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As soon as the medical workers left, Hackett broke out. He threw an orange at Frank and pounced on him. "Fuck you! Frank, are you crazy? Now they all think I'm gay. Fuck, I have a normal sexual orientation even though you liked me. Don't try to get me interested in boys"

Frank, however, behaved like nothing happened. He took off his shoes and slept on the sofa, shoving his ass over. "If you don't like me, you'll force yourself on me. If I love boys, you're not on my list."

Hackett's expression was too exaggerated. He hissed in pain. "Then why did you fucking do that to me just now?" It was very misleading.

Frank tugged at his clothes that were messed up by Hackett and said indifferently. "Be quiet. I'm tired. Don't disturb me."

Trevon held the papers brought by Jim. The smile on his lips kept expanding. At the same time, he realized that he had something to learn from Frank. As usual, even in a place like Lither Club where good and evil people mixed up. Frank had always preserved his integrity. There were no scandals about him, and no one dared to approach him.

Frank hated to trifle with others. He was a straightforward man who would implicitly express what he had in mind. He did not like to beat around the bush. If he did not like someone, he would reject it directly. He was like this when that nurse asked him for his number just now.

Hackett felt the worst right now. What a terrible morning he had! Why everything went against him?

It was indeed as Hackett had expected. Almost everyone in the hospital now knew that Mr. Blackwell was in a relationship with a man. It was just a blow on wounds, but it had already been rumored that two men kissed in 1314.

Rumors were crazy. People would never spread faithfully word by word. They would add words through imagination. In the end, there would probably be rumors that Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Roberts had already married.

At lunchtime. Natalie wanted to leave the 13th floor. She was afraid that Trevon would come looking for her again. So she went straight to the canteen for lunch with Sherri

As soon as Sherri saw her best friend, the suppressed anger since the morning exploded. She started complaining, "I told you that I beat up Hackett this morning"

Hearing this, Natalie stopped chewing and looked up at Sherri. "So the wound on his face was caused by you."

Sherri admitted it proudly and even recounted what happened in the morning. After saying that, she was still angry. "Don't you think it's infuriating? How dare he to say that he likes me? I'm not blind. Every random man on the streets is better than him"

Natalie sneered. What a pair of joy enemies. She continued to eat while sharing what happened in Ward 1314. "You might have misunderstood him. Mr. Blackwell should be a couple with Mr. Roberts"

Sherri suddenly raised her voice as if she had heard some breaking news. "What did you say?"

Natalie was shocked by her violent reaction. She looked around and signed at the people who were curiously looking at them, indicating that they were fine "Girl can you calm down? Look here There are so many eyes on us."

Realizing that she had lost her composure. Sherri lowered her head and leaned closer to her best friend. "What's going on? This scumbag was delivering roses to me this morning, and then he tell in love with Mr. Roberts Is he bisexual?"

Natalie wasn't sure either, but she did see it with her own eyes in the morning. It's he who said that he liked men in the morning. It shouldn't be wrong.

Besides, a man wouldn't be so perverted to blow at another man's face. Judging from Mr. Roberts's personality, he wasn't the type of guy who would do such a thing in public unless it was true love.

"I'm not sure either. You injured Hackett in the morning, right? Then, it wasn't the nurse who treated the wound. It was Mr. Roberts who treated it. After that, he was probably worried that Hackett would still hurt, so he softly blew on it. His actions were very gentle. He was blowing on Hackett's face and then tidying up his clothes. We happened to catch this scene during ward rounds. By the way. Mr. Roberts even told the nurse who asked for his number that he liked men, not women. So it was not strange for people to suspect his sexuality. As for whether it was true or not, no one knows it. Gossip is gossip and it is not 100% true. Only they know it. If you want to verify it, you can ask Hackett."

Sherri was completely shocked Tm not sick. I won't ask him about this shit. I do hope he is gay. Fuck, why did this guy come to badger me these days? To make fun of me? I thought he liked me. I even rejected his flowers explicitly this morning and said that I wouldn't like him even if I was blind" This was super awkward. It turned out that he liked men. What a clown she was.

Sherri hadn't come back to her sense. However, she thought that something was wrong. If he liked men, she wouldn't have had Ruby. It was he who took the half job of bringing Ruby to this world "Natalie, I don't think that's right. He has always been a womanizer, right? Maybe he made all these scandals to hide his sexuality? And don't forget he is Ruby's father." At least they did do something that evening.

Natalie shrugged "Didn't I tell you? I don't know if it's true or not. Maybe they're just fooling around. If he comes looking for you again, you have to be careful. Don't leak any information about Ruby. I say it again. If he likes you, I feel happy for

you. If he was messing around with you, stay away from him, especially since we can't be sure whether he likes a man or a

woman."

Sherri said confidently. "Don't worry. I beat him up badly this morning. He won't come for me for quite a long time."

"What was your motive for beating him up today, just because he said he liked you?"

Sherri sighed. "There must have been something wrong with my brain. I got angry the moment I saw him. He looked like he was flirting with girls here. If it were not for him. I would not have got pregnant for 9 months. I wanted to take revenge on him for the pain I suffered. I couldn't help but hit him."

After Natalie finished eating, she wiped her mouth and gave Sherri a thumbs-up. Should she also give Trevon a beating? However, he had a concussion now. But it seemed like she could not defeat him although he was a patient now.

Jim went to Grand Manor to pack up a lot of delicacies. They were spread over the table. What a rich feast. Trevon got out of bed and sat on the sofa. He said expressionlessly. "Has she had lunch?"

Jim answered truthfully, "Mrs. Wilson went to the canteen for lunch. So I didn't order anything for her."

Trevon nodded. "Next time order her lunch anonymously. Don't cause her any trouble."

Jim felt that Mr. Wilson had really grown up a lot. He could consider Mrs. Wilson's situation. He hoped that he could keep

improving in the future, not on a whim.

Frank picked up something for himself to eat. "What's your progress?"

Trevon did not answer his question. It could only be considered a start. She had yet to agree to his pursuit. She did not even forgive him. But he was not a quitter.

Seeing that Trevon had no feedback. Frank continued to enjoy the lunch. He was quite hungry and did not ask further. Hackett constantly glared at Frank as he ate. Frank noticed his burning gaze and suddenly said, "If you love me, just say it. Don't look at me like that. It got me goosebumps."

Jim was amused by this sentence, turning his head away and spitting out the food. He almost couldn't help but spit it on the table. "Cough, cough, cough. I'm sorry. I will deal with it. You guys continue."

Hackett had accumulated grudges against Frank. Now, everyone on the entire floor was looking at him strangely. "If it weren't for you, they wouldn't have misunderstood me."

Frank didn't care at all. "If we get married right now, there won't be a misunderstanding."

Speaking of marriage. Hackett thought of the injuries he had suffered in the morning. His face was still covered in scars. He would not be a man if he did not take revenge. I've made up my mind to pursue Sherri It sounded as if he had made a historic decision.

Frank licked his mouth and snickered. "You are masochistic."

Hackett retorted, "You're the one who's masochistic. Your whole family is masochistic."

After finishing his meal, Trevon wanted to smoke. He picked up the cigarette box at the corner of the table and lit it with his mouth with his slender fingers. The thin fog was rising before his handsome face. "He likes Miss Landor. Actually, she suits you quite well. She likes to beat you up while you're tough and strong."

Hackett was speechless. "How did you know that we're a match? I'm taking revenge. First, I seduce her to fall in love with me. Then, I'll dump her and make her heart broken."

Frank said, "Good luck. I wish you're the leading role."

Trevon understood what he meant. If the main character was Sherri, Hackett would be the heartbroken guy. He was choosing a dead end.

Ever since he used that app, he could understand much of the implications of Frank's words in an instant. He had learned quite a lot.

After Jim finished his meal, he cleared the table and left. The three men were smoking. Even though the windows were fully open, the room was still filled with smoky air. He could not stand it and left for the sake of his health.

No matter what would happen, he had to live old enough until he could receive his pension. He had been conscientiously paying his pension insurance all these years

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After lunch, Frank received a call from the Manager of Lither Club saying that Lily had met some trouble and that he needed to deal with it

After hanging up the phone, he said something to Trevon before walking away. He did not give Hackett an extra look.

Hackett was ignored. "Mr. Wilson, maybe Mr. Roberts really likes men? He hasn't had a girlfriend or some woman for so many years. I believe that there's something wrong with his sexuality."

Trevon continued to read the papers and signed his name. He said casually, "You're overthinking. Even if he likes men, you're not his type. You can't arouse his interest. You should focus on Miss Landor. I haven't seen you bring back any useful news for so many days."

Speaking of this, Hackett had different opinions. "I do have some useful information. Before that, pay the medical fees for me."

Trevon took out his phone with a doubtful look. Hackett felt an urge to know how much this guy had sent him. "You don't have to stay here anymore. Leave the hospital this afternoon" Hackett was too noisy. He would hamper the plan if he continued to stay in the ward.

"If I'm discharged, how can I help you collect the information about her? By the way, I have to take revenge back at Sherri. I

won't leave."

Trevon threatened, "Sure, I'll tell your mother that you like men."

Hackett narrowed his eyes. "Fuck, what a cruel guy" Joy highly valued her son's marriage. Trevon pointed out his Achilles' heel. If Hackett's mother misunderstood that her son was gay, it would be a war.

Joy had put

in great efforts to find a wife for Hackett. She forced her husband to work overtime in the company and asked Hackett to live in the hospital like a retired man. All of these things were just for the only purpose of picking up a good wife for his son. If she was told that Hackett was gay, even if it was fake, she would probably faint.

“Alright, you win. Give me the money” Correct counting keeps good friendships. How could he suffer with nothing gained?

Trevon was too stingy to compromise so easily. He made a requirement. “Tell me the information first. I’ll give it to you when I find it valuable. I’ll transfer the money to you when you get home.”

“So cunning of you! Alright, I mentioned your name a few days ago. Sherri hates your existence.”

Trevon frowned slightly. What did he mean by hating his existence? Was he asking him to commit suicide?

After a pause, Hackett said helplessly. “Maybe you used to be an unreliable man, like a bastard. You’ve already been written on their blacklist. Also, Sherri added that you don’t deserve Natalie now. She has found her supporter. Do you know who he is?”

Trevon smiled faintly and raised his eyebrows. “I know.”

Hackett leaned forward and asked curiously. “Do you know who is so powerful that you cannot even compete?”

“Does it have anything to do with you?” Trevon said with disgust.

Hackett felt that Trevon’s behavior was very abnormal. A few days ago, he had even asked him to fish some information about her. But today, he was not very interested and did not seem very concerned. What was going on? He thought for a moment and said, “Did you apologize to her?”

“Yes” A concise reply as usual.

“What the hell! You didn’t even tell me that you made an apology. Or I wouldn’t have been beaten up in the morning. You have to compensate me double for the medical fees.” If Trevon had told him this he wouldn’t have been hit. His face had already been ruined and would take half a month to recover. What a tragedy.

