

The Tide 381

[Chapter 381](#)

The bright moonlight spilled down, suffusing the car with a gentle brightness. Amidst the air, an aura of romance lingered.

A soft breeze swept by, causing the roadside grass to sway. The blades of grass playfully nudged one another as they moved.

Inside the enclosed compartment, only the echoes of kisses resonated. The girl closed her eyes, relishing the affection from the man. With his eyes open, a faint crimson hue tinged his gaze. He tenderly traced every contour of her features, meticulous and attentive.

Tracing the memory of their encounter, he eased back slightly, granting the girl a brief respite to catch her breath before leaning down again to graze the tender, desire-laden corners of her lips. The pangs of longing spread freely between their lips and teeth, reluctant to part.

No number of kisses felt satiating. His hand instinctively ascended her back, moving leisurely until his palm rested on her neck. Their breaths grew labored, foreheads touching, synchronizing their heavy exhalations.

Ava's face took on a flushed hue akin to a delicate blush. Her lips held a gentle swelling. Reluctant to let go of him, she clung to his neck fervently.

A husky resonance rumbled against her neck as the man asked, "Don't want me to go?"

Ava nodded, her reluctance evident, as she nestled against his shoulder.

Eventually, with Ava nestled at his shoulder, he sent a message to Joseph, instructing him to come and collect her.

Shortly after that, Joseph's car emerged from the estate. Spotting Joseph through the car window, the man patted Ava's back, saying, "Your brother's here to fetch you."

At his announcement, Ava finally relinquished her hold. Frank affectionately tousled her hair and said, "I'll come to pick you up tomorrow morning. You decide the time."

"Alright," Ava replied obediently, her tone laced with reluctance and a hint of helplessness.

Then, Frank swung open the car door and disembarked. Joseph, who was donned in pajamas a typical attire at 10:30 pm – briefly met his gaze before opening the passenger door, inviting Ava to exit.

Joseph's keen eyes naturally detected his sister's atypical rosy cheeks. He comprehended the situation but maintained politeness as Frank ensured Ava's safe return. As such, Joseph said, "Thank you for bringing Ava back. Young girls shouldn't stay up late at night. Perhaps, you can send her home earlier next time."

Frank grasped the meaning behind Joseph's words, recognizing that the latter had found it too late. He responded, "I'll do my best."

He refrained from issuing a definitive commitment.

Matters of the heart were elusive to predict accurately. If he agreed and failed to deliver, he risked appearing unreliable.

Once Ava was seated in Joseph's car, Frank addressed Joseph, saying. "Open the trunk for a moment."

Joseph unlocked the passenger side, allowing his sister to settle in. Then, he popped the trunk open, observing as Frank retrieved bags from his car and transferred them into Joseph's vehicle. A faint smirk danced on his lips, a nearly teasing gesture, as he commented, "It seems like you've made quite the investment.

Frank responded, "It's my pleasure."

With everything stowed, Joseph promptly took the driver's seat. He nodded to Frank, who was leaning against the car door. before turning the car back into the estate.

Once the car had pulled into the estate, Frank lingered a moment longer, reluctant to depart. After not smoking the entire day, he extracted a pack of cigarettes from the car. Tapping one out, he ignited it, and the crimson ember flickered brightly in the subdued ambiance. After taking a draw and exhaling, he turned toward the bodyguard, who had already started to walk away, and asked, "Care for one?"

The bodyguards shook their heads in unison, politely declining. Yet, out of courtesy, Frank extracted another cigarette from the trunk and handed it to the guard stationed at the main entrance, saying, "Working late into the night is hard work. Take this to stay alert.

The guard accepted the cigarette. But, as he was about the decline Frank's offer, Frank had already started the engine and pulled away.

In the wake of his departure, all that lingered was the murmur of the wind and a haze of uncertainty. The bodyguard thought. "To smoke or not to smoke? Is this considered a form of bribery?"

From the moment she woke up, Rose began berating Frank in her heart for his actions. Why did he book such an early flight? People do not even wake up this early for work!

Carrying a white suitcase, she descended the stairs. When William noticed Rose coming down the stairs, he rushed forward to help her move the luggage. He expressed concern and said, 'I've prepared some breakfast for you. Take it with you, and you can eat it on your way to the airport

He handed Rose the breakfast and helped load her suitcase into the trunk of the car.

Grace approached the pair and instructed, "Stay safe. Four people are accompanying you, but they will not interfere with your trip or report on your actions and whereabouts. They are merely responsible for your safety."

Taking a bite of the sandwich her father made, Rose nodded before opening her arms to embrace her mother. She said. "Thank you, Mom. Love you."

Grace's eyes briefly moistened at Rose's words, and she patted her daughter's shoulder, reminding her, "You're running late. Isn't the flight at 6:30 am?"

"Oh, I'm leaving. Goodbye. I'll bring you something back when I return." Rose said before departing. Even though she was using William's money, she still wanted to show her gratitude.

“Alright, Grace responded softly. She felt touched and warmed in her heart.

At the Athana Airport, a woman wore a short white polo shirt and torn black jeans, a dark blue baseball cap on her head, and a mini limited edition bucket bag hanging from her shoulder. She also wore sunglasses with pale purple lenses.

Behind her were four men dressed in plain clothes. They were following closely behind her.

Rose pushed her suitcase herself to avoid arousing suspicion, striding purposefully toward the airport. People who always stay ahead of fashion trends tend to have an inherent knack for attracting attention.

People glanced at her occasionally when checking tickets from a distance. Rose boarded the plane and found her seat according to her ticket. Frank had a conscience and booked her a first-class seat

“Frank is still rather considerate,” Rose thought to herself.

She sat in the window seat. A beam of sunlight snuck in, and she was relatively content. The four bodyguards who followed her could not sit beside her since their tickets were purchased later. Frank’s tickets were booked in advance, causing two bodyguards to sit behind Rose and two in the economy class.

Rose felt drowsy as soon as she sat down. Having woken up early in the morning, she suspected Frank had done this intentionally. She did not remove her sunglasses, pulled her hat low, and covered herself with a thin blanket, preparing to sleep.

Sleepiness overcame her swiftly. The plane had not taken off yet, and she was already in dreamland. As such, she did not notice the person sitting next to her.

A man stood by the seat, his lowered eyelids glancing at her attire as he hesitated momentarily. He did not say a word as he gently sat down beside her.

A flight attendant approached to inquire about his needs, but before she could speak, the man extended his long hand, gesturing for her to be quiet. He then waved his hand, indicating he did not need anything.

The flight attendant assumed they were a couple and regarded them with envious and congratulatory eyes.

The man did not want to explain further.

Just then, the sound of a vibrating phone came from his pocket. After sending a reply, he turned off his phone and quietly laid back on his seat, pretending to sleep.

The plane took off, and Rose had already in deep slumber. Her usual sleep position was not great, and sleeping while sitting was uncomfortable. In her dreams, she had forgotten she was on a plane, and she tilted her head to the side.

A sudden force jolted the man beside her. He turned to look at Rose but saw she had not reacted. She was sleeping soundly. Was this insomnia? Catching up on lost sleep after waking up early?

How long had they boarded the plane since she had already fallen into a deep slumber?

Edward extended his hand, gently nudging Rose's head toward the center of the seat. Yet, after two attempts, she still ended up slumped against his shoulder. After repeating this process three times, he ultimately surrendered, thinking. "Well, I suppose it is going to be like this.

Eventually, he closed his eyes, surrendering to slumber as well. Having stayed awake all night to complete work for the upcoming two days to attend his friend's store opening in Artroyland, sleep had been an elusive companion.

Rose's eyes remained shut, yet her hands were raised as if to rouse herself. She momentarily forgot she was on a plane. "Ah... so comfortable, she mumbled.

Seated beside her, Edward observed her without expression and noted that her composure exceeded even that of Sherri.

Now fully awake, Rose yawned and surveyed her surroundings. Absentmindedly addressing herself and the person beside her, she muttered, "Forgot I was on the plane. I slept like a log"

As her gaze shifted, she noticed the man seated beside her. Donning glasses, he sported khaki trousers and a casual shirt. He exuded a handsome elegance.

Puzzled, she wondered, "Wait, why is Edward Landor sitting next to me? What's happening?"

Observing the astonishment on the face of the Roberts family's daughter, Edward could not help but chuckle, a faint smile gracing his lips. "What a coincidence, he remarked.

"What a coincidence! Are you also headed to Artroyland? Are you on vacation? Rose asked, her expression brimmed with disbelief.

"We are already in Artroyland. We are not going," Edward replied, correcting her.

However, he omitted that she had slept through the entire journey. Concerned she might feel embarrassed, he subtly adjusted his shoulder to alleviate the numbness.

"Already? I slept the entire way. Oh my God. I thought I was in my bed. What's wrong with your shoulder? Could it be frozen shoulder?" Rose inquired, her concern palpable.

Edward found himself at a loss for words.

A moment's pause followed, then Edward politely replied, "A little."

Upon learning that the person beside her was suffering. Rose's natural inclination as a healer emerged. She offered advice, saying. "As a friend, I would suggest looking into this. It's a chronic ailment that worsens with fatigue. Do you frequently experience soreness? I can show you some exercises later. They're quite effective. If you ignore this now, you might have trouble lifting your arms as you age. It's quite unfortunate."

Edward, who was fibbing, now felt embarrassed at his fabricated condition.

After disembarking, the pair walked side by side, trailed by bodyguards who exchanged glances at the sight of Mr. Landor as if they were conveying a silent message.

One of the bodyguards signaled through his eyes, saying. The two of them are on an overseas date.

The other bodyguard replied silently, “How would I know? I just saw it. It was a mistake.

“Where are you staying?” Rose inquired, her usual affable nature shining through.

Edward, typically reserved in his responses, recognized that silence would be impolite when faced with such a straightforward question. At the Winterland Hotel,” he replied.

“What a coincidence, I’m staying there too. Shall we head there together? Rose suggested, considering him a genuine friend by now.

Rose Roberts really treated him as a friend now. He felt that this person was easy to get along with. In addition, he was Sherri Landor’s brother, so there was nothing to be afraid of.

“Certainly, as long as you don’t mind,” Edward concurred, recollecting Frank’s words.

Rose responded gracefully, “Why would I mind? We’re merely friends, not a couple.

If one had a girlfriend, but their heart belonged to someone else, even a fool would feel uneasy.

However, Rose kept this thought to herself, silently musing over it.

[Chapter 382](#)

Rose stood at the hotel entrance, clutching her suitcase. Amidst the flurry of activity, she could not help but marvel at the Winterland Hotel’s concept of harmonizing its design with the elements of the wind.

The hotel fronted the sea, a lone structure braving the wind. Before it sprawled a stretch of golden beach, far from the urban clamor. It was as if stepping into this serene expanse could soothe even the most agitated heart.

However, for Rose’s disposition, it was quite the opposite. Calmness eluded her, she was engulfed by excitement and delight, her inner world resonating with the joyous commotion.

The suites encompassed nine diverse styles – a standalone sea-view villa, a line of six-story guesthouses, and even translucent sunrooms....

Frank truly understood her preferences. This place was her heaven, evoking a desire to roll on the ground in pure elation.

Edward stood by, observing the unhidden joy on her face. He courteously inquired, “Which section are you staying in?”

Rose’s gaze flitted among the varying rooms, and she lamented, saying, “I would love to experience all of them, but time is limited. I’m unsure which type my brother reserved for me. I’ll inquire at the reception.”

Hotel reservations were made by Frank using Rose’s ID and phone number. As such, verifying at the front desk would be

effortless.

Eventually, Rose discovered Frank had booked a villa for her. His generosity knew no bounds.

