

The Tide 31

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Forty-five minutes later.

At Adare Manor.

Natalie had been pretending to be a noble young lady for the entire day and was physically and mentally exhausted. She got out of the car as soon as it stopped in front of the house and did not take her bag.

Natalie just wanted to wash up and go to bed.

Behind Natalie, Trevon's voice sounded, "You don't like bags." It wasn't a question, but an affirmation.

Trevon realized that this woman never had the habit of carrying her bag with her when she went out. Trevon seriously doubted if she had a bag. The phone and keys were always taken out of her pocket.

Now was like that case. Trevon had clearly bought Natalie a bag, but when Natalie got out of the car, she directly put her phone in her pocket.

It seemed that Natalie didn't know she had a bag at all.

"I'm not used to taking a bag." Natalie was really not used to taking a bag. Besides, there was nothing to put into the bag. She could take tissues and a phone in her pockets. Why did she have to go through so much trouble?

Trevon was surprised. Was Natalie a normal woman? Didn't all women like bags?

Trevon did not force Natalie to take a bag every day, but since he had bought it for her, he hoped that she would keep it. "It's up to you. Take this."

Natalie refused. "Mr. Wilson, I'll bring the clothes on me to the dry cleaner tomorrow to wash them for you. If you want to calculate it for a day's expenses, it will be fine. You can calculate it and tell me. I'll transfer it to Mr. Hawk." That was right. It was quite good to settle the accounts with Natalie.

When Jim was called, he was very puzzled. So, Trevon and Natalie were that clear about money? Then what about the previous 14 dollars?

Trevon's grip on the bag tightened slightly, and his eyebrows twitched in anger. "Will you let me wear the clothes after you're done washing up?"

Can I wear your shoes, or do you think this bag suit me?"

Jim couldn't help but burst out laughing.

Jim gloated. It was all because Trevon set the premarital agreement for three months. It would be strange if Natalie didn't settle the accounts with Trevon.

Trevon turned around and gave Jim a bone-chilling look.

To save his life, Jim quickly turned around and stepped on the accelerator.

Natalie thought Trevon could give them to other young ladies, but on second thought, that was not right. With Trevon's wealth, how could Trevon let his future wife use what Natalie had used?

Trevon threw them at Natalie, looking like he wanted to beat Natalie up. Finally, Trevon restrained himself and said, "Consider it your appearance fee for tonight. Do whatever you want with them. If you don't like them, you can throw them away."

Natalie said carefully, "But I can't accept these things." Natalie was referring to the welcome gift for tonight.

"Take them to my study." Trevon did not want to waste any more time talking to Natalie.

Natalie thought about it and decided to keep them. Next time, she would not have to buy a dress for Sherri's birthday.

Meanwhile, in the Foster family, as soon as Emily returned home, she locked herself in her room to vent her anger. Everyone downstairs could hear the sound of things being smashed, scaring the servants downstairs.

Every time Emily got angry, she disliked everyone. Someone would definitely suffer. The servants were afraid that Emily would vent her anger on them tonight.

They remembered that one time, Emily was dumped by a rich second-generation heir. When Emily returned home, she threw a huge tantrum. At night, Emily asked a servant to prepare dinner. However, because Emily was in a bad mood, she found trouble with that servant and directly threw the basin at that servant's face. A long scar appeared on that servant's face with a blood mark.

Emily felt that the servant was ugly with that scar and became even

angrier. She asked someone to throw that servant on the road and throw it along with her luggage.

It could be said that Emily was very ruthless.

There was another time when Emily was in a bad mood. A servant helped Emily put on her shoes and tripped her feet. In the end, the servant was kicked half to death. Emily even made that servant kneel in front of her door for a night. That night, the servant was sent to the hospital by an ambulance. The servant had many fractures on her body. As she did not go to the hospital in time, she was disabled from then on.

It was also Elena who used the money to settle these matters.

At the thought of these things, the servants felt a chill run down their spines. They all worked hard.

They were afraid that they would be the next to suffer.

As soon as Elena entered the house, she heard the sound of the things being smashed. It was obvious that Emily was throwing a tantrum.

Elena randomly chose a servant. "Come up with me and clean up Emily's room."

The servant's heart was in her throat, but she still followed behind Elena with trembling legs.

When Elena opened the door, it was really a mess. Skincare products, decorations, clothes, blankets, and pillows were all on the ground, and there were glass shards everywhere.

Elena's mentality had always been very stable. But now, even she

frowned, and there was a hint of blame in her tone. Recently, Harry was not in a good mood. If Harry saw this scene, Elena would be implicated and scolded. "Didn't you go to the Wilson family for dinner tonight? Who made you unhappy? Mr. Max?"

Emily leaned against the curtain. Her face was livid, and her facial features were already distorted. Her face was red as Emily said, "Mom, did you know that Natalie is married? Why didn't anyone tell me?"

The thought of that bitch made Emily angry. Emily did not know how lucky Natalie was to be Trevon's wife and call herself Mrs. Wilson.

The dress Emily was wearing that night cost 12 thousand dollars, the bag cost 72 thousand dollars, and the shoes cost 18 thousand dollars. The coat

was a limited edition. Emily liked the dress when she was shopping yesterday, but just as she was about to touch it, the salesgirl stopped her. "Miss, this dress is the most expensive one in our shop. If you're going to buy it, I can take it down. If you're just taking it for a closer look, then I'm sorry, Miss. We clearly stipulated that no one is allowed to touch it. If there are traces of you on the dress, we're asking you to buy it."

At that time, Emily was so angry that she stomped her feet. When Emily entered, she had already seen the price. After seeing the balance on the card. Emily did not dare to buy it. She had to leave some money for future use. In the end, Emily walked out of the shop without looking back. However, she didn't expect to see that smog-blue coat on Natalie at night.

This woman had actually married into a rich family so easily, and it was even the top of the four major families in Athana. But they did not know at all.

Elena felt that it was ridiculous. Why did Emily suddenly care about Natalie's marriage for no reason? However, Elena still answered, "I don't know either. I heard from your dad that she's married. It's Barron who decided on this marriage. Your dad heard from the servants in the mansion. We don't know if it's true."

Harry had failed to arrange for Natalie to be in a car accident. Harry tried to find Natalie's residence, so he went to the house to ask the two servants who still stayed in the mansion.

The two servants said that Natalie was already married. It was Barron who decided on this marriage. As for which family it was and where they were, they did not know.

Harry had always wanted Natalie to be single and never be married, afraid that her husband would take over the inheritance of the Foster family. However, only then did Harry realize that even though he had been on his guard, he didn't expect Barron to arrange a backup plan for Natalie long before.

Emily almost shouted, "She married Trevon! It's Trevon Wilson, the richest man in Athana."

Elena signaled for Emily to shut up. Elena looked sideways at the servant, who was cleaning, and said, "Go out first. Come back and clean later."

"Yes, Mrs. Foster."

Emily could not accept this. She had always been high and mighty since she was young. Natalie had always been ranked behind Emily. Emily didn't allow Natalie to live better than her.

It was absolutely not.

Elena was stunned for a while before she finally realized what Emily was talking about. "Say it again. Who did that bitch marry?"

Emily's eyes were filled with ruthlessness and murderous intent. "You didn't hear wrongly. It's Mr. Wilson. She's now Mrs. Wilson."

"How did she marry Mr. Wilson? You met her?"

"Yes, the attire and shoes Mr. Wilson bought for her cost about 200 to 300 thousand dollars. She's changed completely. Besides, I saw Max kept his eyes on her all the time yesterday. Mom, I'm afraid." Emily was afraid. That if Max didn't want her anymore, she would definitely be laughed at by her friends in the circle.

Emily had already spread the news and claimed to be Max's girlfriend. Yesterday, Emily went to the Wilson's old residence and even posted a photo in the chat group of rich young ladies.

Just because of this photo, there were already many noble young ladies who came to compliment Emily.

Besides, Emily was afraid Natalie would expose her.

Elena quickly adjusted her emotions and thought of a way. "Emily, don't be afraid. Answer me. Did you provoke her yesterday?"

"How would I dare to provoke her in the Wilson family? She has Mr. Wilson backing her now. Even if she causes trouble, she will leave unscathed. I didn't even admit to knowing her yesterday."

Elena nodded. She felt that Emily had done the right thing. "How about this, Emily? Don't provoke her during this period of time. I will help you arrange for you to go overseas tonight. Go for that surgery tomorrow and become Max's woman as soon as possible."

"Mom, I don't dare to go alone. I'm scared. Come with me."

"No, your dad will be suspicious if I go with you. I'll arrange everything. Someone will pick you up when you get out of the car. Don't worry. I'll tell your dad that you're going to play with your friends for a few days."

Emily could only agree. "Then what about Natalie? We can't let her sit in the place of Mrs. Wilson in the Wilson family and do nothing."

Elena knew this better than Emily. The hatred between Elena and Natalie determined that no matter how much, they would never shake hands with each other and make peace in this lifetime. Elena would

definitely not let Natalie make a comeback.

Elena suddenly thought of something. "Emily, don't you know Mr. Wilson's ex-girlfriend? Do you still keep in touch?"

Emily's eyes flickered. "Oh right, how could I have forgotten about Mia?"

Elena leaned close to Emily's ear and whispered something. Emily's face was full of smiles.

[Chapter 32](#)

The thunderstorm, the wind, and the rain suddenly arrived. Big raindrops landed on the window, making a crackling sound. It was especially clear in the quiet morning.

The trees in the villa area swayed in the wind. The rain was very heavy, and the sky seemed to have been pierced with a hole. The rain had no intention of stopping.

Natalie had slept too early last night and woke up at 4:30 am. It seemed like she could not ride to the hospital today.

It was impossible to hail a cab in this heavy rain.

Natalie, who prioritized breakfast, didn't think too much about hailing a cab. She got out of bed, walked into the bathroom to wash up, and went downstairs to make breakfast.

Natalie had slept early last night and had not eaten supper. She was woken up by hunger. She planned to make a steak, a sandwich, and a cup of coffee.

Trevon had been in the army for a long time and was very sensitive. He woke up the moment Natalie went downstairs. He pulled open the curtains and took a look. The rain outside the window was pouring. He could not help but frown.

Trevon didn't like rainy days. Not only did he need to hold an umbrella, but the roads were also especially congested.

