

Chapter 971 Working At The Larson Group

Two days later, in the Larson Group's building.

Vivian opened the door of the meeting room. She had her long hair tied up in a ponytail, and her makeup was perfectly-applied. In her silver gray suit and leather high-heeled shoes, she looked very capable.

"I'm sorry. I'm not late, am I?" She could see that Brandon was already waiting for her as she came in, despite her having got there what she thought was 15 minutes early. She hadn't expected him to get there before her.

"No, you're not late. I came in early." Brandon put his coffee cup down carefully, his eyes not leaving the resume on the table. Under the bright lights of the meeting room, he was examining Vivian's resume.

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"Miss Cooper, why do you keep trying to join the Larson Group? What is so special about us?" Brandon slowly closed her resume and looked up at Vivian in front of him. She was still young but she was dressed beyond her years to try and seem mature.

"I want to work in the Larson Group so I can prove myself. As an orphan who was funded by the Larson Group's talent plan, I really want to repay them. Why are you so wary of me, Mr. Larson?" Vivian asked. "Have I done something wrong?"

She looked so innocent, as if she didn't understand anything.

Brandon smiled slightly. "No. You haven't done anything wrong. How would you like to handle public relations for the Larson Group?"

Vivian tried to keep calm. "What's the position, exactly?"

She was worried that if she was only in public relations, it would keep her out of the core business of the Larson Group, where she felt her abilities would be better suited. Vivian shifted uncomfortably in her seat. 1

The Larson Group had a huge, powerful public relations team, but there were so many staff. If she was stuck in the public relations department, she couldn't get to the real power. She would only be wasting her time there.

"You've only just graduated. Working in the Larson Group would be your first job. You can't expect to

have more than an internship at this stage in your career. If you want a more important position, maybe you should try the Turner Group. It isn't that easy to get a top job in the Larson Group," Brandon explained calmly.

It was obvious what he meant. If Vivian wanted to stay here, the best she could hope for was to be an intern. If she wanted a permanent position, with actual power, she'd be better off going back to the Turner Group. ¹

She sat there and pondered it for a bit, but then came to a decision.

She grinned across the table, and accepted it. "You're right. I'm still young. I could do with the experience, more training it is."

If she could stay close to Brandon, then there were plenty of ways she could get her revenge on him and Janet. ⁴

The most important thing was to stay in the Larson Group.

After the interview, Brandon asked the HR department to show Vivian where she'd be working and sort out the paperwork to formally take her on.

On his way up to take Brandon the documents from the meeting, Sean saw Vivian downstairs. He asked Brandon, "How come Vivian's looking so much better so soon? She looks fine today. She doesn't seem to be seriously injured at all."

Brandon had some documents on his desk he was signing. When he was done, he looked up at Sean and said, "She's an intern in the Larson Group now. I'd like you to keep an eye on her for me."

Sean whispered sarcastically, "Great. Yet another job for me."

"Speak up if you've got any complaints, I'm all ears." With a wave of his hand Brandon quickly signed the document.

"No, no complaints. I'd just like to say that, Mr. Larson, if you don't trust Vivian, why have you given her a job?" If Brandon hadn't given her a job, Sean wouldn't have to keep an eye on her. This kind of complication wasn't like Brandon. He normally liked things simple and direct.

Brandon closed the file and leaned back in his chair. He peered through the door and asked, "Does Vivian's way of doing things remind you of anyone?"

Sean thought it over and then it suddenly clicked.

"Like... Miss Turner?"

What the hell! Charis was dead. Charis had been dead for a long time. 1

"You think it's possible Miss Turner has come back... as Vivian?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" Brandon frowned and stared at Sean like he was an idiot. "It's probably just her influence. I have a feeling that Charis had been in contact with Vivian, secretly, and maybe even told her some secrets that only she knows."

Charis was the one who had caused Brandon's amnesia. And if Vivian was so close to her, then with Vivian by his side, Brandon might be able to find a way to know what Charis had done and even get his memories back.

Besides, he only gave Vivian an unimportant position in his company.

"Okay, I get it." Sean had no idea what Brandon was thinking of doing, but as long as he did as he ordered, he'd be alright. After all these years with Brandon, Sean had realized that if he followed this rule, nothing went wrong.