

## Happiness 671

### Chapter 671 Robbed

The woman on stage may not be what society deemed as beautiful.

However, everyone was captivated by her performance. It was as if they were dragged back in time and they all resonated with the woman's frustration.

No one applauded, but it was not because Natalie performed poorly.

Conversely, they were touched by such delicate singing, and they feared disrupting its lingering beauty.

After giving a bow, Natalie left the stage without a word.

Just then, everyone snapped back to reality and started clapping, their applause unending.

Jacqueline was in utter disbelief. She had not expected Natalie to be so talented at singing. She initially thought that the woman would perform awfully. Natalie is supposed to be inferior to me!

Reality had given Jacqueline a huge slap across her face.

Natalie definitely had a foundation in singing. She did not deliberately show off her skills, but they were evidently integrated into the lyrics, pronunciation, and rhythm. All in all, everything was just perfect and the audience seemed to indulge in her performance without even realizing it.

On the flipside, Jacqueline's performance involved a multitude of complex techniques that turned out to be too overwhelming. Comparatively, Natalie's classical song sounded better.

Soon, Natalie and Jacqueline bumped into each other again.

Natalie let out a grin when she noticed the indignation on Jacqueline's face.

"You... You did this on purpose!" Jacqueline clutched at the corner of her skirt forcefully as she spat, "You know how to sing!"

"Since when did I tell you that I couldn't?"

"You—"

"You were the one who thought that I could not sing the whole time." A glint flashed across Natalie's eyes as she said coldly, "So Ms. Lancaster, please don't act as if I deceived you."

In truth, Natalie did not go into this performance with the intention of humiliating Jacqueline.

She had chosen the song without much thought or prior preparation. Even the attire that she wore was not compatible with the theme of the song.

However, because of her nonchalant attitude, Jacqueline was even more agitated. "Why didn't you tell me earlier when I was provoking you? You make me look like a clown! I bet you're gloating at my misery, aren't you?"

"Even if I told you, would you have believed me?" Natalie chuckled.

“I...”

“You won’t,” Natalie concluded. “You would have thought that I was just being stubborn. Truth be told, everything was impromptu and I didn’t prepare beforehand. But you’ll think that I’m saying this to humiliate you anyway, right?”

Natalie’s statement was indeed in line with Jacqueline’s thoughts.

“Natalie Nichols, you—”

“Since that’s what you think, there’s no need for me to explain further.” Natalie sneered. “Besides, I don’t care what you think about me. You still have a long way to go if you really want to go against me.”

With that, Natalie turned around swiftly and left.

Looking at Natalie’s departing figure, the unwillingness to concede defeat surged within Jacqueline. However, she could not deny that Natalie was far superior to her.

She was so consumed by the thought of being in the spotlight that she forgot to assess her own capabilities. As a consequence, her judgment was clouded by jealousy. It was merely a talent show at a charity dinner, but she had treated it as a competition that she could not afford to lose.

Jacqueline cried, but the fault could not be attributed to Natalie.

When Natalie returned to the event hall, Diane approached her and embraced her in excitement.

“Lady Diane...” Natalie was shocked by Diane’s enthusiasm.

Diane, however, did not bother to hide her fondness. “You’re such a gem, Natalie! Since you can’t be my daughter-in-law, why don’t you become my goddaughter?”

Natalie shook her head. “I’m afraid I can’t. I already have my own godparents.”

“What?” Diane was disappointed. “I’m being robbed of this as well?”

## **Chapter 672 It Costs Nothing**

Natalie patted Diane’s shoulder and said, “Thank you for thinking so highly of me, Lady Diane. However, both you and Sir Nikolai are part of a noble family. I’m not fit to be your goddaughter with my status. People will start attacking you unnecessarily, and I don’t want to bring any needless trouble to you. Let’s just stay friends like how we are now. Of course, I will still do what you ask me to if you ever have any requests.”

Diane nodded but was still feeling reluctant. Someone like Natalie was hard to come by, and she couldn’t help but feel that it was a pity to stay only as friends. In fact, just the thought of it made Diane upset, but there was nothing she could do about it.

