

## The Tide 171

### [Chapter 171](#)

Natalie kept staring at Trevon, waiting for his answer.

The desire, panic, and fear in her eyes hurt Trevon's heart. He didn't know if it was an illusion, but he felt his grandfather was right. This woman seemed to be holding it in until she was abnormal. He said softly, "Our son is at the Wilson's residence. Grandpa and the others will take care of him. Don't worry. Grandpa cherishes him more than anyone else." Of course, he was talking about Jasper.

He didn't need to return to the Wilson's residence to know that his grandfather and the rest treated their son like a treasure. In addition, he had suffered a shock today, so they definitely would dote on him to the extreme.

The woman's eyes lit up a little, but they quickly dimmed. She said softly. "Oh, thank you. You can leave."

In Trevon's eyes, this seemed to be kicking down the ladder. He had just made a call. But she was already chasing him out.

However, it seemed that her rationality was still intact. She had not forgotten that they were divorced. At least she could still chase him away. I'm not leaving. I'll sleep on the sofa at night."

As soon as he said that he wanted to stay, she quickly objected. "No. I'm fine. You can leave."

Trevon had a look on his face that said, "Do you think I believe you? Do you look fine like this? You've lost your soul, and your intelligence is not online"

He stood his ground. I'm not leaving. You can't kick me out unless you beat me." This was a brilliant way to get beaten up.

Natalie did not expect him to say that. How could she be in the mood to fight now? Besides, she could not win, so she did not want to talk anymore. "Up to you."

After saying that, she entered the room and lay on the bed without a shower. She buried herself under the blanket without moving

Trevon stared at the person on the bed for a few minutes and frowned. Did she call this fine? She did not shower or brush her teeth before she went to bed. Fortunately, he did not let her see Jenny. He walked toward Natalie and lifted the blanket. He quickly picked her up. The sudden rise in the air shocked her, and she instinctively grabbed the clothes on his chest.

"Trevon, put me down. What are you doing?" She struggled, and her voice was a little loud. After an afternoon, she finally had some energy and could scold people.

He said coldly. "I'll help you bathe"

She continued to struggle, trying to push him away with both hands. "I don't want to. I want to sleep. Put me down."

Trevon did not intend to compromise. He hoped that she would take a hot shower to sober up. "Do you want to do it yourself, or do you want me to help you?" His tone was irrefutable and domineering

This was the normal hum. After a few days of apologizing and giving in, she had almost forgotten his true nature.

When he didn't sound pleased, she felt uncomfortable. "I'll do it myself. I don't need you. Get out."

Seeing that she was willing to shower, he heaved a sigh of relief. He walked to the balcony and took out a cigarette. Holding it between his lips, he called Frank. "Have you found our?" He lit the cigarette with one hand and took his phone with the other. It was difficult to calm down the frustration in his chest.

On the other side. Frank was vexed. "Damn, that truck driver is dead."

His eyes sank to the bottom of the lake like ice water in winter. He gritted his teeth and said, "He died quite quickly. Your efficiency is not very good now."

"Fuck, please have some humanity. I did it myself this afternoon. If you think it's slow, you can do it yourself." After checking Mia's leg injury and the car accident now, Frank felt he could be a police officer.

"Why would I need you if I have the time? Hurry up."

Frank hung up angrily. He cursed in his heart, "I'm the one who suffers when you're fucking chasing after your wife. I must owe you."

The cigarette butt was so wet from his saliva that it was rotten. He took it down and stubbed it out with his thumb and forefinger. Then he walked into the room. He closed the balcony door and threw it into the trash can. Then he sat on the sofa and waited.

Half an hour later, the person inside still showed no signs of coming out, which worried him. He got up and walked to the bathroom door. He knocked and frowned as he shouted. "Natalie, are you done? Natalie.."

After knocking for a long time, there was still no response. He was very flustered and hesitated whether to go in. "Can you hear me? If you don't speak, I'll come in."

The next second, the door opened with a click. She came out. Her hair was wet and dripping. Crystal-clear water droplets dripped into her collarbone and chest, and some flowed down from her chin. He was unconsciously mesmerized by this scene. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he quickly avoided eye contact and walked into the bathroom.

When he came out, he had a towel and a hairdryer in his hand. He pulled her to the sofa and said, "Sit properly,"

Natalie was in a daze for a moment. She was about to reach for the towel when he stopped her. "I'll do it for you. Lie down and take a nap

Unexpectedly, she leaned against the sofa and narrowed her eyes. He gently tucked her hair behind the couch and wiped it with a towel. When it was not so wet, he inserted the power and adjusted the temperature to the mildest.

The room was instantly silent. No one spoke. The only sound was the whoosh of the hairdryer. Perhaps she was too tired or too comfortable, but she fell asleep.

When he put the hairdryer in place, he realized the woman had not gotten up. When he got closer, he realized that she had fallen asleep. However, her brows were tightly furrowed, and he could tell she was tense. He sighed and gently put an arm under her armpit to go around her back. He put one hand under the crook of her leg and picked her up effortlessly. Her weight was light, so light that he could lift her effortlessly. How could her waist be so thin that he could control it with

one hand?

After giving birth, this woman's figure didn't change. His thoughts drifted for a moment.

He went to the master bedroom and carefully placed her on the bed. Afraid he would alarm her if he moved too much, he pulled his arm out and carefully pushed the loose hair on her check to the sides. Then, he covered her with the blanket and tucked her in. The two of them were less than an inch apart. He looked away immediately.

He did not close the door and lay on the sofa in the living room. He was still very frustrated and wanted to smoke, but he was worried she would hate the smell of cigarettes. He remembered that the last time she saw him smoking in the hospital, she frowned.

He put out his cigarette after two puffs.

He decided to bear with it. He got up and went to the balcony to call Jam "Are they awake?" He was asking about Lena and Ethan in the hospital.

On the other end, Jim sounded a little tired. He told him truthfully, "The Foster family's maid has woken up and has been transferred to a normal ward. I got a nurse for her. The man is still unconscious. His head injury was a little serious because he was hit directly on the head." Jim admired this person's willpower. He supported his body to protect Jasper until the last moment. Ordinary people would not be able to do this.

Sure enough, the Turner family's bodyguards were different. It was going to be a little hard for Trevon.

Hearing this, he was much more relieved. "Alright, you can go back. There are two men of the Turner family to take care of him. You can go back." He wouldn't be able to wake up at night. It was useless to guard him like this.

After hanging up the phone, he continued to lie on the sofa with his eyes closed. He did not dare to sleep. If the two maids left, her mentality would collapse.

Fortunately, there was still one left. At this moment, he hoped the Turner family's bodyguard wouldn't die just like that.

While he was deep in thought, a woman's dreamy voice came from the master bedroom Jasper, Jasper...

Without any hesitation, he got up and strode toward the master bedroom. The woman's brows were knitted together, and the tears at the corners of her eyes slowly fell onto the pillow. It turned out that she was not as strong as she appeared. When no one was around, she would also appear weak and helpless. He thought that she was just a tough woman who was different from other girls, strong and decisive. Even Jim thought that this woman was super cool and capable.

However, who knew she was also a woman who could be hurt and sad. This made him regret it even more. Two years ago, he had hurt her. Would she hide and cry like now?

In reality, he was thinking too much.

The more he thought about it, the more his heart ached, and his throat felt sore. He slowly sat by the bed and reached out his slender fingers to smoothen her tightly furrowed brows. Over and over again, he was extremely patient, as if he was coaxing his baby daughter. He whispered into her ear, "Go to sleep. I'll be with you. The maid has already woken up. I'm here." In the future, he would protect her for everything. She just had to hide behind him.

He rubbed her eyebrows tirelessly. After a long time, the woman gradually relaxed and fell asleep again.

This time, he did not leave. Instead, he sat quietly by the bed and leaned against the back of the bed until dawn.

Companionship was probably the most genuine confession, and also the longest

At this moment, Trevon finally understood that when one loved someone, one would only accompany them without asking for anything in return. Even if the other party never responded, one would gladly endure it.

## [Chapter 172](#)

The next morning, it was as if the sky had cleared after a rain shower, but it also felt as if the tragedy had been covered up.

No matter what mood a person was in, the sun would still rise. Whatever had occurred had already occurred. The heavens would not stop time out of pity for that person. Time would still quietly slip through the fingers. It would never stop for that person for a minute or a second. All that person could do was accept it.

Natalie Foster was worried about something. The first thing she thought of when she woke up was to go to the hospital. She suddenly opened her eyes and got up. Just as she was about to lift the blanket and get out of bed on her right, she saw a man sitting on her right.

Who else could it be besides Trevon Wilson? Natalie didn't expect to fall asleep herself either. Initially, she thought that since Jasper wasn't at home, she could go to the hospital to accompany Lena after taking a shower and blow-drying her hair. When Lena woke up, she could still take care of Lena.

The man was still asleep. He wasn't sleeping on his back but sleeping in a sitting position with his back leaning against the bed head. His two arms were crossed in front of his chest and he appeared very solemn.

So this guy had slept the entire night in this sitting position? He was usually so shameless, but this time, surprisingly, he did not lie down

Natalie turned around and got off the bed from the left. She walked around to the right and picked up one side of the blanket to cover him gently. From the looks of it, this guy must have slept like that for the entire night. There was nothing covering him at all, and he did not seem to be worried about catching a cold.

Trevor's level of vigilance had always been high. This was a habit he had developed a long time ago. He had actually woken up the moment Natalie sat up. However, he was worried that it would be too awkward if his eyes met Natalie's gaze, so he pretended to sleep. To his surprise, this woman helped to cover him with a blanket. This was totally unexpected. Trevor was secretly delighted and continued to pretend to sleep.

After covering Trevor with the blanket, Natalie took out her cell phone and checked the time. It was already seven in the morning. She wondered how Lena and the others were doing and whether they were awake.

Just as she was about to put away her cell phone and go to the bathroom to wash up, she realized that she had received a message from an unfamiliar number. It was a multimedia message

Out of curiosity, Natalie paused and clicked on the message to take a look. When she saw the images, the shock was too great for her to accept

Natalie's vision became more and more blurred. Her eyes became vacant and tears the size of beans flowed out of her eyes. The pain in her heart condensed into a thick dark fog that could not be dispersed. In the end, it suffocated her until she could not say a word.

This message successfully crushed her pretense of being strong. She did not realize that Jasper's safety was exchanged with their lives, Guilt, indebtedness, self-blame... All kinds of emotions surged.

A heart-wrenching pain and helplessness crept into every cell in Natalie's body... In spite of herself, she cried hoarsely. Trevor thought that the woman would do something else next. After waiting for a while, the room became increasingly quieter. There was not even the sound of walking. He slowly opened his eyes and turned his head to look for Natalie. He saw her sitting quietly on the left side of the bed. She did not make a sound, but her shaking shoulders made him panic. He quickly got up and walked over.

As he stood looking down, searching for the reason that upset Natalie, he saw her eyes locked on the cell phone's screen. Her gaze was still on the cell phone's screen even though her vision was already blurred. Trevor lowered his gaze to look at the screen that was still lit. His eyes turned extremely icy, and the veins on his tightly clenched fists bulged up visibly.

In order to prevent Natalie from seeing these images, Trevor had asked Frank Roberts to remove all the news posts in advance. Yet there were still people who did not know what was good for them.

Trevon slowly squatted down, leaned close, and tried to pull the cell phone that Natalie was holding tightly away. His first attempt couldn't pull the cell phone loose, so he pried Natalie's hand open one finger at a time before finally taking the cell phone out and placing it on the bedside table. Then, he got

up and held the back of her head with his palm. He gently pressed her head into his arms and restrained all the hostility in his body as he said softly. "Just cry."

These two words successfully caused Natalie, who had been immersed in pain and suppressing her emotions, to burst into tears loudly. She cried at the top of her lungs as if she wanted to tear the sky apart. Every cry hit Trevon's heart heavily, and his chest was about to crack open from each successive hit.

He pursed his lips and his face was full of iciness. His palm gently stroked Natalie's head, trying to calm her down with this method

Only Natalie's hysterical crying could be heard in the entire suite. Trevon was like a stone statue as he kept repeating the same motion. He did not say anything and simply accompanied her quietly until she was done venting her emotions. It was better to let it out than hold it in. Perhaps she would feel much better after a bout of crying

About half an hour later, Natalie grew tired from the crying. Gradually, there were only soft sobs left. Trevon slowly

squatted down and looked at her red and swollen eyes. He took a tissue and helped her wipe her tears. "Are you feeling better? What happened has already happened. What we have to do is take care of things in the aftermath. We'll make proper arrangements for those who have departed. For those who survived, we'll compensate twice over in the future, okay?"

