

# Happiness 106-115

## Chapter 106

Jerome's hands were now gripping Yandel's collar tightly.

"How on earth would I know, Jerome?" Dumbfounded, Yandel paused to compose himself before adding, "I don't know the details, but I believe she must have her reason for doing so."

"What reason could there possibly be?" Anger flitted past Jerome's dark eyes as he barked, "What on earth could be more important than her own life?"

All Yandel could do was helplessly purse his lips.

He, too, was worried about Natalie's wellbeing and safety.

However, the intensity of his worry was nothing compared to Jerome's.

Just as Yandel was scratching his head over how to reassure Jerome, his phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Yandel, it's me." Natalie's calm voice traveled from the phone's speakers, sending a rush of relief down Yandel's spine.

"Boss, are you all right?" he instantly asked.

"It was only a small injury," Natalie replied smilingly on the other end of the call. "I won't die from it."

"I was worried sick—" Before Yandel could finish his words, Jerome, who was right beside him, snatched the phone.

"Why would a perfectly healthy lady like yourself talk about death all the time? It's bad luck!" Jerome shouted.

Natalie's amused grin grew wider upon hearing Jerome's voice. She teased, "You little rascal, how could you yell at me? It seems like you've become ruder now that you're older now, huh?"

She and Jerome had grown up in the same town.

The latter was two years younger than her and had followed her around like a loyal pet.

Jerome was much scrawnier as a kid, unlike his currently tall and muscular build. Because of that, he often got picked on by the kids in his town. It was Natalie who threw stones and chased those bullies away every time.

While Natalie was the daughter of the prestigious Nichols family, Jerome had a powerful identity too.

He has the grandson of Finley Blackburn, a significant figure within the military and political world. Not only that, but he was also the sole descendant of the Blackburn family. Thus, one could say he was someone important.

“Who do you think you’re calling a little rascal?” Jerome muttered.

“Well, if you don’t want to be my little rascal, then I’m going to hang up.”

“You-”

“Come now, please don’t be angry. I’m calling to let both of you know that I’m safe and sound. Yes, I got hurt, but it’s nothing serious. I’ll catch up with you once I recover, okay?” Natalie explained.

Jerome could not argue with her. Thus, he let out a grumpy huff as a form of reply.

“Attaboy.” With that, Natalie ended the call while still grinning smugly.

She thought back to the little boy who constantly followed behind her and addressed her politely. Now, he had grown into a fine man and had become the youngest. lieutenant in the army.

She could not help but feel proud of his transformation.

Just then, Samuel opened the ward’s door and entered. As soon as he noticed Natalie holding her phone, a tense smile curled on his face.

“Who were you on the phone with?” Samuel asked, feigning ignorance. “Was it a guy or a girl?”

“A guy.”

Samuel swiftly approached and pushed Natalie down onto the hospital bed. “A guy?”

Just then, a plan hatched in Natalie’s mind as she wanted to retaliate against Samuel.

“Yep,” she stated candidly. Her eyes locked on him to prove she was serious. “On top of that, he and I are childhood sweethearts.”

Childhood sweethearts? Samuel thought to himself.

Technically, Natalie was telling the truth as she and Jerome had grown up alongside each other.

They shared a close relationship during their childhood. However, it was more akin to kinship than a romantic relationship since Natalie only saw Jerome as her younger brother.

Samuel’s eyes bore into Natalie’s as if he were trying to stare into her soul.

She’s taunting me because she knows I have feelings for her.

“Now, now, Natalie. That’s hardly fair...” Samuel remarked.

Natalie caught the threatening look in his eyes. However, now was not the time for her to surrender. She taunted, “It takes one to know one.”

Samuel wanted to reveal just how deep his feelings for her ran. He was even willing to serve his heart on a silver platter to prove how much he loved her. Despite that, he knew that Natalie would not reciprocate his feelings, especially since she always had her guard up against him.

Her face was fake.

Her identity was fake, too.

Everything about her was fake.

Samuel's rage skyrocketed from all his pent-up emotions, so he leaned in to bite Natalie's lips.

Disbelief struck Natalie. She shot him a wide-eyed glare as her bottom lip burned with a shade of red like wildfire. "Samuel Bowers, you animal! I'm an injured

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Gosh! I have an arm filled with cuts! How dare this man behave so wildly and pin me under him?

Samuel slightly distanced from Natalie while caressing her lips with his finger. "So what if we kiss? One little peck won't affect your injured arm. After all, it's your lips that I'm ravaging."

