

## The Tide 341

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When Natalie returned to her room, she was not pretending to sleep. When Trevon Wilson returned, she was already asleep. This made him wonder if his guess was wrong.

However, this shouldn't be the current reaction given the deep relationship between Natalie and Barron. In the past, the two of them had to rely on each other for survival.

It was obvious that she loved her grandfather very much.

After the divorce, she could actually buy a house, but she didn't. Trevon asked this question, and Natalie said, "Because renting a house is different from buying a house. The rented house belongs to someone else. You can accept that no one lights it up for you, but buying a house is different. It's your new home. If it's dark every time you go home, it doesn't feel like a home."

Thinking back to what she had said, it was very sad. It could be seen how unacceptable it was for her that Barron passed

away.

He stood by the bed and frowned slightly. In the end, he lay down under the blanket and hugged her to sleep as usual. It was a quiet night, and she didn't dream. Perhaps it was because of the sense of security he exuded.

The next morning, the sky was clear. Sherri Landor sent a message early in the morning suggesting a spring outing. Natalie typed in a few messages on WhatsApp. She lied and said that she had something to do today and could not go together. She did not reveal what had happened in the past few days. She did not want Sherri to feel burdened and worried. If Sherri found out, she would definitely not hang out with Hackett Blackwell today. She would definitely rush over. After replying to the

messages, she saw that Trevon was still asleep. She wondered whether he was going to the office today. She moved a small stool and sat on the carpet. She took a piece of paper and a pen and began to plan for today and

tomorrow.

The title was "The Timetable of Farewells."

Climbing mountains because when she was young, she often climbed small mountains with her grandfather. At that time, her grandfather was not very old and did not have pancreatic cancer. He always accompanied her to find the beauty of nature and released their unhappiness by shouting at the mountains.

Rock climbing was a sport she liked in university. For her, every time she encountered difficulties, she would climb once. Every time she succeeded, her mental state would be different.

One project after another was decided. There was boxing, cycling, dancing, piano playing...

These were all taught to her by her grandfather. Even riding a bicycle was taught to her by her grandfather by a professional.

Trevon had woken up long ago. He sat on the bed and watched the woman on the ground busily writing something. He was very curious. He thought that she would be depressed when she woke up in the morning, but it was not the case. He quietly got out of bed and stood behind her. He glanced at the things on the paper. "Are you going today?"

Without turning around, she replied, "Yeah. Go to work. I'll go myself. Don't worry."

Trevon lied, "Father didn't let me go to the company and asked me to prepare for the wedding, so I could only stay at home. Why don't you take me to experience your schedule?"

She turned her head to look at his face and saw that he was expressionless and serious. She knew that he was worried, even if he did not show it. "Sure, time is tight."

She needed to be in a good mood by Monday.

The two of them hurriedly changed their clothes. After getting dressed, Trevon asked, "Do you want to ride or drive?" Natalie thought for a moment. There was no sadness on her face. "Ride. You ride."

Trevon knew that she did not want to touch the motorcycle now because it was given to her by Barron. "Okay."

When they arrived at the parking lot, Trevon raised his slender leg and stepped on it. He started the engine. Natalie, who was standing at the side, was in a daze. She stared at the motorcycle without blinking until a hand pressed down on her head. She forced a smile. "I'm fine."

After getting on the motorcycle, she wrapped her arms tightly around his waist. As they rode on the Athana road, the memories replayed in front of her eyes. Her tears drifted as the motorcycle sped. She raised one hand to wipe them and continued to hug him.

Trevon, who was in the front, naturally felt the change in her. He endured it, but he did not expose her.

They stopped at the foot of a hill. He got down, took a hat, and put it on her head. "It's too sunny. Wear it."

They walked side by side. No one spoke. It was quiet as they climbed the mountain. It was as if they were really here to climb the mountain. Every step was a farewell to the past. They walked past their memories and walked toward the future. There was no turning back. There was only a path forward, as long as they did not look back.

When they reached the top of the mountain, Trevon still stood silently and did not disturb her. She stood at a spot and shouted into the mountain again and again. It was the method her grandfather had taught her.

After shouting, she turned to smile at Trevon, tears welling up in her eyes. "This is the way Grandpa taught me to vent. When I was young, as long as I was unhappy or did badly in the exams, Grandpa would bring me up the mountain to vent. After venting, I would continue to work hard. Grandpa often said that climbing the mountain is like walking through life. You can't jump on the steep cliff. You have

to be careful step by step and not make any big mistakes. Once you make a mistake, you won't be able to change it. You might be crushed.

"At the time, I didn't understand what Grandpa meant. I was too young. Now, I seem to understand what Grandpa was implying. He was subtly telling me that he had made a mistake and couldn't change it."

Trevon listened to her quietly. He walked closer to her and hugged her shoulders as they looked at the scenery of Athana. He opened his thin lips slightly and said. "No matter what, you still have me. I'll always be here as long as you need me."

She put one arm around his waist and leaned her head on his shoulder. The quiet company had always been the most healing and respectful. He did not tell her what he thought and what she should do.

Everyone had their own thoughts and their own unique way of dealing with emotions.

After climbing the mountain, the two of them went to the rock climbing hall to climb. The two of them began to compete in speed Trevon deliberately slowed down to wait for her during the climb.

They did everything according to the list. The last two were piano and boxing, in order not to make their hands tremble, they chose to play the piano first. The venue was Lither Club. Occasionally, it would be booked by someone to prepare a

romantic event

By the end of the day, she had already completed half of the list. In order to prevent Natalie from being exhausted. Trevon suggested that they continue tomorrow. She did not object. She slept especially quietly that night. Trevon was also very obedient. He just quietly accompanied her and hugged her.

On Sunday, because Trevon secretly lit sleeping incense at night, Natalie did not wake up in the morning and slept until 10 am. After she woke up and had lunch, it was 11:30 am.

They spent the morning in bed.

In the afternoon, there were only a few staff in Lither Club. Surprisingly, Frank Roberts was in the office. Trevon led Natalie into the office.

Frank laid on the sofa and was about to take an afternoon nap. He was very relaxed. Trevon noticed that Natalie's mood was much better, so he teased Frank "You didn't contact Auntie Ava?"

Frank laid lazily on the sofa with his legs crossed, looking like an idle prince

"You're so free today. What's the matter?" He glanced at Natalie, who was behind.

"Let me borrow your piano, Trevon said.

"My lord's no sense of direction shouldn't be contagious. The piano is on the first floor. I didn't lock it, so there's no need to pretend to be very polite." Frank retorted to Trevon in front of Natalie.

Trevon said, "I mainly want to see if you're lovesick. If you're depressed, I can still give you a pill."

"I thank your whole family," Frank said.

Trevon brought Natalie to the first floor. She slowly sat down. It had been many years since she had played. She wanted to flip through the score, but she saw a score of a piano piece named "Possibility" on the piano. In an instant, she felt that this score seemed to be quite suitable. It was especially suitable for the current scene.

Clenching her fist, she finally released it and pressed every note. A nice melody sounded at Lither Club. Every note floated.

Her piano playing was not the best, but it was not bad. It was much better than many professionals. She controlled every rhythm very well. Trevon Wilson stood at the side and stared at Natalie Foster on the stage. This was the first time he had seen Natalie play the piano. It was beautiful and charming, but there was sadness on his face. He saw it.

Her heart ached slightly.

She heard a voice in the way. "Does your wife know?"

Trevon replied faintly, "Yes."

Frank had one hand in his pocket and the other smoking. He glanced at Natalie on the stage. "You're not in a bad state. It's not as serious as you thought. It seems that you have a huge misunderstanding of your wife."

"If you don't know how to talk, you can shut up." Trevon rolled his eyes at him. Only Ava could cure his stupid mouth.

Im reminding you to spend more time getting to know your wife. Frank replied after taking a puff of his cigarette.

"Thank you. You can continue to talk nonsense after you've dealt with your own business. Go pick out the best man's clothes next Sunday"

Frank's hand that was holding the cigarette paused His lips curled into a sly smile "Where's the bridesmaid?"

Trevon did not look at Frank. He said impatiently. "What do you think? Is your brain kicked by a donkey?"

Frank was not angry Instead, the smile on his lips widened. "Alright, do you want to bring her?"

"No need. My wife said that Ava has been seizing the time to study. The designer will go over there to take measurements. I'm afraid your plan won't come true." Trevon was much happier. The mood of Natalie on the stage was also much better.

A piece of music was letting go, bidding farewell to the future, recalling the past, and burying it.

Frank said disdainfully, "I don't have time on Sunday. Let the designer come to my place to take my measurements. I'm very busy."

"Well, you can choose not to participate. I'll help Ava find another best man to pair with. I think Chris Yarin is not bad"

Frank snapped, "You dare!"

Frank thought of the helmet that Ava Turner had touched before she left. He stared at Trevon and said meaningfully, "Your wife probably doesn't know that you buried Edward Landor's helmet with me, right?"

Wasn't it just a burial? Frank wouldn't wear it. No one would touch it ever.

Hearing this, Trevon did not feel embarrassed. He curled his lips and put his hands in his pockets as he looked at the woman on the stage who was intoxicated by the song "The stuff from Ninja Landor is suitable for this."

When Frank heard this nickname, he frowned. "You found a good word. If you have time, find one for yourself."

Trevon quickly replied, "Brother-in-law."

Frank smiled and did not answer. In his mind was Ava's infectious smile. Then, he subconsciously smiled

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They were inside the boxing room.

On the stage. Natalie wore red gloves and a mouth guard as she practiced a series of warm-up moves.

Trevon put on his equipment and stood opposite Natalie. He took a step forward and helped fix her equipment. After that, Trevon took a step back to take a look.

