

## President 681

### Chapter 681

Summer did not reply. There was a division between her and Yvette that she could not bring herself to smile naturally. Instead, she faked one by curling her lips.

She was a straightforward person who refused to be pretentious. She would simply express how she felt.

"I know that everything that I have done is wrong. I was blinded. I cannot even beg for your forgiveness. But I am very glad that you still visited me today. It has been a very long time since I have been this joyful."

Yvette wiped her tears and turned toward Summer. "I'm really sorry for all the things I've done. I'm sorry. Thank you for always caring for Mark. After I've served my sentence, I will redeem myself sincerely."

Summer looked at her and remained silent. Her heart was still hardened, and mere words weren't enough to soften it. For her to visit Yvette, it was already a huge feat.

Yvette clearly knew that she had treated Summer very badly. Thus, the reception toward her was nothing extraordinary, but she couldn't wish it to be any better.

Although it was a brief meeting, Yvette couldn't stop

smiling. Even after being led back into her cell, she remained cheerful.

They walked out of the prison holding hands and traveled along the path lined with sycamore trees.

The leaves were yellowish brown, and they fluttered to the ground. Crunching sounds were heard as they treaded on them. A week later, Mark bought a pregnancy test kit and wanted to personally examine her. Summer blushed and chased him out. Thus, she remained in the washroom while he waited outside.

Moments later, she emerged, and he inquired about the results impatiently.

She shook her head, "I'm not pregnant. The doctor said that my chances of pregnancy is very slim. It will be very difficult for me to get pregnant again."

Mark snorted when he heard her reply. "I'm not like what they described. I'm extraordinary. From now on, we need a plan!" "What plan?"

Summer responded in trepidation. 'He's going to kill me!'

However, he couldn't care less. He was determined to carry out his plan.

Finally, the effort paid off. A month later, she was pregnant, and she was on cloud nine.

Being pregnant meant that he could no longer have his way with her, and she was delighted.

Mark did not slack either. He bought many books about pregnancy. Besides going through his files, he would read.

Charlotte was jealous. "Daddy only likes new things. Daddy only likes the baby," he begged. "I like you anymore."

"I want to stay with him."

Raising his chin, Mark tapped on her forehead gently, and urged, "Hush, do your homework quickly." Mark had put in all his energy on this baby because it bore of all his guilt and regrets.

Having experienced the miscarriage and not being able to care for Charlotte or witness her growing up. He was compelled to seek redemption from this child.

Therefore, whatever involved the baby, he wanted to handle them himself, and would not let anyone interfere.

Although life was simple, it was full of happiness and bliss. Summer resigned from the Neighborhood. Whenever Nae Wu sent Charlotte to school. Then, Mark would go to work. Afterward, she would either go shopping or trim the bushes in the backyard.

She would remain in Valentine mansion during her pregnancy and would return to work when the child is born.

## Chapter 682

She was reading when her phone rang. She answered, "Honey." Initially, it was very awkward to address him in this manner. However, as time passed, it had become very natural. "What are you craving? I'll bring you some..."

"I'd like to have butter cookies and potato chips." She put down her books and got up. "When are you coming home? Is there anything you would like for dinner?"

"A bowl of noodles will do. I'm on my way to pick up Charlotte. I'll be back soon..." he answered in his deep and tender voice. "Alright."

When it was almost 6:00 pm, Summer stood outside the mansion. Every evening, she would wait for his and Charlotte's return. It had become part of her routine.

At ten minutes past six, Mark's black Bentley drove into sight and stopped. His stout figure carried Charlotte as he got out of the car.

"Sigh. Why are you standing here again?" he frowned as he appeared displeased. He hugged her and gently pinched her hand and headed toward the mansion.

"When heard that you're returning home, got really excited." "You're such an eager wife..." Mark smirked and kissed her on the lips. He was in high spirits.

Charlotte didn't want to feel left behind. So, she leaned forward and kissed daddy, and then mommy; only then, was she satisfied.

Summer took over the package, butter cookies, potato chips, and almond nuts from him. She smiled and leaned on his chest. Then, they threaded along together for the short distance; toward what was their home and happiness...

In life, one can experience enthusiasm, yet also mundaneness. After all the excitement, life is still mostly bound to being ordinary. However, this is life; and it is such that the relationship between two persons can flourish.

Their backs reflected the sunlight, and it painted a vivid halo; it was warm and beautiful.

Inside the cafe.

