

Submit To The Boss Lucia And August Novel Chapter 11

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Lucia was wearing a baseball cap and a mask, covering her body tightly that left only her eyes and nose showing, being stared at by him, she felt a cold sweat coming out of her back.

Irene noticed August's eyes, she glanced at Lucia, and hurriedly explained,"

President, I don't know who the delivery person is, she just barged into our company, the receptionist downstairs must not have noticed her that's how she had a chance to sneak up, I'll kick her out now..."

"That's ok.

"August spoke up and said, "Let her in."

Enter title...

"What? "Irene's face was full of surprise and She felt she must have misheard.

"I said, let her in."

August dropped these words in a deep voice and then walked straight towards the direction of the office.

Irene froze and waited for August to walk away before she turned her head to look at Lucia and grumbled, "Why didn't you say earlier that you were here to deliver to the president? Hurry up and go inside!"

Lucia didn't say anything, but the hand holding the lunch bag tightened a bit, and she hurriedly walked towards the office with her head down.

August must have recognized her, even if she could hide it from others with

this outfit, how could it be possible that she hide it from him? After walking into the office with great care, she could not even look up before she heard this man's command, "Close the door."

Lucia twisted her head and closed the door behind her, taking off her mask as well, Her heart beat faster than she knew it.

"What are you doing here?"

".....came to bring you some soup."

Lucia drew a cold breath, lowered her head and walked to the table, took out the thermos bucket from the bento bag, "What happened yesterday was my

fault, I know you are usually very busy at work, I shouldn't have given you a mess, I'm sorry."

Looked at the woman in front of him with her head down, like a schoolgirl who did something wrong, jarring voice, cheeks still red.
The displeasure in August's heart dissipated by half, he raised his hand and pressed his eyebrows, and, said softly, "All right, it's okay."

Lucia heard him say this and instantly looked at him with some excitement, "Does it mean that.....you're not angry now?"
"Yes."

Hearing his answer, Lucia's heart fluttered with joy, then asked, "Maybe tonight you can accompany....."
A sudden knock at the door interrupted her,"

President, there is a document here that you need to sign."
August did not answer, but raised his eyes to Lucia, his face expressionless command, "You go back first."
Lucia's words were on the tip of her tongue and then swallowed, biting her lip and saying softly, "Remember to drink the soup while it's hot."
After saying these words, she put on the mask again and walked out of the office.

She had thought that as soon as August had subsided, she would try to talk to him about her father's birthday, but she didn't expect him to be so busy and

didn't seem to have the patience to listen to her about anything else.
In this case, she had no choice but to lie in front of Ms.
Mitchell.

Lucia had just walked to the exclusive elevator door when she heard a familiar female voice from her back, "You stop!"
Lucia turned around to see Irene coming this way.
"What can I do for you? Irene raised her eyebrows and asked tentatively,
"What is your relationship with the president? Are you the maid in his house?"

Lucia was in a lost mood at the moment and was not in the mood for her, so she asked coldly in return, "It's none of your business, Am I right?"
After dropping these words, Lucia walked straight to the exclusive elevator and pressed the button.
"How dare you!" Irene stood outside and stomped her feet in anger.
After taking the elevator to the first floor, Lucia walked out of the office but didn't know where to go next.

She had agreed with Ms. Mitchell and Professor Mitchell that the parents of the two families would have dinner together tonight, but now August couldn't attend, how should she explain to Ms.

Mitchell? After thinking about it for a long time, Lucia came up with no ideas and thought that she hadn't prepared a birthday present for her father yet, so she decided to go to the shopping mall nearby to choose a present.

After shopping in several stores, Lucia didn't see anything suitable for her father until she passed by a vintage store, where the brown wooden floor and crimson display cases caught her eye immediately.

Lucia strolled around the store, passed a display case, and her eyes were drawn to a pen with an iron-gray glow. Lucia's heart was filled with joy and she quickly asked, "Sir, can you take this pen out and show it to me?" When the boss came over and saw the pen she was pointing at, he smiled at her with apologies,

"Sorry, this pen has just been sold and I just haven't had time to wrap it up yet."

