

## The Tide 421

### [Chapter 421](#)

Ever since it was made public, Rose had openly started dating, and Frank was having a lot of fun.

During the day, he would accompany Ava to class. When there were no classes, he would accompany Ava to play around.

After the engagement.

The Turner family's people did not call Ava, giving them enough space to get along.

Soon, it was the day of Children's Day.

In the Landor Group.

Edward wore a well-pressed suit and sat in front of the computer. His golden glasses were constantly adding to his refined aura as he stared at the computer screen seriously. His slender fingers were moving on the keyboard.

He could type very quickly.

Two minutes ago, Kyle received a text message from Edward. It only had two words. [Come in.]

When Kyle pushed open the door and entered, the first thing he saw was that Edward was busy working. He sat down on the chair in front of the desk and said, "What are your orders, Edward?"

These words were calm, but one could still feel a trace of resentment.

Edward smiled and said, "Are you dissatisfied? Because you said that you wanted to show the value of you when you came here. You're already complaining before you even show your value."

Kyle had been suffering recently. After Edward got off work, he worked overtime. He came earlier than anyone else because Kyle had also taken over the morning meeting. Edward wanted to woo someone and accompany his girlfriend.

Without Kyle, they would probably have broken up.

"Alright, just say it. What do you want me to do?" Kyle had a helpless expression on his face.

Edward really couldn't bear it, but he had no choice but to accompany Rose for Children's Day tomorrow and go to Artroyland at night. However, Kyle's words made him want to laugh. It made him look like he wasn't going to date as if he was going to die later.

"You should keep an eye on the meeting these few days and the company's matters. Let my father be less worried. I have to spend Children's Day with my girlfriend tonight."

Kyle thought, "Are you showing off? Are you going to celebrate Children's Day with your girlfriend?"

"Who would celebrate Children's Day at the age of 26?"

"I'll give you my blessings even if you don't show off your affection. My sincere blessings. I think Miss Roberts is quite suitable for you. You're happier than before. You are not the depressed prince any longer. I'm leaving."

After saying that, Kyle calmed himself down and got up to leave the office. Behind him, Edward was smiling and said, "I'll be back the night after tomorrow. Thank you for your hard work, Kyle."

Kyle said, "I'm waiting for your wedding banquet. Work harder and do it directly."

Edward watched as the office door closed. He stopped laughing and called Juana. The call was quickly connected. "Hello."

"Mom, I'm going overseas tonight. I won't be back for the next few days. You don't have to wait for me to have meals."

Juana thought that Edward was busy with his career again and said, "Edward, you can't work as hard as before. Your father is still young. If there's anything, let him do it. Look, he has nothing better to do than read the newspaper every day. You should spend more time with Dr. Roberts. Girls need company."

Juana was really afraid that if Edward continued to be so busy, he would be alone again. She was worried about it. It was not easy for him to find such a girlfriend. No matter which aspect it was, she was very good.

After Joy's analysis, she said that the Roberts family's people were easy to get along with. She also said that Frank would not stop her. This made Juana feel relieved.

Edward pinched the space between his eyebrows. He held his phone and said patiently, "Mom, I'm going out to travel with Rose, not to work."

"Really? That's great."

Juana's voice was so loud that it could hurt Edward's ears. He had no choice but to hold the phone further away.

On the other end of the line, Juana was very happy. She was so excited that it was as if she had won the lottery. She instructed, "You have to take good care of Dr. Roberts when you're overseas. You can't be careless. You have to be especially careful when you're outside."

"Got it. I'll take good care of her. Don't be so nervous."

Edward felt that his entire family was nervous when he was in a relationship, afraid that he would fail. Now that he thought about it, Rose was right when she said that he shouldn't tell them.

"Alright. Edward, you have to work hard. Bring Dr. Roberts home as soon as possible. Alright, I won't disturb you anymore. I'm hanging up. I'm going to chat with Ruby's grandmother."

Edward was speechless.

After hanging up the phone, Edward sighed. Juana's personality was the same as Sherri's. He opened the chat interface and re-noted Rose as Dear Rose.

He looked down at the name and was quite satisfied. There was a glint in his eyes. Today was Children's Day. Rose should gain a gift. He had given her a gift.

He did not give her a very expensive gift. After spending a few days together, he realized that Rose was not a gold digger. If he did it, it would increase her psychological burden. She could accept this gift.

A sense of ritual was enough too. Everything was just right.

For a long time, Rose did not accept the gift. Even when they boarded the plane, Rose did not accept this gift.

Today, Rose was dressed very casually in sportswear. However, her top was relatively short, making her look charming. Edward also tacitly wore light gray sportswear.

On the plane.

Edward asked the air stewardess for two blankets. One covered Rose and the other was placed beside him. "Why aren't you accepting the gift? Isn't it Children's Day? Don't you need gifts?"

Rose said, "I'm a little embarrassed to accept it. It's a little too precious."

Edward knew that it was for this reason. If other young ladies gained these gifts, they might still dislike him and think he was too stingy. He had not given any particular expensive gift, but Rose still felt that it was a little too much.

"It's okay. That's just a gift. I'll change it next time. Is that okay?"

Since Edward had already said so, Rose would definitely not be unreasonable anymore. She agreed readily. "Alright then. Thank you, Edward."

Rose even sent a thankful and interesting emoji, which made Edward laugh. He couldn't help but ask, "Where did you get these emojis?"

They were all quite cute, reflecting her cute personality.

Rose tilted her head and raised her exquisite face proudly. She said to Edward, "On the Internet, I'll add anything I see that looks good to my collection. Then, when I use it in a suitable atmosphere, I'll send it to you. Are you happy? I still have a lot. I'll send it to you in the future."

Edward suggested, "Sure. Do you want to sleep? It's a long journey. Sleep for a while and I'll wake you up when we get there."

"Wait a minute, I haven't asked Frank for a gift."

Rose lowered her head and spoke as she saw her phone. At the same time, she sent a message to Frank. [Frank. Happy Children's Day. Please give me a gift.]

Then, another message was sent. [Dear brother, give me a gift. It proves that you still remember me as your only sister. As for the reason, let me explain to you. It's because Ava and I should gain the gifts.]

From Edward's side, he could see all of Rose's messages. Rose did not put on any anti-peeping screen protector, nor did she do anything to hide it. Then, Edward saw Frank's reply. [I lack money.]

Rose sent an angry emoji. [Why are you lying to me? Forget it, since you just proposed, you give me a gift, and I'll give you a more expensive one. How about it? You will gain more.]

When Edward saw this message, he felt a conspiracy. Coupled with Rose's evil smile, he was sure that Rose would not make a

loss.

It was unknown if Frank did not argue with Rose or if he really wanted to earn it. A few seconds later, Frank agreed. Rose quickly thanked him and giggled. She covered her mouth and leaned against Edward.

Her smile was always touching others. At this moment, Edward also smiled. Although he did not know what Rose wanted to do in the next second, he felt that she had a conspiracy.

As expected, Rose first politely sent Frank a cute emoji thanking him. After sending some cute emojis, and then, Edward's smile deepened.

She did not give him a gift at all, but just a picture!

After Frank received it, he quickly replied. [Rose, do you want to be hit?]

Rose looked innocent, but the uncontrollable smile at the corner of her mouth betrayed the true emotions in her heart.

[Didn't you agree? I didn't say that I'll give you a real gift. Then was it wrong for me to give you the picture? Look at the chat history. You misunderstood.]

After replying to the message, Rose turned off her phone. The corners of her mouth still appeared a smile. Rose, whose plan had succeeded, was in a much better mood. Frank's IQ had decreased after falling in love. He was so gullible.

She even raised her chin proudly at Edward. "I'm awesome, right? I got the gift."

Edward said, "You are great. Sit tight. The plane is about to take off."

"It is also Frank who deliberately let you deceive him. Otherwise, how could he give out the gift so readily?" Edward thought in his heart.

During his free time, Edward gave Sherri a gift with a postscript saying Happy Children's Day. After sending it, he turned off his phone.

Rose wasn't very sleepy. She was a little excited. The same seat, the same person, but with different relationships. She didn't know if Edward had deliberately bought the same seat for memory.

She looked around and saw a couple kissing passionately. Rose covered her mouth and laughed. She leaned towards Edward and secretly looked at the details. Edward followed her gaze.

Edward was speechless.

A large palm pushed Rose's head back to her original position and sighed. "Stop looking," he said.

The next second, Edward almost fell off the seat because Rose always was unusual. "Edward."

"Hmm? What's wrong?" Edward had a bad premonition. Just like Frank said, Rose had a different idea at any time. He had to know how to deal with it at all times.

The plane had already taken off and rushed into the clouds. The white clouds outside the window spread out like cotton, and everything was white.

Rose approached Edward and whispered into his ear, "Do you want to try?"

Upon hearing this, Edward's eyes darkened and his heart beat faster. Actually, not only was Edward's heart beating abnormally, but Rose's ears were also slightly red. Her heart was beating so fast. She was extremely nervous.

But they still wanted to give it a try.

Edward looked at the blushing girl beside him with uncertainty. "Rose, are you sure?"

Rose was still a little shy. She picked up the blanket on her knees and covered the two of them, including her head. "That's better."

After a series of movements, she smiled and felt that she was very good.

#### [Chapter 422](#)

Outside the window, it was white and endless. The plane drew a beautiful arc in the sky. It was a white trajectory.

The scenery was as beautiful as a painting.

The two people under the blanket felt their hearts beating very fast. Even the usually calm Edward's eyes under the glasses were slightly red.

They saw each other.

Rose already had the thought of retreating in her heart, but she had already said it and was prepared. If she retreated now, it would make her look very timid.

No matter what, she was still Grace's daughter. She could not back down.

Edward's gaze was too hot and he was a little conflicted. Rose became bold again. She leaned closer to him and said to him with the lowest voice. Her warm breath pounced on Edward's face. "Are you afraid?"

Edward was speechless and thought, "You're the one who's starting to get nervous."

Since he had seen through her, he did not expose her. Instead, he asked, "Do you still want to try?"

After pausing for a few seconds, Rose felt that Edward's life was too monotonous. Sometimes, he was very melancholic. Since she was with Edward, she was responsible for letting Edward feel the beauty of life all the time. A person's life is precious. How could they live a boring life?

In life, they should challenge a new way of living. They might live a different kind of exciting life. There were too many possibilities in life. How would one know if one did not try?

Anyway, that was what Rose thought.

The two of them looked at each other under the blanket for a few minutes. The couple next door had already stopped kissing, and the two of them had yet to kiss.

After a while, Rose said in a very low voice, "Why don't we give it a try?"

Edward looked at Rose calmly, wanting to find out if she was telling the truth from her face. It was only when he saw the determination in her eyes that he leaned over and kissed her first.

With one hand, he helped Rose carry a corner of the blanket and covered her head. He propped himself up in the back of the seat, leaving a little space. With his other hand, he touched Rose's hot face.

Rose was lying on his side, holding Edward's collar with one hand. She was very nervous. Sensitive and observant Edward noticed that and he kissed her very gently.

The nervous Rose closed her eyes and felt a different kind of stimulation. He naturally improved after experiencing too much. Today, Edward's kissing skills have advanced.

Her chin was lifted slightly, and their lips separated. After Rose breathed for a few seconds, Edward's lips pressed down again. His breath warmed her very much, and the two of them indulged in each other's feelings.

They communicated with each other.

Learn from each other and improve on each other.

Edward's hand gradually fixed on the back of her neck and brought it to her front. As if they were drawing a beautiful painting using their tongues, drawing bit by bit. Every corner of the painting was carefully filled in, afraid that he would draw again one by one if he missed anything.

Only when the entire painting was completed did Edward leave in satisfaction. He panted heavily and rubbed the tip of his nose against hers. He could not help but smile. "Do you still want to try?"

Fortunately, she was covered with a blanket now. If she didn't, it would be awkward.

Rose felt that she did not need to look in the mirror to know that her face was completely red.

Damn it: It was very exciting and happy. It was just that she did not know what to do next.

Rose thought for a moment in her mind and braced herself to suggest, "Why don't we take a break? We have finished it after we kiss."

She wanted to leave some new.

The main reason was that if she continued kissing him, with her straightforward personality, she would lift the blanket. At that time, everyone would see them and it would be very exciting.

Upon hearing her words, Edward retracted his hand from her neck and rubbed his fingertips against her swollen lips for a while. "I'll listen to you. Do you want to lift the blanket?"

Rose was extremely embarrassed. She completely lost the thought she had just wanted to learn. "I prefer to sleep under the covers. It's mysterious."

Of course, Edward knew the reason. He smiled and said, "Then let's be mysterious together."

