

The Tide 181

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After getting onto the motorcycle, because the wind was too strong, Natalie Foster chose to hide behind Trevon Wilson to avoid the wind. Her face was too close to his back, and she could feel his powerful heartbeat.

An illusion flashed across her mind. This seemed to be a safe haven. She really wanted to stop right here and rest.

The motorcycle entered the tunnel. There were no more warm yellow lights, but the view ahead was not so bewildering Natalie felt strangely secure and safe.

While her thoughts were still wandering, the motorcycle had already stopped at the apartment building where she lived. A voice from the front pulled her wandering thoughts back. "We have arrived."

Natalie came back to her senses and responded to Trevon awkwardly before jumping off the motorcycle.

She straightened her clothes and raised her head to look at the man who was helping her take off her helmet. She licked her lips which were a little dry due to the blowing wind and said with determination, Trevon Wilson."

He thought she wanted to ask something. "What's wrong?" he asked as he carefully removed that offending helmet.

Since when had he ever taken her so seriously? Her eyes were filled with determination. "Let's try again."

The huge neighborhood district was very quiet. Their eyes met, and only the sound of each other's breathing could be heard. At this moment, even the sound of a fine needle hitting the ground could be heard. Trevon thought that he had misheard. The sudden pleasant surprise made him freeze with the helmet in his hands.

His tall body stood motionless just like that, not unlike a statue.

No one knew how delighted Trevon felt inwardly at this moment. He had been waiting for so long and yearning for so long.

"Can you say it again?" He looked incredulous and tightened his grip on the helmet. He held his breath, fearful that he would hear Natalie say "Let me think again" in the next second. If that happened, he would hate himself so much for talking so much nonsense.

Natalie saw fear, yearning, caution, and joyful surprise in his eyes. She forced a smile and deliberately said, "You didn't hear me? Forget it then. I don't repeat myself."

Before Natalie could react, Trevon reached out to grab the back of her head and pulled her forward. The helmet fell to the ground, and his other arm wrapped around her waist.

The next second, his icy lips pressed against hers. He kissed her very hard. In the silent, dark night, it was as if he was releasing his long pent-up emotions. After kissing for a long time, Trevon still had no intention of stopping. Natalie's head was a little dizzy and she couldn't quite catch her breath. As she pushed him away with all her might, muffled sounds could be heard coming from her mouth. These sounds were sufficient to make Trevon lose control.

Trevon hurriedly pulled back at the last minute, but his hand still did not let go of the back of Natalie's head. His eyes were bloodshot and he was on the verge of losing control. He smiled faintly and pressed his forehead against hers as he whispered hoarsely, "Let's go home, okay?"

There was still a trace of rationality left in him. Natalie bent down and picked up the helmet that Edward Landor gave her. Trevon was actually amicable enough and did not make a fuss. He even took the initiative to take the helmet and hold it in his hand.

Natalie was no longer an innocent young girl. She knew what it meant when he said "Go home." She lowered her gaze and blushed furiously as he dragged her to the 25th floor.

She couldn't hide the flush on her attractive face as she used her fingerprint to open the door. Just as she was about to turn on the light, her hand was pressed down, followed by the sound of the door locking. She was about to speak when the familiar warm sensation pressed against her lips again. Trevon gripped her jaw. This time, his kiss was gentle and not as urgent. Natalie's nervous hands tugged at the front of his shirt and her toes curled. It didn't take a genius to realize that Trevon's shirt was already very wrinkled.

Seconds later, Trevon released her lips and whispered seductively into her ear, "Open your mouth and exchange breaths, okay"

Dammit. This man's hoarse and seductive voice was bewitching and it made Natalie feel even more nervous. She tugged at his shirt even harder.

If the lights were on, he would definitely be able to see that her face was no different from a fully cooked red lobster. What was wrong with her? She actually opened her mouth submissively.

When he noticed her response, Trevon's last line of self-restraint was about to be breached. The kiss came again and it was extremely gentle, as if he wanted to give Natalie all his gentleness and patience. From her eyes to her nose, and then again and again, her heart rate was already out of control.

Those two kissed for a long time, it felt like a century. It was deep and lingering, Natalie's mind went blank, and her body couldn't help trembling and going weak. She had to grab Trevon's clothes to stabilize herself. Conscious of the change in her body, Trevon held her slender waist with one hand to maintain her posture.

He led the way to the side of her bed. Without turning on the lights, he did not notice the obstacle behind them. They stumbled and the two of them fell onto the bed. He was on top and she was below. The foreign object that tripped her made her alarm bell ring. She quickly stopped him "Trevon, don't L

Upon hearing this. Trevon was like a deflated ball. He lowered his head dejectedly and buried his face in her neck before kissing the nook of her neck, making Natalie shudder all over. He panted heavily and said, "If you don't give your consent. I

won't touch you."

He was already very contented. Although he could not turn back now, he could not use force. He had promised to respect

her

Natalie knew that their relationship had changed, and they already had a child. However, she had just said to try again but he was already plunging into such intense physical contact. She could not get used to it. There had to be a process. It was not that she was being pretentious. She was also reserved like a delicate woman and she also hoped that the relationship between them did not just revolve around a bed.

Natalie pushed Trevon gently and tried to make him get up. "Do you want to get up and go to the bathroom to calm down?"

Trevon didn't move and continued to lie on her. His muffled voice rang out from Natalie's neck, and his voice had become even hoarser. The hot breath he exhaled tickled her ear, and her entire body felt as if it was experiencing electric shocks. "Let me rest for a while more. I don't like cold showers"

The seductive demon closed his eyes and stuck out his tongue to lick the woman's collarbone. Then, he quickly got up and went to the balcony, leaving the trembling woman on the bed.

As she looked at the snow-white ceiling. Natalie felt that this moment was very unreal. She actually got back together with Trevon Wilson again. After so many twists and turns, they had returned to the beginning. How wonderful it would have been if he had liked her back then.

Natalie wanted to calm down. It was not just Trevon whose body had experienced a change. She had a similar reaction too. It turned out that women were the same as men. It was just that men's reactions were more obvious, and women's reactions were more subtle.

As she looked at Trevon's back profile while he smoked, Natalie decided to take a shower first. She took her pajamas and went into the bathroom and even locked the door.

About 20 minutes later. Trevon came in after smoking half a pack of cigarettes. When he realized that the bed was empty, his eyes surveyed the room and he understood at once when he saw the closed bathroom door.

Forget it. He would go home and take a shower too. Having two homes was quite troublesome. He really wanted to take a shower here, but all his belongings were not here,

When Natalie came out, there was no one in the room, nor was there anyone on the balcony. She felt a little disappointed. Trevon left without informing her. Indeed, it was a man's nature to become complacent when he had achieved his goal. Sigh.

After blow-drying her hair. Natalie crept inside the blanket and sat up in bed. She gave her godmother Lena a call. "Godmother, I won't come to visit you tonight. Ill come early tomorrow morning. What do you want to eat? Ill bring it for

you

How could Lena bear to let Natalie come to the hospital so early in the morning? Natalie was already busy enough and she should sleep for as long as she could. "The young lady you hired for me is very good. You don't have to come. It's so tiring for you when you have to work every day. Sleep a while longer. You don't have to worry about me. I'm quite well taken care

of

Natalie knew this would happen. Lena simply didn't want to trouble her. "Alright then. Tomorrow I'll buy you some grapes which you like "

"Alright, you can buy that Rest early. Don't watch videos until late. Lena understood Natalie's personality. Even if she forbade her, Natalie would still buy it.

"Got it. Go to bed early. I'll come and visit you tomorrow."

Lena was very touched and replied. "Okay."

After ending the phone call. Natalie clicked on the medical videos However, as she watched, she became distracted and her mind drifted away. Her mind was filled with that kiss and the passion in his eyes. The yearning that was visible to the naked eye made her heart beat faster and her face turned burning hot in an instant.

She patted her cheeks to stay clear-headed Lusting after men could ruin carrers. She couldn't even watch the videos anymore

Since she couldn't focus on the videos, she might as well sleep. She missed Jasper a little. She wondered whether that little guy missed her and whether he wanted to be brought back.

As she mulled over this, Natalie fell asleep. While she was in a sleepy stupor, she was pulled into a very warm embrace. She woke up with a start. As she had just fallen asleep, she was still slightly vigilant.

When the man sensed her defensiveness, his voice rang out in the darkness. "It's me."

Natalie still reached out to turn on the lamp at the sade Why did this fellow come here to sleep "Why are you here?

He leaned down and gave her a peck on the lips. Without any shame, he said. "I miss you."

He missed her This line made Natalies heart skip a beat. Her ears turned red as she asked meaningfully. "Are you sure you want to sleep here

"Mm-hmm" He was very sure Now that he had a wife to hug and sleep with why would he sleep alone How silly

However, be regretted it a little in the latter half of the night At night Natalie did not have any more nightmares. She slepe very soundly and deeply but she kept turning back and forth facing him at some

point and then turning her back to face him afterward. The bed did not get warmed up for the entire night. Coupled with the zero-distance body contact, how could he sleep? He was restless the entire night. He only stopped short of chanting prayers to himself to instill some self-discipline. He finally knew what Natalie meant when she asked him before sleeping whether he was sure he wanted to sleep here. It turned out that this woman looked down on his self-control. Indeed, she had seen through him. He really had no resistance

to her at all

He had only done it once in 30 years. Now, he could not continue to do it even though he was hugging her. He sighed silently in his heart

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When Natalie Foster woke up, she found that Trevon Wilson was hugging her. Her legs were restrained and she could not

move at all

His broad and warm palm was pressed against her waist, separated only by a thin layer of pajamas. His other arm was used as a pillow by Natalie. He was quite honorable and did not do anything rash last night

Natalie thought that Trevon would act shamelessly, but to her surprise, he didn't. She didn't know if she was more disappointed or more surprised

The man's sleeping face in the morning was very pleasing to the eye. His well-defined facial features made people unconsciously become mesmerized by his face. She had to admit that this man was really handsome. There was indeed nothing to pick on about his looks. No wonder so many girls wanted to find a good-looking man. It was indeed pleasing to wake up and see a handsome face in the morning

Natalie wanted to raise her hand to trace his facial outline, but just as she raised her hand, the man beside her suddenly opened his sleepy eyes. This time, she couldn't dodge even if she wanted to. Her hand was frozen in midair, and she was a little embarrassed. Their eyes met and she was caught red-handed

She quickly prepared herself mentally. She was only taking a look and didn't do anything else. Aren't good-looking people meant to be looked at by others? The corners of Natalie's lips twitched. "Morning

Trevon knew that Natalie had been looking at him for a long time. He asked in a low and suggestive voice "Am I handsomest

Even though just a while ago she felt that he was quite handsome. Natalie still said stubbornly. "Don't flatter yourself. Whether one is handsome or not is not determined by one's own words. A person is only truly handsome when other people think he's handsome."

Upon hearing this, Trevon wasn't angry at all. He rebutted calmly, "If I don't have confidence in my belief others when they say I'm handsome?"

Then, he added. "If you think I'm not pleasing to the eye, why did you look at me for so long?"

Natalie found that she had no way to rebut him

To cover her embarrassment, she gave him a shove and changed the subject. Im getting up for work. Have you found the mastermind yet?"

Trevon knew that she was being evasive, so he did not continue to press her on her thoughts. His lips curled into a seductive smile, and his arm was still wrapped around her waist mischievously. "Kiss me and I'll tell you, okay?"

At this moment, he actually asked for her permission. Why didn't he ask for her permission last night? Last night, he simply kissed her right away the moment he leaned close.

Natalie rolled her eyes at Trevon. "If you don't want to tell me, then forget it."

