

## The Tide 281

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The atmosphere was tense for a moment. No one said anything else. They were all waiting for Trevon to speak.

After waiting for a long time, Trevon did not speak. His gaze was fixed on the number on the marriage certificate.

At this moment, everyone's thoughts were very complicated. Sherri and Hackett were so surprised that they almost exploded on the spot. They were even more shocked over this than their marriage registration today. However, they suppressed their emotions because of Trevon's expression. The staff was puzzled. This was the strangest couple she had ever handled.

Natalie knew that he was unhappy. Today was the day he had been thinking about for a long time. It was the result of his hard work. If he went back just like that, he would surely be upset. She thought of a compromise and held his hand. She gently pressed his palm and suggested, "Why don't we make up a copy of the marriage certificate? We've already taken photos, so we have to use it. This way, we can get our marriage certificate today."

Feeling her intentions, Trevon said to the staff, "Make us a new copy of the marriage certificate. Use this photo."

As Trevon spoke, he placed the photo they had just taken on the table. He looked somber, and no one could tell if he was happy or angry.

Seeing that this person was not to be trifled with, the staff quickly followed his request and replied politely, "Okay."

In just a few moves, this matter was settled. The marriage certificate was in their hands. Trevon's gaze was fixed on the words: marriage certificate. He was trembling with satisfaction as he held the document.

They were not divorced at all. Mr. Wilson was good at holding his cards close to his chest.

He had played all of them out. He was scheming.

The two couples exited the City Hall, and Natalie looked at the signboard again. Her mental states were completely different from before. She gazed at the man beside her and asked, "Where are you going? I'm heading to the hospital."

Trevon hugged her waist and said, "There's no hurry to go to the hospital. Let's go back to the Wilson's residence. I'll send you to the hospital in the afternoon, okay?"

Trevon wanted to ask Mr. Wilson what was going on. "No," he thought, "Mr. Wilson should be addressed as Grandpa. It had always been Grandpa".

Thinking back, she had personally seen her status change in the system. It was written as divorce. She was also under the impression that she was about to remarry.

This twist of events was too shocking. Those with weak hearts could be sent to the emergency room immediately. Fortunately, they did not have heart disease.

Natalie replied, "Okay."

Sherri held Hackett's arm as they walked to the side. They were still in shock with what had happened.

They were going to change Ruby's family name later. Otherwise, they wanted to follow Natalie and Trevon back to the Wilson's residence to find out what happened.

After leaving the City Hall, the two couples who had just registered their marriage parted ways. One pair went to the Wilson's residence, while the other went to the police station to change their daughter's family name.

Rachel, who was with Jasper on the sofa, watched the couple walk into the living room with their fingers intertwined. It was a strange sight.

She thought momentarily and asked, "You're not working today?"

Jasper put up a good act. When he saw Natalie and Trevon enter hand in hand, he quickly put down the toy he was holding and walked over. He hugged Trevon's slender legs and shouted, "Daddy, Mommy."

Jasper had addressed them so endearingly that there did not seem to be a problem with it.

Natalie released Trevon's hand and squatted down to pick Jasper up. Jasper's chubby hands hugged Natalie's neck tightly and rested his little face on her shoulder. He looked like he missed his mother very much.

Natalie was a little uneasy at first, but when she thought about how they were not divorced, to begin with, and how she had already reprinted the

marriage certificate this morning, she should change the way she addressed Rachel. Thinking back, Rachel had treated her quite well. Although she did not say much to her, once outsiders criticized her, she would block them out on Natalie's behalf. She was protective of Natalie.

After some thought, she smiled and said to Rachel, "Hi Mum."

Natalie's words shocked Rachel. Just yesterday, Natalie addressed her as Auntie. Today she was Mum. However, Rachel was fast-thinking and understood the reason quickly. Rachel replied happily,

"You registered your marriage in the morning?"

Natalie did not know if she should nod or shake her head. In the end, she nodded slightly.

All in all, Trevon was in a good mood today. He answered Rachel calmly, "I took leave this morning to reprint our marriage certificate."

Rachel caught the point in her son's words. Reprint the marriage

certificate? Doesn't one get a marriage certificate when they remarry? She asked in confusion, "You two?"

Trevon interrupted her. He knew what she was going to ask. "Where's Grandpa?" Trevon said.

Rachel glanced at the two and raised her chin towards the staircase to say, "He's writing in the study."

Upon hearing this, Trevon told Rachel, "Mother, come with us."

As soon as he finished speaking, Trevon took Jasper from Natalie's arms. He carried Jasper effortlessly with one hand, held Natalie's hand with the other, and walked in front.

On the second floor, Rachel walked forward and pushed the door of the study open. He saw Theo writing several words on a canvas: Awakened from a dream.

Trevon understood everything when he saw those words. He only felt that it was blinding and started mocking himself while smiling. He walked into the study with Natalie and stood opposite the table. Trevon said, "Grandpa is a chess master."

Theo was calm and composed. He was not affected by Trevon's words, nor did he feel guilty. He placed the brush on the brush stand, picked up the walking stick on his right, and slowly sat down.

After sitting on the chair, Theo instructed in a mellow voice, "Sit down, everyone. It's strange to stand there. Natalie and Rachel, I'm not picking. against you."

Trevon thought, "You are better off criticizing me directly."

Rachel sat down with a mind full of questions. She asked Theo, "Father, what exactly is going on?"

Theo smiled kindly, turned to Natalie, and said, "My dear, Grandpa should apologize to you first. I'm sorry for lying to you. Grandpa knows that no matter what my intentions are, it's Grandpa's fault. Grandpa admits this mistake. I won't try to defend myself."

Natalie thought, "Grandpa, you admitted your mistake so quickly. What else can I say?"

Natalie pursed her lips and did not say anything. She did not know what to say or how to say what she felt. It was undeniable that Mr. Wilson had lied to her for two years.

Theo did not emotionally blackmail Natalie. He only opened his mouth to explain his intentions. It was up to Natalie to decide whether she wanted to be furious. Theo explained further, "My dear, I promised your grandfather to protect you. However, after your divorce, I knew you wouldn't have any contact with me nor accept my help. I can't adopt you as my granddaughter. You wanted a clean break. You've never wanted anything from the Wilson family. Only a fool would think you are after our family's assets. Grandpa wants to keep you by his side. You're a good child. It's Trevon's loss that he mistreated you. Grandpa doesn't want to always be on his side. I've given this kid a two-year deadline. If he still can't figure it out in the next two years and doesn't beg for your forgiveness, I'll secretly let this divorce certificate take effect and become real."

Theo continued, "Grandpa wanted to give you all the freedom you craved, so Grandpa didn't tell you about the secret. Now that I see the two of you together, the thorn in Grandpa's heart has finally been pulled out. I can finally sleep at night. Sigh, I've been having insomnia periodically for the past two years. This was the cause of it. Indeed, one can't do others wrong.

Natalie was speechless. Why was she still skeptical of Theo?

Trevon, who was still carrying Jasper, pinched the space between his eyebrows. His grandfather had admitted to all the good things and bad

things. Theo had all the good intentions for him. What else could he say to the old man? Theo was already suffering from insomnia.

It would be unfilial of Trevon to seek further explanation from the old man.

Trevon had lost all the fury that he had in him before he came into the study. He remained silent.

Natalie lowered her gaze and looked at the marriage certification in her hand. She felt relieved. It seemed that Grandpa had already expected this day. There was nothing else to go melodramatic over? Natalie said to Theo, "Grandpa, I'm not angry anymore. I know you're doing this for my good. I can feel it."

Theo nodded with teary eyes, "My dear, thank you."

Rachel was speechless. Her head throbbed as she listened, but she couldn't criticize her father-in-law. She sighed secretly.

After the matter was resolved, Trevon was left in the study alone to talk to Theo. He stayed for more than an hour in the room.

Rachel and Natalie accompanied Jasper and Mary in the living room downstairs. Mary happily brought some pastries and said, "Mrs. Wilson, try this. I learned it recently. There's no sugar in there."

Under Mary's gaze, Natalie took a piece of pastry and ate it. It was not sticky nor cloying at all. It was delicious. Natalie complimented, "Mary. It's delicious. Teach me the recipe next time."

Mary waved her hand to reject Natalie's request and said, "Hey, Mrs. Wilson, just sit down. We're all happy that you're back. For the past few years, the patriarch has been looking forward to you and Trevon getting together again and returning hand in hand. Gage has said several times. that he saw the patriarch holding your divorce certificate and sighing on the bed alone."

Natalie was deeply touched. Grandpa had hoped they could reconcile so that he could look after her. Why did she feel that she was unfilial? Natalie smiled awkwardly and told Mary, "Thank you, Mary. I'll be extra filial towards Grandpa from now on."

Rachel knew how to read people's expressions. She could tell that Natalie was embarrassed. He instructed Mary, who was still rambling, "Go do your work."

After Mary left, Rachel told Natalie, "Theo was wrong. You don't have to feel burdened by what Mary said. Everyone has their own desired outcome. It was just that Theo was more obsessed with this matter. It's fine as long as the outcome is good. Don't keep dwelling on it. Live a good life. Trevon's not as thoughtful. Please bear with it."

Natalie thought, "Mum, I'm afraid you misunderstood Trevon. Trevon's passion is intolerable".

Natalie did not want to harp over the matter nor remain furious with Theo. Instead, she thought that Theo was someone who kept his promises. Natalie told Rachel, "Mum, I understand."

Rachel did not say anything else. She was not a talkative person, to begin with. She nodded and considered this matter done.

## [Chapter 282](#)

Everyone had different personalities. Some would arrive at the company half an hour before work, while others would not waste a second and

would go to the company on time.

For example, some felt getting exactly 60 marks was the best outcome in school exams. Obtaining exactly 60 points was a reflection of one's ability.

A score of 98 or 99 was not impressive enough. They would be considered outstanding at most. A score of 60 marks exact is the goal to reach.

Rose was the kind of person who went to work on time. At this moment, she was in the front passenger seat and urging the driver-cum-bodyguard to drive faster.

The driver's name was Tom. Rose did not know his family name.

Tom was neither handsome nor tall. He was thin but looked very strong and had a good physique. He looked like a good fighter. Although Rose was anxious to get to work on time, it did not stop her from scrutinizing Tom in detail.

"Tom, drive faster and step on the accelerator. It's fine. If you are fined, brother will deal with it. I'll be much harder to deal with if I'm late for my work."

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Tom wanted to tell Natalie he would be on time if she could be a few minutes earlier. He had to put his driving skills to the test daily to ensure that Natalie was not late. However, Tom could only reply obediently, "Okay, Miss Natalie."

Seeing that he had agreed, Rose was relieved. She leaned against her seat leisurely. After all, Tom's driving skills were good. He could ensure she was on time every day. Even though she thought that way, Rose decided to wake up five minutes early in the future. It has been an arduous task for Tom so far.

Rose suddenly asked, "Tom, can I ask you a rather impolite question?"

Tom had a lot of thoughts in his mind. He wanted to tell Natalie not to ask the question if it sounded rude. In the end, he muttered, "Miss Natalie, please go ahead."

Rose asked bluntly, "Why did your mother name you Tom?"

Tom explained straightforwardly, "My mother despised my father's looks. When I was born, she did not want me to take after my father's looks, so she named me after the most famous handsome actor she could think of, Tom."

Rose was surprised by this practice. She thought, "Well, based on Tom's features, his name clearly showed that he took after his father's genes."

Tom smiled and earnestly asked, "Miss Natalie, did you think my name didn't suit my appearance?"

Rose said against her will, "No, no, how can that be? A name is just a name. You're not bad-looking. Everyone's aesthetic sense is different."

Sure enough, people liked to hear good things, regardless of their social status. Tom immediately smiled after hearing that.

When Rose arrived at the hospital, she realized that her phone was not with her. It was still with Frank! She woke up late that morning and was in a hurry, so she forgot to retrieve her phone from Frank's room. Frank had a habit of sleeping in and basically would not wake up that early in the morning.

After thinking about it, Rose used the landline to call Frank. On the first attempt, there was still no answer. She called the second time, but there was still no answer. Rose looked at the time and saw that she had five minutes before work started. She continued to call.

The call was picked up on the fifth attempt. Frank's tone was very unkind. His voice was hoarse. Frank said, "Hey, speak."

Rose immediately replied, "Frank, send my phone to the hospital when you wake up."

An impatient voice replied. "Can't you come and get it yourself this morning? I'm going back to sleep. We'll talk after I wake up."

Rose was speechless. Frank did not have such an arrogant attitude when he tried to borrow her phone. She said, "Frank, that's not right. You can't act like this. You'll only wake up in the afternoon. I know it! I need my phone before then."

Frank replied, "Then go home and get it yourself tonight."

Rose responded patiently, "Frank, one should place things back after using them. Where's your credit? Where's your credit? Do you still want to use my phone in the future?"

Frank snapped, "Go work. Stop talking nonsense. I'm going back to bed."

Rose was speechless.

Two hours later, Frank had his bodyguards send Rose's phone to her at the hospital.

Rose was stunned when she received the phone as it was in a sealed bag. It was similar to the evidence bag used by the police.

For a moment, she felt like she was dead.

When the bodyguard handed the phone to her, he explained, "Miss Natalie, this is your phone. Mr. Roberts said that I'm only responsible for delivering the phone. My fingerprints can't appear on the phone."

