

## President 761

### Chapter 761

She was dumbfounded, and then she nodded in acknowledgment.

Summer couldn't rest assured of letting her alone, so she went out with her to look for an apartment. The apartment should be nice, at a proper location, with convenient transportation.

Finally, they chose an apartment in the city center. It had two bedrooms and a living room. The size was proper for one living alone. It looked comfortable, not too vacant. Summer also hired a maid and she told the maid that Sherman had just had a miscarriage and that she should take good care of her.

The saying came to Sherman's mind, "A man may leave you, but your best friend will never". She thought she was lucky to know Summer in her life. She wasn't always lucky, but in terms of friendship, she got the best.

Summer felt the same way. Once before, she needed to borrow \$700,000. When Sherman heard about it, she didn't hesitate. The next morning, before Summer was up, Sherman drove to her home with the money and asked her if it was enough. She would always remember this in her heart.

Finally, Sherman settled down. Just after Summer left, Grace heard the news, and she bought some furniture and had them delivered to her apartment.

For the first time after four years, she literally lived alone. It was quiet, silent. She could hear clearly the soft tick of the clock.

She forced herself not to think about anything and forced herself to sleep. She didn't realize since when it was so difficult for her to fall asleep.

Now, she was a little afraid of the darkness... On the other side...

Mark and Charlie were having dinner together at the restaurant. During the dinner, they both got a call from Billy one after another. He called them to go to the bar.

Mark refused his straightly and hung up the phone, while Charlie also made an excuse. "If go to dinner with him today, Grace will definitely kick me out tonight. Sherman is a nice woman, Billy is out of his mind!"

"We can't interfere with their relationship or marriage. We're just outsiders. He's the one who got to make the decisions. Whatever decision he makes, that's his choice. And before he makes a choice, he should know the consequences..."

"He's completely obsessed with Natalie right now. He has lost his mind. How could he have any sanity..." Mark moved his thin lips, "Well, that's his choice..."

Billy didn't find anyone to go to the bar with him. Actually, among his friends, he got along the best with Mark and Charlie. He did not want to find other friends, and he didn't feel like to...

He didn't want to go to the bar alone, or back to his apartme Leite ate ivi wed {ts mud furtied eyes, and thén he turned the car around and drove to the suburbs.

Seeing Billy, Natalie was a little surprised, but she welcomed aa with a gentle smilglie HGodd Tend Then BH bStled the restaurant and ordered some food for delivery, which was all to Billy's appetite and he was content.

The two chatted about old times, things that had happened in college. They talked and laughed...

It was undeniable that Natalie was indeed a smart woman. She knew well when to move forward and when to take a step back. Now it was not a good time t o seduce the man.

The next morning, after breakfast, Sherman bought a fruit basket, and then she went to Kingsley's villa. He had done her such a great favor, she should thank him. Standing at the gate, she rang the doorbell.

A few minutes later, Kingsley came out and opened the gate. Seeing Sherman, he raised his SIGUE els V-neckline sweales geoehituctett his fipyy Well haped chest. He was wearing a pair of smoky gray pants and they were neat on his straight legs. He looked elegant and handsome, with a special air of sophistication. He was mature and sexy.

"I've come to thank you in person. You've done me so many favors. I'm really grateful for everything. And feel deeply sorry for the trouble brought you." She was a little awkward. Saying the words, she couldn't help but tuck the hair which had fallen loose behind her ears frequently.

His eyes were narrowed, and his voice was unusually husky and low, "A fruit basket again?"

Sherman was dumbfounded. Then she remembered that last time she also brought him a fruit basket. She felt a little embarrassed. "I didn't know what you would like, so brought you some fruits."

"Come on in..." Kingsley's thin lips curled up slightly. Then he turned around and walked into the villa.

Sherman followed him behind. The villa was neat and clean as it was on her first visit, without a speck of dust in sight. Few men would keep a house so neat and clean.

His tall figure was standing back against her. A few minutes later, he walked over, carrying a cup of coffee and a glass of milk.

She sensed that he seemed to notice every tiny detail. She wondered what kind of family or what kind of environment could bring up a man like him.

He had added a little sugar in the milk. The taste was not too pure or too sweet. It was just right. She took a sip, and then she said, "It should have been me to clean the car seat. I'm really sorry."

