

Chapter 245

On the other end came Keith's deep, magnetic voice. "The exhibition's over?"

Autumn glanced at the cup of water in her hand.

He'd called right on time—almost too precise.

She had just gotten back to the hotel, and his call came through. Was this what people called a sixth sense?

"Yeah, I just got back to the hotel."

There was a brief silence before he asked, his tone unreadable, "I heard you threw yourself into your ex-husband's arms today?" 2

How did he know about that? It had happened less than two hours ago, and yet Keith, all the way overseas, was already aware. News traveled that fast?

When Keith didn't hear her reply, his tone sharpened with urgency. "Why aren't you answering?"

Autumn set down the disposable cup.

"If I told you I got dizzy, and Julian happened to steady me, and someone just happened to see it—would you believe me?"

Even she found it hard to believe when all those coincidences lined up. How could Keith possibly buy it?

Ugh, the domino effect of it all was impossible to explain. Say nothing, and it looked like she was admitting guilt. Explain it, and



even she thought it sounded clumsy.

At least Julian didn't know about her cancer yet. She'd cut ties quickly and cleanly. Otherwise, the ripples would've been even worse.

"I believe you." Keith's answer came almost instantly.

Then he asked, "And what about Colin? I heard he likes you. That you even exchanged numbers?"

The moment she heard the words likes you, Autumn blurted without thinking, "You're imagining things. I only met him once. How could he possibly like me?"

She hadn't expected Keith, who hadn't even attended the exhibition, to know every detail so clearly.

He definitely had someone feeding him updates. His network was impressive.

Keith took an unhurried sip of milk. "Mm. When are you coming back to Northhaven?"

"Tomorrow."

Rubbing the ache between his brows, he added, "I'll probably have to stay abroad a few more days."

He'd been working at a grueling pace for two days straight and was already exhausted. The thought of coffee to prop himself up was tempting.

But then Keith suddenly remembered Autumn's warning and had



Jesse swap the coffee for milk instead.

Autumn had told him firmly, "You've just recovered from a cold. Get some rest, don't drink coffee, and stop playing games with your health."

The tightness in Keith's brow finally eased. "I remember. I'm drinking milk now. If you don't believe me, I'll send you a picture in a bit."

"No need to trouble yourself."

"It's no trouble at all."

Sure enough, after the call ended, Keith sent her a photo—his desk with a glass of milk sitting on it.

But her sharp eyes caught what was in front of the cup: a tall stack of documents. He really was swamped.

She replied: No matter how busy, don't forget to eat. I'm heading to dinner now.

While Autumn was eating with Ethan, Colin joined them, turning it into a table for three.

She had barely sat down when another photo arrived from Keith, this time of a plate of food.

It looked like cafeteria fare—decent enough at first glance, but she knew it probably wasn't great.

She hadn't expected Keith, of all people, to eat company cafeteria food. For someone like him, it felt almost too down-to-earth.



A message followed right after: I was too busy at lunch, so I had Jesse pack something from the cafeteria. 2

Autumn smiled. Was this his way of telling her he was eating properly? She liked that feeling.

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