



The next day, Natalie woke up early and prepared breakfast for herself, without considering Trevon's portion.

During the rush hour, the roads in Athana were extremely congested. It made Natalie miss her black motorcycle dearly.

After 15 minutes, the car hadn't even passed a single traffic light, remaining motionless. Impatient and frustrated, she took out a cigarette from her pocket. Then she placed it on her pale red lips, lit it with a lighter, and held the cigarette butt between her long, slender fingers. She was exhaling smoke as she waited.

Then she felt more comfortable. She opened the car window, allowing the cold wind to rush in, which cleared her mind to some extent.

Coincidentally, this captivating and enchanting posture caught the attention of Hackett, who was waiting in the car next to Natalie's. He initially thought it was his good friend Edward returning. So after checking the license plate, Hackett planned to greet him through the window.

But to his surprise, it was an attractive woman in the driver's seat. Intrigued, Hackett couldn't help but wonder if she was Edward's girlfriend. If not, he would ask Edward to introduce her to himself.

Being a man of action, Hackett curiously opened his contact list to find Edward's number.

A few seconds later, the call connected. And then he teasingly asked, "Mr. Landor, where are you?"

A calm and warm voice came from the other side. Edward replied, "Mr. Blackwell, what's the occasion for calling me so early? You're not with your girl?"

Hackett kept his gaze fixed on the woman in the sports car without blinking. Then he said to Edward, "Oh. I was just thinking about you."

"Go ahead. What's the matter?" Edward asked. He didn't think Hackett had so much free time on his hands to call him.

"I just wanted to ask who's driving your sports car today. Is it your new girlfriend?" Hackett inquired, trying to probe.

"What? What sports car?" Edward was completely puzzled.

However, his mind quickly processed the situation. If it was Sherri driving the car, Hackett wouldn't have made this call. If it was his mother, that was even more unlikely. Because she had her own driver and didn't drive sports cars. The only person who had a good relationship with Sherri was Natalie. So it could be reasonably concluded that the one driving today was Natalie.

"Just a friend," Edward replied.

"Oh. So she's a friend of yours. I originally thought she was your girlfriend. Since she's just a friend, could you please introduce her to me?" Hackett asked. He thought that as long as she wasn't Edward's girlfriend, he could still make a move.

Edward, who was working in his office, stopped what he was doing and furrowed his brows. Then he said, "Don't have any ideas about her." His tone carried a warning.

Natalie, who was in the car, was engulfed in her own thoughts and smoke. She had no idea that her actions were captured and shared in a group chat among Hackett, Frank, and Trevon.

Hackett said, "Frank, do me a favor and find out about this woman. I've fallen for her since this morning. I want to pursue her."

Natalie walked into the office when she had reached her destination and noticed that Sherri was already there, even earlier than her.

Ever since Sherri lent the car to Natalie, she had been feeling uneasy and anxious. It wasn't because she was afraid her brother's car would be damaged, but rather because she was concerned about Natalie's well-being and safety.

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After hearing that, Natalie's face was filled with remorse. She realized that Sherri was probably the only person in the world who truly cared about her well-being. She felt deeply touched and walked over to hug Sherri, saying, "I'm sorry for making you worry. Look, I'm fine, right? Don't you trust my skills? Those two people are already in the hospital after I dealt with them."

Sherri was well aware of Natalie's capabilities. But there was always the possibility of unforeseen circumstances. Although Natalie emerged from this incident unscathed, Sherri wanted to ensure her safety.

"You can keep driving this car. I'm afraid someone might come after you again," Sherri said.

"No need. I'm returning it to you. They'll lay low for a while after suffering a significant loss. I doubt Elena would be willing to spend more money," Natalie replied. She didn't think her so-called father would willingly foot the bill for this mishap. Elena would have to use her own personal funds for the compensation.

“Compensation? What compensation? They got hurt, and now they’re extorting money from you?” Sherri asked.

Natalie shook her head and proceeded to explain the sequence of events from the previous night. Hearing what had happened, Sherri burst into laughter, occasionally giving thumbs–up gestures to Natalie.

“I bet they’re fuming right now,” Sherri said.

Dealing with such a mess was definitely infuriating.

While they were in the midst of their lively conversation, Sherri’s phone rang, interrupting their chat. Sherri glanced at the caller ID and then hurriedly answered. “Hey, Edward.” Perhaps she was feeling a bit guilty for lending out his car without consulting him first.

“Hey. Is my car being driven by Natalie?” Edward asked with certainty.

“Well. Edward, I actually lent it to Natalie. She had some urgent matter and needed to borrow the car, Sherri explained.

Natalie, who was listening on the side, felt a bit embarrassed. She thought Edward might be angry. She was unaware that the car belonged to Sherri’s brother.

