

A Cue For Love Chapter 1167

Chapter 1167 The Ashes Are Not Hers

While Yandel and Samuel were embroiled in a heated argument, Natalie's body had been pushed into the cremation chamber. The staff pressed a button, and her body was burned at an extreme temperature.

Blood trickled down the corner of Yandel's lips. His cheek was red and swollen, but he appeared to feel no pain. Dropping to his knees, he pressed his forehead and chest against the floor, weeping as he said goodbye to Natalie for the final time.

"Rest in peace, Boss." The sight of Yandel despairingly paying his last respects to Natalie made Samuel's heart clench. Even so, all he did was ball his fists instead of helping the kneeling man up.

"Yandel, she left Dream Corporation behind, so you must take up the responsibility of managing it now that she's no longer here."

After saying that sentence, Samuel turned away and left the funeral home without sparing Yandel another glance. When Billy saw Samuel walking out, he asked worriedly, "Mr. Bowers, I saw Mr. Moss walking into the funeral home earlier. Did he hurt you?"

Samuel replied flatly, "No, he isn't as strong as me. If I don't hold back, he will only suffer if he tries to attack me."

"That's true." "The ashes will be ready for collection in half an hour," Samuel said, looking at Billy. "Stay here and collect the ashes when it's time."

That instruction stunned the latter so much that he stared at his employer incredulously. "W-Won't you be collecting Mrs. Bowers' ashes personally?" Billy asked in disbelief.

He had seen firsthand how important Natalie was to Samuel, as they had been through a lot together.

Mr. Bowers had pulled himself together, and I understand that he is doing this for the sake of the future. However, Mrs. Bowers' body has just been cremated, and he is already asking me to collect her ashes. Isn't this blatant disrespect to the late Mrs. Bowers?

Samuel did not answer Billy's question immediately. Due to the lack of response, Billy's sentiment toward his employer turned one hundred and eighty degrees. Could it be that Mr. Bowers' feelings for Mrs. Bowers are gone with the wind following her death? That's too heartless!

As that thought crossed his mind, he could not help but look down on Samuel. Billy was a sincere and honest man, so he did not try to mask his emotions, expressing them clearly on his face. Naturally, his reaction did not go unnoticed by Samuel.

“Billy, are you doubting my decision?” the latter asked in a low voice, his gaze cold.

“I wouldn’t dare,” Billy admitted honestly, for he was not one to hold his tongue. “Mr. Bowers, I don’t have the right to doubt your decision, but I feel like you’re severely disrespecting Mrs. Bowers. Even though she has passed away, she previously sneaked into a dangerous place alone to get a cure for you, and she almost died from it. Yet, you’re doing this to her after her passing.”

Suddenly, Samuel came closer to Billy and narrowed his eyes.

“Do you dare to say that again?”

“Yes!” Billy steeled himself to say the following words. “Mrs. Bowers treated you well, so I won’t hesitate to speak my mind. I’ll repeat it as many times as you like!”

Samuel patted his shoulder, sneering. “You don’t have to give me a ride. I’ll drive myself. Use your time at the funeral home to figure out why I asked you to collect the ashes on my behalf.”

After getting the keys, he drove away, leaving a befuddled Billy behind.

Why did Mr. Bowers ask me to collect Mrs. Bowers’ ashes on his behalf instead of doing it himself? He loved her dearly. Back when she went missing, he spent days on the river without resting. Yet, he won’t even collect her ashes on his own now.

At first, Billy was utterly bewildered.

However, he had a lightbulb moment all of a sudden, and he finally realized what was happening.

“No wonder. No wonder... So that’s why...”

The only reason is that Mr. Bowers has long figured out that the ashes aren’t Mrs. Bowers’!

A Cue For Love Chapter 1168

Chapter 1168 Threat

Natalie lay in bed weakly. Next to her was a young lady called Betty, who prostrated herself on the ground while holding a tray of food.

Despite her posture, Natalie averted her gaze elsewhere coldly, not bothering to spare her a glance. Timidly, Betty said, "Madam, you haven't eaten in two days... If this continues, your health will suffer. If Master blames me for this, I..."

Truth be told, she was not trying to gain Natalie's sympathy, for her master indeed gave her that warning before leaving. Her life would be in danger if she failed to take good care of the woman before her.

For the past few days, Betty had done her best to take care of Natalie, but the latter had barely eaten anything. In fact, Natalie's last meal was a bowl of plain oatmeal porridge from two days ago.

Hearing her plea, Natalie finally showed some reaction, tilting her head slowly to look at her. With her brows furrowed, she corrected Betty by saying, "Don't call me 'Madam,' for I'm not his woman. Besides, I told you that I won't eat unless Bastien comes to see me."

