

Every Night 129

Chapter 129: Does My Wife Need Your Comfort?

Matthew Marshall returned to his office at Light Media, a subsidiary of the Marshall Corporation, only to find Daniel Marshall sitting in his chair, smoking.

Daniel's hawk-like eyes narrowed slightly, fixated on him.

His older brother's gaze was too sharp—for some reason, Matthew felt a prickling sensation on his scalp, as if he were being scrutinized. He was taken aback, completely caught off guard.

After a few seconds, Matthew slowly approached his elder brother.

Daniel exuded a cold yet majestic aura, his smoking posture exuding an air of grace and nobility. His thin, sexy lips slightly pursed as he exhaled faint smoke rings.

His stunning face, carved as if by a master sculptor, remained expressionless, making it impossible to discern his true emotions.

Silent, yet emanating a powerful intimidation, Daniel continued to smoke. Matthew pursed his lips, clearly feeling the oppressive force emanating from his elder brother.

A sense of unease gnawed at Matthew's heart, but he tried to relax, not wanting to give away his nervousness and fear.

"Bro, why did you come here? If you wanted to see me, you should have just told the President's office, and I would have come to you at the Corporation."

Daniel's thin, sexy lips slowly parted. His voice was unhurried, yet laced with an icy chill. "I heard you have some free time, so I thought I'd drop by. I've been sitting here for a while, so had one of your cigarettes. But it tastes rather.....distinctive. Mouldy actually."

Before he finished the cigarette, Daniel stubbed it out in the ashtray.

Immediately after, Daniel stood up and slowly walked towards Matthew.

Daniel casually brushed Matthew's suit collar. The grin that curled up on his face, however, was devoid of warmth. "Sorrv for taking vour seat, Matthew.

This is your office. You're the President after all. You should sit."

Matthew dared not meet his elder brother's piercing gaze, instinctively avoiding Daniel's inquisitive eyes.

Instead of sitting in the President's chair, he chose to sit on the chair opposite.

"Bro, don't be so formal with me!"

"I never have been!"

Looking down on him, Daniel stared at Matthew, a superior and icy figure.

His sharply-drawn profiles were as fierce as blades.

Suddenly, Matthew was rendered speechless. He now understood. His elder brother had come to confront him because he had met with his sister-in-law, even dining with her.

"Was it your idea to see my wife, or was it our grandfather's?"

After considering a few seconds and taking a deep breath, Matthew met Daniel's gaze, "I heard no bank is willing to loan the Jenkins Group, so I went to see your wife, to discuss potentially working together."

“You’re quite well-informed! In this situation, does my wife really need your consolation? Can your Light Media offer 2 billion?”

“Bro, you’ve misunderstood me! Furthermore, the Corporation doesn’t get involved in the operation of its subsidiaries. Light Media’s investments are my business, not something I need to report.”

Daniel stood beside Matthew and patted his shoulder twice.

In an instant, Matthew carefully observed his elder brother.

Daniel’s handsome face was chilly and devoid of emotion. Matthew couldn’t tell what he was thinking or guess the cards he was playing.

Daniel was irresistibly sexy, yet his expression warned others to keep their distance. Unlike their father, who was easy to approach, Matthew was inexplicably afraid of his elder brother.

Especially those deep brooding eyes of his elder brother that he’s seen since childhood—it was terrifying!

Daniel bent slightly, bringing his sensual, thin lips close to Matthew’s ear. The warm breath blew into Matthew’s ear and his raspy voice was seductive yet ruthless, “Go ahead and try. You can’t swallow the Jenkins Group. If a single hair on my woman is out of place, you’ll disappear from my sight forever!”

Matthew’s lips were tightly pursed, and a burst of pain penetrated his eardrums..