

The Tide 61

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The most sensational news dominated the headlines on the following day.

Max Wilson of the prominent Wilson family had sex with a woman naked in the park. The X-rated scene became the talk of the town.

Max Wilson was taken away by the police.

Max Wilson was suspected of taking sexual drugs.

Max Wilson was reputed to be a philanderer with a messy private life to boot.

The Wilson family was prominent and prestigious. No matter Max's misbehavior, the reporters would not have mentioned the Wilson family by name. At most, they would write according to the instructions from higher-ups.

The sensational headlines, indeed, would not have made it to the front page on their own. Some higher authority was involved.

No one with a sound mind would dare to tell tales about the Wilson family in Athana, let alone publish them. Even family relations would think twice before picking up a pen or posting online.

At the entrance of the police station, Ted Wilson was so mad he was about to explode. His reputation had been utterly ruined by Max's shameless behavior.

Having sex naked in a park! He might as well be in a pornographic film!

Meanwhile, Peggy Wilson was heartbroken to see her dispirited son. She ran over to hug Max and stroked his weary face. "You must have suffered, son. What happened to you? Where did you go last night? How did something like that happen? The news about you is all over the internet now."

She knew Max was a playboy, but how could he be so stupid as to have sex publicly? Who was that woman anyway? Peggy could not understand her son's mindset.

Only Max's face was clearly visible. The woman's face could not be seen at all in the photo.

Peggy was sure her son was framed.

Theo Wilson was so embarrassed by the incident that he refused to pick his grandson up from the police station.

Ted lectured Max after both got into the car. "Where did you go last night? How did you end up at the police station?" he said coldly.

Max felt aggrieved. He vaguely remembered wanting to sleep with Natalie but was unsure if he did. "I don't know, Dad. I went to Emily's for a banquet and woke up in a park. I saw Natalie too. How is she?"

Ted was furious when he heard Emily Foster's name. "I have told you before to stay away from that woman, yet you insisted on bringing her to our home repeatedly. Even your grandfather does not like her

What is wrong with you? I am telling you again. Leave your Natalie alone. You'll have to pay the price if you infuriate Trevon,"

Max was unhappy. "Dad. Trevon doesn't like Natalie at all. Mom said that they'll get a divorce soon.""

Peggy nudged her son and told him to shut up. She had only found out about the divorce when she accidentally overheard Rachel Petit and Theo Wilson's conversation at the Wilson's residence.

She heard that Theo was worried that Trevon did not like Natalie and wanted to get a divorce in three months. Rachel told the elderly man not to interfere and let the couple work it out. A marriage would take time to work, but it would be like a grave without love.

Peggy only managed to eavesdrop on part of the conversation.

Ted turned around and glared at Peggy; the latter was stunned and tried to avoid his stare. Ted then fixed his gaze on Max. "Even if Natalie divorces Trevon tomorrow, she remains untouchable to you. Your grandfather won't let you off if you cross the line. Know your place if you want to stay alive. Stay home for the next few days and break ties with that woman, whoever she is. She must have doped you in the first place, I will take care of the news. You've utterly embarrassed the family tonight!"

Max, on the other hand, did not utter a single word. Instead, he looked out of the window angrily and ignored his father.

He could break up with Emily Foster but would not give up on Natalie. He lusted after her and would find a way to get her eventually.

Emily gave Max her virginity. Therefore, he was a little reluctant to leave her. However, she was no match for Natalie in every way.

Meanwhile, it was another work day at the Wilson Group in the city.

Frank Roberts arrived in his Porsche and stopped at the entrance of the building.

He wore a black casual down jacket and wide sunglasses, looking handsome and sophisticated.

He embodied good looks and was intellectually elegant.

Frank dropped by regularly with Hackett Blackwell, and the people in the company knew him. "Mr. Roberts," a security guard greeted him.

"Hmm, keep an eye on my car." Frank tossed the car keys to the security guard at the door.

He then headed straight to the private elevator,

He pushed open the office door, sat down, and leaned against a sofa. He looked at Trevon behind the desk. "Are you asleep, bro?"

Trevon opened his eyes sleepily and glanced at him before closing them again. "How is it? Have you found out anything?"

Natalie kept him up all night in bed; then she gave him a fright in the bathroom early in the morning. Before he left, she offered to pay for his services. Trevon was so humiliated he almost lost his calm.

“Yes, but I haven’t found out anything yet. The other party used a card without a real name. I can’t get through the number anymore. He must have removed the SIM card and tossed it into the toilet,” Frank said truthfully.

He was all too familiar with such a classic criminal procedure.

Frank pulled a stool and blocked the door last night after Trevon left with the rest. Even though he was alone, the Foster family’s bodyguards would not dare to confront him.

He was Frank Roberts, after all. There was no such thing as bodyguards when the older generation in his family was in the underworld business.

Harry Foster froze and did not dare to move. He trembled and begged for mercy before cutting all ties and pushing all responsibilities to Max Wilson,

However, Frank was not to be trifled with. If Max had wanted to sleep with Natalie, he would not have also doped Sherri Landor. It proved that everyone at Natalie’s table was doped.

Trevon opened his eyes and stared at him. “Investigate the people behind Max’s woman. They didn’t even spare the kids. How decent can they be next to us?”

Frank agreed with him.

Frank and Trevon did not think they were good people when they were ruthless. However, they knew their limits.

“At the moment, there are no signs of direct instructions coming from Emily Foster. The suspicion pointed to a woman who called her. There are unknown numbers in the call log, but we could not trace the callers.”

“I’ve got the cell phone. My hunch is that Emily is definitely involved. I’ll give you an answer in three days,” Frank, promised.

“Okay, I’ll leave it to you.” Trevon was a little tired and continued to close his eyes.

Frank then asked Trevon’s secretary to make two cups of coffee. He did not plan to leave so soon. One look at Trevon, and he knew that the latter did not sleep well the entire night.

As for why, Frank made some informed guesses, knowing he would not be far from the truth.

He took a sip of coffee and said slowly, “You didn’t sleep all night?”

“Yes, are you leaving soon?”

Frank did not reply. Instead, he said, “You chased me away after using me. Do you still want a divorce?”

Moments later, Trevon said muffledly, “She wants a divorce.” |

Frank realized that Natalie was the one who wanted a divorce, not Trevon.

Then he finished his coffee, got up, and put on his sunglasses. “I’m leaving,” he said and walked away.

Reyon was dumbfounded. "Come with me tomorrow to Blackwell Group for the land deal," he called out to Frank.

Frank turned around. "I'm not available tomorrow. Find another way if you don't want to interact with them."

"Going racing?" Trevon asked knowingly.

"Yes, the gambling pool is reaching 50 million. I don't want to miss the opportunity."

There was a race in the Athana countryside tomorrow, it was Frank's home turf, but two out of three people had bet on the national racing champion instead.

When it was reaching the end of the night shift, Natalie was summoned to the office by the director.

The surgical director smiled, "Come in, Natalie. Take a look."

She smiled and pointed at a document on the table.

Natalie was puzzled; she picked up the paper on the table in confusion. "Is this the talent reserve program list?"

"What's going on, Chief?"

The department director spoke softly and earnestly, "These are the spots our hospital has fought for with the higher-ups in Athana.. Athana Hospital was allotted five spots yearly, and our department secured two this year. I have spoken to the hospital director and recommended you try it. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, Natalie. Don't pass it over. Others don't have a chance even if they want to. We have to submit the name list within a week. Thank about it carefully

Natalie's emotions were complicated, but she was also excited. "When does it start? How long do I need to stay?"

The director said smilingly. "You need to stay for two years and will set off after the middle of January. There are less than two months left. Think about it, Natalie. It wasn't easy for me to get a spot for you; don't miss this opportunity. You're not married and don't have children now. You can devote yourself to work for the next two years."

Natalie looked down guiltily. "Got it. Shall I take the document back?"

"No, you can't. Think about it and sign it at my office. Don't tell anyone else; everyone wants this opportunity."

Natalie was very grateful to the director. The latter hired Natalie at the Athana Hospital after she graduated from Athana Medical University. Working at the prestigious hospital was a coveted job everyone was after.

The director was also her mentor when it concerned medical and academic matters. She would explain in detail to Natalie patiently. The director also took her into the operating theater wherever possible to gain practical knowledge.

The director looked at Natalie's back as she left. She felt gratified that her student was promising and outstanding. Natalie had

made her look good in return. However, she felt sad and heartbroken for Natalie at the same time. She could not forget when Barron Foster came to her in the middle of the night, begging her to take his granddaughter under her wing

The elderly man's selfless love for his grandchild moved her to tears.

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The late autumn snowflakes swiveled in the air when the wind blew. Some landed on treetops, and some covered cars and houses. Some fell on the ground and fused with the earth. The surroundings were shrouded in a white veil.

Natalie and Sherri Landor walked out of the hospital together, surprised by the sudden snowfall.

A cold wind blew on their faces. Natalie shivered and hurriedly adjusted the scarf around her neck.

Sherri did not expect the temperature to drop so drastically at night. It even started snowing. She was in thin clothes and was so cold her teeth chattered uncontrollably.

She hid behind Natalie desperately to shield her from the cold. "Oh my god, this wind is impossible. I'm going to freeze to death this winter!" she exclaimed.

Natalie was annoyed but did not push her away. "I told you to keep warm instead of looking fashionable. You deserve to freeze. Just suck it in, Sister!"

Then she thought of something and turned to Sherri. "Let's go eat pizza. Snowy days are the best time for pizza"

The cold wind today was indeed demonic.

However, the scenery was breathtakingly beautiful.

Sherri immediately perked up and felt warmer. "Okay, do you want to ask my brother along too?"

Sherri felt sorry for Edward, He did not have a girlfriend and worked overtime every day. She pitied him.

"Sure, call him now. I'll go get my motorbike." It was still sunny when they arrived at noon, therefore, Natalie did not park in the basement. Her motorbike was covered in white snow now.

It had transformed into a white motorbike of sorts.

She knocked on Sherri's car window "Give me a clean cloth,"

"Okay, this one is new. My brother said he would come and tell us to go ahead first."

"All right, drive slowly and safely," Natalie cautioned Sherri. The latter's driving skills were not good. Therefore, Natalie was concerned when she drove on a snowy night,

"I know; I'll drive slowly," said Sherri

The snow was dry, and Natalie did not wear a raincoat. She wiped her motorbike carefully with a cloth. Soon it was shiny like new.

She arrived before Sherri at the Thriving Pizza Hub near the hospital.

She found a table in a corner and sat down. She preferred privacy and kept a low profile; she would never sit in the center of the restaurant.

Sherri rushed in half an hour later.

Natalie smiled and teased, "I thought you drove to Southland, dudette."

Sherri growled, "Don't tease me! The snails are faster than a four-wheeler on a snowy day. I know now why you don't like cars. You have no patience whatsoever."

Then she took off her overcoat. The temperature in the restaurant was at least 50 degrees warmer. Sherri felt comfortable in her thin clothes.

However, the hickey on her neck was exposed.

Natalie immediately looked around and threw her scarf at Sherri, "Wrap it around your neck," she said softly.

Sherri was alarmed by Natalie and looked at the door hurriedly. Fortunately, her brother had not arrived yet. She took out her cell phone and checked her neck. She saw the hickey when she lowered her collar. Sherri sighed in relief and was glad she wore a turtleneck today.

