

Chapter 288

When Jesse walked in with the glass of milk, the scene he stumbled upon was Keith tugging at the young woman's sleeve. 1

What the—seriously? That intense?

Was Keith really so impatient he wanted to... in the office, of all places?

Was this even the same calm, restrained, ice-cold Keith they all knew? Something felt completely off.

Hand on the doorknob, Jesse froze, not sure what to do next. If he barged in and ruined Keith's moment, would he get fired on the spot?

Just as he debated whether to enter or quietly retreat, Keith's voice cut through the air. "Put the milk down. You can get back to work."

Relieved, Jesse rushed forward, set the glass down, and all but sprinted out, shutting the door behind him as if chased by ghosts. He was gone faster than a rabbit. 3

Autumn tugged at her sleeve, flustered. Keith had just pulled it back to check the bruise on her shoulder.

The injury was nothing serious, just a bump. She'd applied ointment a few times, and the bruise was already fading. But Keith refused to let it go until he had personally seen to it.

Unfortunately, Jesse had walked in right then. No doubt he had misunderstood completely, which explained why he bolted so awkwardly.



Thinking about it made Autumn's cheeks flush hot. She glanced up at Keith. "Can I go now?"

Keith picked up the milk from the table and held it out to her. "Drink this before you leave."

"Alright." Autumn took it and downed it in one go. The taste was pleasant—sweet but not cloying, the temperature just right.

Keith pulled out his phone, dialing as he peeled off an order. "Look into someone for me. I want every piece of information you can find."

Autumn cast him a glance, then set the empty glass on the table and stood. "I'll get going then. My uncle's case... I'll leave it in your hands."

If she stayed any longer, she felt she might die of embarrassment.

Keith had let Jesse walk in on such an ambiguous scene—was it really an accident, or had he done it on purpose?

Either way, it was mortifying.

"Hm, and don't forget, you'll be bringing me meals every weekend, starting tonight." After hanging up the call, Keith reminded her.

"Alright," Autumn answered softly.

Leaving the Sinclair building, she hailed a cab home. She had to rush back to cook; once the food was ready, she still had to deliver it to Keith.

All for the sake of her uncle's case, she was willing to push herself. She had agreed to bring Keith lunch and dinner every weekend and



even sit with him while he ate.

What kind of bizarre rule was that?

Glancing at the time—already half past four, with just an hour and a half until the end of the workday—she felt regret creeping in.

But then she thought of her uncle. For him, it was worth it. Weekends were usually free for her anyway, so what was the big deal about delivering a few meals?

No big deal at all.

After buying groceries, Autumn hurried home, throwing herself into cooking without pause. She rushed to get everything done and, just before six, managed to finish.

By the time she placed the food into Keith's hands, it was already ten past six. Seeing him still buried in paperwork, she quietly laid out the dishes from the thermos onto the coffee table.

The fragrance of home-cooked food drifted through the office, and only then did Keith realize how hungry he was. Finishing the last signature, he got up and walked toward the sofa.

Autumn handed him the portion she had packed more generously. "I was in a bit of a rush, so I only made a few dishes. Just make do with these for now."

Maybe she hadn't even noticed it herself, but the way she moved, the way she offered him the food—it all felt so natural, without the slightest hint of awkwardness.