

## President 791

### Chapter 791

Kingsley didn't take it to heart. He touched the glass with his fingers, feeling a little hot.

When they were in the same room, Sherman always felt that the air was a little thin and not enough to breathe and that the atmosphere was a little tense.

"That project..." She hesitated and didn't know how to suitably and correctly say it. However, she didn't find the appropriate words for a long time.

"Why did give the project to you?" He followed her words. She didn't speak or nod. She just felt that she shouldn't ask a question in this way. This was completely inappropriate.

He had obviously said that he had a good impression of her, and he had also said that he would give this project to her in the bathroom. Undoubtedly, her question was unnecessary and complicated the problem.

She really shouldn't have asked. After thinking for a while, Sherman shook her head and corrected her timely, "No! don't think I'm capable enough to take over such a big project. In terms of strength, I'm very lacking..."

"gave you this project for three reasons..." Kingsley opened his mouth and slightly sipped the water, which was still hot. He frowned slightly...

For some reason, Sherman frowned. To be honest, she was indeed a little curious.

"First, saw your seriousness and persistence. admire your rigorous attitude toward work. With such a character, naturally believe that you will do your best and will not slight the project..."

Sherman's heart beat faster, and her cheeks were a little hot. She was a little embarrassed and put her hair behind her ear. "It's not enough to have a sincere heart for a construction project. The most important thing is strength."

"This is the second point want to say. Everyone can see how much money and manpower your company has invested in this project. As you said, it's new to you. You don't have any strength or foundation.

Naturally, your company can't hand over this project t o you. The only thing you need to do is to help them win this project. At that time, there will be many designers and capable employees involved. You will learn a lot from them. You will also be trained, which will be very helpful to you. You lack experience, so I'm reluctant to push you to the forefront of the storm to take the responsibility..." Kingsley stared at her with his deep eyes and spoke slowly.

Sherman listened to the previous words very seriously. When it came to the last sentence, her face couldn't help but blush. "As for the third point, it's for personal reasons..." Kingsley's tone was gentle. "want to have something t 0 do with you..." 'want to have something to do with you...'

Sherman gave a light cough.

Sherman finally made a sound and avoided his eyes. Her face was red and hot, and she was at a loss. She didn't even know where to put her hands and feet.

His confession was deep, elegant, and concise like his personality, and it could get into a girl's heart.

At this moment, the atmosphere was very awkward. For Sherman, no matter what she said or did, it was obviously not suitable.

His gaze was deep and focused. Sherman's mouth was dry. For a moment, she forgot thatthe glassiof hb\ e tee tare WAs poured for hth. She reached out to take the glass of water. At the same time, Kingsley also reached out. As a result, his warm palm covered the back of her hand.

Suddenly, Sherman seemed to have been shocked by electricity.

pulled her handgback Herd. er rhoePAbhtS were so big that the water was all sprinkled on his shirt and suit pants.

"I'm sorry!" She quickly took a clean towel from her side and wiped the water on his suit pants.

"It doesn't matter..." Kingsley's sexy

thin lips moved, and his warm breath

sprayed all over her eyes

wee @ark\Shd he stared at her.

Seeing that she had no intention of

stopping, he said, "I'll do it..."

Chapter

"Don't move, Mr. Wright. It'll be ready soon." As she spoke, she straightened up slightly. His suit and pants had been almost cleaned, leaving his shirt to be cleaned.

The shirt felt silky and smooth. They were too close to each other, and his breath filled her nose.

Just like what Grace had said, the faint scent of shower gel was mixed with the smell of smoke, which belonged to mature men. Her face couldn't help but burn again.

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The next second, she concentrated on him. His goodlooking and chiselled features were reflected in her eyes. He pressed her lips with his warm lips.

Sherman stiffened like a log. Kingsley came closer to her, held her slender waist gently, and kissed her lips tenderly, "Close your eyes..."

Sherman felt her body become soft and tingly. When she came to her senses, she felt a little angry, "Why should I close my eyes?"

He confined her tenderly and didn't let go of her.

She still refused to close her eyes and struggled. Kingsley raised her chin. They looked at each other. He looked at her pink lips deeply and kissed them.

He gazed deeply at her with his black eyes, which seemed to give her all his tenderness.

Her cheeks were hot and her heartbeat accelerated violently. She couldn't get rid of him, so she shifted her eyes away from him. She was no match for him in any way.

