

Chapter 71 If These Five Hundred are Given to Orlando

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Just as he was about to shoo it away, he saw the white figure growling fiercely at the couple passing

by. The couple were probably office workers from the nearby office building.

The couple held a child in their hands. At this moment, the child was directly frightened to tears by the

shouting.

The woman pulled the child behind her and stared angrily at Orlando.

"What is wrong with you? Can't you even leash your dog when taking it for a walk? It's really

uncivilized. What if your dog bites my child? The mortality rate of rabies is one hundred percent. Since

you have a dog, can't you be a bit responsible?"

Her husband noticed Orlando's demeanor and the expensive car behind him.

He quickly pulled his wife and said, "Just keep quiet."

They couldn't afford to offend someone like him.

The woman, driven by her protective instinct, didn't care about Orlando's identity at the moment. She

wiped her daughter's tears while coldly snorting.

"Just because you have money, do you think you're superior? You really lack manners. Have you ever

heard the saying that walking a dog without a leash is like a dog walking the person?"

Orlando frowned, "It's not my dog."

As soon as he finished speaking, Niko wagged its tail frantically towards him and circled around him.

Caught in the Act.

Orlando's pupils contracted, and his face immediately darkened.

The woman wiped away her daughter's tears and said, "Do you still say it's not your dog?!"

Zane squatted down and checked the dog tag on the dog's body.

"There's a phone number on it. It must have accidentally run out of its home. I'll call its owner right away."

The woman froze, seeing that they didn't seem to be lying, and she couldn't continue to argue. She held her sobbing daughter and left.

Zane quickly dialed the phone number on the tag.

Penny searched around outside but she couldn't find any trace of Niko.

Many possibilities had already come to her mind, and the scariest one was that Niko had accidentally been targeted by dog traffickers.

There was a dog tag on Niko, so if an ordinary person found it, they should have called her number.

Just as she was thinking this, her phone rang. It was an unfamiliar number.

"Hello, hello." Penny's tone was a bit urgent.

"Hello, is this the owner of this dog? It's here with us now. Do you know the Fletcher Group? It'd

outside the Fletcher Group building parking garage."

In Chatville, there was no one who didn't know the Fletcher Group.

Penny was a bit puzzled. How could her dog have ended up there?

"Okay, thank you. I'll come right away. Ten minutes is fine. Can you please watch it for me? I'll

compensate you, is that okay?"

Zane glanced at Orlando, who was looking at the dog by his feet, not knowing what he was thinking.

Niko cleverly sat on the ground, moving its ears up and down.

Seeing that he didn't object, Zane nodded, "Okay, we'll wait for you for ten minutes."

Penny didn't know who the person was that found her dog, but she would have to give them a reward

later.

She took out five hundred bills from her bag, then she took out a red envelope shell left over from last

year's New Year from the glove compartment. She stuffed the money inside, and then she stepped on

the gas pedal, hurriedly heading to that location.

After Zane hung up the phone, he pointed to the nearby coffee shop.

"Orlando, please go inside and sit. I'll go buy a leash."

Orlando's gaze fell on Niko again, feeling that this dog was somewhat familiar. But he was indeed allergic to dog hair and didn't want to verify anything, so he went to the coffee shop, opened his Bluetooth earphones, and started an online meeting.

Zane led Niko and went a hundred meters away to buy a leash before pulling it back.

Although he wasn't particularly fond of these creatures, this dog looked really good and its fur was well-groomed. The key was that it was well-behaved, showing that its owner took good care of it.

Zane didn't dare to play with the dog in front of Orlando, so he just patted it twice outside the coffee shop before leading it inside.

Niko seemed to particularly like Orlando and would rush over to him whenever it saw him.

When Penny pushed open the door and entered, she immediately saw the man sitting by the window.

His wrists were long, and his eyebrows slightly furrowed. Just sitting there, he exuded an elegant and upright aura, with his slender jade-like hand resting on the keyboard. His lowered gaze carried a clear and cold air.

She was puzzled as to how she ended up meeting Orlando here. Her gaze then shifted downwards and she saw something lying by his leg.

Orlando's assistant, Zane, was holding the dog leash, not allowing Niko to move any further.

Meanwhile, Orlando remained calm and composed, quietly conducting his meeting without any disturbance.

Thinking back to what Keely had said, Penny quickly walked towards them.

"Mr. Fletcher."

She called out, unsure whether to give him the red envelope she had in her hand or not.

If it was for someone else, she wouldn't hesitate, but this was Orlando. How much would his ten minutes be worth?

Chapter 72 Even the Dog Leash was an Internationally Famous Brand

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Upon hearing this familiar voice, Orlando raised his gaze and saw Penny already standing in front of him.

He glanced at the number on the dog tag and indeed found it somewhat familiar.

The moment Niko saw Penny, it excitedly stood up and wagged its tail frantically.

The red envelope was too conspicuous in Penny's hand, so she felt embarrassed to give it to Orlando and ended up giving it to Zane instead.

"Thank you. Niko took the opportunity when no one was paying attention and secretly ran out. I'm really sorry for causing you trouble."

Zane hesitated for a second when he saw the red envelope but calmly accepted it.

