

## Chapter 1501 A

### Meaningful Discussion

"Come in." Britton's deep and aged voice resonated from within the private room. Brandon and Frank exchanged a glance and pushed the door open.

Inside the private room, Britton occupied the head of the table, leisurely savoring a warm cup of tea. Upon hearing the entrance, he glanced up briefly at the incoming individuals before resuming his focus on his drink.

"The tea in this club is quite good," Britton remarked with a hint of satisfaction as he gently placed his teacup down. With an inviting smile on his face, he said, "Well, what're you waiting for? Come in and make yourselves comfortable."

The spacious room boasted an expansive area exceeding a hundred square yards, adorned with opulent decorations. Antiques worth millions of dollars were scattered all throughout the space, the floor covered with a limited edition wool carpet from a renowned

brand. At the center of the room stood a long table crafted by a famous designer, complemented by an antique censer emitting a delicate and refreshing scent.

With a slight raise of his eyebrows, Brandon took in the lavish surroundings of the room and took a seat opposite Britton.

Since entering the private room, Frank's heart had been racing. Britton's gaze made him feel like he was being evaluated solely for his monetary value, intensifying his anxiety. He quickly sat beside Brandon, remaining alert and aware of his surroundings.

Pursing her lips, Corinne glared at Brandon's straight back and reluctantly sat next to Britton.

With a subtle smile, Britton looked at Frank with his bright eyes and said, "You must be Dr. Watson, the one Brandon mentioned, am I right?"

Although Britton was nearly eighty years old, he exuded a vibrant energy. Having been in a position of power for decades, he possessed a commanding, intimidating presence. His sharp gaze was now fixed on Frank, instantly making him feel uneasy.

Fortunately, despite his nervousness, Frank had

been in a lot high-pressure situations. He managed to maintain his composure and put on a calm smile, responding, "You can call me Frank. I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Scott."

Just as Britton smiled and was about to speak, a waitress entered the room gracefully, serving the tea to its occupants.

With a smile, Britton raised his teacup to his lips, took a sip and said, "The tea is aromatic and exquisite. Give it a taste."

Corinne's expression changed. She picked up her teacup and took a sniff, after which, her face immediately turned sour.

"How dare you try to fool us with stale tea leaves in your warehouse?" Corinne slammed the cup onto the table and yelled. "Bring us a fresh pot of tea right away!"

Although Britton still wore a smile on his face, his eyes suddenly grew cold. He gave Corinne a sharp look and said with a feigned smile, "Since when did you become a tea connoisseur, Corinne? How can you tell the difference between fresh and stale tea leaves?"

Corinne felt a cold chill run down her spine when her eyes met Britton's cold gaze. She bit her lip and stuttered, "Grandpa..."

"I have something important to discuss with Brandon. It would be best if you could excuse us for a while," Britton continued with a smile. Corinne bit her lower lip tightly without saying anything, but refused to leave the room.

Britton indifferently shifted his attention from her and turned to Brandon and Frank with a big smile on his face.

"Brandon, the collaboration you mentioned this morning..." Britton said in a friendly tone, blowing gently on the steaming tea. "I'm very interested in working with Dr. Watson. If you have any specific requirements, I'll do my best to meet them. After all..."

After a brief pause, Britton continued with a meaningful tone, "After all, you and I are close friends, aren't we?"

Upon hearing this, a suggestive smile appeared on Brandon's thin lips. "Don't you know what I want?"

"Oh?" Taking a leisurely sip of his tea, Britton responded, "I really don't know, Brandon. What do you want? Tell me."

Brandon took a slow whiff of the tea and, instead of answering Britton's question, commented casually, "This tea is really quite

good."

Upon seeing this, Britton chuckled and remarked, "Indeed. This is the finest green tea that I specially prepared for you and Dr. Watson. It holds great value, far surpassing ordinary tea in quality."

Brandon, however, didn't drink any of it. He instead placed the teacup down and nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Scott."

"As long as we can work together, it's my pleasure."

Neither of the two men sincerely meant what they said. Frank and Corinne, however, feel that they had a productive discussion.