

My Ex-Wife and Kids Came In Like A Wrecking Ball Chapter 610

Luther was startled and after being stunned for a few seconds, he reluctantly found an excuse for himself, "I was wondering if the flowers should be dealt with. If you leave them like this, they will dryout soon."

Hearing this, Byron frowned and looked at the bouquet on the sofa, his brows furrowing slightly.

After a few seconds, he responded in a deep voice, "You can figure it out."

Luther secretly breathed a sigh of relief and quickly complied, "Then, I'll bring a vase in and put them in later."

Byron nodded noncommittally before motioning him to continue talking about work.

Luther took the hint and this time, finally focused.

After reporting the itinerary, Luther carefully glanced at his master and asked, "Sir, shall I go out and get a vase?"

Byron had already started handling official business and did not respond.

In view of their cooperation over so many years, Luther could somewhat understand the way his master thought. If he did not speak, it meant an acquiesce.

So, Luther backed out silently and found a vase, filling it with some water. He entered softly and put the roses into the vase.

While arranging flowers, he glanced at the card that was interspersed in the bouquet through the corner of his eye. Luther lamented deep down again.

His master really had his mind on Miss Jacobs as far as he could tell.

When had he ever seen his master do these things before?

Now, it was rare that he ever did it, he had actually also been rejected. He also wondered just what Miss Jacobs was thinking.

However, before he could recover from the shock of his master's flowers having been rejected, the company received another bouquet of flowers from the same person that afternoon, and it was also specified that Byron should sign for it in person.

And Luther had just happened to be returning from lunch.

For a while, practically everyone looked at him eagerly in the company lobby. The eyes of the front desk staff were also pleading.

It was obvious that everyone was waiting for him to deal with this difficult matter.

Luther shuddered when he thought of his master's expression when he carried the flowers in yesterday.

However, he then thought about the person who was returning the flowers...

Luther only felt his head pounding severely.

These flowers would only make his master angry in the end whether he accepted them or not.

“Luther...” The front desk staff urged him with a pleading expression.

Luther could only surrender and walk over. “Give them to me! ”

After a while, Luther was carrying the flowers in his arms as he stepped into the elevator, feeling fearless.

Watching Luther leave, the company hall burst into flames.

“Were those flowers for President Lawrence? Luther actually took it! Who was the one who sent the flowers!”

“Do you even need to ask? The only one who could do this is Miss Fuller. She is President Lawrence’s fiancée!”

“Miss Fuller usually looks so cold. I didn’t expect to be so passionate towards President Lawrence that she would send him red roses every day.”

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They had not a single clue that these were returned flowers. They just thought that someone had given them to Byron and discussed plenty about the flower giver.

At the same time, Luther was standing in Byron’s office with the flowers in his arms, “sir, this is...”

The moment he opened his mouth, Luther could clearly feel the pressure in the office plummeting sharply.

It was obvious that his master had guessed what he was going to say next.

For a moment, Luther did not know whether he should even continue.

Fortunately, Byron’s voice sounded just in time. “You can deal with it.”

Hearing this, Luther quickly complied. He went out to look for a vase to arrange the flowers in as usual.

Byron looked at the bouquet he had left in his office and his eyes darkened.

He knew that the woman might refuse them, but he did not expect it to happen so soon.

