

The Promise of Happiness Chapter 51-55

Chapter 51

It had been five whole years.

Yara was still waiting for the day she would marry into the Bowers family and become Samuel's woman.

Initially, she thought she could get her status elevated because of Franklin and Sophia, and that it would just be a matter of time before Samuel married her. However, five years had passed, and yet, Samuel seemed as though he did not intend to marry her at all.

Even the public had no idea that she was the biological mother of the eldest grandson of the Bowers family.

She was tired after the long wait and did not want to waste more time.

Yara was deep in love with Samuel. Instead of waiting for him to come to her, she decided to take the first move and capture the heart of her beloved one.

"Samuel, I haven't asked you for anything in the past five years, but I hope you can agree to this," she said.

Samuel glanced at her. "Well, if it's something I can agree to."

"Really? That's great!"

Delighted, she swore she would perform well at her father's 60th birthday banquet and won Samuel over.

She became excited and wanted to hold Samuel's hand with that thought in mind, However, the man avoided her coldly before she could touch him.

Giving her an icy look, he said, "I told you before. I don't like to be touched by a stranger

The smile on Yara's face faded as she awkwardly put her hand away.

"Is there anything else?" Samuel asked in a cold tone.

"N-No."

"If so, you may leave now." He put down the coffee cup in his hand indifferently.

His words were clear. He wanted Yara to stop bugging him and leave.

At first, Yara was thinking of spending some time alone with Samuel, even if it was only watching him from the side quietly.

However, seeing the stern look on his face, she had no choice but to leave.

As she was leaving, she saw the two munchkins of the Bowers family were sending Natalie off.

Franklin frowned as he reminded, "Natalie, you must remember to change the dressing on your wound. Don't be lazy. Okay?"

"Okay. I'll remember that." Natalie smiled.

"You're really tough. How could you not even shed a single tear after bleeding so much?"

"Well, I'm already ugly. I'll look uglier if I cry."

“No, you’re not ugly at all.” Looking at Natalie’s freckled face, Franklin continued earnestly, “In my heart, you and Sophia are always the prettiest girl in this world.”

Natalie was lost for words upon hearing that.

On the other hand, Yara got so furious that she could not even say a word.

Sophia, who could not verbalize her thoughts, looked at Natalie and nodded her head repeatedly, indicating that she agreed with her brother.

Knowing the two little ones genuinely liked her, Natalie was as happy as a lark.

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Even though she was wearing an ugly hyper-realistic mask, they never despised her for her appearance.

“Thank you for the concern. Don’t worry. I’ll take good care of myself.” She caressed the heads of the two children. “Give me a call whenever you miss me.”

When Natalie rose to her feet, she naturally spotted Yara staring at her with a

meaningful gaze.

Without Samuel around, Yara’s façade faded. Her eyes turned vicious as she looked at Natalie.

Five years had passed in the blink of an eye, and Yara's delicate facial features were more exquisite than before.

However, she was still the same vicious, ruthless woman.

Meanwhile, over those five years, Natalie was no longer the country bumpkin who had just come from the countryside and foolishly believed that Yara was the person closest to her in the world.

"You looked surprised when you heard my name just now. Are you all right?" Natalie

"What? You must be overthinking. I'm not surprised at all." Yara tucked the stray hair behind her ear, her gaze filled with contempt and mockery.

"Really? I thought you knew someone who had the same name as mine."

Slightly stunned by Natalie's words, Yara acted cool. "So what? You are not her anyway."

Natalie raised the corner of her lips. At that moment, she felt the urge to take off the hyper-realistic mask from her face so that Yara could see clearly who she was.

However, it was not a good time yet.

After saying goodbye to the two children, Natalie boarded the car and left the Bowers residence.

Yara felt agitated for no reason when she saw the twins staring at the ugly woman with a longing gaze.

For the past five years, she had tried so hard to please the twins, but they always went against her, causing her to lose her patience.

However, they were well-behaved and liked a woman who had a face full of freckles.

“That woman is so ugly. How can you say that she’s pretty?” Yara questioned angrily. “I am your biological mommy, the one who brought both of you into this world. I’m much prettier than her. Okay?”

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“Hey. Stop dreaming. Who gave you such confidence to think that you looked much prettier than Natalie?” Franklin gave Yara the side-eye.