Rose took the phone. She understood the situation. After the bodyguard left, she checked the phone carefully. Then, she turned on WhatsApp and found that there was nothing unusual with her device. She kept the phone. She was very puzzled. Why did Frank take her phone last night?

Was it to look at Ava's photos?

She was too busy at work to ponder over such things.

At the Wilson's residence, Rachel and Natalie were still in the living room. Trevon was also chatting with his grandfather in the study.

Rachel's personality was cold, to begin with. She is somewhat similar to Trevon yet expresses herself differently.

However, Rachel is not arrogant. Trevon is arrogant and prideful. It was already not easy for Rachel to say those words to Natalie today.

Natalie thought Rachel probably wanted harmony in the family too.

Natalie's thoughts were interrupted when laughter came from the door. Before she saw her, she heard her voice. His voice was filled with joy as he exclaimed, "Today is a good day. You're all busy. Finish your work."

The person directed the servants, acting like the mistress of the house, her mannerism high and mighty.

Rachel knew who it was from her voice, but she did not care at all. She could not care less. Rachel did not even raise her head to look and

focused on helping her grandson with his Lego.

However, Natalie could not ignore the person who came. After all, she was the young one out of the group and had to put on a pretense even if she was an unwilling party. Otherwise, she would be criticized and embarrass Rachel and Trevon.

After being together with Trevon, she had more things to consider than when she was single. They were now living in the same household. Natalie raised her head and greeted politely, "Little Aunt."

Emily held Max's hand intimately. Max has not been spending time with Emily and used the excuse of being busy. This made Emily anxious.

He took the initiative to mention the registration of marriage to Peggy. He even told her that today was an auspicious day. Peggy immediately agreed after hearing it. This was beyond Emily's expectations.

Emily was scared that the longer she waited, the more uncertain things would be. As long as they registered their marriage, things were more or less in place. It did not matter when they got engaged. She was nervous as long as their marriage was not registered. If Max were to be seduced by another

woman one day, she would lose out big time. It was better to get it done as soon as possible. After registration, she would become a legitimate young matriarch of the family.

Emily held the marriage certification and proudly addressed Natalie, "Sister-in-law."

Emily was unwilling to do so. She thought it was a bad idea. She previously addressed Natalie as "sister" but had to address her as "sister-in-law" going forward.

Natalie was not blind. How could she not see the marriage certificate in Emily's hands? Of course, she knew that Emily had deliberately held it. If she did not comment on it, she would make Emily disappointed.

Natalie congratulated the couple casually. She was sincerely congratulating them. After all, the two contributed to society by being together. "Congratulations on registering your marriage."

Emily accepted Natalie's blessing. She held Max's hand and sat on the sofa. Just as she was about to say something, she saw another marriage certificate on the coffee table.

She thought that Natalie was also going to remarry today. She smiled and said, "Sister-in-law, did you and Big Brother remarry today too?"

Peggy was stunned. Remarry? When did they get a divorce? Why didn't they know?

Peggy was shocked at the news and raised her voice to exclaim, "You two got divorced and remarried?"

Back then, she thought that she was divorced. That was why she told Emily and the others that Trevon had nothing to do with her anymore. Now, it seemed that she couldn't hide the situation any longer. Natalie said, "See for yourself."

Throughout the entire process, Rachel ignored the three of them. Max thought that Natalie looked good again today. After taking a few glances, he recalled what Rachel had said over a meal previously. He had no choice but to look away reluctantly.

As she was in a good mood today, Emily did not notice Max's gaze on Natalie periodically.

Emily was only curious about what Natalie meant. When she went to the hospital with her father to beg Natalie, Natalie insisted that she had divorced. At that time, Emily thought that Natalie was a fool.

Emily passed her marriage certificate to Max and reached for Natalie's on the table to check. After glancing at the date on the document, she widened her eyes and looked at Natalie, who was sitting calmly. "Aren't you divorced? Why isn't the date of marriage today?"

'Has it been two years already?'

Peggy quickly took the marriage certificate from Emily's hand and checked it. After reading it, she glared at Emily unhappily and barked, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

Since the matter was already cleared, Natalie did not want to speak further. It was so quiet as if this matter had nothing to do with her. You guys can solve the case yourselves.



Rachel stopped what she was doing and reprimanded Emily. "You're always making a fuss. You can't bear to see your sister-in-law and brother getting along, right? Why do you have to label her as a divorcee? Didn't your mother teach you to think before you act? Your mouth is always faster than your brain. If you continue in your ways, you need not come to the Wilson's residence anymore."

Hearing this, Natalie changed her mind. She felt that Rachel wasn't cold toward her. She only showed her gentleness and protectiveness for the people she cared about.

Peggy glared fiercely at Emily. It was better to discipline her rather than leave it to Rachel. Peggy added, "Hurry up and thank Auntie Rachel for her guidance. Don't listen to rumors in the future."

Peggy thought Natalie was incredulous. However, she thought there was more to it. Things could not be as simple as it seemed. Who knew what evil intentions she harbored?

Emily grabbed her limited edition dress with one hand and apologized unwillingly, "I'm sorry, Sister-in-law. I won't do it again."

Emily initially thought that she could use this bitch to her advantage. To her, the son was Mr. Wilson's descendant, but the daughter was not. She did not expect the daughter to be Hackett's.

She deliberately revealed this matter to Peggy, but she was scolded by Peggy instead. Peggy chided that Emily was stupid and could not even look into such a small matter properly.

Who could she blame? She had limited funds and could afford to hire such a good detective.

It was easier said than done.

Natalie replied calmly and explained, "This certificate was indeed made up today. It's just that the previous photo didn't look too good. Trevon wanted to change his style, so he took a new photo. You should understand that it's fashionable."

Emily thought, "I don't understand. Are you guys bored out of your mind? A marriage certificate couldn't have been changed that easily."

Peggy laughed to ease the atmosphere and said, "Sister-in-law, what a coincidence for Max and Trevon to register their marriage today. Oh, no, Trevon went to apply for a supplementary copy. This means that today is an auspicious day. Regardless, we should celebrate and let Mary make more dishes today."

She was planning to stay for lunch. There was a good reason for her to freeload.

Rachel and Natalie did not say anything because Peggy would still stay regardless. They might as well save their breath.

There was a commotion on the second floor. It was Trevon coming out of Theo's study. Natalie looked in his direction and saw his somber expression. He had been reprimanded by Theo. She frowned slightly.

Trevon walked straight down the stairs toward Natalie and naturally sat beside her before saying, "Are you eating here?"

Rachel suggested, "Eat before you leave."

Natalie would not object. She had to stay as Rachel had protected her and said, "Eat before you leave."

It could also be considered her first meal after Natalie got her supplementary marriage certificate. She was just irked that there were some unimportant people around.

The hostility on Trevon's face disappeared. He held her hand and rubbed it. Then, he placed the marriage certificate that was on the table into the pocket of his suit.

It leaned on his chest and hid in his heart.

The next moment, Trevon casually played with Natalie's fingers and stared at Emily before saying, "Miss Foster, shouldn't you apologize to my wife?"

Everyone present was puzzled by the sudden question. What was wrong?

Peggy had a motive for bringing her son here today. Of course, her intentions were still the same as before. "Trevon, Emily has already apologized just now. She also thought that the two of you were divorced and remarried today. However, she had already apologized just now."

Trevon glanced sideways at Natalie. Whether they were divorced or married, it was always a hush-hush event. "Auntie Peggy, your daughter-in-law is quite capable."

Peggy realized that Trevon's tone was very unfriendly. She felt that things were not as she initially thought. She asked carefully, "Trevon, did Emily do something?"

Trevon did not want to beat around the bush and said, "If you want to make your presence known online in the future, just let me know. I can make you famous, and I can also make you unpopular. Don't you dare do such despicable things anymore! My wife doesn't need you to invest in her and make her an online trending topic."

As for why Trevon did not further deal with Emily himself, it was mainly because the scandal catalyzed the remarriage. The benefits compensated for the issue at hand.

While others did not understand this, Emily understood it clearly. She felt uneasy. She had done it quite secretly.

The negative press on Natalie had long been removed. However, it was not removed by Trevon. It was automatically deleted by the media when the proposal video was released.

Nobody dared to offend Trevon.

Rachel's expression turned somber as she told Peggy, "If you can't discipline your daughter-in-law well, don't bring her out to embarrass yourself in the future."

To show that she was not in the know, Peggy stood up and gave Emily, who was sitting beside her, a slap. Max did not stop her and only looked at her indifferently. He had no intention of protecting Emily.

Emily was caught off guard and slapped. She covered her aching face and asked, "Mum, what are you doing?"

Peggy placed her hands on her hips angrily. She was furious. After all, Emily had disrupted her plan today. Peggy questioned, "What did you do to make your brother so angry?"

Peggy had come to beg Trevon to let Max work in the company today, using the marriage as an excuse. Now, there was no need to mention it. Emily was such a burden.

Peggy wanted to chase Emily out of the family once her son was cured. She was incompetent and could ruin everything.

Peggy was boiling.

Rachel sat still and said, "Take her home to discipline her. Bring her out only when you're done,"

Emily was unhappy. Today was supposed to be a happy day. She was slapped out of the blue. This bitch was the one who said that she was divorced. "I didn't suggest her divorce. Natalie was the one who told me she was divorced. I only told the media the truth. What did I do wrong?"

Everyone finally knew the reason for the matter. It turned out that the person who defamed Natalie online was none other than Emily. Why

couldn't Emily bear to see Natalie happy?

The servants in the living room were infuriated. Natalie was polite and treated them well. She was not arrogant at all. It was clearly Emily's fault and not Natalie's.

Peggy was so angry that she was trembling. This idiot, if you want to cause trouble, so be it. You didn't clean your tracks and got caught. How embarrassing. Peggy intentionally showed her anger and roared, "You even brought this matter to the media? Is there something wrong with your brain? I'll teach you a lesson when we get home."

After saying that, Peggy dragged Max out of the living room and headed for the main door of the Wilson's residence. She would not be able to freeload like she initially wanted. She could not help Max today either.

Emily followed behind with an aggrieved expression. Before she left, she glared at Natalie with hatred.

Natalie responded with a smile. She did not pity Emily. There must be something hateful about a pitiful person. Emily might have been happier if she was not obsessed with marrying a rich man.

Emily was not good-looking, but she wasn't ugly either. She was above average, but she was used to being a villain. It was difficult for her to turn over a new leaf

### [Chapter 283](#)

After lunch, Trevon sent Natalie to her workplace at the hospital.

On the way to the hospital, Natalie sat in the front passenger seat and suggested, "Trevon, change Jasper's family name to Wilson."

Mr. Wilson and the rest probably wanted the change, but they had never mentioned it. They were all considerate of her thoughts.

Trevon focused on driving, stared ahead, and said, "Any family name is fine. The Wilson family doesn't have a throne to inherit. This kid might not even have a descendant in the future."

Natalie was speechless and replied, "What kind of logic was this? Those who know you would know that you don't favor boys over girls and aren't bothered by social constructs. Those who don't know might think that you think your son is incapable."

Trevon chuckled and said, "I'll go with your choice. Should we change it now?"

Natalie glanced at the time on the display screen and said, "Aren't they closed now?"

Trevon thought that it was not a big deal. He knew a change in surname could be done any time of the day. He replied, "We can do it now. There are people on duty."

As a result, Natalie was brought to the police station by Trevon to replace Jasper's family name. It took half an hour to change Jasper's family name.

Trevon's address was the same in the system. His registered spouse on the system remained Natalie.

His son's name was Jasper Wilson.

They were finally a legitimate family in the eyes of the law.

When Natalie arrived at the hospital, it was still early. She walked into the consultation room to change her clothes first.

The phone on the corner of the table lit up. It was Sherri. She stopped taking the white robe and picked up the phone. "What's wrong, Your Highness?"

Sherri's voice was mixed with Rose's, Sherri said hurriedly, "Come to my place. I have something to discuss with you. Hurry up."

After hanging up, Natalie left the consultation room again and headed for Sherri's office. When she passed by the reception desk, the nurse on duty stopped her and exclaimed, "Mrs. Wilson, I wish you happiness."

Natalie smiled shyly and thanked her generously, "Thank you. You'll be happy too."

She pushed open the door of Sherri's office. There were milkshakes, fruits, and cakes. How was this an office? "Are you planning to turn the consultation room into a party?"

If the hospital director saw this, he might criticize them again.

Although Natalie said that, she had already reached out to take pastry on the table. As Natalie nibbled on it, she said, "What is it?"

Rose sat at the side and ate the cake. She looked satisfied and was in a good mood.

Sherri suggested, "Let's go eat pizza tonight to celebrate our marriage. It's my treat."

Sherri's forehead read: I'm a rich woman now.

Natalie was very thirsty from the pastry she was eating. She snatched the pack of fruit juice from Sherri's hand and poured it into her mouth. After quenching her immense thirst, Natalie said, "Can you be any

stingier? Can't you treat us to a more expensive seafood feast? How can you live up to your status as a newly-minted rich woman?"

Sherri did not agree. She said, "Natalie, have you been eating so many delicacies these few days that you no longer like pizza anymore? Pizza is great. It can warm up the atmosphere. It's steaming hot. Beer and pizza are a perfect match. Seafood feasts are all mood killers. What can we talk about?"

