

The Tide 111

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Hackett was especially excited today. He needed to find someone to share the joy in his heart. Trevon had been searching for his ex-wife for years but still failed. Yet, Hackett met her when he crashed a tree late at night.

He took a look at his contact list and called Frank. The phone rang eight times before it was picked up. "Mr. Roberts, guess where I am?"

On the other side of the call, Frank wanted to kill Hackett. "Is there anything wrong with your brain? Take a look at the time, okay?"

Hackett could not suppress the excitement in her heart. "It's 8:45. I'm at the hospital."

Frank was already on the verge of losing his temper. He had slept in the early morning last night because some people from another city came to cause trouble at Lither Club in the middle of the night. He dealt with it until early in the morning. He had not slept for a few hours when he was woken up by Hackett.

"Ask the doctor to prescribe more medicine for you. Frank's voice was a little hoarse.

Hackett was afraid that Frank would hang up, so he said directly, "I saw Trevon's sister-in-law in the hospital in the Athana Hospital today. What a great surprise."

Frank couldn't help but curse. "Do you forget to take your medicine? Damn it! She's not my ex-wife!"

When a person was sleeping comfortably and soundly, it was very unpleasant to be suddenly woken up. More importantly, Hackett just refused to stop. Frank thought that if Hackett was beside him at this moment, he would beat Hackett up mercilessly.

Hackett, who was hung up on, was not angry at all. He called Trevon, but no one answered for a long time.

Joy planned to go back after seeing her son. She planned to go back with some food later at noon. Then she happened to meet Sherri who came back from outside.

Joy felt it was her son's lucky day since he hit the tree. In the morning, she met Trevon's wife. And in the afternoon, she met Sherri here. And she liked Sherri very much.

The more Joy looked at Sherri, the more she liked Sherri. In the past, Joy felt that Sherri was beautiful. After two years, Joy found that Sherri was even more beautiful..

Sherri, who was stopped, was also stunned. She did not expect to meet Hackett's mother in the hospital. When she saw Joy seizing her up straightforwardly, she asked with concern, "Mrs. Blackwell, are you... not feeling well?"

Joy thought for a moment. "No, no. Hackett was hospitalized in a car accident last night."

Sherri was stunned. Hackett was in a car accident?

Joy continued, "He is too careless. He hit a tree last night and his brain was injured. His head is still wrapped in gauze. The doctor suggests that he be hospitalized for a while. I don't know what to do. I hope that he won't have any sequelae."

Sherri did not expect the situation to be so serious. She was stunned for a moment. Then she comforted Joy. "Mrs. Blackwell. don't worry. The medical conditions at the Athana Hospital are very good. I believe Mr. Blackwell will recover very quickly."

Joy liked Sherri's words. "Kid, you really have a sweet mouth. Alas. Unfortunately, Hackett isn't lucky enough. I like you very much. But even if you and Hackett can't be a couple, you can be friends. You work here, right? When I'm not in the hospital, can you help visit him?"

Sherri did not expect Joy to make such a request. She only wanted to hide far away now. "Ah? L..."

Joy sighed and began to act. "It's fine, it's fine. If you don't want to go, just don't go. It's his fault. His reputation is too bad. To avoid the blind dates I arranged for him, he deliberately created those gossips. He just doesn't want to get married. He wants to continue to play. In fact, he has even never slept with a girl. All these are fake. It's normal that you mind it. I'm leaving first. You can continue to work."

Before Sherri could react, Joy had already gone to the entrance of the hospital.

Sherri was speechless. She did not know what to say. Joy told her a lot. What could she say then? Standing there for a while, she returned to the clinic.

At 11:30a.m., Trevon woke up with a splitting headache. He sat up and the blanket on his body slid down to his waist. The tanned skin on his upper body was exposed. His firm chest and eight-pack abdominal muscles were really attractive.

He pinched the space between his eyebrows and opened his eyes with all his might. After a while, he took his phone from the bedside. It was 11:30.

Then, he dialed Jim. "Come to Adare Manor."

After receiving the order, Jim quickly arrived at Adare Manor, He shortened the time to half an hour. With his desire to survive, he knew he couldn't offend Trevon recently.

He knocked lightly on the door of the master bedroom.

Trevon's cold voice sounded. "Come in."

When Jim came in, Trevon was still buttoning his chest. A few minutes later, he was dressed neatly and walked downstairs with his long legs. Jun hurriedly followed.

Trevon walked downstairs and sat on the sofa, preparing to light a cigarette. With a click, he took a deep breath. "The child always lives in Evergreen Gardens?"

"Yes, I found out that the little boy is at Evergreen Gardens. And the little girl lives in the Landor family's place." After saying that, Jim didn't even dare to raise his head. For a moment, the living room was incomparably silent.

Yesterday, Trevon asked Jim to check whether the kids were Edward's. Then Jim found that the girl lived in the Landor family's place. That was really a bad thing.

After a while. Trevon said, 'Move all my work schedules forward. Give me some free time.'

Jim wondered whether Trevon wanted some free time because he was too sad.

Jim was a little worried about Trevon and wanted to comfort him. "Mr. Wilson, the children might not be Mr. Landor's. You don't have to

Before he could finish. Trevon interrupted, "Who told you that the children are Edward's? He's not worth it." His words were filled with disdain.

Yesterday, Trevon was confused by the date on the profile, but after waking up, he sorted out his thoughts. The child would not be Edward's. If they were Edward's child, the Landor family would have brought them back long ago. How could the Landor family let her live in Evergreen Gardens alone? And on the profile, the father of the kids were known.

"Mr. Wilson, do you want to do a paternity test? Jim thought that this was the most direct method. After doing the test, they didn't need to guess anymore,

Trevon said in a firm tone. "Don't do anything before I give the order"

Since Trevon didn't want to do the test, Jim wouldn't say anything more. He changed the topic. "Mr. Wilson, except for the people we sent to protect Mrs. Wilson, another group of people are also protecting her."

Trevon's hand that was holding the cigarette paused. He frowned. "Another group of people? How many?"

Jim couldn't be sure. "We found five in Evergreen Gardens yesterday. As for the ones in the dark, we haven't investigated them in detail. They should be protecting Mrs. Wilson."

After a while. Trevon said, "You don't have to investigate anymore. Go and arrange my work."

"Yes, I'll go get everything done now." Jim was a little confused. He didn't know what Trevon wanted to do and he didn't know why he was ordered to come to Adare Manor. Trevon refused to do the paternity test. Trevon also refused to investigate the people who were protecting Natalie. The only order Trevon gave was to move all his work schedules forward. Trevon could just call him. Why should he come here?

After Jim left, Trevon put out the cigarette. The smell of nicotine did not dissipate the confusion in his heart. Instead, it made him feel even more powerless.

He leaned back on the sofa with his eyes closed. His thoughts were in a mess like a messy thread ball.

After Sherri heard Joy's words, her brain seemed to be washed. She kept thinking of Joy's words about how serious Hackett's injury was.

As Natalie ate, she glanced at Sherri, who was feeling uneasy. "What are you doing? The food is about to be ruined by you."

Sherri came back to her senses and ate the macaroni with a heavy heart.

Natalie put down her fork and placed his hands on the table. She said seriously, "Tell me, what's going on? It seems that a demoness has taken away your soul."

Sherri was a little embarrassed to say it. She felt that if she said it, he would be despised for having no backbone. "It's just that... I met Hackett's mother this morning. She said that he was in a car accident. His mother wanted me to go take a look. I was wondering if I should go take a look. After all..."

Hearing the reason, Natalie continued to eat. "That's why you feel uneasy? Relax. His condition isn't that bad. He can be discharged after two days at most. I checked him this morning. He just had a cerebral concussion and some stretches. Go visit him if you want. Do it for Ruby. He doesn't know about Ruby anyway."

Sherri rested her chin on her hand and asked, "Don't you think I'm spineless and not decisive?"

"Didn't you say it yourself? For Ruby. Besides, he doesn't know about Ruby. If you feel awkward, I'll go with you."

Sherri nodded. In the end, Natalie went to visit Hackett with Sherri

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After the lunch break. Natalie accompanied Sherri to see Hackett in the inpatient department.

As soon as they entered, they saw a pretty young lady taking care of him for lunch. She fed him food and peeled prawns for him. She was like a slave serving a landlord.

Sherri and Natalie did not enter immediately. They crossed their arms and leaned against the door frame, watching quietly.

As for Hackett, he was really famished. He had drunk creamy potato soup in the morning. After a few pers, he didn't have anything in his empty stomach. He was wolfing down his food and didn't feel the two unfriendly gazes at all.

The nurse, who was busy feeding the food, saw the two beautiful female doctors standing at the door. The scene was a little

strange.

The nurse called out in embarrassment, "Doctors, are you here to see Mr. Blackwell's condition?"

Hackett looked up at the door and noticed that Sherri was looking at him with a faint smile. For some reason, he felt a chill in his heart and could not find the words for a moment.

Hackett's first reaction was that Sherri seemed to have become prettier again.

This time, Natalie did not speak. Instead, she walked in alone and stood at the side. Sherri put her hands in the pockets of her white coat and smiled meaningfully. "Mr. Blackwell, I hope I didn't disturb you."

Natalie licked the corner of her lips with her tongue. He smiled and looked at the pair of enemies.

Hackett glanced at Natalie. He did not want to be embarrassed in front of Natalie. He asked the nurse to leave first. "Go out first."

After the nurse left, he began to explain, "Mrs. Wilson, my mother hired that girl to take care of me. Don't think too much.

Natalie said calmly. "You don't have to explain to me. One more correction. Call me Dr. Foster or Natalie."

Hackett thought about it and agreed. After all, he didn't know about the relationship between Natalie and Trevon now. "Then can I call you Sis?"

Sherri laughed out loud when he heard that. "Don't you know how old are you? Do you feel embarrassed? Sis? Why don't you call her Mom?"

Natalie crossed her arms in front of her chest and said unhurriedly. "I can't give birth to such a big son."

Hackett was speechless.

Very quickly, the battle began. Hackett retorted without admitting defeat, "What does it have to do with you? I'm not calling you. What does it have to do with you? Are you feeling uncomfortable because I didn't greet you? Balloon girl?"

Natalie could not bear to watch anymore. She coughed dryly and said, "I'm going to the washroom. You guys continue." The two of them argued until their eyes turned red. Natalie had left, but both of them ignored Natalie.

Initially, Sherri was a little embarrassed when she came. Now, she was also angry. She came to see Hackett out of goodwill, but she was scolded. Why couldn't Hackett let go of the incident about the balloon?