This was the first time Trevon had seen Natalie cry. It also verified his thoughts last night. She would hide and heal her injuries, showing only her strong side in front of everyone.

Natalie understood what Trevon meant. She also knew that the dead were gone. However, the images from the photos had been deeply embedded in her mind and she could not get rid of them no matter how she tried. There was also that image of Ethan White collapsing at the last moment while protecting Jasper. How much conviction did he have to hold on until the

end?

When he saw that she was still in a daze and did not look very energetic, Trevon said patiently, "Wash your face. Lena has already been transferred to a general ward. The Turner family's bodyguard is expected to regain consciousness in the next two days. Today, we'll help Jenny settle her funeral matters. Where do you want to settle her final resting place?"

These words snapped Natalie out of her daze. She said in a voice with a strong naval tone. "I want to place Jenny beside Grandpa. On the headstone... write "Forever in Daughter Natalie Foster's heart. This was because Jenny was worth it.

"Alright, I'll take care of it. Go wash up first. Jim Hawk will send breakfast over later. After eating, we'll go to the hospital." It never occurred to Trevon that Natalie would indicate herself as the daughter on the headstone. Grandpa was right. This woman was very kind. He had to admit that he was blind.

Natalie got up and went to the bathroom to wash up. Trevon walked to the sofa and sat down. He called Jim and told him to contact the funeral parlor and the funeral services company. He instructed

Jun on all the details that the latter needed to pay attention to. Trevon did not even give such detailed instructions on his company's matters. He was worried that he would make a mistake or leave something not done well.

Not long after that, Jim arrived. In fact, he had been waiting downstairs for a long time. However, Trevon did not call him on the phone, so he did not dare to intrude. After all, it was not easy for Trevon to walk into Natalie's home openly.

He hoped that after this matter, Trevon could reconcile with Natalie.

Jini pressed the doorbell and was greeted by a scene that surprised even himself. The man, who was always dressed meticulously, had a stubble on his chin and dark circles under his eyes. It was obvious that he had not slept enough and was exhausted. "Mr. Wilson, here are the breakfast and clothes. Everything at the funeral parlor has been taken care of. You can just rush to the funeral parlor with Mrs. Wilson directly. The cremation time is 9:30 am. They still had more than an hour so there was sufficient time.

"Mm-hm. Don't make any mistakes. Get Frank to check this number." Trevon sent the number he had memorized to Jim and closed the door, Jim stood there in astonishment when he was locked outside.

Forget it. Things were not easy for Trevon, so Jim didn't mind.

After washing up, Natalie came out. She did not put on any makeup. On her pure, bare face, her eyes were still swollen. She walked to the master bedroom and closed the door. Trevon turned around to look at the closed door and could not help feeling helpless. She did not forget to guard against him even when she was so sad. He had seen every part of her body and the image was still vivid in his mind.

He finally knew why he made a move on her back then. It turned out that he had long harbored designs on her. It was just that he realized everything too late and by then, she had already left.

Ten minutes later, Natalie came out wearing a black dress and sat down at the dining table right away. She picked up a hotdog and stuffed it into her mouth.

Trevon unhurriedly opened a small bowl of soup and placed it in front of her. "Have some soup to warm your stomach. Slow down. We still have time. The cremation time is 9:30 am. Eat first while I go change my clothes. I have to borrow your bathroom."

Natalie's hand that was holding the hotdog paused. Just a second later, she stuffed the hotdog into her mouth and said softly. "Thank you."

The man's face didn't show much emotion. He just felt heartache for her. He had never known how Natalie remained so strong. Now, he regretted that he did not accompany her when her grandfather passed away. He didn't know how she managed to pull through. Back then, she probably didn't feel any better than she did now. "I don't need your thanks. It's good enough as long as you don't push me away."

After a while, Natalie lowered her gaze and said dejectedly, "Trevon Wilson"

“Hmmm? What’s wrong?” Trevon was surprised that Natalie suddenly called his name so calmly. She rarely called him by his full name. He was a little flustered inwardly, but he remained calm on the surface.

“I forgive you.” She didn’t say they could get back together. She only forgave him. She forgave him for the wrongs he committed in the past.

Jenny’s passing, Lena’s injury, and Ethan White’s coma told her a piece of truth. That piece of truth was human life was very fragile. No one could tell if the sun would rise first tomorrow or an accident would occur first.

Perseverance was really useful. Grandpa was right. Only by being sincere could one get forgiveness in exchange. Natalie had

only said that she would forgive Trevon, but the excitement in his heart was no less than successfully closing the deal on a project worth 200 million dollars or even more.

As Trevon suppressed his excitement, he smiled warmly at Natalie. For a few seconds, four eyes locked above the dining table.

No difficulty was insurmountable if one was sincere

Trevon walked into the bathroom with a smile to change and wash up. It was unprecedented that he had stayed up all night without taking a shower.

### [Chapter 173](#)

The sun hung high in the sky, and the warm sunlight shone diagonally on the icy cold headstone. The light dispelled some of the sorrow so that the cemetery did not feel so bleak and desolate

Three people stood in front of the headstone, namely Natalie Foster, Trevon Wilson, and Jim Hawk. Not surprisingly, Jim stood behind the other two

Natalie squatted down and placed the flower wreath in front of the grave. Jim wanted to go forward and help, but he was stopped by Trevon’s sharp icy gaze. He indicated with his chin that Jim could leave

Upon getting dissed by Trevon, Jim left in an aggrieved manner.

When she finished saying some prayers, Natalie raised her eyes and wanted to thank Jenny. She realized that not only was her name on the headstone but there was also Trevon Wilson’s name. “Daughter Natalie Foster. Son-in-law Trevon Wilson” Natalie was stupefied.

When she tried to recall, she did not seem to have given such instructions. She only said to add “Daughter Natalie Foster” but did not mention any son-in-law. She was really surprised that Trevon would include his name on the headstone of her

nanny

Now that the words had already been engraved on it, she couldn’t make Trevon change the inscription again. After all, the deceased was already buried



The man didn't think much of it and placed a bouquet of flowers in front of the headstone as if he didn't mind at all. He said two words to the headstone in his heart, but his lips were pursed tightly. Thank you." He didn't engrave "Son-in-law Trevon Wilson because he was scheming to chain Natalie Foster to himself.

Rather, he was genuinely grateful that Jenny had sacrificed her life in exchange for his son's safety. Her sacrifice was worth him adding his own name to the headstone.

Without Jenny's sacrifice. Trevon's son would not be safe and sound. This woman here would also collapse. Naturally, Trevon himself wouldn't be any better. The consequences would have been unimaginable. He didn't dare to imagine it either. The gratitude in his heart was genuine.

There were not many people Trevon would thank in his life. Henry Blackwell was one, Frank Roberts was another, and now Jenny was also one

He placed another bouquet of flowers in front of Barron Foster's headstone and bowed deeply. His eyes were dark and

unfathomable.

Trevon's deep voice rang out from above Natalie's head. "I'll wait for you over there. He was referring to the intersection leading out of the cemetery. He figured that Natalie probably had something to say to Jenny.

Trevon had arranged for Jenny's final resting place to be located next to the resting place of Natalie's grandfather. This was what Natalie wanted.

As soon as he left, Natalie started talking aimlessly. "Grandpa, let me tell you something. I acknowledged Jenny as my godmother today. You won't mind, right? Jenny has been with the family for most of her life. She helped raise me and also helped you raise your great-grandson for a few years. She even sacrificed herself for Jasper at the last moment."

She wiped her tears and said in a petulant tone, but her eyes were still sparkling with moisture. "You can't be so petty. I can't listen to you this time. You have to agree even if you don't want to. Anyway, I've already acknowledged this godmother. Also, I want to acknowledge Lena as my godmother too."

The more she spoke, the more tears flowed down her face and dripped onto the ground. She sniffled and said, "Lena, thank you. I will avenge you. I, Natalie Foster, swear that I will avenge you even if I have to forsake this doctor's outfit." Her family's safety was the line no one could cross.

Grandpa had always told Natalie to be kind, but everyone had their limits. If nobody crossed her, she would not cross them. either. If someone crossed her, she would definitely return the favor. This time, she couldn't be soft-hearted. She could roughly guess who was responsible for this incident, but she needed sufficient evidence.

In Athana, other than Harry Foster's family, generally no one else held a grudge against Natalie. She couldn't think of anyone else who could hate her to the core. Could it be Mia Sullivan It probably wasn't.

If it was Trevon Wilson's enemy, the possibility could be quickly rejected. This was because other than her family and a few of Trevon's friends, not that many people knew that Natalie and Trevon were married. Moreover, they were already divorced. Why did they have to harm her son?

Furthermore, those who knew that Jasper was Trevon Wilson's biological son were all trustworthy people. They would not spread it around.

Trevon's slender figure stood at the intersection and it made him seem very out of place. The cell phone in his pocket vibrated. He took it out and saw that the call was from that damned fool Hackett Blackwell. Trevon answered in an unfriendly tone, "Speak."

Hackett's bumbling overeagerness led him to make this call out of kindness to send his condolences. When he heard

10.01F

Trevon's voice, he asked, "Where are you? When is the funeral service of Mrs. Wilson's nanny? What time should we come

Over?"

Trevon thought to himself that it would already be too late by the time he arrived. "The burial is over. Go to the hospital. If you have nothing to do, go and help Frank"

Trevon didn't have time so he handed everything to Frank to investigate. That guy was probably cutting Trevon to death behind Trevon's back

"Buried already? That was last. Sherri was saying that she wanted to visit Jenny. Where is she buried? Sherri Landor had tasked him with this matter so he had to ask for details. Otherwise, he would get scolded by her non-stop. This woman's temper was really not good.

Hackett felt that he was a little lacking in self-respect but he wanted badly to win Sherri's heart.

"Your grandfather's grave?" Without giving Hackett a chance to speak again, Trevon ended the call. This was because he saw Natalie walking toward him from the corner of his eye.

After putting away his cell phone, he glanced at Natalie's red and swollen eyes and said softly. "You're done?"

Natalie lowered her gaze and nodded. "Let's go to the hospital"

The two of them walked side by side down the steps. The place was very quiet. The sound of birds chirping and the rustling of leaves by the wind sounded especially crisp. After a moment of silence, Natalie could not resist asking. "Why did you have

your name inscribed on the headstone?" It felt as if the phrase "son-in-law" was engraved in her heart.

"It will have to be inscribed sooner or later." Inwardly, he wanted to say. "Your parents are my parents"

Natalie remained silent.

When he saw that she was silent. Trevon quietly walked down the stairs before adding. This is just a bit. Regardless of whether you accept me in the future. I'm attached to you for the rest of my life. I won't marry again, and you won't be able to marry either. You're the only one whose name can appear in the marriage registrar record of Trevon Wilson. I won't compel you now. You can do whatever you want. I only do what I have to do. You can respond to me when you think the time is ripe. I can wait."

He had already waited for two years. What was two more years?

The totally unexpected confession carried a hint of a threatening overtone. Trevon's words clearly meant one thing, and that was, he was prepared to stick it out with Natalie for the rest of his life.

Natalie raised her eyes in response and her eyes met his gaze that was full of sentimentality by chance. His gaze was blazing with passion and deep affection. Overwhelmed by that gaze, Natalie averted her eyes awkwardly and kept her eyes lowered as she went down the stairs. Both of them did not say anything else and walked side by side to the foot of the mountain in silence.

Jim was already waiting at the foot of the mountain. When he saw the two of them coming down side by side in an unusually harmonious manner, he found that he was not very used to it. "Mr. Wilson, where do you wish to go?"

Trevon's face was stony. It gave Natalie the misperception that the person who confessed on the steps earlier was not him.

Chameleon was really an appropriate moniker for him.

"To the hospital" Jim wanted to open the car door for Natalie but he was frightened off by Trevon's sharp and fierce gaze and backed away.

This was already the second time Trevon had dissed Jim this morning. It seemed that Jim had better let Trevon help Natalie himself in the future. Otherwise, he would be killed by Trevon's gaze.

Trevon extended his well-defined hand with slender fingers and opened the back seat door for Natalie. As soon as the two of them got into the car, Jim tactfully rolled up the privacy partition. He wanted to be invisible.

Jim had a strong desire to live. The important point was that he had to live until he was old enough to receive a pension.

When he thought of this, Jim felt a little depressed. This year, the retirement age had been delayed by another five years. Initially, he wanted to return home at the age of 60 to enjoy his golden years, but now he had to wait until he was 65 years old. What a miserable life.

