

President 1191

Chapter 1191

The subordinates standing around all realized Luke couldn't take Kingsley's punches anymore, or he would die!

Kingsley was like he got eyes on his back. A guy just moved his foot when Kingsley's sullen voice sounded, "Stand there! If anyone dares to come over, I will beat him as well!"

The guys didn't dare to move anymore. They stood still.

Kingsley yanked Luke at his collar and stared at him. His gaze was so sharp as if they were to pierce Luke. "Looks like today, we're going to get it over! One of us will die! It's whether you or me! Terrific!"

Just then, a guy walked over with a cell phone in his hand. Risking being punched by Kingsley, he handed the phone to Luke.

Kingsley swung a punch at him and immediately, the guy fell to the ground.

The others were intimidated. They didn't dare to move.

On hearing what was said on the phone, Luke's face turned awful, his breathing became rapid, and he looked panicked.

He bluntly wiped the blood off the corners of his mouth. Then he said his first words tonight, "Eileen and my son had a car accident. They are in the ICU right now. I must go. When they're okay, whatever you want to do to me is up to you!" "You have a conscience now?" Kingsley sneered, "Too late!" "My son is in the ICU. I don't know if he's still breathing. I have to go see him. As soon as I take care of things in the hospital, I'll come back!" It was difficult for Luke to speak. He kept coughing all the time. He had been hit too hard. His stomach and lungs ached severely when he coughed.

"You're in a hurry? But I'm laid back. I have plenty of time. What do you say? Right now you're my favorite game. If you leave, what should I do to kill the time?"

It was rare that Kingsley had a touch of evil on his face. Seeing Luke being extremely anxious, he was pleased. He was indifferent. There was such a dark side of him too. It just he never showed it before.

Luke, however, could not waste time here. Holding on to a nearby tree, he managed to take a step. Immediately, he was kicked down to the ground by Kingsley again.

The pain in his chest was so severe that he couldn't even breathe. Sipping the fishy sweet blood, Luke stood up again. Then bluntly, Kingsley kicked him again, and Luke was down again.

Luke was lying on the ground with blood at the corners of his mouth. Kingsley was standing in front of him. The wind was blowing his coat. He looked grim and sullen.

Luke was lying on the ground with his hands covering his chest. He couldn't get up. He crumpled up in agony.

Luke really couldn't hold on. The guys could not bear to watch him. All of a sudden, a guy shouted, "Ms. Holmes' hand seems to have moved! "

Immediately, the darkness in Kingsley's eyes cleared up a bit. Finally, he stopped his beat on Luke. He turned around and strode to Sherman.

Gently, he placed Sherman on his lap and wiped the ashes from her face.

While Kingsley was attending to Sherman, two guys slid over and quickly carried Luke into the car. The car sped away. A few seconds later, the car was out of sight.

Sherman felt cold, extremely cold. A freezing chill went through her body.

Sherman crumpled up. She was in a deep disturbance. She saw flames and a wild blaze coming. Her shoes had caught fire, and her clothes were also on fire. Her whole body was on fire. It was hot and burning, and she was in agony.

And just then, a low, tight, yet familiar voice sounded. It was like coming through the flames and went into her ears," Sherman! Sherman! Wake up!"

She felt her eyelids were heavy. It was hard to open her eyes. Struggling and holding herself together, Sharman opened her stinging, sore eyes.

Chapter 1192

Kingsley was wearing a long, light blue trench coat and Sherman was lying in his arms. His breathing was ragged and rapid," Wake up! Wake up, Sherman!"

Finally, she managed to open her heavy eyelids with difficulty and saw Kingsley's face. His handsome face looked haggard and gloomy at that time. There was pale stubble on his chin. He looked very anxious. He kept patting Sherman's face.

Sherman felt her throat dry and sore. She coughed softly and reached out to take his hand. Then she said in a hoarse voice," You're hurting me, honey."

At once, Kingsley's tall, strong body tensed up. He didn't speak or move. He just stared at her without blinking. His eyes were dark, peaceful, yet deep as pools of water.

He seemed calm, but his heaving chest gave away his emotions.