She had already put on some concealer in the afternoon. It was probably rubbed off by the turtleneck.

Sherri took out the concealer from her bag and squeezed some to apply it thickly over the hickey. Then she wrapped the scarf around her neck just in case.

Sherri looked at Natalie's neck after putting on her protective measures. The latter's neck was spotless. She could not help but curse at Hackett Wilson for being recklessly careless and leaving behind evidence after their rendezvous. "Trevon Wilson is a decent guy, He didn't do anything to your neck."

Natalie chuckled and paused what she was doing. Sherri did not see the hickeys on her chest; Natalie was in worse condition than

her.

Sherri would not think that Trevon was a decent guy if she found out.

Before long, Edward Landor arrived.

He wore a black down jacket and immediately spotted Natalie by the table when he entered the restaurant.

Edward smiled and walked over. He apologized as he removed his jacket, "Sorry, I'm a little late!"

Natalie looked up and smiled. "No problem. We just arrived not long ago. We ordered some of your favorite dishes. It's almost ready to eat."

It was just a faint smile, but Edward felt like Natalie had unwittingly relieved him of the fatigue from a day of hard work.

The corners of his lips curled into a handsome arc, and the dimples on both sides of his cheeks were blindingly charming.

He was stunned for a moment.

Meanwhile, Sherri's eyes were fixed on the pizza. Her eyes flickered. "Brother, hurry up. Let's dive in now!"

When Edward returned to his senses, he turned around and saw his sister wearing a scarf in a warm surroundings. He thought she was out of her mind and wanted to remove it.

Sherri reacted violently and hid behind a sofa while grabbing the scarf tightly with both hands. "What are you doing?"

Edward narrowed his eyes; his eyebrows twitched. "What do you think? What's wrong with you? Why are you wearing such a thick scarf and eating pizza? Hurry up and take it off!"

Edward sounded disgusted.

Natalie held back her laughter as she continued to eat. Sherri was silly and adorable at the same time.

"I'm not hot. I can't stand the cold, Sherri exclaimed.

Edward thought his sister had gone crazy and would not let up. "Hurry up and remove it. I hope you have not gone crazy."

Sherri pouted and resisted. "I won't. What's wrong with the scarf? Mind your own business and stay away from me."

Edward wanted to smack her head but was stopped by Natalie. "Let her be, Edward. I gave her that scarf. Perhaps she likes it because it's a gift!"

Natalie said with a straight face like a pro.

Edward relented and pointed his finger at Sherri. "Watch out if you try to hide anything terrible from me! You little scoundrell"

"Cough, cough!" Natalie choked on her drink when she heard Edward's warning.

It was Sherri's turn to gloat while she held back her laughter.

Edward noticed the two women had behaved strangely since he arrived and kept making eye contact. However, the two best friends had been like this since they were young, so he did not pay much attention to it.

Halfway through the meal, Natalie said, "The department director asked me to go overseas today."

Edward and Sherri were taken aback by her announcement.

Edward paused eating and asked calmly, "Is it talent reserve training?"

Sherri raised her voice in surprise. "You're going overseas? Where are you going? When did this happen? Are you abandoning me, Natalie?"

Natalie was speechless. The commotion drew the attention of other diners in the restaurant.

"Can you keep your voice down? You're making me sound like I'm having an affair. Shut up and listen," Natalie was annoyed

"Do you know about talent reserve training, Edward?" Natalie asked. She had worked in Athana for over two years and had never

heard of such a program before, not to mention a yearly quota.

Edward slowly put down his cutlery and wiped his mouth. He leaned back on the sofa, looked at Natalie, and realized she had grown up to be a beautiful woman.

"Yes, I heard from my friends in the industry that Athana wants to develop its own medical team. That's why such talents are sent overseas for knowledge and technology exchange. Essentially, medical staff returning from overseas will be promoted immediately to a director or vice director, department director, or specialist. It's equivalent to slaving away in the hospital for many years or even your entire life."

He paused and asked. "What's your decision, Natalie? Do you want to go?" He clenched his hands in his lap.

Natalie rested her chin on her hand and looked at Sherri; she was confused. "I haven't thought about it yet. I just want to find out more. There's still a week for me to consider, there's no hurry."

"OMG! What am I going to do if you go abroad? I will be all alone. Brother, why don't you arrange a spot for me to further my studies. with Natalie?" said Sherri.

Edward glared at his sister.

Sherri instantly shut up, not wanting to anger her brother.

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Meanwhile, in a suite at the Grand Manor Hotel.

A woman in a low-cut red strapless dress stood before the mirror while fiddling with it. The hem of the dress only reached below her hips. A slightly exaggerated movement would reveal what was underneath.

"Miss Blackwell, you have such a good figure! It's a dancer's figure, for sure. It's the show's honor to have invited you as a judge," her brown-noser assistant praised her.

Mia Blackwell smiled in satisfaction; she said coquettishly, "Don't embarrass me with such praises in public. There are better dancers than me. I'm just helping out. I'm happy to contribute to the show."

The assistant continued to sing praises. "Miss Blackwell, I think you are the prettiest woman in the entire show."

Mia signaled her assistant to bring over the perfume from the washbasin. The assistant handed her the perfume and continued, "You look so beautiful in that dress, Miss Blackwell. Do you have a date tonight?"

Mia could not hold back her excitement and smiled. "Yes, I'm waiting for someone I like. You can leave after you're done packing. There's no need for you to stay behind."

The assistant nodded, "Okay, okay, I understand. Don't worry; I won't disturb you, Miss Blackwell" She covered her mouth to hide

her reaction.

"What are you thinking about? We, uh, we're just discussing a collaboration. Don't overthink," Mia tied to explain.

No one would believe you if you dressed like this. The assistant thought.

"All right, then. I'll take my leave now, Miss Blackwell."

Mia's cell phone rang after her assistant left. It was her father. "Dad, don't worry. I won't mess it up, I'm confident. Stop worrying!"

After hanging up, Mia looked assured.

Meanwhile, a black Maybach glided in and stopped at the entrance of the Grand Manor Hotel.

Mindful of the snowy road, Jim Hawk drove slowly with care, so the car would not skid.

Jim stopped the car and turned to ask Trevon Wilson in the backseat, "Are you sure you don't need me to accompany you, Mr.

Wilson?"

Trevon replied coldly, "No need."

Jim was concerned. Trevon rarely attended negotiations alone. However, Mia's father, Michael Sullivan, requested that he attend the meeting by himself. His reason being he feared that someone might interfere at the meeting.

The project was massive, and many parties wanted a piece of the pie, knowing they would benefit from the bid even if they did not win it. They would have more say if they won the bid, it would be icing on the cake. Many interested wanted to contact Michael Sullivan to buy the land for a speaking right. Therefore, Michael's request was reasonable.

However, it was not the whole truth.

Jim remained concerned. "Mr. Wilson, I'll go up with you. I can wait outside."

“Okay,” Trevon relented.

When he arrived at the designated room, Jim stood beside Trevon and knocked on the door.

The door opened after a while, but there was no one. Jim poked his head in and looked around but did not see anyone.

This floor was for VIP luxury suites. The door switch was controlled remotely by the room guest.

That meant there was someone inside.

When Trevon entered the room, the door closed automatically, leaving Jim outside the door.

Trevon entered, sat on a sofa, and called out, “Mr. Sullivan, what is this all about?” The room was empty, and there was not a sound.

Seconds later, there was still nothing.

Trevon did not think Michael Sullivan had the guts to not show up.

Meanwhile, Mia Blackwell took off her shoes and tiptoed behind the sofa. She suddenly wrapped her arms around Trevon’s neck and apologized gently, “There you are, Trevon. You’re so hard to get. Please don’t push me away. I miss you so much and must resort to this way to ask you out. Don’t be angry, okay?”

The man in her arms did not react. “Let go of me,” he snapped.

Mia did not let go. She tried to kiss Trevon’s neck and cheeks, but he quickly dodged her. Her lips landed on his collar.

Trevon’s eyes had a trace of anger that was about to explode. He closed them and said slowly, “If you don’t want to lose what you have now, stop your nonsense right away!”

“I won’t give face to your old man anymore. Don’t challenge my limits,” Trevon warned.

Mia was not angry. She stared at Trevon before her and smiled, reluctantly letting go of him.

Mia knew her limits and understood Trevon too well; she could not push her luck. Trevon was clearly impatient and irritated. If she provoked him further, it would backfire, and she would be in danger.

Mia walked around the sofa and sat opposite Trevon. She behaved herself and swayed her legs before him, “Can we talk?”

Trevon took out a cigarette and lit it. He blew the smoke rings at Mia’s face. She frowned and was unable to open her eyes.

After a few puffs, he said unhurriedly, “Where’s the contract?”

Mia remained calm. “Dad has already signed the contract. Let’s talk first. I’ll give it to you later. I promise that I’ll help you get what you want. That piece of land will go to you; can you give me what I want in return?”

He flicked the cigarette ash between his fingers and said leisurely, "No, I can't give you what you want, Forget about your nonsense!"

Of course, Trevon knew what Mia wanted. He knew it since the first time he saw her.

Mia became anxious and said, "We are both single and unattached. Why can't you give me what I want? Are you still brooding over the past? I admit I was insensible then when you insisted on joining the army. In addition, my father forced me to go overseas. You know that you're the only one in my heart, Trevon. Can you give us another chance, please?"

Trevon stood up after finishing his cigarette and tidied his suit. He turned to Mia and said, "I don't want it if you trade for the contract this way."

Mia panicked, knowing that he would leave. She quickly hugged Trevon's broad and firm waist to stop him. "I really love you, Trevon. Forgive me. Let's start over again, okay? Don't leave!"

Moments later, Trevon still did not respond. Then he pried open her fingers forcefully and threw her onto the sofa before striding out

of the room.

Mia felt indignant lying on the sofa; her eyes filled with malice.

Meanwhile, at the door, Jim saw his boss storming out and quickly put an overcoat on him.

Trevon had a sinister look on his face; he was obviously furious. "Call Michael Sullivan and tell him that he missed his last chance. He's on his own from now on."

"Yes, sir." Jim knew fully well what Trevon meant by last chance.

Trevon returned to Adare Manor moments after Natalie arrived.

After the two had a physical relationship, Natalie was embarrassed to see Trevon.

It would be a lie to say that she did not mind.

After all, she had saved her first time for the past 23 years.

Natalie tried to psych herself into thinking she had nothing to be embarrassed about. The joke would be on others if they thought otherwise.

After repeatedly telling herself that, Natalie failed in the end. She quickly ran upstairs to her room before Trevon entered.

Trevon saw the lights in the living room and knew Natalie was back. However, he did not see her when he walked in. He guessed that she had probably gone upstairs to take a shower. He expected her to come down for supper at this time.

Trevon was still mad at her for treating him like a gigolo in the morning. The humiliation had not dissipated entirely.

Instead of going upstairs, he sat in the living room and lazily flipped through a magazine, glancing at the staircase occasionally.

Half an hour later, there was still no movement upstairs.

Trevon put down the magazine and went upstairs. He stood by the guest room door and hesitated for a moment. Finally, he

knocked.

Natalie rushed to the door barefooted when she heard the knock and opened it. Trevon's darkened face greeted her.