People with phones had taken a video of Natalie’s performance earlier and had it posted on the internet.

Unexpectedly, the video went viral and soon became a trending topic on Twitter.

#Opera Is The Best#

#Netizens Urging For An Album#

#Chairwoman Showcasing Her Singing Skills#

Meanwhile, Natalie, who was watching a video about charity work, had no idea that a video of her had gone viral in just an hour.

Her phone rang when she was done watching the video.

Buzz!

She quickly got up and went to a corner to answer the call.

“Hello?” Natalie smiled instinctively at the thought of the man on the other end of the call.

Samuel had gone to Loang for his work, and it would take about two to three days for him to return. She had initially thought that she wouldn’t miss him so much since it was only such a short period of time. Yet, she was overjoyed to have received a call from him.

“Where are you right now, Nat?” The man’s crisp voice was heard over the phone.

“Yandel is being occupied with some stuff, so I’m attending Shine Charity Gala on behalf of Dream,” Natalie explained softly. “I think I should be able to go home in a while.”

“I knew it... The one who sang the song was you...” Samuel said, his voice deep.

“Huh?”

How... He’s thousands of miles away. How did he know that I perform at the charity dinner?

“How did you know, Samuel?”

He didn’t answer her question. Staring at the computer screen before him, he swallowed hard before saying, “Sometimes, I... really want to just lock you up so no one knows how charming you are...”

Lock me up? Natalie frowned, perplexed.

Normally, one would only use the word “lock” when it was about something precious to them.

To Samuel, Natalie was someone that was most precious to him, someone he wouldn’t allow others to covet.

“Seriously?” She felt that he was slowly becoming extreme due to his love for her.

“Sing for me when I’m back. I’ve never even heard you sing these songs before. I’m sure it’s going to sound even better if I hear it in real life,” he insisted.

“You... Are you jealous?”

“You’re mine. As long as it concerns you, of course, I’d feel jealous,” Samuel said, the corners of his lips tilting upward into a smirk.

Natalie noticed that his flirting skills were getting better by the day. However, she didn't seem to hate the fact that he was being this way. Instead, she liked that he was being bossy as it made her feel special.

"All right. I'll sing for you."

"I want you to sing to me in bed. And you can't stop unless I say so," he said mischievously.

Natalie instantly went beet red at his words.

What...

It doesn't seem like he's talking about something perverted, but I can't help but feel that he's hinting at something.

"You're still the CEO of Centurion Corporation, you know. Have some shame!"

"Being shameless costs me nothing if it means I can have fun with you." His deep and alluring voice sounded in Natalie's ears, turning her face as red as a tomato.

### **Chapter 673 Blame Yourself**

"Where did you learn to say all these things, Samuel?"

"It's a skill I acquired without being taught after I met you."

Natalie imagined that the man over the phone was sitting at his desk, with a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles perched on his nose as a mischievous and doting smile hung on his lips.

He's going to have me wrapped around his little finger if this flirting continues.

Right then, Billy's voice sounded as he asked for instructions regarding his work.

"Let's end the call now. I'll let you get back to work."

"You should hang up first."

"Okay."

Samuel only put his phone down when he heard that she had ended the call.

Then, he saved the video of her singing at the charity dinner before looking up at Billy. "Tell the team to remove all of these videos on the internet," he ordered.

"Yes, Mr. Bowers," the latter answered.

However, he couldn't help but feel appalled at how possessive Samuel was being over Natalie. It's just a video of her singing, but he's being so possessive over it, and he's not allowing others to enjoy her singing.

Of course, all Billy did was complain inwardly.

He would never dare to say it out loud even if he had nine lives.

On the other side, at Dellmoor.

Shine Charity Gala was successfully held, and it was coming to an end soon.

Natalie was about to bid her goodbyes, but Diane had invited her to have a drink and catch up at the hotel she was staying at Dellmoor.

Taking a look at the time, she knew that her children were already asleep, so she wasn't in a rush to head home.

More importantly, Samuel wasn't home.

