

The Tide 51

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Time passed quietly.

In the blink of an eye, it was New Year's Day.

Ever since Natalie shared a bed with Trevon at the Wilson's residence, they did not have much interaction. It was as if it never happened.

Lately, Trevon seemed quite busy. She had not seen him in the morning, and he came home late at night. When he returned, she was already fast asleep with the door closed.

As Natalie was lost in her thoughts, her phone rang. It wasn't an alarm, nor was it a WhatsApp message. It was a call.

She extended her arm to retrieve her phone, and when she saw the caller ID on the screen, she wore her morning smile.

"Hello, Edward."

A gentle and soft-spoken voice came from the other end of the phone, "Natalie, are you awake? Did I disturb you?"

"No, I was already awake. I was just about to get up. I'll freshen up and meet Sherri, and then we'll come to pick you up. Weren't you supposed to be on the plane at this time?"

On the other end of the phone, Edward chuckled lightly. Then, Natalie only noticed something off now. Edward replied, "Things got done ahead of schedule. I changed my flight last night."

"Oh, why didn't you message me last night? I set my alarm wrong. What time will you arrive? Can we make it in time if we go now?" She glanced at her phone and saw that it was already 2 o'clock. Edward's original arrival time was 3 o'clock, so she and Sherri would have enough time to go to the airport.

But it seemed like they were not going to make it on time. They would definitely be late.

She had set the alarm for 2:10.

Edward's voice remained gentle and unhurried. "I'm already here. Are you awake?"

"Just wait for me. I'll come to pick you up right away."

"You..." Before Edward could finish his sentence, there was only silence on the other end of the phone. Natalie always rushed around like this, but she never broke her promises.

In the airport terminal, at a coffee shop, a man with light gold-rimmed glasses exuded a refined and gentle aura with a touch

of calmness.

"Mr. Landor, do we still need to wait for someone?" Edward's assistant, Kyle Jenkins, was puzzled. They had been off the plane for over an hour, and his boss had been sitting here idly.

“Yes, they’ll be here soon. You go ahead to the office and get tomorrow’s tasks organized.”

“Okay, Mr. Landor. And what about you...”

“I’ll wait for them to pick me up.’ Edward still didn’t look up, occasionally glancing at the pale blue dial of the watch on his

wrist.

Kyle couldn’t quite grasp Edward’s thoughts. Richard had initially requested them to go to the office for the handover today. but Edward had postponed it and insisted on arranging things for tomorrow without telling the reason. He only instructed Kyle to go to the office and make early preparations.

After Kyle left, Edward calmly sipped his coffee, patiently waiting.

On the other side, Natalie rode her bike to a spot near the Adare Manor, where she could easily hail a taxi.

Once inside the taxi, she called Sherri. “Miss Landor, where are you?”

“I’m still asleep. The alarm hasn’t gone off yet,” Sherri answered lazily, her eyes barely opened.

“Your brother called me. He’s already at the airport, so give yourself 10 minutes to get ready. And if you arrive later than me, you know what to expect”

Sherri suddenly snapped awake. Was her brother that sly? Without even bothering to put on slippers, she tossed her phone onto the bed and rushed into the bathroom to freshen up.

Just before leaving, she glanced at the time. It took her only 8 minutes, the shortest time she had ever spent getting ready. She didn’t even have time to apply makeup. Going outside with no makeup was better than getting punished for being late.

After twenty-four minutes, the two of them arrived at the airport entrance at the same time.

As Sherri saw Natalie about to get out of the taxi, she quickly handed over a 20-dollar bill. “Keep the change,” she said hurriedly, fearing Natalie would beat her to it.

Witnessing this scene, Natalie couldn’t help but laugh while covering her mouth.

She remembered when they were kids, whenever Sherri fell behind, she would be punished severely

This left a deep shadow in Sherri’s mind

There was one time they went hiking, and Sherri overslept. Edward and Natalie waited for her at the foot of the mountain for a full hour. When she finally arrived, Edward said, “Sherri, I waited for you for one hour and 7 minutes. Now you climb up alone and wait for us for 2 hours and 14 minutes”

Sherri grew anxious “Edward, why do I have to climb up alone? What about you and Natalie?

“We’re going to buy some food You’ll experience what it feels like to wait for someone, Edward replied.

Sherri went speechless.

And true to his words. Edward actually did that. He insisted on taking Natalie to the city to buy milkshakes and cakes. claiming they needed the energy after the hike.

Sherri ended up waiting for several hours before they reached the mountaintop

Recalling their childhood memories. Natalie couldn't help but burst into laughter, feeling happy and carefree Being with them was the most relaxing time for her.

Edward genuinely treated Natalie like a younger sister and took special care of her, even more so than Sherri

There were many times when Sherri jokingly doubted if she was the one who was adopted and if Natalie was Edward's real

sister

Lost in her thoughts, Natalie snapped back to reality and walked into the airport

Edward was the kind of person who stood out in a crowd. Even if he kept a low profile, he could still be easily spotted amidst the crowd.

When Natalie walked through the entrance, Edward was already heading outside, dragging his suitcase.

After being apart for several years, his eyes and brows remained warm and gentle. He exuded an elegant and refined demeanor with a calm and composed presence. In the years they hadn't seen each other, he had gained a sense of stability and maturity.

Seeing Natalie stunned, Edward smiled and said. "Don't you recognize me

Sherri held Edward's wrist and laughed, "Did my brother's good looks shock you, Natalie?"

Edward remained silent, his warm gaze fixed on Natalie.

Natalie hadn't expected Edward to become so handsome For a brief moment, she was taken aback, not by any romantic attraction, but by the realization that they had all grown up. It made her feel a bit reserved as she thought they could no longer be as carefree as they were younger.

Natalie changed her tone to the playful one she used when they were together. That's right. Edward. Nobody is more handsome than you. Isn't that right?" As she finished speaking, she looked up at Edward with a smile

Edward nodded and replied, "Yes, you're absolutely right."

Immediately, he turned to his sister and said. "Don't think you can show off just because you didn't arrive later than Natalie today. You know exactly what I mean."

Sherri pouted and said, "Edward, can you stop scolding me as soon as you come back? You've made my brain dull with all your scolding."

Natalie laughed and reached out to take the luggage from Edward's hand.

Edward replied in a serious tone, "Let Sherri carry it. I think she has gained some weight recently and could use the exercise to burn some energy"

Sherri sighed inwardly, wondering why she came to receive her brother.

Natalie couldn't stop laughing. She felt that with Edward's return, Sherri's easy days were coming to an end. She joked, "Edward, let me handle it. Sherri isn't fully awake yet."

With that, she took the luggage and began pushing it in front of her

This time, Edward didn't object. He watched Natalie push his luggage and was slightly distracted

Then he heard Sherri's cheerful voice, "Natalie is always nice to me. Hmph! Edward, I'll treat you to a meal at the Grand Manor. Let me tell you, they have a new chef there who cooks dishes exactly like Natalie's. You always say Natalie's cooking is delicious, don't you?"

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After a while, they arrived at Grand Manor

The three of them got out of the taxi, with Sherri and Natalie sitting in the backseat while Edward took the passenger seat.

After paying the fare, Natalie went to the trunk to retrieve the luggage but was stopped by a slender hand. "I'll do it. It's a bit heavy."

In fact, Edward had more than just one suitcase. He had several boxes, but he had asked Kyle to send them home. This particular suitcase contained gifts for the two girls. It was a bit large and held some valuable items. Edward wanted to give the gifts himself.

Sherri walked up to the reception desk and presented her reservation confirmation message to the staff.

Shortly after, an employee guided them to a private dining room on the 8th floor.

"Edward, you're back!" a woman exclaimed when she saw Edward. There was a hint of surprise in her tone.

Edward didn't show much expression and politely exchanged greetings with the woman. "Yes, I just returned today."

Natalie observed the woman for a moment. She noticed the woman's designer clothing, immaculate makeup, and even the intricate patterns on her nails.

While Natalie didn't know who she was, judging by her attire and manner of speaking, as well as her acquaintance with the Landor family, she was undoubtedly an heiress from a wealthy family.

From the tone of their greeting, it was evident that they were familiar with each other.

Natalie wasn't materialistic and didn't have a preference for designer brands. However, she had Sherri as her best friend, who happened to have a strong affinity for luxury handbags, clothes, and watches.

Her explanation was, "I'm just an ordinary person."

Being exposed to it frequently gradually influenced her taste and perception.

It was similar to how someone could become knowledgeable in a particular field after being exposed to it for a long time.

Mia shifted her gaze to Sherri and Natalie. "Sherri, long time no see. I just came back a few days ago and have been busy, so I didn't get a chance to meet up with you. Let's have afternoon tea together sometime."

Sherri replied. "I've been quite busy too." She was indeed busy and didn't lie, but Mia perceived it as an excuse.

Mia continued to smile and displayed her impeccable manners as a heiress. "I saw that you even went live recently. That's impressive. My parents praised you."

Mia glanced up and down at Natalie with a hint of disdain. She disdained Natalie for going out without makeup, what audacity. Nevertheless, she maintained a smile. "And this... is she your girlfriend, Edward?"

Natalie knew Mia was referring to her, but she didn't want to bother with someone she didn't know. Moreover, she could sense the disdainful look in Mia's eyes, indicating that they would have no interaction in the future. "Edward, I'll go to the private room first," Natalie said.

"Sure, Sherri, you can go in as well. I'm sorry, Mia. I'm a bit hungry after just getting off the plane, so I'll dine first," Edward responded with polite words, but there was a clear sense of distance.

"Alright, let's meet up next time. It's been a long time since we hung out together. We can invite Trevon as well," Mia replied. Edward simply nodded before leaving.

In the adjacent private room, Mia, with her refined manners as an heiress, sat gracefully next to the relaxed man. "Guess who I saw just now," Mia said amusingly.

Trevon lazily leaned back in his chair, smoking, and didn't bother to answer. Frank followed suit, sharing the same indifference.

Only Hackett showed some courtesy and asked, "Who was it?" After all, Mia was his cousin, and he had to show some respect.

