The Promise of Happiness

Chapter 40

Yohan choked on his drink when he heard his name. "Excuse me, Steven Bowers. I'm ten times more handsome than you are."

Steven was blissfully unaware of the tension in the air thickening and continued, "This is witchcraft! Is that woman a witch?"

Bang!

A glass of wine hit the table with a large force, its contents accidentally spilling out due to the sudden movement.

Steven and Yohan were startled at the sound. When they came back to their senses, they noticed that Samuel's expression had turned serious.

Yohan glanced at Steven and widened his eyes, a sign of asking, "What's going on?"

Steven was also in a state of confusion. He had no idea that he had accidentally offended his brother with his words.

Samuel got up and headed toward the door.

Steven blurted out, "Where are you going, Sam?"

"Going to see if that man is really as handsome as you say he is," Samuel said faintly as his long, slender fingers rolled up his long sleeves, showing off his muscular arms. He looked like a soldier who was ready to engage in combat.

The door slammed shut. All who were left in the room were Steven and Yohan, who both had equally dumbstruck looks on their faces.

"Since when did your brother become this vain?"

"I have no idea."

"Didn't you say that he had started caring about his looks?"

"Yeah, he did. But not to that extent!"

Back in the restaurant, Natalie suddenly had the urge to use the restroom in the

middle of her meal. She then left the table.

The walk to the restroom was pretty long, considering it was at the end of a long corridor. However, she had only taken a few steps into it when a man rushed out.

Just as Natalie was about to collide with the man, a hand reached out and grabbed her waist, pulling her out of the way.

As her back was to the unknown person, she had no idea who it was.

The man who nearly collided with her apologized hurriedly and quickly walked away, but the person who was behind her refused to let her go.

Natalie's first instinct was to raise her elbow to hit the person behind her. Before she could even move, however, her elbow was stopped.

Both of their bodies were flush against each other. It was clearly a man as his wide chest was gently pressing against Natalie's back. She could literally feel the warmth radiating off him.

"Let me go." Natalie gritted her teeth and warned. "Do it before I hurt you."

The arm that was on her waist pulled her closer to him, and the distance between them was closed.

"Are you sure about that?" A metallic voice rang from behind her.

At that moment, Natalie recognized the voice, and an image of its owner popped into her mind. She stiffened.

"Samuel?"

Just as her question left her lips, Samuel slowly spun Natalie around to face him.

Their position was now reversed, with Natalie backed against the wall and Samuel hovering over her.

Their eyes met.

Samuel's eyes bore holes into hers with the intensity of his gaze.

Natalie, on the other hand, stared back at him without a hint of fear. Her eyes were

filled with rage, indicating that she was wary of Samuel.

"What are you trying to do, Samuel?"

"I'm helping," Samuel replied faintly as he placed his hands on both sides of her head. He continued to stare at her as he spoke. "Ms. Nichols, aren't you supposed to thank me?"

"Thank… Thank you."

But even after Natalie had uttered her thanks, Samuel was still unwilling to let her go. His eyes glinted with an unknown expression.

"The sweetheart you've been going on about is him?"

Had Samuel seen Xavian?

Natalie nodded her head without thinking much of it.

But to her dismay, Samuel had obviously misunderstood. His hands curled into a fist when he heard her reply.

Thump! He hit the wall just a few inches away from Natalie's ear with his fists.

Natalie widened her eyes in disbelief and looked at the fuming Samuel in front of her in shock.

Is he drunk? Or has he gone crazy?What is he thinking? Does he even know that if that punch was directed at my face, the sheer force would likely shatter my bones to bits?