After exercising for a few minutes, Natalie asked expressionlessly, "Are you done staring?"

Trevon came back to his senses and replied. "Yes, be careful"

Natalie did not reply to this. Instead, she threw a punch. She did not want to waste a single second. Her movements and punches were fast. Her body was light, but the strength of each punch was quite powerful.

Trevon knew that he had to punch. He could not just keep dodging, or else Natalie would not be able to vent her anger. He was stronger than Natalie. The punch brought the wind to Natalie's face, and she quickly dodged it.

On the stage, the two of them refused to give in. They exchanged punches one after another. They kept going without feeling tired at all. Trevon was actually willing to endure it. However, when Natalie was hit by him, he would always frown with heartache. On the other hand, Natalie had no change in expression.

He knew that she was letting go of her memories and venting.

The only thing Trevon could do was to accompany Natalie.

Frank held a cigarette between his lips as he leaned against the door frame of the boxing arena. He watched the couple on the stage loving and fighting each other with interest and found it quite intriguing. Trevon had an interesting taste.

He took out his phone from his pocket and found Ava's chat box. He took a perfect video of the intense battle on the stage and captured every point very well. After taking the video, he sent it over.

Then, he held his phone in one hand and a cigarette in the other. From time to time, he would take a puff. With a ding, Ava's message popped up. [What?]

Ava's messages were like a series of cannons, coming in one after another. [Ah... Frank, is this my sister and brother-in-law?]

[Am I hallucinating? Are they boxing? Does Natalie know how to box?]

[She looks awesome. Frank, take another photo for me and add one of your selfies. I miss you.]

Frank was unbothered at first. Ava's excitement could be seen from her words. However, when Frank saw the last sentence, his lips that were biting on the cigarette trembled and he almost dropped it. Ava always said whatever came to her mind without hiding anything. Frank replied. [Natalie also knows how to dance and play the piano.]

Ava replied, [Really? Really? This is too exciting. Natalie is so talented! What kind of power couple is this?]

Frank replied with I to show how speechless he was.

There was a heated fight on the stage and a heated conversation below the stage. Everyone had their own venue.

Unaware of the reason, Ava thought that this was Natalie's new skill. She shared this video to the Fairy Fortress. She only felt that Natalie and Trevon were very cool and compatible.

The group chat instantly exploded. Sherri knew that Natalie knew how to box. Yesterday, she had asked Natalie out to hang out but got rejected. After being friends so many years, she knew Natalie very well. Natalie would not box unless she was unhappy. This was a habit that Natalie had developed over the years.

Therefore, Sherri was sure that Natalie was unhappy. After work that day, she said that she would try on the wedding dress today. It seemed that there was no need to try on it. Natalie should have her own things to do.

Sherri privately messaged Ava. [Ava, recall the video. I'll explain the reason later.]

It wasn't that Sherri didn't want Rose to see it, but she was afraid that Natalie would find out after the match that her other side had been exposed. The others might see Natalie's handsomeness on stage, but to Sherri, she saw Natalie's trauma.

Ava moved quickly. The video that was sent less than two minutes ago was recalled. Rose held the phone in a daze. She did not know what was going on. After watching for a while, the video disappeared. However, she saw the environment of the boxing ring clearly.

She was very sure that it was Lither Club, Trevon's territory.

Rose immediately called Frank. Frank, who was chatting with Ava, rejected the call without hesitation. However, Rose kept disturbing him. Frank picked up helplessly and said unhappily, "Speak."

Rose was stunned for a moment and quickly said, "Frank, did you send the video to Ava? Is Natalie in Lithern Club?"

Frank paused for a moment. Why did Ava send the video to Rose? It seemed like she did not know the reason. Stunned, Frank replied "What does it have to do with you? You should go to sleep."

"Frank, send it to me," Rose begged "Natalie looks so hot. Her punches and counterattacks are amazing..."

"I don't

time to listen to your nonsense Tm busy." Frank said impatiently.

"What are you busy with? Ava has already gone back. You're all alone," Rose exposed him.

Frank took a deep breath. He dn't want to talk to his sister anymore. It was too tiring.

Rose suddenly thought of something Frank, are you going to be the best man? Do you want to try on the suit today?" She thought that Natalie and Trevon were just simply boxing to bond. To her, it was a fun moment between husband and wife.

"The time changed." Frank said "It's next week."

Rose suddenly raised her voice "Ah, when did it change? Why didn't I know? Why didn't anyone inform me?"

Inside, Frank thought, "It's already a feat that Trevon's wife is not having a mental breakdown. She'd be a superwoman if she still remembered to inform you"

Outside, Frank said. "I know that you're going to be the bridesmaid, but you're acting so excited. It's like the groom has run away and canceled the wedding You're the bridesmaid, not the bride. Don't add to the drama."

Before hanging up, he added, "Go outside and touch grass if you have nothing to do."

Meanwhile, the group chat was no chatting. Sherri was sending a private message to Ava. [Ava, don't worry. Natalie might have encountered something unhappy and is just venting. She feels better every time she finishes boxing. It's great that she still has Trevon to accompany her to vent.]

Ava was still a little worried. Alright, I won't ask anymore. Let's wait until Natalie is happy.]

The two fought for an hour in the boxing ring. Natalie lay on the stage tiredly with her arms spread, her legs together, and her eyes close

Seeing this, Frank stood up and left. He even closed the door behind him. He walked to the door and said to a security guard, "You, come over Guard this side and don't let anyone in. Leave when the people inside come out."

The security guard said. "Okay, boss"

Trevon sat down first and then lay down as well. He crossed his arms behind his head and looked up at the pure white ceiling. He asked Natalie beside him, "Are you feeling better?"

Natalie opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling. "I'm not that fragile." Then, she turned around and their eyes met. Trevon seemed to see into Natalie. Natalie felt scared and guilty. She could not hide it.

She was indeed forcing herself to hide her emotions. She did not want Trevon to worry. In the past, when she was alone, she could hide somewhere and cry. Now that Trevon was by her side, she could not hide her emotions anymore. She could only find something to vent.

She quickly averted her gaze and continued to look at the ceiling as she said. "I admit that I feel terrible. Since I was young, Grandpa and I relied on each other. Grandpa is the only one for me. I don't have a mother or a father. You can say that Grandpa is my everything. All my excellence was nurtured by Grandpa. He spent a lot of time and energy on me. Do you know? After knowing what Grandpa was hiding, I felt like my world has collapsed."

When the thing one believed in suddenly collapses, one's entire world collapses with it. This was how Natalie felt now. She felt suffocated and uncomfortable, but after two days of venting, with Trevon's company, she was no longer lonely. She seemed to have let go a little and did not feel so horrible anymore.

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Natalie paused for a moment, perhaps because she was thinking about the time he spent with Barron. Trevon did not interrupt. He just pursed his lips and did not say anything. He tried his best to be a quiet listener.

After a while, Natalie continued to share "When I was sick as a child, Grandpa would always stay by my side. While I was in a daze, I saw him wiping his tears several times. Now that I think about it, Grandpa might have felt guilty.

"After seeing the diary and the video, I had a moment of doubt. Was Grandpa's love for me guilt or true love? Did Grandpa raise me out of love or compensation? After two days, I figured it out. Love and guilt coexisted. Grandpa didn't go a day without feeling guilt in the diary, but there's no cure for regret in the world. All he could do was make it up to me and protect me.

"Signing a contract with Harry to sever the father-son relationship, I think Grandpa probably wanted to protect Harry as a father for the last time. In the future, they would no longer be father and son. At the same time, he was telling Harry to take care of himself. I think that should be the case. Trevon, if something like this happened to Jasper, you should choose to protect him too"

How many parents could put righteousness before family and make a decisive choice?

She didn't know. She couldn't know, because it didn't happen to her. Now that she was also a mother, she seemed to be able to understand but not entirely.

The only thing she was sure of was that her grandfather loved her.

After a moment of silence, Trevon stared at the ceiling and said, "This won't happen to us."



A line of tears that Natalie had been suppressing for a long time formed a line and flowed down onto the boxing ring. They dripped silently and pooled beside her. She did not wipe them away and let the tears fall.

There was a moment of silence. Trevon sensed that something was different. He turned around slightly, leaned over, and reached out to wipe Natalie's tears. He felt pain in his own heart. "You still have me," Trevon said. "You don't have to suppress all the emotions in your heart. You can vent them however you want. You can bite me or hit me until you're in a good mood."

Gentle words could always break through hidden emotions. Sometimes, the hardships of life did not make people cry. Sometimes, the mockery everywhere did not make people cry. Instead, someone noticing that you're back or asking if you've eaten could easily break through one's defense.

Trevon supported his head with one hand and turned sideways.

Natalie turned around naturally and threw herself into Trevon's arms, hugging his waist tightly. Her feet were sandwiched between Trevon's legs, slightly bent. His other hand wrapped around her waist and pulled her towards his body.

The sound of crying was low on the stage. A tear stain appeared on Trevon's boxing uniform and it darkened. Natalie cried for a very, very long time. Trevon's hand that was supporting his head turned sore.

When Natalie stopped, she slowly moved away. Trevon lowered his eyes to look at her and asked. "Are you feeling better? If not, I have a good way to let you vent and completely forget about your unhappiness."

Natalie, who had just finished crying, did not probe further into the meaning of his words. "What? Tell me," she said.

The next moment, Trevon did not say anything, but his actions directly told her what he was doing. He raised his chin and his thin lips quickly covered Natalie's. He removed the hand that was supporting his head and pressed it against the top of

her head

Trevon leaned forward to block out the light in front of her, so that all she could see was him. Her teeth were pried open. Surprisingly, Natalie did not refuse. Instead, she wanted to indulge herself for once. The boxing ring did not seem too bad. She wrapped her arms around Trevon's neck and pulled him towards her. She kissed until both of them were panting heavily. Trevon let go of her with bloodshot eyes and asked hoarsely. "Shall we do it?"

