

## The Tide 81

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two of them were on the early shift.

Without having had lunch, Sherri and Natalie contemplated heading to the ultrasound room for their scans.

Approaching one of the rooms, they gently pushed the door open, only to find a female doctor in her forties performing an ultrasound on a patient. Sherri quickly realized the situation and quietly closed the door behind them.

Neither of them found it surprising that people were still in the room at this hour, so they waited patiently outside the door.

It was standard as the demand for ultrasound scans was high, often leading doctors to work extra hours to complete their examinations before calling it a day.

Soon enough, the patient stepped out with a paper in hand.

Sherri checked the information on the screen, confirming they were the final patient. With a determined step, she opened the door again and entered the room.

Sherri warmly greeted the female doctor in the ultrasound room. "Hey, Chloe! It seems like you've had a hectic day today." The weary Chloe exclaimed, "Gosh, I'm exhausted. It's been non-stop lately, with a never-ending influx of patients. I practically have to stay past my shift every single day."

Glancing at Natalie, Chloe raised an eyebrow in surprise, "What brings you two here today, like a tag team! Did you skip lunch at the cafeteria for an examination?"

Sherri smiled sweetly, her laughter carrying a hint of charm. "Exactly! Mrs. Wilson had some gynecological concerns, so I brought her for a check-up"

Natalie was speechless. Her smile was tinged with a hint of awkwardness,

Chloe chuckled and said, "Well, it's no surprise these days. Many young women have gynecological concerns. They often neglect early signs, and things can get complicated later on. Alright, please lie down, and let me conduct an examination." Feeling embarrassed, Natalie hurriedly explained, "Oh, Chloe, don't worry. Go ahead and grab a meal. We can manage the examination ourselves without wasting your time."

Warmly and compassionately, Chloe insisted, "Don't worry about the time. It'll only take a few minutes. Come on Sherri

quickly made an excuse. "Chloe, you should attend to your other duties. Mrs. Wilson here has a slight discomfort. She's a bit shy about undressing in front of strangers. It might be better if I handle it. We're used to checking on each other, you know."

Natalie found herself at a loss for words once again.

Chloe couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Oh, you young folks! You're still so young, yet you already have so many quirks. Alright, you can handle it yourselves. But you really should work on overcoming your shyness. In the future, when you're married and become pregnant, you'll have to undress for examinations quite frequently. And during labor, your cervix must be checked multiple times throughout the night. There's no need to be embarrassed. We're all women, and when it comes to undressing, we're all in the same boat."

Sherri was left speechless, her mind momentarily blank.

Natalie once again found herself speechless, her forehead throbbing with a rapid pulse. Determinedly, she mustered the courage to respond, "Chloe, I understand. I'll do my best to overcome it."

Having a genuine concern for the younger generation, Chloe imparted her advice with sincerity. Satisfied with Natalie's reply, she decided not to dwell on the matter further. "Alright then, I'll leave now. Remember to close the door when you're done."

Sherri quickly chimed in, "Absolutely."

Once Chloe left, both Sherri and Natalie breathed a sigh of relief. Natalie walked toward the door and secured it with a lock. "Chloe is truly caring. I almost felt overwhelmed by her kindness."

Sherri nodded in agreement, her voice filled with conviction. "Absolutely, that's why I brought you to this ultrasound room. She's wonderful, very friendly, and genuinely caring. You can lie down first, and I'll perform the examination."

Natalie rolled up one pant leg and positioned herself on the examination bed.

Sherri prepared the ultrasound probe with a protective cover and applied the gel before commencing the scan.

Once she visualized the embryo, Sherri's expression turned complex, a mix of surprise and indescribable emotions crossing her face. "Natalie, the embryo has successfully implanted in your uterus. Everything looks good. Now, as for you..."

As she removed the probe and disposed of the used protective cover in a designated waste bin, she continued with her

Questi

Natalie anticipated Sherri's question. "I know what you're thinking. Once the decision is made, I won't waver. Having him will bring me a new dimension, adding some much needed vibrancy. Don't be so pessimistic. Shouldn't you be happy that I, the lone wolf, will have a child? But above all, it's about you. Have you truly thought it through?"

Honestly, the presence of another life growing inside her belly wasn't her most significant concern. She knew she could provide and care for the child. It was the situation with Sherri that troubled her.

Taking full responsibility, she couldn't deny feeling a sense of guilt.

However, Natalie would never let it show on her face. She understood Sherri's temperament, knowing she disliked overly emotional scenes like herself. If Sherri decided to proceed with the pregnancy,

Natalie was prepared to take on the subsequent challenges. She had made that decision the night before.

She wouldn't let Sherri face unwarranted criticism

Sherri's emotions dampened, realizing she hadn't fully sorted out her feelings. She hesitated to make a definitive decision. "Let's proceed with the examination first. Give me some time to think."

Natalie didn't push further and nodded in agreement. Alright, lie down."

Following the same procedure, Sherri requested to have the computer screen turned toward her. "Let me take a look."

Natalie obliged and adjusted the computer screen to face Sherri.

As Sherri caught sight of the embryo, tears welled in her eyes and began trickling down her cheeks.

Natalie's eyes also glistened with tears, and she softly spoke to Sherri, "Sherri. I'm sorry"

Sherri brushed away the tears welling in the corners of her eyes and smiled, her voice filled with warmth. "Oh, you silly fool. what are you talking about? Do you think I'm crying because I'm overwhelmed by this unexpected pregnancy? No, that's not it at all. I'm amazed, utterly astonished, that there's a tiny little embryo growing inside me. Natalie, I want to bring her into this world. I can't bear to deny her the gift of life.

At that moment, her mind was crystal clear, her determination unwavering

Natalie fought back tears, her eyes gleaming with understanding, and nodded in agreement. "Alright."

Sherri understood Natalie's feelings of guilt, but life is unpredictable. She had chosen to visit the mansion, and that fateful night, despite Natalie's caution, she had encouraged her to have a drink. She couldn't lay the blame solely on her.

Moreover, having this child wasn't all downside. Just imagine sharing the journey of pregnancy and prenatal check-ups with Natalie and ultimately giving birth on the same day. It would be a truly remarkable and beautiful experience,

By approaching things from a different angle, one never knows. Happiness might be waiting just around the corner.

Stepping out of the ultrasound room, Natalie checked the time on her phone and said to Sherri. "It's still early before work. Let me get you some nutritious meals. We can't just grab anything."

As an obstetrician-gynecologist, she understood the significance of nutrition for the baby and the precautions to be taken. "Alright, even milkshakes are off-limits now."

Natalie chuckled, 'We'll have to resist some cravings. It's ironic being a doctor and constantly having these thoughts. I'm even prepared to give up durian."

Sherri thought about Natalie's previous smoking habit, which used to be quite frequent. "You can't smoke anymore. After we finish work this afternoon, let's head to the pharmacy and get some nutritional supplements. Swift grain, milk, coffee beans. We can make our coffee too."

Natalie was determined to take good care of Sherri “Certainly, Your Highness. I’ll make sure to attend to your needs perfectly.”

Sherri tilted her head back and burst into laughter. “With a chuckle, little Natalie will be your companion, heading straight to your office.”

“Alright. You may rise.”

They laughed joyfully, and the dark clouds in their hearts dissipated. It could be said that upon seeing the pulsating embryo, all the negative thoughts vanished into thin air.

How could a compassionate person ever commit the act of ending a life, especially one connected to their flesh and blood?

It was too cruel

They accepted their circumstances, resigning themselves to fate.

This was the shared mindset of Natalie and Sherri

Only two souls with such kindred spirits could engage in deep conversations and sustain an eternal bond

At noon, Natalie ordered a nourishing meal for Sherri. She selected a comforting creamy tomato soup, a perfectly cooked steak, flavorful barbecue ribs, delectable meatballs, grilled salmon, and an irresistible plate of pasta.

Sherri slumped in her chair, feeling stuffed and rubbing her belly.

Natalie couldn’t help but express her concern. “If you couldn’t finish it, you could have saved some for later. You’ve eaten so much. You might end up with an upset stomach.”

Sherri let out a satisfied sigh. The food was delicious. Despite the small size of the stir-fry restaurant next to the hospital, the flavors are truly exceptional.”

Natalie nodded in agreement, especially impressed by the thick and rich texture of the creamy tomato soup that seemed to have added more than just one tomato.

Suddenly, a thought crossed Natalie’s mind. She looked up at Sherri, who was sitting across from her. “Hey, Sherri, how’s your plan to study abroad? Have you talked to your director? Today seems to be the deadline for submitting the forms.”

Sherri quickly stood up, startling Natalie. “Hold on, let me catch my breath. I just realized it too. With everything that happened yesterday, it slipped my mind.”

“Well, I won’t waste any more time. I will find the Director and have a thorough discussion.

## [Chapter 82](#)

### The Director’s Office

Sherri cautiously pushed open the door, wearing a slight smirk on her face. “Hey there, boss. Busy as always?”

The Director looked surprised upon seeing her, as she rarely visited the office. It was clear that Sherri's presence meant something important.

The saying goes, "No one visits the temple without a reason."

The Director wasted no time and got straight to the point. "Alright, drop the fake smile. What's the matter? Did you come across a challenging case that you can't handle?"

Sherri, never one to hold back, retorted, 'Come on, you're the one who trained me. Have I ever failed to handle a patient? You know I always give my utmost attention to each one,"

The Director paid no heed to her flattery "Cur to the chase. Why are you here?"

"Well, there is something It's just it's..."

Sherri's words were abruptly interrupted by the Director's impatience. "Enough with the beating around the bush. Spit it out instead of teasing me one word at a time, like toothpaste

Sherri straightened her posture and said, "I want to put myself forward for an opportunity to study abroad. I don't need any special perks or financial assistance. I am willing to cover the expenses myself. All I ask for is a chance to expand my knowledge and skills."

After silence, the Director rose with a hint of confusion and placed a hand on Sherri's forehead, checking for a temperature. "You're not running a fever. What's gotten into you today? What's this sudden request all about?"

Sherri playfully jostled the Director's arm. "Boss, can you help me apply for the program? I genuinely have a thirst for learning and improving. Money and benefits mean nothing to me. I want to broaden my horizons, Is there any possibility?"

The Director observed the sincerity in Sherri's expression. Although she was usually cheerful and lighthearted, her dedication and professionalism regarding her work were not denied.

Continuing the conversation, the Director inquired, "Isn't this because of Mrs. Wilson from the surgery department that you want to go!"

During a recent meeting, several Directors discussed the allocation of slots for the overseas program. She was well aware of the strong bond between Sherri and Natalie.

This sudden desire to go abroad seemed out of the ordinary, leading the Director to consider this a possible reason.

"No, it's not because of Mrs. Wilson. Our friendship remains steadfast, even across great distances. I genuinely want to elevate my skills and broaden my knowledge.

The statement held about two-thirds of the truth. Without the unexpected arrival of her child, Sherri had never seriously considered going abroad with Natalie.

However, given the current circumstances in her home country, Sherri knew that if her family found out, Juana would undoubtedly pressure the child's father and ultimately force her to undergo an abortion.

