

The Promise of Happiness Chapter 15

Chapter 15

"Natalie Nichols?" Yara was utterly shocked upon hearing Gavin's reply, and her facial features twisted hideously. *Wasn't she already dead five years ago, killed by the fire I planned? How can she be alive?* Fear swept over her like a wave, so much so that she felt like she was drowning. *No, this is impossible! Impossible!* Right as she was about to suffocate, she did her best to recover her voice. However, it was no longer as sweet-sounding as it was before. "Gavin... I'm curious what kind of person Franklin and Sophia will like. Can you describe what that woman looks like?" Gavin thought for a moment before answering, "That Ms. Nichols looks pretty average. She seems to be around twenty-four or twenty-five years old, approximately one hundred and sixty-five centimeters tall. Her features, aside from her eyes, are all very plain. I think she spends a lot of time under the sun as there are a lot of freckles on her face." Hearing that, Yara heaved a sigh a relief and laughed. *Natalie and I are identical twins. Although our features are almost the same, she's still prettier than me by a bit. However, according to Gavin, this Natalie has freckles all over her face. Therefore, she's definitely not my sister.* After hanging up the phone, she swirled the glass of wine in her hands, a vicious gleam appearing in her eyes. *I was the one who burned her to death years ago. How would it be possible for her to make a return now? It's purely a coincidence that that ugly woman has Natalie's name.* The Bowers family's chauffeur had sent Natalie home. She glanced around her rented, one hundred and twenty square meters apartment. *My new home is so shabby compared to the extravagant Bowers residence.* Upon hearing Natalie's footsteps, Xavian walked out of his room. "Mommy, I'll heat up the soup for you." After a short while, he placed a bowl of mushroom soup before her. "Mommy, have some mushroom soup. I added extra cheese and some chicken as you like it." Both Natalie's body and heart warmed as she sipped the soup. Although Xavian did not cook as well as the Bowers family's private chefs, she would much rather have the soup that her son made. In no time, she gulped everything down her throat, leaving not even a single drop in the bowl. However, Xavian did not hurry to clear the table and handed Natalie his phone instead. "Mommy, Clayton has joined a film crew recently. This time, he'll be acting as the son of a queen. When he saw the actress who would be playing the queen, he was practically stupefied. She looks almost the same as you, although you carry yourself better than her. Clayton did not tell the actress that you look like her, but he asked me to ask you if you're related to the actress." Following his words, Xavian zoomed in on a picture of the whole cast, freezing it on a woman's face. Natalie recognized the woman immediately with a single glance. It was Yara. All these years, she had buried her resentment deep in her heart and tried to live happily, but no one could understand her pain and misery. Every night, the scenes of Yara snatching her children and setting the house on fire kept on replaying in her mind. Upon recalling such events, Natalie grasped the tablecloth so tightly that it was on the verge of ripping. "Mommy, what's wrong?" "Xavian, she is my younger sister, but she's also the one who hurt me the most." Natalie's eyes lost focus as she stared off into the distance. "Tell Clayton not to reveal my identity, and do not let Yara know that I am his mother." Xavian nodded obediently, noticing the pained expression on her face. "Mommy, I got it." Natalie could not say much in her explanation to her sons. *Although they are both highly clever and emotionally intelligent, there is no way for me to tell them that their aunt tried to burn me to death and even murdered their brother and*

sister. Someday, I will get my revenge. In the blink of an eye, it was Jennie's death anniversary. As she had been overseas for the past five years, Natalie never had the chance to go to her mother's grave. Hence, this time, she woke up extra early. She donned an all-black attire, and instead of wearing the ugly hyper-realistic mask, she put on a light layer of make-up. Lying on the floor outside the bathroom, Xavian stared at his mother's back and pouted. "Mommy, are you really not going to bring me to see Granny?" "It's raining outside. Your Granny's grave is in the mountains. It'll be inconvenient to bring you along. You'll stay at home obediently, all right?" *Despite being the legal wife of my father, she's buried in an unknown mountaintop on the outskirts of the city. After all these years, her grave is likely dirtied and covered by weeds.* "Then, you must bring Clayton and me along the next time." Xavian packed up a box of macarons he made and handed it to Natalie. "Mommy, this is the macarons I made for Granny. Please bring it to Granny on my behalf." Patting his head, Natalie grinned and agreed. She then hailed a taxi and went to Tellmoore Mountain. As expected, it was difficult to climb the mountain when it was raining, and she had to expend a lot of energy to reach the mountaintop. She wiped off the mud on the gravestone before placing a bouquet of lilies and the box of macarons before the grave. Slowly, tears brimmed in her eyes as she stared at the image of her gentle and beautiful mother on the gravestone. The rain pattered down endlessly, but she stood unmovingly for a long time before eventually turning to leave. Afterward, she made her way back downtown. Having been drenched from the rain, she entered a cafe at the roadside to keep herself warm. Yara had made a name for herself in the entertainment industry these few years, so to avoid any unnecessary trouble, Natalie wore a pair of sunglasses and a large face mask that covered most of her face. "One black coffee." "One black coffee." A voice rang out behind her after she made her order. Natalie turned in the direction of the voice and glanced behind her. Her heart skipped a beat when she recognized the man's deep and dark eyes. *What a small world! Of all places, Samuel Bowers has to be here!*