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A Cue for Love chapter 106

Chapter 106 You Are An Animal

Jerome's hands were now gripping Yandel's collar tightly.

"How on earth would I know, Jerome?" Dumbfounded, Yandel paused to compose himself before adding, "I don't know the details, but I believe she must have her reason for doing so."

"What reason could there possibly be?" Anger flitted past Jerome's dark eyes as he barked, "What on earth could be more important than her own life?"

All Yandel could do was helplessly purse his lips.

He, too, was worried about Natalie's wellbeing and safety.

However, the intensity of his worry was nothing compared to Jerome's.

Just as Yandel was scratching his head over how to reassure Jerome, his phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Yandel, it's me." Natalie's calm voice traveled from the phone's speakers, sending a rush of relief down Yandel's spine.

"Boss, are you all right?" he instantly asked.

"It was only a small injury," Natalie replied smilingly on the other end of the call. "I won't die from it."

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"I was worried sick." Before Yandel could finish his words, Jerome, who was right beside him, snatched the phone.

"Why would a perfectly healthy lady like yourself talk about death all the time? It's bad luck!" Jerome shouted.

Natalie's amused grin grew wider upon hearing Jerome's voice. She teased, "You little rascal, how could you yell at me? It seems like you've become ruder now that you're older now, huh?"

She and Jerome had grown up in the same town.

The latter was two years younger than her and had followed her around like a loyal pet.

Jerome was much scrawnier as a kid, unlike his currently tall and muscular build. Because of that, he often got picked on by the kids in his town. It was Natalie who threw stones and chased those bullies away every time.

While Natalie was the daughter of the prestigious Nichols family, Jerome had a powerful identity too.

He was the grandson of Finley Blackburn, a significant figure within the military and political world. Not only that, but he was also the sole descendant of the Blackburn family. Thus, one could say he was someone important.

"Who do you think you're calling a little rascal?" Jerome muttered.

"Well, if you don't want to be my little rascal, then I'm going to hang up."

"You-"

"Come now, please don't be angry. I'm calling to let both of you know that I'm safe and sound. Yes, I got hurt, but it's nothing serious. I'll catch up with you once I recover, okay?" Natalie explained.

Jerome could not argue with her. Thus, he let out a grumpy huff as a form of reply.

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“Attaboy.” With that, Natalie ended the call while still grinning smugly.

She thought back to the little boy who constantly followed behind her and addressed her politely. Now, he had grown into a fine man and had become the youngest lieutenant in the army.

She could not help but feel proud of his transformation.

Just then, Samuel opened the ward’s door and entered. As soon as he noticed Natalie holding her phone, a tense smile curled on his face.

“Who were you on the phone with?” Samuel asked, feigning ignorance. “Was it a guy or a girl?”

“A guy.”

Samuel swiftly approached and pushed Natalie down onto the hospital bed. “A guy?”

Just then, a plan hatched in Natalie’s mind as she wanted to retaliate against Samuel.

“Yep,” she stated candidly. Her eyes locked on him to prove she was serious. “On top of that, he and I are childhood sweethearts.”

Childhood sweethearts? Samuel thought to himself.

Technically, Natalie was telling the truth as she and Jerome had grown up alongside each other.

They shared a close relationship during their childhood. However, it was more akin to kinship than a romantic relationship since Natalie only saw Jerome as her younger brother.

Samuel’s eyes bore into Natalie’s as if he were trying to stare into her soul.

She’s taunting me because she knows I have feelings for her.

“Now, now, Natalie. That’s hardly fair...” Samuel remarked.

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Natalie caught the threatening look in his eyes. However, now was not the time for her to surrender. She taunted, "It takes one to know one."

Samuel wanted to reveal just how deep his feelings for her ran. He was even willing to serve his heart on a silver platter to prove how much he loved her. Despite that, he knew that Natalie would not reciprocate his feelings, especially since she always had her guard up against him.

Her face was fake.

Her identity was fake, too.

Everything about her was fake.

Samuel's rage skyrocketed from all his pent-up emotions, so he leaned in to bite Natalie's lips.