Today's meal was organized by Mia. Hackett's uncle, who happened to be Mia's father, recently used some connections to purchase a piece of land in Athana. Coincidentally, the officials of Athana wanted to develop that area into a commercial street and amusement park, involving a wide range of plans. Trevon wanted to secure the project and work on it with Frank. Unfortunately, one-third of the land was purchased by Mia's father. So today, he sent Mia for the negotiation instead of showing up himself. His implication was clear. He wanted to avoid Trevon.

As for Hackett, he was just a tool.

He was a companion for eating, drinking, and escorting Mia.

"I just went to the restroom and saw Edward. He said he just arrived. He is in the adjacent private room. Quite a coincidence, don't you think?"

Trevon didn't respond to her remark.

Mia didn't mind his temperament. She understood that he held grudges after eight years apart, but she was confident they could reconcile and start anew.

This piqued Hackett's curiosity. "Oh, Edward is back? I should go and meet him. Trevon, you've been at odds with him for so many years. Isn't it time to reconcile? Why did Edward suddenly return after two years abroad?"

Trevon's business overlapped with the Landor family's in many areas, leading to a longstanding rivalry between them. They had been engaged in behind-the-scenes competition, and their relationship was good.

On the surface, they maintained courtesy.

However, they were far from courteous to each other behind closed doors.

Trevon remained silent. His purpose today was solely about land transfer, nothing else. Lately, he had been occasionally meeting up with Mia, but it had been several days since he tasted Natalie's cooking. Feeling a craving, he suggested coming to the Grand Manor and specifically requested the chef they had last time.

Meanwhile, Edward opened his suitcase before the dishes were served. He turned to Natalie and said, "Natalie, I might have to go back home after we finish eating. I have a lot of work at the company tomorrow, so I might not be able to see you. Let me give you the gift first."

Natalie felt a bit embarrassed and wanted to refuse, but when the suitcase was opened, she was shocked deep down. Edward always knew what she liked. "Edward, how did you manage to buy this helmet?" Natalie asked.

Sherri, who was standing aside, looking for her own gift. She then exclaimed, "Damn, you managed to get this? And with an autograph too Natalie, this is way cooler than Mr. Roberts's one."

Sherri still remembered how her best friend adored the helmet Mr. Roberts had last time.

Before Natalie could snap out of her obsession with her coveted helmet, Edward handed her a pair of limited-edition boxing gloves and sportswear.

Natalie was about to say that they were too expensive.

Then, Edward interrupted her, "You can't refuse. It's a brother giving gifts to his sister. Why would you burden yourself with such thoughts?"

She obediently responded with a simple "Okay" and accepted the gifts.

Sherri became unhappy. "What about mine? What did you buy for me?" she asked, rummaging through the suitcase. "Everything in the suitcase is for you. Stop searching and take it all, Edward replied. After finishing with Natalie's gifts, he stood up and pushed the suitcase toward Sherri.

Upon seeing the contents left in the suitcase, Sherri fell silent. Her face was filled with exasperation. Not because she didn't like them, but because she felt her brother didn't put much thought into the gifts. The items in the suitcase were all things she liked. "Edward, can you be more thoughtful with my gifts?"

Look, they are all bags, perfumes, and cosmetics.” Edward looked at his sister’s face and asked her seriously, “Do you have any other hobbies apart from these?”

Sherri gulped and admitted that she didn’t have any other hobbies.

She simply loved bags, watches, and cosmetics. She wasn’t interested in cars since she wasn’t skilled at driving either.

“What about my watch? Why didn’t you buy it?”

*I let Kyle send it home. You get it yourself tonight.”

Sherri was delighted now. The watch was something she had been longing for, so she immediately sent a picture of it to her brother, asking him to bring it back for her. She also sent numerous cute and flattering emojis.

“You’re the best, Edward. Love you, mwah!”

At that moment, the waiter came in to serve the dishes, and soon the table was filled with an array of food.

Edward calmly put on gloves and began to crack open the crabs, meticulously removing the meat and placing it in front of

Natalie.

Sherri didn’t think much of it. Whenever they dined with Edward, he would instinctively put on gloves and help them with the shelled seafood. However, he would always serve Natalie first before her.

Despite Sherri asking Edward several times, Edward would always say that Natalie was the youngest.

However, Sherri and Natalie were actually the same age, with Sherri being three days older. In ancient times, even a one-day age difference could be considered significant when it came to matters like establishing hierarchy or seniority.

Natalie reminded him, “Edward, you should eat first. Sherri and I can handle it ourselves.”

But he didn’t listen as if this behavior had become a habit. He believed it was necessary to prepare the food before eating, and he continued meticulously cracking open the shells.

Natalie decided not to stop him anymore. After all the years of being with Edward, she understood his personality well. Once he set his mind on something, no amount of persuasion could change it. He would follow his own way and finish his

routine.

Natalie quietly enjoyed her meal, and when she came across the delicious sweet and sour sausages, she turned the plate towards Edward and said, “This is delicious. Edward, you should try it

He elegantly wiped his hands, picked up his fork, and took a bite. Indeed, this chef’s skill is similar to yours. Is he from Athana?”

Natalie paused for a moment. She was surprised that Edward's first reaction was also about the chef's hometown.

Was this truly an observation point for successful individuals?

She made a mental note to inquire about it another day.

"I don't know. I haven't asked. They might be from a culinary training region, similar to where our household staff is trained. Natalie replied.

Edward didn't dwell on the topic and didn't engage in further conversation about it.

[Chapter 53](#)

Halfway through the meal, the private room door swung open,

In walked a joyous Hackett Blackwell with a bottle of wine. "Why didn't you tell me you are back, Edward? Look, I've brought you wine, bro. How's that for a good friend, huh?"

He then placed a bottle of wine worth 140,000 dollars on the table.

Hackett pulled over a stool and opened the wine to have a drink with Edward Landor.

Meanwhile, Edward placed the peeled prawns on the lazy Susan and turned it to Natalie. Then he slowly removed his disposal plastic gloves.

Hackett was surprised to see Natalie and blurted, "Nat-" Then he realized she was Trevon Wilson's secret wife. "Oh. Miss Foster, I didn't expect to see you here." he said awkwardly.

On the contrary, Natalie was not surprised to see him. "Hmm, do you need some cutlery, Mr. Blackwell?" she asked. Hackett and Trevon were in the same social circle, after all.

On the other hand, Edward was curious how Natalie knew Hackett in the first place. "You two know each other?" he said.

They did not share the same social circles to his knowledge.

Did he miss something in the past three years while overseas? Edward wondered.

Edward then turned his gaze to his sister, Sherri: he looked at her intently.

Sherri was shocked by her brother's stare, She was speechless, not knowing whether to continue with her meal or stop eating altogether.

Sherri quickly cleared her throat. "Ahem, well, we met Mr. Blackwell by chance. Yes, by chance. Mr. Blackwell, isn't that right?" she fumbled, trying to explain.

Then she lowered her eyes, trying to keep a low profile. She glared at Hackett from the corner of her eyes, signaling that he would die a painful death if he did not keep his mouth shut.

Hackett kept his eyes glued to the food in front of Natalie. Was Edward cuckolded? he wondered.

Natalie quickly shared half of her food with Sherri.

Edward had given her so much food that she could not finish alone.

Hackett realized that a juicy gossip just landed on his lap. He had to hurry back to his private room to deliver the intelligence. The matter seemed to have gotten out of hand.

"There's no need for any cutlery," said Hackett. "I have a prior engagement. We shall meet again soon, Mr. Landor. Keep the wine for now" He then left in a hurry.

Edward did not stop Hackett from leaving. Today's gathering was with his friends; he preferred not to have any outsiders.

"What a crazy bugger! Don't mix with such people, Edward, Sherri muttered.

"Tell me, how did you meet him?" Edward hounded her for an answer.

Meanwhile, Hackett returned to the other private room hurriedly. He saw Mia Blackwell pouring a glass of wine for Trevon Wilson while drinking like a fish herself.

She leaned against Trevon lazily, looking half-drunk

Although they were less than an inch away from each other up close, it looked like they were snuggling up from afar.

Hackett signaled Frank Roberts to find out what happened in his absence. He had only stepped out for a while. When did Mia and Trevon start drinking?

Frank raised his eyebrows and shrugged. "How would I know? why don't you ask him?"

Hackett held back his words, yet he was dying to share the juicy gossip. He took out his cell phone and texted Frank instead.

Ding! Frank heard the ping but he did not care or want to read it.

Hackett became impatient and reminded him there was a text notification.

"Yeah, I know," Frank replied coldly.

Still, he had no intention of reading the message.

Hackett took a deep breath. "See if there's anything important, dude."

Frank looked at him as if he was an idiot. Hackett blinked, gesturing him to read the message. The latter had no choice but to look at his cell phone.

The cigarette between his lips trembled slightly, but he bit on it in time. The message read like a short essay I saw Natalie dung with Edward and Sherri Landor next door-no big deal. But Edward served her like a queen. Don't look like a casual relationship to me Natalie may be innocent, but Edward may feel otherwise. Do you think she's cheating on Trevon?" Frank finished reading patiently. The corners of his mouth curled into a slight smile. Then he looked at the two lovebirds. snuggling together and replied, "Double cheating! Ha!"

Trevon and Natalie cheated on each other. Wow! What a pair! Hackett was amazed.

Meanwhile. Edward and company finished their meal and were about to leave.

Sherri lugged the luggage while Natalie had an armful of her favorite gifts.

They opened the door and bumped into a group of people.

Trevon fixed his gaze on the long black down jacket Edward held which belonged to Natalie.

Hackett glanced at Frank behind him before greeting Edward. "Hey, Mr. Landor. Are you about to leave?"

"Hi, Mr. Wilson; long time no see. What a coincidence that you're here too." Edward greeted politely.

Sherri kept quiet when she saw Natalie lowering her head. She would not have come here for dinner if she had known earlier. What kind of social faux pas was this? Trevon Wilson's secret wife vs. his ex-girlfriend.

While her brother exchanged pleasantries with Trevon, Sherri quietly bumped Natalie's arm and signaled her to look at Trevon's companion

Natalie looked at her with question marks all over her face.

Sherri lifted her chin toward Trevon and gestured Natalie to look.

Natalie saw a woman in a red down jacket leaning against him; her face was red from drinking. Hackett supported her along, fearing she might fall.

