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Rose struggled to enter the ATV as she opened the passenger door and tried to sit in it.

After steadying herself in her seat, Rose glanced over at Frank, who had already gotten into the car effortlessly, before chiding. "Can't you pick me up with a smaller car? Where's the Porsche you drove me in this morning?"

"Didn't Frank know that she was vertically challenged? At five foot four, she disliked the inconvenient car," she thought.

Frank started the car as if he did not hear anything and only stated his opinion, "This is so cool!"

Rose rebuked. "What a dumbass car. Frank, stop acting cool. If you are not using the Porsche, give it to me. I don't have a car now Either that or you buy me a new car."

Frank rebutted annoyingly. "Are you sure you can understand and follow the GPS navigation? Are you sure you will not go in the opposite direction?"

Rose exclaimed in exasperation, "I have a poor sense of direction but I'm not illiterate. How can one not understand the route of Athana on Google Maps? Are you despising me

Frank hissed. "You"

Rose glared at him fiercely, indicating that she was angry that he had offended her.

After a few seconds of silence. Frank carefully said without regard for his sister's opinions. "I'll arrange a chauffeur for you tomorrow who will send you to and from work in the future."

Hearing this, Rose calmed down. She knew that the person Frank hired was not a mere chauffeur. He must have a certain level of skill

Frank continued. "He'll only send you to and from work"

Rose understood what he meant and accepted his offer She lay back in the chair and supported herself with one hand on the window She tilted her head and looked at her brother in the driver's seat "Alright. At least I can guarantee that I'll remain healthy before I go to Sapphire City"

Frank's arm which was on the steering wheel trembled. He glanced sideways at Rose before turning his gaze onto the road again. He frowned and questioned. "You want to return to Sapphire City? Didn't you just resign? Don't cause any trouble for

Looking at the slightly irritated Frank, Rose continued to stay calm while holding onto the car window with her hand. "What are you thinking" Since I'm back. I won't return to Sapphire City In half a month. Ava will be competing. A few of us plan to give Ava a surprise. You hurt Ava. I need to provide her with moral support and also see her blind date"

Rose was not in a hurry either. She slowly turned to look at her brother's expression He had turned somber and was pretending not to like Ava Very well Frank Keep on the pretense

Rose continued chiding her brother thinking Hackett and Trevon will make the trip. After all, Hackett just proposed to Sherri today. It'll be hard for him to be away from Sherri for a long time. As for Trevon, he's sticking to Natalie every day. I heard that he left his child at the Wilson's residence. He'll most likely tag along. You're the only one left in Athana now. Sigh. poor bachelor. You're all alone

Rose even shook her head sympathetically and sighed to emphasize her point

Her expression was not borne out of sympathy for Frank being unwell. Instead, she looked like he was terminally ill

Frank drove somberly. He pursed his lips and remained silent as if Rose was talking to the air. If not for his frown, Rose would have bought into his calmness

"My brother, let me interview you on behalf of CNN. As a bachelor, how does it feel to hang out with several couples every day?

As the car had stopped in front of the Roberts family's courtyard, Frank suddenly stepped on the brakes, causing Rose to fall forward. While it was fortunate that Rose was wearing a seatbelt, the jerk still made her quite angry. Rose roared. "Are you crazy? Do you know how to drive?"

She looked up and saw the somewhat familiar courtyard. It had been so many years since she was last back, and her memories were blurry. However, the flowers and grass in the courtyard were still vivid in her mind. It was etched deeply in her heart. Everything in the courtyard looked the same even after she was gone for so many years

The ambient noise stopped. Rose had already forgotten about criticizing Frank while Frank acted as if nothing had happened. Frank's tapping of the steering wheel made Rose even more nervous. Robert asked, "Do you want to mentally prepare yourself before getting out of the car, or do you want me to blindfold you?"

Rose closed her eyes and clenched her fists before slowly composing herself and saying. "Let's get out of the car

Frank opened the car door and got out of the car first. A deafening voice came from the courtyard, "Hello, Mr. Wilson. Hello, Miss Wilson"

Rose was stunned by the scene. She turned her head to Frank and asked. "This is all arranged by Will..."

William Roberts was Frank's father. Everyone called him Will. The siblings had never addressed their parents as "Dad" or "Mum" since they were young. They were used to calling them Will and Grace. Frank would only earnestly call his mother "Mum" when discussing something

Frank glanced at the row of bodyguards and replied to his sister helplessly. "It might also be Grace who arranged this. You can go in and ask "

Just as she was thinking about it and before she could react. Frank wrapped his arms around Rose's shoulders and led her into the Roberts family's villa.

Rose did not push Frank's arms away and allowed him to hold her.

The two siblings had just entered the door when two others on the sofa stood up. The woman had her shoulder-length hair tied up as usual; she looked energetic and competent. She was wearing a white figure-hugging dress and a pair of three-inch heels. She seemed like she had just returned from work. Otherwise, given her personality, she would have changed into slippers long ago.

The man was still in a suit. He looked at the two siblings by the door with slightly red eyes. This was a scene that he had thought about for many years. Today, it had finally come true. He grabbed the woman beside him with trembling hands and led her to the door. Instantly, three pairs of eyes met.

Frank looked elsewhere nonchalantly while his arms were still wrapped around his sister and asked, "When are we eating? I'm starving"

William nudged Grace's arm and gestured for her to speak. However, she did not react. Afraid Grace would chase Rose out of the house again, he quickly walked over and held Rose's hand before saying, "Come and see if you've lost weight. Oh, you haven't lost weight, but you've become prettier. You are looking more and more like Grace"

William's comments were undoubtedly made as topic starters for both Rose and Grace. Rose understood her father's intentions and composed herself before turning to Grace. Rose told herself it was now or never. She told Grace earnestly. "Grace, I was wrong. Im sorry"

Then, Rose bowed deeply to Grace. As she bowed, tears started falling on the white tiles on the floor.

Grace, who had always been strong-headed, broke down at this moment. Tears gathered and fell from the corners of her eyes. She walked toward Rose in her three-inch heels and went to hug Rose. All her emotions and words were lost in this long-awaited hug.

Thousands of words converged into a hug. She was finding peace, being understanding, and apologetic all at once.

William was excited. He had dreamed of seeing the mother and daughter reconcile. He walked over to hug the mother and daughter while still in tears.

Frank leaned against the door frame with his hands in his pockets. He looked at the three people hugging each other and smiled before reminding everyone, "Can we eat now?"

Upon hearing this, the three of them stepped back. Grace wiped Rose's tears with trembling hands. Rose sniltled and raised her hand to wipe Grace's tears. William turned around, took a packet of tissues from the coffee table, and offered it to the mother and daughter.

The mother and daughter each took a tissue in unison.

William teased, "No one would believe you're not mother and daughter. Look at you. Look at your actions in unison. You're like sisters."

Now that her emotional baggage was gone, Rose stopped being strong-willed. She held Grace's arm as both walked towards the dining room. The two of them looked close.

William instructed the servants, "Arrange for all the dishes to be served, including those prepared by Grace."

Rose knew that Grace did not know how to cook. When did she learn how to cook?

When the dishes were served, she was even more surprised. They were all Rose's favorite dishes and were personally prepared by Grace.

Some express their love for others through actions. Their actions speak louder than words, Grace was one of them. Rose started tearing up again. Grace saw and responded as she did not want her daughter to feel burdened, "I learned it out of boredom. Try it."

Grace placed a bowl of sausage in front of Rose silently.

Rose picked up the tableware and took a piece of sausage. It was moderately sour and sweet but not cloying. The texture was delicate and delicious. She suppressed her gratitude and said, "Grace's cooking is superb, Will, you're in luck."

William, who sat beside Frank, sighed enviously. "Well, you're overthinking. I've only eaten Grace's test products. I don't have the luck to taste them anymore after Grace honed her skills."

Grace glared at William, who was beside her, and chided "Who are you complaining to

William saw Grace's glare and winked at his son and daughter, pretending to be very pitiful

Who would have thought that a man who was resolute, decisive, and had countless subordinates would act like this at home?

Frank was a glutton the entire time. He stuffed his face with mouthfuls of macaroni and other dishes. When he finished eating, he sipped the beverage beside him. As soon as he finished his plate, he

handed his plate to the servant before instructing her, "Another serving. There's no need for too much"

William reminded him, "Frank, why don't you and Rose move back in? We won't be able to look after you if you stay out. Look how famished you are"

Frank took over the macarons the servant handed him and continued stuffing himself silly, "I'm eating so much to show my appreciation to Grace. Late two servings, not two tons"

William was still hopeful that his daughter and son would move back in. He placed his hopes on his daughter and asked, "Rose, what do you think? Do you want to come back to stay? Your brother wouldn't be able to take good care of you if you stayed at his place."

Grace put her tableware down and said to her daughter. "I've already changed the layout of your room. It's brand new. It's up to you. Come back if you want to. I won't force you."

Despite Grace's words, Rose could still see the anticipation in her mother's eyes. She glanced at Frank and said, "Okay, but I have a condition. Frank must come back to stay too"

Rose was too bored at home alone. She wanted someone to bicker with

Frank raised his head and glared at her before saying. "I'm used to staying in Deepwater Bay"

Rose smiled cheekily and said to Grace, "Grace, let me tell you. A few days ago, my brother was injured.."

Frank quickly interrupted. "Rose Roberts, you deserve a beating!"

Rose responded firmly. "Are you going to live here?"

Frank finished the last mouthful of macaroni and stuffed his mouth with another piece of sausage. He swallowed it and rolled his eyes at Rose before admitting defeat. "I'm staying"

Having succeeded, Rose was in a good mood. However, Grace was not easy to fool. She continued to probe further, "Why was your brother injured two days ago? Was it over a girl? Does your brother have a girlfriend?"

Frank glanced at Rose with a warning gaze. Rose tried to cover it up by saying. "I asked my brother to give me some allowance to buy something a few days ago. My brother refused. I was too upset."

Frank was stunned when he heard that. Rose was lying through her teeth. He looked at Rose and said, "Is the supplementary card 1 gave you unusable? Isn't your room full of parcels?"

Rose glanced at Frank and tried to hint, "I'm trying to divert attention. You can't expect me to tell the truth, right?"

Seeing the exchange of glances between the two, Grace knew that her daughter was not telling the truth. However, she played along and said, "Will, give her the card."

William quickly stood up, took a black card from his wallet, and handed it to his daughter before saying, "Rose. Here, use it as you wish. I'll remove the notifications later. This way, I won't be able to receive notifications when you buy things."

Rose was merely lying and not asking for money. She replied, "Will, there's no need. I have money. Frank still treats me quite well"

William and Grace insisted on giving the card to Rose. Eventually, she still accepted it. Frank lay around as he watched his drama queen's sister performed.

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When they were almost done eating. Frank put down his tableware and leaned lazily against the back of the chair. He took off the sunglasses hanging on his chest and played with them. He glanced at the three people who were still eating

The black sunglasses spun in his hand nimbly

William was in a good mood. His son and daughter were moving back in. He had a huge appetite that night and ate two big servings. Eventually, he put his cutlery down and looked toward Frank. He wiped his hands and was still chewing the last few pieces of macarons before he said. "Speak, what's the matter?"

How could someone who had been in the underworld for many years not see through his son, who was waiting for an opportunity to speak?

