

The Tide 71

[Chapter 71](#)

Five minutes later, as Sherri was heading towards the entrance, she coincidentally bumped into Kyle, who was about to enter the room

"Miss Landor, Kyle greeted politely

Sherri was well-acquainted with Kyle, Edward's assistant. He was frequently seen at various events, and Edward often brought him home. In recent years, Kyle had also been accompanying Edward on overseas trips.

"Kyle, long time no see. You've grown taller, Sherri welcomed.

Kyle responded with a serious tone, "Miss Landor, I have already undergone puberty, so there won't be any further growth"

"Ah, is that so? I thought men would have a second growth spurt like women. But I forgot that men can't experience the miracle of childbirth Sherri laughed.

Kyle remained silent, unable to come up with a response to Sherri's remark.

Sherri entered the room, her laughter still lingering, and pushed open the door. "Edward, I've ordered a lot of food for you to enjoy. Huh! Why are you sitting next to Natalie now?" she exclaimed.

Edward gestured to Kyle and said, "Kyle, have a seat."

As Kyle approached his seat, he glanced at the pizza, his gaze filled with mixed emotions. He thought, "Is Mr. Landor postponing the meeting to join these ladies and indulge in their leftovers? He seems to be thoroughly enjoying himself!"

Noticing Kyle's fixed gaze on the pizza, Natalie became aware of his discomfort. Without uttering a word, she swiftly stood up and exited the room.

Edward stopped eating and quickly grasped the situation, and a subtle smile formed on his lips, hinting at his understanding.

Observing his boss's redirected gaze toward the doorway, Kyle seemed to have comprehended the situation and gleaned some understanding from it.

Shortly after, Natalie entered the room accompanied by two servers. One of the servers carried a steaming fresh pot base while the other swiftly replaced the old one on the table

Edward observed the situation but did not intervene, understanding Natalie's intention,

The door remained open as two servers needed to move in and out to replace the pot of soup base. Sherri and Kyle instinctively moved to the corner, creating more space for their movement.

However, unbeknownst to them, Mia and her close friend happened to be passing by and caught a glimpse of the scene through the partially open door. In that brief moment, they managed to capture a photo.

With a mischievous grin, Mia could not resist the temptation. She swiftly edited the photo, adding provocative captions that insinuated a scandalous relationship before sending the manipulated image to the same group of journalists as before. Afterward, she casually returned her phone to her bag, satisfied with her devious act.

Curiosity piqued, Mia's friend could not help but ask, "Who is that woman? Why is she dining with Mr. Landor? Do you think she's his girlfriend?"

Mia calmly replied, "I'm not sure. Maybe she is. I sent a photo to check"

Of course, Mia had sent the photo to Trevon. It was known within industry circles that Trevon and Mia had a history together.

However, due to the influence of the Wilson family, people were hesitant to discuss it openly. Nonetheless, some believed Mia was the central figure in this situation and were eager to gain her favor.

Mia's friend smiled warmly and affectionately held her hand, expressing admiration, "Mia, your relationship with Mr. Wilson is remarkable. Unlike us, who can only dream of meeting him in person, I envy your bond. You both are incredibly talented and make a beautiful couple."

Mia blushed, her cheeks turning a shade of pink, and she gently tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "Oh, it's not like that. He's incredibly busy with work, but he treats me well. If you're interested in meeting him, I can certainly ask him about his availability and introduce you."

The two girls' faces lit up with excitement and gratitude, and Mia's friend expressed, "Oh, Mia, you're so kind! If manages to collaborate with the Wilson Group in the future, I will always remember and appreciate your help.

my family

Then, the group entered the private room with excitement and anticipation.

Mia received a message on her phone from the reporter. It said, "Miss Mia, I can't take on this assignment. After that trending topic incident last time, my boss scolded me, and I got my salary deducted for a month. I can't cover entertainment news anymore. I'm stuck doing odd jobs in the office. Please find someone else for this."

Upon reading the message, Mia could not help but feel a deep disdain towards the reporter, considering their inability to

handle the assignment utterly useless.

Without wasting a moment, Mia swiftly forwarded the photo directly to Trevon.

She did not believe that someone as prominent as Trevon would allow himself to be overshadowed by such a cheating scandal

After sending the message, she felt a sense of relief coursing through her body.

Unaware of being photographed, Natalie conversed pleasantly with Edward, discussing her plans to study abroad. Edward attentively advised her on various matters to consider when going abroad.

Sherri could not help but interject, 'Edward, you're quite the chatterbox. Natalie might be feeling overwhelmed with all your advice She still has over a month before she goes abroad'

Natalie quickly clarified, "No, Edward, I appreciate your advice, and I'm taking it all in. I'll contact you if I have any further questions or concerns."

Without diverting his attention from Natalie, Edward continued, "Hmmm, the training center for your study abroad program is actually located in Sapphire City, which is in Azureland. It's a country renowned for its advanced medical facilities. You'll undoubtedly benefit greatly from studying there."

Sitting across from them. Kyle finally grasped the situation. He pondered to himself, "So, the reason Mr. Landor had me conduct an extensive investigation on potential talent a few days ago was for Miss Foster. He emphasized the need for thoroughness as if he wanted to know every detail about her training and background"

He had pulled two consecutive all-nighters, tirelessly digging for every bit of information on the owner of the training school. However, despite his efforts, he could only gather surface-level details and nothing more substantial.

Laughter and joy resonated throughout the private room, with Sherri's infectious laughter ringing the loudest.

Two hours later, Edward rose from his seat and assisted Natalie in putting on her coat. "Make sure to layer up before stepping outside The temperature difference between indoors and outdoors can be luge, he advised.

"Thank you," Natalie replied

Sherri could not help but blurt out. "Edward, you're such a thoughtful person. It would be great if you and Natalie were together"

The atmosphere in the private room suddenly became tense as everyone felt the weight of unspoken truths hanging in the air Some things are better left unsaid, even though everyone silently acknowledged them.

It was undeniable that in ordinary circumstances, such comments might not have caused much concern. However, with an outsider present, there was a potential risk of things becoming awkward and uncomfortable for everyone involved. Natalie, sensing the awkward atmosphere, playfully scolded her friend in an attempt to lighten the mood. "What are you thinking Edward is like a brother to me You're jeopardizing your position as my best friend, you know!"

Sherri playfully retorted. Hmph, if you dare, you should ask my mom to be your godmother!"

Sherri's mother is not someone that just anyone can handle. It takes a certain level of skill to deal with her. One must have a thick skin and a stable mindset, otherwise, one would be constantly overwhelmed.

Natalie found Mrs Landor to be friendly and welcoming, although her persistent nagging can be overwhelming "Auntie is quite nice, but I don't necessarily have to address her as godmother," Natalie retorted.

Upon hearing this, Sherri laughed. "Haha, you see, you're afraid to do it."

"Sherri. that's enough," Edward sternly warned.

Afraid of getting into trouble, Sherri quickly pulled Natalie and rushed out of the private room. "Edward, I'll take Natalie home. Goodbye!"

Then, they swiftly disappeared from sight.

Edward's eyes, dark and intense, remained fixed on the receding figures of the two individuals. He remained silent, motionless, lost in his thoughts for a moment.

"Do you like her? Kyle asked bluntly.

Edward did not hide his emotions and replied, "She is still young. Let's not scare her or bring it up in front of her."

Kyle reminded him, "Don't let the opportunity slip away."

"I won't"

Sherri, who had made a quick getaway, sat in the driver's seat, still trembling with fear. She placed her hand on her chest and murmured. "That was too close. The look on my brother's face. I thought he was about to unleash his wrath upon me."

"You need to learn to control your words. Making jokes about everything, how can you expect Edward not to be angry? Besides, there were other people around as well," Natalie scolded

Sherri let out a long breath, relieved that she had narrowly escaped. "I think my brother probably has a girlfriend abroad. Is it necessary for him to get so angry over a simple joke? I'll ask about his future sister-in-law when he's in a better mood. another day," she mused.

After speaking, Sherri turned to Natalie and asked, "Where to? Are we going back to Adare Manor?"

Natalie stretched her arms as she let out a big yawn. The rain had finally subsided, leaving behind a gloomy atmosphere. It seemed that rainy weather naturally had a way of affecting people's moods.

A few seconds later, she turned to Sherri and said, 'I'm considering moving out.'

Sherri sighed again for her best friend and expressed her concern, saying, "It's good that you want to move out. So, where are you planning to move? Are you thinking of moving to the Foster's residence, or are you considering renting a place?"

After considering it, Natalie furrowed her brows slightly and explained, "I'm planning to rent a small apartment near the hospital for the remaining month. I don't have enough cash to buy a house, and besides. I'll be going abroad after the New Year. Owning a house would not be wise."

Sherri understood that Natalie had not wholly recovered from the loss of her grandfather, Mr. Foster. Otherwise, she would not avoid returning to the family estate and instead choose to rent a place. She had not touched a penny of the inheritance left by Mr. Foster, not even after Trevon's request for compensation, which had been the only time she considered using the

money.

At this moment, Natalie preferred to rent a place rather than use the money given to her by Mr. Foster to buy a house.

It seems that Natalie wants to preserve the memory of Mr. Foster by avoiding using the money he left for her, as it may make her feel as though he has indeed departed.

Sherri's mind sparked with an idea, and she suddenly suggested, "How about staying at Edward's house for a month? He's definitely not going to move out anytime soon, and my mother would never allow it."

Sherri's mother, Juana, had always been doting on her brother, Edward. It seemed that Edward was becoming increasingly dependent on her, and Sherri couldn't help but suspect that Juana would even go to the bathroom on behalf of Edward if it were possible.

Natalie politely declined Sherri's suggestion and proposed, "No, let's check out some rental properties tomorrow after work. I will check out some online postings tonight."

Memories of the incident where Trevon confronted her on the balcony resurfaced in Natalie's mind. She vividly recalled his warning and realized the potential risks of using her grandfather's influence. Given Trevon's unpredictable nature, she did not want to jeopardize Edward's position or put him in any compromising situations. Natalie decided it would be best to handle things independently without relying on her family's connections.

"Alright." Sherri reluctantly agreed.

[Chapter 72](#)

Having just finished taking a shower, Natalie sat on the bed, getting ready to watch an anatomy video tutorial. However, just as the video started playing for two seconds, she heard the sound of an engine coming from downstairs. A surge of curiosity and temptation welled inside her, leaving her torn between whether or not to inquire about the drugging incident.

After some consideration, Natalie decided to seek clarification.

With a swift motion, she leaped off the bed, hastily snatching a jacket, and swiftly exited through the door, propelled by an unwavering resolve.

Natalie collided with a man whose eyes emanated a chilling, icy gaze as she rushed out. The sheer intensity of his glare left no room for doubt as anger surged within him.

For a brief moment, Natalie locked eyes with him, a sense of perplexity washing over her. She struggled to comprehend what she could have done to incite such unrelenting anger from this man throughout the day.

Disregarding the presence of the woman who had just emerged, Trevon raised his foot, poised to take a step toward his

TOOM

“Do you know who drugged the drinks at the Foster family’s home?” Unable to contain the curiosity that was consuming her. Natalie finally voiced the question

The wait persisted, each minute and second stretching on, and still, the man offered no immediate response.

Yet, deep within her heart, a fragile, delicate flicker of hope persevered

Amidst a brief silence that lingered for approximately 10 seconds, the man shifted his towering frame, his gaze laced with a subtle touch of arrogance. “Are you accusing me?” he questioned, his tone tinged with insolence.

Natalie contemplated his response, silently musing that she was not accusing him. She intended to seek clarification and find closure for herself in the situation.

“Accusing? What right do I have to accuse?” Natalie thought.

Maintaining a composed demeanor. Natalie calmly responded, her expression unaltered. “No. I merely wished to know if Mr. Wilson knows who was responsible for the incident.

Closing the distance between them. Trevon towered over her, casting a condescending gaze from his elevated position. “Why does it matter if I know or not? Aren’t you close with Edward Landor? Don’t the two of you have pizza together all the time? Why don’t you seek his assistance in your investigation?” he scorned.

Taken aback by his words, Natalie’s eyes widened in surprise “Did you see us?” she inquired.

