

The Tide 431

[Chapter 431](#)

At the same time, compared to the Roberts family's calmness, the Landor family had exploded.

When they heard that Edward was coming back tonight, Sherri and her family stayed in the Landor family's residence. Their main focus was to wait to hear the gossip

When Edward walked in and saw the familiar lineup, he felt a headache coming. However, he still braced himself and carried his luggage in

The people in the living room had not changed much. Only his niece was missing from the lineup. She was most likely asleep at this time. Otherwise, there would still be the same number of people as before

Edward was not in a hurry to go upstairs. He placed his suitcase at the top of the stairs. He proceeded to unbutton his cuffs and rolled up his sleeves, revealing his tanned skin. Under the gaze of Sherri, Hackett, and the Landor family, he sat down in the armchair.

People who were in the know knew he was in a relationship. Those who did not would have thought he had committed a

crime.

He spread his feet and rested his arms on his knees. He pushed his spectacles and mentally prepared himself. "You didn't go to bed because you wanted to wait for me to come back! Also, why are you home?"

The last sentence was directed at Sherri

Sherri spoke very sincerely. She leaned against Hackett's body, looking very intimate with him. "I just wanted to learn about your progress with Rose"

He knew that this was the reason. When he met Hackett's complicated gaze, Edward did not understand for a moment

Hackett pursed his lips and didn't say anything. Frank actually didn't beat Edward up. It was fine if he had beat him up, but how could he even let Edward and Rose proceed with their relationship unimpeded? What was he thinking?

Frank must be crazy after he was in a relationship

Juana clasped her hands nervously and excitedly. "Edward, how did it go? Was De Roberta satisfied with your End De Roberts despite you for being much older?"

Sherri's eyes widened. She never expected her mother to say aloud that her precious son was old

Hackett, who was eating oranges, choked at his mother-in-law's words. He tried to rescue his image in Juana's eyes to gain a favorable impression. Juana, Edward is actually not old either his past that he's a little slow but he already catching up to us. Rarh, Edward Good luck I wish you all the best"

Edward fell silent. Back then, he had hit Hackett a little too lightly and let him go too easily

“Speaking of old age, Frank is the one who is dating a far younger woman At the very least, Kose is already 20. A is on 22. However, Frank is faster than his brother-in-law in terms of speed Hackett thought inwardly

Hackett was dissatisfied with the fact that Frank did not beat Edward up

Edward pinched the space between his eyebrows. He did not know what to say about this meaningless universion. When he felt the expectant gazes of the entire family, he replied in exasperation, Mom, she doesn't think that I'm We've getting along quite well at the moment. It's not the time for the subsequent questions you're thinking about” Upon hearing this, Juana felt much more at ease “Alright. It is good that she is satisfied and that both of you get along well Go to bed early den Remember to say goodnight to Dr. Roberts before you go to bed. Sweet talk more when you are with her. Don't keep everything to yourself. If you behave that way, she won't understand what you are thinking If you really don't know how to vertire things directly, you can talk to Hackett

Hackets stared at Jain Was she degrading him or praising him?

Exchurd das in say a word throughout the entire process. He was here to make up the numbers. He did not want to petite such a meeting at all

However, he had to appear every time It was also mentally ring for him

It was not easy to be an abnent figure Silence was gold in his eyes.

sherri muraged him endistically ‘Edward, you have to say what you feel out loud if you don't say it how vate others understand? I believe in you! Do your best!”

Edward eyed his sister. It turned out that Rose's idea of dating in secret was really got

Before going upstairs, Edward reminded Hackett. Don't bring Sherri around one reason focus more on her peegias y the pregnant.

He was really afraid that there would give birth to a baby who loved in gossip

Factor shrugged and did sun feel embarrassed at all. “It's it like you don't know ng state in the family. Do you have

some misunderstanding about what say I have?”

Edward couldn't respond to this at all. Before he went upstairs, he sympathized with Hackett for a few seconds.

The living room at the Wilson's residence was filled with harmony and laughter. For Theo, he had finally experienced the joy of having his family with him.

When Natalie's children were born, he would have no regrets even if he died right then. He smiled lovingly and placed his hands on his walking stick. His eyes were filled with love as he sat opposite Natalie and said to her, “Natalie, you didn't come to the Wilson's residence when you all went out to play on Children's Day. I have prepared gifts and they didn't get sent out.” Trevon placed his hands on the back of the sofa. He crossed his legs and did not speak.

It was impossible for his grandfather to prepare a gift for him.

He lazily played with his wife's curly hair. Her hair was smooth as silk and soft to the touch. Playing with it made a part of his heart feel fuzzy.

He automatically ignored Theo's disdainful gaze.

With a tacit understanding between them, Natalie did not stop the man from playing with her hair. Fortunately, it was just playing with her hair. It was nothing. She smiled and replied, "Grandpa, do I have a present too?"

There was a hint of playfulness in her tone.

Theo's eyes were filled with joy. His wrinkles were squeezed together, and his eyes were amiable. He really doted on Natalie as if she was his biological granddaughter. "Of course. You'll always be a child in Grandpa's eyes, no matter how old you are."

"Gage, bring the presents here."

Natalie's heart warmed when she heard that. It was as if her grandfather was right before her. Back then, her grandfather had also said this to her. "Natalie, no matter how old you are, you will always be a child to your grandfather."

Her heart felt bitter and sweet at the same time, and her lips curled into a blissful smile.

At this moment, Rachel stood up and signaled Gage not to take it. "I'll go."

"Yes, Ma'am."

While talking, Rachel had already gotten up and gone upstairs. Jasper naturally climbed onto Caleb's lap. After his legs recovered, Caleb would always carry Jasper on his lap from time to time.

Natalie liked this family atmosphere very much. It was warm and distant. Everyone's faces were filled with smiles.

Home was not a house or a bed. Instead, it was filled with people who were bound to you. People who were waiting for you to come home. Home was formed by love, laughter, and warmth.

This was why, after her grandfather left, she would rather rent a house than buy one. It would not feel like home even if she bought one. Instead, it would look bleak and sad.

After a while, Rachel came downstairs with four boxes in her hand. She bent down and placed the boxes on the table, opening them one by one.

In an instant, four presents appeared in front of her. The larger boxes were all toys. They were definitely Jasper's. Then, what about the two small ones?

Were both of them hers?

For Jasper, there was a variety of Rubik's Cubes. There were triangles, squares, and a round set. This gift was from Rachel and Caleb.

There was no need to give the little guy any jewelry or cards. Instead, they chose something he would like. Otherwise, the gifts would be tacky and children would not want to use them. It was better to give him something practical.

The other was a four-wheel-drive toy remote-controlled car that Theo had given him. There was no doubt that it was also for Jasper.

Beside him was a black motorcycle model, and on the right was a silver-white motorcycle model.

Rachel was also stunned when she opened them. She didn't expect to buy the same present.

When Jasper saw the beautiful toys in the boxes, he slid down from Caleb's knees and went to get them. Theo did not feel awkward when he saw the same gifts. Instead, he laughed out loud. "Looks like the entire family knows what our girl likes. That's a good thing."

Rachel sat down, took the Rubik's Cubes out of the box, and handed it to her grandson. She explained calmly, "I didn't know that Theo had already bought you a model. You look good on the motorcycle, so I bought you one."

Did Rachel mean that she appeared very cool when she rode a motorcycle? Was she praising her?

"Thank you, Rachel. Thank you, Grandpa. Thank you, Caleb."

Natalie thanked them one by one. The honest Caleb did not intend to take credit. He smiled and said, "This was not my idea. Your mother saw that you could not ride a motorcycle after you got pregnant and was afraid that you would be thinking about it all the time. She had been looking at this before she went to bed at night. At most, I looked at it with her for a while." Rachel was embarrassed to be exposed. She glared at her husband.

Caleb didn't think much of it either. His wife was cold on the surface, but her heart was warm. She didn't say much but did a lot of things, and she didn't want others to know.

Trevon took the two models and looked at them. His smile was ambiguous. The materials were both top-notch. "Take both of them to the Phoenix Manor and put them in the display cabinet."

Theo snorted. "They're not for you. Do you think they are for your collection?"

"I don't intend to take these for myself. At most, I'll just put it in the display cabinet myself and occasionally take a look at them."

He sounded pitiful, as though he had no status at all in the family.

Seeing that Jasper was having fun with the toys, Natalie couldn't help but remind him, "Jasper, what should you say to great-grandfather and grandparents when you receive a gift?"

Jasper raised his head and rubbed his chin as if he was deep in thought. "Thank you."

"That took you quite long. You have to think for a minute before saying thank you, Trevon said with a smile.

Jasper's vocabulary was limited, so he could not argue back. He silently accepted the criticism and lowered his head to play with his new pet toys. However, Theo could not tolerate his great-grandson

being mocked. "Are you slow too? Have you gone back to being a child? Who's the one who has to court his wife?"

Trevon fell silent. He should not have spoken.

Natalie decided to privately advise Trevon not to be critical of his grandfather's precious great-grandson before him in the future, even if it was just a criticism.

At night, the family of three stayed at the Wilson's residence.

Jasper was carried to his room by Rachel. Natalie had not returned to the Wilson's residence for a few days. She thought that she should give Theo a checkup. At this moment, Trevon was taking a device to measure Theo's blood pressure.

It was good to have a doctor for a granddaughter-in-law at home. Theo was happy and energetic and asked, "Natalie, is my health good? I haven't been eating meat much recently. I'm very obedient and followed the doctor's instructions."

His blood pressure was indeed normal. Natalie put away the device and handed it to Trevon beside her. He acted like a little assistant for Natalie. "Grandpa, not bad. Keep it up."

Trevon received a smug gaze from Theo and parted his thin lips. "Grandpa, if you want to see your great-granddaughters, you have to abide by her requirements. Right, honey?"

Although Trevon was right, his tone was a little strange.

There was a smugness in his voice.

As expected, Theo still gave his grandson a disdainful look and instructed sternly, "Why are you standing there? Why aren't you bringing Natalie back to sleep? Don't you know that she is pregnant with two children in her stomach?"

Upon hearing this, Trevon smiled. This was not the first time he was criticized by his grandfather tonight. He was sure Theo could find fault with him even if he had done everything right. "Alright, rest early. Don't worry. I can take good care of my wife."

Watching the two of them leave, Theo's originally tense expression instantly changed to a grin as he muttered to himself. "What a rascal. He's lucky."

In the room, Natalie was about to take a shower when Trevon pulled her back. She stopped in her tracks strangely and asked with a puzzled gaze, "What's wrong?"

"I haven't given you your Children's Day present yet. Don't you want to take a look?"

He really treated her like a child and followed what his family had done. She asked him, "Then, what did you prepare for me?"

Trevon took her by the waist and led her to the bed. He pressed her shoulders down and let her sit on the bed. He turned around to get the gift. It was a huge black box made of frosted material.

Just by looking at its appearance, it looked very grand. He slowly opened the box. For a moment, Natalie could not find a word to describe what had happened tonight.

That was because Trevon's gift was also a black motorcycle. However, this motorcycle looked relatively familiar, as if she had seen it somewhere before. After thinking for a few seconds, she finally thought of it. She looked at the smiling man in front of her in disbelief. "It's made according to my vehicle?"

He knelt down in front of her, his eyes filled with affection. "Yes. Do you like it?"

She touched his handsome and cold face, her heart filled with happiness. "I like it. I got three models in one night. Do I have enough to hold a motorcycle model exhibition now?"

"If you like it, I'll give you a different model every day. When the time comes, I'll buy you a cabinet to store these models..."

Her face, which was originally very affectionate, was directly changed into another emotion by his words. She really couldn't say that she liked anything. Once she said that she liked something, he would fill a cabinet with it for her. She liked to ride motorcycles, not collect them.

She sighed in her heart. "Trevon, our family has a lot of businesses. There's no need to enter this industry. Let's give others a way out too."

Trevon stood up and smiled. He helped her get her pajamas and underwear. "You shower first. Do you need my help?" "What do you think? Take care of m

[Chapter 432](#)

The couple did not know that Frank was leaving early. They woke up early and happened to meet him. They originally planned to wake up early to prepare something for Frank to bring to the Roberts family. They did not expect to meet Frank, who had intended to leave quietly.

Daniel was the first to speak. He looked in the direction of the stairs and said, "You're not going to say goodbye to Ava

Frank nodded. "I'll call her when I get there."

Emma walked to the kitchen and took a bag of pastries and some local produce. She handed them to Frank. "I bought those produce yesterday. I made the pastries this morning. Take them back for your mother to try. Don't worry about Ava. I'll go and comfort her

Daniel also saw Frank's unwillingness to part and comforted him. "Don't worry. Ava understands. If you're busy, go ahead. If Ava really wants to go to Athana, can't she fly there too?"

