

President 771

Chapter 771

"Mr. Wright, welcome." Sherman said with a little nervousness.

Kingsley took off his black coat, and Sherman took it over and hung it on the coat rack. Then he sat down on the couch. "I don't have coffee, just tea."

"Tea is fine..." Kingsley moved his lips and the corners of his lips curled up slightly.

She brought a cup of tea and placed it on the table. Kingsley took it up and took a sip. Then he raised his eyebrows and asked, "Are you cooking something?"

Sherman took a sniff, and then she rushed into the kitchen. She was cooking soup, but when Kingsley arrived, she completely forgot about it and it smelled like burnt.

It was fine without the soup. She started baking the lobster. The procedures were a bit complicated and she couldn't remember. Although she felt embarrassed, she poked her head out of the kitchen and asked awkwardly, "Mr. Wright, could you look up how to make baked lobster for me? Please read it to me."

Kingsley turned on her iPad and searched for the recipe. Then he stood at the kitchen door and read it to her.

His figure was tall and straight, his shoulders broad and hips narrow. A white shirt and smoky gray pants look neat on him. The man was charming.

His voice was low, husky, sexy and charming. Reading the recipe of cooking baked lobster in such a voice was a bit weird.

Sherman was attentive, though a little embarrassed. The kitchen was small. And when he stood by the door, it looked more narrow.

In the small kitchen, when she was cooking there alone, she felt a little lonely and solitary. Now the two of them stood in the kitchen, one cooking, one reading the recipe, and their breaths mingled in the air. It looked cozy.

After about twenty minutes, the meal was finally ready, three dishes. That soup was ruined. She poured two glasses of wine.

"Is this how you cook every time?" Kingsley opened his thin lips, took a sip of the wine, and then picked up the fork.

Hearing this, Sherman blushed a bit. She felt awkward. She was honest, "No, not always. It's only when I cook something I'm not familiar with. I can cook some dishes on my own, but for some dishes I can't."

He tasted the lobster, "It's good."

"Thanks to the recipe, I'm just trying it on the fly! I'm not a good cook. I'm a bad student and an awful cook." She grew more embarrassed.

"No, you're not. Although this is the first time you cook baked lobster, it's delicious. I never lie." He looked at her, his eyes dark and his gaze deep.

'Is that a... compliment?' The corners of her mouth twitched. She still felt a little embarrassed. She looked down and picked up her fork. "Try the salmon! It will get cold in a while."

She thought it was a bad decision to invite him over for dinner. The small apartment was filled with his scent, and she was so tensed up that she could barely breathe.

Kingsley's dining manner was as elegant as he was, without making a sound. He was quiet, but she couldn't ignore his presence.

After dinner, it was late. Kingsley didn't stay any longer. He had his coat draped casually over his shoulders. He said, "It was a lovely meal tonight! Thank you for your treat."

"If that can be considered a meal..." Her eyes were half-open, and she tucked the hair falling over her cheeks behind her ears. Her cheeks burned a little.

"Of course." He curled up his lips, bent his tall figure slightly, and put on his shoes.

She walked him downstairs. The rain was pouring. Sherman was standing on the top step. She didn't bring an umbrella with her. She would not get wet there.

Holding a black umbrella with his big hand, Kingsley strode away. The rain trickled along the edge of the umbrella and splashed on his shiny black shoes.

Chapter 772

She wore slippers and did not change her shoes. She stood there. The rain wafted along the wind and fell on her. She felt a bit cold and took a step back. But the slippers were a bit slippery so she fell straight forward.

Upon seeing this, Kingsley threw down the umbrella and stretched out his big hand to support her body that fell from above. As a result, the faces of the two were pressed tightly together. She was afraid of falling and subconsciously stretched out her arms to encircle his neck...

It was raining heavily. Just after a while, they two were all drenched. His cheeks were warm and the fragrance emanating from his body smelled very good. Her heart was beating fast as she was very embarrassed about the current situation she had caused. So, she apologized, "I'm sorry!"

"You seem to have been saying sorry to me from the beginning to now..." He opened his thin lips lightly. His calm voice was deep and pleasant to the ear in the ticking rain.

