

Happiness 328-337

The Promise of Happiness

### Chapter 328

"It's my birthday party, and she promised to celebrate it with me," Christopher sneered. "Stop distorting the facts and making it sound as if I forced her to do anything. She's here because she wants to."

"Christopher Collins," Samuel sniggered, curling his lips, "It seems like messing up the negotiation for the mining project is not enough to display your incompetence. Now you're showcasing your inability to use accurate words as well."

The two men eyed each other antagonistically, fuming in anger.

Neither one of them was willing to back down.

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While the two men were caught in a scrap, Natalie started feeling the effects of the alcohol. Her head spun, making her vision blurry and her hearing muffled.

She could not care less about what they were talking about. In fact, she could not even hear or see them clearly. She simply wanted to lie down and rest. Confused, she looked up weakly at Samuel and requested, "I-I want to sleep. I'm dizzy..."

Samuel's gaze suddenly softened.

"All right. Let's go home."

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However, before Samuel could even bring her out, Christopher stopped him. "Excuse me. Natalie's here for my birthday. I'm the host, so I should be the one sending her home."

Samuel's expression hardened again in impatience. "She's staying with me, so it makes more sense for us to go home together. As for you, since you're the host, you should stay back and continue on with your birthday celebration. I'll take care of her."

With that, he shifted his gaze toward Natalie, completely disregarding Christopher. "Do you want me to carry you or do you want a piggyback ride?" he asked tenderly, patting her fringe.

Natalie did not answer, but opened her arms wide, gesturing at him. She felt it was more comfortable being in his embrace.

What should I do with you, eh? Samuel bent over and carried her in his arms as she wanted. Sometimes, he felt she really had what it took to make him feel helpless. She had low alcohol tolerance, yet she would never say no to alcohol. She would always have her way, and there was nothing he could do about it since it was not like he could force his way on her. All he could do was clear the mess for her every time.

Now that Samuel was carrying her, she snuggled up cozily in his arms and locked her arms around him, closing her eyes restfully. Her behavior around Samuel was a complete flip of her rational self when she was talking to Christopher.

Their intimacy sparked hatred and jealousy in Christopher.

He was not aware that the two were already this close to each other. The pure thought of Natalie sleeping with Samuel every night maddened him so much his fists clenched so tightly veins started to pop up under his fair skin.

Samuel did not pay attention to him but went off with Natalie. Just as he was going around a corner, he ran right into Yara.

The woman glanced at Natalie, who was sleeping soundly in Samuel's arms. She was confused at first, but then her heart burned with envy and agony.

Doesn't he know what kind of a woman she is? He clearly saw Natalie with Christopher and what they did! Why is he still so gentle toward her? His care, his love, and his tolerance of her behavior do not make sense at all. He should have ended things with her!

"Samuel..." she muttered. "You know she—"

"She's asleep," he said lowly and abruptly.

Yara swallowed her remaining sentence. She could only watch the man who once gave her hope of a happy life shower his love on another woman.

She was pained and exasperated.

So you want to pretend as if you didn't see anything? I'll remind you every time I see you then.

"You saw them hugging each other, right? Who knows what else they did?"

"That's enough, Yara," Samuel replied curtly. "Thank you for telling me where she is, but I'm not interested in anything other than that. I hope you understand."

Yara turned pale. Although he sounded courteous, she knew that what he said was a warning to her.

Samuel was warning her to not spew nonsense. If she did, she would be fully responsible for the consequences.

Yara could only watch Natalie receive all the love and care from Samuel. Nonetheless, she felt wronged.

She was the granddaughter-in-law that Kenneth acknowledged, while Franklin and Sophia called her their "mother," but that was still not enough to win Samuel's heart. He would rather choose a random ugly woman over her.

All her years of patiently waiting had amounted to nothing and it was all because of Natalie.

That Natalie died, and now this Natalie is here to ruin my life again.

Yara had a growing sense of bad presentiment.

What if they are the same person? What if that Natalie did not even die, to begin with?

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Back in the private room, Joshua was sitting with his legs crossed as he waited for Christopher to return.

I'm here to celebrate Chris' birthday, but now that that girl is drunk, he left me all alone and went after her. Joshua lamented the loneliness of not having a partner himself. But what am I expecting? It makes sense that she is everything Chris thinks about. After all, he's just one step away from getting the girl.

Now that he had asked Jeremy and the others to go home first, he figured he would just settle the bill and leave too. But before he could even stand up from the couch, the door was swung open, and there stood Christopher.

He seemed to be in a foul mood.

Hmm? What's going on now?

Joshua observed his friend's facial expression and asked slowly, "You came back... alone?"

