

# A Cue for Love chapter 586

## Chapter 586 Someone Of Great Importance

Thomas ought to feel the impetus to weep, except that his emotional state did not facilitate this. As much as he tried to scrunch up his face, he was unable to squeeze out even one sliver of tear.

Natalie took this all in from where she stood, and her almond-shaped eyes radiated with scorn.

Not only had this father chosen to pass on conducting an autopsy to understand the cause of the unforeseen death of his own daughter, but he even found it such a struggle to shed a tear or two at her funeral.

Thomas subsequently made his way to the center of the hall with a heavy heart to read out a eulogy.

Fabricated completely from a template, the entire text was bereft of even one iota of genuine emotion from start to end, with the only notable change to the messaging being Melissa's name.

Thomas was on the verge of choking up several times as he went along, but his tears did not flow, just as it was for him right from the start.

With a somber expression appropriate for the sorrowful atmosphere of the occasion, Yara wiped at the barely damp corner of her eyes with her own veil.

Everything that had transpired here brought Natalie back to her memories from five years ago when she was sent to Mount Surya to recover from the extensive burns she suffered, in the care of Malcolm and Donna.

Over the phone, she had asked Gerald about how Thomas and Yara dealt with her 'body' that was left behind in the fire's wreckage, and whether they had any suspicions of her having survived the flames.

Gerald's answer set her mind at complete ease.

The Nichols family had happily signed off on her death certificate and did not even bother to claim the ashes.

In the end, the police found a home for her 'remains' at a public cemetery where a marked grave was erected for her on humanitarian grounds.

Hence, she already had a taste of the Nichols family's indifference and selfishness long before Melissa did. The only thing that set their fates apart was that she had better luck than her sister did.

She, at the very least, came out of it alive, and with the chance to seek vengeance on behalf of Arnold and herself.

Upon the completion of the eulogy, the attendees of the service, each with a stalk of white chrysanthemum in hand, encircled the casket three times in silence before they laid the flowers upon Melissa's body.

With the completion of this service, Melissa was to be completely cremated.

Sprawled to the side of Melissa's crystal casket, Yvonne's cries increased in mournfulness until her voice croaked. "It's all my fault, Melissa! I must have committed too many sins, so much so that you were made to suffer them in my place! You're so young. It should have been me to have died, not you!"

Yvonne's wails reverberated around the entire interior of the hall.

Although Natalie found Yvonne quite pitiful, this poor soul was doubtlessly detestable in her own way.

Just like Yvonne admitted so herself, on top of wriggling her way into the family as a mistress, she had also failed to take Melissa in hand ever since. All these were criminal in themselves.

Two black-suited men went up to pull Yvonne away from the casket. When she saw her daughter being pushed further and further from her, she passed out on the spot, instantly plunging the entire scene into chaos afterward.

“My wife has been overtaken by grief and needs to be sent to the hospital. Will someone come to give me a hand?” said Thomas.

Two of the staff voluntarily put themselves forward to lend support. They brought Yvonne to the VIP lounge and went about preparing a honey drink, gathering ointment, and the likes.

Thomas was about to go over to check on Yvonne when his phone started ringing, but he hung up outright as he was not in the mood to answer.

The caller, however, seemed quite intent on reaching him, making one insistent call after another, as though determined to get him to pick up.

Noting how distracted Thomas looked when he saw the name on his display, Yara took it upon herself to say, “Could it be an important work call, Dad? Why don’t you go ahead and attend to it, rest assured that I got things here under control.”

“All right.”

Thomas then hastily left the funeral service’s venue.

Observing how Thomas was willing to disregard the unconscious Yvonne, Natalie felt it in her gut that whoever he was eager to meet must be someone of great importance.

Hence, she lowered the brim of her cleaner’s cap and took off after him with the broom in hand.

When she tailed him to the funeral home’s side door, Natalie was almost certain that whoever Thomas came out to see must be of great significance.

Her expectations were confounded when she got a closer look at that individual. What the... It’s her!