Trevon basically didn't drive on rainy days.

Just as Natalie was seriously cooking the delicacies and smelling the smell overflowing from the frying pan, the man's low and hoarse voice sounded, "Fry one for me too. I'd like it medium."

The sudden voice startled Natalie. "Oh my god!" She even threw the spatula on the ground.

However, Trevon leaned against the door frame calmly. "When did become so timid? Haven't you always been quite bold?"

you

Fighting and winning a man was not a problem. The scene of Natalie hitting someone that day was still vivid in Trevon's mind. Natalie was quick and ruthless. She still broke the opponent's bones even when the

opponent had already fallen to the ground.

It was impossible to tell how Natalie was timid. Why was she so afraid that even the shovel fell to the ground?

Natalie glared at Trevon angrily. "Try making a sound suddenly again."

Trevon walked without making any sound, yet he blamed Natalie for being timid. Trevon was such a madman.

"Alright, I was wrong. I'm sorry."

Natalie suddenly turned her head around and sized Trevon up from head to toe. Was this person crazy? He actually apologized?

Was Trevon alright?

After they returned from the Wilson's residence yesterday, their relationship seemed to have changed, but at the same time, nothing seemed to have changed.

Looking at Natalie's incredulous expression, Trevon was displeased. "Natalie, are you being cheap and can't stand others treating you well, or do you have a special fetish that likes people to scold you?"

"You're crazy. You like it when people scold you."

At this moment, Natalie was very childish. She was arguing so much that she no longer had her guard and mask on. This should be the real Natalie. She could not suffer any losses.

Such Natalie was quite cute. She was relentless and wouldn't let it go. Besides, she did not suffer any losses.

Natalie was certain that Trevon was crazy. After being scolded by Natalie, Trevon smiled and even looked very happy.

After a while, two sets of breakfast were served.

Trevon ate slowly. The steak was fried very well.

Trevon glanced up at Natalie and said hoarsely, "Have you studied culinary training before?"

Natalie was a little proud. "Mr. Wilson, you admit that my food is delicious?"

"It's alright"

Natalie didn't believe it. Trevon said so definitely because he thought her food was very delicious, but he didn't admit it.

"I learned my culinary skills from two servants and my grandpa. I started learning from them when I was 10 years old. As for cooking desserts, I learned them outside."

"You sure like to learn. You get involved in everything." Trevon said neutrally.

It seemed like a casual question.

Natalie did not care about his ridicule. This was the mouth of Trevon. Nothing good came out of his mouth.

It was difficult to hear good things from Trevon.

“It’s not that I like to learn. When I first started cooking. Grandpa forced. me to cook. Actually, I don’t like the cooking smell. Every time. I would choke until my tears flowed. My hands were covered in blisters from the oil. However, later on, I realized that I felt a sense of accomplishment. after every dish was cooked, so I slowly fell in love with cooking.” The process was very difficult, but when they saw the results that they were satisfied with, they would be overjoyed and completely forget the process.

For example, when some people gave birth, Sherri always said that every time she delivered a child, the pregnant women would be in so much pain that they would die. They even said that they would not give birth to a second child.

However, a few years later, they would still have two or three children and completely forget the pain when they gave birth to their first child.

“Your grandpa didn’t even feel worried about your hands covered with. blisters from the oil. Your grandpa didn’t treat you well.”

“How can that be? Grandpa just didn’t want to teach me to be a useless. person who can’t do anything.” Natalie’s eyes were filled with sadness, and her hand that was holding the fork moved from time to time.

How could Natalie’s grandfather not treat her well? Other than her mother and grandfather, no one else in the world would treat Natalie so well and love her so much.

“Let’s eat.”

As soon as Trevon finished speaking, he seemed to have thought of something. “You know boxing.”

Hearing this, Natalie looked up. “How did you know?”

Trevon did not answer Natalie’s question. Natalie’s answer already showed that she knew how to do it. Instead of answering, Natalie asked, “What level are you at in mixed martial arts and Taekwondo?”

Natalie did not reveal everything and only said simply, “It’s not much. It’s just for self-defense.”

Trevon understood. Natalie was starting to guard against him again. That night. from the speed at which Natalie was beating that person up, she was at least at the 9th level in the black belt. Trevon didn’t believe it. Also, Natalie was definitely at the 6th level at Golden Tiger in mixed martial arts.

As for boxing, Trevon wanted to try it himself.

“Let’s spar tonight.” It was an order, not a discussion.

Natalie wanted to say that she was at work at that time. “I...”

"You're working early today. You'll get off work at 4:30. I'll pick you up. Hurry up. Aren't you afraid of being late? The traffic is very congested." Trevon, who had already finished breakfast, got up and tidied his clothes.

Natalie took a bite of her sandwich and asked vaguely with her mouth open, "Are you giving me a ride?"

"Do you want to or not?"

"No charge, right?"

"If you don't want to, you can hail a cab."

Natalie took out her phone and took a look. It was indeed a little late. Natalie was too focused on chatting. She quickly took her sandwich and changed her shoes as she ate. She took her umbrella and shouted at the man's back, "Wait for me."

Didn't Trevon say he was sending Natalie off? But why did Trevon leave so quickly?

When Trevon heard this, his lips curled into a beautiful smile.

Trevon took out his phone and sent a message to Jim. "You don't have to pick me up in the morning. I'll drive there myself. You can go straight to the office."

At that, Jim, who was rushing over, was confused. Didn't Trevon not like to drive in the rain? Was Trevon crazy?

Fifty-five minutes later, a conspicuous Maybach stopped in front of the Athana Hospital.

Time was running out. Natalie hurriedly grabbed her umbrella and said to Trevon, "Thank you, Mr. Wilson. I'll be leaving first. I'm going to be late."

"Okay, I'll pick you up after work and bring you to the boxing club."

"Okay." Natalie had no choice but to agree.

Trevon didn't leave. Instead, he watched as the woman jogged into the hospital. When Trevon couldn't see her anymore, he started the engine and left.

There were only two minutes left before work. Trevon was quite good at making full use of time. He changed his clothes and prepared to go to work.

Natalie started working.

The number 31 patient, Max, went to consult in room 2.

Natalie felt that this name was so familiar. After seeing the person, she remembered. This was that bastard who fixed on her last night, Trevon's younger brother.

Compared to Trevon, this person could be said to have no noble aura at all. He did not have the aura of a wealthy family at all.

If Natalie had to describe it, she would describe him as a peacock.

Natalie was wearing a white sweater, a light pink tweed jacket, and a pair of white sneakers. Natalie was a little troublesome.

However, on the surface, Natalie still followed her professional ethics and asked, "Where are you feeling unwell?"

Max pulled the stool forward and moved closer to Natalie. Max held his chest and said, "Mrs. Wilson, my chest feels uncomfortable."

Natalie moved her chair in. "Sir, you've gone to the wrong consulting room. I suggest you go to the cardiology department." Natalie emphasized the last sentence.

Max, who automatically ignored Natalie's sentence, said, "Then, enthusiastic Mrs. Wilson, what illness is your consulting room responsible for?"

Natalie wanted to say, "Is that man crazy?"

If Natalie wasn't a doctor, she would have beaten him to death without hesitation.

"Sir, to be precise, this is the cerebral surgery department. It's for patients with injuries, blood, and tumor on their head. May I ask which type you are?"

Natalie really wanted to suggest that Trevon go to the psychiatric department to take a look. After all, Natalie was Trevon's wife. Max was such a freak in the Wilson family. He actually dared to flirt with his brother's wife.

Max pretended. "I have a headache recently."

"Okay, I will prescribe a full-body CT scan to find the cause of your illness. It's already prescribed. Go pay and queue up."

Max still wanted to say something, but she had already pressed the button and was ready to meet the next patient. When the next patient was called in, Max could only take the payment slip and leave.

[Chapter 33](#)

At lunch break.

In the dormitory on duty, Natalie and Sherri were chatting on the bed.

Sherri turned to look at Natalie. "Hey, how do you feel about going to the Wilson's residence for the first time yesterday?"

"It's big, luxury, and filled with lots of people." That was the most Natalie could encapsulate.

"What? That's all? Nothing special happened after you stayed for a night. For example, how did Mr. and Mrs. Wilson treat you?" This question hit the nail on the head.

"I haven't seen Mr. Wilson who I've never met before. He's on a business trip. As for what kind of attitude do you think Mrs. Wilson has toward me? Mrs. Wilson only said 'yes' to me the entire time."

However, I want to ask you something. How much do you know about Mrs. Wilson?" Natalie had a little desire to explore this powerful woman.

Sherri was not surprised by Rachel's attitude toward Natalie. Rachel was originally a noble young lady from a wealthy family, and Trevon was her only son. As a mother, of course, Rachel hoped her son to marry a woman who would help his career. Moreover, this marriage was forced by Theo. It was not voluntary.

Sherri told Natalie everything she knew. "You're talking about Mrs. Rachel, right? She's the only daughter of the Yates family in Athana. There is no son in the Yates family, and Mrs. Rachel is the only child. Although the Yates family can't be ranked among the four great families, it is number one family except for these four. Moreover, I heard those who have interacted with Mrs. Rachel say that her methods are very similar to Mr. Trevon's. Some even say that Mr. Trevon was taught personally by

Mrs. Rachel. In the entire Wilson family, other than Theo, even Mr. Trevon's father is not as prestigious as her."

Natalie could see Rachel's powerful aura, but she didn't have any prestige yet. After all, Rachel was the one who was busy in the kitchen yesterday.

What was going on? Had the rumors been misled?

Natalie suddenly thought of something. "By the way, let me tell you a coincidence. You should be interested."

This time, Sherri became excited. She was so excited that her heart skipped a beat. Sherri looked at Natalie eagerly, indicating that she was ready.

Natalie chuckled. "I'm just talking about something. Why are you so agitated? Guess who I saw at the Wilson's residence yesterday?"

Sherri shook her head repeatedly. She couldn't guess that Natalie would meet someone she knew in the Wilson's residence. Because no matter what Sherri thought about it, there was no one who Natalie knew while she didn't know.

Sherri urged Natalie, "Hurry up and say it. I'm interested."

"It's Emily. Are you surprised? I didn't expect to meet her in the Wilson family on my first trip. It's really an ill-fated relationship. I can't avoid it."