Penny took the leash from his hand and only then she noticed that there was a string of English words

near where the leash was close to her hand - hermes.

Penny was speechless.

This dog leash turned out to be from Hermes, and five hundred was not even enough to buy a small

part of it.

She took out her phone. "How much is this leash? I'll transfer the money to you."

At the same time, she couldn't help but complain in her mind. It's so easy for rich people to make

money, even the dog leash was an internationally famous brand.

"Ms.Perry, there's no need."

Penny suddenly felt that the five hundred not only humiliated Orlando but also his assistant.

But since she had already given it away, taking it back and giving it again would be even more

awkward.

Fortunately, Orlando closed his computer at that moment and took off his Bluetooth earphones.

Penny quickly shortened the leash, worried that Niko might offend him.

As Orlando passed by her, he paused for a moment.

Niko happily stuck out its tongue at him, its eyes sparkling.

It seemed to like him a little.

Just like its owner.

Orlando frowned. "Perry?"

He called out, and before Penny could respond, Niko was the first to bark as if answering him.

Orlando chuckled lightly and walked away in long strides.

Penny stood in place, her face feeling hot, and she glanced down at Niko.

"He wasn't calling you, why are you so excited?"

She rubbed its head, and Niko wagged its tail even harder.

Penny had no choice but to call Anika and let her know that Niko had been found.

Only then did Anika feel relieved.

Penny placed Niko in the passenger seat and drove back to Hills Villa.

As soon as she entered, Anika looked the dog up and down, making sure that nothing had happened to

it, before expressing her gratitude to the heavens for a long time.

"Ms. Stuart, I promise to keep a close eye on it next time."

"Niko is too lively. Please remember to close the gate at the front entrance."

"Okay, I will pay attention."

Penny nodded, but she suddenly lost interest in playing with Niko when she thought about tomorrow

being her mother's memorial day. She packed a few clothes, called her uncle Philip, and told him that

she would return to the county tomorrow.

"Penny, please come back. Your father didn't say anything about that matter..."

"Uncle, it's not your fault."

Philip sighed, "How can it not be my fault? This time, your aunt Haley made the sausage herself. Take

a few strings back for your father."

"Okay."

Knowing that Philip felt guilty, Penny had no choice but to agree. If she didn't take them, it would

probably make him feel worse.

That night, she revised the plans several times and drew sketches. Based on the little information she

knew, she finalized the final sketch.

Then she sent it to Orlando.

If he agreed, they could start working on the construction drawings immediately.

Orlando still hadn't replied, probably he was too busy with work. Penny had never encountered such a

client before, so she could only proceed as she had anticipated.

The next morning, she loaded the packed items into the car, went to the mall to buy some good tea and

alcohol, and also bought some skincare products for her aunt Haley. Only then did she drive to the

county town.

When she was about to exit the highway, she saw a Bentley in front of her from a distance.

In this rundown small county town, she could actually see a Bentley!

Penny only glanced at it and didn't pay attention to the license plate. She calmly exited the highway

and drove to her uncle Philip's house.

Her uncle Philip had been waiting downstairs for a long time. When he saw Penny, a smile appeared

on his face, and he walked up to greet her.

Penny parked the car and opened the door.

"Uncle, have you been waiting here for a long time?"

This county was the poorest county in this city. Although there was a high-rise building and a shopping

mall in the center of the county town, her uncle still lived in a dilapidated small house.

"Penny, you've finally arrived. I was afraid you would get stuck on the road."

Penny opened the trunk, put down the purchased alcohol and tea, and asked, "Where's my Aunt?"

"She's cooking inside. Don't you like the meals she makes? She started preparing early in the morning."

Philip took the things from her hands, and the two walked side by side into the house.

Penny thought of the car she encountered on the road earlier, "Uncle, has there been an increase in

the number of people coming to the small county town recently?"

It wasn't a holiday, but there was an increase in traffic.

Philip had a smile on his face, "Yes, we're developing. I heard that the government wants to turn this

place into a tourist attraction. Soon, this whole area will be a tourist zone. Some big bosses have

already come to take a look. Your aunt and I are hoping that our house will be demolished then."

Chapter 73 They Kept You Because You're Useful

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As soon as Penny entered the house, she saw a woman in her late twenties sitting on the sofa, with

her legs crossed, watching TV. Her aunt Haley was busy cooking, attending to her like she was serving

an old master.

The woman on the sofa noticed Penny and put down the apple she was eating.

"Oh, the city folk is back. The house is messy, and you can just find a place to sit."

Both Philip's and Haley's faces showed a hint of embarrassment, but they didn't say anything.

Haley pulled Penny closer. She looked her up and down, and couldn't help but worry, "You've become

thinner. Is your father spoiling that woman and neglecting you?"

"Of course, that's how it is. It has been so many years since her mother passed away, and men are

fickle. When they come across someone more beautiful, who remembers the daughter of the woman in

his family."

The one speaking was the woman in her late twenties, Penny's sister-in-law, the daughter-in-law of this household.

She had a sharp and cynical look on her face and glanced at the kitchen.

"The food isn't ready yet, why do you reminisce about the past?"

Haley had no choice but to let go of Penny's hand first, "Penny, please have a seat. I just have two dishes left to finish."

Penny frowned.

