

President 691

Chapter 691

The more she panicked, the more disoriented she became. Sherman's face looked just like a ripe apple. She was frantically trying to close the tabs. She did not even know why she had so many tabs opened up. It was killing her!

She then bumped her foot into the chair leg due to her carelessness. She bent forward and gasped uncontrollably, but she knocked her head onto the tabletop at the same time, which left tears in her eyes.

The situation she was in had made the man's brows arch slightly. He moved his lips and comforted her with his magnetic voice. "Don't worry and take your time, I'll look somewhere else..."

Sherman's urge to die had gotten even stronger!

But the man really turned around to face the restroom door with his back facing her. He hung up the phone and put it in the pocket of his trousers casually.

Her hands moved faster than ever and she managed to close every tab that she had opened with just a few clicks. She knew that she could not stay in the lounge any longer.

She bit her lips with her head hanging low to focus only on her own steps. She did not even look from the side of her eyes.

She swept past the man like a tornado before disappearing completely in his sight almost instantly. 'Embarrassing! It was too embarrassing! What am I going to do with my life now!'

Grace was already done with her makeup by that time. Their makeup technique was really good. They made her look exceptionally beautiful, but not tacky.

Grace's back hurt from sitting for over an hour to get her makeup done. She wanted to go to the lounge and get some rest but Sherman was reluctant. 'There were so many places to rest, but she had to go to the lounge.' She then dragged Grace away from going into the lounge.

"Oh my god! Look, a stunner!" Grace yelled suddenly.

Aman walked out from the club entrance. His dark blue shirt, black blazer, and knee-length coat with a handsome face looked extra attractive under the morning light. His eyes were slightly squinted while he was calling on his phone with his right hand and holding an exquisite gift box in his left hand. He walked down the steps with an honorable and graceful charm oozing from his whole being.

"Look at that face and that body. There is just no man that can match with him!" Grace's eyes were shining with dirty intentions. "His long legs are so slim without any extra fat, and that muscular back and perfectly inverted triangle build, he is just perfect!"

Sherman thought that the man looked familiar. She only remembered him after recollecting her memories for a while. 'Isn't he the man from the lounge?'

Due to the embarrassing and humiliating position she was in just now, she did not dare to even see his appearance. She only realized how handsome and elegant the man was after seeing him now.

Perhaps Grace's gaze was too passionate and strong to go unnoticed by the man, he tossed his gaze over and it landed on Sherman once he walked down the steps.

The look in his eyes was deep and dark. The strong yet dazzling charm that his gaze emanated was irresistible even from such a long distance. Sherman was feeling embarrassed and awkward but was mostly ashamed when their eyes met with each other.

The man acted naturally towards the embarrassment she felt. He smiled and nodded at her gracefully nevertheless, even though he was still talking on his phone.

Sherman was startled as she did not expect him to greet her. She would put herself in an even more awkward position if she said "Hi", but again she would have looked rude if she did not. So, she put on a stiff up and nodded back politely as a response.

There were already quite a number of women around who laid their eyes on him as they were all impressed and attracted by him.

The tiny gesture did not escape from Grace's sharp eyes. "When did you even get to know of a stunner like this? Come, introduce me to him!"

Sherman quickly grabbed her wrist. She knew that she could not tell her what happened back there, so she only said she met with him face to face in the lounge while she was resting.

"Then this man is tremendously well-mannered..." Grace was still eyeing the man. "I was never wrong about men. This man is mature but vigorous, calm and restrained but bold yet reserved. He carried all these characteristics so naturally and purely, yet still displayed a fascinating charm to the soul perfectly. Men like this are just like a drug that you'll get addicted to once you got a taste of them. In simpler words, they can only be seen from a far distance but never touched..."

Sherman did not deny that he was tremendously well-mannered. What happened just now has completely proven that he was a courteous and respectful man.

"Don't you think your comments on him are overly exaggerated, considering that you have just met him for the first time?"

Grace shook her head. "Not at all, that is exactly what he felt like to me.

There'll be some men

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"You were almost five hundred meters away from him yet you could still smell his scent. Do you have the nose of a dog?" She felt a little tired and yawned.

