

## A Cue for Love chapter 488

When the train of cars finally returned to the starting point, Yara's voice had turned hoarse from all the shouting. Her legs were weak and shaky from the frightful ride.

The roller coaster ride was much more terrifying in the dark of night than in broad daylight.

All she could see in her sight was just a field of dark and silhouettes of objects when neared. She couldn't even get a clear view of the track under the breakneck speed.

The combination of the unknown and her fear of height had tortured her to the extent of having all colors drained from her face and she even tasted bile in her throat.

These two brats! Do they think I won't dare to do anything to them?

The reason I kept them alive all these years ago was so they could be of use to me one day. Now, they have the gall to trick me despite not helping me.

After calming her breath from the terrifying ride, she stomped toward the exit, resolved to teach them a lesson.

Once she reached the exit, an ice cream cone was thrust into her hand. She looked down to see Sophia tipping her toes and pushing the cone into her hand.

"Here you go! An ice cream cone!"

Looking at Sophia's innocent smiling face, Yara noticed a similar glint of slyness in Sophia's eyes as the dead Natalie.

Setting me up on a roller coaster ride, then hands me an ice cream cone next. Is she planning to freeze me to death?

Yara bent down slowly, forcing a smile on her face as she reached for the ice cream in Sophia's extended hand.

“Sophia, you won’t get to eat it then if you buy for me only.” Yara narrowed her eyes, amplifying the malicious glint in them. “You love ice cream too, don’t you? I’ll let you have this then. Make sure you finish every bit of it.”

Yara was about to force-feed Sophia the ice cream in her hand.

“I don’t want it.”

“This is delicious. Eat it!”

“I don’t want it! Daddy! I don’t want to eat it! She’s forcing me to eat it!”

Yara’s body stiffened at the mention of Samuel, but she quickly dashed off the possibility of him being there in the amusement park too.

They’re adamant about me not meeting with Samuel, so there’s no way he’ll be here in an amusement park.

“Sophia, why are you being so rude to me when I’m offering ice cream to you?” Yara tightened her grip on Sophia’s arm despite her gentle chiding.

Feeling a sharp pain in her arm, tears were welling in Sophia’s eyes.

“Daddy, it hurts!”

“Why are you crying? I’m offering you an ice cream. There’s nothing to cry about.”

“Daddy! Daddy!”

“Your daddy isn’t here. Why are you calling for him? Do you think I’ll believe your lies? Have you ever heard of the story of the boy who cries wolf?”

With fingers pinching Sophia’s chin, Yara was about to force the ice cream into the latter’s mouth when a chilling voice called her from behind her.

“Yara! What do you think you’re doing to Sophia?”

Hearing the familiar voice, her heart sank. She instantly let go of Sophia's arm, straightened her back, and looked over her shoulder with a panic look. "Samuel, you're here. What are you doing here?" she asked nervously.

The second Sophia saw Samuel, she raced to him and clung to his leg with teary eyes. "Daddy, she forced me to eat an ice cream!"

Yara couldn't picture Samuel being there in an amusement park at that time. Hearing Sophia's complaint, she immediately explained herself.

"I didn't force her!" Yara insisted. "Samuel, you can't just listen to her. I merely wanted to share the ice cream with her since she loves ice cream."

His expression turned grave when his gaze landed on the teary-eyed Sophia.

"You want my daughter to eat ice cream on such a cold day?"

"I-"

She couldn't come up with an explanation.

So Sophia can't eat ice cream in the middle of winter but I can? But if I say that, I'll sound like I'm shifting the blame onto a child.

"Yara, finish that ice cream yourself!"

Then, he warned,

"If I see you bullying my daughter next time, I won't let things slide because you're Grandpa's caretaker."

His daughter?

She is our daughter!

The way he puts it shows he doesn't recognize me as the mother of the two kids.

Hatred and pain filled her heart, meeting his cold, harsh gaze. I love him so much. I have done so much for him, but why doesn't he reciprocate my feeling. I'm happy even with a smidge.