

Happiness 208-215

The Promise of Happiness

Chapter 208

Natalie froze, "Who is it?"

"It's me" A familiar *voice* she hadn't heard in a long *umetang* in her ears,

"S-Samuel?" She blinked in disbelief.

"Yes, it's me."

"What are you doing here?" His *voice* was tiny and sullen,

"Didn't I say *not to draw attention to yourself when I'm not around* he questioned her in a deep *voice*. There here was a tinge of *resignation* mined in it You really turned a deaf ear to my *words*."

"I didn't"

He pressed his large hand on the top of her head. "in that case, why are there so many people waiting for you, *hrnrn*"

Despite the accusation, his voice was filled with an indescribable sense of affection.

"Not all of them are men—"

"*Women* are off-limits too." Samuel pursed his lips. *You* belong to me and me alone."

With the jacket in the way, Natalie couldn't see the man's face as she listened to him. However, for some reason, she would feel at ease when he was around, as though he could solve even the most terrible problems that plagued her.

While she was engrossed in her thoughts, he asked again, "Do you want to leave?"

"Yes." She nodded subconsciously.

"I won't bother to look at something that doesn't belong to me. Remember, I only take what's mine with me," he paused before continuing, "And I'll do so properly.

As his words played repeatedly in her mind, he grabbed her hand and pulled her away from the crowd.

Natalie could see nothing but darkness since the jacket was still covering her head.

All she could feel was that big hand holding her tiny one. It felt warm and comforting as if he was her entire world at that moment!

With no other way to navigate her surroundings, she followed him.

However, that sense of peace he gave her also made her feel a little lost.

Natalie was so zoned out that she accidentally tripped herself. Thankfully, Samuel caught her in the nick of time.

**Tsk, tsk, tsk..." Suddenly, he scooped her into his arms.

"If you don't want to fall, you better hold me tight and don't let go," he cautioned in a whisper before resuming his steps.

She instinctively wrapped her arms around him as a faint blush surfaced on her cheeks.

If it weren't for the jacket around her head, he would've seen her blushing like a teenager.

With that, he whisked her away.

The security guards were blocking the attendees and the reporters, so they couldn't see what exactly had happened. They only caught a glance of Samuel carrying a woman in a red dress with a jacket over her head.

When Christopher went backstage, he saw a glimpse of Samuel's silhouette carrying a woman in a scarlet dress. *Is it her?*

"What's wrong, Mr. Collins?" Nicholas asked curiously when he saw him stop suddenly.

"Investigate who that is."

Nicholas didn't know what was the point of the investigation, but he wasn't going to question it. "Will do."

Christopher didn't go further backstage.

"Mr. Collins? Is something wrong?"

TOI

"They're gone." A hint of loneliness flashed across his eyes. "Let's go back."

After three days of continuous bathing and consuming his medications, the coldness in his body had completely vanished, He never had a cough late at night anymore, and he could sleep like a baby.

She didn't lie about being able to treat him.

However, as much as he wanted to treasure her, he wasn't the only one doing so.

His fists tightened as he vowed to himself. *I will have her. I must.*

Chapter 209

Natalie didn't know how long Samuel had been carrying her until he put her in a scat.

Once she made sure she was in the car, she pulled the jacket on her head away,

It made her panic all the more when it didn't come off because it was tangled up with her hairpiece. *Is this jacket... also going against me? No, I refused to believe in my luck,*

She yanked the jacket away even harder, but it only made her scalp hurt more.

"The jacket doesn't have a grudge against you, woman, Can't you be a little gentler?" Samuel grabbed her hands to stop her from peeling his jacket away from her head forcefully

Natalie felt her hand being moved away before she felt his hand rugging the jacket away with ease

"See what I did there? It's that easy."

Light finally reentered her sight. As she raised her head, a pair of eyes as dark as ink met hers.

The two of them stared at each other.

Her face, still covered by the scarlet veil, was inches away from his.

Her eyes glinted with unparalleled brilliance while her makeup enhanced it,

The man's coarse finger touched her eyebrows before sliding downward,

With the veil pressing against her face, his finger rubbed past the space between her eyebrows before continuing down to her nose, then to her lips, and finally her chin.

He only saw her playing the piano on a video before.

However, earlier in the night, he got the chance to see her play a song with his own eyes,

"Do you think you can cover everything with this veil?" Samuel narrowed his eyes and questioned in a deep voice.