"Do you want to sleep under the covers too?"

Edward kept turning his head to look at her and answered, "Yes. Are you going to sleep?"

"Yes, I'm a little sleepy. Do you want to sleep?"

The two of them were like little kids who were playing tricks in class. They hid under the table and spoke softly, afraid that others would hear them.

Just like what Rose said, there was indeed a sense of mystery. Not only was there a sense of mystery but there was also a sense of nervousness. This was because the air stewardesses passing by could not help but take a few more glances at them.

Rose adjusted her position and leaned her head on Edward's shoulder. He held her waist loosely with one hand and covered the two of them with a blanket.

Fifteen minutes later, Rose, who had good sleep quality, had fallen asleep. Listening to her well-proportioned breathing, Edward slowly took off the blanket and covered her. If he continued to cover her like this, she would probably go to a hospital instead of Artroyland.

He raised his hand to look at the time. There were still a few hours left. He held Rose in one hand and held her other hand in the other. He did not dare to move and slowly closed his eyes.

In Sapphire Hotel.

Today was Children's Day. Frank brought Ava to Sapphire City's ice rink. After playing for a few hours, Ava was tired and Frank brought her back to the hotel.

Just as she was about to take a shower, Ava's phone rang. She took her pajamas and was about to enter the bathroom when she shouted outside, "Frank, help me see my phone. If it's my sister, help me answer it."

With one hand in his pocket, Frank bent down to pick up the phone on the bed. He looked at the screen. It was her Mom calling.

He didn't pick up the phone and shouted into the bathroom, "Baby Ava, it's your mother."

When Ava heard that it was Emma, she turned around and returned. She placed her pajamas back on the bed and picked up the phone. "Mom?"

Emma's gentle voice came from the other end of the phone. "Ava. Did you go out to play today?"

"Yes, we just came back from skating. Is my brother back?"

"No, he might be on a longer business trip this time. I'm just asking how many more days Frank will be staying in Sapphire City?"

Daniel, who had not seen Ava for a few days, missed her a little. He kept nagging missing her every day. Emma felt that it was time to make a call. The two of them were already engaged. If Frank went back tomorrow, there was no need to say anything else. If he still had to stay for a long time, she could not let Frank stay in the hotel forever. It was not just etiquette. Moreover, she had already accepted the gift.

Ava answered honestly, "Five days."

Hearing this, Emma sincerely invited, "Ava, ask Frank if he's willing to stay in Turner Manor."

The phone was not hung up and the room was very quiet. Through the content of the phone call, Frank could roughly guess what the topic was. Before Ava could say anything, he nodded at her in agreement.

"How could I reject Emma's personal invitation?" he thought.

Seeing Frank's movement, Ava said, "Mom, Frank agreed."

Emma maintained her gentle voice. "Alright, I will get ready. Just come over with Frank."

Ava answered on the phone. She looked at Frank and seemed to be asking, "Are we going over tonight?"

Frank nodded, indicating that he could.

After hanging up, Frank pursed his lips and didn't say anything. He was worried that he might have to sleep separately with

Ava if he went to Turner Manor.

Without a word, he began to sort out the luggage. He stuffed Ava and his things into a large suitcase. Ava Turner did not plan to take a shower anymore. Since she was going back to Turner Manor, she would go home and shower.

Ava was carried by Frank and she sat on the bed. Her feet were dangling in the air as she looked at Frank leisurely. "Frank, why don't I help?"

Frank said, "Sit down. It'll be done soon."

She didn't need to do such a thing. It would only take a few minutes.

Half an hour later, the two of them walked to the basement of the hotel hand in hand. Frank was pushing a suitcase and holding her hand.

After getting into the car, the car slowly drove towards the mall. Ava, who knew the route, turned to look at Frank. "What are we going to do? Emma said you don't have to buy anything. You just have to go over."

Frank was indeed here to buy something. It was rude to come home with nothing.

But Ava held his hand and played with it, one finger, two fingers. "Dear Ava's Hubby, you are now a member of the Turner family. You can't be too polite."

Frank insisted on his own idea. He felt that it would be more polite to enter with gifts in his hand. "Baby Ava. Let's buy less."



Ava also insisted on her own thoughts. This was the first time the two of them had a different opinion. Ava looked up and said, "I'm going to be angry."

He glanced at Ava who was pretending to be angry and fuming. Helpless, Frank compromised. "I'll listen to you. I'm not going."

This time, Ava was happy. As she played with Frank's hand, she said, "That's right. You're my fiancé. You can't carry a lot of things every time you go in the future, right? This doesn't feel like going home. It feels like being a guest."

It felt like he was a guest at home.

Frank didn't expect Ava to be so understanding. Now that she treated him as a member of the Turner family, would they sleep in separate rooms at night? This was currently Frank's most important question.

How should he tell Ava that Emma had arranged separate rooms? There was nothing he could do.

Their relationship was already one step closer. If they returned to their original state, his heart would be uncomfortable.

This was human nature.

The phone rang and interrupted the two topics that he wanted to continue. Ava picked up the phone with one hand and opened it. Her screen photo was Fairy Fortress.

What caught her eye was a series of photos. There were Jasper's photos, Ruby's photos, the photos of the two little kids holding hands, and the back view of the two little kids holding hands.

From the photo, Jasper was wearing rompers, a white shirt, and a baseball cap. Ruby was wearing a pink princess dress that was like a little princess. Her hair was tied into a high ponytail with a bow.

There were more than 10 photos. The last two were family photos of the Hackett Blackwell family and Natalie Foster families. From the photos, everyone could feel their joy and happiness..

Ava smiled as she watched. She let go of Frank's hand and replied. His hand was empty. Frank quickly glanced at Ava. "What's making you so happy?"

At the traffic light, she raised the photo on her phone to Frank. "There were some family photos of Sherri and others. She looks very happy. I'm really happy for them."

Frank quickly glanced at the photo. "You'll have them in the future."

Frank didn't say this loudly. Ava was looking at her phone seriously, so she naturally didn't hear it. She organized her words seriously and typed. [Two little kids are too beautiful. Are you guys at the aquarium?]

[That's right. The two of us pregnant women can't go far away. We can only go closer to celebrate Children's Day.]

Natalie did not look at her phone because Trevon was explaining the history of every marine species to her. This man had shown his knowledge to her.

It also showed that Trevon had made a lot of arrangements before coming.

Hackett rolled his eyes in disdain. They were here to see the marine park, not him. What a fuck!

[Have fun. Wait for me to come Athana to bring gifts for the little kids.]

[When you get married, you could join us to play.]

In the end, Ava sent a bashful image.

At the aquarium in Athana.

Hackett was still dressed conspicuously. He was wearing an orange short-sleeved shirt and white pants. He leaned against the glass and asked Sherri to take a photo of him.

There were all kinds of fish behind him. They were colorful, and their scales flickered as if they were wearing glowing clothes. There were also luminous jellyfish gathered at the side. The shark was the largest, like the king.

The two little guys held hands and leaned against the glass to study it. Their small eyes were filled with curiosity. Ruby's soft voice sounded. She smiled happily at Jasper. "Jasper, look at the fish."

With one hand in his pocket, Jasper replied calmly, "Yes."

Natalie and Trevon followed behind the two little guys in casual clothes. When they saw this scene, they were speechless.

When they turned around again, the couple, who were taking photos of each other, was even more speechless. It was as if the two children belonged to Trevon.

Looking at this, Trevon smiled playfully. He looked at the scenery through the glass. Hackett leaned back and waited for Sherri to adjust the phone camera.

Suddenly, Trevon said, "Hackett, watch out! Your back."

Hackett thought that it was for him to see something good, but in the end, fuck!

He subconsciously took a few steps back. A shark opened its big mouth and faced Hackett. Hackett, who did not react in time, was really frightened by the shark's unexpected actions.

Sherri was the first to react. She walked over and patted Hackett's chest. "Isn't there glass? I saw this shark. I was planning to give you a photo when it opened its mouth,"

Hackett was speechless.

Natalie couldn't help but laugh. He patted Trevon, who was not kind. "Look at how scared he is."

Trevon did not feel that he was wrong at all. He was quite satisfied with Hackett's reaction. He said calmly, "It was doing performance."/

Hackett said, "Ah, I was almost scared to death. Is it doing performance? It just wants to eat me."

Trevon said seriously, "It's its pleasure to scare you for a day."

Hackett was speechless.

Natalie looked at Hackett's shocked expression and felt that Trevon was very naughty. After scaring someone, he could still defend the shark. When he was not prepared, a sudden shock would make him forget his true situation.

Just like just now.

Hackett had completely forgotten that it was through the glass.

### [Chapter 423](#)

The car arrived at the manor.

This time, there was no need for anyone to pick up Ava. The bodyguard at the entrance had clearly been instructed. When Frank opened the car window, the bodyguard called out respectfully, "Mr. Roberts, please come in."

Mr. Roberts?

Frank liked this nickname. He had been waiting for this day for a long time. He smiled slightly and nodded at the bodyguard. Then, he stepped on the accelerator again and drove into the manor.

Recently, Frank had been smiling frequently. Seeing that he was still smiling, Ava leaned over and kissed him. "Ava's Hubby, you're very happy."

After the car stopped, Frank returned the greeting and kissed Ava's lips. "Yes."

"That's a nice nickname," he thought.

Frank got out of the car. Ava followed closely behind and opened the passenger door. Frank took out the suitcase from the trunk and carried it in.

Ava held his hand intimately.

Emma was sitting in the living room. When she saw the two people at the door enter, she walked over in her house shoes.

Frank stopped in his tracks and greeted them.

At this moment, Daniel also walked over. Ava let go of Frank's hand and held Daniel's hand. She acted like a spoiled child and said, "Did you miss me very much?"

Daniel nodded at Frank as a response. He really wanted to say that Ava couldn't be kept when she grew up. If they didn't call, Ava probably wouldn't be willing to come back. She would definitely come back when Frank went.

He could only see through it and not expose it. Seeing Ava so happy, Daniel also smiled. "We miss you. Aren't you guys going home to stay?"

Emma glanced at the suitcase in Frank's hand, then looked in the direction of the stairs. She adjusted her shawl and said to Frank, "Take your luggage up first."

Ava let go of Daniel's arm and planned to follow Frank upstairs. After all, Frank was not familiar with the layout upstairs since Frank had not been here many times. "I'll go with you."

As Emma spoke, he prepared to walk, but his mind was in a daze Frank had never been so confused for a moment because Emma did not say which room to put it in.

He didn't know whether to ask or not. If he asked, it would seem that he was too sensible if they were given a room. If he didn't ask, he wouldn't know which room it was.

It was difficult.

Just as Frank slowed down and walked upstairs, Emma's gentle voice came from behind. "Put the suitcase in Ava's room. The sheets in Ava's room have been changed."

These words delighted Frank, who had already taken a few steps. Wasn't this telling him not to sleep in separate rooms and to sleep in Ava's room at night?

Frank was overjoyed in his heart, but his face remained unchanged as he replied, "Thank you. I got it."

In his heart, he admired Emma. She had arranged everything appropriately. No wonder even Grace took the initiative to add her contact information. He thought that they would arrange for separate rooms, but he did not expect it to not happen.

Looking at the backs of the two youngsters going upstairs, especially Ava, her footsteps were cheerful as she skipped up the stairs. Compared to her, Frank was much more stable.

you

When Daniel saw this scene, his mood suddenly became even more complicated. Emma tidied her shawl and patted the dark

green gown. She held Daniel's hand and led him to the sofa. "Ava is already grown up. No matter how much can't bear to part with her, she still has to pursue love. They're already engaged. They slept in the same room in the hotel. We can't let them sleep in separate rooms when they go home. It's unnecessary."

Of course, Daniel understood this logic. However, as a father, he still couldn't bear to part with her. Thinking back to when he sent Natalie to get married, he also couldn't bear to part with her. In the near future, he would send Ava to get married. Just thinking about it made him feel uncomfortable.

"It's good that Ava is happy. It seems that Frank is still a reliable man." Daniel was a little worried that Ava would get pregnant during university. He hoped that Frank knew what to do.

Emma's calming voice came from beside him. "Don't worry, Frank knows this."

Emma continued gently, "Last night, Grace said that when Sherri gets married, she will let our entire family live in the Roberts family. She also said that we could wait until Sherri gets married and let them register their marriage in Athana. What do you think?"

Daniel naturally understood what Grace meant. She was afraid that they would be worried about Frank, so he said reluctantly, "It depends on two young people. I suggest they get married after graduation."

Emma said, "I'll listen to you. Then let's not talk about it. Wait for them to develop naturally. Be more open-minded. Ava is very happy. Isn't that what you want?"

