

President 821

Chapter 821

Of course Natalie wanted to watch the good show. She inadvertently stroked her hair next to her ear with her fair and slender hand. The ring on her hand was exposed.

The diamond ring glistened brilliantly under the lights, which made Sherman feel hurt.

Sherman picked the diamond ring when she and Billy got married. At their wedding, she personally put it on Billy. Now it was ironic that this diamond ring was on another woman's hand.

She closed her eyes slightly and looked away. But at this moment, Natalie stood up with a glass of red wine and stood in front of Sherman, "Sherman, want to toast you."

Sherman ignored her, regarding her as air. "We didn't get along well in the past. But let bygones be bygones. want to apologize to you."

Natalie's voice was warm and crisp. She squatted slightly and deliberately picked up the red wine on the table and handed it to Sherman with her hand with the diamond ring.

Sherman ignored her, but Natalie shoved the wine glass into her hand. She felt disgusted when Natalie touched her. Sherman let go of her hand, and the whole glass of red wine spilled on Natalie.

Natalie wore a white dress, so the red wine on her dress was very conspicuous. She cried out in shock and seemed to be very pitiful.

Summer had previously told the difference between Sherman and Natalie. Sherman wouldn't pretend to be soft to gain others' sympathy, while Natalie was very good at doing it.

All the women in the room looked at Sherman with disdain, condemnation and disgust in their eyes. Sherman felt funny, "Why are you staring at me?"

Sloane reached out to pull her. Sherman patted her hand lightly and looked at those women, "Can you accept your ex-husband's mistress apologizing to you? You guys are so powerful."

The women in the room were quiet for a minute. Natalie had a stern face, but she calmed down quickly.

"Since you are supported by a man now, you're also a mistress. How could you curse us? Aren't you afraid of being beaten up by his spouse when she finds out?"

Sherman laughed, "Let's wait and see." Everyone became more disgusted with her and thought she was too shameless.

"Sherman, isn't the party over yet?" At that moment, a mellow voice came over.

Everyone's eyes in the room followed the voice. Sherman and Natalie also looked over.

Kingsley had one hand in his suit pocket. He was tall and slender, standing at the doorway in a graceful posture! He wore a long black coat, with a powerful and domineering aura and an aroma as mellow as red wine around him.

He showed the elegance and silence of a mature man when he just stood there quietly. It was a unique aroma of the man that charmed the women present.

At this moment, the room was very quiet, even if the squeak of a shoe on the ground could be heard clearly.

Natalie stared at him and got lost in thought for a long time.

He walked in front of Sherman with

his long legs and placed his big hand

on her shoulder. He said gently with his deep eyes on her, "Can you

leave now?"

The warmth from her waist and the pleasant smell from the man made Sherman blush.

Kingsley's sexy, thin lips slightly curled. The big man bent over and picked up her trench coat gently. "It's cold outside. Put it on." Standing there, she took the trench coat and complied.

"She hasn't been feeling herself recently. Please excuse us and have fun. I'll foot the bill..." Kingsley said blandly.

Sherman fell silent and slightly pursed her lips. To her surprise, this man told a lie so calmly.

"Now that you're here, why don't you stay for a while longer?" The eager voice of a woman came over, followed by the others' echoes.

"We're fine and should go to a dinner party." He curled his lips lightly and held the crowd's attention.

Sherman said goodbye to Sloane, but the latter kept glancing at the noble and elegant man. Grabbing Sherman's arm, Sloane asked for her confession.

In a subdued voice, Sherman promised to call her and answer her every question. This man was born a leader. With a few words, he had the situation under control. Natalie didn't say a single word the entire time. Her silence was sudden.

"Shall we go?" Kingsley snapped his gaze back. His deep eyes landed on Sherman. The latter nodded, and the two started to leave the private room.

Natalie stood there still. Kingsley walked past, shoulder-checked her, and curled his lips. "Sorry," he apologized courteously in a deep voice.

His voice was husky and perfectly attractive. When his black coat brushed by her, Natalie smelled faint smoke and an herbaceous fragrance.

"It's okay." Natalie gazed at him. Without another response, the big man went out with Sherman. He came like a shining star and left like a gust of wind.