She immediately scolded, "Are you crazy? I already told you not to mention that matter, but you still brought it up. You're fuking untrustworthy. You're a real dog. You're a dog that doesn't keep your word."

Hackett admitted that he was a dog. "Yes, I'm a dog. But you still damn had sex with me. Maybe you are also a dog."

Sherri placed her hands on her hips and said, "Shut up, you lunatic. My visit today was the biggest mistake. I'm really sick." Sherri was so angry that her chest heaved.

Hackett was attracted by her shaking boobs. He was in a daze for a moment. When Sherri noticed where he was looking. Sherri's face turned slightly red. "You hooligan."

Hackett said roguishly, "I have seen that many times. Why are you like this? If you don't want others to see your boobs, just cover them with shells, or maybe you can add a lock."

Sherri was at a loss for words. She looked around for something to smash Hackett with, but everything was cleaned up. Were all nurses so hardworking these days?

She couldn't take this! She had to vent her anger. She stepped forward and grabbed his arm, pinching and twisting it. 'Perver, hooligan, bastard."

Hackett, who already had a slight concussion, was in so much pain that he screamed, "Ah..."

The caregiver standing outside the door wanted to go in and check on the situation, but she was stopped by Natalie. "It's fine. They know each other. It's probably been a long time since they last saw each other."

Natalie thought: "The two people who could fight were either enemies or loved ones. Clearly, the two of them were half enemies at the moment."

Caregiver: "Really? Is that true? Ridiculous."

A minute later, the sound disappeared. Sherri came out in high spirits. She tidied up her clothes and said to her best friend as if nothing had happened, "Let's go."

The caregiver watched as the two doctors left arm in arm happily. She was a little puzzled. Were they really here to see

Hackett?

When the caregiver pushed open the door, she saw Hackett rubbing his arm desperately. He was still shouting. She frowned and asked with concern. "Mr. Blackwell, are you alright?"

Hackett was in so much pain that tears came out of her eyes. Sherri really hated him. She pinched him with all her might. It was still very painful. "It's fine. You can go first. I'll sleep for a while."

Natalie and Sherri came to their lounge. Natalia turned to look at Sherri, who looked really refreshed. "Happy now?"

Sherri was still a little angry. "I must be crazy since I chose to visit him. I'm so angry."

Natalie found it a little funny. She felt that the two of them must be in love though they seemed to be fighting. Sherri was different from her. Hackett was known as a playboy, but he had never harmed Sherri from the beginning to the end. The real only harm was that Hackett didn't send Sherri to the hospital after they had sex. The reasons for Sherri to avoid Hackett were simple. First, they didn't like each other. Second, Sherri thought that Hackett was unreliable.

On the other hand, if Hackett liked Sherri, it was also a good thing for Ruby. But of course, Sherri and Hackett must have feelings for each other.

Although Sherri kept saying that she hated Hackett, she was quite relaxed when faced with him. She could smash things in front of him.

Sherri, who was still angry, had no idea that her best friend was imagining the scene of her and Hackett being together. "Let's bring the two little guys out to play this weekend. The professional manager was in charge of the Foster Group's matters. Natalie didn't need to worry about it and she never interfered.

Sherri, who was still angry, said excitedly when hearing about going out to play. "Alright, let's think about where to go tonight and make some plans."

Natalie rested her chin on her hand and thought, "Where should we go? We can't go to a place with a lot of people. But if there are too few people, it's boring..."

Sherri asked, "You're not thinking of hiking, are you? I'm not going."

Natalie rolled her eyes at Sherri. "Do you think that's possible? How can such young children climb? Forget it, why don't we go to Athana Amusement Park?"

"Isn't that still ordinary? Why don't we go somewhere further away?"

"Do you want to go somewhere special? The space? We won't be able to go too far in two days. It won't be a pleasant journey."

Sherri thought about it and agreed with her best friend's suggestion. After all, children liked amusement parks. It was good to let them have some pleasant childhood memories.

A happy childhood could illuminate a child's entire life. An unfortunate childhood would take a lifetime to heal. Since they had the time and energy now, they had to use their best efforts to create beautiful memories for the two babies.

After deciding to go to the amusement park, the two of them worked out a perfect plan. They looked at the weather forecast and temperature. They also booked tickets online.

On the other side, Hackett was not asleep. Instead, he was thinking about who Natalie's child belonged to. He had been busy arguing with Sherri and forgot to ask.

The door to the room was pushed open.

Hackett was a little surprised. "Why are you here?"

Mia, who was dressed in casual clothes, was no longer as domineering as before. She was much more easygoing when she dressed like this. She said gently. "I heard the nurse talking about you at the front desk, so I came in to take a look."

Ever since Hackett moved in, the unmarried young nurses at the front desk were all tempted. They were all attracted and wanted to do something. Hackett's body temperature was measured several times a day.

At this moment, the nurse at the front desk really gathered together and chatted excitedly about how handsome and attractive Hackett was. Mia happened to hear their chat.

Hackett didn't care about her other words and asked again, "I said, why are you in the hospital? Don't tell me you want to cause trouble again because Natalia is back.

Mia sneered in her heart and mocked herself. "Hmph, am I that unbearable in your heart? I won't think about Mr. Wilson anymore. His warning two years ago was already very clear. Didn't you also try your best to persuade me? I haven't seen Mr. Wilson in the past two years. Isn't this the result you want? Are you not used to it? Why don't you believe me? Don't worry.

I'm purely here to see you today."

Mia met Hackett's suspicious gaze and explained the reason for her visit over and over again.

Mia was not lying about this. In the past two years, she had indeed been very well-behaved and did not cause any more trouble. She had been so quiet that it was unbelievable. Michael's company had also

closed down. Mia had opened a dance. training school. She no longer asked the Blackwell family for help.

She could be considered to have returned to the normal life.

Without her usual arrogance, she was much more pleasing to the eye. This made Hackett talk to her more. "Live well. You can live a better life if you're down-to-earth."

Mia smiled. "Okay. I'm leaving, Hackett."

Mia's change was too great. Hackett was stunned and could not react in time. Perhaps it was because she had done too many wrong things. Even if she corrected herself, it was inevitable that people would be suspicious.

It was like catching a thief. Once something was lost, the surrounding people would naturally think of the stolen things before.

guy who had

This must be human nature.

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As the sun set, the bright light dimmed and the night fell.

In the evening, a black Maybach stopped in front of the Wilson's residence.

The Wilson family was going to have a family dinner today. Trevon arrived at the Wilson's residence for dinner early. When he walked into the living room, Carlos and his family were already seated and chatting enthusiastically with one another.

They would laugh from time to time.

Surprisingly, Max did not bring a woman home this time.

It was said that Max did not break up with Emily, but they were not considered boyfriend and girlfriend. At most, they were regular booty calls. He still brought women along as usual, and it did not stop him from being with other women at all.

Upon seeing Trevon enter, Carlos said, "Trevon, I heard that your wife came back from overseas a few days ago. Why didn't you bring her home today?"

After saying that, Carlos even glanced at the door deliberately.

The Wilson family never announced Trevon's divorce in the past two years, and he never explained it himself. The fact that he went to Sapphire City every month made Carlos's family believe that he was going there for Natalie. As a result, everyone else thought that Natalie was still Trevon's wife.

It was even more impossible for Emily to tell Max about the divorce. Even when Natalie was not divorced yet, Max couldn't keep his eyes off her. If Emily told Max about it, the outcome would be obvious. Emily was not stupid.

However, the butler and Mary knew about this.

Max hadn't seen Natalie in two years. His heart itched. "Trevon, why isn't Natalie here?"

Peggy smiled pretentiously. "Don't tell me you are fighting with her? I say, Trevon, you're spoiling her too much, to the extent that she's lawless. She went overseas for two years right after marrying into the family. She never considers your feelings. You even cooperated with her and always traveled to be with her."

Trevon's face darkened as he listened to these discussions. He pressed his tongue against his teeth and remained cold as he said in a nasty tone. "Do you have a problem with me spoiling her?"

The atmosphere became awkward immediately. Max lowered his head and didn't dare to speak anymore. Carlos didn't say anything either and even glared at his daughter-in-law, who was so chatty.

Ted smiled and said, "Your aunt is just too talkative. Trevon, don't mind her!"

Rachel wasn't happy with how everyone acted as if they were watching a good show. "If you have time, try to find Max a nice girl. He's not a child anymore but does nothing every day. Even if the Wilson family is rich, we can't afford to spend it all on the girls in Athana."

Upon hearing that, Peggy no longer felt as proud. "I'm just concerned about Trevon."

Rachel said seriously, "We are concerned about each other. I'm just more concerned about Max than you are. Speaking of which, Max deserves more concern. You should spend less time playing cards and shopping, and spend more time on him."

Peggy lowered her head and shut up completely. It was true that she liked to shop and buy luxury goods. Although the entire family knew about it, it was another thing to be exposed in front of so many people, not to mention that Carlos was also there.

Rachel said to her son, whose face had fallen, "Grandpa is in the study. Go and see him."

Trevon ignored the others and turned to go upstairs. Looking cold, he knocked on the study door. "Grandpa."

"Come in."

Theo was practicing calligraphy. The white paper was laid flat on the table. He did not look up at his grandson and continued to dip his pen in ink, then wrote a word on the paper briskly, "Regret."

Trevon looked at this eye-catching word and felt an indescribable gloom in his heart.

Theo, who had finished writing, smiled lovingly. "How's my writing? What do you think about it?"

Trevon did not answer. He sat down at the other side of the desk and pursed his lips without saying anything. He had guessed what his grandfather meant. He was clearly mocking him.

"If you're not saying anything, why are you here for me? If you want to do a glaring match with me, I can't compare to you." Trevon said helplessly, "Grandpa."

Theo smiled. He put down his pen slowly and sat down. He sighed and said earnestly, "Have you seen her?"

Trevon didn't say anything and just nodded silently.

It was obvious from his grandson's expression. Theo stroked his beard and said, "Yes, now that she's back in Athana, what are you going to do? Have you thought about it?"

After a moment of silence. Trevon said slowly. "She has children. They might not be mine."

Theo didn't look too surprised. "So you're hesitating because of the children You don't want to take over."

Trevon said in a low voice. "It's not that"

Looking at his grandson, who was not in a good mood. Theo continued, "Since you don't plan to give up, why are you still conflicted? In fact, love and marriage involve gambling. You can't be sure that everything will turn out great in the end. Some people have been in love for more than ten years, but in the end, they would find out that they are betrayed when they are already old Some people argue for their entire lives and eventually grow old together We can't predict the future, but what we can do is restrain ourselves and have faith in what we believe in in the first place Of course, we are not saints and would make mistakes. But it's okay as long as we know how to make up for our mistakes.