Natalie ate the pastry and answered in a second, "What do you want to talk about?"

Rose interjected, "She wants to hold a wedding at the same time as you."

Natalie stuffed the pastry into her mouth. It was delicious. It lifted her spirits immediately. She exclaimed, "This pastry is not bad. Where did you buy it?"

Sherri was anxious. She was about to start work, but Natalie was still discussing pastries. "Can you get to the main point? Now is not the time for pastries. It's time for pizza party!"

Natalie took another bite and said, "I have no objections. I'll eat anything. It's up to you."

Rose looked

up and asked Natalie, "Will your husband Trevon go?"

Trevon did not look like someone who would lower his status and eat pizza. He might change locations.

Natalie could not answer her. After all, she had never seen Trevon go to a pizza place. "I'll check with him later."

Sherri ignored Natalie and continued to make arrangements for the dinner. "I, you, Mr. Wilson, and Hackett, Rose. However, considering Rose is single and can't just attend alone, I plan to invite a few more people to accompany her."

Rose listened to Sherri's serious narration. She smiled and shrugged her shoulders in gratitude. "I'm so grateful for you. You've put in a lot of effort to keep me alive."

Sherri continued seconds later, "You're welcome. Friends are all about understanding each other. I plan to get my brother to come over too. He's always alone. It's quite pitiful."

Natalie threw the finished wrapper into the trash can and finished Sherri's drink. She asked, "Is Edward back?"

Sherri replied, "That's right. He's been back for a few days. I don't know if he had fallen out of love overseas, but he has been hiding in his room and didn't come out. He works hard all day. My mother's concerned."

Heartbroken?

Rose nodded and said, "I think it's possible. Usually, people who have fallen out of love need time to recuperate quietly themselves. They would not want others to disturb them, so your guess should be right. However, it helps to bring them out so they don't take things too hard."

Take things too hard? That shouldn't be the case. Her brother wasn't that pessimistic.

Sherri clapped his hands and immediately decided. "Alright, it's settled then. I'll tell my brother.

A pitiful look appeared in Rose's mind. She sighed, "Then why don't I call Joseph along too? He's also alone. I'm afraid he won't be able to take it."

Sherri agreed, "Call him, call him."

After they finalized their dinner plans, they started to make calls. Rose called Frank and in Sherri's office. "Hi, brother."

On the other end, Frank had goosebumps all over his body. "Come straight to the point."

Rose cursed in her heart. Did he dislike her gentleness that much? She changed her tone and said, "Let's have pizza tonight."

Frank refused without even thinking and said, "No."

Rose knew that this would be the result. She continued her persuasion, "Don't. It's rare for your best friends to be married on the same day. Do yourself a favor and come! Speaking to them might help you reflect on yourself to improve further."

Frank's sharp voice came through the microphone with a warning. "Rose, you deserve a beating!"

Rose continued, "Didn't you want the thing in Grace's hand? I'll help you. It's better for me to raise the topic. Think about it."

Then, she immediately added, "I definitely can't do all of them. I can contribute half or a third of the effort?"

Frank was silent. After pausing for a while, Rose suspected that the line had been disconnected. Frank replied, "Alright."

Now that her plan had succeeded, she wasn't as confident that she could ask Grace for the defense map. She could help to mention it, but the pizza party was today. She could think about it after eating. At most, she would be scolded after the pizza party.

Sherri did not need to call. She was in charge of the family now. As long as she wanted to go anywhere, Hackett would agree. He would never say no. After registering their marriage, Sherri was especially good to Hackett.

Natalie did not call and chose to send a message. Firstly, she was afraid that Trevon was busy with work. Secondly, she was scared that this man would talk on the phone while driving. "I'm going to eat pizza with Sherri and Rose tonight. Do you want to come along?"

She added, "Hackett and Frank will go too."

She thought momentarily and said, "Sherri said Edward seemed to have fallen out of love, so she called him along."

After sending three messages and sharing all the important information, Trevon did not reply immediately. It was unknown if he had seen them, but Natalie put away her phone.

Sherri asked eagerly, "How is it? Did your man agree?"

Natalie: "He haven't replied yet. He might be busy. Have Edward?"

you asked

Sherri slapped her head as she almost forgot about it. She said, "I'll make a call now."

Then, Sherri called Edward. Soon, a gentle voice came from the other end of the phone. Edward asked, "Did you call the wrong number?"

His words hurt. Sherri tried to curry favor with him and said, "Edward, we've set up a dinner date tonight. Come join us."

Edward paused for a while before saying gently, "A lot of people, I guess."

After thinking for a while, Sherri thought there 5 or 6 shouldn't be considered many and replied, "Not many. It's the same as before."

There was silence on the other end of the line. Sherri thought that her brother had hung up the phone. She took the phone from her ear and looked at it. The call was still connected. Was the connection unstable? She continued asking, "Edward, is the signal on your side bad? Why is there silence?"

Only then did Edward reply, "No, I had something on just now. I might not have time tonight. Meet up with them and have fun."

She was rejected.

Sherri was disappointed. She originally wanted to cheer her brother up. Sherri continued, "Edward, just come. We haven't had a meal together for a long time."

That's right. They used to have dinner together often. Even if it wasn't every two to three days, it was at least once a week. It was always him and the two girls.

Edward paused for a few more seconds before finally giving in and said,

"Okay."

After Natalie returned to her consultation room, Trevon's message came in. She turned on her phone and read "Chameleon's" message. The name "Chameleon" seemed inappropriate. She should change the way she named Trevon on her phone. How should she address him?

Hubby, how mushy.

Mr. Wilson seemed distant.

For some reason, she thought of Trevon's crossdressing. He was a beauty. She opened the photo of him in female clothes that she had taken last time and looked at it carefully. He was beautiful. Natalie immediately entered a new nickname: Wilson the Beauty.

Not bad. No matter how she looked at it, it felt compatible. This woman was all Natalie's.

Then, she opened Trevon's message. He replied, "Sure, it's up to you."

Was she so generous that she didn't care about Edward? However, they didn't have much to begin with. To prevent any accidents from happening, she found an excuse for Trevon. "Are you sure? The venue is quite happy today. You don't have to force yourself if you don't like it. I can say that you're in a meeting."

It would be awkward if they argued at the dining table. It was better to prepare him in advanced.

Wilson the Beauty replied, "I'm not that insensible. It's someone's treat after all."

Natalie responded, "OK."

#### [Chapter 284](#)

The pizza restaurant was a special delicacy. Its taste and atmosphere were the reasons why many people liked it.

Thriving Pizza Hub had always been a place frequented by Sherri, Natalie, and Edward.

This pizza restaurant offered the best pizza in Athana. This was one of the reasons why they came here repeatedly. There was another important reason. The people who ate there were not pretentious. They come for the pizza. They ate as they wished. Everyone was as forthcoming in the restaurant.

It was a very realistic place to dine at. Unlike in an upscale restaurant, where one had to observe table etiquette and use a standard left-hand fork and right-hand knife. If one were not careful, one would be mocked by others for having the wrong dining habit.

One did not need to pay attention to one's eating manners. One was at ease at the pizza place.

The three, Sherri, Natalie, and Rose, were people who yearned for freedom and did not like to be restrained at all times.

The first floor of the pizza restaurant was filled with liveliness and clamor. The wait staff were busy shuttling between the tables, serving dishes, refilling water, and providing good service to the patrons.

Sherri was considerate of Trevon's preference and asked for a private room on the second floor to accommodate the group. It was at the corner of the restaurant, and they would not be disturbed by others.

The ambiance of the private room was excellent. There was a large white round table in the middle. The room was of the right temperature. Everyone had already taken a seat at the table. However, the room was quiet. No one spoke.

The venue today belonged to Team Sherri. Of course, they had to speak first.

Rose looked at Edward periodically across the table. She felt that Sherri's brother looked a little familiar. It was not because he was part of the Landor family that she found him familiar. Ever since she went overseas, she had not watched the news. It was not that she did not want to watch the news, but she wanted to block out news on Athana, so she stopped

Other than Hackett, there were also Trevon and Frank. She did not know what the other men were like after they grew up.



She thought about it for a long time but could not recall where she had seen Edward. Her beautiful brows furrowed as she tried her best to. Suddenly, she had an inkling and stared fixedly at Edward's side profile.

Since her early resignation from her job in Sapphire City, Rose traveled everywhere. When she traveled to Country M, something unpleasant happened. She remembered that day when she wanted to go to the beach in Country M. She had done a travel guide with her. Many said it would be a loss if she went to Country M and did not go to the beach to enjoy the night scenery. It would be a great regret in her life. Given Rose's personality, she did not want to live with any regrets.

However, just as she was about to return, several men with tattooed arms. appeared on the beach.

It was obvious that they had ill intentions. They were sloppy and hooligan-like. They wore pants, shorts, and a sleeveless singlet. It was unknown if they deliberately showed his arms to scare people.

Anyway, in this weather, Rose felt that it was not hot enough to wear shorts.

She was 100% certain that these people were not good. It was better to stay away from them.

She lowered her gaze to avoid attention. She was not the only one by the riverside. There were many couples, old ladies, old grandpas, single

men...

Noticing that she was about to leave, they tacitly formed a circle around her.

One said, "Beauty, I can tell at a glance that you're not a local. You're so good-looking. Accompany us for a chat. We'll bring you around Country M. I guarantee you'll be satisfied."

The other agreed, "Boss is right. Come with us; we'll bring you around to have fun."

Rose chose to ignore them. What could she say to these people? She had only taken a few steps when her arm was grabbed.

The tattooed men openly tried to pull her away. There was always a difference in strength between men and women. In addition, there were many of them. She shouted for help in English at the top of her lungs, but no one came to help.

This was something Rose did not expect. She panicked, and her heart jumped to her throat. She did not want to die in a foreign country.

She thought the online travel guides were comprehensive and full of good reviews. They said that there would be many proposing on the beach at night. There was also plenty of entertainment. It was very lively but did not talk about the danger.

How could such a dangerous thing take place in such a lively place? She had never expected it.

She cursed in her heart: What kind of lousy travel guide is this? It's causing harm to others.

After the incident, she discovered those people were the hooligans in this area. No one dared to provoke them. Just as she was about to be pulled to the car, a man in a mask and cap saved her.

A tattooed man was afraid that she would run away. He knocked her out with his arms. Before she fainted, she remembered the side profile and back of the man who saved her.

When she woke up, she had already been sent to the hospital. She knew that it was the man who had saved her.

At this moment, Joseph's side profile looked similar to the benefactor in Rose's mind. She pondered over it for a while and unknowingly stared at Edward for a long time.

Frank glanced at Edward and nudged his sister, who was in a daze beside him. He reminded her, "She's acting up."

Rose came to her senses and turned around to pinch Frank's waist. She used a lot of strength to express her dissatisfaction and barked, "Shut up."

Frank slapped Rose's hand away. He rubbed his aching waist and frowned in pain. However, he did not make a sound. He wore a white short-sleeved shirt and his sunglasses hung in front of his chest. He was unruly and leaned casually against the back of the chair.

Hackett and Sherri and Edward sat on one side, Sherri sat between

Hackett and Edward, and to Hackett's right was Trevon, followed by

Natalie, and the siblings Rose, and Frank.

Trevon did not say anything. He only glanced at Edward with disdain. and a hint of provocation.

Meanwhile, Edward only calmly drank coffee without looking back. His eyes looked dull.

Natalie pursed her lips and glanced at the man beside her. She smiled and greeted Edward, "Hi, Edward."

She was addressing him the same as before, but it felt completely different.

Upon hearing this, Edward tightened his grip on the cup and forced himself to smile. He looked in Natalie's direction and saw that she had become prettier and more feminine. The girl he had been waiting for had grown up, but she was already married. He hid his sadness and said, "Congratulations."

Natalie smiled and replied, "Thank you."

Trevon clenched his right fist and placed his index finger on the tip of his nose. He took the hand on his knee under the table and put it on Natalie's. hand on the table. He clasped his hands together.

This scene was very eye-catching. The two rings intertwined.

intentionally, making Edward feel suffocated. He wanted to go out and smoke.

As a matter of fact, he was planning to do so as well. Just as he was about to get up, Sherri grabbed his arm.

The atmosphere was silent for a moment. This was not the effect that Sherri intended when she organized the dinner celebration. How could there be an awkward silence? She grabbed Edward's arm and introduced, "Edward, let me introduce you. This is my good friend, Rose. She is also Frank's sister. You should know the others; I won't introduce them."

Edward suppressed the urge to go out and greeted politely, "Hello."

The more she looked at him, the more she felt he looked like her benefactor. "Hello, my name is Rose."

Sherri stood up and picked up a can of beer on the table. Today, Natalie and I both registered our marriage together. Ruby and Jasper were born via cesarean on the same day. I'm so happy. Today is my treat. Eat freely,

Hackett will foot the bill. Don't worry about it!"

Today was the day they got their marriage certificate.

Edward subconsciously looked at Natalie. Wasn't there a divorce?

Two years ago, after what Gage said at the airport, he immediately called his friend who worked at City Hall to check Natalie's marital status.

Edward's source revealed to him that the result of the investigation was that they were married. The status was deliberately changed to divorce in the system. However, the couple was still married.

Edward did not believe it at that time. After confirming it repeatedly, the affirmative answer he got was that she was still married.