“Y-You..”

“What? Did I say anything wrong?” He knitted his brows and looked at Yara in disdain. “I wonder why an adult like you still doesn’t have any self-awareness.”

“Did you just say I don’t have any self-awareness?” She squatted down and held his shoulders. “Listen. I am the biological mother of you and Sophia. No matter how much you hate me, this is a fact that will never change. Sooner or later, I will move into the Bowers residence and officially become your mommy.”

If the twins were not Samuel’s children, she would have sent them to hell with Natalie.

After all, they were her bargaining chip to marry into the Bowers family.

To avoid being questioned, everything must be under her control.

“Well, you say that yourself. We’ve never admitted to that.” Franklin raised his eyebrow and spoke indifferently.

Yara shouted, “Franklin Bower, you-”

“Daddy, why are you here?” Franklin suddenly hollered as he looked at the person standing behind Yara.

Startled by his words, she quickly let go of Franklin and stood up.

As she turned around, she put on her gentle smile, but there was no one behind.

Realizing Franklin had tricked her, she yelled, "You!"

"Hahaha! Someone like you want to marry my daddy?" Franklin scrunched up his face and stuck his tongue out at her. "Dream on!"

He was too lazy to bother with Yara and turned to hold Sophia's hand later. "Sophia, let's go!"

Sophia did not have a good impression of Yara either. Hence, she obediently followed Franklin to the foyer, leaving Yara behind.

Watching the twins leave, Yara trembled with anger. "B*tch!"

In truth, the twins' biological mother was Natalie.

However, they were so well-behaved and obedient to another woman named Natalie as well.

Damn it! Why does someone with the name of Natalie keep showing up around me? It's so annoying!

She muttered to herself, "Another Natalie, huh? I'm going to make you regret using this name!".

At Centurion Corporation, Samuel stood in front of a large window overlooking the scenery beneath.

Watching the bustling streets in Dellmoor, he was deep in thought.

Knock! Knock!

After a few knocks on the door, he finally came back to his senses.

“Come in.”

Billy entered the office and placed a few documents that needed to be signed onto Samuel’s desk before reporting about work progression clearly and concisely.

A dark expression loomed over Samuel’s face as he listened to the details without paying full attention.

After Billy finished reporting, Samuel asked nothing about work. Instead, he ordered, “Billy, help me to investigate Yara and the Nichols family.”

“Sir, didn’t we investigate them before?”

“That information is too general. What I want to know is something more than that.” Resting his chin on his palm, Samuel cast a meaningful glance at Billy. “I don’t care about what had happened to Yara in the past. What I’m concerned about are the

Nichols family’s secrets. For example, Thomas has another daughter of similar age to Yara.”

Although Billy did not know Samuel’s intention of requesting him to investigate the Nichols family, he knew there must be a reason behind this.

Billy nodded. “Sir, I’ll send someone to investigate them.”

“Okay.”

A moment later, something crossed Samuel’s mind, and he reminded, “Remember to keep a low profile throughout the investigation. Make sure not to alert anyone.”

“Yes.”

After Billy left, Samuel strummed his fingers on the desk and went into deep thought.

He was referring to Natalie when he reminded Billy not to alert anyone.

This woman is good at hiding her true self. She disguises herself by wearing a mask to cover her face, protecting her real identity all the time. She must have been hurt by someone deeply before. That's why she disguises herself so that no one can ever hurt her again.

The more Natalie acted that way, the more Samuel's heart ached for her.

He did not want to force her to reveal her true identity or admit anything. He would rather patiently wait for the day she told him everything herself.

Meanwhile, Natalie went to work at the Major Crimes Unit.

While performing an autopsy, she briefed, "The cause of death is not the trauma caused to the victim's abdomen but the wound on his head. Three steel nails were nailed into his head. We will send the nails to the forensic department for analysis after this."

Brandon handed the tools to Natalie while Effie took pictures and recorded all the observations during the autopsy.

After performing a complete autopsy, Natalie left the autopsy room and bumped into an old man in uniform at the coroner's office.

"Grandpa!" Effie was the first to speak.

The old man was the top police officer of the Major Crimes Unit, Gerald Jones.

Effie was surprised to see her grandfather in the office, whereas Brandon was lost in thought, not knowing what to do because he had never met the higher-ups before.