"Trevon, you have a unique vision i doing business. You can see through everything. Why are you so slow when it comes to relationships Don't you know why you've been running to and im Sapphire Caty countless times in the past two years? Don't you know why you messed with the flowers in my courtyard?"

Trevon's eyes remained lifeless and he could not make sense of what to do. He looked like someone looking for answers. "Would you mind if the children are not your great-grandchildren by blood"

Then wanted to shake his head. He was right to say that Trevon had a low EQ

"I don't care. After all, she is my granddaughter The children would still be my great-grandchild even if they are not yours"

Trevon was speechless. Theo's answer almost gave him a heart attack.

Afraid that his grandson would make an irreparable mistake, Theo reminded him. "Thave to remind you not to do a DNA Test If you take the children's samples and do it in secret, I guarantee that Natalie would leave you forever. You would have an even harder time trying to get your wife back'

Trevon raised his head and looked at his grandfather in confusion. "Why?"

Thro closed has eyes. He somewhat ked down on his grandson, who was so bad at being in a relationship Judging from Trevon's expression, he was planning to do exactly what Theo told him not to "There are only two results for the test The children are either yours or not. If they re yours, you'd be satisfied. But have you thought about what Natalie would think? If you find out that they are yours, are you getting her back for the children or for her This would lead to misunderstandings. But if you find out that they aren't yours, wouldn't you care and hold a grudge against it You'd only be torturing yourself"

Trevon was speechless. Theo's every word hat ham race and hard

Theo continued to analyze the situation for him. "What you're doing is like opening a mystery box and drawing lots. There is a 30-30 chance Trevon, you're a huge gambler in the company's decision-making and can analyze things thoroughly. Why don't you dare to take a risk in a relationship? If you win, everyone would be happy. If you lose, you'd still have a wife. The worst situation would be that you'd become a stepfather. But who would dare to gossip about you in Athana? What are you afraid

Trevon was provoked, but he did not say anything Theo knew that his grandson understood.

In the end, he continued. "It seems like you've at least understood a part of it. Since you know what you want, go ahead and do it. But remember that sincerity is the most important thing in the world. Just because you're rich doesn't mean that you're worth so much in everyone's heart. You'd only be high and mighty if they care about you. If they don't care about you, you're nothing. Don't try to deceive her or try any schemes. This would only make things worse. Love is very fragile. You can't use any of your tricks and schemes from doing business when dealing with love. It won't be easy for you to get your wife back. She is stubborn, but she's kind. Don't treat her with the same attitude as before. Think about it carefully. That's all I can say to you. The rest is up to you." Judging from his words, Theo was indeed worried sick for Trevon's love life.

From the moment Trevon entered the study, Theo knew what he was conflicted about. Gage had long reported what the young master had been investigating these few days and also said that Natalie was back with two children.

Theo changed the topic. There's one more thing you have to remember. A Wilson can never be a mistress. The prerequisite for you to pursue Natalie is that she is single. Otherwise, you'd be a home-wrecker."

Trevon was speechless. After hearing Theo's words, his eyes weren't as gloomy as before.

Theo said, "If you really love someone, you wouldn't care about what she does for a living or what she has gone through. You only care about her. It's actually a good thing that she has children already. It saves you a lot of effort."

Trevon was a little speechless. Was this a buy-one-get-one-free deal?

After Trevon left, the butler asked curiously, "Sir, can you really accept that Ms. Natalie's children are not Mr. Trevon's

Theo smiled meaningfully. "It doesn't matter if I accept it or not. It only matters if this brat can accept it or not. I'm about to become a love guru because of him."

Gage burst out laughing. "Sir, you're so humorous."

If he would accept her and her children without even getting a DNA test, could this be true love?

After dinner, Trevon returned to Adare Manor. After taking a shower, he called Frank. "How's the investigation about the Turner family going on?"

On the other end of the line, Frank said lazily. "There's some progress. The bodyguards around your ex-wife are all from the Turner family."

Trevon narrowed his eyes. He was silent for a few seconds, but he was still just guessing. "Have you found out about her relationship with the Turner family?"

Frank replied. "The traces have been wiped too clean. My men have captured a bodyguard from the Turner family. Do you

want to come over?"

"Yes. When?"

"I'll inform you when the time comes. It's easy to do things in the dark."

The Turner family had made Frank very frustrated. It took him two years to find any clues about it.

The head of the Turner family would occasionally appear at business occasions, but not many people knew him. When Frank tried to compare the descriptions with the photos he got, only to find that all descriptions about the head of the Turner family were different.

This left Frank intrigued. Could it be that the head of the Turner family was like a job that different people were on duty for on different days?

Seeing that Frank was silent, Trevon added, "Other than Edward, there are no other men around your ex-wife. Hackett is pursuing other girls at Athana Hospital."

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At 11.30 in the evening.

In an abandoned shipyard in the suburbs, there were two men in black down jackets. One was half-squatting in front of a man, whose face was covered in blood. The other had his legs crossed and was holding a cigarette between his slender fingers. He did not smoke but simply let the cigarette burn in the wind. His eyes were fixed on the injured man. "Tell me, who is your boss?"

The injured man pursed the blood in his mouth and spat a mouthful of blood out on the ground. "I'm just taking a walk on the side. Why did you kidnap me?"

Frank looked at this tough guy with interest. He had been beaten up for half an hour, but he did not say a word or cry out in pain. "You live quite a healthy life. I wonder where it'd hurt the most." His finger pointed down bit by bit.

The bodyguard looked like he was not afraid of death. "Go on. I don't have a family. If I die, it wouldn't hurt."

Trevon flicked the cigarette butt and rubbed his nose thoughtfully. "Get Miss Foster from Evergreen Gardens here too,"

Frank smiled and nodded at the people he brought. The thugs prepared to turn around deliberately.

The bodyguard, who was caught, panicked. "No. Don't touch Miss,"

Trevon narrowed his eyes and frowned. "Miss?"

The man realized that he had said something wrong and corrected himself quickly. "Didn't you just say Miss Foster? I was just hired to protect her. We don't know who the employer is. We're fine with it as long as we are paid nicely for it."

Frank lit a cigarette. His tall figure stood lazily with a hint of roguishness. "That's a good explanation, but how can a bodyguard from the Turner family like you still take on side jobs? Is the Turner family so poor that they can't afford to support you?" There was a hint of impatience and threat in his tone.

The man didn't know that the person who captured him had already investigated so clearly. He didn't know how to explain it. He searched for words in his mind and paused for half a second.

Trevon took in his change of expression and said calmly, "It seems that the Turner family indeed has strict rules. I actually respect you for that. You have received quite some training. I'll be kind today and simply ask you a few questions."

The man remained silent. He did not know what Trevon wanted to say to him. He felt uneasy and was thinking about how to

escape.

The few of them were Joseph's personal bodyguards. Before Joseph left, he instructed them to ensure Natalie's safety. This was their duty and they could not let anything happen to Natalie.

Unexpectedly, someone hit him unconscious and kidnapped him when he was on a bathroom break today. He had always been very vigilant, and for some reason, he was caught off-guard. The person who kidnapped him walked silently and he did not notice him at all.

Trevon uncrossed his legs and leaned forward towards the man. "What's the relationship between Miss Foster and the Turner family?"

The bodyguard did not move or nod. He remained tense.

Trevon, on the other hand, was not in a hurry. He smiled. "Not bad. Next question. Does the head of the Turner family have a son?"

The man still did not move. Trevon was especially patient. He rubbed his chin. "Mmm, you've been trained well. I guess you're your boss's personal bodyguard.

'One last question. Are the children your boss's? That's all my patience. If you say a word wrong, Miss Foster will die with you.'" Trevon took a knife that flashed in the night from the thug and wiped the blade casually.

At this moment, Trevon seemed to shine with hostility. Even though he was very patient, the injured bodyguard already knew that his patience had worn out. After being Joseph's personal bodyguard for so many years, he knew very well what Trevon's words meant.

The bodyguard thought for a moment and said, "Before answering, I need to ask you a question."

'Go on

“What do you want? I’m a nobody. It doesn’t matter even if I die. As for Miss Foster you mentioned, why would I care if I’m already dead?” The bodyguard was also taking a gamble.

Trevon frowned. A dark and unclear emotion was hidden in his eyes. “I want to know her relationship with the Turner family.

“They’re related,” the bodyguard answered.

“What about her children?”

The bodyguard endured the pain. “You’re funny. How can we, as bodyguards, know whose Miss Foster’s children are? Do all the bodyguards know the privacy of the person they are protecting so well here in Athana?”

To be able to become Joseph’s personal bodyguard, he was not one that was afraid of death. He could more or less guess Trevon’s thoughts. If he was right, everyone would be happy. If he wasn’t, he would die, but it was nothing to him. Without the Turner family, he would already be dead long ago.

Trevon squatted down and approached the bodyguard. He raised his hand impatiently, stabbed the man’s leg, and turned the blade in it ruthlessly. Instantly, blood flowed out. The man only frowned and did not scream.

As blood poured out. Trevon’s eyes were filled with bloodlust. He pulled out the knife fiercely and threw it to the thug. Then, he stood up and smoothed out his clothes.

The thug handed him a wet wipe, and he slowly wiped his hands with it. After wiping his hands clean, he threw the wipe back to the thug, who then stuffed the used wipe into his pocket.

Trevon turned around and looked down at the bodyguard. “When you get out alive, tell your boss that he’s welcome to take revenge. I’m Trevon Wilson. I’ll be waiting for him anytime” With that, he strode towards the car.

Frank admired this bodyguard a little. He licked the corner of his lips and threw away the cigarette butt. He stepped on it and squatted down. “Kid, I like you. What’s your name?”

The bodyguard’s forehead was covered in cold sweat, and his teeth were chattering from the pain. He pressed his hands on the bleeding wound and gritted his teeth. I like women.”

Frank smiled and stood up. He did not force him but said instead, “Do I look like I like men?”

Then, he stood up and praised, “Not bad. I was wondering why I couldn’t find out anything about the Turner family. It turns out that all of you are unafraid of death. It seems that your boss has definitely done you a great favor. Interesting”

He turned to the thug at the door and said, “Take him to the hospital to dress up his wound. Don’t kill him. I like him.”

As he reached where the car was parked. Frank asked. ‘Do you plan to become a father today?’

