

Chapter 1002 A Dangerous Woman

With a poker face, Brandon declared, "I knew you went to Vivian to get some information." 1

When Sean realized Brandon had grasped his meaning, he was greatly moved. Eventually, after much effort, he succeeded in getting Brandon to appreciate his efforts. 1

Just as Sean was basking in his own thoughts, Brandon suddenly spoke in a more serious tone, his eyes emanating a cold light. "But Vivian isn't someone to be trifled with, especially if she really has ties to that pharmacologist. It's extremely dangerous. If we approach Vivian without being well-prepared, it could even raise her suspicions."

After dining with Vivian the previous night, Sean had also come to this realization. He had been impulsive and failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation. "I won't be as reckless as I was last night," he vowed.

Just then, the doctor entered the room. Sean

leaned back on the sofa to cooperate with the doctor's examination.

It was only then that Sean had a chance to rest. As he calmed down, his mind became much clearer. Suddenly, the events of the previous night came back to him.

Sean's face gradually turned grim, and the doctor was at a loss as to the cause of this sudden shift. He cautiously inquired, "Are you feeling unwell or something? Tell me where it hurts."

Sean took a deep breath and his face darkened as if he had remembered something extremely unpleasant.

It wasn't because of a physical issue, but rather as the memories returned, Sean slowly remembered what had happened the previous night.

He had confessed his love to Estella and kissed her, but then fell asleep and didn't take things further. The next day, he said he needed to be responsible for her.

"Ah!!! This is so embarrassing!" Sean scratched his head and yelled. It was mortifying. He wished he could just vanish.

Startled, Brandon stood up and checked on Sean.


"Where is he injured? Why is he crying so painfully?"

The doctor was also taken aback. He took two steps back and said seriously, "As of now, I haven't found any visible injuries on him. It's possible that Sean was drugged or something, so I recommend that he go to the hospital for a full examination."

Sean curled up on the sofa and covered his red face, not wanting to confront the situation.

His heart was shattered. He had effectively killed his own love before it had a chance to blossom.

The doctor packed up his things and left. As he left the room, he reiterated, "I believe Sean is seriously hurt. It would be best for him to go to the hospital as soon as possible."


Brandon knelt down beside Sean and patted him comfortingly on the shoulder, saying in a firm tone, "Don't sweat it, Sean. I'll take you to the hospital, no questions asked." 

Sean peered out from behind half-closed eyes, looking disgruntled. "Mr. Larson, please leave me be. I'll be okay. It's just too mortifying. I can't bring myself to forgive myself."

Brandon's expression grew somber. The previous

evening, he had asked Estella to send Sean home. He had hoped to set them up on a date, but he had obviously overestimated Sean.

"Listen, now that you've come to terms with your flaw, it's time to face it head-on. Don't be wishy-washy. Be a man," Brandon said sternly, yanking Sean up by the collar.

Sean was taken aback for a moment, and then asked a question that both amused and annoyed Brandon. "How do I solve it? Do you think Estella still has feelings for me?" 

Brandon hoisted Sean to his feet and made him stand upright. He narrowed his eyes and replied, "Sean! Snap out of it! Estella was the one who offered to take you home last night. You blew your chance, buddy!"

Sean buried his face in his hands and raked his fingers through his hair, filled with remorse.

Sighing, Brandon gave Sean a swift kick from behind and exclaimed, "Cheer up!" 