

President 841

Chapter 841

Billy knew that Sherman was bad-tempered. But at this moment her words were even sharper than he had expected. "Do you know that you are like a shrew now?"

"know. When we hadn't got divorced, you said was like a shrew." Sherman repeated with a light smile.

No matter what he said, she was always cold and even indifferent. Billy was a little angry.

Billy embraced her into his arms with force and his expression became cold. Sherman looked at him coldly. "Sherman, you don't need to get back at me in such a way. You should cherish yourself instead of being like this." Sherman struggled to get rid of him, but it was in vain. She said coldly, "Why do you think I'm getting back at you?" Billy stared at her, and he felt particularly annoyed.

"Billy, if a woman gets back at you, you should be qualified and hateful. You aren't qualified, and don't hate you. Why should get back at you? Could it be that don't want to live a peaceful life?"

She said coldly as if she had changed into another person. Looking into her eyes, Billy frowned slightly. He felt strange about Sherman. Just as she said, there was no emotion in her eyes. He thought she was getting back at him. But her eyes were too calm except for the sneer...

At that moment, something suddenly fell on his shoulder. The man said in a low and magnetic voice, "Mr. Day, can you let go of my girlfriend?"

Sherman got rid of Billy and stood beside Kingsley, "Didn't you say you had a gathering in the evening. Why did you come here?"

Kingsley's eyes were somewhat deep. He stretched out his big hand to take her into his arms and said gently, "When saw your text message, rushed over..."

Sherman blushed, and her heartbeat accelerated. She didn't expect that he would come to her after she just sent a text message.

Billy stared at the two of them and became even more annoyed. He narrowed his eyes and stared at Kingsley, "How much did you pay her?"

Sherman was about to speak when Kingsley pressed her arm with his large hand. He looked at Billy with his deep eyes, "Mr. Day, what do you think?"

His domineering posture made Billy frown, "No matter how much it is, I'll offer you twice the price. Let her go.

Kingsley nodded and showed a gentle light smile on his lips. Then,

I've never) She is priceless to me

as my girlfriend. We are in a relationship."

"won't believe your words." Billy didn't believe it. We just got divorced a short time! How could she be in a new relationship?"

Kingsley rubbed between his eyebrows with his big hand gently "Mr. Day, don't misunderstand my words. We can do to make you believe? Honey, please prove it."

Hearing the word "honey", Sherman was speechless.

But Billy said, "Okay, Sherman, go ahead."

Kingsley lowered his head and gazed at her tenderly. He looked at her lips, obviously... Looking at him, Sherman flushed.

After thinking about it, she stood on tiptoe slightly and took the initiative to kiss his thin lips, with her eyes slightly closed.

Chapter 842

Her blushing cheeks looked attractive against the light. Kingsley put his right hand on her back. His eyes swept from Sherman's shy cheeks to the man behind her. Then he kissed her.

Billy's big hands, which were hanging beside him, clenched. He breathed heavily with his blue veins standing out on the back of his hands.

After kissing for a while, Sherman wanted to move away, but Kingsley's big warm palm wrapped around her slender waist, and he wildly and gently kissed her again.

His kiss was warm, showing his right of possession... After a long while, Kingsley let go of her. He hooked her chin with his slender fingers and said in a gentle voice, "Are you shy?" Sherman, "No..."

"She has proved it. I'm sure that President Day has seen what's going on. I'm never a man who would make things difficult for women. As for keeping a mistress, it's just empty talk. As for the relationship between President Day and Sher, knew it before. I'm indeed unhappy that President Day gets close to Sher.

hope that you can avoid such meetings in the future... " Kingsley raised his head and said. Billy's anger was raging. He wanted to step forward and separate them, but when he stepped forward, Kingsley shot him a glare. At this time, Sherman spoke slowly to get it across.

"From the beginning to the end, it's just a rumor that I'm kept as a mistress, which started from a class reunion. didn't explain it because didn't care about it and felt that what they thought had nothing to do with me. Now even you believe that rumor. have to clarify it.

