

Happiness 571-580

The Promise of Happiness

### **Chapter 571 Drug Has Taken Effect**

A while later, they arrived back at the Bowers manor.

After visiting Samuel, instead of being in a better mood, Kenneth was feeling even more vexed.

For one, it was because he found out more details about the kidnapping incident from Samuel. Moreover, he had also noticed that he was getting increasingly fond of Natalie as the days went by...

Even though Sophia and Natalie were not blood-related and Natalie knew that the kidnappers were using Sophia as bait, she still took the bait willingly knowing that it would put her in a dangerous situation.

Judging by how Natalie was even willing to sacrifice her life for Sophia, it was no wonder that the twins were so fond of her.

The woman had always treated everyone around her sincerely without any motives.

While Kenneth was still deep in thought, Jefford, the butler, walked over and said, "Old Mr. Bowers, Ms. Yara is here to visit you!"

"Let her in," Kenneth replied, snapping out of his daze.

"Understand."

Yara quickly entered the house, and a short while later, she appeared in front of Kenneth.

"Grandpa..."

When the old man saw Yara, he suddenly felt that the woman, who had been by his side for the last five years, seemed like a stranger. As he did not know what to say, he merely nodded in acknowledgment.

Seeing that Kenneth had remained silent, Yara had no choice but to start the conversation, "Grandpa, I'm sure you would have heard about what happened to Melissa, right?"

"Yup, I'm aware."

"Grandpa... I went to the morgue last night to verify her body with Dad and Aunt Yvonne. It was only then that I found out that that foolish girl had committed such a crazy and unforgivable act!"

After saying that, Yara got down to her knees in front of Kenneth.

"Yara?"

"Grandpa, sorry... I'm truly sorry..." Yara apologized while banging her forehead on the ground continuously. "Even though Melissa and I don't have the same mother, we have grown up together and

lived in the same house. No matter what, I'm still her elder sister, and I have failed to keep an eye on her, allowing her to hurt Sophia!"

Just like Yara thought, Kenneth did blame her for what happened.

The fact that Melissa had committed such a heinous act meant that there was something worrying about the upbringing of the Nichols family.

Kenneth did not try to stop Yara when she first started knocking her head against the floor.

However, as Yara was determined to gain Kenneth's forgiveness, she was banging her head rather forcefully.

After a while, the skin on her forehead became red and swollen and seemed to be peeling off. If she continued doing that, she would definitely start bleeding.

Feeling rational again, Kenneth finally said, "Yara, that's enough. Get up."

"Grandpa?"

"Silly girl, the one who kidnapped Sophia was Melissa, not you." Kenneth held Yara's hand and helped her up from the floor. "You shouldn't be blamed for Melissa's evil deeds."

Yara stood up and looked at Kenneth with her eyes brimming with tears.

"I don't think Samuel would wanna see me," Yara said in an inferior manner. "Grandpa, I heard from the police that guns were found at the scene. A fight had broken out as well. Can you tell me how Samuel and Sophia are now? I really want to know if they are hurt."

"Sophia suffered from shock but she's not hurt." After taking a pause, Kenneth continued, "Samuel is currently still recovering at the hospital. The Bowers' family doctor is taking care of him so you don't have to worry too much."

Yara nodded.

After that, while Yara and Kenneth were chitchatting, Kenneth suddenly felt extremely unwell, as if thousands of ants were crawling on his heart.

Suddenly, the old man's face turned ashen as he gripped his chest tightly.

"Yara, my heart... my heart is feeling very uncomfortable..." Kenneth's face paled in pain.

"Let me feel your pulse." Yara put her fingers on Kenneth's wrist and said, "Grandpa, your pulse is quite weak. Are you in pain? Do you feel like there are ants crawling on your heart?"

"Yes, yes. That's right."

Yara knew that the drug, which she had instructed the butler to add into Kenneth's medicine, had started to take effect.

"Yara... My heart... It hurts... Save me..."

## Chapter 572 So What If It Is Me

However, Yara merely stared at the man coldly.

“Grandpa, are you asking me to save you?”

Kenneth felt like his heart was being torn apart and could no longer withstand the pain.

“Yara... S-Save me...”

Yara took out a nasal inhaler from her bag slowly and passed it to Kenneth.

“Grandpa, this is something I developed recently. It is an inhaler that helps to relieve pain in the heart. Just put it under your nose and take a deep inhale. It should provide immediate relief for your pain.”

