



At the entrance of Adare Manor, Natalie parked her motorcycle in the garage today.

Usually, she parked it in the yard because she thought the yard was big anyway. And if she parked in the garage, she had to open the garage door, which was a pain for her.

The sky was heavily cloudy today, and she was worried that it might rain, so she parked her motorcycle in the garage.

After she parked the motorcycle, she reached into her pocket for her keys and realized the living room was lit up. Nell must be back.

Then there was no need for the keys, so Natalie slipped them back into her pocket.

She skillfully took off her helmet with one hand and swung his long hair. The moment she opened the door, she froze. It was not Nell who came back. It was her new husband Trevon who had returned..

Looking through the doorway, she could not see what the man was wearing, but she could see his thick, dark hair and straight back, which exuded a sense of noble elegance.

He was indeed quite handsome. From any perspective, he was a handsome man. It was just that he was not a very good person.

After half a second of dazedness, Natalie came back to her sense. She just did not expect Trevon to be back, and she was a little embarrassed, not knowing if he was staying here tonight or not.

But on second thought, they had agreed that their marriage would last three months. How could he achieve his goal if he did not come back?

With that in mind, Natalie's sudden embarrassment dissipated.

But she had not yet figured out what

Teement her grandfather and Trevon's grandfather had reached. She knew that with her grandfather's and their family's status, it was not enough to get Trevon to marry her. Natalie knew this very well. If it was her grandfather who threatened Trevon's family with something to make him marry herself, Natalie and her family were indeed at fault.

decided she

ask Trevon's grandfather what the deal was some other time. Although she felt nothing about Trevon looking down on her. she still wanted to find out why she was treated like a scheming bitch by Trevon.

Whatever the agreement. Natalie help

Trevon achieve his goal in three months, at de deshaya moder

After thinking about this, Natalie left her helmet and keys on the shoe rack by the door and took out her shoes to change. them naturally.

Out of self-cultivation and for the sake of a harmonious fake cohabitation life, she greeted Trevon first. "Mr. Wilson, have you had dinner yet?"

Trevon, who was about to light his cigarette, knew Natalie was back when he heard the door open. But he did not turn to look at her. After Natalie said those words, he followed the sound only to see the woman changing her shoes.

The casual attire paired with her slender figure made her more slender and graceful.

He did not answer her question. He looked at her, and his half-squinted eyes glanced at the helmet on the shoe rack by the door. Frank had told Trevon before about the helmet's matching logo to the motorcycle. This motorcycle was priced at around 200 to 300 thousand dollars.

It was interesting. At the same time, Trevon's mind flashed to the scene of a girl in leather being accosted by the wealthy heir that right:

Only after a moment did he reply, "No"

It was true that he had not had dinner. He had thought Nell was home, but he came back and found no one home. He was

not hungry, so he did not go out again.

After changing her shoes, Natalie looked straight at him and asked, "I'll cook. Do you want to eat?"

If he wanted to eat, she would cook an extra portion. She would only cook her portion if he did not want to eat. Natalie never wasted food.

"Yes."

Natalie did not care about his indifference or estrangement. She turned into the kitchen to wash her hands before putting on her bib. After that, she started to clean food and cook. She was like a virtuous wife.

The kitchen was directly opposite the living room sofa, so the man sitting on the sofa could take in the kitchen woman's every movement at a glance.

He originally wanted to come back today to see Natalie's reaction to the scandal. But the result was that her face looked very calm as if this matter had nothing to do with her.

Was it really that she did not care about it, or was she good at pretending?

Women's minds were really inscrutable. Trevon suspected for a moment.

But according to his feeling, he determined that Natalie was pretending.

Looking at the woman busy in the kitchen, Trevon felt something strange somewhere in his heart that he could not express. It was as if there was no agreement between them, and he was just a typical husband waiting for his newlywedded wife to cook dinner.

Natalie was so focused on cooking that she did not know what the man sitting outside in the living room was thinking.

She cleaned and cooked food quickly. It took her only 40 minutes to finish three dishes and a soup.

After setting the table, she shouted to the living room. "Mr. Wilson, food is ready."

She never called Trevon by his first name. She just followed Jim to call him Mr. Wilson.

Nell sometimes called Trevon Mr. Trevon, and Sherri said everyone in Athana called him Mr. Wilson..

Trevon stood up and straightened his suit. And then, he went into the dining room to sit down at the table in a slow and orderly manner.

There were sausage, grilled fish, green salad, and egg soup on the table.

They looked delicious, but it was unknown how they tasted.