Sherman was a little uncomfortable with the way he looked at her. She felt a little nervous.

She looked down and noticed that her wounds had been dressed and she was wearing a jacket. Apparently, the doctor had already examined her.

His dark, deep eyes kept staring at her for a long time. Then Kingsley drew back his arm and got up and stepped aside. He didn't say anything to Sherman. He lit a cigarette and stood there in silence. The smoke rose slowly. Kingsley's face was in the smoke, and Sherman could not see his expression clearly.

Lee came over and brought a glass of water. "Ms. Holmes, Mr. Wright had been looking for you all night. Since he got your call last night, he had sent people looking for you. The entire woods were on fire, but Mr. Wright broke in, despite us all trying to stop him. Look at his clothes."

Sherman's gaze shifted down. Then she noticed that Kingsley's light blue trench coat had been torn by branches and smoked black. His suit pants and leather shoes were all torn. The man looked like he had crawled out of a pile of ashes.

Also, on the side of his face and on his jaw, there were scratches from branches, light or deep, even on the back of his hands. And his lips were dry.

Sherman stared at Kingsley. She couldn't imagine how he found her during the time she was missing.

Sherman opened her lips, but she didn't say a word in the end. She looked around, but she didn't see Luke, so she whispered to Lee, "Where's Mr. Bennington?"

Lee carefully peeked at Kingsley. Then he whispered, "Mr. Wright kicked him to the hell, and he was badly injured. Finally, when Mr. Wright wasn't looking, they secretly carried him away."

Sherman wanted to ask more. Just then, Kingsley exhaled a puff of smoke from his thin lips. He flicked the butt off his fingers and twisted it out with his foot. He commanded, his voice deep, "Let's go back downtown!"

Two nurses walked forward and carefully placed Sherman on a stretcher. Then they gingerly placed her in the car.

Sherman sat up slightly and looked at Kingsley, but she saw the man turn around and step into another car.

On the way, Sherman's eyes were fixed on that car. Her palms squeezed slightly. She knew Kingsley must be angry.

She had never seen Kingsley being so angry.

Lee was sitting beside Sherman. So she asked Lee, "How did you find me there?"

"Not long after Mr. Wright got your call, he suddenly asked our men to check your trail. Till evening, our men found out that you were in the woods. Then we immediately drove there. But by

the time we got here, the fire was raging. Mr. Wright didn't say a word. He rushed into the woods directly..."

Lee thought back to when they arrived at the woods. Although it was all over, when he thought of Kingsley's desperate dark eyes, he still felt terrified.

When Kingsley tried to rush into the woods, everyone stopped him. He would certainly have lost his life if he rushed into the fire at that time.

Then Kingsley exploded with rage. He broke free from their block. His grim, hard-lined face looked frightening. "Even if I will lose my life, I will go in. I have to go! You all stay there!"

Chapter 1193

They dared not stop Kingsley. Kingsley hastily rushed into the woods, in spite of the fire, the heavy smoke, and the pungent smell of burning.

Lee and the other subordinates followed Kingsley into the woods. Lee almost tripped and crawled on the ground by the stretched branches several times. But Kingsley strode forward, his face grim, his brows furrowed, and kept calling Sherman's name.

Kingsley's trench coat was cut by the branched and his handsome face was covered with ashes. He looked as if he had crawled out of a pile of ashes.

Several times on their way, charred trunks came crashing down, and once a trunk smashed on Mr. Wright's shoulder. After that, his arm drooped at his side and did not move for hours.

That strike must have hurt him badly.

Not only Lee but all the other subordinates were worried about Kingsley. Lee asked, "Mr. Wright, should you go out first and let the doctor check you out? We will continue to search for Ms. Holmes."

"I'm alright! Here I make it clear once and for all! If you waste my time in saving Sherman, you will all hold accountable! Don't try to stop me! I'm not going out there! You're pissing me off!" Kingsley yelled, his eyes malevolent. These were the only words he had spoken since he had entered the woods.

A tense, suffocating, oppressive atmosphere enveloped the woods. And there was a roaring fire. It was horrifying.