Emma was very open-minded. She was quite satisfied with Frank. He had a good sense of propriety. He would marry Ava first before doing anything.

Upstairs.

Frank came to Ava's room for the second time. The last time he came in was because Ava had a fever. He came and left in a hurry and did not stop to observe her room carefully.

Previously, Rose had taken a photo of Ava's room. He had also seen it before, but there was still a difference between the real thing and the photo. At least, it was different visually.

When he pushed open the door, he saw the diamond chair in Rose's photo. Frank took a look and reached out to touch the diamond on the chair. It was even more shining under the moonlight on the bright balcony.

Ava was already holding a bear toy in her arms. She leaned against the side of the balcony door and asked, "Is it beautiful? Is my room beautiful?"

Frank quickly walked around. He had plenty of time to admire it at night. After that, he would be staying for a few days. Naturally, he could remember it. "It's beautiful. Let's go out."

It was not good to stay in the room the first time he entered with a different identity. He had to go downstairs to talk to the elders.

Ava replied obediently, "Alright."

Seeing that Frank was looking at the bear in her arms, Ava explained, "This is a shy bear. The one on the left of the bed is Doraemon. The one on the right is Marie Cat. The one I used as a pillow is a white goose. The one sleeping in the middle is Lena Bear."

Frank glanced at the dolls on the bed and looked at Ava with a smirk. "Where should I sleep?"

It could be imagined that she usually hugged a pile of dolls to sleep. It could also be said that she was surrounded by a pile of dolls to sleep. If these things were not removed, there would really be no place for Frank.

Ava turned to look at her bed and smiled shyly. Her little face was slightly red as she said in a low voice, "I'll just leave the bear toys in the cloakroom at night."

"Okay, let's go." Seeing that Ava was shy, he stopped teasing her and reached out to hold her hand.

Daniel and Emma downstairs were watching the news. There were many fruits on the table.

Frank politely sat down opposite them. Older people liked to play chess. Previously, Daniel had lost several times to William. Now, he wanted to play chess with Frank. "Frank, do you know how to play chess?"

"Yes, I know a little. If you don't mind, I can accompany you to play chess." His words were humble and polite.

“Come. Let’s play chess now.” Daniel led Frank to the coffee room.

Only Ava and Emma were left in the living room. Ava had always shared everything with Emma, and even when she wanted to woo Frank, she had also asked Emma for her opinion.

At this moment, she also began to share. She looked around and saw that the servants had already gone away. She approached Emma and whispered, “Mom, if I don’t take any measures, will I get pregnant?”

Emma’s hand that was holding the half-orange paused. She thought that they had not taken any precautions in the hotel for the past few days, but she quickly returned to calm. She was afraid that she would scare Ava, so she stuffed the orange into Ava’s mouth and asked, “Have you not taken any precautions?”

Ava was chewing on the orange and could not speak. She was afraid that she would not be able to explain clearly, so she quickly waved her hand and waited for the orange to swallow before saying, “No, I’m just asking. Frank has always prepared protective measures.”

Upon hearing this, Emma nodded. She knew that Frank had a sense of propriety and planned well when he should do something. She continued to patiently explain, “I can’t say for sure. It doesn’t mean that you can get pregnant without taking any safety measures. This depends on a person’s physique. Some people can get pregnant in one try because of their susceptible physique, and some people have a difficult physique. Even if they don’t take any measures, they won’t get pregnant. They might need to recuperate before they can get pregnant. This is completely a physique problem.” Ava listened attentively to Emma’s words. She did not interrupt or ask questions. She was only listening to it.

09:01

423

Emma sat in a dignified manner and turned her head to tidy up Ava’s hair. “Are you planning to have a child with Frank?”

“No, he didn’t mention.”

Emma said, “For Frank, it’s the right time to have a child, but you’re not in a hurry. Moreover, you haven’t graduated yet, but you can’t decide this on your own. You have to discuss it. Ava, you’re also engaged now. Although Grace and the others. like you very much and would dote on you, there are many things that we have to learn to consider from other people’s perspectives.

“I’m not asking you to think about giving birth to a child in advance. I’m just asking you to discuss with Frank more in the future, understand?”

After understanding how William and Grace had succeeded, Emma admired Grace’s tenacity. She also felt sorry for such a woman who had walked step by step from an orphan to where she was now.

The image of Grace in a suit appeared in Ava’s mind. She looked especially pretty. “Mom, I understand. Actually, I quite like Grace. I think she’s cool and easy to get along with.”

Emma agreed that she was easy to get along with. Other than Grace's cold appearance, she was indeed easy to get along with. She spoke readily, was not shy, and was transparent. She was very comfortable to get along with.

Around 10 p.m.

The lights in the room were dim, and there was only a table lamp left.

time.

Frank was wearing pajamas with his hands on both sides. In the dark night, he was like a cheetah, ready to attack at any Ava's eyes were blurry from the kiss. She squinted at the person in front of her and said softly, "Can you turn off the light?"

"Okay." His eyes were red as he replied slightly.

After turning off the lights, Frank lay on her side outside. There was a rustling sound. The sudden noise in the quiet night was especially ear-piercing.

Ava could not see what Frank was doing. It seemed to be tearing something apart. "Frank, what are you doing?"

Frank did not stop what he was doing and replied, "Protection."

Ava understood this sentence. Her face suddenly heated "Oh."

1.

She suddenly thought of what Emma had told her that night. Frank was old enough to have a child. Was Frank anxious? She asked, "Do you want a child?"

This time, Frank was busy doing the protection and he stopped. A few seconds later, he raised his hand and touched her face. His eyes were possessive and doting. "When you graduate."

"Oh, that's gonna take a long time."

He was really not in a hurry to have a child. They could enjoy just the two of them, not just for a year, but for two years. He said in a hoarse voice, "I'm not in a hurry, Baby Ava. Do you want to have a child?"

She hadn't thought about this question yet, but Emma had asked her. So Ava wanted to ask Frank. She also wanted to spend some time alone with Frank. She shook her head, indicating that she didn't want to.

The two of them came to an agreement.

"Baby Ava, I'm not in a hurry. As long as you don't want to have a child, I will agree." There would be no accidents if they took full precautions.

As soon as he finished speaking, his lips fell. After experiencing this, Ava already knew how to cooperate and create love. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him towards herself.

Love filled the warm room, and happiness filled the entire room. Her excited heart beat like a drum in the dark night, not stopping for a moment.

The diamond chair on the balcony was even more shining tonight. It kept flickering.

Together with the moonlight, it emitted a different light.

The plush toys in the cloakroom couldn't help but be out. A doll fell as if it looked up at the beautiful scenery in the room.

#### [Chapter 424](#)

At that moment.

At Artroyland's airport, the plane taxied steadily for a while before stopping.

The person beside him was still sleeping soundly. Rose fell asleep all the way.

Rose was still breathing steadily. Seeing that all the people on the plane had left, Edward couldn't bear to wake Rose up.

She really couldn't sleep on the plane at night. Edward sighed and raised his hand to gently pinch Rose's nose. Her small nose was soft and felt good. Feeling that her nose was blocked, Rose opened her sleepy eyes and asked in a daze, "Will we eat dinner?"

Edward was speechless

"It's not dinner. We're at our destination."

Rose turned her neck and looked around. When she looked out of the window, she realized that she had really arrived. She was pleasantly surprised and much more awake. She patted her cheeks to try to sober up and patted Edward beside her. "Let's go to the hotel from last time. I've already booked a room.

The flight ticket was booked by Edward, but Rose wanted to participate in the couple's trip, so she had to spend and book the hotel.

As she was working in the day, she dressed casually and liked simple clothes. Sometimes, on a whim, she would dress up carefully and put on a beautiful dress.

When the car arrived at Winterland Hotel, Edward paid. He took out their luggage from the taxi and carried it to the hotel. He looked sideways and asked Rose, "Which style did you order?"

"It's still a villa area. I think that view is the best. We can see the performance on the beach at night, so I booked this house." There must be a reason why it was expensive.

When they arrived at the front desk, Rose told her information to the receptionist at the front desk. She took the room card and prepared to bring Edward upstairs. When Edward saw that Rose only had one room card in her hand, he grabbed her arm. "One room?"

Rose lowered her head and looked at the room card in her hand. She looked up and nodded. "One set. There are two rooms in this house, so I didn't book a second room. Otherwise, wouldn't there be an empty room in each of our rooms?"



“Besides, there was only one villa area left when I booked it. Another house is also a little far from here. It’s more troublesome for you to come to me or me to play with you. Don’t be nervous. I won’t do anything to you.”

Edward was speechless and he thought, “That isn’t what I meant.”

Rose’s focus was always so strange. He was afraid of her reputation. After all, he was only her boyfriend, not her fiancé. It was okay because he was a boy, but she was the one who was at a disadvantage.

However, according to the current situation, Rose did not care about this.

The security in the villa area was very good, and the service was especially good. The expensive and well-treated service was naturally top-notch. The villa was a two-story building. The first floor was the security guards and the front desk. The second floor was a large suite. There were two rooms in this house, which was very spacious.

During the peak season, people would form groups to order a villa area. They would share a room to share the cost or make full use of it. However, rich people usually wouldn’t agree to share it. Firstly, they didn’t lack money, and secondly, they liked quiet.

Edward followed behind her with the suitcase and followed Rose into the elevator. The elevator slowly rose to the second floor. Rose took out her room card and used it.

The door opened.

Edward was very careful. After putting Rose’s suitcase inside, he was still holding his own suitcase in his hand. It seemed that he did not intend to put it in the room. He patiently suggested, “Rose, you sleep in this room. I’ll go over there and get

another room.”

Upon hearing this, Rose was stunned. She stood in front of Edward with her hands on her hips and looked at him in a daze. She finally knew why he had been single for 30 years. There was really a reason. He had considered too much. It was not like they were sleeping in the same room. There were two rooms.

To the carefree and direct Rose, Edward’s awkwardness made her very anxious. She began to explain, “Edward, I am a forthright person. I don’t care about what others think. If I cared about what others think, I wouldn’t have agreed to it so quickly. At the very least, I would have to wait for another year and a half. This is a suite of rooms, not one room.”

Rose felt hurt. When she booked the room, she didn’t think too much about it. She just felt that the scenery in this villa was good. Moreover, the two of them were a couple, and there were two rooms, so she directly booked it.

One room per person was great.

After recalling, she looked at Edward’s hesitant expression. To be honest, Rose’s heart ached. She felt like she was not restrained, but she did not show it. She hid her hand in her pocket and clenched it slightly. She knew that Edward was thinking for her.

However, Rose did not think so. If you cared too much about others' opinions, you would be tired of living. If someone badmouthed you today, would you still have to explain them one by one until others believed you?

In any case, she wouldn't. Those who believed in you would believe it even without explanation. Those who didn't believe in you wouldn't believe you even if you explained all the way.

Instead, they felt that the more you explained, the worse it would be. Explaining was just a cover-up and a waste of feelings.

Rose liked to live a carefree life, but she did not force Edward to be like her. She changed her tone and said in a relaxed tone, "If you're afraid that you can't control yourself and want to change rooms, I'll agree. After all, I know my charm."

Edward could not tell if Rose was joking or unhappy. In the end, Edward, who did things according to the rules, still felt that it was more appropriate to live separately. "Rose, it's not good for you to stay with me in a room. I'll order another room. I'll look for you later."

Rose's heart felt like it was being pricked by needles. She did not object and deliberately raised her hand to look at her watch. "Okay, but it's already 12 o'clock. Let's play together tomorrow. It's quite late.

You should rest early at your room. Good night."

Edward, who was locked outside the door, was a little at a loss. However, he still adhered to the principle of having a good reputation for Rose and turned to leave.

He breathed a sigh of relief and then stepped into the elevator to go downstairs.

Inside the room, Rose's eyes were blurred by tears, and her palms were in pain. She could not describe how she felt, but it was very uncomfortable. The opportunity that she had carefully prepared to get along with Edward had escaped.

She was reserved and did not make love after only dating for a few days. She just wanted to spend more time with Edward so that they could get to know each other better.

Rose smiled bitterly.

Edward said that his heart was empty and Rose believed him. However, at this moment, Rose was doubting her judgment. Her heart ached. She wiped her tears and walked to the balcony. She looked at the dance on the beach and listened to the inspiring music. Rose went downstairs without hesitation.

She wanted to vent her bad emotions.

Edward walked to the other house with mixed feelings. He did not get a room immediately. Instead, he took out his phone and called Kyle. "Hello."

Kyle had just come out of the company after working overtime and had a tough life. He could not help but tease, "Edward, what instructions do you have? Aren't you with Miss Roberts? Why are you free to call me?"