Only Natalie and Trevon were left sitting on the back seat in the enclosed compartment. The atmosphere was a little weird. Natalie turned her head awkwardly to look at the scenery going past outside the window. It passed by in a flash, and she did not have the time to appreciate it.

After a moment of silence, Natalie said without turning her head as if she was muttering to herself, "Has Jasper been a good boy?" She missed her son.

The man's deep voice resounded in the sealed compartment. "Don't worry about that kid. He's having a lot of fun. He's the Almighty in the Wilson's residence now. Even Grandpa is afraid of breaking him when he carries him. Who will dare to antagonize him?"

When Natalie heard that, she concurred. She already knew that this would be the outcome when they were at the park that

day. However, as a mother, it was inevitable that she would inquire about her son after not seeing him for one whole night. Jasper was the type that warmed up slowly to people. He would be aloof when he met strangers, but once he let down his guard, he would play with the other party like good buddies.

In the past, when she was in Sapphire City, Natalie did not allow the child to go too wild when he played with her uncle and aunt. This was especially so for Ava, who had the temperament of a child.

"Thank you." After this incident, Natalie began to examine herself. Without her older cousin's help, her life might have been a complete mess.

Sometimes, when a person refused to face something, reality would always give him a tight slap to wake him up.

When he saw that Natalie had stopped talking and was thinking about something in a daze in low spirits, Trevon knew she still needed some time to come to terms with the matter. He comforted her, "Let our son stay in the Wilson's residence for a few days. We'll settle everything first."

In a rare instance of concurrence, Natalie nodded. Trevon was right. The other party's target was Jasper. Then was Natalie

next?

She could not allow Jasper to fall into any more danger. Otherwise, it would be equivalent to taking her life. She had to catch the mastermind.

The Wilson's residence was indeed very safe. Since Jasper was getting quite used to life in the Wilson's residence, Natalie could take some time out to deal with some people and matters.

She firmly believed that Jasper was not the only target this time but also her. If she used....

Trevon watched as the woman remained deep in thought with closed eyes. He thought that she was tired, so he did not say anything to disrupt her again. He did not know that she was hatching a dangerous plan.

#### [Chapter 174](#)

After settling Jenny's funeral, they went straight to Athana Hospital. Lena was already awake while Ethan White was still in a

coma

As soon as Natalie Foster got out of the car, she saw Sherri Landor standing at the entrance, looking around anxiously. Hackett Blackwell stood beside her with a solemn expression. His face did not show the usual cheeky smile.

Natalie alighted from Trevon Wilson's Maybach car in a black dress. When she saw this sight, Sherri did not find it strange. Instead, her impression of Trevon changed a lot.

Sherri had already applied for leave yesterday with the intention to keep her best friend company, but that fellow Hackett refused to leave her alone no matter what. He clung to her like a piece of sticky candy. It turned out that he was sacrificing himself for his good friend.

When she saw her best friend alight. Sherri quickly went forward and held her arm. She sized up Natalie's face and saw that she looked much more haggard. "Why didn't you tell me when Jenny was going to be buried?"

Natalie honestly hadn't thought of this. After finding out that her son had met with a mishap, her mind was a mess. Coupled with the images this morning, she was already on the verge of breaking down. "I'm sorry. My mind hasn't been working well these past few days. I'm already clear-headed now" She knew what to do now.

Sherri knew that her best friend was upset, so she let it go. How could Natalie still take into consideration so many things when she encountered such a major incident? Sherri was already grateful that Natalie did not break down. "It's fine. I don't mind. It's good that you're fine."

Sherri decided to pay her respects to Jenny the next day. Back in Sapphire City, Jenny also did her best to help take care of Ruby.

Sherri's heart was filled with gratitude, and at this moment, she didn't feel good either. When she heard Hackett tell her the whole story, she still felt a lingering fear. Fortunately, Jasper was safe and sound. Otherwise, her best friend would have gone crazy. However, Jenny's passing might leave an emotional knot in Natalie's heart. "Where's Jasper? Do you want to bring him to my house and let my mother take care of him for a while?"

Natalie didn't hide anything. "He's at the Wilson's residence."

Sherri thought that was a good arrangement. The Wilson's residence was more suitable for Jasper. There was no place safer than the Wilson's residence and there was Grandpa Wilson protecting the little one.

Trevon and Hackett followed closely behind the two women as they walked side by side. The men watched them as they whispered to each other.

Hackett spoke up. "Frank said that he hasn't found out who was the mastermind. The truck driver was diagnosed with severe depression before the accident

The anger in Trevor's heart surged. He pressed his tongue against his molars and said icily, "How about that cell phone number"

"It's from overseas Hackett wished vehemently that Mia Sullivan was not responsible for this, but the country the phone number had been tracked to was Haililand. This made him very vexed.

There was hostility in Trevor's voice. "Mia Sullivan?"

Hackett suppressed his anger and his expression was not pleasant either. I'm not sure. The location is indeed at that place"

Trevon's eyes were fixed on Hackett. The implication was obvious. Hackett felt a chill down his spine. He sighed. "If it's her, I won't ask you to give her a chance again. It's up to you."

If Mia insisted on dicing with Death, Death would eventually embrace her. What could Hackett do? He couldn't possibly bribe Death, could he?

After receiving Hackett's reply, Trevon strode toward the ward and ignored the fellow behind him who kept running his fingers through his hair madly with a dejected expression.

Hackett followed right behind. He was very vexed and cursed Mia a hundred times for causing him trouble even before he had confirmed that Mia was responsible.

Yesterday's traffic accident was so sudden that Frank didn't have time to tell Hackett who was the mastermind responsible for Mia's leg injury. He was already as busy as a beaver.

Natalie and Sherri walked into the general ward. Trevon did not follow them in as he was worried that Lena would feel uncomfortable. If the two women wanted to talk, he would be a fifth wheel if he followed them in. He leaned against the door frame, took out a cigarette, and gripped it between his lips. He wanted to light it but gave up again. Then he stuffed the intact cigarette back.

Natalie pulled a stool and sat beside the bed. Lena slowly opened her eyes when she saw someone enter. The corners of her lips twitched as she tried her best to maintain a smile.

When she saw how pale and drained of color Lena was, a sense of guilt rose involuntarily in Natalie's heart. In such a short

period of time, she changed from an active and lively person to one lying on the bed. Another had already gone to heaven

while the other was unconscious

Lena's lips were a little dry. Natalie restrained all her emotions and asked gently. "Lena, do you want some water?"

Sherri sat by the bed and smoothed the blanket for Lena. She felt an indescribably awful feeling in her heart.

Lena shook her head. Her voice was discernably weak. "Mr. Jasper injured?"

Lena herself was hospitalized, yet the first thing she said when she woke up was to inquire about Jasper's well-being. How could Natalie still hold back her emotions? Her eyes became slightly red-rimmed and her vision became blurred. She gulped a few times with her tensed-up throat and sniffled twice. "Jasper is very safe. You guys protected him so well. How could he be injured?"

Upon hearing this, Lena's lips curled up and she smiled with relief. "That's good. How's Jenny?" Lena remembered that Jenny was protecting them at the outermost ring. Her injuries should be more serious than hers.

Sherri was someone who got sentimental easily and she could not suppress her emotions. She had already turned around and was sobbing. The more she sobbed, the more she could not hold it in. In the end, she decided to leave in case her actions aroused Lena's suspicions. It was better to tell Lena after she had recovered

When Hackett saw that his make-believe girlfriend was weeping, the frustration he had just soothed over surged up again. He asked patiently. "Lena can't make it, is it?"

Sherri suddenly raised her voice "You're the one who can't make it. I'm just very moved" She was really moved

Why couldn't good people be rewarded: How come bad people could live such long lives? Didn't they say that the good would be rewarded, and the evil would be punished-

When Hackett saw how Sherri cried until her makeup ran, he reached into his pocket to search for a tissue. After fumbling for a long time, he couldn't find a single piece of tissue. He stretched out an arm in front of Sherri and asked, "Do you need my shirt to wipe your tears? It's new"

The next second. Sherri wiped her tears and snot on Hackett's brand-new shirt without hesitation. After wiping, she even said. "Remember to bring tissue next time Your shirt is too stiff"

Hackett had no choice since this was his make-believe girlfriend that he got for himself. "Alright. I'll buy in bulk next time and carry them with me."

Trevon could not bear to look at the two of them, nor was he in the mood to ask when they got together. Right now, his mind was filled with the woman inside. As they said, out of sight, out of mind. When he found the flirting by those two a bit of an eyesore, he simply walked further away.

There were only Natalie and Lena left in the ward. Natalie calmed herself down and told a lie. "Lena, don't worry Jenny is fine She's doing quite well. You have to follow the doctor's instructions and recover as soon as possible. Jasper is still clamoring for you."

"Sigh Okay How long have I been lying here I kind of miss Mr. Jasper

Jasper misses you too. Lena. I want to tell you something. See if you are agreeable. Jenny has already given her approval"

Lena was a little doubtful "Miss Natalie, please tell me."

Natalie smiled brightly like a blooming flower. "I want to acknowledge you as my godmother Jenny has already given her consent. You won't object, will you?"

Lena was dumbstruck. This was Miss Natalie. Lena and Jenny were only hired to be her nannies. How could she let the child from her employer's family address her as godmother? How could Lena allow this?

Lena shook her head slightly, indicating that she would not and could not allow it.

Natalie already expected this response. She then explained. "I knew you would object, so I want to acknowledge both you and Jenny as my godmothers Is that okay?"

She ignored Lena's objection and said tirelessly, "I lost my mother at the age of ten. It was you and Jenny who helped raise me. Now, you're the ones who helped raise Jasper. You are worthy of being my godmother. I'll take care of you in your old age until the end. And I'm still counting on you to help me raise Jasper"

The tears at the corner of Lena's eyes were like precious pearls that had broken off a necklace that kept falling off heedlessly. "Miss Natalie" What did she do to deserve such a sensible daughter'

Natalie rebuked Lena and corrected the way she addressed Natalie. "Godmother, that's wrong. Call me Natalie from now on. You can't call me Miss Natalie anymore You can't use Mr. Jasper either. You have to call him Jasper."

"Ah, all right"

Natalie took out a tissue and helped Lena wipe the tears from the corners of her eyes. Her own vision was blurred but the corners of her mouth curled into a beautiful smile.

Lena had just undergone surgery and should not tire herself out, so Natalie didn't talk to her much and left soon. The first

thing she did once outside was to cancel her leave.

She walked straight to her superior's office. She had only taken a few steps when she was pulled back by a hand from a corner. Not surprisingly, it was Trevon. He asked suspiciously, "Where are you going?"

Natalie seemed to have made a decision. "I'm canceling my leave," she said firmly.

Trevon had just helped Natalie apply for half a month's leave, yet she was going to cancel it. She was not in a state to go back to work yet. "I applied for half a month's leave for you."

Natalie said. "I know. That's why I'm canceling my leave."

Trevon's tone softened and he compromised as he said, "Rest for another week."

"No." Natalie could only lure the snake out of its hole by going to work normally. If she hid at home, the troublemaker would not show its face.

As he looked at her resolute attitude, Trevon frowned and became suspicious. He panicked and asked, "What do you intend to do?"

"Catch the snake."

The next second, Trevon's expression turned frosty as he objected. "Are you crazy? I said I'll take care of the matter."

Natalie took a deep breath and voiced out her thoughts. "Trevon, their target is not only Jasper but also me. Jasper is very safe in the Wilson's residence now and nothing will happen to him. I'm not worried

about that. But if I hide too, the snake won't come out of the hole. I don't want to live in fear, and I don't want to gamble on which will arrive first, tomorrow or an accident."



She wanted to live safe and well. And she wanted everyone who loved her and those she loved to be healthy and happy, be it Lena or Ethan.

The other party's intentions were obvious. He wanted their lives. Therefore, if Natalie still hid, she wouldn't be Natalie Foster.

Trevon knew that once Natalie had made a decision, she would not change her mind. She was very stubborn. Two years ago, he already realized that. When she decided to get a divorce, she did not stay overnight and left just like that.

Helplessly, Trevon consented with a stony expression. "I'll send someone to protect you in secret. Natalie did not object to this and did not force herself to act tough. She still had Jasper to think of and could not let anything happen to herself.

### [Chapter 175](#)

After canceling her leave, Natalie Foster went to take a look at Ethan White again, but he had not regained consciousness

yel

She then went to the office to check with the attending doctor. After finding out that Ethan should regain consciousness in the next few days, she felt much more relieved.

