

## Mr Conrad 1121

Chapter 1122-Noon, Cantonese restaurant.

Aarav pushed the paper version of the script in front of Winnie: "The film's start date is at the end of next month, is your time convenient?"

Winnie nodded and followed up with, "Mr. Bennett, my ..... play needs to tour and may be a little delayed."

"It's okay, I've been informed about this, I'll have them make the adjustment."

"Thank you Mr. Bennett."

"You don't have to be so polite with me, I just hope I can help you."

Winnie looked at the script with downcast eyes, the corners of her lips pursed gently.

Aarav took a sip of coffee before saying, "By the way, the Mr. Booth we met the other day, was he your boyfriend?"

Winnie raised her eyes and shook her head gently, "No."

"No matter, I went back and thought about it, but I didn't remember meeting him at any reception. Aarav said, "But if you have the right one around you, you can also start a new relationship, don't always be stuck in the past, to bear the mistakes made by others."

"I got it, thanks Mr. Bennett."

"I'll see you at the opening, then."

.....

After separating from Aarav, Winnie walks aimlessly down the street wearing a mask and hat.

I don't know how long it took, but she was standing in front of A University.

This is where Channing used to spend his time.

The students inside have changed from batch to batch, all fresh and energetic faces.

She sat on the bus stop across the street and remembered the day he came to her in the rain when he was clearly home with a cold.

Every move made her fall.

Can life really, really start over.

Winnie sat there, all afternoon, watching those students attend and dismiss classes.

They all seem to have a clear goal in life and know what they want.

On the way back, Aimee called her: "I just got off the plane, let's go to dinner tonight."

One hour later.

Aimee sat down across from her: "What's wrong, didn't the play go well, why do I see you looking so sullen?"

Winnie picked up her water and took a sip, "Did you."

"Of course I do, it's almost as if I have something on my mind, come on out and I'll help you analyze it."

Winnie hung her head, not speaking for a moment.

Aimee added, "It's not like Mr. Booth is still after you, is it?"

"Not him."

Aimee keenly caught the deeper meaning of her words and moved closer, whispering, "That and there."

Winnie: "....."

She put down her glass of water and was silent before saying, "Actually, when the accident happened three years ago, I had a boyfriend."

Aimee was slightly surprised: "I thought those were rumors ....."

Not long after that incident, Winnie stayed in the crew, the matter itself is sensitive, Aimee also did not ask more questions.

Winnie said, "It started with him, Chassell put the picture ....."

She gripped her glass of water and closed her eyes so she could continue in a sibilant voice: "Chassell took the picture to his face."

Aimee didn't expect there to be this layer, and her eyes widened slightly: "Then you ....."

"Chassell intended to provoke him, and succeeded ..... he moved against Chassell and was taken away by the police, while Chassell lay in intensive care, life or death unknown."

Those two days were the hardest two days of her life.

"And then what?"

"Then ..... later lawyers told me that if I could come forward and sue Chassell, the judge would try him in conjunction with the antecedents and consequences and would be able to get him a chance to win."

Aimee suddenly realized: "No wonder, I said why you would directly sue Chassell, although his practice is nasty, but once female artists involved in such things, even if they are the injured party, they will be blamed by the public."

Said Aimee, trying to speak again: "So your boyfriend broke up with you because of this incident?"

Winnie whispered: "I gave him to mention the breakup, I also thought we broke up, he went abroad for a few years because of this, recently returned, but ..... he thought we did not break up, on ....." "

The rest of what Winnie did not say, Aimee also understood.

She stirred the straw in her glass, "The rumors are half true and half false, but that boyfriend of yours is pretty bloody good, I'd have to beat Chassell to death too."

Aimee went on to analyze: "So your boyfriend's attitude when he came back this time was that he wanted to continue to be with you?"

Winnie nods gently.

Aimee said: "That's good! It means he's a good man! Those things weren't your fault in the first place, they were Chassell's, that oaf, and he managed to not mind, really ....."

"But I mind."

Aimee was instantly quiet.

Winnie let out a breath before speaking again slowly: "Every time I think about it, Chassell standing in front of him and handing him those pictures, I feel devastated and I can never be with him again without a care in the world."

Aimee held her hand: "These are not your faults."

Winnie laughed: "I know, everyone reassures me like that, and I've told myself that countless times, but it's no use, I can't restrain the images in my head and I can't forgive myself."

"But your boyfriend really loves you, he should not have said a word to blame you from the beginning to the end, or you wouldn't be so hard to bear."

Winnie lowered her eyes, "He's nice and good and deserves better, and I don't want to hold him back."

"So what's wrong with you, you are at least the queen of the film eh, popular top actress, take more trophies at home are almost piled up, you are not inferior, you really want to be open with him, maybe your fans feel that he is not worthy of you."

Winnie laughed and shook her head, "These are just a flashy veneer."

"Whether he's a trappist or not, there are specialties in the field, don't forget, you've suffered a lot along the way, and by denying your achievements, you're denying your efforts. Although I don't know how good your boyfriend really is, but since he can even make you think that way, let's just assume that he is really good, such that he is good enough to match you."

In fact, before she met Channing, Winnie was probably thinking the same thing as Aimee.

Men, just for fun, like to be together, do not like to separate, there is no burden.

But Channing is different, he is the brightest moon in the darkness ah.

Just when she could barely work up the courage to be with him, there was that incident.

She felt that they were probably not meant to be.

But now, he answered her side again.

She couldn't refuse him, whether it was three years ago, or three years later.

Aimee continues, "Winnie, really, start over, I'm sure that your boyfriend loves you very much."

Chapter 1121-Channing looked at her, towel on his shoulder, half-dried hair still dripping, and he said, "You can go wash up."

Hearing his voice, Winnie hurriedly withdrew her eyes and laughed dryly twice: "I ..... will wash it later, I still have to go read the script."

Winnie said, and was just about to run back to the bedroom when Channing held out his arm and crossed it in front of her.

Winnie was unprepared and didn't stop, and crashed straight into his arms.

Channing caught her easily: "Even if you let me sleep on the couch, you'll have to get me a quilt, sis."

Winnie: "....."

She rubbed the bridge of her nose that hurt from the bump and got out of his arms, "I'll get it for you."

Channing then slowly withdrew his hand, the corners of his lips lifting slightly.

When Winnie returned to her room and took the blanket out, she saw Channing's cell phone ringing, and he had no intention of answering it.

She placed the quilt next to him, "Want a charger."

Channing hummed, "Good."

Winnie gave him the extra charger from home again, and she turned to go back to her room when her wrist was gripped.

Channing's voice came in, "I wonder how long I'll have to sleep on the couch."

Winnie: "....."

She turned her head, "When you get home sometime, you won't have to sleep on the couch."

Channing looked up at her, "What if I don't go home."

Winnie pursed her lips and felt that since the words had come to this point, she was just right to speak to him clearly.

She took a seat next to Channing and sat straight with her hands in her lap, "I do think, first of all, we broke up three years ago, and secondly, about the other night, I ..... really did it because I was drunk, so why don't we just pretend that it never happened. Finally, you will have a better future and choices and shouldn't waste your time on me."

When Winnie said this, Channing looked at her faintly with a tilted head, "No more?"

"No. .... is gone."

“Let me answer one question for you, just because I went to England, doesn’t mean I agreed to break up. Second question, established fact, why should I pretend it didn’t happen. The third question, don’t make the choice for me, I never thought being with you was a waste of time.”

