

## Chapter 949 Enemies

Sean didn't know the woman in front of him.

He just had the impression that she was young, careless, and quite naive. However, the experienced hunter always preferred to act like a prey. Perhaps this woman was just acting stupid. He needed to be more cautious.

"What are you thinking about? Why are you distracted?" Estella was confused. Why did Brandon's personal assistant appear so clueless?

"I'm sorry. I cannot answer any of your questions. Please leave," Sean said in a cold tone and turned around to leave.

Estella, on the other hand, was heartless and shameless. She ran after Sean, and when she caught up with him, she pulled a few bills from her bag. "I know what you mean," she said as she put the money in Sean's suit's pocket. "I just want to ask you a few questions."

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Sean was shocked. Did she think that he was asking for money in exchange for a favor?

He handed back the money to Estella. "Miss, something big has happened in the Larson Group. No one is allowed to come in now," he said firmly. "If you're not complying with my request, I'll have to ask the security guards to kick you out."

Estella snorted as she held the bills in her hand. She didn't expect Sean to be this stubborn. "But I am not an outsider. I am Janet's friend," she said emphatically. "Why don't you go to Brandon's office and confirm this with Janet."

Sean coughed awkwardly. "I can't do that now," he said, thinking Brandon and Janet might be doing something intimate.

Estella looked at him, and then said, "I'll go in by myself."

"Look, it's not convenient for Mr. and Mrs. Larson

to see you right now," Sean told Estela, who seemed confused by his vague admonishing. He had to stop her or he would be chastised for not doing so.

"You're so ridiculous," Estella said in an exasperated tone. She couldn't think of a reason why Sean was being obtuse. "Can't I go in by myself? It looks like you're just making things difficult for me."

Sean felt helpless. How could someone be so dim?

"Okay, you can go see them but you'll have to wait in the hall for a moment," he let out a sigh and continued. "Since you seem not to understand me, I won't say anything more."

"I'm going in," Estella said, putting her foot down.

While they were fighting and pulling at each other, Sean accidentally touched Estella's wounded arm. The white gauze on her wound began to stain with bright red blood.

"Oh my God, it hurts!" exclaimed Estella as she lowered herself to a squatting position. "How can you be so brazen? Just because you can't stop me, you don't have to sneakily hurt me."

Sean looked at the wound on her arm and seemed

to remember something.

"Are you Estella?" he asked. "Were you the one injured for saving Mrs. Larson?" He thought of the woman who cried out in pain in the infirmary earlier.

"You finally remember it," Estella exclaimed. She had expected her heroic action and stunning face to impress others.

"I'm so sorry," Sean said, his voice filled with remorse. He helped Estela get up. "You must be good friends if you fought for Mrs. Larson the way you did."

"I've told you that we are good friends," Estella sobbed as she wiped away her tears. "But you wouldn't believe me."

"Everything was chaotic and I couldn't tell who was there," Sean apologized. He didn't know what to do when he saw Estella's tearful face, so he took out a tissue from his pocket and handed it to her.

Estella hesitated at first. Nonetheless, she took the tissue and began wiping the tears from her eyes.

At this point, the security guard at the door rushed up to Estela. "Miss Lopez, you left so quickly. Is

this your laptop? You must have forgotten it when your wound was being treated in the infirmary."

Estella thanked the security guard and took the laptop.

Estella was attempting to save Janet, as evidenced by the security guard's words. Sean felt even more distressed. "Please accept my apologies; I'll take you downstairs to change the gauze."

Estella simply wanted to ask about Brandon. She thought there might be a chance when she saw Sean's guilty expression.

In reality, Estella's wound was not hurting too badly. She was just pretending it did so that Sean would make her stay.


"It's okay," Estella said, smiling and waving her hand. "I can take it. And now, I'm so hungry. Why don't you invite me to dinner?" This would be her chance to get more information from him.

But Sean saw through her little ruse.


"I have other matters to deal with," Sean declined her invitation. "Maybe I can call someone else to go with you."


"Forget it. I'd better ask Janet to accompany me.

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I don't know who will get hurt this time if Brandon gets angry."

Estella sighed and picked up her phone to call Janet. 

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