

## **KINDA SWEET 361**

### Chapter 361 To Silence a Voice

After all, the day before yesterday, the old man had still been biased, and was very dissatisfied over her forcing Jessica to apologize.

Why was he acting like a completely different person today?

Natalia thought something was off and refused without even thinking about it.

But immediately after she refused the old man, Tracy had given her a call.

She didn't know Tracy that well, but because she was a bit closer to Wilson than most and Tracy was

Wilson's wife, their relationship was slightly better.

Tracy had called her because she wanted to invite her to a spa.

That shocked Natalia even more.

Upon asking her, she found out that it was a chain that Tracy had opened herself. Apparently there was

a new massage technique they'd introduced into the spa, and it was said to be very comfortable

afterwards, especially for women's upkeep.

But she just had to invite her at such a moment.

Natalia realized it right away.

It must be that she'd declined Wilhelm's invitation to the Kawn house earlier, so the old man was having Tracy invite her instead.

Natalia was utterly bemused at how the Kawn family was busting out all the big guns. She had her doubts, but she didn't overthink it.

Since they'd gone this far, it would be in bad taste to decline and have them call her again afterwards, so she agreed.

That afternoon, the two arrived at a certain high-class beauty salon. After changing, two masseurs came in.

The two were in work clothes and masks. Natalia noticed one of their figures seemed familiar, but couldn't see their features clearly through the mask, so she wasn't sure who she was.

She didn't overthink it, though. There was no way she knew anyone here.

The masseur's technique really was great. Ever since she'd jumped in the water that night, Natalia had felt a bit of a chill these past couple days. Knowing she'd probably caught a cold, she'd taken some medicine and was a bit drowsy.

Under such a good massage, she grew even more sleepy.

So, after a while, she actually drifted off.

She slept there, carelessly, without a clue of how much shock the person massaging her was feeling right now.

The spa treatment took well over an hour.

Tracy had woken her up.

She hadn't imagined that she'd be so comfortable she'd fall asleep and laughed a little embarrassedly.

Feeling that the service was great and the technique was excellent, she got a membership card and made an appointment for next time before leaving, satisfied.

She didn't see how her masseur changed out of the work clothes the instant she left and drove off from the other side.

At this moment, in the Kawn estate.

Wilhelm sat in his room, looking at the white-haired old woman before her.

"You're sure you saw the birthmark on her back? You're absolutely certain?"

The old woman was named Emma. She was an old servant who'd once been at Yvonne's side, and

she'd taken care of that child for a while, so she knew the child's characteristics very well.

Emma nodded. "Yes, I'm certain."

"And the hair?"

"I've got it too."

Emma said, taking a transparent little packet from her pocket. There were a few hairs inside.

Wilhelm's face was dark as he commanded, "Take it for a DNA test alongside Jessica Dawson's."

Emma nodded and complied, then raised her doubts after thinking about it.

"We tested Jessica's DNA in the beginning, too. I looked over it myself. There shouldn't be a problem.

How can it be fake?"

Wilhelm released a cold chuckle.

"They might have done something in the process, or there might be some other secret. Anyway, check

it all over again. This time, oversee every step personally and don't give anyone any chance to

interfere. Make sure the results are authentic. Understood?"

Emma nodded hastily. "Understood."

At that moment, a servant's voice came from outside.

"What are you doing standing here, Madam Jessica? Why aren't you going in?"

The pair inside jolted and exchanged a glance, their expressions shifting subtly.

Wilhelm gestured at Emma and called lowly, "Is it Jessica?"

The door to the room was pushed open from the outside and Jessica entered.

She held a box of tea leaves in her hand, beaming, "Your door was closed so early in the day,

Grandpa, I thought you weren't there. Turns out you were inside!"

Wilhelm shot her a piercing look.

Jessica wore a face of innocence as she glanced at Emma. Noticing their strange expressions, she

asked curiously, "Have I said something wrong?"

Wilhelm rumbled, "Did you hear anything outside?"

"I haven't heard anything. Were you discussing something I wasn't supposed to hear?"

Looking at her confused and innocent expression, Wilhelm frowned severely and, after a moment,

believed her in the end.

"All right. It's nothing. Did you come over for something?"

“Oh, I heard you wanted to have golden tips last time, and a friend gave me some this morning. It’s

peak quality, so I rushed over to give it to you!”

The old man looked at the tea leaves she was offering and nodded. “I appreciate it.”

Jessica beamed. “Since you’ve got business to talk with Emma, I’ll take my leave.”

“Sure.”

...

Jessica left the room and her expression darkened instantly.

It wasn’t that she didn’t know Natalia was Yvonne’s real child.

Clara had told her that secret a long time ago.

Back when Natalia had tried desperately to retrieve her mother’s memento, she hadn’t known that the

seemingly regular necklace was that memento.

Clara had caught wind of the secret by accident and switched the necklace, swapping the sapphire for

a ruby.

Then she’d arranged for Jessica to take on that identity in Natalia’s place.

But this secret had always been hidden well. She thought it'd never come to light.

But it had been revealed this soon!

Jessica sneered.

Natalia, Natalia, Natalia. Why did she just have to be so irritating?

She hadn't really thought of killing her. After all, she didn't want the trouble.

But no matter where she was, she got in the way. In Julio, in Equin as well.

By what right did Natalia get born a high and mighty noble lady, and Jessica was meant to be trampled

in the dirt?

A test, eh?

What point would there be to the test if she was dead?

If that was the case, then she could just be gone from the world of the living!

So that eyesore would finally get out of her way forward.

Jessica smiled a sinister smile and took out her phone, dialing a number.

"Our secret's out. Now we need to discuss how she's going to die!"

Chapter 362 Falling Off a Cliff

The following day, Natalia returned to the cast.

She'd recently taken on a period drama – a fantasy themed serial. It wasn't too popular, but Natalia had seen the script and liked it, and so taken the role even though it was just for a side character.

Today, there was a fight scene they were supposed to shoot between her and the male sidekick.

For realism, the director had forgone shooting in a set and compositing the scene, and instead decided to shoot on location.

The location the cast had chosen was atop a particularly famous mountain in the countryside of Eqitin.

This mountain was famous for having a view famous around the nation. With trees and grass blooming over a magnificent scene and a perfectly sunny day today, standing on top of the mountain gave one a feeling of relaxed contentedness.

Before they started filming, the crew had cleared the ground and set up the cameras. Natalia finished changing and got out, ready for the wirework.

The setting was on the edge of a cliff.

The side character Natalia was playing had appeared to be a courtesan plying her charms in a brothel, but was in reality an assassin from a neighboring nation.



For the survival of her own country, she'd assassinated the crown prince.

The sidekick had discovered her identity and chased her all the way to the edge of the cliff.

Here, the assassin was to duel to the death with the sidekick. Finally, heavily wounded, the assassin

was no match for the sidekick. With soldiers on her tail, she was to jump off the cliff and die.

The assassin's character setting was calm, cold, and collected, a woman of few words, which suited

Natalia's personality just fine.

With the wires in place and the makeup done, the director yelled, "Action!"

Natalia's gaze grew wintry.

She clutched at her injured chest, blood seeping from her mouth, her blade in one hand as she backed

up to the edge.