For safety, it seemed wiser to complete the pregnancy before returning

The Director appeared somewhat conflicted. "Unfortunately, the list has already been finalized and submitted. I could have advocated for you if you had approached me earlier. But it wouldn't be fair to remove someone without a legitimate reason, especially when they are equally deserving. You were a bit late in expressing your interest, and they had already decided. What can I say?"

The Director spoke honestly, as the list had been confirmed and submitted before lunchtime. It was a done deal. Sherri felt a pang of disappointment and let out a sigh. "Can't they make an exception and add one more spot?"

The Director responded, "What do you think? The available slots are limited each year, and it's not an easy feat to secure one. Our hospital already has the highest number of slots allocated. Instead of dwelling on it, focus on your work and aim for next year. I'll make sure to reserve a spot for you."

Sherri walked out of the office in a daze, swaying as she went to Natalie's office. She half-leaned on a chair with a downcast expression, tilting her head back.

Upon seeing her like this, Natalie immediately guessed the outcome. "They didn't agree, did they?"

Sherri nodded silently, her voice subdued.

Natalie rested her chin on her hand, thinking hard. Her eyes blinked rapidly as she brainstormed ideas. "Maybe you could talk to Edward again and see if there's any way to squeeze in an extra slot."

Sherri sat up straight, clasping her chin with both hands and propping them on the desk. Her gaze was vacant, lost in deep

thought. "It's so frustrating. Is there any way to secure an additional slot without relying on Edward?"

Natalie urged her to focus on work and offered comforting reassurance. "Where there's a will, there's a way. Let's keep pondering it while we carry on with our duties."

As the end of the workday approached, Sherri's mood sank to a shallow point, and her complexion took on a slightly unnerving appearance.

Natalie felt a surge of concern as she asked, "Sherri, is something bothering you? You seem uneasy."

Initially, she planned to visit the Wilson's residence later that evening, hoping to brainstorm and find a solution. With no reliable help available, she reluctantly considered seeking assistance from Mr. Wilson himself, hoping to repay the favor

later on

Sherri responded sullenly. "I told Edward that I'm pregnant."

Natalie quickly assessed the surroundings and suggested. "Come on. Let's get in the car. Lately, she hadn't been driving much as Sherri didn't enjoy riding on a motorcycle, fearing it would mess up her hair. So, it made sense for Natalie to take the wheel, providing her with convenient transportation to and from work.

As they settled into the car. Natalie couldn't help but question, "But I thought you didn't plan on telling Edward. What changed your mind?"

Resting her arm on the car window, Sherri contemplated with a gloomy expression. "I thought about it this afternoon. It's impossible to keep it a secret from Juana, and Edward is wise enough to see through any lies. If I were to go abroad and he came to visit me, I couldn't keep avoiding him forever. Plus, my growing belly would eventually give it away. And considering the current circumstances, where going abroad is not an option, it would be even harder to conceal it for long. So, I'm considering asking him to help me secure an additional slot, prioritizing the immediate issue."

Natalie was filled with a sense of helplessness, berating herself for her lack of usefulness in the situation. She couldn't bear the thought of being unable to contribute and support Sherri.

Sherri turned her gaze toward Natalie, her voice filled with concern and caution, "Are you planning to approach Trevon or Theo if I don't ask Edward for help? Please, don't do that. I don't want you to get caught up in their affairs because of me."

Caught off guard, Natalie couldn't hide her true thoughts any longer and responded firmly. "I understand. I won't do it. I'm not that desperate."

Lately, she felt an overwhelming sense of vulnerability, perhaps intensified by her pregnancy.

She couldn't continue like this. While she and Sherri tirelessly dealt with their problems, the real culprits enjoyed their carefree lives without consequences. It wasn't fair.

Natalie meticulously reviewed her plans, considering every angle and exploring all possibilities.

Meanwhile, at the Sullivan family,

Michael anxiously paced back and forth in the living room, ascending and descending the stairs. His daughter was still peacefully napping, and he hesitated to disturb her.

However, the situation had taken a severe turn. Mr. Wilson abruptly halted all projects involving the Sullivan and the Wilson families. He couldn't fathom what had provoked this influential figure, and if things continued down this path, their company would be forced to declare bankruptcy within a week.

Beads of cold sweat formed on his forehead, casting anxious glances toward the staircase.

Fortunately, after about twenty minutes, Mia finally emerged from her afternoon nap. It was 5:03 PM. when she descended the stairs, her feet clad in slippers and a loosely draped coat.

Upon noticing her father's distressful gaze, she couldn't help but ask impatiently. "What's going on now?"

Michael didn't mince words as he truthfully replied. "Mia, did you happen to offend Mr. Wilson! All the projects involving the Wilson family have been abruptly halted, and there hasn't been any progress for several days. Once the Wilson family's projects stopped, others who heard about it also started terminating their contracts. If this continues, our company won't survive for more than a few days. Did you try calling Mr. Wilson?"

As soon as the projects were suspended, Michael immediately reached out to Mia, hoping she could shed some light on the situation or find a possible solution.

The topic at hand only added to Mia's frustration. She attempted to contact Mr. Wilson, but he had not answered her calls. Eventually, she discovered that he had purposefully blocked her number.

This had been gnawing at her for days, fueling her frustration. "What can I do? Can't you just ask Joy for help? I'm sure Henry could easily assign us a project to revive the company"

Michael sighed in resignation "Joy has already made it clear. Hackett is calling the shots in this family now. She told me to approach him if I had any issues. But you know Hackett, he's always unpredictable. Talking to him won't make a difference. Maybe you should consider approaching Mr. Wilson directly and ask him."

Mia rubbed her throbbing temples. "Fine, I'll go to the Wilson Group tomorrow."

Michael finally felt relief from Mia's decision, easing his previously anxious mind.

Lately, for reasons unknown, she had been plagued by profound exhaustion. Weariness clung to her like a relentless shadow even after an afternoon's nap.

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In the evening, upon returning to Evergreen Gardens,

Natalie swiftly made her way into the kitchen. Sherri typically refrained from making onion soup due to Juana's fear of kitchen disasters. Natalie was pregnant and shouldn't be burdened with all the cooking responsibilities, relying solely on her.

Spotting Natalie's entrance into the kitchen, Sherri instinctively grabbed an apron and asked, as she tied it around herself, "What can I do to help?"

Natalie, who was busy washing vegetables, looked at her, puzzled. "What are you up to?"

With an earnest gaze, Sherri replied. "I'll be your sous chef

Having washed and dried her hands. Natalie gently ushered her out of the kitchen door. "I don't need you in the kitchen. Go and catch up on your drama. I'll manage just fine Your presence in the kitchen would only distract me."

Sherri felt awkward and said, "So, I guess I'll just settle for a ready-made meal? I'd feel utterly embarrassed"

Natalie rolled her eyes at Sherri, who leaned against the kitchen doorway. "Now you're concerned about feeling embarrassed? When did you become so considerate? Come on, hurry up and get out of here. Close the door behind you. and don't disrupt my cooking process."

"Alright. Sherri glanced at Natalie, who was busy washing her hands and preparing the soup in the kitchen. She truly admired Natalie Why did someone as hardworking and deserving of happiness as she have to endure so much hardship? If only fate would show some kindness.

Before he left. Mr. Foster had hoped to find reliable support, a lifelong companion for Natalie. But things didn't go as planned, and now everything had turned into a mess.



If Mr. Wilson found out, he would probably force Natalie to have an abortion. No wonder Natalie insisted so strongly on keeping it a secret.

But what about herself Before, she believed that Juana would push her to have an abortion, but now, upon reflection, she realizes that if Joy were to find out about this, it could lead to an entirely different outcome.

There was a high probability that Hackett would have been pressured into marrying her, so it was an absolute secret that could not be revealed. A loveless marriage would have meant simply settling for a life of convenience and compromise. Even though it was often said that love was a luxury in life, and one could manage without it, she couldn't settle for that. Having severed ties with Hackett, she had to bear the relentless scolding from Juana, who didn't hold back in pointing out her flaws, both overtly and subtly. Meanwhile, Joy was marketing her son, subtly conveying that their chances were slim.

In essence, the prospective future son-in-law she had envisioned had fled.

Sitting on the sofa, she savored a few bites of avocado, her mind drifting far away.

The sudden ringtone rudely interrupted her, and upon glancing at the caller ID, she grew slightly anxious. It was Edward on the line Inhaling deeply, she answered, feigning a fragile tone. "Edward."

Sensing the heaviness in her voice, Edward restrained his impulse to unleash his frustrations and swallowed his words instead. "What's the matter? Are you feeling unwell?"

Sherri continued with her charade, "Hmm, I'm tired but not sure what's wrong. I've been feeling a bit off since this afternoon."

Meanwhile, Natalie continued cooking in the kitchen, blissfully unaware of the theatrical performance unfolding in the living room.

After exchanging words on the call, he couldn't ignore that she was his sister. Edward decided to visit her. Sherri, playing the role of the meek one, politely requested his presence for dinner, emphasizing Natalie's culinary skills.

Because Edward sincerely appreciated Natalie's culinary skills, using this approach seemed the only way to alleviate his anger, even a little bit.

A good meal might help improve the overall mood.

That was a certainty in her mind.

With that in mind, she rose from her seat and headed toward the kitchen, pushing open the swinging door. Approaching Natalie, who was earnestly cooking, she asked, "How much macaroni did you put in

Natalie, puzzled, responded, "Hmm? Is someone coming?"

"Yes, Edward is coming."

Natalie contemplated her preparations and nodded. "It should be sufficient. I made some extra macaroni and cheese, originally planning it for dinner. So, I'll whip up a few more dishes."

An hour later, a spread of delicious food adorned the table, covered to keep it warm.

Natalie hastily removed her apron, hanging it behind the door, and headed straight to her room, where she promptly turned on her computer.

Sherri was a bit perplexed but followed her into the room. She watched Natalie, wholly engrossed in typing at the computer, and asked, "What are you up to? Do you have some hospital documents to attend to?"

Natalie didn't lift her gaze from the computer screen, a slight smirk appearing on her lips. I'm seeking revenge."

Sherri grew even more puzzled. Wasn't she supposed to go and physically confront someone? How does a computer seek revenge? How does that even work?

Perplexed, she grabbed a nearby chair and sat down, joining Natalie in staring at the screen. Yet, a myriad of posts sprawled across the display, teeming with phrases like swaggering troublemakers, love's betrayal trackers, top-notch market plunderers, and desperation feeding the canines. She wondered what all this fuss was about.

"What on earth is all this? What's the purpose of this website? Could it be your daredevil racing buddies?"

Natalie turned to Sherri, her face filled with confusion. She patiently explained, "This website is specifically for taking on assignments. They handle investigations and exposes as a one-stop service. Damon, the head of this website, rarely takes on tasks. Just look at his acceptance rate. He only takes a few assignments each year. But any job that he does accept receives rave reviews. He's known for completely crushing anyone you want revenge on, leaving them metaphorically flattened on the ground. However, his services come at a higher price, and he specializes in handling difficult missions. Our case might not meet his criteria, to be honest."

Sherri was taken aback and couldn't fathom the existence of such a website. Despite being around for so long, she had never encountered it. It made her question whether she needed to catch up with the current trends.