The woman rolled her eyes, "Isn't what I said the truth? The properties in your family now belong to that

woman. Look, your father hasn't come back for so many years. He kept you because you're useful."

Penny raised her head slightly and looked at her sister-in-law, Susan, suppressing the inexplicable anger in her heart.

"It's none of your business to worry about my family."

Susan rolled her eyes again, "Yeah, your family is so rich in the city, even running a big company. I

heard one car costs millions. There's no need to argue with me, a poor person like me. The money we

earn in a lifetime is not even close to what you earn in a day."

Philip pulled Penny, signaling her not to argue, even with a hint of pleading in his eyes.

Penny could only take a deep breath and no longer look at Susan.

Susan coldly snorted, stomped her high heels, and went back to her bedroom, slamming the door shut.

She turned the music on very loud, and even when the neighbors complained, she didn't care and

made Philip deal with it.

Philip sighed, apologized to the neighbors, and went back.

Penny watched the scene, aware that there was a reason why Philip and Haley tolerated Susan like this.

She couldn't treat Susan the same way she treated others.

Susan clearly didn't welcome her, and in fact, Penny hadn't planned to stay here tonight either.

After eating, Penny mentioned to Haley that she wanted to leave, but Haley quickly grabbed her and held onto her.

"Penny, your room is all prepared. I just changed the sheets. It's a waste of money and not safe to stay in a hotel. Just stay here."

Susan couldn't help but sneer, sarcastically saying, "Spending a couple hundred bucks on a hotel is

nothing. Why do you feel sorry for her? It would be better to feel sorry for ourselves."

Penny's lips twitched. If it weren't for the presence of Philip and Haley, she would have definitely snapped back at Susan.

Haley's hand still tightly held onto Penny's, feeling guilty and anxious.

Penny smiled and reassured her, "Aunt, it's not necessary. I already booked a hotel..."

Before she could finish her sentence, there was a sudden knock on the door.

Philip hurriedly went to open it and saw that it was Simon from the county.

When Simon saw Penny, it was as if he saw a savior.

"Oh, your college student really came back. The higher-ups specially asked me to come and ask. They

want to paint a mural on the white walls of the reception Adding Hotel for welcoming VIPs. It looks too

empty with just the white color, and they're worried that buying a pre-made mural would be too tacky

and dissatisfy the guests. Penny, you're from School of Arts Chatville University, the only one from Prodale County who got in all these years. They asked me to find you and see if you're willing to go and provide a painting. They'll also provide you with a hotel to stay in, plus an extra 1,000\$. What do you think?"

Penny breathed a sigh of relief. This could be a perfect excuse.

"Okay, I'll go. What kind of painting do they want?"

"Just something that blends in with the surrounding scenery. Philip told me this afternoon that you were coming, and it's my fault for letting it slip and letting the leaders hear. There have been a lot of important people coming here recently, so we can't afford any mistakes. If you're willing to help, that would be great."

Penny looked at Philip and Haley.

"Uncle, Aunt, you heard it too. They need someone to paint."

Haley couldn't really object anymore and followed Philip to see her off at the door.

Penny held a small suitcase in her hand and got into her car.

The car in front led the way, and she followed behind.

When they arrived outside Adding Hotel, she immediately saw a Bentley parked outside, and the license plate number seemed vaguely familiar.

Chapter 74 Did He Owe This Woman Something in His Past Life?

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Simon was also seeing that car for the first time and couldn't help but show off.

"Penny, did you see that car? I heard it's worth several million. Tonight, a big boss came, and even the

leaders have been drinking with him for a few rounds. It was he who mentioned that the white wall

looked a bit empty, and that's when I thought of you. These bosses have picky tastes, and the person

driving this kind of car might have a bad temper. But don't worry too much."

Penny could sense the envy in his tone and smiled. "Then I'll go in. Simon, you can go back."

Adding Hotel was the best place to stay in Prodale County. It was built according to the standards of a

five-star hotel and was never open to the public. It only accommodated leaders and businessmen who

came to invest in Prodale County.

It was also Penny's first time going in.

The courtyard had an elegant landscape, with pavilions, towers, and artificial mountains and fountains.

It was evident that every piece of wood was meticulously chosen.

Upon hearing that she was here to paint, the receptionist quickly led her to her room.

"The paint is ready. Do you want to go to the site now?"

Penny could tell that they were a bit anxious. She put away her belongings and nodded. "Please show

me the way."

When they arrived, she realized that the white wall was indeed in the most prominent position, and

almost everyone passing by would see it.

It was about three meters long, reflecting the elegant scenery around it. For someone who pursued

details, this blank canvas was indeed a bit dull.

Penny inspected the paints that they had prepared. While they couldn't compare to what she was used

to, they were still decent.

"I'll start working in a bit."

The person nearby wanted to remind her to be careful, but considering that she was from School of

Arts Chatville University, they swallowed their words.

Penny sat down in the nearby chair, carefully observing the surroundings. In her mind, she started

conceptualizing.

The best choice here would be to paint an ink landscape, starting with lighter colors and gradually

deepening. There shouldn't be too many objects, or it would appear chaotic.

With the idea in her mind, she bent down to adjust the paints and prepared to start painting.