Richard, the actor playing the sidekick, growled, "You've got nowhere left to run. Give it up and

surrender!"

The corners of Natalia's mouth lifted slowly.

That smile was cold and decisive.

"No. I still have one path left to me!"

She spoke, taking her hand off her chest and gripping the hilt of her blade, raising the weapon.

The soldiers who'd chased their way here grew pale.

His expression dark, Richard intoned, "You served your country only for glory and riches. Now that

you're at the end of your rope, I've asked the chief magistrate to spare your life. Why resist?"

Natalia sneered.

Her elegant, delicate features were completely unmoved.

"Death is nothing for a loyal subject of her nation!"

With that, she gripped her sword and rushed towards Richard.

The wires spooled and the fight began.

Natalia had already had a martial arts instructor guide her choreography with Richard, so as the two

exchanged blows, the fight went beautifully.

Finally, Richard's blow landed on her shoulder, and Natalia spat blood, falling off the cliff, ending the scene.

Of course, she wasn't really falling off. The camera would show her disappearing off the edge, while

the wires would keep her hanging there until the shot was over and they pulled her back up.

But then something went wrong!

Natalia had been ready to keel off the edge of the cliff with the force of the blow.

But the moment her feet left the ground, she heard a whipping crack.

Before she could react, she felt her balance shift. The wire to her left had snapped!

Natalia turned pale.

But that wasn't the worst part. Looking up, the wire to her right was only hanging by a thread, and

clearly about to snap as well.

Hastily, she reached out and grabbed the line. With another whipping crack, the right wire snapped as

well.

Natalia could only hold on with both hands, her body suspended midair like a kite.

Meanwhile, the people above had realized something was wrong.

"What's going on? Why isn't it reeling her up?"

The props group gaped and ran over, babbling, "Director, there's a problem with the machines and the

wires aren't spooling up."

The director whitened.

“What?”

He stood hurriedly and sprinted over to the wire feed. “What is it? What’s wrong with it?”

The person in charge of the wires said, “I don’t know. It was fine in the morning, but it’s stuck now for some reason.”

The director’s name was Howard. He’d had Natalia take the role both because she had the right aura for it and because Nathan had recommended her vehemently.

So he was familiar with Natalia’s identity and background.

Right now, looking at the unresponsive machinery regardless of how the special effects staff tried to operate them, his heart sank.

The cast had gone for this long with no problems, so why was it breaking today?

There was no time to think about it. He hurried to the edge and looked down, yelling, “Natalia, are you okay?”

Right now, Natalia was using the strength of her arms alone to grip the wire, and her body was giving

out.

Still, she gritted her teeth and said, “I’m fine, but the wires around my waist have snapped. I’m holding on with my hands. What’s going on up there?”

Hearing that the wires had snapped, the director paled, his heart sinking even deeper.

“It’s okay. There’s a problem with the machines. Hold on, I’ll send someone down after you.”

With that, Howard hurried to find someone with a lifeline.

Right now, Natalia was quite literally at the end of her rope.

The wires were smooth steel. Her full weight was being supported by her arms, and because of the force, the wires were biting into flesh. The pain came shooting up her palms, screaming for her to give up.

But she clenched her jaws and endured it even as blood seeped down her palm. Both her arms were trembling from the pain, but she still gritted her teeth harder and kept grabbing on to those two wires.

Because below her was a sheer drop.

If she let go and fell from that spot, she could guarantee that she’d be smashed to smithereens.

After an eternity, a lifeline was finally let down.

But Natalia didn't have the strength to reach out for it. A few dozen seconds later, a staff member crawled down with the rope.

"Hang on, Natalia, I'm coming to save you."

With that, he clipped another rope onto Natalia's waist.

At that moment, the skies rumbled with thunder.

In just a few beats, pea-sized raindrops started hammering down mercilessly.

Natalia's entire body was drained. Arms trembling, she let her savior clip the rope onto her wire frame, then released her grip on the wires, hanging limply from his frame.

The man yelled in the rain, "Hold on, we're going up."

For some reason, she couldn't see the man's face.

She just faintly sensed his mouth open and close, and nodded cooperatively.

The worker had mountaineering experience.

About two minutes later, he'd brought her back to solid ground.

Chapter 363 Seriously Wounded

The rain pelted down harshly.

Natalia crouched in place, her whole body shivering.

The director brought a group of workers over, desperately concerned. “Are you all right? Are you okay?”

She nodded.

“Your hands are injured? Quick! Get her to the hospital!”

Natalia’s memory of what happened afterwards was fuzzy.

She didn’t know what was going on, only that her head was swimming as everyone bandaged her wounds with ragged strips temporarily. But the blood still flowed, as if to drain her dry.

Not long afterwards, she fainted.

Meanwhile.

In the Kawn household.

Wilhelm met with Emma.

Both hair samples had been tested for DNA and the results were out.

But said results surprised everyone.

Because the results showed that it wasn’t just Natalia who was Yvonne’s daughter, but Jessica also

had a blood relationship with the Kawn family.

At that, both Wilhelm and Emma were taken aback.

How could it be?

Yvonne had passed on, so the DNA samples taken for the test, aside from Natalia and Jessica's,

included Wilhelm's.

There was one generation between them, but under close calculations, they could still produce results.

But the results were – Natalia and Jessica both had a quarter of the Kawn family bloodline.

What was going on?

Old man Kawn and Emma fell silent as they pondered the conundrum.

At that moment, he suddenly received a phone call.

It had been from Selena. She told him of Natalia's incident, to which Wilhelm shook, asked for the

hospital's address, and rushed out.

On the other side, Archie had also received the news.

Annie International was investing in the show, and Natalia's relationship with him had long since gone



public.

So, the moment the incident occurred, the producers called him right away.

Archie had been the first to arrive. When he had, Natalia hadn't woken up yet.

The doctors checked her and found she had a fever of 39.5 centigrade. Thankfully, they gave her a shot, and it had already died down.

As for the wound on her hand, because she'd used too much force, the wires had cut through her palm like a knife, severing two of the most major blood vessels and tendons in her palms. That was why she'd bled out so much.

Wounds like that would have to heal over a month or two.

And even healed, it would affect her life going forward. Unable to use too much force, unable to lift heavy objects, and such.

Furthermore, when Natalia's wires had snapped, her body had swayed and slammed into the cliffside, causing a fractured hip.

With all those wounds together, it was very serious.

The cast hadn't thought she'd be hurt this badly. Looking at Archie's shadowed face with a man-eating

scowl plastered on top, none of them dared speak, or even breathe loudly.

The director, Howard, led the prop group up timidly.

“Mr. McCarthy, these two were the staff members responsible for the props today. But I’ve already asked them about it. The wires Natalia used were fine in the morning but snapped when she used them in the afternoon. Foul play is clearly involved, and it shouldn’t involve them.”

Howard intended to plead the case for the two staff members.

After all, they really weren’t to blame.

Nobody knew how, just an hour ago, it had been fine, but just over lunch when Natalia arrived, things had gone wrong.

They couldn’t have checked every time someone used it. Typically, you checked your props all at once when the shooting was over for the day. That was where the mishap had come in.

But Archie couldn’t have cared less about it now.