Christopher did not say a single word. His gloomy and downcast face was enough to tell what happened. He sank into the couch and started pouring himself a drink before taking a shot.

Scenes of what happened earlier flashed before him.

She behaved so distantly and cold when she was around him, but she totally changed when Samuel was around.

She was as tame as a rabbit when she was with him.

It turned out that Samuel and he were meant to be competitors—both at work and in private but this was not enough to put off Christopher.

Now that he felt he was challenged, he wanted to go all out.

I will see you crumble beneath my feet, Samuel Bowers. I will crush your company and I will take Natalie from you.

He gulped down another pint as Joshua watched him. The latter sat beside him and started drinking along with him.

"I don't understand," Christopher murmured.

"Huh?" Joshua looked at him, confused.

With his cheeks flushed and his head dizzy from the shots, Christopher asked, "Why... Why don't you like me?"

He drilled his gaze into his friend, waiting for an answer. Joshua swallowed hard. "Well, I'm straight. I'm not attracted to men."

"Stop your nonsense before I throw you into the river and feed you to the fish."

Joshua zipped his mouth shut.

He rubbed his nose timidly before reaching for the porcelain bottle Natalie left on the coffee table, but before he could touch it, Christopher had already grabbed it defensively.

“Come on, I just wanted to take a look.”

“What if you break it? Can you afford to compensate my loss?”

Compensate your loss? The heck? I’m like a brother to you! We grew up from the cradle together! Are you treating me like this just because of a woman?

Joshua could not understand his friend’s behavior.

You’re so dead, Chris. You’ve always been aloof and unfeeling, but now you’re getting all mushy because of her. I bet she’s a witch. She has you under a spell, and it doesn’t seem like you can free yourself from her anytime soon.

Joshua stayed back and drank liberally with Christopher.

When they were finally done, Joshua helped him out of the VVIP private room. “Stay right here. I’ll go get the car.”

Christopher leaned against the door weakly, grunting in return.

Not long after Joshua went off, Yara, who was all wasted, also came out.

They bumped into each other, and their gazes met.

Who is she? She looks like Natalie... Did you come back for me, Natalie?

Christopher’s adam’s apple bobbed in his throat. He stumbled as he approached her.

She’s beautiful. Her eyes, her nose, her lips, her features—her everything—they’re perfect.

Christopher cornered her against the wall, squinting his eyes at her, his gaze fixated on her face.

Yara stared at him sheepishly without the slightest idea what he wanted with her, but soon, she sensed the desire and greed oozing from his breath.

See, not all men are like Samuel. Not everyone likes Natalie. There’s no way I’ll lose to an ugly duckling like her.

The thought thrilled her. She felt excited. She closed her eyes as she lifted her chin, seducing Christopher to come closer.

The man leaned forward, answering her beckoning.

Christopher got a whiff of her perfume as their distance closed.

It was not the refreshing and faint scent he always craved, but this new scent was alluring and elegant nonetheless.

Yara waited for him to plant his lips on hers, but that did not happen.

She opened her eyes, only to meet Christopher's loathing ones.

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Yara could not wrap her head around Christopher's change of behavior.

I'm beautiful and attractive. I'm way better than that woman!

Yara had no feelings for Christopher, but making him want her was a statement of victory for her. She had to prove that she was worthy of love and attention too. Driven by such thoughts, she gave in to her drunken passions as she moved forward, wanting to kiss him.

A triumphant smile cracked on her lips as she threw herself at Christopher, but just as their lips brushed, the man pushed her aside abruptly.

She stumbled backward at the force and dropped to the ground.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"You," Christopher pronounced deridingly, "you're nothing compared to her."

With that, he turned and staggered away without looking at her again.

Yara felt a pang of pain on her ankle, but she could not care less. She was enraged.

Samuel loves her, and Christopher loves her too! Who does she think she is? She came out of nowhere and stole their hearts. She's not even pretty!

Yara burned with jealousy and hatred.

I swear I will find out who you are, Natalie! I don't care if you're my sister or not. I will see to it that you completely vanish from this world.

Yara stared into the dark cold night with her eyes brimming with resentment.

The autumn night appeared to be exceptionally cold for Yara as she dwelt in her resentment.

A chilly breeze howled through the night, ravaging through the trees and taking the dry leaves with it.

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On the same cold night, Samuel was busy carrying Natalie down from the car. Feeling the sting of the wind, the woman snuggled in his embrace.

Her head moved around as she tried to find a comfortable spot.

Her subtle scent wafted through the cold air as strands of hair fell graciously on her cheeks.

