

Pampered Wedding: Marry Me Mr. Langford Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Tina froze. Still, when she saw that Samuel was about to head towards his car, she rushed towards him furiously, spreading her arms as she stood in his way.

“Explain yourself! I’ve already cooked for you, and forget not eating—why would you say something like that?”

“Move.” Samuel, however, had no intention to speak with her at all.

Nonetheless, Tina was a little flustered and reached out to grab his sleeve, only for him to shake her off.

Caught defenseless, she fell to the ground, her recently bandaged wounds splitting open.

Samuel didn’t even care to look, and entered Sandy Shaw’s car which drove off.

He remained impassive even as he wiped his fingers with antibacterial wipes.

Back then, that woman had relied on the nightclub to jump him... but how many men had she jumped before with the same method?

The thought that he personally bandaged her and the fact that he actually felt something towards her left him utterly disgusted...

Back at the courtyard of the mansion, Tina slowly pushed herself off the ground. She didn’t cry as she restrained her inward grief, and returned to the dining room.

Looking at the table filled with dishes she cooked painstakingly, she sniffled and quietly snapped, “If you won’t eat, I will!”

She decided that she would stick to her original plan—annoy Samuel, and never cook for him ever again.

Feeding a dog would be far better than feeding a man with brain damage!

Turning her grief into appetite, Tina finished every dish on the table.

Naturally, she ended up feeling bloated and wanting to barf.

Holding herself against the toilet, she puked even as the world started to spin around her until sunlight breached the window, realizing she had suffered the entire night.

She dragged her tired body to bed, but just as she was to rest properly, someone neutered her room.

It was Mama Langford, and she snapped sharply, "It's almost afternoon, and you're still lying around?!"

"I'm sick," a pale Tina replied.

"Don't try to wriggle your way out of this," Mama Langford snorted. "Get out of that bed, or get out of this mansion!"

Tina took a deep breath right then. She must remain with the Langfords for now, or Mr. Wallace would destroy her, let alone trying to bring misfortune down upon the heads of the Lynds...

Not wanting a repeat of what happened yesterday, she followed Mama Langford downstairs.

Her obedience pleased Mama Langford slightly, and she sat on the sofa for a while before snapping again, "Can't you even brew me tea? Don't you know basic etiquette? That's an orphan for you."

Tina cleared her throat feebly. "I'm worried you won't drink it."

"True—you're filthy, and I value my hygiene," Mama Langford appeared disgusted, before she cut to the chase, asking, "Samuel was here yesterday, wasn't he? Why did he leave?"

"I don't know." Tina felt her stomach churn when she remembered what happened yesterday.

On the other hand, Mama Langford was flustered. Cindy Young—her favorite daughter-in-law—would soon return to the country, and if Samuel still couldn't correct his mild misogynistic nature, her hopes would be crushed!

"Well aren't you useless? Can't even steal a man's heart?" she snapped at Tina then.

"So what if I did? I would never become Mrs. Langford..." Tina muttered.

"What did you just say?"

"I said that you're right. Please offer me guidance!"

Being under someone's roof meant she had to keep her head down—Tina at least knew that after spending ten years with the Lynds.

“My guidance?” Mama Langford sneered. “Aren't you supposed to be very talented in this field? Why would you need my guidance if you could jump Samuel? I'm born noble—I'd never know the filthy things that sluts like you are up to!”

“Let me tell you this—you have one month. If there are no developments, you're out of here!”

Having no other choice, Tina cleaned the mansion from the inside out under Mama Langford's orders, who left after she had enough of ordering Tina around. “Remember, one month! I want to see progress!”

After seeing off Mama Langford, Tina didn't have the strength to eat even though she hadn't eaten since morning.

Clutching her belly, she started to sweat bullets over her forehead—she didn't get gastroenteritis from going hungry, did she?

This wouldn't do. She needed to get checked at the hospital.

Dragging her exhausted body to the hospital, she used what little cash she had, which was just enough for a checkup.

Her bank account had been frozen by the Lynds, and the scholarship funds she had earned over the years were therefore reduced to oblivion.

Feeling through her empty pockets, she felt at once helpless and miserable—it seems that she must come up with a plan to make money...

Meanwhile, she had to queue up for a long while until her checkup was over, and then wait around half an hour to an hour for her medical report.

The scent of antiseptic inside the hospital was repulsive, so she went to the garden at the back for a breather.

That was when she saw an old woman dressed in patient's garb, holding a crutch in one hand and a fruit basket in another.

Since she was idle anyway, she approached the old woman and said, “Allow me, madam.”

Grandma Langford nodded, having a good impression of the lady's clean image already. “Oh, thank you, miss.”

Tina followed her to her VIP ward then, which had its own kitchen. However, the chef was on leave to visit her parents, and having gotten sick of 'balanced' meals, Grandma Langford had wanted to cook something she liked to satisfy her cravings.

As Tina helped her clean and cut the vegetables, she asked Grandma Langford about her tastes while cooking swiftly.

Grandma Langford's favor towards her grew.

"If only my grandson was half as sweet. He dumped me here and never cared about me... How great would it be if you were my granddaughter-in-law! Honestly, any man must be virtuous over a few lifetimes to deserve a good wife like you!"

Tina felt a little embarrassed from her flattery, and after Grandma Langford ate her cooking, she was so emotional she kept holding Tina's hands and asked about her family background.

Although Tina tried to be vague about the fact that she's an orphan, Grandma Langford showed no aversion and instead patted her hand, saying, "So what if you're orphaned? There's rarely a child as kind and polite as you are. If you don't mind, my grandson is coming to visit me soon. If you would like to meet him..."

Tina was at once amused and emotional. She could feel Grandma Langford's affection and kindness, and since she didn't want to hurt her, she tried to be vague again. "Okay, we could meet again if there's another chance ..."

Then, she remembered something with a start when Grandma Langford tried to ask for her number, and said, "Sorry, madam—I haven't received my report! I'll talk to you later after I get it!"

"Alright. I'll be waiting for you." Grandma Langford nodded.

However, just as Tina stepped out of the VIP ward, she ran headlong into a man's cold, stiff chest.

Even before she could react, he grabbed her wrist as a cold voice snarled beside her ear, "Why are you here?!"