Winnie was not expecting that he would answer one by one those ..... that she had just raised

Her hand on her lap could not help but clench, and she was silent for a long time before saying, “I remember, you once said that you liked me because I was pretty, right? But ..... if one day I’m not that good looking anymore, or you’re tired of looking at me, you’ll definitely like other pretty girls .....

Channing: “.....”

He laughed for no reason: “So that’s what you care about?”

Winnie sat up straighter, as if she had finally found an excuse to be justified: “You’ll like me for that reason, then you’ll like someone else for that reason, too.”

“In my eyes, no one is prettier than you.”

At that, Winnie’s ears couldn’t help but get a little hot.

She said with reluctant composure, “You feel that way now, but when you meet another girl you like later, you won’t say that.”

“No way.” Channing whispered, “I only like you.”

Hearing such a serious tone from him, Winnie was stunned and spoke tentatively, “Do I really just happen to grow on your aesthetic in all the right places?”

Channing said, “Yes.”

Winnie how to feel not very reliable it.

But she knew Channing, and he wasn’t the flamboyant type.

But he just because he thinks she is beautiful, so ..... non-she can not, a little bit to say ah.

Channing said, “Are there any more questions.”

Winnie withdrew her thoughts, “No more, I guess, I’m going to my room.”

Channing regained his grip on her wrist, his eyes on her, “So can I skip the couch.”

His gaze was so clear that she couldn’t look straight at it.

Winnie looked away sideways, “Then you take the room and I’ll take the couch.”

“Good.”

Before Winnie could react, Channing pulled her down onto the couch and wrapped his arms around her waist at the same time.

Winnie: “?”

She said, “What I’m saying is, you sleep in the room and I’ll sleep on the couch.”

“But I don’t want to sleep in the room, I just want to sleep on the couch.”

Winnie: “.....”

She really can’t say anything about him.

Winnie’s head was right next to his chest, and his steady, strong heartbeat was in her ears.

She pursed her lips gently and quieted down.

After a moment, Winnie whispered, “Are you asleep.”

“No.”

“Then let go of me, I’m not feeling well.”

“Meaning you don’t have to let go of you if you fall asleep?”

Winnie took a deep breath and she just asked more questions.

Winnie stirred and tried to get out of his arms, “I’m going to take a shower.”

Channing paused for a few seconds before slowly releasing her.

Winnie immediately sat up and ran like hell back to her room.

Channing sat in the sofa, looking at the closed door of the room, the corners of his lips hooked down without trace.

He just couldn’t believe that she could have so many excuses every day.

.....

Winnie went back to her room and was really afraid to go out again.

If you don’t wash it, don’t wash it, it’s just one night.

We must find a way to get rid of him tomorrow to do so.

Winnie lay in bed, unable to sleep at the thought of Channing in the living room.

It took until the middle of the night to close his eyes in a daze.

The next morning, when she got up, Channing was already sitting down to breakfast, and the suit he was wearing, although the same black, but from the details can be found, is not yesterday day.

You don’t have to think about it to know that he had it sent to him.

So how are the results of this, why did she go to get him clothes last night .....

Channing put down the dishes, “I’m going to the office, I might be back later today.”

Winnie said, “That’s perfect, and you don’t have to come over, I’m going to City C today and have work.”

Channing looked at her and said slowly, “I’ll ask Clarence and I’ll know your schedule.”

Winnie: “.....”

Channing walks over and leans down slightly.

Realizing what he was trying to do, Winnie tilted her head back.

Channing paused slightly and put his hand on the back of her neck and kissed her again, “I’m leaving, see you tonight, or you can meet me at Star Ferry Technology.”

Winnie watched him leave and didn’t let out a breath until the sound of the door closing came.

This trick doesn’t work either.

Although she didn’t tell Channing the password, he has come and gone as he pleases.

She couldn’t do it either, knowing he was at the door, but not opening it for him.

So it’s really a dead end question.

After breakfast, Winnie took a shower and just came out to see her cell phone ringing, it was Aarav’s assistant calling.

“Miss Xu, Mr. Bennett wants to ask you if you have time to come out to meet today, he wants to talk to you about the movie.”

Winnie said, “Yes, I have time.”

“Then I’ll send the address to Miss Xu later, see you later.”

“See you later.”

Winnie hung up the phone and looked out the window where the sun was slowly rising.

Chapter 1123-In the evening, when Winnie went back, she didn’t see Channing.

She looked at the time, it was almost ten o’clock.

Is he still working overtime.

Winnie put her stuff down, then pinned her hair behind her head with shark clips and started the house cleaning.

Standing at the door of the guest room, which was full of miscellaneous things, she thought about it and cleaned up the room, and took clean bedding to cover it.

After doing all this, it was already past twelve o’clock.

Winnie clapped her hands, and the job was done.

She grabbed her clean pajamas and went into the bathroom, covered with a mask and hit the shower.

After showering, Winnie nestled on the couch and opened her phone to a message Channing had sent her half an hour ago.

Winnie hastily ripped off the film and ran towards the foyer, pulling open the door as soon as she could.

Outside the door, Channing is leaning against the wall, looking sideways at her, the corners of his lips slowly lifting.

Winnie restrained herself for a few moments, "Why don't you ..... just call."

"I thought you were asleep."

Winnie said, "If I do sleep, are you just going to stand here all night."

"Was thinking about that."

Winnie: "....."

Then she should have let him think about it a little longer, and maybe he would have gone.

Winnie took a few steps back as Channing turned in and closed the door on.

It was only then that Winnie noticed that he was carrying a suitcase in his hand.

It seems to be a real plan to stay here for a long time.

Winnie couldn't help but speak up, "The reason you came over so late, you didn't go back and pack your clothes, did you?"

"Not exactly, it only took a few minutes to pack up the clothes."

Winnie doesn't want to talk.

Channing stood in the living room and took a few steps to look at her, "Do I still have to sleep on the couch, sis."

Winnie tilted her head sideways, "Sleep in the room."

Channing raised his eyebrows without a trace.

The next second, Winnie took him to the door of the guest room, then opened her phone and took out the schedule she had prepared in advance, "I get up around nine o'clock every day, and you should be gone by then, so our schedules won't clash, but at night, I'll use the bathroom from nine to ten, so avoid that time if you want to use the bathroom. "

She looked at the phone while continuing, "And that is, if the kitchen, you can use whatever you want, what ingredients are missing you tell me, I will make up for it, the living room words ..... if non-essential, you should stay in the room."

Channing leaned against the door frame and listened carefully to her request without interrupting, waiting for her to finish before lazily saying, "So how much do I pay you for rent each month?"

Winnie: ".....?"

Channing looked at her, "You're not looking for a roommate to share in these conditions."

Winnie paused and rescanned her phone as if it was a bit.



She is not justified and strong: "But living together, there will inevitably be various small problems, I am not in advance to avoid the risk."

"What risk? Fear of me bumping into you in the shower? Or the fear that you'll bump into me in the shower?"

Winnie: "....."

Her face reddened at a rate visible to the naked eye.

Channing's dark eyes emerged with a smile and he quickly approached and kissed her on the lips, "It's late, go to sleep, good night."

Another successful sneak attack by him.

Winnie hurriedly ran back to her room and closed the door.

Channing also pulled his suitcase and went into the guest room.

Winnie was lying in bed and not long after, she heard the rustling of water coming from the bathroom.

She took the blanket and covered her head, trying to block out the sounds and the images that automatically replenished in her head.

Soon the sound of the water stopped and the sound of the door closing came from the guest room.

Winnie lifted the covers, holding her face a little red, and let out a long breath.

Some lax thought, this is considered ..... they officially started living together?

It doesn't seem to have been this formal three years ago.

