

## Mr Conrad 1151

Chapter 1151-After Winnie got up by sheer willpower, she went to the bathroom and took a hot shower before she felt her tense muscles loosen up a bit.

She changed into loose clothes, put on her mask and hat again, and had just left the bedroom when she saw Channing sitting in the couch waiting for him, white short sleeves and jeans.

Winnie thought about it and folded back.

Channing's face is even more eye-catching than hers when she walks out, so she needs to cover up.

Winnie walked up to Channing and handed him his hat and mask: "It's pretty sunny out, do you want to ....."

Before she could finish her sentence, Channing had already taken it and put it on one by one.

Winnie coughed and said with a straight face, "Let's go."

It was just after noon, not many people in the neighborhood, only the sun shining brightly.

Winnie suddenly some regret this time to run out, in fact, wait until the evening is okay .....

She had just taken two steps when her wrist was pulled.

Before Winnie could react, the person had already reached the shade.

Channing's voice came, "Walk inside."

Winnie gave an "Oh" and tried to take her hand back when Channing led her forward.

After taking a few steps, Channing said, "Is it hot?"

"..... is okay."

Walking in the shade, an occasional breeze blew, and it was quite cool.

Channing didn't say anything else and didn't release his grip on her hand.

Outside the neighborhood is the pharmacy, Winnie stopped and said to Channing, "I'll go in and get it, you just wait here."

"Can't we all be together."

Winnie was quick to respond, "I seem to remember there's not much toothpaste left, so go buy two and then we'll meet up here."

Channing sniffed and nodded, "Good."

Winnie waved to him, turned and ran into the pharmacy, bought what she wanted and then haphazardly picked up a few cold remedies.

By the time she came back out, Channing was waiting there.

When we got back, Channing happened to have a phone call, so Winnie went and poured water, unwrapped the tin foil in one piece and threw it in her mouth.

She had just picked up the water and tilted her head to drink it when Channing approached.

Winnie immediately clutched the pill box in her hand.

Channing picked up several medicine boxes in front of her and looked at them, "These are for coughs and high fevers, you should take something to clear the heat."

Winnie laughed dryly twice: "Is ..... it? I think it's all pretty much the same, just eat it anyway."

Channing looked at what she was clutching in her palm, and then at a couple of pill boxes that hadn't been opened yet.

He paused, "What kind of drugs are you taking?"

Winnie untraceable hand to the back: "Just ..... with those almost, cold medicine."

Channing took her hand, opened her palm, and took out the tin foil of the pill box that had been crumpled into a ball.

Looking at his gradually sinking face, Winnie whispered, "Emergency contraception afterwards, is ....."

"So you ate it last time too?"

Winnie nods gently.

Channing looked at her, "Why don't you ask me."

His gaze was so compelling that Winnie couldn't help but look away sideways: "There's no need to ask you about this, the medicine I bought and ate on my own ....."

"I do take safety measures."

Winnie: "?"

Channing looked at her and said, word for word, "Last time, this time, it was done."

Winnie froze for a moment and opened her mouth but didn't know what to say.

Channing took the tin foil in her hand and threw it into the garbage, and his voice took on a bit of a chill: "In your eyes, am I the kind of person who is impulsive and reckless, as well as irresponsible?"

"That's not what I meant ....."

Last time she was really a bit too drunk and completely lost her memory on this procedure.

As for last night, the first half was groggy and the second half was disoriented.

She didn't bother to notice either .....

Channing said, "Go rest if you don't feel well."

After the words, he turned around and walked out.

Winnie took his hand and pursed her lips before saying, "I'm sorry, I really didn't have that in mind, and I ..... I don't remember ....."

When she got to the end, her voice was low.

Channing didn't say anything and withdrew his hand to leave.

Winnie stood still until the sound of the door closing came, then slowly dropped her head.

This seems like the first time in a long time that Channing has been angry with her.

Winnie looked at the box of pills in the trash, closed her eyes, and went to nestle in the couch.

The house is so quiet that you can hear the sound of the air conditioner operating.

She tilted her head back and looked at the ceiling, her gaze a little lax.

I don't know how long it took, but the sound of the door opening came.

Winnie was stunned, then slowly looked over, her throat suddenly a little scratchy: "Aren't you ..... gone?"

Channing walked to the dining room table, unwrapped the cold punch he bought, blended it with hot water, and brought it to her: "This medicine is to clear the heat, take it and get some sleep."

Winnie looked at him without saying anything, and her fingertips twitched.

Channing put those cold medicines she bought, one by one, into the coffee table: "Since this time to buy, next time to remember, do not buy more piles at home, the medicine is also expired."

"Got it."

The cold flush was directed at the air vents of the air conditioner and cooled down in no time.

Channing handed her the glass of water and Winnie took it, drinking it still a little hot, she drank it in small, slow sips.

When it was almost finished, Channing's voice rang out, "Next time, don't take that medicine."

Winnie's hand holding the being cup paused, and before she could answer, Channing continued, "Unless you want kids sometime, until then, I'll take good measures."

"Ahem--"

Winnie choked several times directly on the cold punch.

When she was almost done drinking, Channing took the cup and set it aside, gently patting her back.

Winnie turned her head to look at him and spoke tentatively, "Aren't you angry anymore?"

"I'm not mad, there are major side effects to taking that medicine."

Winnie didn't say anything, feeling that she did do something wrong.

She said, "In the future, I will discuss everything with you."

Channing said, "Do you think the problem is that you didn't consult with me on it."

Winnie wondered, "So what else?"

"So it's true that you don't remember anything?"

Winnie: "....."

She looked away and said vaguely, "I'm not drunk, then ....."

He said without haste, "Who said that wine is drunk in three minutes, sister."

I don't know if it's because I just drank that big cup of hot hot cold punch, Winnie feels all hot now, she sat down to the side and pulled away from Channing: "That ..... that also don't remember, who would remember that kind of ....."

Before Winnie could finish her sentence, she was pulled over by Channing, and she was forced to meet his gaze, with a weakness in her eyes that had nowhere to go.

Channing's gaze fell on her lips and his voice was low: "Sleep?"

Winnie suddenly felt that she hadn't encountered such a difficult question in over twenty years.

It was only after a long time that she stammered, "How do you sleep?"

Channing chuckled softly, "Sleep how you want."

Chapter 1152-Winnie this sleep is very deep, until the sunset, only slowly turn awake.

She stretched out and felt much more comfortable than before.

At that moment, Channing's voice came from beside him, "Better."

Winnie froze, then nodded, "That's better."

Channing's palm was over her forehead and the temperature was normal.

He said, "Don't blow any more wind after you drink."

Winnie silent, there is no possibility that it has nothing to do with drinking and blowing wind, but last night too much sweat it .....

Of course this is not something she could have said out loud.

Winnie sat up slowly, "Let's go out to dinner, I want to go for a walk after sleeping all day."

Channing said, "Good."

