

The Tide 21

[Chapter 21](#)

The light streamed through the window, casting its brilliant glow upon Sherri's eyes, too intense to bear. She winced and squinted. Her head felt as though it were encased in a dense cloud of cotton, causing her great discomfort.

Extending her arms in a languid stretch, she arched her back lazily, emitting a hearty yawn, and opened her eyes, only to be struck with the scene in front of her.

"Oh, shit..." she thought. "Where am I now?"

The surroundings and the furnishings of the room were unfamiliar. It was clearly not her own room.

Her mind reeled in confusion.

"Could it be possible that last night I have been taken away by a strange man, and then..."

Thinking of this, Sherri immediately threw back the covers to inspect the lower half of her body. After ensuring there was nothing wrong and finding her clothes unchanged from the day before, she breathed a sigh of relief!

Involuntarily, she instinctively patted her chest.

She attempted to make a sound, but her cheeks were so sore that articulating even a single word proved difficult.

Surveying her surroundings, her gaze collided with an array of vibrant balloons, triggering a fuzzy recollection that played out hazily in her mind. She shook her head and slowly recalled a night of drunken madness. And she even kept blowing balloons all night!

"Oh my, this was not true!" Sherri couldn't believe it. She yearned to disappear from this world!

While soothing her aching, swollen cheeks, she contemplated her next move.

Sherri was well aware of her proclivity for drunken madness. To dissuade her from getting drunk outside and being obstreperous at home, Edward had purposely captured her intoxicated state on video as a stern warning

(Zapter 2:

Every time she contemplated indulging, she would watch the playback of that video first.

Upon viewing it, any desire to drink dissipated, replaced only by an overpowering sense of shame that made her want to crawl into a hole.

and never come out.

Anyway, the most important thing was to get out of here first.

Swiftly rising from the bed, she tidied her attire and prepared to make her stealthy escape. Just as she tiptoed toward the front door, a voice of deep and low magnetism from the living room halted her in her tracks. "Is this how you conduct yourself, Miss Landor? Sneaking away without uttering a word of gratitude?"

Sherri, who got caught, immediately regained her composure and feigned serenity. Straightening her stiff back, she gracefully turned. around, came back to the living room, and said to Hackett with a smile plastered on her face, "What a fortuitous encounter, Mr. Blackwell."

Hackett possessed a flicker of mischief concealed beneath his gaze. "Encounter? This is my home."

Sherri's thoughts raced. "Damn it, how could I get so drunk that I followed this playboy to his residence?" she thought.

Swiftly regaining her composure, Sherri responded with a mischievous. grin, feigning indifference to her embarrassment. "Well, thank you for taking care of me last night, Mr. Blackwell. I must return to work now. See you next time!" She longed to escape from this embarrassing situation.

She was certain that her drunken escapades from the previous night had been witnessed by Hackett.

Her perfect image had been damaged, and she only wanted to make at swift exit now.

Turning abruptly, Sherri made her way toward the door. However, Hackett couldn't let her go that easily. After all, she had caused enough disturbance for him last night, and the lingering ache from last evening was still fresh in his memory.

"It's 2:30 in the afternoon, Miss Landor. You're not scheduled at this time. And last night, Miss Landor, you were quite drunk..." Hackett exposed her without hesitation.

Sherri immediately halted, not wanting him to describe her drunken antics. She knew exactly what she looked like when she got drunk since her brother had described that countless times.

"Stop, Mr. Blackwell. Let's discuss something else. What happened last night was my fault... I crossed the line. I was just indulging in a bit of alcohol. Can we just put it behind us? Just tell me what to do to let you keep it a secret."

Leaning lazily against the door frame, Hackett scrutinized her with his eyes. "Well, Miss Landor, you're a smart woman. It appears you are well aware of your drunken antics. Very well, let's first talk about the cost of the 500 balloons I bought for you. Since I've bought those balloons especially for you, I have to increase the price a bit. As for the expenses incurred from taking care of you last night, we'll settle those separately."

"Wait, what did you say? 500 balloons?" Sherri's voice rose abruptly, and a sharp pain flushed her cheeks, reminding her once again of the foolishness she had exhibited last night.

"Yes. You requested 500 of them last night, Miss Landor. Sherri was rendered speechless. No wonder her lips trembled with each word she spoke.

"How reckless have I been to ask for 500 balloons last night? Could it be that this scoundrel was making a hare of me?"

She was skeptical about what Hackett said, but it was true that she would go crazy after drinking.

He paused for a moment and said, "But... you're lucky I stopped you before you blew up 500 balloons. Otherwise, you may have facial paralysis today. But it still surprised me that you actually blew up 250 balloons in total. Thanks to my big house, you were able to get enough room to put them all. Hackett's face was calm and collected, even though he was lying.

Last night, he wanted to play tricks on Sherri to vent his anger, so he had forced Frank to buy the balloons, but unexpectedly, once Sherri saw the balloons, she would focus on blowing them up and didn't tie them up afterward.

She had pestered him to help her tie up the balloons, and in the end, not only had she blown up 250 balloons, but he also had to tie up 250 balloons. His hands were now still a little shaky, and he had to hide his shaking hands in his pocket.

Hackett still could hardly believe that he had actually stayed up all night with her, tying up balloons until his hands went numb.

Sherri closed her eyes and took a bite of her lip before saying, "Alright, how much? Cash or PayPal?"

"You're so generous, Miss Landor. Could I text you on WhatsApp? It'll be easier for us to communicate and handle follow-up questions."

Sherri ignored his words. Hackett was a typical playboy, and she didn't want to have any further contact with him and planned to blacklist him. after the transaction was complete.

"Alright." She opened WhatsApp and saved Hackett's number.

After Sherri added Hackett as a friend on WhatsApp, Hackett didn't tell her the price. Instead, he said with a smile, "Actually, there's another way to let me keep it a secret. Do you want to hear it?"

"If you have something to say, say it. Don't beat around the bush." Sherri's cheeks were so sour that she didn't want to talk anymore.

Hackett laughed. "Give me Natalie's WhatsApp number, and I'll keep it a secret. I guarantee that what happened last night will only be a secret between you and me, and I will never tell anyone else about that."

As soon as Sherri heard what Hackett said, she refused without hesitation. "No, don't even think of that. Change the terms, or you can state a price, Mr. Blackwell."

"Do I look like someone who is short on money to you?"

It was true that the money she gave to Hackett was not even enough for him, the son of the real estate tycoon in Athana, to play around with girls.

People like him always spent money like water. Even a million dollars were nothing to them. She shouldn't underestimate him.

Hackett continued to threaten, "I recorded everything that happened last night, Miss Landor. That was really a horrible scene..."

Sherri opened her eyes wide, having an impulse to pounce on him and tear him apart like a wolf, but Hackett had got something on her, and she could only manage to hold back her anger. "Calm down!" she said to herself.

"Natalie, I'm so sorry," Sherri thought with guilt while giving Natalie's WhatsApp number to Hackett.

"Now that I've given you her contact information, whether she adds you as a friend on WhatsApp or not, it's not my responsibility. But you must keep your word."

Hackett, however, said, "I can't trust you. What if you deliberately do not let her pass my friend request on WhatsApp?"

"Shit! How would this asshole know what I'm thinking?" Sherri thought.

Hackett noticed Sherri's subtle expression and knew that she was not so obedient and had to be threatened.

"Okay, I'll let her pass your friend request on WhatsApp, and I won't blacklist you. Can I go now?"

"I'll give you a ride," Hackett said, in a good mood.

"That's not necessary. Thank you, but I don't need your ride," Sherri refused unceremoniously.

Hackett looked at her back as she walked away and showed a smile.

At the Athana Hospital registration window, Sherri took a taxi and registered herself for an examination of the oral cavity.

She wasn't worried that she didn't take time off from work, as she had an agreement with Natalie that if any of them didn't come to work at a specific time, another would first take time off for the other party, no matter what the reason was.

Therefore, Natalie must have already taken time off for her at this time.

As Sherri headed to the outpatient department after the registration and passed by the front desk, she was stopped by the nurse who was always chatting with her. She just slightly nodded her head in response.

"Dr. Landor, what's wrong with you?" the nurse asked with concern.

Sherri just smiled slightly and said she was fine.

When her turn came, she walked into the outpatient department, and the doctor in the outpatient department officially asked her, "What's wrong?"

The Athana Hospital was very large, and not all the doctors knew each other. The doctor in front of her didn't recognize Sherri as his colleague.

Sherri didn't want to reveal her identity either. She was now just a patient.

"I have a pain in my cheeks, even in my temple," she told the truth about her condition.

The doctor asked, "Tell me what happened?" while entering the condition on the computer.

Sherri embarrassingly explained, "I was helping blow up balloons for a friend's wedding, and there were too many balloons."

The doctor looked up at her. "Why did you have to do that? Didn't you have an automatic pump?"

"I preferred doing that in person since it was my best friend's wedding. Could you please help me see if there was an injury, Doctor?" Sherri didn't want to continue the topic.

The doctor then asked her to open her mouth, and after a detailed examination, he said, "It's a little swollen. It should be a muscle or soft tissue strain. Go home and use cold towels or ice packs to relieve the pain. It should improve in a few days. Avoid opening your mouth wide to talk or laughing, so as not to aggravate the condition again. I'll prescribe you some medicine. Take them when you have pain. I've also prescribed five cold packs for you. Go pay for the medication."

When the doctor handed her the payment slip, he looked at her with sympathy before adding a warm instruction, "Don't blow balloons so hard in the future."

Sherri couldn't have been more embarrassed. If the doctor knew that she had been blowing up balloons when she got drunk, Sherri was sure that the doctor would consider her as an idiot.

[Chapter 22](#)

The hospital was always the busiest place, and it was where one could see what human nature was like. There were people coming and going in the wards, corridors, and halls. There were old, young, and sick people with their companions. Some of them were crying, some were silent, and some had smiles on their faces.

It had been almost three years since she graduated, and her heart was no longer as sensitive as when she first left school. At that time, even time she saw someone pitiful, she would cry along with them.

There were too many helpless moments and accidents in the world, and she didn't have time to sympathize.

In the adult world, there was never an easy way to choose, so being able to turn a mess into a beautiful day was already good enough.

Sherri was afraid of disturbing Natalie's consultation, so she took the medicine and went to her own office for a while. At this time, everyone was in the outpatient department or in surgery, and the office was empty.

She waited until it was close to dinner time before getting up and going to the outpatient department to have a meal with Natalie and complain about last night's unpleasantness.

Sherri directly pushed open the door to her best friend's outpatient room. There were no patients, and Natalie was taking off her white coat, getting ready to eat.

When Natalie saw Sherri enter, she stopped what she was doing, sat back at her desk, and asked in a hurry, "You finally showed up. If you didn't, I was going to call the police. Where did you sleep last night?"

Jim told Natalie that “Mr. Roberts” had arranged everything, but she didn’t know who “Mr. Roberts” was. At this moment, she really wanted to know where Sherri was last night.

Sherri, exhausted, slumped on the desk and casually tossed the medical records to Natalie, indicating that she was sick.

Natalie skeptically took the medical records and was surprised by what the doctor had written. She asked, “What happened to you? I called in sick for you today, and you really went all out. You don’t have to be so convincing, do you?”

Continuing to read the medical records, Natalie said, “Muscle strain. What were you doing last night? What’s wrong with your mouth?” She was completely confused.

