



The rain cooled the weather overnight, signaling the arrival of autumn.

There was no telling if it was because Barron Foster left unsettled or if even the heavens were crying for him and his granddaughter. It rained all night heavily, and Natalie stayed with two servants at the mourning hall to accompany Barron until morning.

“Cheer up. Natalie, don’t be too sad. Maybe it’s a kind of liberation for Mr. Foster, too,” said Juana Landor, who came to pay respects with Sherri early in the morning.

“Natalie, don’t be sad. Mr. Foster wouldn’t be at peace seeing you like this. He doesn’t like to see you cry. Dear, you still have me. Seeing Natalie getting thinner overnight, Sherri felt her heart ache and hugged Natalie to comfort her.

After hugging for a moment, Natalie pushed away Sherri and politely bowed to Juana Landor, who felt sorry for seeing such a scene. Her daughter and Natalie had formed a good relationship since they were young. They often hid in Sherri’s room and played. Juana also liked Natalie very much. When Natalie grew up and became a graceful young lady, Juana wanted to matchmake her son with her, but she could tell that Natalie only saw her son as an older brother.

After giving condolences, Juana left, and Sherri requested to stay with Natalie. Juana did not object.

“You rebellious girl, what on earth do you want? Your grandfather passed away last night, and you didn’t even notify me. I think you have bad intentions, just like your mother. Let me tell you...” The person who came in was

Natalie's father, Harry Foster, who started scolding Natalie as soon as he walked in.

"If you're here to piss off Grandpa, please lift your noble feet, and the door is over there." Natalie glared fiercely at Harry Foster, full of hatred and devoid of father-daughter love.

She gave him a cold and fierce look, full of murderous intent, and even Harry was startled. This was the second time Natalie looked at him with this kind of expression. The first time was the day his ex-wife jumped off the building.

People who came to pay their respects in the mourning hall were whispering to each other. Those in the circle knew about the situation of the Foster family. Some felt sorry for Natalie, while others were just there to watch. After all, nobody could genuinely empathize with someone else.

Sherri didn't want her best friend to cause a scene with Harry in front of Mr. Barron Foster's mourning hall. In the end, it was her best friend who was hurt. She took a step forward and said, "Mr. Foster, you've been here for a while. Shouldn't you present flowers and say goodbye to Mr. Barron Foster? Everyone around is watching!"

Sherri didn't speak loudly. She instead leaned in close to Harry, speaking in a tone that seemed like only the two of them could hear. However, the mourning hall was not noisy at this time, so their conversation could be heard by those who were within proximity.

Due to the Landor family's influence and the current situation, Harry didn't want to make a big scene and decided not to argue further.

Theo Wilson was the last to arrive. After looking around, he didn't see his worthless grandson. He walked with agile steps to the mourning hall to pay respects.

“Natalie, after Barron’s funeral today, move to Adare Manor so that Barron can rest assured,” suggested Theo Wilson.

“Okay, thank you, Mr. Wilson.” Natalie didn’t wholly refuse, only hoping to talk about everything tomorrow.

The sky was still gloomy, with thick, low, and murky clouds covering the sky. The gentle breeze stung like a sharp knife piercing through her black hoodie, making her heart feel tight with pain.

In the cemetery, Sherri held a black umbrella for Natalie and stood quietly in the drizzle.

“Sherri, you go ahead. I want to have a private conversation with Grandpa.” A weak yet determined voice broke the silent air.

“Okay, take the umbrella, and I’ll wait for you at the foot of the mountain.”

Sherri did not refuse. She understood Natalie too

well, knowing she didn’t want to leave her grandpa and wanted to say goodbye to him one last time.

“Take the umbrella with you. The rain isn’t heavy anyway. Don’t worry. Grandpa is here with me. He won’t let the rain get me.”

Sherri suddenly became teary-eyed, and her vision blurred as she looked at Barron’s tombstone. Her voice choked as she said, “Okay, don’t stay too long. The drizzle is a bit cold. Mr. Foster would be worried about you getting sick.”

With her back facing Sherri, Natalie did not answer. She just stared at her grandfather’s tombstone without blinking. The inscription did not have her father Harry’s name, but instead had her name as the granddaughter, Natalie.

Sherri turned around. Tears flowed down her face as she descended the mountain.

Natalie was in the misty rain without an umbrella or raincoat. She just let the rain soak her hair and dampen her cheeks.

The drizzle was wetting the surface of the tombstone. She kept wiping it with her slender hands. “Grandpa, it’s just you and me now. Let’s chat for a bit. I have to criticize you today, Grandpa. You’re terrible at picking the day. Today’s weather is awful. I wanted to send you off on a good day, but because you are a believer, I had to spend a fortune to find a fortune–teller for you. Look at you, always causing trouble. If we didn’t get the fortune–teller, it would have been fine. But, after the fortune–telling, we ended up with this awful weather.