He glared darkly at the two crew members and barked, “Brian!”

Brian walked over right away.

“Sir.”

“Take them and interrogate them!”

“Yes, sir!”

Seeing those two get taken away, Howard opened his mouth, seemingly to say something, but swallowed his words.

Not long afterwards, Wilhelm arrived.

Bursting in, he demanded, “Where’s Natalia? How is she?”

Archie frowned and didn’t speak.

At that moment, the doctor came out of the surgery room, walking right in front of Archie and reported,

“Mr. McCarthy, the wounds have been stitched up, but blood vessels and tendons have both been

severed. For this period of time, she mustn’t do anything with her hands, and she especially mustn’t lift

heavy objects. You have to keep this in mind.”

The hospital had been established by the McCarthy family, so the doctors naturally knew Archie.

Archie’s face sank even further as he nodded.

Hearing about severed blood vessels and tendons, Wilhelm went ashen and his eyes rolled back,

almost fainting.

Thankfully, Emma was there to hold him up and feed him his medicine. Helping him sit down to the side, he recovered slowly.

Archie didn't have time to spare wondering why he'd come over. Knowing that he could see Natalia now, he went over right away.

Natalia had a VIP suite.

In the white room, she laid peacefully in bed, eyes closed, pale as a wraith.

Archie sat down next to her and tugged back the covers, looking at the wound on her hand.

Both hands had been wrapped tight by bandages and the wounds weren't really visible.

But he still peered closely, as if he could see how hurt she was through the layers of cotton.

"Why are you standing in my way? Don't you know who I am? Let me in!"

Old man Kawn's angry voice sounded from outside.

Frowning, Archie got up and walked out.

"Are you here for some reason, old Mr. Kawn?"

Wilhelm looked at him, put away his temper, and rumbled, "I'm going in to see Natalia."

Archie's face was sullen and didn't look pretty.

"Sorry. She needs rest right now, and nobody can go in."

Wilhelm floundered.

Pausing, he looked at the cold and hostility in the man's eyes, and seemed to understand something.

He hurriedly explained, "You don't think I did this, do you, Archie? I'm old, so what would I target her for? She's a child to me!"

Archie sneered.

"What wouldn't you do for your baby granddaughter? Only few days ago, Natalia embarrassed Jessica in front of everyone, then this happened. Do you think it's possible to have me not suspect you even a little?"

"..."

Wilhelm knew that there was no getting Archie to believe him at a time like this no matter how he explained it.

So he sighed.

“Fine. Don’t believe me. But I really just want to look at her. If you’re worried, just let me look in on her from the door. Just one glance. Will that do?”

Archie frowned.

Chapter 364 Conspiracy Revealed

Wilhelm’s insistence was utterly uncharacteristic.

But he’d gone this far, and even though Archie did doubt him, he knew that the possibility was slim.

Even if you discounted his identity, too great to target Natalia over something that small, but just the fact that the method was this clumsy, it didn’t seem likely that it was done by this calculating old man.

So, after a bit of a stalemate, Archie moved out of the way all the same.

Wilhelm hurried inside.

Natalia hadn’t woken up. She needed anesthetic for the stitches, and with her high fever, she was in a deep sleep.

He looked on from a distance. That pale little face of hers was buried in the pillow, looking so fragile, so heart-wrenching.

His eyes reddened.

“How are her wounds? Will she be fine?”

Archie’s frown grew deeper. He really couldn’t tell what was going on with the old man’s reactions.

Still, he replied, “She’ll be fine for now.”

Hearing that, the old man breathed a sigh of relief.

Behind her, Emma reminded quietly, “Old sir, Mrs. McCarthy is out of danger for now, and Mr. McCarthy

is here. It will be fine. Your health matters. Please don’t worry too much.”

Wilhelm nodded and turned to Archie. “You have to look after her. I’m leaving her to you.”

Archie grew more and more dubious as he said, “Are you sure you’re all right, Grandpa Kawn?”

Wilhelm waved it off.

“I’m fine. I owed this girl for what happened that night, so I came over to check on her. Since she’s fine,

I’m leaving. Take care of her.”

With that, and Emma at his arm, he left.

Archie looked at his receding back, his handsome brow furrowing.

Another half-hour later, Natalia finally woke.

Seeing Archie there, she wasn’t surprised. Asking him what happened when she was out, she heard

that Wilhelm had come around and thought the old man had just caught wind by accident and stopped

by to look, and so she didn't get hung up on it.

Archie murmured, "Have you upset anyone in the cast lately?"

Natalia thought about it, frowned, and shook her head. "No."

She paused, then looked up at the man. "Was it intentional?"

Archie nodded.

Natalia went quiet.

Afraid she'd overthink things, Archie soothed, "Don't worry, I'll deal with it. You need to rest up."

Natalia nodded.

She wasn't worried about the incident. With Archie there, she knew he wouldn't let her suffer for

nothing.

And since there was intent behind her incident, they had to have left evidence.

After waking, Natalia ate. Because her hands couldn't move, Archie fed her spoon by spoon.

She asked about the old home. Afraid that the two elders would worry, the cast had sealed off the



news, and he hadn't told them, either. So William and Ariana were still in the dark.

Natalia appreciated that.

After her meal, Natalia still wasn't feeling too energetic, so Archie had her rest for a while and sent

Nancy in to watch over her.

Seeing Natalia conscious, Nancy blamed herself.

Originally, no matter where Natalia went and unless she was with Archie, she followed behind.

But she had to take care of something with her brother today, so she'd asked for a break. She hadn't

thought this would happen after leaving for just half a day.

Natalia was worried that Archie would blame her, so she spoke to Archie about it in private.

Archie didn't say anything about it, though. Nancy was not to blame. The wires had already been

tampered with, and even with Nancy there, she couldn't have flown down towards the cliff to save her.

Archie stayed with her for a while longer, then took a phone call, said there was business, and left.

Natalia was tired, so she chatted with Nancy for a while and fell back asleep.

Meanwhile.

Natalia's injury might have been hidden from the public and the media, but they couldn't keep it from

their own people.

After all, even Selena had caught wind, so Jessica couldn't have remained in the dark.

So ever since news came that she'd failed, she'd been in a panic.

She already knew that a fair number of people were investigating the affair. Both the McCarthy and

Kawn families were digging things up. With their capabilities, they'd come up with her before the sun

rose.

What was she supposed to do?

At a time like this, of course she wasn't stupid enough to stay at home. The moment she'd been

exposed, staying at home was tantamount to throwing herself into the fire.

Wilhelm already knew Natalia was his flesh and blood granddaughter, and with something like this

having happened, he'd definitely take revenge for her.

So she needed a way out.

Jessica stayed in her hotel room, frantically making calls.

But at this critical moment, she couldn't reach Matthew's phone.

No matter how much she called, he had it off!

The bastard!

Jessica already understood that she'd been used. With the cat out of the bag, she had lost her value as

a pawn, so she was being tossed to the wolves.

Hate filled her.

So Matthew Kawn wouldn't help, her, was it! Then she had no reason to let him off easy!

Leering, Jessica picked a recording out of her phone and sent it to Matthew.

She also added a text.

"Trying to burn bridges? Don't even think about it! We'll go down in flames together if we have to."