Coincidentally. Edward, who stood close behind, was also assigned to the villa area. Rose assumed he wanted to accompany her to her quarters, so she waved him off graciously, saying, "No need, I can manage on my own. You can proceed to your lodgings"

Edward adjusted his glasses, a touch of resignation in his gesture, took a breath, and answered, "I'm staying at the villa as well.

"Ah, what a coincidence! Very well, let's proceed together then," she replied.

Edward remained silent but he nodded in agreement. Today he had spoken more than usual.

Rose contemplated, "What an unexpected turn same flight, same hotel, even the identical room type. Should I tell Sherri

about this?"

Among her peers, Rose was quite the conversationalist. Having just finished unpacking, she leaned against the reception. counter and conversed fluently in English, asking, "Excuse me, I'd like to inquire about the attractions. Where do most visitors head first? Could you provide a recommendation?"

The reception staff were partial to good looks and were naturally inclined to assist the polite and charming young woman. Their pleasant exchange persisted.

After a chat of over ten minutes with the receptionist and armed with newfound insights, Rose sprung back to her room. primed for her initial destination.

Nearby the elevator, Edward engaged in a phone conversation. He spoke, "Take care during these days. I'll be back within a couple of days"

The call was from Kyle. Edward had messaged him during the flight, informing him of his trip to attend the opening ceremony. Subsequently, he turned off his phone.

Having tracked the flight, Kyle surmised that Edward had already reached the hotel and called, saying, "You mentioned that only the gifts would arrive. So, why are you and the gifts both at Artroyland now?"

Edward's gaze, obscured behind his lenses, was inscrutable, as deep as the ocean. He calmly replied, "Attending the ceremony in person shows our sincerity."

Oblivious to Rose's presence, Kyle assumed authenticity and inquired skeptically. "You have not moved on yet, right? Are you trying to seek respite?"

"Do I appear that fragile? Run the company adeptly, and I'll bring back a gift for you upon my return," Edward responded. With that, he concluded the call, leaving no avenue for Kyle to continue. A brief respite would not be detrimental.

Sherri had effusively described the picturesque scenery here, and considering her sister had secured flight tickets and lodging, he accepted her kindness and could not refuse her offer.

Besides, the sun was shining brightly, and the weather was warm.

Clearing her throat and altering her tone, she stationed herself at the door, pressing the doorbell. "Good mon Would you be interested in some breakfaüt" she asked.

The latch clacked, and the door creaked open

Clad in pajamas, Frank stood in the doorway, gazing at the girl outside with evident astonishment. After a brief moment of bewilderment, he gently extended his hand to touch her head as he asked. "Didn't I mention I would come to pick you

Ava had already crossed into the room, her voice tender as she explained. "I brought breakfast for you. Since you are in Sapphire City. I thought I would extend my hospitality"

It was already 10 o'clock in the morning. Frank had been awake for a while, yet fearing Ava might be resting in the morning, he had not called her. He had not anticipated her independent appearance, bearing breakfast at that

It was a pleasant surprise.

With a self-assured posture, Ava exuded the aura of one thoroughly at ease. And indeed, she was in her element. This was the Turner family's hotel. So, wasn't this her domain

Following her words, she turned her attention to him. Then on tiptoe, she enveloped his neck, bestowing a kiss upon his lips, and said, "A good morning and good night

kiss

Frank chuckled, a warmth infusing a specific chamber of his heart. What if I have not brushed my teeth?" he asked

"I don't mind. I love you regardless of your state, Ava responded

Sweet words flowed from the girl, flirtation taking root in the early morning. She remained blissfully unaware, her countenance innocent as if she had not committed any such act. Clearing his throat. Frank inquired. "Have you had your

meal?"

Seating her on the bed's edge, he could not resist placing a kiss on her forehead. Anchoring his hands upon her shoulders, Ava inclined her head, eyes alight with affection, to peer at him.

"I've already eaten. You should eat. This time, I'll watch you eat," Ava replied. Before, he always watched her eat, and she understood he only ate when she left some unfinished.

It was rare for Ava to extend her caring gestures toward him. As such, Frank readily accepted and relished the meal. Irrespective of its taste, he had to feign enjoyment. He plied his utensils onto the breakfast plate, and Ava ambled over in dainty strides, squatting beside him. Brimming with expectation, her gaze lifted towards him as she asked. "Is it good?"

As his gaze met hers, Frank discerned her eagerness. With one hand free, he tenderly cradled the back of her head lowering his lips to hers. Their tongues brushed, a trace of breakfast lingering on their palates. A mischievous smirk played upon Frank's lips as he questioned. "Is it delicious?"

Ava's face blushed instantly. She shielded her face with both hands, then rose and nestled beside him, buried in his chest. He, in turn, indulged her, ensconcing an arm about her waist while using the other to continue his meal.

A muffled, bashful sound emanated from Ava as she replied. "It's not half bad"

Frank's hands hesitated briefly. Hastening his consumption, he entertained the thought that prolonging this scene might undermine his self-restraint. She seemed set on teasing him.

He could not guarantee upholding his boundaries in such proximity. Matters could escalate quickly.

Within three or so bites, his breakfast was devoured. Parting Ava, who was nestled within his embrace, he suggested. Let's

The person cradled within his arms raised her gaze and playfully nipped his chin. Frank's posture tensed and he said, Don't get mischievous. Where would you like to go? Shall we perhaps go jet skiing or target shooting?"

They had engaged in rock climbing the day prior, followed by a bout of shopping. Today, Frank intended to catch up on

other ar

Suddenly, Ava felt a reluctance to head out for her, wherever Frank was, it equated to a splendid spot. Even if they remained confined to the room, it would still be perfection. Silently lying within his embrace, immersed in a book, constituted a beautiful memory.

Emboldened by her musings, she articulated her sentiment, asking. "What if I prefer staying in? I wish to stay here with you. You can join me for a computer game session."

Frank mused inwardly. "Does this girl know what she is saying? A whole day together might propel matters into a complicated realm. Joseph might show up to get me if we stay at the hotel."

Ava's thoughts were simple. Since Frank had made the long journey to Sapphire City, the notion of whisking her away for

Yri. Frank

from Ava's fear of his own restraint.

His perspective differed. He had

He

coming out seemed the wisest and most suitable action.

the intent

or uninter

al provocation.

Ava, ast her gaze upward, comprehending his apprehension from his visage before probing. Don't you want to spend a serene and quiet time with me' I crave a space exclusive to us both. It may be fun to head outside. But it is and we do not get to spend alone time together"

Her wish was for a world restricted to just the two of them, a simple desire for them to spend time together alone

kuzzling into his chest. Ava constantly tilted her tiny head back she spoke with genuine earnestness Frank found it difficult to refuse her request. A touch of helplessness flickered withm his deep, ink-black eyes. Initially, he had planned an adventurous day for them. However, it occurred that the girl soug a serene day in Sapphire Hotel

Though their gazes converged for no more than three seconds, in the end, he relented Frank replied, "Alright, I'll go brush

my teeth"

Ava pulled herself from his embrace, a hint of puzzlement on her countenance. "Didn't you brush before eating" she

asked

Frank affirmed, saying, "I did" He was wary that she might desire a later kiss, prompting his second round of brushing

Ava, innocent and unassuming, assumed Frank s meticulous hygiene habits were the cause and paid it little mind. But a thought of Rose crossed her mind, and she inquired, Frank, is Rose in Artrovland today? Is she alone?"

Frank's mouth agleam with foam, managed a simple "Hmm" Most likely, Rose had arrived. After rinsing his mouth, he called to Ava, who was sitting outside, saying. You can check her social media posts"

Rose was notorious for sharing every detail on her social platforms. Frank had considered blocking her due to her oversharing tendency

Acting on his suggestion. Ava fetched her phone and accessed Rose's profile. She selected the social media posts, and at selfie of Rose on a vintage streci could be seen. Adorning her wrist was a white jasmine bracelet intertwined with a pale green ribbon. It emanated charm, evoking a sense of spring

Rose had added a caption beneath the image. "Beauty that costs less than 2 dollars is an enigma not grasped by all. Destiny befalls the fortunate, while the others remain void of fate. Where are you, my fated one?"

Touched by the message. Ava handed her phone to Frank, who had just emerged from the toilet with a tissue still in hand. She said. "Rose has arrived, and it appears that she is having a great time"

While holding Ava's hand. Frank glanced at her mobile phone. his expression bearing a touch of bafflement. He thought. "Where are you, my fated one? Is she being serious right now?"

Genuinely irked, he grabbed his phone and typed a message to Rose. [Have your fun but do not ruffle any feathers, or I would not let it slide |

As he was about to type another message, it dawned on him that he could no longer send messages to her

Frank was at a loss for words. The rascal blocked him after using his funds to travel.

a shock if Rose were not by his side Serene days were an elusive concept

ther phone down on the bed id played some music. Retrieving a book from the table's corner, she sat on the carpet wherever her fancy took her Sunlight enveloped her casting her as the day's centerpiece.

Stirred by the sight, Frank strode over, tugging his pants slightly, and seated beside her Ava leaned against his slightly bent leg, engrossed in her reading. Meanwhile, he skimmed through his phone

It was a peaceful

The ambiance resonated as genuinely wonderful, tranquil, and comforting to Ava Accustomed to bustling surroundings, she savored these moments of solace shared with Frank Cherishing them, she refrained from inquiring about his departure lest it bring forth disappointment.

As time waned, divulging his intended departure date would satisfy her. For the present, she was resolved to seize these precious hours, moments belonging solely to the two of them.

Immersed in his thoughts, Frank found it difficult to concentrate Using one hand to grace her unfurled hair, his fingertips sank into its tender strands. A surge of affection surged within him. Proposing an outing momentarily appealed to him, yet the girl's decision was equally compelling

[Chapter 383](#)

Mr. Roberts?

She showed some respect towards him.

Forget it. She must still be simmering with anger.

After a moment of silence, Frank picked up a drink. His eyes darkened a little as he clinked his glass against Ava's. His tone was natural, and no one could tell that there was anything different. It seemed to be a simple greeting. He replied politely. "It was nothing. You're welcome"

Didn't he say that he wanted to woo her? Why was he so cold again? Hmph, she would just express her gratitude casually.

As the conversation unfolded, Ava raised her head and took a determined sip from her glass. The crystal cup seemed to tremble slightly in her tightly clenched hand, causing her fair fingers to pale under the pressure. Her youthful innocence made it difficult for her to hide her emotions, and her small mouth pouted, accentuating the subtle bulge of her cheeks.

Jasper imitated her actions. It was exactly the same. Frank did not turn to look at the girl beside him, but he knew the answer from the face of Trevon's son. He smiled.

He lowered his eyes and took out his phone. He typed. "It's worth it."

Ava's phone dinged. She took it out and checked the message. What did it mean? Did it mean that she was worth it?

"Ah ah, calm down."

Ava felt a slight blush on her face, and her ears turned warm. She could hear the strong and resounding throb of her heart. With both hands covering her face to cool down, her lips curled up, and

she couldn't contain her happiness. Deep down, she scolded herself for being so easily excitable and losing her composure over his words.

Alex turned his head to get food. When he saw Ava's red face, he asked in confusion. "Ava, why is your face red? Is it hot?"

Alex continued, "It shouldn't be hot. There are ice cubes around. It's very cool."

A single sentence made everyone at the table turn their heads towards Ava. Jasper was no exception. Mimicking Ava's actions, he placed both hands on the table, covering his face and patting it gently while wiggling his little bottom on Trevon lap.

With a smack, Jasper's bottom received a light tap, causing his little flesh to jiggle a few times. It had great elasticity.

