

A Cue for Love chapter 581

Chapter 581 The Entire World

Natalie was still blushing, even when they were well on their way home. At that moment, she seemed as red as a cooked prawn.

Perhaps it was because they were in the VIP area, but no one else was in that corridor for a long time. Samuel ended up kissing Natalie for so long that she almost fainted from prolonged deprivation of oxygen.

Samuel knew his girlfriend was a little angry, so he smiled without saying anything.

Soon, the car stopped steadily at the entrance of the Bowers residence.

Natalie had just stepped into the living room when her four little troublemakers ran over and surrounded her.

"Mommy, you scared me so, so much!"

"Mommy, you are not allowed to be that impulsive again."

"Mommy, how are you feeling?"

"Mommy, I miss you so much."

All four chubby faces were staring at her with concern and worry, and Natalie didn't know who to respond to first. She didn't want to play favorites, so she crouched down and kissed all four kids on their foreheads.

"Thank you for your concerns, Sweethearts. Don't worry. I have fully recovered," promised Natalie with a smile. "Your Uncle Steven told me that you guys have been good these past couple of days, so I will tell you a story tonight and coo everyone to bed, okay?"

“Yay!”

Xavian, Clayton, and Franklin were boys, after all, so they didn’t cry despite missing Natalie dearly.

Sophia, however, went through the kidnapping and witnessed how Natalie got hurt. Seeing the latter all well now made the former cry endlessly. The tears simply won’t stop rolling down her cheeks.

Sob! Sophia cried in her baby voice. “This is all my fault. I was naughty, and that is why Mommy was in such a dangerous position. From now on, I will listen to Mommy and Daddy and be good. I will also do what my big brothers said.”

Sophia was actually a good kid who behaved well.

That was why Melissa went after Sophia, who was the most innocent and sweet one among them.

Natalie held Sophia in her arms and cooed, “That was a very dark place, and even the boys would be scared. You were brave because you didn’t lose control and waited for us to come to rescue you. You did good, Sophia.”

“I did?” asked Sophia in a coarse voice.

“Of course, you did,” replied Natalie before she looked at the three other boys. “You can ask your big brothers if you don’t believe me.”

The three boys thought that Sophia was brave and did well too, so they each gave her a thumbs up.

“You did great, Sophia.”

“You performed really well, Sophia.”

“You made us proud of our baby sister, Sophia.”

The little girl stopped crying and smiled shyly upon receiving those praises.

Her smile had always been especially sweet and cute.

Natalie's lips instinctively curved into a smile as she hugged the soft and fragrant Sophia. It didn't matter how difficult the task was or how much turmoil she would have to endure. She still felt as though she would have the entire world so long as her four tiny angels were with her.

At night.

After Natalie cooed all four of her angels to bed, she returned to her room.

Samuel was still working in the study, so she was the only one in the bedroom. She was about to go to sleep when she received a call from Gerald.

She walked to the balcony and leaned against the railing before placing her phone by her ear.

"Mr. Jones."

"Natalie, I have Melissa's autopsy report with me now," shared Gerald in a concerned tone. "The fatal wound was the bullet through her head. It destroyed her brain. No surprise there, but the labs had run all tests and compared the content of her blood against all known drugs. There were zero traces of anything."

Natalie became deep in thoughts after hearing what Gerald said.

"Natalie, could you have made a mistake? Perhaps Melissa never took any drugs," said Gerald in an uncertain voice.

"Hmm... there is something off with your description, Gerald," replied Natalie as she narrowed her eyes a little. "What if someone created a drug and never shared the content publicly? The coroner wouldn't know what to test against, right?"

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Chapter 582 So Cruel

Gerald didn't talk for a long time after hearing that response.

"Natalie, if an unknown drug is out there, then the consequences would be dire, regardless of what the drugs' uses are."