Disbelief struck Natalie. She shot him a wide-eyed glare as her bottom lip burned with a shade of red like wildfire. "Samuel Bowers, you animal! I'm an injured patient!"

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A Cue for Love chapter 107

Chapter 107 So What If We Kiss

Gosh! I have an arm filled with cuts! How dare this man behave so wildly and pin me under him?

Samuel slightly distanced from Natalie while caressing her lips with his finger. "So what if we kiss? One little peck won't affect your injured arm. After all, it's your lips that I'm ravaging."

With that, he threw himself against her body and planted his lips deeper against hers.

This time, he was more cautious not to touch the injury on Natalie's arm. He even made sure to avoid placing too much of his weight on her body.

"Y-You animal..." Natalie's muffled voice cursed.

Unfortunately, it had little effect on Samuel, who hungrily continued to run his tongue along the insides of her mouth.

Natalie's resistance toward his kiss only made him desire it even more. He wanted her to get used to the intimate gesture and make her fall for him.

Before the situation got steamier, a woman opened the ward's door and spoke. "Samuel, are you here? I've come to visit you."

Both Samuel and Natalie instantly recognized that it was Yara's voice.

Natalie was out of breath after the kiss. However, she suppressed her breathlessness and let out a flustered cough to hide how she had been kissing Samuel earlier.

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Meanwhile, Samuel seemed to be in a much more composed state compared to her. The only odd thing was that his voice sounded hoarse and deep, as though his desire was now satisfied.

Any adult, especially those with experience in dating, would know both of them had been kissing passionately a while ago on the patient's bed from a single glance; Yara was no exception.

Her face paled instantly. She felt as though her heart skipped a beat. Without realizing it, Yara's jaw dropped, and she could not bring herself to utter a word.

The truth was that she wanted to visit the Bowers residence to win over Franklin and Sophia, and ultimately, Samuel. There, she found out from Gavin that Sophia was with Steven.

Gavin knew nothing and had only told her that Samuel was at the hospital.

Humans were the weakest when they were sick. Plus, Samuel rarely fell ill, so it was only natural that Yara would use this opportunity to gain his favor.

Unfortunately, she did not expect to find him literally tongue-tied with Natalie.

Yara's sly plan to seduce Samuel had backfired into a ridiculous joke.

Samuel is not the one injured. It's that ugly, freckled b*tch who's hurt. What's worse is that she's blushing and is panting ever so slightly. I know that look. I bet she's all giddy inside, thinking that Samuel is in love with her. How could she do this? She's received ten million from me and has even signed an agreement to stay away from Samuel. So what the hell is she doing shoving her tongue down his throat right now?

Yara's fists clenched tightly. Nevertheless, she bit back her anger as she was in Samuel's presence.

It was not the right time for Yara to do anything to Natalie at that moment. Thus, she planned to teach the latter a lesson once Samuel was gone.

"You. Are you done staring?" Samuel snapped with an icy expression.

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"S-Samuel, I was so worried that you got injured..." Yara bit her lip gently, her eyes filled with reluctance. "I... I suppose I've misunderstood."

A smirk formed on Natalie's lips when she saw Yara pretending to be a meek and tame woman.

Triumph swelled in Natalie's chest, knowing that Yara could not do anything to her for kissing Samuel.

She thought to herself, How refreshing. Upsetting Yara seems way more fun than I thought...

Just as Samuel was about to get up from Natalie's body, a pair of small and slender hands suddenly grabbed his shirt.

"You-"

"My arm hurts a lot..." Tears welled in Natalie's eyes as she pouted at Samuel. "Where are you going?"

She was doing it on purpose.

In fact, she was doing this to infuriate Yara.

However, she was uncertain about whether Samuel would play along with her.

If he chose the flirtatious Yara over Natalie, the latter would feel utterly humiliated.

Deep down, Natalie had no idea what and why she was putting on this act.

It was far too late to take back her actions; she lay beneath Samuel and had already said those cringe-worthy words with that helpless expression of hers.