With that, he threw himself against her body and planted his lips deeper against hers.

This time, he was more cautious not to touch the injury on Natalie's arm. He even made sure to avoid placing too much of his weight on her body.

"Y-You animal..." Natalie's muffled voice cursed.

Unfortunately, it had little effect on Samuel, who hungrily continued to run his tongue along the insides of her mouth.

Natalie's resistance toward his kiss only made him desire it even more. He wanted her to get used to the intimate gesture and make her fall for him.

Before the situation got steamier, a woman opened the ward's door and spoke. "Samuel, are you here? I've come to visit you."

Both Samuel and Natalie instantly recognized that it was Yara's voice.

Natalie was out of breath after the kiss. However, she suppressed her breathlessness and let out a flustered cough to hide how she had been kissing Samuel earlier.

Meanwhile, Samuel seemed to be in a much more composed state compared to her.

The only odd thing was that his voice sounded hoarse and deep, as though his desire was now satisfied.

Any adult, especially those with experience in dating, would know both of them had been kissing passionately a while ago on the patient's bed from a single glance; Yara was no exception.

Her face paled instantly. She felt as though her heart skipped a beat. Without realizing it, Yara's jaw dropped, and she could not bring herself to utter a word.

The truth was that she wanted to visit the Bowers residence to win over Franklin and Sophia, and ultimately, Samuel. There, she found out from Gavin that Sophia was with Steven.

Gavin knew nothing and had only told her that Samuel was at the hospital.

Humans were the weakest when they were sick. Plus, Samuel rarely fell ill, so it was only natural that Yara would use this opportunity to gain his favor.

Unfortunately, she did not expect to find him literally tongue-tied with Natalie.

Yara's sly plan to seduce Samuel had backfired into a ridiculous joke.

Samuel is not the one injured. It's that ugly, freckled b\*tch who's hurt. What's worse is that she's blushing and is panting ever so slightly. I know that look. I bet she's all giddy inside, thinking that Samuel is in love with her. How could she do this? She's received ten million from me and has even signed an agreement to stay away from Samuel. So what the hell is she doing shoving her tongue down his throat right now?

Yara's fists clenched tightly. Nevertheless, she bit back her anger as she was in Samuel's presence.

It was not the right time for Yara to do anything to Natalie at that moment. Thus, she planned to teach the latter a lesson once Samuel was gone.

"You. Are you done staring?" Samuel snapped with an icy expression.

"S-Samuel, I was so worried that you got injured..." Yara bit her lip gently, her eyes filled with reluctance. "... I suppose I've misunderstood."

A smirk formed on Natalie's lips when she saw Yara pretending to be a meek and tame woman.

Triumph swelled in Natalie's chest, knowing that Yara could not do anything to her for kissing Samuel.

She thought to herself, How refreshing. Upsetting Yara seems way more fun than I thought...

Just as Samuel was about to get up from Natalie's body, a pair of small and slender hands suddenly grabbed his shirt.

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Moments passed before Samuel pinched her chin and said, "Do you want me to stay?"

"Huh?" Natalie was stunned. Then she glanced at Yara, who was still standing by the door before muttering, "But there's someone waiting for you-"

"Do you want me to stay?" Samuel repeated. He stared at Natalie like a predator stalking at its prey with a domineering aura and possessiveness.

Both of them maintained an affectionate position as he lay on top of her in the relatively small hospital bed.

At the same time, Yara was burning with so much rage that her body trembled.

I don't get it. I'm a hundred, maybe even a thousand times prettier than Natalie. Whatever she's doing with Samuel, I can do better. So why is he obsessed with her?

“Samuel...” Yara’s eyes reddened with frustration. “Natalie is injured. I think she needs some space to recuperate. Maybe we should leave-”

Right then, Natalie interrupted by answering Samuel’s question loudly, “Yes.”

Samuel’s eyes narrowed as he looked at the devious woman beneath him. Then, his lips curled into a smirk.

He knew that Natalie was competing with Yara, and she was using him as a tool for their fight.

However, he was not bothered by it at all.

Natalie’s sweet answer had captivated him.

“Since you’ve cleared the misunderstanding and you know that I’m not injured, why are you still sticking around?” Although Samuel did not mention any names, it was evident that he was dismissing Yara.

At that, Yara’s face twisted into a hideous frown as she had not expected to get chased out of the ward so heartlessly. “Samuel, I-”

“Leave, and close the door on your way out.”

