

Chapter 66

It was past 12pm but Bart still hadn’t arrived yet.

“Matthew, did you manage to invite Mr. Jenkins?” Helen couldn’t help but ask angrily.

Matthew hurriedly replied, “Yes, I did. He told me that he would come.”

Helen glared at him and yelled, “Don’t ruin this meeting! If something goes wrong, I’ll never forgive you.”

It was after 12.30pm when the door was suddenly kicked open. Then, Bart, who was dressed in a suit, strode in.

“F*ck! You people invited me to lunch but didn’t even greet me at the entrance. If you’re so insincere, why the hell did you even invite me?!”

Bart started cursing as soon as he entered the room.

Hearing this, James hurriedly got up and said, “Mr. Jenkins, we’re really sorry that we neglected this. Please forgive us. Come, take a seat!”

Helen smiled ingratiatingly and said, “Mr. Jenkins, please forgive us for our mistakes. It’s because of that b*stard Matthew who isn’t good at handling things. We’ll teach him a lesson later!”

“If he’s not good at handling things, then don’t do anything at all!” Bart cursed. “I’m already here, so why should you wait till later to teach him a lesson?!”

Helen looked embarrassed. Then, she glared at Matthew and yelled, “Matthew, hurry up and apologize to Mr. Jenkins!”

All of a sudden, Bart burst into laughter. “Why don’t you kneel down and crawl over here?”

Sasha was instantly infuriated. However, just when she was about to speak, Mr. Graham, who was sitting in the seat furthest away from the door suddenly said, “Mr. Jenkins, we’re all friends here. Why don’t you sit down and eat with us for my sake?”

Bart immediately looked up and scolded, “I gave you a chance but you f*cking…”

His voice stopped abruptly. Bart looked at Mr. Graham dumbfoundedly and it was as if somebody had suddenly stole his soul as he stood completely still.

Helen was surprised. “You… You know Mr. Jenkins?”

“We met a few times.” Mr. Graham smiled faintly and asked, “Isn’t that right, Mr. Jenkins?”

At that instant, Bart’s face turned red and he was sweating from head to toe.

“Mr. Gra… Gra…” Bart was trembling so hard, he couldn’t even finish his sentence.

“There’s no need to waste time. Take a seat!” Mr. Graham calmly said. “It’s getting late. Why don’t we start eating?”

Bart was trembling and didn’t dare to say a word. He quickly sat down in panic, but he only rested half of his bottom on the chair as if he was ready to stand up at any moment.

James and Helen didn’t notice the horror in Bart’s eyes. After seeing Bart sit down, Helen hurriedly picked up the menu and said, “Mr. Jenkins, please take a look at the menu.”

Bart stuttered, “I-I shouldn’t be the one ordering… Give it to Mr. Graham…”

However, Mr. Graham directly said, “Mr. Jenkins, why don’t you help us order some dishes?”

Bart’s hands were shaking as he picked up the menu, and his finger pointed on the menu a few times. “Let’s eat this… and this one…”

Helen was at a loss and said softly, “Mr. Jenkins, you’re pointing at the restaurant’s contact number, not a dish…”

“Oh… really?” Bart was shivering in fear and he simply ordered a few dishes.

Helen didn’t know what was wrong with Bart. She then picked up the menu and ordered a few more.

It was after the dishes were served that Bart stopped trembling. However, he was even more frightened because Mr. Graham kept calling Matthew and Sasha his friend. Even Mr. Graham’s mother, Old Mrs. Graham, looked at Matthew as if she was looking at her own child. Why is Mr. Graham, the person who controls the lifeblood of all the banks in Eastcliff and can decide the life and death of our president with one sentence, friends with a loser like Matthew?