Frank was very touched and grateful. "Thank you, Daniel. Thank you, Emma. Grace will like it."

Daniel glanced at the door. "You're leaving now?"

"Yeah

Daniel immediately took out his phone and called the driver. He also called the driver who lived near the airport. If he rushed over now, he would be in time.

After the call, he patted Frank's shoulder and said lovingly. "It's fine. Just go. The driver is at the door. Although you're good at defending yourself. I will still send you some bodyguards. Your safety comes first. Have a safe trip.

Frank nodded politely and thanked him again. "Thank you, Daniel.

"Goodbye, Emma. I'll pick you up the next time you come to Athana

Emma smiled and said gently, "Alright. We'll go over the next time Sherri gets married. Your mother has already invited me to stay with your family."

From his future mother-in-law's face, it was obvious that she had already agreed to Grace's invitation and was very happy Frank nodded again and went out. He got into the car and rushed to the airport. It was around a now When he arrived at Athana, Ava would be almost awake.

After Frank left, only Daniel and his wife were left in the living room Emma sighed for the two youngsters. Long-distance relationships were tough and also a test. "Go up and sleep for a while."

Daniel refused and said in a heartbroken tone, "Ava will probably be sad when she wakes up" He sighed

Emma patted her husband's hand "Frank probably left secretly because he was afraid that Ava wouldn't be able to bear it It's fine that he had already left, but it's better than watching him leave with her own eyes."

Otherwise, Frank might not be able to leave. He could not keep accompanying Ava to her classes in Sapphire City

Men still had to have their own careers. Although Wilham and his wife looked young. Frank still had to take over the Roberts family's businesses eventually. C

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"Got it, honey."

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[Chapter 433](#)

A few hours later. Frank's flight successfully landed at Athana's airport.

Athana's weather was very good. The sky was clear, and the white clouds in the sky were like cotton. They looked soft, reminding him of Ava's personality. He had just reached Athana and was already missing her a little.

The Turner family's bodyguards wanted to follow Frank down the plane, but they were stopped by him. "Thank you. Do you want to go to the hotel to rest? There's no need to send me back home."

The bodyguards stood up in unison. "Mr. Roberts, this is our duty. Mr. Turner has instructed us to send you home. This is

our mission."

The bodyguards' stubbornness made Frank very exasperated. He had experienced loyalty from Pat before, and now he was experiencing it again. "Thank you."

The bodyguards said, "Mr. Roberts, you're too kind. It's our duty."

Exasperated, Frank shook his head again. He didn't even have a new word to describe this. He could only ask the bodyguards to send him back to the Roberts family. When they sent Frank back, he took out a few cigarettes from the car and gave them to the bodyguards.

They accepted the cigarettes from Frank.

As soon as Frank stepped into the living room, the phone in his back pocket rang. He put down his suitcase, took out his phone, and hung up. The call was from Hackett.

After hanging up the phone, he stood in the living room and sent a message to Ava. [Baby Ava, I'm back in Athana. Don't cry. I'll pick you up when Hackett gets married. Before that time, I can also pick you up when you want to come to Athana, or I'll go look for you.]

The message was not immediately replied. Frank guessed that Ava was probably still sleeping because she was too tired last night.

He casually pushed her luggage in and walked straight to the sofa. He was indeed a little tired after sitting on the plane for so long, coupled with the fact that he had expended a lot of energy the entire night.

Frank yawned and instructed the servant, "Give me a cup of coffee."

The servant said respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Roberts."

When the servant brought the coffee over, Frank asked again, "Did William and Grace go to the company?"

The servant stood upright. "Yes, Mr. Roberts."

Frank waved his hand to indicate that there was nothing else. Then, he took a sip of coffee and lay on the couch. He dialed the number that had just been hung up and said impatiently, "Speak."

On the other end of the call, Hackett was in a good mood. "You're up. The scenery of Sapphire City is indeed more beautiful than Athana. It can even make you wake up early. Actually, I'm just trying to see if I can get through"

Unexpectedly, Hackett's call was returned after he had been hung up. When he fell in love, Frank's temper improved a lot. Frank rubbed his temples impatiently. For a moment, he regretted returning this guy's call. "Are you bored?"

Hackett smiled obsequiously and quickly explained, "How can that be? I just wanted to ask when my best man-to-be would be back."

A word spilled out from Frank's lips. "Athana."

"Fuck. When did you fucking come back? It's only past eight o'clock. You didn't look for us when you came back last night. You've really thrown us out of the window since you have your Little Princess. You're too biased"

He had no idea that Frank had returned in the morning and continued harping on it. He tried his best to complain that Frank had no sense of brotherhood so that he could move on to the goal of the call.

Frank acted as if he did not hear his nonsense and automatically blocked it out. "If you have something to say, say it. If not, get lost."

Seeing that Frank was in a hurry to hang up, Hackett quickly got to the point. "Meet at Lither Club tonight"

This time, Frank did not refuse. Instead, he agreed readily. "Okay."

Before Hackett could react, Frank had already hung up.

After hanging up, Frank looked at his phone and realized that Ava still had not replied to his message. He simply placed the phone on his stomach.

The coffee didn't work. He was a little sleepy. Frank took off his shoes and lay on the couch. He folded his hands behind his head and narrowed his eyes.

At this moment, his mind was filled with Ava's bright smiles.

The servants knew that Frank had a cold personality, so they did not dare to ask him if he wanted a blanket. The servants in the Roberts family were very well-behaved and there would not be a case where a female servant would attempt a seduction. There were two reasons. The first was that the employees were personally chosen by Grace. It could be said that she had investigated the potential employees thoroughly. The second was that all the employees were relatively older.

In the dark room, the person on the bed subconsciously touched the spot beside her. She closed her eyes and felt her hand around.

A few seconds later, she realized that it was empty. Even the temperature was no longer warm. Her palm could feel the coolness of the bedsheet.

With that, the coolness reached her heart through her palm and turned into a trace of disappointment.

The soft translucent curtains draped down because the screen windows were tightly shut. Her arm reached out from under the blanket and reached for the phone on the bedside table according to her memory.

The light from her phone stimulated her so much that she had no choice but to squint her beautiful eyes to relieve the sudden intense light. She was not used to it. After squinting for about half a minute, she opened her sleepy eyes to look at the time on her phone. It was 11:32.

Why did she sleep so late? Frank should be in her room at this time. Where did he go?

Ava was already used to Frank lying motionlessly beside her while she slept and waited for her to wake up. For some reason, she panicked and quickly opened a message on her phone.

As expected, the moment she finished reading the message, tears kept flowing down her face. She did not cry out loud. She just stared at her phone in a daze. Her vision was blurred by tears.

Yes, she was just quietly waiting for today's sadness to dissipate. After that, she would feel better.

Didn't they agree last night that he would go back today? She knew it. She had known about it.

However, there was no farewell for them.

Ava was trying to adjust her emotions as soon as possible. She could reply to the message after adjusting her emotions. However, the phone on the bed seemed to be deliberately set against her. It kept ringing as her blanket became very wet from her tears.

After crying for a while, she raised her hand and wiped her tears with the back of her hand. She turned on her phone. She originally thought that they were Frank's messages, but it turned out that it was messages from the Fairy Fortress.

Before she could think of a reply to Frank's message, she opened the group chat message. [My lovelies and darlings, I'm getting married soon. I'll remind you in the group chat every day in the future.]

Natalie said, [Don't. I Don't want to remember how many times you married.]

Sherri also texted, [Get lost. I advise you to restrain your arrogance. My bridesmaid position is still empty. Hmph!] Originally, when Natalie got married, Sherri had planned for her best friend to be her bridesmaid. However, recently, she could not bear it when she saw Natalie's gradually expanding stomach. Even Juana did not agree.

After all, Natalie was pregnant with the children of the Wilson family. More importantly, there were two precious babies. If anything happened, Sherri's wedding would probably not have been held successfully. It was better to let her sit at the

table.

Natalie received Sherri's threat. [Alright, it's my fault. Please calm down.]

Rose joined in. [It's all because you guys had to choose the same time to be pregnant. If the timings were different, you wouldn't have bumped into each other. I'm dying of laughter.]

Sherri sent Røse a dynamic video of a man carrying a long sword, so long that the end of the sword touched the ground when the man was walking.

Rose cooperated and found a moving picture that showed a person trembling. The frequency of the shaking almost shattered the screen.

Sherri was very satisfied with Rose's reply. [Yes. Seeing that you admitted your mistake in time, I'll forgive you.]

Natalie couldn't help but yank her best friend down from cloud nine. [Don't go too far. She's your future sister-in-law. Don't be so impudent.]

Sherri replied, [Give me a break, can't you? Let's go to the canteen to eat. Let's go. We will protect you like bodyguards] Rose texted, [Alright. You can make the decisions since you're getting married.]

Natalie said, [Tsk. She's getting full of herself.]

Ava did not reply in the group chat. She looked at the messages in the group chat again and smiled. She exited the group

Cimpter 433

chat and opened Frank's message. She lay under the blanket and replied, I thought you were downstairs. Are you now in Athana?]

She put on a relaxed tone, wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes, and waited for his reply.

Actually, at this moment, Ava was afraid that Frank would call.

However, Frank, who might just be able to read her mind, did not call. Instead, he replied, [I'm afraid you'll cry, so I did not let you send me. Baby Ava, if you want to come to Athana, send me a message. I'll pick you up.]

Ava began to comfort Frank to reassure him. [No need. Isn't Sherri getting married next month? I'm going to be the bridesmaid. When the time comes, Mom and the others will have to go over.]

Frank guessed that Ava had already cried. [Okay. Are you feeling unwell?]

As soon as he said this, bashful thoughts from last night surged into Ava's mind. She replied with a red face, [No, I'm fine. What time did you arrive in Athana?]

Frank texted, [8 p.m.]

Ava really wanted to say that she could accept parting too, but she just needed a little time. However, she did not say so in her message. [Alright, don't leave so early in the future. We didn't even kiss goodbye.]

Frank agreed. [Okay.]

Seeing that the other party was not typing, Frank panicked and typed again. [Baby Ava, your mom said that when you all come for Hackett's wedding, you will be staying with us. I'll show you Grace boxing then.]

Unknowingly, Frank was speaking more when he was with Ava. He was learning to ease her unhappiness.

Ava said, [Really? Then I'll have to plan what date to go and what gift to bring for her. I'll have to think about it carefully.]

Frank texted, [There's no hurry. It's fine if you don't buy it. Grace doesn't care.]

That definitely wouldn't do. How could she not buy something on her first visit? Ava was already thinking about what to buy.

The two of them chatted for another half an hour before Frank finally urged her to eat. Only then did they stop this conversation reluctantly.

She put down her phone and walked to the window barefooted.

When she opened the screen window, it was as if she had been reborn. Her tears had already dried up, and the bright sunlight refracted onto her face. She closed her eyes to feel the warm sunlight, and the gloom in her heart gradually dissipated. The future was promising. She just had to wait.

When she opened the window, the breeze caressed Ava's face as if it was comforting her. The curtains danced with the wind, and her sad emotions drifted to every corner of the courtyard with the wind. The entire room seemed to fall exceptionally quiet with her.

After sorting out her emotions, she turned on her phone again and replied to the messages in the Fairy Fortress. [I look forward to going to Athana.]

[Chapter 434](#)

The dream-like lights kept changing. The tall glasses at the bar reflected the gorgeous lights. The men and women on the dance floor kept dancing, rolling their hips. The flirtatious vibe temporarily made the people forget all their troubles. They were immersed in the deafening world of music, addicted and intoxicated, unable to distinguish reality from beautiful dreams.

Upstairs, three men, who were dressed similarly, sat in a booth on the second floor. It was 10 at night and they were in a noisy environment, but it was as if they were isolated from the world. There were several bodyguards standing at the stairs, and their postures declared loudly that no one was allowed to disturb them.

Ever since Trevon got married, the three of them had not had a good gathering. At most, they would bump into each other at the entrance of the hospital, let alone come to a bar. It was one of the places that they did not go anymore.

Tonight's gathering was arranged by Hackett. Trevon was worried about Natalie being alone at home. For the past few days, Jasper had been staying at the Wilson's residence, while the two of them remained at the Phoenix Manor.

In order to prevent him from worrying, Natalie suggested going to the Wilson's residence to accompany Jasper. She also wanted to visit his grandfather and help take his blood pressure. However, Trevon knew that Natalie was giving him space.

Looking at the dissipation on the first floor, Trevon crossed his legs and placed one hand on the couch. He peeled a lemon candy with one hand and stuffed it into his mouth. He gestured to Hackett, who was sitting opposite him and beside Frank.. "Speak. After you're done, I'll go home to accompany my wife."

Hackett was wearing the same ostentatious style today. He was wearing a rose-red short-sleeved shirt, white pants, and a pair of sneakers. His hair was even sprayed with gel.

