

Curious, Natalie had her eyes fixed on Shane, anticipating his answer.

However, he simply furrowed his brows and shook his head. "Nothing. Other than causing troubles here and there, Sam and his wife didn't do anything out of line. Although Sean did drug me five years ago, my grandpa had already passed long before that incident."

"Huh... That's really weird, then," commented Natalie.

"It is." Shane pursed his lips. "I'm also trying hard to find the will because I'm dying to know what they have done. But Grandpa had hidden the will so well that I still don't have a single clue about its whereabouts to this day."

"Don't rush. Take your time," uttered Natalie as she held his arm, comforting him.

Seeing this, Shane's expression softened a bit. "I will. But I must find that will for both of us." Sam's the reason I'm infertile now. I can never forgive him for that, so I have to take my revenge no matter what.

Natalie had no idea of the grudge that was buried within Shane. After hearing that he was doing this for the two of them, warmth surged within her heart.

Soon, they fell into a comfortable silence as they headed toward the villa.

When they arrived, Natalie stood rooted to her spot in front of the gate. Something's wrong. When Shane got out of the car, he walked over to her and stopped beside her with an arched brow. "What's the matter?"

"I feel like something's amiss here..." Natalie pointed toward the villa.

"What's amiss?" asked Shane as he narrowed his eyes quizzically.

"I don't know. It's just... too quiet."

Usually, all the lights are on, but it's dark and quiet now. It's like no one's inside.

"Could this be Mrs. Wilson's supposed surprise?" Natalie made her guess.

It could be, right? Typically, when someone wants to make a surprise, they would ask everyone else to hide first. Is Mrs. Wilson that cliché?

Both Natalie and Shane seemed to be thinking the same thing.

After staring at the villa for a while more, he pulled out the key card and unlocked the door.

"Guess we'll find out once we're inside," he uttered, putting the key card back.

Natalie nodded and followed after him, entering the villa.

Without taking off his shoes, Shane went to switch on the lights first.

As the villa became brightly lit, explosive sounds echoed out of the blue.

Not knowing where it came from, Shane's eyes widened in surprise before he instinctively pulled Natalie into his arms to protect her.

It wasn't until his eyes landed on the pieces of colorful, glittery confetti midair that he realized what had just exploded.

Shane's expression darkened.

"What's going on, Shane?" asked Natalie since she could not see anything with him pressing her head against his chest.

"Nothing," came his nonchalant reply before breaking the hug, allowing Natalie to step out from his hold.

Noticing the glitters on his head and shoulders, Natalie's eyes went round for a moment before she burst into laughter while covering her mouth.

"What's so funny?" questioned Shane, pursing his lips.

"Nothing. It's just that your response was too exaggerated. It's just confetti, yet you thought it was something dangerous." She laughed harder, clutching her stomach.

A hint of anger flashed across Shane's face, but it quickly dissipated. Brushing the confetti off him, he scoffed, "I'll have Mrs. Wilson clean these later. Let's go in."

With that, he strolled in and entered the living room, leaving her behind, but Natalie knew that he was embarrassed for being laughed at.

Wiping off the tears from the corners of her eyes, she followed suit.

However, she had walked too fast, which resulted in her bumping into Shane's back when she reached the living room and almost lost her footing.

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Fortunately, Natalie held on to the sofa just in time to stabilize herself, preventing unnecessary embarrassment.

"What are you doing? Why did you suddenly stop?" Natalie glared at Shane's back.

However, he did not reply to her and simply stared in front with a dark expression.

Noticing that something was wrong, she stepped out from behind him and followed his gaze.

As soon as she saw the sight in front of her, her mouth fell wide open in shock. "This... This..."

The living room was decorated with various ribbons and balloons, and there were even colorful Christmas lights hanging all over the place.

Just moments ago, when Shane had turned on the lights, the Christmas lights also lit up.

The various colors flashed on and off, looking dazzling.

Aside from those, the thing which made Natalie the most speechless was the banner hanging above the stairs, which read: Wishing Sir and Madam a happy marriage!

"So this was the surprise Mrs. Wilson was talking about," she said dumbfoundedly.

Wincing, Shane forced out a word. "Tacky!"

She smiled and replied, "The decoration doesn't really match the villa and does look a little tacky, but Mrs. Wilson had good intentions after all."

He did not respond to her words and simply stood in silence.

Naturally, he knew it was out of good intention. Otherwise, he would have taken them down long ago.

Natalie began walking around the living room while checking out the various decorations.

As she walked, she said, "Could it be that the entire villa's been decorated?"

Hearing her words, Shane felt his head throbbing as he walked upstairs.

Realizing that he was probably going to check on whether the rooms upstairs had been decorated, she hurriedly followed after him.

Although she had already prepared herself mentally, Natalie could not help but sucked in a deep breath once she saw the room.

The sheets were patterned with heart shapes, and there were rose petals sprinkled all over the bed. What on earth is that gigantic heart decor doing on the wall? This is seriously too old-fashioned!

This is definitely Mrs. Wilson's doing all right. It seems like her sense of aesthetics had stayed in the last century.

Unable to hold back her smile, Natalie looked over at Shane.

His expression was terrible. It was evident that he was also put off by Mrs. Wilson's preferences.

"Stay calm, Shane. Mrs. Wilson's trying to be nice. Let's just accept it." Afraid that he would tear the decorations down, she hurriedly grabbed onto his hand.

He pressed his lips together and replied, "Let's go down first."

She hummed in reply, taking his arm in hers as they walked down the stairs.

Once below, they went into the dining room.

Although it had also been decorated, it was clearly nicer-looking than their room was. On the table stood a vase filled with roses, some candles, and two plates. Each plate had a cover on top, and a knife and fork had been laid by its side. In addition, there was a glass of wine beside it.

It was the candlelit dinner that Mrs. Wilson had prepared for both of them.

Natalie fiddled with the roses and smiled. "For once, Mrs. Wilson's preferences are acceptable."

Although Shane snorted, he did not say anything about the decorations. Just then, he

noticed a note under the wine glass and picked it up.

“What does it say?” she asked, looking over.

He simply handed the note to her in response.

It read: Sir, Madam, do you like the surprise I prepared?

Natalie could not help but break into a slight smile as she read the note.

In reality, she was cringing inwardly. I’m not so sure about liking it, but I am very surprised.

Rubbing her temples, she continued reading the note: Today’s your wedding night, so Ms. Lawrence and I have brought the two kids over to the apartment. You can have the villa all to yourselves. I wish you happiness! Love, Mrs. Wilson.

The older woman had even drawn a smiley face at the end of the note.

Natalie put the note down. “So this is why Mom didn’t let us go pick the kids up.”

Shane pulled the chair out for her and said, “I guess this is good in a way. We’ll be able to

enjoy some time alone tonight.”

Hearing his words, Natalie blushed and quickly sat down.

He then pulled out the opposite chair and sat down before removing the covers on their plates.

Underneath it, there was a delicious-looking piece of steak on each plate.