"I'm in love with him. won't find myself a sugar daddy. don't want anyone to keep me as a mistress. No matter what kind of relationship we used to have, it's unnecessary for you to help me. know you well but you still don't understand me. You have gotten along with me for seven years, but you still believe that rumor about me. have nothing to say.

Fortunately, we don't have anything to do with each other now. Let's go back to our own ways. You don't have to embarrass yourself in front of me anymore..."

Kingsley's gaze was deep. He hugged her and then took her to the silver-colored Mulsanne. "Have you had dinner yet?" "No, just got off work." "What do you want to eat? Soup? Or do you plan to go back to your apartment and cook it yourself?"

Sherman shook her head, "I'm a little tired today. don't want to cook dinner. want to eat hamburgers and then bring some for Grace. But you don't like hamburgers..."

Kingsley smiled, "eat them occasionally if I'm in a good mood. Today, I'm happy and I'd like to eat them with you."

"know a restaurant on South Lane, which is pretty good. Why not eat hamburgers and order a bowl of soup for you? That's perfect, isn't it?"

She got into the car and saw Billy standing there. She looked away without any emotion. "Okay, I'll do as you said..." He followed her.

The voice gradually drifted, but it was still heard by Billy word by word. The car disappeared in front of him, and he angrily threw his suit jacket on the bonnet of his car.

His irritation had been increasing. Now, it was even more intense.

From the bottom of his heart, he did not believe that Sherman had fallen! Over, with a heart that she had loved him so deeply for seven years. He did not believe it!

He turned around and sat back in his black car. He started the car and it pained him in his heart. The key was still in his hand.

The car rubbed against the ground,

~“ an ea SQung: BHI ed theyar gaidey te the check into pieces, and threw them out of the window... She fell in love with another man. Ha, did she think he would believe her? How could she be with another man in just two months? Maybe she was not kept as a mistress and just wanted to infuriate him... In short, he would not believe this. Sherman and Kingsley went to that restaurant, where many customers were chatting and enjoying the dishes. Kingsley asked for a private room. As soon as they got into the room, he took off his black coat and hung it up-

Sherman didn't order spicy dishes, but something light.

He doesn't like spicy food. She was sort of familiar with his taste.

"have something to talk to you..." Sherman drank some warm water and looked up at the man opposite her, "Can you not call me Sher?"

"Why?" Frowning, Kingsley cast a sidelong glance at her and stared at her calmly.

"Before my mother passed away, my father and she always called me Sher. When you suddenly called me Sher, had the feeling that they were calling me..."

When her childhood nickname came out of his sexy and thin lips, it was indeed tempting and touching.

However, when her mother was still alive, she would always call her Sher. As long as she heard Sher, she would instinctively think of...

With his strong arms supporting himself on the table, Kingsley's large hand gently rubbed the space between his brows. The joints were clearly defined. He said, "Little Sher?"

"..." Sherman lowered her head and said nothing while drinking water. Looking at her expression, Kingsley smiled, "Shery?" She remained silent. Compared to the earlier nickname, this nickname was indeed a little better. However...

Placing the glass on the table, he gently knocked on the table and opened his mouth. His voice was low and gentle, "Then tell me, what do you want me to call you?"

Upon hearing his question, Sherman began to seriously think about it.

Little Sher, no. Shery, no. Then, the only name for Kingsley to address her was that Sherman. "Little Sher, it seems like the elders are calling the younger. Therefore, Sherman is better." He smiled, "Okay, it's up to you."

Meanwhile, the dishes were served. Sherman had the dishes he liked placed near to him. Taking into account his preference, she ordered vegetable soup for him.

"really like the action that you just did..." Kingsley suddenly said.

"Ah?" Sherman was puzzled. Her hand that was holding the fork paused in the air, "What action?"
"The action that indicates our relationship..." What he meant was the kiss Sherman offered to him. Sherman was stunned. Her face couldn't help but turn slightly red. Did...did...he flirted with her?

