

## Chapter 1072 Brandon's Speech

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"Now I am curious. Who forced your hand into make such a big move?" Garrett frowned. He wanted to know who would be bold enough to go against Brandon like this.

"You'll find out soon enough," Brandon said with a secretive smile. "Sean, kindly take Mr. Harding to the VIP room to get some rest."

"Of course. If you could please follow me, Mr. Harding." Sean gestured with his arm and led the way.

"I'm more familiar with the layout of this building than my own home, Sean. Go and get back to whatever you were doing." Once Sean had left, Garrett sidled up next to Brandon and continued to pester him. "Who the hell is it, huh? Come on, tell me. Maybe I can help you sort it out."

The more Brandon refused to tell him, the more he wanted to know.

"No. The fewer people know about it, the better. Don't get so worked up. I didn't tell Sean, either. You'll have your answer at the press conference." Brandon tucked his hands into his pockets and sauntered into the hall with an obstinate look in his face.

The first floor of the Larson Group was practically a wide, spacious lobby. It was the perfect venue for the press conference, an event that was designed to rival any grand dinner banquet of the upper class. The wide hall was already filled with people long before the conference was set to start.

As soon as Garrett joined the crowd, he instantly sensed something unusual. He looked around him and found that almost everyone present came from a powerful and influential background. Moreover, Brandon, who was usually discreet and aloof, seemed uncharacteristically flamboyant today.

"What are you staring at?" Brandon asked, noticing the shift in Garrett's expression.

"I was just wondering why Janet isn't here yet. Haven't you two been joined at the hip lately? You always show up together. Laney has been

lamenting how she wanted to see Janet. If it wasn't so inconvenient for her to move around, she would have definitely come, too." <sup>2</sup>

Brandon said nothing, but a faint smile danced on his lips. He picked up two glasses of champagne from a passing waiter's tray and handed one of them to Garrett. "The press conference is about to start."

Sure enough, the lights suddenly dimmed, followed by a thunderous applause. Vivian walked to the middle of the stage with a microphone in her hand.

"I thank you all for gracing us with your presence today as we unveil the Larson Group's new energy project. This is made possible through a collaboration between the Larson Group, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Cruz. I would like to call on the main person in charge of the operations to make a speech. Everyone, please welcome Mr. Lewis."

Liam appeared onstage with a smile, in the midst of the audience's warm applause.

Garrett was taken aback by the sight. He whipped his head around to gape at Brandon. "Didn't you suspect Vivian before? Why did you hand Charis

' previous work over to her? You even let her preside over the press conference. What is going on here, exactly?"

Brandon took a sip of his champagne, his cold gaze fixed on Vivian. "Calm down, Garrett. This is just the beginning."

"I just don't understand what you're trying to do." Garrett shook his head and breathed a defeated sigh. He tossed the contents of his glass in one go in an effort to keep his growing unease at bay. He wanted to know what was happening!

Meanwhile, Liam basked in the limelight and droned on and on about how difficult the project was, and how much time and effort they had put into it. He also made a point of praising the Larson Group, spewing euphemism after euphemism about what an honor it was to be a part of their cooperation.

Liam finally finished after a long while, and Vivian proceeded to invite Brandon onstage for the final speech.

Brandon grabbed a microphone from the staff on standby and strode to the center of the stage. All

the lights and cameras turned their focus on him.

His formidable aura brought a hush over the place before he even spoke.

"Thank you all for attending today's press conference." Brandon's face softened as he continued, "It hasn't been easy for the Larson Group to grow into what it currently is. We started as three young and ambitious people, and now we've become an empire, a force to be reckoned with in a global scale. I would like to thank all the employees, shareholders, business partners, and friends who have supported and fought side by side with the Larson Group throughout the years."

His words brought a nostalgic smile to Garrett's face, and he found himself glancing around the walls and pillars of the Larson Group. They had been young and inexperienced just five years ago. No one could have imagined their company to develop into what it was today.

"Mr. Larson doesn't seem to be as cold and unfeeling as the rumors say," someone from the audience remarked.

"And to think that he has achieved so much

already at such a young age. He is absolutely able to defeat ninety-nine percent of the people in the world!" Everybody was looking at Brandon with unabashed admiration.

Behind him, Vivian crossed her arms over her chest and muttered something under her breath. "Hypocrite."


It was also thanks to Charis that the Larson Group had come so far. But Brandon never mentioned her. The bastard even thanked Garrett, who had already volunteered to quit the company, yet not once did he utter Charis' name. <sup>1</sup>

Charis had done nothing to harm the company's interest, but she had somehow become a stain to its reputation, one that wasn't even worth acknowledging.

Vivian's hands balled into fists. She gritted her teeth so hard that her lips turned pale. "Vivian," a colleague nudged her side, pulling her back from her reverie. "Mr. Larson has finished his speech."

Brandon offered a sincere bow to the audience and turned his gaze toward the huge screen display. "Now, please direct your attention to the

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 +90 Points at most

screen. I will be showing you what is next for the Larson Group, the plans I've made for our future."

Vivian lowered her head to hide the cunning smile that curled on her lips.

She had made plans of her own. Instead of business plans and proposals, the screen was about to show Brandon's medical records.

She couldn't wait for the display to turn on, and the pandemonium that she was sure would follow.