Sherri, half-dead, spoke up. “Please give me some soup. I’m starving,” she said slowly, propping up her cheek.

These past few days, she hadn’t been able to eat anything good, so soup was her only choice.

“What a tasteless life!” Sherri mourned inwardly.

Natalie looked at her friend’s pale face and said, “Hmm, I’ll get you some.

But first, tell me what happened to your mouth.” She paused for a moment and added, “Do you want some meat in it?”

“Yeah, sure,” Sherri replied.

Just as Natalie took out her phone from her pocket, she saw a friend. request notification. She was a bit puzzled because not many people knew her WhatsApp ID.

Seeing Natalie’s furrowed brow, Sherri asked in a low voice, “What’s wrong?”

“Somebody tried to friend me,” Natalie replied, not paying much. attention. She simply swiped it away and continued to open the takeout app to search for “soup”.

Sherri nervously pinched her ear and said in a wavering voice, “Natalie, I need to tell you something.”

“Hmm, go ahead,” Natalie said, still looking down and searching for a restaurant.

“Just accept the friend request, please. The person who’s trying to friend you is Hackett,” Sherri said, feigning a pitiful expression, afraid that Natalie would refuse.

Only then did Natalie look up at Sherri, her gaze making Sherri feel uneasy.

It seemed that at this moment, she was saying, “Go ahead and explain yourself. I’m waiting.”

“Fine, I’d better tell her the truth,” Sherri thought. She hesitated for a moment and then said, “Well, last night, I got drunk, and Hackett took

me home. But I swear, nothing happened. I just slept in the living room. We're not interested in each other at all, so nothing really happened. And you know, I always want to blow up balloons when I'm drunk. He bought me 500 balloons for that, and I blew up 250. That's why my mouth is like this. But this damn guy filmed me and threatened to release the video. unless I give him your contact information. So, Natalie, can you forgive me?" She pouted, propping up her cheek.

Natalie was completely speechless. She wondered what Sherri had done. last night, and at this moment, she didn't care about friending Hackett or not. Instead, she wondered how Hackett had gone through last night.

At this moment, Natalie felt a bit of sympathy for the so-called Mr. Blackwell. She wondered if he was still alive.

"So last night, you were acting crazy at Hackett's house but he didn't kick. you out of his house."

"Are you my best friend or what? You left me behind last night and didn't even take me home. And then you sold me out."

Sherri added, "I was forced by the situation, you know? I had no choice. Besides, it's not like you're single! When he finds out that Mr. Wilson is your husband, he'll know that he has made a big mistake." After saying this, she realized that she had unintentionally tricked Hackett. She chuckled to herself.

"Hey, girl, it was me who stopped you from drinking last night. I ended up getting drunk too, and I have no idea how I got home."

Natalie was eager to ask what happened to Sherri in the morning, without asking Jim how she got back. But then she thought it might not be appropriate to ask him. If Trevon found out that she was not well-behaved after getting drunk, she might be labeled as someone with loose morals.

"Forget it," Natalie thought. Nothing happened to her anyway, so she didn't ask.

"That was strange. Don't you usually fall asleep right after drinking? Don't you remember who took you home last night? Should I ask Mr. Blackwell for you?" Sherri asked.

"Are you two really that close now?" Natalie asked.

Sherri replied nonchalantly, "Just a relationship based on threats and being threatened."

Natalie said, "You've got a lot of nerve, girl."

Because of Sherri's situation, Natalie accepted the friend request.

At the same time, Hackett, who felt wronged last night, insisted on bringing Frank to the Wilson Group to seek comfort from Trevon.

Compared to other companies, the Wilson Group's recruitment process was much stricter. Besides emphasizing education, they also considered height, appearance, and character.

Therefore, the secretaries in the Secretary department were like a PR team, with an average height of 5 feet and 5 inches and none of them weighed over 110 pounds. They were curvaceous and pleasing to the Every time Hackett came in, he would get envious and ask Trevon how he found such a team of beautiful women who could rival celebrities.

He would also often mock Trevon, saying he had a harem of three thousand beauties.

eye.

A man dressed in a black suit sat gracefully in the boss chair. His well-defined fingers reached for a cigarette from the box and lit it, instantly enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke, blurring the contours of his attractive features.

Even Hackett had to admit that this man was really charming.

Trevon took a puff at his cigarette and lifted his chin slightly to signal. Hackett. "What do you want?"

Frank also lit a cigarette and lazily leaned back on the sofa, casually handing one to Hackett.

Hackett trembled as he reached out to take it, which caught Frank's attention.

Frank teased, "Miss Landor didn't solve your problem last night, so you took matters into your own hands?" He remembered how the two of them kissed each other affectionately in the car.

"Don't tell me that you did nothing all night," Frank thought. "Or what did you do? Staring at the ceiling and chatting? That's not like you, Hackett."

Hackett tremblingly took the cigarette that Frank had helped light and held it in his mouth. He completely ignored Frank's question.

With a tone of resentment, he said, "Mr. Wilson, you've gone too far. You took away my girl and left me with that jinx. Do you know what I went through last night? It was unforgettable."

Trevon looked at Hackett's trembling hand with interest and was curious about what he did last night. "Did you have too much sex with her and break your arms, or are you just not able to get an erection anymore?"

Upon hearing this, Hackett became even angrier. "Have sex my ass!" he cursed inwardly. His manhood was almost broken. "You're the one who's not able to get an erection! I tied 250 goddamn balloons last night!"

No man in this world would admit that he was not able to get an erection!

Trevon and Frank looked at Hackett with puzzled expressions on their faces.

"Are you two really that romantic?" Frank continued to lean back on the sofa, casually crossing his legs.

"Romantic my ass! Let me tell you, after Miss Landor finished drinking, she turned into a freaking psycho. I couldn't match her craziness when it comes to drinking. For the first time in my life, I saw someone get drunk and start singing and blowing balloons."

To Hackett, what Sherri did after she got drunk last night was unbelievable.

Trevon, who usually had good self-control, coughed in response to that. statement. "So, you spent the whole night blowing balloons with her?"

Frank didn't hold back and exposed him, "Miss Landor didn't just use your manhood as a microphone in the car, did she?"

Trevon, who was about to take a sip of coffee to soothe his throat, spat it out. It was the first time he had lost his composure like this, which was all because of what Hackett did last night. He calmly took a tissue and cleaned up the mess. Then, he slowly raised his gaze, looking meaningfully at Hackett.

A little while later, his gaze settled on Hackett's crotch.

Even Frank couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, looking playfully at Hackett's crotch.

Feeling their gazes, Hackett immediately crossed his legs tightly. "You

guys are crazy! Stop staring. First of all, Mr. Wilson, it's your fault. I was pursuing my girl, and you just took her away. There's always a first-come-first-served basis, right? And you, Mr. Roberts, you're the worst. You didn't let me sit in the co-pilot seat. Otherwise, would this have happened? You were just listening in the front. Isn't that unethical?"

Frank returned to his usual cold face. "I didn't want to listen either. You guys were too loud."

Hackett was speechless. "It's all because of that woman!" he complained, thinking that he shouldn't have come here today, or he wouldn't have to endure their mockery at the moment.

Trevon's face darkened for a moment as he coldly retorted, "First come, first served, huh?" His words carried a deep meaning.

Hackett, who was immersed in Natalie's beauty, didn't notice anything wrong and continued, "That's right. Bros before hoes, right? You can't compete with me for this woman. Besides, this morning, she friended me on WhatsApp." He had a smug expression on his face.

Frank coldly threw three words at him, "You're asking for trouble."

Trevon said, "Are you sure I can't beat you? I hope you don't regret it."

Frank looked at Hackett sympathetically for a few seconds and shook his head helplessly. "You must be out of your goddamn mind, Hackett," he murmured inwardly. "How dare you openly flaunt your pursuit of Trevon's wife in front of him, feeling proud and arrogant? You're asking for trouble, really."

[Chapter 23](#)

Although the rain wasn't heavy, it fell lightly on her, giving her a slight chill.

On the busy street, people hurriedly walked by, some without umbrellas, running quickly in the rain, perhaps trying to avoid the impending downpour. The traffic jam was very common in Athana, and the drizzle only made it worse.

Fortunately, her vehicle wasn't a four-wheeler and could move through. the streets and alleys.

Looking up, Natalie saw dark clouds dominating another corner of the sky. Trying to escape the rain, she darted in and out of the gaps between cars, like a running rabbit. The flow of vehicles somewhat limited her speed.

“Mr. Wilson, it’s Mrs. Wilson,” said Jim. Trevon finished work early this evening. Frank and Hackett had come to look for him this afternoon, so he had no intention of going out again.

Jim, with sharp eyesight, immediately noticed the motorbike weaving through the traffic. The license plate was still fresh in his memory.

Trevon paused from flipping through the files, raised his gaze toward the window, and saw the woman riding on a motorbike continuously darting between the vehicles, her movements agile. It was clear that she was always like this.

However, seeing her getting wet in the rain without a raincoat furrowed Trevon’s brow. He lightly parted his lips and instructed Jim, “Go and buy a better raincoat for her tomorrow and tell her it was you who bought it.”

Trevon’s words shocked Jim, who couldn’t help but observe Trevon’s expression through the rearview mirror.

Jim saw an expressionless face, as if it was just a random remark.

“Did I misunderstand it?” Jim wondered. “Is Mr. Wilson starting to fall for Mrs. Wilson?”

However, Jim had confidence in Natalie. He believed that she would definitely be able to make Trevon fall in love with her, without a doubt.

Thinking about it, Jim felt extremely happy. After all, once he saw how

Trevon tried to pursue his wife, he could quietly make money by sharing those happy moments he had seen with Terrell. “Happiness shared is happiness doubled,” he murmured inwardly. “Yes, this is a profitable project!”

The car stopped at Adare Manor, and Jim was still in a cheerful mood.

Trevon lifted his dim and unclear gaze, looking toward the bright and spacious living room of the villa. “Why are you looking so happy and foolish?”

Jim, who was interrupted by Trevon, was momentarily stunned. “It’s nothing.”

Trevon gave him a disdainful look. “Go buy a raincoat now.”

“Huh?” Jim couldn’t believe what he had heard.

“Oh, Mr. Wilson,” he thought, “we’re already home. Why do you want to buy a raincoat? What were you doing just now? It’s not going to rain tomorrow. Why are you in such a hurry?”

However, Jim had no other choice. Under the pressure of his boss, he had to start the engine again.

Inside the kitchen at Adare Manor, Natalie was feeling a bit hungry. She was rummaging through the fridge for food, not realizing that she had forgotten to restock recently as she was busy.

The fridge was empty. There was nothing inside, not even vegetables or eggs.

However, her stomach was growling with hunger. She had thought about taking a shower because she got drenched. But then she realized that after cooking, she would be covered in oil fumes and have to take a shower again. Therefore, she decided to eat first and then shower. Suddenly, she remembered that there was a durian in the kitchen.

To eat or not to eat? That was the question. Natalie remembered the next night after getting married, she was eating durian, and Trevon handed her a premarital agreement with a disgusted expression on his face.

“He probably won’t be back so early, Natalie thought. “It’s not even 9 o’clock yet.

Choosing between starving to death and being scolded, Natalie decided to stick to her principle of not starving to death.

After making up her mind, she decisively took out the durian.

Ten minutes later, the durian was opened. Before long, a plate of incredibly pungent durian flesh was ready.

