

A Cue for Happiness Chapter 131-140

Chapter 131 Invest In You

When Shawn's finger reached the side of her cheek, Natalie subconsciously took a step back and mumbled, "Shawn, what are you doing?"

Realizing that he had gone overboard, he retracted his hand immediately, staring at Natalie apologetically.

"I'm sorry. I did not ask for your permission and tried to remove your mask..."

"This mask is indeed hideous. But, for now, I cannot remove it and be myself."

"I know."

Aaron, the butler from before, spotted the pair lingering at the lounge entrance and approached them. "Mr. Shawn and Ms. Nichols, Mr. Corden has arrived. Old Mr. Watsons and the other family members are all waiting for you."

He opened the door for Shawn to enter the room, followed by Natalie.

However, as soon as she stepped into the room, she saw Max accompanied by his two sons, Chris and Charlie, along with Chris and Charlie's own wives.

Max saw Natalie and grinned from ear to ear.

However, the two sons and their wives seemed gloomy all of a sudden.

"Dad, I thought you were announcing your inheritance distribution today. What did you invite this girl over for?"

"He's right! The people gathered here belong to the Watsons family. What's an outsider like her doing here?"

Although the two brothers were always at each other's throats, they would unanimously join forces if it came to dealing with outsiders.

"I invited Natalie over because I included her portion into the distribution of my inheritance," Max explained as he waved around his walking stick. "Corden, please read the notarized will to them."

Corden took out the document and started reading.

“Upon the passing of Max Watsons, ninety-five percent of the equities under his name will be inherited by Shawn Watsons.”

“The mansion under his name will be evenly distributed to Chris Watsons and Charlie Watsons.”

“The remaining five percent of the equities and his antique collections will be inherited by Natalie Nichols.”

The two younger Watsons couples were already shocked by the first part of the will. After Natalie’s part was read, they sprung up from the sofa, unable to contain their anger.

“Dad, I am your son! I didn’t even get a single portion of your shares! Why did you give your shares to her instead? She doesn’t deserve them!”

“Remember, dad, blood is thicker than water! Why would you distribute your shares to an outsider instead of your own children?”

Max’s daughters-in-law were both also wearing matching expressions of panic and confusion.

The old man stomped his walking stick heavily on the ground, exclaiming, “Both of you should be grateful that I decided to give you anything at all! After all, the four of you fed me with a different kind of poison each!

“You should feel fortunate that I did not send you directly to jail out of respect for your mother. Yet, you dare demand more from me? Would you prefer actually being sent to prison to repent for your sins?”

His words took everyone by surprise.

“Natalie saved my life, and I am giving her what she rightfully deserves. And since Corden is here with us, I will immediately disown whoever dares to question the content of my will.”

At that moment, Chris and Charlie finally swallowed their pride and kept their mouth shut. They knew that it would not be out of character for Max to act on his words and actually send them to jail.

After the meeting, Max asked Natalie to stay behind to talk to him.

“Natalie, do you mind being given so little of my inheritance?”

She shook her head. "I saved you to return a favor on Mr. Jones' behalf. You really shouldn't have given me the shares; it's much too vast of an amount for a normal person like me..."

"It is indeed a vast amount for a normal person. However..." Max's eyes glittered with confidence. "I have seen various types of people throughout my life, and you... You are not a normal person."

"I hope that you can become my granddaughter-in-law and give Shawn your full support, but I can tell that you are not interested in my grandson. The five percent shares I gave you serve as an investment in you, and as a sort of plea that you will save the Watsons family once more in the future..."

Chapter 132 The Inner Thoughts Of Shawn

Walking out of the lounge, Natalie bumped into Chris and Charlie and their respective spouses by the door.

The two couples glared daggers at her as if hoping that their gaze could burn holes through her.

There was a glint in Natalie's brown eyes as she asked lazily, "Mr. Corden, can I ask you something?"

"Go ahead, Ms. Nichols."