Upon hearing this Grace continued eating as if she did not hear anything. She seemed to have expected it. Only Rose was curious about what her brother wanted to say and glanced at Frank

Frank scanned the entire table and finally stopped spinning his sunglasses. He leaned back and supported himself with one hand on the table while rocking his chair. Half of the stool was off the ground. Frank said bluntly. "I want all of the family's defense map.

William was stunned and did not speak for a long time. His gaze was fixed on his son's face, trying to find an answer from his face and understand what he was trying to do. However. William did not see the answer he wanted.

The father and son looked at each other without saying a word. Frank was not in a hurry. He waited quietly and picked up the sunglasses at the corner of the table to play with them

Rose could no longer remain calm. Her mouth was agape, and her eyes were wide open. She cast a glance at Frank and wanted to ask if he was planning to usurp the throne. He sounded as if he was demanding the holy grail

"Why was Franking making such a big request when she came back? Is Grace going to flip the table? This was not an ordinary small request. It was not as simple as asking for a credit card. This was the main reason why the Roberts family remained dominant in Athana Rose thought.

Cranky Franky had gone crazy. He was alternating between being nonchalant and asking for the moon.

Rose took a deep breath. In this quiet atmosphere, she slowly turned to look at Grace beside her, who was calmly eating a prawn Grace wiped her mouth and gently put down cutlery before crossing her arm and asking her son, "Reason""

Frank replied curtly. It's useful."

Grace was not anxious. She asked slowly with a hint of fury in her eyes. Her body language was no longer as demure-looking as before. She said somberly. "Come to the main point.

Frank put his sunglasses back on his chest and looked straight at Grace before replying. "I'll explain after this matter is over." William could already see the displeasure on his wife's face. The importance of the secret defense map could not be explained in just a few words. Once someone with ulterior motives discovers it, the Roberts family would be in danger.

William poured a glass of water and handed it to Grace to ease the atmosphere. "Frank, you should know how important the defensive system is to the Roberts family. You have to tell us the details. Otherwise, you can't blame Dad and Mom for not giving it to you. Can you tell us your motive?"

Before Frank could answer, Grace said firmly, "I can give you the Roberts family's secret defense map, but not now. When you officially take over all the affairs of the Roberts Group and get married. I'll hand them all to you..."

William nodded in agreement. Frank will take over the corporation sooner or later. It was a matter of time. The secret defense system would have to be handed over sooner or later, but not now,

The atmosphere was tense for a while. Grace and the others did not agree. Frank wanted it. Rose was afraid it would be awkward, so she smiled and placed a prawn on Frank's plate before saying, "Frank, why don't you find a partner first?"

Frank glared at his sister and hissed, 'Are you trying to be an opportunist?'

William smiled and lectured Frank. "Rank, don't randomly find a woman to marry just to get the defense map. You still have to find someone you like. It's best if both of you like each other. Marriage is a lifetime. We can't make do with it. Just like Grace and I, we're happy. You have to follow in our footsteps."

Rose was speechless. She thought, "Will, aren't you pressuring Frank that way?"

Frank knew he would not be able to obtain this defensive map today, so he did not waste his breath.

Grace spoke again and reminded him, "I hope that headliner from your Lither Club club isn't the woman you want to bring home. I believe your taste isn't that bad. The Roberts family isn't from a wealthy family. We don't have any requirements on your partner's family background. Your father and I won't ask you to marry a lady from a wealthy family. You wouldn't be able to handle a rich and demanding heiress. We are fine with someone who is morally upright and has the right values. There's nothing wrong with ordinary girls. There's nothing wrong with being ordinary"

Hearing Grace's request for a daughter-in-law, Rose thought of Ava, "Wasn't she Miss Natalie, the daughter of the richest

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nan' She didn't seem to be demanding and was quite carefree She shouldn

William chord. "That's right. Fran Grace you'

re's blacklist"

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Just find someone who detest

Frank pinched the space between his eyebrows. The conver non had deviated from has original plans With one hand on the table, he lowered his gaze and sighed. The phone rang at the right time He took ret the phone in his peeker and sew it was Trevon He sw dth answer button and asked. You're here? Alright, I'll go over now"

The call ended Frank did not answer Grace. He stood up and put on has sunglasses before saying. Tmn heading off to

chau

With that, he strode out of the dining room. Rose shouted at the top of her lungs, Frank, don't forget what you promised

After Frank left, the servants tidied up the dining table Williaian and Grace brought Rose to see the newly furrashed room.

The hurried an sat on the sola in Frank's office His suit was thrown on the sofa. The buttons on his white shirt were off. revealing his tanned skin. His bony hand was already holding a cup of freshly ground coffee He lowered his head to take a sip and frowned slightly

The door was pushed open, and Frank strode in. He saw the man sitting calmly on the sofa while drinking his coffee leisurely and asked, "You're quite familiar with the way. You don't look like you are in a good state. Are you alright?"

Trevon could not be bothered by Frank's teasing He put down his coffee and went straight to the point. "Give me the information"

Frank did not waste any time He went straight to the safe to get the information and the USB drive. The file he took out was already a little moldy and yellow Even the paper in the file was yellow with spots. It was enough to tell how long it had been

around

Frank walked towards the desk, placed the information on the table, and sat on the other end Trevon stood up, walked over, and consciously sat on Frank's chair

Trevon rolled up his shirt to reveal his blue watch. Trevon reached out to take the information that Frank provided. After reading a few lines, he turned somber The room was filled with deafening silence His other hand clenched his fist tightly. and the veins on the back of his arm popped.

Every single piece of evidence was clear and livid.

He endured every bit of his fury and finished reading all the information. The more he read, the more he was somber In the end, there was only hostility left.

Even the temperature in the room seemed to have dropped by several degrees, Frank could feel it "Don't make it look like winter. I'm afraid of the cold. Let's decide what to do after watching the video."

Trevon was still holding the yellowed file tightly. His eyes blazed with fury. Frank kindly took the USB drive out, stuck it into the USB socket on the side of the computer, and reminded Trevon, "Open it"

Hearing this. Trevon's hand paused on the mouse for a few seconds before he used his index finger to double-click the left key. He clicked on the video saved on the USB drive. There were 687 videos, with the last being Barron's admission.

The first videos were about Natalie's daily life, including her annual birthday celebration, achievements, and trivialities that Barron thought were worth recording. It was impossible to watch so many videos in one go. He clicked on the last video to check He could take the rest back and watch them slowly.

When Barron appeared in the video and spoke his first words, Trevon's heart started aching. He endured the pain and watched everything. After that, he made a decision. He trembled, removed the USB drive, and hid it in the file.

He previously wanted to take it home and slowly read it but changed his mind. He chose to hide the secret

After leaving Latern Club, he went straight to Evergreen Gardens. However, when the car stopped by the parking lot, he was afraid to head upstairs. He took the file in the pocket of the passenger seat again and fell into deep thought. The atmosphere in the dark underground parking lot became more solemn

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After returning to Evergreen Gardens.

Natalie prepared dinner. She cooked a few homely dishes. After Trevon finished eating, he told her he needed to go out.

Natalie did not ask him where he was going, she simply said, "Okay."

After almost two hours. Trevon still had not returned. She was worried. She was alone in the big suite.

Since she was bored, Natalie decided to clean the suite. An hour later, she was covered in sweat all over.

She walked into the master bedroom, took her pajamas from her suitcase, and went to the bathroom to shower.

Half an hour later, a pure white towel hung on her head. Her hair was still wet, and she kept wiping it with one hand. As soon as she stepped out of the bathroom, she bumped into Trevon, who was opening the door.

Their eyes met at that moment. Trevon tightened his grip on the documents. His heart skipped a beat, and his composure in the underground parking lot was broken again. He tried his best to control himself, remained calm, and smiled. "Have you

taken a shower?"

Natalie paused for a few seconds and continued to wipe her hair. She glanced at the folder in his hand and asked casually. "What's this? Why does it look so old?"

Trevon subconsciously moved the documents behind him and kept looking at her. He looked at her with a deep gaze and wanted to hug her. He took a step forward and kissed her forehead with heartache. "I'll put the company's documents in the safe first. Wait for me to blow dry your hair."

Natalie nodded. She believed him without a doubt and replied calmly, "Sure."

She did not know anything about the company, so there was nothing to ask. Even if she asked, she would not be able to give a response. It was not her area of expertise, to begin with.

After a while, Trevon came out. He came out of the study and went into the bathroom.

After a while, he held a white hairdryer in his hand and pulled her to sit on the sofa. He sat down and let her head rest on his long legs. "If you're tired, take a nap. I'll carry you in when you fall asleep."

Her wet hair instantly soaked his dry pants. His movements were very gentle and familiar. He inserted his fingers into her hair and curled it up slightly. The hot wind from the hairdryer dried the moisture on the ends of her hair bit by bit.

It was very comfortable. Even her cells were relaxing. She finally knew why many liked to visit beauty salons and massage shops. It was indeed quite comfortable and enjoyable.

Natalie closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment. Gradually, she got used to his service. Her red lips parted as she spoke, "Is Jasper obedient over there?"

The hairdryer was on silent mode, and he could hear her voice. His low and hoarse voice broke the silence in the suite. "What could be wrong with him? He probably doesn't want to come back."

Thinking back, that was indeed the case. Jasper had no intention of coming back with them that morning. He only bade them goodbye. It was apparent that Jasper liked the Wilson's residence, including Rachel, Mr. Wilson... They doted on him. Even Mary and Gage worshipped him and were careful around him.

No wonder Jasper was unwilling to come back. What a heartless little fellow.

After a while, Natalie's hair was dry. Trevon placed the hairdryer on the side of the sofa and did not get up. His fingers fiddled with her hair, arranging it layer by layer. He was patient and careful. Suppressing his emotions, he carefully said, "Natalie."

She didn't open her eyes, thinking he wanted to chat with her, so she answered naturally, "Yes?"

"Let's make our relationship known to the public."

Hearing this, she opened her eyes immediately. His deep-set eyes were above her, staring at her. When their gazes met, she felt he was not in the right frame of mind. He had a somber expression, and she suspected he was suppressing something. Seeing that she was staring at him in a daze, Trevon thought Natalie was unwilling and quickly changed the topic, "It's nothing. It was just a casual thought. Don't feel burdened. I can wait."

It wasn't that Natalie did not want to make it public; she did not want to be so high-profile. Even if she did not do anything, the title of Mrs. Wilson was enough to attract attention. She wanted to be the woman beside him in a low-profile manner. One would only understand the joys and sorrows of their own life. It was unnecessary to be high-profile in one's life choices. This was the case for happiness, and it was the same for love. She felt she was the only one who knew best about all her feelings. No one else could empathize with her. After all, since nobody could empathize with her, there was no reason for others to know either.

Those with ill intentions will always be able to twist things to make things worse for others.

Natalie reached out to support herself on Trevon's shoulders and sat up. Trevon lifted Natalie by her hips. Natalie straddled between his legs and faced him. She subconsciously wrapped her arms around his neck.

Through his eyes, she saw her reflection. His eyes were deep set. They were filled with complicated emotions.

The next second, Trevon's thin lips covered hers. His breathing was heavy. Natalie felt that he could no longer control himself. He was much stronger than before. He was affectionate, gentle, and a little indulgent.

