

## President 1081

### Chapter 1081

If the test result confirmed that it was Billy's baby, then everything would be fine for the present. But after the baby was born, Billy would get a divorce from her anyway!

If it turned out not to be Billy's child, then, immediately, there would be a storm. She would have no way back.

What should she do now?

Natalie was going crazy. She hit her head hard with both her hands. She felt a fierce headache!

She didn't know how she had gotten herself into this situation! She was in a dilemma. She felt so terrible. It was even more terrible than dying.

The next morning, Natalie went downstairs for breakfast. Moriah didn't say a word to her, nor did Billy.

For Moriah, Natalie and Billy were bound to get a divorce. Just because Natalie was pregnant at the time, Moriah had to continue to tolerate her. She was looking forward to the day when this would all be over.

Natalie's chest was filled with anger, and she felt a subtle pain in her belly. But what could she do?

She asked Billy to give her a bank card. She had a lot of things to buy. She had to buy some stuff for the baby.

From now on, she had to plan for herself. She had to get as much money from him as she could.

Billy gave her a bank card. "You can use it to go to the mall to buy things for the baby and sign my name on the bill. But remember that every time you sign a bill, I'll get a message on my phone. Payment requires my confirmation.

After telling her this, Billy left. Natalie went back to her room. She swept all the cups and makeup off the dresser.

Billy began to control her expense. He would not give her a credit card. Even if she wanted to buy something, she needed his approval to pay for it.

So, what the hell did she get after all these?

Sherman's belly was growing bigger and bigger. She couldn't wear slim-fitting clothes now. She had to wear something loose.

Kingsley went to the shopping mall and bought her a lot of clothes, all loose-fitting. The style was simple, and the fabric was comfortable. They were all of the grand brands, and surely, they were very expensive.

Seeing Kingsley buy so many clothes, Sherman complained, "I can only wear them while I'm pregnant. Why did you buy so much?"

He just lightly smiled and slightly curled his lips, not saying anything. Then he fixed his deep eyes at her belly. His eyes burned with affection.

He had been staring at Sherman's belly like this every day since it began to swell.

"If you keep staring at my belly like this, my belly is going to be burnt." Sherman found him a little too crazy.

"It's so wonderful. I can't believe he's growing in your belly day by day..." Kingsley carried her up and placed her on his lap.

"So you are going to stare at it like that every day?"

He replied, "I will never get bored of looking at it. I feel so wonderful. Think of it as my hobby..."

"It's a rare hobby you have. I think maybe one day even my belly will remember you!" She moved her fingers along his handsome face. Then she kissed his lean chin.

Kingsley held her closer. His eyes deepened. Staring at her, he spoke, "More than that, I want every part of your body to remember me..."

"How come I didn't realize you were such a bummer before?" Sherman averted her head smilingly. But Kingsley leaned over and kissed her tenderly. After a deep, passionate kiss, Kingsley's warm breath exhaled on her red lips. "That means I'm hiding it well. I got the magic..."

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Sherman felt that Kingsley was spoiled and it was she who spoiled him.

Sherman felt his breathing on her lips. And she felt a tingling, like an electric current running through her lips.

"Don't you remember that I am your master? You have to listen to me. Otherwise, you'll get punished." She said in a smug tone.

He responded with a warm, fiery kiss, "Well, only you can dictate me..."

In the afternoon, the two went out shopping for some household items. When they passed the roadside stalls, Sherman stood still and refused to go.

Walking ahead, Kingsley was talking on the phone, and when he hung up the phone, only to find that Sherman wasn't with him. Narrowing his eyes, he immediately looked over his shoulder.

Her cheeks were scarlet. Standing in front of the baked sweet potato stand, Sherman licked her lips, which seemed that she wanted one.

Kingsley couldn't help laughing. He walked over and took her hand, "Let's go." "I want one." Sherman looked eagerly at the baked

sweet potatoes.

"But you can't eat it..." Kingsley said gently. "You have diarrhea recently, so it's not appropriate for you to eat sweet potatoes..."