At that time, his world had collapsed. The flower he had carefully protected had been taken by others, and he could never own it again.

What an irony. He thought it was just an accidental pregnancy after she was drugged. How could he have known that the person Natalie was married to was Trevon?

After Sherri finished speaking, he sat down and muttered to himself, "Oh my god, it's as if I'm giving an award speech."

Trevon smiled and said to Hackett beside him, "Walking payment code."

Hackett rolled her eyes at him. "I'm happy to."

Edward did not look too good. He stood up and said to them, "I'm going to the washroom."

Rose, who had been sizing up Edward, had long understood his emotions. She seemed to have discovered a huge secret. Her intuition told her that there was something wrong.

Sherri thought that her brother had fallen out of love overseas. He was a little down when he saw them showing off their affection. He did not know what Edward was thinking of. She urged, "Edward, be quick."

Edward did not answer. He pushed open the door and went out.

Rose's gaze followed Edward as he left the room and the party. She instinctively got up immediately and chased after him. Edward's back view was indeed familiar. She had to ask him.

Frank hurriedly asked, "Where are you going?"

Rose raised her chin and exclaimed, "Bathroom, do you want to go together?"

Frank lowered his head and ate. He no longer cared about his neurotic sister. He couldn't control his sister.

Edward washed his face in the toilet, took out a cigarette, and leaned against the wall. He looked upset. When he noticed Rose enter, he stood straight, turned sideways, and restrained his emotions.

Rose did not go to the washroom. She stood in front of Edward and looked at him for a while.

Edward did not stop her from sizing him up at first. This made him uncomfortable. He asked, "What's the matter?"

Rose asked directly, "Have we met before?"

Edward took a puff of his cigarette and blew out a smoke ring. The smoke drifted onto Rose's face. She did not wave her hand and only held her breath for a while.

Edward looked at the short-haired girl in front of him. Her hair color made her skin look even fairer. Her exquisite face kept looking at him as if she were looking for an answer. She did not seem to be hitting on him. He replied, "No."

Rose did not give up and asked again, "Have you been to Country M this year? I'm not trying to hit on you. I felt that you looked like the person who saved me. I don't have any other intentions. I want to express my gratitude."

Edward was silent for a while. He threw his cigarette into the trash can and said calmly, "No."

The more Rose looked at his side profile, the more she felt that Edward looked like her benefactor. She asked again and again, "Really? I accidentally met a few hooligans when I was traveling overseas. One helped me, but those hooligans had weapons with them. The person who saved me should be injured. I want to find him and thank him."

Edward remained expressionless. He only said calmly, "Good luck. I'm not the person you're looking for."

Rose looked a little disappointed. As she watched him turn around, Rose stopped him by saying, "You like Natalie."

It was a statement, not a question.

Rose felt that she could not have misinterpreted it. However, in the next second, Edward denied it. "I'm afraid you've seen wrongly. Natalie's my sister."

However, his expression was filled with sadness from his loss. There was also regret, emptiness, and confusion. How could he feel that way for a sister?

However, since the person involved did not admit it, Rose could not meddle in other people's business. Everyone had a secret in their hearts. It was impolite to pry into other people's privacy. Realizing this, Rose apologized, "I'm sorry. I was rude. I apologize."

Edward didn't care. The sadness on her face was gone. He was as gentle as usual, but he looked like he was putting up a pretense, "I hope you won't misinterpret any further."

Rose replied politely, "Okay."

The two returned to the private room one after another and sat down at their respective seats.

The pizza was already delivered to the group's table. Sherri carefully picked up a big piece for her brother and passed it to him. She wanted to comfort her brother from his breakup. Edward accepted it and picked up tableware to eat.

Hackett kept serving Sherri. Whatever Sherri wanted to eat, Hackett would add it to her plate. Her plate was never empty. Edward thought well of how Hackett treated Sherri; he was relieved.

Natalie was afraid that Trevon would not be used to such a venue. She leaned closer and asked quietly, "Are you used to it? Is there anything to your liking? Do you want me to order something else for you?"

Edward looked up and saw this scene. His chest hurt, and he was stunned for a few seconds. His eyes turned red. When he retracted her gaze, he met Rose's gaze and nodded politely.

Edward felt like he had been caught in the act.

The result was clear. It seemed that she had guessed correctly. Frank picked up a beef roll from the table and placed it in Rose's bowl. He lectured in a low voice, "Mind your own business. Eat more food and talk less."

Rose looked at Frank in surprise. She tilted his head and mouthed, "You can tell."

Frank did not answer Rose. He said, "Eat your food. You can't talk when your mouth is stuffed, right?"

Rose lowered her head and ate her food. She did not say anything else. and only cursed in her heart. Even though Frank saw things clearly, he did not sort out his feelings.

He was not practicing what he preached.

Trevon raised his hand and pinched Natalie's neck before saying, "It's fine. I'll get used to it. I'll help you take whatever you want to eat."

Natalie asked him with a questioning look, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure, honey."

Throughout the night, Edward was riddled with holes. He had been stabbed in the heart by Trevon over and over. He was simply heartbroken. He already regretted agreeing to Sherri's invitation to dinner. He had long expected such a scene, but he still felt uncomfortable.

This was a good outcome. He had completely given up on Natalie now. Natalie looked happy from her interactions with Trevon. She was blissful from the bottom of her heart. It could also be seen that Trevon doted on

her.

Edward picked up a piece of spicy spinach and stuffed it into his mouth. Instantly, his eyes turned red.

Hackett tried to break the silence in the room, "Edward, have some water." Hackett had initially wanted to ease the tension between Edward and Trevon, but now it seemed a little strange.

He suddenly felt sorry for his brother-in-law. There were three of them, and he was alone.

He wondered if Sherri had mistakenly called his brother-in-law over today.

Only Sherri, Natalie, and Rose came to this party voluntarily. Frank came for his sister's sake, and Trevon came to accommodate Natalie. Hackett did it voluntarily.

However, only he knew why Edward was here.

Perhaps it was to make him give her up completely.

Perhaps it was a final farewell.

#### [Chapter 285](#)

The atmosphere at the dining table was relatively pleasant. At least, it was harmonious. After all, there were no awkward moments or tense scenes.

Halfway through the meal, Ava, the little princess, called. When Sherri got off work in the afternoon, she sent a message in the group chat, asking everyone to gather at a pizza restaurant.

Ava thought that it was their usual gathering, so she made the video call.

Natalie's phone kept ringing, interrupting the conversation. She picked up the phone and waved it. She turned to Sherri and Rose. "Ava," she mouthed.

Natalie's lip movement was clear. Sherri and Rose naturally understood what she meant. However, since Frank was around, Natalie was prepared to hang up the phone and then send a message to Ava to explain the situation.

Realizing Natalie's next move, Rose quickly stood up and walked to Natalie's side. She snatched the phone from her hand. This action shocked Natalie.

Just as Natalie was about to ask Rose what she wanted to do, the video

call was already answered.

Rose held the phone and smiled as she wiggled her waist at Frank. She smugly answered the video call. Instantly, Ava's upper body appeared on the screen. The young girl's hair was styled in a side braid. She wore a white halter-neck top with ruffled edges. One could vaguely see that the lower half of her outfit was a pair of light blue jeans.

A pair of bright and clear eyes stared at the screen. They were lively and innocent. She supported her chin with one hand and rested her chin on it. Her eyes were curved like a crescent moon. Her sweet voice came out of the phone, and her tone was cheerful. "Rose, are you guys still eating pizza?" she said. "Oh, I really want to join you."

"It's just that I'm so busy. I didn't look at my phone all afternoon. I just saw the message. Where is my sister and Sherri?"

Sherri and Natalie stood up and walked over to Rose's back. They bent down and greeted together, saying, "Hi, little princess, Ava."

Natalie involuntarily glanced at Frank. She saw that Frank had been

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eating calmly the whole time. He looked like a real hearty eater. Natalie could not help but shake her head inwardly. Then, she asked, "Ava, are you done with your busy schedule?"

Ava smiled gently. Her smile was as warm as the sun. "Not yet," she said. "I still have to check some information tonight. I had a stomach ache today, probably because I was too busy at noon and forgot to eat. I went back to the dormitory to ask my roommates for stomach medicine. It's just a little discomfort. Nothing serious."

In order to reassure everyone, she kept smiling, showing no signs of discomfort. Natalie was still a little worried. She said, "Take care of health. Don't skip meals for the sake of the competition."

Ava replied obediently, "Got it. Today is an exception."

your

"Oh, by the way, Rose," Ava continued. "Thank you for recommending the expert to me. He's really amazing. Although he doesn't talk much, he's helped me solve the problems that have been bothering me recently. How did you meet this person?"

Without waiting for Rose to speak, Ava continued to share. "I don't know if that person is a man or a woman, but that person is quite attentive," she said. "Every time I ask a professional question, he will respond. But when I ask other non-professional questions, he never responds. This person is probably a master as he doesn't like to engage in idle chatter or unnecessary talk."

Rose was at a loss and confused. "When did I recommend a tech to Ava?" she thought. "I'm just a pediatrician. How would I know a computer expert?"

"And I recommended him to Ava? What's going on?"

expert

In just a few seconds, Rose had a light bulb moment. She turned to look at Frank, wanting to say something. However, Frank stuffed a piece of garlic bread into her mouth.

Rose was forcefully silenced. She was unable to say a single word.

Natalie found it a bit strange but thought that maybe computer enthusiasts were all like that. However, Trevon's eyes turned serious. He looked in Frank's direction and smiled slightly.

He observed the actions of these two siblings without missing anything. At this moment, he was watching Frank nonchalantly as if he was

watching a good show.

Rose swallowed the entire piece of garlic bread and nearly choked on it. She glanced disdainfully at her brother, who had been eating heartily. "Jeez, he must have gone through famine," she thought.

Then, she trod on Frank's foot hard under the table.

That treading was done with the intention of venting frustration. It hurt Frank. He voiced his dissatisfaction, saying, "You are stuffed and have got nothing better to do, huh?"

As soon as Frank uttered that remark, the voice on the screen stopped abruptly. Ava, who was talking to Sherri and Natalie, instantly felt uneasy. She lowered her head and fell silent. She clutched at the hem of her shirt. with one hand. After a few seconds, she suddenly raised her head, smiled, and bid goodbye. "I've got to attend to something," she said. "Bye."

Natalie knew the reason Ava suddenly hung up, so she definitely would not stop Ava. "Goodbye," she said. "Good luck."

Sherri felt sorry for Ava too. She made a gesture to cheer on Ava.

After hanging up, the atmosphere in the private room became strange. Everyone fell silent. It was as if the atmosphere had turned cold by a few degrees.

Trevon suddenly raised his glass, faced Frank, and shouted from across. the table, "Frank, cheers to you... Stay happy being single."

Frank tilted his head and gave Trevon a disdainful look. Instead of raising his glass, he picked up the beer beside him and finished it in one gulp. He then crushed the can and accurately threw it into the trash can.

It was as if all the grievances in his heart had been poured into the trash. can. Seeing the cold expression of the person beside him, Rose continued to make Frank feel down. "Serves you right as you hurt her," she said. "Otherwise, would Ava hang up the phone immediately after hearing your voice? This goes to show that she doesn't want to hear your voice. Sigh, you don't stand a chance to reconcile with her."

Frank glanced over coldly and said, "Are you sick again? Do you need me to glue your lips?"

Rose shrugged her shoulders and shut her mouth. She retracted her gaze and looked at Edward again. The more she looked at him, the more he resembled someone else. "I've got to figure things out, or else it would

drive me crazy," she thought.



After hanging up the phone. Ava did not go to test the computer bugs. Instead, she sat blankly on the chair in the dormitory. She held her stomach with one hand and buried her head in the crook of her arm on

the table, motionless.

A person from the dormitory pushed open the door and entered. It was Ava's good friend, Alex Johnson. She was a girl, but her name sounded like a boy's name. Even her personality was like a boy's. She had a buzz cut. Those who did not know her would think that a boy had sneaked into the girls dormitory.

The moment Alex opened the door and entered, she saw Ava lying prone. She quickly walked over and patted her shoulder, expressing concern. Her voice carried a magnetic quality as she asked. "Ava, are you okay? Are you feeling unwell?"

Upon hearing this, Ava raised her head. Her eyes were shimmering with tears, making people feel distressed. Alex was anxious. "Which part of your body is unwell?" she said. "Why are you crying?"

After observing Ava's hand. Alex noticed that Ava was holding her stomach. She then said. "Is your stomach hurting so badly that you're crying? I'll take you to the hospital. This stupid competition is driving everyone crazy. The school principal has got nothing better to do than to agree to such a

competition. He's old and has got nothing better to do. Let's not participate in it. We don't care about saving face for anyone."

Alex cursed, "What kind of lousy thing is this? Return it tomorrow and let the principal participate in the competition himself since he agreed to it.

"If I were the top student in the school. I would go on your behalf. I should've known and not slept during class."

Ava was on the verge of laughing as a result of feeling irritated. When Alex got angry, she said whatever came to her mind without holding back. Ava found her adorable. She forced a smile and explained, "I'm fine. I'm just a little uncomfortable."

She felt emotionally uncomfortable. She felt very uneasy.