He looked so serious, and elegant, yet he deliberately flirted.

Obviously, her action made him happy. She curled her lips and Oh! v-drankwater a very good secret. He would drink some water from time to time.

It was already ten o'clock at night after the supper. He sent her downstairs and Sherman invited him to stay for a while.

Kingsley looked at his wrist watch

and shook his head. Then, He led

her. Then, Kingsley waved at her and drove away.

The kissed cheek was still hot. Sherman went upstairs. She couldn't see her. Grace Hadn't slept. She was eating the potato chips and watched the TV.

Sherman gave the food she took from restaurant to Grace. She immediately ate it as if she had been hungry for a long time. Sherman looked at her and asked if she was going to continue like this.
"You think I'm getting in the way between you and my prince charming?"

Sherman sneered and glared at her with her arms crossed in front of her chest, "You know that you're in my way, then why aren't you moving out?"

Chapter 844

"I'm kidding. Don't get mad. I was wrong." Grace immediately smiled and continued, "His mother forced us. It's painful for us to live in the Morgan family mansion. I want to move out and live in peace."

"see you stay at home every day. That's not peace." Sherman poked her forehead, "I know you mind it. also know you're worried. But this is a reality. Though Charlie doesn't care about you, you're still much better than those who have broken arms and legs and those who get cancer, aren't you?"

Grace nodded her head and picked up her fork, "Can you let me finish my dinner?"

Thinking about what Summer said during lunchtime, Sherman moved her mouth but didn't say anything.

Grace was in a bad mood these days. Sherman didn't want to give her more pressure at this time.

Besides, Summer wasn't sure about it, so it was better t o let it go.

Early the next morning.

Sherman went to the company. She just arrived at the office and the manager called her.

When she walked into the office, the manager looked u p, "There is a contract for you."

"The contract that I'm in charge of is not yet finished and the project is about to start. can't stand too much work."

The manager smiled, "This is very simple. Both sides have reached an agreement on it. You just need to sign it. You are capable of doing it."

Sherman didn't say anything. 'If what should do is sign the contract on behalf of the company, why does he give the task to me? Wouldn't it be to my advantage?'

She felt that the manager must not be that kind.

"Here you are. Go there this afternoon and remember t o sign it." The manager handed it to Sherman and looked at her. He hadn't realized before that Sherman was so powerful. She was actually the former Mrs. Day!

Sherman frowned and took the contract. The manager smiled and patted her shoulder lightly, "Come on."

Sherman was confused. She felt that there must be something wrong.

It was time for lunch. Sherman stood up and was about to go to the restaurant when her colleague, Jepson Lever, approached her, "Sherman, are you free now?"

"What's up?" "You brought the documents for me last time. want t

o treat you to lunch today." Sherman shook her head and refused. But Jepson insisted on inviting her to lunch. Sherman had no choice but to agree.

The restaurant he chose was just across the street. There were pizzas, burgers, coffee, milk \ trcaneranel t obtheraoldsred their lunch, Sherman's phone vibrated. It was a text message from Kingsley. He asked her where she was.

Without thinking much about it, Sherman looked at the name of the restaurant and then texted him.

When Sherman was ready to have lunch, Jepson raised his wine glass and toasted to her. She smiled helplessly and had to raise her glass.

"Actually, have something to say." Jepson wiped his mouth and gradually blushed, "In fact, vg paid attention oyopantitallen in Tove With . You are different from other girls. When am with you, feel very comfortable and at ease. Different from other girls, you are honest, persistent, tolerant and pretty. I... Let's get together!"

Sherman's hand holding the fork stopped. She froze. Sh had thought i as justesimpreVurch, but she didn't expect him to confess his love to her.

She was a little embarrassed. She thought in her mind how to reject him in a friendly manner without destroying the harmony between colleagues.