"I want to one, only one!" Sherman raised her head with an aggrieved and accusing look. "Baked sweet potatoes taste incredibly good now. When it is getting warmer, baked sweet potato won't smell as good as it is now. I haven't eaten any through the whole winter!"

After Sherman got pregnant, she occasionally behaved like a child who would throw a tantrum and was obsessive about something.

Kingsley enjoyed this change in her character. He could no longer persist, so he paid the stall owner and picked a well-baked sweet potato.

Sherman smiled with her eyes narrowed, who could not wait to reach out and take it.

Kingsley reached out but didn't give her. He said,

Wait a moment."

He peeled half of the sweet potato's skin before he handed it to her. His large hands were stained with honey, but he did not care and said in a caring tone," It's hot. Be careful."

She nodded. Then she took a bite, contented. The potato was hot and sweet. "I have wanted it for a long time, and now I finally get one!"

When Sherman had been a kid, she could often buy baked sweet potatoes in the roadside stalls, which were rarely seen now.

Sherman did not forget he was by her side. Licking her lips, she held the sweet potato up and pushed it to his lips in a helpless but lovely manner. Kingsley leaned over and took a bite and he felt like the sweetness flowing into his heart.

The two walked away. Billy then walked out to the street from a corner. Squinting at their backs, Billy was lost in thought.

In the past, when he had been with Sherman, he also had a warm and wonderful life like this.

But now...

In the past, it never occurred to Billy that Sherman would fall in love with other men.

That scene couldn't be a more convincing explanation that Sherman no longer loved him and that she fell in love with Kingsley, to whom she showed her tantrum and tenderness.

He was completely jealous. Apart from this, what else could he do?

He didn't realize how wonderful and happy a life he had when he was together with Sherman until he no longer had her by his side.

Billy felt pain in his heart and the pain was raging inside. He gasped with his chest rising up and down violently. He took off his suit jacket and then loosened his necktie so that he wouldn't die of breathlessness.

Chapter 1083

He kept asking himself, "How could I give up the happy life back then?"

Billy showed a mocking and sad smile. He couldn't say exactly what he was thinking at this moment. He punched the pillar beside him. Although there was blood on the back of his hand, he didn't feel the pain.

At this moment, he understood what Mark said to him. "You can make some mistakes because you have the chance to correct them. But there are some mistakes you can't make, because they are fatal!"

Sherman was so stubborn. She must have made great efforts to forgive him for his first cheating.

She often made him annoyed and disgusted, but she was also in pain. Why wasn't he more patient back then? If she had messed with him, he should have coaxed her, made her happy, and narrowed the gap between them.

He tried to tolerate her for a month. Then he gave up.

Billy suppressed the urge to shed tears, as it would totally be in vain. No one would feel sorry for him.

When Sherman and Kingsley returned to the apartment, they saw Luke at the door.

Sherman twitched her eyebrows. She was surprised at Luke.

Seeing her bulging belly, Luke sneered, "You look pretty good."

Sherman laughed. Looking at his empty hands, she said, "Why didn't you bring a gift or nutritional food? I believe that after eating the nutrition food you brought, I will look better. But I'm disappointed that you didn't bring anything."

After hearing this, Luke became very angry.

Kingsley turned his back on Luke. Kingsley stroked Sherman's messy hair with a slight smile in his deep eyes and said, "Don't be naughty."

Sherman thought he was well disguised. With his back to Luke, Kingsley smiled at her. She shrugged her shoulders and continued, "It's etiquette that you should bring gifts the first time you go to someone's house."

Luke was about to get angry when she asked enthusiastically, "What would you like to drink?"

Coffee or tea?"

Luke felt particularly uncomfortable and out of breath.

He had wanted to say, "You don't deserve a gift from me." But before he could say anything, she asked him enthusiastically what to drink. He felt so unhappy and almost lost his temper.

"Neither!" He yelled angrily. The more he looked at her bulging belly, the more uncomfortable he felt.