She hid her embarrassment and asked suspiciously, "What's up, Mr. Wilson?"

Why did he knock on my door at night instead of going to bed? He could not be thinking about having sex again, could he? Natalie thought.

It could not be so. Trevon did say that he was not interested in her. He might be crazy the first time. But the second time? He got to be sick!

Trevon paused momentarily before saying, "Cook some Spaghetti Bolognese for me."

Had he not heard of takeouts? Did she look like his nanny, for crying out loud?

However, Natalie relented. On her way out of the guest room, she saw the hickey on his neck and the smell of perfume on his body. Instantly, she became flustered and did not want to cook for him.

She refused without hesitation. "Can you order takeout instead?"

Trevon's overbearing nature upset Natalie. One man might steal a horse, while another might not look over a hedge. Trevon must have slept with someone else and had the cheek to tell her to make supper for him. He was the same man who threatened to desecrate her grandfather's grave because she had a causal meal with Edward Landor. Why the double standard? Why should she succumb to his every wish?

"I won't bow to his bad habits!" thought Natalie.

Trevon's face darkened even more as he glared at her. "Natalie!"

"I'm here, Mr. Wilson. I've just taken a shower and don't feel like cooking. You can order takeout or call Jim for delivery. Goodnight."

Natalie was unaware she had used too much force; the door closed with a loud bang. A gust of cold wind swept across Trevon's gloomy face.

He kicked the door twice to vent his anger.

Jim Hawk had always been very efficient. He immediately went ahead after receiving instructions from Trevon.

[Chapter 64](#)

Trevon Wilson was at his office the following morning.

He left bright and early for work and sat behind his desk in a foul mood with a vicious look on his face.

Trevon's face was sour as if the world owed him a living.

Those in the Secretary department had to tiptoe around him for the rest of the day to avoid getting on his wrong side.

There was a knock on the door moments later.

Jim Hawk led a middle-aged man into Trevon's office. It was Michael Sullivan. He smiled with a stack of documents in his hand.

He greeted Trevon respectfully. "Mr. Wilson, I'm really sorry. My daughter was behaving like a spoilt brat last night. Look, this is the contract. I've already signed it. I hope you won't hold it against me."

Trevon did not respond immediately. Michael stood trembling; a chill ran down his spine.

Michael did not sleep a wink last night after receiving Jim's call. He rushed to the hotel to check on Mia Blackwell and found out that she had failed to reconcile with Trevon.

She even angered him in the end.

Michael had earlier given in to his daughter's instigation because she was confident and hopeful. He wanted Trevon Wilson to be his son-in-law just as much so that he could do whatever he wanted in Athana after Trevon married Mia.

After Michael's family name, Mia Blackwell was previously known as Mia Sullivan. Michael used to frequent his sister's house to borrow money from her; his sister was Hackett Blackwell's mother. Fortunately, Henry, the patriarch of the Blackwell family, took a fancy to Mia and took her in as his granddaughter. Therefore, Mia changed her name to Mia Blackwell.

Mia had played her cards well since she was young. The Blackwell family had no daughter, only one heir, Hackett. Therefore, Mia became Henry's favorite granddaughter.

He also helped Michael Sullivan set up a foreign trade company. Therefore, Michael had endless resources when Henry Blackwell was alive. However, the Sullivan family declined steadily after the elderly man passed away, and resources became scarce.

Michael's brother-in-law did not help him, and Hackett, his nephew, was even more infuriating. He was disrespectful and did not take him seriously.

Michael initially intended to suppress Trevon with the land deal so he could get back together with his daughter. However, it backfired miserably.

Trevon did not take the contract on the table. "Mr. Sullivan, do you understand the meaning of a last chance,"

Michael quickly nodded. "Yes, yes. I do."

Trevon toyed with his lighter. The clicking sound made Michael tremble; he burst into a cold sweat.

"Mr. Sullivan, are you feeling hot? Do you want to go outside to cool down?"

"No, no. I've put on too many layers. I'm at your service, Mr. Wilson." Michael stood there trembling with his head lowered.

"I'll only say this once. First of all, I've already fulfilled Henry Blackwell's wishes. Next, I hope you will discipline your daughter. Otherwise, don't blame me for being impolite. The land will be transferred at a price I said. Do you have any objections?" Trevon said calmly but with a threatening undertone.

"No, no. have no objections. I'll tell my daughter to behave when I get back."

Trevon signed the contract after Michael left and handed it to Jim Hawk. "Which are the companies competing with us?" he asked.

Jim thought for a moment and replied, "Landor Group. The others are all small companies. At most, they want a share of the profits. They will definitely withdraw now that we are involved."

Trevon had expected Landor Group to have a go at it.

The group's portfolio was similar to the Wilson Group's over the years. They remained competitive against each other.

Jim paused momentarily and continued, "There's another one, Mr. Wilson. I don't have any information at the moment. Tknow bidder's surname is Turner, and he's not from Athana."

Trevon stopped spinning his lighter abruptly. "He's not from Athana?"

"That's right, but those who want to get involved in this project should be financially compatible with us."

"Check on their background. Ask Frank Roberts to come over if you can't find anything"

"Okay."

"By the way, what's the progress of the matter I told you to investigate?" Trevon asked.

"I have some information. Are we going to tell Mrs. Wilson?" Jim asked.

Trevon thought for a moment and said, "Finish your investigation. Don't reveal it to her yet. Keep your mouth shut and your hands to yourself!"

He had only texted Natalie once or twice. Why did Trevon tell him to keep his hands off her? Jim wondered.

Natalie woke up at noon. She left early for the hospital on her beloved motorbike after lunch.

She had an agenda.

Natalie parked her motorbike and headed to the director's office.

She tightened her grip on her pocket and said, "Chief, I plan to go overseas."

The department director beamed with joy. She was worried that Natalie would turn down the offer.

It was indeed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

"Great. That's a good decision. We, women, have to think more about ourselves. What else is better than having our own career? Come and fill in the form first. This way, your grandfather will rest in peace."

Natalie was about to sign; she looked up and stared at the director for a few seconds. "Do you know my grandfather?" she asked curiously.

The director turned around to pour some water to avoid Natalie's gaze, fearing she might let the secret slip. "I don't know your grandfather. I only found out about him when Sherri complained about you being in a bad mood some time ago. She said that your grandfather had passed away. Hurry up and sign it. What are you waiting for?"

So, that was the reason, Why did she suspect the director might know her grandfather? With this thought, Natalie signed the application form.

The director secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Natalie felt much better after completing her mission for the day. Leaving might be the best choice for her, after all.

It was a good decision; Natalie was glad.

She took out her cell phone and texted Sherri. "I just signed the application to go overseas. I think it's good to leave after the divorce. Maybe my career will take off after my marriage fails. I have to seize this opportunity!"

Natalie put the cell phone back in her pocket.

Meanwhile, Sherri was

as still asleep soundly. She would only wake up around two in the afternoon. She was used to eating breakfast and lunch as one meal and rarely woke up for breakfast all year round.

Juana Landor was in the living room. She glanced at the clock; it was almost two, and her daughter was still in bed. Juana could not stand it anymore. She put aside her snack and switched off the TV before storming up the stairs to knock on Sherri's bedroom door. "Rise and shine, Sherri! The sun will set soon if you don't get up!"

The knocking on the door annoyed Sherri so much that she burrowed into the blanket. Juana kept knocking. "Ahhhhhhh!" Sherri finally got up impatiently. She pulled the blanket closer and scratched her hair into a bird's nest.

She looked like a lunatic in a mental hospital.

Sherri shouted at the door, "Got it. Stop knocking. I'm having a heart attack."

Juana did not see Sherri open the door. She did not give up and shouted, "Get up quickly and go out with me!"

Sherri lost her desire to fight back after her mother's relentless knocks on the door. She got out of bed and opened the door. "Mother, what are you doing so early in the morning? Where do you want to go and play?"

"Play? Pfft, I'm your mother, for crying out loud! It's already afternoon, not early in the morning! Are you sleepwalking? Hurry up! I'm going to see a friend today. Come with me."

Sherri crawled back onto the bed and said weakly, “Mom, let the driver send you there. Or else ask Edward to accompany you. I have to work a long shift tonight. Please spare me! Dear Mom, pretty please! I’m indebted to you forever!”

Juana walked over and slapped her butt. “Get up! I’m the one indebted to you, okay?”

Juana had no intention of letting her daughter off. She pulled Shern up and pushed her into the bathroom. “Put on a pretty dress and not too much makeup. Just some blusher will do. No revealing clothes, please, and wear that white down jacket. Look tidy and not ostentatious. Forget about the smokey eye look, you hear?”

Sherri’s mouth was full of foam while brushing her teeth, and her words were unclear. “Where are you taking me? A beauty pageant or a chastity contest?”

Chastity was definitely not possible. She was no longer a virgin after sleeping with Hackett, the pig.

Juana said with disdain, “Just brush your teeth and hurry up! I’ll give you 30 minutes to get ready. If you’re not done, I’ll tell your brother tonight. Don’t make me angry!”

Sherri continued to brush her teeth; she was speechless. “Can you stop being so wicked? You must have watched too many TV dramas,” she thought angrily.

Did her mother have to be so cruel to her? Sherri could not figure it out.

Giving in to her mother’s relentless nag, Sherri quickly washed up and put on her clothes. It only took her 20 minutes to get ready. Juana continued to watch her TV drama while waiting for Sherri. When she finally saw his daughter descending the stairs, she nodded in satisfaction. Everything looked good except for her unruly mouth. Sherri could still pretend to be a lady if she kept her mouth shut.

“Are you satisfied? Can you tell me where we are going now?” Sherri asked.

“You’ll know when we get there. You are so full of nonsense! When we meet my friend, stop talking rubbish and pay attention to your image. If you embarrass me in public, I’ll make Edward deal with you.” Juana threatened.

“Okay, okay, I get it. Are we leaving or not?”

[Chapter 65](#)

Juana Landor dragged Sherri into Lovers’ Cafe.

Juana said anxiously when she saw her daughter dawdling, “Hurry up and come in. Stop dilly-dallying!”

Sherri quickly texted Natalie while Juana looked for the reserved private room in the cafe. “Don’t worry about your overseas application form, Natalie, Hurry up and save me. If you’re late, my mother will apply for me to leave the house.”

When they arrived at the reserved private room on the second floor and opened the door, Sherri was so shocked she almost went berserk on the spot.

The man inside was also in disbelief, but soon, a playful smile appeared. A half-smile flickered over Hackett Blackwell’s face when he looked at Sherri, who wanted to escape.

He wore a black double-sided overcoat with a beige turtleneck inside; his glasses added a touch of elegance to his looks.

However, Hackett's outfit did not compliment his face at all.

In fact, it was a complete mismatch,

Juana grabbed Sherri's hand and pulled her inside. "Hello, Mrs. Blackwell, I'm really sorry we are late. I was held up in traffic on my way here."

Juana tried to leave a good impression on Joy Blackwell and did not disclose that Sherri slept late.

Juana then forced her daughter to sit on the sofa. Hackett looked at Sherri provocatively from across.

He winked at Sherri. Their mothers were busy chatting and did not notice the undercurrent going on in the room.

Sherri rolled her eyes at him as if she was looking at an idiot.

Joy smiled and said, "So, this is Sherri. She's a pretty girl!"