The used-to-be mild Mr. Wright became mad in an instant. Everyone was frightened. No one dared to speak a word.

This frightening tension lasted until they found Sherman in the cave. At the moment Sherman was brought out of the cave, the others were a little farther away, so they did not see the look in Kingsley's eyes, but Lee saw that clearly.

At that moment, Mr. Wright seemed to be drained of all of his strength. He finally breathed a sigh of relief and leaned on the trunk behind him. His chest was heaving violently. His right hand rubbed his brow, where there was soreness from too much tension.

But Kingsley did not show any of his emotions on his face. He just leaned on the trunk and let the men bring Sherman to him.

Only Lee knew it was not that Mr. Wright did not want to step forward, but he could not move from the sudden relaxation after the extreme tension.

In the car, Lee talked about how they found the woods. The young nurses start chatting about it. They admired Kingsley so much! And they envied Sherman so much!

At the moment, Sherman missed Kingsley terribly!

When they arrived at the hospital, Sherman was taken into the luxurious suite ward that Kingsley had arranged. A nurse was waiting in the ward.

But Kingsley was not there. Sherman was disappointed. She kept staring at the door of the room.

It was morning when Sherman got into the ward, but by late afternoon Kingsley did not come. He seemed to have forgotten about her.

Leaning back on the bed, Sherman asked the nurse to hand her the cell phone. She quickly dialed Kingsley's number that was engraved in her mind.

But it went unanswered. Only a voicemail reminded her to redial later.

Sherman bit her lip. She wouldn't give up. She dialed the number again, but this time the line was busy.

She guessed Kingsley didn't want to take her call.

It was her fault, and Kingsley had the reason to be angry.

Sherman could not reach him on the phone. She had to think of some other ways. She couldn't get through Kingsley, but Lee should be able to get through. So she asked Lee to call Kingsley and tell him that she missed him.

Lee felt embarrassed to make such a call. He felt it was inappropriate for him to communicate the love talk between the husband and wife. But Sherman glared at him fiercely. Lee had no choice but to make the call.

Kingsley just responded with an "OK" in a nonchalant tone. He didn't say anything else. Then he hung up the phone.

Lee held the phone and looked at Sherman rather helplessly. The phone was on speakerphone, so Sherman heard it clearly.

After a moment's thinking, Sherman requested, "Call Kingsley again. Tell him I miss him so much that my heart aches."

Chapter 1194

Lee couldn't help hesitating for a moment. He felt it was really inappropriate for him to relay Sherman's words to Kingsley, because it would sound like he was confessing his love for Kingsley. This was rather awkward.

However, urged by Sherman, he had to call Kingsley.

After making up his mind, Lee dialed the phone. Kingsley answered the call, but he immediately hung up after saying, "Don't call me again if there is nothing necessary."

Sherman flew into a rage and ordered in an annoyed tone, "Call him again!"

Lee was so scared that he almost threw his mobile phone on the ground. Pulling a long face, he dialed the phone again. This time, Sherman directly grabbed the phone from him and said pitifully, "Kingsley."

However, as soon as she called out his name, Kingsley hung up again. It turned out that he was unwilling to hear another word from her.

Sherman called him again and said affectionately, "I really miss Cody. I haven't seen him for a whole day."

"He has fallen asleep..." Kingsley finally answered her in a frosty tone. Then he hung up again.

Sherman was rendered speechless. It seemed that she really pissed him off this time. She never knew it was so hard to please Kingsley when he was angry!

Then she came up with a new idea. At lunchtime, she buried her head under the pillow and said she wasn't hungry. And when it was time for dinner, she still said she didn't feel like eating.

Seeing her like this, the nurse became quite anxious. But Sherman just refused to eat, insisting that she wasn't hungry at all.

Besides lunch and dinner, she also skipped the midnight snack. She really sacrificed a lot to arouse Kingsley's sympathy towards her.

However, her little trick didn't seem to work out. By nine o'clock in the evening, Kingsley still didn't come to visit her. Sherman couldn't help but be more disappointed.

Feeling a little bit sleepy, she didn't have any remaining strength to support herself up. When she was going to have a rest, the door of the ward was opened with a creaking sound.

