

Mr Conrad 801

Chapter 801-Winnie had dinner and chatted with them until half past ten.

Because she drank a little wine and didn't drive her car, she took a taxi to go home.

On the way back, Winnie leaned against the window and kept looking out. Nobody knew what she was thinking.

She looked a little distracted.

She entered the building and took the elevator. Her mobile phone vibrated. It was her friends who reminded her to ask about the new product of Starry Sky.

She almost forgot.

Winnie kneaded her swollen painful temple and sent a voice message to Stella while getting out of the elevator.

"My friend wants the pair of earrings I wear today, but they are out of stock online. I want to ask if there are those in your studio. If so, I'll ask her to come tomorrow..."

Winnie suddenly stopped and release the voice button.

She asked, "Why are you....?"

Channing squatted at the door of her house, looking at his mobile phone. His jaw was sharper under the reflection of the light from the phone screen.

Next to him were two bags of fruit and vegetables from the supermarket.

Seeing Winnie, Channing packed up his cell phone and stood up.

Winnie said, "When did you come here?"

Channing pursed his lips, "Not long ago."

Winnie didn't believe it. She looked at the supermarket shopping bag on the ground in which some ice had melted. There was a small pool of water on the ground.

A guess arose in her mind. She asked in surprise, "Did you come here after school?"

Channing didn't speak, and just picked up the shopping bag.

Winnie knew that she was right.

As she opened the door, she said, "Why didn't you call me when you came, or you could stay in the security room. I can't believe you've been here for so long."

Channing whispered, "I'm afraid you're busy, so I didn't bother you."

Winnie's action of opening the door paused for a moment. For a moment, she had a flutter that even her breathing got heavier.

What he just said captivated her.

In the morning, he acted like a gutsy little wolf, but in the evening, he became an obedient puppy.

He switched between the two so freely.

Who could resist that?

Winnie coughed and finally opened the door, "Come in first."

Channing took the things in his hand and went directly into the kitchen.

Winnie came over, and stood behind, explaining hesitantly, "I'm not busy with my work tonight. I just had dinner with your sister and... Don't wait for me like this next time. Call me directly. Even if I'm really busy, I'll reply immediately when I see your message. It's better than waiting here for a few hours."

Channing took out the things in the shopping bag one by one and put them in the refrigerator. He replied with a light voice, "I thought you would tell me the password directly."

Winnie, "..."

Winnie, "No way!"

A faint smile flickered across Channing's lips. He agreed with a gentle "hm".

Winnie sat at the table. Probably because she had not slept well last night and had been running around all day, she was really tired. She asked in a feeble voice, "Is there anything to drink? The wine makes me thirsty."

Channing took a bottle of juice from the shopping bag, unscrewed it and handed it to her.

Winnie drank half a bottle at one sitting.

Channing put the food in the refrigerator and said, "There are fruits, vegetables and vegetarian food. If you don't know what to eat, open the fridge and have a look."

Winnie slowly put down the juice and said idly, "I think you're wasting your time. When I open the fridge on a whim, the things in it should have gone bad."

Channing paused and said, "I said before. I'll come here and cook for you."

Winnie supported her head on the table with one hand. She didn't know whether it was because she had drunk the wine, but her question became bolder, "Why do you like me? I seem to have nothing but

good looks and better acting skills. What's more you are not starstruck, so there's no reason...

"I am superficial, and I like beautiful women."

Winnie said seriously, "There are many beautiful women in the entertainment industry, especially young girls. JH Film has signed several girl groups recently. They are around your age. You should spend more time with them."

Channing said, "They are not as beautiful as you."

Winnie probably didn't expect him to talk so directly. She was stunned, but the trace of a smile appeared at the corner of her mouth.

Everyone likes to be called beautiful. Especially by the boys they like.

She felt very excited.

Channing closed the refrigerator door and took his bag, "I'm leaving. Go to bed earlier."

Winnie was dizzy. He came and went in a hurry, which made her a little confused.

After a long time, she said, "It's so late now. Is there a subway?"

Channing said, "I'll take a taxi. I have class tomorrow morning."

“Well... Be careful on the way.”

After walking a few steps, Channing suddenly turned back, tenderly hold her face, and gave her a passionate kiss, then turned to leave.

Winnie was in a daze.

After Channing left, she felt the whole room become quiet.

What had just happened was like a dream for her.

Winnie laid prone on the table and suddenly began to wonder who's taken for a ride?

She felt that they seemed to be going in the opposite direction of “just having fun”.

At this time, her phone on the table vibrated. Stella sent a message.

Stella: [There seems to be a pair of samples in the studio. You can ask your friend to come and get them tomorrow.]

Looking at the text, Winnie was even more reluctant to face the reality....

After sending a message to Winnie, Stella remembered what had happened that afternoon.

She took out her phone and wanted to ask Channing what had happened, but she gave up one second before the phone was dialed.

Well, he knew his own feelings.

It's not appropriate for her to ask too many questions.

But it was almost twelve o'clock, and Clarence hadn't come back yet.

Stella was so drowsy, but she was worried that Clarence didn't have dinner. She ordered lots of take-out and went to sleep after leaving Nathan's number.

Not knowing how long it had been, she woke up and it was already morning. Looking at the figure in the room, Stella rubbed her eyes and sat up for a few minutes. She said with a tired voice, "Have you

just come back, or are you going out?"

Clarence turned around and asked in a hushed voice, "Did I wake you?"

Stella shook his head.

Clarence came over and gently hugged her, "Go back to sleep."

His body was cool, and it was obvious that he had just come back.

Stella slept well this night and gradually regained her full consciousness. She found a comfortable position to lean on Clarence's chest, "Have you been busy lately?"

"A little, but I can squeeze time for making a baby."

Stella wanted to punch him.

"Can't this man be serious for a minute?!"

Stella didn't want to talk to him.

Clarence said with a smile, "Alright. Sleep with me for a while."

A glance at the clock. It was just six o'clock.

It's early indeed.

Stella closed her eyes again, but whispered, "Aren't there lounges in the office? You might as well sleep over there."

Clarence replied with a low voice, "I'm afraid you'll worry that you won't see me when you wake up."

just come back, or are you going out?" Clarence turned around and asked in a hushed voice, "Did I wake you?" Stella shook his head. Clarence came over and gently hugged her, "Go back to sleep." His body was cool, and it was obvious that he had just come back. Stella slept well this night and gradually regain her full consciousness. She found a comfortable position to lean on Clarence's chest, "Have you been busy lately?" "A little, but I can squeeze time for making a baby." Stella wanted to punch him. "Can't this man be serious for a minute?!" Stella didn't want to talk to him. Clarence said with a smile, "Alright. Sleep with me for a while." A glance at the clock. It was just six o'clock. It's early indeed. Stella closed her eyes again, but whispered, "Aren't there lounges in the office? You might as well sleep over there." Clarence replied with a low voice, "I'm afraid you'll worry that you won't see me when you wake up."

Chapter 802-Three days later, Sherry went to London.

After getting down from the plane, it was already past ten in the evening. She directly checked in to the hotel.

She decided to go to Complex Corporation to find Stella's father the following day.

