

Chapter 287

If he remembered correctly, she had never once come to him on her own; it was always him seeking her out.

Setting aside the file in his hand, Keith stood and instructed Jesse, "Bring a glass of warm milk."

Jesse acknowledged quickly and left the room.

Keith straightened his collar, then gestured toward the sofa not far from her. "It's hot outside. Sit down and cool off for a bit."

Autumn walked over and sat stiffly on the sofa, her hands and feet awkward, not knowing what to do with herself.

Maybe it was because she came here needing his help—despite how much more comfortable she had grown around Keith, she still felt nervous.

"Did you come for something?" Keith poured her a glass of warm water, set it in front of her, then took a seat beside her.

The moment he saw her walk in, his heartbeat had gone out of control.

Just the fact that she had come to him made him deeply happy. To keep her from noticing, he deliberately left some space between them.

Noticing her reddened eyes, he narrowed his gaze, concern threading his voice. "You've been crying? Who upset you?"



Autumn shook her head. "No one bullied me. Just got some dust in my eye, that's all."

She kept her head lowered, fiddling with her fingers, not daring to meet his eyes. After a moment of hesitation, she asked softly, "Can you help me with something?"

Keith lifted his chin slightly, signaling for her to go on. "Go ahead."

"It's about my uncle," Autumn said, biting her lip. "Ten years ago, he was framed and ended up in prison. When he came out, he was broken."

"I want to clear his name. But they told me the case back then was pushed through because someone powerful was pulling strings behind it."

"I'd like to ask you to help—maybe speak to the station, get them to reinvestigate and uncover the truth."

She said everything in one breath, feeling a weight lift off her chest once it was out. Exhaling, she finally felt some relief at having spoken.

On her way here, she had rehearsed countless words, but when it mattered, none of them came.

In the end, it all spilled out on instinct—proof that rehearsed lines were useless after all.

When Keith stayed silent for a long while, Autumn grew uneasy and lifted her gaze, only to find him looking right at her.

Their eyes met, and in Keith's gaze Autumn caught a reflection of her



own nervousness.

She quickly lowered her head, only to hear him say, "You don't need to worry about this. Your uncle saved my life. There's no way I could ever turn my back on him.

"I'll make sure the case is reinvestigated. Whoever wronged him will pay the price they deserve."

His thoughts drifted back to the past, when George had taken him in and cared for him with such quiet devotion.

No wonder he had always seen sorrow in the man's eyes—he had been carrying such injustice all along.

Now that Keith knew, there was no chance he would stand by. He would get involved, no matter what.

Autumn lifted her gaze again, her voice soft. "Thank you, Senior."

Without him, her uncle's chances of clearing his name would have been slim.

The Lewis family's influence in Northhaven was nothing to underestimate. To fight them, she needed someone with greater power on her side.

Suddenly Keith leaned closer, closing the distance between them. "So ... how do you plan to thank me?"

His nearness caught her off guard. Autumn froze, her mind going blank, unable to think at all.



"I... I..."

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