Since arriving in Sapphire City, he truly came alive. His vibrant personality shined through as he exuded a newfound liveliness.

Truly, the character of children was molded by the distinct ambiance of their upbringing. The Turner family resembled a tranquil harbor, radiating a sense of warmth, love, and contentment. Their home breathed with an invigorating vitality, akin to the carefree growth of goldfish in a bubbling stream, unhindered and full of life.

It seemed that the atmosphere of the Wilson family had to be changed.

Trevon's action diverted Ava's attention and reduced a lot of the awkwardness. For a moment, everyone's attention was on Jasper.

Natalie elbowed him to express his dissatisfaction. Why did he pat his son for no reason? "What are you doing? Children are born like this."

After speaking, she gently rubbed the spot where her son had been smacked, feeling a wave of heartache. This man's hands were so big, and the impact area was quite substantial. It would be strange if it didn't hurt.

Trevon naturally noticed her expression of concern and gestured her, indicating for her to let her see where her son was now wiggling.

Natalie looked in the direction he was pointing at. Natalie's face was also slightly blushed as if she was slightly drunk.

She secretly pinched his thigh under the table, but Trevon didn't even flinch, maintaining a calm expression.

No matter how happy the atmosphere was, there would be times when they would be separated. Wasn't the adult world constantly saying goodbye?

Rose gracefully rose from her seat, lifting her glass with a confident smile. With a single hand, she held a shining can of beer and playfully swayed it before their eyes. "Dear," she declared, her voice filled with warmth, "tonight, I will be returning to Athana. Let us raise our glasses and toast to the enduring bond of our friendship, as steadfast as the finest gold."

The women all stood up, ignoring the men at the table. One by one, they clinked glasses with each other while saying.

The women raised their glasses in unison and clinked their glasses. The crisp sound echoed like glass music.

The simple farewell ceremony ended.

After they sat down, Trevon asked Rose, "Since you're so dedicated, do you want me to help you apply for a few more days

of leave?"

Indeed, Trevon's ability was impressive. However, Rose came with the purpose of cheering up Ava and also pulling Frank along, all while boosting her own popularity. Once the mission was accomplished, she needed to return to her position.

She was indeed a driven and ambitious individual. Although she could easily live off her family's wealth and laze around, she didn't want to waste her potential. She refused, saying. "No need. I have a strong work ethic. Besides, I've already taken four days off right after starting my job, which is already an exception. If it weren't for my persistent persuading, my leave wouldn't have been approved. I want to go back and do my job properly."

Ava was very touched, but she was also curious. How could a person who had just started working be able to take so many days off? With the Roberts family's power, it was possible, but with her understanding of Rose, she would not do that.

"Rose, what excuse did you find to take so many days off!?"

Ava was embarrassed. After all, she had taken so many days off to watch her competition. She hadn't had a chance to spend time with her.

It was probably early in the morning when she returned to Athana. She still had to work tomorrow.

Ava's heart was filled with guilt

As Rose took a sip of her beer, an unexpected question caused her to spew it out uncontrollably. Unfortunately, Frank, sitting innocently beside her, bore the brunt of her outburst. Acting swiftly, he

pulled an empty chair from the nearby table, sliding his own chair closer to create some distance. With a quick motion, he grabbed a handful of napkins and deftly wiped off the beer that had splattered onto his arm.

“Even if the manor doesn’t have a fountain, it’s not your place to entertain.”

Frank said unhappily.

Unbeknownst to Ava, she had been staring at Rose without realizing that the man beside her had already taken a seat by her side. They were now only less than an inch away, but Ava remained oblivious as her small eyes continued to wait for a response. “Are you okay?” she asked, genuinely concerned.

Rose waved her hand. Her chin was still dripping with beer. She took four tissues to wipe it. Because of her guilty conscience, she did not argue with Frank. She only glared at him unhappily.

If not for the fact that she had used him as an excuse to apply for leave, she would definitely have sprayed another glass at Cranky’s face.

Rose imagined the painting in her mind. It was satisfying...

After fantasizing about it, she started to lie. She casually grabbed the ends of her hair and said, “Well, I just found a random reason. Our hospital’s personnel are especially good.”

Sherri and Natalie, well aware of the situation, struggled to hide their laughter. They had conspired together to come up with plausible excuses, but Rose had stubbornly followed her own path. With a mischievous twinkle in their eyes, they exchanged a quick glance before stealing a glimpse at Frank. His narrowed eyes hinted at his suspicion towards Rose’s unexpected behavior.

Changing the topic, she said to Ava, “Ava, I will wait for you at Athana”

She hoped that the next time she picked Ava up, she would call her sister-in-law. It was rare for Frank to like a girl. If he could not bring her home, he was really afraid that he would become a monk. This was what Rose thought as he looked at

Ava.

Ava smiled. A ray of light shone on her and she smiled charmingly. “Okay

Rose then said to Alex. Welcome to Athana. I quite like your personality.”

Alex gave an extremely handsome OK and held it in the air.

In order to lighten the mood. Hackett suggested playing cards. It was also a way to vent the frustration that built up during the flight, which had been delayed for several hours. Today was the day to turn things around.

Trevon and the others were playing a game with four players in each round.

Alex glanced at the remaining people and secretly counted four people. She suggested. “Let’s play cards too. Ava, do you

”

“Ah... Oh Ava lowered her gaze and answered. Her heartbeat at night was still abnormal.

Jasper folded the cards that they had thrown out. He was playing happily.

He even caused trouble from time to time and participated in the card game. “Bomb”

Hackett smiled and shrugged. If you hang around in front of your father, you’ll be like a bomb.”

Jasper chimed in. “My card is Bomb. Isn’t It Amazing?”

Rose felt that playing cards was boring. No matter what, there had to be a prize. Moreover, unknown prizes were more fanciful. Just like the last time. Frank lent her his phone, he asked her to bring it up casually.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt that this idea was especially good.

Rose said, “Let’s gamble on something. We don’t gamble on money. I don’t have a lot of money.”

Sherri quickly replied. “Rose, are you serious?”

Frank exposed her. “Transfer the money back

[Chapter 384](#)

The sun was hurriedly preparing to go home. It slowly descended from the west, leaving a blush before it set, dyeing the horizon red and leaving its trace.

After work the next day, Trevon first went to the Wilson’s residence to pick up Jasper. A man who took care of his family was adorable. Before Trevon and Jasper left, Rachel was still worried about her careless son. She repeatedly reminded Trevon to look after Jasper well. Before getting into the car, she even had Jasper use the restroom one more time so that he would not have to go to the toilet halfway.

She was attentive to every detail

Watching the back of the car as her son left, Rachel could not help but feel uneasy. Recently, she had been taking care of Jasper every day. Now that Jasper was gone, she felt that there was nothing to keep her busy anymore. She felt a sense of emptiness

Caleb reminded, ‘Alright. He’s almost 30 years old. How can he not be able to take care of such a young child? Don’t think that he’s useless. He’s changed quite a lot, Didn’t he bathe Jasper well last night? He didn’t scold the child either.”

With that said, Rachel’s heart calmed down. “He’s careless,” she said. “He’s already given his attention to his wife. He’s always careless when it comes to kids, and he doesn’t understand them.

Caleb smiled and said, “He’s a first-time dad. Everyone has their first time. It’s fine as long as he improves every day. Haven’t you noticed that your son is now able to accept other people’s opinions and opposing viewpoints? He has also learned to respect others. He’s no longer stubborn and arrogant. This is a good thing, and the credit goes to your daughter-in-law”

Of course, Rachel was well aware of this. Her son now had much more empathy and consideration toward others compared to before.

The car arrived at Athana Hospital. Jasper had been sitting in the safety chair in the back seat, holding a triangular Rubik’s cube and crossing his legs. When he saw the car stop, he stopped twisting the cube, looked up at Trevon, and said, “Daddy, Mommy.”

Trevon glanced at his leisurely cross-legged son through the rearview mirror. "Yes," he said. "Pick up Mommy"

Jasper looked out of the car window in the direction of the hospital entrance, searching for his mother's figure. After looking for a long while and not seeing the figure he missed, he shouted, "Mommy?"

Trevon said, 'There are still eight minutes. Mommy hasn't gotten off work yet

Jasper, who did not know what eight minutes meant, still replied like an adult "Okay," he said.

Eight minutes later, Natalie, Sherri, and Rose walked out of the outpatient building side by side.

Sherri put her arm around Natalie's shoulder and raised her chin in the direction of the black Maybach in the distance. "Your Old Trevon is here to pick you up," she said. "Hurry up and go."

Natalie patted Sherri's hand and said with a smile, "If he finds out that you call him Old Trevon, I guess your devoted and virtuous husband may be in trouble.

Natalie continued, "Accompany me to try on the wedding dresses on Sunday. You all can try on the bridesmaid dresses.

"And Rose. Are you free this week?"

Natalie looked at Rose and asked.

Trevon said that the finished product would be released this Sunday. As for why the finished product could be ready so quickly, only Trevon knew.

Rose readily agreed. "What else do I have going on?" she said. I'm not in a relationship, and I don't have a career. During breaks, I just lounge around at home. You don't have to worry about my schedule. I can be available whenever you need

1.

Rose thought, "Am I not the one with the most free time?" Sherri and Natalie were already married and had an adorable child. Even her brother was in a relationship now. It seemed that she was the only one left with nothing to do every day.

"It's true that I have quite some free time, but it's liberating," she thought. I'm free from any responsibilities and commitments. That's pretty good"

"Okay," Natalie said. 'It's settled then. Good buddies. Goodbye. Upon saying that. Natalie waved and walked toward the car.

Natalie opened the door of the back passenger seat and got in. As soon as she got in, she kissed her son on the cheek and asked him to kiss her. Jasper, reciprocate with a similar gesture," she said. "Give Mommy a kiss.

gesture too.

Natalie glared at him. "Your benefits for this week have been canceled. You don't have to reciprocate."

Trevon knew that she was referring to the passionate incident from the previous night. Feeling pleased, he smiled and said, "I make sure I do not go overboard next time."

She ignored him and continued to play with her son beside her. She pinched his little face or kissed him. The man in the driver's seat looked over from time to time in envy.

Before coming to the Foster's residence, Natalie did not inform Lena in advance. She was afraid that notifying Lena would make her busy. Lena would then keep looking at the clock.

The sound of the car pulling up and the engine turning off alarmed Mel inside. When she saw the familiar car, she felt a little nervous. She hurriedly walked back to the living room to call Lena: "Lena, um, Miss Foster is here," she said. "She's here"

Lena immediately stood up from the recliner. She was old, and the rheumatism in her legs had been acting up recently. She endured the pain and walked outside.

Seeing Natalie, whom she had not seen for a few days. Lena walked even faster. Since returning to Sapphire City, Natalie had visited several times during her lunch break, bringing vitamins, healing ointments, and calcium tablets. She was concerned that Lena might not be getting adequate nutrition due to her advanced age.

"Natalie, why didn't you tell me you are coming? Lena said. "I didn't prepare anything"

Lena reproached affectionately

"Haha, I did it on purpose," Natalie said. "I can't let you know" Yes. Natalie intentionally did not want to tell Lena.

Mel was afraid of Trevon, but she still politely came to carry groceries. She took the vegetables and fruits from the trunk and carried them into the kitchen bit by bit.

When Natalie saw the diligent Mel, she smiled. Natalie carried Jasper out from the backseat. As Lena glanced at the handsome child, she was all smiles. She reached out to carry Jasper, saying. "Can I carry you for a while? I miss you so much. I haven't seen you for a few days, and you've become even more handsome. You've inherited your parents' good genes.

