



Seeing the raised fender, Hackett cursed Frank in his heart again, and at the same time, he was already helpless inside. He thought that brotherhood was nothing but bullshit.

Sherri sang for a while and realized that something was missing. She kept mumbling something and was fishing on Hackett's body.

Hackett listened to the slurred words and wondered what she was talking about.

"What are you looking for?" He slapped away her hands that were running through his body.

Sherri pursed her lips in displeasure and said, "Where's the microphone?"

Hackett replied, "There's no microphone here. I'll find you one when we get out of the car."

Sherri seemed to agree with this. She fell into silence and stopped running her hands through his body. Hackett was really tired of her messing around, so he closed his eyes and rubbed his eyebrows.

Suddenly, he felt a spasm and looked down, only to see Sherri singing to him between his legs with a smiling face.

Hackett hurried to slap her hand away. "Missy, this is not something you can play with. Let's change to something else. You can't afford to pay for it if it's damaged."

Hackett thought, "This is the most important thing for a man. If something goes wrong with it, I'm afraid everyone in our family will be angry."

“After all, it’s equivalent to cutting off the bloodline of the Blackwell family.”

However, Sherri was like a stubborn child, unwilling to let go. She looked up at him with teary eyes, and Hackett could only coax her to let go.

“Listen, this is not fun. Let’s play something else, okay?” Hackett was helpless. This woman had no regard for his future.

He was a normal man, so he naturally had desires.

“I don’t want to. I want you to listen to me sing,” Sherri shouted.

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“You are tired of singing, aren’t you? Let’s change the game. What else do you like to play? I can accompany you,” Hackett said. Then he thought deep down, “Missy, let go of me, please. It means the future generations. of our family!”

Sherri carefully thought for a moment. “Blow up balloons. Is it okay?” she said with a begging look in her eyes. Her eyes were misty after her drunkenness, and she looked like a pitiful child.

“Sure. You stay quiet and sleep, then. We’ll go buy balloons after getting out of the car, okay?”

“No, I think I saw colorful balloons. I want to blow up balloons right. now.” Not waiting for him to figure out where the balloons were, the next second, she got up and sat on his lap, then held his face with both hands. and blew air into his mouth.

For a moment, Hackett could not catch his breath and was on the verge of suffocation. He pushed her head away with one hand and breathed. crazily to stay alive.

He could never have imagined that what she said about blowing up balloons was completely different from the one he understood.

Just after he caught his breath, Sherri came up to him again. She pressed her lips to his again and blew so hard that Hackett doubted if he would be killed tonight.

Just as he was struggling to survive, the fender slowly descended.

Although Frank could not see the scene in the back seat, the two's conversation was clear to him. He thought he was listening to a drama played by two comedians all night. But as they were close to Hackett's house, he thought he should ask where to send them.

He didn't expect to see such an embarrassing scene, but he still interrupted them and said, "You guys stop first. I have a question."

Hackett quickly pushed Sherri away and tried to explain. He said, "That's not what you think. She messed around after getting drunk and kept saying she wanted to blow up balloons."

Even Hackett himself was in disbelief over the words he just said, and he felt a little helpless.

But Frank was calm and did not feel the slightest bit of surprise. He asked, "Where should I send you guys?"

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At the side, Sherri, who was pushed away by Hackett, still tried to hold on to Hackett's face to blow into his mouth. Hackett grabbed her chin tightly and took the opportunity to talk to Frank.

After a good while of thinking, he said, "Why don't we send her to a hotel? I think it's inappropriate to bring her to my house, after all."

"What's inappropriate since you two have kissed each other? I'll send her to your house." Frank directly made the decision and headed in the direction of Hackett's villa, and at the same time, he once again raised the fender.

Just before the fender was about to close, Hackett had a plan in his heart and shouted, "Mr. Roberts, help me purchase 500 balloons on the roadside."

Frank's meaningful voice came through the gap between the fender and the car roof. "Are you sure you can use all 500 balloons for one night?"

Hackett cursed in anger, "Fuck you, I'm talking about balloons to dress up. the room."

Once the car stopped at Hackett's Blue Garden, Frank gave him a big bag of balloons in different colors and a box of birth control supplies.

He bought them on the drive!

Hackett cursed inwardly, "What fucking unnecessary thoughtful of you!"

