

President 781

Chapter 781

"No worries." Sherman brought her hand back, and she felt her cheeks burning because of him.
"Lee, the bistro on South Lane..." Kingsley stood up and took off his coat.

Sherman felt guilty, "Haven't you had dinner yet?"

"No..."

"Let me invite you for dinner. How about the soup we had that night?" It was totally understandable to invite him for dinner because she was responsible for his catching a cold.

"Okay..." Kingsley made a little smile.

It was the same bistro which they had been to last time. After they were seated, Sherman stood up and walked out. She remembered there was a pharmacy next to the bistro.

She came back with a medicine bag in her hand. She bought some medicine for cold.

Sherman asked the waitress to bring a glass of warm water when she came in with the soup they had ordered. Then she took out some medicine according to the instruction and gave the medicine to Kingsley.

Kingsley naturally took the medicine, with a sense of tacit understanding and comfort. He smiled and spoke to the waitress, "Thanks."

The waitress blushed and secretly took a few glimpses of him. Then she walked out while controlling herself in case she got too excited.

"You put makeup on today?" He looked up, while quietly and elegantly having the soup.

Sherman nodded with embarrassment and nervousness. Actually she didn't intend to wear makeup.
"Very pretty..." he complimented.

Sherman smiled and said, "Thank you."

"You asked me yesterday that why I'm interested in you..."

Sherman immediately went stiff because she hadn't expected that Kingsley would suddenly mention this topic. She nodded after a while for she was quite embarrassed and didn't know what to say.

Kingsley looked up and set his gaze on Sherman with his deep eyes. He gently said, He gently said, "You've done a lot of things that get through to me. For example, you once brought soup to Lee, and you seemed very happy when you were doing a cleaning job. The list could go on and on. All in all, I'm so attracted by your personality and character..."

Take cooking for example, he liked the pear soup she made for him and the whole table of dishes she invited him to have. He also liked the fine glow she radiated when she worked hard, as well as the medicine she just bought for him.

As simple as "I'm so attracted" was, it made her blush and made her heart jump fast.

Sherman really had no idea of what to say for such a simple reason he gave.

After a while, Sherman took the glass of water on the table and said, (if it is to hereafter your listed think Nowa is a little bit impulsive..."

Kingsley frowned slightly, "Impulsive?"

Sherman slightly narrowed her eyes and said directly, as if there was) {1 itp\be afraior "Don't you Ape yes reasons you listed are plain and shallow?"

"No." Kingsley took a sip of water to clear his throat. "Actually every woman is capable of doing what did." Sherman continued. "Maybe, but they have never done those things before me..." Kingsley was staring at her with his deep and charming eyes.

Sherman felt slightly stressed under his gaze, which expressed complicated emotions he aa@\!

' gauge ne een ever before have done those things in front o f you, you feel like you are being attracted, but it's not a real crush..."

Chapter 782

He hooked up his lips slightly and suddenly changed the subject, "You never seem to have asked me about my age. And I've never mentioned it to you either. I'm thirty-four years old..."

Sherman didn't understand why he suddenly changed the topic. But when she heard that, she was a little surprised. Kingsley looked at her, rubbed between his eyebrows with his big and slender hand, and asked her, "Do you think I'm old?" "No. think you might be thirty." Sherman told the truth.

"My life is not like a blank sheet of paper. I've been in several relationships and I've been through a lot. What I've experienced is deeper and more intense than you can imagine..." His magnetic voice became hoarse, but it was very charming.

Sherman lowered her head and drank the water. Obviously there was hidden message in his words.

He was seven years older than her. He had more relationships and experiences than she did. How could a mature man of thirty- four not be able to distinguish between crushes and freshness?

He was charming and elegant. There must be plenty o f women who liked him and surrounded him. Sherman understood that he had probably been in love many times. But she also knew that he took the relationship seriously.

"won't be crazy about love at my age. Now want a steady and happy life. will cherish the rest of my life..." His deep eyes were calm and gentle. His pupils gleamed, as if he wanted to tempt Sherman.

Sherman had nothing to say. She lowered her head and shifted her gaze from looking at each other. She was afraid that she would fall in love with him.

"But we've only met a few times. You don't know me..."

"We should know others from the details. It is enough t o meet a few times. know what want. also know exactly why love you. Getting to know a person has nothing to do with time. Seven years is a long time, but you can't see a person through..."

Kingsley said slowly. He gazed at her and his last words seemed to have another meaning.