This time. Trevon's smile widened. This woman knew that he would definitely not hide it from her. He got up and leaned down to kiss her lips gently. Natalie retreated nervously and subconsciously grabbed the blanket. However, Trevon's hand blocked her retreat and kept pressing her into his arms. Even

though Natalie had been kissed a few times, she was used to it. During such situations, her heart rate was always out of control.

will not

Trevon, on the other hand, closed his eyes and immersed himself in the long kiss with a look of enjoyment. He wanted to push her into his body. Soon, Natalie felt something strange under the blanket. Her face turned red. This guy

Perhaps Trevon had also felt that he could not control himself. He retreated in a flash and dashed straight to the bathroom. He even swore once, "Fuck"

Natalie, whose mind had gone blank from the kiss, came back to her senses. She curled her lips into a faint smile. He asked for it. She had already told him to get up but he refused. Who could be blame now! She could not help feeling a sense of accomplishment

She lifted the blanket and went to the closet to get her clothes. As she thought that Trevon was preparing to take a shower, Natalie changed her clothes first. She scanned the closet and her eyes finally settled on a pair of black bell-bottom pants and a baggy white shirt. The black jeans had split hems at the bottom of the pant legs. When she wore the white shirt, she only tucked in one corner and the other corner was left loose outside casually

After putting on her clothes, she casually grabbed a hairband from the bedside table and tied her hair up high. She was about to go to the bathroom to wash up when she heard an unbelievable sound at the door that made her stop in her tracks instantly.

Trevon was... Natalie thought he had gone to the bathroom to take a shower, but she didn't expect him to solve his problem like this

There were signs that could reveal whether a man truly loved a woman or not. At this moment, Natalie understood very well that out of respect for her, Trevon chose to restrain himself to the limit. Therefore, it was obvious at a glance whether he

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After the two of the Bestandskla, Natalie papar of cat shoes with hack uppers and white soles at the entrance. The soles of the shoes were very thark comparable to platform shoes. Trevon followed right behind her and fe that he had suddenly become older Standing beside her be felt as if he was in a May-December relationship. The way Natalie dressed was too young too youthful, and too energetar

When they arrived downstairs Natale saw a brand-new BMW It was exactly the same model as the one Joseph Turner had given her

Natale raised her eyes to look at Trevon susperously “You bought this?”

Treson’s tone was normal and full of gentleness “You don’t want your older cousin to find out about the nodent ghr The

rightë earlier car has already been wrapped”

Natalie wanted to ask how much it was, but after thinking about it she felt that it was inappropriate Knowing Trevon’s personality, he would get angry again if Natalie were to draw the boundaries so clearly

Trevon had to go and look for Frank Roberts and the others. He had received a message indicating they had already found out who was the mastermind. Their efficacy was still not bad. He stroked the top of Natalie’s head and said gently. “Do you want to drive or rade a motorcycles Or do you want me to wnd your

Faced with three choices at once. Natalie was at a loss. It felt good to be taken care of, and it also felt good to have a boyfriend

When Natalie's grandfather was still around. Natalie only wanted to make money and live a good life. After her divorce, she wanted her family to be healthy and safe while she remained beautiful. Now, she wanted to lead a good life with Trevon and provide Jasper with a happy and contented

Indeed, women kept changing at every stage. Mindset, temperament, and personality were not something one could control. Sometimes, one couldn't even act cool even if one wanted to

From struggling to surrendering calmly to yearning, this was probably the process of growing up. It was also a process that everyone had to go through

In a person's lifetime, the people around him who came and left were not people who had returned but merely passers-by. He must seize everyone who loved him and those whom he loved. This was something Natalie realized after Lena and the rest got hurt and Jenny passed away.

After thinking for a while, Natalie said. "I'll go by myself. Go ahead with your own work."

Things were already progressing in a positive direction. Natalie should continue to be strong

Trevon raised his hand and rubbed the top of Natalie's head lovingly before planting a kiss on her forehead. "Then I'm leaving. Call me if you need anything. I've sent someone to stand guard by your side. You only need to focus on your work."

Natalie accepted this kind gesture and nodded.

[Chapter 183](#)

At the Lither Club's underground cellar, six men had been beaten up badly.

Their faces had already become swollen like leavened bread, but they did not dare to cry out in pain.

Hackett and Frank were playing cards. Both of them had cigarettes in their mouths and the cigarette smoke was curling upward. Hackett called out, "A pair of aces. Do you call or fold? Otherwise, I'll go first."

Immediately after that, Frank silently threw a pair of twos and crushed Hackett. Hackett was so angry that he felt knotted up inwardly. He cursed and swore. "Fuck! You clearly have the cards, but you still have that constipated look. You're bluffing

me."

Frank disagreed and said, "Then am I supposed to show my hand? What does it have to do with my facial expression if your brain isn't good?"

Hackett was about to scold Frank back when he heard the sound of footsteps made by leather shoes. The two guys knew who it was from the rhythm of the footsteps without even turning around.

Who else could it be but Trevon?

Frank did not even raise his head. He teased, "Why did you 'cum' so early? Do you have performance anxiety?"

Hackett stopped playing when he heard that. He turned around and observed Trevon's expression. He did not find any signs that Trevon had been squeezed dry. He said in a forthright manner, "Mr. Wilson, did Mrs. Wilson not allow you to get into her bed

In a sort of bumbling way, Hackett's guess was half accurate. Trevon did get into her bed but he did not get laid. A look as sharp as an icy blade flew toward Hackett. "You have a lot of free time."

When the two guys saw Trevon's expression and tone, they understood everything. It meant that he didn't succeed. Based on their understanding of Trevon, if he had succeeded, he would be bragging now.

Recently, Hackett's temper had been getting worse. This guy wanted to win over his wife, yet he squeezed Hackett into this hole. "You can't tell whether I have free time? Am I as free as you?"

Hackett could tell from Trevon's expression that his desires were not fulfilled. Coincidentally, Hackett himself didn't have his desires fulfilled either and he was staying in a hotel furthermore. He was feeling downright depressed.

Trevon glanced at the six people tied up securely on the ground. He walked over and kicked Hackett's chair. "Are you itching for a beating?"

Hackett replied, "My entire body is itchy. Why don't you scratch it for me?" The most itchy spot was his heart. Who could understand him?

Frank was not interested in playing cards with this fool anymore. He threw away the cards in his hand and looked at Hackett in disdain. Then, he raised his eyebrows at Trevon. "Why don't the two of you go outside and help each other settle your urges before coming back?"

An image flashed across Hackett's mind instantly. It was the image of him helping Trevon and Trevon helping him. It was a little dirty. Hackett shook his head non-stop and scolded Frank. "Fuck! You're a pervert."

Trevon did not respond to Frank's taunt. His expression changed as he buried the secret in his heart. Hackett had exposed Trevon's matter the moment Trevon arrived. Now, Frank had implied that Trevon had resolved the matter himself in the morning. It was very embarrassing. He definitely could not let these two fellows find out the truth.

If it weren't for the fact that the apartment belonged to Natalie, he would have suspected that the two of them had installed surveillance cameras at his place. Their guesses were spot on.

There was no need to mention how annoyed Trevon felt inwardly. He pulled a stool and sat down at the long bar counter. The wine cellar of Lither Club was very big. A collection of rare wines from various vintages was lined up to the top of the wine rack, and there was a long bar counter in the middle of the cellar.

Trevon took Frank's pack of cigarettes from the table, took out a cigarette, and lit it. His slender fingers held the cigarette butt as the thin smoke curled upward. He said softly. "What did they reveal?"

Frank casually threw the information on the table to Trevon and said in a mocking tone, "The mastermind is your ex-wife's stepmother, but the person she hired has been changed. The first group

thought that the price she offered was too low, so the leader used his connections and randomly found another group of people to take over. The middleman's fees have been covered up"

This was the first time Trevon had heard of such a weird deal. The tip of his nose snorted in disdain and he asked, "How much did she pay? Who did she want to hire at first?"

Frank yawned until droplets of tears appeared in his eyes. "She wanted to use 200,000 dollars to hire a hitman to take your ex-wife's life."

Frank leaned languidly against the back of the chair. He blinked his eyes and yawned repeatedly. He was extremely sleepy. This price is decades old. However, the murderer who went after your son is not them. That trail has gone cold. The truck

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Trevon Bu ked the ash off his cigarette His eyes had already darkened to the

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Trevon did not respond

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Frank fought back has

nel could not help reminding Trevon, "It threatened by your

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Who do you think ter

After a pause he said again, "After this, you deal with the aftermath yourself. Are you going to send these people to the police station or in your ex wifer

This ex-wife label was really parring to Trevon's car He retorted with a hint of cor)

Hackett was so surprised the

ogress faster that

"She's my girlfriend now I'll call

his jaw dropped almost to the ground. Trevon had already won over Natalie? Wasrit

Didn't Trevon have a probation periode

Hackett felt very resentful, but when he raised his head and saw Frank, he felt much better. He said shamelessly, "Mr Roberts, do you feel envious when you is paired up with partners"

Frank rolled his eyes. In just a second, he spat out a seathing retort from his mouth that pierced Hackett's heart like a sharp blade "Envious that you have a home but cant go back, or envious that you're still staying in a hotel and still on probation? "Fuck! That's too much" Hurtful words were generally not lies but simply a straightforward portrayal of the truth.

was excruciating It was too fucking excruciating

Trevon walked outside and gave Natalie a call After waiting for a few seconds, no one answered the call. Just as he was about to terminate the call, the phone was picked up. A voice that made his heart race rang out "Hello"

Trevon's lips curled up "What are you doing?"

Natalie wanted to answer he was asking the obvious, but she eventually said, "What's the matter?"

There was no change to Trevon's expression. He said without shame, "I miss you"

Natalie was caught off guard and her heart skipped a beat. She remained silent for a long time Trevon lowered his phone and glanced at it Natalie was still on the line. He said in a cheeky manner, "I won't tease you anymore. It's true that I miss you, but it's also true that I have something to tell you. The people we caught last night were hired by Elena Foster. What do you plan to do I'll follow your wishes"

Natalie tone was filled with hatred as she said firmly, "I want her to pay with her life"

Trevon said. "She didn't bare the guy who caused the truck crash It was someone else but she hired those people last night" Afraid that she would be anxious, he added, "Don't worry I will investigate I will also strengthen my protection for my son Leave everything

em to the Foster family's place after work. I want to settle the score with Elena Foster personally" It was time to settle the scores after all these years Now was a great time to settle both old and new scores together.

A trace of a smile flashed across Trevon's eyes. He was proud of her and filled with affection for her. He liked her vengeful personality, and he loved her for it "Okay I'll pick you up after work."

"Didn't you give

this morning? Was it just for show?

"I just miss you. I want to see you as soon as possible. Leave the car there and let Jim drive it back

After Natalie consented, Trevon ended the phone call. She said that she was going to perform surgery soon and couldn't talk anymore, so Trevon did not pester her anymore. Initially, he wanted to chat for a few more minutes, but his girlfriend was busy with her career

Girlfriend. This word was quite pleasing to him.

After ending the phone call. Trevon was in a good mood. He strode into the wine cellar with a radiant, cheery face that proclaimed to the world he was in love "Send them to the Foster family's place after work. Continue to investigate what happened in that matter There are bound to be clues"

Frank reminded him, "Sure You guys can leave now I don't want to die suddenly. Let me catch up on my sleep. Pay attention to your son's safety"

If the other party's goal was Trevon's son, then if they failed this time, they would try to take the child's life again. It was better to be safe than sorry

Trevon murmured, "Mm-hmm"

Hackett was a little curious. No one in the outside world could have known that this child was Trevon's Everyone thought that Natalie had twins. If Trevon's father had not insisted on Trevon doing a paternity test. Trevon would have thought so too. "How did the mastermind know that the little fellow is your son? Mrs. Wilson is not likely to be a talkative person."