Initially, Ava thought that it would be fine as long as she deleted Frank's contact information. As long as she did not see it, she would be able to avoid being reminded about Frank. As time passed, she would then be able to forget him.

But that did not seem to be the case. When she heard Frank's voice, she wanted to cry. She missed him.

She truly missed him, but she could not say it out loud. She had her own dignity too. She had already lowered her pride to pursue him. She could not pester him anymore.

"Even if I can't make him like me, I can't make him hate me," she thought.

Feeling anguished, Ava said, "Alex, I lost my love."

Alex raised her head abruptly and stared at Ava intently. She wanted to see if Ava was telling the truth. She saw Ava looking sad. Ava was holding back her tears. This was the first time Alex saw Ava like this.

“When did you break up?” she said. “Why didn’t I know about it? Who did this to you? I’ll go give him some beating.”

“Fuck,” Ava thought. “He was blind.”

Her good friend’s words warmed her heart. A crystal clear teardrop slowly slid down the corner of Ava’s eye. She pretended to be relaxed and said, “It’s one-sided love. I confessed my feelings, but I was rejected.”

“He has no feelings for me,” Ava thought.

Upon hearing this, Alex got even more furious. “Fuck, who is this?” she asked. “Is he fucking blind? Can he not see your good qualities?”

Ava seemed to have forgotten to ask for the specific reason for getting rejected. It seemed meaningless to continue asking after she had been rejected. She felt that it was okay this way. With time, she could return to being a happy little princess, but at the moment, her heart was aching and her eyes were teary. “Maybe I’m too young,” she said. “Or maybe he has already had feelings for someone else. Or maybe he wants to be with someone from his own city...”

“The most probable reason is he doesn’t like me,” Ava thought.

Alex understood. She did not want Ava to dwell on this topic any longer. Like a boy, she hugged Ava, who cried silently in her arms,

Alex lowered her voice and comforted Ava. “Don’t be sad, Ava,” she said.

There are plenty of people at school who like you. We don’t even like him. It’s his loss if he doesn’t like you.”

Ever since Ava came back from Athana, she would shake her head and say this to herself whenever she thought of Frank in the middle of the

“But the reality is not like that,” she thought. “When you want to forget someone, that person will always appear in your mind. They will appear frequently and won’t disappear. The more you try to forget, the more often they will appear.”

She thought of Frank a lot, so much so that she almost cried when she heard Frank’s voice just now. Hence, she hurriedly hung up.

She was afraid that she would be looked down upon if she hung up a second later. She wanted to be proud of herself.

She did not tell her brother and sister about this. She was afraid that they would worry, especially her sister. She knew that her sister would blame herself and feel responsible for the situation.

Ava cried for a very long time. When she could not cry anymore, she got up to wash her face. Alex looked at her good friend and scratched her buzz cut sadly with a frustrated expression.

Alex thought, “Why bother liking any guy? It’s just asking for trouble. It’s better to be single.

The pizza party came to an end.

On the way back, the Maybach car was driven steadily toward Evergreen Gardens. Trevon held Natalie's hand with one hand. A pair of rings that shone in the darkness found their right place.

After looking at the scenery outside the window for a while, Natalie retracted her gaze, lowered her eyes, glanced at the man who was holding her tightly, and said, "Do you really dislike Edward?"

Trevon's eyes moved. He looked ahead and turned the steering wheel with one hand. The front of the car turned to another road and he said, "Do you think I will ever like someone who wants to win my wife's heart?"

Trevon thought, "Am I that magnanimous? If I could even accept this, then I wouldn't be considered magnanimous. I would be considered a saint.

"There's no way I would like him. Not beating him up is deemed the best outcome."

Natalie rolled her eyes at Trevon when he could not see. She said, "I don't mean anything else. I just hope that you guys won't deepen the conflict. because of me. He has never said that he likes me. In my eyes, he's just my elder brother. I explained this to you the other day.

"Besides, he has helped me a lot, whether it's as a friend or a brother. I owe him. I'm not saying this to make you feel grateful to him like I do. Rather, it's simply because I don't want the relations between the both of you to get too strained."

Sherri was Natalie's best friend. and Edward was like a brother to Natalie. Now that Trevon was her husband, she hoped for harmony between him. and Edward. Even if they could not get along well, she hoped that the relations between both of them would not worsen.

She would not force Trevon to treat Edward a certain way. She just hoped they would not be at odds with each other.

Trevon squeezed Natalie's palm with one hand. He was very satisfied with Natalie's response. There was a glimmer of smile in his eyes as he slowly said, "Don't worry. Since he hasn't confessed, I won't do anything to him and will consider your feelings."

Natalie was at a loss for words.

The car arrived at the car park of Evergreen Gardens.

Trevon was in a joyful mood. He leaned over and carefully helped Natalie unbuckle the seatbelt. Just as he was unbuckling, the phone placed on the center console of the car rang.

It was a call from an unknown number.

After Trevon unbuckled the seatbelt, he sat down and picked up his phone. Upon hesitating for a few seconds, he answered the call. While he was listening, he looked at Natalie.

Trevon did not say a word, not even moving his lips. The call lasted only a few seconds. Natalie did not know who was on the other end of the line or what that person had said. Trevon was expressionless. After hanging up the phone, he smiled and politely asked for Natalie's agreement to let him leave. "Honey, I've got something to attend to," he said. "Can you go up first? I'll be back soon."

Natalie was not someone who would act coyly. Neither was she a clingy woman. She readily agreed and even reminded Trevon. "Okay," she said. "Take care and stay safe."

Trevon leaned forward again and kissed her eyes. "Goodbye, Honey," he said.

Natalie pushed open the door and got out of the car. She walked toward the elevator. After Natalie entered the elevator, Trevon turned on the surveillance camera application on his phone. It was only when he saw Natalie enter the suite that he turned off his phone, put it back onto the center console of the car, and started the car again.

Trevon was at the Wilson Group.

At this hour, there were not many people left in the office. When the security guards at the door saw their boss walking toward them, they were uneasy.

After all, it had been a long time since their boss worked overtime. Moreover, their boss rarely came to the Wilson Group at night. "He suddenly appears," they thought. "Could it be that he wants to check on us?" This made the people who were at work tonight feel puzzled, fearing that they had done something wrong.

It was like the first reaction of a mouse when it saw a cat. Regardless of

whether they had done something wrong or not, they would show the most genuine response.

They were afraid, and they wanted to run away.

"Mr. Wilson," the security guards shouted in unison. Their voices were loud and clear as they were afraid that they would be criticized for lacking in vigor.

Trevon was in a good mood today. Although he did not smile, he replied for the first time, "Mm. Keep up the good work."

Those security guards were left speechless.

"Our boss is possessed," they thought.

After taking a few steps, Trevon seemed to have thought of his purpose of coming to the office. He spoke to the receptionist on duty. "When the person who's coming to see me arrives, take him directly to my office," he said.

The receptionist stood upright, wore a standard professional smile, and said, "Alright, Mr. Wilson."

Trevon did not even look at the receptionist's face. He behaved in a manner that was considered appropriate and respectful according to traditional standards of masculinity and moral values. Upon giving instruction, he strode into the private elevator, leaving the security guards and the receptionist exchanging glances with each other.

They were surprised by Trevon's unexpected display of politeness. They had not recovered from the shock yet.

The only reason they could think of behind Trevon's unexpected display of politeness was that he had been trained by his wife.

A few minutes later, there was a knock on the office door. Trevon was totally unaffected. He calmly made coffee and replied casually. "Come in," he said.

The receptionist pushed open the door upon hearing Trevon's permission from inside. A short while later, a man with golden-framed glasses walked in. He was of about the same height as Trevon, but he was more refined and gentle. One could tell at a glance that he was an easy person to get along with.

The man cast a glance at Trevon, who was still making coffee. He sat

down on the sofa and unbuttoned his suit using the hand that had a light blue wristwatch.

Trevon kindly brought a cup of freshly ground coffee and placed it in front of the man. With a touch of feigned politeness, he said, "Try it. It's your first time here. I can't possibly leave you without even a cup of drink."

The man did not mind. He took it spontaneously. One could not tell whether or not he liked it based on his tone when he spoke up. "Should I say 'thank you' then?" he said.

Trevon sat down opposite him and crossed his legs. He unbuttoned the cuff of his shirt, displaying a relaxed and carefree demeanor. He held a cup of coffee in his ringed hand and said, "Out of courtesy, you should say 'thank you! But I'm a big-hearted person. I won't argue with you, so you don't have to say it.'"

Upon hearing this, the man picked up his coffee and took a sip, ignoring Trevon's words. He then gave his evaluation of the coffee. "It's not bad," he said.

Trevon did not care about his evaluation. He took a sip as well. The ring on his finger was exceptionally dazzling under the light. He said bluntly, "You like my wife."

It was an affirmative sentence.

The man did not respond to this remark. He continued to take a sip of his coffee. He glanced around the office and adjusted the frame of his glasses using his index finger and thumb.

Trevon carried on talking. He hit a raw nerve. "Edward, I'm actually quite curious," he said. "I can tell that you've liked my wife for a long time. Why didn't you confess your feelings to her?"

"Should I say you're calm and tolerant, or simply cowardly?"

This remark hurt Edward, who had been restraining himself. He finally put down his coffee and clasped his hands tightly on his lap. There was a hidden hurt in his eyes as he slowly said, "If I were to say that Natalie doesn't like me, would that make you feel comfortable?"

One could tell whether or not a person had feelings for someone else through that person's gaze. Edward was very cautious. Just as Trevon had said, he could have confessed a long time ago. It had been more than a

year or two. He missed so many opportunities to confess. However, whenever he looked into Natalie's eyes, all he saw was the gaze of a younger sister toward her elder brother, nothing more.

A majority of people stopped being friends after getting rejected when they confessed their feelings. He would rather secretly watch over Natalie like a little sister than let Natalie distance herself from him.

However, when he saw Trevon's marriage proposal video, he realized that he was wrong. Love required one to fight for it. Overthinking and being too cautious could cause one to miss opportunities for good.

He was cowardly in this regard. After Natalie got pregnant, he was even more cowardly, so much so that he was afraid to take any action. He prioritized the Landor family over everything else. Now, what reason did he have to claim that he loved her?

When he saw Natalie again that night, he did not even have the courage to greet her. He laughed at himself and said, "I may no longer have the right to love her."

Trevon could tell that Edward was disappointed. His mood improved, and he said kindly, "I'm indeed feeling comfortable now. Before I came, Natalie told me not to engage in a conflict with you. Considering your care for her all along, I'll would like to say thank you. I'm being sincere. You can accept my gratitude with peace of mind."

Edward smiled bitterly. He raised his head, met Trevon's gaze, and said, "If I were to tell you that I've been treating her so well because I want to marry her, would you still thank me?"

Trevon was not angry. He curled his lip and said, "It's useless even if you have that intention. She is my wife. You like married women, huh?"

Edward fell silent, unable to say a word.

The huge office was quiet. For a moment, no one said anything.

After a while, Trevon said, "I heard that you've been working on the furniture market recently, right?"

Edward's tightly clenched hands gradually relaxed, as if he was relieved. "Mr. Wilson, you're quite well-informed," he said. "Can we cooperate? You can have the majority stake. Lend me the port resources."

Trevon's eyes were calm and indifferent, showing no trace of interest. He asked in return, "This is your second objective in meeting me today. The

Landor family is fortunate to have you as the heir. You know when to let go and you can handle things gracefully."

The port in Athana was under Frank and Trevon's control. This was the reason why Edward had no choice but to cooperate with Trevon today. Making appropriate concessions was necessary to improve one's future prospects.

After a moment, Trevon refused without hesitation. "But I'm not willing to cooperate with you," he said.

Just as Edward was about to persuade him. Trevon spoke again. "You can work with Frank directly, but the bait you offer must be attractive enough to him," he said.

Trevon continued to hit a nerve. "I'm petty and possessive," he said. "I don't want Natalie to have much contact with you."

Natalie now occasionally came to the Wilson Group. Once they cooperated, Edward and Natalie would be able to see each other.

Edward thought, "He's very petty indeed. I thought I'd made things clear."

"I don't have a penchant for taking someone else's wife, Edward said. "After all, she has treated me as her brother for so many years. Before you show off in front of me, remind yourself constantly to treat her well. If you mistreat her one day, I will still settle scores with you."

Trevon blurted out without hesitation. "You're overthinking things," he said. "If you have time, you should be figuring out how to entice Frank with promises."

Edward thought, "What does Natalie like about him? There is nothing about him that is pleasing to the eye."

In the next moment, Trevon said kindly, "I'll talk to Frank on your behalf. Just treat it as me helping Natalie repay your kindness."

"After repaying the favor, Natalie will no longer be beholden to me," Edward thought. "This guy is terribly petty. He actually keeps track of favors and ensures that he repays them so that he won't be indebted to anyone."

Edward did not respond to Trevon's remark. Neither did he agree.

Of course, Trevon no longer said anything further. Looking at Edward's desolate back, he felt no sympathy. There were some things that he could

not compromise on. Natalie represented the ultimate principle that he would not compromise on.

It was said that the more outstanding a woman was, the more a man had to take the initiative to strive and win her heart. Nobody would wait for a man in one place, waiting for him to gather the courage, take action, and figure things out.

Edward was a perfect example.

In the end, Edward proved to be cowardly. He was hesitant and indecisive.