Lucia was stunned for a moment, "It's been sold already?" She had been shopping for a good half-day and hadn't picked any satisfactory gift, she's pretty sure that Professor Mitchell would like it after just one look at this fountain pen, but she didn't expect that it had already been sold.....

The boss nodded seriously, indicating for her to turn her head, "It's already been sold, and the buyer is that gentleman." Lucia followed his line of sight and turned her head, seeing a man sitting in a wheelchair in front of a display case not far away, intently admiring the exhibits in the case.

His face was handsome, his eyes were gentle, and more importantly, Lucia thought that he and August' looked somewhat alike... vas man As Lucia was staring at the man, he looked up, and for a moment, they were looking at each other. Lucia was about to look away, but suddenly the man smiled at her.

A pair of smiling eyes in a pure glance that anyone can not help but move. Lucia pulled the corners of her lips, politely returned a smile, then turned around, and looked at the pen with a little loss. Since it was already sold, there was nothing she could do but pick another one.

After going around the store again, Lucia didn't see any more suitable gifts than that pen and was about to leave when she suddenly heard a voice behind her, "Miss, please wait a minute."

As soon as she turned around, she saw the man in the electric wheelchair approaching this way.

Lucia asked softly, "May I help you, sir?"

The corner of the man in the wheelchair's mouth curled up.

"Just now I heard the boss say that you also have your eye on this pen?"

Lucia looked down at the iron-gray fountain pen in his hand and her eyes lit up, "Yes, but since you already bought it, forget it."

The man in the wheelchair hooked his lips, his eyes shining, "I haven't paid for it yet, if you do like it, I can let you have it "Really?" Lucia looked at him with some excitement, "You would let me have it?"

The man nodded, "A gentleman does not take away what others loved, and I just simply like to collect, if you need it more, it's yours."

"You have no idea how much I appreciate it!"

Lucia took the pen from his hand and thanked him several times before excitedly going to the counter to settle the bill.

Once the gift was wrapped, Lucia turned around again only to find that the man was no longer there.

In any case, it was a rare good thing that she could buy a satisfactory gift for her father! She left the vintage store in high spirits but did not notice the man in the café not far away, sitting in a wheelchair staring at her from the window. ONT At this moment, the man's face under the eyes was only indifferent.

After a long time, he asked, "Is she the woman who is married to August?"

The man standing beside him nodded his head and replied, "Yes, it's her, Lucia Mitchell."

After returning to the villa from time mall it was getting late, Lucia hurried back to her bedroom, wrote a personal letter wishing Professor Mitchell well, and wrapped the gift before leaving.

"Aunt Turner, I'll eat out tonight, so you don't have to cook my dinner."

"You're eating out?" Aunt Turner came out of the kitchen and wiped her hands with her apron, "Why don't you eat at home?"

Lucia smiled at her, "It's my dad's birthday today, we've arranged to eat together."

Auntie Turner smiled and quickly asked, "So is the young master coming with you?"

This question silenced Lucia, and only after a moment's pause did she reply, "He should not have time, I will go alone."

Aunt Turner smiled and wanted to say something but finally did not speak.

Lucia took her gift to the hotel address Ms. Mitchell had sent her.

August came back just as she left.

As soon as he entered the villa, he went straight to the study on the second floor, and when he reached the stairway, he suddenly felt that the house was quieter than usual.

Could it be that she was...not home? August paused and turned to the bedroom next to the study door, and pushed the door in, the room was empty and the lights were off as expected.

The scene of Lucia at the office today flashed in his mind, August frowned slightly, turned around and left the room, went downstairs, and asked Aunt Turner, "Is Lucia not at home?"

Aunt Turner answered truthfully,

"She has gone out, just a short time ago, said she had to accompany her father for his birthday."

"A birthday?" August's brow furrowed.

It is Professor Mitchell's birthday today? Aunt Turner, who saw August's expression, continued, "Sir, you should accompany your father-in-law for his birthday as things should be, just now I saw that madam went out alone in a rather lost mood, I asked her why she did not tell you, she said she was afraid that it would affect your work....."

August's heart sank, and suddenly some guilt.

He was indeed very busy, but not so busy that he did not have time to accompany Professor Mitchell for a birthday dinner.

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