Her eyes instantly brightened up with joy, and she looked over. It was indeed Kingsley coming in.

He was probably the person who cared about her most in the world. Although he was still angry with her and knew that she did all this on purpose, he still worried that she might be starving.

Standing in front of the bed, Kingsley wore a calm and indifferent expression. "You're making yourself suffer if you don't eat anything. Why did you do such a silly thing?"

Without saying anything, Sherman thought to herself, 'It's all because of you!'

She didn't dare to show an arrogant attitude again. With a soft expression, she narrowed her eyes and made an apologetic gesture with both hands. "I was wrong! I really know that I was wrong! Please forgive me!"

But Kingsley remained silent. He just stood there staring at her, and his eyes were like thick black ink.

Sherman was most afraid of him when he fixed his eyes on her like this. In fact, she even wished that he could lose his temper at her.

She became flustered under his intense gaze, but she had no idea what was on his mind.

"Sherman, who am I to you?"

He asked in a neither low nor loud voice, but it sounded so frigid. It was hard to tell his true feelings now.

She was slightly stunned and then she put on a more serious expression. "You are my husband."

"Really?" He sounded so casual when asking this.

Sherman was so sick of his attitude that she immediately said, "Are you questioning me?"

"You feel unhappy just because of my questioning. Sherman, you lied to me at that critical moment, didn't you? How do you think I feel now?" He looked at her quietly.

Chapter 1195

"You must be burning with rage and even feel disappointed in me..." Sherman tried to describe his feelings at the moment. Then she softened her tone and said, "But I am trying to make you happy now..."

"Make me happy?" Kingsley's face darkened, and his black coat added a touch of gloominess to him. Pursing his thin lips, he turned around and left directly without saying anything.

Frowning, Sherman felt her head throbbing painfully. She immediately ran out of the ward, got into the car and asked Lee to catch up with Kingsley as quickly as possible.

But she was a step behind. When she arrived, the apartment door was just slammed shut by Kingsley.

"Kingsley, I really know I was wrong. But I have a reason to do this!" she said.

Kingsley didn't say anything.

"Kingsley, I am too tired to stand upright now. My legs go limp and I'm going to fall to the ground. Ah!" She then let out a scream.

He was taking off his coat now. Upon hearing this, he stopped his action, with his right hand resting on the collar of his coat. The next second, he subconsciously looked at the monitor, only to find that she was leaning comfortably against the wall.

Both the nanny and nurse were in the apartment. They took a look at the monitor and then turned to look at Kingsley.

Kingsley ignored Sherman, so she had no choice but to continue standing outside the door.

"You are already in your thirties. Why do you always slam the door like a willful child when you lose your temper?"

Kingsley still remained silent.

"It's okay that you slammed the door out of anger. But this is my apartment. Do you think it's appropriate to do this in front of me?"

This time, Kingsley made a move. He picked up the windbreaker and put it on, and he asked the nanny to follow him.

After opening the door, he shot an indifferent glance at Sherman and said, "Well, you can stay here, but we will go out."

Sherman was rendered speechless.

Kingsley walked past her. The hem of his black windbreaker touched the back of her hand, which made her feel itchy and an unspeakable tingling.

Sherman had been used to his gentleness towards her, so his indifference really made her distressed. Out of anxiety, she rushed to stop him. However, she accidentally slipped and directly knelt on the ground. Then she cried out in pain.

He immediately turned around, and his expression changed drastically. It was hard to believe that he had treated her like a stranger a moment ago. He quickly walked to her and picked her up with one hand.

Sherman put her hands around his neck and leaned her cheek against his chest. "Aren't you going?"

He looked at her with a sinking heart. "Do you want me to put you down?"

"No!"

She immediately held him in her arms more tightly. "Just hold me like this and don't push me away! Also, I owe you an explanation. At that time, Luke tied me up, and I couldn't inform you without a mobile phone. The only thing I can do is to borrow Luke's phone, but I didn't dare to tell you the

real situation, for I had no idea how he would punish me. Perhaps he would be enraged and lose his mind. Although I said that excuse, you managed to find my whereabouts, didn't you?"