Juana put on a pretentious smile and said humbly, "Don't praise her. She only cares about working in the hospital all day long. I'm worried about her. So, this is Mr. Blackwell. He's so handsome!"

Sherri realized it was a matchmaking meeting with Hackett. Athana was a large city; how did she end up being matched to this scumbag? Sherri could not figure it out in her head.

What an ill-fated relationship!

Hackett greeted Juana politely, "Hello, Auntie. You can call me Hackett."

Juana was satisfied with Hackett's looks and manners as her potential son-in-law. "This boy is really polite. Mrs. Blackwell, you taught him well. There must be many girls after him!"

Joy Blackwell smiled shyly. "No way. They're all not up to par. I hope he can find a good girl as his wife."

She glanced at Sherri knowingly.

Sherri was speechless. Hackett's mother seemed to have taken a fancy to her. This would not do; she became very anxious.

Sherri would rather die than be married to that scumbag of a man!

If she made do with Hackett, her days would be spent killing monsters and leveling up in real life. She would be busy beating up his mistresses, followed by his illegitimate kids,

Sherri glanced at the pretentious man across from her and was unhappy. She wanted to expose his deeds and make Juana give up on Hackett. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Blackwell. This is our first time meeting; please bear with me." Sherri greeted him politely.

Hackett smiled in return. "Yes, I understand it's your first time. Please bear with me too." He emphasized the phrase "first time" to make a point.

Sherri knew what he meant and ignored him. "Can I ask you a few questions?" said Sherri.

Joy thought Sherri was interested in her son and said, "Sure, sure. Ask him anything. He will surely tell you everything he knows!"

Then she slapped Hackett's thigh discreetly.

Hackett spent most of his time around different women daily, making Joy anxious. A while ago, she bumped into Juana's car when shopping in a mall.

The two started talking about their kids while settling the dispute for compensation. Both agreed to matchmake their kids and arranged for a blind date.

Joy liked Sherri very much when she saw her, hoping Hackett could stop messing around and fall in love, get married, and bear children. She looked forward to becoming a grandmother.

Sherri grinned and started her assault on Hackett. "How many girlfriends have you had, Mr. Blackwell?"

Juana pinched her daughter's thigh under the table, thinking she was too blunt. Hackett's mother was in the room, after all.

"Where are your manners?" Juana thought.

Joy was honest about her son when she discussed the blind date with Juana. Hackett loved to fool around, but she repeatedly guaranteed he was not promiscuous. There were too many women around him, and he refused to settle down with one.

Juana was hesitant at first. She could not accept a man who did not care about the family and fooled around when he was out of the house. However, Juana could not resist Joy's sincerity and decided to meet Hackett. If he was the right man for her daughter, a prodigal son who returned home was worth more than gold.

Sherri rubbed her aching thigh and waited for a good show to start.

Hackett replied seriously, "One."

"Do you believe it yourself?" asked Sherri.

"Yes, of course; I believe it. There's only one. A female companion is not a girlfriend," said Hackett.

He felt that his logic was acceptable.

"Well, in that case, your definition of girlfriend is quite broad. It's wider than the sea!" Sherri commented.

Juana was about to pinch her under the table again, but she dodged.

Sherri took a hit just now and had learned to react at lightning speed.

Hackett smiled and said, "Not so. Do you have any hobbies? Do you like to sing or blow balloons?"

"Fuck you, bastard! Why did you spill the beans? You had crossed the line!" Sherri cursed in silence.

He had promised to move on after giving Natalie the contact details.

What a liar!

Sherri was so angry that she wanted to throw a bowl at Hackett. How dare he pretend to be a gentleman when he was a scumbag in reality? She must have punched and kicked him hundreds of times in her mind to vent her anger.

Juana was overjoyed. "How did you know that Sherri likes to sing and blow balloons? Well, she has liked it since she was young. When she was young..."

Sherri quickly stuffed a pastry into Juana's mouth to stop her from talking. "Mom, I'll share my past with Hackett later. Why don't you go shopping with Auntie Joy? I'll talk to Hackett alone."

Joy grinned from ear to ear. "Okay, okay. You youngsters have a good chat. Mrs. Landor, let's go to the mall. I heard about a new clothing store; let's check it out. Leave the two alone. They'll feel embarrassed if we are around."

"All right, Sure! Leave it to the young people." She patted Sherri's shoulder on her way out. "Pay attention, and don't blab like a fool. Do you hear me?"

Sherri nodded obediently.

Soon the private room door closed behind them.

Seconds later, Sherri shouted at Hackett, "What's wrong with you, Hackett Blackwell? Didn't you promise not to mention what happened between us? You are a liar who doesn't keep your word."

"You're anxious then; I did not lie to you. I asked you politely about your preferences. You're the one who felt guilty and dragged that- matter into it. Isn't it the normal procedure for blind dates? Is this your first blind date?" Hackett said.

"Is this what a blind date is all about? This is the first time I've been dragged on a blind date. My mother tricked me," Sherri thought.

"What's wrong with it being my first time? Is it against the law to go on a first blind date?"

Hackett took off his glasses and leaned against the back of the chair. He tilted his head and looked at her meaningfully. "What a lucky mantam! I've taken both your firsts."

Sherri picked up the tissue pack on the table and threw it at him, Hackett caught it agilely and took a piece of tissue to wipe the frame of his glasses. "Thank you," he said politely.

Sherri continued to look for things around her. She wanted to smash him with a bowl but was afraid he would blackmail her if he was hurt. She picked up the coffee beside her and was about to splash it when the door opened.

In walked Natalie, who witnessed the situation at hand.

Hackett leaned back in his chair leisurely. Sherri was about to pour coffee all over him. Natalie's first impression was Hackett did not intend to dodge. Instead, he was waiting for Sherri's next move.

"What's going on? Does Sherri have no respect for herself?" Natalie thought.

She quickly snatched the coffee from Sherri and scanned the two. "What are you doing?"

She was shocked to see Hackett in the room in the first place. She would never have imagined that Sherri's blind date would be him." Did Juana Landor not surf the Internet? Tidbits about Hackett were monthly trending topics.

What did Sherri do to make her mother disdainfully push her into the fire pit?

Hackett sat up straight when Natalie came in. He put on his glasses and said, "Why are you here, Natalie?"

"I'm afraid that you guys will fight. Are you really on a blind date?" She wanted to ascertain because she found it unrealistic.

Hackett had always admired Natalie. He was as obedient as a kitten before her. "I didn't bully her, Natalie. My mother dragged me here. I didn't know it would be her. Moreover, she threw something at me, but I didn't retaliate," he said defensively.

Then he suddenly changed the topic. "It's almost time for dinner. Why don't I treat you guys to dinner?"

Sherri said angrily, "Do you think I give a damn about dinner now? Who wants to eat with you? I will be so disgusted I'll choke to death,"

Natalie inexplicably felt that the couple was compatible enemies.

Natalie did not want to go against Hackett now that he had tried to make up to Sherri.

"No need, Hackett. Sherri and I will go to the hospital canteen for dinner. Do you guys want to continue?"

"Hell no! Let's go, Natalie. I'm so angry." Sherri picked up her bag and left without saying goodbye.

Hackett did not ask her to stay. He knew that Sherri was furious. "Then I'll treat you to a meal next time, Natalie, Bye."

"Goodbye, and never see you again," Sherri said scornfully.

[Chapter 66](#)

As they arrived back at the hospital, Sherri's voice echoed with relentless frustration as she vented her grievances against Hackett, cursing him angrily and annoyedly.

Natalie winced as Sherri's scathing words rang in her ears. She longed for a respite to soothe her aching ears and knew she had to say something. She suggested, "Sherri, take a break and a sip of water to calm down."

Sherri took a sip of water, but her heart was still unsettled. She wondered how much her mother despised her for arranging a blind date with such a scumbag. It seemed that age had dimmed her mother's vision and her judgment. She knew she had to talk to her mother about this tonight. If her mother dared to, she could quickly destroy Edward.

As the tirade finally subsided, Sherri's mind shifted to more pressing matters. "What did you mean by the message you sent me?" she asked Natalie. "Have you made up your mind about going abroad for two years? Have you thought it through?"

Supporting her cheeks with both hands, Natalie helplessly sighed. Natalie supported her cheeks with both hands and sighed helplessly. "I don't want to miss this opportunity," she admitted. "Besides, the departure date aligns well with my divorce. It would be good for me to spend two years abroad after the finalization of my divorce. While he no longer shows interest in me, it would still be awkward if we were to meet "

Going abroad is still the better choice. After all, it's natural to feel awkward when encountering your ex-spouse, regardless of your history as a married couple. Perhaps that's just how women are-having some lingering emotions.

Sherri pouted in puzzlement, "Is Mr. Wilson blind? Didn't he claim to have no interest in you? He was sober that night, so how did things escalate between you two?"

As she spoke, Sherri continued to wonder, "Taking him directly to the hospital would have been the appropriate course of action, unlike Hackett, who seems to be a dog that thinks with his lower half."

Natalie shook her head as she replied, a hint of confusion evident in her voice. "Honestly, I'm feeling quite lost myself. However, one thing is undeniably clear. His interest in me is non-existent. He harbors feelings for someone else. Last night, he slept with someone else. I noticed lipstick marks on his collar. Furthermore, he even asked me to prepare supper for him, but I declined his request."

Upon hearing this, Sherri agitatedly questioned, "Are you saying he's having an affair? Is he cheating on that woman? How do you know?"

The mention of the supper completely slipped past Sherri's ears.

"Please don't get so worked up. There's nothing to be surprised about. Remember how you mentioned his perpetual disinterest in women? As it turns out, someone has captured his attention all this time. He repeatedly reminded me not to harbor false hopes, making it clear that he held no interest in me. Last night, I couldn't help but notice the telltale lipstick marks on his collar, accompanied by a distinct fragrance of perfume," Natalie responded.

"Damn it! Mr. Wilson, who has an outwardly respectable appearance, has revealed himself to be cut from the same cloth as Hackett. Birds of a feather flock together! The company one keeps can indeed speak volumes about their character," Sherri cursed.

Trevon was not entirely at fault; he lacked interest in Sherri, which was a matter of personal preference.

Natalie playfully retorted to Sherri, "Seems like you've been indulging in many TV dramas lately, with all those poetic lines! But you made a valid point. Speaking of which, are you feeling hungry? My stomach is growling. Taking care of ourselves should always be a priority, right? And as for divorce, it's really not as daunting as it may seem. I can thrive without a man in my life. If I leave, I will leave my car in your garage. I'm worried about leaving it in the Foster's residence."

Sherri frowned at Natalie's words, "Hey, you're going abroad, not departing from this world. You're making it sound like you're leaving a farewell message. It's making me feel uneasy."

In the Wilson Group, a man sat at his desk, wearing a serious and cold expression as he studied the documents before him. An air of tension and uneasiness filled the air around him.

Jim stood at the side, resembling a statue, caught in a moment of indecision. He held his breath, uncertain whether to leave or remain in his current position.

Frank took off his coat and sat down on the sofa. Then, he instructed Jim, "Go get someone to prepare two cups of coffee."

Feeling relieved, Jim turned to Frank and offered a grateful glance, silently expressing his appreciation.

With a soft chuckle, Frank let the sound escape his lips. As soon as Jim exited the office, he leisurely spread his legs apart, propping himself up while holding a cigarette between them. He mused, "So, what's the plan?"