The woman had already gotten used to his warm embrace. Now that he wasn't with her, both her heart and body felt empty.

Natalie and Diane left for Imperial Hotel in a Rolls-Royce together.

After Yara left the venue of the dinner, she tailed them closely in her own car.

She stayed on a call with Martin as she continued to drive.

"Follow my location and get ready. You might not get the chance to get your revenge after tonight."

"Ms. Yara, why can't you just trust that I am a capable person?" the man said, looking bloodthirsty and evil. "I even hired reporters to come over in the morning. Since she thinks I'm not good enough for her, I'm going to let everyone know just how cheap she is!"

"Good." A gleeful smile appeared on Yara's face as she continued, "It seems like you really hate her. I have nothing to worry about, then."

Soon enough, Natalie and Diane arrived at the hotel.

The latter already had a room there, but Natalie still needed to check in.

She didn't want the older woman to wait for her, so she quickly said, "Why don't you head on up first, Lady Diane? I'll go to your room after checking in and taking a shower."

"All right. I'll be waiting for you, Natalie."

"Okay!"

About ten minutes later, Natalie finally got her keycard.

She got into the elevator and pressed the button for the twelfth floor. A moment later, she got out and headed for Room 1288.

The room was at the end of the corridor. However, on her way to the room, someone bashed her head with all their might.

"Ugh..."

Before she could even react, her vision turned black, and she fainted.

Martin watched as she fall onto the floor, his greedy eyes filled with joy when his plan had gone successfully.

He hoisted her onto his shoulder as if she was a bag of rice and took her to the room he had booked beforehand. Once they were in, he threw her onto the bed and licked his lips with a manic gaze.

“You didn’t think you’d end up in my hands, did you, Natalie?” He grabbed her face forcefully and added, “Tsk, tsk, tsk. You were so ruthless previously when you destroyed my manhood. You were the one who made me go to hell, so why don’t I drag you down along with me? All you can do is blame yourself for this. You can’t blame me for being cruel to you.”

## **Chapter 674 Escape**

Natalie woke up to a throbbing pain in her head, and she could vaguely hear the sound of water flowing.

She hissed in pain as she opened her eyes to see the luxuriously decorated ceiling of the hotel. After taking a look at her surroundings, she realized that she had been carried into a room.

Her forehead hurt, and as she tried to reach up to massage the spot, she noticed that her wrists were bound by tape.

Someone’s kidnapped me!

Natalie’s brows knitted together as a faint glint flashed across her eyes.

Who would kidnap me at a time like this? Did they do this to target me or Samuel? Countless possibilities as to why the kidnapping happened flashed through her mind. But everything vanished as soon as she saw the figure of a man showering in the bathroom.

If he wanted to kill me, or if he wanted to use me to threaten Samuel, he wouldn’t have kidnapped me and kept me in a hotel room, then taking his time showering. She concluded that the man had hit her and tied her hands up to the bed because he wanted to violate her.

But I haven’t taken off the hyper-realistic mask on my face. How is it possible that a man would be interested in such an ugly face?

It’s so obvious that someone has instructed him to do so.

Taking in a deep breath, Natalie quickly tried to calm herself down.

It was not the time to guess who had kidnapped her. What she needed to do at that moment was to leave the place as soon as possible. If she didn’t leave now, she wouldn’t be able to get another chance to escape since her hands had been tied up.

Giving it some thought, Natalie made a decision.

All she could do was use her teeth to free herself from the tape.

The man in the bathroom whistled happily, seemingly enjoying his time as he showered.

At the same time, Natalie push through the pain and bit on the tape to try and break it as best as she could. There were a few layers of tape around her wrists and even though it was starting to hurt her jaw, she dared not stop.

If she failed to break free before the man came out, everything would be in vain.

Before long, bright red fluid started to drip from her mouth.

Yet, Natalie could not care less about the blood as she continued to bite on the tape before finally freeing herself.

The moment the tape broke, she could finally feel her hands.

