

The Promise of Happiness

Chapter 138

Natalie had no idea that there was a person watching her from afar.

All she knew at that moment was that she felt great.

She took another glass of wine from the waiter.

Raising her wine glass, she turned toward Ross, who stood a distance away from her in the middle of the crowd.

Their eyes met across the crowded room.

Ross' lips curled upwards. His eyes were full of gratitude and respect toward Natalie.

They exchanged a smile before Ross downed his red wine in one go.

Natalie followed suit and finished the wine in her glass.

This

was her promise to Ross when she first joined Dream Company. At this banquet on this day, she finally lived up to the promise she made to him back then.

Max was not in the mood to join the birthday celebration anymore after Belle's incident, so he retired early to rest in his bedroom.

Natalie, meanwhile, fell back into her habit of drinking again.

She was a little dizzy after drinking too much.

"Mr. Watsons... I'm heading to the restroom." Natalie rubbed the temples of her head.

"Okay."

The moment she pushed open the restroom door, Natalie saw Melissa fixing her makeup.

Her stare moved briefly over Melissa.

They hadn't seen each other for five years, and Natalie still did not find Melissa pretty.

She and Yara looked beautiful because they had inherited their mother, Jennie's beauty.

Yvonne was considered a rather good-

looking woman. However, Melissa had inherited Thomas' looks. As a result, her facial features were anything but exquisite.

Natalie turned on the tap as Melissa approached her with a buttered-up smile on her face.

"Ms. Nichols, what a coincidence! Both of our last names are Nichols."

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Natalie pursed her lips and replied, "Are you going to say that my name is the same as someone you know next?"

Melissa was stunned.

"How... How did you know?"

"Isn't this how people strike up a conversation? It's not that difficult to guess." Natalie turned off the faucet and shifted her gaze onto a speechless Melissa.

Melissa stared into Natalie's eyes.

She had a feeling that this pair of eyes looked familiar; they reminded her of that woman's eyes. However, the woman in her memory didn't have such an overwhelming aura.

However, she felt somewhat self-conscious as Natalie stared at her.

With her head lowered, she turned and hastily went into one of the toilet compartments.

Natalie dried her hands and let out a snort.

The sixteen-year-old little girl who used to bully her elder sister from the countryside is such a coward now.

Natalie spotted a broom in the corner of the restroom.

She bent over to pick up the broom. Then, she placed it against the compartment door so that it couldn't be opened from the inside out before leaving without an

ounce of hesitation.

After Melissa finished using the restroom, she tried to push open the door, but to no avail. Thus, she could only shout for help.

"Is there anyone outside? I'm locked inside! Please help me! Can anyone hear me?"

Natalie's lips curled into a smile when she heard Melissa begging for help.

Tsk, tsk, tsk... Why is she being such a baby? How is she going to deal with the other hurdles in her life?

Because she had drunk too much wine, her mind was beginning to get cloudy. Her eyes were fogged over, and she smiled like a kitten that had eaten too much cream.

She had barely taken a few steps when her gaze met a man's.

He was standing in the shadows of the corridor as he stared at her with his darkened eyes.

Samuel!

Natalie rubbed her eyes. She could not believe what she was seeing.

She had scanned through the guest list of the birthday banquet earlier. There weren't any Bowers on the list, so it was impossible for Samuel to have been invited.

He... He can't possibly be here.

"1... I must have seen things wrongly... My alcohol tolerance isn't great, but I drank so much.." Natalie murmured to herself.

As she was making fun of herself, a sudden force pulled her into the shadows.