"Get off my back!" Grace lifted her hands and patted her back gently. "Sleep if you're tired. I'll wake you up when we reach the apartment."

Sherman nodded and reclined her seat before she shut her eyes and fell asleep. She was still sleeping until Billy called at three in the afternoon. He told her that they were going to a reunion dinner with their classmates, and he would go back to pick her up after he was done with work.

She hung up the phone and continued sleeping after giving him a quick response. It was already six when she woke up. The sky got dark earlier since it was already at the end of autumn, so it was already dark before it reached seven o'clock.

In fact, she had nothing much to prepare for before getting out of the house. She could not put makeup on, nor could she wear high heels. So, it was pretty convenient for her to go out.

Billy called at seven o'clock telling her that he was already parked in front of the apartment so she could get down. Sherman took her bags and got down before getting into the car. Billy handed her a box of milk. "What did you do today?"

"Went with Grace for her makeup and sleep." She was not very fond of the taste of pure milk but she drank it anyway. "Where is the reunion held tonight?"

"Amber Boulevard for dinner, and the pub after."

Amber Boulevard was a popular five-star restaurant in Santabaca. Billy and Sherman were the last ones to arrive. The private room was already filled with people that were all in pairs.

"Why didn't you guys order?" Billy asked.

"Who would have the guts to order anything before the person who was going to pay the bill arrived? We're afraid that we could not pay for this meal even if we broke the bank."

Everybody started laughing loudly and the atmosphere was sort of decent. The classmates felt a kinship naturally with each other after not meeting for so many years. They chatted and ate before making their way to the Ivy Pub.

Everybody was talking and laughing before somebody made Sherman a part of their conversation. "Only the both of you are married and expecting among so many of us."

Sherman smiled lightly without speaking. The people smoking in the private room made her feel irritated and uncomfortable, but she did not talk about it anyway.

Most of them studied together with Billy even though it was called classmate reunion. But she was not too familiar with those people as there was a two-batch gap between them.

She could not stand the cigarette smell but they were mostly Billy's classmates and they were a : Soy was ipl for her to stop them from smoking for her own sake. Women need to learn to adjust themselves once in a while.

They continued drinking for half an hour or so when the room door was pushed open. Natalie walked in." I've come to the right place, right?"

"This is my junior, I've invited her since am the only one all guys wouldn't

See we are from the same school, right?"

"Of course not, who would mind having such a beautiful lady with us?"

Sherman's hand that was holding the fruit juice twitched slightly, she looked over and saw Natalie. Was a cheery pees n her face. She tucked her hair that had fallen on her shoulder behind her ear gracefully. "Thank you everybody for welcoming me."

The expression on Billy's face did not change much as if he did not even see Natalie. He was just drinking with the person next to him.

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Sherman was not looking very well after seeing Natalie. She felt like something was stuck in her chest; even more like a fishbone that got trapped in her throat.

She spent a lot of effort trying to suppress the fact that Natalie slept with Billy when she was drunk. She did not allow herself to think about it, neither did she want to think about it.

It was not easy, but Sherman had almost wiped out that memory completely. But the presence of Natalie made her feel very uncomfortable.

"Natalie Rimes. Why did this name sound so familiar? OH! remember it now, you were the girl who was crushing desperately on Billy back then." Somebody said, "There is really no telling what a girl will look like when she grows up. She really turned into a beautiful swan from an ugly duckling in just a few years. would have died for her to be my girlfriend if knew that she would turn out to be so gorgeous."

The men's attention all fell on Natalie after hearing his words. They could hardly convince themselves that she actually was the girl who was chasing after Billy back in those days!

Besides, Billy was a popular kid in school. His achievements in the school were even known by everyone.

There were countless girls who liked Billy, but only two of them left a deeper impression. One of them being Sherman, and the other being Natalie.

Billy and Sherman liked each other, whereas Natalie was the one who never gave up her love for Billy and never admitted defeat.

Natalie was still wearing braces and had no sense of fashion during that time. Billy said something very awful to her because he was too annoyed by her love. He even poured water on her face in front of the whole school.

Natalie has then become the school's laughing stock ever since. Everyone who saw her would judge her and call her a fly on the wheel.

