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Meanwhile, Natalie, Sherri, and Ava were all ready. They were just waiting for the barbecued takroot to arrive

After the girls left, Trevon instructed fun to buy barbecue carefully and asked him to buy everything that Hackett had said during dinner

Seeing that the barbecue and drinks had yet to arrive, Natalie went to the window and called Lena to ask about her health. When she heard from Lena that Mel had been taking great care of her, she was relieved and hung up.

After she hung up, Sherri asked with concern, "How's Lena doing? Is she feeling unwell?"

Natalie sat down beside her, crossed her legs, and sighed. "She has been used to doing chores all her life. She can't relax and do nothing. Her body has recovered, and now, she's cleaning the kitchen already. Mel said that the kitchen is actually quite clean, but Lena desperately wants to find something to do."

In fact, Natalie could understand Lena. Once a person that had always been busy suddenly had nothing to do, he or she would feel that every part of his or her body was rusting. On the contrary, young people these days simply enjoyed laying around on the weekends. They wouldn't even want to get up for their meals, and would mostly just have one meal a day, in addition to a late-night supper.

Sherri suggested, "Let Lena do whatever she likes then. It can also help her pass the time."

Natalie was about to say something when she was interrupted by the doorbell. She stood up, put on her slippers, and ran to open the door. Outside the door, Jim was carrying three large bags of snacks, drinks, and barbecue. He looked strained.

Natalie was a little apologetic and forced a smile. "Mr. Hawk, thank you. I'm really sorry."

Jim did not hand the bags over to Natalie. Instead, he insisted on bringing them into the room for her. Even though the bags had already left deep marks on his arms, he still refused her help. "Mrs. Wilson, I'll do it."

As he spoke, he had already carried the bags into the room. Natalie did not argue anymore. Thinking that it must have been instructed by Trevon, she said, "Put them on the coffee table. Thank you for your hard work."

Jim scratched his head in embarrassment. Natalie had always been polite. She must have attracted Trevon with her many valuable attributes. "You're welcome. It's my job. I'm leaving now. Mrs. Wilson, if you need anything, let me know." Natalie reassured him with an "Okay".

After Jim left, Ava came out of the toilet. "Are the things here? Wow, there are so many. The food and drinks arrived just when I was in the toilet. It is too fast."

Sherri smiled and said, "They're from Mr. Hawk. Your warm-hearted brother-in-law is now so considerate. He has arranged for everything."

"I really want to know who was it that taught Trevon to see better. He must have paid a lot for his lessons"

When Natalie heard this, she shook her head helplessly and pursed her lips without saying anything. In fact, she was also

curious

Ava, on the other hand, was generous with her praise "Good for him."

As they spoke, they sat down on the carpet and moved the coffee table that was in the way to the side, and put the barbecues on it. They also opened all the bags of snacks.

If not for the fact that Jasper and Ruby could not eat these snacks, Natalie really wanted to call them over to have some too. Sherri held the cards in her hands and kept shuffling them. "We can only play poker with only the three of us here. If Rose is here too, we can play bridge"

Natalie felt that this was a good idea and suggested, "Ava, why don't you ask Rose if she would like to come?"

After saying that, Natalie took a packet of chips from the bag and opened it. She shared it with Sherri. It tasted just as good as when they were still young

Sherri took one and sighed. "Natalie, do you still remember who first shared something so good with u

Natalie smiled "I do. We bumped into a boy being bullied after school and stood up for him for the sake of justice. Then, he gave us a bag of chips as a thank-you gift

Sherri nodded. "Yes At that time, I didn't dare to eat it. Later on, I became addicted to it as soon as I tried it out. I even hid the bag and went looking for it at the shop. I visited many shops to find the same brand*

Recalling the interesting things that happened when the two of them were young, they laughed at the same time. The chips still tasted the same as when they were young, but they were already mothers.

Ava had never eaten this before. She stared at the bag of chips and asked tentatively. "Is this delicious? Let me try it

Natalie handed the bag to her. Ava took a chip and stuffed it into her mouth. Sherri asked expectantly, "How is it! Is it

delicious?"

Ava nodded. She took a tissue to wipe her fingers and chewed a few times. "It tastes pretty good"

Sherri slapped her thigh and said, "I knew it. Natalie and I definitely have delicious snacks. We've tried them all. Next time, I'll take you to eat durian and tacos. I guarantee you'll like them."

Speaking of durian, Natalie couldn't help but think of Trevon's disdainful expression. She remembered what he had said two years ago "Ask her if she thinks eating this is like standing in a toilet?"

He really didn't know what was good for him. If he made a mistake in the future, she would eat durian in front of him. No, she had to eat it with him.

As she thought about it, she couldn't help smiling. Even she did not notice it.

Sherri bumped her shoulder. "What are you thinking about? Look at your expression. Don't tell me Trevon is bad at it. Is he really limp like a

She would probably never get over this joke about a loach. Fortunately, Sherri didn't know that Trevon was once disguised as a woman. Otherwise, Natalie suspected that Sherri would laugh so hard that she might die from laughter.

She reached a hand out to turn her face away. "Eat your food. Is the food not good enough to shut you up?"

After Ava wiped her hands, she took her phone from the coffee table immediately and made a video call to Rose. The call rang for a long time before it was connected. However, the scene shocked the three women there.

Rose was weaving through a pile of parcels as if looking for something. There were cardboard boxes all over the floor. The three women in front of the screen looked at each other. They were dumbfounded.

What was Rose doing? It was very messy. They were cardboard boxes everywhere. She was probably at a warehouse.

Ava asked the question on everyone's minds out loud. She narrowed her beautiful eyes, blinked, and stared at the screen. "Rose, what are you doing? Are you tidying up the warehouse?"

On the screen, Rose was sweating profusely. She was so tired that she was panting. As she gave up looking for whatever she was looking for, she walked to the sofa and smashed into it hard. She said to the camera, "I bought a bag, but there are too many parcels I don't know which one it is. I have been searching for a long time but still couldn't find it. Forget it. I will stop looking for it. I'll just open them all."

Ava couldn't hide her surprise. "So these are all parcels that you have bought. Aren't you at the warehouse?"

Rose glanced at the living room filled with cardboard boxes. It indeed looked a little like a warehouse. No wonder Ava misunderstood. She smiled and said, "It's the living room of Cranky Franky's house. I bought a little too many things, and I never had the chance to open them all in time, so they were all piled up. I'm so tired."

Sherri was already shocked. Rose had gone way overboard with online shopping. How much did she spend? She wondered, and asked weakly. "Rose, can I ask how much you spent on online shopping for everything in this living room?"

Rose thought about it. She didn't seem to know either. She had paid for all these with Frank's supplementary card, and she wasn't the one receiving the billing information. It shouldn't be much. "I

don't know the exact amount. It shouldn't be much. It's mainly because the billing information wasn't sent to me."

Natalie had been listening to their conversation the entire time. She sat quietly at the side and listened on. However, she was still shocked by the extent of Rose's online shopping. She did not know if Rose was doing so to torture Frank or herself.

Ava was a little envious. "Rose, your brother treats you so well."

Rose did not deny that Frank indeed treated her well, but she had a sharp tongue. However, she did not want to continue the topic. "What are you guys doing? Are you partying?"

Ava nodded and smiled. "That's right. Are you coming or not? We've already showered and are planning to play cards and eat supper."

How could Rose miss out on something like this? She was planning to open all her parcels tonight, but now that she thought about it, she should leave it for Frank to open them tomorrow. "Wait for me for half an hour. I'll take a shower and come over quickly. Which floor are you guys staying on?"

Ava told her the floor and room number.

As the three of them were about to remind Rose to drive carefully, she had already hung up the phone in a hurry. After hanging up, Rose called Frank. Her tone was neither good nor bad, and it was a little pretentious. "My dear brother, can I ask where you put your car keys?"

On the other end of the line, Frank had goosebumps all over his body. "Speak normally. Don't use a voice changer."

Rose cursed him in her heart and said directly. "I'm going to Grand Manor."

Frank raised his arm and glanced at his watch. "It's almost ten o'clock. Why are you going there at night instead of sleeping at home? Be good and stay at home. If you're bored, please sort out your parcels."

Rose put a hand on her chest to calm herself down. "Cranky Franky, oh no, my dear brother, they're having a party at Grand Manor. It's very boring for me to be alone at home. I'll be afraid. Just tell me where the car keys are."

Frank rubbed the space between his eyebrows. His temples were throbbing. Rose could clearly hear his sighs from the other end of the line. "Give me 20 minutes. Just wait for me."

Rose was surprised. You want to pick me up? No need. I have a driver's license."

Frank exposed her directly. "Don't you know how bad your sense of direction is? Don't you know that you can only drive in a straight line and not take a turn? I'm afraid that you'd drive my car into the ocean and destroy it."

Rose thought to herself. I can never be nice to him. Stupid Frank.

Fifteen minutes later, Rose had already changed into her pajamas. When Frank opened the car door and got out of the car, he saw his sister standing at the entrance of the villa in a gray T-shirt pajama set. There was even a knot on the right side of her waist, revealing a little bit of fair skin of her waist.

Frank walked over and untied the knot at Rose's waist without saying anything "Can't you wear your clothes properly? Why do you have to look so strange?"

Rose slapped his hand away hard. "Oh, what are you doing? It wouldn't look good if you untie it like this. Don't you know how to appreciate fashion?" As she spoke, she tied the knot back on her waist.

Frank didn't want to keep up with this anymore. He opened the driver's seat and climbed into it

After Rose got into the car. she said to Frank, who was beside her. Im going to stay there for a few days. Help bring my luggage over tomorrow."

"Come back for it yourself.

Rose answered. "I have no sense of direction."

Frank was rendered speechless.

"Why are you running around in your pajamas in the middle of the night? Are you acting crazy?"

Rose felt that she had to have antibodies with her when she was with Frank. "You're the one who's crazy. Do you know what a pajama party is? Ava and the others are all wearing pajamas. I have to fit in"

Frank pursed his lips and didn't say anything. He drove quietly, leaving Rose, who was bored, to continue talking about pajamas.

"The pajamas Ava is wearing are of the cream-colored princess style. The collar is flat-collared with lace The top and pants are made of pure cotton. They are cute and princess-like, but a little conservative. The pajamas Natalie is wearing are gray and white-striped, made of satin pajamas. The top is long-sleeved. The design of the set is alright, but the fabrics are really comfortable. The pajamas Sherri and Natalie are wearing are of the same series, but Sherri's is in pink. So, in order to fit in, I have to wear pajamas too, haven't I?"

Frank drove seriously and suddenly said, "I don't plan to open a pajama factory for you. You don't have to explain fabrics to me."

Rose looked at the retreating night scenery outside the window. The night scenery of Athana was indeed very beautiful. "I thought you wanted to know. Consider it unnecessary.

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Twenty minutes later, the car arrived at Grand Manor. The Porsche parked steadily in front of the gate of the hotel.

Frank turned off the engine and pulled out the key. He opened the car door, then hung the car key on his finger and swung it. His series of actions were smooth and handsome.

Rose was wearing slippers and pajamas as she followed Frank into the hotel with her hands in her pockets. She did not feel that it was strange for her to be dressed like this. Even though the scene was a little awkward, she didn't feel awkward at all and fully lived herself.

The receptionists at the front desk had never seen Rose before. They only greeted Frank politely, "Mr. Roberts."

Frank's sharp eyes caught a glimpse of a few people whispering. He did not need to guess to know what they were discussing. It was inevitable that he would be misunderstood when he came to the hotel with a girl in pajamas in the middle of the night. He walked straight to the front desk "That's my sister, if she comes in the future, just give her a room directly."

After Frank finished speaking, the few people who had been whispering said in embarrassment hurriedly, "Mr. Roberts, I understand. Hello, Miss Roberts."

Rose did not care about other people's opinions. Otherwise, it would be too tiring to live. Caring about others' opinions was not the way of comfortable living. She introduced herself openly. "Hello. I'm Rose Roberts."

"Hi... hello"

Rose had a sudden idea. With her tongue curled, she turned around and asked Frank coquettishly, "Frank, am I staying in your exclusive room or another room? Do you want to sleep with me?"