Natalie felt a dull pain as if she was spiked. She had thought Trevon was working hard in the past few days, not knowing he was at his favorite haunt seeking merriment.

It looked like Trevon's unforgettable first love was back. Sherri once told her that Trevon showed little interest in women. Therefore, it had to be his ex-girlfriend whom he allowed to be in such close proximity publicly.

No wonder he kept telling Natalie he was not interested in her.

Meanwhile, Trevon's gaze turned to the helmet and gloves in Natalie's arms. The logo of the helmet was especially dazzling. His eyes darkened. He walked past Natalie with his hands in his pockets and did not stop.

Frank shook his head when he saw what happened.

Edward noticed Natalie's face turned pale. "What's wrong, Natalie? Are you feeling unwell? Did you not have enough sleep?" he asked with concern.

Natalie returned to her senses and explained, "No, I'm okay. Let's go. Where to next, Edward?"

"I'll go to the office. It's almost 5 o'clock now," said Edward. "What do you two plan to do next? Shopping? Take care if you're going shopping. Call me if you need anything"

"Got it, bro. When did you become a nagging old lady after being away for a few years? OMG, You're so long-winded! Just go already. I'll bring your luggage home. I still have to pick up my car anyway." Sherri was impatient with her brother's concern. He could easily beat his mother hands down.

Edward had never been so naggy in the past, not to mention being concerned about details. Could it be that he had a girlfriend overseas and understood women better now?

It was possible. Sherri thought.

“Natalie, how are you going back? Do you want a lift? Kyle is waiting downstairs.” Edward asked. He had texted Kyle halfway through the meal to pick him up at the entrance of Grand Manor.

“Yo, brother, can you send me home too? I’ll save on taxi fare,” Sherri complained, feeling neglected.

Edward did not reply to her. Instead, he took out his cell phone and pressed a few buttons.

Ding Dong, 20 dollars was transferred to Sherri’s account.

Sherri was speechless.

Natalie did not wish to let Edward know where she was currently staying. She did not know how to tell him the fact. “I’m not staying at home now, Edward; I’m staying at a friend’s place. Please don’t bother; I will find my way back. Let’s go hiking in the mountains someday soon”

“In that case, I’ll send you home, Sherri,” said Edward.

Are you crazy? Why did you change your mind so fast? Sherri grumbled.

Natalie then flagged down a cab at the entrance. She waved goodbye at the siblings and headed back to Adare Manor.

[Chapter 54](#)

Trevon Wilson and Hackett Blackwell parked at the private parking lots in the basement.

Trevon moved away from Mia Blackwell the second before they entered the elevator, avoiding her like the plague

Trevon’s hands remained in his pockets. He looked distant, his gaze filled with hostility and coldness.

Mia was half-sober, and her mood plummeted instantly, a far cry from the exhilaration she felt next to Trevon a moment

ago.

Did he do that just to spike that woman? Mia wondered.

No, that was impossible. They just registered their marriage not so long ago.

Trevon must have done it for his ego so that woman knew who he really was. Yes, that must be it! Mia thought.

When she speculated, another surprise came along

Trevon said in a deep and cold voice. “Send her back, Hackett.”

Trevon rarely called out his name, only when he was in a severe mood or very angry.

“Okay,” said Hackett. Today was a little awkward for him. He had been around women all his adult life but had never encountered a situation where the secret wife vs. the ex-girlfriend. It was an eye-opener.

However, Mia did not want her brother to send her home. “Trevon, do you not bear to see me? Do you still want that piece of land?”

Trevon’s face turned malicious, and his eyes filled with disdain. ‘Are you threatening me. Mia? Do you think I can’t get this project without your father’s land?’

Mia was so shocked that she shivered, she had been with Trevon for more than a year and knew him too well. He was outraged now.

She initially wanted to get back with him and took advantage of the opportunity to be close to him. Therefore, she was a little anxious.

Realizing her mistake, Mia quickly apologized. She held Trevon’s arm and said in a soft and demure voice, “I’m sorry. Trevon. That’s not what I meant. I just wanted to take your car. We haven’t seen each other for so long. Can’t we sit down and talk? I know I was in the wrong back then, but-”

The elevator opened before she could finish her sentence. Trevon walked out of the elevator and headed to his car

He did not want to listen to Mia’s explanation whatsoever.

Trevon had driven himself today and did not bring his assistant, Jim Hawk.

He left in a blink of an eye, leaving behind a gust of exhaust fumes.

Hackett leaned against his car door with his legs crossed. He touched his lips and glanced at Mia, who was angrily stomping. “Are you getting in or not? If not, take a cab back,” he said, tongue in cheek.

“Why weren’t you on my side, brother? Don’t you hope Trevon and me will get back together again?”

Hackett looked cynical as he fiddled with his hair in the rearview mirror. “I’m not looking for a husband. Why should I care?”

Just then, Frank Roberts sped past them in a Ferrari, messing up Hackett’s neatly arranged hair with a blast of cold wind.

Hackett cursed behind him, “Fuck you!”

Meanwhile, Trevon called Jim in his car. “Throw away the helmet,” he instructed bluntly.

Jim was dumbfounded when he received the call. “What? I’ve already packed the helmet, Mr. Wilson. I’m on my way sending it to Adare Manor.”

“Throw it away! Trevon gritted his teeth and hung up without another word.

Jim was confused, wondering who the heck provoked Trevon Wilson again.

He recalled his boss leaving to discuss the land deal with the Blackwell family at noon today. Did the negotiation fall through? In any case, what did the land discussion have to do with the helmet? Did Mrs. Wilson provoke him? Jim wondered.

Did the project involve Mrs. Wilson?

Jim recalled his boss had lunch with Frank Roberts today. The helmet was bought from the latter at a high price. Jim decided to call him to enquire about the truth of the matter. He did not wish to be blamed if Trevon changed his mind.

The helmet cost a whopping 20 million dollars, after all! He should err on the side of caution.

Jim then took out his cell phone and searched for Frank Robert's number. He pressed the dial button. "Hello, Mr. Roberts.

Sorry to bother you. Mr. Wilson told me to throw away the helmet just now, it's already wrapped for delivery. Is there a problem with it?" he asked curiously.

Frank sneered while driving. "Take the helmet to Lithern Club and leave it with me. There's no problem with the helmet but a problem with the person."

"Are you accusing Mr. Wilson of being the problem?" Jim thought.

Hence, Jim did not send the gift because it was not meant to be sent.

Meanwhile, Edward was with Sherri in the car on their way home. "Why isn't Natalie staying at the family house?" he asked curiously.

Sherri did not hide the truth from her brother in the back seat. "She did not want to stay at home since her grandfather passed. It's filled with childhood memories, and she didn't wish to get trapped in the past. Natalie's grandfather also left his entire fortune to her. Uncle Harry asked Natalie to transfer the money to his name, but she refused. She didn't think he deserved it. The whole Foster family is a bunch of bloodsuckers, after all. Natalie fears Uncle Harry will constantly hound her at the residence and not leave the two faithful servants alone. Therefore, she decided to move out." Sherri became all worked up as she related the story.

Edward did not expect that to be the reason. "Why didn't you tell me about Mr. Foster's passing and the inheritance dispute Edward asked.

He could have helped Natalie with her problem. She did not have to carry everything on her shoulders.

"That's because-well, you know what Natalie is like. She doesn't like to rely on us for everything. The girl is strong-willed! If we help her resolve the issues, she'll consider herself useless. It's wishful thinking for you to turn her into a demure young lady: Natalie is a tough girl and can't be changed. Moreover, you're overseas and not available. Anyway, you won't be able to solve the problem even if I tell you. Sherri said truthfully.

Edward was rendered speechless.

Sherri almost let it slip that the Wilson family was Natalie's backer now. Fortunately, she did not spill the beans and held her tongue back in time.

She knew her brother would be angry if he learned that Natalie was married to Trevon. Moreover, Trevon was his family's archival in business.

Edward did not say another word. He closed his eyes and pretended to nap.

Meanwhile, Juana Landor waited restlessly at the family villa.

She had been on the lookout for her son's arrival like an anxious mother

Richard Landor, her ambitious husband, wanted to expand his business overseas and ruthlessly sent Edward away for the last two years to do so. She hated her husband's guts for that.

Juana vented her frustrations on Richard. The latter knew he was wrong and could only give in to her wishes,

When she finally saw her beloved son, who had been away for two years, Juana's eyes turned red, and tears flowed down her face.

Similarly, Edward felt an indescribable pain in his chest. He had only seen his mother on video chats in the last two years. Edward decided to complete his overseas stint before returning home instead of going back and forth to disrupt his mission to expand the business. In that case, he could focus on his professional and personal life.

"You're finally back, my dear son. I missed you so much! Let me take a good look at you, Juana said excitedly.

Edward twirled one round before his mother to assure her he was fine and well. He held Juana's shoulders tightly and said, "Mom, don't worry. I'm fine; Look at me! Have you been taking care of yourself? You have lost weight!"

Juana missed her son dearly while he was away. Edward was already 28 but still single and without a girlfriend. He must be very lonely overseas.

Such thoughts often woke her up in the middle of the night!

Juana held her son's hand lovingly and said, "No way. I'm just keeping up with the times and staying fit. It's the lean look, as Sherri puts it."

Sherri, who had been ignored since she entered the house, was speechless. "When did I encourage you to lose weight, Mom? Don't listen to Mom's nonsense, bro. She's just missing you."

Edward wiped away his mother's tears. "Don't cry, Mom. I'm back now. Look, have I become more handsome?" he said jokingly.

"OMG | A family that favors boys over girls. Poor me," Sherri said sarcastically.

Juana glared at her. "You're surely not a deprived child, for crying out loud! You don't even have a boyfriend at your age. Other than working like a dog day in and day out, what else have you done?"

*Deliveries, of course. I'm busy welcoming new lives every day. What a meaningful profession! Don't tease me, Mom. I'm

only 23 years old, and you want to marry me off. Look at Edward; he's already 28 and still single. Why don't you nag him instead? Double standard!" Sherri replied matter-of-factly. Then she began to look around for food on the coffee table.

In her opinion, obstetrics and gynecology was an honorable profession.

"You can show off when you deliver your own baby, Juana sneered.