Yara hesitated. Although she did not want to leave, she had never once challenged Samuel’s decision in the past five years and was not about to do so now.

Her jaw clenched so tightly that her teeth almost got crushed under the unyielding weight. Nevertheless, she did as told..

This isn’t over. Wait and see, Natalie. I’ll eventually win him over!

As soon as Yara left the ward, Natalie dropped the act and resumed her cold demeanor.

Her hands retracted from Samuel’s shirt while she put on a calm expression.

Samuel knew Natalie was mean but did not expect her to give him the boot so heartlessly.

“That’s it? So I’m merely a tool for you to use then dump once you achieve your motives?” he asked.

“Of course.” Natalie avoided his gaze and muttered, “Besides, you already knew I was putting on an act.”

A dull pain sank in Samuel’s chest upon hearing that.

This woman will be the death of me. I was willing to become her tool, but who would’ve known that she would turn and ditch me like that?

He pursed his lips but did not adjust his posture. Instead, his body continued to press down on Natalie’s.

Despite Yara interrupting them earlier, he had not forgotten about Natalie’s male friend earlier.

He casually asked, “Who’s that childhood sweetheart you were talking to on the phone?”

Natalie froze. Oh my gosh, he still hasn’t dropped the topic about Jerome.

“Samuel, why should I report every detail in my life to you?”

“Well, because I’m your man.” Samuel boldly met her gaze and declared in a deep voice, “Are you really going to challenge me?”

“Since when did you become my man?”

“Well, I’ve devoted all my love to you, and only you...” His dulled tone continued, “How can I not be yours?”

An air of seriousness emanated from the ends of Samuel’s hair to his toes.

Natalie wanted to rebuke him.

Yet, when she looked into his dark and mysterious eyes, she could not seem to utter a single word.

Natalie feared that Samuel would bite her lip again out of anger. The thought of her already swollen lips suffering from another bite stopped her from fighting the latter.

Hence, she decided to change the topic instead. “Well, I’m an exhausted patient who’s already lost a lot of blood. I want to get some rest now..”

Okay.” Samuel’s stubborn gaze locked onto hers as he said, “Go ahead and rest up. We’ll talk about that sweetheart of yours later.”

In truth, Natalie was utterly worn out from everything that had happened.

She had slight hopes that Samuel would be gone by the time she awoke from her nap.

However, his arms wrapped around her just as she was about to snuggle under the blanket to sleep.

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Shock surged through Natalie as she quickly dodged him. “What are you doing? I’m already injured, and you’re-”

Samuel pulled her closer into his embrace. “I’m tired too. Let’s stay like this for a while...”

Perhaps Natalie had bled so much, or maybe it was Samuel’s warm embrace, but she fell asleep right after shutting her eyes.

In her dreams, she recalled the night from five years ago. She saw the scene of herself trying hard to escape from the sea of flames. Yara was also there to snatch away one of her sons and a daughter.

The nightmare caused her to unknowingly tighten her arms around Samuel’s waist and mutter, “N–No! My babies, please don’t take them away from me.”

Her heart ached as she was unable to break free from her nightmare.

Samuel lowered his head and gazed at the squirming woman in his arms while gently · stroking her back. “Don’t worry. I’m here.”

Back at Bowers manor, Kenneth Bowers watched endearingly as his great-grandson enjoyed some ice cream.

Kenneth was both Samuel and Steven's grandfather.

He initially assumed that Samuel was not interested in women and believed that Steven would be the first of his grandsons to birth some great-grandchildren for him. Much to his surprise, Samuel was the first to give him two great-grandchildren, Franklin and Sophia.

Kenneth utterly adored Franklin and Sophia, especially the former. It would be an understatement to say that Franklin was Kenneth's prized possession.

"Slow down, Dear, or you'll choke on your food..." Kenneth smiled so lovingly that almost all his wrinkles stretched out. He assured, "There are still some left, so you don't have to hurry it all down at once. You can eat to your heart's content."

To that, Franklin nodded. "You're the best, Great-grandpa!"

"That's for sure!"

Kenneth's heart softened with glee at the title "great-grandpa." He gleefully thought to himself, Gosh, I hope Franklin will bring his sister, Sophia, along with him when he visits me next time.

The thought of having a pair of great-grandchildren by his side made him delighted.

Just as Franklin was cheerily licking his ice cream, he received a text from his sister.