Lying in the luxurious bathtub of the suit, Sherry sent a voice message to Stella: "Stella, I'm already in the hotel. Have you informed your father yet?"

Shortly after, Stella called her back.

Before Sherry left, they thought about the excuses and couldn't find a proper one.

Hence, Stella decided to let Sherry take the jewelry from Starry Sky Studio and give them to William. He could distribute them to the employees as benefits.

In this case, their jewelry would extend its fame overseas, and also, they would have a suitable excuse to do this thing.

William wouldn't suspect it, either.

Stella asked, "Is the photography exhibition the day after tomorrow?"

Sherry said, "Yep. I'll go to see your father tomorrow and get his DNA. Then I'll go to the exhibition the day after. If everything goes smoothly, I can go back in the evening of the day after tomorrow."

"It's alright. I'm not eager to know the result now. You can stay there longer."

"But, I do want to know the result," said Sherry. After a pause, she felt the result should be evident, so she should just calm down.

Stirring the petals on the water, she said, "No problem. I'll take this chance and have fun then."

Stella said, "All right. Go to bed early. You must be exhausted after such a long journey."

"Ehn. Bye, Stella."

After hanging up the phone, Sherry stayed in the bathtub for another half an hour before coming out.

Probably she was too exhausted, or the essential oil in the bath worked. She didn't suffer from jet lag. After lying down, she fell asleep soon.

She slept soundly.

At ten o'clock the new morning, Sherry arrived downstairs of the Complex Corporation's building on time while dragging a suitcase.

The receptionist greeted Sherry in a British accent.

Sherry answered, "I'm here for Mr. William. I'm his daughter's friend, and I brought him something."

The assistant's office had already informed the front desk ahead.

Hence, the receptionist showed her to the elevator and pressed the button. Then she said, "Ma'am, you'll be received after arriving."

Sherry nodded and thanked her.

When the elevator door was closed, Sherry exhaled.

It was the first time she came to this kind of multinational company. The lobby and elevator were clean and bright. People were from all over the world.

She could tell the working atmosphere was strict and detail-oriented.

Sherry felt nervous.

While she wondered how she should greet the assistant to receive her later, the elevator door opened slowly.

Looking at the figure standing outside, Sherry said nervously, "Excuse me..."

The man turned around.

Sherry gaped.

She had thought of the possibility of meeting him, but it was way too fast.

Daniel helped her drag the suitcase and said, "William is in a meeting now. I'll take you to wait in his office."

"Oh. Okay. Thanks."

Sherry followed her. Seeing him here rather than in City N, she had felt something different in her heart.

Probably it was because City N was her territory, but this city was his.

She didn't know much about London, but she felt the familiarity of Daniel.

It was like she was drifting in the endless ocean and suddenly found a lifesaving wood to grab hold of.

Somehow, she felt at ease.

When arriving at the office, Daniel told another assistant, "Please make her an iced Americano."

The assistant was about to leave. Sherry waved her hand and said, "No, please don't bother. A glass of water would be fine. Thank you."

After the assistant left, Sherry withdrew her gaze. Then she found that Daniel was looking at her. She kept silent for a few seconds before saying, "The doctor said I needed to drink more plain water. It's good for my health..."

Daniel didn't remark on that. He asked, "Had breakfast?"

"Yes. It's served in my hotel."

Daniel said, "All right. I'm busy, so I'll leave you here. If you need any help, let them come to me."

Sherry nodded. "Okay."

After the office door was closed, Sherry sat on the sofa, and her palms were full of sweat.

She looked around and ensured there was no surveillance camera in the office. Then she took a walk in the room.

She didn't see any ashtray, so William didn't smoke.

She lay prone on the floor next to the desk and looked carefully for any hair.

Suddenly, she heard a voice above. "Excuse me, Ms. Perry?"

Sherry suddenly looked up, feeling a bit guilty. "Ye-Yes?"

The assistant held a cup of water and asked politely, "Ms. Perry, did you drop anything?"

An idea hit her mind. While rubbing her ear, she said, "Yeah. My ear stud dropped. I'm... I'm looking for it."

“Do you need my help?”

Sherry stood up immediately. “No, thanks. It’s too small. I guess it can’t be found.”

The assistant said, “This office is cleaned every day. If we find it later, I’ll send it to you, Ms. Perry.”

Sherry put on a wry smile. “Okay. Thank you so much.”

As she spoke, she sat back on the sofa.

The assistant asked, “Ms. Perry, Mr. William wants to know what kind of food you like. I’ll reserve a restaurant for lunch.”

Sherry answered, “I... I’m not picky. I have never been here before. Any tasty food would do.”

The assistant nodded. “Okay, I see. I’ll reserve a typical British restaurant then. Ms. Perry, you can have a taste of our local food.”

“Thanks a lot.”

The assistant added, “Mr. William said you brought him something. He asked me to deal with it on his behalf.”

“Oh, right. OK,” Sherry answered. She walked to the suitcase and pulled out several jewelry boxes. “These were necklaces, earrings, and rings, including all styles from our studio. Here you go.”

The assistant nodded. “I see. Please don’t worry, Ms. Perry. I’ve told the company operation department. We’ll guarantee the best publicity for your products.”

Although it wasn’t Sherry’s primary purpose of her trip, it would be fantastic if William’s company could open the market for their studio.

She said, "Thank you so much for your help."

Chapter 803-Shortly after the assistant dragged out the suitcase, William came back.

Sherry stood up immediately. "Hello, Mr... Mr. William."

William smiled at her. "Sorry for keeping you waiting."

"It's alright. I came here quite late. Your assistant has just taken the jewelry out."

William checked the time and put down the documents. "It's almost noon. Let's have lunch first."

Sherry said, "Okay."

Sherry had met William several times in City N. He was gentle and easygoing. After chatting with him a bit, Sherry relaxed a lot.

They went downstairs, and his assistant walked up to open the door for them.

After sitting in the car, Sherry wound down the car window. Before exhaling, she saw familiar eyes from the rearview mirror.

She was speechless.

Inwardly, she cried for help.

William got in the car from the other side. Seeing that, he said, "This is Daniel. You have met him before."

Sherry nodded stiffly. "Yes. We know each other."

The door was closed. William said to Daniel, "Let's go."

Daniel hummed and started the engine.

The restaurant was a bit far away from the company. It took them half an hour to arrive.

After getting down, Daniel gave the car key to an usher for parking the car.

Sherry followed William, having an intense migraine.

She wondered if God wanted to test her willpower.

It was... just torture.

Arriving at the private room, Daniel told a waiter, "Please serve the dishes."

The waiter answered and left.

Sherry was standing at the door uneasily. William said, "Please take a seat, Ms. Perry."

Sherry looked up and hummed subconsciously. Then she said, "Mr. William, please call my name, Sherry."

William smiled. He let her sit down and said, "Sherry, Stella told me you came to London for a photography exhibition."

Sherry answered, "Yes. A lot of famous photographers' works are exhibited this time. I like them a lot."

William asked, "When will you go?"

"The exhibition has been on for several days. I'll go there tomorrow."

William repeated thoughtfully. "Tomorrow. I see."

After a pause, he added, "You are a stranger here. Daniel has no work tomorrow. I'll let him go with you."

