

## Pampered Wedding: Marry Me Mr. Langford Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

That little wretch had actually hit his head! It was lucky she had missed his vitals, or he would have died on the spot!

Even as he nursed the terrible grudge, Mr. Wallace swore that he would catch that wretch even if he had to search high and low, just to tear her into little pieces!

Nonetheless, the people in the car before him weren't reacting at all.

Mr. Wallace's irk grew, but just as he and his goons were about to hit the car, a cool voice spoke, "Hah! Someone is actually carjacking me in this day and age?!"

Mr. Wallace was taken aback. Why did that voice sound so familiar?!

Then, when he finally saw the figure sitting at the backseat, Samuel's hawkish glare left him sweating in fear!

He must have lost his head because of that little wretch, and tried to stop the car of the infamous Tyrant of Freesia!

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Langford..." Mr. Wallace's legs turned to jelly and he almost dropped to knees. "It's just a misunderstanding, we'll leave right now!"

With that, he made way, and Samuel's chauffeur slowly drove off.

"Keep looking!" Mr. Wallace barked afterwards. "That wretch wouldn't have gotten far—stop every car nearby, and find her even if you had to search high and low!"

Unbeknown to him, Tina was inside Samuel's car all along, and escaped from right under his nose...

Nonetheless, Samuel coldly growled afterwards, "Get off."

Tina promptly pulled away from him, but while she had expected him to say something, she simply kept staring outside the window and said nothing.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

That was when Samuel's car stopped outside Loving Heart Orphanage, leaving Tina a little surprised—what was he going to do here?

Samuel's chauffeur alighted just then, and returned after a while, shaking his head as he told Samuel, "She's not here, Mr. Langford. She must have left early."

Tina was actually perplexed. Was he looking for someone in the orphanage?

“Mr. Langford, I...”

She wanted to tell him that she was a volunteer at the orphanage, and he could ask her if he had a question.

However, even before she could begin, Samuel growled hostilely, “Tina Lynd—keep your mouth shut if you don’t want me to throw you out of the car.”

Naturally, Tina did.

After the car turned and left the orphanage, the chauffeur asked, “Sir, shall we head to the office or the main residence?”

Samuel took his deep breath and closed his eyes. “The mansion.”

Realizing that he was talking about where she was staying, Tina waved her hands and said, “You don’t have to take me home, Mr. Langford. I could take a bus...”

“You give yourself too much credit.” Samuel snorted. “You worked so hard to ‘run into me’ in the suburbs. Why else did you do that aside from luring me back to the mansion with you?”

In fact, she had gone so far as to stop his car for that purpose, and threw herself into his arms.

What upsetted him most was that she had succeeded!

It was proven that right then, this woman was the best candidate to cure her condition.

“It’s just a coincidence...” Tina explained.

Still, Samuel clearly doubted that and gave her a mocking look. “Playing hard to get now?”

Knowing that she would never be able to clear her name just then, Tina didn’t bother to speak further and let the misunderstanding be. Even so, she was not a woman who was obligated to win his favor!

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Half an hour later, the car stopped outside the mansion.

Once Tina alighted, she hurried upstairs to her room, but a long arm reached out to stop her just as she was about to close the door.

“Did you forget about the details of your agreement?” Samuel asked icily. “All you have to do is properly help me with my condition—playing hard-to-get only wears out my patience.”

Tina’s heart sank. Guess there was no running away today.

Samuel pinned her against the wall just then, and started to loosen her collar—he was quite keen about finding out if she could make him lose control every single time.

And yet when he saw the bruise on her shoulder, he frowned.

“What’s that?”

Tina flinched from the surprise and tried to push Samuel away, only for him to spot the scratch marks on her fingers.

“And that?!” Samuel grabbed her hand and asked loftily then.

As a matter of fact, Tina had been wondering how he was supposed to explain those to Samuel. But given the disgust he felt towards her, he would never help her even if he found out that the Lynds had sold her.

In fact, her plans would go up in smoke if he were to realize that everything she did was to retaliate against the Lynds.

That was why she must keep quiet!

“I fell.”

However, her evasiveness only drew Samuel’s suspicion, and he chuckled coolly, “Really?”

Tina quickly threw her arms around him then. “Don’t mind that, Mr. Langford. Let’s continue!”

Nonetheless, it was now Samuel’s turn to push her away and snap icily, “I don’t have that sort of fetish.”

Tina watched as he left, but soon after she breathed a sigh of relief, she heard him calling from downstairs, “Come down here if you don’t want me to go upstairs to drag you.”

Not daring to protest, she went downstairs to find that Samuel had actually brought out a first aid kit.

“Come. Let’s see to those wounds,” he said.

“It’s just something minor. I can recover without much fuss…”

“I won’t repeat myself,” Samuel growled, frowning. “Are you using this to besmirch my good name after you get paid?”

Tina was speechless—what was that ‘good name’ he spoke of?

Still, she only dared to retort inwardly, but made her way towards him anyway.

All she had were flesh wounds, so she had band-aids wrapped around her fingers and ointment applied to her shoulders.

Even so, she was grateful towards Samuel, and decided to repay him properly. “Do you want something to eat, Mr. Langford! I’ll cook for you!”

Samuel frowned. He still held his doubts towards Tina, but said, “Sure.”

Tina promptly headed to the kitchen—ever since she was adopted by the Lynds, she had been ordered around like a servant, and cooking naturally wasn’t difficult for her.

She was also talented and confident enough about her culinary skills that she wouldn’t lose to three-star Michelin chefs!

Meanwhile, once she left, Samuel’s expression turned cold.

He did not believe that Tina’s wounds were from a fall, and felt suspicious when he remembered the men who had stopped his car.

He texted Sandy, telling his assistant to get to the bottom of the matter.

Soon, a car arrived at the front door. Aside from Sandy himself, there were two men who were bound—Mr. Wallace’s goons.

There was an underground basement in every mansion Samuel owned, used expressly for interrogation.

And in less than ten minutes, both goons admitted everything.

They were bouncers groomed at a nightclub. There would always be women in debt sent there to clear their debts, and if they dared to run away, both men would be dispatched to capture them.

This time, they had orders from an employer to capture a woman who was sold to him, and they knew nothing else.

Samuel remained impassive as he listened to everything, and turned to leave.

“What should we do with them, Mr. Langford?” Sandy asked respectfully then.

“Cut off their tongues, and break their legs.”

As Samuel left the basement and the door was closed behind him, it cut off all the screams resounding behind the door.

By the time he returned inside the mansion, Tina was stepping out of the mansion with the final dish while exclaiming excitedly, “Everything is ready, Mr. Langford. You’ll definitely like it...”

When she ran up to Samuel, however, he pulled away. Even as he looked at her innocent facial expression, all he could think was how impressive her acting was.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, perplexed.

“You really disgust me, Tina Lynd.”

With those words and a cool laugh, Samuel turned to leave.