

Pampered by My Ex-husband (Penny and Orlando)

Chapter 7 Fate

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"About what?" Orlando coldly asked, slowly leaned back, and said, "Don't introduce women to me without my permission."

Didn't he feel awkward sleeping with the same prostitute as his cousin?

Some people in their circle liked prostitutes. But Orlando had been abstinent for years and was not interested in such things. He decided to restrain Colin, thinking he had learned too many bad things outside over the years.

"Orlando, are you sure you don't want to meet her? I've searched for a long time. I think she's suitable."

If Orlando was not interested, Colin would like to ask Penny to design for him. After all, he had several empty houses. So, he said, "If you don't want to meet her, I'll hire her. I like her."

Orlando sat up straight and said, "Your mother asked me to take care of you, so I will arrange for you to work in the Fletcher Group for an internship. Stop fooling around with unsavory people. Come to the company tomorrow morning."

Colin was stunned to hear this, but Orlando hung up the phone before he could retort.

When he looked at Penny in frustration, the latter guessed he had been rejected, so she comforted him, saying, "Mr. Levine, don't worry. Maybe Mr. Fletcher has already chosen a satisfactory design. The villa is for his beloved woman, so I understand he wants to act with caution."

Colin sighed, "I don't think so. I'm sure he is still looking for a designer."

Penny calmly said, "Sometimes, fate decides whether two people can do business together. Maybe I am not lucky enough to have a customer like Mr. Fletcher."

"Well, I'll ask him face-to-face about it. If he doesn't like your design, I will hire you to design for my house. I like your style."

Penny slowly stretched out her hand and smiled, "Okay! Mr. Levine, thank you for your appreciation."

After answering a call, Colin apologetically smiled, "Sorry, I have to go now. Would you please give me your number? I will call you after talking with Orlando."

After Penny gave him her number without hesitation, he stood up and left the room.

In a blink of an eye, Penny and Kale were left alone. Kale had drunk with other people before coming here tonight and was a little drunk. There were no outsiders, so he stopped forcing himself to stay sober.

"Do you need me to hire a chauffeur for you?"

Penny knew he had held on until now because he wanted to help her talk business. She appreciated it and felt at ease working in his studio.

"Yes, please. Thank you."

After relaxing, Kale instantly felt dizzy.

Penny was willing to drive him back. But he had gotten married a year ago, and his wife was prone to feel jealous. She wanted to avoid trouble, so she decided to hire a chauffeur to send him home.

After supporting him out of the private room, she walked through the corridor to the elevator closer to the exit.

Kale was drunk, so he kept mumbling, "Things are not what you think. I will feel tired if you continue acting like this. Can't you give me some privacy?"

He was arguing with his wife in his dream. Penny was politely supporting him. She must keep a proper distance from him, so it was tiring.

When the elevator doors opened, Kale staggered forward and almost fell.

When Penny quickly pulled him back, a slender white hand with well-defined knuckles stretched out from inside and blocked the elevator doors that were about to close.

Looking up along the hand, she saw Orlando's face and swallowed back a word of thanks on the tip of her tongue.

She had not seen him once during the past three years but had met him everywhere since yesterday. So, she wondered whether fate wanted to bring them together or not.

Orlando glanced between her and Kale and then looked away, asking, "Which floor?"

Two silver buttons in his collar were unbuttoned. So, he did not look as indifferent as before despite his poker face.

But Penny still keenly caught the sarcasm and disgust in his eyes.

The atmosphere was a bit weird when she helped Kale in and politely said in an alienating tone, "First floor. Thank you."

Suddenly, Kale began to say drunken gibberish again.

"Why are you talking about money all the time? Don't you have any feelings for me?"

Penny had heard from the colleagues in the studio that Kale's wife spent a lot of money. He was motivated and ran the studio well but gave all his income to his wife.

Penny suddenly shivered with cold when Orlando snorted, "Your customer?"

She felt embarrassed but could not admit Kale was her boss now. Orlando was dissatisfied with her. If he knew the owner of the studio got so drunk in this kind of place, he might immediately blacklist them.

So, she nodded, "Yes, Mr. Fletcher. What a small world!"