Edward coughed and automatically ignored Kyle's words. "I think I made her angry."

Kyle sat in the car and frowned. "Looking at the time, didn't you just arrive in Artroyland? Did you quarrel on the plane? Did she care that you liked someone else before?"

Edward put down the suitcase and pinched the space between his eyebrows. He answered Kyle's questions, "No."

Edward told Kyle the whole story.

After hearing this, Kyle was speechless. It seemed that Mr. Edward was doing things according to common sense again. "Edward, you have to know that it's not easy for you to have a girlfriend now. To be honest, it's really not easy for Miss Roberts to accept you resolutely after knowing that you liked her friend. Many girls will think too much. If I were a girl, I might suspect that there's someone else in your heart."

After saying that, the other end of the line fell silent. "Edward, relationships can't be done according to strict rules. Some things can't be resolved once there's a barrier. Miss Roberts is quite good. Treasure her. Don't miss her because of your logic

After a while, Edward's voice came from the phone. "Thank you for your hard work."

Kyle said, "I want to go to your wedding banquet, I don't plan to spend the rest of my life with you."

Kyle, who had hung up the phone, felt that it was also quite difficult for him. Over the years, he had transformed his personality into an extrovert to enlighten this friend.

He was about to become an emotional expert.

Back then, he had persuaded Edward to let go of Natalie. Now, he had persuaded Edward to treasure Rose. He was very busy.

After hearing Kyle's words, Edward went to the villa to look for Rose without hesitation. As he had been here before, the

security guard did not stop him. He only told him, "Sir, this lady has gone to the beach."

Edward instantly thought the painting that Rose had been coveted by a group of men when she was dancing on the beach last time. He placed his luggage at the front desk. "Please help me take a look. I'll go look for my girlfriend. Thank you."

After saying that, he strode out and looked into the distance. Rose was indeed dancing on the beach, but Edward knew that Rose was not dancing. She was venting because the feeling of dancing was completely different from the last time.

The smile on her face was not bright, not sincere, more like a polite smile. Edward clenched his hands tightly and his heart ached. He seemed to have hurt a good girl, while the girl was self-healing.

He quickly walked to Rose's side. The deafening music forced Edward to gently hold Rose's arm to stop her.

Being pulled back by a sudden force, Rose was forced to stop and turn around. When she saw Edward, she hid her emotions and said with a smile, "Why are you here? Is the room ready?"

At this moment, her smile was very shining. Edward's heart felt like it was blocked. It was sour. He could not bear to see Rose suppress her emotions. She was clearly unhappy, but she still pretended to smile. Without a word, he picked her up and walked towards the villa.

A jeer came from behind. "Oh..."

Rose was picked up suddenly. She did not understand and asked in confusion, "Ah... Edward, what are you doing?"

Edward pursed his lips and did not say a word, Rose could not guess what he was going to do next.

#### [Chapter 425](#)

Rose subconsciously hugged Edward's neck in case not fall. In front of everyone, she was carried into the villa by Edward.

Behind them, there was an uninterrupted commotion.

When he arrived at the front desk, Edward had no intention of putting her down at all. He only used Arillion to say to the security guard beside him, "Please help me send my luggage up. Thank you."

Throughout the entire process, Rose was carried upstairs by Edward. She pursed her lips and did not say anything. She did not know what Edward wanted to do. The security guard followed closely behind and helped him bring his suitcase up. Then they immediately went down.

Rose really could not guess Edward's thoughts. If she did not ask, she would feel uncomfortable.

"Edward, what do you mean by this? Didn't you go to get a room?"

Just now, she had asked him to stay and he insisted on going out, as if she wanted to eat him up. Now, he was like a child who had run away from home and came back on his own.

Edward hugged Rose and could not bear to put her down. When he lowered his head, the distance between the two of them was less than an inch. At such a close distance, Edward's handsome face appeared in front of Rose's eyes. Rose's heart raced as if missed half a beat.

"Rose, open the door first." Edward pursed his lips. There was a deep and apologetic look in his eyes as he lowered his head and said to the Rose in his arms who was staring at him in a daze.

The warm breath hit Rose's face like hypnosis. She leaned out and swiped the room card to open the door.

The door opened.

Edward pushed it open with his foot and kicked the suitcase into the room. The suitcase instantly slid forward into the room and then he closed the door with his foot.

It was 12:30 in the morning, and night had fallen. The lights in the room were not switched on, but the balcony door was open, and moonlight shone in, illuminating the entire room.

Edward gently put Rose down. She leaned against the door and looked up at him in confusion. He held her waist with one hand and placed the other on the top of her head. He apologized sincerely, "Rose, I'm so sorry. I didn't think that much."

The suppressed emotions were broken by Edward's apology. It turned out that adhering to the principle of confessing required tears. She puffed up her cheeks to suppress her emotions and felt a slight pain in her heart. "Perhaps I was too naive. I thought..."

A tear fell. Edward didn't want her to say the following words. He leaned forward and covered Rose's lips. The kiss was very gentle. Rose couldn't tell what the current situation was or what it meant.

A moment later, Edward withdrew his body and gently caressed Rose's face. "I'm so sorry. Rose, I left the room not because I had someone else in my heart. My only thought at that time was to be afraid that you would be gossiped. There was absolutely nothing else. I swear."

Edward raised his finger and swore in the air, afraid that Rose would not believe him.

Seeing how anxious Edward was, she believed him. She sniffed and asked, "Then why are you back?"

He helped Rose wipe her tears and bent down to look at her at eye level. "I thought of a good solution and came back. If you're being gossiped, wouldn't it be better for me to marry you?"

This answer was unexpected and Rose was touched. Rose was very happy, but she deliberately said, "Dream on. You want to marry me after staying for one night. What are you thinking?"

Seeing that Rose was no longer angry, Edward smiled. "Can you take me in again? My dear Rose."

The luggage had already been pushed in, so there was no need to ask.

96%

"Alright, since you're so sincere, I'm not someone who likes to hold grudges. I'll take you in for the time being. Perform well."

Rose said generously. She smiled and patted Edward's shoulder like an elder sister.

Edward did not kiss her again. He only hugged her tightly and said solemnly, "Rose, didn't you say that we have to be as honest as your parents in the future?"

Rose nodded a few times in his arms.

When she nodded, he continued, "You didn't confess today and suppressed your truest thoughts. I hope you won't hide your thoughts from me in the future, including your grievances. Otherwise, our misunderstandings will become worse and worse, and we will become increasingly distant. Is that okay?"

Who could resist the love of such a handsome and warm man? She, Rose, was too keen on this good-looking and refined man. She only had one thought now. She raised her head and said to Edward, who was at eye level with her, "I only have one thought now. Kiss you."

Edward was speechless.

When she was being wronged just now, she wasn't direct at all and hid all her emotions. Now, she was direct and said whatever she wanted. He really couldn't keep up with her thought.

In the end, Edward compromised and kissed her. The meaning of apology spread between their lips as they gave each other the answer they wanted.

Half an hour later, Rose and Edward were done showering in their respective rooms.

Before he went to bed. Edward knocked on Rose's door. It was only when Rose's voice came from inside that he unlocked the door and pushed it open.

He stood at the door and saw that Rose was still awake. She was playing with her phone on the bed. He wanted to remind her to sleep early.

"Want to chat for six dollars?"

Rose spoke first with a smile on her face. The interlude just now had brought their relationship closer.

Edward didn't understand what she was saying, but he could roughly guess what she meant. It may be Rose asking him if he wanted to chat for a while. But as for the six dollars, he couldn't understand. "Do you want to chat?" he asked,

He raised his hand and glanced at his watch. It was already early in the morning and very late. However, looking at Rose's sober expression, it was obvious that she wanted to chat. He compromised and walked in. He did not close the door and just left it

open.

Edward's little detail seemed a little cute to Rose, who was always thinking for her. In fact, Rose felt that this action was a little revealing. Once the door was closed, who knew what the people inside were doing?

Rose adjusted her blanket and moved to the side to make some space for Edward. Edward was stunned for a moment before he sat on the edge of the bed. Like her, he leaned against the back of the bed with his hands on his legs and his feet on the ground. Only his butt occupied the bed.

He looked sideways and asked Rose, "What does six dollars mean?"

"One dollar for 10 minutes. If I want to chat for an hour, it's six dollars."

Rose explained with a smile.

Edward continued to ask like a good student, but his eyes narrowed under his glasses. He was very confused. "Why is it one dollar per 10 minutes?"

"I made it." Rose raised her chin proudly.

Edward was speechless.

Edward thought about the fixed price of Rose and calculated it in his heart. He crossed his hands on his lap and changed his actions. "Then we can only talk for three dollars. It's already early in the morning and we still have to play tomorrow. You

won't be able to take it."

"Fine, can I ask you a que

At this moment, Rose was wearing pajamas, which was very conservative. Her legs were crossed, and her elbows were propped on her legs. She held one cheek and looked at Edward.

Edward looked sideways at Rose beside him. "Yes, ask."

"What's the degree of your lenses? Is it because you're short-sighted from watching television or because you're studying too hard and have the wrong posture?"

She was also very serious about watching television dramas and playing with her phone. But her eyes were still quite good.

When Rose wanted to ask a question, Edward quickly thought of what she would ask in his heart, such as feelings, family, and the future. However, he did not think of this question. He smiled as he answered truthfully, 300 degrees. I don't know how I'm short-sighted. I wasn't short-sighted when I was studying."

"That means that it's very tough for you to manage the company. My parents occasionally wear glasses when they read documents."

Most of the time, Edward listened and Rose said. Edward was more curious about Rose. She said a lot about the matters when she was in Sapphire City alone. As she spoke, she yawned. It was not even half an hour yet. It might be the time to sleep.

Looking at the yawning Rose who wanted to chat more, Edward suggested, "Go to sleep. We'll talk for six dollars tomorrow."

Rose's mind was on the verge of dozing off, but the naughty thoughts in her mind were growing. She propped up her eyelids with both hands and widened her eyes. "Alright, let's have a goodnight kiss," she said.

Upon hearing this, Edward did not move. He sat on the edge of the bed obediently. Rose could not bear to see Edward's actions and wanted to tease him.

After waiting for a few minutes, Edward still did not move. The two of them looked at each other. Rose felt that if she continued to look like this, she would become cross-eyed.

She moved her butt and half-knelt in front of Edward. With a smile on her lips, she hooked her hands around Edward's neck. Her nails accidentally touched the skin on his neck, and her face kept getting closer.

Edward's back was stiff. He didn't know where to place his hands. He held his breath, looking like he wanted to calm down.

At this moment, This scene is like a female hooligan teasing a gentleman.

Seeing that he was so calm, Rose was not anxious at all. She smiled and sat on his lap. Her lips slowly moved closer to his ear, and her charming voice penetrated his ear. "Do you want to kiss me goodbye?"

Edward clenched his fists tightly. He was a man, who had an eagerness for her. In the next second, he grabbed Rose's neck. His lips fell as expected. The kiss was lingering and their breathing was chaotic. Their hearts were beating like drums.

Abnormal, Rose's cheeks were red, and Edward's eyes were scarlet.

The kiss continued. Rose did not plan to stop so quickly. The time was not right.

It wasn't until Edward's breathing became chaotic and his hands were touching Rose's back that Rose went from his embrace. Her hands were still wrapped around Edward's neck as she smiled evilly. "Dear, the goodnight kiss is over."

Facing Rose's smug smile, what else did Edward not understand? The young lady in front of him was deliberately provoking him, and he almost lost control.

Rose got off his lap and hid under the blanket. She chased him away impolitely. "Help me close the door, please," she said.

Edward pinched the space between his eyebrows to ease his emotions. He sighed, stood up, and walked out the door.

Rose was very satisfied with Edward's performance. She liked his uneasiness.

"I specialize in dealing with your calmness," she thought.

Rose, who had crawled into bed, had already closed her eyes and was motionless. Edward was still standing at the door, thinking that she had already fallen asleep. He thought to himself that her sleep quality was really good. She could sleep wherever and whenever she wanted.

that be?

He stopped at the door for a while and closed it with a smile. He might not be able to sleep tonight.

The next morning.

In the Turner Manor.

Emma and Daniel did not have the habit of sleeping in. They had breakfast in the dining room early in the morning. The crisp sound of the spoon stirring the edge of the bowl reached the stairs.

Frank was wearing a casual T-shirt and jeans as he walked towards the dining room. He politely greeted the couple who had their backs facing him and said, "Good morning."

The couple turned around at the same time. Emma nodded slightly and called out, "Come and eat breakfast."

Daniel retracted his gaze and instructed the servants to add more bowls and forks. Then, he said to Frank, "If you are not used to it, let the servants make something else for you."