As night falls, the heat fades from the entire city and the evening breeze is cool and comfortable.

As Winnie and Channing walked down the street, she tilted her head, pulled down her mask, and took a deep breath, "Finally it's not as hot as it was before."

Channing said, "It's fall."

"Yeah oh, I forgot about that."

But no matter what, this hot summer is considered to be over.

Not far ahead is a long night market, probably because of the cooler weather, which is bustling with people again.

Winnie pulled Channing along, and along the way, the lights were bright and the stalls on either side were filled with new and interesting things.

Channing turned his head to look at her, "I thought you wouldn't like crowds."

Winnie said, "Who said I don't like it? In the past, it was because there were always private students and the media following me, so it was inconvenient to go to crowded places, and I was afraid of being recognized, so I had to stop going."

"Now what?"

"There's not much media following me now, and it's generally not easy to be recognized at night ....."

Before Winnie could say anything, someone next to her whispered and discussed, "Is that Winnie?"

Companion echoed: "A little like eh, she lives around here?"

"I don't know, why don't we go ask."

Winnie: "....."

She immediately pulled Channing and ran off at a faster pace.

It shouldn't be, she used to come here by herself at night to hang out, and not once was she ever recognized.

Winnie looked at the tall, handsome wolfdog beside her, even with a mask and hat on, and thought the problem must be with him.

It's too attention-grabbing.

Noticing her gaze, Channing met her gaze and raised his eyebrows slightly.

Winnie withdrew her eyes and coughed, "It's almost time to go, let's go back."

When I got home, it was still early too.

Winnie was just about to say she was going to read the script for a while when Channing said, "You promised me last time that you would watch the movie with me."

She did forget.

Winnie sat down in the couch and turned on the TV with the remote control, "What do you want to watch."

Channing took the remote control from her and selected a foreign romance film.

This film is a classic, and there are even more ambiguous moments in it.

Winnie was watching without distraction at first, but gradually, the sound of tiny gasps on the TV, filled the entire living room, and she couldn't sit still any longer.

She made an excuse to avert her eyes, "I'm going to get a glass of water ....."

However, Winnie had just gotten up when her wrist was yanked.

The next second, she was sitting on Channing's lap.

Winnie's eyes widened slightly, "You ....."

The rest of the unspoken words were swallowed up in full.

Channing palms her back and presses her against himself, his teeth nibbling delicately at her lower lip and sucking gently again.

But after a few moments, Winnie felt overwhelmed, craning her neck up as his thin lips moved downward, her fingers clenched together.

The movie behind them is still playing, and it has come to the point where the hero and heroine are forced to break up and tear their hearts out, but ..... no one cares anymore.

Channing's voice sounded next to her ear, his breath warm and implacable as he said, "Would you make a movie like that, sister."

"I ..... I didn't shoot it."

Winnie is still quite professional ethics, if there is a need in the work for the art of this degree of dedication, she can shoot, but now the scale is becoming more and more stringent, even if the shot can not pass the trial, so have not encountered such scenes .....

"What about later."

"See the director's request at ....."

She almost broke into tune.

Winnie fingertips are trembling, her hand weakly on his shoulder, breathing disorderly: "You ..... you do not bite ....."

His voice was a little slurred, "Ouch?"

"No. ...."

Winnie felt like she was going crazy, trying to get him to stop, but was completely unable to get him to do anything.

She struggled to stay awake and calm, her fingers clenched, barely speaking: "It should not be filmed, not now, and even less in the future."

Hearing this answer, Channing seemed satisfied and finally let her go.

Winnie exhaled, feeling like she had gotten her life back, dripping with sweat.

Channing said, "How many days are left in your play performance?"

"Not for a few days, the weekend."

"Can I go visit the class?"

"..... can't." Winnie was afraid he would mess up again, her body shrank a little into his arms and whispered, "I'll be back in a few days, and you can have time for Noah, Lala and Lele."

"They don't need my company."

Winnie said without thinking, "Yes! You're their uncle, how can you not go see them all the time."

Channing asked again, "So how many days will you be back?"

"A week? Five days? Or three or four days ....."

"Two days for the play, and I'll pick you up if you're not back on Monday."

Winnie: "....."

Channing took the remote control and turned off the TV and carried her back to her room.

Chapter 1153-As the plane rose high into the sky, Winnie looked out the window, her whole being revealing relaxation and ease.

The assistant couldn't help but ask, "Winnie, are you having fun lately?"

Winnie withdrew her eyes, "No, what's wrong?"

"I just think, you're in pretty good shape today, haven't seen you like this in a while."

Winnie laughed, "Probably because it's time to go to work."

The assistant nodded: "Yes, too, you must be bored with staying at home."

Winnie: "....."

Boredom is not boring, she has spent the last few days quite fulfilling, is to stay any longer, her whole person is going to waste.

The good thing is that the assistant did not ask too much on this issue, just flipping through the schedule: "Recently there are quite a lot of jobs are looking for you, and after Flora was blocked, you are the first candidate of those brands, I have given you a lot of rejections, Winnie if you feel bored, or take a little work."

Winnie said, "No ..... don't need it."

She continued, "After a while, it's time to go into the cast."

The assistant nodded, thinking it made sense.

Winnie added, "On Flora's side, any more follow-up?"

Since that night, she hasn't paid much attention to it and hardly even opened Twitter.

The assistant complained in a low voice: "The other day Flora Ben personally sent a video, tearfully apologizing to all parties, just not to you. She said she has profoundly known that she was wrong and will reflect on it, trying to get everyone to forgive her soon."

Winnie didn't say anything, she knew Flora wouldn't just give up and would definitely try every way to make a comeback.

"But Winnie, I heard some news that the capital behind Flora, are in a hurry to clear the relationship with her, she looked for quite a few connections, none of them are willing to help her."

Winnie thought for a moment, "Is it because of Mr. Conrad?"

The assistant shook his head: "What I heard is that when Flora was blocked, it was indeed Mr. Conrad who stepped in, but after that day, he left the matter alone."

Winnie opened her mouth just to speak, but her mind suddenly remembered what Channing had said that night.

"None of this will happen in the future," he said.

While Winnie was thinking about it, the assistant spoke up again, "Winnie, do you think it could be Mr. Booth?"

Winnie retracted her thoughts, "He's not that big yet."

"It's true that I was overthinking it, but now everyone is speculating who else Flora has offended, and I guess she's pretty confused herself."

Winnie coughed and cleared her throat, "That ..... you show me the itinerary."

Smoothly digress from the topic.

Two hours later, the plane landed at the airport.

Since everyone else in the crew was scheduled to arrive at different times, they just had to head to the same hotel.

After Winnie arrived at the hotel, she first sent a message to Channing, and then received a call from the theater company, saying that she should get ready, go to the theater first, go through the rehearsal process, and then have dinner together in the evening.

As the last play performance was very good, resulting in this place two people are full, scalping tickets are speculated to sky-high prices.