The light in the room was dim yellow and very soft. But the atmosphere was blazing like burning fire. He kissed her lightly and softly for a long time.

After a while, he got rid of her. His lustrous shirt was wrinkled by her scratch. He suddenly kissed her eyes and forehead, which was very gentle, hot and tempting.

Sherman suddenly came to her senses and pushed him away with shame and annoyance.

"couldn't help myself..." Kingsley's voice was hoarse. Then he said softly, "But respect you. I'm sorry..."

Therefore, after kissing her eyes and forehead, he didn't continue kissing her.

Sherman looked up at him. His eyes were still deep, with intense and deep lust in his eyes. She was a little confused.

She was not a little girl. The impulse in his eyes showed what he wanted from her. But she did feel that he respected her in the end.

Sherman blushed. She put her hair behind her ear with her hand, and said, "I'm sleepy." Obviously, she wanted him to leave. Kingsley stood up, picked up his black coat, and put it on, "Good night." Sherman turned around and ignored him.

His Bentley Mulsanne was downstairs. He walked out with long legs, got into the car, and put on his seat belt. He rubbed between the eyes with his large and slender hand. He was impulsive just now.

He was thirty-four years old. His self-control was much better than the average people, but in the end, he was impulsive... Sherman covered her face and went back to bed from the sofa. She tossed and turned, but didn't fall asleep all night.

Thinking about what happened just now, she flushed again. She was surprised at first, then she tried to push him away. But he held her too tightly.

‘Why didn't struggle in the end? Was it because he was too gentle? Or because he was too good at kissing? Or because of both of them?

If he hadn't pushed me away in the end, would have fallen in deep love with him?"

Sherman felt humiliated and ashamed. She buried her face under the pillow. She kicked the quilt with her feet carelessly. Just as Grace said, he was indeed too dangerous!

She didn't fall asleep all night, so the next day she was in a trance. She had dark circles under her eyes and always felt sleepy.

The manager called her to his office and praised her with all kinds of nice words. She twisted the corners of her mouth slightly and didn't say anything.

Finally, the manager said that he would treat everyone to a dinner in the evening.

Sherman thought, ‘The project was won by me. People who COWES might think that thaifahaaer won the project. I'm really worried that his face would be cramped with smiles.

The manager urged her to call Kingsley, but she lied to him, "don't have Mr. Wright's phone number." "do. Call Mr. Wright." The manager handed the phone number to her.

Sherman didn't reach out to take it,

but said, "don't have SquareOmny one, Since you have the phone

number, you can call Mr. Wright

yourself."

"I'm afraid I'll disturb Mr. Wright. You can use my phone to call him here..." 'Wouldn't disturb him by calling him?

She stood still there. The manager called Mr. Wright directly and then put the phone in her hand. He kept staring at her as if he was spying on her.

Sherman was speechless.

The phone beeped for a long time, but no one answered. phone to tuickly, and went out of the office.

Everyone in the office was impressed with Sherman. She was so lucky to win such a big project even if she made a mess of the report.

But Yanny mocked, "She wasn't lucky. She just relied o n men."

The company representative kept praising Mr. Wright. But Yanny didn't believe that Kingsley was that capable and powerful.

## Chapter 793

In the afternoon, Sherman was invited to the manager's office, and he let her make a call to Kingsley. She felt that the manager always haunting her.

"Your mobile phone has been topped up. Now, you call Kingsley, and we'd better invite him for dinner. After all, he has helped us a lot."

Sherman became impatient, "Mr. Wright must be very busy. Since he did not pick up your phone, he will not pick up my phone." "have no special relationship with Mr. Wright, so it's normal for him to refuse to pick up my phone." The manager said. She refuted, "There is no special relationship between Mr. Wright and me, so he will not pick my phone up, either."

Under the manager's monitoring, she made a call, but the number was not the same as the one she had saved before. It should be the office number.

After a few seconds, no one answered the phone, and she was happy about this, when she was about to hang up, Kingsley picked up the phone and his voice was very magnetic, "Hello ..."

Sherman became silent, but the manager smiled. He looked at her and his expression was meaningful as if he was saying there must be a special relationship between them.

"Hello ..." She answered reluctantly, her heartbeat sped, and her face was slightly red. The sequelae from the night before had not disappeared, "Our manager wants to invite you to the dinner. Would you like to come, Mr. Wright?"