"Are you really the same Natalie Bimes?" Nobody could believe it. Natalie put on a gentle smile and nodded gracefully. "Yes, good evening my seniors." She took off her coat and revealed the ankle-length dress underneath, attracting the men's attention.

Sherman was starting to feel uneasy. She never got along well with Natalie, let alone sitting at the same table with her. It made her feel even more uncomfortable, but it was not nice for her to leave too early so she just kept everything in.

It was too boring to just drink so somebody suggested a card game. The rules were simple, all cards will be given to every player including the "Ace". Nobody could reveal what card they were holding after every card was dealt. The "Ace" holder could pick any two cards from the players and they had to do whatever the "Ace" told them to without excuses or regrets.

They must only obey and follow the rules of the game.

Sherman shook her head as she did not plan to play. When Billy was

, COM about to they dict let "Phe both of you are the spotlight of tonight, there is no way for you two to say no, one of you must participate."

Billy looked at Sherman before lifting his brows and nodded. "Let it be me then."

The first person who drew "Ace" picked "2" and "5", and requested "2" to carry "5" on his/her back for five minutes.

"2" was a girl while "5" was a guy. The skinny girl strained every muscle to put the guy on her back as she gasped for air.

The second "Ace" picked "4" and "8". They were asked to kiss each other, and they had to really kiss for five minutes. "4" and "8" were both girls, rushed into the washroom after they were done. They only came out of the washroom after three minutes of washing and brushing until their lips almost bled.

The third "Ace" picked "9" and "10" to kiss necks. "9" was a girlfriend of Billy's classmate whereas "10" was a guy. Everybody started to get excited the girl's boyfriend to stay calm as it was just a game. The girl respected the rules, but she still strangled her boyfriend to vent on him. "10" ran out of breath from laughing and he kissed her neck for a minute.

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Sherman did not like games like this; she did not like it at all. She was even repelled by it from the bottom of her heart. She wanted to leave with Billy but she did not say it.

He had his own friends and social circle. She should not be overly controlling over him as getting married did not mean that they had to give up on every other relationship.

She was waiting for Billy to speak up and leave with her but it did not happen.

It was acceptable for him to not want to leave since he had not met his classmates for such a long time. Besides, the night was just starting to liven up. She bit onto her glass of fruit juice and forced herself to look at them even though she was downhearted.

Actually, she was so bored that all she wanted to do was just to scroll her phone and kill time. However, nobody there was playing with their phone, so she abandoned the idea as she did not want to be seen as spoiled and asocial.

Another guy drew the "Ace" card after a few rounds. He coughed softly. "Kiss for 3 minutes, ?" Natalie raised the card in her hand and smiled gently.

"Me."

"What about '12'? Where is '12'?" "Over here..." Billy threw his card onto the table.

Everyone was stunned. What were the odds of Billy being "12" and Natalie being "11"?

Sherman immediately furrowed her brows as she swept her gaze across the card on the table. It was true that Billy was really 42",

Natalie raised her card in the air so everybody saw that she was "11". There was no denying that things had really gotten out of hand.

Everybody witnessed how Billy was disgusted by Natalie back then, not to mention that his legitimate wife, Sherman, was also there.

These people would start to horse around if Billy was just an average joe. But needless to say, Billy was different. So there was hardly anybody making noise.

Natalie's gaze swept across Sherman briefly and landed on Billy before she looked away.

"How about this, let's ditch the kissing. We'll just let Billy greet Natalie in the 'La Bise' way and kiss the back of her hand like a gentleman. Is that better?" Somebody offered them a way out of this awkward situation.

"Yeah, let's just do that." The other classmates said.

Some girl that came with the guys did not understand the struggle behind it and said, "Didn't you just say the rules could not be changed? Why did it change all of a sudden now? Somebody just kissed my neck with my boyfriend sitting here. This is not fair at all."

The guy pulled her back to hint her to shut up and stop talking.

"Just a normal lip-to-cheek greeting and a kiss on the back of her hand. It should be okay, right? Mrs. Day." Sherman put down her juice and looked over before spitting out these three words. "It's not okay!" Everybody felt awkward and thought it was a little embarrassing when the atmosphere turned tense.

Since they had already given in, shouldn't she take a it s only fen purposes anyway. There was no need to get serious, wasn't it?