"It's OK. It was no big deal. Lee was to bring you the wallet you left in the car. He ran into the accident you had..." He explained casually. Taking a sip of his black coffee, he asked, "Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, feel much better." She twitched the corner of her mouth. Being in the same room with Kingsley, she was so tensed up that she felt it was a bit suffocating.

He was too elegant and too noble. He didn't seem like the kind of man easy to come around. Kingsley looked elegant and gentle, but he had eyes as keen as a hawk's. "You are a little tense..."

Sherman didn't try to disguise it. She nodded her head. She was indeed a little tense. She didn't know what she should talk to him about, or what topics he would be interested in.

"You're frank. But you don't need to be nervous. We can talk about whatever we want. Any topic is fine with me." His lips curled up a bit more. He hadn't seen her tense previously.

Maybe it was because she had been a little depressed lately. She'd lost her baby. How could she possibly be in a good mood? She twitched her lips and changed the subject, "The

decoration of your house is nice."

He curled his lips a little bit. "Many people have said so. It is European style, quite popular..."

"prefer the Mediterranean style. The colors are light but bright. It cheers people's mood."

Kingsley raised her eyebrows slightly and asked, "Do you know about architecture?"

"studied architecture in college, and mirrored in interior design. studied the two majors for four years in college."

"You studied good majors." He complimented her.

The corner of Sherman's mouth twitched. She felt a hint of bitter!

in her heart. "Tedwards Sre iqaaedgieat but was a bad student. didn't study hard or make a plan for the future. wasted four years of college."

She remembered how her college classmates back then were studying hard every day. They each enrolled in several majors and studied all the time.

She was the only one who didn't have any ambition. She never put her hind phrsiities at her mind back. Hees how to have fun with Billy.

Kingsley took a sip of the black coffee in his hand and smiled lightly, "You were not studying well?"

"No." She shook her head and took a sip of milk. It wasn't eget eons) just milelywarta thers e looked down at the wristwatch and got up, "! should g

0. I've got things to do."

Hearing that she was leaving, Kingsley stood up. His smoky-gray pants cut a nice curve. "I'll walk you out."

## Chapter 763

"No, it is very convenient to stop a taxi here. can take a taxi. See you, Mr. Hoyle." She declined. 1

Kingsley didn't insist anymore and sent her outside the mansion. Sherman didn't look back. She stopped a taxi on the side of the road and left.

When her figure disappeared from sight, Kingsley turned around and stepped into the mansion.

The taxi kept going. When reaching the Hoggart Company, Sherman asked the driver to park. She paid the fare and walked into the company lobby.

She would be interviewed at the Hoggart Company today. She posted her resume last night and was asked to have an interview today.

Now she lived by herself. If she didn't make money to support herself, who would support her?

She would not use the shares that Billy gave her until she was forced to do so. Because those shares clearly reminded her of the failure and pain of that marriage.

There were a lot of people in the company lobby, all of whom were queuing. The applicants were very young, as they had just graduated from university. They were lively and youthful, like the rising sun. Sherman felt that she was a lot older among them.

On each pass, five people would be interviewed. The four female college students, who went in with her, were beautiful and lively.

Faced with the questions that were raised, they calmly answered them in an orderly manner and were extremely confident.

But when Sherman was asked the questions, she didn't know how to answer them. She was hesitant and felt embarrassed. The questions were much more difficult than she had thought.

She hadn't worked for these years and she had completely forgotten what she had learned in college. Everyone's eyes fell on her, which made her very embarrassed.

Among these applicants, only she was 27 years old and others were all younger than her. They thought she had abundant work experience. But her answers were the worst.

How was it possible for her to get the job?

When she walked out of the company, Sherman bought a cup of hot juice and drank it while walking forward. After being a full-time wife for four years, she felt that she was out of touch with society.

There was another company opposite the Hoggart Company. The two companies were adjacent to each other and that company was also recruiting workers.

She was standing on the side of the road and swallowing the juice. Then she walked towards the company. In the black Bentley, Kingsley's eyes blinked. He accidentally saw Sherman approaching the small-scale company in a hurry.

Lee turned his head and happened to see Sherman. He raised his brows in surprise. "Ms. Holmes is busy with interviews?"

"Busy with interviews?" Kingsley stared at Lee, as he felt slightly confused.