Those women present gazed at the leaving man silently for a long time. They had never expected there to be such an elegant, outstanding, and inviolable man.

"Sherman is not kept by him as a lover, is she?" Someone asked. "What's the big deal? I'm willing to keep him as a lover. His temperament alone makes me blush and my heart race." "His maturity and stability are so attractive. Alas, why haven't we met such a fine man!"

Just then, Natalie's cell phone rang, and she answered the call from Billy. The latter asked her to go back to the villa. She agreed, as it was pointless for her to stay there any longer.

Natalie said goodbye to everyone and left the bar. Her eyes inadvertently saw the couple.

In a black coat, the man demonstrated his mature and handsome appearance. First, he went to the passenger side and opened the door. Then he went to the left, bent over, and sat down.

In the near distance, Natalie saw the silver Mulsanne. The streamlined and low-key car suited the man well. The price of a silver Mulsanne was around five or six million dollars. It was not a premium model. It was too cheap for Billy. He liked fabulous cars that cost as much as tens of millions of dollars each.

The only cheap car he had driven was a Hyundai that cost hundreds of dollars. Back then, Sherman. When he went to see it, he drove that car.

Such maturity, reservedness, stability, and elegance were missing in Billy.

However, this man might not be able to match Billy in terms of fortune. He was a rich one in Santabaca.

Chapter 823

When Kingsley passed her, her heart could not help beating faster. Natalie watched the car disappear in front of her, and she also got in the car and started.

Sherman was leading a good life now, and it was much better than she had imagined, which made her really uncomfortable.

Natalie had thought that Sherman would be ridiculed at the class reunion tonight. But this was not the case, and she hated the result.

Billy was signing the papers at the villa when Natalie came back. She was a little tired, but she didn't know the reason. She put the car keys on the table.

Billy skimmed over her white dress and said, "Mow'd you get that wine stains on your dress?" There were wine stains on the front of her dress and o n the hem of her dress.

Natalie said directly, "went to the reunion tonight, Sherman happened to be there. made a toast to her but she pushed me away..."

Natalie wouldn't tell Billy that Sherman had changed s o much now. And she would not talk about the man beside Sherman. Billy would be curious about Sherman's change, and h e would also want to know who accompanied Sherman. She would just stop at where it should!

Sure enough, there was an irritable look on Billy's face when he heard Sherman's name. He didn't want to hear anyone mention Sherman.

"She has a prejudice against you. She hit you before, but now she's getting more and more unruly and capricious. Stay away from her from now on."

"see." Natalie said, "I'm going to change my clothes. Sorry that forgot to bring what you wanted me to buy.

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"It's fine..." Billy said casually. He picked up the red wine on the table, sipped lightly, and then picked up the papers on the table. Natalie nodded and then walked into the bathroom with pajamas. She didn't want Billy to know anything about Sherman.

As for the transformation of Sherman, all she had in her heart was disgust and unwillingness...

And, if possible, she would try her best to avoid letting Sherman meet Billy. It was better to let the two never see each other. Even though Natalie was in the shower, she kept thinking about these things.

If she could make Billy hate Sherman, that was what she wanted.

In the car.

Sherman's eyes fell on the elegant man next to her, and then she said in a slightly teasing tone, "Don't you have another dinner party?"

"Do you think I'm lying to you?" Kingsley naturally felt her own implication of Higgins to Mrs. Githers. "No, NS was sexy and honest, "How about take you there?"

This time, Sherman was surprised and her eyes widened, "Is there really a dinner party?" Kingsley smiled gently, and then he started the car.

Sherman could not read his mind, and could not tell whether what he said was true or not. She frowned slightly, but she didn't care that much.

"Did you eat anything tonight? Would you like to get something to eat?" She asked.

Kingsley nodded and asked her what she wanted to eat. After thinking

about it, he said, "Would you like to go to the South Lane very much? Why don't we go and have some soup together?"

Kingsley seemed to be delighted to hear that Sherman knew a lot about his taste.

The bistro named The Flavor on South Lane was full of customers. Kingsley's private dining room was decorated. The soup bowls in this bistro were wooden.

Sherman knew his taste. He liked the minestrone soup, and she also ordered some toast and fried chicken wings.

