

Chapter 959 She Was Willing To Help

The more irritated Lydia got, the calmer Janet became. "Okay, I won't say anything more about it," Janet said in a soft voice. "Can you tell me first who told you about your husband's death?"

A worker who suddenly appeared and told Lydia the twisted version of Jethro's death was clearly intended to sow discord between them.

"You want me to tell you who he is? So, you and Brandon can kill another good man?" Lydia sneered. "Well, I won't tell you, Janet. My husband is dead. I won't let another innocent person die in vain." 1

Janet shook her head and sighed. She knew Lydia could be really stubborn when it came to her husband. "Look, there's no use of me explaining things to you since you don't want to listen. But I'm curious that you can still trust Jethro after what he did to you. He was lucky to be married to you because he didn't deserve a woman like you."

Lydia closed her eyes, tears streaming down her face. Her mood seemed to waver because of what Janet had just said. Her eyes were still filled with resentment when she opened them again, "My husband was not all that bad. He was actually good to me at home. He did what he did because he knew you wouldn't hurt me since I am pregnant. Because of my condition, he wouldn't be able to take me far away. I might die if he took me with him. So I can totally understand him."

Janet was speechless. Jethro obviously mistreated Lydia, but she still spoke for him. Janet hadn't expected Lydia to be so stupid.

If Jethro were still alive, Janet would like him to hear this sentimental speech about him.

"As long as you believe in that. I am also the wife of a man, so I understand that you may implicitly believe that Jethro would not have escaped from prison, but even if you were his wife, you cannot lose your own judgment. And now you are a mother. You have to think of your baby. Jethro is dead and even your survival will be a problem after leaving the hospital. You may be okay live on the streets and starve, but don't let your baby suffer with you."

Janet couldn't help but feel softhearted as she gazed at the baby girl in Lydia's arms. Babies had a way of making people forget about their problems.

Lydia fell silent after hearing what Janet said. In the quiet room, only the cries of the baby could be heard.

Janet touched the girl's soft cheek. Putting her hand in her mouth, the baby stopped crying and started babbling, curiously looking at the flowers in Janet's hands.

"Now, look at that! She likes me," Janet said, seemingly pleased with the baby. The look in Janet's eyes was soft.

As soon as the baby stopped crying, Lydia started to relax. "I won't accept the sympathy of the Larson Group, and I won't attend the press conference to clarify it. You have seen me and my daughter. Can you leave here now?" she said, holding the baby firmly and turning her back to Janet.

Since Lydia had asked Janet to leave, it wasn't appropriate for Janet to stay long.

Before leaving, she asked, "Can I have your phone

number? I really like this baby. When you get out of the hospital, I'll send her some baby stuff."

Lydia frowned and gave Janet a confused look.

Janet shrugged and said, "It's for the baby, not for you. And it's not sympathy, not even flattery. Don't think much of it. I simply like the baby."

Lydia looked at her daughter and spoke quietly to Janet, giving her phone number.

"I'll call you. You can save my number." Janet put the flowers on the table and said, "Even if you don't attend the press conference, I'm still willing to help you. Being a single mother won't be easy. If you need anything, please call me at any time."