"Okay. I'm sleepy. I'm going to take a nap." Actually, she was not sleepy. She just didn't want to see Luke.

She didn't expect that she really fell asleep. When she woke up, it was already late in the evening. She pushed open the bedroom door and saw Luke sitting on the sofa with a glass of water in his hand.

Sherman frowned, wondering why Luke was still there.

She went to the bathroom. When she came out, she narrowed her eyes, walked over to Kingsley, and lazily leaned her head on his shoulder in front of Luke.

When Sherman smelled a mix of his masculine scent and faint orange fragrance, she narrowed her eyes and said, "You used my shower gel."

While saying that, she wrinkled up her tiny nose, came closer to him, and sniffed at him for a long time. After that, she said, "It smells so good!"

"Well, you have a very good taste..." Kingsley smiled lightly and added, "Do you want to go back to sleep for a while?"

"No. If I continue sleeping, I will have insomnia at night. And you don't chat with me when I can't sleep." She grumbled and then added, "I'm hungry."

## Chapter 1084

"May is cooking dinner and it will be ready in ten minutes." Kingsley glanced at the kitchen.

"I'll have a slice of bread first for my stomach." After saying that, Sherman stood up. Before she could move, Kingsley stopped her. He frowned, saying, "Just wait another ten minutes. You'd better not eat any other food before the meal."

Sherman had no choice but to sit down and wait.

Kingsley then said, "Since you are easy to get hungry, we'd better have May cook dinner half an hour earlier from today on..."

Sherman shook her head, "I am fine with the original schedule. I just feel hungry occasionally, not that often.

Ten minutes later, dinner was ready. Luke did not leave, so they had dinner together.

Sherman had developed a liking for acidic food recently, so Kingsley had May cook food that suited Sherman's appetite. However, when Luke tasted the dishes, his forehead immediately knotted in a frown.

There were four dishes on the table. Without exception, every one of them was acidic, and even the soup was acidic, more acidic than the other dishes.

Luke hated vinegar and he wouldn't add any vinegar t

o his food.

Now, Luke felt that he could never get along well with Sherman.

Seeing Sherman enjoying the food, Luke's frown deepened.

Suddenly, Luke seemed to have thought of something, and then he took out a stack of photos and a gift box, put them on the table, and pushed them to the front of Kingsley.

Seeing this scene, Kingsley frowned in confusion.

"It's a birthday gift that Zora had prepared for you. Then she died before she could give it to you personally." Luke's tone was harsh.

Kingsley froze a bit. He rested his long fingers on the box and didn't say anything.

Sherman's hands paused for a second. She looked from the gift to Kingsley several times before she withdrew her gaze and continued to eat her soup.

After dinner, Luke did not stay any longer. Kingsley walked him out.

"Just a few hours before she died, she was still thinking about you and preparing a birthday gift for you, but how could you treat her like this?" Luke said in a cold voice.

Kingsley didn't speak for a moment. Then he said with a smile on his lips, "Where is your car?"

"Don't change the subject. She died because of you, but you completely forget her within such a short period. You and Sherman can't be happy for long!" Luke was cursing them. 1

Kingsley's expression didn't change and the faint smile on his face remained. "See you, help yourself out, " said Kingsley.

Seeing Kingsley being so calm and caring little about his words, Luke felt the fire was burning in his stomach.

Kingsley had turned and left. The white shirt that he was wearing rippled in the wind. His figure gradually disappeared in the view.

Luke gritted his teeth with a cold smile. Then he took out his phone and made a call.

A woman answered the call, whose voice was soft. Their conversation lasted for a long while.

After hanging up the phone, Luke raised his face to the night sky and muttered, "Zora, I won't let you be so aggrieved, and I won't let him do whatever he wants to..."

## Chapter 1085

Sherman was watching a reality show, in which several naughty kids were making a scene.

She happily watched the show and continuously giggled. When Kingsley walked in, he saw her laughing so hard.

Kingsley had taken the gift from the table. Sitting next to her and holding her in his arms, he asked her, "Do you want to have a look at it with me?"

