

## Chapter 994 Start With Sean

After the company's dinner party, Vivian requested a day off because she had some matters to attend to at home.

The following day when she went back to work at the Larson Group, she overheard her colleagues discussing something in hushed tones.

Using the chance to get some water from the tea room, Vivian approached them and learned that they were discussing a waitress who fell off the stairs at the hotel where they had dined the other night.

"It was the same waitress who served us the wine. I heard that she is still hospitalized with severe brain damage and may have difficulty waking up." A woman with short hair seemed to have the inside scoop on the situation and was explaining it to everyone. "I heard that the hotel has generously compensated the waitress's family, but I sense that it's not as simple as an ordinary accident."

"The waitress had an accident at the hotel. It's

only natural for the hotel to be humane and offer compensation. What's so strange about it?" Vivian inquired calmly.

Other colleagues also sighed. "It's just so tragic. The waitress is so young and now she's lying in the hospital. And possibly will be unable to regain consciousness for the rest of her life! It's such a shame."

"How unfortunate!" Vivian echoed their sentiments with a look of pity on her face before leaving with her mug.

As she walked away, a cold glint shone in her eyes. If that waitress hadn't bothered her that day, she wouldn't have tripped and gotten injured. She deserved it by all standards!

Vivian thought to herself, not feeling an ounce of remorse or guilt for what she had done.

Later, as Vivian made her way to the CEO's office on the top floor to get a document signed, she ran into Sean at the door.

"Hi, Sean." Vivian greeted Sean warmly.

Sean and Brandon were like two peas in a pod, and Sean was currently the person Brandon trusted and valued the most in the company. All the staff

at the Larson Group held Sean in high regard.

"Hello, are you bringing a document for Mr. Larson to sign? Just give it to me. Mr. Larson is in a meeting at the moment." Sean noticed the document in Vivian's hand.

Vivian flashed him a gentle smile and handed over the document. "Thank you, Sean."

Sean took the document inside Brandon's office. When he got back, he found that Vivian was still hanging around the front door.

"Do you have any other business with Mr. Larson? The meeting will conclude in about thirty minutes. You're welcome to return at that time." Before leaving, Sean checked the time on his watch.

Vivian quickly caught up to him. "Actually, I'm waiting for you."

If she wanted to get close to Brandon, she could easily pawn Sean.

"Me?" As Vivian approached Sean, a cold sweat broke out on his back and he became immediately vigilant. Brandon had previously warned him to be on guard against Vivian, as he suspected that she had ulterior motives for joining the Larson Group, which he'd figure out with time.

It appeared that Vivian was going to begin with Sean now that she had taken the initiative to get close to him.

With a coy smile, Vivian invited Sean to dinner, saying, "I don't know if I have the right to, but I'd like to invite you to join me for dinner. What do you say?"

Sean was not particularly interested in dining with Vivian, as he found her too thin and unappealing. Eating with her was unquestionably less enticing than eating with Estella.

However, he saw this as an opportunity to gather some clues about Vivian's true intentions.

And so he decided to sacrifice himself for the sake of the Larson Group and Brandon. He forced a smile and nodded. "Sure, I could use a dining companion."

Since he was Brandon's assistant, Vivian assumed that Sean should be extremely cautious around her, and he would not readily be invited to dinner. Sean's quick assent surprised her.

She immediately decided Sean was not on the same level as Brandon.

They booked a reservation for dinner at the Italian

restaurant nearby. Due to the fact that nearly all of the businesses in this area's commercial district were foreign-owned, a number of international restaurants were highly popular.

Specifically, Sean ordered pasta carbonara and tomahawk steak. A salad and a bottle of red wine were all that Vivian ordered. She limited her meal intake significantly to retain her trim physique.

Sean didn't dare move his knife and fork, and his entire body became a little rigid even after the courses were served.

"Sean, don't you feel like eating? Ugh, I'm starving. I'm digging in right away!" Vivian took the fork and tasted her salad. She then sipped the wine and remarked, "You ordered two main dishes, right? You must eat them alone. In other words, I'm not going to help you!"

Sean feared there was something wrong with the food on the table, so he refrained from eating it. After seeing that Vivian was having fun, he relaxed and started a conversation.

Vivian had a way with words. They spoke throughout the meal.

During this encounter, Sean felt like he had faced

a legitimate adversary. He wiped his brow secretly and unintentionally said, "Were you familiar with Miss Turner before? I see a lot of parallels in the way the two of you communicate and act."

Vivian was caught off guard when Sean unexpectedly raised the subject. She was vigilant but cordial during the entire encounter. "I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Turner on many occasions. As well, she was involved with the nonprofit program. It shouldn't come as a surprise that I knew her." She was indeed telling the truth.

Just as Sean was getting ready to probe more, his phone rang. It came from Estella!

"I apologize, but I must take this call." Sean got to his feet.

Taking a few steps ahead, he answered the phone while facing away from Vivian. 7