As soon as he finished speaking. Frank and Trevon turned to stare at Hackett at the same time. It made Hackett's hair stand on end and he cursed. 'Fuck' What are you guys thinking I didn't say anything"

All of them were actually suspecting him. Was he such a blabbermouth?

When he saw Hackett's solemn expression. Trevon did not probe further. He put out the cigarette and said calmly. "I'll go back to the Wilson's residence in the afternoon. Help me hold the fort here."

Frank was right. His son meant everything to Natalie and he was the treasure of his grandfather and the others. Nothing must happen to the child.

Hackett suddenly thought of something else important. "Wait a minute. Have you found out anything about that unfamiliar number?"

Regarding this, Frank speculated that they were probably in cahoots with those involved in the truck accident. As for their purpose, he did not know “The location is in an open-air Lavatory in the slums of Haililand. There are no surveillance cameras and no witnesses. The people living there are all older folks. This was premeditated”

There was no doubt that the sim card was also in the cesspit. Notwithstanding whether the sim card could be fished out, it was probably a hacked sim card even if they succeeded in fishing it out.

Hackett scratched his head angrily. Of all places, it had to be Haililand. Regardless of whether it was Mia Sullivan or not, Hackett scolded her a hundred times again in his heart.

Trevon licked his molars. After a moment of silence, he strode to the door. Tm going”

Hackett suddenly said to Frank, “Is Trevon trying to quit smoking? It looks like he only smoked one cigarette. Based on his previous habit. Trevon should not be stopping at one cigarette. He had to smoke at least three.

Frank did not answer Hackett’s stupid question. He glanced at the door and then said to him, “Let’s catch a nap”

Hackett wasn’t interested in the answer anymore, nor did he want to talk about Trevon quitting smoking. He got up nimbly and said. “Goodbye Don’t pine for me. I have a girlfriend, you know.”

Frank swore inwardly. Everyone was showing off his girlfriend in front of him. He was the only one without one, right Well, that was because he was not interested in getting one, and not because he didn’t have one.

Not interested in getting one and not having one were two different concepts, okay?

[Chapter 184](#)

It was 2:00 pin at the Wilson’s resulense

Trevon Wilson’s lanky frame strolled into the living room of the Wilson’s residence with a face full of hostility. When he saw his son playing happily with Rachel and the rest in the living room, his tightly knitted brows relaxed.

Rashel placed Jasper on her lap like he was a precious treasure and pretended to tickle his waist. The little fellow laughed merrily and stretched out his chubby little hands to push her

This was the first time Trevon saw such an rilled sinile on Rachel’s face. In Trevon’s impression, his mother was always unsmiling and stern. It was rare to see an exaggerated expression on her face Grandpa often said that Trevon’s personality.

was like his mother’s.

Now, it seemed that no one was born with a stern face. It was just that the smile was only given to people that person cared

about

While playing with the child, Rachel saw Trevon from the corner of her eye and stopped what she was doing. However, she did not put Jasper down. She stared at Trevon and asked curiously. "Why are you back? Has her matter been settled?"

By "her" Rachel was referring to Natalie Foster, of course Trevon understood and replied, "Almost"

His gaze was fixed intently on Jasper's face. He subconsciously reached out and pinched his son's cheek. This face was the smaller version of Natalie Foster. It looked quite pleasing to the eye. He took

Jasper away from Rachel's arms.

After he placed his son on his lap, Trevon had a strange feeling in his heart. This little bundle of joy was actually the product of him and Natalie. He felt a sense of superiority and accomplishment. "What should you call me?"

Jasper's eyes turned to Rachel as if he was asking her what he should call Trevon. He blurted out adorably, "Grandma."

Rachel was all smiles as the corners of her mouth curled up. "Call him Daddy,"

Upon receiving the answer, Jasper turned around and tried to stand on Trevon's lap with his two short legs. He wrapped his arms around Trevon's neck and called out cautiously in a childish voice, "Daddy"

Trevon's heart exploded with joy and he felt sweet all over. He was as happy as the warm sun in spring, but he still maintained his usual expression. It was impossible to tell if he was happy or angry. "Rascal, I'm your biological father, but you don't even know what to call me. You still need to ask your grandini, human?"

He pretended to pinch his son's little nose as punishment. The little fellow felt uncomfortable from the pinch and used his small hand to pat Trevon's big hand away.

Rachel really could not bear to see Trevon carry her grandson with a stony face. She glared at her son. "Can't you just smile? You're always pulling a long face. Be careful that you don't frighten your son."

Upon hearing this, Trevon withdrew a little of his fake iciness. "Do you miss Mommy?"

Jasper was overjoyed when he heard the phrase "Mommy" and his tiny hands flapped joyously. "Mommy hug, Mommy hug." Trevon rubbed his son's face. This face was not even as big as his palm.

He was a boy but why did he have a girl's face? "Be good. Listen to Grandma and the others. I'll bring you to visit Mommy in a few days"

Jasper nodded. He looked a little disappointed because he could not see his mommy immediately.

Though Trevon appeared to be disdainful, his body language was honest. He hugged his son with both hands and never once let go. His long fingers toyed with his son's earlobe. It was soft and felt very comfortable.

Trevon raised his eyes and signaled to the butler to get all the servants to leave.

Upon receiving the eye signal, the butler gestured with his hand and instructed all the servants to get out of the villa. He himself also waited outside,

After all the servants left. Trevon said icily, "Have there been any new lures or guests recently**

Rachel had some suspicions when her son, who had never cared about family matters, suddenly made such an inquiry. Her expression turned grim. "What are you suspecting"

Trevon's face turned even more icy. "I've checked. There were two groups of people who took action. One group wanted your grandson's life, and the other wanted Natalie's. The group that went after Natalie was hired by Harry Foster's second wife. I haven't found out who is behind the group that went after your grandson."

Rachel did not care about those groups or people. As for her grandson's safety, she would keep a close eye on the child. "There are no new hires at home, and no outsiders have visited us recently. Do you have any suspects? I will pay attention to Jasper's safety. He sleeps with me at night."

Rachel's words were meant to reassure her son. She would put in a lot of effort.

"Mm-hmm. I'm investigating* Rachel did not interfere with her son's decisions and plans. Now, the greatest help she could give her son was to help him ease the worries at the back of his mind."

She was surprised that the name "Natalie" came out of her son's mouth so effortlessly. "Are you two back together again?"

Trevon was very calm. "Mom, I will only take her as my wife in this lifetime. Jasper's mother can only be her. I don't plan to look for a stepmother for my child, so it's best that you treat her better."

In the end, Rachel sighed helplessly. "I've never made things difficult for her from the beginning to the end. I just think that you deserve the best. She doesn't look like a well-brought-up young lady from a wealthy family. But I can't stop you from liking her. As long as you like her, she is my daughter-in-law. I don't have any other requests. It's fine as long as you feel happy"

"Mm-hmm. You should be grateful that she gave birth to such a grandson for you. Trevon was trying to help Natalie claim credit."

How could Rachel not understand her son's words? It was obvious that he wanted Rachel to be grateful to this girl. He was afraid that she would make things difficult for Natalie, so she added. "You chose her yourself. Only you know if she's suitable or not since you know her best. From my standpoint, I always hope that you can have the best."

Trevon rebutted her. "In your eyes, I'm the best, but in the eyes of others, I'm not necessarily the best. She's very good. It may not be that she's not worthy of me. It might be that I am not worthy of her. Trevon only understood this principle after he had suffered defeat."

Grandpa had taught him before that no one was obliged to like him simply because he had money. Didn't Natalie teach him a solid lesson? It was just that the lesson duration was a little long and lasted two years.

Rachel knew that Trevon had made up his mind. As long as her son felt contented and blissful, it was good enough. When she looked at that little fellow, she finally capitulated. Having his own biological mother was always better than having a stepmother. As long as you like her, it's good enough. I have no objections. I won't make things difficult for her either. You don't have to be wary of me."

This time. Trevon did not answer. Instead, Jasper imitated Trevon and said. "Mm-hmm."

When Rachel saw that little fellow mimicking Trevon so earnestly, she raised her hand to her mouth to hide her smile. Trevon frowned. "Rascal, is your butt itching for a beating? How dared this little fellow mimic his father.

A loud and powerful voice rebuked angrily. "Who are you going to hit? Are you trying to rebel? Try laying one finger on my great-grandson and see if I don't break your legs."

When he saw Theo Wilson coming downstairs, Jasper was filled with the desire to live. He jumped down from Trevon's lap and skipped toward Theo Wilson. He then called out sweetly. "Great-grandpa"

Theo was absolutely overjoyed when he heard the child's greeting. He held the child's hand and led him to the sofa. He even glared at his grandson with displeasure. "If you're so free today, why are you not keeping that girl company? If something happens to that girl again, you don't have to come back to the Wilson's residence anymore. With you out of my sight. I feel less exasperated" If he still refused to accept the girl. Theo wouldn't be able to look his grandson in the eye.

Trevon looked helpless and a little aggrieved. He no longer had any status in the family. His son came first followed by Natalie, and Trevon was the last of all. Furthermore, he was the least welcomed. I'm here to dig for the truth. I suspect that someone knows that Jasper is my son and decided to kill him"

Upon hearing this. Theo Wilson's face turned pale. His hand that was holding the walking stick trembled a little as he ordered, "Investigate thoroughly. I want to see who has the guts to lay a finger on my precious one."

"Grandpa, do you have any suspect in mind? If I find out that it is someone from the Wilson family who did it, can I take action Trevon was just covering all the bases.

As soon as he finished speaking. Rachel and Trevon waited for Theo to respond. Minutes and seconds passed by. Theo glanced at the great-grandson in his arms and made a decision. "You make the decision. If the problem really arose from the Wilson family. I won't interfere."

What could possibly be more important than his great-grandson? If the perpetrator couldn't even let go of such a young child, the Wilson family did not need to worry about anything else. However, Theo hoped fervently that the perpetrator was not someone from the Wilson family.

Theo had already laid down the family rules long ago. The Wilson family did not allow public fights and covert strife. The Wilson family's eldest son would inherit the position of being head of the family. The branch families could work in the Wilson Group and receive dividends, but they could not interfere with any company decisions

For many years, everything had been peaceful and harmonious. The family members did not interfere with each other. However. Max Wilson had always been useless. He only knew how to play around all day long. He always had a group of women lunging around him. This was also the reason Theo was displeased. Max had ruined the Wilson family's name and tradition

Rachel could read Theo's mind and she comforted him. "Leave the matter to Trevon. You should just enjoy yourself playing with Jasper now. Don't worry about any superfluous things"

Theo came to a realization then and his eyes were filled with smiles again. "Yes, yes, yes. I'm old and can't interfere in many things anymore. You make the decision. Some decisions you can discuss with your father, but I still have to take care of that matter regarding that girl. Treat her well and cherish what you have now. It's not easy for you two to have this child"

"Got at How would Trevon dare to offend Natalse new He hard to think carefully done to adrriping meaning mvery tatte she shot Trevon a glance

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Trevon Wilson was sitting in the car, leaning languidly against the seat. The cigarette was dangling from his lips. He was just taking in the tobacco smell but did not light up. The window on the driver's seat was rolled down. He stretched one arm out of the window and snapped his fingers repeatedly outside the car. The buttons on his shirt sleeve cuff were unbuttoned and the sleeve was rolled up to the elbow, revealing his muscular arm. He patiently waited for the woman he had been longing

for to come out

His other hand casually tapped on the steering wheel intermittently. He glanced at the time on the dashboard. It was almost time to get off work.

He pulled his arm back and closed his eyes, pretending to take a nap.

Luxury cars and handsome men had always been the pursuit targets of beautiful women. Such an eye-catching car parked at the entrance of the hospital made many heads turn.

After a while, Natalie Foster emerged.