Amidst her astonishment. Sherri still hadn't fully grasped the situation. "Natalie, how did you even find out about this

website?"

Natalie didn't hold back and replied, "Mr. Foster told me about it. But I never really had any use for it until now."

Apart from dealing with her scumbag dad, she hadn't encountered anyone else who deserved such measures, so she never needed to explore such websites. Besides, Mr. Foster was always there to keep scumbag dad in check, shielding her from any disturbances..

She had initially intended to handle this matter later in the evening. However, she was still determining the duration of the thought education session with Edward during dinner. If it stretched on for too long, she would miss the cutoff time for placing the orders.

It was pretty peculiar. She thought such a website even had specific order timings. They stopped accepting orders after 11 PM, allowing time for order tallying and maintaining their financial records. Their dedication to efficiency might be the reason for their longstanding success.

Without wasting any time, Natalie swiftly placed two orders online. She set the price at 10 thousand dollars per order, as her situation was simple and could be quickly resolved with a simple investigation. It seemed unnecessary to set a higher price. She submitted the charges with a clear indication of their simplicity.

If no one accepted the orders, she considered increasing the price.

The need for safety primarily drove the decision to spend the money. Placing an order on this website offered an assurance of complete confidentiality, regardless of the scale of the assignment. This unwavering commitment to preserving client privacy might have been another critical factor in the website's success.

The preservation of customer information was held in high regard, with stringent measures in place to ensure its utmost security.

Sherri started to comprehend the situation to some extent. However, her voice suddenly rose the next moment, "Natalie, look! Damon has accepted the orders!"

Natalie was left speechless for a moment. It contradicted her earlier statement that Damon, being the best of the best, would never accept such tasks. What had happened? Had he experienced a change of heart or encountered financial difficulties? Was he now accepting even lower-level assignments like hers? The situation baffled her.

Were they that desperate for money?

Sherri was still in a state of excitement, shaking Natalie's arm.

Natalie gently touched Sherri's trembling hand and reassured her, "I saw it too, Sherri. Let me double-check with him to ensure it's not a mistake." She couldn't fathom why someone as confident as Damon would agree to take Sherri's case.

She typed a brief message in the order details. "Hello, are you certain you didn't make an error?"

There was a moment of silence, and after waiting for five minutes, both of them grew increasingly anxious, thinking it was indeed an error. Then, typing indicator appeared on the screen. Finally, a response appeared. "No, I've accepted your order. I need to confirm two things. First, do you want me to expose Emily's personal life as a daily trending topic? And second, should I leak explicit videos of Mia with the project leader?"

Sherri was utterly amazed, her admiration for her best friend reaching new heights. Little did she know that Natalie had been scheming behind the scenes all this time. No wonder there had been no recent activity. This was a meticulously crafted plan, waiting for the perfect moment to deliver a crushing blow to the budding relationship between Max and Emily. She could only hope that her expectations wouldn't be dashed.

As for Mia, it was all too evident that if such information were to surface, she would undoubtedly withdraw from the project, enduring significant damage to her reputation. It was solely his prerogative regarding how Mr. Wilson would handle the fallout.

Their retribution was now set in motion.

With conviction, Natalie typed two words on the screen, "Confirmed, no need for explicit content, just a few subtly suggestive photos."

Following the guidance of Mr. Foster, Natalie proceeded to transfer half of the agreed-upon deposit to his platform account. A confirmation message appeared on the screen, indicating that the desired results would be delivered the next day.

Sherri exclaimed in amazement, "This is incredible! Is it placing the order today and getting results tomorrow? What kind of organization is this? It's mind-blowing!"

Natalie, feeling quite pleased, shrugged her shoulders. "A competent organization is a commendable one. They go by the name Velocity Expeditions."

Sherri nodded in agreement, her anticipation for the results growing.

However, there was something peculiar about the name of the website. It had an odd ring to it.

If the expected outcome were achieved, the investment of 20 thousand dollars would undoubtedly be worth it, and Natalie would even be willing to pay 100 thousand dollars for such remarkable results.

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After completing their orders, the two of them remained inside the room, exchanging laughter and banter while eagerly awaiting the arrival of Edward

A few minutes later, they heard some commotion at the door.

Natalie nudged Sherri beside her, urging her to get up and suggesting going out for a meal first.

Now feeling a hint of unease, Sherri found her smile freezing on her face. "Natalie, I suddenly feel a bit lightheaded. Please tell Edward that I'm not feeling well"

Natalie raised an eyebrow, her thoughts racing. "She's going to pull off this act?"

But realizing Sherri's genuine fear, Natalie decided to play along and not expose her ruse.

She powered down the computer, set it aside, and made her way out of the room. As she caught sight of the man's shoulders, still glistening with water droplets, "Has it been raining outside?"

Edward's voice, as soothing as ever, filled the room. "Yeah, it's pouring out there. Thankfully, I parked the car in the basement, so it didn't get wet."

Natalie swiftly entered the bathroom, retrieved a dry towel, and offered it to Edward. "Here, give yourself a quick wipe. Your clothes seem to have gotten a little damp."

Edward accepted the towel with a smile, using it to pat dry his shoulders. He then turned around and inquired, "Is my back

wet?"

She took the towel from his hands and gently dried his back without hesitation. "All taken care of"

Edward seemed momentarily puzzled but quickly regained his composure. He asked. "And what about Sherri?"

Knowing that she couldn't deceive Edward, known for his kindness and honesty. "Um, well, Sherri isn't feeling well."

Upon hearing her answer, Edward immediately grasped the situation. He called out to the guest room, his voice firm and resolute. "Sherri, you have one minute to come out or face the consequences"

Sherri swiftly recovered from her illness and dashed out of the room, calling out in a low voice, "Edward," with her head bowed to convey her acknowledgment of wrongdoing, much like a repentant child.

Natalie stepped in to defuse the impending explosion, attempting to alleviate the tension. "Why don't we grab a bite and have a detailed conversation afterward?"

Edward shot Sherri a stern glance. "We'll discuss this later."

Behind Edward, Sherri gestured to Natalie, silently conveying that she would be saved later. Natalie couldn't help but think that she might also face a lecture. After all, crossing a muddy river was no easy feat. She shrugged her shoulders, accepting the situation.

Unbeknownst to Edward, the two girls engaged in a silent mime performance behind him.

Natalie put great effort into her evening cooking, showcasing her culinary prowess.

A subtle haze of tension dissipated as Edward laid eyes on the table laden with an array of mouthwatering dishes. Grilled salmon fillet, grilled steak, roasted turkey, buttered lobster, garden salad with ranch dressing, creamy potato soup. The extensive menu offered ample portions to satiate their hunger.

Sherri secretly observed Edward's expression, noting a slight easing of his demeanor. It brought her a small sense of relief, reaffirming the power of Natalie's culinary prowess in defusing tense situations.

Natalie warmly beckoned Edward. "Please help yourself to more."

Edward shook his head, a soft smile playing on his lips. "You girls are using sugary ammunition on me, aren't you? Is that man who impregnated Sherri, not a decent person?"

Sherri fell into a stunned silence.

Natalie was left speechless.

Sherri tried to diminish her presence, bowing her head and slowly picking at her food, counting each morsel she brought to her mouth. As long as Edward remained silent, the meal would lose its savory appeal.

Natalie felt the weight of responsibility pressing on her. She couldn't let Sherri take all the blame or make decisions on her behalf. She found herself caught in a dilemma.

Determined, she decided to address the issue directly and shoulder the responsibility herself. "Edward, I need to come clean about something. I'm the one who should be held accountable for what happened to Sherri"

Sherri wanted to speak up in her defense, but a meaningful look from Natalie silenced her.

Assuming that Natalie was defending Sherri, Edward refrained from speaking up.

Natalie continued, "On January 2nd. I went to the Foster family to retrieve my late mother's belongings. Sherri insisted on accompanying me, fearing for my safety. However, we were unknowingly subjected to a malicious act. The culprit tampered with the entire table, drugging all the guests, including older people and children. We let our guard down, and as a result, we lost consciousness. During that time, I failed to protect Sherri. It's entirely my fault."

She chose not to disclose to Edward that Mia was behind this incident. After all, the matter had been resolved, and they eagerly anticipated the outcome the following day.

Edward had yet to anticipate this explanation. He assumed Sherri had brought a child from some reckless affair. If that were the case, he would also share the responsibility for not caring for them properly. Upon his return, he had been preoccupied. with company matters, neglecting to offer sufficient care and attention to the two girls, ultimately leading to the current situation.

Now that Sherri was affected, and Natalie... The realization struck him, causing a moment of hesitation before he mustered the courage to ask.

"So... were you affected too? Are you alright?"

Each passing moment seemed to stretch as he tightly gripped his fork, holding his breath in anticipation.

Natalie struggled to find the right words, pausing briefly to collect her thoughts. She had always regarded Edward as an older brother figure, imbued with a sense of reverence. She wanted to carefully choose her words before responding.

Sherri couldn't contain her urgency as she hastily interjected, "Yes, Natalie is pregnant too. We're both expecting."

A thunderous roar reverberated through Edward's mind, leaving him stunned and motionless. It felt as if his soul had been wrenched from his body. His gaze remained fixed on the girl before him, desperately seeking confirmation in her expression.

He moistened his parched lips and felt a constriction in his throat. "Is what... Sherri saying, truly happening?"

Now it was Natalie's turn to resemble a child caught in a transgression. She lowered her head, her fork idly twirling in her hand, and gave a solemn nod.

As the weight of the revelation settled upon Edward, a suffocating sensation enveloped his chest. Though he was not an avid smoker, he stood up to gather his thoughts and maintain a facade of composure. "I need some fresh air. I'll step out onto the balcony. You two continue eating."

Edward pushed the balcony door open, seeking solace and a moment to gather his emotions in solitude.

Left alone in the dining room, the two girls exchanged perplexed glances, unsure how to proceed. They shared a common understanding. Edward's apparent anger stemmed from both of them being pregnant. Their minds were consumed with the belief that he was struggling to accept this unexpected news without delving into other possibilities.

Feeling a sense of unease, they found it difficult to continue eating without Edward's presence. Instead, they chose to wait for

him.

Sherri turned her gaze toward Edward, who was engrossed in his cigarette on the balcony. Then, she leaned toward Natalie and asked, "Do you think Edward will confront us later?"

Natalie shook her head, witnessing Edward in such a distracted state for the first time. It was genuinely uncertain what actions he might take next. All they could do was wait for his return and gauge his reaction. Hence, she shook her head, indicating her lack of certainty.

Sherri slumped back in her chair, deflated like a balloon losing air. "What do we do now? If Edward refuses to help, it will be quite a predicament. I truly wish that Mia would also face the consequences, but not at the hands of Trevon. Let her taste the helplessness we're experiencing That vindictive woman."

Natalie concurred wholeheartedly. That woman had no moral boundaries, showing no mercy to the young or the elderly. At this point, she was too overwhelmed to care about anyone else. Natalie knew she wasn't perfect, struggling to navigate her life's complexities.

Life was a jumble of complications.

After a brief pause,

Edward regained his composure, returning to his usual refined and composed demeanor. He calmly sat as if nothing had transpired and casually inquired, "What are your intentions moving forward?"