Meanwhile, Samuel continued staring at her without saying anything for a long time.

Natalie's heart sank, wondering if she had just made a fool of herself.

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A Cue for Love chapter 108

Chapter 108 I Am Your Man

Moments passed before Samuel pinched her chin and said, "Do you want me to stay?"

"Huh?" Natalie was stunned. Then she glanced at Yara, who was still standing by the door before muttering, "But there's someone waiting for you-"

"Do you want me to stay?" Samuel repeated. He stared at Natalie like a predator stalking at its prey with a domineering aura and possessiveness.

Both of them maintained an affectionate position as he lay on top of her in the relatively small hospital bed.

At the same time, Yara was burning with so much rage that her body trembled.

I don't get it. I'm a hundred, maybe even a thousand times prettier than Natalie. Whatever she's doing with Samuel, I can do better. So why is he obsessed with her?

"Samuel..." Yara's eyes reddened with frustration. "Natalie is injured. I think she needs some space to recuperate. Maybe we should leave-"

Right then, Natalie interrupted by answering Samuel's question loudly, "Yes."

Samuel's eyes narrowed as he looked at the devious woman beneath him. Then, his lips curled into a smirk.

He knew that Natalie was competing with Yara, and she was using him as a tool for their fight.

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However, he was not bothered by it at all.

Natalie's sweet answer had captivated him.

"Since you've cleared the misunderstanding and you know that I'm not injured, why are you still sticking around?" Although Samuel did not mention any names, it was evident that he was dismissing Yara.

At that, Yara's face twisted into a hideous frown as she had not expected to get chased out of the ward so heartlessly. "Samuel, I-

"Leave, and close the door on your way out."

Yara hesitated. Although she did not want to leave, she had never once challenged Samuel's decision in the past five years and was not about to do so now.

Her jaw clenched so tightly that her teeth almost got crushed under the unyielding weight. Nevertheless, she did as told.

This isn't over. Wait and see, Natalie. I'll eventually win him over!

As soon as Yara left the ward, Natalie dropped the act and resumed her cold demeanor.

Her hands retracted from Samuel's shirt while she put on a calm expression.

Samuel knew Natalie was mean but did not expect her to give him the boot so heartlessly.

"That's it? So I'm merely a tool for you to use then dump once you achieve your motives?" he asked.

"Of course." Natalie avoided his gaze and muttered, "Besides, you already knew I was putting on an act..."

A dull pain sank in Samuel's chest upon hearing that.

This woman will be the death of me. I was willing to become her tool, but who would've known that she would turn and ditch me like that?

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He pursed his lips but did not adjust his posture. Instead, his body continued to press down on Natalie's.

Despite Yara interrupting them earlier, he had not forgotten about Natalie's male friend earlier.

He casually asked, "Who's that childhood sweetheart you were talking to on the phone?"

Natalie froze. Oh my gosh, he still hasn't dropped the topic about Jerome.

"Samuel, why should I report every detail in my life to you?"

"Well, because I'm your man." Samuel boldly met her gaze and declared in a deep voice, "Are you really going to challenge me?"

"Since when did you become my man?"

"Well, I've devoted all my love to you, and only you..." His dulled tone continued, "How can I not be yours?"

An air of seriousness emanated from the ends of Samuel's hair to his toes.

Natalie wanted to rebuke him.

Yet, when she looked into his dark and mysterious eyes, she could not seem to utter a single word.

Natalie feared that Samuel would bite her lip again out of anger. The thought of her already swollen lips suffering from another bite stopped her from fighting the latter.

Hence, she decided to change the topic instead. "Well, I'm an exhausted patient who's already lost a lot of blood. I want to get some rest now..."

"Okay." Samuel's stubborn gaze locked onto hers as he said, "Go ahead and rest up. We'll talk about that sweetheart of yours later."

In truth, Natalie was utterly worn out from everything that had happened.

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She had slight hopes that Samuel would be gone by the time she awoke from her nap.

However, his arms wrapped around her just as she was about to snuggle under the blanket to sleep.