She ordered the sweet oatmeal fruit porridge for herself. It was not only appetizing, but also very nutritious. While having the porridge, Sherman raised her head and said, "They said that was kept by you."

Raising his handsome eyebrows slightly, Kingsley put down his spoon. He looked at her intently and laughed lightly, "What did you say?"

Sherman didn't answer him, but turned her head slightly and blinked her eyes, "How much do you think it costs to keep me?" He still gazed at her and said gently, "Priceless. Why do you ask this question?"

She couldn't help but blush and her heartbeat accelerated, "Never mind. But seem to be worth a lot of money."

"What will you do if someone wants to keep you?" Kingsley asked.

Sherman shook her head directly, "No way. would never agree."

"So you can't be kept with anything. You make your own decisions about your life. That's why you are priceless..." Kingsley said slowly.

His voice was very gentle. His slowness and gentleness captivated Sherman.

"Just think about it. If were in a brothel, how much do you think would be worth?" She asked seriously. Sherman felt curious about it and she took it seriously.

Kingsley laughed lightly and said, "I don't know you are so naughty."

She was really not naughty. In fact, she was curious, but he felt she was naughty.

Afterwards, he seemed to remember something. His eyes swept over her, and then a low voice streamed from his throat, "You are beautiful tonight..."

All women would blush under the gaze of his deep and tender eyes. Sherman's fair face turned pinkish, which made her look even more attractive.

Shy women were the most beautiful. Kingsley moved his gaze slightly and placed his warm large hand on the corner of her mouth.

Sherman froze, and then she felt the heat of his big hand, which was so hot. He stroked the corner of her mouth with his thumb gently and slowly. Meanwhile, he gazed at her with his bright eyes. Sherman thought he would kiss her.

But in the end, he didn't kiss her. He kept rubbing the corner of her mouth with his big hand gently as if he was very interested in it.

Sherman felt hotter and hotter, as if there was fire burning in her body. She couldn't help but want to dodge. But just then, he let go of her. He smiled lightly, "Good girl..."

Sherman was silent for a moment, and then she said, "Good girl? I'm already twenty-seven years old. Don't call me that..."

"Why not?" Kingsley said faintly, with a look as tender as the night. Sherman took a deep breath...

The way he said sweet words was really different from the other campers' sweet piney. Sherman felt more flushed about his.

Ten minutes later, the two of them left the bistro. Then, he sent her back to her apartment.

The restaurant was very close to her apartment. It was a ten-minute walk but

they spent twenty minutes.

Kingsley parked the car under Sherman's apartment. He still didn't let go of her hand when the car started just now, Kingsley held Sherman's hand and never let go of it along the way. Sherman put her messy hair behind her ears and said,

"Would you like to go upstairs and have a cup of coffee?"

"Your friend is at your home. won't go upstairs. But I'm delighted and surprised at your invitation..."
He said.

Chapter 825

"I'm going upstairs then. Drive carefully and be safe." Sherman withdrew her hands and unbuckled the seat belt. She was about to get out of the car. Suddenly, the man's strong, warm palms grasped her hand.

Before she realized what was going on, the man's tall, strong body leaned over and pressed against hers. His fervent kisses made her out of breath.

His kiss was passionate, but it was tender. No, it was tender at first, but then it grew wild. She felt like an electric shock hit through her body, a faint pain on her lips.

It was the first time Sherman felt Kingsley's passion, a passion other than the gentleness of the man. After quite a while, he let her go. The tip of his nose pressed against hers, and his lips were next to hers.

The night was cool. The car was quiet. But it was so intense between the two. They were both calming their breath. No one moved a bit, either he or her.

Kingsley gazed at her, but Sherman could no longer look him straight in the eyes. At the moment, his eyes looked so dark and so deep, like melting ink. But the desire floating in them was obvious.

But Kingsley was a gentleman. He straightened up. And then he helped her organize her slightly mussed clothes with his big, bony hands. He tucked her loose hair behind her ears. "It's getting cold. Go upstairs..."

Her cheeks were blushed, her breathing was short, and her lips were scarlet and swollen. She nodded in silence and got out of the car.

She wanted to watch him drive away. He, however, insisted on watching her go upstairs first. They were both stubborn. Eventually, Sherman went upstairs first. After seeing her slender figure disappear in the doorway, he started the car and left. With just a glance, Grace knew what had happened with Sherman. She exclaimed exaggeratedly, "Mr. Wright is so wild!"

