

## President 891

### Chapter 891

Kingsley turned the car around. When he was about to leave, a vibration came from his phone. He picked up the Bluetooth earbud. His face became stern and he said in a low voice, "Where are you now?"

After that, he hung up the phone and entered "airport" into the navigation system with his slender fingers.

He steered to the right and drove off in the opposite direction. His face was stern all the way.

He was thirty-four years old. It was rare to see such a mature man's face look so stern...

On the other side.

After all was done, the manager looked at Billy with a smile and said, "Mr. Day, please go to the office and have a cup of coffee."

Billy still stood in place. Of course the manager knew the reason. Then, he said to Sherman, "Bring the design drawings of the project here. Mr. Day doesn't understand two places. You should discuss and revise it."

Billy narrowed his eyes without saying anything, turned around, and went to the manager's office. Obviously, he acquiesced to the manager's words.

Sherman still sat there and tapped the keyboard. She knew very well what the manager wanted to do. Through the window, the manager could see clearly that Billy was already impatient in the office. After knocking on Sherman's desk, he frowned and said seriously, "Hurry up!"

Sherman found the design drawings from the pile of documents and looked at the manager slowly, "Do you know that my boyfriend is Mr. Wright? What you have been doing would affect the relationship between Mr. Wright and me."

The manager coughed lightly and said, "You and Mr. Day would just talk about business. Mr. Wright should be understanding."

Sherman didn't say anything, but showed a sarcastic smile at the corners of her mouth. She picked up the file and went straight past the manager to the office.

"If divorce you later, I'll definitely get more than three percent of the shares. suddenly regret divorcing you so early." Sherman laughed lightly and looked at Billy.

Billy raised his eyebrows and said with a smile, "No way. Even if you regret it now, there is nothing you can do."

"Indeed. If had known that you would become the president soon, wouldn't have minded staying by your side for two more months."

Sherman said these words to deliberately disgust him and make him disgusted. She hoped that they wouldn't have any contact in the future.

Billy also smiled and said mockingly, "Yes."

The smile on Sherman's face deepened. She raised her and said 'If love for rahe Why do you want to pursue me? Don't you think you're ambivalent?"

"You deliberately aborted our child and divorced me. Y \yare now Wind

let go of you?"

Sherman just laughed happily and didn't say anything.

She looked forward to seeing how he would react if he knew the truth.

Billy was very distracted. He should hate her. He'd better keep away from this cruel woman! However, he couldn't bear her being so close to another man.

Sherman didn't continue this topic with him. She pointed to the computer! He and Wyhick added that they should talk about business.

## Chapter 892

At this time, there was a call reminder on Billy's phone. The call was from his assistant, reminding him that the president of WA Company from Athana would arrive at the airport at eleven o'clock and needed to be picked up early.

Day Corporation established a cooperative relationship with WA Company from Athana and they were going to sign an important contract proposal.

As the saying goes, a new broom sweeps clean. Billy had just been promoted to president. He wanted to establish his prestige, which naturally required achievements.

Originally, Day Corporation focused on designing, engineering and construction of department stores, entertainment facilities, and so on. In order to make achievements, Billy planned to start a game project. The purpose of this cooperation with WA was to acquire the game rights of WA company.

Therefore, Billy definitely could not make the president of WA feel unwelcome. So he got up quickly, said a few words to the manager and left.

Sherman walked out slowly and pleasantly, holding the document.

She and Kingsley had already agreed that they would go fishing on the yacht again in the evening, and then make fish soup with the fish they caught.

The navy blue coat outlined Kingsley's tall and straight figure. The black suit pants were straight without the slightest crease. Standing at the airport, Kingsley exuded a mature and noble aura.

People coming and going could not help but look at him.

Lee stood beside him, feeling the eyes of those people, and said, "Mr. Wright, you can wait in the VIP lounge. I'll wait here." Kingsley looked around with his deep eyes. Then he nodded and said in a low voice, "Let's go to the VIP lounge together."