A thought crossed her mind, but Natalie could not believe that Trevon would have someone monitor her every move, He would not waste any time on her.

However. Natalie had not engaged in any secretive or shameful activities. The pizza gathering had involved four individuals, not solely her and Edward, and no further explanation was unnecessary.

As the image sent by Mia flashed through his mind. Trevon’s eyes grew shadowed, and a frigid aura seemed to radiate from his core, enveloping his entire being.

Trevon retorted, “Do you truly think I would lower myself to visit such a tasteless place? Where do you find the audacity to assume I would even consider seeking you out in such a place?”

On a fateful day in the future, Trevon would find his own words haunting him, slapping him in the face with undeniable

truth

Collecting herself and determined to remain composed, Natalie took a deep breath, exhaling slowly.

“Mr. Wilson, allow me to ask once more. Do you know who was behind the drugging incident? As for my decision to seek Edward Landor’s assistance, it is a personal matter, and I am under no obligation to divulge every detail to you,” she asserted firmly.

As Trevon observed the urgency in the woman's gaze, driven by her relentless pursuit of the truth, his eyes took on a slightly complex expression, their color appearing murky and uncertain. A faint trace of suspicion crept into his mind. "Has someone approached you?" he asked.

"Please, can you provide me with a direct answer?" Natalie implored, her patience wearing thin as she grew weary of the continuous back-and-forth

He avoided her gaze and moved his lips hesitantly. "L.. I know," he finally muttered.

Having finally obtained the desired answer, Natalie had no intention of prolonging the conversation any further. Cutting him off abruptly, she spared no time for additional words. "Okay, thank you for your response, Mr. Wilson. Goodnight," she swiftly declared, bringing the conversation to an immediate close.

Indeed, the demise of one's heart can sometimes be accomplished with a mere few words or sentences.

Just before entering, Natalie abruptly halted her footsteps. "I will be moving out tomorrow. As for explaining the situation to

Mr. Theo, I will handle in personally. No clause in the agreement obligates me to cohabit with you for three months. If Mr. Theo has imposed a time constraint for granting your desires, I will take full responsibility. I assure you, Mr. Wilson, there is no need for concern," she declared.

As her words hung in the air, Natalie did not wait for Trevon's response. She swiftly entered her room, securing the door behind her, effectively shutting him from further interaction.

Trevon stood outside her door and did not depart right away. Instead, he lingered there, lost in contemplation for several minutes, before eventually retracing his steps and returning to the solitude of his room.

Upon returning to his room, Trevon veered from his usual routine of taking a shower.

Instead, he instinctively reached into his pocket, retrieved his phone, and swiftly dialed a number. "What did you tell her?" he urgently inquired of Jim/

On the other end of the line, Jim sounded perplexed. "Mr. Wilson, what do you mean?" he asked in confusion.

Realizing his mistake, Trevon quickly corrected himself. "Did you not call her?"

"Who?" Jim's voice echoed with genuine confusion as he struggled to grasp the context of the conversation.

Exasperated, Trevon squeezed the bridge of his nose, trying to quell his mounting frustration. "Jim Hawk, have you been overindulging in brain supplements lately? Are you out of your mind?" he retorted sharply.

After being scolded, Jim gained a sentence of clarity. "Oh, you're referring to Mrs. Wilson. No, I haven't. I haven't contacted Mrs. Wilson recently, he clarified.

"No, there's something off about that statement, Jim pondered. "But, well, what I said is true."

Trevon's expression darkened further, casting an icy pall over the atmosphere. "Find out who she met with this afternoon." he commanded

Trevon was already aware of Natalie having a pizza gathering with Edward in the afternoon. The photo depicted them in an intimate scene, with their heads close together as Natalie attentively tended to Edward's food.

It was a display of affection from behind, captured in a private room where only the two were present

It became evident to Trevon that Natalie had not taken his words seriously, and his previous warning seemed to have not

affected her

While he had initially held the upper hand due to his guilt and the lack of information from the person behind the drugging incident, the situation had now taken a different turn.

Unbeknownst to them, Mia had managed to capture the exact moment when the waiter arrived to change the pizza. The group of four discreetly moved aside, and in that very instant, Mia's gaze fell upon Natalie, who happened to be sitting with

Edward

The timing was just right.

Frustrated, Natalie could not sleep, tossing and turning restlessly in bed. She sought a solution to her predicament and opened a rental website, determined to find houses near the hospital

Natalie sighed silently. "Hmm, these prices are quite steep. How are the rents in Athana, the capital city, so expensive? I mean, the rental for a one-bedroom apartment with a mere 45 square meters is 3000 dollars."

Being unfamiliar with renting a house, Natalie grew increasingly frustrated with the tedious and time-consuming task of searching and evaluating each apartment. She lacked the luxury of visiting every unit due to limited time constraints. Ultimately, Natalie made up her mind to visit a real estate agency the following day after work. Her plan was to explore the available options and if she came across a reasonably priced choice, she would proceed to sign the lease without further delay.

After all, she would only rent the unit for approximately one month.

Having weighed her options. Natalie set her phone aside and prepared herself for a well-deserved rest.

However, mere minutes after she set her phone aside, it suddenly began to ring. Turning to her side, Natalie reached for her phone and held it to her ear.

Natalie could sense the upbeat tone in Sherri's voice, indicating that she was in a particularly good mood. "Hey, Natalie. what's going on?" Sherri chirped.

Feeling a wave of drowsiness washing over her. Natalie responded with a touch of sleepiness in her voice, "Did you win the lottery or something? You sound incredibly cheerful."

Sherri chuckled at Natalie's comment. "What's going on in that sleepy mind of yours? You might as well ask if my mom praised me today, which is a more realistic scenario," she retorted playfully

Natalie chuckled, her drowsiness fading away as she grew more awake "Well, who knows? So, what's the matter?" she asked. "Edward asked me to join him at an auction tonight, and I thought it would be great if you could come along too," she

explained, extending an invitation to Natalie.

"I'm not a fan of crowded gatherings like that. Too many people for my liking." Natalie politely declined.

Sherri pleaded with Natalie, employing a mix of coaxing and emotional appeal. "Come on. Please reconsider. It's just a small auction, and it would mean a lot to me if you could support my brother. Remember all those years of friendship we've shared? Don't leave him to bid alone," she urged.

Unable to resist the persistent persuasion, Natalie finally relented. "Fine, I'll go with you. But you have to accompany me to the real estate agency after work tomorrow to find a house, Natalie said.

"Okay, deal! No backing out now. I'll inform Edward right away." Sherri exclaimed excitedly.

After ending the call, Natalie shook her head in resignation. However, she could not deny that Sherri's infectious positive energy and mood had lifted her spirits. This was a reminder of how contagious positivity and a good attitude could be.

Meanwhile, Trevon, who occupied the master bedroom, could not slumber. Seeking solace, he stepped out onto the balcony, allowing the chilly breeze to envelop him, providing a moment of respite.

Just then, his phone rang. Glancing at the caller ID, he swiftly answered. "Speak."

Jim, who had come across some information, relayed the news honestly and clearly. "Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson had a meeting with Miss Mia this afternoon," he reported.

Unsurprised, Trevon probed, "What did they talk about?"

"To respect customers' privacy, Lovers Cafe did not install any cameras in the private rooms, Jim explained. "However, the footage from the hallway that captured Miss Landor laughing heartily," he paused briefly, a hint of hesitation in his voice.

Trevon commanded, "Tell me, what else is there?"

Bracing himself for potentially unsettling news, Jim cautiously continued. "There's also.... um, Miss Landor mentioned that she found your performance... well, not quite satisfactory..."

There was dead silence on the other end of the phone. There was no sound for a long time. Jim suspected that the line had been disconnected. He brought the phone in front of his eyes. It was still on the call interface. Was the signal bad?

Just as she was staring at her phone, a long-awaited voice came from the phone. "What about tonight? Who is she with?"

Although he already knew, he still wanted to learn more.

Jim revealed more details, “In the evening, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Landor, Mr. Landor, and Kyle Jenkins went together to Thriving Pizza Hub. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Landor entered the establishment first, and approximately an hour and a half later, Mr. Landor joined them in the private room. Eventually, Kyle Jenkins arrived at a later time.”

Trevon’s voice grew colder as he spoke, grappling with belief and doubt. “Four people? Weren’t there supposed to be only two people?” he questioned, his tone revealing a hint of suspicion.

“It was indeed four people, Mr. Wilson. I reviewed the surveillance footage.” Jim stated confidently.

“Did Mr. Wilson misunderstand something? I watched the surveillance footage for half an hour without fast-forwarding it. It seems that Mr. Wilson believed it was only Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Landor together, without the presence of the other two individuals, Jim thought

Feeling a sense of relief washing over him, Trevon responded, his tone noticeably lighter. “Hmm, you don’t have to pick me up tomorrow,” he stated.

[Chapter 73](#)

When they wrapped up their work the following afternoon, Natalie wasted no time and eagerly pulled Sherri along to embark on their house-hunting expedition.

Sherri was genuinely impressed by Natalie’s decisive and proactive nature. She admired how Natalie did not waste a moment and approached tasks with a determined mindset, without unnecessary delays or hesitations.

Exhausted and feeling discomfort from walking in high heels, Sherri began to question her life choices amidst the house-hunting adventure. Her weariness seeped into her voice as she turned to Natalie and inquired, “Natalie, how many more places do we still have to see? Wasn’t that one-bedroom apartment we saw earlier for \$1000 good enough?” Natalie stopped in her tracks and glanced at Sherri’s high heels. “I mentioned last night that we would be house hunting today, yet you insisted on wearing high heels. If your feet are hurting now, whose responsibility is it?” she retorted playfully. “Let’s go and take a look at the last one. If it doesn’t meet my requirements, I promise to book the one we saw earlier, Natalie assured.

“You promised. You can’t go back on your word, alright?” Sherri said.

Natalie’s gaze fell upon Sherri’s heels again, and she could not help but chuckle. “When I ask you to wear high heels for shopping or trying on clothes, you handle it effortlessly But you’re already worn out and complaining when it comes to accompanying me on a house hunt. It seems like our friendship isn’t as sturdy as we thought,” she teased.

Observing the banter between Natalie and Sherri, the real estate agent smiled warmly. ‘I envy your friendship. The both of you share such a strong bond’

The two friends exchanged a meaningful glance and, overcome with genuine amusement, burst into laughter that resonated from the depths of their hearts.

Sherri’s carefree and sometimes scatterbrained demeanor may give the impression of an easygoing personality, but when it truly matters, her unwavering dedication to being there for Natalie shines

through. No matter the circumstance, Sherri would wholeheartedly support and assist her friend. She was willing to go above and beyond, even if it meant sacrificing her comfort and waking up early in the morning to lend a helping hand.

Indeed, an authentic and genuine friend holds an immeasurable value that surpasses superficial connections.

The most profound emotions, most authentic feelings, and purest love in this world often originate from those who truly understand us, share a profound connection with us, and genuinely accompany us through life's ups and downs. These unique individuals see us for who we indeed are and accept us unconditionally.

A deep understanding between individuals goes beyond verbal communication. It reaches a level where a mere glance or expression is enough to convey thoughts and emotions. In this profound connection, words become secondary, and there exists an unspoken language that allows each person to understand the other's inner world effortlessly.

The real estate agent guided them to a residential area near the hospital, boasting a serene and pleasant environment. The landscape comprised a mix of low-rise and high-rise buildings, with the shorter structures predominantly positioned towards the east.

Upon their initial observation, Natalie was quite fond of the residential area's environment,

With the real estate agent by their side, they ascended to the 5th floor. It was noted that the lower floors lacked elevators, while the highest floor was the 6th floor. Each floor consisted of two units.

With a gentle demeanor, the real estate agent opened the door and explained, "This apartment is a 2-bedroom, 1-living room unit. However, I must mention that there is no elevator in the building. Some may find it relatively high because it is situated on the 5th floor. Nonetheless, the surrounding environment is delightful, and the landlord has taken great care in renovating the unit. It offers a comfortable living space."

As the real estate agent explained, she guided Natalie and Sherri through each apartment room.

Natalie went straight to the point and asked. "What is the price range for this apartment?"

