

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1327

“Wow, I never expected Bryson to pull such a trick. At least he’s doing right by us men.”

“The glasses are filled to the brim. Wouldn’t drinking all three burn a hole right through the stomach? Isn’t he a little bit too savage?”

“What do you know? Let this serve as a lesson for that conniving woman!”

“Hmp! You guys don’t know yet, do you? To kickstart her business when she first established her company, she’d already damaged her stomach from too much social drinking. She won’t merely suffer from drinking these three glasses of whiskey, she’d probably lose her life! I never expected Bryson Queen to be such a ruthless man!”

I was bewildered by all the gossip, wondering which part was true and which was false. However, when I noticed Thora remaining motionless after a long time, I surmised that the larger part of it was true.

Just like when Bryson received the gift on stage, Thora was caught between a rock and a hard place, hesitating to agree to drink the glasses of whiskey.

In a world where power and money were supreme, both sides would never be able to truly end their dispute if they didn’t put down their egos and apologize.

At that moment, everyone’s eyes were focused on Thora as they waited for her response with bated breaths. The air seemed to freeze and except for the faint static sound coming from the microphone, the entire hall was quiet.

Finally, after a good ten seconds, Thora’s expression changed subtly and she walked toward Bryson. Without a word, she polished off all three glasses of whiskey.

The guests couldn’t help from gasping aloud. Even Bryson was taken aback, probably not expecting her to be so cooperative.

After downing three glasses of whiskey, Thora didn't look too good, but things didn't seem to be as exaggerated as the gossiping crowd made it sound. Under the hollers of the emcee and the guests, she even shook hands to make peace with Bryson.

Everyone was naturally happy to see their harmonious interaction. Soon after, Thora and Bryson returned to enjoying the banquet.

I kept my attention on Thora the whole time, but the crowd was too thick and I lost sight of her in the blink of an eye. Later on, Emma informed me that she had already left through the back door.

Not long after Thora left, Bryson brought a cheque over to me, his body reeking of alcohol.

"Ms. Stovall, today's a day of celebration. This is my reward to you and Brooklyn. Take it."

With that, he stuffed the cheque into my hand.

Looking down, I saw one hundred and fifty million written on it. Although I knew Bryson was loaded, this still came as a shock.

The lawsuit was mainly to demand for a compensation. According to the law, up to thirty percent of the compensation could be collected as the attorney fees. Even if Bryson paid us the hundred million as promised, it would already be considered excessively generous. Hence, adding another fifty million was really unsettling.

"Mr. Queen, isn't this a bit too much?" I protested.

"Nah, it's not. The two of you have helped me so much, Ms. Stovall. You both deserve this. Besides, we already agreed on this. The extra amount belongs to you. Please accept it."

Since Bryson insisted, I had no choice but to temporarily accept it and get Brooklyn to handle it later.

Nothing worthwhile came easily. Since I accepted something that didn't belong to me, I would indefinitely have to pay a price. Although Bryson didn't look like he was laying out a trap for me,

there was no way to be completely certain. Hence, I thought it wouldn't hurt to keep my guard up for the time being.

Right then, John interjected, "Mr. Queen, well-played just now. That woman is probably hooked up to an IV drip at the hospital now, huh?"

"Huh? What do you mean, Mr. Stovall?" Bryson asked in confusion.

"Didn't you know that Thora's stomach can't handle alcohol?" John squinted with suspicion.

"What? Is that true?" Bryson's face instantly fell. "I had no idea!"

He was momentarily stunned before slapping a hand on his forehead and saying dismally, "Jesus! I simply wanted to do things the way we do it at home. To the Queens, an apology isn't an apology until alcohol is involved. If I knew about this earlier, I would never have asked her to drink!"

John smirked and patted him on the shoulder. "It's fine. Serves her right anyway. There's no need to feel guilty about it.

"That's not right. Okay, you all enjoy the party and I'll make a trip to the hospital. Sorry for leaving so soon. I hope you understand."