She looked around her surroundings. Her demeanor resembled a thief somewhat. Then, she quickly opened the car door and got in. As soon as she sat down, she asked, "Why did you park your car here? I thought you would be waiting in the parking lot."

The next second, Trevon replied in an aggrieved voice, 'Am I so unpresentable? Have I embarrassed you?"

Natalie thought, "You're too presentable. I'm worried there will be news of me being a kept woman tomorrow, as well as things like my private life is a mess, and I'm using tricks to seduce rich second-generation heirs."

Natalie had already thought of the news headlines for Trevon and herself. She wondered if anyone had seen her just now,

Natalie said as she fastened her seat belt, "I don't want to waste media resources."

Trevon burst out laughing. He was rich yet he was despised. Only this woman could do something like that. If it were any other women, they would have rushed over to pounce on him. "Tam rich yet my wealth has become my sin. It has turned into a hindrance to my plan of winning over my girlfriend"

To think that this woman was worried about becoming a trending topic after getting caught together with him.

Natalie felt that there was something wrong with Trevon's comprehension ability. "Did I mean that I just want to keep a low profile. It's already very high-profile even if you don't say anything and just stand there, Mr. Wilson." The last few words made Trevon's heart tremble.

For some reason, his heart went soft. He thought the way she called him "Mr. Wilson" sounded very nice. The smile on his lips widened and he could not help laughing. "Can I kiss you?"

Natalie instantly felt her skin go numb and the sensation spread all the way to her fingertips. She replied with a calm expression, "No. Can you stop thinking about this every day? You're Athana's famous Mr. Wilson after all."

Trevon was thoroughly shameless. It was as if he had become a different person. "I have no choice. I can't control myself whenever I see you. I have the urge to kiss you." He also wanted to sleep with her, but he did not say this because he was afraid of getting beaten.

Natalie felt helpless. After agreeing to try again, things had already derailed from her expectations and were a little out of control. If she relented on this aspect, would things get out of hand? She asked instead, "If I don't give my consent, does it mean the car will stop moving?"

There was a wicked smile on Trevon's lips as he said in all seriousness, "You have the final say in this aspect. If you say move, I move. If you say stop. I stop."

Why did Natalie feel that her brain was a little dirty? She felt that something was not quite right with these words, but there was no evidence to prove he wasn't talking about driving.

Natalie turned her gaze to the car window and washed her dirty mind with the scenery outside that kept flashing past,

In the end, the man did not force her to kiss him. He drove to the Foster family's place in a good mood.

About 35 minutes later, the car came to a stop at the entrance of the Foster family's residence. Trevon stopped the car horizontally across the entrance of the Foster family's residence without any ceremony. This was a classic Trevon Wilson stunt. He simply did not take the Foster family seriously at all.

The two of them got out of the car. Natalie had switched to a face full of hostility and belligerence, in contrast to her expression when she was in the car. When she saw this house, she became furious. Many terrible memories surged into her mind.

This villa was newly bought by Harry Foster in order to marry Elena Foster. It was called the Foster family's villa, but this place had nothing to do with her. She was furious that Harry did so much for his mistress yet he stoinped Natalie's mother down to the ground and trampled all over her. Natalie could not help feeling indignant for her mother.

With a bellyful of grievance, she strode into the villa with her shoes on while Trevon followed behind quietly like a bodyguard. He did not stop her nor did he speak. He simply protected her.

It gave the impression that Natalie could do whatever she wanted and Trevon would do the cleaning up thereafter

At this moment. Elena was sitting on the sofa in a silk dress and reading a magazine. She looked very relaxed and comfortable The coffee table was full of a dazzling array of fruits There were cherries,

apples, grapes, pineapples, avocados, strawberries She seemed to have moved the whole fruit shop home

Elena was really living a comfortable life

When she saw Natalie and Trevon walking into the living room, she quickly got up and put on a veneer of fake enthusiasm. "Gosh. Mr. Wilson, Natalie! What brings you guys here? Have a seat, have a seat."

Elena was wondering why these two had come. Since Natalie was unharmed, could it be

Elena was unyielding in her attitude and immediately put on the appearance of a mistress of the household. She turned around and instructed the servant to serve drinks. "Natalie, what do you want to drink? Do you want coffee or fruit juice? Come, have some fruit brst"

Natalie had a mocking and disdainful smile on her face but this smile was a little scary. She said sarcastically. "Indeed, I should eat a little. If not for my good luck, I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to eat your fruit today. What do you think. Madam Cheatham?"

After saying that, she ignored the changes in Elena's face and pulled Trevon to sit on the sofa. She took an orange and toyed with it in her hand. Then she turned her head and asked the man, "Do you want one?"

Trevon replied, "I can't stomach this. You shouldn't eat either. Just play a while" He wasn't here to extend any courtesy to Elena. He was here to give her a slap in the face, so why should he be so gracious?

Elena gasped when she heard this, but her face remained calm. She maintained an awkward smile and pretended to be concerned. "Natalie, what are you talking about? I don't get it. Did something happen?"

Natalie casually and unhurriedly peeled the orange in her hand. However, halfway through, she frowned. "It's rotten." She even dusted her hands in disdain and casually threw the orange into the trash can. She then took a tissue to wipe her hands. She shook her head and sighed. "The orange looks pretty good, but it is actually rotten inside. It is truly a gilded exterior with a ruined core. Indeed, you can't just judge a person by her external appearance."

Trevon added out of the blue. "Beauty lies in the core, not on the surface. Not everyone can be called a beauty. Some people may be venomous snakes or scorpions, or they can be lowly farm animals. It depends on what kind of animal the other party wants to mimic. It's just that these people are better at mimicking. They resemble whatever they mimic. Some of them. are very good when they mimicked mistresses"

When Natalie heard this, she silently gave Trevon a thumbs up in her heart. This guy had a really venomous tongue. After making a long detour. he turned back and scolded Elena for being a mistress. Natalie felt extremely gratified

Metaphorically speaking, was this a harmonious combination of two swords? If the swords were unsheathed at the same time, would they be able to slay their enemies without mercy?

Elena was already on pins and needles. She could almost feel a thorn pricking her under her butt. She wanted to flee, but she couldn't. She braced herself and endured their indirect insults. She couldn't retort because the other party was Trevon Wilson

In the end, Natalie underestimated Elena's shamelessness. Not only did Elena continue from where Trevon left off, but she also flattered Trevon "Mr. Wilson is right. Indeed, Mr. Wilson is perceptive. Cultured people are indeed different. Natalie, we can't be careless when judging people in the future. There are many bad people outside now, and there are all kinds of scum. In particular, there have been many scammers lately. You have to be careful. You have to protect the inheritance your grandfather went through so much to leave behind for you

Natalie sneered in her heart. That woman was still hankering after Natalie's inheritance. No wonder she wanted to kill Natalie "That's for sure I'll definitely protect the inheritance Grandpa gave me. Grandpa gave it to me because he doted on me. Even if I die, I will pass it down to my son. If my son doesn't want it, the final destination of the inheritance will be a charitable organization. No one else can have any designs on it."

These words made the unile that Elena had been maintaing up till now crack a litle Her face turned visibly pale, but she was still struggling very hard to pretend that she did not care so much about the money.

Trevon realized that Natalie was trying to mess with Elena's mind. When he saw that Natalie wanted to toy around, he was also willing to waste some time and toy with Elena "Madam Cheatham, I'm quite free today. Why don't I tell you a joke!"

Natalie did not think that Trevon was capable of telling jokes. Who knew what kind of stuff he would say?

However, Natalie's interest was also piqued. As she peeled the oranges, she prepared to listen attentively. She had peeled many oranges but did not eat them. It was a little wasteful

Elena was already nervous as she faced Trevon. She did not know why Trevon was here or what he was thinking. She fel very uneasy. Didn't they say that the two children Natalie gave birth to were not Trevon's children? Then why was Trevon here today, doing all these things? Did the two of them rekindle their relationship? Elena was very sharp in this aspect Trevon looked at the wretched girl with affection and even love. Anyone with a discerning eye could see that. Was the Wilson family really allowing its heir to be the receiver of lousy, used goods!

Elena continued to put up a fight, believing that they couldn't do anything to her if she refused to admit complicity. "Mr. Wilson, tell us what you want. Harry and I will definitely cooperate with you. No matter what, Natalie is our Foster family's child"

Trevon leaned languidly on the sofa with his legs crossed casually. He placed one arm behind Natalie's back and played with her ponytail carelessly, seemingly enjoying himself. "I heard from my friend that a few days ago, someone offered 200,000 dollars to hire mercenaries to kill a person. Madam Cheatham, do you think this person's brain is not too good?

Elena's bravado was totally crushed. This was because she had just paid out 200,000 dollars a few days ago. It couldn't be such a coincidence. It could only mean that they were here to settle scores today. She should have thought of it the moment this wretched girl appeared.

However, she did not expect Trevon to show up as well.

Elena's back was stiff, and her hands and feet were icy cold. She said in a trembling voice. "Then this person is really. How can he do such a murderous, unlawful thing?" She secretly sent a message to Harry Foster to tell him that Trevon Wilson was here and that the guys had failed in their mission.

Trevon concurred and nodded slightly. There was no emotion on his face, and it was impossible to tell if he was happy or angry. "It seems that Madain Cheatham's values are still very upright. Then I'll be kind and tell you the rest of the story. That employer with a not-so-good brain was too stingy and offered too low a price. The guy who was hired arranged for a few people to complete the mission, but they were all defeated. Tell me, if the employer finds out the reason for his failure, will he die on the spot? Should I call an ambulance for this person? Madam Cheatham, isn't this joke quite funny?"

Elena and Natalie looked at Trevon at the same time. That was right. Natalie didn't know about this either. Trevon only told her that Elena was the mastermind, but he didn't say that Elena had been tricked. This joke might not be funny for Elena, but it was really funny for Natalie.

Natalie's face was filled with surprise and joy. In contrast, Elena's expression was not so good. There was fear, disbelief, and hatred.

When he noticed Natalie's gaze, Trevon gently rubbed her ears and began to play with her hair again as if he was just comforting her. Then, the two of them stared intently at Elena sitting opposite them. Her ever-changing facial expressions were quite interesting.

Natalie did not want to beat around the bush anymore. She had been toying with Elena for long enough. She picked up a peeled orange and weighed it in her hand. She then smashed it directly on Elena's head, but she used too much strength. The orange split open, and juice and orange flesh splattered all over Elena's face. Her exquisite makeup was also ruined.

Trevon knew that this woman must be up to something when she kept quiet all this while. He turned a blind eye to Natalie throwing all the peeled oranges at Elena's face. Each throw was more vicious than the last

Elena couldn't see where the tissue was, so she didn't care anymore. She raised her hand and wiped her face. Her vision finally cleared. Just as she was about to flare up, she received Trevon's sharp and ferocious glare. She restrained her temper and clenched her fists. She had never been so humiliated before. "Natalie, if you are dissatisfied with me, you can just say it. This is going too far."

Natalie smiled. It was a mocking smile. Elena was still putting on an act even at the brink of death. "Was I the one who attacked first? Elena Foster, I remember telling you many years ago that as long as you don't give me any trouble, I can ignore you. However, you left me with no choice. You had to prance around in front of me to make your presence known. I would feel embarrassed if I didn't hit you. Actually, as long as you don't cross me, I still wish you and Harry Foster well. Because I think the two of you are really suitable for each other. You are a match made in heaven. I hope that the two of you will be tightly bound to each other for the rest of your lives and not harm other people."

Elena was so angry that her entire body was trembling. However, Trevon was present so she could not retaliate. If Trevon was not around, she would have beaten this bitch to death long ago. "Natalie, I really don't know what you're talking about"

Trevon felt somewhat perplexed. He really did not want to waste time with Elena anymore. He would rather watch medic videos with Natalie than waste time here. "Seems like you won't learn until you have been taught a painful lesson"

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After saying that, Trevon Wilson gave Jim Hawk a call.

