

Chapter 87 He Wants Rosalynn

No matter what, Barlow and Brian were all related by blood.

"Regardless, you are my brother," Brian said in a low voice as he sipped tea handed over by the waiter.

"Really? So you wouldn't hold me accountable for stealing your order?" Barlow asked, raising his eyebrows.

Brian shrugged nonchalantly. "It's just an order. It's not a big deal."

"You're so generous. Does that mean you'll give me whatever I want?" Barlow chuckled, his smile not reaching his eyes.

Brian met his gaze steadily and said, "It depends on what you want."

If Barlow wanted a few orders, Brian would give them to him as compensation from the Hughes family.

Although Barlow's mother was wrong, he was innocent.

Barlow had been overseas for so long, and the Hughes family hadn't cared about him. It was a sort of debt owed to him.

"What do I want? Let me think about it," Barlow said as he looked at Rosalynn.

Brian immediately knew what he was thinking.

Barlow wanted Rosalynn!

"Can we eat now?" Rosalynn interjected, sensing the tension in the air.

"Sure."

"Are you hungry?"

No matter what, Barlow and Brian were all related by blood.

"Regardless, you are my brother," Brian said in a low voice as he sipped tea handed over by the waiter.

"Really? So you wouldn't hold me accountable for stealing your order?" Barlow asked, raising his eyebrows.

Brian shrugged nonchalantly. "It's just an order. It's not a big deal."

"You're so generous. Does that mean you'll give me whatever I want?" Barlow chuckled, his smile not reaching his eyes.

Brian met his gaze steadily and said, "It depends on what you want."

If Barlow wanted a few orders, Brian would give them to him as compensation from the Hughes family.

Although Barlow's mother was wrong, he was innocent.

Barlow had been overseas for so long, and the Hughes family hadn't cared about him. It was a sort of debt owed to him.

"What do I want? Let me think about it," Barlow said as he looked at Rosalynn.

Brian immediately knew what he was thinking.

Barlow wanted Rosalynn!

"Can we eat now?" Rosalynn interjected, sensing the tension in the air.

"Sure."

"Are you hungry?"

Brian and Barlow spoke at the same time.

Rosalynn felt like she was like a trapped animal, being torn apart by the two beasts staring at her.

She began to eat without a word, trying to ignore the two men.

"Waiter, bring us a bottle of your finest wine," Sanford said, watching the

"Rosalynn, do you think I should drink?" Barlow asked her, trying to get her attention.

"It's up to you," Rosalynn replied, drinking her soup.

Why did he always have to ask her?

However, due to the wounds on his body, Barlow should avoid drinking.

Didn't he know that?

"Barlow, don't you think it's inappropriate to ask others whether you should drink or not?" Sanford scoffed as he asked the waiter to pour more wine.

Barlow only smiled at Rosalynn and said nothing.

Rosalynn continued to eat, ignoring his stare.

Brian pursed his lips, and the air around him darkened.

"Try this dish, Rosalynn. It's a Wragos specialty." Barlow picked up a dish and put it in Rosalynn's bowl.

Rosalynn was taken aback by the gesture, and before she could respond, Brian's somber voice cut in.

"No. That's not it. This is the actual Wragos specialty." Brian picked up a piece of fish and put it in Rosalynn's bowl.

Rosalynn looked at her bowl with disdain. She just wanted to finish the meal as quickly as possible and avoid the two men.

"I prefer to serve myself. It's not hygienic for you to put food in my bowl."

Brian and Barlow exchanged a tense glance, their unspoken animosity hanging in the air like a dark cloud.

"Come on, let's have a drink," Sanford said, trying to diffuse the tension.

Brian picked up his glass and looked at Barlow, who raised an eyebrow before joining in.

The three had a drink.

Sanford continued filling up Barlow's glass.

"Barlow, you are really awesome. You have taken the reins of Sun Group and made it thrive. I propose a toast to you," Sanford said.

Upon hearing this, Barlow gave Brian a wry smile. "I appreciate it, but let's not forget that I might have inherited my mother's ruthlessness."

He was insinuating that his mother had almost poisoned Brian to death.

Chapter 87 He Wants Rosalynn

 +120 Points at most

Brian's lips pressed together, and the mood in the room grew more intense.



Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.



 I want no ads >

100.0%

15:28 