The text said: Franklin! Natalie got hurt earlier when she was trying to protect me from some evil men!!What! My woman is injured?

Franklin's heart sank at once. He immediately put down his spoon and spoke nervously. "Great-grandpa, I'm afraid I can't eat the ice cream anymore. Something urgent came up, and I need to go home right away..."

That shocked Kenneth, who immediately asked, "What? What could be so urgent? Didn't you promise that you'd practice playing the piano here for a month this time?"

"Great-grandpa, my Natalie got hurt!"

Curious, Kenneth asked, "Natalie? Is that the name of your pet cat or dog? Shall I get someone to fetch it over here?"

"Nope! She's my woman. I'm going to marry her when I grow up!" Franklin spoke with a determined expression. He was evidently not joking. "She's hurt, so I have to see her right now! Great-grandpa, please get someone to send me home."

When Kenneth heard how important this "Natalie" was to his great-grandson, he immediately instructed his staff to send Franklin back to the Bowers residence.

Of course, he, too, went along with Franklin as he wanted to see who exactly was "Natalie."

Since this little girl has won over the heart of my great-grandson, I can help set up an arranged marriage between them.

As soon as they reached the Bowers residence, Franklin noticed Sophia, who had cried so much that her eyes became swollen.

Steven sat next to Sophia and comforted her, "Natalie is currently recovering in the hospital. She's not dead. Plus, your daddy is currently with her, and he says I can take you to visit her when she's all better. Please stop crying! I swear I'm not lying to you!"

Upon seeing Franklin's return, Sophia immediately rushed into his embrace while conveying her message between sobs. "S-Sam. She... injured... a lot... blood..."

Her tears continuously poured as she mumbled.

Steven's heart ached for her. Likewise, Kenneth also felt a pang in his chest at the sight of his crying great-grandchild.

This "Natalie" person... Who exactly is she? Even my great-granddaughter is crying hysterically.

Seeing how the two children were too emotional to utter a single word, Kenneth glanced at Steven and said, "Steven, get over here. I have something to ask you."

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After instructing Gavin to watch over the children, Steven followed Kenneth to the study on the second floor. "Grandpa-"

"How could you?" Kenneth barked without a shred of mercy. "Even Sophia knows to speak up about this urgent matter. How could you not inform me about it at once?"

Ever since Franklin and Sophia were born, Steven's ranking in Kenneth's heart had dropped to the lowest. The latter became biased to the twins and no longer favored his grandson, Steven, as much.

"I-I forgot."

"You forgot? How could you forget to update me on such a serious matter? You idiot! What good is your brain if you can't even use it to do something so simple?" Kenneth fumed.

I would've spanked him on the butt if I had brought my cane with me.



On the other hand, Steven scratched his head while suppressing how furious he felt..

Idiot? Well, I've never seen an idiot as good-looking as me. Hmph! That old geezer doesn't know what he's saying.

"How did Sophia's condition improve so much? Did you guys manage to hire a professional to coach her?" Kenneth suddenly asked.

"Nope. Her speech naturally improved after meeting Natalie."

At that, Kenneth's lips parted in surprise. "Natalie? Is that the girl who made Franklin want to return so urgently?"

"Yep."

A pleased smile spread on Kenneth's face as he mused, Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. Here I thought Franklin was the only one who liked Natalie. Now, it turns out that Sophia likes her a lot too. This "Natalie" sounds like the perfect candidate for my great-grandson's wife.

"What is Natalie like? Her character, I mean."

Scanned with CamScanner

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criticized! Are all the second-born children not as loved as their firstborns? I just endured the kids' bullying, and now I have to put up with Grandpa's insults? Man, this sucks!

Meanwhile, Natalie sneezed in her sleep, and it woke her up.

She was the only person on the patient's bed; Samuel was no longer beside her.

Natalie then got up to use the private restroom inside her ward. However, upon arriving at the restroom's door, she overheard someone talking on the phone from inside.

The person murmured, "Xavian..".

Hearing the mention of her child's name, Natalie instinctively leaned her ear against the door.

Is Samuel talking to Xavian on the phone? Why would this man have my son's contact number? And what's he planning to tell Xavian? Hang on. Why isn't he talking anymore?

She began to inch closer to the door.

Just then, the door flung forward as Samuel opened it from inside.

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Natalie lost her balance and stumbled.

Much to her dismay, she fell right into Samuel's embrace.

