

Natalie drove her sports car into the garage and parked it. Then she got out of the driver's seat.

Suddenly, the glaring high beams illuminated the spacious garage, causing Natalie to squint. She could see a gray Koenigsegg slowly entering the garage.

A man with long legs stepped out of the passenger seat. He was dressed in a black suit and pants, with his coat unbuttoned, revealing a crisp white shirt underneath. He had a clean and slender figure. But his icy expression gave off a sense of distance, creating an invisible pressure. He exuded an air of elegance and unapproachability.

Their eyes met for a brief moment. And pretending it wasn't awkward would be a lie. However, they could only pretend to be nonchalant.

It was the first time in many days that they encountered each other in the garage when returning home.

Natalie thought inwardly, "What should I say?"

Then she mustered a polite smile, squinting her beautiful eyes as she looked at Trevon. Then she said, "What a coincidence. Mr. Wilson, you just got home too."

After hearing that, Trevon remained silent. His deep and sharp gaze was fixed on her for a moment. After a while, his handsome face still remained cold. Then he replied, "Well."

Natalie was speechless. They managed to kill the conversation again.

Jim quickly got out of the car. He was ready to greet Natalie, whom he believed was easy to get along with.

To his surprise, there was a white Ferrari in front of him. He thought inwardly, "Wasn't this Mr. Landor's favorite car? Why was Mrs. Wilson driving it?"

He didn't notice the license plate when he saw it on the road. And later he was too focused on praising the woman to pay

attention to the car.

Then Jim thought to himself, "Wait a moment. The woman in the suit..."

A flicker of astonishment flashed through Jim's eyes. He suddenly realized that the woman was just Natalie. Realizing this, he forgot to even greet her. His mouth was wide open in shock.

Trevon apparently noticed that his assistant had figured something out. Then he looked at Jim with disdain.

He just wanted to get Jim out of there. Then he said to Jim, "You can go back now. No need to pick me up tomorrow morning.

The cold voice of Trevon snapped Jim out of his shock. Jim thought to himself, "Mr. Wilson must have known that the person was Mrs. Wilson. He was truly worthy of being Mr. Wilson from Athana. He was so damn calm, just turning off the lights and watching the show while his wife got beaten up."

Jim maintained a calm expression on his face. Then he said, "Alright. Mrs. Wilson. Goodbye."

Being called "Mrs. Wilson like that in front of Trevon made Natalie a bit unsure of how to react. Then she said, "Good.... goodbye!"

Since Trevon didn't want to talk to her, Natalie decided not to push it and went straight home.

While changing her shoes, she couldn't shake off the feeling that someone was staring at her from behind. When she turned around, she indeed found Trevon looking at her with an enigmatic gaze. It seemed that he was sizing her up, or probing.

His gaze made her uncomfortable. It seemed that he wanted to say something to her- to see through her.

Natalie didn't like being stared at so blatantly without any words. Then she asked, "Mr. Wilson, is there something you need?"

"No," Trevon replied and then indifferently withdrew his gaze. He hadn't even realized that he had been lost in his thoughts while looking at Natalie. And images of her engaging in a fight inexplicably flashed through his mind.

In fact, he wanted to ask if she had offended anyone. But upon second thought, he thought that it wasn't appropriate. According to their agreement, they were not supposed to interfere with each other's affairs.

Trevon's expression was no longer complex, but rather distant and unapproachable. Natalie began to think that she had misunderstood him. So she replied, "Well. Do you want to grab a late-night snack?"

Natalie was a bit hungry and felt like having Spaghetti. It was actually quite difficult for her to handle the situation. If she didn't ask Trevon, he might think she was being selfish. But if she did ask, she was afraid he would misunderstand her intentions.

Being human was really a difficult thing.

"Well. I'll have a bowl. By the way, did Mr. Hawk reimburse you for the last meal?" Trevon asked. He believed that it was important to keep things clear and settled, regardless of who she was.

“Yeah. He transferred 100 dollars to me. It’s too much. According to the market price for ordinary people, 10 dollars is enough. The excess can be refunded to you or accumulated for the next time by keeping a record. Well. Forget it. Let me just refund it to you. It’s easy to make mistakes when keeping accounts.”

“It’s up to you,” Trevon said in a low voice.

“Well, Okay. The Spaghetti for tonight is 4 dollars, making a total of 14 dollars. I’ll refund 86 dollars to Mr. Hawk,” Natalie said.

“Okay,” Trevon replied.

Then Natalie immediately took out her phone from her pocket and transferred 86 dollars to Jim. After that, she put her phone back in her pants pocket. Then she went straight to the refrigerator to prepare the Spaghetti.