"No." She shook her head. She didn't have any intention of looking at it. Everyone had their past.

"Well. If you don't want to have a look at it, then I won't either." Kingsley bent his long body slightly and put it on the coffee table. He intended not to have a look at it anymore.

Sherman frowned, "Why don't you look at it?"

"I don't want you to have any doubts in your heart..."

Sighing, Sherman nodded, "Okay, although I feel sorry for Zora, let's see it together."

They opened the gift box. There was a dark brown scarf lying inside. It had not been finished yet.

Obviously, there was no time for Zora to finish weaving the scarf.

She felt sore and sad. Sherman thought that a woman who could weave a scarf by herself must be virtuous and lovely.

Kingsley's chest rose and fell slightly. He rubbed the scarf with his long fingers and felt a stinging pain.

Then Sherman directly threw herself into the man's arms. After finding a most comfortable position, she hugged him and said, "I think she must be very virtuous and lovely."

"Why do you think so?" He looked up at her, who was gentle and calm.

"Most of the women who weave the scarf by themselves are patient and careful. Besides, you have always had good taste in women," Sherman said.

Kingsley smiled, "Are you praising yourself in disguise?"

"Yes, don't you think I'm very beautiful?" Sherman spread her arms to let him see if she was virtuous and lovely.

Kingsley's eyes brightened. He hugged her and said, ' Let me tell you the stories about her.'

"Then you bring me a glass of milk with sugar. I like to drink something when others are telling stories." She became interested in the stories and urged him.

She added some lightness to this heavy topic.

She lay in his arms to listen to stories, holding the milk in her hands. She spoke of the doubts in her heart from time to time while listening to him.

He was not only responsible for telling stories but also responsible for answering her questions.

After listening, she sighed with emotion. "Everyone has been young and impulsive. I don't expect you to be so hot-blooded when you were young, but you have been responsible."

Not every man could make such a choice to break ties with his family for a woman.

Kingsley smiled faintly. He had thought that his heart would ache when he mentioned this, but he didn't. He knew that it was because she was by his side.

"But her death is not what we expect. I feel sad for her. " With that, Sherman closed her eyes and put her hands together in front of her chest. "I will mourn for her for a minute."

His gaze was unusually focused and gentle as he stared at her. He could only feel the warmth in his heart.

After opening her eyes, Sherman looked at him, but the man's eyes were shining. He suddenly leaned over and kissed her lips.

He kissed her deeply and gently, with unspeakable sexiness. He pressed against her soft chest and got close to her. "I will never let you go..."

As she was kissed so deeply, she lost her sense of direction. Then she bit his thin lips and asked, "Can you tell your feelings for her and me clearly?"

"I've always been clear about it. I'm 34 years old, not 18 years old, or not 28 years old. How could my mind and cognition not be clear? You are different. She represents the past, and you represent now and future. I can't tolerate that I will lose you in my life. In the future, you must accompany me to the end..." He had always been gentle, and his words had never been as tough as they were now.

Sherman trusted him and couldn't help but chuckle, "So overbearing?"

"I'm only overbearing to you. This is your exclusive right to enjoy it..."

In front of others, he was calm, polite and flexible, maintaining a faint elegance and alienation, but in front of her...

"If I didn't know that Luke also liked Zora, I would have thought that he liked you. He and you had been sitting in the living room for so long, but he didn't give you Zora's photos and gift. When I appeared, he took them out. Wasn't that just to stimulate me?" Sherman felt that Luke was very childish.

Rubbing his eyebrows, Kingsley knew what she meant. He said that he would solve the problem.

Sherman said that it didn't matter whether he solved the problem or not. Luke knew his own mind. Others couldn't force him to do anything or change him. If he could listen to it, he would have changed when Merlin died. He wouldn't still be like this.

The two of them chatted for a long time. Sherman was so sleepy that Kingsley took her to the bedroom. She fell asleep in his arms.

His heart was peaceful. Even when he thought of Zora, he was extremely calm without emotional fluctuations.

