



“Rumbling, rumbling.” The deafening roar of the engine in this high-rise and the brightly lit city was exceptionally harsh, attracting many vehicles on the road to lower their windows and pedestrians on the road to stop and watch.

The lanes in big cities were extremely congested during rush hour, and no matter how prestigious one’s status might be, one still had to sit in his car and wait patiently at this time.

Natalie’s cool black motorcycle stopped at the traffic light. She leaned lazily over the handlebars with her long legs stretched out on the ground, waiting for the green light. If she had time, she would even have a smoke.

The wind on autumn nights still carried a bit of a chill to it. She was wearing a white irregular sweater, jeans, and a black leather jacket, with a pair of black boots on her feet. Paired with a motorcycle, this outfit was both cool and stylish.

A sport car parked on the right side lowered its windows, and a sleazy guy whistled at her, saying, “Hey beautiful, let’s have a drink together. I like you a lot.”

Natalie casually turned her head and gave him a bored look. She could tell he was a typical rich kid and coldly asked, “How old are you, 13?”

The gray Koenigsegg sports car on the left witnessed the conversation between the two. The bodyguard and assistant, Jim Hawk, was also amazed by Natalie’s cool appearance. “The girl who rides a motorcycle is really eye-catching and has a pretty cool personality.”

Upon hearing this, the man sitting in the back seat reading the document looked up at Natalie, his eyes half-closed with a hint of puzzlement flashing in the depths of his eyes. He found the girl's profile looked very familiar.

Just as the traffic light turned green, Natalie dropped these words and started the engine. She glanced at the gray sports car behind her in the rearview mirror, which seemed familiar, but she didn't think too much about it. She never wasted time on these things. She was in a hurry to go back and see her grandfather. The motorcycle accelerated, and the speedometer shot up. Soon the black motorcycle disappeared into the congested lane.

Listening to the wind howling in her ears, her heart seemed to be chasing after freedom. The kind of freedom that was exchanged with life made her temporarily forget all the unhappiness hidden in her heart.

She loved wind and speed since she was young, so she fell in love with motorcycles. This black motorcycle was a birthday gift from her grandfather on her coming-of-age day, and she treasured it very much.

Meanwhile, the wealthy kid inside the Porsche was still grumbling and aspiring, "I'll have to find you and show you how much I can grow up."

Half an hour later.

The motorcycle stopped at an old mansion. Natalie took off her helmet and casually carried it inside.

"Miss, you're back." The person who spoke was a servant who followed Barron Foster. Since Barron started living alone, he only kept two attentive servants to care for himself and dismissed the others.

"Is Grandpa feeling better today? Has he eaten?"

“He did, a big bowl, and was in a good mood. He also told us that you are getting married. Miss, you are really getting married?” The servant was curious too. Yesterday, the young lady was still single, and

Mr. Barron Foster was on a hunger strike due to a temper tantrum. Did she get married in just one day?

“Let’s talk about this later. I’ll see Grandpa first and then come down to eat.”

As a doctor, she’d seen death countless times, but when it came to her loved ones, she was definitely biased. It was a different feeling.

She stood outside the door to compose herself, then opened the door to the bedroom and said, “Oh, Grandpa, you’re reading the newspaper.”

Barron Foster looked up weakly at her and said, “Show me the marriage license.”

Natalie quickly took out the license from her pocket and handed it to him, then sat on the edge of the bed with her chin lightly resting on Barron’s shoulder.

Barron trembled with both hands and opened the marriage license. When he saw the document, a layer of mist and light appeared in his eyes, as well as peace of mind.

“Theo kept his promise. He fulfilled his promise. On the other hand, I was being despicable,” thought Barron.

Later, he held Natalie’s hand and said, “Natalie, remember that no matter what happens in the future, you cannot divorce. Endure as much as you can, and if you can’t endure it anymore, wait until you become stronger. The Wilson family will be your support. Grandpa won’t be with you for much longer. As a doctor, you understand my health condition. Pancreatic cancer can take me at any moment. I’m not afraid of death. The only thing I can’t let go of is you. I’m relieved now that you and Trevon Wilson have registered

your marriage. Even if he doesn't love you now, you are still legally married, and he will protect you. Even if he doesn't protect you, Theo Wilson will."

The most regretful thing he ever did in his entire life was giving birth to his bastard son, which made him feel guilty toward his deceased daughter-in-law and in-laws.

The most shameless thing was using Theo Wilson's promise to force his grandson to marry Natalie, but it was also currently the thing he didn't regret the most.

His bony body turned slightly, and the hand with wrinkles wiped gently at Natalie's tears. After speaking for so long, he became weak of breath.

"Natalie, don't cry. When you cry, I just can't rest in peace. You're the most obedient and sensible girl. You're already married. You can't cry like a child anymore. Promise Grandpa that you'll live a happy life from now on.

Otherwise, I will scold you in your dreams."

"Grandpa... Grandpa, I want to sleep with you tonight." The soundless sobbing, combined with Barron's words, made her throat choke up, and she could not say much more.

How old are you already? Do you really want to sleep with an old codger like me? Don't you think it's too dirty?" Barron said with a sad and loving expression in his eyes.

The servant came up to call Natalie for dinner, but upon seeing the touching scene of them relying on each other, she couldn't bear to turn around and stood outside the door wiping away tears. She also raised Natalie. The grandfather and granddaughter depended on each other for survival. Even the servant was moved by Barron Foster, who had been playing the role of both a mother and father at such an old age for so many years.

After the servant wiped her tears, she gently knocked on the door and said, "Miss, you can eat now."

"Go eat dinner now. It's already late. Don't rely on being young and exhaust your body, scolded Barron in a doting tone.

"Got it. I'll go right now. Don't lock the door, okay? I'm coming back later to sleep. If you dare to lock the door, I'll dare to divorce."

Helplessly, Barron weakly waved his hand with a smile, indicating that Natalie should hurry up.

In the spacious restaurant, Natalie was dining alone. The two servants noticed her low mood and remained silent.

She paused with eating and suddenly spoke up. "Go tidy up everything after Grandpa's departure, check the funeral home's phone number, and talk to the people preparing the mourning hall." Her face was calm, like a prisoner going to the execution ground, despairingly accepting the final judgment.

After the words were spoken, she continued to eat. Anyone who paid a little attention could tell that she was not enjoying the food at all. She mechanically picked up the dishes and repeatedly stuffed them in her mouth without taking a single bite of rice.

The two servants were also stunned, standing there awkwardly with red eyes and not knowing what to do.

"Go on. Grandpa might not make it through the night. Don't show any emotion in front of him." She had already noticed that Barron's breathing was very weak, but he had been trying to hold on because Natalie was by his bedside, pretending to read the newspaper with great care.

“Okay, Miss.” The servants wiped away tears and turned to leave, knowing Natalie had to muster up a lot of courage to prepare for her grandpa’s funeral ahead of time. It was not easy for them, as outsiders, to watch and deal with the emotions.

either.

away, but

After the servant left, Natalie’s tears flowed down from the corners of her eyes. She raised her sleeve to wipe them they wouldn’t go away no matter how much she wiped. Eventually, she stopped wiping, and soon her vision was blurred by the round droplets that fell into the rice with a pattering sound.

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