Sherman was already blushing. With Grace's exclamation, she felt all her blood rush to her cheeks. She gave a solid pinch on Grace's arm.

The pain in Grace's arm was severe. Grace dodged Sherman's next pinch. Then she asked her about the class reunion.

Sherman was silent for a few seconds, and then she told her that Natalie was also there and that she was wearing a ring. It was the one she had given Billy at their wedding.

"Natalie really is a bitch!" Grace cursed, "She was neither in the same grade nor even in the same school. It is your class reunion. What's Natalie's business there? She must have gone there to show off! Bitch and bastard were made for each other!"

Pouring herself a glass of water, Sherman sat down on the couch. She didn't say a word.

Grace asked her again, "Did they make you embarrassed?"

On this question, Sherman confessed to her. They said she had hooked up with some old rich man.

Some people were so mean. Grace knew about them. Then she asked, "Why did you come back with Mr. Wright in the end?"

Sherman was frank with her. Grace pondered a while and said, "Mr. Wright was really considerate." He was clearly sticking up for her.

Sherman asked, "How is that?" Grace simply said, "Mr. Wright didn't use to come around people." "... " Sherman was silent.

Suddenly Grace's phone rang. It should be Charlie's mother. When she picked up the phone, Grace's face, and it didn't look good, and her tone was

harsh.

Grace hung up the phone. Sherman was right. It was Grace's mother-in-law.

Although Charlie's mother didn't like Grace, she was quite frank. She made it clear that she wanted Grace and Charlie to get a divorce.

Grace tossed her phone aside and went to the bedroom. Seo breathed slightly. She had to go to the main bedroom. In the broad bed, they slept side by side, each with their own thoughts.

Sherman thought that if she had known in advance that she would meet Natalie at the reunion, she would have gone. It was not that she was timid, but because she had always hated Natalie. She thought there was no need to see her.

The next morning, a silver Mulsanne was running on the road. Kingsley was leaning back in the leather seat, his eyes closed like he was asleep.

Chapter 826

Lee was driving and said, "Mr. Wright, a business party invites you to attend tomorrow night." "Find an excuse to refuse..." Kingsley's expression was indifferent. It seemed that he wasn't very interested in it. He disliked to attend parties and tried his best not to attend.

"But Mr. Wright, your father called and said that the host of the business party was the son of his old friend. He asked you to participate." Lee was a little embarrassed.

Kingsley narrowed his eyes and put down his crossed legs. "Go back. I'll be there tomorrow."

"What about the female companion?" Lee asked again.

Before Kingsley could say anything, Lee hurriedly said with a smile, "You will bring Ms. Holmes, won't you, Mr. Wright?" Kingsley smiled, "You know a lot..."

Lee also smiled and then began to focus on driving.

On the other side, the host also invited Billy and asked him to attend it tomorrow.

The Day Corporation was also one of the top five

prestigious companies in Santabaca. It didn't matter if he would attend it or not.

However, there was a cooperation between the two companies at present, so he had better attend it.

Billy asked his secretary to reply that he would attend the party on time.

The secretary asked him about his female companion. Billy thought for a moment and said that he had his own arrangement. When the secretary left, he called Natalie.

Upon hearing this, Natalie responded in a soft and calm voice. However, on the other side of the phone, her face was full of joy.

It was the most famous business party among the upper classes in Santabaca. It was held every year, and all the people who attended it were famous.

Of course, bringing a female companion to this kind of meeting had a unique meaning. It was equivalent to admitting her identity. Billy was a well-known figure, so he wouldn't bring a random woman as his female companion to such a party.

Natalie was so excited. Then, she went to the mall to choose the dress she would wear tomorrow. She must be serious about this kind of party.

When Sherman got off work, the car was already waiting on the street corner. Today the driver was Kingsley, not Lee.

He didn't send her home directly but went to a cruise ship with her. Under the night sky, the lights were flashing, which made the cruise ship look more splendid.

Sherman was confused as to why he had brought her here. Kingsley asked the waiter to bring her a seat and a fishing rod.