"Daniel, I'm more casual when it comes to eating. I'm not picky, I'm fine with anything."

"Why don't you sleep a little longer? Are you not used to sleeping?",

Daniel asked with concern.

While they were talking, the servants had already served breakfast. There were milk, sandwiches, fruit, cake, and cookies. "No, I slept well last night. It's just that I woke up and got up."



Emma finished swift grain and said to Frank, who was always reserved, "Eat whatever you want. You don't have to finish it. In the future, you won't have to get up as early as us. You can get up whenever you want."

Indeed, the reason why Frank got up early was indeed because it was his first time living in the Turner family and he had no

was afraid choice but to force himself to get up early. He also wanted to accompany Ava to sleep for a while more, but he that he would be rude.

He was very grateful and smiled. "Okay, thanks."

Emma thought that Frank had a sense of propriety, she was very reassuring and was also very satisfied.

After breakfast, Emma went to the greenhouse in the manor. Daniel went to the company. Before he left, he told Frank that he could visit the Turner Corporation when he had time.

Of course, Frank agreed.

In the room upstairs, Ava woke up early today. She subconsciously touched the bed beside he touch anything. Her eyes opened immediately. and realized that she did not

She looked around and found that one side of the bed was cold. Ava was a little disappointed. For the past few days, she could see Frank every time she opened her eyes. Gradually, Ava almost forgot that Frank was going to go back.

#### [Chapter 426](#)

Just as Ava was disappointed, Frank opened the door and entered.

Seeing that the little girl on the bed had woken up, Frank took off his shoes and lay down beside her again. He asked in a low voice, 'Are you up?'

Ava looked at her husband in a daze and said, "Frank, I seem to have forgotten to give you extra points. I want to give you extra points for your performance. You're already at 91 points."

He smiled as he fiddled with her hair, his palm pressed against her head. The little girl's eyes were huge and clear and bright, as if they could draw people in. "Okay. Want to get up?"

He asked again.

"No, give me a hug." There wasn't much time left. They were going back in four days. Ava wanted to cling to Frank openly. He definitely had to agree to such a simple request from the little girl. He stretched out his long arm and pulled her into his arms, hugging her along with the blanket.

A muffled voice sounded in his arms. "Let's not go out today."

"Up to you." He gently stroked the back of her head.

Artroyland's Pigeon Plaza.

Countless pigeons fluttered and landed on the ground. Their pure white feathers seemed to be a thick layer of snow. Their red agate-like eyes and dark red feet stepped on the ground.

They kept chirping. A girl with shoulder-length hair was squatting in front of the countless pigeons. The hair on one side of her face was tucked behind her ear, revealing a round plate carrying. As the girl fed the pigeons, it kept swaying. Her tight top vividly displayed her graceful waist, and she was wearing a pair of ripped jeans.

Squatting on the ground, she stretched out her fair and smooth arm and scattered pigeon food. In an instant, the pigeons in the square were attracted by the girl and surrounded her. Their sharp and red little mouths nodded and pecked the ground.

In the distance, a well-dressed man pressed the camera button on this beautiful image. There was a click.

A girl with a smile as warm as the sun was squatting on the ground. A group of pigeons surrounded her. The scene was as beautiful as a painting.

With a few swift actions, he set the photo as the wallpaper of his phone.

The girl turned around with a smile, like a ray of light shining into the man's heart. Her voice was filled with joy. "Edward, look. This pigeon seems to be thanking me. Don't sit on the bench. Come along."

Upon hearing this, Edward stood up and glanced at the photo he had secretly taken just now. He stuffed his phone into his pocket and walked to her side. He tugged at his pants and squatted down beside her. "Do you still have pigeon food? Should I buy some more?"

"There's no need. I won't feed them after this. If we feed them a little and the others feed them a little, I'm afraid that the pigeons will die. I'll give you some."

Edward was speechless. They wouldn't die, right? After all these years, he had never heard of pigeons dying from being too

full.

As he spoke, Rose pulled Edward's hand and opened it. She placed some pigeon food on top of it and gestured for him to

feed them.

Edward was happy to do these things with her. He felt that it was very meaningful. His life had always been calm. He acted according to the seal in his heart. Thinking back, he was quite a failure. There was nothing he did that was especially meaningful.

After feeding the pigeons, Rose stood up. Perhaps because he had been squatting for a long time, her legs were a little numb. After standing up, Rose did not take a step forward.

She maintained a strange posture. The corners of her mouth twitched. It was hard to explain.

Edward stood up after her. Seeing that she did not move, he looked down at her ripped jeans and guessed that her legs were numb. She had been squatting for more than half an hour. "Numb legs?"

“Yes, a little. Maybe it’s because I’ve been squatting for too long. It’s not a big deal, I’ll take a break.” At this moment, whenever Rose’s leg moved, it was like many little bugs moving inside her leg. It was so numb that it felt like it had been amputated. It was very uncomfortable.

Without another word, Edward bent down and picked Rose up. He carried her to the bench and sat down. He squatted in front of her again. “Let me massage you.”

“There’s no need. It should be fine in a while.”

After being suddenly rejected. Edward thought that Rose felt embarrassed and awkward, so he let it pass.

Seeing that he was sunned, Rose was afraid that he would think too much. In the end, she changed her words. “You should help me massage it. It’s quite numb.

Rose was puzzled Why did she feel guilty for rejecting Edward? The Depressed Prince should not be taken lightly. When he was depressed, she could not bear it. She, Rose, could be considered to be under his spell.

Edward gently lifted Rose’s leg and placed it on his knee, massaging it through her pants.

Has anyone ever told you that you’re a very warm man?”

Rose looked at Edward, who was gently massaging her, and asked.

Edward said with certainty, “No.”

“Then what did others say about you? Like a nickname.” Rose, who liked to give others nicknames, was very curious about what kind of nickname Edward had. No one said that such a gentleman was warm

Did no one say it, or did no one say it in front of him?

It might be the latter.

Edward thought about it as he massaged. He had never interacted much with girls. In the past, he often received love letters on his desk, but no girls gave him nicknames. Kyle often called him this though: Depressed Prince.

“Depressed Prince. A man came up with it.” He sort of gave an explanation.

Who was so brilliant to think the same thing as her? Rose continued to look at the man who was massaging seriously. He was really quite handsome. “The person who gave you this name should be someone who often spends time with you. It’s very appropriate.

Edward said slowly, “My assistant. He’s been with me for a long time. We’re friends in private. I’ll bring you to meet him next time.”

He indeed knew him better than she did. No wonder the nickname was so appropriate. “Alright, I’m not numb anymore. Let’s go to the next stop.”

Rose retracted her leg. Edward stood up and sat beside her. He turned his head and asked, “Where do you want to go? The pottery studio or the teahouse?”

Edward took the map guide and pointed at the recommendation guide.

Since they were here, they had to do something meaningful. "Let's go to the pottery studio."

After deciding on where to go, the two of them took a taxi to a famous pottery studio in Artroyland

It was very affordable and only cost 30 dollars per person, including sculpting, coloring, and baking

The teacher saw the two of them walking hand in hand. They were dressed very appropriately. One look and one could tell that they were children from rich families. They had to receive different people every day. After seeing too many of them, one could distinguish the temperament of those who were really rich and fake rich.

As long as you think about it, look at it carefully, and look at the details.

The teacher asked, "What do the two of you want to do? There's a picture book here. You can choose"

As she spoke, the waiter brought the album over. The two of them leaned their heads together to look at it. Because Rose's hair was shoulder length, it always fell. When Edward saw this, he immediately tucked her hair behind her ear and pursed his lips without saying anything.

A ray of sunlight shone in, and the faint light shone on the two of them, making them look especially compatible.

She stared at the album and thought about it again and again. She took a fancy to a relatively good-looking and simple one that was suitable for Edward. "Edward. Why don't we make this dual-color cup? What do you think?"

Edward's original gaze was on Rose's face. Hearing this, he retracted his gaze and looked down at the album. One was a white cup with a coffee-colored hand, and the other was a green cup with a light green hand. It was very simple and clean. "Sure"

"Miss, we'll do this then. Sorry to trouble you" Rose politely handed the album over.

The teacher was also especially polite "Alright, let me clarify in advance. This cup takes a long time to fire. It's not something you can bring away immediately after it's done today. It takes about 25 to 30 days. Can the two of you accept this?"

Edward glanced at Rose and nodded, "Sure"

Then, the teacher personally led the two of them to a corner. The two of them looked more cultured. The observant teacher specially arranged for them to sit in a corner and helped arrange the clay She personally taught them at the side.

Rose took the two aprons and hooked her finger at Edward with one hand. Edward bent down and Rose helped him put on the apron. She looked at his chest and wrapped her arms around his waist as she tied the rope behind

This was the first time Rose hugged Edward like this. However, at this moment, Rose only wanted to play with clay. She didn't have any other thoughts. She just wanted to help tie the apron.

However, Edward was different. His gaze was always on Rose from time to time. Today, Rose was especially good-looking. The attentive gentleman also helped Rose with the apron, but her back was facing him and she was leaning against his chest.

The two of them were extremely intimate.

One seat for each person. The plate was spinning. Rose maintained her smile the entire time. When the clay touched her hands, she was especially happy. The smile on her lips widened. Her white teeth felt reflective. She was playing happily like a child who had not grown up.

Edward sat at the side. He was infected and his smile widened. He wanted to live like this forever.

A few hours later, the two of them washed their hands and wrote down Edward's contact information at the front desk. It was going to be sent to the Landor Group.

In the Turner Manor, Ava felt so safe being carried by Frank that she fell asleep immediately. Helpless, Frank could only lie on the bed with her.

When it was almost noon, the little girl slowly woke up.

Feeling the movement in his arms, Frank said in a low voice, "You're awake."

They had to find something to do at home. She needed to exercise at night, so she was a little lazy during the day and did not want to go out. "Yes, I'm a little hungry. Frank, what are we going to do in the afternoon?"

Actually, it was fine even if they did not go out. As long as Frank was by her side, Ava was very satisfied.

Frank said calmly, "Anything is fine. What do you want to do?"

The little girl seemed to be thinking. Her eyes kept moving and she even frowned, looking like it was very difficult. Frank lay at the side and did not disturb her. She did not speak either. A few minutes later, Ava excitedly picked up Frank's hand and raised it in the air. "I'll teach you how to play the piano and draw in the afternoon."

After saying that, she even gestured in the air as if she was drawing and playing the piano. It was as if there was really a piano in front of her

The children of the Roberts family did not have much artistic talent. They all developed naturally. Whether it was Grace or William, they did not purposely ask them to learn music, chess, calligraphy, and painting like other children. As long as they wanted to learn, they would learn. If they did not want to learn, they would never force them.

Rose knew how to dance, but she didn't know how to play the piano or draw. If she did have a talent, it would be buying all sorts of weird things.

Frank chuckled and pinched her exquisite and flawless face. "Up to you. Get up and eat first."

"Alright, let me think about where to start teaching you."

The little girl was still thinking when Frank got up and opened the door of the cloakroom. He leaned against the door frame. "Which one do you want to wear?"

She will be at home all day. She did not need to put on makeup or dress up too much. It was better to be more casual. "The sports shorts set. The off-white colored one. The third set."

Following Ava's guidance, Frank found the clothes, took them off the cabinet, and handed them to the little girl.

No matter how they communicated at night, the young lady would still be shy during the day. She was too embarrassed to take off her clothes openly in front of him. Frank understood. He tactfully left the room and carefully closed the door.

#### [Chapter 427](#)

Half an hour later. Ava wore comfortable home shoes and a comfortable sportswear outfit. She descended the stairs in a cheerful mood.

She wore a pleasant smile as she hopped down the stairs, each step causing Frank, who followed closely behind her, to feel his heart tighten. He was afraid she might tumble down the stairs.

Unable to resist his concern, he spoke in a gentle tone. "Slow down. Be careful."

Ava looked around and didn't spot the figure of Emma. She obediently responded, "Oh, where's Mom?"

Frank remained cautious and quickly walked to the staircase, reaching out to hold her hand as she descended. He answered calmly. "She's in the greenhouse."

He had just seen the bodyguards moving numerous orchids and various flowers he didn't recognize into the greenhouse. Emma was probably arranging and studying them.

Frank was not surprised that his mother-in-law enjoyed tending to flowers. From Emma's personality and demeanor, it was evident that she was a patient, life-loving individual who understood and empathized with others.

Frank had heard people say that those who loved gardening also had certain expectations for their attire and appearance because they loved beauty.

This statement might hold true for his mother-in-law. She always dressed tastefully, radiating an elegant simplicity while maintaining the expected touch of luxury.