Sherman and Summer sat opposite each other. Instead of coffee, they ordered milk.

"We're really attracting attention by ordering milk in a cafe." Sherman laughed as she took a sip at her glass of milk. "Aren't you pregnant too? Today's trip must be really tiring, right? Summer laughed too.

"Indeed. My belly is growing, and everything seems so inconvenient." Sherman stroked her baby bump that it radiated her motherly figure.

"It's our fifth month now. By the time we come out of confinement, it'll be past New Year; and it's good because the weather will be cooling."

Sherman nodded, but something kept her wondering, "Did when bearing have Why am having so much of it?"

"Everyone is different. After giving birth, it will go away; looked i

the intern it would be very severe, but didn't notice morning sickness in you at all."

"You're right." As they were chatting, her phone vibrated. Sherman picked up and answered Billy's call, "Darling."

"might be home late tonight, but I'll be back by 9:30 p.m. You sleep early ya; don't wait for me."

Sherman replied, "Is it overtime?"

"I'm meeting a client tonight."

Summer thought Sherman had something planned with Billy. So, she took out her phone to call the driver to send her home.

But Sherman stopped her, "What do you cook for Mark when he comes " after a drink?" "ake bio! lj preder OSU a A ah it's just a drink, he usually does it with an empty stomach. It's very unhealthy and he always comes home feeling hungry."

## Chapter 683

"You're free, right? Since Charlotte is at school and Mark is at work; how about you come over to my place and show me how to cook broiled chicken noodle soup? You can call the driver to pick you up after we're done."

Summer agreed as she had nothing in mind. Hence, they carried their bags and went to Sherman's apartment.

Because Sherman was a thermophobe, Summer had t 0 be very thorough with her directions. She described every step clearly so that it was easy for Sherman to understand.

Sherman paid careful attention to Summer and kept in mind all her instructions. She was a quick leaner, and a very practical.

She made tremendous progress after they spent five eggs and a packet of noodle. Other than the appearance, the taste also garnered praise from Summer.

At the bar table, everything was as usual. Billy was the last to arrive, and the guests got up to greet him when they saw him.

He nodded and sat on the sofa. Just as he picked up the wine glass, the room door was pushed opened. It was the president of Greig Corporation. For the past few years, his company had been heavily involved in real estate development and had excellent achievements. It is now one of the top ten most influential corporations in Santabaca.

What attracted more attention was the lady behind him. She had brown wavy hair that spread loosely down her shoulders, and a dainty and doll-like face.

Mr. Greig approached Billy and brimmed, "I've heard a lot of you, Mr. Day. It's really an honor to be meeting you today." He flattered.

"Ah. That's just a moniker. How can compare to Mr. Greig who has so much luck with women. You even brought along a goddess."

"Not at all. She is my secretary." As they spoke, Mr. Greig stretched out his hands. Billy leaned forward from his reclining position and tapped it as a gesture. However, when he glanced at the lady behind Mr. Greig, he was somewhat shocked. He did not imagine that it would be Natalie.

Natalie appeared magnanimous. Reaching out her slender fingers as though they had just met, she smiled, "Mr. Day, pleased to meet you."

Billy nodded and leaned forward to shake her hand. However, he appeared indifferent.

The meeting was obviously a drinking session with wine and pretty girls. The door opened; several young and beautiful lasses entered and took their seats among the guests.

The room was slightly warm because of the heater. Thus, Natalie stood up and removed her silver jacket. Underneath it was a black sleeveless bodycon dress that revealed her curvaceous and sexy figure. Her fair arms that matched with her dress were extremely alluring, and many men were already gawking at her.

Billy sat on her left while Mr. Greig sat on her right. The girl beside Billy leaned very closely on him.

She didn't attract Billy; so, he pushed

her away. He appeared restless but

couldn't be bother the i hand,

Bee was pretending to fend off wine refills for Mr. Greig. Her collar was exposed, and it revealed an elegant curvature.

Whenever she lifted her arms, i

would brush against his due

seated nasty glass swirled, and Billy glanced at her fair arms.

When she had toasted with everyone at the table, she Wine glass. "My. Day, cheers."

"It's only natural that you toast with Mr. Day, but not in a normal way. Do a crossed arms toast." Someone teased. The other guests joined in, "Yeah. Do a crossed arms toast."

Billy looked at the crowd and answered, "TH pass. If m y wife finds out, cannot imagine what will happen."