The agent's smile widened, seemingly delighted by what she perceived as a fortunate opportunity. "Due to the lack of elevators, this apartment has remained unoccupied for quite some time. It has been listed with our agency for a year now. The landlord wants someone to take good care of the place and keep it clean. The monthly asking price is 760 dollars," the agent responded.

Considering the affordability of the price, Natalie made her decision without hesitation. "I have one question," she began. "Would it be possible to sign a two-month lease?"

The agent's eyes widened briefly, perhaps surprised by Natalie's request, but she swiftly regained her professional composure and responded with a smile. "I'm sorry, Miss Foster, but signing a two-month lease is impossible. Our standard lease term is one year," she explained.

"Sure. I'll take some time to consider it. If it is suitable, I will contact you," Natalie responded.

"Sure, no problem," the agent smiled.

1Jespers 79 “Thank yo

The

wad. “That tabrighe. Then a m

chevad. Üherry rated a vast point. “Feeling i start term rental might indred Su challenging, the dere mastha maping at råber my pl se Edwards place wems

After a brief momwer of beson Natale voed her thoughts Wolf you mirad helping me check with Tilward about the momhdi rental die bos pila

After careful as nepriski beng

alsted that bra!

Year. The preference for longer lease terms. evertheless, the appreciated the kind and professional der rcontemplated the future possibilities and

ing ripecially

unperpolar

real estate agent who had posted them

«ledged that if at a later

to return from abroad and

varte house still available suld be a favorable option to comadien

Kherri expressed her frustration to her best friend, voicing her earlier suggestion. I did suggest that you stay at my brother’s place, but you didn’t listen,” she complained. “Was it really necessary to go through all this trouble- poor fert

cabe responded shopping nex

Oh, my

a playful eye roll and retorted. ‘06, in su te kering you don’t want me to you don

me around, uy it?

mpany you for

Sherri raised her hands in surrender and hastily reassured. “Oh, Natalie, I was just kidding! Please don’t take it seriously. Our friendship is strong and we shouldn’t let small things bother us”

to get the keys”

The topic took a sudden turn, and Sherri swiftly decideid. ‘Ill call on brother righ

Then, Sherri took out her phone and scrolled through her contacts, war hing for a speride contact

voir to bill the room. "Speak, what do you W

Sherry activated the speakerphone on her phone, curtly insured

cast a glance at Sherri and felt a twinge of sympathy

Sherri pouted. "Edward, could you do me a favor and lend me your apartment for a

ale glared meaningfully at Sherri, silently conveying that her worth might not have been the most appropriate.

herri waved her hand dismissively, shrugging off Natalie's silent suggestion and concern

be

Edward's voice carried a hint of skepticism and caution as he responded. "What kind of mischief are you up to agunt. There's no room for you in the apartment

Hearing Edward's response Sherri pondered. "How can we continue this conversation"

die could not help but interject, taking control of the call as she clarified. "Edward, it's me I'm the one who needs to rent a house because I need somewhere to stay before I move abroad after the New Year Since I only need it for a short period, the agents were hesitant due to their minimum one-year lease requirement."

and responded in a softened tone. "Tunderstand. I'll have Kyle arrange for someone to clean the apartment in that case

tum to deliver the key to you later"

Natalie churned in. "No, it's alright. I in clean it myself. But Edward. I wanted to ask you, how much is the monthly rent for fremur pla

What would be a reasonable amount for me to contribute!"

In Natalie's murad she thought "Even if at s 2000 dollars per month, it's only for a month and a half at most. After all, the

oing to someone we know. It s not just a busness Tr naction, but a way to support each other as friends and

Edward chuckled at Natalie's response and replied, "Sure, consider it my side income then. You can pay what you deem fit."

Natalie felt a weight lifted off her shoulders as Edward agreed to let her stay at his apartment. With the financial aspect sectied, she could now shaft her attention to assessing the houses condition and planning for any necessary repairs and furrashangs

"Will do Natalie replied

Kyle's efficiency was commendable. He arrived promptly with the keys at the entrance of Edward's residential complex. Without any delay, he guided them to Edward's apartment.

As they entered the apartment, they noticed two diligent domestic helpers doing cleaning tasks. Natalie could not help but be pleasantly surprised by the efficiency with which things were being handled.

In just 30 minutes, from the moment they made the phone call to their arrival at the apartment, everything fell into place swiftly and seamlessly.

The name of the residential complex is Evergreen Gardens.

The apartment impressively sprawled across 1800 square feet, encompassing two bedrooms and a spacious living room.

The apartment exuded a simple, tasteful decor style perfectly aligned with Edward's preferences,

After completing the cleaning process. Kyle approached Natalie and conveyed Edward's message. "Miss Foster, Mr. Landon would like to check if there are any furnishings in the room that you find unsatisfactory. If there is anything you are not pleased with, we can arrange for replacements or make alterations according to your preferences."

Natalie pondered, "Considering that this is just a short-term rental, is it necessary to make any changes? After all, I'll only stay here for a little over a month. Edward's thoughtfulness is making me feel a tad awkward."

Sherri excitedly explored each room and exclaimed. "Natalie, I've decided. I'll be moving in with you starting tomorrow. My brother's place is amazing, and it's my first time visiting. Evidently, my brother doesn't have a mistress or anything of the sort."

Kyle was at a loss for words.

Natalie kindly declined, "Thank you. but you do not need to go through the trouble of doing so. I'll only stay for around two months, so it's unnecessary. I appreciate your offer, though, and thank you for being so thoughtful."

Maintaining his usual serious demeanor, Kyle responded. "I must assist you. Please don't hesitate to reach out if you have any further needs or inquiries. I'll take my leave now, Miss Foster."

Upon Kyle's departure, Sherri's excitement grew, and she proposed, "Natalie, why don't we stay here tonight? It's such a cozy place, and we can enjoy the comfort of Edward's apartment."

Natalie masked her true intentions and responded, "Actually, I need to visit the Wilson's residence first. There are some matters I need to attend to there."

Sitting in the car. Natalie contemplated for a moment. Even if she rented the apartment from Edward, she could not shake off the thought that her marital status might invite unwanted gossip and speculation.

With a clear mind, Natalie decided to talk with Theo about finalizing their divorce before proceeding any further. She realized it was essential to address this matter and ensure that there were no legal or emotional entanglements that could complicate her current situation.

With a clear understanding of the situation and considering the implications, Natalie resolved to approach the conversation with Theo that evening. She recognized the importance of addressing the matter with empathy and reason, hoping that Theo would understand her perspective. Obtaining the divorce certificate the next day would fulfill Trevon's wishes and provide a sense of closure for Natalie and Theo.

Sherri empathetically understood that Natalie's decision to move out was driven by her desire to avoid any further interaction with Trevon. She recognized that Natalie had likely devised a plan to handle the situation, which may involve directly addressing the matter with Trevon.

[Chapter 74](#)

That evening, Natalie hurriedly made her way to the Wilson's residence, her heart filled with anxiety and anticipation.

As Natalie stepped inside the house, Mary, the friendly housekeeper, welcomed her with a warm smile. "Mrs. Wilson, you're here"

Mary could not help but feel a sense of confusion. Today was not usual for gatherings at the Wilson's residence, and she could not help but notice that Trevon was nowhere to be seen.

Natalie smiled warmly at Mary and replied, "Hello, Mary. Is Mr. Theo in his study? I have something important to discuss with him. Is he available at the moment?"

"Sure, he's upstairs. Just knock on his door, Mary replied. "Mr. Theo has finished dinner and is currently practicing calligraphy in his study,"

Natalie went directly to the study and gently knocked on the door. A deep voice resonated from within, saying, "Please,

come in."

His lack of surprise was palpable as Theo laid his eyes upon Natalie, who was standing at the door with poise and grace. It was evident that he had anticipated her impending visit.

However, he was caught off guard by the timing of her visit.

A flicker of surprise danced across Theo's face as he greeted Natalie. "My dear, what brings you here?" he exclaimed. "Come in, come in. Have you had dinner?"

Natalie responded politely with a white lie. "Mr. Theo, I've already had dinner, she claimed. Deep down, however, she harbored a greater purpose, knowing that indulging in a substantial meal would only hinder her as she braced herself for the weighty matters ahead.

"Mr. Theo, are you busy? I want to discuss something with you," she expressed, conveying a sense of urgency.

Natalie had always been a person unaccustomed to compromise. She persevered through countless days because of her deep love and loyalty toward Theo. However, amidst her unyielding nature, she found one aspect elusive-her own heart, a force beyond her control, dictating its desires and yearnings.

Instead of offering an immediate response, Theo shifted gears, diverting the conversation to a different topic altogether. A nostalgic smile played on his lips as he suggested, "It's been some time since we last played chess together. How about joining me for a few rounds today?"

Complying with his request, Natalie gracefully sat at the chess table, radiating respect and affection.

After a few minutes of focused play, Mr. Theo broke the silence, his voice gentle yet probing. "Natalie, are you contemplating separating from Trevon? Are you unhappy?"

A quiet astonishment washed over her as Natalie absorbed his astute observation "Mr. Theo possesses an uncanny ability to perceive the unspoken," she marveled.

As she moved the chess piece, Natalie replied, "Mr. Theo, the truth is that Trevon and I lack compatibility. As you know, our marriage was not born out of Trevon's desire. Despite our efforts to make things work, we have failed to foster any genuine emotions for one another. It wouldn't be fair for him to remain bound in a loveless marriage. I believe we should part ways amicably, preserving a sense of goodwill between us."

In addition to her previous sentiments, Natalie yearned to convey another important aspect of her decision. She wanted to ensure that, despite their incompatibility, their marriage would not descend into a state of mutual animosity and bitterness, which she found distasteful.

"My dear," he sighed, his voice tinged with understanding and concern. "Trevon isn't inherently a bad person. His upbringing and fiercely competitive nature have shaped his worldview. Furthermore, his time serving in the military, where opportunities to form meaningful connections might have been scarce, could have impacted his emotional intelligence. Natalie, I must ask, is it truly that you harbor no fondness for him, or could other underlying reasons contribute to your decision?"

Pausing momentarily, Natalie contemplated her next move. "Mr. Theo," she spoke earnestly, her voice carrying a mix of conviction and empathy, "Regardless of the specific reasons, I firmly believe that forcing two incompatible individuals to remain together is a form of torment for both parties involved. It's not that Trevon lacks exceptional qualities, it's simply that our compatibility is lacking."

Following a brief silence, Natalie pressed on, "Mr. Theo, I want to be transparent with you. I have already completed my application for studying abroad. It's a decision I made carefully, and I believe resolving the matter between Trevon and me before I depart is of utmost importance."

As Natalie's words settled in, a tinge of surprise flickered within Mr. Theo's thoughts. This child has taken the initiative to prepare to leave." he contemplated inwardly. Recognizing that her decision went beyond the influence of mere trends, he acknowledged that there must be deeper underlying reasons propelling her forward. It became apparent to him that her dissatisfaction had likely been accumulating gradually and that his grandson might have fallen short in various aspects, disappointing Natalie in the process. Mr. Theo couldn't help but perceive the resolute determination in his granddaughter's words, a testament to her unwavering resolve.

In a moment of resignation and support, Mr. Theo slapped his thigh, indicating his willingness to accept Natalie's decision. "Very well, my dear, since you have firmly made up your mind. I will be the one to make the final decision" he declared.

Natalie's astonishment was evident as she registered Theo's swift acceptance of her decision. "Mr. Thro, is tomorrow suitable! If it is, I would appreciate it if Trevon could accompany me to the City Hall," she proposed.

Mr Theo's expression turned disdainful as he responded firmly. "We don't need to beg him. We can proceed with the divorce without his involvement. We can handle this matter ourselves"

After a brief moment of silence, Natalie found herself taken aback, feeling somewhat uninformed about the possibility of initiating a one-sided divorce. Her mind raced with questions as she pondered the situation. Is it now possible for divorces to be initiated unilaterally she wondered silently. "When did this change occur? Have I missed some recent developments in the legal system?"

As someone who had never experienced divorce firsthand, Natalie lacked in-depth knowledge and understanding of the intricacies involved in the process.

Theo strode purposefully towards the door and called out loudly. "Gage, please come up here for a moment"

Moments later, the butler, Gage, hurriedly ascended the stairs, his breath slightly labored from the hastened pace. "Mr. Theo. what are your orders?" he inquired.