Her words made the receptionist's hair stand on end. She shivered and wondered if the two of them were really biological siblings. After all, Rose's tone... and the way she called his name....

Frank glared at his sister, who had gone crazy and was being a drama queen. "What do you think? Straighten your tongue and talk normally"

Frank had his own exclusive room. After saying what he needed to say, he went to his private elevator. Rose followed him in a good mood.

She kept twisting her waist as she walked, trying to look as sexy and enchanting as possible.

The security guard and the receptionist couldn't help but let their imagination run wild....

After the elevator door closed. Frank pressed the button for the 38th floor. He smiled and his voice sounded in the closed. elevator. "Was it fun?"

Rose no longer had the sexy look she had before entering the elevator. She shrugged and leaned against the elevator wall with her arms crossed. She smiled and answered, "It's alright. You don't have a girlfriend. Why were you in a hurry to explain yourself?"

Frank remained silent until the elevator door opened and strode out. The two of them parted ways as if they were strangers and went to their respective rooms.

Rose stood at the door and rang the doorbell. After a few seconds, the door opened. It was Ava. "Rose, you're here."

Rose shouted at Frank, who had yet to enter the room he was going to, deliberately. "Ava, your pajamas are so beautiful. They're cute and lovely. It makes one's imagination run wild."

Ava was taken aback. She lowered his head and looked at her conservative pajamas. There was nothing wrong with them. They were very ordinary.

Why would anyone's imagination run wild because of them?

Ava wanted to stick her head out of the door, but Rose's slender hand pressed her head back into the door. "Let's go. I'm starving. Let's go inside quickly."

Sherri turned to look at Rose's attire. Her jaw dropped at what she saw, and she asked, "Don't tell me you came in this outfit."

Rose sat down on the ground casually. "Isn't this to attend your pajama party? Wouldn't it look strange if I am wearing jeans?"

Sherri, Natalie, and Ava couldn't help but admire Rose for her boldness. They gave her a thumbs up in unison, and in an instant, Rose found three thumbs shaking in her face.

Rose slapped their thumbs away at the same time. "Oh, don't care about the details. Come on and hurry up. I'm starving."

It was indeed too tiring to open parcels. She was both tired and hungry. She grabbed a skewer and put it in her mouth casually, then opened a can of beer. "Did you order all this?"

Sherri answered truthfully, "Hackett suggested it, and Trevon arranged for it."

Rose bit on the skewer and shook her head. "It's perfect. Natalie, I admire you for taming a beast. Impressive."

Natalie also picked up a bottle of cider and opened it. She took a sip and smiled happily. "Would you believe me if I said that he's actually not that difficult to deal with?"

Sherri said. "That's for you, not us. He loves you, not us."

Rose high-fived Sherri, who was beside her, in agreement. "I agree with that."

Ava echoed, "Me too."

Frank stood at the door and rang the doorbell for a minute, but the door still did not open. He called Hackett gloomily and said. "Open the door."

On the other end of the line. Hackett seemed to be very busy. "I'm in the toilet. Wait."

A few seconds later, the door opened. It was Trevon. He was wearing dark blue pajamas and said meaningfully to Frank, "What's going on? Why are you here?"

If it was before, Frank would definitely be at Lither Club at this time of the night. He would never be here at Grand Manor. It could be said that he rarely came.

Frank strode into the room and took a bottle of red wine from the wine rack. He poured the wine into a goblet and swirled it in the glass. "I drove my sister over."

Trevon shook his head helplessly. "Are you not planning to tell Rose the truth? Maybe if you tell her, you will become closer. Do you really plan to let her keep calling you 'Cranky Franky' all the time?"

Frank pursed his lips and took a small sip of the wine. He put it back on the bar counter to leave it to decant some more. "There's no need. Knowing won't do her any good."

As they were talking, Hackett came out of the toilet. After being in the toilet for a long time, his legs were a little numb. He was walking a little strangely and had to hold onto the door frame as he came out. "Yo, what brings Mr. Roberts of Grand Manor here!

Frank and Trevon leaned against the bar counter in the same lazy posture. Both of them had a glass of red wine in their right hands as they looked at Hackett at the same time. Trevon had a smile on his lips, but he did not say anything.

Frank, on the other hand, teased, "Those who know would understand that you were in the toilet pooping, but those who don't know better might think that you were giving birth to a child in there."

Hackett spat, "Fuck. What nonsense are you talking about?"

Trevon raised his arm to look at the time and added. Just the time for a game of League of Legends. 38 minutes and 4 seconds."

As soon as he finished speaking. Frank and Trevon exchanged a meaningful look. Then, they raised their glasses and clinked them before raising their heads to empty their glasses.

Hackett walked to the bar counter and poured himself a glass of wine too. Frank, who was beside him, asked, "Have you washed your hands?"

"I'm drinking it myself. Why do you care if I wash my hands or not? Why don't you take a sniff and see if I've washed them?"

Frank and Trevon took a few steps back subconsciously to distance themselves from Hackett. Their actions were filled with disdain.

Hackett said, "You guys make it sound as if you don't take a shit, piss, or fart yourselves. Do your poops smell better than mine?"

Thinking about how he had been constipating after staying in Grand Manor for the past few days, even though his stomach had always been quite good, Hackett turned to ask Frank, "Are you using low-quality oil to save money? Why do I suffer from constipation every time I eat here at Grand Manor?"

Frank poured himself another glass of wine slowly and said, "Don't blame the Earth for not having enough gravity if you can't poop yourself"

Trevon bent his right index finger and pressed it against the tip of his nose to hold back his laughter. He raised an eyebrow and said, "Save your breath. If you want to argue with him, get Rose to help you with it."

Hackett did not intend to ask for Rose's help. Tm not getting Rose. Im getting Ava to help me out."

Hearing this, Frank's hand paused in mid-air for a second before returning to normal. However, Trevon saw his hesitation clearly. Ele smiled and did not comment on it.

Perhaps Ava was a great locksmith for a good lock.

After drinking for a while, Frank returned to what he was here for. "My men caught Pluto Cheatham abroad. After being beaten up for three hours, he couldn't take it anymore and finally confessed. His relationship with Elena isn't just that of

cousins but also incest."

Trevon was also stunned when he heard that. Although a long time ago, when a man couldn't get a wife, he would marry his cousins instead. Things like that still happened nowadays and were considered inbreeding. It was still disgusting to hear that

it happened to people he knew.

Previously, he had thought that Pluto and Elena were just buying and selling perfume, and transferring money to each other. He did not expect that they would be involved in such a way.

Frank didn't want to waste his breath and continued, "My people recorded a video. Take a look for yourself"

As he spoke, he opened the video saved on his phone and played it. After a while, a voice that sounded as if he was dying rang. Till confess. Please stop hitting me. I'm Elena's distant cousin, but Elena has been flirtatious since she was young. I have always been attracted to her, but after she became an adult, Elena wanted to marry into a rich family and looked down on me. One day, she came to me and asked me to help her marry Harry and get rid of the original Mrs. Foster. We have been maintaining that kind of relationship since then."

Pluto paused for a moment. The man beside him kicked him and bellowed. "Hurry up. I don't have time to talk nonsense with you."

Pluto endured the pain and continued, "After that, we have been maintaining this kind of relationship. Occasionally, she would come here to comfort me, telling Harry that she was going on a trip with her friends, but in fact, she was coming here to me to get the perfume. Later on, she really became Mrs. Foster. Harry's wife jumped off a building and died.

"After marrying Harry, she started to secretly save money. Every time Harry gave her money, she would transfer it overseas to save it. After a few months, she asked me to help her do a fake paternity test. I asked her who the girl was, but she wouldn't tell me. However, the man was Harry. I'm sure of this. I don't know which daughter the girl was. My relationship with Elena is only about sex and money. There's nothing else. The death of Harry's ex-wife had nothing to do with me. I guarantee that I'm telling the truth"

After the video ended, the living room fell silent. For a moment, no one spoke

After a long silence, Hackett couldn't help but curse out loud "Fuck How can she be so vicious? She knows and keeps being his mistress. I even suspect that Elena was the one that killed Natalie's mother. Otherwise, how could she have the chance to marry into the Fosters?"

Trevon and Frank gave him a look of admiration. This was something that had never happened before. You've grown

smarter."

Hackett leaned against the bar counter and said proudly. "If Natalie's mother hadn't passed away, Elena would have always been a mistress. How could she ever become Mrs. Foster?"

Frank could clearly feel the maliciousness in Trevon's eyes. The temperature in the room had even dropped a few degrees. "I'll give you the evidence.

"Thank you" Whether it was Elena or Harry, they needed evidence against them. Without evidence, they could never bring them to justice.

Frank took a sip of his wine. "You're being so polite. I'm not used to it."

Trevon tightened his grip on his wine glass. "Everything about her is of utmost importance to me."

If things were really as he had expected, what would Natalie think? This thought made his heart ache

For a moment, the atmosphere in the living room froze. There were all kinds of people in the world. Perhaps some people would really kill for money.

If one was overly greedy, one would lose all sense of morality. They would be solely focused on their own interests.

Laws, morals, worldviews, and what was right and what was wrong were all thrown out of the minds of greedy people. They would do anything to achieve their goals.

Sometimes, man could be much scarier than ghosts.

However, based on the current situation, the man Elena married was not reliable too. Perhaps she also knew it herself. Otherwise, why would she use drugged perfume on him?

However, she had blocked her escape route. She was never innocent to begin with. How could she be let off that easily

Trevon had a sudden wild guess.

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Night had fallen. The sky outside of the floor-to-ceiling window was already dyed black. The bright moon was playing its role, while the stars tried desperately to embellish it.

It was half past midnight. Although it was late, Athana was a prosperous city. The dense light illuminated the dark city like it was daytime. However, there were some changes in their color. They were colorful and unpredictable, alternating in an

instant.

The women played cards until midnight and only stopped when their eyelids started to droop. Natalie couldn't take it anymore. She did not usually stay up late, and it was kind of a pain for her to stay up this late. Coupled with the fact that she and Trevon had been busy the entire night, her body really couldn't take it.

She stood up first and yawned. Her legs were numb from sitting. She wiggled her toes and squatted down. She rubbed her knees and said tiredly. "I'll leave first. I really can't take it anymore. Let's meet again next time."

She couldn't let herself go the entire night even if she wanted to have fun. She had just turned her life around.

Ava also yawned weakly. She was in low spirits. She rubbed her temples with both hands, then widened her eyelids with her thumb and index finger. "I'm going to sleep too. I'm so tired. Bye-bye, friends"

Sherri was also sleepy. "Let's meet again tomorrow. Good night."

Rose had drunk a few glasses of beer. Her footsteps were light, and her steps were crooked. Ava walked forward to help her. "Rose, let me send you back."

Rose knew that Ava had a plan of her own. These few days, she had deliberately disappeared in front of Frank. Rose refused, "No need. We can't mess up the plan. My room is on the 37th floor. You will definitely meet Frank if you go down."

Ava was still worried about her, so she decided to send her back anyway. "It's fine. I'll send you to the door and leave."

Natalie originally wanted to send Rose back, but after thinking about it, she decided to let Ava send her instead. After all, there were bodyguards here. "Ava, go back to sleep early after sending Rose back."

"Got it, Natalie."

Ava helped Rose into the elevator and pressed the button for the 37th floor. Rose hugged her waist dizzily and muttered, "Ava, your waist is so soft."

Ava smiled. "I often practice dancing. Perhaps my waist is more flexible"

Rose said. "Yes, your waist is decently concave."

The innocent Ava did not understand what she meant. She quickly added, "I can do squats and splits. I guarantee that I have a standard form."

Rose looked at the innocent little rabbit and smiled meaningfully. "Not bad, not bad."

As they spoke, the elevator door opened. When the two of them came out, they saw Frank standing outside the door. He had one hand in his pocket and was leaning lazily against the elevator smoking

When he saw the two of them come out, he continued standing there casually and stubbed out his cigarette at the end of the trash can. His actions were natural.