A few minutes later, Jim came in with a few people tied up securely, followed by the Turner family's bodyguards.

The group marched into the living room with a flourish, and the living room that was so spacious earlier suddenly became much more crowded.

Elena Foster didn't recognize those few who were tied up, including the man with the tattooed arms beside the bodyguard. However, she already had an answer in her heart. She wanted to delay until Harry Foster returned, but she had sent the message so long ago, yet Harry didn't call back.

Jim pushed those few people to the ground. The six men fell in a heap and struggled to get up.

The man with the tattooed arms who followed right behind stood respectfully in front of Trevon with a fawning expression. "Mr. Wilson, I'm really sorry. I didn't know that this woman was going to deal with your people. I did something wrong this time. If you need my help in the future, just let me know. Also, Mr. Wilson, please give me a figure for the incident this time. I will compensate you."

Trevon raised his eyebrows. "You can't afford it. You did the right thing this time. You can play it now"

The man with the tattooed arms was overjoyed when he heard he did not have to compensate and was praised by Trevon as well. He knew what Trevon wanted him to play. He took out his cell phone and clicked on the playback software. Then, Elena's voice reverberated throughout the silent living room. "I'll pay 200,000 dollars. I want you guys to take a woman's life. She is Dr. Natalie Foster from the Department of Neurosurgery in the Athana Hospital"

Jim gasped when he heard that. This woman was really vicious. Sure enough, there were no good people among stepmothers, in particular when the woman started out as a mistress. What a venomous heart she had. Fortunately, Mrs. Wilson was lucky

Natalie smiled bitterly. "Elena Foster, you have really put in a lot of effort to destroy me. If you had been a little more generous, I might have ended up in exactly the way you wished."

Elena knew that the matter had already been exposed. Now, she could no longer pretend, and there was no point in defending herself anymore. She admitted outright, "Yes, I just want you dead. How wonderful it would have been if only you had died like your mother. If not for you, I would have married into the Foster family long ago and I would not be despised by Barron Foster. That old fart refused to acknowledge me even until his death. It was all because of you. You were an obstacle through and

through. I have to get rid of you. I want to kill you even in my dreams. It's just that your luck is too good. You managed to survive time and again."

Since the matter had already blown up, Elena decided to throw caution to the wind and just reveal everything. Even if she didn't say anything, she knew that Trevon Wilson would never let her off. "Were you the one who bought the shares of the Foster Group?"

Natalie was surprised. She was the one who placed the order online. Didn't Velocity Expeditions do a good job keeping it secret all this while? So was it because the information was leaked that these people resorted to such desperate measures?

While Natalie was thinking, Trevon said indifferently, "I bought them. Do you have any objections?"

Elena did not believe Trevon and insisted on her own view. "Impossible. Harry Foster heard from others that the mastermind behind this was Natalie Foster. This information is most definitely not wrong."

Trevon remained indifferent, but the iciness in his eyes had already reached the maximum. "Is that so? Madam Cheatham, you have such a good relationship with your husband. Why didn't your husband tell you that his luck has been very bad, recently? He has been on a losing streak and has already sold many of the Foster Group's shares. It seems that your relationship with your husband isn't as firm as you think, Madam Cheatham. As of today, your husband has already sold so much of his stake that there is only 2% left in his hands. Are you surprised?"

Trevon knew how to destroy a person psychologically. Elena was concerned about the Foster Group's assets. A mistress who rose to become the wife was only after money and fame. Trevon simply crushed her fantasy of attaining these things.

Elena mumbled and fell onto the sofa. Her eyes were glazed over as she tried to convince herself that Trevon was lying to her. However, in the next second, she rushed up to Natalie. She raised her hand and was about to hit Natalie when Natalie grabbed her hand firmly. She stood up and slapped Elena four times viciously without stopping. Everyone present was stunned. Jim could not help sighing. Mrs. Wilson was not someone to be trifled with.

Elena's face, which still had orange flesh stuck on it, turned red and swollen instantly. She was so angry that her chest heaved up and down. However, her chest was pressed down by Natalie and she could not move. She could only stare at Natalie with eyes filled with hatred.

Natalie simply loved this expression on Elena's face. It was the anxious look of a person who hated her nemesis yet she could not do anything to her nemesis. Natalie smiled and kindly explained the reason for each slap. "Elena Foster, you tried to knock me down twice. One slap for each attempt. You destroyed my original family. It's not a loss for you when I only gave you one slap for this. For causing my mother to jump off a building, this slap is not unjust. This is why I slapped you four times. You don't have to thank me. I just love explaining."

After being slapped four times, Elena felt a little dizzy. However, her thoughts were still there. How could she not be resentful when she got slapped by this wretched girl? "Natalie Foster, aren't you curious why"

Harry Foster hates you so much? Haha! I won't tell you. I also won't tell you why your mother jumped off

Natalie was not interested to know why Harry hated her because she had long given up on Harry. The word “father” no longer had any meaning in her heart. She did want to know why her mother jumped off a building. She guessed that part of the reason was that Elena Cheatham stepped between her parents, but what was the exact reason that made a mother abandon her daughter who was only ten, and choose to commit suicide?

“Tell me Why?” Natalie suddenly raised her voice. She tugged at Elena’s hair and asked ferociously. She was a little agitated. The well-being of her mother, her grandfather, and her son was the line that no one could cross.

Trevon walked over and grabbed Natalie around the waist and sat her down on the sofa. “She’ll talk. Don’t get so worked up. Take a break”

He turned around and said to Jim, “Have you recorded everything? Send it to the police station and explain to them”

Jim did not want to sympathize with the woman on the floor at all. She deserved it. He had to explain to the police properly so that this woman would get locked up together with the other bullies.

After the matter was settled and Natalie had also slapped Elena four times, Elena was taken away. However, the crime of hiring someone to do contract killing in itself would not result in a death sentence. This was not satisfactory for Natalie because her mother was already dead.

Although she did not know if Elena was the indirect or direct murderer, there was no doubt that Elena was a factor.

Trevon seemed to have guessed Natalie’s thoughts and said in a low voice, “Don’t worry. She will more or less spend the rest of her life in the slammer. She must have committed more than one crime. They will pry open her mouth. Everyone has a weakness.”

Natalie nodded.

After getting into the car, Trevon suddenly said. “My weakness is you and my son. You’re first, and my son is second”

Just a moment ago, Natalie was still in an unhappy mood. Now she suddenly jumped into a good mood. Wasn’t this mood swing a little too extreme? Her heart couldn’t quite take it. Although the mood change was fast, the truth was she was still delighted.

She looked away as the corners of her mouth curled up a little,

The next second, Trevon reached out and interlocked his fingers with hers. The warmth from his palm spread throughout her entire body, and there was an inexplicable pounding. He held her hand very tightly and spoke up. “Let’s go home”

Trevon did not expect that the day would come when he became so overwhelmed by lust that he did not want to go to work anymore. He only wanted to get intimate with Natalie, even if it was just like now whereby they were simply holding hands and driving quietly, admiring the scenery along the way. It was also somewhat romantic.

In the past 30 years, he had never yearned for such a peaceful life so much. He missed his wife and kid so much that he had become feverish.

At the same time, just after Elena was taken away, Emily Foster came back happily and walked into the living room. She noticed that the atmosphere was a little strange.

She searched for her mother but eventually turned to one servant and asked with a nasty attitude, "Where's my mother?" As the servant was worried that Emily would vent her anger on her, she said with a trembling voice, "Miss... Emily, Mrs. Foster has been taken away by Miss Natalie."

Emily did not understand the servant's words. "Miss Natalie? I'm the only Miss in the Foster family. Remember this. I'm in a good mood today so I won't punish you. Where did she take my mother?"

The servant quickly nodded and said with a lowered head, "They went to the police station."

Emily got a shock. Her face immediately turned pale and her voice became louder. She thought she had heard wrongly "The police station?"

The servant lowered her gaze and nodded. She told Emily what happened in the living room earlier. Of course, that also included the fact that Natalie slapped Elena four times. The crisp and loud slaps frightened the servants badly at that point. but they felt very elated in their hearts. Usually, Elena and Emily would keep on scolding the servants every day. When they were in a bad mood, they would say very nasty things to the servants. With this incident, the servants felt vindicated, but they could not show how they felt outwardly.

It did not occur to Emily that her mother would hire hitmen to take down that bitch, but the critical point was that the attempt failed. What should she do now? She quickly took out her cell phone and called Harry. The call went through, but

no one answered.

Emily was so anxious that she paced around in circles. Initially, she was in a good mood today. Mar Wilson agreed to her request and said that he would definitely marry her next month. He just needed her to fall on one condition. At first, she did not agree, but on second thought, it was worth it if she could marry into the Wilson family. In the end, she agreed to such a thing to happen to her mother. That bitch Natalie Foster was a demon and a raging beast. This

How old Natalie is that

Pay Foster was a long example of how a child raised by her biological family which held the wrong as was not much

boner than brides

the importance of one power using unscrupulous means and relying on

[Chapter 187](#)

Harry Foster was a smart man. When he received Elena Foster's message in the casino, he knew that the matter had been exposed after putting two and two together. Now that Trevon Wilson was still at his

home, he didn't have the guts to go back. He simply pretended he did not see the message. He hoped that Elena would take responsibility for everything

At 11:30 pm. Harry stepped into the Foster family's living room leisurely

Emily Foster was sitting on the sofa, making a phone call. She said coquettishly. "Max, help my mother, please? I'll definitely complete that task you mentioned. We'll be family from now on. Isn't my mother your mother? Surely you don't want my mother to get locked up for real' It won't be good for you either."

Emily cajoled petulantly as she flattered Max Wilson. "Max, you're so influential in Athana. You must know of many ways to help Who wouldn't show respect to Max Wilson?"

Max really tell for Emily's tricks. He was so overjoyed when he heard her flattery. All along, everyone thought that he was inferior to Trevon Wilson. Not many people thought highly of him. He could only do whatever he wanted because he had the same surname. When Emily flattered him in this fashion. he was so pleased and elated that he immediately agreed to help her

People liked to hear compliments, even if they were hypocritical lies

When she saw that Max had agreed to help, Emily's heart relaxed. She even kissed the cell phone a few times. "Goodbye, honey. I love you Muah!"

Emily only realized that Harry was sitting on the sofa opposite her after ending the call. She said with a little displeasure, "Dad, where did you go today? Do you know that Mom was arrested by the police?"

It's all because of that bitch Natalie Foster She was the one who brought Trevon Wilson to arrest her. Dad, quickly think of a way to get Mom out."

Although Max agreed to help her, the prerequisite was that she needed to help Max complete what he had asked her to do The risk was too high. What if she did not succeed? She could not bank on this task alone to redeem her mothers freedom. She would feel more secure if there were alternatives.

Of course. Harry knew that something had happened to Elena. Now, he could only pretend not to know. "I was quite busy today. I didn't check my cell phone. I only saw your mother's message just now I'll think of a way. Let's go visit her

tomorrow."

Emily wanted her father to approach Natalie Foster This was the most direct method. As long as Natalie did not pursue this matter, this matter could be minimized. Her mother would be released in minutes.

"Dad, call Natalie and ask her to let Mom off Although Mom was in the wrong. Natalie was fine and she wasn't hurt. If Mom goes to jail in the future, what will happen to the Foster family's dignity and social standing?"

Emily was going to marry into the Wilson family in the future. How could she afford to get besmirched by this stain of a family member going to jail? Wouldn't she be gossip fodder for all the pampered daughters of wealthy families for the rest

of her life!

Harry stood up and paced back and forth in the living room with his hands behind his back. He looked like he was thinking, analyzing, and thinking of a way.