Trevon did not intend to take the blame. “You were beaten up because of your cheap mouth, not my fault. The medical fees can be paid at my discretion. As for revenge, don’t target the wrong person. Do you have the guts to get back at her?”

Hackett was provoked. “I said I would make her love me and collapse at her feet. Just wait and see. There’s not a woman I can’t take down.”

Hackett rambled on for a while before being chased out. He packed his things and left the hospital.

When he arrived home, he even sent a photo of Trevon lying flat at home with a postscript: Pay me.

Instantly, his phone got a message [+ \$200].

Hackett thought that he had seen wrongly. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. He counted the zeros after 2. After confirming that it was 200, he called Trevon. "Mr. Wilson, do you think it's a fair price?"

The other end said calmly, "I even gave you some extra. Keep the change."

Hackett threw the phone away angrily and muttered, "What the hell."

At 1 p.m. the voice of the walking stick came. Under the escort of the bodyguards and butler. Theo Wilson arrived at the door of Room 1314. He stood still. "Stay outside. I'll go in."

Gage said respectfully. "Yes, Master."

Two bodyguards stood at the door with their hands clasped. They stood upright in a solemn manner. The nurses felt pressed and did not dare to chat. They knew that the patient in 1314 was somebody, but they still felt awe-struck when they saw it with their own eyes.

The moment Theo pushed the door open and entered, he saw Jim playing with his phone on the sofa. When the young man saw Theo enter, he immediately stood up. "Master."

He glanced at his grandson who was working on the bed, and replied to Jim. "Em. Good job, young man."

Jim was very sensible. After working for the Wilson family for so many years, he knew that Theo came here for a talk with Mr. Wilson. "Thanks, it's my duty. Master, I'll wait outside. Call me if you need me."

Theo was gratified. "Jim is indeed a sensible man. You should learn more from him."

Jim smiled awkwardly. He did not dare to set an example for Mr. Wilson. Before he left, he pulled a chair and placed it by the bed for Master to sit on. Then, he quietly left the room.

Theo leaned on his walking stick and slowly sat down. He looked at his grandson, who was seriously dealing with the papers on the bed. "You've been living here for so many days. Anything worked out?"

After signing the last document, Trevon straightened his well-defined fingers, put down the black pen, and leaned against the bed. His gaze shifted from the documents to his grandfather. "What result does Grandpa want?*

Theo had great expectations for him. He held his walking stick. The moment the walking stick hit the ground, a loud and intimidating sound lingered in the ward. "Am I the one who has a goal? You're the one who should understand your ultimate goal. Tell me what's that."

"Remarry."

Then Theo felt less dissatisfied with his grandson. At least Trevon was not stupid. He knew he lived here with a mission. However, Grandpa still sighed. "It's good that you know what you want. You don't have to be running like a headless chicken. But what's the point if you spend so much time here ending up without any progress? Can't you admit your mistake and make a compromise? When you are discharged, you lose the opportunity to see her. You can't live in the name of a retard and stay here forever, right?"

Trevon said nothing. Why is his grandpa so mean? His grandson was improving, but he seemed to ignore it.

After a while, he said, "I've apologized. She... hasn't forgiven me yet."

Theo finally had a smile on his old face. "That's better. Rome was not built in a day. You hurt the girl so hard. She won't forgive you so easily. It's a good start that she didn't hit you. Come on! Don't go extreme. What do you do every day now? Don't tell me you're just sitting still waiting for her comeback."

He coughed awkwardly. It was a long journey to win back his wife, but he was not capable enough and still needed his grandfather's supervision. "Ahem, I sent her flowers."

Theo thought about it and agreed. "Yes, it's a little old-fashioned, but at least it can enhance your presence. You didn't leave your name, right?"

Trevon shook his head. The app said that it would backfire if it's signed. An anonymous card would make her feel that he was considering her feelings.

Theo was a little surprised by his grandson's intelligence. "Didn't you sign up for any EQ courses?" After all, his grandson was a stubborn straight man. It was not his style to give gifts anonymously.

Theo indeed read through his grandson's mind. Trevon's eyes became evasive, but he still lied. "No, how could I take courses if I stay in the hospital all day?"

Theo thought about it and agreed. "Well, at least you're a little enlightened. In the future, put the girl's thoughts first. Don't prioritize yourself all the time. You're not that important."

Trevon was speechless. "Grandpa, are you here to see me, not to irritate me?"

"If I'm not here for you, why I bothered to come here? What a heartless grandson. Alright, if there's nothing else, I'll go back for a nap. Come on and never give up!" Theo slowly stood up with his walking stick and walked towards the door with vigorous steps. He did not look at his worthless grandson again.

At the door, the butler said, "Mrs. Wilson is in the office. His voice was so low that only the two of them could hear him. "Okay, I'll go take a look. Don't expose yourself. Call her Dr. Foster."

Theo walked to the door and knocked politely. His voice was loud and kind. "Is Dr. Foster here?" The butler and bodyguards could not help but praise Master's acting. He was pretending to be someone who had completely lost his memory and did not know Mrs. Wilson.

Natalie turned her head when she heard the voice. She was shocked, but she quickly recalled that Mr. Wilson had called her Dr. Foster.

She immediately stood up and walked to the door. Theo spoke first. "Dr. Foster, I want to talk to you about my grandson. May I have your time?"

Natalie smiled as he watched Mr. Wilson's serious expression. "Yes."

The bodyguards and butler walked to the end of the corridor, preventing anyone from approaching. "Girl, my acting deserves an Oscar, right?"

Natalie couldn't help but laugh. Mr. Wilson was amiable and kind. "Mr. Wilson, surely, you deserve it. Thank you." She was grateful that he didn't expose their relationship in public and maintained decency. Otherwise, rumors would spread if anyone saw they meet.

Anyway, they couldn't say something friendly. They may think she was despised by a wealthy family and got dumped. because her disgraceful means of marrying into their family were revealed.

Theo knew what she was thanking him for. He smiled brightly with clearly visible wrinkles. "You don't have to thank Grandpa. This is what Grandpa should do. It's a hard job for you to work in the hospital. Where there are many people, there are endless rumors. How can Grandpa cause trouble for you? Why didn't you visit Grandpa?"

Natalie was silent for a moment before saying, "Mr. Wilson, L..."

Theo interrupted her. "It's okay if you find it inappropriate. Next time we can meet outside. By the way, bring your little guy along. I really want to see him. I hope you don't mind."

Her eyes were wide open in shock. She suspected that he had already known the truth. Then, maybe Trevon also...

Theo saw the fear in her eyes and comforted her. "As long as it's your child, I don't care whoever the father is."

Natalie wasn't sure if Theo knew the truth or not.

She did not refuse him. "Alright. I'll take him next time."

"You've suffered. The Wilson family owes you a lot. You're a good girl. It's your decision whether to forgive that bastard. Grandpa won't interfere. Then, don't forget to bring the little guy when we meet next time. Agree?"

Natalie smiled and nodded. Theo was already over 80 years old. She did not know how old he was exactly, but she also had no idea how long he could live in this world. It's a kind promise to let him see Jasper.

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After Theo left, Natalie figured it out and didn't dwell on it anymore. She glanced at the bouquet of yellow roses and wondered how she should deal with it. If she sent it back, it would be akin to telling others who gave the flowers to her.

Forget it. She would leave it in the office.

She rotated her neck, stretched, and recomposed herself. Then, she picked up her phone and saw that it was already four o'clock. It would be time to get off work soon.

When Hackett returned home, Joy looked at his son's injured face and was a little puzzled, but at the same time, she was very worried. She frowned and asked, "Son, are you alright? Will the injury leave a scar? Have you seen a doctor?" Joy was not surprised that his son left the hospital today.

Hackett didn't think much of it. His wounds that needed to be disinfected had already been disinfected, so they shouldn't leave a scar. Moreover, the injury was a small one. It won't leave a scar. Don't worry, I'll be fine in a few days."

Joy heaved a sigh of relief. "That's good, that's good. Otherwise, you wouldn't be able to go on a blind date in a few days."

Hackett was eating cherry tomatoes, and he stopped upon hearing his mother. The cherry tomato that was stuffed into his mouth was swallowed without much chewing. "Mom, you didn't arrange another blind date for me, did you?"

Joy was in a particularly good mood and she inched closer to her son. "Son, listen up. Your blind date this time is a salesperson, but don't look down on other people's jobs. I told you before that there are high and low-ranking positions, but you can't look down on anyone. Everyone is working hard. Of course, there are some exceptions. You can still choose who you like. I don't mind"

Joy continued, "Let me tell you, this young lady is especially good-looking and passionate. I went to buy a necklace yesterday. She's super enthusiastic and very patient. Why don't you go and meet her? If you don't think she's suitable for you, you can be friends. You're already 29"

"Mom, are you really planning to arrange a blind date for me every time you see a girl? She's a salesperson. How can she not be attentive and serious when she meets a rich person like you? She's just doing her job. I bet she's also nice to other customers. She's doing it for the money"

Hackett was a little devastated. His mother had casually introduced him to someone because she felt that he was too old. He suddenly had an idea and lied, "I have a girlfriend."

After telling this lie, he felt that it was quite appropriate. Firstly, he could openly woo Sherri and wait for her to fall in love with him before telling her that they were not compatible. It was normal for men and women to break up. His plan was perfect, and he felt much better now. He could use Sherri as a shield to stop his mother from arranging blind dates for him

as well.

Joy stood up excitedly. "What did you say? Do you have a girlfriend? When did this happen? Did you meet her at the hospital?"

Hackett made up a story on the spot. "Sort of She's the one who scratched my face. It's just that she's a little fierce." Joy glanced at his son's face and could not help but frown. The woman he was talking about seemed to be quite fierce, but Joy quickly regained her composure and leaned toward her son. "Tell me who it is."

Hackett said without blushing, "Sherri Landor, the young mistress of the Landor family. You like her, right?"

Hearing this, Joy was overjoyed. "Really? That's great. She's a little fierce, but she's beautiful. You're awesome. I'll call your future mother-in-law now. Good luck With that, Joy went upstairs like a gust of wind.

Hackett was in a good mood. He lay on the sofa and crossed his legs. He then scooped up a handful of tomatoes and stuffed them into his mouth one by one. "Sherri, see if I don't torture you to death. You'll suffer for offending me." He didn't believe that she wouldn't fall in love with him.

At this moment, Joy walked into her room and called Juana. Her tone was filled with excitement as she said, "Hello, in-law." Her words shocked Juana. "Mrs. Blackwell, what are you saying?"

Joy realized that she had frightened the other party by calling her that. She began to explain, "Oh, look at me. I was too excited. My son said that Sherri is his girlfriend. I'm so happy. We haven't seen each other in a long time. Let's meet up in the afternoon to talk"

Ever since the blind date between Sherri and Hackett, Juana and Joy did not see each other in private. They did send messages and call each other, but they usually just talked about their children.