A Cue for Love chapter 109

Chapter 109 Arranged Marriage

Shock surged through Natalie as she quickly dodged him. "What are you doing? I'm already injured, and you're-

Samuel pulled her closer into his embrace. "I'm tired too. Let's stay like this for a while..."

Perhaps Natalie had bled so much, or maybe it was Samuel's warm embrace, but she fell asleep right after shutting her eyes.

In her dreams, she recalled the night from five years ago. She saw the scene of herself trying hard to escape from the sea of flames. Yara was also there to snatch away one of her sons and a daughter.

The nightmare caused her to unknowingly tighten her arms around Samuel's waist and mutter, "N-No! My babies, please don't take them away from me..."

Her heart ached as she was unable to break free from her nightmare.

Samuel lowered his head and gazed at the squirming woman in his arms while gently stroking her back. "Don't worry. I'm here."

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Back at Bowers manor, Kenneth Bowers watched endearingly as his great-grandson enjoyed some ice cream.

Kenneth was both Samuel and Steven's grandfather.

He initially assumed that Samuel was not interested in women and believed that Steven would be the first of his grandsons to birth some great-grandchildren for him. Much to his surprise, Samuel was the first to give him two great-grandchildren—Franklin and Sophia.

Kenneth utterly adored Franklin and Sophia, especially the former. It would be an understatement to say that Franklin was Kenneth's prized possession.

"Slow down, Dear, or you'll choke on your food..." Kenneth smiled so lovingly that almost all his wrinkles stretched out. He assured, "There are still some left, so you don't have to hurry it all down at once. You can eat to your heart's content."

To that, Franklin nodded. "You're the best, Great-grandpa!"

"That's for sure!"

Kenneth's heart softened with glee at the title "great-grandpa." He gleefully thought to himself, Gosh, I hope Franklin will bring his sister, Sophia, along with him when he visits me next time.

The thought of having a pair of great-grandchildren by his side made him delighted.

Just as Franklin was cheerily licking his ice cream, he received a text from his sister.

The text said: Franklin! Natalie got hurt earlier when she was trying to protect me from some evil men!!

What! My woman is injured?

Franklin's heart sank at once. He immediately put down his spoon and spoke nervously. "Great-grandpa, I'm afraid I can't eat the ice cream anymore. Something urgent came up, and I need to go home right away..."

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That shocked Kenneth, who immediately asked, "What? What could be so urgent? Didn't you promise that you'd practice playing the piano here for a month this time?"

"Great-grandpa, my Natalie got hurt!"

Curious, Kenneth asked, "Natalie? Is that the name of your pet cat or dog? Shall I get someone to fetch it over here?"

"Nope! She's my woman. I'm going to marry her when I grow up!" Franklin spoke with a determined expression. He was evidently not joking. "She's hurt, so I have to see her right now! Great-grandpa, please get someone to send me home."

When Kenneth heard how important this "Natalie" was to his great-grandson, he immediately instructed his staff to send Franklin back to the Bowers residence.

Of course, he, too, went along with Franklin as he wanted to see who exactly was "Natalie."

Since this little girl has won over the heart of my great-grandson, I can help set up an arranged marriage between them.

As soon as they reached the Bowers residence, Franklin noticed Sophia, who had cried so much that her eyes became swollen.

Steven sat next to Sophia and comforted her, "Natalie is currently recovering in the hospital. She's not dead. Plus, your daddy is currently with her, and he says I can take you to visit her when she's all better. Please stop crying! I swear I'm not lying to you!"

Upon seeing Franklin's return, Sophia immediately rushed into his embrace while conveying her message between sobs. "S-Sam. She... injured... a lot... blood..."

Her tears continuously poured as she mumbled.

Steven's heart ached for her. Likewise, Kenneth also felt a pang in his chest at the sight of his crying great-grandchild.

This "Natalie" person... Who exactly is she? Even my great-granddaughter is crying hysterically.

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Seeing how the two children were too emotional to utter a single word, Kenneth glanced at Steven and said, "Steven, get over here. I have something to ask you."

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