He casually speared a piece of food with his fork while posing a fair question.

However, his discontent was palpable as he ate, indicating a lack of pleasure in the dining experience.

Both girls perked up instantly upon being addressed. Natalie took the initiative, asserting, "I've decided to keep."

Edward's hand slowed its movement as he delicately picked up a piece of food, his throat tightening as he swallowed. There was a hint of emptiness in his eyes, "Have you considered telling that man?"

Natalie paused, momentarily taken aback by the inquiry, before regaining her composure. The child is mine, and he has no connection to it. I desire to have a family of my own."

Edward's response burst forth before he could contain it, his voice filled with hope and desperation, "We can be your family if you wish 1

Sensing Edward's building excitement. Sherri hastily interjected, "Edward, Natalie wishes to have a blood relative, a family of her own. She doesn't want to be alone"

Edward yearned to assure her she wouldn't be alone and could have a family whenever desired.

But he understood Natalie's strong-willed nature. Once she had decided, it was nearly impossible to sway her. She possessed

inwavered determination that others' words couldn't easily influence.

Edward refrained from any further persuasion.

He discreetly tightened his grip on the hand under the table and turned his attention to Sherri "And what about you? Do you have any plans to keep it as well"

Sherri w

momentarily stunned, unused to Edward's genuine interest in her desires. Juana had long dictated their familial mics, with Edward acting as the authoritative figure. The decisions were made without much consultation, assuming what was best for her had already been determined. However, at that moment, she couldn't help but recall the genuine care and occasional warmth Edward had shown her over the years.

Edward, noticing her hesitation, perused with a touch of impatience "Come on, don't be tongue-tied"

Sherri took a deep breath, contemplating Edward's past acts of kindness. Although he could be strict with her, she recognized his underlying care and concern. "I think I want to keep it."

Edward wasn't surprised by Sherri's decision. He had long known her kind-hearted nature and her passion for newborns, so he had anticipated this outcome. He had seen how she treated other people's children with the utmost care, never willing to harm even a hair on their heads. It was only natural that she would make such a choice for her child.

It seemed tasteless as Edward looked at the table filled with delicious food. He put down his fork and gently rubbed his temples. "Alright, I understand. You've grown up, and it's not my place to make all your decisions. When it comes to important matters in life, it's your call. But I hope you've thought it through thoroughly and won't regret your choice. Being a single mother is far from easy, and it should not be taken lightly."

It was

a moment of rare patience and understanding from Edward as he spoke to Sherri. For the first time, he was letting go and allowing her to make her own decisions. Natalie couldn't help but notice that Edward and Sherri's eyes were moist, reflecting the weight of their emotions and the significance of this moment.

They conversed for half an hour, and Edward barely touched his food before abruptly leaving. As he reached the doorway, his hand hesitated on the doorknob, and he left them with a parting statement.



I'll handle your plans of going abroad later tonight. Please be careful and avoid any slip-ups with Juana. I'll gradually break the news to her without causing unnecessary distress

Natalie's eyes welled up with tears, observing Edward's departure, while Sherri, overcome by emotion, began to sob inconsolably.

"Natalie, do you think Edward is deeply disappointed in me? I could sense his heaviness when he walked away." Natalie held her close, offering comfort without uttering a word, as both of them

recognized the profound sadness that resonated with Edward's departure. They were acutely aware of their immaturity and the need for growth

## [Chapter 85](#)

The night was enveloped in eerie darkness, with a calm stillness that echoed through the empty streets. The frigid air seemed to deter most pedestrians from venturing, leaving the path lonely and quiet.

The shimmering stars cast their faint light upon the sleek front of Edward's Ferrari, creating a mesmerizing display of twinkling white against the backdrop of swaying trees.

Edward's gaze remained fixed upon the illuminated 28th floor of the building, its glaring lights piercing through the night. A profound sense of pain gripped his chest, making it difficult to comprehend or accept what lay beyond those luminous windows.

After half an hour, he reached for his phone and dialed Kyle's number. "Where are you, Kyle?"

Hanging up the phone, he ignited the engine, propelling his car toward the destination Kyle had mentioned.

Edward arrived at Kyle's apartment in no time and stopped by the supermarket downstairs to buy a pack of cigarettes.

Having been there numerous times before, he knew the password to Kyle's apartment. Despite their professional hierarchy at work, they had developed a close friendship outside of office hours.

Kyle couldn't contain his curiosity as Edward walked in with a sad look. "Did the confession not go well?"

Being intelligent and wise, he knew that workplace matters alone wouldn't leave Edward so utterly defeated. After all, they had been together for years, and he had a good sense of who Edward was.

Even in the face of project failures, he had never seen Edward in such a lifeless state.

The only conclusion he could draw was that Edward had been rejected by the girl he liked.

Edward slumped onto the sofa, tugging at the corner of his lips with a hint of sarcasm. "Well, isn't it just perfect that my confession failed? Have you got any alcohol? Let's have a drink. It looks like I'll be crashing at your place tonight." He didn't even get a chance to confess, and now the girl he had feelings for was already pregnant. He had yet to learn who he had been defeated by.

Kyle didn't rush to respond and nonchalantly shrugged. "Sure. Any preference for something strong?"

"Sure"

Kyle thought that Edward must be seeking solace in alcohol, seeking comfort in their friendship.

Well, that's what buddies are for.

In no time, Kyle returned with a bottle of strong liquor and two glasses, sitting beside Edward. He poured each glass to the brim.

After downing one glass, Kyle calmly said, "Before we indulge, let's call Juana so she doesn't have to wait all night."

Edward, consumed by his pent-up emotions, had forgotten about that. He was solely focused on finding an outlet for his frustrations

They quickly made a call to Juana, with the excuse that they had to meet a client in the evening and wouldn't be coming home. As soon as work was mentioned, Juana couldn't resist the urge to first complain about Richard, and then offered understanding advice to her son about taking care of himself.

Once Edward hung up the phone, Kyle spoke up, "Feeling down? Share it with me. Consider me your emotional dumping ground."

Kyle was known for his bluntness, so he had no reservations about admitting his feelings for her during their time at the pizza restaurant.

Edward took another sip of his drink, lit a cigarette, and held it delicately between his fingers. The taste of nicotine failed to dispel the agitation in his heart. "She's pregnant.

This revelation caught Kyle off guard. He recalled their conversation at the restaurant, where he had urged Edward not to let the opportunity slip away. Edward had mentioned that she was too young, but now it seemed they had not only missed the chance, but she was already pregnant. Clearly, the situation was far more complicated than just having a boyfriend.

Kyle asked earnestly. "So, she's getting married? No chance to confess?"

Edward stubbed out his cigarette, a hint of bitterness lingering. He rubbed his aching temples and replied, "She doesn't have a boyfriend."

Kyle thought of a term. "A one-night stand" Was the girl Edward liked that promiscuous? She didn't strike him as that type.

Edward tossed a tissue at him, staunchly defending her reputation despite her pregnancy. "What are you thinking? She's not that kind of person. Someone must have spiked her drink."

Kyle raised an eyebrow. "But isn't it still considered a one-night stand? What's the difference?" As someone who had never been in a romantic relationship, he couldn't fathom the distinction.

They both happened in one night. Wasn't that what a one-night stand was? Was there some other term for it?

Perhaps a little intoxicated, Edward found himself opening up more than usual. He said, "I always thought she was too young, so I held back, thinking I could wait a bit longer. But now, I don't even have

a chance to confess. The girl I've liked for so long is pregnant Yet, I always considered her too young. How ironic."

Kyle shook his head in resignation, his curiosity getting the best of him. Edward's feelings for her seemed to have lasted much longer than just a year or two. "How long have you liked her?"

Edward shook his head, a wistful smile on his face. Instead of providing an exact timeframe, he began to share a hidden secret from his heart. "We've been childhood friends. She was Sherri's classmate since we were little, from elementary school, middle school, high school, and even college. It's quite a remarkable connection. Sherri liked her and always brought her home to play. She was mature and polite. Even Juana, who's not easily pleased, adored her. How could I resist? Ever since we were young, I've been drawn to her. I think it was around when she turned 15 that I realized I had feelings for her. And now, it's been eight years. Eight years of not being able to gather the courage to confess. And now, I don't even have a chance. It feels like a failure. I deserve to lose her." With those words, he downed a drink, his voice becoming slightly husky.

Even Kyle, despite his sharpness, hadn't anticipated the depth to which Edward had concealed his feelings. Eight years of unrequited love. What kind of love could withstand such endurance? Was it Edward's remarkable ability to hide his emotions, or was Miss Foster simply oblivious to his affections, failing to see what was right in front of her?

Ultimately, it was Edward who had missed his chance. The outcome might have been different if he dared to speak up earlier. Now, not even a sliver of opportunity remained.

If Edward were to make another confession now, it would be a two-for-one deal.

Kyle couldn't help but recall a quote he had come across in a video recently. "I love you, but you have no idea. When I wanted to share this secret with you, you had already married someone else."

But now, it wasn't about marrying someone else. It was about becoming a mother.

Perhaps this was one of the most tragic and heart-wrenching love stories.

Kyle sighed and couldn't help but say to Edward, "I warned you earlier. You insisted on keeping everything bottled up, hiding your true feelings."

Damon, known for his swift actions, lived up to the name of his organization. Velocity Expeditions. The speed was genuinely

remarkable.

The next day....

The news spread like wildfire, plastering the headlines with revelations about Emily. Photos surfaced from her high school days, showing her in ambiguous situations with the affluent elite of Athana. There were even scandalous pictures of her entering and leaving hotels with men during her college years. Natalie, showing mercy, refrained from pursuing the release of more explicit photos. After all, she was Mr. Foster's granddaughter, and she couldn't be too ruthless, preserving a semblance of dignity for her.

It shattered her aspirations of rising like a phoenix to new heights. It seemed unlikely that she would find any high-quality suitors in the future, and the Wilson family would certainly never accept her.

Following closely behind was another piece of news, undoubtedly about Mia.

The news revealed the factual background of Mia. She was linked to the Sullivan family. She was claimed to be the niece of Joy from the influential Blackwell family. Earning the fondness of Henry, she

had chosen to adopt the name Mia Blackwell. However, it was unveiled that she wasn't the Blackwell family's biological granddaughter.

To make matters worse, photos revealed Mia's flirtatious behavior with the project manager from the previous bidding project. Although there were no explicit captions, they were placed beneath the news article about her questionable status as a genuine Blackwell family member. Those with keen eyes could easily decipher the implications. In this modern and progressive era, people's minds are adept at filling in the gaps, often indulging in vivid speculations.

The comment section was already buzzing with discussions. Mia was currently a trending topic with a higher popularity than Emily, mainly due to her prominent status as a supposed granddaughter of the Blackwell family. The more famous one becomes, the more scrutiny and opinions they attract. As a minor character, Emily had no intention of creating a major uproar. She was merely the catalyst, while Mia played the role of the puppet master behind the scenes.

"Damn, Mia is truly despicable. She's already Joy's niece, yet she insists on adopting the Blackwell surname."