Sitting on the expensive red leather sofa, Kingsley folded his charming long legs and raised his wrist from time to time to check the time.

The waiter brought over the coffee. Kingsley picked it up and took a sip. The coffee didn't taste very good, but he finished the glass after all.

Kingsley thought that it was a courtesy to respond to others politely when they treated him in a friendly manner. The time the plane arrived in Santabaca was eleven o'clock. Ten minutes after eleven o'clock, a female

guest came into the VIP lounge.

She was very young, wearing a long black dress, a knee-length black down jacket and knee-high boots.

Her beautiful brown hair was permed in big curls. She was very beautiful and elegant, and her facial features were exquisite, just like a Barbie doll.

After seeing her, Kingsley asked the waiter to bring a glass of water, walked over to her, and then handed it to her, "Drink it to warm yourself."

"Good." She smiled happily and drank the glass of warm water. Her body was instantly warmed up.

After putting down the glass, she walked towards him and her boots made a clattering sound on the floor. Then unexpectedly, she stepped forward and hugged Kingsley, calling Kingsley with her sweet voice, "Hubby."

Kingsley's chiseled face showed no expression. As gentle as usual, he said softly, "You'll take the next flight back to Lanechett."

Merlin Bennington shook her head and refused, "I just arrived in Santabaca. I don't want to go back to Lanechett so soon." "I don't have time to accompany you."

"I don't need your company. I just want to stay here and live with you."

## Chapter 893

Kingsley's big bony hands rubbed his brows. "You know that never like to be disturbed." She took a step back, "I can live in Luke's home."

"It seems that you were not listening to what said. don't want you to stay in Santabaca..." When he said this, his expression was still gentle.

However, Merlin still refused, "Kingsley, I'm not in good health. can't take the plane twice in a day." Kingsley didn't continue this topic. He asked her, "Where's your luggage?"

Merlin said it was on the baggage carousel.

Kingsley asked Lee to get her luggage. Merlin followed him, with a smile on her red lips.

After taking two steps forward, Merlin stretched out her hand and held Kingsley's arm intimately. She followed his footsteps and called him hubby again.

Coincidentally, Billy waited at the VIP lounge next door. When he returned from the bathroom, he happened to see that scene.

With a playful smile on his thin lips, he leaned against the wall lazily and watched them with interest. In the end, he took out his mobile phone and took a few

photos.

The distance between them wasn't far. He could clearly hear the woman calling him hubby.

It was an interesting turn of events. It seemed that the man surnamed Wright had already married.

If that was the case, then, Sherman...

Squinting his eyes, Billy was still wondering when his assistant came over and said that the president of the WA had arrived.

Billy asked his assistant to book a five-star hotel and a restaurant in advance. Then, he reached out to tidy his suit and tie and went to the VIP lounge.

On the other side.

Grace called Sherman at noon, and they had lunch together.

Grace didn't say anything about her and Charlie.

Sherman didn't ask her either. But in the end, Grace still said something that the situation became complicated.

This sentence was a little vague. Sherman didn't know what she wanted to say. The situation became complicated. What did she mean?

Grace refused to say anything more. She began to eat lunch and gave her a down jacket, which was bright red.

Sherman felt that she didn't like the color. It was too conspicuous and a little coquettish...

Grace slapped her on the back. She had carefully selected it. It was beautiful and festive.

But, this color wasn't the right fit for Sherman.

Grace didn't argue with her anymore. She packed up her things and left. Sherman went back to the company and began to work. It was almost evening. When it was time to get off work, Sherman didn't receive a call from Kingsley.

In the morning, they made an appointment to go fishing together. He would drive over to pick her up.

Sherman called Kingsley and asked him if he was going to go fishing.

Kingsley's voice was low and apologetic. "Of course, wait for me for 20 minutes. It's too cold outside. You go to the cafe opposite to have a cup of hot coffee. I'll be there soon."

Sherman nodded and went to the cafe to wait.