Shaking her hands, she took a glance at the figure in the bathroom. The man had already turned off the tap, and based on his movements, it looked like he was drying himself with a towel.

Feeling a stroke of luck, she took the phone by the bed before she left.

As expected, there was no password. Natalie unlocked it and started reading through the messages on the phone.

Good.

A smile surfaced on her face as her eyes slowly turned cold.

I don't attack unless I am attacked. Yara, do you really think I won't go against you after you've plotted against me? Did you think I won't dare to, or that I'd be reluctant to do so?

Natalie put the phone back on the bedside drawer and removed all the tape from her body before leaving the room without so much as a glance back.

Meanwhile, Martin was finally done with his shower. He changed into a bathrobe and walked out of the bathroom.

"We're on a clock here, Natalie. Wake up!"

His vision was blocked as he had a towel over his head while he dried his hair.

Seeing that he wasn't getting a reaction, he shouted impatiently, "D\*mn it! Are you pretending to be dead? I'm telling you right now, there's no use in pretending to be dead tonight!"

Martin was getting increasingly impatient at this point. He removed the towel and turned to the bed angrily. However, all that greeted him was an empty bed. The woman he had kidnapped was gone after his shower.

He walked over to the bed and picked up the bloody tape. His face scrunched into a vicious expression as he hissed, "You b\*tch! I really underestimated you. How dare you escape in my presence?"

### **Chapter 675 Do Not Let Her Escape**

Martin immediately dialed Yara's number.

The woman assumed that he was already done with Natalie when she received the call. Her red lips curved into a smile as she said, "What? Were you so eager to share the good news with me?"

"Natalie has escaped!" the man shouted as he gripped his phone tightly. "I only took a shower, thinking that I'd play with her once I'm clean. Who would have thought that she would use this chance to escape?"

Yara's pupils constricted upon hearing his words.

"You useless piece of trash!"

"You... How dare you, Yara!" Martin's chest tightened with anger when he was scolded by her.

"Was I wrong? Do you know how hard it was to get a chance like this? Now that you've let her escape, not only will you not get another chance to get your revenge after today, but you and the Jacksons might even be doomed!"

Although he wasn't happy with her criticism, he knew that she wasn't exaggerating.

He had lost against Natalie once, so he knew that she was a meticulous person. If she had really escaped, she would definitely settle the scores with him later on.

"W-What should I do now?"

"Since you said she's gone after you've only taken a shower, it must mean that she hadn't gone far," Yara said through gritted teeth. "Go look for her outside, and act fast. We can't let this chance go to waste."

"All right. I got it," Martin said with a nod.

Yara's face twisted into an ugly scowl when she hung up. Gripping the steering wheel, she mumbled, "I knew that it wouldn't be an easy task capturing you. But there's no way I'd let you go now that I have a chance like this. I can't wait any longer! Samuel will never even spare me a glance if you're still alive."

She stepped on the accelerator and made a U-turn, heading back to Imperial Hotel.

At the same time, Diane was done with her shower and was preparing the wine for the two of them. Right then, the doorbell to her room rang, followed by a series of urgent knocks.

It was nearing eleven at night. With a series of knocks like that, it made it seem like the person knocking lacked manners.

"Could that be Natalie? But it doesn't sound like the way she'd knock," Diane mumbled to herself, her brows furrowed.

When she looked through the peephole, she saw Natalie panting and noticed that she had an injury on her forehead.

Without hesitating, she quickly opened the door to let the woman in.

"What happened, Natalie? What happened to your forehead and your hands?" Natalie looked utterly disheveled, and Diane's brows seemed to furrow more as time went by. "It hasn't even been half an hour. How did you end up like this?"

"I'm sorry, Lady Diane. I can't explain too much to you right now as things are very urgent. I need your help."

Natalie looked at the older woman earnestly. If she wanted to turn the tables, she would need help from Diane.

“Can you help me?”

Without any hesitation, Diane nodded and said, “How can I not help when they hurt you so badly? Besides, if Yohan were to find out about this, he would definitely get mad at me.”

“Thank you, Lady Diane!” Natalie exclaimed.