Her voice was weak. Despite exerting all her strength to speak, she only managed to breathe those two sentences. As Natalie seemed to be getting weaker, Betty got so anxious that she began to weep.

"I don't know when Master will be here... Please, eat something! If you want to see Master or leave this place, you'll have to be strong enough to do that..."

Natalie wanted to live on, but she had to say that the young lady before her was too naive. Even if she did eat on time and recover quickly, Bastien would still figure out a way to threaten and force her to act against her wishes.

Thus, it was better for her to take the opposite approach. In any case, he would never let her die, so she should buy as much time as possible.

After all, she firmly believed that Samuel would never give up on her. Afraid of getting punished, Betty remained in a kneeling position in front of Natalie.

After a seemingly long while, footsteps finally sounded outside the bedroom. The person did not bother knocking on the door and entered the bedroom directly.

It was Bastien, clad in a shirt. Initially, there was a quirk in his mouth when he entered the room, but the sight of Natalie's weak and fragile appearance wiped the smile off his face. What replaced his joy was an expression of pure malice.

Storming over to Betty, he demanded, "How did you take care of her? How dare you ignore my order?"

Betty dared not say anything in response. All she could do was press her forehead closer to the ground, trembling in fear.

Natalie glanced at Bastien and said icily, "She did try to feed me, but I refused to eat. This has nothing to do with her."

He could tell she showed mercy to the maid even though she had cut ties with him. At that discovery, he took the bowl and spoon from Betty and declared, "If you finish this, I won't punish her. In fact, I'll even reward her. But if you refuse to eat, I'll order someone to chop off her right hand. It's your choice, Natalie."

As it concerned a young lady's right hand, Natalie could not help but feel that Bastien was more crazed than she initially expected.

His gentleness was fake. In reality, beneath his mild-mannered facade lived a crazy man.

Hearing Bastien's threat, Betty started groveling at Natalie's feet.

She slammed her forehead against the ground repeatedly. Each thud seemed to reverberate in Natalie's heart.

Natalie knew Bastien was using Betty's life to threaten her.

Closing her eyes, she made up her mind without hesitation. "Give it to me. I'll eat it."

Bastien was a madman. If it were just between her and him, she would never have caved in, but things were different since an innocent being was involved. There was no way she could disregard human lives as he did.

The second those words fell from Natalie's lips, Betty stopped pounding her head against the ground, but she still could not stop weeping.

Bastien quirked his lips. "That's more like it, Natalie!"

A Cue For Love Chapter 1169

Chapter 1169 He Does Not Recognize You

Bastien then dismissed Betty with a wave. Initially, he wanted to feed Natalie, but she rejected him. "I can do it myself—" However, he refused to give her a chance to say no.

"Listen to me," Bastien said slowly. "You're too weak to hold the bowl, so don't bother wasting your time. Natalie, you can never be rid of me. If you'd like to know how Samuel is doing recently, I can tell you, but you must finish the oatmeal porridge and the other dish first."

Even the mere mention of Samuel's name was enough to bring a sparkle to Natalie's eyes. Indeed, she was dying to know how he was faring of late.

During one's darkest moments, one would usually be reminded of the dearest people in one's life. Besides the five children, the first person that appeared in Natalie's mind was Samuel.

Even if the news about him would come from Bastien, she still longed to know every little detail about Samuel. "Okay."

That time around, Bastien did not even need to threaten her, for she agreed to eat without hesitation. With that, Bastien knew Natalie had agreed to his condition.

While he hoped for her to give in to him, he could not help but feel unhappy when he realized she could become so obedient and docile for Samuel's sake.

It doesn't matter. Samuel can have Natalie temporarily, but he won't be able to keep her forever. She'll eventually be mine. If ten years isn't long enough, I can wait twenty, thirty, or forty years. I'm confident of making her forget about Samuel completely. With that, I'll be the only man she loves from then on.

Bastien raised his hand to feed the oatmeal porridge to Natalie. Her face was devoid of expression as she ate the food like a robot.

Even though she did not hate being with him, that was all there was to it. She did not harbor any other feelings toward him. All she wanted was to finish the meal as soon as possible to learn about Samuel's recent situation.

After finishing all the food, Natalie asked eagerly, "How is he doing?" Naturally, she was referring to Samuel. Instead of answering her question, Bastien picked up a silk handkerchief and gently wiped the corner of her lips. "Calm down."

Hearing that, Natalie knitted her brows. Don't tell me he lied to me. He used Samuel to deceive me into finishing the bowl of oatmeal porridge.

Soon, Bastien placed the bowl and handkerchief on the table. Boring his eyes into hers, he said, "Natalie, stop being stubborn. Everyone has accepted that you committed suicide out of guilt."