He appeared extremely fanciful.

Compared to Hackett, Trevon was dressed much simpler. He had gray pants and a white short-sleeved shirt. The same for Frank, who was also very simple. He had black pants and a white short-sleeved shirt.

Trevon ate candy and Frank smoked.

Frank took the cigarette box from the table and took out a cigarette with his fingers. He put it between his lips and lit it. Instantly, the smoke filled Hackett's nose and choked him.

Smelling the smoke, Hackett's smoking addiction kicked in. He took out a cigarette from Frank's cigarette box and lit it. "Can you blow your smoke over there? I'm choking."

"Why don't you show me someone who doesn't exhale?" Frank kicked Hackett, who was beside him.

Since he had a favor to ask of the two of them, Hackett had no choice but to shut up.

Frank raised his chin and asked Trevon, who was facing him, "Go on. Have one too."

Trevon was no longer addicted to smoking. He said concisely, "I quit."

In that case, Frank did not force him. He casually threw the cigarette box back on the table.

Hackett grinned and took out the proposal for his wedding. He had rushed it out with Sherri for a few nights and worked overtime to get the advertising company to produce small notebooks for it.

Inside were full of details that Sherri wanted to try out. A once-in-a-lifetime wedding had to be agreed to, "Take a look. I've ordered three sets of best man outfits with Sherri. Take a look and see which style you want."

As he spoke, he placed the two notebooks in front of the two groomsmen.

Trevon's mouth was filled with lemon flavor. The candy was a little sour. He casually took the notebook and said. "The candy

is too sour."

Frank took a deep puff of his cigarette and took the notebook with one hand. "No one asked you to eat it. You get it for free and yet still have the cheek to complain."

Hackett thought, "True. Frank's cigarette is milder and yet I don't even express my opinion."

Trevon held the notebook with both hands and propped his elbow on the couch. He leaned sideways. "How many programs did you prepare? It's so thick. Isn't your wife pregnant?"

"I've already reduced it by a lot." If he hadn't stopped Sherri, it would have been even thicker.

Trevon was still feeling the weight and wondering if Sherri was faking her pregnancy. He did not open the notebook. Frank opened it first and expressed his opinion. "Did your wife transmigrate from the past?"

Trevon narrowed his eyes and became interested. A wedding that could make Frank ask that question was probably unique. He opened it and took a look.

The only thought in his mind was that he was glad that he did not agree to share a wedding with Sherri. How was this a wedding? It was like shooting a soap opera. No wonder Frank asked this question.

It's really possible that she wants to fulfill her dream. Are you sure there's no time machine under your wife's bed?"

Trevon couldn't help but laugh when he read the information. However, when he flipped to the best man suit, his face darkened. "Hackett, you don't want to get married, right?"

Frank had already finished reading the information. He placed the information on his knees and said, "Just tell us how much hatred and resentment you have for us today."

Two dissatisfied gazes were fixed on Hackett, who was smiling obsequiously. It made his hair stand on end, but he had no choice. His wife wanted such a wedding, and his own mother and father had agreed. As someone without a family status, he had no chance to object.

Besides, the plan he saw was quite good. It was very unique.

He quite liked it too.

Hackett met their dissatisfied gazes and panicked. He quickly picked up the information and explained. He was afraid that his two best friends would quit. He had originally made an appointment with Chris tonight. However, Chris said that he had surgery and could not come over. Regarding the matter of the best man, Chris readily agreed and reported his size.

It was mainly because Chris was too busy. Hackett did not have time to explain what the best man suit was. Chris had already reported the size and was very cooperative.

He was so cooperative that Hackett felt a little embarrassed.

He felt guilty for tricking an honest person.

Hackett began to explain, "Look, the first set is the uniform of servants. I put it in the proposal. I didn't plan to let you wear it."

Trevon and Frank had their thoughts plainly written on their faces. If he dared let them try it on, they would hurt him. Hackett felt a chill down his spine. He coughed. "I know you guys definitely won't wear it. It's mainly because we want to show we have prepared for it well that we put it in. The second set is the guard uniform in yellow. Do you like it?"

Hackett liked the yellow set very much. However, when they met the two sharp gazes, it was obvious that they did not like it. He retracted his gaze nervously and said to himself, "Alright, if you don't like this, then the last one should be okay. The last set is still a little cool. I chose this for a long time. It's guaranteed to be handmade."

Hackett continued to boast, saying. "This third set is the uniform of the royal guard. Look at this color. It's so beautiful in blue. Also, the pattern and color are cool looking. Look at this belt."

Frank crossed his legs and picked up the notebook again to take a look. It looked alright. He looked sideways at Hackett beside him and asked, "Those who are in the know knew that you're getting married. Those who don't know will think that you're a salesperson from some wedding dress company. Is this the pink bridesmaid dress?"

"Look at this top. It's pink and the skirt is light blue. It's a perfect match for your royal guard uniform, right? Take a closer look."

Trevon could not bear to look at Hackett's self-praises. He also knew that this fellow was afraid that they would not want to wear it. He picked up the notebook and looked at it again. "You shouldn't be selling properties. You should be selling wedding dresses. You're in the wrong profession."

Seeing that their expressions had softened, Hackett became bolder. "Since Natalie can't participate, the number of best man and bridesmaids is not compatible. They must be in pairs. I called Stella. Is there any objection?"

Trevon said indifferently, "You're the one getting married, not me."

Frank didn't say anything. Anyway, his bridesmaid was Ava, so he didn't care who Hackett called.

For a moment, it was quiet. The three of them were looking at the information and agreed. Although the three of them were arguing, they would still risk their lives for each other when it came to important matters. For example, letting Trevon wear such clothes to be Hackett's best man was enough to show how deep their relationship was.

After a while, Trevon realized the problem. With candy in his mouth, he said, "You're not ostentatious enough. Are you and your wife acting as a down-and-out young lady and young gentleman, or the crown prince and princess?"

Hackett said affirmatively, "The crown prince and princess."

Trevon sneered. "Have you ever seen a crown prince with three pairs of people when he gets married? Your crown prince is so miserable. Did he just return from a trip to the slums?"

After hearing Trevon's words, Frank couldn't hold it in anymore. The cigarette between his lips was trembling. He spread his hands and placed them on the sofa. "I'll get the men."

Trevon gave Frank a sideways glance. "I'll get the men."

Hackett did not understand what the two of them meant. It was only when he met the two pairs of eyes that looked at him as if he was a fool that he understood. A light came on in his brain and he said, "You guys are planning to support my wedding. Thank you."

16:17

Next, Hackett watched from the sidelines as Trevon and Frank were at odds.

Trevon was the first to speak. He crossed his legs and swallowed the sour taste in his mouth. "Why should I get the women?"

Frank pointed out something at once. "He wants someone who can square dance, not pole dance. My people from the Lithern Club can't do it"

Naturally, he was referring to Hackett.

These words made Hackett and Trevon laugh. The three of them smiled at the same time.

"Where am I going to get the women? If I find a bunch of women, will you answer to my wife?" Trevon asked Frank

Frank said, "Your wife is not my wife. Why do I have to answer to her?"

Seeing that the two of them were both thinking of getting men, Hackett thought of a good idea. "Wait a minute, don't be agitated. I have a good idea."

Trevon and Frank said in unison, "Speak."

Hackett fixed his gaze on Trevon and met his eyes with a smile. "Trevon, why don't you lend me your company's secretary department?"

"Look. Aren't they being paid all the same?" Frank curled his lips and said slyly.

Trevon gritted his teeth and said, "Don't you fucking have female secretaries in the Roberts Group?"

Frank continued, "Do you think Grace's secretary is reliable?"

No one had the upper hand, but relatively speaking, Grace didn't have any reliable and delicate women around her. All of them were strong women. Those who could work under Grace couldn't be weak.

The Roberts Group had plain employees too, but they were afraid that they would be unreliable. After all, it was Hackett's wedding that day. It would not be worth it if something went wrong.

On the other hand, Trevon's secretarial team was different. They all looked remarkable. Back then, Hackett had been envious. He kept asking where Trevon had poached a team that looked even better than celebrities. Their temperaments and heights were about the same. If they all wore maids' clothes on the wedding day, they would definitely look good.

Hackett said. "Trevon, do me a favor. I originally planned to use three pairs of best man and bridesmaid, but you wanted to help me make it a bigger fanfare. You can see me through to the end. I'll explain to Natalie. I guarantee that she won't find trouble with you."

Frank smiled and replied, "If his wife finds out, she might even help him choose, right?"

Trevon didn't answer Frank because such a thing could happen. After all, it was Sherri's wedding. In addition, Natalie couldn't be Sherri's bridesmaid because of her pregnancy. She felt a little apologetic to Sherri.

[Chapter 435](#)

Trevon returned to the Wilson's residence. He did not look at Natalie immediately. Instead, he took his pajamas and went to take a shower. Although he did not smoke, he must have been stained with the smell of smoke because the other two people were smoking nonstop.

It was better to clean the smell before Natalie smelled it.

Fifteen minutes later, after taking a shower, Trevon stood by the window for a while to let the coldness on his body dissipate. Then, he lifted the blanket and crawled into bed. Natalie was woken up by his movements and turned around

Natalie said sullenly, "You're back!"

Under the blanket, he gently hugged her waist. She was three months pregnant. When Sherri got married, it would be four months. Her pregnancy was beginning to show. "I woke you up. Do you want to go to the restroom? I'll go with you."

Natalie refused. "Yes, I feel my bladder oppressed. You should rest. I'll go myself:

Thevon slowly sat up and gently pressed her shoulder. "Wait a moment. I'll turn on the light before you get out of bed." When the lights were turned on, Trevon got out of bed first. He walked around the end of the bed to her side and helped her to the restroom. Although she felt touched, Natalie smiled and said, "Man, you make me feel like I'm going to give birth in the next second."

"If anything happens to you, Grandpa will kill me." Trevon would not forgive himself either. It was better to be careful. Natalie turned to the person beside her and said, "Wait for me outside. You can't watch me pee. I can't pee when I'm being watched."

For Natalie, it was not necessary to have a company when she peed. It was difficult to pee with someone standing beside her.

A few minutes later, Natalie came out. Her sleepiness had dissipated a lot. Trevon carefully supported her and slowly said, "Hackett asked me for someone tonight."

'Is that so? Asked for whom? Didn't he come to talk to you about the wedding?'"

While talking, Natalie had already lifted the blanket and sat down. Trevon covered her with the blanket before getting into bed from the other side. "Did Sherri tell you about their wedding style?"

Natalie habitually helped the two of them adjust their blankets. "No. A few days ago, I asked Rose about it. She said mysteriously that she would discuss it with Auntie and the others before making the decision. I have a feeling that it's going to be a little strange-styled."

"You know Sherri. They want to have an ancient-styled wedding."

While speaking, Trevon placed his pillow behind her waist.

"Ancient style?"

Seeing that Trevon's smile was a little meaningful, Natalie felt that it was not as simple as wearing ancient-style clothes. Natalie frowned slightly, her eyes widened, and she said in disbelief, "Don't tell me she wants the wedding to be totally ancient-styled"

Trevon took her hand and played with it. He smiled and said, "Honey, it seems that you underestimated your best friend. Miss Landor wants all the things you said. In addition, she wanted royal guards and maids to send her off to the wedding. She wants to be the princess, while Hackett is the prince."

Natalie was speechless. She wondered what was wrong with Sherri.

Sherri probably watched too many soap operas. It was such a big move for a wedding.

Trevon analyzed the general situation with Natalie. Because it was too late, they did not have a deep conversation. Natalie planned to go and take a look at the wedding proposal tomorrow.

Moreover, Frank guessed correctly. Natalie planned to personally choose a maid from the Wilson Group.

Trevon had no problem with that. Natalie was very low-key and rarely went to the Wilson Group.

Jim had heard several employees discussing whether Mrs. Wilson had divorced Mr. Wilson. This rumor was excusable. After all, Natalie had only gone to check on Mr. Wilson a few times. In fact, she had not gone once after getting married.

No one could be blamed for making wild guesses. What kind of rich lady didn't go to her husband's company and check on her husband? Many women who married into rich families were afraid that their husbands would have affairs with the secretaries, so they would go to the office every day. Some ladies would even bribe people in the office to become their spies.

Natalie, on the other hand, was completely carefree.

At the same time, when Frank returned to the Roberts family house, there was only one light left on in the living room. When he woke up in the afternoon, Frank went to Lither Club. He did not encounter Grace and William.

During this period, he sent a message to Grace informing her that there were snacks from his mother-in-law in the kitchen. Hearing the commotion downstairs, Grace came out of the study in her pajamas and slowly walked down the stairs. She asked, "Are you going to the docks tomorrow?"