When Sherman uttered these words, Kingsley carried her body in his arms. He moved his long legs to step up. Then he released his hold on her waist after standing in the rain shelter.

She had already noticed that Kingsley held her all the time. She closed her eyes and then withdrew her arms from around his neck, feeling extremely embarrassed. She stood still and said, "change it to 'thank you'."

Kingsley smiled. "Are there any other words?" "For a life-saver, think these words are the most appropriate." Sherman said. "There seems to be another way of showing gratitude. That is marrying your life-saver..."

Sherman was slightly startled. Then she gave a smile and then looked at him with her dark eyes. "I didn't expect Mr. Wright would also be joking."

"look serious?" Kingsley raised his eyebrows and asked.

"A little. Mr. Wright is not like a person who often jokes. You are noble and detached." Sherman answered very honestly as she never told lies.

"Your compliment to me is a great honor." When he said these words, he raised the corners of his mouth a little at the thought of Sherman's remark on him. "have eaten a lot of the dishes you just cooked and it can be considered that am not so detached..."

Hearing this, Sherman couldn't help but smile, with deep dimples in the corners of her mouth, but her smile was light. "Good night..." Kingsley stepped down the steps and picked up the umbrella that had fallen on the ground.

The black coat on his body was completely wet.

Feeling guilty, Sherman amplified her voice, "Your clothes—"

"No problem." His deep voice came through the heavy rain. Kingsley stepped into the car, turned the steering wheel to the left, and then left.

In the autumn night, it was cold. Sherman wrapped her coat tightly around herself. Then she went upstairs and took a shower. The next day, Sherman arrived at the company very early. She also brought a thermos with ginger water to dispel coldness. She first poured a glass of ginger water for Brittany. After both of them drank ginger water, they went to the lobby to clean.

After the cleaning, the lobby was clean and tidy. Even people's figures could be reflected on the floor.

Chapter 773

Sherman sneered. She took out her phone and typed something while looking up at the female employee, "You are so civilized. Do people in the whole company know you?"

The female employee frowned, "What are you doing?" "will send what you did to the company's website so that they will know you."

The female employee was so angry that her face turned pale. She glared at Sherman, picked up the box on the floor, and threw it in the trash bin.

Brittany tugged on her sleeve. Sherman laughed and put her phone into her pocket. She took the mop from Brittany's hand and said, "I'll go wash the mop."

Brittany, you can take a break."

She hadn't finished washing the mop when Brittany walked in. She didn't look well. She remembered that the female employee seemed to have a relationship with the manager, "Sherman."

"What's wrong?" She turned off the faucet.

"Does the manager look for you because of what just happened?" Brittany was worried.

Sherman felt it didn't matter. If it were really because of what happened just now, she wouldn't continue working there.

The manager was waiting for her in the lobby. When he saw her coming, the manager gestured for her to follow him upstairs to his office.

"Do you know Mr. Wright?" The manager said.

Sherman frowned, "Who?"

"The man who spoke to you in the lobby."

"We've just met a few times and had a few meals." She told him the truth.

The manager didn't ask any more questions but said, "Pack up and go back to work in the office in the afternoon. Someone will tell you what you should do at that time."

Until she walked out of the manager's office, Sherman was still in a trance. Brittany waited for her worriedly. She told Brittany that she was fine and was transferred back to the office.

After lunch, the HR manager took her to the office. The desk was already prepared for her, which was beside the window.

Across from her was exactly the female employee she encountered in the morning. Her badge showed her name, "Yanny Moore."

Yanny didn't have a good impression of Sherman. She grunted coldly and ignored Sherman. She was as arrogant as a peacock.

Sherman didn't pay attention to her. She thought that she didn't get along well with the surname Moore, for example, Natalie Moore and Yanny Moore.

Although she met with Yanny for the first time and they were not familiar with each other, what happened in the past suggested that they would not get along well in the future.

After she got familiar with the company's business, the manager asked her to write a report for Mr. Haninever. She spent the whole afternoon writing it and then she submitted it to the manager.