She sniffled, looked up at the dark sky, and held back her tears. “Grandpa, I miss you so much already. I don’t want to go back home without you. That house holds so many childhood memories that I can’t distinguish between reality and dreams. Today, Mr. Wilson suggested I move into the house of the grandson–in–law you chose, but I’m not used to living with a stranger. What should I do, Grandpa?” Natalie leaned against the grave as if she were cuddling with her grandfather.

When Natalie was coming down the mountain, the rain stopped. Maybe it was because Barron Foster cared about his granddaughter.

As she arrived at the foot of the mountain, Sherri’s car was still parked there. Natalie opened the door and sat in the passenger seat as if it were her own car.

When the car arrived at the Foster’s residence, the servant hurriedly came out and said, “Miss, there is a lawyer looking for you inside.”

“Huh? Did he say something? Grandpa didn’t tell me anything.”

“Go in and take a look, just in case it’s something Mr. Foster arranged. Sherri Landor speculated that nobody else would come to find Natalie at this time,

certainly not a lawyer. She didn't have any of the Foster family's assets in her hands, so it must be something Barron arranged.

"Barron treated Natalie like his own life, so there was no way he wouldn't leave her anything, thought Sherri.

The man wore a black suit and glasses, exuding an air of refinement and intelligence. He appeared to be in his forties and gave off a professional vibe.

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Seeing Natalie come in, he stood up and introduced himself first. "Hello, Miss Foster, I am the lawyer entrusted by Mr. Barron Foster, my name is Abbot Wright, and I am here today to fulfill Barron's last wish."

Sherri was not surprised by his purpose for coming, and she had guessed it before he even entered the door.

"Mr. Wright, please take a seat. What did my grandfather instruct before he passed away?" asked Natalie. Sherri also sat next to her.

Abbott Wright opened his black briefcase, placed several files signed by Barron Foster on the coffee table, and began explaining. "The first document is the transfer agreement for 20% of shares in the Foster Group. The second is the currently existing donation agreement for this house. According to inheritance laws, it should belong to your father, but Mr. Barron Foster has the right to distribute his property. So, Miss Foster, you need not worry about any disputes. Also, all the funds, stocks, and cash in Mr. Barron Foster's bank accounts belong to you now. He personally notarized them. Even if you don't sign today, I can transfer everything to you. I have to complete this job for Barron Foster, so I hope you will cooperate, Miss Foster. As a longtime lawyer, he could tell that Natalie hadn't decided to inherit yet and understood all of Barron Foster's

actions.

“Let’s sign it now. Miss Foster, you better follow Mr. Barron Foster’s wish. Before he passed away, he said that these things. were owed to your mother and you deserve them.”

“Okay.” Natalie swiftly signed and stamped each page. Soon, all the formalities were completed.

“Miss Foster, thank you for your cooperation. This letter is from Mr. Barron Foster to you. Please take care and accept my condolences,” said Abbot before leaving swiftly.

His task was completed. It was more than ten years ago when he was in his early twenties. Abbot Wright, a lawyer, became a top player in his field through his ability. The sudden glory and brilliance made him proud, and pride led to complacency. He underestimated a lawsuit and was dragged from heaven to hell. He lost a case for a wealthy kid, and this blow devastated him.

One day, Barron Foster approached him and asked for his help in making a will and getting it notarized. “Young man, why did you let that lawsuit bring you down? Who were you working so hard for all these years?”

Abbot looked up at the kind-faced old man and asked, “Who are you, sir?”

Barron replied. “Your client to be. Do you have the confidence to take the case?”

After losing the lawsuit, nobody came to him anymore. This made Abbot see a glimmer of hope. “Sure!”

“Hmm, it looks like there’s still hope for you,” said Barron.

After Abbot finished all the tasks with Barron Foster, Barron instructed him, “I don’t want you to give this video to my granddaughter. Keep it in your safe if you never need it. As for the things you are keeping

for me, I will pay you for them. Young man, you are excellent, but you lack some stability. No matter how high you reach in the future, don’t be arrogant. You must always reflect on yourself to get where you want to go.”

Thinking back to the past, Abbot was really grateful to Barron for his guidance and help when he was in need.

After hiding everything for over a decade, the task was finally done. The only thing that wasn’t given to Natalie was the final item. Over the years, Barron’s salary and trust in him exceeded his average salary. Abbot was a grateful person.

Read Turning Of The Tide Chapter 5