When she heard his last words, her heart leapt with pain. Sherman lowered her head and ate the soup. She didn't say anything. She knew he was referring to Billy.

He was indeed very mature and elegant. He spoke very gently and didn't mention the name. He just used the words "seven years" to bring up the topic of the relationship between Billy and her back then.

However, his words opened her wounds, which hadn't healed. After that, she felt some pain.

In fact, she should say something now. He spoke so bluntly and obviously. If she didn't say anything, the conversation wouldn't go any further. He was very sensible and considerate.

She didn't say anything and kept on eating the soup. After that, she raised her head and asked the waiter for pear soup, "It's good for our throat."

Kingsley nodded slightly. He didn't continue that topic but enjoyed the soup. After paying the bill, they walked out of the bistro.

Sherman went to the pharmacy next door. She had forgot to buy some ||

ners she out, she gave him the medicine, "I'll take a cab."

"You're sensitive..." Kingsley's hoarse voice

"Maybe." She tugged at the corners of her mouth in embarrassment.

"Get in the car..." Kingsley looked at her. He casually pulled the black coat that had almost slid off his shoulders. He continued, "won't mention it to you again from now on. But you can talk to me about it at any time you want..."

If she refused him, she would be a bit pretentious.

So she got in his car again...

Chapter 783

All the way, Kingsley didn't say a word. His long body was half leaning on the leather seat. His eyes were closed as he was pretending to sleep. He seemed to have a bad cold.

Sherman felt guilty. The car was quiet. Only the soft breathing could be heard.

Lying in the bathtub, the warm water washing her body, Sherman involuntarily recalled the conversation she had with Kingsley at the bistro on the South Lane.

She seemed to clearly remember every concise word he said and the look in his eyes... She felt her heart skip a bit. Sherman took a deep breath, held back her feelings, and then shook her head lightly.

At this point, she felt exhausted. She, who was deeply heartbroken, simply didn't have the energy, mood, or courage to face a new relationship.

Also, she intuited that she couldn't afford to mess with a man like him. And she knew she didn't deserve him.

Ayoga class was playing on the TV. She had almost recovered recently, so she thought it would be good for her to do yoga to relax and calm her mind.

The week after that, she had developed an extremely regular routine. She woke up at six every morning, had to eat breakfast, and then went to the office. In the evening, when she returned to her apartment, she would do forty minutes of yoga and then study. And she went to bed at ten o'clock every night.

This was a very fulfilled life for her. And Billy rarely appeared in her dreams.

In fact, when someone hurt one deeply, as long as one made up one's mind and vowed to forget that person, one would find that it was not difficult to forget that person.

She was too selfless in those seven years of her life. And she found that her life revolved around Billy completely. Only then did she feel she had wasted seven years of her life.

In the past, she always felt that if she didn't have Billy's company, she would be like a fly without direction. Now, however, there were so many things waiting for her to do.

She felt that every second and every minute was precious to her.

It was Sunday, so she could take a day off. As she was doing the laundry, her cell phone rang. She picked up the phone. It was Grace calling her.

"You're going shopping with me today..." Grace seemed to be just awake. Her voice sounded nasal.

"I'll go out with you after 11:00 am." She still had two more clothes to wash and hadn't tidied up her room. The maid had been dismissed because Sherman thought she lived alone, and she didn't need to hire a maid.

Grace answered in a daze and fell back to sleep. Sherman washed and dried the clothes.

The two of them made an appointment to meet at South Lane. When Sherman arrived, Grace was already there, staring at Sherman and sizing her up and down. "Why do you think your body shape has changed?"

"Where?" Sherman was also looking at herself.

"Your butt. I think your ass seems a little rounder and prettier."

Grace said as Sherman touched her.

Sherman scolded her, "No woman is as dirty as you are!" "I mean seriously! And are you putting on concealer now? What brand is it? Your face looks so smooth. And your pregnancy spots are gone."

Touching her face, Sherman shook her head. "I've been doing yoga for a while. And drinking a lot of water. Skin condition is probably related to how much water a person drinks."

"I'll try that tomorrow, but I'm afraid I'll keep going to the bathroom after drinking too much water. I'm too lazy to go to the bathroom."

Grace was indeed surprisingly lazy. As long as she could sit, she would never stand. As long as she could stay still, she could try to be motionless.

Sherman's eyebrows twitched a few times. The two of them went to an international department store, so the prices of the clothes there were very expensive.

Grace picked out several fur coats and other styles of coats. However, Sherman didn't buy anything. Sherman just accompanied Grace to hang out and pick out clothes at the mall.