Theo, acknowledging Gage's presence, nodded in approval. With his hands clasped behind his back, he responded, "Catch your breath and then proceed to call City Hall Request they work overtime to accommodate our need for a prompt divorce procedure."

"Yes, sir, Gage acknowledged.

Within a concise span of less than an hour, a man in his thirties arrived at the residence, accompanied by two individuals. The trio, equipped with the necessary paperwork, swiftly entered the study.

The scene unfolding before her eyes evoked a sense of surprise within Natalie, reinforcing her perception that circumstances seemed more expedient and convenient for those with wealth and influence.

Natalie did not anticipate the swift progression of the divorce proceedings that evening. Although she had come prepared. with her identification card, she had not anticipated the need for her marriage license at this particular moment.

The staff, recognizing Natalie's predicament, quickly reassured her that the absence of her marriage license was not an impossible obstacle. With a reassuring tone, they informed her that she could apply for a new marriage license on the spot, ensuring the necessary documentation was in order before proceeding with the divorce process.

Once the marriage license was successfully issued at the City Hall. Trevon received the newly obtained red booklet and promptly handed it to Theo. Theo had safeguarded it until the present moment.

The entire process's efficiency was remarkable, completing the necessary steps in less than 15 minutes. The swift resolution. showcased the high efficiency and effectiveness of the professionals involved. As a result, two fresh divorce certificates, each adorned with a distinctive red cover, were obtained. The

swiftness with which the divorce had transpired contrasted starkly with the duration of her marriage, leaving her with a profound sense of astonishment

As Natalie held the divorce certificates in her hands, a wave of surrealism washed over her, and the weight of her previous marital obligations seemed to dissolve.

Experiencing a mixture of hesitancy and a tinge of embarrassment, Natalie could not suppress her doubts and asked a seemingly simple yet poignant question. "Are these certificates genuine?"

One of the staff members answered swiftly and firmly, "Miss Foster, it is authentic. I am an official staff member. If you do not believe, I will show you your marital status now,"

Theo, seated nearby, interjected with a supportive tone, "Show it to her. Please don't mind her. My granddaughter is more particular about these details"

Acknowledging the significance of Natalie's concern, the staff member promptly opened the internal network on their laptop. They entered Natalie's name into the system, swiftly retrieving the relevant information. In a gesture of transparency, they turned the computer around, allowing Natalie to confirm the displayed results visually.

With lingering skepticism, Natalie leaned closer to the computer screen, scrutinizing the displayed information. The marriage column clearly indicated that she was now officially divorced, aligning with the obtained certificates and confirming the accuracy of the staff member's assertion.

When the staff left, Theo tenderly handed Natalie the remaining divorce certificate. He spoke with heartfelt concern. "My dear, although we are no longer legally bound by marriage, please know that you will always hold the place of my granddaughter in my heart. I admit that I initially kept you close to me for my own reasons, and I must acknowledge that my grandson failed in his responsibilities and caused you pain. It is my fault for placing my trust in him. From the very beginning. I should have treated you as my granddaughter. I made a mistake. But let us be clear: just because you are now divorced does not mean you cannot come to see me anymore. Trevon Wilson is Trevon Wilson, and our relationship is separate from him. He does not influence the bond we share. If you ever face any difficulties, remember that you can still come to me. Let me be a source of help and support for you."

Touched by Theo's words, Natalie's eyes welled up with tears. His heartfelt speech resonated deeply within her, containing a unique blend of firmness, plea, and comfort.

Suppressing her emotions, Natalie nodded in agreement; her tears held back as she sought to maintain composure.

Before taking her leave, Natalie walked up to Theo and enveloped him in a tight embrace. "Thank you, Mr. Theo," she murmured, her voice laced with genuine gratitude and deep affection.

Among all the individuals in Natalie's life, her grandfather and Theo stood out as those who treated her with exceptional kindness and care. Their actions spoke volumes about their love for her. Even though Natalie had requested Theo's assistance with the divorce, he showed a remarkable disregard for her grandson's feelings.

The active involvement of Theo in facilitating the divorce proceedings relieved Natalie from the burden of personally approaching Trevon.

It was already 7:30 p.m. when Natalie left the Wilson's residence, and she still had a list of errands to run.

The car pulled up in front of the supermarket adjacent to the villa, and Natalie wasted no time upon entering. Making a beeline for the durian section, her eyes focused on the sought-after Cat Mountain King durians. With a sense of purpose, she picked up two prized fruits, their distinct aroma filling the air around her.

Upon her arrival at Adare Manor, Natalie immediately headed upstairs to tend to her belongings. With only two suitcases in tow, she approached the task of organizing her possessions with a sense of efficiency and purpose. One of the suitcases held her treasured collection of books, while the other held her necessities and clothes. She carefully packed away the helmet and boxing gloves that Edward Landor had given her, placing them inside the suitcase.

She made her way to the garage, suitcases in tow, and carefully fastened them to the car using a sturdy rope. With her belongings securely fastened, Natalie returned to the living room; her mind focused on an important task that required her attention. After accomplishing her task, she closed the door behind her, a sense of fulfillment and satisfaction accompanying her departure.

[Chapter 75](#)

After Natalie had left. Gage, the butler, brought a glass of milk to Theo in his study.

"Mr. Theo, it was already 8:30 in the evening. Please, drink this glass of milk and go to bed early. Gage suggested. "Normally, you would already be in bed by this time. Are Mr. Wilson's affairs troubling you?" he added, handing the glass of milk to Theo.

Theo furrowed his wrinkled brow and sighed, reflecting on his disappointment. "Ah, Trevon was so disappointing. I had handed everything to him on a silver platter, and yet he couldn't handle it properly," he lamented

Gage grew even more puzzled. "If Mr. Theo was unwilling to let go of Mrs. Wilson, why did he agree so quickly in the evening and rush to proceed with the divorce?" he wondered.

Theo took a sip of his milk and grumbled discontentedly. "Hmph, if I don't take drastic measures, will we end up witnessing him chasing after his wife?"

Gage chuckled upon hearing that, acknowledging Theo's wisdom. "Indeed, old habits die hard," he silently chuckled. Night descended, painting the sky with shimmering stars while the moonlight gently embraced the bustling streets.

With two suitcases in tow, a captivating woman racing through the streets of Athana on her motorbike, all eyes were drawn to her remarkable presence. Heads turned wherever she went, capturing one hundred percent of the gaze.

The bike stopped at the gas station, instantly grabbing the attention of nearby vehicles waiting to refuel.

The drivers understood they might not possess a fragile hearts, but they needed fuel in their vehicles.

As Natalie observed the lively pedestrians and the ceaseless flow of cars in the streets of Athana, she noticed the gas station brimming with people. A slight tightness gripped her chest, but she summoned

the courage to press onward with her decision already made. Once the bow was drawn, there could be no turning back.

Joy and sorrow, parting and reunion, all intertwined with emotions, define the human experience. Without these emotions, separation alone would persist, rendering the word "grief obsolete.

Positioned at the rear of the line, Frank's attention was caught by the motorcycle ahead.

Standing with one leg on the ground, the girl patiently awaited her turn to refuel. However, the suitcases positioned behind her intrigued Frank...

Upon arrival at Evergreen Gardens, Natalie parked her car beside the greenbelt adjacent to Edward's building.

Balancing the two suitcases, Natalie entered the suite, instantly noticing two pairs of women's slippers arranged neatly on

the shoe rack.

Pondering to herself. "It's quite surprising. Could Sherri be the one who purchased them? But that seems unlikely; she isn't that thoughtful. Well, I'll wear them for now."

Natalie settled her belongings in the guest room, where meticulously spread bedsheets awaited her.

Glancing around swiftly, she discovered all the essential daily necessities readily available. The refrigerator stood stocked with groceries, and on the dining table, numerous packets of noodles and durian, accompanied by a nearby sticky note. Intrigued, she approached and picked up the sticky note, which read, "You love indulging in these, but don't overdo it. Enjoy them occasionally. I've taken care of everything for you. Rest early and avoid lengthy conversations with Sherri,"

Placing the sticky note back down, a smile graced Natalie's face. "Indeed, Edward understood her better than anyone. Their bond of friendship surpassed even blood ties!" she mused.

Natalie did intend to sort things out before sharing the news of the divorce papers with Sherri

She first messaged Edward, expressing her gratitude.

Subsequently, she landed another 8,000 dollars to Edward. Earlier, Natalie checked the rental information and discovered that this Athana house, which was nestled in an upscale residential area, was priced at 4,000 dollars

rs per month.

A few minutes later, Edward received the money and replied joyfully, saying, "That's a great return. Thank you!" Natalie responded, "Thank you, landlord!"

Afterward, she snapped a photo of the divorce certificate for Sherri. Attached to the picture, she wrote, "Sherri, I'm finally

free!"

Just moments later, a video call came through, and Sherri's face lit up with excitement. After scanning the surroundings, her excitement grew even more. "Oh my goodness, Natalie, you've already settled into Edward's apartment! I'm joining you soon! Wait for me. I'll grab some barbecue. Let's celebrate your new life and share all the details with me!"

The video call abruptly ended as the words faded, leaving Natalie speechless.

Feeling helpless, Natalie realized that Sherri was always impulsive and unpredictable. On the other hand, Sherri couldn't

contain her excitement and eagerly awaited the whole story. The gossip was just too irresistible!

The moment she thought of it, she forwarded the photo to Hackett along with a voice message. She said, "Tell Mr. Wilson that it's Natalie who no longer wants him, not the other way around. Let him protect that conniving woman, Mia, and let them live happily Hmph."

Sherri remained fearless. Anyone who dared to bully her best friend was not even worth a second thought. That scumbag. that pitiful excuse for a man.

Meanwhile, upon receiving the message, Hackett jumped up from his seat. He had been sitting next to his mother, Joy, playing cards.

Since Hackett's blind date with Sherri didn't progress further, Joy, his mother, had been brainstorming ways to keep him socially engaged. Whenever Hackett had free time, she would take him to socialize with women, enjoy coffee together, or play cards.

After a few days, Hackett had met almost all the mothers in the circle. He had effectively become a member of the Women's Association, actively participating in their gatherings and events.

Joy's masterful tactics were driving Hackett crazy. She had a clear objective: to pressure him into bringing a serious girlfriend home and becoming a grandparent sooner rather than later.

Joy scolded and glared at him, saying. "What's with all the dilly-dallying? What are you doing? Act properly!"

Hackett scratched his head and explained. "Sorry, aunties. I have an urgent matter to attend to. I need to make a phone call."

Joy turned to Hackett, adding, "Make sure to come back once you're done."

"Got it," he replied

Hackett stepped outside, and instead of calling Trevon directly, he dialed Frank's number. "Hey, where are you?" he asked.

Frank responded coolly. Where do you think I am

Hackett playfully remarked. "You have more than just Lither Club in your portfolio. Why are you always holed up there?"

Frank impatiently replied. "Just tell me what you want

Hackett glanced around and spoke hushedly. "I've got some explosive news. Are you interested? I guarantee it'll blow your mind"

A moment of silence followed before a composed voice came from the other end, "Did Mr. Wilson have a fight or has he already divorced?"

Hackett remained silent for a moment, feeling disappointed. He thought, "Is there anything else I can sell? Is this news really not valuable, or is Mr. Wilson no longer marketable? The news of Mr. Wilson's divorce seems to have spread widely."

Hackett didn't utter a word, and Frank wasted time ending the call without courtesy

Frank knew something was wrong when he spotted Natalie with two large suitcases on a motorbike. Clearly, she had packed all her belongings, indicating her departure for good

The only plausible explanation was that they had indeed divorced. A simple argument wouldn't have led to such a drastic step of packing everything.

He reached for a cigarette from his desk, trembling as he lit it and took a drag. Crossing his legs and propping them up on the desk, he called Trevon, his voice filled with curiosity

Inhaling the smoke, he exhaled a smoke ring slowly. "Did you divorce her?" he asked Trevon

Upon hearing Frank's words, Trevon felt confused. They had been arguing and experiencing some unpleasant moments in the past few days, but how did it escalate to divorce? Besides, they hadn't even reached any deadlines they might have set.