Trevon murmured in a low voice, "A last chance."

Frank understood what he meant and replied, "I will let them go."

Trevon was widely recognized for his unwavering loyalty and deep sense of gratitude. If someone extended a helping hand, he would go above and beyond to repay them threefold. Conversely, if deceived, he would stand firm until the very end. He had no qualms about openly communicating the repercussions of crossing him, making it unmistakably clear.

This was one of the reasons why Frank could be considered a close ally and brother to Trevon.

After some silence, Trevon continued, "Mail the items to Mia."

Frank nodded after pondering, "Alright, make sure you've thought it through."

Trevon replied, "How much did we make from the racing?"

He knew that Frank would win.

"30 million dollars. Alright, I am leaving now," Frank responded as he picked up his coat and left the office.

Frank did not try to persuade him further. He knew that changing Trevon's mind would be challenging due to his strong-willed nature. Matters of the heart were beyond Frank's influence, and his understanding of them was also limited. However, from an outsider's perspective, he could clearly discern the situation. As the saying goes, "Onlookers see more than players," which appears to hold true in the present circumstances..

During the afternoon break, sensational news flooded the internet, capturing everyone's attention.

"Mr. Wilson's Night Out with International Dance Champion at the Grand Manor Hotel, Lasting Over an Hour."

"Theo Wilson, Patriarch of the Wilson Family, Welcomes Granddaughter Mia Blackwell's Return to Athana,"

"Mia Blackwell Suspected to Be Mr. Wilson's Former Girlfriend."

"Mr. Wilson Exits the Grand Manor Hotel with Noticeable Red Stains on His White Shirt."

Trevon and Mia dominated the entire trending news.

At this moment, Mia scrolled through the news on her phone with a satisfied grin. This was precisely the outcome she had hoped for. She intended to leave no doubt in anyone's mind that Mr. Wilson belonged to her.

Since Trevon entered the hotel last night, he had unknowingly been under the watchful eyes of the reporters that Mia had bribed. Even the lipstick mark purposely remained on his collar, a calculated move by Mia to provide the reporters with a suggestive clue, ensuring they would capture the desired moment.

Mia knew engaging Trevon romantically would be no easy task, and initiating a physical relationship with him proved challenging. Not just in the present, but even in the past, he had never made any advances towards her. There were moments when she even questioned whether he had some form of physiological abnormality.

Initially, the reporters were hesitant to take on the assignment. In Athana, who would dare to publish news about Mr. Wilson without proper verification and reliable sources? However, when Mia revealed her connection to the Wilson family and her status as Trevon's fiancée, the reporters' eyes sparked an interest. Despite the lack of concrete evidence, they agreed to pursue the story.

The timing of releasing this news during everyone's lunch break was intentional and aimed at maximizing its reach and impact. The objective was to ensure widespread awareness and generate a significant buzz among the public.

Michael, Mia's father, stormed into the room, visibly agitated. However, realizing his dependence on his daughter for financial support, he quickly composed himself and tried to appease her with a serious and concerned tone. "Mia, how about we take down those online posts? I'm worried that Mr. Wilson might... well..."

Michael immediately suspected that his daughter was behind the news.

Mia was not pleased, and she challenged. "Why should we take it down? Have you signed the contract?"

With a hint of concern, Michael replied, "I've signed it, but Mr. Wilson was not pleased. He also mentioned that this was the last chance. Mia, why don't we consider..."

Michael's fear was palpable, for he knew Trevon's reputation for employing ruthless methods. If Trevon chose to wield his power, it could put the Blackwell family's fortune and their very lives at stake.

Nevertheless, Michael had no choice but to make another attempt at persuading his daughter, desperately hoping to dissuade her from engaging in any further reckless actions.

On the other hand, Mia displayed a calm and bored demeanor as she idly toyed with her freshly manicured nails. She nonchalantly told her father, "Dad, there's no need to worry. He's just bluffing; he wouldn't dare do anything to me. Besides, Grandpa is there to protect me, isn't he?"

Michael anxiously replied, "Mr. Theo Wilson is already laid to rest. He can't rise from the dead to protect you, right?"

How could the dead protect the living who is recklessly endangering themselves?

Michael sighed helplessly, realizing his daughter was unwilling to heed his advice. Taking a deep breath, he mentally prepared himself to leave.

“Delivery!” The doorbell rang.

As Michael opened the door to receive a package, a puzzled expression crossed his face as he glanced at his daughter. He inquired, “Mia, what have you bought this time?”

He handed the package to his daughter rather than opening it on her behalf. Mia took her time, leisurely opening it herself.

As her eyes scanned the information, a brief panic flickered within Mia, but she swiftly regained her composure. After all, what significance did Trevon Wilson hold in her life? It was only natural for him to take notice of her actions.

Besides, he had Frank supporting him!

She looked up smugly and waved the documents, “See, Dad? I told you Mr. Wilson wouldn’t do anything to me. You can rest assured. It’s all just a show for the public.”

As Michael briefly glanced at the documents, he furrowed his brow. “Mia, who is this woman? Why did you target her?” he inquired, his tone filled with curiosity and concern.

Initially, Michael intended to question Mia about her motives, but he quickly realized that his daughter always had a purpose behind her actions. In this case, her focus was on Trevon, leaving him curious about the identity of the woman involved.

Mia replied with a proud and disdainful look, “She is the wife of Trevon’s whirlwind marriage.”

Michael’s eyes widened in shock as he struggled to find the right words to convey his realization. He finally managed to say, “Mr. Wilson is married, and you...this is...you’re...” The words “the other woman” hung unspoken in the air, unable to escape his throat.

Mia maintained her indifferent demeanor, unaffected by her father’s reaction. With a dismissive tone, she retorted, “Are you insinuating that I am ‘the other woman? So what? As long as I can have Trevon, I couldn’t care less. Besides, what is she? She’s al mere decoration for him. Do you honestly believe Mr. Wilson would prefer her? If he did, do you think I remain unscathed while | drugged her? Would he willingly send these documents to me if he loved her? Stop meddling in my affairs and pretending to be righteous. Don’t delude yourself. You’re no different from me. If I succeed, you’ll also reap the benefits.”

Michael set the documents aside, his mind raced with countless thoughts, and he struggled to find the right words to express himself. Years of pursuing personal gain and power had left him increasingly dissatisfied, and he always yearned for more. Yet, deep down, he cherished the bond between him and his daughter. He did not want his daughter to become the other woman, sacrificing her happiness for his selfish gains.

However, Mia, who grew up without a mother’s love, was determined to earn respect from others. She remained resolute in her pursuit and remained unyielding to any advice given to her.

[Chapter 67](#)

After a late night dinner at the Wilson's residence, Theo felt a growing sense of agitation. He attempted to reach Natalie twice, but there was no response. Later, the housekeeper, Gage, discovered that Natalie was on duty that day and probably did not have her phone with her.

He was well aware of Natalie's professional habits when attending to patients. She was known for her serious and responsible nature, and she would refrain from carrying her phone during such times. Instead, she would keep it on silent mode and place it in a drawer.

Theo requested the butler, Gage, to retrieve his antihypertensive medication.

After a while, Gage returned with the medication and a glass of warm water. He was slightly concerned as he spoke, "Mr. Theo. please try not to worry too much. The younger ones have their path and blessings. You need to take care of your health and find some relaxation. The rumors about Mr. Trevon reconciling with Miss Mia may not necessarily be true. Nowadays, journalists have plenty of free time and often stir up controversies for the sake of online traffic and profits. It's best not to believe everything you read easily. If you're genuinely concerned, I suggest contacting Mr. Trevon directly and asking him about the situation."

Mr. Theo Wilson swallowed the medication, took a sip of water, and sighed resignedly. "Ah, that scoundrel will eventually face the consequences of his actions. I suppose I'm worrying over nothing. I am being overly anxious about this while he is being nonchalant."

Gage chuckled softly and responded, "You have a way with metaphors, Mr. Theo. Mr. Trevon values his connections with others, including your sentiments, so he entertains Miss Mia. However, it doesn't necessarily imply romantic feelings on his part."

"This child has a kind heart but lacks emotional perceptiveness," Theo remarked. "If that girl, Natalie, witnesses what's unfolding, it would be best if she divorces him. I won't intervene to suppress this news on social media. Let him become a trending topic, and let Natalie see it for herself. I'm eager to witness him desperately chasing after his wife."

Gage couldn't help but chuckle helplessly, thinking to himself, "Mr. Theo's playful nature is still intact, deliberately trying to provoke Mr. Trevon"

Around 11 o'clock, Natalie rose from her seat and approached the restroom. As she squatted down, she unintentionally overheard two girls' voices in conversation near the sink.

"Have you seen the news? It turns out that Mr. Wilson has a girlfriend. No wonder he has stayed single all these years. He was waiting for his soulmate. How romantic!"

"Yeah, I saw it too. It's trending like crazy. It must be Mr. Wilson's doing. Who else would dare to promote his news like this?"

"I think so too. It's definitely to give Miss Mia some status."

"Ah, I envy Miss Mia. Mr. Theo adopted her, and now she is in a relationship with Mr. Wilson. She has such a different life. It's incredible how people can have such different lives. We are just ordinary people. Why haven't we been taken in as adopted daughters by a prestigious noble family?"

“Let’s finish washing our hands quickly and get back to work. There’s no use daydreaming about things that are beyond our reach. Let’s focus on our jobs and be content with what we have.”

After Natalie listened to the conversation, she could not help but feel a mix of emotions. Being unexpectedly entangled in the gossip surrounding her husband

left her unsure of how to respond. She was at a crossroads, uncertain about navigating this situation and what mindset she should embrace.

Indeed, there was a hidden love affair. The speculations about the lipstick incident that night have now been confirmed.

Back then, Sherri even suspected him of being gay, but it turns out he was perfectly normal regarding his romantic inclinations.

After using the restroom and washing her hands, Natalie reached for a tissue to dry them. As she instinctively reached into her pocket to retrieve her phone, she suddenly realized she had forgotten to bring it along.

“Oh well, nothing is interesting to see anyway,” Natalie silently murmured.

With a determined resolve, Natalie straightened her appearance and took a confident step forward. She remained focused on her work, as earning money through her diligent efforts was a source of fulfillment for her.

A Koenigsegg stopped at the entrance of the grand villa in Adare Manor.

Jim anxiously glanced at the man about to step out of the backseat.

Wilson, there’s an overwhelming surge of news circulating

online about you and Miss Mia. Should we take steps to suppress it?”

A heavy silence enveloped the car, and the interior grew so quiet that breathing became palpable.

After a prolonged silence, the man delicately parted his thin lips and said, “Let it be.”

Thinking he had misheard, Jim stumbled over his words, “L-Let it... let it be?”

He thought, “Mr. Wilson, are you sure about this? Aren’t you afraid that Mrs. Wilson will misunderstand? You’re dancing on the edge

of divorce.”

The man replied coldly and sternly, “Can’t you understand what I am saying anymore? Do you need to go to Southland to learn?”

Jim hastily replied, “I understand.” Meanwhile, a thought crossed his mind, “Apart from using Southland as leverage, what other

cards does he hold?”

As Jim watched the departing figure of Trevon, he shook his head with a hint of helplessness.

