

A three-story white exotic-style villa with full glass windows caught Natalie's eye. Right away, one could see the spacious and bright living room within.

There was a circular extended balcony on the second floor, which seemed to be connected to the master bedroom. On the third floor was another circular balcony large enough to contain several people for a barbeque.

Looking around, Natalie found that the other houses in the area were built similarly. It seemed to be the standard in this community.

As Natalie and Jim passed through the door, Nell, who was working busily in the kitchen, came out slowly and greeted flatly while eyeing Natalie up and down. "Mrs. Wilson."

She had disdain for Natalie in her heart. "As expected, she was as what Mrs. Rachel Wilson said. She had nothing to bring to the table. Her outfit is cheap," she thought.

Nell was Theo Wilson's servant at Wilson's old residence. Worrying that Trevon wouldn't take good care of Natalie, Theo chose a servant to take care of them. However, Trevon Wilson's mother, Rachel Wilson, successfully bribed Nell before the

latter came over.

The servants in the wealthy aristocratic households learned to be crafty. Someone like Nell, who had been with the Wilson family for decades, was used to judging people based on their mannerisms and as a result, providing differential treatment.

From the day they got the marriage license, Rachel Wilson was unhappy about the marriage. However, there was nothing she could do since it was arranged by Theo Wilson, the head and decision-maker of the Wilson family.

Nell also heard that Trevon didn't like Natalie, so she became even more reckless.

Jim Hawk said respectfully, "Mrs. Wilson, this is Nell. She will take care of you in the future. I have some business to attend to at the company so I will leave first. If you need anything, you can call me."

"Okay, thank you for your help today, Mr. Hawk," said Natalie politely. She believed in reciprocating respect, giving three times what she received. Respect was mutual,

Just as Jim Hawk left, Nell began to act up. "Mrs. Wilson, I have something to attend to at home today and need to take leave. As for your lunch and dinner, please take care of it yourself," her tone carried a hint of sarcasm. She was not asking for permission to take leave but notifying her of her decision.

Rachel Wilson told her that Trevon didn't like his new wife, who came out of the blue, and they would divorce in a few months. She does not have to take good care of Natalie and just has to put up a pretense in front of Theo Wilson. Trevon would not be sharing a room with her either.

After the pep talk from Rachel, Nell firmly believed that Natalie would not be Mrs. Wilson of the Wilson family for long, and she had nothing to worry about.

"Okay, do as you please." With that, Natalie went upstairs to organize her things.

She was not a pampered lady who didn't know how to do anything. Even though her grandfather doted on her since she was young, he did not allow

her to become a spoiled and helpless person. He taught her how to take care of herself and to do daily chores such as the laundry, cooking, gardening, and more. He taught them all with great care.

Barron once said, "Natalie, I didn't teach you these things because I believe you would suffer in the future. These are the foundation of your survival. Even if you live well in the future and don't need to do

things yourself, not knowing how to do them is different from not having to do them. It'll never hurt to learn more."

Natalie's eyes sparkled as she thought of Barron's words.

With teary eyes, she looked at the huge master bedroom before grabbing her luggage. She then headed to the guest room. She noticed that there were two other guest rooms on the second floor when she climbed up the stairs earlier.

Chapter 7

She didn't think Trevon Wilson would be willing to share a room with her even though she had carried hopes of trying to make things work out. She didn't want to get divorced, but she was not the type to force someone to do something they didn't want to. Even though she didn't want to follow her mother's example, there was no point in dragging Trevon along if he didn't like her.

Barron also wrote in his letter for her to be patient. He asked her to wait until she was stronger before dealing with matters of the heart. "Take things one step at a time. I can't get married today and get divorced tomorrow" she thought.

After cheering herself up, Natalie rode her motorcycle to the supermarket nearby to buy daily necessities. She wanted to cook, but unfortunately, the fridge was empty. Not to mention that no fruits were prepared. There wasn't

toilet paper in the bathroom either. Luckily, she noticed that when she went to wash her hands before using the restroom. It would have been super awkward for her to know of it halfway through doing her business.

