

Talented 30

Chapter 30

The box was at the bottom under the desk, which made it a little hard for Freya to pick it up.

"I got it!" Freya held the box tightly in her hands with a sense of achievement shown on her face, and when she turned her head around, her eyes and Kieran's eyes met.

Her heart began to beat faster and faster and she turned blushed. She wanted to stand up, but, as an old saying goes that nervousness is the mother of mistake, she directly fell into Kieran's arms when she tried to turn around.

Her action was a little bit like giving a hug willingly.

It was embarrassing.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, I am sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

But in the next second, Kieran's hot lips covered her lips.

Freya widened her eyes with shock and said, "Mr. Fitzgerald, you can't... We can't..."

She could smell the fragrance of fresh grass again, which, this time, circled her body tightly and made her feel like she was on a large prairie, caressed by breeze and warmed by sunshine.

She closed her eyes naturally and she actually wanted this kiss to continue forever.

Freya shook her head heavily—no, she couldn't have such a thought!

He was her children's Uncle Kieran! What's more, maybe he didn't even know what he was doing because of his fever. She couldn't take advantage of his disease.

When Freya pushed him away, she was extremely blushed. She moved back until she thought there was an appropriate distance between them. She stammered, "Mr. Fitzgerald, I guess that it's time for us to check the thermometer. Can you take that out for me?"

Kieran calmed down gradually as Freya spoke. He cast a mysterious glance at Freya, with unpredictable darkness in his eyes.

After a while, he nodded and took the thermometer out from his armpit.

Freya got the thermometer immediately and hid her blush by looking down on it to check the temperature.

It was 40.1 degrees Celsius.

It was a big case for an adult to have such a serious fever.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, you had a bad fever and you have to take some antipyretic now," Freya rummaged the pills from her kit. She said, "I have the pills here. Let me get you some."

Then, Freya handed several pills to Kieran and said, "Mr. Fitzgerald, please take the pills now."

“Okay.” Kieran glanced at Freya and picked up his cup on the table, ready to swallow the pills.

Seeing that there was tea instead of water in the cup, Freya took the cup and stopped him immediately. She said, “Mr. Fitzgerald, tea will undermine the effects of the pills. Let me get you a glass of water.”

Freya’s small hand accidentally touched his hand when she tried to get the cup.

Feeling the heat emitted from his hand, she hurriedly withdrew her hand as if she had experienced an electric shock.

Freya cleared her throat and said, “Well, Mr. Fitzgerald, I will just get you the water from the living room.”

After that, Freya ran out of the study to the living room rapidly.

Freya wanted to send Fabian to give Kieran a glass of water. But when she recalled that Fabian had told her that Kieran was unwilling to take medicine, she decided to do it herself so that she could make sure that he would really have the pills, or she would keep on worrying about him.

When she arrived at the study upstairs, Kieran was sitting there absent-minded with his fingers slightly rubbing his lips. Even such a simple movement made Kieran more than attractive to Freya.

Freya turned to look at somewhere else instantly since she was afraid that she would be seduced and trapped by his handsome face again.

She put the glass in front of Kieran and said, “Mr. Fitzgerald, take the pills now.”

When the kiss occurred to her, she blushed again and explained immediately, “Well, Mr. Fitzgerald, please don’t take me wrong. I didn’t mean to hurt you just now. It was really an accident.”

Freya added in her mind, “Well please don’t think that I tried to seduce you deliberately.”

“It’s fine,” he responded with totally no cadence, which prevented people from guessing what he was thinking.

Suddenly, he turned to look at her with complicated emotions in his eyes and asked, “You seem to be quite nervous in front of me. Why are you nervous?”