\*Could Mia be having an affair with the project manager? And isn't she connected to that other person? Does this mean the bidding for the project was biased?"

"Yeah, you know what? I heard that the other day, that person won the bid. Could it be because of some special relationship

with Mia!"

In Athana, even when people were discussing sensitive matters, they avoided using direct names. They would resort to using euphemisms or cryptic references.

Hardly anyone dared to discuss Trevon openly.

Unbeknownst to Natalie, her actions had caught Trevon off guard as well. Due to Mia's connections, some individuals who did not win the bid gathered the courage to demand a review and a fair re-bidding process. This was in response to murmurs and behind-the-scenes complaints from influential figures who were well-endowed. Feeling somewhat helpless, the leadership eventually conducted a thorough investigation.

Naturally, they had discreetly approached Trevon beforehand to seek his insights.

They knew the importance of maintaining a harmonious relationship with such a powerful man and didn't want to risk offending him.

## [Chapter 86](#)

The sky was veiled in a haze, casting a grayish hue, while the Sullivan family blazed with lights, illuminating the surroundings as if it were daytime.

Michael paced anxiously in the living room, sweat dripping down his forehead. Mia, in a fit of rage, swept everything off the coffee table, sending objects crashing to the floor. The once pristine living room now lay in disarray, with items strewn haphazardly in every corner.

Mia's fiery temperament caught Michael off guard, but he quickly composed himself and said, "Mia, perhaps you should reach out to Mr. Wilson. Your name is plastered all over the internet in these news articles, and it's detrimental to your future. You've worked tirelessly to build a reputation during your years abroad, and we can't let it crumble now."

Mia was well aware of the gravity of the situation. She couldn't afford to be affected by it. Years of relentless effort would be

in vain

Her opportunity to pursue dance overseas had been orchestrated by Henry, who had paved the way for her to achieve remarkable success and garner numerous awards. The reasons behind her accomplishments were known to those in the

know.

Michael would never have attained such a position based solely on his abilities.

It was thanks to the unwavering favor of Henry that she had received preferential treatment. She had even taken the initiative to secretly study psychology, gaining insight into Henry's mind and winning his heart. In the presence of Henry, when he was still alive, Mia had tearfully appealed to him, confessing her growing affection for Trevon. However, Trevon, being aloof and unapproachable, did not allow anyone to get close to him. Mia hoped that Henry would intervene and play the role of matchmaker.

Unable to resist Mia's persistent charms, Henry eventually yielded to her pleas and reluctantly approached Trevon.

Mia vividly remembered the day when Henry invited Trevon to their home for dinner, although Hackett was also present.

Henry displayed exceptional warmth during the meal, although he seemed slightly embarrassed as he ventured, "Trevon, you must be around 20 years old now, am I correct?"

Trevon, lacking emotional intelligence, didn't catch the insinuation. But Hackett, who had experienced an early romance, laughed and remarked, "Henry, are you playing matchmaker for Trevon? Are you aspiring to be a professional matchmaker?"

Henry sternly shot Hackett, "I'm merely considering that Trevon is of a suitable age to start dating. Don't think I don't know about your multiple girlfriends, changing them like socks."

Hackett, quick with his words, quipped back, "Well, why not let him have a taste of the dating scene? Maybe he'll find the perfect granddaughter-in-law for you"

Henry couldn't be bothered by Hackett's banter and focused on Trevon's face. The young and reserved Trevon, catching the intense scrutiny, finally grasped the underlying meaning.

With polite manners, Trevon responded, "Mr. Blackwell, I haven't considered pursuing a romantic relationship at this time."

Hackett, chewing on his food, couldn't help but chuckle at Trevon's reply, fully anticipating it.

Sitting beside them, Mia grew increasingly anxious, her fingers curling and tightly gripping her pants, silently urging Henry

to intervene.

Henry shook his head, acknowledging Mia's sincere fondness for Trevon. With a blend of resignation and honesty, he expressed, "Trevon, finish your meal first. Afterward, join me for a few rounds of chess. And Hackett, I'd like you to run an errand once you're done eating."

Reluctantly, Hackett consented, though he couldn't help but wonder why his grandfather insisted on sending him out when plenty of drivers and servants were available. It was evident that his grandfather intended to keep him away.

Reluctant to face the consequences of defying family authority, Hackett reluctantly gave in.

Upon his return, Hackett observed Mia casting enamored glances at Trevon while Henry smiled, satisfied and pleased.

When they left the Blackwell family, Hackett discovered Henry's earnest plea to Trevon. He had asked Trevon to give a relationship with Mia a chance, assuring him they could end it if it didn't work out

However, Hackett had experienced several relationships and had a different perspective. He knew that it would be hard to shake her off thoroughly once a woman like Mia got attached.

As Hackett had predicted, within a week of dating, Trevon had already mentioned breaking up multiple times. However, Mia vehemently refused and even resorted to crying in front of Henry. This pattern persisted for over a year.

It wasn't until the year Trevon made up his mind to join the military that no amount of persuasion from family members could change his decision.

Even Mia's closest friends and Michael advised her to leave Trevon, warning her that joining the military would mean Max

taking over the company and a bleak future for her.

Mia finally took their advice to heart.

However, life was unpredictable, and Mia never imagined that Max would be such a disappointment, incapable of achieving anything substantial. Even if Theo and Henry had such intentions, Max might not have possessed the necessary skills and capabilities.

Recalling the past events, Mia couldn't help but harbor some resentment toward Michael.

He had persistently urged her to end her relationship with Trevon, claiming that joining the military would end his prospects and that he would never achieve anything significant. Michael had convinced her that even if Trevon returned, he would never rise to a position of power within the Wilson family.

These thoughts fueled Mia's anger as she glared at Michael, her face twisted with a malevolent expression. "It's all because of you. Things wouldn't have ended like this if you hadn't persuaded me to break up."

Michael, however, held a different perspective. He believed that Mr. Wilson was young and not yet fully matured. He was easily swayed by the arrangements made by Henry. Michael also recalled that Mr. Wilson had mentioned the possibility of breaking up, and Mia had shed countless tears. Mia stubbornly refused to accept the inevitable, while Mr. Wilson remained distant and aloof

Michael attempted to offer words of consolation, 'Mia, none of us could have foreseen what would unfold. You cannot guarantee that over all those years. Trevon wouldn't have eventually initiated a breakup. Even with Henry's influence, he may have granted Henry a favor once, but there's no guarantee he would have done it again.'

However, Mia remained obstinate, refusing to listen to reason. Fuming angrily, she snatched her bag and stormed out of the Sullivan family, her high heels echoing with frustration as she left.

By now, the entire city of Athana likely knew she wasn't indeed the Blackwell family's biological granddaughter.

After contemplating, her thoughts turned to Emily, who had been by her side throughout the ordeal. And then, she couldn't help but think of one person in particular. Determined, she decided to pay a visit to the Wilson Group.

Driving toward the Wilson Group building.

it stood tall and commanding in one of Athana's most prestigious locations. The towering floors gave the impression that they could penetrate the very heavens.

Mia had meticulously applied her makeup, donned a limited-edition suit, and strutted high heels. She stood confidently before the Wilson Group building with a designer handbag dangling from her wrist and her chestnut curls cascading down her back. A mischievous smile played on her lips.

This was her inaugural visit to the Wilson Group, her first visit since Mr. Wilson assumed control of the company. The sight before her was astonishing. The previous incarnation of the Wilson Group had never reached such towering heights. In three years, Mr. Wilson had undeniably propelled the company to a new echelon, just as the rumors had whispered. With a self-assured stride, Mia stepped inside the building. Approaching the reception desk, she rapped her fingers on the counter and glanced at the receptionist disdainfully. "Take me to your CEO"

The receptionist, well-versed in maintaining professional poise, met Mia's request with a perplexed expression. Another infatuated individual determined to confront the CEO in the early hours of the day. Flashing a polite smile, she inquired, "May I have your last name, Miss? I'll check for any scheduled appointment."

Mia's expression darkened at the mention of an appointment. "Do I look like someone who needs an appointment? Just tell Jim to come down here."

The receptionist sensed the woman's potential connection to the CEO, but she disliked her demeanor. "I'm sorry, but I can't grant you access without an appointment. If you know Mr. Hawk, kindly reach out to him personally. Only if Mr. Hawk insists on your presence can we proceed."

Mia, already harboring frustration early in the morning, grew even more angry at being underestimated by the receptionist. "And what's your name?"

The receptionist straightened her back, showing no sign of fear. "Hello, my name is Stella Brooks."

Mia enunciated each word precisely, "Very well, Stella, I'll remember you. Just wait and see. With that, she dialed Jim's number.

Meanwhile, Jim was chatting with a few secretaries in the Secretary department when he noticed Mia's incoming call. He hesitated for a moment, contemplating whether to answer or not

After a brief moment of thought, he made a silent gesture and entered the CEO's office. The man was fully engaged in handling documents, exuding his usual cold demeanor.

Jim cleared his throat and asked, "Should I take the call? Miss Mia's on the line." Deep inside, he knew that answering meant distancing himself from Mrs. Wilson.

The man continued his work without pausing, considering it a regular occurrence. After all, he had already terminated the partnership with the Sullivan family, so it was only a matter of time before Mia showed up at the company. She had called a

few days ago but he deliberately chose not to answer

Exhausted by the constant ringing, he cut her off and blocked her number!

Hence her visit to the company was to be expected,

In a cold tone Just hang up"

Jim ended the call but it didn't take long before his phone started ringing again. The constant calls made it seem like he was burdened with debts and relentlessly pursued by creditors

Trevon's brow furrowed as he listened to the constant ringing of his phone Is she downstairs' Tell her to go to the

conference room"

Having overheard the secretaries discussing using the muter le Jim felt compelled to share the truth with Trevon "Mr. Wilson Miss Mix has been a treating hip bie the past hour. The news reveals that she may not be a legitimate daughter-in-law of the Blackwell family and there are photos of her having a romantic involvement with a project leader

Jim couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction Finally someone had exposed the audacious facade of this fake heiress

Trevon's eyes narrowed with curiosity and concern at the sound of this revelation "Someone exposed her Who was it?"



“Yes, and Emily from the Foster family is also making headlines. The rumors indicate she has been involved with multiple affluent elites, engaging in rendezvous at various hotels

After a brief moment. Trevon let out a chuckle. It’s quite something that these two individuals have managed to earn the wrath of the same person

But how did she manage to expose them? Did she take matters into her own hands and contact the media?

Five minutes later. Mia walked into the elevator with arrogance, her head held high, and her chest puffed out. Along the way. she shot a piercing glare at the front desk

departed another front desk attendant turned to Stella and remarked, “Why did you have to provoke her? Look now she’s being escorted upstairs

Stella, a recent college graduate brimming with a strong sense of justice. “So what I’d rather quarrel than let myself be bullied by someone hate her just because they decked out in designer labels doesn’t mean she’s better than anyone else”

The other front desk attendant shook their head in resignation Ah, the naivety of youth, they thought

## [Chapter 87](#)

The secretary escorted her into a spacious conference room spanning several hundred square meters, a size that would typically be considered a suite in an average household However, within the premises of the Wilson Group, it was simply a conference room.