Then he carried Sherri on his shoulders with one hand and held the bag of balloons in the other.

At 10:30 the next day morning, Natalie was awakened by her alarm clock.

She was still half awake when she picked up her phone and glanced at it to find that there were no messages.

Her head hurt a little, the aftermath of drunkenness.

She pulled the covers and sat up, rubbing her aching temples and trying to remember how she got back last night, but she had no idea about it. She only vaguely remembered that she had been carried home by someone.

She lifted the covers and looked at herself, her clothes intact, and then she picked up her cell phone and clicked open the camera, her makeup not removed.

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So who sent her back last night? She closed her eyes, sat on the bed, and massaged her temples for a minute. Then she looked at her contacts and dialed Sherri's number. The phone ringtone rang five times, but no one answered.

A hint of nervousness flashed across her eyes as she remembered that Sherri was desperately trying to get Hackett to pay the bills last night. Sherri drank a lot with him. Later, Natalie was also a little drunk and couldn't remember much of what happened afterward.

She thought, "Should I let Edward look into it? But Sherri will be finished if Edward knows about this. How annoying."

Natalie quickly got up, washed up, and walked downstairs. The living room was empty, and she thought that Mr. Wilson should be gone by now.

Perhaps this house was just a hotel for him.

Natalie did not bother with this kind of thing. She went straight to the garage and drove her car to leave for the hospital.

She and Sherri were on the late shift today, and she had to go to the hospital first. She could help Sherri apply for a leave of absence in case Sherri wasn't there.

Her head still hurt, but for the sake of a day's salary, she was determined not to take time off.

It was still early to go to work. After buying a burger and a cup of milkshake, she dialed Sherri's phone several times, but no one answered, so she was even more worried.

Picking up her cell phone from the desktop, Natalie opened WhatsApp to look for Jim. The chat window still showed their last conversation about transferring money, and they hadn't been in touch since.

[Mr. Hawk, are you busy now?] Since the thing could not be known by Edward, she didn't know who else to find, so she could only try to contact Jim.

Jim, who was drinking coffee in Trevon's office, saw the message and gave a meaningful glance at Trevon. Then he looked at Trevon and said, "Mr. Wilson, it's from Mrs. Wilson."

Trevon paused in his action to sign the document and then asked in a cold voice, "What does she want from you?"

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Jim shrugged and said, "I don't know. She just asked if I was busy. Should I reply to the message?"

After thinking for a while. Trevon said with an expressionless face, "Sure."

After receiving the command, Jim quickly typed on the screen, [Yes, Mrs. Wilson, what can I do for you?]

Seeing that Jim was online, Natalie hurriedly replied as if she had caught a lifeline, [Mr. Hawk, can you please help me find out the location of my best friend, Sherri? I can't reach her.]

Jim looked at the message and then looked up to Trevon, saying truthfully, "Mrs. Wilson asked me to help find Miss Sherri Landor."

"Tell her." It was obvious that Sherri was very important to her.

[Mrs. Wilson, Miss Landor is safe. Mr. Roberts has made arrangements for her. She should be sleeping now. Don't worry.] Jim said after typing, "Mr. Wilson, are you really not attracted to Mrs. Wilson?"

He wanted to say that even Hackett had his heart set on her, always referring to her as his crush.

Of course, he felt that Mrs. Wilson deserved such a title.

“Do you have too much coffee and want me to beat the shit out of you?” Jim was actually Trevon’s comrade on the same team. They came to know each other because of a mission. Jim’s inner lining of an ear was ruptured from that mission. Even though Trevon helped to find a famous doctor, the sensitivity of that ear was much less than before, so Jim retired with Trevon and kept working with him.

Except for a few trusted people close to Trevon, no one knew about their private relationship. They all thought Jim was a bodyguard and assistant.

“No need. I’m going to my own business. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Wilson is quite a nice person. Many people are lining up to woo her if you have no feelings for her. Mr. Wilson, you should think about it.”

After saying that, Jim left the office. He sincerely hoped that Trevon would find a good girl. Natalie was a nice choice. She was straightforward, not pretentious, and always behaved properly.

Trevon was left alone in his thoughts. The woman’s enchanting dance moves and soft lips came to his mind from time to time.

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