She shouted to the living room. “Do you eat Spaghetti Bolognese?” She liked to eat Spaghetti with tomatoes, ham sausage, eggs, and meat sauce.

“What?” Trevon asked. He had actually never eaten it before. He usually dined lavishly and had never tried these things. So it was understandable that he didn’t react right away.

Although he knew about Spaghetti Bolognese, he just hadn’t had it.

“It’s this thing called Spaghetti. Do you eat it? If you do, I’ll make it. If you don’t, I won’t make it.” Natalie replied. She was really making it difficult for herself, preparing a dish that had to cater to Trevon’s taste.

“Is it delicious?” Trevon asked.

“If I say it’s delicious, will you believe me?” Natalie replied.

“Well. Go ahead and make it,” Trevon said. It was the first time Trevon believed Natalie, or more precisely, her cooking skills.

After hearing that, Natalie was a bit surprised that this man actually believed her. It was so strange. However, it was good anyway because she also wanted to eat Spaghetti Bolognese.

It was already I am. With a chilly autumn breeze blowing, Jim was driving alone on a pitch-black road, feeling quite lonely as he lamented.

Suddenly, his phone rang. He slowed down and then checked it. It was a transfer of 86 dollars from Natalie. He hesitated to accept it, unsure of its meaning. He still wondered why Trevon had asked him to transfer 100 dollars to Natalie last time. Now, he wondered why Natalie returned 80 dollars. And what were the additional 11 dollars for?

Jim didn't dare to approach Natalie privately. He used to think highly of her, finding her approachable. But after the bloody scene tonight, he was a bit frightened and hesitant. Instead, he decided to call Trevon and ask if he should accept the money.

Meanwhile, Trevon was sitting on the living room sofa. He was smoking a cigarette, with the TV on playing the latest news. His gaze kept shifting to the busy woman in the kitchen.

The untimely phone call interrupted Trevon's attention. He diverted his gaze and answered, "What's the matter?"

"It's about Mr. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson transferred 86 dollars to me. What is this money for? Should I accept it?" Jim asked.

"Yes, accept it," Trevon replied. Then he was about to hang up the phone when Jim quickly intervened.

"Wait, Mr. Wilson. I have something else to tell you," Jim said.

Then Trevon impatiently put the phone back to his ear and said, "Speak."

“Tonight, the sports car Mrs. Wilson was driving belongs to Edward Landor, the eldest son of the Landor family. It’s widely known in our circle that this car is Edward’s first sports car and is highly cherished,” Jim said. He was curious about why it was in Natalie’s possession. And he felt it necessary to point it out.

After hearing that, Trevon’s gaze once again shifted to the woman in the kitchen, his eyes darkened. Then he said, “Alright. I understand.”

Jim thought to himself, “Is he really that broad-minded?”

Half an hour had passed.

A steaming bowl of Spaghetti Bolognese was placed in front of Trevon. It looked delicious. But he hesitated to dig in.

He still hadn’t touched his dish.

Just by looking at his expression and actions, it was clear that Trevon had never eaten this food before.

Natalie took a seat and started eating. It seemed that she was demonstrating to him. Then she said, “Go ahead. It’s not poisoned. And it tastes pretty good. Even Sherri Landor, my best friend, praised the Spaghetti Bolognese I made.”

It was the first time Natalie mentioned her best friend in front of Trevon. Anyway, it wasn’t something to hide or be ashamed of.

Seeing her enjoy the food, Trevon felt relieved. He picked up his fork to eat slowly.

The first bite of the Spaghetti indeed tasted good. At least Natalie was genuine in her culinary skills. And Trevon could tell she wasn’t deceiving him. While eating, he naturally asked, “You know Miss Landor from the Landor family?”

Natalie was a bit surprised that Trevon would care about her social connections. Then she replied, “Yes. She’s been my best friend since we were kids.”

Natalie wondered if Trevon was interested in Sherri.

After hearing Natalie’s words, Trevon thought inwardly. “Well. No wonder she could freely drive Edward’s car. It wasn’t so strange anymore.”

Just as they finished their meal, Natalie received a notification on her phone. It was the sound indicating that Jim had received the money.

She picked up her phone and waved it in front of Trevon. Then she said, “All settled. Mr. Hawk has received it.”

Trevon thought to himself, “There is no need to be so precise.

The Spaghetti Bolognese was indeed delicious. Trevon finished all the Spaghetti. And to avoid any awkwardness, he said in the end, “Wasting food is a shame.”

After hearing that, Natalie smiled. She thought inwardly. “He is quite stubborn. Is it really that difficult for him to admit that it is delicious?”

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