Exactly twenty minutes later, the silver Bentley Mulsanne parked outside the cafe. Sherman paid the bill. Then, she seemed to think of something and asked for another cup of black coffee.

Opening the door of the driver's seat, Sherman handed the coffee to the man and asked him to sit in the passenger seat. She would drive.

Kingsley's deep and dark eyes were full of tenderness. His lips curled into a smile as he said, "Are you worried about your man being tired?" Sherman's face blushed. How could these words he said be so different?

Kingsley leaned over slightly and held her slightly cold hands in his warm palms. After a Kovel's gasper "Your dingeas at&'Still stiff at this moment. If you drive the car, will be worried. Ten minutes later, your body will warm up. Then I'll let you drive..."

Ten minutes later, when Sherman was driving, Kingsley drank coffee. He was holding a coffee cup with a light and gentle smile.

There were very few people on the yacht, let alone people who were fishing. Standing on the deck and Ahahgthe whistling cold wind, Sherman shivered and shrank.

They were fishing in the cold wind. She was a little regretful.

After hanging the bait, Kingsley sat on the chair and looked at Sherman, whose face was blue. He shook his head helplessly and waved at her.

Sherman walked over, stamped her numb feet, and asked him, "How long will it take to catch a fish?"

"No one has ever asked me such a question..." he replied.

After thinking about it, Sherman agreed. Some people couldn't catch a fish in the whole afternoon, while some people would catch several fish.

He waved at her again, and Sherman was puzzled. As she approached, Kingsley directly hold her into his arms.

His chair was very big. He casually pulled his black coat over and covered her inside.

## Chapter 894

There was a big difference between a woman's body and a man's body. Sherman's hands and feet were cold, but Kingsley's body was as warm as a furnace.

Sherman could feel that his black coat wrapped them very tightly. Snuggling up to his chest, Sherman could feel little cold wind.

So, while Kingsley was fishing, Sherman was sitting on his laps, snuggled in his warm chest, and wrapped in his coat. The man was tall and the woman was petite. If not looking carefully at them, one simply could not find that there was a woman in the man's arms.

Kingsley asked for a cup of warm milk tea and handed it to her. Sherman did not like milk tea, thinking it was overly sweet. But Kingsley disagreed, for he thought it was unhealthy for women to drink too much coffee.

Sherman said nothing more. Instead, she began to sip it. While Kingsley was fishing, she asked, "Besides fishing, do you have other hobbies?"

Kingsley's good-looking fingers set off her slender waist. He lowered his eyes to look at her, "What's wrong?" She said, "The next time we date, we don't have to come to places like here."

Kingsley stared at Sherman with his deep eyes. A big smile touched his lips. Then he leaned close to her, whispering in her ears, "Actually, such a quiet place like this has benefits."

Sherman couldn't think of any benefits of this place other than its chilly wind and silence.

Kingsley smiled gently. His big smile was soft but had a hidden meaning.



Sherman has never seen him smile like this. It was such a charming smile which seemed a little dangerous too... The next second, he leaned over and kissed her for a long while.

Only till this moment did Sherman understand the overtone of his words.

It was very quiet around here except for the sound of the water and wind.

She was still curled up in his arms with her face buried in his coat.

Sherman was very tired, and her cheeks were scarlet. She did not intend to stick out her head.

It was good that his warm chest served as a thick wall, which could keep out rain and wind so that Sherman did not feel cold at all.

At this moment, she needn't be shy. Then Sherman closed her eyes and slowly fell asleep. Sherman felt a big difference between Kingsley's embrace and Billy's. The warmth of Billy's embrace was temporary. And in Billy's arms, she could feel nothing else but temperature.

While in Kingsley's arms, she could feel his warm chest and steady heartbeat, while the peacefulness gave Sherman enough sense of security. She felt that Kingsley was the person that she could rely on for the rest of her life.

She seemed to have been in deep love with this charismatic man. What's more, after the trauma of a broken marriage, could she still expect a life-long relationship?

