Chapter 140

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 y ears 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 unabl e 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 c an just take you back home."

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