"Are you itching for a good beating. Sherri dear?"

Her mother and brother were ganging up on her!

Sherri shut her mouth and pouted like a little girl.

It looked like her good days were coming to an end; her status in the family was worrying.

Her mother had to make up for the time she had lost to her brother for the past two years.

"Mom, I must go to work later to arrange tomorrow's meeting. Dad asked me to take over the company. I'll deal with that first. Don't wait up for me tonight," said Edward.

Juana was furious. "Don't listen to your father. He wants to enjoy his peace and be a hands-off boss. Let him work for a few more years. You've just returned. Take a rest first."

"Mom, I've already asked Kyle to arrange tomorrow's meeting. If I don't show up, what will the staff think? Don't worry about me; I promise to take good care of myself."

After Edward left, Juana stood by the door and stared at the back of the departing car.

Meanwhile, Sherri leisurely ate her orange on a sofa. She looked at her mother standing by the door and shook her head. "Tsk, tsk, tsk. Mom has turned into a stone."

Juana turned around and rolled her eyes.

Sherri stood up and made a surrendering gesture. "As long as you're happy. I won't disturb you, Mom. I'm going upstairs."

"Oh, beauty sleep, here I come!"

Sherri swiftly ran upstairs, fearing her mother would throw an orange at her.

Juana respected her children in front of others, but the mother and daughter were not always in perfect harmony at home. If they did not bicker with each other for a day, both would feel uneasy.

[Chapter 55](#)

Natalie took a cab to the supermarket a few miles from Adare Manor to pick up her car.

She tried to get a cab early in the morning and had no choice but to park her car in the parking lot beside the supermarket.

She headed home in her car shortly after.

The living room was pitch-black. Natalie's heart arched a little when she saw the other well-lit houses in the neighborhood.

In a metropolitan city like Athana, no one put on a light waiting for her return

In the past, no matter how late she was on duty, her grandfather would always watch television in the living room and wait for her to get home before retiring.

Now, no one would keep the light on for her.

What would happen if she and Trevon were to get a divorce later?

Natalie shook her head, trying to discard the thought. The more she thought about it, the more flustered she became. She parked her car in the garage and turned on the light in the living room.

Days were especially short in the winter. The sky was already dark in the late afternoon. It was only 6 in the evening, and it was so dark one could not see the road. Fortunately, the street lamps were brightly lit and shone like daylight.

Natalie took a shower and put on a jacket. Then she took a cigarette and lighter from the bedside table, opened the balcony door, and leaned against the white railing. She lit a cigarette and took a puff

between her moist lips before closing her eyes and enjoying the taste of nicotine.

Natalie was not pretentious, but she was still a woman in the end. She was sentimental and not all that rational. Images of Trevon Wilson hugging the woman in red filled her mind.

The same thoughts kept coming back in a loop.

Natalie felt hurt, but she could not explain why.

The streetlights outside the villa were exceptionally bright, so much so that she did not notice the headlights of a car stopping in front of the courtyard downstairs.

A man got out of the car and instantly noticed Natalie leaning against the balcony. His gorgeous brows furrowed when he saw the swirling smoke around her.

Trevon had forgotten that Natalie smoked. Hackett Blackwell had previously shared photos of her smoking in their group chat. She looked adept, charming, and enchanting.

"Mr. Wilson, take some hangover pills tonight. I'll be leaving now," Jim Hawk reminded Trevon before he took his leave.

He guessed his boss must have had a lot to drink tonight to be this drunk. Jun knew Trevon rarely got drunk when socializing.

No one dared to force him to drink in the first place. Moreover, he knew his limits.

Trevon Wilson did not reply. He headed for the villa in long strides, walked past the living room, and went straight to the guest room on the second floor.

He was purposeful and determined.

Meanwhile, Natalie's eyes were closed as she indulged in her thoughts. The cigarette between her fingers was burning away. She had not smoked for a long time and had only taken three puffs tonight.

"Why is a woman smoking?" Trevon took away her cigarette and threw it over the balcony.

Natalie opened her eyes instantly. Trevon was right in front of her out of nowhere. His handsome features were up close and personal.

His eyes had a trace of dissatisfaction and emotion that Natalie could not understand.

Natalie was still angry. She crossed her arms calmly while leaning lazily against the balcony railing. She looked at the man before her, someone who had brushed past her tonight and appeared again to snatch her cigarette away. "Are you trying to control me, Mr. Wilson? I don't intend to quit smoking, by the way."

Trevon was displeased that Natalie argued with him. Moreover, they were not divorced, yet she readily accepted gifts from another man. Natalie's lips moved as she spoke, stimulating a particular nerve.

Trevon suddenly leaned forward and pressed against her mouth with his cold lips. He wrapped his arms around her slender waist and pinned her against the railing. Then he plundered her fiercely and probed deeper into her mouth.

Trevon filled Natalie's mouth with the taste of nicotine and alcohol. It was not pleasant. She tried desperately to push him away, but their strength disparity did not affect him. She bit his lips hard, and instantly a bloody taste spread between her teeth.

However, Trevon was undeterred and acted as if he was possessed. He did not feel any pain and continued to kiss her forcefully. His kiss became increasingly more assertive and forceful.

Natalie would suffocate if it continued. Her mind spun quickly, thinking Trevon must have lost his head.

Natalie was distracted as she tried to save herself. Then she suddenly thought of something and scratched his armpit.

It worked as expected.

Trevon quickly let go of her and retreated. His brows knotted as he touched his bitten lips. Evidently, he did not expect Natalie's ambush.

Trevon thought that she would fight him physically.

Natalie smiled faintly, thinking Trevon was adorable. She had forgotten that the same man had just forcefully kissed her and almost suffocated her a while ago. As a doctor, Natalie understood the human body structure well. Most people were ticklish. Her quick wit saved her life..

The armpits were non-exposed and were rarely touched. The sensory system under the skin made it especially sensitive to

itchiness.

However, the body was not sensitive to its itch but that induced by others suddenly. The irritation could be unbearable to

some.

Natalie felt a great sense of accomplishment secretly. Even someone as dignified as Trevon Wilson was no exception. He was an ordinary person just like her, with a similar body structure and was ticklish.

The pain on Trevon's lips reminded him that Natalie just bit him. He narrowed his eyes and glared at her intently. Then, he approached her and placed his hands on the railing. "Natalie, is the loneliness so unbearable that you are shopping for the next suitable candidate before you get a divorce?" he said sarcastically.

The next suitable candidate? She had only interacted with one man today, and that was Edward Landor.

Trevon mistook Edward to be her next candidate for a husband.

Did Trevon think she misbehaved and flirted with other men when he was not looking?

Natalie recalled the image of him holding the woman in red. "Isn't it true for Mr. Wilson too? Aren't you shopping for your next suitable candidate as well?" her tone was provocative and mocking.

Trevon's face darkened. He looked fed up as he gritted his teeth. "So you admit it? Is that right?"

She looked into his eyes and said indifferently, "What do you think, Mr. Wilson? Our partnership will end in a month. Do you care who my next husband is?"

Trevon licked his sore lips and said ruthlessly. "Hats off to you, Natalie! You're good. You've finally revealed your true colors, thinking you can't get anything from me. Instead, you turned your attention to Edward Landor. Kudos to you! You obviously don't waste time and move fast. What else can you do besides latching onto unsuspecting men, huh?"

Trevon then grabbed her chin as a hint of wickedness flashed across his eyes. "Let me tell you, Natalie. Before we get a divorce, don't even think about cheating on me. Otherwise, I'll desecrate your grandfather's grave. Try it if you don't believe me!" He growled mercilessly before turning around and left.

The sensation of the forceful kiss was like a fleeting cloud that dissipated quickly.

Natalie was left alone on the balcony feeling paralyzed. Tears flowed down her cheeks, and the inexplicable emotions in her eyes slowly faded.

She calmed down after a moment of anxiety.

Natalie held onto the railing and stood up. Her eyes focused on a specific spot in front of her. She then wiped the tears on her cheeks and lit a cigarette with trembling hands to recollect her thoughts.

She recalled Sherri warning her not to provoke Trevon on her marriage registration day because she could not afford the consequences. Natalie did not believe her then, thinking it was just hearsay,

After spending a month with Trevon, Natalie was convinced that the legend in Athana about Trevon Wilson was no more than rumors.

He enjoyed eating home-cooked dishes like Spaghetti with her. He could not be more ordinary, Natalie's heart stirred unknowingly, fantasizing about having a home with him as a couple.

Natalie finally snapped herself out of it. She realized she was blinded by the superficial appearances in the past month, thinking that Trevon was just an ordinary man like everyone else.

Even when Natalie tickled him at that crucial moment, she felt that Trevon was an average man with the same sensitivity as everyone else.

Boy, was she wrong! Natalie was ridiculously wrong! Trevon Wilson was a temperamental bully. He could chat like a good friend when in a good mood. However, when his spirit was foul, he would use something she cared about the most to hurt her until her heart bled.

But why did her grandfather force her to marry such a man? Did he love her or want to harm her?

Natalie finished a cigarette in no time. She rubbed her aching brows and licked her swollen and numb lips.

After a while came the sound of a door closing from downstairs.

Natalie then heard the car engine starting. Before long, Trevon was gone.

He must have gone to look for his beloved Mia Blackwell. Natalie looked at the back of his car, disappearing into the night. She felt good for some strange reason.

It was the first time Natalie and Trevon had a head-on fight and the first time he was ruthless to her.

In the next two months, Natalie could only take it one step at a time until the day of the divorce.

She went into the bathroom to wash her face and cast aside her emotions. Then she lay down in bed. Nothing could affect her hard work tomorrow to make more money. She had to pay rent for a new place in two months.

Life went on no matter what. Tomorrow would be another day, and the sun would rise from the east as usual. There was nothing to be pretentious about. Natalie and Trevon were not on the same path after all.

[Chapter 56](#)

Meanwhile, life went on in the Foster family.

Emruly Foster was in an excellent mood. The table was piled high with gifts from Max Wilson. After a shower, she sat cross-legged on the bed and unwrapped the custom-made gown Max sent her last night.

The sky-blue strapless dress had embedded crystals in the hem that sparkled under the light. It was elegant and beautiful.

The gown must have cost a fortune.

