

The Tide 542

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Back to the Wilson's residence.

It happened to be lunchtime. Natalie asked Lena if there was anything she wanted to eat. Lena said that she was a little tired and wanted to sleep. She did not force her. She needed to give her some time to deal with this sudden illness.

Even Natalie needed time to take in everything that had happened. She felt that she hadn't spent enough time with Lena in the past.

After sending Lena back to her room, Natalie went downstairs. She no longer had the smile on her face when she first entered the Wilson's residence with Lena. Theo immediately knew what the problem was.

When she sat down on the sofa and petted Jasper's head, Theo leaned on his walking stick and looked at her with slight heartache. He heaved a sigh of relief and said in a deep voice, "Kiddo, did the results not go well?"

"Yes, Grandpa, it's fine. I've already done the biopsy. The results will be out tomorrow." The results of the checkup in her own facility would definitely come faster than anywhere else.

For a loyal child, to see their parents healthy would be the best scenario. Theo said in a low voice and sighed in his heart. "Don't worry. If you can't handle this problem. Let that brat come up with a solution. It will be fine."

Natalie knew that although her grandfather said mean things about Trevon, he was actually considerate of him in all aspects. He just didn't want Trevon to be too proud, so he did not dare to praise him. After all, that man could easily become full of himself when given a little compliment.

Rachel came in from outside. Seeing that no one was chatting and laughing as usual, she roughly knew the reason. She asked her daughter-in-law, "Natalie, what do you need the kitchen to prepare?"

Natalie's heart was filled with warmth. She turned around to face her. She hoped that the people around her could be happy, healthy, and safe at the same time.

Regardless of whether one was rich or poor, their biggest issue in life would be their health and safety. Without these two things, it was useless no matter how much money they had. They would not be able to spend it even if they had the money.

"Mom, get the kitchen to make some oatmeal. It's easy to digest."

Rachel replied, "Okay." She was not very good at comforting with words. All she could do was show it through her actions.

"Thanks, Mom."

After dinner, Natalie carried a bowl of oatmeal to Lena's room. When she pushed open the door, Lena was already up and had even washed up. When she saw her daughter enter, she rebuked, "Why are you bringing it to me? I can still move. It's not your turn to serve me like this."

Lena felt guilty. She felt that she had not helped much and had even caused trouble. Natalie was already very busy. She had three children and had to take care of them by herself most of the time. She also had to go to work and monitor the development of the base.

Meanwhile, Natalie felt that this was what she should do. So what if she carried oatmeal to Lena? Lena could even risk her life to save Jasper. Her actions could not be compared to Lena's at all. "It's fine. I have nothing to do. I should move around and take the stairs more often. Take your medicine after eating the food. You'll feel better."

Neither of them mentioned the biopsy because both of them could guess that the result would be bad. Lena picked up the bowl, picked up the spoon, and began to eat.

Natalie, on the other hand, collected the clothes that Lena had changed out of and prepared to take them down to wash them herself. She knew that Lena liked to have her clothes washed by hand by herself and did not like to get help from the

servants.

Seeing this, Lena quickly stopped her. "Leave it here. I'll wash it later. You don't have to do this. I can still do that."

"It's not that much clothes. I need to wash Jasper's clothes anyway. I'll wash yours too. Eat first. Leave the bowl after you're done. I'll come and collect it later."

Seeing how stubborn Natalie was, Lena could only give up. Her eyes were filled with tears that kept flickering. What did she do to deserve to have Natalie in her life? She even wanted to help her hand wash her clothes.

Half an hour later, a man in a black down jacket came in from the door and strode towards the living room. Theo stopped his grandson when he saw him coming back. He knew that he was going to look for his wife.

That was the first thing he did every day when he returned home, like a baby looking for breast milk all the time. Theo slammed his walking stick on the ground and made a deafening sound. "Stop right there."

Trevon was eager to go upstairs. He saw his son playing with the repaired plane, beside him was Lego.

"Grandpa, I have to ask you to wait with whatever you want to do. I need to see Natalie and the child

first. Has Jasper been a good child today?" "Yeah, I have." Jasper was already used to his father coming back every day to greet him before going to look for his mother.

He replied to his father with an indifferent tone.

Seeing that his grandson continued to prepare to go upstairs as if he had not heard him, Theo waited until Trevon was upstairs before saying, "She isn't upstairs. She's washing clothes. You will not find her

upstairs. I told you to wait, but you refused to listen. You're as stubborn as a donkey. Come over and let me tell you something."

Trevon felt that his grandfather did it on purpose, but he didn't have any evidence. Why didn't he tell him that sooner?

Trevon felt helpless and came down from upstairs and approached the sofa. However, his toes were still facing the door. His heart was clearly not there. "Grandpa, what's the matter?"

"It won't take up much of your time. If you were so clingy two years earlier, would you have ended up like this? This is all your fault."