Samuel's heart beat fiercely. He hugged her tighter as if he had his whole world in his arms.

He walked faster toward the mansion, afraid that she would catch a cold. Gavin had been waiting for Samuel's return ever since he left.

When the housekeeper opened the door, he saw Samuel carrying Natalie and was surprised.

He watched the young man grow up but never had he once seen him being so gentle. Samuel's actions were careful and light as if he was afraid Natalie would knock into something.

Since it was not something Samuel would ask him to help with, the housekeeper moved aside to make way for Samuel.

Samuel carried her all the way up to a bedroom on the second floor.

When Natalie felt she landed on a big soft bed, she moaned and opened her eyes slightly.

"Samuel..."

"Yes?"

A faint frown was stitched on his brows.

"Do you want to know my secret?" she asked, still drunk. Her index finger pressed against his thin lips as she continued, "I'll let you in on a secret, but you can't tell anyone about it."

She was usually tough and stubborn when she was sober, but now that she was acting meek, Samuel thought that he did not mind seeing this side of her at all.

He nodded solemnly.

Now that he promised his silence, she ran her fingers along her chin until she felt a slightly swollen spot. She peeled the side, revealing her face underneath the mask she had been wearing all this while.

"Actually," she said slowly, "this is my real face. I didn't tell you earlier because it's still not the time to do so yet."

She shifted her gaze toward him, looking at him attentively. "What do you think? I think I look much better than when I have the mask on. Don't you think you're lucky? This must be a pleasant surprise for you."

"Yes, it is," he replied without much emotion in his voice.

He already knew her secret a long time ago.

Unlike what she expected, he was not entirely glad about this revelation. He knew she let down her guard only because she was drunk. She would not have told him this secret otherwise. He knew she would put on her tough front again when she woke up tomorrow, and she would fight her battle on her own. She would never learn to depend on him a little.

He wanted to change this, but he did not want to force his way on her either, so the only thing he could do for her was to stay by her side, giving her all the love and support that she needed.

He was ready to put up an act around her until she was willing to open up to him.

He looked down at Natalie as the dim moonlight bathed her figure.

Her long black hair was spread out on the bed, forming a stark contrast with her porcelain and flawless skin.

Samuel gradually lost himself in her beauty as he gazed at her exquisite features.

His desire for her surged in his heart like a beast waiting to be unleashed. When he finally gave in to his aching impulses, he pressed his body against hers and kissed her parted lips.

### **Chapter 331**

When the first sunray woke Natalie up the next morning, she wondered why she still felt heavy headed after one night of rest.

She guessed it must be because she had a low tolerance for alcohol. Despite knowing she could not hold her liquor, she still went overboard.

She grunted in discomfort and turned aside. When she opened her eyes, she saw Samuel, dressed casually in his grey pajama. The fabric hung loosely from his shoulder, showing his muscular and defined chest. He was watching her when she woke up, lying on his side with his head rested on his hand.

Natalie was stunned when she saw him.

The way he was looking at her was as if he was considering how he should savor his dessert after a scrumptious meal.

Natalie found herself at a loss for words.

She looked away, but Samuel grabbed her chin and turned her face toward him.

“Why can’t you look me in the eyes?” he asked.

“It’s not that I can’t,” she said, gazing at him. “I’m just not used to it.”

“Well, get used to it then.”

Natalie was thinking about how she should answer him when Samuel pulled his sleeping gown backward, showing more of his torso.

What is he doing?

Natalie’s gaze trailed down from his shoulder to his chest, and then his abs.

She could tell from his build that he worked out a lot.

While she was wondering why he was showing her this, Samuel took her hand and placed it on his chest.

The heat from his body radiated on her cold palm the moment they touched. Things suddenly became tense between the two of them, but Samuel was still able to command the situation.

It turned out that he could be patient if he wanted to. He guided her hand along his body slowly.

“Now, go down a little—”

“S-Stop,” Natalie stuttered, her cheeks suddenly turning red and hot. “I don’t want—”

“But I want to.”

A teasing smirk broke out on his lips when he saw signs of embarrassment on her face. His grip tightened as he led her downward, stopping at the deep grooves of his Apollo’s belt.

“W-What are you doing?” she stammered frantically.

He did not move an inch.

Natalie could feel his robust and strong muscles underneath her skin. It was obvious that he had the perfect body shape all men coveted.

Natalie held her breath. She dared not think about what would come next. She knew he had run his lips over every inch of her body, yet he did not push for the last act.

She could tell that he had restrained himself with all his might, but still, Natalie felt nervous thinking about what would happen if they stayed this way.

Her heart fluttered in messy beats, but she was not the only one who was nervous. In fact, Samuel was even edgier as the tension intensified.

