

Chapter 221 Would You Like an Orange

Chapter 221 Would You Like an Orange

"Haley, why haven't you gone home yet at this late hour? Hasn't Noah already gone home? Why isn't

he coming out to help you?"

Otherwise, Haley wouldn't have been bullied by a middle-aged man.

Haley's cheeks turned slightly red as she quickly grabbed Penny's hand.

"Penny, come back with me. Your room is still waiting for you. Thank you for being so helpful last time.

And you even brought my Noah back."

She didn't answer Penny's question.

Penny sighed and noticed that it was difficult for Haley to push the fruit cart alone.

She quickly stepped in to help from behind.

"After Noah came home, did he reconcile with Susan?"

"No, they had a big fight. But Noah was wrong, so he had to write a self-reflection letter. I think Susan

intends to forgive him."

Penny remained silent. As she pushed the cart, they passed by Adding Hotel and happened to see

Orlando on the stairs.

Orlando wasn't wearing a suit. He wore only a white shirt and talked to Zane beside him.

They had just arrived not long ago and were about to attend an event organized by several government leaders.

It was already 8 o'clock, and people on that side were waiting.

As Penny helped Haley push the cart, she turned her head and met his gaze. He raised an eyebrow slightly, his eyes falling on the cart's neatly arranged pile of fruits.

There were oranges, grapes, and bananas, all neatly arranged.

Penny thought she must be mistaken. How could she see Orlando in Prodale County?

She straightened herself and saw him under the lights of Adding Hotel. He looked beautiful, with all the sharp contours seemingly melting into the moonlight.

At this moment, he had lost his seriousness at the Fletcher Group. He rolled up his shirt sleeves,

indicating that there would be no need for much formality at the upcoming event. He appeared relaxed.

"Mr. Fletcher?"

She called out, feeling a bit dazed.

Orlando stood on the steps while Penny was a few steps below. After thinking for a while, she managed to say something.

"Mr. Fletcher, would you like an orange?"

After saying this, she immediately regretted it and waved her hands, trying to say she was joking. After

all, how could Orlando eat such cheap fruit?

But Orlando stepped down the stairs and took an orange from the small cart.

His fingertips were slender and perfect, making the orange appear somewhat ugly.

Holding the orange in his hand, he asked her, "When did you arrive?"

"I just arrived recently."

Haley, beside them, felt her presence diminish instantly when she saw Orlando. She was too scared to

speak.

Seeing a few government leaders waiting not far away, she knew that the important figure standing in

front of her was the owner of the car that had been damaged last time.

That car was worth 1.5 million dollars. Ordinary people like them couldn't afford to offend such a

person.

But now, Penny was talking to him so casually.

Haley quickly grabbed a paper bag and silently filled it with oranges, handing it to Orlando.

She was not good at speaking.

Orlando politely said, "One is enough. Thank you."

Haley was pleasantly surprised and didn't know how to respond. She just looked at Penny.

In fact, Penny didn't expect him actually to come over and take an orange.

Seeing that there were still

people waiting, she reminded him, "Mr. Fletcher, your back injury hasn't fully healed yet, so you should

avoid drinking later."

Orlando glanced at her, made a sound of agreement, and took the orange before heading towards the

group of government leaders.

Several people were talking to him, and he nodded slightly in response.

Penny continued to bend down and push the small cart. "Haley, let's bring these fruits back home. It's

getting late now."

Haley finally came to her senses and still felt a bit frightened.

"His presence is just too strong. I couldn't even speak in front of him."

"Mr. Fletcher has a high status but doesn't bully people. Susan herself caused last time's incident."

Haley suddenly became speechless and silently held onto the handle of the small cart.

In the distance, Orlando held the orange and heard one government leader say, "This kind of orange is

produced only in Prodale County. You can try it. It tastes quite good."

Chapter 222 It Should Taste Good

Chapter 222 It Should Taste Good

Thinking about the business negotiation this time involving fruits, Orlando chuckled lightly, "It looks

good on the outside and should taste good, too."

"That's right. Everyone loves this kind of orange; it sells the best during the New Year period."

The group walked towards the distance.

Zane, who was following behind Orlando, remained silent. After all, he knew the CEO didn't like to eat

such fruits. Even in Chatville, the fruits he ate were delivered by dedicated personnel from overseas.

*

Penny helped Haley push the small cart, and when they were almost home, Haley couldn't hold back

anymore.

"Penny, since you know that important figure, didn't you just embarrass yourself in front of him by

helping me push the fruit cart?"

The fruit cart was crude. Susan often ridiculed her for going out to sell fruits at this age and looked

down upon her, regarding her selling fruits as something shameful.

When Haley was out there pushing the fruit cart to sell fruits, Susan would always walk around her with

her friends.