But the report was not very satisfying. The manager didn't criticize her, but his face was stern and cold. She was a bit upset. She had forgotten what she had learned in college. Now she couldn't even do the simple work.

After work, she went to the library and bought a lot of books about work. When she got home, she cooked some instant noodles and ate them while reading books.

The company rules said that female employees must wear high heels

work. There was a problem for them with their shoes. Moreover,

female employees were also required to wear light makeup.

Chapter 774

After getting up at six o'clock, Sherman put on light makeup and the shoes she bought last year. After that, she went to the company. She had just sat down when the manager approached her and asked her to make a report.

There were dozens of employees in her department. But only she and another employee were newcomers, and they had to make reports.

To be honest, Sherman was nervous. It was the first time for her to make a report in front of so many people. How could she not be nervous?

The other employee did a good job on the report. But when it was her turn, she didn't do well. She even made many mistakes. Many employees laughed at her. Yanny were laughing loudly.

"You were born to be a cleaner. Why do you want to embarrass yourself?" Yanny muttered, and Sherman heard that clearly. Sherman didn't get angry but sat back in her seat.

Facing the huge floor-to-ceiling window washed by the rain, she was lost in thought.

She hadn't studied well during her four years in college. She thought she had gotten a wonderful husband and marriage. But she didn't expect to lose her marriage and sacrifice her career.

After work, she was packing up her things and was about to leave when the manager asked her to join a business dinner in the evening.

According to the female employees, she should accompany the other party to talk about business, have dinner and drink. Sherman didn't do a satisfying job, so she needed to do something else to compensate for her work...

Business dinners like this usually took place in a private room. But the other party felt it was too quiet in a private room, so they dined in the hall.

Sherman found it absurd to talk about business in such a noisy place with harsh music.

The manager of the other party was horny. When he raised and lowered his hand, he always deliberately touched Sherman's thigh. When he spoke, he also deliberately came very close to her ear and exhaled hot breath. She felt sick but could only get as far away from him as possible.

She had drunk five glasses of wine and was drunken, but the manager of the other party came close to her and poured her wine.

She really couldn't drink anymore, but her manager winked at her. This would affect the contract. If she messed up, no one could take the consequences.

Sherman thought about it. She could keep drinking, but she didn't want to be touched by that manager. Otherwise, she would really get angry.

She was about to reach for her glass, but she was preempted. The manager suddenly stood up and said, "Mr. Wright." The manager of the other party also stood up and said, "Hello, Mr. Wright."

Kingsley nodded indifferently at them, looked at Sherman, and said, "How many glasses of wine did you drink?"

"Five glasses." She said. She didn't expect to meet him here. "Can you leave now? left in a hurry yesterday. left something at your place." Kingsley continued.

Sherman froze for a moment. Then she understood that he was Gdiping Gy, soustre Said! § It the black wallet?"

"Yes." Kingsley fixed his deep eyes on the two managers, "When will you finish talking?"

"We've almost finished. We just need to sign the contract. Mr. Wright Vig, Holmes could garni he Tranager nmeintay said. His expression changed slightly and he looked at Sherman strangely.

"I'm sorry for disturbing you. This evening is my treat. " Kingsley's voice was indifferent and distant.

After walking out of the bar, Sherman breathed in the fresh air and said, "Mr. Wright, why are you here?"

"I'm partying with friends..." Kingsley raised his eyebrows, "Did you plan to keep drinking just now?"

Chapter 775

Sherman closed her eyes, the smell of wine lingering in her mouth. "I wanted to drink more, but I wouldn't let him take advantage of me again. Please go ahead with what you are doing, Mr. Wright. I am leaving now. H

"You can't hail a taxi here, let me drive you home ..." He took the car key from the hand of the waiter while talking.

"Mr. Wright, please don't trouble yourself again. I can get a taxi here." How could she be so cheeky to ask him to take her home again?

"No at all..."

After saying this, he walked past her. He was tall and upright, and he looked even more attractive with his long and strong legs wrapped in the silver-gray pants. Besides, his body shape was perfect.

