



After Sherri left, Natalie locked herself in the room with the letter given by Abbot Wright.

The signed document was entrusted to Sherri by Natalie for safekeeping. It was unsafe to keep it at the Foster's residence, as an unreliable person was there.

The envelope's paper looked super old like it had been around for years. It didn't seem like it was just written recently, but when did Grandpa write it?

Natalie opened the envelope as if it were a precious treasure, and her eyes fell upon her grandfather's strong and powerful handwriting. "My precious Natalie, I am sorry that you have to see this letter. I never wanted this day to come, but I must walk ahead of you. I cannot stay with you forever, or I will become a monster. But don't be sad, Natalie. I just went to where I needed to go. Abbot Wright should have come to see you. Those things were the wedding gift that I prepared for you ten years ago. If you are already married, I shouldn't keep them for you. They belong to you. If you haven't married, hide them well so your unreliable father won't see them. When you meet the one you love, you can bring these gifts to your husband's home and live a little more freely. I gave you this house, which is your last resort no matter where or when matter how well or poorly you live, you still have a home to come back to. Natalie, the Foster family owes you and your mother.

you are. No

"Just keep these things without any burden. When the Foster family's project was losing money, it was your mother who brought the funds from the Lopez

family to settle in the Foster family, which made the Foster Group what it is today. Otherwise, without your mother, there would be no glory today. So what I gave you is never enough. The Foster family is sorry for your mother. Your father is ungrateful. Don't let

him bully you because of me. Don't give in half a step. Grandpa will always stand by your side. Please forgive Grandpa for leaving. Every day in the future, Natalie, you must be happy."

Natalie tightly held the letter in her hands, her knuckles turning white. She carefully put the letter back into the envelope, smoothing it out and holding it against her chest.

"Without Grandpa, where is there still a home?" said she inwardly.

The dim light became hazy, and suddenly she covered her face with both hands and squatted down, her lonely back adding to the loneliness. She sat on the floor, sobbing in pain, pouring out all the suppressed pain of the past few days. The hoarse roar echoed in the silent room, and tears stained her fair arms. At this moment, her loud crying was like a mountain collapsing, and the tears in her eyes were like the water of the sea, flowing endlessly.

The commotion in the room caused the servants to worry. The two servants stood outside the door, feeling sorry and unsure whether to knock or not. Their eyes were also red.

A few days after Barron passed away, they didn't see Natalie burst into tears. They knew she was trying to hold back. It was just heartbreaking to think about how hard it must be for her, given the relationship between her and Mr. Barron Foster.

After half an hour, the crying in the room stopped. The servant feared Natalie might do something stupid, so they nervously knocked on the door and asked, "Hey, miss, are you okay? Miss?"

The door unexpectedly opened quickly. “I’m fine, don’t worry about me. I just want to say goodbye to Grandpa. Let’s go downstairs and have a chat.”

She heard the commotion of the two servants pacing back and forth outside the door a long time ago.

Natalie sat on the sofa, gathered her thoughts, and looked at the two with swollen eyes. She said, “Please have a seat.

“Grandpa has passed away, and I wanted to ask you about your plans. Are you planning to stay or to find a new life? I respect whatever decision you make.”

“Miss, will you stay? Mr. Barron Foster said you got married. Are you leaving?” one of the servants asked.

Another servant was already crying softly.

“Tomorrow... I’m leaving this place. If you want to stay, you can live here. I’m sure Grandpa won’t mind either”

The two servants exchanged glances and firmly declared that they had decided to stay and look after the house without

receiving any more wages. Both of them were around 50 years old and childless. They had been working in the house for so many years and were reluctant to leave. Besides, Barron treated them like family and never mistreated them. Even if they didn’t

go out to find work, they could live off the house until they were old.

It seemed like everything had cleared up after the rain, and the warm sunshine was particularly comforting.

There was a black Mercedes parked in front of the Foster’s residence, and a man wearing a black suit who looked about 6 feet tall got out of the driver’s seat. He respectfully took the two suitcases from Natalie’s hands.

Natalie didn't have a lot of stuff. She was not the kind of person who spent money recklessly. She could get by with comfortable clothes. One suitcase was full of medical books, and another with clothes and everyday essentials. Her lifestyle was extremely simple.

"Hello, Mrs. Wilson. My name is Jim Hawk, and I am Mr. Wilson's assistant. Mr. Wilson has a meeting today and couldn't come to pick you up, so he sent me instead." Jim Hawk's back was chilled with fear. It wasn't Trevon Wilson who sent him, but rather Theo Wilson, who had called Trevon to come to pick up Mrs. Wilson. However, Trevon refused to come, so Theo Wilson called Jim instead.

Natalie didn't pay much attention to these details. Instead, she understood Trevon. "He was also forced to get married. Why would he be willing to come and pick me up himself? He never showed up, even during my grandfather's funeral," said she inwardly.

The moment Jim saw Natalie, he had a sudden feeling of familiarity. He thought he had seen her somewhere before and searched through his memory until he saw the black motorcycle in front of the yard. Then it hit him.

"So she was the girl before," he thought.

"I see. Mr. Hawk. Can you help me carry my luggage over and send me the location of the house? Thanks."

Natalie took out her phone, and Jim was pleasantly surprised to store her contact.

He had a feeling that Trevon would totally fall for his cool, badass, and beautiful wife.

Because even Jim himself couldn't bear to take an extra look at her.

“Are you planning on driving there yourself, Mrs. Wilson?” He already had a feeling, but he asked out of politeness.

“Yeah, Natalie succinctly said, already putting on the helmet.

The motorcycle was way faster than cars. Soon, Natalie was already waiting at the entrance of the community. She took off her helmet and lazily stood beside the motorcycle, observing the surroundings, roads, and characteristics nearby.

She silently exclaimed inwardly, “This is truly a place for wealthy people. Every inch of land is valuable.”

Fifteen minutes later, Jim Hawk saw Natalie, who was stuck outside, and quickly got out of the car.

“Mrs. Wilson, my bad. I forgot to inform the security guard this morning when I went to the company. Sorry about that.” Jim received a last-minute notice today, so it was not entirely his fault. Plus, who knew Mrs. Wilson rode a motorcycle?

“It’s okay. It’s nice to appreciate the scenery.”

Jim said inwardly. “I really like Mrs. Wilson’s personality. She doesn’t have any airs.”

The guard opened the door as soon as he saw Jim.

Natalie sighed inwardly again. In the world of the wealthy, there is no need for invitations or key cards. Just a face is enough.

Read Turning Of The Tide Chapter 6 TODAY