# A Cue for Love chapter 587

## Chapter 587 Rendezvous With His Floozy

Natalie recognized the woman for whom Thomas abandoned his wife midway through a funeral as the same one who was beside him when he squandered a hundred million on stone gambling at the black market.

As if it was not bad enough that Thomas was unable to shed a tear at the funeral, it turned out that he was worse than that; Coming out for a rendezvous with his floozy before his own daughter's body had been cremated!

Natalie gnashed her teeth as she felt aggrieved on behalf of her late mother.

"What are you doing here, Yeva?" Thomas snarled with his eyes gawking. "Today's Melissa's funeral, so stop messing around! What if someone were to spot you here like this?"

"So what if anyone were to see me? Wouldn't that be even better?" Yeva wrapped her hands around Thomas' arm without the slightest bit of inhibition. "Since you've already grown weary of that old hag, and her daughter is already dead as well, you should take the opportunity to kick her out from the Nichols family!"

"What? Are you crazy?"

"Am I wrong to say that?" Yeva retorted. "I'm carrying your child, and the doctor says that there is an eighty to ninety percent of it being a boy! If he should become your heir in the future, without his own mother having any legal status, how do you expect he and I to face the world?"

"I'd be responsible for both you and the baby," Thomas comforted. "But we can't deal with this like this, Yeva! Especially not today! If anyone sees us, we'd be finished!"

Yeva remained pertinacious.

"But..."

"If you keep up with this nonsense, you can forget about your allowance for this month!"

It was only the mention of her allowance being cut that convinced her to sulkily relent.

"Fine... I'll go back first."

"That's my girl!"

Behind the stone pillar, Natalie took in every word of the exchange between Thomas and Yeva.

Once Thomas had settled his affairs here, he hurried back into the funeral home.

Yeva bit her lip while she stood outside the doors. "Sooner or later, I'd make myself the proper mistress of the Nichols family..."

After Yeva went far, a glint flashed across Natalie's eyes. She then retrieved her phone from her pocket and rung up Yandel.

"How's everything going over on your end, Boss?"

"Pretty good, I'd say. But we have ourselves a surprise finding." Natalie paused briefly before she continued, "Remember the floozy we saw Thomas stone gambling with at the black market? She's pregnant with Thomas' kid. Judging from his character, Thomas is bound to try to keep word about it watertight, so you should probably have your people watch this lead more closely."

"Understood. I'll get right on it."

Having already attended Melissa's funeral, Natalie was in no mood to return to the funeral home.

When she remembered the two vials of blood samples from Melissa that the Forensic Department had set aside for her, she hired a ride outside the gates to bring her to the Major Crimes Unit.

Beep, beep—

Natalie used her thumbprint to unlock the door to the coroner's office.

Effie was initially shocked to see a female cleaner in grey overalls enter, but recomposed herself when she remembered that the other woman would have used her prints to gain access.

"Boss!" Like a rabid fangirl, Effie approached Natalie and threw her arms around the latter. "Oh, I've missed you so much!"

Not knowing how to react to the magnitude of this bear hug, Natalie opted to pat her counterpart on the back.

"Umm, okay."

Natalie then looked around. "Where's Brandon?"

"Relax. He just got assigned to a case and went out. I reckoned he shouldn't be back for quite a while."

"That's good to know."

Whilst Effie was in the know about Natalie's donning of hyper-realistic masks, Brandon remained in the dark about it.

Hence, be it any manner of disguise or the removal of Melissa's blood samples, things could get a little sticky if he was present.

"I need to take one vial of the blood samples that Mr. Jones left with you here."

"Sure. I'll bring it to you, Boss."

It did not take Effie very long to return with a vial of the blood sample which she passed along to Natalie.

When Natalie saw the apprehension on the former's face, she could not help but ask, "What's on your mind, Effie? Free feel to speak."

"I've overheard the conversation between Grandpa and yourself..." Effie mumbled. "Having done hundreds of comparisons against the sample, I wasn't able to find any matches from

any existing databases. If it exists on record, there isn't even the most rudimentary method to test for it. Should anyone decide to use it profligately, the consequences would be unthinkable!"