Kenneth, who was almost suffering from a mental breakdown due to the extreme pain he was feeling, took over the inhaler with trembling hands. He placed it under his nose and took a few deep breaths.

Seconds later, his pain was indeed gone, and the man was finally able to relax.

“Yara... This medicine is so effective... Thanks!”

“Grandpa, you can keep it. Remember to carry it with you at all times. If you feel discomfort in your heart, just take a few inhaleds and you’ll be fine.” Yara let out an understanding smile.

“I will!”

After having his earlier experience that felt worse than death, Kenneth treated the nasal spray that Yara had given him as a treasure and put it in his pocket.

He suddenly thought about his frosty attitude toward Yara lately and could not help but feel guilty.

“Yara, I’ve said some harsh words to you recently. Please don’t take it to heart!”

“Don’t worry, Grandpa, I won’t.” The smile on Yara’s face grew wider as she said, “Even though the chances of Samuel marrying me are getting slimmer, which means that I won’t get to become your granddaughter-in-law, in my heart, I will always treat you as my own grandpa. No matter what, I will always treat you with utmost respect and be filial to you...”

Yara both looked and sounded extremely convincing when she said that.

“Yara, I will never forget how good you are to me.” Kenneth let out an inaudible sigh.

He remembered that he had once promised Yara that he would never allow Samuel to marry any other woman.

However, after having a better understanding on Natalie’s character, it seemed like he would have to go back on his word.

As such, Kenneth felt increasingly guilty that he had let Yara down.

Unaware that the old man had already come to a decision in his heart, Yara was still planning to get him to make a will to leave all his assets to her, instead of his own descendants, upon his death.

After taking a stroll with Kenneth at the Bowers manor's courtyard, Yara returned to the Nichols residence.

Due to Melissa's passing, the atmosphere inside the house was solemn, and members of the Nichols family were all dressed in mourning garb.

The living room had turned into a mourning hall where Melissa's casket was laid. The woman's black and white photo was placed in the middle of the mourning hall with white chrysanthemums decorated around it.

A few candles were lit on the table while funeral music played.

Yvonne was kneeling in front of the casket with her gaze fixed on her daughter's photo, while muttering something under her breath.

Yara frowned as she could feel that the heavy atmosphere in the house was ruining her good mood from earlier on.

She walked toward the mourning hall and turned off the music before snapping the candles into two.

Seeing that, Yvonne charged at Yara like a madwoman and yelled, "Yara, what are you doing! Why are you treating my daughter this way!"

"What's the use of lighting candles and mourning her when she's already dead?" Yara continued in a mocking tone, "No matter how many prayers you say, your daughter will not come back to life. You should just get over it soon and get on with your life. It's bad luck to light candles and plays such music in the house!"

No doubt, the woman's words were like poison arrows, piercing right through Yvonne's heart.

"Is it you?" Yvonne grabbed Yara's neck and exclaimed through gritted teeth, "I already told Melissa to stop, and she has promised me that she will! She promised me! But she still got herself killed. Were you behind this?"

"So what if it's me? What can you do about it?" Yara narrowed her eyes and shot a cold glance at Yvonne.

### **Chapter 573 Curse**

Yvonne had her suspicions previously, but after hearing what Yara said, she was finally sure of what was going on.

The woman's pupils constricted as she said, "You... It's you indeed! I knew it was you!"

"Take your hands off me," Yara bellowed with her brows tightly knitted, her neck hurting from the pressure from Yvonne's fingers.

"Yara Nichols! I should have known earlier... Now it's all too late..." Yvonne's eyes were filled with hatred as she yelled in a hoarse voice, "Back then, when Natalie perished in the fire, it must have been your

doing too! Given that you could even do that to your own twin sister, killing Melissa would surely be a piece of cake to you!”

Yara was starting to have difficulty breathing.

She tried to push Yvonne away but realized that no matter how hard she tried, the woman just wouldn't budge.

“Let go!”

“I am going to avenge Melissa!” Yvonne said with bloodshot eyes, “Now that Melissa is gone, there's nothing more for me to look forward to in this world! I am going to kill you and take you to hell. You shall beg for Melissa's forgiveness there!”

“Someone! Please... please help! Is there anyone?” Yara shouted.

The servants in the house rushed to the living room immediately when they heard the commotion going on and saw Yvonne grabbing Yara's neck.

It seemed like Yvonne was determined to take Yara's life.

“Mrs. Nichols, what are you doing! Please let go!”

“Please stop! Ms. Yara's face is already turning blue. If you don't let go, she's going to die!”