Trevon’s face fell, but he did not answer Frank’s question. “Let’s go boxing”

Frank, who was sharp-tongued, said, "Alright, I'll take it as venting with you. So that you can be a father in peace."

At Litherne boxing gym.

Trevon and Frank both changed into light sportswear and put on their gloves casually,

Jim rushed over and sat below the stage to watch the battle. He even bought peanuts from outside for the show. Everything was ready. He was just waiting for the match to begin.

It had been a long time since he saw Trevon and Frank boxing. That was quite a show. The battle between men had to go. with peanuts.

Before they started, Trevon raised an eyebrow and said provocatively, 'Call me sir if you lose.'

Frank said disdainfully, "Dream on. Call me master if you lose."

The two of them stopped talking nonsense and stared at each other, preparing to launch a heavy attack. Trevon was very fierce and waved his fists extremely quickly. Frank was on guard at first, but he did not expect Trevon to be serious. Each punch was more ruthless than the last.

He licked the inside of his cheek that Trevon had just scraped upon. He looked like an enraged leopard as he used all his strength to strike at Trevon.

After exchanging blows for a few rounds, with a sudden bang. Trevon fell back for some reason and landed heavily on the stage.

Seeing this. Jim threw away the peanuts in his hands quickly and jumped onto the arena nimbly, trying to wake Trevon up.

"Mr. Wilson..."

Frank was also a little caught off guard. Trevon actually used his head to block his punch. Fortunately, Frank pulled back immediately, but he still hit him hard. After checking Trevon's injuries, he said decisively, "Take him to the hospital."

Trevon was already completely out cold. Jim carried him to the underground garage. Frank drove away at maximum speed, but traffic was still a little congested. Jim was so anxious that he was sweating profusely. Trevon was such a big shot in Athana. Nothing must happen to him.

Frank glanced at the man in the backseat through the rearview mirror. He was completely unconscious, which only made Frank even more impatient. Frank couldn't help but honk.

[Chapter 115](#)

The atmosphere at the entrance to the operating theater was tense. Everyone present was uneasy and nervous as if waiting for someone important to show up,

The director of Athana Hospital got out of bed after receiving a call from Frank Roberts 15 minutes ago. He headed straight for the hospital to prepare for surgery

In addition, specialist doctors from the cerebral surgery department were summoned. All of them gathered at the operating theater's entrance, awaiting the arrival of the VIP patient.

The director initially planned to summon Natalie but gave up the idea, knowing she had a child to care for. Instead, he summoned other doctors to the hospital.

gurney

Jim's face was pale as a sheet when he walked in with Trevon on his back. Frank helped him place Trevon onto the bed the nurse had prepared. The director then personally pushed him into the operating theater with care, feeling uneasy all the way.

Jim was as anxious as a cat on a hot tin roof. He kept pacing back and forth, not knowing if he should call Theo. He rubbed his hands nervously, and his palms were covered in cold sweat.

Frank leaned against the door of the operating theater and lifted his chin to glance at Jim. "Can't you sit still for a moment, dude?"

Jim was too anxious to sit still. "Mr. Roberts, why did you strike him?" It was meant to be a sparring session, but somehow Trevon landed in hospital.

Frank did not seem too worried. He reviewed the sparring session and became a little suspicious. "Don't worry. He'll regain consciousness soon enough. Just sit tight and wait."

As expected, the lights in the operating theater went out half an hour later. The director walked out with a smile. "Mr. Wilson suffered a heavy blow and has a concussion. He is still unconscious, but it's not a big problem. He'll probably wake up at night. Don't worry too much"

Jim was relieved but still worried about Trevon not waking up. He planned to watch over him the entire time.

Frank did not utter a word or respond to the director's remarks. He just swayed along unhurriedly to the VIP ward with the

rest

After Trevon was transferred to the bed in the ward. Frank stood at the door and took a quick peek. The corners of his lips instantly curled up, and he smiled without saying anything.

Jim said after the hospital director left. "Mr. Roberts, you don't have to wait around. I'll stay behind to take care of Mr. Wilson tonight."

"Okay, take good care of him. I'll go next door to check on Hackett Blackwell," Frank said. When he passed by earlier, he saw the patient's name in the next-door ward.

Jim was surprised. "Is Mr. Blackwell also hospitalized?"

"Yes, he has a concussion too, Frank said, ignoring Jim's puzzled look and left the ward.

"Is concussion a trend nowadays? Why are both the men hospitalized for concussion?" Jim wondered.

Frank Roberts impolitely knocked on the next ward's door and went straight in. "Oh, you are here too!"

Hackett momentarily looked up from his cell phone before submerging back in the video game. 'Fuck! I've been fucking staying here for the last few days. What took you so long to come to see me? You didn't even buy any food! How dare you show up empty-handed?'

Frank did not bother with Hackett's nonsense. He looked around the room and said, "Not bad, bro. Are you going to stay here for long?"

Hackett, head lowered with bloodshot eyes, continued to indulge in the video game on his cell phone. "Push the tower, you useless creep!" he yelled before replying to Frank. "I'm not terminally ill. No point staying here for long."

Frank looked at his watch; it was almost two in the morning. He realized Hackett had tormented himself past midnight on his cell phone game. "Hey, bro. The game isn't suitable for you. It burns your brain. Go next door and visit when you have some time."

Hackett threw away his cell phone moments after Frank left. The tower defense game was a failure, and he had been bored staying in the hospital for the past few days. Natalie did not bother to return after the ward round. As for Sherri, she did not show up after the two quarreled last time. On the other hand, his mother delivered creamy potato soup daily. Hackett drank so much he could not take it anymore. It was no different from going through confinement as far as he was concerned. Hackett's only entertainment was the occasional bickering with the front desk nurse.

Out of curiosity, Hackett put on his jacket and slippers and dragged himself out of the ward. When the nurse saw him, she asked enthusiastically, "Mr. Blackwell, do you need help? Are you feeling unwell?"

Hackett smiled like a playboy and glanced at the tightly shut door in the next ward. "No worries. I'll take a walk. Is there a newcomer next door?"

The nurse smiled sweetly. "Yes, he just came in. He also has a concussion."

Hackett stood at the door and looked at the wall. The patient's name card was missing. "How come there's no name on the wall?" he asked curiously.

The nurse maintained her sweet smile. "The director instructed not to put any."

Hackett became even more curious because Frank told him to visit the ward. "Remove my name too."

"Okay," the nurse replied.

Hackett was about to open the door when the nurse quickly stopped him. The hospital director instructed us that the patient can't be disturbed. Mr. Blackwell. "

Curiosity began to kill the bored Hackett. "I know him. Don't worry. I'll take full responsibility."

The nurse was skeptical. In the end, she was mesmerized by Hackett's handsome face.

Hackett stood at the door and knocked. Jim got up and opened the door. "Mr. Blackwell," he was surprised to see the latter at the door.

Hackett was equally shocked. "Jim, why are you here?" He rushed into the room. When he saw the person on the bed, he said anxiously, "Fuck, why is Trevon hospitalized? What's going on?"

Jim told him about the boxing incident between Trevon and Frank last night. Hackett felt something was amiss but could not figure out what was wrong.

He stayed in Trevon's ward until three in the morning Jim could not take it anymore and left to buy something. Trevon was still unconscious, so Hackett went back to sleep next door.

Natalie did not wake Jasper up in the morning, Jasper got used to Ruby not being at home and played alone most of the time. Moreover, she listened to the servant and was well-behaved, which eased Natalie's mind tremendously.

Natalie went to get the car after breakfast. While sitting in the car, she felt reluctant to drive because the traffic was too heavy. The weather in February was not as bone-chilling as it was in January.

Natalie opened the car door and got out of the car. She returned home decisively to get her motorbike key.

The servant was surprised to see Natalie turning back. "Didn't you leave already, Miss Natalie? Did you forget something?"

Natalie headed straight to the master bedroom to get her key and helmet. "I'm going to take the motorbike instead. The road is too congested for cars, and I'm a little anxious to drive. I'm leaving now.

Lena and Jenny were worried. "Miss Natalie, drive slowly and be careful."

"Got it."

Natalie took the key and rushed to the garage in Edward's building. She removed the protective cover and saw her long-lost beloved motorbike. Memories, good and bad, started surging into her head.

It turned out that Natalie blocked out her memories temporarily. Every piece of memory was still intact in her head over the years.

It was human nature to want to forget the unpleasant past, but things often went against one's wishes. The more one tried to forget; the more one would remember as memories were engrained deep inside one's head.

Facing the truth was the best choice, running away meant avoiding the matter. It was a useless effort in the end. Natalie's grandfather's demise, her mother's suicide, and her grandparents' car accident were the deepest wounds in her heart.

She gently caressed the shiny motorbike and remembered fondly the day her grandfather presented her with it. Her lips curled into a smile as she put on her helmet and buckled up. She straddled the motorbike, inserted the key, and started the engine. With her well-practiced movements, the garage instantly reverberated with a roar. It was her favorite sound, the beginning of a gallop and the yearning for freedom.

The breeze blew on Natalie's face after she left the garage, and the view was breathtaking. The motorbike could move faster than the wind but could not bring back time. It could not make up for the regrets, yet it could make her feel free and easy.

Natalie rode the motorbike steadily on the street of Athana and soon arrived at the hospital's entrance. She turned off the engine, removed her helmet, and shook loose her shoulder-length hair. Her gesture attracted the attention of passersby.

She held her helmet in one hand and walked into the hospital before the intern nurse caught up with her. The latter's eyes filled with envy. "Dr. Foster, you ride the motorbike like a pro. Awesomet" she said with admiration.

Natalie smiled and greeted her. "Good morning."

Sherri walked over and put her arm around Natalie's shoulder. "Why did you drive your beloved motorbike out today? Natalie sighed. "The road is too congested for cars. It's so congested that my smoking habit, which I've finally stopped, is

about to make a comeback. I'd better ride the motorbike instead. I'll drive the car when I want to take Jasper out for a spin."

"All right, the motorbike suits you well. My girlfriend looks awesome. If I were a man, I would surely be captivated by you."

"Hey, sister, I am straight as an arrow. Don't try to mislead me. We won't make a good couple, and I can't satisfy you either," Natalie said in jest.

The two looked at each other and laughed aloud. "I like your speed, sister!" said Sherri.

[Chapter 116](#)

At 8:40 AM the next morning, as usual, Natalie did her rounds and brought a few staff to Hackett's ward. After asking him a few questions, she said, "You can be discharged today."