On the other hand, Natalie reacted as if she had met an old friend. She raised her eyebrows and asked, "Hey, Mr. Jones. What brought you here today?"

"Natalie? Oh, my goodness! What happened to your face?" Gerald was shocked when he saw her.

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Just as Gerald finished his sentence, Brandon and Effie looked toward Natalie.

Natalie quickly shot a glance at Gerald and said, "Mr. Jones, it's not proper for us to talk in the office. Why not we move to the meeting room and continue there?"

Gerald caught on and nodded.

After that, both of them walked to the meeting room, leaving Brandon and Effie looking at each other in puzzlement.

Before Gerald could ask anything, Natalie took off the hyper-realistic mask the moment she closed the door, revealing her bare face.

Seeing that, Gerald shook his head and let out a sigh. "Natalie, you're such a beautiful lady. Why are you disguising yourself?"

"Well, one should always keep a low profile."

"I don't understand." He was worried about the woman in front of her. "You'll scare the suitors away by doing so."

“Stop it, Mr. Jones. I’ve heard about you rushing the juniors to get married, but please quit rushing me. Okay?” Natalie rested her head on one hand. “Besides, I’ve been busy taking care of the two little ones at home and have no time to get into a relationship.”

Knowing that she was not someone who could be easily convinced, he dropped the topic and went straight to the point. “Natalie, I’m here to see you today because I need your help to save someone.”

“Who do you want me to save?” she asked.

“The head of the Watsons family, Max Watsons.” The mention of Max put a solemn look on Gerald’s face. “He is an old friend of mine and has always been kind to me. All of a sudden, he becomes ill and bedridden. None of the doctors can cure him. During this period, the wind of change begins to blow in the Watsons family. Max’s children and grandchildren are fighting against each other. All of them hope to see Max die. The famous doctor treating him may be well-versed in medicine, but I’m not sure of the identity of the person who invites that doctor to take care of Max. As I

know, you’ve inherited great medical skills from your granddad. I trust you and want you to give it a try.”

Hearing that, Natalie knew there was something suspicious about Max’s illness.

Like the Bowers family, the Watsons family was one of the influential families in Chanaea.

If Max remained unconscious and passed away without stating his will, there would be a dispute in the Watsons family. If that happened, the Watsons family which had been existing for over centuries would be wiped out.

She nodded. “I’ll try, Mr. Jones.”

Gerald nodded. “In terms of payment, I’m going to give you—”

Five years ago, after Natalie gave birth to Xavian and Clayton, Gerald helped her by giving her a legitimate identity and sending her abroad when she was destitute.

He was her savior, the one who gave her a new life.

“Don’t talk about reward. I don’t want that.” Natalie cut him off and looked at Gerald with her bright eyes. “Mr. Jones, three of us survived five years ago because of you. Don’t worry. I’ll do my best to cure Max.”

“Thank you, Natalie.” He smiled.

That afternoon, Natalie brought her medical kit and went to the Watsons manor with Yandel.

Before they arrived at the main door, Natalie reminded, “Just tell them you are an excellent doctor and carry on bluffing to attract their attention, Yandel. They may be uncertain about your identity, but they will definitely be afraid of your ability to cure Max and try to stop you. Stall them no matter what, and I’ll sneak in amidst the chaos.”

With a bitter expression, Yandel said, “Boss, can you stop asking me to do such a thing? Have you forgotten I’m the CEO of Dream Company?”

“So what? Is there a problem?”

“Boss, I’ll do anything you ask me to do.”

“Go on then, Yandel!” . In the next second, Natalie kicked him in the butt, sending him stumbling toward the door.

Left with no choice, he put on a smile and walked toward the butler at the entrance. “Good afternoon. I’m invited by Mr. Watsons to treat Old Mr. Watsons.”

Hearing that, the butler became wary. “I’m sorry. I did not receive such an order from Mr. Watsons. You shall not enter.”

The butler’s reaction was within Yandel’s expectation.

He had known that none in the Watsons family was a good person, as all of them wanted Max to die.

swung his arm and threw a punch on the butler's nose.

The butler wailed in pain. "Why did you hit me?"

"Do you not understand my words? I'm here to treat Old Mr. Watsons. If anyone tries

Although Yandel had a baby face, he had good combat skills.

