

Chapter 987 Unexpected

Seeing that everyone was in a heated discussion, Vivian joined them and pretended to be clueless. "Did I miss something?"

Just as one of the women was about to explain, the person beside her suddenly nudged her shoulder. "Hush! Mr. Larson is coming."

The other woman promptly shut her mouth and plopped back on her seat. Vivian turned in the direction of the door and saw Brandon and Janet walking towards them, hand in hand.

Vivian was taken aback by the sight. How could they make up so soon? And why were they back, anyway?

Everyone quieted down as the couple approached. They greeted Brandon and Janet as usual, as though nothing had happened.

Being the cold and stoic guy that he was, Brandon simply nodded and said nothing. Janet, on the other hand, chatted with the staff with much enthusiasm.

"I was dining here just now! You must have seen me, right? I was busy with work, so I didn't get the chance to come over and say hello." She glanced at the

several bottles of wine on the table and waved a waitress over. "Please get these people two more bottles of Domaine de La Romanee-Conti and put it on my tab."

The waitress was quite familiar with Janet. She and her friends had just ordered a Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, after all. "Of course, ma'am. I'll bring them over right away."

The people at the table were initially stunned by Janet's generous gift and began to refuse. "Mrs. Larson, the wine is too expensive, and we've only just met. There's no need for you to do this."

Before anyone else could speak, Brandon wrapped an arm around Janet's waist and complained in her ear. "You're so nice to this people. I don't think you've ever bought me such expensive wine before."

"Stop it," Janet whispered as she tugged on his sleeve. "Or your employees will think that I'm stingy with you."

The others were quick to put two and two together. Brandon had always been distant and unapproachable to them, but he was openly intimate with Janet. It seemed that their relationship wasn't at all affected by the incident a while ago.

"I was going to come up to you and say hello myself, Mrs. Larson. But I was afraid I might disturb you." The

woman sitting next to Vivian wasted no time pandering to Janet. "I've seen you in the Fashion Weekly. I honestly thought that most distinguished female designers were hard to please, but it looks like I was mistaken. You're so gentle and easygoing, Mrs. Larson. It truly is a breath of fresh air."

Vivian almost rolled her eyes at that. Just a few minutes ago, this same woman was backstabbing Janet among her colleagues. She had to admit, however, that Janet was a lot smarter than she initially thought. She didn't expect the woman to turn the tables so easily. Moreover, Brandon didn't even look angry in the slightest.

Vivian was not pleased, of course. Her grip tightened around her glass. Just then the man on her other side leaned over the table, accidentally knocking her hand in the process. The momentum caused her to throw the contents of her glass onto herself, staining her clothes and drawing everyone's attention.

"Vivian?" Janet said, surprised to see the other woman. "Are you here for the new employees' dinner party as well?" It appeared that Vivian had been hired in the end.

Janet had a good impression of her, so she was eager to start a conversation. "It seems that your

interview went well, huh? What's your current position in the Larson Group?"

Vivian wiped the wine off her clothes and mustered a smile. "Hello, Mrs. Larson. I wasn't expecting to see you here again. I've been—"

"Aren't you supposed to be getting your purse, honey?"

Brandon interrupted unceremoniously. "The car is waiting outside. We should hurry."

His arm slid up to Janet's shoulder. He was just about to usher her away when the waitress returned with the wine.

"Your wine is here."

After setting the bottles on the table, she turned to Janet and said, "I apologize, ma'am, but you haven't paid your bill yet. We took the liberty of adding the charges for your couple's suite as well. If you no longer need the room, you may proceed to the front desk and cancel the reservation."

Vivian's eyes widened at the waitress's words. She quickly averted her gaze and turned away.