

## Chapter 17

Natalie's eyelashes fluttered in shock.

*Oh no! Samuel has seen my face! I can't hide it anymore!*

Furrowing his brows, Samuel asked, "Aren't you filming in Xenhall?"

"Xenhall... Filming..."

*Isn't Clayton filming his drama there? Does this mean that he mistook me for that woman?*

Her question was immediately answered the next second.

"Yara Nichols, are you following me?" Samuel asked coldly with a dangerous undertone.

Natalie calmed herself down and gathered her thoughts.

*He mistook me for Yara, and he knows that she's currently filming in Xenhall. This means that he's close with her. If he realizes that I'm not Yara, Yara will know that I'm still alive. I mustn't reveal my identity now! Since he has already mistaken me, I'll have to play along with it.*

She twisted her wrist around to release herself from Samuel's grip, but to no avail. She sighed resignedly. "Samuel, can you let go of my wrist? It hurts."

She had failed to realize how mellow her voice was and how her eyes were filled with grievance. She was like a hurt kitten, so soft and docile that he could stare at her forever.

Samuel's gaze was still locked on her, but his grip had loosened.

*I've never seen Yara so lively. In my memory, she has always been spoilt and weak. She carries herself in a sophisticated manner. Although her gazes and her smiles are all practiced and refined, they don't stir my interest.*

Natalie let out a hiss of pain as she checked her bruised wrist.

Raising his brows, Samuel asked frostily again, “You have yet to answer my question. Why are you here?”

“Because I miss you.” She gazed at him innocently with clear, sparkling eyes. “I had some free time in my filming schedule, so I sneaked back to see you. But I didn’t want you to find out.”

*These words should sound cheesy and straightforward enough, right? Just now, Franklin told me over the phone that Samuel is a misogynist. If I say such disgusting words to him, he will definitely be disgusted by me and tell me to get out of his sight, right?*

Natalie squeezed her eyes shut in preparation for the man’s anger, but it never came.

She slowly opened her eyes a moment later and found herself staring straight into his mesmerizing, deep-set eyes.

“You missed me so much, huh, Yara?”

As she was still pretending to be Yara, Natalie decided to continue messing around. “Of course! I want you by my side every night! I can’t sleep well without you beside me.”

She was so disgusted by her own words that a layer of goosebumps rose on her skin.

Just then, a waiter carrying a steaming cup of coffee was walking past behind her when she took a step back unknowingly.

However, right before they collided, Samuel pulled her out of harm’s way and into his arms.

He lowered his gaze and stared at the woman in his embrace. A refreshing and alluring scent hung in the air, tugging at his heartstrings.

*Has Yara always been this enticing? So enticing that I’m no longer able to form any rational thoughts?*

Following such close contact with Natalie, a stream of desire coursed through him.

All it took for him to make his heart race was to lower his head and gaze at her.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he stared down at her soft and inviting lips. They looked as if they were luring him in for a taste.

Natalie tried to push him away to stand on her own, but before she could react, he had wrapped her in his arms, swooped down, and captured her lips.

“Mmph!”

Her eyes bulged in shock as she stared at Samuel in disbelief.

*How the hell is he a misogynist?*

Samuel grasped her waist so tightly that she could not escape his embrace. It was as if he was going to mold her into his flesh. In no time, her pitiful lips had turned red and swollen after being ravished by him.