Ava's original plan was to avoid Frank for a few days. She had wanted to leave after sending Rose to the door. Unexpectedly, they met by chance. Since they met, her many years of upbringing forced her to greet him.

She smiled and greeted him politely, "Good evening. Frank."

Frank took Rose from her and said indifferently, "It's already midnight. It's not really evening anymore."

Ava thought about it and realized that it was getting late. "Oh, then go to bed early. Goodbye."

Frank did not leave immediately. He stood at the door of the elevator with Rose in his arms and watched the elevator door close. The display screen jumped to 38 before he dragged Rose into the room.

As soon as he entered the room, Rose started nagging, "Frank, let me share something with you. I guarantee you'll like it."

Frank was not interested. He glanced at her and said impatiently. "Speak."

Rose walked over to Frank and said with a smile, "Ava's waist is so soft. She said that she's great at squats."

As she spoke, she compared Ava's waist to the size of Frank's. She painted a strong image.

Frank was stunned. Then, he threw a towel, which hung over Rose's head. "I think you're quite drunk. Hurry up and take a shower. After that, go to sleep. You're causing unnecessary trouble all day."

Before Rose could pull out the towel, she heard the door close with a loud bang. It was as if the door had offended Frank.

"Are you crazy? Are you trying to take the door apart!" Rose shouted in the direction of the door. She thought, "Doesn't he know that I have a weak heart?"

"Who's he trying to scare in the middle of the night?"

Natalie walked out of the room she was just in and stretched her neck before opening the door to her room. Seeing that she was back, Hackett quickly went into the next room and picked Ruby up. Ruby was still covered with a small blanket. "Natalie. I'm leaving. Have a good time."

Natalie was drowsy and her mind was not very clear. She felt that Hackett was spouting nonsense. "Goodbye"

She turned around and closed the door. She looked away and saw a man looking at her with emotions in his eyes. It made her hair stand on end.

It was as if she was prey being targeted by a hungry wolf.

He stared at her without blinking, scanning every part of her body. Her toes curled as she pretended to walk calmly toward

the room.

Before she could get close, he pulled her out forcefully and into the room next door. The next second, he grabbed her waist. A kiss followed. It was aggressive and not gentle at all. She sobered up in an instant.

She gently pushed against his firm chest and reminded him gently, "I haven't brushed my teeth. I just ate something."

Trevon was in a hurry, so he didn't care if she brushed her teeth or not. "I don't mind."

Natalie did not have the habit of not brushing her teeth before sleeping at night. "I don't feel comfortable. I want to brush my teeth. You can wait for five minutes, right?"

How could an adult not understand what was about to happen? The atmosphere had already reached such a point. She would be letting the universe down if nothing happened. Naturally, she understood.

He kissed her lips a few more times as if to prove that he really didn't mind. Then, he let go of her waist. "Okay, I'll wait for you."

Those words were enough to make her imagination run wild.

She ran into the bathroom in her original room in a panic. The face of the person in the mirror was flushed red. It was an emotional color. She washed her face in a hurry, brushed her teeth, clenched her fists, opened the door, and went out.

Trevon stood by the door frame and waited. He found the woman's nervous expression a little funny and cute. He turned around slightly and held the back of her head. He lowered his head and said gently, "Nervous, huh?"

His deep voice was calm, but it was bewitching. He was a walking hormone bomb, incredibly seductive.

Natalie was nervous. She grabbed his shirt tightly and smiled faintly. "Let's go to the room next door."

Hearing this, Trevon smiled. He could not suppress the smile at the corner of his mouth and said in a hoarse voice, "Okay."

After being led into the room next door, he closed the door with a hook of his toe. The kiss Natalie expected came the next second. She was pressed against the door, unable to move. The faint taste of red wine rippled between her lips. Trevon's hand tugged at her nightgown, his broad palm slowly rubbing against it.

Every cell in her body was awakened. After a while, her body slid down. Trevon immediately grabbed her waist and pulled her to his side. "Honey, you can't. This is just the beginning"

Natalie was agitated. This man was great at flirting. Last night, she realized that he gave a lot of foreplay. She did not know where he learned it from, but she was so angry that she bit his shoulder.

Not only did this action not stop him from teasing her, but it also caressed his heart like a feather. His blood was boiling with passion, and a kiss followed. This time, the kiss was much fiercer than before. It was as if he wanted to tear her apart straight to her bones. He held the back of her head tightly, not allowing her to retreat. The kisses became deeper, stripping her fragrance away.

Just as she was in a daze, Trevon had already picked her up. He placed her gently on the bed. Then, her body felt heavy.

Tonight was a long night. Huge waves hit the shore continuously. The splashes were also abnormally beautiful, making one's eyes blur.

Perhaps because summer was coming, the temperature in the room gradually rose. The sparkling lake was no longer calm. Instead, it was constantly surging.

The reeds on both sides kept swaying, as if they were clapping and cheering, or as if they were giving their blessings.

Meanwhile, on the other side, things had also reached a peak.

Hackett was so excited that his heart was about to jump out. He took out the small gift that he had prepared for a long time. "Darling, I'm coming for real."

Sherri hated how wishy-washy he was the most. He should take action if he wanted to. Why did he have to ask for her opinion? Couldn't he just do it? "Cut the crap. Can you save some time?"

Hackett smiled slyly. "Don't cry later."

An hour and a half later, Sherri was defeated. The act that she had forced herself to hold up was completely gone. She kicked Hackett with tears in her eyes. She was in so much pain. It felt as if she had dislocated her groin. "Can't you be gentler?"

Hackett, who had done what he came for, was in a good mood. He smiled cheekily and said, "Didn't you tell me to hurry up? I did it quickly. If you weren't in a hurry, we'd still be exercising now."

Sherri recalled that Hackett had great stamina. In any case, she was comfortable. "You did not bad. Keep up the good work"

Seeing that she was in a good mood, Hackett grumbled, "I asked you to continue that night, but you didn't agree. Would you have had to wait until now to be pleased if you had agreed?"

Sherri said shamelessly, "How would I know that there are so many ways to play? I'll make up for it tomorrow. I'll make up for it twice."

Hackett was happy to receive such benefits. "Alright, you'll need to be on standby to launch at any time."

Sherri was exhausted. She raised her hand slightly. "Carry me to take a shower. I'm exhausted."

Hackett said, "You're tired because of your shouting. Don't shout so loudly tomorrow. I know what I'm capable of. You don't have to tell me so loudly." Although he said that, he had already picked up Sherri in his arms.

Sherri nestled in Hackett's arms and deliberately drew circles on his chest with her fingers. Her voice was weak and coquettish. "You don't like it? I thought you liked my voice."

Hackett's blood surged from being teased. He cursed in his heart, "There's no need to wait for tomorrow night. I'll make up for it now. Double it."

Sherri smiled as if she had achieved his goal. She deliberately provoked, "Can you do it?"

Hackett threw her into the bathtub. The temperature of the water had been adjusted to the appropriate temperature, and he stared at her like she was his prey. "You don't think I can do it? Did you not feel it just now? Looks like I'll have to patiently teach you again."

Sherri pretended to be afraid and encouraged, "Hackett, you can do it."

Hackett replied, "Don't worry, I guarantee you I know how to do it."

Sherri nodded, her face red. These two hardworking people were going to work hard since they were so motivated. They only fell asleep after going at it until four in the morning.

They finally fell asleep. The atmosphere was harmonious, without any exaggerated color.

[Chapter 254](#)

Early in the morning, the sun was shining brightly, and the air was fragrant and sweet

Yet, Natalie felt uncomfortable all over. Last night, the man said he would take things step by step. However, the first time took over an hour, and they did it twice last night. If there had been a third time....

Natalie thought. "Oh my god, isn't this progression and accumulation? Could mathematics be used like this?"

The ringing of the phone at the head of the bed interrupted her thoughts. She turned around and took the phone. The caller was Joseph. She answered the call "Joseph"

Joseph's voice on the phone was still as gentle and refined as ever. "Natalie, come to my room after you wash up. Ava is crying. I've been coaxing her for a long time, but she's still sad."

Natalie frowned when she heard this. Ava had been very happy last night. She went to sleep after playing cards. Why was she crying now? Was she rejected by Frank?

The next moment, she immediately replied. "I'll be right there."

After hanging up the phone, her mind was filled with questions. The answers she guessed were more inclined to Frank hurting Ava. She did not care about changing her clothes and was about to go out in her pajamas.

As soon as she got out of bed, she staggered. Her legs were a little weak. She continued to sit by the bed, rubbed the base of her legs, and stood up again.

She rushed to open the door but had to hold the doorknob to steady herself. After a while, she cursed Trevon in her heart.

"Where are you going? You're in such a hurry." The man's voice came from the sofa

Natalie was in a bad mood now. She turned around and glared at him. She said angrily. "What do you think?"

As soon as she finished speaking, she opened the door and left, leaving Trevon guessing alone. He had not provoked her in the morning and had even deliberately let her sleep a little longer. He even woke up early to bring her son out. What was going on?

Natalie came to Joseph's door. Just as she was about to knock, the door opened. She glanced at her brother, who was already in a suit and leather shoes. Joseph, what's wrong with Ava?"

Joseph was a little helpless. He sighed and said, "Come in and talk."

He glanced at the densely packed marks on Natalie's neck and his gaze darkened. He wanted to say something but could not find an excuse. "Ava's school is going up against another school in the group arena. The principal called and asked her to go back to the training today. She doesn't want to and is crying now."

This news was very sudden. She could understand why Ava was sad. The young lady had originally come with a heart full of passion. She still had much of her schedule to complete. She would naturally not be able to accept being suddenly told that she could not continue. However, she would be going against the principal's will if she did not go.

She could ignore the principal's wishes given the Turner family's strength, but her uncle and the others had always kept a low profile and would not use their status to suppress others. Moreover, Ava was still a student. She would be talked about as being arrogant in school if she did not go. She could not reject the request

Natalie originally thought that it was because of Frank, but it seemed like she had misunderstood.

She sighed silently in her heart and thought about what to say. She slowly pushed open the door to Ava's room and walked in. She closed the door behind her. Outside the door, Joseph rubbed his aching eyes and massaged his temples.

Joseph had almost compromised. He wanted to explain to the principal why Ava could not go. However, he temporarily put aside what was important when he thought about how Ava should learn to make choices and grow.

The current situation was a good opportunity to train. It was time for Ava to make her own choice and learn to think for herself.

Seeing Natalie enter, Ava became emotional again. She said while crying softly, "Natalie.... I-I'm going back"

As soon as she said this, Natalie knew that Ava had already made up her mind even if she could not bear to leave. It seemed that her brother had worried for nothing. "I've thought about it." Natalie sat on the bed, put her arm around Ava's shoulders, and took a tissue to wipe her face.

Then, she said patiently. "It's fine. Athana isn't far from Sapphire City. You can ask the principal to let you leave after you're done with the competition. I'll also ask for leave to accompany you."

Ava sniffed. "I know. I just can't bear to. My plans have been disrupted..."

Ava's words were interrupted by her soft sobbing. Natalie took a tissue to wipe her tears again. She patted her shoulder with one hand. "Is it because of Frank? You can't bear to part with him and feel that it's a pity that your plan to woo him hasn't been carried out?"

Ava nodded. She did not deny it.

Natalie understood and sighed again in her heart. She originally thought that Ava was only whimsically infatuated with Frank. She had thought that it was just a favorable impression and a desire to possess him. Now, it seemed that she really liked him. "Ava, if he really likes you, the distance between Sapphire

City and Athana won't stop him from looking for you. If he doesn't like you, he won't look for you even if you're in Athana."

Ava looked at Natalie with red and swollen eyes. "I know, but I've only been wooing him for a few days. Will he remember

me?"

Natalie continued, "If he likes you, just one look is enough. Some feelings develop over a long time, while others are love at first sight. As long as he likes you, your height, age, gender, or race will not be a problem. The distance between the two of you will not be a reason for him to reject you either. You have been wooing him for a few days. Since he has no reaction, you can pull back the intensity of your methods and maybe change the way you are doing things."

Upon hearing this, Ava widened her red and swollen eyes. "Natalie, you mean you want me to tell him that I'm going back and will not be wooing him anymore?"