Her cell phone suddenly rang, disrupting her self-absorbed moment.

"Hello"

The woman on the other end went straight to the point “I’ll get someone to add something to the wine tomorrow. Think of a way to make her sleep with Max”

Emily gaped in shock. But Max is my—” She wanted to say that he was her boyfriend and that she would marry him and become Mrs. Wilson. How could she let him sleep with that bitch?

The woman interrupted her. “Drem on! Do you think the Wilson family will approve of your background and let you marry Max? They are concerned you will ruin his reputation. Have you been blinded by Max’s small favors and want to talk? The Wilson family is out of your reach! Don’t you understand I’m trying to help you, for crying out loud!

allow

Of late, Emily was almost sure Max would marry her, he was obedient as a puppy. He had taken her home several times too. However, the woman was telling the truth as well. The Wilson family was a prominent one in Athana. They would Emily to be part of the clan even if Max was a useless loser.

Unless no woman in Athana dared to marry Max Wilson, it would be difficult for Emily to gain a foothold. Moreover, Max had no say in the family whatsoever.

Emily initially fantasized about marrying Max if she conceived his child out of wedlock. It would be a legitimate reason to become part of the Wilson family.

However, the woman interrupted Emily’s thoughts rudely. “Do you think you can marry into the family if you bear Max’s child? Don’t be such a nincompoop! The Wilson family is not short of descendants. In fact, Max might already have many children, legitimate or otherwise. The celebrities he’s been with were in the dozens. Have you thought about that?”

Emily did not expect the woman on the other end to be able to read her inner thoughts.

She hesitated for a moment. “What should I do, then? Many people will be at the banquet. I’m afraid it’ll be challenging to spike the wine. Moreover, Natalie might not even drink it. That bitch is guarded and doesn’t touch anything in our family”

“You don’t have to worry about that. I’ll think of a way. Just keep your mouth shut!

“Miss Blackwell, why do you sound different?” Emily asked suspiciously,

“What are you talking about, Miss Foster? I’m just someone who hates Natalie; I’m not Miss Blackwell. Did you ask Miss Blackwell to help you get rid of Natalie?”

Emily was taken aback. “Oh, so you’re not Miss Blackwell. Then you’re—I didn’t.” She was at a loss and spoke in a daze.

“You don’t have to be concerned about who I am. I have my agenda. You will benefit from it; just keep your mouth shut. The more you know, the faster you die. Do you understand?” The woman warned in a threatening tone.

Emily was so frightened that she hurriedly nodded, thinking that the person on the other end was Mia Blackwell.

She had sent Natalie's photo to Mia Blackwell before and told her that Natalie was Trevon Wilson's wife. Therefore, she assumed the other party was Mia.

But the woman denied that she was Min.

Then who was on the other end of the line?

Could she be the bitch's enemy? Emily thought. Natalie had an unforgiving and offensive mouth, after all. She must have more than her fair share of enemies.

Emily was in a good mood after hanging up. No matter who it was, she had no objection as long as someone could get rid of Natalie. As for Max Wilson, the woman was right about his infamous reputation. Women from wealthy families would not go near him, let alone marry him. Ultimately, the Wilson family would have no choice but to choose her. Emily Foster, as his lawful wife.

It was just sleeping with a woman, after all. Max Wilson had slept with countless women before, so what if it was Natalie? Emily thought.

The following day at the Foster family's banquet.

The villa was brightly lit at night as guests gathered. It looked like Harry's had invited all

An endless stream of luxury cars lined up at

party

whom in Atlanta

ons outfits to attend the

Sherri Landon donned a long white dress, while Natalie specially brought a long black dress. Their overcoats were black and white, respectively

combination du

No one would think much of their dresses and overcoats

formal times. However, that was Harry's second wife's birthday party and most guests dressed in colorful outfits for the joyous occasion. The black and white duo reminded the guests of the legendary spirits from hell

Sherri and Natalie stood out in their unique black

and-white combinations at the villa entrance

In addition, both men were lookers with attractive figures.

"Natalie, do you think we look like mourners?" Sherri looked around her and saw men and women dressed in gorgeous outfits smiling away

Natalie looked severe with a hint of wicked intent. Coupled with the black dress and white overcoat, she looked strange and out of place

"But that's the effect I want" she said straight-faced.

sherri chuckled. Then she texted Hackett Blackwell while
staring at the entrance door in a daze.

The Foster family's living room was large enough to hold right tables and accommodate nearly a hundred people

Everyone was already seated except for a table with three empty seats

When Natalie and Sherri entered the room, all eyes were turned to them. They were bare-faced and matched in black and white, causing the guests to whisper among themselves.

"Who are these women? They are attractive young women, but why were they dressed in have any makeup on?" A guest commented.

Black and white? They don't even

"I think it's rude to go against the norm. It's a birthday party, for crying out loud, not a funeral?" Another guest complained.

"I know one of them, it's Miss Blackwell"

"I think so, too. I remember her now. She's a doctor who broadcasted live some time ago. She's a career

Emily's face darkened when she overheard the whispers. She did not invite that bitch to come for compliments. She then put on a smile and walked to Natalie "Hey, you're here. Take a seat first. Mom's party is about to begin."

Elena Foster's gaze turned to Natalie when she spotted the latter in the room. Her eyes filled with hatred, but she pretended to be enthusiastic for the audience's sake. She ran over to greet Natalie. "Hi, you're here. Take a seat. I thought you were not coming and told your father so

"Oh. Miss Landor is here too. Take a seat," Elena greeted, but Sherri ignored her.

She did not want to come in the first place.

Natalie stood still and did not intend to move. "I didn't want to come, but I can't stand you threatening me with my mother's ongoings. But I have made an effort since you invited me. Here I am, but I'm not staying long. Give me the things."

Elena was already unhappy when she saw the two women's attires. Today was her birthday party, for crying out loud. Why did that bitch dress like she was attending a funeral? Natalie clearly wanted to provoke her on purpose.

However, she kept calm for the sake of her social status. "Take a seat first, Natalie. We'll give you the things later, okay?" "We're busy now and don't have time to do so"

Sherri sensed Elena's reluctance to oblige, judging by her lame excuse. She almost flared up, but Natalie stopped her just in

time. Too many people were at the party tonight. Natalie did not want her best friend to bear the blame for causing a ruckus.

Juana Landor would not leave Sherri alone if she found out later.

Emily whispered to Natalie, "You can leave if you don't want your mother's belongings, Natalie. No one is stopping you." Natalie clenched her hands quietly and resisted the urge to overturn the table before her. Instead, she pulled Sherri along and walked over to two empty seats.

Max was at the table; he looked at Natalie with lustful eyes as soon as she sat down and tried to chat her up. "Hey, Natalie, you look gorgeous!"

Natalie was disgusted and despised him even more. She could not understand why Emily insisted on marrying into the Wilson family, spending endless time and effort trying to win Max over.

Natalie was sure that Emily knew about Max's personality and reputation.

Getting Max involved was like killing two birds with one stone.

Sherri did not overthink. She quickly stood up when she saw Max and changed seats with Natalie. After the two occupied seats, Max could only look at Natalie from afar.

It was halfway through dinner, but Natalie and Sherri had not eaten a morsel or drunk a drop of wine.

An elderly man beside Natalie said, "Young lady, relax and have a drink." As he spoke, he poured a drink for her and another for his grandson.

The kid beside him finished it in a gulp and asked the elderly man for more. The latter did not do so and told him to wait

first.

Then the elderly man passed the drink around the table, and everyone took turns pouring some. Natalie gradually let her guard down.

Sherri's suspicion vanished as well. She thought the Foster family would not be so crazy as to spike everyone's drink. Then she took a sip from her glass. Meanwhile, Max raised his glass to clink with Natalie.

Natalie ignored him. She was a little thirsty and took a sip from her glass.

Max took Natalie's gesture as a token of respect that she did not despise him.

Sherri whispered to Natalie, "I don't think he dares to spike the drink. The table is full of elderly people and children, unless the Foster family has gone crazy."

Natalie thought so too. Other than the old and young, there were a few middle-aged guests at the same table who she did not know. The children were served the same drink. Therefore, it ought to be safe for consumption.

Natalie and Sherri did not drink wine: they had the same drink as the rest at the table.

Halfway through dinner, Harry Foster went on stage to speak. He pulled Elena along like a loving couple. Harry impressed his guests by doting on his wife to show they were happily married.

The Foster couple was indeed the envy of all the guests.

“Elena Foster could have won an Oscar for her outstanding performance. It’s a waste of her talent that she wasn’t an actress,” Sherri muttered.

Natalie scoffed. “She’s acting as herself”

The couple’s showmanship disgusted Natalie and Sherri Just then, Harry kissed his wife on stage; It was a deep kiss.

Harry had initially wanted to make it difficult for Natalie to ask for her inheritance tonight. Elena stopped him and proposed a better scheme.

From Elena’s perspective, Natalie was still married to Trevon Wilson, and his family had her back. Therefore, the Foster family could not do anything to Natalie openly.

However, Elena and Emily kept the secret of Natalie’s marriage from Harry Foster.

Time ticked by as the birthday celebration continued.

Sherri suddenly felt an unbearable heat emerging from within, invading her whole body. She felt light-headed, and her vision was blurry.

Most of the guests at her table had left by now. Only Natalie and Max remained.

Sherri stayed on because she promised to accompany Natalie to retrieve her mother’s belongings.

[Chapter 57](#)

The banquet finally ended.

Natalie realized something was amiss when she felt weird. Waves of uncontrollable heat surged in her body; even her breath was hot. She could feel the cells crawling in her body.

As a doctor, she knew it was not because of the warm room temperature in the villa. She was a victim of some wicked deed.

Once again, the Foster family opened Natalie’s eyes. They used the banquet to set her up, including the elderly guests and children at her table. They had literally spiked everyone’s drink!

Tonight’s guests were from wealthy, prominent families of immeasurable status. The Foster family could not afford to offend any of them.

Harry Foster was freaking crazy! He must have determined to squander away his late father’s inheritance before he called it quits.

Natalie turned around and saw Sherri holding onto the table for support; the latter’s face was even redder. Natalie realized what had happened. Then she saw Max’s lustful stare..

Without a doubt, the son-of-a-gun was doped as well.