Noticing his eyes fixing on the dishes, Natalie thought that maybe Trevon, the rich heir, was not used to eating such dishes. "These are just ordinary dishes I usually have. I don't know if you like them."

What she really wanted to say was, "If you don't like them, just go to eat in the restaurant. I'm not serving you."

“Well, I’m not picky,” said Trevon. He did not believe this himself.

Usually, Trevon had to take his meals from his own hotel.

After Trevon said that, Natalie helped him serve some food.

After doing so, she sat down and started eating. She was starving and completely ignored the man sitting across from her.

She thought she did not need to keep an eye on Trevon all the time because he was not a three-year-old child!

The food was better than Trevon thought it would be, which made him look at her a few more times. This woman could

heal, drive a motorcycle, and cook.

What else could she not do? The Foster family was a big family in Athana.

Although the Foster family was not wealthy and influential, Natalie was still a young lady from a big family. But what she did was different from other girls from big families.

Soon, Trevon came back to his sense. He realized that he had lost his concentration several times tonight. Was he crazy? What business was it of his?

She was still stuffing her mouth eagerly. Obviously, she was completely unaware that the man sitting opposite her had repeatedly glanced at her.

He was a little surprised. This woman did not see him as a man? She was really eating attentively.

The women Hackett had brought over before were all very elegant, and they chewed slowly and methodically when eating. But the woman before him was stuffing food directly into her mouth!

Could this be Natalie’s unique way of attracting him?

He suddenly remembered that he had just returned and found Nell was not there, so he asked, "Didn't Grandpa ask Nell to take care of you? Why haven't I seen her? Did you ask her to go home?"

Natalie thought to herself, "Am I that powerful? Can I have the power to order your nanny?"

"Will Nell be willing to serve me?"

"She may serve me in my dream!"

But she said calmly and lightly. "She's been on leave for a few days. But since you asked me about her, I'll have to discuss this with you today. I have both hands and feet. I don't need to be taken care of, and I'm not used to strangers watching me every day. You can ask Nell not to come over anymore if you don't mind.

"But fine with me if you have to arrange for her to come over."

Trevon inexplicably felt that Natalie was trying to express other intentions with this statement, but he could find no evidence.

But he did not object to the suggestion. After all, Nell was the person his grandfather had arranged. His grandfather had sent Nell over mostly to watch him. He did not like being watched either.

"Well, okay. I will talk to Grandpa about this."

"Thanks." After that, the dining room was silent. The two did not say another word.

They were both concentrating on eating!

Natalie was amazed that Trevon could enjoy these ordinary dishes. The rich heir of a wealthy family indeed had better quality and cultivation than her.

Even his eating movements were more elegant than hers. After Trevon finished eating, he wiped his mouth and hands tissue papers and then leaned back lazily in the chair.

He glanced at her as if he was the king of the world. "Miss Foster, there is one thing we still need to make it clear

with

Natalie was still eating the rest of the food on her plate. She was definitely not going to waste any food. "Go ahead." She did not even raise her head when she said this.

"Since you don't need Nell to come over, we'll be the only two people left in this house for the next two months and 26 days. During that time, if I need to eat your cooking. I will pay accordingly.

Chapter 12

Upon hearing those words, Natalie looked up. Her heart was full of sneer and speechlessness. She had only asked him out of courtesy if he wanted to have dinner just now, and it seemed like he was starting to suspect that she was tempting him with delicious food.

Once again, she began to suspect her grandfather. What had her grandfather done to make Trevon so defensive of her?

She thought secretly. "If I say no to his suggestion in the current situation, I'm afraid he'll say I'm trying to make him relax his guard against me. He might even say I'm trying to get him to like my cooking as a way to make him inseparable from

1. me.

"Forget it. I'll agree to it. Then he won't misunderstand again. I'm exhausted from thinking about those things." After some thought, Natalie said, "Okay,

you can ask Mr. Hawk to transfer the money to me. Just pay as per the market price. I don't want to take advantage of you."

That was good. In that case, Natalie could earn some extra money. She did not expect that her grandfather's cultivation of her cooking skills would benefit her in front of the well-known Mr. Wilson one day.

Trevon was shocked that she agreed so readily. She did not ask for his contact information either. Her self-awareness and moderation made Trevon feel a little conflicted. He said, "Yes." And then, he turned around and went upstairs cleanly.

That night, Trevon called his grandfather to tell him that Natalie was not used to being served by strangers and liked to cook by herself. When Barron heard that it was Natalie's request, he did not insist.

He told Trevon to take good care of Natalie at the end of the call.

In the end, it was Natalie who took the blame for driving Nell away.

Read Turning Of The Tide - Chapter 12