It was good as long as all of them could survive.

Just as Natalie was thinking about this, her cell phone rang. She picked it up and saw that it was a call from Joseph Turner. She answered the call, feeling somewhat guilty. "Joseph"

On the other end of the line. Joseph's voice was as gentle as ever. "How are you and Jasper lately? Your aunt keeps nagging me every day to make a call, saying that you only tell us good news and never let us know when something bad happens"

Natalie's heart skipped a beat. Could it be that her older cousin knew? However, she didn't detect any hint of anger in his

tone.

Natalie analyzed in her mind every word Joseph said. From the looks of it, he did not seem to know about this matter. She braced herself and continued to lie. I'm doing quite good, Joseph. When are you coming over with Uncle and the rest?"

Joseph chuckled softly "For the past few days, Ava has been clamoring to go over earlier. We're all getting a headache from her nagging, so we'll be coming next week. There's no rule in Athana stating that we can't go and pay our respects to our ancestors earlier, is there?"

Natalie quickly said, "No, no. Joseph. You guys can come whenever you want. All of you decide on a day to come and tell me so that I can take leave in advance. I have promised Ava that I will take leave to keep her company when she comes here" Joseph's words successfully dispelled Natalie's doubts. After

all, Ava had indeed sent her a message last week saying that she wanted to come to Athana ahead of schedule.

In Azureland, in the CEO's office somewhere in Sapphire City, after the man ended the phone call, he took off his glasses and massaged the spot between his eyebrows to lessen his headache. He seemed a little helpless. Pat Black, who was standing beside him, spoke up. "Sir, do we need to send another group of people to protect Miss Natalie?"

The bodyguards under Ethan had indeed promised Natalie not to tell Joseph, but they were still the Turner family's bodyguards after all. They knew the consequences of not reporting what they knew. After much reconsideration, they still called Pat Black to report what had happened.

Joseph's eyes were deep, dark, and unfathomable. He closed his eyes and sighed before replying. There's no need. Since

someone has cleaned up the mess for free, there's no need to tell the chairman and the rest about this"

Pat stood respectfully with his hands crossed in front of him. He was hesitating whether to plead for mercy. "Mr. Turner,

about Ethan

"He made the biggest mistake of all. He was careless. You know what that means"

Pat lowered his head and gave up. He knew that the Turner family's rules could not be bent, but he still wanted to plead for

Ethan

After a moment, Joseph said in a low voice, "This is the first and the last time" He knew that the reason Natalie hid it from him was primarily because of Ethan. This girl was afraid of implicating others. If Joseph insisted on punishing Ethan, Natalie would probably feel very bad.

Pat did not expect Joseph, who had always been a man of his word, to relent. He quickly thanked him. "Thank you, Mr.

Turner."

Joseph closed his eyes and pretended to nap. The fact that Natalie could let that man get close to her again meant only one thing. As her older cousin, Joseph could protect her and ensure that she did not have to worry about food and clothing. However, he could not get involved in everything, for example, her feelings. He could not interfere too much.

However, if that man wanted to marry Natalie again, it would not be that easy. It wouldn't be that easy for anyone to marry a girl from the Turner family.

Sherri Landor and Hackett Blackwell came out of the washroom. Natalie was a little puzzled over why they came out of the same washroom when they were of different genders. However, she did not know the exact situation and it was also not the time to ask. "Ill go back first. Have a good day at work."

Actually, Sherri had only gone in to wash her face while Hackett had gone to the entrance to offer his sleeve.

Sherri looked at Natalie worriedly. "I applied for leave yesterday. Why don't I keep you company?"

Hackett received Trevon's gaze which was as sharp as a blade and quickly tugged at the dumb foolish woman beside him. "Do what you need to do. It's none of your business." He gestured with his chin in the direction of Trevon. Sherri was no fool. How could she not understand what Hackett meant? It was just that she did not fully trust Trevon. Wilson yet. She was afraid that he would hurt Natalie again and completely destroy her. Furthermore, Natalie was going through a period of sorrow now. It was very easy for Trevon to take advantage of Natalie's lapse in rational thought. Thus, Sherri

wanted to speak again

Natalie stopped her, however. "It's okay. I'm not as fragile as you think. I won't collapse. I still have to take care of Jasper. Don't worry."

Sherri felt more relieved when she heard that. That was right. Things were different now. She and Natalie were already parents. They couldn't only think about themselves. Their children still had to rely on them.

Natalie tried to put on a brave front and waved at Sherri behind her. As she looked at both Trevon and her best friend's back profiles moving off together, Sherri's conviction began to waver. She felt that it would be good if Trevon had really changed and treated Natalie well. At least, from their back profiles, they really looked like a mating couple.

Hackett, who was beside her, rudely interrupted Sherri's thoughts. "What are you thinking? You think they're a perfect match?"

Sherri asked in return, "Don't you think so?"

Hackett shrugged. "Aren't we a perfect match? Isn't your daughter prettier than his son? Aren't I more handsome than Trevon? Is there anything wrong with your eyesight?"

Sherri wanted to retort that there was indeed something goddam wrong with her eyesight and that was why she gave Hackett a call. If she had good eyesight, she would never have called him.

Dream on, Hackett.

He couldn't even tell if he was more handsome than Trevon. Sherri retorted sarcastically, "Mr. Blackwell, you're definitely the most handsome man in the world, aren't you?"

Hackett did not care if Sherri was being sarcastic or sincere. Anyway, people liked to hear compliments. He was still happy to be praised by Sherri. After the jesting, he said solemnly, "I can't pick you up from work in the afternoon. I have to help Trevon investigate the nuastermind."

Sherri took out her cell phone and checked the time. It was almost 11 o'clock. "I didn't ask you to pick me up."

Hackett burst into laughter. If they were to have a trial period and see who would be the first to fall in love, he really suspected that he would be the one to fall in love. This woman did not seem to like him at

all. Her face was filled with disdain. It was a defeat for him. To be fair, he, Hackett Blackwell, was also a handsome man who was loved by everyone, yet this lady Miss Landor did not fancy him.

It couldn't be helped since she was his make-believe girlfriend. "Fine. I'm the one who insists on fetching you, girlfriend" The last word was emphasized through gritted teeth.

The word "girlfriend" made Sherri blush a little for some reason. Her heart was pounding. She pretended to be calm and waved her hand to chase him away. "Alright, go quickly. Let me know when you find the mastermind." She was getting good at such exchanges

"Got it, ma'am."

Sherri's smile widened. She suddenly felt that it was quite good to hang out with this guy.

Falling unknowingly into the trap was the most fatal Could she be one of those?

As she walked out of the parking lot, Natalie did not follow Trevon to the garage Instead, she went to where her two-wheeler was parked. Trevon followed closely behind and asked, "Are you planning to ride back?"

"I can't leave it in the hospital" Natalie's grandfather had given it to her. Even if she didn't ride it, she still had to park it away properly.

Trevon walked quickly to face Natalie and glanced at her dress. He frowned. "I'll be the main rider. You ride pillion."

"Huh? Was he planning to ride with her?"

"Do you think your dress is appropriate?" When the wind blew, all of Natalie's inner beauty would be exposed to outsiders. Trevon would feel like a cuckold.

In reality, Natalie wanted to go to the suburbs to release her suppressed emotions to get back into the right state of mind. How could she release her emotions now that Trevon wanted to come with her?

She turned him down. "Why don't we take the car back? I'll ride it tomorrow." Since she couldn't release emotions, she might as well shelf it first. There was no hurry.

Trevon had already picked up the helmet, but there was only one. This helmet made him very uncomfortable, especially the signature on it. Although he was uncomfortable, safety was still paramount, so he put the helmet on Natalie's head and helped her tidy her loose hair. "My riding skills are not inferior to yours. You can give it a try"

Ignoring the woman's stunned expression, Trevon swung one leg over the motorcycle straightaway. As his long legs supported the motorcycle, he said to the woman behind him, "Give me the key. Get on

This was the reason Natalie didn't like to wear skirts. She still had to act all ladylike when she wanted to ride a motorcycle. And she couldn't make any big sweeping movements in case of accidental exposure. It was unrealistic to sit with her legs

astride the motorcycle in a skirt. Forget it. She should sit sideways just like Sherri did in the past and fold the skirt under her butt to hold it down. This way, when the wind blew her underskirt, glory wouldn't be exposed.

Previously, a roommate at the university said that she drove to school and hitched the back. Then, when she woke up in the morning and couldn't find her car, she called the police. In the end, when the police inspected the school campus, they discovered she didn't drive her car back the day before. At that time, Natalie and Sherry thought that the roommate was joking. Now that Natalie thought about it, such a thing could indeed happen when one wasn't thinking clearly.

For example, there was another roommate.

When she called, she asked where her phone

was. She was trying her best to make a phone call with the cell phone in her hand. As then, Natalie and Sherri were in the same situation. Natalie seemed to be in the same situation today. She forgave

herself for not being able to rule the motorcycle

with a dress.

After waiting for a long time, the woman still did not get on. Trevon turned his head and glanced at her. "Sit sideways and hug my waist."

When Natalie got on the seat, there was zero distance between her body and Trevon's. When she hugged his waist tightly with both arms, Trevon felt a sense of satisfaction he had never felt before. Instead of

buying a street, Trevon rode the motorcycle to a suburb. The motorcycle went increasingly faster. This was the speed Natalie wanted. All her worries dissipated with the wind at this moment. There was only the smell and

the environment of freedom.

As the motorcycle traveled, she subconsciously tightened and

sat at the back; the tears in her eyes drifted away with the wind, and her

waist of the main rider

changed in her emotions and suddenly understood why she liked to ride a motorcycle. He did not slow down this speed as he rushed to the top of the mountains.

In reality, this place was where Frank Roberts did his racing. Trevon had competed with Frank here a few times before. Ever

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After a while the motorcycle came to a form wop at the top of the mountain Natalie jumped off and tidied her mevy

lothes. She then took off her bellones and tubed her hair

She caned her head and realized that she was at the top of a mountain. All she could see were trees, and she wi

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Trevon knew that the smoker.

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Trevon still remembered that Hackett had taken a photo of Natalie putting away and uploaded it to the chat group. Trevon had saved that shot in his cloud storage

Natalie placed the helmet on the stone table in the pavilion and also leaned against the railing. Her actions mirrored Trevon's, but she was looking at the scenery of densely packed buildings whereas Trevon was looking at Natalie

Was this a case of when one was looking at the scenery from the pavilion, another person looking at the scenery was looking

at the former!

As she surveyed more than half of Athana, Natalie realized that she was very insignificant, pist like a speck of dust. After her grandfather departed, no one lit the lights at home and waited for her to go home anymore. Now, there was one, but Natalie had lost her again. The suffocating feeling in Natalie's chest surged again

After a while she said. "Ever since I got pregnant with Jasper. I've stopped smoking. Actually, I don't have much of a smoking addiction. At most. Ill smoke one when I'm frustrated 1 hascally don't smoke anymore I'm also used to it now"

This was the first time Natalie had told Trevon about herself. It was a dull narrative, but it made Trevon's heart ache.

He stuffed the cigarette into the cigarette pack and said calmly. "Since you don't smoke. I'll quit too."

She turned her head in surprise “Huh”

Pretending to be serious. Trevon said, “hit it written on the pack that smoking is bad for your health?”

Natalie burst out laugh

This reason little too contrived.

### [Chapter 176](#)

Standing at the top of the mountain indeed made Natalie Foster’s thoughts much clearer. The pain in her heart had also diminished a lot. She released her emotions to nature.

As she listened to the melodious bird chirping and the sounds of nature in the environment, these musical notes calmed her heart. Every beat was like the rhythmic ticking of a metronome.

Natalie could temporarily forget all her worries, but it was also only temporary.

Trevon Wilson was an eyesore, however. He maintained his languid posture and leaned against the pillar, but his gaze was fixed on Natalie. He opened his mouth and said, ‘Let’s chat’

It was rare that there were only the two of them. He was greedy and wanted to get closer to her.

Natalie turned around with a slightly puzzled look. She did not know what he wanted to talk about. “Hmm? What do you want to chat about?”

Trevon quietly moved closer to her and leaned against the railing just one to two inches away from her. “Why did you choose to study medicine?” Actually, he wanted to ask why Natalie chose to major in neurosurgery. He remembered that he had asked this question two years ago, but she had no intention of answering, so he did not persist in probing.

She liked to ride motorcycles and liked excitement. She didn’t look like someone who would like the profession of a doctor. After a moment of silence, a rare scornful smile appeared on Natalie’s lips. It was very dazzling. “You want to understand.

mc

Trevon didn’t deny it. From her dazzling smile, he felt that the reason probably wasn’t noble, but he still wanted to understand. “Yes.”