"Since Old Mr. Watsons' will has taken effect, what will happen to the portion that I'm supposed to inherit should something untoward happen to me?"

The man was stunned for a moment, but he quickly recovered and replied, "According to Old Mr. Watsons' instructions, the shares under your name will be donated to Chanaea's charity organizations under you and the Watsons family's joint names."

Narrowing her eyes, Natalie nodded satisfactorily.

"Did the two gentlemen and their wives hear this loud and clear?"

The two couples' faces darkened. However, Natalie just turned around and walked off without a second word.

Although these two lame excuses of men have done despicable things, Max is still unwilling to send his own children to jail.

The five percent equity not only makes me an effective shield for Shawn, but it also means that I have to help him out when he's in trouble.

I have to say: Max, as the head of the Watsons family, is one cunning man.

The inheritance given to me is also apt, making it difficult to refuse.

Shawn interrupted her train of thoughts as he queried, "Natalie, what did Grandpa talk to you about?"

"Grandpa asked me to examine him," Natalie lied smoothly. "Although the toxins in his body were removed, he still needs to pay attention to his diet and exercise given his age."

"I see..."

"Why do you ask? What do you think Grandpa told me in private?"

"N-Nothing."

Shawn's heart beat wildly.

His feelings for Natalie were overflowing.

Although he tried to contain his feelings and show restraint, he was afraid that Max saw through him and told Natalie about how Shawn truly felt.

Completely unaware of the other man's feelings, Natalie accompanied Shawn downstairs.

More guests had arrived.

Natalie stood out like a sore thumb as she took her place next to Shawn.

Many wealthy and famous people approached them to exchange pleasantries with Shawn, and the conversation naturally moved onto the topic of Natalie, who always graciously introduced herself.

Shortly after, everyone at the banquet knew the ugly girl with a face full of freckles as Natalie Nichols.

While socializing, Natalie chanced upon her family of three, whom she had not seen for a long time.

I did not expect that they would receive an invitation from Old Mr. Watsons to attend tonight's banquet.

I haven't seen them in almost six years...

That middle-aged man with a face full of smiles has probably already forgotten that he has a daughter called Natalie.

“Shawn, I’m going to get a piece of cake.”

“Sure.”

Natalie walked toward the family of three slowly. As she stared at the hypocritical and disgusting man, the hatred in her eyes deepened.

Her mother had loved him with all her heart.

However, he destroyed her happiness, occupied Natalie’s grandfather’s family business, and even had something to do with her grandfather’s death.

Thomas, Yvonne, and their daughter Melissa did not notice her. They felt a cold gaze upon them, but could not identify its source.

Even though Natalie walked right past them, they did not recognize her.

Melissa only paid attention to Natalie because she was Shawn’s partner and, more so, because of Natalie’s unique gown.

After Natalie was a good distance away, she held Yvonne’s arm and said coquettishly, “Mom, that ugly woman is also called Natalie Nichols. She has the same name as that woman...”

Upon hearing this name, Yvonne’s eyes flashed with disdain.

“Melissa, they may have the same name, but they lead entirely different lives. That country bumpkin slept with some guy six years ago and even became pregnant with the man’s child. We have no idea where she is now. How can she be compared to this woman?”

Chapter 133 The Oriole And The Mantis

“Pfft. Why would you mention her on such a joyous occasion?” Thomas downed the glass of red wine in his hand and glanced at Yvonne. “That girl has a wild streak and does not know how to treasure herself. She does not deserve to be my daughter...”

Yvonne gave him an apologetic smile in response. “Yes, you’re right. That girl lived with her mother in the countryside since young. There’s no way she could amount to anything honorable.”

Although Yvonne was a mistress who later became the lady of the house, she treated Yara like her own child and loved her more dearly than she loved her daughter, Melissa.

“Unlike Yara, who grew up by our side with first-rate education, talents, preferences...”

At the mention of Yara, Thomas’ tightly knitted brows relaxed a little.

“Yara is indeed exceptional.”