"Oh my god, how did someone like her get into the Wilson's residence? Did she climb in?"

"She walked in openly on two legs, but she suffered last night and didn't say a word. When she saw me, it was as if a rat had seen a cat."

After all, it was the Wilson family. Emily was more or less restrained and had to pretend not to know Natalie. Sherri could easily guess how Emily got in. "Then who did she go in with?" The Wilson family should know their limits. No one would bring such a woman in during a gathering unless..."

Realization dawned on Sherri, and she shouted, "Max! Damn, could she be so cheap as to cling to Max?"

Natalie gave Sherri a thumbs up. "Sherri, you're so smart. It's that playboy."

"No, Natalie, how do you know that he's a playboy?" Could it be Trevon who told Natalie about it?

Weren't they on bad terms? They shouldn't be so close that they could share family matters yet.

Speaking of this, Natalie felt a little disgusted. "That fool came to look for me this morning and registered for a consultation. The way he dressed was just short of the words 'I'm going to be horny' written on his forehead."

"He's courting death. After all, Mr. Wilson only brought you home

yesterday. This entire family knows that you're Trevon's wife, but he still dares to flirt with you. I'm afraid he's crazy. Isn't he afraid that Mr. Wilson will beat him to death? You didn't suggest that he go to the psychiatric department, did you?"

"I wanted to suggest it, but when I saw him, I didn't want to say anything else for fear of dirtying my mouth."

Sherri felt a lingering fear at the thought of that popinjay's fetish of playing with women. Before Sherri's brother left the country, he repeatedly reminded Sherri to stay away from Max and even specially told Sherri some of Max's evil deeds.

Thinking back, Sherri was a little worried. "Natalie, I think you should tell Mr. Wilson about this. What if something happens? Max won't stop until he achieves his goal. Moreover, his methods are a little perverted."

Natalie, who was full of confidence, said, "Don't worry. He is not my match."

Sherri wanted to say that although Max was definitely not as skilled as Natalie, he was a member of the Wilson family after all. How many dirty tricks did Natalie have?

The rain continued to fall, and the ground at the entrance of the hospital was already covered in water.

It was almost time to get off work. Sherri felt uneasy. After thinking about it again and again, Sherri still decided to tell Trevon about this. No matter what, Natalie was Trevon's wife. Trevon shouldn't be so cold that he would ignore Natalie being harassed by his younger brother during their marriage.

How embarrassing would that be?

Sherri would first look for Trevon. If Trevon ignored it, Sherri would think of a way to find Theo.

Sherri couldn't let Natalie be in danger. Natalie was already pitiful enough.

Sherri found Hackett's WhatsApp number. Without any nonsense, Sherri texted. [Give me Mr. Wilson's number. It's urgent.]

Hackett was drinking coffee with Frank. Hackett came early because Trevon said that he would come and box at night.

Hearing the notification of his phone on the table, Hackett reached out his hand in slight pain to check it.

It was a message from Sherri.

This woman even dared to send Hackett a message. If Sherri hadn't exaggerated and tricked Hackett last time, would Trevon have beaten Hackett up so badly?

Hackett threw the phone back on the table and chose to ignore it.

Frank took a sip of coffee and said casually, "Because you can't sleep with her, you don't even reply to her messages."

Hackett rolled his eyes at Frank. "You're crazy. She is the noble young lady of the Landor family. Do I dare to sleep with her? She asked me for Mr. Wilson's number."

Hackett really did not dare to. Hackett was afraid of being taught a lesson. by the devil, Edward.

Frank asked casually, "Why is she looking for Mr. Wilson? Isn't she Miss. Foster's best friend? She can ask Miss Foster directly."

As they chatted, Sherri's voice call came. Hackett rejected it without hesitation.

Sherri tried again and again.

Sherri was so angry that she scolded and sent a voice message. "Hackett, if you don't pick up now and something happens to Natalie, let's see how you explain to Mr. Wilson."

Frank also heard it. "Answer it quickly." Frank, who had always been sharp, could hear the anxiety in Miss Landor's tone.

Frank's serious expression scared Hackett. Hackett quickly called back, "What's wrong?"

Sherri did not want to talk nonsense with Hackett. She said directly, "Hurry up and give me Mr. Wilson's number. Something might happen. to Natalie."

Hackett replied, "He'll come over tonight. Tell me, and I'll tell him tonight."

Sherri thought to herself, "Forget it. Not everyone had the chance to have Mr. Wilson's phone number." So, she said, "Max has his eyes on Natalie."

He came to the hospital to see her in the morning. Remind Mr. Wilson and ask him to help protect Natalie."

Hackett was a famous scumbag in the circle.

Even a scumbag like Hackett looked down on Max. This kind of person who even dared to have designs on his brother's wife was probably a human beast. No, he couldn't even compare to a beast. He must be tired. of living.

How dare Max touch Trevon's woman?

"I got it. I'll call him now." After hanging up, Hackett was still cursing Max. angrily.

Frank was annoyed by Hackett's nagging. "Hurry up and make a call. Don't court death, lest you get new injuries before you recover."

Frank didn't say a single good thing.

Hackett quickly dialed Trevon, who was on the way to pick up Natalie. "What's the matter? You're itching for a beating again."

"Mr. Wilson, it's a little too much. We should be done with what happened last time. You can't keep harping on me. I'll provide you with some information. Then could you let it go?"

"It depends on the value of the information." Trevon was definitely a profiteer.

"The information I'm talking about is absolutely worth it."

"Say it." Trevon didn't have the patience to argue with Hackett.

"Max has taken a fancy to your wife. This morning, he went to the hospital to chat with her. I heard that he's here to see a doctor. He's registered. As for what he wants to see, you should know." Trevon knew his disappointing younger brother like the back of his hand.

As expected, the call was mercilessly hung up.

Jim, who was in front, looked at Trevon's face, which was instantly as black as the bottom of a pot, and asked nervously, "Mr. Wilson, what's the matter? Do you need me to deal with it?"

The man fiddled with the watch on his wrist and tapped it from time to time, shaking Jim's heart. "Send the names of the women who was tortured to death by Max when making love to Ted anonymously.

Also,

tell Ted to watch Max."

Jim was a little surprised. It looked like Max had crossed Trevon's bottom line. Originally, Trevon turned a blind eye to Max and completely

ignored him.

What did Max do to deserve this?

Trevon was actually so angry.

[Chapter 34](#)

Sherri was in a good mood after finishing her big task. She hummed a song and went to find Natalie to get off work together.

"Why did you get off work so quickly today? You've already changed your clothes. What are you going to do? Are you going on a date with Mr. Wilson?" Sherri had a curious look on her face.

Natalie knew Sherri was used to gossiping. Natalie raised her eyebrows. and asked, "Mr. Wilson asked me to box with him. Are you going?"

"The way the two of you promote your relationship is really special. When other couples are on a date, they will go for a candlelight dinner. The two of you are actually fighting to the death and torturing each other." Sherri could not help but sigh. Trevon was really not someone ordinary people could bear to be with. He was too special.

As Sherri spoke, Natalie took her phone and put it in her pocket. "So much nonsense. Are you going or not?"

"Yes, of course. I want to see how you were defeated by Mr. Wilson."

Natalie couldn't be bothered to say another word to Sherri. She called Jim directly. "Hello, Mr. Hawk."

"Mrs. Wilson, what's the matter?" Jim, who was on the way to pick up Natalie, glanced at the man in the backseat.

When Jim called Mrs. Wilson, the man slowly opened his eyes.

No one knew what Natalie said, but Jim said directly, "Okay, Mrs. Wilson, it's Lither Club."

After Jim hung up, Trevon maintained his silence and did not ask what was going on.

"Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson told us not to pick her up. Miss Landor will send her over. We'll go over directly." After saying that, Jim carefully observed Trevon's expression. As expected, it darkened a little.

It turned out that Trevon wanted to pick up Natalie, but Sherri intercepted him.

Actually, there were three reasons why Natalie did not want Trevon to pick her up. Firstly, Natalie was afraid that if the people in the hospital saw them, it would affect her reputation. There would be too many

people, and they might say something about Natalie being a kept woman. Secondly, they would get a divorce in the next two months. There was no need to get Trevon to pick her up and cause unnecessary misunderstandings. Thirdly, Natalie was really not used to staying in the same space as Trevon.

Ever since they returned from the Wilson's residence last night, Natalie realized that Trevon's attitude toward her did not seem to be as sarcastic

as before.

Natalie drove, and they arrived at the Lither Club underground garage in twenty minutes.

The road was too congested. Sherri drove in a rigid manner and followed behind obediently. Even if the car in front of hers drove at 20 kilometers per hour, Sherri would still follow them. Sherri did not know how to overtake. Natalie was anxious when she saw this.

When they entered Lither Club, it was dark. The front door didn't open. They had come up through the elevator in the underground garage. Lither Club was closed during the day. It started at 9:30 p.m., and 10 p.m. had always been the beginning of Athana's nightlife.

Sherri looked around the huge venue and was a little flustered. It was dark, and the lights were not turned on. "Natalie, why do I feel a trace of fear? My scalp is a little numb."

Natalie knew that Sherri was afraid of the dark. Natalie immediately put her arm around Sherri's shoulders and patted Sherri gently. "What are you afraid of? I'm here. Look! The light in the room on the left on the second floor is on. Let's go up and take a look."

Trevon didn't invite Natalie here for murder but for boxing.

Sherri took Natalie's arm and followed her upstairs.

When Natalie opened the door, she saw a huge boxing arena. After entering, Natalie saw a boxing glove rack at 6 feet. There were all kinds of boxing gloves and a helmet.

No matter what, Sherri was a member of the four major families. However, when she saw this collection, she could not help but sigh. Rich people really had different ways of playing.

"Mrs. Wilson?" Hackett's eyes were about to pop out. Didn't Trevon say that he had an appointment to box? Trevon asked Frank to vacate the

venue. Why was Natalie here?

Hackett was dumbfounded. Even Frank was a little puzzled. What was Trevon going to play at? Why did Trevon find Natalie to watch his boxing?

Natalie had already been attracted by this shelf of boxing gloves as if she had seen rare treasures. She did not notice the difference in the two men's gazes at all. "Can I see what's on it?"

Frank understood now. Natalie was good at boxing too.