Choosing not to return to his room, Trevon deliberately made his way to Natalie's quarters, fully aware that she would not return for the night.

Natalie's room retained its clean and simple appearance with a touch of coldness.

As he gazed at the bed, memories of that night flooded his mind. He recalled how he tightly held her waist, yearning for more, craving more. The woman's eyes were brimming with tears as she begged him, her slender waist delicately nestled in his grasp. It felt soft and fragile like a gentle squeeze could shatter its beauty. It was slim, tender, and carried a captivating allure.

Immersed in the recollection, he found himself unable to let go. Even after it had all ended, he held her waist tightly as he drifted into a peaceful slumber, a sense of fulfillment enveloping him.

This woman's demeanor was genuinely exasperating. Beyond her captivating physical allure, her words and thoughts were distorted. She regarded him merely as a laborer.

The decision of who can share Trevon Wilson's bed rests solely with him.

Back then, Mia could not touch him even when she wanted to hold his hand. So, why can't Natalie understand this?

Reluctantly, Trevon returned to his master bedroom after spending time in Natalie's room.

After breakfast the following day, Natalie skipped showering and only washed her face before crawling into bed. Despite the coral fleece duvet cover, the winter bed lacked warmth and could not comfort her chilled body.

Today, the room felt unusually warm, devoid of any hint of coldness. Natalie did not find the need to snuggle under the blankets and soon succumbed to sleep, her body enveloped in a comforting warmth.

She had always slept well and would drift into a deep slumber once she fell asleep.

Her grandfather had often remarked on the resemblance between Natalie and her mother, and the ability to fall into deep sleep seemed to be a trait passed down from her. Like her mother, Natalie was entirely consumed by it once she entered into slumber. Regardless of any noise or disturbance in her surroundings, she remained undisturbed, peacefully sleeping through it all.

Genetics was quite mysterious and difficult to comprehend or explain fully.

For instance, a child may inherit their mother's facial features while taking after their father in terms of personality. On the other hand, there were cases where a child's appearance and traits bore no resemblance to their parents, leading them to question if the child was adopted.

Natalie stirred from her slumber, her mind still hazy, as the soothing sound of raindrops tapping against the window greeted her at 3

p.m.

Annoyance coursed through her veins as she begrudgingly confronted the rainy day. Winter rain was particularly bothersome, with its knack for drenching her heavy coat. In stark contrast, summer showers would leave her soaked, but a sunlit motorcycle ride would swiftly evaporate every drop.

A short chime sounded, indicating a new text message.

Rubbing her tired eyes, she yawned and sluggishly straightened herself, adjusting the covers. Then, she reached for her phone to check her messages.

Furrowing her brows, she felt a slight pang in her chest as she read the message, even though she knew its content beforehand.

Her eyes swiftly scanned the message, absorbing the composition before her. It revealed a conversation between Trevon Wilson and an unidentified person, with the latter questioning if Trevon could ever be captivated by a cunning woman like herself. Trevon's response was unequivocal: he couldn't envision being involved with someone of her nature unless he was deprived of sight.

She was acutely aware of his lack of interest in her, as he had repeatedly claimed so. However, comprehending his thoughts was one thing, and observing him openly confide in someone else without holding back was an entirely different experience,

This is sufficient evidence of how much he was genuinely annoyed with her.

Such were the complexities of human nature. Just as Natalie was caught up in her thoughts, another text message popped on her screen. It was an unfamiliar number. The identity of this mysterious

woman remained elusive, but one thing was crystal clear. This woman was focused on Trevon and wanted to sow seeds of doubt and misunderstanding to push her away.

The other party had arranged to meet her in a private room on the second floor of the Lovers' Cafe.

A cold snort escaped her lips involuntarily, reflecting her cynicism. This cafe appeared to have a certain allure, serving as a common choice for significant events. Whether it was Sherri's ill-fated blind date or this forthcoming negotiation, both instances seemed to gravitate towards the very same establishment.

She lifted the covers and pulled back the curtains, revealing a view of the rain outside. The sight of the downpour outside only exacerbated her growing irritation. As she glanced out, Natalie wondered if Sherri was awake.

Turning around, Natalie strode towards the bedside and reached for her phone to dial Sherri's number. To her surprise, Sherri picked up promptly. "Hey, if you're up, could you do me a favor and swing by to pick me up?" Natalie requested,

Sherri was delighted by the timely phone call and replied, "Sure, I'll be there immediately. Is it something urgent? Alright, alright."

Hearing Sherri's response, Natalie could not help but wonder, "Is she not awake? Who is she talking to?"

When the call ended, Sherri swiftly shifted her attention to her mother, Juana, and spoke immediately. "Mom," she began, a sense of urgency evident in her voice, "I won't be able to play cards with you today. Natalie is crying about an urgent problem she is facing now. Her grandfather had just passed on, and she is feeling isolated. I can't simply leave her in such distress."

Upon hearing that Natalie was in tears, Juana became concerned, and she could not help but urge Sherri to check on Natalie, "Hurry up. Find out what is going on and help her if she can. If you cannot

handle it, get your brother to help. Offer her some solace and support.”

After Sherri left, Juana continued to murmur, “This child has been through a lot.”

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The heavy rain was accompanied by a subtle touch of snow, resulting in a bone chilling coldness that permeated the atmosphere, penetrating every cell in the body and sending a shiver down the spine.

Growing increasingly impatient as Sherri Landor continued to take an eternity to arrive, Natalie headed upstairs to fetch a cigarette and a lighter.

Perched on the sofa, Natalie delicately cradled a cigarette between her slender fingers, igniting it with the flicker of a lighter. The swirling smoke wistfully concealed the complexity of her emotions. Despite finishing a cigarette, her inner turmoil refused to dissipate. Retrieving another from the box, she lifted it to her lips, poised to light it anew. At that very moment, the blare of Sherri incessantly honking the car horn outside could be heard.

Natalie extinguished the half-smoked cigarette and rose to her feet, making her way toward the door. As she moved, her hand instinctively picked up a conveniently positioned black umbrella before entering Sherri’s Mercedes-Benz passenger side.

The rain poured relentlessly, drenching the seat. Sherri inquired, her voice laced with curiosity, “Please, do tell me, what is the reason behind summoning me to pick you up? And where exactly are we headed in this weather?”

Sherri knew Natalie well enough to know that her friend would not go out of her way to request assistance unless necessary. The fact that Natalie had asked for her to pick her up from Adare Manor, Trevon’s residence, indicated a compelling and crucial reason behind her presence there.

Natalie playfully quipped, “Let’s go to Lovers’ Cafe to meet Trevon’s awful lover.”

Sherri turned around in shock and asked, “What do you mean?”

Observing Sherri’s perplexed expression, it became clear that she did not grasp the underlying meaning of Natalie’s remark. “Don’t zone out. Come on, take me there. Once we arrive, everything will become clear,” Natalie urged.

As Natalie’s words resonated, Sherri slowly met Natalie’s eyes before shifting back to face forward. She ignited the engine, stealing another glance at Natalie before focusing on the road ahead.

Natalie was dumbfounded and wondered, “Is she going for a confrontation?”

This time, Sherri drove relatively quickly while Natalie navigated from the passenger seat.

Following the instructions provided by the unfamiliar individual, Natalia pushed the door open and entered the private room with Sherri trailing closely behind her.

As they entered the private room, their attention was drawn to the presence of a woman with flowing, milk tea-colored curly hair. She exuded an air of elegance, adorned in a limited-edition Chanel suit that accentuated her style. Her white down jacket hung gracefully on the coat rack near the entrance.

With graceful poise, the woman elegantly stirred her coffee. Her nails, meticulously adorned with black sugar caramel tea-inspired nail art, shimmered and glimmered, capturing attention effortlessly. Clearly, she had invested considerable effort into her appearance, perhaps intending to overshadow Natalie.

In contrast to the woman's lavish presence, Natalie's down jacket, valued at a few hundred dollars, appeared relatively modest and inexpensive.

When Sherri entered the room, she was visibly taken aback by the sight of the woman seated within. She exclaimed in surprise, "Mia, what brings you here?"

Maintaining her composed demeanor, Mia responded amusedly, "Miss Landor, I see you're also here. Did Miss Foster bring a protector because you perceive me to be?"

The remark did not sit well with Sherri, and she took a step forward, "You..."

Sensing the need to intervene, Natalie gently placed her hand on Sherri's arm, leaning closer to whisper in her ear. "Sherri, wait for me downstairs. Your presence here might restrict her actions. I want to assess her capabilities," she murmured.

Sherri was hesitant as she was apprehensive about leaving Natalie alone in the presence of Trevon's ex-girlfriend. Uncertain of Natalie's feelings towards Trevon, the unexpected arrival of his former partner stirred unease and discomfort within Sherri.

Noticing Sherri's lingering reluctance, Natalie gently pushed Sherri, urging her friend to leave. Sherri finally relented and stepped

After the door closed, Natalie chose not to order coffee, opting for a simple glass of plain water. She held the glass in her hands,

feeling the warmth radiate through her palms.

Natalie did not immediately acknowledge Mia. She paused before speaking slowly. "May I know how you want to be addressed?"

Mia, displaying a hint of displeasure at Natalie's perceived aloofness, responded with an air of arrogance, "You may address me as Miss Mia."

"Oh, Miss Mia, what is the purpose of our meeting today?" Natalie asked, cutting to the chase.

Mia's faint smile persisted, and she wasted no time. Exuding even more incredible arrogance, she replied in a commanding tone, "Leave Trevon Wilson." As she spoke, Mia placed a check on the corner of the table and pushed it toward Natalie.

Maintaining her calm demeanor, Natalie nodded in agreement while holding the glass of hot water to warm her hands. She picked up the check from the table, her eyes widening with surprise at the substantial amount. However, instead of accepting the offer, she placed the check back down. Natalie then posed a counterquestion with a steady voice, "Miss Mia, while I appreciate your generous offer of 200,000 dollars. But, I must inquire about the basis on which you are now making this demand of me?"

Mia's confidence remained unshaken as she reiterated her earlier statements, "Mr. Wilson's feelings towards you are nonexistent, and even if you were to leave now, you would still be rewarded with

200,000 dollars. It's a rather generous offer. Do not think that a physical relationship with him entitles you to assume Mrs. Wilson's position or allows you to ascend from poverty to wealth. In every aspect, you pale in comparison to him."

Natalie maintained her composure despite Mia's assertions, and a brief scene played out in her mind. She took another sip of water, the warmth soothing her hands, before responding with a calm yet probing tone, "Hmm, you speak as if you are the sole person deserving of his affections. I'm curious to know what gave you the confidence to think that every aspect of yourself is deeply ingrained in Trevon Wilson's heart?"

Visibly taken aback by Natalie's sharp retort and refusal to be swayed, Mia found herself at a loss for words. Frustration twisted her facial expression, and she stammered, "You..."

Natalie swiftly interjected, confronting Mia head-on. Her voice conveyed indignation, "First and foremost, who are you? You're making such demands without even figuring out your own identity. What gives you the right to speak when you have not even figured out who you are to Trevon? Let me help you: Are you an ex-girlfriend, a casual fling, or a mistress? Which category do you believe you fall into?" Without waiting for a response, Natalie continued, her tone laced with sarcasm, "Secondly, it appears that you may be lacking a few brain cells. If I were clinging onto Trevon Wilson, who possesses substantial wealth, do you truly believe I would be interested in your paltry check? Do you possess some misguided notion of Trevon Wilson's worth?"