Now Haley realized that she might have embarrassed Penny and felt very sorry for her.

"Haley, nothing is embarrassing about earning money with your own hands. Mr. Fletcher is not that kind

of person."

Haley didn't say anything more.

The small cart twisted and turned into the alleyway. Before entering the house, Penny heard Noah's

voice from inside.

“Dad, I’m starving. Leave some for Mom, and let’s eat first.”

Then came Susan’s voice.

“That’s right. She insists on selling fruits outside so late but our family doesn’t lack that bit of money.

Why she keeps embarrassing us? I even avoid going out with friends, afraid of running into her on the street.”

Haley and Penny stood outside and heard every word.

Haley feared that Penny would be angry again later, so she quickly shouted inside, “Philip, come out.

Penny is back.”

Philip was still cooking inside, but when he heard this, he quickly came out.

When Noah heard that Penny had arrived, he stiffened and hesitated to come out.

Susan gave a cold snort and started eating alone without paying attention.

Philip wanted to help Haley unload the fruits from the small cart, so he told Penny, “Penny, go in and

have a seat first. Haley and I will come soon.”

Penny entered the house and noticed a new sofa. It seemed that the old sofa had been thrown away.

She looked at Noah with a frown and asked, “Did you buy this?”

Where did Noah get the money?

Noah was somewhat afraid of Penny, considering the embarrassment he had faced when they bumped

into each other in Chatville.

He didn’t answer. He waited until Philip entered the house before Penny continued questioning.

“Philip, the old sofa was still usable. Why did you change it?”

Philip quickly replied, “It was Noah’s idea. He said the old one looked dirty. The new sofa is nice, isn’t

it? It cost 1 thousand dollars.”

“Noah bought it?”

“Where would Noah get the money? I went on credit for it and must pay it back later.”

Since the incident last time, the relationship between Philip's family and the neighbors had soured, and

they were often criticized when they went out.

Upon hearing this, Penny looked at Noah with a gloomy expression.

“If you wanted to change the sofa, why didn't you pay for the new one yourself instead of making Philip

go on credit?”

“Why do you meddle in our family matters, Penny? I've already written my self-reflection letter. What

more do you want from me?”

When a man made a mistake, he always thought that writing a self-reflection letter was enough.

Philip and Haley chimed in nearby.

“Penny, as long as Noah comes back, we'll pay for the sofa. It's no big deal. Thank you for being so

helpful last time. Sit down and have dinner. Tonight, I'll tidy up your room.”

As soon as the words were spoken, Susan rolled her eyes.

“What do you mean her room? That room is for me to use. I won't sleep with Noah.”

She had a disgusted look on her face. It was clear that the two had not completely reconciled.

Seeing these two, Penny felt annoyed and didn't want to stay for dinner at all.

“Haley, I've already booked a hotel, and my stomach feels uncomfortable after I drive for so long. I

won't stay for dinner.”

Haley and Philip promptly escorted her out of the alley.

“Listen to me, Haley and Philip. Regarding Noah and Susan's matter, you should have your own thoughts and save some money for retirement. Don't repeat what happened last time. When this house is demolished, buy a bigger one and live a good life.”

Speaking of that incident, Philip also felt embarrassed. He blamed himself for being momentarily misguided, and now the relationship between their family and the neighbors was awkward.

Chapter 223 Like a Lingering Fragrance

Chapter 223 Like a Lingering Fragrance

"Penny, rest assured. I won't do that again. It's not worth it."

Penny nodded and thought for a moment before asking, "Do any of you in your organization know the

owner of the Lignum Vitae wood flooring business?"

Despite the low salary, Philip's current job was decent, and he had many acquaintances.

"I'll ask around later. If there's any result, I'll message you."

Penny finally felt at ease and returned to the hotel.

She had initially planned to take a shower and go to sleep.

But when she came out after showering, she saw a big black bug on the bed. Instantly, she didn't dare

to get on the bed anymore. She put on her clothes and managed to spend the night on a chair, waking

up with a sore neck.

When she woke up the next morning, Philip sent her a text message saying that Simon and the others

were going there tonight.

[I've talked to Simon and asked him to give you a ride.]

Penny had some porridge and ate a corn cob before waiting outside the hotel.

The first car to arrive was a BMW, but it was the basic model, costing less than 35 thousand dollars.

Following behind the BMW was a Rolls-Royce, and Penny instantly recognized it as Orlando's car.

How could it be possible?

Before she could finish her thoughts, Simon got out of the car and pulled Penny directly towards the

Rolls-Royce.

Last time, Mr. Fletcher was very pleased with the painting Penny had done, and Penny had also ridden

in Mr. Fletcher's car before.

The window rolled down, revealing Orlando's face.

Even here, he still had a pile of documents on his knees.