Can't I? Natalie's eyes shimmered as she kept the words inside her head. I wonder if it's possible for a person to notice another in a sea of people with their bare eyes?

Feeling they were getting too close, she subconsciously tried to move further into the car. Before she could put some distance between them, he wrapped his arm around her and forced her into his embrace.

"Samuel, let me—" The man's abrupt kiss ended her sentence prematurely.

Her brown eyes widened in disbelief at the handsome face in front of her. *I still haven't removed my veil, yet he just... kissed me?*

The scarlet cloth might've separated them, but Natalie was still able to sense the heat on his lips.

The kiss was initially restrained and gentle.

However, when he pulled her veil away, it became more obsessive and intense.

Under his attack, her body gradually softened, and she could do nothing but look askance at the man with panting breath.

"This red outfit of yours looks like a wedding gown."

"Nonsense."

Samuel chuckled as his eyes were filled with love and affection.

He advanced again. His lips pressed against hers as he gently untied the red satin ribbon around her waist.

As the seconds passed, the man gradually removed each layer of her clothing with great patience and care.

Even though it had barely been a month, the separation was unimaginably painful for him.

However, all of his longing melted away as their kiss continued.

Right as he was about to take another step further, the door to the driver's seat suddenly opened.

The air felt like it was frozen as Billy went into the car obliviously. "Where should we
80."

Before he could fully turn his head around, his gut was already sent him that something was wrong, Oh crap! Did I ruin the moment for Mr. Busers

This lips trembled for a second before he escaped the car with a busing 204.

Ducio Billy's interference, Natalie was woken up from her one

d you

She promptly lightened her clothing as her white teeth bit her but won't force me, Samuel."

Chapter 210

"Yes, I said that before." Samuel's gaze swept past Natalie's face. "I only did it because I thought you wanted it."

She bit her lip even harder.

If it weren't for Billy's sudden arrival, she would've thought she really wanted it.

After all, the lack of her usual refusal came across to him as her silent approval.

The thought of being intimate with any men never occurred to Natalie. Yet, at that moment, she was like a fly that had landed on Samuel's spider web.

The more she wanted to escape, the lighter his web became, and the harder it was for her to run away.

Only after Natalie calmed down did Samuel let Billy return to the car to drive.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Billy's face was pale and flushed at the same time. He didn't even dare to look in the rearview mirror as he forced himself to focus on the road.

After a long while, they arrived in front of a building:

"We've arrived," Samuel declared.

"Here? Why have you brought me here?" Natalie glanced perplexedly at a building that had obviously been built nearly a century ago.

"Are you sure you want to wear this home?" His eyes brushed past her disheveled appearance, which was something he was responsible for. "Have you thought about how to answer the children's questions?"

She glanced at her clothing and calmed down. *He's right! How should I answer the kids when they asked about the state of my clothing, my swollen lips or the hickeys on my neck?*

After some consideration, Natalie pushed the door open and stepped out of the car.

An old woman exited the building when she heard the sound of a car. "Is that you, Mr. Samuel?"

Her eyes were wide open, but they were cloudy. She had to rely on her shivering

hands to feel her way around.

Natalie was afraid that the old woman would fall, so she stepped forward and held her arm. "Be careful."

Ida Heath furrowed her eyebrows when she touched Natalie's hand. "Your voice is unfamiliar to me. Who are you? Why have you come here?"

"Ms. Heath, it's me, Samuel." Samuel arrived at the old woman's side. "Her name is Natalie Nichols. Na-ta-lie. I brought her here."

"Na-ta-lie... That's a good name!" Ida mumbled as she smiled. "Since Mr. Samuel brought you here, I need to welcome you properly. I'll go and brew a cup of coffee now. Wait for me." She turned around excitedly and headed back the way she came.

Natalie wasn't willing to let a feeble, near-blind old woman do things for her, so she followed closely behind Ida into the building. "Be careful, Ms. Heath."

"No need to worry about me, Ms. Natalie! Even though my eyes are failing me, I'm as healthy as an ox!"

"Please let me help you, Ms. Heath."

"Okay, all right."

Samuel's lips curved upward as he saw Natalie followed anxiously behind Ida in her scarlet dress. *That woman. Even though she's capable, she's not proud at all. While she shields herself from the rest of the world, she still treats the ones around her with kindness. The more I observe her actions, the more I fall in love with her...*

When he turned back, Billy looked as if he wanted to dig himself a hole.