This only intensified Mia’s determination to win back Trevon’s affection.

As time ticked on and half an hour passed without any sign of Trevon, Mia’s patience wore thin. The two glasses of water she had consumed only added to her restlessness, causing her to fidget in her seat

The urge to use the restroom became overwhelming, prompting her to grab her bag and locate the nearest facility. While attending to her needs, she couldn’t help but overhear discussions and the sound of running water outside the restroom door. “Did you happen to catch the news today?”

“Yes, I did. It’s disheartening to witness such distasteful trending topics early in the morning

Oblivious to the fact that they were discussing her, Mia reached for a tissue to clean herself up

The conversation between the two individuals became increasingly animated. “I must say, the girl from the Blackwell family is utterly revolting. She was born with the Sullivan surname but insisted on adopting the Blackwell surname. It’s the epitome of deception, a glaring display of hypocrisy. If I had to find a single word to describe her, it would be a fake heiress.”

The other person nodded in agreement. I find her behavior repulsive. Can you believe she’s so ashamed of her lineage? Instead of embracing it, she goes to the extent of changing her name and pretending to be someone she’s not. Honestly, why doesn’t she go abroad and undergo a sex

reassignment surgery, transforming herself into a man to fulfill her delusion of becoming the rightful heir of the Blackwell family?"

"Indeed, your words hold great wisdom. I daresay she lacks the astuteness you possess."

The room filled with laughter as the two individuals remained oblivious to the mounting tension in one of the restroom stalls. Inside, Mia Blackwell gripped her bag tightly, her veins pulsating with anger, and crumpled tissue clutched firmly in her hand.

With lightning speed, Mia pulled up her pants and stormed out of the stall, her fury palpable.

Smack Smack! The sharp echoes of two slaps reverberated through the empty restroom.

Caught off guard, the two individuals stood there momentarily stunned, struggling to process the sudden turn of events. But as reality sunk in, they wasted no time in retaliating. Cursing vehemently, they lunged toward Mia, and within seconds, all three of them were entangled in a chaotic brawl.

Nobody took kindly to being slapped across the face.

Amidst the tumult, one of them managed to speak amid the frenzy. "What the hell is wrong with you? Did I do something to deserve this?"

Mia, her refined image completely shattered, stormed into the premises of the Wilson Group with a contorted face filled with anger. With a firm grip on one of the women's hair, she forcefully pulled and yanked, causing the woman to cry out in pain. Mia's eyes blazed with deep-seated hatred as she exclaimed, "I am Miss Mia from the Blackwell family! What's wrong with me slapping you? You dared to speak ill of me, and now you're paying the price!" With each word, she ruthlessly banged the woman's head.

The two women, who never expected their casual gossip to confront its subject in person, stood in a momentary daze. However, the searing pain on their faces snapped them back to reality. Initially feeling somewhat guilty for their behind-the-scenes remarks, any trace of remorse vanished as they experienced Mia's forceful slaps. The pain fueled their

resentment.

With her face throbbing in pain, Mia channeled every ounce of her fury and unleashed a relentless assault, striking with an unyielding force.

Using all her strength, the other woman managed to break free from Mia's grasp and confronted her without flinching. Her voice dripped with contempt as she retorted, "What's the matter, Miss Mia? Can't handle the truth? You're the one with a twisted sense of morality, parading around like a saint while engaging in questionable behavior. And who's to say you're even a legitimate member of the Blackwell family? You're shameless and lacking any sense of decency."

The cutting remark had successfully ignited a fire within Mia, and the three women swiftly found themselves entangled in a fierce physical altercation. The escalating commotion attracted the attention of other employees, prompting someone to report the incident to Jim.

Soon enough,

Jim hurried to the scene, and upon taking in the sight before him, he struggled to contain a smile. In her current chaotic state, Mia resembled nothing more than a typical street fighter.

Her hair was wild and unruly, her lipstick smudged and askew, and her once flawless makeup now resembled the garish palette of a clown

As a leader within the Wilson Group, Jim knew he had to maintain a composed facade, despite the amusement bubbling up inside him. He suppressed his laughter, ensuring it remained hidden deep within, wary of allowing the employees to catch a glimpse of his entertained expression

Jim didn't immediately rush to separate the three individuals, knowing the other two wouldn't easily back down. They had personalities similar to Mia's, capable of holding their own in a fight.

As Jim observed the situation without immediate action, his secretary grew anxious and urged him, "Mr. Hawk, shouldn't we step in and separate them? If this continues, things could escalate, resulting in a serious incident."

Upon hearing the plea, Mia turned her furious gaze toward Jim and exclaimed, "Jim, for God's sake, get these two lunatics away from me! Her scalp felt as though it was being torn apart.

Finally prompted into action, Jim, though displeased, began separating the three individuals. He couldn't help but feel a tinge of disdain toward Mia, thinking to himself that even Mrs. Wilson herself wouldn't address him so impolitely. She always referred to him as Mr. Hawk with the utmost courtesy. There must be a reason why he couldn't live up to the standards of Mrs. Wilson

Experiencing a brief moment of contempt toward Mia, he directed the others to separate the three individuals.

As they were pulled apart, all three wore grim expressions, their hair disheveled, and their faces and necks marked with visible signs of the altercation. Their appearances were untidy, revealing the aftermath of the intense scuffle.

Jim lectured them intentionally. "You all have nothing better to do than fighting in the office? Is this how you behave? Have you forgotten all the company's rules and training on etiquette? A woman involved in a brawl at the workplace, acting like a common street scrapper? You've tarnished the reputation of the Wilson Group. Now, quickly clean yourselves up and prepare to leave. If you show up tomorrow with the same demeanor, don't bother showing up at all."

The two employees let out a sigh of relief, thinking they could finally make a quick getaway. But just as they were about to escape, Mia intercepted them with an outstretched arm. It was as if she felt that Jim had just made a sly remark at her expense, and she couldn't let herself be treated that way without standing up for herself

After all, she was Trevon's former girlfriend. She couldn't allow herself to be trampled upon and insulted by these people.

The halted employees glanced at Jim, realizing the severity of the situation. After being scolded, they quickly understood the consequences of their actions and had no intention of stirring up further trouble.

Jim felt frustrated, but he knew better than to confront Mia directly. One of the reasons was that he couldn't accurately gauge Mr. Wilson's true feelings on the matter.

Just as he was about to voice his thoughts, a shrill and cold voice resonated through the air, "How long do you plan to keep up this performance Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? Is the Wilson Group paying you to put on a show?"

The impact of the words sent a shiver down everyone's spine, prompting the onlookers to quickly retreat to their workstations, burying themselves in their tasks. Only four people remained at the entrance of the restroom.

The two employees trapped inside the restroom lowered their heads, afraid to meet Trevon's gaze.

With his impeccably sculpted features and an aura of icy detachment, he spoke in a chilling tone, "Aren't you two planning

your way back?"

to make

Upon hearing his command, the two employees, brimming with determination, managed to free themselves from Mia's grasp and swiftly escape from the restroom.

Mia's frustration manifested in an exasperated foot stomp. "Trevon, they've been bullying me, and you just stood there doing nothing! How could you let them get away? Look at what they've done to my clothes!"

Jim couldn't help but shudder at the sound of her voice. Mrs. Wilson's melodramatic demeanor was starting to grate on his

nerves.

The man maintained an impassive expression, seemingly impervious to her outburst. Looking down at Mia, her appearance disheveled and lacking poise, he surveyed her with a condescending air. "Are you planning to discuss the downfall of the Sullivan family in the restroom?"

Mia felt a pang of remorse. She knew she had lost control of herself, allowing her frustrations to get the best of her. Now, her appearance was far from the polished and composed image she usually projected. Blushing with embarrassment, she attempted to smooth her ruffled hair and straighten her clothes, but her efforts seemed futile.

This scene did not go unnoticed by the office staff and fueled their gossip and speculation.

Meanwhile, the man paid no attention to those behind him. He strode purposefully toward the conference room with his hands casually tucked into his pockets

Very aware of Trevon's temperament, Mia swiftly composed herself to keep pace with him.

Of course, Jim followed them into the conference room, earning a disdainful glance from Mia

Disregarding her presence, Jim remained as still as a statue.

Meanwhile, Trevon calmly sat in the prominent chair, unbuttoning his suit jacket and crossing his legs. With his hands

resting casually on his thighs, he casually adjusted his glasses on the bridge of his nose. Mia's gaze remained fixed on his impeccably defined features, realizing that Mr. Wilson seemed to grow more striking with each passing day.

Lost in her admiration, she momentarily forgot the purpose of her visit.

Unfazed by her intense stare, Trevon calmly stated, "I'm pressed for time. You have five minutes. Speak your mind, and then I'll be on my way."

The weight of the words brought Mia back to reality. "Trevon, please, I'm begging you to help me. We can't let our family's project fall apart, and I desperately need those trending topics about me taken down."

Mia was confident that she could handle removing the trending topics independently. "Sure, I can do that. However, the Wilson Group will no longer collaborate with the Sullivan family. You don't have to dwell on it."

Mia's anxiety escalated. If the Wilson Group severed ties with the Sullivan family, it would spell disaster for them. With her true identity exposed and facing public scrutiny, potential partners would likely distance themselves even further.

Desperate to appeal to Trevon, she resorted to a more heartfelt plea. "Trevon, please consider Mr. Blackwell's legacy. Can't you help me, just this once?"

His eyes narrowed with a hint of displeasure as he tugged at his tie, his gaze piercing and unfathomable. "Mia, know your limits. You can take down the trending topics, but any form of collaboration is out of the question, and I don't want to see you setting foot in the Wilson Group again."

Rising from his seat, he straightened his attire, meticulously buttoning up his jacket. Without sparing another glance, he exited the meeting room.

Jim couldn't help but feel a mix of disdain and satisfaction. Mr. Wilson's recent divorce had left him in a sour mood, and Mia's insistence on pushing his buttons was inviting trouble upon herself.

With a touch of smugness, Jim remarked, "I hope Miss Mia will be cooperative. Please, do as requested."

Mia, however, silently scoffed within herself-just another lapdog of Mr. Wilson.

With a disdainful snort, she walked away, firmly believing that Mr. Wilson harbored feelings for her. She was convinced that she occupied a special place in his heart, and it was only a matter of time before she ascended to the position of Mrs. Wilson.

## [Chapter 88](#)

Having reluctantly seen Mia off, Jim returned to the office.

Meanwhile. Trevon stood tall by the floor-to-ceiling windows, his face wearing a somber expression. He dialed a number and spoke with an air of authority. The mirrored glass revealed his brooding countenance.

“Reexamining is acceptable, but I’d like to clarify this. If it turns out that the Wilson Group is innocent, they will be required to issue a formal apology on their official website.”

Ending the call abruptly, his eyes gleamed with a steely coldness as he turned his attention to Jun. He commanded, “Find out who initiated the request for a reexamination of the bidding process and ensure that appropriate action is taken.”

“Yes, and should we investigate the person behind the trending topics? If it weren’t for their disclosure of Miss Mur’s situation, the project wouldn’t have been subjected to this reexamination, Jim suggested, aware of the significance of the impending contract signing.