After kissing for a long time, she sat on his lap and opened her mouth slightly. She panted heavily. A thought immediately flashed across her mind, and she asked, "Did something happen

After being together with Trevon for a long time, Natalie could tell Trevon's gaze and actions were different from before. Coupled with her sensitivity, how could she not notice the difference in Trevon tonight?

He lied. He placed one hand behind her head, pressed his forehead against hers, and expressed his desires, "I want to do it. Now

It was a forthcoming desire that was difficult for both of them to resist. It wasn't that she didn't feel anything when she sat on his lap. It was just that it was difficult to ignore. She knew about his desires and could guess what he wanted. She had not expected him to say it so bluntly

She nodded shyly and lowered her gaze without looking at him. Her hands were still wrapped around his neck.

The kiss came again. Her body was weightless, and the kiss gradually became more intense. Unknowingly, she was brought to the master bedroom, which was ridiculously large.

The curtains were not drawn, and the wind rustled the tree branches outside the window. It swayed unsteadily as if it would fall to the ground in the next second, making people tremble in fear.

Minutes and seconds passed as the couple shared their desire for one another. They were passionate in bed under the moonlight and the sky full of stars. The couple had a fire burning in their belly. It was as if they were a match made in

heaven.

Two hours later, Natalie was so tired that she did not even have the strength to raise her arms. Trevon let go of her. He hugged her and kissed her. The complicated emotions on his face were no longer there. He chuckled, "Natalie, look at the ceiling

Natalie rebutted, "What do you want me to see? I'm so tired. Why do you like the activity so much?"

However, her body language could not hide her feelings. She was still curious about what was on the ceiling. She opened her tired and heavy eyelids and looked up. She was shocked by the view

She widened her eyes and looked at the colorful flowers on the ceiling. They were vivid, and their colors gradually changed from light to dark. The flowers formed a heart shape, and a number was added on the side. It was 120.

What was this? When she first came in, she did not see this. The first time she arrived at "Trevon's place," she did not find it either. When was it installed? Why did she not know?

With a puzzled look, Natalie asked the man beside her, who had a mischievous smile on his face, her voice extremely hoarse,

"What is this?"

She felt that it was neither an ordinary flower nor an ordinary decoration. The next second, his explanation made Natalie want to bury herself in the ground.

Trevon laughed sinisterly. He could not suppress the smile on his lips even if he wanted to. "This is a flower you planted. The color of the flower depends on how loud you shouted just now. A passionate scream will turn the flower in the center red. A soft moan will turn the flowers at the side pale pink. All of them will bloom according to your voice. You are the artist of this masterpiece!"

Trevon was kind and patient in explaining the difference in color as he pointed his long fingers at the flowers on the ceiling.

Natalie was secretly rolling her eyes. Was Trevon trying to make her grateful for broadening her horizons?

Natalie was speechless. "This person must be crazy," she thought.

Trevon did not wait for her to continue asking and continued his explanation. He leaned close to her reddened ear and said, "120 is the total number of times you moaned tonight."

Natalie remained speechless and thought Trevon was ridiculous.

She glared at Trevon fiercely and said hoarsely, "Are you crazy? Why are you doing this in the room? Do you weird fetish?

have some

Trevon did not blush or feel that it was inappropriate at all. Instead, he looked at the woman in his arms affectionately. "I want to record the number of times we've planted flowers together. This computer version can be directed. We can look back to see how many flowers we've planted when we are old."

Natalie remained speechless. She did not know how to describe what she saw. The first time she visited Trevon's place, she

felt that his decor was indescribably strange. Now that she knew, she suddenly thought of something "Other than this, where else did you specially design?"

Trevon felt that Natalie knew him too well. How could there be only one? He scratched her nose and said. "I can't tell you that. If I told you, there won't be any surprises"

Natalie answered without thinking. "Are you sure it's a surprise and not a shock"

Trevon sneered, "Don't you like excitement? I'll accompany you to search the entire house I know you're not that timid carry you to take a shower, okay?"

"Was this the shock she was talking about? Trevon's interpretation of the situation was strange". Natalie thought

His voice was deep and doting. He was clearly saying shameless words, but he was not shameless. His good looks could compensate for his shamelessness.

If a good-looking person acted like a hooligan, it would be flirting. If an ugly person acted like a hooligan, it would be harassment.

Natalie felt like she had been duped.

Wouldn't the renovation company find it strange? Natalie asked. Which idiot came up with this design?"

Trevon continued to smile sinisterly and took these words as a compliment The person who made you bloom"

Natalie's eyes widened again, and her voice suddenly rose as she exclaimed. "So you designed it yourself?

She had reason to suspect that Trevon had deliberately left Jasper at the Wilson's residence. It was premeditated.

What a scheming man!

Who else would know about such an embarrassing design Natalie asked. "Who supervised this renovation

"Jim Don't worry! He's not smart enough to think of it that way. He will think that it's for decoration"

Natalie was skeptical. "Are you sure?"

Trevon nodded to reassure her.

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Ar Grand Manor, Sherri and Hackett arrived late. When they opened the door to the private room, the people sitting in it

to gaze at the

Everyone's Faces were filled with smiles. They seemed to be having a pleasant conversation before the couple. Everyone was in high spirits

Indeed Juana and Joy were easy to get along with They had a sense of humor and were not fussy. How could they not be able to talk to each other? Perhaps they regretted not meeting sooner

It was good that Sherri's mother and mother-in-law got along well. This was unlike many other families who were calculative with each other and quarreled whenever there was a disagreement. It was very tiring for the young couple to deal with each other's families

Seeing the two of them enter enthusiastically snatched Sh

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than today to do so!

Hackett who had

everyone started laughing Joy got up first and walked towards the door. She bent her arm and pushed Hackett to the side "Come, Sherri Let me take a look. married Right, why don't you address me

Mom from now on instead? There is no

ignored, was speechless. Could his mother be any more energetic?

Hackett walked to an empty seat at the side and sat down. He tidied his clothes and greeted the elders at the table. He was very polite and called them one by one," Hello Uncle, Auntie, Big Brother"

The more Juana looked at his son-in-law, the more she liked him. The corners of her mouth were almost touching her nose. There was on one word. mind handsome "Sigh, our Hackett is still the most polite."

continued

smile politely and exchanged glances with Edward.

Sherri was dragged unwillingly to sit beside Joy Joy held her hand the entire time. It was difficult for her to escape even if she wanted to Was Joy afraid that she would run away? She had already worn her ring, and it had been officially announced. Where else could she run to?

Richard

calmer and a little reluctant After all, he had raised his daughter for so many years. It was a little sad to tell to someone else

Edward sat by Richard's side and pursed his lips without saying a word. The elders at the table were the hosts, and he had no right to speak. He had already done everything that he needed to. If there were any problems, Hackett would handle it. The elders would settle all wedding matters, and he did not need to be involved.

This was a form of upbringing and

for the elders. It was also to highlight the status of parents on occasions like this.

Juana was a straightforward person. The couple would be engaged. Have to address her differently sooner or later. As long as everyone was happy, it did not matter to her and she had no objections to it. She smiled and said to Joy and Sherri, "Change it It's just a form of address. I have no objections Richard, you shouldn't have any objections either, do you?"

Within a second, before Richard could express his opinion, Juana immediately said, "Alright, he doesn't have any objections. either Let's change it today Sherri, call me Mom"

Richard thought, Juana practically did not give me time to voice my opinion. One second".

Edward picked up the cup of water beside him and lowered his head to hide a smile. He took a sip. He finally understood that today's home ground belonged to the two mothers. The men beside him did not have the chance to express their opinions at all. They were here to support their spouse and sit with them.

For example, his mother had given Natalie's father only a second to respond. It was like a game show. Once the time was up. he lost his chance to answer and the answer was revealed to him.

Nathan was smart He drank coffee the entire time and did not say a word. He quietly watched Joy perform. He just had to foot the bill later.

Nathan was sensible. If he were to be placed in ancient times, he would have survived until the end.

Sherri received her mother's instructions and glanced in her father's direction. Then, she lowered her gaze and said shyly, "Mom, Dad."

Ruby sat on Juana's lap. When the little girl heard her mother's words, she grinned and said cutely. "Mom, Dad."

Everyone present smiled, especially Joy. As she smiled, tears welled up in her eyes. She was crying tears of joy. "Sigh, good. good, good Sherri, I am so thankful for you. You're the hero of the Blackwell family. From now on, you have the final say in our family

Hackett thought, "I knew the hierarchy of the Blackwell family would change. My aggressive mom will be abdicating" Could it be that his rule in the family was coming!

After thinking about it for a while, his lips curled up slightly. When he met Edward's gaze, he quickly chuckled

things. Nathan received her gaze severe end estate traceder information.

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her hunted. She placed all th

Thus is what you deserve. I only let

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Juana urged.

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engagement pih for

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Ebward smiled fairly and dud now

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ured joy with another coffee before calling.

ers. You'll keep

Joey also replied loudly. Hey alright, have a seat.

Sherri hart already addre od her parents in Law. It would be inappropriate for Harkens to call Juana and Rachard like before.

you should addres

He picked up a gla

erently too"

in the table, walked to Richard, bowed, and said. "Dad, I toast you

The voice was loud and clear Even Richard had to respond to it Everyone present was looking

He sighed in has

heart and

Like coffee. He took a sip and took

and thanked ham. Thank you, Dad"

He picked up another

ed from has porket to give Harkert.

and cotter and lawwed to Juana "Mom, I toast you

cup of coffee"

miled and book a spot the coffee. He also gave Hackett a card. He looked at Sherri and sad. "Sherri, this is from me

Dont even think about confie ating it."

Was the such a greedy persone

Joy smiled and saul Hey, in laws, Sherri will be the head of the family in the future. It's only right for him to manage Honey

at cant hade so much money"

Jums replied, "Don't pol her in every way Hackett is also very obedient.

las mother-in-law's words were pleasing to his ears.

All the gifts seemed to have been prepared in advance, the elders had already decided that the children would address them differently today. It was just that the person involved did not know.

was not in a disadvantaged position. At least he had obtained two credit cards, he was not penniless.

This change of address was settled, and so was the engagement gift. Juana was a sensible person who knew how to play her cards well, she changed the topic to Ruby organically, saying, "In-law, since the engagement has been settled, Ruby's family name should also be changed. Sherri was insensible and registered Ruby's family name under her best friend's."

Joy had no intention of blaming Sherri. Instead, she slapped her son's arm. Hackett was caught off guard and dumbfounded, "Mom, what are you doing? What did I do again?"

Joy glared at him. "If you're reliable, Sherri wouldn't have registered Ruby's first name under someone else's. Wasn't it your

alt? Is it not right to hit your

Hackett's eyes were filled with hurt and innocence.

Nathans gave him a comforting look from afar, indicating that it was a small matter.

For a moment, Sherri did not know what to say. This matter was not entirely Hackett's fault. She was also at fault and could not help but explain on Hackett's behalf. After all, she was the one who slept with Hackett back then. "Mom, actually...

Joy interrupted, "I know you've been wronged. If you feel wronged in the future, report it to me. I'll stand up

Sherri thought, "Hackett is so pitiful. I must treat him well in the future."

for you."