Juana was currently drawing with Ruby. She was so shocked by this sudden news that she could not react in time. Didn't her daughter hate Hackett? Why did they get together silently and even hid it from her? "Mrs. Blackwell, are you sure you're not mistaken! Sherri didn't tell me about this."

Joy thought that girls were shy. "Oh Mrs. Landor, since Sherri didn't tell you, we'll pretend not to know and let them get along with each other. Anyway, I like Sherri very much. Not only is she beautiful, but she's also especially kind. Last time, when my son was injured in the hospital, she even patiently comforted me. The more I look at her, the more I like her. Mrs.

Landor, don't worry about this. If Sherri really marries into the Blackwell family, I'll definitely love her like my own and stand by her."

Joy was afraid that Juana would have some concerns, so she hurriedly voiced her thoughts. After all, her son's reputation was not very good. Hackett was already 29, so she was really anxious.

Juana didn't know what to say, but she was happy in her heart. After all, she liked Hackett very much too. Not only was he handsome, but she also felt like a mother-in-law who found her son-in-law more and more pleasing to the eye. Sherri might be afraid that it would be awkward if they broke up, so Sherri didn't tell her yet. "Mrs. Blackwell, don't be anxious. Let's see how they get along. Sherri's temper isn't very good either. Your son might not be able to withstand it."

Joy thought about it. Sherri was quite impatient, but Joy wasn't too bothered by it. "It's fine. I don't mind it. The Blackwell family wouldn't mind a daughter-in-law that was fierce. As long as my son meets your criteria, it's fine. In the future, call me by my name. Don't call me Mrs. Blackwell. It's too formal, so call me Joy."

Juana wasn't an awkward person and readily said, "Sounds good. You can call me Juana too."

The two of them chatted for a while and agreed to go to Lovers' Cafe tomorrow to drink coffee in the afternoon.

The next day, at Lovers' Cafe.

Joy asked her son to send her to her destination early in the morning, then chased her son away.

Because the café was in a quiet area, Juana asked the driver to send her over. She even brought Ruby with her. Now, if she didn't bring Ruby with her when she went out, she wouldn't be at ease.

Joy immediately saw Juana coming in and waved enthusiastically. "Juana, over here."

Juana followed Joy's voice and found her. Carrying Ruby in her arms, she walked to Joy. "I'm sorry for being late. The child woke up late."

Joy's gaze was fixed on Ruby's face. She felt that Ruby looked like someone she knew at first glance. "Whose child is this. Juana? She looks so pretty."

Juana smiled happily and placed Ruby on the couch. "She is rather pretty. I liked her the moment I saw her. Sigh, she's the child of my daughter's best friend. That girl's background is quite pitiful. She brought up two children alone. They're twins, you see. The children also call Sherri their godmother. It's also because of fate that I met their mother and I like her, so I'm helping her to take care of Ruby. She'll come and pick up the kids on weekends. The child is very close to me now. Ruby, say hi to Mrs. Blackwell."

Ruby was chubby. She blinked her round eyes and parted her small mouth to speak. "Hi, Mrs. Blackwell," Ruby called out in a childish voice and was especially cute. Joy's heart melted and the smile on her face kept getting wider.

"This child is lovely. How is she so pretty? Little cutie, what do you want to eat? I'll order it for you."

Ruby looked around as she thought about it seriously. "Cakes."

Joy liked her even more now. "This child is so cute. I'll order some for you now. Can you give me a hug?"

Ruby understood what she was saying. She raised her head and looked at Juana to ask permission. "If you like Mrs. Blackwell, you can let her hug you. It's okay."

After getting permission, Joy happily sat beside Juana. Joy then put Ruby on her lap and fed her cakes. She thought about how good it would be if she had such a granddaughter. Ruby was really cute.

The two of them chatted for the entire afternoon. Before Juana got into the car, Joy didn't forget to remind her, "If we go out for coffee next time and Ruby is with you, you can bring her with you. I'll help take care of her. She's really cute. I have never seen a kid as pretty as she is."

"Alright. Her parent picks her up on weekends. If she's with me, I'll bring her along. She's very easy to take care of. She's also very obedient when we go out."

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Sherri, who did not know that she had been given the title of Hackett's girlfriend, came to the 13th floor early today to look for her best friend.

However, as soon as she stepped out of the elevator, she heard a commotion. Her first thought was a medical dispute, but this building was filled with relatively rich and powerful people. Why would there be a medical dispute?

Out of curiosity, she walked toward the wards and saw a woman in expensive jewelry pointing at someone and shouting, "You're the one who asked my wife not to abort the child. What kind of doctor are you? Who gave you the right to interfere in the affairs of our family"

The periphery was surrounded by nurses and caretakers. Sherri could not see who the middle-aged woman was berating. Natalie was indifferent as if the middle-aged woman was not chiding her. With her hands in her pockets, Natalie did not intend to argue with this unreasonable family member. It was obvious that this woman wasn't smart, so she chose to ignore her

Natalie's nonchalant attitude made the woman even more unhappy. She thought that Natalie was afraid of her so she began to act more arrogantly. "Why did you stop talking? You must be feeling guilty. Why were you so good at talking back then? Why were you so good at persuading my daughter-in-law to keep the child? Don't you know that our family is rich and needs a boy to continue the bloodline? Let me tell you, you will persuade my daughter-in-law to abort the child the same way you persuaded her to keep it Otherwise. I won't let you off."

Natalie felt that this person's worldview was really extreme. Her brain was filled with shit. It would take a lot of effort to change her mind, but it was not probable as she wouldn't be willing to listen to anyone. There was no need to waste her breath Natalie turned to leave

Unexpectedly, when the middle-aged woman saw that Natalie was about to leave, she stepped forward, grabbed Natalie's arm forcefully, and pulled Natalie back Natalie's patience ran out, but this was a hospital. If she attacked, the truth would be twisted. She took a deep breath and forced herself to stay calm. She suppressed her anger and shook the woman off forcefully.

However, this further riled up the middle-aged woman, and she rolled up her sleeves, ready to fight Natalie, She pushed Natalie with both hands hard, and the sudden impact made Natalie stagger a few steps back. Just as she almost hit the wall, a broad palm held her slender waist

Natalie looked grim because she had already lost her patience, but she still had to hold her anger back. She raised her head only to be greeted by a hostile face. She quickly took a step forward to distance herself from the man and said politely. "Thank you"

No one could tell that they knew each other.

Trevon saw Natalie's retreat, and his eyes darkened.

Sherri squeezed through the crowd. When she saw the situation, she immediately knew that it was a medical dispute. However, the woman with the sleeves rolled up was glaring in the direction of her best friend.

Sherri was a little worried. "What's going on? Why is she looking at you like you're her enemy? Did you provoke her?" Natalie did not have much of an expression on her face as she was still suppressing her emotions. "It seems like I have too much time on my hands. She didn't let me leave and kept saying that I interfered with her family affairs"

Sherri was a little speechless when she heard that. Indeed, it was useless to talk to a crazy person. The middle-aged woman didn't go after her son after he had an affair but came to the hospital to look for trouble with her daughter-in-law, who had just undergone surgery.

The middle-aged woman was still unwilling to give up. "I'm going to sue you. Your name is Natalie Foster, right? Let me tell you, I won't let you off the hook."

At this moment, the pregnant woman's mother returned from buying breakfast. When she squeezed through the crowd, she saw her in-laws pointing at Natalie and scolding her.

After coming out of the elevator, she heard the conversation and understood what was going on. Back then, it was all thanks to Natalie that her daughter chose to live. She could not let others misunderstand Natalie.

The pregnant woman's mother quickly stood in the middle of the crowd. "I'm sorry, doctor. I've implicated you."

She then turned around and glared at the middle-aged woman angrily. "It's my daughter's decision to keep the child. The child is precious. She has almost carried the child to term. No mother would be willing to abort her child at this stage. It doesn't matter if your family likes boys or girls because this child has nothing to do with you. When you're done compensating us, my daughter is getting a divorce. Your son likes to cheat, so let my daughter go. We're not worthy of your family, and neither do we want to be. You can forget about forcing her to get an abortion. It's impossible."

Everyone present sympathized with the pregnant woman's family. They could tell that it was the pregnant woman's own decision.

Trevon's expression darkened and he licked his teeth. Seeing Trevon's reaction, Jim knew that Trevon was angry. Jim

originally planned to deal with it, but after thinking about it, he decided to let Trevon do it.

The middle-aged woman was unconvinced and started to curse again, but then a cold and deep voice interrupted her. "Jim, ask the director to come here now. It seems like even animals can enter Athana Hospital now. If he can't manage the hospital well, he should resign as soon as possible."

Only when Sherri heard this voice did she notice Trevon standing at the door of the ward. He was doing the same thing as Natalie. He had his hands in his pockets, but his face was as cold as ice. Sherri lowered her head and leaned closer to Natalie. "Why is he here? Why is he involved in this matter?"

Natalie said calmly. "Maybe it was too loud and it woke him up."

Sherri did not quite agree with this explanation. A person like Trevon could just ask Jim to deal with the issue. There was no need for him to take action personally

The two of them were not surprised that he said he would make the director resign because he indeed had the ability to do

50.

As for the others, they stiffened. How many people could make the director resign? There were probably not many people in Athana who could do that.

The middle-aged woman was still cursing as she pointed at Trevon and scolded. "Who are you? Are you saying that I'm an animal? Don't think that you can bully others just because you're rich. This doctor's medical ethics is questionable. I advise you to stay away from her."

Trevon pursed his lips and frowned. "Is that so? Are you sure it's not because you're crazy? I don't mind doing good deeds and paying to fix your brain"

Sherri burst out laughing Trevon was really good at insulting others.

Natalie did not expect someone like Trevon to argue with a woman in public. It was quite interesting and even funny.

The middle-aged woman was not stupid. When she realized that Trevon was calling her crazy, she said, "You're the one who's crazy Your entire family is crazy"

Jin's eyebrows shot up as he listened from the side, and he felt a chill run down his spine: Other than Natalie, there was probably no one else in this world who dared to say that Trevon was crazy Jim secretly prayed for this woman.

Trevon laughed instead of getting angry, but it was a wicked laugh. "You have guts, I'll give you that."

Sherri could not help but tremble at the cold air emanating from Trevon. She whispered to Natalie, "This person is hopeless. She's courting death. Even God cant help her now"

Receiving Trevon's look, Jim walked to the side and called the director, then Frank.

After receiving the message, the director came over slowly while wiping off his cold sweat. He said with a trembling voice, "M-Mr. Wilson."

