

# Happiness 86-95

## Chapter 86

Jeanne nodded with tears in her eyes when Natalie agreed.

“Ms. Yara isn’t here. You’ll need to follow me to the office headquarters, Ms. Nichols.”

“Okay.”

Natalie pursed her lips as she followed after Jeanne and got into a black minivan.

“Here”

Jeanne turned around and noticed Natalie offering a tissue to her.

“Take it.” Natalie looked away before she continued, “Your tears should be for someone who understands you. Those who don’t would only deem you as a weak pushover.”

Jeanne was at a loss for words.

Natalie’s tone was casual and she barely spared a glance at Jeanne, but Jeanne could sense that she was genuinely concerned.

She took the tissue and wiped her tears away. Her heart was filled with warmth.

The minivan stopped in front of Crown Entertainment.

The door opened and Natalie followed after Jeanne once again, quickly entering the entertainment building.

Crown Entertainment was a top entertainment company. Be it talent management, film production, or marketing strategy, the company had a great influence in the industry.

Movie stars Yoel Jensen and Tabitha Smith were managed by Crown Entertainment

ever since they were newbies. Now, they had successfully grown to be household names in the industry.

However, as far as Natalie knew, Yara's contract was not with Crown Entertainment, but Triumph Entertainment.

So why is she at Crown Entertainment?

Jeanne noticed Natalie's furrowed brows and quickly took the initiative to solve her confusion.

"Ms. Nichols, Ms. Yara's contract with Triumph Entertainment is coming to an end. She and Crown Entertainment are discussing the terms for a new contract right now. If everything goes smoothly, she will be signed to Crown Entertainment by the end of this month."

"So that's how it is."

Yara had good connections and good resources at her disposal. However, regardless of the resources and publicity she had, she never once took part in a project nor did she win any awards.

Crown Entertainment was known to sign artists with good work ethics and high productivity. Thus, Natalie found it odd that they would sign a contract with Yara.

There had to be something going on behind the scenes of this contract.

Natalie smiled, but her gaze remained piercing cold.

Jeanne brought her to a VIP lounge before knocking on a door.

“Come in.”

Jeanne pushed open the door, her tone hesitant as she reported, “Ms. Yara, I’ve managed to convince Ms. Nichols to come here.”

Yara was currently resting on a leather couch.

As soon as she heard the sound of footsteps, her eyes slowly opened. Yara looked at Jeanne, then shifted her gaze onto Natalie.

Their eyes met.

When Natalie saw Yara, the hatred in her heart flared up once more.

She had ruined Natalie’s life, taken her children, and then tried to set her on fire. Unfortunately, she was also her biological sister.

For a moment, Natalie couldn’t look away from Yara’s face that was so identical to her

All she could feel was pain and hatred.

is.

Natalie clenched her fists tightly, her nails digging into her palms.

How did someone she once wanted to dote on turn into such a snake?

“Ms. Nichols, you’re here. Take a seat.” Yara massaged her temples. She side-eyed Jeanne and ordered in an icy cold tone, “Jeanne, why are you still here? Do I still have to teach you how to treat guests?”

“I—I’ll go now.”

Jeanne turned and walked out. Suddenly, the VIP lounge felt too big with just Natalie and Yara left in the room.

Yara got up from the couch and slowly walked toward Natalie, her stilettos clicking on the floor with every step.

Natalie could feel Yara’s gaze burning into her. Every glance was careful and calculated as if she was assessing Natalie from head to toe.

After she was done scanning Natalie, Yara finally spoke up. “I heard that you’ve gotten close to Samuel recently...”

## **Chapter 87**

The sweet smile on Yara’s face was a stark contrast to her chilly gaze. “Samuel’s friends are my friends. I believe that we have an affinity with each other.”

Natalie and Yara were biological sisters from the same mother. No matter how subtle Yara tried to make it, Natalie could tell that she was establishing her dominance and possession over Samuel.

Natalie briefly recalled the time in the book cafe when she wasn’t wearing a mask and was mistaken as Yara by Samuel.

Back then, Samuel had pinned her against a bookshelf in a corner and kissed her forcefully.

The kiss was so intense that her lips bled and became swollen.

Now, after hearing Yara’s words, Natalie sneered. Her eyes were filled with indignance.

“You and Samuel..

