



Chapter 291

She couldn't believe it—he was actually asking her to kiss him?

That was something couples did, and they weren't a couple. At most, they were partners in a deal.

Keith's refined lips parted slightly. "I won't say it twice."

Autumn's mind snapped back into focus.

Fine, a kiss was just a kiss. It wouldn't cost her anything, and no one would see.

With that thought, she leaned in quickly, brushed a fleeting kiss across his cheek, and said, "Can I go now?"

That light, dragonfly touch left Keith momentarily stunned.

The moment he straightened, Autumn shot to her feet, head down as she fumbled with her clothes, then bolted from the room in a rush.

She ran so fast she even forgot her thermos.

What a heartless little thing.

Keith lifted his hand, fingertips brushing the spot she had kissed. A faint, handsome curve pulled at his lips.

So that was what a girl's lips felt like—soft, tender. Her whole body had been delicate, carrying a faint fragrance that lingered. 4

It wasn't the harshness of perfume, something he normally hated. Her scent was subtle, natural, something he found he liked far too



much.

Jesse caught sight of Autumn darting out of the office like she was fleeing and stared at the door in shock. Was the boss really such a beast, that he'd scared her off like that?

Shaking off his thoughts, he knocked. From inside came Keith's cool voice. "Come in."

Pushing open the door, Jesse found Keith tidying up the coffee table, clearing away the leftovers.

Was this really their refined, aloof Keith? He looked almost... down-to-earth.

And the way he moved, so practiced, it was clear this wasn't the first time he had done housework. He almost gave off the air of a family man.

Jesse set the files on the desk and quickly rolled up his sleeves. "Mr. Sinclair, you should rest a bit. Let me handle the cleanup."

But Keith waved him off. "No need. I'll do it myself."

In no time, the table was spotless. Keith sank into his chair, rubbing at the tightness between his brows.

Keith's voice dropped cold as he turned to Jesse. "What was so urgent that you barged in without knocking? You're getting more and more careless."

Jesse scrambled to explain. "Mr. Sinclair, I did knock—maybe you just didn't hear it."



Keith lifted his gaze, sweeping him with a sharp look. Jesse immediately dropped his head.

Fine, his mistake. He should have waited for a response before entering.

He wouldn't make that error again.

"What about the matter I asked you to investigate—any progress?" Keith pressed.

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After leaving Sinclair Group, Autumn called Selena. "Selena, Keith agreed to help."

She left out the part about his conditions.

To her, it was nothing more than a small favor—not worth mentioning.

Besides, with her uncle's health also depending on Keith's help, she already owed him plenty.

It was just delivering meals. She'd done it before; nothing unusual about it, right?

On the other end, Selena was even more excited than she was. "Really? That's amazing! Your uncle's case might finally get overturned. I'm so happy for you."

"Finally, there's a chance to put that wretched Jasmine behind bars. Just thinking about it makes me feel better!"

"You should've seen her yesterday when I went shopping with my



mom. She looked down her nose at everyone, acting like she was somebody important. Ugh, I can't stand her."

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