"Who will have dinner with? The manager or all the staff of your department?" He asked, the voice was gentle. Sherman passed Kingsley's words to the manager, and she felt that she was like a speaking tube.

What did Mr. Wright mean? The manager felt puzzled. After a while, he let Sherman reply that all employees would come to have dinner with him.

"have free time tomorrow night, after 7,00 ..."

Hanging up the phone, Sherman put the phone to the bag. The manager laughed happily. He patted her shoulder and said, "Sherman, you did a good job."

Sherman didn't answer him, and she felt that it was hard for her to explain.

In the evening, she didn't want to stay in the apartment alone, Sherman called Summer, but she learned that Summer and Mark went to France.

She called Grace, but Grace and Charlie had gone to Hawaii to surf. She could feel their happiness and sweetness from the phone.

Her two friends were busy dating, only she was alone, and she suddenly felt very lonely. The phone rang, and it was Kingsley. After the mobile phone rang many times, she picked up. "I'm downstairs."

"Wait a moment! would go downstairs right now." She said, and she got up quickly. She thought that she couldn't let him go upstairs anymore.

The door of the silver Mulsanne was opened, and it was cold outside. Standing outside was not suitable, so she got in the car. "Why don't you let me go upstairs?" Kingsley asked, and the calm voice was very pleasant to ear. She bit her lips and tightened her clothes, "I'm afraid you would be impulsive again."

"Are you still angry with me about what did last night..." Kingsley leaned sideways, his sturdy arms resting on the steering wheel, and his figure was really good.

"Why do you come here? What can do for you?" Sherman didn't want to talk about the topic, so she changed to another topic. "Are you in a hurry to go back home?"

Sherman nodded, and she felt embarrassed, "have to

get up early to go to work tomorrow morning."

Kingsley's lips curled slightly, and he was very charming with a handsome face, "Why do you reject me? Can you give me a reason?"

"have three reasons..."

She replied in the same tones as Kingsley when he confessed that night, "Firstly, you are a Successful and handsome man so I love you Secondly; I love you a seven years before, and we had a four-year marriage. also had a baby. However, I was deeply hurt by him in the end, so I am not brave enough now. Thirdly, there are many charming women around you, and I will always worry that you may fall in love with other women..."

Kingsley smiled. His eyes were deep, and he looked at her sincerely. "How do I think of these good actors, is it a thing for me? Are you able to be my girlfriend?"

Sherman felt embarrassed and shy, and his words always made her blush and made her heart beat quickly. "I know you don't like to tell a lie, so I want you to tell me the truth. Look at my eyes, and tell me your thoughts..."

Sherman wanted to leave, so she reached for the car door. However Kingsley's hand grabbed her (He went) when the car doors were locked, "Don't you want to answer my question?"



"just want to go to the bathroom because my stomach hurts."

Kingsley smiled, kneading his eyebrows with his fingers, and said mildly, "You are good at telling this kind of lie..." After hearing what Kingsley said, Sherman touched her belly, "I didn't lie to you. have a stomachache."

"Can you answer me first? Then you go to the bathroom, okay?" He stared at her with a deep gaze, "Do you like me?" "Can go to the bathroom first? do have a stomachache..." She bent over and reached out to hold her belly tighter.

"No..." Kingsley was not as gentle as he used to be, and he said, "The time that you spent saying these words was enough to answer my question..."

Chapter 794 "You are very honest and don't lie. I always believe in your character. Tell me the answer, and I want to listen to the real answer in your heart..."

Sherman withdrew her hands from her belly and leaned back on the seat behind her. "Mr. Wright, you are pressing me!"

"No, I'm praising you for your outstanding character and honesty..." He was neither too close nor too far from her, but his aura surrounded her.

She was never a person who would lie about their feelings, no matter in the past or now. After thinking for a while, Sherman bit her lips, "do have a thing for Mr. Wright."

The corners of Kingsley's thin, cold lips curled up. His facial features were gentle and his deep eyes shone brightly under the light of the street lamp.

Being stared at by him like this, Sherman blushed and her heart beat faster. She quickly said, "Any woman will have a thing for a man like Mr. Wright. just have a good thing for you. Nothing more."

"That's enough..." He stared at her deeply. "We both follow the true feeling in our hearts. Let's try to be together. What do you think?"