“Him and I.” As soon as Samuel was mentioned, Yara covered her face shyly. “I’ve been by Samuel’s side for these past few years. You’re the first woman I’ve ever seen at the Bowers residence.”

As expected of Yara.

She had hinted at how deep her relationship with Samuel was. The tactic was subtle but straight to the point.

Two can play at that game.

With a cold smile on her face, Natalie stared right at Yara. “I’m curious. If you’re able to enter and leave the Bowers residence as you please, why hasn’t Samuel married

you?”

“You”

Natalie interrupted, “How long have you been by his side? Love and adoration are all

about freshness. Once it’s dragged on for too long, both parties grow tired of the relationship. When that time comes, marriage becomes impossible. If you want to marry Samuel, you should do it as soon as possible.”.

Natalie’s words hit right on Yara’s sore spot and caused her expression to turn sour immediately.

Yara had spent five whole years pretending to be Natalie, rejecting countless pursuits of other men because she only wanted Samuel.

However, that wish was still not yet fulfilled.

“Are you trying to bully me?” Yara’s gaze changed, and her tone was now sharp.

“Mocking others and laughing at their misfortunes is bullying. What I said was merely the truth, no?”

Natalie met Yara’s cold gaze, the corners of her lips curling up slightly.

You’re trying to trick me? Does she think that I’m still the same girl from the countryside 6 years ago?

She was the foolish one to let Yara hurt her back then. Now, she was determined to not give in.

SV

Yara could feel her chest tighten from how stifled she felt. Nevertheless, she controlled her emotions and calmed herself down.

“Ms. Nichols, let’s not beat around the bush anymore.” Yara took a yellow folder from the couch and held it out to Natalie.

“What is this?”

“As you said earlier on, I’m not married to Samuel yet. However, I will become his wife one day. I’m not a believer in opposite-gender friendships, and I don’t want you to be overly close to Samuel.”

Natalie licked her lips, asking, “So you’re paying me to leave Samuel?”

“You probably not getting paid a lot as a coroner, right? I’ll give you five million to leave Samuel and cut off all ties with him.” Yara paused for a moment before adding,

“If you think that’s too little, I can add more to the amount.”

Natalie never thought that a conversation that seemed to only happen in dramas would occur here, between her and Yara.

Even though Samuel had kissed her deeply and momentarily caused warmth to

There was no way she would fall in love with him.

The trauma from five years ago had possibly taken away her ability to love someone as well.

When Natalie frowned and stayed silent, Yara said, "What do you think? This is a huge amount."

Natalie lifted her hand and took the yellow folder from Yara, "I'll sign it. However, I want ten million. Not a single cent less than that."

Dfgh

## **Chapter 88**

"Ten million?" Yara was shocked. "You still have the guts to ask for more?"

"So Samuel isn't worth ten million?" Natalie unraveled the string around the yellow folder and said lazily, "If you're unable to give me that, then I'll just stick by Samuel's side. Although my freckled face isn't as beautiful as yours, who knows? Maybe Samuel has a different taste and likes me this way."

"You..."

Yara thought that Natalie was ugly.

With an entire face full of freckles, it made her skin look dirty.

Other than her flaming round eyes, Natalie was just plain-looking.

However, she was the first woman Samuel had made an exception for,

Additionally, this woman was also called Natalie. Even though Yara was sure that the woman in front of her was not her sister, they had the same first and last names. It was like a bad omen to Yara.

“Okay.” Yara clenched her fists in determination. “Ten million it is. But once you sign the agreement, you will have to leave Samuel alone. You won’t be allowed to see him again.”

“Sure.” Natalie agreed coolly.

It was a win–win situation for her anyways. She wouldn’t need to face Samuel anymore, and on top of that, she could earn ten million. Why wouldn’t she agree?

Samuel had Natalie back then and now had had Yara by his side for the past few

In Natalie’s eyes, he was a filthy person inside and out. If Yara wants him, she can have him!

Nonetheless, when Natalie pressed the tip of her pen to the papers, she felt a strong pain in her heart.

Regardless, the pain disappeared as quickly as it had appeared, suppressed by Natalie’s logical reasoning.

Natalie swiftly signed the papers and handed the folder back to Yara.

“I’m done.” It had taken less than a minute for Natalie to agree to the deal and sign the document.