Natalie's lips curled up slightly. In the future, her memories of the ring would no longer be of her grandfather standing at the side and watching her train. Instead, it would be of her being intimate with Trevon. This change was quite acceptable. "Sure, but is the door closed? Is there a camera here?"

The next second, Trevon got up and went to lock the door. The security guard outside was very puzzled. Was there a need to lock the door when he was guarding the door? Who was he looking down on?

Then, Trevon found the location of the electric switch and pulled the switch. In an instant, the room darkened. The window was still open, and the breeze stirred the curtains. Traces of light dimly illuminated the dim room.

Trevon returned to the ring and lay down beside Natalie. He kissed her lips again, and it became more and more intense. The atmosphere in the boxing ring became hazy, melting into the fluttering curtains.

The ring was no longer a ring, but a huge bed. It was very comfortable and they were lost in each other.

Time passed second by second. The security guard at the door kept hearing strange sounds. He felt that it should be the sound of the two of them punching and being in pain.

An hour and a half later, Natalie was carried out with her clothes on. She was nestled in Trevon's arms. No one could see her flushed face. The security guard was stunned when he opened the door.

The security guard looked at the man striding away and couldn't help but fall into deep thought. Was Trevon so ruthless that Natalie couldn't walk after boxing?

When they went down the stairs, they met Frank, who was sitting at the bar counter. Frank looked at Trevon meaningfully and said playfully. When you're done, remember to send me the room fee. I don't accept freeloaders."

Fortunately, Natalie was hiding under her clothes. If she didn't have her clothes covering her, she'd want to find a hole to hide in. The consequences of letting herself go wild was embarrassing.

Trevon met Frank's frivolous gaze and smiled. He ignored Frank's comment and carried Natalie out.

Since his wife was in a good mood, Trevon naturally felt better too.

In the underground parking lot, Trevon carried Natalie into the front passenger seat and sat down. He lifted Natalie's clothes and covered her lap. Natalie had already changed her clothes and her previous boxing uniform was also lying in the trash.

At this moment, her face was very red like a stir-fried lobster. Trevon said in a good mood. "Natalie, how about this method? Does it make you feel better?"

Natalie did not show any weakness. She raised his chin and said. "It's alright." She pretended to be calm.

However, it was indeed alright. At the very least, she had really forgotten about the unpleasant things. She might not want to box anymore in the future. After all, the bed scenes would surface in her brain.

Trevon could not help but laugh when he saw Natalie feign calmness. He did not expose her. He walked around the back of the car, opened the driver's door, got into the car, and started the engine. He turned the steering wheel with one hand. The car reversed out of the parking space. When he continued to step on the accelerator, Natalie turned her head and said, "Let's go to the cemetery"

Trevon's hands on the steering wheel paused. "Okay" It was time to say goodbye.

By the time they reached the cemetery, the flush on Natalie's body had faded. She looked at the silent cemetery and listened to the crisp and pleasant birdsong. Her frustration was gone. Her heart slowly calmed down. Instead of telling Trevon to leave, she slowly squatted down.

Trevon squatted down to help tidy up the grass.

Natalie took out a wet towel and wiped the tombstone bit by bit. After a long time, she got up to leave. But right then. Trevon bowed once and left. Tll wait for you over there.”

She needed time to talk to her grandfather alone.

Natalie realized that Trevon was becoming more and more sensible. He did not need to be reminded at all. With just a look. and a move, he seemed to know what to do next.

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The black tombstone shone after being polished by the wet wipes. Under the warm light, it could even refract a trace of light, and the warm sun slowly covered it.

Natalie’s heart was suddenly enlightened and relieved.

She sat on the ground and looked at Jenny and her grandfather’s tombstone. Her lips curved slightly. “Grandpa, I’ve seen the video

you left behind. I’ve also seen the information.”

Her tone wasn’t that sad. It sounded like she was telling them a story.

“I’d rather you didn’t leave anything behind. You should have taken everything away, but you left behind the information. I spent two days trying to digest this information. It’s too shocking for me. I’ve finished digesting it now, but I.. I don’t blame you. I’ve thought about it. You found out the truth after Mom and my maternal grandparents passed away, so their departure has nothing to do with you. If there’s anything, it’s that you covered up the mistake.

“Harry has already received the punishment he deserves. Elena has already paid for her mistakes. Tucker’s academic results are quite good now. His thoughts are not distorted by Elena.”

“Im getting married next month. You’ll be happy for me, right? Lena, help me take care of this old man. His life was too tiring and he spent every day in guilt. I hope he can be carefree on that side.”

She rambled on for a long time. In the end, Natalie told her grandfather that she really didn’t blame him anymore. She was very happy now. She had the love of her uncles, Trevon, the Wilson family, and Lena. Everyone loved her with all their hearts. It could be said that they had all doted on her. Why was

she still hung up on the past? She didn’t know how much more there would be in the future. She wanted to live happily every day and spend it with a smile.

Trevon saw her walking over and put his arm around her shoulders. “Alright, are you tired? Do you want me to carry you?”

“Sure, it’s your fault anyway”

Trevon accepted the blame and squatted down with a smile. Natalie lay on his back and wrapped her arms around his neck. Trevon stood up effortlessly and walked forward step by step. “Natalie, I’ll be by your side for the rest of your life. There will only be happiness and no crying.”

“Okay.” Natalie was touched, but she didn’t cry. She rested her chin on Trevon’s shoulder and quietly counted the steps. down

There were a total of 108 steps. She really hoped that they could reach this age together.

Sitting in the car. Trevon asked tentatively. “Do you want to meet Mom’s first love?”

In the video, her grandpa said that Harry misunderstood that her mother had cheated on him because she had gone to a hotel with a man. As for what she had gone to do, no one knew. However, from the paternity test, her mother had not let Harry down.

Hence, she and that man had also been innocent.

Seeing Natalie freeze, Trevon said, “That man is Grand Manor’s chef, the one that cooks in a similar way as you. Do you want to see him?”

Since Natalie didn’t want to live in ignorance, she would definitely see him. “Yes.”

The car left the cemetery and went to Grand Manor. An hour later, the car stopped at Grand Manor. During this time, Trevon called Frank and asked his people to bring the chef to Grand Manor’s conference room.

A man wearing a white chef’s coat and a white chef’s hat was already in the conference room. He sat on the leather sofa with his hands crossed. He did not know why his boss called him here, but he did not show any uneasiness.

After Trevon pushed the door open with Natalie, the chef finally understood what was going on. He was not afraid, nor did he retreat. Instead, he smiled as if he was already prepared. “You came, after all.”

After hearing this, Natalie carefully sized up the chef. From his appearance, she could guess that he looked better than Harry when he was young. It was not strange if her mother liked him, but why did they not get together? This was what she wanted to ask today.

The two of them sat down side by side in front of the chef. Strangely, there was no energy on the chef’s face, like he wasn’t actually alive. Natalie did not know how to express it, but this person had very faint signs of life. She did not know if she had seen wrongly.

The chef kept studying Natalie’s facial features. He pursed his lips and finally said, “You’re very similar to your mother. You’re practically carved from the same mold. Be it your eyes, mouth, or eyes, they’re all the same.”

The chef confessed immediately that he knew Natalie’s mother. It seemed that he had already guessed their purpose for coming. Thus, Natalie did not beat around the bush. “Can I ask about my mother and you back then?”

The chef glanced out of the window and said slowly, “I met your mother 33 years ago. At that time, your mother was 18 and I was 19. I’m a year older than your mother. Your mother gave birth to you at the age of 26. If she’s still alive now, she should

be 51 years old and still very beautiful.

"I came from Sapphire City. My encounter with your mother was not a coincidence. Instead, I looked for her I was the one who planned our meeting. I accidentally found out that Daisy wanted to learn culinary skills. I think it was your grandfather's birthday. She wanted to make a cake for them personally. She asked her friends in the restaurant where it was more suitable to learn. In the end, they confirmed the location, and I followed. Coincidentally, I knew this skill

"Naturally, I became Daisy's teacher. During that period of time, she worked very hard to study every day after school. She lied and said that she went out to play with her classmates. She doesn't usually lie, so your grandfather and the others didn't suspect anything. After studying for a week. I taught her the skills and got to know her. We became good friends and got each other's number.

"On your grandfather's birthday, she made a very good-looking low-sugar cake for them. She was very happy and even sent a message to share her joy with me. After that, she realized that she had the talent to be a chef and wanted to learn how to cook. In order to make a living, I joined a hotel. After the kitchen closed for the day, I would take her to the kitchen to teach her. I taught her for a few years. Unsurprisingly, I fell in love with Daisy. I loved her very much. She was too outstanding and too good. However, I knew I was not worthy of her and could not be with her. Now, I regret that I would rather accept her love with guilt."

Natalie was surprised. "So you and my mother were in love. Then why..."

The chef remembered how Daisy had asked him if he liked her and if he wanted to be with her. He still remembered her shyness back then.

Trevon got right to the point. "Your family had something to do with her disappearance, didn't they?"

The chef chuckled. "As expected of Mr. Wilson. You can guess it just by listening to my guilt. My mother was a maid for the Turner family in the early years. She took care of the kids. At that time, the Turner family was not the richest person in Sapphire City yet. The secretary fell in love with the head of the Turner family at that time and bribed my mother. The old man loved Daisy very much and had to see her every day. One day, Daisy was brought to the company. My mother worked. with the secretary to steal the child and handed it to the secretary's younger brother.

