

Chapter 950 Laptop Got Broken

"Miss Lopez, please don't do that," Sean said as he grabbed Estella's phone. He felt helpless by her actions. "Tell me, what do you want to eat?"

Estella immediately put her phone down. "Well, I won't give you a hard time. Let's just go to the company's canteen."

Sean just had to agree.

The Larson Group's canteen was famous in Barnes. Even if it was only a company canteen, world-renowned chefs gathered there. It had been trending on the Internet for some time now.

"Don't be nervous. I'm asking you to eat with me because you know Brandon well," Estella said when she noticed that Sean was vigilantly standing more than ten meters away from her. "I just want to gather materials to write a novel. You see, I'm a novelist."

Sean breathed a sigh of relief as he quickly followed her. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

However, I signed a confidentiality agreement. If I disclose Mr. Larson's private affairs, I will get salary deductions."

Sean's pay had been significantly reduced because he had irritated Brandon. 1

"Then why don't you resign?" Estella said, feeling sorry for him.

"I have never thought about my resignation. Mr. Larson could be harsh sometimes, but he's a good man. Let's stop talking about it anymore," Sean said, and then he told Estella to order whatever she like.

"Then I'm not going to stand on ceremony," Estella said, ordering the most expensive dishes.

Sean was being so generous that he didn't flinch at Estella's choices of food.

Looking at Sean's meal card balance, Estella said in surprise, "You have so much money. It's not worth spending everything on food."

She shifted her gaze to Sean, who was thin and tall. He didn't seem like a big eater to her.

Sean smiled mysteriously. Being Brandon's assistant had its advantages. While Brandon was cold and harsh with others, he could be kind to his

personal assistant.

When the food was served, Sean sat down with Estella.

Estella was such a foodie. She enjoyed her meal so much. Even though she hadn't finished what was on her plate, she kept her gaze fixed on the crab on the table.

Sean smiled gleefully at Estela. "We can order some more if you're still hungry. The canteen won't close until we get off work."

Sean noticed Estella could easily move her arm now. Still smiling at her, he said, "Miss Lopez, your arm seems to be alright now."

Estella smiled at him. "For food, I have to be strong, even if I'm badly injured," she equivocated.

Sean nodded. "You girls should eat more. It's really not pretty to be skinny." ①

Seeing Estella enjoying the food so much, he subconsciously worked up a good appetite and ordered an additional plate of curry potatoes.

Estella belched. She wiped her mouth and smiled mysteriously, "I guess you don't have a girlfriend."

Sean raised his face to briefly look at her, and then he continued eating. Estella saw a bitter smile on

his face.

After the meal, Estella took out her laptop to get to work. "Do you think you're very important to Brandon as his personal assistant?" she asked.

Sean's eyes lit up. Clearly, the question was to his liking. "Do you see it, too?"

Estella didn't actually see it that way. It was just a casual question.

Then Sean began to tell her more about his work. "I'm usually responsible for cleaning his villa, sorting out important documents, doing the laundry, and even cooking for Mr. Larson. Although Mr. Larson appears to be high and mighty to others, he was one person who needs care and attention. I even make a scarf for Mr. Larson every winter..."

Estella, at first, listened to him carefully, even taking notes on her laptop. As Sean went on, however, her attention started to wander out of boredom.

What Sean was telling her was that he was, in a sense, like a mother to Brandon.

Sean became anxious. Thinking that he would be in Estella's book, he wanted to see if he would be

portrayed as an important character. "Let me see your notes," he said, grinning as he turned to look at Estella's laptop screen.

Sean's eyes widened when he saw the word "maid" on the screen. It was written in big, bold fonts.

"Please, delete that immediately," he snarled at her. "You're tarnishing my image. I'm not his maid! I'm just being a caring person."

"Okay, okay," Estela acquiesced as she deleted the word. "I'll change it. How about 'mother-like'?"

Sean almost jumped up, saying, "No way! You'll make the readers think I'm a sissy."

He grabbed Estella's laptop. During the rush, Sean accidentally knocked down the orange juice on the table, splashing it onto the laptop. Within seconds, the laptop screen went black. 2

Estella quickly wiped the juice stains off the keyboard and said in a panicky voice, "Is it broken? I have very important documents on my laptop."

She tried to turn on the laptop, but it didn't respond at all.

She glared at Sean, "Why do you always cause trouble?" 1

At first, Sean thought she was just acting. She told

him that writing was her profession. So, she should know that she had to always keep backup copies of important documents. But he could see her face was livid.

Estella took the laptop and the keyboard was still dripping. "Everything's gone now... ruined!"

She scowled and then started crying.

Tears came streaming down her face as she cried harder, drawing the attention of the people in the canteen.

Sean freaked out and tried to stop her from crying. "I'll contact the Larson Group technical staff right away. They'll fix your laptop and you won't lose any data. They're very good at these things."