"No, I did not," Trevon replied.

Frank chuckled in response. "Well, why don't you head home and find out? Don't let your wife run away while you're busy making money."

Irritated, Trevon retorted, "Is Lither Club not busy today? Mind your own business."

"My business at Lither Club is doing just fine. Mind your own business," Frank retorted before abruptly ending the call. After the call, Trevon had a realization and told Jim. "Let's head to Adare Manor."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson," Jim responded.

Trevon urged Jim to speed up in the car, exclaiming, "Can't you step on the gas? Why are you driving so slowly?"

Jim wondered. "What's bothering him now? Did Mrs. Wilson provoke him again?"

Calmly, Jim increased the car's speed, maintaining his composure.

Upon reaching their destination, Trevon hastily exited the vehicle. Sensing something was amiss, Jim turned off the engine and followed him inside.

Immediately, Jim was overwhelmed by a horrendous odor that assaulted his senses upon entering. Gasping for fresh air, he hurriedly stepped out to catch his breath.

Undeterred by the foul smell. Trevon covered his nose and ascended the stairs. In the guest room, everything appeared pristine and orderly. However, there was no longer any women's clothing in the wardrobe-only the dresses and handbags. he had purchased, left untouched and abandoned

Trevon thought to himself, "It's confirmed. She moved out She acted swiftly, just as she promised. She's quite determined."

Regaining his composure and taking a deep breath, Jim reentered the room, covering his nose. He proceeded to open all the windows. His gaze fixated on a red notebook on the coffee table, piquing his curiosity. He extended his hand and opened it.

Jim's mind raced as he discovered it was a divorce certificate-Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's divorce certificate. His thoughts. spiraled, rendering him speechless.

Recalling that Trevon hadn't visited City Hall in the evening. Jim wondered, "How did they get divorced at that time? Could it be some illusion or cloning technique? Since Mrs. Wilson mentioned the significance of ordering numbers. I've delved into their profound meanings. Translated, 7:48 could mean dying of anger Was it deliberately chosen to infuriate Mr. Wilson?"

Nervously. Jim mustered the courage to address the furious Trevon, "Um, Mr. Wilson, it seems... this is your divorce certificate. The last three words trembled on his lips.

Trevon received the book with a fierce grip, his facial expression darkening, revealing his immense displeasure.

Holding the red book tightly. Trevon commanded. "To the Wilson's residence."

[Chapter 76](#)

The vehicle maneuvered through the congested street, merging with the gloomy night and mirroring the man's somber

mind

With furrowed brows and sharp angles, Trevon's dark eyes were concealed beneath layers of coldness, partially veiled by their half-closed state

He pondered, "From the day of our marriage to last night's bitter separation, we shared the same roof for nearly two months. The New Year is just a few days away, and our agreement was supposed to last until the first month. But why does my heart feel suffocated and trapped, as if it's holding its breath in my chest? Could it be that I can't truly let go? No, that's impossible. It must be because no one has ever challenged my rules. We agreed on three months, and it should be me who decides when it comes to an end"

Jimi's hand trembled as he pressed down on the accelerator, stealing a glance at the rearview mirror. Summoning his courage, he spoke. "Mr. Wilson, if you can't bear to be without Mrs Wilson, then go after her."

Jim silently mused, "Although the marriage has ended, and it was ended unilaterally, as long as Mr. Wilson is willing to pursue her, he should be able to win her back. With sincerity, even an iron pestle can be ground down to a needle*

Upon hearing the sound, Trevon slowly opened his eyes, his brows slightly furrowing. Which eye of yours witnessed my reluctance to part with her?"

Hearing that, Jim silently murmured, "Mr. Wilson is incredibly stubborn. Clearly, he's hesitant deep down. Otherwise, why would he visit the Wilson's residence in the middle of the night? Is he going there to celebrate his newfound singlehood? Your gloomy expression doesn't betray any signs of happiness. It's evident that you're feeling uneasy." In his mind, he criticized his boss a thousand times over.

Soon, the car came to a halt at the entrance of the Wilson's residence.

Stepping out of the car, the man made a beeline for the main gate of the Wilson's residence.

Jim parked the car and waited inside. It was wiser not to enter and delve into the situation at a time like this. Knowing too much only hastened one's demise, even though he was already aware of a fair amount.

Trevon, his face expressionless and cold, headed towards Theo's room. Along the way, he was intercepted by Gage, the butler. "Mr. Wilson, Mr. Theo is already asleep.

He locked his gaze onto Gage, searching for any hint of falsehood on his face. "I know he's not asleep. I have a few questions to ask, and it won't take long."

Gage felt unease as Trevon's overpowering aura signaled that he was aware of what happened that night and was enraged. "Mr. Wilson, I assure you, Mr. Theo is truly asleep. Mrs. Wilson visited tonight, and it affected Mr. Theo's mood. His blood pressure spiked, and he took medication before calling asleep. He kept complaining of a headache before going to bed. I suspect he can't bear to see Mrs. Wilson leave and kept muttering about arranging a marriage ceremony, fearing that Mrs. Wilson would never set foot into the Wilson's residence again."

Trevon deciphered the underlying meaning in Gage's words, and his expression darkened further. "I'll return tomorrow." With those words, he exited the Wilson's residence.

The cabin's temperature naturally dropped inside the car, sending a bone-chilling sensation through its occupants. Jim's hand trembled as he inquired. "Mr. Wilson, where are we headed?"

After a brief pause, Trevon parted his lips and replied, "We're going to Phoenix Manor,"

Upon receiving the command, Jim steered the vehicle towards Trevon's private villa, adhering to his desires.

While driving, Jun reflected, "Phoenix Manor is Mr. Wilson's residence after he moved out of the Wilson's residence. He used to live there before getting married, but after the marriage, Mr. Theo asked him to relocate to Adare Manor and live with Mrs. Wilson for at least three months.

"Little did he know that he would return before the three-month adjustment period.

"On second thought, he can't possibly stay at Adare Manor tonight. The odor there could suffocate anyone. I can't believe Mrs. Wilson was audacious enough to think of stinking up the place with durians.

"She even activated the central air conditioning to circulate the smell. This scent probably won't dissipate for at least a

week...

In his heart, Jim silently gave a thumbs-up to Natalie.

"Truly, she is my idol. She's the only one who can discipline Mr. Wilson," thought Jim.

After a moment. Trevon issued a cold instruction, "Cease all projects between the Sullivan family and the Wilson Group" "Yes, sir," Jim promptly replied.

Following his words, Trevon closed his eyes and feigned dozing off

At the same time. Sherri drove her own Mercedes-Benz to Edward's Evergreen Gardens.

Struggling with two large suitcases, she entered the elevator and swiftly arrived on the 28th floor

"This number is quite fitting Edward is also 28 this year. If people don't know he purchased it years ago, they might assume he chose the floor based on age," she contemplated

As for why Edward acquired such a high floor, it was to gain a broader perspective and a commanding view of the surroundings. They say it's beneficial to have an elevated vantage point.

Sherri, breathing heavily, settled on the suitcase and pressed the doorbell since she didn't know the password.

Having just finished showering. Natalie donned a coat and opened the door.

Sherri genuinely felt joyous to be able to live with her best friend and commute together every day.

Sherri enveloped Natalie in a tight hug as soon as the door swung open. The embrace was unexpectedly forceful, causing Natalie to stagger back a few steps.

"You scared me! What mischief are you up to?" Natalie playfully exclaimed.

Sherri pretended to pout and said, "You're not very enthusiastic Aren't you happy to see me?"

While dragging the luggage inside, Natalie hung the towel she used to dry her hair around her neck and retorted, "What do you think? It's late, and I haven't slept. Why would you think otherwise?"

Sherri finally felt at ease and beamed, saying. That's more like it. I'll give you some credit."

Placing a platter of barbecued food on the coffee table. Sherri lounged on the sofa and remarked. "Aren't I reliable? Look, I brought so many things you enjoy eating."

Natalie asked. "Got it. You're the best. Shall we share a room, or will you sleep in your brother's room?"

Sherri pondered momentarily and replied, "Let's share a room. Edward doesn't appreciate others sleeping in his bed, so we should avoid that to prevent getting scolded"

Natalie placed all of Sherri's belongings in the guest room alongside hers.

After completing several tasks, Natalie went to the bathroom to blow-dry her hair and said, 'I'll dry my hair first. Help yourself to anything you find in the fridge.

Sherri mischievously smiled and said. "You're so quick! Did you buy everything to welcome me?"

Opening the fridge, Sherri was slightly taken aback and said, "Natalie, you don't have to be so formal. It's almost embarrassing to be welcomed like this"

Natalie was blow-drying her hair inside the bathroom, and the sound of the hairdryer muffled most of what Sherri said. Assuming Sherri was addressing her. Natalie casually responded. "Hmm, you decide. I'll be out in a moment."

Sherri perceived this as her best friend's enthusiasm and felt elated. She retrieved a bottle of citrus juice. Before long. Natalie finished blow-drying her hair and casually tied it up into a bun.

Seated on the floor, Natalie opened the juice bottle, took a sip, and asked, "Did your mom agree to you moving out like

this

Sherri lifted a meat skewer, took a bite, and exclaimed, "My mom disagreed, but my brother did. I told him I was concerned about your safety and would accompany you. In this household, Edward's words have the same effect on my mom as painkillers."

Natalie was rendered speechless, and she thought, 'She's quite bold to take such measures just to move out with me.'

Sherri recalled something her mother, Juana, mentioned before leaving, "By the way, my mom said you should come to our house for New Year's. I'll be lively with many people, and my mom loves a vibrant atmosphere."

Natalie smiled, touched by the gesture. 'No, I want to spend New Year's with Mr. Theo. After the New Year, I'll be going abroad, and I won't have much time to visit him. Besides, the two aunts in the mansion are alone. I'll go back and make pizzas with them.'

Sherri felt a twinge of sadness and inquired, "Okay, tell me about the divorce. Is the City Hall operating 24 hours now:

Natalie chuckled and replied. "What are you thinking? Mr. Theo arranged for someone to work overtime, and Trevon wasn't around. We can say it was a one-sided divorce."

Sherri took a bite of a potato chip and opened her mouth wide. Natalie reached out and playfully closed her friend's chin

Collecting her thoughts, Sherri speculated, 'But it can't be a sham, right?'

"No, I checked the City Hall's internal network. It shows that I am officially divorced. It's real," Natalie reassured her.

Sherri nodded in response, saying, "That's good. It seems Mr. Theo is still a good person and very reasonable."

She never expected Natalie's divorce to proceed so smoothly without Mr. Wilson's cooperation. She also admired Mr. Theo's clever move, silently turning Trevon into a divorced man.

Natalie couldn't resist sharing her mischievous act, "I did something significant tonight."

Sherri, an expert in gossip, sat up straight and eagerly urged, "Tell me, tell me!"

Satisfying her friend's curiosity. Natalie recounted, "I bought two packs of durian and a pack of blue cheese pasta. I had the pasta for dinner and opened all the durian packets. I left them open for about half an hour while setting the central air conditioning in the living room to 30 degrees. It filled the room with the smell. Afterward, I packed up the durian flesh and left the shells in the living room and some leftover pasta cream. It must be quite pungent by now."

Upon hearing the story, Sherri burst into uncontrollable laughter, clapping her hands and giving Natalie two thumbs up. She cheered, "You're the most amazing woman in Athana! I bet Mr. Wilson will have a lifetime of trauma regarding these two things!"

Sherri laughed throughout the night, reminiscing and bursting into laughter again, leaving Natalie speechless.

Sherri eventually settled down before going to sleep.

After not sharing a bed, the two finished their late-night snack and intermittently chatted for a few hours before drifting off to sleep

The following day,

[Chapter 77](#)

The weather cleared unusually, but the cold persisted just as icy. Nevertheless, the sun dutifully resumed its shift.

Yet. Trevon's mood didn't brighten up like the weather.

A phone call interrupted Mia's day in the early morning hours amidst a mix of joy and worry. Jim's swift hand had brought this unexpected call, stirring a range of emotions within her.

Fed up with the constant and irritating ringing. Trevon shut off his phone.