He knew that he wanted her badly, but he reminded himself that she was still having a hangover. He reckoned that she would be too weak for any intense sports.

Samuel curbed his impulses and did not bring things further.

Taking a deep breath, he pulled her hand away and straightened his gown. “I made some soup for you. It should help with your hangover. Do you want to have some?”

Natalie nodded.

She sat up and rested against a pillow on the bed as he passed her a thermos.

She opened it and started taking small sips.

The warm drink made her feel energized and well again.

When she was finally done, Samuel bent over to wipe away the stain on her lips. “So, didn’t you say you were going to give me an explanation yesterday?”

“Well, I came to know Christopher when I was trying to win the bid for the dragonblood fruit at the auction. He was the one who directed me to the Todds at Livingsfill,” she recounted. “So in a sense, I owe him one. That’s why I agreed to celebrate his birthday with him. I wanted to return this favor.” She stopped and looked at him earnestly.

She added, “I really didn’t know what he thought about me before that. I swear I don’t have any feelings for him.”

Indeed, Natalie was not someone who would fall for a man easily, but when she did, she would never change her mind.



Now that she explained herself, Samuel was confident that she was telling the truth. However, there were still things that he was apprehensive about.

“Nat, you need to stay away from him,” he said severely. “It’s fine if his feelings for you are genuine, but I’m just afraid that he’s using you as bait against me. He knows how much you mean to me. So I’m sure he’s thinking of using you as a pawn.”

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“Am I...” Natalie probed unsurely, “this important to you?”

“Yes.” Samuel caressed her face tenderly. “In fact, many people out there are aware that you are my weak spot, and I foresee more people will know about it in the future,” he explained. “Those people who can’t compete with me on ground level will turn to you. This means you might be in danger because of me,” he added.

It would be good for Samuel if he did not have someone he loved dearly, but now that Natalie had taken a significant part in his heart, she would be his Achilles heel.

Samuel’s enemies would readily turn to her and do harm to her just to get back at him.

“Are you afraid?” he asked.

Natalie shook her head before circling her arms around his waist. “There’s no point in letting fear get to me. Besides, I doubt you would let me go even if I said I was.”

“That’s true indeed.”

Samuel nodded lightly and pulled her against him tightly as if he wanted to become one with her.

“It’s my birthday next month,” he reminded her.

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“What do you want for your birthday?”

Natalie felt excited. She told herself that she had to give him a birthday surprise that he would remember for the rest of his life.

“I want you for my birthday.” He inhaled deeply, enjoying her scent. “I don’t need or want anything else.”

“You want a person for your birthday?”

“Exactly,” he reiterated.

“How can someone sound so confident when saying something so absurd?”

“Well, I’m simply asking for a birthday present. It’s only natural that I’m going to sound determined.” He chuckled. “By the way, I’m always confident.”

He looked at her and felt a yearning for her again.

He tilted her chin and kissed her passionately without leaving any corner of her mouth untouched.

She tasted so sweet and soft that the more he kissed her, the more he wanted her.

When they finally broke apart, the two panted heavily, gasping for air.

Natalie stood up quickly and went on to have breakfast to run away from him. After having breakfast, the two went their separate ways.

Samuel went on to Centurion Corporation while Natalie headed over to Dream.

In the past, Natalie would only go to the company once or twice a month, but now that the company had to expand its business, and that it was in a full-fledged competition with Dexmed Pharmaceutical, she dived right into work and even stayed at her office for days.

Over in the office, Natalie sat on the padded armchair while Yandel made himself comfortable on a plastic chair,

The six-foot-tall man sat at one corner of the office table as he worked away.

Natalie felt bad looking at him. "Yandel, why don't we change seats?"

"It's fine," Yandel said, rubbing his butt. "You can have that chair, Boss. I prefer the plastic one. It's better for my posture."

Natalie looked at him, wondering if she should insist. "All right, then."

She was well aware that there was no way a plastic chair would be more comfortable than a sofa chair.

Her heart warmed knowing that Yandel was showing her a gesture of kindness.

Seeing Yandel working with Natalie in the same office, Ross eventually came over to work with them at the same table as well.

Natalie glanced left and right at the two men. She felt grateful for them for showing her moral support. Their unwavering loyalty gave her more motivation to work hard in order to lead the team and the company to greater heights.

Regardless, lethargy kicked in after the three worked for some time.

Natalie stood up to have a stretch and went out of the office.

Her appearance made many other female employees jealous because she got to work with Yandel and Ross in close proximity. They actually had no idea who Natalie really was. In fact, Yandel, his secretary, and Ross were the only ones who knew about it.