## A Cue for Love chapter 588

### Chapter 588 Busted By Samuel

"This is extremely dangerous, Effie, so pretend you've never heard anything that we said and don't get yourself involved," Natalie cautioned. "I'm your superior, so this is a direct order that you are to comply with without question."

"Understood." Effie remained worried for Natalie. "But what about you, Boss?"

Seeing Effie getting her own brow in a knot out of concern for her, Natalie's lips lifted into a grin. "I'll try to be careful."

Natalie departed from the Major Crimes Unit with a lot on her mind, for it was not as though she had not thought about the things Effie mentioned before.

Back in the warehouse, Natalie had seen Melissa gunned down by Joshua with her own eyes. Hence, her intention for wanting Gerald to covertly conduct an autopsy on Melissa was to ascertain the truth.

With the outcome of the autopsy inconclusive, the only thing that was certain was that the person behind all of this was even more well-hidden and dangerous than she had anticipated.

Now, the plot had thickened to the point that she was not even sure why she herself became a target for the mastermind.

But seeing how her counterpart enjoyed playing hide and seek and being as well concealed as he was, she did not mind putting in the work to ferret him out.

Natalie headed home after she had the blood sample sent to the research center over at Dream. She did not have much of an appetite by that time as she was still bogged down by ruminations about the whole affair.

Taking a shower did not help clear her mind either, thus Natalie went out to the balcony to catch some air in the hope that it might help her calm down.

The night breeze brought down Natalie's body temperature and at the same time, helped settle her emotions somewhat.

So lost in thought, she did not even notice Samuel pushing his way through the door.

"What are you doing, sitting here in the cold all by yourself?" The man's voice coming from behind her contained at least three parts of annoyance.

Natalie turned to the sight of Samuel's deep-set phoenix eyes.

"Oh, didn't you say that you won't be back before ten? It's only nine right now..." Natalie had a look of sheepishness about her as she spoke in a small voice.

Samuel's brows wound up in a furrow. "It should have been ten, but I drove a little faster than usual because I wanted to get home earlier. Was I to return as scheduled, would you have stayed out here, exposing yourself to the elements like this until then?"

When he was done talking, he grabbed Natalie by the hand and dragged her off the balcony and back inside the bedroom.

Once inside, Samuel went on to tug at the sash around her waist, looking to relieve her of her robe.

"You..." Natalie bit her lip and whined, "Could you not?"

"What are you thinking, Natalie?"

That put the frowning Natalie into a defiant mood. "Why... What are you stripping my robe for!"



Samuel pursed his lips and without answering, wrapped his arm around her hip and lifted her.

“Samuel...”

The man said nothing. Instead, he forcefully carried her into the bathroom, placed her in the tub, and ran the hot water.

“I’ve already taken a shower. There’s no reason for me to take another... Let me go!”

“No.” With his arms propped on either side of Natalie’s body, Samuel’s had his eyes fixated upon her as he questioned away. “Do you really think you’re not going to get sick standing outside on a cold day like this? Do you expect to not experience pain, or feel terrible? You know that I’d be worried if you were to get sick, so are you so determined to see me look tormented before you learn to rein yourself in?”

Samuel’s gaze was frigid and his tone harsh.

Lifting her gaze to meet his, Natalie saw the concern in Samuel’s eyes and that moved her profoundly inside.

This man... really, really loves me!

“I... I’m so sorry.” Realizing her own impropriety, Natalie softened her tone. “I was just too deep in thought that I forgot... It won’t happen again next time...”

“Will there be a next time?” Samuel raised a skeptical brow.

“Never.” Natalie nodded and made a promise.

Samuel was much appeased after seeing Natalie acknowledging the error of her ways.

“Stay in the tub.” Samuel grabbed a towel in stride with which to cover Natalie’s chest. With tension in his inflection, Samuel said, “I’m going to make you some ginger tea to drink after this.”

