



The early autumn night came earlier than before, the moon was high in the sky, and the twinkling stars lit up the courtyard. What a beautiful night, but...

Natalie was leaning against the doorway, looking up at the beautiful scenery. She bit her cigarette, expressing a sense of helplessness, confusion, and reluctance in the hazy smoke.

As she waited for the cigarette to burn out, she adjusted her leather jacket and headed upstairs. Her footsteps were as light as a feather, and she had never been so afraid to open the door to her grandfather's bedroom.

She took a deep breath, gently turned the door lock, walked to the bedside of Mr. Barron Foster, and looked at her loved grandpa, who was as thin as a skeleton on the bed. She slowly extended her right hand's index and middle fingers to feel his breath.

Just for a second, a hint of restraint curved her lips. She slowly sat by the bed and held her grandfather's icy cold hand, placing it on her chest, trying to warm it up. "Grandpa, you're so naughty. How can you break your promise? We agreed to sleep together tonight. Why did you sleep first? You didn't even give me this last chance. You're so old and still acting like a child. Didn't you teach me since I was young to keep my promises and not to lie?"

She wiped away a tear and looked blankly at the pale figure on the bed, continuing to ramble, "Grandpa, if I don't get married today, will you not leave? Do you think you can leave with peace of mind by entrusting me to the Wilson family? Where will I have a home without you?"

After crying for a long time, she held her grandpa's hand quietly and chatted incessantly, talking about everything from when she was little until now....

Due to the psychological quality of a doctor and the toughness she developed since childhood, she did not continue to sit there. After chatting with her grandfather, she got up and went to the bathroom to fetch warm water. She carefully washed and combed her grandfather's hair.

She went to the wardrobe again to find the new clothes she had bought for her grandfather previously. Barron liked it very much at that time and praised her for having good taste.

She got herself together and tried to do her best, resisting the urge to cry because her grandpa didn't like it.

Standing at the stairway, she shouted to the servants, "Come up here, all of you!"

"What's wrong, Miss?" Two servants hurriedly ran up, looking at her slightly swollen and reddened eyes with a sense of uncase.

"Call the people who deal with funeral arrangements. Grandpa has left us." She asked for the kind of company that specialized in handling these matters, plus some priests to pray for her grandpa. Barron was a devout believer while he was alive.

"Miss, do you want me to call your father?" the servant said, crying. Her voice was discontinuous.

"No need. Let Grandpa rest peacefully for the night. I will accompany him tonight." Barron did not mention a word about Natalie's so-called blood-related father before leaving. As Grandpa's only son, Natalie could not stop him from paying respects, but she also did not want to reach out to him proactively.

The word “father disappeared from her vocabulary a long time ago. She didn’t know what to call him ever since she was ten.

Initially, the house was quiet. Only the gentle breeze brushing past the leaves made a rustling sound. It was the only thing that made it seem less quiet.

But now, people were coming in and out of the courtyard, busy and bustling. The lights were as bright as daylight, but it did not seem lively at all, but rather desolate and lonely everywhere.

Because she was the only one left.

The Wilson’s old residence was also lit up like daylight. Normally at this time, Theo Wilson would have been asleep. But he heard that Barron Foster only had a few days left to live. It seemed like Theo had been waiting these past few nights.

The butler, Danny, came rushing into the study and gasped, “Sir, Mr. Barron Foster, he’s gone.”

Theo Wilson looked at the unfinished painting in front of him and paused with the brush in his hand. He let out a sigh and said, “Go get the car ready to go to Barron’s place. Call Trevon and tell him to hurry up. Remind him not to drive his flashy car over.”

“Yes, sir. I’ll go take care of it now,” said Danny.

The mourning hall in the courtyard had been completely set up. Natalie personally supervised every little detail. Barron was all about the details when he was alive. He always said that attention to detail determined success or failure and that one should be careful and cautious in whatever he did.

Hearing the hurried footsteps and the thumping sound of the cane hitting the ground, Natalie turned her head while kneeling only to see that the first person

who arrived was her newlywed husband's grandfather, who she had met for the first time today.

She didn't know why such a big shot like Mr. Theo Wilson would care so much about her grandpa. She wanted to ask her grandpa about it today, but she didn't have the time...

"Hello, Mr. Wilson," she addressed politely.

"Kid, you've been through a lot. Take care of yourself and stay strong."

After Theo Wilson presented flowers, he stood by Barron Foster's body for quite some time. From Natalie's kneeling position, she could see the tears in his eyes shining under the reflection of the lights.

On the Mercedes, Theo Wilson didn't look good. He picked up his phone with a dark face and called Trevon, "Where are you?" His tone was quite intimidating, indicating that he was very angry.

Even Danny, who was driving in front, sensed his anger.

From the other side came the unhurried, flat tone "company."

"Why don't you go to the Foster's residence? Even though she's the woman you unwillingly got married to, she is your legal wife according to the marriage license, so you should go pay your respects. Theo said in a persuasive voice.

The person on the other end wasn't scared at all and still had a tone that made him seem like he needed a beating. "I didn't take the marriage license. It's with you. Just because the law recognizes it doesn't mean I do too.

Besides, the person you want me to marry is not the person I want to marry.

Grandfather, I have already compromised by marrying her, which is the biggest concession. If you ask me to pay respects, I cannot comply with your request."

Theo Wilson was so angry that he hung up the phone instantly. He was breathing heavily and clutching his chest in the back seat, muttering curses about Trevon Wilson. Danny could tell from Theo's demeanor that Trevon had not given in.

How could he, the fearsome Mr. Wilson of Athana, be so easy to control? He couldn't be manipulated repeatedly.

The cunning butler Danny spoke up. "There's no need for you to be so angry, sir. You should know Trevon's character by now. He's too excellent and always has a plan. This time, you tried to use the stocks to force him to marry a girl he doesn't like. That he listened to you is already a great concession because you are his grandpa. Another person might not have accepted it. You can't force him too hard, or it will backfire."

"Alas! What a scoundrel! I am his grandfather. How could I harm him? If it weren't for Barron, I wouldn't have lived until now, let alone having the Wilson Group and this scoundrel. I owe him more than just my life. Trevon thinks I forced him to marry Natalie just to fulfill my promise. I have investigated this girl Natalie, and she has been well-educated by Barron. She is not inferior to any wealthy daughter and has no bad reputation. If Trevon can get along well with her and discover her good qualities, he may fall in love with her. I could not agree with Barron if Natalie were a girl with a bad reputation." Theo Wilson was so angry that his eyebrows were twitching. His grandson didn't understand him at all.

"Sir, don't worry too much. If Miss Foster really has shining qualities, Trevon will discover them during the three months he

spends with her. Your biggest concern is fulfilling Barron's promise to protect Miss Foster, right? If Trevon and Miss Foster cannot be together in the end, why not adopt her as your granddaughter and continue to protect her?"

Theo Wilson's eyes lit up as he immediately opened them. He praised, "You're the smartest guy around here, even if you come up with some crazy ideas. With Trevon's personality, he wouldn't publicly announce his relationship, so they're probably in a secret marriage. I forced him to live with Natalie for three months in the hope that he would see the good qualities in her. If he can't see that in such a great girl, he might as well be blind."

He said again in a moment, "Send some smart bodyguards to guard the Foster's residence and maintain security." After investigating Natalie, Theo Wilson still wasn't at ease with the possibility of a sudden event causing harm to Natalie.

He promised Barron that he would protect Barron's granddaughter. He couldn't break his word.

Update Chapter 4 of Turning Of The Tide by Diana Sander