Juana was a person who was particular about auspiciousness. She told her daughter. "Sherri, I've asked a fortune master about your zodiac signs. The two of you are matchmade in heaven. The day after tomorrow is a good day to register your marriage. Why don't you guys get married then?"

Joy agreed. As long as it was auspicious, the wedding could be held any day. She carefully asked Sherri for her opinion. "Sherri, what do you think? It's fine if you think it's too early. We can do it later."

She had already received the engagement gifts and addressed her parents-in-law differently. There was nothing to argue over obtaining a marriage license. "I'll listen to the two mothers."

Joy clapped and said in relief, "Sherri is so sensible. Hackett, you've finally found a treasure. You must be secretly happy."

Hackett nodded in agreement with his mother. Nathan gave him a knowing look, indicating that he had done the right thing.

Hackett was happy to be able to register his marriage with Sherri quickly and squealed, "I picked up a treasure."

Juana made the final decision again. "This matter is settled. The day after tomorrow, after the marriage registration, we'll change Ruby's family name."

"Okay." Everyone agreed.

The men thought, "We can finally eat."

Hackett and Sherri's wedding date was decided just like that. Sherri reached out and held Hackett's hand under the table. The two of them interlocked their fingers under the table. Hackett scratched her palms to express his desires.

Sherri blushed shyly.

[Chapter 275](#)

Even the weather was bright and sunny. The warm light that was neither hot nor cold warmed one's body, and all the cells in one's body felt good.

At the same time, a Porsche, a brand new shiny red Mercedes-Benz sports car, and a motorbike slowly parked in front of Hospital Athana

Sherri, who was in the car jumped in shock. She hurriedly got out of the car to check. She was wearing a pink off-shoulder dress and white heels. She looked smug. "Why are you driving so valiantly as a girl? Can't you be slower? You're already a child's mother Can you be more mature in the way you act?"

Sherri scolded Natalie, who was still sitting on motorbike. Natalie was not in a hurry. She waited quietly for Sherri to finish what she had to say She leaned against the front of the car and turned her head to look. She was still wearing the helmet that Trevon had given her.

She looked at her over her helmet.

Sherri's hair stood on end under her gaze. She felt guilty and could not hold it in anymore. "Erm, that's just you being careful. I didn't mean anything else."

Seeing that she was defeated. Natalie took off her helmet and shook her beautiful hair. She placed the helmet on the motorbike and crossed one leg over. She leaned against the motorbike and said. "Come, tell me. What's the reason for all this? I'm all ears."

After saying that, she even cooperatively dug her cars and told Sherri, "Let's begin"

After being together for so many years, how could Natalie not know Sherri's personality? She wanted to take the initiative to tell her everything that had happened.

This girl could not hide anything in her heart.

Before Sherri could speak, a voice came from afar and interrupted her. "Wow. Natalie, you know how to drive this thing. You're so handsome Oh my god, I'm going to turn homosexual"

Rose stood on the spot with a serious expression as she sized up Natalie's attire. It was a white T-shirt. It was simple pair of jeans, but the right side had a slit. It was very fashionable. She was wearing tight pale jeans and a pair of short Martin boots. Her slightly curly hair was draped over her shoulders. Her elegant

makeup accentuated her well-defined facial features. One word to describe her was handsome. The other way to describe her was handsome and beautiful.

Trevon had good taste. No wonder he was so clingy to Natalie. She finally knew the reason. Rose stood rooted to the ground and sighed.

When Natalie heard Rose's praise, she smiled brightly. Under the warm light, the car full of beauties was like an extremely beautiful painting. A simple smile was like the clear sky after the rain. It was seductive, warm, and comfortable.

Rose walked over and observed her car carefully. Natalie stood aside and leaned against the door of the red Mercedes-Benz sports car

She said to Sherri, who was acting coyly beside her, "Come on, there's an additional audience. Please start your speech. Do you want to accompany it with a piece of music?"

Sherri rolled his eyes at her. Rose stopped watching when she heard that. She turned around and carefully leaned against the motorbike. She placed her hand on the black motorbike and said, "Am I handsome? Natalie, help me take a beautiful photo. I want to post it on my social media. Although I don't know how to ride, it doesn't affect my acting."

Natalie took her phone and started the camera. She took a beautiful photo of her.

After taking the photo, Natalie handed the phone to Rose and said, "Rose, you actually look quite good in a dress. This white dress suits you too. It's very feminine."

Rose smiled and replied. "Thank you. I plan to cut my hair after work."

From the beginning

Sherri said, "Why are you going to cut your hair?"

Rose smiled and responded, "I want to change my hairstyle and mood."

Natalie did not ask. Since Rose had decided to cut her hair, she must have thought of it long ago.

Rose did not intend to continue with this hair matter. She asked Sherri, "Sherri, come on. Tell us about your good news,"

The topic was diverted. Sherri happily recounted what happened at the dining table last night. The two were dumbfounded, especially Rose's mouth, which could fit an egg

Natalie sorted out her words in his mind and concluded. "So not only did you receive an engagement gift over a meal, you even changed the way you address his family and set the wedding date and the date of marriage! After that, you were eve

given a car?"

Sherri nodded. It was the correct conclusion. As expected of a top student. She had perfect reading comprehension and did not miss a single point.

Rose took a deep breath. "Good lord, your family is the fastest to settle things I've ever seen. You've arranged the rest of your life with a meal. You even have your mother-in-law's future retirement fund.

It's just that Hackett seems a little pitiful"

Natalie interjected. "All the men present last night were pitiful. Hackett Blackwell isn't lonely."

The three of them smiled at each other and nodded tacitly.

Sherri stretched out her hand. The three of them high-fived each other in tacit understanding and nodded again.

Natalie missed Ava a little. If Ava was here, it would be even more lively. Now that she was fighting alone in Sapphire City. she suggested, "Let's take a photo for Ava"

Rose agreed. The three of them quickly huddled together. Natalie stood in the middle and raised his phone to take photos. When she turned on the camera, the three of them curled their lips and revealed what they thought was the best smile.

The photo was completed and sent to the Fairy Fortress group chat. Natalie stretched out her slender and fair fingertips and typed on the screen. "Ava, I'll cheer you on. Good luck."

In just a second. Ava sent a video over. It depicted her in her pajamas. Her hair was tied into a bun. She looked refreshing and pure. She frowned slightly. "I missed you guys so much. You guys are so happy."

They greeted Ava Rose asked. "Ava, how's the preparation for the competition?"

Natalie asked, "You're staying on campus?"

Ava sat down properly. "Yes, I've been undergoing intense training recently. To make it more convenient for me, I've been staying on campus"

Sherri replied, "Good luck, Ava. I think highly of you."

Ava said truthfully, "Recently, I've encountered a problem I can't solve. I've been studying it for a few days. I'm so annoyed"

Natalie patiently said a few words of encouragement before hanging up.

Ava had limited time at work and couldn't talk about it in detail.

Seeing that it was about time, they walked into the outpatient building side by side. Natalie casually held her helmet in her hand and strode towards the door.

The moment they entered, they felt strange. The people around them kept looking at them. They could even see a few patients pointing at them. At first, they thought that they were eye-catching.

Until the nurse at the reception desk called out to her, "Mrs. Wilson."

The three of them stopped in their tracks and leaned against the reception desk. Natalie asked gently, "What's wrong? Is the patient looking for me?"

The nurse pointed at the screen of her phone, indicating that she should look at it.

Natalie and the others understood Sherri turned on his phone first and checked the news. The nurses at the reception desk were usually as gossipy as Sherri and loved to watch the trending searches.

Sherri took a glance and stomped her feet in anger. She cursed, "Damn it, which gossipy woman is gossiping behind my back and even criticizing me in the media? Is she crazy?"

Rose did not know why Sherri was so angry. She walked over and took the phone from Sherri's hand to take a look. Oh my god, did the person who exposed the news think that was invincible? How was Natalie abandoned? She was just keeping a low profile.

The trending topics were, "Athana Hospital Surgeon Natalie has a messy private life and has a child out of wedlock", "Athana Surgeon Natalie was abandoned by a rich heir and gave birth to an illegitimate child. Her character is worrying", "Natalie is suspected to have curried favor to marry into a rich family. She emotionally blackmails her partner with a child", "Natalie of Athana Hospital wants to marry a wealthy man".

There were a lot of criticisms below. There were even people who found out that Natalie's father was involved in an affair and her mother had jumped off a building as a result.

Some commented that she was not worthy of being a doctor. The comments encompassed all of her relationships with different parties. They were just short of talking about her ancestors.

Natalie browsed through it briefly without much expression on her face. She had already experienced such public scrutiny when she was young. This was nothing. She did not feel anything.

She straightened her back and prepared to go to the office. The nurse at the reception desk comforted her, "Mrs. Wilson, we believe in your character. Don't mind what the netizens said. They're just a bunch of keyboard warriors"

Another nurse added. "That's right. They're deliberately saying bad things. They're picking bones to make their presence known. That's what these people are like."

Sherri was a little worried about her best friend. At this moment, she was angrily scolding the keyboard warrior. "Natalie, why don't you go public about your relationship with Mr. Wilson?"

Natalie knew what Sherri wanted to say. She smiled and shook her head. Publicity could indeed immediately calm the storm, but once it was publicized, her life in Hospital Athana would probably be scrutinized further. After all, her status was different.

Moreover, going public would not solve the fundamental problem. Trevon had asked her to go public last night, but she had rejected it.

She did not even ask Trevon to send her to work in the morning. She also went to the cafeteria for lunch because she didn't want anyone to spread rumors. It wasn't that she was afraid, but she just didn't want to add to the trouble.

Rose didn't like this kind of slander either. "I'll ask my brother to take down the trending searches. What kind of people are they? They're perverts, right? They can't bear to see others doing well."

Natalie stopped her and said. "Don't delete it. If you delete it, people might think that I'm guilty. Im upright, so there's nothing to be afraid of L. Natalie, can withstand these rumors."

“Go to work. There are eight minutes left. If you don’t want to be criticized, go back and change. Hurry up

Seeing that Rose and Sherri were standing still, she continued. “I’m really fine. This is not a big deal at all. It’s not painful I didn’t lose a piece of myself”

Rose and Sherri saw that she really didn’t seem to care, so they moved towards their office.

Natalie was really fine She wasn’t pretending. When she was younger, the harm she suffered wasn’t just verbal harm. I was bullying and beating. It was much more serious than this She really didn’t think much of this.

[Chapter 276](#)

At the Wilson Group

The man’s deep-set eyes stared at the computer screen as well-defined hands flipped through the documents in front of him periodically. Under the incandescent light, his well-defined facial features exuded nonchalance.

The door was pushed open. Jim stood nervously in front of him at his desk before organizing his words, “Mr.... Mr. Wilson. something happened”

Hearing this. Trevon did not look up. He was indifferent and said calmly, “Speak.”

Jim took a deep breath and glanced at the man who was working seriously. He cursed in his heart. A man who was serious at work was fucking handsome. “Mr. Wilson, the trending topics online this morning were all criticizing Mrs. Wilson. They said that Mrs. Wilson has character issues. She was called a bootlicker and used unorthodox methods to marry you. Hmm.... Why don’t you look at them yourself?”

After saying that. Jim felt his back break out in cold sweat.