However, this statement wouldn't apply to Rose. Rose loved flowers but not the act of gardening. Even a cactus would be safe in her hands. Yet, she had a strong sense of aesthetics and always chased

after the latest fashion trends.

Upon hearing that Emma was in the greenhouse. Ava habitually replied, "Okay. I thought Mom was doing yoga. By the way, Frank, does your mother do yoga?"

Within a second, Ava thought of her future mother-in-law.

Frank held her hand and led her toward the dining room without immediately addressing the question. Instead, he was more concerned about her appetite. "What would you like to eat?"

Ava poured for

or a second and decided to have a cup of hot milk. It's not too early now, and lunch is coming up soon. I'll have a nice something to fill my stomach."

The servant immediately went to prepare her request.

Frank finally answered the earlier question: "Grace doesn't practice yoga. She usually practices kickboxing and martial art."

Yoga, which cultivated elegance and a graceful figure, was definitely not something Grace would reject. It could really make her uncomfortable.

Frank was sure of that.

Upon learning this, Ava felt utterly impressed and found it incredibly cool and charismatic. It was capturing that she sat

a strange Sisterung attentively to Frank, afraid of missing any important information, she asked eagerly: "Tell me more about that, our cool. Do you have any videos of her working out?"

Directly not. Who would dare to film a video of Grace?

Frank glanced at the curious Ava and answered, "No, but when we're in Altana, you can watch her train in person,"

to the table that had been brought over and placed on the table. Frank reached out to test the temperature, wondering if it was too hot. Drink up quickly.

From the conversation in Ava's, it was clear that she admired Grace and wanted to see her train. As for the father and daughter-in-law relationship, Frank wasn't worried at all.

By the time Augusta entered the room, patting her gown and giving orders to the servants to prepare

the table at a leisurely pace. Her tone was casual as she asked, Frank, what do you like to eat?

"To be with anything."

Well, 11 go home with your clothes. I accidentally got on dirt on this one. For lunch, make some buttered

green salad and some spaghetti.

The later part of the sentence was directed at the servants.

After saying that, Augusta left her glass and headed upstairs. She added briefly and as she was turning

These were actually dishes Frank enjoyed. He remembered that whenever he was with Ava, she ate meat. He never did.

For what these unity wars (pawns) why he wears his preferred #1, and

With the proud water at the table, she sets the wine for

jon Page to men med lyst og vine inch he engapavi 1 ská ats

sad the space yet for to do a vohammed her

1 praskajanj pages badging the morning

eaded, and trees was ingested

Bogdir de yene room, the curtain weder das wig weed the plan, dunturing Me entire space Alus grand  
pace stat in the swath on plan and

Be the alight din piano keys girused, dong the den, decatingly feltet.

1øm though Ave was break an sportsa tee dando tigers rasialy present a couple of sapo wa de sa ìn te  
bench.

eating honch

Frank det at down, but to and he was weil iganes die pianos,

fis gate semned two on to ant and Baby on phật xonathing,

“You are best me playe

Iran had beet sas play the gate lector and the amoglient sernet the reading te wees

“W then what kant of prose you want to beat tumeting segent, melancholls of hearta?

Brand dat

andet och shou da bo le santel o as low ive plaquet he granite replek wap/tungs

Adres a nomen though,

caliente Di Roma,

and has shut on her hand wortung hot mund te a stable given. Hoe dos e poss dos dias guess ante no  
well. We dont reo sy day the Murumes

With that sin sed playing, bengst hang stallid on the grane leges & beamted melody led to coom, w  
dething to every corner ban die vondovedli ine the insetops

The meals was geste und feicas, capringing the sows, trade wood partij so he ade, watching the transsek  
expressa n. 84 for is the plates dié, jos se beundid as the puss die was playing

Frank Kurm was not an fhe same road to toe candy se hang and maybe he dous computics white se  
oslovil in various skile mehding a dies, &cling and perang bi ancora lanes, die would as they & collied  
porticcas aafir wilde gruailly as a name shed the bes

tur per couched brand willing sway and was here to the day would mute sea leaching hun, a Aj !<+ &

২৭।. ২৭

Ha%a8818440166 ୯ ལྷོམུལྱི ཅུན ལྷོམྱི



foot te gee and brank came up with a chaser sultan You play, and memory a

De du brought it popped und sog's mind

see wilt was yum ser munch

After saying this, she leaned over and planted a kiss on Frank's cheek, offering encouragement.

Caught off guard by the sudden flirtation and confession, Frank stiffened slightly but managed to keep a smiling expression. He reached out and ruffled her hair. "I love you too."

Now, Ava was delighted. She leaned over once more and kissed Frank's cheek. With narrowed eyes, he warned her half-jokingly. "Baby Ava, are you sure?"

If she kept kissing him like this, they wouldn't be able to leave the piano room anytime soon.

Ava shook her head quickly. She imagined the intimate scenes that might occur later that night, with Frank having the same tone and expression he had now. She cheerfully said, "Let's begin, haha."

Frank was helpless and powerless

Some people couldn't learn, not because they weren't good at it, but because they didn't want to learn. However, they would progress faster than others if they dedicated themselves to learning something.

Frank was one of them.

Ava chose a nursery rhyme to teach Frank, aiming to reduce the difficulty.

The spacious piano room echoed with the cheerful melody as notes danced everywhere.

Frank felt a bit insulted, but he had no choice. He genuinely didn't know how to play, and on top of that, it was Ava who had chosen the piece. He could only indulge her.

Ava felt sorry for Frank. Despite his good-looking hands, playing the piano was difficult for someone who didn't understand musical notation. Memorization was exhausting, and she didn't want to force him to learn the piano just because she found his hands attractive.

It would make her feel bad.

In the afternoon, Ava selected skills that both of them were good at, playing computer games. They decided to challenge each other.

They planned to begin with a playful "duel," a good way to remember the skills and learn new things.

They sat cross-legged on the carpet, each with a laptop in front of them.

Ava eagerly opened her laptop. At the same time, Frank did the same. Just as they were about to start their digital battle, both their phones rang. The two exchanged a knowing glance.

Frank reached out and patted Ava's head. "No rush, check your phone first."

"Oh, then you check yours too."

"Sure."

Frank picked up his phone and unlocked it. Opening WhatsApp, he saw Hackett tagged him in the group chat. The image that greeted Frank was of Rose holding hands with a man. Although Edward's face wasn't visible, Frank knew it was him.

Then, Hackett seemed to be idle and sent one picture after another. There were images of Rose and Edward doing pottery, feeding pigeons, Rose blowing bubbles in the square, and Edward helping her carry things and more.

Frank was speechless. Was this girl trying to make an official announcement about her relationship to the entire Athana? They were having quite a bit of fun.

There truly wasn't a single peaceful day for Frank.

Frank pinched his brow in frustration. He didn't intend to reply, but Hackett was persistently pestering him. Hackett sent a message, saying, [Whoa! Frank, at this rate, will Rose become my sister-in-law? I can't accept it.]

Recently, Treyon was also idle and joined in the gossip. He wrote, [If you don't want her to be your sister-in-law, you can try to become her former brother-in-law.]

The entire Landor family was hoping for Rose to marry into their family. If Hackett expressed dissatisfaction with Rose becoming his sister-in-law to Sherri, Trevon could guess that Sherri would divorce Hackett.

Hackett wrote, [Could you wish me well?]

Trevon replied, (No, I couldn't.)

Childishly, Hackett sent an emoji of a long sword into the group chat, directly aimed at Trevon.

Frank wrote, [Can I just die?]

Hackett replied, [No! You have to stay alive. You have to be there on Rose's wedding day. You need to give your blessing to Edward and Rose.]

Frank became annoyed and wrote, [Get

## [Chapter 428](#)

Ava had her laptop in front of her, legs crossed, and head bowed as she earnestly replied to messages.

A smile of well-wishing hung on her lips. Inside the Fairy Fortress chat group, Sherri did the same thing, saving and sharing Rose's posts to the group chat.

She wanted to make sure everyone shared in the excitement, as she was concerned that someone might miss out on this juicy gossip.

Good things were meant to be shared. It was a principle Sherri always held.

Ava smiled as she scrolled through the photos sent by Sherri. One by one, she slid through them and lightly nudged Frank's arm with her elbow. Her gaze was still fixed on the phone screen. "Frank, look. Rose is traveling"

At her words, Frank squinted his eyes. His gaze shifted to Ava's phone, and he was left speechless because the sequence of photos Sherri had sent was exactly the same as the ones Hackett had sent earlier.

These two were really a perfect match.

They were on the same wavelength.

With a faint response, he said, "Hmm."

After looking at the photos, Ava scrolled down and could sense Sherri's excitement from the captions. Ava wrote, [Rose, are you getting closer to being married?]

Sherri replied, [Oh, she's my future sister-in-law.]

Natalie chimed in. [Be a bit more cautious. You're still a pregnant woman.]

Sherri replied, [Can you understand the feeling of having a single older male in the family without a girlfriend, and then him finally getting married off? I bless you with tears.]

Rose wrote, [Stop it, tone down the pretense. I'm afraid I won't be able to handle it, sis.]

Sherri wrote, [Love you, my beloved sister-in-law.]

Natalie added, [Cheesy.]

Ava found the messages quite amusing and looked up at Frank. She noticed that his face had darkened for a moment. His slender fingers kept tapping his phone, seemingly contemplating something. She asked, "Should I reply?"

Seeing Frank's irritated expression, Ava lost her motivation to reply to the messages. She pushed her laptop slightly away, then turned and straddled Frank's lap. She tossed her phone onto the ground and wrapped one arm around his neck. With the other hand, she gently caressed his brow. "Don't furrow your brows like that. Look, Rose is really happy in the photos." After speaking, she gave a peck on Frank's lips. Frank remained still, his deep, dark eyes narrowing slightly. The gloom that had been lurking in his heart was dissipated by Ava's kiss. He replied, "Yeah."

Frank held her with one arm. Ava had an alluring waist that fit perfectly in his grip, completely under his control. Unhurriedly, Ava leaned on his shoulder like a child, her weight pressing onto him. She played with her hands on his back, completely unaware of their awkward position.

Suppressing his emotions, Frank picked up his phone and sent a message to Rose. [Are you aiming to be a professional internet sensation, or are you preparing to be a target?]

Rose was playing with her phone at the moment. She quickly replied, [Speak human language.]

After reading the message, Frank's brow furrowed, and his head throbbed. He wrote, [You could have shared your posts more widely.]

Rose understood and replied, (I'm not that stupid. Others can't see my posts. I've set the visibility permissions so that only a few of you can see them. This time, I even added Grace and others. Am I smart or what?)

Rose had no intention of revealing her private matters outside of their circle. She believed that her romantic relationship was a normal and serious one, not some sort of reality show romance that required attention or popularity. She didn't want to make it known to others.

She only wanted the people who mattered to her and those who could genuinely wish her well to know about it.

That was how Rose thought about it.

It turned out that her brother Frank shared the same sentiment. They were rarely on the same page.

After reading Rose's message, Frank breathed a sigh of relief, feeling that his sister was quite clever. It seemed she hadn't lost her mind while dating.

However, he decided not to praise her in text form, lest he give her a big head. [Why not change your name to Queen of Spamming?

Rose responded, [That's going too far. I don't smoke or drink, and you still want to take away my one hobby of spamming posts.]

Finally, Frank compromised after recalling Rose's radiant smile. [Stay safe.]

Rose replied, [Got it. Be happy with Ava, okay?]

It seemed Rose still had a conscience, and Edward could put up with it.

Edward, who was usually quite methodical, had actually thrown his work aside to goof around with Rose. This was really a rare exception

Frank put away his phone.

Ava continued playing around behind him, sometimes fixing her hair, sometimes fidgeting with her earlobes. Frank wasn't typically someone whose mind was clouded by desire, but he couldn't resist her teasing in this posture. Combined with her actions, a sense of restlessness surged within him. "Baby Ava, come down and play the game."

Ava didn't step back or come down. She encircled his neck with her arms and locked eyes with him, their gazes aligned, her delicate face adorned with a faint smile. "Are you feeling better now?"

Yeah

Frank responded lightly, unsure of what else to say at the moment.

Ava dismounted from him, taking a seat beside him, ready for a competition. "Alright, let's start."

Ava didn't seem to notice Frank's abnormality. Frank, on the other hand, was even more helpless. It was like the person who had just teased him wasn't her. "Let's begin."

Night had fallen.

Inside a mansion in Artroyland, the living room was filled with snacks, fruits, and beverages.

Rose didn't drink alcohol, so there was no need for any. She loved Edward, but not to the extent of throwing herself at him. Occasionally kissing him to change his moody demeanor was sufficient.

