Chapter 1981 I Was Brought Up By Hannah

Hannah's heart raced with panic at the sight of Janet. With a pleading glance, she urged Janet to stay silent.

Hannah's apology poured out in earnest. "Mrs. Blake, I'm terribly sorry! Please forgive me!"

"Enough!" Mrs. Walton stern voice cut through the tension. Standing between them, she fixed a stern gaze on Hannah. "With over a decade of professional servant experience, I didn't anticipate such a minor mishap from you."

Janet felt a stab of pain in her heart as she watched the scene.

Stepping forward, Janet approached Mrs. Blake with a gentle smile. "Mrs. Blake, I apologize. I'll cover the cost of your dress."

The sudden offer puzzled everyone momentarily.

Mrs. Blake was aware of Janet's identity; she wouldn't really seek compensation. But she was surprised by Janet's intervention.

"No, it's entirely my fault," Hannah interjected hastily.

Undeterred, Janet persisted, "I insist. It's my responsibility. Hannah raised me, so I should bear the consequences of her mistake."

A silent exchange passed between Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Walton.

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Everyone present knew Janet was a member of the White family. They could hardly believe she was brought up by an old servant.

Mrs. Walton broke the awkward silence. "What a small world! Why did Hannah choose to work as a servant?"

With a polite smile, Janet explained, "I hired people to take care of her. Perhaps she grew bored at home and sought employment discreetly."

With a final apology, Janet took hold of Hannah's hand and addressed the ladies. "Thank you for your understanding. If you're ever interested in my designs, please don't hesitate to reach out. Come, Hannah. Let's go. I'm sorry."

With that, she grabbed Hannah's hand and walked out.

Hannah walked with her head down, overwhelmed with guilt.

"You shouldn't have claimed to know me. It'll definitely affect your standing," Hannah murmured as they exited the villa.

Janet felt a surge of sadness at Hannah's words. She bristled. "Why would I do that? Hannah, why did you take up this job? And what happened to the money I gave you? It should have been enough to support you and your grandson."

"I needed something to occupy my time. I was bored at home," Hannah replied, avoiding Janet's gaze.

"But you enjoyed spending time with your grandson. How could you be bored at home?" Janet pressed. She could clearly sense Hannah's guilty conscience.

"I..." Hannah faltered, tears welling in her eyes.

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"Janet, please, just leave me be. I want to work."

As they walked, Hannah's pace slowed, her complexion paling. Sensing something amiss, Janet stopped her. "Has Norma approached you?"

"No, no," Hannah denied quickly.

Janet studied Hannah carefully. She was certain she had guessed correctly.

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