"Before my mother died, she threatened that secretary to find out that Daisy was in Athana"

### [Chapter 345](#)

After hearing the chef's words, Natalie was very confused, but it also helped sort out her thoughts a little. The chef felt guilty because his mother had committed a crime and stolen Daisy. He could not let go of this guilt and love Daisy without these complications.

But why hadn't Daisy's father been able to find out?

Hadn't any traces been left behind?

Had it really been done so flawlessly?

This was Natalie's biggest doubt She frowned.

The chef seemed to have seen through Natalie's doubts and automatically interpreted it. "You must be very curious why they couldn't find any clues. The Internet 51 years ago wasn't so developed, and there

weren't so many high-rise buildings. let alone surveillance cameras. Besides, the transaction between the secretary and my mother was in cash. No clues could have been found"

An hour later. Natalie and Trevon found out the truth. It turned out that the chef's mother, the Turner family's former maid, had nightmares after doing this. Before she died, she told her son to go to Athana to find Daisy and bring her back to the Turner family. Then she could live the life that she deserved. However, the chef broke his promise. He found Daisy but didn't bring her back.

This was because he had fallen in love with his mother and made the most selfish choice. He was afraid that he would not be able to stay by Daisy's side if she returned to her family. He was even more afraid that he would not be worthy of Daisy anymore after she returned. Many self-concerns made him make the worst choice and harmed Daisy.

When Daisy confessed her love to him, he retreated and rejected Daisy. When Daisy hurriedly married Harry Foster and the chef attempted suicide, Daisy still had him in her heart. Daisy went to the hotel to see him. It was also that time that changed his mother's marriage and gave Elena an opportunity.

The chef didn't tell Natalie his name. Natalie didn't want to know either. In the end, he was the one who harmed his mother. If it weren't for his greed, Daisy might have been very happy to be a pampered young lady. Grandma wouldn't have passed away depressed and regretful, and Grandpa wouldn't have passed away blaming himself.

The choice made in a second had harmed so many people. The maid had asked the chef to help her atone for her sins and bring Daisy back, but the chef did not. Had Daisy met the wrong person or was it fate?

While Natalie was still thinking, Trevon spoke up above her head. "I'm sorry, I didn't find this point."

Natalie looked up at him and smiled. "You're a human, not a god. He already said that 51 years ago, there were only two people who did bad things, and they did it in cash. There were no surveillance cameras or witnesses. What can you find out from such a simple clue? I just don't know if he loves my mother or himself. Actually, I think I saw him when I was young. I vaguely saw him a few times at the intersection of the road home. I don't know if it's my imagination."

Trevon looked at her lovingly. "It might not be your imagination. Alright, don't think about it anymore. Everything has been cleared up. Next, are you ready to be my Mrs. Wilson? I don't want my bride to look miserable."

Trevon hoped that Natalie would marry him without any worries or burdens. There should only be happiness and joy.

"Sure"

Sunday of the second week, they went to a haute couture bridal shop in Athana.

The two women kept wandering around in front of the bridesmaid dresses. The three men sat lazily on the sofa and drank the coffee served by the waiter. Naturally, the food served at a high-end place was different.

The service attitude was different too.

The designer walked towards the customer waiting area and said politely, "Mr. Wilson, your three sets of clothes are here. Do you want to try them on now or wait for your wife to come out?"

Trevon glanced in the direction of the fitting room and retracted his gaze. He replied calmly, "I'll wait."

This meant that he would wait for Mrs. Wilson to come out before trying it on. The designer understood and did not say anything else. He silently retreated to the door of the fitting room. He was waiting for Mrs. Wilson to come out after putting on his clothes to see if there were any changes.

The staff walked to Rose and Sherri. The two of them were happily looking at the bridesmaid's dresses. They looked at one after another. All of the dresses were beautiful and they were conflicted.

"Ladies, these are all unique products," the staff introduced. "Our chief designer designed them according to Mr. Wilson's requirements, so you won't be wearing the same thing as someone else. You can tell me which one you like or which one needs to be modified. We'll record it down and modify it."

Rose took a champagne-colored bridesmaid dress and nudged Sherri, who was still looking at the clothes. "Sherri, let's wear this color instead of white."

Sherri asked in confusion, "Why?"

"Are you stupid?" Rose replied. "On April 18th, we're bridesmaids, not brides. We definitely have to wear other colors to complement the bride. If I'm too good-looking. I might overshadow the bride. You should exercise less at night these days. I think your brain has been exhausted by Hackett. You've become stupid from all that motion."

Sherri swatted Rose. "Don't embarrass me like that. Half of what you said is the truth, but you don't have to say it out loud. Where are your manners?"

The waitress was speechless. What did she just hear? She was only here to introduce the bridesmaid outfits. She had no intention of listening to other people's sex life.

She could only blame herself for understanding the dirty jokes so easily.

Rose laughed uncontrollably. The originally romantic matter of choosing a wedding dress had been turned into something weird.

Trevon sat on the sofa and waited. He looked at Rose, who was laughing non-stop. He turned his head and asked Frank, "Can't you control your sister?"

"You're going to hold a wedding. Frank shot back. "I haven't even asked you to pay me for showing up and adding to the atmosphere

"Thank god you didn't say it's a funeral. Trevon thought inside.

This was the first time he had heard that there was a fee for getting someone to smile. What logic was this?

Trevon's expression turned dark. It was bad luck to meet this guy. Trevon could not be bothered with Frank anymore. He stood up and walked to the changing room.

Hackett sat beside Frank and held his shoulder with one hand. When Frank glanced at him, Hackett put his hand down and said with a smile. "I realized that you've become bolder after falling in love."

Frank placed his hands on the back of the sofa and teased lazily, "Your last name should be Cat."

Hackett was confused.

Was Frank calling him a scaredy cat?

The door of the fitting room was pushed open. The chief designer and the worker came out with Natalie.

She was wearing a white wedding dress with a luxurious design.

It was a tube top, but because of Trevon's possessiveness, he specifically asked the designer to add transparent gauze to her neck. It was faintly discernible, but it also covered the skin that would have been exposed.

There were two shoulder straps on her arms. They were made of gauze, and the hemlines on both sides were uneven. Every layer was embroidered with rhinestones. All the flowers on her clothes were embroidered with diamonds. It was unique and luxurious without looking gaudy. They were gentle and dazzling, but they also had a glamorous and gentle aura.

In order to highlight the effect, the makeup artist put on bridal makeup for Natalie. The slightly curled ends of her hair were spread out, and a few strands of hair were deliberately placed on both sides of her chest. Upon closer inspection, even the transparent veil on her head was embroidered with rhinestones.

Trevon stood rooted to the ground. He was dumbfounded. When the designer had shown him the wedding dress, he'd felt that it was very suitable for Natalie.

He couldn't help but walk over. He couldn't bear to touch her, afraid that he would mess up this beautiful scene. "Honey. you're so beautiful."

Natalie smiled and the warm light shone on Trevon's chest.

The designer began to introduce the wedding dress. "Mrs. Wilson, look in the mirror. If you're not satisfied, I can make some changes. If you have any requests, feel free to ask."

Natalie glanced at herself in the mirror. She still had Trevon, and there was also Hackett who had barged into the reflection. However, in the next second, Trevon pushed Hackett aside in disdain. No matter how he looked at it, Hackett was an eyesore.

Hackett, who was caught off guard, cursed out loud.

In an instant, only Natalie and Trevon were left in the mirror's reflection. Trevon's clothes were not too different from his usual style. Natalie was used to seeing him in a suit and leather shoes. The groom's outfit was also a black suit, but the clothes were vaguely embedded with gold thread. They sparkled under the light.

He was low-key yet classy.

Natalie looked at them in the mirror. "Do I look good?"



“Beautiful.”

The designer smiled at the romantic exchange.

Natalie also thought that she looked very good. However, she felt a little uncomfortable and suggested to the designer, “Excuse me, can you remove this thin veil above my chest? It’ll look cleaner this way.”

The designer looked up at Trevon and said awkwardly. “Um, why don’t you discuss it with Mr. Wilson?”

The designer’s original design did not have this gauze. It was added because Mr. Wilson was afraid that someone else would see Mrs. Wilson’s chest. Now that Mrs. Wilson wanted it to be removed, it

was obvious that it had not been discussed. The designer did not dare to casually agree to remove it

Natalie seemed to have understood what he meant. She looked up at Trevon.

After a few minutes of silence, he relented. “Do as Mrs. Wilson asks.”

The designer quickly said, “Okay.”

Rose and Sherri had already put on their champagne-colored bridesmaid outfits. The two of them held hands and stood side by side as they sighed.

Rose realized that her thoughts were unnecessary. “Sherri, I guess we wouldn’t be able to overshadow Natalie even if we wore a white gown. Is she really wearing a wedding dress? All I can see is dollar signs and a hefty price tag.”

Sherri nodded in agreement. Why did people like rhinestones so much recently? However, she seemed to like them too. She had been dazzled by the Ava chair. It was the same now. “Actually, it seems to be true. I’m definitely saying that it looks good. Anything piled up with money would be pretty, right? Don’t you think so?”

Rose said affirmatively, “I can tell from your incoherent speech that it’s true. The designer is quite skilled. Why don’t we save the designer’s contact information for a while in case of emergencies? Forget it, you’ll need it on Valentine’s Day.”

“Why are you saving it so early?” Sherri asked. “You don’t even have half a boyfriend. It’ll just collect dust in the corner. I’ll save it and you can ask me for it if you find a boyfriend.”

“Alright, that works too,” Rose said with a sigh.

### [Chapter 346](#)

The woman who came in closed the door and sat on the stool like a patient.

She slowly took off her gear. When Natalie saw her face under the mask, she wasn’t too surprised. What was not surprising was that this person was Emily. She was already used to Emily being dressed like this. What was surprising was that there was no patch of good skin on her face. It was bruised and swollen.