Billy too noticed the awkward look on everybody's face. The ss were set fore.and it stated that nobody could regret anything. That was the rule.

He knew that everybody had given in

and changed the rule for Hun

not want Become any were all his old

classmates that he had not met for a long time.

He reached out and held Sherman's hand under the table and said to everyone, "Forget about the greeting, I'll just kiss her hand."

"No!" Sherman looked at him, and her stance was strangely uncompromising.

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Everybody felt even more awkward now. They did not expect things to be so out of hand as hand-kissing was just a common courteous gesture around the world.

"I'm tired. It is already ten o'clock, so let's go home." Sherman knew very clearly that the night would hit rock bottom after she said those words.

She was right about it. There were a lot of different expressions on everybody's face but all of them did not look very pleasant. Somebody murmured softly, "Didn't know Billy was a hen-pecked husband." The voice was really soft but everyone could hear it word by word as the room was very quiet.

Actually, every man is prideful and it shows even more in front of their friends or classmates. They all shared the same masculinism inside their heart.

Sherman could never take hand-kissing as just an etiquette. She looked at Billy, not bothered about how everyone was looking at her as the jealous wife, and said, "It's time to go home."

She knew he had his pride and dignity as a man. It's her fault to embarrass him in front of so many people but she could never tolerate him having any sort of contact with Natalie, not even holding hands.

"Two seconds and it'll be done. It's just a game, and it's common to greet each other like this," Billy stared at her deeply and spoke in a low but gentle voice.

"Fine. Do whatever you want if that's your choice and answer. I'm feeling a little tired now, so I'll leave first..."

She took her bag and stood up after saying it coldly and nonchalantly. She walked straight to the exit without looking at Billy or his classmates.

He should remember that he slept with Natalie while he was drunk. His friends might think it was not a big issue if he kissed Natalie's hand since they did not know what happened, but should he not have known better?

What kind of wife could stand to see her own husband kissing a woman's hand that he had slept with before?

Natalie stood up when she was just about to step out of the room. Her jet black hair looked extra shiny under the light's illumination. "It's just a game and don't mind opting out. We should not allow such a small matter to divide us. Come sit with me, sister."

Sherman stopped walking as a sarcastic smile grew on the corners of her mouth. 'Sister, what?' She was disgusted. "never liked pretentious acts, and you don't have to act like the bigger person in front of everybody because it disgusts me." If Sherman said that from the beginning, none of these things would have taken place.

Was she trying to be the kinder one by saying those words after Sherman made the situation so tense? To let everybody have an extra reason to criticize her even more behind her back?

The look on Natalie's face was looking a little stiff. She squinted her eyes and her more under the illumination of the lights. Her eyelashes trembled softly. "am sorry, sister."

Was she expecting Sherman to say something so hurtful to listen to? Of course, she had already guessed it. The look on everybody's face turned worse. They all knew Sherman did not like Natalie, but not to that extent. Natalie having a crush on Billy was already in the past. Why would Sherman say something so offensive?

They started to sympathize and pity

Natalie after looking at

face they almost Sherman to be out of their

sight.

Billy's expression turned sour. 'Sherman had always been unselfish ii knew Why d We become so mean now?'

Sherman turned around and walked out. She could not care less about what he was thinking; he could do whatever he wanted.

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Sherman found herself to be unpopular on such an occasion.

Another private box--

Two men sat facing each other. One with red wine before him, while another with a glass of water. "Mr. Wright, why don't you drink red wine?" Luke Bennington looked at the man drinking water.

Kingsley Wright shook his head and pointed at his own throat. "have a sore throat. By the way, how is Brad doing?" His voice sounded hoarse.

"Why are you even asking? Of course my son attends school now. What about you, Kingsley? You are already 37, yet you have no plans to have children?"

Kingsley's lips curled. Obviously, he refused to answer the question. After taking a few sips, he said, "I've run into a very interesting person today."

"A male or a female?" Luke immediately showed interest.

"A woman..."

"Is there any chemistry?"

Kingsley kneaded his forehead with his slender fingers. When he said "interesting", he meant what he said. No underlying meaning. No innuendo.

"I've forgotten to mention that she seems five months pregnant."