After her state of mind became calm, Sherman had that kind of feeling. She felt that no matter how much the clothes were, there was not much difference.

However, Grace shoved two coats at her. "These coats are just the right size for you. And the colors are pretty too."

Sherman didn't want to take them, because she had a lot of clothes too. And she bought a coat two days ago. However, Grace looked as if she was going to fall out with Sherman if she didn't take those two coats.

Finally, Sherman was forced to accept the coats Grace gave her. She only took things Grace and Summer gave her. And she wouldn't take things anyone else gave her.

The two of them were a little hungry. And there was a newly opened hot pot restaurant across the street from the mall. They were standing on this side of the street and were going to walk across the street.

Suddenly, Grace exclaimed with excitement, "That's my prince charming's car."

Sherman felt her heart beating a little faster. She instinctively looked over and saw a silver-gray Mulsanne pulling over. She looked at it twice. "You got it wrong."

Whether it was the silver Mulsanne or the black Bentley, she sat on those cars for too many times. And she couldn't be more familiar with the license plate numbers.

Sherman hadn't seen him in nearly two weeks since he'd driven her home from the bistro on the South Lane that night until now. And he hadn't appeared in front of her either.

It almost gave her a hallucination. It seemed that her night at the bistro on the South Lane was something that happened in her dream as if it were a flash in the pan.

When she saw a Mulsanne or a Bentley on the road some days, her heart could not help but beat faster. When she looked over again, she realized that it was not his car. And it had happened many times... "How do you know got it wrong?" Grace was still looking toward the car.

"Because the license plate number is wrong. And those two license plate numbers are not the same. His license plate number starts and ends with number 9, while the one in front of me is 0."

Grace looked at her. "How do you remember it so well?" Because she used to sit in his car, she naturally remembered it clearly...

Sherman naturally couldn't answer Grace like that. Then, she laughed. "have a good memory. How could everyone have such a bad memory as you?"

"Get out of here." Grace reached out and pinched Sherman on the hip. "How can you behave like a hooligan in public?" Sherman's face flushed slightly, and she avoided Grace.

Although the hot pot restaurant was newly opened, it did taste good. The food was fast and Seasoning was diverse, and the price was very affordable.

Sherman and Grace both ate a lot. Grace even took a picture with her phone and sent it to Summer on WhatsApp.

Summer was also a hot pot lover. It was just that her body recently was inflamed, so she had to eat spicy food. therefore, Grace deliberately sent pictures of food via WhatsApp to tempt Summer.

Sure enough, Summer then immediately called Grace. And she kept reprimanding Grace, making Sherman laugh.

After eating the hot pot, Grace wanted to drink coffee because Charlie had forbidden her to drink coffee at home and confiscated all the coffee.

Grace was not sleeping well during this time. She couldn't sleep at night.

Otherwise, she just was angry and said she was asking for it. Charlie thought she drank so much coffee that her mind was naturally excited. It would be strange if she could fall asleep.

This cafe had a very elegant name, called Meet Cute Cafe. It sounded like a romantic cafe.

Chapter 785

The cafe was almost full. They went just in time. There was only one table left. This cafe required reservations in advance.

The price of coffee was a bit expensive. The decoration was nice and it had a particularly quiet atmosphere. Each table was separated from the other by a curved wooden track, and clear water was flowing through it all the time. The green potted plants everywhere made the place look lively.

The cafe was quiet and no one was talking. People were sipping coffee and listening to the water flow. It was relaxing and enjoyable for both the body and mind.

There was a wind chime on the door of the cafe. When someone pushed the door, it would make a tinkling sound.

Grace looked at the door and then her eyes sparkled. She stared fervently at the man who was walking in. Almost every woman's eyes were drawn to the man.

Kingsley was wearing a silver shirt with a black tie, smoky gray pants, and a camel coat over his shirt. He looked incredibly elegant and handsome.

Sherman saw him too. Her heart beat a little faster. She hurriedly lowered her head and sipped her coffee. However, Grace didn't give a damn about the disturbance. She excitedly called out, "Mr. Wright! Mr. Wright, here!" Sherman felt a little embarrassed, and she wished she could cover the woman's mouth.

With his long, slender legs, Kingsley strode over. Every step he took seemed to be on the tip of Sherman's heart, and her heart fluttered with his steps.

"Ms. Livingston," Kingsley called. He had recovered from the cold and his voice was no longer hoarse. He politely put out his right hand.