Frank lowered his head to change his shoes. After changing, he looked up in the direction of the stairs. "Okay, you should rest tomorrow. Leave it to me if you need anything."

William followed closely behind, looking satisfied. "Not bad. It seems like you know how to lift the weight from Grace's shoulder. Grace has been tired out in the past few days. It would be better if you could take over my position in the company."

After changing his shoes, Frank was not in a hurry to go upstairs. Instead, he sat down on the sofa and looked up at his parents. "Have you eaten the snacks in the kitchen?"

Grace had already sent a message thanking Emma. And Emina agreed to come to the Roberts family house to teach Grace how to do it together.

William praised again. "Kid, your taste in choosing a wife is like mine. This girl is pretty good."

Grace was speechless when she heard it. William had to be the center of the attention.

"What about Rose?" Frank chose to ignore his father's narcissism.

Grace went to the kitchen to pour some water and said calmly. "We can have a little chat, or we can go to sleep. Tomorrow, get someone to renovate the guest rooms upstairs. The two guest rooms in the innermost room should be built into a big one. The other room should also be renovated. Do you want to renovate Ava's room?"

They had slept together at Sapphire City. It would be unnecessary and redundant if they slept separately at the Roberts family house. Frank said affirmatively, "There's no need for that."

"Okay, go to bed and have some rest," Grace said and went upstairs with a glass of water. William followed closely behind and said to Frank on the sofa, "Think about my suggestion just now. Consider taking over my position."

Frank replied to his father, "We'll talk about it after I get married."

After work the next day, Trevon came to pick up Natalie on time.

In the car, Natalie held the document in her hand and studied it. This document was given to her by Sherri when she got off work. Sherri said that it was the proposal for the wedding.

Sherri repeatedly instructed Natalie not to read it in the hospital and to read it only when Natalie got home. Sherri said there would be a surprise.

It was a thick book, and it looked like a proposal for a corporation.

As for why Sherri gave it to them in the afternoon, it was because she was afraid that they would scold her. She wanted to give Natalie and Rose some preparation and buffer time.

Trevon drove the car along the roads in Athana. He looked sideways and saw Natalie flipping through the information page by page seriously. He said calmly. "What do you think?"

After reading the first pasta pages, Natalie concluded, "Sherri might have gone crazy. It seems like they are indeed made for

each other."

From this, it could be seen that the Blackwell family doted on Sherri very much. One could even say that Sherri was an extremely spoiled child

Natalie continued to read seriously. The moment she saw the groomsman's suit, she had a very complicated look on her beautiful face. Have they gone mad completely? Where did these ideas even come from? Why bother printing them out? It's simply a waste of printing papers"

"That's why Sherri and Hackett are a perfect match.

Trevon smiled.

Natalie guessed, "Then, which one have you landed on? It's the last one, right? You definitely won't go with the yellow one."

"Yes, I can barely accept the later ones. If Frank and I don't go with any of the options, Hackett will probably kill himself. Thus, it would be a kind gesture to accept it."

"There's a sword in the picture, so did they really make such a sword?" Natalie pointed at the sword in the picture.

Trevon said, "Probably."

The car had almost reached the Wilson Group.

Natalie was also surprised that Trevon agreed to wear this outfit. The only explanation was that Trevon and Hackett were

very good britars Tai er frændex Forror and you to wear this would yes stall do it as a kissed gesture! This mule the way bark to the Waves redare a

"Dadri yast right the you were going to the office to choose a maid I can do such a thing. Now it's Jim who deal with the secretary, boa me it's better for you to do i

Stevns was cager to express his loyalty

"Actually, I was just king didn's thank you would stir it seriously Let Jim choose a few people of similar bright It's inappropriate for the to choose."

That would be awkward

Soon Natalie and Trevon arrived at the Wilson Group building firm was already waiting at the entrance of the elevator. When Jim saw the two of them colung over, he hurriedly pressed the elevator button “Mrs. Wilson, good”

Natale replied politely, Mr. Hawk Jong ume no see. How have you been?”

Jim stood at the side and received Trevon’s cold gaze He hurriedly nodded. ‘It’s quite good. It’s quite good.”

Have you arranged everything I asked you to do

It’s arranged. All the secretaries are waiting at the secretary department.”

At this moment, in the secretary department, 15 secretaries were wearing the same uniform. They stood in two rows with Bunch ligh heels. When they saw Natalie, all the secretaries greeted her respectfully, “Hello, Mrs. Wilson”

Natalie was dumbfounded

She looked up at the man beside her and asked with her gaze, “What do you mean?”

The man shook his head, but he was also very satisfied with the secretaries’ reaction. He gestured to Jim to let Jim speak.

The scene was too ostentatious. Natalie felt that she should act like a proper Mrs. Wilson. “Hello.”

The secretaries thought to themselves that Mrs. Wilson was quite gentle.

The height and weight of the 15 people were about the same. They were all usable.

Natalie asked, “How many do you want?”

Trevon said, “Fifteen short”

Natalie had no words to say. She thought to herself, “Are you kidding me? Can’t you just use all of them?”

Wasn’t this just 15 people?

Trevon said, “Only if you think they are okay. If you don’t think so, I’ll ask Jim to get people from another department.”

The secretaries were speechless. They realized that the unsmiling boss was a henpecked man, and his wife was in charge at

home

One really couldn’t judge a book by its cover.

Natalie glanced at the two rows of secretaries and immediately decided. “They’re all good. Thank you for your hard work. Let’s get off work

What kind of mess was this? It had been arranged long ago, but Trevon had to drag her over to do this. Natalie thought it was

unnecessary

Seeing that the secretaries did not move, Trevon said again, "You can get off work. Do as Mrs. Wilson says"

The well-trained people spoke in unison. The secretaries answered in unison, "Okay, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson."

"You should get off work too," Trevon said to Jim.

Trevon held Natalie's waist and walked out of the secretary department. Natalie thought about it, and she felt that Trevon's actions today were a little weird. "You did it on purpose."

He did not hide it and said truthfully, "Yes, I want them to know my place at home. My wife makes all the decisions."

Natalie was speechless.

Trevon continued, "Mrs. Wilson, if you don't come to the company, everyone in the company will think that I'm divorced."

After Natalie and Trevon left, Jim was about to leave when his secretary stopped him. "Wait a minute, Mr. Hawk. Does Mr. Wilson listen to whatever his wife says?"

"As you can see, it is what it is. If you want to thrive in the future, you have to cozy up to Mrs. Wilson. Don't even think about anything else."

The smart Jim instantly figured out the purpose of Trevon's actions. It was nothing more than to show his loyalty before Mrs. Wilson. The second reason was to let the people of the secretary department know how much he loved Mrs. Wilson.

[Chapter 436](#)

Just as Ava was disappointed, Frank opened the door and entered.

Seeing that the little girl on the bed had woken up, Frank took off his shoes and lay down beside her again. He asked in a low voice, "Are you up?"

Ava looked at her husband in a daze and said, "Frank, I seem to have forgotten to give you extra points. I want to give you extra points for your performance. You're already at 91 points."

He smiled as he fiddled with her hair, his palm pressed against her head. The little girl's eyes were huge and clear and bright, as if they could draw people in. "Okay. Want to get up?"

He asked again.

"No, give me a hug. There wasn't much time left. They were going back in four days. Ava wanted to cling to Frank openly.

He definitely had to agree to such a simple request from the little girl. He stretched out his long arm and pulled her into his arms, hugging her along with the blanket.

A muffled voice sounded in his arms. "Let's not go out today

Up to you.” He gently stroked the back of her head.

Artroyland’s Pigeon Plaza.

Countless pigeons fluttered and landed on the ground. Their pure white feathers seemed to be a thick layer of snow. Their red agate-like eyes and dark red feet stepped on the ground.

They kept chirping. A girl with shoulder-length hair was squatting in front of the countless pigeons. The hair on one side of her face was tucked behind her ear, revealing a round plate earring. As the girl fed the pigeons, it kept swaying. Her tight top vividly displayed her graceful waist, and she was wearing a pair of ripped jeans.

Squatting on the ground, she stretched out her fair and smooth arm and scattered pigeon food. In an instant, the pigeons in the square were attracted by the girl and surrounded her. Their sharp and red little mouths nodded and pecked the ground. In the distance, a well-dressed man pressed the camera button on this beautiful image. There was a click.

A girl with a smile as warm as the sun was squatting on the ground. A group of pigeons surrounded her. The scene was as beautiful as a painting.

With a few swift actions, he set the photo as the wallpaper of his phone.

The girl turned around with a smile, like a ray of light shining into the man’s heart. Her voice was filled with joy. “Edward, look. This pigeon seems to be thanking me. Don’t sit on the bench. Come along.”

Upon hearing this, Edward stood up and glanced at the photo he had secretly taken just now. He stuffed his phone into his pocket and walked to her side. He tugged at his pants and squatted down beside her. “Do you still have pigeon food? Should I buy some more?”

“There’s no need. I won’t feed them after this. If we feed them a little and the others feed them a little, I’m afraid that the pigeons will die. I’ll give you some.”

Edward was speechless. They wouldn’t die, right? After all these years, he had never heard of pigeons dying from being too full.

As he spoke, Rose pulled Edward’s hand and opened it. She placed some pigeon food on top of it and gestured for him to feed them.

Edward was happy to do these things with her. He felt that it was very meaningful. His life had always been calm. He acted according to the scale in his heart. Thinking back, he was quite a failure. There was nothing he did that was especially meaningful.

After feeding the pigeons, Rose stood up. Perhaps because he had been squatting for a long time, her legs were a little numb. After-standing up, Rose did not take a step forward.

She maintained a strange posture. The corners of her mouth twitched. It was hard to explain.

Edward stood up after her. Seeing that she did not move, he looked down at her ripped jeans and guessed that her legs were numb. She had been squatting for more than half an hour. “Numb legs?”

“Yes, a little. Maybe it’s because I’ve been squatting for too long. It’s not a big deal, I’ll take a break. At this moment, whenever Rose’s leg moved, it was like many little bugs moving inside her leg. It was so numb that it felt like it had been amputated. It was very uncomfortable.

Without another word, Edward bent down and picked Rose up. He carried her to the bench and sat down. He squatted in front of her again. “Let me massage you.”

There’s no need. It should be fine in a while.”

After being suddenly rejected, Edward thought that Rose felt embarrassed and awkward, so he let it pass.

Seeing that he was stunned, Rose was afraid that he would think too much. In the end, she changed her words. “You should help me massage it. It’s quite numb.

Rose was puzzled. Why did she feel guilty for rejecting Edward? The Depressed Prince should not be taken lightly. When he was depressed, she could not bear it. She, Rose, could be considered to be under his spell.

Edward gently lifted Rose’s leg and placed it on his knee, massaging it through her pants.

“Has anyone ever told you that you’re a very warm man?”

Rose looked at Edward, who was gently massaging her, and asked.

Edward said with certainty, “No.”

“Then what did others say about you? Like a nickname.” Rose, who liked to give others nicknames, was very curious about what kind of nickname Edward had. No one said that such a gentleman was warm.

Did no one say it, or did no one say it in front of him?

It might be the latter.

Edward thought about it as he massaged. He had never interacted much with girls. In the past, he often received love letters on his desk, but no girls gave him nicknames. Kyle often called him this though: Depressed Prince,

“Depressed Prince. A man came up with it.” He sort of gave an explanation.

Who was so brilliant to think the same thing as her? Rose continued to look at the man who was massaging seriously. He was really quite handsome. “The person who gave you this name should be someone who often spends time with you. It’s very appropriate.

Edward said slowly, “My assistant. He’s been with me for a long time. We’re friends in private. I’ll bring you to meet him next time.

He indeed knew him better than she did. No wonder the nickname was so appropriate. “Alright, I’m not numb anymore. Let’s go to the next stop.”

Rose retracted her leg. Edward stood up and sat beside her. He turned his head and asked, “Where do you want to go? The pottery studio or the teahouse?”

Edward took the map guide and pointed at the recommendation guide.

Since they were here, they had to do something meaningful. "Let's go to the pottery studio."

After deciding on where to go, the two of them took a taxi to a famous pottery studio in Artroyland.

It was very affordable and only cost 30 dollars per person, including sculpting, coloring, and baking.

The teacher saw the two of them walking hand in hand. They were dressed very appropriately. One look and one could tell that they were children from rich families. They had to receive different people every day. After seeing too many of them, one could distinguish the temperament of those who were really rich and fake rich.

As long as you think about it, look at it carefully, and look at the details.

The teacher asked, "What do the two of you want to do? There's a picture book here. You can choose

As she spoke, the waiter brought the album over. The two of them leaned their heads together to look at it. Because Rose's hair was shoulder length, it always fell. When Edward saw this, he immediately tucked her hair behind her ear and pursed his lips without saying anything.