The force caused Samuel to stagger backward and sit onto the toilet seat's cover. Meanwhile, Natalie landed right onto his sturdy thighs.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye.

Natalie's heart pounded so fast as though it was going to shoot up and out of her mouth.

What the hell is wrong with him? Why did he have to open the door all of a sudden? What's worse is that this position I'm in is just too embarrassing! I'm only an inch away from his family jewels!

"Don't move. I'll get up on my own," Natalie ordered in a soft tone while biting back how flustered she felt.

Just as she was about to stand, Samuel's arms wrapped around her slender waist and forced her to remain in that intimate position.

Unable to retaliate against his overwhelming strength, Natalie had no choice but to remain seated on his thighs while her face was inches away from his.

If things were not already bad enough, she could also sense his gradually hardening member jutting against her thigh.

Natalie's trembling voice bellowed, "Y-You're crossing the line, Samuel!"

"Crossing the line? You're the one who threw yourself at me..."

A fierce expression flashed on Natalie's bright red face. "N-Nonsense. I did no such thing!"

"So you're saying that I'm the one who placed you on my thighs? That I forcefully pressed your body against mine in this provocative position?" Samuel taunted as his narrow gaze observed her.

Natalie could not argue with him face to face. Thus, she used the only excuse to escape that she could think of – She brought up her injury. "Your arm is touching my wound..."

Surprisingly, Samuel did not give in to her. "Since you're awake, let's continue our conversation about that childhood sweetheart of yours."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, so you're not going to tell me about this boy you grew up with?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Samuel did not get angry with Natalie for playing dumb. Instead, his lips curled into a sly smile.

In the next second, his arms tightened around her, pulling her closer to his body.

This action caused her bodily curves to press tautly against him with no gap in between. The two fit perfectly like a puzzle.

This hot and heavy intimacy was a foreign sensation for Natalie.

She had not experienced anything like this, except for that night from six years ago.

Natalie was now really scared.

"So, are you going to tell me about him?" Samuel asked again.

Natalie's gaze lifted to meet his domineering and mischievous stare.

She frowned inwardly. That jerk is doing this on purpose! I can't believe he is using this tension between us as a method to question me!

Unfortunately, Natalie could not take her chances in this cramped restroom.

If she were to continue resisting him, she worried he would go wild and take advantage of her without caring about the injury on her arm.

"Hmm?" The man's patience was running thin.

Natalie lowered her head like a deflated balloon as she answered, "That guy is two years younger than me. We grew up together in the same neighborhood. He's a righteous young man who only sees me as an elder sister, nothing more. Besides, I have a two sons..."

"What about you?"

"Well, what about me?"

Samuel went on. "What do you think of him?"

"I see him as my younger brother." Natalie paused before getting straight to the point. "Trust me. If I harbored any romantic feelings for him, I would've become his girlfriend a long time ago instead of remaining as his elder sister all this while."

Jerome was a perfect young man.

Ever since losing her virginity six years ago, Natalie felt she had no right to become Jerome's life partner.

A smile tugged at Samuel's lips now that he was finally satisfied with Natalie's answer.

“What’s got you in such a good mood, Samuel?”

“I’m happy.” Samuel lovingly looked at Natalie and elaborated, “Because although you haven’t fallen for me, you also don’t have feelings for other men.”

Why would he say such a thing to me? Why would he act as if he’s deeply in love with me, like I’m the only woman he’ll ever have eyes for in his lifetime? Knock! Knock!

Suddenly, a series of eager knocks sounded from the ward’s door.

“Mommy, are you there? Clayton and I are here to pay you a visit! We’re coming in!”

Natalie cursed under her breath as she shot out of Samuel’s lap.

She mentally remarked, Great. Not one, but two of my kids have conveniently shown up when I’m stuck in this embarrassing position! Ugh!

## **Chapter 112**

The door opened as Natalie’s two little ones walked in.

“Mommy...” Xavian and Clayton murmured.

Their gazes locked onto Natalie, who lay on the bed with her face flushed bright red from embarrassment.

Clayton had been traveling to different locations for filming jobs ever since he got discovered by a talent scout at a young age.

After receiving news of Natalie’s injury, he instantly dropped his filming schedule and rushed over.

“Mommy, are you hurt?” Clayton took off his sunglasses and asked frantically, “Do you have a fever, Mommy? Why is your face so red?”

Xavian chimed in, “Clayton’s right, Mommy. Your face looks awfully red!”