Kingsley opened the passenger door first and then the driver door. Then he got in the car, seated himself and waited for Sherman.

Sherman slightly bit her lips. This man was very gentlemanly and elegant even when he was pushing her. She was a bit distressed and felt pressured.

With the car door open, the deluxe car seats got wet from the rain. Sherman blinked her eyes and then sat in the passenger seat. Kingsley turned on the wipers and drove away.

Due to the high performance of the car and his smooth driving, Sherman didn't feel the slightest bump. As Sherman studied all night yesterday and had drunk a lot of wine today, she was very sleepy now. Leaning against the back support, she fell into a deep sleep.

It was a rainy night. Sherman wore light makeup today and even the pores were nowhere to be seen on her fair skin. Wearing pink lipstick, Sherman's glossy lips were like the rose petals after the autumn rain.

Kingsley glanced at her for a while before withdrawing his deep gaze. Kingsley kept driving, and a moment later, he pulled over in front of her residence.

She was still sleeping and it seemed that she wouldn't wake up anytime soon. Sherman's tightly knitted eyebrows indicated that she wasn't sleeping well.

He stretched out his hands to hold her tilting head and helped her sleep in a more comfortable way. However, at this moment, Sherman woke up. Being so close, they stared into each other's eyes.

She could see her reflection clearly in his deep hazel eyes. And she smelled the scent on him. Sherman felt a little embarrassed and her cheeks turned red. She quickly fixed her short skirt which almost revealed her titillating body part and sat upright, her heart

beating faster. With a cool expression, Kingsley withdrew his hands and looked gently at Sherman.

Sherman deliberately turned her head to look out the window, and it was still raining outside. "How about going upstairs for a cup of tea before leaving?"

"Okay ..."He replied. Sherman.

He had sharp eyes. He smiled, "You regret it?"

Chapter 776

She brought the coffee over. He took it and sipped it lightly. Apart from the album, there were a few books on the coffee table, all of which were about architecture. He picked them up with his fingertips, and there were traces drawn with a pen, which were red or blue, and there were standard beside them. She was very serious.

"You're studying?" Kingsley flipped through a few more pages. The taste of coffee was good.

"That's right. I'm a half idiot. If don't learn, I'll lose face completely." Sherman twitched the corners of her mouth and thought of the report she made in the company.

The corners of his lips moved slightly. He sipped his coffee and flipped through the pages without saying anything else.

Sherman sat on the sofa, and her body twisted left and right. He did not make a sound, and she dare not to make a sound, allowing him to remain silent.

"This kind of study won't have much of effect. It's just a theory. You should learn it through practice. When you walk on the street, every building can be your research subject..." Kingsley raised his head and looked at her.

Smiling, Sherman felt that he was right, and she felt enlightened instantly. "Yes." Putting the coffee cup on the coffee table, Kingsley raised his wrist, glanced at his watch, and got up. "I should leave."

She didn't ask him to stay. It was already 9:30 p.m., and she was really tired. She quickly stood up and told him, "It's raining heavily. Take care on the road."

Walking to the side of the elevator, Kingsley paused and said in a steady voice, "The photos are pretty good. H

Sherman was slightly stunned. He had already entered the elevator and left. She didn't send him downstairs. Standing in front of the window, she could clearly see him leaving.

Sitting back on the sofa, she flipped through the album. The photos in the album were of her, Grace, and Summer. She didn't have many friends, only the two of them. When she flipped back, she found that the last page was a wedding photo of Billy and her.

She remembered that she had torn them all. Why was one left here?

She looked at the photo in a daze. Then, she directly tore the whole photo from the album. There was no need to keep it. She even tore the photos of herself and Billy into small pieces and threw them into the trash can.

She had completely cut off the relationship with Billy. When she left, she did not bring anything about Billy.

To this day, was her heart still in pain? It was painful. How could seven years of relationship be forgotten so easily?

However, that kind of pain was no longer heartwrenching pain, but the pain caused by the needle tip. It was much lighter and much more relaxed.