#### Chapter 684

A wine reception was an ambiguous affair; it didn't matter if one was married. In a situation with so many guests and women, the news would not spread. Even i f it did, it would be seen as an act. As a man, how could he not return the courtesy?

As he uttered those words, the crowd laughed; they praised his faithfulness, and envied his wife. Natalie appeared lethargic. After a few seconds, she returned to normal, and smiled, "Mrs. Day is so blessed. I'm so envious." Billy looked at her and smirked. He picked up the glass and gulped down the wine.

The guests continued to drink and chatter; some men were so desperate that they began teasing the girls beside them. Billy was completely uninterested; he looked at the time. It was half past nine.

He stood up and prepared to leave. As he did so, everyone rose to their feet. "Don't mind me. You guys go ahead. have some matters to attend to." Billy answered.

Natalie paused her conversation with Mr. Greig and observe Billy as he strode out of the room. At the same time, she noticed that he had left his blazer behind.

"Mr. Day, wait up. You forgot your blazer." She hurried after him.

Billy stopped and reached out to receive his blazer. He squinted his eyes and casually gestured with his hand after quickly examining her outfit; then, he said, "It's cold out here; go inside."

Afterward, he put on his blazer and left.

Natalie didn't budge. She smiled, 'Looks like he has completely broken ties with me.'

'But... can he really erase those traces of our intimacy?'

'Our intimacy... or... did he really erase them completely?'

Sherman did not go to bed but snuggled on the sofa and watched a cooking show. It was a simple dish -coleslaw. Although it was simple, it looked very appetizing.

"Why aren't you in bed?" Billy looked at Sherman curiously.

"Oh, you're home." Sherman looked up when she heard his voice, and smiled, "You must have drunk a lot. Did you eat

anything?"

"No. The most had was wine. Are there ye leftovers?" Drinking and it was left with a sine sensation.

"There's nothing left. But learned how to cook today. Give me a moment; I'll go prepare something immediately."

"Wait!" Billy caught hold of her arm, "Look at your pregnant stomach; how can let you cook? Just sit down. I'll cook myself instant noodles."

Sherman pulled away his arm and objected, "My stomach is not a hindrance. You sit down. I'll be back in a while."

She went into the kitchen and did what Summer had israaeelte She slice ced op open thachi \Ren and bonded in hot water. After it was cooked, she took it out and seasoned it.

After that, she prepared eggs and chopped onions. Then, she cooked the noodles in boiling water.



Not long after, she had readied a a of broiled exceptionally Seine

## Chapter 685

"Wow. You're a great cook. Look at this fusion; it's almost five-stars." Billy was amazed for she had never been a good cook. "Hush, try it and let me know how's the taste." Sherman looked at him with anticipation.

Billy raised his brows and squinted his eyes as though he was prepared to die of poison. Sherman was annoyed by his gimmick and slapped his back.

He shrugged and ate a mouthful of noodles. It didn't taste bad but delicious. He gave her a thumbs-up and began to gobble up the meal.

"Slow down and drink some of the soup. It should taste quite well." She smiled and felt a sense of gratification.

At first, she couldn't understand why Summer loved cooking. She didn't like the hassle. But now, as she observed his appetite, she felt inexplicably accomplished.

'see. This is what it feels like to cook for the one love. It's feels good with satisfaction and bliss."

Billy ate nothing since noon and drank a lot of wine in the evening. He was indeed famished, and he cleaned up the meal without leaving a drop of soup.

"Wash your bowl, please." Sherman said. Her belly was really showing. She was exhausted after preparing his meal.

"I'm tired. Leave it there. Let the housekeeper wash it when she comes tomorrow. I'll go take a bath." Billy stretched his limbs and went into the bathroom.

Sherman couldn't bear to see the place messy with unwashed dishes. She couldn't be at ease when dirty things were lying around.

She got up and carried the bowl into the kitchen. It was just a bowl, and she quickly washed it. Then, she waited for Billy because she had not yet bathed.

While waiting, her father called her. He was going to move and wanted money from her.

"I'm not working, where do I have money?"

"Not you, but Billy. This house is not conducive anymore. I'm sure you don't want daddy to live in such a place too, right?" Sherman breathed deeply, "Dad, who put these words into your mouth? Was it stepmother?"

Her mother had died early because of breast cancer, and her father remarried. Her stepmother brought along her daughter, and later had a son with her father.