He was penniless now and his luck was so bad that he was almost left with just the shirt on his back. If not for the fact that the people beside him also lost, he would have suspected that the casino cheated. At this moment, he was in no mood to care about Elena. He said perfunctorily, "Til call that wretched girl tomorrow and then try to call my friends. Don't be anxious, I'll think of a way. If you have nothing to do, go to bed first. Sitting in the living room like that won't help your mother get

out

As soon as he finished speaking, Harry turned around, strode towards the stairs, and went upstairs. He had no intention of staying in the living room to discuss how to save Elena.

Although Emily knew that her father was right, she felt that there was something different about her father. She just couldn't put her finger on it. She got the vague feeling that he was hiding something from her and her mother.

Forget it. Saving her mother was the most important thing now. She would go to the police station first tomorrow.

The next morning, Emily woke up early. This was the first time she had woken up so early in more than 20 years.

While she was rating breakfast, Harry also got out of bed. He was dressed in a black suit. As he walked downstairs slowly, he did not look worried at all that his wife had been arrested.

When he noticed his daughter staring intently at himself, he cleared his throat, "Let's eat first. After that, we'll go to the police station and find out from your mother what happened. Then we'll think of a way."

When she heard her father's words, Emily's suspicion lessened somewhat. "Mm-hmm. Dad, you should eat too."

As soon as Harry sat down and before he could touch anything, the main door of the Foster family's residence was open. A delicate, good-looking youth entered. He had a squeaky-clean demeanor and gave the impression that he was untainted. At 15 years old, he was already 5 feet 7 inches tall.

Emily turned her head and saw that her younger brother had returned. She was a little puzzled. Wasn't it Friday today? Classes ended yet. Besides, her younger brother generally never came home.

She stood up and walked to Tucker Foster's side. The height difference was immediately obvious. He was 5 feet 3 inches

feet 7 inches, with a difference of 4 inches. "Why are you here? Have classes ended

while the other

Tucker did not answer. Finally

he asked, "Has Mom been arrested?"

"How did you know? Eruly was astounded Wastit thus a little too fast? Mom was only taken away yesterday and her younger brother immediately returned today Could it be that the entire city of Athana already knew?

This must not happen Emily was going to marry into the Wilson family in the future She quickly turned on her cell phone and checked the news She flipped through a few sites but did not find any news about her mother being arrested Her anxious heart relaxed, but she was still puzzled by how her younger brother knew

Tucker was neither surprised nor sad. He only said indifferently. "If you don't want others to know, don't do it. The truth will come to light sooner or later"

Emily had the feeling that her younger brother was not here to show concern for his mother, but was here to cause trouble for Emily She was already annoyed enough. She was going marry into the Wilson family next month. At the critical moment, something like this happened to her mother

This younger brother had always looked down on Emily In fact, it could even be said that Tucker looked down on the entire Foster family Emily was his biological sister, yet he would use the knowledge he had learned to relive her. She was so angry that she patted Tucker's shoulder unceremoniously. "What kind of attitude is that? What are you saying? She's your mother"

Tucker did not take Emily's words seriously. He was neither angry nor anxious. He sat on the sofa as if the whole matter had nothing to do with him He took the moral high ground and expounded the correct values to Emily She did something wrong so she should receive the punishment she deserved"

Emily questioned her younger brother in disbelief. "Tucker Foster, do you mean that your mother deserves to go to jail? She would be letting you down if she didn't go to jail? Is there something wrong with your brain? She's your biological mother What good will it do you if she goes to jail?"

Tucker had not once called out "Dad" to Harry since he stepped in here. Instead, he rebutted Emily, "Don't twist my words. I don't wish for Mom to go to jail. But she did something wrong and she should receive the punishment she deserves. Shouldn't she receive the punishment she deserves after killing someone! If everyone is like Mom, the world will be in chaos. They can kill whoever they want. This is the path Mom chose. She should bear the consequences of her decision. I don't think there's anything embarrassing about her going to jail. If she doesn't repent after realizing her mistake, I will feel

ashamed"

Emily was so angry that she was grinding her teeth. Ever since she was young, she had not been able to communicate with her younger brother. They would end up quarreling after barely exchanging three sentences Fine You're the cultured one. You're really capable, Tucker Foster You used everything you

learned against us. Do you like Natalie Foster? But if you acknowledge her as your older sister, will she care about you? Won't your overtures of friendship still be subbed? Do you think she'll be grateful to you if you don't beg her to let Mom stay out of prison? Dream on. She will never acknowledge you as her half-brother in her lifetime

“Tucker, take a good look. I am your rightful older sister. You believe that Mom is a mistress who destroyed Natalie Foster’s family, don’t you? Do you feel sorry for her? That’s because her mother was useless and couldn’t take care of her husband. What does it have to do with our mother?”

Such a twisted logic successfully convinced Tucker not to argue with Emily anymore. “Emily, I can’t communicate with you. Our values are different. It’s good for Mom to stay there and reflect on herself. I suggest you also go to a better university to give your world view and values a thorough cleansing”

The blatant disdain made Emily raise her hand to slap Tucker. From the beginning to the end, Harry did not express his opinion and simply watched the siblings quarrel silently. He finally spoke up to stop Emily. “What are you two arguing about! You two are making so much noise so early in the morning. Don’t you think there’s enough chaos at home?”

He glared at Emily again. “Can’t you talk less? Can’t you give in to your younger brother since he’s young? Why do you have to compete?”

Thereafter, the two siblings stopped talking. Harry glanced at his son, who had not returned for a long time, and asked, “Why are you back?”

Tucker also glanced at Harry. This time, he finally acknowledged his father’s presence. “Dad, I came back to get my clothes” Harry had always been at odds with his son. The father and son could not chat for more than a few sentences. “Tomorrow is the weekend. Why don’t you stay at home tonight and don’t go back to school!”

Tucker only came back to take a look at Elena. Although he did not like Elena’s way of dealing with people, she was still his mother. He could not change that fact. Elena doted on him very much. He was aware of this, but it was difficult for him to accept the things she did. Tucker refused and said, “I’m already in my third year in junior high. I’m a little busy with classes I go visit her and leave”

Harry knew that it was very difficult to change Tucker’s mind. Although Tucker was young, he had very strong opinions, so

Harry did not insist anymore. “Have some breakfast. Then we’ll go to the police station.”

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After half an hour, the three arrived at the police station with the lawyer. Elena no longer had her usual heavy makeup and energetic appearance. She seemed to have aged a lot in just one night “You’re here Tucker, why are you back? I’m fine. There’s just a small problem. You should focus on your studies. Don’t worry about me”.

Emily knew that Elena doted on her younger brother the most. She could not help but feel jealous. “Mom, you don’t have to hide it anymore. Now, everyone in Athana probably knows that you are in jail. Needless to say, that bitch must have paid for it to be in the trending topics”

Emily said nothing about the fight with her brother in the morning because she knew that Elena would still side with her brother. Even if she said it, Elena would repeat what Harry told her in the morning. She would ask her to give way to her brother since she was the elder sister

Elena knew there would be a fight between her and Natalie sooner or later. They had pretended to be polite in the past, but nothing mattered anymore. "Tucker, go to school. Mom is fine."

"Even if I have to go to jail, I have to protect the Foster family for you. It has to be yours," thought Elena.

Tucker had already come to meet her, so he didn't want to stay any longer. He didn't want to hear those unpleasant voices. "Okay. I'll have to leave now. You should reform yourself in jail. Don't worry about me. I don't think it's embarrassing for you to go to jail."

Elena looked at her sensible son with tears shimmering in her eyes. "Sigh! Okay Mom understands. Study hard. You have your sister and father at home. Bye, my dear"

Elena didn't want her son to be involved in this mess, nor did she want him to know more.

After Tucker left. Emily began to curse, "You have raised him for nothing. He is siding with an outsider and only knows how to side with that bitch every day. Moni, don't worry. I've already told Carlos. He said he'll get you out."

Elena knew that getting out of this place would not be easy. After all, the person who put her in jail was not anyone else but Mr Wilson. She only hoped that her son's future life would be ensured. She did not want her son to be affected by what she

had done

After so many years, she understood why Tucker stayed in school and spoke so little. It was just that, as a woman and a mother, how could she not want to marry well and not leave anything for her child? As for Emily, she was not worried at all. Emily had her way of surviving.

Elena looked very haggard. She seemed to have seen through a lot of that night. "Emily, go outside first. I have something to talk to your father."

Emily pouted. What did she mean? She even had to speak behind her back? Although she felt uncomfortable about it, she still walked out unwillingly.

Harry was a little flustered. Elena looked serious, as if she was holding something in. He sat down nervously and asked, "What do you want to say?"

Elena had been married to him for so many years. She knew Harry inside out. Mr. Wilson said that he had lost all his shares and only had 2 left on him. How much could he pass down to his son? "Harry, since I've been married to you for so many years. I only have one request."

Harry had a bad feeling. "Speak"

Elena still wanted to hear from Harry himself about the gamble he was involved in. "Did you sell 8% of your shares and become addicted to gambling? Mr. Wilson said so." She did not give Harry the slightest chance to explain because Mr. Wilson's investigation would not possibly be a mistake.

Harry did not hide it "Yes, my luck has been slipping past me recently."

Elena's eyes were already blurry, and her heart ached. She did not expect that she would still trust Harry after losing more than half of her family assets. She even transferred her money to him. "So there's no project at all. The 16 million dollars I gave you that day was also used for gambling, right?"

"Yes, I'm post borrowing some money from you. Is it necessary to make a fuss about it? I can always make a profit out of it" He believed that he would not keep losing

Elena did not expect her to end up like this. The identity of Mrs. Foster that she had painstakingly fought for was instantly gone. If Harry continued to gamble, what else could she leave for Tucker? She closed her eyes and made a decision. "Harry, I can take the blame for everything, but I have a condition. Transfer the villa under Tucker's name and give him the remaining 2% shares in your hands. If you do both, I will take the blame for everything and not go back on my word"

Harry's eyes lit up when he heard her say she would admit she did everything. A few seconds later, he heard her requesting him to transfer the assets. He was not dead yet. He beat around the bush. "Elena, Tucker is not an adult yet I can't transfer the ownership even if I want to. I'll transfer the ownership when he is an adult. Besides, I only have one son. Who else can I give all these to if not him?"

Elena's trust in Harry was gone. She would not take this risk and give her opinion. "Add Tucker's name to the property deed.

and shares. Once Tucker becomes an adult, the ownership will automatically transfer. Write a statement and notarize it. I will not take the blame if I don't see proof. You know that what we did would not only put us in jail sentence.

These words successfully made Harry feel a club running down his spine. He gritted his teeth and said, "Alright, don't go back on your word I'll take good care of my son and daughter. Keep your mouth shut in there. If anything happens to me, our son won't have anyone to look after him"

Elena did not want to talk anymore. She turned around and entered the room. Husband and wife were supposed to bear everything together but this happened when they faced this situation. She could not help but feel ironic. She scoffed, feeling that she had awakened from her dream.

Meanwhile some others were in a joyful situation.

At the hospital. Natalie had taken a day off today. Lena was going to be discharged, and she was not at ease. She still hoped Lena would undergo another full-body checkup. At this moment, she was accompanying her for various tests.

Lena was happy, but she said. "I'm fine. I really don't need to be checked. Why would we need to spend that money?" Natalie smiled and continued to push Lena's wheelchair. Mel followed beside them. "Don't worry. Just treat it as spending money to buy peace of mind, okay?"

By the time all the tests were checked, it was already two hours later. Natalie did not cut the queue. She followed the hospital's rules and met Doctor Lewis upon returning to the ward.