In the past, she always thought that without Billy, her life would be a mess. She would have no direction and have no goal. She would be missing out on the fun and lack motivation in her life.

At this point, she realized that without Billy, she could still lead a stable life and the life was not as bad as she imagined. People had to learn to grow up, to be independent, and to be strong.

Sherman was writing a document. Yanny gave her a strange look, took a cup of coffee, shook her hand slightly, and sprinkled all the coffee on the document in her hand. "I'm sorry. didn't do it on purpose."

Anyone knew that she did it on purpose...

She picked up the document and tossed the coffee that had been spilled on it onto Yanny's skirt.

Sherman raised her head and apologized, "I'm sorry."

She heard people in the office say that Yanny had an affair with the manager, but it had nothing to do with her.

There were coffee stains on Fanny's skirt. She stared at Sherman with anger. Sherman looked back at her. Actually, she deserved it. Why did she always provoke her?

During this period, the government was busy with a proposal to build the most prestigious university in Santabaca. It would naturally be surrounded by hospitals and supermarkets. This was a very big project. If the company could get it, its benefits would naturally be great.

Now, all the people in the company were fighting for this project. If they could get it, they would take a good percentage from this project.

Chapter 777

Yanny frowned, "Mr. Wright?"

"All companies are now pleasing Mr. Wright since the government entrusted the project to him. It's totally up to him to decide which company can take the project over."

There had been voices of sarcasm and irony spreading in the office, which Sherman was quite tired of. To be honest, Sherman thought she was not capable of the work.

She went to the manager's office and politely rejected the project, because she was new and was not competent enough. What's more, it was her first time and she didn't want to mess it up.

The manager waved the hand and gave her some material to learn, for he would take her to meet someone during the dinner.

During the lunch time, Summer called her to go to the shopping mall which was in the street opposite not far from there. Sherman checked her weight and it was 52.5 kg.

She weighed 57.5 kg when she was pregnant; however her weight dramatically dropped after having been through all those things. Especially she hadn't eaten well during that period.

Summer looked at Sherman's face, where all speckles caused by pregnancy were gone. It was like rebirth for a woman after post partum recovery as long as she took good care of herself during that period.

She had just miscarried and was still recovering from the pregnancy loss. Thus she would benefit more by eating and sleeping well.

Sherman had been too busy to care about her appearance recently. She and Brittany could drink seven or eight cups of water per day when it was not that busy during the cleaning work.

Now when Sherman looked at her face, she found that not only were all speckles gone, but also the skin condition was much better. However she didn't care about it that much. Actually she would like to have her face full of speckles rather than lose her baby.

After work, the manager sent Sherman to a car and asked the driver to take her somewhere for dinner.

The place she was going to actually was a high-end club which was elegantly furnished and very quite. She walked toward the private room at the end and pushed the door open. The room was full with Kingsley sitting in the center.

Wearing a black suit and a shirt with black stripes inside, with his legs crossed, Kingsley was very outstanding in the room. She was stunned. The times they had met each other was unexpectedly frequent. What a small world.

Everyone set gaze on her upon hearing the noise. Sherman closed the door and bowed to apologize, "Sorry. I'm so sorry. Go ahead please."

Kingsley was slightly surprised. He squinted and said, "Sit down."

Sherman nodded toward him and sat down on the sofa closest to the door, while everybody was trying hard to introduce their advantages and planning.

Kingsley waved his left hand, signaling them to stop. Then he took a sip of tea and said, "There are 10 people in total, but only have one hour. So each of you got 6 minutes, and please control the time by yourself. Who is going to be the first one? Let's start..."

It seemed he was born with stateliness of a king.

Everyone became quiet and abided by the rule of six minutes for each person. Once the time was over, they would stop automatically even if they didn't finish.

Previously Sherman was confused, but now she understood that Kingsley had the final say on this project.

And she understood everything now, including why the manager transferred her to the office from being a cleaner, and why the manager gave her such an important project.

When the manager transferred her to the office, she was only asked if she knew Mr. Wright. When her mind was still wandering, someone besides touched her arm and said, "It's your turn now."

She immediately came back and shook her head, "I am not ready."

