

## Chapter 17 She is a little girl

Natalie's wedding is held at the Intercontinental Hotel, and most of the upper-class people are present, including Robert.

Only no one noticed him, after all, no one expected that the once most dress-oriented Mr. Adams, not seen for six months, will become like this, bearded and unkempt.

Dressing room.

The girl in her early twenties held Natalie's hand: "Natalie, remember to throw the bouquet to me later."

"Got it, I won't throw it, I'll give it to you directly." Natalie looked at Julia dotingly.

Yes, in fact, she is a young girl, only twenty-three.

She should have the best life and the happiest marriage.

"Thank you, sis, that's very kind of you, I'll go and wait for you to walk down the aisle," Julia said.

"Hmm."

Natalie nodded her head.

She simply did not know that Robert was also at the scene, if she knew, she will never let Julia appear.

At this moment, Robert is sitting in the corner, drinking.

The Smith Group building has been completed and he is ready to hand it back to Natalie today.

Then he will be without attachment and he can go see Julia.

Even if Julia beats him, scolds him, and resents him, he will not leave her again.

In the distance, "MARIAGE D'AMOUR " was played on the piano, so familiar.

Robert's eyes flashed a wave of light, he stood up despite the accusing gazes of the people around him, looking for the source of the piano.

Not far away, a woman in a pink dress, her slender fingers dancing on the piano, was playing beautiful music.

Her red lips parted slightly and her clear music resounded throughout the venue.

The bride and groom were not yet entering. Robert's chest was heaving, and he rushed towards the piano stage and the woman.

Only a few steps away, he looked at the woman's sweet and familiar face, and his feet could no longer move an inch.

Julia...

His Julia is not dead...

Julia was playing the piano when she felt a hot gaze, and lifted her head to see who it was.

The man was bearded, and his clothes were wrinkled and unkempt.

But his eyes were full of stories.

Just, why was he looking at her like that?

She held back the panic in her heart and continued to play.

Before she finished, her finger landed on the most beautiful key, and the tall figure came directly in front of her, pulling her into his arms desperately.

"Julia..."

The man's voice was hoarse and he held her tightly.

Julia's heart ached as if something deep in her heart was about to leap out.

The room was silent, no one expected to see this on stage.

Natalie rushed here in her wedding gown, her face full of anxiety: "It's Robert, how come he is here?"

She was about to go on stage to save Julia, behind her the groom hugged her and gently comforted her.

"Honey, what should come will always come, let Julia make her own choice this time!"

Natalie leaned on his broad chest, her hand clenched tightly. She prayed, my little fool, you must open your eyes this time, and must not be deceived by him.

On the stage.

Robert carefully stroked Julia's face, deeply, afraid that it was

just a dream.

He slowly lowered his head, their noses almost touched, about to kiss.

Julia's eyes darkened, raised her hand, and swung a slap to his face.

"Rascal!"