Luke fell into silence for a while.

"need to go to the washroom. Help yourselves with the two bottles of red wine brought, but please drink less because don't want to be your driver..."

Luke shrugged, feeling that Kingsley made him sound like a drunkard. He poured another glass of red wine. It was mellow and tasted good.

Sherman had walked out of the private box, thinking that Billy would follow her. However, there was no sign of him when she was. On her way from the door to the end of the corridor. Sherman could not help but sneer.

Suddenly, she felt nauseous. Like she might need to throw up. She had no idea what food she had taken during dinner could be the cause.

Sherman covered her mouth with one hand, trying hard to hold back. She sped up her steps while keeping her head low, quickly heading to the bathroom.

Her stomach was churning so badly that she could even feel acid reflux. She had to bend into her abdomen because she would feel discomfort when trying to straighten her body. When she could not hold back, a black coat came into view, and she vomited straight into it.

She vomited uncontrollably. The amount of vomitus was excessive; it was basically everything she had for her dinner. She vomited so much that even her stomach acid had almost come out when there was nothing left to throw out.

The air was filled with an acidic and foul smell of food. As the long vomiting had drained her already weak body and made her legs wobbly, she could not stand u P-

Her stomach was unwell and her legs were weak. Instead of struggling to stand still, she sank into the floor, panting hard. She felt terribly sick.

Kingsley had a distant and indifferent look on his face. When he finally big gazel6a Sherman sitting the ground and saw her face, he slightly squinted.

He moved his long legs, walking towards Sherman, looking tall and straight. Then, he stretched out a hand to her...

The big hand came into view. Although it was a man's hand, th nails were tipnesiye} Soke SH there able Ho signs of yellow stain that a smoker would have. His fingers were slender, well-defined, beautiful, and clean...

What kind of man would have such a hand... Sherman looked up. She was flabbergasted upon seeing his face. Not until she had finally regained her senses did she see the stain on his coat.

Because of her, such a handsome, well-groomed, mature in a terrible Avig he honestly felt she had desecrated him.

Even though there was a distance between them, she could still smell the acidic stench. She squirmed her lips, feeling deeply embarrassed.

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"Thank you. I'm fine. can stand up by myself." By supporting herself with both hands on the ground, she struggled to stand up, looking clumsy.

She could feel his aura. It was oppressive and also intimidating. Kingsley's lips curled as he took off his coat and put it on his arm, casually and elegantly. "Please wait a moment."

Sherman stood still despite being a little puzzled. She had vomited excessively, in which all the vomitus was stuck to his coat. The smell was stronger that not even she could stand it.

Yet, the man did not show the slightest disgust, not even annoyance, as if he did not smell it. He made a call. After a while, another tall man walked over, holding a bottle of mineral water in his hand.

Kingsley handed the bottle to her after taking it from that man. "I think you need a bottle of mineral water to rinse your mouth..." His voice still sounded hoarse.

Sherman was startled again. She sincerely thanked him upon receiving the bottle of mineral water. "Thank you."

Indeed, what Grace had mentioned was not wrong. He was a person of genteel upbringing with well manners and grace.

If it had been another person, they must have already yelled at her at this moment or even demanded compensation for the coat. The other man was looking at her, and then blurted a question out of the blue, "Are you five months pregnant?"

"What?" She raised her head to look at the man in surprise and puzzlement.

"Nothing." He laughed, but he still frowned as soon as he saw the vomitus on the ground.

Sherman sensed it, but she understood that his expression was natural. She turned around, looked at the coat on Kingsley's arm, and said, "This coat-"

Before she could finish her sentence, Kingsley interrupted her, "It's okay."

If she talked about compensating him with money, it would be profane to a man like him. Yet, she could not bring herself to just leave the trouble she caused.

"Sir, please give me your address. will deliver this coat to your doorstep after washing it," she said.

"Don't bother yourself with..." Kingsley spoke with his lips curled slightly.

Sherman was somewhat stubborn. She stared at him."

linsist!"

"Bliss Residential 302..." He handed her the coat, "The restroom is on the left corner, do you know the direction?"

She nodded, "I know since have been here several times. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome, goodbye." Kingsley greeted her indifferently, then turned and walked forward, while the other man followed.