“It’s because of who raised her,” Yvonne announced smugly. “After she marries into the Bowers family, your birthday celebrations will be as grand as Old Mr. Watsons.”

Everyone in Thomas’ family beamed with delight.

Natalie watched the happy family full of smiles from a spot not far away as she ate her chocolate truffle cake.

She was always an outsider in this family.

She had tried desperately to be part of the family in the past but ended up being ostracized.

Now, she felt nothing but hatred and disdain left for them.

She remembered how Thomas and Yvonne ridiculed her when she returned to the Nichols family residence with her pregnancy test results.

Melissa even deliberately tripped her, hoping to make her fall down the stairs.

These painful experiences were buried deeply in her memory.

Yet, although they were buried, she had never forgotten them.

As Natalie reminisced the past, Belle appeared before her, clinging onto Ross’ arm.

The two of them looked at each other, their minds racing.

However, Ross interrupted them, exclaiming with wide eyes, “Natalie? Why are you here?”

“Who are you?” Natalie quickly changed the look of surprise on her face to one of indifference, putting down the plate of half-eaten cake on the table. “I-I don’t know you. You’ve got the wrong person.”

“Natalie, you didn’t use to treat me like this.”

“Don’t call me Natalie. I don’t know you.”

With that, Natalie turned around and left, deliberately running off in a panicked and flustered manner.

However, once her back was turned to Belle, she grinned devilishly.

Shortly after, Max made his grand entrance at the main hall.

After saying some pleasantries, the crowd grew more and more excited. The next event was for the guests to present him with their gifts.

The younger generation from the Watsons family and their branch family was the first to present their gifts.

Without exception, they were all lavish gifts. However, Max had already seen many such items in his lifetime, and he politely thanked them.

Soon, it was Belle's turn.

She walked forward in a dignified manner, looking like a proud and elegant black swan in her black gown.

"Old Mr. Watsons, Belle wishes you happy birthday. May you have many happy returns."

"Thank you."

Belle was in no hurry to present her gift.

Instead, she proposed, "Old Mr. Watsons, it's too slow and uninteresting to look at the gifts one by one. Why don't we present the rest of the gifts by drawing lots? Two people who get picked at the same time will present their gifts together."

"Well, that's something new!" Fiddling with his walking stick, he nodded slightly. "Might as well give it a try."

Belle had already set things up before making her proposal, bribing the employees involved in the draw to switch Natalie's gift.

Natalie would face ridicule as soon as she opened the present in front of everyone, and she would never be able to make a comeback from the humiliation.

Belle searched for Natalie amongst the crowd, staring at her with a calculative look in her eyes.

Natalie, however, was unfazed, as if she was not a part of the upcoming draw. She merely tasted the wine at the banquet. This wine... has a full flavor and is a little sweet.

Chapter 134 The Silent Crowd

At Max's acquiescence, the employees brought out the box for the draw.

"Since it's already prepared, let's start."

At the wave of his hand, the employees began the draw.

The employee drew Belle's name, and unexpectedly, Natalie's name next.

Natalie put down her wine glass when her name was called.

"What did you get for my grandpa?" Shawn asked softly.

"It's a secret. You'll find out later."

The employees went to retrieve the gifts. Natalie and Belle stood before Max. One was dressed in silver, and the other in black.

The both of them looked stunning from behind.

Unfortunately, when viewed from the front, Belle was clearly better-looking.

Belle straightened her back with a satisfied and haughty look on her face.

The employees brought out two wooden boxes of considerable size. However, Belle's box surpassed Natalie's in terms of its size and exquisiteness.

Natalie's box was very aged and did not have any designs or decorations.

Max asked, "Whose shall we see first?"

He said so casually and without much thought.

Natalie coming to his birthday celebration was already the best gift he could ever receive. He was glad that she was gifting him anything, even if it was just an old box.

Belle glanced at Natalie. "Old Mr. Watsons, why don't you look at Natalie's gift first? She is thoughtful and will surely give you a present that you'll like..."