Kingsley rested his chin upon her hair, and there seemed to be inscrutable emotions in his eyes. After a long while, he opened his mouth and said very slowly and quietly, "If one day ..."

Before Kingsley could finish his words, steady breathing came to his ears. He looked down to find that Sherman was asleep, whose tiny nose was red from coldness.

He felt helpless and stopped talking. Then he pinched the tip of her nose in a doting manner. The phone rang. Kingsley held the phone and glanced at the screen, and then he quickly hung up it.

Without putting away the fishing rod and line, Kingsley directly got up and went to the room on the ship with Sherman in his arms.

In the room, Sherman slept on the inner side, and he would sleep on the outer side.

When he came out of the bathroom, his phone rang again. But this time, it was Luke calling.

Kingsley answered the call. Luke asked, "When will you come back?"

"I am not going back tonight..." Kingsley replied.

"Don't you think it's impolite if you are not coming back tonight? She comes here from Lanechett for you." Luke said sternly. Holding his phone, Kingsley didn't reply but pinched his brows with long fingers.

The next second, Luke cleared his throat and said in a tone much better than just now, "She is waiting for you."

"I have to stay with her tonight. I'm not going back tonight." Kingsley hung up the phone after saying it.

Hearing the phone was hung up, Luke's face hardened. Of course

he knew the son that Kingsley was referring to. Luke could think of nobody else except Sherman.

Kingsley's affection for Sherman was much deeper than he had thought... The next morning, Sherman slept very well. Generally, as long as she slept beside Kingsley, she wouldn't dream all night.

She went into the bathroom, took a shower, and walked out of the room. Kingsley was setting the dining table for breakfast. His broad and strong back was finely carved.

The black slim sweater and soot-gray straight pants were just as usual. He seemed unique, a handsome and elegant man in them.

## Chapter 895

"Come here. Have some breakfast." He beckoned to her. Sherman walked over. She looked at the table and narrowed her eyes slightly, "We're having fish soup early in the morning?"

"caught it at fishing last evening. told the cook to make it a lighter way. Have a taste. If you don't like it, also had asked them to prepare porridge." His eyes were tender.

Hearing him mention last night, Sherman blushed impulsively, and she felt her cheeks burning. It was obvious that she remembered last night's frenzy of passion.

Since it was the fish he caught, she would definitely love to taste it.

She had two small bowls of fish soup. It tasted good, very light and fresh. The taste lingered in her mouth after a taste. Seeing Sherman liked it, Kingsley curled up the corners of his lips. There was satisfaction in his eyes and a hint of heaviness. The breakfast was good. Sherman was in a good mood. Putting on light makeup, Sherman waited for

Kingsley to take her to the office.

It was a bit far from downtown, and the place was a little isolated. It was not convenient for commuting. There were no cabs or buses around.

"Wait a minute. have something to talk to you about..." Kingsley sat down on the sofa. He looked a little more serious than usual.

Sherman was surprised. She wondered what he was going to talk to her. She walked over to him. His warm palm grasped her wrists and, with a gentle tug, he brought her into his arms. She was sitting on his lap. His arms encircled her waist.

"I am married. I'm a married man." He gazed deeply at her and said. For an instant, everything went silent. It was quite a long time before Sherman could speak, "Are... Are you kidding?"

"I'm never kidding. Whether it's what just said, or what I'm about to say, for every word, can assure you it's true. will never lie to you..."

However, Sherman didn't know how to respond. More precisely, her mind went blank, and only a buzzing sound was reverberating in her head.

She couldn't hear anything. She was overwhelmed by his words. She went numb, rigid.

The blue veins in her forehead throbbed, and then she began to

aa} struggle to get out His strong arms around her waist clutched tightly. "I will let you go. But you have to hear me out first..."

"don't want to hear anything from

"Only for a few minutes..." He insisted.

Sherman rarely went mad anymore. But this time, she lost her mind. Her fingertips scratched his neck, leaving two deep scratches.