Upon hearing it, Sherry waved her hand to refuse. "No, thanks. I can go there myself. Please don't bother."

Refusal was written all over her face.

Right then, she heard Daniel's voice from aside. "It's not bothering at all."

Sherry was wordless.

William gave a small smile, "All right. Since you know each other, I'll let you show Sherry around London, Daniel."

"Mr. William, I..."

"You are Stella's best friend, and I'm her father. I must be responsible for your safety in London. Or, I can't explain to my daughter."

Sherry parted her lips. It would be too rude if she refused again.

She had to say, "Thank you so much, Mr. William."

“You are welcome.”

Soon, the dishes were served.

William chatted with Sherry during lunch, almost all about Stella.

Daniel sat there and seldom spoke.

Sherry had a little secret, though. While chatting with William, she kept studying him, wondering how to get a DNA sample from him for the test.

William was different from Channing. He was an elder, and she wasn't close to him.

Hence, it was difficult for her to get something from him.

Sherry didn't have any chance during lunch at all.

She felt disappointed.

Before coming to London, she guaranteed Stella to finish this task affirmatively.

Now, William was right in front of her, but she couldn't do anything.

Probably because of the secret, she didn't have much appetite to eat.

Seeing that, William guessed that she didn't like the local food.

After leaving the restaurant, William said to Daniel, "Take Sherry to have some snacks. I'm going back to work."

Sherry was taken aback. "No, thanks, Mr. William. I..."

William patted Daniel on his shoulder. Looking over at Sherry, he said, "Go ahead, please. Sherry, tell him what you'd like to have. It's not common for you to pay a visit here. Have fun."

Then he turned away.

His bodyguards and assistant were waiting for him nearby.

William got in their car and headed back to the company.

Sherry gaped.

It had ended.

She hadn't even taken any action, but everything ended.

Daniel took over the car key from the usher and said, "Let's go, shall we?"

Sherry looked around. She couldn't see any friends or family.

Hence, she had to follow him to leave.

When she was about to pull open the rear door, Daniel said, "Sit in the front."

Sherry didn't want to embarrass herself, so she had to compromise and sat in the passenger's seat.

On the way, the music was played in the car, which eased the atmosphere.

Sherry pressed down the window and peered out, humming a song.

She saw the bustling streets, the Thames, the theatres.

Right then, she realized that she was indeed in a different country.

Daniel tilted his head and looked at her. He asked, "Hasn't your boyfriend come here with you?"

Sherry was taken aback. She turned around in confusion. "Pardon?"

Daniel repeated, "You came here for the exhibition. Hasn't your boyfriend come here with you?"

Since the atmosphere wasn't so bad, Sherry suddenly thought it was an excellent excuse.

After all, she still had a boyfriend when traveling in London in the following days.

Hence, the relationship between her and Daniel wouldn't become too weird.

She answered, "He was busy at work, so he couldn't make it."

"Isn't he worried you are abroad all by yourself?"

Sherry curled her lips. "I'm almost thirty, a grownup. Why can't he rest assured? My mother also agreed with me. She also let me look for..."

Daniel asked, "What are you looking for?"

Her mother asked her to look for a western boyfriend.

Sherry couldn't tell him, of course.

She coughed and continued, "She asked me to look for some places for fun, so I can tell her after going home."

Daniel said, "You can take your parents along when you come here next time."

"Better not. My mother's ankle used to be twisted, so she couldn't sit for a long while. Flying would be a torture for her. Besides, here..." Sherry said, "Well... This city isn't so fantastic as I'd imagined. I prefer City N better. It's cozier."

Daniel stared in front while driving and said, "She must come here once, anyway."

Sherry was confused. "Why?"

Daniel didn't answer.

Sherry shrugged, peering out of the window again.

There was a gentle breeze. The sun shone brightly in the afternoon. It was not hot but warm.

Chapter 804-Daniel took Sherry to a street full of restaurants and food stalls.

Sherry thought she was packed for lunch, but the food here whetted her appetite.

She hadn't had a proper meal since she boarded the plane yesterday.

Hence, her appetite was awakened suddenly.

She tried every stall and bought some takeout back to the hotel.

Daniel paid for everything while following her.

Sherry wanted to refuse, but it was easier for Daniel to talk to the stall owners. Hence, she didn't insist on paying the bill. Instead, she noted down the rough total and decided to transfer the money to him after going back to the hotel.

After they left the street, Daniel asked, "Are you full?"

Sherry nodded, "Yep."

She might have overeaten, to be honest.

Daniel asked, "Do you want to walk around or go back to the hotel?"

Sherry raised the bags in her hand and said, "It's not convenient to walk around with them. I'd better go back to the hotel."

"Okay."

The car arrived at the hotel after half an hour.

Sherry immediately unfastened the seat belt and said, "Thank you so much, Daniel. As for tomorrow, you don't need to..."

"I'll come to pick you up at nine tomorrow morning."

Before Sherry refused, Daniel had driven away.

Sherry stood in front of the entrance, gaping. She hadn't finished her sentence.

Daniel left too fast.

She stood motionlessly for a few seconds, turned around, and walked into the hotel.

She put the takeout into the fridge. Lying prone in the bed, she called Stella and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Stella. I didn't find any chance during lunch..."

Stella smiled. "It's all right. How's your day?"

Earlier, she was eager to know the DNA result because she could feel Channing was bothered by the thought of Jeffrey. Although he didn't complain, Stella knew he had been tortured by the matter.

However, she believed that Channing had already let go. It seemed he had found a way out, so he wasn't so obsessed with those things anymore.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have taken the initiative to pursue Winnie.

Sherry heaved a sigh. "Alas... As soon as I entered your father's company, I met Daniel. Besides..."

Sherry repeated what William had said during lunch to Stella.

She was tossing and turning on the bed. "Stella, can you tell Mr. William I'm OK by myself. There's no problem at all. I don't need Daniel to accompany me."

Stella raised her eyebrows slightly. "Well... I don't think my words would work. You are a girl and abroad alone. My father is an elder, so he feels responsible for your safety."

Sherry sighed helplessly. She added, "By the way, I'll transfer the money to you. Can you please give it to Daniel on my behalf? I don't want to add him on WhatsApp, because I'd have to delete him later. It's too troublesome."

"All right. How much?"

Sherry said a number. Then she put the phone in hand-free mode and calculated the exchange rate before transferring the money to Stella.

Stella said, "In fact, I don't think he will accept it."

Sherry was silent for a moment and said, "I don't care. It's alright if he doesn't accept it. I've tried to give it back to him anyway."

"I'll try."

After chatting for a while, Sherry lay on the bed. She was sleepless.

When she woke up, it was completely dark outside.

Sherry rubbed her eyes, looking at the darkness outside the window while sitting on the bed.

She felt lonely again.

It made her depressed.

It was so boring to be here alone.

After the photograph exhibition tomorrow, she would go to William's office again to see if there would be any opportunities.

She would go home after getting whatever she wanted if it went smoothly.

Probably it was because of her nap for two hours in the afternoon. Sherry couldn't fall asleep at all in the evening. She was in a daze while sitting beside the window.