The butler quickly called for support after Yandel hit him. Instantly, a commotion immediately broke out in the Watsons manor.

Noticing Yandel had succeeded at diverting everyone's attention, Natalie detoured to the rear of the manor and sneaked in through a window.

She had gathered the necessary information beforehand, so she knew that Max's room was located on the east wing on the second floor.

With some sleeping drug in her hand, she headed straight for the room.

However, the moment she opened the door, there was no one else in the room except for Max, who was lying on the bed.

She hurried to him and placed her fingers on his wrist to check his pulse.

Even though Natalie had prepared herself mentally, she was still shocked by her findings. This is so strange!

Chapter 54

His pulse was irregular, indicating that Max had been poisoned.

Currently, there was more than a type of toxin in his body.

The toxins gathered in the old man's body were invading his internal organs, causing him to slip into a coma.

The more Natalie dwelled on it, the more terrified she felt. The presence of different toxins means that more than one person has poisoned Old Mr. Watsons. How could they do that to the head of their family? The Watsons family is full of wolves! That's why there are different toxins in Old Mr. Watson's body. If Mr. Jones had not asked me to come over and check on Old Mr. Watsons, I'm afraid he would have only another two weeks to live.

Natalie quickly took out a set of acupuncture needles from her bag.

She lifted the shirt on Max and inserted the needles at different acupuncture points on his body.

At that moment, her priority was to flush out the toxins in Max's body.

He could only recover completely after the detoxification process.

Just when Natalie was about to insert the last needle at the acupuncture point between Max's eyes, someone forcefully gripped her arm and stopped her.

The person was holding onto her arm so firmly that she could not move her hand at all.

"Who are you? What are you doing to my grandpa?"

Natalie glanced at her arm that was being clutched before shifting her gaze to the person who stopped her.

The man was wearing a white shirt and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

Although he was not as mesmerizing as Samuel, his facial features were exquisite as well. The man in front of her was undoubtedly handsome and attractive.

However, Natalie was not distracted by his good looks. The most important task for

her to do at the moment was to save Max.

She spoke. "I'm a doctor. I'm here to save him."

"That's not necessarily true," Shawn said coldly, having no intention of loosening his grip.

"Not necessarily true?" She narrowed her eyes and glared at him. "Listen. Your grandfather is terminally ill. If I don't do something now, he will die for sure."

"Why should I trust you? I'll tear you into pieces if anything happens to Grandpa."

"I don't want to waste my time talking to you. Let go of me!"

"No."

Natalie tried to break free of his grip, but there was no way she could do so.

Knowing that her efforts were going to go down the drain at the last minute, she became increasingly frustrated.

She glared at him as she explained, "Do you know how many types of toxins are there in your grandfather's body? Four! That means at least four people poisoned him. Can you guarantee that the doctor who's treating your grandfather now is not working for the people who poisoned him? If I were here to take Old Mr. Watsons' life, I wouldn't have performed acupuncture. I can save my time by just stabbing him with a knife."

Shawn was at a loss for words upon hearing that.

His gaze fell upon the woman who appeared in his grandfather's room all of a sudden.

She had a low nose bridge and thick lips, and her face was full of freckles. However, her eyes were bright and captivating.

With her determined gaze, she seemed as steady as a rock.

The relationship among the members of the Watsons family had always been complicated. Growing up in such a family, Shawn was used to seeing people playing tricks on somebody else, so he did not trust other people easily. However, the

moment he looked into the eyes of the mysterious woman in front of him, strangely, he wanted to believe her.

After a moment, he asked, "Can I trust you?"

"Do you have a better way?" Natalie gritted her teeth. "Your grandfather's life is at stake. I am not joking."

Shawn loosened his grip slowly and let go of her hand. With that, she quickly picked up the crystal needle and inserted it at the acupuncture point between Max's eyes.

Natalie felt relieved after inserting the last needle.

She then put her fingers on Max's wrist, feeling the changes in his pulse.

Just then, a series of footsteps sounded outside the bedroom. Once the bedroom door was opened, a group of well-dressed people forced their way in.

With a cigar in his mouth, a man with slicked-back hair glared at Natalie coldly. "Who is this woman? Why is she here?" he questioned.

Chapter 55

Natalie stood up straight and frowned at the man.

In response, the well-dressed, middle-aged man stroked his chin and flashed a sinister smile.