Now, he looked even more dashing in his well-cut suit that was no longer covered by a layer of the outer coat. He carried himself with a very distinguished air as he walked.

After the two of them disappeared from her sight, Sherman

her gaze and hid coat and sniffed it. The stench was so strong and unpleasant that she was disgusted and felt the urge to vomit again.

At this moment, she couldn't help but think of that man. Somehow, the foul smell and the mess she had brought him did not seem to affect his elegance at the slightest.

It was as though his glow would remain radiant regardless of what circumstances. Perhaps some men were born with such elegance.

Sherman rinsed her mouth as soon as she entered the restroom,

that, she left the bathroom as a ready for night. She managed to get a taxi and asked the driver to take her to a nearby dry cleaner.

When she finally reached her apartment, she sneered upon recalling what had happened. They must be having fun now, enjoying the reunion their content since a party-pooper like me is no longer around?

'Perhaps, Billy has kissed the back of Natalie's hand?'

Sherman was leaning against the rear seat window emotionlessly. Her eyes were vacantly looking at the passing pedestrians and vehicles through the window...

By the time she reached her apartment, Billy was already home, drinking water. She did not expect him to be home this early.

She did not bother to give him a glance. Instead, she changed to slippers and placed her bag on a couch. Seeing this, Billy stopped drinking water and stood in front of her. "What's wrong with you today?"

He was referring to her reactions and behaviors at the reunion party.

Sherman paused and looked at him indifferently. "What about you? Did you finally kiss Natalie's hand?"

"So, now he questions me? Does he think that my reactions have embarrassed him?"

"I'm the first who are asking. Shouldn't you answer my question first?" Billy's peach blossom eyes narrowed slightly. "Well, will answer yours if you answer mine. Did you kiss Natalie's hand in the end?"

"No." Billy's lips were twitching as he frowned. "Shouldn't you soften your behavior in such an occasion?" said Billy with a hint of dissatisfaction in his tone.

When Sherman heard what he said in the end, her expression was softened a bit. Her stomach was still feeling unwell, so she walked to the water dispenser to get herself a glass of water.

Then she turned to face him. "How could soften my attitude when you were about to kiss Natalie's hand?"

"They had made the rules clear before the game started. There was no objection when the rules were set. It was acquiescence. In the end, didn't they make concessions? Kissing the back of the hand is just a common etiquette, isn't it?"

'It was just a polite act. She didn't have to be such a party-pooper at that time.' Not long after her exit, he had left the private box too, s o did the classmates.

Their classmate reunion was only held once a year. All of them had not seen each other for a long time. Yet, because of one trivial matter, she made everyone upset with her tantrum. Was it worth it? Was it even necessary?

Sherman closed her eyes slightly and opened them again, fixing her gaze at him. "Heh, they made concessions? Then did you tell them about the history you had shared with Natalie when you were drunk last time?" she said with sarcasm in her words.

Billy's expression turned grave. He ran his fingers through his thick hair. "Do you have to mention that a t this time?"

"didn't want to, but you forced me to bring it up. Watching my husband kissing the hand of the woman —the woman he had slept with when he was drunk. Billy, do you think I'm that generous?"

"But you don't have to make a scene, do you?"

"If you had rejected it from the beginning, the scene would not have escalated to that state, and it would not be that awkward. Or perhaps, you did not want to reject it at all, looking forward to another physical contact with Natalie?"

Sherman was a little irritated, and she didn't want to hear anything about the reunion party at this moment.

Although she lost control of her emotions, and her words were clumsy, what she said was an undeniable fact.

"The rules of the game are already set. No matter what said or excuses gave at that time, it would ruin the atmosphere." "So, between your wife and classmate reunion, which i s more important?"

Billy felt that there was no need to talk about it. She couldn't listen to anything at all. "I slept in the study tonight. We both need some space to calm down."

Sherman was also tired and did not want to continue talking with him. 'If we carry on this conversation, it will definitely turn into a fight!' "never felt that needed to calm down. You can sleep wherever you want..."

Putting the glass in her hand heavily on the coffee table, she turned and walked back to the room and closed the door.

Obviously, both of them had entered a stalemate. No one wanted to admit that it was their fault, and both thought that the other was wrong.