Perhaps this was the reason he lost Natalie.

## [Chapter 287](#)

After Edward left, Trevon did not leave immediately. He leaned lazily on the couch and drank coffee. He stretched out his well-defined hand and spread his fingers. Trevon raised his hand and held it before his eyes, squinting at the ring on his finger.

The more Trevon looked at the ring, the more beautiful it became. It was dazzling and radiant.

Natalie was his wife.

After looking at it for a while, Trevon pulled out his phone and edited the name of an unknown number to 'Landor the Assassin'

Trevon eyed the name and decided that it was the perfect description for Edward.

Trevon smiled and called Frank. The call was quickly picked up.

Strangely, it was unusually quiet on Frank's side. Trevon guessed and asked, "You're not at the Litherne Club?"

The crisp sound of a keyboard came through the receiver. Frank replied plainly, "What's the matter?"

Both of them asked questions, but neither of them answered the other's question.

Trevon could tell from Frank's voice that Frank was very busy and did not want to talk. Frank even wanted to hang up quickly. Frank urged, "If you have something to say, say it. I'm busy."

Trevon smiled playfully and teased, "You're indeed quite busy as a teacher."

Afraid that Frank's temper would make him hang up the phone, Trevon did not waste any time and explained his purpose. "Edward wants to discuss a collaboration with you. You can quote your price."

Hearing this, Frank snorted. "You're trying to use me as a tool. You don't want to put yourself out there because you're afraid your darling wife will fall out with you. Can you be any more cowardly? Why don't you change your name? Just call yourself Coward Wilson."

Trevon said, "Get lost."

Frank summoned a bit more patience, but the tapping of the keyboard continued. "What is the project that Edward wants to talk about?"

Trevon elaborated, "Edward wants to open the furniture market in Athana. 'Open' is not a good term. I think he wants to monopolize the market."

Edward might appear nice, but he actually had his own strategy for doing things and had a plan for everything. All in all, Edward was decent.

If Edward could find Trevon, it meant that Edward had thought it through carefully.

As for the exact reason, only Edward himself knew.

Frank stopped tapping and said with a hint of roguishness, "That's quite ambitious. Did Edward want to collaborate with you because he wants to work with your wife?"

Trevon said affirmatively, "Edward doesn't have the capability."

It wasn't that Trevon didn't think Edward was incapable. It was just that after talking to Edward, Trevon felt that Edward was too cautious. While he had a good personality, Edward would think twice before making any decision just because he was the oldest son of the Landor family.

Frank said, "Don't show off to me. The more you brag about your romance, the faster it will die."



Before Trevon hung up, Trevon retorted, "Be careful not to get tendon sheath inflammation."

Rose knocked on Frank's door with a glass of milk and a bag of snacks. Rose smiled brightly. "Frank, can I come in?"

There was no response from within for a long time. Rose knocked again and finally got an answer. "Get in here."

Rose quickly opened the door and fawned over Frank enthusiastically. "Come, come, come. Frank, I've prepared something delicious for you. What are you doing?"

Frank glanced at the milk in Rose's hand and the snacks Rose had placed on the bed. Frank looked at his sister inquisitively. "Tell me why you are here tonight. I'm afraid you'll poison me to death."

Frank had seen through Rose. Rose coughed to hide her embarrassment. "I just wanted to feed you. Why can't I be nice to you? Are you acting coy?"

Frank said, "You're being overdramatic. I don't have any awards for you. Save your acting skills and try honesty instead."

Rose pouted and sat down on Frank's bed. Frank was wearing gray silk pajamas, which looked very comfortable. This was the first time Rose had seen her brother in pajamas. Frank appeared quite amiable in the pajamas if one didn't look at the deadpan expression on his face.

Rose reached out to touch the material on Frank's chest. It was very comfortable. Rose was afraid that she would be beaten up, so Rose quickly retracted her hand. "Where did you buy these pajamas? This material is not bad. Give me one too. We can wear matching clothes."

Frank gave Rose a look of utter disdain. "I'm not in love with you."

Rose clicked her tongue for a while and looked at him in derision as well. "Do you know how to chat? It's so difficult to continue a conversation with you. In this situation, if your future girlfriend asks you, you should say, 'Okay, what color do you like?' I'll arrange it for you."

"Still acting?"

Rose looked resentful and sighed. "I'm teaching you how to date. You're treating my kindness as ill intentions."

"Tell me when you've got yourself figured out. Grace bought the pajamas. If you want them, you can tell her. Grace would be very happy. Maybe you can get ten sets tonight." Frank closed the computer and placed it on the pillow where it would be far from Rose.

Hearing this explanation, Rose was stunned. Perhaps Grace was afraid that Rose wouldn't like the things Grace bought.

Frank reminded Rose to focus and urged Rose again, "I'll give you one minute to state what you want. This is your last chance."

Rose sat down and straightened her back. Rose smiled at Frank and tried to cajole him, "Frank, can you help me investigate Edward?"

Rose gazed at Frank pleadingly with a pitiful expression. If Frank didn't know about Rose's acting skills, Frank would have believed Rose.

Frank's aura was actually somewhat similar to Grace's. "Reason?"

Rose sighed again and told Frank about what had happened in

Mosuland. It was very emotionally gripping. Rose was able to dramatize it very well, especially with elaborate body movements.

Frank crossed his arms in front of his chest and bent one leg as he watched Rose's performance. However, Frank still frowned when he heard the thrilling bit. After the show and tell ended, Frank asked, "So you plan to marry yourself off to Edward as payment for his help?"

Rose schooled her emotions and glared at Frank. "Why must you think so much? Was that what I said? I only wanted to thank him."

Frank placed his hand on the back of his head and leaned against the headboard of the bed. Frank analyzed lazily, "Natalie, Edward did a good deed and didn't leave his name behind. Yet you insisted on finding him. and looking him up. What's wrong with you?"

Rose retorted, "Yes, I am crazy. That's why I am here. If I were sane, I wouldn't be sitting here asking you to investigate him."

Rose bit off without thinking.

Realizing that she had yet to achieve her goal, Rose smiled apologetically. Her facial transformation could be said to be magical. "Help me, brother. Look at how handsome you are. You definitely can't bear to help. Look at me again. Aren't I very beautiful and kind? How can you bear not to help?"

"If you don't help, you'll have a heart of stone."

Frank was silent for a moment. "What if the person who saved you isn't Edward?"

Rose said, "We'll talk about it if that's the case."

Frank reminded Rose, "Don't provoke him."

"What are you thinking? I only want to thank Edward. Why are you making me look like I'm in heat? It's not like I jump anyone I see. I'm not stupid. Edward likes Natalie."

After saying that, Rose even gestured her eyes with her hands, stating that she had seen it.

Frank chuckled. "Looks like you're not stupid. Go back to sleep and take your food with you."

When Rose reached the door, she turned around worriedly and reminded Frank, who was leaning against the headboard, "Hurry up,

okay?"

Rose quickly carried the snacks in her arms and went out.

However, Rose returned within a second. Rose asked in confusion. "Did you use my phone to send Ava messages? You deliberately shut me up during dinner tonight."

Frank replied without changing his expression, "You're overthinking it. Is there a record on your phone? Hurry up and go to sleep."

Why was Rose so unconvinced? "Honestly, my intuition tells me you're lying."

"Also, Ava must have a record."

Frank glared at his sister. "Where would I know a computer expert?" Frank threatened, "Do you still want me to investigate Edward?"

Frank successfully changed the topic. For her own purposes, Rose could not expose Frank. Still, there would not be smoke without fire. Ava wouldn't have said anything if that was the case. Besides, Frank was the one who had borrowed the phone that day. Frank was such a big bad wolf. Ava said, "Investigate, yes. Well, have fun. I'm leaving. Bye."

Watching Rose leave, Frank's eyes darkened. Frank turned on the computer on the pillow and continued working.

In the living room of the Landor family, Sherri originally planned to move in with Hackett today, but they were summoned back by Richard. Now, Richard and Juana were sitting on the couch in the living room with Sherri and Hackett. Ruby was being carried by Juana.

The little fellow was going to go live with the Blackwell family soon. Juana had always been by Ruby's side, so it was inevitable that Juana would be reluctant to part with Ruby. Now, Juana wanted to hold Ruby for as long as she could.

There were two documents on the table. It was the equity transfer agreement.

Richard pushed the two documents on the coffee table forward and said, "Now that you're husband and wife, there are some things I still have to say, Hackett "

Hackett hurriedly replied, "Yes, what is it?"

Richard continued, "We've felt your parents' sincerity for Sherri and are very touched. I know that Sherri won't be ill-treated if she marries you, but it doesn't need to be reinforced with money and shares. The Blackwell family has a very stable standing in Athana. Honestly, I'm shocked that you are willing to give shares to Sherri."

Hackett listened carefully, like a good student listening to a teacher's lecture.

"But after careful consideration, we can't accept these shares for Sherri."

Hackett wanted to interrupt, but Richard raised his hand to stop Hackett.

"Let me finish. Even if we were to accept, this is simply too much. This will affect the Blackwell family's standing in Athana. Sherri doesn't know anything about running a company. Otherwise, Sherri wouldn't

have studied medicine and would have entered the Landor Group. Since you've already registered your marriage, we're family. It's the same no matter who holds the shares. Hackett, this is the share

transfer agreement I drafted. This will transfer eighty percent of the shares under Sherri's name to you, and leave Sherri with ten percent. This way, your parents won't overthink. It'll be easier for you to explain when you go back."

Hackett was a little at a loss. Hackett looked at the documents on the table and scratched the back of his head. Hackett said, "Dad, this is what Sherri deserves. My mother transferred all her shares to Sherri to prevent me from treating her badly."

Of course, Richard knew the in-laws' intentions. Richard smiled and asked, "Will you treat Sherri badly?"

Hackett hurriedly said, "No."

Richard nodded in satisfaction and said, "Then that's good. It doesn't matter who has the shares. the Blackwell family's standing will be even more stable in your hands. I'm also thinking of Sherri. The more stable your Blackwell family's standing is, the more reassured I'll be. Don't worry and sign it. I'll explain it to your father."

Sherri urged, "Go on, just sign it. Listen to my father. If you don't want to sign it, it means you're planning to abandon me."

Hackett was exasperated. "Honey, don't be ridiculous. Why would I do such a thing? I'll sign it."

At most, Hackett would be beaten up. Hackett still had to listen to his father-in-law.

After Hackett signed his name, Richard took two more agreements from behind the couch and placed them on the table. "This is ten percent of the Landor Group shares. Consider it to be Sherri's dowry. After you accept this, you must be absolutely loyal to Sherri."

Sherri's eyes reddened. Richard did not tell her in advance that there was such a thing. Richard only said that he would return the shares to Hackett. If Sherri had taken the shares, it would affect the Blackwell family's standing in Athana. If someone with ulterior motives published it online, there might be some fallout.

Richard went on, "Sherri is the treasure in my hands. We are not selling our daughter. As Sherri's father, this is what I am doing for Sherri. Sign it."

Hackett held the pen and paused for a moment. His eyes were red, and his hand trembled as Hackett signed the agreement again.

Although he had become rich overnight, Hackett was not happy. Instead, Hackett's heart felt very heavy. Hackett stood up and expressed his stance to Richard. "Dad, since I've accepted these, I promise I won't go back on my word. If I fail to do so, you can whip me to death. I swear that I'll treat your treasure like my own. You're welcome to supervise me at all times."

Richard nodded. Tears flowed from the corners of his eyes as Richard nodded. Juana took a tissue and turned her head. Sherri's tears had already filled her eyes.

Richard took a deep breath to ease his emotions. Richard said to Hackett, "Sit down. I believe you, and I wish the best life for both of you in the future. Sherri is sometimes more willful. You're the man, so bear with her."

Hackett promised at once. "Dad, I'll remember."

After sitting down, Hackett took out a tissue to wipe Sherri's tears. "Don't cry. Isn't this something to be happy about? You're making my heart ache."

Richard sat down and looked at them in relief. Richard's eyes were filled with fondness. Deep down, he was reluctant to part with his daughter.

Sherri had grown up from a little girl in a blink of an eye and was now married.

### [Chapter 288](#)

A gentle breeze blew. The birds chirped and twittered, trying to break the silence of the cemetery, creating a sad chorus.

The birds sang for a long time. Perhaps they felt they could not break the hush and thus decided to stop. The surroundings fell quiet instantly, as though time had frozen.

Trevon was wearing sunglasses and a black sweater suit, standing in front of a tombstone in silence. His sharp facial features were filled with coldness. Even with sunglasses on, one could feel the icy aura around

him.

Jim stood behind, not even daring to breathe loudly. Jim didn't know why Mr. Wilson came to the cemetery so early in the morning. Mr. Wilson didn't even buy flowers or anything else. Did Mr. Wilson really come to pay respects to the dead?

After standing for about half an hour, Jim's imagination had gone wild.

Trevon's eyes were menacing. Trevon looked at the tombstone of Barron through the lens of his sunglasses as if he could stare through it. Then, Trevon looked at Jenny's tombstone beside Barron's, and Trevon's eyes softened.

After standing for a few more minutes, Trevon turned around and spoke to Barron with a cold expression, "Retribution should be coming soon."

After a moment of silence, Trevon turned around and left without hesitation.

Looking at his boss's strange actions, Jim was very confused. Although Jim was puzzled, his feet still followed his boss closely.