Trevon finally put down his documents and looked up. His eyes were filled with somberness, and he was terrifyingly quiet. Jim stood opposite him, waiting for orders. He thought that he was probably done for

Trevon’s cold voice reverberated in the office and sounded emotionless. “Find a reliable media company to arrange an interview for me. The interview starts at nine.”

Jim thought. “Is this to clarify! This man never does interviews.”

Trevon instructed further. ‘Go to Athana’s tailor and get something.”

Although Jim was puzzled, he was a little suspicious and replied, “Alright, I’ll go now”

Regardless of the authenticity of the news, it has a negative impact. Those reading the contents would not delve into the truth. They would only be led by the media. After all, everyone’s tolerance was different, and ordinary things would be infinitely magnified when they were pushed online.

It was difficult to explain and even harder to convince everyone otherwise. This was not something that could be resolved by word of mouth.

At that time, Natalie was calmly attending to a patient. She was not affected by the news at all.

A middle-aged woman was sitting in front of her. Her daughter was standing beside her casually. No one knew why she was here.

Natalie glanced indifferently at the girl who had been looking at her phone. She retracted her gaze and instructed the patient somberly. "I'm recommending a CT scan for you. You pay first, then take the form to the service desk to register. Then, wait for the display to call your number. Do you understand, Auntie?"

The girl standing at the side did not react at all. Natalie was about to scold her but controlled herself. She sighed helplessly. The patient still did not understand. Natalie patiently explained to the middle-aged again.

Suddenly, the girl standing at the side looked up at Natalie in surprise. Her gaze landed on the name tag on her chest, and she exclaimed. "You're Natalie Foster. Oh my god, the romantic couple I'm following is in front of me. Can I take a photo with you?"

Natalie thought the girl was ridiculous and wanted to send her for a brain scan.

Her mother was sitting in the outpatient clinic, but she did not seem to care at all. Instead, she was happily scrolling through her phone. What kind of mentality was this?

It was said that having children is a form of security in old age. What kind of security was this? Natalie refused without hesitation, and her voice became even more stern, "I'm sorry, the things you mentioned are not within the scope of my consultation. Take your mother to do a CT scan."

The girl refused to give up and proclaimed, "I admire you very much. Can I ask how you made Athana's Mr. Wilson your sidekick? I'm sincerely asking for guidance."

After saying that, she even put her hands together and made a pleading expression. If Natalie were dead now, she would have thought that this girl was offering incense to her.

Natalie had an inkling that something must have happened. She rejected the girl's request and said calmly. "Take your mother for a checkup. Be filial. Only when you're filial will things go smoothly."

The girl was stunned for a while before giving up on the photo request. She thought, "Dr. Natalie was Mr. Wilson's woman. Even Mr. Wilson has become her sidekick. How could she force her to take a photo? Forget it! She would post her encounter online later to show off instead."

Natalie had just removed her robe and was about to go to the cafeteria to eat when the door was pushed open by two energetic women. Sherri and Rose did not say anything and gave her a thumb

Natalie was dumbfounded. She suddenly thought of what the girl had said in the morning. She turned around, hung her robe behind the door, and asked Sherri. "Tell me, what did I do again? It looks like I don't have any grace today"

Sherri held her chest with one hand and made an excited expression with the other. Rose was also acting beside her "Why don't you sit down? I'm afraid that your small heart won't be able to take it. It's a little shocking, a little stimulating, and a little touched."

After saying that, she took a packet of tissues from the sink, placed it in front of Natalie, and said. "You should be able to use this in five minutes,"

Natalie's face was filled with confusion and curiosity. Sherri started the video and placed it in front of her. A familiar voice echoed in the small space. The man on the screen was dressed meticulously.

He was dressed in a black suit that was ironed neatly. His figure was curvy, his nose was sharp, and his deep-set eyes were staring at the screen as if he was looking at her.

There was less hostility in his eyes and more tenderness. His legs were casually crossed, and two buttons on his white shirt at the collar were casually open. His hands were placed on his long legs, and he was attractive. Natalie's heart skipped a beat. Damn it, why was this man so handsome today?

The host dressed in standard professional attire, asked, "Mr. Wilson, may I ask why you, who never accept interviews, are sitting here?"

The corners of his lips curled up slightly. He seemed to be smiling. Others might not be able to tell, but Natalie could sense it. This faint smile was mixed with a trace of dissatisfaction. A low and attractive voice came from the phone screen as he said, "Today. Athana's social media is bustling with activities. I thought of joining in the fun"

The host pretended to be surprised and said. "This is our honor. Mr. Wilson, do you have anything to share today?"

The man continued without any nonsense, "I have two motives. Firstly, I want to correct the rumors in today's trending news. Secondly, I want to propose to my ex-wife."

These words made Natalie, who was sitting down, lose her cool. She sucked in a breath of cold air. Could this fellow be thinking of...

The man's voice explained unhurriedly. "I don't think the protagonist of today's trending topic. Mrs. Wilson, should take the blame. She did not bootlick to marry a wealthy family. Instead, a bootlicker from a wealthy family pursued her. I wonder if the person who wrote this article took the time to investigate clearly. It's better not to appear on such distorted news. Brings no benefit to anyone."

His voice was calm but cold and threatening. He crossed his arms and made a wide arc with his thumbs pressed against each other. He pointed his fingertips at himself and said, "Unfortunately, the protagonist is my ex-wife. However, I want to clarify that I didn't dump her. It was Mrs. Wilson who dumped me. The reason is that I didn't do well enough, and she didn't like me anymore. She unilaterally filed for divorce."

Even the host was so shocked that she did not know what to ask next. She was speechless for a while. Trevon reminded the host. "Til borrow your show to do something. A few days ago, I was still thinking of how to propose to her. I didn't expect someone to give me a chance today. Natalie, haven't you always wanted to keep a low profile? I had no choice. I couldn't bear to see you being wronged, so I could only go back on my word."

His eyes were filled with deep affection as if the person standing before him was Natalie. He proclaimed. Two years ago, I didn't understand love. You were kind and forgave me, but I was nonetheless wrong. I want to use the rest of my life to make it up to you. I said that we will be together forever in this life. If

you don't agree to marry me, I won't marry anyone else. But after I got together with you, I became greedy. I wanted the status of being Mrs. Wilson's husband and the father of our child."

He suddenly stood up and took an exquisite dark blue box from his pocket. He tugged at his right trouser leg and knelt on one knee. He said to the screen, "Natalie. This is a ring I customized a month ago. I named it Eternal Love. I cannot deprive you of a proposal. Whether you agree today or not, I have to propose to you. Natalie, marry me. I promise to love you forever in this life."

After Trevon finished his last sentence, he stood up after a few seconds of silence and smiled at the screen. He slowly put the ring away and hid it in his pocket. He tidied up his clothes and sat down on the sofa. He warned the audience somberly and devoid of the affection from before, "In five minutes, I don't want to see the news slandering my fiancée me again. If you don't want to be sued, get rid of all the rumors while I'm still in a good mood. From today onwards, I will not allow any slander of Mrs Wilson. This is the last time."

The host eased the atmosphere and quickly explained, "Mr. Wilson is right. As news outlets, we ought to be careful with our words and actions. We are very grateful to Mr. Wilson for coming to our show today. It also made us feel the love between Mr and Mrs Wilson. Mrs. Wilson is an outstanding lady who deserves Mr. Wilson's deep affection."

"Your love is the center of many's envy. We've also witnessed how blissful the two of you are. I wish you and Mrs. Wilson

eternal bliss."

People liked to hear nice things, and so did Trevon. He replied, "Thank you."

Positive and negative thoughts determine a person's success and failure.

Trevon's actions resulted from his reverse thinking. He used positive news to cover up negative rumors.

Positivity and negativity are natural enemies. The best current solution to counteract the impact of negative news is to replace negative thinking with positive thinking. It was also what Trevon was happy to do. He wanted to shut everyone's

mouths from the source.

And today, the host's lines were all prepared by Jim in advance. There were not many lines, to begin with.

[Chapter 277](#)

The arrogant, cold, and heartless man in the past had proposed to her in front of the screen. He was cautious and aft

get hurt. He protected her so much. Love was the accelerator of life's bliss.

the

that

Drop after drop of crystal clear tears dripped onto the phone screen, creating a splash. The screen had already turned black,

and the person on the screen could no longer be seen

staring at the screen as if she could see through it. After a while, she took a tissue to wipe the tears from her eyes and decided. "Sherri, help me apply for leave. I want to go to the Wilson Group."

had to be willful for once. This was the first time she had been irresponsible to a patient

She had never been to the Wilson Group. It seemed a little unreasonable not to visit his company after visiting his bachelor pad

Sherri and Rose were already moved to tears when they heard Trevon proposing through the screen. They quickly nodded and said in a nasal voice. Go ahead Before coming over. I've already helped you apply for leave from the hospital director. The hospital director personally arranged for the patients you were consulting this afternoon to be attended by the other

Rose gave her a reassuring look and said. "Go ahead and wear a mask."

Mr. Wilson's actions made it impossible for Natalie to keep a low profile.

Natalie quickly got up and grabbed her phone. She put on a sterile mask, took the helmet beside the cabinet, and rushed out of the consultation room.

When she passed by the hall, the nurses no longer looked at her with disdain. Instead, they looked at her with envy.

She

ad wanted to see Trevon as soon as possible to tell him that she had agreed to his proposal. He did not have to be so careful with his love. They were equals Yes, they had long been equals

She took off his mask and stuffed it into her pocket. She put on her helmet and straddled her motorbike with one leg on the ground. She turned the key and rode to where her heart belonged,

The black motorbike sped through the bustling street of Athana. The roar of the motorbike was like a ferocious beast running on the road. The tires spun quickly and rubbed against the ground, kicking up clouds of dust.

What a sight to see a beauty riding a motorbike

The motorbike sped up and soon arrived at the entrance of the Wilson Group. She parked the motorbike at a vacant lot at

the side

Natalie took off her helmet and shook her messy hair before casually arranging her hair with her hand. She tucked her helmet under her arm and stuck one hand in her pocket. She looked up at the towering skyscraper that looked like a tall giant The surrounding tall buildings accentuated its majesty.

This was the first time she had seen Trevon's workplace properly.

Seeing this, she couldn't help but smile. She walked into the building and headed toward the front desk before politely saying, "I'm looking for Mr. Wilson."

A receptionist smiled and asked the standard question. "Do you have an appointment?"

Natalie answered truthfully. She was acting on a whim and did not have an appointment. She smiled faintly and said, "No." Stella stood at the side of the other front desk and thought the lady in front of her felt familiar. She squinted her eyes and said, "You are?"

Natalie smiled and replied, "Call Mr. Wilson for me. Tell him, someone, at the front desk is here to subdue him." Stella was speechless and thought, "Are you sure you won't be scolded for saying that?"

The receptionist was also speechless and thought, "Who could this person be? Could she be the person Mr. Wilson proposed to in the morning! However, she did not dress like the doctor Mr. Wilson mentioned. She looked a little too cool to be a doctor. Her dressing nor image did not match that of a doctor."

Stella stared into Natalie's eyes with a firm gaze. She eventually picked up the phone and dialed Jim's number before saying, "Mr. Hawk, um, a girl at the front desk said...she said she's here to subdue Mr. Wilson..."