On the other side, Matthew hadn't actually turned off his phone and only blocked her number from

calling.

He looked at the recording she'd sent him and frowned.

Finding a quiet corner, he listened to the recording and whitened.

He'd never imagined that the little bitch had made a recording of when they'd discussed how to

eliminate Natalia.

If the recording leaked and the old man found out, his place in the family was done for.

Forget his current wealth and power, Wilhelm might even chase him out of the country without a single bit of the inheritance.

In his rage, his face contorted. After considering it, he concluded that he couldn't let this recording get out.

Returning to his room, he removed Jessica's number from the blacklist, dialed her phone, and growled, "Where are you?"

"What? Taking my calls now, Uncle?"

Matthew took a deep breath and suppressed his hatred. "Quit with the bullshit! Give me the recording. I'll have someone escort you out of the country and keep you alive."

"Escort me out? Why?"

"You think there's still a safe place for you in this country? The person who tampered with the wire was one of yours; they'll follow the lead back to you soon enough! If you know what's good for me, give me the recording, and I'll have someone send you away."

Jessica paled.

She never thought, after all her effort, crawling to her position now from Julio to Eqitin, that she'd end up like this.

She snarled, "No! Escort me out of the country first. Not just me, but my mother. By the time we're in a safe spot, I'll send you the recording."

"You!"

Chapter 365 His Woman

Matthew was fuming, but at a time like this, he could only do as she said.

"All right. I promise. Tell me your location."

"Don't rush, I still have a condition!"

"You have a condition?" Matthew was flabbergasted. "Don't you know that I'm the only one who can save you now? How big do you think your chances of survival are if people knew you were planning to have Natalia killed?"

Jessica sneered, "If I don't survive, you can forget living through this, too. Don't forget, this was your idea."

As she spoke, she played the recording as a reminder on her end of the phone.

Matthew had just about had it, but with the evidence in her hands, he could only swallow his rage.

“Fine! You’ve got me, so speak! What condition!”

“Simple. I want a sum of money. At least fifty million in my overseas account. You can’t have me going out of the country as a beggar!”

Matthew clenched his teeth. “Fifty million? That’s robbery!”

Jessica snickered. “Don’t react so poorly, Uncle! It’s just fifty million; that’s pocket change to you! All these years, you left your wife and daughter to live like a nobleman in Eqitin. Have you thought about the life my mother and I have had? To tell you the truth, I’ve had enough of you during these days in Eqitin! Now that things are exposed, you’re escorting me out of the country seemingly to keep me safe, when it’s all to save your own hide. So is it wrong for me to take fifty million to seal my mouth? Relax. So long as you give me the money, not just this, but all those other dirty little secrets you have – I’ll keep them all to myself without spilling a single word.”

Matthew’s eyes went red with fury.

Then a cold glint flashed through his glare.

After a while, he took a deep breath. "Fine! I promise."

"That's more like it! I'll send you my address. Don't try anything. This isn't my only recording. I've hidden others in various places. Anything happens to me, these recordings will be released. By then, everyone will know what a devious slime the kind and generous eldest son of the Kawn family really is!"

Matthew cut in. "Enough!"

Jessica grinned contentedly and hung up.

After hanging up, she collected a few necessities and sent her location to Matthew.

At that moment, someone rang the doorbell from outside.

She started, her heart recoiling consciously.

"Who is it?"

"Room service."

Jessica exhaled.

Of course. Her subordinate might have been caught, but they couldn't have given her up that quickly.

They shouldn't have found her yet.

Considering that, Jessica called, "No need."

Then the lock clicked, and the door opened.

“You...”

She raised her head in shock and saw that man, in all his imperious power, walking in surrounded by two rows of bodyguards.

A pair of clear, cold eyes stared darkly down at her. “Pick how you’re going to die, Jessica Dawson!”

...

Jessica had never imagined she’d get exposed so quickly.

She stood in the middle of the living room, looking at the man standing there, his features without a trace of warmth, and felt her legs grow leaden, becoming dead weight.

“W-what do you want? Archie, I haven’t offended my sister lately. Besides, with what happened that night, I already apologized to everyone for her like she told me to. There’s no need to settle accounts now, of all times!”

She was still playing dumb, but Archie had already lost his last vestiges of patience. With a gesture, someone came up from the side and kicked her knee in.



In pain, Jessica knelt down with a thump, her tears almost spilling.

Just a second later, the sound of leather shoes approached her chillingly on the floorboards.

“I don’t hit women! But only if they leave my woman alone!”

With that, he kicked her off.

Jessica’s frame slammed into the wall like a broken kite, and she tumbled to the ground, spitting blood.

That was how much force the kick had behind it.

Archie looked at her, his frigid stare devoid of pity.

No one knew how truly enraged he’d been when he received the call that Natalia’s wires had been

tampered with and she was seriously injured, having almost fallen from the cliff to her death.

Before wrath like this, not hitting women or being a gentleman didn’t matter at all.

In her agony, Jessica couldn’t speak. Archie glared at her, then pointed at the phone she’d dropped not

far away.

“Give it here.”

A bodyguard came up and picked up the phone, handing it over respectfully with both hands.

Archie tapped it open, with the recording still on the screen.

He hit play and heard the full conversation between Jessica and Matthew.

As the recording played, his expression darkened bit by bit.

Until the end, where it was completely in shadow.

Jessica's lips moved and she tried to say something, but the searing pain in her chest kept her from getting a single word out.

Archie threw the phone towards his men and said coldly, "Drag her to the underground complex. If she's still breathing in the morning, you'll all get buried with her."

With that, the man turned to leave.

Everyone there couldn't help but shiver as they hurriedly complied. "Yes, sir!"

...

Natalia slept groggily in an insubstantial daze.

She kept dreaming about when she'd been suspended from the cliff.

In the dream, she was hanging midair, her hands in a death grip on the snapped wires. A staff member threw down a rope to save her, but the moment she reached for it, that rope snapped too.

She could only watch herself fall, finally landing with a loud wham on hard concrete, her body turning to paste!

Gasping, she jerked awake.

Only after she opened her eyes did she find it was still night, with silvery moonlight streaming in from the windows. All was quiet.

It was only a dream!

Natalia closed her eyes, still afraid. She wiped the cold sweat off her brow, her entire body freezing.

The dream still reverberated throughout her head. It had been so real, as if she'd been there herself.

She couldn't sleep at all. Her throat was burning parched, so she threw off her blankets and got out of bed to pour herself some water.

But the moment she got out of bed, the door was pushed open from the outside and an erect figure walked in.

Jessica started and called, "Archie?"

Archie was in a white shirt, with a black vest over black trousers. His whole being looked straight and upright.

His gaze swept across her thin pajamas, to her bare, pale feet falling below her pants.

Natalia shrank backwards and asked, “Did you just come back from outside?”

Archie ignored her question and walked up, folding her into a hug.

Chapter 366 The Story Behind Her

“Didn’t you hear the doctor say you weren’t supposed to move? If you needed something, why didn’t

you call Nancy in?”

Nancy had been waiting outside all along, in case Natalia couldn’t sleep with someone nearby, close

enough to still help if she awakened.