At the foot of the mountain, Jim unlocked the car. Trevon slid into the backseat. Jim opened the door of the driver's seat and went in. Through the rearview mirror, Jim asked his boss, "Mr. Wilson, are we heading back to the company?"

Trevon did not answer the question. Instead, Trevon instructed Jim, "Don't tell her we came to the cemetery."

Trevon was referring naturally to Natalie. Jim nodded. "Okay. Are you heading to the company?"

"Yeah."

Things usually come in waves, bringing both joy and sorrow.

When it was almost time to get off work, the door of Natalie's consultation room was open and Emily crashed in. Yes, Emily did not push the door open. Emily had slammed it open.

There was another patient in the consultation room. The patient was shocked by the sudden sound and turned to look at the person at the door.

Natalie glared at Emily at the door and spoke first. "If you've come for a doctor's consultation, take a number."

When Natalie said that, the patient, who was sitting down, looked at Emily as if Emily was a lunatic.

Emily was not blind. How could Emily not understand the overt gaze? Emily snapped at the patient, "What are you looking at? Have you never seen a beautiful woman before?"

The patient was speechless. He thought, "Do you have some

misunderstanding about the word 'beautiful? I'm looking at you because you look like a lunatic."

Then, the patient retracted his gaze and looked at Natalie.

sympathetically. "Mrs. Wilson, it's quite difficult to be a doctor. You are very admirable."

Natalie heard the sarcasm and returned the medical record to the patient with a smile. "Pay at the counter. You can get the medicine after payment. If you still don't understand how to take the medicine, come and find me."

"Alright, Mrs. Wilson. Thank you."

After the patient left, Emily sat on the chair and went straight to the point. "Dad was arrested. Tell Mr. Wilson to get Dad out."

Only then did Natalie look at the lunatic sitting opposite her. Emily was so close that Natalie could clearly see the subtle slap marks on both sides of Emily's face. Natalie remembered that Peggy had hit one side of Emily's face that day, not both sides. Either Emily had been hit by Peggy again when Emily went back, or Max had done it.

However, Natalie did not intend to ask. Emily had chosen this path and

the person. Natalie said calmly, without a trace of concern in her tone, "What did he do this time?"

Emily didn't like Natalie's tone and criticized Natalie. "What do you mean? You didn't save my mother when she went to jail. Dad is your biological father, and yet you're still so indifferent. Natalie, is your heart made of stone?"

Natalie leaned back in her chair and crossed her arms on the table. There was no warmth in Natalie's eyes as Natalie looked at Emily coldly and said, "He didn't raise me at all. All he did was sleep with my mother. Why must I be grateful to him? Is there something wrong with you?"

“To me, he’s at most a DNA donor. I have made my biggest concession to him when I put him out of sight and out of mind. So don’t come to bother me.”

Emily was dissatisfied. If Harry went to jail too, she would become a joke in the circle. “Mr. Wilson treats you like a treasure. It would take only one sentence from you and you wouldn’t help? Do you want your mother-in-law and the others to look down on you? Do you think it’s glorious for Dad to go to jail?”

Emily recalled the scene of Trevon’s proposal. Emily was so jealous that she could explode. How could this bitch be so lucky? Look at herself. Last night, Emily wanted to consummate her marriage with Max after registering her marriage.

Wearing sexy pajamas, Emily repeatedly seduced and tried her best. Not only did Max not put out, but Max also dragged Emily out of bed and let her sleep next door.

With a marriage license in her hand, Emily was naturally much bolder. Emily said to Max without holding back, “Are you dead? How can you not react when I’m already like this?”

As soon as she said this, Emily was slapped. Max did not end there. Max continued hurling kicks and punches at her until Emily curled up in pain.

Max did not return for the entire night. Emily was the only one in the huge room. There was not even a maid left to take care of her.

There were many bruises on Emily’s body. The more Emily thought about it, the more she felt that something was wrong with Max. Thinking back, Peggy was also acting very strange. It was odd that the marriage had gone through so smoothly.

Emily’s thoughts drifted, but Natalie pulled Emily back. “Trevon is a human, not a god. Besides, Trevon wouldn’t do anything illegal. Harry must have been arrested because he broke the law. Otherwise, do you. think the police arrested him because they like him and want to chitchat?”

Natalie had no sympathy at all. Call her cold-blooded or unfilial, but Natalie could not sympathize with Harry. “Use your brain. Without concrete evidence, the police will not fall in love with Harry. Go back and ask the father whom you like what he did wrong.

“Your father won’t be able to come out even if you stay here for a day. Instead of wasting time here, why don’t you investigate the truth? Furthermore, seeing how miserable you are looking, let me remind you not to accuse a man of being impotent. You’ll be beaten. up that way.

“Don’t look at me like that. I don’t owe you anything. At most, both of us. share the same DNA donor. Other than that, there’s nothing else. You were the one who did everything you could to pester Max. You are living your dream now. Don’t complain. No one owes you anything.”

Emily stared at Natalie with wide eyes, searching Natalie’s face. “So there’s something wrong with Max? You knew from the beginning, didn’t you? You deliberately keep it from me.”

Natalie narrowed her eyes and looked at Emily as if Natalie was looking at a fool. “Mrs. Wilson: Doesn’t this title sound good to you? Isn’t this the title you want? If I had told you earnestly before you register your marriage, ‘Emily, you must not marry him. He can’t give you sex. You have to change your mind.’”

After Natalie's voice changed and Natalie went on, "If I had said that and you had listened to me, pigs would fly. With the persecutory paranoia which you inherited from your mother's womb, you won't believe me. I would be thankful if you only thought I was preventing you from marrying into a rich family.

"Besides, how would I know if Max Wilson is capable of sex or not? Shouldn't you know? There's a difference between reality and fantasy, Emily. Don't daydream every day. If you have time, read more books and educate your brain."

Emily was speechless. Yes, if Natalie had said that to her before they registered their marriage, Emily would definitely think that Natalie had an ulterior motive.

After all, Emily did not think that Natalie would be kind to her.

Emily did not continue to coerce or pester Natalie today. Emily left in disappointment. It was unknown if it was because Emily was disappointed or if she had other thoughts.

Natalie didn't want to care anymore. Her days were getting better day by day. Why should Natalie put her focus on irrelevant people? Besides, it was Emily's own choice. No one forced Emily to marry Max.

Emily was the one who was stupid and wanted to get married. How could a family like Max's agree to wed so easily? If Emily had spent a minute. thinking about it, Emily might not jump into the trap.

Sherri pushed the door open and entered. Sherri turned her head to check outside. "What's going on? Did the nympho come looking for trouble with you again?"

Natalie shook her head and took off her white coat. Natalie said

truthfully, "No, Harry was taken away by the police. Emily wanted me to save him, but I refused."

Sherri was silent for a while before asking, "What did Harry do?"

"Who knows? I don't want to know either."

Sherri knew that Harry was an indelible injury to Natalie. Natalie did not experience fatherly love, only abuse. It was traumatic for Natalie. Thus, Sherri stopped asking and changed the topic. "When are we going to Sapphire City?"

Natalie thought for a moment. "Why don't we go two days in advance? I want to accompany my aunts too. Are you able to make time?"

Sherri patted her chest and said affirmatively, "I'll definitely be fine. I still have my annual leave. Besides, the wedding date is still far away."

Then, Sherri asked again, "Have you asked Mr. Wilson if we can hold a wedding together? I dreamed of us getting married together last night."

Oh no. Natalie had been a little busy recently and had forgotten about it temporarily. Natalie covered her guilt by clearing her throat. "I'll go back and ask tonight."

"Alright, I'll tell Rose later. Let's not tell Ava yet and give her a big surprise.



Natalie made a gesture. "Okay

## [Chapter 289](#)

At four-thirty in the afternoon, in an office in prison, Trevon sat in front of the table with an oppressive aura.

Harry sat on the other side in a prison uniform, looking old. Without the suits he always wore, Harry looked nothing like his usual self. In just a few hours, Harry had lost his vitality.

Harry looked down. Harry was afraid of Trevon. Harry clasped his hands. nervously. His forehead was covered in cold sweat. Harry looked at the hands on his legs with trembling hands.

For a long time, neither of them spoke. The office was so quiet that one could hear the sound of breathing.

It was as if Trevon was here to sit. Trevon was calm, unhurried, and played with the ring on his finger.

The longer the time passed, the more nervous and uneasy Harry became. Finally, Harry couldn't help but speak, his voice trembling. "Mr.... Mr. Wilson, why... are you looking for me?"

Hearing this, Trevon still did not speak immediately. Trevon remained silent and kept touching the ring on his finger repeatedly. Trevon was very careful, and his movements were abnormally gentle, not wanting to tarnish it. After a long time, Trevon said, "Do you know why you came in?"

Harry took a deep breath and nodded. "I know. Drugs."

Trevon smirked sarcastically. "Don't you know what you've done? Let me remind you, you can't get out."

Harry's eyes widened. He was caught because he was taking drugs. Why couldn't he get out? If he quit drugs, could he not leave?

Harry panicked, terrified, and stuttered, "W-why?"

Trevon was calm. In contrast to Harry, Trevon said unhurriedly, "Don't you know what you've done? Or do you not want to remember?"

Hearing this, Harry's face turned extremely pale. Harry looked at Trevon in disbelief and a hint of fear. "You..."

Trevon cut Harry off and exposed him. "You should know very well how Natalie's grandparents died, right? You really vividly portrayed the words

'people die for money. You would do anything to get the Lopez family's assets. You're much more ruthless than me in this aspect. I still have to learn from you.'

There was no doubt that Trevon now knew about the secret many years ago. Harry panicked. His face was white, and his hands kept shaking.

Never in his wildest dreams did Harry expect that the secret would be uncovered. How many years ago had it been? At that time, the surveillance coverage was not that wide. The place Harry chose was also a

road that had no surveillance cameras. The car which crashed into the two elderly Lopez had also fallen off the cliff. It could be said that there was no evidence. How could it be uncovered now?

Harry couldn't understand. It had been so many years. Other than Elena, no one else knew about this. They had always kept this matter to themselves.

Last time, it was because Elena knew the truth that Harry had to transfer the villa and shares to his son. They even signed an agreement that Elena would keep the secret.

Harry recalled that, many years ago, Daisy suddenly jumped off a building and died. At first, Harry did not intend to do anything, but he couldn't withstand Elena's persistent persuasion.

At that time, Elena had said, "Harry, Daisy is the only daughter of the Lopez family. She is dead now. The two elderly Lopez are getting old. The company and money will end up in someone else's hands if they're scammed by someone with ulterior motives. We can still help manage it in our hands. Why don't you go to the two elderly Lopez tomorrow and get them to transfer the company to your name? After all, you're the Lopez family's son-in-law.

"I'll be okay. As long as I'm by your side, it's fine, even if I don't have a status. It is too bad for Emily since she'll suffer. They will call her illegitimate even though Emily is yours. Natalie is not biologically related to you, but she is the oldest daughter of the Foster family."

Harry comforted her. "When Daisy's funeral is over, I'll come for both of you. I won't let you suffer outside with Emily. How can the child of mine wander the streets?"

The next day, Harry returned dejectedly, Harry was furious and cursed, "Those two old bastards. I told them to transfer the company to my name so I can help manage it, but the two of them actually wanted to

bury their daughter in the cemetery of the Lopez family. I painstakingly raised their granddaughter for so many years. Not only did they not thank me, but they also told me not to dream about it. When did I treat Daisy badly? I didn't even touch her when she went to see that man."

Elena was very happy with Harry's performance. Elena instigated, "Since the two elderly Lopez can't figure it out, we can only..."

Harry understood and had a plan in mind.

The next day, the Lopez family sent people to transport Daisy's body back to the Lopez family for cremation. After the cremation, Daisy was buried in the Lopez family's cemetery.

The Lopez family's cemetery was a little remote and surrounded by mountains. There were not many cars passing by. On the way back after the two elderly Lopez buried Daisy, they got into a car accident, and their vehicle fell off the cliff.

By the time the police found them, the two elderly Lopez were both dead. Since there was no eyewitness on this road, the police could only conclude that it was an accident. After all, the car that had collided with the two elderly Lopez had also fallen off the cliff.

After the two elderly Lopez passed away, Harry took out a fake agreement. It was the transfer agreement for Daisy's shares. Harry had taken Daisy's thumbprint when Daisy was asleep. Since Harry

was the son-in-law, Harry inherited the Lopez family's company. After obtaining it, it merged with the Foster family's company and was collectively called the Foster Group.

After a long recollection, Trevon's cold voice pulled Harry back to reality. "So, you do remember how you had committed murder. You haven't. forgotten it. You deliberately refuse to admit to it."

Without waiting for Harry to speak, Trevon spoke first. Trevon did not show any respect for Harry. "I'm quite curious. Why don't you love Natalie when she is your daughter?"

Harry smiled and mocked himself. "Daughter? Natalie is the bastard child of Emma and her lover. I've helped Daisy raise Natalie for so many years. What's wrong with me taking something in return?"

Harry said this indignantly with grievance and anger.

This was the resentment and deep hatred after a deep love.

After a moment of silence, Trevon narrowed his beautiful eyes. Trevon's eyes were filled with coldness as he asked, "Who told you Natalie wasn't your daughter?"