A ray of sunlight shone in, and the faint light shone on the two of them, making them look especially compatible.

She stared at the album and thought about it again and again. She took a fancy to a relatively good-looking and simple one that was suitable for Edward. "Edward. Why don't we make this dual-color cup? What do you think?"

Edward's original gaze was on Rose's face. Hearing this, he retracted his gaze and looked down at the album. One was a white cup with a coffee-colored hand, and the other was a green cup with a light green hand. It was very simple and clean. "Sure." "Miss, we'll do this then. Sorry to trouble you." Rose politely handed the album over.

The teacher was also especially polite. Alright, let me clarify in advance. This cup takes a long time to fire. It's not something you can bring away immediately after it's done today. It takes about 25 to 30 days. Can the two of you accept this?"

Edward glanced at Rose and nodded. "Sure."

Then, the teacher personally led the two of them to a corner. The two of them looked more cultured. The observant teacher specially arranged for them to sit in a corner and helped arrange the clay. She personally taught them at the side.

Rose took the two aprons and hooked her finger at Edward with one hand. Edward bent down and Rose helped him put on the apron. She looked at his chest and wrapped her arms around his waist as she tied the rope behind.

This was the first time Rose hugged Edward like this. However, at this moment, Rose only wanted to play with clay. She didn't have any other thoughts. She just wanted to help tie the apron

However, Edward was different. His gaze was always on Rose from time to time. Today, Rose was especially good-looking. The attentive gentleman also helped Rose with the apron, but her back was facing him and she was leaning against his chest.

The two of them were extremely intimate

One seat for each person. The plate was spinning. Rose maintained her smile the entire time. When the clay touched her hands, she was especially happy. The smile on her lips widened. Her white teeth felt reflective. She was playing happily like a child who had not grown up.

Edward sat at the side. He was infected and his smile widened. He wanted to live like this forever.

A few hours later, the two of them washed their hands and wrote down Edward's contact information at the front desk. It was going to be sent to the Landor Group.

In the Turner Manor, Ava felt so safe being carried by Frank that she fell asleep immediately. Helpless, Frank could only lie on the bed with her.

When it was almost noon, the little girl slowly woke up.

Feeling the movement in his arms, Frank said in a low voice, "You're awake."

They had to find something to do at home. She needed to exercise at night, so she was a little lazy during the day and did not want to go out. "Yes, I'm a little hungry. Frank, what are we going to do in the afternoon?"

Actually, it was fine even if they did not go out. As long as Frank was by her side, Ava was very satisfied.

Frank said calmly, "Anything is fine. What do you want to do?"

The little girl seemed to be thinking. Her eyes kept moving and she even frowned, looking like it was very difficult. Frank lay at the side and did not disturb her. She did not speak either. A few minutes later, Ava excitedly picked up Frank's hand and raised it in the air. "I'll teach you how to play the piano and draw in the afternoon."

After saying that, she even gestured in the air as if she was drawing and playing the piano. It was as if there was really a piano in front of her

The children of the Roberts family did not have much artistic talent. They all developed naturally. Whether it was Grace or William, they did not purposely ask them to learn music, chess, calligraphy, and painting like other children. As long as they wanted to learn, they would learn. If they did not want to learn, they would never force them.

Rose knew how to dance, but she didn't know how to play the piano or draw. If she did have a talent, it would be buying all sorts of weird things.

Frank chuckled and pinched her exquisite and flawless face. "Up to you. Get up and eat first."

"Alright, let me think about where to start teaching you."

The little girl was still thinking when Frank got up and opened the door of the cloakroom. He leaned against the door frame. "Which one do you want to wear?"

She will be at home all day. She did not need to put on makeup or dress up too much. It was better to be more casual. "The sports shorts set. The off-white colored one. The third set."

Following Ava's guidance, Frank found the clothes, took them off the cabinet, and handed them to the little girl.

No matter how they communicated at night, the young lady would still be shy during the day. She was too embarrassed to take off her clothes openly in front of him. Frank understood. He tactfully left the room and carefully closed the door.

Send Gift

Rose subconsciously hugged Edward's neck in case not fall. In front of everyone, she was carried into the villa by Edward.

Behind them, there was an uninterrupted commotion.

When he arrived at the front desk, Edward had no intention of putting her down at all. He only used Arillion to say to the security guard beside him, "Please help me send my luggage up. Thank you."

Throughout the entire process, Rose was carried upstairs by Edward. She pursed her lips and did not say anything. She did not know what Edward wanted to do. The security guard followed closely behind and helped him bring his suitcase up. Then they immediately went down.

Rose really could not guess Edward's thoughts. If she did not ask, she would feel uncomfortable.

"Edward, what do you mean by this? Didn't you go to get a room?",

Just now, she had asked him to stay and he insisted on going out, as if she wanted to eat him up. Now, he was like a child who had run away from home and came back on his own.

Edward hugged Rose and could not bear to put her down. When he lowered his head, the distance between the two of them was less than an inch. At such a close distance, Edward's handsome face appeared in front of Rose's eyes. Rose's heart raced as if missed half a beat.

"Rose, open the door first. Edward pursed his lips. There was a deep and apologetic look in his eyes as he lowered his head and said to the Rose in his arms who was staring at him in a daze.

The warm breath hit Rose's face like hypnosis. She leaned out and swiped the room card to open the door.

The door opened.

Edward pushed it open with his foot and kicked the suitcase into the room. The suitcase instantly slid forward into the room and then he closed the door with his foot.

It was 12:30 in the morning, and night had fallen. The lights in the room were not switched on, but the balcony door was

open, and moonlight shone in, illuminating the entire room.

Edward gently put Rose down. She tenned against the door and looked up at him in confusion. He held her waist with one hand and placed the other on the top of her head. He apologized sincerely, "Rose, I'm so sorry. I didn't think that much"

The suppressed emotions were broken by Edward's apology. It turned out that adhering to the principle of confessing required tears. She puffed up her cheeks to suppress her emotions and felt a slight pain in her heart. "Perhaps I was too naive. I thought..."

A tear fell. Edward didn't want her to say the following words. He leaned forward and covered Rose's lips. The kiss was very gentle. Rose couldn't tell what the current situation was or what it meant.

A moment later, Edward withdrew his body and gently caressed Rose's face. "I'm so sorry. Rose, I left the room not because I had someone else in my heart. My only thought at that time was to be afraid that you would be gossiped. There was absolutely nothing else. I swear."

Edward raised his finger and swore in the air, afraid that Rose would not believe him.

Seeing how anxious Edward was, she believed him. She sniffed and asked, "Then why are you back?"

He helped Rose wipe her tears and bent down to look at her at eye level. "I thought of a good solution and came back. If you're being gossiped, wouldn't it be better for me to marry you?"

This answer was unexpected and Rose was touched. Rose was very happy, but she deliberately said, "Dream on. You want to marry me after staying for one night. What are you thinking?"

Seeing that Rose was no longer angry, Edward smiled. "Can you take me in again? My dear Rose."

The luggage had already been pushed in, so there was no need to ask.

"Alright, since you're so sincere, I'm not someone who likes to hold grudges. I'll take you in for the time being. Perform well.

Rose said generously. She smiled and patted Edward's shoulder like an elder sister.

Edward did not kiss her again. He only hugged her tightly and said solemnly, "Rose, didn't you say that we have to be as honest as your parents in the future?"

Rose nodded a few times in his arms.

When she nodded, he continued, "You didn't confess today and suppressed your truest thoughts. I hope you won't hide your thoughts from me in the future, including your grievances. Otherwise, our misunderstandings will become worse and worse, and we will become increasingly distant. Is that okay?"

Who could resist the love of such a handsome and warm man? She, Rose, was too keen on this good-looking and refined man. She only had one thought now. She raised her head and said to Edward, who was at eye level with her, "I only have one

thought now. Kiss you

Edward was speechless.

When she was being wronged just now, she wasn't direct at all and hid all her emotions. Now, she was direct and said whatever she wanted. He really couldn't keep up with her thought.

In the end, Edward compromised and kissed her. The meaning of apology spread between their lips as they gave each other the answer they wanted.

Half an hour later, Rose and Edward were done showering in their respective rooms.

Before he went to bed, Edward knocked on Rose's door. It was only when Rose's voice came from inside that he unlocked the door and pushed it open.

He stood at the door and saw that Rose was still awake. She was playing with her phone on the bed. He wanted to remind her to sleep early.

"Want to chat for six dollars?"

Rose spoke first with a smile on her face. The interlude just now had brought their relationship closer.

Edward didn't understand what she was saying, but he could roughly guess what she meant. It may be Rose asking him if he wanted to chat for a while. But as for the six dollars, he couldn't understand. "Do you want to chat?" he asked.

He raised his hand and glanced at his watch. It was already early in the morning and very late. However, looking at Rose's sober expression, it was obvious that she wanted to chat. He compromised and walked in. He did not close the door and just left it open.

Edward's little detail seemed a little cute to Rose, who was always thinking for her. In fact, Rose felt that this action was a little revealing. Once the door was closed, who knew what the people inside were doing?

Rose adjusted her blanket and moved to the side to make some space for Edward. Edward was stunned for a moment before he sat on the edge of the bed. Like her, he leaned against the back of the bed with his hands on his legs and his feet on the

ground. Only his butt occupied the bed.

He looked sideways and asked Rose, "What does six dollars mean?"

"One dollar for 10 minutes. If I want to chat for an hour, it's six dollars."

Rose explained with a smile.

Edward continued to ask like a good student, but his eyes narrowed under his glasses. He was very confused. "Why is it one dollar per 10 minutes?"

"I made it. Rose raised her chin proudly.

Edward was speechless.

Edward thought about the fixed price of Rose and calculated it in his heart. He crossed his hands on his lap and changed his actions. "Then we can only talk for three dollars. It's already early in the morning and we still have to play tomorrow. You won't be able to take it."

“Fine, can I ask you a question?”

At this moment, Rose was wearing pajamas, which was very conservative. Her legs were crossed, and her elbows were propped on her legs. She held one cheek and looked at Edward.

Edward looked sideways at Rose beside him. “Yes, ask.”

“What’s the degree of your lenses? Is it because you’re short-sighted from watching television or because you’re studying too hard and have the wrong posture?”

She was also very serious about watching television dramas and playing with her phone. But her eyes were still quite good.

When Rose wanted to ask a question, Edward quickly thought of what she would ask in his heart, such as feelings, family, and the future. However, he did not think of this question. He smiled as he answered truthfully, “300 degrees. I don’t know how I’m short-sighted. I wasn’t short-sighted when I was studying

“That means that it’s very tough for you to manage the company. My parents occasionally wear glasses when they read documents.”

Most of the time, Edward listened and Rose said. Edward was more curious about Rose. She said a lot about the matters when she was in Sapphire City alone. As she spoke, she yawned. It was not even half an hour yet. It might be the time to sleep.

Looking at the yawning Rose who wanted to chat more, Edward suggested, “Go to sleep. We’ll talk for six dollars tomorrow”

Rose’s mind was on the verge of dozing off, but the naughty thoughts in her mind were growing. She propped up her eyelids with both hands and widened her eyes. “Alright, let’s have a goodnight kiss,” she said.

Upon hearing this, Edward did not move. He sat on the edge of the bed obediently Rose could not hear to see Edward’s actions and wanted to tease him

After waiting for a few minutes, Edward still did not move. The two of them looked at each other. Rose felt that if she continued to look like this, she would become cross-eyed.

She moved her butt and half-knelt in front of Edward. With a smile on her lips, she hooked her hands around Edward’s neck. Her nails accidentally touched the skin on his neck, and her face kept getting closer.

Edward’s back was stiff. He didn’t know where to place his hands. He held his breath, looking like he wanted to calm down. At this moment. This scene is like a female hooligan teasing a gentleman.

Seeing that he was so calm, Rose was not anxious at all. She smiled and sat on his lap. Her lips slowly moved closer to his ear, and her charming voice penetrated his ear. “Do you want to kiss me goodbye?”

Edward clenched his fists tightly. He was a man, who had an eagerness for her. In the next second, he grabbed Rose’s neck. His lips fell as expected. The kiss was lingering and their breathing was chaotic. Their hearts were beating like drums.

Abnormal, Rose's checks were red, and Edward's eyes were scarlet

The kiss continued. Rose did not plan to stop so quickly. The time was not right.

It wasn't until Edward's breathing became chaotic and his hands were touching Rose's back that Rose went from his embrace. Her hands were still wrapped around Edward's neck as she smiled evilly "Dear, the goodnight kiss is over."

Facing Rose's smug smile, what else did Edward not understand? The young lady in front of him was deliberately provoking him, and he almost lost control.

Rose got off his lap and hid under the blanket. She chased him away impolitely. "Help me close the door, please," she said. Edward pinched the space between his eyebrows to ease his emotions. He sighed, stood up, and walked out the door.