The scented candles behind her swayed quietly.

She clicked open a comedy on her phone.

However, the jokes didn't amuse her at all.

Sherry sighed and lay on the bed again.

Suddenly, something popped up in her mind.

Daniel wouldn't go back to City N. Why did she calculate the exchange rate?

He might accept her money, but he would see through her insincerity.

Sherry was speechless.

She believed that she had made a mistake.

Before falling asleep, she decided to give him cash the next day.

Due to her insomnia, when Sherry woke up the following morning, it was half-past nine already.

She checked her phone and didn't see any missed calls.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

Probably Daniel didn't really mean it yesterday.

Sherry changed her clothes and tidied herself up. Then she carried her bag and went downstairs.

She walked out of the hotel and wanted to hail a taxi, only to find a familiar black vehicle parked in front.

She wondered if that was Daniel's car yesterday.

She couldn't remember.

Hesitantly, she walked over and checked carefully.

When she was approaching the car, the window was suddenly wound down. "What are you looking for?"

"Ah!" Sherry exclaimed as she was shocked.

Then she turned to look at the man who spoke.

She forgot she was in UK, where the driver's seat was on the right.

Daniel smiled when seeing the startled look on her face. "Have you sobered up yet?"

Sherry patted her chest to calm down. "When... When did you arrive?"

"I said at nine. Don't you remember?"

"Why didn't you call me?"

Daniel said, "We made an appointment, but you didn't come downstairs, so I guessed you were still sleeping. You are here for relaxing, so I can't stop you from sleeping."

Sherry was rendered speechless.

She couldn't retort at all.

Daniel tilted his head at her. "Get in."

Sherry walked to the other side and sat in the passenger's seat.

Daniel asked, "Where is the exhibition?"

Sherry pulled out her phone and stammered an address.

Daniel said, "Okay. I see."

The location was a bit far away from the hotel. It would take them an hour by driving.

Sherry felt sleepy on the way. When she was about to fall asleep, Daniel said, "We've arrived."

Sherry woke up immediately. She sat straight and looked out of the window to check. It was the place.

While unbuckling the seat belt, she said, "Why don't you... wait for me in the car?"

Chapter 805-Sherry felt weird if they went to see the exhibition together.

It seemed only close friends or people in love would do it.

However, neither of the situations applied to her and Daniel.

When Sherry raised her head, Daniel had already gotten off the car.

She wondered if her suggestion was too late.

There were not too many visitors in the exhibition hall at this time.

Daniel walked ahead, followed by Sherry. They acted like two strangers.

Sherry thought this was not bad.

Shortly after, she found the works from her favorite photographers. She paused.

Sure enough, they were famous. She could learn a lot from their works.

After browsing all of them, Sherry saw Daniel talking with a woman nearby. The woman was smiling happily while putting one hand on Daniel's shoulder. Evidently, they enjoyed the conversation a lot.

The woman was a sexy blonde.

They looked like a perfect match standing together.

Sherry suddenly found all the works in front of her boring, and she planned to have a walk outside the hall. At this moment, Daniel looked over and met her eyes.

Then he whispered to the woman next to him.

Sherry saw them walking to her direction together.

She prayed that they were not gonna talk to her.

However, she heard that Daniel was introducing her to the woman, and then he said to Sherry, "This is Lyla, the owner of this exhibition center."

Sherry was taken aback. "The owner?"

Lyla stretched out her hand to Sherry and said, "Nice to meet you, Ms. Perry. My husband and I are Daniel's close friends."

Sherry shook hands with her hurriedly. "Nice to meet you, too."

Daniel said, "I just told Lyla that you are also a photographer and showed her your works. She likes them a lot. She asked if you would consider putting your works in the exhibition as well."

Sherry was surprised. Pointing at herself, she asked, "My works?"

Daniel explained, "She was a Geographic photographer before. After she got married, she stopped taking photos. Your photographic style is quite similar to hers in the young age, reminding her of the good old days when she was dating her husband. Hence, she sincerely invited you to join this exhibition."

"But I..."

“Lyla is always a strict woman. She has taken the initiative to invite you to join this exhibition, so it means your works are valuable in her eyes. Don’t feel stressed.”

Sherry believed him.

Lyla turned to her, “Ms. Perry, if you agree, your works will be put in the exhibition from tomorrow.”

Sherry hesitated for a few seconds before nodding firmly. “Okay. I agree.”

She had never imagined that one day, her works could appear at such a large exhibition and be placed among the works of so many prestigious photographers.

It was certainly an encouragement for her.

If she hesitated again, she might miss the chance.

Daniel said, “Send your works to me later. I’ll deliver them to Lyla.”

Sherry asked in a low voice, “Why can’t I directly send them to her?”

Daniel didn’t speak, ignoring her question.

Lyla sensed the atmosphere between them, and gave a knowing smile. She patted Daniel on his shoulder and said something in whispers. Then she nodded at Sherry before leaving.

Looking at her back, Sherry asked, “What did she just say?”

Daniel answered, “She said she had to go and would keep in touch.”

After a pause, he continued, “And...”

“What?”

Daniel looked at her and answered slowly, “She said you are pretty and talented. If we got married, she wanted us to invite her.”

Sherry was speechless.

She didn’t expect that at all.

With a blushed face, she said, “Why didn’t you explain to her?”

Daniel said, “She’s gone already. How did I do that?”

“All right... You can explain to her in the future.”

After browsing all the works, it had been three in the afternoon.

Since they had been indoor for a long time, when breathing the fresh air outside, Sherry stretched herself cozily.

She felt a bit dizzy after browsing the photos.

Daniel asked, “Would you like to have lunch downtown or make do with it in a restaurant nearby?”

Sherry thought for a while and answered, “It’ll take an hour to go back. Let’s find a place nearby.”

There was a fast-food restaurant just less than two miles from here.

Sherry was fond of the food, so she enjoyed it a lot.

Daniel put a cup of soft drink in front of her and asked, "Do you have any plans this afternoon?"

Sherry munched a drumstick and said, "I want to go to the South Bank."

Daniel checked the time. "If we go back, we can watch the sunset."

Sherry took several sips of the drink. "Okay. Hurry up. Let's go. Don't waste time."

She wanted to take some photos of the Thames in the sunset."

If they were too late, the sun would set already.

She tossed the garbage into the trash can, picked up her bag, and walked out of the restaurant.

She enjoyed the view on the way back.

Sherry pulled out her camera and took a lot of photos.

She was pretty spirited, completely different from the drowsy Sherry in the morning.

When she was taking photos, the car stopped suddenly. Daniel pulled it over on the roadside.

Sherry hurriedly covered her camera and turned to ask, "What happened?"

Daniel checked the fuel tank and tried to start the engine again, but it didn't work.

He said, "Please remain seated."

Then he opened the door, got off, and opened the hood.

Sherry sat for a few minutes, but he still hadn't resolved the problem. She put the camera into her bag, got down, and walked over. "Did the car break down?"

Daniel hummed. "The engine has burned."

Holy Moly!

She turned to look around, but there was no car passing by at all.

The surrounding suddenly became too quiet.

After waiting for thirty minutes, Daniel said, "Let's go."