The enthusiasm of the fans is also going up.

Winnie had just left the hotel when she met a group of fans who had received the news and surrounded the entire hotel entrance.



She hadn't seen such a battle for a long time and couldn't help but take two steps back.

Luckily, the crew was prepared in advance and arranged for security personnel to embrace her with the fastest response.

After arriving at the RV, the head of the troupe laughed, "Winnie is as popular as ever."

The next one also agreed: "Winnie is at least a popular movie queen, and so young and beautiful, fans are normal, and we have not even begun to promote it, fans came over, if the publicity, it does not know how big the battle."

"Right, I heard a friend say, he recently had a part of the ancient puppet has been looking for you, you do not consider, now the ancient puppet market is very large, think when Flora but squeezed the head to ....."

The one who spoke was touched by someone and immediately realized what shut up.

Winnie laughed: "Or not, I think it's good enough to meet a character I like."

The person in charge added: "Yes, yes, what ancient puppet to play, Winnie has been on the big screen steady, and now the drama results are also good, the tone to cater to the market, choose the right thing for yourself is more important."

A few people just chatted for a while and soon arrived at the theater.

Plot they are previously rehearsed countless times, now just familiar with the venue, so basically over the process on the line.

But so tossed down, also to the dark.

When they were almost done rehearsing, several leaders from the theater side also came over: "Everyone has worked hard and hard, I have arranged for dinner, let's get together."

The eating place is not far from here, but for safety reasons, the crew arranged a car for them to go there.

When she reached the door of the restaurant, Winnie's phone just vibrated and it was Channing who sent her a message back.

Channing: [Did you eat.

Winnie walked while looking down and returned: [Just arrived at the restaurant and was about to eat].

Winnie continued typing: [Have you arrived home yet.

Channing: [No, overtime.

Winnie's lips curved a little, he had probably wasted too much time the other day and had a lot to catch up on.

Winnie: [So have you eaten yet.

Channing: [Eat later.

Winnie was just about to reply again when they were already walking to the door of the private room.

The leader of the theater pointed to the man inside and said, "This is Cooper, Mr. Booth, who happens to be working with us, and when he heard that you were performing here, he was also interested and came along."

Winnie held the phone, and the smile on her face gradually sank.

The theater's leader was about to continue the introduction when Cooper said, "We all know each other."

The head of the theater company laughed dryly: "Yes, yes, we are old acquaintances with Mr. Booth."

"So that's it, then let's all sit down, don't stand."

Winnie picked a seat farthest away from Cooper and just sat down when the theater leader said, "This is our leading lady, right?"

The head of the theater company said, "She ..... Hi, we are not outsiders, feel free to sit down."

The leader of the theater said, "This is not okay, Winnie is our VIP, how can you sit so far away, come, your seat is here."

Winnie glanced over to that spot, right next to Cooper.

The head of the theater company whispered, "How about you sit over there first?"

Winnie did not say anything, not good to brush off the theater party, nodded gently and walked over.

Chapter 1154-During the meal, Winnie didn't say much unless the theater director called her, and she only answered softly.

Cooper sat next to her, but did not act excessively, just drinking and chatting with people around, talking and laughing.

During this time, Winnie was offered a toast, which she declined.

When the meal was almost finished, Winnie got up and went to the bathroom.

She stood in front of the mirror and let out a long breath.

Although the play doesn't start until tomorrow, she has a feeling that it might not go too well.

Winnie pulled a hand towel, turned around and walked in the direction of the private room, and just a few steps later, she met Cooper walking towards her.

Cooper stood in front of her, pushed the glasses on the bridge of his nose, and smiled, "I didn't expect to meet you here."

Winnie smiled perfunctorily, nodded her head in greeting and was about to leave when Cooper stopped her, his tone a little helpless: "Winnie, although we can't be lovers, but at least we are friends, are you really that cruel?"

Winnie looked at him, "Mr. Booth, I made it very clear to you last time, I don't think that there is any need for us to be friends."

Cooper said, "Last time it was my words that were wrong, I apologize to you, but I am also sincere for your own good."

Winnie thought it was funny: "I don't think Mr. Booth was doing me any favors by saying that I couldn't get married after being dumped, so why should I have to get married."

"You're right, I was narrow-minded."

Winnie's words got caught in her throat for a moment, Cooper's attitude today was unusually good, she didn't know how to play it.

Cooper said again, "I just saw you didn't eat much, is the food here not to your liking? I know a restaurant nearby that tastes pretty good, you'll love it ....."

"Thank you Mr. Booth for your kindness, I didn't eat much not because I didn't have an appetite, but because I have to perform on stage tomorrow and I need to be in the best shape."

As she spoke, Winnie nodded at him and sidled away quickly.

Cooper looked at her back without warning and laughed, he guessed right, Winnie really eat soft but not hard.

When Winnie returned to the private room, the dinner had come to an end and everyone was leaving one by one as there was a performance tomorrow.

But what she didn't expect was to run into Cooper again when she got off and walked inside the hotel.

Instead of feigning a chance encounter, he smiled and greeted the rest of the theater.

Winnie simply stood at the end and did not want to engage in unnecessary conversation with him.

After taking Winnie to the door, the assistant said, "Winnie, I'll go to my room first, call me if you need anything."

Winnie nodded, "Good."

Back in her room, Winnie threw down her phone and went straight into the bathroom to take a shower.

When she came out, she saw that Channing had just given her a missed call.

Winnie flopped down on her bed and called the number back.

She whispered, "Are you done yet."

On the other end of the line, Channing said, "Just got home."

"So when are you going to your sister's side."

"Go over there tomorrow after work."

Winnie let out an "Oh" and rolled over onto her back.

Channing continues, "Don't you have to read the script."

"I read it on the plane when I came, I've already memorized it, I'll go through it again before I go to sleep."

"When to sleep."

Winnie looked at the time: "We can talk for another ten minutes."

The corner of Channing's mouth lifted, "What time is the flight the night after tomorrow?"

"I guess it's pretty late, after the play, I have to go to dinner, and I'll be lucky to get on the plane by twelve." She knew what Channing was thinking and added, "You don't have to pick me up, the driver will take me back then."

"I got it."

After chatting with him for a while, Winnie said at the ten-minute mark, "I'm ready to go to bed, so you go to bed too."

"Okay, good night."

"Good night."

Winnie held the phone, and the smile on her face couldn't help but widen.

She hung up the phone and suddenly remembered Cooper.

I should have just given Channing a heads up, but on second thought, Winnie thought it was a coincidence that Cooper was here on business, and that he hadn't done anything too much tonight, and had even apologized to her.

If she gave Channing the word, the little wolfdog would be jealous again.

Or forget it.

When you get back, just talk about it when you have a chance.

Winnie got up, went to the bathroom to wash the mask on her face, skin care, and read the script for a while, and when sleep came, she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

The entire performance of the play the next day went well, and Winnie came off stage finally relieved, thinking for a moment that she had been a little over-anxious.