Upon hearing her words, all of the guests became curious instantly.

Natalie wore a designer gown and was constantly by Shawn's side.

What gift would such a woman present?

Max immediately saw that Belle was trying to ruin Natalie with her flattery, but he remained calm and asked in his usual tone, "What do you think, Natalie?"

"I'm fine either way."

Hearing this, Belle laughed. Things were all going according to her plans.

"Old Mr. Watsons, since Natalie has agreed, let's look at hers first..."

Max nodded.

Belle's hands curled into fists as she waited anxiously. However, she already had a triumphant smile on her face.

Hmph! When Natalie opens the box, it will be akin to opening Pandora's box. She's going to become a laughing stock tonight!

Natalie snorted slightly.

The box opened with a click.

Without even having seen anything, Belle screamed, "Ahhh! Natalie, what on earth is your gift? Are you mad? You're cursing Old Mr. Watsons!"

At that moment, the entire crowd fell silent as everyone's gazes immediately fell upon Belle.

However, Belle merely thought that the crowd had been shocked into silence because they were astonished by Natalie's gift as well.

"Natalie, you must explain yourself!. Just what are you up to?"

Natalie replied emotionlessly, "What am I up to?"

Thinking that Natalie was putting up a final struggle, Belle mocked, "Don't tell me that you didn't know what you gifted. Don't pretend to be innocent in order to absolve yourself of blame!"

The tension in the air thickened.

Max's face immediately darkened.

"I'm still here!"

He hit his walking stick angrily against the floor, the dragon head producing a dull sound from the impact.

Belle rejoiced secretly. "Natalie, you're disrespecting Old Mr. Watsons..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Max shouted, "Belle, stop this instance!"

This startled and aggrieved her.

"Old Mr. Watsons... W-what did I do?"

She turned around to face Max and explain herself. However, her gaze fell upon the box that Natalie opened, and she was immediately dumbfounded.

Inside the old box was a wooden sculpture of the Medicine King Bodhisattva.

The sculpture carved from thousand-year-old red sandalwood wore a crown. Its left fist was tucked at the waist, and its right hand held a medicinal tree branch before its chest.

It was perfectly intact and even gave off a faint fragrance of herbs and red sandalwood. At first glance, it was worth tens of millions.

It was a valuable and apt present for a birthday celebration.

"H-How did this..."

Chapter 135 The Clown

Belle pursed her lips, her gaze filled with disbelief.

I bribed people to switch Natalie's gift, so why doesn't her box contain the gift that I had prepared? Where did things go wrong?

Belle was overconfident and thought that her plan was flawless, which was why she said all those things without even sparing a glance at what was in Natalie's box.

However, Natalie was not the joke now.

She was!

"Belle..." Natalie walked up to Belle and raised a brow. "Is there anything wrong with my gift to Old Mr. Watsons that's worth making such a fuss over?"

At those words, the silent crowd started whispering.

"What is wrong with Belle today?"

"Belle has always been known for her elegance in our circle. Why is she acting like this today?"

“Don’t you think that she looks like she has been possessed? She looks weird…”

Belle’s face drained of all color before subsequently turning bright red.

“I…”

“You said that I was cursing Old Mr. Watsons, right?”

Natalie’s red lips parted as she continued, “I gave him a Medicine King Bodhisattva to wish him good health and longevity. I’m not sure what taboo I’ve committed.”

Belle bit her lower lip until it bled, but she still could not find a way to explain herself out of this.

The sculpture’s price, aesthetics, and meaning were faultless and could not be criticized in any way.

She wanted nothing more than to give herself a fierce slap across the face.

Why did I interrogate Natalie in public like that without first checking the gift?

Shawn’s gaze was icy.

Max was livid, but chose to not express his anger on account of the relationship between the Watsons and Green family. Instead, he spoke up, “Belle must have had too much to drink tonight and saw wrongly.”

Natalie smiled coolly. “Indeed.”