There was no reluctance. Everything was smooth–sailing for Natalie. It was as if Samuel didn’t matter to her, and that never getting to see him again was no big deal.

After taking the check, Natalie strolled out of the VIP lounge.



The one thing entertainment companies never lacked was handsome men and beautiful women. It wasn't just the celebrities, either; even the companies' general staff were better-looking than average people.

In comparison, Natalie stood out like a freak when she walked around Crown Entertainment.

"Have you seen her before? She looks unfamiliar."

"Never. With that face full of freckles, it looks like she hasn't washed her face in a long time."

Natalie had heard these insults before. It was so common to her she was tired of it. Can't you say something new? Something fresher?

Just as Natalie was being mocked and humiliated, a voice rang out from behind her.

"My lord."

Uh... What?

Natalie turned around and saw Hans standing behind her, looking smart in a full blue suit.

Natalie's recollection of him was how she saved his wife when she had a heart attack.

Hans was not too sure whether it was Natalie until she turned around.

"My lord, do you know how hard I tried looking for you? Why are you here?"

Just then, Natalie's hand was grasped tightly by the man who was the CEO of Crown Entertainment as he kept calling her "my lord" with tears in his eyes. The employees who ridiculed Natalie from before couldn't help but feel that he was being overly dramatic.

Everyone was taken aback by this sudden development of events.

Natalie squinted at him. “And you are?”

Hans then realized that they had never introduced themselves formally. “My lord, my name is Hans Becker, and I’m the CEO of Crown Entertainment.”

Hans? This man in his early-thirties in front of me is Hans?

“Nice to meet you. I’m Natalie Nichols.”

Hans was always a strict person when it came down to business. There was never a day where he was lenient to the other executives. However, he was being exceptionally flattering and patient toward Natalie.

“My lord, are you free now? Shall we go to my office and have a drink?”

## **Chapter 89**

With Hans’ expectant and encouraging gaze on her, Natalie was treated like a VIP and led into the CEO’s office.

The remaining people watched Natalie’s back as she walked away, shock written all over their faces.

What does that woman have for the CEO of Crown Entertainment to treat her so importantly?

Once they were in the CEO’s office, Hans invited Natalie to sit on the couch. Without bothering his assistant, he quickly poured her a drink.

For a moment, the hot water misted and the fragrance of tea wafted in the air.

“Yana’s health was bad ever since she was a child. It was especially tough after she gave birth to Zoe. The doctor even told us that it would be difficult for her to live past her thirties.” Hans looked at Natalie, his face set in a solemn expression. “You have excellent medical knowledge and are perhaps my last hope. I would like to ask for your help to heal Yana.

“She told me that ever since she was young, her heart had never felt this comfortable. That was when I realized: even if she didn’t have an attack, that didn’t mean she wasn’t uncomfortable or in pain. She just never complained in front of Zoe and me.”

Natalie narrowed her eyes slightly as she sipped on her tea.

“If I can heal Mrs. Becker...”

“So what you’re saying... Hans clenched his fists tightly... Is that you can heal Yana?”

“If the condition for healing Mrs. Becker is for you to hand Crown Entertainment over to me, would you still be willing?” After saying that, Natalie raised her head to look at him.

There wasn’t a hint of hesitance in Hans’ voice when he agreed easily. “Yes, I’m willing to do that. As long as Yana can be healed, I will transfer all properties under my name to you.”

Hans’ response didn’t shock Natalie at all. It was the determination in his eyes that shook her deeply.

It was often cited in ancient tales that men back then were fickle-minded.

Hans’ deep, everlasting love for Yana made it hard for others to not feel touched.

Natalie put down the cup in her hand and thought for a moment before she said, “Mrs. Becker was born with the heart disease, but it isn’t irreversible. I’ll use acupuncture to help her damaged heart arteries, then use medicine to strengthen the healing effect. There’s just one issue: two of the medicines are rare and hard to find, so I’ll need some time to source it out.”

“You can tell me what they are. I’ll try my best to help with the sourcing as well.”

“I’ve always been following the news for any updates on them. Once I find out anything new, I’ll let you know.”

“Okay. That’s great.” Hans’ eyes burned with unshed tears. “I’m just so happy you agreed to help Yana... You might not know how important she is to me. I will do anything to keep her alive, even if it means sacrificing my own life.”