What's more, Cooper didn't show up today either, proving once again that last night might really just be a coincidence.

There was nothing much to do in the evening, so Winnie went with the staff to eat the special snacks of the place, and then went shopping for gifts.

But her trip was caught on camera, and all of a sudden, the tag #casualencounterWinnie, appeared on Twitter trend again.

Except for Flora, who is still a fan of the wind, other passers-by are praising Winnie's real-life status as very capable and beautiful.

The drama is also reaping another wave of praise.

Chapter 1155-After returning to her room, Winnie put all the gifts she bought in her suitcase so that she could go straight to the airport after dinner tomorrow.

She had just gotten halfway through packing when the doorbell rang.

Winnie thought it was her assistant coming to bring her something and ran straight over and opened the door.

But what I didn't expect was that the person standing in the doorway was Cooper.

Winnie didn't quite open the door, half her body was hidden behind it, "What can I do for Mr. Booth."

Seeing her wariness and defensiveness, Cooper smiled and held up a necklace: "I just picked it up at the elevator door and thought it might be yours."

Winnie looked at it, she did have the necklace, she just didn't bring it with her this time.

She said, "It's not mine."

Cooper closed his palm: "That could be someone else's, I'd better put it at the front desk."

Winnie nodded and was about to close the door when Cooper added, "By the way, you're going back to City N tomorrow night, right?"

"Yes."

"How not to have two more days of fun, there are quite a few places of interest here that are good."

Winnie said, "There's work to go back to."

Cooper said, "Then it's still important to work, back to City N. If you have time, when you have time, I'll treat you to a meal, as an apology, you can also call Aimee together."

"No need."

Winnie was about to close the door again, but Cooper took two steps forward and said helplessly, "I really want to apologize to you and invite you to dinner sincerely, nothing else, you can also call Mr. Steward on if you are not sure. In this way, you should no longer suspect my purpose."

Winnie said, "If Mr. Booth really feels he is sincere in wanting to apologize to me, then I accept, and dinner is not necessary."

"Can't even be ordinary friends anymore?"

"Mr. Booth and I have only known each other for half a year, and we have not had much personal contact, nor have we accumulated much friendship. Friendship is something that also requires like-mindedness. So I think that being friends is not that necessary."

Cooper lost his smile, "I see."

Winnie nodded at him in greeting and then closed the door.

Cooper slowly put away the smile on his face, glanced sideways at the corner not far away, his eyes slightly narrowed.

.....

The next day's performance also went very well, leading to a big celebration party in the evening.

The leader of the theater was very happy and pulled Winnie and the lead actor of the play to make a toast.

After Winnie politely refused, he pulled a face and said, "You didn't drink the night before, let's say for the show, the show is over tonight, and the response is all very good, you don't drink a little too much, right?"

The actor of the play saw this and immediately said, "Winnie is going back to City N tonight, so I'll drink this drink for her."

He was just about to get a glass of wine, the theater leader moved away: "Eh, how can this work, you drink your, she drank hers, a glass of wine only, back to City N and what, and not to drive."

The head of the theater company also stood by, showing embarrassment, but not good enough to speak.

Winnie pursed her lips, still took the glass of wine and tilted her head and drank it.

The theater's leadership saw the situation satisfied: "That's right, tonight this celebration party happy, drink two glasses of wine is also cheerful, another glass?"

Winnie put down her glass and smiled slightly: "I appreciate your kindness, and I am grateful for your theater's cooperation for our troupe's successful conclusion this time.

The leader was in a better mood when she said so, and with the head of the troupe coming over for a toast, he took his attention away from Winnie.

After the celebration was almost over, Winnie and the lead actor of the play were the first to leave.

Unlike her, he really does have work scheduled for early tomorrow morning.

On the way to the airport, it was raining heavily without warning.

The rain came unannounced and many people were unprepared, running through the rain with their heads covered, trying to find a place where they could take shelter.

Because of the rain, the car was stuffy, Winnie lowered the window a little, and the bean-sized rain immediately smashed in, bringing a full autumnal feeling.

When they were about to arrive at the airport, Winnie's phone vibrated.

Just as she picked it up, her assistant's voice rang out, "Winnie, the flight is delayed, seemingly because of this rain."

Winnie said, "Did it say when it was changed to?"

"No, it says the time is to be determined."

Winnie glanced at her phone and looked outside again, "This rain is really coming hard, let's go to the airport first and wait, I guess we can fly when the rain lessens."

After arriving at the airport, Winnie went directly to the VIP lounge, and she arrived together with the leading man, and after the two said hello, they each turned on their phones.

Not long after Winnie sat down, the door to the lounge was opened again and the person who entered was Cooper.

He probably got a little wet from the rain and his clothes and hair were damp, and he looked at them in surprise and said, "Are you guys on this flight too?"

The actor responded and greeted him, "What a coincidence, Mr. Booth too."

Cooper smiled and sat down not far from him, "Yeah, I just finished work and booked the nearest flight, but I didn't expect to be delayed by the rainstorm, but luckily, I met you guys."

The two just chatted for a few minutes, and then the male lead went out to answer the phone.

Cooper sat down next to Winnie again, "I was trying to keep my distance from you, but God willing, maybe it really is fate for the two of us."

Winnie looked at her phone and smiled, "It wasn't a particularly good destiny either."

Seriously, too many coincidences will make people start to wonder whether it is intentional or not.

By now, Winnie no longer cared whether Cooper approached her on purpose or not, but by the time the plane took off and returned to City N, they wouldn't see each other again.

Cooper used a mirror cloth to wipe his glasses that were wet with water spray: "I actually want to ask you one question in particular, but of course, it doesn't matter if you don't want to answer."

Immediately after, he continued, "I think we have the same interests and common topics, without that Mr. Steward, do you think it's possible for us?"

Winnie paused for two seconds: "Mr. Booth may have misunderstood that we have never had the same interests. In fact, I'm not interested in those things, not really."

"Oh?"

Winnie laughed and didn't answer, just continued the same topic: "The common topic is not even close, frankly speaking, Mr. Booth and I are not in the same world, and have no relationship with other people."

Cooper put on his glasses: "I see what you mean, it's kind of like that, no more regrets."

Chapter 1156-Meanwhile, City N.

Stella looked outside and said to Channing, "This weather looks like it's going to rain, you might as well stay here tonight."

Channing said, "No, she's coming back tonight, I'll pick her up later."

At that, Stella pulled Channing to the couch and sat down, "I never got around to asking you properly what the situation is."

"What what the hell."

"It's you and Winnie, you guys ....."

Channing said, "It's together."

Stella was silent before she said, "So she ..... let go of those things in the past."

Channing lips pursed, after a few seconds before asking: "I know her, it is impossible to really let go, this matter no matter when for her, is irreversible damage, but I will always be with her."

Hearing him say that, Stella was also a little relieved.