"just saw that Ms. Holmes went to the Hoggart Company first and now she hurriedly goes to another nearby company. She is busy with interviews?"

Kingsley's thin lips twitched at the thought of Sherman's race self, He.geldeha hear a woman cofmenting on herself like this in front of him.

The women who usually surrounded him were noble ladies and strong women in their careers\ andatere e mature watreh. They were elegant and beautiful, as they always knew how to show their best condition in front of men so as to win favor and attention.

The company was not large so there were not many people who ca

apply for he jak. Sal Gee were Ratacisticwind which finally made Sherman happy.

The manager asked, "How many years of work experience do you have?"

Sherman was stunned and did not answer. She had n o work experience at all, so she could only choose to remain silent in embarrassment.

## Chapter 764

"Sorry, we only interview employees with work experience here." The manager said.

With her head down, she walked out of the company again, feeling puzzled. She had never thought that finding a job would be such a difficult task.

Alarge-scale and well-known company valued the keen response, outstanding eloquence, and extraordinary strength of employees, which she did not have.

Small companies valued the employees' work experience, and she did not have any, either. At this moment, she completely felt that she had nothing. "Oh..." Lee sighed, "It seems that Ms. Holmes failed to apply for the job again, she is listless."

Kingsley squinted at the slender figure walking forward with her head down, and said lightly, "She said she was bad at studying..."

"She is a so-called study slacker." Lee said with a smile. Kingsley seemed to be interested in what he said, and he asked, "Study slacker?"

"A study slacker is also called a slack student, and it's a hot phrase on the Internet. It is a self-deprecating term for some students who could not do well in learning," Lee explained.

Sitting on a bench, Sherman never knew that finding a job was so difficult, nor did she know how important it was to study. Without taking another taxi, she just walked forward casually and stopped for a while from time to time.

It was getting dark soon, and Sherman sighed gently, strolling slowly on the spacious and tidy street, and then she saw another recruitment advertisement.

She walked in. The manager was a bald, middle-aged man with a fat belly. After hearing her intentions, he smiled and asked for a resume.

Passing it over, she glanced around at the so-called office area, where there were only two rooms and they looked a little messy, and she vaguely felt that there was something wrong with it.

"Great! You can come here to work tomorrow morning. " The manager put down her resume. Sherman was still a little nervous, and she said that she wanted to leave here first.

The manager asked her for the Social Security card, but she didn't give it to him. She said she left it at home. The manager sent her to the elevator with a smile.

When she was about to leave, the manager changed his facial expression. He put his fat hand on her waist, and his mouth kept rubbing against her face.

Sherman was a little frightened because she had never encountered such a situation before, and when she reacted, her sharp nails pinched the manager's arm fiercely.

The manager felt painful. However, the man's strength was still greater than that of the woman after all. He narrowed his eyes and said, "As long as you satisfy me, I will promise you everything."



Unable to run away, Sherman lifted her left leg, then pushed it up heavily, and then deliberately hit the manager's eye with her right elbow.

The manager got hurt, and he wailed in pain, covering his eyes with one hand, and between his aching legs with the other.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Sherman hurriedly walked out,

the mana et dig not GVEUp, Still chasiath 3 ter her, still screaming indiscriminately, "Honey, don't run, honey!"

He ran very fast. Sherman's body was still a bit weak, seeing t is were on a feyrstsne between the Reteate ni crooked, and she fell straight forward at this critical juncture.

Her face turned dark, her eyes were more helpless, but unexpectedly, she did not fall to the ground, but was held by a pair of arms in a timely manner.

Reflexively, she grabbed the life-saving straw with “\5) h

arms wer. ery atyong; \ad the

Eke hh Seutine scent emanating from him was also very good.

She looked up, but when she saw the person, her eyes widened in surprise. She didn't expect that it would b e Kingsley!

The manager was very angry because he was kicked b y Sherman. At this moment, here was a deus ex machina, and he became angrier, "Go away!"

Kingsley didn't even take a glance at the clamoring manager, but helped Sherman stand up. He asked, " Are you okay?"

## Chapter 765

His breath was very hot. Because they were close to each other, his masculine scent was stronger and she was a little scared. She stood up in a hurry and shook her head.

"Who do you think you are? Mind your own business. She's my wife!" The manager babbled. He stood straight, narrowed his deep eyes, and looked at the manager without saying anything. The aura around him was too powerful and full of oppression. The manager was overwhelmed. "Is there anything else?" Kingsley said indifferently.