Frank nodded slightly to indicate that Natalie could do whatever she wanted and pulled Hackett back. "If you don't want Mr. Wilson to see you courting death, stand further away."

Hackett was unhappy. Why could Frank stand so close to Natalie, but he had to be so far away?

Sherri said happily, "Natalie, these are all your favorites. Natalie, look! Isn't this the helmet you've always wanted to buy? I saw the photo you showed me and didn't think it was good. But the real thing is really beautiful and cool."

Natalie was also mesmerized. She took the helmet from Sherri and looked at it carefully, but she quickly put it back.

However, Natalie still looked at it a few times before looking away.

This helmet was bought by Frank at a high price after a long time. During this period, he even used a little trick. He cherished it very much and usually did not let Hackett touch it.

The man was wearing a black suit as usual. Two buttons on his white shirt were unbuttoned, and the collar was casually unbuttoned, revealing his slender and cold neck. The suit was flat without a trace of wrinkles, further accentuating his slender waist and long legs.

Trevon had been here for five minutes. He had been standing outside the door and watching the woman's reluctance to part with the helmet. From her eyes, Trevon could tell that she liked this helmet so much.

This woman was really different. She didn't like bags or clothes but liked helmets, motorcycles, and gloves.

It was really interesting. Natalie was not as coy and pretentious as ordinary young women.

Natalie had not only looked at the helmet just now, but she had also tried on the gloves repeatedly.

How could such a speed-seeking, stimulating, and aggressive woman resist the temptation to choose to be a doctor?

Hackett's eyes were sharp. "Mr. Wilson, where's the person accompanying you to box? Why isn't he here yet?"

Trevon raised his eyes slightly and looked at Hackett in disdain. "Go get an ophthalmology test tomorrow. You're blind."

Hackett was stunned.

Upon hearing the commotion, Natalie and Sherri turned to look at the noble Trevon.

Natalie spoke first. "How do we fight?"

Trevon stood upright and looked down at the woman who was on the stage and had a competitive look on her face. "It's up to you. I can use one hand."

"There's no need. I never take advantage of others. One will be the

winner if he or she beats the other until he or she can't get up." Since they wanted to fight, they couldn't be so casual. Otherwise, boxing would be meaningless.

It was a little surprising.

Trevon had underestimated Natalie's ruthlessness.

Frank looked at Natalie with admiration. This was the first time he had seen such a ruthless woman.

Jim was surprised. Natalie was so awesome. The winner would only be determined when one beat the other until he or she could not get up. How serious would it be? Wouldn't he have to fight to the death? How was this a spar? Wasn't this the situation of one dying or the other living?

Hackett's mouth was wide open the entire time. He could not say a word. Fortunately, Frank had stopped him. Otherwise, he would have lost his life.

Natalie was a ruthless person. Hackett could not afford to offend her. She could even kill him by throwing him over her shoulder.

Sherri knew that Natalie was serious every time she boxed. It was a form of venting and also an efficient way to relieve stress.

Sherri tugged at Natalie worriedly because her opponent was none other than Trevon. Sherri whispered softly in Natalie's ear. "Natalie, you can't do this. He's Trevon. No need to be so serious. Mr. Wilson has been trained before."

Natalie, on the other hand, did not listen to Sherri at all. It was rare for someone to accompany Natalie to relieve her stress and vent. "Where are we going to change our clothes? Natalie had brought a bag

of clothes. with her. They were all black sportswear.

Usually, when Natalie was under a lot of pressure, she would go to the boxing club to fight sandbags for a few hours or fight with the coach.

The two of them went to the changing room to change. Trevon was also dressed in black. The two of them stood together like bodyguards.

Frank lifted Hackett's chin with one hand in disdain. There's a leak."

Then, Frank walked straight to the sofa and casually crossed his legs. He lit a cigarette and puffed out smoke as he prepared to watch the competition.

This was the first time Frank was so curious about the process of this competition. To Frank, the winner would definitely be Trevon.

Hackett was sitting next to Frank, waiting for the match to begin. Only Sherri was a little worried.

Jim said warmly, "Don't worry, Miss Landor. Mr. Wilson won't hurt Mrs. Wilson. Today's spar is just to find out Mrs. Wilson's foundation."

Sure enough, Jim's words alleviated Sherri's worries.

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Natalie and Trevon put on braces. Natalie made a standard etiquette gesture before the battle.

Natalie wanted to end this quickly. "Come on. Don't waste time."

"You talk big. Don't cry later

Natalie gave Trevon a disdainful look and directly threw a punch at him. The punch was fast. The wind in the air brought it to the bridge of Trevon's nose, and he dodged it agilely.

Natalie was extremely fast, and each punch was more ruthless than the last. Natalie attacked every vital point on Trevon's body. Those who didn't know better would think that Natalie was trying to murder her husband.

One punch after another was about to land on Trevon, but Trevon easily dodged them. Natalie knew very well that Trevon did not punch her because he was consuming Natalie's stamina.

When Natalie sensed Trevon's intentions, she devoted her curled into a bloodthirsty smile. "Mr. Wilson, that's boring. You're the one who wants me to box with you, but you are the one who doesn't punch. Are you trying to play with me?"

This was the real Natalie.

Such Natalie was full of sharp edges and thorns.

However, compared to being respectful to each other, Trevon preferred Natalie to be like this.

Natalie was very smart and had discovered Trevon's intentions so quickly. In fact, Trevon did not want to fight Natalie. Trevon just wanted to test her foundation and endurance.

If Trevon still didn't throw a punch after being seen through, with her current situation, Natalie would probably jump off the stage directly and leave without looking back.

Below the stage, Hackett was curious. "Why aren't they fighting anymore?"

Frank explained, "Mr. Wilson didn't throw a punch. Your crush is a little angry"

"Don't fucking trick me again. I still have to recuperate for more than half a month." Hackett didn't want to be dragged along and beaten up again later.

They seemed to be negotiating on stage. Bored, Hackett turned his gaze to Sherri. "Miss Landor, your mouth recovered so quickly."

Sherri did not reply to Hackett. Instead, Sherri rolled her eyes at him.

The spar on stage continued.

This time, it was Trevon's punch. He threw a dull punch at Natalie. His speed was even faster than hers. Sherri's heart was in her throat.

Natalie lowered her waist and dodged it. Then, she raised her leg and swept it horizontally. Natalie attacked his lower body continuously and directly, forcing him to retreat.

Trevon kicked Natalie hard in the chest. Before Natalie could react, she was kicked hard. She staggered twice and leaned against the horizontal line.

Trevon's eyes darkened. This woman was really stubborn.

Natalie didn't even cry out in pain. Trevon was afraid that she would see through him for restraining his strength too much.

However, Natalie did not rub her chest. Instead, she continued to fight Trevon like a wolf. She waved her fists left and right to block and attack. She was agile and fierce.

An hour later.

The two of them were a little exhausted. The audience below the stage was shocked. No one expected that after they fought for an hour, the winner was still not determined. Even if the woman was pressed to the ground by Trevon, she still refused to admit defeat and wanted to fight again.

The position was a little ambiguous. Trevon sat on top of Natalie, controlling her to raise both hands above her head with one hand and leaning over with the other on one side. He lowered his head to look at her. How stubborn. Why was she so stubborn?

The people below the stage were a little embarrassed. Jim coughed lightly. "Um, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Blackwell, let's go to the hotel and wait for Mr. Wilson."

Having been by Trevon's assistant for so long. Jim was quite observant.

As soon as Jim finished speaking, the people in the seat got up and left. Frank pulled Hackett toward the elevator.

Jim comforted the worried Sherri. "Let's go. Miss Landor, Mr. Wilson will bring Mrs. Wilson over. Don't worry."

"How can I not be worried? Natalie must be injured. She was punched and kicked a few times just now. Why doesn't Mr. Wilson have any pity for women? Although Natalie is good at fighting, she's a woman.

No wonder people say that Mr. Wilson is heartless." Sherri was very worried when she saw this.

Jim sat in the front passenger seat of Sherri and explained, "Fists have no eyes. You saw how serious Mrs. Wilson was just now. Besides, with Mrs. Wilson's personality, you know better than us that if Mr. Wilson let her win with fake punches, she would definitely be angrier than she was injured now."

Jim could tell that Natalie was an envoy of justice and could not accept fake punches. Jim had seen it clearly on the stage just now. Natalie was angry when Trevon didn't punch.

Hearing this, Sherri choked and was unable to refute it. Indeed, Natalie was such a person. She could calmly accept winning and losing. After she left the stage, she would strengthen herself and find her shortcomings. However, she definitely could not fake the honor she obtained.

This was the righteousness that came from Natalie's bones.

Sherri remembered that in the department of medicine at university, the surgery department class held a stitching competition. That time, Natalie took second place and lost to their class monitor at a speed of two seconds.

Natalie said with a smile, "I'm willing to admit defeat. My skills are inferior, so I still have to practice."

Natalie really wasn't just saying that.

Natalie bought pig skins and oranges every day to practice her hand speed and stitches. She wanted to do it beautifully and fast.

Natalie practiced for hours and forgot to eat and sleep.

In the Lither Club boxing ring, Natalie was still struggling. She exerted all her strength and kneed Trevon's tailbone with one leg.

The sudden pain made Trevon fall on top of Natalie, and his lips pressed against her slightly hot lips.

The two of them instantly looked at each other. Natalie, who was about to push Trevon away, realized that she could not move at all. The problem was that this man had no intention of getting up.

What happened next was even more unexpected to Natalie. Not only did Trevon's lips not leave hers, but they pressed even tighter against hers. Trevon's tongue slowly pried open her teeth, preparing to enter. Realizing this, Natalie widened her eyes and looked at the man who was going crazy in front of her.

Yes, Trevon closed his eyes and seemed to enjoy the contact.

Trevon's kiss became abnormally passionate. It went from a light taste at the beginning to a fierce seizure of the kiss.

Natalie was a little dazed. Her body went limp, and her mind went blank. For some reason, she closed her eyes and followed her heart.

The temperature in the entire boxing ring gradually rose. Trevon lost control. When his warm palm touched Natalie's slender waist, Natalie instantly sobered up and pushed him.

Natalie's cheeks were dyed red. She panted and said fiercely. "That's enough. Get up quickly after you've taken advantage of me."