Natalia blinked. “Only my hands are injured. My feet are fine. I don’t need someone to help me with a

drink of water, at least.”

Archie scoffed.

“So you’re planning to lift a cup with those crippled palms of yours, hmm?”

Natalia’s face was awkward.

After a while, she said, “Sorry, I forgot.”

The man harrumphed and set her down on the bed before turning to pour her some warm water.

Natalia took the cup and sipped at it lightly, examining him and asking, "You still haven't answered my question. Did you just come back from outside?"

"Yeah."

The man replied, taking her hand and rolling up her long pajama sleeve.

Her delicate palm was wrapped up in a tight bundle of bandages and looked particularly jarring.

He frowned slightly and reached out to undo them.

Natalia hurriedly stepped him. "Wait, don't. I just got a new ointment in before bed."

The man stopped and stroked the wound, murmuring, "Does it still hurt?"

"It's okay. Doctor Amelia's medicine was pretty good. Other than a bit of pain when they're applying the ointment, I don't feel anything now."

And besides, getting to stay alive and only taking two wounds was worth it to her.

Archie stopped speaking and looked at the wound, his gaze full of heartache.

Natalia didn't want him to linger on it and took her hand back, asking, "Who was behind it? Have you found out?"

Archie looked deeply at her. "I thought you'd have guessed it."

Natalia grunted. "Jessica?"

Archie nodded.

Natalia about understood what was going on.

There were only a select few people with a grudge against her. But she didn't understand why, being a

lady of the Kawn family now, she was still going against her.

Couldn't she just live her own life and stop looking for trouble?

Where could she end up by making trouble for herself, anyway?

As if seeing her doubt for himself, Archie said lowly, "It wasn't just Jessica, but Matthew too."

Natalia jolted in disbelief. "That Uncle Matthew?"

"Yes."

Archie didn't hide it from her and took out his phone, playing a copy of the recording Jessica had made.

Natalia was stunned.

The contents of the recording didn't just prove that Matthew and Jessica had planned her accident

together, but the key part was – Matthew and Jessica were father and daughter?

That was... quite a revelation!

Her mouth dry, she took another two sips from her cup before she swallowed that pill.

Lifting her head, she asked dubiously, “If she’s the bastard daughter of Matthew Kawn, then why’d she pretend to be the daughter of Yvonne Kawn? It has to be better to be a granddaughter on the paternal line, right?”

Archie sneered.

“Because, before Yvonne died, she left 15% of the Kawn family shares to her daughter alone. If she’d only been Matthew’s daughter, she’d get nothing except a dowry for marrying someone and the empty title of a lady.”

“...”

As the saying went, big mouthfuls often choke.

She thought about it but still had her doubts.

“If that’s the case, shouldn’t she have used the chance she had now? She just had to wait until the old man was dead to inherit a property of billions. Why’d she still come after me?”

Archie’s gaze at her darkened.

His eyes sent tingles down her spine. There was a lot of unspoken complexity in that gaze.

She shrank back, mumbling, “What are you staring at me like that for?”

Archie sighed. “It’s nothing.”

He hadn’t understood before, too.

But just this afternoon, when Wilhelm had rushed over frantically to look at her wounds, he’d sensed something was off.

Afterwards, with this recording in hand confirming that Jessica really wasn’t Yvonne’s flesh and blood daughter, then add to that Natalia and Jessica’s relationship, it wasn’t hard to deduce that Wilson’s investigation had already led him to the Dawson family. It was only that Clara had messed things up in the process, destroying the evidence that could have proven Natalia’s identity.

So that real child was quite possibly Natalia.

But before they could be sure, he decided not to tell Natalia for the time being.

After all, if his speculation was proven correct, then the entire story of her life needed to be reevaluated. To avoid having her overthink things, it was best not to say anything.



No matter who she was, it was enough that she was his face.

He stroked her hair and soothed, “Don’t worry about it. Leave it to me, and I’ll take care of it, okay?”

Natalia nodded.

Since Matthew was involved, then the Kawn family was involved, too. Leaving everything to Archie was the best method.

No matter what the result was, after all, she’d understand his resolution.

Meanwhile, the Kawn household.

Wilhelm had also received the recording.

Archie had sent it to him.

After all, if Jessica really was of the Kawn bloodline, then he had to notify the old man if she was to be dealt with.

She had to be dealt with whether or not Wilhelm agreed or not, but the notification itself was showing an attitude.

The attitude that they were going after Jessica, not the Kawn family itself.

Receiving the recording and listening to it, Wilhelm flew into a rage.

He never thought his own son would do something so stupid behind his back!

Getting his bastard daughter to run over to play his sister's daughter, fine, but he was helping her conspire against his own niece!

The animal!

But old man Kawn didn't throw a tantrum right away.

After all, Matthew was his own son. For all these years, be it in the company or at home, he had amassed a large number of connections and eyes.

Wilhelm was old. For quite some years, he'd let his sons take care of business themselves.

Because the second son was so clever and exceptional, the eldest son was sometimes at a disadvantage. To keep Matthew from feeling unbalanced, Wilhelm was sometimes a bit biased towards him.

For that reason, the old man didn't move lightly.

But not moving lightly didn't mean he wasn't moving.

Soon, in secret, Wilhelm ordered Matthew's powers slowly rescinded, including forbidding him from

using his Kawn family privileges in the office and outside.

With all that done, he took out a photo from under his pillow with trembling hands. Under the moonlight,

he could clearly see the young woman on top. His daughter, Yvonne Kawn.

He smiled sadly and sighed, finally putting the photo back.

Chapter 367 You Belong to Me

If only Yvonne was here.

She'd always been the most kind and caring one from when they were little, letting her brothers have

everything, obedient to her parents, but...

But then she'd met him!

Still, she could rest easy. Even if she wasn't here anymore, Wilhelm swore he would protect that child.

From this day forward, so long as he was still alive, he wouldn't allow anyone to touch a hair on her

head!

Dealing with Matthew was quite troublesome, but with Wilson's help, it didn't go too slowly.

Wilhelm didn't hide this incident from Wilson.

He told him everything about Natalia and Jessica's true identities.

Wilson was shocked when he heard it as well.

But thinking back to the familiar aura he'd felt between her brow the first time he'd seen Natalia, he understood.

Matthew was exiled from the country.

It was still his own son, after all. He might have been cruel and committed a huge transgression, but blood was thicker than water. The old man couldn't bear to deal with it too harshly.

So after rescinding all of his power, he had him transferred to a branch company overseas.

Nominally to be the general manager of the branch, but in reality, it meant exile.

Everyone knew that the mother base of the Kawn family was in Ambario, in Eqitin. Sending a direct family son over to a pint-sized branch company outside the country didn't seem too possible.

There was a buzz of speculation, but no one guessed the truth.

Neither Archie nor Wilhelm wanted to go too public with the incident.

Archie was considering that Natalia might not be too willing to accept her true identity. If the incident got

out, the secret couldn't be kept.

Wilhelm, on the other hand, was considering the family.

After all, there was the family reputation. Matthew's actions would be too much for the family name to bear if word got out.

The people of the outside world hadn't guessed the truth, but voices began to circulate that the old man had decided to allow his second son to take over the family, which was why he was sending the eldest son away to avoid a sibling rivalry.