Sherry asked blankly, "Where are we going?"

Daniel said, "There should be a motel nearby. Let's go find it. Then I'll call someone to pick us up."

Sherry didn't give up and still looked in the distance, no sign of cars passing by.

She had to follow Daniel.

Hence, she took out her bag from the car and walked with him.

Chapter 806-On the way, Sherry saw the sun setting bit by bit.

It would take them an hour to go back to the downtown by driving.

It seemed that she couldn't take photos of the Thames today.

However, the landscape here was not bad, either.

She saw a big lake from afar, which reflected the setting sun.

Sherry pulled out her camera and pressed the shutter.

When Daniel turned around, he saw the scene.

She was standing there holding a camera. Her long hair was brushed by the breeze. Behind her was the setting sun, whose light was painting the outline of her figure.

For a moment, his breath had been taken away.

Ever since Lyndon took him away and Amanda controlled him, he had been thinking about a question for dozens of nights.

He asked himself whether he would resign himself to the fate of dying like that.

He had never been so enthusiastically in love before.

He didn't have the desire to fall in love in the past.

He couldn't even remember most of the women whom he had dated.

They only got what they needed. The impulse driven by the physical desire came and went fast.

Hence, they disappeared from his memory quickly as well.

However, Sherry was entirely different. She was optimistic but not arrogant, enchanting but not garish.

Daniel's first impression of her was she was a good-tempered girl with lovely characters. Later, he found that she had a crush on him.

However, he didn't take her crush seriously. They could date if she were in London and he didn't dislike her.

He had been to City N for business, though. Besides, she was Stella's friend, and Stella was Clarence's wife. He didn't want to have many things to do with Sherry. He went to find her to achieve his goals.

Sherry had known about it, but she agreed to his condition for the sake of Stella.

When getting along with Sherry, Daniel gradually had a crush on her.

Meanwhile, he realized that he had made a wise decision not to fool around with her.

Sherry was a good girl, so she deserved a man who could love and cherish her.

However, he didn't know she used to have a boyfriend who had cheated on her and still pestered her.

Hence, Daniel's crush on her also contained some complicated feelings that he couldn't even figure out himself. He felt sorry for her.

Later, they made love.

Daniel didn't regret it. He always wondered how to balance this relationship and not harm her.

However, before he spoke, Sherry told him casually that they both were adults, so she didn't need him to be responsible as long as they had fun.

Daniel was choked by her words at that moment.

They kept an ambiguous relationship, but he could feel Sherry was trying her best to distance herself from him.

Then, she got pregnant.

When hearing the news, Daniel was shocked. For the first time in the past thirty years in his life, his mind went blank. He didn't know what to do at all.

However, he never thought of giving up on the baby.

Sherry was more determined than he was. She even made the decision quickly.

When hearing that she was pushed into the operation room, Daniel felt the emptiness in his heart as if he had lost something and failed to grasp it.

Fortunately, Sherry regretted it at the critical moment.

Daniel felt as if the child was a gift from Heaven, so he must grasp the chance and protect Sherry and their child.

Daniel had been an orphan out on the streets in France when he was a kid.

He always fought violently against many older kids just for a piece of cheese in the trash can.

He had no parents, families, or friends.

If William hadn't adopted him, he didn't know if he would still be alive.

However, William wasn't his biological father.

Hence, that baby had a special meaning to him.

It was the only human blood-related to him in this world.

While taking care of Sherry and the baby, he loved Sherry more and more.

Sometimes, when seeing her sitting on the sofa and eating fruits while watching TV, he couldn't help but imagine a two- or three-year-old child running around the house and calling them Dad and Mom.

However, it was like a dream, so unreal.

Before he could make his dream come true, something happened in London, so he had to rush back to deal with it.

In each second of the torture, his dream became clearer and clearer.

What he wanted was always simple.

However, destiny always played tricks on humans. He had no chance to restart it at all.

When he went back, the dream that had been lingering in his mind collapsed.

It had been long gone.

Sherry was unwilling to see him again. Daniel often blamed himself. If he had made a bit more effort back then, would anything be different right now?

However, reality told him that he was too late.

He was so desperate to have one last try.

Sherry finished taking photos. Then she lowered her head to check the pictures on the camera — all well taken.

When she raised her head, she saw Daniel standing while looking in her direction, lost in thought.

Sherry looked around but didn't find anything wrong. She asked in confusion, "What's wrong?"

Daniel withdrew his gaze. "Nothing. Let's keep walking."

It was getting dark.

Fortunately, after several minutes, they saw a motel in front.

They walked over, and Daniel talked to the owner.

There were a lot of stray dogs nearby the motel. Sherry took photos of them.

Soon, Daniel walked to her and said, "I've called someone to repair my car. Let's wait inside."

Sherry stroked a puppy's head and followed him into the motel

The owner served them food and water.

Sherry had finished her water on the way, so she was thirsty. After gulping down a half bottle, she asked Daniel, "When will they arrive?"

Daniel said, "Probably in two hours."

"But it only took an hour for us to arrive here earlier..."

"It's more difficult for them to drive here at night."

Sherry bulged her cheeks. It made sense.

They had walked for a long time, so Sherry was exhausted. After dinner, she yawned.

The owner suggested they check in a room first.

Sherry waved her hand to refuse. However, she was so sleepy that she dozed off on the sofa.

Daniel sat aside while staring at her.

The owner asked, "Are you guys in love?"

Daniel smiled. Picking up the water glass, he said, "Sort of."

They had walked for a long time, so Sherry was exhausted. After dinner, she yawned. The owner suggested they check in a room first. Sherry waved her hand to refuse. However, she was so sleepy that she dozed off on the sofa. Daniel sat aside while staring at her. The owner asked, "Are you guys in love?" Daniel smiled. Picking up the water glass, he said, "Sort of."

Chapter 807-When Sherry woke up, she found herself in a room covered with a quilt.

There was a downpour outside the window.

She rubbed her forehead, lifted the quilt, and got off the bed.

It was midnight. All the guests and the motel owner had slept. Daniel was drinking in the living room downstairs.

Sherry walked over. "Hasn't the car been repaired yet?"

Daniel held the glass and looked back at her. "You are awake."

Sherry nodded, sitting down next to him.

Daniel said, "It's raining cats and dogs outside. They will come over tomorrow. Let's sleep here tonight."

Sherry hummed. She had napped for a while, and they couldn't leave now. She had to agree.

Probably it was because she had just gotten up, and it was raining outside. Sherry shivered.

"Do you feel cold?"

Sherry rubbed her nose. "Not really."

Daniel picked up a clean wine glass and asked, "Have a drink?"

Sherry licked her lips.

She had been taking the herb soup recently, so she hadn't drunk for a long time.

However, she didn't bring the herb soup to London, so she could drink alcohol.

She adjusted her pose and said, "Sure."

She's in a motel abroad. It seemed like the right time and the right place to have a drink.

Daniel poured some liquor into the glass and pushed it to her.

Sherry took a sip. It was a bit spicy.

Daniel withdrew his gaze, raised his head, and gulped his liquor down. "You can't drink too much. This liquor is quite strong. You'll get drunk."