Hackett was unhappy when he heard that he could be discharged. He had originally planned to go home today as it was boring to stay here alone, but after Trevon was admitted to the hospital, he changed his mind. Not only could he have company, but he could also watch a show. "Doctor, I couldn't sleep last night. I felt dizzy, Why don't I stay here to be observed today? What if I faint after I return? I'm still a child. I can't leave just like that."

Natalie was at a loss for words.

The other doctors were speechless as well. His acting skills were really poor. Was his brain even fully developed at this point?

Natalie was unmoved and said. "You're wasting the hospital's resources. The nurse said that you played mobile games until midnight last night and even went to visit other patients. This isn't a presidential suite at a hotel. Are you addicted to staying here?"

Hackett was thick-skinned. "I couldn't sleep last night so I went to visit my neighbors. Besides, how can the presidential suite compare to this?"

Natalie did not want to talk to him anymore. He was just spouting nonsense. It was obvious that he did not want to be discharged at all. "Stay if you like."

When Natalie walked out of the ward, the intern beside her asked, "Doctor, he has clearly recovered. Why did you let him stay? Wouldn't that be a waste of resources?"

Natalie thought that only the wealthy people of Athana could afford to stay on this floor of the hospital. Ordinary people would not have the money to stay on this floor. Since he wanted to contribute to the hospital financially and they weren't short on beds, why should she stop him?

Natalie said in a low voice, "The rich are stupid. Isn't it good that they're paying? We can use the money to support poor families."

Every year, Athana Hospital provided assistance to the less fortunate. They subsidized or reduced the medical expenses of many disadvantaged families. Naturally, she would not reject the contributions of these rich people.

Before she walked into the ward next door, she looked up and glanced at the sign next to the door. There was no name on it, but she did not think too much about it because it was a normal occurrence.

Jim was stunned when he saw Natalie enter. His mind was racing with thoughts. He was a little suspicious and looked at the man whom he didn't know was unconscious or asleep.

up

He remembered that the director said yesterday that Trevon should have woken up last night, but Trevon did not wake last night. He even called the director out of worry, but the director told him to calm down and that Trevon would wake up

tomorrow.

Natalie was also full of questions in the morning. She received a message from the hospital director in the middle of the night asking her to take over the inpatient department, and that she did not have to go to the outpatient clinic for now. She would only need to go there when there were special cases. She was a little depressed about this transfer. Originally, she was only a consultation specialist who worked

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in the outpatient clinic, and Tuesdays and Thursdays in the inpatient department. Now, she was stationed full-time at the inpatient department.

She was puzzled about the arrangement, but she still maintained her professionalism. "Is the patient still unconscious?" Jim's reaction was a little slow. "Uh... yes, yes. H-He didn't wake up." He hadn't seen Natalie in two years, so his brain was a little short-circuited.

Natalie took the medical record and checked it, then frowned and narrowed her eyes at the person on the bed. She took out a medical flashlight and walked to the man's bed. She opened his eyelids with one hand to check then moved to the other eyelid. After that, she stuffed the medical flashlight back into the pocket of her white lab coat and took out the stethoscope. She placed it in front of his chest and listened.

Then, she stood up and said to the stunned Jim, "When the patient wakes up, make sure he doesn't move too much. He will feel dizzy. If there are any other symptoms that are more serious, press the bell"

Jim stared at Natalie. The entire process was a normal and regular routine inspection. Natalie did not seem like she missed Trevon at all.

Natalie did not say another word. She turned around and left the ward to check on the other patients.

The intern beside her looked back every three steps she took and muttered, "Who is that, Doctor? He's so handsome. Even when he's asleep, he's so handsome and charming."

Natalie took a deep breath and thought, "That face is so beautiful that it's lethal, huh?" On the surface, she put on a serious look and said, "You're a doctor so you need to remember your responsibilities. Don't be a love-struck fool. I wonder what's in your head?"

The intern doctor blushed and lowered her head. She couldn't hold it in for a moment. This man was just too handsome. He was so good-looking even when he wasn't awake, and she couldn't help but want to exclaim.

Natalie returned to the inpatient department's office and heard the discussions of the other doctors.

"Who is the patient in room 1314? The hospital director came a few times last night. I heard that he got up from his bed and stayed there until midnight."

"Are you serious? He must be a big shot. They didn't even put his name on the sign. I don't think they want people to know"

"Didn't you notice that the patients in the wards next to him are also handsome men? The nurse at the front desk kept taking their temperatures. Aren't they afraid of damaging the thermometer?"

A few of them laughed.

Natalie did not reply. She calmly took a glass of water and sat back in her chair to continue reading the patients' medical records from the inpatient department.

She thought to herself, "They're crazy. They planned on getting a concussion together so that they could get admitted to the hospital together."

Someone suddenly asked, "Natalie, did you find out who they are when you went to do rounds in the morning?"

Natalie said indifferently. "A concussion patient"

The other doctors were speechless and thought, "We know this already. Why is she so cold toward us?"

Trevon woke up at 11 AM. Jim, who was sitting on the couch, was so excited that he almost cried out. If Trevon still didn't wake up. Jim planned to inform Theo

"Mr. Wilson, you're awake. Do you feel any discomfort? As he spoke, he checked Trevon's head carefully.

In the end, his hand was slapped away mercilessly. "Has she been here?"

Jim was confused. "Huh?"

Trevon rolled his eyes at him and exhaled. "Was she here?"

Jim realized who he was asking about. "Yes, Mrs. Wilson was here."

Trevon rubbed the spot where his head had been hit. It was still a little painful. "Did she say anything?"

"Mrs. Wilson told you not to move too much when you wake up. If there's a problem, look for a doctor."

Trevon replied without much emotion, "Got it."

Jim was a little puzzled. "So, Mr. Wilson, did you deliberately get beaten up so that you would be admitted to this hospital?"

Because Jim raised his voice, Trevon was affected and felt dizzy. He closed his eyes and snapped coldly, "What do you

think?"

Jim thought about it. Trevon shouldn't be stupid enough to take this risk just to see Natalie. That would be childish. There were many ways to chase after Natalie that did not involve self-harm.

Not long after, Hackett arrived. He was wearing a blue-striped hospital gown and smiled with a touched expression. "You're a good friend. I would have been happy if you just visited me, but you're here to accompany me instead. You even have the same health condition as me. How embarrassing"

Trevon touched his forehead. He did not want to say anything to Hackett, but Hackett felt the exact opposite. He pulled Jim up from the stool and sat on the stool. "Did you deliberately get injured so that you would be admitted to the hospital? You want to gain sympathy from Natalie and use this chance to pursue her, right?" After thinking for a long time after he went back last night, he felt that what Trevon did was suspicious.

This

person was wicked. He wouldn't hesitate to hurt himself if it meant he could achieve his goal. Jim thought, "So I'm not the only one who thinks so. Even Mr. Blackwell thinks so."

Trevon gave Hackett the same answer he gave Jim. "What do you think?"

Hackett, "Then why did you get hurt like how I got hurt?"

Trevon was speechless. He was unable to refute these words and choked on his own saliva.

Not long after, Frank arrived. When he pushed open the door, he saw the lively scene. "Are you guys hanging out? I want to join too."

Hackett did not hold back at all. "We can do that. Buy a deck of poker cards while you're at it. Aren't we both suffering from concussions? Let's play a game to stimulate our brains so that we can heal faster. It just so happens we have enough people for the game.

Trevon had a headache from being disturbed by Hackett. He was really injured so he still felt dizzy.

Frank sat on the couch and leaned against it lazily. He still remembered the bet that day and said directly, "Little boy, you pulled a good trick. The ward you chose is pretty good too."

Frank then grabbed an orange, peeled it, and stuffed it into his mouth. Jim, you're good at buying fruits. This orange is quite sweet."

When Trevon heard the word "little boy", his face turned as black as thunder. He pursed his lips and did not say anything, pretending not to hear it. He could not be rude to Frank, so he could only let this slip.

Jim scratched his head in embarrassment. He was still in disbelief. Last night, he was really bored and sleepy, but he was afraid that Trevon would wake up when he was asleep, so he bought some oranges from the fruit shop downstairs. He specially asked for something sour to prevent him from dozing off, and he occupied himself by watching the news and

videos.

Why did Frank say that it was sweet? Were his taste buds not working?

Hackett immediately said after hearing Frank, "Then give me one. Everyone who's here gets a share. You can't eat all of it by yourself."

Frank grabbed an orange and threw it to Hackett, who peeled it and stuffed it into his mouth. The moment he did that, he stood up and spat it into the trash can. "Fuck! Frank, have you lost your taste buds or something? It's so sour."

"Trevon, do you think it's sweet?" Frank was clearly implying something.

Trevon could not be bothered with Frank and directly instructed, "That's enough. The two of you can go do what you need to do. Keep an eye on the project on Athana's commercial street. It's still a few months away from completion. Make sure there are no issues."

Frank was not prepared to leave. He placed his hands on the back of his head and lay on the couch. "I'm prepared to be at hands-off boss. This is going to be a long battle."

Trevon did not say a word. He just leaned against the bed with his eyes half-closed.

[Chapter 117](#)

Hackett lay on the couch in Trevon's ward all day with Frank. One was sleeping, and the other was playing mobile games. Trevon had a terrible headache, while Jim was forced to sit on the other couch as Hackett and Frank occupied all the space on the first couch.

Joy hurried to the hospital with the creamy potato soup she made. When she pushed open the door and found that her son was not in the ward, she was puzzled. She then walked to the front desk and asked, "Hello, do you know where the patient in this ward is?"

The nurse smiled and said politely. "Hello, miss. He's in room 1314." Hackett stayed in room 1313.

Joy thought, "It seems like he's enjoying his stay at the hospital, to the extent he's visiting his neighbors."

Joy opened the door incredulously only to find the guys lying on the sofa. They did not look like patients at all. It looked like they were having a party instead

In reality, she liked these children very much, so she said with a smile. "Frank, I didn't think you would be here too."

Because Hackett knew the patient in room 1314, when Joy went to the ward next door, the nurse did not stop her.

Frank, who hadn't fallen asleep yet, sat up and greeted politely, "Hello, Mrs. Blackwell."

Joy turned around and saw Trevon lying on the hospital bed. She was visibly surprised, and she subconsciously raised her voice. "Trevon, why are you hospitalized too? What happened? Did you hit a tree too?"

Frank put a hand to his lips to hide a smile.

Trevon was a little embarrassed by Joy's concern, but he didn't know how to explain it to her. "Mrs. Blackwell, I accidentally got injured."