Under that dangerous situation, she really couldn't show her true feelings. She was tied up by Luke, and if she angered him, the consequences would be grave. Luke even waved a knife, threatening to kill her, which proved that he was indeed crazy at that time.

Kingsley looked into her eyes, and his deep -set eyes darkened a little bit. Without a word, he took her into the apartment.

"You are persuaded by me, right? When I said those excuses on the phone, you also noticed something was wrong, didn't you?"

At that time, she had no choice left but to say it that way. If she had told Kingsley that Luke kidnapped her, she might have been killed by Luke on the spot.

Without uttering a word, Kingsley applied ointment on her knee with one hand, and his anger also slowly dissipated. There was no denying that Sherman did the right thing in that kind of dangerous situation.

"How did you know that I was in danger at that time?" Sherman asked curiously.

Chapter 1196

"The speakerphone was turned on, and I faintly heard a man's curse. It sounded familiar..."

Kingsley's words reminded Sherman that Luke had spilled the glass of water he was carrying and the hot water was spilled on the back of his hand, so Luke muttered a curse.

Sherman leaned over and hugged Kingsley, reclining against him like a cute kitten. " Don't be mad at me, okay?"

"OK." Kingsley answered. He told Sherman to sit back. How could he really be mad at her? Especially under that circumstances, Sherman did the right thing.

Immediately, Sherman chuckled, "You know what? You look so grim! You've really freaked me out!"

Staring at her, Kingsley spoke, "You felt scared?"

"I was scared when you were so stern to me. I don't like it when you treat me that way. " She said, "Also, what are you going to do about Luke?"

Hearing the name, Kingsley's eyes turned cold, without a trace of emotion, dark and freezing.

After a moment's hesitation, Sherman said, "Forget it. He already knew he was wrong, and he's come to his senses. At the emergent moment, he pushed me out of the way as the tree fell down when we were running out of the burning cottage, but his legs were hit heavily by the tree." "If he hadn't taken you there, why would you have needed him to rescue you?" Kingsley stated the facts briefly and ruthlessly.

"He's a poor man. He keeps blaming himself for Zora's death. He felt that he was responsible for Zora's death. He said he could never forget how Zora had died. Every day, when he sleeps, he dreams about her. It's a nightmare. He could not escape from it. He was imprisoned in the misery."

"So he does not allow himself to be happy or to see you happy. He thinks you two are the closest friends to Zora. He also said that he introduced Zora to you."

"And that if Zora didn't know you, then the tragedy wouldn't have happened. She was only in her twenties, young and beautiful, with a promising future, but she ended up in that way. He thinks it's all his fault..."

Sherman thought a man who always kept his beloved one in his heart wouldn't be too bad. Or maybe she was softened by Luke's involuntary kindness.

Slowly, Sherman continued, "People may make mistakes. It's OK if a person goes down the wrong path, but he can't continue down the wrong path. In the woods, he risked his life to push me aside and get the blow. The kindness he showed at the moment made me believe that he was truly repentant. He knew he was wrong, or he wouldn't have saved me in the woods. If you don't forgive Luke, and you don't feel guilty, your parents and your grandfather always feel guilty.

"In the accident, if I had been seriously injured, or Luke was still unrepentant, then I would have no problem with whatever you did to him because he deserved it.' "But things are different now. You need to reconsider the whole thing. Maybe it's God's will. If a man falls into a nightmare, h e will need something to wake him up, something profound, something that touches his heart, to bring him back to normal. Now Luke has truly woken up..."

Kingsley was silent. He just knelt in front of her and kept rubbing the ointment on the injury of Sherman's knee gently with his fingers.

He could not say anything. Sherman looked down but saw that he had been applying the ointment to her with one hand, while his left arm was hanging down at his side, and it was barely moving.

Then she remembered what Lee had said back in the woods. She frowned. She anxiously went to pull his shirt apart and remove it

Shockingly, Kingsley's shoulder, along with his back, was seriously swollen. She could not imagine how hard the blow was when the tree fell down on him!

Immediately, Sherman became anxious. Her heart tensed up. She gently touched the wound with her fingers. "Have you put medicine on it yet?"