Lena smiled and greeted him. "Doctor Lewis, thank you for everything during my stay in the hospital"

When Doctor Lewis saw that it was the patient he was in charge of, he smiled and said. "You've been discharged from the hospital today, right? Good. Go home and rest well. Don't stress yourself too much"

Then, he instructed Natalie. "Pay attention to the patient's nutrition and make sure she doesn't overload herself with her work"

Natalie replied. "Alright, thank you, Doctor Lewis"

Doctor Lewis exchanged a few pleasantries and said that it was his job. Then, he left.

When they returned to the ward, they saw someone was already standing there. He was dressed in his usual black suit and stood upright. His noble temperament made her look out of place in this ward. Lena looked at him. Wasn't this Jasper's father she had seen in the neighborhood last time?

Natalie did not expect Trevon to come over. She introduced, "Lena, he is Jasper's father."

Trevon was no longer as cold as before. He said gently, "Lena, I came to pick you up. You're Natalie's godmother, and you're my godmother too. You saved my son's life. I should acknowledge you as my godmother for that."

Trevon denied all of Lena's excuses.

How could Lena dare to let such a man call her godmother? Wasn't this a joke? Natalie could tell Lena was uneasy and quickly said. "It's okay, Lena. You deserve this because you treated me just like your daughter."

Trevon looked at the woman's bright smile and the corners of his lips curled up

Mel had never seen such a handsome man. The first attractive man she saw was Mr. Hawk. At that time, she thought that Mr. Hawk was already very handsome. Now, she was a little suspicious of what the men in the city did to grow up so good-looking. The men were stunning, and the women were gorgeous.

Mel was still helping Lena pack her things. Trevon pulled Natalie out the door and gently tucked her hair behind her ear. Her delicate touch made her blush. "What are you doing?"

"This nurse is not bad. I think she's quite serious. I decided to keep her here so she could look after you both"

Natalie's eyes were filled with doubts "Have you already talked to her about it?"

Trevon explained. "I didn't talk to her. I don't have her contact information"

Natalie was speechless. "I don't think I asked you that. Why are you nervous? Did you do something guilty?"

Trevon started and whispered into her ear, "I do have something in my mind about you, but you stopped me from doing it"

Natalie knew what topic he was talking about. They were all adults, so how could she not understand? She hit his chest and stared at him with her big round eyes. "Can you clear those dirty thoughts in your mind?"

He said seriously, "Aren't you a brain surgeon! Why don't you clear them?"

Natalie was speechless as she thought, “I’m a doctor in the cerebral surgery department, not a waste-sweeper

When it was almost 11.30 pm, Sherri rushed over and saw this scene. Trevon trapped Natalie in his arms, making her unable to break free. She approached and coughed awkwardly. “Ahem. You both seemed to be quite busy!”

Trevon took a few steps back and didn’t feel embarrassed at all. He even nodded at Sherri to greet her before walking in

Another direction.

Sherri grabbed her best friend’s shoulder. “You two are...

Natalie did not push the hand on her shoulder away. “It’s just like what you saw. Are you satisfied?”

Sherri nodded and patted her best friend’s shoulder. “Not bad, not bad. Hmm, looks like Mr. Wilson is a good learner. He had learned a lot. Is he here to pick you up?”

Natalie answered immediately, “Yes. He is here to pick up Lena and drive her home.”

Sherri muttered, “That’s more like it. He is finally much more pleasing to the eye. I hope he can always be like this in the future. Sis. I’m sure you will live a happy life in the future. A blissful life, to be precise.”

Natalie asked. “You have to live a happy life too. By the way, how are things between you and Mr. Blackwell?”

Sherri pouted and said. “He said he’ll take me out this weekend. Natalie, why don’t we go together? You bring Jasper, and I’ll bring Ruby. How about that?”

With Sherri’s personality, she liked to have lively gatherings. It was better for two people to be alone, but having a gathering with children would make it better. Besides, children like to have fun with peers. They should let the kids enjoy themselves when they are young. Happiness should be above everything.

Natalie thought for a while. Next week, his aunt and the others would be coming. Why not wait for them? “Ava and the others will be coming next week. Why don’t we go out next week? Ava likes gatherings the most. Maybe you can go first this week. We’ll organize for you to come along next week too. Ava likes crowds. I plan to take the annual leave next week and accompany them until they leave.”

Sherri was also tempted. “I’ll also review the surgery arrangements and apply for a few days of annual leave. We won’t go this week, then. I’ll come to your house on the weekend and buy something for Lena”

“Okay. I thank you on behalf of Lena. I’ll go and visit Ethan first before Lena gets discharged.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Natalie went to Ethan’s ward to take a look. After giving him a few instructions, she and the others returned to Evergreen Gardens together.

Trevon drove while Natalie sat in the front passenger seat. Meanwhile, Lena sat in the back seat with Mel.

Back at Evergreen Gardens. Trevon pulled over the car by the building. He got off first, followed by Natalie. Then, Mel helped Lena out of the car

Lena had lived in this neighborhood for some time. So, she showed no amazed expression. All she felt was the joy that she returned home alive

Mel, on the other hand, was different. She was from the countryside. It was her first time coming to such a high-end neighborhood. It was spring now, and the community in March was filled with greenery everywhere. Green leaves surrounded it, and it was full of vitality. What surprised her the most was the cherry blossoms in this district. It was as if she had entered a fairyland or as if she had walked into a painting.

She was in a daze and could not move her feet. How could this place be so beautiful? The cherry blossom trees in this district kept fluttering, making the petals fall on her hair and then to the ground.

She couldn't help but exclaim, "These flowers are so beautiful"

Trevon's eyes flickered. His lips curled into a smile as he said to Natalie dotingly. "I need to excuse myself now. I'll have to go to the company first. I'll get Jim to deliver anything you prefer to eat for dinner."

They were all women. It was inevitable that they would feel uncomfortable if a man went into the house with them. It was better for him to leave now and be there when they needed him.

Natalie did not answer. She stretched out her palms and waved them in front of him. What she meant was obvious. "Are my hands just for show? I even suspect that you want to turn me into a useless person. It's good enough for you to send meals to the hospital daily. I can cook at home."

Trevon wanted to care for and arrange everything for her. She did not need to do anything or tire herself out. But she was used to being independent and would definitely disagree.

Ignoring the two people beside them, he pulled Natalie into his arms and kissed her forehead. He said gently. "I'll head off to work now, then. Call me if you need me."

Lena did not look away. She observed the shyness and happiness on Natalie's face that she had never seen before. She smiled. and thought to herself. "That's nice!"

Mel was an innocent young lady and had never seen a couple acting lovey-dovey in public. She had only seen kisses on television, but she had never seen a kiss in public right before her. She was so embarrassed that her face flushed red. She looked more shy than Natalie. Flustered, she kept her head lowered and played with her fingers awkwardly

Trevon left after reminding Natalie of a few things. Natalie took Lena's items on the ground and said to Mel. "Let's go. What's wrong with your face? Are you feeling unwell?"

After being kissed by Trevon countless times, Natalie had become less bashful than before. Although she was a little embarrassed now, it was only for a while.

Mel reached out to touch her burning cheeks and said embarrassedly. "It's nothing. It's just a little hot here. Mrs. Wilson, which floor are we going to?"

Natalie looked at Mel's blushing cheeks again and thought about how this young lady would date someone in the future if she were so easily embarrassed. Then, she answered, "25th floor."

Lena's eyes instantly shimmered in tears when she opened the door on the 25th floor. Her gaze landed on the secondary bedroom, and she said as she sobbed, "Natalie, where is Jenny buried?"

Actually, when Lena woke up the second day, she already knew the truth. She had also cried for a while at night, but she knew Natalie's intention of hiding it from her. Natalie was afraid that she would be sad and affect her recovery. Therefore, in order to not let Natalie worry about her, she pretended not to know

When she saw the familiar house that she had not seen for a long time, she could not help but feel as if Jenny's busy figure was still in the living room, the kitchen, and the balcony... Her vision became more and more blurry as tears welled up in her eyes

Natalie instantly stopped. She turned around and looked at Lena worriedly "Lena... I'm sorry I didn't mean to hide it from you" She was afraid that Lena's unstable emotions would worsen her health condition.

Lena forced a smile. "I know. Natalie. This is Jenny's and my choir. Don't feel burdened. It's our blessing to be in the Foster family. Barron has never treated the two of us as servants. It's already worth it. Now that I have a goddaughter like you, what regrets do I have in my life?"

Natalie's eyes started to shimmer in tears. She sniffed and controlled her emotions. She helped Lena to the sofa and said, "Lena, let's look ahead at our bright future. I'm your biological daughter from now on. Please don't stand on ceremony with me anymore. I'll bring Jasper over tomorrow, okay? She knew that Lena would definitely miss Jasper.

In the past, her godmother helped her learn to walk. In the future, she would accompany her godmother for a stroll, basking under the sunset.

Mel did not know what they were sad about or what had happened before she came. However, she had a hunch that it was something terrible. She did not know how to comfort them, so she could only use what she felt was a good way to ease bad emotions. "Miss Lena, Mrs. Wilson, I'll cook for you tonight. I'll cook some home-cooked dishes for you to try."

Natalie liked this girl very much. She looked up and replied with a smile, "Alright, I'll help you."

Mel, employed as the nanny, did not dare to let the host help her. She waved her hand anxiously. "No. It's okay. I can manage on my own."

Natalie said solemnly, "Mel, you don't have to be restrained here. I might be a few years older than you. You can call me Natalie if you want to. That way, we can be more comfortable when getting along"

Mel did not expect Natalie to be so easy to get along with. Natalie did not treat her as a servant at all. This was the first time she had met such a good employer. In the past, those employers would order her around casually and were very picky. They would despise her if she did not cook well. They would always

despise the dishes for being salty or bland. How could she dare to make home-cooked dishes for those people? It was also because Lena and Mrs. Wilson were both lovely people that she dared to suggest it.

Not only was she not despised, Natalie even said she wanted to help her. She was so touched that she nodded her head profusely.

Mel was the one who cooked for dinner, and Natalie was just helping. Actually, she was also a little curious about Mel's culinary skills.

However, she was thinking too much. This young lady's culinary skills were really not bad. The dishes she made were to her godmother's liking. They were neither salty nor salty and were just right.

After dinner, Mel and Lena shared the same room. They slept on the bed Jenny had slept in.

Before sleeping, Natalie thought about how timid the young lady was and told her that the bed belonged to Jenny. She asked Mel if she wanted to change the bed, but Mel said she was unafraid of good people. Even if Jenny were dead, she would be a good ghost. It would be fine to sleep on Jenny's bed.

Natalie was very grateful to Jim for finding this caregiver. Obviously, he had spent a lot of effort to find her. There were very few girls from the countryside nowadays who could be so innocent and kind.

Before she went to bed, she sent a message to Trevon and told him that she would pick up Jasper at the Wilson's residence tomorrow. She even asked Mr. Wilson what he liked and what his mother liked. She couldn't go to the Wilson's residence empty-handed.

The following day, Natalie got up and dressed up. She was wearing a macaroni-colored dress and a pair of white shoes. Her hair was still tied into a fishbone braid. She walked into the bathroom and applied some sunblock and foundation. Then, she put on some lip gloss.

When she opened the door, Mel happened to come out of the kitchen. When she saw how well Natalie was dressed, she couldn't help but praise her, "Natalie, you're beautiful. You look like a fairy."

The girls in the city were really beautiful and kind.

There was no need to mention how much Mel liked Natalie now.

Natalie smiled politely. "You're also very beautiful. Did you sleep well last night? If you did not, I'll change a new bed for you today."

Mel had never slept so soundly before. "Sis, it's perfect. I'm really not afraid. I slept well, really well."

Natalie stopped talking about changing the bed because Mel seemed a little anxious. "I won't be back for lunch. Please help me take care of Lena."