Grace immediately put down her coffee cup and gave him her hand. She exclaimed quietly in her heart, 'What kind of lucky woman would be with such a handsome gentleman!"

Sherman was still sipping her coffee. Kingsley's deep gaze turned to her, and he spoke, "Nice to see you again." He was really a gentleman.

Kingsley had reached out his hand, and Sherman could only give her hand to him. She stood up and they held hands.

His palm was hot. Sherman felt a little awkward. She moved her hand slightly to pull back, but Kingsley seemed to clutch her fingers tighter.

She was slightly dumbfounded. She looked up at him, but he had let go of her hand. There was an indifferent look on his grim face.

"Mr. Wright, did you just arrive, or have you been here for a while?" Grace asked curiously.

"I've just arrived..." Kingsley replied.

"Did you drive a silver Mulsanne?" Grace continued.

Kingsley nodded slightly. His handsome eyebrows were raised upward a little bit. He wondered why she was asking.

Grace tucked her wavy hair behind her ears and explained, "Sherman and I were just shopping in the department store across the street. When we walked out, we saw a Mulsanne. It looked exactly like yours. I thought it was your car. But Sherman said it wasn't. She said your license plate number starts with a 9 and that one starts with a 0. I want to know which one of us is correct about the car. Now it seems that Sherman has a good memory."

With a snap, Grace clasped Sherman's wrist. "If Mr. Wright doesn't mind being disturbed and said it would help you, why do you refuse then?"

Sherman felt speechless.

After arriving upstairs, Sherman realized that the decoration style on the first floor was not so stunning compared with that on the second floor. The second floor was all private rooms, all made of bamboo and smelled of bamboo everywhere.

Kingsley walked in front while Sherman and Grace walked behind him. His back was very broad and thick and looked very strong, which made him look upright and stylish in his camel-colored coat.

Grace pulled Sherman along and kept whispering to her. She used to think Mark looked the most stunning in his clothes, but now Kingsley looked much more handsome than Mark.

She was just talking and not paying attention to her steps. When Kingsley stood still, Grace didn't stop walking. She bumped into him and felt a pain in her forehead.

"I'm sorry..." Kingsley turned slightly to his side as he

said to Grace.

Grace shook her head, took two deep breaths, and then backed away. "It's alright. It's okay. I'm all good."

After Kingsley walked into the private room, Grace tugged at Sherman. "I smelled smoke on him for the first time." Sherman frowned. She'd never smelled smoke on him before. "What's wrong? Does it shatter your fantasy?" "Men who don't smoke will look unmanly, but if a man smokes too much, it can be annoying to people.

Therefore, a man should smoke just right. And he smells good. could smell a light shower gel fragrance and a light smoke smell on him, which was charming.

just took the opportunity to smell twice more, and it was so rare to have such an opportunity. hate men who wear too much perfume and smoke too much..."

Sherman was speechless.

After walking into the private room, Sherman was surprised when she saw the slightly older man sitting there. It turned out that the man was the person in charge. No wonder Sherman said it would be helpful to her to join them. 1

However, Grace was thinking that since Kingsley could keep the big official waiting here, Kingsley was not to be underestimated!

Kingsley parted his thin lips and made a short introduction. Sherman looked calm and composed and did not panic in the slightest.

However, after Kingsley observed carefully, he noticed that the person in charge looked upset. After all, he was an official, so he knew how to restrain his emotions. Apart from Kingsley, Sherman and Grace did not notice it.

The four of them were sitting at the same table. Sherman sat facing the mayor, who was sitting next to Kingsley. She did not say a word.

Grace was also rarely so quiet. She felt that it was not appropriate to talk nonsense and joke in such a scene.

The mayor asked Sherman a few questions about the project. She also answered calmly. After all, she had made a lot of progress after working a few weeks. She loved the progress she was making at that moment, giving her an indescribable sense of satisfaction and a tiny sense of accomplishment.

Chapter 787

"What did you forget to bring?" Kingsley turned to look at her with his camel coat resting on his arm. "My wallet." Sherman hurriedly said. She walked quickly to the table and picked up her wallet. "I won't bother..."

The words had not yet fallen. Kingsley had already put the coat into her hand and whispered, "Wait a minute, then will take you home."

The coat still kept his body temperature. Sherman was stunned and just wanted to speak, but he said first, "have a few words to say. Just stand outside the door and wait."

Once the words were said, she could just walk out of the room with his coat.

In less than thirty seconds, Kingsley walked out, followed by the person in charge. And the latter left through the back door after greeting.