People who loved driving sports cars usually didn’t like lending their beloved cars to others. Some people even said that one should never lend his car or his spouse to

se to someone else.

“Is Natalie with you right now? Put the phone on speaker,” Edward said. He sensed that his sister was speaking in a hushed voice and guessed that someone was nearby.

Sherri immediately placed the phone on the table and activated the speakerphone,

Natalie, feeling embarrassed, called out, "Edward, it's me."

Edward's tone softened as he heard Natalie's voice. He spoke softly, "Natalie, how have you been lately?"

Natalie felt a bit uneasy and nervously scratched her head. Then she replied, "Well. I'm doing fine. It's just that I had a minor issue yesterday and needed a car. I asked Sherri to arrange one for me. But I didn't know it was your car. I..."

Edward, being astute, immediately interrupted and said, "Natalie, please don't misunderstand. I'm not angry because you borrowed the car. I was just worried that something might have happened to you. The car was just sitting in the garage collecting dust. So it's good that you put it to use I should actually thank you"

This caught Natalie off guard. And then she stammered. "Oh. I see. But, Edward, I've already used it. And I'll return it to Sherri today. I'll ask you if I need it next time."

Seeing her trying to make excuses, Edward didn't inust. Then he replied, "Sure You can use it anytime you need. If there's anything you can't solve, let me know Even though I'm abroad, I still have resources in the country and can help you out"

"Okay Thank you, Edward, Natalie replied gratefully Her heart warmed, as Edward always treated her like a brother would.

Perhaps due to a lack of affection, the system that controlled Natalie's emotions was more sensitive compared to an average person when others showed her kindness.

Sherri, who had been sitting across from Natalie and listening to the entire conversation, was at a loss for words. She remembered how her brother had

sternly warned her about his car, saying. "If you even touch my car, I'll give you a beating

She was scared off by his intimidating expression at that time. And she never dared to touch his beloved car. It was only because her best friend encountered an issue this time that she mustered the courage to borrow it.

However, she couldn't help but wonder who leaked this information.

Unless her brother had some kind of supernatural ability to know everything.

Hackett, who was far away at the Blackwell Group, suddenly sneezed.

"Damn it. Who's talking bad about me? Hackett complained. It was said that if one sneezed once, someone was talking bad about him. And if one sneezed twice, someone was thinking about him. And if one sneezed three times, he must have a cold.

At that moment, Hackett's phone made a notification sound. And it was a reply from Frank in their group chat. Frank replied, "Check it out yourself.

Trevon, who was in a concluding meeting at the Wilson Group, glanced at his phone and clicked on the group chat. His gaze fixed on the image of the woman with the cigarette between her fingers, exhaling smoke.

She exuded a sense of sexiness, allure, and enchantment, with a hint of seductive charm.

To Trevon's surprise, Natalie even knew how to smoke. And her familiar gestures indicated that she wasn't a beginner.

With half-closed eyes, Trevon noticed the message from Hackett and then his face darkened for a moment. The person from the Marketing department was reporting And upon seeing Trevon's displeased expression, he initially thought he had made an error in his report, provoking Trevon's anger.

He was trembling and stood there unsure of what to do. He thought inwardly, "Should I continue or stop?"

At the same time, Hackett continued to plead desperately with Frank. He asked, "Mr. Roberts, could you do me a favor? Don't you think this woman is extraordinary? Just say it. Do you like her or not?"

Frank replied, "I don't like her. Figure it out yourself"

After seeing that, Harkett sent a string of emojis and begged Frank.

Frank completely ignored him. And surprisingly. Trevon replied, "Hackett, you'll be my boxing partner tonight."

Hackett remained silent. He thought to himself, "Damn. Why on earth did I offend Trevon?"

Then Hackett replied, "I don't want to Go ask Frank. He's better at boxing than me. If I fight with you, I'll just end up getting beaten Hackett didn't want that. Every time Harkett angered Trevon, he was forced to fight with Trevon. And he always ended up bruised and battered, affecting his ability to pick up girls.

Trevon said, 'Are you sure you won't come?' His simple words carried a strong threat.

Hackett reluctantly replied. "Well, I'll come Might as well face it, even though he had no idea how he had offended Trevon.

Could it be because that woman was too attractive, and Trevon had taken an interest?

Chapter 10

Frank seemed to sense something and bluntly typed two words. He said, "Suicide move."

Hackett was speechless. He thought to himself, "What did I do? I just liked a beautiful girl."

Trevon placed his phone upside down on the table. Just like an emperor, he issued his command. He said, "Continue with the report."

Hearing that, the person from the Marketing department wiped his sweat. He finally realized that Trevon's anger wasn't because of his report.

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