She was breathing short, and she felt tightness in her chest. She couldn't

breathe. After a while, she tried her best to

suppress her anger. "Okay. Speak straight! I'm listening. Why do you mess around with me when you're already married?"

Kingsley lowered his eyes slightly. He reached out to pat her on the back.

But Sherman dodged it. She told him not to make any unnecessary moves. She looked cold and strange to him.

## Chapter 896

"My wife is Luke's younger sister, Merlin. She and Luke are twins. She was born a few seconds later than Luke, with a congenital heart defect..." He said.

Hearing this, Sherman finally understood why Luke's attitude toward her was so weird. What's more, Luke had told her that if she discovered something about Kingsley one day, she would be painful and emotional.

At that time, she didn't understand why Luke said that. But now, she clearly understood that he was referring to the fact that Kingsley was married.

"Luke's parents and my parents were old friends. His parents died in a plane crash. At that time, my parents were on the same flight as his parents. It was a little late when my parents bought the tickets, so their seats weren't together. My mother got airsick. To take care of my mother, my father and Luke's mother exchanged seats. Luke's mother readily agreed and they were safe and sound along the way. However, when the plane was about to land, it rained heavily. The visibility was low and the speed of the plane was too fast. The plane made an emergency landing, but it failed. Therefore, it chose to fly for the second time. However, the plane's belly hit the ground. An accident happened. The passengers sitting in the front rows

have died. My father and mother were safe and sound. If they hadn't exchanged seats, Luke's mother would still be alive..." It was the first time that Kingsley talked so much. He talked slowly and solemnly.

Kingsley pursed his lips and said in a softer voice, "Our whole family feels guilty about the Bennington family. Two years ago, Luke proposed that get married to Merlin. only have family affection for Merlin. There is nothing else. Two years ago, Merlin's health was getting worse and worse. Even walking was a kind of difficulty for her. When she walked, she blushed and was breathing hard. Luke made use of our guilty conscience to ask me to marry Merlin. To repay the kindness of their parents, my parents agreed. But before we got married, we had a clear agreement..."

"The two sides, whether she or me, can do whatever we want when we have a crush on someone else..." "So, is this agreement protected by the law?" Sherman asked him with her hands tightened slightly. Kingsley frowned. After a long silence, he stared at her deeply.

"This is not a reason. The most important thing is that you haven't divorced. Crucially, you pushed me to the position of a mistress. This is what hate the most in my life. You have completely put me in such a situation!" Sherman's emotion was a little out of control.

"Sorry." He said. "Is it useful to apologize at this time?" Sherman took a deep breath and became angry, "Why didn't you tell me from the beginning?"

"It's not easy for me to have a good impression of a woman and like her. It has never happened in more than a decade. You're the only one. Compared with other women, you're so different. You've just divorced, and I'm in such a situation.

"At first, you didn't care about me. If I had told you these things, you would only stay away from me completely. But don't want to miss you. It's not easy for me to meet a woman who makes me so impulsive in my thirties..."

He paused for a moment, and his voice became deeper and deeper. "I couldn't say it at the beginning, but in time, for you became deeper and deeper. I dare not to say. You have a tough temper. You are a determined person. If you know about this, it means that there is no turning back..."

"Why do you choose to tell the truth now?"

Kingsley closed his eyes and said, "These words are true. No matter how badly hurt you, hope that you will know the truth from me. These facts can only be told to you by me. I don't want to hide anything from you..."

Sherman's chest still heaved violently, but it was much lighter than before.

"Actually, I should be blamed for this. I'm reckless and impulsive. I trust you too much. I believe in your behavior character. I experienced today : I should have asked you carefully before this relationship began. I shouldn't have trusted you so much. Now I put myself in such an unbearable situation!"

Kingsley was in a bad mood, but his voice was soft and his eyes were full of anxiety. "Don't deny it. I have shortcomings. Now, my shortcomings are exposed, but you don't want to see me again..."