Despite being mentally prepared for it, Natalie was still shocked to hear it from him with her own ears.

That's impossible! Samuel will never claim a body that isn't mine! Even if plastic surgery were performed on the corpse, he shouldn't be tricked so easily!

She was consumed with agony.

When she was not paying attention, Bastien seized the opportunity to place his hand on her cheek gently. "Natalie, look. That man claimed to love you but still failed to

recognize you. He did suspect that the corpse wore a hyper-realistic mask, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't remove the mask. You have no idea how much effort I spent making that woman into a replica of you. She was operated on many times and treated with a lot of medicine to remove the scars. Well, I admit that if you were not known to be 'dead,' Samuel might have been able to tell you two apart based on your gaze, but he can never do that with a corpse. The reality is that he mistook the body for you, crying for a long time while hugging the body."

As Natalie listened to his recount, she felt as though her heart was being twisted by invisible strings, leaving her breathless.

A Cue For Love Chapter 1170

Chapter 1170 Bring You Home

"That's not possible!" Natalie seemed to be replying to Bastien, but it felt like she was trying to convince herself instead. Being held captive by him with such a method rendered her tantamount to being his puppet. The only way she could threaten him was to go on a hunger strike, which was foolish beyond words. Unlike her, he had plenty of ways to force her to comply with his wishes.

She had been waiting for Samuel to save her as he was the only one she could trust. Seeing that Natalie refused to believe the truth, Bastien moved his hand downward and forcefully gripped her chin.

"Natalie, why won't you forget about Samuel? How am I inferior to him? I'm willing to give you everything—my heart and the noblest status in the country!" he questioned.

Tears welled up in Natalie's eyes as she stared at him with reddened eyes. "But... I don't love you..." she said. Natalie did not need Bastien to treat her well.

It did not matter to her whether or not he treated her well. All she knew was that she never harbored romantic feelings toward Bastien, unlike the deep love she had for Samuel.

Even though she still did not hate Bastien then, she did not like him romantically. In fact, she was confident that her feelings would never change over the course of time. Bastien's felt his heart turning cold when he heard her words. She hurt me time and again...

Needless to say, he was hurt, and the pain he felt prompted him to tighten his grip on her chin.

"You'd better stop having unrealistic thoughts about Samuel! He is trying to turn the case around for you by attacking the Leitz family, but he will never come to save you

since he thinks you're dead. In terms of wits and strategies, he's no match for me." "Bastien, you..."

Menace was seen all over Bastien's face as he smirked. Then, he pulled out a hyper-realistic mask from his pocket and threw it beside Natalie.

"You have one month to recover completely. One month later, I will hold a wedding ceremony at Luna Palace to marry you officially. This is the hyper-realistic mask I had someone create for you specifically. Once you wear it, you will be my Lune. To the public, you'll be known as Lunetta Lovas. No one will know your true identity. If you refuse to cooperate, I won't show mercy to that maid, your five kids, and even Samuel!"

Natalie shot a glance at the hyper-realistic mask and muttered, "Bastien, don't you have any other methods besides threatening me?"

"I see no need to change my method as long as threatening works." Bastien released her chin and stood up slowly. "Of course, when you fall in love with me and are willing to stay by my side, I won't have to do this anymore."

With that, he left the weak Natalie behind. As she toyed with the hyper-realistic mask, an endless sense of irony filled her heart. Lune?

In Loang, the moon symbolized nobility, auspiciousness, and good fortune. Only daughters of royal officials were allowed to have names related to the moon.

Bastien clearly went to great lengths to ensure that he could legally keep me by his side. I do not doubt that he has a way of making me recover fully within a month. What should I do about the wedding ceremony? Do I really have no choice but to marry him?

Death was like putting out the lamp. Everyone grieved over Natalie's death, but no matter how reluctant they were to part from her, life still had to go on.

Further investigation into the psychotropic drug trafficking case revealed that it was a setup. The authorities arrested a scapegoat and proved that Natalie and Dream Corporation were innocent. On the surface, it seemed like everything had been completely covered up.

The matter ended on a good note. After all, justice was served, and the misunderstanding was resolved. Alas, the dead could not come back to life.

On the day of the funeral, everyone saw Samuel standing in the rain, staring unblinkingly at the photo of the woman on the tombstone. It was pouring, but he did not seem to realize it.

The crowd assumed he was grieving over the death of his late wife and did not disturb him.

As Samuel looked at the photo of the woman on the tombstone, he whispered, "Nat, where are you? Hold on for a while more. You must wait for me! Don't worry; I won't go back on my word. I will bring you home, no matter what!"