Natalie couldn't help but admire Ava's intelligence. She always understood what she was saying immediately. "You can think of it that way. You can explore and see if your pursuits over the past few days have been effective."

Natalie did not finish the second half of her sentence. She only said the first half. She believed that Ava would understand.

For a moment, Ava and Natalie did not say anything. Natalie did not disturb Ava either. She knew that the little girl was thinking of a way to deal with the situation. However, Ava took a tissue and wiped her tears. Then, she forced a smile. "Til send a message to Frank now. I-If he answers my question, I plan to come back after the competition. B-But if he doesn't answer, I won't pester him anymore. I won't woo him anymore."

Natalie's eyes turned red. She was not as good as Ava, who had never been in a relationship, at these things. She pinched Ava's cheek dotingly. "You are always so outstanding"

Ava, who always put her actions before her words, took the phone from the blanket and tapped on Frank's profile picture. She clicked on the chat interface and neatly typed a few words. "Frank, do you like me? Do you want to be with me?"

Her message was concise and clean

If not for the fact that she was sitting beside Ava, it would have been difficult to tell that Ava was nervous. Her hand had obviously been trembling when she was typing the message. Natalie closed her eyes and comforted her. "It's okay. Let's give him one last chance and see if he can get our little princess."

Ava nodded in agreement and said to Natalie, "It's 8:50 in the morning. My brother's private plane leaves at 2:30 in the afternoon. He still has 5 hours and 40 minutes. If he doesn't reply to my message at 2:10, Tll give up on him. I'll end my attack in 5 hours and 20 minutes."

Natalie calculated the time in her mind and said with a faint smile. "So you've given him 5 hours and 20 minutes. Are you going to name this the "520 Attack"?"

Ava said very seriously. "Yes, this is my first time wooing someone. I want to give it a nice name. The 520 Attack."

As time passed, there was radio silence on Frank's end. For a moment, Natalie wanted to ask Trevon to remind Frank. However, upon further thought, would a lover that was obtained by her reminder dote on Ava? She thought about it and decided not to. It was better to let Frank act spontaneously.

[Chapter 255](#)

Ava sent a message not only to Frank but also to Rose and Sherri

She sent them a farewell message.

Natalie did not leave immediately after persuading Ava. Instead, she helped tidy up the clothes in Ava's room. As she helped tidy up, she said. "Put everything you need to bring on the bed. I'll go to the room to help you get your suitcase. I'll tidy the room up later.

Ava's eyes were red and misty. She replied in a low mood, "Okay"

Natalie bumped into Joseph when she went out of the room. She said anxiously, "Joseph, I'll help Ava get her suitcase."

Joseph said calmly. "Is she crying because of Mr. Roberts?"

"Yes and no, not entirely because of him," Natalie thought. She said truthfully. "Not entirely so. He's half the reason, I guess. Joseph, you're not going to settle scores with Frank, are you?"

Joseph smiled faintly and said helplessly, "Why should I care about your love lives? Go back and change before coming

over."

Natalie lowered her head and looked at her collarbone. It would have been better if she hadn't seen it, but she became extremely embarrassed now that she did. She cursed in her heart, "Is that man a dog? He bit me everywhere." Her face instantly turned red.

She had rushed over in a hurry when she heard that Ava was crying. She did not notice this at all. It was too awkward. She felt like she had been caught cheating by her brother.

Joseph knew that she was embarrassed and coughed lightly. "Hurry up and go."

She hurriedly lowered her head and subconsciously covered her neck with one hand. She lowered her gaze and walked out

the door.

After Natalie left, Joseph pushed open the door and entered Ava's room. He chuckled and asked gently, "Ava, have you thought it through"

Ava nodded vigorously. Her gaze was firm. "Yes, Joseph. I've already made up my mind."

"You're giving up on Frank?"

Ava's eyes widened. "Did Mom tell you that?"

"Yeah, Mom told me not to hinder your performance. She's afraid that I would get in the way and scare away the boys you like."

There was another half that Joseph did not tell her. Although Emma supported Ava in wooing boys, it was Ava's first time wooing a boy after all. It was also the first time she had taken a fancy to a boy. It was inevitable that Ava, who had been doted on all her life, would treat the matter carefully.

When Emma told Joseph about this matter, they had discussed the situation for a while. They did not investigate Frank's background out of respect for Ava. However, they did investigate his love life, character, and values. Frank was clean. There was nothing messy about his life. Joseph admired this.

It was not easy for an ordinary person to stay clean in a place like Lithern Club where there were all kinds of people. Furthermore, Joseph knew that Frank had a sphere of influence. It was impossible for someone to capture Pat if they did not have some level of influence. He did not investigate the details.

Ava said shyly, "You're the best, but I've already given him an ultimatum."

Hearing this, Joseph understood and did not ask further.

After Natalie entered her room, she first went to find a floral silk scarf. She had tied this scarf to her hair, but she was now going to use it on her neck. It was a little embarrassing

She thought, "Forget it. It's better than not having it there."

Then, she went straight into the room she had stayed in to get Ava's suitcase. After a while, she came out with the suitcase. The man sitting on the sofa stood up,

She had not looked at him since she came in. It was as if he was transparent and had to stand up to be seen. He guessed and asked, "Ava is leaving?"

Natalie stopped in her tracks and looked up in confusion. "How did you know?"

Trevon reached out to play with the silk scarf around her neck. She slapped his hand away. Trevon had a smile in his eye as he replied smugly. "If you were going on a trip, you wouldn't have come to get your suitcase. You wouldn't have rushed out just now either. It's most likely Ava crying. You went to coax her and came back to get her stuff."

Natalie thought. "Are you Sherlock Holmes?"

Judging from her expression, Trevon knew that he had guessed correctly. "Why is she leaving so suddenly

Natalie told him the reason Joseph gave her. She sounded reluctant. "It can't be helped Outstanding people are needed everywhere. This also proves that Ava is outstanding. Otherwise, the principal wouldn't have called personally"

Trevon Laughed "Ava isn't chasing Frank anymore"

Natalie sighed heavily Frank is impenetrable. I'll send the staff over first. Take care of Jasper

The man replied concisely. "Sure"

Hearing the door close. Trevon took out his phone and called Frank. The phone rang for a long time but no one picked up. He called two more times in a row before Frank finally picked up. Frank said with an unfriendly tone, "Are you performing an exorcism this early in the morning?"

Trevon was not angry. Instead, he looked like he was watching a show. "Still sleeping? The little princess of the Turner family

is about to fly off."

Frank was drowsy. He was very unhappy that his sleep had been disturbed. He had an impatient tone. "Get to the point."

"I heard from my wife that Ava is going back to Sapphire City today. Her flight is at 2.30, on a private jet
*

He emphasized the last few words. A private jet meant that the time was uncertain and they could leave at any time. It could be 2.30 in the morning or afternoon.

Frank was silent for a moment before saying. "Ex-wife, have you registered your marriage?"

Trevon's expression turned cold. "Get lost"

After hanging up the phone. Trevon made a decision. Originally, he did not plan to urge Natalie to remarry. Now, it seemed that he needed her to remarry. He had to give status to their relationship. It seemed that there were some things that he had to speed up.

Frank was no longer sleepy. After hanging up the phone, he looked at the time and realized that there was a message. He opened it and took a look. In just half a second, his brows furrowed. He stared at the phone for a few minutes before finally exiting the interface. He put down the phone, lifted the blanket, and got out of bed.

He walked to Rose's room and knocked on the door. A voice rang out from inside the room, allowing him to enter. He then pushed the door open and leaned lazily against the door frame without entering. He exuded a lazy aura. "Are you not getting up? The sun is shining on your butt."

Rose was creating a group chat. She gathered a group of four people and named the chat "Fairy's Castle" She said, "From now on, this castle will be the gathering place for the four of us."

Ava said. "I like this name You're awesome, Rose."

Natalie added. "This group is not bad."

Sherri, who had been active all this while, didn't appear to be chatting. Everyone had more or less guessed what was going

on

After sending the message. Rose glanced at the door in disdain. "Why should I get up? Ava is on the afternoon flight. I don't want to go over and see her cry now

Frank frowned and his gaze darkened. "She cried?"

Rose shifted her butt and sat up straight. She asked seriously. "Do you like Ava or not? If you like her, so be it. Can't you say something?"

Frank pursed his lips and pressed his tongue against his molars. He said calmly, "Don't interfere in my matters. Go home tomorrow. Dad misses you"

Rose was silent for a few seconds before saying, "I'll call Dad"

This meant that she wasn't going home.

Frank was helpless. "Don't think about her apologizing to you. Don't think about it for the rest of your life. If you're not going to go home unless she apologizes, you don't have to go home for the rest of your life."

Rose was infuriated "Just because she's my mother doesn't mean she can be pardoned for any mistakes. She doesn't even need to apologize. We're human beings with thoughts and not things. Do you dare to say that you agree with her? You wouldn't be living in Lither Club if you can stand her. Don't think I don't know that you have been living in Lither Club before I came back."

Rose exposed him without hesitation.

Kindness and love were both free to give, but they were not cheap. Although she was a child, some mistakes could not be unconditionally tolerated. She had a bottom line.

Not every beast could be tamed, and Rose and Frank were an exception.

This topic ended with an unpleasant conversation. Frank left the room without saying a word. He closed the door and returned to his room. He took a pack of cigarettes and stood by the window, smoking.

The emotions on his face could not be read. It was complicated and mysterious, conflicted yet seemingly calm.

[Chapter 256](#)

The sky was clear. The cotton-like clouds formed a satin that spread across the entire sky. It was clean, pure, and warm.

It was a great day for traveling and sightseeing, but it was not suitable for parting. The sunlight did not match the atmosphere today.

It was too sad.

Two in the afternoon, at Athana airport.

The group sent off Joseph and Ava in a grandiose manner. Everyone had a reluctant look on their faces. They did not want to part.

Clad in a black suit, Trevon stood beside Joseph with Jasper in his arms. He said reassuringly, "I'll make arrangements for the research base."

Regarding this, Joseph believed in Trevon's ability and was not worried at all. He was more worried about Natalie. After all, he had a criminal record. 'Remember what you said when you played chess.'

Without any hesitation, he immediately replied, "Yes, I'll let you know when to attend the wedding"

Joseph smiled faintly and did not say anything. He ignored Trevon's words and stroked Jasper. He said softly to him, "Im leaving. You have to miss me."

The adorable Jasper opened his arms while in Trevon's arms to hug Joseph.

Seeing this, Joseph smiled and praised. "You're so smart, Jasper. Next time. I will bring you a fun gift."

"Okay"

Ava glanced at her phone from time to time. It was already 2:11 pm She looked down at her phone and tightened her grip. on the phone. Natalie knew what she was waiting for. She walked over and hugged her. She whispered into her ear. "It's fine. Many people like you. You'll still be the proud and confident little princess you are when you return to Sapphire City."

As soon as she finished speaking, she stepped back and helped her tidy her hair. Today, the three of them were wearing the same dress that Ava had bought. Only Rose was wearing casual ripped jeans and a short black T-shirt.

Sherri also walked over and hugged Ava. "Goodbye, Ava. Ill take leave to accompany you the next time you come. Don't be

sadTM

Parting always came too quickly. Although there were many things that she was reluctant to part with and many unfinished. things, she still had to politely say goodbye.

Ava's eyes were slightly red. She held back her tears and said in a nasal voice, "Goodbye."

This farewell was not only for Sherri, but also for Athana. It was also for Frank, who was standing silently behind Rose.

Frank had not said a word since the beginning, nor did he reply to any messages. He did not even say a word of gratitude. Ava smiled as if she was bidding her final farewell.

Frank stood quietly behind Rose. He pursed his lips and did not say a word. However, Ava's smile was exceptionally dazzling to him. He glanced at it and looked away.

Hackett stood beside Frank and could not stand it anymore. How lucky was Frank to have a young lady woo him like this? Why was he still holding back? Hackett bumped into him angrily. "Show some reaction. She's about to leave."

Surprisingly, Frank did not argue with Hackett. He only gave him a cold look to make him stop provoking him.