Natalie was dumbfounded. She sheepishly held her flushed cheeks while remaining silent.

I don’t have a fever, but I can’t tell them why I’m blushing...

Thankfully, Samuel walked out of the restroom right then and rescued her from the awkward situation.

“Your mommy is not down with a fever.” Samuel rolled up his sleeves and glanced at Natalie while explaining, “She’s... Well, her body is probably heating up slightly because she’s not used to being in the hospital.”

Natalie’s eyes widened in shock, incredulous that Samuel could lie to the boys without even batting an eyelid.

Why that little... My cheeks wouldn't be bright red like a baboon's ass right now if he hadn't touched my thighs earlier!

Nonetheless, she could not reveal the truth. Natalie swallowed her steaming rage and nodded at his explanation.

"Is this our stepfather?" Clayton realized that he had made a rash conclusion and quickly corrected, "Oh, my bad... I meant to ask if he is Mr. Bowers."

"That's right, Clayton! He's the man that I've been telling you about when you were away for work." Mischief flashed past Xavian's eyes as he elaborated, "What perfect timing! You can finally meet him in person today."

Upon hearing that, Clayton began sizing up Samuel, who did the same to the former.

Clayton and Xavian were brothers but not twins; as the older brother, Clayton's features appeared way more defined than Xavian's.

"You guys..." Natalie looked at Samuel before turning back to Xavian and Clayton.

She had always felt that Xavian bore a striking resemblance to Samuel. Now, Clayton's shared similarity with the other two only served to confirm her thoughts.

Despite that confirmation, she refused to believe the bold theory behind the three's resemblance was reality.

Did Samuel and I...? No way! That's ridiculous! There's no way that he's the man who took my virginity. It could be any living, breathing male on this earth, but it would never be Samuel.

"Hmm? You were saying?" Samuel raised an eyebrow while prompting, "Is there something wrong with me and the boys?"

"... was only asking if you guys wanted to eat anything." Natalie decided not to voice her doubts. Instead, she rubbed her tummy while grumbling, "I'm famished."

Samuel turned to the boys and asked, "What would you two like to eat?"

"I want some chicken."

"Fish for me, please."

"Alright. I'll have that arranged," Samuel said with a nod before turning to leave the ward.

Natalie frowned as her scowling voice spoke up at once. "Why didn't you ask me what I wanted to have?"

Samuel had not bothered to turn around. He merely replied, "You will have an oatmeal porridge, and that's final."

Once Samuel left, Xavian and Clayton bolted over to each side of Natalie's bed.

"Mommy, Mommy!" Xavian anxiously said. He was still worried as he had noticed Natalie's profuse bleeding. "Are you really okay?"

“It hurt so much at first,” Natalie explained but quickly flashed a cheery smile. “However, I feel so much better now that I get to see you two, my precious darling and sweetheart.”

Sadly, her words failed to reassure her sons.

Xavian shot a solemn look and stated, “Mommy, we’re not little three-year-olds anymore. You can’t lie to us now that we’ve turned five.”

“We know that your pain tolerance is not the best,” Clayton added. “Please don’t try to act all tough in front of us. You can tell us the truth. After all, we’re your darling and sweetheart.”

Natalie felt a lump form at the back of her throat and a warm feeling in her chest upon hearing those words.

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I’m supposed to be their mommy, but these two little ones are always looking out for me. There have been so many times when I almost gave up during these past five years. Thankfully, motherhood and having these two by my side have helped me overcome my circumstances and transform into who I am today.

“Darling... Sweetheart.”

Natalie kissed Xavian and Clayton’s cheeks while silently thanking the heavens for blessing her with such perfect children.

It pained the boys to see their mother’s injury. Hence, they proceeded to bombard her with the information they gathered after searching up tips and advice to heal wounds online.

“Hang on. Clayton, shouldn’t you be at the filming set?” Natalie asked.

“I told my manager, Ms. Craig, that I needed to come back immediately when I heard about your injury. She helped rearrange my schedule so I could make a quick visit. Don’t worry. All I have to do is return to the set before eleven o’clock tonight. I’ll be able to complete everything tomorrow.”

Just then, Clayton seemed to recall something and hastily went on. “Mommy, my absence is no big deal! You should see how Yara is behaving at the filming set. She was somewhat passionate about the job when she first joined. However, these days, she’s been slacking. Can you believe it? Yara hired stunt doubles for both her fighting and normal scenes. What’s worse, she didn’t even show up for the past few days! Apart from her close-up scenes, she’s always using a body double or relying on post editing.”