After saying that, Trevon did not get Natalie’s answer immediately.

Minutes and seconds ticked by. He thought she wouldn’t answer.

After half a minute, Natalie opened her mouth and said calmly, “When I was 10 years old, my mother jumped off a building and hit her head on the ground. She died on the spot. That image had been haunting me for more than 10 years. This was also the reason I smoked. I couldn’t tell my grandfather about my lingering nightmares. Every time I slept, I would wake up with a start at midnight. It was as if the bloody scene was in front of my bed. After 1 reached adulthood, I gradually developed the habit of smoking when I was frustrated. It was only when I was pregnant with Jasper that I quit smoking. At that time, I wondered whether I could have saved my mother if I were a neurosurgeon.”

There was no change in Natalie's expression as she spoke. It was as if she was talking about someone else's family, but every word hit Trevon's heart until his chest felt suffocated. He did not know that she majored in neurosurgery because of her mother's brain injury, nor did he know that she smoked because she would often recall that heartbreaking scene. He wanted to hug her.

Following that, Natalie asked, "What's wrong with Mr. Caleb's leg?" She remembered that there was something wrong with Caleb Wilson's leg, but they were in a contractual relationship at that time, so she did not probe too deeply. Now that the two of them were asking each other openly, she decided to ask out of curiosity,

"A traffic accident. When I was a teenager, he had just taken over the Wilson Group when he got into a traffic accident. At that time, the doctor had already determined that his lower limbs were paralyzed. It was my mother who refused to give up and accompanied him to Sapphire City for treatment. He has recovered now

After hearing this, Natalie had a trace of doubt in her heart. However, when she saw that even Trevon himself did not suspect anything, she thought she was probably thinking too much.

If there was really a problem, Trevon would not have simply said that it was a traffic accident. He would have found the mastermind long ago.

It was getting windy. The wind at the top of the mountain was stronger than the wind at the foot of the mountain. When Trevon saw that Natalie was only wearing a thin dress, he sensibly took off his suit jacket and put it on her. "Put it on. The wind is a little strong."

It was indeed quite cold. Natalie did not refuse his gesture and simply put it on. Trevon was more than 6 feet 2 inches tall, and the jacket looked particularly loose on her. She looked as if she was acting in some circus act.

At the same time, when she wore his jacket, a strange feeling surged in Trevon's heart. "Are you cold? If you are, let's go back."

"Let's go back. Let's go to the hospital first." She wanted to bring dinner to her godmother.

Trevon came to a conclusion. As long as he paid attention, he could guess what the woman was thinking. He roughly knew what she was going to do. "Jim Hawk is standing guard over there. You don't have to bring her dinner. Don't you have to work tomorrow? Have a good rest tonight."

When they returned to Evergreen Gardens, Trevon followed Natalie into the room. She did not stop him as if she had tacitly consented.

It felt like déjà vu, just like husband and wife returning home together.

As he walked into the room. Trevon spoke up first, "Jim will be here to deliver food later. What do you want to eat?"

Natalie felt a little sorry for Jim. He had worked quite hard after that sudden incident. He had to run all over the place and now he had to deliver food.



“Anything is fine. I’ll take a shower. You...”

When he saw that his clothes were a little dirty after returning from the cemetery and going to the top of the mountain, Trevon thought he needed to change. Till go home and take a shower first. Give me the door key.”

After Natalie gave him the key, she went into the room to take a shower. She did not turn on the hot water. Instead, she turned on the cold water. As the cold water hit her face, her thoughts became much clearer. She thought about how she should plot to locate the mastermind and how she could make the mastermind attack again.

The colder the water was, the clearer her thoughts became Soon, a plan was born.

Natalie picked up her cell phone and sent a message to Elena Foster After that, she simply waited for the result.

Although she did not save this number, the memory of this number was still fresh in her mind. After her mother left, Elena Foster wanted to start with Natalie to try and convince Natalie’s grandfather to accept Elena. She would call Natalie every few days. It was most likely because Natalie kept ignoring her that she did not hold on to any hope. After that, Elena did not. call Natalie again. Without realizing it, Natalie had memorized this number.

About ten minutes later, Trevon opened the door and came in Natalie came out wearing a conservative pajamas and her hair was still dripping wet.

Trevon stood at the entrance to change his shoes and could not help chiding her. “Why didn’t you blow-dry your hair?”

Natalie had prepared these slippers for her older cousin. It was just right for Trevon to wear them now.

“I just finished showering Then she asked, “Are you going on a business trip soon?”

Trevon raised his eyes and met Natalie’s gaze. He seemed to understand immediately and shook his head. “Go blow-dry your hair first and then eat. Jim has already delivered the food to the hospital and also hired a caregiver.”

Natalie’s heart ached for Jim again. This meal was sent by Jim, which meant that he had to go to the hospital after sending the food here. It was really hard on Jun, the lowly fim.

It was not easy working for others.

While feeling heartache for Jim, Natalie went into the bathroom to blow-dry her hair. When her hair was half dry, she came. out and sat at the dining table. She gathered the cutlery and got ready to eat. She could only fight monsters after she was full. No matter how unhappy she was, she had to eat first.

Trevon laid out the dishes and ladled a bowl of soup for Natalie. Then, he went straight to the bathroom. After a while, he came back with a hairdryer in his hand and pulled her to the sofa. “Eat after drying your hair. If you don’t dry your hair, you’ll have a headache the next day.”

These words inevitably made Natalie a little baffled. Since when did he even understand such common sense? “Have you been reading any books recently?”

Trevon rubbed his nose with a guilty look and his eyes were a little evasive. "Am I that free?"

Natalie thought, "Are you sure? Why do I get the misperception that your EQ is unbelievably good?"

Would a divorce turn a chauvinistic and condescending man into a warm-hearted man? Over the past few days, Natalie had been bombarded by Trevon's gentleness and she had almost fallen into the love trap. Their relationship now was a little complicated. They didn't look like a couple, yet they were a couple.

Natalie wanted to blow-dry her hair herself, but Trevon seemed to be addicted to helping her blow-dry her hair. He insisted on helping her. In the end, Trevon was the one who blow-dried her hair.

After the two of them had dinner, it was Trevon who cleaned up. Natalie sat on the sofa and watched him busy himself in the kitchen. She was in a daze. It never occurred to her that the day would come when this arrogant and conceited man actually did housework and he was even helping her with the housework.

It would be quite nice if he carried on like this.

Actually, the marriage Natalie wanted was very simple. Mutual love with no extramarital affairs. There could be conflicts but they should not carry over to the next day. She didn't like to guess. Everyone had different thoughts, and it was very difficult to guess the other party's true thoughts. For example, it was impossible to guess anything from Trevon's usual expression that showed no emotion.

The purpose of the message from the unfamiliar number in the morning was to make Natalie have a breakdown. She had indeed broken down at that point, and the person who sent the message had also achieved the effect that he desired. However, Natalie was alive now. She did not collapse after her mother left, and when her grandfather left, she also did not collapse. Now that her godmother had left, likewise, she would not collapse.

Between humans and demons, Natalie felt that humans were scarier. As long as one didn't do anything wrong, one would not get tormented by demons. However, humans were different. If a person lived a good life, another person might get envious. If the first person lived a miserable life, the second person might smile and flaunt his wealth. Didn't jealousy and scherning originate from humans? It wasn't easy to see through the thoughts of a bad guy.

This time, regardless of whether he was a human or a demon, Natalie had to catch him. She would reconsider her relationship with Trevon after everything was settled.

## [Chapter 177](#)

After tidying up everything, the sky was already dark. The clear, bright moon hung high in the sky, scattering faint rays of moonlight that enveloped the flowering cherry trees in the neighborhood. There was a night breeze, and the blooming cherry flowers fluttered down as if they were dancing gracefully.

Natalie Foster leaned against the balcony railing and realized that all the flowering peach trees in the neighborhood had been replaced by flowering cherry trees. Furthermore, every tree was in full bloom.

She had always had the habit of coming to the balcony before she slept. Why didn't she notice this a few days ago? Her gaze was fixed on the fluttering petals of the cherry blossoms that covered the sky. They

cascaded gently to the ground with the wind. The sight was very beautiful. Looking at the picturesque scenery actually made Natalie feel much better.

After cleaning up the kitchen, Trevon Wilson saw the woman leaning against the railing with her back facing him. He slowly walked closer and said, "What are you looking at?"

Upon hearing this, Natalie turned her head and glanced sideways at the man. At this moment, Trevon looked more like a down-to-earth mortal. He was no longer impeccably dressed in a suit and leather shoes. He was only wearing a simple blue pajamas. Although Natalie knew without thinking that the price of pajamas would not be low, it made him more approachable than when he wore formal attire.

She did not answer Trevon's question. When she recalled that he also lived in this district, she asked, "Isn't the district supposed to be filled with flowering peach trees? How did those trees get replaced by flowering cherry trees?"

Trevon lowered his eyes and looked down. The sight was not bad. He said calmly, "Perhaps the owner of this neighborhood district thought that the cherry blossoms looked better, so he changed the peach trees."

Natalie continued to ask, "Do you know the owner of this district?"

Trevon answered immediately "No, I don't."

If Hackett Blackwell were present, he would have said, "You son of a bitch. You are valuing lovers over friends. Who was the one who competed with me with his baby butt exposed to see who could pee further away?"

When Trevon said that, Natalie didn't doubt him. After all, Athana was so big. It wasn't possible for him to know "I'll go to bed first. Remember to lock the door for me when you leave."

Was she planning to chase him away again? What do you plan to do?"

everyone.

"There's no need to do anything. I'll just go to work normally. The snake will emerge eventually." How could they not come out to hunt when the food was in plain sight?

Trevon did not probe further. "Mm-hmm. I'll sleep on the sofa tonight. You don't have to chase me away. I will leave after you catch the mastermind."

Natalie straightened up and raised her head to look at him. She saw a pair of eyes filled with determination. "Good night." After saying that, Natalie walked to her room. After entering the room and closing the door, she was hesitating over whether to lock the door. After thinking about it, she decided to forget it. If she locked the door, it would make her seem petty. Besides, this fellow knew how to pick locks. It would be useless even if she locked the door, so she didn't bother with this futile gesture

She lifted the blanket and got into bed, but she couldn't fall asleep as she lay there. She tossed and turned on the bed. Ethan White hadn't regained consciousness. She didn't know if he would regain consciousness tomorrow.

Her eyes were closed but her eyeballs were moving visibly beneath her eyelids. "You can't sleep?"

The sudden voice interrupted Natalie's thoughts and gave her a shock. Why didn't this guy make a sound when he walked? Was it because his feet were too big and the surface area in contact with the floor was also big and so he didn't make a sound? She opened her eyes instantly. "You gave me a fright..."

When Trevon met Natalie's gaze, he said solemnly, "I was afraid that you wouldn't be able to sleep, so I want to help soothe you to sleep."

Initially, Natalie was worried about Lena and Ethan. Now, she was fretting over Trevon. Was she Jasper? Did she still need to be soothed to sleep? What was he thinking?

"No need. Go to sleep. I'll fall asleep in a while. I can't sleep with you around." It would be strange if she could fall asleep when another person suddenly appeared beside her.

"Then go to bed early. I'll be outside."

"Mm-hmm." After Trevon left, he even helped to close the door. Natalie was wondering why she didn't hear the door when she was engrossed in deep thought earlier.

open

If this fellow were to work as a thief, he would definitely succeed since he had a lot of potential. After Trevon came out, he lay down on the sofa. The sofa was a little soft. With his weight, he instantly sank into it, forming a human-shaped depression. He grumbled in his heart. Why did she buy such a soft sofa? Was it because she was afraid that

her son would hit himself against it? Wasn't this sofa a little too soft?

He had to change it the next time. His son was not made of jelly. It was normal for boys to bump into things here and there.

It was still midnight when Trevon heard the sound of crying through his sleepy stupor. Alarmed, he immediately flipped over and leaped across the sofa. He pushed open the master bedroom door. As the sofa was too soft, he did not sleep very soundly. True enough, the woman on the bed was having a nightmare and was sobbing.

Trevon did not put on his slippers just now. He lay down on the bed straightaway and hugged Natalie, who was still huddled under the blanket. He gently patted her back to soothe her to sleep. When she felt the comforting embrace, the woman in his arms gradually calmed down.