“What’s there to thank between us? All right then, how can I help you?” Diane asked, feeling anguished as she took a look at her injuries.

“I need to borrow your clothes...”

“And?”

Although her head was still throbbing with pain, Natalie knew that she could not sleep at such an important time. Forcing herself to remain conscious, she added, “Besides your clothes, I still need...”

### **Chapter 676 Severed Ties**

Natalie went into the bathroom, doffing her white suit as she entered. Then, she put on the gown Diane lent her earlier on.

Given Diane’s bigger body frame and broad shoulders, there was no way the gown would be a perfect fit for Natalie, but because she did not have ample time, Natalie could only settle for it.

She removed the hyper-realistic mask from her face, revealing the wound on her forehead.

Her blood had coagulated into a light red blood clot near her scalp, and when she accidentally brushed over the wound while combing her hair with her hand, a pang of raw pain elicited a cringe on her face.

She ignored the pain, shuffling through the bottles of cosmetic products besides the sink before patting some powder on her face.

She had to conceal the wound so it was not visible. Before long, she took an intent look at herself in the mirror and smacked her red lips. “You’d better watch your back, Yara Nichols. It’s time you get a taste of your own medicine.”

It was true that Yara left Franklin and Sophia unharmed, but still, Natalie no longer saw Yara as her sister.

Their familial ties were severed when Yara burned her alive five years ago.

Meanwhile, a woman in sunglasses stepped into Imperial Hotel confidently.

As she had told Martin earlier, Yara did not believe that Natalie would be able to escape from under her nose with the head injury she suffered. As long as she was still not out of the hotel, there would still be hope for Yara to turn the tables.

Upon Yara’s entrance, all the hotel employees bowed to her courteously, while she strutted in arrogantly.

She went straight toward the elevator, making her way to the twelfth floor.

After getting out, she began looking for Natalie in the corridors and escape routes.

Now, now, where are you? It's pitch dark here, so there's no way you can go far.

When she failed to find Natalie on the twelfth floor, Yara started making her way down. To her, Natalie would not have luck on her side all the time. She was certain that Natalie would not survive this time.

Just as her search was getting desperate, Yara spotted a white figure on the tenth floor.

The white suit caught her eyes and it was evocative of the outfit Natalie wore at Shine Charity Gala.

A brief glimpse was sufficient to assure her that the person she saw was Natalie, so Yara hurried over.

When Natalie felt someone catching up behind her, she struggled to quicken her steps.

Witnessing this, Yara became more confident about her guess. Since Natalie suffered a head injury from Martin, it would be difficult for her to move around agilely although she was still mobile.

Got you!

You won't get away with that body of yours.

"There's no use running away, Natalie Nichols!" Yara cried out as she rushed over.

Before she could even reach that woman, the latter slumped to the ground.

"Ha!" Yara smirked at the sight. "I told you. You won't get away. Not tonight!" she chaffed, slowing down as she encroached closer. "There's no use trying. You've walked right into my trap, Natalie!"

The woman sat on the ground without saying a word. Her shivering body emboldened Yara as she thought that was a display of fear.

Yara reached out her claws and grabbed her by her hair, forcing her to look into her eyes, but just as she was about to savor that moment of victory, the woman flashed a pocket knife and slashed Yara's neck.

Thud!

Before Yara could even let out a scream, she fell to the ground and fainted.

When her task was completed, the woman in the white suit looked at Yara before casting her gaze toward Natalie. "Ms. Nichols, is there anything else I can do to be of service?"

"There's still another assignment for you," Natalie replied, glancing coldly at Yara. "You may return to your mistress after this."

"Yes."

## **Chapter 677 How Dare You**

Martin hurried over the moment he received the news from Yara. As he expected, he saw someone lying on the ground when he got to the escape route on the twelfth floor.

He thought that this operation had failed, but when he saw a woman covered in blood as she lay in the corner, unconscious and weak, his face lit up in wicked glee. "I have no idea she would be here! I looked high and low for her, but couldn't find her. I almost thought-"

"Thought what?" a female voice cut him short. She tidied her messy hair and sneered at him. "I handed her to you on a plate, and yet you lost her. You're so useless."