All was looking at her for her just wasted such a good afternoon Kingsley uttered do you know an American on his suit jacket, "I've got something to handle. Help yourself."

After hearing that, all of them sitting on the sofa stood up. Kingsley nodded with indifference and Oppenheimer, With firm steps, Kingsley passed through Sherman without stopping, but leaving a light scent of his perfume behind.

The rest of the people started heading to the entrance, including two young girls, who were so excited and talking on and on. "Compared to meeting such an elegant and mature man, this project means nothing. I can die without any regrets now."

"You know the glance he took at me

was like a flash of lightning, making) heartsick. American in my

name, felt like I am dying."

"Ah... My heart almost stopped beating."

One of the girls touched Sherman's arm and said, "Have you gone numb when he talked to you?"

"He didn't talk to me," Sherman replied. The girl was so excited that she even hurt Sherman's arm.

"Yes he did. He said 'Sit down' and he took a glance at you. He seemed to smile at you." Sherman was speechless. Sherman felt like they thought too much and got a rich imagination.

After saying goodbye to girls, Sherman walked out of the club. Everything went quiet finally.

Chapter 778

A silver gray Bentley Mulliner stopped in front of her. Kingsley rolled down the window and said, "Get in."

"I know Mr. Wright was busy. I'll take a cab. It's very convenient." Sherman was thinking about her work.

"Do you think it's inconvenient to take my car?"

Sherman shook her head, "No. Since Mr. Wright is very busy, I don't want to disturb you."

He said, "I'm not busy. I have plenty of time..."

"Didn't you just say in the private room that you had only an hour?" She remembered clearly.

"It was just my excuse..." His voice was low. He didn't think that there was anything wrong with his words.

Sherman was speechless.

She had no way to refuse him and got in the car. She kept holding the files and reading them while thinking about something.

"What are you thinking about?"

"The manager gave me this business proposal for another purpose. He knew that I knew you, so he gave me such a big project. He thought it would be easy for me to contact you. I was disgusted." Sherman told the truth. She felt that it had something to do with him. He had helped her a few times, so she shouldn't lie to him.

"It's normal..." Kingsley rubbed his eyebrows with his large and slender hand.

"Normal?"

"Since there is a relationship, no one would let it go. No one will pay attention to what method you use. They will just care about the result. These are rules of today's society..." His voice was deep, with a calm yet penetrating power, "Shall we go for dinner?"

Sherman didn't have dinner indeed and she nodded. She knew he was right and said, "But obviously he misunderstood our relationship."

Especially that day at the hotel when he said ambiguous words to help her, so she misunderstood them...

manager

"The relationship between us?"

"The manager must have misunderstood our relationship because of the ambiguous words you said to me that day." She looked up and said, "Actually, our relationship is really

normal..."

Kingsley asked, "How do you define the so-called normal relationship?"

"We are ordinary friends." She thought about it. They had met so many times that they could indeed be described as friends.

"I have a crush on you..." He said. He narrowed his eyes slightly and fixed his deep eyes on her.

Sherman froze, her face was a little flushed and her heartbeat accelerated. In fact, her reaction was normal. No matter which woman heard such a good man say such words to her, it was impossible for her to be calm.

Only a few seconds later, she calmed down. She reacted that way just because he said those words so sudden that she couldn't handle it at once.

Besides, he just said that he had a crush on her, which was a very common thing. She also had a crush on him.

"I have a crush on Mr. Wright too..." She responded. Her face was calm as she put away the files on her lap.

Kingsley narrowed his deep eyes, but his face was quiet and natural.

He had met and got along with many people. He could guess what they wanted just by looking at their eyes, and they didn't need to speak out.

She didn't have many thoughts. He could understand her meaning from her words.

"Mr. Wright is elegant, mature and steady. No one dislike you!" What Sherman said was true. From the reaction of those two girls just now, it was obvious that he was highly popular.

Kingsley hooked up his thin lips and smiled...

After that, his low and husky voice was full of deep meaning, "That's not what I meant..."

Sherman froze. She twisted her hands on her short skirt together, and she was a little

nervous.