Unexpectedly. Trevon fell onto her body with a muffled groan. He weighed more than 150 pounds and pressed down heavily on Natalie. A deep and hoarse voice sounded in her ears. "My butt hurts. Let me rest for a while."

Natalie was speechless. Why didn't it hurt when Trevon took advantage of her?

When he first touched her lips. Trevon only wanted to kiss her, but later, he wanted more, as if he was possessed.

As a result, Trevon could not get up now and had an additional physiological reaction. Trevon could only lie on her body to ease the awkwardness.

In the private room of Grand Manor.

Sherri asked Jim worriedly, "Mr. Hawk, go call Mr. Wilson. Why isn't Natalie here yet? Is she injured?"

Jim was also puzzled. It had been almost an hour. Even if they took a shower, they should have arrived by now.

Just as Jim was thinking, the door of the private room was pushed open. Natalie was still dressed in sportswear and was about to sit beside Sherri. The moment she took a step, her arm was grabbed. Then, a force pulled her and pressed her into a seat.

Trevon acted as if nothing had happened. He sat on the side and asked politely, "Order whatever you like."

"That's right, Mr. Wilson. We've already ordered everything. Next, just order what you and Mr. Wilson like to eat," Hackett said ingratiatingly.

Natalie's boxing today had already conquered Hackett. This was the first time he had seen such a handsome young lady.

Hackett's feelings for Natalie had gone from love to admiration.

Natalie had one more fan.

Trevon glared at Hackett. Hackett knew what was good for him and kept quiet.

Frank was not a busybody. He only said calmly, "You like her?" Only Frank and Trevon could hear his voice.

“You are thinking too much.” Trevon’s mind was filled with the deep conversation he had with Natalie in the boxing ring. He was indeed very satisfied. This was the second time Trevon had a physiological reaction to this woman.

The last time was when Natalie was drunk, and Trevon accidentally touched her. This time Trevon didn’t expect his reaction to be so big.

This was something Trevon could not control at all. His body’s reaction was faster than his brain’s. As a man who wanted everything to be in his hands, Trevon did not like this feeling

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Fifteen minutes later.

The manager brought the waiter and personally brought the dishes in with a smile.

Sherri thought to herself, “As expected, the appearance of rich people is really different. Even the manager personally came to serve the dishes. Usually, if I have something to say to the manager, he will have to be arrogant and rush over slowly.”

Then, the manager would ask in a formal manner, “What happened?”

Halfway through the dishes, the manager was signaled by Frank to leave.

Sherri was famished. She picked up the fork and took a bite of the dish. The taste hit her taste buds, and she felt that the taste was very familiar. Why did... Sherri didn’t hide her thoughts at all. “Natalie, quickly try this dish. Why does it taste similar to what you made?”

Natalie half-believingly picked up the food Sherri placed in front of her chest. Her hand that was holding the fork paused. It was exactly the same.

However, after a while, Natalie calmed down and did not find it strange. Her culinary skills were taught by the two servants, and some of them were taught by her grandfather. Moreover, her mother cooked the same like them. Perhaps the chef and the two servants were from the same hometown.

There were more than one or two people who knew how to cook such dishes.

The dishes cooked by the people in the same place tasted the same, so the spices used were the same.

Sherri really wanted to confirm her thoughts. She, who was eager for an answer, kept staring at Natalie. “Is it the same?”

Natalie nodded frankly. “Yes, we used the same spice.”

Trevon’s slender fingers picked up the fork in front of him and put some on the plate to taste.

Trevon had eaten a meal Natalie had cooked. It suited his taste very well, so it was still fresh in his mind.

It was indeed exactly the same, but Trevon still felt that Natalie’s cooking. suited his taste.

Trevon put down the fork and turned to ask Frank, “The chef for Grand Manor has changed?”

Trevon remembered that the food of the previous chef was not like that. Instead, it was the heavy flavor.

Frank felt that Trevon was really picky. He knew that it was a new chef's cooking with just one dish. "No, the original chef is also here, but the new chef cooked this table of food today. I just wanted to let you taste it."

Sherri understood what Frank meant and exclaimed, "Grand Manor was opened by you." Sherri suddenly raised her voice.

Grand Manor was the most luxurious hotel in Athana. The renovation style was the most avant-garde. Even the chefs were famous both domestically and abroad.

Guests had to make reservations in advance before coming here for accommodation and eating.

However, the legendary boss never showed up. Many people said that he was an old man.

However, the boss actually sat opposite Sherri?

Frank did not take it seriously. He said lazily, "This is also Mr. Wilson's hotel. I'm just a small shareholder."

Hackett didn't like hearing this and looked down on Frank. "You have 40% of the shares. How dare you claim that you are a small shareholder."

The hotel was Trevon's private property, and he didn't use any finance of the Wilson Group.

In private, Trevon worked with Frank on more than one asset.

Natalie was especially calm. She was not as surprised as Sherri. Instead, she felt that it was normal.

Moreover, it had nothing to do with Natalie.

Trevon glanced at Natalie from time to time.

Natalie's nonchalant attitude made Trevon feel uncomfortable. A certain part of his chest felt a little congested.

Sherri spoke quickly. "Mr. Wilson, you're really awesome." Logically, she calculated that Natalie was considered a wife of a millionaire.

Natalie gave Sherri a look to stop her. "You can't even shut your mouth. when eating."

Meanwhile, Sherri was smiling foolishly.

Throughout the meal, Natalie ate in silence. In fact, she was really hungry and had exhausted so much stamina.

No matter what, Natalie had to replenish her calories.

Trevon ignored Sherri's words. Instead, his deep eyes turned to the woman who was eating silently at the side from time to time.

The dinner ended.

Natalie did not ask Sherri to send her home. Everyone present knew that she lived under the same roof as Trevon. If she still asked Sherri to send her home, it would undoubtedly be suspicious.

The man in the car glanced sideways at the woman who had been silently looking at the scenery outside the window. He opened his thin lips slightly and asked, "Where are the servants who taught you how to cook previously?"

His mind had always been sharp and perceptive. Before getting into the car, Trevon asked Frank about the hometown of the new chief of Grand Manor.

Frank replied, "He's from Eldorvillia. What are you suspecting? If you have any doubts, I'll help you ask."

Trevon shook his head. "There's no need for that yet. I will tell you when I need it."

It was a brief conversation between the two men.

Natalie's eyes were filled with surprise and suspicion. Why was this person suddenly so concerned about her? "The servants are locals. They have been taking care of my grandparents since they were young. What's wrong?"

It was the same silence as before.

Natalie couldn't help but roll her eyes. Trevon was such a crazy man. He ignored her when she answered. Why did he always pretend to be aloof?

Jim was worried about Trevon in front of him. If Trevon chatted like this, he would anger Natalie.

They reached Adare Manor.

The two of them were like strangers as they went back to their rooms to wash up. This made Natalie feel that the easing of their relationship over the past two days was an illusion.

Perhaps this person was just that unpredictable. When Trevon was in a good mood, he would not mock Natalie. When Trevon was in a bad mood, he would mock Natalie.

After taking a shower, Natalie stood in front of the mirror and changed into her pajamas. As expected, she realized that her chest was red and there were some bruises. It hurt a little.

Her slender and fair hands unbuttoned the clothes on her chest. Natalie prepared to check if there were any other injuries. As expected, her arm was also bruised.

However, it was really comfortable after venting Natalie was drenched in sweat, and her recent depression had dissipated. However, the result was that her entire body was covered in injuries. This man was really strong.

Natalie went straight to the bedside cabinet to look for the medicinal spray. She realized that there was nothing and left it in the Foster's residence.

What should Natalie do? If she did not massage it at night, it would be even more bruised and painful tomorrow.

Natalie had already taken a shower, and it was raining heavily outside. She couldn't call takeout now, and she didn't have any medicine.

Just as Natalie was thinking, there was a knock on the door.

Natalie immediately came back to her senses and buttoned up clothes. When she opened the door, she saw Trevon in dark blue pajamas with an ointment and medicinal spray in his hand.

her

So Trevon was here to deliver medicine to Natalie?

A fragrance from the young woman's body entered Trevon's nose and entered his brain. He looked at Natalie's even more charming neck after washing up and her soft red lips.

Noticing his strange gaze, Natalie awkwardly adjusted her already intact pajamas and said embarrassedly, "Mr. Wilson, what's the matter?"

The delicate voice pulled Trevon back to his senses. He pretended to be calm and handed the medicine to Natalie. "This medicine is for you. I was the one who fought you after all."

Natalie reached out her petite and slender hand to take the medicine. The moment her fingertips touched it, it caused her to tremble, and her entire body to go numb.

Natalie took it quickly and was about to close the door. "Thank you, Mr. Wilson. Good night."

Just as the door was about to close, Trevon's slippers were stuck in the crack of the door. Trevon looked at her meaningfully. "Miss Foster, I just delivered the medicine, and you chased me out in such a hurry. You didn't even ask about my injuries."

Natalie's movements were stiff as she made a confused guess. "You're not asking me to examine you, are you?"

Trevon said matter-of-factly, "Aren't you a doctor? Examining external injuries should be a piece of cake for you."

Trevon had already mentioned her profession as a doctor to save the dying and heal the injured. If Natalie still didn't allow him to come in, Trevon would say Natalie didn't have any professionalism. Trevon would definitely slander her next.

Anticipating what would happen next, Natalie reluctantly compromised and let Trevon in.

This was the second time Trevon had come to Natalie's room.

It was very simple and cold. The bed sheet and quilt cover were not pink, that young ladies liked, but navy blue stripes. This was similar to Trevon's preference. If Natalie changed the quilt cover to pink or cartoon in the future, Trevon would not be able to stand it.

Trevon was like a certain leader who had come to check on Natalie's room. He patrolled every corner and then sat by her bed.

Natalie was speechless

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When Natalie came out after washing her hands, she saw the man sitting by the bed. Trevon had already taken off his shirt. His upper body was bare, and his hand was on the waistline of his pants.

Natalie was shocked and quickly ran over to stop Trevon. "What are you doing?"

Trevon looked up at Natalie seriously and said, "It's convenient for you to check."

There seemed to be nothing wrong with what Trevon said. Natalie was powerless to refute him, but the occasion was not right. They were at home, not in the hospital. The atmosphere for the checkup had changed.

Moreover, there was no need to take off his pants for a checkup, right?