Her stepmother was mean. She loved riches and despised poverty. She was not appreciative and had a bad temper. Even a slight disagreement with her

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"The wedding is over; there's no point repeating this matter. Just get the money from Billy to buy us a house. He is worth more than a hundred million; a million is just a small number to him; I'm sure he wouldn't mind, right? Moreover, your mother has rheumatism; the place is damp, and the rooms are few; it simply cannot accommodate the four of us-"

Before he could finish, Sherman hung up immediately. She could not bear it any longer.

They were self-centered, and never once considered the feelings of others. 'If my mother-in-law found out that I bought my parents a house with their money, how am I to face her?'

Honestly, her mother-in-law was a nice person. She kept silent when she saw the bridal gifts. Furthermore, she did not speak badly behind her back. She was indeed civilized. And because of that, she couldn't take things for granted.

Suddenly, she felt extremely tired, both physically and mentally. She couldn't find strength to bathe, and she sprawled on the bed.

She was troubled and unable to sleep. She simply felt

irritated but couldn't tell what the cause was. She picked up a magazine and flipped through it randomly.

Moments later, she heard him approaching.

She turned around, "You're done?"

Billy nodded. He slipped his hands into her pajamas and begin fondling her.

Sherman shoved his arms away. "Stop it. Go and sleep. I'm pregnant, you know."

Billy raised his brows in objection. He had always been playful like a scumbag. "Who said we can't during pregnancy?" "Isn't it obvious? My belly is showing so much; what if you press too hard?"

"I've done my research. You can't do it during the early stages of pregnancy. But it is okay now. We just need t o be careful. definitely won't press on your stomach..."

Immediately, he leaned forward and nimbly unbuttoned her pajamas, and the smell of spring onions gushed into his nostrils.

Spring onions are very pungent in nature; and their smell easily stick onto one's body. The time Sherman spent in the kitchen today wasn't short, and she was constantly in contact with spring onions and eggs. Furthermore, because she was tired, she did not bathe. Thus, her clothing smelled like spring onions.

Billy frowned deeply. The smell of spring onions mixed with eg lingered in his Caused his movement. He suddenly lost the desire to pursue his action.

He flipped over. He retreated from her and walked toward the bathroom.

His sudden hesitation made Sherman confused. She actions. ere are you going?'

'Wasn't everything alright just now. What's wrong with him?'

"I'm going to wash my face. And you're right; it's a teal get some rest; I'll be back in a short while."

Billy smiled with his brows raised and entered the bathroom. The sound of the shower was heard afterward.

Sherman furrowed her brows exasperatedly. 'He's already in such a state, yet he still takes a cold shower?'

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However, after a few moments, she smiled, and stroked her belly gently. 'What a peevish little one. don't even know if you're a boy or girl that you can bother daddy and mommy so much. How wish you would quickly arrive.'

The shower in the bathroom continued to flow, and Sherman peeped in that direction. However, her drowsiness kicked in and she couldn't resist. Hence, she closed her eyes and fell asleep...

The next morning.

When Sherman woke up, he was not beside her, neither could he be found in the apartment. It could only mean that he had gone to work.

While the housekeeper was busy tidying the house, Sherman went into the study because she was free. She switched on the computer and browsed a gourmet website.

The site hosted a large variety of delicacies complete with very comprehensive recipes. She selected a few that were of her liking and read the instructions.

Life during her pregnancy was too mundane and idle. She couldn't do many things. Therefore, to spend her time, she had to look for activities that were suitable.

And now, she found delight in cooking. Not only could she learn it online, the housekeeper and Summer could also teach her. After breakfast, Sherman stayed at home and asked the housekeeper to teach her how to prepare some household dishes. The housekeeper tasted the coleslaw prepared by Sherman. "You're impressive, and think you're a very talented cook." Sherman brimmed that her eyes formed a crescent shape. "I can't take the compliment. It's making me blush."

The housekeeper smiled as she continued her work, "I'm simply telling the truth."

Her phone rang. Sherman looked at the caller's number; it was her father. She was very certain he was going to ask for money; hence, she didn't answer the call.

'If had my own income or savings, wouldn't mind buying them a house. But now I'm not able to. It's been a long time since last worked!"

She had previously helped with paying back their loans using Billy's money. But this time, that is not possible anymore.

She changed out of her pajamas after taking a bath and watched TV while curling up in the sofa. She was able to relax even while being alone as her mother-in-law was very accommodating.

They could choose not to stay at the Day's family villa. However, during important dates, they would have to return to the villa without excuse or any other reasons.