He was handsome, refined, and genuinely a gentleman, but sometimes he overthought things and was too reserved.

Rose had a mild case of compulsive tendencies. Whenever Edward hesitated, overthought, or became too indecisive, she would give him a quick kiss, causing his mind to momentarily blank out and leaving behind all those complicated questions. Wasn't it okay to live happily and peacefully, resolving things with oneself?

Must one fill their mind with endless why, shouldn't, couldn't? All those words were just too exhausting.

Rose and Edward had showered and changed into their sleepwear in their rooms. Then, they sat on the sofa, facing each other, each holding a deck of cards.

In this kind of setting, it was probably the first and only time in Edward's life that he felt so relaxed and at ease. He enjoyed it and felt happy. "Do you want me to let you win?"

Rose shot him a dagger-like glance, displaying her refusal to accept defeat, "You think I'll lose?"

Edward wanted to ensure she wouldn't be upset if she lost, so he honestly asked that question. "That's not what I meant."

He didn't know if she wanted to win or lose. He guessed she most likely wanted to win.

"Let's play fairly. Besides, this game doesn't require any brainpower. It's simply a game of luck, comparing card values. Let me explain the rules. If I play a 10 and you play an 8, I win and you have to answer a question."

Rose carefully explained the rules, not feeling that the game would insult Edward's intelligence. After all, she didn't know how to play any card game.

Edward felt his intelligence was being lowered, but he had no choice. Rose was enthusiastic about it and quite excited, so he just had to go along.

"Sure."

"Then let's get started."

As soon as they started, Rose played a king and Edward played a jack. The first round went to her. With both of them almost 60 years old combined, they were playing a simple game of comparing card values and having a great time.

If Frank found out, he'd probably have to give Edward some admiration once again.

Frank would never play such a simple game with his sister.

The first round went to Rose. She excitedly swayed her hips, her flexible waist moving like a snake. Edward glanced at her quickly before looking away, waiting for the impending question.

Tll ask then. When we were having pizza together, I suspected you were the person who saved me. Why didn't you admit it?

Were you afraid I would cling to you?"

Rose asked the question that had been on her mind.

Edward paused for a moment, recalling their candid conversation from the previous night. "When I saved you, I didn't know who you were. I didn't expect any repayment from you. It was just a small gesture."

This was true. If it had been anyone else, Edward would have saved them as well. He couldn't just stand by and watch a girl get abducted. However, he hadn't told Rose that his leg had broken during the incident and he had spent a long time in the hospital.

Rose asked again doubtfully, "Really, you didn't think I'd cling to you?"

"No." Edward's tone was quite certain.

With the first round of questions over, they continued playing cards. The game progressed smoothly, and they were polite to each other.

In the second round, Edward won. He rubbed the back of the card with his fingertip as if contemplating what question to ask. After a few seconds, he finally said, "Why did you choose to become a pediatrician?"

Rose sat up straight, adjusting her posture. Her legs were crossed, with her right leg over her left, but she shifted her position slightly, moving her hips. She was ready to explain, "This question, huh? I thought you were going to ask me about feelings. Actually, it's quite a coincidence. Do you know why I went to Sapphire City?"

As Rose spoke, she raised her hand, showing the scar hidden by her watch. It indicated the reason for going to Sapphire City.

Edward's interest in continuing the topic suddenly waned. His gaze dimmed slightly, and he spoke gently, "If you don't want to talk about it, we can change the topic and discuss something that makes you happy."

Rose shook her head. "It's not as sad as you think. In fact, the story starts with an act of bravery on my part. My initial intention to become a pediatrician was a happy one."

Edward brightened his previously dimmed gaze. He listened intently with an inquisitive earnestness.

Rose said, "I guess it was my first year in Sapphire City. I was unfamiliar with the place and didn't know how to use public transport, but I needed to survive there. So, I explored the surroundings and the buildings based on the map. I didn't dare to

venture too far.

"Coincidentally, I came across an artificial lake. It looked beautiful, so I went to take a look. There were a lot of people gathered, and a woman was crying. As I got closer, I found out a child had fallen into the

lake. He had just been rescued by the people around, but he wasn't waking up, and there was no doctor around."

Rose continued, "It's even more coincidental that our teacher had taught us about first aid procedures just a week before. With boldness, I walked up to the distressed mother and told her that I knew first aid and could help. Perhaps she had no other options, so she trusted me. Then, I followed the steps my teacher had taught us and properly administered first aid to the child. After about half an hour of effort, the child finally regained consciousness.

"At that moment, I found myself. I felt a great sense of accomplishment and excitement. Seeing the mother embracing her child in tears reminded me of Grace. I wondered if she felt as anxious about me after I committed suicide as that mother did."

Looking back on it now, it felt as if fate was reminding her that she had made mistakes, arranging this incident specifically

for her.

As Rose spoke, tears welled up in her eyes. There was regret, self-blame for her past foolishness, an apology to Grace, and a sense of closure to the past.

The crystal-clear tears rolled down her cheeks and onto the sofa. Edward's chest tightened. He regretted asking such a question.

#### [Chapter 429](#)

After listening to Rose's story, Edward didn't know how to respond. His heart felt heavy.

In the end, he didn't say much. He stood up, drew a tissue, and crouched beside her. He gently wiped away her tears. His touch was delicate and caring, as if afraid of hurting her again. "I'm sorry. Actually, you don't have to answer if you don't

want to."

Seeing Edward's regretful expression, Rose's brows furrowed together.

Rose smiled and comforted him. "It's alright. Looking back, I realize I was quite foolish at that time. I'm sure I made our cool and composed Grace sad. She doesn't talk much. Even when upset or sad, she never shows it on her face. She keeps her unhappiness and sorrow to herself. Unlike me, who used to act out and even attempt suicide when unhappy. In hindsight, I really had both courage and foolishness."

After the foolish suicide attempt, she mustered the courage to get through that difficult period.

Now, she wanted to give her past self an award of courage.

While feeling guilty toward Grace, Rose also laughed at herself. Finally, she let out a sigh. She fanned her hands to push the tears away. "Let's continue. Tonight, let's talk freely and be open. There's nothing we can't say."

"Edward, do you mind that I attempted suicide before? Do you think I'm mentally unstable?"

Rose asked cautiously. At this moment, she had taken off the mask of cheerfulness, revealing her softest and most fragile side to Edward

Edward grabbed another tissue and continued to crouch beside her, wiping her tears. He gently placed a hand on her neck and comforted her with his gaze. “No, not at all. Everyone makes mistakes. People at 17 or 18 don’t have the perspective of someone who’s 30, nor do they have the ability to think beyond their age range. There aren’t so many geniuses in the world. and there aren’t people who can foresee the future. Many mistakes are unavoidable. This is a necessary path to mature thinking, a part of the growing process. Without the accumulation of years, without experiencing things, neither you nor I would have our current mindset.”

Edward always explained things in a gentle manner, taking others’ feelings into consideration. “Want to continue playing?”

“Of course, let’s keep going.”

Rose enthusiastically replied, and Edward, seeing her return to her usual state, returned to his seat and picked up the cards again to play another round.

Once again, Edward won this round. To avoid touching on anything that might make Rose upset, he carefully thought of a question and settled on something related to her childhood. “What’s the thing you regret the most from your childhood?” Before she even answered the question, Rose burst into laughter. Her laughter had a mix of silliness and excitement. Just a moment ago, she was in a gloomy mood, and now she seemed almost manic.

Seeing her reaction, Edward couldn’t help but smile as well, amused by how he struggled to keep up with her rhythm and

tone.

Laughing heartily, Rose regained her composure, but her lips were still twitching with a smile. With one hand supporting the corner of her mouth to maintain her calm, she said, “Hahaha. You can’t laugh if I tell you.”

Edward quipped, “But you’re laughing at yourself.”

“Alright, I’ll start,” she said with a composed smile.

Rose continued to chuckle for a while, then straightened up and said seriously, “The thing I regret the most from my childhood is not being able to pee while standing up like my brother.”

Edward went speechless.

He was caught off guard and did not know how to respond. But fortunately, the question he came up with hit the right mark. making Rose very happy.

Seeing Edward’s utterly confused expression, Rose knew he didn’t believe her. So, she said, “I’m telling you the truth. Both my brother and I weren’t those kinds of high–society kids from Athana, you know, those who don’t let their ten fingers touch sunlight.”



Rose continued to explain why she had this peculiar thought. "Grace and William were always busy. When we were kids, my brother was the one who played with me. We always had a lot of bodyguards around us. My brother had a habit. When he needed to pee, he would find a random place, and I would keep watch for him. But when I needed to go, we had to look for a restroom. So, my brother was annoyed by my restroom issues."

That was why Rose wanted to be able to pee standing up, so she wouldn't have to look for restrooms.

Edward thought, "Is this something I should know? Did Frank pee anywhere and everywhere?"

In the end, Edward couldn't hold back his laughter. He laughed out loud. Rose saw him laughing but didn't stop him.

Instead, she joined in with her hearty laughter.

Edward was laughing at Rose's eccentric regret and the potential blackmail material about Frank.

On the other hand, Rose was laughing at the joy of her brother playing with her when they were kids. For a moment, the room was filled with their shared laughter, and the sound was pleasant.

They chatted for a long time, recounting stories from childhood to adulthood. Rose shared all the funny and embarrassing stories. Edward's childhood, on the other hand, seemed relatively uneventful.

Whether in childhood or adulthood, he always followed his meticulously planned schedule. Even when he was young, he would have a timetable for when to study and when to do exercises. He was extremely disciplined.

However, Rose was different. She would play with Frank until it was dark, then rush through her homework at the last minute. If she couldn't finish it, she would pout and make Frank help her while she would fall asleep.

In one night, Edward had successfully gotten a rough understanding of Rose's life from childhood to adulthood. He also realized a deeper truth. Rose had a vulnerable side hidden deep within her heart. She always showed everyone her happiest side, and only when discussing her saddest moments would she shed tears.

Even when she did cry, she would act like she was fine, giving off the impression that she was strong and happy.

It made Edward feel sorry for her. At least he felt that way. He wanted to protect her.

It was already 10:30 p.m. after the card game ended.

Edward glanced at his wristwatch, deciding it was time for Rose to get a good night's sleep and relax. He began to tidy up the cards on the couch. "Rose, I'll collect these."

"Sure, okay. Edward, these potato chips are quite tasty. Try one. They're lemon-flavored."

While saying that, Rose grabbed a chip and held it up to Edward's mouth. He went along and took a bite.

With a hopeful expression, Rose asked, "Is it good?"

Edward replied, "It's pretty good."

After tidying up the cards, just as Edward was about to get up, Rose suddenly grabbed his arm. Edward turned to look at her with a questioning expression and asked, "What's wrong?"

Rose sat on the couch and tilted her head in thought for a second. Then, she suddenly stood up. Her feet sank into the soft couch, making her taller than Edward by half a head.

Suddenly, she reached her arms around Edward's neck with a playful look. Slowly, she leaned in, getting closer and closer. She could feel that Edward's neck tensed up as he felt her approach.

She smiled mischievously. "Give me a kiss."

Edward was too stunned to respond.

Then, Rose continued to tease him, wanting to see when he would finally let down his guard. He used to take the initiative to kiss her when they were in Athana. She had noticed that after they arrived in

Artroyland, Edward became unusually reserved. He never initiated any affectionate actions, and she wondered what he was afraid of.

"It's just a kiss, why are you so..."

She was about to finish her sentence when the cards in Edward's hand scattered onto the floor and the couch. In an instant, he grabbed Rose's neck and pulled her toward himself. With one hand around her waist, he pressed his lips against her teasing ones. Rose was quite satisfied with his proactive move.

At last, Edward wasn't composed. If he remained composed, Rose would've thought that he was not into women.

The tangy scent of lemon danced on their lips, mirroring the fervent energy that surged through their bodies. The room's temperature rose gradually, mimicking their climbing body heat.

Their uneven breaths intermingled at their noses. The action was making Rose feel a bit tired. Their lips remained locked, and she tightened her grip around Edward's neck. With a slight leap, she hooked her legs around his sturdy waist.

This action caught Edward off guard. He quickly pulled his lips away from hers and used one hand to support her waist. For a moment, he seemed uncertain where to place his other hand, but he eventually settled on her waist.

At this moment, Edward's gaze slightly deepened. His eyes held a hint of redness after the lemon-flavored kiss. He struggled to control his restless emotions and said in a deep voice, "Rose."

Rose continued to encircle his waist, shrugged, and asked, "I have a sore back from standing. This is more convenient. Am I heavy?"

Was her weight the issue here? Her action was quite dangerous if Edward couldn't hold her.

