

## A Cue for Love Chapter 796

Natalie's hands tightened around the syringe, and her brows creased deeply.

Nova is currently still in Yara's hands, so I might hurt her no matter what method I use right now. Try my luck? If it were me, I'd dare do so. But this is Silas and Holly's child, so I don't dare do so. Nor can I do so!

At the thought of Holly's devastated expression, she was reminded of the sheer agony she once experienced when she lost her children. She felt as though a thousand knives pierced her, the pain excruciating to the point of suffocation.

At that very moment, Samuel and Justin headed in the direction of the commotion and found Silas as well as Holly, who was out for the count after Natalie applied pressure to her acupoint.

"What's going on here, Uncle Silas?" Samuel demanded with a chilly look in his eyes.

Scooping his wife up in a bridal carry, Silas was so panicked that his eyes were crimson. "Samuel, Yara tricked Holly into lowering her guard with her countenance that resembled Natalie's so that she'd hand Nova over to her! At present, she threatened Natalie into going to the rooftop with Nova!"

When Samuel heard that, the chilliness in his eyes grew even more pronounced. Veins popped up on his forehead, and his gaze turned terrifyingly bloodred.

"Just the two of them?"

"Yeah. My men and I wanted to follow, but Yara forbade us from doing so." With a dark expression on his face, Silas asserted, "That woman has already gone stark raving mad! She's using Nova as a bargaining chip to have Natalie yield to her. She definitely won't give up so easily!"

Pursing his lips tightly, Samuel said nothing further. He whirled around and sprinted to the elevator that went up to the rooftop on the ninety-ninth floor.

Justin didn't dare tarry either and hastily chased after him.

The floor number in the elevator ascended rapidly.

Justin could sense the coldness radiating off Samuel growing in intensity, the chill penetrating into his marrow.

"Justin."

"Yes?" Justin regarded Samuel in puzzlement, at a loss as to why the latter abruptly called his name.

"If anything happens to me, take good care of Natalie. If anyone from the Bowers family shoves the blame onto her, you must protect her with everything you have," Samuel enunciated solemnly.

Feeling that the request was too heavy, Justin quickly shook his head. "Don't say such things, Samuel. Such a situation won't happen. Besides, you should be protecting your own woman. Why are you asking me to do so instead?"

"If I'm alive, Justin, I naturally don't need you to do so," Samuel growled tersely with his eyes narrowed a fraction.

"Samuel, you-" Justin wanted to speak further, but the elevator doors had already opened with a ding, and Samuel stepped out of the elevator ahead of him.

The door to the rooftop wasn't locked.

When Samuel pushed open the door, he was greeted by the sight of two women at the edge of the rooftop.

Dressed in a black lace evening gown, Yara was clutching a baby in her arms, and the baby's hoarse cries pierced the air intermittently.

Meanwhile, dressed in a white satin dress, Natalie wore a hesitant expression on her face. She was also seemingly clutching something in her hand.

Upon seeing that, Samuel dashed over to Natalie in desperation and knocked the syringe in her hand away.

Natalie was a moment away from plunging the syringe into herself when someone suddenly grabbed her wrist, so she was inevitably startled.

"What are you doing, Natalie? Did you ever consider me before doing this?" Samuel bellowed furiously, his eyes narrowed into slits.

"I..." Natalie's lips parted, but in the end, she could only say, "I'm sorry."

Yara was a touch surprised at Samuel's appearance, but her surprise didn't last for long.

Shooting daggers at Natalie, she screeched, "Don't think that I'll change my terms because Samuel is here, Natalie! I'm ordering you to pick it up! Do you hear me? Hurry up and pick the syringe up! Then, jab it into your body! I don't have the patience to play games with you! If you continue dragging your feet, I'll hurl the baby down!"

While saying that, she extended her arm out further.

At such a height, the wind on the rooftop alone had the baby's blanket fluttering dangerously.