Winnie rolled over and buried her head in the pillow, feeling sleepy in no time.

She seems to have slept pretty well these past few nights.

Morning.

Winnie woke up less than seven o'clock.

She hadn't woken up this easily and naturally in a long time.

She estimated that at this time Channing may not be up yet, out of the room, the whole movement is very light, after washing up, go out for a morning run.

Since it was summer, it was already bright at seven o'clock and there were especially many people out for exercise and morning runs.

Winnie has not run for some time, just ran a while, feel a little tired.

She gradually slowed her pace, and just then, a familiar voice came from next to her, "Good morning."

Winnie subconsciously replied, "Good morning."

Only when the words dropped did she jerk her head around and look at Channing beside her, “When did you ..... wake you up?”

“No, I should be up earlier than you.”

Winnie looked at the sweat on his face and felt that indeed he had been running longer than her.

After a few more minutes of running, Winnie stopped, her breath slightly panting: “I can’t run anymore, I’ll go back first, you continue.”

Channing followed suit and turned around, “I’m almost done running, together.”

On the way back, Winnie looked at the time, it was not yet eight o’clock.

She said, “I told you yesterday, my usual wake up time is nine o’clock, right, you’re out running so early, if I’m not up when I go back how do you .....”

Channing spoke without haste, “Waiting for you to get up.”

Winnie: “.....”

In response to last night and this morning, she felt that something like a one-time password wasn’t exactly convenient.

She doesn’t always see the messages he sends.

Even when she realized this side, Winnie didn’t answer.

When she returned, Winnie soon discovered a new problem.

She instantly ran back to her room, “You wash first, I’m not sweating much.”

“Good.”

Channing came out of the shower and went straight into the kitchen.

Winnie also took the opportunity to quickly run in with her things.

So back and forth between the original empty and quiet house, as if there is finally the fireworks and life.

Winnie exited the bathroom and leaned against the wall, watching Channing’s back as her lips slowly curved.

Such a life seemed to her like being in a dream.

Channing, probably having heard the movement, turned back to her and said, “It’s time to eat.”

Winnie hurriedly retrieved her thoughts and responded, “Good.”

Such questions and answers seem to be the tacit understanding and skill that only a couple who have been together for a long time can have.

Winnie sat at the table, saw that it was getting late, and asked in passing, “Don’t you have to rush to the office today?”

Channing placed the food and sat across from her, "Not today."

Winnie: "?"

"Weekend."

Winnie then realized that he was still wearing loungewear.

Channing said, "If you don't have a work schedule, we can go on a date."

Winnie choked directly on the milk in her glass and subconsciously said, "Yes ..... there is."

"I'm with you."

"No ..... is not appropriate, right?"

Channing said, "I can be your driver."

"I have drivers ....."

Channing looked at her without saying a word.

Winnie was silent: "Then let's ..... together."

Chapter 1124-When she returned to her room to change, Winnie took out her cell phone and called her assistant, walked to the window, and whispered, "Do I have any schedule today?"

The assistant turned over the schedule: "No eh, but the theater side has previously asked when you have time to want to take another set of promotional photos, I and they are about next Wednesday ....."

Winnie asked, "Can we change it to today."

"That should work, I'll contact them first."

"Good."

After five minutes, Winnie received a reply from her assistant: "Winnie, I'll come pick you up now then."

Winnie laughed dryly twice: "So what, just go straight to the theater and wait for me, and tell the driver not to come today."

"Okay oh."

After hanging up the phone, Winnie chose a short top in lotus pink with wide leg jeans among the clear light colored clothes in the checkroom.

In order to aspect a moment of publicity styling, she did not wear makeup, only a duck tongue hat.

When Winnie went out, Channing was already waiting for her.

Instead of his usual suit, he wore black short sleeves, black pants and, likewise, a duck-tongue hat.

Inexplicably, there is a couple match.

Winnie coughed, "Let's ..... go."

Out of the basement, Channing's voice came, "Where to?"

"Theater."

Upon arriving at the location, Winnie took a mask out of her bag and gave it to him, "Why don't you put it on?"

The theater is crowded, and if he is photographed and posted on the Internet, it may be picked up that he participated in a variety show three years ago.

He is now the head of Star Ferry Technology, and it is better to avoid these unnecessary troubles.

Channing took it, said nothing, put on the mask directly and followed her into the theater.

All along the way, people greeted Winnie and she smiled and nodded in response.

But after greeting her, those people's eyes fell, if anything, on Channing behind her.

Channing was originally high on the grid, with an upright figure, and wherever he went, he was a presence that attracted attention.

Winnie was thankful to have prepared in advance.

When we arrived at the dressing room, the assistant and makeup artist were already waiting there.

The assistant took one look at Channing and instantly understood why Winnie had asked the driver not to come.

It turns out that there are more personal drivers yet.

The make-up artist also showed a heartfelt smile.

Winnie kept the smile on her face, "Put on your makeup."

During the make-up, Channing was sitting in a couch not far away, holding his phone and wondering if he was playing a game or dealing with work.

When she finished her makeup, Winnie went into the dressing room to change her clothes.

It is a traditional court dress, just the right waist, exquisite atmospheric pattern, just like a medieval noble lady's appearance.

Winnie came out and didn't see Channing, she put on her earrings while saying, "Where is he at Nguyen .....?"

The assistant replied, "He went out to answer the phone and said he would be back later."

At that moment, the theater staff came and knocked on the door: "Ms. Winnie, are we done?"

The assistant responded, "Okay."

Said, and said to Winnie: "Winnie, let's go ahead and shoot, I'll bring him over later."

Winnie nodded gently, "Let's go."

When we arrived at the studio, we officially started shooting.

Winnie soon got into it.

When she was halfway through the shoot, she noticed that Channing had arrived at some point and was standing in the corner, watching her quietly.

Winnie couldn't help but subconsciously side-eye away.

The young girls organizing the equipment next to them lowered their voices and said, "Eh, did you see, there is a boy, so handsome."

"With a mask on, you can see he's handsome too?"

"This is called a handsome mask can not stop the handsome ah, too handsome, is not the new staff ah?"

"That height that temperament, say it is the new actor almost."

"Yeah, oh, it's not like it's any star."

"Go ask later."

Soon, the shooting continued.

By the time it was over, it was 4:00 pm.

Winnie walked outside while hearing a voice from next to her, "He actually has a girlfriend, what a shame."

"And he said he came to wait for his girlfriend, that means his girlfriend is in this shed ah."

"I don't know who it is, but it's so enviable."

"But there are only a few girls in our shed, who is his girlfriend?"

"We'll know later when we see who he goes with."

Winnie: "....."

She immediately quickened her pace.

When she got to the dressing room, she took her phone from her assistant and Channing sent her a message to meet her in the car.

Winnie breathed a sigh of relief.

She changed into her own clothes, gathered her hair and tied it into a high ponytail.

Then he said to his assistant, "Go back, I'll go by myself."

The assistant nodded and waved bye-bye to.

When we got to the parking lot and Winnie pulled open the car door, Channing was on the phone, along with the English used.

When he finished typing, Winnie said, "Is there still a lot of things left to deal with in England?"

"Some business handoffs."

Winnie "Oh", think about it and then said: "You should be last year's graduation, right, after graduation, into your ....."

When the words came to her lips, Winnie suddenly stopped again.

Channing started the throttle: "Did some projects during graduation that dovetailed right into COMPLETE. after graduation, the head of the project poached me to go to the company, so that delayed it for a year."

Winnie listened, somewhat taken aback.