Having endured a prolonged absence of sleep at Phoenix Manor, he encountered a rare bout of insomnia last night.

Bright and early, Jim was already at his doorstep, ready to escort him to the Wilson's residence.

Jim was screaming in agony deep within his soul!

The Wilson's residence.

Theo sat leisurely at the dining table, savoring his morning meal. When he noticed his grandson's grumpy face, it added a hint of pleasure to his mood.

Taking a sip of his freshly brewed coffee, he casually remarked. "Bright and early today. huh? How about joining me for breakfast? Mr. Hawk has also made an appearance. Please take a seat, and let's share a meal. Mary, please bring two more sets of cutlery

Theo did not heed his grandson's desires and took charge without hesitation.

With deft and efficient movements, Mary swiftly brought two cutlery sets, accompanied by an assortment of additional breakfast treats.

Trevon remained motionless, his reluctance palpable, and Jim naturally followed suit, remaining motionless.

Theo didn't seem to be impatient as he continued unhurriedly. "If you have something to discuss with me, it can wait until after breakfast. We can't have a proper conversation on an empty stomach. Don't just stand there looking superior. Take a seat."

With a begrudging expression, Trevon finally sat down and sipped his milk. "Mr. Theo, did you arrange the divorce proceedings for her as you instructed last night?"

Hearing these words, Theo concealed his inner delight, maintaining an expressionless face. Indeed, Natalie came to me, hoping I would grant you a way out. She didn't want to keep you tied down against your will. She earnestly and persistently persuaded me. And I must admit, her words held some truth. A loveless marriage is a mutual torment. So, I have decided to fulfill your wishes, to set you free from any obstacle in your pursuit of true love."

"Mr. Theo, where am I supposed to find true love if you didn't even inform me about the divorce?" Trevon's tone carried a hint of reproach and discontent.

Theo finished his breakfast, wiped his mouth, and glanced at his grandson, then shifted his gaze to Jim, who was silently consuming his meal, seemingly trying to diminish his presence. "Well, tell me, why should I have informed you? Divorce doesn't require your consent, just as Natalie doesn't require your presence. Since the shoe doesn't fit and causes discomfort, I must find a better fit for you. With all your responsibilities and busy schedule, where would you find time for love? I can't let a mere marriage license hinder your potential to earn a fortune."

Seeing Mr. Theo mocking him, Trevon felt a surge of frustration. He repeatedly pushed back. "I'm not involved in any romantic relationships."

Theo maintained a steady gaze on his grandson, "Weren't you the one intentionally creating trending topics, aiming to give Miss Mia some recognition? Or was it for a different motive? To attract someone's attention, perhaps?"

Trevon found himself at a loss for words. He had indeed orchestrated the trending topics with Jim's assistance, and there was a specific objective behind it.

However, he couldn't bring himself to admit it.

As the defiant silence lingered from Trevon, Theo shifted his gaze onto Jim, his eyes sharpening sternly. "Did you orchestrate those trending topics?"

Trevon remained speechless, unable to contain the implicit message within his grandfather's piercing gaze.

Jim frantically denied, "No, it wasn't me. I had no part in it. He turned to Trevon, desperately seeking assistance through his pleading eyes.

Trevon knowing Mr. Theo's intentions all too well, bestowed upon Jim a look of disappointment before boldly confessing, "I orchestrated them."

Theo nodded with a blend of approval and acceptance. "So, that's settled. What brought you here so early in the morning. then? I've brought an end to the marriage you didn't desire. Now you're free to pursue whatever you wish. Enjoy your

newfound freedom, or is there a hint of reluctance in your heart?"

Theo proceeded to offer his insightful guidance and rounsel

Trevon seethed with suppressed anger, feeling utterly powerless to retort. Never before had he felt such a sense of helplessness. He stood up, undoing the rightly fastened buttons of his collar. "Mr Theo, I'm heading back to the office."

Theo paid him no mind, reveling in his good mood as he cheerfully addressed Gage. "Feeling quite delighted today! Quick, fetch me some more pizzas."

Gage smiled and returned to the kitchen with a plate filled with several delectable pizzas.

Placing the plate on the table, he gently reminded Theo. "Please remember, you can only indulge to a certain extent. Excessive eating will certainly draw criticism from Mrs. Janet Wilson."

Ever since Mrs. Janet had left. Theo allowed himself to indulge. A few years prior, his fondness for sweets and overeating had nearly led to diabetes. Consequently, Rachel strictly managed his diet, leaving no room for excess.

Indulging in reckless eating was not something they allowed Theo to partake in.

Regardless of perspective. Rachel was an exemplary daughter-in-law, a competent household manager, and an outstanding individual.

However, Caleb's leg condition had worsened in the past few days, and Rachel accompanied him for treatment in Sapphire City

Theo, seizing the opportunity, indulged himself a little more discreetly.

Theo furrowed his brow. "Understood. When Rachel returns, please refrain from reporting this."

Gage questioned, "Theo, don't you care about Trevon! Are you going to let them remain apart like this?"

What if Mrs. Wilson had decided not to return?

"Well, what else could we expect? It was Trevon who failed to cherish what he had. Whom could we blame but him? If only he had admitted his feelings for Natalie, I could have offered some assistance. I reminded him several times this morning, but look at his stubborn demeanor. He became so distant that he didn't even recognize Rachel anymore. Imph

In other words, he became so stubborn that he didn't even recognize his mother!

Lithern boxing gym.

Men were drenched in sweat, their bodies moving with lightning speed as they unleashed a flurry of punches on the equipment, showing no fatigue.

Trevon, his white shirt soaked through, continued to punch mechanically, his movements relentless. Jim stood by, feeling at sense of unease, silently waiting on the sidelines.

Since leaving the Wilson's residence. Trevon had not returned to the company. Frustrated by his encounter with Theo earlier this morning, he sought solace and release in the boxing gym.

"Well, look who's here, getting in a workout. Quite a rare sight, Frank remarked, leaning against the doorway with at suggestive smile, his hands casually resting in his pockets.

Upon hearing the voice, Trevon continued his movements without skipping a beat and made no effort to respond.

Cautiously taking a few steps backward, Jim approached Frank and said, "Mr. Roberts, could you perhaps talk some sense into Mr. Wilson? He's been at it for nearly two hours now. If he keeps going, lie's going to injure himself."

Jim knew better than to advise Trevon directly. The man didn't listen to reason.

Who knew what consequences might arise?

But Mr. Roberts was different. He wouldn't face the same fate of being exiled to Southland.

One can only imagine the magnitude of the shadows cast over Jim when it came to Southland.

Casually chewing his gum. Frank spoke in a laid-back tone, "Let him wear himself out. Once he's completely spent, things will settle down. No need to rush."

Jim retorted. "No need to rush? So I suppose we'll just have a disabled Mr. Wilson in Athana."

Frank remained in his position, lazily leaning against the door as he observed the relentless display of the exhausted man's frustrations. He found it rather intriguing, as it was the first time he had witnessed Trevon in such a state.

With a hint of amusement, Frank continued to chew his gum, attentively watching the boxing session unfold

After about fifteen minutes. Trevon became too tired to continue, collapsing onto the ground.

Jim, being considerate, approached with a towel and a bottle of soda water in hand.

Frank, observing the situation, lifted his leg and walked over, sitting beside him.

Jim quietly exited the room, gently closing the door behind him, leaving Frank to comfort Mr. Wilson.

Leaning back with his hands propped behind him, Frank turned his head toward Trevon and asked, "Feeling bothered by the divorce?"

"Not really. It's been a while since I've trained, so I thought I'd give it a go."

Frank licked his teeth and grinned, “No regrets, huh? Well, at least the title of husband and wife was rightfully earned.”

Trevon looked at Frank with a hint of surprise.

He quickly regained his composure and responded, “I don’t have any regrets. I never had any feelings for her to begin with. It was just a contractual agreement.”

Frank patted his shoulder, offering words of praise. “Good for you. Keep it up.”

Continue to maintain that prideful nature of yours.

Deep down, Frank understood that Trevon’s reluctance stemmed from his inability to relinquish his ego. He believed that falling in love with a wife he was coerced into marrying was a source of embarrassment, showcasing his stubbornness.

The irony was that he expected the woman to chase after him without considering that she possessed a similar temperament.

Dreams and wishful thinking were two entirely different concepts!

Turning toward the door, Frank said, “Mr. Landor has recently assigned Kyle to investigate the talent reserve project at Athana Hospital. Natalie might be going abroad.”

Trevon was momentarily taken aback. Was she going abroad?

As Frank reached the doorway, Jim couldn’t help but ask with urgency. “How is Mr. Wilson doing?”

Frank gave a wry smile and pulled at the corner of his mouth. “He’s digging his own grave.”

Jim pressed further, “So, did Mr. Roberts try to advise him but to no avail? Or has he lost the chance to win back Mrs. Wilson?”

[Chapter 78](#)

Unbeknownst to them, time slipped away unnoticed, and in the blink of an eye, the day of the bidding had arrived.

Sherri was filled with sheer delight, beaming like a child.

She twirled in front of the mirror, unable to contain her excitement. The reason for her joy was the limited-edition dress that Edward had purchased for her to wear at the bidding event. Notably, it was the same design as the one worn by Natalie, affectionately known as the sister dress. One was a delicate shade of blue, while the other boasted a soft, creamy hue.

Without a doubt, Sherri had chosen the pale blue one.

Meanwhile, Natalie had already finished her makeup and sat primly on the bed, waiting patiently for Sherri. She had been waiting for half an hour while Sherri meticulously curled her eyelashes, taking her time with every detail.

Completely unaware of the passing time, Sherri didn’t consider the minutes ticking by. For a woman, getting dressed and applying makeup was an effortless endeavor, as if time had no hold on her.

Looking beautiful was all that mattered,

Natalie felt reluctant to remind Sherri. 'Sherri, we're attending a bidding event, not a beauty pageant. You already look stunning. Even the celebrities walking the red carpet can't compare to you.'

Sherri had an air of confidence, proudly stating, "Absolutely! You have great taste. But I can't afford to embarrass Edward. What if I run into my future sister-in-law? I can't risk looking anything less than perfect"

Deep down, Sherri always had a nagging feeling that Edward had a girlfriend overseas!

Feeling tired, Natalie propped her chin up and said. "You keep going. I'll grab a drink to wake myself up. I haven't had a single sip of water since I woke up this morning."

"Hey, Natalie, does my makeup look good? Are my lashes curled enough?"

Natalie glanced up and commented, "Looks good. No need to curl them anymore. They're reaching for the sky"

Sherri was in high spirits and didn't pay much attention to Natalie's hidden implications.

Edward had been waiting downstairs for an hour without making a single phone call. He sat in the passenger seat, patiently

waiting

Meanwhile, Kyle, showing no sense of urgency, reclined in his seat with his eyes half-closed, nearly drifting off to sleep. Once Sherri and Natalie finished their preparations, they spotted Edward's Maybach downstairs. Opening the car doors, they carefully adjusted their dresses before stepping inside.

Edward, you're here so early"

"Yeah"

With everyone seated, Kyle started the car engine and headed toward the Grand Manor Hotel

The bidding event was being held in the penthouse conference room of the Grand Manor Hotel.

Natalie, who had a late shift that evening, was anxious about possibly being late. "Edward, what time does the bidding event wrap up?"

Edward turned his head slightly and spoke in a reassuring tone, "Worried about being late for work?"

Natalie answered honestly. "Yes."

"Don't worry. It will be over before dinner. The results will be announced, and after that. I'll drop you off at the hospital

"Oh, alright."

The entrance of the Grand Manor Hotel was bustling with activity as one luxury car after another pulled into the parking lot. The available spaces quickly filled up, indicating a significant turnout for the bidding event.

Reporters were gathered at the entrance, their cameras poised to capture the scene. Natalie couldn't help but feel a twinge of skepticism.

This was quite the spectacle!

Turning to Sherri, who appeared visibly excited. "Sherri, are you sure this bidding event is supposed to be small-scale!"

Sherri, sensing the discrepancy, swiftly changed the subject. "Oh, it doesn't matter. As long as I'm here with Edward, the event's size doesn't matter. Besides, we're both single, so let's enjoy ourselves, right?"