His wrist was adorned with an expensive Patek Philippe watch, and his nails were neatly trimmed. His

hands were slender and delicate, and because his wrists were so fair, the veins on the back of his

hands were clearly visible.

His hands, like his face, were captivating.

"Mr. Fletcher, this young girl is the one who painted last time. We are going for a field inspection later;

coincidentally, she is also going to the same area. Our car is filled with rough men who smoke. I

wanted to ask if she can hitch a ride in your car?" Simon said sincerely, with a smile on his austere

face.

Penny noticed that Orlando's fingers, holding the documents, tightened slightly. Probably Simon

interrupted his train of thought.

She was about to decline when she heard his clear voice say, "Get in."

Penny had no choice but to sit in the car with a forced smile.

As soon as the car door closed, she turned and looked out the window, pretending to admire the scenery outside.

But from the corner of her eye, she noticed the orange on the nearby shelf. It was the one she had given him last night. It rested amidst a pile of documents, looking out of place.

The boss of the Lignum Vitae wood flooring business had a villa in the mountains. With a stable amount of customers and no worries about orders, coupled with his low material desires, he chose to stay in Prodale County.

He had a large villa in the mountains and another one in Prodale County, where he alternated between living.

Penny obtained this information from Philip. She didn't know how to impress such a boss for a moment.

The car bumped, and Penny saw the orange on the shelf about to roll off. She quickly reached out to catch it.

However, Orlando happened to reach out his hand at the same time, and their fingertips instantly touched one cold, one warm.

Penny looked up at him in surprise, while Orlando frowned slightly, probably not expecting this accident.

Penny quickly withdrew her hand, trying to change the atmosphere by changing the topic. "How is Mr.

Fletcher's back injury?"

Because of her retracting hand, the orange fell to the ground.

Orlando bent down to pick up the orange, and Penny thought about his back injury. This movement

would pull on his wound, so she quickly supported his shoulder with one hand.

"Mr. Fletcher, let me pick it up," Penny said.

The orange fell closer to Orlando, but Penny remembered his injury, so she crouched down and

reached out her hand, inadvertently brushing against the fabric on the outside of Orlando's leg.

A moist breath seeped through the fabric and instantly entered his body.

Unaware of this, Penny was focused on reaching for the orange with her fingertips. After a couple of

fumbles, she finally managed to grab it and let out a sigh of relief.

She picked it up and placed it in front of Orlando.

Orlando didn't look at the orange but felt his heart rate becoming irregular. He furrowed his brows,

trying hard to ignore this sensation.

"Just leave it there," he said.

Penny thought he didn't like the orange. But due to good manners, he didn't throw it away. After all, it

was a gift from someone. So she returned the orange to its original place and returned to her seat.

The atmosphere was subtle, like a lingering fragrance.

Orlando lowered his head to look at the documents, but his peripheral vision remained fixed on the

outside of his leg, where a slight itchiness lingered as if that warmth was still there.

Chapter 224 If You're Rejected

Chapter 224 If You're Rejected

Seeing Orlando's serious expression and focus on reviewing documents, Penny dared not disturb him

and remained silent until they reached their destination.

Simon arrived outside the car, thanked Orlando, and then pointed to a villa in the distance, telling

Penny, "The person you're looking for lives there. We'll take Mr. Fletcher around there. I've completed

the task assigned by Philip. You should go now."

Penny turned around and thanked Orlando before expressing her gratitude to Simon. She then walked

briskly towards the villa.

But after only a few steps, she heard Orlando's voice.

"If you're rejected, just mention my name."

Penny was somewhat surprised. Could this boss have had some connections with Orlando?

If that were the case, things would be much easier.

A smile instantly appeared on her face, and her eyes sparkled.

"Alright, thank you, Mr. Fletcher."

The noon sunlight was intense, and it felt dazzling to Orlando as it fell on her.

He averted his gaze and continued conversing with the government leaders beside him.

Penny arrived at the front of the villa and pressed the doorbell.

The villa had a traditional style, and through the door, she could see a garden decorated with artificial

rocks.

The owner living inside seemed to have a leisurely and elegant lifestyle.

A servant walked out in a short while, and upon seeing her, a hint of doubt flashed in his eyes.

"May I ask who you're looking for?"

"Hello, I'm looking for Mr. Franco. I heard he's home today, so I came to visit him."

The servant hesitated for a few seconds before opening the door.

"Mr. Franco does have some free time today, but he usually doesn't see people without an

appointment. Follow me inside, and I'll inform him to see if he's willing to meet you."

Penny was graceful and likable, so the servant was willing to let her in.

Upon entering, Penny immediately noticed the meticulous landscaping. In addition to the standard

traditional style elements, art elements were incorporated here.