Rose was very satisfied with Edward's performance. She liked his uneasiness.

"I specialize in dealing with your calmness," she thought.

Rose, who had crawled into bed, had already closed her eyes and was motionless. Edward was still standing at the door, thinking that she had already fallen asleep. He thought to himself that her sleep quality was really good. She could sleep wherever and whenever she wanted.

He stopped at the door for a while and closed it with a smile. He might not be able to sleep tonight.

The next morning.

In the Turner Manor.

Emma and Daniel did not have the habit of sleeping in. They had breakfast in the dining room early in the morning. The crisp sound of the spoon stirring the edge of the bowl reached the stairs.

Frank was wearing a casual T-shirt and jeans as he walked towards the dining room. He politely greeted the couple who had their backs facing him and said, "Good morning."

The couple turned around at the same time. Emma nodded slightly and called out, "Come and eat breakfast"

Daniel retracted his gaze and instructed the servants to add more bowls and forks. Then, he said to Frank, "If you are not used to it, let the servants make something else for you."

"Daniel, I'm more casual when it comes to eating. I'm not picky. I'm fine with anything."

"Why don't you sleep a little longer? Are you not used to sleeping?"

Daniel asked with concern.

While they were talking, the servants had already served breakfast. There were milk, sandwiches, fruit, cake, and cookies. "No, I slept well last night. It's just that I woke up and got up."

Emma finished swift grain and said to Frank, who was always reserved, "Eat whatever you want. You don't have to finish it. In the future, you won't have to get up as early as us. You can get up whenever you want."

Indeed, the reason why Frank got up early was indeed because it was his first time living in the Turner family and he had no choice but to force himself to get up early. He also wanted to accompany Ava to sleep for a while more, but he was afraid that he would be rude.

He was very grateful and smiled. "Okay, thanks."

Emma thought that Frank had a sense of propriety, she was very reassuring and was also very satisfied.

After breakfast, Emma went to the greenhouse in the manor. Daniel went to the company. Before he left, he told Frank that he could visit the Turner Corporation when he had time.

Of course, Frank agreed.

[Chapter 437](#)

Half an hour later, Ava wore comfortable home shoes and a comfortable sportswear outfit. She descended the stairs in a cheerful mood.-

She wore a pleasant smile as she hopped down the stairs, each step causing Frank, who followed closely behind her with concern, to feel his heart tighten. He was afraid she might tumble down the stairs."

Unable to resist his concern, he spoke in a gentle tone, "Slow down. Be careful.

Ava looked around and didn't spot the figure of Emma. She obediently responded, "Oh, where's Mom?"

Frank remained cautious and quickly walked to the staircase, reaching out to hold her hand as she descended. He answered calmly, "She's in the greenhouse."

He had just seen the bodyguards moving numerous orchids and various flowers he didn't recognize into the greenhouse. Emma was probably arranging and studying them.

Frank was not surprised that his mother-in-law enjoyed tending to flowers. From Emma's personality and demeanor, it was evident that she was a patient, life-loving individual who understood and empathized with others.

Frank had heard people say that those who loved gardening also had certain expectations for their attire and appearance because they loved beauty.

This statement might hold true for his mother-in-law. She always dressed tastefully, radiating an elegant simplicity while maintaining the expected touch of luxury.

However, this statement wouldn't apply to Rose. Rose loved flowers but not the act of gardening. Even a cactus wouldn't be safe in her hands. Yet, she had a strong sense of aesthetics and always chased after the latest fashion trends.

Upon hearing that Emma was in the greenhouse, Ava habitually replied, "Okay, I thought Mom was doing yoga. By the way, Frank, does your mother do yoga?"

-Within a second, Ava thought of her future mother-in-law.

Frank held her hand and led her toward the dining room without immediately addressing the question. Instead, he was more concerned about her appetite. What would you like to eat?"

Ava pondered for a second and decided. "I'll have a cup of hot milk. It's not too early now, and lunch is coming up soon. I'll have a little something to fill my stomach."

The servant immediately went to prepare her request.

Frank finally answered the earlier question, "Grace doesn't practice yoga. She usually practices kickboxing and mixed martial arts."

Yoga, which cultivated elegance and a graceful figure, was definitely not something Grace would enjoy. It could really make her uncomfortable.

Frank was sure of that.

Upon hearing this, Ava felt utterly impressed. She found it incredibly cool and charismatic. It was so captivating that she sat up straight, listening attentively to Frank, afraid of missing any important information. She asked eagerly, "Tell me more! I think she's so cool. Do you have any videos of her working out?"

Definitely not. Who would dare to film a video of Grace?

Frank glanced at the curious Ava and answered, "No, but when we're in Athana, you can watch her train in person.

In the meantime, the milk had been brought over and placed on the table. Frank reached out to test the temperature, confirming it was suitable. "Drink up quickly."

From the eager anticipation in Ava's eyes, it was clear that she admired Grace and wanted to see her train. As for the problem of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law relationship. Frank wasn't worried at all.

By the time Ava finished her milk, Emma entered the room, patting her gown and giving orders to the servants to prepare

lunch.

Emma strolled in at a leisurely pace. Her tone was gentle as she asked, "Frank, what do you like to eat?"

"I'm fine with anything"

"Alright, I'll go change my clothes. I accidentally got some dirt on this one. For lunch, make some buttermilk wasted chicken, salad, and seafood carbonara spaghetti"

The latter part of her sentence was directed at the servants.

After saying that, Emma lifted her gown and headed upstairs. She smiled briefly toward Ava while turning.

These were actually dishes that Frank enjoyed. He remembered that whenever he was with Ava for a meal, he never showed

his food preferences.

After thinking for a while, there was only one reason why his mother-in-law knew his preferences so well, and that was Grace.

Unconsciously, he smirked.

During lunch, only three people sat at the table. At noon, Daniel wouldn't be returning for the meal, and Joseph was on a long business trip.

Due to Emma's warm invitation, Frank gave in to courtesy and had eaten a lot. Ava, seeing how much he enjoyed it, also ate

a lot.

Emma always understood the space young people needed. After finishing lunch, she went to the study. Ava explained that her mother had the habit of reading in the afternoon and practicing yoga and gardening in the morning.

A person's scholarly disposition couldn't be faked. It was engraved deep within, as was the case with Emma. She was truly cultured, and her temperament was ingrained.

Inside the piano room, the curtains were drawn back, and the thin sunlight streamed onto the piano, illuminating the entire space. A black grand piano stood in the center, with a bench placed in front of it.

In the sunlight, the piano keys gleamed, shining like stars, dazzlingly brilliant.

Even though Ava was dressed in sportswear, her slender fingers casually pressed a couple of keys as she sat on the bench, creating a beautiful melody.

Frank didn't sit down. Instead, he crossed his arms and leaned lazily against the piano.

didn't:

His gaze remained fixed on Ava, and he said, "Baby Ava, play something."

"You want to hear me play?"

Frank hadn't heard Ava play the piano before, and the atmosphere seemed right today. He was interested, so he said, "Yes." "Well then, what kind of piece do you want to hear? Something elegant, melancholic, or cheerful?"

Frank didn't really understand much about this, but he wanted to see how Ava played the piano. He replied, "Anything's

fine."

After a moment of thought, Ava rested her chin on her hand, searching her mind for a suitable piece. "How about a piece called 'Valentine's Day'? Frank, I think this piece suits us well. We should treat every day like Valentine's Day."

With that, she started playing, her fingers dancing skillfully on the piano keys. A beautiful melody filled the room, notes drifting to every corner, from the windowsills to the treetops.

The melody was gentle and delicate, captivating the senses. Frank stood quietly to the side, watching the entranced expression on Ava's face as she played. She was beautiful, just as beautiful as the piece she was playing.

Frank knew he was not on the same level as Ava. He only knew boxing and maybe a bit about computers, while Ava excelled in various skills, including music, chess, sketching, and painting. In ancient times, she would have been a refined princess. and he wouldn't qualify as a minor official in the palace.

He had found a treasure, someone to cherish for a lifetime.

As the piece concluded, Frank walked over and sat next to her. He knew the next step would involve Ava teaching him, as Ava had asked him more than once if he could play the piano.

She seemed almost disappointed if he did not know how to play

True to form, the very next moment, Ava asked, "Frank, can you read sheet music?"

Frank honestly admitted he didn't know a thing about it. During music class in school, he'd always fallen asleep. "No

This posed a bit of a problem. How would he teach her if he couldn't read sheet music?

Just as Ava was pondering how to proceed, Frank came up with a clever solution. "You play, and I'll memorize it

Did he want to memorize it? That was the first thought that popped into Ava's mind.

Could he play the piano like that?

At this moment, she somewhat regretted trying to teach Frank something he wasn't good at. But then, glancing at Frank, who seemed eager to learn, she couldn't just say he didn't need to learn anymore. That would definitely hurt his feelings. "Do you want me to memorize the sequence? It's a bit challenging"

Frank might not be good at other things, but he had good memorization. It depended on whether he wanted to learn it. The complicated notation on the sheet music was something he genuinely didn't want to study. It confused him. He said, "You play, and I'll follow along."

Ava replied, "Then I'll play. I'll pick something simple. Frank, don't worry, even if you can't do it, it's okay. We're doing this just to pass the time. I still love you very much."

After saying this, she leaned over and planted a kiss on Frank's cheek, offering encouragement.

Caught off guard by the sudden flirtation and confession, Frank stiffened slightly but managed to keep a smiling expression. He reached out and ruffled her hair. "I love you too."

Now, Ava was delighted. She leaned over once more and kissed Frank's cheek. With narrowed eyes, he warned her half-jokingly, "Baby Ava, are you sure?"

If she kept kissing him like this, they wouldn't be able to leave the piano room anytime soon.

Ava shook her head quickly. She imagined the intimate scenes that might occur later that night, with Frank having the same tone and expression he had now. She cheerfully said, "Let's begin, haha."

Frank was helpless and powerless.

Some people couldn't learn, not because they weren't good at it, but because they didn't want to learn. However, they would progress faster than others if they dedicated themselves to learning something.

Frank was one of them.

Ava chose a nursery rhyme to teach Frank, aiming to reduce the difficulty.

The spacious piano room echoed with the cheerful melody as notes danced everywhere.

Frank felt a bit insulted, but he had no choice. He genuinely didn't know how to play, and on top of that, it was Ava who had chosen the piece. He could only indulge her.

Ava felt sorry for Frank. Despite his good-looking hands, playing the piano was difficult for someone who didn't understand musical notation. Memorization was exhausting, and she didn't want to force him to learn the piano just because she found his hands attractive.

It would make her feel bad.

In the afternoon, Ava selected skills that both of them were good at, playing computer games. They decided to challenge each other.

They planned to begin with a playful "duel, a good way to remember the skills and learn new things.

They sat cross-legged on the carpet, each with a laptop in front of them.

Ava eagerly opened her laptop. At the same time, Frank did the same. Just as they were about to start their digital battle, both their phones rang. The two exchanged a knowing glance.

Frank reached out and patted Ava's head. "No rush, check your phone first."

"Oh, then you check yours too."

"Sure."

Frank picked up his phone and unlocked it. Opening WhatsApp, he saw Hackett tagged him in the group chat. The image that greeted Frank was of Rose holding hands with a man. Although Edward's face wasn't visible, Frank knew it was him. Then, Hackett seemed to be idle and sent one picture after another. There were images of Rose and Edward doing pottery, feeding pigeons, Rose blowing bubbles in the square, and Edward helping her carry things and more.

Frank was speechless. Was this girl trying to make an official announcement about her relationship to the entire Athana? They were having quite a bit of fun.

There truly wasn't a single peaceful day for Frank.

Frank pinched his brow in frustration. He didn't intend to reply, but Hackett was persistently pestering him. Hackett sent a message, saying, [Whoa! Frank, at this rate, will Rose become my sister-in-law? I can't accept it.]

Recently, Trevon was also idle and joined in the gossip. He wrote, (1 you don't want her to be your sister-in-law, you can try to become her former brother-in-law.)

The entire Landor family was hoping for Rose to marry into their family. If Hackett expressed dissatisfaction with Rose becoming his sister-in-law to Sherri, Trevon could guess that Sherri would divorce Hackett.

Hackett wrote, [Could you wish me well?]

Trevon replied. [No, I couldn't.]

Childishly. Hackett sent an emoji of a long sword into the group chat, directly aimed at Trevon.

Frank wrote, [Can I just die?]

Hackett replied, [No! You have to stay alive. You have to be there on Rose's wedding day. You need to give your blessing to Edward and Rose]

Frank became annoyed and winde Get lovI

[Chapter 438](#)

Ava had her laptop in front of her, legs crossed, and head bowed as she earnestly replied to messages.

