



Twitter's homepage had been filled with hashtags, "Mr. Wilson, the heir of the Wilson Group, stayed with the headliner of Lither Club in the middle of the night, "Athana's richest man paid to have sex with the headliner." The ascetic persona of Mr. Wilson from Athana was ruined," and "The headliner of Lither Club seems to keep her virginity for Mr. Wilson."

In the Lither Club suite, Frank was awakened by his cell phone ringing.

"Speak. His tone was tinged with impatience,

"Geez, you're still sleeping? Something big has happened. Get up and watch the news," Hackett shouted loudly.

"Get to the point, Frank said, not caring about the gossip.

"The point is that the trending topics are all related to Mr. Wilson. He stole my job, so I want to ask him what he wants." Hackett suspected that Trevon was crazy.

In his impression, the Wilson family was a family with strict rules. Brothers could not fight against each other. Men in the family were not allowed to have mistresses and had to keep themselves clean. Otherwise, they would be punished according to the family rules.

What Trevon had done was a direct violation of the Wilson family's family rules. He was undoubtedly angering his grandfather.

Was he seeking death? Or had his family's family rules been abolished?

"He's seeking death," Frank said and hung up the phone instantly.

Hackett was angry and secretly thought, “How could I have a friend like Frank? Would it kill him to talk to me more every time? I paid for the phone bill, not him.”

Thinking of Frank saying the word “death,” Hackett, who was a real one for flirting with the girls for a long time, realized something suddenly.

He felt that Trevon would hurt himself sooner or later by the plan he set up.

The Wilson Group office building, located in the busiest city center of Athana, stood tall and towering like a towering tree submerged in the clouds.”

Jim pushed the door open, entered the CEO’s office, and said. “Mr. Wilson, the media has changed all the trending topics to those related to you. How long does this need to last? Only today?”

Jim was a little confused about what Trevon

thinking. When Jim saw Mrs. Wilson for the first time, he felt that she was a nice person. He could not figure out why Mr. Wilson deliberately created a scandal to make her misunderstand him. He even ruined his own reputation because of this.

Jim thought to himself secretly, “Besides, Mrs. Wilson is very beautiful!”

Jim guessed that even Mr. Wilson’s grandfather would not let Mr. Wilson go.

Trevon untied his tie and loosened it while saying, “Keep them there as long as you can.”

Jim reminded. “But Mr. Theo...”

“He won’t come to me!” Trevon exuded a calm and composed demeanor that everything was in his grasp.

It was true that things were in his expectation. Theo had been in the business field for many years. How could he not know what his grandson wanted?

Theo did not have enough reason to force Trevon to get married, so he could only turn a blind eye to this matter. He would not intervene as long as Trevon did not go too far.

In the hospital cafeteria, everyone was wearing white clothes, making one feel clean and comfortable.

Sherri once again complained in the corner. "Has the chef at Cafeteria 1 changed recently? Why is the food so bad? It's really different from what you cooked. That chef is a fake. right? Let's go eat in a different cafeteria tomorrow."

Natalie also found out that the food in Cafeteria 1 was really not delicious anymore. But she did not care that much. She thought it was already good to be able to have enough food. She indifferently said, "I think it's fine as long as the food here can give us enough energy to work. Cafeteria 1 is for our outpatient department. Cafeteria 2 is for the inpatient department, and Cafeteria 3 is for the critical care and emergency department. Which cafeteria do you want to eat in? It's okay if we eat in a different cafeteria occasionally, but someone will report this to the director if we do it often. Just try to endure it and eat the food here."

The Athana Hospital was huge. There were four cafeterias alone, and they were clearly categorized. Each department, unit, and building had its own unique cafeteria.

Where there were many women, there were troubles.

Even if they were nurses who saved patients, not everyone had the same kindness. For example, they would have opinions if colleagues from the outpatient department came to grab food from their cafeteria.

Natalie did not want to create unnecessary trouble for such a bite of food.

Sherri was also not a person who liked trouble. The two were similar in nature, so they could get along as close friends.

“Oh, forget it. Let’s order takeout tomorrow. Or, we can also go out to eat. Your motorcycle is allowed to be on the road every day anyway. There are no traffic restrictions.”