She also understands what Winnie is probably thinking right now, and although she can't really let go, at least, she has tried, and is starting to accept a new life.

This could not have been better.

After a moment, Stella added, "I have one more question, when did you like her."

Channing looked to the man walking up behind her and got up, "You don't want to know."

Stella: "?"

Why she wouldn't want to know.

Channing said, "I'll go first."

Stella got up with her and admonished, "Drive slowly."

"Got it."

Stella looked at her back, still pondering what he meant by the words he just said, when Clarence's voice suddenly came from her ear, "You think he's three years old."

She was momentarily unprepared and looked at the face that was close at hand, and couldn't help but move to the side: "Next time you lean so close, can you remind in advance."

Clarence's lips curled down and he stood up straight: "Okay."

Stella turned back to me, "Are the kids asleep."

"Sleep."



“In two days Noah will report for school, I have an event that day, do you have time to take him there, if not forget it, I’ll put off that event .....

Clarence said, “Are you consulting me, or are you begging me.”

Stella: “.....”

He continued, “If you’re begging me, then I’ll reluctantly say yes.”

“So what if it’s being discussed.”

“It is natural to discuss, to give a little good faith.”

Stella didn’t bother to pay attention to him, this person is really too many tricks.

She nestled into the couch, “Eh, when did Chan start liking Winnie, do you think?”

Clarence sat beside her and pulled the person into his arms, holding her hand, “Didn’t you just ask him.”

“Then he didn’t give me the truth either.”

“He said it.”

Stella: “?”

She sometimes really thinks that Clarence and Chan’s brain circuits are the same, and she can’t keep up with them, right?

Stella nudged him, “Then speak up.”

“Pay to unlock.”

Stella got up, “Forget about it.”

Clarence pulled her back again and held her in his arms again: “You’re a mother now, why don’t you have any patience?”

“I’m patient enough to listen to you say so many non-nutritious things every day.”

Clarence looked at her and raised his eyebrows slightly, “How undernourishing is that.”

Stella met his gaze, blinked, and then gave him a quick kiss on the lips, “Unlocked successfully, speak quickly!”

Clarence: “.....”

He said slowly, “Since he said you wouldn’t want to know, that means that it wasn’t a good time.”

Stella thought for a moment and suddenly responded, “I know! I happened to divorce you when he met Winnie, but no, he was quite supportive, so why wouldn’t it be a good time.”

Clarence let go of her and got up and headed upstairs, “Unlock failed.”

Stella couldn’t help but laugh twice and then chased after her, “Then it shouldn’t be this time of year, but .....

Once in the bedroom, Clarence closed the door and looked at the man who was wrinkling his brow in contemplation, "Has it ever occurred to you that Channing knew Winnie, probably much longer ago, so long that even you didn't know."

At that, Stella was a little surprised: "I don't think so, Chan he doesn't follow the stars."

If earlier, then Chan only may be online or TV screens, theaters have seen those works of Winnie, can not just like her, right? His character, and definitely not this .....

Clarence said, "His feelings for Winnie would have been beyond his age of persistence and dedication. If it was just love at first sight because of her face, that would be too shallow."

Hearing him say that, Stella was feeling as if Chan had been treating Winnie differently since he met her.

I hadn't thought much about this before, but now I see that it was indeed something she had overlooked.

And when did they, in turn, meet and have contact.

Just as she was lost in thought, Clarence had dragged her down to the bed.

Stella said, "Haven't I already paid to unlock it."

Clarence said without haste: "You belong to the overdue on-demand, have to add money."

Stella: "....."

.....

The rain came hard and lasted until 2:00 a.m. when it gradually turned smaller and the original stranded flights took off in turn.

By the time Winnie got on the plane, it was almost three o'clock.

The day and night of the streak down, her whole body is tired enough, leaning against the window and fell asleep.

Winnie woke up again when the plane announced that it was about to land at City N in half an hour.

She was suddenly refreshed for a few moments.

Although only left but two short days, but she has never been like this now, desperate to go back.

I used to stay on the set for months, and I didn't feel this way.

She exhaled and tried to calm herself down a bit, flipping open the magazine in front of her and trying to pass the time.

But to my surprise, the first page of the magazine is Flora.

Winnie put it back in.

She leaned back in her seat, moved her wrists, and let out a long breath.

The assistant looked out the window and whispered, "Winnie, City N seems to be raining too eh."

Winnie followed the line of sight and the glass was indeed meandering with rain.

The assistant added: "City N should have cooled down in the past two days, it may be a bit cold in a while."

Winnie's tone was brisk: "It's okay, let's go faster."

The assistant couldn't help but look at her, "Winnie, I really think you're all in a good mood lately, so optimistic."

Winnie: "....."

She laughed dryly twice: "Yes ..... is it? Maybe the weather is not so hot and dry lately, so the mood is naturally good."

The assistant thought it made sense: "I told you, I thought you were in love!"

Winnie was choked up and opened her mouth, but didn't know what to say.

It turns out that the difference between before and after a relationship, is really obvious?

Chapter 1157-The plane landed at City N Airport at 5:00 am.

A fine drizzle is falling in successive waves, shrouding the entire city in a misty haze.

The moment she got off the plane, Winnie felt a little cold indeed.

She sneezed, covered her mask and quickly left through the VIP lane.

When she arrived at the parking lot, the assistant just pulled open the car door and Winnie saw a familiar car parked not far away.

She couldn't help but pause in her gaze.

The assistant said, "Winnie, let's go."

Winnie retracted her gaze: "So what ..... I seem to have forgotten something, I'll go back and look for it, you guys go ahead, I'll go back by myself later."

"What is it, Winnie you get in the car and sit down, I'll go find it for you."

The assistant said he was going to run back, Winnie hastily pulled her back and coughed: "Actually, I thought about it, it's not very important, no need to look for it."

"Then I'll call the airline and ask them to contact us if they find anything."

Winnie held her phone and after a few seconds of silence, she decided to tell the truth: "I ..... my friend is coming to pick me up, so you guys go first."

The assistant was full of doubts, didn't know what came to mind, and understood instantly: "I know! Then I'll wait for you to get in the car before I go."

With that, she looked around again, "Winnie, so when are your ..... friends going to arrive?"

“He’s already here.” Winnie hurriedly pushed her into the car, “You go first, let the driver send it to your home downstairs, get some rest, it’s been a hard two days.”

After the words, she immediately closed the car door and said to the driver, “It’s ready to go.”

After they left, Winnie breathed a sigh of relief. She just turned her head and saw that Channing had gotten out of the car some time ago and was leaning against the front of the car, looking at her with a smirk.

Winnie straightened her hair and walked over, stood in front of him, and whispered, “Didn’t I tell you to not come pick me up .....

“I couldn’t sleep anyway.”

Winnie was about to continue saying something, and before she could say anything, she sneezed again.

Channing saw that she was only wearing short sleeves, took off his jacket and put it on her, and went to pull the car door: “Get in.”