"It's not like you don't know how sneaky she is," Martin replied with a vicious grin. "I made sure her hands and legs were securely tied up before I went to shower. God knows she would slip away right under my nose?"

"Whatever. I found her just now, so make sure you don't lose her again," she answered, crossing her arms before her chest. "You'd better watch her closely now that she fooled you once. I don't want you screwing up again, else you wouldn't even know how you'd end up dying in her hands."

Martin knew from the bottom of his heart that Yara had no respect for him; yet, he understood that what she said was all true.

"Don't worry about it. There won't be a second time." Martin squinted his eyes as he eyed the unconscious woman nearby vehemently. "Natalie made me a joke in front of the Jacksons. I'll see to it that everyone in Dellmoor sees her downfall even if I have to die."

"I'll hold you to your word then," she said before taking one last look at him.

With that said, she turned swiftly and vanished behind the emergency exit door.

However, before she could walk any further after she closed the door behind her, a pang of stinging pain shot through her head.

The woman applied pressure on her wound with her hand, only to feel a touch of dampness on her hand.

Her steps halted, and she took a breather. She shook her head, trying to pull herself together. Then, she put on her sunglasses before walking out of the hotel with her head held high.

Over on the other side, Martin hauled the unconscious woman back into the hotel room he prepared.

When he had stripped her bare, he started taking naked photos of her.

Halfway through his debauched act, the unconscious woman came back to her senses. When it dawned upon her that Martin had his camera directed at her private parts, she struggled to break free, groaning in an almost inaudible and muffled tone. "Mm... Mm!"

Her retaliatory moans did not come across clearly. She widened her eyes like saucers, glaring at Martin as if she would rip him into pieces if she were free.

When Martin saw her resisting persistently, he put his phone away and went up close to her. "You're mine now, Natalie Nichols. No one is going to save you now, but don't you worry. We have all the time we need to make sure you have a memorable night," he teased, baring his vulgar teeth at her.

“But before that, let me take a few photos to commemorate this moment before I send them out. I wonder what people will say when they see all these lewd photos. I hope they’re not appalled by how slutty you look.”

“Mmm... mmm!”

Yara retorted in fury when she heard this.

Why is he calling me Natalie? I’m Yara!

What is he going to do to me? He doesn’t even have a penis! How dare he take off my clothes and take all those pictures? Don’t tell me he’s so blind he can’t recognize me.

Her hateful and deterrent glare drilled through Martin as she looked at him. The truth was, she was more incensed than she was fearful. What Martin was doing to her sullied her dignity.

You’d better let me go right now before I skin your alive! You’ll regret the day you were born when I get back at you!

Despite all her struggles, Martin still made his advances. He grabbed her face and pulled her closer.

“How dare you look at me like this, Natalie Nichols? You’re no more than a whore!”

#### **Chapter 678 What On Earth Happened**

“Hmph!” Yara shrieked, lowering her gaze as she tried to hint at Martin to take off the tape on her mouth.

“Why? Do you have something to say?” Martin pressed his coarse fingers brutally against her cheeks.

Yara recoiled at his touch.

Now that she was unclad, Martin’s touch felt particularly disgusting to her, but since he refused to peel off the tape, there was no way Yara could speak to him, so she could only watch the brutish man have his way with her.

I must stop him! I must tell him I’m not Natalie!

“Hmm... mmm!”

Yara kept nodding her head, hoping this would mean something to Martin.

The latter ran his fingers on her face, rubbing the edges of the tape. Just as she thought he was about to take it off, he withdrew his hand, much to her horror.

“Mmm!”

What does he think he’s doing?

Can’t you see I’m not Natalie? You idiot!

Yara’s defiance only further stimulated Martin. He took up the camera again, teasing, “I know you’re a sly fox, Natalie. I won’t let you get away a second time. You’re all mine tonight, so you should stop thinking about getting away from me. There’s still more to come. This is just foreplay.”