Harry said without hesitation, "I've tested it twice."

Trevon threw a file on the table upon Harry's words, and it landed with a loud sound. "Open your eyes and take a good look. Is Natalie your daughter?"

This paternity test was recently done by Trevon. It was done on Harry and Natalie. Trevon had his doubts when Trevon saw Harry's reaction. after Natalie was drugged two years ago. Why did Harry Foster hate Natalie so much if Natalie was Harry's biological daughter? The only explanation was that Natalie was not Harry's biological daughter.

Trevon sent a bodyguard to the casino to secretly take Harry's hair and send it to the hospital.

Harry looked at Trevon, who was facing him, in confusion. Harry opened the file with shaking hands and read the information. Harry's lips were trembling as he looked up and said in shock, "This is impossible. How can Natalie be mine? I clearly checked it twice."

Harry continued to mutter to himself, and Trevon did not interrupt him. Trevon was trying to locate the problem through Harry's speech.

"I was afraid that the test would be wrong. I even went to two hospitals. How did this happen?"

"Impossible. It must be wrong. Something has gone wrong. Yes, there must be something wrong."

Harry had always thought that Natalie was not his daughter. Harry treated Natalie like an enemy and thought of Daisy as a woman who had an affair. Now that the circumstances had changed, how could Harry accept his mistake?

If Daisy were innocent of having an affair, it would mean Harry had been wrong all along.

Trevon Wilson's cold and deep voice sounded in the office. "I can vouch for this appraisal with my life. It's the truth. It's useless even if you don't want to admit it. You're just deceiving yourself.

Harry met Trevon's gaze, which was certain and irrefutable. Harry panicked so much that his face turned green. In the next second, Harry

thought of the reason. "It's that bitch Elena. It must be that bitch. It must be."

The corners of Trevon's lips twitched as Trevon glared at Harry. "You pushed your own daughter away and made her suffer. Have you ever thought about how Natalie lived all these years? Do you know that Natalie was bullied in school? Do you know that Natalie was often humiliated? If you weren't Natalie's biological father, I would have personally ended you. I wouldn't have given you a chance to reflect on yourself in jail."

Harry's eyes were red and filled with regret. "I've wronged Natalie, but I didn't harm Daisy. It really wasn't me. Daisy jumped off the building herself. I don't know why she jumped off the building either."

Harry explained his feelings for Daisy. "Daisy was the kind of girl who looked like she was from a wealthy family. Daisy was the one men can't take their eyes off, whether it was her face or her figure. Daisy exuded a scholarly aura from head to toe. She was very capable. She was very proficient in the arts. The two elderly Lopez had invested a lot of effort and love into Daisy. I fell in love with her at first sight.

"Actually, Daisy didn't like me at first and even rejected my pursuit. Daisy was a very arrogant person. One day, I coincidentally met Daisy arguing with that man. From what they were saying, Daisy liked him, but that man rejected her. Daisy asked repeatedly for the reason, but the man refused to answer.

"Daisy said that he clearly liked her too, so why did he not make a move?

"The man still didn't say anything. He remained silent until Daisy left sadly. I followed behind Daisy to comfort her. When she opened a dance studio in Athana to teach dancing and piano, I found the studio and courted her for more than a year. In the end, I succeeded. My efforts paid off. She married

me. After we got married, we were quite happy. She was a good wife. Not only was she well-versed in the arts, but she also knew how to cook. However, I know that she had learned this skill from that man."

Trevon patiently listened to Harry's love history with Daisy and guessed, "After that, someone told you that Daisy was having an affair, right? That led to you having an affair."

Harry's face was stiff. Harry nodded without denying it. Elena had told him.

At that time, Elena was still a receptionist at the Foster Group. One day after work, Elena waited for him in the parking lot and gave him the photo of Daisy entering a hotel with a man.

When he saw the photo, Harry's world was overturned. No man could accept infidelity from his wife, and Harry was the same.

Harry's heart was burnt with anger, and Harry began to look for an outlet to vent it. After interacting with Elena a few times, Harry realized that Elena was especially good at making people happy and was gentle. As time passed, coupled with Elena's temptation, Harry naturally cheated on Daisy.

After knowing that Natalie was not his child, Harry started to be with Elena openly and often stayed out at night

Regarding this. Daisy appeared very calm. Emma didn't cry or make a fuss. This was what Harry was most unhappy about Harry felt that Daisy didn't have him in his heart

Harry rambled on and told Trevon everything. Harry told Trevon that Daisy actually had that man in his heart. As for why that man refused to be with Daisy, Harry did not know. Even Daisy herself did not know.

Trevon already knew all the reasons. From Harry's recount. Harry did love Daisy, and thus Harry couldn't accept Daisy's affair. Harry couldn't bear to do anything to Daisy.

Instead. Harry vented all his dissatisfaction and resentment on Natalie. whom Harry thought was not his biological daughter. That was why Harry loathed Natalie.

If Harry did not kill Natalie's mother, there could only be only one other possibility.

### [Chapter 290](#)

At around three in the middle of the night, Natalie was in a deep sleep. when she was woken up by the ringing of her phone on the bedside. table.

Trevon leaned over and took Natalie's phone to check. When Trevon saw that it was an anonymous number, Trevon hung up.

Just as Trevon put the phone back, the phone rang again. Trevon frowned and wanted to hang up again. Natalie propped up her upper body and narrowed her sleepy eyes. Natalie asked, "Who is it?"

Trevon replied unhappily, "I don't know. It's an unknown number."

Natalie glanced sideways at the phone number. "It's Emily."

Trevon asked, "Are you going to answer it?"

"Block the call," Natalie said.

Natalie thought that Emily was going to ask for her help again. Natalie didn't want to talk about Harry's arrest.

When a person makes a mistake, they should receive the punishment. they deserve. They should have expected the day to come before they make the mistake.

Trevon obediently hung up the phone. Then, Trevon blocked the call and lay down again. Trevon hugged Natalie's soft waist and pulled Natalie into his arms. "Sleep a little longer, honey."

Natalie was still half-asleep. She snuggled into Trevon's arms and agreed. "Okay."

Then, Natalie fell asleep again. Trevon kissed her forehead and murmured, "Natalie, I'll handle everything. Just be happy from now on."

When Natalie woke up again, it was because her phone was ringing again. Natalie didn't know what was happening today, but her phone kept ringing. This time it was Sherri. Trevon was no longer on the bed. Noises were coming from the living room.

As soon as Natalie picked up the call, Sherri began speaking energetically. "Natalie, are you up? I've got big news, huge news. One is good, and the other is bad."

Natalie rubbed her temples and yawned. "Which one do you prefer to say?"

Sherri paused for a moment. "Then I'll give you the happy news first. Elena died last night. The news reported it. They said Elena fought with someone in prison and died."

Elena died due to a fight?

What a joke. Was Elena that stupid? Elena had cherished her life very much.

Natalie did not believe that Elena would die just like that. "You're joking, right?"

Sherri knew Natalie would not believe her. Sherri said affirmatively, "Look at the news later. It's absolutely true. Am I crazy to joke with you. like this? I'm going to give you the bad news now. Can you take it? You won't collapse, would you?"

"Can't you think better of me? It's early in the morning."

Sherri apologized. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I was rambling. It's your scumbag dad. He was sentenced to death. There's no news report on this. My brother told me. I thought I should tell you anyway. After all, as you said, he's your DNA donor."

Death sentence. Natalie was shocked awake by these words. Her head was buzzing, and Natalie felt suffocated. "Did they say why?"

Natalie's heart clenched. Not because Harry had been sentenced but because Natalie had thought of the reason for the sentence. Natalie could hazard a guess.

Sherri said truthfully, "No, my brother said that the authorities had been told to keep it quiet. I can only tell you that it's the death penalty. Perhaps your husband knows."

Natalie chatted with Sherri a bit more before hanging up. Natalie was in a daze and her palms were cold.

The more Natalie thought about it, the more terrified she became.

When Trevon walked in, he saw Natalie sitting on the bed in a daze with a pale face. Trevon walked over worriedly and frowned. "What's wrong? You look so pale. We didn't eat meat last night."

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Natalie didn't cry. Natalie wrapped the blanket around herself and looked at the man tucking her loose hair behind her ears. Natalie asked, "Do you know?"

The sudden question confused Trevon. Trevon did not understand Natalie's question. "What?"

Natalie said bluntly, "Elena is dead. Harry has been given the death sentence."

It was not normal for two things to happen in one night.

Hearing this, Trevon froze momentarily. How could it be so fast? Who revealed it to Natalie? Trevon gently caressed the top of Natalie's head. "Who told you?"

Natalie was not stupid. She had seen the answer in his eyes, but Natalie still wanted to ask. "You did it?"

"Yes. Is it my fault? Harry is your father, and there's no way to change that. If you can't do anything to him, I'll do it. You don't have to feel guilty, and you don't have to feel conflicted," Trevon admitted. Trevon did not intend to hide this from her, but he planned to hide the other matter for the rest of his life.

Natalie was very calm. Natalie shook his head, indicating that she did not blame Trevon. "Can I know the reason? My mother..."

Trevon touched Natalie's face and said, "Your mother died because of Elena. Elena has also received her retribution now. A life for a life. Elena had the motive to kill Emma from the start for the status she has now. Your grandparents died because of Harry and Elena's conspiracy as well.

"They did it just to get everything from the Lopez family. Don't be sad. If you want to cry, cry for a while."

Natalie shook her head again, but tears were already flowing from the corners of her eyes. Natalie's heart ached. Natalie had always known that her grandparents had perished in a car accident. Natalie had even suspected her mother's death, but her grandfather had told Natalie that her mother had committed suicide because of depression. Natalie had investigated people with severe depression and believed it.

"No, Grandpa and the others won't want me to cry. Grandpa wants me to live happily for the rest of my life."

"Okay." Trevon hugged her tightly, caressing Natalie as if she were a child and cherishing Natalie like treasure.

When Natalie calmed down, Trevon repeated what Harry had said to him word by word. Natalie should know the truth.

However, in Trevon's recount, Emma's lover was eliminated.

Natalie would never go to Elena's funeral. Natalie was not a saint to such an extent.

Some people make mistakes that cannot be forgiven even if they die. People like Elena and Harry.

Natalie would never forgive them because the dead could not be resurrected.

If Elena and Harry hadn't done that, her mother and grandparents might still be living happily. Natalie's childhood wouldn't have been so unhappy.

However, Natalie would visit Harry before the execution. After all, Harry was her DNA donor. This was the only kindness Natalie could manage.

As Natalie was lost in her thoughts, she received a text message on her phone. Natalie recognized this number. It was Tucker.

Trevon, who was beside her, naturally saw it. Trevon opened his mouth and said, "Take a look."

Natalie Foster turned on his phone and opened the message. [Natalie, I know why Mom jumped off the building and why Dad went to jail. I went. to the police station and learned that Dad was inside because of drugs. But I know it's not because of this. I also know that Dad probably won't come out for the rest of his life.]

After reading the message, just as Natalie was about to put away the phone, another message came in. [Natalie, I'm sorry. I actually knew the truth a long time ago, but I didn't dare to say it. I'm too cowardly. They're my parents. If I say it, they'll all die.]



There was a third message. [I knew the truth when I was eight years old. I had a nightmare and I went to look for Dad and Mum in the middle of the night and accidentally overheard their conversation. At that time, I was very afraid. I didn't know what to do. I wanted to persuade my mother to turn herself in, but I knew that it was impossible. I stayed in school because I couldn't do anything to them. I also couldn't face my cowardly self. Bad people should be punished, but I covered up for them.]

I knew that you wouldn't forgive me.]

The fourth message came. [Natalie, I'm sorry. They are being held responsible now. According to the law, they should have taken responsibility a long time ago. I'll be honest with Elena. She won't find trouble with you.]

Every word was filled with a child's apology and guilt.

However, Tucker was only eight years old at that time and was only in his teens now. How could Tucker turn his parents to the police? If it were Natalie, would she be able to do that? Even Natalie could not answer.

Natalie finished reading the messages. So did Trevon. "Tucker has the correct values. Elena has at least succeeded in rearing him."

Natalie raised her head and smiled. Natalie felt a little relieved and didn't want to fuss about it anymore. Life was so beautiful, so why did she have to fuss about this? "Tucker's only in his teens. Understandably, he can't put righteousness before family. Tucker's already blaming himself so much that he went to boarding school. He must have been feeling terrible all these years. They are his parents, and Tucker was only a teenager who was starting to understand what's good and what's evil. He couldn't follow his teacher's teachings and struggle between right and wrong."

Trevon rarely praised anyone but he did now. "If Tucker doesn't go astray. in the future, with his temperament, he can make a name for himself. Recently, their school has established a scholarship fund. Tucker's now eligible, and the school will pay for his future tuition fees. His results are very good, and he's basically first in the cohort. Tucker can definitely get an additional scholarship."

Everyone knew very well how this scholarship came about and how the recently established scholarship fund came about.

Natalie raised herself and quickly kissed Trevon on the lips. Natalie smiled and lowered her head to send a message. [Study hard.]

Tucker replied very quickly. [Got it, sis. Thank you.]

Natalie put away her phone and met his burning gaze. She quickly stopped Trevon. "Stop. I have to go to work."

The next second, Trevon's face fell as he compromised. "Got it. Hurry up and go eat breakfast."