Joy wanted to know more about how he got injured. She sat on the edge of the bed and started to ramble. "Where are you hurt? Hackett got a concussion."

Trevon was at a loss for words.

Trevon could not withstand Joy's continuous questions. He was not a talkative person to begin with, so he signaled Hackett with his eyes.

When Hackett received the signal, he put away his phone and said, "Mom, what delicious food did you bring me? I'm starving. Stop nagging. I want to eat now. If I starve to death, you can forget about having a grandchild for the rest of your life." As he spoke, he pushed Joy out of the door.

Joy was still unwilling to leave. She muttered, "What's wrong with you, child? I'm still chatting. Send some to Trevon later. Why don't I see anyone from the Wilson family?"

As Hackett drank the creamy potato soup, he said, "Mr. Wilson didn't notify them because he was at his family

would be worried. Don't go telling them about it."

Joy replied. "Hey, don't you know me? Your mother is very tight-lipped."

"That's good. Go back. I'll stay for another two days."

Joy was feeling the urge to gossip. 'Son, did Sherri visit you these few days? I met her the other day. Let me tell you, that young lady gets more beautiful every time I see her. Don't tell me that you don't find Sherri beautiful."

Sherri's face appeared in Hackett's mind. He was too busy arguing that day to take a closer look at her. Now that he thought about it, she looked much better and more feminine than before. She gave off the feeling of maturity, but she looked so indifferent. "Mom, don't worry about such things. I won't stay

single. I guarantee that I'll get a wife next year. Is that okay? Can you let me go now? You should take an afternoon nap, so go home. Also, you don't have to send me creamy potato soup tomorrow. I'm going to be eating with Trevon."

He was about to throw up.

Joy stood up. "I'll hold you to your word. Don't lie to me. Alright, then stay for a few more days. Whether it's Natalie or Sherri, you have to get one of them to be your girlfriend." She then grabbed her bag from the couch and walked off in her high heels. When she reached the door, she glared at Hackett.

Receiving the glare, Hackett said, "I got it."

Natalie and Sherri were having lunch in the cafeteria of the inpatient department.

Sherri could not help but sigh. "Why do you think the inpatient department's food is better than the food in the outpatient

clinici

Natalie stirred her macaroni. "That's because you're tired of eating in the outpatient clinic's canteen. No matter how good the food is, you'll get sick of it if you eat too much. Don't you know that people like new things?"

Natalie popped another bite of food into her mouth. "We'll go early tomorrow. I checked the weather forecast and it that the weather will be pretty good, about 64 E. Let's carpool. I'll get up early to pick you up. The little ones like to be together, too."

Sherri agreed. "Sure. The director treats us quite well, and we are working the same shifts. Moreover, we're both in the inpatient department. We're destined to be friends for the rest of our lives."

Natalie chuckled. She was genuinely happy.

Natalie said. "Recently, I've been assigned to the inpatient department full-time."

Sherri scooped up some food as she asked in confusion, "Why? Aren't our shifts the same?"

Natalie did not want to probe too deeply. It was just a job, after all. "Who knows?" Sherri did not ask further. It was not a big deal. It was fine as long as they were still working in the same hospital.

Sherri suddenly thought of the discussion she heard in the office this morning. "Hey, I heard from the young lady in our office that there are two handsome men living on the 13th floor. Tell me how handsome they are."

Natalie choked on her macaroni and coughed until tears flowed out. "Cough, cough, cough... Are you sure you want to know?"

Sherri lowered her voice and said with certainty, "I'm just a single mother. This doesn't stop me from admiring handsome men. Just because I'm a mother now doesn't mean I can't admire handsome men. That's not fair."

Natalie calmed down and cleared her throat. "Alright, then sit up and listen carefully. Don't make a sound."

Natalie glanced at her best friend, who sat up, and chuckled. "One of them is the one you fought with two days ago. He's the child's father."

Sherri's expression was instantly filled with disdain. "Fuck What kind of taste do young ladies have these days? How can such a scumbag be called handsome? Look at the caretaker he hired. He has to be served by a beauty even when he's staying at a hospital. Isn't it disgusting? I don't think he can breathe if he doesn't have a female caretaker by his side." Sherri didn't know that Hackett fired the caretaker on the day the fight ended.

After complaining about Hackett, she continued to ask, "What about the other one?"

Natalie said calmly. "Trevon."

Sherri's voice suddenly rose. "What's going on? Did they plan to stay at the hospital together? Did he get a concussion too?"

Natalie smiled and took a sip of water, then licked her lips. "You're amazing. He really did get a concussion."

Sherri was at a loss for words.

Sherri was really sick of the two men. "Natalie, remember not to be soft-hearted and forgive him. He didn't like then. He's not worthy of you now."

Natalie replied. "I won't. He's just a patient to me."

you back

The sun was shining brightly, and the rays penetrated the car window. The gentle breeze made one feel very relaxed.

On Saturday morning, Natalie took Lena, Jenny, and Jasper to the Landor family early to pick up Sherri.

When they arrived at Sherri's place, Natalie told the two servants to hold Jasper and stay in the car. Natalie then turned to her son and said, "Jasper, Mom will pick up Ruby. I'll be back soon. Can you wait for Mom in the car for a while?"

As soon as he heard that Natalie was going to pick up Ruby, Jasper nodded happily with a smile on his face.

A child's happiness was the most simple thing in the world.

Natalie pushed open the door and got out of the car. She was wearing sporty clothes today. She had put on a white hoodie and a khaki-colored vest, thinking that it would be more convenient to take care of the children dressed like this.

As soon as Natalie got out of the car, she saw Juana carrying Ruby out. When Ruby saw Natalie, whom Ruby had not seen for a few days, Ruby shouted happily, "Mommy."

Natalie took Ruby from Juana's arms and said with a smile, "Thanks for taking care of her, Juana. Ruby, have you been good these few days?"

Juana felt a sense of accomplishment. "This child is really obedient. She doesn't cry or make a fuss at all. She's a good girl. I really like her. Natalie, if you're still busy on Monday, you can send her back on Sunday. I'm very free."

Natalie smiled brightly. "Alright, Juana. Sorry to trouble you."

Juana grinned and said that it was no trouble at all. It was obvious that she liked Ruby from the bottom of her heart.

Of course, Natalie also felt a little guilty. After all, it was a lie. Forget it. She would apologize to her in the future.

Sherri was also dressed casually. She was wearing jeans, a sweater, and a cropped cashmere jacket. "Mom, I'm leaving now.

Be careful. Watch your step.

"Got it. Don't worry

Back in the car, Natalie said as she fastened her seatbelt. "It seems that Juana likes Ruby already. When are you going to tell

her?"

Sherri fastened her seatbelt as well and turned to look at the two children who were playing with each other happily. The scene was especially harmonious. "Let's wait a little longer. I'm afraid that my mother will interrogate me about the child's.

father."

Natalie started the car and drove at a constant speed to Athana Amusement Park. "That's a problem, alright."

Sherri turned sideways. "Do you think my mother will force me to marry? Ruby will have a stepdad. After all, she cares. about the Landor family's reputation."

Natalie said affirmatively, "No. I can tell that Juana likes Ruby very much. She wouldn't ask just any man to be Ruby's stepfather. Don't overthink."

Sherri thought about it and agreed. Recently, her mother had been doting on Ruby. It was like she knew Ruby was her real granddaughter. Her mother was so busy paying attention to Ruby that she completely ignored Sherri. Sherri was not used to her mother not scolding her.

Indeed, humans were always discontented.

[Chapter 118](#)

The more afraid you were of something happening, the more likely it would happen. The more you wanted others to keep a secret, the more likely this secret had already spread without your knowledge.

Joy wasn't great at keeping secrets. Thus, this caused Rachel to drag her husband over early in the morning to bring two insulated lunchboxes to see her son.

Yesterday. Joy had promised Hackett she would keep it a secret. In a way, she had fulfilled her promise. After all, Hackett had not told Joy how long she had to keep the secret. Joy had held onto it for the whole night until she could no longer hold it back and called Rachel. Joy had even explained the situation more drastically than it was.

Rachel was so anxious that she immediately dragged her husband, who was about to go to the office, to the hospital. When Rachel arrived at the ward and realized it was not as severe as Joy had said, Rachel heaved a sigh of relief. Her husband's car accident had already exhausted all her energy and resilience. If it happened with her son again, Rachel did not dare to imagine it. There was a high chance that she would break down.

L

Although Rachel seemed strong on the surface, no matter how strong and decisive she was, she was still a woman and had her weaknesses. Everyone had weaknesses. Of course, Rachel was no exception. No one was Iron Man. They were all made of flesh and blood.

As soon as Caleb entered the room, he sized up his son from head to toe. When Caleb realized that there was nothing serious, he slowly sat on the sofa Rachel carefully placed the breakfast she had brought on the table.

Trevon had known that Hackett was unreliable. If Hackett could be relied on, pigs would be able to fly. However, Trevon spoke normally. Tmn fine. You didn't have to come."

Rachel was still busy helping Trevon adjust the blanket at his feet and said with some distress, "How can we not come when you're hospitalized? At the very least, we need to see that you're okay to be at ease. Hurry and eat."

Trevon slowly ate the breakfast that Rachel had brought Rachel's heart still ached. "Why didn't you tell us that you were sick? If not for Hackett's mother, we wouldn't have known. You weren't planning to tell us, and you didn't hire a caretaker. Is it just Jim taking care of you?"

Trevon didn't show much emotion. "It's nothing serious. I'm not used to being taken care of by outsiders."

Caleb glanced at his indifferent son. "Then Mr. Hawk will have to work harder. A concussion is not something to be taken lightly."

After thinking for a while, Caleb could not help but remind Trevon, 'Since you've been hospitalized, I think you'll be here for at least a day or two. Use this time to think about how to apologize to that girl. Stalling won't solve any problems."

Trevon was slightly stunned. Then, he said indifferently. "Okay"

Caleb had said what he needed to say, so he didn't continue.

Rachel sighed quietly to herself Rachel was a little anxious but could not interfere with her son's relationship. If she interfered too much, her son would be resistant. Rachel still could not understand

why Trevon liked that girl. Whether it was her behavior or her family background, there were plenty of other girls in Athana who were better than her.

After a while, the doctor came to conduct the ward rounds. However, the hospital director was the one who personally came today. It was clear how much importance he placed on Trevon. Even someone like Natalie didn't work on the weekends, but the hospital director himself was on duty. The meaning behind this was obvious.

