



The sky in early autumn was so blue and clear. Without pesky clouds blocking the view, it was not as vibrant and bright but brought a peaceful and calm vibe.

Natalie Foster was in a hurry as she drove her best friend Sherri Landor's limo to the City Hall.

As soon as she alighted from the car, she saw a scene that left her speechless.

Four luxury cars were parked at the entrance of the City Hall, led by a sports car worth about 20 million dollars. Standing next to it was an elderly man with gray hair and a young man, surrounded by a dozen tall men dressed in black suits.

"I must have taken the wrong turn. Could it be that I had stumbled into some neighborhood controlled by the mafia?" thought Natalie.

She looked around and looked up. She was indeed at the City Hall.

She double-checked that she was in the right place, put the key in her jacket pocket, and walked toward the main entrance.

"Miss Foster." The voice carried the weight of time yet remained strong and powerful.

When Natalie turned around, she saw the old man next to the luxury car calling out to her. She walked back to the car and politely asked, "Sir. Are you talking to me?"

The old man had white hair, a ruddy complexion, and a vigorous spirit. He was standing straight, like he was standing at attention. His eyes were bright, and he exuded an air of dignity that couldn't be challenged.

“Girl. I am a friend of your grandfather. Barron should have told you about me. This is my grandson, Trevon Wilson, the one who will be getting married to you today.” He turned and gestured to his

grandson next to him.

This old gentleman was introducing a person to her, but somehow it gave Natalie the feeling he was introducing a product.

For example. “These bananas were imported, 1.6 bucks a pound. It's only on sale today, so you should grab some to take home.”

She was lost in thought for a while before turning her head to follow the old man's gaze. Only then did she see the man next to the luxury car.

He stood next to the sports car. The warm sunlight poured down on him, highlighting his distinct and profound facial features. He looked like a frozen sculpture with enigmatic cold eyes that appeared wild and untamed.

His three-dimensional facial features were as beautiful as those of a sculpture, emitting an uncontrollable aura of royalty. The sharp edges also exuded a cold and stern demeanor that kept others at a distance.

Thinking of the task that was assigned to her, Natalie mustered up her courage and politely extended her hand to greet him. “Hello, I'm Natalie Foster. Nice to meet you.”

The man didn't react to her right away. His eyes were freakishly cold as he assessed Natalie from head to toe before finally speaking in a disgusted tone. “Hmm.”

Natalie was left a little speechless. She thought, “Is it freezing in here? Or maybe it’s just that he has slow reflexes”

She didn’t really care anyway, as long as she completed the task her grandfather assigned her today. After all, it was their first meeting, and she was forced into it. Judging from how the man behaved.

Natalie knew he probably wasn’t there of his own free will either.

His reaction was thus normal. Feeling slightly embarrassed, Natalie put down her right hand..

She took a three–hours leave from the hospital today. Being money conscious, she didn’t want to waste any more time and have her salary deducted.

“Let’s hurry up and get this done.” She looked up at the man, her gaze neither shifting in avoidance nor fright.

She was anxious, wondering if there were too many people and if she had to line up. What if the three– hour break was not enough to complete her mission? It would be a waste.

But for Trevon, this sentence sounded like she couldn’t wait to get married to him.

His eyelids were slightly lowered, his face expressionless, and the contours of his features were sharp with a cold edge.

After a moment, with a slight parting of his lips, he asked, “Are you in a hurry?”

“Well, yeah.” Natalie didn’t explain why she’s in a hurry and just went along with what Trevon said because time was indeed limited. After all, she only took a few hours off instead of a whole day.

Little did she know that this was the beginning of his resentment and prejudice.

There was an unmistakable sarcasm in Trevon's eyes as he brushed past Natalie without stopping straight toward the City Hall with his long legs, followed by the old man named Theo Wilson.

for a moment and walked

The staff at City Hall were a little startled by the commotion, but Trevon was very handsome, which made the female staff swoon.

"Mr. Theo Wilson, Mr. Trevon Wilson, you're here. Please follow me. We've arranged for the staff to take care of you." The person who spoke was the director of Marriage certification.

Take out the documents quickly and give them to Mr. Darcy," urged Theo Wilson.