Mia, perceiving Natalie as nothing more than a bold and outspoken woman, grew increasingly frustrated. She clenched the check tightly and fixed a piercing gaze upon Natalie. "So it appears that your true motive is simply money, isn't it?" she retorted, her tone laced with disbelief and disdain.

Observing Mia's evident anger, Natalie could not help but feel a sense of satisfaction, prompting her to press on. "Isn't that the case?" she asked rhetorically, a hint of amusement in her voice. "You're cunningly attempting to make me leave Trevon Wilson, all in the name of true love, or so you claim. But do you even believe that yourself? You had the audacity to arrange this meeting with me today, indicating that you must have dug into the true nature of my relationship with Trevon. Well, let me remind you, based on our legal status, regardless of who you may be, you're nothing more than a mistress. Do you understand that? It's bad enough being the third party, but to proudly announce it to the world? How utterly despicable! Do your parents know what you're doing?"

Mia's attempt to engage in a battle of wits with Natalie proved futile, leaving her visibly frustrated and causing her words to stumble. "You... You're just a crude woman from the streets. Don't assume you're the only one who has had a relationship with Mr. Wilson. I have also been intimate with him!" she exclaimed.

Fueled by her desire to argue, Natalie fired back, "So what? Are

you attempting to assert yourself as the esteemed high-society mistress? Do you take pride in counting the number of times you've slept with Trevon Wilson? Is being a mistress considered a prestigious status now? By the way, are you insinuating that you slept with him the same day you purchased contraceptives from the pharmacy?"

Vice, "Yes, it was

on that day,”

Caught off guard by Natalie’s verbal attack, Mia responded with a it

Natalie burst into laughter, mocking Mia with a hint of sarcasm. “Oh, Miss Mia, you overestimated Trevon’s physical prowess. Believe me, after sex with me in the morning. He can miss his target while peeing. So, do you think his ‘equipment’ is made of cement or reinforced steel? It wouldn’t last the entire night without collapsing. Before you go around spreading lies, maybe you should use your brain. Save these fantasies for when I’m divorced, will you? I no longer have the time or energy to argue with you.” Her words dripped with a sense of dismissal, indicating she had no interest in prolonging the conversation.

As Natalie approached the door, she paused momentarily, turning back to face Mia one last time. She said, “Oh, and one more thing- In the future, please refrain from contacting me with these trivial matters. I have a busy life and won’t waste my time arguing with

you any further. Goodbye.”

With that, Natalie left without giving Mia a chance to speak. Consumed by a seething rage, Mia swept everything off the table, sending the items crashing to the floor in a chaotic symphony of destruction.

Mia had intended to persuade Natalie to abandon Trevon so that she could secure her status as Mrs. Wilson. However, she was. caught off guard by Natalie’s unstable mental state. Mia thought, “This woman lacked any semblance of a filter, freely spouting nonsensical and audacious remarks that defied reason. She even claimed that Mr. Wilson could not do it.”

As Natalie walked out the door, she noticed Sherri laughing uncontrollably, unable to compose herself. It was evident that Sherri had. been eavesdropping on the conversation.

Rugging Sherri’s wrist in disdain, Natalie said, “Let’s go! Do you still think there’s a show to watch?”

Sherri, who failed to contain her amusement, burst into laughter,

“Sherri, don’t you care about your reputation? Do you want to be seen as a lunatic? Be mindful of your ladylike image,” Natalie remarked.

Unable to contain her amusement, Sherri doubled over in laughter, placing her hands on her hips. “And here you were lecturing about being a lady, but look at how you were just now...”

Not wanting to be a spectacle, Natalie turned and walked away alone.

“Wait for me. I will stop laughing, alright? You’re too adorable. I can’t believe you said Trevon has poor stamina and would collapse. Tell me, how did you become so talented with words?” Sherri laughed.

Natalie didn’t want to dwell on the topic and nudged Sherri Landor. “Hurry up and drive; I’ll treat you to pizza.”

Hearing that, Sherri rushed to the car.

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The private room was a complete mess, with everything that could be smashed now lying in ruins,

Refusing to be defeated, Mia retrieved her phone and swiftly dialed Natalie's number. With a mischievous glint, she could not resist yelling. "Aren't you curious to know who was behind the incident where you were drugged at the Foster family?"

There was silence on the other end, indicating that Natalie was listening. Mia felt a sense of triumph and continued to provoke her, "It was me. Aren't you surprised? Do you want to know if Mr. Wilson is aware of it? Well, let me tell you, not only does he know, but he even had someone send me the information to keep it safe. You see, he didn't want you to find out. Why do you think you have the right to compete with me? Just because you think you're Mr. Wilson's woman? Would he allow me to drug you if he truly liked you?"

With her objective achieved, Mia felt great satisfaction, and her mood significantly lifted.

As the call ended, Natalie's complexion turned ashen, a wave of unease washing over her. Her chest tightened, making it difficult to draw a steady breath. Tears threatened to spill from her eyes, and she fought to hold them back.

Sensing Natalie's distress, Sherri swiftly located a nearby parking spot and unfastened her seatbelt. Leaning closer, she looked at Natalie with genuine concern and asked, "Natalie, what happened? Who was on the phone?"

Sherri pondered, "Natalie is a strong woman. Besides Mr. Foster's passing, no one had made Natalie lose her cool like this. She is clearly trying her best to suppress her emotions!"

After a moment of silence, Natalie turned her head and looked at Sherri with her bloodshot eyes as she asked, "Sherri... do you know who is responsible for drugging us at the Foster family?"

Sherri shook her head; she genuinely did not know. It would have caused a major rift if she had known, especially considering her

involvement with Hackett Blackwell.

In a trembling voice, Natalie whispered, "It was Mia Blackwell"

"That woman is utterly despicable! Is she completely unhinged? I am going to find her," Sherri exclaimed as fury surged through her veins. She unlocked the car, readying herself to step out, but Natalie swiftly grasped her arm, preventing her from leaving.

In a muted voice, Natalie pleaded, "Don't go. Trevon Wilson is determined to protect her. What could you possibly do to her?"

Sherri rose her voice, "What? Trevon Wilson not only knows about it but is actively protecting her. This is unacceptable! I don't care if he's Mr. Wilson or Mr. Theo. We cannot simply let this go. We must hold that woman accountable. Natalie, you wouldn't let her escape unscathed, will you?"

Sherri never viewed her best friend as someone who would back down in the face of bullies. Throughout their lives, she recognized Natalie as a person who would never hesitate to seek retribution for any wrongdoing inflicted upon her.

Natalie gathered her composure, carefully navigating her delicate emotions. She shifted her gaze to the tranquil scenery outside, drawing solace from its calming presence. Returning to Sherri, she asked, "Does Mia happen to be Trevon's love interest?"

Instead of offering an immediate response to Natalie's question, Sherri countered with her own.

Sensing Natalie's somber mood, Sherri observed that it was particularly pronounced that day. She responded, "I can't say whether Mia is considered a romantic interest, but... she happens to be Mr. Wilson's ex-girlfriend."

Natalie nodded understanding and pondered, "No wonder he's fiercely protective of her. That explains how she accessed Trevon's phone and effortlessly examined the chat history. It also clarifies how she could send me a screenshot of my message!"

At this moment, the weight of heartache settled upon Natalie. The realization pierced through her as she comprehended the depth of the betrayal. Her supposedly devoted husband had been aware of his ex-girlfriend's role in the drugging incident, yet he willingly relinquished the evidence into her hands.

Natalie contemplated, "What is there for him to fear? Is he concerned that I will bully his precious darling? How devoted is he!"

Sherri looked at her dejected friend and asked carefully, "Natalie, are you... in love with Mr. Wilson?"

That seemed to be the sole explanation that Sherri could fathom for her friend's deep distress. Otherwise, why would Natalie be so upset by Trevon's betrayal? Natalie would not have reacted if she were not concerned about Trevon's relationship with another woman. She might have stated, "It's none of my business."

In matters of love, it is often said that the one who falls first is the one who suffers the loss.

Natalie knew that she had lost her cool. However, the profound sense of heartbreak and distress was inevitable as this marriage had been chosen for her by her grandfather.

She felt like a complete failure. Despite mentally bracing for an amicable divorce, she never anticipated the profound devastation coursing through her veins. It seemed as though her husband, in collaboration with his mistress, had orchestrated a cruel conspiracy against her. It felt surreal as if her life had been transplanted into a dramatic television series unfolding before her bewildered eyes.

Natalie went over everything in her mind with a wry smile and mused, "How absurd. I never anticipated developing any feelings for him. Perhaps it's because I lack much experience with men."

Noticing Sherri's surprise, Natalie continued with her self-deprecation. "Don't give me that look. Please, don't worry. I'm perfectly fine," she assured, masking any hint of vulnerability. "I haven't fallen in love with him. At most, it's just a fleeting fondness. Now that I see things clearly, I can cut my losses in time. I'm not at a complete loss. The only aspect that troubles me is that my grandfather arranged this marriage. He had only wanted me to find happiness, but it seems this union is shaping up to be an even greater disappointment than my mother's. I can only apologize to my grandfather for failing to live up to his well-intentioned efforts."

Sherri, overcome with empathy for her dearest friend, felt her eyes welling up with tears. Unsure of how to offer solace, she leaned in and enveloped Natalie in a heartfelt embrace and sincerely consoled, "It's alright. Our lives don't have to revolve around men. I am here with you, and we should never settle for any scumbag. Natalie, you deserve someone far better. Your world will be imbued with beauty once you distance yourself from these toxic relationships. In just over a month, you will blossom into a radiant flower once more, and the men who truly appreciate you will go to extraordinary lengths for you, even if it means circling the entire city of Athana."

Natalie laughed lightheartedly at the flattering words, playfully patting Sherri on the shoulder. Stepping out of Sherri's embrace, she teased, "What's gotten into you? Do you think I'm some beauty wandering around Athana in endless circles? Why not claim I've circled the entire Earth while you're at it? Besides, aren't you the one getting married? If you decide to become a nun because of me, I can already picture your mother hunting me down in the dead of night!"

Sherri playfully scratched her head, a warm smile gracing her face, "Isn't that just stating the obvious truth? If you truly decide not to marry, I'll be right by your side. I'll stand by my best friend no matter what, even if it means putting my life on the line."

"Let's go for pizza!" Natalie laughed.

Sherri glanced at her best friend and, seeing that Natalie's emotions had calmed down, she started to move forward.

Sherri was not surprised that her best friend, Natalie, had developed feelings for Trevon. It was hardly surprising, considering his handsome appearance and well-built physique aligned perfectly with a woman's aesthetic. This allure proved irresistible for Natalie, who had not been exposed to many men before. Moreover, the significant amount of time they spent together day after day only deepened and intensified those feelings.

The length of time spent together does not necessarily determine the development of feelings. Some individuals can spend years together without forming any emotional connection, while others can instantly and profoundly bond from their first encounter.

Love and emotions cannot be quantified by time or constrained to a linear progression. They are deeply personal and subjective, transcending rigid timelines or predetermined sequences. Guided by the desires and inclinations of the heart, they are often ignited by a profound sense of connection and attraction between individuals,

Although Sherri had not been in any romantic relationship, she had watched numerous TV dramas that depicted various types of love, and she had learned many lessons from these shows.