Sherman couldn't deny that her mother-in-law was very wise and discerning. Not only was she reasonable, but she was also very far sighted.

At about 8:00 pm, Billy returned to the apartment. He smiled and deliberately threw his blazer at Sherman when he came in.

Sherman took down the blazer and glared at him, " Stop fooling around!"

"How am fooling around? This is just a couple's play ..." Billy walked up. He hugged her and grinned.

Sherman massaged his shoulders, "cooked again today. Go try it while it's still hot."

Billy appeared surprised and exclaimed, "Since when did my wife become so capable?"

"Did you only realize it? am in fact very capable like a perfect wife." She said and swayed while mimicking a poet.

"Indeed. You shine like a jewel. gave you a simply task, and your com He shrugged and slapped his thighs in accordance with a tempo.

Sherman gritted her teeth. She stared

and a red mark appeared.

When they were both in college, they were very and they could indulge in it for an entire afternoon.

She had left him some pumpkin soup, coleslaw, and grilled beef brisket.

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Billy sat down to eat while Sherman sat opposite him and observed his movements with anticipation. She asked impatiently, "How is it?"

Billy was astounded by the taste. "Are you sure you made these?"

"Of course. Quick, tell me how's the taste." Her eyes blinked and glittered.

"My darling is so capable. You must have been a cook in your previous life, and some of the genes have remained." Hearing his praises, Sherman beamed with satisfaction, and her expression appeared as though a sneaky and thieving cat. She reckoned that she might be gifted in cooking.

Billy went into the bathroom while Sherman admired her face in front of the dressing table's mirror. Her facial skin had become rough due to her pregnancy. There were many pimples, and some of them were swollen.

'heard that women become more beautiful when they are pregnant. But why am getting uglier?' She sighed and stared at her flabby legs. Then, she sat on the sofa and soaked her feet. 'If I'm already looking like this in my fifth month of pregnancy, what will look like after this?' 1

The warm water massaged her feet as it flowed over her feet. The feeling was very comfortable. Sherman heaved a breath of relaxation and her face appeared slightly reddish as though she was thinking of something.

When Billy emerged from the bathroom, she was already in bed. She had changed from her thermal autumn pajamas into skimpy see-through lingerie. It was a sexy outfit. The collar was cut low, and her back was widely exposed.

At that moment, it was as if she had forgotten that she was pregnant.

Her waist was no longer slender as what it used to be. Even her arms and legs were plump. There was basically nothing worthy of beauty about her dressed in that tiny outfit.

Her body had undergone an enormous change during pregnancy. She was once slim and dainty, but now she is plump and chubby.

Sherman wriggled forward and snuggled tightly behind his back. She slipped her arms under his elbows and wrapped them around his waist.

She had read a book writing about men not being able to resist such action.

Today, she had studied about recipes. But during other free times, she had done some research on this subject. Sex was not permitted during the first three months of pregnancy and one month before delivery; other than that, there weren't any other restrictions; they just needed to be careful.

Besides, she wanted to satisfy him when she thought of him enduring the night by bathing in cold water.

Billy raised a brow, "Are you seducing me now?"

"Yes..." she answered honestly. "It's not wrong to do this between husband and wife, right?" She had never liked to pretend. To her, getting into bed with someone she loved was simply an ordinary act. Facing her, Billy moved his body so that it hung above hers.

At the same time, his hands were at work. She had the Scent st l was very aromatic.

However, when the passionate Billy saw her blemished and chubby face, he blinked, and stopped moving. Sherman was puzzled, and looked at him, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing..." he laughed faintly. The image of Natalie then it disappeared, and he got excited.

"I'm sorry darling..." Billy uttered softly. 'Why must the image Is it because of excitement?'

Sherman hugged him. "Why are you sorry? Have you been feeling very pressured lately?" she looked up and asked.

Billy rolled his eyes; he squinted them and nodded. "I have been handling a lot of contracts these days, and there are several projects that are happening at the same time."

"You're like this because you have been too busy and under a lot of pressure. No matter how hectic your work is, your health always comes first, okay?" Sherman was saddened. She placed her hand on his face and stroked it. "You've lost weight too."

Billy raised his hand and squeezed hers. He was feeling slightly guilty, but he still teased her, "I'm sure there are other ways to satisfy my darling. Do you want to try?"

"What kind of joke is this? Give me back my husband and get some rest." Triggered by his comical act, Sherman giggled and kicked him gently.