Natalie blamed herself for letting down her guard and underestimating the Foster family.

She pushed Sherri to call for help. “Call Edward now, Hurry! We have been doped!” She could feel the hot breath she exhaled.

Sherri shook her head to keep herself awake. Then she took out her cell phone and saw double on the screen. Sherri shook her head again and narrowed her eyes to look for the number. Before she could see it clearly, she dialed a voice call. She stumbled to a corner and said weakly. "Brother, come get me immediately. Someone doped Natalie and me at the Foster family's banquet. Sherri muttered, unable to control her tongue to speak clearly. However, the person on the other end could only comprehend her vaguely.

"The Foster family" and "Natalie was doped" were the few keywords that registered clearly.

Hmm, Natalie. Could it be Trevon's secret wife, Natalie? She was Sherri Landor's best friend.

OMG! They were finished!

Hackett Blackwell contemplated briefly after hanging up the voice call. He glanced at Frank Roberts without a word before quickly dialing for Trevon Wilson. "Hurry up and go to the Foster family this minute! Natalie has been doped!"

Frank spring from his seat when he heard that and picked up his jacket immediately. He was prepared to leave with Hackett.

Meanwhile, Natalie feared Sherri would be in danger if she stayed on. She decided to give up her mother's belongings and left with Sherri while she was still clear-headed.

She could not put Sherri in harm's way. The latter was determined to come along because she feared Natalie would be bullied at the banquet.

Natalie would not allow anything terrible to happen to her best friend.

When Natalie was about to leave with the confused Sherri, Emily tried to persuade her to stay on. "Where are you going. Natalie? Are you in a hurry to leave? Stay a little longer. I haven't seen you for a long time; let's catch up, shall we? Your mother's belongings are still with us. Why are you in such a hurry? I'll bring them to you later."

"Get lost! You know damn well what you've done! Your family has no moral bottom line. All of you have opened my eyes!" Natalie pulled Sherri along and wanted to leave immediately.

The front door slammed shut suddenly.

Natalie became even more irritable. Her consciousness was also gradually weakening. She used her nails to stab her palm hard, trying to stay awake. It looked like Emily would not let her leave so easily.

Natalie took off her overcoat and covered Sherri to keep her warm. The latter fainted before she could do anything- Natalie gently lay Sherri on a sofa in the living room. Then she turned around and stared at Harry Foster hatefully. She said with faint anticipation, "Are you not going to let her go? Think about it carefully. This is the daughter of the Landor family. If anything happens to her in your home tonight, the Foster Group's stock will probably go south tomorrow." Natalie hoped Harry could still take the Landor family into account for his own sake. Although she was afraid, she wanted to test his conscience.

Harry's brows twitched uncontrollably. If something happened to Sherri, Richard Landor would bankrupt him for sure. He mistrusted Elena and did not expect Emily to dope the entire table. Harry was a little

disconcerted by the outcome. He had painstakingly invited the prestigious guests to tonight's banquet in the hope that they might be helpful in his future endeavors. Harry would not hear the end of the guests suffering any ailment after taking the drink. He could not risk sabotaging his future and damaging his family's reputation.

Just then, Harry's cell phone rang.

His hand trembled when he saw the caller ID.

He answered the call, his voice quivered. "Hi, Mr. Simms, are you home yet?"

An angry voice came from the other end. "Harry Foster, if anything happens to my grandson tonight, I won't let you off." The other party snorted and hung up.

A few seconds later, Harry's cell phone rang again. "Hello, Mr. White,"

Another loud curse came through. "Are you fucking sick, Harry Foster? How dare you drug my wife? Just you wait. We won't be working together again in the future!"

Harry was flustered, and his fingers trembled. He glared at Emily while cold sweat beaded on his forehead.

Meanwhile, every cell in Natalie's body clamored and drilled into her tissues.

Harry gulped and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "I didn't drug you, Natalie. I won't use the banquet as a bargaining chip to deal with you," he denied. "We can send Miss Landor home, but you can't leave till you sign the share transfer agreement Then I can guarantee your safe transit."

Natalie smiled, terrified and sad at the same time. This was her father. "So you were in the dark about what your daughter and wife did. How laughable! Oh, by the way. I'm married. My assets belong to my husband and me now. Even if I die here today, you won't be able to get a single cent."

The veins on Harry's forehead bulged, and his face turned pale from anger.

Meanwhile, Max almost lost his mind when he saw Natalie tonight. His mouth went dry, and he drank lots of alcohol and drinks. Therefore, he was now the drunkest and most doped person in the room.

While the father-daughter standoff continued, Max had other things on his mind.

He rushed over to hug Natalie, but the latter fly kicked him to the ground.

He turned to look at Sherri, who was still quietly unconscious. He shook his head and pinched his arm. Natalie's kick landed him hard on the floor; his body was weak now, and he felt a faint spell approaching

Emily did not expect the person she hired would spike so many people's drinks. This matter had gone out of hand, and her heart pounded like a drum.

Under the circumstance, Emily had no choice but to soldier on failure was not an option. She leaned close to her mother and whispered. She pleaded and wanted to pull her mother away.

Elena nodded and sent the servants away. It was futile to take Natalie into a room at this point. The next best thing was to leave the living room for Max to complete his task.

Elena walked to Harry's side and persuaded him. "I'll think of a way to deal with our clients. Look at what happened today. If you let her go unharmed, she won't sign the agreement. Why don't we take a video and leave some evidence instead?"

Harry looked hesitant. He locked eyes with Natalie, who stared back with hatred despite being doped. He made and went along with his wife's suggestion.

up his mind

They planned to push the blame onto Max Wilson later. The Wilson family was wealthy and powerful; Harry Foster was no match for them. Harry would claim that Max took a fancy to Natalie and threatened him for his daughter. Harry had no choice but to give in to his request. No matter what, the Wilson family would not banish Max. At most, they would beat him. up.

Suddenly, a 12-year-old child rushed out and stood in front of Natalie. "Dad, Mom, what are you trying to do? Are you trying to bully Sister?"

Elena quickly pulled her son away. "Silly boy, your sister is drunk. Let her sober up in the living room. We'll go upstairs. first."

Harry told Elena to take the boy upstairs immediately.

Her son, Tucker, refused to leave. He had taken leave from school to attend his mother's birthday banquet today. However, he did not like such occasions and hid upstairs by himself. "I'm not going. Send her to the hospital. You can't bully her!" he yelled.

Emily looked at Max anxiously and turned to scold her younger brother. "Hurry up and go upstairs to study. Don't get involved in adult matters. What do you know? You're just a kid. Do you think she will appreciate your kindness? Dream on! I'm your sister!"

Elena did not want her son to witness such an ugly scene either; she ordered the bodyguards to drag him upstairs.

Tucker was a young boy and was no match for the burly bodyguards. He was forcefully carried upstairs and locked in his room. The men guarded the door and did not let him out.

However, Tucker kept banging on the door and shouting.

After the bodyguards took Tucker upstairs, Elena pulled Harry away. "Let's go. Harry. Max is fascinated with Natalie; we should leave them alone. Otherwise, he might find fault with our company tomorrow if he doesn't get what he wants."

Harry's eyes lit up He knew what his wife meant and walked into the study with her.

Meanwhile, Emily stayed put and hid in a corner to film everything.

She had to leave some evidence of this fateful night to destroy Natalie once and for all!

Natalie's legs went weak. She sat helplessly by Sherri's side to guard her and scratched her arm, leaving behind bruises. Max rushed to Natalie's side. "I missed you so much, Natalie. I missed you even in my dreams. I want to kiss you now!" he said lustfully.

Natalie slowly moved away from him. Max was utterly dazed under the influence of drugs and became foul-mouthed. His eyes were glued to Natalie's body, lingering on her bosom. "Can I sleep with you, Natalie? Just once, I promise! I will be gentle, and you'll like it."

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Before he could finish talking, he pounced on Natalie like a hungry wolf. The drugs had taken effects on Natalie by now, whole body was in pain. She cursed at Emily Foster, wondering how much drug she had used. She gave Max a tight slap on his face with her remaining sense and yelled, "Get lost, you bastard! Don't come any closer unless you have a death wish!"

[Chapter 58](#)

Natalie was on the verge of despair and thought of Trevon Wilson's handsome and frigid face; the heat in her body became even more unbearable.

She suddenly wanted to see him and was amazed by her desire for him.

Natalie thought about the same person who wanted to desecrate her grandfather's grave last night when she was in such a dire

situation.

Indeed, she had blinked first and was clearly the loser in her game with Trevon.

Max Wilson crawled back to Natalie's side and attempted to remove her clothes. Natalie slapped his hand away. Max became aroused when her soft hand touched him, and wanted her even more.

He lunged at Natalie lustfully, but she turned her head to the other side, too weak to fight back.

Fortunately, Max did not land on her. She slowly opened her eyes and saw a familiar and cold face in her daze.

Natalie's vision was blurry, and could not see clearly. She felt her body being lifted off the ground.

Trevon's eyes fixed on Emily Foster, hiding in the dark corner. He said to Jim Hawk in a steely voice, "Take them all back!"

Frank Roberts put his hands in his pockets and said tongue in cheek, "I'll do it. The Foster family's living room is huge. I'll have to see it for myself."

Emily was so frightened that her cell phone fell to the ground with a bang. She lowered her head and walked out trembling, she did not pick up her phone when she left.

Harry Foster heard the commotion and came out to check. He almost had a heart attack when he saw Trevon Wilson in the living room. Harry regretted listening to his wife; his legs felt like lead when he left his room. "Mr. Wilson, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Blackwell, it's not what you think. Max took a fancy to Natalie."

Little did Harry know that Trevon was Natalie's husband. He tried to explain and blame it all on Max Wilson.

Trevon did not bother with Harry's nonsense. He told Hackett Blackwell to send Sherri home.

Jim Hawk raised the barrier window behind him when they got into the car.

"What a life! Mr. Wilson didn't even mention going to the hospital. Is he going to take care of Mrs. Wilson instead?" Jim wondered.

It was not good to take advantage of others. He thought.

Natalie sensed the familiar scent next to her while suffering from uncontrollable heat inside her body. She moved closer to Trevon and subconsciously clung to his neck. She then rubbed her head against him bit by bit.