Hackett and Frank had been together for a long time, so of course, Hackett knew that he was unhappy now and didn't continue to provoke him. However, he was still happy. He thought, "You deserve it. Let's see what you'll do now that the person who likes you is about to fly away"

Rose suddenly changed the topic and said to the misty-eyed Ava, "Ava, remember to share any handsome guys you meet when you return to Sapphire City. Send them all to the group chat and we'll pick out a good one for you."

Joseph, who was talking to Trevon, suddenly joined in the conversation. He looked at Frank, who had been silent the entire time, and said to Rose. "Miss Roberts, you must be joking. We're going back this time because there's someone in Sapphire City proposing to Ava. We're going back to let Ava meet him."

Everyone was shocked when they heard this. They didn't know if this was true or not. Even Natalie didn't know. She shot Joseph a questioning gaze and narrowed her eyes as if wanting to ask, "Why didn't I know?"

Joseph only blinked. However, his eyes wouldn't make a sound. How could Natalie know if it was real or fake!

Natalie, Rose, and Sherri all looked at Ava inquiringly. Ava quietly hid her phone in her pocket and smiled. "What Joseph said is true. It's like a blind date."

Natalie frowned. She felt that the situation was a little illogical. She had just sent a confession imessage in the morning now she was going on a blind date!

With her understanding of Ava, she would not do such a thing, nor would she go on a blind date. Even her aunt and the others would not force. Ava to go on a blind date.

by that case, the truth of the

The next moment, she came to a realization and said cooperatively. "That's fine. After all, they're in Sapphire City. You can try dating him if you and him suitable"

Ava and Natalie looked at each other and smiled at the same time. They were talking with their eyes. "Okay"

Frank, who was standing behind the group, suddenly said. "Take a taxi back later. I have something on, so I'll leave first."

These words were naturally directed at Rose Then, he nodded slightly at Joseph, put on his sunglasses, and left with one hand in his pocket

Ava clenched her fists and exhaled. She said to everyone. "Bye, everyone"

It was already 240 pin It was already past the tune for take-off Joseph gave Jasper to Trevon and instructed again. "Take good care of Natalie I won't say this twice. Remember, the Turner family will always be backing her

These words were both an instruction and a threat Trevon understood. "Yes"

The plane flew further and further away in the blue sky like a little bird. It flew higher and higher until it finally hid in the cotton-like clouds, never to come out again.

In the airport, the group looked up at the sky. Everyone had mixed feelings Rose sighed and put her hands in her pockets. "Sigh, my sister-in-law is gone. He has to continue being a bachelor."

Hackett sneered. "Your brother sure is wretched. He deserves to be single"

Rose extended a hand to shake Hackett's hand. "You sure know me. I suddenly feel that you're so smart."

Hackett swatted her hand away in a second "Get lost"

Walking out of the airport, Sherri couldn't help but sigh. "The vacation is over. Natalie, when do you plan to start work?"

Natalie thought for a moment. The day after tomorrow."

Sherri said. "Then I'll go back the day after tomorrow too. I'll go to Lither Club to pack my things first. My mother kept calling me last night to ask when I would be back. My father said that she is lovesick from missing Ruby. I have to treat her

illness

Natalie burst into laughter. Sherri had dissipated her gloomy mood. Hackett shamelessly leaned over. "Didn't she say that she missed me? Why don't you bring me along?"

Sherri felt that this was a good idea. "Alright, my brother should be able to have a good chat with you when he comes back

tomorrow."

Hackett, who had just gotten excited, suddenly became sullen. "Forget it. I'd better think about what gift to bring. I'll come with my parents to propose marriage in a few days."

Trevon said in disdain. "Cowardly."

Hackett thought. Do you think I have self-abuse tendencies like you? I cherish my life."

Hackett ignored him and said to Rose generously. "Hey, do you want to take my car?"

Rose refused. "No need I have a car."

Hackett was puzzled Didn't Frank already leave? Where did she get the car from? T'll send you back so that your brother won't settle scores with me."

Rose refused again Thank you very much for giving me a ride, but I really have a car, so I won't be a third wheel for the three of you I might cause trouble if I shine bright enough. Take care. I won't send you off."

Rose reached out and made a gesture to send them off. It was abnormally standard.

Seeing how insistent she was, Hackett did not force her. "Alright, goodbye."

The few of them chatted for a while before getting into the car. Before getting into the driver's seat, Trevon glanced at the Porsche in the corner and smiled. Then, he got into the car expressionlessly and started the car to leave the airport.

After they left, Rose walked to a corner and opened the passenger door. She sat in the passenger seat and fastened her seatbelt. "Let's go. There's no need to take your suitcase. Let's go back to Deepwater Bay."

The driver did not start the car even after she finished speaking. He still had one hand on the steering wheel and the other against the window as he stroked. The smoke drifted into the car. Fortunately, Rose was not disgusted.

Rose shook her head. Even a donkey would shake its head when it saw this, let alone her. "We can't even see the plane anymore. What are you still looking at? Are you waiting for Cupid to come down and bring you two together! *Cupid is also quite busy. He took some time out of his busy schedule to shoot an arrow at the both of you, but you

removed it yourself. Now you're expecting him to give you a second chance? Go home, wash up, and go back to sleep. Doelt

count on it."

Rose continued to rummage through the car. There was still a grudge in her heart. Of course, Rose would have reached the car if she knew that Ava had sent Frank a message before she left. "Do you think Ava will fall for that handsome boy from Sapphire City? I'll have to attend the wedding if she falls for him. Will you accompany me

Frank finished the last puff of his cigarette and threw it away. He started the car and stepped on the accelerator. Rose swallowed the last words she wanted to say "Are you crazy??"

The car drove for a while before Frank finally calmed down. "I'll send you back to Deepwater Bay. I'm going home."

Rose had already calmed down. Panting, she turned to the driver and asked, "Why are you going home

Frank was unfazed when he lied. "Mom wants to arrange a blind date for you. I'll settle it for you. You don't have to thank

me."

Rose was irritable for a second. "Fuck, did you get my permission? She hasn't changed at all over the years. Go back a afternoon and tell her to get herself a dog if she's too free. She'll be able to get it to do whatever she wants.

"What era is this? She still wants to be an empress that much. Does she really think she's time-traveled here? Ask her to find a way to get back if she wants to be an empress. I've had enough of her

Frank tilted his head. "What you said makes sense. Do it yourself"

Rose slammed herself heavily against the back of the chair. Her eyes were filled with rejection. "I don't want to see her."

However, after a while, Rose frowned and turned to ask Frank with an abnormally complicated expression. "You didn't ignore the little princess because of the control freak, right?"

Frank drove seriously and did not answer this question. There was no emotion on his face. "Be quiet. Don't disturb me. If you don't want the ride, walk back yourself."

Rose said. "You'll regret it. The relationship between a mother and her daughter-in-law is not easy anyway. Besides, you'll be the one living with her, not your mother. I really don't know what you're conflicted about. There's no room for regret for something after they are missed. My advice is for you to be human."

Frank said coldly. "Is she not your mother?"

Rose looked at the retreating scenery and said after a moment, "She's only my mother after she apologizes."

Frank did not say anything else. It was useless to say anything else.

[Chapter 257](#)

Frank sent Rose back to Deepwater Bay. However, instead of going in together, he turned around and drove away.

At the entrance of the villa in Deepwater Bay, Rose looked at the back of the Porsche that was getting further and further away. She fell into deep thought. The car had already disappeared. She stood at the door in a daze for a long time before opening the door and entering the villa.

The Porsche left the downtown area and drove in a familiar direction. After driving for about 50 minutes, the car gradually entered an area surrounded by large green plants. Grass covered half the lawn. Further in, one could see the courtyard, garden, pool, vegetable garden. The layout of every area had been planned out well.

It was obvious that the designer had spent a lot of effort. It also showed that the owner was picky with his tastes,

The car stopped steadily in the parking spot in front of the villa. Frank unbuckled his seatbelt and got out.

As soon as he got out of the car, he was almost deafened by a thunderous sound. "Good afternoon, Mr. Roberts."

The villa was like a fortress, surrounded by bodyguards. There were high-definition cameras covering the entire villa, with no blind spots. The Roberts family had built their fortune in a gray market, and it was inevitable that they would offend many people.

Frank took off his sunglasses and hung them on the collar in front of his chest. He put his hands in his pockets and looked at the two rows of bodyguards. He said, "I know you've eaten your fill. You don't

have to shout so loudly. Who are you trying to scare?"

"Understood, Mr. Roberts."

Frank was speechless.

He stopped caring and strode into the villa. Today, he was not only here to solve the problem, but also to take precautions.

He looked around the living room and the room on the second floor. He had not been back for the old man's birthday, he had sent his gift to the Roberts Group instead of returning home.

year. Previously, during

The butler of the Roberts family villa hurriedly came out to welcome Frank when he saw him enter. He stood respectfully at the side. "Mr. Roberts, you're back. I'll go inform Madam now."

Frank simply grunted in agreement.

Not long after, a woman in a pink suit walked down from the second floor. It was impossible to tell her age. She had shoulder-length hair that was tied into a low ponytail, which made her look very capable. The first impression she gave off was her overbearing aura. There was no expression on her face. Even if there was one, it was cold and proud.

She slowly walked down the stairs in her high heels and said indifferently. "What brings you back?"

Frank turned a deaf ear and took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He took one out with his mouth and lit it up. Then, he crossed his legs and placed his hands on the back of the leather sofa. "Do you want a cigarette?"

The woman walked to the living room and sat down on the leather sofa opposite Frank. It was like a negotiation. She crossed her legs and leaned back casually with her hands crossed in front of her chest. She glanced at the cigarette between Frank's fingers and said calmly, "I quit a long time ago."

Frank was silent for a few seconds. He exhaled a mouthful of smoke and sat up straight. "There's something I want to talk to you about."

The woman was always calm. She exuded a sense of oppression and a powerful aura. "You're obviously here to talk to me about something. You couldn't possibly be here to visit your mother, could you?"

Frank stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray. He sat with his legs apart and rested his hands on his legs. After a few seconds, he said, "Rose is back. Shouldn't you apologize to her?"

Upon hearing this, the woman's expression turned cold. However, she regained her composure in just a few seconds. "All of you have thought that I was wrong for so many years. You think that I'm wrong. Rose also thinks that I'm wrong. However, I don't think that I'm wrong. If it weren't for me, she would have been... I've been protecting her for so many years. Not only does she not thank me, but she also hates me. Does she have a brain?"

Frank's expression also turned a little colder. He licked his lips and suppressed his emotions. 'Mom, can you rein in your desire to control others? You're no longer the lady boss of the underworld like you were back then. Dad is no longer the boss. You're now in the Roberts family and engaged in a formal business, yet you still plan to control us like how you controlled your men back then. Do you think it's appropriate? Rose is the result of the backlash. Haven't you realized it all these years?'

This was the first time Frank had said so much to his mother. In the past, no matter how she controlled him, he would stay a little longer if he could tolerate it or shut up and ignore her if he didn't.

After Rose left, Frank also moved out.

The only people who remained in the huge villa, which was built from scratch, were the Roberts family couple, as well as

their servants and bodyguard. It was less lively than it should be.

Frank's every word surprised his mother. In just a second, she guessed, "You've fallen in love with a girl. Are you here to give me a heads-up"

Frank did not admit or deny what she said. He pinched the space between his eyebrows and said, "I'm telling you about Rose. It's your fault for spying on her diary and installing surveillance cameras in her room. If you think you're not in the wrong and don't plan to apologize to Rose, we won't come back to this family anymore. Consider it as me having never been here today."

Frank stood up as soon as he finished speaking. He tidied his clothes and strode out of the living room. It seemed that he had underestimated the situation.

He met his father, who had just returned home, as soon as he walked out the door. William stood at 5.9 feet and wore a black suit. He looked like Frank

Seeing his son's gloomy expression and how he was about to leave in a hurry, he quickly stopped him. "Frank, where are you going?"

Frank stopped in his tracks and restrained his temper. "I'm leaving. Go home and persuade her. Think of a way to persuade her if you want Rose to come home."