Winnie gathered her clothes tightly and bent down to sit on them.

Meanwhile, Cooper’s figure appeared in the garage.

He looked away from Channing, a smile on his face, and nodded towards him.

The look on Channing’s face didn’t change much, but in two seconds he withdrew his eyes and sat down in the driver’s seat.

Inside the car, Winnie didn’t notice what was going on outside as she pulled on her seat belt: “Are you sleepy, or should I drive?”

Channing said, “No, there’s a break in the car.”

Winnie said, “The flight was delayed today because of the rainstorm, and we were supposed to be there at 2:00.”

“Did the show go well.”

Winnie nodded, “It went pretty well.”

While the two of them were just talking, the car had slowly pulled out of the parking lot.

Although it was still rainy and dreary outside, it was only just autumn, and it was already light at five or six o’clock.

On the street, also set up a small stall, selling breakfast.

Winnie didn’t know what she saw: “Stop for a second.”

Channing pulled over to the side of the road, “What’s going on.”

Winnie opened the car door, “Let’s go to breakfast and eat before we go back.”

“Good.”

She just got out of the car, she felt a few drops of rain fell on her head, and was about to run over with her head buried, when an umbrella was held over her head.

Channing held her arm, "Walk slowly, there's water on the ground."

When they got to the stall, Winnie said, "Boss, two bowls of rice noodles."

"Okay, sit next to me for a moment."

Winnie was about to get her cell phone when Channing had already paid for it.

They sat at a small table next to each other and Winnie drew two pairs of disposable chopsticks and handed one to Channing: "When I used to go to college, we had these rice noodles for sale in front of the school, and I remember I loved them for a while, but then I got too busy with work to go eat them, and my agent wouldn't let me."

Channing said, "Why."

Winnie shrugged and let out a silent sigh, "Probably thought the roadside stand wasn't upscale."

Channing said, "When I was a child, downstairs in our house, there was an aunt who pushed a cart selling buns, and every morning, when I went to school, she would stuff me with a meat bun."

Winnie wondered, "Why?"

Immediately after, she added, "I know, it must be because you looked so cute when you were little, that's why she gave it to you."

Channing laughed: "I felt the same way at first, until one morning I got up earlier than usual and saw my sister there helping her clean up the leftover garbage from the guests."

Winnie said, "So the reason she stuffed you with buns is that your sister actually works part-time for her?"

At this time, their rice noodles come up.

Channing said, "For as long as I can remember, she's been working a lot of part-time jobs at the same time, as small as helping the aunt who sells buns clean up the trash in exchange for my morning meal. When she was in school, occasionally Jeffrey Radomil was home and in a winning mood and would give me a little bit to go out and buy something to eat, so I knew downstairs from our house, which was the best roadside stand."

At that, Winnie also laughed, "Are those roadside stands still there?"

"It was gone a long time ago."

Winnie suddenly felt that they all seemed to have the same regrets.

The previous debut that time, every time she secretly want to go to eat roadside stalls, will be scolded by the agent, said she does not have a star should have the appearance, if people are photographed, do not know how humiliating, but also by the circle or have the price of people look down on.

Over time, some of her hobbies, along with the buried.

She has to remember at all times that she is an entertainer and there are many things she cannot and must not do.

After a while, Channing asked her, "Does it taste the same as the one you had before."

At that, Winnie reacted, she looked down at the bowl of rice noodles and shook her head, "It's totally different."

So it is not all that can be recovered from what was lost before.

Channing said, "As I recall, you graduated from film and television school."

Winnie nodded, "Yeah, what's up."

Channing said, "It's nothing, eat up, it's getting cold."

Chapter 1158-When I got home from breakfast, it was already seven o'clock.

It's also raining a little harder outside than it was before.

Winnie took a shower and came out, Channing had changed into his suit and his tie was in the crook of his arm, not yet ready to be tied.

She paused in her steps, "Are you going to the office?"

Channing said, "Well, I have a meeting in the morning."

"But you didn't sleep all night last night ....."

"There was sleeping in the car." Channing walked up to her, took her hand, placed the tie in her palm, and in a low magnetic voice, "Will."

Winnie's heart trembled slightly as she listened, and her hands couldn't help but clench a few points: "No ..... not quite."

Channing said, "I'll teach you."

Winnie thought for a moment, "Then keep your head down."

Channing obediently bowed his head.

Nevertheless, he was so tall that Winnie had to stand on tiptoe to put the tie on.

She went around twice in a muddle and found out how it wasn't right: "How should ..... I get it?"

Channing's lips hooked down, took her hand, led her step by step, and tied her tie.

But it turns out that there are some things two people contribute to, not as good as one.

The tie was tied on crookedly.

Winnie looked down and untied the tie again, "Start over."

This time Channing did not teach her again, but always cooperated by keeping his head down and looking at her with a smiling gaze.

Winnie tried several times and finally got stuck with this tie and had to tie it today.

After a moment, she suddenly reacted and looked up at Channing, but was caught off guard by the dark, quiet eyes.

Channing raised his eyebrows slightly, probably asking what she wanted to say.

Winnie couldn't help but side-eye: "It seems to be delayed a bit long, don't you have to go to a meeting, or you should tie it yourself."

Channing looked down: "You're tying it up pretty good."

Winnie: "....."

It's true that it's a little better than the very beginning, but it's still far from really good.

Channing raised his hand and rubbed her hair, "Go to sleep, I'm leaving."

Winnie said, "So are you ..... coming back for dinner tonight."

She had nothing to do this afternoon, so she could just work on cooking at home.

"I'll send you a message later."

Winnie nodded, "Good."

Her lips went soft before the words left her mouth.

The kiss wasn't too long, but it wasn't too short either.

The moment Channing's phone rang, he simultaneously released her and whispered, "I'll go first."

Winnie's hand still maintains its position on his waist, waiting to walk away before slowly withdrawing it.

When she returned to her room, she fell into bed, but now she was a little sleepy compared to the previous sleepiness.

She was lying on her bed, playing with her phone.

Not long after, Aimee called her: "I heard you've gone back to City N?"

Winnie said, "Yeah, what's up?"

"I remember you don't have any other work during this time except acting in plays, so why is your schedule so rushed?"

Winnie: "....."

She said, "Come back when it's over."

"If you ask me, you have someone waiting for you at home, no wonder you're so eager to return."  
Aimee added, "What about it? When will you bring it out so I can meet it?"

“emm..... after a while, he’s been quite busy lately.”

Speaking of which, Aimee was suddenly a bit curious: “What does he do that works so busy, programmer?”

“No.”

“Doctor?”

“Neither.”

Aimee seven or eight guesses, Winnie said: “Neither, he ..... is just more things in the company. Besides, aren’t you going into the drama, where do you get the time.”

“Let alone into the crew, even if the earth explodes, I have to see what kind of man can take you before I close my eyes.”

Winnie: “.....”