Chapter 827

In her impression, most men liked bars and bustling and lively places. Few men like fishing... But he could sit there so quietly, with a relaxed and elegant posture...

She knew he was calm, but she didn't know that he could sit there so quietly. He closed his eyes slightly. His fur collar on the black coat was fluttering in the cold wind, which brushed his face...

Suddenly, Kingsley leaned his long body forward and looked at her eyes. The distance between them was so close that she could clearly see every pore of his face." What are you looking at?"

Sherman was shocked by his behavior and her heart was still beating fast. She was a little embarrassed. "N o... Nothing..." "Really?" He said mildly, with a charming chuckle on his face. He moved the fishing rod. He didn't believe it.

Sherman didn't speak. Her eyes quickly fell on the fishing rod, as she was embarrassed.

"Nothing, really." She adjusted her breathing secretly and once again defended herself.

Only her slightly pink cheeks betrayed something...

Kingsley knew what she was thinking about but he did not say it. He raised his lips. "Do you think my hobby is boring?"

Sherman shook her head. Different people had different hobbies. As long as it was a hobby, it was never boring. "Your hobby gives me a very calming and dependable feeling..."

The men nowadays had been corrupted by material desire and some of them had become ostentatious and frivolous. So, there were not many men who had the patience to fish...

As he had said before, fishing tested one's patience, perseverance, and calmness, which were what men lacked now. In the end, she added, "I like this kind of calmness and quietness"

After her marriage to Billy, she no longer liked enthusiasm, madness and vigorousness. What she liked was quietness. Kingsley's expression was tender. "Do you like the calm environment or do you like the calm person?"

Sherman became silent and uttered no words. Her eyes fell on the sparkling river.

Immediately, Kingsley did not continue this topic, nor did he force her to give an answer. He also looked at the river. After a while, Sherman spoke and gave the answer. "I

like both."

She felt that it was very good to get along with him these days. She enjoyed calmness and quietness a lot at this time.

Kingsley's expression became tenderer when he raised his lips. Time passed quietly and they two were quiet. Only the faint sound of their breathing could be heard.

Sherman was fishing for the first time and indeed, she was not so patient. After she stayed quiet for half an hour, she looked around.

Kingsley noticed this so he took a book to tell jokes. When he told the jokes in such a low voice, it gave Sherman a different feeling.

Sherman didn't expect that he would tell jokes. She was slightly startled and then listened to him.

Gradually, she felt a little sleepy. Sherman leaned her body lightly sideways and buried her head on his broad and sturdy shoulder, listening to him quietly.

The fishing rod moved slightly and Kingsley pulled up the fishing rod with his big hands. Then he put the fish in the basin next to him.

Sherman glanced at the fish, which was quite big and was still swimming in the basin.

"When you stay with me, you may feel dull and bored. But will try to make you feel happy..." He rubbed her hair. "Although am seven years older than you, there may be no generation gap between us..."

Sherman was stunned slightly. There were ripples in her heart, as if a stone was thrown into quiet water and ripples spread.

He was so outstanding, noble, elegant, and proud. But at this time, he said such affectionate words to her. She blushed and her heart beat fast.

No woman thought that a thirty-four-year-old man was old. And they felt that such a man, who was mature and calm, was in his prime.

When a man was young, he may have no sense of responsibility because they experienced too little and always gave people a sense of impetuosity and impulsiveness.

When a man was in his thirties, his abundant life experiences endowed him with maturity. Whether it was his behavior or personal cultivation, he was superior to others.

"never feel that there is a generation gap." Sherman said.

The deck was very quiet, with no one else around. Perhaps no one would come to fish on such a cold night.

"like this answer very much and want to kiss you..." Kingsley said in a deep voice suddenly, with his eyes bright. Hearing that, Sherman blushed and looked away to avoid looking at him.

With light laughter, Kingsley used his big hand to gently hold her chin and then kissed her passionately.

Before she could react, she was kissed.

Chapter 828

Suddenly, her phone buzzed. She took a glance at it and it was Grace. Sherman didn't want to answer it, but it kept buzzing. It seemed like if she didn't answer it, Grace would keep calling.

Reaching out for her phone, she still didn't answer it but simply hung up and turned it off. She was afraid it would wake the man up, who was still sleeping, lying beside her.

