

Chapter 289

It felt as if this was something Autumn had done countless times before, not at all like her first time bringing someone a meal.

The thought left Keith with a dull heaviness in his chest. He sat in silence beside her, eating.

Awkward, Autumn sat to the side, sneaking a cautious glance at him. Was he suddenly upset?

What a moody man. Why had she agreed to bring him food in the first place? She was asking for trouble.

She had barely taken a few bites when Keith suddenly asked, "Did you used to bring Julian meals too?"

Her hand froze mid-motion. Lifting her gaze, she found his eyes already on her.

In that silent exchange, she saw an emotion in his dark gaze she couldn't quite name.

She lowered her head, dutifully answering, "Back then, if I brought Julian food, it was always the assistant who took it up. Unless it was something important, I wasn't allowed in his office."

She almost laughed at herself. She had kept that routine for three years, even convincing herself she enjoyed it.

Looking back now, it hadn't been devotion at all—it had probably been a running joke in their eyes. 1



Hearing her honesty, Keith's expression softened.

He reached over, placed a dish onto her plate, and said, "Not every man is like him. There are plenty of good men in this world."

The meaning behind his words was clear enough. He didn't need to spell it out, and Autumn understood.

After finishing the bite he gave her, she lifted her eyes and said, "I've only just freed myself from a marriage. For now, I won't be considering anything else... not when it comes to feelings."

Keith added another piece of food into her bowl and said nothing more. He wasn't in a rush. He could wait as long as it took.

The real reason he asked her to bring him meals every weekend wasn't because he needed them.

He wanted to make sure she was eating properly. Sharing her food was just an added benefit.

He worried she'd get careless on weekends, eating whatever, harming her stomach. This way, he could both enjoy her cooking and keep an eye on her eating—a win-win.

When they finished, Keith noticed her appetite was better than before, and only then did he finally breathe easier.

Though Autumn hadn't eaten much, it was still an improvement, and that was something.

She stood up, ready to clear the dishes, but Keith stopped her. "You've worked hard cooking. Sit and drink some warm water. I'll



clean up.* 1

She stared at him in a daze. Was this man really that considerate? He always seemed to insist on doing the chores himself.

Just then, her phone buzzed in her pocket. To her surprise, it was Julian calling.

Autumn glanced at Keith. He gave her a look, silently urging her to answer. With no choice, she picked up and switched on the speaker.

Julian's impatient voice came through. "Autumn, even ten percent of the shares isn't enough for you? What will it take for you to drop the lawsuit?"

Before Autumn could reply, Keith's composed yet cutting voice rang out. "Mr. Carter, so in your eyes your sister is worth only that much?"

Autumn silently gave him a mental thumbs-up. For a man of few words, when Keith decided to strike, his words carried real weight.

Hearing a man's voice, Julian thought he'd dialed the wrong number. Glancing at the screen, he confirmed it was correct.

Steadying his tone, he said, "Put Autumn on the phone."

Keith's sharp gaze flicked to Autumn. "She's not available to take your call right now." 1

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