

At 6 PM, the dining room table of the Foster family was already set with a table full of food. The whole family was waiting for Harry to start having dinner.

Harry, however, was pacing back and forth in the living room. He was anxious and unable to sit down with peace of mind.

He had his hands behind his back and was frowning every now and then..

His current wife, Elena Foster, was dizzy from his pacing, but she could not say anything directly to ask him to stop because she knew she would not have a good time if she offended him. She had worked so hard to become Harry's wife!

She asked politely, "Harry, what's wrong with you? You've been pacing back and forth for almost an hour. Tell us what's going on and see if Emily and I can work out a solution for you."

Emily Foster was checking her manicured nails and wiping them attentively. When her mother mentioned her name and because her mother had been giving her a wink, she sat up straight and stopped wiping her nails.

Hearing Elena's words, Harry was furious. In the afternoon, he went to the law firm to consult about the inheritance, which said that he could not retrieve the property even if he went to court for legal action. Because Barron's will had been notarized ten years ago, and there was no loophole to say that Barron was not in his right mind when he wrote the will.

The words "ten years ago" made Harry furious. He thought back to that time. That was the time after his ex-wife jumped off a building and died.

The lawyer from the law firm said that he could inherit Barron's property if Natalie herself voluntarily transferred the property to his name.

This was where Harry was upset. He had gone to Natalie a few days before, and there was no way Natalie would comply with his wishes and voluntarily transfer the property to his name.

Not to mention the transfer of the inheritance, it would be great that she would no longer be against him..

She even teamed up with Sherri to drive him out. She was simply a rebellious daughter.

Emily whispered softly and nicely, "Dad, why don't we discuss the solution together? What if Mom and I can help?"

After Harry thought about it, he thought Emily was right. He had no solution, but what if Emily and Elena had?

Harry then went over the matter of Barron's property and also included his rejection by Natalie..

Elena and Emily listened to it, and their faces stiffened with anger. They forced down their discontent and cursed Barron many times in their hearts.

Elena could not tolerate this. She endured for so many years, but in the end, she found out that a large sum of her family's fortune had been distributed to Natalie. She simply could not accept this fact.

She deliberately stirred up discord and said, "Natalie is too selfish. How could she inherit her grandfather's things alone without asking you? No matter what, you're the first heir. Her years of study have been for nothing."

Upon hearing this, the anger in Harry's heart became even more intense, and he even wanted to strangle his rebellious. daughter.

Emily also began to sow discord. She reminded politely, “Dad, Natalie is not willing to transfer the property to you, and she is holding 20 percent of the Foster Group shares. Once she gets married, it will be impossible for us to get this part of the shares back. Natalie’s husband’s family will own those shares.”

Emily’s point was to remind Harry that he could still get the 20 percent of the shares back now and that he needed to do so quickly.

Elena looked at Harry’s face, and sure enough, his expression was a little more gloomy than it had been earlier. Elena curled

her lips and said. “Alas, what can we do? Natalie is already 23 years old, and it’s impossible that she’ll stay unmarried. But once she gets married, the shares will have nothing to do with you, Harry. She is so selfish: If the shares were in Emily’s name, she would have transferred them back to you a long time ago. Natalie is taking over what belongs to you. I’ve never heard of any granddaughter taking over such a large portion of her grandfather’s property. See, Emily has nothing”

Her implication was that Barron had two granddaughters, but Emily got nothing.

“Natalie is really selfish. Why does she occupy so much property? She doesn’t even know how to take care of it. She rides a motorcycle very fast every day. What if she really has an accident someday? What should we do then?”

Emily said while looking at Harry’s face from time to time to observe the change in his expression.

As a matter of fact, Harry’s eyes showed a hint of murderous intent, but it passed instantly.

Elena could see her daughter’s disappointment and gave her a reassuring look.

Everything in the living room was watched by a pair of eyes on the second-floor stairway, who immediately edited a message and sent it out.

In the evening, in the master bedroom, Elena wore a semi-sheer silk nightgown after taking a shower.

She slightly raised the air conditioner's temperature and sprayed herself with specially made perfume.