Trevon called out nonchalandy, "Lena"

"Jeez, don't stand outside, Lena said. "Quick, come in and take a seat."

"Okay," Trevon said as he followed behind.

Lena really missed Jasper, but she was used to living here. Jasper, what do you want to eat or play with?" she said. "I'll get it for you, okay? Just tell me."

Natalie knew that Lena doted on Jasper, so she did not object. Natalie smiled faintly and looked at everything. Suddenly. Trevon said to Mel, 'Call Jim over for dinner.

Mel seemed to have heard something astonishing. She replied, "Huh?"

Trevon merely uttered this remark. He did not utter a second remark. "A married man should minimize interaction with other women," he thought..

Natalie looked at the slow-witted Mel, who was at a loss for words. She comforted Mel, saying. "Do you have Mr. Hawk's number? If y

you

you may call him and ask him to come over for dinner.

1.

"Oh, right, Mel said. "I have. I have his number

Mel turned around and left the house like a thief. She went to the courtyard to make a call.

Natalie raised her head to look at the calm-looking Trevon. "Couldn't you make the call?" she said. "Why did you ask Mel to make the call?"

"Besides, he is your subordinate, Natalie thought. "Can't this be resolved with just a few words?"

"Save power?" Trevon said concisely. He uttered just two outrageous words.

Natalie gave Trevon a look as if to say, "You could make your excuse sound even more lame: Seeing that his wife did not believe him. Trevon added, "They're more familiar with each other"

Natalie sensed that there was some juicy information, so she wanted to dig deeper. However, Mel walked in just then. Natalie felt awkward asking gossip-related questions in front of the person involved, so she let it go. She decided to inquire later. Being polite mattered after all.

Jim did not understand the meaning behind Mel's gaze. He frowned slightly and squinted to ask what she meant.

When Jim came in, Natalie and Trevon directed their gazes at him. Looking at their exchange of glances, Natalie seemed to know why Trevon called Jim to come over for dinner.

Natalie speculated that there might be something going on.

Trevon was playing with the triangular Rubik's Cube that his son had casually thrown on the table. He leaned sideways on the sofa and crossed his legs. He nonchalantly asked Jim, who had just entered, a question. "You're quite smart, huh?" he said.

Confused, Jim asked uneasily. "Mr. Wilson, have I done something wrong?"

Trevon remained silent, leaving Jim to guess for himself.

Jim racked his brain. I don't think I've made any mistakes recently, he thought. His work had been well organized. Currently, he did not even chat with the people in the secretary's office. He dedicated himself to making money every day, preparing to move to a bigger house.

After thinking for a while, there seemed to be no mistakes. "Mr. Wilson, can you give me a hint Jim asked.

Trevon glanced at Natalie, who was watching the scene unfold, and said playfully, "Are you in a relationship?"

Hearing this. Mel, who was standing at the side, blushed. Slowly, her ears turned red as well. She was so nervous that she had nowhere to put her hands. Both Trevon and Natalie noticed these reactions.

Lena did not pay much attention to such matters Recently, her legs were not in good condition, and she always lay down to rest. Naturally, she did not notice anything unusual, or perhaps, they were being quite discreet.

Jim understood. He touched the back of his head and chuckled. He said, "Haha. I am in a relationship,"

Trevon seized the rare opportunity for gossip. He inquired further. Bring her out so that I can give her a gift."

Jim quickly turned down Trevon's offer. "It's okay" he said. "You've already given me quite a lot

Trevon sticered and said, "Well, indeed, I've given you quite a lot. You're quite good at choosing people. I pay the salary. and you're taking advantage. You're quite smart."

"

Natalie could not take it anymore. She patted the man beside her on the arm and said, "Stop teasing them. You've got them both looking so puzzled. Mr. Hawk, he's just joking with you."

Trevon asked bluntly. How many days have both of you been together?"

Jim cleared his throat and said, "Less than a month."

He thought that he could still hide it for a while Little did he know it would be exposed so soon. Does Mr. Wilson have the superpower of being incredibly perceptive?" he thought. He had not come to the Foster's residence for the past few days as he was afraid that people would find out that he was in a relationship with Mel.

"There are no surveillance cameras around, so how did he find out?' he thought

Jim was persistent and determined to find out the truth. "Can Lask how you know so that I can die in peace?" he said.

Trevon said indifferently. "If you have nothing to do, get a privacy screen protector for your phone."

Jim was at a loss for words. "It turns out that there's a problem with the phone," he thought.

Jim walked over to Mel's side and held her hand. We just got together," he said. "Our relationship doesn't affect our work. The company doesn't stipulate that employees can't be in a relationship... I suppose."

Upon reflection, there did not seem to be such a rule in the employee handbook of the Wilson Group.

Natalie chuckled. 'Don't be nervous, she said. "We re not against it. Mel is a good girl. If you're into each other, we're happy for you. I'll go cook with Mel. You guys chat"

Mel was so bashful that she could not face anyone. Lena showed little surprise. She also understood why Jim had been visiting the Foster's residence so frequently when Natalie was at Sapphire City. His visits were not primarily motivated by Natalie. Rather, Mel was the reason behind his frequent visits.

Lena smiled and shook her head. She even instructed Jun to treat Mel well. She said that Mel was quite innocent. Although Mel was a child from the countryside, she was not affected by the negative aspects of big cities. She had stayed true to her original motivations, values, and principles. She was kind-hearted, and she did things diligently.

Jim said that he would treat Mel well because he was also from the countryside. If it weren't for Trevon nurturing him, he would not have achieved his current success.

The only thing he had in common with Mel was that both of them worked for Trevon, although Mel's involvement was

In the kitchen, Natalie took out the groceries she brought over and placed them on the counter. While she was doing that, she spoke to Mel, who was washing vegetables seriously. "Mel, don't take what Trevon said earlier to heart," she said. "He didn't mean any harm. He is just used to joking around with Mr. Hawk and can be quite outspoken. It's not that he thinks poorly of you."

Natalie was worried that Mel might be psychologically burdened. She could always see Mel being cautious. Sometimes, Mel even felt a little inferior.

Mel lifted her head and smiled at Natalie. "I don't take that to heart, Natalie," she said. "I know you're all good people. All of you have never despised me for being a country bumpkin. Jimmy said that you're all very good people, and Mr. Wilson is especially kind. He is the one who nurtured Jimmy step by step to succeed. He asked me to work diligently and repay you all. He also said that even if we get married in the future, he won't go work independently. He wants to work for Mr. Wilson for the rest of his life. As long as you don't dismiss us, we'll continue to work diligently for you."

"Jimmy?" Natalie thought.

It was impossible not to be touched. They were kind people. Even without a family connection, they could still show such kindness and dedication.

"We won't dismiss you," Natalie said. "If you two get married, Trevon and I will still give you a wedding gift. I hope you two can be happy. Mr. Hawk is a good person. You're also kind. Your future will only get better."

Mel rambled on about her life, mentioning that she did not have a family name, being from a rural area far away, and coming to the city to work. She also shared that she had an older brother and that she was adopted.

Because her family was poor, her parents were worried that her brother would not have a wife. In fact, they had raised her by their side to make preparations. If her brother could not find a wife in the future, she would be the one to fulfill that role. If he did find one, they would gain an extra daughter. They had planned it out long ago.

Hearing this, Natalie's perspective was completely changed. What shocked Natalie even more was that Mel's parents did not change Mel's surname. They merely called her Mel. They explained that if Mel

were to marry her brother in the future. and share the same last name, it would be awkward. The village's reputation would suffer as well.

There were strange things happening every year, but there were especially many strange things this year. There was nothing one could not see and nothing one could not think of. Just because one had not seen something did not mean that it did not exist. There was boundless room for imagination.

In this modern era, wasn't Mel's situation strange?

Natalie felt a pang of sympathy for Mel for a few moments. She hoped that they would be happy, and she figured there might be some challenges ahead. There might be some trouble in dealing with Mel's unconventional parents.

[Chapter 385](#)

The person on the bed slowly woke up. Her eyes were narrowed into a line, and she wanted to see the sunlight outside through the curtains. However, the quality of the curtain was too good, and she could not see anything.

She was not working today. She had been very sleepy since she was pregnant. She had always woken up early on time, but she was starting to get lazy.

Out of habit, she reached out to the left and touched it randomly. It was cold.

Trevon and her son were no longer by her side, and the temperature on the side of the bed had already turned cold. She reached for the phone under her pillow again, unlocked it, and looked at the time.

What she saw were five unread messages.

It was from Sherri at 10 in the morning. I can't play with you for the next two days. My mother-in-law invited my parents to stay at the Blackwell family's residence 1

Then, the second message was, Thankfully, I bought a plane ticket and booked a hotel for my brother. Otherwise, my brother would be too pitiful alone. He would not be willing to stay in the Blackwell family's residence.]

Then the third one. That's why I think my brother needs a girlfriend. Very much. I hope my plan works.]

Then the fourth one. [Did you see that? I saw the photo of Rose. She's already overseas. Oh, I'm so envious.]

And the fifth one. Let me tell you, after we give birth to the babies, we have to make up for it. Do you think I should go and see if my brother is playing with Rose?]

Sherri had said that Rose's flight was around 6 in the morning. She should be overseas by now, so Natalie replied. [Hey, don't think of yourself as a matchmaker. You've already made the preparations for them. Whether they can make it depends on themselves.]

After some thought, Natalie sent another message. You've done everything you can to set them up. It's up to them whether they stay together or not. Take a break, Matchmaker Sherri]

There was no reply from Sherri. She must be busy.

She put down her phone and sat up slowly, pulling the blanket around her. The door was opened. Jasper came in on his short legs Mommy, Daddy's gone"

"Alright, I see. Have you had your br... lunch?" Mary came in as soon as she said that

"Mrs Wilson, Mr. Wilson went overseas. He didn't wake you up on purpose because he was afraid of disturbing your sleep" Mary explained to Natalie for Trevon.

Natalie scratched her neck and forgot about it. "I see. He told me last night. It's just I didn't react because I just woke up." Wasn't that so? Recently, she had gotten used to him being by her side. When he suddenly wasn't around, she would subconsciously look for him. She had even forgotten that he said he was going overseas last night.

Trevon had successfully immersed himself into the subconsciousness in the depths of her mind.

Mary smiled. She was happy for the couple. "That's because you're used to Mr. Wilson's presence. I'll make lunch for you. Jasper, let's go down. Your mom needs to wash up"

"I want my mommy Jasper was unwilling and climbed into bed. His movements were very swift.

Natalie patted her son's head and gave Mary a reassuring look. "It's okay. Let him stay here. My belly isn't quite there yet. I can take care of him."

Mary made a face at Jasper and went downstairs

Bing Bing. It was the sound of a text coming. It was a text from Trevon. [Honey, are you up? I'm already overseas.] After Natalie read this message, a photo was sent over

"Fuck!" Natalie couldn't help but say that word. She saw Edward and Rose waiting at the place where the bracelet was made. In the photo, Rose was smiling happily, like the warm sun in winter, which could melt all the ice.

Meanwhile, Edward stood at the side with one hand in his pocket and the other outstretched. From her angle, it looked like he was protecting Rose from the crowd.

Natalie thought to herself. "What's going on? The two of them are together. If they are not dating, they probably won't go shopping together. Sherri tricked her brother into going, but it went too far too fast!

Trevon replied to her, I happened to pass by. It just so happened that the place I was supposed to sign the contract was across from them. When I came out, I saw them. Sherri was quite a good matchmaker]

She could feel the man's happiness through the screen. Besides Edward's parents and Sherri, Trevon should want Edward to have a girlfriend the most.