Sherry curled her lips. He only gave her a little, evidently looking down upon her.

She gulped down the rest, picked up the bottle, and poured some more into her glass.

Daniel looked at her. His lips parted, and he wanted to speak, but he didn't. Supporting his head with a hand on the table, he stared at her in silence.

Time passed by. Neither talked but only drank.

The orange droplight swayed in the wind, drawing shadows on the wall.

The light in the motel was tender and quiet, as if this building was sleeping soundly.

Sherry liked drinking for fun, so she was good at it.

She also knew when she would get drunk.

Hence, she put down her glass when feeling a bit dizzy. Leaning against the table, she stood up. "I... I'm going to bed now."

However, as soon as she stood up, she staggered.

The liquor was indeed strong.

Daniel grabbed her arm. "Can you still walk?"

Probably it was because Sherry became bold after drinking. She retorted with a blushed face, "Of... Of course. I can walk a straight line."

Daniel was speechless.

He believed that she was very drunk.

He followed her to stand up. "I'll walk you back to the room."

Sherry pushed him away gently. Supporting herself up at the table, she stammered, "No, thanks. I can walk myself."

Daniel didn't insist and just followed beside her. While she staggered, he helped her up.

Sherry walked to the second floor in difficulty relying on her last bit of willpower.

However, after she arrived, she was confused while holding the wall.

She wondered whether she should turn left or right.

What was the room number?

She heard Daniel's voice. "206."

Sherry muttered the number and staggered forward while looking for it.

Then she clung to a door, narrowed her eyes, and muttered, "206..." She wanted to turn the doorknob.

Suddenly, her hand was grabbed.

Daniel looked at her. "This is 203."

Sherry widened her eyes to identify it. It seemed so...

Daniel pulled her hand, turned around, and walked a few steps before opening another door.

As soon as she reached the bed, Sherry lay down.

She was supposed to fall asleep immediately, but there was a man in her room, so surprisingly, she was pretty sober right now.

She heard his footsteps getting close to her and stopped nearby the bed.

Then the room quieted down.

Sherry suddenly sat up and looked at the man sitting on the sofa. She asked, "Why don't you leave?"

Daniel said, "Haven't I told you? This is the last room available."

Sherry was speechless.

She couldn't be too picky under such a circumstance. She couldn't get up and go sleep in the living room.

She didn't want to aggrive herself.

Sherry hummed, lay back down, covered herself with the quilt, and fell asleep.

The alcohol had numbed her brain.

Daniel lay on the sofa with his arms under his head. Listening to the rain outside, he was lost in thought.

After a long while, he hears some sounds from the bed.

Daniel looked over, only to find Sherry was sitting on the bed.

He asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

Sherry said huskily, "I'm thirsty."

Daniel got up. "Wait. I'll get some water from downstairs."

Sherry was silent. She sat there in a daze.

After five minutes, Daniel came back. Sherry was sitting on the carpet and hugging her knees while sobbing.

His heart tightened. He walked over and squatted down next to her. "What's wrong, Sherry?" he asked.

Sherry didn't answer, crying louder.

Daniel put the water aside, grabbed her shoulders, and asked, "Sherry, do you not feel well?"

Sherry punched his chest while weeping.

She kept hitting him as if she was venting her anger, but it didn't hurt.

She said in sobs, "My baby... is... gone..."

This was the first time Daniel saw her crying for the baby. He felt bitter.

Holding her gently in his arms, he swallowed and said hoarsely, "I'm sorry."

Sherry was crying sadly, "Your apology is useless..."

"I shouldn't have left you when you needed me the most," Daniel held her tightly and muttered, "It's all my fault."

Sherry just cried and cried, sounding more and more heartbroken, aggrieved, and miserable.

Daniel kept holding her, patting her back and comforting her in a low voice.

After a long time, Sherry finally calmed down. She sat there, drooping her head.

Daniel wiped her tears off with a tissue and gave her a glass of water. "You are thirsty, aren't you?"

Sherry took the water over in silence, raised her head, and drank it.

Daniel took over the empty glass. After a moment of silence, he asked, "Do you hate me?"

Sherry shook her head. What for?

"Then... Why do you dislike me?" he asked.

Holding her knees, she answered in such a quiet voice that was almost drown by the sound of rain, "I don't dislike you. I just don't want to see you... As soon as I see you, I can't help loving you. But you don't love me."

Chapter 808-Her voice was low, but Daniel heard her clearly.

His heart was in such great pain as it was being stabbed, but it was beat even stronger.

So, that's what this was about.

Daniel swallowed briefly. He reached out his hand to gently lifted her head. He said with his eyes fixed on hers, "I'm so sorry."

Perhaps his gaze was too intense, Sherry could not stare directly at him, so she looked sideways: "How can you say sorry again? It's not your responsibility that you don't like me. You don't need to apologize for this."

Daniel whispered, "I'm not saying sorry because I don't like you. Instead, I have never directly responded to your feelings, and as a result, there was a misunderstanding between us."

Sherry got a little confused when she heard it. She asked him with tears in her eyes, "What do you mean?"

“If I don’t like you, I won’t be around you all the time. If I don’t like you, I wouldn’t have sex with you. If I don’t like you, I wouldn’t...”

Wouldn’t want the baby...

“It’s just that at the time, I didn’t think it was the most important thing in my life. I thought I could keep everything in balance.”

She was already in a haze from the alcohol, and now he was saying all these ambiguous words. After a while, she finally grasped a key point and asked hesitantly, “It was ‘at that time’... and what about now?”

Daniel chuckled, “Now I realize that love comes from inside one’s heart that can’t be stopped or measured. So, I can’t control it.

Sherry’s eyes opened wide as if she still did not understand.

Daniel twitched his lips, put his hand on the back of her neck and kissed her.

She remained seated on the ground in that position with her pupils more dilated.

But this kiss didn’t last long.

It was only a gentle touch of lips and soon parted.

Daniel sighed, “Go to sleep and we’ll talk about it tomorrow.”

He couldn’t take advantage of her while she’s drunk.

And he wasn’t sure whether she’d remember what he had said the next day.

No matter what, these things should be explained while she was sober.

In the darkness, Sherry looked at him silently. Her head slightly tilted, as if she was pondering.

Daniel got up and took her to bed.

He tucked her in and was about to leave when his neck was wrapped around by two arms.

Daniel looked up at her face and saw that her eyes were bright and misty, glistening after crying.

Daniel whispered. "What's wrong?" His voice was husky.

"I couldn't fall asleep."

Alcohol can also make one hyper at some point.

Daniel looked outside at the pouring rain. "Shall I get you some warm milk?"

"No."

"So..."

As Daniel spoke, his lips were touched by something soft.

Sherry raised her head slightly and slowly closed her eyes.

Foreign land, a strange yet romantic hotel, the heavy rain outside, and the couple who just told each other their feelings.

Everything seems to be just right.

Daniel put her down on the bed and deepened the kiss, reaching in slowly.

Nevertheless, he hesitated at the last moment and asked her in a deep voice, "Are you sure about this?"

He was afraid she would regret it tomorrow.

Sherry's head, which had been dizzy, was now unexpectedly clear.