"There are many shortcomings I can accept, but the only thing I can't accept is this. Besides, it's not a weakness. What's more, let's break up..."

## Chapter 897

Sherman finally said the words out.

"In the past, always felt that could have it all. My marriage with her contains a lot, the love of friends, the guilty conscience of my parents, and the fulfillment of her last dream. In the end, there is nothing that can make the best of both worlds."

Kingsley wrapped his arm around her slender waist and couldn't help but hold her harder. His deep eyes darkened, and he inhaled the smell of her body with a sense of reluctance. He was most afraid of her saying such words.

It was still snowing outside. She was definitely late for work and was in a bad mood, so she decided not to go to work.

Suddenly, she was a little exhausted when she walked on the road. She was more obsessed with this relationship than she had thought.

The snow was falling heavily and the weather was even colder. There were no cars on the road at all.

Suddenly, the very familiar silver Mulsanne stopped at her side. The window was rolled down, and it was Kingsley. He said, "It's cold outside. Get in."

Sherman did not seem to hear him and continued to walk forward. Kingsley knew very well that she did not want to sit in the same car with him.

Kingsley opened the car door and came out. He was obviously in a hurry to go out, because he didn't wear a coat, but just a black sweater.

He clutched her wrist, "Let the driver take you back to Santabaca. have urgent things to do at the moment. I'm not going back for now. It's hard to get a taxi here."

Having something urgent to do and not being able to go back was just his excuse, because she didn't want to be with him. The weather was indeed too cold. So Sherman did not insist. After she sat in the back seat, the driver started the car and left.

Kingsley did not leave but stood in the snow. From the rearview mirror, his long and tall figure became smaller and smaller until it disappeared.

After returning to her apartment, Sherman turned on the radiator and went straight into bed. She was tired, physically and mentally exhausted, and drowsy.

Kingsley did not go back to his apartment, but wore a thin sweater and waited by the roadside for an hour. When she woke up, it was already dark. She felt a little hungry, so she made herself a cup of instant noodles. She opened her phone and saw that there was an unchecked message from Kingsley. He asked her if she got home safely.

Her warm fingertips paused on the phone screen for a moment, but finally she did not reply.

She went to the window to see if it was still snowing but instead peeped downstairs.

Sherman was slightly stunned. But for a moment, her face was cast toward the window. She sat down in front of the computer and began to work.

Even if his marriage was a contract marriage with clear terms,

he was a person who got involved in their marriage.

## Chapter 898

But Sherman didn't feel that distressed, at least, Kingsley did not completely conceal the truth from her, and he had told her everything.

The only relief to Sherman was the agreement between Kingsley and his wife. The terms were specific, which gave her a bit of comfort, so she thought at the very least, she was not that humiliated.

While eating her instant noodles, she browsed through the pages of her computer. It was almost time for bed when Sherman got two more messages.

-- "Are you in bed?"

--"If I have all these things settled, is there any chance that we will make up?"

It was still Kingsley who sent the messages.



Sherman didn't reply. She just read it and then turned off the phone. She didn't want to do the dishes, so she casually left it in the kitchen, intending to wash it tomorrow.

When passing by the window, she saw that the Mulsanne was still there.

Sherman paused but didn't pay much attention to it.

She didn't want to think about anything, she just wanted to have a good sleep.

The apartment's lights went out, and half an hour later, the Mulsanne left.

The next day, Sherman went to the company. The manager's face hardened but did not lose his temper to her.

Yesterday, Sherman called to ask for a leave, but the manager didn't approve, saying that there was a lot of work to be done in the company. Sherman ignored the manager's words and didn't come to work all day.

Knowing that she had gone too far, Sherman made a cup of coffee for the manager. "I am to be blamed for my absence from work yesterday. I will work hard today."

The manager was a bit angry with her inwardly, but he could not afford to vent his anger or offend her. So, the manager waved his hand impatiently and told her to leave.

Sherman focused on working without thinking about anything else. She didn't pay attention to anything but her work.