In other words, Channing entered the complex completely on his own merit and made it to the position of head of European Region in just one year? And he came back to take over Star Ferry Technology?

Winnie paused before saying, "So you and he ....."

Channing knew what she wanted to ask and said lightly, "Six months after entering the company, he gave me the position of head."

Winnie can probably tell how he's spent the last few years.

While in school, he did a number of projects and was appreciated by the people at complex, who poached him for the company.

But to my surprise, he is actually William's son.

Within six months, Channing's ability was recognized by everyone and William logically handed over the company to him.

He really is at the top no matter what area he is in.

Just as Winnie was lost in thought, Channing said, "Do you have any other work scheduled for the evening?"

Winnie subconsciously replied, "No."

Channing didn't say anything else.

Ten minutes later, the car was parked in the underground parking lot.

Channing looked at her, "Put the mask on."

Winnie then looked around as an afterthought: "Would it be too early to eat ....."

"Dating."

Winnie: "....."

Channing turned sideways and unbuckled her seat belt.

Winnie looked up and saw his features close at hand.

Channing met her gaze, raised his eyebrows slightly, and then closed his eyes and kissed.

Chapter 1125-Walking in the mall, even if the two of them are wearing masks and hats, but the appearance of the conditions are too outstanding, so they attract a lot of people look.

Winnie pulled Channing, buried her head and hurried to the elevator.

Channing smoothly took her hand and clasped it in his palm.

When Winnie reacted, her hand could not be withdrawn. After several attempts, she could only give up and stared at the elevator button, and spoke in a somewhat confused manner, "Where are we going?"

Channing lifted the other is and pressed the fifth floor: "Movie theater."

Hearing those words, Winnie remembered, the movie they never got to see.

She hung her head and wondered what she was thinking.

The elevator stopped on the second floor and a few people came in.

Channing pulls Winnie in behind him.

Winnie's lips pursed, her eyes went from the hand he was holding her by, up the line, and looked at his back.

He always does this, no matter what, he always gets in the way of her out of habit.

Soon the elevator reached the fifth floor, and the people in front went down one after another.

Channing takes Winnie by the hand and walks slowly towards the cinema.

He opened his phone, selected a movie with the closest venue, and went to the self-service ticket machine.

Winnie whispered, "Let me go get something to drink."

Channing handed her the ticket, "I'll go."

Not long after, Channing came back with two sodas, he looked at the time: "The movie is about to start, go inside."

Winnie had just answered when she realized he was holding her hand.

When they entered the screening room, they were positioned at the very back.

As it was a weekend, many couples came in one after another to watch the movie, and it didn't take long to fill the seats.

Immediately after, the movie opened.

It is a foreign animation film.

During the movie, Channing's hand was holding hers, and Winnie leaned over a little and said in a voice that only two people could hear, "I want some water."

Channing withdrew his eyes, let go of her hand, and handed her the water unscrewed.

Winnie took the water, pulled off the mask and took a few sips, and just unscrewed the lid and put it on the side, Channing took her hand again and put it in his lap.

His palm was warm and strong, and he could vaguely feel the pulse beating.

Winnie could not help but raise the corners of her lips a few points and gently return the grip.

Two hours later, the movie ended.

Winnie and Channing were the last to leave, it was dinner time and the mall was crowded with people everywhere.

Channing took her by the hand and went straight to the underground parking lot.

Winnie said, "Don't you want to eat before you go?"

"Change the place to eat."

.....

Winnie had previously heard from a friend that a new Sky Garden music restaurant had opened in City N, but she had never been to it.

It wasn't until sitting here that she realized why this place could gain countless followers.

Looking down from your seat, you can overlook almost the entire City N at night, with a light show on a big screen not far away.

The streetlights downstairs, like dots of starlight strung together, emit a faint glow that stretches on and on.

And all around, there seems to be no other guests except for them.

Winnie withdrew her eyes: "You're not going to pack the place, are you?"

Channing said, "This place is owned by Daniel, and I told him in advance, so this place is closed to guests tonight."

What shocked her more than the package was, "This place is actually owned by Daniel?"

Channing said, "He's got to find something to do."

Winnie: "....."

Yes, the music restaurant, too, is considered relevant to his profession.

Thinking about it, Winnie couldn't help but be a little curious: "So does he usually come over, just the music ones, is it by himself, or did he hire someone?"



“Come over occasionally, when special guests are in demand.”

At that, Winnie froze, “So he’s now .....

Just as she spoke, a piano sound, came from not far away.

Winnie: “.....”

It is really afraid of what comes.

Channing said, “Don’t worry, he won’t come over.”

Winnie still can’t help but cover her face, if Daniel went back to Sherry to say that she and Channing here for dinner, but also the package, Sherry then to Stella said .....

Channing saw what she was thinking and continued in a low voice, “He won’t talk.”

Winnie paused, slowly lowered her hand and tried to explain, “I didn’t mean that, I just .....

“I know that you’re not ready for this, and I’m not going to let this be a problem for you. The only thing you need to think about is when you plan to let me sleep in the room.”

“Haven’t you already .....

“I’m referring to the master bedroom.”

“Then you’ll take the master bedroom and I’ll take the guest room.”

Channing: “.....”

Winnie pressed the corners of her lips to curl, picked up the red wine glass next to her and took a gentle sip.

I have to say, besides the nice view, the food and wine taste great.

Daniel really is very particular about this, no wonder Sherry always complains that he is picky.

As he ate, Channing’s phone rang a few more times, he looked at the caller ID, snapped it to the desktop, and never answered.

Winnie glanced at his phone and then dropped her head.

She couldn’t have known better who the caller was.

Channing’s voice came in, “It’s Georgie.”

Winnie looked up and first subconsciously said, “Huh?” before saying, “I know.”

Channing continues, “She’ll be back to leaving City N after a while.”

“I ..... I understand, it’s okay.” After a pause, Winnie still said, “How did you ..... meet each other?”

“She grew up abroad and Mr. Thomas went to England that time two years ago and she went over there.”

“So she ..... fell in love with you at first sight?”

“I don’t know.” Channing looked at her and spoke in one word, “But what I do know is that I fell in love with you at first sight.”

Winnie: “.....”

How this brother peaks and troughs.

Winnie couldn’t quite remember when they first met, and she said, “So do you remember what I was wearing when we first met.”

“White dress, high ponytail, carrying a canvas bag.”

Winnie was a little puzzled by what he said.

She vaguely remembers that she and Channing first met, I think it was with StellaSherry and the girls for dinner.

Is that what she was wearing that day?

It can’t be.

That’s all she was wearing in college.

In order not to obviously show that she might be old and her memory is fading, Winnie said vaguely with her glass in hand, “It’s ..... right, I seem to remember a bit .....”

Channing looked at her and the corners of his lips curled.

It’s not surprising that she’s impressed.

When they finished eating, the music stopped at some point.

This outside night scene, but the same flow of light.

Winnie lay on the railing, eyes closed, enjoying the gentle evening breeze.

Channing leaned in next to her, “I don’t think we’re done with appointments today.”

Winnie turned her head to look at him in uncertainty, and in a moment, Channing kissed down.

This kiss was different from the night he came back and broke into her house, and the quick kisses he stole from her from time to time over the past few days.

He took the tip of her tongue, little by little, deeper and deeper, gentle and powerful, until he engulfed all her breath.

Chapter 1126-When we got back, Channing was standing behind Winnie as she took her fingerprints.

Winnie thought about it and turned her head to look at him, “Isn’t it not very convenient to have a one-time password .....?”

Channing put one hand in his pants pocket and slowly spoke out, "It's okay, the big deal is to wait a little longer."