Natalie was so moved that she started to smile. Sighing, she uttered, “Mr. Becker, your loving relationship with your wife will surely go on for a long time.”

“Thank you. I’ll ask my lawyer to settle the transfer to your name right now.”

“Mr. Becker, I don’t want property rights. I just want two types of authorities in Crown Entertainment.”

“What is it?”

“The access to the contracts of artistes under Crown Entertainment within these three years as well as the rights to decide on anything related to filming,” she said confidently. “After three years, this authority will automatically be terminated.”

Hans, too concerned about Yana’s health, didn’t really care about the conditions Natalie laid out.

At the moment, Natalie’s conditions sounded a little strange but agreeable. Therefore, he wasn’t planning to reject them.

Natalie smiled to herself.

If Yara wants to sign a contract with Crown Entertainment, she has a lot in store for her.

In Centurion Corporation's CEO office, Samuel stared at his phone in a slight dazed.

Billy had never seen Samuel in such deep thought while on his phone. He couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Bowers, it will be Mr. Franklin and Ms. Sophia's fifth birthday in just a few weeks. Do you have any ideas on how you're going to celebrate it?"

"Franklin and Sophia's birthday?"

Samuel's eyes lit up as he glanced at Billy quickly.

"That was a good and timely reminder."

Billy was confused.

Now, Samuel finally found a reason to go looking for that woman again.

**Chapter 90** Startled by Samuel's abrupt compliment, Billy left the CEO's office and swiftly got back to work.

Samuel gradually rose to his feet and walked toward the window.

Under the golden light of the setting sun, Samuel looked especially elegant and handsome in his pressed white shirt.

He made a phone call to Natalie.

Beep...

The call was connected instantly, and a crisp voice traveled through the phone.

"Hello."

"It's me, Samuel."

A moment of silence ensued on the other end of the line as if she was waiting for Samuel to speak first.

“Are you free tonight? I want to meet up with you to discuss Sophia and Franklin’s birthday.”

“I’m busy tonight,” Natalie rejected instantly.

“What about tomorrow?”

“I’m fully occupied tomorrow.”

“The day after tomorrow?”

“Busy as well.”

Samuel was starting to lose his patience with Natalie. Frowning, he queried, “Okay. How about you let me know when you are free, and I’ll rearrange my schedule to fit yours.”

“I don’t want to meet you.” As she said so, Natalie was at home, fanning herself with

the check with her hand. “In other words, let’s never meet again. We can discuss Sophia and Franklin via phone call or email.”

Samuel’s expression darkened upon hearing that.

He gripped the phone so hard that the veins on his arms were popping out.

“Are you aware of what you’re saying?” he growled out, his tone clearly irritated.

“Yes, I do.”

Natalie casually placed the check on the coffee table and hugged her legs tightly. A trace of cold determination flashed through the depth of her eyes.

Even if she hadn't received the ten million check from Yara, she still thought that it would be best to never see Samuel ever again.

Sure, Sophia and Franklin are his children. Sure, Yara is able to freely enter and leave the Bowers residence. Samuel mistaking me for Yara and kissing me was also something that happened. Who cares if he's a handsome, aloof CEO? Being a womanizer is probably in his DNA.

Even though she herself was unsure as to why she was wearing a hyper-realistic mask, she was even more confused as to why Samuel would still take the initiative to approach her with the mask on.

She didn't want to get trapped in a whirlpool of feelings, especially not between Yara and Samuel.

"No, you don't, Natalie."

Natalie let out a snicker. "Why would I not know? I don't want to meet with you because I don't feel like it."

"Give me a reason." An icy look appeared in Samuel's gaze.

A reason?

Natalie caught a glimpse at the check on the table, her face lighting up with a gloating expression.

"Yara found me and gave me ten million to ensure that I would never see you ever again." The corners of her lips quirked upward before she continued, "I can spend this ten million lavishly as long as I don't meet with you. I accepted the offer and signed the agreement on the spot so I could receive the ten million check from Yara."

Natalie had indeed received the money from Yara. However, she wasn't required to help keep Yara's secret from Samuel.

Besides, how Samuel would think of Yara after this was none of her business.

There was a long silence on the other side of the phone.

After a long while, Samuel's deep and husky male voice rang out.

"Am I really only worth a ten million to you, Natalie?"

The question startled Natalie, but she replied firmly, "Yes."