A stille of well wishing hung on her lips Inside the Fairy Fortress chat group, Sherri did the same thing, saving and sharing Rose's posts to the group chat.

She wanted to make sure everyone shared in the excitement, as she was concerned that someone might miss out on this juicy gossip.

Good things were meant to be shared. It was a principle Sherri always held.

Ava smiled as she scrolled through the photos sent by Sherri One by one, she slid through them and lightly nudged Frank's arm with her elbow. Her gaze was still fixed on the phone screen. "Frank, look. Rose is traveling."

At her words, Frank squinted his eyes. His gaze shifted to Ava's phone, and he was left speechless because the sequence of photos Sherri had sent was exactly the same as the ones Hackett had sent earlier.

These two were really a perfect match.

They were on the same wavelength.

With a faint response, he said, "Hmm."

After looking at the photos, Ava scrolled down and could sense Sherri's excitement from the captions Ava wrote, [Rose, are you getting closer to being married?]

Sherri replied, (Oh, she's my future sister-in-law.)

Natalie chimed in, (Be a bit more cautious. You're still a pregnant woman.)

Sherri replied, [Can you understand the feeling of having a single older male in the family without a girlfriend, and then hiny finally getting married off? I bless you with tears.]

Rose wrote, [Stop it, tone down the pretense. I'm afraid I won't be able to handle it, sis.]

Sherri wrote, [Love you, my beloved sister-in-law.]

Natalie added, [Cheesy.]

Ava found the messages quite amusing and looked up at Frank. She noticed that his face had darkened for a moment. His slender fingers kept tapping his phone, seemingly contemplating something. She asked, "Should I reply?"

Seeing Frank's irritated expression, Ava lost her motivation to reply to the messages. She pushed her laptop slightly away. then turned and straddled Frank's lap. She tossed her phone onto the ground and wrapped one arm around his neck. With the other hand, she gently caressed his brow. "Don't furrow your brows like that. Look, Rose is really happy in the photos."

After speaking, she gave a peck on Frank's lips. Frank remained still, his deep, dark eyes narrowing slightly. The gloom that had been lurking in his heart was dissipated by Ava's kiss. He replied, "Yeah.

Frank held her with one arm. Ava had an alluring waist that fit perfectly in his grip, completely under his control.

Unhurriedly, Ava leaned on his shoulder like a child, her weight pressing onto him. She played with her hands on his back. completely unaware of their awkward position.

Suppressing his emotions, Frank picked up his phone and sent a message to Rose. [Are you aiming to be a professional internet sensation, or are you preparing to be a target?]

Rose was playing with her phone at the moment. She quickly replied, [Speak human language.]

After reading the message, Frank's brow furrowed, and his head throbbed. He wrote, [You could have shared your posts more widely.]

Rose understood and replied, [I'm not that stupid. Others can't see my posts. I've set the visibility permissions so that only a few of you can see them. This time, I even added Grace and others. Am I smart or what?]

Rose had no intention of revealing her private matters outside of their circle. She believed that her romantic relationship was a normal and serious one, not some sort of reality show romance that required attention or popularity. She didn't want to make it known to others.

She only wanted the people who mattered to her and those who could genuinely wish her well to know about it.

That was how Rose thought about it.

It turned out that her brother Frank shared the same sentiment. They were rarely on the same page.

After reading Rose's message, Frank breathed a sigh of relief, feeling that his sister was quite clever. It seemed she hadn't lost her mind while dating.

However, he decided not to praise her in text form, lest he give her a big head [Why not change your name to 'Queen of Spamming'?]

Rose responded, That's going too far. I don't smoke or drink, and you still want to take away my one hobby of spamming posts.]

Finally, Frank compromised after recalling Rose's radiant smile, Stay safe.]

Rose replied, (Got it. Be happy with Ava, okay?)

It seemed Rose still had a conscience, and Edward could put up with it.

Edward, who was usually quite methodical, had actually thrown his work aside to goof around with Rose. This was really a rare exception.

Frank put away his phone.

Ava continued playing around behind him, sometimes fixing her hair, sometimes fidgeting with her earlobes. Frank wasn't typically someone whose mind was clouded by desire, but he couldn't resist her teasing in this posture. Combined with her actions, a sense of restlessness surged within him. "Baby Ava, come down and play the game."

Ava didn't step back or come down. She encircled his neck with her arms and locked eyes with him, their gazes aligned, her delicate face adorned with a faint smile. "Are you feeling better now?"

"Yeah

Frank responded lightly, unsure of what else to say at the moment.

Ava dismounted from him, taking a seat beside him, ready for a competition. "Alright, let's start."

Ava didn't seem to notice Frank's abnormality. Frank, on the other hand, was even more helpless. It was like the person who had just teased him wasn't her. "Let's begin."

Night had fallen.

Inside a mansion in Artroyland, the living room was filled with snacks, fruits, and beverages.

Rose didn't drink alcohol, so there was no need for any. She loved Edward, but not to the extent of throwing herself at him. Occasionally kissing him to change his moody demeanor was sufficient.

He was handsome, refined, and genuinely a gentleman, but sometimes he overthought things and was too reserved.

Rose had a mild case of compulsive tendencies. Whenever Edward hesitated, overthought, or became too indecisive, she would give him a quick kiss, causing his mind to momentarily blank out and leaving behind all those complicated questions.

Wasn't it okay to live happily and peacefully, resolving things with oneself?

Must one fill their mind with endless why, shouldn't, couldn't? All those words were just too exhausting.

Rose and Edward had showered and changed into their sleepwear in their rooms. Then, they sat on the sofa, facing each other, each holding a deck of cards.

In this kind of setting, it was probably the first and only time in Edward's life that he felt so relaxed and at ease. He enjoyed it and felt happy. "Do you want me to let you win?"

Rose shot him a dagger-like glance, displaying her refusal to accept defeat. "You think I'll lose?"

Edward wanted to ensure she wouldn't be upset if she lost, so he honestly asked that question. "That's not what I meant."

He didn't know if she wanted to win or lose. He guessed she most likely wanted to win.

"Let's play fairly. Besides, this game doesn't require any brainpower. It's simply a game of luck, comparing card values. Let me explain the rules. If I play a 10 and you play an 8, I win and you have to answer a question."

Rose carefully explained the rules, not feeling that the game would insult Edward's intelligence. After all, she didn't know how to play any card game.

Edward felt his intelligence was being lowered, but he had no choice. Rose was enthusiastic about it and quite excited, so he just had to go along.

"Sure."

"Then let's get started."

As soon as they started, Rose played a king and Edward played a jack. The first round went to her. With both of them almost 60 years old combined, they were playing a simple game of comparing card values and having a great time.

If Frank found out, he'd probably have to give Edward some admiration once again.

Frank would never play such a simple game with his sister.

The first round went to Rose. She excitedly swayed her hips, her flexible waist moving like a snake. Edward glanced at her quickly before looking away, waiting for the impending question.

"Til ask then. When we were having pizza together, I suspected you were the person who saved me. Why didn't you admit it?"

"Were you afraid I would cling to you?"

Rose asked the question that had been on her mind.

Edward paused for a moment, recalling their candid conversation from the previous night. "When I saved you, I didn't know who you were. I didn't expect any repayment from you. It was just a small gesture."

This was true. If it had been anyone else, Edward would have saved them as well. He couldn't just stand by and watch a girl get abducted. However, he hadn't told Rose that his leg had broken during the incident and he had spent a long time in the hospital.

Rose asked again doubtfully, "Really, you didn't think I'd cling to you?"

"No." Edward's tone was quite certain.

With the first round of questions over, they continued playing cards. The game progressed smoothly, and they were polite

to each other.

In the second round, Edward won. He rubbed the back of the card with his fingertip as if contemplating what question to ask. After a few seconds, he finally said, "Why did you choose to become a pediatrician?"

Rose sat up straight, adjusting her posture. Her legs were crossed, with her right leg over her left, but she shifted her position slightly, moving her hips. She was ready to explain, "This question, huh? I thought you were going to ask me about feelings. Actually, it's quite a coincidence. Do you know why I went to Sapphire City?"

As Rose spoke, she raised her hand, showing the scar hidden by her watch. It indicated the reason for going to Sapphire City. Edward's interest in continuing the topic suddenly waned. His gaze dimmed slightly, and he spoke gently, "If you don't want to talk about it, we can change the topic and discuss something that makes you happy."

Rose shook her head. "It's not as sad as you think. In fact, the story starts with an act of bravery on my part. My initial intention to become a pediatrician was a happy one."

Edward brightened his previously dimmed gaze. He listened intently with an inquisitive earnestness.

Rose said, "I guess it was my first year in Sapphire City. I was unfamiliar with the place and didn't know how to use public transport, but I needed to survive there. So, I explored the surroundings and the buildings based on the map. I didn't dare to venture too far.

"Coincidentally, I came across an artificial lake. It looked beautiful, so I went to take a look. There were a lot of people gathered, and a woman was crying. As I got closer, I found out a child had fallen into the lake. He had just been rescued by the people around, but he wasn't waking up, and there was no doctor around."

Rose continued, "It's even more coincidental that our teacher had taught us about first aid procedures just a week before. With boldness, I walked up to the distressed mother and told her that I knew first aid and could help. Perhaps she had no other options, so she trusted me. Then, I followed the steps my teacher had taught us and properly administered first aid to the child. After about half an hour of effort, the child finally regained consciousness.

"At that moment, I found myself. I felt a great sense of accomplishment and excitement. Seeing the mother embracing her child in tears reminded me of Grace. I wondered if she felt as anxious about me after I committed suicide as that mother did."

Looking back on it now, it felt as if fate was reminding her that she had made mistakes, arranging this incident specifically

for her.

As Rose spoke, tears welled up in her eyes. There was regret, self-blame for her past foolishness, an apology to Grace, and a sense of closure to the past.

The crystal-clear tears rolled down her cheeks and onto the sofa. Edward's chest tightened. He regretted asking such a question.

[Chapter 439](#)

Edward grand rettes sur and continued to crouch beside her wiping her tears. He gently placed a hand on her neck and comforted her with his gate "No, at an all Everyone makes stakes. People at 17 or 18 don't have the perspective of someone who's 30s to they have the ability to thank beyond their age range. There aren't so many geniuses in the world. and there are people who can foresee the hiture. Many mistakes are unavoidable. This is a necessary path to mature thinking, a set of the growing prou Without the accumulation of years, without experiencing things, neither you nor I would have or current inindser

Edward always explained things in a gentle manner, taking others feelings into consideration. "Want to continue playing?"

Of comme let's keep going"

Rose ethniasitically replied and Edward sering her return to her usual state, returned to his seat and picked up the cards agath to play another round

Once again, Edward won this round To avoid touching on anything that might make Rose upset, he carefully thought of a question and settled on something related to her childhood. "What's the thing you regret the most from your childhood?" Before she even answered the question Rose burst into laughter Her laughter had a mix of silliness and excitement. Just a moment ages, she was in a gloomy mood, and now she seemed almost manic

Seeing her reaction, Edward couldn't help but smile as well, amused by how he struggled to keep up with her rhythm and

Tonic

Laughing heartily. Kose regained her composure, but her lips were still twitching with a smile. With one hand supporting the corner of her mouth to maintain her calm, she said, "Hahaha. You can't laugh if I tell you."

Edward quipped. "But you're laughing at yourself"

"Alright, I'll start," she said with a composed smile

Rose continued to chuckle for a whule, then straightened up and sad seriously. "The thing I regret the most from my childhood is not being able to pee while standing up like my brother

Edward went speechles

He was caught off guard and did not know how to respond. But fortunately, the question he came up with hit the right mark, making Rose very happy.

Seeing Edwards' utterly confused expression, Rose knew he didn't believe her. So, she said, "I'm telling you the truth. Both my brother and I weren't those kinds of high-society kids from Athana, you know, those who don't let their ten fingers touch sunlight."

Rose continued to explain why she had this peculiar thought. "Grace and William were always busy. When we were kids, my brother was the one who played with me. We always had a lot of bodyguards around us. My brother had a habit. When he needed to pee, he would find a random place, and I would keep watch for him. But when I needed to go, we had to look for a restroom. So, my brother was annoyed by my restroom issues."

That was why Rose wanted to be able to pee standing up, so she wouldn't have to look for restrooms.

Edward thought, "Is this something I should know? Did Frank pee anywhere and everywhere?*

In the end, Edward couldn't hold back his laughter. He laughed out loud. Rose saw him laughing but didn't stop him.

1/3

Instead, she joined in with her hearty laughter.

Edward was laughing at Rose's eccentric regret and the potential blackmail material about Frank.

On the other hand, Rose was laughing at the joy of her brother playing with her when they were kids. For a moment, the room was filled with their shared laughter, and the sound was pleasant.