"Are you sure you don't want it? I'm waiting for you; such chances don't come by easily; are you sure you want to let it go?" "Whose attention are you seeking? Enough with your

jokes. Get some rest instead. I'm tired too." Sherman knocked on her waist a few times and laid down.

Billy pulled over the blanket to cover her; then he hugged her and buried his chin into her hair. He looked at her grimly. "Darling, I'm sorry."

Sherman was really feeling tired that her eyes could hardly stay opened. She yawned and tapped his arms that hugged her in consolation. "Go to sleep. know you're very tired. It must have happened because you were too stressed out. You're still my perfect man, and nothing has ever changed..."

The cuddled in bed, and for the entire night, he hugged her tightly while she rested her head on his arms; it was a good sleep indeed.

In the morning, after Sherman tidied up the bedroom and was drinking milk, the housekeeper entered with her phone. She received it. It was Grace. She answered, "What's u p?"

"Free today?"



"Don't you know that all a pregnant woman has is time? But I'm meeting Summer this afternoon."

Grace nodded in acknowledgement. "Pack your stuff; I'll pick you up in twenty minutes."

Before Sherman could respond, Grace hung up. It was very typical of her indeed.

Twenty minutes later, Grace arrived on the spot at the apartment. As she walked down the elevator, she could hear Grace honking away.

She sat in the co-driver's seat and fastened her safety belt. Grace started the car on the hand that had red manicure on. "Let's go!"

"Where are we heading?" Sherman was puzzled and asked. Grace replied, "You'll know when we arrive."

When the car finally stopped, Sherman peeked out of the window. It was a beauty parlor, and the exterior alone looked extremely grand.

"This is Santabaca's latest edition. I heard that the management is very

strict, and the One

is airy. However, walk-ins are not allowed; all appointments must be reserved. It took me almost ten days to get mine. Sh\*t! Get down!"

Sherman didn't seem very interested while they advanced, "Why did you bring me here?"

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"Of course, we're here for a makeup. What else did you think of? You need a makeover too."

"What crap are you talking about! Don't you know that I'm pregnant; are you trying to

poison my baby? And what's so good about makeup; it only makes a person look like a creature."

When Grace heard what Sherman said, she pinched her ear. "Who said so; who looks like a creature?"

Grace was really good at pinching ears that Sherman squealed in pain, "It's me; I look like a creature."

Satisfied, Grace let Sherman go so that she would hurry and not delay her as she entered the building. Sherman was frustrated as she massaged her painful ear, and she murmured to herself, 'Yeah, I look like a creature; one so pure that you have ever seen!'

She stumbled backward as she spoke and stamped on the foot of someone. As Grace was almost out of sight, she quickly apologized without turning around and hurried forward.

She had barely taken two steps when she heard a deep and charming voice of a man that sounded like a rich violin tune coming from behind. "It's alright."

Sherman furrowed her brows but did not turn around. She only felt that he sounded nice.

When she finally arrived inside, Grace had already begun her makeup. Sherman refused adamantly and headed toward the waiting room. 'Which pregnant woman would actually put on makeup?'

The room was vacant. It had leather sofa and was decorated with various kinds of fresh flowers. The atmosphere was very warm and soothing.

She felt idle while waiting there. Glancing upon the computer that was beside her, she twitched her brows. Then, she walked over and sat in front of the computer.

After watching a few shows and playing some games, she logged in to Twitter. Suddenly, she recalled last night's incident; about Billy's sorry and apologetic expression.

She flushed and bit her lips as she launched the web browser. She keyed in her query and began reading what appeared on the site.

The waiting room was very quiet. Besides her breathing, only the clicking of the mouse could be heard.

'Um, you don't need to call anymore. You can settle the matter yourself—' the words ended abruptly.

Sherman continued scrolling when those words echoed in her ears unexpectedly. It sounded very familiar as though she had heard it somewhere.

She looked up across the computer screen and saw a toned figure basking in the warm and glowing lights.

He appeared elegant and mature, and radiated an aura of aristocracy from head to toe. He was conversing over the phone that he held in his right hand, but his dark pupils were focuses elsewhere.

Sherman looked toward the direction of his gaze, and it rested on the large LED wall panel. She flushed with embarrassment as though her blood was rushing.

The LED panel on the wall was in fact connected to the computer screen. It meant that whatever she was browsing on the computer was also mirrored onto the large LED panel.

'How should a five-month pregnant woman seduce her husband...'

'What kinds of food have amplification effects?'

" .... "