Sherman put the camel coat into Kingsley's arms. Kingsley hooked his lips slightly.

Grace was still waiting. When she saw them come out, she went over.

"Do you have anything to do?" Kingsley casually put his camel coat on his shoulders and asked them lightly.

Before Grace could speak, Sherman answered first, "N O."

"Then I'll send you back."

Sherman said promptly, "Don't trouble..."

But Grace had already interrupted her, "Then I'll trouble Mr. Wright. We didn't even drive when we went out." Kingsley faintly curled his lips, "It doesn't matter."

Sherman,

Lee didn't come today, so Kingsley was driving. He sat in the driver's seat, and seemed to be very busy that h e was talking to other people with Bluetooth headset.

Grace and Sherman sat in the back seat. For the prince charming sitting right in front of her, Grace had a strong interest and her eyes had been following his back. Kingsley's every move had let her mind indulge in his maturity and charm.

Her reaction made Sherman can't help but twitch her eyes. On the way, he kept answering the phone, and the three of them didn't chat.

When they arrived at Grace's apartment, Grace got out of the car. Meanwhile Sherman took the opportunity to pull her sleeve and followed her out of the car.

Chapter 788

Grace asked Charlie to drive Sherman home, but Sherman politely refused and called a cab.

It was almost ten o'clock when she arrived at the apartment. She had been shopping all day and was indeed tired. She lay down on the bed and soon fell asleep.

The next morning, Sherman was in a daze. She reached for her phone but saw a missed call. It was Kingsley...

The fingers holding the phone couldn't help but tremble. Her heartbeat accelerated. She came to her senses, but pretended she didn't see the call.

The day after, Sherman was informed that the company would participate in the bidding for this project.

This meant that she would not be in contact with him anymore. Sherman was relieved, but she felt a little disappointed. She thought she had gone crazy.

The manager asked her to go to his office, "Continue working on this project. You should work harder to contact more with Mr. Wright and say good words to him."

"Isn't the company going to participate in the bidding? " Sherman was puzzled.

However, the manager said angrily, "Yes. The bid plays an important role. The company will not only provide resources for the bid, but also invest a huge amount of money. But the final decision and assessment will be made by Mr. Wright. You have to work harder. As a newcomer, you are lucky to take part in such a big project when you just joined the company..."

Did she ask for the luck? Or, did he force her to accept it? At once, Sherman was out of breath. It seemed that the company was imperative to this project.

People who went to the bidding were company representatives. Sherman was forced by her manager to go along with the representative of the company.

Many companies participated in the bidding with them. It was undeniable that the company did invest a lot in all aspects.

The bids had been submitted. This project is in a rush to be implemented, so the complicated procedures would be omitted. The results of the bidding would be announced in the evening.

Sherman and the company representative walked into the elevator on the second floor. The elevator door opened in the first-floor lobby. Sherman looked up and happened to see Kingsley walk in from inside the

revolving door. He was the spotlight tonight. He was wearing a black suit, which was unusually straight and shiny, without any wrinkle.

He walked in front, followed by many men in suits. But he was the only one who looked best in a suit and everyone's eyes were fixed on him.

Sherman and Kingsley were walking head-on.

Sherman had no choice but to walk forward.

When they were just about to pass, Sherman greeted him, "Hi, Mr. Wright." "Hi, Ms. Holmes." Kingsley said in a low, steady and serious voice.

The representative from Sherman's company was a woman. Her fotties. As she was going far from time, she

As Sherman said, "Is that Mr. Wright?"

Sherman nodded and she could see the amazement in the representative's eyes. No matter where he was, he would always leave an impression on others!

The representative looked back again. Kingsley was standing Upright in front of the elevator. His back was to her which had a sense of oppression. What a perfect man!

It was almost evening, so Sherman and the representative had dinner across the street. They usually chose restaurant, but the food tasted extremely good.

Sherman didn't eat spicy food in the evening. But she ordered a borscht, which was sour and warm and made her stomach feel good.

Afterwards, the two returned to the building. The representative went to the lobby, while Sherman went to the bathroom.

Chapter 789

Then she went to wash her hands. She did not notice there was some water on the floor. Unexpectedly, she slipped, and her body was shaking unsteadily.

Suddenly, a large shadow enveloped her behind, she ran into the shadow's arms, and her head just pressed against the man's jaw.

"I'm sorry..." Sherman quickly apologized and stepped back. The unique smell from the man ran through her nose. "No problem..." Kingsley said two words as his sexy lips twitched. Unexpectedly, it was him. Sherman was startled. Her mouth slightly opened, and her eyes widened, staring at him.