The curtain was finally lifted. Sherman's heart beat fast and she breathed deeply, her chest rising and falling.

"I am not a casual man. I naturally know what it means. There is no need for you to concern me. I am thirty-four, not twenty-four, nor fourteen. As for the feelings that hurt you so much, what you can do is to forget them and not to keep them in your heart. You're only twenty-seven years old and can't stay single forever. Eventually, you will have feelings for someone again. Since you have a thing for me, why can't you have a try with me?"

Kingsley lowered his deep eyes. His tone was gentle and he spoke slowly. As such, she was moved.

Every sentence he whispered seemed to tease her heart. Her heart beat faster and faster and her mouth was a little dry. "I'll think about it. When I have an idea, I'll give you the answer." Sherman said after a long while.

"Okay..."

She wrapped herself in a windbreaker and stood under the street lamp. She watched his big, well-defined hands put on the steering wheel. He gently turned left and drove away.

Sherman returned to her apartment. The apartment was not big, with two bedrooms and one living room. But for a person, it still seemed a little spacious at this time.

It was very quiet in the living room, and only her breathing was faintly echoing and floating. A person, after all, was a little lonely.

'You're only twenty-seven years old and can't stay single forever. Eventually, you will have feelings for someone again..."

His words were very right. She was 27 years old and had not yet reached the halfway of her life: he

so deeply, even if she no longer believed in love, she would still choose to get married again in the future.

When she chose to get married again, it would have nothing even with love, She would have to spend the rest of her life with Someone. She would not talk about love.

Since you already have a thing for me, why don't you have a try?' Every word got inside her heart. It kept ringing and echoing. He had a kind of ability to touch people...

The next day, Sherman got up a little

She slowed down and sneaked into the office, only to see all the staff in the office standing there. The manager was talking in high spirits.

Fortunately, no one noticed her. Standing behind other staffs, she also pretended to listen.

## Chapter 795

"Everyone knows that our department will have dinner with Mr. Wright in the evening. It's an honor for our department, so don't leave this afternoon and we'll take the car to the hotel at that time."

"Manager is it a three-star hotel, or a five-star hotel?" "Manager, are you paying the bill, or are we splitting the bill?" Hearing that, the manager said helplessly, "The bill is on the company. Sherman, please come to my office."

Sherman subconsciously felt that nothing good was going to happen. She walked in, and sure enough, the manager immediately asked what food Mr. Wright liked and what brand of wine he liked.

She slightly moved her eyebrows, "Manager, really don't know. don't know Mr. Wright that well." The manager didn't even listen to what she was saying and put the hotel's menu in front of her, "Here, you decide what to order."

In the manager's mind, he firmly believed that she and Kingsley had a good relationship, so he turned a deaf ear to what she had said.

Sherman sat opposite the manager, biting the pencil. She lowered her eyes and cast a sideways glance at the manager. Then she quickly chose her favorite dishes on the menu.

After coming out of the office, she sat at her desk and continued to work. She had been at work for more than a month, and she heard that she would receive her pay today.

While eating lunch, she received a text message on her phone, reminding her that her salary was already in her account. After having graduated for so many years, she finally earned her first sum of money on her own. She was very excited and joyful.

Soon it was afternoon. The manager gathered all the staff in the department and they came to the gate of the company, where three cars were parked.

The entire department was going to have the dinner. The president and vice president of the company sat in the first sedan. They were all important people of the company.

Yanny was breathing heavily and snorted coldly when she heard that Mr. Wright was mentioned again and again.

The employees were laughing and yelling that the company had spent a lot of money because the hotel they came to was the best hotel in Santabaca.

A private room had been booked in advance. The group of people went to the private room. They waited while drinking water.

After waiting for about half an hour, the door opened and Kingsley walked in with a serious face. He was wearing a gray coat and his strong body was hidden in a dark suit. His legs were long and straight. He attracted the attention of the crowd. There was an elegant, noble and powerful aura around him.

His deep eyes faintly swept over the crowd. He paused for a moment as he swept over Sherman.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Wright." The president stood up to shake hands with Kingsley. "Nice to meet you too." Kingsley replied faintly.

There were quite a few staff members in the private room.

Kingsley's expression was slightly stern, but not cold. He

shook hands with each employee and greeted them.