“Slurp...” Natalie was eating durian happily in the spacious and bright living room as she flipped through the medical books in her hand. The whole space was filled with a pungent smell. Not even the

second or third floor was spared.

The door creaked open, and in walked a man exuding an air of indifference. He undid two buttons on his shirt, and his skin peeked out as he strode in with his long legs. He had a stern look and a hand covering his mouth and nose.

“Isn’t this my newlywed husband?” thought Natalie.

Trevon looked around with a cold gaze as if searching for something. Finally, he set his eyes on Natalie. “What are you eating?” he asked with a disgusted look.

At this moment, Natalie realized that Trevon was searching for the source of the stench. She didn’t know he was on his way back.

She was feeling down today and thought of getting a durian to cheer herself up. But who knew Trevon would be back

She has to be responsible and thoughtful since she’s living under someone else’s roof. “Sorry, I’ll take it away now. I didn’t know you were coming back.”

“Uh.” Trevon took steps toward the door and opened all the windows in the villa. He couldn’t stand the smell. It was like being in a cesspool.

He stood at the door and finished smoking a cigarette. After taking a break, he walked in, handing a piece of paper to Natalie

“Sign this.” His tone was commanding, leaving no room for negotiation.

Natalie had just finished cleaning up when she saw the bold words on the paper handed to her. She laughed self-deprecatingly. It was a premarital agreement.

There was no telling who she was laughing at.

Trevon didn't give a damn about her reaction as his face remained expressionless.

Natalie casually took the agreement from him. As expected of a wealthy family, they saw her as a scheming woman. They were in a rush to protect their assets. The agreement was dated a day before they got the marriage license, but they were only asking her to sign it today.

This was a make-up premarital agreement to prevent Natalie from having extravagant expectations.

A short piece of paper that contained everything, but all of it was targeted at her.

The general idea was that the secret marriage would be for three months. After three months, both parties would proceed with divorce procedures. This villa would belong to Natalie while all other assets of the Wilson family would be unrelated to her. In these three months, they would only be cohabiting. The additional clause was that the marriage must be kept a secret, and no one could be told of it. Otherwise, she would need to compensate 20 million dollars for the mental anguish suffered.

"20 million dollars! Why don't you rob a bank?"

Chapter 7

"He is ruthless and cunning. The term 'secret marriage' is used to avoid damaging his reputation," thought Natalie.

She showed her respect for Trevon by looking carefully at the agreement prepared. Then, she looked up and extended her right hand to him..

Trevon narrowed his eyes and asked in a displeased tone, "What?" He thought Natalie was going to raise some other.

conditions.

"I need a pen. How do I sign without a pen?"

She didn't say an extra word. Since this was the result, there was nothing more to be said. In the morning, she still had hopes that she could have a home if she worked hard enough. However, it seemed that even the servant around her understood what she couldn't see clearly. Time to wake up and face the reality.

Trevon furrowed his brow and didn't expect Natalie to be this sharp and decisive. He looked at Natalie coldly as she signed without hesitation.

At this moment, Natalie felt she was signing off on a medical record without any other thoughts.

Trevon was the patient suffering from a common illness among wealthy aristocrats: paranoid delusions of being persecuted.

All rich people had this problem. They liked to think that everyone around was taking advantage of them and there was no cure for it.

After signing the agreement, Natalie handed the document to him with a firm and pure gaze. "Mr. Wilson, the contract is signed. I won't take the house. Rest assured that I will only be living in this house for three months and nothing more. I believe that you also need to gain something during these

three months. Good night.” With that, she turned and went upstairs, ignoring the impact of her words on Trevon.

When she saw the three months stated in the agreement, she guessed there was a reason behind it. That reason was that Trevon had made an exchange with Theo Wilson, which also made this arrogant young mister stoop to living with her.

It seemed like she guessed right.

Trevon’s dark eyes stared at the name on the agreement for two seconds before he looked at Natalie’s back as she went upstairs with a meaningful expression. “Was she playing hard to get or fishing for bigger rewards?

“But she’s not stupid. She figured it out!” he thought.

Update Chapter 7 of Turning Of The Tide