

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1321

Pitcoin continued trending, but the Queens and the Zieglers' court case had become a piping hot topic and everyone was waiting for the final verdict.

Some people looked forward to seeing the nouveau riche cum business legend emerge to victory miraculously, while others envisioned K City's number one career woman bowing in apology. They had different reasons for wanting to see her fall, but ultimately, everyone was eager to push Thora and her investment company into the eye of the storm.

However, before Thora announced her response, it was Bryson's father, William's birthday.

Bryson had already sent an invitation to the Stovall residence, stating that the entire Stovall family was invited. Due to Louis' status, he found an excuse to politely refuse. Hence, only John, Emma and I attended the banquet.

The Queen family managed to knock Ziegler Corporation down a notch because of the lawsuit. Once word got out, businessmen all over K City no longer treated Bryson coldly. On the day of the banquet, the scene was surprisingly lively. When we arrived, there were already a few rarely-seen owners of listed companies chatting away happily with Bryson.

"Oh, Ms. Stovall!" Bryson instantly spotted us when we passed through the doors, leaving his guests to come over and greet us. "I don't know why the staff didn't announce the arrival of my distinguished guests. I'm so sorry for my poor hospitality."

"This must be Mr. Stovall. I've heard a lot about you from Brooklyn and I have to say, your reputation precedes you!"

Then, turning a blind eye to John's stoic expression, Bryson grabbed his hand with both hands and flashed a flattering smile at him.

John wasn't a snob. Moreover, he had heard that Bryson was a decent person from me. Thus, he wasn't angry and instead, spoke

in an amicable tone. “You’re too kind, Mr. Queen. It’s your father’s birthday today. My uncle wanted to drop by to see him, but he’s just too busy with his official duties and really couldn’t step away, so he wanted me to wish your father a blessed birthday and a long life on his behalf. However, I’ll have to trouble you to relay this message, Mr. Queen. There are too many guests, so we won’t be going over.”

“Thank you, Mr. Stovall. I’ll definitely pass on your message. Please, enjoy yourselves tonight!” Bryson smiled from ear to ear and quietly surveyed his surroundings. Then, he leaned closer to us and whispered, “Socializing is exhausting. If you guys get tired, go out from the side door and walk all the way to the end. I’ve specially prepared a private room for you to rest. When the banquet is almost over, you can come on out again. Nobody would know.”

We were dumbfounded by the degree of Bryson’s double standards. I never thought that such a burly and rough-looking man would be so thoughtful.

However, the Queen family was the star of the night after all. As soon as he finished speaking, more guests poured in.

“Mr. Queen!” A man came over with his family and shook hands with Bryson. Subsequently, his gaze landed on John and I. “This must be Mr. Stovall and Ms. Stovall. I’ve heard so much about you both.”

“You flatter us.” I smiled lightly and nodded in greeting before smoothly steering the topic back to Bryson. “Mr. Queen, we’ll leave you to attend to your guests.”

Before he could respond, I exchanged glances with John and Emma before walking toward a corner.

As soon as we left, many guests crowded around Bryson, sandwiching him in the middle as they engaged in a merry conversation.

John stopped a waiter who was passing by to ask for three glasses of champagne, then handed Emma and me one each. “I never expected Bryson Queen to be so well-known in K City. It’s a shame we didn’t get acquainted sooner.”

“The Queen family only made a fortune in the past few years.” Emma lifted her champagne flute to her lips and took a sip before calmly analyzing, “I find it rather peculiar though. All three generations won the lottery one after another. Then, they relied on other capitalists to become capitalists themselves. Ordinary people can only dream of having such luck.”

“Relying on luck isn’t realistic. Sooner or later, that luck would run out and their entire fortune with it,” John commented disapprovingly.

Emma rolled her eyes at him. “Does Bryson look like an idiot to you?”

“Stop being so cryptic. Just say whatever it is you want to say.” John’s face instantly clouded over.

I noticed that this was a frequent occurrence lately. Whenever Emma started talking, he would immediately get defensive.