Trevon Wilson handed the prepared documents to Mr. Darcy without any expression. The latter respectfully took them and turned towards Natalie Foster. "Mrs. Wilson, can you give me your documents as well?"

"Mrs. Wilson?"

"We have yet to register our marriage. What is Trevon Wilson's identity? Why would the government officer act like this?"

"Don't tell me it's some big shot from the mafia, but Grandpa didn't even say what the guy does. That's so careless!" said Natalie inwardly.

To save time, she quickly handed her ID card and the other documents needed to Ben Darcy and asked weakly, "How long does it take to process it?"

Trevon's gaze once again fixed on her, full of scrutiny and disdain.

“She’s indeed that kind of woman to be in such a hurry to get married,” he thought.

Feeling the unfriendly stare, Natalie started explaining herself. “I’m just asking because it’s my first time getting married. Just asking. No big deal. Please go ahead.”

“It’s my first marriage, and asking about it isn’t a crime. What’s with the dirty look?” she thought.

“Mrs. Wilson, it won’t take much time, half an hour at most. Please come over here to fill out some information.” Ben Darcy answered respectfully.

They didn’t need to waste time because they were taking the green channel. Plus, Ben Darcy knew that Mr. Wilson didn’t have much time to waste.

Natalie nodded with satisfaction and happiness. “This person is too cold, and his aura can literally freeze people. It was already a bitterly cold winter day, and with Trevon, it felt like the temperature had dropped even further. It was enough to freeze people, so I should leave early, she thought

But Trevon Wilson seemed a bit dissatisfied with all of this. “She’s probably just another good-looking face with unrealistic desires. She’s afraid that I will change my mind even after getting a marriage license. That showed that she was quite desperate for it, seeing how she’s impatient to know how long the processing would take,” he thought.

Natalie had no idea that the man beside her looked down on her so much.

Getting the marriage license didn’t even take half an hour. They got it in just 18 minutes.

Throughout the process, Theo Wilson watched as all the procedures were completed. His restless heart calmed down only when his grandson handed him the marriage license.

Natalie put the marriage license in her pocket and said to the old gentleman, "Mr. Wilson, I have something to do, so I'll leave first."

"Okay, Trevon, leave your phone number, and let Natalie move into your room tomorrow."

Trevon gestured with his eyes to his bodyguard, and the vigilant bodyguard handed over a business card as instructed.

Natalie glanced at the business card and didn't have much of an emotional reaction before putting it in her pocket.

The man walking in front suddenly stopped and turned around. His eyes were silent and cold, devoid of emotion, as if two deep and unfathomable pools of water exuded a chilling coldness. "Miss Foster, I hope you keep today's matter confidential. If it is known by outsiders, you will have to bear the consequences. Just a friendly reminder, the consequences are beyond what you can bear."

With this, he left without looking back.

After a while. Natalie finally realized she was being threatened to keep the marriage a secret. "Why not just say it directly instead of using so many words? It's pointless," she grumbled internally.

She was not scared of anything.

Before walking out the door, she looked up and glanced at the slogan on it.

"If that person loves you, it doesn't matter whether you get married or not.

"If that person doesn't love you, even the law can't do anything about it because the law can't control human emotions.

"Getting married doesn't necessarily mean happiness.

"Being single doesn't mean you can't be happy.

“We all come into this world alone and will leave alone too.

“Love is a luxury for the soul. It’s okay if you don’t have it.”

She thought it made sense and read it several times more, with a complex mood. It felt similar yet different from her current state of mind.

“I married a stranger who obviously doesn’t love me at all. Getting married doesn’t necessarily mean happiness. I have no choice but to accept it for now. There’s still time to go back to the hospital,” thought Natalie.

She took a photo of the marriage license and sent it to her grandfather, along with a voice message. “Grandpa, I’ve completed my mission. This is the real deal. I guarantee it. If you don’t believe me, you can call Mr. Wilson and ask him. He supervised the whole process. Now, you need to eat well and not bother me anymore. I have to go back to work at the hospital.”

“I should call the old gentleman Mr. Wilson. He just said that his grandson’s name was something Wilson, wondered Natalie.

As soon as she sent the text, Natalie pressed the screen to turn it off and put the phone in her pocket.

She then sprinted to the car.

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