The manager didn't dare to go too far. He felt that the man in front of him wasn't to be trifled with. He touched his face and stammered, "Nothing."

After saying that, he immediately disappeared. Seeing what happened in front of her, Sherman was speechless. She didn't expect his aura to be so powerful. "Thank you very much. But why are you here, Mr. Wright?" she said curiously.

Lee, who was beside them, explained, "Mr. Wright and I went to get the documents. When we walked to the intersection, we happened to see Ms. Holmes go to that company. There seems to be something wrong with that company. Then Mr. Wright asked me to bring the car here."

Sherman's gaze turned from Lee to Kingsley. She put her hair behind her ear and said, "always trouble you a great while every time we meet. I'm really sorry. haven't had dinner yet. Would you like to have dinner with me?"

She hadn't met him very often. But every time they met, she needed help. Kingsley nodded lightly, "Good." Sherman knew that a man like him would never eat snacks, so she chose a famous bistro.

She ordered chicken noodle soup, a pizza, and two hamburgers. She couldn't eat overly spicy food during this time because she had just had a miscarriage.

As she said before, his aura was too powerful. Moreover, he didn't like to talk. So she always felt uneasy when she was alone with him.

But when the chicken noodle soup was served, she felt relaxed, "I don't know if Mr. Wright likes this kind of food. If you don't like it, I'll treat you next time."

"like it very much. I'm not a picky eater." Kingsley said. "Okay." She was finally relieved.

After a while, Kingsley asked, "Why are you in such a hurry to find a job?"

He could see her anxiety. She had gone to three companies to apply for jobs during a short time.

She was silent for a while. Then she raised the corners of her mouth and said, "Because have to support myself." He looked at her, frowned, and asked suspiciously, "remember that you are already married."

"I'm divorced. I'm single now, so have to support myself." She 'ual lowered her head nathared the emdtients in her eyes, and took a sip of the chicken noodle soup.

Kingsley was a little surprised by her words. He rubbed his forehead with his slender and big hand, and said, "I'm sorry to hear that."

"It's okay. It's the truth."

After dinner, the waiter came in.

Kingsley had taken is is wallet\and

ait ated wae)s a out a pay en Sherman stopped him, "My

treat!" Please read the original

content at .

"I'm not used to having a woman treat me..."

"can't always take advantage of you. If you always do that, cap wees 1 rege opanententire She

triéd to lighten the mood.

Chapter 766

When you were with him, you had to learn to ease the atmosphere. He was not a man who talked too much. If you both did not talk, the atmosphere would be extremely awkward.

Kingsley smiled and said, "Okay."

When Sherman paid the bill, she seemingly thought of something. She said to the waiter, "Give me a bowl of chicken noodle soup and a bowl of vegetable soup, please. Put them in a heat preservation box."

Lee was still waiting in the car. Kingsley wanted to send Sherman home, and she didn't refuse.

Sitting in the car, Sherman handed the box to Lee. "I bought a bowl of chicken noodle soup and a bowl of vegetable soup. don't know which kind you like, but think you can eat two bowls of soup up."

Lee was stunned and did not reach out to take it. He had to admit that he was moved. Kingsley's eyes became deep in an instant. He said, "Take it." "Thank you, Ms. Holmes." Lee smiled and took the box.

"You're welcome. They're still hot at this moment. You can eat them in the car." In the end, she seemed to think of something and turned to look at Kingsley. "I'll open the window. There won't be any smell in the car."

Kingsley's voice was low and gentle, "It doesn't matter..." Lee ate very fast. After a while, the two bowls of soup were eaten up. The car started and left.

This street was not far from her apartment she had chosen. When they arrived, Sherman opened the door and got out. "Be careful on the way."

"Good night..." Kingsley said. The light on both sides of the road was shining and falling on his face, making him look radiant. "Good night," she said with a smile.

After Sherman watched the black Bentley disappearing from her sight, standing where she was, Sherman withdrew her gaze and dragged herself upstairs.

Although there was no result, she was busy the whole day. She was very tired. She put warm water in the bathtub and took a bath.

Sherman lived alone. The room was not big, and it was quiet and lonely. She didn't like such loneliness, so she took out her mobile phone and logged into Twitter.