Grace knew that Sherman hadn't been home all night. She would definitely make a fuss about it.

"Morning..." Kingsley's deep eyes were half-open, with rare laziness. His voice was husky.

There was a slight flush on her cheeks. "Morning."

Reaching out his strong arms, he cuddled her over, and he kissed her softly. "apologize for last night... was rude..." "..." Sherman didn't say a word. She felt a little awkward.

Kingsley smiled softly. He was enjoying watching her being a bit shy and embarrassed.

He was refreshed and had a peculiar charisma.

"It's 7:10. Are you going to work, or are you taking a day off?" Kingsley asked.

Sherman had almost completely forgotten she had to work today. Immediately, she was anxious. "I'm going to work." Her job had just gotten on track, and she had grown to adapt to it. She was not going to take a day off.

"It's 7:10. We have 10 minutes to freshen up and then 15 minutes for breakfast. I'll drop you downstairs at the company by 7:50. You don't need to rush. Don't panic..." With a light kiss on the corner of her lips, Kingsley raised his hand to look at the watch and said in a low voice. In a few seconds, he had scheduled everything for her.

Seeing she had just got a few minutes, Sherman was anxious. But his low voice calmed her down as if it had a natural capability to calm people's nerves.

She got dressed, showered, brushed her teeth, ate breakfast, and got in the car. Everything was within the schedule he planned.

When they arrived at the office, it was 7:48. Sherman was relieved. Kingsley was as elegant as usual. He had a faint smile on his face.

After saying goodbye to each other, Sherman walked into the office building, and then he left. In two minutes, she would be late. She admired Kingsley for he timed it perfectly.

Walking to her desk, she got to work. She was always dedicated to her work. At noon, she had lunch with a girl from the company. They got along well.

The girl knew that she had started working in the company as a cleaner, so she asked her curiously why she would stay.

At her question, Sherman smiled, "I just got divorced a t that time. And just started living on my own. didn't know much about the society or have any work experience.

Without any expertise or social experience, she got nothing but her hands. The girl smiled, "Then you might as well be a cashier o r shop assistant at a supermarket or department store."

Sherman was still smiling. She knew clearly those were all manual labor. Staying in the company, she could still expect a future; if she worked in the supermarket...

While she was sipping the coffee, Grace called. She would find her sooner or later, she couldn't get away from it.

Grace yelled, "Finally, you answer the phone! You may as well keep your phone turned off forever. Never answer my calls! You're getting good at making your own decision."

Sherman smiled awkwardly. She could only smile and play dumb.

"Wow, you're starting to stay out all night. You must have had a wonderful time last night. Didn't Mr.

Wright make you high?"

Sherman was still smiling. She didn't say a word. On such an occasion, she had no better option than to keep silent.

Chapter 829

They were to attend a party at 7 p.m. Billy said he would pick Natalie up at 6:30 p.m.. He told her to get ready in advance. Natalie bought a black cut-out dress. It looked similar t o the one Sherman wore last time. But they were not quite the same. Natalie's dress was slit up to her thighs, revealing her slender ivory legs. It looked very sexy.

Natalie was keen on comparing herself to others, especially with Sherman. At the last party, Sherman wore a black dress and everyone was amazed at her. People complimented her a lot, which made Natalie unhappy.

This time, she also wore a black dress, and she had a fur coat over it. Instead of putting on makeup herself, she asked the driver to take her to a beauty salon.

Tonight's party was different from the usual. She knew it well, so took it quite seriously.

She arrived at the beauty salon at 5:30. It took an hour to put on makeup and do her hair. At 6:30, Billy came to pick her up. Natalie was delicately dressed up. She had her hair permed, the wavy hair falling over her shoulders and

she smelled fragrant.

It was snowing heavily. The driver walked to the back seat and opened the door. Natalie got in the car. Billy was sitting beside her.

"Darling, my dress is a bit high-slit..." She looked shy, organizing her dress in a deliberate manner.

Billy was examining papers. Hearing her words, he turned his eyes to her.

Just a glance, he caught her exposed legs, ivory, slim, really inviting. Billy's eyes darkened and his Adam's apple rolled. Natalie's body was so soft and she nestled in his arms, "You will ruin my makeup... Don't..."