Yara's body flinched when she heard Martin calling her Natalie again.

What is going on?

Why is he calling me Natalie?

Don't tell me he mistook me for her. What is going to happen to me? Is he going to do to me everything he planned on doing to Natalie tonight?

No!

Yara jerked back, mustering every morsel of strength in her to break free, but the chains on her limbs were cuffed securely on the bed poles.

Clang!

The metal chains clattered as she moved violently, but there was no way a frail woman like her could undo them. The flesh on her wrists became red after constant friction, but her efforts were in vain. The fetters were still fastened tightly, locking her body to the bed.

"Hmm!"

Yara was starting to lose it.

Ever since Natalie rendered Martin impotent, he had not been able to gratify his sexual desires. This made him even more perverted and horny. He had long made plans to vent his pent-up hatred and frustration on Natalie tonight.

Back when he confided in her regarding his reprisal plan, Yara was smug, but now that these ploys were used on her, Yara could not even bring herself to imagine what would happen to her.

The earlier confidence and arrogance she displayed were nowhere to be seen at that moment. Terror seized her as she imagined the worst.

A crooked smile broke out on Martin's face as he thought of wreaking sweet revenge on Natalie. "Stop struggling, woman. No one will hear you. The walls are all soundproofed here. You need to reserve some strength for what's to come next. Don't tire yourself out."

Tears streamed down Yara's cheeks as the gravity of the moment sank in.

There was nothing she could do to free herself.

All she could do now was swear at him and get back at him when everything was over. She told herself she would hold Martin accountable for all he did to her.

Doubt coupled her wrath toward that man as Yara awaited her inevitable fate.

She could not help but wonder what made him take her for Natalie, but what happened next did not allow her the luxury of pondering the answer to her question.

Martin put down the camera and took up the whip beside him, and a long and arduous night commenced for Yara.

She was so agonized that red veins bulged in her eyes; yet, she could only accept Martin's barbaric acts helplessly like a puppet at his maneuver.

### **Chapter 679 A Trap Natalie Set Up**

When the first ray of sunshine beat on Yara's skin the next day, Yara was already spent after a grueling night.

Her fair skin was covered with scars, and she was shattered mentally.

Martin Jackson! You're so dead!

I'll feed you to the dogs!

When Martin realized she had woken up, he smirked in contentment at his work of art. "I know you hate me, but too bad for you. All you could do yesterday was just lying here and let me ravage the hell out of you."

"M-Mm..."

Yara's voice broke after a whole night of wailing.

Martin slapped her face when she made a noise. "You can still talk back, huh? You'll be exhausted when the reporters come later. You can put up your best show for them. I'll make sure I bring you down with me, Natalie Nichols."

He proceeded to peel off the tape on her face since the final act was close, but much to his shock, not only did the tape come off, the hyper-realistic mask on Yara's face was removed together as well.

Martin's hand froze in the air as he stared at the mask he was holding. Before long, his startled gaze moved slowly toward Yara's face and he fell back, aghast.

"M-Ms. Yara!" he stuttered. His mind suddenly went blank. "W-what... I don't understand!"

"Take a f\*cking good look this time!" Yara shouted with an hoarse voice when she could finally say her piece of mind. "What are you waiting for? Untie me!"

She glared at him with her bloodshot eyes as if her anger could consume him alive.

"I swear the person I brought with me was Natalie! How could it be you?" Martin's hands shook uncontrollably as he loosened the metal cuffs. "You handed Natalie to me yourself. I was there myself and I witnessed everything with my own eyes!"

What? Martin saw me handing Natalie over to him?

This can only mean one thing. The "Yara" he saw was actually Natalie!

Yara snatched the mask from Martin and laid it out flat on the ground, scrutinizing every single detail. Freckles on both cheeks... D\*mn! This is Natalie's face!

Shock, anger, and resentment overwhelmed Yara instantly. She was so overpowered by her emotions she was immobilized.

She knew all this while that Natalie survived the fire five years ago, but she was always under the impression that she had undergone plastic surgery because she was disfigured after the incident. She thought her face was ugly because of the accident.