Trevon's good-looking brows gradually relaxed. After a while, there was the sound of even breathing in his arms. Only then did he stop patting-

As he looked down at the woman's sleeping face, his heart ached like it was being pricked by needles. Sure enough, her toughness during the day was just a pretense. She even claimed that she wanted to catch the mastermind. She was just trying to spur herself on

Why did this woman have to act so strong? Couldn't she just leave everything to him and play her role as a fragile woman?

Had she lived like this all these years? The more Trevon thought about it, the more his heart ached.

He freed one hand and gently took out his cell phone to check something. He entered the search query "keeps crying and having nightmares in the middle of the night". It would have been better if he hadn't checked. His heart was in his mouth after he checked. Post-traumatic stress disorder, depression, mental illness...

Trevon felt that it was possible for Natalie to be traumatized. She was probably not suffering from depression, let alone mental illness. It seemed that he had to think of a way to let her vent her negative emotions.

When Natalie woke up, her neck felt very sore. She wanted to turn her head, but Trevon's facial features loomed up before her eyes. His chiseled face and the stubble on his chin made him look more mature and manly.

When he felt the woman in his arms moving, Trevon opened his eyes and stared at her in a daze. He did not feel that he was doing anything wrong with his two arms and asked matter-of-factly, "You're awake?"

Natalie turned around awkwardly and was about to get off the bed. She felt a little uneasy about getting hugged by Trevon like this. Just as she reached out to get up, she was pulled back together with the blanket into his embrace and collided with his chest. "Don't move. Stay here for another five minutes. I'll get up after asking you a few questions."

Natalie wanted to retort that he could ask any question he wanted, but how could she answer if he hugged her like this? After struggling for a while, she could not break free and gave up. "Hurry up and ask. I need to go to the toilet."

Fortunately, Trevon was wearing pajamas and there was a blanket between them. So he did not cover himself with a blanket the entire night?

The man's deep and seductive voice rang out from above her head, making her skin tingle. He gave a heavy sigh. "Are you in the habit of having nightmares in the past?"

These words made Natalie, who was waiting with her head lowered, raise her head to look at him. Then she said with some certainty. "Did I have a dream last night?"

Trevon didn't respond but maintained his posture. His arms were still around Natalie's waist but they were separated from her body by the blanket. "Mm-hmm. You were crying"

So he came in to hug her because she had a nightmare and was crying. Then, he hugged her for the entire night without covering himself with a blanket?

Her heart felt a warm sensation and she felt a little embarrassed. "Thank you."

When he saw that she did not deny it, it proved something. Trevon narrowed his eyes and frowned. "So you've always had a habit of having nightmares?"

Natalie also said truthfully. "Not always. I developed this habit after my mother departed when I was young. Later on, I gradually grew up and suffered from insomnia a little. After that, I was fine. It seemed that she didn't really have any nightmares after her grandfather departed.

When he heard this, Trevon's heart was filled with panic. Wasn't this a sign of mild depression? Insomnia, nightmares, and crying. "Let me accompany you to see a doctor, okay?"

Natalie knew the reason for this nightmare. At worst, it was just because she found it difficult to accept the facts. She would be fine after a while. She never had nightmares when she was in Sapphire City in the past. "No need. I'll be fine in a few days, It's just that the sight of bloodstains on Jasper's body kept making me panic."

Suddenly, Trevon kissed Natalie's forehead, but it was just a fleeting kiss. He withdrew very quickly. "Our son is very safe. Grandpa and Mom are watching him very closely at the Wilson's residence. Don't worry."

The atmosphere did not turn awkward because of that kiss just now. "Mm-hmum. I have to go to work."

"Til send you there." As Trevon spoke, he sat up.

"No need. I'll go by myself."

Unable to dissuade her, Trevon could only let Natalie be. After eating the breakfast that Jim Hawk sent here, they parted ways. One went to the office while the other went to the hospital.

#### [Chapter 178](#)

At the same time, at the Foster family's residence, Harry Foster was scolding Elena Foster for alerting the enemy. He was so angry that he smashed his cup.

He pointed at Elena's nose and berated her, "Are you crazy? I told you to fix that rebellious daughter, but you fucking went to mess with her son first. Way to go. Now she's completely unharmed."

Elena was also speechless. The night before, she had received a message from that bitch Natalie Foster so she got hold of some people overnight. She had not done anything yet. "Harry, I wasn't responsible for that incident. I don't know who disrupted my plan. Now, my plan is in chaos too."

After receiving the message, Elena was so angry that she didn't sleep the entire night. She planned to get rid of that bitch Natalie first before scheming against her bastard son. After removing the bigger one, the smaller one would be much easier. She didn't know who carried out the earlier deed. She thought it was Harry, but now it seemed that it wasn't.

When he heard this, Harry's anger subsided. He looked at Elena skeptically. "It's really not you? You're not lying to me?"

Elena got up and swayed her hips. She held Harry's wrist and helped him sit on the sofa. "Gosh, Harry! What are you thinking? Our target is that wretched girl and her child. After removing the bigger one, that smaller one is up to us to decide."

Harry was still afraid of Trevon Wilson, but when he thought about how it was that wretched girl who bought the shares, he wanted to take a risk. On the day he went to Evergreen Gardens, Trevon Wilson did not admit that the wretched girl was his wife, which meant that they were already divorced. In that case, if the wretched girl died, Trevon Wilson would not come after Harry for payback. Harry still wanted to be certain and asked, "Are you sure that the child is not Trevon Wilson's?"

Elena smiled in a mocking manner. "Harry, what are you thinking: Do you think that a family as big as the Wilson family would abandon their descendant outside and allow him to stay by that wretched girl's side? If that brat was really Trevon Wilson's offspring, he would have been brought back long ago. That daughter of yours would have risen in status because of that precious heir. How could she still be living alone with two children?"

Harry thought for a while and concurred. If the kid was the Wilson family's offspring, they wouldn't have let this wretched girl take care of the kid alone. When he thought of this, he was even more certain that it was impossible that the couple reconciled Trevon Wilson at most had lingering feelings for that girl. It couldn't be helped. That wretched girl had a charming face like her mother.

Harry didn't have any money on hand. Recently, his luck was bad and he had been losing money every day. "How much money do you have left? Give it to me first."

Elena seemed to have heard something incredible. Harry was out of money? How could that be? "Harry, why are you out of money? Don't you still have a 10% stake in the company's shares? You can get dividends every year"

Although she was happily staying at home playing the role of Mrs. Foster, Elena was still aware of the company's profits. The newly hired professional manager was managing the company very well. He was doing a far better job than Harry at running the company. Even if they only held 10% of the shares, the dividends from this were still more than the dividends from the earlier 20% stake. How was it possible that Harry had no money?

When he saw that Elena was asking so many questions and didn't seem to want to give him the money, Harry became upset. "I asked you to give it to me, so just give it to me. Why are you so full of nonsense? Do I need you to teach me how to do things? I only have 10% of the shares in my hands now. I have to support the two of you. I'm responsible for all the expenses. of this family. Are you really

plaining to just receive dividends for the rest of your life? I have to find a way out. I've recently invested in a project and things are looking up. Give me all the money in your hands first'

When he saw that Elena still showed no signs of relenting. Harry continued to wheedle. He could not let Elena know that he was gambling and had even sold off the shares. Don't worry. I'm just planning long-term for your sake and our daughter's sake. I want you two to live a good life in the future. Besides, after that matter is done, won't everything she owns become ours? The Foster family's assets are also ours. Coupled with my project out there, won't we..."

Elena was finally persuaded by Harry's elaborate rhetoric, but she still held back a little. "That matter still requires money to execute. I still have 16 million dollars in this card's account. I've pawried off a lot of jewelry. This is all I have now."

As soon as she said 1.6 million dollars, Harry didn't care if the money came from pawning or selling. As long as he had money, it was good enough. He became a little impatient. "Alright, transfer it to me now. I have to call my business partner in the afternoon."

Elena still had some doubts in her heart, but when she thought about how she would be the worry-free Mrs. Foster after that wretched girl died, she still took out her cell phone and transferred the money to Harry.

Ding dong! When Harry heard the ringtone indicating that the money had been received, he was overjoyed. He kissed Elena's face fervently. "Tim leaving. Remember to carry out the deed cleanly."

As she watched Harry's back profile as he hurriedly left, Elena felt that Harry had been acting a little strange lately. However, she still did not manage to get anything out of him after that incident. His lips were very tightly sealed, so she did

not dare to ask.

Emily Foster had exquisite makeup on and was dressed resplendently when she went downstairs. She saw her mother sitting

on the sofa in a daze. "Mom, what's wrong? Where's Dad?"

Elena raised her eyes to look at her daughter who was coming down the stairs. "Are you going out?"

Emily was in a good mood. She stroked her long hair and smiled brightly. "Yes. Max said he wanted to give me a surprise."

Ever since he found out that it was not Emily's first time, Max Wilson felt that she had lied to him and had treated her indifferently ever since. If she had not made use of her mother's method, the relationship between Emily and Max would have ended long ago.

Yesterday, Max took the initiative to approach Emily, saying that he wanted to give her a surprise. Emily was so happy that she did not sleep the entire night. She still wanted to be Mrs. Wilson. Even if Max was merely the second son, she would still be Mrs. Wilson. She could tolerate Max fooling around with other women now, but only she could occupy the position of

Mrs. Wilson.

Elena was a little incredulous. "Max is surrounded endlessly by women recently. Emily, why don't you forget him? I'll look for a more suitable match from another family for you. It doesn't have to be the Wilson family."

Emily was bewitched and definitely wouldn't agree. "Why can't I marry into the Wilson family when Natalie Foster can do it? I don't believe it. I have to marry into that family." He, Max Wilson, was just making use of his status as the second son of the Wilson family. Without that identity, he was totally useless. Why wasn't she worthy? Why couldn't she capture him? She couldn't accept it.

Elena had been mentally and physically exhausted recently. She hated Natalie Foster to the core. It was all that bitch's fault. "Emily, she is already divorced and has two children. She is no longer fated to remain with the Wilson family."

When she heard this, Emily was in a good mood again. She fiddled with her newly-manicured nails and said, "I know. She's at single mother now. I've already asked around. Sherri Landor is helping to take care of her daughter. She is raising her son herself. She definitely won't be able to handle two kids. Which man will want a woman with two burdens? The kids are not the man's biological children. She'll never be able to marry into a wealthy family for the rest of her life. Let her be cocky."



Elena wanted to persuade Emily again. “That’s why I’m checking with the Blackwell family, the Landor family, the Roberts family, or other families for you. I’ll think of a way to help you pull some strings. The sons of the other families are more reliable than Max Wilson.”

Emily thought. “What’s the use of being reliable? If the other party doesn’t like me, what good is being reliable?”

Emily was not stupid. The Landor family and the Blackwell family did not like her to begin with. Every time Sherri Landor saw her, she would call Emily “nympho.” Hackett Blackwell would not even look at her even if he bumped into her on the streets. The likelihood of Frank Roberts liking her was even lower. He could easily find out everything Emily did within his sphere of influence.

Those people were not as easy to fool as that idiot Max Wilson. At least she could still think of a way to control him. She could still get into bed with him.

Emily felt that her mother was daydreaming “Mom, don’t worry about me. You should focus on Dad. I don’t know what Dad has been busy with recently. He leaves early and returns late. He doesn’t even need to care about the company yet he’s still so busy. You’d better keep an eye on him.”

Elena was bothered by this as well. It seemed that she still had to look for someone to follow Harry to find out what he was busy with. He did not even say what project he was involved in after she gave him the money. “Alright, go. You won’t listen to what I say anyway. Go, go. Since you want to capture Max Wilson, you will have to use that thing of yours.”

“Got it.”

## [Chapter 179](#)

During lunchtime at noon, in a certain ward of Athana Hospital, Natalie Foster and Sherri Landor were eating in Lena’s

ward.

Trevon Wilson had arranged a VIP ward for Lena. The ward interior was very spacious. Natalie was eating at the coffee table with Sherri. When Natalie turned around and saw that Lena hadn’t touched her food, her eyes turned slightly red-rimmed. She stood up and walked over to help Lena eat her food. “Godmother, what’s wrong? Is it not to your liking?”

Natalie had ordered this chicken soup en croute before she went to work. She went to get her order as soon as she came out for lunch. The taste should be fine. She had seen good reviews for it.

Lena said with tears in her eyes. “When did I earn the right to have a daughter like you in this lifetime? I have truly benefited from a misfortune.”

Sherri turned around and said. “Lena, just accept Natalie. Isn’t it great to have another daughter?”