When it was Sherman's turn, the corners of his lips were slightly hooked. His warm fingertips GeHwy rubbed rgalry Shesfibiined in aa Meer she was about to pull back her fingertips, he had let go of her hand. He twisted his lips and said seriously in front of the crowd, "Ms. Holmes, may have a word with you?"

Before Sherman could speak, the ae had already vets food. Sherman, go out and talk with Mr. Wright."

Sherman was speechless.

Kingsley walked in front. His back was wide and thick, showing his perfect inverted triangle figure. Sherman was right on his heels.

## Chapter 796

When Kingsley and Sherman left the private room, all people gasped, completely impressed by Kingsley's aura and elegance.

Yanny just sat there silently, staring at her hands, completely absent-minded.

She had never seen a man's hands as delicate as his. His nails were short and carefully manicured. His fingers were slender.

The moment Kingsley shook hands with Yanny, she felt her body went limp.

The manager lowered his voice, asking, "Eh? Overwhelmed by him?"

Yanny cast a glance at the manager without saying a word. She looked through the window at the back of Kingsley, feeling jealousy.

Kingsley leaned against the window, tall and upright, and Sherman standing in front of him, "Have you decided it yet?"

Sherman did not expect that Kingsley asked her out to talk about this matter. Through the window, she still could clearly sense others' gaze on her.

In front of all the people, only through the window, he actually ...

"You think I'm impulsive?" Kingsley raised his beautiful eyebrows, rubbing his forehead, and said gently, "After having been waiting for the whole night, I can't wait to..."

Sherman's face went red again.

He didn't speak either, his deep hazel eyes gazing deeply into Sherman's eyes.

"I have a requirement ..." Sherman said, slightly biting her lips.

"What requirement?"

"We can try to date, but only for a month." She continued.

Kingsley raised his eyebrows with confusion, "One month?"

"Yes, I am more attracted to you than to other men, but I am not to the degree of falling in love with you. So, we can try dating for a month. And one month is long enough for us to get acquainted and understand each other. I think you feel the same way about me as I do. Compared with other women, you are just more attracted to me, but not to the point of attachment either. And after a month, maybe we will have different feelings about each other and come to realize that the relationship is not as expected. And maybe we will have the same feeling for someone else. Then, when the time comes, we shall break up with each other. As we start the relationship naturally, let's end it peacefully..."

Sherman thought about it all night. And this was the conclusion that she came to. She thought this idea was good for both of them.

He was too dignified and elegant. Kingsley was serious now, but Sherman worried that he was just on a whim. As for Sherman, she was recovering from her last broken relationship. And she was trying to start a new relationship with a man other than Billy. As Kingsley had said, since she had a crush on him, it was not a big deal trying dating with him.

She was no longer the little girl who was obsessed with fairy tales. Furthermore, she did not believe that a man like him would fall in love with her at the first sight.

They were just attracted to each other, and it was not like or love.

"You are very thoughtful and considerate, and smart, thinking from your own perspective..." He said lightly.

"Previously, my heart was broken because of the terrible marriage, so I am now more cautious with relationships. And, I do not want people in the company to know that we are in a relationship. I hate to feel pressured..." She made another requirement.

He agreed with all what she had said. With a gentle look, he listened to her words, her opinions, and her thoughts.

Sherman walked into the private room. Her face was red. She was restraining herself. Everyone started to take their seats, however, it seemed that the manager had made special arrangements, so she sat beside him.

## Chapter 797

Kingsley was very gentlemanly and drew out the chair for Sherman. However, her heartbeat accelerated. She was afraid that those people would look at them with strange eyes.

She reached out to put her hair behind her ears. She didn't dare to look at him, but just lowered her head and said, "Thank you, Mr. Wright."

"You're welcome." Kingsley's voice was low and full of deep meaning as he looked at her. Another female employee of the office was beside him. He also helped her draw out her chair.

The female employee was excited to look at him with obsession, "Thank you, Mr. Wright."

He hooked up his lips and smiled politely and gently. The female employee was tempted. Yanny was very jealous of her because she should have sat there.

"Come on. Mr. Wright won't like you. Don't have unrealistic dreams." The manager whispered. The female employees were all dreaming.

Yanny glanced at the obese manager, then she looked at Kingsley, who was elegant and gentle. She couldn't help but be a little annoyed.

Kingsley's gray coat was so long that it reached his knees. Before he sat down, he took off his coat and handed it to the waiter, "Thank you."

The waiter hurriedly shook his head and helped him put it away.