“Mrs. Nichols, if you don't let go now, we will have to pull you away.”

As Yvonne refused to let go, two of the male servants ended up having to pry the woman's fingers away from Yara's neck, one by one.

Yara panted heavily when she could finally breathe again. She could feel a searing pain in the area of her neck that was being strangled by Yvonne.

Meanwhile, right after Thomas finished his call upstairs, he saw a disheveled Yvonne being held back by the servants while Yara was panting with a distorted expression on her face. He had also noticed red marks on his daughter's neck and could tell straight away that someone had grabbed her neck earlier on.

The Nichols family was already in a state of a mess lately. When Thomas saw the ridiculous scene in front of him, he could not help but frown.

“What's going on?” he asked.

Yvonne looked up and broke free from the servants' grip before walking toward Thomas and said, “It's her! She was the one who set Melissa up, causing her death! It's all because of her that Melissa had died a wrongful death! Hubby, you need to handle the matter fairly!”

“Did you say it was Yara who caused Melissa's death?”

“Yup.”

Thomas swept a gaze at his wife and said, “Do you have any evidence?”

Even though Yvonne could not show any evidence, she refused to give up. "I... Although I don't have any evidence, she has admitted it to me herself just now. She said that she was the one behind everything!"

"Yara, did you really say that?" Thomas turned toward his daughter and asked.

Everyone's attention was immediately focused on Yara after Thomas asked the question.

Moments later, tears started streaming down Yara's face.

"No! How could I have said that?" Yara said weakly in an aggrieved manner. "When I came home, I saw Aunt Yvonne grieving over Melissa and went up to her to offer some words of comfort. However, she suddenly grabbed my neck and asked me why it was Melissa who had died but not me instead! She was worried that Melissa would feel lonely in the netherworld and wanted me to accompany her!"

"That wasn't what I said!" Yvonne yelled hysterically. "Yara is spouting nonsense! That's ridiculous!"

Yvonne did not expect Yara to be able to distort the truth in such a convincing manner. Just when she was about to approach the woman to give her a tight slap, a forceful slap landed on her face instead.

Yvonne felt a sharp pain on her cheek, and she turned to look at Thomas in shock.

"You..." The woman could hardly believe that her husband had just slapped her.

"Are you crazy?" Thomas pointed at Yvonne's nose and scolded, "Yvonne Fayze, you're really evil, aren't you? Ever since I took over Dexmed Pharmaceutical, I've never mistreated you. Why are you cursing me to be left without any children!"

## **Chapter 574 Keep Me Company**

The excruciating pain of losing her daughter dealt a tremendous blow to Yvonne.

Upon seeing Thomas' appalling response toward his daughter's death, Yvonne grew to hate him more. She could not believe that he even had the cheek to hit her.

"Hahaha... Karma has no menu. One gets served what one deserves. Considering how we treated the Bayer family in the past, they are returning us a favor now. Melissa's death is the biggest punishment to me. However, you guys can't escape, either. Thomas and Yara, your time will come!"

Yvonne stared daggers at both Thomas and Yara.

"Shut up!"

"What gives? Why should I be silenced?"

Filled with resentment, Thomas commanded the two housekeepers, "Take this mad woman away and lock her up in the room in the west wing. Nobody can let her out without my permission!"

The housekeepers adhered to the order received and immediately dragged Yvonne upstairs by the arm.

Wearing a cold expression on his face, Thomas glared at all the other housekeepers and warned sternly, "If a word goes out about what happened today, I swear I'll torment the person and make her wish for death."

Terror-stricken, the meek housekeepers nodded their heads vigorously.

After everyone left, Thomas patted Yara's shoulder. "Be patient with Aunt Yvonne for she's still mourning. Nonetheless, rest assured that I won't let her hurt you."

Hearing so, Yara bobbed her head and put on a show. "Sure, Dad. I understand."

As a matter of fact, she had already lost hope in Thomas and the entire Nichols family.

The first thing she did when she returned to her bedroom was to look into the mirror. A murderous intent flashed across her eyes upon seeing the bruises on her neck.

"Yvonne, do you think you're still Mrs. Nichols?" Yara added, "Who are you to fight me?"

Meanwhile, Natalie woke up in Samuel's ward.

Rubbing her bleary eyes, she uttered, "Water..."

She felt so dehydrated as she had not had a sip for a long time.

In her grogginess, she felt her lips moistened by water. She quickly leaned toward the source and gulped a mouthful.