Winnie: "....."

She pressed a few times on the combination lock: "You take a fingerprint."

Channing stepped forward and put his head down to take the fingerprints.

Winnie coughed, "You get it, I'm going to take a shower."

With that, she rushed into the room, got a change of clothes and then went into the bathroom.

After showering, Winnie stood in front of the mirror, blow-drying her hair while looking at her somewhat swollen lips.

The sound of Channing's suppressed and restrained breathing as he kissed her in the restaurant recurred in his mind.

It is young and vigorous, the age of blood.

Winnie shook her head, trying to shake these jumbled thoughts out.

Blow-drying her hair, she put away the hairdryer, and when her eyes dropped, she noticed that on the vanity, there was already an extra toothbrush and cup that didn't belong to her, and next to it, Channing's towel.

He seems to have begun to encroach on her life.

When Winnie came out of the bathroom, there was no sign of Channing anywhere.

She was wondering when the sound of a lock being unlocked came from the door.

Channing walked in.

Winnie said, "Where have you been."

"Do some shopping."

"Oh."

She didn't think otherwise, he just moved here, need to buy the estimated quite a lot of things.

Winnie withdrew her eyes, "Then ..... I'm going to my room, good night."

She was just about to turn around when Channing's voice came in, "It's not even 10:00."

Winnie: "....."

She made the perfect excuse for herself with a straight face, "I still have to read the script."

Channing approached her: "The lines of the play, you know them well by heart."

"Ah ..... ah, it's okay, not touring again in a while, have to review."

“Reviewing now, not afraid of forgetting then.”

“So it’s got to be reviewed every day.”

“With such a poor memory, how did you memorize such long lines.”

Winnie: “.....”

How is it that his logical thinking skills are so good.

Channing pulled her toward the living room, “Watch a movie before you go to bed, it’s the perfect time.”

Winnie was just pulled by him to sit in the sofa.

Channing turned on the remote control and found a random movie that was newly released on the Internet.

When the movie started, he got up and went to turn off the extra lights.

When he came back again, he regained Winnie’s hand.

But the movie was clearly not as good as the afternoon one, and Winnie yawned just ten minutes into the episode.

She was up early today, running, working, dating, and now relaxing and really feeling tired.

Winnie was just trying to lean back when she leaned into a warm, strong chest.

She almost reflexively sat up straighter for a few moments, and the person was much more awake.

Channing asked, “Sleepy?”

Winnie shook her head, barely perking up, “Nope, keep looking.”

But the plot of the movie is too boring, did not watch a while, her eyelids began to fight again, and finally could not hold on, tilted his head and fell into the arms of Channing.

Channing gently caught her and the corners of his lips lifted.

After holding her quietly for a while, Channing got up with her in his arms and went back to the bedroom.

The moment she was placed on the bed, Winnie half opened her eyes and looked at him somewhat blankly, her voice tinged with weariness: “Is the movie over?”

Channing whispered, “Well, it’s over.”

Winnie closed her eyes again and said vaguely, “I was too sleepy today, I accidentally fell asleep, I’ll watch it with you again tomorrow.”

“Good.”

Channing kissed her on the brow, “Good night.”

.....

Winnie had a dream in which she was standing at the edge of a bottomless cliff with layers of white fog in front of her, unable to see anything.

Suddenly, someone behind her violently pushed her.

As she was about to fall off the cliff, another hand pulled her in.

Winnie struggled to lift her head and saw the familiar face.

Channing pulled her in tight, his lips taut.

She said, "Let go, or we'll both fall."

Channing also slowly opened his mouth, only the voice was not his –

"Aunite Winnie, it's time for breakfast."

Winnie was really frightened by this bizarre image and jerked her eyes open.

She let out a breath, thankfully it was a dream.

Winnie turned her head and before she could calm down, she saw next to her, Noah holding a small head and blinking at her.

Winnie sat up in a hurry, "Noah?"

Noah nodded, his voice soft and sticky, "Good morning Aunite Winnie."

"Good morning ....., " Winnie rubbed her hair, "You're ..... here with your mom?"

"No. Oh, Mom and Dad took the sisters to Riverside City to see Grandma, but I didn't want to go."

"Why doesn't ..... want to go?"

The little one was a little distressed: "Because I don't know whether to call my eldest uncle my eldest uncle or my brother-in-law, and I don't know whether to call Auntie Elaine my eldest aunt or my cousin."

Winnie: "....."

What a twisted, bizarre and bumpy call this is.

"So what do you usually call it?"

"Uncle said, let me call it how I called it before, but every time Auntie Elaine's father, will say I called it wrong, should call Uncle as cousin husband, call Auntie Elaine as cousin, but Grandma said, I should call Uncle as Uncle, call Auntie Elaine as Uncle mother. "

Winnie was dizzy, stroking his little head, deeply sympathetic, the boy had borne a burden that he should not have borne at his age.

Noah eyed her, "Aunite Winnie, it's a good thing you're still called Aunite Winnie when you're married to Uncle Chan."

“Huh?” Winnie obviously still hasn’t come back to her senses, the family is talking without turning a corner?

At that moment, Channing’s voice came from the kitchen, “Noah, dinner is ready.”

Noah got up in a hurry, almost forgetting what he was here for, “Aunite Winnie, it’s breakfast time.”

Winnie was afraid that he said to others, she whispered: “Noah, you just do not say this thing with others ..... later Aunite Winnie teach you how to call your uncle and ..... cousin Okay?”

Noah has been struggling with this problem for a long time and immediately nodded his head in agreement.

Winnie said as she lifted the covers and got out of bed, “Remember, don’t say anything.”

“So after you and my Uncle Chan get married, can I say.”

Winnie almost tripped over her slippers and had to be conservative in her tactics for the time being, “Wait ..... until then.”

Noah nodded with a half-hearted understanding.

Winnie said, “You go ahead and eat, I’ll wash up and come over.”

“Okay oh.”

Winnie went to the bathroom and received a handful of cold water to wash her face, her mind full of words like uncle, aunt, cousin and brother-in-law swirling around.

Chapter 1127-When Winnie finished washing up and walked slowly to the dining room, Noah was already sitting there dutifully waiting.

Channing put the milk in front of him, “Drink this first.”

Noah responded, holding the glass of milk in his two little hands and sipping it slowly.

Winnie sat across from them and asked Channing in a whisper, “How did he ..... get over here?”

Channing knew what she was worried about and put a glass of milk in front of her as well, “I went over to get it.”

Noah finished his milk at this point and took a tissue to wipe his mouth, “Auntie don’t worry, I made a deal with my uncle that I wouldn’t tell mom and dad that he was living with you.”

Winnie almost choked on the milk in her mouth.

Channing rubbed the little one’s head, “Let’s eat.”

Small children eat small amounts of food and eat less.

Noah soon finished his breakfast and got off the table to go play with his toys at the coffee table.

Winnie whispered, “When are his mom and dad coming back, I’m not very good with kids .....”

Channing didn't hesitate to say, "I will."

Winnie: "....."

Channing glanced at the little one not far away, "A week at the latest."

Winnie thought about it and frowned, "What about him if you go to the office."

"Stay with me."

"That's too boring." Winnie also looked back, "Noah is pretty well behaved, I'd better take him, I don't have much to do these days anyway."

The corner of Channing's mouth ticked down unnoticed, "Good."

After dinner, Channing is at the table for a conference call.

Winnie was sitting right next to the little one, leaning against the couch and lost in thought.

When she met the boy, he was still a small ball, only crawling around on the floor, always bullied by his father.

In the blink of an eye, they have actually grown so big.