That was equal to giving up on one to preserve another.

Nobody told those two brothers to fight so viciously that they couldn't get along anymore.

Whether the speculation was true or not, a month later, Wilhelm did formally announce his retirement on the board meeting, handing over the entire company to Wilson.

For all these years, Wilson had already become the backbone of the company through his own efforts.

So no one was surprised at the decision.

After all, if that idiot of an eldest son was to take over the Kawn property, they could imagine how that future would go.

So everyone was pleased except for Matthew, all the way in foreign lands.

On the other hand, Wilhelm had fallen into a deep conundrum.

He was troubled over whether or not to acknowledge Natalia.

He knew he didn't have much time left.

The doctors told him that his body could only carry on for another two months.

Privately, of course he wanted to acknowledge Natalia.

But he also knew that, after what happened with Anne and what Matthew did this time, Natalia's

impression of the Kawn family was already at rock bottom.

If she caught wind of the truth, she'd ask after her own mother. How was he supposed to tell her about

her true identity, then?

Because of that inner conflict, Wilhelm's mood plummeted.

Selena, though, with such a huge thing befalling the family and the old man in such a state, took a

break from all her work and focused on taking care of the old man.

Knowing that she meant well, the old man stopped forcing her to marry Ontario. As for the future of the

Kawn family, his children and grandchildren had their own fortune. He'd planned and calculated

throughout his life and managed to get the Kawn family this far. The future was long and far away, and he was tired. Too tired to care.

So time passed slowly in those peaceful days.

It took a month for Natalia's injuries to fully recover and for her to return to work.

Naturally, the injuries were too severe and in too obvious a place to be hidden from the two elders of the McCarthy family. Archie wouldn't even let her carry a cup of water in regular days, so it wasn't hard for the pair to notice.

Thankfully, the wounds were healing. The two elders were pained but couldn't really say anything else about it.

Because of her injury, the cast had been on hiatus waiting for her.

The investor was Annie International, after all. With the big boss there, no amount of operating costs would put them in the red.

The day Natalia returned to work, the cast even threw a welcoming banquet for her.

Afraid she'd inflame her wounds, she didn't dare have alcohol and restricted herself to juice.

Howard, though, had plenty to drink. Topsy, he laid a hand on Natalia's shoulder and slurred, "I really

have to thank you, Natalia. If you hadn't spoken up for us, Mr. McCarthy would probably have

butchered me just for how heavy your injuries were!"

Natalia had to laugh.

"It was nowhere near that serious, was it?"

"It really was," the prop group colleague hurriedly clarified. "You know, when I saw his eyes back then, I

almost pissed myself. Thankfully, I didn't actually do it. I even helped that assistant of his with gathering

evidence and caught the person behind it. Otherwise, we'd be dead."

Natalia looked at their frightened expressions, laughing in the outside while her heart burned on the

inside.

This man...

How was he so good to her!

She suddenly found limitless faith in Archie. They'd only separated in the morning and he'd taken her to

the cast himself. They'd only been apart for a few hours. How could she miss him this much?

Natalia had never been one to hold back. Since she missed him, she had to text him.



On the other end, Archie looked at her text, and his face, having been dark for two months, finally brightened.

On the screen, Natalia had typed, "Darling, know what kind of person I most want to be?"

Archie thought about it and replied, "A movie star?"

"No, a person in your heart."

Archie had no words.

After a few seconds, Natalia sent another text over.

"Darling, know what I'm missing the most right now?"

"What?"

"You, by my side."

"..."

"Hahahahaha..."

Natalia typed a series of "ha"s, and Archie had to laugh as he looked back up at their conversation.

At that moment, Natalia sent another text.

"Darling, know what the difference is between you and the stars?"

“I shine as bright as the stars. There’s no difference.”

“...”

It was her turn to be speechless.

She didn’t think the man would be this narcissistic.

But, with respect to the rules of sappy romantic lines, she still told him the results as if she hadn’t seen his response.

“Stars are in the sky, while you’re in my heart.”

“...”

Through the screen, she could feel how nonplussed a certain man must be looking right now.

Having flirted with him enough, she put her phone away and went back to her meal.

At that moment, her phone rang.

She took it up and looked at it. It was from Archie.

“If you could be anyone, who would you be?”

Natalia jolted, and replied instinctively, “I’d have to think about it.”

“No one else, because you be-long to me.”

Chapter 368 I’m Back

Natalia looked at the few simple words on her screen and couldn’t help it. With a “pfft”, she laughed out loud.

Everyone at the banquet looked at her, taken aback.

She waved it off hurriedly. “Excuse me, go on eating. I’m going to make a phone call.”

With that, she took her phone and walked to the corridor outside.

She was going to call Archie when suddenly, her phone rang. It was an incoming call.

She blinked, looked at the unfamiliar number, and frowned.

Then she took the call.

“Hello? Who is this?”

“It’s been a long time, Seven. I’m back.”

...

The people in the cast sharply noticed that, ever since the banquet that night, Natalia’s mood hadn’t been the best.

She wasn’t as focused during shooting, and when her shift was over, she’d stopped hanging around

everyone and chatting or having fun like she used to.

And every time she got off work, she went back to her hotel with Nancy in tow.

Even with the small gaps they got to rest during shooting, she'd stopped getting together with everyone

and joking around, instead sitting to the side and doing her own thing.

At first, everyone thought she was still holding a grudge over her incident.

But she was polite and friendly to the two prop group members, and rarely brought up the incident.

Everyone was a little troubled.

Not only the cast members had noticed those changes. Even the normally blunt Nancy had noticed.

Nancy, of course, was worried, so the moment she found an opportunity, she asked about it.

"What's with you these couple days, Natalia? Why do you look like your mind's on something else?"

Natalia jolted, recovered her wits, and shook her head.

"I'm fine."

Nancy frowned, clearly not believing her.

Natalia pursed her lips, mumbling, "I'm really fine. Just haven't been feeling well these past couple

days. I'll be fine after a while."

Nancy instantly thought her old wounds were hurting again. They'd healed up completely, but still ached whenever it rained or the weather got humid.

"I'll call the doctor."

Natalia hurriedly stopped her.

"No," she floundered. "I don't mean my hands, er... just treat it as a bad mood. It's nothing. Really, I'm fine, don't worry."

Seeing her say that, a bemused Nancy could only listen to her.

That day, the cast had finished the outside scenes, leaving only the interior shots.

Since they were interior shots, they didn't need to trek all over outside scenery, so the entire cast moved back to the Eqitin cinema park.

The shooting went well the first day. Early morning the second day, a flower deliveryman suddenly stepped on set with a bouquet in his hands, to be signed for specifically by Natalia.

Everyone thought it was from Archie. After all, ever since their relationship went completely public,

Archie had kept on sending things over irregularly.

They were all used to this sappiness by now.

Natalia hadn't noticed in the beginning as well. There was no card on the flower, so she'd set it aside after she received it.

When she brought it up after calling the man at noon, though, Archie didn't admit to it.

Natalia blinked.

It wasn't from him?

Archie was actually fine with people giving Natalia flowers. After all, she was an actress now, and it was normal to have fans or skirt-chasers.