Natalie returned to the Day family's villa very early. After taking a nap in her room, she went to the living room downstairs. When she passed by the study, she saw that the lights inside were very bright and Moriah and Billy sat in the study with their backs to the door.

## Chapter 1086

Natalie could hear them clearly through the crack between the door and the wall.

She leaned against the wall and eavesdropped carefully.

"So, now you suspect that the child in her belly might not be yours?" Moriah said.

Billy nodded.

"What are you going to do?"

"When she is four months pregnant, I can take the amniotic fluid for a paternity test. We will know the result by then." Billy said.

Moriah also thought that it was a good idea. She nodded and agreed.

Billy stood up, casually took the suit on the hanger, and put it on. He said, "I'm going out for a while."

"Where are you going? It's already so late."

"I'm going for a drink with Mark. He has already arrived there. I'll be back soon. Mom, good night." While saying that, Billy walked towards the outside of the study.

Natalie returned to her room carefully and quickly. Her heart was still beating wildly.

Billy wanted to do a paternity test. What if he found that he wasn't the biological father of the child in Natalie's belly when she was four months pregnant?

Natalie felt a terrible headache. She was about to go crazy. She had no way out and no hope now.

She turned on the computer, surfed the Internet, and started looking up information.

An online article wrote, "Paternity test can only be done after eight weeks of pregnancy at the earliest. And you need to do the test with the fetal villi."

Natalie thought, 'I should know the child's biological father before Billy and Moriah so that it will be to my advantage.'

The online article remarked, "It is harmful to the fetus to do the paternity test with the fetal villi." However, she had no choice.

Only if she knew the child's biological father could she figure out how to deal with it, which would also be to her advantage.

Although Mark was at the bar, he didn't drink. He just watched Billy and Charlie drink.

His wife and children didn't like the smell of alcohol, s o he didn't drink.

Charlie thought it was strange. 'Mark never went out o f his home before. Why is he so abnormal today?'

Mark coughed gently, and he was embarrassed.

Summer had a class today, so she asked him to take care of the baby at home. The baby kept crying loudly.

Looking at his blushed face, Mark was heartbroken. H e tried to make the baby happy.

Charlotte was swinging. He asked her to hold the baby so that both of them could ride on the swing. But Charlotte was too young to hold the baby.

So Mark changed the position with her. He would hold the baby while Charlotte pushed the swing. But when Charlotte began to push them, he wasn't well prepared. Then he fell on the lawn with the

baby. The baby cried even louder.

Summer happened to see them. It hurt her to see the baby cry like that. Besides, she was on her period and was in a bad mood. She punished Charlotte to write the alphabet letters. And Mark wasn't allowed to enter the bedroom. 1

Of course, Mark wouldn't tell Charlie about it. He just twisted his lips helplessly for he felt it was absurd.

After drinking a lot of wine, Billy was almost drunk. But he suddenly wanted to watch the film Flipped.

Charlie played it for him. He directly found the classic lines. "Every once in a while, you find someone who's iridescent, and when you do, nothing will ever compare."

He watched it several times, and then he drank a lot more wine. He wanted to get himself completely drunk. The corners of his eyes were full of tears.

As the saying goes, "Men only shed tears when deeply hurt." At this moment, he made a mess of himself!

Mark didn't say anything. He had said to Billy before, "Life is not always so smooth. We will experience unexpected difficulties. And some of them will be very hard to deal with."

Billy wanted to call Sherman, but he didn't have her phone number. He kept asking Charlie for it.

Charlie asked Grace for it and gave it to Billy. Billy called Sherman, but it was Kingsley who picked up the phone.

Hearing it was a man's voice, Billy didn't say anything. He was about to hang up when Kingsley said in a low voice, "She lives a happy life. She is now pregnant with my baby. I hope you won't call her

anymore in the future. Thank you..."

Billy didn't say anything, but Kingsley knew it was him.

Billy threw down the phone directly and tugged at his white shirt angrily. It was Charlie's phone. Billy was not distressed, but Charlie felt sorry for his phone.