Really just outrageous.

After they talked for a while, Aimee had work to do and hung up the phone.

Winnie lay down on the bed and fell asleep in a short while.

She slept straight through to 1pm.

Winnie got up, opened the fridge and was about to make something to eat when her phone suddenly rang.

She thought it was Channing calling and bumped into the coffee table when she ran to answer it.

Looking at the unfamiliar number flashing on the screen, Winnie slowly picked it up and placed it next to her ear, “Who is it?”

After a few seconds of silence on the other end of the line, a familiar voice suddenly came through: “It’s me, Flora.”

Winnie held her phone and sat down in the couch.

Flora’s voice continued to come, with three parts hate, three parts gnashing of teeth, and four parts exhaustion: “Mr. Conrad’s blocking of me was planned by you, right?”

Winnie smiled, “Thank you for thinking so highly of me.”

“Winnie, we’ve known each other for so many years, and although we usually don’t get along and have arguments, you don’t have to mess with me. You knew the kid was Mr. Conrad’s son and you just .....”

“What’s wrong with me being biased?” Winnie said indifferently, “Flora, you said such vicious words in front of a small child, and spread them widely afterwards to try to slander me, how come in the end it was me who did you harm instead.”



Flora said: "Then why didn't you tell me that it was Mr. Conrad's son! Winnie, you can fool others, but not me, don't think I don't know that you did it on purpose, you took the trick and then forced me to death!"

Winnie grew a little impatient: "Big sister, was it me who held a knife to your neck and forced you to do all this."

Flora was momentarily speechless: "You ..... you ....."

She spoke for a long time, but did not say a complete sentence.

Winnie was about to hang up the phone when Flora's indignant voice came back: "Winnie, don't you think that by stepping me down, those ugly things in your past, are also over, I tell you, never!"

Winnie said faintly, "I remember clearly, I don't need you to remind me."

After the words, she simply hung up the phone.

On the other side, Flora was angry enough, she squeezed the envelope in her hand tightly and looked up at the person sitting across from her, "I promise you!"

Quickly, she added, "But I need to know where they came from."

"From where you don't need to know, as long as something has existed, it must have left a trace."

"But I've looked for it before and couldn't find it at all ....."

"That only means that you are not good enough."

Flora instantly face a blue burst, red burst, clenched his teeth and looked down at the envelope in his hand.

The wave that Chassell didn't make three years ago, then this time it's her turn!

Chapter 1159-Winnie had nothing to do in the afternoon and wanted to clean the house, but found that everything was clean all around and everything was neatly arranged.

She often put things aside after use, so it needs to be cleaned up every few days.

But unlike Channing, whatever is used is put back in its place.

That's probably OCD.

Winnie opened the fridge again and looked at it. Channing hadn't eaten at home for the past two days, so there weren't many ingredients left in the house.

She immediately put on her mask and prepared to go to the supermarket for a big purchase.

Winnie pushed the shopping cart, while shopping, put things inside, and before you know it, you bought a large cart of things.

As she walked to the office area, Winnie looked at the lunar lamps placed there and couldn't take her eyes off them a bit.

This is quite nice, Channing sometimes need to office, placed next to just right.

Winnie held another lamp, put it in the shopping cart, and pushed it to the checkout.

In front of Winnie was a young couple who seemed to have just graduated from college. In the shopping cart, there were also some household items, and it looked like they had just moved in together and were ready to share a home.

The two stood for a while, the boy took advantage of the girl's inattention and secretly took an item from the shelf next to him.

However just as he was about to put it in the shopping cart, the girl happened to turn her head and noticed.

The atmosphere was instantly a little awkward as the two men looked at each other.

The boy explained, "I was trying to get candy and took the wrong ....."

The girl's ears were hot and red, and she kept her head down without speaking.

The boy hurriedly tried to put the things back in his hand, but was too nervous and slipped in his hand, and the box of things, fell directly into Winnie's shopping cart.

Winnie: "....."

The couple: "....."

The boy hurriedly said, "Sorry sorry sorry."

He said and tried to get it out, but Winnie bought too many things, the thing, long ago, slipped down the seam and fell to who knows where.

The boys went through it several times, but couldn't find it.

And the people buying in front of them just left, vacating their seats out, and the people behind them didn't know what was going on in front of them and urged them on.

Winnie looked at the couple anxious are about to cry out, she said: "It's okay, you guys check out first, later when I check out then take out the line."

"Thank you thank you."

The couple probably felt really embarrassed, hurriedly finished the bill and ran away in a hurry.

Winnie had a bit too much stuff, and her phone rang just as she was pulling it out one by one.

It was Aarav calling to talk to her about the script.

Winnie continued to hold the phone, and her hand was unconsciously continuing to reach out.

When Aarav finished, Winnie said, "Director Aarav, I'm outside now, so I'll call you back later."

She put away her phone just as the cashier finished scanning the code.

Winnie scanned the code and paid the bill, then carried the shopping bag and walked out with her hands on the moon lamp.

When she got to the underground parking lot, she put everything in the car, went around to the driver's seat again, sat up, and returned the call Aarav had just made.

After talking to Aarav for half an hour, Winnie put her phone down and drove away.

Back home, Winnie was tired enough to take a short break before first taking the moonlight apart and finding a suitable place to put it.

Then it was time to sort through the shopping bags and put what should go in the refrigerator and what should go in the kitchen.

At the end of the tidy up, Winnie found something else under the bag.

She took it out and fell into silence.

Isn't this what the couple was going to buy .....

Winnie took it and instantly felt some hot hands.

This thing, throw nor, stay nor.

Well at least it cost money to buy back.

She sat in the couch and pondered its stay for at least an hour.

Finally, she simply stuffed the stuff into the cabinet at the bottom of the coffee table, out of sight, out of mind.

A little later, she got a call from Channing saying he was going to be late.

Winnie then made a simple meal for one, and after eating, she lay down on the couch to work on the script.

Director Aarav meant that there were a few details that he wanted to change, but since she was the female lead, he followed her advice.

Winnie's own cooperation in filming is very high, never appear on the scene shooting, not satisfied with the script to let change the situation, this time Director Aarav asked her, mainly because, the role of the experience and her too similar, afraid of some parts, for her, is secondary damage.

Winnie put the script on her chest and stared at the ceiling, a little out of breath.

If it was two months ago, she wouldn't have taken the script, let alone discussed the details with Director Aarav.

Channing is like a light in her life that illuminates all the darkness.

She was also willing to fight her way out of the crevice for this light.

.....

In the evening, when Channing returned, Winnie was working on a beauty device she had bought earlier.

Channing sat next to her, "What's wrong."

Winnie frowned: "I don't know, and it's not responding to charging."

Channing picked it up and looked at it, "Maybe the wiring is bad."

"Huh?" She muttered in a small voice, "It's only been used once since I bought it, it's too pitiful."

Channing took off his suit jacket and said, "Go ahead and take a shower, I'll see if I can fix it."