As for why, Natalie naturally knew.

Natalie was wondering if she should share the photo with Sherri. After thinking about it carefully, she decided not to do so. What if they were not dating and just happened to meet by chance? If Sherri found out, the Landor family might know. If the Landor family knew about this, the Blackwell family might know this too in the future, and at that time, it might become an engagement between the Landor family and the Roberts family.

Hackett's mother's confidentiality was really worrying After thinking about it, she decided to forget it In the end, Natalie decided to keep it a secret and not to share it with Sherri in case Edward and Rose were rumored to get married on the spot

"Mommy, lunch Jasper looked at his mother who was in a daze and shouted,

Her son's shout brought her back to her senses. "Alright, I will wash up. Then we'll go down together. Sit on the bed, and don't go downstairs alone, okay?"

Jasper replied faintly. "Okay"

The male and female protagonists in the distant photo were still loitering on the bustling streets of Artroyland. The woman walking in front looked around in front of the stall. She asked about the price and seemed to be very interested.

Indeed, Rose liked this dazzling street scene. There was the aura of vintage everywhere. It was antique, and every item. seemed to have a different meaning. Every small item had a story for people to hear.

Edward's hands were in his pockets, and his interest was piqued by the person in front of him. He could not help but pick up some novel things to check. It seemed like it would be good to buy them and bring them back.

Half an hour ago, when he hung up the phone and was about to go upstairs, Rose was about to leave with her bucket bag Edward instantly thought of this young lady's directional insensitivity.

He looked around and didn't see anyone following her. It was also because the person Grace sent to Rose had average faces. For a moment, he couldn't tell if they were plain-clothed bodyguards. After all, their forehead didn't say they were the Roberts family's bodyguards.

Edward didn't have x-ray vision to see what the professions of the people around him were.

In his heart, he thought now that Rose was Sherri's friend, he could not let her be left overseas, so he actually said he would go with her

Rose was so shocked that her mouth could fit an egg when she heard Edward say that. However, she was happy to have someone shopping with her. So she agreed readily.

Though suspicious, Rose still agreed. This was not contradictory.

Then, Edward followed Rose in this bustling street. After wandering around for about half an hour, he even had a flower. garland on his wrist. According to Rose, since he was already here, he naturally had to experience the local customs. Like they said, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

And the picture of them with garlands was just seen by Trevon, who had just come out from the cafe. He casually took a photo. At that time, Jim wanted to call Edward, but Trevon glanced at him coldly. Jim swallowed his words.

Trevon couldn't wait for Edward to get married on the spot. He could even give him a gift. If this didn't work out, he could make Jim stay single for the rest of his life.

In order not to stop their natural development, Trevon did not send the photo to Frank. He only sent him a message for

Rose liked everything and wanted to bring them home. At this moment, she was holding a sugar figurine in her hand. It was a lifelike rabbit. She raised it and turned around with a bright smile. Her curved eyes were filled with joy from the bottom of her heart. It was the most real. "Do you want to eat it? It's on me. It looks so good"

Edward took a step forward and stood in front of her. He glanced at the beautiful sugar figurine in her hand. It indeed looked like it. "I'm not eating it."

Rose didn't force it on him. Since he said he didn't want it, it meant that he didn't like it. She didn't force him. She just frowned. She had put on some makeup on her exquisite face. When she frowned, her face was filled with pity. "It's just that it's so beautiful. I can't bear to eat it, but it will melt if I don't

"How am I supposed to answer this question? I don't have a refrigerator with me. Besides, this sugar figurine isn't an ornament," Edward said in his heart.

The saleswoman looked at the two of them with a smile. She had been setting up stalls for a long time and had seen many couples passing by. The saleswoman thought they were a couple and reminded them kindly, "Young lady, only when you eat it can the sweetness enter your heart. I wish a long and happy life to the couples who have bought sugar figurines from me. Eat it with your boyfriend."

"Sweet and happy to the end.

Rose was speechless.

Edward didn't know what to say either

The woman who was selling the candy was quite old. She looked at Rose with anticipation. It was as if she couldn't wait to witness love. She seemed to be saying "Come on! Eat it"

Edward did not break the saleswoman's idea. He just coughed dryly and said, "Thank you. You can eat it. Let's go."

At last, they did not eat it in front of the saleswoman because it was inappropriate. After they left, the saleswoman sighed. "It's quite good. One is lively, and the other is reserved. Marriage needs two people to complement each other. What a good couple."

Rose thought that Edward would mind the saleswoman's words. She licked the sugar figurine in front and explained. 'Don't mind her. She's old. She couldn't see clearly. What she said doesn't mean you can't find a girlfriend in the future. Don't worry. If you can't find a girlfriend. I'll introduce one to you. We're friends, after all. For the sake of Sherri, I can't let you be single for the rest of your life. Do you think I'm quite suitable to be your buddy?'

Edward looked at her sincere smile and didn't know how to answer. A woman was a woman. How could she be his buddy? He thought girls couldn't be his buddies. In the end, he said politely, "Thank you. Let's take a look at what was in front"

He still didn't say what he was thinking. He just changed the topic in the most polite way.

He felt very helpless. Perhaps this young lady used to be friends with her ex-boyfriend.

That was why she thought she should start by being their bro.

Rose also felt that it was better not to waste time. After all, time was limited. She jumped forward and muttered softly, "This sugar figurine is quite yummy. It's a pity that you didn't try it

Edward didn't answer this sentence. He didn't like sweet food, to begin with. If it was salty, he could still try to buy some.

The bodyguards, mixed in with the crowd, followed behind quietly with doubts. Finally, one bodyguard could not help but ask the other. "Are you sure we don't want to tell Grace and Frank about Miss Roberts' relationship?"

The other bodyguard replied firmly. "No need"

"What if something happens between them? Should we stop them or not?"

...I don't think there will be anything.

"Don't they live in the same villa? They're even on the same floor. Even if we booked the same floor, what if Miss Roberts. goes to Mr. Landor's room?

report it.

What are you thinking? Is Miss Roberts that kind of person? Don't worry about things that won't happen. Don't We're all the people Grace trusts the most. You should know what Grace and Frank hate the most and what Miss Roberts's taboo is. Just follow her.

"You said it. What if Frank gets angry? Will you take the blame?"

"Fine. I'll take the blame. You're talking a lot of bullshit"

[Chapter 386](#)

At Sapphire Hotel, strands of golden light scattered down, making one feel lazy from the sun.

A man sat with his back straight. One of his legs was bent and used as a pillow. A woman's head was lying on his lap. Her eyes were narrowed as she enjoyed the sunlight.

The man stared at this little cutie with his dark and deep eyes. The emotions hidden in his eyes surged out and were constantly suppressed. He kept tidying her hair, which was not messy in the first place, with his well-defined fingers. He was only feeling the softness and smoothness of her hair.

Perhaps because it was very comfortable, the woman with narrowed eyes opened her delicate lips.

"Frank, do you want to sleep?"

Frank was shocked.

He paused for a while before answering, "No, are you sleepy?"

He guessed what the little girl meant was really sleeping, not the thing in his mind.

As expected. Ava was dozing off. Under the warm sun, her bones were crispy from the sun. The sleepy bug crawled up her head, and she could barely keep her eyes open. She was half-conscious. "Then can I sleep in your bed?"

Before Frank could react, Ava continued to say, "Do you want to sleep together? We can go eat when we wake up." Frank's throat moved. "Baby Ava, do you know what it means to invite me to sleep with you?"

Ava rolled her eyes. There seemed to be something wrong. She was sleepy just now. She thought Frank would be more bored after she fell asleep, so he wanted him to sleep with her for a while. She hadn't thought about the deeper meaning. She thought about it again. They wouldn't do anything

inappropriate. It should be fine if they just slept. "We'll just sleep Hearing this, Frank's eyes darkened. Helpless, he sighed in his heart. "Aren't you hungry"

Ava shook her head. She was indeed not hungry. She would eat when she woke up. After all, it was nice to be with Frank, even if they just slept and did not speak.

Frank raised his hand to look at his phone and found there was a message. He did not turn it on immediately and only glanced at the time. It was 11:30.

It was lunchtime, and they couldn't go hungry. He suggested patiently, "I'll call them up. We... You can sleep after eating. You might have stomachache if you don't eat and stay hungry"

Frank remembered that when they ate pizza previously, the little girl had said that she had a stomachache when she video-called Natalie and the others.

She couldn't bear to refute his concern. In the end, Ava still asked Frank to call the receptionist to send lunch over. Today, she only wanted to stay in the same environment as him.

During the meal, Ava ate quietly. Frank helped her peel the prawns with disposable gloves. He was not hungry, to begin with, because he had breakfast too late.

After peeling the entire plate of prawns, he removed his gloves and threw them into the trash can. He picked up his fork and casually ate a few mouthfuls with her. After a while, he finished eating. "Eat slowly. There's no hurry."

"Okay."

She answered obediently.

Then, Frank opened the message on his phone. It was a bailling and random message from Trevon. [You're not a god. You're a human. Not everything is within your expectations and control. Surprises always come so unexpectedly.]

Frank was very speechless.

He looked at the confusing message and was confused. This was the first time Trevon sent him a message like this. His first thought was that Trevon had sent the wrong message, and he replied like this. [Send it after checking the note. You're old and blind.]

Trevon answered strangely, [Double Happiness.]

On the other side, Frank's mind was filled with question marks when he saw these words. He, who had always been clear, actually could not understand them. Let your wife check your brain for free. Don't go out with illness.]

Trevon sent a smiling emoji. I suspect you're envious that I have a wife as a doctor. You don't have to envy me because you don't have one.

Frank frowned slightly and replied. [You're crazy.]

After that. Trevon did not reply. He had achieved his goal and made Frank wonder what was going on. This feeling of curiosity and panicking was the effect Trevon wanted.

Ava had already finished her meal. There were not many dishes for lunch, so there was nothing left. She rested her chin on her hands and looked at Frank, who was frowning slightly opposite her. "What's wrong?"

After thinking for a while, he could not think of anything, so he did not waste any more effort. "It's fine. Are you done eating?"

"Yes, I'm done."

Ava replied sweetly,

Take some time to digest before you sleep. Frank continued to suggest.

Ava thought of a good point. It was also a picture that would be better remembered in the future. "Let's watch a movie. The television here is quite big. If we close the curtains, it will be like a movie theater.

Looking at the little girl's expectant gaze, how could he refuse? He agreed again. "Okay, you can choose. I'll call room service to collect the plates."

If the plates were not collected, the room would smell when the air conditioner was turned on. It didn't smell good.

Seeing that he had agreed, she quickly took off her slippers and climbed into bed. She straightened her clothes and picked up the remote control to choose a good movie. She opened the front page and saw that there were too many movies, There were all kinds of movies. "Frank, what do you want to watch? The exciting ones, or scary ones, or love..."

"Suit yourself. He said those two simple words.

I kind of want to watch a horror movie, but I'm afraid of the psychic trauma."

"Then choose another one. He couldn't stay in Sapphire City forever. After watching it, she must have wild thoughts at night. It was better not to watch it.

After searching for a while. Ava's eyes were finally fixed on a movie. It was Transformers. Ava thought the vibe was exciting when a robot transformed.

“Oh, then let’s watch Transformers. This seems to have been released recently, Jasper especially likes this toy. I also think it’s very handsome.”

“Sure.”

Ava urged, “Then hurry up. I’m opening it.”

Two minutes later, the customer service staff took away the plates. He glanced at the room and Ava. Frank, who noticed it sharply, smiled and did not say anything.

The movie began.