She had not been online for a long time. At this time, she was too lonely. She clicked on the tweets, scrolled down the page by page, and browsed through them.

Her friends shared their feelings or recent experiences in tweets or retweeted beautiful views. Not long after she flipped it down, she saw Billy's tweet. He had posted a picture of two cups, on which was written "Forever." 1

Her hand, which was holding the phone, trembled slightly. Her heart seemed to be pricked by a needle. The pain was dense and spread all over her body.

It was self-evident that he wanted to spend his entire life with whom.

The corners of her mouth twitched. She returned and deleted it. She deleted everything about Billy. Please read the original

content at .

Now, there was no need to contact each other, and there was no need to keep his contact information.

Her heart ached. She had sacrificed all her enthusiasm, affection and everything she'd do in the seven years.

However, what she got in return was that Billy would spend his entire life with Natalie.

Throwing away her mobile phone, she pulled on the quilt and covered herself tightly. Then she closed her eyes. Now she was covered with scars all over. But because of these scars, nothing could hurt her anymore. These scars would heal one day.

Did it still hurt? 4

It hurt, but it was not the pain at its peak, but the lingering pain, which was spreading.

## Chapter 767

Natalie posted that picture on Billy's mobile phone. It didn't take long before she deleted it.

There was no need to keep it all the time, as long as it was seen by the people who should see it. She saw Sherman's Twitter account online, so she posted it deliberately.

At present, she could not be too hasty. She need to reach her goal step by step. Billy stayed in the villa for the past two nights. She believed that she would get what she wanted soon.

She chuckled. She had once said that Sherman's heart was too pure and ardent, and she had strong principles. But she had forgotten this saying.

When two people were in love, men liked women's purity the most, but when the whirlwind romance was over, men would not like it anymore.

She spread the quilt and sprayed perfume around.

This perfume didn't smell very light. It could be said that it had a strong smell. She liked the strong perfume, which seemed to have some kind of temptation.

The black curtains of the villa were all replaced by bright red curtains. The curtains were closed. When the light was cast on it, there was an indescribable atmosphere...

Billy walked out of the bathroom, wearing a white bathrobe. He walked forward. Natalie stood behind him, massaged his back, and relaxed his body and spirit.

Billy enjoyed this rare relaxation and closed his eyes to take a nap.

The room was very quiet. Only the sound of their breath mixed, which rose and fell slightly. Then, there was another romantic affair...

Sherman didn't intend to give up looking for a job. From then on, she would live alone. She had to support herself.

When she was about to go out, Summer and Grace came over with many nutritious products and several potted plants in their hands, which were in full bloom.

Seeing her expression, Summer asked, "It's still raining heavily outside. Where are you going?" "I'm looking for a job." She did not hide it. "You're too weak right now. You shouldn't look for a job! If you want a job, go to Valentine Group." Summer said.

Sherman shook her head, and her face was full of loneliness and bitterness. "Summer, can't go on like this."

Summer was puzzled and asked her the reason. Sherman told her that she had applied for the interview. "We've been living too well these years. In the future, I'll have to lead my own life. I can't live on like this. I'm 27 years old. I'm not young anymore."

Hearing that, Summer didn't stop her anymore. Sherman's words were reasonable, so she had no reason to stop her. It was rare for Grace not to stop him. Instead, she said, "It's a good thing to learn to grow up."

The three of them had sandwiches for lunch, which were prepared by Summer and Sherman. Grace wasn't able to cook, so she could only prepare the table.

In the afternoon, she continued to

look for a job. She was a bit tired and sad when she was asked to go to work the next day.

Back at her apartment, she searched for the company's website on the Internet. The website the company was called SNAIL. It was a new company in Santabaca, but it would develop well in the future.

Everything would work out. Some of Sherman's pain in the past few days had faded, and her mood also was improved. She was even a little excited!

## Chapter 768

She got the first job in her life!

The shift started at eight o'clock. When it was six o'clock in the morning, she got up, freshened up, had breakfast, and then took the subway. The subway was so crowded that she was out of breath. But fortunately, she wasn't late for work.

Two girls in their twenties also entered the company with Sherman.

The Personnel Manager came over and assigned jobs to the three of them. The two girls were arranged to work in the office. Only Sherman was left alone.

"You can do some cleaning today." The manager said.