Elena knew exactly about her usefulness and strengths. She had always cared about her appearance, so she had beauty treatments every now and then. She either did photorejuvenation or got hydration injections or wrinkle removal injections. The money she spent on her face over the year was not a small sum.

One's efforts would pay off. Harry had indeed been very obsessed with her these years, and he hadn't been looking for other women outside.

Harry was so fond of her that he had sex with her frequently.

Elena came close to Harry's lips and kissed him tenderly. Her delicate arms rested on his shoulders, and she cried out coquettishly, "Honey, you're so handsome."

Harry leaned back on the bed, and a lustful smile appeared on his face. "Sweetheart, come on. Let me smell you."

He loved the smell of Elena's perfume, and whenever she came close, he would lose control and want to enjoy her body.

Elena did everything she could to please Harry that night, changing her ways to make him happy.

She was very skilled in this area after all these years.

After they had sex, Elena leaned softly against Harry's chest and drew circles on his body with her fingers. "Harry, what are you going to do about the

shares? You can't really be manipulated by Natalie, can you? If Natalie is of one mind to you, it would be fine. But she hates us deeply because of her mother. If she gets on the board and turns against you one day, that will be bad. Emily was right. If she had the shares, she would have transferred them to you already."

Elena knew how to use Harry for her own purposes.

After they had sex, it was often the happiest and most relaxed moment for Harry. This was the best time for Elena to ask him to do what she wanted.

This was how she used Harry and became his wife step by step.

Sure enough. Harry turned his head with a frown and asked, "What's your solution?"

Elena pretended to hesitate and stammered "I have a way. But it depends on whether you are willing to take it or not. If Natalie falls off the motorcycle and goes into a false coma or something of that sort after some kind of accident, you can..."

Worrying that Harry would doubt herself, Elena did not speak her mind clearly. She did not want Harry to think she wanted to kill Natalie, so she could only wisely say, "A false coma" Her implication was to make Natalie fall into a state that would

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allow them to control her.

Anyway, Natalie was Harry's daughter, and if Harry had compassion for Natalie, Elena would lose more than she gained.

But in fact, she wanted not to make Natalie fall into a coma but to kill her directly. Once Harry arranged for her to deal with the matter later, this accident would not be so well controlled. At that time, she could tell Harry that

Natalie drove the motorcycle too fast or that the people who arranged to hit Natalie did not control their strength well and caused Natalie's death. These reasons could be used casually, right?

Thinking of this, the corners of her mouth were unconsciously curved into a smile.

Harry, who had been contemplating for a while, finally spoke up. His eyes were filled with hostility. "I won't be unwilling to do that. She's just an ungrateful and vicious woman. Like her mother, she will only be a stumbling block for me. Don't leave any traces. Get rid of her cleanly."

Elena happily replied, "Don't worry, honey. I always get things done perfectly. She was happy that everything in the Foster family would be hers and that she would be Mrs. Foster forever.

Natalie was just getting ready to leave work when her phone vibrated in her pocket.

She had to take consultations during work hours, so her phone was set to vibrate.

She stopped what she was doing and took out her phone, only to find it was an unfamiliar phone number. Seeing the message content, she frowned for a moment. [Natalie, are you off duty yet? Be careful when you're after work these days. If it's too late when you're off duty, you must drive in crowded places. You mustn't go on remote roads even during the day. times. And remember, take something for self-defense. If you can sleep in the hospital duty room, you should try not to go home. Make sure to be safe!]

Natalie knew at a glance that this information was from her half-brother Tucker Foster. This so-called brother was born when she was eleven years old. He was ten years younger than her and was still only in the fifth grade of primary school.

She was not disgusted by this simple-minded brother, but she also did not like him. After all, he was born of that woman. She speculated that the Foster family might be planning something to harm her, and this boy discovered it and came to tip

her off.

How would Elena feel if she knew that her own son had leaked her plans?

Natalie did not reply to him with a thank you but put her phone away and continued to organize her desk to end her work.

[HOT]Read novel Turning Of The Tide Chapter 11