Xavian snorted, “What a waste... She doesn’t deserve to share the same face as Mommy.”

The boys had a feeling that Yara was their mother’s twin, especially after seeing the two women’s identical faces.

Despite the curiosity and suspicion they felt, the two dared not ask their mother about the matter.

“Xavian, Clayton.” Natalie’s gaze shifted between both of them as she held their little

After dinner, Samuel tasked his assistant, Billy, to send Xavian home and drive Clayton back to the latter’s manager.

The boys started whispering to each other while Billy was driving the car over to them.

“Xavian, are you sure that Mr. Bowers has never seen Mommy’s true looks?” Clayton asked:

“Nope,” Xavian answered. “Mommy always wears the hyper-realistic mask when she goes out. I don’t think Mr. Bowers can figure out her identity even if he is someone with high intelligence levels.”

“In that case, I’m pretty sure he’s head over heels in love with Mommy, despite the blemishes all over her face. That must be why he’s always hanging out with her!” Clayton added.

“I agree.” Xavian nodded enthusiastically. He then remarked, “Plus, we look nearly identical to Samuel. I’m pretty sure people will believe us if we claim to be his sons.”

“That’s true...” Clayton said.

Right then, a lightbulb lit up with the brightest idea in his head.

He hurriedly looked at his brother and asked, “Xavian, do you think that Samuel could be our biological father?”

## **Chapter 114**

Daddy!

A glint of hope appeared in Xavian’s eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

He then muttered, “No, Clayton. It’s impossible.”

“Xavian, how can you give up hope before we’ve even done a paternity test?” Clayton’s brows furrowed as he continued, “Think about it. Since both of us look alike with Mr. Bowers, it’s possible that he’s our father.”

“But Mr. Bowers has children of his own.” Xavian added solemnly, “He has a pair of twins. A boy and a girl. Plus, they’re also five-year-olds like us.”

Just like that, the flame of hope in Clayton’s heart became extinguished.

“D–Didn’t you mention that Mr. Bowers is single?”

“Yes. Mr. Bowers is single, but he has children...” Xavian patted his brother’s shoulder and added, “Mommy would have slipped up and eventually told us if he is actually our biological father. And, according to my observation, they just met recently. There is no way they knew each other before we were even born.”

A solemn look shrouded over the boys’ faces.

While the two loved their mother dearly, they secretly yearned to have a father to complete their family.

Unfortunately, they never managed to track their biological father down, despite searching for a long time.

Although they knew Samuel was unlikely their father, they could not help but want him to be.

At that moment, a voice spoke from behind them. "Clayton, shouldn't you be at the filming set in Xenhall? What are you doing here?"

Xavian and Clayton turned around right away. With that, they saw Yara dressed in a white lace gown with her face covered in elegant makeup.

Since Clayton had worked alongside Yara for a month on the filming set, he had gotten accustomed to Yara's face that greatly resembled his mother.

Contrarily, Xavian widened his eyes in bewilderment because he didn't expect Yara to bear such a striking similarity to Natalie.

My mom got admitted to this hospital. I'm heading back to Xenhall now that I've paid her a visit," Clayton explained. He then nudged Xavian with his elbow to snap the latter out of his thoughts.

"I see." Yara glanced at Xavian as she asked, "And this person standing next to you is..."

"He's my younger brother." Clayton added coldly, "What a coincidence. I'm surprised that you're here and not working in Xenhall. It must be nice to go out and about. Unlike you, I've been rehearsing my lines with a middle-aged actor all week on set."

Clayton was remarkably sly, despite being a young boy.

He intentionally provoked Yara because he knew that she was Natalie's enemy.

Yara stiffened because everyone in the film crew had always pampered her. Even the director and the producers had to agree with her requests.

The only exception was Clayton, who would always behave disrespectfully and snarkily toward her.

There were times when Yara wanted to punish him but couldn't because her manager advised against it, saying that she would seem petty for getting all worked up over a child's mindless actions.

"What are you implying?" Yara glared at him.

"I'm merely telling the truth." Clayton's eyes narrowed as he asked, "Why? Is there something wrong with what I said?"

"Here's a word of advice for you. The 'I'm an innocent child' act won't protect you forever."

"Protect me?" Clayton raised a brow and boldly retorted, "So, are you suggesting that you're a scary monster who's out to get me? Is that why I need protecting from you?"