He only wore a black shirt, but there were several silver lines at his collar and shoulders. Such a shirt was not monotonous but low-key and exquisite.

The bosses were sitting at the table, so everyone was a little uneasy. All the dishes on the table were Sherman's favorite. She enjoyed them with a fork.

Kingsley didn't eat anything. He was the spotlight of this evening. Everyone focused on him and talked about him. He kept sipping his wine lightly. His expression was gentle. Sometimes he whispered a few words in a very gentlemanly manner, without making people feel distant.

Suddenly, Sherman felt that her left hand was hot. She lowered her eyes slightly and saw him hold her left hand with his right hand under the table. He laced their fingers. She flushed and her heartbeat accelerated. His bold move was beyond her expectation. She tried to get rid of him, but in vain.

Employees of the company were around her. Sherman was afraid that her action would draw others' attention, so she didn't dare to move.

Kingsley held the red wine in his left hand and shook the glass gently. He hooked up his thin lips, sipped the red wine, and talked to the president.

Sherman pretended to be calm but her ears were red. Her left hand was weak. He put their hands on his firm thighs and kept playing with her hand.



Kingsley drank four glasses of red wine, but he didn't eat anything. Sherman's left hand was let go. She froze, but then she saw him take out his phone from his suit pants.

He opened his phone and tapped his fingertips on the screen. He smiled at the corners of his lips. He seemed to be looking at something in a very good mood.

Everyone looked at him. His smile made many female Heke eolet psa Ferg @nilé, @puthis phdhs to the pocket of his suit pants, but didn't drink anymore.

The manager joked, "Mr. Wright, doesn't your girlfriend let you drink? Why don't you drink now..."

Kingsley neither denied nor affirmed. He raised his eyebrows of red wine and always care about me much..."

He said these words very slowly and paused for a few moments occasionally, which made many women blush.

His words were ambiguous, but he admitted that he did have a woman. Sherman didn't say anything but kept her head down and drank her soup.

"But think Mr. Wright likes her very much. You seem to enjoy it!"

## Chapter 798

"Mr. Wright, you are a really lucky man." "The woman who can be Mr. Wright's girlfriend is very lucky too!" "Mr. Wright's girlfriend must be very beautiful and elegant."

He smiled, but he didn't say anything. Sherman felt the vibration after listening to everyone's words. She took out the mobile phone and saw a text message.

It read, "Find an excuse to leave and then wait for me at the corner of the hotel. There's a cafe." The person who sent the text message was naturally the man sitting next to her. Sherman's heartbeat speeded up a little bit, but she wanted to laugh. Men like him would also lie.

Everyone was eating, so she couldn't find an excuse to leave. When she was full, Sherman picked up the bag, glanced at the crowd, and left.

When she walked out of the hotel, she sent a text message to the manager, saying that her period had come, she felt uncomfortable, and she had to leave early.

After sending the text message, Sherman frowned again. She didn't know why she did these things.

Standing at the corner of the hotel, she felt like a thief.

After seeing Sherman leaving, the manager paid attention to Kingsley to see when he would leave.

Kingsley sat still and smiled lightly. The manager sat at the window and saw Sherman walking around the corner of the hotel.

Ten minutes later, Kingsley got up. He glanced at the watch on his wrist, put on the gray coat handed over by the waiter, and apologized, "There are still a few documents to be processed, so have to leave now. will invite everyone to have dinner another day. The taxis have been booked for everyone. hope everyone enjoys the meal and arrives home safely."

Everyone was saying that it didn't matter. Kingsley slightly adjusted his collar with a faintly apologetic look and left as everyone watched.

Seeing Kingsley's car did not drive to the cafe at the corner of the hotel, the manager frowned. Wasn't there a special relationship between Sherman and Kingsley? He sat down again.

The silver Mulsanne circled the hotel and finally stopped at the door of the cafe. The car door was opened, and Sherman sat in.

The car left, and soon it stopped at the bistro on the South Lane. Sherman frowned. Kingsley looked a little tired. He loosened his tie and said, "drank many glasses of wine, but didn't eat anything. Would you

like to eat some food with me?"

Sherman could feel his tiredness and then she nodded. There were still many people in the bistro on the South Lane, so the two of them were still sitting in the private room they had sat before.

She ordered a cup of warm water, and she let him drink it first. fT that, the ordered sttéken noodle  
sbdp Ad Vyetable soup, and the two sat opposite each other.