When the director pushed the door open with a benevolent smile, Trevon's expression visibly turned colder. Caleb glanced at Trevon and realized that Trevon's face was filled with obvious disappointment.

Caleb quietly shook his head.

The director had seen Caleb and Rachel before. Now that he had the opportunity to curry favor with them, he would not miss out on it. As soon as the director entered, he greeted them with a flattering tone, "Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, you came to see Mr. Trevon so early. It must be tiring."

Caleb nodded slightly in greeting.

Rachel replied politely. "It must be tiring for you too. You still have to be on duty on the weekend. You're hands-on with your work."

The director began to curry favor with Rachel. "No, not at all. I have to be considerate of my subordinates. Ms. Natalie has to rest over the weekend. I can't force her to work overtime. It's not easy for a woman to take care of two children." Rachel and Caleb had already heard about the children from Theo, so when the director mentioned it, they did not look surprised. Their expressions barely changed, as if they were talking about someone else.

When Theo had mentioned it to Rachel and Caleb, Rachel had been against her son being involved with Natalie. After all, Rachel felt that the children might not be her grandchildren. However, after Theo's earnest persuasion, Rachel finally compromised.

The director stayed in Trevon's ward for almost 15 minutes. During this time, he spent more than 10 minutes sucking up to

them. When the director noticed the cold aura from Trevon, he finally left the room.

At this moment, Natalie was at Athana Amusement Park buying food when the phone in her pocket rang nonstop. Jenny, who was standing behind her, tactfully took the bag from Natalie's hand so she could answer the phone. "Hello, Sir."

The attitude from the other end of the line was a little strange. "Mrs. Wilson, you're outdoors," The director guessed as he heard the child's screams.

Natalie held the phone between her ear and shoulder, the tickets and food in her hand. "Yes, I am. Is something the matter at the hospital?"

The director's voice was filled with laughter. It's nothing. I'm just asking. What's your relationship with Ward 1314's Mr. Wilson? Have you known each other for a long time?"

The gentleness in Natalie's eyes froze when she heard that. Natalie said unhappily. I don't know him."

The director was a little surprised. "You don't know him? Alright then. I'm just asking casually. Have fun and report to work on time on Monday." After hanging up, the director was still a little suspicious. They didn't know each other? Then why did Mr. Wilson's assistant say that Mr. Wilson didn't like them to switch the staff who did the ward rounds and insisted on this one person?

However, when the director recalled the expression on Mr. Hawk's face that day when he had asked for Natalie to be the one who conducted the ward rounds, there was nothing special about it. It seemed like a random choice.

After hanging up the phone, Natalie's mood had not been affected much. It was normal for people to flatter and ask about the likes of the rich and powerful. Such people had existed for thousands of years.

Most people were vain. How many people would regard money and power as dirt? It was more common nowadays for bootlicking to happen. However, bootlicking was still very useful in the workplace. Some people were placed in important positions, while others were promoted and given a raise. The workplace seemed to have adapted to this, and the changes were becoming more impetuous.

Natalie took the tickets and followed Sherri through the gate. Athana Amusement Park was very big, so of course, there were many people.

It was Sunday, after all.

The amusement park smelled of delicious food. There was the smell of ice cream and popcorn. The milky fragrance lingered in the air for a long time, and the amusement park was filled with colorful light.

Sherri was playful and was as excited as a child. "Natalie, let's go and play bumper cars."

Natalie lowered her head and asked her son with a smile, Jasper, do you want to play on that little car? We'll bump into each other with your sister."

The boy was very happy. "Okay!" Jasper could not suppress the joy on his face.

A child's smile was the most healing thing in the world, and also infectious.

Jenny and Lena stood at the edge of the arena and looked at Natalie's bright smile in relief. Natalie looked very happy and

satisfied.

Jasper was very bold, playing one ride after another with Sherri, who also loved playing. They played for about 3 hours until the two children got sleepy and lay on their mother's shoulders, falling asleep in a daze.

Natalie's arms were a little sore from carrying them. After all, the parking lot was a little way out, and her little boy was not light. Jasper weighed about 22 pounds, and his hand held onto a corner of Natalie's clothes.

Lena was already carrying Ruby, and Sherri was holding the bags

Jenny saw that Natalie was putting up a strong front. "Miss Natalie, let me carry Jasper. You've been carrying him for a while. Jasper doesn't look plump, but he isn't light."

Natalie was really out of strength. Previously, when they had gone out in Sapphire City, her aunt, uncle, and cousin had fought to carry the children. Natalie had barely used any energy. As such, Natalie did not insist and let Jenny take Jasper from her arms,

Natalie shook her sore arms. "Oh no. My stamina has decreased. I've been talking about getting a running machine for a few days, but I kept forgetting. I'll go back and order one tonight."

Sherri looked at her best friend's slightly trembling hand. "Look at how your hand is trembling as if you have Parkinson's. Why don't I drive back?"

Natalie said in disdain, "I'll do it. I'm afraid I won't be able to eat dinner if you drive."

Sherri glared at her. "Who are you looking down on? Why are you discriminating against me?"

"Miss, I just want to go home quickly and take the kids for dinner. Do you want to eat outside or at home?"

"That's more like it. You should cook. I haven't eaten your cooking in a long time. Why don't we call my brother? The three of us haven't met for a long time."

Natalie did not refuse. "Go ahead. Ask Edward if he's busy and what he wants to eat."

Sherri immediately sent a message to her brother.

Natalie was still the one who drove back. The two children were in the back of the car, carried by Lena and Jenny respectively.

When they were almost at Evergreen Gardens, Natalie turned her head and asked, "Has your brother replied? Is he coming? Let's take the two children home, and we'll go out to get some groceries together."

Sherri answered, "My brother said he won't be coming since he needs to go on a business trip tomorrow. He said he'll meet us next time. Let him be. We'll go and buy the groceries now."

[Chapter 119](#)

The night sky outside the window was dyed red. The moon climbed above the treetops and cast a shadow over the land. The sky was filled with stars, and every one of them shone like diamonds.

Natalie and Sherri each held a cup of fruit juice and leaned against the balcony railing.

Natalie took a sip of her drink. The breeze penetrated her body. She adjusted her coat and said, "It is a little windy. Don't go back tonight. Ruby is also asleep. She has been by your side recently. If you leave and she wakes up at night, she will. definitely look for you. You can bring her home tomorrow."

Sherri was not used to her daughter not being by her side. She thought for a moment and agreed. "I'll call my mother later."

A moment later.

Sherri thought of a question and said, "Natalie, will you forgive Mr. Wilson if he apologizes to you?"

Natalie sneered. That was an unrealistic question. It was better not to think about it. "You're overthinking. It would be the entire world's fault and not his. Moreover, there wouldn't be anything as ridiculous as getting an apology from him."

Looking at her best friend's indifferent attitude, Sherri didn't say anything else.

The next morning, at 8:30 AM, Natalie received a message from Joseph. "Natalie, I bought you a treadmill. It should arrive today. Be ready to receive it."

Natalie replied with a smile, Joseph, are you able to hear across miles or see from afar? How did you know that I wanted to buy a treadmill?" She originally planned to place an order last night but had forgotten about it after chatting with Sherri

Joseph sent a laughing emoji "Both. I bought them a long time ago to catch you on your day off."

Natalie sent a heart emoji. It was not strange for her brother to know she was at home today because the bodyguard would report

At the Turner Corporation in Azureland.

A man in black overalls was reporting work with his head lowered. He was leaning on his walking stick and standing with great effort.

The man sat on the chair and listened to the bodyguard's narration. His dark and deep eyes hid complicated emotions, and his well-defined handsome face was cold. His index finger knocked on the table, causing the bodyguard to tremble.

For a long time, the man did not make a sound.

The bodyguard was anxious. He spoke first, "I didn't do well this time. I'll go down and accept my punishment." He didn't dare to look up.

After a moment, the man spoke. His voice was deep and cold. "Do you know what you did wrong? If you answer correctly, you don't have to be punished. If you're wrong, you'll be punished twice the amount."

The bodyguard's mind spun quickly. "I was caught by the other party because I wasn't on guard at all times,"

After hearing that, the man snorted. "Pat, it seems like you still don't know what you did wrong after working for me for so many years. You leaked her information?"

When the bodyguard heard that, he seemed to be woken up from a dream. Yes, he had said the word "Miss" in a hurry back then, but he quickly changed his words. He shouldn't have been discovered.

Just as he was still thinking about it, the man continued. "Do you think the other party won't notice since you spoke too quickly and successfully defended yourself? The ones arresting you were Trevon and Frank Roberts. Do you think he's a fool, or you're a fool?"

The bodyguard trembled. He knew that he could not escape the punishment. "Mr. Turner, I am at fault. I accept the punishment."

Joseph's appearance was peerlessly handsome. He had a high nose bridge and distinct facial features. Every point exuded nobility and elegance, but he was not as gentle and approachable as he looked on the surface. When he was ruthless, he was no more benevolent than the man from that night.

"Didn't Trevon say that I can take revenge on him at any time? If I don't do anything. I'll disappoint him. I'll go and do something about his Athana commercial street project."

"Yes, Mr. Turner." The bodyguard leaned on his walking stick and was about to leave when a man's voice came from behind. "Pat, the Turner family's biggest taboo is not having a sealed mouth. Accounting for the fact that you've been with me for so many years, this is the first and last time."

Weekends always passed quickly. In the blink of an eye, it was Monday. Ruby was sent back to the Landor family.

As usual, Trevon woke up early and waited nervously for the ward round.

At 8:45 p.m., Natalie pushed the door open and entered as usual. "How are you today?" She did not call his name but asked

That made the doctors beside Trevon feel a little impolite. After all, the director was very respectful when he came that day.

Trevon looked at the woman in front of him, who was still beautiful after giving birth. His gaze was glued to her face without blinking

Such a straightforward look made Natalie very uncomfortable.

The people at the side were also waiting for Trevon's answer. However, he did not say anything for a long time. They only found that his gaze was always on Mrs. Wilson's face, causing the people at the side to be suspicious.

Natalie turned around impatiently and asked Jim, "Did this gentleman speak yesterday? If he can't speak, I suggest..."

Trevon came back to his senses and interrupted her. He was afraid she would chase him out of her management, so he said truthfully. "My head hurts a little."

Seeing that he had spoken, Natalie put on the airs of a doctor and said, "It's abnormal if you're not in pain. Pain means that you're a normal person. Are there any other problems?"

Trevon had never been so nervous before. Her questions came one after another, and Trevon was afraid of saying something wrong. It was just like the nervousness when a teacher asked a student to answer a question in school.