After all, no matter what they gifted, this woman was his and nobody could take her.

As for the rest, Archie wasn't worried.

He'd get jealous occasionally, but Natalia was good at smoothing it over. She was ready for anything with him, in case he got unhappy or misunderstood.

Archie was pleased with that. This way, the more people courted Natalia, the more Natalia actually seemed to care for him.

Basking in the woman's affection, a certain man couldn't be more pleased.

On the other hand, Natalia was confused.

To be honest, she had a bit of fame now, and her looks and figure were often touted online as the most baseline beauty in the entertainment circle.

But she was simply too tame of a person. Other than acting, she rarely got involved in other events and didn't have a lot of exposure. Add to that her low-profile lifestyle, she didn't have a lot of presence.

Besides, she was married, and to a man you could look but not touch at that. Everyone knew that.

So, despite a lot of men appreciating her, people who really tried to court her were actually few in number.

At least, compared to the other actresses in the cast constantly surrounded by skirt-chasers, she was actually in relative peace.

But Natalia didn't overthink it.

Just because they were few in number didn't mean they weren't there. If Archie hadn't gifted it, it was probably from some other fan!

Considering that, she stopped mulling over it.

Unexpectedly, though, the next day, someone sent an even larger bouquet of roses to the set.

After yesterday, everyone knew that those flowers weren't from Archie.

Seeing that there were flowers again today, they couldn't help but tease Natalia. "All right, then, Natalia, not afraid of Mr. McCarthy catching wind of you receiving these flowers? Careful, he might set chores on you out of jealousy."

Natalia tutted at them, embarrassed. "Pfft! That's nonsense. It's a normal interaction between fans and their idol, where is your mind going?"

"Tsk tsd tsd, a normal interaction would be giving you tulips are something. But look, these are red roses, representing a passionate love. I have a feeling they're courting you, Natalia!"

Natalia had to laugh.

"Oh, so by your reckoning, I can be conquered with a few roses? Nonsense! I'm warning you, I'm a married woman. Don't spread anything strange. If I hear about it, I'll come back to deal with you."

She pretended to be angry and intimidating and everyone laughed, still teasing her relentlessly without fear.



“Oho, everyone else has a controlling wife, while you have a controlling husband, so you’re afraid Mr.

McCarthy would know. Listen here, Natalia, we might not be as high and mighty, but we have to stand firm instead of kneeling before his trousers.”

Natalia didn’t know how to respond to that and got a bit embarrassed, so she pushed the actress who’d teased her lightly.

Everyone laughed rambunctiously.

In fact, they were right. Natalia did pay a lot of attention to this sort of thing.

First off, because of her status as a married woman, it didn’t matter if it was true or not. If word got out that she was in an amorous relationship with another man, it’d affect her image.

Rumors were a terrifying force. The internet might be singing your praises one day, then ganging up on you and calling for blood the very next.

With all her years in PR, Natalia knew how to keep her feathers safe, so she was always attentive on that side.

Secondly, she really didn’t want to let mundane things like this to affect the feelings between her and Archie.

## Chapter 369 He's Jealous

People were subjective animals.

Sometimes, trust had to be maintained with work on both ends.

He trusted her. He might have been a little unwilling to let her act, especially emotional or intimate

scenes with male actors. Even knowing it was fake, he'd still feel uncomfortable.

But since this was something she wanted – her passion – he'd chosen to respect her decision.

Since he'd made that concession, Natalia couldn't disappoint him, either. At least in some aspects, if

she could avoid it, she should, to keep those things from becoming potholes in their relationship.

Today, Natalia had just finished a more intense fight scene. Because it'd been fantasy themed, there

were more fights in general.

Her hands were injured and she couldn't grip a heavy sword, so after discussing with the director, they

switched her to a lighter whip.

But whips might have looked easy, but their techniques were more difficult than rapiers and sabers.

Natalia studied for a whole afternoon and learned a few moves in the choreography, then finished the

shooting for the afternoon, getting ready to pack up and get back to the hotel.

At that moment, a deliveryman walked up.

“Is this Mrs. Natalia McCarthy?”

Natalia started and nodded. “Yes, what is it?”

“Good afternoon. This are your flowers and a present. Please sign for it.”

Natalia was taken aback – not at the massive bouquet of roses, but the diamond necklace hanging

from the center of the roses.

The centerpiece of the necklace was a heart, with a sapphire base and a thumb-sized diamond set in

the middle. It must have cost a fortune.

She had to ask, “Who gifted these flowers? Can you give me a name or a contact method?”

The deliveryman smiled, “I’m sorry, but that’s client information. We can’t give it out without

permission.”

Natalia frowned slightly, but didn’t say anything and signed for it.

After receiving them, the flowers were too big for her to carry, so she had the deliveryman set it on the

ground directly.

Then she took up the diamond necklace on top.

The necklace was elaborately made, clearly different from those circulating on the marketplace. It was clearly privately designed.

Besides, a diamond of this size was rare enough in of itself. So Natalia's curiosity towards the person who'd given it to her behind the scenes grew.

The actors in the cast surrounded her.

"Wow, that's a huge diamond. At least ten karats!"

"My goodness! Whoever gave it to you must be loaded!"

"Are your skirt-chasers all this rich, Natalia? Mr. McCarthy gave you red coral jewelry, fine; but a random fan up and gave you such a big diamond."

"That's worth at least a hundred, two hundred million, right? Man, that's several films' worth of my pay."

"I'm so jealous, Natalia."

It was mostly actresses from the cast around her. Listening to their exclamations and adoration, Natalia was a little unfocused.

Her fine brows furrowed, while her instincts told her that this wasn't simple.

No matter how she looked at it, she didn't think a normal fan would be giving her such a valuable diamond necklace.

For some reason, she remembered the call from that night.

Her heart thumped and her face changed.

Collecting her wits, she faced forward at the actresses surrounding the necklace and fawning over it.

"I'm sorry. I suddenly remembered something urgent. I'm going back to the hotel. I'll let you all have a look some other day."

With that, she put the necklace away and left the set.

Getting back to the hotel, she found an excuse to send Nancy out of the room.

Then she sat atop the bed, took up her phone, and stared at the number on the screen, the conflict running through her mind.

After a while, she gathered her courage and called.

For an instant, Natalia felt her hand shaking.

Cold sweat emerged from her back. Her throat stuck, choking her words.

But when she thought the call was about to go through-

There came only an empty drone.

“We’re sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service...”

“...”

What did that mean?

Her expression shifted as she looked at the number on the screen. It couldn’t have been a mistake.

And this number didn’t seem like a random number generated after encryption. It should have been his long-term number.

Why wasn’t it in service?

Not giving up, Natalia dialed several more times, but every time she tried, it came up empty as the first time.

Her heart sank.

She suddenly had an illusion.

That the call that night had been a dream.

He’d never appeared in reality and never called her. She’d just been too nervous and imagined it all.

Natalia frowned, feeling her temple throb as her mind scrambled, scattered.

She tossed the phone on the bed and covered her head, lowering her face into her chest.

At that moment, her phone rang.

She sprang up reflexively and took the phone. It was Archie.

She heaved a sigh of relief.

“Hey.”

“What are you doing?”