Stella didn't know if she had said anything wrong. She looked at Natalie and did not hang up until Natalie nodded.

Less than two minutes later, Natalie was waiting calmly at the service desk. When love existed, you could always see the person you wanted to see in the crowd. Trevon rushed out of his elevator. From a few meters away, their eyes met, and they smiled.

He walked over quickly and approached the woman he had been thinking about. Before she could say anything, he grabbed her head tightly and kissed her without any explanation. He held the back of her head with one hand and grabbed her slender waist with the other, not allowing her to retreat.

At first, Natalie felt a little embarrassed. After all, this was a commercial building. However, on second thought, Athana already knew about their matter. She did not care about being in the Wilson Group's building. A hand slowly crept up to his neck. His tall body was slightly bent. She did not know who was so kind as to take the helmet from her hand.

Her arms naturally wrapped around his neck in response to his passionate kiss, and they kissed even deeper. Trevon did not know how long he kissed her until he felt her body went limp. He stopped and pulled back. He gently played with the hair on her forehead with one hand and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Why are you here, huh?"

The two displayed their affection publicly as if no one was around. Their actions were intimate. She blushed and said softly, "I'm here to subdue you."

They looked at each other and smiled. They understood everything. Their hearts were beating in the same rhythm.

Looking at the two people hugging and kissing. Stella patted her head and finally remembered who this girl was. Wasn't this the girl in the photo placed on Mr. Wilson's desk? Stella recalled that the photo was taken at the amusement park. No wonder she looked so familiar.

Wasn't this the girl to whom Mr. Wilson confessed and proposed this morning?

The entire hall was silent as if they had entered a new realm. What had just happened? Was Mr. Wilson kissing a girl in public?

While in a daze, Trevon entered the elevator with his arm around Natalie's waist. Jim took the helmet from Stella. The helmet was very expensive. If he lost the helmet, he would not keep his job.

Jim finally got to witness the blissful moment. Mr. Wilson was pulling his weight for once. It was too romantic.

Jim eventually instructed Stella, "Don't just stand there. Go to work"

Stella grabbed Jim's arm. The helmet was already in Jim's hand. He held it carefully and asked, "What?"

Stella looked around and asked subtly, "Is that Mr. Wilson's ex-wife?"

Jim felt that Stella was being silly and thought, "If the lady wasn't Trevon's ex-wife, did Stella think Mr. Wilson would kiss her in public? Was she stupid?" Jim yelled at Stella, "What do you think? You must have turned silly after being a receptionist for so long."

Stella retorted, "This is called acting cautiously. I only speak after repeatedly verifying it. Sometimes, seeing is not enough. I have to verify it."

Jim nodded. "Continue to maintain this. It's quite good. Remember, this is the lady boss. In the future, bring her directly to Mr. Wilson's office. Don't report her arrival to me anymore."

"If Mr. Wilson personally came down to pick Natalie up, the entire Wilson Group might come under Mrs. Wilson's control. What was the of reporting her arrival?" Jim thought.

Stella could not help but praise, "Mr. Wilson has good taste. The lady boss is so beautiful. Indeed, they looked like a match made in heaven. How wonderful."

After Jim left, another receptionist said, "But this lady boss doesn't look like a doctor. She doesn't look like a lady from a wealthy family either."

Stella disagreed with this view and retorted, "Don't generalize. No one has stipulated that a doctor has to wear a white robe after work. Doctors are also humans. Why can't you wear the clothes you like and do as you wish? In the hospital, she maintains the image of a doctor. Outside, she's just a girl and has her freedom. This lady boss seems like a good match. She's good-looking and is a doctor. She's not like the doctors I see who are lifeless and boring."

The receptionist said, "You've seen a lot of doctors?"

Stella said without hesitation, "I've seen too many of them. I'm tired of them. Today I see something different."

The other receptionist thought, "This girl must be possessed again. They are all doctors; how different could they be? They all have one nose and two eyes."

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Trevon carried Natalie to the top floor as if nobody was around.

He passed through the marketing, secretary, and human resource departments before finally arriving at his office. Jim smiled and followed behind them with Natalie's helmet in his hands. Just as he passed by the secretary department, a secretary quickly grabbed his arm and said, "Hey, Mr. Hawk"

Jim knew that the secretaries wanted to gossip, but he was in a hurry to return the helmet. He did not stop and only waved his arm to say. "Wait."

The secretaries suppressed their excitement. This was the first time Mr. Wilson had held a girl's hand in the office. Since they were punished by Mr. Wilson last time, they did not dare to look at their phones during working hours.

At this moment, they had no idea what just happened downstairs. They were the last to know.

Jim followed Trevon into the office. He quickly placed Natalie's helmet on the desk and slowly left the office.

In the room. Trevon locked the door with a remote control. He held Natalie's waist and stood before the floor-to-ceiling window, looking at the scene outside. Below him was an endless stream of cars and people in a hurry.

Everyone was busy with their own lives, and so was he. He was busy with his love.

His gaze was as gentle as water, and the way he looked at her was filled with love. She was a few inches away and could feel his blazing desire for her. It was as if she was being roasted on a stove.

The corners of his lips curled up into a faint smile. Jim said that Mrs. Wilson is here to subdue me. I wonder if it's true."

Natalie smiled and looked up at him seriously. "After being Dr. Natalie for so many years, I want to change my title. Mrs. Wilson sounds quite pleasant."

Trevon's heart gave a jolt. She'd agreed to marry him. The surprise came so fast that he forgot to take the ring out. He stared at her without blinking.

A blissful smile hung on Natalie's face as she reminded him, "Mr. Wilson, shouldn't you be taking out your ring?"

Trevon's thin lips curled slightly as he said, "Forgive me, Mrs. Wilson. I don't have much experience proposing as this is my

first time."

As he spoke, he took the ring from his pocket and let go of her waist. He knelt on one knee again and said affectionately. "Mrs. Wilson. I was in a hurry and didn't prepare any flowers. I'll make up for it tonight. He held the ring in his hand.

The tears blurred her vision, but she still smiled. She slowly stretched out her hand and said affirmatively. "I, Natalie Foster. am here to subdue you, Trevon Wilson"

Trevon's eyes were slightly red. He had waited for this day all along. His hands trembled slightly as he wore the cold ring on her middle finger. She gently pushed it to the end of her finger and firmly locked it in.

The ring was cold, and the diamond was sparkly, making it impossible to ignore its brilliance and radiance. However, it was also filled with the warmth of love. Happiness could not be seen or touched and could be hidden secretly.

The moment she put on the ring, Natalie felt the love and happiness that Trevon bestowed upon her. She stretched her fair hand, pulled him up, and enjoyed his embrace. She said in a muffled voice, "Mr. Wilson, I love you."

The expected kiss came again. Trevon was sweet, so sweet that it touched the bottom of her heart.

After a long time, the two of them stepped back while panting. Trevon turned around and took out another blue box from the drawer. He slowly opened it and handed it to Natalie before saying, "Mrs. Wilson, can you help me put it on?"

Natalie happily took the similar-looking ring from his hand and put it on his slender finger. In an instant, their fingers were intertwined. He went around and hugged her waist from behind. Her back rested against his firm chest, and his chin rested on her shoulder

A charismatic voice sounded in her ear, "Our names are engraved on this ring. The engravements on my ring are your initials, and your ring is engraved with my initials."

You have me in you, and I have you in me. We will never be separated.

She held his hand tightly and only said after a while, "Trevon, let's remarry.

As soon as she finished speaking, she did not hear a response. She only felt something dripping on her shoulder. It was wet and soaked the side of her shoulder.

She smiled and heaved a sigh of relief. She felt her body being hugged tightly as if she was being encased as if Trevon wanted her to be part of him. Trevon said hoarsely. "Okay, honey."

After returning to Evergreen Gardens, Natalie sat on the bed after she showered to make a video call with her friends. There were others on the call: Ava, Sherri, and Rose. The four of them were wearing pajamas and looking casual as usual.

Sherri asked excitedly. "Natalie, how was it! did you make Mr Wilson bawl when you went to the Wilson Group today?"

Natalie thought. "Trevon probably did not bawl, but he did tear. However, such information couldn't be shared. Trevon was someone pridetul."

Natalie did not answer Sherri's question. She merely raised her hand with the diamond ring and waved it before the screen to show her answer.

At the other end of the call, the three other ladies exclaimed, "Oh... Mr. Wilson is so awesome. My Brother-in-law is so romantic. Mr. Wilson is not bad"

Three people, three different kinds of praise.

Natalie's petite face was filled with a blissful smile. She looked at the screen and announced, "I plan to remarry Trevon at the City Hall tomorrow morning"

Sherri was extremely excited. She screamed as if Natalie could not hear her, "Natalie! Hackett Blackwell and I will also register our marriage tomorrow. My mother said that tomorrow is an auspicious day. Did you consult a fortune master too? Let's register together"

Natalie thought. "They planned to remarry at the last minute. They decided to remarry because the feeling and the atmosphere were right. They had made the right decision at the right time

Rose looked envious and said. "You two are best friends indeed. You can have a child together and register your marriage together. Why don't the two of you get married together? That way, we wouldn't need to attend another wedding and cause our hearts to hurt."

Ava felt thus suggestion was great and responded excitedly, "Sis, I think this idea is awesome. We'll be your bridesmaids when the time comes..."

Rose hurriedly nodded in front of the screen and said, "Princess Ava is right. I've searched the Internet. You can't be a bridesmaid more than three times. Otherwise, it'll be impossible to get married. Although I don't have to worry about getting married, I wouldn't volunteer myself once I've been a bridesmaid three times. Therefore, I'll give you my first chance as a bridesmaid. To prevent me from being a bridesmaid more than three times, why don't both of you register your marriage together?"

Sherri was agreeable now that she was in charge of the household Sherri said, "I agree. Natalie, you have the final say."

Natalie glanced at the man who came out of the bathroom. His upper body was naked, and a white towel hung loosely around his waist. She felt that it would fall off in the next second. His well-defined Adonis belt and his neatly arranged abs caught her attention. After being with him for a long time, she still desires for him. She subconsciously swallowed her saliva.

Natalie said to the three people on the other end of the call. "Probably... Forget it. Why don't I ask Trevon later?"

After talking about the topic for a few more minutes, Trevon had already gone into the bathroom to blow dry his hair again. Natalie glanced at Trevon and shifted her gaze. She turned her attention to her phone and asked Ava, "Ava, has the problem you mentioned last time been resolved?"

Ava shook her head and said, "Not yet. I'm still working hard. I've already discussed it with the teacher. The results should be

out soon."

Natalie replied. "Alright, don't worry too much. As long as you work hard, the outcome wouldn't matter. You're great regardless."

Trevon had already come out of the bathroom. His eyes were fixed on her, and his desire was obvious. His face said, "Hurry up and hang up."

Natalie cleared her throat awkwardly and said to her friends, "I think I know how to dissect videos. I'll hang up first. Let's talk another day."

Rose saw her shifty gaze through the screen and said, "Look at it carefully. Bye."

Natalie was pushed onto the bed the moment she hung up the phone. He laid on her while placing his hands on her sides. His eyes were bloodshot and filled with deep passion. He said, "Mrs Wilson. How many flowers are you going to plant tonight? What color do you like!"

