

# The Promise of Happiness

## Chapter 41

Samuel's calm breath started to turn heavy, and he withdrew his arm. Then, he turned to leave.

Looking at his back, Natalie was baffled by his weird attitude.

Didn't he want to punch me in the face? Why hasn't he said anything and just walked away?

She racked her brain for a long time but still could not figure it out. What did I do to anger him again?

After she had used the restroom, Natalie walked back to the restaurant. She noticed that Ross was the only one sitting at the table, and Xavian was nowhere to be found.

"Where is Xavian?"

"He said he wanted to use the restroom urgently."

"But, I didn't see him on my way back here."

Afraid that she would be worried, Ross offered, "Why don't I go to the men's restroom and look for him? After all, he is still a small kid."

"There's no need for that." Natalie then took a gulp of her drink and smiled wryly. "You won't find him in there. He must have wanted to go somewhere else but was afraid that you would be worried and decided to lie to you. Don't treat him as a mere five-year-old kid; he's more cunning than most adults."

Upon mentioning Xavian, the corner of her lips lifted into a smile. He could feel that there was a sense of pride coming from her.

She knew that if the enticing night and the events that followed thereafter six years ago were a nightmare, then Clayton and Xavian were the light that chased away the darkness that the heavens had given her.

If it were not for them, she would not use all her final strength to jump down her window and run away.

Narrowing his eyes, Ross said slowly, "I'm curious as to what you have been through. Why do you say things that feel as if whatever that happened to me had happened to

you as well?"

"It must be something very similar." Natalie's smile disappeared, and then, her eyes turned cold. "It so happens that I had been treated highly by my closest and beloved family and then thrown into the deepest, never-ending abyss in an instant."

It was easy for Ross to guess it correctly, but hearing it personally from her was a different story

Looking at her from the side, he thought that even though she was talking about it casually, there was a possibility that what she had gone through was more challenging and a thousand times more painful than what he had experienced.

Meanwhile, Samuel was standing outside of the restaurant.

His gaze was fixed on the table near the window at the man staring at Natalie, seemingly lost in thought.

He could not hear what they were discussing. However, Samuel could clearly feel that she was letting her guard down in front of the man and allowed him to see her in her most fragile state.

Who is this man? How could he make Natalie look like this?

With his deep eyes turning dark and grim, his face became rigid, and the aura exuded from him turned the surrounding temperature down a few notches.

Samuel was frustrated, and his perfectly long fingers took out a stick of cigarette from its box. Suddenly, a crisp tiny voice sounded next to him.

“I look so much like you, sir!”

Narrowing his eyes, Samuel turned to look at the young kid standing in front of him.

The young kid was very adorable. Furthermore, his cherubic face was red, and his eyes glinted energetically.

As the kid was still very young, he did not have sharp features on his face. One look at them would not let anyone think that the two looked similar. However, once he looked at the young kid closely, Samuel could definitely say that he could find some similarities between them.

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he similarities between them exceeded the similarities between him and Franklin.

“Yeah.”

Even though he did not deny it, Samuel’s face remained expressionless.

So what if we look similar? I don’t think this young kid is my son.

He knew that he had only been tricked once. Moreover, he had only slept with a woman once, and it resulted in Yara bringing Franklin and Sophia into the Bowers residence.

If there were more children, I don't think Yara would pass on the excellent opportunity.

As he lighted his cigarette up, the blue flame flickered around Samuel's fingers.

The young kid furrowed his eyebrows slightly. "Sir, Mommy doesn't like the smell of cigarettes. Can you stop smoking for the sake of Mommy?"

Samuel's lips twitched. He glanced at the young kid and asked, "Why would I do that?"