She ate chicken noodle soup, while Kingsley ate vegetable soup tO {T) ibis that he\way teal y  
hungry

new. Even if he ate quickly, he was still elegant.

Resting his slender left hand on the table, Kingsley pulled his thin lips and said in a deep voice,  
"Your hand." Sherman frowned slightly. Although she was puzzled, she still put her hand in his  
palm. Kingsley smiled. He held her hand, rubbing her palm slightly, and continued to eat the soup.

Sherman's heartbeat sped up, and she was a little embarrassed 9h wanted to take hestisndBack  
bedhue she was not accustomed to his sudden intimacy, "You are still eating."

Staring at her, Kingsley said, "This kind of action will not affect me to eat..."

"feel a little embarrassed." Sherman pursed her lips in embarrassment.

## Chapter 799

The waiters were serving the food, but he still held her hand on the table. "Since we are in love, we  
should do what normal lovers do..." Kingsley said in a low voice. He looked at her intently.

Sherman didn't say anything. Her face was flushed. After a while, she said, "Why do think that  
everything you say makes sense?"

Whether the words that convinced her last night or these words, Sherman couldn't refute him. After  
a moment, Kingsley raised his eyebrows and said, "won't say words that don't make sense..." "You  
are too arrogant." She laughed lightly.

"No. This is what my age and experience have given m e..." He said, "As said, my life is not like a  
blank sheet of paper. It is rich, full and complex."

Sherman was really very curious about his life. In what kind of environment did such a man grow up?

After dinner, it was already ten o'clock. While driving the car, Kingsley asked her, "Shall we walk down the street?" Stroking her bulging stomach, Sherman nodded,

Good idea."

The silver Mulsanne was parked by the river. It was too cold and too late, so there were few people by the river.

The river was flowing slowly, and ripples appeared on the river because of the wind. It was a bit cold and Sherman's coat was thin. She couldn't help but hugged herself.

Suddenly, she felt something on her back. She looked up and saw Kingsley draping his coat over her shoulders with his large and slender hands gently.

She looked at him, raised her eyebrows, and asked with great curiosity, "Are you considerate and thoughtful to every woman?" "I'm a gentleman..."

He gazed deeply at her with his dark eyes and swept over her pink lips. He approached her, leaned down, and kissed lightly on her left cheek. Then he kissed her pink lips. He was very good at kissing.

Sherman froze as if she was a statue. Kingsley's overpoweringly nice smell surrounded her nose.

Their faces were close. She could see every angle of his face clearly, which was deep and handsome. Every angle showed his depth and distinction.

He kissed her lips, took her into his arms with his big veeyencon eed eontiabite er ear, "But Won't be so intimate with them. I'll only do this with

you... On this beautiful night, Sherman was moved by the warm embrace, the hot kiss and the moving murmur. Sherman thought that such a man was born to bewitch women and make them fall in love with him... Until she sat in the car, she was still wearing his black coat, which gave contrast to her fair skin. "Beautiful..." Kingsley sighed in a low voice.

Sherman waved her long sleeves in front of him, "I see adult's clothes. I'm not beautiful. I'm funny."

"It's up to the point of view you take and the metaphor you use..." Kingsley gazed at her and moved his lips

, trying to make YOU see an oriental performer who was dancing on the stage in her costume. When she waved her long sleeves, she was full of feminine charms..."

## Chapter 800

Sherman would blush before, but not so often. When Sherman was staying with him, Sherman blushed a lot. Sherman didn't know if it was because she was too shy in front of Kingsley, or it was because Kingsley was good at talking hot.

It seemed that Kingsley hadn't talked hot. But then even ordinary words from his mouth were like honeyed words, sweet and tantalizing.

Soon they arrived at the apartment building. Sherman got off and gave back his black coat.

It was already late. It was nearly ten o'clock. She had to get up early for work tomorrow morning. And she felt too embarrassed to invite him to her home again.

Fortunately, he did not offer to get in her house either but asked her in a gentle tone what time she would go to work. "6:40 am." She replied. She had to get up early in the morning to take the subway, otherwise, she would be late for work. He nodded and asked her to have an early night. She, in return, told him to drive carefully.

Back in her room, Sherman turned on the light and

turned around. Her eyes unexpectedly fell on the mirror behind her, and she saw her reflection in the mirror.

