

Turning Of The Tide

Chapter 566

Chapter 566

Daniel helped him out of the predicament. He also did not participate in the child's relationship. This viewpoint was the same as Emma's. They both had the same idea. The child knew very well about relationships.

"Don't be anxious. Fate is predestined. What will come will come. Look at Joseph and Christina. They the best examples," he said.

In that case, Angie also thought so. One was Sapphire City, and the other was Athana. If this wasn't fate, what was?

During the conversation, Charlie's phone rang. It was a call from William. He picked it up, ready to brag as he spoke, "Hello, William, what is up? Jealous after receiving my message, aren't you?"

On the other side, William chuckled in response. "I've already told you that our Frank is a twin. What are you bragging about so early? You'll be the one to be jealous later."

William, trying to save face, bluffed seriously and said, "Alright, I'm busy. I will let Frank bring the gift. I've doubled it."

Charlie laughed heartily. The content of the conversation between the two didn't quite match their ages because it was a bit childish, and he replied, "So generous of you. You've gone to great lengths."

With a cunning tone, William laughed lightly and said, "Don't worry. I don't do loss-making business. There will be a time for you to pay back, but there might be a little interest. Bye."

Charlie thought, 'He really doesn't admit defeat. Let's see how you'll be slapped in the face later.'

Under the table, Frank was holding the young lady's hand, constantly squeezing it. He looked at her and inexplicably felt that Stella was pitiful as she was constantly being forced into marriage.

When he returned home in the afternoon, Frank handed the card to Ava as soon as he entered the door and said, "Baby Ava, give this card to that man's wife." He had forgotten about it because he was too busy last night.

Ava took the card, pinched Frank's face, and pouted as she replied, "Call her Christina. It's not good if Joseph hears it."

"Hmm, I'm used to it," Frank replied. He didn't plan to go into Christina's room.

"Then I'll go up and give it to Christina," Ava said.

"Hmm," Frank responded.

Stella exited her room, ready to find her sister, and bumped into Ava, heads on. Then, Ava took Stella's hand and entered Christina's room.

Ava wanted to remind her to knock on the door, but Stella, who was quick with her hands, had already opened the door.

Christina was inside breastfeeding, with Joseph standing by to help. Seeing that Ava had entered the room, Christina frowned slightly, and Ava hurriedly apologized, "Sorry, Christina. I forgot to knock on the door. I'll remember next time."

Joseph knew it was not his sister's fault, and it was just that Christina was not used to being watched while breastfeeding. He said nothing as he leaned over to block the view before holding the child in his arms. The little one fell asleep after feeding.

Joseph placed the child in the cradle, ready to leave the room to let the sisters chat. The issues women discuss are not suitable for men to be present.

"Christina, I'll be downstairs. Ava, help Christina get a cushion," Joseph said.

"Oh, okay, Joseph. Don't worry. I can take care of Christina. You go ahead," Ava replied, waving her hand to reassure her brother.

After the door was closed, Ava got a cushion for Christina and carefully placed it behind her. Then, she put the card in Christina's hand and said, "Christina, this is what Frank asked me to give you. It's a gift from William for the baby."

Both families' children knew that their fathers and William always competed childishly. They could also guess that their father must have sent a gift when Rose was born last time; this time, it was probably a return gift.

But according to Christina's guess, the amount would probably double. If it did not double in value, there would be no way to compete. Holding the card, she looked down, shook her head, and laughed in response, "Thank Frank for me. I'll call William later."

"Oh, okay," Ava replied.

Stella took the card from her sister's hand, looked at it, and asked, "Is having a baby so competitive now? Do they have to compare their strength? This card... William and Dad might even have to compare whose underwear is more premium in the future."

As she spoke, she shook her head with an expression of helplessness.

Christina scolded her, "You're getting off track. You're always talking about competition. Stay off the internet when you're free."

Ava laughed openly, genuinely feeling that it wasn't just anyone who could withstand Stella's personality. She felt that Stella was even more unrestrained than Rose, her mouth not locked at all.

Whatever words came to mind, they had to be spoken out loud.

After leaving Christina's room, Ava returned to her own room. She had invited Stella to go with her, but Stella tactfully declined, saying she didn't want to be a third wheel, as it would be too bright and explosive.

Frank was on the balcony, looking at the minor courses the young lady was taking. He only scanned a few pages before feeling a headache. The dense words made him realize how hard the young lady was working.

As soon as Ava entered the door, she saw Frank on the balcony, holding a book in one hand. Under the sunlight, he was nestled in a hanging chair, laziness to the extreme. "Do you want to sleep? There's still some time before dinner," Ava said.

Seeing her come in, Frank put down the book and waved to her. Ava walked over and naturally nestled in his arms as she hugged Frank's neck. He held her waist, and the two of them nestled in the hanging chair like inseparable conjoined twins.

Her face was flat on his solid chest, playing with his collar at his chest. Ava said, "Frank."

Frank felt content and at ease whenever he held the young lady tightly. He casually helped her tidy her hair, revealing her delicate little face as he responded, "Hmm?"