Vaguely, it does have a few shades of Clarence.

But it's so much cuter than him.

After a while, Noah put down the toy in his hand, turned his head to look at Winnie, and spoke in a milky voice: "Auntie, before breakfast you said you would teach me what to call Uncle and Auntie Elaine, are you free now."

Winnie withdrew her thoughts and sat up a few inches straighter, "Free."

She sat on her knees on the couch and began to analyze it for Noah: "You said that when you called Auntie Elaine your great aunt, Auntie Elaine's dad would tell you to call her cousin, and when you called her cousin, your grandmother would tell you to call her great aunt, right?"

Noah went over it in his head, then nodded, pretty much the same thing.

"Then you will, in front of Auntie Elaine's dad, you will call your cousin and your great uncle your cousin's husband. In front of your grandmother, you'll call your great uncle and great aunt."

Noah spoke bitterly, "But what if Grandma and Auntie Elaine's dad were both together, then what should I call it."

Winnie: "....."

She completely froze and actually left this out.

"This ....."

What an insurmountable puzzle.

Winnie was silent for a moment, not knowing what suddenly came to her mind, her eyes brightened a few moments: "I see, Auntie Elaine has been pregnant for some time, right?"

Noah nodded slowly: "Mom said that in four months, I'll have a brother or sister again."

Winnie said, "You stick around for another four months, when that brother or sister of yours is born, you follow him and call him, if he calls his mommy and daddy, you call him uncle and aunt, if he ....."

When the words came to her lips, Winnie felt that it wasn't right to call her mom and dad.

She was all confused.

Winnie continued, "Anyway, it's not you who will be tangled up when the time comes."

Noah nodded once again with a half-hearted understanding, and had another flash of insight: "I know! If Auntie Elaine has a younger sibling, then I should call my eldest uncle and eldest aunt, and if she has a nephew and niece, I should call my cousin and cousin's husband."

"..... is very correct!"

The smile on Noah's face brightened as he solved a problem that had been bothering him for days.

He asked good-naturedly, "Auntie, can I watch TV?"

"Sure."

Winnie found the remote control and turned on the children's channel, "Which one do you want to watch?"

Noah ran to the TV screen and pointed, "This."

"Okay, come and sit and watch."

Noah trotted back over to her and sat dutifully on the couch, watching the TV with rapt attention.

Winnie smiled at this and was relieved at the same time, she withdrew her eyes and subconsciously glanced to the side.

Channing had ended the conference call some time ago and was looking at her with one hand on his head, smiling and laughing.

Winnie: "....."

She suddenly realized how disastrous that conversation she had just had with the little guy was.

No wonder he looked at her with such an expression and eyes.

Winnie blushed slightly and got up and hurried back to her bedroom.

Channing closed his computer and got up after her.

Winnie had just returned to her bedroom and before she had time to repent, there was a knock on the door.

She turned around, and before she could speak, the door was opened.



Channing stood there, "Can I come in."

"..... not quite able."

Before Winnie could say anything, Channing had appeared in the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

He said, "Standing in the doorway and talking will be misunderstood by him."

"I think he's more misunderstood when you come in."

"Misunderstand what?"

Winnie also froze, "What is the misunderstanding you are referring to."

Channing spoke slowly and methodically, "When his father makes his mother angry, he can't get into the room, he can only stand at the door and talk, so what do you think he will misunderstand?"

Winnie: "....."

Channing continues, "And what is the misunderstanding you are referring to."

Winnie's face slowly reddened even more, sat down in the sofa, took a pillow and put it on her lap, stammered and spoke, "No ..... nothing."

Channing walked over and sat next to her: "You're pretty good with kids."

Winnie didn't expect him to come in after her specifically to humiliate her.

She whispered, "It's not like I know anything about that."

"You don't have to reason very clearly with a child, you can divert his attention on the line, you're doing a good job."

It seems more insulting.

Just as she hung her head, Channing's voice rang out again, "There's something I want to discuss with you."

Winnie looked up, "Go ahead."

"Noah he's going to be staying here for a while."

Winnie nodded: "I know, ah, he sleeps with you on ....."

Before she could finish her sentence, Channing said, "He's used to sleeping alone at home."

Winnie: "?"

"If I sleep on the couch, he'll get the wrong idea, too."

Winnie was just about to ask what the misunderstanding was, when she thought of the explanation a few moments earlier, and the words got caught in her throat.

When Winnie didn't say anything, Channing took her to be acquiescent, and he got up and said, "I'll go get his room cleaned up."

"No ..... you wait ....."

Channing looked back and surveyed the surroundings, "Or if you prefer the guest room, you can let him sleep here."

Chapter 1128-In the afternoon, due to the excessive heat, the three stayed at home, each doing their own thing.

Surprisingly harmonious.

By evening, the sunset converged in the sky, forming one magnificent cloud after another.

Winnie put down the script in her arms and got up, stretching.

The day went by so again.

Channing also put down the book he was holding and went into the kitchen.

Winnie obediently also turned on the lights all around.

Not long after, Channing's phone vibrated and Noah grabbed his from the couch and ran to the kitchen, "Uncle, it's for you."

Channing took a glance at it: "Your mother's phone, go to your room and answer it."

"Yes!"

Winnie had wanted to open the window to breathe, after touching the steamer-like temperature outside, and then silently closed the window.

Noah clutched his phone again, ran to the room that was briefly his own from today, and swiped the screen to connect, "Mom."

On the other end of the phone, Stella looked at him and spoke with a smile, "Baby, what are you doing."

Noah was lying on his back, one hand on his phone, one hand on his little head, "I was just putting together the Lego that Daddy bought me."

"Fun."

"It's too easy to be fun."

Stella added, "So you have an uncle out today."

Noah said, "No oh, it's too hot."

At that moment, Clarence's voice came unhurriedly from the side, "Riverside City is not hot."

Stella pushed him away, "What's the point of all this nonsense."

Clarence pulled the person into his arms with the phone and said to Noah, "If you want to come to Riverside City, have Uncle Nathan drop you off tomorrow morning."

"No, I'll stay with my uncle."

"You will delay your uncle's relationship."

At that, Noah's tiny brow furrowed as if he was seriously thinking about the issue.

Stella wasted no time in breaking free from Clarence's arms and pushing him out of the shot again: "Baby, don't listen to your daddy, tell your uncle that if he doesn't have time, he'll send you to Auntie Sherry's and Mommy will be back in a few days."

Noah's eyes curled, "Mom I know."

Other voices came from the other end of the phone, and Stella said, "Baby, Mommy is going to check on her sisters, so if you have anything you want, or if you're not feeling well anywhere, just tell Uncle, okay?"

Noah nodded his head and waved his little hand at the front of the screen, "Bye mommy, bye daddy."

After hanging up the phone, Stella put down the phone while saying, "Noah is still so young, you don't always talk to him about things like falling in love."

Clarence said, "Am I not telling the truth?"

"That ....."

Stella was at a loss for words, Chan hadn't been to their side a few times since he returned to City N, so she didn't have to think about what she was doing.

She asked in a whisper, "How is it going, anyway?"

Clarence sat down in the sofa and spoke in a good-natured way, "You're not keeping me from talking?"

Stella: "....."

She got up, "Forget it if you don't say it."

Clarence took hold of her wrist and yanked the person into his arms.

Stella nudged his shoulder, "Stop it, Mom was just calling us."

Clarence smoothed her hair around her ears, "Really don't want to hear it?"

Stella looked at him suspiciously, "You're not going to pay to unlock it again, are you?"

Clarence's lips curled for a moment, "It's not impossible if you want."