“You..” Rage boiled under Yara’s skin.

Her earlier encounter with Sophia and Franklin had already put her in a foul mood. Now, she had not expected Clayton and Xavian to ruin her day by ridiculing her in public.

Is this how five-year-old kids behave nowadays? They’re like a bunch of unhinged, vile brats!

All of them were so skilled at arguing and making side comments that there was nothing Yara could do.

Right then, Billy’s Rolls–Royce pulled up in front of Xavian and Clayton.

The two boys opened the car door and hopped into the backseat.

Then, Billy departed the hospital with the boys.

Although Billy didn’t get out of the car, he saw Yara from the rearview mirror and decided to ask, “Was that Ms. Yara that you guys were talking to?”

## **Chapter 115**

“Please don’t tell me you’re a fan of hers.” Clayton scoffed before saying calmly, “Then again, you do look like someone with bad taste when it comes to fangirling over celebrities.”

Xavian chimed in, “Clayton is right, Mr. Morin. If you are indeed her fan, you should know that she can get canceled anytime in the future, so don’t put all your eggs in one basket.”

Despite the children’s advice, Billy knew the Bowers family would still provide financial support for Yara even if her career failed.

After all, she was still the mother of the Bowers family’s great–grandchildren, Franklin and Sophia.

“Cancelled? You guys are overthinking things.” Billy grinned and continued, “That will never happen...”

“We’ll see, Mr. Morin,” Clayton replied nonchalantly. “I believe that nothing is impossible.”

He was confident that the tables could turn for anyone at a moment’s notice because his mother told him so, and she was a woman of her words.

At the hospital entrance, Yara glanced at the plate number of the Rolls–Royce. She felt a sense of familiarity washing over her but couldn’t figure out why.

However, her mind kept recalling Samuel’s heartless tone as he kicked her out of Natalie’s ward earlier.

Even though he had ordered her to leave, she found herself returning to the hospital. again.

Throughout these years, she treated Samuel as though he was her husband because all she ever wanted was to become his wife.

Although their relationship never developed into a romantic one, Samuel remained aloof toward other women. Thus, Yara believed she could someday win his heart and become the Bowers family's lady of the house.

Unfortunately, Natalie's sudden appearance thwarted things; she caused Samuel and the children to treat Yara differently.

As Yara approached Natalie's ward, she overheard two nurses conversing.

"I bet the woman from room 1802 did a lot of good deeds in her previous life to be blessed with such a loving man."

"Exactly! I can't believe he even helped clean her body."

"To think that lady has such an average-looking face... I now know that having a good marriage depends on one's fate, and not something superficial like appearance."

Room 1802? That's Natalie's ward.

A bitter feeling prickled in Yara's chest upon learning that Samuel had helped Natalie wash up

Not once has Samuel treated me with the care he willingly gives to Natalie, not even when I got sick or hurt in the past years. No matter how much I pouted or coquettishly asked for his attention, he would only ever give me a cold response like, "Go see a doctor or something."

As Yara thought about Samuel's boundless affection and patience for Natalie, a raging hurricane broke out in her chest. Her nails then clawed on the hospital walls.

Ugh, that Natalie! She's like a stubborn old stain that's impossible to erase! This won't do. I can't just sit idly by and wait for things to turn in my favor. I have to take action before Natalie becomes the Bowers family's lady of the house. If that happens, then everything will be over for me!

With that, Yara spun on her heel and left the hospital.

Since the Bowers family believed that she was the biological mother of Sophia and Franklin, she decided to use it to her advantage.

Yara got into her minivan and quickly made a phone call..

Subsequently, she prepared her most lethal weapon – tears – to put on an act.

Yara's eyes were already red and swollen when Kenneth answered the phone. On top of that, her voice became unsteady, as if she was about to cry.

"Yara?" Kenneth greeted.

"Grandpa.." she muttered, and in no time, tears rolled down her cheeks.

"What's wrong, Yara? Has someone picked on you?"

"N-No..." Yara intentionally sobbed even harder. "Grandpa, I think I dialed the wrong number..."

“Hang on. Since we’re already talking, tell me who upset you.” Kenneth added in a fierce tone, “You’re just too nice of a person. How could you not speak up even after getting picked on? Come on. You can tell me everything about it.”

Although Yara’s eyes continued to fill up with tears, a faint smile played on her lips since she had successfully achieved her goal..