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Back in the reception room, Orlando raised his hand to massage his temples. The companions he

accompanied tonight were all local grassroots cadres, many of whom were older. It was evident that

they genuinely wanted to do something for this small county and were not involved in the power

struggles of the inner circle. It was relaxing for him, so he ended up drinking a few more glasses.

He didn't like to drink during negotiations, but tonight it was an exception.

Zane saw him massaging his temples and thought he had a headache. "Take a rest for a while. I'll have

them make some hangover soup for you."

Orlando took off his tie and unbuttoned the top button of his shirt, and the smell of alcohol seemed to

dissipate slightly.

He sat on the sofa. His profile was handsome and sharp, with deep brow bones and a high nose

bridge. He waved his hand when he heard Zane's suggestion.

"No need, I'll go out for a walk later. You can go rest."

Zane nodded. "There aren't any large factories in Prodale County, and the air quality is indeed very

good. Perhaps the higher-ups value this and want to develop this place into a tourist area."

Zane neatly folded the suit that he had casually taken off and handed it to the person waiting outside.

The cool night breeze was pleasant, and Orlando glanced at the window before stepping outside.

Penny had already outlined the surrounding contours and determined the general composition of the

entire painting when she realized that it was completely dark outside.

She was painting an old man fishing, with minimal elements of a river and mountains, as well as the

lonely old man complementing each other. It neither overshadowed the surrounding scenery nor

appeared too dull.

When she lowered her head and noticed that the palette was already dirty, she planned to go to the

nearby tap to clean the brushes and change the water.

It was now 10 o'clock at night, and there weren't many people around. She walked faster while carrying

her things. However, when she lowered her head to organize her painting materials, she accidentally

bumped into someone who had a faint smell of alcohol.

The black paint in her hand splattered onto the person's white shirt and also stained Penny's own

clothes.

Orlando lowered his head and looked at his shirt, which was now covered in paint. It was obviously

unwearable. His eyebrows furrowed, and his deep black eyes revealed a chilling coldness.

He also noticed that the person who bumped into him seemed familiar. When Penny looked up, their eyes met.

Upon seeing him, she seemed even more shocked. Her eyelids twitched for a moment, almost causing her to lose her grip on what she was holding.

"Mr. Fletcher, why are you here?"

Chapter 75 This Person Truly was Heaven's Favorite

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Orlando didn't respond to her. Suddenly, a sense of restlessness surged in his chest, making him feel suffocated.

Yesterday, she framed him with her dog, causing a stranger to misunderstand and scold him.

And now, in the middle of the night, she chased after him to Prodale County and splattered paint on

him. For a moment, Orlando couldn't help but wonder if he owed this woman something in his past life.

Penny looked at the man's unusually cold and stern face and realized that all of this wasn't just her imagination.

She knew she had caused trouble and could only try to remedy the situation. She hurriedly said, "Mr.

Fletcher, do you have spare clothes? I can wash this one for you."

Orlando glanced at the palette she was holding and walked a few steps away.

Penny stood still, feeling somewhat annoyed. Why did it always seem like she encountered him in

situations like this?

Seeing that she didn't follow, Orlando said in a deep voice, "Didn't you say you would help me wash it?

Since you caused the mess, you should take responsibility."

Penny hurriedly caught up, "I didn't mean to evade responsibility."

"Eighty thousand."

His tone was indifferent, and his gaze fell on her face.

Penny couldn't immediately grasp the meaning of his words. It took her a moment to realize that he

was referring to the price of the shirt.

She was instantly taken aback. She had never worn such an expensive shirt in her entire life.

In this state, she didn't know if she would be able to clean it later...

Feeling somewhat guilty, she could only weakly say, "When I wash it by hand, I'll use a very gentle

touch."

Orlando looked at her submissive appearance with lowered eyes and inexplicably thought of her

mocking expression towards Ryder at the gambling table. He narrowed his eyes.

He walked back to his room, and Zane, who had been waiting nearby, heard the commotion. He was

about to greet Orlando but noticed Penny standing behind him. His pupils contracted, and he tactfully

found an opportunity to slip away.

Orlando entered the room, unbuttoned all the buttons of his shirt, and threw it at Penny.

As soon as Penny stepped inside, a piece of clothing hit her face.

Her face turned red, and she quickly took it off, glancing around the room. But then, her gaze froze.

Orlando had just been wearing this shirt. Now that he had taken it off, his upper body was bare. He was

standing with his back to her. With broad shoulders and narrow waist, his figure was truly impressive.

His legs were also long and well-proportioned, a perfect example of the golden ratio in art.

Her eyes couldn't help but fixate on him, and she noticed that even his shoulder blades looked

beautiful, as if meticulously polished.

She couldn't help but sigh. This person truly was Heaven's favorite.

Orlando was about to open the cabinet to find a new shirt to wear when he felt a burning gaze behind

him.

He frowned and turned to look at Penny.

Penny's gaze was still fixated on his waistline, the V-line, the abs, everything was there.

To say it was the golden ratio would be an understatement. In terms of artistic material, it was even

more standard than a top male model.

She was so engrossed in looking at him that she was even thinking about where to start if she were to

draw him.

Then, she heard a deep male voice ask, "Do you find it attractive?"