It was obvious that the old and new injuries overlapped. In other words, the old injuries had not healed yet, but new injuries had already been added. For a second, Natalie felt pity for her.

Natalie said calmly. "What's the matter? There shouldn't be anything between us anymore, right? I can't think of any reason for you to look for me."

Because of the injury on his face, Emily could not open her mouth widely to speak. She opened his lips slightly and said, "I want to make a deal with you. I have what you want. Help me get a divorce. I'll give you what I have, and you'll give me another 2 million dollars."

Natalie placed her hands on the table and narrowed her eyes. Emily still seemed calm. It was rare to see such a calm expression on the face of such an annoying person. It seemed that she might have actually changed because of her recent

Natalie did not know what was in Emily's hands, but for Emily to be so calm and ask for an exorbitant price from her, it should be something major. Natalie did not change his expression or show much interest. "How do you know that I'm interested in what you have in your hands? Why don't you tell me a bit! Otherwise, it will waste our time."

During the conversation, Rose and Sherri pushed the door open and entered. The two of them said in unison, "I'm starving..."

When they saw Emily's backside, the two intruders looked at each other. From the back, they thought that Natalie's consultation room was still receiving patients. They apologized for the disturbance, but when they were about to close the door and leave, they were stopped by Natalie. "Come in."

Rose and Sherri walked in while holding hands. Rose had never seen Emily before, so she didn't have much of a reaction. She thought that it was a patient. Sherri's reaction was huge. "Fuck, nympho, what's wrong with you? You... Which lousy institution did you go to for plastic surgery again? Why are your eyes gone? Are you alright? Are you really alright? Why are you tormenting yourself? Is something wrong?"

After saying that, Sherri took a few exaggerated steps back and bent down to take a closer look at Emily's face. "That's not right. Your face doesn't look like a failed plastic surgery product. You were beaten up... Who did it?"

Rose was confused. "What's going on? What's a nympho?" she thought.

Emily's face darkened. She had made another mistake. She thought that if she came earlier, she wouldn't run into Sherri. She misjudged Sherri and Rose's eagerness to get off work.

Emily stood up and said seriously, "It has something to do with your son. You shouldn't have forgotten about your son and maid's car accident. I'll wait for your call. Think about whether you want what I have."

Natalie's Son and family were always her bottom line. In just a second, Natalie's mind flashed back to the scene of the car accident and Jenny's death. Memories assaulted her again. She clenched her fists on the table. "Emily, you've made a mistake. We've long investigated this matter. Are you trying to say that it has something to do with your husband's family?"

Psychological warfare was Natalie's guess. She wasn't stupid. She would never let Emily control her. From the injuries on Emily's face, it was obvious that she wanted to escape from the wealthy family that

she had forced her way into. Perhaps she wanted to live a normal life or perhaps she wanted revenge on Max.

If it was Max, then the matter must be related to their family. What could Emily find out? It might be an accidental eavesdropping

As expected, Emily was stunned when she heard that. She did not expect Natalie to be so smart. She wanted to take revenge. She was beaten by Max day after day. When she asked Peggy and the others for help. Peggy always said emotionlessly, "You don't do anything at home all day and make my son unhappy. What else can you do, other than waste money?"

Emily had enough of this kind of life. After Elena passed away, Tucker told her everything. He also told her how her mother killed people. She couldn't believe it.

At this moment, she was no longer arrogant to Natalie. She promised Tucker that she would not find trouble with Natalie again. Tucker had told her, "Don't find trouble with Natalie in the future. She's really a good person. We'll never be able to repay her with our entire life. Let yourself go and let others go. I'll support you in the future. Think of a way to get out of the Wilson family."

Yes, Emily had thought of this method for a long time. It was unrealistic for her to get out of the Wilson family herself. She needed Trevon's help, but Trevon only listened to Natalie now. This had to make her come to the hospital again.

Emily mustered her courage and took a deep breath. Her tone was a little humble. "Can you pull me out of the Wilson family first?"

Even Sherri had never seen such a lowly Emily before. In an instant, she put away her jokes and malice. She was a kind person, but she had always wanted to help stand up for Natalie when she saw Emily bullying Natalie. At this moment, she did not say anything. She stood at the side with the confused Rose and remained silent.

Natalie thought for a few seconds. "Don't say that I'm black-hearted. I want to see if the thing in your hand is worth anything. Trevon has never been someone who can be controlled by others. If he wants to know, he won't need you at all. Do you understand?"

After a moment of silence, Emily thought about it and agreed. "Alright, I'll give it to you. I hope you can help me after you've seen it."

Natalie did not make any promises in return.

### [Chapter 347](#)

After the entire process, the Jasper gray sweater was no longer the same color as before.

"That's right, Sherri said. "Hackett said that the weather is good today. I'm going to work tomorrow, right? My family will be visiting the grave the day after tomorrow. My brother has been quite busy these few days. He's been working on a new project recently, so he pushed it back for two days."

After saying that. Sherri asked Hackett for a lighter. She lit the candles in front of the tombstone, set down flowers, and said a few words to Theo and Jenny. Finally, she bowed to the tombstones.

Hackett looked at his wife sincerely paying respects to the people from Trevon's family and began to feel bad for his own grandfather. He put his hands in his pockets and said in a roguish manner. "Trevon, you're not going to visit my grandfather this year?"

Trevon was speechless.

Natalie looked at Trevon and was a little puzzled. She knew that their relationship was good, but was it so good that they would visit each other's graves on Memorial Day?

Were they that close?

Seeing the probing look in her eyes, Trevon glanced at her and said, "I'm going to go over there."

"Oh, okay."

Hackett and Trevon left and went to the tombstones of Hackett's grandparents.

Seeing that her best friend did not ask or seem very curious, Sherri could not hold back the little secret in her heart. She leaned close to Natalie's ear. "Aren't you curious at all why Mr. Wilson needs to visit the tombstone of Hackett's Grandpa? Well, he's also my grandfather now."

Natalie squatted down unhurriedly and did not stop the two little kids beside her. "I know you'll say it, so I don't plan to waste my breath."

Sherri squatted down like a thief. "Alright, Hackett said that your husband went to my grandfather's grave to pay respects every year just to bump into you. Let me calculate how many times he's borrowed my grandfather so far and used him. The house he gave you is one of them."

It dawned on Natalie. So before she went overseas, she had come to the cemetery. She had run into Trevon, who had insisted on doing property transfers. Now, Natalie realized that it had not been a coincidence. Trevon had planned their meeting.

Sherri continued, "After you went overseas, he came twice a year, so that's five times in total. However, he didn't see you, because you didn't come back. We're pregnant, right? The last time was when you went, you told Trevon to be invisible. He went to my grandfather's grave instead."

After saying that, Sherri did some calculations in her heart. She should have gotten it correctly, right? She seemed to have counted all the times that Hackett had told her. It was not important. The number of times was not important. What was important was that Trevon borrowed her grandfather.

"Mr. Blackwell must be very depressed Natalie thought inside. "Only Trevon could think of planning a chance encounter in someone else's grave.

There were really all kinds of strange things.

Natalie was speechless.

After Sherri left, Trevon returned. As soon as he returned, he saw that Jasper's clothes were covered in handprints. It was obvious that they were not his because the handprints were very small.

However, Trevon did not reprimand him. He squatted down and helped to clean up the grave.

Natalie smiled and asked, "I heard that you've been treating Mr. Blackwell as a tool for many years."

Trevon Wilson replied without changing his expression, "Mr. Blackwell has always treated me as his biological grandson. Isn't it good to have an extra grandson visit him?"

### [Chapter 348](#)

On the other side, by the Blackwell family's graves, Joy was packing up. Sherri also squatted down to help.

Joy didn't like this. "Sherri, you should use your hands for surgery. How can you do this? Hurry and get up. Hackett, you do

it."

Hackett was speechless.

Sherri had a sweet mouth and didn't feel embarrassed. At home, Joy did not let her do anything for fear of Sherri getting tired. Joy doted on her even more than her mother. "Mom, it's not tiring to clean this up." Sherri said. "I also want to perform well before Grandpa so he'll like me too."

Joy accepted this explanation. She couldn't stop smiling. "Alright, Hackett will do it with you. Let Grandpa bless you with smooth sailing, security, and good health. I don't need you to be the richest man. Just be safe and healthy. You don't have to be so ambitious,"

Then Joy asked curiously. "By the way, why did Trevon come to pay respects to your grandfather?"

Hackett did not expose him. "He happened to be here, so he came over."

Joy squatted in front of the tombstone and rambled on. "Look at Trevon. He's so polite. He ran into us on Memorial Day and came to see your grandfather. He even lit a candle. What a good child."

"Mom, you're not very good at interpreting words, are you?" Hackett asked. "He just happened to be here. It wasn't on purpose."

Hackett emphasized the words. He was afraid that his mother wouldn't be able to understand what he meant.

Joy glared at her son. "Even if that's the case, it's polite of Trevon to come. Why don't you do the same thing? Right, Nathan?" Nathan quickly replied. "Your mother is right. Stop being a smartmouth and let your actions speak louder."

"I'm not crazy enough to do that. Hackett thought inside. "Trevon is crazy, but I'm not."

Sherri listened to all of this wordlessly.

In the afternoon, Natalie, Trevon, and Jasper went to the grave of Natalie's mom and grandpa.

As soon as they stepped through the door of the Wilson's residence, Rachel looked at the dirty Jasper and her heart ached. "Did Jasper help out at the cemetery?"

"He used his shirt as a rag." Trevon explained.

Rachel didn't understand, but she still carried the child to take a shower.