While she was thinking, there was a sudden weight on her shoulder and a nice magnetic voice came, "Are you having lunch with colleagues?"

Sherman turned to look behind her, "You're here?"

Kingsley nodded and sat down after pulling out the seat beside her. He sat there with his legs folded, and there was an overwhelming noble aura.

Jepson froze and looked at Kingsley beside him in a daze. It was a long time before he said, "Mr. Wright." "Hi." Kingsley greeted in a flat tone, then looked at Sherman, "Why didn't you tell me about having lunch with your colleagues?"

"Well, it's kind of last minute." Sherman replied. She pursed her lips, thinking about how she should introduce them to each other.

However, before she could say anything, Kingsley said, "I'm her boyfriend, thank you for appreciating my girlfriend." A simple sentence announced the relationship between Sherman and Kingsley.

Jepson was still stunned because the man's aura was too powerful. He almost bit his tongue, "Sherman is twenty-seven years old, yet she still looks like a

college student, while Mr. Wright is thirty-four years old, you are seven years older than Sherman. Isn't that a little old?" Old? Sherman was stunned. Was he saying that Kingsley was old? Kingsley was obviously stunned too. He may never have heard anyone say that he was old.

Other people's comments about him were more about maturity, charm, and elegance. Or the thirties and forties were the best ages for men. But he has never heard the word "old".

There was a strange expression on his handsome face that had always been indifferent, but soon his expression became normal and he asked Jepson indifferently, "Is that so?"

Jepson could not guess what he was thinking, but said boldly, "You are in your thirties. Aren't you a little bit old?" Kingsley's thin lips curved upward and said lightly with a smile, "Maybe."

Jepson gave a short laugh. There was no way to continue to sit there, so he made an excuse and left.

Only Sherman and Kingsley were left behind. Somehow Sherman just wanted to laugh and did laugh out loud. "You think I'm old too?" Kingsley looked at her.

"No. You are at your best age." Sherman

immediately curbed her laughter. Probably it was the first time that he heard the word "old" from someone else.

Kingsley ordered a cup of coffee. He sipped it and said helplessly, "Then why are you laughing?" She closed her mouth and shook her head seriously. Then she said, "I'm not laughing."

His long body moved forward. His warm fingertips

Sherman's face blushed slightly and she served a bowl "Try it, it tastes quite good."

He gently smiled. After taking a sip of the soup, he nodded and said, "It's really good." The atmosphere between them was good. After lunch, Kingsley sent her back to the company. Sherman went to work and Kingsley drove back to the villa.

After coming back home, he took off his overcoat and was wearing on black shirt. He saw a mirror in front of him, his big hand slowly rubbing his chin. No one knew what he was looking at.

Chapter 846

Luke saw this scene when he walked in. He frowned in confusion, "What's wrong with you?" Kingsley Leaned on the sofa, his long legs overlapped, and his eyes closed slightly. He said, "Tell me if I am old."

"Well, it depends on the people who you compare with. If you compare with a handsome guy about twenty years old, you must be old. However, you are in the golden age of a man's life. Why do you ask me such a question?"

Luke was very surprised, because normally Mr. Wright wouldn't ask this kind of question. "Nothing. I was just curious..." Kingsley downplayed the topic.

"For men, if our skin is in a good condition, we won't look old. Just like me, go to beauty salons and do a facial regularly. However, more and more women like mature men, because they think young men are not as considerate as mature men. I'm afraid that only the female students like young men."

In the end, Luke asked, "By the way, how about you and that pregnant...Sherman?"

Kingsley glanced at him, and his voice was soft, "We get along well with each other."

Hearing these words, Luke's mood changed slightly, "said that she didn't deserve you!"

Kingsley no longer wanted to talk about this topic, "I don't like to talk about some topics repeatedly." Luke became unhappy, took this blue coat, and left the villa quickly.

Kingsley wasn't influenced by Luke. Then he called Lee and asked him to buy something.