Frank did not go to bed immediately. He stood on the edge of the bed for a while and stared at Ava. He only took his shoes off and sat down when she patted the seat beside her. Ava held his arm intimately and tilted her head to rest on his shoulder when she saw him come up.

It was as if she was prepared to watch a movie. Frank closed his eyes helplessly, seeking calmness. He turned his head and asked the person beside him, “Do you want me to order a milkshake?”

Ava, who had always liked milkshakes, refused this time because she was too full. “No, I’m full. I can’t eat anything now”

After saying that, she raised her head and kissed Frank’s cheek. After kissing him, she smiled innocently.

Frank’s eyes darkened as he suppressed his emotions. Did this girl not treat him as a regular man? “Baby Ava, don’t flirt. Something might happen.

Ava just wanted to kiss him. When she heard what he said, her face instantly turned red. She pretended to be unaware of it and hid on his shoulder. She replied gloomily. “Oh

He smiled and stroked her hair. Then, he hugged her waist and leaned against the back of the bed, letting her rely on him. After all, the movie took hours.

Two hours later, Ava’s regular breathing came from Frank’s arms. He knew the little girl must have fallen asleep. She had lost the excitement from before. At first, she kept shouting. “So handsome! So cool! I like this, and I like this too.” Now, there was no sound at all.

He held the back of her head with his right hand and supported her. He slowly moved back and placed her on the bed. Then, he pulled the blanket over her and turned off the television. The room that was meant to create an atmosphere instantly lost its light.

In the darkness, Frank was like a leopard in the night. He suppressed all his emotions and stared at Ava. In the end, he

deflated because of her innocent appearance.

He leaned his head sideways and stared at the person sleeping quietly. He could not help but lean forward and kiss her lips. Feeling the warm and soft touch. Ava subconsciously reached out her hand and grabbed Frank’s neck, pulling him down.

She responded to the kiss sleepily. This subconscious action almost broke his defense. He used the last of his willpower to kiss her lightly and move away from her lips. However, the little girl’s arm was still

wrapped around his neck. The distance between the two of them was less than an inch. He could feel her regular breathing and his chaotic heartbeat.

With one hand on the edge of the bed, he could only call out softly. "Baby Ava, let go

"Hm? Give me a hug.

If not for the fact that he could feel her regular breathing, he would have suspected that the young lady was teasing him on purpose. "Let go. I'll hug you to sleep."

She compromised. The next second, she let go of her hand.

Frank covered Ava tightly with the blanket to prevent his last bit of willpower from disappearing. Even her hands were placed inside the blanket.

He adjusted the air conditioner to a suitable temperature for sleeping before slowly lying down on his side. He stuffed an arm under Ava's head and hugged her tightly through the blanket.

It felt good to have her. At this moment, Ava belonged to him. It was painful to wait, but it was also beautiful

His soft and cute girlfriend was in his arms, and she was so cute. The sweetness in Frank's heart spread throughout his entire body. Unknowingly, he fell asleep with her in his arms.

This was the first time he had shared a bed with Ava. Now that he did so, he wanted to take another step forward.

[Chapter 387](#)

At 9:30 PM., in Phoenix Manor, there was a sound of an engine from downstairs, followed by the sound of the door closing. Natalie was still awake. She was sitting on the bed and browsing posts.

After not seeing him for a day, she missed Trevon. She did not get out of bed. Her eyes moved from the phone screen to the door. There was a hint of anticipation in her eyes.

After a while, the travel-woman came in tiredly. She got out of bed and walked toward him.

He looked at her lovingly and did not take the initiative to approach her. He saw missing from the bottom of Natalie's eyes and felt a warmth in his heart. "I'm going to take a shower. My body is dirty."

She had already taken a shower, and her son was already asleep. He was sleeping soundly.

"I don't mind. Give me the clothes." As she spoke, Natalie went to take off his coat. He didn't refuse and was very happy.

With a smile on his lips, the happiness in his heart overflowed.

Then I'll go take a shower. I still have to kiss you first. After saying that, he looked deeply at the woman, who was a head shorter than him, his eyes filled with anticipation.

She stood on tiptoe and kissed him neatly on the lips. "Go. I'll wait for you in bed."

These words made one's imagination run wild. It was blatantly....

The next second, Natalie smiled evilly. "What are you thinking about? I'm just waiting for you to sleep together. Don't let your imagination run wild. What's in your head all day long? Hurry up and take a shower."

Trevon turned around and gritted his teeth. He gently pinched her chin with one hand and kissed her on her lips. "You'll be done when the baby is born."

He said it fiercely, but his words were filled with gentleness.

She was not afraid and even kept smiling. She had an expression that said, "What can you do to me? Now that she was pregnant, she was not afraid at all.

He could only take a cold shower or hide in the bathroom to deal with his own physical needs.

After watching him walk into the bathroom, she got into bed again and lay under the covers. She picked up her phone and continued to browse posts. She had been browsing the posts of Ava, Rose, and Sherri

She didn't like to send posts, but it didn't stop her from browsing them, especially when she saw that the person she cared about was happy. Then she would be happy too.

When Trevon came out of the bathroom, he saw her sitting on the bed, having a smile on her face. She looked so happy. She was grinning so much that the corners of her mouth almost reached the back of her ears. He wiped his hair with one hand. "What's making you so happy?

"I didn't see you smile so much when I first came in."

A trace of jealousy secretly attacked his brain cells.

Upon hearing this, the smile on Natalie's face deepened. She was amused. "I'm browsing Ava and Rose's posts"

Seeing that he was jealous, she wanted to indulge him. She patted the edge of the bed and said, "Go and bring the hairdryer over. I'll blow it for you.

He refused. He didn't want her to be tired. "No need. It's just a few hairs. I'll do it myself,"

She tilted her head seductively. "You sure you don't want it? This benefit might disappear in a few months. Someone has to think about it first.

He looked at her steadily. His eyes darkened, and his deep and dark eyes were filled with love. "Then I'll have to trouble you, honey."

With that, he went to get the hairdryer and sat quietly on the bed, waiting for his wife's service. Natalie half-knelt and placed the phone beside him. The post page had not been closed yet. She picked up the hairdryer and inserted her fingers

into his hair.

One was seriously blowing, and the other was drenched in wild thoughts. The man's back stiffened at the touch. His Adam's apple bobbed unconsciously. In order not to take a shower, he closed his eyes to divert his attention.

He tried his best not to pay attention to the touch on his head. He lowered his eyes and looked deeply at the phone screen that was still lit. "Looks like Rose and Edward are having a good time."

Hearing this, Natalie used her hand to feel his hair. It was almost dry. She put away the hairdryer and placed it on the

bedside table. The next second, he gently grabbed her arm and pulled her into a sitting position on his lap

She wrapped her arms around his neck and sat sideways. Trevon picked up the phone and casually swiped the screen. He looked at it for a while in boredom. It was all photos of Rose playing and sharing happily. On the other hand, Ava was much more simple. She leaned on one leg and held a book in her hand. It was just a simple postscript (Even peace is bliss as long as I can be with you]

He gazed at her and asked. "You want to go?"

"I don't want to, but it seems pretty good if I go out with you. Her gaze was straightforward, and there was a hint of teasing and deliberateness in her eyes. She raised her eyebrows as if hinting and provoking.

He couldn't resist such naked love and temptation.

As expected, he quickly threw the phone away. The back of her head was pressed down, and the fragrance between her lips and teeth was intercepted. It was the taste of lemons, and it spread wantonly between their lips and teeth. Her teeth were pried open, and it went from shallow to deep. Inch by inch, he conquered her and took her for himself.

Her breathing became rougher. His large palm slowly moved up her back, caressing her from her waist to her back. She raised her head and accepted his love.

An unexpected sound turned the rare happiness into bubbles in an instant. "Dad, Mom, what are you doing?"

At this moment, Jasper was sitting on their big bed in a daze. He probably had been watching their live broadcast for a few minutes. In short, it was very awkward.

Trevon suddenly stopped what he was doing. He did not expect his son, who had been sleeping so soundly, to wake up suddenly and disturb him.

In an instant, all the passion dissipated. It was as if a basin of ice water had been poured over him from head to toe. cold and awkward.

It was

At this moment, Natalie was too ashamed to show her face. Although she was the one who started the fire, it was her son who put out the fire. As for the reason for the fire, she should let this man explain it. It was better for her to be silent in the conversation between the man and the little boy.

Without hesitation, she buried her head in his chest and did not plan to come out. His fire had dissipated, but her face was still red, and the blush did not fade away so quickly.

She did not know how to answer if her son said, “Mom, what’s wrong with your face?”

Pretending to be asleep was the best choice for her now.

Trevon naturally saw through her thoughts. His large palm held her head and pressed it against his chest. His fingertips stroked her hair as he turned to look at Jasper coldly. Just sleep. Why did you get up?”

Jasper sat on the bed with his legs curled up. He blinked his small eyes and said, “I need to pee.

Why didn’t the brat call him when he peed all over the ground? Now that he was doing something real with his wife, his son wanted to pec.

When Natalie heard that her son wanted to pee, she quickly got up and pretended to enter the blanket naturally. “Go, our son is going to pee. You can calm down while you’re at it.

After saying that, she smiled at him.

She was very pleased with it.

Trevon’s face darkened, but he carried his son gently and walked to the bathroom. After a while, Jasper finished peeing. When Trevon placed him on the bed, Jasper suddenly stood up and walked to

Natalie’s side. Then he squatted down. She looked at her son ambiguously, not knowing what he wanted to do, but she did not stop him.

The next second, Jasper kissed her on the cheek and turned around to sleep.

Natalie was shocked.

Trevon was also shocked and speechless.

The two of them looked at each other speechlessly. The little guy must have been watching them kiss for a few minutes. Why didn’t they notice anything at all? They were too engrossed

When they were kissing, they were caught red-handed by their son. Their son even learned to kiss her. It was really awkward. Although their son was still young and did not understand what this kiss meant, they still had to be careful in the future.

Not long after, regular breathing sounds came from the small bed. It was as if the scene just now was a dream. It was like

[Chapter 388](#)

An hour later, Ava led Frank to Sapphire City’s liveliest late-night food gathering spot, a restaurant located on the beach.

The restaurant wasn’t large, but there were many cars parked outside, representing various brands, which was enough to show the popularity of this place.

Frank glanced into the distance, found a parking spot, pulled in, and turned off the engine. He looked at the restaurant in front of them and asked, “Here?”

“Yeah, exactly. The food here is delicious. They’re all seafood and very fresh,” Ava replied.

As Ava spoke, she remembered the late-night snacks Alex had brought her last time. She had been well protected and rarely went to places like this at night. Her brother was too busy, and she was obedient enough not to ask him to bring her here.

Frank had keen observation skills. He could tell Ava hadn’t been to such a place alone. He got out of the car, walked around to the passenger side, opened the door, and held her hand as they walked inside.

Entering the restaurant, they saw many men and women of different ages already seated inside. It didn’t bother Frank, as he had frequented such places for late-night snacks before. However, it seemed a bit overwhelming for Ava.

Frank asked, “Do you want it to go?”

“Is it not safe here?” Ava seemed to understand Frank’s concerns.

Frank’s gaze met Ava’s clear eyes, and it was hard for him to refuse her. Frank changed from holding her hand to putting his arm around her waist. She leaned against his chest, and he said, “It’s up to you.”

“Then let me check if there’s a private room available. If there is, we can eat here. If not, we’ll take it to a quiet place to eat, alright?”

Ava came up with a compromise. She understood his worry.

Fortunately, luck was on their side. When they inquired at the front desk, there was indeed a private room available. Frank was concerned about Ava getting bumped into by people around them. Hence, he held her tightly as they walked to the private room and only released her once they were inside.