When Jasmine saw Natalie, she clenched her fists in anger and jealousy.

Jasmine Olson was a young lady in her 20s. She graduated from Dellmoor University with a double Master's degree in finance and computer science. Not only was she highly educated, but she was also attractive and elegant.

She had worked for the CEO for about half a year and had since grown fond of Yandel. However,

the latter did not seem to take notice of her sentiment. He would not even look at her except for when they were talking about work.

At first, she wondered why Yandel was so cold to her, but after observing him for some time, she realized that this was how he treated other people as well, so she thought she still had a chance. But everything changed when Natalie came into the equation.

She would stay in the office with Yandel for more than ten hours, and everyone who went into the CEO's office to report on their work all came back saying that the CEO seemed to be very attentive to this woman. In fact, it was as if everything he did revolve around her.

Jasmine fumed with rage thinking about what Yandel and Natalie would do behind closed doors. The thought of them being lovey-dovey toward each other made her go crazy.

Now that there were only Natalie and her in the corridor, Jasmine went over to confront her.

"What are you doing with Mr. Moss every time you're in his office? Don't you think it's inappropriate for you to stay inside for that long? Do you even know what people are talking about you guys? I don't care about your image at all, but you need to think of Mr. Moss and the company at least."

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Natalie was still stretching when she heard a woman speak. She turned and saw a young woman dressed in a white sweater and a brown skirt.

Under a closer look, the woman's features looked exquisite and her make-up was on point too. She was the kind of woman whom everyone would pay attention to, but the conspicuous jealousy on her face made her expression look distasteful. It ruined her beauty.

Seeing that Natalie did not take her seriously, Jasmine became incensed. "Mr. Moss and Dream have had a good track record over the past years. There has been no scandal at all, so I hope you know your place and stop trying to get Mr. Moss' attention by being clingy. Even if you're able to make it to his bed, you're not a worthy candidate for him."

Natalie was appalled. Never had she ever thought about Yandel in such a manner, but Jasmine simply approached her and assumed the worst of her.

What? Yandel and I together? What's wrong with her?

Natalie did not find it funny at all. On the contrary, she felt offended for no good reason.

She cocked her head and narrowed her eyes at Jasmine. "Just what kind of a woman do you take me for? We are not the only two people who are in the office. Ross is in there as well, or do you think we are having a threesome?"

Natalie's crude remarks shocked Jasmine, and her face paled. It was not that she did think about the possibility of the three of them doing something scandalous, but to have Natalie say it all out so blatantly without even feeling ashamed was too much for her.

“Mind your language, would you? How shameless could you be?”

“Ah, so it’s not dirty for you to think about it, but it is for me to say it out loud?” Natalie scoffed. “You sounded as if you have the well-being of the company at heart. Now that I think about it, I believe Dream is fortunate to have a thoughtful employee like you, but I think it’s too hypocritical of you to try to ward me off from Yandel using the company as an excuse.”

Jasmine was aghast when Natalie exposed her true motivation.

“Fine! I admit that I like Mr. Moss, but is there anything wrong with that?” she shouted back, clenching her fists. “I’m better than you by a hundred times, and yet he never looked at me. He’s totally different around you. How is that even possible? Do you even know how hard I worked just to get into this company and work for him? I put up with so many difficulties just to reach where I am today.”

Jasmine knew she should not be saying this, but she liked Yandel so much that when she saw him together with another woman, she just could not hold back the fury boiling in her heart.

“So,” Natalie concluded, “does that mean that you would admit your defeat and accept the reality if I were prettier than you?”

Jasmine felt threatened.

Natalie continued, “It seems like all you care about is someone’s looks, status, and education. If this is how classist and judgmental you are, I don’t think you’re fit to work at Dream or even love Yandel. I want your resignation letter on the office table right now. It seems to me that your values do not align with the company’s. This place is not suitable for you.”

Jasmine knew she was in the wrong and that she was being too rash, but she was not willing to leave just like that.

“Who do you think you are? Why must I do as you say?” she challenged.

“You will do as she said. And I will see to it that everything she said is done.”

To Jasmine’s surprise, Yandel appeared from behind her. He directed his cold stare at Jasmine as he spoke.

“Mr. Moss!” she cried out in disbelief. “I-I,” she stuttered, biting her lips, “I don’t mean it. I was beside myself and said something silly. It’s not like I made a grave mistake.”

“You offended the wrong person. It would have been better if the person you challenged was me.” Yandel spoke slowly before pointing at Natalie.