Then, she snatched the whole bottle of mineral water and chugged it down like a greedy baby demanding more milk.

She felt so much better after drinking to her heart's content.

Shortly after, Natalie opened her eyes and was met with Samuel's smiling pair.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes." She gave a laconic reply.

Oh dear...

Cough! Cough!

As she recalled forcing herself on him, her face turned burning hot. Flushed with embarrassment, she could not look Samuel in the eyes any longer.

"I took your bed and caused you to have no place to rest. I think I'd better go back to my room."

Saying so, she removed the blanket, put on her shoes, and left the ward at lightning speed.

Watching her scurry away, a smirk settled upon Samuel's face.

He shook his head dotingly, took a pillow from his bed, and trailed her from behind.

When Natalie got back to her ward, she was astonished to see that the single bed had been changed into a queen-sized bed.

Hospitals only provide single beds. Why is there a queen-sized bed here?

While she was still puzzling over the case, Samuel had already caught up with her. He whispered, "I had it custom made for us, so that we can sleep together..."

A tailored-made bed? Is he out of his mind? Isn't it obvious what a larger bed means? How will others read this situation?

"Samuel! How could you do this?" Her rounded eyes glowered at him.

"I can't sleep well without you by my side," he justified. "So, keep me company, should you want me to recover faster."

### **Chapter 575 Such A Big Baby**

Samuel's voice was deep and attractive.

His warm breath on Natalie's neck made her feel rather ticklish.

"You... You're such a big baby!"

"Do you remember how you asked Yandel to stall me? I haven't settled scores with you yet." Samuel nibbled her earlobe and muttered, "It's better to admit your fault now. I don't think you'll ever learn your lesson if you don't pay a price for your mistake made."

"I didn't expect it to turn out this way..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Samuel gripped her chin and kissed her aggressively.

Natalie's lips were soft and tender, and he just could not get enough of her. To him, her lips were more addictive than any other dessert.

"Mmm..." Natalie murmured to signal him to stop because the door was still wide open.

It's utterly outrageous of us to be kissing so near to the entrance as though no one was watching.

However, Samuel could not control himself. Sensing that the woman in his arms was distracted, he pursued further to lure her undivided attention.

Within seconds, he turned her around and pinned her against the cold wall.

"S-Samuel..."

Natalie looked at him with a pair of lustful eyes.

Coupled with her occasional moans, Samuel became increasingly aroused.

He then raised her arms over her head and clamped her wrists before continuing his amorous advancements.

Stuck between a lascivious Samuel and a cold slab of wall behind her, Natalie had nowhere to escape.

All she could do was to allow him to dominate her entire being.



Suddenly, footsteps were heard from the outside, followed by a knock on the door.

The interruption put a halt to Samuel's kisses, leaving the duo panting heavily.

She leaned against the wall and took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down.

"Ahem..."

Samuel's expression turned sullen as he cleared his throat and cast a sharp gaze at a team of doctors standing at the door.

"What are you all doing here?" displeased, he raised his brow and questioned.

"Are you the doctor who saved the patient that was shot six times?" a doctor in his fifties or perhaps sixties asked shyly. "Hi, I'm Dr. Johnston, the director of Kindness Hospital. I'm here with the management team of our hospital to sincerely invite you to be our Special Adviser."

The news about how Natalie saved Christopher had gone viral within the hospital. There were all kinds of tales imaginable, and some made her seem like a god-like being.

Prior to this, she was either spending time recuperating or totally drained after engaging in steamy sessions with Samuel. Now that she was available, she was visited by twenty over doctors from all age groups.

"Err... This..." Natalie frowned.

"Good day, Adviser," exclaimed the team of doctors loudly before giving her a ninety-degree bow.

Natalie was taken aback. At that critical moment when she was treating Christopher, her priority was to save him at all costs. Hence, she applied all the medical skills she had learned and even gave him her precious medication.

She did not expect her outstanding skills to be discovered and exposed through this incident, resulting in her being in the limelight.

"I didn't agree to accept this position." Knitting her brows, she denied, "I'm not the person that you're looking for. You've been mistaken."

"That's impossible!" Dr. Johnston commented in suspicion.

"If you don't believe my words, you can ask him whether I was the female doctor you had in mind." Natalie threw the ball to Samuel's court.

At once, everyone's eyes fell on Samuel.

The latter never liked a fuss, what more when he had to suppress his urge when his amorous plan was disrupted earlier.

