

At precisely 10 o'clock in the evening, Sherri's car came to a steady stop outside the Lither Club. She exited the vehicle and handed the keys to the security guard.

True to its reputation as the prime bar in Athana, the Lither Club exuded luxury from its exterior alone. Natalie was somewhat hesitant to go inside.

Knowing her best friend's intentions, Sherri couldn't let it slide. Then she told Natalie, "You can't do something so unethical. If you bail on me tonight, we'll cut ties."

"You'd better watch fewer soap operas," Natalie replied.

"Soap operas are so entertaining. You just don't get it," Sherri said.

Natalie wore a black form-fitting knee-length dress that evening. Her face had a subtle natural makeup look, comfortable and effortless. Her dark curly hair cascaded down, creating a beautiful aesthetic.

On the other hand, Sherri wore a contrasting red form-fitting dress, seductive and alluring. Her dress was shorter than Natalie's, and she wore a pair of white high heels. Her chestnut-colored curls were also flowing freely.

When they were getting their hair permed together, Sherri asked Natalie to dye their hair together. But Natalie adamantly refused.

With the night breeze on her face, Natalie adjusted her suit jacket and asked skeptically, "Can we go in now, Sherri? Aren't you cold?"

On such a cold night, Sherri prioritized style over warmth and didn't even wear a jacket.

Just looking at her, Natalie already felt cold.

Thinking the bar's exterior was already luxurious, little did they know that the interior design was even more extravagant. The ground floor had a dance floor with a starry sky design overhead. Blaring notes reached their ears. And in the dim environment, the starry sky above shimmered even more brilliantly, like a galaxy of stars.

Standing there, one could feel the class divide. This was where the wealthy gathered.

Natalie couldn't bear to spend her hard-earned money here.

The second floor housed VIP seating, undoubtedly a spot for the affluent to sit above and look down on everything.

Indeed, poverty could limit one's imagination. There was nothing you couldn't achieve, only things hadn't thought of.

The temperature inside was relatively high. Sherri grabbed Natalie and found a nice spot where they could oversee the entire dance floor.

Natalie hung her jacket on the back of the chair and lazily leaned against the bar counter. Then she asked the bartender for a low-proof drink.

Sherri leaned closer to her ear and said, "Is it too weak? Why don't we order a stronger bottle?"

Natalie glared at Sherri. It seemed that Sherri had no idea about her alcohol tolerance. Even a weaker drink would knock her out.

Receiving a disapproving look, Sherri didn't dare to order a stronger one and settled for a slightly stronger drink than Natalie's

After downing two drinks, the alcohol spread through Sherri's body, and she started feeling tipsy. She insisted on dragging Natalie to the dance floor, shouting about dazzling the crowd.

In that situation, there was nothing Natalie could do.

She had no choice but to accompany Sherri to the dance floor. Natalie knew how to dance. Since she was young, her mother had cultivated her skills in music, chess, dance, and painting. After her mother passed away, her grandfather didn't send her to learn outside but instead secretly arranged for instructors to come to their home. Her dancing skills were quite impressive, with a graceful and flexible body reminiscent of a water snake.

Perhaps due to the influence of music or the effects of the alcohol, Natalie couldn't help but sway her slender waist along with the music. Her movements were seductive and graceful. Moreover, their appearances were attractive. They drew the attention of the people around them. Many young gentlemen were constantly trying to get closer to them.

It was a release, an indulgence.

Hackett, on the second floor, had sharp eyes and caught sight of the dazzling Natalie on the dance floor. He couldn't help but exclaim. "Oh, my God! Quick, look! It's my crush. My crush is there. Frank, look! I asked you to help me look her up, but you didn't. Now she's here on her own. It must be fate."

Amidst the countless searches, he turned around abruptly, only to find his crush on the dance floor.

At this moment, Hackett was filled with excitement, and his blood was boiling. He just wanted to sit next to Natalie immediately.

Initially, he was supposed to accompany Trevon to boxing today. In order to save his life, Hackett went to great lengths and persuaded Trevon by giving him a villa worth 20 million dollars, thus avoiding any damage to his own face.

Now he felt like those 20 million dollars were worth every penny. If he had gone to boxing tonight, he wouldn't have been able to see his crush.

Trevon was sitting in a VIP room on the second floor. And his gaze turned to the woman on the dance floor. Natalie was indeed dazzling. And he could spot her at a glance. It seemed that she was the only one dancing there.

Staring at her coldly, Trevon's gaze was dim and uncertain. He didn't expect to run into Natalie in a place like this. He thought inwardly, "Isn't she a doctor? It seems she had quite a few hobbies outside of work.

"Not only can she fight, but she can also ride motorcycles and dance at clubs. She seemed to be an all-rounder.

"Didn't my grandfather say she was a well-behaved girl? Is she just pretending?"

Trevon couldn't help but stare at Natalie. And Hackett, like a young protective animal guarding its food, couldn't stand it anymore. He exclaimed, "Trevon, we're friends. But I had my eyes on this woman first. You can't compete with me."

Curiosity got the better of Jim, who was sitting nearby. He wondered what kind of woman worth Hackett's protection was and made Hackett bold enough to compete openly with Trevon. When Jim finally took a look, he was taken aback, and his heart skipped a beat. He turned his head and sympathetically looked at Hackett.

