

The Tide 543

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On Thursday.

Sherri Landor wanted to ask Natalie out for a meal at the base again. It was not that the food at the base made her want to go there. After all, she had grown up in a wealthy family. She just liked the feeling of three people and two little guys eating together.

She acted upon her thoughts immediately.

During lunchtime, Sherri sent a message to Natalie, but there was no reply after an hour. It was as if a small stone had been thrown into the lake and there was no reaction at all.

Sherri, who was resting in the consultation room, began to wonder. She muttered to herself, "It shouldn't be. Natalie should be free at this time. Why isn't she replying to my message? What happened?"

Sherri had a lot of responsibilities. She had to take responsibility for her brother every day. Other than working hours, she was inseparable from Rose.

Rose Roberts, who was sitting in front of her, petted her belly. This was a habit that she had developed recently. It was as if her belly could grow bigger just by touching it. "Why don't you call and ask? What if anything bad happened? Wait, no, what am I talking about? It's definitely nothing. She's probably a little busy today."

Sherri was also quite worried. Natalie who had contact with her often had stopped communicating with her now. She started having all kinds of thoughts. She said, "Let me call her."

As she spoke, she took out her phone and began to make a call. The call went through, but it was hung up. Sherri called a second time, but the call was still cut off.

Sherri looked at the records of hung-up calls one after another in disbelief. Her eyes were widened. "Could Natalie's phone have been stolen? Why did she keep hanging up on me? If it wasn't stolen, I suspect that she wants to cut ties with me. This is strange. This is the first time such a situation has happened."

Sherri fell into deep thought. A series of question marks floated above her head.

Rose shook her head in disapproval. She placed her hands on her stomach and straightened her legs. She tried to make herself more comfortable. "How is that possible? Didn't you say that your bodyguards were all knocked down by her one by one when they fought before? Any thieves that dared to mess with her definitely had a death wish."

After listening to Rose's analysis, Sherri felt that it made sense. If a thief tried to steal Natalie's phone from her treasure bag, their wrist might have been broken by her. She shrugged her shoulders and indicated that she was very confused.

Half an hour later, Natalie called Sherri back. Tomorrow was Lena's surgery. She was listening to a few senior doctors discuss tomorrow's surgery. That was why she hung up on Sherri.

The phone on Sherri's table vibrated. She grabbed it and swiped the answer button and speaker button. "What are you doing? I was going to call the police if you disappeared for another half an hour."

Natalie did not plan to bicker with Sherri today. "It's nothing. I just had something to do. I was discussing a surgery with some doctors. What do you need?"

Sherri was very carefree. Sometimes, she acted faster than her brain could think. She often could not grasp the main point of conversations. However, when it came to serious matters, she would consider it very carefully. For example, when Natalie

hung up on her a couple of times just now, she would start to think about it carefully.

After interlarding with Natalie for a long time, Sherri could feel what Natalie was thinking no

low she tried to cover it

with words. She felt that her friend was currently not in a good mood. Sherri asked, "What's the matter?"

"It's fine. What can happen to me?" Natalie lied. She didn't want Sherri to worry.

If it was any other day, Natalie would say, "You just want something bad to happen to me, right? Can't you hope something

nice for me?"

Sherri realized that Natalie was being elusive. She was even more certain that something was not right with Natalie. She repeated, "What's the matter?"

The two sentences were exactly the same. Natalie obviously knew she couldn't hide it from Sherri anymore. She said, "Find, there is something wrong. Lena is sick. She needs to have surgery tomorrow. I was just listening to the doctors discussing the surgery."

Sherri stood up and immediately became irritable. "I knew something was up. How could I not tell when something was up with you? Is it bad?"

After a moment of silence, Natalie's muffled voice came from the other end of the phone. "Yes, mid-stage stomach cancer." Rose heard everything through the speaker and gasped. She was extremely nervous. She clasped her hands and raised her chin to signal Sherri to come back to her senses and respond to Natalie.

Sherri was also shocked by this sudden accident and could not react in time. She couldn't settle on how to react to the news.

She knew too well the importance of Lena to Natalie. She adjusted her breathing to prevent her emotions from affecting her best friend. "Natalie, don't worry too much. It's fine. Lena is a good person. She will definitely recover from it. What time will the surgery be tomorrow?"

Natalie didn't want them to worry, that was why she deliberately didn't say anything. "It's tomorrow morning. You don't have to come here. Trevon and the others will be here. Also, you have to keep an eye on Rose. She is pregnant. I don't want her to worry."

Sherri thought to herself, "Too late. She already knew."

Rose shook her head at Sherri and asked her to lie. Sherri understood and hurriedly agreed. "Got it. I won't tell Rose. Don't worry. It's fine."

"Okay."

After a few more words, Sherri hung up. The happy atmosphere inside the office was gone. Both of them had complicated thoughts and were very worried.

Rose spoke first, "What are we going to do tomorrow? We still have work. I kind of want to accompany Natalie. I think Natalie must be very worried and sad now, but she doesn't show it."

Sherri thought about it. It was unrealistic to ask for leave. After all, She had just started work. "I'll call Hackett."

She picked up her phone and dialed Hackett's number. "Hackett, will you be busy tomorrow morning at your company?"