Scanning across the crowded room, he went ballistic. "Is this how you show your earnestness? By recognizing the wrong person?"

## Chapter 576 Forget It

Filled with rage, Samuel looked oppressive, and his intimidating aura scared the doctors to their wits.

At that point, it dawned on them that they might have gotten the wrong person.

Dr. Johnston blinked with a blank face. Feeling pressured by Samuel's hostility, he said admittedly, "Um... We... We're so sorry for disturbing you. We should take our leave now and let you rest."

The rest of the doctors followed suit.

Natalie heaved a sigh of relief after they left.

"Thank God you're here." She took the initiative to wrap her arms around his neck and hugged him lightly. "Otherwise, they'd hound me endlessly, thinking that I'm the one who operated on Christopher."

At that moment, Samuel's flame of desire which had not been entirely put out, flared up again.

When Natalie threw herself at him and held him by the neck, he had an Adam's-apple-jump.

She could sense his muscles tensed up and his nerves stretched taut all of a sudden.

Knowing what was going to befall her, Natalie let out a dry chuckle and released him, only to have him pull her back into his embrace.

"Nat, don't you think I deserve some reward?"

"What reward do you want?" She attempted to derail the negotiation.

Yet, Samuel insisted, "The type of reward for adults. You know, I like that sort of... reward."

Right before she had a chance to advise him to control himself in the hospital, he sealed her lips with yet another kiss.

"Mm..."

Having gone through a dangerous encounter, Natalie had thought things through.

She liked Samuel and appreciated everything that he had done for her. She had no qualms about that man. In fact, she felt immensely connected with him in all aspects, and she enjoyed their relationship very much.

Mm... Shame? What's that? Forget it.

At that thought, Natalie ran her legs around Samuel's strong waist, setting off another episode of passionate intimacy.

A long while later, she fell asleep in his arms, totally exhausted. He hugged her tighter while letting out a satisfied grin which rivaled that of a Cheshire cat.

Have a good rest...

Coincidentally, Yandel paid Natalie a visit the moment she woke up.

Seeing her unkempt hair and glowy skin, he teased, "Boss, I can see that your road to recovery involves extra effort, time, and even energy."

Natalie shot a killer glance at him and shut him up at that instant.

Samuel knew that he was not in the position to interfere with some of Natalie's affairs. "You guys have a chat while I go get dinner ready." So, he left after coming up with an excuse.

"Okay."

Samuel walked out of the ward, leaving Natalie and Yandel alone in the room.

"Boss, you're right. The Nichols didn't suspect anything the police told them and signed the papers almost right away. At the same time, they have also dropped the request to have a post-mortem," Yandel reported the updates.

Biting her lips, Natalie's heart sank.

"Although Thomas and Yara weren't involved in it directly, they still got themselves entangled in Sophia's kidnapping case. Fortunately for them, the Bowers family is letting it slide. They calculated the risks and protected themselves. All of them are so eager to close the case, and nobody seems to care about Melissa's death. Something fishy must be going on behind the scenes..."

"Boss, why do you think that Melissa fell head over heels for me?" Yandel was puzzled. "I've only met her thrice, and we had about ten exchanges of text messages. I didn't even show her any good attitude when I was at the Nichols residence. Why would she still act like that?"

"Before going to the Nichols residence, I threw a bait to get Melissa hooked." A cold glint flashed across Natalie's eyes. She added, "However, someone must have sown the seeds of doubt and intensified the hatred in her once we left the Nichols residence."

"Is it something like a hypnosis?" Yandel had never seen Melissa lose her mind. He could only imagine the ample possibilities.

"I'm not sure." Natalie knitted her brows. "Her emotions were on the extremes. Rage, exhilaration, ruthlessness, cruelty... These can't be achieved through hypnosis."

## Chapter 577 One Of A Kind

Natalie heaved a long sigh and told Yandel, "The Nichols family might view Melissa as a disgrace, but her death isn't the end. I must investigate who's the mastermind and how did the person make Melissa go amok!"

"Boss, you..."

"I'll conduct an autopsy before they bury her body," she said solemnly. "I suspect that she has consumed some illegal drugs, and only a post-mortem can give me the answer."

"But... Thomas didn't agree to that."

“The dead can’t talk. Anyway, all evidences will be destroyed once the body is cremated.” Natalie paused for a bit before continuing, “I can only do that discreetly before the cremation using my position as the coroner adviser to the Major Crimes Unit.”

Nodding, Yandel listened attentively to Natalie’s plan.