Now that Max himself had come forward to smooth things over, Natalie did not pursue Belle’s attempt at defamation any further.

It was clear for all to see who was in the right and who was in the wrong.

Natalie stood there calmly, maintaining her elegant posture. She exuded an aura that was neither humble nor arrogant. The sparkle in her eyes seemed to make her dazzle in everyone’s eyes.

The more gracious Natalie was, the more angry Belle became.

In the end, the fool was her!

Max cleared his throat. “Belle, let me see what present you prepared for me.”

Belle nodded vigorously. This is my chance to turn the tables!

She had spent considerable thought and effort on Max's birthday present, sourcing a precious stone and hiring a master carver to carve a goddess sculpture out of the stone.

"Let me show you what I've prepared."

Belle walked over to the side of the box and opened the lock.

Everyone stretched their necks to see what the young lady from the Green family brought.

However, the moment she opened the box, Belle screamed again.

"Ahhh!"

This scream was far, far louder than the last.

Belle's heart was in her throat. Her hands trembling, the box fell out onto the floor and the "gift" came rolling out.

At first, the crowd could not see what the gift was, but now it was clear for everyone to see.

The hall was so silent that one could have heard a pin drop.

No one dared to say anything, and some people even held their breaths.

There was a dead bloodied black cat on the carpet.

The black cat looked as though it had suffered a painful, agonizing death some time ago.

Its black eyes were blown wide and frozen in a fierce stare, and its amber pupils looked frighteningly pitiful.

Other than the black cat's corpse, many cotton balls filled with blood rolled out.

Belle clutched her chest and gasped for air.

This was the present that I prepared for Natalie.

How did it become the present that I ended up giving?

Chapter 136 Do Not Offend Her Again

In contrast to the shocked reaction of the others, this was all well within Natalie's expectations.

She had heard from Ross about Belle's conspiracy.

Instead of exposing her right away, she decided to go with the flow.

She wanted to take revenge on Belle for all that Belle had done to her in the past.

Belle shook her head vigorously. "It's not me! I swear it's not me!"

A black cat was well-known as a bad omen since ancient times.

Not to mention, this black cat had been dead for a long time, and it was completely covered in blood, making it seem even more horrible.

Max stood up from his chair, roaring, "Belle, if it's not from you, who else would have given it to me? I have been trusting you and showering you with love as if you were my own family member. How could you do this to me?"

"Old Mr. Watsons, it really wasn't me!"

"Don't try to talk your way out of this one!"

A wave of resentment flooded Belle.

Feeling wronged, she burst into tears.

"I swear that I had prepared a goddess sculpture for you! This dead cat wasn't my doing!"

Clearly not believing Belle anymore, Max harrumphed. "Where is the sculpture, then?"

Belle didn't know of the goddess sculpture's whereabouts.

However, she was certain that this incident had to have something to do with Natalie.

"It's Natalie!" Belle pointed at Natalie, shouting desperately, "She's trying to plot against me! She's the one who swapped out my present!"

She's already been exposed, and now she's still trying to drag me down with her? The corner of Natalie's lips curled up. "Ms. Green, do you have any evidence of that?"

"I..." Belle now tried begging Max. "Old Mr. Watsons, please check the surveillance footage..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she realized her mistake.

In order to frame Natalie, she had asked her subordinates to destroy the surveillance cameras.

If the surveillance camera had failed to capture her swapping the gifts, then it naturally could not have caught Natalie doing so either.

Natalie snickered upon seeing Belle's speechless reaction.

"Ms. Green, why don't you finish your sentence?"

"Natalie, are you playing a trick on me?" Belle questioned Natalie, her eyes red-rimmed with tears.

"You were the one vilifying the gift I chose and claiming that my gift is a curse." Natalie narrowed her eyes as she continued, "But now, you're claiming that I'm framing you. Are you even listening to yourself?"

Belle had said earlier that Natalie's gift was a curse.

However, the gift that Belle herself had presented turned out to be a dead cat.