“You shouldn’t have said that to her.” Unlike his usual self when he was with Natalie, Yandel was strict and severe with his warning. “You should be grateful that she’s asking you to resign on your own because if I were her, I would have fired you right away.”

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Jasmine could not understand what was going on.

She had worked diligently and committed herself to Dream Corporation over the years, she could not believe that she was about to lose her job because of a woman, what was more, the man she liked dismissed her because of said woman.

“Why?” she questioned, sobbing. “I didn’t do anything wrong. Why must you do this to me?”

“Why?” Yandel repeated her question, his tone dripping with sarcasm. He looked at the tearful lady from the corner of his eyes. “Our company doesn’t need people who don’t even know their mistakes.”

He then took out his phone and sent an audio message to his secretary.

“Calvin, there is a woman who is crying in the corridor. I need you to come over and process her resignation now.”

With that, he turned toward Natalie without even looking at Jasmine.

The frown on his forehead dissipated and a smile emerged. “I’ve already ordered some bagels and beef soup from Acapella. I don’t think you should be having milk tea. Some pear juice will be better for you. I’m going to get Calvin to get you some.”

Natalie simply smiled silently. She was already used to Yandel taking care of her.

Their interaction exasperated Jasmine.

Yandel had always been serious and rigid whenever he was working. He was not a man of many words, but he talked a lot when he was with Natalie. He was sensitive to her needs and saw to it that she had the best.

Jasmine did not know what spell Natalie had Yandel under, but she knew that she was no match for Natalie.

In the end, she could only watch them leave for the office without being able to utter a word.

After Natalie and Yandel closed the door behind them, Natalie sighed. “Actually, you don’t have to be that harsh toward her. She will be scarred for life. I think asking her to hand in her resignation letter will do.”

“We both know what she said was unacceptable, so there is no point in trying to be nice,” Yandel replied. “Now that I know she has such unkind thoughts about her superiors, I will not let her stay in this company. Besides, I will never allow someone to talk to you like that. You might be okay with it, but I’m not.”

True that.

Natalie nodded, sipping from her glass of pear juice.

Her remarks were an affront to Yandel. She overstepped his bottom line, so there was no way Yandel would go easy on her.

Well, too bad for her. She should know that not everyone is high-profile like her. She would never have imagined that someone ordinary could turn out to be someone who could completely upend her life.

“Speaking of, are you really not going to care about Amelia anymore?” she asked, blinking her eyes. “She’s almost eighteen already. Are you really willing to let a girl you brought up hang around with other men?”

Yandel’s face became gloomy when he heard her name.

“Stop making fun of me. She is not someone I can afford to date.”

“So you’re just going to give up?” Natalie challenged. “You know I’m totally capable of making sure that she won’t see anyone for three years. You can work on yourself for three years and then marry her after that.”

“Boss!”

“What?” Natalie joked. “Do you want me to introduce her to Jerome then?”

Yandel fell into silence. “Please do.”

Amelia was his most precious treasure. Although she was like a taboo to Yandel, Natalie still did not expect him to be so stubborn even after her entreat.

She wanted to persuade him again, but on second thought, she decided to let the poor man off the hook.

They continued working and were busy until about nine in the evening.

Yandel drove Natalie home, while the latter sat in the back of the car, dozing off.

Screech!

A piercing noise suddenly jerked her awake. Yandel went all out on his brake and the wheels let out a harsh sound.

Fortunately, Natalie had her seatbelt on. She would have hit her head against the headrest if she had not.

“What happened, Yandel?”

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Yandel punched the steering wheel, exclaiming, “Just some woman walking her dog, and the dog ran in front of the car. Gosh, people these days are so non-civic minded.”

“Are you okay?” Natalie asked, leaning forward.

“I’m fine, don’t worry,” he answered, glaring at the woman in front of their car.

Despite Yandel’s compelling glare, the woman refused to walk away with her dog. Yandel was on the verge of losing his temper.

“What is wrong with her? It’s raining, but she’s not even using an umbrella.” Yandel was about to get out of the car to teach the woman, who was out with her unleashed dog, a good lesson when Natalie stopped him.

“Wait.”

“Hm?”

“Remember to be gentle,” she reminded with a cheeky smile. “You’ll know who she is when you see her.”

A sly smile curved on Natalie’s lips.

Yandel could instantly tell that things were not as straightforward as they seemed.

“Who is she? Do you know her?”

“Well,” Natalie answered with a smile, rubbing her chin, “let’s just say she’s my sister from another mother.”

Yandel was caught off guard. He did not expect the woman to be Natalie’s sibling.

He had no idea what Natalie was trying to do, but he did as he was told. After he got out of the car, he went over and talk to the woman patiently. “Miss, are you okay?”

