

Pampered by My Ex-husband (Penny and Orlando)

Chapter 18 I'm Married

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Penny pushed the hair on her forehead behind her ears, looked at him with bright eyes, proactively reached out her hand, and clearly said with a smile, "Mr. Fletcher, please let me re-introduce myself. I'm Perry, and I'm an interior designer. What you are holding is my design."

When she made self-introduction to her customers, she called herself Perry.

Orlando froze when he heard the word interior designer, thinking he was hallucinating.

Seeing him not intend to shake hands, Penny naturally withdrew her hand and said, "I've tried to talk to you about this project a few times, but you didn't seem interested. Since you still have my design, I guess you changed your mind, right?"

She naturally continued, "If so, I will have a chance to make it up to you."

Orlando had lived for more than twenty years but had never faced such a situation before.

She was an interior designer?

He lowered his head and glanced at the things in his hands. There was indeed the designer's signature and a string of numbers on the photos.

It was Perry.

Recalling the conversation between them since they had met, he frowned harder and knew he had misunderstood from the beginning.

His face was gloomy when he turned around and sat on the sofa with the photos in his hand.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Then, Zane said, "Mr. Fletcher, the ladies' clothes have arrived."

Penny instantly realized he had prepared the clothes for her.

When Zane was about to knock again, a drenched woman wrapped in a towel opened the door.

A look of shock flashed across his eyes. Since the meeting had suddenly ended, many people had inquired about who the woman in Mr. Fletcher's room was because they wanted to avoid offending her in the future.

Zane had no clue either. After listening to them gossip, he had known the woman had called Mr. Fletcher by his first name.

After freezing for a moment, he hurriedly handed the bag over and involuntarily glanced inside. Orlando was leisurely sitting on the sofa, but his suit was a little messy. He seemed to have just had sex.

When Zane quickly looked away, Penny said, "Thank you."

She closed the door, turned around, and looked at Orlando, saying, "Mr. Fletcher, please wait a moment."

Then, she went into the bathroom.

One side of the bathroom was frosted glass. After she turned on the light inside, he could see her shadow.

When Orlando leaned back on the sofa and slightly raised his head, he happened to see her take off her bra. His pupils trembled before he looked away in a flash.

After changing the clothes, Penny threw the bath towel into the laundry basket and walked out.

Zane had bought a set of Gucci casual clothes that were new in season, setting off the fairness of her skin.

She said with the bank card in her hand, "I don't know how much the clothes cost, but the money in the card should be enough. Thank you, Mr. Fletcher."

Orlando looked up into her eyes and tried to see her emotions because he wanted to know whether she was acting.

But she looked frank. She tried to keep a distance from him and made it clear that she didn't want to have a romantic relationship.

This realization somehow made him a little suffocated.

He flatly said, "Please sit. Did Colin introduce you to me because of the house?"

A look of surprise flashed across Penny's eyes when she said, "What else reason could it be?"

Orlando pursed his lips when recalling that she had said she had worked in this industry for three years that night. So, it turned out to be the interior design industry.

After the misunderstanding was cleared, the blood stain on the sheet that day popped into his mind. Looking at her again, he felt some inexplicable emotions.

Penny adopted a brisk businesslike tone when saying, "Mr. Fletcher, the house..."

Before she could finish speaking, he interrupted, "Did you lose your virginity on the night of the Fletcher family's banquet?"

Penny's heart skipped a beat. She was afraid he would say he wanted to take the responsibility, so she quickly denied it, "No."

Then, she smiled, "Mr. Fletcher, I'm married."