"I miss her so much. I want to see her!" Billy tugged at Mark's sleeve and said loudly, "I know I'm wrong. I miss her!"

Mark remained detached and said, "Sorry, I can't help, man!"

At this time, Charlotte called Mark, "Daddy, where are you?"

"I'm in the bar. Did your mommy ask you to call me to go home?" Mark said. His low voice was full of anticipation.

## Chapter 1087

"No, Daddy, you are bad. You said you would accompany me to take the punishment. I am still sitting in my room writing the alphabet letters at this moment, and my hand is sore. But you are drinking at the bar with your friends. Why don't you take me with you? I could write the alphabet letters in the VIP room of the bar! Mommy is now on the same side with my brother, and I am with you. Why have you defected? Will you still stay on the same side with me? Oh, Mommy..." 1

The phone hung up abruptly. Mark was helpless and felt bad about it. The phone must have been hung up by Summer.

He was not interested in staying in the bar and watching Billy get himself drunk, so he sent Billy back to the Day family's villa. Natalie was still awake and saw Billy sitting drunk in the living room, so she went to help him and let him go back to his room.

Billy, however, was cranky. Smelling of wine, he pushed her and said, "Piss off!"

"What's the point of thinking about Sherman? She won't be yours. She is with another man. Forget about it." Natalie was also in a bad mood.

These words obviously enraged Billy, who was drunk.

With a serious look, he slapped Natalie.

Natalie didn't want to put up with it and raised her hand to hit Billy, but he held her wrist, so she couldn't move her hand.

She was so angry that she leaned over and bit Billy's wrist hard. Moriah came out just at that time and saw them. She coldly separated them and took Billy upstairs with a warning glance at Natalie.

Natalie screamed in anger and slammed the cup on the ground. There was no way to live like this.

Such a life was neither enjoyable nor happy, but rather like hell.

Natalie grabbed her hair with both hands and shook her head frantically. She felt like she was going crazy. How could she continue to live like this?

The next morning, Lee drove Kingsley to the company. Kingsley sat in the back seat with his long legs folded and the document on his lap. He rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, revealing the lines of his strong arms.

On the way, they had a car crash. But fortunately, the accident was not serious. The people in the cars were all safe. There were just scratches on the car.

The main responsibility for the accident was not on Lee, but the owner of the other car. After the car stopped, that driver came over and apologized. "Sorry, it's all my fault. I'll be responsible for the accident."

Kingsley got out of the car. As he looked at the car's owner, he narrowed his eyes.

There was a strong resemblance between her and Zora, not only in appearance and clothes but also the way she spoke.

The moment she spoke, he even thought he was talking with Zora. Kingsley was a little surprised, but his face was calm, maintaining his elegance as he said, "It's just a scratch. It's nothing."

Then he looked at Lee and said, "Send the car to the garage."

Lee asked, "What about you, Mr. Wright?"

Kingsley said, "I'll take a cab."

The woman delivered her apology again. There was an indescribable tenderness on her face. She said, "Sir, I must compensate you, otherwise, I can't feel at ease."

Kingsley lifted his wrist to look at the time and said flatly, "I'm in a hurry. I can't stay here. It's just a scrape. It's not a big deal, so I don't think I need your compensation. If you want to compensate me, then talk to my assistant."

After saying that, Kingsley stopped a cab and got into the cab with his long legs.

She watched Kingsley leave. Then she lowered her head and got into her car. There was a light flashing under her eyes. But no one saw it.

The weather was still a little cold in early spring. She wore a white coat, black tights, and fine heels. Her silk

-like hair was cascading over her shoulders. Both her demeanor and her words were soft, with an indescribable sense of comfort.

The new company had already started operating. But it was the first time for Kingsley to come over, and the name of the company had not yet been decided.

All the employees of the company were already standing at the gate, waiting for Kingsley. They greeted Kingsley warmly. And the woman he met in the morning was among the employees.

Then it was time for the meeting. The company's top management and executives were gathered in the conference room, ready to make presentations.