Lee was an efficient worker. Twenty minutes later, he appeared at the gate of the villa, carrying an exquisite packaging box in his hand, and there were large letters on the box-Men's Facial Mask. 1

The door was opened, and Kingsley came out. It seemed that he had just taken a bath, as he was wearing a white bathrobe, his hair was still wet, and water drops fell on the floor.

He took the box and looked at it. Then he asked in his deep voice, "Where are the instructions?" "They are all inside." Lee quickly answered, "But Mr. Wright, why do you need the men's facial mask..." Then, Kingsley's lips curled up with a gentle smile. He interrupted Lee, "It's a gift for a friend. Do you have any other questions?"

Lee shook his head quickly, and the door of the villa was closed. He scratched his head, for he thought that it was not a good idea to give a friend men's facial mask.

However, Mr. Wright always did some unexpected things. Lee thought that all the decisions made by Mr. Wright were right.

Kingsley opened the delicate box. He frowned. Staring at faciacrnasi! hejooked abit Helpless, and he felt that he was crazy.

Then, Kingsley remembered what Jepson said when he was in the restaurant. He excitedly raised his left hand and opened the mask's box carefully, and then his right hand flipped through the instructions.

After that, he followed the steps and applied the mask evenly to his face, but then he frowned uncomfortably... His face felt a bit cold, and his skin felt a little tight and uncomfortable. Then, his body moved a little...

He was thirty-four years old, and he was a mature man because he had lived a life of luxury but now he was lying here applying the mask.

In the afternoon, Sherman was sent out to sign the contract before she got off work.

She got to the Royal Tea Garden on South Lane so early that the other party hadn't come yet.

Chapter 847

The manager told her that the other party was from a famous company. She must be considerate and generous and not dissatisfy the other party.

By this time she had been waiting for more than ten minutes, she kept looking at the watch on her wrist. Unexpectedly, she saw Billy come in.

He wore a gray coat and was followed by two assistants, which was really eye-catching when they walked through the hall. Sherman looked as calm as usual. She looked out of the window.

If Billy hadn't hurt her too deeply, she wouldn't be so indifferent to him.

Only when one's former lover was cruel and heartless enough, could the heartbroken party give up completely.

However, when Billy passed by her, he paused and smiled, "Hi, Ms. Holmes."

Sherman ignored him. Billy's assistant came forward and asked, "Excuse me, are you Ms. Holmes who has come to sign the contract?"

Sherman was stunned, and then she realized that the other party who came to sign the contract today was Billy. No wonder the manager gave such an opportunity to her.

Sherman was a little unhappy. She called the manager in front of Billy. And she told the manager directly that she wouldn't sign the contract in a rather bad voice.

The manager naturally refused to agree and warned her that if she screwed up the project, she would be fired!

Sherman just wanted to spill the cup of coffee on the manager's head. She raised her head and inadvertently glanced at Billy's smiling face.

She closed her eyes slightly and hung up her phone. She tried to force a smile and told herself to calm down. She would sign the contract with Billy.

Anyway, she worked to make money. Besides, the project was handed over to her by the manager himself, and she had no reason to refuse.

Moreover, she completely didn't care about Billy, so it was okay to cooperate with him.

Sherman got up and said she wanted to go to the bathroom first.

But she forgot to bring her cell phone with her. She left her cell phone on the table, and as soon as she left, it rang. It was Kingsley who called her.

Billy narrowed his eyes and leaned over. He looked at

the caller and picked up the phone, "Hello."

The two companies had been discussing a partnership for a while, but he didn't know that the other party was Sherman's company. He saw Sherman's name when the secretary came to hand over the contract this afternoon.

He didn't arrange the meeting with Sherman on purpose. He just temporarily replaced the original signer and went to sign the contract in person.

Kingsley kept silent on the other side of the phone, but his faint sound of breathing echoed.

