

No Chance 116

Chapter 116 His Patience Running Thin

Seeing Gareth walking toward the door, Thomas quickly spoke up, "Mr. Wickam, Ms. Benett is here to see you."

Ms. Benett? Gareth shot him a questioning look, and Thomas understood immediately and specified, "Ms. Linda Benett."

Gareth's obsidian eyes instantly narrowed at the mention of her name. "Tell her I'm not here." At this point, Gareth had already reached the door to his office, and Thomas' face visibly paled.

Linda, who got up excitedly upon hearing Gareth's voice, instantly froze when she heard those words behind the door. Her smile stiffened. She must've heard him wrong; he was probably referring to those pesky business partners of his who wouldn't leave him alone... right?

Embracing that comforting thought in mind, Thomas' voice suddenly sounded from outside the door again, "Mr. Wickam, Ms. Benett is already in your office waiting for you."

to be overturned. Even through the tiny gap under the door, she could feel a cold, stagnant air drifting into the room, filling the entire office. Her heart sank to her stomach

recomposed herself, meeting Gareth's indifferent eyes. She feigned a smile and said, "Garry, you're back! I came an hour ago, but it was still too late. Otherwise, you could've had this porridge before the meeting. I'll have to make sure to come earlier tomorrow." She opened the box of porridge she had need to send me meals in the future." Gareth

her expression dejected. "Garry, are you worried I won't be able

been comatose because of him. He spoke softly, "It hasn't been long since you've recovered. So, you don't have to trouble

alright, Garry. I'm fine now. You don't have to worry about

Gareth suggested with a forced sense of calmness. "I still have a

wanted to stay by his side. But the words were suppressed by her reason. Her intuition told her that he must be dissatisfied with something she

all, his office was where all his secrets were contained. It would be easy for her, as part of Benett