Jim thought to himself, "Mr. Blackwell, take care of yourself. The woman you're interested in is Mr. Wilson's wife, Mrs.

Wilson."

Hackett was irritated by Jim's gaze. Then he asked, "What's with that look, Mr. Hawk?"

Jim wanted to say something but was silenced by a cold glance from Trevon sitting next to him.

Frank, who had been spectating the whole scene, casually glanced at the dance floor. After careful consideration, he seemed to understand the situation, and a smirk of schadenfreude appeared on his lips.

Natalie, unaware that she had attracted attention, grew tired from dancing and decided to take a break and sit down.

Hackett noticed that Natalie on the dance floor had finished dancing and was surrounded by a circle of men trying to strike up a conversation. He realized someone was encroaching on his territory. And he couldn't sit still.

Sherri saw the swarm of men and couldn't help but marvel at her best friend's figure and beauty. She thought Trevon really missed out by not appreciating Natalie.

When Jim saw Hackett making a fool of himself, he wanted to remind Hackett that Natalie was Trevon's newlywed wife.

After Hackett left, Frank calmly spoke, "That woman is your newlywed wife.

Hearing that, Jim thought to himself, "Mr. Roberts is really impressive. He could even know this?"

"Just in name," Trevon replied. He coldly stared in Natalie's direction, feeling increasingly annoyed and displeased.

Frank, who hadn't touched a drop of alcohol that night, added, "Hackett isn't one to back down when it comes to women. He's quite obsessed." Hackett had never been able to resist attractive women, especially someone like Natalie, who was a true beauty. Even Frank, known for his self-control, couldn't help but find her stunning.

Trevon remained silent, contemplating something in his thoughts. He didn't respond to Frank's words.

Confidently, Hackett walked over and sat next to Natalie. The people here were familiar with Hackett, Frank, and Trevon, the three of them. And upon seeing the audacious Hackett showing interest in Natalie, the people around them tactfully dispersed.

Sherri's expression immediately soured upon seeing Hackett. This playboy was well-known in the social circle of Athana. And then Sherri, who was still sober, quickly positioned herself in front of Natalie.

Then Sherri asked, "Mr. Blackwell, is there something you need?"

Hackett felt a bit annoyed that his crush was blocked from his view. He furrowed his brows and looked up, only to realize it was Sherri. Then he said, "Isn't this Miss Landor from the Landor family? What a coincidence."

"It is quite a coincidence. Mr. Blackwell, would you please make way? My friend and I are preparing to leave." Sherri realized that she and Natalie had better go home at once. It wasn't a good sign that Natalie caught Hackett's attention.

Hackett, who was always shameless, didn't think much of it. He said, "Come on. Don't leave. Since we happened to meet, let me treat you to a few drinks.

"What's your name, miss? Let's get acquainted."

Natalie was straightforward, and she could tell that Sherri knew him. "Natalie," she replied succinctly.

"So, your name is Natalie. It's a beautiful name," Hackett said.

Hearing that, Natalie was speechless. She thought inwardly. "This man is so outgoing."

Sherri chimed in, "Since Mr. Blackwell is treating, let's have the most expensive bottle." Unbeknownst to Sherri, it was Frank who owned the bar. She only wanted to make Hackett pay a hefty price.

"Sure. Bartender, bring us your strongest and most expensive drink," Hackett instructed.

Natalie felt Sherri was getting drunk and quickly grabbed her hand to intervene. She said. "Sherri, it's getting late. We should leave. We have work tomorrow, right?"

Natalie realized that if they continued at this pace, Sherri wouldn't be able to work the next day, for sure. Moreover, Sherri couldn't resist being provoked by others.

However, Sherri had lost her mind and couldn't be reasoned with. All she wanted was to make Hackett pay a hefty price. After half a bottle of strong liquor, she was entirely out of it.

Hackett had been trying to encourage Natalie to drink. And Natalie reluctantly had a couple of drinks. Even though she had a high tolerance for alcohol, she was starting to feel a bit dizzy now.

Supporting her slightly dizzy body, Natalie prepared to stand up and take Sherri home.

Hackett, being a regular at the bar, was especially sober. Sherri was no match for him when it came to alcohol. Just as Hackett was about to reach out for Natalie's arm. Frank stopped him.

"I'll take you home," Frank said expressionlessly.

"Are you crazy? Who asked you to take me home? I'm perfectly fine. Go do your own thing," Hackett retorted.

“Don’t push it. Hurry up, unless you want me to beat you up,” Frank warned again.

Hackett thought to himself, “Why are there so many obstacles when it comes to pursuing a woman? What was going on?”

Trevon, in an unprecedented move, stood in front of Hackett with an icy and intimidating expression. There was a chilling aura emanating from him, reaching subzero temperatures. Then Trevon said, “Frank, you should also take Miss Landor home.”

As soon as he finished speaking. Trevon rudely grabbed Natalie and headed towards the private elevator, which led directly to the garage.

Seeing that, Jim immediately understood and followed them. Along the way, he glanced back at Hackett once again, expressing his sympathy for a brief moment.

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