"Billy, how long have you been working for me?" he asked callously.

"Eleven years, sir."

"There won't be a next time. I'm canceling your end-of-the-year bonus and all paid leaves."

Billy felt as if his world had crumbled. "Mr. Bowers—"

"If it weren't for your eleven years of service, I would've sent you to another continent immediately." Samuel glared and pointed at him coldly.

Chapter 211

Natalie was afraid that Ida would keep bumping into her surroundings due to her poor eyesight, but she couldn't win against the old woman.

Ida smiled brightly as she insisted on serving coffee and desserts to Natalie before she would sit down.

"Ms. Natalie, I'm very excited right now because this is the first time Mr. Samuel has brought a woman back." Tears swelled in the old woman's eyes. "He has always been an introvert since he was a little boy. He'll treat everyone with indifference aside from his family."

Natalie was stunned. *I'm the first? Then what about Yara? Or Franklin and Sophia's mother?*

The both of them never came before?

"You're mistaken, Ms. Heath. The two of us are just friends."

"Friends?" Ida looked disappointed.

Before Natalie could answer, Samuel barged in and did it for her. "Yeah, we're just friends." His eyes narrowed as his lips curved upward coquettishly. "We're just friends for now. Relationship between two adults may change with circumstances."

Ida had been down that path once, so she could understand what he meant immediately. "Looks like I was being impatient for no reason. Young people should take it slow to build a strong foundation." She patted her forehead. "I hope I didn't scare you with my assumptions, Ms. Natalie."

"N—No," Natalie denied subconsciously.

When her eyes met Samuel's profound look, she realized he had just set up a trap that she couldn't escape.

Suddenly, love was in the air.

In an attempt to change the topic, Natalie asked, "What's your relationship with Ms. Heath?"

"She used to be my mother's wet nurse. She took care of my mother since she was a little girl. When I was born, my granny's already dead. In my eyes, Ms. Heath is my granny."

11:45

Chapter 211

Ida shook

her head with a smile. "I'm only a humble servant, Mr. Samuel. It's thanks to the Bowers family and the Zarate family that I am where I am today."

Samuel took a sip of water. "You deserve what you have today, Ms. Heath."

"Don't just talk. Eat some cakes." Ida pushed the food containers toward the duo. "I made these myself. Give them a try."

Samuel and Natalie picked up a slice of cake and ate it.

This cake... This is way too sweet and cloying. I don't like this. Natalie furrowed her eyebrows upon taking the first bite.

He immediately noticed her displeasure and grabbed the slice in her hand. Without hesitation, he threw the cake that she had already bitten into his mouth and chewed.

Natalie shot him a glare.

Samuel didn't look away. Instead, he picked up more and ate them with great satisfaction.

"Is it tasty?" Ida asked in anticipation.

"Still as good as always, Ms. Heath." He smiled. "It reminds me of my childhood."

"I'm glad you love it, Mr. Samuel."

Natalie sat at the side while staring at him. *Even though both of them aren't related by blood, I can tell their familial relationship is greater than those that are. This is the first time I've seen him act so casually, in front of an elder, no less. Instead of the proud and mighty leader of the Bowers family that he usually is, he behaves like a teenager who's enjoying his time with his granny right now. Is this how he's like in front of his family? He's so different from his usual cold and arrogant self.*

A tenderness welled inside Natalie. She didn't realize she had been staring at him.

After there was no more cake left, Ida wanted to clean the containers. Natalie offered her help and accompanied the old woman to the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen, Ida sighed. "My cake isn't all that good, is it?"

Natalie smiled awkwardly. "No."

"Mr. Samuel thought he could fool me just because I can't see that well." Ida grinned.

17:45

Chapter 211

"I'm getting old, so my tastebud isn't as sensitive as it used to be. When I gave the cake to my granddaughter, she said it was so sweet that her tooth was about to fall off."

"Nothing escapes you."

"Yep! I know Mr. Samuel lied about the taste because he didn't want to hurt my feelings." Sadness flooded into Ida's eyes. "Even though he's the head of the Bowers family, he's not as invincible as you may think."

"Hmm?"

"Years ago, Mr. Samuel saw his mother gasped for her last breath with his own eyes."

Chapter 212

Natalie's eyelashes fluttered as her hands stopped.