Master Hudson was a representative figure in traditional painting. Penny was his only disciple, which

meant that Penny also had some knowledge in this field.

When the doors opened, she saw the painting in the center, which her teacher had painted.

It was a replica because the original had become national property and was displayed in a museum. It

couldn't be bought even with all the money in the world. Therefore, many people had sought out

Hudson at the time, hoping he could replicate a piece.

Because Hudson was an authority in traditional painting, this replica naturally sold for a high price.

In the end, Hudson donated the money from the sale to a place. As for the specific location of that

place, Penny had yet to delve into it.

Her teacher had only replicated one piece back then, and she didn't expect it to appear in Mr. Franco's

villa.

Penny had an idea in mind and looked up, coincidentally meeting the gaze of a fifty-year-old man

sitting in the tea house.

"Mr. Franco, I didn't expect you to appreciate Master Hudson's work as well."

Brian was somewhat surprised. After all, among the domestic masters, many had replicated this

painting called "The Great Sea." How did this young girl see it was Hudson's replication at first glance?

There was no seal on this painting. Hudson was used to being unrestrained and rarely cared about

such formalities.

"How did you see it was Hudson's replication?"

When he heard a visitor, he thought it was that kid, but he didn't expect a young girl to come.

"Hudson is my teacher. I was fortunate enough to study with him for a while."

Hudson was an eccentric old man, rarely taking on any disciples in recent years. There had been one

before, but he was unwilling to disclose her identity.

Now, seeing Penny, Brian was somewhat astonished. Was this young girl, who appeared to be in her

early twenties, Hudson's only disciple?

"When Hudson replicated this painting, he specifically studied southern landscapes for a long time.

Prodale County hasn't been developed yet and has many characteristics of southern mountain scenery.

It's not surprising that Mr. Franco, who rarely leaves these deep mountains, loves it."

Brian chuckled lightly and pointed to the seat opposite him.

"Please have a seat. You're here about the Lignum Vitae matter, aren't you?"

Penny nodded, embarrassed, "I mentioned my teacher's name earlier to avoid being kicked out by Mr.

Franco. I hope Mr. Franco won't hold it against me."

She was very straightforward and had clear eyes.

Brian sighed, feeling Penny was about the same age as his daughter.

Chapter 225 I've Been Waiting for You All Day

Chapter 225 I've Been Waiting for You All Day

"You're here now, which means you didn't make an appointment for the wooden flooring. Although I

really like you and would have made an exception for you on account of Master Hudson's reputation,

you must understand that items from my factory need to be pre-ordered three years in advance. It's

difficult for me to accommodate last-minute requests."

Brian was sincere, and Penny smiled.

"Mr. Franco, I've heard that in previous years, there have been cases where customers estimated the

wrong delivery dates or encountered issues with their orders, resulting in returns. I'm not asking you to

give me someone else's order, but if there is any return, could you consider giving me an opportunity?

I'll offer a good price."

This time, Brian didn't hesitate.

"What's your name?"

"Mr. Franco, you can call me Perry. That's what Hudson used to call me, too."

Brian chuckled, "Since you're his disciple and owe me a favor, stay here and complete a painting for

me. If any orders are returned in the future, I'll contact you first."

"Thank you in advance, Mr. Franco."

The painting Brian asked her to work on was simple. Someone had already started it, but it was

stopped halfway for some reason. Penny wanted to continue painting but needed to know the original

painter's intention.

However, her mind sparked with ideas. She added interactive elements to the originally rigid content,

making the painting come alive.

After finishing, three hours had passed, and a servant brought her some tea.

Brian's choice of tea was exquisite. It was a top-quality black tea.

Just as Penny was about to reach for the teacup, she heard a lively voice from outside.

"Dad, isn't Orlando supposed to come over today? I've been waiting all morning. Why hasn't he arrived yet?"

Penny's hand froze, and she followed the voice to see a well-dressed young girl, around twenty years old, walking towards them.

The girl noticed Penny and then saw the painting, anger flashing across her face.

"You! How dare you casually touch someone else's belongings! You are so disrespectful!"

She walked over with big strides, wanting to grab the paper.

Brian scolded her, "How dare you! You have no manners! I asked Perry to paint this. It's been sitting

here for a month and was originally meant to test your ability, but you've been fooling around in

Chatville all day without even picking up a brush!"

"I have been painting, but you weren't satisfied with my work!" retorted the girl.

Penny suddenly realized that the original content of the painting was a test of the painter's imagination.

She had graduated from the Chatville University School of Arts and had encountered similar test

questions before.

The girl sneered at Penny, "You're just putting on airs. I got into the Chatville University School of Arts,

and my work was exhibited there!"

Was she also a student of the Chatville University School of Arts?

Penny looked up at the girl and felt she was probably not from Zoey's class. She was perhaps Zoey's

senior schoolmate.