Winnie responded and got up, "If it doesn't work, forget it."

"Okay, I'll take a look first."

Winnie returned to the bedroom and grabbed her clothes and headed for the bathroom when Channing's voice came in, "Got the tools."

She casually returned, "It seems to be under the dining sideboard, or under the coffee table."

"Got it."

Winnie went into the bathroom, closed the door, put the clothes on the shelf, and just turned on the water when she suddenly thought of something and rushed out as fast as she could.

In the living room, Channing sits in front of the couch, beauty device in hand, the coffee table drawer in front of her is open.

Next to the tool box is a very obvious rectangular box.

Channing swept a glance over the object, then looked up to meet her gaze, raising his eyebrows slightly.

Winnie: "....."

She can explain it!

Chapter 1160-After a moment of awkward silence, Winnie stammered and tried to weasel out, "This is ....."

So outrageous reason, will he really believe it.

Channing said slowly, "I thought I was going to take a shower."

"Yes ....." Winnie settled on, "It's to take a shower."

Just as she hesitated to say anything more, Channing had taken the toolbox out and closed the coffee table drawer.

Winnie breathed a silent sigh of relief and said to herself, "I'll go wash up first then ....."

“Good.”

When taking a shower, she was full of this matter, should have known it should be thrown away directly.

No, she should be blamed for not using that beauty device earlier or later, and I don't know what's crazy about tonight, but I actually found it out.

After a distracted shower, Winnie opened the bathroom door and tentatively stuck her head out.

Channing is no longer in the living room.

Winnie looked left and right when Channing's voice came from behind her, “Looking for something.”

She jerked her head back, caught off guard against his gaze, and laughed dryly twice: “I ..... nothing to see if it's hot outside.”

Channing handed her the beauty device, “It should be fixed, try it.”

Winnie took it, plugged it into the socket in the bathroom, and it worked fine.

She took the plug off again, “I'm done washing, you go ahead.”

Channing said, “Go ahead and use it, I'll return an email.”

Winnie “Oh”, and plugged back in, after such a big embarrassment, she has to make the best use of this beauty device today.

Winnie spent the rest of the day in the bathroom, taking care of her entire face and neck, everywhere and everywhere.

When she was done, she heard Channing on the phone, still communicating in English, supposedly about the company there.

Winnie put away the beauty device and walked lightly to the living room to get a glass of water.

In the living room, Channing is sitting at the dining room table with his computer in front of him and his phone in one hand, skimming through the contents of emails and giving advice to the other person.

Not wanting to disturb him, Winnie grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and got ready to go back to the bedroom.

However, she had just turned around when she saw the moonlight placed not far away.

After watching for a while, she looked back at Channing, who was working at the dining room table, and suddenly felt that it was too out of place.

Meanwhile, Channing finished his phone call and looked up at her, “What's up.”

Winnie retrieved her thoughts, “Nothing ..... Do you still have to work.”

Channing said, “There's still a while to go, so go to sleep if you're sleepy.”

Winnie slept so long today that she is not sleepy at all.

She paused before asking, “Have you finished eating yet?”

Two seconds later, Channing replied, "No."

Winnie put the water in her hand on the dining table and reached for the refrigerator, "I went to the supermarket today and bought some fruit, I'll cut some for you. Or tell me what else you want to eat, there are quite a lot of ingredients."

Channing's lips curved, "Fruit will do."

In fact, this evening, the assistant has a working dinner scheduled.

Winnie grabbed a few different fruits from the fridge and went to the kitchen.

She washed and peeled the fruits, cut them one by one into small pieces, and finally squeezed on the salad, put on the small fruit fork, and brought it to Channing and put it down: "Okay, you eat, I'll go to my room."

Channing said, "Aren't you going to eat."

"I ....."

Winnie felt a little hungry just as she opened her mouth.

She got a meal for one person in the evening, and not much, eaten for so long, indeed .....

Winnie said, "Then I'll eat a little bit."

She sat down across from Channing and grabbed a fruit fork, swiping at her phone as she ate

Two people a work, while eating and playing with the phone, do not disturb each other.

When Channing closed his computer, Winnie looked up, "Eat up, I'll ....."

As she spoke, her eyes fell on the fruit plate in front of her.

The plate of fruit, she ate a large part of it.

Winnie: "....."

Offbeat.

I really can't play with my phone and eat at the same time, it's too sinful.

Channing asked her, "Are you full."

Winnie was silent for two seconds, put down her fruit fork as fast as she could, got up and said, "I'll go get it for you again."

Channing took her wrist, "No, these are enough."

"But you didn't even eat dinner, how are these ....."

"Eaten."

Winnie: "?"

Channing said, "I just want you to be here with me."

Winnie suddenly felt a little hot in the ears, she whispered, "Then you ..... just say it directly ah."

"Got it, I'll be straightforward later."

Winnie pulled her hand out and pushed the fruit plate to him again, "You eat the rest, I'm going back to bed."

After the words, she turned around and walked quickly into the room.

Lying in bed, Winnie took out her phone and searched the Internet for the study's layout.

For every graphic she reads, she bookmarks one.

Winnie watched for an unknown amount of time before footsteps came from outside the bedroom door.

She hurriedly tucked the phone under her pillow and closed her eyes to pretend to be asleep.

Channing gently closed the door and sat next to her, about to reach out to turn off the lamp when the phone under Winnie's pillow rang and her eyelashes twitched unconsciously.

The next second, there was a snap and the desk lamp was turned off.

The room was plunged into darkness.

Winnie let out a breath, yet before she could completely relax, Channing's voice rang in her ear, "Can't sleep?"

She slowly opened her eyes and looked into his quiet eyes through the darkness.

Winnie whispered, "Kind of."

She paused and then continued, "Have you taken care of all your work."

"Okay."

"Eat all the fruit ....."

"Finished eating."

Channing whispered, "Anything else you want to ask."

"You ....."

Winnie had just opened her mouth when her lips were gagged.

She slowly closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Everything grows silently in the darkness and spreads rapidly.

When Winnie was lying on the bed, her breath was slightly panting, listening to the movement of the bedside table, Channing finished getting her things, his thin lips were back on her ear: his breath was warm "Sister, the one you bought today is too small, next time buy two sizes bigger."

Winnie: “.....”

She braced herself a little: “That’s not the one I bought .....”

Winnie reluctantly explained, adding, “As ridiculous as that reason is, I swear, it really is.”

In the darkness, Channing laughed silently.

Winnie spoke tentatively, “Do you really believe that.”

“I prefer to believe that you bought small.”

“No .....”

The rest of the words drowned in his throat.

Although it was only two or three days apart, Winnie did experience, as Aimee said, that a small farewell is better than a new marriage.

Channing’s spirit is also too good, right? Why can he get to the office at 7 or 8 am the next day and work overtime until 10 pm, after hardly sleeping all night.

Still can .....

Being young is really different.