Natalie carried it into the dining room and lowered her head to smell it with satisfaction. “Wow, it smells amazing. I haven’t had it for a long time. It’s all because of that pretentious guy. I can’t enjoy it to the fullest.”

Natalie took a bite and felt incredibly satisfied. Just as she was about to take the fifth bite, there was a click. Her hand holding the spoon froze, and she felt a sense of unease. Doing something secretly always made her feel lacking in confidence. “Oh no,” she murmured, “I have just started eating! Why does he come back so early today?”

spray

Natalie, who was originally planning to open the windows and some perfume after finishing her meal, so that the smell would dissipate. by the time Trevon came back in the middle of the night. Little did she know that he had come back now and caught her in the act.

As soon as Trevon stepped into the house, he was overwhelmed by a foul smell, causing his brows to furrow. He covered his mouth with one hand. He scolded her in the direction of the dining room, “Are you eating that again?”

Natalie felt uneasy in her heart, as she was living in someone else’s house. “The fridge is empty, so I thought it would be convenient to eat this.”

Trevon stared at Natalie for a while, not answering, and went straight to open all the windows, leaving the door open as well. After completing all. these, he stood in front of her and condescendingly said, “Don’t eat that kind of stuff at home next time. Don’t you feel like you’re standing in a dung hole?”

Natalie was speechless. “Dung hole?” she asked inwardly. “Dung hole my ass. You’re the one standing in a dung hole! Why didn’t you just say I was eating shit?”

Trevon saw the dissatisfaction in her eyes and asked, "Can you do it?"

"I can do it!" said Natalie before thinking, "Next time, I'll find the smelliest thing to eat, and it will stink you to death!"

Just as Trevon was about to go upstairs, he threw a bag at her and said with a certain expression, "Jim noticed that you were driving without a raincoat, so he bought one for you."

Natalie was pleasantly surprised as she took the bag and opened it to find a raincoat of good quality, but the price seemed a bit unreasonable.

But she understood. People like Jim and Trevon certainly only bought the best and most expensive things so that they could match their identity.

Natalie looked up at Trevon and asked, "How much was it? I can give the money to you." In fact, the price tag did indicate the price, but she was just wondering if there was a discount or something. Then, she could save a little bit of money for herself. After all, she didn't want to spend such a large sum of money on a raincoat.

"Well, just give the money to me." Trevon suddenly remembered the scene this afternoon when Hackett boasted about how he friended Natalie on WhatsApp.

Natalie quickly declined, "Oh, there's no need. I'll give it to Mr. Hawk instead. I don't want to trouble you." She didn't dare to friend Trevon on WhatsApp, as she was worried something unfavorable would happen to

her.

Trevon was always a proud man who would never show a sign of

weakness in front of her. When he saw that she wasn't willing, he didn't take out his phone. He coldly said, "Suit yourself."

He took a few steps and said again, "Throw that stuff outside. If you're hungry, order takeout. You don't find it smelly, huh? I do. Please, Miss. Foster, abide by the agreement."

Natalie calmly repeated to herself inwardly, "Stay calm... Stay calm. This guy is just a weirdo. Don't get angry... Don't get angry."

His face was expressionless just a minute ago, and now it was dark with displeasure, which was so unpredictable.

Gritting her teeth, Natalie said, "Alright, Mr. Wilson, I will." She hadn't even taken a few bites, and now she had to throw it away, which was a total waste. It was better to eat outside. After all, it was shameful to waste food.

Back in his room, Trevon took out his phone from his pocket and made a call to Jim. The call was answered instantly. "Go to the supermarket now and buy some groceries, including breakfast. Get as much food as you can and deliver it to Adare Manor."

After hanging up the phone, Jim felt extremely frustrated. It turned out that in the evening, Trevon was teasing him. Trevon asked him to buy a raincoat tomorrow while they were on the road, but when they arrived at Adare Manor, he suddenly asked him to buy a raincoat and insisted that

he

go to the supermarket. Why didn't Trevon ask him to buy groceries at that time? Now, Jim had just arrived home, about to open the door, and Trevon just asked him to go back to the supermarket. What's the point of all these?

[Chapter 24](#)

After a refreshing shower, Natalie blow-dried her hair in the bathroom while counting the days remaining before the divorce in her heart.

Half of a month had stealthily elapsed since she and Trevon got the marriage license, leaving behind a mere two and a half months until their divorce.

Soon, liberation would be hers to embrace.

However, where would she go once the two-and-a-half months waned? The Foster's residence was replete with cherished memories of her late grandfather. Besides, living there would fail to offer her tranquility,

In the past, Harry, her father, would never set foot inside the house. But now that Barron had passed away, it was certain that Harry would not abide by the rules Barron had established before.

This was all because of Harry's audacious act of bringing his mistress, along with his illegitimate daughter, into the Foster's residence merely a week after Natalie's mother's demise. Natalie's grandfather, Barron, incensed beyond measure, had been consigned to a hospital bed, vehemently demanding the severance of any paternal connection to Harry.

Harry didn't agree, so Barron then offered that if Harry wanted to live with his mistress and illegitimate daughter, then he wasn't allowed into the Foster's residence even half a step. Otherwise, Harry would no longer be considered as his son, and he would be disinherited from the family fortune. Moreover, Barron also said that he would take Natalie away, and Harry was not allowed to meddle in everything about her.

Driven by his desire to live with his mistress and his illegitimate daughter as a family, Harry capitulated, swearing off ever setting foot in the Foster's residence, nor bothering Natalie ever again.

However, Harry had never anticipated, nor had Natalie herself, that Barron would entrust the lawyer Abbot to transfer all the inheritance to Natalie's name upon the deaths of her mother and grandparents. It was all notarized.

It was an obvious trick to Harry, orchestrated by Barron, to grant Natalie

a life with no worries.

The recollection of this weighed heavily upon her heart, and Natalie's

eyes welled up with misty tears.

She raised her head to hold back her tears, lost once again in pensive rumination.

Harry had always acted like an obedient son in the past, fueled by his desire to get Barron's inheritance. Yet, now that Barron's inheritance lay securely under Natalie's name, she knew Harry would undoubtedly unleash a torrent of troubles upon her.

Anyway, things would work out in the end. Natalie decided to put it behind her for a while.

Meanwhile, Trevon, having also finished his shower, reclined languidly on the bed, retrieving his phone to search about the working hours of doctors at the Athana Hospital.

The page displayed the schedule of doctors at the Athana Hospital, and the morning shift was from 8 am to 5 pm while the night shift was from 1:30 pm to 8 pm.

As he glanced at the work schedule, a frown creased his forehead. The attended time was from 8:00 pm to 8:00 am the following morning followed by a day off, and then back to the morning shift. There were two shifts a week.

Such was the rotating schedule, dictating the rhythm of the morning and evening shifts.

The doctor's workload was undeniably arduous. It came as no surprise that Natalie was often spotted returning home in the dead of night.

Trevon didn't know Natalie very well, but upon first impression, it was difficult to imagine her as a doctor. Though they got married for half a month, he still didn't know what department she worked in the hospital.

The next day, Natalie awoke early to go for a run by the side of the villa. After her recent fight, she had been feeling that her physical fitness had become worse, so she chose to rise early and complete a round trip of 3 miles along the road outside the villa.

Stepping into the living room, she unexpectedly crossed paths with Trevon descending the stairs. It was the first time Natalie had seen him at home in the morning.

Clad in a black suit, standing at more than 5.9 feet tall, he descended the stairs with an air of confidence. His black attire made him look very

handsome and elegant, which immediately captured Natalie's attention.

It was as though the spotlight of the world had found its mark on him.

Undeniably, Trevon was very handsome, and his features perfectly aligned with her personal aesthetic. Yet, it would be better if he didn't always put on a long face.

"Have you seen enough?" Trevon asked, fixing his gaze on Natalie who stared at him, transfixed.

Noticing her gaffe, Natalie swiftly came back to her senses. "Ahem, Mr. Wilson, good morning."

Silence hung in the air, as always. He carried himself like a deity

descending from heaven, offering no response to her greeting. Instead, he inquired, "What's for breakfast?"

"Huh? I haven't bought anything yet. The fridge is empty. Shall we go out and grab a bite?" Natalie had grown accustomed to Trevon's enigmatic manner.

As soon as the words escaped her lips, she realized the inappropriateness, since their relationship now was far from suitable for sharing a morning meal together.

After all, it would definitely cause uproar if they were seen by someone. While they were having breakfast together. Natalie could imagine that people would praise Trevon as God's favored one while she would be criticized hard, like she was not worthy of him, or she married him through elaborate means.

Without looking at trending topics, she could already fathom the contents of their forthcoming writings.

"There are ingredients in the refrigerator. You can cook something with them," Trevon declared with an icy nonchalance.

Trevon found Natalie's cooking suited his taste very well. Upon waking in the morning, he suddenly wanted to have the breakfast she made, fueled by a mysterious curiosity about what she would prepare for him.

He yearned to test the veracity of his grandfather's high praise of her.

Maybe she was not as good as his grandfather said.

Natalie didn't care about the fact that she had been ordered, but rather

about his mention of ingredients in the fridge. The previous night, she found nothing in the fridge, and that was why she had to eat durian to satisfy her stomach, only to be met with his disdain.

In an attempt to verify Trevon's words, she imitated his way of not responding and promptly entered the kitchen to inspect the contents of the fridge.

Observing this scene, Trevon couldn't help but lift the corners of his mouth. It seemed that Natalie remained unconvinced of his words.

Upon witnessing the fridge overflowing with provisions, Natalie was shocked. Was it the rich people's way of life? It was as though the supermarket had relocated itself within the kitchen. Her eyes then shifted to the scattered flour and the toasted bread on the table.

Was this a test of her cooking?

Indeed, she possessed a deft hand in cooking. Her grandfather occasionally craved cakes, and she worried that the cakes sold in the shops outside would be overly saccharine for his taste. Thus, she enrolled in a class to master cakes and various other delicacies.

Confidently, she called out from the kitchen to the living room, “What would you desire for breakfast, Mr. Wilson?”

“Whatever,” he replied, reminiscing about his military days when he developed a habit of contenting himself with whatever rations were provided, but years of indulgence had slightly pampered his palate.

However, he must admit that Natalie’s cooking was very appetizing to his taste.

Natalie was speechless. Trevon actually offered the most challenging option. After all, who knew whether he would enjoy it or not when she cooked something? Such being the case, Natalie decided to cook some food she liked.

She decided to make a sandwich accompanied by a glass of milk. In the morning, she had grown fond of indulging in a cup of milk or coffee.

Her grandpa always emphasized the importance of a substantial breakfast, a good lunch, and a lighter dinner.

Therefore, whether she was on the night or the morning shift, she would never forget having breakfast, which was also stipulated by her grandfather. It had already become second nature for her, deeply ingrained in her upbringing and routine.

About thirty minutes later, she emerged with two breakfasts and two steaming cups of milk.

“Mr. Wilson, your breakfast is ready.”

Trevon took his place at the table. He had tasted this kind of sandwich during his days in the army, and this was Jim’s favorite food.

The sandwich had a lovely color, and it looked appetizing.

He picked up his sandwich and began to eat, savoring the delicious flavors.

As Trevon was thoughtfully enjoying the food cooked by Natalie, her soft voice came from the opposite side. “Mr. Wilson, breakfast is

complimentary today. You provided the ingredients, and I provided the labor, so we are even now.”