Brian was helpless and rubbed his forehead with his hand.

"Come and see how she painted it. I just showed it to your teacher who gave it a perfect score."

"That's impossible. Our teacher always deducts points and never gives a perfect score. Is she the teacher's relative?" Grace couldn't help but comment, but then she heard other voices outside, and her eyes lit up.

"Dad, Orlando is here!"

Brian sighed and then heard Grace coquettishly speaking outside.

"Orlando, you haven't come to see my Dad in a long time!"

Behind Orlando was Zane, holding several gifts and handing them to a servant nearby.

Upon entering, Orlando didn't expect Penny to be there still. The business discussion should have

taken less time; either Brian refused straight away, or Penny told him that Orlando's house needed the

flooring, and Brian immediately agreed.

Regardless of the circumstances, the conversation between the two should have ended quickly.

Grace had already hooked her arm around Orlando's and looked up at him with a smile.

"I've been waiting for you all day."

Chapter 226 Like Sugar Melting in Water

Chapter 226 Like Sugar Melting in Water

Orlando withdrew his arm and nodded at Brian.

"Mr. Franco, long time no see."

Brian, who had stood up by now, smiled and patted his shoulder.

"You, my boy, disappeared without a word for three years."

It seemed that Orlando hadn't been here since he was forced out of the country by that marriage three years ago.

Penny couldn't figure out the relationship between the Fletcher family and Brian. It was possible that

Brian knew Rex, which made Orlando highly respectful towards him.

Grace chimed in from the side.

"If I were asked to marry a woman I have never met, I would also run away. I don't know what Rex was thinking in his mind."

Brian glared at her. "Other people's private matters are not for you to gossip about. Orlando, please

have a seat. We happen to have a disciple of Master Hudson here. You can get to know each other.

You are both young talents."

As one of the parties involved in that marriage, Penny suddenly felt a sense of estrangement. But she

wasn't familiar with these people in the first place, so there was no sense of loss. When Brian

introduced her, she politely nodded.

"Mr. Franco, Mr. Fletcher and I have already met."

Upon hearing this, Orlando realized that Penny hadn't told Brian that she wanted the wood floors to

design his house.

But he didn't expect that she was actually the only disciple of Hudson.

Brian was somewhat surprised by Penny's words.

"How did you two meet?"

If they really wanted to go into detail, she and Orlando met in bed. After all, their connection only

happened after that incident.

Penny was about to answer when she heard Grace exclaim dramatically, "Orlando, why are your pants

dirty? Did you go to the mountains?"

Penny followed her gaze and noticed that there was some mud on the hem of Orlando's expensive

pants. It should be he got his pant legs dirty when he went to the mountains with the group led by

Simon just now.

He probably didn't expect the road over there to be so bad, so his pants got dirty.

"It's not a big deal."

Orlando's voice was clear, and he saw Grace grabbing a wet wipe and crouching down to clean his

pants. He furrowed his brows almost imperceptibly.

Brian sighed as he watched his daughter eagerly trying to win Orlando's favor.

"Grace, learn something from Orlando. Despite being the CEO, he still personally goes on field

inspections in the mountains. Ever since you got accepted into the Chatville University School of Arts,

you've looked down upon ordinary exams and even lack focus when painting."

Grace stuck out her tongue and was about to touch Orlando's pants with her fingertips when he

stopped her.

"I have a spare pair, and I'll change into them later."

Grace stood up and didn't feel embarrassed at all. Instead, she took his arm again.

"Stay over tonight. Dad went fishing yesterday and caught some wild fish and picked some

mushrooms. They're so fresh, and you can't get them in the city."

Grace liked the city life, but she had to admit that food made from wild ingredients tasted better.

Orlando looked at Penny briefly. She seemed lonely because nobody was talking to her.

He didn't know where this sudden sense of suffocation came from, so he asked her.

"Did you paint the picture on the table?"

With this opening, Brian quickly introduced Penny. "Penny is indeed the disciple of Master Hudson, and she paints very well. I just showed it to Grace's teacher, and it got full marks." Grace wasn't happy about being overshadowed, especially since she also heard Orlando praise Penny.

"It's perfect," Orlando added.

Colin had told Penny before that Orlando had a keen judgment in the field of art, but she never

expected him to praise her.

At this moment, he had already walked over to her.

"Let's go back together later."

He picked up the painting and looked at it, saying so.

Because their shoulders were so close, they could almost feel each other's fabric.

Their breaths, even their body temperature, had already spread out, like sugar melting in water.

Chapter 227 She Playfully Shakes His Arm

Chapter 227 She Playfully Shakes His Arm

When Penny came, she sat in Orlando's car. If he didn't come now, she really didn't know how to return later.

