have time. It's easy to travel to places now. Even if you go abroad, I'm sure we will have a chance to see each other again. Lydia, I wish you a safe and smooth journey."

Perhaps it was time to board the plane because Lydia suddenly said goodbye to Janet and hung up the phone.

Up in the sky, a plane flew over and disappeared into the clouds.

Janet stood by the window, seemingly in a trance. Then a noise from behind brought her back to reality. She looked back and found Tasha struggling to pick up documents on the ground.

"Let me help you." Janet squatted down and reached for the documents. Once she was done, she handed them to Tasha. "Your belly has grown a lot bigger recently." 1

Tasha put a hand on her back before taking the documents from Janet using the other. She said with worry, "Thank you. I'm getting heavier too. I can't even pick up the papers on the ground."

Janet was also worried about her. "If it's really getting hard for you to move about, why don't you ask Mr. Wesley to let you work from home?"

Tasha smiled, relaxing now. "Don't worry. I can still do my work here. I'm planning on working overtime to finish all the projects that can be accomplished during this period. Then I will stay home until I finally give birth."

Janet knew Tasha wasn't only a capable but a

determined woman too.

She may still be an assistant, but Tasha could easily and perfectly complete all the projects a real designer could.

Recalling what was on the papers she had just picked up, Janet asked in confusion, "Did we get any design projects for children lately?"

Tasha didn't answer.

Janet looked up and noticed Tasha's strange expression. She immediately apologized. "I'm sorry. I saw it when I picked it up. It's very cute."

Embarrassed, Tasha held the documents tightly in her hands and said, "I drew these by myself. I designed them for my baby."

"You should submit it to the competition. Then, all the children worldwide can wear the lovely clothes you designed. Maybe you can profit from it too!" Janet encouraged Tasha to participate in the children's clothing design competition. It had recently started accepting entries.

"No, it's been years since I participated in any competition," Tasha said with obvious hesitation.

Just then, Janet saw Elizabeth walking towards

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+90 Points at most

them, a cup of coffee in hand. Janet pulled her over. "Elizabeth, look at this design Tasha drafted. I think she should join the children's clothing design competition. I'm sure she'll get good results. What do you think?"