Melissa looked up in rage. She was furious because she thought the Maybach driver was being unreasonable. She thought he must be an ugly man since he did not even seem to care about animals. However, she was amazed the moment she set her eyes on Yandel.

Her jaw dropped when she saw the man who was dressed in a dark grey trench coat. He was six feet tall and had a strapping figure. Not only was he handsome, but he also gave off a vibe of nobility and refinement.

Wow. He reminds me of Samuel.

She had never seen someone as attractive as him.

When Yandel realized the girl was drooling over him, he almost rolled his eyes. But knowing that Natalie was still waiting for him in the car, he continued to behave gentlemanly.

“Excuse me, miss?”

It took a while before Melissa snapped back to reality,

“Oh! I’m fine. So is my dog,” she replied hastily, shying away from his gaze. “I’m sorry, Luna just ran into the road.”

Yandel had no patience for wishy-washy people.

He was put off the moment he heard Melissa whining, but he reminded himself to be polite for Natalie’s sake.

“I’m Yandel Moss,” he said, taking out his name card from his pocket and passing it to her. “Feel free to give me a call if you find that you’re hurt after going home.”

Melissa took it and marveled at the black card with gold prints on it.

Yandel Moss, CEO of Dream Corporation. No wonder. I can tell he’s different. He’s already the CEO of a company at such a young age.

“I’ll see you around, then.”

Yandel put a quick end to their unpleasant encounter and went right back to his Maybach. He hit the pedal and sped off.

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Meanwhile, Melissa was still lost in her own world. She held her white dog in her arms without taking her eyes off Yandel’s name card. Her heart beat rapidly as she thought about him.

“Did you hear his name, Luna? Yandel Moss. It’s such a nice name. What do you think about him? Why did he give me his name card the first time we met? Do you think he fell for me at first sight?”

Melissa caressed her dog as she showered it with questions. “Remember how Mom always talks about Natalie marrying a successful man like Samuel? Well, I can marry a CEO too! I will own Dream Corporation one day.”

The white poodle had no idea what the young woman was saying, but it wagged its tail excitedly and barked.

“Do you really think so, Luna?” A wide smile spread on Melissa’s face.

## **Chapter 336**

Back in the Maybach, Natalie was having a good time teasing Yandel.

“I saw everything back there. I bet she’s head over heels for you. She certainly won’t be able to sleep tonight. She might even put your name card underneath her pillow.”

Yandel frowned. His heart was in a mess. This was not what he wanted.

“Boss, you know I’m willing to do anything for you, but this is just too much. How could you sacrifice me and ask me to seduce her?”

“You must use everything within your capacity to your advantage. I’m sure she will contact you sooner or later. She might even text you tonight. I bet she will add you on WhatsApp.”

Despite all her teasing, Yandel knew Natalie had a plan, but still, thinking about Melissa’s reaction made him cringe.



“So what should I do if she reaches out to me?” he asked.

“Just be passive. Don’t initiate anything, but don’t turn her down either. You’re not responsible for anything.”

“So in essence, you want me to be a jerk.”

“Bingo,” Natalie exclaimed. “She’s Thomas’ second favorite after Yara. She might be able to be of help to us in the future.”

Natalie stopped and thought about the past. “My mum misjudged Thomas. He turned out to be the very person who snatched Dexmed Pharmaceutical from Granddad, but I’m sure he had help from someone on the outside. Dream’s rise is a threat to Dexmed Pharmaceutical, but it’s still not enough to shake its core. As long as the person who supported him last time is still standing by him, Dellmoor and Chanaea will still be his turfs. There is a lot more going on underneath the superficial competition between Dexmed Pharmaceutical and Dream. This is also why although Dream has carved out a niche for itself as a leading company in Dellmoor, it has yet to challenge Dexmed Pharmaceutical directly.”

Dexmed Pharmaceutical was not the formidable enemy Natalie was worried about.

It was the person who had been aiding Thomas all this while that she targeted.

“I see...” Yandel finally understood the gravity of the issue.

The rest of the journey to the Bowers residence was spent in silence.

Yandel was curious about why things seemed to be progressing swiftly between Natalie and Samuel, but he respected Natalie too much to pry into her private life. It appeared to him that Natalie was in a serious relationship with Samuel.

When they arrived at the Bowers residence, Natalie got off immediately, hoping to get some rest. However, before she could even go back to her room, she saw a familiar figure on the couch in the living area.

Samuel sat directly under the chandelier, allowing sprinkles of light to fall generously on his dark green sleeping gown. He was in his element reading from a book in his hands. Natalie sucked in a breath of air at the sight.