As if she knew Daniel's concern, she said, "I'm drunk, not wasted, ok?"

She continued, "Who wouldn't want a romantic encounter and had a charming affair in a place like this, even if it's not you, then..."

Daniel kissed her again. Slowly, words came through the gap between their lips, "It can only be me."

Two minutes later, Sherry had recovered some sense from the heated head. "Go get a condom." she said.

Daniel paused, too, and said, "I'll find one."

He rolled out of bed and eventually found a box on the TV stand.

After that everything happened naturally.

The sound of rain also covered up all the amatory noises in this room.

It finally returned to quietness after a long time.

Sherry rested with her head on Daniel's arm and turned her back on him without speaking.

Daniel sat up and looked at her, asking, "Still can't fall asleep?"

"Yeah." she answered, feeling her head spinning.

Obviously, she was exhausted, but she was just sleepless.

Maybe there was caffeine in that wine.

Daniel tucked her in and patted her on the shoulder.

"I've been lying to you about something." she said after a while.

"About what?"

"I broke up with Brandon Chang, a long time ago."

Daniel said, "I know."

Sherry asked, "When did you know?"

"The day you broke up."

Sherry went in silence.

So, all this time he's been asking her questions about her boyfriend on purpose?

“But don’t misunderstand me. I don’t have any other thoughts about telling you this. I just don’t want you to think that I’m a woman with a boyfriend and still sleep...”

She already felt that there was no need to finish her sentence.

What he would think, did it really matter?

Daniel frowned and asked, “What do you mean by ‘you don’t have any other thoughts’?”

“It means you don’t have to take it to heart. As I just said, it was a perfect atmosphere for something to happen. We’re all adults and we’re both single. When it feels about right, it’s normal to do something.”

Same thing she said last time.

Daniel turned her shoulder and brought her to his gaze. “So, you see this as a one-night stand?”

Sherry was a little surprised, “Isn’t it?”

Daniel’s brow furrowed deeper. “You think I lied to you about what I said?”

Sherry was quite calm, “That’s not what I meant. It’s just that I am very clear that feelings cannot be controlled by oneself. Whether you like me or not, it is just an attitude and mode of getting along. That’s as far as it goes between us. We can have sex if we like, but we don’t have to be together. Because even if we get together, we will finally break up, isn’t that true?”

Daniel nearly laughed at her. “So, you think I said that because I wanted to have sex with you?”

“I don’t feel that way. I wanted to have sex with you too,” she thought for a while and added, “I’m just stating a fact.”

Chapter 809-Daniel gritted his teeth and wanted to say something, but Sherry turned around and closed her eyes. She said, "I felt so sleepy. Good night."

It's still raining outside and it seems that there was no intention of stopping.

Before long, Sherry's breathing gradually became steady. Seemed like she was indeed asleep.

Daniel looked at her back, his lips pursed, wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into his embrace.

In the darkness, Sherry slowly opened her eyes, surprised by his action, lost in her thought while looking at the rain outside.

...

When Sherry woke up the next day, Daniel was no longer in the room.

Even before she opened her eyes, she already felt the aftermath of hangover. She retched a few times, but she didn't vomit, feeling so dizzy.

Sherry moved her stiff and sore limbs, slowly put on some clothes, and went into the bathroom to wash up. She dragged her exhausted and weakened body downstairs after patting her face.

That's when Daniel came in.

Sherry saw him and tried to say hello, "Morning."

Daniel paused. "I'll get you an ice coke."

Sherry sat at the table and said, "Thank you."

Soon, Daniel came back with a can of coke and breakfast; he placed them in front of her.

He said, "The car is still in repair. Let's drive another one."

Sherry nodded while sipping the coke, "Okay."

Daniel sat in front of her, opened his mouth several times, hesitant to speak, but didn't say anything at last.

Sherry looked up in his eyes and asked, "What's the matter?"

Daniel said, "Don't you...have anything to say to me?"

Sherry rubbed her waist and complained in a whisper, "The bed here is too soft, and I have a sore back. Hey, do you know any good masseuses? When we're back in town, I need to get a massage."

Daniel was confused.

Sherry picked up the sandwich in front and said, "By the way, did I say some bullshit last night? I was so drunk. Please don't take it to heart. If I had said anything that offended you, I apologize to you now. I am sorry."

Daniel was speechless.

He was a bit pissed, but also amused by her words. He picked up the milk in front of him and gulped it down.

Sherry just took a bite of a sandwich and was choked upon seeing this. She said in a hurry, "That's my milk..."

Daniel lowered his eyes and threw a glance at her, then put down the cup on the table with a clank and turned away.

Sherry finally swallowed the food in her mouth, and after hesitating for a while, she picked up the cup.

Forget it, it's not poisoned anyway, better than being choked to death.

When she finished her breakfast and went out, Daniel was standing next to a red car, talking to the owner of the hotel.

Sherry walked over and coughed, "I am done. Shall we leave?"

Daniel looked back at her and said, "Give me a minute. I forgot something."

Something hit her mind at once and she yelled, "Ah, my camera bag..."

"I'll bring it down for you."

"Okay, thank you."

After Daniel entered the hotel, the owner smiled and said to Sherry, "Your boyfriend is very considerate."

Sherry was stunned when she heard the words. Waving her hands rapidly, she stuttered, "No... He is not my... my boyfriend. We are just friends."

The owner kept smiling without saying more and turned around throwing the toy for his dog to fetch.

Sherry stood there and heaved a sigh.

Now the rain has stopped and the air was fresh.

The sun also rose slowly, forming a halo in the mid-air.

Sherry tilted her head and took a picture with her mobile phone.

Five minutes later, Daniel turned back, gave her the camera bag, and then opened the door of the driver's seat. Sherry put away the phone and followed in.

On the way back, Sherry was leaning against the window, closing her eyes and enjoying the warm morning sun and the refreshing wind.

Daniel glanced at her sideways and asked, "Are you still planning to go to the Thames today?"

Sherry answered, "No, not anymore."

Daniel asked, "Why?"

"I was planning to go there to take pictures of dusk, but I think the sunset I saw yesterday was very beautiful as well. There are so many different sceneries in this world, and each has its own characteristics. There is no need to get so attached to one place."

Daniel held the steering wheel and didn't speak, wondering if her words were implying something.

When they drove into the downtown, Sherry closed the window and said, "I booked a ticket back to City N tonight. Thank you for your care these two days. When you come to City N next time, I will take you out to have fun."

He's not going back anyway.

A bit courtesy wouldn't hurt.

Daniel turned to gaze at her, as if he wanted to see through her eyes to find out what she was actually thinking.

Sherry looked away and said, "Hey, I almost forgot. I've got to go back to your company. I have to say good bye to Mr. William. Sorry to trouble you again. Please drive me to the company."

Daniel looked forward and said ok.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at Complex.

Hardly had Daniel entered the company when he was called away by his assistant.

"Wait for me in William's office." he said to Sherry.

Sherry smiled and nodded, "Go."

It seemed that Daniel still wanted to say something, but the assistant was urging him so he couldn't say anything at last.

This was the second time Sherry has come to Complex. Compared with the nervousness last time, she was much more relaxed now.