"Mr. Wright, we haven't met for long. I'm sure you remember my voice." Billy picked up the glass of water on the table and spoke slowly.

Kingsley answered with a low voice and no emotion, 'Of course, where is she?'"

"Sherman? She's in the bathroom." Billy said that deliberately, he raised his eyebrows and replied so slowly, "It might be a while before she gets out of the bathroom, but can pass on your message to her."

"Mr. Day, thank you for your kindness. But I've never had the habit of letting a third party pass on my sweet words to my lover." The third party.

There was no doubt that the third party naturally referred to him. Billy frowned. He was speechless and

restless.

"I'll call her again in a moment. Good-bye." When Kingsley finished speaking, he hung up the phone directly.

Kingsley had a habit that he never liked to talk to people he didn't like.

Out of the corner of his eye, Billy saw the figure coming round the corner. So he deleted the caller ID quickly.

After that, the phone was put back in place by him, as if no one had ever touched it.

Sherman sat opposite him. She didn't drink water or eat the dessert. She just wanted to sign the contract as soon as possible because she didn't want to see Billy for another minute.

There was no need for too much contact between them. The document was spread out, and Sherman had known about this project before, so it wouldn't be rusty at this time. She listed the key points one by one, clearly and logically.

She had a clear distinction between business and emotion, and she didn't mix them up. She still wanted to make money and develop her own career. So there was no need to ruin her future because of a wrong marriage.

At the age of 27, she was no longer an impulsive and reckless girl of eighteen, and her thoughts and actions tended to be mature.

Billy had never seen Sherman at work. This was the first time.

When she worked, she was serious, clever and confident.

Billy's eyes narrowed and stared at her. He thought that she had changed after the divorce. Frowning, Sherman raised her hand, landed on the table and knocked, and said coldly, "If there's nothing wrong, sign it." Billy picked up the pen and signed very quickly. Soon he finished the signing and held out his hand, "Nice working with you!"

Without even raising her eyes, Sherman lowered her head and sorted out the documents, stuffed the phone into the bag, turned around and left.

Standing by the side of the road, she was waiting for a taxi. It was chilly in December. The taxis on the road were all occupied. The black Bentley stopped by the side of the road, and Billy's face showed up from the window, "I can give you a ride."

Sherman didn't answer him but kept waiting for a taxi. But there was no taxi available. She walked to the opposite side of the road and stopped one.

Billy was still sitting in the black Bentley, watching the taxi disappear in front of his eyes, and he raised his eyebrows. They had divorced, so there was no need for them to contact each other. For seven years, Sherman had been hurt so deeply and badly that she had exhausted all her strength.

In this world, there was no love for no reason, and there was no ha F9enP reason. A that time) &bToved him sb yhuie without looking back, but now she had to be cruel because she was hurt so badly!

When she returned to her apartment, she found that Grace turned out to be such a nice girl and kept her room very clean. She was worried that Grace was hungry, so she ordered takeaway spaghetti and vegetable soup for Grace, which tasted good.

Sherman went to the bathroom to take a bath. She put her bag

sofa, but ex myqbtiaisfore rang at thid tia . Grace called Sherman through the bathroom door.

There was no answer in the bathroom, and the cell phon

ringing. G edacidedt ick up the Ratseiset was smiling like a blooming flower, "Hello, Mr. Wright."

When Sherman came out of the bathroom, she saw Grace holding her mobile phone and laughing so

happily that her mouth was almost frozen.

Chapter 848

Sherman frowned in surprise. Grace put the phone in Sherman's hand when Sherman walked over, winking at her. Then, Sherman understood.

"Have you had dinner?" Kingsley asked in a gentle voice.

"Yes. What about you?" Sherman went past Grace, who slapped the sofa so hard, and stood in front of the window, away from Grace.

"Yes," he answered. Then he asked, "Are you with him this afternoon?"

Sherman did not understand, "Who?"

"Mr. Day..." Kingsley's tone was slightly serious and he deliberately avoided Billy's name.