Sherman froze and frowned, "Do some cleaning?"

"Because one of the cleaner resigned, you should do this work. I'll arrange a new job for you as soon as there is a job vacancy." The two pretty young girls next to her covered their mouths and snickered, while Sherman was embarrassed and flushed.

The manager was waiting for her answer, "What's your opinion?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then she nodded and

said, "Okay."

She walked to her work area and changed into the cleaner's overalls, which were blue and loose but not beautiful.

She should clean up the lobby and offices on the first floor and made them clean at all times.

The employees in the whole company would pass the lobby on the first floor, so she felt embarrassed and humiliated.



The person who cleaned up with her was Brittany Cheney, who was already in her forties. She did a good job and always had a smile on her face.

It was Sherman's first time to be a cleaner. Brittany told her what to do. After work, they bought two cups of coffee. They stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and drank the coffee while chatting.

Brittany said, "Nowadays, young girls pursue beauty and dignity. They won't choose to be cleaners even if they don't have money. They feel ashamed. You are quite good. In fact, everyone works for money.

Whether the work is noble or not, everyone earns their living by honest labor."

Sherman smiled. She suddenly didn't feel embarrassed and humiliated. 'Yes, why should be ashamed of being a cleaner?'

She thought about it, "There is no job vacancy in the cael aygrrco™

een tient" ie study hard during this time. It is

a good thing for me.'

She woke up at six every morning. After having breakfast, she ae to the company. After mares,

Brittany, t -O pi broligft fherreastin with - in her bag. She read books in her spare time. When she went home in the evening, she studied for two hours, took a shower, and went to bed.

Now she lived a regular life. She didn't think about her painful past. Although she was lonely now, she lived a full life.

After working for a week, Sherman

got used to her life. On day.cwtiert e wenttathewalhroor, she heard

the whisper of two female

employees. Please read the original

content at .

"Have you seen the new cleaner? She goes to work in Chanel clothes every day. It is an internationally famous brand." "They must be fake clothes. If she's really rich, why does she work as a cleaner?"

The two people were talking and laughing. Hearing what they said, Sherman sighed, with bitterness on her cheeks.

## Chapter 769

She seldom bought clothes. These clothes were all bought last year. She hadn't bought any clothes this year. It was indeed not very appropriate for her to work in previous clothes. And she had never liked others criticizing her behind her.

After work, she went to a mall. The clothes there were very cheap. It was not appropriate for her to wear skirts now. She chose a pair of jeans, a green trench coat, and a white shirt, which together cost her five hundred and eighty dollars.

The company had regulations that on Saturdays and Sundays, workers were allowed to wear their own clothes rather than the company's uniforms.

Brittany Cheney smiled and praised her. "The clothes you bought are good. You look beautiful in them." Sherman also smiled. "You are also beautiful. Are we going to clean the company lobby today?" "We have to clean up the lobby every Saturday. Let's go. It will be a little harder today."

The company's lobby was very large, so it was indeed a bit difficult for two people to clean it. They first cleaned each place with a cloth and then used a mop to clean it.

Brittany would clean the dirtiest place every time so Sherman didn't have to clean it. She knew Brittany was afraid of getting her clothes dirty. And Sherman would clean more places every time.

At this time, a black Bentley was about to pass by. Kingsley said, "Stop. Send this approval letter up." Lee left. Kingsley closed his eyes and leaned his head on the leather seat to take a rest.

After a while, Lee came back. He frowned. He was a little bit hesitant to speak, as he didn't know whether to say the thing or not.

"Say what you want to say..." Kingsley opened his eyes and looked at him. "I saw Ms. Holmes at the company." Lee frowned again. "She is cleaning the lobby. She works as a cleaner." Hearing this, Kingsley's eyebrows were knitted. He lowered his originally crossed legs.

Sherman really did not expect to meet Kingsley here. The black windbreaker on his body was as long as his knees and there was no wrinkle. The straight suit pants were even faintly shiny, wrapping his slender long legs and setting off him.

Kingsley stood in front of her, with his deep eyes narrowed, and stared at her.

She wore jeans and a white shirt. Her wavy hair was tied into a high ponytail and a few strands slipped down to the cheek. She looked so casual and natural. A pair of flat shoes were worn on her feet. People who didn't know her would think she was only a college graduate. How could they believe that she had divorced?