This wasn't the first time Orlando had asked this. Last time, when Penny couldn't take her eyes off his

hands, he had asked the same question.

Penny nodded honestly, or more accurately, it would be great to draw.

Orlando was pleased to see her being so honest.

But when he thought about the fact that she was already married, he couldn't help but feel somewhat

disgusted by her behavior.

He quickly grabbed a shirt and put it on, his tone becoming less polite.

"Aren't you leaving yet?"

Penny snapped back to reality and realized that she should leave after getting the shirt.

"Okay, Mr. Fletcher, please rest early."

Orlando wasn't interested in why she appeared here at all. Instead, he completely lost his desire to go out and stroll around.

Penny took the shirt and was about to leave when she noticed that he had been rubbing his temples

from time to time since she first saw him. The shirt in her arms also had a strong smell of alcohol,

indicating that he had probably had a few drinks and now had a headache.

When the Stuart family was just starting out, Cason had so many social engagements that he would

come back with a headache every time. His mother would always prepare hangover soup for him and

massage his head.

Later, when his mother passed away, she became the one who learned to do these things.

Out of habit, she said something without thinking.

"Mr. Fletcher, would you like me to massage your temples?"

Chapter 76 Orlando Was Smoking

Chapter 76 Orlando Was Smoking

The room fell silent.

Orlando's hand, which was pressing against his temple, paused for a moment, and he looked up at her.

After Penny finished speaking, she seemed to realize that being alone in a room with a man could lead

to improper thoughts. She smiled and said, "I was just talking nonsense."

Orlando looked at her, really wanting to know that she was so proactive with other men outside,

whether her husband was aware of all this.

Lowering his gaze, his tone became even less polite.

"Leave here."

Penny assumed that he didn't like interacting with females and wanted to maintain his purity for his lover from the Bender family.

"I didn't mean anything else, Mr. Fletcher. Please rest well."

She really didn't mean anything else. She just couldn't help but offer help when she saw her client

drunk, hoping to gain some goodwill.

Orlando still hadn't responded or made any suggestions regarding the sketch proposal.

Although she had always been confident in her work, his silence made her start to doubt herself.

After returning to her room and changing clothes, Penny placed the paint-stained shirt in a basin,

rubbed it a few times, and then washed it twice with clean water to make sure there were no stains left.

She hung it by the window to dry.

After completing all of this, she went back to the previous spot, washed the brushes and paint palette,

and mixed new colors.

Then she returned to the white wall and continued to finish the remaining painting.

When inspiration strikes, one must seize it quickly, otherwise, she couldn't guarantee that she would

still have the same feeling when she woke up after a night's sleep.

Penny painted diligently. The night's light was on her right side, attracting a few moths. Apart from that,

everything was quiet.

At three o'clock in the morning, she rubbed her eyes, feeling tired, and she decided to wash her face to

wake herself up.

As she walked past the round archway near the washstand, she saw a tall and slender figure leaning

against a pillar on the traditional corridor in the courtyard. He couldn't sleep, holding a cigarette

between his fingers.

The man had a lazy and carefree expression, but he exuded a sense of distance that made people feel

awe.

She couldn't remember if she had seen him smoke before, but in this setting, with the surrounding

pavilions and towers, the moon high in the sky, and the corridor shining brightly like water, it was all too

beautiful. She couldn't bear to disturb it.

Orlando flicked the ash from his fingertips and casually watched the artificial mountain and flowing

water in the courtyard.

He had lived a disciplined life all these years, but tonight, he couldn't sleep.

When he heard footsteps near the archway, he couldn't help but look over, only to see a figure

disappearing around the corner.

Orlando raised his eyebrows and extinguished the cigarette between his fingers before walking over.

Penny had already returned to the white wall. Opening the tap would inevitably make some noise, and

even the slightest sound could disturb the person there. Besides, she had only hoped that the cold

water would quickly wake her up, but now the overwhelming drowsiness seemed to have vanished in

an instant.

She smiled and painted faster.

Half an hour later, just as she was about to place the brush back in the paint palette, she suddenly

heard a voice beside her.

"Did they invite you?"

Caught off guard, Penny's heart raced. She turned her head and saw Orlando standing less than a meter away.

"Mr. Fletcher, do you know you scared me like that?"

Perhaps because he had been smoking, there was a faint smell of smoke on him, mixed with the scent

of pine and cypress, making the night air feel a bit chilly.

With the blowing wind, it seemed to cling to her skin, unable to be wiped away.

Orlando didn't approach but instead looked at the painting on the white wall, a trace of admiration in his eyes.

He had never seen her paint before, only her designs. He didn't expect her to have such talent.

The man raised his eyebrows and asked, "Your painting is so good, why didn't you continue painting after graduation?"

Penny lowered her head slightly, and her movements of mixing colors paused. "Mr. Fletcher, didn't you hear it firsthand last time?"

"Just because of that?"

Just because of that?

These words were light and ethereal, like a soft needle, piercing her heart. It didn't hurt, but it couldn't be ignored either.

This person had been a proud and arrogant individual since birth, out of reach for ordinary people. Of

course, he wouldn't understand how terrifying it could be for an average person to be slandered,

insulted, and subjected to the disdain of those around them.

"Yes, just because of that."