Natalia’s voice was unenergetic. “Just got off work. I’m at the hotel.”

“Alone?”

“Yeah, I sent Nancy out to buy a book for me. She’ll be back soon.”

“Have you eaten yet?”

“Not yet.”

Archie paused, let it sit a while, then suddenly said, “I hear someone gave you another present today?”

Natalia blinked, suddenly a little guilty.

“Er... yes.”

“From the same person?”

“Yeah.”

“Mm, that’s my Natalia, you’re so popular!”

The man’s voice was gentle, his tones light and lilting, with no trace of anger.

Natalia’s back felt a bit cold, though.

She hurriedly explained, “I don’t know them. Really, I don’t even know who they are.”

Archie laughed coolly.

“How noble, giving someone a diamond of three hundred thousand just like that without leaving a

name. Even I’m almost moved by the sheer spirit of unconditional generosity.”

“ ... ”

Her face sank. “You’re not suspecting me, are you, Archie?”

Archie scoffed.

He didn’t speak.

Natalia didn’t speak, either, and the line fell into an awkward silence.



After a dozen seconds or so, she suddenly heard the man's voice.

"I'm jealous."

"???"

Not hearing her reply, the man was hugely dissatisfied and repeated, "I said, I'm jealous!"

His tones suddenly grew heavy, not hiding a trace of his sourness and discontent.

Natalia suddenly burst out laughing.

Hearing her laughter, Archie scoffed again.

"Go ahead, giggle! Laugh at me because I love you just a bit more! I should have locked you at home

and kept you from acting, barred you from stepping out the door where only I can see, to keep anyone

from getting their paws on you."

Chapter 370 Keeping Him Company

Natalia kept it in for as long as she could but still laughed. "What kind of jealousy even is this? I don't

even know what they look like. Besides, I had no intention of taking something this valuable. I'm going

to investigate their identity and give it back."

Archie scoffed yet again.

Natalia could only soothe him with gentle words. Thankfully, he wasn't really angry. He was just sour over his own woman getting chased by another man.

Finally, Natalia managed to settle him. Archie continued, "You don't have any shooting to do tomorrow, don't you?"

Natalia froze, thought about it, and it really seemed like she hadn't.

Archie said, "Come to the office and keep me company."

Natalia reflexively refused.

"But you need to work..."

"I only have the one meeting tomorrow morning, and I'm spending the rest of the day in my office. Just stay by my side."

Natalia hesitated, thought of the fact that she'd been busy filming for a while and hadn't been with him too much, so she agreed.

The following day, Natalia gave Rosa a holiday and took Nancy with her, driving straight to the HQ of McCarthy Properties.

Everyone in the office knew her, so they weren't surprised to see her walk in with Nancy in tow,

greeting her respectfully one and all.

Natalia took the executive elevator straight upstairs to Archie's office. Nancy didn't follow her in and went to have some tea in the secretary room.

Natalia pushed inside.

Because Archie had told them about it, everyone knew Natalia was coming over today, so they didn't stop her from pushing the door open and going in.

When Natalia went in, Archie was having a video call meeting overseas.

This was probably the morning meeting he'd told her about over the phone yesterday.

Natalia didn't disturb him. She met his eyes briefly and signed for him to continue while she sat down casually on the sofa.

Brian walked in soon, with her favorite milk tea and magazine.

Brian had a complete file and what Natalia liked to eat, drink, and do.

In this day and age, a good assistant wasn't just supposed to serve his boss well, but most importantly, to look after their boss' missus properly.

Brian knew that, so when Archie's gaze swept over Natalia's tea and magazine, his eyes registered satisfaction.

Not long after Natalia sat down, Archie's conference call ended.

He stood, walked over, bent down and kissed her forehead, his voice gentle. "Sit a while. After I'm done with this end, I'll take you for a meal."

Natalia smiled and nodded.

After that, Archie buried his nose back in his work.

Natalia might have been coming to keep him company, but she didn't keep him company that much.

Just because the man was so busy.

All throughout the morning, he kept taking call after call, and discussing work matters after summoning the heads of each department of the company.

The department managers came in and saw Natalia sitting on the sofa. Each of them was curious.

After all, they knew that Natalia was the CEO's wife, but they'd rarely seen the two together with their own eyes.

Still, before Archie, they didn't dare show it.

They made their reports and left.

Natalia, though, was feeling uncomfortable at all the curious glances they were sneaking at her.

Thankfully, the morning itself was short and passed soon enough.

Archie gave himself a rare holiday, going to have fun with her instead of working in the afternoon.

Natalia was naturally glad.

It wasn't that she wanted to have fun, but this man was just such a workaholic that he rarely got any rest. He was tired out.

It was good to have a chance to relax.

So, in the afternoon, they went out for lunch and strolled around the streets.

Natalia didn't know if she was imagining it.

She felt like this man was behaving strangely today.

She couldn't tell where, but he just felt off, as if he was hiding something from her.

For example, after their stroll, he suddenly dragged her back for no reason for a change of clothes.

Whatever, if she was changing, she was changing. For leisure, Natalia liked to dress casually, so she

changed into a long-sleeved T-shirt and a pair of jeans.

But the man took one look and frowned, tugging her back to the dressing room and picking a more elaborate blue dress for her to wear.

Natalia was speechless.

But if he wanted her to wear that, she'd wear it.

She didn't care, If she wasn't taking her mountain climbing, it didn't matter if she was in a dress or in pants.

After making her change into a dress, Archie himself changed into a more formal suit.

He even changed his daily office tie into a black bow tie.

Natalia almost thought he was going to attend someone's wedding.

She might laugh, but she did find that with the man's appearance, he looked good in anything. He was practically a walking coatrack. Getting to lay eyes on someone like this every day, she felt her own standards of beauty rise considerably.

After changing, the two went out the door.

At night, Archie outright refused Anne's fussing about coming over to find Mommy now that she had

today off, and kept it in their own little world.

The two arrived at a nearby holiday resort.

Pinewood Manor was well and good, but Archie felt that having lived there for a while, with all the servants they had in the house, it had lost a bit of its romance.

And the resort had been opened by one of Max's friends. It was the sort of private resort with a quiet environment and not many people knew about it, so didn't come even if they were rich.

The wine here was excellent. The owner was a connoisseur, and to have his favorite wines in hand, he'd bought up a vineyard in Othua and planted grapes himself, getting entirely involved in the winemaking process. So even if the years weren't high, the taste was great.

It was the first time Natalia had come here and she found it all very new and exciting.

The moment the wine came up, it only took one sip for her to notice the difference.

"What a nice vintage. It's bitter the moment it hits the tongue, but the aftertaste is sweet. It's so good.

How did they make it?"

Archie sat across her, chuckling, "I can't answer that question, but if you like it, we can just buy up the

formula.”

Natalia froze, then shook her head.

“Never mind. It’s something they put that much effort into making, only for us to take a sip out of

interest. There’s no need to go so far.”

Archie smiled.

He’d just been saying that. After all, he knew that Natalia wouldn’t do that.

She always treated others as she would have liked to be treated, and respected the fruits of others’

labor. She couldn’t have ever forced someone to sell off their methods for her own desires.

The two drink and chatted, the atmosphere soft and relaxing.