Even though Ida had been through a lot, she couldn't help but sigh again as she recalled the past. "Shanice Zarate was a famous and talented socialite in Dellmoor when she was young. After she was married into the Bowers family, she gave birth to Mr. Samuel and Mr. Steven. However, one night, when her sons were fast asleep, she cut her own wrists. Mr. Samuel was only five at that time. He woke up after he smelled the scent of blood. The moment his eyes opened, he saw his mother covered in blood as she passed away."

Natalie knew rich families like the Bowers family had a lot of secrets, but she never thought Samuel had to live with such a tragic experience. *He was five years old. Clayton and Xavian are five years old this year. I can't imagine the despair and pain Samuel went through after seeing his mother die by suicide.*

"Natalie..." Ida held her hand tightly. "I hope you'll be the one to bring warmth into Mr. Samuel's heart."

Natalie wasn't sure how to respond to that, but upon seeing the desperate hope in the old woman's eyes, she nodded reluctantly as a vague answer.

After she finished helping Ida, Natalie returned to the living room.

Ever since she entered the building, she hadn't had the chance to take off the dress she had been wearing since the press conference. It was hindering her movement.

Samuel glanced at her before turning to Ida. "Ms. Heath, can you give Nat a change of clothes? Her dress is dirty."

"I'll go and find one right now." Ida then headed upstairs.

Once the old woman was out of earshot, Natalie bit her lip and asked, "Who gave you permission to call me 'Nat'?"

"Everyone can call you 'Natalie,'" he scoffed. So, I'm not going to call you by the name that everyone else does. I want to call you by a nickname that only the closest person to you can call."

"You—

" She gritted her teeth and suddenly found herself speechless in front of him. *Even though he was gone for half a month, not only did he not back off, he even forces himself closer and closer to me.*

He stood up from the couch, held her waist, and whispered in her ear, "Just a nickname is enough to throw you off balance? How would you react when I do and say more intimate things to you?"

Her body tensed up as his hot breath brushed past her earlobes.

At that moment, Ida descended with a green gown.

Upon hearing the old woman's footsteps, Natalie pushed Samuel away and tried to calm her pounding heart.

"My clothes are torn and old. It isn't suitable for you to wear. That is why I decided to give you this instead." Ida handed the gown to Natalie. "This belonged to Ms. Shanice. I've been keeping it as a memento. I didn't think it'll be of use today."

"Thank you, Ms. Heath." Natalie proceeded to head inside a room to change.

She didn't feel too different after changing into the gown and walking out of the room.

However, Samuel's eyes lit up when he saw her in that outfit.

The graceful green gown managed to outline her slender figure perfectly. Her fair and smooth legs, like an antique porcelain vase, possessed an ivory luster.

Natalie looked around. "Where's Ms. Heath?"

"She went back to her room to rest because she was getting tired," he answered as he was still gazing at her. "She's also trying to set us up together, so there's only one room for the both of us."

"I'll take the couch." She took a few steps toward the furniture before he held her wrist.

Chapter 213

Natalie grew up in a village since she was a girl, so she wasn't that pampered. "I can sleep on the couch, Samuel."

“Are you pitying me?” Samuel gripped her wrist tighter. “From now on, if you say another word, we’ll be sleeping on the bed together.”

She lowered her head and stopped arguing with him. *If... If the both of us really do sleep on the same bed, I wonder how things between us would turn out. It’s hard for me to imagine. If it weren’t for Mr. Morin earlier, perhaps I would’ve become his woman.*

The two of them promptly parted ways for the night.

Natalie went to the guest room that Ida had prepared while Samuel slept on the couch in the living room.

The building was quite far away from the city, so the entire place was very quiet. The only sounds around were the rustling of the trees and the chirping of the wildlife.

Even though it was a comfortable and soothing place, she couldn’t sleep at all.

Curling herself into a ball, images flashed in her mind.

In the past, when Natalie couldn’t sleep, it was because she thought about herself, her mother, and her granddad’s vengeance.

However, the only thing on her mind that night was Samuel.

She thought about his domineering presence, his strength, his affection, and his warmth. Of course, the most important thing of all was the way he always showed up when she needed him the most.

She wasn’t an idiot.

She knew she had feelings for him. She simply didn’t want to admit it.

Her hands tightened balls of fists as she forbade herself from diving in headfirst into love.

The next day, the smell of warm milk woke Natalie up.