Natalie did not show any signs of weakness. The two of them were now known to the entire Athana as fiancée and bance. They would get married tomorrow. She hooked her arms around his neck seductively. All she could see was his well-sculpted chest. It was a blatant seduction.

Her red lips moved slightly, revealing her enchantment. She said flirtatiously. "Mr. Wilson, that depends on your ability. Shouldn't it be up to you how many flowers I plant?*

Her fingers tapped the abdominal muscles in front of her chest unintentionally. Her fingertips slid along his lines to the towel around his waist as she said, "Mr. Wilson, you lack a little self-control. Are you about to climax soon?"

Hearing this, Trevon pulled off the towel around his waist and glared at the woman who kept flirting with him. "Natalie. you're playing with fire. Are you sure you can take it?" he said.

Natalie replied calmly, "How do you know if I can take it if you don't try, Mr. Wilson"

Her repeated flirtations had made Trevon lose his self-control.

Today's action was even more aggressive than usual. The tree branches were uprooted, and the birds flew everywhere.

Even the moon and stars in the sky were embarrassed. They hid in the clouds and did not even dare to peek.

At night, the clock rang continuously, one after another, louder and louder, echoing in one's ears.

The night was not peaceful for a long time.

Trevon was drenched in sweat and enjoying himself.

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At that moment,

Rose hung up the phone and stood in front of the window. Her white pajamas blended in with the moonlight.

As long as one looks up, one would feel the stars close to you. It was so close that you would unconsciously reach out to

touch it

Looking down, everything was beautiful. The night scryery in the courtyard was captivating if only one looked closely. It was simply breathtaking The lush trees and blooming flowers competed for one's attention. There was a crystal-clear swimming pool lined with rockery and a small bridge Colorful goldfish were swimming under the truall bridge.

The entire courtyard was elegant, romantic, solemn, and pleasing to the eye.

She couldn't help but sigh at Will and Grace's exquisite taste. Everyone wanted to buy a villa, and everyone was buying villas. Only her parents acquired a plot of land in the suburbs and built the house themselves.

It was good to be back. It felt good to have a home Why did she not treasure this back then?

Self-reliance Running away from home? Wasn't this villa perfect?

As Rose was ileep in thought, there was a saw Grace standing outside.

k on the door. Rose came to her senses and walked over to open the door. She

Rose opened the door a little wider to let Grace in. She smiled politely and said apologetically, "Grace, you're back." Grace was holding a bag of snacks and a plate of fruits. They were all to Rose's liking She handed it to Rose and replied. "T bought some after work. If you like it, eat it. If you don't, bring it downstairs tomorrow"

Rose took the bag and looked in it. It was filled to the brim. Her heart felt warm as she smiled playfully, "Grace, come in and have a seat

Grace paused for a moment before entering Rose's room in her slippers She looked around and asked, "Is there anything you're unhappy withe"

Rose plated the things on the table beside the sofa and pulled out a white clair for Grace to sit on. She exclaimed. "It's quite good I like it"

Grave sat down and looked up at Rose's hair. Rose looked comfortable, pure, and young in her current hairstyle. Her bangs highlighted her exquisite facial features. The top of her hair was naturally fluffy, and the end of her hair was very smooth. Her hair color was light browni

Her hair color was simular to Grace's When the two stood together, Grace looked more like Rose's sister.

Noticing that Grace's gaze was on her head. Rose pretended to be relaxed and scratched her hair twice casually with her fingers. Rose asked with a smile. "Does it look good? I've thought of this color for a long time"

Grace did not explicitly adout that the hairstyle looked good on cold. She was serious and quiet, to begin with. Grace asked, "Why did you cut your hair?"

Rose looked relaxed and casually replied. "I thought your hairstyle was quite nice. I want to try it too"

Moments later, Grace smiled and said in a low voice. "It looks good."

It was unknown if this sentence was meant for Rose or herself

Rose smiled and touched her hair again before saying, "I think it looks good too. At the salon, I feared Tony would get too excited over the hairstyle. I was going to buy a hat at the shop. When Tony was cutting my hair, I kept looking at the hat. I was already thinking of a solution"

The reason for Rose's fear was because of her classmates. She remembered that there was a time when curly hair was fashionable. Two classmates in class who were vain went to perm their hair. In the end, they came the next day furious. They looked at least ten years older.

It was not an exaggeration to call them aunties. After school, the two vain girls went to have their hair straightened.

At that time, Rose was holding her phone and comparing their photos. She almost died of laughter. This was not an ordinary accident scene

Recalling this joke, Roseoberts could not help but smile.

Grace smiled faintly and looked at her daughter with a straightforward gaze. "You don't have to cut it if you don't want to. You don't have to force yourself. No one forced you to do anything"

Hearing Grace's words, Rose was stunned. She stopped smiling and pursed her lips, "Mum, thank you for your understanding "

Grace reached out to pull herself up before sitting on a chair beside Rose. Grace crouched her legs and placed her hand casually on her lap before saying. "Everyone makes mistakes. Who can guarantee that they will be right for the rest of their

lives or that every decision is perfect! I can't do it, and neither can you. Why does the pencil have to be matched with an eraser Isn't it to correct it? Won't it look better after correction? You can make mistakes, but we can't make the same mistakes repeatedly

Tears welled up in Rose's eyes as she looked at the trees outside the window. Tears blurred her eyes as she assured her mother, "I know I was blindsided in the past It won't happen again"

Grace had already guessed that her daughter knew the truth and comforted her. "At that time, you were still young and could not see through people's intentions Even people of the right age might not be able to see through people's thoughts. I have also misjudged my subordinates in the past "

Grace patiently explained the human mindset to her daughter for the first time. "This society is very realistic Some people approach you with ulterior motives and know how to pretend from the beginning. Some people are sincere with you initially but may leave you because of vested interests after a while. Some people can sacrifice themselves to protect you Of course, this is the most uncommon and also the most precious. I telling you this not because the people around you are unreliable and you should be wary of them. You should not judge others either. The society is not complicated. The human heart is the most complicated because you can't see through it. You never know what others are thinking"

Grace was a rags-to-riches story. She was used to seeing through people's intentions. People were lickleminded and rebellious. How much could they sacrifice? In this era, it was easy to be blinded by fancy surroundings It was not easy to maintain one's innocence. It was even more uncommon to have two or three good friends.

This was Grace's first time talking about the human heart with Rose. It was also another way of educating her Rose was not stupid and understood. She took a can of drink from the bag and handed it to Grace before saying generously. "Thank you for sharing your experience, Grace I salute you"

Grace opened the lid and gently clinked it with Rose's can. She suddenly realized that her daughter had grown up. Grace's eyes welled up as she raised her head and sipped her drink. Her lips quivered.

After Grace left. Rose was in a good mood. It was as if she had cleared her emotional baggage. She picked up his phone and took a beautiful photo of the snacks and fruits on the table. Then, she uploaded the picture online and added the caption, "Thank you for feeding me. Grace I love you"

Rose was satisfied with her post. It looked good from all angles. Then, she posted Ava's photo on her social media and added the caption. The poor little princess had encountered a problem and has been trying to solve it all day and night. She has moved to the dormitory and continues to fight hard day and night. Sending you hugs and kisses Keep fighting""

The post was uploaded onto Rose's social media.

After finishing her posts, Rose happily put on her earphones and listened to the music of her liking. She was even humming a small song as she leisurely ate her snacks. At this moment, she wished she had two months so that she could eat snacks and sing at the same time

Just as she was eating happily, there was a knock on the door. She thought it was Grace again and quickly put on her slippers. to open the door However, it was Frank standing outside with two bags of snacks

Rose looked at her brother outside the door in disbelief. She licked her dry lips, removed her earphones with one hand, and asked. "What are you doing?"

Frank looked at his short-haired sister inquisitively and snapped, "It's for you. I'm afraid you'll starve to death"

Rose thought. "What's going on today? Should I open a snack shop with this many snacks? I'm so lucky!"

She hurriedly took the bag and ran into the room. Frank entered without invitation and casually walked in. He looked around and said, "It looks like a cozy nest"

Rose was in a good mood and did not argue with the sharp-tongued man. She said, "Is there anything else"

Frank did not waste any time and reached out his hand to say, "Can I borrow your phone? My phone is spoiled."

"Frank, can you come up with a better reason? Don't tell me you want to see something from my phone. Tell me the truth"

How could Mr. Roberts of the Roberts family not be able to afford a mobile phone? What kind of joke was this? Nobody would believe him. Was he trying to act dumb?

Frank took out his phone and shoved it to Rose before saying, "Black screen, did you see that? Do you think I'm as free as you"

Rose still did not believe him and suggested enthusiastically, "Use the landline at home instead"

Frank said frankly, "Tell me, what are your conditions?"

Rose's was full of mischief. She no longer probed into his purpose of borrowing her phone. Anyway, there was nothing private on her phone. It mostly contained her selfies and it did not matter. She asked tentatively. "Really? Any condition? You can't go back on your word."

Frank said impatiently. "When did I go back on my word?"

While Frank had a sharp tongue, he always meant what he said. He had never broken his promise. That was true.

As long as it was within his means, Frank would agree immediately. He would never say yes to something he could not deliver. He would not even respond to the request.

He was a reliable person who never made empty promises.

"Trant think of any conditions at the moment. I'll owe you the conditions first I haven't thought about it yet. I'll fulfill it with you when I think of it" Rose said. She was not stupid. Frank just wanted to see something on her phone. It was a good deal to exchange her phone for any conditions.

After negotiating the terms, she generously stuffed the phone into Frank's hand and continued eating nonchalantly.

With her back facing Frank, she said graciously. There's no hurry to return it. Give it to me tomorrow morning"

held Roses phone and glared at the back of her head before saying. "Sleep early Arent you afraid of overeating at ht? You don't look like a girl at all. Did you screw up your hair at the salon again**

Rose turned around and glared at him angrily. Then, she glanced at the phone in his hand. "Are you trying to kill me? If you thin movereating, why did you still buy me so many snacks? You're such an asshole! I'll call you Roberts Bitch from now

Frank ignored her and returned to his room with her phone.

[Chapter 280](#)

The morning sun snuck in through the white gauze curtains by the window and took in the scenery of the room.

As the saying goes, one should not count his eggs before they hatch. Natalie was too excited last night, which seriously affected the day

At this moment, she was so tired that she could not even lift the tips of her fingers. She was embraced too tightly. Last night, she was so tired that she fell asleep. She did not recall how she went to shower or got home. However, she knew the man beside her caused her fatigue

A hoarse voice came from under the blanket, waking the usually vigilant man up. He opened his sleepy eyes and looked at her directly instead of his phone habitually. He asked. "You're awake? Are you alright?"

Natalie was headstrong and replied. "It's a small matter."

In reality, she did not think so at all. She would not be smug in the future. Trevon had good stamina. She was no match. Hearing this, Trevon smiled faintly but sunsterly "Honey, you're questioning my ability. It looks like I have to work harder next time. You planted 280 flowers last night. Tunderestimated your ability Let's try 520 flowers next time."

Natalie thought, "You don't have to I'm just joking. I don't intend to die in bed out of fatigue"

Death was inevitable. It could be viewed seriously as a mountain or lightly as a feather. However, she did not want to die this way. She would rather die on the frontline of saving others and be complimented for her bravery. At least someone would remember her kindness that way.