Toward the end of their discussion, Natalie recalled something important and asked Yandel, “When is Melissa’s funeral?”

“According to the customs in Dellmoor, the dead will either be buried on the third, fifth, or the seventh day. Usually, the funeral for someone who passed on at a young age will be held on the seventh day after his death. I think Melissa’s will be four days from now.” Yandel was completely baffled. “Boss, you’re asking this because...”

“I’ll attend Melissa’s funeral.”

“Are you serious?”

“Don’t worry, I won’t go as Natalie Nichols, and neither will I cause a scene there. I just purely want to pay her my last respect,” she explained. “Though she had done many wrong things, she’s still my stepsister. Attending her memorial service is a way for me to bid her my final farewell. That’s the least I can do.”

“Noted, I’ll make the necessary arrangements.”

“Thanks.”

Meanwhile, Christopher slowly regained consciousness.

What greeted him was a scruffy-looking Joshua, whose eyes were swollen like pandas.

“Chris, Chris, you’re finally conscious!” Joshua yelled in excitement, holding his hands close to his face.

Christopher’s felt so sore all over as if his whole body had broken into pieces.

He pulled his hand back and moved away in disgust.

“Joshua... Stop being so gross.”

Seeing Christopher come back alive, Joshua did not mind his nasty words and chimed in, “Okay, okay, whatever pleases you.”

“What would you like to eat or drink?” He was very concerned.

“Nat... How’s Nat?”

“Natalie again?” Joshua did not expect his good friend to ask about Natalie soon after he had regained his consciousness and chatted a few words with him.

“Is she all right?” Christopher pursued further.

“She collapsed and fainted in the process of rescuing you. Anyway, someone is taking care of her...”

Even though Joshua did not mention any names, they both knew who he was referring to.

"I hate to say this, Chris, but is it worthwhile to go such great length for a woman who doesn't reciprocate your love? Had it not been for her exceptional medical skills, you'd be six feet under by now. There's nothing more important than your own life. Women? You can always find a better one."

"Don't ask me this question ever again." Christopher side-eyed Joshua. "I've made it crystal clear when we were at the warehouse. If it was another woman, it wouldn't be worth it at all, but she's not any other woman. Just like how everyone thought that I was dead, including myself, yet... She gave her all to save me and repay me the favor owed despite having no feelings for me. Are you able to find me another woman like her, Joshua?"

Upon hearing so, Joshua had a flashback. He remembered so vividly how Natalie pressed on Christopher's wound and persevered in bringing him back to life.

Even I thought that her attempts were in vain and wanted to discourage her from trying. Yet, she was resolute and unswerving until the surgery was a success. Where can I find a second person like Natalie? That's impossible.

Looking at Christopher, Joshua shook his head.

#### Chapter 578 A Simple Dinner

After Yandel left, Samuel showed up with dinner.

It was a simple dinner with steak, stir-fry vegetables, salted prawns, and vegetable soup.

Natalie and Samuel were sitting in front of each other and were having a simple dinner together.

During dinner, Natalie couldn't help peeking at Samuel every once in a while.

He was simply too handsome.

She thought about how he belonged to her, and that prompted her to smile instinctively.

"What are you thinking about? Why are you suddenly so happy?" asked Samuel. He removed the shell from one prawn and fed it to Natalie.

She opened her mouth and ate away. As she chewed, she replied, "That's a secret, and I am the only one who is privy to that information. It won't be as fun if I share it with you."

"Okay, whatever you say," said Samuel. His eyes shone with love, and he continued removing the shells from the prawns. "Here, I removed all the shells from these prawns. Eat them all up."

"Samuel, you shouldn't focus solely on feeding me. You should eat up, too."

"No, you need to eat more," said Samuel. His gaze slowly shifted to her. His eyes shone ambiguously before he said, "After all, I was a little... demanding the last two times."

Natalie was speechless.

Her face instantly burned red.

What is wrong with Samuel? We're having a nice meal here, so why must his mind go... there?

"I can't believe you have the audacity to talk about that. Can't you show mercy when... that is happening?" complained Natalie as she glared over. "Samuel, why must you make me beg... Actually, scratch that. You won't listen even when I beg."

The guy stopped removing the shells from the prawn. His mind played something dirty once more. Even recalling those moments pleased him. After some time, he said, "Don't beg me for mercy the next time it happens. The more you beg, the more difficult it is for me to stop."

Natalie didn't respond to that. She didn't know what to say.