At these words, Trevon glanced up to examine her. Today, Natalie appeared entirely natural, with no makeup. Though he usually saw her wearing minimal makeup, today her face was bare, devoid of any cosmetic adornment.

It was then that he truly noticed Natalie’s pretty face. Her features were well-defined, with flawless, creamy-white skin and not a wrinkle in sight. Her eyes were bright and firm, exuding a translucent radiance, complemented by long, thick lashes. Her curly hair, casually and charmingly tied, added to her feminine allure.

If he were to rate her appearance on a scale of 10, he would undoubtedly assign a 15, granting an additional five points for her natural comfort and attractiveness.

Yet, he couldn't understand why someone so captivating would carry a calculating heart.

If she possessed a good character, it wouldn't be impossible for her to find a wealthy partner. Her face had the power to captivate the affluent, as Hackett's infatuation served as evidence.

Natalie felt uneasy under his intense direct gaze. "Mr. Wilson, did you hear what I said?"

Trevon, regaining his focus as he replied, "Yes, it seems that no one can make you suffer any losses."

"Some losses can be endured, while others cannot. Sometimes, even

among relatives or friends, accounts should be settled without ambiguity, let alone us. I believe we should keep a fair account, Mr. Wilson."

She wished not to remain indebted to him after three months, for it was better to part ways with no scruples.

"I hope you persevere and do not forget what you said," he uttered before rising from his seat and leaving directly.

Natalie shrugged nonchalantly and continued her breakfast.

Having finished her meal, Trevon headed to the company while Natalie readied herself for some much-needed rest, intending to visit Sherri afterward. Knowing her closest friend's habits. Natalie understood that Sherri, when on the late shift, would forego breakfast and sleep until noon and an alarm clock awakened her.

It had been weird lately, since she was always scheduled the same as Sherri in the hospital, albeit in different departments. They were also on duty at the same shift today, but Natalie worked in the surgery department, while Sherri worked in obstetrics and gynecology.

In the past, it was rare for them to be on duty together on the same shift, occurring only a few times a month.

Natalie soon drifted into slumber. Perhaps it was due to her early morning run, leaving her weary and ready to sleep.

Strange to say, even as she lived in this grand villa alone, Natalie still felt at ease

[Chapter 25](#)

[Wake up! Wake up from your sleep...]

In a state between wakefulness and sleep, Natalie reached out to her bedside table to find her phone. With half-closed eyes, she caught a glimpse of the time. It was nearly 2 PM. That was indeed a long sleep.

She smoothly rose from her bed and made her way to the closet in search of something to wear.

A slight hesitation lingered as she contemplated the appropriate attire, wondering what the weather was like outside.

She turned around, drew open the curtains, and checked the weather forecast on her phone. It was a sunny day, though not particularly warm. The temperature would reach a maximum of 15 degrees, signaling the arrival of winter.

She selected a pair of jeans, a beige hoodie, and a white waistcoat from her wardrobe. She thought for a second and opted for a black

semi-turtleneck underneath, allowing for taking off the waistcoat in case it got too warm. The combination felt just perfect.

Ready to head out, she heard her phone buzz in her pocket. It was a voice message from Sherri. [Hey there, are you still at home, Natalie? Come meet me for a cup of coffee.]

True friends always thought the same, didn't they?

Natalie sat beside the shoe shelf and proceeded to change her shoes. It was inconvenient for her to type a message with both hands now, so she sent Sherri a voice message. [I'm up, putting on my

shoes now, and I'm going to find you. Are you at home or outside? Just send me the address. when you're outside.]

Then she put her phone on the edge of her seat and continued to tie her shoelaces. Half a minute later, she received Sherri's voice message again. Busy with her shoes, she directly played Sherri's voice message. [Oh my, don't tell me that you just woke up! You never woke up so late! You didn't sleep with Mr. Wilson last night, did you?]

As Natalie reached for her phone to reply, another voice message from Sherri quickly arrived. [Tell me everything. Did I guess right? How is Mr. Wilson's figure?]

A deep, chilling voice came through the living room. "Is this the way you discuss me with your friend?"

Natalie was speechless. When did Trevon return home? How did she not notice him when she descended the stairs?

It was truly embarrassing.

She was now in no mood to reply to Sherri's message. She put on her shoes and made her way to the sofa, saying, "I usually don't discuss you with my friend. It's just that my friend has misunderstood something."

Trevon's icy gaze locked onto her, and Natalie couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed. "Miss Foster, it seems you're forgetting something."

"Hmm?"

"I must remind you once again that the agreement clearly states you cannot disclose anything to a third party. It appears you haven't complied."

His initial opinion of her had improved slightly over the past few days, but now it seemed she couldn't wait for people to know that she was merely his lawful wife.

Natalie was stunned.

This was the worst, and she should have known better than to confide in Sherri, the big-mouthed woman, though she told Sherri that before signing the agreement, not after. Anyway, there was no point in explaining now since Trevon seemed to think she was flaunting her position to her friend as his wife, and she couldn't seem to make it clear. "Mr. Wilson, I only confided in my best friend and haven't told anyone else. Can't you..." In fact, Natalie wanted to let him just forget about the liquidated damages of 20 million dollars, but she left that sentence unspoken.

Then she could not help thinking how foolish she had been to sign that unequal treaty. That was 20 million dollars in liquidated damages!

Trevon's icy gaze remained cold as he said, "What do you think? Like you, do all the doctors lack a sense of contractual obligation now?"

Natalie frowned at his words. "Mr. Wilson, this is just between you and me. There's no need to denigrate my profession. I can pay the liquidated damages, but I also have a request. After I give you 20 million dollars, the agreement should be destroyed at once."

A small smile curled at the corner of Trevon's lips. It seemed that Natalie couldn't wait to be free of the constraints of the agreement and enjoy her life as his wife. "It sounds like a good idea to you."

Natalie's eyes were resolute and penetrating. "So, Mr. Wilson, do you agree with that? If you agree, we can get divorced today. Then I'll give you the money"

Anyway, instead of being suspected by Trevon every day, it was better for her to seize the chance and get away from the current situation.

She seemed to need to use the money her grandfather bestowed upon her now.

"Divorce? When she offered to break the agreement, did she really want a divorce?" Trevon thought.

Trevon was surprised in disbelief. "Her grandfather managed to let her marry into the Wilson family. Is she really not afraid of losing the title of Mrs. Wilson? Am I overthinking this?" he thought.

Trevon was remarkable since he was a kid, excelling wherever he went. However, what he detested the most was being coerced by others, losing control of what was happening.

No one could force him to do anything. But due to Natalie's grandfather, he was escorted by his grandfather's bodyguard into marrying a stranger, which he certainly couldn't accept.

Despite his mother's arrogant nature, both his parents were deeply in love with each other. His father's spoiling of his mother was evident.

However, his marriage was not a voluntary choice, leaving him discontented deep inside and also making him foster a strong prejudice against Natalie.

Observing that Trevon didn't respond, Natalie neither waited for his answer nor bothered to do so and turned to leave. "I hope you will provide me with an answer tonight so I can arrange the money, Mr. Wilson." After all, 20 million dollars was an astonishing sum, and the bank will also require an appointment.

Natalie thought that the current situation suited Trevon's liking. As she walked towards the door, she opened WhatsApp and saw a series of voice messages from Sherri. While listening, she walked towards the garage. [Natalie, are you still there? What takes you so long?]

[Natalie, Natalie.]

[Natalie, are you driving now?]

[Natalie, then I'll wait for you. I'm still at home. Let's go to the Lovers'

Cafe near the hospital. Let's get some coffee there in the afternoon so we can stay awake and work hard at night.]

[Then see you later.]

Sherri seemed unconcerned and straightforward, but when it came to pregnant women or their babies, she would be cautious and take a lot of account of them.

Natalie remembered once during the baby boom, Sherri volunteered to work continuously. Even if she had to stay on duty until dawn, she wouldn't ask for a break the next day and remain on the late shift. It was hard to tell that she had such a strong sense of responsibility only from her appearance.

In the Lovers' Cafe.

The cafe was not particularly spacious, but it was all over social media in Athana, since it was adorned with simplicity and understated elegance, exuding an unparalleled sense of comfort.

It attracted not only people of modest means but also individuals from the upper class and noble circles, who frequented the place for a relaxing sojourn.

As Natalie strolled into the cafe, Sherri caught sight of her from the window seat and waved.

Natalie removed her gloves and placed them on the table, then picked up the coffee Sherri had ordered for her and took a warm and comforting sip.

Sherri scrutinized a casually dressed Natalie before her and remarked, "Why can't you just try some more stylish, feminine clothes? Look at what you are wearing now. It makes you look like a middle school student, while even current high school students look more fashionable than you."

"Come on. I don't want to wear a red overcoat like you."

"What's wrong with this? Do I not look splendid in this vibrant red overcoat?" Sherri really adored bright colors.

Natalie made no reply. She felt a burning anger within her in the morning but now, she had figured something out and thought it was nothing. Anyway, she was about to get divorced tomorrow, so Natalie decided to address the matter with utmost clarity to her best friend and tell Sherri not to joke about them in the future.

"Sherr. I need to tell you something"

Sherri appeared surprised. "What is it? Go ahead."

Natalie cleared her throat and began. Mr. Wilson and I will get divorced tomorrow So, please refrain from making any jokes about us in the future. He overheard the voice message you sent this morning, and now I have to compensate him with 20 million dollars.”

Sherri’s mind became muddled, struggling to comprehend why an overheard voice message would require Natalie to pay Trevon such an exorbitant sum. “Hold on. I don’t understand What do you mean? Why should you compensate him with 20 million dollars?”

Natalie clasped her hands on the table, composed and determined to tell Sherri about the entire affair. On the second night after our wedding. that is, the day after I moved into Adare Manor, he asked me to sign an agreement for a secret marriage. The duration was three months of maintaining appearances, after which we could divorce normally. During that time. I couldn’t disclose our marriage to anyone. But I thought you were an exception, someone I could trust. Unexpectedly, he discovered the truth this morning and demanded 20 million dollars as compensation. Since I had to pay for the liquidated damages, I proposed a divorce. Once the divorce is finalized. I will give him the money.”

Sherri’s mind went totally blank. “So, it was all because of the voice message I sent Natalie this morning that made Natalie have to pay 20 million dollars to Trevon?” Sherri thought. She couldn’t help but think that Trevon was truly an unscrupulous merchant.

After a while, Sherri rebuked Trevon with disdain, comparing him to a despicable dog. “This bastard. There must be something wrong with him! Natalie, I totally agree with you divorcing him. Even my brother is better than him. Don’t worry. I’ll pay the money for you. Tomorrow, take the check and just throw it at his head.

“Who the hell does he think he is? Someone hottest in the world who thinks that everyone will fall for him? Just get him out of your world.”

Natalie immediately covered Sherri’s mouth, whispering, “Lower your voice. Do you want everyone to find out I’m going through a divorce?”

Hearing what Natalie said, Sherri immediately shut up and whispered to discuss with Natalie what she would do after the divorce.

“You two haven’t had sex, right? Or else it’s too bad for you,” Sherri suddenly pondered this question.

Natalie rolled her eyes at Sherri. “What are you thinking? He doesn’t love me after all. What kind of person do you think I am? We’ll get divorced once the stipulated period for the divorce arrives. I’m not that kind of easy girl.