Trevon did not expose her. He knew that he had gone overboard last night. After he was done, he carried her to shower after she fell asleep This woman would not fall asleep unless exhausted. He turned udeways and took his phone to look at the time before telling Natalie. It's 70s I've applied for leave on your behalf"

Blinking her round eyes, her lashes fluttered like a brush over his heart Natalie said, "When did you apply for the leave?"

They were having an in-depth conversation last night, she did not see him call the hospital.

"Are you awake* If not, we'll go tomorrow Iran wait Trevon replied.

Natalie thought Trevon was scheming. He was the one who was ager to register their marriage. Right now, he acted as if he was not in a hurry She replied. "I'm not that weak. Im getting

Natalie thought. Don't look down on me" However, the next moment, she took back her words. Just as she lifted the blanket, her legs weakened before she fell Her right hand quickly grabbed the edge of the bed, and she cursed herself.

Trevon chuckled when he saw this but quickly got off the bed and picked Natalie up by the waist. The sudden embrace made her subconsciously hug his neck tightly as he carried her into the bathroom.

Trevon gently placed Natalie on the ground and asked dotingly. Do you want me to help you brush your teeth and bring a stool over

Natalie rebutted without thinking. "No need I can do it myself. Let's split the work I'll wash up, and you can get changed. How about that?"

Trevon stood behind Natalie and hugged her waist. He recently took a liking to hugging her from behind. He rested his chin on her shoulder. This action felt real. His gaze was fixed on them in the

mirror. They were compatible.

After hugging for a while, Natalie squeezed the toothpaste and prompted Trevon again, "Do you want to get married? If you do, hurry up and stop dawdling."

In the entire Athana. Natalie was the only one who could speak to him like that. Trevon was in high spirits.

How despicable.

Trevon beamed and said. "Okay."

It was a special day A special ceremony deserves a unique dress. Just as Natalie was about to look for clothes in her wardrobe, Trevon's voice came from the side of the bed, "Wear the casual white shirt in the middle."

She turned to look at the side of the bed with her hands still on a light blue dress She asked curiously. "Are there any requirements for getting a marriage certificate! I don't remember any requirements the last time?"

Natalie thought, "What did she wear two years ago! It seemed to be a T-shirt. She couldn't remember the color. When she got a divorce, she didn't seem to have taken the invalid marriage certificate. She only took the divorce certificate."

Her photo on the divorce certificate was a random photo from her phone. As for Trevon's photo, it was taken by Mr. Wilson

Trevon replied without hesitation, "The background color of the marriage certificate is red. If we wear white, it will accentuate the red background. The white shirt can also make us look more energetic. The photo will look even better"

Natalie squinted at him and asked, "Did you look it up online!"

Trevon replied calmly while buttoning his white shirt. "Yes."

Although it was her second time marrying this man, Natalie still had to participate in the ceremonial activity. She chose the casual white shirt with embroidery on the chest, a pair of light-colored cowboy jeans, and tied a high ponytail.

When they arrived, the couple saw a fiery red Mercedes-Benz parked in front of City Hall. It was undoubtedly Sherri

Trevon parked the car and stepped out. Natalie got out immediately after.

As soon as Trevon got out of the car. Hackett criticized him. "Brother, can you guys be any slower? We've been waiting half an hour. It's already 7.58."

Natalie thought, 17:58 AM She remembered that their divorce was at 7:48 AM"

Trevon couldn't help but retort. 'I start work at 8 pan sharp. Nobody else starts as early as you do.' for

The Athana City Hall's working hours typically started half an hour earlier than other regions Some places were at 8.30 p.m., while others were at 9:00 p.m. Athana had a huge population, so there were naturally many divorces and marriages every day. Their stipulated time was half an hour earlier. After all, several marriages and divorces could be registered within

that 30 minutes,

Hackett replied, "I can't help but feel a little excited when I get my marriage certificate for the first time."

Trevon felt hurt and thought, "What was wrong with registering their marriage for the second time? His wife had not changed."

Trevon took another look at the outfits of Sherri and Hackett. Their marriage certificate photos are unlikely to look good. They were indeed inexperienced people.

The two had always liked bright colors and were now wearing pink clothes. Sherri was in a pink dress and white high heels. Hackett was wearing a pink casual shirt and light-colored jeans

It was very eye-catching.

It was very flirtatious.

Natalie glanced at their attire, and her first impression was that the two had a unique fashion sense.

She glanced at the shopping bag in Sherri's hand and asked, "What did you bring? Your identification card?"

Sherri felt that she was very experienced. She showed her best friend the things in her bag "I brought two sets of clothes. Don't they look good I plan to take more photos later."

Natalie was speechless.

She took a deep breath and reminded Sherrie, "My dear, you're here to take a photo for the marriage certificate, not do a wedding photoshoot. This is City Hall, not the photo studio. Are you sure you didn't go to the wrong place?"

Sherri had an affirmative look and said, "Well, you have to commemorate the firsts in life differently. Mr. Wilson, help me explain

Sherri felt that Trevon was well-connected. After all, Mr. Wilson could unilaterally make him divorced, indicating he knew someone in the City Hall.

Sheeri thought that she was smart and had analyzed it so well.

Trevon was in a good mood today, so he agreed. However, he was concise and replied with one word, "Yes."

The four of them walked into the City Hall. They were the first to step through the door and were also the earliest. Although several couples were beside them, the others silently queued behind them. These people were too eye-catching. Their auras

were 100 strong.

The four sat side by side in front of the service desk. They placed their identification cards on the table. However, Trevon and Natalie had two more documents: divorce certificates.

Trevon did not greet the manager today. He wanted to be ordinary and follow the standard procedure of registering their marriage.

He waited patiently and listened to the staff's instructions.

The staff member casually flipped through the documents on the table and said indifferently, "Go take a photo before filling in the form

Sherri took a few photos and even sent a huge Venmo to the staff at the studio to express her gratitude. The studio was especially serious and took the couple's photos carefully as a result.

In the end, the photographer suggested Sherri choose the photo where she was wearing white as the marriage certificate photo. Sherri reluctantly looked at the photos of her in other bright-colored clothes and finally picked the one with her in a white gown. Hackett's photo in a white shirt was also taken as the marriage certification photo.

After the two couples took photos, Hackett turned to Trevon and asked, "How did you know that white shirts were more

suitable for wedding photos? Did you ask in advance?"

Trevon looked at Hackett as if he was an idiot and lied smugly in his heart. "You don't even have common sense."

Hackett responded. "Is this common sense? Oh, I know. You must have thought that your first photo with Natalie did not look good, so you devised this strategy. Common sense? Who are you trying to fool?"

Trevon thought, "This guy's pretty smart after he got together with a woman."

After being exposed, Trevon was not embarrassed at all. He simply ignored Hackett and gave him a cold look before going to the reception desk to settle the marriage registration with Natalie.

Trevon looked calm from the outside. However, he was nervous while sitting at the service desk and held Natalie's hand tightly. His palms were sweating. She felt it and held it tightly.

The staff widened her eyes and stared at the computer. She squinted and rubbed her eyes again before looking at the handsome man and beautiful woman before him and asked, "Are you here for a divorce!"

Trevon's face darkened. What did the staff mean by he was here for a divorce? She said such inauspicious words so early in the morning. Trevon's expression darkened as he suppressed his

dissatisfaction and hollered. "Do we look like we're here for a divorce? Are you sitting in the divorce area?"

The staff member looked up at the door in a daze. The divorce area was situated opposite.

Then there was nothing wrong. She was sitting in the marriage area.

The staff felt Trevon's gaze was intimidating and did not dare to look directly at him. She turned her gaze to Natalie and said patiently. "Miss Foster, married people can't get married again unless you get a divorce first. Only then can you get married again. However, last year, there was a new rule that you have to make an appointment to register in advance before getting a divorce. Then, there is also a one-month cooling period before you can get a divorce, so you..."

Sherri and Hackett had already gotten their marriage certificate. Holding the marriage certificate in their hands, they had a blissful smile. They said to the staff who had helped them with the marriage certificate, "I'll send some wedding gifts your way this afternoon to spread the joy."

It was inevitable for them to be ignorant about procedures during her first marriage. They had forgotten about this. After saying that, they turned their attention to Natalie and the others.

Sherri and the others were too excited earlier on and automatically ignored the people around them. They did not hear what happened at all.

Natalie was dumbfounded. She frowned and asked, "What do you mean? I don't understand. Can you repeat yourself?"

What did the staff mean by asking her to get a divorce first and come down for a month later to get married again? Wasn't she divorced long ago?

Trevon also frowned. He stared at the staff coldly, making her hair stand on end. She trembled, and a cold sweat broke out on her back before saying, "Well, the two of you are currently married."

Sherri was speechless.

Hackett was speechless.

Natalie was speechless. The three of them did not know what to say.

When Trevon heard this shocking news, he was also amused. He did not know if he was more angry or happy, but his expression softened considerably. He asked her patiently, "Do you mean that we are not divorced? Are we registered as married in your system?"

The staff member did not dare to be careless. She looked at the display screen again and said. "Yes, I can confirm it. Trust

me."

The staff could not be more serious. She was just short of standing up and swearing at the couple.

Sherri could not help but laugh. She was surprised and exclaimed, "So the two of you did not divorce two years ago successfully You didn't get a divorce at all?"

They were all fooled by Mr. Wilson and thought the divorce was authentic.

Mr. Wilson was good at playing them and keeping his cards to himself at the same time. Mr. Wilson had their utmost

respect.

Hackett was excited about the development. He decided to chime in like a paparazzi eager for a scoop. "So your ex-wife is your wife in reality. You've been wooing Natalie for so long and finally got her. You brought her here to register your marriage, but you're already husband and wife?"

Oh my god, he was shocked! Trevon, can you be any more hilarious?

The staff nodded at Sherri and Hackett, indicating she understood them well even though she was initially confused. What a big joke. However, she mustered up the courage, ignored Trevon's somber expression, and asked, "Um, Miss Foster, I took a look at your divorce certificate. It's indeed fake. The timestamp printed on the bottom right corner of your divorce

certificate indicates 7 18 However, the official divorce certificate doesn't include the time, only the date"

The staff carefully shared the information. The two sitting in front of her were even more embarrassed. Sherri and Hackett immediately took the divorce certificate to check.

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Mr. Wilson as full of schemes. Hackett blurted out, "Devon, Mr. Wilson is scheming. Look at this number Isn't he playing a track on you? Mi Wilson is sending you to your grave Mr Wilson has hinted to you all along. You were the one who did not

Hackett laughed heartily and exclaimed. "I'm dying of laughter Mr Wilson is hilarious Hahahaha."

Sherri had initially planned to laugh out loud, but when she saw Trevon's murderous gaze, she stopped talking and nudged her husband to stop making him of them "Cough, cough, cough. He went crazy today and was too happy. Mr. Wilson, don't mind him"

Trevon thought, "How would I know there is no timestamp on the divorce certificate when it's my first time? Besides, he's not a divorce specialist. How would he know such common sense?"

The staff thought. "This is utterly amusing!"

Natalie was already at a loss for words. She was speechless and had mixed feelings.