He closed the door, pulled out a chair for her, and let her sit down.

A minute later, a waitress came in and couldn’t help but say, “You two are the best-looking customers I’ve ever served here.”

The waitress was a young girl too. Her words praised them, and her eyes were honest. Her eyes had no hint of flirtation. and she did not glance at Frank. Instead, her gaze remained on Ava during the compliment.

Ava quite liked this and politely thanked her. “Thank you. It’s my first time here. Could you recommend the best seafood

dishes?”

Her voice was gentle, soft, and sweet.

The waitress recommended several delicious seafood platters to Ava, explaining that they were all freshly caught today. After making the suggestions, she left the room discreetly.

Frank was somewhat impressed. If this situation happened in Athana, many women would approach him and strike up a conversation, whether he was alone or with a companion. Given the chance, many

women were afraid of missing out and would try to seize the opportunity to talk to him. The waitress's reaction just now was rather refreshing to him.

The dishes arrived shortly after. Frank picked up the gloves from the side of the table and began skillfully peeling the shellfish. He reminded Ava, saying. "Pour some sauce.

The table was filled with seafood they rarely indulged in. Frank was genuinely concerned that Ava would have stomach issues.

Midway through the meal, Ava's phone rang. It was a call from Joseph. She thought her brother was waiting for her to go home and felt embarrassed. She had indulged a bit today, as she did not know when Frank would head back. She wanted to spend a bit more time.

Just an extra minute or second would be fine.

Setting down her fork, she answered the phone, Joseph. I'm having a late-night snack at the beach. I'll be back after 1 finish"

Before Joseph could say anything, Ava quickly explained.

On Joseph's end, he didn't blame her. Instead, he thoughtfully made an arrangement. He said. "I have a room at Sapphire Hotel. You can stay there tonight. No need to travel all the way back home. You're going out again tomorrow, right?"

"Really? I don't need to come back?"

Ava couldn't contain her happiness, her voice filled with delight. Joseph could sense his sister's happiness on the other end. of the phone. Indeed, he couldn't control his little sister.

Joseph sighed and said helplessly. "Well, stay safe and return to the hotel early.

After hanging up the phone, Ava was still overjoyed. She picked up her fork and said to Frank, who was peeling shells across from her, "Frank, my brother said I can stay at the hotel tonight and don't need to go home."

Frank was surprised but naturally happy as well. He hadn't expected her family to trust him so much. He believed Joseph knew he would spend the night with Ava at the hotel.

He smiled faintly and said, 'Got it. Hurry and eat. It won't taste good if it gets cold"

"You eat too. I can peel the shells myself."

"TI finish peeling this one. Then I'll eat

H

"Oh, I'm so happy. Ava's emotions were evident on her face. Whether she was happy or not, it was easy to tell with just one glance.

In reality, Joseph's phone call was orchestrated by Emma and Daniel. They thought that Ava and Frank's relationship wasn't easy. It was troublesome for Frank to send Ava back at night and pick her up the next day. With Frank's sensible behavior, they felt reassured,

The hotel was the Turner family's property. After discussing it, the couple decided to have Joseph make that call. Frank might leave the day after tomorrow, and since it was already so late at night, they didn't want to trouble the young couple any further.

After finishing the late-night snack, it was already early morning. Frank drove back to Sapphire Hotel.

Holding hands with Ava, they walked her to the room arranged by Joseph. When they reached the door, they were reluctant to part like a usual couple deeply in love. Although Frank wanted to stay with

Ava, he had self-restraint. The Turner family had already been considerate by not making Ava return home. It wouldn't be appropriate to sleep in the same room with her.

He raised his hand and gently touched her head, saying. "Go on. Come find me tomorrow morning. It's already late into

the night."

"Okay" Ava tiptoed and pecked Frank on the lips. Just as she was about to pull away. Frank cupped the back of her head and kissed her deeply.

After the kiss, he said, "That's my response to your kiss, Baby Ava. Now, go inside.

Ava blushed and entered the room. Frank lingered at the door for several minutes before finally turning and heading to

his own room.

In a room at Turner Manor, Joseph watched the hallway surveillance footage and curled his lips into a smile before exiting the video feed.

On a beach in Artroyland, the atmosphere was lively. Everyone was a night owl. It had a starkly different night from the nightlife in Athana.

A massive speaker was set up on the beach, with someone holding a microphone and singing. People around were dancing energetically. Their dance was full of vigor, allowing them to release the stress of the day.

In the past, whenever Rose felt troubled or upset, she would retreat to her room or dance in the dance studio until she was exhausted. She would only stop dancing after releasing all the negative emotions in her body.

However, at this moment, she was sitting on the sandy beach, her legs folded, enjoying herself without any worries. The only thing causing her dilemma was whether or not to participate in the dance.

Edward had returned to his room and should have fallen asleep by this time, given that it was already early morning. Being a refined young man, he probably wouldn't enjoy these forms of entertainment and would prefer to rest.

Just as Rose was lost in thought, a young man with attractive eyes and a handsome appearance walked up gallantly extended his hand and spoke fluent Arillion, "Miss, you are beautiful. Do you speak Arillion?"

Rose replied in Arillion, "Of course"

to her. He

Foreigners tend to be more outgoing and direct, openly expressing their thoughts and feelings without hiding their introverted tendencies. This young man was no exception.

He blinked his attractive eyes and smiled at Rose. "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you?"

[Chapter 389](#)

The two of them walked side by side towards the villa.

Rose still felt somewhat skeptical. She glanced sideways at the elegant and handsome Edward standing next to her. For some reason, she found his appearance with glasses strangely comfortable and attractive.

With her hands in her pockets, she pretended to be carefree and averted her gaze. She pursed her lips and asked, "Why weren't you sleeping? I thought you were already asleep."

Walking beside her. Edward slowed his steps. His face remained emotionless, and his eyes were hidden behind his glasses. Then, he said in a calm tone. "Just wanted to take in the night view of Artroyland."

His tone was natural, and it was hard to discern its authenticity.

Rose paused for a moment, pondering if his words were genuine. Then why did you leave? Why not stay a while longer? They're still dancing"

Edward replied in a subdued manner. It's enough to experience it. There's no need to keep watching

"Alright then, I'll go to sleep. Goodbye and good night. As they chatted, they reached the door of Rose's room. She waved

her hand and entered.

Once inside, the room was dimly lit, and her mind replayed the moment when Edward had his arm around her shoulder. She hadn't noticed it earlier, but now in retrospect, it seemed a bit off. It felt almost like a scene from the sovereignty declaration of a male lead in a TV show.

While Rose was fairly satisfied with her appearance, Edward's appearance was quite appealing too. But he wouldn't fall for her after just a few encounters, especially considering he had feelings for Natalie. It was probably just a passing thought

Rose realized she had been watching too many romance TV series, so she decided to take a break from them. Her imagination had started to blur the lines between fiction and reality

After some contemplation, she gave up trying to figure it out. It was too mentally exhausting. Maybe Edward was only looking out for her at Sherri's request.

Rose had a straightforward personality, but she was reserved when it came to relationships. She became cautious after having been hurt once before.

Edward didn't leave immediately. His mind replayed Rose's dance moves on the beach, along with her charming smile and genuine laughter. He stood there for a while before finally leaving.

After sorting out her thoughts, Rose finished her shower and lay on her bed. She opened her phone to check the flight ticket. She had to go back to work the day after tomorrow. No matter what, she would have to leave tomorrow when she woke up.

Calculating the time, arriving at Athana at night would leave her too tired to work the next day. Besides, it was already early morning, and waking up early tomorrow was unrealistic.

Lying on her bed, she placed her phone in front of her. She propped up her chin with one hand and tapped her buttocks with the other.

She leisurely examined her flight options. 9 am was too early. She wouldn't be able to wake up in time. Maybe an afternoon flight would be better. Since the villa was quite expensive, she might as well get some extra sleep. She could check out before noon, have a meal, and then catch the plane.

Then, she quickly purchased the flight ticket for tomorrow. The departure time was 1:30 pm. After buying it, she happily placed her phone on the bedside and prepared to sleep.

Snuggled under the covers, she closed her eyes, letting sleep gradually take over. Suddenly, a question popped into her mind. Should she tell Edward about her departure?

But intentionally bringing it up seemed a bit inappropriate. After all, They had met by chance and weren't traveling together.

Thinking back, was he here for work? If he was, he spent the entire day with her in the bustling city without working. So, what was his purpose for being here?

To watch her play? Rose couldn't help but think that Edward was quite puzzling.

In the end, Rose picked up her phone and sent a message to Edward. The message said. [Hey, I'll be heading back tomorrow afternoon Just wanted to let you know as a friend |

Edward's reply came quickly. He was on the balcony, smoking. The cigarette was between his lips as he typed with both hands. He wrote. [What time is your flight?

Rose replied. Are you going back too?]

Edward wrote. [Yes, I'm done with my work. Let's go together |

Rose was puzzled. When did he finish his tasks? Did he use teleportation? Wasn't he hanging out with her the whole time?

She had several questions swirling in her mind for a few seconds, but eventually, she decided to be honest and sent him her departure time

After reading the message, Edward replied. [Yeah, I'm also leaving at that time. If you don't mind, we can travel together]

Rose replied. (Wait, you're also leaving at the same time?)

In order to verify. Rose sent Edward a screenshot of her flight details and wrote, [I'm leaving at this time. Are you leaving at the same time too?]

Edward replied. [Yep. same time.]

Unaware that he hadn't actually booked a ticket, Rose assumed it was another coincidence. She wrote, [Alright, that's quite a coincidence. It seems we have a bit of fate to be buddies.]

Edward didn't reply to that message, but Rose didn't mind. She placed her phone back on the bedside table and began to drift into sleep.

The next day dawned with bright sunlight. The weather in Artroyland wasn't as hot as in Athana. The gentle breeze felt pleasant against Rose's skin, almost like a massage.

With one hand pushing a suitcase and a shoulder bag slung across her shoulder, Rose walked lazily, exuding a carefree air. She also seemed a bit nonchalant, chewing on strawberry gum.

This was because she had eaten a fish and some shrimp at the hotel for lunch, leaving a lingering taste in her mouth. She had casually bought strawberry gum from the airport supermarket.

Then, she boarded the plane. Having slept in late that morning, she had no intention of sleeping again on the way back to Athana. She was refreshed and full of energy. She looked out at the scenery through the window.

Looking up at the blue sky, she watched birds soar freely, gliding through the air, tracing a beautiful arc, a curved parabola.

Rose rested her chin on her hand, gazing into the distance, wanting to capture the beauty in her eyes. Lost in her thoughts, someone sat down beside her again. She was startled and turned to look at the person next to her.

Rose's eyes widened, her astonished voice slightly cracked. It was understandable that Edward coincidentally booked the same flight, but to sit beside her as well? That was what surprised her the most. "Is it really this much of a coincidence?"

The past couple of days were filled with coincidences with Edward. It felt like something straight out of a TV show. They booked the same flight, and now they were even sitting next to each other. It was almost too perfect

Edward, however, remained composed as if it were merely a coincidence. He calmly said, "Yes, quite a coincidence.

He sat beside her, adjusted his glasses, and asked for two blankets when a flight attendant passed by.

Rose had no intention of sleeping and waved off the offer. Eventually, Edward took one blanket.

As the plane took off and ascended into the sky, white clouds lay beneath them, creating an illusion as if one could reach out and touch them. The beauty was as if treading through cotton candy.

Rose smiled softly, her expression radiant. Edward stole a sideways glance at her, seeing her lost in the view outside. While Rose gazed at the scenery outside, Edward observed her appreciating the scenery. She was equally beautiful.