At the end of the day, Billy came to stand in front of her, glancing at her and saying, "have something to show you."

"don't have time and I'm not in the mood. have to work, please leave." She was still tapping on the keyboard.

"think that you would be interested." Billy's words got an overtone. He turned on his phone and handed it to her.

The moment Sherman's eyes swept over the photo, she paused. She took the phone and her firm gaze fell on the picture.

"It was photographed at the airport, the woman called your Mr. Wright hubby. Do you know that he is married?"

Sherman looked at the woman in the photo, who was slender and elegant. The only drawback of her was her pale face. "Yes, know." After saying that, she returned the phone to Billy. "Then you are still with him?" Billy's brows furrowed. "If you continue like this, how far are you going to descend to?"

Sherman sneered, "He and have already split up. Mareaves, weather up omteanihhor not has nothing to do with you."

Billy was not pissed off. He just cared about the first half of her words. He was quite happy. "Let's have a cup of coffee tonight?" Billy was asking her out.

Sherman began to work, being deaf to his words, but Billy was qui RMN beamed with delight. ow the fact would think that something great had happened to Billy.

## Chapter 899

Sherman stared straight at the elevator and waited intently. When the elevator arrived, she stepped into it. The manager pressed the button for the private elevator. However, Kingsley moved his thin lips and said, "No."

Then an elevator arrived. Kingsley turned around, moving his long, straight legs, and walked to the elevator. Stepping inside the elevator, he pressed the button for the ground floor.

The manager was confused. 'Didn't Mr. Wright just say he was going upstairs to fetch some papers? Why did h e suddenly change his mind?"

Finally, he seemed to think of something. He smiled. ' Wasn't that Sherman who had just left in the elevator?"

Kingsley did not seem to have shaved in the morning. The pale stubble on his chin made him look even more sexy, charming, and mature.

He walked to the parking lot, got in his car, and drove out. He drove slowly following the bus in front. Sherman was on the bus, so was Billy, who kept pestering her and wouldn't leave.

She walked into the neighborhood. The security guard at the gate of the neighborhood stopped Billy. Then the guard saw Kingsley's car. They had seen this car quite often. The guard was there when Kingsley lost his temper that night, so he had a clear memory about that night.

He didn't stop Kingsley. The car drove into the neighborhood smoothly.

Sherman noticed his car, but she didn't make any reaction. For these days, she felt tired, really tired. She didn't want to think about anything.

She still lived her life like usual, cooking dinner, going to work, showering, then lounging on the couch watching TV, doing yoga, and sleeping.

This evening, as always, the car didn't leave until the light of Sherman's apartment went out. Luke knew they were apart. He smiled. He seemed to be content. 1

Kingsley put the keys on the table. Luke gestured to the room, indicating that Merlin was asleep. "I'll take her back to Lanechett in two days," Kingsley said, turning to Luke.

Luke couldn't guess what was on his mind. He said at once, "I'll go to Lanechett with you."

Kingsley did not respond. Whether Luke went or not, it was fine. He was at liberty. But there were some things he had to get them settled.

The next day, when Sherman woke up, Lee was already waiting outside her door. He had brought breakfast- - bread, milk, and ham. She didn't let Lee in the door or take the food.

She got out of the apartment to go to work, and Lee drove the Mulsanne following her. He drove very slowly, keeping a distance from her.

Sherman was a little annoyed, but Lee wouldn't listen to her. He followed her all the time. If she got angry with him, he would say he only listened to Mr. Wright.

And that he would do whatever Mr. Wright told him to do.

Sherman took out her cell phone and found Kingsley's number. However after a moment's hesitation; she said 'SOS' slightly and took a deep breath. Eventually, she put the phone back.

For the first day, she felt awkward. By the second day, she got used to it. By the third day, it was a natural thing. No matter how much Lee followed her around, she could be easy about it. There was no big deal about it.

And Lee followed her everywhere she went. In addition to breakfast, Lee also brought her lunch and dinner.