She was not a fool. Both of them were adults. She understood the meaning of his words. She felt amazed, astonished and confused.

Suddenly, she felt hot. She reached out to roll down the window.

The cold wind blew in on the autumn night. Sherman felt cold. The wind messed up her hair, so she put her hair behind her ear.

For a moment, her heart was as calm as a quiet lake and she said, "Mr. Wright, why do you have a crush on me?"

She felt that she was in a mess at that moment. She didn't have any work experience. People in the whole company laughed at her report.

She couldn't imagine how he could have a crush on her, and she felt it absurd.

Kingsley leaned forward his slender body slightly. His fingers were slender and clean. His scent of a mature man lingered around Sherman's nose. The car window she opened was

closed.

He hooked up his lips and smiled, turning the steering wheel to the right.

He didn't say anything. Sherman didn't say anything either. If she said something, the atmosphere would be more embarrassing.

Because of those words, they stopped talking, which brought a kind of embarrassing atmosphere in the car. Actually it was much more embarrassing than before.

They drove forward and finally stopped in front of a residential building. Sherman sat upright and took a deep breath, "I'm sorry."

It meant rejection....

"I'm supposed to be the one to say sorry. It's still raining outside, and I guess you need an umbrella..."

Leaning forward, Kingsley took out an umbrella from the back seat and gave it to her, as if her refusal didn't affect him at all.

Though being rejected, he maintained his gentility and politeness. This was probably the difference between a mature man and a normal one.

Sherman took the umbrella, got off the car and left after reminding him of safe drive.

Back to her apartment, Sherman sat on the sofa with a cup of warm water in her hand. Her mind was wandering.

Sherman couldn't understand why an outstanding man like him would be interested in her, a woman who just got a divorce.

He was not kidding, but she couldn't understand the reason he gave...

Standing up, she observed herself in front of the mirror. She was not pretty, just a normal woman in medium size.

Without thinking too much, Sherman shook her head and went to her bedroom.

Kingsley was too shining, outstanding and always the focus of audience, but she had got self-knowledge. What's more, she was not going to start a new relationship at that moment.

For seven years of affection, perseverance and sacrifice, what she got in return was Billy's betrayal.

How could she believe in love after having gone through so much?

Now she was scarred and exhausted after giving and being hurt so much. As for love, it brought her nothing but the fear.

To this day, she would still had nightmares sometimes.

The next day, Sherman went to the manager's office. She was really unsure about this business proposal. In addition, she was not capable of that.

After knowing her intention, the manager waved his hand and asked her to go out, reacting exactly the same as what he did last time.

"You already knew what I'm capable of. I cannot afford the consequence."

"How about this. Once we get the project, I'll send another colleague to handle it, and the commission will be shared by you two. Is that okay?"

The manager was determined to let her take the project.

Sherman was speechless.

"Well, any questions?" The manager looked up, staring at her.

"I mean I don't want to be responsible for the whole project. No matter it is about winning the project or about the implementation afterward, I don't want to be involved in."

The manager was slightly angry, "This is company's decision without any negotiation. What you said doesn't help."

In the end, Sherman walked out disappointedly.

She didn't want to take this project for the following reasons. Firstly, she was not competent enough; secondly, she'd better not meet with Kingsley anymore for the situation had become slightly embarrassing between them two; thirdly, the manager gave her the project because of her connections with Kingsley, but what if she failed...

While Sherman was quite frustrated, Yanny scorned at her, "It seems someone is lucky and being taken seriously. Isn't she worried about it is too much for her to take such a big project?"

"I am indeed worried about that. How about we exchange our position? I'd love to do that."

Yanny sneered and murmured to herself. She and Mr. Wright knew each other. So what was the big deal?

The manager's assistant told Sherman that Mr. Wright would meet all representatives in a restaurant, and she must be dressed up and show up.

Sherman really wanted to pour the mug of hot tea over the manager's face.

More ridiculously, the manager probably disliked her makeup, so he asked Yanny to help her.