Nothing came to her mind. Ah, forget it. I'll just pretend I never said anything.

She tilted her head down and continued eating away.

After dinner, Natalie decided to take a shower on her own.

She worried that Samuel would follow along and would do something mischievous, so she snuck in quickly.

As soon as she was inside, she acted as though she was in a panic room. Click! The door was locked right away.

Samuel saw all that, and he couldn't help chuckling about it. He shook his head because he found it both irritating and hilarious.

Is that how she sees me? As a wild animal that wouldn't even let her shower in peace?

Soon, he heard the sound of the water running, and his throat instinctively went dry.

It seemed her concerns were valid.

He might actually go after her, even when she was in the showers.

Samuel kept his eyes on the document he had with him. His gaze, however, shone with amusement.

There's no point in keeping me out of the showers. The true challenge is keeping me away after you have showered.

Samuel texted Steven to say that he had to focus on his recovery. The former asked the latter to take care of the kids as well as the miscellaneous tasks at the company.

After that, he closed the document and walked over to lean against the wall right outside the washroom.

Natalie felt much better after the shower. It was as though every bit of exhaustion in her had been washed away.

She opened the door. The second she exited the showers, however, a pair of strong arms held her tightly from behind her.

"What are you doing, Samuel?"

“I need it again.”

“What?” said Natalie. She panicked. “How am I...?”

“You don’t need to do anything. I can handle it.”

As soon as that sexy man finished speaking, he kissed her moving lips.

It happened time and time again. Geez, does this man have infinite stamina?

Natalie was starting to get a little annoyed, but her body wouldn’t listen to her. It caved at the mere sight of him.

Passion instantly ignited within the room.

It didn’t take long before Samuel pushed Natalie onto the soft bed.

The shirt she had just put on was torn apart, and the buttons fell all over the floor when he ripped her shirt.

## Chapter 579 Destined To Be Together

Two days later.

Natalie was discharged from the hospital.

Before she left with Samuel, they dropped by Christopher’s room to visit him.

His physical condition had turned for the better, and he could sit up so long as there was a pillow for him to lean on.

“Christopher, are you feeling better?” asked Natalie in a concerned tone.

“The cuts still hurt, but it’s so much better than when my previous illness tortured me.”

“Thank you,” said Natalie sincerely. “If it hadn’t been for you, both Sophia and I would probably have died in that warehouse. I will always remember what you did for us, and if you ever need anything, I will do everything I can to help.”

Natalie didn’t make promises often, but when she did, she would make good of her words.

Christopher nodded when he heard Natalie’s thanks.

All she felt for him was friendship and appreciation. She would help him if he needed it, but that was not something he wanted.

She might never be able to give him what he wanted.

“Is that a promise?” asked Christopher while smiling. A hint of mischief shone in his eyes.

“Yes, and I will never break that promise,” replied Natalie while nodding firmly.

Christopher shifted his gaze from Natalie to Samuel before saying, "In that case, Natalie, you can repay my kindness by being my wife. All you have to do is promise me that you will marry me in your next reincarnation."

Natalie was dumbstruck when she heard that.

"Ask for something else. You can forget about that. She is mine and will remain mine even in her next reincarnation," replied Samuel harshly while frowning deeply.

Christopher couldn't help laughing aloud when he heard what Samuel said.

The former ended up laughing too much and tearing his own wound open. Even then, he couldn't stop laughing.

In the past, Christopher and Samuel had gone up against one another at work. Every time that happened, Samuel's incredible ability to control himself and his emotions would surprise Christopher.

Every battle at work ended with Christopher going all out but still losing to Samuel by just a smidge.

Hence, he didn't expect Samuel to act that way.

Huh, when it comes to love, this guy is even more jealous and childish than I am.

"Natalie, will you keep your promise?" asked Christopher after he finally stopped laughing.

Samuel kept his mouth shut.

That being said, he had narrowed his beautiful eyes, and every muscle on his face was tightened. His entire body was exuding an icy aura as well.

Natalie snuck a peek at Samuel, who was screaming "no" with every cell in his body. That was when she realized that Christopher was deliberately messing with Samuel.

It was possible that Samuel didn't even realize that Christopher was just joking. Samuel must care deeply about me, and that is why he won't even take a joke.

Truth was, there was no saying if reincarnation was real.

Despite that, Samuel refused to entertain the possibility of losing her. He wanted to continue being with her.

"Well, if the matter involves our next reincarnation, then let's talk then," said Natalie before giggling.