Even when she got on the bus, the silver Mulsanne always followed

the bus. When the bus was slow, the Mulsanne was slow. When the bus drove fast, so did the Mulsanne.

Everyone in the company could sense that Sherman and Mr. Wright were having trouble. They all said that Mr. Wright had done enough and she should let it go. Sherman didn't say a word, as if she didn't hear them. She just focused on her work.

The bottom line was that the agreement between Kingsley and his wife was not eligible by law, even though the terms were clear, detailed, and acknowledged by both.

## Chapter 900

However, what would others think of her? How could others know the agreement? They would only think that she was a mistress.

Today, something was abnormal. Lee didn't come over, nor did Bentley Mulsanne. It was very peaceful today. She seemed to have returned to the days after the divorce. She ate, worked, practiced yoga, and watched TV alone.

This kind of life was really dull. There had been a robbery in the apartment she lived. Although she was bold, she still felt a little worried.

Therefore, she planned to rent another apartment. Even if it was expensive, she was willing to rent. The most important thing for a single woman now was safety.

While it was time for lunch, Sherman went to the most expensive apartment community, where many celebrities lived. It was said that not only the security measures were very strict, but also the privacy of residents was well-protected. The only shortcoming was that the rent was expensive.

She looked at the layout of the apartment and the surroundings. Then she paid the earnest money. When she found a more suitable one, she would move away.

After work in the afternoon, Sherman went to the supermarket to buy some vegetables and fruits. Then she called the moving company to help her move the next day.

She felt a little empty and lonely at night, so she decided to invite Grace to have dinner with her.

As for Summer, now she was a treasure. She had been pregnant for more than seven months, so Mark didn't want her to go out. When she got off work in the evening, she was asked to work overtime. So when she left the company, it was very late.

Walking to the apartment building, she saw the car that she was very familiar with. Sherman stopped, 'Is it, Lee?'

She looked back and continued to walk forward.

However, when she was about to pass by the car, the door suddenly opened.

It was not Lee who got out of the car, but Kingsley...

Sherman was shocked. She looked straight ahead and walked forward as if she had seen nothing.

She had only taken a few steps forward before her wrist was grabbed from behind. Kingsley's eyes were dark and he was slightly thinner than before.

Sherman didn't look back. With her back to him, she struggled with all her strength.

Kingsley tightly grabbed her wrist and exerted a lot of force. Suddenly, he turned her around and pulled her into his embrace with his sturdy arms.

She was still struggling, and her hands slapped his chest hard. Kingsley's warm big palm pressed on her back and pressed her against his chest.

Her cheeks were slightly cold, against his broad and warm chest. His thin lips were slightly warm, which pressed tightly to her forehead. He kissed her carefully and respectfully.

However, after just a kiss, he let go of her and held her in his arms. He stood there without saying a word.

"haven't seen you for several days. miss you and miss you very much. have never missed Sew C puttyouwony iss me. have broken through your bottom line. However, please believe what said. It's not that didn't tell you on purpose, but because know your character well.

"So didn't dare to tell you. Love should be taken seriously. Love doesn't mean that you can do whatever you want. If knew that it hurt you so much at tha beaiaing phe GHended you like that. Ou are So amazing that you reopened my heart t o love. I'm afraid that would lose you, so started to make mistakes. As for whether my words are true or not, you don't have to doubt them. I'm 34 years old. have experienced many things and have done many wrong things. But please believe me. A man who

meets you at the age of 34 does not have any fake feelings, but o

heart pe cian still Have so ething to say, but I'm afraid that you don't like to hear it, so forget it..."

He had been talking all the time, and he didn't know if Sherman was listening.

A thirty-four-year-old man had achieved success and recognition. His career was smooth. He rarely experienced a sense of defeat.

However, this time, Kingsley truly felt defeated. He broke through her bottom line and understood her indifference.

For others, Kingsley knew how to deal with them-either by using money or power, as long as they had weaknesses.