Natalie was momentarily at a loss for words. She did have reservations, mainly when it came to large-scale gatherings with a sizeable crowd.

But since they had already arrived, returning now wasn't an option.

Edward sensed Natalie's discomfort and leaned in to reassure her, "Don't worry. Sit beside me in a little while. Once the official list is announced, we can make our exit,"

Natalie nodded.

As they stepped into the conference hall, their eyes were met with a sea of people, a dense crowd that stretched as far as the eye could see

Even Sherri was taken aback, questioning the sheer number of attendees. Were they all here for the bidding? Was this event intended to be small-scale, or had it unexpectedly become something more significant?

Questions swirled in Sherri's mind. How had so many people managed to secure their presence?

Were qualifications not thoroughly vetted?

Kyle leaned closer to Edward and whispered. "There's a significant number of attendees from outside Athana today, which explains the large turnout."

Edward nodded knowingly, understanding the competitive nature of such events. "It's to be expected. Everyone wants a slice of the pie."

The four of them settled into their seats in the front row

Soon enough,

a procession of individuals made their grand entrance through the doors. Leading the way was a distinguished man dressed in a sleek black suit. He casually strolled toward the front row, his hands nonchalantly tucked into his pockets.

Hackett, usually known for his laid-back demeanor, was followed closely behind and appeared surprisingly composed and focused. Like Frank, his hands were in his pockets, his face betraying no emotion.

Fate had intertwined their paths once again

Trevon entered the room, his gaze immediately drawn to the woman seated next to Sherri in the elegant creamy hue dress.

Her lustrous black hair cascaded down her back.

Without hesitation, he sat beside her, his countenance calm and unruffled, as if they were mere strangers.

Natalie couldn't help but feel a momentary surprise. "Aren't there other seats?"

However, as she observed his composed demeanor, her apprehension faded.

Sherri, too, couldn't help but be intrigued by the situation. With several empty seats remaining, she wondered why he had deliberately chosen to sit next to Natalie.

Yet, his expression betrayed no intention of initiating a conversation or showing any particular interest in Natalie.

Frank settled beside Trevon while Hackett sat on the row's outer edge.

Unable to contain his curiosity, Hackett leaned in and murmured, "What brings the sister-in-law here?*

Frank corrected him. "Former sister-in-law."

Hackett persisted. "So, they went through with the divorce?"

Frank didn't feel it was appropriate to discuss Trevon's marital status at such a formal gathering. He brushed off the question, unwilling to engage further.

Meanwhile, Trevon appeared utterly calm as he sat beside her. Throughout the event, he didn't exchange words or betray emotions. Even when Sherri and Natalie exchanged brief remarks, he maintained his stoic and composed demeanor.

This helped ease the initial awkwardness that Natalie felt.

To everyone's surprise, Mia was the host for today's bidding event.

Even Trevon's eyes subtly flickered, and his brows furrowed slightly.

Natalie and Sherri had just finished their conversation when they looked up and saw a woman in a stylish short skirt, confidently holding a microphone, taking charge of the proceedings.

Sherri immediately noticed and couldn't hide her discontent. She exclaimed, "Oh my goodness, how did such a prestigious bidding event end up with someone like her as the host? It's lowering the standard, isn't it?"

Trying to be discreetly blunt, Edward reminded his sister, "Keep it down."

Sherri fell silent, but her fingers couldn't resist sending a quick message to Natalie, "I can guarantee you that this woman must have used some unethical means to get on that stage."

The phone buzzed in her hand, indicating an unread message. Initially, she hesitated to open it, but a gentle nudge from Sherri urged her to take a look.

Reluctantly, she extended her finger and swiped open the phone. In that fleeting moment, the man sitting next to her

discreetly glanced at her screen before quickly shifting his gaze forward, unnoticed by others

Natalie had sent a few words, "So now you know, huh? You have too much free time on your hands."

Sherri replied, "Are you going to seek revenge?"

Sherri responded, her tone laced with determination. "Of course, I'm going to seek revenge. Why should I let someone's betrayal go unanswered? I've already gone through a divorce, so I have nothing left to lose."

Trevon furrowed his brow. Sensing his unease, Frank leaned in and asked. "Feeling uncertain, Trevon? Can't handle the

situation?"

"No, it's not that."

After an hour, the bid results were announced, and the Wilson Group emerged as the victorious bidder, eliciting a mix of indifference from many in attendance.

The Landor Group came tantalizingly close to clinching the bid, missing out by a hair's breadth.

The room erupted in applause and congratulations, accompanied by envy and admiration swirling in the air.

A distinguished man in his fifties approached Trevon, extending his hand in a friendly greeting. "Mr. Wilson, your reputation as a prominent figure in Athana is well deserved. Congratulations on your remarkable achievement."

Though unfamiliar with the man, Trevon sensed an air of confidence and luxury emanating from him, a telltale sign of his status among the city's elite.

Jim leaned closer to Trevon and whispered, "That's Daniel Turner, the influential Head of the Turner family and the wealthiest man in Sapphire City. Azureland

Trevon responded graciously, engaging in polite conversation. "Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Turner."

After exchanging a few pleasantries, he left.

Daniel's gaze locked onto the girl standing next to Edward. Her captivating features sent a shiver down his spine, and his footsteps instinctively led him toward her.

His assistant followed suit

Noticing Mr. Turner's approach. Edward greeted him politely, "Long time no see, Mr. Turner. Are you here to participate in the bidding event as well?"

Daniel smiled Indeed. I thought Id come to explore new opportunities. It appears that the young talents of Athana continue to impress. The next generation always surpasses the last. It seems there are many remarkable individuals in this city. I hope to have the chance to visit again in the future”

Edward extended Jus hand for a firm handshake, saying, “The feeling is mutual. I hope we can collaborate someday.”

Edward had crossed paths with Daniel several times during his time abroad due to their projects, leaving a lasting impression on lum

This man was rumored to be the wealthiest man in Azureland, known for his understated demeanor and extensive philanthropic endeavors. His personal affairs and famaly details remain shrouded in mystery.

With little information available about his siblings, children, or even his inner circle.

He was always accompanied by a fleet of bodyguards, making it difficult for anyone to approach him closely.

“And who might this be?” he inquired, gesturing toward Natalie.

Edward smiled warmly as he introduced. “This is my friend.”

When her name was called. Natalie presented herself with grace and composure, “Hello, Mr. Turner. I am Natalie”

“Forgive my curiosity. Miss Foster, but may I inquire about the origin of your mother?”

Natalie appeared somewhat peculiar, yet she maintained her composure and extended courtesy when referring to her mother. “My parents are from Athana”

“No offense taken. I sensed a familiarity with Miss Foster and inquired further. I hope you don’t mind the questions, and I appreciate your explanation, striking a perfect balance of politeness that puts others at ease.

Natalie graciously smiled and remarked. “No problem at all. I suppose I have a rather farmiliar face.”

Daniel didn’t linger any longer than necessary. After exchanging pleasantries, he made his exit.

Sherri, puzzled, inquired, “Who is this person, Edward? He appears to be quite formidable.”

The wealthiest man in Azureland”

Sherri was taken aback. This person possessed great discretion, showing no outward signs of wealth. She had initially presumed he was simply a successful individual. “Impressive indeed. The more affluent one becomes, the more frank they

strive to be, while those with less wealth tend to adopt a more ostentatious demeanor.”

“Sherri, quit picking up those nonsensical words every single day. Spare yourself the unproductive dramas.”

With Edward leading the way, Sherri couldn’t help but playfully stick her tongue out at him from behind. Natalie couldn’t help but burst into heartfelt laughter.

Yet, this scene caught the man's attention, and his gaze darkened, perceiving an unsettling glare.

[Chapter 79](#)

Several days they had passed since the bidding conference, bringing them closer to the upcoming New Year

Since Natalie moved in with Sherri, they were inseparable, like two peas in a pod, practically joined at the hip. They followed a predictable routine between the hospital and residence, becoming a dynamic duo

After wrapping up their night shifts, they occasionally indulged in a midnight snack. They enjoyed cooking their meals at home the rest of the time, and Sherri had grown quite fond of Natalie's culinary prowess.

As the New Year drew nearer, the hospital saw many patients coming in for check-ups. Many elderly individuals wished to undergo examinations before the new year. Consequently, the workload had substantially increased in the past few days, keeping them busier than ever.

On the other hand, Sherri found herself with more idle time. Despite the bustling nature of the obstetrics and gynecology department, birthing activities in the hospital followed seasonal patterns.

In Athana, the end of August marked the peak season for newborn arrivals, reaching an evident surge. The reason was crystal clear Babies born at the end of August would be able to start school in the same academic year, while those born after September would have to wait an extra year before their educational journey commenced.

This prompted many mothers to calculate their dates of conception meticulously.

Of course, some wealthy individuals conceived without much consideration. As they say. "Money can work miracles."

As noon approached, when a young girl timidly entered the room, Sherri was calling out patient numbers. She glanced nervously and timidly at Sherri before turning around to close the door politely. She stole another glance at Sherri and then took a seat, lowering her head shyly.

Patients came in all shapes and sizes, Sherri had a hunch and patiently asked. "What seemed to be the problem?"

The girl kept her head down, nervously clasping her fingers. "My period is late."

Sherri wasn't surprised. After years of working in the outpatient department, she had learned to pick up on certain cues. "Normally, when did you expect your period each month?"

The girl still dared not lift her gaze, whispering. "The 6th."

Sherri heard her, despite the faintness of her voice. "Go get a urine test done. Bring me the results in half an hour."

The girl remained meek, never daring to raise her head throughout the interaction. "Okay"

Watching the girl's retreating figure. Sherri couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness. Yet another girl who had neglected to take precautions. How could they lack the foresight to protect themselves?

This was not about allowing men to feel at ease while women suffered. As a doctor, Sherri did not advocate for abortions. Even when patients required the procedure, she always sought the assistance of others. She had never been involved in terminating a life herself.

Her heart ached at the thought. After all, it was a fragile, precious life that deserved consideration.

During their lunch break.

Sherri shared the incident with Natalie, observing her fatigued expression. 'Natalie, let me tell you something. Another girl came to my outpatient department this morning. I suspect she didn't take any precautions and ended up getting pregnant. I gave her a urine test order, but she never returned, even after I finished my shift. I'm afraid she might have gone to a private clinic.'

When Sherri finished her sentence, Natalie seemed to realize something, her expression hinting at panic. "Sherri, what's today's date?"

Sherri glanced at her, a touch of disbelief in her eyes. "Are you serious? It's the 12th today..." She abruptly trailed off, realizing the implications of what she had just said.

She remembered Natalie's menstrual cycle. Their cycles were similar. Natalie's was on the 5th, and hers was on the 7th. Thus...

Natalie's thoughts raced as she desperately hoped that luck wouldn't be so unkind!

Yet, her heart couldn't help but flutter with anxiety.

Sherri was taken aback by Natalie's comment, feeling a sudden rush of panic. She glanced around the cafeteria at the people eating their meals and whispered, "Natalie, I think mine is late too. But it can't be..." She even doubted her own words, the uncertainty evident in her elongated tone.

Natalie tried to reassure herself, "It's highly unlikely. Let's not jump to conclusions. Perhaps it's just due to recent stress and hormonal imbalance."

Sherri felt a pang of guilt, unable to argue further. "But I have so much free time..."

Natalie fell into a momentary silence, unsure of what to say.

Sherri swallowed hard, feeling a sense of unease. To ease the tension, she suggested, "How about we go to the pharmacy after work and get two pregnancy tests? We can take the tests tomorrow morning with our first urine."

After making their decision, they both struggled to maintain focus throughout the rest of their afternoon shift.

Meanwhile....

In the CEO's office of the Wilson Group, Jim walked in, holding a stack of documents neatly tucked inside a file folder.

Pushing the door open, he placed the documents on the man's desk and discussed the contents. "Mr. Wilson, I have completed the investigation you requested."

As soon as his voice filled the room, the man's face turned cold. These past few days, he was surrounded by an aura that said "do not disturb", emitting a palpable anger.

He seemed almost on the verge of inscribing the words "I am furious" across his forehead.

Not only were the staff in the secretary's office forced to hold their breath, but even the members of the Marketing department and the Planning department felt the tension in the air.