## Chapter 1088

The new company was very well prepared. In a short time, all employees, from front-line employees to top executives, had been recruited, and there were no vacancies left.

The newly recruited employees were all first-class, including the most famous designers and operation specialists at home and abroad.

Kingsley sat on the chair for the president in the conference room, with a glass of warm water in front of him and a large projection screen behind him. He put his arms on the table with his legs crossed and listened to the presenters carefully.

Each department would select management staff and work out a set of detailed plans for future development.

Although the meeting lasted for a long time, everyone listened to the presenters carefully in the meeting room.

Among all the employees, half of them were females, and all the women couldn't help looking at Kingsley from time to time.

He noticed that, but he didn't say anything. He just smiled with a faint estrangement. If their eyes met, he would nod politely.

The meeting lasted for an hour and a half. When it was about to end, Kingsley tidied up his suit and asked, "Any questions?"

The employees looked at each other, and then the woman that Kingsley met in the morning stood up. There was a name tag on her chest, and her name was Rosaria Felton.

Her eyes were bright, and she stared at Kingsley with a chuckle. Then she asked, "Can I ask you a personal question, Mr. Wright?"

"Yes." Kingsley took a sip of warm water and smiled faintly.

"Are you married?" She said, "I am very curious about this question. I believe that all the women in the meeting room want to ask you the same question."

"No..." He took another sip of warm water, and his voice was very smoky.

Suddenly, some women became excited, and they smiled happily.

"But," Kingsley paused and began to smile, "I love a woman deeply and want to marry her. As long as she says yes, I will marry her at any time..."

After hearing that, everyone in the meeting room started to discuss, and the women became sad.

He just smiled and stood up, and his facial expression was soft, "Well, I hope everyone will work happily in the future."

There was a dinner in the evening. Kingsley asked Lee to pick up Sherman, but Sherman refused to come because she wanted to sleep.

After dinner, they went to a bar.

Kingsley seldom went to the bar. The bar was quite lively, but he was absent-minded.

Now he didn't want to stay at the bar at all, because he just wanted to go back to the apartment, hold her, chat with her, or watch TV with her.

The people around him were all very happy, and he drank some wine with them. After a while, he decided to go back home. Although he didn't drink too much, he was tainted with the smell of wine.

He was a little drunk, his eyes squinted, and he was drinking water.

When everyone was about to do some karaoke, Kingsley said that he had to leave because he had something important to do.

Afterwards, he walked out of the private room, kneading between his eyebrows with his long fingers, and then unbuttoned his suit.

After taking several steps forward, he heard that someone was calling him. Then he found it was Rosaria. She sped up to walk to him. She said breathlessly, "Mr. Wright."

Kingsley stopped, looked at her, and said politely, "Ms. Felton, what can I do for you?"

## Chapter 1089

"I have something to do, so I'm leaving too. Mr. Wright, I can give you a ride. I'm really sorry for what happened this morning." She always had a light smile on the corners of her mouth.

When she smiled, she was much like Zora.

However, Kingsley smiled lightly and shook his head, "Thank you, Ms. Felton. My car is already here."

Rosaria smiled and reached out to pat her forehead, "Okay. Mr. Wright, can you give me your phone number? I'll definitely take care of the matter about the car."

Zora liked to pat her forehead very much. Back then, Kingsley said if she continued patting her forehead, she would be silly. But she just smiled.

Seeing Rosaria's movements, Kingsley gave her a phone number. It was not his personal phone number, but the office secretary's phone number.

He asked casually, "Ms. Felton, where are you from?" "Lanechett. But I've been studying abroad. I just came back not long ago." Rosaria replied.

Kingsley nodded, but didn't say anything. He said goodbye to her and walked to his car. He kept rubbing between his eyebrows with his hand, as if he was

uncomfortable.

Lee was already waiting in the Silver Mulsanne.

Rosaria walked to her car. When she started the car, there seemed to be something wrong and it didn't work. She called the insurance company anxiously.