"That is why Melissa's death isn't the end," said Natalie. She stared at the stars shining in the sky, and her red lips parted. "My gut tells me that this is somehow related to my granddad's murder case. Melissa's death isn't the end. If anything, it is just the beginning."

Both Natalie and Gerald had complex feelings about that case.

Twenty-three years ago, Arnold died in the Nichols residence, and the police investigation concluded his death was an accident.

That "accident" had too many coincidences leading to it, though. It was just like how Melissa suddenly went crazy and got shot. Everything was simply too... clean.

"I can't keep Melissa's body here forever, but I've asked Effie to keep two samples of her blood safe."

"I see. Okay, thanks."

Natalie hung up the phone after that.

She didn't know if the call had affected her or if the winter wind was too strong, but she was shivering before she even knew it.

She crawled into her blanket and wrapped herself up, but she was still so cold that she shivered.

While combating the chill coursing through her veins, Natalie fell asleep. Too many things ran through her mind, and all the images and people started intertwining. It was as though she was standing on quicksand and was being dragged...

She didn't feel warm or safe until a masculine body leaned close to her.

Like an octopus, Natalie hugged and stuck herself to that warmth.

Samuel, on the other hand, tilted his head down to look at the woman in his arms. He sighed internally. Everything was fine earlier, so why is she so cold now? Seriously, why won't she take care of herself without me monitoring her? I honestly don't know what to do. She can be as smart and as devious as a fox at times, but somehow, she doesn't remember to care for herself.

Samuel truly didn't know what to do. He sighed aloud, then tightened his hug on her to warm her up with his body temperature.

The next day was the day they buried Melissa.

Natalie woke up early in the morning, had some breakfast, then entered Yandel's car.

Yandel shot a look at Natalie before saying, "Boss, I've already placed the cleaner's name tag and uniform in the box right in front of you. You can put them on whenever you want. Also, I've dealt with the paperwork, so no one will suspect anything."

"Got it, thanks."

Natalie opened the box. She kept her eyes on the mirror and removed that hyper-realistic mask filled with freckles. After that, she changed into another hyper-realistic mask. It was the one she used when she went stone-gambling with Yandel.

She tied her hair up and made sure every strand was hidden within the hat that the cleaners used.

They soon reached a spot about two hundred meters away from the funeral home.

Yandel stopped the car and let Natalie out. She used her fake name tag to enter the funeral home and changed into her uniform there. In addition, she put on a face mask.

"Are you new? Why haven't I seen you around before?" demanded a cleaner who was in her forties. She was rude and kept scrutinizing Natalie from head to toe.

"Yes, I am new. Today's my first day," replied Natalie humbly.

"I am Harper Chisolm. Everybody calls me Harper."

"Understood."

Natalie nodded absent-mindedly. She picked up the mop and turned around to leave, but Harper stopped her.

"What are you doing?" asked Natalie calmly as she turned to Harper.

"My, aren't you a clueless newbie? Don't you realize that I am teaching you the rules?" growled Harper while crossing her arms. She glared and said, "The head of the department talked to me in person and told me to be nice to you, but don't let that get in your head. Do not assume that you can ignore me just because you have someone helping you. I may not be as powerful, but I can still make life a living hell for you."

Natalie didn't expect to deal with any politics, since the job did not pay that well.

Still, she didn't want any unnecessary issues, so she asked, "Oh, then may I know what the rules are, Harper?"

"Newbies are to clean the rooms where the corpse and coffins are placed," replied Harper. She had her head up high, and it was obvious she was discriminating against Natalie.

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Chapter 583 Annoying Poltergeist

Being a cleaner at a funeral home meant that the work was simpler, and the pay was slightly better. The only downside was that the working environment was eerie.

Harper could tell that Natalie wasn't going to butter anyone up, so the former wanted to teach the latter a lesson.

Hah, I hope she gets scared out of her mind. Only then will she learn to obey and let me boss her around.