[Chapter 26](#)

The entrance to the Lovers’ Cafe erupted with a commotion, and many young ladies exclaimed in delight.

“Oh my, is that a celebrity? He’s so handsome!”

“Quick, let’s take some pictures!”

“Oh, those two men in suits look so mysterious and cool.”

"I prefer the sunny boy in the coat."

"I like them all!"

The entire hall was already abuzz with whispers, and numerous admiring glances were cast their way.

Three men entered, resembling stars in their own right.

Two were impeccably dressed in professional suits, towering above the crowd. Their faces displayed an icy aloofness as if they were untouchable. and distant.

Their appearances were both frigid and unmatched, emanating an air of unapproachability.

However, the last one of them sported a beige reversible cashmere coat, exuding a handsome and cheerful aura. The corners of his mouth were always curled into a smile.

Hackett, who was always a woman killer, said, "Mr. Wilson, why are you suddenly in the mood to come here today?"

Trevon, who didn't want to respond to Hackett, wore a cold expression, showing disdain for Hackett's flirtatious and insincere smile.

The three individuals went to the second floor, opting for a private room. Although Hackett favored a livelier atmosphere, the other two preferred a quiet setting. In the end, the majority ruled, resulting in a 2-to-1 decision, and Hackett had to make compromises.

Trevon and Frank didn't like the bustling activity in the downstairs hall.

Meanwhile, Hackett, searching for a seat, spotted Natalie and Sherri by the window. Perhaps Sherri's vibrant red coat caught his attention at a glance.

Before Trevon could make his way upstairs, Hackett pulled him toward Natalie, and he was preparing to share a table with Natalie and Sherri.

Hackett noticed that the sofa they were sitting on could accommodate all three of them, with Natalie and Sherri seated opposite each other. This arrangement allowed Hackett to sit beside Natalie.

He was very confident in his plan.

"Come on. I see my crush. Let's go sit over there and join them at their table. It'll be funnier with more people."

Trevon and Frank simultaneously followed Hackett's gaze and looked in the direction Hackett was pulling them.

As expected, Natalie was there, sipping her coffee.

Frank turned to Trevon, raised an eyebrow, and looked meaningfully at the table in the corner.

Feeling their burning gazes, Natalie and Sherri, engrossed in conversation, raised their heads. Natalie appeared composed. After having just finished an argument with Trevon in the morning, she had already straightened out her thinking. However, Sherri was taken aback.

"I simply cannot engage in gossip or speak ill of others behind their backs. Well, speak of the devil. Here comes Trevon now!" she thought.

Natalie, somewhat immune to the presence of these people, kept her composure and chose not to pay them much attention. Instead, she lowered her head and sipped her coffee.

Observing her reaction, Trevon's mindset suddenly shifted gears.

He strode to approach her.

As Hackett was about to sit next to Natalie, his jacket collar was seized from behind, and he was pulled away. Then, Trevon took the seat beside Natalie.

Frank, who witnessed this scene, wasn't surprised. On the contrary, he found it amusing since Trevon appeared somewhat different now.

Frank didn't sit beside Sherri but instead pulled up a stool and sat on the other side.

Hackett took a deep breath, refraining from displaying his anger in front of his crush and tarnishing his image. He could only swallow his

frustration.

Seeing that Hackett sat beside her, Sherri turned her head with extreme displeasure and asked, "Mr. Blackwell, did you have my consent to sit here?"

Holding his chin in his hands, Hackett gazed at Natalie with infatuation, disregarding Sherri as he retorted. "Would you mind if I sit here? Oh, not at all. Well then, I'll sit here."

Sherri remained speechless, wondering, "Was he just talking to himself? Something must be wrong with his mind, and he went out without medication." Sherri managed to stay calm as she reminded herself that he had got something on her.

Hackett was about to speak when the waiter arrived, leaving him no choice but to order his coffee first.

Just as the coffee arrived and Hackett prepared to resume his conversation with Natalie. Trevon abruptly interjected, "Allow me to introduce you to my newlywed wife, who is sitting beside me."

Natalie choked on her coffee, coughing uncontrollably.

Trevon, beside her, retrieved a piece of tissue and handed it to her.

She glanced at him with a puzzled expression, clearly conveying her message. "Are you out of your mind? We were just discussing divorce this morning, along with the matter of about 20 million dollars.

"What the hell are you up to now?"

Unexpectedly, Trevon suddenly moved so close to her ear, his warm breath caressing her cheek, causing a shiver to run down her spine. "I have informed my friend as well, so considering both sides as a breach of contract, we're even now."

Natalie stared at him, eyes wide and eyelashes fluttering, silently

questioning him, "Could it be that I wouldn't have to pay you 20 million dollars? And what about divorce? What did that imply?"

Trevon found that it was so fun to tease her and was captivated by her adorable expression at this moment. An inexplicable sense of joy washed over him.

Once again, he moved closer and whispered in her ear as if he

understood the language of her eyes. "You don't have to pay 20 million

dollars. The divorce agreement is not finalized yet, and three months have not passed. Ending it early would also require you to pay the compensation, Mrs. Wilson."

They talked in whispers that felt like displays of affection to those watching.

Sherri, too, was brimming with questions, just as curious as Hackett. A minute ago, she and Natalie had been engaged in a bitter conversation about Trevon, on the verge of hurling insults at him.

Sherri had even planned to introduce Natalie to an eligible bachelor after her divorce and make Trevon regret his actions. But now, what was this turn of events?

Sherri shot a questioning glance at Natalie, silently asking, "What is happening?"

Natalie returned the look and shrugged, silently replying, "I don't know."

They quietly sipped their coffee, trying to fade into the background.

Frank grinned when Trevon announced that Natalie was his wife. It was rather amusing to witness Trevon cross the line repeatedly.

Hackett was too stunned to utter a word. The crush he had admired for so long turned out to be Trevon's wife. The fact that he had engaged in a flirtation with Trevon's wife made him feel so embarrassed that he wished he could disappear from the world.

The scheming Trevon deliberately withheld the information, waiting for him to make a fool of himself.

What a shame!

Trevon was so bad and highly immoral.

Thinking that even he offered to sit here today, Hackett felt more awkward!

Suddenly, Sherri became excited. Observing Hackett's embarrassed look, she asked sharply, "Mr. Blackwell, everyone knows they shouldn't covet a friend's wife, but you still chase after Natalie! How do you face your friend Mr. Wilson now?"

Smirking with satisfaction, Sherri settled herself in to witness Hackett's upcoming performance.

Hackett turned his head and glared intensely at her, regarding her as at meddlesome woman eager to provoke trouble. He hurriedly explained, "Mr. Wilson, I swear I had no intention... I simply didn't know that Nata.... Miss Foster was your wife. I only wanted to befriend her."

As the words escaped his lips, Hackett let out a sigh. Even he found his words somewhat unbelievable since...

Trevon's cold and icy voice cut in. "Oh, really?"

"Yes, absolutely true. If you don't believe me, ask Frank," Hackett implored, pointing at Frank.

Frank was leaning lazily against the chair, coffee cup in hand. He nonchalantly said, "I warned you not to do that."

Hackett remained speechless, feeling dissatisfied with Frank's words since what he said precisely proved that Hackett knowingly and willfully committed a grave mistake!

Unable to provide further explanations at this point, Hackett resigned himself to fate and absentmindedly sprawled on the sofa, assuming a posture as if waiting for the final result.

Finding joy in the situation, Sherri concealed her laughter behind her coffee cup.

Hackett shot a piercing gaze at Sherri, filled with threats. "Let's wait and see!" he silently announced.

Sherri defiantly retorted secretly. "Bring it on! I'm not afraid of you!"

Natalie observed the childish antics of the two with a slight smile, and Trevon, whose attention frequently shifted toward her, saw it all.

Her features were quite delicate. When she smiled, the corners of her mouth slightly tugged, and her eyebrows gracefully arched. Her flawless, fair skin with a hint of pink accentuated her stunning beauty. Dimples adorned her face, adding to her enchanting charm.

Perhaps because Natalie had sensed Trevon's direct and bold gaze, she immediately looked up at him and met his gaze.

There was a subtle hint of awkwardness in the air, and Natalie quickly lowered her head and focused on sipping her coffee, feeling her heart.

race erratically

Changing the subject, Trevon directed his attention to Hackett, suggesting, "How about boxing with me tonight?"

It came as a big blow to Hackett, who had spent 20 million dollars to avoid being beaten, but there was no escaping this time. He got to get what he got to get. Good news and bad news always came together, didn't they? The good news was that his crush now turned out to be his friend's wife.

The bad news, however, was that he would still have to endure a beating.

This time, there was no way to have Frank help him.

Sherri, a vibrant chat person who had previously focused on making fun of Hackett, now turned her attention to Frank. Among the four prominent families, the Roberts family was one of them, and Sherri knew that. "Do you have a girlfriend, Mr. Roberts?" she inquired.

Sherri had a particular fondness for boys who exuded a sense of aloofness and coolness. She found them remarkably handsome, mysterious, and alluring.

"No," Frank responded.

Undeterred, Sherri pressed on. "Then what kind of girl do you prefer, Mr. Roberts?"

Frank replied, "The girl of few words." When Frank said this, he never expected that he would eat his words in the future.

Sherri was rendered speechless. She suddenly didn't know how to continue the conversation.

Hackett burst into laughter. "Sherri, don't tell me you have a crush on him! You clearly don't know much about the target of your affection! Listen, if you want to get Frank's attention, you need more flirting practice."

Sherri had no interest in dealing with Hackett at all.

After sitting for over an hour in the Cafe, Sherri drove her Mercedes to leave while Natalie rode off on her motorbike without even bidding farewell to Trevon.

Trevon gazed at the receding figure of Natalie and appeared lost in thought.

Hackett's voice, tinged with envy, reached Trevon's ears. "Natalie looks so graceful and daring when she rides a motorbike."

Frank gave him a light slap on the shoulder and asked, "Are you asking for trouble again?"

Throughout the entire encounter, Trevon seemed oblivious to the conversation, as if he hadn't heard a word. Jim also seemed captivated by Natalie's audacity, and he had mentioned it no less than three times.

Indeed, men would be attracted to Natalie's charm

[Chapter 27](#)

At the Foster's house.

Emily had been fidgeting before the mirror, always finding herself dissatisfied with every single dress.

Filled with anger, she threw all the clothes she was holding onto the bed.

Elena walked in and witnessed the scene, asking her daughter with concern, "What's wrong? Who has upset you?"

It was Monday, and Elena's son, Tucker, had gone to school, leaving only the maid, Elena herself, and Emily at home. Harry had also left for work early in the morning.

Ever since Tucker was a child, he had been independent, insisting on attending boarding school since elementary years and only returning home once a week.

Emily sat by the window with a discontented expression and said, "Mom, just look at those things. I don't have any decent clothes. These are all last year's styles. And to top it off, Dad has halved my allowance this month, so I can't even afford to buy something nice."

Harry had cut back on the family's expenses after his previous failure to get Barron's inheritance. This action raised suspicions in Elena's mind, prompting her to inquire through a confidential source within the company, only to know that a project invested by Harry failed, resulting in a loss of more than 16 million dollars and leaving the shareholders displeased.

No wonder he had been busy at work all day from morning to evening, and even cut down expenses recently. As for the possibility of Harry cheating on her, Elena was never worried since she had her own methods to deal with that.