The next day, Natalie went to work. She rode her bike to work. Rachel only instructed her not to drive too fast because safety was first. She did not say anything else. Caleb could not help but praise his daughter-in-law for riding her bike to work. No wonder she could control that brat.

Although Rachel thought that her daughter-in-law's bike was really cool, she didn't show it on the outside.

The next day, they went to the Wilson family's cemetery to pay their respect. All of the Wilson family's ancestors were buried here. The entire cemetery was decorated extravagantly, especially Grandma's grave, which had a crown design. When Trevon returned home, he told her that because Grandma was a princess or queen in Grandpa's heart.

Only the Wilson family was in the entire cemetery. There were no outsiders. It was like a courtyard house with a gate, guards, bodyguards, and specially planted greenery. The cobblestones paved all the way from the gate to the cemetery. The luxurious and domineering cemetery might be the only one in Athana. Natalie was quite stunned.

After paying respects to the Wilson family, Natalie received a message from Ava as she returned home. [Natalie, I'm on leave for three days for Memorial Day, but I won't be coming. We visited the grave yesterday. If I come today, I'll have to go back tomorrow. I can only stay for one night. All my time would be wasted on the plane. I'll wait for your wedding.]

Natalie replied. [Sure, I've also told Uncle Daniel. We'll visit again after we get married.]

Ava's reply said. [Alright, then come back with me to Sapphire City after you get married.]

[Sure, I have marriage leave.]

[Yay!]

Natalie replied with a smiling emoji.

April 18th was getting closer and closer. On April 16th, Natalie's stomach hurt a little. She thought that her period was coming. It was supposed to come on April 12th, but she thought that she had been too busy recently and delayed her period.

She walked to the toilet and checked. There was still no sign of her period coming, which made her think of another result.

Trevon went to check out the wedding venue today. He said that he would only get married once in his life and would not allow any mistakes. From the design to the layout, to the supervisor, he had to do it himself and supervise it personally.

Natalie squatted on the toilet bowl and took out her phone to send Sherri a message. [Sherri, are you off work?]

Sherri replied very quickly. As it was noon, she was having lunch with Rose. [It's time to get off work. Dear bride, how may I help you? You can apply for marriage leave two days in advance, but I can't ask

for leave more than four months in advance. My wedding is in July, understand? I have reason to suspect that you're showing off your leave.]

Natalie held her phone to her forehead. [Aren't you tired from typing so much? You have so much time on your hands.]

[It's a hule boring now that you're not here. You must miss me too.]

[No, I'm actually missing my period,] Natalie replied.

After sending this message, there was no immediate reply. After a few minutes, Sherri sent a terrified emoji. [Girl, I seem to miss my period too. Do you think... No way, that's impossible.]

Natalie sent a question mark and [You're not going to tell me that you're not on your period either, are you?]

[If I say yes, you won't say that I'm copying you, right?]

Natalie's legs were a little numb from squatting on the toilet bowl. She put on her pants with one hand and pressed the audio message button with the other. "I think we should buy a test first. Don't make a mistake."

Sherri was an obstetrician-gynecologist. Her menstrual period had always been very accurate. She wasn't the only one who was accurate. Even Natalie was very accurate. If they didn't take a test, there was a 30% chance that they weren't pregnant. There was a 70% chance that they were.

When the door was opened, a man in a suit was standing at the door. He leaned sideways with his hands in his pockets and squinted at Natalie. His expression was a little uneasy, and his voice was a little broken. "What did you say to Sherri just now? Are you pregnant?"

There was so much surprise in Trevon's tone that it overflowed. It was hard not to hear his joy.

However, the matter had not been confirmed yet. Natalie did not want to make a mistake and make him happy for nothing. "Well, I haven't tested it yet. My period is just delayed"

However, if she counted the time, it might really be four weeks. The last time was the middle of the year when Trevon went to Sapphire City. Coupled with the fact that they hadn't used protection, it was possible. It should be. However, it was more reassuring to test it.

Trevon could not calm down for a second. He said in a panic. "Then let's go to the hospital now. Isn't Sherri at work? Let her do it. Slow down. Why don't I carry you down?"

Natalie was speechless. She was pregnant, not terminally ill.

In the end, Natalie did not even have the chance to suggest buying a pregnancy test. She was carried into the passenger seat by Trevon and the man even carefully fastened her seatbelt.

Natalie was once again at a loss. Why did Trevon have to overhear when she sent an audio message?

Sherri's reply came. [Do you want me to buy it and send it over? But it might be later in the afternoon.]

Natalie massaged her temples. [You should just give me a blood test |

[You're so direct. Alright, I'll do mine with you. I didn't expect my profession to serve the two of us. I might even be able to help Rose in the future. I'm too awesome.)

Natalie sent her a thumbs up emoji.

Trevon slowly started the car. Natalie realized that he was stepping on the accelerator very gently, especially when he stepped on the brakes. It was like he was afraid that he would damage the brakes.

The car arrived at Athana Hospital. It was the lunch break. The curtains of the laboratory department were pulled down. Trevon made a call and the technician rushed over. He was in a good mood today. Whether it was true or not, he would participate in everything about Natalie.

Trevon expressed his gratitude to the people from the laboratory department. Before coming, Sherri had already helped Natalie and himself start the necessary paperwork.

At this moment, the two of them were drawing blood from the window one after another. When the needle pierced into Natalie's fair arm, Trevon, who was standing at the side and pressing his shoulder, frowned slightly. He watched as a transparent tube sucked in his wife's blood.

After the blood was drawn, Trevon bent down to press the cotton stick down for her. He even blew on it. "How about I send you to the car to sit while I'll wait here?"

"No need. The results aren't out yet. Don't be nervous. I think you're really a little nervous. Actually, it's fine if I'm pregnant. Besides, I'm not that delicate. There's no need to be so careful."

Natalie glanced at Trevon. His brows never relaxed, and his entire body was tense.

If she was really pregnant, she might not have depression during pregnancy, but Trevon might.

Sherri's blood was drawn by Rose. Sherri didn't dare to joke with Trevon, but Rose wasn't afraid of anything. After Sherri's blood was drawn, she laughed at Trevon. "Trevon, looks like your good days are coming to an end again."

When Trevon looked at her, Rose continued, "Don't glare at me. I'm telling the truth. If Natalie is really pregnant and has a daughter, I predict that you might be about to start waking up in the middle of the night. She laughed. "It's fun just thinking about it."

Trevon rolled his eyes at Rose.

Rose spread out her hands. She was very free now. Frank was in a relationship and didn't have time to care about her. "Don't roll your eyes at me," she said, not offended at all.

Ten minutes later, the results were out. Rose went to get the list first. Although she was a pediatrician, she understood this kind of list. It was common sense.

The next second, Rose could no longer remain calm. "Fuck, did the two of you plan your nightlife too?"

Natalie had already gotten the answer she needed from Rose's expression. She didn't even need to look at the test results.



As an obstetrician-gynecologist, Sherri still took the list and looked at it carefully. After confirming it again and again, she said to Trevon and Natalie, "Natalie, why don't we do another arranged marriage for our kids? It seems like we've succeeded in forming another pair."

The two of them reached out and high-fived each other in tacit understanding. A loud slap sounded in the waiting room of the laboratory.

While everyone was confused, Rose said, "I know you're all excited, but let me say this. I don't recommend you publicize it. There's no other meaning. You... should understand."

Rose thought of the incident with nympho last time. She was afraid that there would be an accident, so she made a smart suggestion for once.

Trevon thanked her. "Okay."

He did not intend to publicize it in the first place. The child had just been conceived. While he was waiting, he had downloaded a pregnancy app. There were things to take note of in there. There was a superstition that you had to keep a pregnancy a secret for the first trimester.

Sherri was not someone who could hide things. "But our family still has to know even if we don't say it publicly. I need to share it with Hackett "

After saying that, Sherri sent a message to Hackett and told him about the arranged marriage. Hackett objected to Sherri's idea for the first time. [No, what if we have a daughter? I can't let Trevon have it easy.]

In the end, Trevon could not hide it from his family either. The reason was that Hackett's mother had called Rachel. He would just have to take better care of Natalie.

After Rachel found out, she cleaned the Wilson's residence inside and out. She also called the servants to the living room and instructed them to install invisible surveillance cameras in the Wilson's residence and Evergreen Gardens.

All hidden dangers had to be eliminated.

However, the servants were not informed that they had to do all this because Natalie was pregnant. Rachel only said that they had to be careful before the wedding.

### [Chapter 349](#)

After the matter was confirmed, Trevon became very careful. He went to Sherri's office to ask why Natalie's stomach would hurt. Sherri analyzed it with the most professional words.

Trevon finally felt less nervous after he was clear about what would happen during the early stages of pregnancy.

After the couple left the hospital, they returned to the Wilson's residence.

When Trevon and Natalie returned to the Wilson's residence, Theo, Rachel, and Caleb were already standing at the door.

They were all waiting at the door to welcome her, the hero of the Wilson family.

When Natalie got out of the car and saw this scene, she already felt extremely awkward. It was too grand. She was just pregnant. Why did it feel a little like it was her ascension to the throne today?

It was honestly embarrassing.

Bracing herself, the originally straightforward woman became a little shy. She glanced at everyone. "Grandpa, Dad, Mom, actually I'm not that delicate. It's just that I'm pregnant. I was quite good when I was pregnant with Jasper in the past. I'm not very tired. Really."

Trevon supported her the entire time, afraid that she would fall and bump into something. After she sat down on the sofa, Theo and Rachel immediately looked at Natalie's stomach. Only Caleb's eyes were normal and did not look around.

\*\*\*Natalie, can you handle getting married on the 18th? Why don't we postpone the wedding and wait for you to give birth? You can't force yourself." Theo suggested with worry and heartache."