However, Sherman already knew who he was referring to. She asked in surprise, "How did you know that?" He calmly explained, "I called you this afternoon, and the person who picked up the phone was him..." Sherman was stunned at first. Then, she got extremely angry. Why did he answer her call?

"The company asked me to sign a contract. didn't know that the person who came to sign the contract was him. Maybe he picked up the phone when went t 0 the bathroom!" She explained angrily.

Kingsley smiled slightly and said, "Your attitude and reaction to me are a little cold, right?"

Cold? Sherman frowned and she held her phone tightly. She did not understand the meaning of his words.

"Every date and appointment is a call from me. You have never called me and asked me out. As a man, should take the initiative. But as a woman, you will give me an impression that you are indifferent if you act too bashful. Do you understand? "

Sherman smiled and her face was slightly red, "Are you complaining?" "Yeah..." He answered honestly and calmly.

Sherman's heart began to beat quickly. As long as the other party is him, whether they talked face to face or through the phone, her heart would beat irregularly...

Thinking about it for a moment, she said, "I will make a change for this."

Through the phone, Sherman could clearly feel his soft laughter bursting out from his chest, "look forward to your good performance..."

Cutting off the phone, she sat next to Grace. Grace's fingers Qoked ter! heh water wafanaid evil smile,

"E AF at your blushing face, what did you talk about?"

Sherman touched her reddening face

with embarrassment. She but

Grace glared at her and snapped, "There is nothing surprising in blush anatomy hearts would not beat more quickly when talking to that man?"

Sherman thought about it and she felt that what Grace said was reasonable. It wasn't that she was shy.

Natalie received a call from bivia.

bivia said she saw that Billy and Sherman were sitting together when she passed by the Royal Tea Garden in the afternoon. When she heard about it, Natalie's heart skipped a beat. But she still remained calm.

Then, bivia continued, "But the two of them seemed to be talking about work. When they were signing the contract, there were also assistants around."

Chapter 849

Then, Natalie completely calmed down.

Hanging up the phone, Natalie drank a glass of water and took off the cloak. As expected, only a beautiful woman could make a woman feel threatened.

Since the other party was Sherman, she would definitely not be Natalie's opponent. It was inevitable for Billy to communicate with Sherman at work.

She still had some confidence in herself...

When Billy returned, Natalie prepared his favorite dishes and soup. Of course, they were all delivered from a restaurant. They sat at the table and had dinner.

Then, the TV was turned on and the news was broadcast. Billy leaned lazily on Natalie, and she gave him a massage.

There were many ways to control a man. The most important way was to make a man feel comfortable and always keep a sense of mystery and freshness.

Billy had always liked Natalie's massage, which would make him feel comfortable and relaxed. The next morning, Billy went to work, while Natalie asked for leave.

She had to make Sherman suffer more and give up Billy completely.

She wanted to make her desperate and hate Billy to the extreme. She wanted them to be enemies.

Sherman was working. When the manager saw her, as if a bee saw a flower, he called her Miss Sherman several times with a smile.

Insiders all knew that she had successfully signed the contract. Those who didn't know the truth would think that the manager had an affair with her.

Sherman felt goosebumps all over her body as she listened to his words. She even couldn't help but tremble a little bit.

The receptionist called and said that someone was looking for Sherman. Sherman didn't get up and asked the receptionist to tell her the visitor's name.

As soon as the receptionist said "Natalie", Sherman directly hung up. She thought that as her reaction was so extreme, the receptionist would definitely know how to deal with Natalie.

Unexpectedly, when she looked up, she saw the receptionist and Natalie standing in front of her, and the latter was wearing a gentle smile.

Sherman threw the pen on the desk and walked out of the office, followed by Natalie.

They didn't go to the coffee shop across the street. Sherman went to the hall of her office building. She bought herself a cup of coffee and drank it.