Chapter 1197

"I've seen the doctor. I'm fine. I just need to rest for a few days..." Kingsley deliberately said, afraid that Sherman would be worried about him.

But Sherman was still worried about him. She bit her lips and stroked his shoulder gently. He must have been badly hurt in the past!

"Honey, can you stop your flirtatious action?" He whispered. Til now, he wasn't angry anymore.

"Flirtatious?" She frowned.

Breathing slowly, Kingsley stood up, sat directly across from her, and said, "But I can feel it..."

Sherman froze. She wasn't that nervous but smiled, "What's your feeling?" "Do you want to have a look?" Kingsley looked between his legs with dark eyes.

She instinctively followed his gaze and saw something bulging under his suit pants.

Sherman blushed, glared at him, and said, "Why didn't I find you like this before? Did you pretend to be a gentleman in the past? In fact, you have been disguising yourself, and I was fooled by you."

"Actually, it's a normal thing for a man to have an impulse to have sex with the woman he loves..." He looked at her quietly, "Because of love, he thinks that she is beautiful. He will be moved by her. He even wants to have sex with her. What do you think if a man doesn't want to have sex with a woman?"

She thought he made sense. As she was about to say something, Kingsley held her shoulders with his big hand and looked at her with deep eyes. He smiled and said slowly, "Do you remember you searched for how to get a man initiate to sex with you on the computer in front of me when we met for the first time?"

Hearing that, Sherman blushed and said slowly, "What do you think of me at that time?"

"Well." Gazing at her cheeks, Kingsley thought for a moment and said, "I want to have sex with you."

Sherman didn't know what to say.

Kingsley smiled lightly and put her messy hair on both sides of her cheeks behind her ears with his warm fingers. He looked at her gently and said, "I was just kidding. I had a special feeling at that time. I was moved..."

She continued, "What special feeling?"

"I think you were innocent and sexy, shy and outgoing. It's contradictory yet appealing..."

A smile appeared on the corners of Sherman's mouth. She seemed to think of something, so she hurriedly said, "What are you going to do with Luke?"

"You shouldn't be concerned about him. Cody is hungry. Listen, he's crying..."

Kingsley stood up, stretched out the ruffles on his shirt, directly evading her question.

Sherman hurriedly asked the nanny to carry Cody into her arms. She stroked his soft face and kept kissing him.

Cody giggled and blew spit bubbles with his mouth. The nanny had already fed him reconstituted powdered milk, so he was full. No matter who teased him, he giggled all the time. "Cody is the best child..." She thought that her son was so pretty, with the smell of milk.

Chapter 1198

Livia went to the police station. She was shocked when she saw Natalie because Natalie had lost a lot of weight in a short time and her high cheekbones were very prominent.

"What's wrong?" Natalie said weakly. She didn't even have the strength to speak.

"I used all your money to pay for your grandma's medical expenses. Your uncle doesn't want to take care of her. She is still:

n the hospital. But now I don't have any money." Livia said.

Natalie was silent for a moment before saying, "I'll give you a phone number. You can ask her for money."

Livia noted the number on her phone and asked Natalie, "What should I say to her?"

What should I address her?" "That's the woman who gave birth to me but didn't raise me. After she gave birth to me, she took advantage of her youth and beauty to be with a rich man, and then she left me." Natalie said indifferently, "Since I could remember, I've treated her as a dead person."

Natalie had received money from that woman twice in her life. The first time was three years ago when that woman gave her five million dollars. She received that money because she was short of money at that time.

After Natalie had taken the money, she bought a house, and then she started to improve herself completely. She went to the gym to get in good shape and had cosmetic surgery and breast implants. If someone wanted to get what she wanted, then she had to pay the price. Besides, beauty was always the advantage of women.

This would be the second time for Natalie to receive money from that woman. Her grandma was seriously ill and she had to take care of her grandma because her grandma was the one who had brought her up.

bivia was a little shocked. Natalie said indifferently with a mocking expression, "Can you stay here and chat with me for a while? I don't know if I'll be here when you see me next time."