Extending his cold, pale, slender fingers, he retrieved the documents from the desk. With a piercing gaze, he skimmed through them briefly, then narrowed his upturned eyes and inquired. "Is the chef from Sapphire City?"

Jim presented the gathered information truthfully. "Indeed. Mr. Wilson, the chef, is registered as a resident of Sapphire City. His motive for applying to the Grand Manor in Athana was to pursue opportunities in the capital. The profile is concise, but it would be advisable to consult Mr. Roberts."

Jim believed Mr. Roberts must have conducted a thorough screening process when recruiting personnel.

Given Mr. Roberts' background, he likely found it easier to inquire about specific individuals.

As for why Mr. Wilson didn't approach Mr. Roberts for this inquiry, Jim Hawk was unsure.

The man continued to flip through the documents, reaching the second page that contained information about the two servants in the mansion, including their backgrounds. From the records, both servants were born and raised in Athana and had never left the city. His gaze landed on the last name on the page, and his eyebrows furrowed with a mix of intrigue.

Emma Lopez, an orphan, was taken in by the Lopez family from an orphanage during her early childhood, becoming their adopted daughter and the apple of their eye.

Having clarified the general details, Mr. Wilson raised his gaze and inquired, "Are we certain that the information is accurate?"

Jim nodded confidently. Absolutely. We have thoroughly cross-checked every detail, and the final piece of information has been verified multiple times. It is worth noting that the Lopez family has never disclosed the fact that their daughter was adopted. According to accounts from people close to the family, Emma holds a special place in the Lopez family's heart. She is a prodigy in music, chess, calligraphy, and painting, indicating that the Lopez family has invested significant efforts in her upbringing. Moreover, at the age of 26, she married Harry during the same year when the Foster family faced a severe financial crisis. Subsequently, the Lopez family injected a substantial amount of capital into the Foster family, effectively revitalizing their business."

Considering her status as Mr. Wilson's former mother-in-law, he refrained from using her name directly.

Jim proceeded to provide a detailed account of all the information he had gathered, leaving no stone unturned.

Since they married, Trevon had never bothered to delve into this woman's background. He had only intended to satisfy his curiosity with a casual investigation, but little did he expect to uncover such significant information.

If he hadn't pursued the inquiry, Emma's origins would have remained a lifelong secret, known only within the Lopez family as their cherished heiress.

According to the gathered data, the Lopez family had been instrumental in saving the Foster family from their financial crisis. However, during his previous visit to the Foster family, Trevon couldn't help but notice Harry's lack of regard for his daughter. Instead, he seemed to favor Emily, and there was even a palpable animosity toward Natalie. What concealed truths lay beneath the surface?

After a brief pause, Trevon mustered the courage to speak. His voice tinged with embarrassment. "Can we find any information about Emma's... biological parents?"

The name felt strangely difficult to utter directly for some inexplicable reason.

Jim couldn't help but feel a sense of annoyance. "Mr. Wilson, it's been quite a long time, almost 49 years ago. It's highly challenging to uncover every detail from that time. Record-keeping systems weren't as advanced back then, mostly relying on paper-based records. With time, it's doubtful that we'll be able to find extensive information. Furthermore, the former director who had those records has already passed away. The available records indicate that Mrs. Wilson was born in the same year when Emma from the Lopez family turned 26. Should we continue the investigation?"

"Yes. Dig deeper. And also, find out the true relationship between Emily and Harry."

Jim sensed a hidden motive behind Mr. Wilson's requests. "Mr. Wilson, are you discreetly investigating on behalf of Mrs. Wilson? Are you planning to win her back?"

Finding detailed information about his deceased mother-in-law would likely prove challenging.

Suppressing his inner excitement, Jim's eyes gleamed with anticipation. "Mr. Wilson, are you trying to help Mrs. Wilson? Are you planning to pursue her once again?"

Trevon gave him a cold, disdainful glance. "You seem to have plenty of free time on your hands. Did I ever mention that I intend to pursue her?"

Jim hastily replied, "No, I'll get back to work." But he thought, "Keep acting aloof. But remember, when someone else wins over Mrs. Wilson, you'll be filled with regret."

[Chapter 80](#)

In the early hours of the following day, at 3:30 AM.

they both struggled to find restful sleep, consumed by their anxieties over their delayed menstrual cycles. Restless and anxious, they stood in the bathroom, clad in their sleepwear, taking turns to test the pregnancy strips.

Sherri was growing increasingly frantic, urging Natalie, who had been inside for five minutes, "Natalie, are you finished? Why is it taking so long for you to urinate?"

Natalie's voice echoed from inside, "Just a moment, I'm not done yet."

"You should come out first. The test strip must be left for 5-10 minutes to obtain accurate results. Waiting inside won't make any difference."

The door swung open, and Natalie emerged, clutching the test strip. It displayed a single line. "I see. I'll use the restroom first. It's your turn now."

After four minutes, piercing screams reverberated from the bathroom, "Ah..."

Natalie pushed the door open and entered, glancing around. "What's going on?"

Sherri's face was stunned as she opened her mouth, gesturing toward the two test strips on the bathroom counter.

Natalie's gaze followed Sherri's gesture, and her eyes widened in disbelief. Mechanically, she turned back to Sherri, who seemed lost in thought.

The two stood there, staring at each other dumbfoundedly for a few minutes. Then, in perfect synchronization, they both exclaimed, "It's positive."

There was a brief pause, and they simultaneously repeated, "What should we do?"

Without skipping a beat, they said. "Stay calm."

Both of them sighed deeply, leaning against opposite sides of the door frame. In perfect unison, they sighed, "Well..." Natalie snapped back to reality, realizing the irreversible situation they were facing. It was like hitting the jackpot, except this time, it was different. "Let's go. We won't find any answers in the bathroom. Staring at this test strip won't miraculously change the result. You don't possess any magical powers."

Sherri followed with a gloomy expression as they exited the restroom. Both of them took their seats on opposite ends of the couch. Sherri crossed her legs and slumped, "Natalie, what do you plan to do? You just got divorced. Perhaps... you should consider..." She wanted to suggest that Natalie consider terminating the pregnancy, but as an obstetrician-gynecologist, those words proved challenging to utter.

Natalie, too, felt the weight of exhaustion. She crossed her legs and leaned against the couch, tilting her head backward. "I honestly don't know."

From that point on, silence filled the room. The living room was engulfed in a calm stillness, punctuated only by the distant howl of the wind and the rhythmic rustling of leaves.

After contemplating for a moment. Sherri suddenly struck upon a thought. "Natalie, where did you buy your last batch of contraceptive pills? Could they have expired or been counterfeit? It's perplexing how even imported pills couldn't prevent this. Are their little warriors really that resilient, defying all attempts at contraception?"

Could their tenacity extend even to evading the effects of birth control pills?

This remark jolted Natalie out of her confusion, her gaze evasive. "Ahem, perhaps we didn't take them early enough. Those little critters tend to form alliances with our bodies too quickly."

Sherri was on the verge of using her expertise to counter, about to say, "That's not..."

But Natalie quickly changed the subject, cutting her off. "What's your plan then? You're not married yet, and if Edward were to find out..."

This effectively diverted the discussion from the topic of birth control pill efficacy.

Sherri shrugged her shoulders, letting out a sigh. "I don't know what to do. If Edward finds out, he'll probably tear me apart." Natalie contemplated momentarily, then slapped her thigh and released a deep breath "I want to keep it."

Sherri's eyes widened as she stared at her in disbelief. "Are you insane? Weren't you planning to go abroad after the New Year? Will the university even accommodate pregnant students?"

"They should, shouldn't they? It's not like I'm in my first or second year. The training programs at the university have students of all ages, some with several children already. I don't think they would restrict me from being pregnant."

Sherri was about to say something, but Natalie quickly interjected, anticipating her thoughts. "I know what you're going to say. This child is his biological child, but we're already divorced. This child is mine. Please, don't let it slip. If you do, our friendship will come to an end. I want to have a family of my own."

Sherri's eyes welled up with tears as she understood Natalie's intentions. Since her grandfather's passing, she had no blood relatives with whom she shared a true kinship. Despite the biological connection with that scumbag dad, having no ties at all felt better. She longed to have a genuine family member in this world.

However, she knew the days ahead would be filled with challenges and hardships...

Sherri spoke in a determined tone, "I want to keep the baby too I can't bring myself to terminate its life because it's Hackett's offspring. You know, after being a doctor for so many years. I've never performed an abortion. I couldn't bear to endure such a procedure now that I am in this situation. If I were to carry it out, I'd likely be haunted by nightmares for the rest of my life. We will share in both the blessings and the hardships together"

Sherri's steadfast refusal to perform abortions was widely known throughout the obstetrics and gynecology department. While others might question it, she knew it was a deeply personal choice. However, Sherri's unmarried status posed a dilemma, how would she navigate marriage with a child in tow?

Her mother, Juana, would not let her off easily either.

Natalie voiced her concerns with worry. "Sherri, have you thought this through? This is a serious matter, not something to be taken lightly. If you decide to proceed with the pregnancy, you'll be a single mother, which may affect your chances of finding a partner in the future."

Sherri countered with a question, "And what about you?"

Natalie's resolve remained unwavering as she responded, her voice filled with conviction. "I've given it a lot of thought. I've realized that one doesn't necessarily need to be bound to a man for a lifetime. I can still cherish over 20 years of companionship and joy if I have a son. And if I have a daughter, she can

grow up to be a lifelong friend with whom I can share a special bond. Whether or not I choose to marry becomes inconsequential”

Sherri nodded in understanding. “Yes, that’s exactly how I feel. I’ve made up my mind. I will choose to keep the baby. If, in the future, I happen to meet someone I genuinely love and who loves me in return, someone who can accept and embrace the child, then we c

can build a life together. But if that doesn’t happen, we can still lead fulfilling lives as independent women. We can enjoy our time together, strolling hand in hand as two wise old souls.”

Sherri tidied things up and teased, “Natalie, let’s have a little fun tonight and play baby matchmaking. If I have a girl and you have a boy, we’ll pair them up. Or we can still make it work if you have a girl and I have a boy.”

Natalie shot her a playful glare. “You’ve been watching too many romantic dramas, haven’t you? What are you even thinking? It’s the 21st century. We don’t do baby matchmaking anymore.”

Sherri felt dissatisfied. “So you’re not up for it, huh? Don’t you feel sad that your godmother doesn’t want you as her child?”

Natalie sighed, lost for words.

“Sherri, what’s growing in your belly is an embryo. It’s a bit too early for prenatal education.”

Sherri persisted, “Well, will you consider it or not?”

“Alright, let’s go ahead with it. Now, think about your next move carefully. I’ll leave the country shortly after New Year so that it will have little impact. The child can be born abroad, but what about your situation? It’s bound to be discovered if you stay in Athana.”

A sudden idea flashed in Sherri’s mind. “How about I go with you? I’ll have Edward help me with the arrangements.”

Natalie had a gut feeling that Edward wouldn’t agree with the plan, “Edward... he probably won’t agree. Maybe you should be honest with him.”

Sherri stepped back in fear, “Oh no. I’d be in big trouble if Edward found out. He’d probably drag me along and chop me into pieces.

“Well, what do we do then?”

Sherri shifted her posture, propping her head up with one hand. “Tomorrow, I’m going to chat with the director, maybe share a heartwarming story to tug at their heartstrings, and show them how much I desire to pursue further studies.”

Once the plan was settled,

Sherri suggested, “Tomorrow, let’s head to the ultrasound room and get a scan done. I’ll do it for you, and you can do it for

me.”

“Alright, but can you get hold of the keys?”

“Borrowing the keys might raise suspicion. Just say you’re experiencing discomfort in the gynecological area and feel shy about it. I’ll examine you. I doubt anyone will suspect a thing.”

Natalie found the idea feasible and nodded in agreement.

But why did it have to involve gynecological issues?

For a moment, Natalie felt like she was indeed going insane. How could she even consider such an absurd course of action? Yet, Sherri was even more reckless in her thinking.

Natalie was used to being a lone wolf, indifferent to the opinions of others. However, Sherri’s circumstances differed, and they had to proceed cautiously.

Every path led to the destination, eventually reaching its desired endpoint, no matter how challenging the journey.