Yanny behaved weirdly and moved her hands quickly over Sherman's face, while Sherman sat upright and stiffly.

Last time she arrived too late. So this time before going off duty, the manager sent a car to drive her there and especially emphasized that she could go home directly, instead of going back to company after the meeting, which made other colleagues quite jealous.

Outside of the meeting room in Bauhinia Palace were standing a group of representatives, most of whom were females including Sherman.

After a while, the door of the meeting room was opened. Kingsley was sitting in centre, wearing a dark blue shirt and the black suit.

The table was very long, and all representatives had sat down. All females quietly took the seats in the front, except Sherman who stepped backward.

"Because of time limits, it is impossible to let you speak as long as you want, so each of you got 10 minutes. If you really have to speak for 11 minutes, I will explicitly show you the exit of the meeting room, because I always cooperate with those who abide by rules."

Chapter 780

Kingsley folded his legs and leaned on the seat behind him. His voice was low and hoarse. A short speech made the people present understand him very well. Many people laughed and the atmosphere was less tense. "Let's begin." He nodded for a start. His deep gaze lingered for a moment as it swept over a certain spot.

Those sitting in front were all women. Their voices were very nice, some of which were slightly falsely sweet but not disconcerting.

When Sherman inadvertently saw a woman wink at Kingsley which was clearly seduction, she realized why there were mostly women who were dressed up.

But Kingsley didn't notice it from the beginning to the end. He maintained the same posture, while the waiter standing behind refilled his cup from time to time.

Instead of coffee, Kingsley had mineral water in his cup. There were twenty people in total, and Sherman was the last one. When it was her turn, he looked over naturally.

Usually he gave her a sense of oppression. This time there were so many people beside him, the sense of oppression was stronger, and she was a little nervous.

"There is no need to be nervous. You can take a deep breath and relax yourself." Kingsley said softly. The corners of his lips slightly hooked.

As he said, she took a deep breath, and when she calmed down, she started slowly.

His deep eyes fell on her, as if he was listening attentively, which made Sherman feel unusually uncomfortable, but she still said what should be said.

When it was over, she was relieved and sat down. The meeting also ended at this point. Kingsley got up and left after greeting.

Without exception, there was a lot of praise for him. Clearly, he didn't say anything and didn't do anything, just sitting there, but he could harvest so much appreciation and admiration.

Sherman was the first to leave. She walked past the turn of the Bauhinia Palace. She was about to stop a cab when the black Bentley stopped and Lee's face showed up, "Ms. Holmes, please get in."

"No, thank you. have other things to do." Sherman refused.

"No matter where you go, you have to take a car. It's just the right time to give you a ride." Lee was unusually enthusiastic. Such enthusiasm made it impossible for her to refuse.

She opened the door and got in. Kingsley was sitting in the backseat, closing his eyes meditatively.

She sat down, a little away from him.

Lee explained softly that Kingsley had a cold and he clearly remembered that he put an umbrella in the car yesterday. He didn't know how Mr. Wright got wet. So he caught a cold and his voice was hoarse.

She just felt that he didn't sound right and it turned out that he had got a cold.

She thought for a moment and then realized that he had given her that umbrella last night. Then, she immediately felt very guilty.

Kingsley had not made a sound and seemed to be asleep. His body moved slightly and the coat draped over his shoulders and fell on the carpet.

Sherman looked up at him. He was still asleep and didn't notice it. She paused for a while and bent down to pick up his black coat.

He did not wake up, and she was too embarrassed to wake him up. So she had to try to gently drape the coat over him.

His body moved again and the coat slid downward, and she hastily reached out to catch it. His shoulders were wide and thick, and she had draped the coat a little low, so she wanted to drape it a little higher this time.

She slightly slanted her body, and her hands took the collar of his black coat to put around his neck. At this time, Kingsley suddenly opened his eyes. Sherman was slightly stunned. He raised his left hand to rub between his eyebrows, and said with his hoarse voice. "Thank you."

The distance between them was too close. Once he opened his mouth, the breath that he exhaled from his nose almost fell on her cheeks, which was hot and searing. It seemed he had a bad cold.