Natalie refused. How could they not hold the wedding? Recently, Trevon had been out entire days to arrange the wedding. If they did not hold the wedding, all of his efforts would be wasted. 'It's fine, Grandpa. I'm really quite okay. I'm not that delicate. If I'm not feeling well, I'll definitely bring it up."

Rachel glanced at Natalie and instructed Trevon, "Remove the complicated parts of the wedding process."

Trevon understood. "Yes, I'll do it later. Natalie, stay at home and don't run around. If you really feel tired, we can cancel it."

"There's really no need Go ahead Natalie gave him a reassuring look.

Trevon patted her head and left. He looked back worriedly. As soon as he left, he saw Hackett bragging in the group chat.

Hackett said, [Bros, congratulate me I'm going to be a father again |

[Don't make it seem like you're the only gun in the world that can fire, Trevon replied.

Frank was at Lither Club. When he saw these two messages, he chose not to see them. He sat on the chair and sighed.

Hackett replied. [Tsk, just because you can doesn't mean that Frank can too. Hahaha, Frank might have rusted and can't even draw a gun. Hahahaha.]

Frank couldn't stay silent anymore. [Tell me which bone in your body is more annoying. I'll help you get rid of it.]

Hackett backed off [Hahaha, I'm joking. I'm joking 1

[Do I look like a joke to you?] Frank asked.

Trevon quickly replied. [Yes]

[Get lost. Transfer the room fee,] Frank shot back.

[Don't the two of you still owe me the wedding fees from the bet? Transfer it to me at once. I won't accept checks,] Trevon

sent.

This time, Hackett and Frank chose to ignore this message. They tacitly did not reply.

Trevon didn't mind. He didn't really plan to let them pay for the wedding. This was his wedding with Natalie. Why would he ask them to pay? He definitely had to do it himself.

After Trevon left, Rachel took out fruits from the kitchen and placed them in front of Natalie. "Vitamin supplements. Jasper just fell asleep. Don't carry Jasper anymore.

Rachel was afraid that she would misunderstand, so she added, "Jasper's weight is increasing every day. You need to exert more strength to carry him." It was a little dangerous. Natalie had to be careful in the first three months.

Natalie thanked her. "Mom, I know you're doing this for my own good. Thank you."

Warmth spread throughout her body. It felt good to be surrounded by love.

The day before the wedding, which was April 17th, Natalie's relatives came from Sapphire City to Athana. The plane landed at 10:30, which was just enough time to bring them to lunch.

Natalie was definitely escorted to the airport as a national treasure. However, there were two more people who went to the

airport this time: Rose and Frank.

A Maybach and off-road vehicle were parked side by side in the parking lot. Rose and Natalie were both wearing dresses. Trevon was worried about leaving her side for a second. If anything happened to his wife, his grandfather would probably

disown him

Rose naturally walked over to Natalie's side and leaned closer. "Right now, you are an empress and Trevon is your servant." Natalie had reason to suspect that Rose had been watching too many soap operas.

If Trevon found out someone said that he was a servant, who knew how he would feel?

However, Natalie agreed with Rose's title of empress. It was very appropriate. Everyone in the Wilson's residence was now revolving around her.

The plane arrived at the Athana airport on time. After taxiing for a while, the private plane stopped steadily. After a while, 1 group of people came out from the inside.

Joseph was wearing casual clothes since he wasn't working. Emma was still an elegant and dignified gown. Daniel was wearing a formal suit.

Daniel, who was at the front, looked around and was a little disappointed not to see Jasper.

Trevon quickly explained, "Uncle Daniel, Natalie is pregnant so I'm afraid that I won't be able to take care of Natalie if I bring Jasper here.

Daniel and Emma nodded at the same time to show that they understood.

Natalie walked over and held Erma's arm intimately. "Aunt Emma, the flight must have been tiring"

"We are the happiest that you're getting married. No matter how hard it was, we were willing to do it. Your uncle was so happy that he couldn't sleep last night. There was also a little guy who couldn't sleep on the plane. He was still tidying his hair. He must have slept badly."

Rose and Frank greeted in unison, "Uncle Daniel, Aunt Emma, Mr. Turner."

Joseph couldn't help but laugh. They were being so polite with him, but he didn't correct him.

Frank's line of sight was on the plane. He did not see the person that he was missing so much. Rose bumped into her brother's shoulder. "Don't be nervous. She'll be down soon."

Frank gave her a cold look and could not be bothered with her.

After a while, Ava alighted from the plane. She was wearing a light green dress with a flat collar. On her shoulders were loose bubble sleeves. On the left side of her waist were two belts that were tied into a casual bow. Her hair was probably messy from sleeping and fell loosely down her shoulders.

After she got off the plane, Emina and Daniel looked at their daughter and said to Trevon, "Send us to the hotel first. Ava can go with her friends."

"Alright, Aunt Emma." Trevon personally drove them to Grand Manor.

When Ava came down, her mother and the others had already left quickly. It was too late to call out to them. She rushed towards Rose and hugged her. Then, before Rose could react, she let go and jumped onto Frank.

Frank caught her. Wearing a long dress, she hooked her legs around Frank's waist and said excitedly. "Frank, did you miss me?"

Frank's eyes were filled with affection as he smiled. "Mhm"

Ava kissed Frank on the lips as if there was no one else around. "Alright, I've already automatically interpreted your words. You missed me very much."

This time, Frank said it clearly. "Yes, I missed you."

Rose facepalmed. Why did she stay? Was she looking for trouble? "Can the two of you think of me, the third-wheeler? I'll get a heart attack if you do this."

Ava thought about it and felt that it was not a good idea. She wanted to jump down, but Frank held her butt with one hand and her waist with the other. He said to Rose, "You can be temporarily blind. If you can't be blind, turn left and there's a

taxi."

After saying that, he carried Ava effortlessly and walked towards the car. Ava hugged Frank and kissed his neck again. Frank's hand paused and his back stiffened. "Baby Ava, be good."

"Oh, alright." Then, Ava obediently wrapped her arms around his neck. Actually, she was not very obedient. She looked at Frank and kissed him again and again. Frank's face was filled with Ava's lip prints.

In the end, when they reached the parking lot and Frank put her in the passenger seat, she finally settled down. However, Frank couldn't settle down anymore after being teased for so long. When he was helping Ava fasten his seatbelt, he leaned over and kissed her lips.

From shallow to deep, he slowly occupied the dominant position. Half of Frank's body was outside, and his head was inside. One hand was locked around her waist, and the other kept rubbing her delicate face.

She wrapped her small hands tightly around Frank. She missed Frank's scent too much. In this situation, she was like a vixen, inhaling his scent with all her might.

Frank was the same. He searched for comfort between Ava's lips and teeth, searching for happiness, searching for the sweetness that should have been there. He marked every inch of where he kissed.

Rose stood at the back of the car, leaning against it with her hands crossed in front of her chest. She turned on the stopwatch on her phone and whistled leisurely

Ordinary people would have walked away or taken a taxi, but Rose was not an ordinary person.

Not only did she not leave, she even recorded the time. As the seconds ticked by, Frank and Ava were still entwined in the kiss that they had been thinking about day and night.

"It's been five minutes," Rose thought. "Aren't you afraid of suffocating? Do you like sharing spit so much?"

It was clearly a kiss, but Rose imagined it as giving each other spit and it was a disgusting image. Rose had never kissed

before, so she really didn't like it much. She couldn't figure out what was so nice about it.

Eight minutes later, Frank let go of Ava. The little girl's face was already red and she was panting slightly. He dotingly tidied her messy hair. "Are you still going to tease me?"

Ava nodded playfully and fearlessly. Frank shook his head helplessly, "Why did you dye your hair?"

"Does it look good? It's a popular color recently. Ava said.

Frank curled his lips and rubbed her newly dyed hair. "It looks good"

Rose leaned lazily against the back of the car and interrupted at an inappropriate time. "Are you two done? Can I get into the backseat now? If you still want to continue, you can continue. I promise I can continue to be invisible."

Actually, it was not bad to watch her brother's live show.

“Get up

there.” Frank glared at his sister in disdain. He did not know what she was here for. She was in the way.

Rose tsked. “Double standards. I can’t do anything about it. I deserve this for sitting in a free car. I’m not angry. I’m not angry.”

Frank chose to automatically block Rose’s complaints. He sat in the driver’s seat and fastened his seatbelt. He glanced at the blushing little girl and smiled faintly. “Do you want to drink a milkshake?”

Ava nodded. There was still blush in her cheeks.

Rose stopped talking and refused to drink milkshake.

Frank glanced at the rearview mirror. “Do you want to drink?”

“What do you think? Don’t you know how much trauma you’ve caused me? I’m not drinking.” She was angry. As soon as she said milkshake, she thought of the bucket of milkshake that cost 60 dollars last time.

In the end, Frank did not let Ava get out of the car because her face was still very red. He went to buy it alone and ordered a serving of watermelon juice for Rose according to what she had ordered last time.

When he handed the watermelon juice to Rose, she was not so angry anymore. She felt that she had not completely lost her brother Frank could still be good to her.

When a mouthful of watermelon juice entered her mouth, it felt cool and refreshing. Her mood instantly improved, and she no longer complained about Frank in her mind.

### [Chapter 350](#)

Just like last time, Trevon also arranged for them to be in the presidential suite on the highest floor of the Grand Manor. This entire floor was given to them.

Natalie and the others had already arrived at Grand Manor half an hour ago, but Ava still hadn’t returned. Emma and the others were also very calm and had no intention of asking.

Joseph frowned slightly, but he did not say anything.

Trevon sat down across from Emma. Every time he saw Emma, she would either wear a gown or silk. It seemed like she really liked it. Her hair was tied into a braid and hung casually on her back.

“I’m sorry, my mother and the others won’t be coming today.”

