

She is a ceo novel by George Chapman -Chapter 18

After work, they had dinner together and went to one of the best clubs in the city. Lucia was a non-drinker. But everyone pressured her and she had a few glasses of beer, then her face was as red as a beetroot.

“I need some fresh air,” Lucia said and got out of the private box. At the end of the balcony, there was a corner. Lucia leaned forward and found it was a very small balcony, from where she could see the whole annular building of Central Garden.

Lucia leaned against the handrail and took a deep breath. It was a cold night in deep autumn, even the air she inhaled was cool. But she just felt comfortable with it when she was slightly drunk.

Maybe she had taken the breath so hard that she was out of breath in a second. She got dizzy and her body couldn't help shaking a bit.

While she was about to reach out to grab the handrail, she felt someone holding her waist with his big warm hands.

Lucia was stunned and sobered up. She turned her head and met a pair of sharp eyes.

“So it is you,” said the man.

“Arthur? What are you doing here?” Lucia widened her starlike eyes in shock and stared incredulously at Arthur, who was holding her in his arms.

“For social engagement.” Arthur lowered his head to look at her red face with unfathomable emotions in his eyes.

Then he added, “Oh, are you drunk?”

“JTP Group's case was done smoothly. I hung out with my subordinates for a little celebration. I was so happy and had some beer.” Lucia tilted her head and looked sideways at him, “And, thanks for your kind reminder.”

Arthur didn't say anything in reply.

Lucia waited for a moment but Arthur said nothing. Then she looked at herself and found she was still in his arms. Her face turned redder with shyness.

She turned her head, and walked forward to disengage herself from his arms, but Arthur didn't release her.

“Don't move if you're dizzy,” Arthur said coldly.

With a start, Lucia felt it insincere of her to reject his kindness, so she could only stay in his arms, staring at the handrail three inches away from her and thinking, 'Well, he doesn't have to worry about me. I can hold the handrail to be steady on my feet...'

An awkward silence followed, but Arthur was unaffected. He just held Lucia in his arms quietly.

Finally, Lucia couldn't stand being so intimate with him and tried to struggle. Then Arthur's voice sounded from behind, "Still feel dizzy?"

"Nope. No!" Lucia said instantly. Then she felt Arthur had let go of her. She stood still, turned around to look at him, and smiled with embarrassment, "Thanks."

She said thanks again! He got a bit upset by her polite estrangement.

Even so, he stared fixedly at her smiling eyes.

Lucia's eyes and the crescent in the sky looked like shaped the same way, but her eyes were brighter than the crescent.

Hearing Lucia's laughter, Arthur glanced at the crescent moon in the sky and thought to himself.

"Lucy, where are you?" Hearing Nia's voice from the corridor, Lucia, who was laughing out loud, replied, "Nia, I am here."

Following the voice source, Nia went to the balcony, but she was totally frozen like a statue when she saw Arthur standing in front of Lucia.

Was...that...was that...Arthur?

Arthur had such a devilishly handsome face. She believed no woman could forget him or mistake him for someone else once they saw him.

"I'm fine, Nia. Arthur is taking care of me here." Seeing Nia standing frozen, Lucia said with a smile, without noticing her words reeked of her trust in him.

"Mr. Davies...Hi...How are you?" Nia came back to herself and faced up to Arthur who had turned to look at her, and she couldn't speak fluently.

"This is my assistant, Nia." Lucia made an introduction.

"I know. We've met before," Arthur glanced at Nia and said lightly.

Nia was uneasy when hearing it.

He insinuated that he had met her when Theodore stopped his car last time, and she was right there.

It was not surprising that she was nervous. After all, she gotta say, Theodore was at best a boy scout, and at worst a reckless brat!

“Nia is here to pick me up. Thanks.” Lucia implied that he could leave now. But Arthur had a different focus.

“Take good care of her,” Arthur said to Nia and left.

“Lucy, when have you been on such good terms with Mr. Davies?” Nia couldn’t repress the curiosity to ask when they were getting back to the private box. After all, they were really close to each other just now, or more precisely, there were against each other.

“On good terms?” Lucia murmured confusedly. She had met Arthur only three times so far and she was very natural with him every time. But she had never thought much of their relationship.

‘Not only that, but you can also make Arthur stop to take care of you!’ Nia thought.

She didn’t speak her mind out but laughed to play dumb.

Lucia had some juice when they returned to the private box.

She took out the phone to check the time and found she had received a text message from a strange number more than ten minutes ago.

“Half an hour.”

That was all of it in the message.

Nia leaned closer and happened to read the text message, then couldn’t help crying out, “Is it the so-called Killing Message?” Nia read horror fiction a lot. The protagonist in one story received a message that read a specific time, and then he died at that specific time.

“Stop talking nonsense.” Nia’s words amused Lucia and she said carelessly, “Maybe he got the wrong number.”

But, about 16 minutes later, it turned out that the other party wasn’t wrong.