While she was thinking about how to get out of the situation unscathed, Shawn took a few steps forward and stood in front of her.

“Uncle Charlie,” he greeted.

Charlie Watsons nodded and scoffed, “Are you the one who brought this ugly woman here and give her the permission to put so many needles on your grandpa? What are you up to?”

As soon as he finished his words, Chris Watsons chimed in from behind, “As the eldest grandson of the Watsons family, you hope your grandpa dies so that you can take over everything. Am I right? How could you do this, Shawn? How could you be so heartless?”

The wives of Charlie and Chris were not easy to deal with as well. They started to voice their criticism too.

“Eldest grandson? Says who? Don’t you remember who his mother is?”

“That’s right. Who does he think he is? It was Old Mr. Watsons who took him seriously when he was still in good health.”

Although Shawn heard all of that, he did not give any response.

Standing behind him, Natalie could see nothing other than his back.

Even though she could not see the facial expressions of those people, she could imagine their disgusting faces as they said those words.

Old Mr. Watsons is still alive, but these people are already getting impatient and want to get a share of the family assets. What a bunch of a*sholes!

Facing the elders who were giving him a hard time, Shawn remained composed. "This is all a misunderstanding. I hire this doctor to treat Grandpa."

Echth stunned, Natalie knew the man was actually not dumb. At least he knew she was on his side.

She's here to treat him? This woman"

Are you kidding me? How old is she? She's way too young and lacks experience."

Staon, this lady is obviously full of nonsense. How can you be so foolish and listen to her

What if your grandpa's health condition takes a turn for the worse after you let her

Shawn pushed his gold-rimmed glasses up and uttered coldly, "There are several types of toxins in Grandpa's body. I wonder who are the ones who poisoned him?"

Several types of toxins?

The two couples' expressions immediately turned pale upon hearing that.

Four of them glanced at one another nervously for fear that their malicious intentions might be exposed.

At that moment, no one in Max's bedroom dared to speak.

Barf

Lying on the rosewood bed, Max suddenly opened his mouth and spat out large mouthfuls of black blood, staining the silk bedsheet.

Everyone in the room was caught off guard, including Shawn.

He turned around to look at Natalie with his face darkened. "What is happening? Why did my grandpa vomit blood? Didn't you say that everything is going to be okay?"

Disregarding the filth, he carefully wiped the corner of Max's lips. However, the old man was still vomiting blood,

Meanwhile, the rest of Watsons family snickered inwardly.

"See? I told you this woman is a quack. Do you still not believe me?"

"This is not treatment but murder!"

"Shawn, you're the one who hired this female doctor. Look at what happens to your grandpa now. You have to take responsibility for that."

"The Watsons family doesn't have an unfilial descendant like you. You don't deserve to have the right of succession!"

Shawn did not listen to what those people said. Instead, he fixed his gaze on Natalie.

I trusted her wholeheartedly. However, she set me up.

Natalie, who became the target of the Watsons family, looked at Shawn and said calmly, "I didn't lie to you. It's normal for your grandfather to vomit blood. As I said, I can cure him."

Right after she said that, the rest of the Watsons family laughed mockingly.

“Are you sure it’s normal? He’s vomiting blood!”

“Call the cops! This woman needs to be arrested!”

“He is dying. I’m going to contact the funeral parlor and make the necessary arrangement.”

“Yeah. I’ll contact the lawyer to make some clarifications about the will. A murderer like Shawn who’s killed his grandfather shall not be given the right of succession.”

Meanwhile, the commotion caused by Yandel also caused the police to arrive at the entrance of the Watsons manor.

One of the police officers pointed his gun at Yandel. The latter knew being reckless was not the best option, so he decided to surrender. The police then arrested him and escorted him to the second floor of the manor.

Not knowing what had happened, Yandel was shocked to see Max lying in a pool of blood. What is this? It’s so scary!

Stunned, he hesitated before querying, “Boss, you failed to save him?”

Shawn glanced at Yandel and finally came to a realization. It turns out this man and the woman who treated Grandpa are actually partners in crime! He purposely distracted us away by causing the commotion downstairs. I shouldn’t have trusted her just now.

Rage and hatred filled Shawn’s mind instantly. He turned to Natalie and said, “I shouldn’t have believed you.”