When Luke returned to Lanechett and went to the hospital, the woman was out of danger and left the emergency room, but the boy was still in the rescue in the emergency room.

It took another two hours before the boy was pushed out of the emergency room. His leg was wrapped in thick gauze and he was immobilized. Apparently, he had an extremely serious leg injury. At this point, he was not yet awake and was immediately transported to the intensive care unit by doctors and nurses.

By contrast, the boy was more seriously injured than the woman.

The doctor said, "We don't know when he will wake up. If he doesn't wake up in thirty-six hours, he would be in danger."

The woman was sitting in a wheelchair and her face was hurt badly. When she heard what the doctor said, she leaned back heavily against the back of the wheelchair. She couldn't help but tremble.

She was in pain and scared.

Luke's face was gloomy. He stared at the woman with his cold eyes and said viciously, "Do you want him to be a cripple like you? Are you satisfied now?"

The woman straightened her slender back, and her hands were tightly gripping the armrests of the wheelchair. As she heard what Luke said, she widened her eyes and looked at him incredulously. Her eyes were red as if her tears would fall down the next moment.

Luke did not want to see her teary eyes, so he looked away and said indifferently, "If anything happens to my son, I won't let you go!"

Without uttering another word, Luke went to the intensive care unit.

The woman didn't move. She looked up so a

she was not to let the tears fall. She murmured in a hoarse voice, "He is also my son! I am his mother!"

Chapter 1199

After Kingsley's parents and grandfather heard that something had happened to Sherman, they came straight over from Lanechett.

Although they were told that Sherman was safe, they still felt worried about her. They insisted on coming over to visit Sherman overnight. They didn't feel reassured until they saw that Sherman was fine.

Sherman told them the whole story. There was a long silence.

Kingsley's mother said, "Since Luke has admitted he is wrong. Why not just give him one more chance? I feel pitiful for Sherman. But we owe the Benningtons. From now on, we are no longer in debt to the Bennington family. I will no longer be soft with Luke if he does something harmful to us again. Sherman, I'm so sorry for having you suffer all this because of us."

Sherman shook her head and said, "No worries. I think the same as you, Mom."

Kingsley's father then said, "I think the same as you too. We'd better persuade Kingsley to let Luke off the hook. But Luke has crossed the line this time."

"If it hadn't been for us, perhaps that tragic accident to Luke's family could have been avoided. Since the change in Luke is related to Zora's death and he has learned the lesson, let's forgive him

this time." Kingsley's grandfather said, "Sherman, could you go and tell Kingsley our final decision?"

Sherman raised her head, "Why me? You are beloved and well-respected in the family. It's better for you to tell Kingsley this decision! I am not in a position to do so.

"Who would refuse to do what he can do? Do you think that he loves me more than you? He only listens to you, not me. He is deaf to my words. And he always makes decisions without talking to

me first!" Kingsley's grandfather grunted. "Can someone's grandpa be more important than his wife?"

"..." Sherman didn't know what to say.

"You'll complete this important task! Where is Cody? Where is my dear grandson? I haven't seen him for a long time. I wanna kiss him on the face!" Kingsley's grandfather turned around and went for Cody.

Before going to bed, Sherman talked with Kingsley about Luke's matter again.

Kingsley asked Sherman why she so cared about this matter.

"It's not that I care about it. I just feel burdened. The kindness Luke showed to me at the end made me feel that I shouldn't be cruel to him."

Kingsley didn't say a word and went to the bathroom. Sherman stomped her foot in anger. He is really good at evading the subject!

Two days later, Luke returned to Santabaca from Lanechett. He was still wearing the same clothes he wore when he ran away from the woods that day. The clothes were dirty and messy.

He hadn't rested for a whole night. His eyes were bloodshot. When he came over, Sherman and Kingsley were at home.

"It's my fault, and now I'm here to fulfill my promise." Luke hadn't slept for a few days, and he was exhausted now.

Before Sherman could say anything, Kingsley had gotten up and punched Luke hard on the face.

Luke, however, was very weak. He fell to the ground immediately. Blood flowed down the corner of his mouth. Luke struggled to stand up. He didn't fight back.