This time, Lena did not demur anymore. In truth, she wasn’t really demurring. Lena had been serving others her entire life. Now that she was sick, the person she was serving had turned around to serve her instead. How could she not be touched?

Lena was very agitated. Her hand that was holding the spoon was trembling. A crystal clear teardrop fell onto the pastry top of the soup. She scooped a spoonful of pastry and soup and put it in her mouth. It was very tasty. This was the tastiest soup she had ever eaten in her life. "Sigh! I accept. She had to treat Natalie twice as well in the future. Such a child was too hard to come by.

Fortunately, Jasper was fine. Otherwise, what would she do?

Other people did not know how hard it was for Natalie, but Lena knew. Natalie had no parents since she was young. When she was bullied at a young age, she had to learn to fight back by herself. When she returned home, she would always conceal the bad things that happened and only report on the good things that happened.

And there was Jasper. When Lena thought about how both she and Jenny had met with mishaps, she wondered what happened to Jasper. "Who's taking care of Jasper now? Is she reliable? Is it alright to leave the child with her? Does she have any experience!"

Natalie looked at Lena who was lying on the bed covered in injuries but still kept thinking about Jasper. She had asked four questions in a row. "Don't worry, Godmother. He's doing very well. I think he'll be able to dominate the world in a few days."

"Huh?" Lena didn't understand what Natalie said.

Natalie smiled and did not hide anything. She wanted to reassure Lena. Natalie knew Lena would not be at ease if any unfamiliar person took Jasper away. "Jasper is at his father's place. He's very safe and is very well taken care of."

In order to put Natalie's mind at ease, Trevon Wilson asked his mother to take a few photos of Jasper playing and send them to Natalie. Jasper was indeed very well taken care of.

Likewise, to put Lena's mind at ease, Natalie took out her cell phone and showed Lena the photos of Jasper playing. After looking at the photos, Lena was indeed very relieved. The corners of her lips curled up. "Jasper seems to be quite happy."

Natalie thought, "How can he not be happy? He is living like a Crown Prince every day. Everyone is fawning over him. You have no idea how much love is showered on him."

In fact, Natalie was a little worried that they would spoil him too much and when the child came back, he would be out of control.

Lena didn't know which cursed fellow could be so ruthless as to want to kill a child. How could he bear to kill Jasper, who was so adorable? "Miss... Natalie, is it safe for you to go to work now?"

Natalie knew that Lena was worried and said light-heartedly. "It's safe. I still have self-defense skills, don't I can still fight against ordinary thugs."

Sherri mocked Natalie in her heart, "The Landor family's eight bodyguards were defeated by you, yet you still say that you are only good enough to handle ordinary thugs. You're really humble."

Lena was full after eating half a bowl. Natalie offered her some apple slices. "Eat more. If you feel uncomfortable when I'm not around, just summon the doctor."

She turned to the caregiver who was busy working and said, "What's your name?"

The caregiver was a young lady who was about the same age as Natalie. She had been busy working ever since Natalie and Sherri came in. It was obvious that she was quite diligent, which made Natalie feel much more at ease.

"Just call me Mel. Miss Natalie, feel free to instruct me if you need anything. Mr. Jim Hawk has already given me his instructions. I will take good care of Lena" Her attitude was assiduous and sincere. There was no trace of scheming in her eyes. Her eyes were clear and pure.

"Thank you for your hard work. Just call me if you need anything." Natalie read out her cell phone number to Mel

The caregiver saved the phone number into her phone's address book and said politely, "Sure."

When Natalie saw Mel saving the number under the name "Miss Natalie," she suggested, "You can call me Natalie"

The caregiver smiled. Then I address you as Dr. Foster then. Lena says you are a doctor here."

"That's fine too." Names were only appellations, to begin with. Natalie didn't mind how she was addressed.

Natalie and Sherri were about to clear the table when they were stopped by the caregiver. "You're all good people who treat and save people. Let me do this. This won't take long. I'm very fast in carrying out my work."

Lena began to praise the caregiver. "This young lady is especially diligent. She doesn't talk much, but she's honest. She does whatever she's asked to do. She's not afraid of getting dirty or getting tired at all."

Lena could tell that she was truly a young girl who knew how to get things done. She did not have any distracting thoughts. Whoever married her would have a lot less to worry about.

"Lena. I'm leaving. Call me if you need anything. My cell phone is always on" Ever since this incident, Natalie had changed her habit of keeping her cell phone on silent mode or even switching it off totally. The first thing she did when she woke up in the morning was to check whether her cell phone was fully charged and whether the ring volume was turned to the

maximum.

However, when she was working, she would still switch her cell phone to vibration mode. Her cell phone would be placed at the corner of the desk so that she would not miss any calls again.

Sherri also bade Lena farewell. "Lena, I'm leaving too. I have to get back to work soon. I'll come and visit you another day. If you need anything and Natalie is busy, you can look for me too. It's the same whether you look for me or her."

Lena hurriedly nodded and voiced her affirmation repeatedly. She told them to go to work quickly and not to visit her if they were busy.

After walking out of the door, Sherri held her best friend's arm and asked, "Why did you send Jasper to the Wilson's residence! If you don't want to, I can actually get my mother to help take care of him. He can even keep Ruby company."

Natalie sighed. She turned her head and said solemnly, "My dear friend, would you believe me if I said that I only found out after the child has been taken to the Wilson's residence?"

Sherri looked surprised. "Is Trevon Wilson that despicable? How can he do that?" Initially, Sherri had changed her opinion. of him quite a bit. Now, she had to deduct his brownie points.

As the two talked, Natalie was about to explain this matter when her phone rang. It was a call from Jim Hawk. "Hello"

"Mrs. Wilson, the Turner family's bodyguard has regained consciousness. This news was the best news for Natalie. Finally, there was divine justice in this world after all. She was finally able to put her mind at ease.

Natalie quickly walked to the ward that Jim mentioned in his closing comments. When she saw that she still had some time before starting work, Sherri also followed her. Although Ethan White did not have much interaction with Sherri, he was still the Turner family's bodyguard and she was indebted to the Turner family. I'll go with you"

When they arrived at the ward, Ethan was so weak but he still wanted to speak. Natalie knew what he was concerned about foremost when he regained consciousness, so she said in advance, "Don't worry. Jasper is fine. He's not injured at all. I've already settled him down. Lena is also recuperating. You should also rest properly here and recuperate. As for my older cousin. I will explain to him. You probably won't be punished. I must thank you."

Natalie explained everything that Ethan wanted to know in one breath.

Ethan had just regained consciousness and his face was drained of color. He would probably be chased out of the Turner family for failing in his mission this time. He had been careless. "Thank you, Miss Natalie."

When she saw that he spoke very weakly, Natalie said, "Don't talk anymore. Conserve your strength and recuperate properly. I'm very safe. These two fellows will stay behind to take care of you. You don't have to worry about me and Jasper. Your priority now is to recover." Natalie was prepared to do something big. She couldn't let her older cousin find out.

Ethan nodded. This young lady had always been as easy to get along with as Miss Ava Turner. She did not have the airs of a rich, pampered young lady.

There was still some time before they returned to the office, Sherri was a little worried about her best friend's safety. "Natalie, why don't I add a few more bodyguards for you? I keep feeling it's unsafe. We haven't found the mastermind yet." "It won't be so fast. If they dare to do such a thing in broad daylight, it means that they've long concealed everything that can be found by others. It's definitely not that easy to dig out clues and the mastermind. It'll take some time. How can we send them to the slammer without sufficient evidence?"

Now that things were moving in a positive direction, Natalie felt much better. However, Jenny's matter was an emotional knot in her heart. So after this, she would wait for the snake to show itself?

Suddenly, Natalie thought of something. "By the way, what was the matter that you wanted to tell me in person the last

time?"

"Hmm? What matter?" After thinking for a moment, the realization hit Sherri. "Oh, right. Initially, I wanted to tell you that I'll try it out with... Hackett Blackwell." The last two words were discernibly very soft. Sherri did not sound very confident and mumbled somewhat incoherently.

Natalie didn't quite hear her. "Try what?"

In the end, after putting two and two together, Natalie looked at Sherri in surprise. "You two are together?"

Sherri lowered her head and nodded. She was too ashamed to look her best friend in the eye. Even without thinking, she knew that her best friend must be very surprised now. She just did not know if her best friend might despise her and look down on her spinelessness.

After all, she did swear imperiously that she would never take a fancy to this scumbag back then. Wasn't she slapping herself in the face by saying that she wanted to try it out with him now?

The room fell silent for a moment before Natalie's voice rang out. "It's a pretty good idea."

Sherri raised her head abruptly as if she had heard something incredible. "Aren't you going to scold me for being useless?"

Natalie leaned against the back of the chair. She appeared to have understood something. She stared at the ceiling and saw nothing but a swathe of white. "In the past, I used to think that I was a superbeing and that it was enough as long as my son had me. But one day, when my son was playing with Trevon Wilson, I realized that I couldn't take the place of my child's father. Over the past few days,

after Jenny left. I've thought about it a lot. Life is unpredictable. I don't know what's waiting for me tomorrow, so I should seize every day to be happy now. At least, I can reduce my regrets. If Hackett Blackwell truly loves you and treats you sincerely, it's not impossible to give him a try. What if the outcome is good? It's better than you looking for someone else to be Ruby's father"

Who knew what would happen in the future? It was enough to seize the present! It was important for her to cherish all the people nearby who loved her. It was important to live.

By the time Natalie finished talking, Sherri's face was already filled with shock. Was this still the best friend who said that men were farty? Do you mean what you've just said?"

"Do I look like I'm joking? I'm serious. You and I are the same. Since you can't decide the future and can't control accidents, let nature take its course. Isn't it good to be happy?"

you

Sherri felt that the incident this time had a huge impact on her best friend's mindset. She asked tentatively. "What about and Trevon Wilson? What are you thinking? I can tell that he really cares about you and has changed a lot."

Natalie was silent for a few seconds. I want to wait until we catch the mastermind before discussing further."

"That's fine too. There's no hurry anyway If he can't even wait for such a short while, we'll blacklist him again." After saying that, Sherri rested her chin on her hands. She appeared to be at a loss, and her face was frowning. She then sighed heavily and said. "Natalie. I think I have a good impression of Hackett Blackwell, but I realized that he doesn't seem to like me that much. What if I like him during the trial period and he doesn't like me

This was the first time Natalie saw Sherri worrying about personal gains and losses. All along, Sherri had been relatively confident. It seemed that she might have really fallen for that guy "Where's your confidence? Where did it go? Aren't you the type who is loved by everyone and blooms like a flower in front of people? How come you turn into a wilting blossom the moment you meet Hackett Blackwell?"

Sherri shook her head "Sigh! The point is that he also said that he himself is the type who is loved by everyone and blooms like a flower in front of people."

After so much wrangling, it turned out that both of them were narcissists. "Then let's see which flower blooms more radiantly. However, you might not be able to compare to Hackett Blackwell if he were to really strut his stuff like a peacock spreading its tail.\*

Sherri was utterly speechless. This chat led to nothing in the end. It would have been fine if they didn't chat, but after chatting with Natalie, Sherri felt even more suffocated. Sure enough, she could not depend on Natalie for love advice.

## [Chapter 180](#)

It was quiet at night, and a speed chase was taking place in the suburbs of Athana. Three white motorcycles were chasing a black motorcycle madly. They chased one another and refused to give way to anyone. They even tried to knock down the other party.

The black motorcycle was in the middle while the two white ones were on its left and right. The third was right behind the three. In the darkness, the four motorcycles looked exceptionally conspicuous on the brightly lit road.

The roar of the four motorcycles together was so loud that the sound tore through the sky thunderously. It even startled the birds resting on the tree branches.

Only the black motorcycle in the middle had a single rider. The two motorcycles on either side of the black one had pillion riders. Those pillion riders were holding weapons and they kept swinging them at Natalie Foster. She revved hard to dash to the front and those two pillion riders almost hit each other as they swung their metal rods. They were so angry that they cursed out loud.

"Fuck! This woman is crazy."

“Cut the crap. Catch up quickly.” It wasn’t easy for them to get a live deal. They hadn’t had a job for a month, so they had to rely on this job to fill their tummies.

The motorcycle rider at the back was an impatient person. He went all out and hit the back of Natalie’s motorcycle violently. Her motorcycle was sent spinning a few times and she fell to the ground.

Natalie stood up as quickly as she could. She bit her lip and her eyes were filled with hostility. She clenched her fists and looked at the three motorcycles that had stopped. She counted a total of six people.

Thereafter, the six of them spread out strategically and surrounded Natalie. They then said in a depraved tone, “Beauty. you’re quite attractive. It’s a pity that you’ve offended someone. We have no choice but to take your life today.”