Furthermore, Trevon played a significant role in Natalie's life. He had been involved in moments of intimacy, including assisting Natalie with changing clothes and sharing meals, and recently, they even engaged in a physical relationship. The first time is important for a woman, and Mr. Wilson can be regarded as Natalie's first intimate partner.

"Oh, he is not a good person," Sherri quietly sighed while carefully analyzing the reasons for Natalie's attraction to Trevon.

At this moment, the unsuspecting man sat in his chair, scrolling through his phone.

He thought to himself, “No messages all morning. By now, this woman should be awake. Hasn’t she seen the news?”

Opening the chat interface, he discovered it still displayed the last received payment information.

Revealing a glimmer of coldness, the man’s deep pupils shifted towards Jim, who sat across from him. He inquired, “Is the news still trending?”

“Are you referring to the trending topics about you and Miss Mia? Yes, they’re still trending. Do you want them taken down?” Jim

carefully asked.

After a minute had passed, Trevon cleared his throat and posed the question, “Has she sent you any messages?”

A little confused, Jim clarified, “Who?”

Trevon chose not to dignify the foolish question with a response. Instead, he cast a disdainful glance, leaving the other person to interpret it for themselves.

Fortunately, Jim was not oblivious and swiftly grasped the underlying significance of the look. “Ah, you’re referring to Mrs. Wilson? Let me check,” he promptly offered.

Muttering to himself, he unlocked his phone to check. “No, she hasn’t. Mrs. Wilson didn’t send me any messages today,” he confirmed.

The man’s face darkened, and he cast an unfriendly gaze upon Jim. “Do you frequently exchange messages with her?” he inquired.

Jim quickly replied, “No, absolutely not. How could that be? I always seek your approval before responding to Mrs. Wilson.”

With a softened tone, the man instructed, “Alright, you may leave.”

Jim Hawk pondered silently, “So Mr. Wilson is waiting for a message from Mrs. Wilson? He’s quite stubborn. Why doesn’t he take the initiative and message her himself? Does it always have to be Mrs. Wilson initiating the conversation?”

As Jim was about to depart, the man interjected, “Remove the trending topics. Clear them entirely.”

“Okay,” Jim replied. However, this time he intentionally delayed action, purposefully taking half an hour to remove the news

[Chapter 70](#)

The pouring rain outside, accompanied by its chilling presence, created a stark contrast with the cozy warmth emanating from the private dining rooms of Thriving Pizza Hub.

For today's meal, the two ladies deviated from their usual spot in the corner of the main dining area and opted for a private room. The decision was prompted by the freezing weather, which had filled up all the available seating in the main dining area.

While relishing her meal, Sherri tried to divert her best friend's attention, remarking, "Winter and pizza make the perfect combination. The chilly season calls for steaming hot dishes. Once we indulge in this feast, I'll be blissful for the entire week."

To console herself, Natalie decided not to dwell on that particular issue. She chuckled and remarked, "Besides eating, you're all about designer brands."

Sherri was relieved by her best friend's playful teasing as it signified that Natalie's mood had improved. With a cheerful tone, Sherri replied, "Absolutely! While food and fashion hold significance, welcoming a new life into the world is also a momentous event for me. Embracing a little life brings me immense joy."

After a brief interval, a waiter wheeled in a rack overflowing with many ingredients. Natalie could not help but be awestruck and exclaimed, "Sherri, did you just order every ingredient available in the restaurant? Are you certain... you can finish all of that?"

She gazed at Sherri with an incredulous expression.

Sherri beamed and exclaimed, "We will turn grief and anger into appetite. Since you'll be going abroad next year, we should make the most of every chance to relish good food. Let's savor our meals to the fullest while we still can!"

Natalie pondered quietly, "Am I not coming back?"

Shaking her head, she dismissed the thought and enjoyed her meal.

Sherri's eyes sparkled with delight upon seeing the wide selection of food. She turned to Natalie, who was cooking the ingredients, and suggested, "Let's order some beef strips, cheese cakes, beef, shrimps, omelet rolls, and some fish. We should also add mushroom and spinach. Oh, it seems we forgot to order drinks. Natalie, what would you like to drink?"

Considering the quantity of food being ordered, Natalie expressed her apprehension, saying, "I'm fine with anything. Order what you like. Just remember, you'll have to finish everything you've ordered."

They had already ordered a little of everything, so there was no turning back,

"Don't worry, I haven't even eaten breakfast yet, I will finish it, so don't be so stingy." Sherri reassured confidently.

"Am I being stingy? I'm just concerned about avoiding food waste. Wasting food is indeed regrettable, you know. Should I enlighten you about the importance of appreciating agricultural products?" Natalie questioned playfully.

"Forget about that. It would be best if you tried this beef roll. It's delicious and especially tender," Sherri said as she placed a piece into her friend's bowl.

Sherri suggested, "How about we order some beer and have a little toast?"

Upon hearing the suggestion, Natalie was nearly choked by the spiciness of the food, causing her to cough. She quickly responded, "How about some yogurt or a non-alcoholic beverage instead? Just think about Edward. It might be best to refrain from drinking for

now."

When Edward Landor crossed Sherri's mind, she swiftly abandoned the previous suggestion. "Well, forget it then. Let's have some grapefruit juice instead," she proposed.

As such, the pair ordered four bottles of juice.

This decision set well with Natalie as she was not picky.

Hallway through the meal, Sherri felt full and could not eat anymore. However, a sense of embarrassment crept over her as she noticed half of the ingredients remained on the rack.

She had overestimated herself

Natalie glanced up and noticed Sherri's flushed face and rosy cheeks due to the warmth from the hot soup. Unable to contain her amusement, she chuckled at her friend's contented demeanor and the occasional hint of a burp

Unable to contain her amusement, Natalie burst into laughter. "Look at this! I told you we couldn't finish everything, but you insisted

on ordering more. What do we do now?" she exclaimed between laughs.

Gazing at the half-eaten ingredients remaining on the rack, a headache began to take hold.

Disappointment washed over the ladies as they could not help but feel a sense of self-reproach for their reckless decision.

Sherri's mind swiftly conjured up an idea, and she suggested with a smile, "How about... we call Edward to join us and help us finish the remaining food? I'll make sure to finish the broth."

"If you want to call him, go ahead and do it. I won't be the one to make the call. We've already eaten quite a lot of the food," Natalie responded, feeling a hint of embarrassment about the suggestion,

Determined not to let the remaining ingredients go to waste, Sherri made a firm decision. "I'll do it. We've already ordered and tasted every dish and cannot return it," she declared with determination,

Natalie thought to herself, "You only realize this now?"

Sherri opened her contacts and dialed a number. "Hey, Edward. Where are you? Feeling hungry? Natalie and I are having pizza, Would you like to join us?" she asked.

"Great, we'll be waiting for you," Sherri responded.

While waiting, Natalie suggested getting another pie, but Sherri declined, citing it would be a waste of money.

At this moment, Edward had just concluded a meeting with a client and was preparing to return to the company.

Turning to Kyle, who stood before him, he suggested, "Let's head over to the Thriving Pizza Hub."

Seated in the driver's seat, Kyle could not help but express his concern. "Mr. Landor, there's a meeting in 30 minutes that you need to chair," he reminded.

"Let's postpone it until tomorrow morning. Everyone has been working hard these past few days, so no overtime today," Edward instructed.

Having worked alongside Edward for numerous years, Kyle could not help but notice that it was the first time he witnessed his boss prioritizing personal matters over the business.

Kyle pondered, "Why pizza? What's going on?"

Despite having numerous questions, Kyle opened the navigation, started the car, and headed toward the pizza restaurant.

Sherri forwarded the details of the private room to Edward.

Eagerly anticipating Edward's arrival, Sherri began calculating his estimated time and ordered dishes she knew he enjoyed.

Once again, Natalie suggested, "Sherri, why don't we change the broth?"

"Don't worry, my brother doesn't care"

About 15 minutes later, Kyle parked the car in front of the restaurant and turned to him. "Mr. Landor, there are a lot of cars here. I'll go find a parking space."

"He would not mind. Let's keep it as it is," Sherri replied.

"Alright," Natalie responded.

Kyle Jenkins and Edward Landor had developed a strong bond over the years, forging a friendship beyond their professional roles. As Edward recruited Kyle from another company at a considerable expense, and their names shared similarities, some individuals speculated that Edward had orchestrated the move deliberately. Furthermore, the fact that Trevon and Edward drove Maybach cars, along with their assistants having similar names, gave the impression of rivalry.

This intensifies the perception of a formidable rivalry and intense competition between the two individuals.

Edward stepped out of the car and adjusted his coat and scarf, attempting to shield himself from the biting cold. However, the chilly wind managed to get through, sending shivers down his spine.

As he opened the door to the private room, his eyes immediately focused on the woman wearing the blue sweater. Her hair was haphazardly gathered into a bun, presumably for convenience while eating.

“Edward, you’re here so quickly!” Sherri exclaimed with delight. “I’ve already ordered your favorite dishes for you. It must be chilly outside, I made sure everything is arranged to your liking, including the sauces,” she informed him warmly.

Edward sat beside Sherri, hoping to discern something from her. With a hint of suspicion, he asked, “You haven’t done anything to betray me, have you?”

Natalie, feeling a sense of discomfort from Sherri’s excessive flattery and eagerness, interjected, “Edward, we’ve already had some of the food earlier. Should we order a fresh pot of broth?”

Edward glanced at the pot, a smile playing on his lips. “That’s alright. Do we have something to drink?” he inquired.

Natalie reached for the juice bottle from the rack of food ingredients and asked, “Edward, would you like some of this?”

Edward gracefully extended his slender hand and accepted the drink. “Thank you. Are you full?” he asked,

Sherri cleared her throat and admitted, “Well, honestly, I’m feeling quite full.” She lowered her head slightly, a hint of guilt creeping into her expression,

Natalie, too, felt a tinge of embarrassment. They had already consumed a substantial amount of food, and she realized she should have intervened earlier, “I have a little more with you,” she said, determined to share the responsibility.

Edward took her utensils and said, “If you’re full, don’t force yourself. You don’t have to eat anymore. Please give it to me. My assistant will be joining us soon.”

Sherri nodded and replied, “In that case, I’ll order some additional dishes. These would not be enough for the both of you!”

“Okay, go ahead,” he answered.

With those words, Edward picked up a plate and sat beside Natalie. “My assistant is a bit shy and not very talkative. You may not know him. Why don’t we have him sit with Sherri?” he suggested.

Natalie, being easygoing, did not see any issue with the suggestion. “Sure,” she replied with a friendly smile.

Natalie busied herself with tidying up the items on her table. She carefully cleaned them with a napkin and neatly stacked the unnecessary plates on the rack.

“Edward, would you like me to get you a different beverage? This one is a bit tangy, but it may not suit your preference,” Natalie asked.

“It’s alright, and it’s nice to try something you girls enjoy occasionally. How is your overseas visa application coming along?” Edward asked.

“I have already signed, and I’m ready to give it a shot. I believe this is a rare opportunity, and I don’t want to miss out on it,” Natalie replied.

Edward Landor snapped back to reality. “Well, that’s great. All the best,” he said.

With a bright smile, Natalie replied, “Thank you.”