

# The Promise of Happiness Chapter 8

## Chapter 8

Natalie switched off the green light in the autopsy room then took off her mask and goggles before making her way to the office area. When she was about to sit down and sign the autopsy report, she noticed containers of food stacked up on her desk. "Acapella" was printed on all of the plastic bags. "What is this, Brandon?" she asked with her eyebrows furrowed. "Someone ordered delivery for you, Boss." He eyed the containers in envy as he continued, "Acapella is the most gourmet restaurant in Dellmoor. Apparently, it's membership-only, and getting one costs a million. I wonder what kind of person would be powerful enough to get Acapella to deliver food this late at night." "For me?" Natalie was even more confused. "Who ordered it?" Brandon picked up a small card beside the boxes and read it aloud. "It must be hard working so late at night, Ms. Nichols. Regards, Samuel Bowers." After reading it, he was completely stunned, and Effie couldn't make sense of it either. They couldn't deny the fact that Natalie was incredibly skilled as a coroner. However, in terms of appearance, she didn't stand out at all. Her face was the definition of forgettable. They just couldn't believe that Samuel would have had enough taste to go after someone like Natalie. However, the boxes of delivery from Acapella forced them to accept that there was some kind of special connection between the two of them. Brandon summoned up the courage to ask, "Boss, what kind of relationship do you have with Samuel?" "We don't know each other," she insisted. "You must be kidding, Boss." "Believe whatever you want." She snatched the card from Brandon's grip and threw it into the trash. Then, she swept her gaze over the containers in front of her and icily ordered, "Give these to the people working overtime in the forensic department, Brandon. If there's too much even for them, then give some to the guards too." She then took out some crackers from her bag and began munching on them. Brandon couldn't comprehend what was going on. "Are you not going to eat this food from Acapella, Boss? Why are you eating crackers instead?" Natalie rolled her eyes. "Do you have a problem with that?" He shook his head frantically. "Not at all. I'll go distribute these right away." Natalie continued to chew the crackers. She didn't even spare the containers a single glance. It didn't matter how luxurious Acapella was. She refused to accept something that she didn't deserve. However, considering how hard it was to get one's hands on food like that, she decided it would still be best to share it with others. Effie didn't touch the food at all. Instead, she stared at Natalie unblinkingly. She couldn't help but feel that there was something about Natalie. Not only was she good at her job, but she also treated bigshots like Gerald and Samuel completely neutrally. She knew where to draw the line. Despite not standing out much, she still managed to get others' attention without doing anything. "Can you give me a cracker, Boss?" Effie asked. Natalie met her gaze and grinned. "Aren't you going to eat the food Samuel bought?" "It's not like I know him. I was just curious about the relationship between you two. Since you said that you don't know each other, then I obviously have to take your side, Boss." As someone who had witnessed Natalie's professionalism and attitude personally, she had already accepted Natalie as her superior. Natalie found Effie rather interesting and handed her a cracker. "Here you go." While eating the tasteless crackers, they couldn't help but smile as they looked at each other. Effie abruptly realized that her eyes were simply gorgeous despite her average looks. It was particularly so when she smiled. The aura of her gaze and the

cunning look in her eyes became hard to forget. The following morning, Samuel faced a glass window inside a huge office building, looking down at the flow of cars around the city. The black shirt he was wearing outlined his broad shoulders and narrow waist even more boldly, while his icy, handsome face gave him the aura of a leader. "I think she might be using the 2G network, Sir," Billy reported grimly. "Natalie doesn't know the weight that the Bowers family carries in Dellmoor, and I don't think she knows how luxurious of a restaurant Acapella is, either. Last night, I witnessed her distributing the food to the guards where she works." Samuel's lips twitched. "That's not necessarily the case." Billy gritted his teeth, then voiced his bold opinion. "If it's true that Natalie's aware, then there's a good chance that she's just playing hard to get. She's doing this to get you hooked and make you curious. If she's that cunning, then she might even use Sophia for her own benefits." Samuel glanced around before knocking on the table rhythmically. "I see you have a very active imagination, Billy." "Sir—" "Even our own people can't get any information about her. Do you still think she's an ordinary person?" Samuel cut him off. He sat in his office chair with a dark gaze as a barely noticeable grin surfaced on his face. "Her job as a coroner is nothing more than the tip of the iceberg." Billy finally came to a realization after hearing those words. "I underestimated her, Sir. I'm sorry." "It's okay." Samuel crossed his arms. "Postpone my schedule for tonight. I'm going to pick her up personally."