A Cue for Love chapter 317

Chapter 317 I Am Their Father

In his rage, Samuel made a dash forward and grabbed Leonard by the arm.

Though of small stature, Leonard was a rather stout man. Ordinarily, his strength would have exceeded Samuel's but Leonard found himself unable to move when he had his arm grabbed by Samuel.

"Let go of me!" Leonard glared at the newcomer fiercely for interfering with the lesson he was about to deliver.

Finding himself face to face with Samuel's livid eyes, Leonard almost fell over as his knees buckled from fright.

Samuel returned the glare of his adversary with such a hostile one that even the others who were present felt a chill running down their spine.

"L-Let..." stammered Leonard, lacking the courage to complete his sentence.

Samuel turned his attention to Wendell whilst maintaining an iron grip on Leonard's wrist. "Is this how you repay Bowers Corporation? By running the school entrusted in your care so haphazardly?"

The main reason for Franklin and Sophia's enrollment into that particular kindergarten was because it was owned by the Bowers' family.

Wendell began mopping his brow where beads of anxious perspiration had gathered.

Despite being ignorant about Xavian and Clayton's parentage, he was fully aware of the identity of his employer.

I thought that it was merely a scuffle between children and their parents. Having my direct superior being dragged into this is the last thing I expected!

"Mr. Bowers," cried Wendell as he bowed profusely. "I apologize for my inattentiveness! How embarrassing it is to me for allowing you to catch a glimpse of such an ugly side of the kindergarten!"

Even Leonard and Minerva were stunned by the revelation that they were in the presence of a member of the Bowers family.

Minerva stared lustfully at Samuel's chiseled features. There is no way he will take action against us for that ugly b\*tch.

"Mr. Bowers, you must have misunderstood Mr. Fahnberg and my husband! The only one here who has truly brought shame upon this kindergarten is that woman and her two sons!"

Still feeling confident in her instigative efforts, Minerva was not aware that she was about to seal the fate of the Swan family.

"Look at those two scavenging little rascals," she screeched. "Theft plus assault and battery! The reason that they are capable of carrying out such heinous acts is that this woman accommodates them!"

Clayton and Xavian's eyes flashed dangerously. How dare she call us rascals! How dare she accuses Mommy of not raising us right! You're done for, lady!

"Enough!" snapped Natalie, her patience finally running out. "You will apologize to my sons!"

"Apologize?" repeated Minerva with a sneer. "I said nothing wrong! Look at you lower-class filth. You can't even keep your brats on a leash! Where's their father, then? You're obviously not doing a good enough job!"

As soon as Minerva stopped to catch her breath, Samuel took a step forward. "I am their father. Her man."

Still clutching Leonard by the arm, Samuel gave a mighty shove and sent his captive tumbling into Minerva. The pair of them fell over to the floor with an undignified crash.

"Here I am," he announced as he stood over the trembling couple on the ground. "Is there anything else you would like to say to my face?"

Staring icy daggers from above at the Swans like a conquistador asserting his dominance, they felt unable to tear their gaze off his face as he held them paralyzed in fear and awe. Samuel's frightening presence was enough for them to feel the life sucked out of their lungs.

Even Wendell and Veranne were unable to suppress their shock.

Minerva, who was rather eloquent mere minutes before, suddenly found that she had lost her capacity for fluent speech.

"She... Mr. Bowers, are you..."

In response, Samuel strode over to Natalie and pulled her into his embrace with one firm tug.

"She is my woman," he announced to the entire room. "The most precious woman in my life."

Despite the overwhelming evidence against them, Minerva still refused to concede.

"Mr. Bowers, even if she is your woman," she argued, "it doesn't change the fact that her children stole our treasured heirloom and assaulted my son! Such crimes should not be allowed to go unpunished just because one's family is rich and powerful!"

At that moment, two small figures, who were revealed to be Franklin and Sophia as they approached, dashed excitedly into Wendell's office.

Franklin raised his hand with the chain of the tourmaline pendant twisted around his fingers. "Still in denial, Chubby?" he said triumphantly.

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Chapter 318 Mrs Bowers

"Is that the pendant?" Minerva exclaimed.

Milton froze conspicuously at the sight of the pendant, his bruised-covered face showing signs of panic. His clumsy reaction was not lost on his parents.

With a surge of fury, Leonard leaped to his feet and gave his son a resounding slap across the face. "Tell me the truth, Milton. What is really going on here?"

As he was the sole heir of the Swan family for the third generation in a row, Milton was accustomed to the most luxurious circumstances and throwing his weight around as the elders of his family doted on him.

At the first slap ever received in his life by his father, Milton clutched his cheek and began to cry.

"Daddy... I... I am jealous of them!" he confessed through broken sobs. "Though they are clearly not as rich as us, the teachers and the girls seemed to like them more than they like me. I hid the pendant under my blanket to teach them a lesson, but I didn't expect it to..."

I'm used to getting what I want! If I can't be more likable than they are, I will have to give everyone a reason to dislike them. I didn't expect this to get so far out of hand!

Milton and Minerva's face grew ever paler than before.

The instigator turned out to be our good-for-nothing son all along! It's bad enough for him to frame somebody for a crime. Worst of all, he framed a member of the Bowers family!

With another roar of fury, Leonard rained down a flurry of slaps across his son's face until the boy began howling.

Though Minerva was heartbroken to witness her child being subjected to such brutal disciplinary actions, it was all she could do to cry alongside him.

The truth is finally out.

At that moment, Natalie freed herself from Samuel's embrace and knelt before the wretched woman on the ground.

Her almond-shaped eyes regarded Minerva's bloodshot ones calmly.

"Stop crying, now. There's plenty of time for you to do that at home. What you and your son need to do right now is to apologize to my children."

Though she did not mind being misunderstood or even injured, she would not allow her children to even come close to being subjected to any form of injustice.

Even if Samuel did not have my back today, I would be fighting with the Swans to the death on my own.

Minerva, who had been quietly sobbing, gave a start at Natalie's voice and gazed up to meet the latter's cold ones.

Aside from her eyes, this woman has got nothing on me! I can't imagine how she's Samuel's woman. If I had married him instead, I might not even be in this wretched state as I am right now!

Faced with Minerva's prolonged silence, Leonard aimed a kick at her back to prompt her into speech for fear of offending Samuel further.

"Mrs. Bowers asked you to apologize, what are you still waiting for? Hurry up and say you're sorry!"

Minerva glared resentfully at her unctuous husband before swallowing her pride and relenting.

"I apologize for my failure as a parent and for saying all those hurtful remarks. Please forgive me and Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers."

As she spoke, she pulled Milton over. "Apologize now," she commanded with a fierce glare.

Milton had been silent since his confession, clearly traumatized by how the situation had evolved beyond his control. "I am really sorry," he choked. "I will never tell lies ever again!"

Upon getting what she wanted, Natalie did not see the need to make things more difficult for them.

Without another word to the Swans, she led Xavian, Clayton, Franklin, and Sophia out of Wendell's office.

Meanwhile, the Swans, Wendell, and Veranne gazed apprehensively at Samuel while they waited for his verdict to fall.

Samuel, on the other hand, did not seem to be in a hurry to speak. As he lounged comfortably on the couch, the office fell deathly silent save for the faint rhythmic clicking of Samuel's slim fingers on the table like a terrible clock ticking toward their demise.

Even if he did not speak, his mere presence was sufficient to convey a regality about him that mere mortals such as the Swans could not hope to reach, much less negotiate as equals.