

Every Night 244

Chapter 244: Moving My Things into Daniel Marshall 's Room

The corner of his mouth curls up slightly, carrying a faint smile, as Benjamin sits beside Matthew.

With a deep gaze, Benjamin initiates a toast with Matthew and, additionally, drinks first as a sign of respect.

Caught off guard for a moment, Matthew follows suit by finishing his beer.

“It’s a rarity to see Mr. Matthew Marshall ‘out for a drink. Such a treat indeed!” The faint smile growing on Benjamin’s lips deepens as he pours another drink for Matthew.

Matthew gives Benjamin a fleeting glance and lights up a cigarette, “Benjamin, what game are you playing now? Young people can go out for drinks, it’s just my first time bumping into you by coincidence. I guess luck was on my side, I’ve never managed to come across you before.”

With a playful chuckle, the depth in Benjamin’s eyes narrows, “Just a casual jest. However, I can read that you’re not in the best spirits tonight.”

Matthew, in disdain, blows out a faint smoke ring, “You’d be better off shut, just drink your booze.”

Picking up Matthew’s cigarette pack, Benjamin casually selects a stick, puts it to his lips, and lights it up, taking a puff.

“Come on, let’s drink up! It’s like drinking water, except slightly more lively in a bar where there’s music and young girls to meet.”

Matthew looks at Benjamin and teases, “Do you feel bored? Lonely?”

“Shh... don’t burst my bubble. You’ve hit a sore spot there, I’ll punish myself with a drink.”

Matthew offers a self-derisive smile.

Suddenly, he picks up his glass, throws his head back, and gulps down the liquid in one go.

Benjamin pats Matthew's shoulder, "In future, whenever you need someone to drink with, you can always reach out to me, as long as I'm in Serene City. That's settled then."

Matthew slightly puckers his lips, his sharp gaze fixated on the scheming

Benjamin, "Speak straight, if you can hold your peace, I would rather not wait."

"Bro, I wouldn't dare jab at your sensitive spot. You'd be hard-pressed to report anything substantial to your grandpa without control over Jenkins Group. Undoubtedly, Daniel has got the best of you, I understand it doesn't sit well with you."

"You're not much better off, you can't master the Jenkins Group yourself.

Benjamin, don't sugarcoat it, you'll need to sort yourself out first."

"Venture investment is a mutual decision based on trust. It's only normal if I can't negotiate a partnership with the Jenkins Group. With you, things have always been different. You yearn for an opportunity to prove that you're not inferior to Daniel. In truth, you're really not his match."

Matthew stays silent, lifting his glass for another gulp of beer.

Everyone's looking down on him, comparing him to Daniel. Matthew's patience is really tried. He's genuinely upset!

Having sufficiently stirred the pot, Benjamin grins wickedly, "Find time to chat with me if you're free, I'm always available. This round, you've lost simply because Olivia isn't yours. It's really no defeat to Daniel.

No matter how much a couple fights before bedtime, they end up reconciled by the end of it. After all, they are husband and wife, 'what belongs to the couple won't end up with others.'"

"Benjamin, I'm not falling into your trap. You'd best take care of yourself."

"Just enjoy your drink, don't be so heated." Benjamin laughs devilishly, knowing it's time to stay silent.

As the dawn breaks, Olivia wakes up.

Over breakfast, she suddenly speaks, startling Aunt Jane into a stupor, unable to react for a while.

Once Aunt Jane gathers her wits, she wants confirmation from Olivia, fearing it's an illusion.

"Ma'am, are you really moving into the master bedroom?"

Olivia replies calmly, "Mmm! Do you not have time to sort things out today?" Aunt Jane quickly shakes her head, "I'll get on to tidying the master bedroom right away."

As Olivia proceeds with her breakfast, Aunt Jane observes her with caution.

Has the gentleman made up with the lady?

It doesn't seem like they have; however, it looks like the lady has taken a step forward..