

## Pampered Wedding: Marry Me Mr. Langford Chapter 4

Samuel's body stiffened completely, obviously having not expected such a reaction from Tina.

Even as she jammed her lips against his, she kept her arms tightly around his waist, bawling, "Oh, Mr. Langford! I love you so much... Please don't be so heartless, please spare my family..."

Nonetheless, Samuel came to his senses before she could finish, and firmly shook her off. "Get off! Get off me!"

Like a provoked lion, he was staring daggers as if his eyes could slice through her.

"No! No!" Tina kept going regardless, shaking her head even as she grabbed her leg this time. "Please, Mr. Langford, I won't ask you to marry me—before I came here, my parents told me that I should agree to become your mistress if I have to..."

Tina was basically glued to Samuel, and in his rage, he whipped out the gun he had holstered on his hip!

"No, Mr. Langford!" Tina cried, but she kept holding on to Samuel anyway as she closed her eyes.

She was dying for real this time—the ten years worth of grief and grace faced after she was adopted by the Lynds would finally end here!

And yet...

One minute passed, then two.

What was going on?

Tina kept waiting, but the gunshot never came...

She wasn't the only one surprised—Samuel himself did not imagine that the woman had once again made him lose control!

How long had it only been, and he was clearly lucid! How was this happening?!

Then, when he saw Tina again, he firmly shook her off and pulled away.

"Someone get in here and take her away! Keep her locked up somewhere—anywhere!"

The bodyguards outside promptly entered and did as they were told, though Tina wasn't keen on the idea. "M-Mr. Langford, please, listen to me..."

Resisting his flaring rage, Samuel coolly added, “Gag her! You shouldn’t talk if you don’t know your manners anyway!”

“Oof…”

Her voice muffled, Tina was hence dragged unceremoniously away from the reaper to a room in the hospital’s basement.

“What the heck?! He’s just dragging his feet now—he won’t even kill me!”

Even as her frustration grew at the thought, she picked up a pillow and flung it at the door when it opened by coincidence.

“Ahhh!”

A startled cry could be heard outside then, and Tina looked up to find an elegantly dressed woman.

The pillow hit her squarely on the face, and there was a clear imprint of her face on the white fabric of the pillow—her makeup had clearly rubbed off.

Startled, Tina promptly apologized, “I’m so, so sorry…”

Nonetheless, the woman snapped in indignation, “That’s an orphaned bumpkin for you—with no manners at all!”

Tina frowned. She hated being called an orphan the most.

Was it her fault for being orphaned?

“You’re the one who didn’t knock,” Tina retorted curtly. “And take a look at the mirror, granny—don’t bother putting on makeup, you’re so ugly that it’s scary!”

“What did you say?! Granny?! Ugly?!”

The woman almost fell over backwards in frustration. Still, as she took out a mirror from her pouch and saw how terrible she looked, her whole body was shaking with rage.

Still, she took a deep breath and tried to maintain her noble and elegant appearance.

“So, you’re the minx who seduced my son?”

It was only then that Tina realized that the woman was Samuel’s mother!

“Yes, that would be me. Did you come to kill me?” Tina remained curt.

Despite her misgivings towards Tina's attitude, Mama Langford restrained herself and said, "I have brought an agreement with me. Sign it!"

Mama Langford believed herself to be noble and valued bloodlines the most. Naturally, she treats orphaned bumpkins like Tina with contempt.

If Samuel wasn't cold towards women and had not constantly snubbed the fiancée she found for him, she would never have to resort to this.

In fact, the first instant Mama Langford learned that an orphan like Tina had managed to get into Samuel's bed, she immediately spoke to doctors in concerned fields.

Their response was that if Tina would cooperate, Samuel just might recover from his condition.

That way, his wedding with Cindy Young could be brought forward... which was why keeping Tina alive still served some purpose!

With that, Mama Langford found a sheet of paper at Tina, who picked it up in curiosity and realized that it was a non-disclosure agreement.

If she cooperated with Samuel's therapy for three months, she would be paid fifteen million dollars afterwards.

"How about that? Not even the Lynds could offer that much money, could they?"

In Mama Langford's mind, Tina was a golddigger, and would definitely agree to the condition.

And yet, Tina exclaimed in shock as if she had stumbled upon a revelation, "So, Samuel Langford really is sick? I guess the rumors are true... There's a reason why he doesn't like women!"

As for last night, the drugs she used must have been super effective—the pills definitely worked wonders!

Nonetheless, Tina's reaction left Mama Langford clutching her chest. It was fortunate she didn't have high blood pressure, or she would have fainted right there.

"You little wretch! I'll have your whole family die with you, believe it!"

"Please do," Tina replied fearlessly. "I couldn't ask for more."

"You..." Mama Langford was left gaping—she had never expected Tina to get so pompous!

Be that as it may, their conversation was cut short as Samuel had appeared at the doorway, and he looked very upset with Mama Langford's presence.

"What are you doing here?!"

Composing herself, Mama Langford spoke mildly like a mother would, "I heard that you were coming to the hospital, so I came to visit..."

"Then you shouldn't be here," Samuel countered icily.

Obviously, he didn't hold much sentiment for his own mother either.

Mama Langford scowled. "I'm doing this for your own good, child. You..."

Before she could finish, however, Samuel had stormed past her and snatched the agreement from Tina.

He gave it the briefest of glances, and laughed coldly. "Dear mother, you really know too much! Tell me, who ratted me out?"

He turned towards Sandy just then, who immediately felt a chill down his spine. "Sir, I'd never betray you!"

After all, Samuel hated traitors the most—those who did would either be left in pieces, or in worst cases, wished they were dead!

Mama Langford knows that this was something that infuriates Samuel as well, and quickly explained, "It's the hospital. A lot of people work here, and I just happened to find out..."

"Fine. Everyone is fired!" Samuel snarled, and there was something in his voice that permitted no refusal.

"What are you saying? I'm your mother, Samuel! I'm just worried about you!" Mama Langford snapped angrily.

Samuel's gaze, however, remained intimidating. "First it's Cindy Young, and now it's her. If you actually cared, woman, you shouldn't challenge the limits of my patience repeatedly."

In fact, it was thanks to Mama Langford that Samuel loathed women—he felt disgusted if any woman was close to him, let alone try to get close to one.

"This is the last time!" Mama Langford continued to attempt defending herself. "Cindy is a good girl, and she put her life on the line to save you when you were children! Our families are of similar standing as well, and she's the right choice for Mrs. Langford..."

Even so, Samuel had lost all patience and demanded coolly, "Someone get in here and take this woman home. Keep her there, so that she won't bother me again."

With those words to his bodyguards, he gestured for them to take Mama Langford away. Nonetheless, seeing that things were getting awry, she quickly played her trump card.

"You don't have to care about me, Samuel, but you have to think about your poor grandma! All she wants is to see you get married before she dies and give her a healthy grandson! You don't want to disappoint her, do you?"