A subtle smile of satisfaction played on Trevon’s lips as he responded, “No need for that. Just handle this matter diligently.”

Jim understood the implications behind Trevon’s words.

Trevon angrily unfastened his tie and flung it onto the desk before snatching his phone and dialing Frank’s number “Take down those damn trending topics.”

Frank, amid a boxing session, halted his movements and grabbed the phone, muting the external noise. “I can’t remove them. The client specifically requested a full day. Don’t ruin my reputation.”

When Mia asked him to help get the trending topics taken down, he had already anticipated the underlying reasons

Trevon felt a lump in his throat. Indeed, Frank’s system’s longevity relied on trust and confidentiality.

“How much longer will they remain up? The bidding process has been affected.”

Frank let out a wry laugh. “I thought you were calling to plead on Miss Mia’s behalf. It was a twisted drama, with his ex-wife placing the order and her former husband seeking merry

“Do I look like I have that much free time? Well, then, let it stay. The customer always comes first. How much did she spend

anyway

Frank was speechless. “Can’t you log in and check it yourself?”

Last night, when Frank received the order, he already knew Natalie placed it. That’s why he had lowered his standards to accept the job. Otherwise, he would never have taken such an order.

Just as he was contemplating, a notification sounded, indicating a payment of 10 thousand dollars had been deposited. Frank couldn’t help but chuckle. The customer just sent the final payment of 10 thousand dollars”

Trevon couldn’t hide his amusement. “So, how much did she bid in the el

20 thousand dollars for two orders, Trevon chuckled upon hearing the amount.

Frank didn't hold back and retorted, "Looks like you were quite the penny-pincher before marriage. Still holding on to that stinginess, huh?"

The shameless Trevon replied, "Well, I believe in being frugal and thrifty"

Frank said, "Well, you're not exactly being thrifty with your own family, so why flaunt it?"

He hung up the phone.

Staring at the blank screen, Trevon muttered,

"

In a mere moment, a smug grin crept across Trevon's face. He couldn't help but revel in Mia's unwavering determination for retribution. Every setback was noticed and addressed.

He had underestimated her. She possessed a running and awareness that he hadn't fully appreciated, evident by her knowledge of this website.

Meanwhile,

Natalie sat on her bed, scrolling through the trending topics before even getting out of bed. She couldn't help but appreciate Damon's remarkable efficiency in handling matters promptly.

After completing her transactions, Natalie couldn't contain her excitement and eagerly called out to Sherri, who seemed down last night.

Just as she was about to speak, Sherri's phone began to ring.

Natalie grabbed Sherri's phone and glanced at the caller ID, recognizing it as their Director "Sherri, wake up!

Director calling. It must be something urgent."

Sherri snapped out of her drowsiness and swiftly sat up, answering the call with a sense of urgency. "Hello, Director"

After a brief conversation, Sherri ended the call, her mood somewhat subdued.

Natalie observed Sherri's troubled countenance with a tinge of concern, her brow furrowing in worry. "What's the matter?"

Sherri's eyes welled up with tears, and her voice trembled as she replied, "Edward took care of everything for me. The Director informed me that they secured a spot for me and asked me to complete the forms before noon."

Tears streamed down her face, and her voice became choked with emotion. "I feel so guilty toward Edward. Despite his strictness, I know he genuinely cares for me"

She sniffled, her voice choked with emotion. "The company is always so busy, but my passion lies in delivering babies. Even when he was away for two years, he never forced me to shoulder his burdens or

took away my pursuits. He always supported me in doing what I love. But he... he's been through so much hardship"

Tears welled up in her eyes, falling onto the bedsheet one by one, their impact soaking into the fabric.

Natalie handed her a tissue to wipe away her tears. "Stop crying. It's all my fault. If you want to have the baby, I'll take responsibility. We can keep it a secret, and if you decide otherwise, I'll support you. No matter what you choose, I'll be by your side."

Sherri's voice cracked as she choked back her tears. "Thank you... thank you so much. Natalie."

Changing the subject, Natalie said, "I have something to show you that might brighten your day."

Sherri sniffled and wiped her nose, her voice slightly nasal "What is it?"

Natalie unlocked her phone and showed Sherri the screen. "Does this cheer you up?"

It was undeniable that those who revel in gossip and seek revenge find their satisfaction in witnessing the deserved comeuppance of others,

Sherri couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in disbelief. "Velocity Expeditions is no joke. They should be called The Seraphic Vixens, specialized in curing the affliction of angelic bitches."

Natalie smiled. "If it brings you joy, call them whatever you want. Let's get up, and I'll cook lunch for you. Once we're done eating, we can fill out the forms and head to work."

After enjoying their meal.

Natalie took the driver's seat while Sherri sat beside her, per their usual arrangement.

Upon reaching the hospital, one went to the office, while the other proceeded to the Director's office to complete the forms.

As the Director observed Sherri's determined expression, he sternly reminded her. "Remember, opportunities like these are hard to come by. Study hard and maintain a professional demeanor. Do you grasp the importance of this?"

"Ah, don't worry. I heard you loud and clear. I assure you I will study diligently. You can rest assured that I'll be well-prepared for your evaluation."

The Director couldn't help but let out a chuckle in response.

As Sherri walked past the reception desk after completing the forms, a doctor called her, "Hey, aren't you the girl who had the dental check-up last time? Oh, right, the one who was blowing up balloons. What brings you here now?" In her haste, Sherri had forgotten to change into a white coat before coming to fill out the forms.

It was understandable that she would be mistaken for a patient. After all, besides doctors, nurses, and patients, who else would come to the hospital without a valid reason?

Her presence caught the attention of several onlookers nearby,

who turned their heads to see what was happening.



Sherri quickly raised her hand to shield her face. "You've got the wrong person, doctor. I don't know what you're talking about. See you later."

Continuing the conversation would only escalate the gossip surrounding the balloon incident within the hospital.

Realizing that discretion was the wisest course of action, Sherri made a discreet exit.

Left alone, the doctor muttered to himself, "It was her. I didn't mistake her

Another doctor approached with curiosity. "What's going on? Why are you muttering to yourself?"

The doctor tried to recall. "Just a moment ago, a patient walked by and claimed I mistook her for someone else."

The other doctor chuckled and teased, "Well, if you thought it was her, you must have made a mistake. She's an obstetrician-gynecologist. How could she be your patient? It looks like your eyes are playing tricks on you"

This turn of events caught the doctors off guard. "That's highly unlikely. I have a vivid recollection of that girl. She had swollen cheeks and a strained ligament from blowing balloons. I paid extra attention to her. Her name is Sherri

The other doctor fell silent, unable to offer any further insights.

Meanwhile, Sherri hurriedly entered Natalie's office, visibly flustered. "I've had a stroke of bad luck."

Natalie looked puzzled. "Hmm? What happened?"

Sherri proceeded to share her encounter with the dentist. "I quickly escaped, fearing that he would expose my secret. It would be so embarrassing if he recognized me. It's a lesson learned to avoid foolish actions.

Natalie couldn't help but let out a hearty laugh, "Well, that's quite the lesson learned! It seems like this experience will make you think twice before indulging in alcohol again. Consider it a stark reminder."

Sherri nodded vigorously in agreement. Hackett had undoubtedly taken advantage of this incident to teach her a lesson she wouldn't forget.

Ugh, why did that scumbag cross her mind again? It must be the effect of those raging pregnancy hormones.

After indulging in their conversation for another half hour, they bid each other farewell and proceeded to their respective

workstations.

This was the true essence of their friendship, being able to share endless stories and experiences every day, even if it meant sharing the same living space.

## [Chapter 89](#)

Meanwhile, Mia went home to change her clothes and put on exquisite makeup once again.

After she failed at Wilson Group, she changed her target and went to Blackwell Group,

Of course, no one stopped her at Blackwell Group and she could go anywhere she wanted. After all, she was still the young lady of the Blackwell family on the surface. However, after entering the hall, all the employees of Blackwell Group looked at her weirdly

Mia felt very uncomfortable. She knew the reason why they were giving her weird looks.

After she finished dealing with the company's matters, she would definitely not let that person off

She strutted into the elevator in her high heels.

She naturally pushed open the door to Hackett's office.

Hackett was working. Although he usually fooled around, he could clearly differentiate work from fun. He was still very serious when he was at work

Joy did not drag Hackett to join her at the women's conference today, which was rare. He came to the company early, afraid that he would be delayed by Joy again if he was a step 100 late.

Seeing that it was Mia who came in with an unhappy expression, he more or less guessed that it had something to do with the trending topic in the morning. Hackett was an avid user of social media. As long as it was a trending topic and there was any movement in the industry, he would know about it immediately.

He was not enthusiastic. He only looked up for a second before continuing to work. "What's the matter?"

Mia angrily threw her bag on the couch and sat down. "Hackett, has Trevon fallen for that woman?"

This sentence successfully attracted Hackett's attention, who was working seriously. He stopped what he was doing and looked up at her. "You know that Trevon is married? He did not tell Mia that Trevon was divorced. He did not like Mia, who was his so-called cousin or godsister.

Mia said angrily, "Hackett, if you knew he was married, why didn't you tell me?"

Hackett casually threw his pen aside and leaned lazily against the back of the chair. He put on a playful look and smirked. "Why should I tell you? Who do you think you are? Did you spend money to hire me?" He looked at Mia with disdain and as if she was a fool

At this moment, he felt that nothing about his cousin could compare to his ex-sister-in-law.

Hackett had the upper hand only when it came to dealing with Mia. Every time he was with Frank and Trevon, Hackett was always at a disadvantage because Hackett would be criticized and wouldn't be able to retort.

Mia's face darkened even more. "You..."

Hackett did not care that she was angry at all. He continued. "Since we're related, I'll give you a piece of advice. A person's life is just a journey, where there's a beginning and an end. However, Trevon is not your lighthouse on this journey. Don't pester me anymore. You just regret breaking up with Trevon because you see that he's very successful now. However, you know very well that if it weren't for

Grandpa, he would have broken up with you ages ago and wouldn't have delayed it until a year later. You obviously know what he thinks of you. Do you think you're in a drama, so much so that you have to act every day? If you really like acting. I can help you become famous in the entertainment industry."

Mia did not agree with Hackett's words. She felt that Trevon's repeated indulgence of her was sentimental and sincere. Otherwise, he would not have sent the information about her drugging others to her. Instead, he would have sent it to that woman. Mia had only offended that woman ever since Mia returned to the country. The events that transpired for the last few days must have been the woman's doing.

"Hold on, Mia thought,

"Hackett, you don't know about my relationship with Trevon. He likes me. You don't have to get involved in this matter. I have a way to make him return to me. I'm here today to ask you to help my father's company."

Hackett's face darkened as he did not like this family of vampires. "Running a business is not for your father. Why does he want to force himself? Tell him to close down the company and find a job. If he needs it, I can arrange a position for him in Blackwell Group"

What Hackett meant was that he wasn't going to help. Mia's face turned pale. "We're your relatives. Are you just going to stand by and watch Sullivan Group go bankrupt? Hackett, can't you just give us a project!"

