

Happiness 173

The Promise of Happiness

Chapter 173

Natalie wrapped her arms around Samuel's waist to support him. "Are you okay, Samuel?"

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She then placed her hand on his forehead and was shocked to realize that he was burning up.

Natalie took a good look at the man's face again. Only then did she notice how pale his face was. It had only been a week since she last saw him, and now, he was in such a horrible state.

*He's having a fever, and I think the fever has lasted for a few days...*

Just as Natalie was about to carry Samuel into her room to help him cool down, Billy stopped her from doing so.

"What's wrong, Mr. Morin?" Natalie looked at Billy with a frown.

"Ms. Nichols, Sir is not in great condition now. I need to bring him back to the Bowers residence so that the family doctor could treat him. Sir is the head of the Bowers family, and the family has its own rules. The head of the family must only be treated by the family doctor. I hope you understand," Billy said seriously.

Samuel's position as the head of the family was indeed prominent and important. Naturally, a position like this would be coveted by many. It was reasonable to set a rule like that to prevent others from harming Samuel like how Max nearly died because of the poison.

After much hesitation, Natalie finally bit her lip and nodded in agreement. "I understand."

Just as she was about to let Billy take Samuel from her arms, Samuel, who was already unconscious, wrapped his arms around Natalie and would not let go.

The man was very ill, yet he still had a tremendous amount of strength. He held Natalie like a drowning man clutching onto a lifebuoy, and he would not let go no matter what.

"Samuel, can you let go first?" Natalie said.

Samuel's eyelids moved, but his arms were still wrapped around Natalie's waist. He would not budge.

Billy sighed. He witnessed how obsessed Samuel was when Natalie went missing.

Others might not be able to understand why Samuel would not let Natalie go, but as Samuel's assistant, Billy knew the reason all too well.

“Ms. Nichols, since Sir wouldn’t let go, could you come with us to the Bowers residence instead?” asked Billy.

Left without a choice, Natalie could only nod. “Fine.”

After telling Xavian to stay at home, she and Billy helped Samuel into the car together. Billy drove the car whereas Natalie kept Samuel company in the backseat.

Samuel leaned against Natalie, and it was so heavy that she tried to push him away. However, when she stole a glance at his face, she could not bring herself to do so.

*This man could have everything he wanted in the world. Why would he do anything to protect me? I’m just a plain and ordinary woman.”*

At first, she thought the reason Samuel got close to her was that he was plotting something against her, but now, she was not quite sure about that. *What kind of plot would make him go this far for me?*

“I’ve been trying my best to avoid you. I never wanted to owe you anything. Why won’t you give up? You made me owe you a lot. How am I going to push you away now?” Natalie muttered to herself.

The car came to a halt when they reached the Bowers residence. Billy and Natalie helped Samuel into his bedroom, and in his room stood a woman who looked like she was in her mid-twenties. She was clad in a white coat and was waiting for their arrival.

The woman was Celia Jean, and she was the family doctor of the Bowers family. When she saw the terrible condition Samuel was in, she frowned and asked, “Billy, what happened to Samuel?”

“Sir has not been sleeping for the past week. He hasn’t been eating much too..” Billy replied.

“What an idiot! How foolish is he? Does he think he’s invincible? Don’t you know that he...” Celia shouted angrily and stopped mid-sentence when Billy gave her a look, hinting at her to stop talking.

“Please leave.” Celia took her stethoscope out and ordered both Billy and Natalie to leave the room.

Samuel, however, was still hugging Natalie without the intention of letting go. It was like they were inseparable.

Celia glanced at Natalie and was angered when she saw the latter’s plain facial features and freckled face. *She’s not even close to pretty, but Samuel’s holding on to her dearly.*

“Who are you? Please let Samuel go right now,” she ordered.