Mel answered, "Alright, Natalie, go ahead. I'll take good care of Lena. Don't worry. I'll get her some porridge when she wakes up."

Natalie smiled and headed out. Since her godmother was still sleeping, she would not disturb her. She guessed that her godmother must have suffered from insomnia last night.

When she arrived downstairs, Natalie saw the man leaning lazily against the car door with a cigarette between his fingers. When he saw her coming, he quickly put out the cigarette and threw it into the flower bed at the side.

Natalie realized that this person had a childish side. She walked closer and said, "If you can't quit, don't quit. I don't dislike the smell of cigarettes, as long as you don't smoke in front of Jasper."

Trevon hugged her slender waist intimately. He knew he had smoked, so he restrained himself from kissing her. At this moment, he regretted smoking. "I can't quit immediately. I'm already slowly quitting. Previously, it was two packets a day, but now I have reduced it to half a packet. Give me another half a month, and I promise I won't smoke anymore."

Before Natalie could express her opinion, Trevon said aggrievedly, "It's mainly because you're not by my side. My smoking addiction has worsened since Lena is back, and I can't go to your house. If you're by my side, even if I'm addicted to smoking, I can kiss you, and I won't want to smoke anymore."

Natalie rolled her eyes at him without a doubt. She even pinched his sturdy waist. However, this man was as shameless as

always and did not even frown. "What do you think I am! A tool for quitting

Trevon chuckled and said softly. "You're my medicine"

Damn it! Natalie couldn't stand the sweet talk from the morning. At first, she didn't believe Trevon's sudden change. It was as if something had gone wrong with him. His FQ soared "Trevon, are you sure no one has been teaching you about all these

He knew what Natalie was asking and pretended not to understand "Huh? What

Natalie did not know that he was pretending. She said bluntly. "Is anyone guiding you on coaxing me?"

As soon as she finished speaking, her gaze fixed on his face, trying to find a trace to prove that her guess was correct and that an expert was guiding Trevon from behind

After pausing for a few seconds, he said calmly, without even flustering "When I met you, I learned without anyone teaching me and grasped the method of maintaining our relationship. Do you believe me, huh?"

Natalie was at a loss for words. Damn it. Her first thought was that this man was flirting with her again, but she had no

evidence

While she was still thinking, the man suddenly said. "You look so good today I like it."

Natalie was speechless

It was getting dark. She couldn't continue this topic. She had already deviated from what she planned to do that day "Let's hurry up and go to the mall to buy something. Don't go empty-handed"

Only then did he let go of her. He naturally held her hand and walked to the front passenger seat to open the car door for her. After she got in, he walked around the front of the car to the driver's seat and

fastened his seatbelt before Living Tve already bought everything Visiting Grandpa is the best gift you could give him. He is happier to see you than receiving anything che”

Chapter 190

Trevon controlled the car’s speed well and slowly drove toward the Wilson’s residence. The closer he got to the Wilson’s residence, the more nervous Natalie felt.

Two years ago. Natalie went to the Wilson’s residence because of the fake marriage, but it was different now. Their relationship had changed significantly. The person she worried about getting along with most was Rachel

Sering that she was in a daze, he held the steering wheel with one hand and squeezed her fair hand with the other. “What are you thinking about Why are you in a daze?”

Natalie shifted her gaze from the scenery outside the car window to his face and asked seriously. “What should I call your mother if I see her? Mrs Wilson or Rachel She had no idea.

Trevon’s gaze was fixed on the road ahead. He drove it seriously and said calmly, “Up to you. You can call her whatever you want How you address someone is just a title, but I hope you can call her mother like me.”

Natalie thought, “You don’t have to add the last sentence. What you’re saying now is equivalent to nonsense. It was better not to say it”

He thought that she looked very cute now. She was angry and even rolled her eyes. Why was she so cute? His lips curled up subconsciously, and he stopped teasing her. At least, he did not want to anger her now. “Call her Rachel, then. You can call her whatever you want with me around”

He had already told his mother in advance. She would not make things difficult for her. Besides, Natalie still had his grandfather to protect her

Soon, they arrived at the Wilson’s residence. Trevon parked the car in the courtyard and got out at the same time. Memories from two years ago surged at this luxurious and seemingly low-key Wilson’s residence. It was as if it was yesterday. The scene of the two people in the greenhouse in the distance talking about their grandmother was still vivid in her mind. 11 turned out that she had never forgotten it It was just that it had been sealed

The moment she retracted her gaze, she realized that the surrounding flowers and trees of the Wilson’s residence had also turned into cherry blossom trees. The cherry blossom petals were all over the ground. When the breeze blew, cherry

soms fell. It was lovely. She could not help but think of something. She walked to the man who was taking something

the trunk

She bent down and approached him. She sounded touched and happy. “Did you plant the cherry blossoms in the Wilson’s trundent

Trevon didn't look up at her as he organized the things. He answered calmly. "No Grandpa asked someone to change it." Her thought was denied. So it was Theo who did it. She answered appointment, "Oh

Then, the man walked in front. He held something in one hand and held Natalie's hand with the other. She wanted to pull her hand away but was held even tighter by him, so she gave up

Noticing that she was clenching her fists tightly, he slowed his pace and said, 'Don't be nervous. I'm the one trying to win your heart, not you Show them the arrogance you had when you looked down upon me back then"

His words annused Natalie. When had she ever disdained him? Wasn't it because he felt she wanted has wealth that she stopped showing affection for him? "Just shut up."

"Yes. That's right"

Natalie thonight, "He is insane. I'm ignoring him from now on."

Jasper was playing and saw Natalie, who he had been missing day and night. He got up with his short legs and ran towards her, shouting non-stop. "Mommy. Mommy.

Natalie had not seen her son for a few days and missed him very much. She said gently. "Baby, do you miss Mommy?" Jasper hugged Natalie's neck and refused to let go. He was afraid that if he let go, she would disappear again. Natalie did not want to let go either. She carried her son and stood up. Jasper was like a hanging kangaroo, hugging her tightly

She stood up and greeted Rachel and Theo. "Hi, Mr. Wilson, Rachel."

Theo was smiling. He had just seen his grandson holding the girl's hand as they walked in His grandson's face looked joyful. "Hey, alright Natalie, have a seat. Have you eaten breakfast?"

Rachel didn't have much of an expression on her face. She looked at Natalie's attire from head to toe and found it appropriate. She didn't dress exaggeratedly. So, Rachel nodded lightly and walked into the kitchen. After a while, she came out with a plate of cut fruits. There were quite a lot of them "Have some of these. These are all Jasper's favorites. He eats some every day"

was already good enough for

Natalie looked at the plate of fresh fruits. She did not know if Rachel had cut it herself, but it was her to serve it on the table. She said politely. Thank you, Rachel."

Jasper hugged her neck the entire time. The man sitting beside them looked at his son gloomily. He suspected that the little guy was here to snatch his wife from him. He pulled his son's arm and said. "Get off your mom Sit down properly and eat

the fruits"

Theo glared at his grandson Stop that! Jasper misses his mother. Do you think everyone is like you? If you can't talk nicely, shut up

Natalie patted Jasper's back and coaxed, "Jasper. Mommy isn't leaving. Get off Monny, and let's eat some fruits together. okay? Can you tell Mommy which one you like the most now

Hearing this, Jasper slowly loosened his grip on her neck and sat on her lap 11e pointed at the strawberries and said, "Strawberries"

Rachel liked her grandson from the bottom of his heart. She said frankly, Jasper has been eating strawberries a lot recently. He eats some every day."

"Thank you, Rachel'

Rachel added, "There's no need to thank me. I'm his grandmother."

Natalie didn't know how to respond to this. After all, they were all people who treated her well, so she simply smiled.

After chatting for a while, Theo said. "Natalie, I'm delighted you are willing to step into this house again today. It's my lifelong wish to see you two reconcile in this lifetime. Thank you. You're the one who taught this brat what love is."

Trevon continued, "Mother, Grandpa, Natalie bought these for you."

Rachel was a smart person. She knew that the gift was prepared by her son when she saw the packaging, but she didn't expose hit. She still said. "Thank you. You don't have to bring anything when you come in the future. It's good that you're here. The Wilson family has everything. We're short of people now"

Rachel's words were very standard. In other words, it meant that the Wilson family did not lack anything but you.

Trevon was especially satisfied with her mother's words. His expression softened as he smiled and played with Natalie's hair

from time to time.

Rachel understood what her son was doing. He was buying gifts and making intimate gestures. He wanted to tell them that Natalie was very important to him.

Then watched for a while and said, "Trevon, take Jasper to the fish pond to play for a while. I have something to talk to Natalie."

Trevon had no intention of leaving. He sat firmly on the sofa and said, "Just say whatever you want to say. Is there anything I can't listen to?"

Theo asked calmly, "Are you sure you want to hear it?"

Trevon thought, "Forget it. I don't want to listen anymore. I don't want to be despised again." He pursed her lips and stood. up. Then, he picked up their son from Natalie's arms and walked outside. Even Rachel stood up and left.

When they reached the door. Jasper was still looking at his mother Trevon said unhappily. "Your mother isn't leaving. A boy can't always stick to his mother. He has to learn to be independent

Rachel followed behind them. She didn't know what to say to correct her son's straight character, so she shut up,

In the kitchen, Mary was in a good mood. As she hummed a song, a maid came over and asked, "Mary, why are you so happy?"

Mary said, "How can I not be happy that Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson are back together again! This proves that Mr. Wilson is not blind. Mrs. Wilson is so good."

The maid was speechless as she thought, "Mary, you're really bold to say that Mr. Wilson is blind."

After Trevon and Rachel left, Gage brought over a cup of honey lemonade. "Mrs. Wilson, have a cup of honey lemonade."

Natalie thanked him politely. "Thank you, Gage.*"

"You're welcome. I hope you like it. I'll excuse myself first. Gage left after serving the honey lemonade."

Theo said, "Natalie, have you really forgiven that brat? Aren't you letting him off too easily? Don't you plan to ignore him a little longer?"

Upon hearing this, Natalie was amused by Theo. She even suspected that Trevon was adopted. Why did Mr. Wilson dislike him so much? "Mr. Wilson, I want to try it with him again. He seems to have changed a lot. It's good for me, him, and Jasper. If it's suitable, then we won't push it. We won't have any regrets."

It wasn't like she couldn't tell Trevon had been accompanying her sincerely. She wanted to give each other a chance. Theo nodded in agreement. He sighed and said, "This brat doesn't know how to speak. He doesn't say anything. For the two years you went abroad, he went seven times a month and

persisted for two years. However, he returned disappointed every time. The next month, he still went as usual. He loosened the soil in my courtyard, and it could not plan anything anymore."

As soon as it was time for flowers to bloom, he plucked all of them and replaced them with new trees that bloomed during the new season. I even wanted to persuade him to go to a psychiatrist. He only knows how to torture the trees every day."

After saying that, Theo looked at the changes in Natalie's face and nodded in satisfaction. It could be considered as helping the brat make his presence known.

According to this brat's personality, he would definitely not tell the girl about his failure. This brat's EQ was low. Girls valued some things more than whether their man was successful. It was whether you had done it or not. The process was very important. If you did not do anything, how could you expect others to be touched?

Natalie did not expect Trevon to go to Sapphire City so many times a month, but she did not see him once. Was it her brother who stopped him?

Also, why did he change the trees? If he was the one who changed the Wilson's residence's trees, then was he the one who changed Evergreen Gardens's trees?

However, before he entered the house, she had asked him. Yet he said that his grandfather planted it. If Natalie had to choose someone to believe in, Natalie would decide to trust his grandfather because Trevon would maintain his arrogant personality and lie.

She could not recall telling Trevon that she liked to watch cherry blossoms. She searched for that memory in her mind but could not recall it. Her memory was quite good, so she would not forget it