Harper was waiting for Natalie to admit defeat, but the latter simply nodded without hesitating. "Okay, no problem." After saying that, Natalie picked up the mop and headed over to the morgue.

Harper was speechless.

She wanted to make things difficult for Natalie and force the latter to pay a bribe or something. Unfortunately, no one cared about any of that.

Ah, this is so frustrating! It's fine. I'll pay attention and look for another opportunity to bully that young lady.

Natalie carried the bucket and the mop all the way to the morgue.

No one ever went there unless it was to pick up or drop off a body.

It could be the cooler installed or it could be the fear the corpse inspired, but the place had always been strangely eerie and cold.

Even a buffy guy would need a strong heart to be there, so by right, a young helpless lady should be terrified.

Natalie was not a regular young lady, though. She had seen plenty of corpses, and most were bloody. There were simply too many bodies in the coroner's office, and those victims did not die of natural causes. That meant Natalie had witnessed all sorts of terrifying corpses.

The morgue at the funeral home was, therefore, a piece of cake for her.

It was eight in the morning when she reached the place, and Melissa's funeral would take place at nine o'clock.

Natalie would have to spend thirty minutes cleaning the place up, but after that, she could sneak over to check out the ceremony.

About ten minutes later, Natalie heard footsteps behind her and concluded that someone had been following her around.

She took advantage of the blind spot when she turned the corner, and that was when she discovered the truth. The person following her around was none other than Harper, who had tried to bully Natalie earlier.

Ah, so the old wives' tale is right. Even the devil isn't as annoying as the poltergeists.

Natalie sighed internally and in frustration. She didn't want to make things difficult for the cleaning lady, but the latter was impossible.

If Harper continued following Natalie around, it would make things more difficult for the latter and could expose her.

A mischievous glint flashed past Natalie's eyes.

Well, if this poltergeist insists on messing with me, I'll have no choice but to teach her a lesson.

Harper had been following Natalie around to check if the latter was slacking off. If that was the case, the former would report the matter to their boss.

She thought she was well hidden and kept a close enough eye, but Natalie disappeared in a blink of an eye.

“Huh? Where is she? That b*tch sure can move. Where has she gone off to? I knew it. She may be a newbie, but she doesn’t behave like one. I bet she’s sneaking out and being lazy right now,” cursed the uncouth Harper.

And then it happened.

Click! The lights from the entire floor suddenly went out.

Harper’s heart jumped with fear, but she forced herself to act calm. “Oy, who’s there? Who’s messing with the lights? It’s you, isn’t it? You b*tch! How dare you pull a prank on me?”

It would take the eye some time to adjust to the sudden darkness, so Harper couldn’t see anything.

She wasn’t superstitious, but the situation at the time was too eerie and inspired a little fear.

Hence, she kept cussing nonstop. Maybe that was her way of dealing with her fear of the unknown.

“Who’s there? Show yourself. Oh, don’t let me catch you. If I do, I will punish you so severely. I am Harper Chisholm, and I have never been afraid of anyone. Do you realize how many years I spent working here? I’ve seen all sorts of characters...”

Suddenly...

A faint blue light zipped past right in front of Harper. Someone with a pale face and messy hair sprang up out of nowhere.

The person had ridiculously small irises and half of her face was swaying in the air.

“Ah!”

That face was right in front of Harper, and it got her to scream aloud before fleeing fearfully in the other direction.

As she ran, she fell onto the floor. She couldn't be bothered to check her dislocated bones and ran ahead as soon as she got back up on her feet.

Natalie saw how Harper was practically crying while running away. The former readjusted her own eyes and put her hyper-realistic mask on properly once more. She smiled and shook her head. My, that woman's behavior sure has changed after being scared.

A Cue for Love chapter 584

Chapter 584 Haunted

Harper ran so much that she was sweating when she reached her leader's side. She swung his hand and cried. "There's a ghost down there. I saw a woman's ghost in the corridor one floor below us. She only had half a face intact, and her irises were gone. I swear, the bottom half of her face was swaying, and she looked just like the demon in the movies."