Trevon pulled her onto his lap with all his might, and her clothes fell to the floor.

Natalie's delicate little hand caressed the outline of his face gently. Her hot lips moved closer, touching his cold lips repeatedly as he observed her irrational behavior.

It was the first time Trevon found Natalie so beautiful and seductive.

However, he could feel she was still controlling some emotions. With wicked intentions, he held the back of her head and lowered his body to kiss her. Soon Natalie gave in and lost all control of her inhibitions.

After kissing for what felt like a century, Trevon looked at Natalie in an excellent mood and gently caressed her crimson face. He picked up her clothes and covered her body.

"I won't tease you anymore; I'll take you home, bear with it for a while longer," Trevon said softly.

However, Natalie did not hold back. Her hands continued to tug at his heavy jacket and shirt.

The car soon arrived at Adare Manor.

Jim got out of the car and opened the door.

"Help Max Wilson clear his head and put him on a trending topic," instructed Trevon.

"Yes, Mr. Wilson." Jim fully understood what he meant by clearing Max's head.

Trevon then carried Natalie into the villa. The lights were not switched on, and the faint light from the street lamps illuminated the stairs.

He carried her into the bathroom and wanted to help her take a cold shower. When he turned on the showerhead, Natalie wrapped herself around him like a serpent.

Trevon's Adam's apple bobbed, releasing the devil within him wantonly. He tried the last of his senses to suppress it while staring at her with his scarlet eyes. "You'd better behave yourself, Natalie, Otherwise, you'll have to bear the consequences."

However, her hands had a mind of their own. Her lips touched Trevon's throat and repeatedly nibbled on his Adam's apple. He threw aside the showerhead and looked at her intensely. "Look closely, Natalie. Do you see who I am?"

"Of course; you're Trevon Wilson."

"Very good. Do you want me now? You're not saving yourself for Edward Landor anymore, huh?"

"Yes, I do." Natalie had lost all her senses, agreeing to his desire as she went along. Her voice was soft and seductive; Trevon's heart pounded uncontrollably.

"You were in search of a new husband yesterday. But now you say you want me. What are you thinking?" asked Trevon.

He had forgotten that Natalie was high on drugs and was not her usual rational self. Her inner emotions had taken the best of her at

the moment.

"Help me, Trevon. I feel terrible!" Natalie, who had lost all her senses, stared at him with teary eyes and kissed his lips as she begged.

Her plea in a weak voice caused ripples in Trevon's heart. He broke through his defense, gritted his teeth, and said, "You asked for it. Don't regret it!"

Then he picked her up by the waist and walked toward the bed.

The night was dark, and the cold wind blew against the window panes.

The flickering street light penetrated the room, making the two overlapping shadows all the more ambiguous.

Hackett was about to send Sherri back home but decided to send her to the hospital instead. He was afraid that Edward Landor might misunderstand him if he called.

He turned the car around toward the hospital but not to the Athana Hospital. Sherri was a doctor there; keeping it out of her workplace was best.

They arrived at a private hospital far away from the Athana Hospital. There were few people here, but it was more expensive.

Hackett drove to the basement, opened the back door, and entered. He tried to wake Sherri up by patting her face gently. "Sherri, wake up, Sherri."

Hackett was a little too heavy-handed and Sherri woke up in pain.

Hackett's enlarged facial features appeared when she opened her eyes. The scent of male hormones quickly aroused the drug in her body.

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Sherri flipped over and straddled Hackett's legs, facing him. Then she covered his mouth without warning.

Sherri had never been in a relationship before. Her kissing skills were elementary, which made Hackett very uncomfortable.

He held Sherri's chin firmly and stared at the unconscious woman before him. "Miss Landor, are you on a hunt for prey? Stop fooling around and get out of the car quickly. I won't mention a word to anyone."

Sherri did not retreat and went straight for his belt instead. Hackett quickly grabbed her hand to stop her. Sherri was upset that Hackett restrained her hands. "Give it to me; hurry up!" she muttered.

Hackett facepalmed. How much drug did this woman consume?

He buckled his belt and was about to open the car door when Sherri suddenly pulled him back and pushed him against the back of the backseat. She lowered her head and pressed her lips against his again before undoing his belt.

Sherri donned a dress, stockings, and a thick black down jacket. She threw the down jacket onto the steering wheel. Hackett was exceptionally sensitive to her touch without his longjohns. His arousal rushed straight to Sherri's head.

All the senses in her body clamored like wildfire.

Hackett was no saint either. He kissed her back deeply. "Sherri Landor, note that you want to sleep with me, not vice versa. Say it!"

Hackett hurriedly turned on the recording on his cell phone and said, "Say that you want to fuck Hackett Blackwell; you want it out of your own free will. Then I'll give it to you!"

Sherri repeated every word he said into the recording.

Hackett put away his cell phone and threw it into the driver's seat.

Before long, a car in the dark parking lot swayed like a ship in the storm.

[Chapter 59](#)

The sun shone brightly on the following morning.

Natalie woke up in a lazy mood. Her abdomen was a little bloated. She quickly got up and wanted to rush to the bathroom to pee. However, her legs felt like jelly as she staggered out of bed and almost fell to the ground.

She reacted quickly and propped herself up by the bed.

"Ahhhhhh!" There was a deafening scream shortly after Natalie entered the bathroom.

Natalie's sudden appearance surprised Trevon, who sprinkled half of his pee on the toilet bowl.

He kept calm and redirected his little brother back on track before putting on his pants.

Natalie ran out of the bathroom; her face and ears were glowing red. She crossed her legs to hold her pee.

She almost peed her pants from screaming.

Before long, Trevon swaggered out of the bathroom, looking refreshed as if nothing had happened. Natalie was disgusted. "Why are you in my bathroom, Mr. Wilson?"

A wealthy man like Trevon indeed had many unusual habits; going to her bathroom in the morning was one of them.

Trevon glanced at Natalie's crossed legs. "Aren't you in a hurry?" he asked, looking amused.

Natalie could not be bothered by him. She rolled her eyes and rushed into the bathroom immediately.

However, she was furious when she saw the toilet.

"Trevon Wilson, your urine is all over the toilet bowl. Are you not potty-trained?" Natalie complained aloud as she held in her pee. She flushed the toilet bowl's edge with water and cleaned it with some tissue before sitting on it to relieve herself.

Thank goodness she was good at holding it in. Otherwise, she would have wet her pants. Going to the toilet had become such a chore.

Moments later, Trevon asked. "Aren't you responsible for me peeing all over the bowl?"

Natalie, still peeing, was speechless. "Is it my fault that your penis is crooked?" she muttered.

It's not like I'm the one who twisted it!

She opened the door and walked out a happy woman. Trevon leaned lazily against the bathroom door with crossed arms. "Did you see it up close? Is it big?"

Natalie did not understand what he meant. "What?"

Trevon snorted. "Didn't you see my dick? Are you satisfied?"

Natalie would be a fool if she were still in the dark.

Her face immediately turned crimson, but she pretended to be calm. "I'm a doctor. The genitals of the human body are the same to me. Please leave after you're done."

Natalie meant going to the toilet, but Trevon misunderstood what she meant.

He stared at her calmly. "Is that so, Mrs. Wilson? Then why didn't you say so in bed last night? Is it all the same for you? But I didn't see you doing it any other way."

Well, she did use him last night.

Natalie tried to recall what had happened in bed last night, but her memories were scattered, and she could not connect the dots.

What happened was a little inappropriate for kids.

Avoiding his gaze, Natalie turned around and checked her chest under her clothes. She saw red marks all over her breasts.

She was so shocked she almost went berserk.

So what exactly happened last night? Did she sleep with him?

Oh no, they were supposed to get a divorce in less than two months!

Trevon was in a good mood as he observed Natalie's every move. "There's no need to look. We slept together as husband and wife. Don't look at me like that. You wanted to sleep with me, not the other way around."

Natalie's eyes widened, she wanted to know what he meant. "What did you say? I wanted to sleep with you! Are you kidding me?"

Was she that kind of person? Was she that desperate?

Trevon forced her to the bedside. Her legs bent when she reached the edge of the bed, and she fell back onto the bed.

He leaned forward and placed his hands on either side of Natalie, staring at her intently. "I wasn't doped last night. You were, sweetie. I didn't force you, Don't you remember how passionate you were last night? You wanted-"

Natalie quickly covered his mouth. His handsome face was right above hers. Underneath his refined and ruthless appearance, he was nothing more than a low-down hooligan.

Natalie had never associated Trevon with that description, yet it suited him well now.

"Stop talking, get off me!"

Trevon did not move; he motioned for her to continue.

Natalie licked her dry lips and gave up resisting. "Well, if my mind was muddled, why didn't you send me to the hospital? Didn't you

say you were sober?"

Trevon suddenly felt insecure and a little guilty. He avoided her gaze and stood up with his back facing her. "It's hard to refuse your kindness," he muttered mockingly.

Natalie took a deep breath and

then. How much do you want, Cratched her head hard. She felt she had taken advantage of him for some reason. "Name a price,

then. How much do you want? It's my first time. I bet it wasn't your first time. Can it be cheaper?" she asked as if bargaining.

Trevon suddenly turned around, narrowed his eyes, and stared at her. He was speechless for a long time.

What kind of weird logic was it? What was on Natalie's mind? She treated him like a gigolo.

She even dared to bargain. Was he for sale? Did she think she was shopping for groceries in the market?

What did she mean by cheaper? Trevon was annoyed.

He knew she was a virgin when he saw a hint of red on the sheets last night. What she did not know was it was his first time too. It took him a long time to figure out what went on below her waist last night, and he was not proud of it.

“What do you take me for, Natalie?”

Natalie did not answer because she did not want to be entangled in the matter. Trevon called her an aggressor who took advantage of him. Therefore, paying him for his service was only fitting for her.

Natalie had kept her guard up since the day Trevon threatened her. She would occasionally tread out of her comfort zone but never let her guard down. However, Natalie

d lost complete control last night. She failed miserably.

Therefore, she had to deal with the inevitable aftermath now, in case Trevon accused her of seducing him again,

Was Trevon her husband? It was just a moment. Was he a friend with benefits? Frankly, no one really cared. In the end,

Natalie did not know what Trevon was to her.