Sitting opposite Sherman, Natalie went straight to the point. "In fact you don't have to say in your marriage can withstand the wind and rain, there is no place for me to intervene."

"Go ahead." Sherman was listening with her legs crossed. But she didn't care about what Natalie said.

"You both have done something wrong in your marriage. After you found out the affair about us, you said you didn't care about it completely. Even you always took our affair as a sharp weapon. When you felt uncomfortable and sad, you used this weapon to hurt Billy. You weren't at peace, and neither was him. If you are always like this, even a gentle person will lose his temper, let alone him."

"don't need a mistress as a consultant. Get out of here!"

Natalie breathed a sigh of relief and said, "He didn't stay at home for some time. Were you not curious about the reason? It was George he was tired! Your marriage. He felt unhappy and tired. In addition, you wore sloppy pajamas, and you were out of shape with pregnancy freckles on your face. After dinner, you didn't take a bath, and you had a smell of onions. No man wanted to be sleep with you."

Sherman looked at her, "Did Billy tell you that?" "Of course. Otherwise, he wouldn't be with me all these nights." Natalie said.

Chapter 850 "I heard everything you said, and you have got what you want here. Please leave now." Sherman wasn't angry, instead, she was very calm.

While inwardly, her heart was like a wilderness.' Humph, Billy used to describe me like this in front of his mistress?' 'was sloppy and out of shape. had pregnancy freckles on my face. had a bad smell of onions. So he had no interest in me...'

Before, Sherman had thought that their marriage was just normally destroyed by a third party and Billy's betrayal of her. But she had never expected that Billy was already so unhappy about her.

Sherman thought if she had fed a dog the food she made for it, the dog would thank her by wagging its tail and licking her hand to please her.

While she cooked food for Billy, he actually complained about the smell... Sherman felt like laughing, laughing loudly and sarcastically. 'Funny, it's really funny!'

She felt sad. It took her a very long time to learn to cook. At that time, she enjoyed the process very much, feeling excited and eager. However, she was rewarded

nothing but...

Natalie didn't expect Sherman's reaction to be like this. She had thought Sherman would be sad, furious, grieved, but not like this!

"You came to tell me this intending to make me hate Billy so that I will completely give up on him. But don't forget if I hadn't offered to divorce him, you wouldn't have been with him now. You'd better make some preparations in advance to prevent such things from happening to you, instead of bothering yourself to tell me about this.

"He was more likely to have a million reasons to become unhappy about you. Billy doesn't mean anything to me. I have a

boyfriend who treats me very well now. Leave, don't appear before my eyes again, if possible, please try to stop Billy from

appearing in front of me, thank you very much! After saying this, Sherman got up. The moment she turned around, she saw Kingsley standing right behind her. Sherman started to recall what she had said just now. Her cheeks became scarlet and she couldn't help but cough lightly. She seemed to have had said what should and what shouldn't be said, and what was humiliating and shameful... Kingsley gazed gently at Sherman. And his thin lips arched into a faint delighting smile.

Sherman,

Natalie also saw the elegant and gentle man behind Sherman. Seeing smiling Kingsley, her heart beat slightly faster. She did not know how long the man had been here, and how much he had heard of the talk between Sherman and her. And at this moment, Natalie felt like a clown in front of the man...

"Why didn't you tell me you were here?" Sherman's cheeks were even more burning, but she still pretended to be calm.

"I heard you speaking excitedly, so I felt it was not good to interrupt you." He set his feet apart and stepped up to her on his long legs and hugged her.

Sherman.

It meant that he had heard everything she had said. Sherman somewhat wanted to bury her face in her hands. But with Natalie here, Sherman smiled slightly, raised her head to look at him, "Am great?"

"You are the best..." Kingsley smiled even more broadly, very happy.

Seeing this, Natalie felt she wasn't supposed to be Ah her eyes swept over Kingsley again.

Sherman then looked at him, "En, what said just now"

Kingsley's eyes became deep.

Men) smiling, he interrupted her as water,'