Rose felt the need to share the beauty of the view with someone, so she turned her head, meeting Edward's gaze. The eye contact was awkward, and for a moment, her heart raced.

Her cheeks grew warm, and she wondered what was happening.

This time, it wasn't just her imagination. In a quick mental association, Rose combined her romance TV shows knowledge and fantasized about a romantic scene.

She felt flustered, like a deer caught in headlights, as she gazed at his refined and handsome face. Edward, equally uncomfortable, averted his gaze at the same time. In the end, Rose decided not to make a fuss. A quiet atmosphere would encourage sleep.

It was also the best way to avoid awkwardness.

Unknowingly, Rose had drifted off to sleep against the window. A flight attendant passed by, asking if she needed an extra blanket. Edward pressed a finger to his lips, indicating that it wasn't necessary.

The flight attendant nodded politely and walked away. Edward carefully folded the blanket on his lap and gently covered Rose with it. She wasn't actually asleep. She felt uneasy in the current atmosphere, and she sensed something changing

unconsciously.

Rose, being 26 years old, couldn't possibly be completely oblivious. Combined with Edward's recent behavior and indulgence towards her....

As the blanket covered her, her hands tightened beneath it, showing signs of nervousness. She wasn't sure how to act. Edward had feelings for Natalie, and she didn't want to be a substitute.

Once the blanket was in place, Edward reclined in his seat, closed his eyes, and feigned dozing off. He had insomnia the previous night. The memories of Rose dancing and her smiling face kept replaying in his mind. Lately, he hadn't been able to think much about Natalie.

He spent the previous night sorting through his thoughts. Why did he agree with Sherri to come abroad? Why did he feel the need to follow Rose around? Why he couldn't bear to leave her when he saw her being watched by others? After pondering it many times, he finally came to understand.

But how would Rose react? She knew about his past feelings for Natalie. How could he explain this situation now? It might not be believable if he tried to explain.

Moreover, there was the matter of Frank. It was a bit tricky.

However, Edward had come to realize one thing. He couldn't stumble in the same place twice. Just as he was contemplating, he felt a weight on his shoulder. Undoubtedly, Rose had actually fallen asleep.

He adjusted his posture to make his shoulder higher, offering a comfortable place for her to lean on, trying to ease her fatigue.

After adjusting his sitting posture, he did not look sideways. He closed his eyes and sighed. He had to be fair.

Several hours later, the plane landed at the airport of Athana.

Rose picked up her suitcase, extended the handle, and courteously bid farewell to Edward. "Goodbye."

Edward had driven to the airport. He had initially thought of offering her a ride. However, seeing her react like she had encountered a tiger, he swallowed his words. "Goodbye," he replied instead.

After that, Rose walked briskly towards the exit as if being chased by a tiger. Her pace quickened, and she reached Tom's car waiting at the entrance.

In a hurry, she got into the car. Her bodyguards followed, opening the trunk to stow her luggage before closing it and watching her leave.

Once the car was gone, the bodyguards exchanged some words. "Did Miss Roberts have a fight with Mr. Landor?"

"Seems likely. Otherwise, why would Tom come to pick her up?"

"But Frank had instructed Tom to pick her up before he left."

"But they're a couple. Why wouldn't she take her boyfriend's car?"

The bodyguards were clearly inexperienced in matters of romance and couldn't grasp the situation. They were full of questions.

Meanwhile, Edward pushed his luggage to the parking lot. He got into his car, started the engine, and drove away.

[Chapter 390](#)

At Athana Hospital, Hackett accompanied Sherri for a prenatal check-up. They were joined by Trevon and his wife..

The screen showed that the patient that would receive medical consultation was Natalie, and the next patient was Sherri.

The checkup list had been issued by Sherri two days ago. Right now, Natalie just needed to wait in line and wait for her turn. Once the results for the checkup list were ready, they could be shown to Sherri for her to review directly. There was no need to consult with other doctors. This was the advantage of having a close friend who was an obstetrician-gynecologist. In short, it was convenient.

Because the checkup list had been prepared in advance by Sherri, the process for both her and her best friend's examinations naturally followed a sequential order.

At this moment, both of them were undergoing examinations inside. Normally, when one person was being examined, others were not allowed to enter. Each person had her own examination room. However, since Sherri was the obstetrician-gynecologist at the hospital, she naturally received special treatment.

The sign at the entrance said “Men Keep Out”, but for Trevon, those words were just nonsense. He could not be stopped at all.

When Trevon raised his foot and reached out to open the door, Hackett, who was standing behind him, also stepped forward at the same time. Trevon, who was in front of Hackett, suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned around to give Hackett a cold glare.

The meaning of Trevon’s action was quite clear.

Hackett was dissatisfied. “My wife is also inside and she will be examined,” he said. “Why can’t I go in yet you can? What if my wife were the one being examined when you enter? Wouldn’t you see her being partially undressed then?”

Hackett spoke confidently. “His wife is indeed inside,” he thought. “What’s the big deal?”

“Ask your wife to come out of the room, Trevon said.

Trevon looked at Hackett with a sense of superiority and condescension, his demeanor indifferent and cold.

All wives should be respected and treated equally. Hackett shrugged. That was the confidence his wife gave him. He said, “Ask your wife to come out of the room!”

Trevon’s mouth twitched. He squinted at Hackett and suppressed his emotions. “Do you even know how the queue works?” he said. “Your wife is a doctor, yet you don’t even know how medical procedures work. If you have nothing to do, let my wife examine your brain for free. If there is a need for craniotomy. I’ll pay

Hackett was actually left speechless.

This was because patients were indeed being examined based on the order they were called. The current patient being attended to was Natalie, not Sherri

Trevon knocked on the door but did not enter immediately. The reason was that he was afraid that Natalie would let Sherri undergo the examination first. After all, Natalie and Sherri were very close to each other, so they would not mind swapping turns with each other. Upon hearing the knock, Sherri pulled open the curtain and glanced at Trevon, who was standing at the door. She suddenly thought of something and immediately walked out of the room.

“I’m sorry for taking over your job.” Sherri said. “You may go in, and I’ll come out of the room. Sherri thought, “Since he is the father of the unborn child, he should be the one standing inside.”

Moreover, with Trevon accompanying Natalie for her pregnancy checkup, Sherri was overjoyed. “Why should I get involved?” Sherri thought. I should just be happy for my bestie.”

When Sherri came out of the room, she saw Hackett looking uncomfortable, as if he was constipated. “What’s wrong with you?” she asked.

“I’m fine, honey,” Hackett said as he smiled, taking care of Sherri attentively. “Let’s sit over there for a while. Don’t let our

son tire you out”

H

“How do you know it’s a son?” Sherri said as she saw him talking so seriously, as if he really knew the gender of their unborn baby. “Or do you want a son?”

Just guessing. Hackett said. “Aren’t you planning to abduct Trevon’s daughter? I think at least one of Natalie’s babies is a daughter.”

Hackett sounded very certain, as if he had seen the test results that determined the gender of Natalie’s babies.

“You’re just making random guesses, but your idea is pretty good,” Sherri said. “It turns out to be accurate.”

In the room, Trevon was holding Natalie’s hand. His eyes were fixed on the display screen without blinking. He frowned as

he looked at the black image. No matter how hard he looked, he could not find the whereabouts of his two little seeds.

The doctor was examining Natalie seriously, so she definitely could not see the confusion on Trevon’s face. Trevon wore casual trousers and a white shirt, standing tall in the ultrasound room. His presence permeated the entire room.

Trevon did not look like he was here to accompany his wife for a prenatal checkup. Natalie felt as if a certain manager had come to inspect

However, the nervousness and curiosity in his eyes were still noticeable to Natalie. The doctor that did the ultrasound scan was someone they knew.

Natalie smiled and said to the doctor, “Chloe, can you please point out where the gestational sac is? Freeze the frame and let the baby’s father take a look. If he can’t see it today, he might be so eager to know more that he would search. extensively online for information.”

This kind of behavior was quite characteristic of Trevon. It was also something he could do right now. It was not surprising at all.

The doctor who performed the ultrasound scan was also summed. She lifted her head and looked at Trevon. She saw that Trevon really had a confused expression. She felt that Trevon was a good man and a good father. She smiled and said, “These dark spots are your two babies, and all their indicators are normal. It seems that the babies Daddy takes good care

of them.

Natalie thought. “Can Trevon not be attentive? I’m just worried that he would suggest that I resign later.”

After the ultrasound scan was done, Trevon bent down and used a tissue to wipe Natalie’s belly. He wiped it gently bit by bit. He then received another round of praise.

The young lady next to them who was typing could not help but praise, "Mrs. Wilson, your husband is really attentive to you. Blessings to you"

"Thank you," Natalie said. "He's really nice."

Trevon acted as if he did not hear what the young lady said. He lifted Natalie down and gently placed her on the floor. Then, he leaned against her and helped her straighten her clothes. He looked sideways and thanked her. "Thank you," he

said.

After Trevon and Natalie came out of the ultrasound room, Sherri and her husband went in. Compared to Trevon, Hackett seemed slightly more knowledgeable in understanding ultrasound scan images. Although Hackett was also somewhat clueless like Trevon, there was still some slight difference in terms of their ability to make sense of ultrasound scan images.

For Hackett, he could still boast a little. When he came out of the room, he saw Trevon still holding the report and studying it. He shook his legs and said, "Don't understand, huh? Do you want me to teach you?"

Trevon looked at his trembling feet in disdain and retorted coldly, "You've got one baby. I've got two babies. You can teach me when you have two babies."

Hackett felt that he was being looked down upon. "What's wrong with having one baby?" he thought. 'Didn't you fucking have one baby too when your wife was pregnant for the first time?

"It's just that your luck is better during the launch of the second pregnancy. Two of your sperms landed safely and broke through the obstacles to reach their destination. What is there to be smug about?"

The next tests were blood test and urine test.

Sherri and Natalie waited at two different counters for the blood to be drawn. After the blood was drawn, Trevon and Hackett both put on a display of being good men, making the women in the waiting area envious.

This was because there were many men around these women who were either playing games or watching videos. They seemed to be here to walk around or to fulfill an obligation. They were not that attentive, let alone accompanying their wives for the entire checkup.

Ten minutes later, two handsome men held their wives urine samples and went to the fluid analysis department. They handed over the forms. Even the personnel conducting the tests could not help but take a few more glances at the handsome Trevon and Hackett.

Someone secretly took a picture of this scene and shared it in a group chat, expressing envy for such thoughtful husbands.

After some discussion, someone recognized them. That person posted in the group chat, [It's Mr. Wilson from Athana and the scion of the Blackwell family | After the person who took the photo looked at the message on her phone, she hurriedly looked up to confirm multiple times. Eventually, she silently recalled the photo.

Adhering to the principle of absolutely not getting involved in trouble, she decided that she would indulge in gossip alone. She thought it was better not to share the photo.

She had managed to witness a bit of Trevon's affectionate gestures toward his wife.

Sherri held her best friend's wrist with one hand and supported her own waist with the other. After a rather lengthy examination, she was a little tired. She looked at Trevon in the distance and could not help but sigh with amazement. "I've got to say that you've trained Old Trevon quite well," she said. "He has undergone a complete transformation, becoming a good man that is caring, attentive and devoted."

Trevon was completely different from two years ago. Now, aside from his status as a wealthy person, he was a good husband and a good father that fulfilled the roles and responsibilities expected of a spouse and a parent in a satisfactory

manner.

Although he was sometimes very strict with Jasper, he was actually setting rules for Jasper's benefit. The Wilson family did not want to have another child like Max.