Shawn managed to guess Belle's intentions in an instant.

Belle's pride had already been destroyed, so she didn't care about ruining the rest of her image or losing all her dignity.

In that moment, all she wanted was to rip the woman in front of her to pieces.

"Natalie, you shameless b*tch..."

Shawn stepped in front of Natalie to shield her. His face darkened as he said in a serious tone, "Belle, watch yourself! I didn't say anything earlier on because I wanted to maintain the relationship between our families. If you dare slander her again, you're making yourself an enemy of mine."

Belle really liked Shawn.

When she saw the way Shawn defended Natalie, her heart broke into pieces.

"Shawn, this woman is so ugly! Why do you like her? Did you know that she's a fickle woman? She's a b*tch..."

Shawn did not have the habit of hitting women.

However, he smashed the wine glass in his hand onto the ground.

The glass wine shattered near Belle's feet, and the broken pieces cut her ankle.

Blood flowed from the wound, successfully stopping Belle from running her mouth any longer.

Enduring the pain of her ankle, Belle took slow steps towards Ross and gripped his arm tightly.

Her knuckles were turning white from how tight her fingers were clenched around his arm, as if she was grasping onto the last straws of hope.

"Ross, tell everyone about the relationship between you and Natalie! Let's reveal her true colors!"

Thank goodness I still have Ross as my trump card.

However, Ross didn't move an inch, even as Belle had his arm in a death grip.

He merely glanced coldly at Belle.

"Belle, what are you talking about?"

Chapter 137 Priceless Treasure

Belle was stunned by Ross' icy glare.

However, she was still not willing to give up. "Didn't you tell me that Natalie seduced you and stole your research? She dumped you and then went for other guys after taking advantage of you!"

Everyone looked at Natalie before turning to look at Ross, whose eyes narrowed. "I have never said that."

"Ross, you lied to me!" Belle's ankle was bleeding more and more heavily, but she could care less about it at the moment. "That's what you told me!"

"I have no idea what you're talking about. I never told you anything about that." Ross paused for a moment. His words took a drastic turn as he continued, "Besides, many years ago, you were the one who seduced me and stole my research! So how dare you accuse her of it now?"

Even though the Green family had used some money to cover up the incident, rumors inevitably got out, giving people some idea of the grudge between Belle and Ross.

When this past incident was brought up once more, everyone now recognized that the man standing in front of them was Ross Trevor, the genius medical professor whose career was once ruined by Belle.

“I already gave you five million! How could you do this to me, Ross?”

In order to bring down Natalie, Belle had been bribing Ross to collect information about her.

Ross laughed as if he had heard the funniest joke in his life. “Belle, what you owe me is way more than just that five million.”

Belle’s ankle was still throbbing in pain. However, she was holding onto hope that she would be able to accomplish her plans.

But now...

Her reputation was completely ruined, while Natalie was still unharmed.

Suddenly, she collapsed onto the floor. With her hair disheveled, she looked like an uncultured shrew.

Max couldn’t bear it anymore. He said tiredly, “I won’t look into today’s incident since your grandfather was a good friend of mine. However, I do not wish to see you ever again. Mr. Timbber, get this woman out of the manor now!”

The butler nodded.

Belle was still kicking and screaming as she was being lifted out by two buff guys.

“Natalie, you will face the consequences for this one day! You will have bad karma for sure!”

Natalie sipped on her wine casually. This is karma. Enjoy the dose of your own medicine.

Shawn looked at Natalie and asked, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. This kind of misunderstanding is nothing to me.” Natalie smiled brightly, her eyes narrowing into slits as a result.

“All right.”

At that moment, the figure of a gentleman stood motionless in one of the corners of the banquet hall. It was none other than Samuel.

Ever since he first entered the hall, his gaze was solely fixated on the woman in white.

He had just returned from Loang and had received a countless number of Xavian's messages as soon as he landed.

The first few messages were just texts. However, the last message was a photo of Natalie from behind.

Xavian had secretly taken the photo while she was distracted.

