

One Night Stand With The Uninvited Wolf President

Chapter 165 Such a Real Dream

He had such a real dream last night.

He had almost trusted the dream.

In the dream, he stroked Ceres's creamy cheek.

Her eyes were so limpid, and her lips were as delicate as rose petals.

Johnny stared at the empty room, his heart aching.

Why couldn't he find her?

He searched the whole Imperial City and even looked for her abroad. The private detectives and underworld were all used by him, but he found nothing.

How could a person vanish?

Suddenly, Bill poked his head in.

Bill slept in another room last night, and now he woke up to see what Johnny was doing.

"Brat, why are you sneaking around?" Johnny lifted the quilt and got out of bed.

"Are you awake?" Bill scratched his head, tittering.

Johnny snorted and entered the bathroom.

However, Bill felt nervous. 'Should I tell him about what happened last night? Johnny would probably go crazy with joy if he knows Ceres's back. I'm a dead man if Johnny knows I drugged him last night and found him a woman! Ceres even saw that!'

'What should I do? Should I say it?'

"Bill!" Johnny shouted in the bathroom.

Bill trembled in fear.

"What's wrong, Johnny?"

"What was going on with my face?" Johnny looked at himself in the mirror. His face was red and swollen like he had been slapped!

Bill walked over carefully, "You drank too much last night and accidentally fell on the ground."

Johnny glared fiercely at Bill.

"Were you the one who accidentally fell me?" Johnny could tell at a glance that Bill was lying.

"Yes! Yes! I didn't mean it. Johnny, don't blame me." Bill looked flattering.

Johnny snorted coldly. He knew that Bill was clumsy.

"Alright, go back to work."

"Got it!" Bill immediately left the room and let out a long sigh of relief.

He still didn't dare to tell the truth, or Johnny would tear him down. Anyway, Ceres had already returned. As long as she was still in Imperial City, they would meet again.

The Winsors.

The sound of a child reading came from the quiet house, and the teacher with gold-rimmed glasses was guiding him with a pointer.

The child was too young, only three years old, just the time when he liked to play.

"Teacher, I want water."

"Teacher, I am hungry. I want to have snacks!"

"Teacher, I want to pee."

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Brice always refused to learn. The teacher was in a dilemma, not knowing whether to scold him or please him.

Jack looked at everything in the room through the window and shook his head.

He originally wanted to reprimand Brice, but he directly left.

Colin followed beside him and hurriedly said, "Mr. Jack, don't worry. Mr. Brice is only three years old. He will be better when he is older."

"When my Johnny was three years old, he was already proficient in English to speak to the adults. Brice was also three years old, and he could not even remember a few words!"

Brice wasn't a match to Johnny.

Jack coughed.

Ever since he broke up with Johnny, Jack seemed to have aged more and more. He thought that Johnny was joking by saying that he would go against the Winsors. But Johnny meant it.

Apart from the artificial intelligence field, the Eagle Group had also launched other businesses in the past two years. They had purchased several large companies as subsidiaries and were specifically fighting with the Winsors.

Without Johnny, the Winsor Group was going downhill. Without experience accumulated many years, the Winsor Group would collapse.

Later, Mary gave birth to a boy. He placed all his hopes on the boy, Brice, and decided to nurture him well. However, Brice was not talented.

"Mr. Brice is not in good health after birth. When he grows older, he would do better in his studies. Mr. Jack, you don't have to worry."

Jack sighed. "Do you think I can still wait?"

"Mr. Jack, what are you saying? You are only in your early sixties. I can still stay with you for dozens of years!"

Jack knew that Colin was trying to make him happy. He knew his health.

Mary sighed in the corridor after hearing the conversation between Jack and Colin. When she passed by Brice's classroom, she was also disappointed.

"Mommy!" Brice ran over and hugged Mary's thigh, "Can you play with me?"

"Play? What can you do other than play? Have you learned all the things that teacher taught you?" Mary roared.

Brice pursed his lips and let go of Mary's hand. "It's too difficult."

"Why can't you learn if other children can? Study or starve!" Mary pushed Brice into the classroom and left.

Brice had to obediently return to his seat.

The teacher was also helpless. On one hand, Mr. Jack and Mary both had placed high hopes on Brice. It was too hard for a three-year-old child.

Mary angrily left the classroom. As soon as she returned to her room, the servant brought over a bowl of soup. "Mrs. Mary, you should take your medicine."

"It's so bitter, I don't want to have it!"

The servant hurried to take the medicine out.

"Wait! Bring it over!" Mary forcefully drank it in one breath.

The servant took the empty bowl away.

The bitter taste of the medicine spread in her mouth. Mary pulled open the drawer and swallowed a piece of candy to suppress the bitterness.

Sally's calling and Mary answered impatiently.

"My darling, are you pregnant?"

Mary was annoyed hearing that. Sally turned to her for nothing other than money and pregnancy.