They chatted for a long time, recounting stories from childhood to adulthood. Rose shared all the funny and embarrassing stories. Edward's childhood, on the other hand, seemed relatively uneventful.

Whether in childhood or adulthood, he always followed his meticulously planned schedule. Even when he was young, he would have a timetable for when to study and when to do exercises. He was extremely disciplined.

However, Rose was different. She would play with Frank until it was dark, then rush through her homework at the last minute. If she couldn't finish it, she would pout and make Frank help her while she would fall asleep.

In one night, Edward had successfully gotten a rough understanding of Rose's life from childhood to adulthood. He also realized a deeper truth. Rose had a vulnerable side hidden deep within her heart. She always showed everyone her happiest side, and only when discussing her saddest moments would she shed tears.

Even when she did cry, she would act like she was fine, giving off the impression that she was strong and happy.

It made Edward feel sorry for her. At least he felt that way. He wanted to protect her.

It was already 10:30 p.m. after the card game ended.

Edward glanced at his wristwatch, deciding it was time for Rose to get a good night's sleep and relax. He began to tidy up the cards on the couch. "Rose, I'll collect these."

"Sure, okay. Edward, these potato chips are quite tasty. Try one. They're lemon-flavored."

While saying that, Rose grabbed a chip and held it up to Edward's mouth. He went along and took a bite.

With a hopeful expression, Rose asked, "Is it good?"

Edward replied, "It's pretty good."

After tidying up the cards, just as Edward was about to get up, Rose suddenly grabbed his arm. Edward turned to look at her with a questioning expression and asked, "What's wrong?"

Rose sat on the couch and tilted her head in thought for a second. Then, she suddenly stood up. Her feet sank into the soft couch, making her taller than Edward by half a head.

Suddenly, she reached her arms around Edward's neck with a playful look. Slowly, she leaned in, getting closer and closer. She could feel that Edward's neck tensed up as he felt her approach.

She smiled mischievously. "Give me a kiss."

Edward was too stunned to respond.

Then, Rose continued to tease him, wanting to see when he would finally let down his guard. He used to take the initiative to kiss her when they were in Athana. She had noticed that after they arrived in Artroyland, Edward became unusually reserved. He never initiated any affectionate actions, and she wondered what he was afraid of

"It's just a kiss, why are you so..."

She was about to finish her sentence when the cards in Edward's hand scattered onto the floor and the couch. In an instant, he grabbed Rose's neck and pulled her toward himself. With one hand around her waist, he pressed his lips against her teasing ones. Rose was quite satisfied with his proactive move.

At last, Edward wasn't composed. If he remained composed, Rose would've thought that he was not into women.

The tangy scent of lemon danced on their lips, mirroring the fervent energy that surged through their bodies. The room's temperature rose gradually, mimicking their climbing body heat

Their uneven breaths intermingled at their noses. The action was making Rose feel a bit tired. Their lips remained locked, and she tightened her grip around Edward's neck. With a slight leap, she hooked her legs around his sturdy waist.

This action caught Edward off guard. He quickly pulled his lips away from hers and used one hand to support her waist. For a moment, he seemed uncertain where to place his other hand, but he eventually settled on her waist.

At this moment, Edward's gaze slightly deepened. His eyes held a hint of redness after the lemon-flavored kiss. He struggled to control his restless emotions and said in a deep voice, "Rose."

Rose continued to encircle his waist, shrugged, and asked, "I have a sore back from standing. This is more convenient. Am I heavy?"

Was her weight the issue here? Her action was quite dangerous if Edward couldn't hold her.

However, Rose did not think this was dangerous at all, and she acted so carefree.

Edward exhaled a breath, the warmth of it brushing against Rose's skin, causing her to shiver slightly and her cheeks to flush

Edward asked, "Shall we continue?"

"Sure, Rose replied. She was not afraid at all.

Staring into her determined eyes, Edward felt a bit helpless. Seeing him hesitate, Rose took the initiative and pressed a kiss onto his eyes.

This action seemed to ignite a spark. The kisses that followed were more fierce than before, bordering on aggressive. It was like he wanted to devour her completely, to erase any sense of

restraint. The passionate side of Edward emerged. momentarily unsettling Rose.

Her small hands tightened as they went from the living room to the bed. Gently, he lowered her onto the bed, his hands placed on either side of her, striking a balance between ardor and restraint. He simply kissed her passionately.

The progress bar was pushing its limit. It was just a step away from completion when Edward, using the last shreds of his self-control, pulled back and looked down at the slightly dazed Rose. "Do you want to go further?"

This time, it was Rose who retreated, her face turning even redder. With her eyes closed, she shook her head. She felt embarrassed.

Seeing her reaction, Edward chuckled. He knew this was the result he would get. Rose had been brave before, but now she chickened out. He didn't immediately get up but reached out to playfully pinch her petite nose and remind her. "Rose, I'm a normal man."

Rose replied, "I didn't say you're not a man. I just wanted... to see when you'd lose your composure. It was all about teasing him.

With her hands still covering her cheeks, she was thoroughly embarrassed.

However, she liked the brave Edward very much. He was very manly.

Edward ruffled Rose's head gently before standing up. He didn't move her hands away. In a low voice, he said, "It's late. Get some sleep.

Then, Edward got up and walked over to the couch to tidy up the scattered cards. He glanced back at the bed to see Rose pretending to be asleep, making him chuckle.

He closed the door gently behind him.

Once she heard the door close, Rose removed her hands from her face, staring at the ceiling. In truth, if Edward had continued, she probably wouldn't have minded.

Blushing furiously, she pulled the blanket over herself, fully covering her body. Edward returned to his room and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

[Chapter 440](#)

At the Turner Manor.

Inside the blanket, the person had gained many spots and marks. Due to lying down, the pure white, soft, silky pajamas revealed faint traces around the collarbone.

The man's upper body was bare, his head half-leaning against the headboard. The girl rested against his smooth chest. On his tanned chest was a painting of intersecting lines, thin and thick, forming a complex pattern.

The girl extended her arm in front of the man, looking at her palm and then her nails. Finally, she glanced at the man's chest with a hint of concern. "Frank, should I trim my nails?"

Frank licked the corner of his mouth with his tongue, his lips slightly dry. He reached over and took a look at the girl's hand. Her nails were very pretty, pale green in color, with sparkling diamonds embedded along the edges. They were transparent and reflected the light from the bedside lamp. Frank gently touched the smooth nail surface and said with a pleased expression, "No need, it doesn't hurt."

'Doesn't it hurt? Seems like I scratched it pretty deep. As Ava spoke, she half-bent her body and reached out to touch the scars on Frank's body, saying, "This one's scabbed over a bit."

Frank was a bit thirsty and needed some water. He was also planning to put on his clothes. Ava kept touching his wounds and tattoos, making him feel somewhat uneasy. He changed the subject. "Hmm, are you thirsty, Baby Ava?"

Ava replied, "I'd like some juice, orange juice."

Frank propped her head gently on the pillow and went to put on his pajamas. "I'll get it for you now. Anything else you want to eat?"

"Nothing else."

"Alright."

Watching Frank's departing figure, Ava smiled. Actually, Frank didn't intend to have sex with her tonight, but she had initiated it. Ava knew that Frank's time in Sapphire City was limited, so she wanted to fulfill whatever he desired, including herself.

Downstairs, Frank put on his pajamas and slippers, unexpectedly finding Emma in the kitchen. This made him a bit embarrassed.

He felt inexplicably guilty. Maybe it was because of what he had done to Ava earlier. Facing her mother like this made him uneasy. However, he still politely greeted her. "Emma."

Emma was in the kitchen making swift grain essence soup. Seeing Frank in his pajamas coming over, she responded with a smile, “Hungry?”

Frank stood politely outside the kitchen, not entering. “Baby Ava’s a bit thirsty and wants orange juice. I came down to help

her.”

At this moment, Emma was dressed in a jasmine–patterned silk pajama, her hair tied up elegantly at the back of her head. She responded gracefully, and no other meaning could be inferred from her words. “Bring the swift grain up for her. Don’t drink too much orange juice at night, as the sourness isn’t good for her stomach. If she’s thirsty, have her drink water. And this one is for you.”

Frank’s lips curved slightly as he smiled and replied, “Sure, Emma.”

He had a feeling that Emma had specially prepared this for them, but he didn’t expose it. He carried the two bowls of swift grain on a tray and brought them upstairs.

Ava was already sitting up. Seeing Frank enter with something other than orange juice, she couldn’t see it clearly from where she sat on the bed. Curious, she asked, “Frank, what’s that?”

Frank placed the swift grain on the table beside them and walked to the edge of the bed. “Emma made some swift grain. Have some. Need a hand?”

“No need. You were quite gentle tonight. I can get up by myself

Frank fell silent. Did this mean he was too gentle in bed? He felt somewhat insulted by the unintentional words of Ava.

Completely unaware that her words had touched a nerve with Frank, Ava walked barefoot to the table and sat down on the floor with nimble movements. Watching this scene, Frank was convinced that she was right. He had indeed been too gentle in bed tonight.

“It’s swift grain essence soup. Why did Mom think of making this? Whenever my throat wasn’t well, she always made this, saying it’s good for the throat.”

Given that Emma made the soup late at night, it inevitably left Ava puzzled. Her words confirmed Frank’s suspicions, and he smiled before calmly replying. “Season’s changing, and Emma is worried about your throat.”

Ava didn’t delve into the deeper meaning of the response. She just realized it was almost summer, and it was indeed time for a season change.

“Yeah, it’s almost summer, Frank, do you like Sapphire City?”

Frank had the swift grain made by Emma, feeling content. While continuing to eat, he responded. “I like it.” Because Ava was in the city.

“I also like Athana and many other people, but I like you the most.

Frank almost choked on his food due to this sudden confession. He cleared his throat and swallowed. “Finish eating and go brush your teeth.”

In the evening, Ava was relentless in discussing this topic. With a cute smile on her face, she continued. "Oh, alright. Do you like me?"

Frank wasn't accustomed to constantly expressing his feelings verbally, but knowing the girl wanted to hear, he was willing to say, "I like you."

Ava happily smiled like a child and replied, "Hahaha, noted."

Frank shook his head helplessly, reaching over to pinch her cheek "Hurry up and eat."

"Okay."

After finishing the meal, Frank handed Ava a tissue to wipe her mouth. His phone received a text message from Hackett. [Enjoying the time with your babe too much and not coming back, huh?]

Seeing this message, Frank's expression turned cold again. He replied, [Are you fucking falling in love with me or something? Can't survive a day without messaging me?]

Hackett replied, [That is mainly because I miss you.]

Frank texted. [Fuck off. Go bother someone else.]

Hackett continued. [Tell me a time. Are you not coming back for my wedding? I'm short of groomsmen, and you're important.]

Frank replied, [Remember to pay ine]

Hackett texted. [Aren't you showing up for free at Trevon's wedding? Why do I have to pay you? Do you think I have a lot of money?]

Frank replied seriously. [He's family.]

Well, this reply left Hackett with no way to respond. No way at all. After all, Trevon and Frank were family. He thought to himself, "Picking on an outsider like me? Just wait until your wedding. I'll make you pay when you get married" Hackett was secretly plotting in his mind.

The next evening. As Rose had to go to work the next day, she reluctantly ended this wonderful trip. Before departing, she sent a message to Frank. [Dear brother, I'm boarding the plane.]

After sending the message, Rose put away her phone and made up her mind. She had enjoyed herself, but starting tomorrow, she would need to focus on work.

Edward seemed accustomed to the fact that Rose fell asleep as soon as she boarded the plane. As usual, he took a blanket and waited. As expected, after gazing at the scenery for a while, Rose fell asleep peacefully. Her head rested on his shoulder. After two days of travel, their relationship had grown even closer. Edward had transitioned from casually wrapping his arm around her waist to embracing her in his arms.

Rose was always behaving mischievously but now appeared docile, creating a strong contrast.

After this trip together, Edward felt that he understood Rose better. He sensed a hidden scar deep within her, a regret regarding her family.

A few hours later. Edward dropped Rose off at the junction near the Roberts residence and switched the car with Tom.

Tom quickly got out of the car, relocated the luggage, closed the trunk, and then sat in the driver's seat, waiting for Rose to get in. He wasn't rushing, showing no signs of impatience. He quietly played the role of a driver, undistracted by everything happening around him.

Inside the car, the couple was bidding farewell. Rose flicked her hair and said, "Well, I'm leaving. Bye. Drive carefully on your way back."

A sense of reluctance welled up in Edward's heart as he replied, "Alright, get some rest."

Rose nodded, smiling, and asked, "Do you want a goodbye kiss?"

Before she could finish speaking, Edward held the back of her head and kissed her. What began as a light peck deepened into a more passionate exchange. However, Edward had a sense of propriety and pulled away after a moment. "Go on, call me if