Trevon's face was full of disdain. He leaned against the door frame and looked down at the director with the demeanor of a king as he asked, "It seems like you're really busy"

Cold sweat broke out on the director's back as he stiffened. It had not been easy for him to become a director. If he offended this big shot, he would probably lose his position I-I'm not busy. Mr. Wilson, h-how can I help you?"

This made the other doctors present shiver as they thought, "Mr. Wilson? Could it be the Mr. Wilson from Athana? He's actually so handsome."

The nurses wanted to take photos, but they did not dare to. The restlessness in their hearts was finally suppressed by their rationality.

*Even animals can enter Athana Hospital now. Shouldn't you reflect on yourself? She's attacking the medical staff for no reason."

Everyone present heard this clearly. Trevon was saying that the middle-aged woman was an animal. He was clearly helping Natalie.

Sherri wanted to see how Trevon would help her best friend deal with this weirdo.

The director lowered his head, not daring to look up. "How can that be? Our hospital doesn't allow animals to enter. This is clearly stipulated."

The middle-aged woman was already frightened by Trevon's aura. He was definitely influential to be able to make the director bow down to him. However, she could not back down now. She wanted to save her dignity, so she said, "Just because you're rich doesn't mean you can call me an animal.*"

The director frowned and thought, "You think things aren't chaotic enough? Just wait. Your family will be destroyed." Then, the director said, "Shut up."

As he was speaking, a middle-aged man rushed into the crowd and walked straight to his wife, then raised his hand and slapped the woman. "Are you f*cking courting death? Hurry up and apologize to Mr. Wilour Wh

Jim early in the morning, he was so frightened that he ran a lot of red lights on his way there.

A few minutes after hanging up the phone, all his business partners said that they wanted to stop working with him. Now, there were already eight partners that had canceled their contracts with him. Jim was a man of his word when he said that every three minutes, the middle-aged man would lose one business partner.

The situation changed so quickly that everyone present was dumbfounded. The woman didn't know why she was slapped and felt extremely aggrieved. "Hubby, what are you doing? He called me an animal, so it's only fair that I say everyone in his family is an animal. It's fine if you don't stand up for me, but you even hit me."

After hearing what she said, the middle-aged man slapped her again. His wife just said that Trevon's family members were animals. It was over. "M-Mr. Wilson, my wife is insensible and disturbed your rest. I'll apologize on her behalf now. I'm sorry. I hope you'll be magnanimous and won't hold it against us commoners. I'll definitely teach her a lesson when we get

back."

Trevon seemed to be thinking. He touched his chin and said in a low voice, "What if I insist on being calculative?"

The middle-aged man's forehead was covered in sweat. He really wanted to cut his wife into pieces.

The director was afraid of what would happen next. However, he was smart as he managed to become a director after all, and he immediately turned his gaze to Natalie. "Natalie, you were wrongly accused. It's because of my negligence. I'm really sorry."

The sudden mention of her name and the fact that the director apologized to her made Natalie feel a little awkward. She glanced at Trevon. "Let me make things clear. I won't take the blame for what I didn't do. From the beginning to the end, I have never influenced the patient in her decision of keeping the baby. This is her personal wish. I just want her to survive. As for what this madam mentioned, it has nothing to do with me."

Natalie did not want the middle-aged woman's apology. Natalie didn't want to bother with her at all. Even if she apologized, it would be fake.

However, Trevon did not think so. He stared at the woman with a sharp gaze. The middle-aged man quickly realized that and pulled his wife toward Natalie. "Apologize."

The woman wasn't convinced, but she still said, "I'm sorry, doctor."

Natalie did not act arrogantly or respond. It was obvious that the middle-aged woman was not apologizing sincerely. Natalie didn't feel like talking to her.

When the director saw that Trevon had eased up a little, he dispersed the crowd. "That's enough. Go back to work. Natalie, if you're tired, take the day off."

Natalie sneered in her heart. "No need." That was the end of the incident. Natalie turned around and left with Sherri.

Someone behind her stared at her until she disappeared.

[Chapter 135](#)

Back in the ward, Jim began to seriously report the information that Frank had found.

"Mr. Wilson, your behavior this morning should leave a good impression on Mrs. Wilson."

Upon hearing this, the man on the bed glared at Jim with a warning in his eyes. Then, he changed the topic. "What were the subsequent arrangements?"

Jim knew that Trevon was a little embarrassed. After all, he had shown off in front of Natalie just now. "The family from this morning is in the renovation business. In recent years, they've started to become arrogant after getting rich. They were just an ordinary family in the past, but they were slightly better off than the family of the injured pregnant woman. Perhaps they look down on them because they became rich. Ever since the woman got pregnant, her husband cheated and abused her more than once. The main reason was that the family found out she was carrying a girl. They started to dislike her even more after that. I've already stopped all their collaborations. In less than two days, they'll go bankrupt. I'll let them have a taste of what it's like to fall from grace.

"Yes, hire a lawyer for that woman and make sure her husband is put behind bars. That'll help change his behavior. Take the documents to the company. Have you sent the flowers this morning?"

"Yes, I've already instructed the delivery man to send the flowers every day."

"Okay, you can leave."

Holding Natalie's arm, Sherri walked to Natalie's office. The first thing she saw was the conspicuous yellow roses on the table. Sherri walked closer and picked up the bouquet, then pulled out the card. Im sorry. Day two of apologizing."

Sherri turned the card over a few times. Natalie knew what she was looking for. "Stop looking. It's not signed. I have to thank

him."

Others might not understand what Natalie said, but Sherri did. She pulled out a stool on the side and sat down before saying in a low voice, "This is the second time he gave you flowers. Is he serious?"

Natalie was a little tired. She rested her chin on her hand and looked at Sherri "Who knows? What do you think? There are already two bouquets. I haven't thought of how to deal with them. If he sent them

every day, her office would become a garden and she wouldn't have space to work. Since she couldn't return them, she had to think of a way to deal with them. Sherri thought for a moment and said. "Why don't we open a flower shop? We'll sell what he sends to you. It's not a bad idea to get something for nothing"

Natalie rolled her eyes at her. "Have you seen a flower shop that specializes in selling yellow roses? Why don't you give them to the cleaning lady?" More importantly, the roses were yellow. No one would want them even if they sold them.

People on the streets didn't apologize every day. Natalie was at a loss.

Sherri, on the other hand, looked like she was waiting to watch a good show. "That's right. It's rare to see Mr. Wilson chasing someone. Natalie, don't be afraid. Just take it. If you return the flowers to him, you would be reacting. Ignore him. Just like how even if he helped you just now, you don't have to thank him. Just ignore him and anger him to death."

Natalie smiled. "Alright, hurry up and go to work. Don't you have to perform surgery in the morning?"

Looking at the time, Sherri quickly got up. "I'm leaving now. There are really two babies scheduled to arrive on Earth this morning. A beautiful day is about to begin. Bye."

During their free time, a few nurses and doctors came into Natalie's office. "Dr. Foster, do you know Mr. Wilson from room 1314? He seemed to be helping you this morning."

Natalie did not want to talk about this topic and said calmly, "I don't know him. I think I disturbed his rest."

When a nurse saw the flowers on Natalie's table, she was a little envious. "Dr. Foster, did your boyfriend give you flowers? They're so beautiful." As she spoke, she picked them up and sniffed them. Natalie could tell that she liked the roses,

these so she said generously. "You can have them.

"Really? Thank you!" With that, she took the bouquet and went out. She shifted the flowers in the bouquet while humming a tune. She was in a particularly good mood

Coincidentally, Trevon was about to come out for a smoke. In fact, only he knew why he left his ward. From the corner of his eye, he saw the bouquet in the nurse's hand. His eyes darkened a little, and he returned to his ward without lighting the cigarette he was holding.

He only picked up a lighter and lit the cigarette after settling down on the couch. His chest felt stuffy as he took a puff and exhaled slowly. He narrowed his eyes and used the nicotine to ease his anger due to being ignored.

She actually gave his flowers away! It seemed like she didn't care about him at all.

When Natalie pushed open the door of his ward and entered, she saw him leisurely lying on the sofa and smoking. His good-looking brows were slightly furrowed, but Natalie went straight to the point. "You can be discharged tomorrow. He hurriedly extinguished his cigarette. "H-Have I recovered"

Natalie asked instead of answering. "Haven't you?" He had obviously recovered.

Trevon touched his nose guiltily. He looked at her and said carefully, "Can you not give away the flowers I gave you?"

After hearing that, Natalie realized that he must have seen the flowers in the nurse's hands. She did not agree to his and replied indifferently. "You don't have to give them to me. There's no need to waste time on me."

request

Trevon sat while Natalie stood. He looked up at her face with a gentle gaze. His eyes were filled with affection as he smiled. faintly. Then you can't say that I gave other women flowers."

Natalie looked at how humble he was with her hands in her pockets. She thought that he would fly into a rage and insult her. "Don't send me flowers anymore. My office is small. She wanted to say that she didn't want his flowers, but he had yet to be discharged from the hospital. If she angered him and others found out about their relationship, it would be troublesome. She could only endure it and stop herself from saying everything she wanted to say.

Trevon's eyes were filled with love. He did not hide it at all. Natalie felt his gaze searing into her and she looked away. She was only here to inform this big shot that he could be discharged. In fact, he didn't even need to go through the discharge procedures.

However, the director called her and asked her to go through the discharge procedures with him.

"Sure, I won't send flowers anymore if you remove me from your blacklist. Apologizing to her on WhatsApp was much better than sending flowers.

"Are you dumb? Can't you stay away from me?" He was like a bubblegum that she couldn't get rid of

Looking at the angry woman, he was especially amused. He smiled and said, "No, I'll be wherever you are for the rest of my life until you forgive me. Either I send you flowers, or you remove me from your blacklist."

She finally agreed with what Sherri said that day. It would be futile to make things clear with Trevon because he refused to listen to her.

"If you like, you can stay here until the end of time." It wasn't like he was spending her family's money. Moreover, she had

work to do.

The man, who knew what she was thinking, immediately spoke up. His attitude took a 180-degree turn. A second ago, he was someone who refused to compromise and refused to be discharged. The next second, he immediately said. "I'll listen to you and get discharged."

She took a deep breath, resisting the urge to beat him up. She turned around and left the ward without any hesitation. She did not even spare him another glance.

If it wasn't because the director called her, she wouldn't have gone to inform him that he could be discharged.

He looked at her back with a satisfied smile on his lips, then took out a cigarette and lit it. With one hand, he unlocked his phone and pressed a number. "Come and pick me up."

Jim, who had just arrived at the company, was exasperated. "Oh. Mr. Wilson, have you been discharged?"

"Yes, Dr. Foster said I can be discharged from the hospital herself. Hurry up now."

Jim cursed silently and thought, "Mr. Wilson is clearly showing off. What's the big deal about Mrs. Wilson saying that he can be discharged? Why is he so excited as if he just recovered from a terminal illness?"