She turned her back and continued with what she was doing, her tone carrying a hint of defiance.

Orlando stood behind her, his gaze involuntarily falling on her waist.

Chapter 77 Her Painting

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What had happened that night came to his mind again.

He remembered that there were two dimples on her lower back, just superior to the gluteal cleft, called

the dimples of Venus, which were the sexiest part of the human body.

At that moment, she slightly hunched with her back to him. This reminded him of the night he pinched

her waist and had sex with her fiercely.

Orlando's eyelashes trembled, and his Adam's apple rolled.

The atmosphere got subtle. Penny pinched the paintbrush and felt a little hot.

She heard footsteps approaching. As a burst of heat came from behind, she froze immediately.

However, Orlando just leaned over to get another paintbrush.

For an instant, his chest was against her back, and then separated immediately.

But she felt as if his body's heat penetrated her skin through their clothes.

Penny was stunned and didn't dare to move. She saw Orlando dip the paintbrush into her paint tray

and then draw on the wall.

That didn't damage the artistic conception of the painting. His thoughts were completely consistent with

Penny's. Penny also intended to do so.

She quickly cleared her mind and continued to draw this place calmly.

Maybe Orlando just wanted to keep up his technique, so after a few strokes, he put down the

paintbrush.

"Mr. Fletcher, it's late. Aren't you going to sleep?"

"No. I've got a headache."

Penny said nothing, quietly calmed down, and continued to finish the painting.

An hour later, she couldn't help but look back.

Orlando had long been gone.

Penny breathed a sigh of relief and was more productive.

Until seven o'clock in the morning, the painting was done and she was so sleepy that she walked as if

treading on air.

Penny tidied up the paintbrushes and pigment trays and put them aside. Someone would clean the

room later, so she returned to her room in a daze.

After taking a shower, she collapsed on the bed and fell fast asleep.

The painting on the white wall had been completed, and the cleaning staff around were also up early.

The moment Orlando dealt with the company's business today, he heard Zane knocking on the door.

Zane came in and told him that someone invited him to dinner.

When Orlando came out of the room, he saw several leaders waiting outside.

After a few greetings, one said that a batch of large yellow croakers of excellent quality were here at

midnight last night. It was right to entertain guests like him with them.

It was hard to turn down the warm-hearted offer, so Orlando had no choice but to go out with them.

They went to the hall and inevitably passed the wall.

One of them stopped and couldn't help but praise.

"Mr. Fletcher, do you like this painting? You said that the white wall was too dull yesterday. Just when

the student at School of Arts Chatville University came back, we asked her for help. It was completed in

just one night."

Speaking of Penny, the leader's face was full of smiles.

"She's studious. She used to study at our school. Because her mother passed away and her father was

busy running the company, she came here for high school. Unexpectedly, she was the only one in our

county who was admitted to School of Arts Chatville University. No one has broken her record.

Because she got the highest score, I helped her get a bonus of sixty thousand dollars."

The leader was in his fifties. He really wanted to do something for Prodale County before retiring.

So it was natural to ingratiate himself with a big boss like Orlando.

After Orlando said it was dull, he immediately had someone deal with the white wall.

Orlando smiled drily.

"The painting is very good. She didn't embarrass her school."

Hearing his words, the leader smiled even more.

"Mr. Fletcher, if you want to see her, I'll have someone ask her over."

"No need."

She probably stayed up all night last night.

Chapter 78 Could You Please Give Me a Ride

Chapter 78 Could You Please Give Me a Ride

Penny slept until noon. When she woke up, her head hurt so badly. When her phone vibrated wildly,

she quickly answered the phone.

It was her aunt, Haley, calling. Her tone was anxious.

"Penny, I called you a few times but couldn't get through. Is something wrong with you? Your uncle is

going to find you."

Penny glanced at the missed calls. There were five calls from her aunt. No wonder she was so worried.

"I'm fine. I slept too late last night. I was too tired to hear anything."

Haley breathed a sigh of relief. "Then do you want to visit your mother's grave today?"

"Yes. I've already gotten up. I'll be right there after buying some flowers."

"No need. Your uncle has bought some. He'll wait for you outside your place. Let him drive you to the cemetery."

After hanging up the phone, she freshened herself up quickly and went out to meet Philip.

Philip handed her the flowers he bought. "Your aunt said you slept late last night. Take a rest in the co-pilot when I drive."

"Okay, thank you, Uncle."

Penny sat in the co-pilot, smelling a very faint smell of gasoline. Philip had driven this car for many

years. Even if it was maintained on time, the smell of gasoline and leather still couldn't be eliminated.

The car arrived jerkily at the cemetery.

She got out of the car with the flowers and came to her mother's grave.

Penny came there every year. Sometimes, she had to come before or after her mother's death day

because of something. She knew her mother wouldn't blame her for it.

Thinking of what the Stuart family had done recently, she was in a bad mood and wanted to talk to her

mother alone.

However, her uncle was waiting for her not far away, so it wasn't convenient to speak her mind.

The tomb was cleaned simply, and she squatted down and put the flowers on it seriously.

Then Penny quietly rubbed her eyes and walked to Philip.

"Uncle, let's go."