"I'm the head of the Bowers family and the CEO of the Centurion Corporation. Since when have you become so shallow-minded?" Samuel queried.

Upon hearing that, Natalie's heart skipped a beat.

At this moment, Natalie was utterly relieved that they were not having this, conversation face-to-face.

Otherwise, he would have noticed the clear flustered panic in her eyes.

"Samuel, it's too late now." Natalie bit her lower lip before continuing, "I have signed the agreement and received the money. I can't breach the contract."

## **Chapter 91**

After that, Natalie hung up the call.

Perhaps out of guilt, she immediately switched her phone to airplane mode after hanging up.



This guy slept with me and then maintained an ambiguous, intimate relationship with Yara for these past few years. And now, he's trying to act as if he deeply loves me. Does he really think that I'm some young and oblivious girl?

Natalie wrapped her arms around her legs and curled into a ball while muttering to herself, "You're such a liar, Samuel! I'd never believe you!"

Staring at the darkened screen on her phone only made her even more desolate than she'd ever felt before.

Meanwhile, at the CEO's office in Centurion Corporation, Samuel was feeling so frustrated that it was nearly hard to breathe.

Is she really willing to leave me for just ten million? If she wanted money, I would have given it to her. She could ask for all of my assets and properties and I would still give them to her. She could ask for all of me and I would give myself to her. But she's afraid of breaching some contract, and that's why we can never meet up anymore?

"Natalie.." Samuel's gaze darkened. "You're mine. There's no way you can escape from me."

Elsewhere at the KINGS bar, Natalie entered a private room that Yandel had booked to see both Yandel and Ross, who were waiting for her.

As soon as he saw her, Yandel approached Natalie to butter her up.

"You're finally here, Boss!" Yandel picked up a bottle of wine and continued, "This is Romani Conti from 1982. It was super hard to get my hands on this, and I specifically kept it for you."

"Then I'll give it a try."

Yandel was on cloud nine upon receiving her compliment. If he had a dog tail, it would have been wagging.

“Okay, great! As long as you like it!”. Ross, sitting off to one side and listening in on the entire exchange, widened his eyes in bewilderment.

This girl is clearly not Natalie. So why is Yandel addressing her as “Boss”?

“Yandel, this is...” Ross’s voice trailed off before he finally snapped back to reality. “I thought your boss was Natalie. Just how many bosses do you have?”

Natalie did not wear the hyper–realistic mask of a face full of freckles tonight. Instead, she was wearing Vivian’s face.

After all, it would not have been convenient to access the bar with the freckled face.

Yandel was well aware of how Natalie looked barefaced as well as the hyper–realistic masks she wore every day.

However, Natalie had forgotten that this was something new for Ross.

She smirked, gradually saying, “I’m Natalie.”

“W–What? How is that possible?” Ross’ jaw fell open in utter shock. “How come you have a different face?”

“My face?”

Natalie placed her fingers at the edge of her jaw before yanking the hyper–realistic mask off her face, thus exposing her true appearance and identity.

“This is my real face. The ones you saw before this were merely masks.”

“You.”

“Yes.”

Yandel was excited to witness Ross’ surprised reaction. It brought him back to the time when he was astonished upon discovering Natalie’s identity.

I had a much more exaggerated reaction than Ross back then.

Ross was instantly startled by Natalie’s beauty.

He never expected that Natalie would be so mesmerizingly gorgeous to the point where he was almost left reeling by the mere sight of her.

Suddenly, a thought struck him. “So is your name is fake, too? Is your real name actually Natalie or Yara?”

Yandel’s smile instantly disappeared from his face.

On the other hand, Natalie pursed her lips. “My face is fake, but my name is real.”

Chapter 92

“So you and Yara...”

“Yara is my twin sister.” With a stern look in her eyes, Natalie continued, “She doesn’t know of my existence. She thinks that I died five years ago.”

Ross was at a loss for words.

Even though Natalie did not explain any further regarding the incident that happened five years ago, he had a vague idea of all those past years of pain and suffering she must have gone through.

Upon noticing the abrupt silence in the private room, Yandel immediately took the initiative to liven up the atmosphere.

“What do you think? Our boss is very pretty, isn’t she?”

Ross snuck a glance at Natalie and nodded. “Yes, I agree.”