Her cheeks were pink and burning at this moment. The pink lipstick on her lips had almost gone and there were marks left by kisses. Seeing this, her cheeks got hotter.

The time Kingsley returned to the villa, Luke was sitting on the sofa with steak and red wine in front of him, enjoying himself. Hearing the sound, Luke looked up and then winked at Kingsley, "heard that you were with that pregnant woman?" "Who tell you about it?" After hanging his coat on the coat hanger, Kingsley sat down on the sofa.

"Lee," Luke said he didn't understand him. "Why do you like her? You had all kinds of women around you, who are beautiful, sexy, cute, innocent, or mature. And as long as you want, they will scramble to be your girlfriend."

Kingsley casually put his hand in the pocket of his suit pants and took a cup of warm water, "They are not the kind of women that [like ...]"

"Then, what kind of women do you like, Mr. Wright?" Luke frowned, "So, you love her?" "Love often evolves from an initial crush on someone."

Kingsley turned around and refilled his glass.

"So, it means you are just attracted to her." Luke picked up the wine glass and took a sip, "Kingsley, have you ever heard of the saying, 'Sometimes before the seeds of crush can sprout in abundance, they are nipped in the bud by the disgust bred over time.' To be honest, she doesn't deserve you!"

"Then who deserves me? You?" Kingsley turned around. Holding a glass of water in his right hand, his left hand casually put in the pocket of his suit pants, Kingsley stared at Luke and said sternly, "She is now my woman, do not like to hear anyone say she isn't good, especially you, Luke. Whether she deserves me or not, it is up to me."

Luke paused and then smiled, "Well, well, got it."

In the private room of the bar.

On the long table, there were bottles, fruit, and scattered cigarette boxes.

Billy was sitting in the middle with Natalie on his left, who looked pure and seductive. Last time Billy came to the class reunion with Sherman, and this time with Natalie.

The circle of their acquaintances was neither big nor small. Everybody heard that Billy divorced Sherman and was with Natalie now.

"Natalie, long time no see. You are more beautiful now. " The seniors were joking. Natalie smiled in a very gentle way. At this moment, it was Natalie who sat beside Billy.

"The three most popular girls in school used to be Grace, Sherman and Summer. Now Sherman is to be replaced by Natalie."Someone laughed.

Hearing someone mention Sherman, Natalie slightly frowned. She did not want to hear this name, particularly, she hated someone mentioning this name in front of Billy.

As long as nobody mentioned her, he would finally forget her, otherwise, he would be reminded of her.

"You are just flattering me. just have an ordinary appearance." She smiled faintly.

Holding a wine glass, Billy slightly paused. He hadn't heard someone speak of Sherman for a long time either.

The last time he heard Sherman was about half a month, or a month ago. Anyway, it had been a long time since then.

"As time goes, the character of a woman will slowly make a change. Sherman thought that Billy loved her s o much, so she became more and more arrogant. She becomes unreasonable and bad-tempered. On the contrary, Natalie is much gentler."

"Yes, yes, yes, So it is good for Billy to get rid of Sherman. It is said that women are a long-term investment, after looking at Sherman and Natalie's

deed, think this statement does make sense."

Somehow, Billy felt annoyed. Maybe it was because someone mentioned Sherman or their past.

He put down his glass and walked out of the room. Before leaving, he said, "Excuse me, I'm going to the bathroom."

His eyes flashed. Shortly after Billy left, Natalie put down the juice and followed him out.

Billy went to the bathroom. He leaned lazily outside the wall of the bathroom with a cigarette in his hand. It was smoky there. The young girl who passed by him blushed and kept looking at him.

Natalie walked up to him and put her tender hand on Billy's. "They didn't mean to talk of Sherman."

Billy threw the cigarette on the ground and stomped it out. He knew a man's ring finger also true that Sherman became domineering as time passed by."

Later, it was true that Sherman changed, and she and he never have agreed to divorce her.

Also, mentioning Sherman, he had some strange feeling in his heart. He was annoyed but he didn't know what was bothering him.

## Chapter

Natalie also did not talk about it again. She responded with a gentle smile and hugged him. Early in the next morning. At six o'clock, Sherman woke up, dressed up, and made breakfast. She was eating a fried egg when her phone rang.

"Are you awake yet? It's already 6:30 ..." The man's smoky voice seemed deeper and more charming in the morning.