The low voice invaded her ears, and she could feel the vibration of the sound source from his chest. She asked, "I have to go to school tomorrow. Are you going back?"

He looked down at the person in his arms. "It depends on you. Do you want me to stay?"

After a few seconds of silence, Ava decided not to disturb Frank's work, and she responded hesitantly, "No?"

"Don't you?" He lifted her chin and kissed her. Under the sunlight, the two were affectionate on the glittering hanging chair. Ava kissed him back, and the kiss was very gentle.

But it was not long before Ava said, "I do want you to, but we have to have principles. When I'm at school, you have to work. When I'm off school, you can play with me. We can't let lust cloud our judgment."

After saying that, the young lady tapped at Frank's chest. Here was tattooed with 528 Gemini, and it was all her exclusive territory.

"Okay, I'll listen to you. I'll go back tomorrow and come over when you're on vacation." Frank replied. After saying that, he hugged the young lady tightly, and Ava hugged him back.

Through the clothes, their heartbeats were in the same rhythm, thumping...

Early the next day, Frank dropped Ava off at school. After a kiss goodbye at the school gate, he left. Emma once again asked the Yamin family to stay for a few more days, and Stella was more than happy with this proposal.

The Yamin family stayed in Sapphire City for five days. In the end, Charlie, who was worried about the company, had to propose to go back, promising to stay longer next time.

Ultimately, the Turner family did not hold them back and enthusiastically sent them to the airport. They had two large suitcases when they came, but when they left, they had many more. Stella had the most things among them.

Those who knew understood that she came to see Christina, but those who didn't know thought she was a purchasing agent helping to import goods.

Angie had been considering her son's situation at the Yamin family's villa recently. Like her younger daughter said, her son's condition was not bad and should not be wasted.

Chris hurriedly shoveled macaroni at the dinner table into his mouth as if he had starved for days. He constantly stuffed food into his mouth because he was pressed for time. He had a surgery in the evening.

He swallowed the food in his mouth after only a few chews. Angie watched her son in a daze, wanting to say something but stopping herself. When Chris looked up, he met his mother's gaze and had a bad premonition. "Mom, if you

have something to say, just say it. Don't look at me like that. It is making me anxious," he said.

Angie placed her hands on the table before saying, "Chris, have there been any good-looking, good-natured young girls at your hospital recently?"

"No, I haven't noticed. What do you want to do?" Chris replied as he got up to serve himself another bowl of macaroni.

Stella sipped the soup and replied, "Ah, this is so refreshing. What else could it be? Mom wants to help you find a wife."

Hearing this, Chris's hand that was holding onto the bowl paused, and he directly refused, "Mom, you can stop this. You can video chat with Christina more if you have nothing to do. If you want to see children, you can look after Christina's children. As for me, you can give up."

Angie Yamin nodded, looking ready to compromise. She replied, "That's fine if you want to give up. There is a way to make me stop hoping for you from now on."

Charlie ate his meal quietly and did not participate. He let his wife toss about, knowing she couldn't toss out anything.

On the other hand, Stella was waiting for her mother's following sentence, seriously watching the drama. She was just short of buying some nuts and a milkshake.

"Mom, what did you say?" Chris asked. He was also eager to know how his mother would let him go.

"Do you want to know? If you cannot do it, I will continue to impose my wishes on you," Angie replied. Her eyes were full of calculations and traps, but she hid them well with a relaxed expression as if she didn't care whether others wanted to know.

He saw his mother's indifferent attitude, void of the urgency she had when she forced Christina and thought about it before agreeing, "Yeah."

Ultimately, he overestimated his ability and underestimated his mother's mind.

"A man never goes back on his words. So, you have to keep your word," Angie replied. When she noticed her son's pursed lip and silence, she continued, saying, "I've said it. If you castrate yourself or become a woman, I'll stop imposing my wish on you. The Yamin family should only have daughters. I'm satisfied with having Christina married."

With her cheek in her hand, Angie Yamin said the most outrageous things, but there was no sense of outrageousness in her tone.

Stella was almost choked by her mother's words. When it came to this kind of scheming, her mother was the best. She silently raised her thumb in the air.

Charlie was also choked for a moment. 'What kind of idea is this?' he wondered. He looked up to see his son's gloomy face. Chris originally had a good appetite, but now, looking at the white macaroni in the pot, he only felt a headache.

In the end, he placed the bowl on the table and did not pick up his mother's words because it was impossible to do. Even if he did not want to get married, there was no need to be so cruel as to turn himself into a transvestite.

"I'm going to work. You guys enjoy the meal," Chris said before hurriedly leaving.

Stella looked at her brother's retreating figure with pity and replied, "Mom, my brother has not stated his position yet?" Then, she thought, 'Why didn't you stop him?'

"Your brother has already stated his position. Isn't it just letting me arrange it for him? No wonder your reading comprehension was all wrong in elementary school. It's normal with your foundation," Angie said.

Stella was, once again, at a loss for words.

Charlie thought, 'When did my son say you can arrange it at will? He is just speechless and doesn't want to say it.'

'Who could choose between castrating themselves and being a transvestite?' Angie's mood brightened, and she began to look forward to and yearn for a beautiful future.