Natalie raised her wine glass and took a sip of the wine. Then, she muttered, “You guys are so shallow.”

The three of them enjoyed the wine while chatting about work.

When Natalie brought up Hans, who had entrusted the Crown Entertainment to her, Yandel and Ross exchanged glances as if the same thought crossed their minds.

This woman has a better mind for business than any man. It shouldn’t be a surprise that she’s made it this far.

Natalie gave her wine glass a light swirl before muttering, “I’ll probably need to focus on the Dream Entertainment for now. So, I’ll entrust the pharmaceutical company to the two of you.”

Yandel patted himself on the chest proudly. “Don’t worry, Boss! Leave it to us!”

“I’ll try my best,” Ross replied, smiling.

Natalie glanced at Ross with her eyes narrowed. “Don’t get all wrapped up in researching and earning money. Remember the plans to get revenge on that woman

for what happened in the past...” ::

Ross' smile turned cold as his gaze turned sharp.

"Of course. I'll make Belle experience ten times the pain that I went through."

The wine that Yandel brought was indeed good, and Natalie could not help but drink one glass after another.

She was a good drinker, but even she was starting to get tipsy after many glasses.

Eventually, she grew lightheaded, and her mouth fell open in a bright, giddy smile.

"Boss, are you okay?" Yandel asked worriedly.

"Don't worry. I'm totally fine." Natalie rose to her feet from the couch. Waving him off, she said, "Pardon me, I have to use the restroom. Please continue to enjoy yourself. I'll be back real quick."

"Do you need us to accompany you to the restroom?"

"You can't enter the girls' restroom anyway. Just stay here." Natalie threw him a glare.

"Okay, okay. Whatever you say, boss," Yandel replied, shrinking into his seat like a timid child that had just been scolded.

Natalie went to the restroom. On her way back to the private room, she was so dizzy that she was staggering and stumbling a little as she walked.

Her feet and arms felt heavy, and her sight seemed blurry and distorted.

The moment she spotted the VIP sign on a door, she pushed the door open and strutted right in. Unfortunately, she did not look at the room number carefully.

The interior and decorations of the room looked similar to the previous room in her memory.

Even though she did not see Ross and Yandel in the room, Natalie shrugged it off, plopping herself onto a couch.

Ross and Yandel were just here. Where could they go in the blink of an eye? Ugh, forget about

it. Both of them are smart enough. They should be able to handle themselves if they run into any problems.

So, she decided to lay on the couch and take a nap to sober up.

At that moment, someone appeared in the private room.

He was elegant, yet he also had an indifferent countenance.

The top three buttons of the man's white shirt were unbuttoned, revealing his fair skin and delicate collarbones. Even his sexy pectoral muscles could be faintly seen.

He frowned when he noticed the woman curled up on the couch.

What's up with this girl? Steven and Yohan were the ones who invited me to come over tonight. Was she deliberately waiting for my presence, or are those bastards playing some kind of prank again?

Either way, he was not going to fall for the trap.

Samuel strode over and clutched her wrist, asking in a low, husky voice, "Why are you here?"

### **Chapter 93**

Before she could finish her sentence, Samuel looked up and met her eyes.

She...Her face looks unfamiliar to me, but her eyes are so clear. Just like... Natalie's eyes.

In order to confirm his suspicions, Samuel leaned down and observed her more closely.

Although her body smelled strongly of alcohol, Samuel could still detect a trace of light herbal fragrance from her body.

He scanned her tiny face, finally catching a glimpse of a faint, fine line at her lower jaw.

It made him even more sure that this girl before him wasn't just a stranger. This was Natalie, the girl who told him through the phone that they could never meet again.

He wasn't sure how she got into this private room booked by Steven.

However, since she was already here, he had no reason to let her go.

Samuel caressed her jaw with his slender fingers.

He could have easily torn the mask away from her face at that moment. But, he resisted the urge to do so.

There was always pain behind a secret.

If he exposed her secret openly now, it would undoubtedly bring more pain to Natalie.

In the end, Samuel chose to keep her secret.

While Natalie was in a drunken haze, she felt a light touch against her lips.

The feeling was soft yet sweet, like a fruit jelly pressed against her mouth.

It was like a pill of ecstasy, making her fall into a deep trance.

With half-lidded eyes, she clumsily chased after that addicting sensation.