The water in the bathroom was warm. Sherman lay in the bathtub, allowing the warm water to flow on her body, trying to rid the fatigue.

‘Did he think I had never tolerated?’

The private box was filled with smoke. How could she smell it as a pregnant woman? She did not want to destroy other people's moods, so she had been holding back without saying a word!

Frankly speaking, if another random girl were to play with him tonight, Sherman could have borne with any girls-as long as it was not Natalie-giving him a lip-to-cheek greeting and having him kiss the back of their hands despite being unhappy and jealous.

Although the game rules were not changeable, everyone had tried to tolerate her. Of course, Sherman could read the mood. Because the other party had been Natalie, there was no way she could stand it, no way!

The next morning, the housekeeper came very early but saw Billy walk out of the study in his pajamas. He seemed like he had just woken up.

She quickly made breakfast, and Billy didn't eat or say a word and went straight out of the apartment door. 1

Deep down inside, he always felt that Sherman was a little bit unreasonable and she was obviously wrong, but she refused to admit her mistake.

It was ten o'clock when Sherman got up, and the housekeeper told her that Billy had gone to work without taking breakfast in the morning.

Sherman did not react much. She just faintly responded and sat at the table to have mushroom soup and some bread.

The housekeeper figured it out. "Have you both quarreled?"

After Sherman said yes, the housekeeper looked at her, feeling bad for her. She didn't ask further and started to clean and tidy up the room.

Not long after she had breakfast, the dry cleaner called and said that the clothes had been dry cleaned and asked where they should be delivered.

After all, she had been the one vomiting into him. If she let the dry cleaner make the delivery, she would make him feel that she was not sincere.

After thinking about it, she asked them to leave it at the dry cleaner first, and then she went over.

After a few words with the housekeeper, she left the apartment. She went to the first. The seas already washed, and they were neatly stacked, except for some wrinkles.

Frowning, she asked the staff of the dry cleaner to iron it. She thought that kind of man wouldn't wear wrinkled clothes.

According to the address he had told her Pet Teley she went to rent Residential. Was very beautiful. The housing prices must be high since the place was at the seaside.

When she reached No. 302, she paused. It was an independent villa with a sea view. Raising her hand, she lightly rang the doorbell.

However, no one answered the door after waiting for a while. So she thought maybe there's no one home at the moment.

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Sherman did not leave. Instead, she rang the doorbell again. This time, a voice came. "Please wait a moment."

After a while, the door of the villa opened, and Kingsley appeared in front of her. Donned in a bathrobe, he was wiping his wet hair. Apparently, he had just taken a shower.

As soon as he recognized Sherman, he raised his eyebrows slightly and moved his thin lips. "Sorry, was taking a bath just now. Please come in."

Sherman could see that he was in a hurry because the bathrobe was not fastened, but she didn't expect him to apologize. "It's okay. came abruptly." She felt a bit awkward.

The villa was very large and clean. The floor on the ground was so bright that it could illuminate the shadows, and every part of the villa was indescribably well-crafted. Just like its owner, it was exquisite, outstanding, and elegant.

It was difficult for her to imagine that this was a place where a man lived because there was zero clutter. Exquisiteness and elegance were the only words to describe it.

"What do you want to drink? There is no milk. don't think you can drink other beverages. Is honey water okay?" He stared at her, but his voice was hoarse and husky.

"Yes, thank you." Sherman sat on the sofa, and she thought Grace really had a great eye for a man. "What's wrong with your voice?"

His voice was much worse than yesterday. It was husky and as hoarse as sandpaper.

"had a sore throat." Suddenly, he said, "Kingsley Wright."

Sherman was a little puzzled. "What?"

"My name..." he said.

She introduced herself once she got it. "It sounds nice. I'm Sherman Holmes, by the way."

He placed a glass of honey water in front of her and praised, "Your name sounds nice too. Please excuse me; I have got to change my clothes."

"I'm here to deliver your coat. I'll be leaving soon."

Kingsley smiled gentlemanly and politely. "I don't have the habit of walking in front of women in a bathrobe. Just two minutes, and I'll be right back."