Embarrassed, Natalie averted her gaze and said unnaturally. "Then put on your clothes first. I can check when you're wearing them."

Trevon was no longer willing. With a faint smile on his face, he teased, "You can even check when I'm wearing clothes. Mrs. Wilson, do you have X-ray vision? Wouldn't you have seen everything on me long ago?"

Natalie did not want to continue this meaningless topic at all.

Natalie took a deep breath and walked to Trevon's side to check the wound on his back. Her soft fingertips pressed into his back, causing his body to feel numb. His Adam's apple moved unconsciously, and his lips were abnormally dry.

Natalie took out the attitude of a routine inspection and checked inch by inch. She pressed on it and silently said in her heart that she would never box with this person again. She still had to check him like this after the fight.

Trevon had a good figure, and his entire body was filled with explosive muscles. Natalie silently counted and there were eight pieces. His chest muscles were firm and strong. He had good stamina.

Natalie's thoughts were a little far away and a little lewd. She did not expect herself to let her imagination run wild because of a man. Her face suddenly turned red.

At this moment, Natalie looked even more charming to Trevon. He wanted to tear her clothes apart and fuck her.

All of Natalie's expressions fell into Trevon's eyes, and a playful smile appeared on his face. "Mrs. Wilson, what are you thinking?"

Natalie hid her impure thoughts and pretended to be calm. "It's nothing. I'm done with the checkup. You're not injured. Mr. Wilson, please go back. I'm going to sleep."

Trevon didn't care about Natalie's order to leave. "Mrs. Wilson, you're so guilty. Could it be that you're thinking about something inappropriate things..."

Realizing that her thoughts were guessed, Natalie quickly covered her mouth and tried to pull Trevon up with one hand. However, the difference in strength between Trevon and Natalie was too great. Natalie did not manage to pull him up and fell into his firm chest instead.

At this moment, his upper body was naked, and Natalie was only wearing thin pajamas. The room's heating was at 78.8 °F, and the two of them could feel their skin collide with each other under the clothes.

The air froze for a moment, and only the sound of their breathing could be heard.

This was the second time the two of them were so close to each other. Natalie could even feel the thumping of her heart. Her face was darker than before, and her ears were slightly red. She wanted to stand up, but her waist was tightly controlled by a warm palm.

A low and hoarse voice sounded in Natalie's ear. "Don't move."

Natalie didn't give in. She struggled, twisted her butt, and moved. What was under her but shocked her... It stimulated every nerve in her body, and her face turned red on the spot.

Natalie widened her big round eyes and blinked her eyelashes. With a red face, she asked softly, "Why are you..."

In fact, Trevon was already on the verge of losing control when Natalie helped him check his body and massaged him inch by inch. Even he did not expect that he would end up in such an awkward situation when he came in at night just to tease her.

This was the third time Trevon had lost control because of this woman's touch.

Trevon's eyes were bloodshot, and his face was a little stiff. In the next second, Trevon slowly lowered his head and buried it in her fair neck. "Stop moving and let me calm down. Otherwise, you'll have to bear the consequences. You're a doctor, and you should know that this is the reaction of a normal man."

Natalie's back was as stiff as a rock. She did not dare to move at all.

It was true that Natalie was a doctor, and it was also true that she knew the structure of a man's body. However, it was two kinds of things that she knew it was a man's reaction in this aspect and that

Trevon got a reaction from her real touch.

Natalie even suspected that Theo had been too strict recently that Trevon didn't have a chance to make love with women recently, so he came to her room so late at night to tease her.

As Natalie was lost in her thoughts, Trevon's voice came from her neck again. "Put away your messy thoughts. My life is not that messy."

Natalie had reason to suspect that Trevon had studied psychology, but she could not ask directly. If she asked now, it would be like that she admitted that she was imagining his private life being messy.

Natalie lied guiltily. "I'm not. Are you done? I'm going to bed."

The man in her neck did not react at all. Natalie suspected that he was asleep and gently pushed his shoulder.

The man finally reacted. "Okay."

Trevon slowly released her slender waist. At the same time, Natalie quickly stood up.

Trevon's heart suddenly felt empty, as if he had lost something precious. With a cold expression, he picked up his clothes and walked out of the room.

Natalie was stunned for a moment. What was going on with this person recently?

It didn't matter. Natalie locked the door, finished applying the medicine Trevon brought, lifted the blanket, and went to sleep. Not long after, she fell asleep.

In her sleep, Natalie vaguely felt her body getting hotter and hotter, as if a heat source was approaching.

Cooper 1a

Something stung her cheek and lips. It was itchy. In her sleep, Natalie subconsciously reached out to touch her forehead. There was nothing. and she continued to sleep.

The next day, the sky cleared after the rain. The sun that had taken a day off hung high in the sky.

Natalie stretched her back comfortably. The good weather meant that she was in a good mood. What should she eat today?

Natalie took the phone from the bedside and glanced at it. It was already 7:30 am. Sherri must still be asleep. Natalie should go for a run first.

Natalie took out her sportswear from the wardrobe and changed into it. Just as she stepped out of the door, a gust of cold wind entered her collar, and she pulled it up.

A sudden running sound came from behind.

Natalie turned her head slowly and saw Trevon in sportswear standing behind her.

Trevon seemed to be very free recently. Natalie could see him every day when she woke up. "You didn't go to work?"

"Yes, I don't have work to deal with in the morning. Shall we go together?" Trevon had three meetings in the morning, but they were all postponed to the evening, causing the employees below to complain.

Everyone's mood was clouded by the sudden overtime meeting. Even though the weather was so good, it could not dissipate.

Natalie, who didn't know, readily agreed. Anyway, it was quite boring to run alone, and it was good to have someone to accompany her. Recently, Trevon did not seem to be that difficult to get along with.

Trevon's gaze landed on the woman's slightly swollen lips, and there was a dark smile in his eyes. "How many kilometers?"

It was almost 10 o'clock after a two-hour round trip. Trevon shouldn't be so free, right? "Five kilometers. Does it delay your working hours?"

"Okay." Trevon's stamina was not bad.

Natalie was confused. Was the Wilson Group's market down now? Why was Trevon that free recently? Or was Trevon's going bankrupt?

"Why did you

become a doctor?"

This question had indeed troubled Trevon for a long time. He could not understand why someone with such a personality could be so patient as to become a doctor. Natalie was on duty every morning and night and did not miss a single day. She was even very diligent.

There should be a reason for it.

Natalie did not answer his question. "Mr. Wilson, are you trying to understand my original intention as a doctor, or are you afraid that I won't be able to do it? Are you afraid that I won't be able to carry out the spirit of saving the dying and helping the injured?"

Theo had said that he hoped that Trevon would not rely on the investigations to understand Natalie. Indeed, Trevon had recently discovered that Natalie did not feel the joy of marrying into a rich family, nor did she want to take advantage of him at all. Instead, Natalie drew the boundaries of money clearly.

[Chapter 38](#)

The view outside Adare Manor was beautiful.

The two sides of the road were planted with the same spacing of a kind of special flower.

In this cold season, hundreds of flowers withered, and only these kinds of flowers were full of vitality. The petals scattered with the wind and danced gracefully, standing tall in the cold wind.

As Natalie ran, she stopped and slowly walked to a tree. She could not help but praise it. A pair of small hands that were warm from the exercise gently touched the petals scattered on the ground.

From Trevon's angle, the first thing he saw was a slightly red face. Natalie had a beautiful figure and was very charming.

It was like a painting, so beautiful that people couldn't take their eyes off it. There were only flowers and a beautiful young lady in the world.

Natalie did not know that Trevon had also stopped to wait for her. She was mesmerized by the beautiful scenery.

Natalie hadn't seen the plum flowers when she came for a run a few days ago.

This was the first time Natalie had seen so many flowers swaying in the wind. It was greatly beautiful.

Natalie looked up with a bright smile on her face and met Trevon's eyes. "Mr. Wilson, the villa you chose is not bad."

Trevon was disdainful. What did she mean by not bad? Trevon said, expressionlessly, "Just because of the flowers?"

After pondering for a moment, Natalie looked at Trevon with her soft eyes. "Yes and no. How should I put it? The air around here is quite good, except for a little far from downtown."

Besides, it was difficult to hail a cab. As for the other, it was very comfortable. There was no need to worry about the insecurity. The security was especially good. Perhaps this was the reason why Natalie felt especially at ease sleeping here.

This was very similar to Natalie's grandmother's favorite flowering scene.

"I don't think women don't like flowers. I don't like bouquets. I always feel that it is a waste to be folded down to cut off their chances of survival when they bloom beautifully. It's better to bloom in the soil." Natalie didn't say that it was a waste of money. It seemed a little boring to talk about money at this time.

"Yes." The man stopped talking. Perhaps he was annoyed by Natalie's long-windedness.

The two of them did not run seriously. They ran for a while and stopped to chat. Usually, one person could finish the journey in an hour, but today, it took two hours.

It was almost ten o'clock when they got home.

Natalie asked politely, "It's almost noon. Are you going to the office for lunch or at home?"

Why did this sentence sound like a scene of a wife asking her husband to stay for a meal?

The man stopped in his tracks as he walked toward the staircase. After a while, he gave a beautiful smile. "At home."

Natalie was stunned for a moment. Did Trevon misunderstand something too?

Natalie quickly went to her room to take a shower. After taking a shower, she stood in front of the mirror to blow dry her hair. She realized that her lips were so red today and seemed to be slightly swollen.

It didn't look like being caused by a mosquito bite.

Natalie didn't pay much attention to it because she wouldn't attribute it to Trevon.

At noon, Natalie made three dishes and a soup, Chicken Teriyaki, Grilled Salmon, garden salad with ranch dressing, and Oyster and Corn Chowder.

Trevon was eating with relish. He felt that today's food was even more delicious than usual.

"Your servants knew how to cook these dishes before entering the Foster's residence or after entering."

“What? Are you very concerned about that?” It was the second time

Trevon had asked, and Natalie couldn’t help feeling a little surprised. What difference did it make?

“No.” Trevon wouldn’t comment on things he hadn’t investigated.

However, to be able to make Trevon ask the same question over and over again, there must be something wrong. Natalie was not stupid and asked with a determined gaze, “What do you want to say, Mr. Wilson?”

