

Chapter 989 Push Her Down The Stairs

With a sigh of relief, Vivian went back to the crowd, pulled out a chair and sat down. Her back was covered in sweat. She was too reckless just then, she thought to herself. She should've paid someone else to do it to avoid any risks.

Luckily, Brandon and Janet hadn't realized it was her.

"The rumors going around the company are bogus. Someone clearly doesn't like seeing Mr. and Mrs. Larson happy and made them all up." The others joined in the discussion at the table, while Vivian sipped her wine to calm herself down.

Hearing her female colleagues talking nonstop like this was really irritating her. Gossipy women were annoying. The only reason she was staying close to them was to enact her revenge plan.

"What do you think, Vivian?" One of the female colleagues turned to her. She was probably trying to make Vivian agree with them.

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"What do you think, Vivian?" One of the female colleagues turned to her. She was probably trying to make Vivian agree with them.

This made Vivian very unhappy. She stood up and said, "Excuse me, my clothes have been stained with wine. I'm going to have to leave early tonight. I need to deal with it before the stain sets in."

One of her male colleagues looked at his watch. "It's late. Let me drive you home, Vivian."

Everyone smirked. His intention was blindingly obvious.

Vivian curled her lips and looked at him for the first time tonight. He was tall, thin and average looking. He was just another forgettable guy.

Contempt flashed across Vivian's eyes. She refused his offer politely, "My driver will come and pick me up. You better stay and eat, and enjoy everyone's company."

When Vivian stood and walked away, she could hear everyone joking behind her back.

"Did you hear that? 'My driver will come and pick me up.' Stop coveting Vivian!"

"Vivian is the Turner couple's adopted daughter. You should really forget about it and keep eating."

Hearing the laughter behind her, Vivian smiled. Just as she about to reach the elevator, someone grabbed her hand.

She turned to see the waitress who handed Brandon and Janet their card key of the suite.

"I want to ask you something, miss." the waitress said, her tone polite.

Vivian shook of the waitress's hand. She frowned and said, "Get out of the way. I have something urgent I have to do. No time to waste."

And with that, she left down the stairs, not bothering to wait for the elevator.

The waitress ran after her. When she caught up to Vivian, she grabbed her wrist again. "Did you do that on purpose just then?" The politeness had left her voice. "You asked me to hand over the key card to the lady and the gentleman."

Obviously, she was referring to Janet and Derek.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Vivian said as she turned back to look at her.

Vivian thought to herself that at this point, denying it would solve most of her problems.

"Didn't you say that it was a surprise for them? But I saw just now that the gentleman who came in later and the lady you were talking about are a real couple. You used me!"

The waitress had sensed something off just then, and had assumed it was just a mistake. But then she found out that Vivian and Derek were not even friends. Besides, when she went to hand over the key card to Janet, it was obvious that Vivian was avoiding her.

Impatiently, Vivian took out her wallet from her bag, and stuffed a few bills into the waitress's hands.

"Just shut your mouth!"

The waitress wasn't stupid. She realized she had just been used as a pawn.

"No, you have to go and tell the couple. Now! You might have just cost me my job!" The waitress held Vivian's hand as she spoke.

"Are you insane? Just take the money and leave me alone!" Vivian shook of her hand aggressively. Vivian couldn't remember meeting anyone quite this stupid before.

She wanted the waitress gone. During the struggle, Vivian gave her a hard push. The waitress lost her balance and tumbled down the stairs.


Vivian looked down the stairs, fear in her eyes. The waitress was lying motionless on the ground. Blood was slowly pooling around her head.

Vivian stumbled down the stairs after her, and approached the waitress. Reaching out her trembling hand, she measured her pulse. It was very weak, but it wasn't too late to get her to a hospital.

Vivian considered her options for a moment. If the waitress woke up, Vivian would of course be blamed for pushing her down the stairs.

She would be doomed.


She couldn't save someone who could be a potential threat!

Vivian soon calmed herself down. She looked around and found there weren't any surveillance cameras nearby. No one would know it was her fault. 


She composed herself, and continued down the stairs, as if nothing had happened.

As she was leaving the restaurant, she overheard


Chapter 989 Push Her Down

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two waitresses talking nervously. They had seen that a waitress had fainted on the stairs and the ground was covered in blood...

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