It had never once occurred to her that Natalie survived the fire totally unscathed.

She still looked the same.

When it dawned upon her that her perfect plan went awry from the very beginning, Yara was utterly devastated.

It appeared to her that Natalie had been playing her all along and that she was the one who had miscalculated. In fact, she was so clueless about how she ended up being the one tortured by Martin.

“So... so,” Martin mumbled, “you’re Yara, and who’s the other Yara I met yesterday?” Martin was discombobulated.

When Yara looked at him again, snippets of the obscene and gross scenes from the night before flashed before her.

Slap!

She dealt a hearty slap in his face. “You’re an animal! How dare you do this to me?” she howled.

“I-I didn’t know it was you!”

Martin covered his face as the pain burned his skin. There was no way he could explain himself because he had totally no idea what happened in between that led to this disaster.

### **Chapter 680 Reaping What You Sow**

“You didn’t know it was me?” Yara seethed as he grabbed him by his neck. “Martin Jackson, I kept pleading that you remove the tape on my mouth, but you didn’t. Instead, you tormented me the whole night!”

Yara was not a strong woman herself, but her hatred toward that man overtook her, so much so that her exquisite features contorted into a wicked-looking face like a witch.

Martin was surprised when she exerted her full force. “H-Hey! It’s Natalie’s fault! This has nothing to do with me,” he explained. “The woman who looked exactly like you reminded me over and over again yesterday to take extra precaution around you. She asked me to watch out for any attempt from you to sway me! That was why I thought you were trying to run away when you asked me to untape you. You can’t blame me for that! She’s the one who’s at fault here.”

“You already had me chained up. Does it make any difference to take off the tape?”

“I really didn’t do it on purpose! I swear! I will never think of doing something like this to you!”

Just as the two were trying to defend themselves, a series of footsteps approached from the outside.

A group of reporters barged in, and when they saw Yara on top of Martin, and that both of them were almost naked, they scrambled to take shots of the scene.

This would definitely make a sensational headline.

Since both Yara and Martin were usually high-profile in the community, it went without saying that the journalists knew who they were with just a glance, and they started showering them with questions.

“Ms. Yara, are you and Mr. Martin dating?”

“Ms. Yara, is this the reason why you quit showbiz all of a sudden and went back into the business at your dad’s company?”

“Mr. Martin!” another reporter shouted. “You’ve only dated models, influencers, and hostesses in the past. Does this mean you’re in a serious relationship with Ms. Yara this time?”

“Ms. Yara!”

The group of reporters tried to shout each other to elicit an answer from Martin and Yara.

For Yara, this was the first time she found public attention bothersome.

She pulled a blanket over herself and shot them a death glare. “Get lost! All of you!”

Martin, knowing he had made a huge blunder, quickly put on his trousers and asked the journalists to leave. “Please, everyone. Give us some privacy.”

Now that the group of men had gotten what they came for, they hurried to leave before Martin could ask them to delete those photos.

Within the next ten minutes, photos of the two went viral.

Pharma Giant’s Heiress Falling Head Over Heels For A Playboy.

Playboy Of The Century Finally Settling Down.

A Marriage Between Dexmed Pharmaceutical And The Jacksons?

The story instantly shot to fame on social media under different headlines and became a lightning rod for attention and discussion. Many netizens joined the chatter and left comments.

“I really don’t understand what these rich kids are thinking!”

“Seriously, Yara Nichols? You can do better than this jerk.”

“Are you serious? She can do better! She’s obviously the slut here. Can’t you see she’s all naked? She’s one wild one.”

Yara sprang from the bed on an impulse and grabbed the paring knife on the coffee table.

She whipped her body around, charging toward Martin.

After all the humiliation he had put her through the night before, Yara was determined to kill him.

Martin shook his head and retreated as she encroached.

“Ms. Yara, you can’t kill me! At least not now! The reporters clearly saw both of us together. You’ll be the main suspect if anything happens to me! All eyes are on us right now. You’d better not do anything stupid!”