However, in the photo, Samuel could see how the dress accentuated Natalie's slender neck and delicate back.

The mermaid tail design of the lower skirt complemented her curves and made them stand out even more.

At that moment, Samuel's heart skipped a beat.

He felt as if his prey was being targeted by other predators.

He had asked Billy to check Natalie's whereabouts and then to get an invitation letter to Max's birthday banquet.

He didn't expect to witness Natalie's shining moment right when he entered the manor.

He was worried that she might get bullied by the other women at the banquet. However, it seemed that she had retaliated well and handled herself perfectly.

No wonder she's the woman that I fancy. No matter how many times I look at her, she still looks like a priceless treasure. I can never get tired of the sight of her.

He had really missed her while they were apart.

Chapter 138 Samuel Could Not Possibly Be Here

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."

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.

"I... 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.

Chapter 139 Turning Misunderstanding Into Truth

The alcohol made Natalie's body feel hot.

Her eyes were half-lidded as she looked at the man in front of her. Her hands shifted upward, and she pinched Samuel's face forcefully.

"It doesn't hurt... I must be really drunk. Everything I'm seeing is just a hallucination..."

Samuel found the sight funny, but he also felt exasperated at the same time.

It was his face she was pinching. Even if she put all her strength into the pinch, it was obvious that she would not feel any pain.

His handsome face reddened. However, there was not a single hint of anger in his eyes. If anything, he looked a little curious and amused,

"Should I help you confirm if this is a hallucination?"

"Whatever," she slurred out. "Everything that I see when I'm drunk is all not real, anyway."

Her reply was exactly what the man wanted to hear.

Without any hesitation, he pressed his lips to hers.

He hadn't seen her in a long time, and he had never once contacted her while they were apart.

Since he stopped taking the initiative to contact her, she hadn't been contacting him either.

Samuel thought that he had left some traces in her heart. However, she never once attempted to get in touch with him, as if she didn't care about him at all.

However, he had missed her big-time.

After finally returning to his home country, all he saw was her wearing a gown that another man had gifted her, attending that man's family banquet.

Have I been too patient? Did I make her think wrongly that she's allowed to develop feelings for someone else?

The kiss was filled with a sense of punishment.

He was punishing her, but he was also taking the opportunity to relieve his desire for her.

"Mmph..."

It was at this moment that Natalie instantly sobered up.

I have downed quite a few glasses of wine, but I'm not drunk. This is not a hallucination. The man who is kissing me is Samuel. Samuel... is here.

Natalie struggled to push away the domineering man in front of her.

However, he had a strong physique, and she couldn't get away from him. Instead, her resistance made him grow even wilder.

This is crazy! What's more, I'm at the Watsons family's banquet! Even though people might not find out, I will not be able to explain myself if I get caught!

"S-Samuel, calm down..."

Natalie tried to pull away from the kiss, her words muffled by his mouth.

"If... If we get caught... It'll be hard for us to explain ourselves..."

Samuel stared at her.

"Why do we need to explain anything?"

"Huh?"

"It's not a misunderstanding. It never was." Samuel flashed her a devilish grin. "And even if it is, I'll find a way to cover it up."

Has he gone mad?

While Natalie was still dazed from confusion, Samuel kissed her once more.

Suddenly, a woman's voice could be heard calling out in the distance.

“Melissa...” Yvonne fretted. “What happened to her? Why is she taking such a long time in the restroom?”

Alarms went off in Natalie’s head.

What do I do now?

She didn’t know how to deal with this kind of situation.

Do I have to let Yvonne see me kissing Samuel?

“Don’t panic,” the man told her in a low voice.

Natalie desperately gasped for air as he continued kissing her.

Hmph! Easy for you to say!

Samuel took off his trench coat and held it up, effectively hiding Natalie’s face. Then, he used his tall figure to shield her tiny body, completely towering over her.

“Hug me tightly if you don’t want to be seen.”

When Natalie didn’t reply, Samuel retorted, “Do you want her to see your face that badly?”