The leader couldn't help being stunned after hearing that. "What the hell are you talking about? There's no such thing as a ghost. Did you forget to wash your face in the morning? Maybe all the germs have blinded you."

"I'm not messing with you. I honestly saw it with my own eyes," insisted Harper. Even thinking about that creepy face scared her senseless and turned her pale. Her voice was filled with fear when she added, "If you don't believe me, you can ask the newbie. She must've seen it, too."

Just then...

Natalie showed up with a bucket and a mop. She shot a look at the terrified Harper and asked, "Harper, what's wrong? Why are you sweating so much? Did something happen?"

"Did you see a ghost when you were one floor below? It only has half a face with the lower half dangling along," said Harper. She was staring at Natalie and was practically begging the latter to reaffirm those words.

"I didn't see anything."

"How is that even possible?" said Harper. She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"I was cleaning the entire time, and I honestly didn't see anything," replied Natalie. She shrugged, then raised her brows before asking, "Were you on that floor earlier? Because I never left the place, yet somehow, I never saw you there. Are you sure that's where you were?"

Natalie kept staring at Harper in confusion.

Even their leader was staring curiously.

Natalie's question knocked Harper off her senses. Could it be... Was I not there at all? Did I go through a portal or something and accidentally went to hell?

"Oh my gosh, unclean forces lurk in these halls!" shouted Harper endlessly.

"Shut the hell up," growled the leader, who was affected by Harper's constant shouts. He angrily ordered, "You are a cleaner, so if there is anything "unclean" around here, it's your job to clean it!"

Harper might be terrified, but the leader's words prompted her to shut right up.

"An important ceremony will take place at nine o'clock. The youngest daughter of the Nichols family will be buried today, so the two of you are to help the guests. Put the flowers in the right place and put away any other gifts anyone might have brought. Stay alert. Do not cause any trouble!"

"Understood."

Natalie and Harper held their cleaning equipment and went to the top floor.

The hall at the end of the Southern corridor was where Melissa's funeral would be held. Fresh flowers pretty much filled the entire place.

Melissa's corpse had already been placed in the crystal coffin, and they had covered up the gunshot wound on her head. The skilled make-up artists used a lot of make-up, so there was no sign of that wound being there at all. It looked as though she was sleeping peacefully.

Natalie stared at the woman inside the coffin and thought about how evil that woman looked when she was hurling threats. The former couldn't help feeling relieved to see that woman gone.

Harper saw Natalie in a daze, so she urged, "Oy, what are you standing around for?"

Natalie shifted her gaze from the crystal coffin and started working on the flowers.

Soon after.

The Nichols family's friends and associates showed up.

Yara was there before Yvonne and Thomas even arrived.

Natalie and Harper were crouching to pick up some wrapping, so they happened to be in Yara's way.

"Go away," growled Yara in distaste.

Natalie stood up and scanned Yara from head to toe.

The latter had put on a black dress and didn't do anything to her hair. All she had were two hairpins with white flowers on them.

Her make-up was light, but every stroke and dab was carefully drawn, so she looked as stunning and as natural as a blooming flower.

Natalie was slightly taken aback when she saw that face. She didn't think she would bump into Yara just like that.

"What the hell are you looking at? Move aside!" growled Yara as she shot a cruel look at Natalie.

Natalie wasn't the only one staring at Yara, though. Harper was staring as well.

"The top half of your face looks just like the ghost I saw!" said Harper. She recalled the terrifying experience she had just gone through and shouted aloud. "Ah, a ghost! You're a ghost. You malicious being. Why are you haunting me?"

A Cue for Love chapter 585

Chapter 585 The Filth Befits The Fraud

Natalie stared at Harper in astonishment but managed to recover very quickly, for half the face that she used to spook the latter was precisely her own.

"What ghost, Harper? There's no ghost here," said Natalie as she held Harper's hands.