Observing the pile of clothes on her daughter's bed, folded into a small mountain, Elena expressed her slight dissatisfaction, "Your father's company has recently encountered some difficulties. We need to tighten our belts for a while. Just be a good girl, and don't spend too much money. I can give you 10 thousand dollars to buy a dress you like."

After the last attempt to make a car accident failed, she lost one million dollars, so she now had little money at her disposal. Besides, she also needed to leave some money with her in case something unexpected

happened.

However, Emily thought 10 thousand dollars was too little. After all, just a limited-edition dress would cost around 200 to 300 thousand dollars. She also wanted an entire outfit and a handbag, which would easily cost 100 thousand dollars. Moreover, she was going to visit the Wilson family

this time.

Her appearance was crucial, and her dress would determine whether she could earn the chance to marry into the Wilson family.

"Mom, this is simply not enough. Tomorrow, I'll be heading to the Wilson family. If I go there, adorned in a dress only worth 10 thousand dollars. How will they even look at me?"

Elena had noticed that Emily had been returning home late lately with a radiant smile. She suspected that Emily must have been dating someone, but little did she know it was someone from the Wilson family. It would be wonderful if that man were Trevon.

"Is it Mr. Wilson, the famous Trevon Wilson in Athana?" Elena asked, her excitement growing.

"No, it's Max Wilson, the son of Ted Wilson, who is Theo Wilson's second son." Emily also had her sights set on Trevon, but the predicament was that she couldn't even meet him in person. It made it challenging to captivate his attention.

Therefore, Emily chose Max to be her target. After all, Max was also a part of the Wilson family. If she could successfully marry him, she would also be a member of the Wilson family.

However, Elena didn't think so. Max was renowned as a playboy within high society in Athana, changing companions as often as one changes clothes. Despite his professional achievements, those in high society knew that he just rode on the coattails of his father and grandfather. He was essentially useless without them.

In contrast, Trevon had climbed the ladder of success through his own merits. In Athana, except for those who were very close to him, almost everyone would respectfully address him as Mr. Wilson.

If Emily was indeed with Max, Elena feared that Max would soon abandon her daughter.

Elena furrowed her brows, deeply concerned. "Emily, can you handle someone like Max? His reputation doesn't hold a candle to Mr. Wilson's."

It was said that Trevon never involved himself with women and always remained chaste. Even when talking about the contract at social gatherings, he abstained from indulging in drinks, focusing solely on his work. People would try to tempt him with attractive companions, but he didn't even spare them a glance.

Elena had met many people in her life, and she knew that for such a man like Trevon, once he fell in love with a woman, he would love that woman forever.

He was a faithful lover by nature!

Elena had her own way of stopping Harry from cheating on her. Otherwise, Harry's unfaithful nature might have led him to take a mistress long ago.

Hearing what Elena said, Emily was unsatisfied and pouted. "Mom, you don't understand. Mr. Wilson is cold and resolute. He always settles matters with an iron hand. Even if I had the chance to meet him, I wouldn't dare approach him. The rumors about him in Athana are all bone-chilling." Emily didn't want to risk her life.

Elena shared the same thought and began to speak cautiously, "Emily, Max is a good choice for you too, but you need to capture his heart and marry him. Did you have sex with him?"

Emily was taken aback by her mother's direct and blunt question, feeling a bit embarrassed. "No," she admitted. She was no longer a virgin since she had several relationships with wealthy men before.

Elena advised, "Don't let him take advantage easily. Hold on to him. In a few days, I can take you abroad to have your hymen repaired."

Emily wondered how her mother had discovered her secret...

Elena looked at her surprised daughter and gently patted her hand. "You're my daughter. There's nothing a mother doesn't know about her daughter."

Emily's face lit up with excitement. She hadn't slept with Max because she was afraid of being discovered by Max that she was not a virgin. "Mom, will it be found out by someone? What if Max finds out?"

Elena replied with certainty in her eyes, "Don't worry. I know someone who can keep it a secret. He won't breathe a word to anyone even if he's threatened with death."

Now Emily felt more confident, knowing what she had to do next was to capture Max's heart adequately.

Finally, to make Emily marry into the Wilson family, Elena handed her daughter 160 thousand dollars.

Around eight o'clock in the evening, Natalie was about to change into her work clothes when her phone rang in her pocket. After seeing an unfamiliar number, she didn't answer the phone.

When the phone rang again, she picked it up, fearing it might be a patient seeking medical advice.

A deep, magnetic voice came from the other end. "Are you at work?"

Natalie was confused when she realized it was Trevon's cold voice, wondering why he suddenly called her.

Out of courtesy, she answered honestly, "Yes, I'm getting ready for work. What's the matter?"

"Well, there's a dinner at the Wilson's old residence tomorrow, and Grandpa wants you to attend."

There would be a weekly gathering for all the Wilson family members. hosted at the Wilson's old residence, a tradition that had been upheld for generations.

And the reason was to foster a sense of closeness between family

members. The children had grown up and were occupied with their own. careers, and they needed to come home more often to reconnect so that they wouldn't become more and more estranged due to the busyness of life.

This puzzled Natalie even more. It had been more than three weeks since she and Trevon got married, and she had never been requested to have dinner with the Wilson family before.

"Does it get hosted every 20 days now?"

"Does bringing up the topic of divorce have something to do with it?" she thought.

Natalie contemplated finding an excuse to refuse.

Before she could voice her thoughts, Trevon interrupted her on the other

end of the phone, saying, "I know you're off tomorrow. I've promised Grandpa that I'll take you back."

Natalie remained silent, internally thinking, "Then what was the point of calling me? Just to tell me about that?"

Her response carried a tone of displeasure as she replied, "Got it."

Jim looked at Trevon, who hung up the phone with a smirk.

Trevon called the Wilson's old residence five minutes earlier, informing Theo that he would bring Natalie home the next day.

Theo was so happy. He had been eagerly awaiting this day.

However, given Trevon's stubbornness, accepting the arranged marriage was already his greatest compromise. Theo didn't dare push him to do anything he didn't want to do.

But now Trevon told Natalie on the phone it was Theo's request. Trevon was really a scheming man.

Jim really didn't understand why Trevon didn't simply state his intention. to bring Natalie back.

Hanging up the phone, Trevon warned Jim, "Keep your mouth shut." It was clear that if Natalie learned about this, Jim would be in deep trouble.

With some audacity, Jim asked, "Mr. Wilson, do you have feelings for Mrs. Wilson now?"

Trevon responded coldly, "Which of your eyes saw me liking her?"

Jim retorted in his heart. "I saw it with both eyes."

At 7 PM, Frank, who had made his living in the gray zone, had excellent fighting skills. In his free time, he enjoyed participating in boxing, so he renovated a large boxing ring in Lither Club.

Hackett staggered to his feet and said, "Mr. Wilson, I did make a mistake in this matter, but as people always say, no blame attaches to the unconscious doer of wrong. Besides, you all kept it a secret from me." He was tempted to say that Natalie was so beautiful that all men would be attracted to her, but he was afraid to say so.

"So now you admit that you really have a crush on her," Trevon uttered, donning mittens as he menacingly advanced toward Hackett.

"Damn it, all I want is to have a conversation with Natalie. I never said that!" Hackett knew he couldn't admit that, or else he would be beaten to death.

Frank icily tossed a few words at him, "It's obvious that you do have such a dirty thought, so don't stubbornly insist that you don't."

Hackett bellowed at his friend Frank, "Can you please shut the hell up? No one considers you mute just because you don't speak."

Frank casually crossed his legs, savoring his coffee in utmost comfort.

He acted like he was watching a show.

In the end, Hackett had boxed with Trevon relentlessly for a full hour, leaving his nose and face battered. It seemed that Hackett couldn't go out with a girl for nearly a month, much longer than the mere week Hackett had anticipated. He had greatly underestimated Trevon's mercilessness.

[Chapter 28](#)

The next day, Natalie slept soundly through the night until around 3 PM, when she finally woke up.

Simultaneously, a gentle knock resounded on the door, and Jim stood outside the door with a sense of unease, tapping the door lightly.

Trevon was still attending a meeting and expected to return within half an hour. Tonight, there was to be a dinner party at the Wilson's old residence, and Mr. Wilson had requested Jim to come to the Adare Manor and bring clothes and shoes for Natalie.

The dinner party's protocol dictated that the younger generation should not arrive at the designated hour but rather a few hours earlier.

In this case, they could spend more time fostering relationships.

After two rounds of knocking, there was still no response, and just as Jim was about to knock for a third time, the door swung open.

With messy hair and still in a drowsy state, Natalie had just woken up. Luckily, she was wearing modest pajamas.

She glanced at Jim, who was holding several gift sets and rubbed her eyes, wondering why he had brought them.

She had completely forgotten her commitment to Trevon to accompany him to the Wilson's old residence today.

Jim proceeded to speak. "Mrs. Wilson, you can take these. You can try them on later to see if they fit."

Natalie, wearing a perplexed expression, asked, "Mr. Hawk, why are you giving these to me? Did Mr. Wilson prepare these? Is there a party tonight?"

Jim thought, "So it seems that Mrs. Wilson actually doesn't attach much importance to tonight's event." He really didn't understand what made Trevon think that Natalie was trying to pester him, and Trevon even deliberately created a month-long trending topic on the internet. It would still be hotly discussed online if not for Theo's intervention.

Jim patiently explained, "Mrs. Wilson, this evening, both you and Mr. Wilson are expected to return to the Wilson's old residence for the dinner party. Don't you remember?" He cautiously added those last words.

Even though Natalie's face revealed complete forgetfulness, Jim felt compelled to inquire further.

Natalie responded without reservation, "Ah, I forgot. Can I skip this one?"

Internally, Jim gave a thumbs up to Natalie since she was the first and only woman who refused to step foot into the Wilson's old residence. However, he said, "I'm afraid that won't be possible, Mrs. Wilson. Everyone in the Wilson family already knows that Mr. Wilson intends to bring you along to the Wilson's old residence tonight." The implication was clear, and she had to go.

"Mrs. Wilson, dinner time at the Wilson's old residence is 6 o'clock," Jim reminded with the utmost care, sensing the need to reinforce the reminder.

Because it was clear that Natalie simply didn't care about this at all!

Natalie thought, "Is this really necessary to make such a grand affair out of a meal?"

Since she couldn't decline, Natalie reluctantly accepted, and it was also a chance for her to inquire about the deal her grandpa had struck with Theo tonight. Hence, she readily stated, "Give them to me."

Jim breathed a tremendous sigh of relief and handed all the items to Natalie.

Once she took them over, Natalie shut the door and proceeded to freshen

Standing before the mirror with the strapless dress Jim had given her in her hand, she had no desire to wear it since she rarely wears dresses.

She could hardly recall wearing dresses more than a few times a year.

And she couldn't even remember what kind of dresses she wore on those occasions.

The dress had been so long, and she found it somewhat repugnant and cumbersome. Nevertheless, she had her own purpose for visiting the Wilson's old residence today, so she eventually donned the items Trevon had given her, one after another.

Half an hour later, she was fully dressed, complemented by a subtle touch of makeup.

The dress remained a vexing garment for her, and she suspected that Trevon intended it to make it difficult. Natalie hitched up her dress with great care and then prepared herself to descend the stairs.

As she made her way down, Trevon was already seated on the couch. His gaze fixated on Natalie descending the staircase.