Philip was smoking. Seeing her red eyes, he wanted to say something but bit it back. He only held the

cigarette in one hand and patted her shoulder with the other.

When they were about to get in the car, a motorcycle came. A man and a woman were sitting on the

motorcycle. After stopping in front of them, Susan got off, snatched the car key from Philip, and then

said angrily. "I told you not to drive the car during the three days. I'm going to go out with my friend

today. They are waiting for me. You can walk back."

The Glover family only had a car and had driven it for many years. It cost about fifty thousand dollars

and was a low-equipped BMW.

Susan needed this car to save face. She learned from Haley that the car was there.

After getting into the car, she closed the door with a "bang", stepped on the accelerator, and drove off.

Penny frowned. "Uncle, have you and Auntie put up with her rudeness?"

She knew that Susan was domineering in this family. But she didn't expect her to become so arrogant.

Philip didn't want their dirty linen washed in front of Penny. He was very embarrassed.

How would they go back? That was what mattered.

It was too far from home. It might take two hours on foot.

"I'm sorry. I... I'll ask my colleague to pick us up."

It was the first time Penny met such a selfish woman like Susan. But Philip and Haley were both so

tolerant, so she couldn't say anything as a junior.

It was nothing more than because of her cousin. Her uncle and aunt always felt that they owed Susan.

"Uncle, it's okay. I'm just worried about you. She hasn't had a job these years. You give her your salary

every month. She always wastes this money and yells at you at home. If my mother knew..."

When she said that, she was silent and stopped talking anymore. But she walked slowly along the way

she came.

Philip followed stiffly like a child being reproached.

A car horn sounded not far away, and then two cars stopped in front of them.

Simon opened the car window and saw Philip. "Didn't you drive when you came to the cemetery?"

Philip quickly explained, "The car was driven away. Simon, give us a ride."

Simon glanced at the back seat with some embarrassment. Two leaders were sitting there and both

were very easygoing. "Get in, but there can only be one in the car. Let your child get into the car

ahead."

There were only two people in that car, and no one else dared to be with them.

Penny now knew that the car was Orlando's.

Was Orlando the boss who wanted to develop the tourism industry in Prodale County?

She walked to the car window and politely knocked.

"Mr. Fletcher, I'm in trouble. Could you please give me a ride?"

Chapter 79 Could You Please Do Me a Favor

Chapter 79 Could You Please Do Me a Favor

Hearing this voice, Orlando frowned and looked up from a pile of documents. Sure enough, it was

Penny standing outside the car with a smile on her face.

The scenery in Prodale County was very beautiful. At that moment, her eyes seemed to reflect the

magnificent sunshine outside.

He couldn't help but tighten his grip on the document.

How could he meet her anywhere?

Penny didn't notice an abnormality in him and knocked again. "Mr. Fletcher, is it okay?"

Orlando lowered his eyes and said calmly, "Get in."

Penny opened the door and got in the car.

The sun was blazing hot, and it was noon. The moment the door was opened, a heatwave and her

scent came.

Seeing Penny get in the car in front, Philip was relieved and followed into the car behind.

He saw the BMW ahead before the car went too far.

It was precisely Philip's car.

Susan was standing in front of the car and making a phone call, while the man was sitting on the

motorcycle beside her.

When the man saw Orlando's car, his eyes widened.

"Susan, do you know how much this car costs?"

Susan really didn't know it, but it was the most beautiful car she had ever seen. "How much?"

The man pretended to be mysterious and held up a finger.

"150 thousand dollars?" Susan guessed.

"No, 10 million dollars!"

Susan was very surprised. She had never seen a car worth more than 10 million dollars in her life. If it

were exchanged for cash, many villas could be bought.

Then she saw Philip sitting in the car behind it and waved her hand quickly.

Philip had no choice but to ask the driver to stop.

"Dad, the car is out of gas. How could you not fuel the car? What can I do now?"

Philip was apologetic. "Susan, don't worry. I'll ask my colleague to come and fuel the car."

Susan glanced at the car and didn't see Penny, instantly thinking of the car worth more than 10 million

dollars in front. She reckoned that Penny was probably in that car.

Susan rolled her eyes and said quickly: "Is Penny in the car ahead? Give her a call. Let the driver come

back and pick me up."

Before Philip agreed, the two leaders frowned. "Mr. Fletcher is very busy. Don't waste his time."

"Penny can get in the car. Why can't I? Dad, you call her quickly!"

Susan's tone was a little impatient. Seeing the car getting farther and farther, she urged.

Philip had no choice but to take out his mobile phone and call Penny.

"Penny, Susan's car has run out of gas. There are no seats in our car. Can you... ask Mr. Fletcher to

give Susan a ride?" Philip implored humbly.

Penny immediately understood that it was Susan's idea.

She took the car from them. Now the car ran out of gas and she asked them to solve it.

"Uncle, I'm sorry. Mr. Fletcher is in a hurry to go back and handle company matters. No time to pick her

up."

"Susan's friend has a motorcycle. I'll let her friend send her over. Please ask the driver to slow down.

Penny, I can't leave Susan here alone. Could you please do me a favor?"

Penny was silent. In her final year of high school, she studied in Prodale County and lived with her

uncle.

Philip was always very kind to her. She was very grateful to him, but she couldn't agree to this request.