"Thanks, no."

Stella was just about to get up when he yanked her back again.

Clarence spoke slowly and methodically: "Last night, Daniel's restaurant was packed, and he was said to have been there to play in person."

“Don’t allegedly say it, just say Daniel told you.”

Clarence: “.....”

Daniel was promised to Channing that he would not tell Sherry about it for the time being.

But this kind of gossip, where he could not hold back, turned his head and told Clarence.

He thought that it was better for one person to endure alone than for two people to bear.

Stella got interested and wrapped her arms around his neck, “Go on, then what.”

Clarence raised his eyebrows untraceably and let go of her, his arms dangling at her side: “Then it’s time for you to go out and see the baby.”

Stella really wanted to punch him twice.

Faced with her death stare, the smile on Clarence’s face deepened: “What else is there to say, after dinner and gone, next time I’ll try to get him to give you a live broadcast.”

“So what’s the vibe between the two of them, what’s being said?” Stella thought about it, “Nope, can’t eavesdrop on people, but ..... can probably tell what they’re a .....”

Clarence moved closer and kissed her on the lips, “Like this.”

Stella: “?”

She froze for two seconds before responding, “No more?”

“And.”

“And sh .....”

Clarence grabbed her jaw and kissed her again, skillfully prying her lips apart, and gradually moving his palms up the hem of her dress.

After a while, Stella slapped his hand away without good grace, her breath slightly panting, “You added this yourself, didn’t you?”

“Sorry, can’t help it, but it’s also a precise prediction.”

Stella turned her head sideways and bit down on his jaw.

And then she said, “So did you anticipate this.”

Clarence: “.....”

By the time the two finally exited the room, Clarence had, on his lower jaw, a faint circle of teeth marks.

.....

After dinner, Winnie thought it was time to take the little guy out for a walk since he had been bored at home all day.

There is an amusement park in the neighborhood, and there are usually a lot of children there.

But thinking of the heat outside, I asked Noah's opinion: "Noah, do you want to go out and play with the kids for a while or stay at home?"

Noah looked at her and then at Channing: "I want to go out and play."

Winnie patted his little head, "Then go out and play for a while and we'll be back."

Noah shook his head and waved his hand in refusal, "It's okay Auntie, I can hang out downstairs a little longer, I won't hold up my uncle's relationship with you."

Winnie: ".....?"

The corner of Channing's mouth ticked up a bit and he took Noah by the hand, "Let's go."

When I left the house, a wave of heat hit me.

When we arrived at the children's playground, Noah ran straight in.

Winnie stood next to Channing and couldn't help but speak up, "You don't say things like that to a kid, he'll take it seriously ....."

Channing, with one hand in his pants pocket, watched Noah quickly blend into the group of kids and slowly spoke, "Not from me."

Winnie was confused, "Who is that."

"Who else but Clarence could say such a thing."

After a few seconds of silence, Winnie suddenly felt that it was really hot outside.

Chapter 1129-In the evening, when they arrived home, Noah was covered in sweat.

Winnie watched him run into the bathroom with his clothes in his arms and turned his head uneasily to ask, "Aren't you going to help him wash."

Channing followed her line of sight: "He washes himself at home, and I told him which way the hot water should be turned on."

"But ....."

After all, so small children, in case they do not pay attention in the inside of the fall how to do.

Channing said, "Don't worry, he can do it himself."

Despite what he said, Winnie was still a bit uneasy and kept circling the bathroom door, watching for movement inside.

In case something really happens, you can also be the first to rush in.

Channing sat in the couch with one hand on his head, just looking at her, lips slightly raised.

When the sound of water inside stopped, Winnie came forward a little: "Noah, you pay attention to the water under your feet, be careful not to fall."

Noah responded, "I got it, thanks Auntie."

Inside the bathroom, Noah methodically took his small bath towel, wiped his hair, and changed into his clothes without delay.

Seeing him come out, Winnie finally breathed a sigh of relief, followed by his eyes fell on his wet hair, and dragged him back to the bathroom, while taking the hair dryer and said: "The air conditioning is on outside, your hair is not dried out, it is easy to catch a cold."

The little one stood in front of her, incredibly well behaved, "Thanks Auntie."

The boy's hair was already short, and rubbed semi-dry, quickly blow-dried.

Winnie put away the hairdryer, patted his little shoulder, and said with satisfaction, "Okay, go play."

Just as Noah left, Channing leaned in the bathroom doorway and slowly spoke up, "You wash first or me?"

Winnie subconsciously turned her head to look at him, and immediately withdrew her eyes, saying vaguely, "You ..... you first, I'll go cut some fruit for Noah."

She said, and was just about to head outside the bathroom when Channing's voice continued, "So, after you cut up the fruit, will you also stand guard at the door, like you did earlier?"

Winnie: ".....?"

Channing's face didn't change: "Aren't you afraid I'll fall, sister."

Winnie's face was red up to her neck, how could he call her that in front of a small child .....

Winnie hurriedly looked outside to make sure Noah's attention was not on their side before pulling Channing into the bathroom and lowering her voice to say, "You deserved it for falling!"

After the words, he hurriedly crossed him towards the kitchen.

This little bastard is really .....

Channing watched her back, and the smile in his dark eyes deepened.

Winnie stood in the kitchen and took several deep breaths before she calmed herself down and cut up the fruit and brought it out.

On TV, instead of cartoons, a science documentary was broadcast.

Winnie sat next to him, "Noah, isn't it boring to watch this."

The little guy shook his head and asked thoughtfully, "Auntie, what exactly do you think dark matter and dark matter are in the universe?"

Winnie: "....."

The little guy continues, "Dark matter is unobservable, but it can interfere with light waves or gravitational forces emitted by stars ....."

Winnie coughed twice, "Eat the fruit first, it will get cold later."

Noah withdrew his thoughts, nodded, picked up his fruit tea, and ate a piece of dragon fruit.

Winnie said, "What time do you sleep at home?"

The little one thought for a moment, "Mom lets me go to bed before ten, but sometimes I stay with my sisters when they can't sleep."

"Okay, then tell Auntie when you're sleepy, and Auntie will take you to bed."

"Thanks Auntie, I'll just go to bed by myself."

Winnie was silent for a few seconds, looked at the bathroom and asked in a whisper, "Noah, you are ..... sleeping on your own since when?"

Noah followed her example and lowered his voice as well: "My dad said that when I was very young, I was always raised by my grandmother, and before my mom had my sisters, I would occasionally sleep with my mom, and after I had my sisters, my grandmother went back to Riverside City, and I started sleeping by myself."

Winnie thought about it, that was two or three years ago, the little one was at most three years old at that time.

"So you get scared."

Noah shook his head: "Sometimes Daddy sleeps with me, sometimes Mommy sleeps with me, and sometimes I sleep with my sisters, but I don't know why, every time Mommy sleeps with me, she's gone when I wake up in the morning. Dad said there were monsters in my room and mom would be scared."

Winnie: "....."

She whispered and spat, "Your father is not a person."

Noah waved a hand at her, "Auntie you don't have to be afraid of monsters, my uncle will protect you."

Winnie was choked for a moment and stroked his little head, "Auntie is not afraid, you eat."

Not long after, Channing came out of the bathroom.

When Noah saw him, he hurriedly put down the fruit he was holding: "Uncle, Auntie said that if you don't dry your hair with the air conditioning on, you'll catch a cold."

Channing glanced at him and his eyes fell on Winnie, raising his eyebrows unnoticeably.

Winnie: "?"