Even though Jim was annoyed, he still had to pick up his employer. 40 minutes later, Jim arrived at Athana Hospital again and parked the black Maybach. He pushed open the door of room 1314 and said, "Mr. Wilson, I'll go and settle the discharge procedures,

Trevon said smugly, "Yes. Go and find Dr. Foster for that."

Jim complained silently, "Mr. Wildon, you just started chasing after your wife. You still have a long way to go. It won't be easy to get Mrs. Wilson back."

Jim took the form and went to the office to look for Natalie to sign it. 'Mrs. Wilson, please sign this. I'm helping Mr. Wilson with the discharge procedures.

As soon as he finished speaking, Natalie neatly signed her name on the paper.

"Thank you." Natalie just nodded.

After the procedures were done, Trevon climbed into the car. He glanced at the back of Jim's head and said, "Give me the invoice."

Jim didn't think there was anything wrong with it and handed the invoice to the man in the back seat. Trevon took it and fixed his gaze on the signature at the end of the page. The flamboyant signature made him smile, and he carefully put the Invoice into his wallet.

Jim was speechless. Was the hospital invoice even worth commemorating?

[Chapter 136](#)

The car cruised along the highway in Athana. Jim drove very steadily. He was even gentle with the brakes. The man in the backseat closed his eyes to take a rest.

Jun glanced in the rearview mirror and asked, "Mr. Wilson, where are we going?"

The man lifted his eyelids and smiled. "Evergreen Gardens"

Jim knew what Trevon was thinking. Trevon was planning to go to Natalie's house to woo her. It was great. Jim was already imagining many scenes of Trevon wooing Natalie.

Jim was so excited about Trevon's pursuit of Natalie, but he didn't show any excitement and maintained his professionalism. "Alright, Evergreen Gardens formaldehyde has been removed. The renovation... is all done according to your requirements."

Trevon did not think that there was anything wrong with the renovation and replied, "Okay, let's go to the office first. We'll go back to Evergreen Gardens tonight."

Jim was already cursing in his heart, but he remained calm and unperturbed as he changed directions.

The car drove in the direction of the Wilson Group.

On the other hand, Joy was trying hard to figure out who the child Juana brought looked like.

After sitting on the couch for more than half an hour, she finally slapped her thigh. Didn't Ruby look like her son when he was young? Once she locked onto her target, she sat upright on the couch and waited for Hackett to wake up with mixed feelings.

Joy was extremely conflicted. If the child was her son's. Sherri would definitely break up with him. The Landor family would not let their daughter be a stepmother. No matter what, she was the daughter of the four great families. How could Juana let her daughter be a stepmother? Joy didn't know what to do and was conflicted. She hoped that her guess was correct, but at the same time, she hoped that it was wrong.

After waiting for a long time without seeing her son get up, the impatient Joy tossed aside the snack that she was eating and paused her TV show, then went straight upstairs and knocked on Hackett's door. "Hackett, are you awake?"

After a long while, it was still silent. There was no doubt that Hackett was still sleeping. She twisted the doorknob but could not open it. The door was locked. What kind of bad habit was this? Joy returned to her room and found a spare key to open the door.

On the bed, Hackett was under the blanket. Joy could only see his hair as his face was buried under the blanket. He was sleeping soundly and did not seem like he was going to wake up soon.

Joy walked closer and sat on the bed gently. She told herself not to be agitated. If the child was her son's, she was afraid that her son would not tell the truth if she shouted. She gently pulled his blanket away and said with unprecedented gentleness, "Hackett, wake up. I have something very important to ask you."

The person on the bed woke up in a daze. His voice was muffled under the blanket as he said, "Don't disturb my sleep. It's so annoying."

Joy's patience, which she had tried so hard to maintain, ran out. It was rare for her to be gentle to her son, but he did not even care. "Are you going to get up or not? Who are you calling annoying? I'm your mother!"

Hackett opened his eyes drowsily at the ear-piercing voice and rolled over. When he saw his mother sitting by his bed, he was so frightened that he sat up straight and pulled the blanket over him. His eyes were half-open and his brows were tightly furrowed. "Mom, what's going on? You're trespassing a male's room without permission." After saying that, he sighed and pinched the space between his eyebrows. He was still not completely awake and his mind was a little muddled.

Joy bluntly exposed him. "What male room? I raised you. When you were young..."

Hackett directly interrupted his mother's nagging. If she continued, he would have to stay here for the entire day. Knowing Joy's personality, Hackett went straight to the point. "Stop. Mom, just say it. Why are you looking for me? Let's not waste time and get to the point."

Hackett looked like he was ready to die. He guessed that Joy had arranged a blind date for him again.

When Joy heard his son's words, she realized that she had gone off-topic and forgotten the main point. So, she cleared her throat and began to organize the words in her mind. "Son, your previous girlfriend... did you or her use any contraception?" Hackett struggled to open his eyes. He was a little confused. "What do you mean? What are you trying to say?" Joy was impatient and did not want to beat around the bush. "Is it possible that you might have an illegitimate child?" "Mom, have you been watching too many television dramas recently? I'm not a character in a drama. If you're bored and want to be a film director, ask Dad to invest in you. Upon hearing what his mother had to say, he lay back down and prepared to go back to sleep. He had no intention of talking to her now.

Seeing that her son was about to go back to sleep, Joy, who had yet to get an accurate answer, couldn't let him have

She grabbed his hair and said sternly, "Sit up. Do you have an illegitimate child or not?"

Hackett was speechless and felt exasperated. It was so early in the morning, yet his mother was already labeling him at promiscuous man. "Mom, I don't. I'm not that kind of person. Don't overthink."

He had only slept with one woman. How could he have an illegitimate child? He was not a farmer who planted seeds everywhere. Knowing Sherri, she must have taken contraceptive pills. How could she allow herself to get pregnant with his child?

What was his mother thinking?

Joy was still skeptical about her son's past relationships as he was fickle. He had only started behaving himself these past few years. Previously, there was a scandal almost every day, and that made her so angry that she wanted to slap him "Really? You're not lying to me, right?"

Hackett said with certainty in his eyes, "I'm not lying. I think you're so desperate to have grandchildren that you're going crazy. Watching so many television dramas won't do you any good"

Joy rolled his eyes at her son. She had no intention of leaving and sat down by the bed again. I had coffee with Juana the other day. She brought a cute little girl with her. However, she looks very similar to you. Juana said that the child's mother is a single mother and that the child doesn't have a father. I'm just afraid that you made a mistake and my granddaughter is being mistreated. Alright, as long as the child is not yours, it's fine. It shouldn't be a problem for Sherri Joy comforted herself. She would have a grandchild in the future.

Hackett was speechless. "Mom, there are many people in this world who look alike. They can't all be my children. Your son isn't a farmer. Now that you're clear, can you let me go back to sleep?"

After she got her answer. Joy did not plan to continue pestering her son. The television show she was watching had just reached its climax. "Alright, go to the company this afternoon. Your father has been quite tired recently. Don't stay in bed every day like you're in confinement. If you have time, ask Sherri out for a meal to nurture your relationship."

Hackett, who was already lying back in bed, said in a muddled voice, "Got it. Close the door. Don't use the spare key to open my door next time."

Joy was in a hurry to watch television, so she left the room and helped him close the door before going downstairs.

At the same time, when Sherri returned home from work, Ruby ran to Sherri with her short legs and threw herself into Sherri's arms. "Mommy"

The fatigue of the day dissipated the moment Sherri saw her daughter. She swayed Ruby to play with her. "Did you miss Mommy?"

Ruby grinned like a flower. "Yes. Mommy, cakes."

Sherri thought that her daughter wanted to eat cakes, so she said, "Ruby, do you want cakes? Mommy will bring you to buy them now, okay?"

Juana was listening to their conversation, and she interrupted them. "There's no need to buy. I bought a few. Ruby probably wants to tell you that she went out with me this afternoon and ate cakes. Kids don't know how to express themselves yet." Sherri was stunned. "Huh? You took Ruby out?"

As Juana put away the toys, she said happily. "That's right. I went to have coffee with Joy in the afternoon. She likes Ruby a lot. Our Ruby is so loved. Joy liked her the moment she saw her, and she kept asking me to bring Ruby along next time."

Sherri listened to her mother's ramblings. Her heart was in her throat and her mind went blank. She was extremely nervous and her tone was not very friendly when she next spoke. "Mom, can you tell me who you're going to see next time? What if..." Her daughter's eyebrows were exactly the same as Hackett's. What if Joy found out? Sherri had done everything she could to not expose Ruby, but she forgot about the risk her own mother posed.

Juana was upset. "It's not like I'm bringing Ruby to meet someone else and you haven't seen Joy before. What can I do to Ruby? I treasure her. Don't worry, even if I'm hurt, I won't let Ruby get hurt."

Juana was kind enough to bring Ruby out with her today. She could not bear to let Ruby walk at all and carried her all the way, but when she came home, she was chided by Sherri. She felt a little sad.

Realizing that she was rude, Sherri said, "Mom, that's not what I meant. I'm just afraid that Natalie will mind. Don't be angry."

During this period of time, Juana had taken care of her daughter meticulously. Sherri was very touched when she saw this. There were a few times when she impulsively wanted to tell Juana the truth.

Just now, as soon as she heard that it was Hackett's mother who had seen her daughter, she was anxious. She was afraid that the matter would be exposed, so she lost her temper.

Juana thought that Sherri was afraid of her misunderstanding that Ruby was Sherri's child, which would affect Sherri's relationship with Hackett. After she thought it through, she wasn't angry anymore. In addition, the thought that Sherri did not want her to know that she was in a relationship with Hackett, Sherri and Juana were not on the same page at all. They each dealt with their own frustrations, so neither of them thought much about the small episode just a

Juana did not expose her daughter's relationship. "I told Joy that this child belongs to your friend and that I'm just helping to

take care of her."

"Thank you. Mom You're the best." Sherri hugged Ruby and thanked Juana.

Even though that was what Juana said. Sherri was still worried and uneasy.

[Chapter 137](#)

Sherri helped her daughter take a shower After coaxing Ruby to sleep, she lay beside Ruby. The more she looked at the sleeping Ruby, the more Ruby looked like Hackett Sherri felt annoyed

She sat up in bed and leaned against the headboard, then took her phone and clicked on her best friend's chat window. She sent a voice message "Natalie, is Jasper asleep?"

Natalie was watching an autopsy video When she received the message, she immediately exited the video. "He's asleep. Look at the time. Is Ruby asleep?"

After receiving the message, Sherri decisively video-called Natalie. "What are you doing?"

Natalie put her hands through her hair and tucked it behind her ear. She hadn't cut her hair in a long time and it seemed to have grown longer by a lot. Previously, her hair reached her shoulders, but now it was almost at her waist. Im watching a video. What's going on? You look like you're in a bad mood."

Sherri frowned and sighed. "My mom took Ruby out today. Guess who she brought her to see?"

Natalie didn't know. "It can't be Hackett, right?"