William did not need to ask to know what the problem was. His head hurt. His daughter was his little darling. How could he not want his daughter to come home? He had been a powerful mafia boss back in the day, yet he could not settle his problems back at home. It would be embarrassing if word of this got out.

What choice did he have? His wife was still the decision-maker. He was destined to lose. One party had to back down when two strong personalities clashed, and he was the one who backed down.

William could already guess from his son's expression that the conversation between Frank and his mother ended on a sour note. Persuading Frank to stay would only deepen the conflict. "Alright, give me a few days and I'll give you an answer."

Frank curled his lips and teased, "Dad, what you're doing doesn't match your identity as a mafia boss at all."

William said helplessly and waved his hand to dismiss his son. "It can't be helped. Your mother's status as the lady boss is too strong. Alright, you should go."

Frank shrugged and walked to the car. He opened the car door and got in. He started the car and slowly drove out of the

villa area.

After Frank left, William walked in and saw his wife sitting on the sofa drinking coffee. She looked very relaxed. However, only he knew that she would only drink coffee when she was frustrated and uneasy. She usually drank milk.

He slowly took off his suit jacket and placed it on the sofa. He sat beside Grace and gently took the coffee from her hand. He reminded her gently, "Don't drink coffee anymore. You won't be able to sleep tonight if you drink it."

He placed the cup back on the table and held her hand as he said, "Why are you doing this? You were always asking around about Rose when she didn't come back. You even secretly went to Sapphire City to see her. Now that she's back, you're doing this again. Grace, we're already more than 50 years old.

We've already passed the era of fighting and killing. What we want now is for our children to be healthy and safe. It's bliss to have them by our side.

"Look. Rose has been gone for so many years. You've also lost sleep for that for so many years. How long are you going to torture each other like this? You're stubborn. Rose is also stubborn. Frank is also stubborn. What do you think is going on? This family will be broken up if you continue to be stubborn. Rose won't come home, and Frank won't come home either. There's only the two of us in such a big house. You don't even have anyone to talk to when I go to work."

Just as the woman was about to speak, William interrupted her. "You don't have to tell me that you still have a trusted aide. Would you have to suffer from insomnia if you can talk about this with your trusted aide?"

The woman's expression changed, but she still glared at William in dissatisfaction. However, she did not stop him from speaking. How could someone who had lived for decades with her not know her temperament and thoughts? They were just more direct.

William continued with a smile on his face. "Rose's personality is the same as yours. It's just that she grew up in a different era. If she was born in our era, I can guarantee that she would also be a big shot. She would definitely be able to inherit your mantle. Do you believe me?"

Grace gave William's shoulder a heavy pat. "What are you thinking? When did I ever want this girl to take over my job? All these years, she's still living the life she wants."

William smiled. "See, you've already let go. So why are you still holding your apology in! Frank must have come today to have a good talk with you, yet you did not give him a peaceful conversation. Frank's temper isn't like Rose's. He doesn't say everything out loud. He always keeps everything in his heart. He always has his own plans."

Grace clenched her fists in a dilemma. She seemed to be considering something and was hesitant.

William continued, "Why don't you apologize to Rose? She just thinks that you've deprived her of her human rights and monitored her. She thinks that you've violated her privacy. But then again, you've indeed used the wrong method to protect her. Times are different, and the thoughts of our children are different because of that. Don't all the books now write about

privacy and freedom? They're not like us in the past. We didn't even read books back then."

Grace was an orphan. She had been abandoned at the entrance of an orphanage when she was born. Because of her stubborn personality, she would often be sent back to the orphanage after she was adopted. After that, the orphanage became too lazy to deal with that, so they simply raised her themselves.

After she became an adult, her life seemed to force her to the underworld. She unknowingly got into a fight with the then-boss of the underworld, William, over some territory. It was because of that fight that created a spark between them. Then, they merged their territories, and their underlings, who were originally hostile to each other, became good buddies.

When the two of them got married, their wedding was especially grand. There were countless underlings and many big shots congratulating them. The Roberts family had a wide sphere of influence, so there were naturally many people who came to congratulate them. On the day of the wedding, Grace took on William's last name,

It proved that Grace was no longer an orphan. She had become a member of the Roberts family. She would live as a member of the Roberts family, and she would die as a member of the Roberts family.

She was used to seeing the viciousness and ugliness of the human heart. After Grace gave birth to Rose, she wanted to protect her wholeheartedly. She did not want Rose to be injured, nor did she want Rose to experience everything she had experienced.

Grace finally followed her heart and was moved. She smiled gently and said charmingly, "Since you've tried your best. I'll do as you wish, alright?"

William smiled brightly when he saw this. He no longer looked like the mafia boss from back then. "That's right. Everything will turn out fine if it's prosperous at home. Don't you want your son and daughter to come back and have a good time? They are not young anymore. They're almost at the age to get married. You'll be so happy when that time comes. Hurry up and send Rose a message."

Grace tilted her head and narrowed her eyes at William. She was speechless. 'Are you afraid that I'll go back on my word? My God. I'm the lady boss after all. When have I even gone back on my word? L. Grace Roberts, never go back on my word*

William knew that his wife always meant what she said. Once she said it, she would definitely keep her word. However, shouldn't they settle this matter quickly? The atmosphere was right, and he had to take advantage of this rhythm.

The urge to send the message would pass after the atmosphere died down, and it would be difficult to persuade Grace again. He had not succeeded despite persuading Grace to apologize for so many years. It was rare that he had succeeded today.

He had to strike while the iron was hot.

Grace took her phone from the side of the sofa and was about to send a message, but her hand froze when she opened the chat interface. William was so anxious that he instructed from the side, "You can first send Rose a message saying "I was wrong. I apologize to you. I apologize to you for what I did previously. Can you forgive me?"

William did not see Grace typing even after he finished speaking. He looked up and saw Grace glaring at him coldly. She had an unfriendly tone. "Why don't you come and do it?"

As she spoke, she even handed him her phone. William quickly waved his hand and smiled.

William said ingratiatingly, "No need. You do it, Grace. I'm just giving you a suggestion. I'm just afraid that you'll have too hard a time thinking about what to say."

Grace exposed him bluntly and rolled her eyes at him. "Are you afraid that I'll say something I shouldn't and hurt your precious daughter's heart?"

William was not embarrassed to be exposed. He picked up the glass that Grace had drunk from and took a sip of coffee. He urged. "Send it. The earlier the better."

At this moment, William was like a supervisor. It was as if he would not leave until Grace sent the message. In the end, Grace typed what William said into the phone. Finally, she added, "I promise that I will not interfere with your relationship in the future. You can do whatever you want."

She felt relieved after sending the message. When she put away her phone, she saw William smiling brightly at the side. Grace threw a pillow at him.

William was in a good mood and was not angry at all. He happily held Grace's face and kissed it.

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After Rose entered, she stood at the door and pondered for a few minutes, thinking about how to open the packages that had been delivered. It would be quite tiring to stand and open them all.

With a flash of inspiration, she quickly ran upstairs and took an expensive carpet from Frank's room to lay on the clean tiles in the living room. She nodded with a satisfied expression after putting the carpet down. She then sat on the ground, crossed her legs, and hummed a little song as she patiently opened the package.

"Not even they can stop me now.

"Boy, I'll be flying overhead,

"Their heavy words can't bring me down,

"Boy, I've been raised from the dead."

It was silent. The empty living room echoed with beautiful singing. Every line of the lyrics was filled with charm, as if they were telling a beautiful story that seeped into one's heart.

Her lips kept moving as she sang all the songs she knew. She held the package in one hand and a cutter in the other. The sound of the sharp blade cutting through the transparent glue kept ringing out in the silent living room.

It was like an occasional accompaniment to her singing

She dismantled the packages one after the other. This was the joy of online shopping. She might have felt the pinch when she had to enter her credit card details to make the payment, but it was very satisfying when she dismantled the delivered packages.

Fortunately, she had spent Frank's money and did not feel any pinch. Instead, she felt especially happy.

She was always full of anticipation when the goods arrived. She really wanted to know how much she would like what she bought.

At this moment, Rose was surrounded by empty cardboard boxes. Beside her were the precious products that she had dug out. There were skincare products, clothes, shoes, towels, sheets, curtains....

A sudden text message interrupted Rose's opening of the packages, but it did not interrupt her singing. She continued to hum as she placed the cutter aside. She grabbed her phone which was pressed under the cardboard box.

The singing stopped abruptly and there was silence. All of her memories exploded in an instant. It was as if a slideshow was playing in front of her eyes. Her eyes became stained with a layer of mist, but she was strong and did not allow her tears to fall. She raised her head to ease her emotions, wanting to pull away from her unhappy emotions.

However, these memories rushed out of their cage now that they were unsealed.

Memories of her adolescence flooded her mind. At that time, she was simple-minded and well-protected by her family. She would not think about the bad side of any situation

The boy was very handsome, sunny, and humorous. He had always been a good friend. He had suddenly confessed when they were playing with a few other friends on a weekend. He said proudly, "Rose, I've liked you for a long time. Be my girlfriend."

For an adolescent girl, it was very difficult to reject a confession from such a handsome, sunny, and warm boy.

Rose was no exception.

She had a good impression of him. It was just that they usually addressed each other as a friend. Now that one of them broke the silence and the other was interested, the relationship would be built on mutual interest

Their friends who came out to play all cheered, "Get together, get together..."

One of her friends said, "Rose, hurry up and agree."

After they got together, the boy treated her very well. He took care of everything. He was even better than Frank. Rose trusted him fully

The woman paced back and forth in the living room with one hand on her waist. She was so angry that she smashed a cup, and shards of glass instantly splattered everywhere. "Rose, you sure are capable. You're playing puppy love under my nose. You're surpassing me."

“We really love each other, Mom, don’t stop us. He’s very good to me.”

“You’re so young, yet you’re already talking about true love? Your so-called true love is just because he likes your last name, Roberts. Do you know that? Try changing your last name. Tell me, will he care about you then? Will your self proclaimed friends still treat you like this?”

She stood in the living room and clenched her fists. Tears streamed down her face as she resisted Grace for the first time. She retorted, “You always think that everyone is getting close to you because of your status. I’m different from you, I used to listen to you, but now I realize that I was wrong. We’re from two different worlds.”

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Grace placed her hands on her hips and trembled in anger. She pointed at her with her index finger and said. “You sure are great. You’ve only been in a relationship for a few days, but you’re already saying that we belong in two different worlds. You even created a parallel universe. Why don’t you go back to your world then, huh?

“Rose, let me tell you, from today onwards, you don’t have to go to school anymore. You can go to school when you understand what’s going

on.”

She couldn’t remember which day it was. “Mom, what right do you have to read my diary? This is my privacy. You’re invading my privacy.” Her tears flowed down her face, and her lips were trembling with anger.

Grace argued back, “Do you really think I want to read it? Look at what you’ve written. It’s all about love. You’re even talking about dying for your love. I think that you have to be brainwashed”

“You’ve gone too far. How did you know I kept a diary? Did you install a surveillance camera in my room?”

Grace did not deny it. “I’m doing this for your own good. I don’t want you to make mistakes during your adolescence. Don’t be ungrateful.”

A man’s voice said, “You’re too much. How can you install surveillance cameras in your daughter’s room? No matter what, Rose should have a girl’s privacy. Can’t you talk it out nicely with her? Things will backfire if you push her too hard. It’s right that you don’t want her to make a mistake, but if you try to stop her like this, she will be even more disgusted with you.”

Grace was very loud. She did not listen to the advice at all. “Do you think she can be reasoned with when she’s possessed like this? Everything will be on deaf ears. Go and rest. Mind your own business.”

One day, the boy she liked came before her in a wheelchair and said to her, “Rose, with your mother and brother around, no one will like you for the rest of your life. You’ll just be a mindless prisoner.”

She thought, ‘A mindless prisoner?

“I’m just more obedient to my parents. I’m already resisting.”

"I'm not. Samson, give me a little more time. I'll get my mother to agree.*

Samson rejected her immediately. It was as if their previous relationship was just a fleeting cloud that did not exist at all. "The threshold of your family is too high. It's not something someone like me can reach. Rose, we won't see each other from now on. Don't pester me anymore. Count me unlucky"

Was he unlucky because he met her?