"It's her! That's the ghost that's been haunting me!" Harper shook off Natalie's hands violently and hollered at Yara, "Don't think that you'd be able to deceive me by creating half of that missing face you didn't have! Just leave me alone!"

"Where did this crazy woman come from?" Yara furrowed her brows.

"Show your true self, evil spirit!" Harper surveyed her surroundings until her eyes fell upon a bucket on the floor. Then, she grabbed ahold of it and hurled its contents at Yara. "With so many people around, I have no reason to be afraid of you! Try to pick on me now, b*tch! I'd show you what's what!"

Dank and grimy, the water that was used to mop the floor left Yara soaked through and completely ruined the getup she had meticulously put together.

"Security! Security!" Yara was hopping mad. "Where the hell are you? Hurry up and get this lunatic out of here!"

Harper's visceral reaction took Natalie by some surprise, with the former in a seeming lack of care for whether Yara was human or not when she flung that big load of wastewater onto her.

Nevertheless, the filth befits the fraud. So I guess there's nothing unbecoming at all about that.

It did not take long before security mobilized and took the raving and ranting Harper away.

Natalie was considering pulling out for the time being when she was stopped by Yara.

"Hold on."

Momentarily taken aback, Natalie turned and regarded Yara. "Is there something I can help you with, miss?"

"Are you in league with her?" Yara was obviously still stewing, and it showed in the way she was glaring at Natalie.

"No." Natalie returned her counterpart's gaze without flinching. "You could see for yourself how I've held her and tried to restrain her, and I was just as surprised that she reacted as strongly to your presence as she did! But half an hour before, she did tell me that she saw a half-faced ghost that may have shared some resemblance to you. Perhaps, it might have been a ghost that looks like your twin?"

The mention of the word 'twin' put a taut furrow between Yara's brows. It bothered her so much that ridding herself of the cruddy water became the least of her concerns.

"You... What nonsense are you spouting?"

"This is a funeral home after all. Things are a little creepier here, as you can expect." Natalie's lips curled up. "So, it isn't that surprising even if you were to run into one or two of them ghosts, even during the day."

"The dead can't be anything more than dead. Where in the world would ghosts even come from?"

Once done with her castigating, Yara also had just about enough of the filthiness clinging to herself. She was not about to attend the funeral soaked to the skin lest she got turned into the butt of jokes for the day.

Shoving Natalie aside, she stormed off for the VIP lounge in a huff.

Unbothered, Natalie's smirk only grew more gleeful by the moment.

One can choose not to believe in ghosts, but one should never show a lack of respect. It's unfortunate that this twin sister of mine doesn't understand such a simple notion.

Moments later, Yara was inside the restroom cleaning herself up. She had already tasked her new assistant with the delivery of a long black dress over to the funeral parlor.

Standing before the vanity, she scrutinized that exquisite, yet pallid face of hers.

"How could there be... a ghost that looks exactly like me?" Yara ran her fingers over her own face and began to laugh. "That woman should have been burned into disfigurement. The only reason she could have turned out that way must be due to the reconstructive surgery she underwent afterward! Since she isn't dead, there's no ghost to be had! Besides, so what if ghosts exist? Even if they do, it should be Melissa who ought to come calling!"

Chuckling, Yara shook her head in good humor.

"Hmph! Ghosts are just the fiction of the living person's imagination!"

After Yara changed into the gown sent by her assistant, she put on a fresh face of makeup before making her reappearance in the public eye.

By then, Thomas and Yvonne had both arrived. With that, the funeral service commenced properly.

When Melissa's body was pushed inside the hall, Yvonne suddenly broke down and wailed, "Oh, my poor Melissa—"

Her cries carried the unequivocal anguish of a parent losing her child.

At this moment, in her guise as one of the staff, Natalie stood in the corner of the hall and bore testament to Yvonne's grief, as well as Thomas' pretensions at it.

