

Chapter 996 Weird Drunkenness

After Sean drank from his glass, he seemed much more depressed than before.

Vivian slowly chewed her food before picking up another glass and taking a sip of wine. She then looked at Sean's sad face, knowing that there was definitely something going on between him and Estella.

She still had to thank her, though. If Estella and Sean hadn't had a dispute, Vivian wouldn't have had a chance to drug Sean's drink. 5

"Your pasta is getting cold if you don't start eating now," Vivian said as she wiped her mouth with a napkin. She then flashed Sean a smile.

Now, all she needed to do was to wait for the drug to take effect. It would take a while, though. The drug could make people sluggish, much like how drunk people act.

"I'll eat," Sean replied, giving her a shy smile.

"Okay." Vivian nodded and took another sip of her wine. "Didn't you ask me about my relationship with Miss Turner? I actually met her before I went abroad."

Hearing that, Sean focused his attention on her as he asked, "It seems like you and Miss Turner got along well when she was alive."

"Not exactly. Miss Turner just came to visit us on behalf of the Larson Group's charity programs. Although when I talked to her, I did have a feeling that she was a very kind person. During the time I was abroad, I always looked forward to going back home and meeting her again. I didn't expect that the time we parted at the airport when I went abroad would be the last time we met each other," Vivian explained, her voice slowly breaking as she did so.

She then picked up the bottle and filled her and Sean's glass before she continued, "Let's not talk about this. I know Miss Turner's reputation isn't good in the Larson Group."

Although Charis had already passed away, there were still rumors in the Larson Group that she had gone crazy during her last days. Vivian would get

mad every time she heard someone badmouth Charis.

Sean didn't ask any more so his intentions in gathering such information wouldn't be exposed. Vivian kept pouring wine for Sean while they chatted. Eventually, both of them finished a bottle of wine, which caused them to be a little drunk.

Sean wasn't a heavy drinker, so he didn't notice anything unusual.

"My head hurts. I need to sleep for a while," Vivian said as she bent over the table, pretending to be drunk.

She had already investigated Sean beforehand. He had a good temper, a clean background, and was disciplined. He had only been in love a few times. His family usually attached great importance to reputation, which was most likely the reason why Brandon chose Sean as his assistant.

That was exactly why she planned to find a whore from a nightclub to sleep with Sean. If that were to happen, she could blackmail him at the right time. Eventually, Sean felt dizzy, so he stood up and paid the bill. He then looked at Vivian and said, "It's time

to go home."

He was still able to control himself now even though he was dizzy. He was the type of person who would rather avoid risks.

"Miss Turner was probably very kind to you. She's a family to us orphans," Vivian said, tears streaming down her face as she spoke.

Sean picked up a piece of tissue and handed it to her. "If Miss Turner was still alive, she wouldn't want to see you sad."

Vivian clutched the tissue in her hand for a moment before she buried her face in her arms and sobbed. She wasn't actually that emotional. She was just stalling time—anxiously waiting for the drug to affect Sean.

Before that could happen, she had to convince him to stay. She couldn't let him leave.

Sean couldn't make her stop crying. He even felt dizzier by the minute, so he supported his forehead with one hand and tried to stand up, but his legs went weak, causing him to fall back into his seat.

"Mr. Johnson, are you drunk?" Vivian asked while


Sean was in a daze. He noticed her looking up at him, but he could barely hear what she was saying. Eventually, Sean blacked out, and Vivian caught him in her arms. Once she was sure that he was unconscious, she took out her phone and texted someone.

A long-haired woman appeared in front of the restaurant not long after. She had heavy makeup and was wearing black stockings and a tight dark-red skirt. She smelled of cigarettes and alcohol, and it was overpowering as she quickly walked toward Vivian. She frowned at the sight of Sean and asked, "He's unconscious. Is he still capable?" Vivian pushed Sean into the woman's arms and tidied up her own clothes. "That's your job, right?" She picked up her bag and smiled. "I think this will be his first time. You should be good to him."


That woman was actually a prostitute. She carefully observed Sean's face and smiled. "He's such a lovely guy. I'm so lucky."


Just when the woman was about to leave while holding Sean, someone suddenly swung open the restaurant's front door. It was Estella.

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She blocked the woman and frowned as she asked,

"Where are you taking my boyfriend?" 

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