Noah read the signal in his uncle's eyes and immediately got up, ran into the bathroom, and then took out the hairdryer and put it in Winnie's hand, "Thanks Auntie."

Meanwhile, Channing sat down next to her: "Thanks ....."

The sound of the last word, he dragged a little long.

Winnie didn't have to think about it, she knew what he wanted to say was "thank you sister".

She reluctantly took the hairdryer from Noah's hand and bent down to plug it in.

Unlike Noah, Channing was so much taller than her that Winnie had to get up and stand in front of him.

Noah sat on his knees on the carpet, hands propped up on the coffee table, holding his cheeks, two big round eyes, gleaming at the scene.

Winnie felt that something as simple as blow-drying her hair was a bit overwhelming to her.

And how can something like this between a man and a woman be treated like blowing a child's hair.

She couldn't do it without any distractions.

Probably sensing her stiffness, Channing glanced sideways, "Noah."

The little one immediately sat up a little straighter: "Uncle."

"It's time for you to go to your room and sleep."

Noah stood up quickly, "Good night Uncle! Good night Auntie!"

After saying that, he immediately ran back to the guest room.

As the sound of the door closing came, Winnie felt that the atmosphere seemed more delicate .....

Just as she was about to shove the hairdryer into Channing's arms and let him blow himself, Channing's voice rang out in no hurry: "If you don't blow, you'll catch a cold, sister."

Chapter 1130-When Winnie slowly emerged from the bathroom, the living room was silent, with only a single wall lamp to dispel the darkness.

She took two steps forward and quietly opened the door to the guest room, where Noah was ripe and breathing evenly.

Winnie closed the door again.

Why don't she just sleep on the couch?

If Noah gets up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom and sees her, there's always an excuse.

Just as Winnie was about to head into the living room, the master bedroom door opened behind her, and Channing wrapped his arms around her waist and carried her back to her room.

Before Winnie had time to react, the person was already lying on the bed.

Channing hung above her body, palm holding her wrist, his eyes moving from her eyes, slowly to his lips, he spoke unhurriedly, "Where do you want to go at this late hour, sister."

Winnie blushed, she couldn't help but look away and stammered, "It's too hot, I'd better sleep on the couch."



Channing glanced at the air conditioning control panel, "The room temperature is now 25."

"Really, it's still a little hot, I ....."

She said, struggling to get up, but Channing was one step ahead of her, getting up and moving toward the air conditioning panel, pressing it a few times before Winnie felt a strong, cold breeze hit her.

Channing turned to her and asked, "Is it still hot?"

Winnie shivered from the cold, but said stiffly, "A little."

"It'll be ready in a minute."

He returned to the bed and sat beside her.

The man's body temperature was already high, and his arm unintentionally touching hers almost made her shiver.

Winnie moved a little to the side, trying to distance herself from him.

Channing inclined his head to look at her, "Still hot?"

"Yeah, so I'd better get out there ....."

Winnie was just about to stand up when Channing grabbed her arm.

Meanwhile, Winnie couldn't help but sneeze.

Awkwardness and silence spread instantly.

Channing got back up and turned the air conditioning up a few more degrees.

Winnie rubbed her nose, feeling goose bumps all over her body.

She couldn't find any excuse now, so she could only move back, then lift the corner of the quilt and quickly get in.

When Channing looked back, he saw her wrapped up in a ball and curled up on the edge of the bed.

His mouth curled and he walked to the other side and laid down.

Winnie closed her eyes in a hurry.

Channing reached over and turned off the lights.

Winnie secretly exhaled, fortunately the bed was big enough.

She kept the position and was able to maintain a safe distance as well.

Only .....

As if to confirm her thoughts, in just a moment, Channing took her wrist and pulled her into his arms.

Winnie opened her eyes unawares and put her hand against his chest, "You ....."

Channing whispered, "I'm cold, sis."

Winnie: “.....”

Being blown against the cold air of more than ten degrees, can not be cold.

She whispered, “Then you can raise the air conditioner a little more.”

“No, this is just right.”

Winnie suspected that he did it on purpose—

No, no need to doubt, he did it on purpose.

Winnie looked up. The house was dimly lit with no lights on.

She could only see his blurred outline.

Obviously you can't see anything, but Winnie somehow seems to be able to feel his burning gaze.

She couldn't help but misplace her eyes, but just as she moved, Channing grabbed her lips with unmistakable precision, her breath warm.

Winnie was stunned, her jaw slightly open, unprepared, and let the tip of his tongue probe in.

Channing kissed her, his fingers clasped hers, and his body leaned a few inches toward her.

This kiss, unlike last night's gradual penetration, carried a more invasive and predatory flavor.

As his thin lips gradually descended, her breathing became heavier and heavier.

At the stinging pain coming from her chest, Winnie woke up abruptly and held Channing's arm, “No ..... no, Noah is still next door .....”

Channing's voice was low and muffled, “I know.”

Winnie's breathing rose and fell violently, touching the cold air to her skin and shivering vaguely.

Channing pulled her pajamas on and pulled her back into his arms, taking a deep breath, “Go to sleep.”

Winnie tried to get out, “So you ..... shouldn't be cold anymore, right?”

Channing held her waist down and whispered a warning, “I don't have that much control, so stop moving, sister.”

Winnie immediately froze, not daring to move at all.

She does, too, feel some of the .....

I don't know how long it took, but Channing let go of her just a little bit and Winnie immediately sat up, “I'd better go sleep on the couch.”

Channing pulled her back, “If you go sleep on the couch, I'll finish what I didn't just do.”

Winnie let out an “Oh” and finally lay down quietly on the bed.

She quietly moved a little to the side and distanced herself from him.

This time Channing didn't yank her back.

Winnie obediently turned on her side, turning her back to him, hugging the quilt on her chest tightly, looking ahead with her eyes open sleeplessly, her mind jumbled with some thoughts.

Time goes by until late at night, when all is silent.

She finally closed her eyes in a daze.

When her breathing had evened out, Channing pulled the person back into his arms.

.....

In the morning, Winnie just opened her eyes to see her little one lying on the edge of the bed with his head in his two little hands, looking at her with unblinking eyes.

Seeing her awake, Noah greeted her with a soft, sticky voice: "Good morning, Auntie."

Winnie smiled, rubbed his head, and sat up, "Good morning Noah."

Noah's eyes arched as he got up and ran out, "Uncle, Auntie's awake~"

Winnie washed up and yawned as she headed for the dining room.

Last night is estimated to be a little sleepless, back pain.

Channing placed two glasses of milk on the table, then grabbed the suit jacket that was resting on the dining room chair and put it on, and said to Winnie, "I'll go first."

As he spoke, he looked at Noah again and instructed in a low voice, "Uncle has gone to the office, call me if you need anything."

Noah sat at the table and nodded dutifully, "Bye uncle."

Winnie stood there: "Don't you want to eat breakfast, it's all done, or eat some more ....."

Channing, who probably hadn't prepared his own breakfast, paused to pick up Winnie's glass of milk and drink half of it.

Winnie saw this and was just about to go get him a sandwich when Channing caressed the back of her neck and gave her a quick kiss on the lips, "That'll do."

Noah, who was drinking milk, watched the scene, holding his glass, without blinking his eyes.

After Channing left, Winnie subconsciously withdrew her gaze, only to meet the little one's eyes.

Both were sideways at the same time, looking away, with a very tacit understanding, without speaking.

Winnie slowly sat down, the taste of milk still remained at the corner of her lips, she picked up the glass of milk that was still half left, tilted her head and finished it in one gulp, her fingers squeezed the glass tightly, and unconsciously clenched her teeth.