Of course, Natalie didn’t want to be caught. Gritting her teeth, she wrapped her arms around Samuel’s muscular waist.

Yvonne noticed Samuel as she walked forward and eventually neared them.

Samuel was about 185cm tall. He stood in her way and blocked her view at the same time.

Yvonne wanted to identify the mystery woman by looking at her dress. However, the woman’s whole figure was hidden behind Samuel’s body and his trench coat.

Yvonne’s mind went blank.

Yara hadn’t joined the birthday banquet today. Naturally, the woman could not possibly be her.

Chapter 140 Vie For You

Yvonne wasn’t Yara’s biological mother.

Ever since she found out that Yara had given birth to a pair of twins for Samuel, she had been trying to butter up to Yara and please her.

She was waiting for Yara to marry into the Bowers family so that Melissa could reap the benefits of the resulting relations as well.

In all these years, even though Samuel didn't marry Yara, he didn't have any rumored girlfriends.

She had always thought that Yara would one day become the lady of the Bowers family. However, she had now caught Samuel making out with another woman.

Yvonne didn't budge an inch. She narrowed her eyes and got closer in an attempt to find out the identity of the woman with Samuel.

"How much longer are you going to stare for?"

"Samuel!" Yvonne smiled placatingly at him. "I didn't know that you were attending the banquet today. If I had known, I would have..."

"Who said you could call me by my name?"

His chest was still heaving and burning with desire, and his entire body was flaring up.

However, his voice was cold and deep, and his every word was squeezed out through gritted teeth.

Chills ran down Yvonne's spine.

"Get lost!" Samuel barked, briefly stunning the older woman.

When she didn't respond, he repeated, "I said, get lost!"

This time, his voice sounded even colder and more admonishing.

It was only then that Yvonne regained her composure. She ran away with her tail between her legs, completely forgetting the fact that she was supposed to look for Melissa.

Natalie, who was pressed up against Samuel's chest, could still feel her ears buzzing.

Even though she was not the one he had been yelling at, she was still shocked by the force of his words.

"Wasn't that a bit too much?" Natalie removed the trench coat from the top of her head, revealing her delicate face.

“I’m not in a good mood.”

What is he mad about? I’m the one who should be in a bad mood.

Samuel didn’t let go of Natalie. Instead, he raised her chin, forcing her to look at him.

His eyes darkened, and his voice became hoarse as he said, “Every normal guy would want to commit murder if he gets disturbed during what’s supposed to be an exciting moment...”

Natalie’s chin was held in place, and her gaze landed on his fingers.

“I don’t care,” she replied. “I’ve been gone for too long. Shawn must be looking for me.”

Samuel narrowed his eyes dangerously.

“That young man from the Watsons family?”

“He’s much more mature than you.” Natalie threw him a glare. “At least, he would not kiss or bite me before asking for my permission.”

Samuel gripped her chin even more tightly with his fingers, causing her to wince slightly.

“Remember: your lips are only allowed to be kissed by me. No one else.”

Natalie reflexively wanted to deny it. Even though she had been abstinent all these years, that night six years ago, he had kissed her on not just her lips, but also on every other part of her body...

Otherwise, Clayton and Xavian would not exist.

However, she felt overwhelmed when her eyes met Samuel’s burning gaze, and she found herself unable to argue with him.

Suddenly, he lowered his head and started gnawing at her neck.

There was a sharp pain where his teeth met her skin. Immediately after, Samuel pulled his mouth away and let go of her.

“I will wait for you at the manor’s entrance.”

“You-”

Natalie slapped a hand to her neck, infuriated.

She didn’t need a mirror to know that he had left a hickey on her neck.

“It’s a stamp.” Samuel raised his brows as he continued, “This is a stamp to prove that you belong to me. No one else is allowed to vie for you. And if you don’t want to keep covering the hickey on your neck, I can just take you back home.”

He took back his trench coat, looking blissfully content as he walked away.