Billy ignored her warning. He was still kissing her. After a while, he finally straightened up.

Natalie tapped him playfully on the shoulder. Then she took out the mirror and lipstick she had with her. She started to fix her makeup in front of him.

Billy watched her for a few seconds, and he wiped the corner of his lips. The look in his eyes was flirtatious and cunning. At a luxury hotel, inside the presidential suite

Kingsley was sitting on a white Italian sofa, his legs folded, his face nonchalant. Sherman was sitting beside him, her eyebrows slightly furrowed.

Sitting across from them were the hosts of tonight's business gathering, Duke Greig and his wife, Eyre Greig.

Kingsley told her it was just a usual party and that he needed to bring a partner. But Sherman didn't expect it to be such a grand party. A lot of big names were at the party.

Kingsley was talking to Duke. The look on his face was indifferent. He took a sip of the wine from time to time. He was elegant in his demeanor.

Sherman also had a glass of wine in her hand. She was talking to Mrs. Greig. It was only a casual conversation. They didn't know each other well.

However, she felt really awkward. Duke and Eyre had been at the wedding when she and Billy got married. At that moment, the secretary came in and told Duke that all the guests had arrived. Duke stood up. "Mr. Wright, please."

Kingsley also got up. He opened his thin lips, his voice low and nonchalant, a bit detached, "Mr. Greig, you are the host. Please go ahead."

But Duke insisted, with respect in his tone, "You are too modest! Mr. Wright, shall we?" The two men walked ahead, and Sherman and Eyre walked behind them. They talked quietly while heading to the stairway. When they reached the stairway, Sherman was startled. Her body was tensed up, as stiff as stone, her face taut and pale.

Natalie was holding Billy's arm. The two were standing right in the middle of the stairs. Just as they reached the stairway, Sherman caught sight of them.

Natalie looked up in the direction of the sound of someone talking. She was surprised to see Sherman. And the man beside Sherman looked mature, elegant, and noble. She was stunned.

If he had known the news in advance, he would certainly not bring her to the party... "Does it matter?" Kingsley leaned towards her slightly, with his sexy lips pressed close to her ears. His voice was low. Sherman was startled, so she didn't react...

He sighed lightly and gently pinned the hair scattered on her cheek behind her ears with his well-structured hand. "If you are uncomfortable, we can leave early..."

After blinking, Sherman looked at him and told him her true feelings. "I don't feel uncomfortable. just feel it's a little sudden. didn't expect to see him again in this way."

Kingsley moved his lips. His mood seemed very good s o his voice was even more gentle and pleasant. "I like t o hear you tell me your true feelings. It is charming. You look beautiful now. believe that you have told m e your true feelings ..."

Then Sherman couldn't help but blush a little. Obviously, he didn't say affectionate words but he could easily make Sherman's heart beat fast and make her blush.

The heating in the hall was very warm, which made people a little sweaty. Kingsley took off his black fur-collared coat and wore only a suit.

Sherman also felt a little hot so she took off her red coat. Kingsley gently took it and hung it on his arm casually. After he took off his leather gloves, he handed her coat and his gloves to the waiter.

His coat was black and the fur collar was also black. The coat looked elegant. The only difference between his coat and hers was the color. Hers was red. Their coats seemed to be a couple's style.

Sherman wore a royal blue dress, which was personally selected by Kingsley. His taste had always been good. The dress that he chose was really exquisite.

The royal blue dress set off Sherman as elegant and attractive under the dim light. The long skirt was spread on the red carpet like waves. The waistline was very thin. Sherman looked graceful and confident. The dress also set off her fair skin, which was as fine as the porcelain which exuded a light luster.

Her jet-black hair was not curled or coiled up but was tied up with a ribbon. When she walked, the skirt fluttered and she looked like a fairy.

She put on very light makeup and she was extremely beautiful, with delicate skin and pink lips. She attracted the attention of all the men present.

Natalie clenched her hands involuntarily, feeling that she could never get rid of Sherman. In fact, women did not need heavy makeup.

All the people present here were toasting, drinking and communicating in order to establish good relationships with each other for later use, except Kingsley.

He seemed to be extremely disinterested in this activity. He and Sherman sat in the corner, with red wine and fruit in front of them.