

The Promise of Happiness Chapter 51-55

Chapter 56-58

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Natalie remained expressionless.

The Watsons family knew nothing about acupuncture. Therefore, it was merely a waste of time for her to explain the situation to them.

After taking a glance at the crowd, she strutted toward Max and took the needles on his body

The crystal needles were her family heirloom, given by her maternal grandfather.

They were extremely precious and priceless, as each of them was made of rare, mysterious metal.

“Sir, please arrest this woman. She’s the one who killed my father!”

“Look at those needles. She used them to murder my father. All of us here are witnesses. She killed my father, and I want her to pay for it!”

Charlie and Chris had always fought to become the head of the family. However, this time, they were united against Natalie.

Right after Natalie removed the last crystal needle, she gave the two siblings the side eye. “Who said Old Mr. Watsons has passed away?”

Hearing that, Charlie took a few steps forward and pointed at her, “Judging from the amount of blood my father vomited, how can he be still alive? You’re so stubborn!”

“Yeah.” Natalie’s lips curled into a sneer,

When the police were about to arrest her, a cough interrupted them. It was Max, who had been vomiting blood endlessly a while ago.

Cough! Cough!

The sound of him coughing was soft, but it shocked everyone in the room.

Shawn turned to Max in disbelief. “Grandpa, a—are you okay?”

Sitting up with difficulty, Max wiped the blood from the corner of his lips. In a weak

but firm voice, he said, “Who would dare to a–arrest my savior?”

Savior?

The two couples were stunned, but they immediately composed themselves.

Chris quickly explained, “Dad, since you were unconscious just now, you may not understand the situation. Let me explain it to you. This woman put needles in your skin, causing you to vomit blood. You can see for yourself if you don’t believe me. Look. This bedsheet is stained with your blood.”

Natalie could not help but roll her eyes.

His sons are still trying to mislead him by slandering me. Do they think Max and I are stupid?

Max glanced at Shawn and slowly said, “Get me a glass of water.”

Shawn quickly did as he was told and said, "Grandpa, here."

However, Max did not take a sip of water after taking the glass. Instead, he threw it toward Chris.

Although he was still weak and could only exert little force, the glass somehow landed on Chris' forehead.

"Dad, what are you doing? Why are you throwing the glass at me?" Chris questioned

Max was fuming. "I'm unconscious, not dead. I know how I wake up from a coma. Just keep your mouth shut and stop spewing nonsense."

A thick silence immediately fell upon the room.

Everyone thought Max would die after vomiting so much blood. Seeing his condition miraculously improved, they were disappointed that things did not go as they wished.

After all, Max was the head of the Watsons family. As long as he was alive, everyone had to respect him.

Even though they were all thinking something else in their hearts, none of them

dared to challenge him.

Now that Max was awake, his sons and daughters-in-law had to take care of him insincerely again.

Max clutched his blanket and instructed, "All of you, get out of this room right now. Let Shawn and my savior stay."

With that, the farce finally came to an end, and no one dared to say anything or disobey the order.

After everyone made their exit, Shawn and Natalie were the ones left in the bedroom with Max.

Natalie heaved a sigh of relief. "Old Mr. Watsons, I'd be arrested if you had woken up a little later."

"Luckily, I was in time." Max sighed. "You saved my life. What's your name?"

"Natalie Nichols." She smiled politely.

"Natalie. It's a good name." Max nodded slightly with tears of gratitude welled up in his eyes. "You saved my life. The Watsons family and I will always remember your kindness."

Thinking of the bunch of strange people just now, Natalie shifted her gaze onto Shawn before looking back at Max.

She waved her hand dismissively and said, "It's my pleasure to help you, Old Mr. Watsons. As for other people, I don't think they think the same."