Jim stood there, utterly dumbfounded. The women in Trevon's secretary group had already been very attractive, but Natalie was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"Truly, fine feathers make fine birds," Jim thought, amazed. "This dress really makes Mrs. Wilson utterly dazzling."

Trevon, too, stood in astonishment, never expecting that the dress he had personally selected would fit her so perfectly.

The pure white strapless dress half-concealed her alluring collarbone. When the light fell on the soft and lustrous fabric, the bright lines of the dress seemed to shimmer, which made her look like an angel from heaven. The waistline of the dress was remarkably tight, accentuating her delicate figure.

Subconsciously, Trevon's throat involuntarily bobbed up and down, his mouth becoming slightly parched.

At this moment, he realized the exquisite beauty of Natalie's body, particularly her slender waist that could easily be held with a single hand.

Jim noticed the stunned expression on Trevon's face and couldn't help but feel a bit pleased. "Look, even Mr. Wilson is amazed by Mrs. Wilson's beauty now," he thought.

"Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson is here," he exclaimed.

As Trevon returned to his senses, he was captivated by Natalie's beautiful face and perfect figure. To conceal his embarrassment, he clenched his hand into a fist near his mouth and cleared his throat. "Well, let's get ready to depart. Bring me the coat I brought back, please."

On his way back, Trevon made a detour to the Athana Building and purchased a hazy blue coat for Natalie, considering the slightly chilly weather today.

Approaching him while hitching up her dress, Natalie inquired, "When do we leave?"

Trevon's gaze remained fixed upon her for a moment, and then he slowly parted his lips. "In 15 minutes. Put on the coat first. It's a bit cold outside."

Then Trevon put the coat over her, giving Natalie the illusion that he really cared about her.

"Perhaps I was mistaken. He should just be afraid that I would embarrass him at the Wilson's old residence," Natalie thought.

Though she thought so, Natalie didn't say anything and immediately put on the coat. After all, she should take responsibility for her own body, and it was indeed warmer to wear the coat.

Meanwhile, Trevon noticed that any clothes of all styles seemed to suit Natalie very well, and the hazy blue coat accentuated her cool and unique temperament, aligning perfectly with her persona.

Observing the high heels Jim had brought for her, she inwardly declined, unwilling to risk a stumble within the Wilson's old residence. Tipping her head slightly, she pleaded, "Can I wear my own shoes?"

Trevon understood that she must not be accustomed to wearing high heels, considering he had not seen a single pair in the shoe closet. "Well, you may wear your own shoes for now. We can stop by a store later to purchase a pair of flats."

"Does he think that my own shoes are too normal for the dinner party tonight?" Natalie thought. "Fine. After all, he's the boss who will make the arrangements tonight."

Anyway, she was not the one footing the bill!

On the midway to the Wilson's old residence, Trevon did not let Jim perfunctorily go and buy shoes for Natalie. Instead, he personally took her along to choose for herself. Opting for comfort, Natalie selected a pair of pristine white canvas sneakers in the end.

Trevon's demeanor today left Natalie feeling peculiar, but she couldn't pinpoint what was amiss. Was it because he didn't treat her with a cold indifference today?

Before long, the car came to a halt in front of the Wilson's old residence.

As Natalie stepped out of the car, she couldn't help but be taken aback by the sight of the old building adorned with modest and antiquated decor.

Although the exterior appeared aged, Natalie could still discern the

underlying opulence. The vast mansion spanned a considerable area, requiring a five-minute walk from the entrance to reach the main building. Along the way, two rows of cherry trees lined the path while clusters of light blue hydrangeas adorned the mansion's entrance.

It resembled a veritable paradise.

They were promptly received by an individual inside, Gage Prescott, the butler of the Wilson family.

Despite his graying hair, this fifty-year-old man respectfully addressed Trevon, saying, "Mr. Wilson, Mr. Theo has requested you take your wife to his study after you return."

"Okay," Trevon uttered only one word.

Suddenly, Natalie felt the warmth of a hand holding hers, prompting her instinctive reflex to withdraw.

Trevon, however, didn't do as she wanted. He held her hand tightly and led her in. Natalie looked up and met his icy gaze. His typically impassive face made her wonder that she might have misjudged him again and it was all just a charade.

Theo, engrossed in his own paintings in the study, glanced at them with a hint of a smile when he saw Natalie and Trevon coming in hand in hand. "Come, Natalie, sit beside me. Don't be nervous. It was all my fault. You've been officially part of the Wilson family for over two weeks, yet I haven't invited you here even once. I was afraid you might feel uncomfortable. But now, rest assured that I won't force you into anything you don't wish to do."

Unaware that Natalie had been coerced into coming by Trevon, Theo assumed she had volunteered.

In a good-natured tone, Natalie replied, "Mr. Theo, it's alright. I'm at ease with everything. It's all fine."

Theo then retrieved a box from the safe and presented it to Natalie, saying, "Natalie, this is for you. You've been married to my grandson for so long, yet I haven't given you a gift."

Without a moment's hesitation, Natalie declined, saying, "Mr. Theo, I cannot accept this. Your grandson... He's been good to me, and I cannot take such an extravagant item."

After all, there were only more than two months for Natalie and Trevon

to get divorced, so Natalie couldn't accept such a valuable gift from Theo. Although she did not know what kind of gift it was, there was not a single thing in the Wilson family that could be sent as a cheap gift.

Theo burst into laughter. "You haven't even opened it, my dear girl. How can you determine its worth?"

Trevon extended his hand, reaching for the gift. Of course, Trevon had noticed Natalie's anxious expression, and he understood why she was reluctant to accept it. "Just take it, Natalie. If Grandpa gives something, it must be something valuable. If you don't want it, I'll keep it for you."

Natalie was speechless, while thinking, "What's wrong with you? If you want it, go ahead. Why do you drag me into this?"

[Chapter 29](#)

Theo sat in the chair, his weathered and wrinkled hands delicately grasping the cup of coffee as he took a sip. He slowly lifted his gaze and turned to his grandson Trevon, who was seated across the table.

"You've spent half a month together. What are your thoughts on Natalie now? Is she a calculating girl that you think?"

Theo had also served in the army during his youth, and he could keenly discern the change in his grandson's eyes.

It seemed that conflicting emotions churned inside him now.

Theo wished to advise Trevon, so he devised an excuse to have the butler take Natalie around the Wilson's old residence.

Trevon pursed his lips, choosing not to answer the question.

But Theo couldn't let him off so quickly. He glanced at his grandson and said, "Don't think I don't know that you coerced Natalie into signing a three-month agreement.

"You don't need to look at me like that. Neither Natalie nor Jim informed me about that. I have my own ways of finding out. As your grandfather, I fear your inherent suspicion may make you regret it later. Natalie is truly a good girl. Even those ladies born into wealth can't match her."

Trevon felt his grandfather was exaggerating. "Are you so certain she has no ulterior motives?"

Theo let out a sigh. "Oh, my dear boy, you've spent too much time in the army. You tend to scrutinize everyone, but not everyone is as complicated as you think. You can delve into her past with your methods, but I don't want you to end up comprehending her in that manner. Do you think she willingly married you?"

"So, is it not her own will to marry me?" Trevon thought.

Theo's words inevitably disturbed Trevon's mind.

Theo earnestly continued, "Oh, Trevon, you want to know why I compelled you to marry her, right? You don't want to yield because you think I arranged your marriage. Do you really believe that I'm now old and confused?

"You're too clever for your own good, but you're fooled by your

intelligence this time. I fear you won't let go of your preconceptions about Natalie if I don't tell you everything today.

"I was wickedly plotted to bring about my downfall in my youth when I wanted to make my own way to success alongside your grandmother. At that time, no wealthiest or the four noble families existed. With a wild ambition, upon leaving the military, I intended to embark on my own business ventures. I journeyed across the breadth of the land, accompanied by your grandmother, while your granduncle pursued his studies in college. We were not well off at that time. Once, a scheming third party undermined my collaboration with a company. They sought to intercept the collaboration, dispatching thugs to kill me. In the ensuing escape, your grandmother suffered severe injuries, and that's also why she died so early."

As Theo recounted this tale, his eyes grew misty, and a tinge of red appeared beneath them.

Theo inhaled deeply and continued, "However, fortune smiled upon us when we chanced upon Barron, a lover of deep-sea fishing. Don't underestimate the Foster family. Before the Wilson family rose, the Foster family occupied a position of influence back then. It was all after Barron's son took over the

Foster family, and the Foster family gradually declined. After being saved by Barron, he and his wife visited us occasionally and even helped me as a middleman between business transactions. With Barron's assistance, our path grew smoother slowly. He initially provided me with the necessary funds without asking for any returns. I expressed heartfelt gratitude and made him a promise, assuring him that if ever he encountered hardship, he could turn to me, and I would spare no effort in aiding him.

"Trevon, you possess remarkable intelligence and discernment. You understand what must be done next. Natalie broke off contact with her father and received her education under Barron's guidance. With the nurturing provided by Barron's kind-heartedness, she cannot be a calculating girl. There are numerous qualities about her that you remain unaware of. I implore you not to be blinded by the superficiality or view her through tinted glasses. She married you because of her grandfather's coercion instead of her own will. Furthermore, Barron also didn't disclose our family background to her."

As Trevon left the study, Theo's words echoed persistently in his ears. If his grandpa's claim were true, then without Barron, the Wilson family wouldn't exist today, and there was nothing logically flawed about that.

Barron's help made the Wilson family a success, so in some sense, Natalie was the benefactor of the Wilson family.

Had Barron not possessed a kind heart and rescued his grandfather, it was conceivable that his present self would cease to exist.

This was the second time in his adult life that his grandfather openly engaged in a long conversation with Trevon. The first occasion occurred when Trevon was 18 and yearned to enlist in the army.

His grandfather meticulously explained the rules that had to be followed in the army then.

No wonder Natalie didn't hesitate to sign the premarital agreement and mention divorce.

It turned out that she longed to get divorced early!

A cacophonous and playful noise emanated from the door.

And a diverse group of individuals came in, young and old, men and

Women.

The group leader was the second eldest of the Wilson family, Theo's brother. He was accompanied by his son, Ted Wilson, Trevon's uncle, his daughter-in-law Peggy Wilson and grandson, Max. As for the woman who came arm in arm with Max, her identity eluded Trevon's knowledge.

In fact, Trevon had no interest in her identity at all!

Trevon courteously nodded to them. "Granduncle, uncle, aunt."

The first time Emily came to such an opulent residence, she couldn't help but let out a subtle sigh of awe. However, she concealed it expertly, maintaining the grace and dignity befitting a daughter of a noble family.

Beholding the legendary Trevon, she remained captivated. "Oh, he's so handsome. No wonder numerous women in Athana aspire to marry him," Emily thought in her heart.

If only he weren't as scary as people said, she really wanted to develop a romantic relationship with him. Though becoming Max's wife would be advantageous, it was not as glorious as being the wife of Trevon, the actual heir of the Wilson family.

Max also extended his greetings. "Trevon."

In response, Trevon offered a nod and uttered, "I shall take a stroll

Promptly, the Wilson family's maid and housekeeper, Mary, scurried toward Trevon, respectfully inquiring. "Mr. Wilson, are you seeking out Mrs. Wilson?"

Meanwhile, Mary thought to herself, "Mr. Wilson is truly attached to Mrs. Wilson. Look, he already missed her so much after not seeing her just for a while!"