When she reached the floor where William's office was located, she found the direction of his office according to her memory, but just when she arrived at the door, she saw William's assistant come out with a tray.

On the tray were some blood-stained gauzes and some medicine.

Seeing this, Sherry was startled, "What's this?"

The assistant answered, "William's old wound was torn apart. We have just dealt with it."

Sherry asked in a hurry, "Is it serious?"

"No, it's not. He is just too busy at work and has not taken a good rest to recover from his injuries."

At this time, the assistant's phone rang, he placed the tray on the table next to her, and walked away to answer the phone.

Sherry was stunned at that moment, this situation...

Holy mother! The sheer luck she had!

She turned her head and looked around to make sure that there was no one nearby. Then she secretly took out a plastic bag from her bag pack, picked up a piece of gauze and quickly put it into the bag. Her hands were slightly trembling during the whole process for fear of being discovered.

After all this, she finally took relief, knocked on the door of William's office, and walked in.

Not far away, the assistant turned around. He was sweaty.

He talked to the phone, "Mr. Conrad, I have done just as you asked, but could you tell me the reason?"

Clarence answered indifferently, "You will know after a while."

The assistant froze, if it hadn't been for the time when William was seriously injured and unconscious, he had worked with Clarence for a while and developed trust towards him, it would definitely be impossible for him to do such a thing behind William's back...

Chapter 810-After coming out of William's office, Sherry took a taxi straight back to the hotel.

As the flight was at 8 pm and it was still early, she packed her things hastily and then flopped down on the bed to sleep.

She woke up with a start and it was already 3 pm.

It was just about time for her to go to the airport and do some shopping at the duty-free shop.

Sherry got up, went for a shower, and felt a lot less sore and tired.

She dried her hair and got out, then pulled her suitcase and headed out of the hotel.

Sherry was just about to call an Uber when a white sports car pulled up in front of her. As the windows came down, Daniel's face gradually appeared, "You're going to the airport?"

"Uh..." Sherry said, "Yeah."

Daniel tilted his head and looked at her, "Get in. I'll drive you there."

Sherry forced a careless smile, "I don't want to bother you. I'll just take a taxi myself."

"Didn't you say that the next time I come to City N, you'd show me around?"

Sherry was bewildered by his words for a moment, "What?"

"So, I'm in charge of your trip for these two days."

Sherry still didn't get the logic of this. But it was fine for him to drive her there. She'd save money.

Just as she was hesitating, Daniel had gotten out of the car, taken the luggage from her, and put it in the back.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped at the side of the road.

Sherry looked around, "This ... isn't the airport, is it?"

Daniel nodded and unbuckled his seatbelt, "The Thames."

"I thought you were taking me to the airport? What's the point of coming here?"

Daniel looked at her, "It's still early. We can go down for a stroll."

Without waiting for Sherry's reply, he had already opened the car door and stepped down.

Sherry had no choice but to follow him.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun-lit river was shimmering beautifully like scattered diamonds.

In the distance, Trafalgar Square was flocked with pigeons.

To the west, there's Westminster Abbey, a Gothic edifice. Near the bank, the Big Ben is looking down at the people come and go.

London Eye, the second largest ferris wheel in the world, though looks far less gorgeous and dazzling in the daytime than it does at night. But under the sun, it's a different kind of beauty.

Within a few minutes, Sherry had already taken a number of photos.

Daniel walked slowly beside her and asked unhurriedly, "How was it? Do you like it?"

Sherry paused in her grip on the camera and didn't say anything.

Daniel continued, "Since you've decided to come here, you shouldn't miss the view. Although every place has its own landscape, it can never compare to the one you want to visit most in your heart."

Sherry browsed through the photos she had just taken, "I think it's okay. It's pretty much what I thought it would be. It's nice to have a chance to see it, but I wouldn't be sorry if I missed it."

Daniel stopped walking.

Sherry also looked up, "I'm almost done with the photos. Let's go to the airport. I still have to go to the duty-free shop to buy something. It'll be too late if we don't get there now."

By the time they got to the airport, it was almost five o'clock.

There wasn't much time left for Sherry to do her shopping.

Getting out of the car, she waved to Daniel, "Thank you. I'll go first ..."

She hadn't finished speaking when Daniel had walked up to her.

Sherry said, "Is there anything else?"

Daniel looked at the airport, "I'll walk you in."

Sherry immediately waved her hands.

"Thank you for your kindness. We're already here. I'll just go in myself."

Daniel stuck one hand in his trouser pocket and looked at her without saying anything.

Sherry coughed, withdrew her hand, and pulled her suitcase, "I'm leaving. Bye."

"Wait."

She turned her head and didn't say anything, but her furrowed brows seemed to be saying, "What's up again?"

Daniel spoke slowly, "I have a gift for you."

Sherry smiled, "No, I don't think so. I've already bothered you the last two days I've been here. I can't take things from you..."

"A souvenir from the hotel. Not a special gift."

Sherry was stunned. A souvenir from a hotel?

In that case, that should be quite meaningful.

Daniel said, "Didn't you get drunk last night and not remember what you said? This souvenir might help you remember a little."

Sherry suddenly had a bad feeling about this.

Daniel took his hand out of his trouser pocket, grabbed her hand with his other one, and placed something on it.

Sherry looked down, then her eyelids twitched.

There were a lot of people coming and going here, and she was afraid of being seen, so she quickly shove that little box into her shirt pocket without thinking.

Daniel's expression remained unchanged. "Five in all, and two left. You can take them back for reminiscence."

Sherry was utterly speechless.

She opened her mouth as if to say something to ease the embarrassment, but in this situation, no matter what she said, it felt a bit like she was desperately trying to find an excuse.

Sherry gripped the handle of her suitcase tightly and tried her best to keep herself composed, "Oh, got it. I'm off. Bye."

With that, she turned and dragged her suitcase, and ran into the airport as fast as she could.

Daniel watched her back, raised an eyebrow, and slowly smiled.

Only after her figure disappeared from sight did he turn around and drive away.

Sherry went straight to the duty-free shop after going through security and checking in.

There was a lot she wanted to buy, but because of what had just happened, she had forgotten all about it.

Sherry wandered around absentmindedly while buying whatever caught her eye.

After a short while, the mobile phone in Sherry's pocket rang.

She took it out and answered the call, "Stella, what's wrong?"

On the other end of the line, Stella said, "I heard from my dad that you're going back to City N."

Sherry responded, "I'm at the airport now, shopping in the duty-free shops. The flight is at eight o'clock."

Stella said, "Didn't you say you were going to spend a few more days there?"

Sherry sighed silently, "There's not much to do and I'm a bit homesick. Well, by the way, I'm telling you ..."

Sherry looked around and lowered her voice, "I've got your dad's blood sample. As soon as I get back, I'll send it off for the DNA test. There will be results soon."

Stella was curious, "How did you get it?"

"It's just..." Sherry made a random excuse for fear that Stella would be worried if she knew William's wound had been healed yet, "The whole thing was a bit unbelievable, but it's great that I got it. I'll talk to you about it when I get back. Now, I'll keep on with my shopping. Is there anything you want?"

Stella said, "No. Send me your flight information and I'll pick you up."