

Chapter 1108 Reunion With An Old Friend

"Mrs. White wanted to know whether you would care to join them for dinner tonight." The driver looked at Janet in the rearview mirror.

Sitting in the back seat, Janet replied, "Tell my mother I'll go and see her another day. I need to calm down first."

A message arrived from Elizabeth. Janet smiled sweetly, knowing that Brandon would get her note. She called Elizabeth.

"Why are you calling?" Elizabeth asked with a mischievous smile.

Janet could tell that Elizabeth was smiling from the tone of her voice. Janet faltered and chewed her bottom lip.

"If you don't speak, I'll hang up," Elizabeth threatened.

"Don't hang up. I want to ask about Brandon, but it isn't easy for me. How was he today?" Janet asked.

She tasted blood. Why did she feel so nervous?

She wasn't a teenager.

"He looked very sad, and I think he's lost weight. If you're worried about him, maybe it's time to go back?" Elizabeth said, grinning.

Janet couldn't understand why she cared. He had lied to her. That was why she left in the first place. But now, even though Janet had told Brandon not to look for her, she found herself worrying about him. 2

When Elizabeth told her that Brandon was sad, Janet felt sorry. She didn't want to make him sad. But she had to teach him a lesson and make him pay for lying to her, otherwise, he would do so again. She had to stick to her plan.

Janet shook her head and came to her senses.

"I can't go back yet. I must teach Brandon a lesson, or he will lie to me again and again."

"Yes, you should teach him a lesson. But why aren't you working today. Where have you been?" Elizabeth didn't expect a workaholic like Janet to request a leave of absence.

"I'm meeting an old friend who I haven't seen for a long time," Janet said mysteriously. 1

The central business district of Barnes was full of

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tall buildings and bright lights.

Elegant and melodious music escaped the classroom.

"Yes, that's it. Focus on your breathing." The teacher wore a yoga suit. Her face was ruddy, and her arms rolled the oversized ball back and forth.

Although she was sweating, she had a wide smile on her face. She wore a headset with a microphone. She was running a yoga class for rich, pregnant ladies. "If you are worried about weight gain during pregnancy, come to me after class. I have plenty of nutritious recipes. It's a common concern, and many ladies have already asked for my advice."

Leaning across a yoga ball, Laney closed her eyes and nodded.

"Mrs. Harding, wake up. You're snoring," Lola said softly.

Laney was easily exhausted. The doctor said it was a normal part of pregnancy, but Garrett's mother had signed her up for numerous prenatal courses, and her schedule was jam packed.

She was even busier now than when she was working as a bodyguard.

Laney's phone rang. She opened her eyes, wiped the saliva from the corner of her mouth, and looked around the room. "Lola, is the class over?"

The other ladies stared at her. They were silent for a moment before bursting into laughter.

The elegant and charming yoga teacher frowned. Knowing who Laney was, she treated her with cautious respect. She pursed her lips and replied with a gentle smile, "Mrs. Harding, if you want to rest, please go to the lounge. Other ladies are still having classes here. I would appreciate it if you didn't disturb them."

Like a student who had made a mistake, Laney lowered her head in shame and apologized, "I'm sorry. I'll leave."

With Lola's support, Laney waddled out of the classroom. She felt embarrassed. The teacher had a good relationship with Vera and might tell Vera what had happened. Vera could make a fuss.

Laney felt melancholy, but when she saw the caller ID, her eyes lit up.

"Lola, request leave for me. I have something I need to do tonight; I will catch up with the course another day." Laney then answered the phone with

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a big smile.

"Mrs. Harding, but you have already asked for a lot of leave." Lola was anxious. She was afraid to tell Vera. But Laney seemed determined, so Lola had to obey the instruction.

Laney strode to the window and answered the phone. "My favorite designer. I'm surprised you have time to call me. It is a weekday."

"I requested leave. Where are you? Let's have some girl time," Janet suggested.

After thinking for a moment, Laney said, "I'm in the city square. There are many coffee houses nearby. We can meet here."