“Well, okay then. Just don’t mind if I drive too fast.” Sherri cared about her appearance too much, but Natalie loved the feeling of speed. Whenever she drove fast, Sherri would scold her because Sherri’s hair was messed up or her clothes were wrinkled.

“Can’t you drive a little slower? You really drive too fast, and it scares me to death. Motorcycles suit you. If you drive a car during peak hours, you’ll be anxious to death.”

Natalie did not retort. What Sherri said might be true. She just really did not like to waste her time on the road.

Sherri chatted with Natalie while eating and checking her Twitter. She was the busiest one in the entire cafeteria. She ate very slowly, but Natalie, who accompanied her to eat, was not impatient. She always patiently waited for Sherri to finish.

Natalie, who had just finished her meal and was about to clear her plate, was startled by Sherri.

“Ah. Natalie, finished.”

The entire cafeteria was silent. Everyone stopped what they were doing to fix their eyes on Sherri

Natalie was a little speechless.

“It’s okay, guys. You focus on your food. She probably found out new gossip again. Basically, all the departments in this building knew that Sherri liked to gossip.

Once everyone heard this explanation, they lost interest, and all came back to focus on their food, phones, or medical records

Natalie put her plate back on the table and blamed her best friend, Sherri. “I don’t think it’s me who is finished. It’s you. What are you doing?”

Realizing she was ill-mannered, Sherri immediately covered her mouth, pulling Natalie closer to herself.

She handed her phone to Natalie with a hint of concern. Natalie took it suspiciously and looked at the screen.

After half a second of confusion, Natalie returned the phone to Sherri and asked lightly, “Did he often have such scandals before?”

“No, this is the first time he has had such scandal. The legendary Mr. Wilson is ascetic and does not get close to women. I

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swear, it’s the first time. Sherri thought her best friend was checking out her new husband’s past, so she tried to share everything she knew about him.

Unexpectedly, Natalie suddenly smiled with sarcasm. She did not care about this at all, but she felt sad. The husband, whom her grandfather had chosen from a thousand options for her, was guarding against her as if she was a thief.

According to Sherri, how could the media put a big shot like him on trending topics without his consent? Weren’t they afraid of putting themselves in serious trouble?

There was only one reason for this, and that was he allowed them to do so.

He did so because he was afraid that she would continue to pester him for money in the future and refuse to divorce.

Natalie did not know if it was her tragedy or his tragedy. He did not even trust the agreement they signed.

Sherri was confused by her. "Natalie, at least he's your husband. Seeing your husband on the trending topics and being with and hugging the headliner of the Lither Club, shouldn't you have some normal reaction?"

"What reaction should I have? He did all this because he was afraid that I'd pester him. If I really had the right reaction, he would think I'm plotting against him because I like his money. Let's go. Only working with peace of mind is the most reliable thing."

"Tsk. tsk. Mr. Wilson is really a confident person. Speaking of it, he cannot be blamed for this matter. You see, with his identity and status, many women in Athana want to be his wife. It's just that you, such an exception, don't like him. Besides, Mr. Wilson doesn't know that you regard his money as dirt."

Natalie liked money, and this was true. But she was a woman who got money in reasonable ways. She never coveted other people's money. She only liked the money she earned by herself.

At present, with all the assets given by her grandfather, she was also considered a multimillionaire, but she was very low-key, and almost no one knew she had so much money.

Natalie remained silent for a while and said, "We will get divorced soon, and now we are, at best, roommates. He married me for his own purpose, and when his purpose is achieved, we should end this so-called cohabitation relationship. So don't think too much. I can never be together with him."

Sherri was hoping that Trevon would take a liking to Natalie so that Natalie would have a backer in the future and her father's family would not dare to trouble her. But after Natalie told her those so bluntly, she understood.

Sherri forgot who Trevon was. Perhaps it was because he registered marriage with Natalie, which suddenly made Sherri forget Trevon's identity. Looking at Natalie's slightly red face, Sherri felt sad for her.

It seemed that Natalie had been unlucky lately. Her own father had just beaten her, and now her newlywed husband had cheated on her, and his intentions were clear.

"Tsk tsk, if we had known this would happen, you should marry my brother. This way, we can become sisters-in-law." Sherri couldn't help but sigh.

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