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## A Cue for Love chapter 115

Chapter 115 Clean Her Body

“Please don’t tell me you’re a fan of hers.” Clayton scoffed before saying calmly, “Then again, you do look like someone with bad taste when it comes to fangirling over celebrities.”

Xavian chimed in, “Clayton is right, Mr. Morin. If you are indeed her fan, you should know that she can get canceled anytime in the future, so don’t put all your eggs in one basket.”

Despite the children’s advice, Billy knew the Bowers family would still provide financial support for Yara even if her career failed.

After all, she was still the mother of the Bowers family’s great-grandchildren, Franklin and Sophia.

“Cancelled? You guys are overthinking things.” Billy grinned and continued, “That will never happen...”

“We’ll see, Mr. Morin,” Clayton replied nonchalantly. “I believe that nothing is impossible.”

He was confident that the tables could turn for anyone at a moment’s notice because his mother told him so, and she was a woman of her words.

At the hospital entrance, Yara glanced at the plate number of the Rolls-Royce. She felt a sense of familiarity washing over her but couldn’t figure out why.

However, her mind kept recalling Samuel’s heartless tone as he kicked her out of Natalie’s ward earlier.

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Even though he had ordered her to leave, she found herself returning to the hospital again.

Throughout these years, she treated Samuel as though he was her husband because all she ever wanted was to become his wife.

Although their relationship never developed into a romantic one, Samuel remained aloof toward other women. Thus, Yara believed she could someday win his heart and become the Bowers family's lady of the house.

Unfortunately, Natalie's sudden appearance thwarted things; she caused Samuel and the children to treat Yara differently.

As Yara approached Natalie's ward, she overheard two nurses conversing.

"I bet the woman from room 1802 did a lot of good deeds in her previous life to be blessed with such a loving man."

"Exactly! I can't believe he even helped clean her body."

"To think that lady has such an average-looking face... I now know that having a good marriage depends on one's fate, and not something superficial like appearance."

Room 1802? That's Natalie's ward.

A bitter feeling prickled in Yara's chest upon learning that Samuel had helped Natalie wash up.

Not once has Samuel treated me with the care he willingly gives to Natalie, not even when I got sick or hurt in the past years. No matter how much I pouted or coquettishly asked for his attention, he would only ever give me a cold response like, "Go see a doctor or something."

As Yara thought about Samuel's boundless affection and patience for Natalie, a raging hurricane broke out in her chest. Her nails then clawed on the hospital walls.

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Ugh, that Natalie! She's like a stubborn old stain that's impossible to erase! This won't do. I can't just sit idly by and wait for things to turn in my favor. I have to take action before Natalie becomes the Bowers family's lady of the house. If that happens, then everything will be over for me!

With that, Yara spun on her heel and left the hospital.

Since the Bowers family believed that she was the biological mother of Sophia and Franklin, she decided to use it to her advantage.

Yara got into her minivan and quickly made a phone call.

Subsequently, she prepared her most lethal weapon – tears – to put on an act.

Yara's eyes were already red and swollen when Kenneth answered the phone. On top of that, her voice became unsteady, as if she was about to cry.

"Yara?" Kenneth greeted.

"Grandpa..." she muttered, and in no time, tears rolled down her cheeks.

"What's wrong, Yara? Has someone picked on you?"

"N-No..." Yara intentionally sobbed even harder. "Grandpa, I think I dialed the wrong number..."

"Hang on. Since we're already talking, tell me who upset you." Kenneth added in a fierce tone, "You're just too nice of a person. How could you not speak up even after getting picked on? Come on. You can tell me everything about it."

Although Yara's eyes continued to fill up with tears, a faint smile played on her lips since she had successfully achieved her goal.

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## A Cue for Love chapter 116

Chapter 116 Freshen Up

Inside ward 1802, Samuel stared at a sleeping Natalie who lay on the hospital bed.