Anyone would fall for a man like this. Come to think of it, I should probably sign him up as one of the celebrities under Dream Entertainment. I will be able to profit so much from him.

Natalie changed into her pair of indoor sandals and walked quietly toward Samuel.

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“I’m back,” she said, throwing her arms wide open.

Instead of standing up and hugging her, Samuel looked up and tugged her arm, pulling her down and right into his embrace

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When Natalie came back to her senses again, she was already sitting on his lap, straddling him as he held her tight in his arms.

“You finally remember me?” he whispered in her ears. “Is your job more interesting than me?”

It sounded to Natalie as if he was complaining.

“Well, I can’t tell which is more interesting, but you’re definitely more understanding than my job. I know you won’t get angry just because I’m busy with work.”

Samuel chuckled.

Natalie never failed to surprise him. She was shrewd at work and witty in real life. She grew on him the longer they were together. In fact, he found himself increasingly attracted to her charm.

“Are you hungry?” he asked.

“A little,” she said with a nod. “Let me go see if there’s any pre-packed food I can heat up.”

“Those are no good,” he said, letting her go before standing up. “I’ll make you something.”

### **Chapter 337**

Since Samuel had already asked the other housekeepers to leave, he rolled up his sleeves and got ready to cook. He did not even ask Gavin to help.

He slipped a bright yellow apron on and started preparing food in the kitchen, while Natalie watched him from the kitchen entrance.

Samuel was a man at the helm at his company. He was widely respected at work for being a firm and decisive leader. Natalie appreciated his willingness to make food for her on his own.

It was not easy making gazpacho. He had to get all the ingredients and spices ready before putting them into the food processor.

His hands moved adroitly as he cut up the tomatoes, garlic, and onions.

Soon enough, the smell of delicious broth spread through the kitchen.

Natalie had never expected she would meet someone who love her so dearly. She had always thought that her life would be a long journey of strife.

Her heart was full as she watched Samuel move around in the kitchen.

After a while, Samuel came over with a bowl of soup in his hands.

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“Here. Try some.”

“Thanks.”

Natalie nodded and picked up the spoon. The texture of the soup was fine and delicate, while the bread crumbs were crunchy. The base had a delicious and refreshing taste. These spoonfuls of goodness were enough to drive the fatigue that she felt from work away.

"It's tasty!"

"I'm glad you like it," Samuel replied.

Natalie smiled as she put a piece of bread chunk in her mouth.

She passed the spoon to Samuel, beckoning him to have some too, but he did not take the spoon from her. "This is faster."

Before she could say anything, Samuel had already bent over and bit the other end of the bread chunk in her mouth.

He was so close to her that their nose tips touched as both of them chewed the food.

Their eyes met.

Natalie knew he was trying to mess with her.

It was true that she was enjoying the food, but Samuel seemed more like he was enjoying her.

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Natalie's eyes widened when he suddenly came forward. He could very well eat from the bowl, but he choose not to.

"Does it taste better with my saliva?" she asked, staring at him.

"Yes." He nodded and smiled.

Natalie did not want to incite anything. After all, she knew this bowl of gazpacho would be left cold if they were to start anything now. As such, she quickly looked away and finished off her food.

Samuel sat on the chair opposite her and rested his head on his fist as he gazed at her.

She gets shy every time I tease her.

Little did Natalie know that the more she shied away from him, the more exciting things became for him. He felt an unquenchable impulse to corner her into a tight spot every time she behaved like this.

Samuel was not a man of passions, but he simply could not seem to keep his hands off her whenever she was around.

After she finished, he stuck up his hand to wipe away the stains of food on her lips.

Natalie evaded his gaze as her cheeks turn red. She didn't know exactly how to react to receiving so much attention from him.

Samuel smiled and planted a kiss between her brows.

“You don’t have to be so nervous,” he said with a low laugh. “It’s not my birthday yet.”

Natalie looked into his eyes and bit her lip.

She would never say yes.

Over on the other side of the town, Melissa was on cloud nine as she went home with her dog.

A sweet smile was carved on her face as she recalled what happened between her and Yandel. “Dad, Mom, I’m back!” she reported in excitement when she saw Thomas and Yvonne, but to her surprise, her parents did not seem to be in a good mood.

They were talking about work. Since Melissa could not make sense of what they were discussing, she sat on the couch and played with her dog as she thought about what happened earlier on. She even imagine that she would one day become Yandel’s wife.

“Dream Pharmaceutical slashed their product price by ten percent. They are obviously challenging us,” Thomas seethed as he puffed his cigar. “Who do you think you are, Yandel Moss? Do you know who you’re dealing with?”