Kingsley moved his two long legs and put his wellshaped big hands under the automatic sensor. The water flowed across and splashed slightly on the wall, "My presence scared you so much?"

Shaking her head, Sherman came back her senses. She said, "I didn't expect you to come to the bathroom at this time." She felt that the encounter was too coincidental... "This encounter is purely coincidental."

"I didn't say it was intentional, and know it was purely coincidental." Sherman knew that he had misunderstood her meaning, so she quickly explained.

He looked at her and said, "What if said it was intentional?" "...". Sherman became silent. His eyes were too deep and dark, so she couldn't distinguish what he said was true or false. After that, Kingsley did not stop on this issue anymore, and he changed the topic, "For this project, are you determined to win?"

"To be honest, it is not that am determined to win this project, but our company is determined to win this project. What's more, our manager asked me to butter Mr. Wright up..."

Kingsley smiled, "I didn't feel you buttered me up..."

"Because my attitude towards this project is to go with the flow. It's good if can get it, and it doesn't matter if can't get it. If I am determined to get this project, will definitely butter Mr. Wright up." She pursed her lips, her face was a little hot, and she felt embarrassed.

"You are very honest." His eyes were soft. "This is my virtue." Sherman took it for granted. The arc of his lips widened, "What if want to give you this project?"

She was totally stunned, just standing there like a sculpture. Kingsley slightly curled the corners of his lips, "See you later..."

Chapter 790

It was obvious that the manager was very happy. He asked the assistant to give the phone to Sherman.

"Thanks for your hard work!"

Sherman came back to her senses and replied, "Don't mention it, it's not hard..."

She hadn't done anything, of course she didn't think the work was hard.

"Mr. Wright hasn't left yet, right? Please keep Mr.

Wright and tell him that we're treating him to dinner."

"Mr. Wright has left. He has left a few minutes ago..." Obviously, Sherman was lying.

Before finishing her words, Sherman heard the excited and passionate shout of the company representative, "Mr. Wright!"

Sherman felt embarrassed when her eyes met Kingsley's. She turned head and covered her phone with her hand. Fortunately the manager didn't hear it.

"Don't you have Mr. Wright's mobile number? Give him a call and invite him to dinner with us tomorrow." Sherman muddled along before she hung up the phone. She simply did not know what she had said.

By the time she turned around, the upright man had already left. The assistant in a suit opened the revolving door for him, and he stepped out in his long legs.

Sherman was slightly relieved, but she had a mixed feeling.

The company representative drove over and offered to give Sherman a ride home, but she declined, "No, thank you. It is very convenient to take a taxi home."

She arrived at her apartment building. While she was looking for the change, the driver looked casually out the window, and then he said, "That Mulsanne car looks pretty good. Rich man, ah!"

Hearing the word 'Mulsanne', Sherman's heart immediately beat faster. She tilted her head and looked out the window, only to find it was indeed the same car.

Sherman paid the fare and got off. The car door of silver Mulsanne was opened and Kingsley got off. Still, he looked mature and upright in the black suit. Playing dumb, she pursed her lips and asked, "How come you are here, Mr. Wright?"

"Won't you invite me for a cup of tea?" Kingsley hooked his lips. He thought it was unnecessary to answer the question whose answer was obvious.

"It seems that have no tea in my apartment..."

"Coffee is also fine, or warm water..."

Sherman didn't speak again. After all, she couldn't say that there al n warm water in esapartinent- ©
TpreariWanes in the front, biting her lips, and she thought that this man was very 'dangerous'.

Kingsley walked after her. When Kingsley stepped on the steps, his leather shoes made regular sounds, which made Sherman's heart tremble.

Sherman opened the door of her apartment. While Kingsley was eal on the sofa, Shermanwent tapu keijleqmiwihal Sreiman said previously was true. There was no tea, no coffee, even no warm water in her apartment. So, she had to boil some water now.

Before the water boiled, Sherman felt it was impolite t o keep Kingsl

sitting here wai agxshareserel seaman Oe and grapes, and put them on a plate. She put the plate in front of him, "Mr. Wright, serve yourself."

"Thanks ..." He politely thanked her, but did not reach out to get the fruit. Sherman knew that men were different from women, women liked fruits, while men liked wine and cigarettes.

She took the apple and took a bite of it. It was crispy. At that moment, the kettle rang, she put the apple down and walked over and poured a glass of water.

Sherman put it in front of him. She was a little uneasy and a little embarrassed.