# A Cue for Love chapter 589

## Chapter 589 Hoarse

After Samuel stepped out of the bathroom, he leaned with his back to the glass door and took several deep breaths to stabilize the impulses stirring inside him.

From the moment he removed Natalie's robes, he was already in heat.

Had he stayed inside there one minute more, all his sense of self-control would have crumbled on itself as there was nothing he wanted more than to take her right there and then.

Fearful of harming Natalie's body, Samuel went on downstairs to make the ginger tea he promised her.

Gavin approached when he saw Samuel coming down. "Is there anything you need of me, Mr. Samuel?"

"Nat may have caught a chill, so I would like for her to have some ginger tea. But it's fine, Gavin. I can prepare it myself."

With that, Samuel turned into the kitchen.

While Gavin watched Samuel depart, he smiled broadly at the thought of the latter's thoughtfulness toward Natalie. Mr. Samuel really has changed considerably.

Inside the kitchen, Samuel began to peel the ginger. Once they had been completely skinned, he had them placed inside the boiling water to brew into tea.

Worried that Natalie might find the ginger packing too much heat, he made sure to put more sugar into the mix.

By the time Samuel brought the readied ginger tea into the bathroom, the interior was already shrouded in a fog of humidity. There, inside the tub, sat the fair and tender woman with her arms wrapped around her knees, looking fresh and lovely like a hibiscus in bloom in the midst of the water that surrounded her.

Natalie lifted her chin when he entered and regarded him with moistened eyes.

D\*mn it!

Samuel's body started to heat up once more.

"The ginger tea is ready. Make sure you finish every last drop of it," he said as he passed the mug along.

"Okay."

Natalie obediently lifted her delicate hand to receive it from him and sipped away at the tea with her dainty lips. The beverage was less spicy than she had imagined and leaned toward sweetness.

"It's delicious!" she said with a toothy grin.

"Yeah," replied Samuel in a dense inflection while he continued to keep his tensed up back toward her. "Don't stay in there for too long. Get out once the water starts to cool. I'll be in the bedroom."

The man seemed to be in some hurry, and he closed the door rather loudly.

With her head bowed and her hands taking in the warmth of the mug between them, Natalie's eyes were filled with delight.

What's with the cool guy act? He obviously wants to do it, yet he's acting like he doesn't.

When Natalie walked out of the bathroom, Samuel could no longer contain himself. Following that, the kisses rained all over.

That night lasted till late.

Unable to hold up physically, Natalie wound up sleeping well into the next day.

The first thing that greeted her when she roused was a call from Yana.

“Yana...”

“What happened to your voice, Natalie?” asked Yana in concern. “Are you down with the flu?”

Natalie had taken a warm bath and helped herself to ginger tea. Her hoarseness did not stem from an ailment, but from the overexertion of her vocal cords from the night before.

“Probably not. I guess I must be tired out recently.” There was no way she could have related such an embarrassing cause to Yana. Thus, she could only fob her off.

“You should take care to rest up.” Yana then remembered why she called in the first place. “Anyway, it’s my dad’s birthday in five days. As his goddaughter, you must attend the banquet that night!”

“Of course, I will,” said Natalie with a smile. “Especially since it’ll be my first birthday celebration with the Weisses since he has become my godfather.”

“Great! I’ll be seeing you then!”

After Yana hung up, Natalie got up and traveled to Dream Corporation. She wanted to see whether there was anything suitable as a gift for her godfather, Jason, inside the safe.

Within these safe were the treasures Natalie had accumulated over the years.

Ross’ and Lia’s jaws dropped when they saw the jade-ware, jewels, and emeralds inside.

What sort of safe is this? It’s practically a mini-museum for precious artifacts.

Yandel, however, did not appear to be as impressed.

Seeing how Ross and Lia were mesmerized by the glitter inside, Natalie said, “I haven’t really given you any gifts before, have I? You two can have a look inside, and take any single piece that caught your fancy...”