Sherri would not be worried if Juana had brought Ruby to see Hackett. That guy was not very smart and would not be able to tell so quickly. "His mother."

Natalie tightened her grip on her phone. She didn't know what to say.

A few seconds later, she came back to her senses and was a little nervous. "Then did his mother notice anything?"

From Natalie's perspective, she didn't want Hackett to get together with Sherri because of the child. She hoped that he would be with Sherri because he really liked Sherri.

Sherri thought for a moment and came to the conclusion that Joy probably didn't know. Her mother only mentioned that Joy liked Ruby very much. "I don't think so, but my mother said that Joy likes Ruby very much Joy even asked my mother to bring Ruby out more often. However, my mother told Joy that the child is yours. This should reduce suspicion." Natalie had to admit that blood ties were powerful Juana wanted to help take care of Ruby the moment she met her. Now, Joy also wanted Juana to bring Ruby to her more often. "I can only say that blood ties are very mysterious. The main point. is that you're not on good terms with Hackett now. It would be fine if he really liked you. I can tell that Hackett's mother is a good person and would be a good mother-in-law,"

Natalie had already helped her think so far ahead. The relationship between Sherri and her future mother-in-law shouldn't be too bad.

“What are you thinking? Do you think I’m blind? Who would like him?” Sherri said in disdain. He was such a playboy. If she got together with him, she would have to fight monsters repeatedly to level up after marriage.

Natalie laughed. “Got it. Don’t worry. We’ll deal with whatever comes our way. There’s always a way. There’s still me. Don’t you still have me to help you?”

Sherri was in a much better mood now. She smiled and nodded, then teased her best friend that she wasn’t of much help. At 10:30 PM, a man on the 25th-floor balcony held a cigarette between his fingers. The spark was exceptionally conspicuous in the dark night. The man’s face could not be made out, but he could be seen turning his head to look at the room next door

After the lights in Natalie’s room went out, the man walked into his room and closed the balcony door.

He stubbed out his cigarette and threw it into the crystal ashtray.

The sudden ringing of the phone interrupted the silence of the huge suite. He did not turn on the lights in the room. Only the dim wall lights were on. The light from the phone screen shone directly on his face. The call was from Jim. He swiped the screen to answer the call. “Hello”

On the other end, Jim said in a low voice, “Mr. Wilson, Michael died five minutes ago. He died at home.”

In the end, Hackett begged Trevon again. He wished Hackett would only chase Mia out of Athana after Michael died. Whether it was Hackett or Trevon, the two of them would still agree to each other’s requests even though they were playful at the usual tunes

Michael didn’t have much time left. Hackett had mentioned it before, but it had only been a few days since he last saw Mia. Hacken didn’t expect this to happen so quickly, and he said without any sympathy, “The day of Michael’s funeral is the day that she leaves Athana. Make sure she leaves.”

Jim acknowledged the order. “Okay”

The next morning, Natalie was still at home when she received a call from the director. “Hello, director.”

On the other end, the director smiled obsequiously. “Mrs. Wilson, I hope I didn’t disturb you.”

Natalie scoffed in her heart and thought he was really good at sucking up, but she still said politely, “No, go ahead.”

The director maintained his usual smile. “Well, from today onward, you can go back to your previous schedule. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, you’ll be stationed at the outpatient clinic, while on Tuesdays and Thursdays, you’ll be stationed at the impatient department’

The director was a smart person. During the medical dispute that day, he could tell that Trevon had feelings for Natalie. From time to time. Trevon would look at Natalie. Although the director did not know

how serious someone like Trevon was when it came to romance, since Trevon liked Natalie now, he would support Natalie. If Trevon stopped liking Natalie in the future, he would take the corresponding actions

Hearing this. Natalie replied calmly. "Okay"

At this moment, Natalie understood everything. Wasn't it Trevon's doing that she was transferred to the inpatient department during this period of time? He had just been discharged from the hospital, and now she was transferred back.

When she arrived at the entrance of the outpatient clinic, Sherri, who was wearing a dress and high heels, put one arm over Natalie's shoulder. "Oh, my God. You come back to the outpatient clinic as soon as Mr. Wilson is discharged. He's so scheming. He can do anything just to woo a girl, huh?"

As soon as Sherri finished speaking, she noticed that her best friend was wearing a dress and flats today. The light pink dress made Natalie's skin look even fairer. "Why are you wearing a dress today? But you look good in it. Just like what Ava said, your figure is wasted in jeans"

Natalie also remembered what her cousin Ava had said. The corners of her lips curled up slightly. "Aunt and Ava bought all the dresses in my wardrobe. When I opened the wardrobe this morning and saw that two-thirds of them were dresses. I felt embarrassed for not wearing them."

Sherri didn't think that her best friend was showing off because she knew that Emma and Ava always bought a lot of clothes for Natalie when they went shopping. "You should wear it. Why not? It's not like you don't have a figure You're gorgeous Look at how beautiful this dress is. The fishbone braid you're wearing today is also beautiful. It's very feminine."

"Stop it. You're going overboard with the praising" She was a little shy to be stared at and praised by Sherri due to her not wearing dresses often.

Sherri put her arm around her best friend's shoulder. They were such good friends that many nurses and doctors were envious "Let me tell you something. I heard that Mia's father passed away last night. Then, Mia broke her leg in the morning. She's in the hospital now and doesn't even have time to go to the funeral I don't know who wants to teach her a lesson, but the person is quite ruthless. They specially picked the day of the funeral to take revenge. It's obvious that they don't want Mia to send her father off. However, there's always a reason why someone is so pitiful. She committed a lot of bad deeds."

Natalie agreed with this point without any sympathy. Everyone should pay for their actions, and Mia was no exception.

As for Michael's departure, there was even less sympathy from Natalie. Death was a natural phenomenon. If that person was ill, death might actually be a relief.

Natalie just didn't know who was so ruthless. They knew that Mia made a living by dancing Breaking one of her legs would undoubtedly destroy her dreams and opportunities to turn the tables for the rest of her life.

"Maybe she offended someone. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been injured in the place she cared about the most. To a dancer, a leg was a fatal injury.

"She must have done a lot of bad things and made a lot of enemies. I don't know who wants to kill her. I don't pity her. You'd better not pity her too."

Natalie was amused by Sherri's nagging, so she turned around and pinched her face. "Do I look like a kind person to you?" Sherri slapped her hand away in disdain. "You're ruining my makeup."

"That's not true. Look at my hand. I don't have foundation on my hand. Don't worry. Your makeup is still intact. You look good" After saying that. Natalie reached her hand out but it was playfully slapped away by Sherri

Sherri said, "From now on, you have to put on light makeup every day like me. Didn't your aunt say that makeup is actually a form of respect for yourself? For example, she said that the reason we wear a dress and high heels is not only to look beautiful but also to accentuate our figure"

"You've been successfully brainwashed by my aunt. Although Natalie said that, she thought Emma was right. Much of what Emma said made sense.

Women put on makeup not only to look beautiful but also to please themselves. This was what Emma had told her. Therefore, for the past few years when she was abroad, her aunt always advised her to dress up. Unknowingly, Natalie had developed the habit of applying foundation and lip gloss when she went out now.

Women had to dress themselves up. They could wear pajamas at home, but they had to change into nicer clothes when they went out. Wearing fashionable clothes was not to please men, but to respect themselves. A good figure should not be hidden. Wearing dresses and high heels made women look and feel confident. This was also what Emma had taught her. Her grandfather had never taught her these things. What he taught her was how to be a good person in this World

[Chapter 138](#)

In a room in Lither Club, Frank Roberts was sleeping. The club stayed open late last night, and he only went to bed in the early morning. Now he was abruptly awakened by a phone call.

Stretching his smooth arm, he groped around randomly but found nothing. Irritated, he opened his eyes and realized that his phone was at the bedside instead of under his pillow. No wonder he could not find it by feeling around.

Glancing at the caller displayed on the screen, he really did not feel like answering. But out of a sense of brotherhood, he reluctantly picked up the call on speakerphone and placed it on the pillow. With a closed-eyed and impatient tone, he said, "Speak

Hackett Blackwell did not feel like joking around today and got straight to the point. "Help me find out who did it."

Frank sensed the seriousness in Hackett's tone but could not resist expressing his annoyance at being awakened. "Don't you know how to speak the language politely? Not even calling my name when you are asking me for help."

As soon as Hackett heard the reply, he knew that Frank was still sleeping, he sighed. "Mia got hamstrung, and I want to know who did it to give my mom an explanation. My uncle just passed away, and now people are blaming Mr. Wilson for it. They're adamant about it, waiting to turn the tables and seek revenge."

On the other end, Frank laughed upon hearing this. He yawned, opened his eyes, and propped himself up with one side of his body. "Mia has changed her last name back. Aren't you afraid of people saying that you guys are cold and heartless?"

"Is this the main point of our conversation now? When did you become so gossipy?"

Frank ignored his words and said directly, "It can't be Mr. Wilson. He always leaves a name behind in his actions. This kind of sneaky thing is not his style. I will help you check on Edward Landor"

Hackett was a little puzzled. What does Edward have to do with the situation with Mia? They have nothing to do with each other. "Are you not awake or what? Why are you checking on him? You should investigate the wife of that sugar daddy."

Frank wanted to criticize Hackett for his lack of using his brain. "If Mia did not fucking drug Sherri Landor, would you have been able to sleep with her?"

Hackett suddenly realized. "Why didn't I think of that? So Edward knows about me and his sister."

A mocking tone came through the phone. "How would I know? Am I your mom? I have to get all the answers prepared when

you ask?"

Hackett wanted to say something more, but Frank had already hung up the phone, showing a bit of ruthlessness.

After hanging up, the headliner of Lithern Club, Lily called. Her voice sounded a little nervous and grateful. "Hello, Mr. Roberts, are you awake? Thank you for last night."

Frank's expression remained unchanged, showing no fluctuations. His words were as usual. "You are my employee. We emphasize rarity in Lithern Club, so letting you go with them would be a blow to the club's face."

These words were from the perspective of a boss. It was clear showing that he was not helping Lily out of personal concern

Yesterday, Frank received a call from the manager to sort out an issue at the club. A group of second-generation rich heirs heard about how beautiful the headliner of Lithern Club was and wanted to take her out. The manager called Lily to ask for her opinion, but she refused. She protected herself and got slapped on the face several times. The manager felt that those people were causing trouble before the club opened, so he called Frank, who saved Lily.

Of course, all those people ended up severely injured, and it was evident that Frank had been ruthless. Lithern Club could not establish itself in Athana without being able to handle such troublemakers.

Lily had already thought of Frank's attitude before she made the call, but she still wanted to express her thanks. "No matter from what perspective, I still want to thank you. You have been protecting me all these years, and without you, I would not be where I am today."

