

Natalie and Shane carried a child each as they made their way back to the room and tucked them in.

Having heard Natalie talk about Stanley throughout the day, Shane ravaged her body so hard that night and stopped only when she was on the brink of passing out from exhaustion.

Natalie was so drained that she didn't even have the strength to say anything and simply lay on the bed, panting for breath. As he stood by the bed, she shot Shane an annoyed glance before closing her eyes and drifting off to sleep.

A week passed by in the blink of an eye.

It was already nine in the morning when Natalie woke up that day, and Shane had already left the house with the kids.

The reason Natalie had slept in was that Shane couldn't hold back and went overboard during their lovemaking the night before.

"Good morning, Ms. Smith!" Mrs. Wilson greeted her with a smile when she saw Natalie coming down the stairs.

Natalie smiled back at her and said weakly, "Good morning..."

"You don't look so good, Ms. Smith. Are you unwell?" Mrs. Wilson asked anxiously when she noticed Natalie looking a little pale.

Natalie placed her hand on her forehead and replied, "Not really."

She had noticed herself looking a little under the weather while brushing her teeth earlier, but she figured it was due to a lack of sleep as she wasn't feeling unwell at all.

The look on Natalie's face changed as a wave of nausea swept through her all of a sudden, and she held a hand over her mouth before running toward the restroom.

Concerned for her well-being, Mrs. Wilson followed her and saw her puking her guts out by the toilet bowl with tears in her eyes.

"What happened to you, Ms. Smith?" Mrs. Wilson asked.

Having purged everything in her stomach, Natalie felt slightly better and was able to stand up slowly.

She then flushed the toilet and shook her head as she assured, "I'm fine..."

"You look too pale to be fine!" Mrs. Wilson exclaimed worriedly.

Natalie flashed her a smile and closed the lid on the toilet bowl. "Maybe it's something I ate lately..."

Mrs. Wilson was confused. "But I haven't made you anything that would irritate your stomach like that..."

Natalie then made her way to the sink and began rinsing her mouth to get rid of the sour aftertaste. "I don't know. Maybe it's something I ate outside?"

"Hmm, maybe..." Mrs. Wilson nodded and handed her a fresh towel from the shelf. "Shall I have the doctor come and have a look at you, Ms. Smith?"

"No, I'm feeling all right now," Natalie replied as she took the towel over.

"But you still look kind of pale..."

Natalie wiped her face dry and hung the towel on the hook next to her. "Maybe I'll be back to normal after a while. Could you please pour me a glass of water, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Of course," Mrs. Wilson replied and went off to get her some water.

Natalie took another minute to fix her hair and clothes before making her way to the living room.

Mrs. Wilson came out of the kitchen shortly after and handed her a glass of warm water.

After thanking her, Natalie took a sip of it and breathed a sigh of relief when she felt the warm water soothe the discomfort in her stomach.

She then handed the glass back to Mrs. Wilson.

"Would you like some more?" she asked.

Natalie waved at her. "No, I'm good."

As Mrs. Wilson was about to go and clean the glass in the kitchen, she heard Natalie call out to her from behind.

“Wait, Mrs. Wilson...”

“What is it, Ms. Smith?” She stopped in her tracks and turned around.

Natalie rubbed her tummy and asked, “Do you have any snacks that are sour? I don’t know why, but I’m craving for something sour right now...”

“Something sour?” Mrs. Wilson was confused at first, but the look on her face quickly turned solemn as she thought of something.