So when she heard this, she nodded quickly, "Okay."

Grace saw the two of them chatting right in front of her and being so close. She quickly inserted herself

between them, pushing Penny aside.

Penny had no choice but to step back a little.

Grace tilted her head and took the painting from Orlando's hand.

"To be honest, this painting is just average. It wouldn't even cut the Chatville University School of Arts.

I'm curious why the teacher called it a perfect scorepiece."

She was being somewhat impolite saying this, even belittling Penny in front of her.

Penny was still at Franco's mansion and had a favor to ask, so she treated Grace's offense as the straightforwardness of a little princess.

In this subtle silence, Orlando responded to Grace's words.

"Perry is your senior at school."

This remark made Grace feel extremely embarrassed. She had expected this woman to be from

something other than the Chatville University School of Arts.

Her smile froze on her face, and she was thoroughly unhappy now.

"Orlando, what's wrong with you? We haven't seen each other in three years, yet you're still siding with

an outsider?"

She playfully shook his arm.

Orlando's face remained unchanged, with only a slight raise of his eyebrow, carrying a sense of

laziness. He probably didn't really intend to scold Grace.

Brian, witnessing this scene, chuckled helplessly. "This girl has always been so rude. If she continues

like this, she'll eventually suffer. Orlando, luckily, you're married. Otherwise, she would be a real bother

to you."

"What's the big deal? Orlando being married or not doesn't make a difference. If he really liked that

woman, he wouldn't have been away for three years. In my opinion, if that woman has any sense, she

should initiate a divorce herself. It's unfair for her to hog the toilet without using it."

Upon hearing this, Penny's lips twitched, not because she was angry, but because she felt it was

amusing.

Who was the toilet, and who was the poop?

Grace probably realized her mistake and felt defeated. "Well, Orlando, why don't you stay for dinner tonight?"

Orlando had already received a call from Brian, inviting him to come and taste some wild flavors, so he nodded.

"Mr. Franco, I'm sorry to trouble you."

Brian didn't want to deal with Grace either. After all, this girl liked Orlando, and it wasn't something new.

"Grace, prepare some tea for Orlando and Perry."

Grace glared at Penny and reluctantly let go of Orlando's arm to prepare the tea.

Orlando sat on the sofa nearby, a two-seater sofa with no room for a third person, as Penny was also sitting on it.

Grace came over with a tray and saw them sitting on the two-seater sofa, which made her even more unhappy.

But she had just said the wrong thing and didn't dare to speak out of turn, so she just placed the two cups of tea in front of them.

The fragrance of black tea filled the air, making people feel relaxed and happy.

Penny heard his question, "Did you handle the floor issue?"

"Yeah, Mr. Franco promised me that if anyone cancels their order, he will contact me immediately."

Orlando lifted his hand to pick up a cup of tea, and Penny also intended to pick up the cup.

When Grace placed the cups earlier, she was supposed to put them on opposite sides so that the

person on the left could pick up the cup on the left and the person on the right could pick up the cup on the right.

But Grace didn't like Penny, so she placed the cups in front of the other.

Orlando and Penny reached out simultaneously and grasped the same cup.

Within a few short days, this situation had already occurred for the second time.

As their fingertips touched, both of them froze simultaneously.

Orlando's hands were slender like jade, and he quickly retracted his hand, furrowing his brow.

Penny also sensed the subtle tension and quickly spoke, "Mr. Fletcher, please go ahead."

Grace was sitting on the sofa opposite them and nearly jumped in frustration at the sight.

She couldn't tell if it was just her imagination, but there was an unusual atmosphere between Penny

and Orlando. Even though she was sitting right there, it felt like she couldn't fit in.

Chapter 228 She Evoked Pity

Chapter 228 She Evoked Pity

After Penny finished speaking, the sound of rain could be heard from outside.

Brian had just come out of the kitchen, and upon seeing the rain, he smiled and said, "After this rain,

fresh mushrooms will sprout in abundance tonight."

It seemed that Brian genuinely enjoyed the mountains and forests. He walked over to the sofa, sat

down, and began talking about the things that can be found in the mountains, instantly dispelling the

subtle atmosphere that had just formed.

However, the rain outside grew heavier during this time and gradually turned into a torrential downpour.

The visibility dropped suddenly, and everything seemed dark and gloomy. In such a mountainous area, heavy rain like this was terrifying.

Brian spoke again.

"I'll have the servant prepare a few rooms for you all. Stay here tonight. It's dangerous to drive in this

weather. We don't even know if there might be landslides along the road."

After saying that, he specifically looked at Penny.

"Perry, since you're with Orlando, stay as well. I don't trust you driving back in this weather."

Penny had no right to refuse. If she said she wanted to leave, but Orlando chose to stay, she would be

left alone to navigate through the deep mountains and forests in the pouring rain.