“Nothing, let’s eat.”

Instead, Natalie answered to help Trevon arrange minds, “I don’t know if the servants knew how to cook these dishes before entering the Foster’s residence or after entering, but I’ve eaten these dishes since I was young. My mother knew how to cook them.”

“Okay.” It was simple and concise. The topic Trevon started ended without reason.

After lunch, it was not even 12 am. Natalie sat on the sofa and prepared to play with her phone for half an hour.

The man who was about to leave suddenly said, “Let Jim accompany you to buy a car.”

If it was raining heavily like last time, Natalie could not go to work at all. She could not hail a cab here, and she definitely wouldn’t drive Trevon’s

car.

If Trevon suddenly gave Natalie a car, he would definitely be rejected, so he could only ask her to buy it.

Natalie was really focused on texting Sherri. Natalie looked up at Trevon and said firmly, “No need. I don’t like cars. The traffic is too congested.”

Trevon was so angry that his eyebrows twitched. He pinched his eyebrows. Little did he know that this was the reason why Natalie did not buy a car. “On a rainy day, your vehicle is useless.”

Natalie urged impatiently, “Hurry up and go to work. I have my own plans.”

Natalie thought about buying a car. Natalie thought about it every time it rained, but she didn’t want to buy it after the rain cleared up.

For example, people who wanted to lose weight wanted to lose weight when they bought clothes. When they returned home, they would buy a

weight scale and formulate weight loss plans. However, they would sleep. until late in the morning the next day. What was losing weight? Everything was fleeting.

Moreover, Natalie would be leaving this place in two months. If she rented a place closer to the hospital, she would not need to buy a car. Occasionally, hailing a cab was convenient. She didn’t need too many vehicles. She could not fall out of favor with that vehicle.

Sensing her impatience, Trevon said coldly, “It’s up to you.”

Natalie did not care that Trevon's attitude had turned cold again. He was always like a Chameleon every day. If he did not change, he would be at fake Trevon.

"Dear Natalie, you're late again today. Have you been getting closer to Mr. Wilson recently?"

Sherri didn't want Natalie to get a divorce. Firstly, Natalie wouldn't have anyone to rely on after the divorce. Secondly, it was safer where Natalie lived. Harry wouldn't look for Natalie, nor did he dare to.

Natalie, whose arm was being held, thought it was a little better. However, Trevon was unpredictable, and she could not guess what he wanted to do.

"I don't think he's as sarcastic as before. Let me tell you about the dishes. he asked me today. I'm quite surprised that he asked me twice."

"Does Mr. Wilson care so much about this?"

"I don't know. He's unpredictable. Who knows what he cares about? I've suspected it before, but I've been eating these dishes since I was young. My mom knows how to make them. Perhaps my mom learned them in a training class. Probably, that chef of Grand Manor happens to be from the same hometown as my mom." This was the first explanation Natalie guessed since she didn't know that her mother was an orphan.

Sherri nodded in agreement.

"Edward is coming back next week. Would you like to come with me to pick him up? You wouldn't say no, would you?"

Natalie gave Sherri a disdainful look and filled her head with unnecessary details every time. "Did I say I'm not going? When will Edward come back? Have you seen what duty we were on that day?"

Sherri slapped her forehead. "Ah, I forgot about this. Let me take a look.

It's still early for work."

As she spoke, Sherri took out her phone and flipped through the calendar. She looked at the schedule of Natalie because the two of them had already checked. Their schedules for the next month would be the same.

It was as if Sherri had seen a ghost. It was exactly the same.

Even the people in the department had said that they definitely found connections to change it.

They could not be blamed for their doubts. They themselves were puzzled.

Sherri muttered to herself. While calculating, she said, "Today is

December 26th. Edward will be back on January 1st on New Year's Day. Today, we'll work the night shift. We'll be on duty on the 27th. We'll rest the day on the 28th. We'll work the morning shift on the 29th, the night shift on the 30th, and be on duty on the 31st. Oh my god, it was quite a coincidence. We'll rest on New Year's Day on the 1st."

Natalie shook her head helplessly and reminded Sherri, “Sherri, did you ask what time Edward’s flight was?”

“At 3:30 in the afternoon. We can go eat after we pick him up. I think the dishes in Grand Manor are quite delicious. They’re very similar to what you made. Let’s go there that day.”

Natalie thought to herself that 3:30 pm was fine. She had woken up at that time. If it was in the morning, she would have had to endure it. After all, she would be on duty on the 31st.

As for going to Grand Manor for a meal, Natalie didn’t really want to go. That was Trevon’s place. No matter what they did, they would be within his line of sight. Natalie felt like she was being watched, but Sherri seemed to like the dishes there very much.

For some reason, the man’s cold and handsome face appeared in Natalie’s mind.

[Chapter 39](#)

At 9:05 p.m., Natalie and Sherri parted ways at the entrance of the hospital and went home.

There were many nightbirds in Athana. On the road, there was an endless stream of cars. The sound of horns and the roar of exhaust were deafening.

When she got home, Natalie wanted to get some supper. However, she remembered that she had not bought any ingredients for a few days.

There was no durian, and Trevon was about to go home.

The thought of buying durian was completely gone.

The moment Natalie thought of Trevon, Trevon was home,

Just as Natalie was about to open the door, a bright light blinded her.

Natalie turned to look at the bright spot. It was indeed Trevon’s Koenigsegg. The man got out of the car as handsomely as ever.

He tidied up his suit, which did not have a single crease, and walked toward Natalie with his long legs. In a daze, Natalie felt he looked a little like Prince Charming.

The lights of the car elongated Trevon’s figure, and the spotlights completely fell on him.

It was a feeling of a show.

Trevon stared at her exquisite little face and glanced at the black motorcycle. It was really difficult to connect this motorcycle to her. “Why don’t you ride the motorcycle to the garage?”

Natalie raised her head and looked at the man’s well-defined handsome face. “It won’t rain tomorrow, and I can’t be bothered to park inside. Isn’t the courtyard quite big?”

It meant that Natalie could park her motorcycle in the courtyard.

Without another word, the man opened the door and entered the villa.

With his back facing Natalie, Trevon asked, “What are you going to do tonight?”

Natalie looked puzzled. "What?"

What else could Natalie do when she got home? Of course, it was to sleep.

A cold and indifferent voice sounded. "Supper."

"I didn't buy any ingredients. Are you hungry?"

After changing his shoes, Trevon turned around and faced Natalie. "There's some in the fridge. Go see what you can cook."

"Okay."

Natalie opened the refrigerator.

As expected, it was filled with all kinds of ingredients. It was very fresh. "Did you ask Mr. Hawk to buy it today?"

Trevon didn't really like this sentence, but it was indeed bought by Jim.

"Yes."

Trevon said to the woman who was rummaging through the fridge, "I want to eat Spaghetti Bolognese."

Natalie's hand paused in the act of rummaging through the refrigerator. "Are you sure?" Natalie asked, verifying each word.

Natalie remembered very clearly that when she ate Spaghetti Bolognese last time, this person had a look of disdain and looked like she had poisoned him. However, he wanted to eat Spaghetti Bolognese now. Was he crazy?

Could it be that Natalie's culinary skills had conquered Trevon's stomach?

"Yes."

After getting an affirmative answer, Natalie quickly prepared to make Spaghetti Bolognese. She also wanted to eat it tonight. Afraid that Trevon would dislike it, she could only cook something else.

At this moment, Natalie thought Trevon was very pleasing to the eye.

In a good mood, Natalie said happily, "Do you want more tomatoes? It smells good."

From the angle of him on the sofa, Trevon could see the happiness in Natalie's eyes. She was really easy to satisfy. A bowl of Spaghetti Bolognese made her so happy.

Natalie wasn't even as happy as she was when she married Trevon.

Trevon felt alright before comparing the two things. However, he suddenly felt a little depressed. He got up and went straight upstairs to take a shower. He didn't answer her about the tomatoes.

Since Natalie didn't get a reply, she didn't mind. She shrugged. It was rare for her to be that happy today, so she would add more tomatoes to it. If Trevon didn't want to eat them, she could eat herself.

Half an hour later, Trevon arrived at the dining room. When he saw the two steaming bowls of Spaghetti Bolognese on the table, his mood instantly improved.

Without any nonsense, Trevon started eating. During this period, Trevon did not say that he did not want tomatoes.

From time to time, Natalie would glance at the tomatoes in his bowl. The man noticed that her burning gaze was on his bowl. "What's wrong?"

Natalie tried to hide her embarrassment. "No, I just wanted to ask you how it tastes."

"Just so-so," Trevon said expressionlessly.

Natalie shouldn't have asked it. It was difficult to hear something nice. from his mouth. If it wasn't delicious, why did he eat it all? He finished all tomatoes and had already drunk half a bowl of soup.

Why was Trevon so stubborn?

"Well, I used a little too many ingredients for supper tonight. Do I need to pay?"

The Spaghetti Bolognese at night was very rich. When Natalie saw that there was shredded meat in the fridge, she added it, pickled vegetables, green vegetables, small yellow croaker, and tomatoes.

According to the restaurant's custom price, the Spaghetti Bolognese would cost at least 20 dollars. However, judging from the color of this little yellow croaker, it might be more than that. In that case, Natalie might have to pay.

After a while, the man took the last sip of the soup and wiped his mouth. elegantly. He leaned lazily against the back of the chair and stared at Natalie without blinking. "Then do you want to pay?"

Fuck, the ball was under Natalie's feet again. Natalie wasn't a rich woman, and she definitely didn't want to pay.

Trevon pressed his tongue against his teeth and said in a handsome manner, "Give me your WhatsApp number."

"What for?"

"In the future, if you want to transfer money, just transfer it to me. Jim. was embezzled from you." His expression did not change as Trevon slandered Jim.

Jim was too pitiful. Jim wanted to say that it was Trevon who asked him to keep it. Trevon didn't lack this bit of money.

Natalie seemed to have heard something earth-shattering. "Mr. Wilson, you're not joking, right? Mr. Hawk embezzled 86 dollars." Did Trevon take Natalie for a fool? Was Trevon short of 86 dollars or Trevon short of 86 dollars?

With his usual serious expression, Trevon had already opened the QR code of WhatsApp and placed his phone on the table, obviously indicating for Natalie to scan it. "Perhaps I forgot. I'll ask tomorrow."