They were not only a couple but also very good friends.

The war was once again stirred up.

Samson's words were undoubtedly telling her that his leg injury was the work of her mother and brother. She could end the relationship, but she could not hurt him like that. She felt very guilty. That was what she thought at that time

After rushing home, she saw Grace sitting on the sofa and drinking in a good mood. She instructed her subordinates, "That's it. Carry out the plan and don't make any more mistakes. You know my principles"

"What night do you have to break someone else's leg? Do you still have any respect for the law?"

Grace waved her hand to dismiss her subordinate. "Your so-called first love is talking nonsense to you again. Did he tell you why his legs are broken? Figure out his background before arguing with me. Look at what you're like now.

"You really can't tell the difference between good and bad."

Rose retorted, "Am I not able to tell the difference between good and bad? You installed surveillance cameras in my room, peeked at my diary. and even sent someone to monitor me. Is that the good you're talking about? If that's the case, I'd rather not have it. Didn't you say that my friends are dating me and hanging out with me because my last name is Roberts? I can cut ties with you. I'll change my last name. You can remove me from the family."

Grace said sternly, "Rose, don't challenge my bottom line again."

"Didn't you also change your last name to the same as Dad's? Didn't you also use your last name to bully others?"

Grace was trembling in anger. She felt that her daughter had been brainwashed by love. "Even if I don't have your father, I have my own future. I don't need to rely on anyone's power."

"Yes, you're the lady boss of the gangsters. You have subordinates everywhere. So, do you want to train me to be like you?"

Grace was so angry that she threw a fruit knife at Rose. However, the knife did not land on Rose's body. Instead, it slashed across Frank's

chest.

Frank stood in front of his sister. However, Rose did not thank Frank for helping her block the knife. She was angry and felt that Frank was in cahoots with her mother. He was the one who broke

Samson's leg for no reason.

Grace felt that her daughter had gone crazy. She was afraid that she would do something bad, so she was unwilling to remove the surveillance cameras. However, Rose had grown up in such a family, so how could she not know how to remove the surveillance cameras? She went back

to her room and easily removed the surveillance cameras.

This kind of protected love made Rose feel that she had lost her freedom, human rights, privacy, and life,

It was suffocating

That night, Rose slit her wrist and committed suicide. Frank wanted to explain the situation to his sister, but he saw his sister attempting suicide when he walked into the room. Frank called manically for the chauffeur and sent Rose to the hospital.

In the hospital, Frank roared at his mother, "Are you satisfied now?"

When Rose woke up, she knew that she had been saved and would not die. Her face was pale when she suggested that she would leave the Roberts family and Athana.

William agreed and apologized with red eyes. "Alright, I'm sorry I was negligent. Rose, you can do whatever you want. Promise me that you won't do such a thing again. Your mother and I have worked hard our entire lives to be strong supporters of you and your brother. We know too well how difficult it is to rely on ourselves without any support. So Rose, let's not do such a scary thing again."

The Roberts Group was changing from operating in a gray area to a legitimate business. There were always a lot of things to deal with and they were busy every day. Grace was in charge of a lot of things at home. William rarely asked about it. He only wanted to stabilize the Roberts Group as soon as possible.

"Dad, send me away from Athana. I want to go to school in Sapphire City. I want to study medicine."

William replied, "Then what do you want to learn? I can promise you that I can send you away from Athana. Your mother won't monitor you either."

"I want to study medicine. Pediatrics. Send me away tomorrow, Dad. This family is suffocating me."

"Okay, I promise you. You're still young. Can I buy you an apartment over there? I won't buy you a big one. It'll be small and suitable for your life. Then, you can bring a nanny over to take care of your daily needs. I guarantee that she won't send any news back. She'll just cook and do your chores for you. Is that okay?"

Rose knew that she was still young and could not handle too many things at once. She did not want William to worry, so she nodded in

agreement.

Grace did not send her off on the day she left. Frank went, but Rose ignored him. She even glared at him before she left.

Since then, Rose, who had always been obedient, had changed drastically. She became sharp-tongued. She was sometimes deep and

heartless at other times.

She was immersed in her memories for a long time. The images were jumping around in her brain. It was a mess.

She looked down at the text message on her phone again. Her vision was blurry, and she could no longer see the text on the phone. However, she remembered every word Grace sent. Unknowingly, tears had already fallen down her face, and they blurred the screen even more. Tears flowed down the screen.

After so many years, Grace had actually apologized. It was a late apology.

It was not easy to make her soften her position.

Rose wiped her tears and did not reply. She picked up the cutter and continued opening her packages with blurry eyes. Her movements were mechanical. She seemed to be venting.

The corners of her lips curled up. She was mocking herself. Thinking back to that time, she had done something ridiculous for a scumbag.

She had regretted it before, but she couldn't accept her mother's domineering attitude. Would things have turned out differently if Grace had used another method to tell her how disgusting human nature was?

However, there were no ifs. If there were any ifs in life, then these things wouldn't have happened if she had seen through the scumbag's true colors earlier. She wouldn't have been so stupid if she hadn't been so young back then. If something like that had happened to her now, she wouldn't have attempted suicide even if she was beaten to death. She would rather live a rotten life.

It was better to live than to die. That was what Rose was thinking now. Life was precious and not easy to come by.

Frank originally planned to drive to Lither Club, but when he was about to reach Lither Club, he received a message from William.

"Your mother sent an apology message to Rose. Go back and check on Rose."

After reading the message, Frank did not hesitate to turn the steering wheel. He turned the steering wheel and stepped on the accelerator. Under his sunglasses, his eyes were as cold as ice. The half hour drive was shortened to 18 minutes.

After parking the car, he even left the doors unlocked as he stepped out of the car and walked quickly to the villa.

When Frank pushed the door open and entered, he saw Rose silently crying as she opened the package mechanically and scratched randomly on the cardboard box. He frowned and his eyes darkened. He strode over and casually threw his coat on the ground. He slowly squatted down and took the paper knife from Rose.

He suppressed his feelings and tried to sound as gentle as possible. "That's enough. Give me the knife."

Rose acted as if she did not hear anything and continued to open the cardboard box with the knife in her hand. Frank helplessly and carefully snatched the knife away and threw it aside.

The sound of the knife making contact with the clean tiles was exceptionally clear and loud in the large and silent living room.

It could make one's heart skip a beat.

Rose's tears fell as her hand was emptied. Frank squatted down and held her head with one hand. He slowly turned her head around and pressed her into his arms. He continued to restrain his emotions. His eyes darkened and he lowered his voice. "Let it out. This won't happen again. I promise you."

The next second, Rose cried her heart out. The entire silent living room was filled with her cries.

She kept hitting Frank's chest, again and again, desperately venting her emotions.

Frank did not feel any pain at all. He did not even frown. His face was tense. He pursed his lips and did not say anything else. He just let Rose vent her emotions

This matter had been buried in her heart for too long. It was so long that she had forgotten that Grace still owed her an apology. It was so long that she would not be able to see the healed wound until she took off her watch. These were things that she did not want to remember.

It was both her fault and Grace's fault.

After suppressing her emotions for so long, she desperately needed an outlet. However, Grace's apology came just in time.

After crying for a long time, Frank's clothes were drenched. He didn't know if he was drenched in tears or snort. Rose only raised her head when she couldn't cry anymore. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she said in a heavy nasal voice, "You still owe me an apology"

Frank's legs were numb from squatting for so long, so he simply sat on the carpet next to Rose. As soon as he sat down, he realized that something was wrong. He looked down. Wasn't this the carpet custom-made in his room?

Without a doubt, it was the work of this crybaby in front of him.

He closed his eyes and told himself to calm down. This was a carpet that he had custom-made overseas, but this girl had casually thrown it on the ground as a cushion. Frank sat cross-legged with one hand on his leg and propped his cheek on his hand. He looked at his sister and said, "For breaking your ex boyfriend's leg? I didn't do anything wrong. Don't try to forcefully press it on me."

Rose looked down at Frank. She sniffed and said gloomily. "He doesn't deserve the words 'ex-boyfriend'. You clearly know that he's a scumbag. Why didn't you tell me?"

Frank was stunned. Thinking that she did not know, he changed to a relaxed tone. "I'm afraid of smearing your first love. I cherish my life." Rose kicked him angrily. "You're so annoying. Do you like being a scapegoat that much?"

Just as Rose thought that he would not apologize, Frank looked at her in a daze and apologized sincerely. "I'm sorry, it was wrong of me." Hearing this, Rose had tears in her eyes, but still smiled and said generously, "Since you're sincere, I accept it."

At first, Rose thought that Frank was just like Grace, spying on her. She hated being controlled by Rose and Frank. However, after knowing that the man was a scumbag, she waited for Frank to tell her the truth. In the end, he did not say a word or explain anything for a few years. That was why Rose was angry.

Frank placed his hands behind his back, crossed his legs, and placed his hands on the ground. He looked at his sister, who had finished venting her emotions, and her mood clearly improved. "I won't argue with you tonight on account of you crying like a dog. I'll be your punching bag for free. Hit me. After today, you won't get this benefit anymore."

The siblings looked at each other on the carpet for a while, but Rose still did not make a move. She only rolled her eyes at him in disdain.

Frank had never expected Rose to commit suicide. All these years, he had regretted his decision. If he had told her the truth earlier, he might have avoided this scar. This was the thing he blamed himself for the most. He had thought that it was for her own good, but he had harmed her.

Frank urged, "Are you going to hit me or not? if you miss this opportunity, you won't have another one."

Rose pulled Frank's sleeve and wiped her tears and snot. Then, she said, "No, I'm afraid of Ava coming to me for revenge"

Frank did not slap his clothes in disdain. He just allowed Rose to wipe her tears and snot on his sleeve.

He remained silent and did not answer Rose's question at all.

One would be in a completely different mood when one had vented one's emotions. After everything was resolved, the way that the brother and sister interacted with each other would naturally change, "Hey, what do you think of Ava? Do you have any interest in her? Give me a definite answer. The last time I asked you, you didn't say anything. Doesn't it feel suffocating keeping everything to yourself?"

Frank opened his eyes and glared at her. "Is my name 'Hey'? At least I bought you a whole room of presents. Is it not worth you calling me something different?"

Rose tilted her head. Her eyes were red and swollen. She wasn't in her best state. "Anyway, you're bored now. Let's have a heart-to-heart. Can you help me open the present, my dear brother?"

Her face was filled with disdain, but her hands were already moving. She picked up the knife that had been thrown aside and muttered unhappily, "Those who know will think that you have too much money. Those who don't know will think that you storing up for the end of the world."

Rose continued to make Ava's presence known "I wonder if Ava is blind to actually think that you're cute when you insult people."

The two of them were very cooperative. Frank unpacked and Rose would sort things into different categories.

Frank snorted and threw an empty cardboard box far away. "You think everyone can see the good in me, but you don't know what's good for you."

"Yes, yes, yes. My brother is the best. Well, I can't find a word that matches you in the Oxford Dictionary. I have to customize one"

*We'll talk about it when we find it. Don't give me empty promises"

Rose playfully approached Frank and bumped his shoulder. "Why don't I give Princess Ava to you?"

Hearing this, Frank's

hand that was holding the knife paused. Half a second later, he said, "Take care of yourself. Be more careful when you find a boyfriend in the future."

"You're not going to let this go that easily, are you?" wondered Rose.

"You change the topic as soon as Ava is mentioned. Do you like her or not? Or are you afraid that she will interfere with your marriage?"

Frank replied without looking up. "Children don't have to worry about adult matters. When are you going to work?"

Rose shrugged her shoulders. She knew that this person did not intend to answer her question. She did not force him. She could not get anything out of him. "The day after tomorrow. Natalie and the others will start work the day after tomorrow. I plan to go the day after tomorrow too. It will be more lively to eat together"

"Do you want me to call 50 people to eat with you tomorrow? You're going to work, not to a gathering. Please install a GPS on yourself to know your place."

After a few hours, the presents were all unpacked. When Frank packed the cardboard box to the door, he was already sweating profusely. He suspected that Rose was here to torture him.