So, she looked at Orlando.

Orlando rubbed his temple with one hand, feeling somewhat helpless. "Mr. Franco, I'm sorry again to trouble you!"

"What kind of trouble? You've stayed here for a few days before," Brian retorted.

Grace's eyes lit up, and she finally found an opportunity to join the conversation. She quickly spoke up.

"Yeah, yeah! Back then, Orlando was so little, accompanying Rex. Prodale County didn't even have

proper roads yet. Rex also came here for a vacation and happened to meet us."

Brian couldn't help but interject, "You always act so recklessly. You should address Orlando as brother

instead of directly calling him by his name."

Grace pouted, "If I address him as brother, he will treat me like a child."

Penny finally understood. Before Rex fell ill, he, just like Brian, had a fondness for these mountains and

forests.

They would come here every year during the mushroom season in the mountains. At that time, he

definitely brought the young Orlando with him. So that's how they met Brian, and they have kept in

touch over the years.

They continued chatting until they finished eating, and then Penny followed a servant to her room for

the night.

The villa had a traditional courtyard-style layout. Her room and Orlando's were in the same courtyard,

facing each other, with only a few meters between their doors.

Staying overnight in someone else's home was inconvenient in many ways for a woman, and the

biggest problem was not having clean clothes to change into.

She had expected to visit for just an hour or two and then return to her hotel, so she had no spare

clothes.

There was a separate bathroom inside the room and various toiletries, which relieved her a bit because

at least she could take a proper shower.

Last night, while staying at the hotel, she had spent the night sitting on a chair because of that black

bug, so now she felt exhausted.

Everything here was very clean, with a hint of woody fragrance, and all the furniture was made of

Lignum Vitae.

Penny felt relaxed. She took off her clothes, lathered them up with soap, and then threw them into the

nearby laundry basket, planning to wash them slowly after soaking in the bath and then dry them with a

hairdryer.

However, after soaking for more than twenty minutes, she heard a knocking sound outside just as she

stood up to towel dry herself.

She thought it was one of the servants, so she casually wrapped her body with a light blue towel

nearby, blew-dried her hair haphazardly, and then went to open the door.

But outside, it wasn't one of the servants standing there. It was Orlando.

Orlando's hand was still suspended in the air, and upon seeing her slightly damp hair and her face

flushed from just taking a bath, his eyelashes trembled.

Penny was also stunned, looking up at him, and it took her a few seconds to react and try to remain

calm.

"Mr. Fletcher, is there something I can help you?"

Her skin was very fair, almost powdered by the heat, and her eyes, with ripples shimmering in them,

stared straight at him.

In this state, she evoked pity in his heart.

Chapter 229 Nothing but Adult Affairs

Chapter 229 Nothing but Adult Affairs

Penny was feeling a little embarrassed at the moment, as she had no clothes underneath her bathrobe

and was completely bare down there. She felt on fire when Orlando saw her in this state.

Orlando held a tube of ointment in his hand and only wore a shirt with several buttons undone,

revealing his collarbone. There were bandages visible further down.

Penny figured he had come to ask her to apply ointment on him. Their rooms were nearby, and she

had previously helped him with his injuries. She wasn't sure where Zane's room was, and Orlando

didn't need to go out of his way.

Orlando's gaze fell upon her for a moment before he turned to go back to his room.

However, Penny was worried that if she didn't apply the ointment, his wound might become worse.

After all, he had been whipped because of her.

"Is it the ointment? Come in," she said, stepping aside.

Orlando paused for a moment, his furrowed brows indicating his hesitation.

If it were any other woman dressed like this and inviting him inside, he would have thought it was an

invitation for something else.

But this was Penny, and the reason he had been hit by the bug that night was because her gaze was

too pure.

Now, she was just concerned about his injury and inviting him in, and that was all.

Orlando hesitated for a moment. He heard footsteps coming from the other side. It seemed someone

was approaching.

"Orlando!"

When he heard Grace's call, he furrowed his brows tighter and walked straight into Penny's room.

Just as the door closed, the footsteps outside became louder, and someone stopped outside his door.

"Orlando! Do you want some fruit? Dad grows strawberries, and they're huge!"

It was clear that Grace's intention of bringing strawberries so late at night was not sincere.

She had noticed that, with Orlando's attractive appearance and status, almost every woman he

encountered seemed enthusiastic towards him. As his supposed wife, however, she often avoided him

and wanted to distance herself from him as quickly as possible.

She found it amusing but also became conscious that she wasn't wearing any clothes underneath the

bathrobe, her body heating up.

Moreover, Orlando was now very close to her.

To ease the awkwardness, she gestured towards the sofa inside the room.

"Mr. Fletcher, please have a seat on the sofa."