However, Rose did not think this was dangerous at all, and she acted so carefree.

Edward exhaled a breath, the warmth of it brushing against Rose's skin, causing her to shiver slightly and her cheeks to flush

Edward asked, "Shall we continue?"

"Sure," Rose replied. She was not afraid at all.

Staring into her determined eyes, Edward felt a bit helpless. Seeing him hesitate, Rose took the initiative and pressed a kiss onto his eyes.

This action seemed to ignite a spark. The kisses that followed were more fierce than before, bordering on aggressive. It was like he wanted to devour her completely, to erase any sense of restraint. The passionate side of Edward emerged, momentarily unsettling Rose.

Her small hands tightened as they went from the living room to the bed. Gently, he lowered her onto the bed, his hands placed on either side of her, striking a balance between ardor and restraint. He simply kissed her passionately.

The progress bar was pushing its limit. It was just a step away from completion when Edward, using the last shreds of his self-control, pulled back and looked down at the slightly dazed Rose. "Do you want to go further?"

This time, it was Rose who retreated, her face turning even redder. With her eyes closed, she shook her head. She felt embarrassed.

Seeing her reaction, Edward chuckled. He knew this was the result he would get. Rose had been brave before, but now she chickened out. He didn't immediately get up but reached out to playfully pinch her petite nose and remind her. "Rose, I'm a

normal man."

Rose replied, "I didn't say you're not a man. I just wanted... to see when you'd lose your composure." It was all about teasing, him.

With her hands still covering her cheeks, she was thoroughly embarrassed.

However, she liked the brave Edward very much. He was very manly.

Edward ruffled Rose's head gently before standing up. He didn't move her hands away. In a low voice, he said, "It's late. Get some sleep."

Then, Edward got up and walked over to the couch to tidy up the scattered cards. He glanced back at the bed to see Rose pretending to be asleep, making him chuckle.

He closed the door gently behind him.

Once she heard the door close, Rose removed her hands from her face, staring at the ceiling. In truth, if Edward had continued, she probably wouldn't have minded.

Blushing furiously, she pulled the blanket over herself, fully covering her body.

Edward returned to his room and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

## [Chapter 430](#)

At the Turner Manor.

Inside the blanket, the person had gained many spots and marks. Due to lying down, the pure white, soft, silky pajamas revealed faint traces around the collarbone.

The man's upper body was bare, his head half-leaning against the headboard. The girl rested against his smooth chest. On his tanned chest was a painting of intersecting lines, thin and thick, forming a complex pattern.

The girl extended her arm in front of the man, looking at her palm and then her nails. Finally, she glanced at the man's chest with a hint of concern. "Frank, should I trim my nails?"

Frank licked the corner of his mouth with his tongue, his lips slightly dry. He reached over and took a look at the girl's hand. Her nails were very pretty, pale green in color, with sparkling diamonds embedded along the edges. They were transparent and reflected the light from the bedside lamp. Frank gently touched the smooth nail surface and said with a pleased expression, "No need, it doesn't hurt."

"Doesn't it hurt? Seems like I scratched it pretty deep." As Ava spoke, she half-bent her body and reached out to touch the scars on Frank's body, saying, "This one's scabbed over a bit."

Frank was a bit thirsty and needed some water. He was also planning to put on his clothes. Ava kept touching his wounds and tattoos, making him feel somewhat uneasy. He changed the subject. "Hmm, are you thirsty, Baby Ava?"

Ava replied. "I'd like some juice, orange juice."

Frank propped her head gently on the pillow and went to put on his pajamas. "I'll get it for you now. Anything else you want?"

"to eat?"

"Nothing else."

"Alright."

Watching Frank's departing figure, Ava smiled. Actually, Frank didn't intend to have sex with her tonight, but she had initiated it. Ava knew that Frank's time in Sapphire City was limited, so she wanted to fulfill whatever he desired, melding herself.

Downstairs, Frank put on his pajamas and slippers, unexpectedly finding Emma in the kitchen. This made him a bit embarrassed.

He felt inexplicably guilty. Maybe it was because of what he had done to Ava earlier. Facing her mother like this made him uneasy. However, he still politely greeted her. "Emma."

Emma was in the kitchen making swift grain essence soup. Seeing Frank in his pajamas coming over, she responded with a smile, "Hungry?"

Frank stood politely outside the kitchen, not entering. "Baby Ava's a bit thirsty and wants orange juice. I came down to help."

her”

At this moment, Emma was dressed in a jaunine-patterned silk pajama, her hair tied up elegantly at the back of her head. She responded gracefully, and no other meaning could be inferred from her words. “Bring the swift grain up for her. Don’t drink too much orange juice at night, as the sourness isn’t good for her stomach. If she’s thirsty, have her drunk water. And this one is for you.”

Frank’s lips curved slightly as he smiled and replied, “Sure, Emma.”

He had a feeling that Emma had specially prepared this for them, but he didn’t expose it. He carried the two bowls of swift grain on a tray and brought them upstairs.

Ava was already signing up. Seeing Frank enter with something other than orange juice, she couldn’t see it clearly from where she sat. Curious, she asked, “Frank, what’s that?”

Frank placed the swift grain on the table beside them and walked to the edge of the bed. “En made some wat grays.”

Have some. Need a hand?

No need. You were quite gentle tonight. I can get up by myself.”

Frank fell silent. Did this mean he was too gentle in bed? He felt somewhat mauled by the uniuersonal words of Ava. Completely unaware that her words had touched a nerve with Frank, Ava walked barefoot to the Latile and a domes floor with nimble movements. Watching this scene, Frank was convinced that she was right. He had need been too gale unbed tonight.

r’s swift grain esence soup. Why did Mom think of making this? Whenever my throat was well, she always and the saying is good for the throat.”

Given that Emma made the soup late at night, it inevitably left Ava pasted. Her words confused Franky ale.

led before simply replying, Serson’s changing, and Fana is worried about you that.

Ava didn’t delve into the deeper meaning of the response. She just realized it was almost summer, and it was indeed time for a season change.

“Yeah, it’s almost summer. Frank, do you like Sapphire City?”

Frank had the swift grain made by Emma, feeling content. While continuing to eat, he responded, “I like it.” Because Ava was in the city.

“I also like Athana and many other people, but I like you the most.”

Frank almost choked on his food due to this sudden confession. He cleared his throat and swallowed. “Finish eating and go brush your teeth.”

In the evening, Ava was relentless in discussing this topic. With a cute smile on her face, she continued. “Oh, alright. Do you like me?”

Frank wasn't accustomed to constantly expressing his feelings verbally, but knowing the girl wanted to hear, he was willing to say, 'I like you.'

Ava happily smiled like a child and replied, "Hahaha, noted."

Frank shook his head helplessly, reaching over to pinch her cheek. "Hurry up and eat."

"Okay."

After finishing the meal, Frank handed Ava a tissue to wipe her mouth. His phone received a text message from Hackett. (Enjoying the time with your babe too much and not coming back, huh?)

Seeing this message, Frank's expression turned cold again. He replied, [Are you fucking falling in love with me or something? Can't survive a day without messaging me?]

Hackett replied, [That is mainly because I miss you.]

Frank texted. [Fuck off. Go bother someone else.]

Hackett continued. [Tell me a time. Are you not coming back for my wedding? I'm short of groomsmen, and you're important.]

Frank replied. [Remember to pay me.]

Hackett texted. [Aren't you showing up for free at Trevon's wedding? Why do I have to pay you? Do you think I have a lot of money?]

Frank replied seriously, [He's family.]

Well, this reply left Hackett with no way to respond. No way at all. After all, Trevon and Frank were family. He thought to himself, "Picking on an outsider like me? Just wait until your wedding. I'll make you pay when you get married." Hackett was secretly plotting in his mind.

The next evening. As Rose had to go to work the next day, she reluctantly ended this wonderful trip. Before departing, she sent a message to Frank. [Dear brother, I'm boarding the plane.]

After sending the message, Rose put away her phone and made up her mind. She had enjoyed herself, but starting tomorrow, she would need to focus on work.

Edward seemed accustomed to the fact that Rose fell asleep as soon as she boarded the plane. As usual, he took a blanket and waited. As expected, after gazing at the scenery for a while, Rose fell asleep peacefully. Her head rested on his shoulder.

After two days of travel, their relationship had grown even closer. Edward had transitioned from casually wrapping his arm around her waist to embracing her in his arms.

Rose was always behaving mischievously but now appeared docile, creating a strong contrast.

After this trip together, Edward felt that he understood Rose better. He sensed a hidden scar deep within her, a regret regarding her family.

A few hours later. Edward dropped Rose off at the junction near the Roberts residence and switched the car with Tom

Tom quickly got out of the car, relocated the luggage, closed the trunk, and then sat in the driver's seat, waiting for Rose to get in. He wasn't rushing, showing no signs of impatience. He quietly played the role of a driver, undistracted by everything happening around him.

Inside the car, the couple was bidding farewell. Rose flicked her hair and said, "Well, I'm leaving. Bye. Drive carefully on your way back."

A sense of reluctance welled up in Edward's heart as he replied, "Alright, get some rest."

Rose nodded, smiling, and asked, "Do you want a goodbye kiss?"

Before she could finish speaking, Edward held the back of her head and kissed her. What began as a light peck deepened into a more passionate exchange. However, Edward had a sense of propriety and pulled away after a moment. "Go on, call me if

you need anything"

With flushed cheeks, Rose found it difficult to get out of the car. The usually slow-paced man could be quite straightforward at times. She placed a hand on her heated cheek and said, "Can I stay for another 5 minutes?"

She had to take it slow. Heading back now would be inappropriate if her mother and the others saw her like this. Wouldn't that be blatantly telling everyone she was up to something naughty?

Seeing her reaction, Edward naturally understood the reason. She was bold in some ways but shy enough not to get out of the car. He helped shift the topic. "I've already had the photos I took for you developed. I'll pick them up for you tomorrow."

Sure enough. The topic successfully shifted. Rose looked surprised at him. When did you have them developed?" He was truly a considerate guy and pretty quick in action.

Edward glanced at her sideways, saying, "Before we got on the plane. I made an album and frames. You can see if you like them when they're ready

At that moment, Rose wanted to kiss this warm-hearted guy, but she was afraid she wouldn't be able to get out of the car tonight. She reluctantly suppressed her excitement. After 15 minutes, the crimson hue on her face subsided. Rose got out of the car and waved to Edward inside, saying goodbye.

Then, Rose got into her car. The car gradually drove away.

Edward didn't start his car. Instead, he changed his ringtone to one of Rose's favorite songs, "Possibility" Just as Rose said, everything had many possibilities. The possibility of him being in a relationship with her was just one of many.

Saving, sharing, and promising....

Arrived at the Roberts residence, the sound of the suitcase being dragged on the gravel was exceptionally loud, banging and echoing ceaselessly. Tom reached out, wanting to help, but Rose raised her chin slightly, refusing. "No need, I'll manage on my own. Please pick me up earlier tomorrow."

Earlier? Then he had to thank Edward for sparing him from the daily car skills test. It was too challenging.

Tom replied, "Understood, Miss Roberts."

William and Grace had already figured out that their daughter would definitely be coming back tonight. They were all waiting in the living room, discussing plans. Hearing the commotion at the entrance, they knew their daughter had returned. After all, their son wouldn't come back at this time for sure. William got up and walked to the entrance. "Rose's back. Did you have fun?"

As he spoke, he took the suitcase from his daughter's hand, pushed it to the stairwell, and asked again, "Is there anything to put downstairs? If not, Dad will help you carry it upstairs."

Rose took off the bag around her neck and placed it on the sofa. "William, it's fine. I didn't buy much this time. I'll carry it up myself later."

Because she had already brought many meaningful souvenirs for everyone during her last trip to Artroyland, since it was the same country this time, she naturally didn't buy anything repetitive.

Seeing her response, William understood. He picked up the suitcase and carried it to his daughter's room.

Approaching the sofa, Rose sat down beside her mother. She glanced at the documents on the table.

"Grace, working

overtime?

Grace turned to look at her daughter, who was hugging her arm. She answered in a calm voice, "Yes. How's the time together?"

"It's been good. We fed the pigeons together and visited many fun places. Well, how can I put it? Being with Edward is very comfortable. He's also attentive. For now, it feels pretty good." Rose summarized her trip with Edward.

Grace crossed her legs casually, holding the documents. Her emotions were hard to read from her face. "Well, spending more time together is important. If it doesn't work out, it's okay. The most important thing is that he treats you well. There's no need to rush into marriage."

Rose affectionately leaned on her mother's shoulder. At the stairwell, William stood there, not wanting to disturb this precious moment that wasn't easily achieved.