# A Cue for Love chapter 590

Chapter 590 Could Not Resist The Lure

“Can I really?” Lia rubbed her hands in anticipation.

“Of course, you can,” said Natalie with a laugh. “Well, don’t just stand there. Let’s go through them together. I could use your suggestions with something that might be suitable for an elder.”

“Thank you, Ms. Nichols.”

“Thank you, Ms. Nichols.”

Lia and Ross exchanged looks. Then, they began to comb through the five large safety deposit boxes.

Just watching by the sidelines ultimately became too much for Yandel to take. “Boss, is it possible for me to...”

“Yeah, of course!” Natalie’s lips lifted. “Rest assured that I won’t be leaving anyone out.”

When he met Natalie’s eyes, Yandel felt that this was another day that he would remember fondly in his time with her.

The thing that motivated him to work for Natalie was never the money. Apart from her multitude of uncanny identities, what stood out to him most was her overwhelming open-mindedness and big heart.

“Thanks, Boss!”

After going through the safety deposit boxes for hours, the lot of them finally settled on their heart’s desire and every one of them was greatly satisfied.

"Hang back, Ross. I have something that I wish to discuss with you alone." Natalie's eyes seemed quite solemn when she uttered those words.

Yandel and Lia cleared out of the office and made space for Ross and Natalie.

"There's some unknown psychedelic toxin inside the blood sample sent to the research center yesterday. The side effects of which include the inducing of hyperactivity, and a change in temperament... My guess is that with heavier doses and long-term exposure, it may make one highly aggressive, or even immune to physical pain. Perhaps, it might even make one akin to zombies in the movies." Natalie stood at the full-length windows and looked down upon the ceaseless flow of traffic in the city below.

Ross' pupils shrunk when he heard that.

Not that he would doubt anything that Natalie said, but this all sounded very outlandish to him.

He kept his cool and asked, "What would you like for me to do, Ms. Nichols?"

"Extract this toxin from the sample and perform some tests to ascertain its makeup." Natalie looked right at Ross. "It is only by understanding our opponent that we can gain the upper hand. We must come up with a cure for it and in the shortest time possible in order to save those innocent people."

It was hard for Natalie to adjudge whether Melissa deserved to die the way she did.

However, whatever it was inside the latter's body could only be developed within legal gray areas.

Pertaining to this, she had a feeling that it must somehow be linked to Arnold's untimely demise. No matter what, she had to get to the bottom of it.

Realizing the gravity and urgency of this task, Ross nodded in acknowledgment. "Understood."

Elsewhere, inside the Centurion Corporation.

Samuel sat with his head bowed and eyes narrowed while he went through the file he had on hand.

"We weren't able to find anything unusual off Yara. There's no evidence connecting her to the traffic accident you were previously involved in and Ms. Sophia's kidnapping."

"Looks like it wasn't her..." Samuel's brow creased into a taut furrow, feeling that the whole case had only grown extremely vexing.

"Keep digging." Samuel then pivoted. "And what about the manpower deployment that I asked to make arrangements for?"

Billy stood next to him and continued his report, "Already done, Sir. I've assigned two of the finest to shadow Mrs. Bowers."

"Good." Samuel acknowledged that with a slight nod. Then, he found himself a little confused by how his counterpart addressed Natalie. "What did you just call Nat?"

Although Samuel and Natalie's relationship had not been formalized in any legal procedure or public ceremony, Billy had already, in his heart, recognized her as the mistress of the Bowers residence.

"I-It's just a slip of my tongue, Sir..." Billy hastened to explain. "If you think that it's inappropriate, I would not address her as Mrs. Bowers next time. I shall continue to hail her as Ms. Nichols or Ms. Natalie then."

"Why are you being such a dumbass?" a frowning Samuel bellowed, "Did I ask you not to?"

"No, Sir!"

As much as Billy tried to keep a straight face, he was sniggering inside.

Regardless, he was well aware that Natalie already had Samuel wrapped around her fingers, and could not resist the lure of this manner of addressing her.