'But her ex-husband is a famous figure in Santabaca. Didn't she receive alimony when she divorced? So, she lives so... hard..."

Originally, she wanted to shake hands with him. But when she reached out her hand, she realized that it was a little dirty. She immediately withdrew it and smiled. "It's a little dirty."

"Why are you here?" Kingsley twitched his thin lips. (Hlsyvoiad Wes) . nave)

asusual low>deep, and

attractive.

"I'm working here and it's working time now." Sherman als mic@r wivpoukinratantes thi ition or ehibarrassment. "Mr. Wright comes here for work?"

He made an understatement and said, "Yeah..."

"You go ahead, please. should continue to work. Lipyits you (eat if avertiine." ae) pointed to Brittany behind her.

"Do you really want to invite me to eat?" Kingsley asked. Sherman nodded. He always helped her out. She should invite him to eat to show her gratitude. "How about today? just have time. Okay?" He raised his eyebrows faintly. Although he was asking

Sherman, his aura made it difficult for Sherman to refuse him.

## Chapter 770

Sherman didn't refuse him and responded with an ' Okay'. "You probably don't have my number. Now keep it in your phone..." She took out her cell phone. Then he read his number and she saved it in her phone.

Standing there, Kingsley was the focus of everyone's attention. The manager of the company heard that Kingsley was downstairs, so he rushed downstairs. Before the manager was about to step forward, Kingsley saw him out of the corners of his eyes and he raised his eyebrows slightly and imperceptibly signaled him not to come forward. Understanding his gesture, the manager did not go forward.

Kingsley didn't stay any longer after Sherman saved his number. He turned around and left.

Sherman went back to work. She started to clean the floor-to-ceiling windows of the hall. Kingsley's tall figure stood in front of the black Bentley.

She was facing right to him. She smiled brightly. Across the huge floor-to-ceiling window, she waved at him friendly.

Standing on the other side of the window, Kingsley looked at her. The sun was shining on her, and her whole body bathed in the warm sunlight. The hair on the sides of her face danced in the sunlight. She seemed to take on a faint golden glow in the sunlight. The corners of her mouth curled up, and her smile was natural and bright. It was fascinating. The look in his eyes was deepened and darkened a bit. Then he bent and got in the car.

Soon it was time to go home. Sherman put on her dark green trench coat and walked out of the office building.

The weather in Santabaca was not very good these days. It rained a lot. It wasn't raining when she came to the office, so she didn't bring an umbrella.

Now it was pouring outside and she was worried about how to go home. Fortunately, Brittany had brought two umbrellas, and she handed one to Sherman. She knew Sherman would forget to bring one.

Sherman hugged Brittany happily and thanked her. Then she left. She went straight to the supermarket. She had fired the maid. She wanted to do everything herself.

She bought some vegetables, fruit, and a piece of salmon. With her two hands full, she took a cab and went back to her apartment.

Lately, she had a craving for toasted salmon and broccoli, so she was going to cook for herself tonight.

Though her marriage failed, she still had to live on. In this world, no one would die without another person. Seven years of love came to an end. She couldn't make her life a mess again.

The vegetables were washed and the salmon was in the oven. Just as she was busy around, her cell phone rang. She tilted her head aside and held the phone between her ear and shoulder. "Hello?"

"You have got my number?" On such a damp night, Kingsley's husky voice sounded particularly deep and enchanting. Sherman was stunned. She hurriedly answered seriously, "Yes, have got it, Mr. Wright."

"remember you said at noon that you would invite me to have dinner with you. You didn't forget about it, did you?" He said the last two words doubtfully, yet his tone gentle.

However, Sherman forgot about it. She had totally forgotten about it! She could say nothing but to apologize, "I'm sorry. It's my fault."

"That's okay..." His voice was gentle.

But Sherman felt even more guilty.

Somehow, she came o at home.

Ifyou don't mind, you're welcome to come over."

Just after she said this, she suddenly felt that it was really abrupt of failing about how her it back, he asked, "Your address?" 1

Two simple words set her words back. She told him the address of her apartment.

After hanging up the phone, she began to clean up her apartment. Mostly, people would feel stressed around a man like Kingsley.

After about half an hour, a steady knock came on the door. Sherm walked over a was standing outside. He looked handsome and neat, his black coat caught a bit raindrops.