In fact, they did not owe each other anything.

Natalie shattered Trevon’s early morning good mood. His face darkened. “You’re something else, Natalie.”

Then he slammed the door behind him, Natalie shivered in his wake.

What did Trevon want? Natalie tried to be fair with him, which made him unhappy. She tried to get closer, but he said he was uninterested in her. If he was not interested, why did he sleep with her in the first place?

Natalie organized her thoughts, took out her cell phone, and called Sherri Landor.

Meanwhile, Hackett Blackwell was disturbed by the sudden ringtone; he covered his ears with a blanket, but the ringing continued relentlessly.

He nudged the woman beside him. “Hey, your call.”

Sherri was in a daze when someone called her. She answered reflexively, “Yes, I know.”

She picked up her cell phone. “Hello?”

Natalie was anxious to share that she was doped and slept with Trevon. Then she recalled her best friend was also doped and in a more severe state than her.

Could it be that Sherri had also slept with someone?

“Where are you, Sherri? Are you okay?”

Sherri woke up feeling tired. She closed her eyes and replied, “I’m at home. Let me sleep for a while more. I’ll call you later!”

Natalie was relieved to hear her voice. Fortunately, her best friend was intact. She could relax now.

However, Sherri sensed that something was amiss after she hung up. There was a man's voice next to her. She opened her eyes and saw Hackett's messy hair.

"Ahhhhh!" Sherri shrieked. Hackett frowned, covered his ears, and waited for her to calm down.

The screaming finally stopped. He crawled out of bed and rubbed between his brows. "What are you doing, Missy? Why did you wail so early in the morning? I'm almost deaf now."

Looking at the shirtless Hackett, Sherri could not believe she slept with a scumbag. She burst into tears. "Boohoo! Hackett, your scumbag! You fucked me. It's my first time. Boohoo!"

Hackett's head hurt; he anticipated the outcome. Luckily he made a recording last night. Sherri continued to cry. "I want to fuck Hackett Blackwell; I want it out of my own free will."

The recording played over and over from Hackett's cell phone.

Sherri stopped crying abruptly. She wiped her tears and looked suspiciously surprised at Hackett's cell phone. Sherri thought that it was a recording, but in fact, it was a video. She gesticulated and kissed Hackett; there were several lovemaking scenes too.

It was disgusting!

Was she man crazy and wild in bed? Sherri wondered.

All her dirt and secrets were revealed before the scumbag.

It was like social death for Sherri for embarrassing herself.

She immediately collected her thoughts, wiped her tears, and tidied her hair. "Ahem, good morning, Mr. Blackwell. It's just sleeping together for one night between two discerning adults. It's no big deal. Moreover, you didn't lose out. It's my first time. I trust it's not your first. I'll be gracious and let it go. Goodbye."

Sherri hurriedly put on her clothes, got out of bed, and left.

Hackett did not stop her. Instead, he spoke like a hooligan, "I saw that you were quite satisfied last night, Missy. Please call if you need my service in the future. Let's meet again sometime."

"There's no need. Let's treasure the rare. Otherwise, it won't be precious," Sherri said sarcastically.

Hackett took a cigarette from the bedside and lit it; Sherri had already closed the door and left.

[Chapter 60](#)

Another afternoon at the Athana Hospital.

The sun was shining bright; it was a beautiful day.

Sherri Landor arrived at the hospital almost simultaneously with Natalie.

The best friends were telepathic and usually arrived at work at the same time.

Natalie's legs were weak and wobbly; she cursed Trevon Wilson for being ruthless like an animal last night.

Meanwhile, Sherri got out of the cab..

Natalie was distracted by her strange posture getting out of the car. She frowned and gave Sherri a once-over. A red mark on the latter's neck was similar to the one Trevon left on her chest in the morning. She immediately understood what had happened to her best friend.

Natalie grabbed Sherri's arm and asked, "Didn't you say you were at home? What's wrong with your neck?"

The latter sighed, "I don't want to talk about it! I slept with a pig."

She thought for a while and asked Natalie. "What about you? Did you discharge your gun accidentally too?"—

Natalie looked at Sherri and thought knowingly, "So you had an accident last night too."

The two caught each other's gaze, raised their hands, and did a high-five.

They were, without a doubt, good sisters and best friends. They even lost their virginity on the same night.

Natalie asked curiously, "So, who discharged your gun? You didn't go so far as to pull a stranger off the street, did you?"

"I might as well pull one off the street: it was Hackett Blackwell!" Sherri said disdainfully,

Natalie was taken aback and could not utter a word; she looked at Sherri in disbelief.

Sherri had already accepted the fact that she lost her virginity to Hackett. She was the initiator, after all; she only wished Hackett would not hound her going forward.

"Hay, Natalie, how many times did you do it with Trevon last night? Was he good in bed? Did he perform to your satisfaction?" Sherri had evidently watched too many idol dramas.

Natalie did not reply. Instead, she asked, "What about you? How many encore performances for you guys? Was he good in bed? What was he up to?"

Sherri thought for a moment. She had some impression of what had happened but could not remember clearly. "I'm not sure. Maybe, uh, a few times."

Natalie was speechless. As they walked, she said in a low voice, "Hey, sister, we had the same dope. I was equally conscious last night!"

Sherri nodded in agreement. She could not remember much. Otherwise, she would not be associated with a scumbag like Hackett, even if someone beat her to death.

"Have y

ou had lunch yet, Natalie? I'm sure you have," Sherri mumbled to herself.

"Yes, I have. What do you want?"

Sherri looked at her best friend like Dumbo. "What do you think? Are you getting any morning-after pills for emergency birth control?"

Sherri did not think Natalie would get pregnant with Trevon and have his baby. They would divorce in less than two months, after all. She did not want her best friend to be a single mother after that, knowing Natalie came from a dysfunctional family. She hoped Natalie's future family would not repeat the same pattern.

"I'll get it now. I'll go to the pharmacy to buy it," said Natalie. There were many people in the hospital, and gossip was inevitable. Sherri pulled her back. "Buy the imported brand. Don't save on such things. Don't be penny wise, pound foolish, and end up with a baby. We need to take the morning-after pills just in case."

"Got it. You're so fussy and troublesome, woman! What's wrong with domestic brands? So fussy!"

Sherri then made her way to the cafeteria for lunch.

Meanwhile, Natalie went to the pharmacy to get the emergency birth control pills.

She asked the pharmacist for an imported brand.

She then noticed the price difference for the same pills. "Hey, boss, why are the prices different?" she asked curiously.

The store owner glanced at the pills on the glass shelves and smiled, "Oh, I see. The manufacturers are different, and the expiry dates are also different, but the effects are the same. This one expires in 11 months, and this one in six. However, the effect is good for the second one. Many people prefer this brand. You can decide which one you want." The lady owner explained carefully, hoping to make a sale.

Natalie thought of getting the one that expired in six months since the effect was the same as the more expensive one. Moreover, she knew little about contraceptive pills. "I'll take the one that expires in six months," she decided.

The owner's eyes curved into crescents. "Sure thing, Miss. I'll wrap it up for you immediately."

Natalie opened the carried bag and saw an OTC logo on the box..

She paid the bill and left. On her way out, she bumped into a woman in a cap and quickly apologized.

The woman did not reply, and Natalie did not care since she had already apologized. She was in a hurry to return to the hospital to take the pills.

The woman watched Natalie walk away and told the owner, "Give me a box of contraceptive pills."

"Do you want an imported or domestic brand?" The store owner asked.

"Imported," the woman replied.

The owner quickly gave her a box

The woman asked casually, "Did that woman buy the same this one just now?"

The lady owner smiled and nodded. Business was good today. She had just sold a box, and another customer walked in and wanted the same, "Yes, that young lady also bought the same brand just now.""

The woman did not say another word. She paid for the pills, pulled her hat over her eyes, and left.

The lady owner watched her leave and muttered, "She must be some celebrity, Young women nowadays sure don't cherish themselves. Sigh!"

Meanwhile, Natalie returned to her office and texted Sherri to inform her of her whereabouts.

Sherri pushed open the door and entered just after Natalie sent the message. "Have you bought it? Give me one."

Natalie took a pill and swallowed it with a full glass of water. Then she handed one to Sherri.

Sherri looked at the expiry date on the box closely before nodding in satisfaction. "Great! It's imported. Looks like you are not pound-foolish, after all."

She walked to the water cooler and filled a disposable cup to the brim. Then she sat facing Natalie after taking the pill.

"Hide the pills. If my mother finds out about it, I'll be done for," said Sherri. That would be the end of her short life.

"Okay. How will you explain to Edward about not going home last night? Didn't I ask you to call your brother? How did you end up with Hackett anyway? Not to mention Trevon was there too!" Natalie was puzzled.

Sherri was equally confused. She remembered calling her brother yesterday. She took out her cell phone and leaned on the table, scrolling the chat history.

Last night's call record with Hackett lasted one minute and one second. There was no trace of the supposed call to Edward Landor.

Sherri suddenly realized she did not call her brother at all. Instead, she called Hackett and practically handed herself to him. She -was impressed by herself for making such a big boo-boo.

Natalie saw Sherri looking confused, staring at her cell phone for a long time. "Don't tell me you called Hackett Blackwell last night."

"You're amazing, Sherril Unbelievable!"

Sherri's phone rang moments later. Her hand trembled when she saw the caller ID. She did not pick it up immediately. Instead, she

whispered to Natalie. "It's my brother; what should I do?"

“Answer the call and tell him you’re with me,” said Natalie. They could not possibly tell Edward that they had sex last night with two

men.

Edward would go berzerk!

Sherri took a deep breath. “Are you looking for me, brother?” she asked, transforming into her usual lively self.

“Where did you go last night?” Edward did not sound pleased on the other end. He had promised his mother to be home last night, but he was held up at work and stayed overnight in the office. He just found out that Sherri did not go home either; she also did not reply to her mother’s numerous texts.

“I’m already an adult, big brother. I know my way around town. In fact, I slept at Natalie’s last night,” said Sherri.

“Then you should have told me. If that happens again, I won’t let you off the hook so easily!” Edward calmed down and said.

“Got it”

After hanging up, Sherri gave Natalie a victory sign immediately.