

Chapter 224 A Lascivious Old Man

Celia's heart was full of expectations before she and Tyson fell asleep in each other's arms. On the other side of the city, Brea had just begun her nightlife.

After she accepted Mr. Griffin's invitation, she called the stylist and makeup artist in the middle of the night to help her dress up.

When everything was done, and she opened the door, she saw Foley standing outside. He came up to her with a big smile and looked at her up and down.

"Oh, Brea, you are so beautiful! You look like an angel at all times."

Brea was used to his fawning words, so she only rolled her eyes at him as usual and said, "Stop talking nonsense. Hurry up. We have to go now."

"What's the rush? Don't worry. Let Mr. Griffin wait for a while. A beauty like you deserves to be waited on," Foley said jokingly.

Brea couldn't help laughing. "Okay, don't tease me anymore. I just want to finish it and come back as soon as possible. I have a shooting tomorrow, so I need to get some sleep. If I'm not in a good state, my opponents might take this opportunity to slander me."

Foley then took her to a private dining room of the hotel to meet Mr. Griffin, the senior manager of The One Jewelry.

As soon as he opened the door, Brea saw a fat, bald man with a big belly sitting at a large round table. The man was in his fifties, and his appearance was unremarkable. But his outfit was quite valuable. It seemed that he was Mr. Griffin.

Next to him sat two men. She thought they might be his assistants. They were not much different from him except that they were younger, thinner, and less well-dressed than him. The three men all had the same obscene temperament, and it made Brea feel uncomfortable.

Besides, there were several unidentified beauties present. Each of them was very beautiful, but they were not that recognizable. Obviously, their faces had undergone plastic surgery.

"Mr. Griffin, I'm sorry to keep you waiting," Foley said with a flattering smile on his face. Then he led Brea to Mr. Griffin and said, "I was afraid that you would be unhappy if you waited too long, so I wanted Brea to come here as soon as possible. But she insisted on calling the stylist and makeup artist to help her dress up because you are a big client and couldn't be neglected. She wanted to look her best in front of you. That's why we're a bit late."

Upon hearing his words, Brea couldn't help complaining in her heart.

It was actually her who was in a hurry to come here. But Foley stopped her because he wanted to let Mr. Griffin wait for a while. But now, he said that she was the reason for their tardiness.

However, what Foley said won her a lot of affection from the three men.

"I have long heard that Brea is meticulous in her work and never neglects clients. It turns out to be true." Mr. Griffin grinned so much that his face was wrinkled.

One of the assistants smiled and said, "There are not many sincere female stars like Miss Duffy now. The stars who worked with Mr. Griffin before were not very famous, but they were overconfident. When we invited them to dinner, they just came in casual clothes. We were really disappointed."

"Yes, that's right. After all, Miss Duffy is from a rich family. Those female stars from poor families can't compare with her."

After listening to their conversation, Brea realized that what Foley said just now was for her own good.

Foley was really a good agent. He was very capable, except that he couldn't make her famous.

"I'm flattered. But I'm nothing special. These are just the basic qualities of an artist," Brea responded with a smile.

At this time, Foley pushed her forward to let her shake hands with Mr. Griffin. She then said, "Mr. Griffin, I'm Brea. Nice to meet you."

"Miss Duffy, I have seen you on TV. I think you look more beautiful in person." With a surprised expression, Mr. Griffin fixed his eye on her face and held her hand for a long time.

Brea frowned and was about to withdraw her hand when Mr. Griffin asked her to sit down.

Foley hurriedly pulled out a chair for Brea. As soon as she sat down, Mr. Griffin asked, "Miss Duffy, what do you want to eat? Order whatever you like."

"Mr. Griffin, please order whatever you like. I'm not picky about food," Brea said calmly.

"Okay." Mr. Griffin called the waiter directly. "Serve all your special dishes and the most expensive wine. It's all on me."

Brea had seen someone richer than him. But she thought he was the most vulgar among the rich.

After two minutes, Brea felt like she couldn't stand it anymore. She didn't know what Mr. Griffin wanted to do.

She had the urge to stand up and leave. But when she thought of the advertisement for The One Jewelry, she held back her anger and kept smiling at Mr. Griffin, although she thought he was a vulgar person.

The dishes and wine were served quickly. And as soon as the waiters left, the beauties beside Mr. Griffin took off their coats directly.

It was only then that Brea found that they were all wearing sexy underwear.

They wandered around Mr. Griffin and rubbed their plump breasts against his face and their private parts against his knees, making a few coquettish and seductive moans.

Mr. Griffin seemed to be very satisfied. He rubbed the beautiful women's breasts and buttocks from time to time. But he also didn't forget to ask Foley and his two assistants, "Do you want beautiful women to serve you?"

The two assistants and Foley shook their heads at the same time. One of them said with a smile, "No, thanks, Mr. Griffin. We won't dare to touch your women."

Brea couldn't stand the scene in front of her. She felt it was too annoying. But she couldn't complain to Mr. Griffin face to face, so she could only play with her phone.

At this time, Foley secretly sent her a message.

"Brea, don't worry. I've brought some bodyguards here. They are waiting outside the private room. If something happens, they can rush in at any time." After reading the message, Brea looked at him.

But she didn't reply.

Although she didn't have to worry about her safety, she still felt very uncomfortable. Because even though Mr. Griffin was surrounded by beautiful women, he still looked at her lustfully. His eyes were so obscene that she wanted to directly poke them.

Finally, she couldn't help asking, "Mr. Griffin, why did you invite me to dinner tonight? What do you want to talk about?"