Natalie gave a steer. It was still not certain who was taking whose life today. “Not a bad idea. Can you allow me to send a message and say my final words?”

They were not fools. “You want to call the police? Do you think we’re stupid?”

Initially, Natalie wanted to fight for some time to practice, but it seemed like she would not be given a chance.

Just as the hitmen were mulling over this, two vehicles, a black Toyota and a Porsche, suddenly rushed out and knocked over the three motorcycles without any mercy.

The six of them noticed that something was wrong and glared at Natalie furiously. One of them shouted angrily, “Bitch, you called for help!”

Natalie had just fallen down and her jeans were dirty. She dusted them off nonchalantly. ‘Don’t malign me. I wanted to send a message to tell them not to come. Didn’t you say I’m not allowed to? Now you are blaming me.”

Those few guys gritted their teeth in anger when they saw her calm, breezy expression. However, they didn’t know who the other party was and didn’t dare to act rashly. They were just trying to make money and didn’t want to lose their lives.

Those few guys felt very torn between attacking and doing nothing. They could not call off the attack since they had already accepted the money. What if this person they offended was a big shot? They were not lacking in perception. They could tell with one look that the new arrivals were not ordinary people.

A man in black sportswear got out of the black Toyota and stood respectfully beside Natalie Foster. “Miss Natalie.”,

Natalie held her forehead in exasperation. Weren’t these guys a little too fast? She just wanted to give vent to her emotions a little. Why was it so difficult?

Following closely behind was the Porsche. After the car stopped, the headlights were turned on, illuminating the venue brightly. At this moment, the place was like a stage. No, it was an arena. Frank Roberts opened the door on the driver’s side and alighted. He was wearing a white casual shirt and a pair of black jeans. A cigarette was dangling from his mouth and he

a roguish air about him.

had

Hackett Blackwell alighted down from the passenger side. He was wearing a pair of light-colored jeans and a pink tee shirt. It made him look pink and tender. In Natalie's dictionary, he could only be described as a pink bomb about to go off. Without a doubt, Trevon Wilson must be here too. And speaking of the devil, the man showed up in his usual suit and leather shoes. He exuded an icy air as he walked around the front of the car and headed straight for Natalie.

Was this a fighting arena or a catwalk? These guys were clearly here to show off.

Frank did not step forward. He lit his cigarette and leaned against the front of the car to watch the show. Right now, he wanted to remain quietly on one side and be a spectator.

Hackett was displeased. "Dammit. I asked you to come here and fight, not smoke. Hurry up and attack"

Frank remained calm and did not show any intention of joining the fight. He said unhurriedly. "Wait for Trevon to finish his performance. Don't you want to watch the show?"

Hackett thought, "Of course, I do. Alright then. Ell watch too."

With this thought in mind, he asked Frank for a cigarette and leaned against the side of the car. "Move over a little and let me lean"

Frank retorted in disdain. "How big is your fucking butt?" Hackett alone occupied half of the front of the car.

"A big butt is good for having babies."

Frank cast him a side glance discreetly. "If you can give birth. I'll give Lither Club to you."

Hackett thought. "Fuck you. You only said that because you didn't want to give it to me. If I could give birth, why would I need Sherri Landor? Won't I be taking charge of both shooting and egg-laying?"

The next second, Hackett started to show off with a look of superiority. "I already have a daughter. Are you envious? Are you jealous?"

Frank was a man of few threatening words. He simply slapped Hackett on the back of his head outright. "You either shut up or go up and fight" This guy was so annoying.

Trevon stood beside Natalie with a vicious expression, ready to fight with her side by side. Initially, he had called upon Frank and the others to come and clean up in the aftermath and he would leave with Natalie. In the end, those two rascals only came to watch the show. They were even stroking.

Trevon stood in front of Natalie and turned aside to ask, "Are you hurt?"

Natalie silently cursed at him, grumbling how could she get hurt when they arrived so fast. She asked in a low voice, "Can you stand aside? They can't possibly escape, can they? Let me get some exercise."

Trevon was utterly speechless. He turned sideways and met Natalie's pleading gaze. Inwardly, he did not want to give in to her but outwardly, he said, "Be careful. Ill stand by the side."



Natalie felt that Trevon would affect her performance by standing at the side. She raised her chin and said, "Stand by the car with them. I'll be done in a while."

Trevon thought, "She's looking down on me! I wanted to be the hero and save the damsel in distress. In the end, I didn't get to save her and had to step aside."

With those guys around, these goons would not be able to hurt Natalie. If she was injured, these goons would be sent to hell in minutes.

Hackett watched as Trevon walked toward their car. Natalie was warming up. Hackett grabbed Frank's arm and shook it. "Fuck! Mrs. Wilson is taking charge all by herself! Then haven't we come in vain? Mr. Wilson won't have a chance to show off anymore?"

Frank did not even look at Hackett. He pulled his arm back in disdain and even dusted his arm clean. The corners of his mouth curled up. He concurred with Hackett in his heart. How could a girl who could take down Trevon Wilson be ordinary

Natalie asked, "Did Elena Foster ask you guys to come?"

The leader said in what he thought was a very professional tone. "Beauty, we have a rule in the underworld, and that is we can't reveal the employer's information. But we don't have to accept this order either. Shall we take it that we have come to the

wrong place and each side can just disperse on its own? What do you think?"

Natalie thought. "Why didn't you say that you didn't have to accept this job before they came? You even said just now that you wanted my life. This change in attitude is really comparable to Trevon

Wilson's about-face."

Natalie did not want to beat around the bush. Either way, she would still get her answer, so she did not waste time anymore, "Alright. Since you guys are so honorable, I can't make things difficult for you guys, can I? I don't like to coerce people."

She raised her beautiful eyes and said in a cocky tone. "Since you guys have already accepted the money, you still have to work. You still have to beat me up. Besides, if you've already accepted the money, you probably can't bear to return it. Let's treat this as a friendly match. If you guys defeat me, I'll ask them to let you go. How about that?"

When she saw that those few goons still appear incredulous, Natalie continued, "Don't worry. My greatest strength is that I keep my word. There is no need to worry at all" She herself didn't believe her own words.

One of the goons was tempted. He stared at her and asked, "You have to keep your word." They did not believe that they could not defeat a woman.

Natalie put on a guileless expression. "Do I look like someone who doesn't keep her word?"

That goon wanted to reply that she did look very much like someone who wouldn't keep her word, but since they were already at an impasse, they might as well take a gamble. When they left this place, they would definitely settle scores with that woman. How could she say that Natalie did not have any

backers? They could tell with one look that those few people leaning against the front of the car were not as simple as they appeared.

Hackett started to make a bet with Frank resentfully. "Do you think Mrs. Wilson will keep her word?"

"No" Frank spat out his answer without hesitation. Even if she kept her word, this guy beside Frank and Hackett would not keep his word.

"How boring Why is your answer the same as mine?"

Frank didn't even want to talk to Hackett. Trevon walked over and asked Frank for a cigarette. He lit it and held it in his mouth. In the end, three of the four men smoked and one stood to the side. The woman fought in the middle and single-handedly took on 6 people at once. The scene was exceptionally exciting. They were just short of a tub of popcorn to enjoy the show

Hackett saw that Trevon was not worried at all and asked curiously, "Trevon, aren't you worried?"

Trevon took a puff of his cigarette and stared at the arena they had created. He said slowly, "She will have to put in some effort. If she wants to vent, just let her."

He could not find a reason for Natalie to hit him. Now, wasn't it just nice? She could give vent to all her negative energy. Trevon was more than happy to have someone be her punching bag in his stead.

Hackett rolled his eyes vehemently at Trevon in his heart. "Since you know that Mrs. Wilson can beat them, why did you call me here? To cheer her on?" He still wanted to go on a date. Didn't this guy know that Hackett was still on probation? This was too much.

Frank thought, "He's treating you to a free show yet you're still full of complaints. If you don't want to watch, just get lost." This fellow was so noisy. Frank thought he had to look for a quiet girlfriend in the future.

One side was chatting enthusiastically while the other side was fighting until they were sweating profusely. A few men were beaten to the ground. Natalie vented all her frustration on those goons but she still hadn't had enough. "Come at me again. Don't you guys want to leave?"

In order to survive, a few people endured the pain and continued to fight Natalie. She was like a tireless tiger beating them up ruthlessly.

Natalie could not help wondering whether Elena had run out of money. Why did she hire a bunch of useless trash? They couldn't withstand any beating at all. They were not even as good as the thugs she met two years ago.

A few days later, this idea of Natalie's was proven true.

Frank crossed his arms in front of his chest and couldn't resist shaking his head. "Tsk' Tsk... What you have here is not a delicate wife, but a ferocious wife. Your taste is pretty much verging on the violent side."

From the view of his side profile, Trevon had a smug look on his face and a smile on the corner of his lips. Hackett was also stunned. Was this still a woman? They had been fighting for almost half an hour, but he still did not see any signs that Mrs. Wilson wanted to stop. Hackett had already smoked three

cigarettes. He suggested with sincerity, "Trevon, after you win Mrs Wilson back, if she wants to exercise, I suggest you change to another type of activity. The kind that can bring sexual bliss. Both sides will be happy" It was better not to choose the kind of activity where they had to rub ointment for each other. It was too brutal. This Mrs Wilson was not a kind person. She was downright ruthless.

Hackett could not help feeling a clull down his spine. Fortunately, that woman Sherri did not learn this from Mrs. Wilson. When he thought of this, he decided that Sherri was still more suitable for him.

He felt more certain in his heart, and his good impression of Sherri multiplied many times,

Trevon saw that the woman's eyes had also turned bloodshot from fighting. He massaged the spot between his eyebrows and said in a provocative manner, "You are only on probation yourself. You don't even know when you're going to be fired. Why are you so cocky?"

Frank was here solely to watch the show. He chuckled softly and said, "If you're not happy, get back at him. Why are you looking at me?"

Hackett was at a loss for words. Fuck! Who knew the suffering in his heart? He couldn't go home though he had one. He stayed in a hotel every day, and he was only on probation. He didn't believe that he couldn't become a full-timer.

Trevon walked straight to Natalie's side and kicked a man down. He said sternly, "If you want to leave this place on a stretcher, continue to fight."

At the sound of that command, everyone lay on the ground and did not dare to move. Natalie was beaten up in several places. Although the people who came were average, there were many of them. In fact, Trevon saw it every time Natalie was hit, but he did not dare to stop the fight without her permission. This time he intervened because it was taking too long.

He took out a packet of tissues from his pocket and wiped Natalie's hands. "That's enough. Let Frank bring them back for an interrogation. Have you vented enough? Hmm? If not, I can be your opponent."

After exercising, Natalie was indeed in a much better mood. She did not withdraw her hands and nonchalantly allowed Trevon to wipe them. "It's fine. I suspect that it's Elena Foster, but I want concrete evidence. If it's really her, I want her to pay with her life, the life that she owed Jenny. I have to get her to pay back."

She didn't want to fight Trevon at all. She would only end up getting defeated. After fighting, she would probably feel even inore suffocated.

Trevon died up Natalie's loose hair lovingly "Got it Can the motorcycle still run? Give me the keys

was still leaning at the front of the car with his arms crossed w k! We are just here for hum to show off his love to

hing intently but Hai

very worked up

Why did Hackett get the feeling that Trevon was here to show off his wife to them? It was a little unethical of Trevon to make them go through this deja vu of him doting on his woman

Natalie handed the key to Trevon. He lifted up the motorcycle and inserted the key. He found that the motorcycle could still be ridden and was not out of order 'Do you want to be the main rider or should I take over?"

"Aren't you going back by car

"Do you think the car can still fit me? He gestured with his chin at the people lying on the ground,

"You can take over Natalie was a little tired.

Trevon stretched out his long legs and got astride the motorcycle. He shouted behind him, "Get on." Then, he said to the people who were still at the front of the car. "Help me clean up this place"

Natalie was wearing jeans today, so she could sit astride the motorcycle. She hugged Trevon's waist with both arms. For some reason, she felt good riding with him

This

the second time she had ridden with. Trevon and felt the speed of the wind with him. It was a very carefree and comfortable feeling

Hackett as a little envious of the two people who had left "Sigh! The heavens are unfair

"Gut the crap and get to work Frank thought that if Hackett knew what Trevon had to do to win over Natalie, he might feel

In the end, five goons were stuffed into Frank's Porsche, with two in the trunk and three in the backseat. The last one tossed into the car driven by the Turner family's bodyguard