Emma did not mind. It was the day before the wedding, so the groom’s family would naturally be busy. She had interacted with Rachel last time. This woman was quite similar to her in doing things. She would feel more at ease if she did everything herself. Now that her son was getting married, she would definitely do that even more.

If Joseph was getting married, Emma would probably do the same, so it was understandable.

Emma smiled gently. "It's understandable. Today is already your busiest day. You don't have to worry about us. I only have one request. You have to treat Natalie well for the rest of your life. She's pregnant now, so it'll be harder for her in the future. I hope you can accompany her with all your heart."

Now that Natalie was pregnant with a second child, Trevon could make up for his mistake. He had not been by Natalie's side when she gave birth to Jasper. Trevon hoped that he could take care of her every day and participate in every stage of the process for this child.

He would definitely take good care of her.

He agreed readily. "Aunt Emma, I will. You guys are in charge of supervising me. I will accompany her every step of her growth with all my heart."

Emma sat upright and elegantly. She agreed with Trevon's words. From Emma's point of view, a woman's life was constantly growing. From a child to a young girl, to a relationship, to marriage, to a mother, to a first child, a second child. The temperament and mental state displayed at every stage were different.

There was a fundamental difference between love and marriage.

Daniel sat beside Emma as if he was thinking about something. After a moment of silence, he said, "Trevon."

Trevon sat down with a serious expression and a proper attitude. He replied, "Uncle Daniel, please give your instructions." His tone was respectful and polite. He looked like a junior and humbly accepted his opinion.

Daniel was very satisfied, but he still had to say what he needed to say. "There are some things that might not be appropriate for me to say when you get married tomorrow, but Natalie is our Turner family's precious one. I still need to say it."

"It's fine." Trevon said. "Uncle Daniel, if you have something to say, just say it. As long as I can do it for Natalie, I'll do it. If I can't, I'll think of a way."

Joseph sat in the armchair with his hands on his lap. He gave Trevon a rare satisfied look and smiled.

Daniel let out a breath. He was a little reluctant. "If you feel that Natalie isn't suitable for you after you get married, or if the Wilson family feels that she isn't suitable to be Mrs. Wilson, inform me. I'll bring her home. She will always be our baby." Natalie turned to look in the other direction and swallowed her tears. Tomorrow was a good day and she could not cry. "Okay, but this day won't come," Trevon said. "Uncle Daniel, you're overthinking."

Daniel slapped his thigh and grinned. He looked exactly the same as before. "Okay, I believe you."

Throughout the entire process, Joseph did not say anything. In any case, he would make Trevon regret it if he ever treated Natalie badly.

About an hour later, the doorbell rang. Natalie was about to get up to open the door when she was stopped by the man beside her. "Sit down. I'll go."

Trevon got up to open the door.

Outside the door was Ava, who was holding a milkshake. She looked happy like she'd enjoyed something great. "Hello, Trevon. I'm back."

"Hi, Ava," Trevon replied,

Ava walked into the room happily and raised the milkshake in her hand. "Natalie, you can't drink milkshakes now that you're pregnant. I'll buy it for you when you give birth."

Emma and the others didn't eat these things.

Natalie smiled and teased, "I thought you weren't coming back for lunch."

Ava scratched her neck in embarrassment and giggled. She wanted to eat with Frank, but when she thought about how today was the last day before her sister's wedding, she still needed to have a good meal with her family.

She could eat with Frank after the wedding. She had to get her priorities straight.

After lunch, Emma urged Natalie to go home.

Due to what her grandfather had done, Natalie did not invite Daniel and Emma to the Foster's residence. However, Ava took the initiative to follow them. Trevon could not stay with Natalie at night and Emma was worried. Ava was a smart girl, so Trevon sent Ava to accompany her.

Joseph did not go to the Foster's residence because Trevon had already told him everything and told him about the chef.

Naturally, Emma also knew. They were Daisy's family members and had the right to know about Daisy's past, including her cause of death and the reason for her disappearance.

The vintage Foster's residence was now filled with festiveness. However, the house was filled with calligraphy and wooden furniture. Even though it was festive now, the decorations still looked vintage.

When the car arrived at the Foster's residence, Trevon got out and opened the passenger door. He helped Natalie out and

reminded her, "Be careful"

"I'm not that fragile. Really, don't be nervous Natalie wasn't sure who was pregnant now.

Ever since she got pregnant, Trevon had been extremely nervous. He refused to let her move this way or that. He refused to leave her side.

"It's better to be careful. You don't want Grandpa to disown me the moment you marry me tomorrow, right?" Trevon said.

Ava had never been to the Foster's residence before. This was her first time. There were countless red lanterns inside the gates. They were probably hung up by Lena. The elderly in Athana still followed the tradition of using red lanterns for festivities.



They walked into the living room. The corners were filled with big red and golden balloons. There were red calligraphy paintings on the walls. All of the decorations showed how happy the family was.

The dining room was also covered with red silk. An exquisite and lifelike pair of swans were engraved on the silk.

There were red cups placed on the cloth. Lena had filled the cups with grains and herbs according to Athana traditions. They were supposed to bring the newlywed couple good luck and good health.

There was a festive atmosphere everywhere. Natalie had to admit that she was about to get married. She was very happy. Lena had put red in every corner.

Lena and Mel were still busy upstairs. When they heard the sound downstairs, they quickly ran down. "Natalie, you're back Are you feeling unwell?"

Lena asked this because she saw Trevon supporting Natalie. Mel, who was following behind, also frowned.

Ava looked around curiously. She had never attended a wedding before, and this was the first time she had seen such a decoration. She was very curious. People usually decorated with roses.

She politely greeted Lena, "Lena, long time no see. Hello, miss."

Lena greeted her back. She liked Miss the Turner family very much. "Hello, Miss Turner. It's been so long since I last saw you. You seem to have become prettier again."

Ava smiled. "Thank you, Lena Can I go up and take a look?"

"Go ahead. This is your sister's home. Make yourself at home," Lena said. "You can look at it however you want."

"Alright. Natalie, Trevon, I'll go take a look first." Ava could not suppress her curiosity.

"Sure, Trevon replied.

After seeing Ava run up the stairs, Trevon said to Lena, "Lena, let Natalie to tell you later."

"Go ahead and do your work," Natalie instructed. "Lena and the others are here to take care of me. What else are you worried about? Go back and take care of Jasper."

Trevon was indeed worried. He was a little flustered whenever Natalie was not in his sight for a minute. He had never been so flustered before. "Okay, wait for me to pick you up tomorrow."

"Okay, don't be so tense. You're getting married, not going to the battlefield."

"Got it. I'm really leaving now." Trevon was a little reluctant and worried.

"Just go, Natalie urged.

After Trevon left, Lena helped Natalie to look at the master bedroom's decorations. Ava was still taking photos in the room,

preparing to post them online. It was too beautiful. She had never seen this before.

Seeing Natalie enter, she couldn't wait to share it. "Natalie, this fan is so beautiful. They even carved the word 'happiness' into it. It's beautiful, right? Look at this four-piece set with swans embroidered on it. It's so gorgeous!"

Lena helped Natalie sit down on the stool and explained, "Mr. Wilson personally found craftsmen for these things. These were all embroidered by hand. The carvings are also handmade. Mr. Wilson put a lot of effort into these details. He arranged the furniture himself"

Natalie was stunned. "He placed them here? When did he come?"

"He came for a few consecutive days, Lena said. "Actually, he came a few times every day and put it up bit by bit. He didn't even let us help. He's been busy for a handful of days."

Before the incident with Natalie's grandfather, Trevon had indeed spent the entire day outside. Natalie thought that he had been busy decorating the island, but it turned out that he had also decorated this place. This made Natalie feel warm and fuzzy inside.

Ava was excited when she heard that. She was especially happy for Natalie. "Wow, Trevon is so awesome. I want to give him a big thumbs up."

As she spoke, she posted all the pictures she'd taken. She added the caption, In terms of who the busiest groom in the world is, of course it's my brother-in-law. Everything in the room was arranged by the groom, my brother-in-law. Like my post to congratulate them!]

Mel had something to say, but there were so many people here, so she didn't say it.

Lena did not continue to ask Natalie where she was feeling unwell. Natalie gently patted her stomach to let Lena know the news. However, she kept it from Mel.

It wasn't that she didn't believe Mel, but compared to the situation, she had to be careful. There was no other way.

At night, Natalie received another call from an unknown number. It was Emily. She had blocked Emily's number, so Emily bought a new number to call her

She sounded very anxious. "Natalie, I've already given you the things. Why haven't you helped me?"

A few days ago, after Emily came to the hospital, she went back and told Trevon about this. Trevon sent someone to take the things from Emily's hands. She had not replied for a few days. Emily was probably anxious.

She could tell that Emily was anxious. She said calmly. "Aren't you a little anxious? It's not the deadline yet."

She could not be 100% sure if the things she got were worth anything

Emily was more than anxious. She only had this card in her hand. It was a chance for her to escape from Max. She gritted his teeth and said, "Alright, I'll wait for another day."

Natalie did not reply to this sentence.

Emily was already struggling on the brink of death. She saw Natalie as her last hope.

On the night that the item was brought back, Trevon had told her that there would be nothing to worry about. He had already made preparations and told her to be at ease.

Recalling Trevor's promise, Natalie hung up.

Emily only had herself to blame. Adults had to pay for their own choices. Clearly, Emily had already paid for it and wanted to quit now.

Natalie was not a saint. She could forgive her grandfather because her grandfather had raised her, educated her, and nurtured her. However, Emily did not do any of this.

She only wanted to make a deal.

If what Emily gave them was really valuable and could help them, then Natalie would thank her. This was a separate matter from not liking Emily.