Natalie was helpless. She could only take out her phone from her pocket and scan the QR code.

It didn't matter. Natalie would scan it first. At most, she would blocklist Trevon in two months.

Trevon passed the friend verification in a second.

It was very normal. It was as if Trevon had really added Natalie for the sake of money in the future. After adding Natalie as a friend, Trevon naturally held his phone in his hand.

Unbeknownst to Natalie, the corners of his mouth curled up slightly.

"You don't have to pay for today. The Spaghetti Bolognese was not bad."

At night, Trevon, who was in the master bedroom, tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep. He picked up his phone and called the Wilson's residence.

The woman on the other end of the line was already a little sleepy. "Trevon, it's so late. What's the matter?"

Rachel knew her cold and heartless son too well. The number of times

Trevon called Rachel 365 days a year could be counted on one hand. Basically, every time Rachel called Trevon, he would hang up after saying less than five words. There must be something wrong this time. Otherwise, Trevon would not call her for no reason.

"When is dad coming back?"

"Are you looking for him for something? He'll be back in two days. It's cold. His legs are not good, and it's not good for long outings."

"Okay." After receiving the message, Trevon was about to hang up.

"Wait. I want to ask you something."

"Mom, what's wrong?"

"Your grandpa said that you signed a three-month agreement with that woman. It's almost a month now. What plans do you have next? I won't interfere with your decisions, but this woman really can't help you in your career, nor can she help you share any pressure. Think about it carefully."

"Mom, I don't need anyone to consolidate my position. My position isn't secured by a woman. If Grandpa doesn't force me to marry her, I will still be the successor sooner or later. Grandpa will never agree to let Max be the successor. You know this very well."

"Alright, it's good that you've thought it through. I'm just saying. You know what your relationship is the most. Only you know if your shoes fit or not. But to be honest, she doesn't look like a rich young lady now. If you want to bring her out, she definitely won't be presentable. If you really like her, I'll teach her. After all, she's the Wilson family's granddaughter-in-law. Don't damage your reputation because of her."

Rachel could already hear a hint of relief in Trevon's tone. Trevon was no longer as cold to Natalie as before.

"I don't like her. Mom, we'll talk about this later. Go to bed early."

Looking at the black screen, Rachel sighed. Trevon had never interacted with women before. It seemed that he had fallen into Theo's trap.

However, Rachel really did not like Natalie.

No matter what, Rachel felt that Trevon deserved a better woman. However, if Trevon was really happy, she might take a step back and try to accept it.

[Chapter 40](#)

The December morning was misty, and the air was dry and cold. Looking up at the sky, one could see the bright light of dawn in the distance, and the entire sky was lit up.

It was still a sunny day. The weather for the next week was so good that it made people feel good. Other than getting colder and colder, there was nothing wrong with it.

Natalie lifted the blanket, opened the wardrobe, and chose a thin white. down jacket.

After washing up and getting dressed, Natalie walked down the stairs and looked at the sofa in the living room.

There was no one. Had Trevon left?

For the past few days, when Natalie woke up, she could see Trevon sitting casually on the sofa.

Humans were indeed high-level animals that were easily affected. They had only been together for a few days, but Natalie was already used to looking for his existence at home.

This was not a good sign for the sensitive Natalie.

As Natalie started the engine and drove down the road, she realized that she had made a mistake. She should have worn a thick down jacket.

The cold wind burrowed into Natalie's unconcealed skin.

On the sofa in the Wilson Group, the man's slender body was curled up. He was covered with a thin blanket, and a corner of the blanket fell to the ground. He frowned slightly.

At 7:40 a.m., the secretary came in to tidy up the office as usual. When she saw the slender figure on the sofa, she thought that she had seen it wrongly and carefully approached to take a look.

The man heard the sound of high heels clicking on the ground. Although the person had lowered her voice, he could still hear it clearly. He closed his eyes and said, "Make me a cup of coffee."

Last night, Trevon tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep no matter what. The night before, Trevon hugged that soft woman and slept soundly. Just one night and he was already a little obsessed, and in the

end, he couldn't sleep.

Trevon decided to come to the office in the early morning to catch up on his sleep.

"Okay, Mr. Wilson." The secretary slowly left the office.

When the secretary entered the Secretary department, the other secretary looked at her and could not help but ask, "What's wrong? Why are you so gloomy so early in the morning? Mr. Wilson will be here soon."

The secretary pointed in the direction of the office and lowered her voice. "Mr. Wilson seemed to have slept in the office last night. I don't know what happened, but I was scared to death when I entered."

"Ah? That can't be. There wasn't any overtime last night. Didn't the entire company get off work around 9 p.m. after the meeting? Why is Mr. Wilson working overtime alone?"

"As expected, the boss's money doesn't come from nowhere."

"I'm not talking to you anymore. I'm going to make coffee. I think Mr. Wilson works so hard and needs a wife."

"Forget it. With his qualifications, who would Mr. Wilson like? His aura is too strong. Let me tell you. I heard from my friends that Mr. Wilson has an ex-girlfriend."

you

The secretary's mouth was wide open when she made coffee. "Who did hear this from? You can't spout nonsense. I've never seen a woman by Mr. Wilson's side. These women were brought either by Mr. Blackwell or Mr. Roberts. I suspect that he doesn't like women."

A sudden voice interrupted their gossipy discussion. "Why are you chatting so enthusiastically instead of working so early in the morning? Why are you sharing with me?"

Jim was a gentleman. When anyone from the Secretary department made a mistake, he would help them in private as long as he felt that it was not a substantial mistake. However, he was very principled and did not cross Trevon's bottom line.

Therefore, Jim was quite popular in the Secretary department in the company, and the two secretaries were not on guard against him.

The secretary who poured the coffee glanced at the office door and said.

softly, "Mr. Hawk, Mr. Wilson seemed to have slept in the office last night."

Another secretary said, "Mr. Hawk, do you know that Mr. Wilson used to have a girlfriend? Tell us about it."

Jim leaned against their desk and said calmly, "Have you been too free recently? You're gossiping about Mr. Wilson's love life. What do you want to do? Do you want to be promoted, or do you want to turn the world upside down?"

At three in the morning, Jim received a message from Trevon. There was no need to pick Trevon up, and he needed to bring a set of suits to the company. At that time, Jim knew it, but he just didn't know the reason.

yet.

The two secretaries shook their heads in unison. "No, I just heard that Mr. Wilson has an ex-girlfriend. We're curious about who such a handsome man like Mr. Wilson will fall for. We are very curious."

Jim knew Trevon's bottom line and kindly reminded them, "No matter how, Mr. Wilson won't fall for you. This matter can't be discussed anymore. If Mr. Wilson hears this, I won't be able to save you. Hurry up and do what you need to do."

Jim stopped the secretary, who was about to go in with the coffee. "Give it to me. Your coffee is overdue."

The secretary quickly thanked Jim with a smile. "Thank you, Mr. Hawk."

Pushing open the door to CEO's office, Trevon had already woken up. After washing up, he stood in front of the huge floor-to-ceiling window and looked down at the cars coming and going below. From this angle, he could see the appearance of people going to work in the morning.

As a man, Jim had to admit that the current Trevon was really handsome.

Trevon's tall and slender body stood upright in front of the floor-to-ceiling window. Two buttons on his collar were unbuttoned and casually opened, revealing his fair neck. He looked both seductive and roguish. The buttons on his sleeves were unbuttoned, and his hands were in his pockets. He was so noble that it was difficult for people to approach him.

After being stunned for a few seconds, Jim placed the coffee on the office table. "Why did you sleep on the sofa last night?"

Trevon turned around and glanced coldly at the blanket on the sofa. He had no intention of answering. He picked up his coffee and took a sip. "Where are my clothes?"

Jim placed the bag beside his feet on the table. "Then, the entire set is here."

Jim was a little confused. Why did he feel Trevon looked so unsatisfied?

Emily was in an exceptionally good mood. She had just returned to Athana last night and had already made love with Max.

Knowing Emily was a virgin, Max treated her even better. This kind of rich second-generation heir should be surprised by making love with a virgin.

Some even had special hobbies and liked to find virgins. Max gave her a card so that she could swipe it as she pleased.

At this moment, Emily was shopping in Athana Building with Elena. "Mom, I'll buy you anything you like. Dad's company hasn't been doing well recently, and you haven't bought a good gift."

Because of Harry, after their family expenses were halved, Elena and Emily's lives were much more restricted than before. They could not be extravagant, afraid that Harry would lose his temper if he was unhappy.

Recently, Harry's temper had been very bad. He always threw tantrums at servants at home when things didn't go his way in the company. It was because Elena had tricks up her sleeve, or she would have suffered.

Elena smiled so much that even the fine lines on her forehead were smiling. "Emily, you love me so much. I wonder if your dad's company will be able to turn around. Last time, your dad lost too much money. Let me tell you. You have had to restrain yourself at home recently. Also, you have to hold onto Max tightly to be on par with that bitch."

At the mention of Natalie, a ferocious expression appeared on Emily's face. Emily gritted her teeth and said, "Mom, don't worry. I will. Look! Isn't this the result of Mr. Max being satisfied with me? If that bitch hadn't taken all the inheritance, we wouldn't have been so uptight."

The more she thought about it, the angrier Emily became. However, when Emily thought of the card in her hand, her mood lifted.

Emily happily waved the bank card in her hand.

The scheming Elena was still worried. "Emily, I will teach you a way later so that you can firmly hold on to Mr. Max."

Elena thought for a moment and said, "How's your contact with Miss Blackwell? Did you tell her about Mr. Wilson's marriage? You have to tell her about it before the banquet at the beginning of the month."

"Why before the banquet?"

Elena looked around and whispered a few words into Emily's ear. Emily's eyes shone.

Emily hugged Elena's neck happily and kissed her face fiercely. "Mom, you're too smart. This way, I won't get involved at all. Even if Mr. Wilson finds out, it has nothing to do with me. Mom, I love you!"

Elena thought that if she wasn't smart, would she have been able to secure her status as Mrs. Foster for so many years? Would Harry have been forced to cut ties with his father and marry her?

These were all Elena's tricks. Women had to plan how to live a good life for themselves. Harry couldn't see something clearly, but Barron saw it very clearly and refused to let her step into the Foster's residence even until his death.