

## SPOILED BY THE CEO: WHY THE WIFE IS KINDA SWEET?

### Chapter 10 What Mother Had Left Behind

Jessica's face stiffened, looking somewhat aggrieved.

"How can you talk about me like that? Natalia"

Aleena also forced a smile, "Natalia, your sister meant well. Why don't you two just talk to each other

honestly? You can solve any misunderstanding you have, and we are still a family."

"A family? Sorry! Anyone in this room can be my family except for you two. Besides, I'm the only

daughter of my mother. I don't have a sister. Don't talk nonsense, or I'm afraid my mom will come to

find you some day."

"AHH—"

Jessica was shocked by her fierce look and dove into Aleena's arms.

At this moment, a stern growl sounded from the stairway.

"Natalia!"

Natalia looked over and saw Clara walking down the stairs with a crane.

Clara might be old, but she looked high-spirited with her sharp eyes. Staring at Natalia, she put on her

usual gloomy face, and while she was not really angry just yet, she looked intimidating enough.

Natalia, however, was not afraid of her, and she just stood there coolly, with her cold eyes and noble

aura.

Clara just hated it when she was like this. Her aloofness, her pride and her stubbornness all reminded

Clara of her deceased mother, as if she had the blood of unparalleled nobility.

Clara snorted coldly, "What did you just say?"

Natalia did not even bother to answer her. She's tired and all these years' arguing had already made it meaningless.

Were it a few years ago, she might just argue with her for her mother.

But now, she had known that nobody in this family would ever give a damn to her mother. Why bother, anyway.

Since Natalia remained silent, Clara thought she was scared, and she also calmed down.

She then looked over to Jessica, who was still trembling in her mother's arms just like a startled deer,

and she face could not help but ease up a little more.

"Fine. Since you are back now, let's not talk about the past anymore. Let's have dinner in the dining hall."

At that, she directly went to the dining hall without waiting for them.

Natalia knitted her brows, but eventually she followed her.

"Natalia, knowing that you will be back tonight, I have asked Mrs. Kylee to prepare your favorite dishes for you. Have a try now!"

The moment they got to the table, Aleena just could not wait to introduce some dishes to her.

Natalia held back the disgust in her heart, but she did not eat, and did not answer her either.

Philip instantly felt enraged, seeing her sitting still coldly.

"What? Is it just so difficult for you to eat something? You show no respect for Aleena. You should thank her at least."

Natalia remained silent.

Though she did not want to argue, she could never be nice to a woman who had drove her mother to

suicide, let alone sharing a table with her.

She put down her fork, and said coldly, "No need, I am not hungry. What do you want exactly? Let's go

straight to the point."

Clara looked at her and a flash of shrewdness could be seen from her eyes.

This time, she was not angry. Instead, she just said in a grim tone, "I can see your hatred for this family.

Fine, we won't force you. We just want you to know something today."

"The day after tomorrow would be the birthday of your sister. There would be a birthday party. We have

already discussed it with the Miller family. They will announce their relationship at the party. And we

need you there."

"Should anyone ask, you just say it is your sister who is engaged to Shawn at the beginning. That

would be good for you too. Now that you have broken up, don't let the past influence your life."

Natalia stared at her in shock.

She never expected they had tried so hard to ask her back just for this.

She turned to Aleena, and after a while, she suddenly laughed in a low voice.

"So you mean, you want me to be a shield. A steppingstone for their engagement?"

Clara's face darkened in displeasure, "Watch your language! It's not just for your sister, and it's also for

you."

After a short pause, she added, "You are a girl anyway. You will still need to marry someone someday.

It won't look so good if everyone knows you are dumped."

"What if I refuse?"

"It's not up to you. I have made the decision."

"What if I insist?"

Clara sneered coolly. A ghost of mockery emerged from the bottom of her eyes.

"You won't. Unless ... you don't want the stuff your mother has left behind."

The entire hall was suddenly enveloped by pin-drop silence.

Natalia almost jumped to her feet suddenly.

Her face gloomy, her eyes freezing cold, she just stared at her.

After a while, she curled her lips coldly.

"Good. Good for you. You can use this to threaten me for now, but you can't threaten me for a lifetime."

"Now would be enough for me."

As if she did not notice her anger, Clara put down her knife and fork calmly.

"Two days later. Eight o'clock in the evening. Hitz-Hardon Hotel. Don't be late."

...

Walking out of the house, it had been eight.

The wind of the late autumn was somewhat chilly, but her blood was still boiling for the anger.

She always knew that Clara liked Jessica more, but she did not expect it to be such an extent.

As a grandmother, she did not even pretend, but just used what her mother had left behind to threaten

her, so that Jessica could officially be engaged to Shawn.

How ridiculous!

Standing by the roadside, she felt indeed furious, but after a while, she just calmed down.

Years ago, before the incident, her mother, Kiera, had found a lawyer to make a will.

The will was quite simple. She had got a safe in the bank. And should anything bad happen to her,

everything in the safe would belong to Natalia.

The only condition for the inheritance was that Natalia must wait until she got married. Before that, the

lawyer would keep it for her.

However, more than once in the past few years, the Dawson family had been trying to persuade her to

give up the legacy.

Naturally she would not agree. Even if she did not care about the value of the stuff in the safe, she

would not want anyone else to get what her mother had left behind.

Besides, more and more, she thought the stuff in the safe could not be something ordinary.

Or the Dawson family would not covet it with its wealth.

Thinking about it, a black Audi drove past in front of her, and stopped right in front of the gate of the

mansion.

Natalia was confused, and the next second, a familiar voice of a man came to her ears.

“Natalia? Why are you here?”

She looked over at the man, who was getting off the car. It was Shawn Miller. He was dressed in an

Armani suit today, its blue color showing his upright posture and pride.

She curled her lips with a hint of mockery, and said in a cold voice, “You must be too busy with your

business to remember my name.”

Shawn paused for a while, and his face stiffened slightly.

He sure won't forget Natalia was also one of the Dawson family and she was exactly standing in her

home.

It's only that she had long broken up with the family and had never been back. It was natural for him to

feel surprised seeing her here.