Susan was too domineering. If she indulged Susan, they would be in great trouble sooner or later.

The car wasn't hers. If Susan got in the car, who knew what she would do?

Just as she was about to speak, Susan's voice came from the other end of the phone.

"You're talking so much nonsense. Don't forget that all of you owe me. If your cousin hadn't gone to

your father's company, would he have been able to run away? He vanished without a trace. I'm like a

widow and get all the cold shoulders. This is what you owe me!"

Penny hung up the phone directly.

Susan immediately turned hostile and looked at Philip angrily.

"How dare she hang up on me. She has no guilt! If she comes to our family again, don't keep a room

for her. She looks down on our family!"

Philip was in a dilemma. Two leaders were sitting beside him. He couldn't keep them long.

He got out of the car quickly. "Susan, get in. I'll go home on foot."

Chapter 80 Have My Words Struck Home

Chapter 80 Have My Words Struck Home

Susan frowned and had to get in the car.

Simon couldn't watch this and tried to persuade him.

"Philip, it's a pretty long trek. It'll take more than two hours to get back. Your legs aren't good. Susan's

friend has a motorcycle. She can take the motorcycle."

As soon as the words were finished, Susan retorted, "The sun was relentless. The heat makes me

uncomfortable. I don't want to take the motorcycle. My friend doesn't like to sit together with the old

men, so I let him go back first. My father is in good health. What's more, walking is good for your

health. Uncle Kline, let's go."

Simon was very angry but he didn't say any more, because Philip had gotten out of the car.

Philip was dizzy with the scorching sun. But he was too embarrassed to call someone to pick him up and was going to walk back.

Back in Adding Hotel, Penny got out of the car and waited until the car behind arrived.

The leaders and Simon got out of the car and the last was Susan.

Seeing Orlando standing in front of the black car, Susan froze all of a sudden and her face flushed.

The man was definitely the most handsome one she had ever seen in her life. He had great taste and

his suit set off his stoic disposition and coldness. If he could be with her, she would be willing to do

anything for him!

Susan was excited and quickly walked to Orlando.

"Mr. Fletcher, thanks for your coming. There are several very beautiful places in Prodale County. If you

want to, I'll take you to go in the afternoon. I'll treat you to dinner too."

Susan stared at Orlando, with unconcealed intention.

Orlando's face darkened immediately, and several leaders hurried forward to pull Susan away.

Susan struggled. "What are you doing? I'm talking to Mr. Fletcher. In the car, I heard from you that Mr.

Fletcher would stay here for another day. On behalf of the people of Prodale County, I should treat him

to dinner."

Susan's eyes were full of greed. She looked at the luxury car and then at Orlando's face.

If she won his heart, she would live a rich life and no longer stay in the poor county.

Orlando was cold, ignored her, and was about to go inside.

Susan didn't give up and was about to pull his sleeve, but this time Penny stopped her.

Penny frowned. "Where's my uncle?"

Wasn't Philip in the car?

Susan rolled her eyes. "He's walking."

"It's 96.8°F outside. How could you let my uncle walk alone? Susan, you're so cruel!"

Susan didn't care about this. She pushed Penny away and was about to chase Orlando.

She finally met such an excellent man and never missed him.

Penny directly grabbed her wrist, stood behind her, and said coldly, "Go back and pick my uncle up."

Susan's face turned pale with pain and she began to swear.

"That old man is in good health. Walking is good for his health. Besides, he wants to walk. It isn't my

fault. He's willing to pamper me. It's none of your business!"

Susan struggled but couldn't break free. Then she looked at her friend, who was riding the motorcycle, and shouted, "Come and help me!"

The man got off and rushed rush over threateningly.

"Bitch! In Prodale County, I make the rules, you know. How dare you bully my friend? Let her go!"

Penny didn't let go of Susan, and the man raised his hand and was about to hit her hard.

Just before his hand fell, someone grabbed his wrist suddenly.

His face turned pale, but he didn't want to admit that he was cowardly. He only swallowed.

"Who are you? Don't be so nosy. It's none of your business!"

Penny looked over. It turned out to be Orlando.

Orlando just glanced at the bastard, expressionless. Then he twisted his wrist and threw him aside.

The leaders quickly called the security guards. Then the security guards dragged the man away.

Penny also let go of Susan. Susan was about to scold, but when she saw the security guard coming

over, she gritted her teeth resentfully, "Just you wait! You'll be sorry."

Penny was in no mood to talk to her anymore. She looked back at Orlando. "Mr. Fletcher, thank you."

Orlando glanced down at her as he took the disinfectant wipes handed over by Zane. After wiping his

hands, he turned to walk inside.

Penny was about to find her uncle when Susan stopped her.

"You're highly educated. But so what? I heard from my dad that you were married and that your

husband didn't like you. He has many love affairs. Poor you. You're no different than a widow like me.

Bah, what can you be proud of? Your dad remarried and has a daughter. He also doesn't like you.

Otherwise, how could he have sent you to study in Prodale County back then..."

Penny coldly interrupted her. "Are you done?"

The more uncomfortable Penny was, the happier Susan was. "Have my words struck home? My

husband ran away, but your husband is a scumbag who can only have affairs."