When he walked in, he saw that Rose was still sorting out the things she had bought online. "You're torturing yourself. Can't you buy less next time? If there's a next time, I'll confiscate the bank card. You can survive by yourself."

Rose was also filled with regret. How could she have known that she would buy so much at once? She would rather die than buy so much in the future. There was just too much. She just wanted to be generous to herself occasionally. She didn't want to spend the rest of her life unpacking things she had bought online. "I won't buy this much in the future. You're not serious about taking back what you gave, right?"

Frank looked at her calmly. "If you don't work tomorrow, come home with me."

What needed to be resolved had to be resolved. They couldn't be cut off from each other for the rest of their lives. It was already rare for Grace to make a series of apologies.

It was great to know that one could learn one's mistakes.

She had also thought about many things during her stay in Sapphire City. There were a few times when she seemed to have seen Grace's figure in a daze after class. However, on second thought, this person was so arrogant that she would definitely not come to see her.

After all, they were mother and daughter. Her heart softened. Perhaps she no longer hated her deep down. She just needed a way out and a breakthrough. Perhaps after knowing that the man was a scumbag, she regretted her rebellion.

However, once something was done, it could not be erased. The estrangement had already formed. Rose needed an apology, and Grace needed a way out.

After pausing for a while, Rose went upstairs with a pile of goods. "Got it."

Frank watched as she laboriously moved the spoils of war on the ground. He squatted down and carried a pile as well. "Where are you putting them? Do I have to give you a whole room to store them? You're so spoilt

Rose followed behind Frank in a good mood. She felt that this idea was not bad. "Cranky Franky..."

After receiving Frank's sharp gaze, she quickly changed her words. "Frank, I think your idea is really good. Why don't you implement it?"

"I don't plan to adopt you for the rest of my life. You're just staying here temporarily. Do you really think you can do whatever you want in my house?"

"That's true. If I really did that, Ava might not like it. Alright, I'll still prioritize my future sister-in-law. Although I don't know if my future sister-in-law is Ava, I'm still a sensible person."

"Cut the crap. Are we eating dinner or not?"

"Yes, where are you taking me to eat delicious food? I've been eating at the Grand Manor for a few days. I'm not going..."

Frank walked at the front and moved the things to her room, ignoring the troublemaker behind him

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After sending off Ava, everyone returned to their respective homes

Jim drove quietly at the front, trying to reduce his presence. From the moment he got into the car, he raised the barrier to indicate that he was

invisible

In the back seat, Jasper sat on Trevon's lap and played with the Rubik's Cube. Trevon quietly watched his son play with it.

After waiting for a while, he still did not see his son turn the last red square around. He took the Rubik's Cube and slowly turned the last red

around in front of Jasper's eyes. All the faces were instantly the same color.

Jasper turned around and revealed a look of admiration. He even imitated Sherri and Rose and gave Trevon a thumbs up. "Great"

Natalie looked at her son's cute appearance and laughed. "Jasper is praising you. Shouldn't you say thank you politely?"

Trevon's eyes were dark as he stared at her beside him. This was what he deserved. He asked. "Shouldn't be praised?"

Natalie felt speechless. "How old are you? How old is he? He's still a child. There are many things he doesn't understand. He needs you to set an example and tell him to respond politely to others."

Natalie did not want her son to be as cold as Trevon. It was impolite for him to not reply to others.

After a few seconds of silence, Trevon looked at his son's expectant gaze and finally said. "Thank you for your thumbs up."

Upon hearing this, Jasper smiled happily. There was no need to mention how happy he was. He waved his small hands non-stop, indicating that there was no need to thank him. "You're welcome."

Trevon's face darkened. This brat was so young and yet so polite.

Jasper acted as if nothing had happened. He happily sat back on Trevon's lap and quietly studied the Rubik's Cube in his hand, not disturbing his parents' conversation.

Suddenly, Natalie thought of Ava crying very sadly in the morning. She was still a little worried. Her heart ached for Ava. She felt that Frank had hurt Ava. She understood why Ava kept looking at her phone in the end. Frank was clearly at the airport, but Ava was still staring at her phone, waiting for the final result. It was the result of giving up.

After thinking about it, she took out her phone and sent a message to Ava. "Ava, send me a message when you get home. I want you to be a happy little princess."

From Trevon's line of sight, he could see the content of the message. After all, a certain someone's vision was really good and there was nothing he could do about it.

The man's deep voice sounded beside her ear. "Sending Ava a message?"

He was asking the obvious.

Natalie knew that he had seen the message, but she did not expose it. She asked curiously. "I think Frank has feelings for Ava, but I also feel that he is keeping a distance. Is there something that he's worried about with him not rejecting or agreeing?"

What was Frank worried about? Age, family, distance? Or something else?

That shouldn't be right. With Frank's personality, he shouldn't be restrained by these things.

She thought about all the questions she could think of, but she still could not find an answer that could explain it.

Suddenly, she felt a gentle flick on her forehead. She came back to her senses and looked up at the smiling man beside her. "What are you doing?"

She reached out and touched her forehead where she had been flicked. Then she glared at him, baffled.

Trevon's lips curved slightly "You've thought about it for so long and still haven't come up with an answer. Why use so much effort? Wouldn't it be easier to ask me directly?"

Natalie elbowed the man close to him and said unhappily. "Since you know that I'm curious, you can't just say it directly. Why do you have to wait for me to ask? Aren't you good at reading people's expressions? Or are you deliberately trying to make me use a lot of effort?"

This was the first time the two of them had bickered in such a long time. It was much better than being lovey dovey. There was no need to blush, no need for heartbeat, and no need for medicine.

Trevon sneered "Are you going to write a book about how to tame your husband? If one can't guess one's wife's thoughts, then one should be whipped 100 times. If one made one's wife use too much effort, then one should be whipped 100 more times."

Natalie turned to look at the retreating scenery and held back her laughter. After laughing for a while, she turned around and said, "I really suspect that you've seen some nonsense soap operas. However, your suggestion is not bad. It can be considered."

Trevon quickly added, "Sure, but only my wife can do that, right?"

It turned out that everything was a setup from the start.

She crossed her arms, her posture high and proud. "It depends on your performance. I'll think about it."

The next second, the man became indecent. "Are you dissatisfied with my previous performance, or do you think the time is too short?"

Damn, was this the performance she was talking about? Was it? Was it?

Indeed, it was impossible to talk about this serious topic with someone who had a mind full of useless thoughts.

At this moment, some help would be needed.

Natalie gave him a speechless look and expected him to know what she meant. She then ignored him afterwards.

Trevon was very happy. This kind of topic that he instantly understood was to make Natalie suffer. He was in a good mood. He reached out a hand to play with her neck, but Natalie's shoulder knocked him away.

He pulled her by the neck to his side again. "I'll ride with you when we get back. How about we tried different things, huh?"

The car arrived at Evergreen Gardens,

Jim tactfully took down the suitcase. As soon as he placed the suitcase on the ground, he received an unfriendly gaze. Jim was at a loss.

“What does that mean?” wondered Jim.

There was a huge question mark spinning above his head.

Jim seemed to have his acupoints pressed by this unfriendly gaze. He remained motionless and maintained this posture. His body was bent, and his hand was still on the luggage.

He looked up, expecting Mr. Wilson to give him an order so that he could stand up.

In the last few seconds, the man gave his instructions and raised his chin at the trunk. Jim immediately understood and straightened up. He quickly lifted the suitcase off the ground and placed it back into the trunk before closing the door quietly

“Didn’t you just want to kidnap Mrs. Wilson? If Mrs. Wilson finds out about your specially renovated things, it’ll be strange if he doesn’t scold. You’re such a scheming person,” thought Jim.

Seeing that Jim had understood him and that the suitcase had been put back, his expression softened as if nothing had happened. He walked to the backseat and opened the door for Natalie. “Let’s go. You follow me.”

“Why did you bring me to Mrs. Wilson’s house?” wondered Jim.

Actually, Trevon felt at ease bringing another man with him. After all, if he went in alone, he would have to face three women. As a man, he felt quite uncomfortable.

Everything seemed out of place.

The few of them took the elevator to the 25th floor, where they had not returned for a few days. They entered the password and opened the

door

As soon as they stepped through the door, he felt that something was amiss. It was clean and tidy. It was quiet and there was no sound at all. It did not look like someone was living here at all. Natalie was a little flustered. When she called her godmother, she clearly said that everything was fine.

Her heart was racing, afraid that something would happen to her godmother again.

Trevon could see the nervousness, worry, and fear on her face. He walked towards her with Jasper in his arms and comforted her. “Don’t worry. Call first. She might have gone out.”

Then, to comfort her, he pressed his broad palm on her shoulder and squeezed it.

Natalie took out her phone from his pocket and dialed Lena’s cell phone number. The call was picked up in a few seconds. Lena’s loud voice came from the other end of the line. “Natalie.”

When she heard her godmother’s voice, Natalie’s heart finally relaxed. She then asked, “Lena, aren’t you at home? Did you go out to buy the groceries?”

On the other side, Lena immediately knew that she had returned home. She then said embarrassedly. "Oops, Natalie, Mel and I are at the Foster's residence. Don't blame me. I'm old and nostalgic. You and Jasper aren't around, so Mel and I came to the courtyard here to plant vegetables. L..

Natalie understood that her godmother wanted to return to the house. After all, she had stayed there for most of her life. She cut off Lena's words. "Its fine, Lena. If you like the house, we'll live there in the future."

Lena was not used to living in places where she didn't know her neighbors. They wouldn't greet her or talk to her

It was unlike the place where she used to live, where people would greet each other when they went to buy the groceries. The neighbors knew each other in Lena's old neighborhood.

Natalie could understand.

Lena quickly refused. "Natalie, there's no need. I came to stay because you're not around. I'll go back when you're back."

The house was not as strict as Evergreen Gardens's, which reminded Lena of Harry's previous incident. "Natalie, you don't have to accommodate me. You have your own life to live. It's my fortune to be able to be your godmother."

Natalie's eyes reddened as tears welled up in her eyes. With a nasal voice, she said, "Alright, Lena. If you like the house, then let's over there. I'll bring Jasper there on my day off."

Only then did Lena reply happily, "That's right. Mr. Wilson treats you well. I can tell that he really likes you. You have to have your own life. How can you keep bringing an old woman like me along? I've lived in this house for most of my life. This place suits me quite well. I can grow vegetables and flowers. I'm self-sufficient and very comfortable, Mel is also sensible. I asked her to not rent a house anymore and live here with me. It's quite good."

She sniffed. Her eyes were sore and her throat was stiff. "Okay, let's have dinner at your house tonight. I'll go to the supermarket to buy some vegetables later. Lena, is there anything you particularly want to eat? I'll bring some with me."

Lena hurriedly said, "You don't have to buy anything. I'll go with Mel. All you have to do is come and eat."

Natalie knew that if she persisted, her godmother would still not agree, so she simply agreed. "Okay,"

After hanging up the phone, she wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes and turned to Trevon. "I'm going to the house for dinner tonight. Do you want to come with me?"

Although she asked that, there was still a trace of anticipation deep down in her heart. Humans were like this. When they were tied down, they would unknowingly want more. However, when such thoughts

arose, they might not even realize it.

Trevon felt the anticipation in her eyes and smiled. "Yes, this is my first time going to house of the Foster family. I'll buy some things. Consider it a gift."

Hearing this, Natalie smiled. "Okay, I won't worry about how deep your pocket is."

"I need a wife, but I don't lack money."

Jim stood at the side as an invisible person. At this moment, he really wanted to slip away, but his boss did not give the order. He could only continue to stand there and watch as the couple showed off their love for each other.

However, when he heard this, Jim could not remain calm. He was short of money and a wife. Did anyone care about how he felt?

Jim, who was still in a daze and fantasizing, was shocked back to his senses by an order. "What are you doing, daydreaming? You're coming with us."

"Why are you bringing me with you to Mrs. Wilson's house? That's not my house and Lena's not my godmother," thought Jim.

There was a lot going on in Jim's mind, but he still took off and followed behind Trevon.