Frank remained cold as ever. He had intended to sleep a little longer in the morning, but the phone kept ringing non-stop, disturbing his rest. "It's your business how you like to understand it. Just remember

one thing, we have a boss-employee relationship, and that's all. Within the scope of my responsibilities, I will take action. As for whom you like and whether you want to go out with, that's your choice. Lithern Club won't interfere."

On the other end, Lily's nails dug into her palm, feeling no pain at all. "Understood. I have said that I will never leave Lithern Club or go out with any clients." These words seemed to be said for herself as well as for Frank to hear.

Frank hung up the phone again. He no longer felt sleepy; instead, he felt restless. He casually threw his phone on the bed, and uncovered the sheets, revealing his bare upper body. Years of fitness and boxing had given him a mesmerizing and eye-catching physique, tanned skin, a solid chest, and particularly impressive chest muscles. The only thing that stood out more was the long scar below his chest.

He walked into the bathroom and grabbed a towel. Half an hour later, his lower body was wrapped in a white towel, water droplets still dripping from his body. He exuded a masculine aura from head to toe. He opened the wardrobe and took out a casual suit to wear. He neatly untied the towel and put the suit on.

After getting dressed, he called Trevon Wilson. The call was quickly answered. "Where are you?"

A cold voice came from the other side. "At the company."

Their conversation did not last more than a minute before Frank drove to the Wilson Group.

As he walked into the CEO's office of the Wilson Group, he was greeted by the secretary team that could rival the pretty girls from a beauty pageant. "Mr. Roberts."

Frank simply nodded in response, acknowledging their greetings. He pushed open the office door and saw a man with his legs propped up on the desk, leisurely smoking a cigarette. The thin smoke partially obscured his handsome face.

Frank sat down on the sofa without any small talk. "Hackett asked me to investigate what happened to Mia's leg

Trevon took a drag of his cigarette and exhaled slowly. His legs were still resting on the table as he turned his head to look in Frank's direction. Up to no good last night?"

Even though Frank was impeccably dressed and handsome, the visible dark circles under his eyes were noticeable to the naked eye. "Business was good. Can't help it."

Trevon, with a sharp tongue, said, "Do you have to entertain the customers yourself?"

"You have so much free time. You've been in a good mood lately. Have you got your ex-wife back?" The mention of the word "ex-wife" extinguished any playfulness in Trevon. He glared at Frank in displeasure.

He had thought Natalie would come out for a run, but she did not. She simply drove away on time, and he still had not figured out how to approach her.

Frank smiled. "Now everyone believes it was you who made the move. Aren't you planning to clear your name?"

Trevon's voice turned serious, tinged with a hint of disdain. "What's it got to do with me? If they think it was me, then come and kill me."

"Even if you are pretending to be affectionate to your ex-wife in front of me, she can't see it anyway." Changing the topic, Frank said. "I suspect it's Edward Landor."

A barely noticeable emotion flickered in Trevon's eyes. "It's not impossible."

Frank slapped his thigh and lay down on the sofa. "Then let's start investigating from Edward. If the job is done, I'll let know. I need some sleep now. Oh, and I have a suggestion, keep your secretarial team far away from here."

you

Trevon was a bit speechless. "Is your phone out of credit? Couldn't you have made a phone call for such a trivial matter? Why do you bother to drive here? You just want to freeload."

He continued. "The main point of contact to all of my secretaries is Jim. I don't even speak a word with them a week." Frank, in a reckless manner, said, "Then why keep them around? Eye candy? Don't tell me it's for Jim Hawk. He's still quite innocent when it comes to romantic affairs."

Trevon thought to himself that Jim seemed to enjoy chatting with the secretaries. He had no innocence to speak of

Feeling drowsy, Frank did not want Trevon to continue with idle talk. "Don't disturb my sleep. Your ex-wife doesn't like people who talk too much."

Trevon was so angry that he laughed upon hearing the words. This guy had him firmly under control, always bringing up his ex-wife. He grabbed a pen holder and threw it at Frank. The force was so strong that it created a gust of wind. Frank instantly opened his eyes and agilely caught it, smiling with his cheek against his palm. "Stop being mad like a woman. If you can't stand the word 'ex-wife, then you think of a way to change it yourself. Don't disturb my sleep. Call me when you're eating."

"You're going way too far now. Is the Roberts Group going bankrupt?" Frank ignored Trevon. He pulled the blanket on the sofa over himself and went to sleep. Half a minute later, he spoke up again, "Set the temperature up a little bit."

Although Trevon was dissatisfied, he still did as he was told. There was nothing he could do. He really hoped that one day there would be a woman who could handle Frank

[Chapter 139](#)

The doctors at the outpatient clinic had gradually left to eat, and Natalie also shut down her computer. She took off her white coat and hung it on the hook behind the door, replacing it with her own jacket.

Sherri, wearing high heels, casually swung her keys and hummed a little song "Summer days drifting away. To, uh oh, those summer nights. She pushed open the door with one hand. Hey Natalie, today I'm taking you to eat something good. I heard from the nurses in our clinic that there's a fantastic beef stew and roast chicken place nearby. They said it's so good that I've been drooling all morning. Let's satisfy our cravings."

Natalie calmly organized her things and asked, "If it's not good, do we not have to pay?"

Sherri waved the keys in her hand and smiled. 'Of course not. She had a look on her face that said she had the final say.

While they were talking, someone knocked on the door. A delivery rider in a blue jacket stood in front of them and politely said, "Are you Mrs. Wilson? This is your food delivery. Please sign for it."

Sherri was puzzled and looked at her best friend with suspicion. "You ordered food and didn't tell me?"

Natalie was also confused and shrugged her shoulders. "I didn't order anything. Are you sure it's not a mistake?"

Sherri finally understood that her best friend really did not order anything. She walked closer and saw it was truly Natalie's name on the order list. However, the delivery was from Grand Manor.

Sherri felt like she had seen a ghost. The delivery rider naturally handed her the order list and said, "The name on it is correct, Mrs. Wilson. You have a monthly subscription to our platform. Please sign for it. I'm sorry, but I have to hurry and deliver to the next customer. Thank you

Grand Manor was supposed to make reservations. When did they start doing food delivery? Wait, she remembered that the last time they ate at Grand Manor, Mr. Roberts or Hackett mentioned that Mr. Wilson had shares in Grand Manor.

At this moment, Natalie stood there in a daze, and a name had already appeared in her mind. She felt a bit annoyed that she did not take the food right away

Seeing that the delivery rider was still handing the food over, Sherri did not want to make things difficult for him. It was not easy to earn money, especially for delivery jobs, which had to be completed under various weather conditions. So, she decided to accept it without hesitation. "Thank you. It's been hard work for you"

The delivery rider smiled and replied, "Not a problem. Enjoy your meal. Goodbye."

After Sherri took the food and closed the door, she placed it on the table and cleared some space. "Are all delivery riders so polite nowadays? Let's eat. It's a waste if we don't. You can't just throw it away. Cherish the food that does not come easily."

Seeing her best friend's lack of reaction and silence, Sherri continued. "I told you, Mr. Wilson is a man who is hard to understand. If he wants to apologize, just let him. If he sends us food, we'll eat it."

Natalie sat down and absentmindedly picked up her tableware. "How can I keep him away from me? I'm content with my current life and don't want it to be disrupted"

Just after she finished speaking, her phone vibrated. It was a text message from an unknown number. [Don't push away my goodwill. I don't have any other intentions. I just hope you eat better every day. I'm sorry.]

Natalie glanced at the message, but her expression remained unchanged as she put down her phone, choosing not to tell Sherri. She pretended as if she had not seen the texts.

“Who is it?”

Natalie replied, “Just a junk message.”

Sherri did not doubt it and continued thinking about the problem. After a moment, she could not come up with a solution and finally said, “There’s no way unless you get married and register tomorrow. Otherwise, it’s probably difficult. It’s a mission impossible to convince Mr. Wilson. If you really find him annoying, let Joseph deal with him.”

Natalie rolled her eyes at Sherri. “Do you think he is a gangster? How can my refined brother do such things? Don’t lead him astray. If there’s a need, I’ll handle it myself. Don’t meddle, so he won’t worry.”

Sherri was not really looking down on her best friend. It was just that she had lost completely last time and the scene was still vivid in her mind “Are you sure you can win against him?”

Natalie picked up a large prawn and placed it on Sherri’s plate. “Eat and stop talking. Silence is golden while enjoying the delicacies.”

“Don’t pretend to be cultured. Besides medical knowledge, you are not a gourmet.”

“How do you know I’m not?” The topic changed. “A few days ago, Trevon asked me to unblock him on WhatsApp, but I ignored him. He has been sending messages through another number these past few days. Why didn’t I realize that this person was so shameless?”

Sherri sneered. “Well, when you were together back in the days, he acted like he was always defending himself against you as

if there were conspiracies around to harm him. Now, he’s got nobody to rely on. Let’s not respond. Ignore him.”

“I have not responded. Honestly, I don’t want my current life to be disrupted. I have both money and a kid. Why do I have to bring such trouble home?”

Sherri nodded in agreement. That makes sense. If you have any physical needs, we can go and find some hot young guys”

Natalie’s hand holding the tableware trembled, and she shrugged her shoulders, trying to hold back her laughter. “Do I seem that desperate?”

Meanwhile, the delivery rider took off his gear and made a phone call to Jim Hawk. “Mr. Hawk, I’ve delivered the food.”

Jim on the other end of the line acknowledged “Good. Did you slip up?”

The bodyguard recalled his acting skills and replied, “No, I acted quite well.”

Jim said generously. “You’ll get a raise this month. Remember to add a little flair every time you make a delivery”

After hanging up the phone, Jim felt like a boss. No wonder bosses were so cocky. Having the confidence that came with not lack money was truly satisfying.

Being a boss, he could raise a salary at will. 2 million dollars salary? I could make it 20 million dollars. Amazing.

After hanging up the phone, Jim had already played out in his mind the gestures of a millionaire.

Trevon and Frank were already sitting on the couch eating when they saw Jim hang up the phone and laugh like a fool. "Why are you so happily laughing alone?"

Upon hearing the voice, Jim snapped back to reality and scratched his head in embarrassment. "Oh, it's nothing. I've delivered the things from Mr. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson has received them."

Trevon's face remained unchanged, showing no emotions, but deep down, he hoped that Natalie had accepted the delivery. It meant there was still hope.

Unaware that Natalie and Sherri were already planning to find some young guys to solve their physical needs, Trevon, who was still confident, thought this was a good start.

While eating, Frank sneered and teased. "Why being regretful now? If you had been so considerate earlier, your child would be growing up by your side."

Jim could not help but admire Frank's sharp tongue. He always knew how to poke at Mr. Wilson's sore spot. Mr. Wilson probably regretted it, but there was no use to be regretful.

If there were a time machine, Mr. Wilson might have bankrupted himself to go back two years and act like an ass-kisser.