Trevon replied in a hushed tone, "Yes. Where is she now?"

"Mrs. Wilson is in the greenhouse now. She claims the flowers there are simply exquisite and wants to relish their beauty there for a while, so she let me come back first."

Emily was stunned. She turned her head gracefully towards the gentleman beside her and uttered softly, "Max, is your cousin already married?"

With an air of disdain. Max said, "Yes, but he was coerced into matrimony, and he didn't love that woman at all."

Emily felt a bit better at Max's words, finding solace in the fact that Max. still held affection for her. Indeed, Trevon was not a good choice.

In the Wilson family's greenhouse. Natalie, in a pristine white gown, stood in profound contemplation of the resplendent white roses. Trevon refrained from interrupting her, opting instead to observe her every move at the door silently.

Natalie possessed a smile untainted by the world's concerns, as pure as the white roses she caressed in her delicate hands.

After a while, she rose to inspect the adjacent orchids, entirely oblivious. to Trevon standing at the door.

Each flower in the greenhouse received meticulous care and bloomed with exceptional vitality. Some varieties should not be in bloom during this season, yet they, too, seemed to synchronize their blossoming, undoubtedly due to the special care they received from the maids.

Sensing the intensity of Trevon's gaze, she lifted her eyes to meet his penetrating gaze. "Mr. Wilson, have you also come to admire the flowers?"

As he entered the greenhouse, Trevon said, instead of answering Natalie's question, "You seem to favor white roses."

He held little interest in admiring the flowers, for they were an indulgence he deemed unworthy of his time.

Consequently, he rarely took notice of them.

Natalie and Trevon were now in unprecedented harmony. "Not really. I merely noticed the splendor of the greenhouse, so I came to have a look. There are countless flowers not for the season blooming now."

Trevon glanced at Natalie, her face adorned with a beaming smile, and his eyes gleamed. "Well, my grandmother possesses an affinity for flowers. My grandfather commissioned the creation of this greenhouse. All kinds of flowers in this greenhouse are my grandmother's favorites. The temperature and humidity here are tailored to ensure these flowers bloom throughout the year."

Natalie was taken aback. It was the first time Trevon had openly discussed his family in her presence. She couldn't help but feel astonished by the deep affection between Theo and his wife.

If only her own mother didn't marry the wrong person...

A tinge of envy crept into her. "Your grandma must be very blissful to have found your grandpa, a devoted lover. What about your grandma? Why haven't I seen her today?"

Trevon noticed the fleeting glimpse of sadness in Natalie's eyes. "My grandma suffered a severe injury when she was young, so she departed from this world long ago." Natalie wondered if she had misread, but she glimpsed a hint of sorrow lingering in Trevon's eyes.

Trevon interrupted her thoughts. "Come on. It's almost time for dinner."

Understanding that Trevon might not wish to delve into the topic, Natalie refrained from probing further. After all, it was his private matter, and they were not close to confiding their secrets to one another.

[Chapter 30](#)

The living room emanated an atmosphere of harmonious conversation, filled with laughter and jokes that seemed to revolve around something delightful.

Natalie had just stepped into the doorway and paused when she caught a familiar voice and wondered if she had mistaken it.

Trevon noticed her abrupt halt, turned his head, and inquired, "What's the matter?"

Natalie smiled, shook her head to indicate it was nothing, and proceeded inside.

Half an hour before dinnertime, Trevon guided Natalie to sit beside him on the sofa.

Being friendly, Theo's brother, Carlos Wilson, asked, "Aren't you going to introduce this beautiful girl to us?"

Of course, he meant Natalie.

Trevon responded casually, "This is Natalie, my wife."

Well, there was nothing wrong with that.

Theo, fearing that Trevon might say something to discomfort Natalie, felt a sense of relief after hearing what he said, resulting in a smile on his face.

It seemed that what he had just said to Trevon had worked! Theo couldn't help but feel happy with that.

Natalie's beauty captivated Max's gaze, his eyes fixed upon her. He exclaimed directly without thinking, "Trevon, your wife is truly beautiful."

Max saw nothing amiss with his comment, and all eyes turned simultaneously toward Natalie. Even Emily, who had been conversing with Peggy, turned to look at Natalie.

When she caught a glimpse of Natalie, Emily's face turned pale, her smile fading instantly.

One second, she had been engrossed in laughter and chatter with Peggy, but now her countenance was repulsive, as if she had consumed something distasteful.

In a panic, she instinctively grasped Max's arm tightly. "What are you doing? You're hurting me!"

Max, whose attention was fixed on Natalie, snapped impatiently.

To him, Emily was just a girl who desperately played hard to get, which successfully caused his desire to conquer. After all, Max thought there was no girl he couldn't handle. She was just another girl he had brought home, and she wasn't the first, either.

Max was actually not that into her. At this moment, Max couldn't help but notice that Emily and Natalie seemed to share the same surname.

However, their appearances were worlds apart. "They don't look like sisters," Max thought.

Emily bore the weight of Max's blame, her heart heavy with

dissatisfaction. She was so mad at Max for embarrassing her in front of so many people, but she dared not look up at him.

She could only silently swallow her anger.

She remained silent to avoid provoking Natalie, fearing that Natalie would be mad and tell them everything about her.

Theo proceeded to introduce each family member one by one to Natalie. "Natalie, this is Carlos. Trevon's great-uncle. Here is Ted, Trevon's uncle. And this is Ted's wife, Peggy. Trevon's cousin, Max, is over there, just two years younger than Trevon. Trevon's mother is now busy in the kitchen, and Trevon's father is away on a business trip. When he returns, I will arrange a meeting between the two of you."

"Two years younger than Trevon? Just the same age difference between me and this illegitimate daughter," Natalie thought.

Theo had always been nice to Natalie. Even though Theo said so, Natalie knew it was improper to let Trevon's father take the initiative to meet her.

"No need, Mr. Theo. I will come over to meet Trevon's father when he comes back. After all, he is my elder. Nice to meet you, Mr. Carlos, Mr. Ted, and Mrs. Peggy." After exchanging greetings, Natalie pretended not to see Max's direct gaze, completely disregarding his existence.

Not only did Theo disregard Emily's presence, but even Natalie paid her no attention as if she were invisible.

And the worst part was that Max didn't even show any intention of

introducing her, though he was the one who had promised to bring her home today. Rage bubbled just below the surface of Emily's mind.

While the living room was filled with laughter and compliments, Emily remained an outsider, unable to engage in conversation, and no one spoke to her.

Natalie acted as a perfect friend, laughing and joking, answering all questions from the elders with grace and generosity. Her manners were graceful, and her demeanor matched that of a wealthy young lady.

Emily instantly felt inferior, convinced that Natalie was so scheming that she purposely sought to exclude her from the Wilson family.

However, Natalie really didn't care about Emily and her family at all. As long as they didn't come to offend her, she could live the rest of her life without crossing paths with them. She didn't even want to exchange a single word with them.

Natalie noticed Emily's gaze and raised her eyes slightly to look at Emily with a cold, disdainful stare. Seeing the contempt in Natalie's eyes, Emily clenched her hands tightly and felt her nails sink into her palms.

Trevon's eyes wandered between several people, and saw all their expressions. Max stared at Natalie with an obsessed look, and Trevon was not surprised that Max, who tended to obey his sexual impulse, would be attracted to Natalie.

Natalie wielded complete control over the situation at this time, and Trevon knew that he had underestimated her social skills. She could even hold conversations about everything. As for that woman beside Max, her expression caused Trevon's interest.

Half an hour later, a commanding female voice reverberated, announcing, "Dinner is ready."

Natalie turned her head towards the man beside her, intending to inquire who else could issue such an authoritative voice within the Wilson family except for Theo.

Trevon seemed to understand her unspoken question. He leaned closer to her ear and whispered, "It's my mother."

The heating had been turned on in the living room, and the room grew warm. Natalie removed her coat, draping it on the entrance door. The warm breath of Trevon brushed against her bare shoulders, sending

shivers down her spine. Her cheeks flushed with a delicate pink hue while her heart raced erratically. While waiting for the elders to rise and depart, Natalie stood up and hooked her arm through Trevon's. Trevon turned his head, his eyes filled with confusion, fixed upon her small, delicate face. "What's the matter?"

Feeling somewhat embarrassed, she replied, "Next time, please don't get so close to me when you speak. I... I'm not accustomed to it."

This was the third time he had whispered to her ear, each instance causing her nerves to tense and her heart rate to become irregular. This sensation was far from pleasant.

In response, Trevon gazed back at her slightly flushed countenance with a mischievous smile. "Okay."

Theo occupied the main seat as everyone took their places.

"Natalie, this is your mother-in-law, Rachel."

"Hi, Mrs. Rachel," Natalie addressed with reverence.

However, Rachel didn't even spare her a glance and just nodded indifferently. Natalie didn't mind. It did not matter to Natalie whether Rachel acknowledged Natalie as her daughter-in-law. After all, Natalie would divorce Trevon in two months, and Rachel wouldn't be her perpetual mother-in-law.

Emily's despondency dissipated upon witnessing Rachel's evident indifference to Natalie.

After the dinner, the elders adhered to the customary procedure of presenting gifts, and Natalie's mother-in-law, Rachel, bestowed upon her an emerald necklace.

After expressing her gratitude, she accompanied Trevon back to Adare Manor.

Theo wanted to keep them stay at first, but upon reflection, he realized they should have slept in separate rooms, so he refrained from insisting.

On the way back, they sat in the car without saying anything.

An unusual silence pervaded the car, and even Jim, sitting in the front seat, sensed the awkwardness.

Suddenly, Natalie's phone buzzed, and she received a WhatsApp message.

She reached into her pocket and discovered it was a message from Sherri. Unlike their previous voice messages, Sherri had resorted to sending brief texts since the last embarrassing situation.

[Natalie, how is dinner with the Wilson family? Are you staying at the Wilson's old residence tonight, or have you returned home with your husband, Mr. Wilson?]

Natalie inwardly sighed and massaged her forehead, thinking, "Why must she assume Trevon is my husband now? If he were to see this message, I'd have to explain that again."

She really didn't want to always be on the verge of having to clarify her situation.

Within seconds, she replied to Sherri's message. [He isn't my husband. We're on the way back now. I'll tell you more tomorrow.]

Trevon's cold and stern voice suddenly sounded above Natalie's head. "I'm not your husband? Is our marriage license a fake?"

Jim couldn't help but praise Trevon's bravery in his heart.

"Huh?" Natalie genuinely couldn't fathom the meaning behind his words.

Trevon's words were always vague.

Natalie had never been in love nor had much interaction with boys. The two men she had been closest to in her life were her grandfather and Edward.

Observing the bewildered expression of Natalie, who seemed to be completely unaware of what she had done wrong, Trevon paused, unwilling to speak further.

"Mr. Wilson, I'll return these items to you. It's inappropriate for me to keep them," Natalie finally said. Considering their impending divorce, Natalie thought she couldn't take advantage of others so blatantly.

Natalie forgot to inquire about crucial matters from Theo tonight, so she resolved to ask him next time.

Trevon paid no heed to her words, his gaze fixed intently on the documents, emitting an invisible coldness from the depths of his eyes.

Jim couldn't help but think, "So Mrs. Wilson doesn't want to take advantage of Mr. Wilson? It seems that she's trying to draw the line between them. Mrs. Wilson is really a person of character."