Just as Luke stood on his feet, Kingsley then punched him again. More blood flowed from the corner of his mouth. Luke was so weak and he could barely stand up.

Seeing this scene, Sherman was anxious and worried. She hurriedly reached out to stop Kingsley but was pushed aside by Kingsley.

When Luke stood up, he said to Sherman, "Would you please leave us alone for a moment? I need to talk with him."

Sherman was still worried, and she worried that Luke would be beaten to death by Kingsley. She feared more that Kingsley would lose control and go to extremes. However, Luke said again, "Please."

Chapter 1200

Taking a breath, Sherman looked at Kingsley and said, "Don't forget about me and Cody. Don't be impulsive."

She stood outside the door. She couldn't hear what they were saying, so she put her ear to the door.

"Anyway, I'd like to say sorry to you for all the wrong things I've done," Luke looked at Kingsley with serious eyes.

At this time, Kingsley wasn't as gentle as usual. His face was full of alienation and indifference, and it was cold as if it was coated with a layer of frost. He said, "If your apology is useful, there will be no law in the world..." "I know you'll never forgive me, and I'm not asking for your forgiveness. I deserve to pay for my mistakes, but I have one favor to ask of you." Luke said slowly, "I don't have many friends. The only one I can trust is you. When I'm in prison, I hope you can take care of my kid and my company. I don't trust anyone but you..."

Even Luke felt he was asking too much, but there was nothing else he could do.

"I'm sorry, friend," Luke propped himself up on his hands and stood up. As he passed by Kingsley, he reached out his hand and took Kingsley's hand in his. Then he patted Kingsley's chest in the same way he usually did when they greeted each other and said with a smile, "Forgive me. And take care, friend..."

'Friend, you are my forever friend in this life. Even if you don't regard me as a friend, and even if we are like strangers from now on, I will regard you as my friend forever.'

Kingsley slightly moved his eyes and fingers but didn't say anything. After he had left, Kingsley took out his cell phone and made a phone call.

Sherman ran in and asked, "Where did Luke go?"

"He must have gone to the police station..." He said when he untied the tie around his neck.

Sherman was anxious. She looked at

Kingsley, grumbled discontentedly and clamoured to stop Luke. She was a little angry and didn't want to talk to him.

Kingsley spread his long and attractive legs slightly and gazed at her. His voice was soft but a little unpleasant, "Honey, are you angry with me right now about

someone who doesn't matter?"

Sherman ignored him, thinking that she had failed in completing the important task that the rest of the family had entrusted her with.

She hadn't talked much to Kingsley all day. She held Cody in her arms and coaxed him. Cathy, Aaron and Tonell were packing up, and they were going back to Lanechett tomorrow.

The next night, when they were ready to drive from the villa to the airport, Kingsley asked Cathy, Aaron and Tonell to go first, and he wanted to take Sherman somewhere.

Sherman was confused. She asked him where they would go, but he didn't answer. When they arrived, she learned that he had brought her to the police station.

The policeman at the police station treated them very warmly. Kingsley's attitude was neither distant nor intimate. He shook hands with the policeman indifferently.

As the two of them sat in the office, the policeman made them coffee. They didn't drink the coffee. Kingsley simply told the policeman, "Release him, please."

The policeman knew who Kingsley was talking about, so he asked, "Mr. Wright, are you taking him back to the mental hospital now?"

The mental hospital? Sherman was confused. She didn't know what was going on?

"Here's what happens. Mr. Wright called the police the day before yesterday. He said a friend of his was mentally disturbed and was coming to the police station to confess to kidnapping someone. He told us to keep his friend for a couple of days and then let his friend go when he comes to the police station and say that he wants to take his friend away."

After hearing what the policeman had said, Sherman put all the pieces together. And in an instant, she figured it out. She pinched Kingsley's hand under the table and said with a smile, "You did it on purpose. You have forgiven him."

Kingsley smiled and gently pinched her nose, "I forgave him at the last minute..."

Maybe it was the moment their hands touched. Maybe it was the moment Luke patted him on the chest in their unique way. Or maybe it was the moment he said, 'Take care, friend.'