Orlando didn't look at her, but the scent emanating from her kept wafting into his nostrils.

It was a delicate and fragrant scent, just like her.

If Grace hadn't waited outside, he would have opened the door and left.

Penny had already made her way towards the sofa, with the bathrobe only covering her chest to her

thighs, revealing her beautiful collarbones above and long, slender legs below.

Orlando squinted his eyes. Was it okay for them to be in such proximity in this state?

Was it okay for a married woman dressing like this to stay with her client in a room?

Orlando silently walked over and unbuttoned the remaining buttons on his shirt.

They were both dressed so minimally. Penny felt a slight blush creeping onto her face as she observed

his movements.

His attractive appearance was too captivating. As he unfastened the buttons with his slender fingertips,

there was a sense of suppressed desire, as if something long-buried would be brought to chaos and

debauchery.

Grace's persistent calls continued outside the door, "Orlando, Orlando!"

The subtle atmosphere within the room dissipated significantly due to that voice.

Penny hurriedly took the ointment and removed the bandages on his body.

Round after round, as she finally caught sight of the wound, her breath became lighter.

The wound still appeared gruesome despite slowly healing. It was a bloody sight.

Gently squeezing some ointment onto her fingertips, Penny carefully applied it to the wound.

When her fingertips touched his skin, Orlando's body stiffened briefly, and there was a faint twitch at

the corners of his mouth.

Chapter 230 You Pressed the Bath Towel

Chapter 230 You Pressed the Bath Towel

The places touched by her fingers seemed to heat up, and his breathing became irregular for a

moment.

However, Penny continued to earnestly apply the ointment, ensuring she didn't miss any spots. Then

she picked up the bandages, intending to rewrap them.

But just like before, this bandaging action required her to lean in, bringing them even closer, almost

entangled in each other's breaths.

Orlando turned his head away, furrowing his brows.

Penny knew he didn't like being too close to the opposite sex, so she increased the speed of her

movements.

As the bandage reached its final circle, she breathed a sigh of relief. However, her exhalation brushed

against Orlando's skin, causing him to push his hand backward involuntarily.

"Mr. Fletcher, it's done."

Feeling slightly uncomfortable, Penny hurriedly tried to step back.

But because Orlando's hand pushed back, coincidentally pressing against the corner of the bath towel,

the towel was caught and slipped off completely as she moved back.

Orlando turned around, only to see a bath towel approaching.

Penny panicked and instinctively used the bath towel to block his line of sight.

Orlando didn't say anything; his Adam's apple bobbed.

"Perry, what are you doing?"

Penny was now completely naked, using the bath towel to cover his face, trying to avoid

embarrassment.

But Orlando's question made her feel hot all over.

She had no choice but to pretend to speak softly, "You pressed the bath towel."

She had acted too hastily and instinctively wanted to shield his eyes.

But now that she realized it, using her bath towel to cover his face was highly offensive.

But her clothes were still soaking in the bathroom, and she couldn't wear them. She felt so

embarrassed that she wanted to find a hole to hide in.

Orlando didn't say anything and took off the towel from his head.

"Mr. Fletcher, don't..."

Penny was extremely embarrassed but saw that he had his eyes closed and was handing her the

towel.

She froze, hearing him ask gently, "Don't want it?"

Penny quickly grabbed the towel and wrapped herself up again.

She felt the temperature around her rise and was about to melt from the heat.

Orlando's action was very gentlemanly. With his eyes closed, he could only hear the sound of her

hurriedly wrapping the towel.

The scent of shower gel still lingered in the air, and her gentle breathing was like music that lured and

caressed his ears.

After Penny finished wrapping herself up, she couldn't help but look up at him. He still had his eyes closed, with beautiful brows like mountains, untouched by the world.

He could be called the most dazzling beauty.

When Penny became silent, Orlando guessed she was done and opened his eyes.

Penny didn't expect him to open his eyes suddenly, and their gazes met instantly.

She had been staring at his face, and although it was only a few seconds, she now felt embarrassed,

as if she had been caught doing something wrong.

She quickly looked away, coughing uneasily.

"It's okay, Mr. Fletcher."

In other words, you can leave now.

But Orlando didn't move. In his eyes, this woman was flushed all over, her hair was messy and draped

over her shoulders, her small face was full of anxiety, and her eyes were still clear and rippling like they

were that night.

Perhaps it was the sound of rain outside that was too teasing. Orlando lowered his eyelashes, stood

up, lifted a strand of hair from her ear and tucked it behind.

Penny was so frightened that she didn't dare move. She held her breath and was about to ask what he

was doing when an incredible kiss followed the curve of her earlobe down.

Her pupils dilated slightly, and she felt like her mind had gone blank. All she could hear was the sound

of rain outside.