Initially, Samuel had wanted to give her a very short and light peck. However, he did not expect for her to kiss him back subconsciously, nor did he expect her to stick her tongue out and lick his lips.

At that moment, Samuel felt the inside of his body burning up so hot that it might explode.

He was a normal guy with regular needs.

When facing the temptation that was his beloved woman, how could he possibly keep his hands off of her?

Samuel once again forcefully leaned in and kissed her, fully indulging himself in the taste of her.

At first, Natalie thought that this was all an illusion. But as the force pressing against her lips became heavier and stronger, the fog in her mind eventually cleared.

With wide eyes, she stared at the man who was right in front of her and immersed in a kiss,

Samuel...Am I dreaming?

But the nearly-suffocating kiss told her that this was reality.

"Mm... You..." Natalie struggled to open her mouth and force her words out, attempting to question Samuel regarding his outrageous act.



Suddenly, the thought that she was not wearing the freckled hyper–realistic mask hit her. Instead, she was wearing another mask that Samuel couldn't possibly recognize.

He would figure out her real identity if she called out his name now.

Now was far from the best timing to reveal her identity to Yara.

Therefore, she could not afford to expose herself just yet.

While she was immersed deep in her thoughts, she had not realized that Samuel had already been kissing her for quite some time.

Just then, the door was pushed open.

“I can't believe Yohan is even slower than me. I know I was half an hour late, but he's almost...”

As soon as Steven entered the room, he saw Samuel, whom he had always known as ascetic and cold, pressing a girl down on the sofa and forcibly kissing her.

The scene blew Steven's mind, causing him to lose all train of thought in the blink of an eye.

If it weren't for the existence of Sophia and Franklin, he would have started doubting his elder brother's sexual orientation a long time ago.

Now, he knew the truth.

Sam's not ascetic. If anything, he's insatiable!

While Steven was busy gaping in awe and bewilderment, Natalie, who was pressed underneath Samuel, panted and gasped for breath furiously.

**Chapter 94**

Natalie had not expected someone to enter while she and Samuel were in the middle of a kiss.

This is crazy! I swear, I'm going to lose my mind!

Although she was wearing a hyper-realistic mask and Samuel could hardly recognize her, the feeling of shame and anger erupted within her continuously.

She had never felt so ashamed in her whole life before, except for the night when she lost her virginity.

Her face was currently buried in Samuel's chest. Then, she heard his deep and husky voice ring out from above her head.

"Get out."

"Sam, I."

Steven scratched his head. He had been waiting for his brother to introduce him to the girl. But before he could finish speaking, Samuel interrupted him with another stern warning.

"Don't make me repeat myself. Get out."

Steven pursed his lips.

How could he brush me off so easily as if I'm not his brother? Does his only family consist of his new girlfriend now? Fine. Whatever. I'll just leave and not be a third wheel.

As soon as Steven closed the door, only Natalie and Samuel were in the private room.

The room instantly fell into dead silence.

Natalie pressed her face against Samuel's chest.

She could hear the thumping sound of his heart clearly.

"Let go of me, bastard!" Natalie used all her strength to try and shove Samuel away from her.

"This is my private room. You were the one who took the initiative to barge in and sleep here.." Samuel deliberately paused for a moment before he went on, "And you kissed me when you were drunk."

It was only at that point that Natalie snapped back to her senses and rationality. She glanced up and started to scrutinize the private room's environment.

Although the layout was identical to the previous private room to a tee, the wine cabinet was not even open, and the glasses on the table were empty.

It was evident that she was not in the private room booked by Yandel.

Natalie frowned and stared at Samuel. "I initiated the kiss? It was clearly you, you asshole!"

"Oh really? Who was the one kissing and licking my lips like a dog?" Samuel pointed at his lips. "You're the one who seduced me, and yet you still want me to keep a clear head?"

His already sexy, husky voice had a certain teasing lilt to it that was irresistible.

Natalie's mind and heart was a complete mess.

"... I didn't..."

Natalie instinctively wanted to deny it. However, she still vaguely remembered that she had indeed licked his lips.

How was I supposed to know that it was someone else's mouth, let alone Samuel's?

"Even if I took the initiative, I was drunk, so it doesn't count." Natalie stood up from the couch and made to leave. "I'm sober now. Let's just pretend nothing ever happened."