Hackett sneered. What an ungrateful family. After helping them for so many years, not only were they not grateful, but they were also taking it for granted. His mother was soft-hearted so she helped them, but he and his father weren't going to allow this family to continue their bad habits. "Do you think I'm a charity organization? If yes, I've been doing charity for so many years, but I haven't seen the results I want. I've already become bankrupt. What more can I do to help you? Invest in Sullivan Group? Mia, don't be greedy. My bottom line is to help you settle the company's debt. You can declare bankruptcy. I won't help you with anything else, so you can stop dreaming."

After a pause, Hackett said. "The prerequisite for me to clear your debts is that you guys start settling the accounts

tomorrow. If you delay any longer and there are too many debts, I won't help you anymore. The deadline is two days. It's up to you"

Mia did not expect Hackett to be even more heartless than Trevon. She stood up angrily. "You're forcing us to a dead end. This too much

Hackett didn't think much of it. He took his phone up and looked at his reflection on it to fix his hair. He looked wild and unruly doing this. "When my mother and grandfather helped you guys without any conditions, why didn't you say it was too much? You've been living a luxurious life all these years. Be grateful. Your father really doesn't have the ability to run a business"

Mia felt that it was a mistake to come to look for Hackett today. She should have gone straight to the Blackwell family to look for her aunt. At least, her aunt cared about kinship and would hear Mia out.

Before Mia could take a step. Hackett reminded her, "Don't even think about looking for my mother. She's not in charge now Even if she agrees, it's not going to help because I'll still need to sign off on the documents."

Mia picked up her bag from the couch with a livid expression and opened the door rudely. She did not close the door for

Hackett after she left

Hackett was left shaking his head, and he muttered, "They're crazy. They're all crazy."

Mia got out of the elevator. When she reached the lobby, she felt dizzy. Her vision went dark and she fell to the ground

At the same time, the Foster family was also in a mess. They were not in a better situation than Mia. It could be said that they were in a terrible state

Previously, Mia drugged the guests, many of whom came from powerful backgrounds, in the Foster's residence. After knowing that their family, be it their grandchildren or wives, had been drugged, they cut off all collaboration with the Foster family that night.

In addition, the deficit of 10 million dollars from Harry's project last time had yet to be replenished. Now that funds were being withdrawn and others were stopping their cooperation, the Foster family was also close to bankruptcy.

Worse still, after Emily's incident, Max said he wanted to break up with her.

However, how could Emily be willing to give up someone as rich as Max? She was unwilling no matter what. She was only able to make Max stay after she pleaded with him, but she could feel that it was already different. Today, she called Max to ask for his help, but a delicate girl answered the call instead.

Emily was so angry that she cried. Who exactly exposed her?

Unable to find a lifeline, the entire family was looking lifeless in the living room. Elena did not want her hard-won position of Mrs. Foster to be taken away just like that

Each family member had different thoughts.

Elena made a decision and started to egg Harry on "Harry, why don't you ask Natalie for help? Ask her to persuade Trevon. As long as Trevon takes action, our company will definitely be revived immediately."

Harry was a little hesitant. Firstly, Natalie did not like him. Secondly, he was in the wrong in the drugging incident last time.

Emily agreed with her mother. She didn't want to go bankrupt because then, she wouldn't be the young mistress of the Foster family anymore. "Dad, Mom is right. Don't hesitate. What's more important than the company now? If the company goes bankrupt, we'll have nothing left. This villa might even be sold off to pay our debts. Natalie definitely won't use her assets to help us. It's not difficult for her to ask Trevon. They're husband and wife. This matter is a small matter for Trevon" Harry was persuaded by his wife and daughter. "Alright, I'll go look for her now. What shift is she working today?" Elena and Emily shook their heads, indicating that they did not know.

Elena was a little anxious “Go to the hospital today and get Emily to accompany you. If she’s not around today, ask about her shifts for the next few days. You’ll definitely be able to see her.”

Harry nodded.

## [Chapter 90](#)

The weather in the morning was very nice. Snow-white clouds floated in the blue sky, but the next second, dark clouds successfully chased away the white clouds and occupied the sky

It began to drizzle, and the cold wind wreaked havoc on the flowers and trees outside the hospital.

At Athana Hospital in the afternoon, Natalie, who was wearing a white lab coat, was seriously examining her patient when the door was rudely pushed open.

have

She thought it was some patient who couldn’t wait, until she saw Harry. She wondered why he was looking for her again.

Because there was a patient around, she politely pretended not to know him. “This patient, please leave first. If you requested to see me, please wait patiently for the staff to call out your number. If you requested the wrong person, please change your request with the staff. Kindly close the door before leaving.”

Harry was very dissatisfied with this wretched girl’s attitude. However, he had a favor to ask of Natalie. He tugged at Emily. who was about to flare up, then closed the door in a rare act of cooperation. They sat outside and waited.

Harry and Emily waited for the entire afternoon. As the afternoon approached, many doctors had already gotten off work, but Natalie still did not get off work.

She cared about her patients very much, so she would usually get off work late. Some patients came late because they just got off work themselves. She would wait for them to come and collect their results or prescriptions. In brief, she would always strive to see as many patients as she could before the day ended.

The impatient Emily was dissatisfied and complained, “Dad, I think Natalie is doing it on purpose. Look, so many doctors have already gotten off work. She’s deliberately hiding inside and doesn’t want to come out.”

Harry was also vexed, but he still advised Emily, “Let’s wait a little longer. We have to ask her for help, so don’t anger her.”

Emily still pouted in dissatisfaction.

Sherri came to ask her best friend to have dinner with her after work. When she saw Harry and Emily sitting on the bench. her heart tightened and she walked over quickly.

Now that Natalie was pregnant, she could not be injured, nor could others ever find out.

These two were not easy to deal with. They definitely wanted something from Natalie as they had come to see her.

Sherri walked up to Harry and put her hands into the pockets of her white lab coat. "Mr. Foster, are you here to look for Natalie?"

When Harry saw Sherri, he immediately said. "That's right. Look. I've been waiting for an entire afternoon. Sherri, can you help me see if Natalie has gotten off work? She hasn't come out yet, but I dare not disturb her."

These words made Sherri click her tongue. What was going on? Did he hit his head? Last time, didn't he rush in and slap Natalie? He was so nice this time around. It seemed that he had a big favor to ask of Natalie.

Sherri pretended to be polite. "Okay, I'll go in and take a look. Natalie has been quite busy recently."

Emily snorted silently in disdain. What could Natalie be busy with? Wasn't she just looking at medical records, asking questions, and writing a prescription?

Sherri pushed the door open a small crack. In order not to let the people outside see what was going on inside, she squeezed through the small crack to enter the room. "Are you free?"

Natalie was surprised. "What time is it? There aren't any patients left. I'm just sitting and waiting. There's a patient whose prescription was issued late. I was waiting in case she came back later. Are you hungry? If you are, we can have dinner. I'm guessing she won't be coming today."

Sherri originally thought that Natalie was deliberately ignoring Harry and Emily, but it turned out she was waiting for her patient.

Sherri smiled and sat down unhurriedly. "Your scumbag dad and sister are still waiting for you outside. Something big must have happened. He said he waited for an entire afternoon"

Natalie took out her phone and looked at it. She recalled what time Harry came and realized that it had indeed been an entire afternoon. She could not help but smile. "Either the company is going bankrupt, or Emily has been dumped"

Sherri thought so too. Harry and Emily probably came here with ulterior motives.

Natalie was about to get up and open the door, but before she reached the door, Sherri pulled her back. "Be careful"

"It's fine. Why don't you wait for me in the cafeteria first?"

Sherri refused. "I'm not going. I'll accompany you. At least it's two against two. I'm more than enough to deal with that girl

outside.

Natalie smiled. It was as if they were going into a gang fight.

Natalie opened the door to let Harry and Emily in and said, "Come in and talk. Hurry up. I still have to eat."

Emily was filled with anger. She hated it when that damn Natalie treated them like this.

Harry looked around and saw that there were no more seats left as Sherri had sat down in one chair and Natalie in the other. He suppressed his anger and smiled. "Natalie, can you help me? The company has encountered some problems recently and is a little tight on funds. Can you ask Trevon for help We're family after all"

These words successfully broke through Natalie and Sherri's defenses and made them suckers.

Sherri poured a glass of water to hide her smile.

Meanwhile, Natalie didn't care and laughed out loud. "Where did you get the confidence to make such a request to me? Besides, does the Foster family's bankruptcy have anything to do with me? I just need to sell the shares that I have, and I wouldn't lose anything. Let me tell you something else I'm divorced from Trevon. He's not part of our family any more, so stop dreaming"

Emily could not suppress the excitement on her face. You and Trevon are divorced? Really? That's great."

Harry glared at Emily She stopped talking when she saw his fierce gaze

Natalie mocked. "You won't be with him even if I get a divorce Trevon doesn't like you either. Otherwise, why would you settle for Max? Your relationship with Carlos seems to be going very well recently"

"You" This damn woman did it on purpose Natalie must have known about the trending topic and was mocking her on purpose

Harry, on the other hand, expected better from Natalie How many women wanted to marry Trevon but failed Natalie, this wretched girl had already succeeded but actually let Trevon go there was really something wrong with Natalie's brain. "Natalie, are you really divorced" He still could not believe it and asked Natalie again.

Natalie took

carefully

her phone and found the divorce certificate from the chat with Sherri She then waved it in front of Harry

Do you believe me

It didn't take Harry long to find the names of Natalie and Trevon on the divorce certificate "Are you crazy? Are you out of your mind You actually got a divorce Who initiated it You or Trevon

Natalie said nonchalantly. Does it matter who initiated it We're already divorced and there's nothing you can do to change it Do you believe me now? Can you leave? I'm hungry and need to eat

Harry clutched his chest with his hand. He was so angry and frustrated his attitude toward Natalie changed. He was acting in a completely different way from when he had just entered If he had known that this wretched girl was divorced, he wouldn't have wanted outside foolishly for an entire afternoon. He was a busy man

“You’re a lunatic. You’ll regret it. The company is facing some issues, so give me what your grandfather left you

Natalie said readily, “Sure, buy my shares with money. I’ll give them to you straight away”

“You... You’re an ingrate! Your grandfather’s things are not just yours, but mine too. Can you bear to see your grandfather’s business fall just like that? You’re unfilial”

Natalie was a little tired. Recently, she got tired very easily. Perhaps it was because she was pregnant, but her stamina obviously not as good as before. At this moment, she did not want to argue with Harry anymore I don’t want to talk nonsense with you. If you want shares, buy them from me I’ll explain to Grandpa and let him determine if I’m filial or not. Take care of your own issues and I advise you to stop scheming against me. Now I need to eat, so please leave ”

As soon as Natalie finished speaking, she opened the door and invited them out without giving Harry a look Harry knew that he wouldn’t be able to change the outcome even if he stayed here. This damn girl was very stubborn

He snorted and went out.

Meanwhile, Emily was very happy. Knowing that Natalie was not the madam of the Wilson family anymore, she was overjoyed

She immediately took out her phone and sent a message to Mi. Trevon and Natalie are divorced. It’s true! She even showed us the divorce certificate It’s 100% true”

After sending the message, she put her phone into her bag happily. Her expression was a strong contrast with Harry’s