After cleaning herself up in the bathroom, she saw Samuel and Ida sitting at the

dining table. “Good morning.”

Ida smiled. “You’ve woken up, Ms. Natalie. Would you like some warm milk?”

“Sure.” Natalie nodded and approached the dining table.

She could sit next to Samuel, but she intentionally sat on the opposite side instead.

His line of sight was obviously focused on her face, but she pretended not to notice it.

After picking up the cup of milk and giving it a sip, she turned to Ida and said, “This is pretty good. I really like it, Ms. Heath.”

"If you like it, you should drink more. I added a little something special to it, so if you ever miss the taste, come find me. I'll be happy to have visitors."

"Okay." Unlike the cake from yesterday, Natalie really enjoyed the milk.

She was holding the cup and sipping the milk like a kitten while avoiding Samuel's gaze.

You'll be stronger without desires, Natalie. Don't fall for him. Those words repeated in her mind over and over again. *I haven't achieved true strength and executed my revenge. This desire will only get in my way.*

"I'll go and grab myself another cup, Ms. Heath."

"Okay."

Natalie then walked into the kitchen.

Even though Ida couldn't see well, she could still feel the invisible barrier between Natalie and Samuel. "Mr. Samuel, did you say something to hurt her?"

"It wasn't me." Samuel took a sip and answered with a profound look, "Someone hurt her too deeply. It's hard for her to believe anyone who tries to get close to her."

"Ms. Natalie is—"

"I know. She's a good girl. I'm willing to wait for her."

"Good, good. I'm glad you're determined, Mr. Samuel. I hope you two will get together..."

He smiled. "We will."

When Natalie returned from the kitchen, she saw Ida and Samuel smiling brightly. *What did the two of them talk about that made them look so happy?*

She continued to drink her milk, oblivious to what had happened.

Her cup was only half empty when a set of footsteps was heard rushing toward the building.

Moments later, a girl in white sportswear appeared. Her face was still flushed from the sprinting as she asked, "Where's Samuel, Granny? He's still here, right?"

Chapter 214

Stella ran and panted heavily, but the moment she saw Samuel, she could not stop herself from giving him a hug.

"Why is it so difficult to meet you at the right time and place?!" Stella buried her tiny face in his chest and vented her frustration. "Why didn't you tell me you came to visit Granny? I almost missed you again."

“How difficult can that be?” Samuel did not push her away. Instead, he gave her shoulder a gentle pat. “Well, I’m standing in front of you right now.”

“I miss you.”

“You can take a good look at me now.”

Natalie stood still while holding a bowl of soy milk in her hand. Her heart sank when she saw the two in each other’s embrace.

I guess Samuel treats the other women like how he had treated me too. I’m not that special someone in his life, after all.

Seconds later, Natalie pulled herself together. *What’s wrong with me? Samuel’s love life is none of my business anyway. Who am I to judge?*

Yet, she could not stop her heart from twitching.

Dimn it.

She even began to experience shortness of breath.

When Samuel turned around and looked at her, Natalie raised the bowl to cover her eyes.

She did not want the man to see how panicked she was.

Upon noticing how Natalie was trying to hide her jealousy, a corner of Samuel’s lips quirked up.

After releasing Samuel from her hug, Stella noticed an unfamiliar face from a distance.

“Who is she?” She pointed at Natalie. “Is she your new assistant? Did you fire Billy

because he screwed things up?”

“What are you talking about?” Ida pulled a straight face. “She’s Mr. Bowers’ friend.”

Stella instantly turned her attention to Natalie and started studying her from head to toe. She then took a glance at Samuel and said, “Got it. She’s your friend now, but one day, she’ll become my sister-in-law. Am I right?”

Sister-in-law?

Natalie froze for a moment.

Stella grinned and extended her hand to Natalie. “Nice to meet you. I’m Stella. Samuel’s cousin.”

She’s Samuel’s cousin? What was I thinking earlier?

Natalie was so embarrassed that she wanted to dig a hole and hide in it.

“Hello. Nice to meet you.” Natalie held Stella’s hand and introduced herself. “I’m Natalie. Natalie Nichols.”

After a brief introduction, the four of them took their seats at the dining table.

Stella started gulping down her grandmother's soy milk, as she had not had it for quite some time.

To avoid misunderstanding, Ida started explaining to Natalie, "I used to work for Ms. Shanice as a wet nurse, and my daughter and I lived with them in their residence. When my daughter grew up, she married Ms. Shanice's brother."