Suddenly, Samuel seized her arm and pulled her into his arms.

As a result, Natalie stumbled and fell right into his lap. Samuel took the chance and wrapped his arms around her from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder while he breathed right into her ear.

"D-Don't you dare cross the line!"

"Who is crossing the line here?" He narrowed his eyes, continuing in his husky voice, "Who taught you to leave people hanging like that?"

Natalie was dazed and confused. How is this my fault?

"Judging from your attire and temperament, you must be a highly valued person, sir," Natalie forced out through clenched teeth. "All I have are slightly above-average looks. If you want to find a woman to relieve your desire, you could find one with a much more gorgeous face and a more voluptuous body than I have."

For example: Yara.

## **Chapter 95**

She was in this very predicament because of what Yara did to her five years ago.

According to her understanding of Yara, she definitely had a great possibility of getting married into the Bowers family. Otherwise, she wouldn't have had not a single scandal' or dating rumor over the years.

There was also the fact that Yara took the initiative to find her and urge her to leave Samuel to take into account.

Yara could do all of that because Samuel gave her the confidence to do so.

“Hates women“? Samuel just kissed me until my lips turned red and swollen. How could this guy possibly hate women?

“Why should I seek for someone else when I have you right here with me?“ Samuel’s eyes flashed with excitement. “Since you already started teasing me, you should take responsibility.”

As he stared at the lovely lady in his arms, he finally understood why people always said that beautiful women were a man’s best weak spot.

Samuel was in love with Natalie, and he longed to stay by her side every day.

She hid too many secrets, and she adamantly refused to let anyone discover those secrets. However, the more elusive she acted, the more Samuel wanted to get close to her.

They were a hair’s breadth away from each other, and the tension in the air was stiflingly thick.

However, Natalie’s heart remained frighteningly calm.

What is Samuel doing? He has Yara, and he even confessed to “Natalie”. And now, he’s flirting with this version of me?

She was not going to give him a chance to hurt her again.

“Excuse me.” Natalie’s body suddenly tensed up, a trace of coldness flashing through the depths of her eyes. “Two pairs of lips pressing against each other is only considered a kiss if there is genuine love in the gesture. If not, it’s nothing more than an accident. We were just accidentally touching each other’s lips, not kissing.”

Upon hearing that, Samuel's expression darkened.

"Don't touch me. I've got a boyfriend."

"Say that again if you have the guts to do so."

Samuel's voice grew icy cold.

"I've got a boyfriend, so please do not touch me. I feel disgusted." Natalie's lips quirked up into a smirk as she continued, "There are plenty of girls out there who are willing to get into bed with you. So can you please let me go? You sicken me."

Samuel grabbed her chin and forcibly turned her face to him so he could stare into her eyes.

But, when their gazes met, he could genuinely see the hatred in her eyes.

She really hates me.

While Samuel was still stunned by her expression, Natalie shoved him away, leaping up from her seat before bolting out of the private room.

Yara was the one who had made her lose everything.

If Samuel sided with Yara, then both of them were her enemies.

Natalie saw Steven leaning against the wall when she walked out of the private room, texting someone on his phone with curiosity written all over his face.

When he heard the commotion, he looked up to see her, asking instinctively, "Y-You got done so quickly?"

Natalie shot him a cold glare. I knew it. Both brothers are really womanizers.

Steven did not get a response. Instead of getting angry, he shrugged it off and proceeded to push the door to the private room open. Then, he walked inside the room.

Inside, he saw Samuel clenching a wine glass so hard that the veins were popping out from his arm.'

"Sam, you and the girl..." Steven asked cautiously. "Did you do anything?"

Samuel ignored his question. The next second, the glass of wine in his hand was crushed into pieces.

Scarlet blood and wine instantly flowed down his arm, dripping onto the floor.

The iron stench of blood and the smell of liquor permeated the room.

Steven's jaw fell open.

However, Samuel was so despondent that he couldn't feel the pain of the wound in his palm.

Natalie returned to the private room that Yandel had booked.

Yandel, who had been fidgeting anxiously in the room all along, instantly deflated once he saw her enter the room.

"Boss, I was just thinking if I should go and look for you. You were gone for so long."

"Were you worried about me, Yandel?".

"I wasn't worried, but..."

Yandel approached Natalie, quickly noticing her swollen lips.