"Grandpa, can we get over this matter now? I already have three children, but you're still not satisfied. No matter how dissatisfied you are, I won't have another child. At most, I'll have three."

Theo said in a resentful tone, "Do I look like I want you to have more children? Even if you're willing, I don't want the girl to suffer anymore. I want to talk to you about Lena. Natalie took her to have a checkup today. The results are probably not going to be ideal. You should talk to her. Lena has been part of her family since she was young. We're not even as close to her as she is. She means differently for the girl. Additionally, with the matter of Jasper..."

Theo did not continue, but the scene of his great-grandson's car accident had already appeared in his mind. He sighed and glared at his grandson. "Did you hear me?"

Hearing this, Trevon was also stunned. Natalie had not told him about this the entire day. She must be feeling terrible now. "I understand."

As soon as he finished speaking, Trevon turned around and quickly went to look for Natalie.

Theo did not forget to remind him while sitting on the sofa, "She's in the laundry room."

Then, he muttered, "Now you are anxious."

Natalie was washing Lena's clothes carefully. She thought back to everything that had happened in the Foster's residence, but she did not cry. Instead, she smiled as she thought about it. Why did terrible things always happen to good people?

She wanted everyone around her to be healthy. Why was it so difficult to have such low expectations? She was willing to exchange five years of her life for Lena to have a healthy life.

A deep voice came from behind. "What are you thinking about? You're so lost in thought."

She didn't even need to turn her head to know who it was. Who else could it be other than her husband? "No, I was suddenly just thinking back to the days in the Foster's residence. Why are you back so early today?"

Seeing that she was washing the clothes with her own hands, Trevon wanted to stop her, but he didn't because he saw that the clothes were Lena's. He could understand what Natalie was thinking at that moment. She probably wanted to seize every opportunity to serve Lena. "Let me get some hot water. I'll help you."

Natalie quickly wiped her wet hands on her apron and grabbed the man's arm. "No need. I'm almost done. Fortunately, it's not that cold."

The man stopped in his tracks and looked at her. She gave a beautiful smile. "It's really not that cold. Try it if you don't believe me. Did Grandpa ask you to come?"

"Yes," he replied lightly.

Grandpa must have told him about Lena. "Trevon, come with me to do a full-body checkup for Grandpa when you're free. Grandpa's blood pressure has been a little high recently."

As she washed, he accompanied her. He even rolled up his sleeves to help wring them dry, but he was stopped by Natalie. Trevon said, "Didn't he already check at the end of last year?"

Natalie was twisting Lena's clothes in her hand as she replied in the most relaxed tone, "It's because Grandpa is old. We should have him checked more often. We may discover any illness he may have at its earliest stage."

Yes, Natalie was afraid. She was afraid that something like this would happen again. She had been happy before and had such a warm atmosphere at home. She was greedy and did not want to break it. She wanted to hold on to her happy life firmly with all her might.

How could Trevon not understand her thoughts? From the back, he hugged her waist tightly, giving her a sense of security. "Don't be nervous. Lena will be fine. If those doctors can't solve it, you can fire them all. Why spend so much money to keep them?"

Natalie was speechless.

This man was really domineering and couldn't be helped.

The next day.

Just as Natalie had predicted, the result was indeed not good. She went to the hospital early to get the test report. She

discovered that Lena had mid-stage gastric cancer. A few senior doctors sat together and analyzed the report for a few hours. Because she was their boss's mother, the doctors were especially attentive and cared about her. In the end, they still suggested surgery for her.

The most authoritative oncologist was the chief surgeon, but there was a requirement. Natalie could observe the entire surgery outside the operating theater, but she could not enter.

Natalie could understand this approach, and she agreed.

After returning to the Wilson's residence, she discussed with Lena. In order not to cause trouble for Natalie, Lena was unusually cooperative. She agreed immediately and did not even ask for the details. She agreed with both of Natalie's decisions to have a checkup for her and a surgery for her.

With Lena's cooperation, Natalie did not have to worry much.

At night, Natalie sat in bed and studied this surgery. She also studied some postoperative recuperation carefully. Trevon was wearing pajamas. He glanced at the woman on the bed who was ignoring him. He could understand her current mood. She was completely focused on Lena. Just as his grandfather had said, Lena was special to Natalie.

He was not jealous. He helped his daughter change her diapers and coaxed his son to sleep. Then, he lifted the blanket and sat under it. He lowered his head and watched the video with her. He held her shoulders and rubbed them together. He said gently, "Let's watch it together."

"Are you fine with it? You have to take care of the children. Now, you want to watch this video with me. Do you even have time for it?"

Lena's condition was quite good, and her mentality was also good. All the indicators for the various tests were within the scope of the surgery. With the approval of a few doctors, the surgery was set for next Friday.

Trevon held her shoulders and said seriously, "I will always have time for you."

There was nothing wrong with that statement. He had always had time for her, no matter when..

Natalie thought to herself, "Men after enlightenment can be so fluent in speaking love language. He did not even hesitate to say that."