"We may not be married in this lifetime, but we can be close friends. I'm pretty amazing, so don't worry, a friend like me won't embarrass you."

Christopher was secretly disappointed, but he nodded with a smile.

"Yeah, you're right."

Natalie planned to leave after visiting Christopher.

The men, however, were in sync and spoke the same words simultaneously.

"Go on out. I need to talk to him in private."



“Go on out. I need to talk to him in private.”

Natalie was stunned. She didn't know what the men were thinking or why they couldn't talk in front of her, but she left obediently anyway.

Christopher and Samuel became the only ones left in the room. They glared at one another.

The former broke the silence by saying, “I heard from the hospital. They said you donated half of the blood that saved my life. You could've ordered one of your men to donate the blood, but you used your own blood and gave me so much that you fainted. Seriously, you and your lady are so similar.”

“Similar, huh? I guess that means we're destined to stay together forever,” replied Samuel calmly.

#### Chapter 580 A Reward

Christopher felt a little speechless. He glared tauntingly at Samuel and pointed out, “If I'm not mistaken, the two of you aren't married yet.”

“Oh, that is just a matter of time. It doesn't matter, though. Either way, I will not give you an opportunity to sweep in and take her away from me,” said Samuel as he narrowed his eyes and answered nonchalantly.

“You had better keep that in mind,” replied Christopher. His gaze turned evil after that, and he warned, “If I ever find out that you hurt her, I will spare no effort to take her away from you and never give her back.”

“That will never happen.”

The two men looked into each other's eyes and saw the love the other party had for Natalie.

“I'm leaving now. Nat is still waiting for me out there,” said Samuel as he turned around to leave.

“Yeah, don't keep her waiting.”

Samuel left the room, and silence returned once more.

It took Christopher some time before he dealt with his disappointment and returned to his usual state.

He might have rescued Natalie, but she and Samuel had repaid that debt when they rescued him in return.

If Samuel had made even one mistake, Christopher would keep fighting for the woman he loved without ever hesitating. I hate how that man is as powerful in love as he is in business. He does everything quickly and perfectly, so there was no room for anyone to take advantage of.

Christopher decided that from then on, he would play the role of a brother and would care for Natalie in another way. He would also protect her.

That role might last a day or a year, but it might also last a lifetime because there was no saying if he could ever move on.

When Samuel exited the room, he saw Natalie standing beside the window and staring at the blooming flowers in the garden.

She opened the window and take a whiff of the pleasant floral scent.

Samuel walked to her and held her in his arms. He rested his chin on her shoulder as he asked, "Are you cold with the windows open?"

"A little."

"Then I'll hold you tighter," murmured Samuel.

After saying that, he held her closer to him and hugged her so tightly that it felt as though he wanted her to melt into him and stay with him forever.

Natalie noticed that Samuel was behaving out of the norm and wondered what the two men had talked about earlier. Did that conversation make Samuel feel insecure?

"Samuel, what's wrong? Are you jealous?" asked Natalie in an uncertain tone.

"Yeah," murmured Samuel in a barely audible voice.

Natalie turned away from the window to face her man. They were looking at each other at that moment, but he still kept his hand on her waist and showed no intention of moving it at all.

"Is it just me or have you gotten more jealous after I woke up?" asked Natalie carefully as she looked into Samuel's eyes.

"It's not just you," answered Samuel. He didn't deny anything and reaffirmed her beliefs instead. "I almost lost you, and that made me want you even more. You are my life... No, you are more important than my life. Without you, I will be nothing more than a walking corpse."

Natalie was taken aback after she heard that. Wait, so the all-powerful Samuel Bowers is capable of experiencing fear? And of all the powerful things out there, he's afraid of losing me?

Natalie reached out to hug Samuel. After that, she tiptoed and pecked on his lips.

"I'm still here, aren't I? Besides, I've already made things clear with Christopher, so you don't need to worry about anything, okay?" said Natalie with a smile.

"Yeah, you did a good job with that."

"I know, right?" bragged Natalie proudly.

"Shall I reward you for it?" offered Samuel whose voice was getting a little deep with a hint of lust.

Natalie was about to ask what reward that was when Samuel's kisses rained down on her like a storm.

"W-We're in a public place," reminded Natalie shyly.

"It'll be fine," replied Samuel in a coarse voice before he kissed even more fervently.

"W-What is that supposed to m-mean?"

Natalie's protest came on and off, but toward the end, Samuel muffled her protest. The conversation ended with a rather loud moan.