

Chapter 290

As Keith spoke, he suddenly leaned in closer. Autumn gasped softly in surprise.

But to Julian, listening over the line, that sound painted a completely different picture—like the two of them were in the middle of something intimate.

His voice dropped, sharp with fury. "You're sleeping together?"

"What's it to you?" Keith replied coolly, clearly pleased with Autumn's flustered reaction. His fingers brushed across her cheek.

On the other end, Julian's breathing grew harsh. "Autumn, how dare you betray me!" 3

Keith's lips curved into a mocking smile. "You, a husband who cheated during your own marriage, think you have the right to question your ex-wife?"

Julian's rage crackled so hot it nearly bled through the phone.

Flushed with heat, Autumn suddenly looped her arms around Keith's neck. "Ah—stop, you're too rough, that hurts."

Her bold move left Keith frozen for a split second, her warm breath against his skin sending his heartbeat into chaos.

Julian immediately hung up.

As soon as the line went dead, Autumn jerked her hands back, face burning scarlet, her heart pounding in her throat.



To throw Julian off, she had pushed herself too far—using Keith as a shield. Was she insane?

In the heat of the moment, she had gone with it. Now regret crashed in. Should she run while she still could?

But Keith caught her before she could bolt, leaning close to whisper in her ear. "What's this? Tease me and then run?"

Autumn crossed her arms protectively over her chest, staring at him warily. "Y-you... what are you trying to do?"

"What do you think?" His dark eyes locked on her. "Flirting and running—that's a scoundrel's game. Not exactly something to encourage."

Wait—did he mean...?

Panic rose, and Autumn struggled against him. "No, no, you've got it wrong. I was just... just..."

How could she admit she had used him as a prop? If she said that out loud, she might not survive it.

Her frantic struggling only made things worse. In the next moment, without warning, the two of them toppled together onto the sofa.

The weight of his tall frame pressed down, leaving Autumn's mind momentarily blank.

Just then, the door swung open and Jesse walked in—only to freeze at the sight of Keith with his head buried against Autumn's neck, both of them sprawled across the sofa. 



He looked like he'd seen a ghost, instantly clapping a hand over his eyes. "Sorry, sorry! Didn't mean to interrupt. I'll come back later. Please, carry on!" 1

Without a second thought, he shut the door and bolted, heart pounding wildly.

First at noon he'd walked in on Keith tugging at her clothes, and now this? He had a terrible feeling about his future. If he kept ruining his boss' "moments," would he be fired? 1

The sound of the door shutting startled Autumn. She pushed at Keith's chest in a panic. "Get up! Jesse just came in—what if he misunderstood?"

Keith braced his arms on either side of her, making no move to rise. "Let him think what he wants."

Autumn turned her face away, unable to withstand the heat in his gaze. "I... I need to go."

If she stayed here any longer, she was sure her heart would give out.

Every second with him made her pulse race out of control, especially after she had used him as a shield, pulling his neck down and teasing him.

Her chest still felt like it might burst.

"Give me a kiss, and I'll get up." Keith's lips curved into a faint smile, his mood clearly lifted. 1

"What?" Autumn stared at him, convinced she must have misheard.