"In other words, Stella is my granddaughter. She's also Mr. Samuel's cousin. They grew up together here and had a close relationship with each other. That's why they behaved like that earlier. I hope you don't mind."

"I see," Natalie responded with an awkward smile and tried to hide her guilt.

The two ladies clicked right away, and they even exchanged contact numbers. Stella was so fond of Natalie that she kept asking the latter all kinds of questions.

Natalie, too, thought Stella was adorable. She also liked how steady and open Stella was. Natalie enjoyed being around her. 1

After breakfast, Samuel left the house with Natalie.

An awkward silence filled the air when the two were traveling in Hummer, as they did not speak to each other.

After sending Natalie home, Samuel returned to the office to handle some matters.

Since the three children were away in preschool, Natalie was all alone in the house.

After leaving the press conference last night, Natalie had not had the time to go through the messages on her phone.

After making herself a cup of coffee, she sat in front of her desk and started working.

She logged into her Twitter account and noticed two trending hashtags on the sidebar.

The first was: *Wendy takes you back in time*

The second hashtag was: *Yara responds to the rumor on pre-recorded music*

Chapter 215

Natalie tapped on the first hashtag and found pictures and videos of the game.

"She danced so well! My heart broke when she collapsed on the drum."

"The game developer has found the right person to play the role!"

"I look forward to seeing her performance in the future!"

“Me too! I hope she can star in historical films in the future! I could totally picture her as an ancient beauty!”

Natalie was delighted to read all the positive comments from Wendy’s fans.

Despite being a newbie, Wendy had secured a role in Nation Glory and expanded her network in the industry. As her boss, Natalie was proud of her achievement.

With the resources available to her, Natalie believed she could take Wendy up to the next level. *I’m pretty sure Hans can’t do what I did.*

Wendy was no doubt gifted in dancing, but the fact that she had suffered injuries on her waist meant that her career as a dancer would, unfortunately, be a short-lived one

Based on Wendy’s ability to internalize a character, Natalie believed Wendy could become a good actress.

She also believed that the press conference marked not the peak but the beginning of Wendy’s career.

Natalie then clicked on the second hashtag and scrolled through all the posts.

It was a highly discussed topic.

Yara posted three photos on her Twitter but did not caption them.

The first photo showed a thermometer that recorded 38.9°C, whereas the second one showed IV drip on a hand.

The last photo was a card that contained these handwritten words: *I’m sorry! I couldn’t perform because I wasn’t feeling well. I should’ve informed the organizer instead of making an appearance in such a manner. It’s all my fault! Once again, I’m sorry to all the gamers and my*

fans!

Netizens all went crazy in the comment section.

“Stop lying! We would still be in the dark had the string in the piano didn’t snap!”

“Can you all stop being so harsh on Yara? She forced herself to perform even when she had a high fever. Just give her a break!”

“Poor Yara. She has to perform even when she’s sick!”

“What is this? Stop trying to justify your action!”

“Yara has already apologized. Can’t you all just let her off? Don’t cross the line, or else we, her fans, will take you down!”

Natalie let out a cold snort. *Is Yara still trying to clear her name? By playing the sympathy card and issuing a timely apology, she had successfully gotten her fans to stand by her side. What an excellent public relations move! All she needs to do next is to lay low for a period. When other scandals began to make head*

lines in the coming weeks, people would eventually forget about her fake live performance. Well played, Yara. Well played.

Natalie still held grudges against Yara for what the latter had done to her when she was still a country bumpkin six years ago.

But time had passed, and Natalie had changed too.

It had never crossed Yara's mind that it was Natalie, the sister whom she had tried to burn to death, who set up the trap to expose her fake live performance.

Meanwhile, Yara locked herself in the hotel room during the day. The curtains were tightly drawn, and the room reeked of alcohol.

A few empty wine bottles lay around Yara's feet, and she swirled and sipped the wine from the glass in her hand.

After Mona had ended her call, she turned to Yara and said, "Take a short break. You don't have to go to the film studio either. I'll make the necessary arrangement with the film crew."

Upon hearing that, Yara smashed the partially-filled wine glass to the floor.

Startled by the sound of the broken glass, Mona shrieked at the top of her lungs.

Yara went up and strangled Mona. "It's all your fault! All this wouldn't have happened had you not suggested that idea!"