On the other end of the phone, Hackett was extremely flirty. "What are you talking about? As long as my baby needs me, no matter how busy I am, I will be free for you. Tell me, what you do want?"

Standing in the distance, Rose could feel how flirty Hackett was on the phone. Goosebumps broke out all over her body. She couldn't bear to stand this conversation. She really couldn't.

She was wondering if She should ask Edward Landor to check on the surgery tomorrow. She decided that she was going to ask him at night.

Sherri recounted what had happened over the phone. Hackett, who was initially being carefree and flirty, put on a serious tone and spoke normally. "Don't worry. I'll be there tomorrow. You can stay at work and rest assured. I'm here for you."

Many girls would dream to hear a man say these words to them. Having a man have their back would be the life they wanted.

The next morning.

Two minutes after Lena entered the operating theater, three people came in one after another. Three men walked side by side towards the inside. They were here for Lena. However, they appeared as if they were putting on a model show.

The atmosphere today was not right for Hackett to be dressed so flashily. It was rare that he dressed simply. It was already very normal for him to only wear jeans and a white down jacket.

Frank Roberts wore a very simple long black down jacket and jeans, while Edward wore a sweater and a gray coat.

The three men stood beside Trevon in the black coat. Hackett was the first to speak. "Are we friends or not? Lena's illness is such a big matter, yet you didn't even inform us."

Frank did not say anything. He just stood there and looked up at the operating theater. He took a photo and sent it to Ava. He was probably updating her with what was going on.

Edward walked to Natalie. He first glanced at Natalie. Before she could ask, He said, "Rose knows. She's more worried about you. Last night, she instructed me to come in her place."

Looking at the three men in front of him, Trevon smiled. his heart trembled slightly as he said simply, "Thank you."

Natalie was especially touched, but she didn't know what to say. She could only say, "Edward, thank you. Thank you guys

too."

Edward did not say much. He did not lie. It was indeed Rose's instructions. He sat down quietly on the chair. Frank sat down as well. He held his phone and sent a text to Ava, [Lena just went in the operating theater.]

Ava replied, [Then tell me when the surgery is over. Did Natalie cry?]

This question was not easy to answer. Frank glanced at Natalie from the corner of his eye. [No, she's doing well. She's a doctor, after all.]

Ava responded, [Alright. Thank you, Frank.]

Frank texted, [Pay attention in class.]

Ava responded, [OK]

On the other side, Edward was also looking down at his phone. [Rose, I'm in the hospital. Frank and Hackett are both here. There are quite a lot of people here. Don't worry and go to work. I'll let you know if there's any problem.]

Compared to Frank's text, Edward's text was like a mini essay. He included everyone present and comforted Rose,

When Frank looked up, He saw Edward's screen. The screen was not covered with an anti-peeping screen protector. The sharp-eyed Frank could see Edward's texts at a glance. The corners of his mouth curled up. He called Hackett to sit down. "You won't grow in height even if you keep standing, sit down for a while."

Hackett glared at Frank, and her butt began to make contact with the chair. "Natalie, Trevon, sit down. Don't be nervous. The time will pass after we start chatting."

Hackett felt that the atmosphere would be too oppressive if everyone remained tensed for the next few hours. He thought he might even suffocate. He wanted to ease everyone's emotions.

Natalie thought so too. She pulled Trevon to sit down beside Hackett and started chatting. Rose did not reply to Edward's message. She should be at work at the moment.

"Natalie, this place is pretty good."

Trevon said, "You're welcome to come often."

Hackett thought, "This place is basically a hospital. Is he cursing me to be sick?"

Frank, on the other hand, was sitting with his legs crossed. He lazily propped his arms on the back of the chair and placed one hand on Edward's back. From afar, it looked like he was guarding him.

Trevon crossed his legs. When he saw Hackett's complicated expression, he explained, "Don't overthink. I'm just inviting you to hang out here. Don't think too much. I'm very kind."

This man had the audacity to say that he was kind. No one believed him.

Indeed, the initially tense atmosphere was eased by Hackett's actions. After all, he came here today and wanted to make sure that everyone would not be so tense.

A few hours later.

The sign above the operating theater went out. The people sitting on the chairs stopped talking. They stood up at the same time and walked towards the door of the operating theater.

Lena was pushed out. She was awake, but still not very conscious. The doctor told Natalie, "The surgery was very successful. Take good care of her."

– Natalie thanked him and followed the nurse to push Lena to the best room to rest.

On the hospital bed, Lena was still in a daze. The effect of the anesthetic hadn't completely worn out. However, she could see Natalie's face clearly and could not speak. Natalie sat down beside Lena. All the men consciously left the room, leaving the venue for Lena and Natalie.

After the door was closed, Natalie slowly spoke and heaved a sigh of relief. "Lena, did you hear that? The surgery was very successful. In the future, if you take good care of yourself, you will be able to recover. The possibility of a relapse is also

very small."

Lena opened her mouth, but she couldn't speak at all. She could only blink to show that she understood and was very tired.

Natalie felt like she had just survived a calamity. She finally smiled and was relieved.

She stayed by the bed, unwilling to leave. When Lena closed her tired eyes again, she still held Lena's hand. Upon closer inspection, she realized that there were many wrinkles.

She subconsciously raised her hand to smooth it out, but no matter how hard she tried, she could not smooth out the traces of time.