Natalie would never lower her guard down around him. Perhaps the only exception was when she slept—like right now.

It was a rare moment as she was in her most defenseless and sincere form before Samuel.

Just then, his phone rang.

Not wanting to wake Natalie up, he instantly left the ward to answer the call.

“Sir, we’ve found him,” Billy stated.

“Send me the location, and I’ll go over there right now.”

After Billy texted the location, Samuel drove to a massive container next to a port.

He saw a line of people kneeling as soon as he opened the rusty metal door.

While walking in, Samuel loosened the first two buttons on his top. A grim aura then exuded into the space around him. Meanwhile, everyone at the scene felt a shiver down their spines.

“Sir. Jeffrey Cook from Yates Real Estate is the one who gave the orders to kidnap Ms. Sophia,” Billy explained as he kicked a middle-aged man who wore glasses. “Jeffrey here bribed Ms. Sophia’s private driver to give him updates on where Ms. Sophia went when she snuck out.”

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Laying on the ground was a petrified Jeffrey, who stared wide-eyed at Samuel.

Jeffrey regretted planning Sophia's kidnapping as soon as he looked into Samuel's dark and murderous gaze.

"M-Mr. Bowers..." Jeffrey stuttered. "I-I only wanted to abduct your daughter because I needed more time to pay off my debt to you. I never actually intended to hurt her! Besides, as far as I know, she didn't suffer from any injuries during the kidnapping attempt at all. Mr. Bowers! Please! Spare me!"

Not a trace of hesitation showed on Samuel's face as his hand mercilessly tightened around Jeffrey's neck.

The latter paled at once.

Just as Jeffrey thought he was about to die, Samuel's hand suddenly loosened from his neck.

Jeffrey quickly sucked in multiple deep breaths, feeling relieved.

Immediately after, Samuel gave orders to his subordinates while casting a vicious glare at Jeffrey. "I want 30 knife slashes on all of their arms."

All color drained from the faces of those who knelt on the ground.

The next moment, several men in black approached with knives and began slashing the former's arms.

Jeffrey closed his eyes to brace himself for the knife slashes he would soon feel.

However, Samuel suddenly spoke up. "Wait."

Billy's brows knitted close. "Sir...?"

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While fixating on Jeffrey, Samuel's eyes narrowed to slits as he added, "The others will receive 30 slashes each. As for him, I want 300 slashes on his arms. If he's still alive by the end of it, then you guys can let him go."

A dense metallic smell of blood soon permeated the room.

All of this was Samuel's promise to Natalie.

He wanted those who hurt Natalie to suffer a hundred times more.

That night seemed to go on forever.

By 5 a.m. the next day, Samuel sat inside the Hummer and wiped some blood off his hands with a tissue.

Billy, who sat on the driver's seat, looked over at Samuel. "Where to now, Sir?"

"The hospi-" Samuel froze mid-sentence as he caught a whiff of blood from his clothes. Since he didn't want Natalie to find out, he quickly changed his mind. "Billy, stop by Centurion Corporation before heading to the hospital. I need to freshen up."

"Yes, Sir."

Nevertheless, Billy kept a professional countenance and did his job as usual. He reported, "Old Mr. Bowers stayed at the Bowers residence last night."

"I see," Samuel said. "Get Steven to look after Franklin and Sophia for the next few days. As for work, please forward all the important documents to me through email, and I'll deal with them in the hospital."

"Understood."

It was 8 o'clock when Kenneth and Steven were having breakfast in the Bowers residence.

Seconds passed as Kenneth's expression grew darker. "Where is Samuel? I've stayed over for two days, and I still haven't seen him around. Where is he?"

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“Grandpa, Sam is still at the hospital. He’ll probably be there for the next few days...”

“That little punk!” Kenneth’s face reddened furiously. Seething with rage, he smacked the table and thundered, “How dare the eldest son of the Bowers family dedicate all his time to pointlessly caring for a random woman!”

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