Upon hearing that, Sherman said nothing. She could see that he thought it was impolite to talk to others in a bathrobe.

The honey water was delicious. The taste was not too sweet nor too light. As Kingsley had said, he would only take two minutes.

He emerged two minutes later and had already changed into a black dark pattern suit, accompanied by a white shirt.

He had a pair of long legs and a perfect waistline. The suit fit him as if it were made to

The chest that every contour of it fit him snugly; the suit trousers fit his long legs with no trace of a sag or wrinkle.

Kingsley was sitting on the couch opposite Sherman with his legs crossed, exuding elegance.

His throat felt raspy, his Adam's apple bobbing from time to time and

as if it was stuck in his throat.

"Don't you drink some medicine?" Her brows were knitted together. She could feel the pain of his throat as she listened to his cough.

"I've already taken it, but it isn't that effective. Does my voice sound that bad?"

Sherman shook her head and took a sip of honey water. "No

real to hear.

nice even now."

"Thank you for the compliment," his tone was soft. However, before his voice trailed off, he coughed softly again.

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Sherman could not bring herself to hear Kingsley coughing. She put down the water glass and looked at him. "Is there where your kitchen is?"

Kingsley nodded but saw that she was already on her way to the open kitchen. As she walked, she said, "I felt sorry for what happened yesterday. To express my apology, I'll cook you something."

'Cook something?' Kingsley frowned. Although he did not like people touching the things in his villa at will, he did not say a word this time.

Apparently, his throat was severely inflamed. She opened the refrigerator and found some pears and mint leaves. They were ingredients of some sore throat remedy that was just right for him, and she had come across its recipe on the Internet two days ago.

Kingsley did not make a sound. Instead, his deep black eyes fell on her, looking at her dully. There were no changes in his emotion.

Sherman soaked the mint leaves in the water. She then washed the pears, peeled, cut them, and removed their cores and

After she had done with the preparation, she could not remember the next steps. She had no recollection of the crucial steps, no matter how long she searched in her memories.

"Erm..." Sherman licked her lips as she was flustered. Her face slightly reddened. "Mr. Wright, could you turn on the notebook,

please?"

It was really embarrassing! The most embarrassing part was she had to deal with it in someone else's house. It's super awkward!

"Notebook?" Kingsley wondered what she meant.

"came across about a remedy that can soothe sore throat on the Internet two days ago. I've done some preparation, but I've forgotten the next steps..."

After finishing her words, she wanted nothing more than to climb into a hole and hide forever!

Apparently, it was the first time that Kingsley had encountered such a situation. He was stunned for a few seconds, then got up and went to the study. When he came out again, he had a notebook in his hand and asked her, "What should do?"

"Well, you can search 'Grandma's Pear Soup for Sore Throat'."

He placed the notebook on the counter. He typed on the keyboard quickly with his slender and wellshaped fingers and then turned the notebook facing her. "Is this the one?"

"Yes, yes, raise the notebook a little bit. can't see it..." She nodded, her eyes dark and bright. She moved her body forward and muttered softly, "Core the pears, add water and mint leaves in a deep-mouthed bowl, place the bowl of the mixture inside a cooking pot and steam it for 15 minutes, and then add some honey..."

Kingsley held his notebook with his gaze fixed at her in silence. His thin lips curled. He showed some interest in her. He had never seen a woman doing this before. She was indeed a very interesting woman. 1

Sherman glanced at him unintentionally. The tall man was standing in front of the cabinet, holding a notebook in one hand, with his left leg slightly bent over his right leg. Yet, he looked elegant.

The pose might look silly on other people but not him. Somehow,commercial that promoted a notebook.

Fifteen minutes passed quickly, and when the cooking pot was opened, the fragrance filled the air. "Mr. Wright, sorry for the trouble. You can have it while it's hot. I've left your coat on the couch. I'm leaving now."

She cooked him something in his kitchen because she wanted him sincerely. But she couldn't bring herself to listen to him coughing. No matter what, she should thank him.

Kingsley whispered, "I should be the one who says thanks, & for five I can give you a ride." 1

Sherman shook her head. "It's convenient to get a taxi here. So there's no need to trouble you."

"Want to go out too, so I can give you a ride." Kingsley's sexy thin lips moved.