When the silver Mulsanne passed by her, she stopped it, "Mr. Wright, can you give me a ride?"

Lee looked at Kingsley in the back seat. He nodded slightly, with his eyes closed.

He had a cold today and didn't feel well. Besides, he drank a few glasses of wine. He felt even more uncomfortable.

Rosaria also sat in the back seat. It was very quiet all the way in the car. No one spoke, and they could only hear the sound of breathing.

When they arrived at Rosaria's place, she got off. She was ready to say goodbye to Kingsley, but his eyes were closed, as if he was already asleep. So she said goodbye to Lee and left.

However, Kingsley was actually not asleep. After she left, he opened his eyes slowly.

Sherman had just taken a shower and was wearing a bathrobe. When she heard the doorbell, she walked over to open the door.

Seeing Lee hold Kingsley, she frowned, "Has he drunk?"

"Mr. Wright only drank a few glasses of wine. But he has a fever..." Lee replied.

Sherman laughed, "Didn't you buy him medicine? You should have fed him the medicine. You look so worried about him."

Lee said, "Ms. Holmes!"

She smiled more happily and reached out to hold Kingsley's other arm. She touched his forehead with her hand, and it was indeed hot.

However, Kingsley leaned on her and stood in the doorway, refusing to enter the room. She had just taken a shower and was wearing a bathrobe. The delicate white neck was exposed. Her

collarbones were beautiful. Her hair was soft, shiny, and fragrant. He leaned down and kissed her directly.

Lee was dumbfounded, 'Is he the Mr. Wright I know?' Sherman was out of breath. 'He isn't good at drinking!' He kept kissing her. She patted his chest lightly, but he ignored her. Finally, she said angrily, "Do you want to come in or not?"

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Kingsley immediately let go of Sherman. Sherman felt satisfied, took him to shower, and then prepared some medicine for him.

When he came out of the bathroom, she directly handed him the medicine. After taking the medicine, Kingsley hugged her contentedly. Staying in the apartment made him feel very good.

"Are you feeling better now?" Sherman asked.

Kingsley nodded. He felt very comfortable when hugging her. He had a headache due to the fever, but now he felt much better.

They hadn't seen each other for a day, and he missed her very much. He wanted to be by her side all the time.

At night, Kingsley slept with her in his arms. Sherman felt a little uncomfortable and asked him to let go of her. He looked at her reluctantly, "I'm a patient..."

"So you want me to pity you?" Since her belly got bigger, she didn't like sleeping next to him.

"Yes. If you sleep with me in my arms overnight, I'll be better soon. Besides, I haven't seen you all day. I miss you so much..."

Sherman laughed, "If Lee sees you now, he'll blush!"

Kingsley took her in his arms and kissed her, "You are so cute..."

She kept laughing. 'Boy's love is quite wonderful.'

Eventually, Kingsley fell asleep with her in his arms. Sherman touched his forehead from time to time to feel his body temperature.

As soon as she touched his forehead, he consciously pressed his forehead against her hand. Sometimes, he would move a few times to be closer to her.

Sherman wrapped her arms around him helplessly. He couldn't stop the light smile between his eyebrows. He said in a warm and charming voice, "How about sleeping with me in my arms every night?"

"Impossible. I'm pregnant now. After I give birth, I'll sleep with your son or daughter in my arms at night. I won't have time for you."

"So before the baby is born, you have to cherish me..."

After returning to her apartment, Rosaria turned on the lights. She was startled when she suddenly saw the dark figure standing in front of the window.

Luke turned around, sat on the sofa, and said, "Come here."

Rosaria walked over and sat down beside him. Luke asked, "Did you see him?" "Yes. We talked a few times."

"What was his reaction?" "He seemed to be very calm." Rosaria replied.

Luke raised his eyebrows and said, "What do you think of him?"

"Not bad. He is very excellent." Rosaria said.

"Really?" Luke suddenly narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice, "Are you attracted to him?"

Rosaria was just about to say something when Luke suddenly slapped her in the face.