He thought of a lame lie. "Does chest pain count?"

Natalie replied immediately. "I suggest you ask a cardiothoracic specialist or transfer to that department."

Trevon coughed and immediately corrected himself. "Ahem, there's no need to. It doesn't hurt anymore."

"Anything else bothering you?"

Trevon shook his head. "No."

"Alright, ring for a doctor if you're not feeling well." Natalie was a little unaccustomed to Trevon behaving that way. He was neither sharp-tongued nor sarcastic. Instead, he was a little like an obedient puppy.

Natalie's first reaction was that he had taken the wrong medicine.

When she walked next door, Natalie did not intend to ask about Hackett's condition at all because she knew he had already recovered. He just made an excuse not to leave. "Mr. Blackwell, are you planning to stay for a few more days?"

Such a straightforward question made Hackett a little embarrassed. The corners of his mouth curled up, and the young doctor beside him smiled. "Haha, I'm afraid Mr. Wilson will be lonely. How many more days does he have to stay?"

Natalie was speechless. It was a well-fed man who did not know the hunger of the poor. Some were so busy with life that they barely had time for anything else. Some people can not guarantee the next meal after eating the current meal. On the other hand, those people were so carefree. They would get a concussion and stay in the hospital to experience their retirement life in advance.

There was still a gap between people. Some people were born with a silver spoon and did not have to worry about money for the rest of their lives. Natalie replied. "You have to ask him about that."

Hackett wanted to say: If you forgive Mr. Wilson, he will be discharged in minutes. However, he could not say that.

He said in all seriousness, "Then I'll go and ask later."

Those words made Natalie feel like she was in a hotel. The receptionist asked, "How many days are you booking?" And the customer replies, "I'll ask"

"Okay." Natalie didn't waste any time talking to him. She was very busy, and it wasn't as if they were staying in her house. It was up to them to stay however long they wanted.

Then, she checked a few other wards. Just as she returned to her office, the ward bell in Room 1314 rang

The nurse called out, "Mrs. Wilson, the patient in 1314 said he's looking for you."

Natalie turned to ask the nurse, "Did he say he's feeling unwell?"

The nurse shook her head. When the bell rang, she went to take a look. The other party did not say he was feeling unwell. He only said he was looking for Mrs. Wilson. As a nurse, she did not dare to ask. Even the director lowered was polite and careful with that patient. How could she dare to say anything?

Natalie saw she was a little worried and patted her shoulder. "It's fine. I'll go take a look."

Natalie pushed open the door and walked into the ward. Jim, who was inside, tactfully left and even helped them close the door. He stood outside the door and waited. He said to the nurse, who was puzzled, "His condition can only be told to the doctor. Please understand."

Hearing that explanation, the nurses no longer had any doubts. After all, he was a big shot. It was normal for him to have some privacy. It was normal for him not to want others to know about his condition.

Natalie stood upright while Trevon sat on the bed. This time, it was her turn to look down at him. Being looked down upon

made Trevon feel very uncomfortable, but he had no choice but to endure it.

He pursed his lips and exhaled slowly. "I want to talk to you."

Natalie calmly put her hands into the pockets on both sides of her white coat and remained standing. "There shouldn't be anything to talk about between us, right? Aren't you afraid your wife and child will misunderstand when you call me like this? Don't come looking for me again and accuse me of being the third wheel. I will never be a third wheel."

Trevon did not understand what she was saying. He frowned and asked, "What wife and child? What nonsense are you talking about?"

Natalie did not want to talk to him about his family. She was too lazy to talk about it. As for his problem with Mia, she did not want to get involved either. "If you want to discuss your illness, I'll talk to you. As for the rest, we don't have anything to talk about, nor do we have a common topic. Our thinking is not on the same level. What do you think we can talk about? Besides, there's nothing else to talk about other than your illness. Do you want to talk about your illness?"

Trevon did not want to discuss his illness. He was afraid they would conclude that he would die.

After waiting for a while, Trevon did not say anything. However, his expression was very ugly. It was obvious that he was angry. Natalie asked. "Not talking? Alright, rest."

Without giving the person on the bed a chance, she turned around and left.

When Natalie came out, Jim was still a little stunned. Mr. Wilson was too weak. It had only been a few minutes.

[Chapter 120](#)

After Natalie left, the air in the ward froze. Time seemed to have stopped. Jim, sitting on the sofa, did not even dare to breathe loudly. He could only watch quietly as the man sat on the bed and smoked one cigarette after another.

The room was already filled with smoke Jim could no longer see the man's face clearly

Jim wanted to stop him but didn't dare to. If he tried to persuade him now, he might not be far from Southland.

The non-smoking Jim was choked so much that he was about to move into the ward next door. He prayed silently in his heart.

Natalie looked at the documents in the office for a while and was about to go to the washroom when she was stopped by the nurse. "Mrs. Wilson"

The nurse looked a little timid and embarrassed.

Natalie stopped in her tracks. "What's wrong? There's something wrong with the patient?"

The nurse shook her head and glanced at the door of Ward 1314. "Mrs. Wilson, can you draw blood for the patient in this room?"

After saying that, the nurse lowered her head. She also felt that it was inappropriate to make that request because this was her job, to begin with. She had to draw blood and send a blood test sheet in room 1314 to the laboratory in the morning. However, she did not dare to go in after receiving the sharp gaze of the patient.

Actually, Natalie did not want to go in either. After all, they had just had an unpleasant exchange. However, when she met the nurse's pitiful eyes, her heart softened. I'm going to the toilet first. Give me the things later. Just this once." The nurse had to do it even if she did not dare. Natalie had no obligation to help her all the time.

After Natalie went to the toilet, she took the equipment from the reception desk and pushed open the door. Unexpectedly, what greeted her was a wave of choking smoke. Even she, who smoked, found it difficult to breathe.

She had no choice but to retreat again. She took out the mask from her pocket and put it on. She held her breath and frowned. She glared at the man on the bed unhappily.

Because the smoke was so thick, Natalie couldn't see his face clearly when she came in.

She sighed and closed the door. She went to open all the windows in the ward, but the windows on the higher floors were all very small. They could not be opened fully, so the speed at which the smoke dissipated was slow.

The smoke dissipated a little with the wind. When he saw who it was, Trevon Wilson looked like a student who had made a mistake and was caught. He quickly extinguished the cigarette butt, but that was futile.

▯

Jim was extremely happy when he saw that scene. As expected, Mrs. Wilson had to come and manage Trevon. Jim almost died in there. He felt extremely bitter.

Natalie was silent for a moment. When she saw the man's unnecessary action, she looked down at him again and said in a bad tone, "Mr. Wilson, are you planning for self-immolation or ascension?"

Trevon was caught red-handed. When he met her dissatisfied gaze, he panicked a little. When did he become so timid: He explained in a low voice, "I stopped smoking just had a sudden urge. I only smoked a few cigarettes."

Jim thought to himself, "You call that a few? You had almost two packets. I was afraid you would smoke yourself to death and take me with you."

Natalie didn't want to argue with his lame reason. Her expression was normal as she said, "Do you want to draw from your right hand or your left hand?"

He replied, "Left hand. He then obediently handed her his hand.

Natalie stretched out her slender hand and tied a device to his arm. She patted the vein and pierced the needle into the blood vessel. In an instant, the transparent jar was filled with bright red blood.

The moment her cold fingers touched his skin, his chest felt as if it weighed a thousand pounds. He couldn't say a word he wanted to say. The numb feeling in his body reminded him that was the feeling he had been longing for for a long time. Without saying a word, his burning gaze was fixed on her petite and exquisite face.

He only hoped that she could draw more blood so she would stay longer.

After the blood was drawn, Natalie pressed the cotton ball on his arm. Her tone was not amiable. "Press it down"

He did as he was told. When Natalie turned around to leave, he did not force her to stay. He just watched her leave in a daze. She was resolute and did not stop at all. The feeling of her being out of his reach made him feel suffocated.

Some people said that a hospital was a place of bad luck. It's filled with sadness, despair, and even death. If the answer was hospital when asked for one's location, the one who asked would get the impression that one was sick

The first impression that hospitals gave people was always bad. Some people even had the idea that they should not go to the hospital if they could avoid it.

In the afternoon, many neurologists, orthopedists, and obstetrician-gynecologist gathered in the operating theater of Athana Hospital. They entered the operating theater at the same time to carry out a heart-wrenching surgery.

There were two groups of people standing outside the operating theater. It was obvious that one was from the woman's side, and the other was from the man's side. Both parties were not friendly.

The nurse at the door nervously entered with a blood bag. Her face was tense.

A five-hour, physically and mentally exhausting operation ended with everyone's combined efforts. The pregnant woman was saved, but she did not wake up and was at risk of becoming a vegetable.

As soon as the doctors walked out of the operating theater, they heard an argument at the door.

A woman in gold and silver cursed at another woman in ordinary clothes. "Look at your daughter. Didn't my son flirt with others? Is there a need to be so unrelenting? Now that she's in the hospital, it's so unlucky."

The woman in ordinary clothes did not admit defeat. "Your family has always thought our daughter is out of your league, but before, we did not want her to marry. It was your son who insisted on the marriage, not my daughter. Back then, you swore that you would treat her well. It's only been a few years, but you've already abused her. She's still a pregnant woman. How can you bear to do that?"

She continued, "Isn't it just because we find out she's pregnant with a daughter? Do you think my daughter did not know your son had an affair when she was pregnant? She had been tolerating it because she didn't want to expose it. Who knew that she would end up like this? We don't want to climb up to your level. When she wakes up, they will get a divorce. However, we have nothing to lose. We won't let this matter rest."

After saying that, she leaned into the patient's father's arms and sobbed.

The woman in gold and silver was about to curse when her son stopped her. "Mom, I was wrong. It was an accident. I didn't want to hit her."

"If you didn't want to hit her, would she be hurt so badly? The two of you are getting a divorce."

Upon hearing divorce, the wife's parents were encouraged. They rattled on and on. They even mentioned returning the engagement gifts. The pregnant woman was still recovering from the anesthesia, and arguments already erupted outside.

The chief surgeon couldn't stand it anymore and shouted, "What are you doing? Do you think this is a market? If you want to argue, go out and argue. This is a hospital."

The people arguing instantly fell silent. During that period, those in gold and silver looked at the other party in disdain. Meanwhile, the man in branded clothes scratched his head in frustration and half-squatted in the corner.

Sherri had been standing at the side and watching for a few minutes. She was tempted to go forward and help, but just as she lifted her foot, her best friend pulled her back and away.