Seeing Jim dazed, Trevon vented his frustration on him. "You're behaving so absent-minded every day. Can't you eat properly?"

Although Jim was wrongly blamed, he could only think to himself. "I did not say anything. How did I become the target?" Frank's smile widened. "Don't bother lecturing him. You can't even solve your own problem. Are you planning to keep sending things in secret?"

Trevon felt annoyed as well. His number was still blocked by Natalie on WhatsApp. If sending food would not help show his sincerity, what could he send? Flowers? She had already said there was no space in the office.

Frank came up with an idea. "Aren't your number being blocked? Then send apologies through SMS and WhatsApp messages through another number. If you send 1314 texts, I'm sure she will respond."

Listening to the number, Jim calculated it in his mind. 1314 texts, 30 days a month, 365 days a year. That meant 3 and a half years!

How was this reasonable? It was tough perseverance. Mr. Roberts really knew how to come up with bad ideas.

Trevon decisively rejected the suggestion without hesitation, his gaze sharp as he glanced at Frank. "Do you think I'm stupid?"

Frank knew it would end up like this and did not continue. "Well, you keep trying, and I will keep your wedding gifts until you succeed. Just don't let them go to waste."

After finishing his meal, Trevon took a tissue, wiped his mouth, and accurately threw it into the trash can with a beautiful arc. I'm looking forward to seeing the kind of woman who can capture your heart."

Frank kicked Jim next to him. "Done eating? I'm going to smoke"

As soon as Jim heard of smoking, he quickly took a couple of bites before saying. "Okay, I'll go out first and have someone clean up."

After Jim left, Trevon took the cigarette box from the corner of the table and took out a cigarette with his mouth. Then, he, handed the cigarette to Frank. However, he was rejected. "I have my own"

"Look at you, publicly proclaiming your preference for men wherever you go. Now you're picky about my cigarette."

Trevon exposed him.

Trevon and Frank both lazily leaned against the couch, spreading their legs. Trevon was a bit curious and asked, "What kind of woman do you really like?"

Frank blew out a smoke ring and snorted. "Trying to fly before learning to walk? Are you trying to be a matchmaker?" Trevon, rarely gossiping, wanted to clarify. "Lily at your club has liked you for several years. Don't you plan to accept her?" Frank casually smoked and replied, "My club recruits top performers, not keeps them. Without her, Lither Club would go bankrupt."

Trevon accepted Frank's way of doing things and silently made a decision.

He even began to suspect that Frank truly liked men. After all these years, it seemed that no woman had caught his eye.

[Chapter 140](#)

The relationship between Juana and Joy had become much closer because they knew that their children were in a hidden "boyfriend-girlfriend" relationship.

Juana was absent-minded while sitting in the living room at home taking care of Ruby. Lost in thought, she decided to call Joy. In the morning, she heard from the maid that Michael had passed away and that Joy's niece was injured and hospitalized. She thought Joy must be feeling uncomfortable with all these unfortunate events.

Joy had a carefree personality and would definitely not like to interact with those pretentious wealthy wives. She would not reveal her thoughts to them either.

Even if she did, they would only make fun of her. There were only a few people who would genuinely comfort and care for her, and not making fun of her was already good enough.

She picked up her phone and quickly made a call to Joy. The call was answered promptly. "Hello, Joy. How are you?"

Joy, who had just been comforted by her husband, heard the comforting words from Juana and burst into tears again. She sniffled softly. "It's so warm of you to call me. I'm fine, but I can't get over the fact

that my brother passed away at such a young age. And I don't know who is seeking revenge on my niece. Our family has been going through a lot."

Juana was not highly educated and did not know how to comfort others with profound words. She usually randomly

chatted with Sherri and could not come up with any profound theories. "I'll come to see you now. Just give me your address so that you won't be thinking randomly and come up with any bad thoughts."

When Joy heard that Juana wanted to come and see her, she was deeply touched. To have such a warm-hearted friend during her moments of sadness definitely touched her heart. She immediately said, "Bring Ruby with you. This child can melt anyone's heart. It's been a few days since I've seen her, and I miss her a little.

"Alright, I'll bring her along." Juana thought that Joy was also alone at home, so she was afraid that she might become depressed. She did not hesitate and immediately packed Ruby's backpack. "Ruby, Grandma wants to take you out to play. Let's go meet Grandma Joy, okay?"

The little one started picking up toys and stuffing them into her small backpack. Seeing this, Juana smiled and asked, "Do you want to bring this too?" It was a small bunny doll.

The little one nodded. "Yes."

"Alright, then let's bring the little bunny with us. Let's go! The butler will arrange a driver." After saying that, Juana held Ruby's hand and walked towards the door.

After about an hour, they arrived at the shared location provided by Joy. Juana held Ruby in her arms, and the driver, who was sensible enough, got off and opened the door. "Madam, I'll wait here.

"Okay." Juana stood at the entrance of the residential area with Ruby in her arms. The location given by Joy was a villa area called Tranquil Lux. The standalone villas were imposing, clearly belonging to wealthy people.

Juana knew that the Blackwell family was involved in real estate, but seeing this villa area with her own eyes still made her marvel. Joy did not have the attitude of those wealthy wives she had encountered before. That was also why they got along well.

As soon as she walked through the entrance, a security guard came to greet her, with both hands placed in front. "Excuse me, are you Mrs. Landor?"

Juana nodded.

The security guard said respectfully, "Mrs. Landor, please come in. Mrs. Blackwell has already made arrangements for you to drive in directly."

Juana asked, "How many more minutes do I need to walk?"

The security guard said with a smile, "Another 5 to 6 minutes will do."

After thinking for a moment, Juana said to the driver. "You drive in I'll take Ruby for a stroll. She also wanted to get familiar with the place, so that next time she could drive in directly.

Besides, what if her daughter and Hackett truly became a married couple? With that thought in mind, Juana started walking with Ruby in her arms. The driver was taken by another security guard to the villa of the Blackwell family, while Juana was led towards the villa

“Birds of a feather flock together.” This was how the security guard felt about Juana’s attitude. Mrs. Blackwell was humble and easy-going, and it turned out that the Landor family was also a big family that was easy to get along with. They were really different from some other wealthy wives, which made it hard for people to see them as wealthy. Indeed, the wealthier the person, the more low-key they tended to be

In no time, they arrived at the villa where Joy was. Juana thanked the security guard and then pressed the doorbell with Ruby in her arms.

When the door opened, Joy’s swollen red eyes confirmed Juana’s guess. “I knew you were crying at home. Come, let Ruby

cheer you up.

As expected. Joy saw Ruby and could not help but smile. “Come in quickly. I hope I did not scare Ruby.”

Juana lowered her head to change her shoes and said, “What do you think? Your eyes were all swollen like cherries.”

After putting on her shoes and raising her head, she saw a middle-aged man sitting on the couch in a black suit, reading a magazine. Looking closely, his facial features and contours were quite similar to Hackett’s. It seemed that he was quite handsome when he was young. No wonder he could have such a handsome son as Hackett. Juana felt a bit embarrassed now. Why didn’t she ask if Joy was alone at home before coming?

Nathan noticed the awkward atmosphere and nodded slightly to greet her. “Hello, Mrs. Landor.”

Juana, feeling embarrassed, hurriedly greeted back. “Hello.”

Afraid that Juana would feel embarrassed, Joy turned to her husband and said, “If you have nothing else to do, go to the company. I have Mrs. Landor to keep me company.”

Her words were clearly a way to dismiss him. Nathan would not fail to notice it. He got up, closed the magazine, and put it on the couch.

Nathan felt that he was a little redundant. With the two women chatting, he could not sit still any longer. “Well, then I’ll go to the company.”

Suddenly, Ruby shouted, “Goodbye, Grandpa.”

Joy was instantly delighted by her cuteness. “You have such sharp eyes, and you really have a way with words, young lady. I wonder who you took after. No adult would not like this child.”

Nathan walked up to Ruby and squatted down. He did not say that he was not her grandfather. Instead, he replied kindly, “Hello, young lady.”

When he saw Ruby's facial features clearly, a complex and intriguing emotion flashed in Nathan's eyes. His eyebrows, which were originally relaxed, slightly furrowed, but he gently rubbed Ruby's hair.

Nathan stood up, nodded slightly to Juana again, and then walked out of the villa with brisk steps. As soon as he got into the driver's seat, he called his son. "Are you at the company?"

Hackett honestly replied, "Yes, I am. Didn't I tell you not to come? You should stay home with Mom. Aren't you afraid she might kill herself with her fragile mind?"

Nathan said, "Your mom is not that fragile. Stay at the company. I have something to ask you. Your mom has a friend. keeping her company at home."

Hackett, curious about his mother's picky nature when it came to friends, wondered when she made friends he did not know about. "Who?"

Nathan said directly, "You don't know her."

Well, it was his mother's freedom to make friends. If she could enter the Blackwell family's villa, then his father should also be aware of it, otherwise, he would not have let the friend into the house that easily. Thinking of this, Hackett did not ask any further.

Half an hour later, Nathan walked into Hackett's office at a fast pace. He had just sat down on the couch when he went straight to the point and asked, "It is about your past girlfriend. Is there any possibility that she gave birth to your child?"

Hackett was dumbfounded by the sudden question. What was going on recently? Why were both his parents asking him about this? "Dad, I haven't really had a girlfriend. Those were just targets to resist Mom's arranged dates."

Nathan, not avoiding a direct conversation with his son as a man, asked, "Have you had any chance that you slept with a girl without having protection?"

This question triggered memories in Hackett's mind. He thought for a moment and realized that during that time with Sherri, he was too excited and might not have used protection. But that woman must have taken the pill.

Nathan noticed the change in his son's emotions and had already formed some guesses in his mind. He decided right away. "Think of a way to do a paternity test on the child Mrs. Landor brought along. You don't need to stay at the company anymore. Take care of this matter first. Now hurry home."

It wasn't that Nathan had become overly suspicious, but the child's facial features were almost the same as Hackett's when he was young. It was hard not to have doubts.

Hackett could no longer remain calm. "Who are you talking about? Whose child is it?"

Nathan said with dissatisfaction, "Don't you know who you slept with? Aren't you clear about it in your heart?"

Hackett was shocked, his expression changing unpredictably. Considering Edward had not married yet, if the child was from the Landor family, could it be Sherri's? Since if the child was Edward's, his father would not have asked him to do a paternity test simply by looking at the child.

His mind was filled with countless thoughts, and it felt like his heart was stuck in his throat. "Is that child in our home?"

Nathan did not stop him but reminded him. "Yeah, don't approach this openly. It's not 100% certain that it's yours."

"Go. Task Frank to help me find out whose child it is. If it was Sherri's child, did it mean there was no need to do the best amputation?". It was possible that she could not stand the loneliness overseas.

Hackett desperately looked for an excuse to absolve himself, conflicted in his inner thoughts.